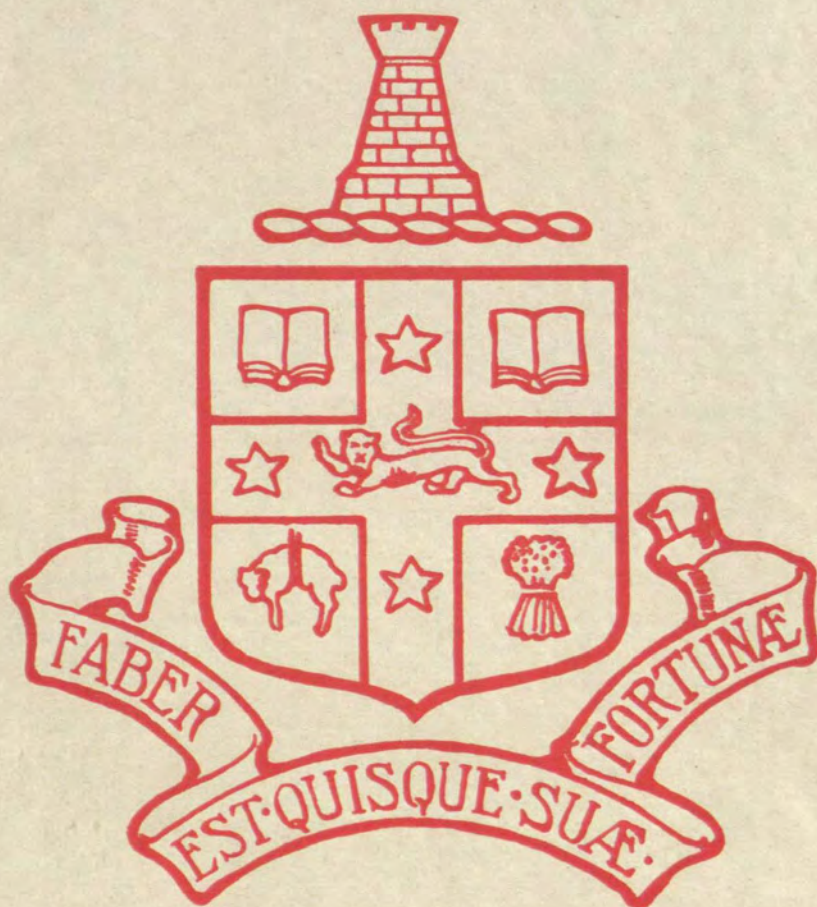
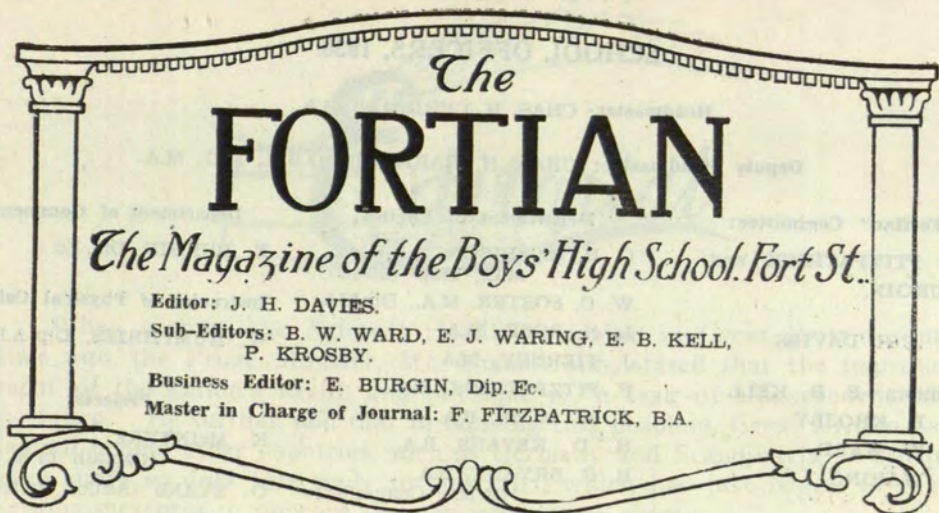


THE FORTIAN



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

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Editorial

When opening the National Health Campaign in Great Britain some time ago, the Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, stated that the improvement of the nation's health and physique is "a task of transcendent importance." He further said that in tackling this problem, Great Britain has lagged behind other countries, such as Germany and Scandinavia. Perhaps even more so does this apply to Australia, which has just begun to take serious measures to improve the physique of her citizens.

In the building up of a stronger and more virile nation, many factors, such as nutrition, diet, housing, environment, recreation and physical training may be involved. Of these, the last-named is undoubtedly of great importance. That the necessity exists for some degree of physical education in our schools is happily far more generally recognised than was the case a few years ago. But, in spite of this greater recognition of its importance and the improvement that has taken place in its application, the physical education of the youth of our own nation is, speaking generally, altogether inadequate, except for those who are physically fit. It is a significant fact that the word "education" is used generally to denote the **mental** side of education. The necessity for the **physical** side of education is frequently ignored, or, at best, grudgingly allotted an insignificant place in the curriculum. The ancient Greeks, our guides in so many matters, realised that the training of man's body is quite as important to him as the training of his mind, and it is generally agreed that a balance between the physical and mental sides of his being is essential. The question may be asked: "What shall it profit a child if he gain the whole world of knowledge and lose his health?"

In the days when attention was first directed towards mental education, life was intensely physical, and there was little danger that the physical side of the question would suffer. But with the spread of science, the multiplication of mechanical means of locomotion, and the growth of urban life, by which children have been divorced from many out-of-door activities by lack of space, the danger has become quite otherwise. Hence the urgent necessity has arisen for some substitute for a vigorous outdoor life. Even in Australia, despite the manifold advantages of fresh air, sunlight and opportunity for healthful recreation, the standards of national health and physique are very far from satisfactory. In addition, we learn from a study of the State Year Book that, incredible as it may seem, every year nearly one-third of the population of New South Wales undergoes treatment of some sort in the public hospitals alone. From this it can be readily seen that the toll of ill-health in the community is strikingly heavy. It must be evident that a solid foundation of good health, built up in youth by a sound system of physical education, would do a great deal towards reducing this frightful toll of sickness and physical unfitness.

Moreover, in our schools such medical examinations as have been carried out have revealed numerous physical defects amongst pupils which need special correction. In a number of cases these defects will severely handicap the pupils in the battle of life, and no effort should be spared to remedy them, by collective or individual treatment. Remedial exercises, therefore, should supplement the training devised for normal children, as an important part of the school curriculum.

In view of the above, it is encouraging that the State Government has realised our deficiencies in physical education, and a welcome indication of future progress is given by the fact that Mr. Gordon Young, an expert of high qualifications from Canada, has been appointed to the position of Director of Physical Education in New Southh Wales. This appointment should lead to a vigorous development in this hitherto somewhat neglected phase of education, and consequent reduction in the amount of ill-health revealed in the State Year Book.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Congratulations to Fred Chong, an ex-pupil of the School and winner of a Barker Travelling Scholarship tenable at Cambridge. In the Mathematical Tripos, the highest mathematical examination in the world, Fred obtained high distinction, and has officially earned the title of "wrangler."

§ § §

During the term there has been considerable activity among the ladies' committee. Officers for 1939 were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Lovell; Secretary, Mrs. Levinsohn. Any mothers wishing to help the School should communicate with the Secretary. A successful American tea was held on Thursday, 3rd November, and a meeting of mothers will be held on February 23rd, 1939, to meet the mothers of boys new to the School.

§ § §

The Senior Dinner held on 26th October was an unqualified success. Many fathers of the boys were present, and enjoyed the oratorical efforts of their sons or others' sons.

The subject of the Evatt Memorial Essay this year is "Australia's Opportunities in the Air." The essay will be written at the School on Wednesday, 14th December.

§ § §

Play Day, as usual, was very successful. The very high standard of production was well maintained, there being so many excellent plays that differentiation was very difficult. Parents and friends showed their appreciation by filling the hall at both the day and evening sessions.

§ § §

We congratulate Sanders, of 4D, on gaining the award of merit (the highest in salt water) in life-saving at the recent examinations. Large numbers of boys are expected to qualify for the various awards in life-saving before the Xmas vacation.



Back Row: J. Beach, K. Lawson, R. Wood, F. Ramsay, G. Mulvey, J. Logan, N. Lamerton.
Middle Row: D. Taylor, R. Randle, D. Stewart, J. Martin, N. Wilson, E. Penman, M. Watson.
Front Row: D. Murty, K. McIntyre (Captain), C. H. Christmas (Headmaster), C. H. Harrison (Deputy Headmaster), O. Evans (Senior Prefect), J. Laycock.

JOHN GALSWORTHY—A Dramatist.

In the drama of to-day, Galsworthy occupies an important and distinctive place. He has similarities, it is true, with other eminent playwrights. His naturalism is akin to that of Ibsen; he shows the moral earnestness of Shaw—yet, when we read his plays, we realise that the essential qualities of his art are not borrowed. We are impressed always by a deep psychological insight, a social passion, and an artistic economy and restraint which are manifestly his own.

Galsworthy is a reformer. Yet, he is essentially an artist, whose excellence is grounded in ideas. Whether he wrote primarily from his passion for the reformation of human institutions, or because of his artistic and creative instinct, cannot be determined. But, at his best, we find there a perfect blending of art and purpose.

His aim is to instruct rather than to entertain; to quicken the imagination rather than to satisfy the fancy. He pierces into the heart of the actual world, instead of soaring adventurously away from it to other realms—and in so doing has become one of the greatest modern realists.

Galsworthy aims almost exclusively at the representation of contemporary life in its familiar aspects. His plays are really a tremendous indictment on the whole fabric of modern society and civilisation. His attack is from the familiar aspect, but, even so, he makes us perceive things that we never before have reflected on.

In all his plays one detects a passionate appeal for understanding sympathy with the innocent victims of a social system, for which we are in part responsible. His presentations of social problems are relentlessly real, but are not always viewed as society likes to view them.

Galsworthy's characters move through every play in a marked spirit of strife and conflict, and in all we perceive a spiritual discontent, and a passionate craving for more understanding—elements which rank him amongst the greatest of playwrights—for this essence of strife is the very core of worth-while drama.

The plots of Galsworthy's plays are generally simple. This lack of complexity enables us to centre our attention even more completely on character, and hence adds a tremendous quality to his drama.

The dialogue is brilliant and terse. The thoughts of the characters are expressed briefly and naturally. Often a single word will start a thousand thoughts; often a whole story is compressed into a sentence.

He draws no heroes; but chooses his characters from real life; this gives rise to an ironic impulse that is the very essence of his work.

His first play, "The Silver Box," 1906, reveals him at once as the original and fully developed dramatist. It is a social contrast, revealing human nature and human institutions without the deceitful veneer of convention and belief. They are exposed nakedly, and suddenly seeing them so, we are shaken and challenged to reform. The moral of the play is that in practice, if not in theory, there are different laws for the rich and poor, for the poor man goes to prison, while the more fortunate is allowed to go free.

"Strife," 1909, in some respects the most powerful of his plays, is a bewildering tragedy of human conflict. In this he has achieved the masterly object of impartiality. It is a conflict between labour and capital; both men and shareholders are weary of the deadlock, but the fanatical leaders are blind to the dreadful irony underlying the conflict. Both remain unmoved, and because of their pride and greed of power, noble life is wasted, and infinite misery is caused.

"Justice," 1910, which brought about reforms in the English prison system, shows how added disaster is wrought by punishment. It points out that imprisonment does not reform, but only wrecks and embitters the unfortunates.

"The Eldest Son," 1912, resembles "The Silver Box." Its basic idea is this same dual morality. The same thing done by a rich man of the better class, and a poor man of the lower class, is not the same thing. The irony in this drama is more gentle, mature, and subtle than in his preceding plays.

"The Fugitive," 1913, expresses with tremendous force the tragedy of the eternal, possessive, and selfish hunt of woman by man. The injustice and lack of understanding of the husband toward his unloving wife—married too young to know her own mind—is brutal, and finally hunts

her, like a fugitive, to death. Where before have we heard such a passionate call for human understanding?

The individual against the crowd is again portrayed in "The Mob," 1914. One man is a champion of a lost political cause. But mob sentiment is strongly and bitterly against him, and alone he fights. He is abused and insulted as a traitor, but he will not sell his soul. He is faithful to his ideal, and goes down to death.

"The Skin Game," 1920, is one of the writer's most moving dramas. It shows with masterful irony the uselessness and littleness of the quarrels of men. Settle a matter peaceably, humanly—not like dogs. And again we hear the longing cry, "More understanding, more forbearance, more humanity."

"Loyalties," "The Foundations" "A Family Man," and "Windows," are also social problems. They display the author's characteristic irony, and his trinity, of philosopher, artist, and humanitarian.

"Joy," "The Little Dream," and "A Bit o' Love" are plays of a less tense and more romantic nature. "The Little Dream" is a richly poetical

allegory in lyrical mood. From the empty joys of the city, to the rugged harmony and peace of mountain valleys, where a blossoming little maid of an Alpine hut sits dreaming. The grey world he presents to us leaves no hope, save the desperate one, that conditions so grim may shame and spurn society to reform.

The voice of reform is speaking—thus it ends: "Both thou shalt love, little soul! Thou shalt lie on the hills with silence; and dance in the cities with knowledge. Both shall possess thee! The sun and moon on the mountains shall burn thee; the lamps of the town singe thy wings, small moth! Each shall seem all the world to thee, each shall seem as thy grave. Thy heart is a feather blown from one mouth to the other. But be not afraid. For the life of man is for all loves in turn. 'Tis a little raft moored, then sailing into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then whispering on; a new-born babe, half courage and half sleep. There is a hidden rhythm. Change, quietude, chance, certainty. The one, the many. Burn on—thou pretty flame trying to eat the world! Thou shalt come to me at last, my little soul."

H.J.F. 4A.

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MUOGAMARRA.

"Muogamarra," an aboriginal word meaning "to preserve for the future," is the appropriate name given to a sanctuary for native flowers and plants situated near the Hawkesbury River, some miles north of Cowan. It was our happy lot to visit this lovely spot a few weeks ago.

One can hardly fail to notice while driving along the Pacific Highway, the large sign pointing the way up a rough track like an ill-constructed switchback, which labours up steep inclines and dives into hollows buried in virgin bush, whose green is relieved by frequent, vivid splashes of red, blue, white, and sometimes yellow, for an elastic mile and a half. It passes wonderful plants almost covered with their vivid flowers, and the bush ahead seems to beckon us imperatively with a promise of yet more beautiful scenes. Then the car slows, amid enraptured "Ah-h-'s" from the mothers and aunts of the party at the sight of a particularly beautiful gem of the bush in its setting of green of many different shades. We hasten past a few comparatively barren, rocky outcrops, which a recent bushfire has touched with scorching fingers in its hasty flight, and dawdle to admire the frequent large patches of bush, gay with its flowers of many hues, which it has missed less because of mercy than of haste.

So many are these wonderful patches which so fascinate us that the one and a half miles stretches over some twenty minutes, and it comes as a shock to us, who have begun to imagine ourselves alone in a world of beauty made solely for us by Mother Nature, when the car emerges from that track, the incredible bumpiness of which we have noticed little, into a clearing dotted with green-painted tables and benches. We come down to earth and reality again, and realise regretfully that this is *not* fairyland, especially when the courteous conservator informs us that it will cost us two shillings (adults sixpence, children threepence).

Taking our disillusionment philosophically, however, we listen to his directions, which we promptly forget, accept a proffered guide-sheet, and study it deeply before setting out around one of the two walks. (Afterwards some members of the party regret that its length is not mentioned in

the sheet. But even they, being honest, admit, when somewhat rested, that it was worth while.)

The bush on the right is starkly barren in comparison with that on our left, and one can discern there the traces of the cruel, pitiless hand of fire, which, apparently by a miracle, has left the other untouched. Our progress is very slow. We stop to admire now a boronia shrub covered by its pinkish brown flowers, now a myriad fluffy little balls of wattle decking their tree with glory, and now turn from our path to view more clearly a shrub which is a mass of pure white, shining like stars in a setting of dark green.

But at length we reach No. 3 look-out, from which, across the valley, the slope of the hillside seems to be clothed in green of varied shades, which ripples in the gentle breeze, dotted here and there with islands of the same white. Beneath our feet the hill descends in a steep slope, patched artistically with almost all the colours in and outside the rainbow.

But Muogamarra is more than No. 3 look-out, and the sun is sinking, so we must really move on faster. The bushland kaleidoscope continues, becoming more and more gorgeously brilliant towards No. 4 look-out, the approach to which from the track resembles the palette of an artist careless with his paints. No. 4 towers high above a deep valley, the sides of which are almost vertical. A little creek meanders down the valley, taking not the slightest notice of the richly-clad hillsides above it, being too absorbed in its own business,—to reach the mighty Hawkesbury, of whose sparkling waters one can catch glimpses between the hills. We see a small island or two, emeralds in a blue background, which the clutching fingers of the hills, trespassing boldly into the river, seem to just fail to grasp. We cannot delay long here. There is yet another walk to examine, and dusk will soon be falling.

