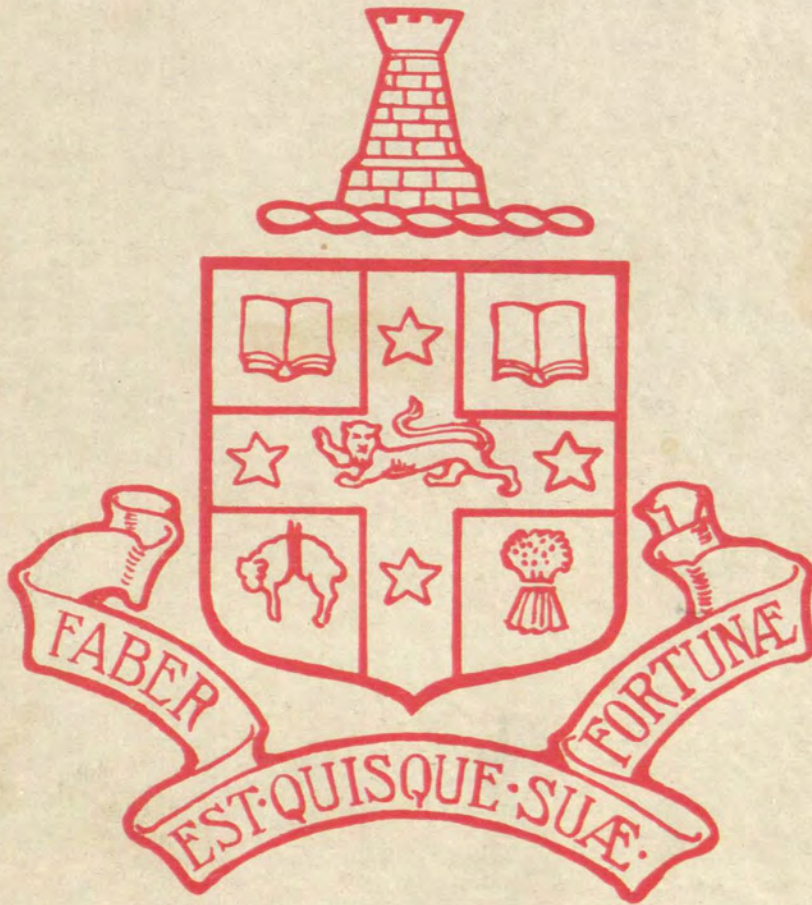
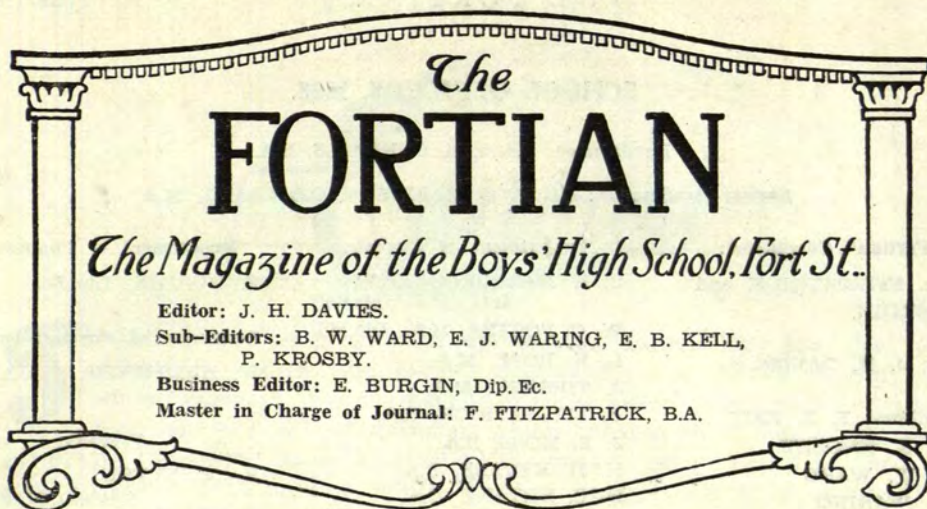


THE FORTIAN



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

JUNE, 1938.



Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

Volume 36. No. 1.

Published Half-yearly.

JUNE, 1938.

CONTENTS.

School Officers	2	Around the School	27
Editorial	3	Man Was Not Meant to Interfere	29
News and Notes	4	Simpson and His Donkey	30
Arthur Sydney Waterer, B.A.	5	Superstition—Or What?	31
A Pupil's Appreciation	5	Hiking	31
The Warrigal	6	The Sea	32
The Jousts of Castle Leeky-dyke	7	Autumn	32
Berrima	8	A Wet Day in an Inn	34
Speech Day, 1938	9	Music and Nature	34
Annual Report for 1937	9	Night	35
Prize List	13	The Chess Club	35
The Sportsmaster's Report	14	The Ripper	35
Anzac Day—Mr. Johnson's Address	17	Letter to the Editor	36
The Caledonian Market	18	Nature	36
Anzac Ceremony in Memorial Hall	19	Life-Saving, 1937-38	37
Empire Day, 1938	19	Swordfishing	37
The Secondary Schools' Pageant	20	Postage-Stamp Collecting	38
The Dingo Pup	23	To a Mountain	38
The Banana Industry	24	Cliff Music	38
Sky Sentence	25	Homeward Bound	39
"The Fortian" Prizes	26	Our School Library	41
Futility	26	Sport	42
The Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship	26	Leaving Certificate Examination	50
A Storm	27	Intermediate Certificate Examination	51
				Rugby Union, Fourth Grade	52

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1938.

Headmaster: CHAS. H. CHRISMAS, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster: CHAS. H. HARRISON, O.B.E., M.C., M.A.

"Fortian" Committee:

Messrs. FITZPATRICK and
BURGIN.

Editor: J. H. DAVIES.

Sub-Editors: E. B. KELL

P. E. KROSBY

B. W. WARD

E. WARING

School Union Committee:

President: The HEADMASTER

Vice-President: The DEPUTY
HEADMASTER.

Sportsmaster: Mr. JOHNSON

Hon. Secretary: Mr. CANNON

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. STANLEY

School Captain: K. McINTYRE

Senior Prefect: O. EVANS

Athletics: Mr. WORTH
K. LAWSON

Cricket: Mr. SIMPSON
J. SHERRING

Rugby: Mr. WATSON
O. EVANS

Swimming: Mr. HUMPHRIES
G. H. SANDERS
R. ANTHON

Tennis: Mr. DUNNE
J. MARTIN

Debating: Mr. KEVANS
F. RAMSAY

Fortian: Mr. FITZPATRICK
Mr. BURGIN
J. H. DAVIES

Auditors: Messrs. BURGIN and
JEFFREY

Department of English:

C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E.,
M.C., M.A. (Master)

W. C. FOSTER, M.A., Dip.M.L.

L. N. ROSE, M.A.

J. TIERNEY, M.A.

F. FITZPATRICK, B.A.

J. B. MOSS, B.A.

H. D. KEVANS, B.A.

H. C. BRYANT, B.A.
(School Counsellor)

F. T. BRODIE

Department of Modern Languages:

D. SHORT, B.A. (Master)

M. CANNON, B.A., Dip.M.L.

L. FOLEY, B.A., Dip.M.L.

H. WENT, B.A.

V. COHEN, B.A.

Department of Classics:

W. E. PORTER, M.A., Dip.Ed.
(Master)

F. L. BURTENSHAW, B.A.

J. J. DUNNE, B.A.

J. DAVIES, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

V. R. OUTTEN, M.A., Dip.Ed.
(Master)

E. PARKER

A. W. STANLEY, B.A.

E. F. HALLMAN, B.Sc.

F. SIMPSON, B.Sc.

B. WATSON, B.Sc.

E. JEFFREY, B.A., B.Sc.

O. WORTH, B.A.

Department of Science:

B. H. ROBERTS, B.Sc.
(Master)

L. A. JOHNSON, B.A., A.T.C.

L. TOMPSON, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

A. E. JAMES, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

W. BARNETT, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Department of Music:

K. AUBREY

Department of Commerce:

E. BURGIN, Dip.Ec.

Instructor of Physical Culture:

W. HUMPHRIES, Dip.A.P.E.S.

Prefects:

K. McINTYRE

(Captain of School)
O. EVANS (Senior Prefect)

J. BEACH

W. LAMERTON

K. LAWSON

J. LAYCOCK

J. LOGAN

J. MARTIN

G. MULVEY

D. MURTY

E. PENMAN

F. RAMSAY

R. RANDLE

D. STEWART

D. TAYLOR

M. WATSON

N. WILSON

L. WOOD

Debating Society:

Mr. L. ROSE

F. RAMSAY

J. BEACH

R. HANCOCK

Old Boys' Union:

Dr. A. J. COLLINS (President)
Mr. F. FITZROY

(Hon. Secretary)
Stanton House, 133 Pitt Street,
Sydney.

Mr. B. DOIG (Hon. Treasurer)

Mr. L. ROSE
(Old Boys' Representative)

Library:

Mr. L. ROSE (Librarian)

J. BEACH

D. STEWART



Editorial

THOSE of you who attended our Annual Speech Day this year undoubtedly noticed the clothes displayed on a tailor's dummy set upon the stage. For the benefit of those absent, the apparel on show was our new school uniform, which consists of a suit of medium grey with the school badge worked on the pocket, accompanied by the new school tie, red with narrow, white, diagonal stripes, which superseded the old one of the broad, glaring stripes, introduced only last year.

It is gratifying to note that this uniform has, at long last, been introduced to Fort Street, for the well-known red blazer, with white braid and school pocket, though effective in its own particular sphere, the sporting field, did not constitute a real uniform. Not only was it almost the sole article laid down as official Fort Street wear, but also it was not universally worn by the pupils, chiefly because of the difficulty experienced in maintaining it in a state fit for school use.

The introduction of the uniform, however, should effect a great improvement, as, while costing no more than an ordinary suit, it suffers from none of the defects of the blazer, for, as explained at Speech Day, very careful thought was given to the selection of the cloth, with special consideration for suitability for school wear. Already many uniforms have made their appearance at School, and, after seeing them in use, one must admit that the wearers are certainly well dressed. For this reason alone it seems quite probable that this will become a "uniform" in the true sense of the word.

There is, however another aspect to this fact of being well-dressed. Clothes, it is generally agreed, have a distinct psychological effect on character. Everyone is aware of that feeling of inferiority created by the wearing of unsuitable or untidy apparel, and, conversely, of the self-confidence and self-respect created by the knowledge that one looks one's best. In addition, nobody will deny that good clothes stimulate pride in one's appearance. Closely bound to the above qualities is success in one's chosen walk of life, for it would undoubtedly be concluded that a confident, neatly-dressed boy (or man), who knows what he can do, is far superior to a nervous, carelessly clad person who has a poor opinion of himself. The uniform which fosters these beneficial qualities should, therefore, be given all possible encouragement.

There are many other reasons, however, in favour of the wearing of a uniform. Recently, one of the Sydney daily papers, discussing the value of school uniforms, quoted the reasons given by the headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Southampton, for its adoption there: "It reduces parents' expenditure; makes the school known; restrains older boys from a desire for loud and uneconomic clothing; abolishes dress distinctions, and makes boys remember their duties to their school at all times." Let us consider these reasons individually.

Of the first three arguments, one has already been discussed, and the latter two are quite obvious. Fourthly, the wearing of uniforms, since they are all of the one type, in abolishing dress distinctions, also abolish social distinctions. One who might otherwise flaunt superior apparel would thus be frustrated, and a more democratic spirit engendered. While this tendency for "show" is not outstandingly evident in leading boys' high schools, it is, nevertheless, present to a certain degree.

The final reason is, however, by far the most important. Any self-respecting pupil takes a pride in his school, and will not suffer its good reputation to be damaged. Therefore, remembering that his every act reflects on his school, and, in fact, that he is a perpetual advertisement for that school while in uniform, he endeavours to act accordingly.

We have seen, then, that much benefit should be derived from the wearing of the uniform by the individual. But what of its effect on the school as a whole? It must be admitted that the prestige of a school is very largely dependent on the character and behaviour of its pupils, and it has already been established that character and behaviour are decidedly improved by the wearing of a uniform. Thus, indirectly, a uniform enhances the school's prestige. So, if only for this result, which must follow the uniform's adoption, let us welcome it with acclamation, and grant it all the support it is possible for us to give.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Empire Day celebrations were, as usual, controlled by the senior boys at the School. The captain, K. McIntyre, presided over an assembly in the Memorial Hall. Addresses as follows were delivered by J. Laycock, "The British Empire and World Peace"; F. Ramsay, "Pillars of the Empire"; M. Watson, "The Empire on Which the Sun Uever Sets"; E. Penman, "Builders and Preservers of Empire." Speakers from Fort Street went to Ultimo and Eastwood Infants' Schools, and delivered addresses on the following topics: L. Wood, "Empire Builders," and D. Stewart, "The Flag," at Ultimo, and N. Lamerton, "The Flag," and O. Evans, "Heroes of the Empire." In all cases the speeches were well received.

§ § §

On May 12th the annual Speech Day was held in the School Hall. Mr. G. Ross Thomas, B.A., Director of Education, presided. The Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, M.L.A., addressed the assembly. The School prizes were presented by Mrs. Christmas, and the sport prizes by Mrs. Johnson, the Mayoress of Petersham. The School Choir, under the baton of Mr. Burtenshaw, rendered some pleasing items. There was a fair attendance of parents. § § §

We congratulate Messrs. Wilson and Wallace on their promotion to Newcastle and Dubbo respectively, and wish them every success in their

new sphere. We cordially welcome Messrs. Kevans, James, Barnett, Cohen and Bryant to the staff.

§ § §

The School suffered a severe loss at the end of 1937 in the death of Mr. A. S. Waterer, a member of the English staff. We extend deepest sympathy to his family in their sad bereavement.

§ § §

The Fort Street athletes were very conspicuous among the place-getters at the Sesqui-Centenary Athletic Festival at the Show Ground in March. Amongst the outstanding performers were K. Lawson, K. Mackaness, S. Burns, W. Miles, J. Moon and N. Hodgekiss.

§ § §

Those who witnessed the excellent physical culture display at the School concert last December were not surprised to learn that the same squad distinguished itself at the Sydney Town Hall during the exhibition of school activities in March. § § §

We were well represented at the Secondary Schools' Pageant in the Sydney Town Hall this year by a dramatic group who presented the introductory dance to the first episode, and also acted, in conjunction with St. George Girls' High School, in the third episode. The producer of the pageant was Mr. J. B. Moss, B.A., of this staff.



ARTHUR SYDNEY WATERER, B.A.

Shortly after the beginning of the last Christmas vacation occurred the death of Arthur Waterer a member of the School staff. The bald statement gives little indication of the School's sense of loss, which was great, because some men are loved more than others, and Arthur Waterer was one of these.

An Englishman, he commenced his teaching career in London. In 1911 he came to Australia to Technical High School, and remained on the

staff of that school until 1928, except for the years he was at the war. In 1928 he was appointed to Newcastle, and from there he came to Fort Street in 1932, where he remained until his death, except for the year 1935, when he was lecturer in manual training at the Teachers' College.

In all his work he was conscientious and diligent, but it is little known that in one of his chosen subjects he was not only a master craftsman, but an artist, and had he lived in other days than these of machine-made furniture, it is possible that his name would have ranked with those of Chippendale and Sheraton. Like a surgeon he had genius in his fingers.

But it was not for what he could do that Arthur Waterer was loved, but—without belittling his manhood, one can say it—for the sweetness of his nature. His war service was long, and its length was the price he paid for being unwounded, but it left no mark on him that others could see, for his equanimity was unbroken and his geniality was unimpaired. He quarrelled with no one because he was in no way conscious of self-importance, and his good fellowship with men was something they valued.

One remembers that Lamb counted but few of his fifty years, considering himself but a young man, if only the years he had lived for himself were reckoned. So could the tally of Arthur's years have been lessened, because he gave of himself generously to everybody. If there were anything he could do for anyone, he did it, nor marked the time of the doing.

Nil nisi bonum de mortuis? No. Rather there is nothing but good to say of the dead. Everyone who knew him regrets his passing, for

"Who hath not lost a friend"? F.F.

A PUPIL'S APPRECIATION.

"I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

Tennyson.

At the very close of yet another year of conscientious labour and of fond devotion to his pupils, in deep regret and sadness, our friend and teacher, Mr. Waterer, passed from us.

The news came to us soon after the commencement of our last year's Christmas vacation. We were scattered far and wide, and yet with one

accord, in hushed stillness, we bowed our heads in memory of our honourable friend.

I am able to call to mind even now that bright, smiling face, which I saw so frequently in the course of my wanderings about the School. Always did he greet us with a kindly nod, which inevitably bespoke his fond affection and friendly interest towards us. He cheered us when our spirits were dampened. Mr. Waterer helped us more on those occasions than he perhaps realised.

He would often stop in his work to help, and even at times to confide in his pupils. Never

shall I forget those little heart-to-heart talks which he and I had on several occasions—so friendly, so encouraging and helpful.

He taught us history, and was particularly concerned with the study of modern diplomatic relations. He encouraged us to think about and discuss them amongst ourselves, realising, undoubtedly, that it was these events that would have a direct influence on our future lives.

Several of the history periods, which are now most vivid in my memory, took the form of these discussions. He himself joined in, in his friendly way, intervening at intervals to add some suggestion, or to express some words of appreciation on the respective abilities of his pupils. In be-

stowing praise Mr. Waterer was never sparing. He observed and encouraged every sign of talent which his pupils displayed.

Every lesson with Mr. Waterer was a delight. He possessed some unexplainable fascination of personality in keeping all his pupils genuinely interested in their work. His periods were rich in historic matter and concisely stated facts, and yet every lesson had its spice of humour.

The School will miss more than Mr. Waterer's teaching abilities now that he has gone from us; as a helper on Play Days and at School socials he was ever willing to do all that he could. It was this cheery willingness which Mr. Waterer always displayed, that so won our hearts to him.

H. J. FALLDING, 4A.

THE WARRIGAL.