We are, by this time, almost suffering from a surfeit of bush beauty, and our glance strays aimlessly around, noting the blue Hawkesbury in the distance, and the ever-changing horizon, in which, sweeping our eyes around, we see no two hills alike. From here can be seen, on the horizon, Barrenjockey lighthouse.

Little more remains but what has already been seen. The path winds among trees, over outcrops of sandstone, and past bush becoming rather less beautiful nearer the picnic reserve. Or it may be that the stealthy approach of dusk has dulled its beauty. A faint mist creeps up the gullies. The sun sheds his last departing rays in an accession of glory, as though bestowing a parting smile on us, and dips below the horizon. Darkness creeps over this land of virgin beauty. Outlines

become indistinct. We can barely distinguish the Hawkesbury, and the lighthouse has long since disappeared. Birds give a last sleepy chirp, and go to rest, their heads under their wings. All is still but for the rustling of the leaves in the evening breeze. It is time for us to go. As in a dream we get into the car and take our leave of Muogamarra, our only regret being that we have not had time to see the other walk.

J. DAVIES, 4D.

THE SENIORS' FAREWELL DINNER

The commencement of the evening of Wednesday, 26th October, was announced by the words "Gentlemen, take your seats, please," from Mr. Short. Then came the supper, over which I will rapidly pass, for I do not wish to whet your material tastes by dilating upon the menu.

As the supper drew to an end, Ken McIntyre rose, and with "Gentlemen, the King," the company stood and drank a toast to King George VI. This was followed by a toast to the School and staff by Ken McIntyre, who was in the position of honour as chairman. In his address, he spoke first of the School and its traditions, and then of each member of the staff individually. This was answered by our Headmaster, Mr. Christmas, in the way you have heard him address School gatherings on other occasions—serious, but always with a thread of humour running through his speech.

To brighten the gathering a little, Mr. Short entertained us with a song, "On the Road to Mandalay," after which came the toast of the night—to our "Departing Seniors." In previous years this address has been given by the Deputy Head, but owing to indisposition, Mr. Harrison could not attend, and so it was that Mr. Short occupied us with his praise of the fifth year lads, and, of course, we told them what "jolly good fellows" they were, wishing them all success in their life beyond the School. To this toast replies were given by Owen Evans and Noel Lamer-ton. The latter, in a very amusing address, recounted impressions of his adventures in the School from first to fifth year.

Frank Ramsay, whom we all know as one of the vocal gems of fifth year, now led the company in community singing, immediately after which he proposed a toast to the "Seniors of

To-morrow," assuring us that the path of fifth year was rough and strewn with thorns. To this cheerful news, John Hills, our new senior prefect, gave a very fitting and concise reply.

It was at this point in the procedure that the famous fifth year trio, in which Frank Ramsay was again prominent, rendered an item that created quite a large part of the humour of the evening. After this spot of laughter, Mr. Outten proposed a toast to the Old Boys, and between this proposal and the reply given by the Secretary of the Old Boys' Union, Mr. Fitzroy, Laurie Wood occupied us with a violin solo.

Mr. Fitzroy, in his speech, mentioned the falling membership of the Old Boys' Union, and that he hoped many of these departing seniors would join the Union.

John Beach then proposed a toast to the visitors of the evening, to which Mr. McIntyre replied. In doing so, he mentioned the delightful way in which John had proposed the toast. John again came under our notice by rendering two very delightful recitations, after which the chairman asked if any other of the visitors would like to second Mr. McIntyre. Several gentlemen showed their appreciation of the fine evening they had had, and paid tribute to the splendid way in which Ken McIntyre had held his position as chairman.

The last item of the evening, which left us all happy, was that of the fifth year choir, in which Ramsay again led his comrades. They sang several very popular songs, as well as a ditty of their own composition on certain teachers and the School in general.

So ended a most delightful and enjoyable evening, which will, I am sure, be remembered by all who were present.

J. SHAW, 4A.

A CHEER UP FOR THE POOR ENGLISH INTER-SWITS



"SUFFERENCE IS THE BADGE -"

"SOMETIMES FROM HER EYES -"

"I KNOW NOT WHY I AM SO SAD -"



"AND GILD MYSELF WITH SOME MORE."



"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."



"AN INFINITE DEAL OF NOTHING"



POOR MOROCCO!



SAXONY'S WEAKNESS



SCRAM LAUNCELOT!

HENRY 3D

PLAY DAY, 1938.

Play Day, 1938, in all its splendour of first year tableaux, "graceful" fifth year coquettes, kola and strawberry flavour (from beer-mugs and wine-glasses) has come and gone.

This year's performances attained a very high standard, and the judges found it very difficult to make the selection for Play Night.

Perhaps the most outstanding play was "The Little Father of the Wilderness," performed by the seniors. This was a fine spectacle. McIntyre as Chevillon was most arrogant, and Beach as Pere Marlotte gave the finest character interpretation of the day. When, at the conclusion, Louis XV.—Stewart—and his court knelt before the little father, everyone felt it was as it should be. The scenery was excellent, and the costumes exceptionally magnificent.

Other excellent performances were "Campbell of Killmohr," by 4B, and "The Stolen Prince," by 1D players.

The former was remarkable for some very fine acting. Making the most of a very dramatic plot, the players held the audience gripped until the very last moment. Short as Mary Stewart and Cockburn in the title role were particularly good. The Scotch accent sustained throughout the play by the whole cast was one of its main features.

The other "The Stolen Prince" (1D) was a most novel presentation. The company did full justice to a well constructed yet unusual play, while the costumes they wore were splendid. The play was full of humour; the improvised orchestra imparting a typical Eastern touch, while the role of the property man, played by Rowe, was a masterly conception. Boura, as the chorus, is also worthy of mention.

Class 2B gave us "The Princess and the Woodcutter." Crane as the Princess, and Scott as the Woodcutter, were the ideal lovers. The other suitors for the Princess' hand greatly enlivened the tableau with their last crusts. The royal parents were well portrayed by Cheers and Duffy.

Another second year class, 2C, provided a comedy. It was called "The Golden Mean." One might say it was a skit on the politics of our day. It deals with a football match, which was the arbitrary means by which a dispute between two countries was settled.

The acting of White, in a most difficult part as Georgio, was remarkable. He was, perhaps, the best sustained character in the whole series. Mackenzie, as King Joris, gave a good imitation of a peeved king, especially when the wireless refused to work. General Mustachio, as his name implies, possessed a pair of very fine moustaches.

"A Traveller Returns," a supernatural story, was enacted by the Fifth Year Dramatic Society in a most congenial atmosphere. The green lighting gave the spectre a very ghostly appearance. Stewart's acting as Daddy, was most realistic, and he uttered some very philosophic sayings, while Newton, as Tom, was the typically handsome sailor.

The 1B play, "Twice is Too Much," was another comedy. It was an Arabian Nights tale, and contained some very witty dialogue, in which Gibbs showed great talent as Nouz Hatoul, while Swift was surprisingly beautiful in feminine garb. McKee as Abu Hassen, was a typical parasite, but very funny. The palace slaves were most tastefully dressed. They appeared like elves, and their gymnastic abilities were displayed when they bowed and touched their toes.

"Michael," a story of the supernatural, and with a moral, enacted by 1C, was highly dramatic, and very well acted. The speeches of Michael were very long, and Young is to be complimented on his effort.

4A chose a tragedy, "Black Night." The plot was very dramatic. Both the daughters, Tatiana and Olga, played by Fry and Fallding, gave very talented performances. The former was a sweet child, and it seemed cruel that it had to be she who was to die. Shaw acted with imagination as the peasant mother, and the countess' costume was magnificent, while the Bolshevik agent, Lockrey, gave a very good rendering of a callous man.

Another fourth year class, 4C, acted "His Majesty Masquerades." It was a fine portrayal of the stirring times of the English Civil War. Regan gave a good performance of the Roundhead captain. It was thought on the day of the rehearsal that Hunter, as Elizabeth, a very pretty Puritan, could have spoken a little louder, but on Play Day he excelled himself. Shearman, in the title role, gave a worthy performance, and Juleff, as Joan Pendevell, was also good.

"Under the Skull and Bones," by 1A, brought back or renewed all our memories of earlier times when we too had such dreams. The singing of bloodthirsty songs by the pirates grew better as time went on, and as they were unaccompanied by the piano, may be considered good. The scouts, McDuff and Reynolds, were an excellent contrast to Hustler, the captain, and the rest of his motley crew.

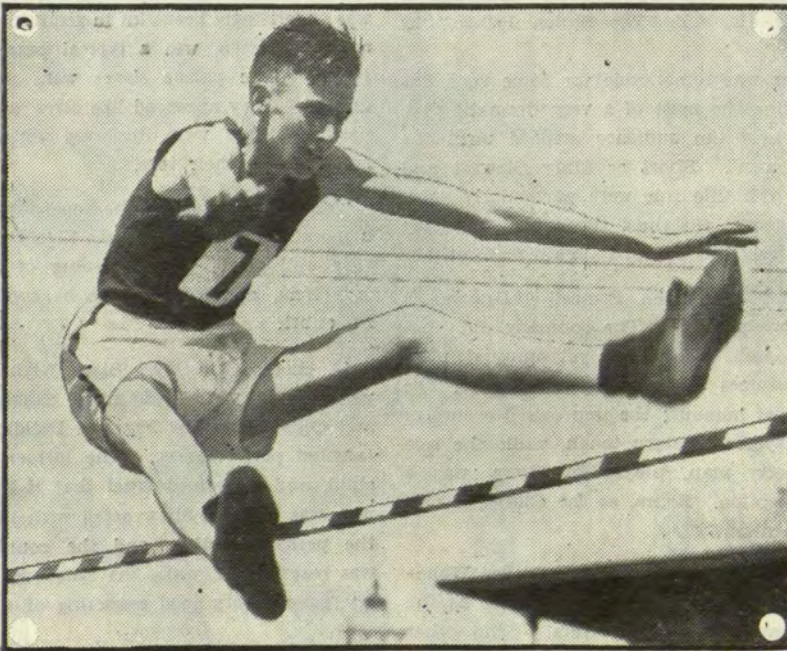
In "The Duke and the Charcoal-Burner," by class 2A, the tableau was good. A moral was contained in this, of which we can all take notice. Smyth was most tastefully dressed as the Duke,

while Wood was very beautiful in feminine garb. The charcoal-burner and his wife gave good interpretations of peasant life.

Of the preceding plays the following attained the honour of being presented at Play Night: 1D, 2B, 2C, 4B and seniors.

In conclusion we may add that, judging by the abundance of talent manifested by the junior boys, this distinctive feature of our School calendar need not fear the spectre of deterioration for many years to come, for the acting proved worthy of the best traditions of the School.

E. B. KELL, 4A.



By courtesy of "The Labor Daily"

REX BROWN—Winning Junior High Jump, First Division.



Sports clothes

To make any youngster feel better - dressed.

Perched on the bough of the tree at the left is a lad dressed in typical Farmer's outfit. His sports coat is of hard-wearing, colourful tweed, perfectly tailored, in spirited action - back styles. His trousers are popular "Elasta - straps" in grey, self - supporting and easy-hanging. Coat, **37/6**. Trousers at **22/6**

Boys' Wear, Fourth Floor

FARMER'S



SENIOR ATHLETIC TEAM, 1938.

Back Row: N. Hodgekiss, D. Pratt, I. Evans, J. Henderson.

Centre Row: G. Mackaness, J. Laycock, Mr. O. E. Worth, S. Burns, O. Evans.

Front Row: G. Turnbull, D. Murty, K. Lawson (Captain), K. McIntyre, E. R. Wilson.

SUNSET.

Numerous small puffy clouds dotted the sky, and now and again obscured the sun, which was already sinking in the western sky. It seemed to grow larger, tinting the clouds with a bright orange. The Harbour was dotted with small craft for the most part, making their way home after an enjoyable day's outing. A train rumbled across the Harbour Bridge, which reared its giant grey structure over the water. The topmost storeys of the tall buildings of Sydney were still bathed in sunlight.

The sun sank lower. Now only the nearer clouds were coloured, merging with the sky that had already assumed a darker appearance. At

last, with a final blaze of colour, the sun disappeared, leaving the red-tipped clouds and the orange glow in the sky to bear witness of the long, sunny, summer day that was about to close. Soon, too, this disappeared, and a stolid greyness reigned over all. As if at a concerted signal, the small craft disappeared, leaving the Harbour bare, save where a few extra late homegoers still travelled, and here and there a fishing boat setting out for a night's hard work.

Soon, however, the shades of night fell; stars began to glimmer palely, an icy stillness settled over all, and another day was brought to a close.

B. POIRRIER, 3C.

ON GIVING A PIECE OF ONE'S MIND.

Giving a piece of one's mind generally has a derogatory meaning. Even when the nicest and most genteel people indulge in the practice of giving a piece of their minds, they never seem to select the nicest and most genteel parts of their minds to give. Therefore one must conclude that they keep the best parts of their minds for themselves and the chosen few, and when one is told that someone is going to give one a piece of his mind one does not, strangely enough, expect a flow of honeyed words and soft endearments.

Most people spend some little time brooding and boiling, before actually giving vent to their outburst. The final point is generally reached after the last straw, as when Gerald has walked off with one's newest green tie, just when one had planned to make a particularly dazzling impression with it.

There are three methods of giving a piece of one's mind—the first is the culmination of righteous wrath. It is generally preceded by a surging of the soul and a superhuman courage. One marches into the wordy battle, and crushes one's prey by sheer verbosity. Loud tones are also of great avail, always supposing that your voice is louder than your opponent's.

Finesse is of no great account in encounters such as these. In fact, language savouring of the land where men are men will probably make

more impression. One generally emerges victorious, with the righteous feeling, leaving in one's wake a stunned recipient of a piece of one's mind.

The second method calls for a quieter approach, and, if possible, one who is likely to be impressed by one's worldly airs without scorning them. A few well-chosen words, heavy with sarcasm, and weighty with contempt, preferably uttered before an audience of the same immature age as the selected victim, will have the desired effect. This method has found favour in the eyes of prefects, teachers, and other such demi-gods.

There is a certain element of danger in the third method. It is employed when one is in a not very favourable position; when one has been detected in some minor crime by a very superior, and, Oh! so disdainful person. Punishment is certain to follow, so why not be killed for a sheep as for a lamb? For a few brief moments, one flaunts authority gloriously and (temporarily) unafraid. One soars to the heights of oratory and delves in the depths for suitable invective, before one is deflated by the pinprick of the steely glance.

On the whole however, whatever the results, giving a piece of one's mind is a favourite indoor sport of many people. It gives them that Kruschen feeling.

J. NEVILLE, 3D.

WITHIN.

Alone I sat in grief,
Alone, I thought.
A distant quest was calling from afar,
It called me where the winds in flurrying haste
Were speeding on. It beckoned where the clouds
Their mighty sails were gliding through
The endless space into eternity. It called
To far-off lands where ocean waves caress and
anchor
On white sands.

In doubt I hesitated;
Then from somewhere in the depths of the un-
known
The voice of Being whispered:
"Why roam ye far and wide, when I alone ye
seek?"
Out of the darkness, out of sleep,
Out from the blackets depths of night,
The voice again I heard.

Then lifted by some secret power,
I fled away into the mystic starry worlds,
And sought my quest.

I groped within, the shadows
Sought! But sought in vain;
In fearful doubt my heart with anguish cried:
Lost!
Not lost, for still that voice did call,
Again, again, and yet again!
I searched throughout the blackness of the night,
And through the roaring depths of ocean seas
Across the full extent of space—not there!

So at my journey's end! What could I seek?
Where could I roam?
Then once again from out the black unknown
The voice of God was heard to say:
"Why seek at all? For God lies deep within!"

H.J.F., 4A.

HURRICANE.

The soft mantle of darkness enshrouded the Royal Air Force field at Southampton. Misty moonlight, filtering through the clouds, cast weird shadows over giant hangars and silver wings. The night watch, in his control tower, dozed by his fire, and dreamed of the morrow, for to-morrow was to be the annual display, and out there on the field were the star performers, six Hawker Hurricane interceptor fighters, the world's fastest military aircraft, to give an exhibition of speed and aerobatics.

Other thoughts, however, were centred on the Hurricanes. Richardo Morales, war flyer for the Spanish Government, crouched in the shadow of a hangar near the fighters. A cloud, darker than its fellows, obscured the moon for a moment, and the crouching figure darted forward, whipped the canvas cover from the motor of the first plane, and clambered into the cockpit.

It was fortunate, he reflected, that the extra display machines could not all be housed at the field, and so were lined up at the take-off line. He switched on the light in the instrument panel, and noting with satisfaction that the fuel tanks were full, he pressed the electric starter button.