For twelve years now the old tan dog had lived and hunted. And twelve years are long in the life of a dog. But those years had been good years, and strength still flowed inside the tawny hide. Besides, the old dog was lucky, very lucky. Had he not a half-bred kelpie bitch as a mate, and four strong, healthy pups to hunt with him? Frequently the pack came down from the mountains, filling the night air with long-drawn, mournful howls. The farmers would hear and curse. In the morning they would find twenty or thirty of their fattest sheep dead, lying with their throats horribly torn and gashed and bleeding, but not eaten. That is what annoyed them. If the brutes would only kill for food it would not seem so horrible. But they killed to satisfy a craving for blood and death, and then slunk guiltily back into the mountains. Throughout all those twelve years, the warrigal had evaded the guns and traps and poison of man. The old dingo was too wary. He came down to kill only on the blackest of nights. And on these nights the men went out with torches and guns and hoping hearts, but of what avail! Occasionally they saw a grey form flit through the sheep. They would fire. It only vanished as a ghost among the huddled, frightened, baa-ing animals. And so the warrigal led a charmed existence, and found life easy, but—

§ § §

The ground lay parched and cracked and dry and bare. The sun beat down mercilessly; the heat hovered in little wavy lines over everything, and in the distance appeared great expanses of shining water, false water, that vanishes as one

approaches, and it is not hard to imagine that it vanishes with a mocking, jeering laugh. Far up on the mountain-side a gaunt figure dragged itself from the black mouth of a cave. The yellow hair was no longer sleek and glossy. It was dull and mangy, and there were many scars on which no hair grew at all. The large round ribs protruded from the flesh like barrel hoops, and the flanks had withered away so that now they resembled a leaf that has dried and crinkled in the sun. The left ear, or what was left of it, was tattered and torn, and he limped painfully on feet that were bleeding from pacing over jagged rocks. He lifted a long thin nose in the air and smelled—rotting bodies and death, but no water; and what good was dead and putrid flesh when there was not any water. Then he howled, a howl that echoed and re-echoed on the barren rocks, and then carried far down into the valleys. The farmers heard, but cursed no longer. What harm could a lone dingo do when all the stock was dead! The warrigal crawled back into the cave and lay down. He was now alone, quite alone. When the drought came on, the bitch, weakened by starvation and the birth of a new litter of pups, had died, and the new-born whelps had died whimpering beside her, their eyes never opening to the brassy heavens and the ceaseless glare of the lifeless ground. The young dogs, hunger eating at their stomachs, and with madness and desperation gleaming in their eyes, had attacked their father, and for hours, with fast-failing strength, he fought them, and won. A strange whimper came from the cave, and then the dingo fell into a deep sleep.

A small cloud appeared on the horizon. It came on quickly, growing in size. The farmers saw, and their hearts were thankful within them. In less than an hour it covered the whole sky. And then it rained, glorious rain. It did not come down in blinding sheets with growling of thunder and dazzling flashes of lightning; it fell steadily and gently, and the parched earth drank

and drank greedily. The bush-folk awoke as from a terrible nightmare. The birds flew gaily about, the small animals crept from burrows or nests or logs, and all were thankful.

But far up in the mountains an old warrigal lay peacefully in a cave and stirred not.

E. C. ROLLS, 3D.

THE JOUSTS OF CASTLE LEEKY-DYKE.

There was once in this Englande full merrie, a brave knight, ycleped Sir Cyril Selyham, and he did live in the most modern castle in the realm. The castle Leeky-dyke was situated on the top of a hill; enclosed it was, and walled well, with a 10yd. moat and all mod. convs. And by this I mean it guaranteed absolute security from all manner of neighbours and relations; the walls were decorated all about with many full rich portraitures of St. George and dragons most fierce; and the spit could cope with the largest ox.

And as befitting to one who lived in such splendour, Sir Cyril held many a merry joust. He had a private jousting ground down in the valley, and it was often that the glade rang to a sound of sword against sword, and there was a great noise like an amateur using ye olde tin-opener.

Such was the fame of Sir Cyril the Sallow (as he was ycleped by most) that many men came to challenge him. It gave these noble knights a feeling of exhilaration to throw Sir Cyril from his trusty charger Sardine with one thrust of the lance; forsooth, they were not so bad after all. Sir Cyril the Sallow, on Sardine, presented a fearful sight, I wis, although never had he learned the knack of unseating an opponent. The most cautious knight had a spare helmet tied on the back of the saddle, and in case of his armour working loose, he carried spare nuts and bolts threaded on a yellow ribbon, tied to Sardine's tail.

There came a day when Sir Cyril felt the urge to joust—nay, more—to hold the biggest joust yet held in Merrie England. Messengers he sent to acquaint the knights of this, by posting notices in all the jousting grounds, and advertisements in iambic verse were published in the "Periodical Piffle—a Journal for Knights and Gentlemen." Camping grounds were prepared on the estate; right reverently the real lace counterpane was set forth on the spare bed.

I repeat, most cautious was Sir Cyril! The prize was not to be announced till all the knights were assembled, so it was not till the day before the joust that Sir Cyril spoke to the company on this

subject. Now, for many weeks the prize had been the subject of much speculation, for, I trowe, the Selyhams generally did things in style. But Oh, hearken! Ye lords and ladies, imagine the wrath, the disappointment—Sir Cyril said that the victor was to carry off his daughter Clarabelle as prize. And for a moment there was ghastly silence—then a metallic clang was heard as fifty of the noblest jaws in Old Englande smote the chin pieces of fifty helmets. To this day it is whispered that one knight was so upset that he partook of only a roasted sheep and six partridges at supper.

There was a stir throughout the kingdom, and in the social news of the next edition of "My Ladye's Bower" (with a big tapestry supplement) the editress remarked that in such a way only could Sir Cyril marry off his daughter. Only that Sir Cyril refused to pay the attorney's fee there probably would have been a libel suit—but the editress worried not, for Clarabelle was removed most effectively from the subscription list—she hadn't paid her sub. for years.

Unfortunately for the jousters, it would have been against the rules of knighthood to draw out. Sir Cyril was giving a right noble dowry, but how could he do else? Clarabelle was a skittish dame—a maiden of thirty-five. Her teeth had been knocked out when she short-sightedly kissed her father when his visor was down. She swore that false teeth hurt her gums. "Comfort before beauty," she said, as she cast them into the moat.

The day after the announcement the jousts began, but the day was excessively dull and unexciting. At every charge two men were on the ground; if one perchance were left seated, it was because his steed had swerved and he was unable to get near the other man's lance. As each man wished most ardently to be disqualified, he aimed at being unseated as quickly as possible—so the day echoed with the clanks (full tinny) of falling knights. At eve there was a queue—half a mile long, I wis—outside the dispensary, and the apothecary was kept up till

twelve, making liniments from water-rats' tails, and stoats' whiskers, and of what other things I know not.

Yet the jousts dragged on, and the knights recked nought of falls and bruises, so long as they were disqualified. The Ladye Clarabelle suffered the slight to her feelings in a manner wonderful to behold; so calm was she that 'twas rumoured that, as no lady would take such insults unless she had some good reason for not heeding them, Clarabelle must have something up her satijn sleeve.

At last the semi-finals took place. It happened that the fates had to decide between the be-whiskered Sir Harold (a most noble gentleman, but a flower of the knighthood somewhat gone to seed) and Earl Edward of Eelsdale. They had had the misfortune to be the last knights called out, so one had to win.

The wedding was to be next day; Sir Cyril was, as was usual with him, taking no risks. The Lady Clarabelle sat in the stands and waited with much eagerness, it seemed, to claim the victor with a kiss. The two contestants shook in their armour.

Both men were overly stout, and to mount their steeds they had to be hoisted into their saddles by ropes and pulleys. They settled down; then with the signal—they were off! By my faith, there was a stir! They tore down the straight, to meet with a clang. Sir Edward was tossed off his horse, and the bold Sir Harold accidentally caught him on the bounce, as he landed on the point of his lance. There stood Sir Harold bear-

ing aloft the transfix'd earl full like a sausage on a fork. They removed the earl as he smilingly congratulated Sir Harold.

"In sooth, a goodly joust! Best of luck, sweet Sir Harold."

"Yea, yea, I'll need it. Curse my whiskers!" cried Sir Harold. For alack, his whiskers had been his undoing. They had blown before his rheumy orbs, so that he had missed the earl's lance. Ah me! \$ \$ \$

The next day was a day most beautiful; the sun shone bright and gay, and little birds chanted right merrily. But sad was poor Sir Harold. For one thing, he couldn't find his collar-screw, and his squire hadn't polished his pants. And just as a frightful gloom was enveloping him, the squire rushed in to him with joyful news.

Lady Clarabelle had eloped with a poet! The bard had been sent by the Jousters' Journal to report the joust, and having mislaid his spectacles, succumbed to Clarabelle's charms. In a weak moment—verily, very weak indeed—he had borne her off to Gretna Green.

Now was Sir Harold overjoyed, so that he forgot his collar-screw, and was from that day to this a screw loose. Sir Cyril gave him a bag of good gold to compensate him, and sent another to the poet, as a thanks-offering—on condition that he did not bring his spouse to live within visiting distance of the castle.

And so everyone dwelt right happily ever after—except, of course, the poet and Sir Harold, who, it is said, was sorely troubled by ghosts till his death.

J. NEVILLE, 3D.

BERRIMA.

Situated about 85 miles from Sydney on the Hume Highway is the small but historic town of Berrima. It is chiefly noted for the old stone buildings, which were built by the convicts.

An inspection of the old convict gaol can be made, and, when described by a guide, proves to be very interesting. The gaol was built about one hundred years ago by the convicts. The stone had to be taken three miles, and in those days the carting of it wasn't as easy as to-day. Altogether it contains ninety-two cells, but the gaol was never full to capacity. The largest number of convicts ever in the gaol was 88. Behind the gaol is the Wingecarribee River. It was from this river that most of the bath water for the convicts was drawn, and when water supplies were low, drinking water also.

Only a short distance from the gaol is an old

hotel. This hotel, old and shabby, was built by the convicts, and to-day is the second oldest hotel in New South Wales.

Across the road, and a little further on, an old stone church stands. This was also built by convicts, and from the day of completion a church service has always been held. They are held at different times each Sunday, but a Sunday never goes by without a service being held.

About 500 yards behind the church, an old boarding-house or residence still stands. It was used in the time that the gaol was used, and is the oldest residence in the town. Someone still lives in it, but some day it will be pulled down.

Together with many other houses, shops, and another old church, the town of Berrima to-day is not what it was one hundred years ago.

J. MOON, 2D.

SPEECH DAY, 1938

This year Speech Day was again held in the School Hall. There was a large attendance of parents and friends.

Mr. G. Ross Thomas, Director of Education, occupied the chair. The Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, Mr. K. R. Cramp, Mr. Johnson, Mayor of Petersham, and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Shepherd, the Town Clerk, Mr. Fitzroy and Mr. McKnight, of the Old Boys' Union, and Mr. and Mrs. Christmas were on the platform.

After the Headmaster and Sportsmaster had presented their reports, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Christmas presented the prizes and trophies.

Mr. Stevens delivered an address. In it he recounted some of his amusing experiences in England. Then he spoke of the traditions of

Fort Street, and stated that its distinguishing feature was hard work. He also said that much of the School's success was due to the wonderful line of headmasters who had been in charge of the School. He referred to some of the great men who had passed through the School.

Musical items were interspersed throughout the proceedings. The School Choir, conducted by Mr. Burtenshaw, rendered two excellent songs. L. Harvey played a pianoforte solo, M. Cooke and Licardi played on the violin, whilst H. Cheers sang two songs.

After a vote of thanks had been proposed to the speakers and those who had contributed to the musical programme, the proceedings closed with the National Anthem.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1937.

I am pleased to read the Annual Report for the year 1937.

The highest enrolment for the year was 725, distributed through the five years as follows:— First Year, 189; Second Year, 164; Third Year, 137; Fourth Year, 130; Fifth Year, 105.

257 new pupils were enrolled during the year, 182 in the First Year, and 62 in the Fourth Year.

Of 120 who gained the Intermediate Certificate, 56 left school, and these, with the boys who passed the Leaving Certificate have, as far as we can ascertain, all been placed.

A pleasing number have proceeded to the University, but it would be as well if parents realised the opportunities offered by the Public Service and the Teaching Service. It seems only reasonable to expect that a larger percentage of our brighter pupils should look in these directions for their life careers. The number of pupils who leave school before gaining a Leaving Certificate is too many, and they are thereby deprived of the two most valuable years of the Secondary School course.

I desire to stress once more my belief that the proper education for a boy is one that places emphasis on the cultural side and those subjects that demand close, concentrated attention. There is too great a demand among first year pupils for a commercial training. It would be well if parents would realise that we do not train clerks or office boys, but attempt as far as is in our power to develop their abilities and character, and

give that secondary education that will enable them to make their proper beginning in their chosen career.

To this end it is necessary that the attendance of the pupils should be as regular as possible. Nothing avoidable should be allowed to interfere with attendance. There is enough time lost from school owing to illness, without boys being taken to town to buy new clothes and the like on school days.

So, too, with regard to homework. Homework includes a boy's own home study, as well as the task set by the class teacher. It is the duty of all parents to see that their children's evenings are profitably occupied in reasonable reading and study, and that this should be regular and consistent; and if parents are not satisfied, they should consult me.

A report on each pupil is issued twice each year, and the parent who does not receive one should ascertain the reason. The report that is most likely not to reach home is the unsatisfactory one. It is unfortunately true that some pupils gain entrance to the School and are not fitted for the secondary course. As far as possible, parents will be notified early in the second half of the year of the unsuitability of the course, and the consequent need of transfer to a suitable type of school. I look forward to the time when all pupils will have a similar course for their first year, and the drafting which now takes place at the Primary Final will be deferred a year. To

my mind, every pupil should do but one foreign language in his first year, and should have some purely cultural work, such as music, with drawing or art work, and some manual work.

The press of examinations at present renders this impossible, but we look for the time when the necessary development of our secondary system will relieve that pressure, and enable some subjects at least to be part of the school curriculum without having an examination as the goal.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

At the Leaving Certificate Examination, 77 boys passed, against 65 in 1936; 61 qualified for Matriculation, 9 gained University Exhibitions, 2 gained University Bursaries, and too few a number qualified for the Public Service.

There were 18 first-class and 34 second-class honours gained, 24 of these being in mathematics, 9 in physics, and 7 in modern history. Among the successful candidates I would mention Max Feughelman, who gained at the Leaving Certificate examination:—

The John West Medal and the Graham Prize for general proficiency, the Barker Scholarship No. 2, and the Horner Exhibition for mathematics, a University Bursary and University Exhibition, 3 first-class honours and 4 A's.

Roy Kerr: 3 first-class honours, 2 A's and 2 B's.
 Harold Scott: 2 first-class honours, 1 second.
 Gilbert Phillips: 2 first-class honours, 1 second.
 Archie Middleton: 2 first-class honours, 1 second.
 Joseph Dunlop: 1 first-class honours, 2 seconds.
 Ronald Carnell: 3 second-class honours.
 John Knight: 3 second-class honours.
 Hugh McCredie: 2 first-class honours.
 Herbert Smythe: 2 first-class honours.
 John Walton: 3 second-class honours.
 Fred Waterer: 2 second-class honours.

A large number of these lads are attending University courses.

At the Intermediate Certificate Examination 120 passed. The best passes were obtained by:—

John Hills: 7 A's.
 John Davies: 7 A's.
 William Badge: 6 A's, 2 B's.
 Alex Blumer: 5 A's, 2 B's.
 Ray Byron: 5 A's, 4 B's.
 Laurence Chappell: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 Ronald Dowe: 6 A's, 2 B's.
 Donald Dunlop: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 D. Everingham: 5 A's, 3 B's, 2 oral.
 Harold Fallding: 5 A's, 3 B's.

Ian Gilbert: 6 A's, 2 B's.
 Laurance Hazlewood: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 Francis Hooper: 6 A's, 1 B.
 Valdek Lambit: 7 A's.
 Brian Smith: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 Warren Smith: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 Victor Stimson, 7 A's.
 Cyril Vahtrick: 6 A's, 1 B.
 Bruce Ward: 8 A's.
 Eric Waring: 6 A's, 1 B.
 Richard Webb: 5 A's, 2 B's.
 Eric Wheeler: 6 A's, 2 B's.
 Ramsay Wheeler: 5 A's, 3 B's.
 Donald Yabsley: 6 A's, 2 B's.

PRINCIPAL PRIZES.

The Killeen Memorial Prize is awarded to Max Feughelman as Dux, who also gains the Dr. Verco Prize for Mathematics.

The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for an Australian essay goes to David Stewart. Subject: "Water Conservation in Australia."

The B. S. B. Stevens Prize for an economic essay has been won by Keith Lawson with his essay on "Co-operation."

The O.B.U. Prize for the Best Fortian has been awarded to Jeff Olding, while the Headmaster's Prize for School Service goes to Hugh McCredie.

The Baxendale Memorial Prizes go to:—

Eric Greening, First Year; Thomas Gray, Second Year; John Davies, Third Year; David Stewart, Fourth Year; Herbert Smythe, Fifth Year; and the special prize for Modern Literature to Ken McIntyre.

Commercial prizes won were:—

Hemingway & Robertson's Accountancy Scholarship, Maxwell Shute; Blenner-Hasset's Scholarships, Kenneth Greenwood and William Freeburn.

The School Union has functioned very satisfactorily during the year, with Messrs. Harrison, Johnson, Cannon and Stanley as the executive officers.

The Library, with Mr. Rose in charge, ably supported by prefects, has added over 200 volumes to its numbers, and a start has been made, as promised, with a junior fiction library. A very pronounced need is an up-to-date Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I will be pleased to receive a set of this valuable work from a well-wisher.

The School Magazine, with Mr. Fitzpatrick as Editor, has maintained its standard, and the best contributions were received from Gregory Barnes (prose) and John Betts (verse).

The School Reporter, our weekly sheet, has

WINTER SPORTS at KOSCIUSKO

For the 1938 season, we have specially imported snow and wind-proof Ski Sox, Mittens, Gaiters, etc., from Austria and Norway. Also lightweight English and Australian Proofed Gabardines for Ski Suits and Windcoats.