The night-watch leapt to his feet as the deep rumble of the Merlin engine echoed in the damp night air. Then, as the silver craft slid out of line and turned into the wind, he rushed to the switchboard, and switched on the alarm. Instantly the men's quarters became a hive of activity, lights flicked on, cursing airmen rolled out of bunks, blinking, and reaching for their clothes. Too late! The rumble swelled to a roar, silver wings flashed for a second in the moonlight, the racing motor roared its defiance, and the Hurricane dissolved into the darkness.

Hours later, above the Pyrenees, the Hurricane was still flying all out. Morales feared pursuit, but he need not have worried. None knew better than the Commandant at Southampton how hopeless it would be to search for the trim little monoplane in the darkness. Eventually, however, the fugitive was forced to slow down, as hours of fast running began to tell on the engine. It was heating, and the oil consumption was rising.

As he watched the thermometer slip gradually back to normal, the Spaniard ran over in his mind

the plan he was about to execute. Arriving at the Government aerodrome shortly before dawn he was to land in response to a prearranged signal, deliver the machine, and collect his payment. Then for Monte Carlo, and a life of luxury!

He glanced at his wrist watch. A few minutes more and he would be there; General Quesada would be waiting with the money. There was the village now, but there seemed to be a lot of smoke about it. Was it possible? With a horrible suspicion in his mind Morales pushed the throttle savagely, and gripped the control column more firmly as the machine surged forward. Within a few moments a terrible scene was spread out before him. Wrecked or blazing hangars and buildings, gaping bomb craters, and stark, lifeless bodies, told him the aerodrome had been bombed.

§ § §

The Hurricane landed with a bump, and before it came to rest, the pilot was racing madly towards the ruins of the officers' quarters. He stopped short as the sight that he had feared met his eyes—General Quesada, the only man who knew of his mission, was a mangled corpse.

What was he to do now? The authorities at Valencia would ridicule the story, which was to have been a secret between himself and the dead general. He had better get back to safety and think things out. Turning towards the fuel tanks, he was relieved to find that the concrete and sandbags had protected them from the raiders. He filled the Hurricane's tanks, and tossed a few spare cans into the fuselage lockers. Then, on an impulse, he collected cartridge belts from the wrecked machines, and loaded the guns on his machine, where they would be handy if he ran into any of Franco's Italians, the famous "Volunteer Airmen." The Hurricane was more than a match for their Flats but he wanted ammunition, as he had had enough of running away.

The heavily loaded plane rose sluggishly from the desolate field and headed north again over the mountains, as the first rays of the rising sun tinged the snowclad peaks with gold. Away to the west a lighthouse flashed its warning along the coast, and beyond it a southbound airliner roared majestically over the blue waters of the Atlantic. As he watched it fade into the distance, Morales suddenly stiffened. He was an

outlaw with a £9000 aeroplane. Bullion was frequently shipped from London to Paris by air. If he could shoot down a transport, he could collect the gold.

A clearing near a shepherd's hut was almost directly below him. The shepherd would be down on the plains until summer, but there would be stores in the hut. Perfect! Abruptly Morales wheeled the Hurricane on its wingtip, and spiralled down to the snow.

§ § §

A week later the Hurricane again took the air, with its gay cockades and silver coating changed to a sombre green. Like a huge hawk it circled upwards, and then sped northward. His radio had told the Spaniard that a bullion shipment would start to Paris that morning, and he was determined that it should never get there. He had timed himself to meet it on the French coast.

The clumsy transport was rolling steadily along when a green tornado dived out of the blue and sprayed its motors with lead. It nosed down sharply and flattened out for a landing. The raider zoomed back into the sky, and a pilot of the transport clambered out of his cabin, staring upwards in amazement as the green hawk swooped again. He crumpled under a hail of bullets . . .

That evening, the press of Europe blazed with reports of the audacious plundering of the transport. Wild theories of undeclared war and piracy floated round England. Wiseacres recalled the mysterious Mediterranean piracy—and nobody knew. A few days later the press was astounded by the official announcement that a further ship-

ment would be flown to Paris. A listener in the Pyrenees heard the report with glee. "Some people never learn," he laughed. "This is too easy." Perhaps he would have been less cheerful if he had been in the House of Commons at that moment. A Labour member was asking why the Government was risking another shipment of bullion. The Prime Minister rose to reply before a querulous assembly. "Gentlemen," said he, "I can assure you that adequate protection for the shipment has been arranged."

At zero hour on the following day, the gold plane was approaching the French coast under a heavy bank of rain clouds. A speck in the south rapidly took the form of the green raider. Morales sat in the cockpit with a ruthless glint in his dark eyes; he nosed the Hurricane down and tightened his grip on the gun trips, but the transport veered suddenly and eluded him. Scowling, the Spaniard circled for another attack, but as he pushed the control column forward, his windshield smashed in a flash, the airscrew vanished in a hail of lead, and pungent flame and smoke swirled back from the engine. Staring back in terror, Morales saw three Glowchester Gladiator fighters plunging through the cloud bank, with guns flaming. England was learning fast. Desperately Morales spun the Hurricane on its tail and with guns blazing furiously, swooped after the leading Gladiator, which had now passed below him, but the three avengers had now become nine, and the Hurricane was shuddering under a barrage of eighteen guns. It collapsed in the onslaught. Engulfed in flame, it hurtled earthward with its motor screaming.

WONG, 5D.

HOLIDAYS.

Once again the holidays are upon us. Holidays! What joy the mere thought of those happy days brings to us all. No more will we have to rise early in the morning and make preparations for school; no more will our afternoons and evenings be taken up by wearisome study; no more will our play be abruptly interrupted by the ringing of the bell. Now, for seven glorious weeks, we will be free—free to spend long happy days beneath the bright summer sunshine, enjoying ourselves at the seaside or in the midst of one of

nature's most wonderful pictures, "the country." Perhaps, playing on the golden sands, or walking under the sheltering shade of trees, with soft green ferns growing beside the brown path; or even riding—an amusement from which we derive a never-ending source of pleasure. Indeed, there are thousands of ways in which we may amuse ourselves during the holidays, and once again we, the children, who perhaps form the happiest part of our community, are free.

N. R. WEBB, 2D.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

As we sped out of Sydney in our car in the early hours of the morning, the birds burst into song as though heralding the approach of a fine day. The sun was just coming up in the heavens, lighting up the landscape with a mantle of pale gold, and sparkling on the green cloak of the dewy earth, while the flowers opened their slumbrous petals, by lifting up their haughty heads. The morning air was most refreshing and bracing, giving one a healthy, happy feeling.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and presently we spied a farmhouse, and although we arrived at such an early hour, all was busy in the farmyard. Nearby, the huge milk cans were being swung into place for transportation to the train. The cows were being herded together ready to be driven out to the fields. In an adjacent field, small groups of sheep were quietly grazing. Everywhere the farmhands were going about their various duties.

Leaving the farm we wended our way through leafy pathways, and giant gumtrees, which threw their mighty branches afar, while the sun's rays filtered through the tangled foliage, casting dancing shadows across our way.

We emerged from the forest, and crossing a river, which was flowing noisily along, arrived at a timber mill. Faint sounds of falling timber reached our ears, and presently a huge batch of logs came floating quickly down the river. As they were caught and hoisted into place, the work of sawing the huge logs commenced. We watched this procedure with great interest, and it was marvellous how quickly and deftly the logs were sawn and stacked up ready for transport.

We left this busy place, and in the space of a few minutes, were once again in an atmosphere of peace and quiet. We decided to open our picnic basket, and eat our lunch. The ground was carpeted with fallen leaves, which rustled at the lightest footstep. We stayed a while enjoying the tranquil scene and soon a coolness pervaded the atmosphere, warning us of the oncoming evening. We left this secluded spot, fully satisfied and contented with the joys which a day in the country had given us.

C. WHITE.

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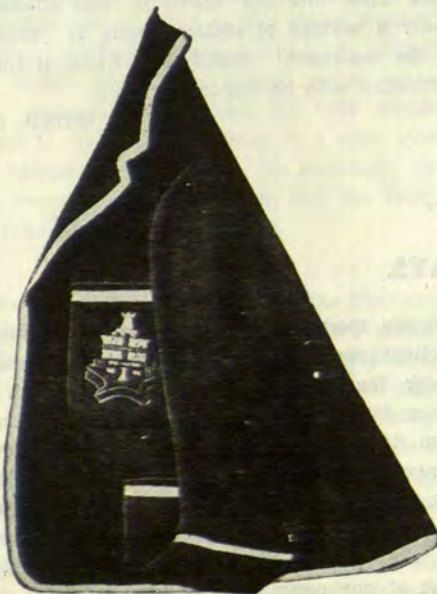
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A SHORT HISTORY OF CHESS.

The origin of chess has been, and, for that matter, still is, the subject of a great deal of controversy. It has been claimed, by writers and by legend, for India, China, Persia, and a Spanish archæologist even says that it finds its origin in Egypt. Traces of the game, however, extend beyond history itself, and are found amongst people so widely different, that to come to any reasonable conclusion as to the land of its birth is practically impossible. The most popular theory, however, is that it was invented by a Chinese philosopher, who desired to show his Emperor how powerless the king is, and that most of the real power lies in the hands of the queen. This theory, though incorrect, is the most interesting of those advanced, as a great deal of truth lies behind the reason for which the philosopher supposedly invented the game.

Chess was introduced into Western Europe by the Arabs in the eighth century, but is first noticed amongst the cultured classes before the Crusades, about the year 1095. The first article on chess appeared in 1300 being written by Jacobus de Cessolis. It is interesting to note that one of the first books printed in England, with metal type, in the year 1545, was a translation of this work, entitled, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse."

The game, as played in the year 1300, differed greatly from modern chess, which dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. The earliest mention of it was made in 1490, but we know that writers and poets had made mention of the game three or four decades earlier. The modern game made its first home in Spain, where many great masters of the art arose between 1490 and 1600. Some of these wrote books on chess, and their moves, which they explained in the books, are still used to-day.

Between 1584 and 1600 chess spread to Italy, owing to the publication of some of these works there. Italian masters soon arose, one of whom, in particular, Paolo Boi, helped to make Italy the new home of the game by travelling throughout the entire length and breadth of Europe, defeating allcomers, including the Spanish cham-

At the time of the Thirty Years' War, chess became somewhat neglected, and was not revived until the eighteenth century, when it became strong in the north of Europe, mainly in England and France. In England, under one of the greatest players of all times, Philidor, it took a rapid but strong hold, which has never since been shaken.

Despite strong challenges by France and Italy, England remained the home of chess until 1858, when America, hitherto unknown as a chess country, produced a champion of 21 years of age, Paul Morphy, who is recognised as the greatest chess genius the world has yet seen. He defeated the greatest European players, but shortly after abandoned the game to follow his profession of law. In 1878 he became insane, and died shortly afterwards. Truly, the boundary line between genius and madness is indistinguishable!

The history of chess now ceases to be that of a few celebrated players, and must be gathered from the papers and magazines of nearly every civilised country in the world. Public interest in it has increased greatly, keeping pace, it would seem, with intellectual development. In England, the game has so increased in dignity and importance that it is now no longer a mere pastime, but a necessary mental training. Every town in England and many villages have at least one club, whilst in London there are over one hundred. A British Chess Association has been formed, and its tournaments attract players from all parts of the world. In all other European countries chess is played. In Germany, enthusiasm is almost equal to that in England while in France the game is encouraged by the Government, who supply many trophies for national tournaments. America has more State associations than any other country as well as a great many small clubs. Canada is seized so strongly in the grip of the game that each University and every public school in the Dominion has its chess club. Finally, Australia has many clubs, and has conducted several national championships, but there is still a great deal of room for the game to be widely played in the Commonwealth.

FIFTH-YEAR ENGLISH—A Criticism.

In setting out on this hazardous criticism, might I first of all point out that my aim is not to reflect upon the methods of teaching adopted by our English staff, but rather to voice my opinion on the compulsory English course for fifth year, which our system of education forces our teachers to follow.

It is my personal opinion that the English course through which they pass is wholly inadequate for nearly all pupils in their final year at school. The task of so much memory-work has meant for many a decline in interest, and consequently in value of the work done.

I would like to consider two extreme types—the lad who appreciates few of the finer points of English criticism, and the one to whom such an appreciation is an essential part of his aesthetic life. One course for everybody studying English is not sufficient; there should be two distinct courses which may be taken—one for the first class of boy; the other for the second.

First let us consider the point of view of the pupil who does not naturally appreciate the nicer points of our literature. It is indisputable that many such people exist—those who do not feel the power of Byron's tumultuous descriptions; who do not see in Lamb's work the delicate balance of expression, the quaint rhythm of diction; who do not realise any melody in the blank verse of Shakespeare. Should such a lad be expected to comprehend these things which are by nature external to his being? Surely one cannot place any blame on these when, stirred by their desire to pass in the all-essential examination which marks the end of their school career, they obtain Mr. Smythe's admirable little commentaries, and misuse them by committing them to memory?

To my mind there should be some course which caters particularly for such boys—some course which does not expect from them that of which they are naturally incapable, but which should strive primarily for two ends.

The first end should be to continue a grammatical study of the English language and a study of pronunciation; also, to train a boy to clothe his own thoughts in correct words, with a definite sequence of logical thought or an interesting, imaginative story. Since our last

imaginative composition, written in third year, many of us have forgotten how to record our thoughts on the subjects which are to us important; have forgotten how to write an essay or story of our own; forgotten, even, how to be interesting. Surely we require more work of this type in the course of our normal classwork! Moreover, there is a definite need of more grammatical teaching. But the wholly literary nature of the L.C. examination gives no time for this essential work.

Let him who considers the Intermediate course to have perfected the student's language merely pay a visit to the fifth year lawn, and his crude conceptions will be rudely shattered. Some are quite unconventional, even with their "seens" and "saws," and if corrected, desire to know "What you was saying that for"?

The second aim of this course should be to create an interest in the pupil's mind for reading goods books, not to find therein the intricacies of diction or the structural formation, but to enjoy the story, and be able to say why he finds the book interesting. The present method of analysis seems, instead of interesting this type of boy in good literature, to cause him to lose all enjoyment in such.

A course which provided grammatical teaching, practice in writing plain, straightforward English, and the reading without intensive study, of a number of good books, would surely be more appropriate than the present one for such a lad.

Now let us consider the English course from the other point of view. Is the course really appropriate for the boy who is naturally interested in literature, both for its material and its aesthetic values? In my opinion, though more suited to this type of lad than the other, the course is not even here really appropriate, as too much of the work depends, not on the boy's ability to criticise English literature, or to write his own work, but rather on his memory-powers, the lad who can remember most facts which he has learned having an enormous advantage.

Besides the small amount of grammatical study which I consider might be of advantage even here, the pupil should seek primarily four things in

his work at English. First, he should become acquainted with the structural principles which underlie English literature; secondly, he should have some understanding of how these principles have been effected and used throughout the history of our literature; thirdly, it is important that such a pupil should become acquainted with a wide representative selection of our good works, and have training in the appreciation of all such works; and finally, the boy should be able to put into practice those principles which he has found behind other men's work, in writing his own essays, poems and stories.

The reader will no doubt realise the similarity which exists in many ways between the course of my thoughts and the present Honours course.

This recognition is justified; I think the Honours course is an excellent one, the only fault being that it is the Honours course, and that too little time can be afforded it in class. Most of the work has to be done individually, upon a course which should rightly fill both fourth and fifth year work in a continuous, progressive fashion.

So might I close by summing up my opinion of the ideal method of teaching English in the senior classes, that two courses are necessary; both should have, in different degrees, training in correct English writing and speech, and the creation of imaginative works, and the one should interest boys in reading mainly for the value of a story, while the other endeavours to show the principles underlying English literature.

"DAVE," 5D.

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

Christmas Day—all the family in for dinner—and some of my relations—and there are many.

At the head of the table sits Pop—Dad, I mean. Gravely he pours the brandy over the pudding, and sets it alight. On his left, Aunt Harriet coos with pleasure at the flickering flame, dancing bluely on the pudding. Aunt Harriet sounds a formidable name, but really she is a soft little thing—rather a dear—very liberal on birthdays and so forth.

Uncle Percy, next in line, settles himself further into the chair and attacks his piece. A strong trencherman is Uncle Perce, rather rotund, very jovial, and—softly—very pigheaded. I get on well with Uncle Perce—which is well.

And so to my brother Arthur, of eighteen years, a wrestling fan, who experiments on me. His "fore-arm jolts," his "Indian deathlock," his "bar toe-hold," his "short-arm scissors,"—they all go on to me. I don't know why it is me and not Henry, my other brother, who is experimented on. Possibly because I am fourteen, while Henry is twenty-two . . .

However, next to Mum, at the other end of the table. The joke of the house is guessing Mum's age—a difficult task. We all know, but that makes no difference. Every year it varies from twenty-eight to thirty-four—no more, no less; which you will admit is a remarkable phenomenon.

Next in line is myself. I will refrain from all commentary on this subject, as I hate to be hissed and boo-ed, in public or private.

Now we come to Grandma Gray, a remarkable old lady, who, at eighty-eight, can read, sew, and so on, without glasses, and cooks most delightful dishes, which do us all good.

These are only a few of my relations, representing, I should say, about eight per cent. of the sum total that I have.

Please note: All characters in this story are entirely imaginary, and have no relation to any person—living or dead.

T. GRAY, 3D.

UP TO MISCHIEF.

With a slow, melancholy throb the rust-covered old school bell rang the close of another day.

The quiet, dilapidated old school building suddenly became a droning hive of activity. Seats and desks clattered, and young voices clamoured above the din.

Ten minutes later four scholars strode briskly off down the shady lane beside the school. Three of the boys were quite young, whilst the other was fairly old, and mischievous-looking. The three younger boys were listening to the advice and instructions of the other, who seemed to love to hold their attention.

"Let me lead," he said, deeply, "and watch out for the farmer—he's mixed dynamite with his saltpetre gun."

The three youngsters shuddered as they thought of the dreaded Farmer McLean and his well-oiled shotgun.

The trio and their leader were planning to enter Farmer McLean's orchard and steal his fruit, and, being a hot day, the aged, quick-tempered farmer would, from all account, be in the homestead sucking at his home-made cider.

Five minutes' walk brought them to the tall wooden fence which bordered the orchard. Quickly the older boy scrambled up the tree overhanging the fence of the orchard. The crisp, dry leaves crackled in his hands then swiftly, silently he

dropped over the other side of the fence. "Next," he breathed between his teeth, and in response a small form dropped to the ground beside him.

Quickly the two boys set about their carefully planned task, plucking the ripe apples and throwing them over the other side where the two remaining boys carefully packed them in the schoolbags. The younger boy climbed out along a very springy branch for some particularly juicy apples, when—Snap!—the branch broke, sending the robber into a heap of crisp, dry leaves.

Almost immediately a large, red, sweat-stained face appeared at the window.

Quickly the elder boy scrambled up the fence, not waiting to aid his unfortunate friend, who was kicking and struggling in a pile of leaves.

Charging out of the building, with a sawn-off shot-gun in his podgy hands, the irate farmer arrived on the scene just as the unfortunate youngster was on top of the fence.

Pow! Boom! The huge gun bucked in his trembling hands, then a searing red-hot feeling seemed to fill the seat of the intruder's pants. He fell off the fence, half stuttering, half crying, and fled down the lane in pursuit of his mates.

Next afternoon the same group of boys wended their way silently home, and then visited their miserable companion.

A. WHITE, 2C.

THE INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

For the benefit of any who may not know just exactly what this organisation really is, I might say that it is a branch of the work of the Children's Special Service Mission. Its aim is to promote Christian fellowship amongst the boys of the School. Meetings are held in the end new room on the second floor at 12.35 on Tuesdays, and after school in the armoury on Fridays.

Now let me speak of some of the activities that we have enjoyed since the article in the last "Fortian." First, there was the camp at Harbord, held over Eight Hour week-end. A great time of fun and fellowship resulted, and several of the boys walked over to Manly and saw Mr. Rose having his 6.30 a.m. swim! As Mr. Spooner was not seen at all, there was plenty of surfing for everybody.

The next important event was a "biscuit tea" for fourth and fifth year fellows. The library

was filled, and in a short time we were forced to start chewing "pips" (?) for want of something better. (This is hardly an historical fact.) After the "eats," we began the more serious side of the meeting. Four senior fellows gave short talks on the challenge of Christ. It was indeed a time of joy and fellowship.

The leadership for 1939 has been divided among several boys, so we have not the one leader as we had with Dave Stewart. It is hoped that this system will be a success.

In closing I would like to take this opportunity of cordially inviting you all to come up to our meetings, whether you have been before or not. The boys themselves take the meetings, so they are naturally never "parsonical." I would also thank those who have helped in any way our movement.

L. HAZLEWOOD 4D.



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LONELINESS.

Old Farmer Riley noticed it in the morning, and gasped in astonishment—the blood-stained remnant of a man's shirt caught on the horns of his large white bull.

§ § §

The iron gate clicked—just an ordinary click. The passer-by might have heard it in a vague sort of way and then promptly have forgotten it. But in the mind of the slight, shabby youth, standing outside on the gravel path, that little noise was stamped unerasable. One whole portion of his life had snapped shut like a clam. Those twelve long years and endless monotony of the State home were passed and now he was looking to the future with some dread.

Michael O'Hara had come out into the world, just fourteen years of age, friendless, lonely, but with a job in the city at £1 a week until he was twenty-one. After that—? He picked up his suitcase, containing his few belongings, and trudged dejectedly towards the railway station.

§ § §

The chain groaned on. A freshly-killed carcass came up before the man with the knife. Mechanically he grabbed the free hind-leg and cut through it at the joint, slitting the skin down to hip. The flesh was still hot, and the nerves twitched and quivered at the knife-cut. Quickly he completed his job, and the chain jerked its load on to the second table.

Wiping his blade, the man turned round to wait for the next body. His eyes were watery and bloodshot from the ceaseless glare of the wool, and his sunken face spoke of despair and poverty and indescribable loneliness.

"Ten years," he muttered. "Ten years to-day since Margaret's death. For two whole years of my life I was really happy—really happy. Then Adeline came and Margaret died. Oh God, how I wish I'd died when my parents did, instead of being stuck in that hell of an institution, to be turned out when I was fourteen to earn my own living as an office-boy. Ach! And then to begin again in a meat-works, in this bloody mess, one of ninety doing his miserable little bit to dress a sheep. Oh, Adeline, you're the only one in the whole world left to love. If you—"

A light step abruptly brought him to the realisation that he was talking to himself. He turned round. A youngish woman was approach-

ing, walking rather reluctantly, gazing around as if half-frightened.

"Mr. O'Hara," she said softly, "would—would you come at once. Your daughter—a car accident—outside the school." Her voice fell till it was scarcely audible. "There's no hope."

§ § §

The dim light of the lantern swung unevenly in the moonlight, appearing to flicker on and off as the shadowy legs of the man passed in front of it. It vanished for a while, in a deep gully, and came up again on the other side, a few hundred yards from where it first disappeared. Near the dark form of a giant tree the lantern was set down, and its light showed more clearly the figure of a man crouched near a clump of grass. The man rose quickly, picked up his lantern, and continued on his round.

Half a mile away a tall farmer leaned comfortably in the doorway of the weatherboard homestead, gazing out in the night. His wife stood just behind him, peeping on tip-toes over his shoulder. The farmer spoke suddenly, softly, in a deep, rich voice.

"Quéer chap! Sometimes he seems quite mad, doesn't take the slightest notice when I speak to him; seems not even to notice I'm anywhere near him. Other times he's different, but there is always that strange searching look in his eye. Queer chap. Drinks like the devil, too. I wish I could understand him. He's been trapping here a month, and hasn't spoken a single word about himself. Don't even know his name."

Both continued to watch the light of the trapper returning to his tent for a few moments, then the woman murmured.

"John, dear, it's time we went to bed."

John Riley obeyed slowly, and sauntered into the room.

§ § §

The trapper pulled back the flap of his tent and entered, placing his lantern on an upturned kerosene case. He emptied the evening's catch into a box in the corner. Then, as if very tired, he sank down on his bunk, and sat with his head in his hands, staring queerly through the open flap out into the darkness. The catch had been good, and the price of rabbit skins was unusually high, but it was not of these the trapper was thinking. Presently he began to murmur to

himself in strange, disjointed sentences, like the raving of a man whose mind has cracked.

"Adeline will come back. She wouldn't go away and leave me. Come back, come back, Adeline! I've come out here to the country to wait for you. You were my only child, my only friend. Don't leave me here alone. I remember when you left me, standing there at the street corner in that white dress, waving, waving good-bye. Oh, come back."

Then the man, maddened by grief and despair, pitched forward on his face and sobbed violently.

§ § §

It was a horrible night. The feeble light of the new moon was completely obliterated by thick clouds, and the roar of the wind in the mountains sounded eerie in that heavy blackness. The gale, blowing in fitful gusts, whistled and moaned in the trees nearby, and the mournful wail of the

stone curlews floated weird and melancholy from the gully.

In front of a few dying coals the trapper sat, drinking from a bottle he held unsteadily in his hands, and muttering thickly and drunkenly to himself, drinking to forget a little white form and the hell of a friendless life—"standing there in her white dress, waving, waving."

High up in a gum-tree a koala bear commenced to howl plaintively. The trapper looked up with a cry of joy. On the edge of the faint glow shed by the fading fire a white figure stood, and two ghost-like arms seemed raised, beckoning lovingly to the man. He staggered up, crying, laughing, calling in anguish.

"Adeline! Adeline! Don't cry, I'm coming! Wait, wait, don't go away! I'm coming, Adeline. I'm coming!"

He lurched drunkenly towards the white figure, and, sobbing terribly, flung his arms about it.

E. C. ROLLS, 3D.

ON TAKING ONESELF SERIOUSLY.

Throughout the world there are thousands of people despondent and listless, or noisy and vital. Both are the victims of the same thing. These are the miserable failures, and the still more miserable successes—the people who have taken themselves too seriously.

It is something of a paradox that people suffering from the curse of over-introspection may either become dazzling successes or out-and-out failures, according to their temperaments. In my opinion, a sense of humour would save both of them, for taking oneself too seriously is really sinking one's sense of humour in introspection.

Of course, it would not do to go through life with too flippant and careless an outlook, or too impractical a one, because in this life only the assertive man, and the man who is not afraid to admire himself, can hope for success. It is useless to start life with the assumption that other men are perfect, and that you yourself ought to be. Is it not logical to expect in others the vanities that one finds in oneself? Learn to take a Roland for your Oliver, without being unduly surprised if your opponent can see through you. A man who cannot do this is taking himself too seriously.

There are some men who can play the game of pitting their wits against those of others, without losing their ideals. They judge others by

themselves, and don't put other men on pedestals. They hope for the best, but are not surprised if some fail to conform to their ideals.

But those who take themselves too seriously shake their heads; privately, they mourn that they themselves are alone worthy; they say they have no ideals left. So they go on, and, however successful they may become they still have a warped view of themselves and humanity.

Then there are the failures. They think too little of themselves, and admire everyone else. They concentrate entirely on their own little world; each one of them is just another organism attracting round him and influencing the lives of extraordinarily few people out of the whole world, but to each there is no one as important as himself. But he does not always realise this; he is so busy disparaging himself. No person enters his sphere of life but he compares and contrasts that person with himself. In consequence, they yearn for qualities and characteristics entirely unsuited to themselves. They take themselves too seriously.

The happy medium in this, as in all other things, is moderation. Value yourself, but not too highly; value your companions, but do not imitate their personalities. Above all, learn to laugh at yourself—because others are probably laughing, too.

J. NEVILLE, 3D.

DEBATING.

Debating has been more pleasant than successful this year for, as perhaps you all know, Fort Street was not quite capable of winning the coveted "Hume-Barbour" debating trophy.

At the beginning of the year there were two teams chosen from fifth year. The first of these, comprising Ken McIntyre, our School captain, as leader, with Mervyn Watson and Russell Robertson as second and third speakers respectively, defeated the debating team from "Our Sister School" on two occasions, in contests which proved most enjoyable to all present.

At this stage, the "Hume-Barbour" debating team, led by Frank Ramsay, who was supported by J. Beach and Russell Robertson, was prepared for the first encounter against the boys of Canterbury High School, who, however, finally forfeited to us.

In the next debate it fell to us to argue that the British Empire should not adopt a policy of non-intervention in international affairs, while our worthy opponents of Sydney Boys' High School, who have just recently carried off the G.P.S. debating competition, were to argue the

converse. Happily for us, the adjudicator, Mr. McCallum, was convinced that the British Empire should continue to play her part in world affairs. Perhaps this is not quite the way of putting it. I mean, we convinced him by our arguments.

There were now but two combatants in the field, and one prize to be gained. The trophy was to belong either to Technical Boys' High School or to Fort Street.

Well, Fortians, as you must have noticed, no Hume-Barbour trophy stands in our library, which is an easy way for me to say that we were defeated by a more efficient team. I feel sure that you join with us in heartily congratulating our opponents.

It would be a gross injustice not to mention our capable debating-master, without whose help we would not have been able to achieve as much as we did, and under whose direction we sincerely hope that next year's team will bring home for our School the trophy.

J. BEACH.

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EVENING.

The red sun sinks resplendent in the west,
 And all its glories shine across the sky,
 As in the busy world comes home to rest
 The toiler of the day; and westward fly
 Long-legged crane, with great grey wings set out,
 And on the hillsides, shadows scurry down
 And shade the dainty ferns that dance about,
 As even comes and drapes her gentle gown,
 The moon emerges midst a lake of light,
 And looks about on kind, contented land,
 Where sunburnt crops sway golden at the height,
 And grazing kine in rich green pastures stand.
 The Star of Eve shines out a cheery spark;
 And soon springs up a little breeze below,
 Who, in reply, comes whisp'ring in the dark,
 And through the brown and sunburnt wheat
 doth blow.

And now, the ears stand up and dance and sing,
 And soon are joined by vines and grasses tall,
 Which, in united chant, night's welcome bring
 As darkness, flanking fast, envelopes all.
 The growing moon continues her ascent,
 Till in the sky, she finds her highest peak,
 While down below, the breeze in strong accent
 Of new and fruitful lands begins to speak.
 As from the unseen west it bustles on,
 Unfolding tales, collected from the trees,
 And brings into the land great talk anon
 Of timely rains, prosperity and ease;
 Wherein the verdant grasses sway on high,

And cattle graze in pastures to the knee.
 And so grows up a vision in the sky,
 Of many homes and acres vast and free.
 And soon the wind comes in a louder gale,
 And knocks upon the door of every home,
 And knocks again—this time to good avail,
 For those inside now feel the urge to come.
 They listen long, and hear the sound again,
 And silently creep out into the night—
 The moon leads on, with many in her train—
 And to the west, she ever throws her light.
 But, in the semi-dark, some lose their way,
 The aged and the weary fall aside,
 And, dropping from the ranks, begin to stray—
 But still the strong make on, behind their guide.
 And as they come upon their promised land,
 The falling moon gives place unto the sun,
 Which pours upon them strength where now they
 stand

Before the paradise which they have won.
 Behind them, lies the night—before the day—
 The early morn with studding dew bedecked,
 Wherein the young might live, and cast away
 All thoughts of yore, and this new home perfect.
 And follow will the noon, or labours hard—
 Her trials and her triumphs for the strong.
 But comes at last, the even—happy bard—
 And soon the world is nodding to her song.

J. HENDERSON.

ROUNABOUT.

All the world's a roundabout—
 One goes up, and one goes down;
 Bizarre a phantom host of stalls flits by,
 A gay, a dauntless host. See here a man
 Resplendent in his reds and blues, and here
 His fleeting stall; and now this woman with
 A babe held in her arms. Her face reveals
 The blush—
 The joy of life: a swift world this,
 That transcends all: a gay, a laughing world.
 And though her face bears lines, on closer look,
 And though a faint, half-hidden sadness lingers
 in her eyes,
 Her smile is strong,
 Her cry is long:
 "See here the best of the fair."

That floods the scene and blots it out—
 My eyes grow dim,
 The visions mix,
 The music seems to change from that
 Prolonged and blaring tone into
 A softer, slower, sleepy note
 That mourns some loss. Yet 'tis the same
 Four-cornered world,
 The stalls the same,
 This roundabout—myself the same.
 But no! The man in red and blue
 Is gone; the sideshow lady, too,
 Has left the square. The sun's bright light is dim,
 The faintest breath of wind stirs in the air.
 My face is cooled, and reason slowly claims
 My soul. That sad, sad thought is here,
 I am alone.

"DAVE," 5D.

The sun is like a winking lamp

A LEVEL SWAP.

Bert Halliday was a dairyman and cattle dealer, and lived on the Wilson River, on the North Coast. In his time most roads were bullock tracks, so most men travelled by way of the river.

Bert was a shrewd fellow, and got his herd a good reputation by collecting the strippings of several cows, and sending them to the creamery as coming from one particular cow; thus the apparent butter-fat content of this cow's milk was very high. All the farmers, of course, envied these cows of his, so Bert always got a good price for them and their calves.

Also on the Wilson was a place belonging to Isaac Smith, who also knew a thing or two. Isaac had a bullock which was past its prime, and though it had a rather presentable exterior, was rapidly falling away in efficiency. So Isaac had decided to exclude it from his "exclusive" team—if possible. The main thing wrong with the bullock was its age—it looked all right, but did not "go" all right and was likely, in his opinion, to "peter out one day soon," so hard did it find its work.

Knowing Bert Halliday would be up the river the following day with some pigs in his punt, Isaac visited "Dad" Randall, and formed careful plans with him for disposing of his bullock.

"Dad" was the local authority on pigs, and was a very honest and wise old fellow, but he did not like Bert Halliday. He knew of Bert's creamery dodge, as he knew most people's "secrets" in that district.