SKI TROUSERS,

Specially proofed .. 35/-, 39/6

WIND JACKETS, Pullover

style, with hood ... 35/-

WIND JACKETS, zipp front

and zipp pockets ... 37/6

"TRICOLINE" WIND

JACKETS ... 45/-

SKI SUITS,

Proofed Gabardine, from 77/6

SKI SOX. All colours ... 4/6

Norwegian SKI SOX ... 5/9

SKI MITTS. Navy and fawn. 5/-

Norwegian SKI MITTS. From 8/11

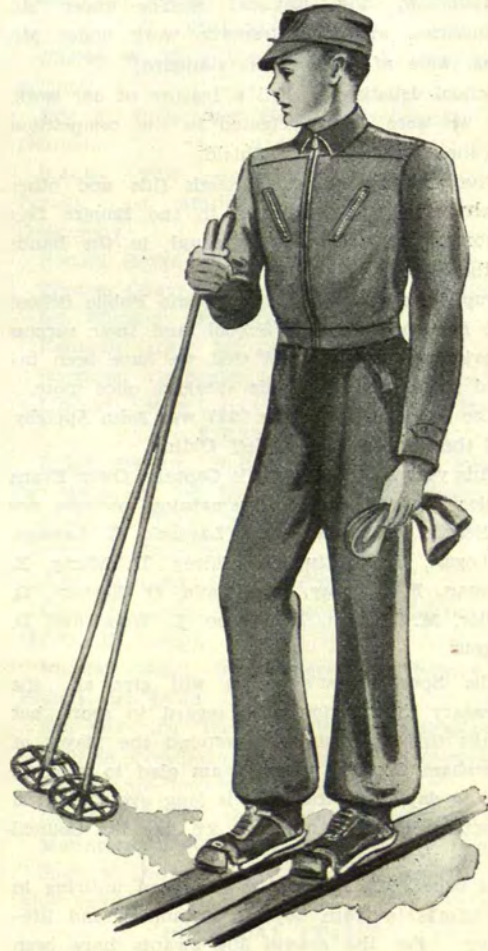
Langlauf HEAD BANDS ... 3/9

SKI CAPS. Flannel ... 6/6

Gabardine ... 8/6

SNOW GAITERS ... 16/6

SNOW GOGGLES ... 3/6



J. PEARSON

SNOW CLOTHING SPECIALISTS

114 KING STREET, SYDNEY.

TEL. B 3039.

been regularly produced by Mr. Short, and is a valuable record and adjunct to the School activities.

Play Day, 1937, was a memorable event. 22 plays were produced, and all those privileged to witness the production were loud in their praises of the wonderful work done by Mr. Moss and the many other teachers who assisted in this most valuable side of the School training.

A combined entertainment, dramatic, musical and physical, held at the end of the year, was an excellent production. The singing, under Mr. Burtenshaw, the physical training under Mr. Humphries, and the dramatic work under Mr. Moss, were of the highest standard.

School debating is still a feature of our work, but we were again defeated in the competition for the Hume-Barbour Shield.

The training gained through this and other speech training is reflected in the Empire Day celebration, which was, as usual, in the hands of the pupils.

Pupils were also sent to Ultimo Public School and Eastwood Infants' School, and their success is evidenced by the fact that we have been invited this year to provide speakers once more.

The School Captain for 1937 was John Appleby, and the Senior Prefect Jeff Olding.

This year Ken McIntyre is Captain, Owen Evans Senior Prefect, and the remaining prefects are J. Beach, N. Lamarton, J. Laycock, K. Lawson, J. Logan, J. Martin, G. Mulvey, D. Murty, E. Penman, F. Ramsay, R. Randle, D. Stewart, D. Taylor, M. Watson, N. Wilson, L. Wood and D. Kilgour.

The Sportsmaster's report will give all the necessary information with regard to sport, but I take this opportunity to remind the Mayor of Petersham Council, whom I am glad to welcome here to-day, that the time is long overdue for a reduction in the large rent we pay his Council for the use of the oval.

As usual, Mr. Humphries has been untiring in his efforts to train boys in swimming and life-saving. For the season 304 awards have been obtained, including 3 first-class and 3 second-class instructors' awards, and 38 bronze medallions. He promises to eclipse this record in the coming season.

The accommodation at the School is sufficient, and a gradual improvement is being effected in the School furniture, the cumbersome tables giving way to the more convenient desks, especially

where the classes are so unwieldy in the lower years.

I have again to report excellent service by the Ladies' Committee, but at the same time as we express our grateful thanks to them, we regret that ill-health will compel the retirement of Mrs. Rogers from the position of President. In the near future the mothers will be invited to meet and form the committee anew, and I hope a large number of those who have not yet come forward will take the opportunity offered.

A School uniform has been adopted, and one is on view to-day. A design of a good, hard-wearing cloth has been chosen, and I feel sure that parents will avail themselves of the opportunity to fit their boys out with this inexpensive yet serviceable uniform. The wearing of school blazers will now be restricted to the proper occasions.

THE STAFF.

As is usual in a large staff, there have been a number of changes since our last annual gathering. We mourn the loss of Mr. A. S. Waterer, who so tragically was removed from our midst on New Year's Eve. Mr. Waterer was a gentleman and a teacher. He lived for his life's work, teaching; he set a noble example to both the boys and his fellow-teachers, and his memory will ever remain with us as that of a noble and simple minded gentleman.

Messrs. Wallace, Wilson and Jerrems were promoted to higher positions, and we welcome in their stead Messrs. Aubrey, Barnett, James, Jeffrey and Kevans. Mr. Bryant has been placed in the position of Counsellor, and I am very hopeful that he will remain at the School for some considerable time and continue the valuable work as School Counsellor that he has so ably commenced.

Music is a subject of the lower school, and Mr. Burtenshaw still has a School Choir, which is obliged to practise after the usual school hours. Parents would be well advised to encourage their children to remain this extra half-hour once a week, and gain a wonderful benefit as a result.

The members of the staff still merit the thanks both of myself and parents. The efforts put forth by them in work, sport and social activities take up a large amount of their own time. Their full support and co-operation has been mine this year as ever, and I am most grateful to them for it.

To the many friends of the School, to the

donors of prizes, the ladies of the Social Committee, the Old Boys' Union, including the Tamworth branch (who are providing the School with the History of the A.I.F. in the Great War), to

Messrs. Kerr and Hardwick and the Press, to everyone who has helped the School along, I express the thanks of the School, and look forward with a feeling of confidence to the successful completion of the present year's work.

PRIZE LIST.

FIFTH YEAR.

Max Feughelman: Dux of School, Killeen Memorial Prize, Verco Prize for Mathematics, 1st Maths. I., 1st Maths. II., 1st Physics.

Archie W. Middleton: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st German.

Harold S. Scott: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Mechanics.

Herbert E. Smythe: Baxendale Prize for English, 1st History.

Keith E. Kerridge: 1st Latin.

Stewart L. Dennis: 1st French.

Keith O. Campbell: 1st Chemistry (aeq.).

John W. Walton: 1st Chemistry (aeq.).

Neil Hanna: Taylor Prize for Geography'

Hugh McCredie: Headmaster's Prize for School Service.

Jeffrey G. Olding Old Boys' Union Prize for the Best Fortian.

David G. Stewart: Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Essay on an Australian Subject.

Keith Lawson: Stevens' Prize for Economic Essay.

FOURTH YEAR.

David G. Stewart: Dux of Year, 1st place and Baxendale Prize for English, 1st Mathematics I., 1st Physics, 1st Mechanics (aeq.).

Allan Dicker: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st Maths. II., 1st Mechanics (aeq.).

Kenneth McIntyre: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st Latin, 1st French, 1st German, Baxendale Special Prize for Modern English Literature.

Sydney Barker: 1st History.

Ronald Hackman: 1st Chemistry (aeq.).

Neville Gibson: 1st Chemistry (aeq.).

Alan Freeston: 1st Chemistry (aeq.).

Jack Coulthard: 1st Geography, 1st Economics.

THIRD YEAR.

John Hills: Dux of Year, 1st Mathematics II., 1st German.

John Davies: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st place and Baxendale Prize for English, 1st Latin, 1st Mathematics I.

Francis Hooper: 3rd General Proficiency.

Garnet L. Lane: 1st History.

SECOND YEAR.

Charles W. King: Dux of Year, 1st Elementary Science.

Eric C. Rolls: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st German.

Stanley Tow: 3rd General Proficiency, 1st French, 1st Maths. I., 1st Maths. II., 1st Geography.

Ronald Horan: 4th General Proficiency.

Thomas Gray: Baxendale Prize for English.

Ian Wheeler: 1st History.

Kenneth Gray: 1st Latin.

Raymond Carpenter: 1st Geography.

Lindsay Fowler: 1st Commercial Subjects.

FIRST YEAR.

Ralph Stewart: Dux of the Year, 1st French, 1st Maths. I., 1st Elementary Science (aeq.).

Grant Crichton: 2nd General Proficiency, 1st Elementary Science (aeq.).

John Rea: 3rd General Proficiency.

Leonard Hinde: 4th General Proficiency, 1st Maths. II. (aeq.).

Norman Webb: 5th General Proficiency, 1st History, 1st Latin.

Eric Greening: Baxendale Prize for English.

Douglas Breadman: 1st Commercial Geography.

Mervyn Merton: 1st Geography.

Robert Collett: 1st Mathematics II. (aeq.).

Maurice Gilbert: 1st Mathematics II. (aeq.).

Jack McMahon: 1st Business Principles, 1st Shorthand.

PLAY DAY PRIZES.

William Astridge: Best senior sustained character.

Leigh Dodson: Best female impersonation.

Robert Stevens: Best junior sustained character.

Arthur Cohen: Special prize.

FORTIAN PRIZES.

Gregory Barnes: Best contributed short story.

John J. Betts: Best contributed poem.

THE SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.

AWARD OF BLUES.

Blues for outstanding merit in sport were awarded to the following boys:—

L. Gollan: Captain of the School XI., and a batsman of considerable promise.

M. Roberts: A good all-round player in the 1st XI.

H. Kesteven: Captain of the 1st XV., and a fine exponent of the Rugby Union code.

B. Lee: Another keen member of the School XV.

K. Lawson: An athlete of whom we expect much in the future. Several records now stand to his credit.

K. Erickson: A fine swimmer and a stalwart in the water polo team.

P. Jones: The champion tennis player and winner of the Anderson Cup.

J. Petherbridge: A very consistent doubles player, and prominent member of the 1st grade tennis team.

CRICKET.

The School's 1st XI. had the most successful season for a number of years. The team went through the season without suffering a single defeat.

The incidence of wet weather and the consequent number of unfinished matches robbed us of our chances of premiership honours, and we had to be satisfied with 2nd place.

L. Gollan's performances are worthy of note: He completed the season with a batting average of 66 runs, notwithstanding the fact that he carried the responsibilities of team captain, and acted as wicket-keeper. He also scored well in C.H.S. matches.

The 2nd XI. also met with a large measure of success, and were defeated once only during the season. R. Irish led the batting averages with 42, and Don Thompson, the captain, was the best bowler.

The 3rd XI., led by B. Priestley, was not quite so fortunate. The succession of wet Wednesdays played havoc with results, but all members of the team enjoyed their experiences, and join in congratulating their victors.

The 4th XI. finished the season with honours even. They won 2 matches, drew 2, and lost 2.

RUGBY UNION.

The increasing apathy on the part of boys, and the open hostility on the part of the majority of parents towards this, the best of all winter team games, is indeed hard to understand. It is be-

coming more and more difficult to field a full complement of teams in the P.S.A.A.A. competitions. This is especially true of the 1st and 2nd grade team, and accounts in a large measure for our lack of success. It is in the upper school that most trouble is experienced. There is no lack of enthusiasm among the juniors, who, in this respect, set a striking example to those who should take the lead. No other metropolitan High School is faced with a similar set of circumstances. With an enrolment of 700 boys, it is all we can do to muster 30 who will consent to represent their school in the 1st and 2nd grade teams; the honour of being chosen as a representative does not (with few exceptions) appear to receive consideration. A number of contributing causes might be mentioned, but these you know.

The cure is in the hands of parents rather than of the boys, and the statement of one or two facts should prove helpful.

Our competitions are carefully graded in order to minimise risk of accident. The limits are 6 st. for 6th grade, 7 st. for 5th grade, 8 st. for 4th grade, 9 st. for 3rd grade, and over 9 st. for 1st and 2nd grades.

Each team has one of the staff as its manager and coach, and plays directly under his supervision.

All matches are presided over by official referees appointed by the N.S.W. Rugby Union, and the playing fields are the best in Sydney.

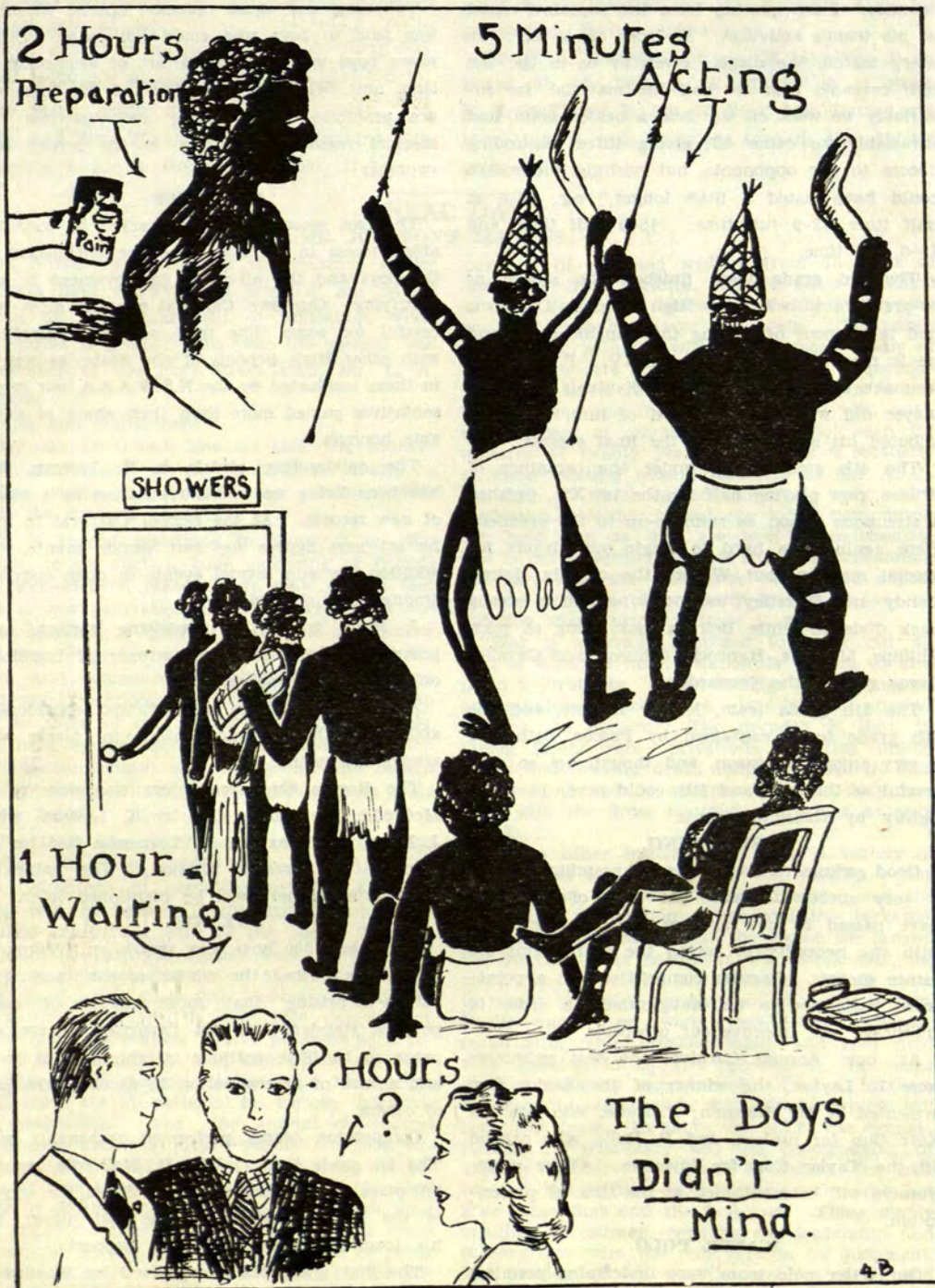
In short, conditions are as ideal as we can make them.

We renew our invitation to parents to come along to our playing fields and see for themselves what is being done for their boys. If they do not wax enthusiastic, particularly after seeing the lightweights in action, we shall be very disappointed.

Interest yourselves, not only in the work of the classroom, but also in the sport of your boys. Encourage them by your presence at the playing fields, and you and they will come to appreciate better this branch of school activity.

Our home ground is Petersham Oval, and you will be very welcome there on any Wednesday afternoon.

In competition with other High Schools, we met with a fair measure of success. As already indicated the 1st and 2nd grade teams had rather a disappointing season. We had individual players of the calibre of Kesteven, the 1st grade-



FORT STREET BOYS AT THE PAGEANT.

captain, and Lee, who were the equal of any player taking part in the competition; but lack of confidence and co-operation seemed our chief enemies. I am quoting from the captain's report of his team's activities. He goes on to say: "In every match, the display given by us in the last half revealed that we had the material, for invariably we went on the field a beaten team, and invariably we came off, giving three resounding cheers to our opponents, but wishing the match could have lasted a little longer," e.g., 43-0 at half time, 43-9 full time; 15-0 half time, and 15-6 full time.

The 3rd grade team finished the season as co-premiers with Sydney High School. O. Evans had the honour of leading this capable team, and he is now captain of the 1st XV. It is unfair to make special mention of individuals, for each player did what was expected of him, and contributed his quota towards the final success.