Bert also visited "Dad," and was told by him that a certain one of his pigs was sick, and would probably die in a few weeks. Although he did not quite agree with this, Bert relied on "Dad's" honesty and superior knowledge, and decided to sell the pig to the first farmer he could swindle. That farmer was our friend Isaac.

"Lo, Isaac," said Bert slowly. "Ow's things?" "Pretty bad, Bert," was the answer. "Fraid I'll 'ave to sell some of them bullocks. Winter comin' on, you know, and feed's scarce. A pity, too; just as I was thinkin' I'd do well, I gets a bad price from the mill." (Referring to the saw-mill he hauled timber to.)

"Har," said Bert, "'ave you got a bullock you'd like to get rid of?"

"I don't want to sell any of them, but what

can a fellow do?" said Isaac. "Come along to the paddock and I'll show you the team."

So off they went in the casual way peculiar to their kind drawing about the weather, and the price of "feed"—everything but pigs and bullocks. But, in those parts they were "hardheaded business men."

After reaching the paddock they sat on the slip-rail fence and began to discuss bullocks—and "Brandy" (the old bullock) in particular. Isaac saw to that.

"Bit old for workin', ain't 'e Ike?"

"Not on your life! Crikey, that fellow's my best leader—'e's a beaut, and no mistake. Good for many a day yet, 'e is. 'E's still worth some-think, don't worry."

"Make it part payment on a pig I got down at the creek," said Bert. "Good sound pig for your old bullock and ten bob extra. Come and 'ave a look at 'im." (This offer made after extensive examination.)

So off they strolled again, down to the creek, where Bert had anchored his punt, and Isaac examined the good sound pig, which kicked and squealed fiercely, and ran away finally, to set all its companions grunting and squealing.

Then the pair returned to the slip-rail fence and sat up on it like two old crows, now yarning, now arguing over the merits of Brandy and the pig.

After taking up most of the morning, they reached the agreement to execute the "level swap" for which they were both hoping, and Bert strolled off to his punt with Brandy, and made him tow his punt home from the bullock-track along the bank, thinking he had not spent a bad morning, after all.

However, next morning, Bert went to put the bullock on the tow-path again, to finish his journey up-river, and got a shock. His bullock was stiff and cold on the ground. As Isaac had said, winter was coming on, and the trip of the day before had been the last straw for Brandy. At the sight of his dead bullock Bert began to swear, and kicked the carcass till both his feet were sore. Then he had to go on without the bullock, and when he reached Isaac's shack,

strode up to it with fierce expression and speech—and both could be right fierce in those days—only to find Isaac coming to meet him in a similar attitude.

"What do you mean, you blanky robber passin' off that there useless dingo-bitten animal of yours on to me!" snarled Bert, all in one breath. "And me goin' and givin' you a respectable pig for nothink! I wants my pig back!"

"You got a lot to howl about, yer bloomin' swindler." Respectable pig my eye! 'E died last night after me feedin' 'im nearly as fat as me bullocks, and you goin' and abusin' my

Brandy! 'E's the best animal what ever pulled a jinker.

"Gorn, show me the pig," said Bert, somewhat taken aback, and not having thought the pig would die so soon. Dad Randall had said, in a few weeks' time.

However, Isaac showed him the pig, and it was "dead sure enough,"—but Bert did not know that it had been knocked on the head that morning for meat, and that a generous parcel of pork was to find its way down to Dad Randall's place that night.

D. EVERINGHAM, 4B.

5.15 A.M.

—And so, if you don't hand over £5000 in two days, you're a dead man, d'you hear?

Rrrrrrring!!

With a start which almost threw him out of bed, Bill awoke, and, as he dazedly looked about, he sighed audibly. He turned off the alarm clock.

"Gee! That was a close shave," he muttered, as he sat up on his bed. Then ruminatively: "I wish I did have £5000 instead of a job which makes me get up at 5.15 to milk twenty cows. Lord! What couldn't I do with a lot of money"

He stared, chin in hand, into the mirror on the battered dressing table, and his reflection stared sleeping back. It was not a film star's reflection. Just a plain, rugged countenance, open as the rolling downs to be seen from the window of the room.

Bill was an orphan who had been brought up under a man as "hard as nails," a dairyman who made him work disgraceful hours in his dairy.

Bill did not complain, for he had nowhere to go if he left the dairy, and he was not worldly enough to set out alone into a hostile world he did not know. Mechanically his hand reached for his sock, a mere fragment of material, with ventilation space for every toe and the heel, and began to draw it on. He was still visualising

magnificent limousines, pay envelopes which bulged like barrels, and rich life.

"Why should I be the one to work night and day, like a slave?" he dreamily muttered. "Still, some day I may have all the things I want, such as-as-a-zzzzz—"

His body relaxed, and his ludicrously garbed leg sagged to the floor as he again passed into unconsciousness.

The alarm clock ticked on-on-on. From 5.15, it passed to 8.15, but still no irate dairyman kicked open the door and bellowed for him to hurry, as was the usual morning occurrence.

At nine however the door creaked slightly, and two men entered. One was the dairyman; the other a well-dressed man,—obviously wealthy.

The dairyman spoke fawningly:

"There's your grand-nephew, Mr. Hammond. Shall I wake him?"

"No. Let him sleep," replied the old gentleman. "He has a lot to face in the next week."

He sat down near the bed, and the dairyman, scowling, slipped out.

Mr. Hammond looked at Bill's honest face and muttered: "I wonder what you're dreaming of, Bill."

"Yes, James. Home quickly. I have a luncheon appointment with the Prime Minister. zzzzz—" replied Bill.

SCHNEIDER, 3D.

THE VIOLET.

In solitude in valleys deep,
In unfrequented places,
In spots where sunbeams only peep—
'Tis there the violet graces.

It hides its head 'neath other flowers,
And blossoms hidden shyly;

It might have lived in other bowers,
And held its head more highly.

But blooming in the valleys deep,
It heeds not change of places,
And it prefers the moon to peep,
And not a world of faces.

G. A. WILLIAMS, 4C.

FORBIDDEN PLEASURE.

Phlop! The light has been turned out, and the echoes of receding footsteps tell a young mind that danger is no longer lurking in the vicinity of his bedroom. After some time, nothing but the steady tick-tick of the grandfather clock spoke of life and movement in the house. Then, a drawn-out sizzling noise was followed by a flicker of yellow flame, and the candle was alight.

Then came a tour of general inspection, and a small figure in his pyjamas fixed and locked every possible exit and entrance to the room. After these precautions against attack by an unknown foe, a "novel" was produced as if by magic, from under the loughboy, and the cover bore a most gruesome title, "The Thirteenth Skull," written by one "H. J. Strangel." Suddenly a pair of eyes started to eat up the lines in the

close-written sheets. But, along with this, the thump of a heart was almost as loud as a pair of crunching jaws.

Some time afterwards, however, an inquisitive parent, as is only too usual, came to see why there had been the crackle of paper to disturb her rest. On gaining entrance to the apartment by means of a stern voice, she demanded what he had been doing. When she saw the book, she immediately asked where the bloodthirsty thing had come from, and the explanation was quite unexpected:—

"The teacher told me to get a novel to increase my appetite for reading, but the bookshop had none left, and I thought this would be just as interesting."

R. BAINES, 3C.

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PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.

Perhaps the most interesting tourist attraction that Canberra has to offer to its visitors is the Federal Parliament House.

It is situated on the gentle slopes of Capitol Hill, and rises two storeys high. Designed and partly constructed by the Commonwealth Works Department, and completed under the direction of the Federal Capital Commission, this massive building was four years in the making. Constructional and equipment costs totalled over half a million pounds.

Built of brick, and finished in white cement, the building itself covers four acres, and, in addition to the Senate and House of Representatives, it contains 182 rooms. Surrounding parks and gardens, including tennis courts and bowling greens, occupy 186 acres, and, supplementary to the general beauty of the place, more than 17,000 trees have been planted.

On the ground floor of this building there are works of art, historical relics, and valuable treasures. After passing through the imposing main entrance, one enters the magnificent King's Hall, with its beautiful parquet flooring. This hall is so named because it contains a bronze lifelike statue of King George V. The members' library (containing 50,000 volumes) is immediately

opposite the entrance. To the right of the King's Hall is the Senate Chambers, and on the left is the House of Representatives.

Spacious Ministerial and party rooms, smoke and club rooms committee rooms, dining and billiard rooms, press rooms, and officials' rooms, members' bar and housekeeper's quarters are no less impressive than the immense kitchen, boasting every culinary equipment, and second to none in Australia.

Special offices, dressing rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms are provided for the Speaker and the President of the Senate. The members' main dining room seats 150, while there are several smaller refreshment rooms and lounges. To the rear of the House is found the kitchen, with its elaborate electric cooking apparatus, and speedy electric conveyors whisk the food to the dining rooms.

Worthy of note is the fact that, wherever possible, timber from every Australian State, with the exception of South Australia, has been used in the interior decoration. The House is open for inspection, and there is ample accommodation for visitors in the House of Representatives' galleries, and in the galleries in the Senate.

N. CHAPMAN, 4A.

TROPIC SUMMER.

Downward
creep
the dreaming purple depths
of tropic skies
Where hangs the burning moon
encircled by three
 lonely
 yellow
 stars.
The sea rolls lazily
its murmuring waters
 lift
 and
 fall
with long monotony
and wash across the sullen parching shores.
That barren beach
enfringed with stark and naked palms
that cut

against the hazy swimming skies
and through whose leaves
red moonlight
 spills.

The stillness of the equatorial night
presses with heaviness.
The long incessant

nothingness

The still and humming weariness.
The
 dizziness

lulls me
 to
 a
 dream,

and dreaming
I
forget.

H.J.F., 4A.



JUNIOR AND JUVENILE ATHLETICS TEAMS, 1938.

Runners-up, C.H.S. Carnival.

Juniors—Back Row: R. Lee, N. Middleton, R. Brown, R. Anthon, J. Hills.

Centre Row: D. Ritchie, N. Chapman, B. Jones, W. Smith (Captain), R. Young, H. Hearne.

Juveniles—Front Row: K. Simpson, A. Nicholson, F. Lawson, J. Moon (Captain), M. Connell, J. Jaconelli.

SHEARING.

Dust, great clouds of it, shouting, yapping dogs, baa-ing sheep, the throb of an engine, the grinding of combs and cutters, saddled horses, and more dust—this is shearing time.

The yarded ewes baa frantically for lambs, left outside, so that they might not be trampled on in the pens, whilst the dogs bark excitedly through the fence. The offsider comes out to pen up. He whistles the dogs. They leap the fence, and the shouts of the man and the continuous barking of the dogs at last drive the unwilling sheep into the pens. The rams, as if insulted at this treatment, gnash and grind their teeth. A shearer, in greasy mended pants and a

dirty flannel singlet, enters the pen. He grabs a sheep by the front and back legs, throws it, and drags it out to the shearing machine. A rope is pulled, and the shears buzz into life. The beautiful white fleece is cut off; the sheep kicks suddenly and the shears gash the poor wretch. The shearer yells above the roar of the engine and shears, for tar. A dab of tar on the cut, and he continues his work.

The fleece is collected and classed, while the white, shorn sheep is turned into another pen to be branded and counted, and the perspiring shearer turns to another animal.

E. ROLLS, 3D.

SAILING.

Before putting the boat away after the race, dad said, "Well, you came last again!"

"Yes," I replied. "But I think I know what it is, this time. I'll shift the jib halliard further up the mast, as Eric did to his boat, and see if that makes any difference."

After making all the alterations, I found that it still sailed as badly as ever, and it was starting to leak badly, but that was soon rectified with the aid of a little putty and varnish.

As making any experimental major alterations might prove fatal, I set to and made a model of the boat, and experimented, making several suits of sails and several masts. At last I found the most satisfactory and economical method of changing the set of sails, so that they would pull properly.

Dad and mum both wondered why I had made the model and wasted so much time experimenting with it, but I finally convinced dad, and made him understand that the pull by the vacuum behind the sail, and the proper setting of the jib would speed up the boat considerably.

I then applied the same principles to the larger boat, by first of all varnishing it and making it watertight. I had found that the mast was six inches too short for the sail, which, therefore, was

hanging slackly on the mast and boom, thus not getting the full power out of the belly in the sail. I also found that the mast was slightly bent. After splicing another eight inches of mast to the old one and moving the boom further down the mast, I altered the stays so that they would pull the bend out of the mast. The jib was the last thing to be altered, and this was done on the Sunday morning before the race. I rigged the boat that morning with special care, making sure that everything was as planned.

Through being continually last, or thereabouts, I was given a very large handicap, and started off second, with eight minutes' start from the scratch boat. With the new rig it was found that I did not need those eight minutes, because after sailing very well into a light north-easterly breeze, I turned the buoy about eight or ten minutes in front of the scratch boat, and three minutes in front of the following boat. This was too much of a lead for them to try to pick up, and with the following breeze strengthening, I returned home a very easy winner.

When I entered the clubhouse, I found that I had won £1/1/-, and also a trophy for coming second in a point score race.

R. H. SMALL, 3C.

ALLEGORY.

Blowing rose petals

drift

across

the shining waters

of the clear still pond

and gently

fall

to dip and rise

and stop quite still.

Red drops upon the silver stretch

appear like stains

on innocence.

But soon there steals a soft and gentle wind
and blowing o'er the water

carries them away.

H.J.F., 4A.

A SPRING DAY.

The spring is here, and all around

Is bathed in golden light;

The sky is clear, the trees abound

With chirping birds so bright.

The air is filled with sounds so sweet

As notes of clear-toned bells;

The gay birds build trim homes so neat

In forest glades and dells.

The night draws near, and in its train,

A shady mantle spreads

Its coolness dear, in ev'ry lane

With silky silence treads.

The moon is high, the old man grey,—

His silent vigil keeps;

The breezes sigh, the tall trees sway,

And all in nature sleeps.

H. CHEERS, 2B.

LUCK CAN'T LAST.

For miles and miles, leagues and leagues, through acre upon acre it stretches—unfertile, useless. Stunted shrubs coarse grass and the inevitable box-tree are there in abundance. In patches where the ground changes slightly, timber grows, and the sleeper-cutter's axe thuds dully on the tough ironbark and coarse-grained stringy-bark, and eats deep into the smooth, straight trunks of the blue-gum. In summer, fire runs rampant and rages unchecked, till the farmer grows uncomfortable and puts it out. In winter, frost, obsessed with a mad desire for destruction, spreads himself thickly over the ground, but the coarse grass remains brown and unchanged, and the sun comes out and melts him off.

Such is the Pilliga scrub, an ugly blotch in the north-west of New South Wales.

But many wild things live and thrive there. Stout Tail, the grey kangaroo, leads his thumping flock to those parts where grass is best. Ring Tail, the possum, hangs peacefully in the daytime from the branch of a young sapling, and at night feeds daintily on the sweet, juicy leaves. Long Snout, the wild boar, roots and grovels in the softer ground, and grunts contentedly when he uproots a yam. White-Tails, the rabbits, peep cheekily from their huge warrens, and forever go on increasing. And little Shy Eyes, the field mouse, scuttles frantically from the terrible swoop of the carrion hawk.

Now, if you had been hunting one day in the southern outskirts of this scrub, your attention might have been attracted by a thin column of smoke rising high in the air and if you were a curious being and had followed it to ascertain its cause, you would have come upon a small camp of timber-getters and, seated around a fire waiting while the billy boiled, you would have seen two men, talking earnestly. A few yards away, on an old chaff-bag, a huge bitch lay stretched out in the sun. She was a dirty grey, with great sprawling paws, and there was a long scar beneath her flank where she had been staked when young. And round her belly a litter of pups squirmed and struggled and sucked, their one object in life to fill their empty stomachs. One was larger and more ugly than the others.

His hair was short and patchy, and on his back practically none grew at all, and, although he was only a day old, his left eye was already half open. He seemed to resent the presence of the other pups, and repeatedly pushed and shoved them from their teat and drank greedily there himself.

One man spoke.

"I tell you, Bert, I'm not going to drown them. That there bitch is the best kangaroo hunter I've ever seen, and I'm going to make a good pig-dog out of that hairless little brute."

The other laughed.

"He'll be useless. Knock him over the head and forget him."

But Open-Eye, the greedy one, only sucked the faster.

§ § §

Long Snout, the wild boar, poked his nose into a broken, rotten wild-melon, and snorted. Life was easy! True, he had been in many fights, and his aged hide carried much evidence of this, but a pig's brain is small, and his memory short, and all thought of these had long since seeped from his thick skull. His right ear had been tattered and torn when a well-trained dog had gained a hold, but Long Snout was strong, and his tusks sharp, and the dog was lucky to escape with no more than a gashed stomach. Suddenly Long Snout looked up, disturbed by a mighty pounding. Stout Tail the kangaroo, was fleeing for his life, and close on his tail a dark form ran. With a well-timed leap it sprang and caught the kangaroo by the butt of the tail. Before the animal hit the ground, the dog leaped for his throat. Open Eye, the greedy one, had killed once more. He was now a full-grown dog, larger than his mother, with even wider, more sprawling feet. His back was still devoid of hair, and his half-open eye had never fully opened. There was an ugly scar on his stomach where the tusks of Long Snout had gashed deep, and one toe of a back foot was straight and useless, since he had cut the tendon on the hard, stony ground. But he was a great hunter, and—he was very lucky.

Grunting with annoyance, Long Snout waddled off to safer grounds.

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Open Eye, the Hairless One was hungry. He loped ungainly through the thick scrub, his black muzzle close to the ground. All at once he stopped, then broke into a quick run.

Long Snout, wallowing noisily in the soft, oozy mud near a water-hole, was warned by the sharp cracking of a twig. With an angry grunt he started up, but before he could turn round, the

teeth of a dog snapped on his right ear, and a warm body pressed close to his own, so that he could not use his terrible tusks. But Long Snout's torn ear ripped off, then his ugly teeth flashed white in the sunlight.

§ § §

Open Eye, the Greedy One, Open Eye, the Hairless One, killed no more. E. C. ROLLS, 3D.

AUGUSTUS CRAB.

Just inside the bar of a certain coastal river, there is a small rocky spit jutting out from the beach. Here lived a colony of crabs—all kinds and sizes of crabs—the resplendent blue and red soldier crab, and the inconspicuous grey ones; crabs whose backs were too soft for them to venture out from under the rocks and crabs too fat to fit into any but the largest crevices. It was this colony that was honoured with the presence of Augustus, the Crab from the Other Side. For Augustus had not been born in this spit; he had dropped in one day when a seagull had been unlucky enough to open its beak, letting him fall. He had been picked up on the other side of the river—hence his name.

fast—a dead fish, three fish-heads, and, of course, plenty of seaweed.

All the crabs were there, including lots of soldier-crabs. This body had been organised by a crab with a Hitler complex, who tried to militarise Crabland. He had painted some crabs red and blue, and taught them to make a noise like a machine-gun. The only effect it had, however, was to attract the gulls—then the crabs had to burrow for dear life. When they came up again, they left holes all over the sandbanks, which, to say the least, were a source of constant anxiety to all desirous of crossing the "parade-ground."

He had not been hurt by his fall, as he landed on a patch of seaweed. He soon became one of the young bloods, and it was a common sight to see him basking in the sun on a big flat rock, which was the centre of society. It was always Augustus who was the last to hide from the seagulls; he was always the first to recognise the delicious odour of dead fish, and to hurry to the prey. He was in fact, the crab of Crabville.

Augustus and Beatrice lived happily for a time, in a hollow under an overhanging rock, facing a small pond; in fact, an ideal home; rocks for sun-bathing, pools to entrap dead fish, and safety from seagulls within easy reach. The happy couple were always on the look-out for their life-long enemies, especially at the shell-growing times, when, having discarded the old shell, and the new one had not become hardened. It was at one of these periods, however, when the hero and heroine of this tale met their deaths. Augustus, sitting within easy reach of his cave, noticed some foolish young crabs unconsciously attracting the attention of a wicked gull. With great heroism, he ran out in full view of the gull diverting its attention, but could not get back again. In an instant, the gull swooped and bore him off, with red beak gleaming malevolently.

When Augustus had been leading this easy life for a while, he became engaged to the prettiest girl-crab in the district, Beatrice. Looking into her eyes, poised daintily on the top of long, slender stalks, he had told her of his eternal love, of his admiration for her graceful, sidling walk, and all the other things a crab tells his beloved. She consented, of course, and the wedding was arranged.

Beatrice, trying to help him, dislodged a rock, which fell on her and crushed her to death. So ended the lives of this brave hero and his mate.

They were married by Hermie Crab, who was a hermit, and only came out of his borrowed shell for an occasion such as this. The bride and bridegroom left the marriage rock under an arch of crossed claws. They had a wonderful break-

No one in Crabville felt quite the same afterward, and the soldier crabs did not march for three days.

A VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY.

On Monday, October 24th, a party of Fortians, 4th and 5th year geography students, to be exact, accompanied by Mr. Brodie, paid a visit to the University of Sydney. At the geography room we were met by Mr. Maze, M.Sc., an ex-Fortian, and Senior Lecturer in Geography.

He began to show us round by describing the meanings of the maps on the walls. One was a large outline map of Sydney and suburbs covered by coloured circles and triangles, representing the different types of manufacturing industries. Another was a large outline map of Australia, showing its population distribution, and one was of London and its suburbs in detail.

There were in the room four rows of desks, each covered by atlases or maps. Mr. Maze dealt with each row separately. The first row had on it several modern German and American atlases, which contained a wealth of information. One of the latter, dealing solely with America, contained several hundred pages of maps and articles.

The next row contained maps of the Isle of Wight, and dealt with it from many different viewpoints. First the contour map, then a geological, and finally one showing land utilisation. Also in this row were the military "one inch to one mile" maps, with which we were all familiar, of Sydney and Canberra.

On the following row were several more atlases; this time Hungarian. They contained ethnographical, physical, land utilisation, geological and numerous other types of maps.

Mr. Maze then showed us a means of accurately tracing maps of any size, which was done by placing the map on a sheet of plate glass, under which were powerful electric lights, and placing on this map a sheet of paper, then tracing the required outline.

On one of the tables against the wall were a series of maps dealing with the development of the wool and wheat industries in New South Wales. These, Mr. Maze said, were almost completed, and, when finished, would be photographed for further use.

We filed out of the room into the library. Here was a veritable feast of geographic data. Books dealing with continents, human geography, meteorology, soils, climate, or economic geography—every conceivable aspect of the subject.

In another section were geographic magazines from all countries of the world. Mr. Maze mentioned, as an interesting fact, and we readily realised it by the number of French books, that the French are very highly developed in geographical studies.

The next item of interest was a visit to a room where Mr. Gibbs, another ex-Fortian, was conducting some experiments with regard to soil. Here he explained the methods by which soil is classified into its various constituents; the three main ones being sand, loam and clay. This was highly interesting to all.

On entering the main room, Mr. Maze pointed out to us the positions awaiting geographers, and commented on the fact that a great number of well-known Australian geographers came from Fort Street, and had been taught by Mr. Brodie. Such men as Messrs. Maze and Gibbs, already mentioned, Mr. A. Lowndes, M.Sc., who was geography master at North Sydney Boys' High School, now is on the advisory committee to the Bank of New South Wales, and recently published a work on "Soil Erosion." He is proceeding to England at the end of the year, in the interests of the bank. Mr. Wills, a 3rd year geography student, who will enter the Department of Education, Geography Section, soon; Mr. Taylor, the geography master at Dubbo Boys' High School; and Mr. Samuells, geography master at Hay.

Mr. Brodie then thanked Mr. Maze for showing us round, and was seconded by Laurie Wood. Indeed, we all appreciated the visit very much, and would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Brodie for making it possible.

E. B. KELL, 4A.

CHESS NOTES.

Since the last issue of "The Fortian," the Chess Club has both risen and declined. A little less than one month ago, the Chess Club was crowded, during every lunch hour, and though there are eight sets of men in the School, these were not

sufficient to supply the demand, and many keen enthusiasts had to stand by and be spectators.

Now, however, though there are still eight boards, it is difficult to give out more than four during the lunch hour. This rapid decrease is due

mainly to the departure of the fifth years, who made up the majority of the members, and to the election of some of the fourth year players to position of prefects, and so are unable to play at lunch time, because duty must be done.

So, if the Chess Club is to carry on, there must be more members, and these can only be supplied by first, second and third years. None of these years have at present, or had at any time in the past, a representative in the Chess Club. Why this should be, is hardly understandable. They constitute the greater part of the School, and it seems strange that there is not one of them who is a member of the club. Perhaps this lack of first, second and third year players is due to the erroneous conception that these juniors and juveniles have of the game. Chess is by no means a dull, stupid game. It is the most skilful game known, many times more skilful than cricket or tennis, as it contains no element of luck. It is a

most interesting game, as all those who play it find. Many are finding these things to be true, but there are still those who, in ignorance, scoff at the game. No notice, however, should be taken of them. Learn to play the game first, and then make your decision as to what it really is. I know in which direction your thoughts will lie.

Therefore, first, second and third years, come along to the Chess Club, room eleven on the second floor, any day of the week, and learn to develop your reasoning powers by a means other than school work, and much more interesting. Even if you only come once a week, you will be helping the club, besides giving yourself a great amount of pleasure. Do not worry, however, if you know no one who plays chess, for I feel sure that any member of the club would be only too pleased to teach you this most fascinating of all arts.

G. R. STEWART, 4D.

CAMPING NEAR GRASMERE.

Recently, whilst in England, my good friend, Jack Dunningham, and I decided to go camping, as it was really the best way to capture some of the beauty of our surroundings. We decided to "caravan it" to a much-talked-of spot, Derwentwater, in Cumberland.

The trip was pleasant enough, and camping, of course, was the absolute realisation of my remotest dreams.

The next day we went for rambles in the beautiful English wood, and it was so beautiful it made one's eyes well with tears of joy to behold.

As the afternoon wore on, we returned to the camp and prepared the evening meal in readiness for our return.

Then we went down to Derwentwater. It was warm, and clear twilight. Between the dark green lines of the hedges we met some pretty girls in white, with scarlet opera cloaks coming home through the narrow lane. Then we got into the open, and found the shores of the silver lake, and got into a boat and pulled out upon the still waters, so that we could face the wonders of a brilliant sunset!

But all that glow of red and yellow in the north-west was as nothing to the strange gradations of colour that appeared along the splendid range of mountain peaks beyond the lake. From the remote north round to the south-east they stretched

like a mighty wall; and whereas near the gold and crimson of the sunset they were of a warm, roseate, and half-transparent purple, as they came along into the darker regions of the twilight they grew more and more cold in hue and harsh in outline. Up there in the north they had caught the magic colours, so that they themselves seemed but light clouds of beautiful vapour, but as the eye followed the line of twisted and mighty shapes, the rose-colour deepened into purple, the purple grew darker and more dark, and greens and blues began to appear over the wooded islands and shores of Derwentwater. Finally, away down there in the south, there was a lowering sky, into which rose wild masses of slate-coloured mountains, and in the threatening and yet clear darkness that reigned among these solitudes, we could see but one small tuft of white cloud that clung coldly to the gloomy summit of Glaramara.

That strange darkness in the south boded rain, and, as if in anticipation of the wet, the fires of the sunset went down, and a grey twilight fell over the land. As we walked home—or, rather, back to camp—between the tall hedges, there was a chill dampness in the air; and we seemed to know that we had at last bade good-bye to the beautiful weather that had lit up for us the blue water and the green shores of Grasmere.

J. Mc., 2C.

THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION.

Claude Addington was one of the leaders of fashion, beyond all doubt. No party was complete without him; if he went to the races, there was a stir; moreover, the younger set adored him. From this you may gather that Claude Addington was a celebrity of no mean rank. You would be right. Claude was definitely a celebrity.

Claude's strong point was—clothes. He was always impeccably dressed. From his sleek, shiny hair to his black, dazzling shoes, he was perfection. Everything he wore was immediately "the latest." He was said to have no less than thirteen suits, and that he never wore one of them for more than three hours. His valet was forever pressing this coat, or those trousers, or that necktie. I honestly believe that when Claude went to bed at night, his pyjamas would be uncreased on the morrow. And this, you will agree, is no mean feat.

The man was a God-sent "walking advertisement" to all tailors. Any tailor would have gladly supplied his every need free of charge.

But Claude's greatest passion was trousers. "Trousers make the man," must have been his family's motto. The trousers he wore were always faultlessly creased. They either hung just so or he did not wear them. I myself have known him almost to froth at the mouth when his valet had failed to press his trousers. He was almost a fanatic on the subject.

Everyone will no doubt remember how, at the Younger Set's Ball, Claude Addington introduced the vogue (which lasted about two months) of wearing a green tie, green handkerchief in the pocket, and green socks, with evening dress. His appearance was a sensation!

So that, taking it by and large, you may understand our feelings when Claude Addington disappeared from mortal ken.

It didn't happen as suddenly as all that, of course. For the first few days few people took much notice. But eventually it was discovered that his valet did not know his whereabouts. The police were informed; and investigations instituted. The net result—absolutely nothing.

§ § §

It was about five weeks later when Jimmie Oliver and I went for a trip on the Continent. But it was in Berne where we first heard of the

Monastery of St. Nichol—tucked away in a sheltered valley of the rugged Alps. This place, we were told, was rather inaccessible, and consequently foreigners did not often visit it. Here, moreover, was made a singularly potent brew. So that, considering all this, we added two and two, and, as is usual after this simple process, we got the proverbial four.

It took us two days to get there,—three altogether, as it took one day to find a guide. The statement that it was difficult of access was not an exaggeration. We ploughed our way through snow, snow, snow for what seemed an endless time. But at last we stood on a ridge and looked into a valley, in the middle of which sprawled the Monastery of Saint Nichol.

We were very hospitably entertained at the Monastery. We washed ourselves, were shown over the valley and tasted of the brew whose goodness had been extolled. It was as reported. Then our guide, a venerable old man with a beautiful soft speaking-voice, informed us that he would show us over the monastery itself. He told us that we were the fifth party of English people to visit the monastery in the last nine years, and mentioned some of our predecessors. We were both amazed at his incredible knowledge. He could talk on any subject whatever—art, music, politics, sport—almost anything we cared to mention. However, on with the tale.

He showed us the great bell, the tower the monks' cells, the water supply, the wonderful paintings, and a hundred other things. Then we went to see the Great Hall.

We got there just as the monks were filing in for the evening meal. We watched them walk, heads bowed, feet shuffling, gowns swishing softly. Then suddenly Jimmie Oliver grabbed my arm and whispered,

'By all that's holy! There's Claude Addington!'

I looked. Jimmie had spoken truth. Third from the end of the line was Claude Addington himself! He walked as the others, head bowed, and passed silently through the massive doorway. I stared after him, struck dumb!

Our guide noticed our looks.

"What is it? Is anything wrong, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"Er—have you a brother here, by name—Claude Addington?"

The guide did not know. The brothers left their worldly names behind on entering the monastery. Perhaps the gentlemen would like to speak to one of the brothers?

The gentlemen would very much like to speak to that one whose head was shaved.

"All their heads are shaved," pointed out our guide.

I indicated Claude as he sat at the table, eating from a bowl of broth. Our guide showed us into a side room, and here we waited until the door opened and Claude entered.

"Why, hello, Tony! Hello, James, old chap! How are you?"

I can tell you I felt dashed uncomfortable. So did Jimmie.

"Oh, don't pay any attention to this," said our friend, indicating the simple gown that hung to the floor almost. "I'm Brother Ambrose here, but I'm still Claude really."

"Well, how are you, Claude?" I said, with a sickly grin. "Glad to see you."

"Am I glad to see you?" cried Claude. "That's a pretty slick waistcoat you're wearing, Tony! Is that the latest?"

Jimmie could stand the strain no longer. He burst out: "Thank heavens! It's the old Claude. Look here, old boy, what about chucking in all this rot and getting back to civilisation?"

"But why?" came the amazing reply. "I am happier here."

"But you were never religious," I interposed.

"Ah! But, although I may have never been religious, I have realised my life's ambition in this place," he replied.

"What is your great ideal?"

"Here," he indicated the robe he wore. "Here is something at last that will not bag at the knee!"

Just then the bell sounded, summoning the monks to pray. With a last "So long, chaps!" Claude Addington hurried out.

\$ \$ \$

That was the tale Jimmie Oliver and I brought back from our European tour. Of course, nobody believed us—the fools!

T. GRAY, 3D.

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A FLOOD IN THE WEST.

The old hands in the Western Riverina towns are unanimous in their claim that not since 1902 had they experienced such a flood as that which devastated the whole of that area between the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee Rivers in 1931.

The flood came, not from heavy rains, but from the snows melting on the mountains hundreds of miles away. Many of the towns on the Murrumbidgee were partly submerged, bridges and their approaches destroyed, and much loss of valuable animals and grasslands was sustained.

At this time my father had grocery stores in both Hay and Deniliquin, and, in addition, operated an interstate transport service between Melbourne and the abovenamed towns.

A warning had been given some days before the flood reached Hay, and hasty preparations were made to transport goods before the flood arrived.

One big truck was leaving Melbourne, 275 miles to the south, when, without a cloud in the blue sky, the rivers began to rise, and soon to overflow; roads were submerged, and water was soon surging across the hot saltbush plain. As this was a serious position for the motor transport, my father communicated with his drivers en route from Melbourne, and they were instructed to drive without ceasing to Deniliquin—there to be relieved by my dad, who hastily arranged to drive to that town, 80 miles south.

In many places the water was up to twelve inches deep on the road, and was increasing every minute.

The truck arrived in Deniliquin, and the drivers, on being relieved, were soon asleep. But the truck, with seven tons of merchandise aboard, splashed and churned its way on through the night.