The 4th grade team, under the captaincy of Wilson, now playing half for the 1st XV, finished a strenuous season as runners-up to the premiers. Here again it is hard to single out players for special mention, but Wilson, the captain, Johns, Landy and Priestley were the best of a strong back division, while Bell as lock, Hing as rake, Phillips, McBride, Hancock, Johnson and Cavalier shone out in the forwards.

The 5th grade team, led by Hearne, and the 6th grade team, captained by Pascoe, both had a very enjoyable season, and though not so successful as the 3rd and 4th, could never be taken lightly by their opponents.

SWIMMING.

Good swimmers are now at a premium. After a very successful year, the best of our boys have passed to new spheres, and we are faced with the necessity of laying the foundations for future success. Regular competitions on a point-score basis are to be inaugurated, in order to encourage and improve our prospects.

At our Annual Carnival the best swimmers were L. Layton, the winner of the Senior Cup presented by Mr. Hannan; F. Dane, who won the Kerr Cup for juniors, and P. Rolls, who carried off the Taylor Cup for juveniles. Other prize-winners will be mentioned at the time of presentation.

WATER POLO.

Our water polo team were undefeated premiers for the second year in succession. Throughout the series of 7 matches they scored 54 goals,

while only 5 were scored against them. Pratt, the captain, Erickson and Locke were the outstanding players.

Following our usual practice, special attention was paid to boys who could not swim. Sixty-seven boys were taught the art of swimming, so that now, with the exception of 72 boys who are prohibited from taking such exercise for medical reasons, every boy in the school is a swimmer.

ATHLETICS.

The past season has been marked by considerable success in athletics, and the enthusiasm of the boys and the all-round improvement is very gratifying. Our own Carnival was the most successful for some time past, and in competition with other High Schools of the State, as well as in those conducted by the N.S.W.A.A.A., our representatives gained more than their share of available honours.

The outstanding athlete is K. Lawson, who has been living up to his reputation as a maker of new records. At the School Carnival in July he set new figures for four junior events. In addition, he won several events in open company among State champions.

J. Moon is another promising runner, and proved the most consistent winner of handicaps on training afternoons.

A number of other boys showed considerable ability in athletics, and contests for places were always interesting.

The Rogers Cup for seniors was won by H. McCredie, the Junior Cup by K. Lawson, while J. Moon, R. Heins and K. Larcombe tied for 1st place in the juvenile division. The names of other prize-winners will be mentioned later.

TENNIS.

More than 300 boys play tennis on Wednesday afternoons during the winter season, and it is rather surprising that more players of competition standard are not developed. There appears to be little aptitude on the part of most, and a lack of determination to excel on the part of others.

Competition teams performed reasonably well. The 1st grade team, led by H. McCredie, secured 3rd place in the competition. P. Jones, the winner of the Anderson Cup, was the best player, but his team mates provided good support.

The 2nd grade team, captained by Woodward, also gained 3rd place.

The 3rd grade team, under the leadership of

Griffiths, suffered only one defeat, and were runners-up to the premiers.

The 4th grade team, with Penketh as captain, performed excellently, and finished the season as undefeated premiers.

DONORS.

Mr. Hannan: Senior Swimming Cup.

Mr. Kerr: Junior Swimming Cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor: Juvenile Swimming Cup.

Messrs. Angus & Robertson: Books, £1/1/-.

Mr. W. J. Rodgers: Senior Athletic Cup.

Old Boys' Union: Junior Athletic Cup.

Mr. J. Glen: 3 Juvenile Cups.

Mr. E. C. Greening and Mr. A. Webb: Cups for runners-up, Senior Athletics.

Dr. H. L. Kesteven, Messrs. A. Appleby, E. S. Leard, R. M. Bell, A. T. Hinde, M. H. King, R. N. McKenzie, E. Pye, H. Bear, Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Morgan, cash donations towards the athletic prize fund.

ANZAC DAY.

MR. JOHNSON'S ADDRESS.

On Anzac Day each year the returned soldier teachers hold a service in front of the Mural Tablet at the Department of Education, when an address is given. This year the speaker was a member of the Fort Street staff, Mr. L. A. Johnson.

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"We are assembled here on this, the twenty-third anniversary of the landing at Anzac, to render homage to those of our comrades who made the supreme sacrifice.

"It is indeed gratifying to those of us who remain to see such a large gathering of friends and well-wishers, especially in view of the fact that a new generation has risen which, on account of youth, is ignorant of the real significance of a war fought during its infancy or early childhood, and consequently exhibits an increasing tendency to overlook its indebtedness to the fallen and to those of our number who, unfortunately, still need sympathetic treatment and assistance. In this connection, and chiefly for the benefit of our younger friends, it seems advisable to quote a few figures.

"The total number of troops sent overseas was 343,250. Of these, 264,000 returned to Australia. The percentage of casualties suffered—68.5 per cent.—was the highest in the British Army. New Zealand came next with 58 per cent. The explanation is that the Anzacs were, in the great majority, front-line troops. More than 50,000 men have died since the Armistice, and the death-roll at present is over 1000 per annum. Some 76,000 ex-soldiers receive pensions as a result of war disabilities, and over 22,000 are continually under medical treatment. More than 1700 men are in-patients in various hospitals and institutions, and the annual out-patient attendance averages over 140,000. 50,000 ex-members of the A.I.F. are suffering from the results of war service, but not sufficiently to allow them to obtain pensions. Some 98,000 men have not applied for pensions. This does not mean we are all fit and well, for in the case of many there is a brave effort on the part of the individual to shoulder the burden alone. Figures such as these tell us something of the cost of war.

"But to-day there is a wonderful gathering in

our city of returned soldiers from all parts of the State, from Victoria, and the sister dominion of New Zealand—a gathering the like of which we shall probably never see again. Thousands of men—all actuated with one purpose—many of them in the sere and yellow, but with unquenchable spirit have travelled far to do honour to our glorious dead and fraternise once more with comrades, many of whom they have not seen for upwards of twenty years. There is a brotherly affection existing among members of the A.I.F., the like of which is not found in any other institution. Neither school, nor lodge, nor church can hold men as they are held by indissoluble ties in our fraternity. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that the last place one would expect to find evidence of brotherly love is in an institution whose prime purpose is war.

"War is generally supposed to bring out all that is worst in man. Humanity is said to give place to brutality. Finer feelings are subjugated and savagery predominates. But there is another side to the picture. The paradox is that, in facing inconceivable privations, suffering untold agony and braving death itself, the best in man is developed, and he emerges from the fiery furnace with the dross removed, and rings as pure metal.

"In no other institution is such a variety of men welded together in true comradeship. The Jew and the Gentile, the manufacturer and the tradesman, the station owner and the jackaroo, the teacher and the student, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the fisherman, the storekeeper, the clerk, the miner and the labourer. Each came to respect the other for the good that was in him. Faults—and they were legion—were ignored; social frills were brushed aside, and men fired with common ideals and opposed by the same dangers came to regard each other as brothers in adversity, and bonds were forged which will last until death. In short, the A.I.F. has demonstrated the possibility and the practicability of welding together all elements in society—the lowest and the highest—and in the process the last were often first and the first last. Those manly qualities of courage, capacity for leadership and self-sacrifice were the only criteria for judgment. The problem of one was the problem of all, and each did his share in working for a successful solution. Each trusted the other, even with his life; and he knew that his comrade would prove

staunch as himself, no matter what befel. The manufacturer and the tradesman, the merchant and his clerk fought side by side with mutual confidence and supreme trust.

"One sometimes thinks that the depression through which we have just passed should do not a little towards forming a real partnership between employer and employee. Loss of business is as much a disaster to one as to the other. Was any real effort made to get together, each trusting the other with perfect confidence, in the spirit of the A.I.F., to solve the mutual problem? Was a serious attempt made to arrive at a perfect understanding of the real position by both parties? If only employer and employee could discard the elements of suspicion and distrust, if only they could be placed together on the same footing for a time true understanding would develop as a natural consequence. One is led to the conclusion that an essential prerequisite of at least some members of tribunals engaged in fixing living conditions is that they should have had the experience of living under the conditions they fix. This was certainly the rule in the A.I.F., when all existed under identical circumstances. Just as it is impossible for any but participants to envisage war in its true perspective, so it is impossible to get a true picture of the other fellow's battle unless you have partnered him in the struggle. Perfect understanding and human sympathy must be brought to bear on our in-

dustrial and social problems, which will disappear when, and only when, 'the spirit of the A.I.F. predominates.

"In the wider field of international affairs similar ideals must prevail. The nations of the world have much more in common than is generally understood. While there has been a considerable development of economic nationalism due to the dread of war, the nations of the world are interdependent to a remarkable degree. No single country is self-sufficient. We rely on people outside our own territories to supply us with many of the amenities of life, and this is the position the world over. If it were only possible to seize on the points of agreement—and they are many—surely, with a complete knowledge of other nations' needs, and the exercise of courage and not a little self-sacrifice on all sides, a peaceful solution could be expected. The agreement lately concluded with Italy appears to have been accomplished on this basis, and there is ground for hope that other countries will fall into step.

"The message of Anzac, then, is akin to the message of Christmas—'Peace on earth, goodwill among men.'

"Social and industrial peace through perfect understanding and consequent perfect trust between all sections of the community.

"World peace through a knowledge of the needs of others and a willingness to sacrifice self in the cause of humanity."

THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

The Caledonian Market, situated at Islington, a suburb of North London, is a most interesting place, despite its poor and shabby surroundings. The only means of reaching the market is by bus or foot. By bus, one passes through miles of mean streets to the Angel Inn at Islington. A few yards further on, one comes to the market place, where cattle are sold every day but Friday.

At the gate on Fridays, one is generally offered jellied eels or winkles. After passing through the gate, one comes to long tin sheds, where the "first hand" goods are sold; beaded tea-gowns, evening wraps, cloaks, overcoats, mackintoshes, and other clothing of every sort and description. Kitchenware, odd groceries, patent medicines and poultry are also on sale here. In these sheds there is noise and confusion.

The most interesting part of the market, however, is out of doors. At the first pen there is a fat coster woman sitting beside a brazier, and trying to sell a collection of hideous oil paintings and pastels.

The next pen is in charge of a loud-voiced person whose wares consist of an assortment of old bicycle parts, bits of motor cars, gramo-

phones and records, and a few ancient wireless sets. In fact, all the old junk possible to collect appears to be here.

Next to his stall sits a sad but serene lady (believed to be an ex-Russian princess), selling old jewellery.

A few broken tables in the next pen hold all the old, dilapidated books imaginable. Yet it is surprising what excellent bargains one may sometimes pick up.

Other pens contain assortments of china, sculptures, bronzes, labour-saving devices, furniture, ornaments, and gardening implements. In short, anything from a needle to an anchor.

One alley, termed "Silver Street," must finally be mentioned. There, coffee pots of the 18th century, Georgian tea-pots, crested salvers, bundles of cutlery, and complete services bearing the arms of some old, impoverished family are scattered about the cobble stones of the pens.

The Caledonian Market is a place one could explore every week and find something new and interesting.

A. J. WISHART, 2C.

ANZAC CEREMONY IN MEMORIAL HALL.

Monday, 25th April, 1938, was, by Act of Parliament, a public holiday. Because of this, the 23rd anniversary of the landing of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps on the bristling hills of Gallipoli was commemorated on Friday, 22nd, at Fort Street.

It was befitting that this simple yet poignant service was held in the School Memorial Hall, set up in memory of those former pupils of Fort Street who fell in the Great War.

The Headmaster officiated, and asked us to join together and sing Whittier's hymn. When the last notes had died away, he remarked that "Time dulls most things, but its only effect upon Anzac Day is to make its significance more sharply defined. It has become a national day, which, by its sorrow and joy, commands a common tribute from all sections of the community."

After "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" had been sung, Mr. Short proceeded with an interesting address, and asked what we were doing to continue the work begun by the Anzacs in the way of promoting world peace. He said that these men went with the idea that it was the "war to end wars." They sacrificed all that we might be free. So it is for us to see that the memory

of those men be kept sacred, by developing the work they began—that of world peace. He concluded by suggesting that in entering the hall we should bow our heads as a token of thanks and respect to those who had made the supreme sacrifice, and in passing the memorial tablet, glance at it in memory of the glorious dead.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Humphries walked up to the platform to receive the wreath from Mr. Christmas. There was a breathless silence, and, as they marched to hang it on the memorial tablet, the mass of boys, bare-headed and standing at attention, resembled a calm and silent lake, ruffled only by the gentle breeze of emotion.

The National Anthem was sung, and then the boys slowly filed out, thinking of what they could do in forwarding the ideas of our national dead, on whom Collins wrote the verses,—

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

EMPIRE DAY, 1938.

As is the custom at Fort Street, the proceedings in connection with the celebration of Empire Day were conducted by the senior students, with the captain, McIntyre, in the chair.

Interesting and inspiring addresses were delivered by J. Laycock, E. Penman, M. Watson and F. Ramsay. The speeches were interspersed by a musical programme. Bobbie Stevens sang "Land of Hope and Glory," the School joining in the chorus, whilst Whittier's hymn, "O Valiant Hearts," and the Recessional were rendered by the School.

Laycock, in his address, entitled "Britain and World Peace," said that Britain was doing her utmost to keep peace, even though Europe might plunge into war at any time. He also stated that Britain's policy was to preserve the rights of the small nations. In conclusion he urged that the younger generation should maintain the best traditions of Empire.

Penman began his address by stating that though many of the Empire's pioneers lay in

hallowed graves, such as those at Westminster Abbey many men equally great lay in unknown lands. He made particular mention of the great empire-builder and statesman, Cecil Rhodes, whose name will be remembered not only in South Africa, but in other English-speaking communities for many years.

Ramsay spoke on "Pillars of Empire." He stated that, in general, there were two types of "pillars": Firstly, the great dominions scattered throughout the world; and secondly, the principles of liberty and justice.

Watson conducted us around the world in his speech, "The Empire on which the Sun Never Sets." He passed, in imagination, from one country to another, describing the characteristics of the various peoples. He made particular mention of the strategic importance of such places as Gibraltar.

The proceedings closed with the National Anthem.

THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS' PAGEANT.

The Secondary Schools' Pageant was one of the highlights of the 150th Anniversary celebrations.

Nearly 1000 pupils from 30 schools presented in action and tableaux a resume of the events that have made Australia a nation: Beginning with the landing of Captain Cook in 1770, and ending with the march of our glorious Anzacs in 1914.

In a series of eight "pictures," those of us who were fortunate enough to see the pageant relived in three hours all the events of Australia's history, and in the ninth and last, her glorious future was suggested.

The theme of the pageant was this:—

A mother and her two daughters, Jill and Judy, one of about 14 years, and the other 10 years of age, are discussing the development of Australia one evening, before the fire. The younger of the two daughters is questioning her mother about the history of Australia, and her mother described "pictures in the clouds," which show those events of the greatest importance in the development of our land.

The first "picture" was a "pukka" "dance of vengeance," played by our fellow-Fortians, who did the job as well as any Aboriginal, in the rather scanty garb affected by those individuals. (Incidentally, these Fortian "Abos" deserve honorable mention for the tortures (all in the cause of art) which they endured, whilst removing their make-up.)

The second scene was the landing of Captain Cook, together with Banks, Solander and others of his ship's company, at Kurnell. This scene was also presented by Fort Street.

The second "picture" was the sailing of the first fleet. Captain Phillip is standing on the Mothergate wharf in England, watching the loading of the last stores and "passengers," when the long-awaited sailing orders arrive. The scene ends with "eight bells and all's well."

The third "picture" was the so-called "dole scene," depicting the trials of the first settlers, and was presented by St. George Girls' High and Fort Street boys.



Tested Schoolwear

Made to Stand up to Hard Treatment

We've an enviable reputation for the quality of our schoolwear, and we've earned it. We're official outfitters to over 200 leading schools and colleges in N.S.W., and we're proud of the service we give them. All garments are made in our own workrooms, the material being pre-tested for wear. A school outfit by David Jones' is always correct in every detail.

Official Outfitters to Fort Street Boys' High.

Boys' Schoolwear:

Castlereagh and George Street Stores.

DAVID JONES

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE.

The colony is on the verge of starvation, with only three weeks' short rations remaining, when the long-expected food ships arrive.

The fourth "picture" was Governor Macquarie's ball, presented by Sydney Girls' and Boys' High Schools. It depicted the attitude of "society" and military officers towards emancipists. A feature of this scene was the dancing of the minuet by eight of the players.

The next "picture" was one of the largest. It was presented by Homebush Boys' Junior High and Kogarah Intermediate. Scene one was the discovery of gold by Hargreaves and his two assistants. The second was the scene of the gold rush, and showed the motley crowd that flocked to the goldfields in the Roaring Fifties. The third showed miners at work, washing gold with crude hand-cradles, and the fourth showed one of the little tiffs that often arose over the question of licences. The fifth scene was an excellent tableau—the Eureka Stockade—Australia's only rebellion.

The sixth "picture" was "The Hall of Fame," presented by Neutral Bay Girls' and Mosman Boys' Inter. High Schools. The men and women who played leading parts in the development of

Australia—Dampier, Cook, Parkes,—all came before a court of judgment, and those worthy of lasting fame were acclaimed by the "Spirit of Great Endeavour" and her handmaidens, Courage, Vision, Tenacity and Self-Sacrifice.

The seventh "picture" was "The Dance of the Bushland," presented by Hornsby Girls' High School and Crown Street Girls' School. In it, girls dressed in costumes to represent various Australian fauna, such as the koala, the magpie and lyre-bird, danced the dance of the bushland, in which the animals were represented as paying homage to the beautiful lyre-bird. This picture was thought by many of the more artistically inclined to be the most beautiful in the whole series.

The eighth "picture" was the largest of all. Six girls' High Schools and eleven boys' High Schools presented:—

The Federation of the States.

Australia at work.

The call to arms in 1914, and the Anzacs' march.

Embracing war nurses, Red Cross nurses, A.M.C., A.S.C., A.F.C., tunnellers and artillery, A.L.H., R.A.N and "P.B.I."



AT THE PAGEANT.

Back Row: B. Ellis, D. Howe, R. Byron.