No serious difficulty was encountered until just half-way to Hay, when the Black Swamp was reached, and here, that which in the morning was a flooded road, was now a deep watercourse, washed away in many places to a depth of four feet. Changing gear to cross this black expanse of water, the truck advanced only a few feet and plunged into the washaway.

The sleeping men were hurled to the floor as

the truck was driven over the bank, and then, striking the chassis in the middle, over-balanced and toppled into the water.

Very serious consequences could follow the sudden drenching of a hot engine, which quickly stopped, amidst smoke and crackling caused by the contraction of hot steel. The three men flung open the doors and climbed up over the cabin and along the truck to safety. Judge their astonishment when they were hailed, out of the blackness of the night, across the torrent, by a man's voice, which said, "Hey! have you got a spare pair of pants? Mine are washed away." It transpired that earlier in the evening, he, the mailman, took off his pants to depth the washaway, and lo! the current rose and caught his pants, and he was left to shiver on the opposite bank.

The experiences of that night, unloading the merchandise, carrying it to dry land, of working all night with block and tackle trying to pull the truck out backwards, only to find, after hours of labour, that the engine had stuck fast in the sharp bank, and all hope of getting it out backwards had to be abandoned. The inconvenience of all three men eating porridge made in an old syrup tin, and eaten with deal sticks, from the one pot, and existing for three days and nights on this menu; of eventually, inch by inch, dragging the truck through the washaway safe on the other side, of the dismantling of the engine, and drying intricate parts by a blazing fire, of preserving the oil from the engine, and separating it from the gallons of water which filled the engine, and also finding a vessel large enough to hold several gallons of oil, would be a story in itself.

Suffice to say that after unremitting toil, the motor was again on its way, ploughing and plunging through flood waters up to two feet deep, which completely covered the road for miles at a time, and after 24 hours of progress, came to a stop three miles out of Hay, hopelessly bogged. The goods were again shifted to high land, a bank built around them, and, after an adventurous wade through three miles of swollen flood-waters, my dad reached Hay, and arrangements were made to instal a watchman on the truck, and this time dad rowed over the saltbush

plain in a boat. Many days after, the goods came to Hay, three hundredweight at a time, after a three-mile row, and a number of days after, 14 horses were hitched to the truck, a direct line set for Hay, and over stumps, saltbush, and gutters, and through two feet of water, the transport arrived fourteen days out of port.

In those days Hay really looked like an island.

I can remember that about twenty yards from our house was a huge embankment, keeping back the flood waters. All traffic to and from the town was discontinued, and part of the town was submerged, but most of the town was protected by huge embankments, sometimes eight feet high. Not a drop of rain fell during the flood.

R. HILL, 1C.

RADIUM.

Gilbert la Bane, the French scientist, contrary to common belief, was not the lone discoverer of radium. A great deal of this credit should be shared by a Polish woman, Madame Marie Curie. Surely it was a gift of Providence, that, in the year 1892, another French scientist made a startling discovery.

Becquerel had been working in his laboratory. He had what is known as uranium ore, which contains radium. This, however, was unknown to the scientist, and, unwittingly, he left the small piece of uranium ore lying on a photographic plate. In the morning, Henri discovered, to his great surprise, that the sensitised plate had, apparently, been exposed to some intensely strong light, for the plate had gone dull and opaque.

Becquerel puzzled over this mystery, but in the end he gave it up, and handed the task to his friend, Madame Marie Curie. Becquerel concluded that the uranium ore contained some unknown element.

Madame Curie, with the co-operation of her husband, set about a systematic and concentrated search for the new element. They knew that uranium existed in a waste product from one of the European silver mines, and so it is little wonder that in the same year, 1892, they again located this new radio-active substance, in a black, florescent substance known as pitchblende.

For four years the two scientists continued, by a process of elimination, to break up the pitchblende. After this long period of unceasing labour, the two scientists were left with a mere pinch of salt, a pinch of concentrated radio-activity—radium in an almost pure form.

The Curies had discovered radium. But in those days radium had not the fascinating, alluring name it now possesses. For what was radium useful? To what use could it be put? Its extremely high power of penetration was observed and appreciated, but radium only proved a danger to those daring to experiment with it.

Then medicine learnt its true value. Radium possesses the power of life and death. It is of great benefit in curing cancer.

Science is now met with another difficulty. The deposits of pitchblende or any radium containing ore are so very scarce that radium is almost unprocurable. But had it not been for the discovery of a large deposit in Canada, near the arctic circle, radium to-day would be priced at twenty-five thousand pounds per gramme.

Until radium is procurable in larger quantities, its true beneficial value can never be realised. Science some day will produce a cheaper radium, but until then few medical institutions will be able to purchase and make use of this life-giving substance.

Dr. E. O. Lawrence, physicist at the University of California, claims to have produced a synthetic radium! Synthetic radium opens up a whole new sphere of investigation, but as yet radium made by man is indeed a poor substitute for nature's product. Its radio-activity lasts but a few days, in contrast with the radiation for centuries of the real radium. Not only this, but man-made radium costs even more to produce than does the extraction of the natural metal from "Mother Earth."

G. MACKANESS, 4D.

SPORTING



IVOR EVANS (Fort Street, No. 7) winning the Second Division of the 880 yards at the Combined High Schools' Athletic Carnival

By courtesy of "S.M.H."

ATHLETICS.

During the year Fort Street, considering everything, has done very well indeed in the sphere of athletics. This is mainly due to Mr. Worth's unstinted efforts to improve the standard of this fine sport, as well as co-operation on the part of the boys.

The first meeting of the season was a triangular match against Technical and Canterbury, held at Concord Oval. Fort Street won the senior division, I. Evans, Hodgekiss, Murty, Burns and Tate scoring the bulk of our points. The junior division was won by Technical, with Fort Street as runners-up. For the juniors Mackaness, Brown, Jones and Middleton all scored points. The juvenile team won their division. Moon, Lawson, Breadman, Simpson and Connell were mainly responsible for Fort Street's points.

Our Annual Carnival was held at Petersham Oval on 10th August, in quite fine weather.

The Class Pennant was won by 4D, who deserve the School's congratulations, as do 2D, the runners-up.

The performances were quite up to, and in some cases much superior to the usual high standard. Six records were broken, and we offer our congratulations to the following record-breakers: J. Moon, winner of the Juvenile Cup, who broke K. Lawson's juvenile 220 yards record. Moon's time was 25.8 secs., beating the previous best by 1 sec. Moon, Breadman and Simpson all broke the juvenile hurdles record, Moon in his heat, and Breadman and Simpson in the final. Moon and Breadman both equalled the existing record figures for the juvenile high jump. Connell broke the under 13 100 yards record, his time being 12 secs. F. Lawson broke the juvenile shot put record, with a put of 44ft 11½in. George Mackaness, using the Eastern cut-off style taught by Olympian Jack Metcalfe, broke the junior high jump record of 5ft. 3in. by 4in., clearing 5ft. 7in.

K. Lawson won the Senior Cup from his class-mate, Ivor Evans.

Harry Hearne narrowly won the junior, beating Doug. Ritchie, of 4D, while Moon, of 2D, won the Juvenile Cup from his class-mate F. Lawson.

Several other boys won one or two events, namely, in the senior: S. Burns (broad jump),

K. McIntyre (high jump), R. Thompson (shot put), D. Pratt (880 and 1 mile). Junior: G. Mackaness (broad and high jumps), W. Miles (shot put), W. Smith (hurdles), B. Jones (under 15, 100 yards). Juvenile: Moon, Breadman (high jump), Breadman, Simpson (hurdles), F. Lawson (shot put) Connell (under 13 100 yards).

The trophies were financed by a special prize fund to which Messrs. W. Sinclair, R. Bell, E. C. Greening, R. N. Mackenzie, A. T. Hinde, H. C. Winkworth, W. J. Neal, R. Lennox, C. Pye, W. D. Bagnall, W. G. Cousins, T. W. Packer, Shaw, J. Glen and Mesdames F. Short and V. Davies generously contributed. The School is deeply grateful to its benefactors, who we hope will continue to give their support in the future.

After two postponements, the C.H.S. Carnival was held on 26th and 27th September at the Cricket Ground. We finished second in the aggregate, being beaten by Sydney. The senior team was narrowly beaten into third place in the point score. With a little support from the under 15 runners, the juniors would have won, being beaten into second place. The juvenile team also came second in the point score.

Final points were:—

Senior Shield: Sydney, 251; North Sydney, 139; Fort Street, 132.

Junior Shield: Sydney, 174; Fort Street, 157.

Juvenile Shield: Technical, 137; Fort Street, 132.

Aggregate points: Sydney, 512; Fort Street 421.

In the senior division Lawson was placed in 100 and 220 yards, first division, as well as the shot put. O. Evans gained places in 100 and 220 yards, second division, as well as second in the first division of the hurdles. Hodgekiss ran well, coming first in the second division of the mile, fourth in the first division 880 yards, and second in the second division of the 440. I. Evans won the third division of the 880 yards.

In the broad and high jumps we did particularly well. G. Mackaness obtained second position in first division of the high jump, R. Brown won second division, and K. McIntyre won the third division. In the first division broad jump, Burns was unluckily beaten into second place after a jump-off, Mackaness won the second division, while Murty was third in the third division.

The juniors performed quite creditably, some individual performances being excellent. Perhaps the best performer was Miles. He won both the broad jump and shot put first division, as well as second division hurdles and high jump. Here again our jumpers were to the fore. Brown won first division high jump, Miles the second division, and Smith the third division. As I said above, Miles won the broad jump, first division, while Ritchie and Hearne both gained places in their respective divisions. Hearne was second in the first division 100 yards, and third in the same division of the 220 yards. Ritchie won the 220 yards, third division, and came second in the 440 yards, first division. Chapman, Hills, Lockrey and Anthon all assisted in scoring valuable points.

The juveniles were narrowly beaten for the Shield by Technical. Moon was the most successful performer, winning the broad jump, first division, and gaining third places in the first division of the 100 and 220 yards. He was also placed in the third division hurdles and the second division high jump. Lawson, as second

division runner, gained places in the 100 and 220 yards, besides winning the second division broad jump. Connell, first division, and Lawson, second division, each came second in their division of the under 13 100 yards.

Simpson performed quite well, coming second in the first division hurdles, and winning the third division high jump. Breadman came second in the first division high jump, third in the third division broad jump, and was also placed in the second division hurdles.

At the State Championships K. Lawson won the under 17 220 yards in record time, and came second in the 100 yards. W. Miles won the under 16 broad jump, and gained the second place in the hop, step and jump. G. Mackaness obtained second place in the under 17 high jump, with a leap of 5ft. 7in.

On the whole, it may be said that this has been our most successful year, athletically, since the palmy days of last decade, and there is every prospect of continued success.

W.G.S., 4B.

CRICKET.

FIRST GRADE.

Cricket was resumed after the interval provided by the football season, and unfortunately, the first eleven did not meet with the success desired.

As the first three matches have been discussed in the June edition of the Fortian, they will not be described in detail now. But first, the results were as follows:—

North Sydney defeated Fort Street on the first innings.

Fort Street drew with Parramatta.

Hurlstone defeated Fort Street on the first innings.

The team experienced a severe loss when Cansdell, who was the outstanding player in the first half of the season, left the School, and our team was a considerably altered one from that which had taken the field last, against Hurlstone, and when we met Sydney High School at Centennial Park.

High had first use of the wicket, and after they had lost 4 wickets for 17, a recovery was staged, and they finally totalled 203. A. Thompson (3-40)

and D. Thompson (3-61) secured the best bowling figures.

Fort Street replied very poorly with only 49, and, following on, totalled 131; Lamerton, who contributed 52 in the second innings, showed what could be achieved if one went for his shots, and his knock was a very creditable one.

We next met Sydney Technical High at Petersham, and, batting first, Fort Street compiled 281 for 6 wickets. In this innings, R. Thompson and G. Ham figured in a sixth wicket partnership of 165, and of these, R. Thompson compiled a brilliant 102, while G. Ham scored 82, being unconquered when the innings was declared closed. Both these players deserve the highest praise for their attractive and meritorious performance in compiling those runs when they were needed. Technical compiled 149, and R. Thompson capped his brilliant performance with the bat with an almost equally brilliant spell of bowling, in securing 6 for 38. Spraggon, with 1 for 5, bowled accurately, and was unlucky not to secure two more wickets, at least. In their

second innings Technical scored 214 for the loss of 9 wickets, and D. Thompson, with 6 for 69, was our best bowler, although K. Carew, bowling the last over of the day, secured 2 for 3. Fort Street won this match on the first innings.

Canterbury defeated us outright in the final match of the season, played at Pratten Park. Batting first on a somewhat damp wicket, Fort Street were dismissed for 53. Canterbury replied with 6 for 137, and D. Thompson once more was our best bowler, with 3 for 49. Following on, Fort Street were dismissed cheaply once more, for merely 91, and of the batsmen who scored these, Ham and Bell alone are worthy of mention, with 28 and 33 respectively. Canterbury scored the necessary runs without loss, Lamerton and Murty being our opening attack for the first time. Both bowled an excellent length and Murty made very great pace off the wicket.

SECOND GRADE.

During the latter half of the competition the second grade failed to maintain its high position in the point score. In the first of the three matches played, the team had a meritorious victory on the first innings against Sydney High, despite a valiant effort by them to snatch victory in the last few moments. A splendid partnership by Townshend (45) and Burns (28), who added 73 by a 10th wicket stand, was the outstanding batting performance. Newman's bowling in this match is worthy of mention; his figures for each innings being 3 for 18 and 5 for 42 respectively.

The other two matches were well contested, but

The team, deeply appreciative of Mr. Simpson's services as coach, extends sincere thanks to him for his invaluable advice, while we are indebted to H. Symonds, who scored throughout for us, at the expense of his own leisure.

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
Cansdell	4	—	127	199	49.75
Thompson, R. ...	8	—	102	203	25.37
Ham, G.	8	—	82*	175	21.87

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
D. Thompson,	55	274	17	16.12
R. Thompson	75	370	18	20.55
K. Carew	3	16	3	5.33
J. Spraggon	50	287	8	35.87

we were defeated both by Technical and Canterbury.

Newman was the outstanding bowler in the three matches, and took 21 wickets for 186 runs. His unorthodox slow bowling was always of a good length and direction. Most of the other bowlers were irregular both in length and direction. Burns was successful in obtaining the bowling average, but was not used a great deal.

Generally our batting lacked consistency. R. and J. Henry and Gardiner, however, showed most promise. Unfortunately, we will lose them at the end of the year.

THIRD GRADE.

This season the third grade cricket team was very successful, winning two matches outright, and also winning one on the first innings.

The team consisted of Penman (captain), Edwards (vice-captain), Chapman, Clements, Cotter, Swan, Carrol, Harvey, Stimson, King, Pandellis, Mooney, Horsey and McCourt.

At the end of the competition our team was second to North Sydney.

The first match was against High. In our first innings we scored 126 (Penman 48), and then High replied with 107 (Edwards 3-18). In our second innings, owing to the excellent bowling of our opponents, we scored only 74. High then had an excellent chance of an outright win, but

could only score 85 (Stimson 6-29, Edwards 3-29). This gave us an outright win by 8 runs.

Our second match was against Technical High. In the first innings Tech. scored 126 (Stimson 3-38, Edwards 2-11), whilst we replied with 111 (Swan 21). In the second innings Tech. only scored 71 (Edwards 3-12, Cotter 3-19). In our second innings we easily scored the necessary runs, scoring 6-90 (Harvey 27). This gave us an outright win by 4 wickets.

Our last match was against Canterbury. In our first innings we scored 163 (Harvey 44, Clements 22, Stimson 23), whilst they replied with 144 (Cotter 3-5, Edwards 3-27, Mooney 3-21). This gave us a win by 19 runs on the first innings.

Best averages were:—

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Agg.	Aver.
Penman	5	1	48	90	22.5
Harvey	5	0	44	110	22

BOWLING.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Cotter	12	2	32	6	5.3
Edwards	48	12	97	14	6.9
Stimson	45	11	122	14	8.7

The fielding was not very good, but Edwards, Cotter, Penman and Mooney did some fine work. Most catches were taken by Edwards (5) and Penman (5).

In concluding we would like to thank Mr. Burtenshaw for his splendid coaching, and for the great interest he has shown in us throughout the competition.

FOURTH GRADE.

Fourths this year fielded a very successful team, finishing runners-up to North Sydney.

The team consisted of Ellis (captain), Lawson (vice-captain), Van Zuylen, Moon, Foskett, Bacon, Ryan, Harding, Hustler, Leyshon, Plant, Graham, Smith, Jenkins.

In our first match this half High batted first, and scored 85 (Lawson 5-23, Moon 2-16), to which we replied with 157 (Ellis 59, Moon 36, Van Zuylen 20). Ellis and Moon put on an excellent partnership of 89 in good time. Then High made 95 (Lawson 4-29, Moon 417), and the match went to us by 6 wickets.