Second Row: W. Maybury, J. Hill, B. Lockrey, R. Erickson, J. Thompson, N. Coffil, T. Bent.

Front Row: E. Matthews, N. Chapman, G. Sanders, K. Smythe, J. Matthews.



A BUSINESS CAREER offers excellent opportunities to those who have ambition, and who are prepared to acquire the specialised knowledge and training necessary. The commercial value of the untrained is negligible; he has no security of tenure and no prospect of advancement. Employers will not consider those who cannot offer evidence of study as an assurance that effective service will be given.

BLANNERHASSETT'S INSTITUTE OF ACCOUNTANCY PTY. LTD. Specialised Accountancy, Secretarial and Business Courses are the best obtainable in Australia to-day—the practical instruction, up-to-date training and personal individual service offer exceptional facilities for acquiring efficiency and developing the qualities that command success.

B.I.A. SERVICE POLICY ensures for each student continuous individual guidance, counsel and control. It is directly personal. In the training of the student his needs, his difficulties, his natural aptitude and his possibilities are studied carefully by experts, highly qualified and widely experienced in training candidates for public examinations or for a business career. No time or effort is spared in assisting the student to make the best possible use of his talents and opportunities. **Members of the Tutorial Staff** are available for consultation until 7.30 p.m. on Monday to Friday, and until noon on Saturday.

B.I.A. FEES are moderate; well within the means of every prospective student. They are fixed—there are no extras. The student knows the full measure of his liability. Instalments and special terms may be arranged.

B.I.A. GUARANTEE OF QUALIFICATION involves no additional cost, and carries no time limit.

B.I.A. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE SECTION, through its large connection with leading business houses and professional firms, affords students valuable assistance in securing a suitable position. This service is entirely free, and without obligation.

What we are doing for so many others to-day, we can do for you. Our Booklet, "The Accountant and Secretary," will be sent you on request.

Blennerhassett's Institute of Accountancy Pty. Ltd.

The Accountancy and Secretarial Coaching Specialists,

"Herald' Building, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.

'Phones: B 5388 — BW 6236 — B 5194.

NEWCASTLE: T. & G. Building, Hunter Street. 'Phone: Newcastle 581.

Branches at Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth.

Australia's greatest hero, Simpson, and his donkey, "Murphy."

Private Simpson, D.C.M., of the A.M.C., and his donkey were responsible for the saving of many lives, before being killed on Gallipoli.

Lastly, Kipling's Recessional was sung by choirs from Canterbury, Sydney and Manly Boys' High Schools.

The ninth "picture" was entitled "Our Hope for Years to Come," presented by Sydney G.H.S.

It was a tableau depicting Australia paying

homage to Britain, and bringing the products, fruits, wool, wheat, etc., across the sea to the Motherland.

There was an epilogue by the mother and her daughters.

In concluding, I would like to express my thanks, and I am sure the thanks of all who saw the pageant, to the members of the Pageant Committee, and especially to "our" Mr. Moss, to whom much of the credit for the whole performance must be given.

WARING, 4B.

THE DINGO PUP.

He came to the lip of the cave and stood in the sunlight a moment, dazzled. He then felt the pleasing warmth of this great red ball on his body, and he gave a big stretch. In doing this he felt a wild surge through his blood, which was life.

He was gazing for the first time on the outside world, as he stood there with his mother, his fortnight-old legs already strengthening. Everything was strange, and something made him cower and curl his baby lips into a snarl, as a big wallaby hopped across the plain a few hundred yards from him; but his mother was not concerned, and he felt reassured. She trotted down the track leading from the cave, and he trotted a little unsteadily after her.

He saw another animal like his mother coming towards them, and he knew immediately that this was his father, although previously he had only seen him in the gloomy coolness of the cave, his birthplace. He did not travel far that day, for his feet were tender, and his mother was giving them a chance to harden up. The sharp stones on the plains hurt, but he was game, and trotted without flinching till they returned to the cave.

His mother often hunted with other dingoes, and he, in the scrub, could hardly contain himself in his eagerness to be out there with them in the long hard race after emus and kangaroos.

Then the great day came when his mother, in a paddock of sheep, singled out a lamb, and instructed him to go in and make his kill. He raced along beside the lamb, as he had seen his mother race beside full-grown sheep, and judging the distance truly, he sprang for the age-old throat grip. His body was tense with excitement, every muscle taut as he went through the air, and biting the thin coating of baby wool, his teeth sank into the throat. This was his first kill, and

as they ran over the plain on their way home, he held his head high, lifting his feet daintily, and feeling justly proud of himself.

He used to hunt on his own after that, killing the little ground animals which abounded round the lair. He did not have that angularity which the puppies of civilisation developed, but seemed to set into firm lines almost immediately.

One night his tussling with a stick was interrupted by a yelp, and then a howl of pain, and he saw his father out on the moonlit plain in a death fight with a kangaroo. The latter had badly hurt his father with a terrible rip from the inch-long sharp claw on his hind foot.

His father was dead by morning.

In the usual animal way, he and his mother soon forgot the old dingo, in the joy of living and hunting.

On the stations of the surrounding country the owners were complaining of the dingoes killing their sheep. A drought was coming, and the dingoes moved in from the wilds in order to live. The price per scalp rose to one guinea. The dingo hunters thronged to the west, poisoning, trapping and shooting.

One night the young dingo was enjoying himself cooling his paws in a water-hole, while his mother stood near him. Suddenly she leaped into the air and at the same a great noise burst on his delicate ear drums, which under favourable conditions could hear a stick snap half a mile away.

He scampered into the long grass, and lay hugging the ground in terror. Many hours later, very cautiously, he crept out from his shelter and went to where his mother was lying, a corpse by the water-hole. He whimpered and howled softly till dawn, and then sensing that his mother would stir no more, with a new cautiousness and alertness he trotted off into the scrub.

G. KABLE, 4B.

THE BANANA INDUSTRY.

Bananas of the plantain variety have been grown round Sydney since the earliest days of settlement. Their cultivation for market was first undertaken in the Gosford district and has since been established as an important industry in the valleys of the Richmond and Tweed, where, in 1924-25, 1504 acres were under cultivation. This has since been greatly increased.

In Queensland the banana is at home near the coast, particularly in the north, where its cultivation was for many years, and still partly is, carried on by Chinese; but European labour and methods have produced better crops. In Northern Queensland the industry is diminishing, partly through the substitution of sugar-cane; in the south-eastern districts, under more favourable conditions of transport, it is developing fast, a protective duty having been imposed on imported bananas.

In northern N.S.W. they are developing still more.

Because of the nature of the country on which they are grown, cultivation by any other means than manual labour is impossible. Eastern slopes, that is, those which get the morning sun, are usually most suitable for their cultivation. When a new plantation is started, the suckers are planted in rows about 10ft. apart, a space of about the same distance being left between the plants in the row. For the first 18 months they do not yield fruit. When about 12 months old it throws a bunch, and the first cut is usually made about six months later. After a stalk has yielded a bunch, it is cut out. Three other stalks at various stages of growth are left, so that one "stool" yields about every eight weeks throughout the whole year.

Because of the inaccessibility of the country, all road transport direct from the plantation is out of the question. The banana growers have devised an ingenious scheme for taking the bunches from the plantation to the packing shed, the latter being placed at a considerably lower level than the former.

A good solid stump is selected in the plantation, and another near the packing-shed. To these stumps are affixed bicycle wheels, and a high-tension steel cable is passed around the wheels. Two crates are put on the wire, one at the bottom and one at the top. When the

grower wishes to send his fruit to the shed, he puts the hooks on the top crate through the stalks of the bunches, and when released, the weight of the loaded crate coming down the wire pulls the empty crate up to the top. Here the farmer has a swift, easy and economical way of transport.

Once at the bottom, the bunches are "handed off." The "hands" consist of about eight or nine bananas, and are cut off the main stalk with a very sharp knife with a long fine blade. When they are all cut off, the bananas are broken apart by hand, packed into cases, whence they are sent to the rail-head by road.

In 1922-23 a disease known as "bunchy top," and whose origin is still uncertain, wiped out all the bananas in Queensland, and, but for a small portion around the Richmond, all the fruit in N.S.W. At the time no treatment was known.

In 1927 Professor Goddard, at the Brisbane University, seeking a remedy for this disease, found that by spraying the infected stool with kerosene, the disease could be checked.

In 1930 it was found that the disease was spread by an aphid which floated in the wind, and was known to travel 50 miles.

The plant shows various symptoms when infected. The main middle leaf shrivels up, hence the name "bunchy-top." The veins in the leaf of a healthy plant are clearly defined and continuous, but those of a diseased plant are broken and blurred. The leaves of these plants are of a very brittle nature, and are easily broken.

A few years ago someone felt the need of a Board to protect the growers against this dreaded disease. And so the "Bunchy-top Protection Board" was formed. This institution is financed by a tax of one penny per case on all bananas marketed. It is really a great boon to the growers. If a man suspects that his plantation is infected, he notifies the Board, and they at once send out an inspector to look over his plantation free of charge. These inspectors, if they find any disease, will spray it. The Board also distributes bulk kerosene for this purpose, at no cost whatever. This is truly a remarkable service, and this institution is doing a great deal towards the prevention of "bunchy-top."

Another disease which infects the bananas, but not in such a severe way, is beetle-borer. It is a

small black beetle which gets into the roots and eats them away, thereby killing the plant.

Another great pest is a small yellow bird, which gets into the middle of a bunch and eats the inside of the fruit.

The bananas are packed green, and are all sent to the "Banana Marketing Board" in Sydney, where they are ripened in specially heated rooms.

When the price is high, a case of bananas can yield as much as 25/-, about 6/- being used for agent's commission and freight. From ten acres of bananas at least 20 cases can be sent to market per week, for about eight months of the year.

And so it can easily be seen that banana growing is very profitable, provided the prices are good.

M. HAMILTON, 3C.

SKY SENTENCE.

Richard Heath, the slight, dark-haired man, sitting in the rear cockpit of the aeroplane, was feeling particularly pleased with the world. It had all been so easy. This morning he had been an honest teller in a large Sydney bank, handling hundreds of pounds of other men's money. Now he still handled other people's money, but he was no longer honest. His slight smile was sardonic.

According to a plan he had carefully evolved, it had been only a matter of minutes to pack seventy thousand pounds in notes into his brown leather bag and walk out with it at lunch time, in the same way as he had walked out every Saturday morning for years. Monday was a holiday, that gave him two days' start; and he had started with a jump. After going back to his boarding-house for a meal and a change of clothes, he had taken a taxi to Mascot to charter a plane.

He had easily chartered a plane, giving as a reason that he was hastening to Adelaide to see a dying brother, so now he was in the air, with Hay, where they had landed to refuel about seven o'clock, thirty odd miles behind.

Heath looked over the side of the cockpit. Far below, in the feeble light of the new moon, he could see the Murrumbidgee winding like a silver ribbon across the flat, treeless plains. Ahead, moving spots of light indicated cars on a main road.

Everything was working out nicely.

Leaning forward, he pulled a parachute out of the locker in the front of his pit, took his revolver out of his pocket, and stood up. The pilot felt the machine roll, and looked around. Heath shot him in the face. He slumped in his seat without a sound. Thrusting his gun back into his pocket, Heath leaned over and switched on the automatic pilot, then casting glances at the body in front of him, he hastily buckled on the parachute, clutched his leather bag, and dived over the

side. . . .

A moment later Heath was drifting slowly downwards under the silk canopy; the roar of the receding plane was dying away to a steady hum, and below and slightly westward he could still see car lights on the Adelaide road. The hardest part of his job was done. The plane would fly out over the coast until the fuel ran out, then vanish into the sea. The police would think he had gone with it. No one would ever know.

When he landed near the road down there, he would burn the parachute, get a car lift to Adelaide or the nearest rail town, lie low until the hubbub about the robbery had died down, then take a steamer to England with the seventy thousand, a perfect crime . . . What was that? Was his imagination playing him tricks, or was the sound of that plane getting louder? He listened for a few seconds. Yes, confound it! The plane WAS coming back, he could see it now, sweeping round in a wide arc. That dead fool of a pilot must have fallen on the controls!

Great Scott! What was wrong with his parachute harness? The waist buckle was slipping. He strove to tighten it. The leather strap seared his hand. In his haste to get away from the body in the plane he had not fastened the harness properly, and now he was sliding out of it. Grabbing desperately at a looped strap, he hung by his free hand as the harness fell loose . . . he would be all right if he held on till he landed—but the plane! Its roar had grown in a crescendo of sound. There it was . . . COMING STRAIGHT AT HIM, nearer nearer—he could almost feel the whirling propeller blades slashing into his body . . . ripping, tearing—

With a scream Heath let go the strap. The plane roared past, ten feet above the crumpling parachute. The Murrumbidgee slumbered in the moonlight, and a man and his leather bag dived to the earth.

WONG, 5D.

"THE FORTIAN" PRIZES.

Each year the School offers two prizes—one for the best piece of verse, and one for the best short story submitted by pupils to the two issues of "The Fortian."

Last year the prizes were won by Joe Betts, of 5D, and Greg. Barnes. The contributions were judged by Mr. R. G. Howarth, an Old Boy and a distinguished contributor to "The Fortian," and Mr. H. J. Oliver, both of the Sydney University.

The following is their report:—

VERSE.

"We had no hesitation in singling out the work of 'Jay' as the best. Of his two poems, we should place 'Heat and Shade' first. Though it runs in no regular form, it is not laboriously composed, and the contrast of scene sought is skilfully obtained.

"W. Anderson's 'Slumber and Sun' deserves mention as decidedly promising for a boy of his presumed age.

The icy blast of winter shrieks aloud
In gusty fury as of damned souls;
A mournful bell o'er chilly moorland tolls,
And lulls the shreds of night's dim tattered
shroud.

But far in unplumbed depths of space am I,
The pond'rous wheel of heaven 'round me turns,
In slow procession pass the ageless urns
Of souls who glide the dimness like a sigh.

PROSE.

"We found considerably more difficulty with the stories. Three of them seemed to have special merit. They are:—

"'Fish Yarn,' by J.J.B.

"'Airline Interlude,' by Wong.

"'Charlie's Pearls,' by E. Penman.

"'Fish Yarn' is ingenious, and is told in an easy way, though with some unreality in the conversation. In 'Airline Interlude' the novel idea of a phantom aeroplane is not used as fully as it might be, but the suspense is worked up quite well. 'Charlie's Pearls' goes a bit flat towards the end, but it has the casualness of an anecdote of real life—perhaps it is too casual. On the whole, 'Airline Interlude' left the strongest impression, and we think it ought to have the prize."

R. G. HOWARTH.

H. J. OLIVER.

FUTILITY.

Away with death! He cannot drag me down!
With speed! of light my boundless spirit flies,
Once-mighty stars, turned puny, flee my skies,
The universe sinks low beneath my frown.

That curs'd wind shrieks in scorn! I see again
This world of little deeds and smaller men.

NEVILLE A. GIBSON, 5D.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

There is at present working in the world a movement known as the Children's Special Service Mission, to which over a million people scattered throughout the Empire give their active support. Though founded originally to promote Christian work among the young children of every denomination, it grew into an organisation which catered for older people as well. Thus was formed the Scripture Union, which is simply a world-wide union of Bible students.

More recently in Australia a further branch of the C.S.S.M. has been born and has flourished—the Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship. This organisation is not confined to Fort Street's narrow walls. Though a very young movement, there are now between forty and fifty separate branches in New South Wales and Victoria. Of the many

branches in our High Schools, two of the biggest are those of Sydney Boys' High and Fort Street.

Unfortunately, many of those people who oppose any group which essays to deal with spiritual matters seem to lose sight altogether of the prime object of our work, which is to promote "Christian Fellowship," with all the depth of meaning which lies behind those words. That is, our aim is to induce interest in the things which are most valuable and far-reaching in life, which transcend the purely material realm, and, so doing, to have joyful times of common interest together.

It is in accordance with this firm desire that the I.S.C.F. continually organises picnics, hikes, and camps. During the past half-year our own group has been well represented at a number of such affairs. The camp at Bay View in the

Christmas holidays, and the house party at Blackheath in May proved most successful ventures, and the dozen or so boys from our School who attended all returned with a keen desire to go again. The picnic at National Park on June 13th, to which about two hundred were present, was unfortunately interrupted by bad weather.

Our own Fort Street picnic was also held at National Park on February 19th. The water, however, was then not quite frozen, so the much-suspected, and, indeed, widely diverse bathing outfits were displayed.

Our organisation in this School holds meetings every Tuesday at 12.35 in the end room on the second floor. The average attendance for the half-year on these days has been about thirty. The plans for the coming term are that a large number of boys shall give brief addresses on various subjects of real interest to a practical religion, and this scheme promises very happy results and interesting meetings, so on behalf of the I.S.C.F. I should like to extend a sincere

invitation to any boy at all in the School to come along to these meetings, and make himself feel at home among us.

Last year our boys organised two fellowship teas, and on May 5th this year another tea was held. One hundred and six boys made very short work of the eatables available, after which soaring sopranos mingled with booming basses singing choruses. Thanks are once more due to Bill Anderson's excellent help with the piano.

Then we turned to the more serious portion of our gathering, when three of our boys gave brief addresses on the meaning of their religion. After closing the meeting in the fashion in which all C.S.S.M. affairs are closed—in prayer—we felt that a very satisfying and very helpful afternoon had been passed.

There are so many people whom we have to thank that I fear somebody may be omitted. However, to all those who have shown interest, passive as well as active, in our efforts here, our sincere gratitude is extended.

D. STEWART, 5D.

A STORM.

"Is everybody aboard?" inquired a voice from the driver's cabin of our lorry. To-day was to be held our Sunday School picnic, and the vehicle upon which we were sitting was to take us to a popular beach resort. Having seen that everything was ready, we started out.

After about an hour and a quarter's driving, we arrived at our destination. Everybody jumped out and raced for the dressing sheds, which were about half-way along the beach. In about five minutes everyone was in the surf enjoying the cool water as it splashed around us.

Suddenly a breeze sprang up, rapidly increasing into a gale, and dark clouds appeared over the horizon. One by one we came out, for the water was becoming rather cold. Some of us dressed ourselves, while others slung towels over their shoulders. By now large drops of rain began to fall, and everyone sought some kind of shelter.

Most of us raced for the dressing shed, while others got into the driver's cabin of the lorry.

Now the rain came down in torrents, and blinding sheets of lightning, followed by terrific claps of thunder, seemed to tear the sky to pieces in their fury. As the storm increased, the lightning became more vivid. The roar of the surf lashing and beating itself against the rocks, together with the roll of the thunder, was deafening. The lightning illuminated the sky every few seconds.

Suddenly a great streak of chain lightning, more bright than any of the others, struck one of the pine trees which stood like great sentinels along the fringe of the beach, and tore a great scar down its trunk.

Then the fury of the storm began to abate, and the sun gradually peeped from behind the dense bank of clouds. The beach was strewn with papers and leaves.

F. HUNT, 1C.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Heard during a French test:—

"Give the present participle of 'manger' to eat."

A voice from the back: "That's a snack."

A bright remark by a mathematics teacher in a second year class: "Son, what's your head for? To keep your ears apart?"

Teacher (whose propensity for ripping up books is well known): "The Thracian women tore Orpheus limb from limb."

Pupil: "They ripped him up!"

§ § §

Pupil (asked why his homework has not been done): "Sir, I didn't know what to do."

Teacher (sarcastically): "Didn't you? You'd better write to Dorothy Dix. She'd soon tell you."

§ § §

Irate teacher (to dull pupil): "Get out, you fool! If you had twice as many brains, you'd be a half-wit!"

§ § §

Teacher: "In the times of the cottage industry, even the men used to sit outside the doors of their homes spinning yarn."

Pupil: "They do better than that now. They sit outside spinning yarns."

§ § §

Wisecracking Latin Master: "And these essays for misdemeanours will be both historical and hysterical—historical for me, and hysterical for you."

§ § §

Pupil: "Sir, did you say to write on 'Modern Marbles' or 'Modern Marvels'?"

Teacher: "'Modern Marvels'—not necessarily an autobiography, Mc—."

§ § §

Teacher: "Jones, aren't you in long trousers yet? I thought you were some time ago."

Jones: "No, sir. Next week."

Voice from back: "It's going to take him a week to get into them."

WHAT OF YOUR FUTURE?

You must consider this important question, and make your plans now. Commercial life offers splendid opportunities for young men who are well trained. Commence your preparation now in order to obtain an advantage over others who simply wait for "something to turn up."

The Commercial Coaching College

**OFFERS YOU PERSONAL (not Correspondence) COACHING
IN ALL COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.**

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

PERSONAL TUITION.

All groups limited to ten. Fully qualified, trained and experienced instructors. Proper supervision.

TWO WAYS TO PAY.

1. Term by term.
 2. Fixed fee—cash or terms.
- There are no extras—all necessary instruction matter and stationery are supplied.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

Get in touch with us NOW.

COMMERCIAL COACHING COLLEGE,

9th Floor, Kembla Building, 58 MARGARET STREET, SYDNEY. B 1634.

MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO INTERFERE.

Outlined against the purple redness of the setting sun she stood—tall young, beautiful, and jet black. Far down in the valley a wisp of smoke curled lazily from a little log cabin. In the doorway leaned a small man, a wizened face turned upwards towards the mountains. He smiled happily and muttered to himself.

"Ha! My beauty! To-morrow you will be mine."

On a clump of tall dry grass an old stallion grazed contentedly. And an excellent reason he had to be content. The years were good, he had become the leader of a large drove of brumbies, the mob was unharmed and untouched by the hand of man, and—he looked up suddenly, whinnied, and his young mate ran quickly to his side.

The figure turned and entered the hut, still murmuring.

"She's priceless. I can't fail, I can't. With a blockage across the path there is no escape. And then, she's mine." He chuckled softly.

§ § §

High up on the mountain-side at the mossy base of a huge boulder, a tiny spring gurgled forth. The water trickled on, gaining in pace down the steep incline, continually joined by other dribbles flowing pleasantly over smooth, round stones, forever widening and increasing in volume. And thus the water flowed for many miles, and became eventually a large river, flowing swiftly between two high, rocky banks. But at one bend in the stream, where the banks were less rocky and rather inclined to be sandy, the erosion of centuries had eaten down one bank so that the water swirled back, eddying in steady half-circles. This back-wash was hemmed in on all sides by high cliffs, except on the northern side, where a mighty rock had moved, forming a narrow pass. And through this pass a well-trod trail lead down to the ideal drinking-pool—a path formed by the beating of countless feet, paws that were padded and clawed, hoofs that were single and cloven—a path trodden at night by the slinking dingo and cunning fox and the native cat as it came to hunt, trodden in the day by wild-horses, and scrubbers and thumping kangaroos.

Through this pass a black filly ambled. She jogged down to the pool, and as the day was hot and she had not drunk for twenty-four hours, she waded out belly-deep into the cool stream, and drank in long, easy draughts.

But down the pass another animal came, an animal whose feet seldom tramped the trail, an animal whose natural feet were enclosed in the skin of the cloven-footed beast. The small man stood a second gazing in admiration, the wind blowing into his sunburnt face, carrying the scent of the enemy of bush-life away from the drinking animal. Then he set to work quickly, silently, stretching strong ropes across the mouth of the pass, trying them firmly to saplings, and piling up brushwood and logs against them.

The filly splashed out of the stream, rolled, and started up the trail. Suddenly she stopped, snorted, and then broke into a quick trot. A few yards from the barrier she threw up her head and whinnied, softly, tremulously, fearfully. The man, fitting a piece of rope to a long stick, saw, and chuckled.

§ § §

The old stallion no longer grazed contentedly. Every now and then he looked up uneasily, watching, waiting, for something that did not come. When his mate disappeared, something in his animal brain had prompted him to resign his leadership and leave the mob. Now he was a bad-tempered old rogue, vicious, dangerous, with rolling, wicked eye.

Up the mountain-side a lone horseman rode, sitting easily on the back of a magnificent black. The man had accomplished his desire. The wild beauty was now tamed and his own. He rode on, very carelessly, dreaming. Behind a bushy tree a dim form waited. As the rider came nearer, the form charged, a maddened flying mass, with bared teeth and white eye. As the horseman wheeled desperately, it struck him.

§ § §

In a clear, steady-flowing stream, far, far away, two horses stood drinking. One an old and dun-coloured stallion; the other a tall young black mare, with the remnants of a tattered saddle clinging to her back.

SIMPSON AND HIS DONKEY.

During the Secondary Schools' Pageant we were once more reminded of one of Australia's wartime heroes, Simpson and his donkey "Murphy."

In case all do not know it, here is their story:—

Though most men achieved fame on the battlefields, in the heat of battle, Simpson is conspicuous for his bravery in another direction, for helping the wounded.

Simpson enlisted with the 3rd Field Ambulance, A.M.C., and must have thought out how he could best help the wounded long before he went to the front.

When he left Egypt he arrived at the transport leading a small donkey. He was stopped as he was going aboard, and told he could not take the animal on to the ship. Nothing daunted, Simpson led the donkey away, but returned some time later, carrying a large sack. He was allowed to carry this on to the transport without question. That is how "Murphy" finally reached Gallipoli.

Simpson and his donkey were soon well known. They were tireless in the good work of carrying wounded to the beach, to enable them to get a supply of fresh water, returning again and again to the fire-swept hills, giving water and help to as many wounded as possible.

Once Murphy was hit by a spent bullet, but was only slightly wounded, and soon resumed his duty.

Simpson managed to get another donkey to help his first one, and the three worked fearlessly among the wounded for some days, until the second donkey was shot dead.

Still Simpson and his donkey kept up their work; until on the 19th of May, twenty-four days after the landing, Murphy was found by a search party, standing faithfully by the side of his master, with a badly wounded man still lying across his back. His master had been shot dead, probably by a Turkish sniper.

WARING, 4B.

"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING"—and in every act. "THE SENIOR STORE"

Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.

Famous Low Prices

BOYS' POPLIN COLLEGE SHIRTS.

Made in Anthony Horderns' own workroom, from particularly strong material, of British make. They are fitted with Peter Pan collars, attached with supports. . . . Sizes 12 to 14½ in. neck

Plain Mid-Blue Poplin 4/6

Striped British Poplin 4/6

Extra Strong British Poplin
(striped) 5/6

BOYS' SCHOOL TIES

All Wool Neckties, in your School colours.

Only 2/6 each

Boys' Clothing—Ground Floor, Pitt St.,
or First Floor, George St.

SUPERSTITION—OR WHAT?

The dark freight train waited patiently in the goods-yard, with its big engine sonorously breathing like some great bulldog straining at its chain. It was due to leave in ten minutes, and Bob Russell, the driver, and "Big" Stewart, the fireman, were just finishing a smoke with the old guard who would be on their train.

"You know, Bob," he said abruptly, "last night I dreamt about old Joe Davey—he was the bloke that crashed a whole freight train into a river some twenty years ago; it had been raining for days, and the flood water evidently took away some of the plates from a little bridge, without the gangers finding out. Well, he stood over me, holding up his hand and shaking his head; like as if he was warning me; and his face was real white and sad looking, Bob; I tell you, it gave me the jitters. I couldn't go to sleep again for hours."

"Oh, you've been reading spooky stories," grinned "Big" Stewart. The cold and wet back there in your van will soon make you forget it. This run is going to be pretty miserable in this pelting rain. I bet some of those rivers up in the mountains will be coming down solidly."

"Well, boys, we've got to get moving now," yawned Bob. "So long, Joe, happy journey."

§ § §

The wind howled through the timber as the heavy train groaned its way through a cutting; the grade was pretty stiff, and even with the sand it took the big "57" all its time to stick. But soon they would be over, and there was a steady run down the other side for a long way. Despite the freezing cold outside, it was hot work in the cab; the ever-hungry fire had to be fed, and shovelling coal is no mean task.

The rain was driving harder now, and the wind had risen almost to the force of a gale. The splashing raindrops were illuminated as they came near the glow from the smoke-stack or

pelted down around the cab, sparkling brightly.

A short blast from the whistle announced the commencement of the downward run; and the long hard strain of the uphill pull gave place to an easy glide.

§ § §

They were now moving along at a fair speed, and with most of the descent covered, the gradient was becoming fairly level. Ratling and clanking, the heavy goods crossed over numerous small bridges, normally high above the little creeks beneath them, but now almost touching the raging torrents that swirled away below.

"This is just the weather for washaways around these parts," said Bob. "All that water off the mountains is in a mighty hurry to get away; and, after all, these small trestle bridges have been washed away before. Keep a good look-out for any lights."

Then suddenly they heard it. With increasing loudness came a sound like the whistle of some mighty engine, screaming aloud its death-cry; and hovering just in front of the engine was the spectral figure of an old railway-man, with his hand out barring the way.

The two were paralysed. Their engine, unheeded, careered around a bend. Suddenly "Big" Stewart woke up. "The brakes!" he yelled; but Bob was there before him, and the hiss of rushing air was immediately followed by the screaming of brake shoes and the wheels skidding along the rails.

As the train stopped, the two men looked at each other, ashamed of their scared faces. But before either spoke they heard the rushing roar of flooded waters. Climbing down from the cab, they felt their way ahead, and there they saw it. Through a break in the rain, and in the powerful glare of the head-lamp, lay a twisted mass of rails and sleepers.

K. G. McDONALD, 4B.

HIKING.

This present fifth year remember two very enjoyable hikes arranged by Messrs. Porter and Outten towards the close of last season.

The first was among the winding by-ways of the Lilyvale district, and the second along the rugged and picturesque shores of the Nepean.

Ernie Penman gave you a detailed description of these hikes in the previous issue of this paper. And now I wish to put before the School the deeper significances derived from them.

Here were we, a small band of teachers and boys, acquainted only through the medium of the

classrooms, where contact between us was formal and businesslike, thrown upon each other's company in the absence of formal bonds.

Together we partook of a finer cocktail than any which Bacchus has ever mixed—the crisp air supplying the spice, undisturbed nature the mellow flavour, and the songs and calls of the bush creatures the sweetening—those qualities that combine to make wine good. Together we cheerfully weathered the small inconveniences, such as thirst and aching limbs, that help to make hiking the most satisfying of recreations.

How, under such conditions, could we have closed our hearts (even had we wished it) from each others' better natures? And what was the deeper result of this communion, which will

linger with the memories of those hikes? It was the foundation stone for a friendship which would cement with time. One day of natural intercourse had accomplished what possibly years' constraint would fail to bring about.

Is it not desirable that this mutual benefit be extended to the whole staff and School? And might not a revival of the School picnic fulfil, in a measure, this public need?

I believe that the picnic was abandoned because the lads had become unruly and had damaged the boats. A solution of that problem would be the levying of a deposit, to be refunded if the boats are returned in satisfactory condition.

PHILLIP KROSBY, 4C.

THE SEA.

Lazily rolls the sea.

The ship at anchor rises on each swell,

Whilst sharp and clear across the silent bay
There comes the watch's cry of "All is well!"

Lazily rolls the sea.

But t'wards the quickly brightening dawn of day

The grey-green waves are flecked with whitest
foam,

Stirred by the breath of gentle winds at play.

Restless grows the sea,

And, surging round the stately vessel's sides,

Breaks the strong chains which until now have
held

The mariners safe against the swelling tides.

Thundering comes the sea

To pound upon the bay's rock-strewn shore,

Where scattered timbers tell us of the fate

Of that brave ship which rides the seas no more.

BOREAS.

AUTUMN.

The sun was sinking in the west behind a range of dark blue mountains. As it disappeared below the horizon, and its last light changed from rosy red to salmon pink, and thence to a dark purple, which merged finally into a velvety blackness shot with silvery spangles, a chill wind, the knell of a departed summer, sped across the level plains. Autumn had come again to the plains.

On the mountains that reared their white-capped peaks high in the air, the wind blew, cooling its breath upon the first snows of the year. The owners of the little Swiss chalet perched high on a crag side, prepared themselves for a bitter winter. That night in the chalet the first fires of autumn were lit, for the breeze, as sure as the sun's first rays herald the coming of the day, had given warning of autumn's arrival.

In the city, as the wind scattered the dead or dying leaves from the trees to the pavements, where it whirled them round in a mad dance of skeletons, the working man, hurrying home to a

warm, cosy sitting room, in which a fire burned brightly, turned up the collar of his coat and shivered, his only consolation being the thought of the comfort and pleasure ahead. Autumn had reached the city.

Far out on the ocean, as the sun sank, seemingly into the depths of Neptune's watery realm, the wind blew, and was caught, in the idly flapping sails of a schooner, with a snap that made the vessel heel over. At the wheel the mate, putting it hard over, thought only of his warm, sunny Australia, left far behind. Autumn had once again greeted the sea.

And in this way autumn will always come as the herald of winter, not only to nature and to man, but also to nations and to empires, for to all, after the glory of their summers, must come a winter, a period of decay and dark days. Yet let us not despair, for always there is the promise of a new and better life ahead or, as the poet has it, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

"BOREAS."



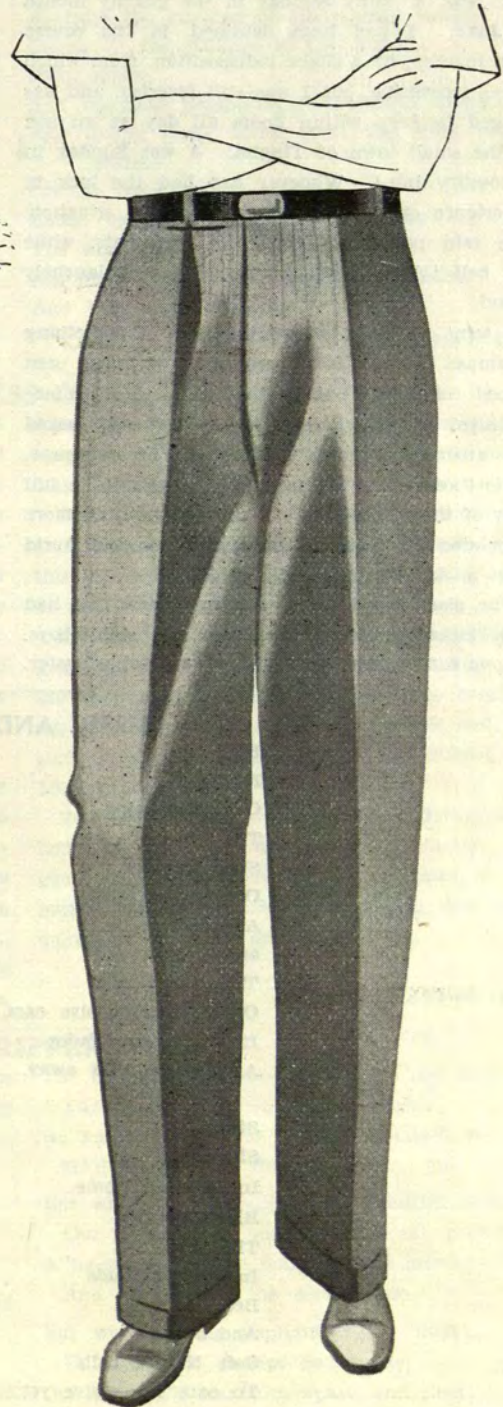
Tough as a mule,

Sports trousers for a hard life

Fence-climbing, tree-swinging, rain-walking—no matter how you live, these slacks will take their unruffled drape and hang through it all. They're of sturdy flannel, in light and medium greys. Handy belt loops and hip pockets. Fit boys 9 to 16 years. **13'6**

FARMER'S

Boys' Wear, Fourth Floor.



A WET DAY IN AN INN.

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of June. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day at an inn in the small town of Tingha. A wet Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, while the bell tolled for church with a melancholy sound.

I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all entertainment. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tin roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a wet day.

The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner there was a stagnant pool of water.

There were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen rooster, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping feathers matted, as it were, into a single plume, along which the water trickled from his back.

Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide. A wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of his stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves. An unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something, every now and then, between a bark and a yelp.