Against Tech. we compiled 85 (Van Zuylen 19, Harding 14). In reply Tech. scored 72 (Lawson 5-23, Van Zuylen 2-3, Ellis 2-28), after which we made 72 (Lawson 14), leaving Tech. 85 to win, with plenty of time. A very close finish resulted in a win for us by 7 runs. Too much credit cannot be given to Frank Lawson, who took 7-28 in a match-winning effort.

Rain spoilt our match with Canterbury. On a rain-soaked wicket we scored 51 for 4 wickets, when more rain stopped play. Resuming, our innings ended with the total at 114 (Lawson 45 in good style). Canterbury replied with 48, thanks

to our good slow bowlers, Moon 5-23, and Bacon 4-16. We closed at 1-17 after one over, leaving Canterbury 84 runs to get in just under an hour. By adventurous batting, they got them, and had a good win, and we congratulate them on an excellent showing.

Our batting was strong. Ellis came first in both the average and the aggregate, scoring 200 runs at 15.2. Lawson, Moon, Van Zuylen and Foskett also batted well.

Our bowling was very strong, perhaps the best in the competition. Frank Lawson bowled exceptionally well throughout. He has an excellent in-swinging ball, a good slow ball, and, what is more, keeps a good length. His figures were: 315 runs, 53 wickets, average 5.9. Van Zuylen, Moon, Ellis, Bacon and Foskett were the other bowlers. Van Zuylen is a very promising all-rounder, who should do well next year.

The fielding also was rather good, and Ryan's catching deserves mention. Plant kept wickets admirably. Ellis captained very well, with Lawson a good vice-captain.

Finally the team wishes to thank Mr. Went for his interest and helpful tuition.

TENNIS.

FIRST GRADE.

The team this year was represented by J. Martin (captain), J. Penman, K. Swan and N. Gibson. During the first half of the season we had little success, owing to the inexperience of the last three players.

In the second round, the players were much more confident, and defeated every team, with the exception of Canterbury, thus succeeding in being placed third in the competition.

The outstanding success in the competition was secured in the second round, by 5 sets to 3,

against the ultimate premiers, Sydney High. In this match Swan and Gibson played their best game of the season, and won three out of their four sets against two of the strongest pairs in the competition.

Although Swan and Gibson gave several fine displays, Penman and Martin were the strongest and most consistent pair throughout the season.

As regards the individual players:—

J. Martin won the School singles championship. He is a very strong player at the net.

J. Penman was perhaps the most consistent player in the team. He used his powerful double-handed backhand with great effect.

K. Swan played a good general all-court game.

SECOND GRADE.

Second grade completed an interesting season, being defeated in both rounds by North Sydney and High. We were rather unlucky to lose our matches against these in the second round, being beaten by 4 and 2 games respectively. Owing to our lack of teamwork, we did not have the success the team expected. The team finished fourth in the competition, North Sydney being premiers.

In the first match of the second round we met North Sydney, who defeated us by 4 games. Then we easily defeated Parramatta, winning 8-0. Against High we were beaten by 2 games, and in our next match Canterbury proved too good for us, winning 6-2. In the remaining fixtures we met Technical and Hurlstone, and beat them easily.

The team consisted of: R. Benton (captain),

He has a speedy and well-directed service.

N. Gibson is essentially a back-line player, but was sometimes slow on his feet. His strongest shot is his forehand drive, which earned for him many points.

C. Ellis, G. Ham, and A. Brown. Ham and Brown combined excellently, losing the least number of sets. As for the individuals:—

R. Benton played a fine game at the net, but his strokes and service, although well produced, were not consistent.

C. Ellis used his strong service to good account; possesses good stroke, and plays a consistent all-round game.

G. Ham plays a heady game. He utilises placements to a great extent, serves well, and was a welcome addition to the team.

A. Brown is a very consistent base-line player, who should learn that most points are won at the net.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Dunne for his interest in us.

THIRD GRADE.

The team this year consisted of M. Penketh (captain) R. Eagar, M. Agnew, and C. Paul. The team had some bad luck throughout the competition, but I suppose this happens to every team.

The players were paired as above, except that in the first match, which was against North Sydney, the two Henry brothers, of fifth year, played in the place of M. Agnew and C. Paul; otherwise the above team played in all matches.

North Sydney were the premiers of the third grade competition. In our two matches against them, we only lost by a small margin. Our placing in the competition was third, Parramatta being second.

Here is an outline of the team:—

M. Penketh, of third year, who was paired with Eagar, is a good all-round player, with a strong service.

R. Eagar is a splendid player for third grade, possessing fine strokes, although his style may be a little awkward.

M. Agnew, also of third year, is a most consistent player indeed, and certainly does keep his opposition "on the run."

C. Paul, of fourth year, is not quite so good as the rest of the team, but he was a great help to the team.

Last, but not least, we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his valuable assistance, and his great interest in the boys themselves.

FOURTH GRADE.

Fourth grade this year did not have a great deal of success. They were defeated in all matches, but the experience gained will doubtless be invaluable to the players.

The first match of the season was played against North Sydney, and we were defeated by six sets to two. The margin was not a true indication of the game, for each set was closely

contested. Wells stood out amongst our players in this match.

The next match was played at home against Sydney High, the competition winners, and we suffered defeat by seven sets to one. We have to admit that we were much inferior to the Sydney players.

In the following round we lost to Canterbury by the same margin.

Technical High School was our next opponent, and their boys won by five sets to three. Douglas played a good game, and if the other members of our team had been up to his standard, the result would quite possibly have been reversed.

The final match was played against Hurlstone, and in this game we were very nearly successful, only losing by nine games.

In conclusion we must admit that it was a rather disappointing season. The reason partly lies in the fact that there was a dearth of players from which to choose. It is a pity that more boys in first and second year do not seriously take up tennis.

Finally the members of the team would like to thank Mr. Dunne for his unfailing interest in them, and for the beneficial coaching which he gave.

RUGBY UNION.

FIRST GRADE.

The results of the second round were much better than those of the first. Members of the team developed a very fair combination, and scored victories against Sydney, Technical, and Parramatta, while the defeats sustained were certainly not overwhelming.

Although individual players of brilliance were lacking, many played very well, and the team developed a tenacity of purpose and a sturdiness in attack and defence which was extremely disconcerting to its opponents. The forwards played well generally, and obtained more than a fair share of the ball from line-outs and scrums. In this latter part of the season the halves functioned

exceedingly well, especially in attack. Lack of pace in the back division was the great drawback.

Congratulations to O. Evans (captain) and Ron Robertson on their selection in the Combined High School team; also to D. Taylor and R. Wilson for very ably representing this School in minor combined matches.

Results of the second round were:—

Fort Street v. North Sydney	3—20
v. Parramatta	20—14
v. Canterbury	0—12
v. Sydney	8— 3
v. Technical	3— 0
v. Hurlstone	6— 9

SECOND GRADE.

In the second round of the football season, the second grade team from this School maintained much the same standard of play as they displayed in the earlier part of the season. That is to say, while we were well down the list, there was only one team which defeated us easily and without a hard tussle throughout. In all, we won two matches and lost four making a total of three wins one draw and eight losses for the whole season.

The primary reason for the team's inability to occupy a higher position in the competition table was the lack of combination, which often wrecked possible scoring movements. This fault was caused partly by the disinclination of some members of the team to attend practices regularly, and partly because of the continual reshuffling of the team, which became necessary on account of some members being raised to first grade, and

also through illness and minor injuries. In the play, the individuals, as a whole, showed pluck and determination, but most of their good efforts were nullified by lack of cohesion—especially amongst the backs.

Perhaps the most improved player in the second round was I. Taylor, who played two or three excellent games in the forwards, and was always a hard trier. Others amongst the forwards who showed good form were D. Smith, W. Smith and G. Ferguson. K. Cockburn enjoyed a fair measure of success as hooker, and should do well next season. G. Mulvey and W. Allen were conscientious players who made a point of attending practices. During the season we acquired S. Barker, who played some splendid games for us, before being promoted to first grade. Indeed, we had few permanent backs, most of them alternating between first and second grade. At wing

and centre, J. Logan and W. Miles were outstanding, especially the former, who never let up, no matter how black the outlook, and it is this spirit which goes a long way towards winning games. During the season he overcame his chief fault—high tackling—and became one of the soundest men in the team. Mention should also be made of L. Wood who played for second grade in the last three games, and who certainly lent strength to the side.

A very unsatisfactory feature of the team was the number of players who played just a few matches, and then stopped playing, or who had to be omitted because they did not attend practices. This applies to half a dozen "members" of the team, and it is to be hoped that, in the future, there will be some rule framed to prevent this. Further, there are many boys in the School who are big enough, and physically fit enough, to play in the senior grades, but who somehow manage to dodge playing at all. It is worthy of mention that there was not one boy attending the organised class football matches who was heavy enough for a senior grade, and yet there are ninety pupils in fifth year alone, and a similar number in fourth year, not to mention quite a large proportion of the third year boys with sufficient weight.

That is to say, of some two hundred boys in the senior school, there could not be found fifty with sufficient energy to play and uphold the traditions of the School. Perhaps the most alarm-

ing fact of all was that it seemed to mean nothing to about 75 per cent. of seniors that to represent the School was some distinction worthy of striving after and as long as this lethargic attitude continues the School will never climb to the top of the tree in sport. The weaknesses do not lie in the boys who do play, but rather in those who do not.

Throughout the season the team had the co-operation of Mr. Tompson, who gave up much of his valuable time, but this was often wasted, because only six or seven (and sometimes less) turned up to practice.

It might be mentioned in concluding that every member of the team thoroughly enjoyed the games played, and throughout the season there existed a fine camaraderie, which made practice and play alike enjoyable. We would congratulate all the teams that defeated us, but we hope that in the future Fort Street will stage a "come-back" in football, and all this year's unsatisfactory results will be reversed.

The results for the second half were:—

- v. Parramatta: Won, 36-0.
- v. Canterbury: Lost, 5-15.
- v. North Sydney: Lost 3-14.
- v. High: Lost, 6-36.
- v. Technical: Won, 8-6.
- v. Hurlstone: Lost, 3-14.

Points: For, 61; against, 85.

Throughout the season, we scored 119 points, and had 153 points scored against us

THIRD GRADE.

In the season just concluded, third grade had their share of success, but, unfortunately, were continually hampered by bad luck—as a number of our players suffered injuries which kept them out of many games. We venture to say that our team would have gone very close to winning the competition but for this severe handicap.

We suffered defeat at the hands of Sydney High—a fine team, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations, and North Sydney, who narrowly defeated us. The other teams offered us very little resistance, and gave Hearne and Murty, our two chief scorers, an opportunity to increase their total of points.

In the second round, the forwards began to show that they had benefited from Mr. Foley's

coaching, and they even outshone the brilliant back-line in the match against Canterbury.

Phillips (vice-captain) and Cavalier, the two breakaways, as in the first round, proved to be the mainstay of the forwards. They were a fine example to the other "pigs," who, inspired by their play, were urged on to greater efforts.

Phillips ably led the side in the remaining games, after Tonkin (captain) was injured in the match against Canterbury.

The remaining forwards were Miller, Robertson, Rudd, Kable, Haskell, Lane, and Newton, who at all times gave of their best, and helped to make the team a fine combination.

The backs were undoubtedly the fastest combination in the competition, but always something

seemed to be lacking at critical stages, that prevented them from running up huge scores.

This aided our opponents, who, taking advantage of this weakness, often started movements which resulted in the scoring of many tries.

The backs were Bell, Hastrich, Murty, Tonkin, Hearne, Anthon, Jaconelli and Ritchie, who all performed very creditably in their respective positions, and it would be unfair to praise any particular one. However, we would like to mention Hearne and Murty, who on many occasions saved

us by their speed and determination.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Foley, who, by his unfailing interest and diligent coaching, moulded us into a fine team, worthy of premier-ship honours.

Scores: v. North Sydney, lost, 3-10.

v. Canterbury, won, 17-0.

v. Sydney, lost, 3-11.

v. Technical, won, 15-0.

v. Hurlstone, won, 16-5.

FOURTH GRADE.

This team had a very happy although not a very successful year. This was mainly because several members of the team had never played previously. But, under Mr. Brodie's expert coaching, the team improved greatly towards the close of the season, and were barely defeated for a position amongst the higher placed teams.

Short, the captain and scrum-half, had the misfortune to break his collar-bone whilst playing

against Parramatta, and was greatly missed in subsequent matches.

Several players are worthy of mention. Turnbull, five-eighth and vice-captain, was the mainstay, whilst Austin and Harvey, breakaways, were fast and eager in attack and safe in defence. Churches, as lock, worked hard. Dunbar, full-back in the latter part of the season, was a great aid to the team.

FIFTH GRADE.

The fifth grade football team had a rather successful season. We finished second to Sydney High in the competition. Sydney were unbeaten till Fort Street played them. In the first round the score against High was three all. In the second round Fort Street, after a splendid game, defeated Sydney by five points to three.

Weak teams such as Canterbury and Parramatta defeated us narrowly. In the second round we were undefeated.

The credit for such a successful season is due to our coach, Mr. Jeffreys. The team offer their

sincere thanks for his co-operation.

The team consisted of Morgan, Cotter, Blackall, Mansfield, Firth, Clare, Russell, Wheeler, Argall, Lembit, Henry Smith, Doherty, Heery, Miller, West, Yabsley, Harrap, Tyrrel.

The scores for the season were:—

Fort Street v. North Sydney: 8-5; 12-0.

v. Parramatta: 3-6; 14-0.

v. Canterbury: 9-11; 17-0.

v. Technical: 3-3;

v. Sydney: 3-3; 5-3.

v. Hurlstone: 6-0, 5-3.

SIXTH GRADE.

The sixth grade team enjoyed quite a successful season, completing the competition as runners-up, after a hard-fought competition.

The team comprised Pandellis (captain), Tuckwell, Hodgkinson, Cochrane, Argall, Rhodes, Carter, Clarker, Uren, Pell, Foskett, King, MacMahon, Grahame, Longmuir, Wells, Neill and Brown. A bunch of bright, enthusiastic lads, each of whom did his fair share in aiding the team to reach such a prominent position on the table.

The team improved vastly as the competition proceeded, so much so, in fact, that it had the extreme satisfaction of playing a draw with the

premiers, and winning every other match in the second round. The scores for the second half of the season were:—

v. North Sydney, 17-0.

v. Parramatta, 6-0.

v. Canterbury, 9-3.

v. Sydney High, 6-6.

v. Technical, 11-6.

v. Hurlstone, 25-0.

In conclusion, the team wishes me to thank its coach, Mr. Short, for his constant efforts on its behalf, and is assured that its success was largely due to him.

WATER POLO, 1938.

In contrast with the unbeaten record of the two previous years, this year's series of games was very disappointing. Only two matches were won, both victories being at the expense of Canterbury. Other victories may have come the way of this year's team with more intensive training. The 1938 team was captained by Lionel Layton, the senior swimming champion of the present year.

The lack of success of the 1938 team was largely due to the poor quality of our swimmers. Still, other factors also contributed to the lack of success. The players were half-hearted both in and out of the water, and in some cases took the initial plunge with a defeatist complex that boded ill for their success.

In the second half of the season the dynamic Donald Pratt, the doyen and captain of the victorious team of yester-year, rejoined the team,

and there was at once a noticeable improvement in team spirit and in team play. As well as scoring many goals, Donald acted as an inspiration to his side. He was an example of indefatigable persistency, even against hopeless odds. It was this spirit, and not his amazing record as a goal-thrower, that gained him his Blue in two successive years.

This is the spirit that we wish to see in next year's team—a spirit that will give that determination to do one's best in all circumstances, no matter how difficult. We had teams in other years with a list of successes no greater than that of the present; but they always showed great fighting spirit, and always played their games undaunted by the calibre of their opponents, and we believe that this old fighting spirit will repossess the team of 1939, under the captaincy of Ronald Small, the great goalkeeper of this year's team.

HOWLERS.



"Now, by Glutzeimer's Law of differential coefficients we get the equation $2\cos \alpha - \sin \alpha$...

A mandolin is a Chinese lord.

A pilot is a conspiracy.

Queen Victoria was the longest Queen of England.

A Soviet is a thing to wipe your mouth on in a restaurant.

Portia had a casket with a picture of her inside.

A viper is a new Jewish name for a handkerchief.

Physics student (discussing colour of eyes): "You will generally find that blue-eyed people have blue children."

Irate Teacher: "Get out, you fool! What's your head for? To hang your hat on?"

Disgusted Teacher: "Why, that's terrible! It's enough to give you the bird!"

Pupil: "That's pidgin (pigeon) English."

Physics Teacher: "Why must you silly fellows have so much ironware on the desk? When you're setting up your apparatus, use your head!"

Maths. Teacher: "What kind of roots are these?"

Day-dreaming Student: "Abstemious—er—extraneous."

Master (discussing Romeo and Juliet): "Quite a number of Romeos in the Western Suburbs—even some at Fort Street, I hear!"