An uncomely servant-girl tramped backward and forward through the yard on pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Everything was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions, round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

J. MACKENZIE, 2C.

MUSIC AND NATURE.

Bats
Flit by
On silent wing.
The breeze
Stirs leaves
On verdant trees.
And soft
and sweet
The music falls
On glad responsive ears.
It swells and fades
And gently dies away.

Stars
Shine out.
In heaven's dome
Black clouds
The sky
In sable shrouds
Bedeck,
And sweet
Soft Nature calls
To ears responsive yet.
It constant stays
And does not die away.

KAY, 5D.

NIGHT.

Softly the rippling waves roll on the beach
 And "cloop" about the shallow rocky shores,
 Singing soft songs as up the sloping sands
 They glide. The drowsy stillness of the night,
 Bathed in the silver glow of the waning moon,
 Lulls to restful ease the tired heart,
 While some sweet calm and deep content steals
 Through the air;
 And mystic charms come creeping down
 From those unending reaches of the lazy skies,
 Enchanting all.

The sighing wind is playing on the hills,
 And moans within the gaping rocky caves,
 As if 'twas sobbing in some sepulchre

Of death. The phantom palm trees softly sway
 And cast black shades upon the silken sands,
 As from the rustling of their spiky leaves
 Comes on the stillness of the night
 Faint music.
 And noiseless whisperings of blissful dreams
 And magic sleep, come from the wind rocked
 grasses
 On the bank.
 Lulled by the rippling of the waves
 The world sleeps on.
 Ah, night! Yon weary moon grows pale,
 And thou art going, too.

H. J. FALLDING, 4A.

THE CHESS CLUB.

Though many of you are not yet aware of its existence, the Fort Street Chess Club, inaugurated only two months ago, is already a success. Under the patronage of Mr. Rose, the club has grown from very humble beginnings to a School institution. Mr. Rose started the ball rolling by purchasing several sets of men as part of the library equipment, and since then there have been far more players than sets, but I am pleased to announce that by the time you read this more sets will have been purchased.

We tender our thanks to the School Union.

Now what is this game which attacks one like an incurable disease? Chess was played in old India before Magna Charta. A board of sixty-four squares is used, and each of the two players is equipped with sixteen pieces, including king, queen, bishops, knights, castles and pawns, grouped like a small army, the pawns or infantry in front, supported by the more powerful pieces.

The object of the game is to force the opposing king into a position from which he cannot escape. This winning position is known as checkmate.

Each piece has its own particular type of move, and the infinite number of combinations which this property causes, form the interesting aspect of the game.

It would be foolish to attempt to explain the game fully in this article, and so suffice it to say that numerous and comprehensive books on the subject are published at reasonable cost, and such books are available in the School and Municipal Libraries.

New players are always welcome during lunch hours in the classroom next to the library. The game is anything but difficult to learn, a little patience and concentration being all that is required to become a good player.

G. BARNES, 5D.

THE RIPPER.

(Our teacher has threatened to rip out the pages of any book in which the work is badly done.)

Rip, rip, rippety rip,

Hoosta, hoosta, hay!

Sherlock deduces the Ripper has got

A new pile of books to-day.

We thought we could argue; we thought we could write;

We even thought we could spell;

But the Ripper has come, and the Ripper has seen,

And the Ripper has done his work well.

The floor's in a mess—and so are our books;

The waste paper basket is full.

He knows how to do it—he's practised enough—

He'll rip out ten sheets with one pull.

But what of our books, our beautiful books,

Our books once our joy and our pride?

A jig-saw puzzle he makes of the leaves,

And then tosses the cover aside.

But we, like the elephant, never forget,

Until we our wrongs do avenge;

One day we'll tear him apart, and then

You'll know we have had our revenge."

"X2."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

In the last issue of the "Fortian" a student suggested the recommencement of two activities that were prominent in the life of the School a number of years ago, and I take this opportunity to suggest that the Senior Cadet Corps in the School be again organised. With no compulsion brought to bear on any pupil, I think a large number would display a keen interest in the corps, provided that it was officered and instructed correctly.

I venture to say that there is a definite need for such a body in the School, for the simple reason that some military training at least is a necessity for every youth to-day. Why is the recruiting campaign in England being pursued (although there is no conscription) in such a vigorous way? Because Great Britain realises that democracy is being threatened, and that national, political, religious and personal freedom is being attacked throughout the whole world, and she has reverted to the old maxim, "If you want peace, prepare for war."

One might ask, "What have these facts to do with the raising of a cadet corps in an Australian Public School?" The answer is that the Commonwealth of Australia, which has a very limited supply of man-power, is, like other countries, being drawn into international politics of the present day. So, when we "weigh and consider," it must be admitted that the probable formation of a cadet corps in a school is not an injudicious proposal.

Cadet corps are to be found in the majority of the Great Public Schools, and, in the City of Sydney, Sydney High School and Canterbury High School both have their cadet units.

In the British Isles a similar body, known as the "Officers' Training Corps," is to be found in all the public and private schools of any standing at all. Furthermore, the cadet corps are a definite section of the military forces in Great Britain and in Australia. In these troubled days, national defence is one of the most important questions confronting the Imperial and Commonwealth Governments. Therefore I think that, in view of the varied activities of potential enemies, a cadet corps should be established as a bounden duty of those who have the power to execute such an idea, and, because of the material and immaterial assets contained in the result of such an action.

It is my belief that the establishment of a cadet corps in the School would be a definite benefit to the School, to the individual concerned, and to the country. It is inevitable that a cadet unit would influence its members by instilling into them a sense of duty, and increase their spirit of patriotism in honouring King and country, as well as endowing them with alertness of body and mind, and offering a deeper *esprit de corps* than is usually to be found in the classroom.

Such an organisation would be an asset to the community as a whole, and must be a success in the School if placed under capable and efficient instructors, who have the necessary knowledge of military training.

I leave this suggestion with the hope that the raising of such a unit will be considered, and that action will follow in the formation of a Fort Street Boys' High School Senior Cadet Corps.

L. WOOD, 5A.

NATURE.

As I walked across the meadows gay,
A-sparkling in the sunshine ray,
My heart was filled with ecstasy,
At the marvellous sight before me.

The shrill cry of the locust meek,
Echoed through the meadows sweet,
Mingling with the pleasant air,
Of a bird, with ne'er a thought or care.

The tinkling ripple of a stream
Helped to make it like a dream,
And I shall ne'er forget that scene,
Of beauteous Nature's glowing beam.

N. PATTERSON, 2C.

LIFE-SAVING, 1937-38.

Now that the swimming season has drawn to a close, we are able to report that the following life-saving awards were gained by Fortians:— 3 Instructors' Certificates (1st class), 3 Instructors' Certificates (2nd class), 35 Bronze Medals, 46 Intermediate Certificates, 46 Elementary Certificates, 168 Resuscitation Certificates.

We congratulate these boys on their success, and appreciate their public spirit in striving to make themselves efficient life-savers. Yet this result is somewhat disappointing, in view of the keen interest and enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Humphries and Mr. James in directing the training of the candidates. We would like to have seen a bigger percentage of boys interest themselves in this invaluable branch of modern education. What sorrow might have been avoided had there been more competent life-savers in the vicinity on that sad Sunday afternoon when the "Louisville" was leaving Sydney.

In reviewing our season's work, we would mention that some boys did not attend the practices on the quadrangle regularly, while only a dozen or so attended the practices at the baths. Quite a lot of time was lost because of unsteadiness and lack of attention in the classes.

Others, unfortunately, lost ground by not availing themselves of the L.S. Society's Handbook. This is a helpful little volume, that assists the candidate to understand and learn more thoroughly the theoretical section of the work. It is, therefore, essential that every candidate possess one of these valuable books, which cost only eighteen pence.

Next season it is hoped that every boy (as in 1936) will qualify for some award, so that Fort Street will gain possession of the Hendry Cup. This trophy is awarded to the school obtaining the highest aggregate of points.

G. H. SANDERS.

SWORDFISHING.

"Cast off," cried the skipper; the mooring-ropes were let go, then with a powerful, steady, assuring throb the engine of this thirty-foot fishing launch pulled us out into mid-stream.

Before long we were ploughing out across the bar into the open sea. This is a peculiar bar, as every third breaker is a large one, and consequently it is extremely dangerous.

Once at sea, the teasers were put overboard from their poles, and then we sat and waited. The teasers are brightly coloured pieces of wood or chromium-plated metal cylinders, which, when dragged through the water, attract the sport by spinning round.

We scouted steadily around for a solid two hours without any luck, except for two hammer-head sharks which we saw. Suddenly there was a flurry in the water about a quarter of a mile off our port bow, and our fish, a magnificent marlin, leapt high out of the water.

The launch veered towards him, and Dan and I took our seats in the swivel chairs, bolted the rods into the sockets in the front of the chairs, clipped the vest harness on to the rod, and let the kingfish bait gently drop overboard until it was about fifty yards astern, hoping that our mighty fish was hungry. We did not have long to wait, as almost immediately he took my bait. But I did not strike him fairly, and he playfully leaped into the air in a flurry of spray. I wound

my line in, but before I had finished, he took Dan's bait, and Dan hooked him squarely.

With a gigantic leap this monster left the water and bent his tail round in an effort to catch the line and snap it. But we were ready, and he failed. With a gentle plop he fell back into the green depths, and with terrific speed sped off, with the white line snaking out into the water behind him, and the whine of the reel rising in a high-pitched crescendo as he continued on his terrified flight.

When about four hundred yards of line had run out, my friend began to check him gradually with the brake on the reel, and then the fish turned around at bay, and started his awe-inspiring fight for his life. He dived and twisted, leaped and darted in his ferocious and angry desire to get that line around his tail and snap it like a piece of cotton.

The fight raged for two hours, until he became exhausted and we were able to bring him alongside the boat safely. Once alongside, a stout rope was put around him behind his fins, and with the aid of a block and tackle he was hoisted on to the for'ard deck, where he lay gasping and panting.

Dan was thoroughly fatigued by his exertions. The swordfish flag was run up to the masthead, and we turned for home with our prize, tired but exultant.

W. MAYBURY, 4B.

POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTING.

Postage-stamp collecting, or philately, as it is called, is a very popular pastime with both young and old.

Great Britain was the first country to issue postage-stamps. This was in 1840, when a black penny stamp and a blue twopenny stamp were issued. Many countries soon followed this idea of adhesive stamps being placed on letters. But the systematic study and collection of stamps did not begin till 1860. At first, collectors were quite happy to put into their albums anything that looked like a stamp. Then came the scientific study of stamp collecting; careful attention was paid to every detail of the production of the stamp: the paper, the gum, the watermark, the shade of colour, the perforations, printing flaws, retouches and re-entries. But still many collectors do not take any notice of many of these things.

There are various ways in which stamp collecting may be carried out. Some collectors collect only British Empire stamps, while others collect only foreign stamps. Some collectors are what are known as "specialists"—that is, they specialise in the stamps of certain countries; for example, Papua, Iran, Australia or Brazil. But the most common stamp collector is the one who collects stamps from every country, British and foreign.

When handling stamps, tweezers should be used, because the moisture which each person has in his hands ruins the face of the stamps.

Every collector should have a book for keeping duplicates. The following are not so necessary, but quite useful: A small black tray on which watermarks can be seen with the aid of benzine; for this, also, a benzine dropper is needed; a colour chart for the correct classification of the colour of stamps; a magnifying glass for detecting flaws in the printing, and a perforation gauge and rule.

The most valuable stamp in the world is a British Guiana stamp of 1856, 1 cent on magenta paper. It is now worth £8000. It was originally sold for 7/6. The second rarest in the world is a Sweden 1855, error of colour. This stamp was printed in yellow instead of green. It was sold recently in London for £5000.

Another famous stamp is the "Post Office" Mauritius, printed in 1847. The stamp is orange and of 1d denomination. They are worth £4000 each. A watchmaker engraved these stamps for a governor's ball, and, in his haste, put "Post Office" instead of "Post Paid."

Those who attended the Australian Philatelic Exhibition, from the 4th to 16th April, 1938, at the Town Hall, Sydney, were privileged to see a Western Australian stamp with the swan inverted. This stamp is owned by a lady residing in Sydney, and the stamp is worth between £1500 and £2000.

Stamp collecting is a very absorbing hobby, and it is well within the means of everybody.

K. GLOVER, 3D.

TO A MOUNTAIN.

O thou, who towerest high o'er many a hill,
And watchest over all as sentinel,
More hoary old than mortal tongue can tell,
Whose melting snows the bubbling streams do fill,
Thy rocky crags as if of iron cast
Defy the almost puny strength of man
And symbolise the might of Nature's hand!
When red-brown leaves before the icy blast
Are falling, thou immortal cloth remain!
In winter, snow doth garb thy topmost peak
With mantle whiter than the whitest sail.
In summer warm the place where snow has lain,
Becomes a home for rivulets, who seek
To wend their rippling way to mossy vale.

J.H., 5B.

CLIFF MUSIC.

The waters lap round every rocky crag,
The waters break on every pebbly beach,
They seem to call, and beckoning, to drag
My feet into their depths, that I may reach
The hidden mysteries of the foaming waves.
I gaze, and gaze, and then a sudden fear
Wakes in my brain: No flimsy roadway paves
My path, no slow descent awaits me here—
Nought but the empty stillness of the air
Doth lie between my airy surging leap
And the cool flood beneath. O thou most fair
That callest, draw no more into thy deep!—
And yet I somehow wish that I might glide
Into thy depths, and leave his world and hide.

"DAVE," 5D.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

It was that time of the year which every school pupil hates venomously—the end of the Christmas holidays. We, however, were even more unfortunate than most, having to exchange the glorious cool breakers and refreshing sea breezes of Manly for the heat, dust and grime of a Riverina railway town.

Yet we did our best to face the situation philosophically, maintaining that "all good things must come to an end." Nevertheless, it was in a gloomy frame of mind that we set off on our homeward journey—so much so that it was not until lunch at Goulburn made me somewhat more cheerful that I decided to make the best of a bad job and enjoy the trip as much as possible.

But the view was enough to plunge the happiest person into gloom. We were crossing Breadalbane Plains, which had been, as had all the country, in the grip of a heat wave for several weeks, and such grass as there was, was dry, parched and brown for want of water. The weather was almost unbearably hot, and steadily becoming hotter. Even the breeze created by the car's motion scorched us. The stock in the paddocks lay listlessly in the meagre shade of the trees, not a breath of wind stirred the air, and even the birds were silent in the oppressive heat. Above our heads, the sun blazed pitilessly down from a cloudless sky, giving not the slightest hope of rain to the thirsty country.

For mile after mile this dismal spectacle rolled by, until, at last, reaching its further edge, we plunged into the hilly country nearer Yass. Here, there had been a bush fire some time previously, and the gaunt, blackened trees stood stark against the skyline, grim evidence of the ruthless power of fire. Everything was black. Even the rocks had been scorched by the passing terror.

Stopping at Yass for petrol, we were informed by the garage hand that a very heavy storm had passed further south, and we were very surprised at the news. Nothing had been further from our minds than that during the past few hours. The first question that sprang to our lips was "Has the Billabong risen?" (The Billabong was a creek to be forded if we took the road via Gundagai—safe enough in dry weather, but impassable in wet.) He didn't know, he replied; but most likely it would be. So, deciding to play

safe and go by the alternative route—via Cootamundra—we sallied forth with much trepidation, that road being to us an unknown quantity. I hugged a very comforting road map, and carefully directed my father, who, much to my wrath, promptly pulled up to ask the first person he saw if this was the road to Cootamundra.

After bowling along merrily for some time, we decided that the road "wasn't too bad, but a trifle lonely"—one car and two people had passed us in the forty miles since leaving Yass! Not a sound but the beat of the engine broke the silence. The only signs of civilisation were the long grey fences and the scattered sheep grazing on the wheat stubble. At very rare intervals a lonely farmhouse appeared, and once a solitary swagman trudged along the dusty road, his "bluey" on his back, and his dog, of doubtful breed, trotting at his heels.

We had pronounced the road "not too bad," but that was merely another case of "counting one's chickens." About 25 miles from Cootamundra its surface had been utterly ruined by heavy rains of the distant past, and, not being repaired, closely resembled cobblestones. Our long-suffering car was rattled, bumped and banged, and the springs were severely tested. So bad was the road that we began to doubt that it was the right one, and, when opportunity presented itself, stopped to ask to be directed to the main road. It is an excellent testimony to my father's driving that the car managed to reach Cootamundra all in one piece, and, nearer familiar ground now, we continued on our way more confidently.

Here, the grass, refreshed by the recent rain, had begun to show a tinge of green, and the countryside presented a slightly more cheerful appearance. The road now distinctly improved, though still a little corrugated, and at dusk, not long afterwards, passing a small township to which we had once penetrated from home, and feeling that well-known ground was under our wheels, I promptly discarded the road map (much to the relief of my father).

It now became pitch-dark, and the walls of blackness seemed to be closing in on us from all sides. Another storm was blowing up, and the moon was hidden behind sullen, heavy black

storm-clouds, which seemed appallingly close and menacing. By the side of the road we could dimly make out the ghostly, threatening, crooked figures of trees wagging fleshless fingers at us in the breeze. Now and again a "dead log" suddenly scrambled to its feet, startling us out of our wits, and lumbered away—a very alive cow. Our only comfort, the lights of the car, served merely to show us a road full of potholes, and steadily becoming worse.

We had expected to see a gradual improvement in the "going," and were naturally very puzzled at its condition. The car writhed, twisted and zig-zagged its way among dead branches, potholes and "young lakes," as my mother called them, and once was nearly bogged in a sheet of water stretching right across the road. It was an anxious moment then, when it suddenly slowed and almost stopped. My father, however, managed to keep it moving, and we emerged with churning wheels amid a flurry of muddy water. Doubt had been growing in my mind for some time, when my parents ejaculated simultaneously, "I'm sure we're on the wrong road!"

Even in the midst of our trouble the humour and irony of the situation struck me. I had abandoned the road map, thinking we knew the way, and, after three hundred miles of unfamiliar road, here we were, lost, almost in sight of home!

I soon became serious again, however, for it was a grave situation to us. It was nearly nine o'clock at night; we had no idea how far we were from the main road; were exceedingly tired and hungry after a full day's arduous travelling, having eaten only a few sandwiches at Cootamundra, of course expecting to be home by now. It was not a simple matter of turning round and finding the road again. Not by any means! We had passed several cross-roads, any of which, in that abysmal darkness, might be the main road, and might not. And a single wrong turning might mean completely, hopelessly losing ourselves and being out all night.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, just as we were about to turn the car and try our luck, I saw a light through the trees, which proved to belong to a lonely farmhouse. Fortunately for us, the farmer knew the neighbourhood as well as he knew the palm of his hand. We were ten and a half miles from the main road, and had merely

to retrace our tracks until we reached the fourth cross-road. "Many people make the same mistake," he added, "so it is nothing to be ashamed of."

Despite this comforting assurance, the next fifteen minutes were among the most anxious I have ever spent. With the solid darkness walling us in on three sides, and the equally solid clouds, threatening every moment to add more rain to our misfortunes, lowering and frowning from above, we strained our eyes, feverishly watching for the cross-roads. One . . . two . . . Then, "Watch for that bog," warned my father; "we don't want to go barging into it again. We mightn't be so lucky this time."

Oh, horrors! We had forgotten that! Just imagine what a catastrophe it would be to be bogged on that lonely road! It might be days before we could win through, so it was with much trepidation that we wrenched our eyes from the edge of the road to watch for what lay ahead! Somewhere in that impenetrable darkness lay the only barrier between us and home. It was not long before we caught the glimmer of our car's lights on the water, and, picking out the narrowest part as best he could, my father trod on the accelerator—and we were through with scarcely any trouble.

Ten minutes later, what was our relief to strike the main road again. Oh, that lovely, heavenly, welcome, friendly road! What had prompted us to so malign it, as to term it bad? It was wonderful compared with that we had recently been so glad to leave behind!

At the speed at which the road permitted us to travel, the next township, the last outside our home town, was some time in showing itself. When at length it did condescend to do so, it seemed, to our anxious, tired eyes, to be tantalisingly drifting away from us. But the remaining eleven miles soon flew by beneath our wheels, so hard-worked that long, long day.

Never had the lights of our home town seemed so welcoming and pleasant as when our car finally breasted a hill, and they appeared suddenly at our feet. We were all dead tired and ready to drop—my head had nodded several times. So our surprise and pleasure, on hearing our neighbours' welcoming voices, "Here you are at last. We've been expecting you for the last

four hours. We'll have a cup of tea ready for you in two ticks," can well be imagind. Over steam ing cups of tea, however, our relief at being home after such a day was soon dispelled by the knowledge that the worst dust-storm for years had been raging for the past week, and that, as our neighbours expressed it, we would "find a little dust in our house." We did! So our troubles were not yet over. Tired as we were, we had perforce to set to work to reduce our home to something approaching order. Dust! It was so bad that we brought the garbage-tin indoors in despair to shovel it into that. Dust

got into our eyes, ears and noses. It was nothing but sneeze and shovel, sneeze and shovel, for the next half-hour.

When at last we made the beds and tumbled into them, it was almost midnight, and since we had risen before the lazy rooster, that my aunt in Sydney kept, had even opened one eye, I need not add that we almost slept the clock round.

The next day came the final blow to our already humbled pride. All our trouble was quite unnecessary. The Billabong was quite dry!

J. DAVIES, 4D.

OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY.

No person ventures to doubt the necessity of, reading good books to complete the modern man's education. Without the reading of other men's works, one's knowledge is exceedingly limited, one's views are narrow and bigoted, and culture is wholly lacking in symmetry and strength.

Thus the gift of printing is perhaps the greatest gift which has ever been made to the cause of learning. By this means the most diverse views of men on every subject may be spread abroad, and, by the reading of all such books written with a purpose, one's views are modified, and a broader, greater knowledge is thus obtained.

Unfortunately, those books which will probably help the cause of learning are often beyond the financial ability of many working people. The true aim of every library should be to give such valuable writings to those who otherwise would not obtain them.

It is significant that the countries using the most advanced methods of education, as, for example the United States of America, are also the countries where library systems are most highly developed.

Fortians are indeed fortunate to have at their disposal such an extensive field of literature on many subjects, as is contained in the School's library.

This organisation is a branch of the activities of the School Union, and is managed by Mr. Rose, with the assistance of two prefect-librarians.

All financial members of the School Union may, on application to either librarian, obtain tickets which entitle them to the full privileges of the library.

Members may enter the library any luncheon recess except Wednesday, may use the tables for reading or writing (seating accommodation for sixty is now provided), and may borrow as many books as they please, which they can keep for a period of no longer than two weeks, unless permitted by one of the librarians. A fine of one penny per week is charged for books retained beyond this period.

Might I here express an appeal to those members of the library, who lift books from their positions on the shelves and deposit them elsewhere, not to do so. No small time has been used up in arranging and cataloguing the entire library—a work not yet complete—and every book has its correct position on the shelves. The removal of books entails a great deal of unnecessary labour for the library prefects, who are already kept very busy.

Many new books have been added to the library this term, particularly in the realms of English literature and modern fiction. So we exhort all members of the School Union to avail themselves of this wealth which is always at their disposal, to back up the narrow limits of the school curriculum with a wider and much more varied reading.

D. STEWART.

SPORT

(By the Sports Editor.)

Manly, enterprising sport, which provides mental as well as physical exercise (as do all team games) is a national asset, in that a healthy, virile present generation will ensure the native land against decay, and provide the next generation with a minimum of weaklings who do neither themselves nor their State much good, and are a constant drain on the public purse.

That scientists, statesmen, thinkers and idealists the world over recognise this truth is becoming every day more apparent. Scientists are hammering into the people the cry, "Prevention is better than cure, and the prevention of all earthly ills lies in exercise and sport." The thinkers, writers and idealists make these truths attractive to the statesmen by means of argument and propaganda. Then governments spent large sums in endeavouring to attain these ideals. It is now becoming the fashion among rulers to discover which people can excel over all others in the field of sport.

This rivalry is constructive, and promotes world peace. The chief cause of war is lack of understanding, which takes its root in ignorance. The best way to combat ignorance is friendly association, and the most convenient method of inducing peoples to mix and freely discuss their viewpoints is through the medium of the sporting field.

Thus it can easily be seen that sport is a growing international force in the provision of extensive sporting facilities; and in the sporting-mindedness of the public, lies the birth of a new movement in America and on the Continent for the well-being of the people. Australia, too, is affected by this new era.

Therefore, Fortians, rejoice in the successes recorded hereunder; endeavour to surpass your previous best and overcome your victors at the next encounter, but, above all, remember the old English saying, "The game's the thing, whatever the result may be."

CRICKET.

FIRST GRADE.

This year Fort Street fielded a combination reasonably strong in the batting, but deplorably weak in the bowling department. Our bowlers lacked hostility, and throughout the season the occasion was a rare one when any of the opposing batsmen appeared in difficulty. On the other hand, the batting strength was comparable with performances registered against the team; but our failure to win a match during the season was due to the inability of the bowlers to prevent the opponents from getting on top.

The opening match of the season was played on Petersham Oval, our opponents being North Sydney, who had first use of the wicket. With the score at 217 for 6, North Sydney applied the closure, R. Thompson, with 4 for 58, securing the best figures in the bowling. Fort Street replied with 147, R. Thompson compiling a brilliant 51; Bell and Landy both batted solidly for 19 and 17 respectively. In their second innings,

North Sydney closed with 4 for 100, Watson being our best bowler in securing 3 for 36, Spraggon 1-2. Fort Street replied weakly, losing 6 wickets for only 55 runs, barely managing to play out time. Thus North Sydney won on the first innings.

The second match, again played at Petersham Oval, was an all day match, our opponents being Parramatta. Winning the toss, Fort Street batted first, and were finally dismissed for a total of 223. Of this total, F. Cansdell compiled an attractive 127 in faultless style, and this innings stamped him as being the School's leading batsman. D. Murty assisted greatly in a partnership with Cansdell which, at a critical time, produced 78 runs, 28 of these coming from Don's bat. In reply, Parramatta lost 5 wickets for 188. S. Barker bowled accurately, and ended with 2 for 35. This was a drawn game.

Hurlstone, whom we met in our next match, once more at Petersham Oval, defeated us on

the first innings. Hurlstone batted first, and compiled the respectable total of 250. D. Thompson secured 4 for 63, Cansdell 3-39, and R. Thompson 3-40. Fort Street replied with 198. Once more the star was Cansdell, who was never in difficulty in compiling 70 in his usual brisk style. R. Bell, who batted well for 36, and Lamerton (15) gave the side a good start, and with the score at 2 for 100, Fort Street appeared to have the match in hand, but for some reason the bowlers gained the ascendancy, and we were finally dismissed, 52 runs in arrears, Ham alone making any further impression on the bowling in making 20. In their second innings Hurlstone lost 2 for 41, Spraggon securing 1-6. Thus ended the last match of the season, which, although not a highly successful one, was most enjoyable.

The fielding of the team generally was fair, N. Lamerton being particularly outstanding in the outfield against Hurlstone, when his two catches were particularly brilliant ones. Cansdell was our outstanding batsman, and he is to be congratulated on his very meritorious efforts, both as a batsman and as a bowler. Although

D. Thompson played only one match, he secured the best bowling average, and congratulations are also due to him.

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
F. Cansdell	4	0	127	199	49.75
R. Thompson	3	0	51	71	23.66
R. Bell	4	0	36	71	17.75
W. Landy	2	1	17	18	18.00
G. Ham	4	1	20	45	15.00

BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
D. Thompson	14	63	4	15.75
F. Cansdell	18	71	4	17.75
R. Thompson	47	227	8	28.37
S. Barker	17	65	2	32.50

In conclusion each member of the team extends his most sincere thanks to Mr. Simpson, whose services as coach throughout the season were invaluable.

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

SECOND GRADE.

This year the second grade team fielded a fair team, and of the three matches played, Fort Street won two outright.

The outstanding achievement of the matches so far played was that of R. Hall, who scored a dashing century against Parramatta. But much credit must be given to the two Henry brothers, who by their consistent scoring largely contributed to the team's success. Other batsmen who performed creditably were T. Crook and R. Wilson. The bowling on the whole was good, especially that of Smith and Crook, who were assisted by Townsend, Turnbull and Burns.

After drawing the bye for the first match, we met a strong North Sydney combination, against whom we suffered our only defeat, losing by an innings and 21 runs. Bob Henry topped our score with 27, which included six consecutive boundary hits. In the second innings J. Henry top-scored with 29 not out, thus making the match a family affair. The only bowler of success was Smith, who captured 3 North Sydney wickets for 32 runs.

The next match, against Parramatta, provided a more satisfactory result from our point of view, as we scored an easy victory by an innings and

67 runs. Our first innings realised 240 runs, a good effort, dominated by the brilliant 102 not out by R. Hall. His score included a glorious six and 14 boundaries. He was aided by both Crook and J. Henry, who scored 40 and 36 respectively. Parramatta in their both innings could only total 173 runs, thanks to the accurate bowling of Smith (7 for 62) and Crook (6 for 51).

Hurlstone, our next opponents, after an exciting game, were defeated by 7 wickets and 1 run. The country, not always a cricketers' paradise, owing to that well-known farmyard celebrity, the "duck," did not live up to expectations in this match, since only 4 "ducks" were bagged. The "farmers," batting first, scored only 85, to which we replied by making 147, Bob Henry scoring 48. In the second innings, Hurlstone scored 109, leaving us to score 47 and catch a train within half an hour. Fortunately we succeeded in "scoring" both. Burns' 7 wickets for 36 was the most noteworthy bowling feat of the season.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Outten for the coaching and advice he gave us, also our scorer, Bob Baker, for his valuable services.

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
J. Henry	5	2	36	83	27.66
R. Henry	5	—	48	112	22.4
T. Crook	4	—	40	66	16.5
R. Wilson	4	1	21*	38	12.66

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Burns	10	1	36	7	5.14
Smith	26	—	140	15	9.33
Turnbull	18	2	57	5	11.4
Townsend	28	6	49	4	12.25
Crook	28	1	127	10	12.7

THIRD GRADE.

The third grade cricket team had a fairly successful season, winning two matches outright and losing one outright. The team consisted of Penman (captain), Collocott (vice-captain), Chapman, Clements, Cotter, Carrol, Newman, Swan, Knight, Levy, Harvey, Palmer, Stimson, Middleton.

Our first match was against North Sydney. In their first innings North Sydney scored 196 (Newman 3-50, Knight 3-25), and we replied with the poor total of 38. In our second innings we scored 106 (Harvey 54, Levy 23 n.o.).

The second match was against Parramatta. Our first innings total was 127 (Penman 41, Chapman 28). In reply Parramatta only compiled 23 runs (Collocott 6-14, Harvey 3-9) and 65 (Newman 6-7, Knight 2-19).

In the last match our opponents were Hurlstone. In their first innings they made 51 (Collocott 4-14, Newman 3-14, Knight 3-15). In reply we compiled 161 (Collocott 71, Swan 24). In their

second innings Hurlstone only scored 58 (Collocott 3-17).

The best averages were:—

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
Collocott	4	0	71	91	22.75
Penman	4	1	41	65	21.66
Harvey	4	0	54	55	13.75

BOWLING.

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Newman	22	3	71	12	5.92
Collocott	30	3	94	13	7.23
Knight	18	2	59	8	7.37

The fielding was fairly good, most catches being taken by Levy (4) Newman (3), Swan (3), Collocott (3).

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

FOURTH GRADE.

Our results from the first half of the season recently concluded are 2 wins, a loss, and a bye.

The first match was a bye. Against North Sydney we fielded an inexperienced team. North Sydney batted first and scored 149. Sundries were very many, owing to the absence of a good 'keeper, but F. Lawson bowled excellently, taking 8 for 38. In reply we made 127 (Lawson 43, Ellis 32, Plant 17). We then dismissed North Sydney for 74 (Lawson 6-34), and had plenty of time to score 96 runs, but our batting failed, and we only knocked up 55 (Ellis 13).

The next match against Parramatta was an all-day fixture. They compiled 74 (Ellis 3-7, Lawson 3-24, Bacon 2-17). In reply we made 87 (Doherty 27 n.o.). In their second innings Parramatta scored 85 (Lawson 4-28, Bacon 2-19). Requiring 72 for an outright win, we were beaten by time, scoring 6-64 (Ellis 18, Leyshon 13, Doherty 13).

The last match was played against Hurlstone

at Hurlstone, on a very slow-scoring ground. Hurlstone batted first, and made 68 (Bacon 6-25, Graham 3-14). Bacon bowled extremely well, and was assisted by good fielding. We replied with 127 (Doherty 50, Smith 18, Graham 19). Hurlstone then made 124 (Lawson 7-48, Ellis 2-25). A very close finish resulted. We won by two wickets (Ellis 20, Leyshon 12, and Hustler, who made an invaluable 9).

Our batting was inclined to be affected by collapses, and especially run-outs. Doherty (average 31.3), Ellis, Lawson and Leyshon were the most consistent. Doherty batted patiently, and displayed good strokes. Our running between the wickets leaves quite a lot to be desired. Six in our first innings, and five in our second against Hurlstone. This must be improved if the team wishes to gain success.

Lawson is the team's outstanding bowler, securing 28 wickets at an average of 6.6. He bowls better on turf wickets than on matting. Bacon

also bowled well at times. The team's fielding also is quite sound in every department. Wickets were ably kept by Plant. The side was well captained by Ellis, with Lawson as deputy.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Went for the great interest he has taken in us, and for his valuable coaching hints.

TENNIS.

FIRST GRADE.

The team representing the School during this present season in the first grade competition consists of J. Martin (captain), J. Penman, K. Swan and N. Gibson. The last three of these boys are newcomers to first grade, and the scant success of the team is owing to the inexperience of the members, rather than to their lack of ability.

In the first match of the season, played against North Sydney, we were beaten by 5 sets to 3, but were not disgraced against this strong side.

In the second match we travelled to Parramatta, where we defeated last year's premiers by 5 sets to 3, after a closely-fought match. This win seemed to inspire in everyone fresh confidence, and the following week we went to meet Sydney High determined to overthrow this strong combination, but, confronted by adverse conditions, in the form of a soft, newly-laid court, we were beaten by a few games.

The next match was to be against Canterbury,

but rain prevented play, and it was thus a "drawn" game.

On the first week after the holidays we met Sydney Technical High, and this team, which has not been defeated this year, beat us by 4 games, the sets being even. I think that this was the most creditable performance of the season, since this team has easily defeated all opponents this year, and ours was really the first match in which they were extended.

We followed up this performance, on the following week, by easily defeating Hurlstone by 8 sets to nil.

This was the last match of the first round, and as our team is steadily improving, we expect to get much better results in the second round.

We thank Mr. Dunne for the help that he has given us, and for his co-operation, which, combined with the enthusiasm of the team, has helped to make the competition so interesting.

SECOND GRADE TENNIS.

At the time of writing, the second grade tennis team has completed the first round, with three wins to its credit out of five matches. In our first match against North Sydney we suffered a defeat of 7 sets to 1. We reversed the last week's result, against Parramatta, winning 7 sets to 1. Our third match, against Sydney High, meant our second defeat, Sydney High proving too strong, and carrying off the match with 8 sets to love. The first match after the holidays recorded the second win for the team, when Technical was beaten by 5 sets to 3. The closing match of the first round was once more to our credit, Fort Street beating Hurlstone by 7 sets to 1.

We will now note the performance of each member of the team:—

Brown, of third year, has proved a consistent player, particularly from the baseline. He has a strong forehand drive.

C. Ellis used his strong backhand drive to good account, and he possesses a speedy service.

R. Benton served well; also played a very fine game at the net.

Tate, of fifth year, is a consistent all-round player, especially from the baseline.

Ham, of 3C, replaced Tate against Hurlstone, and played a very fine game. He revealed an excellent forehand and service.

All in all, I think that so far the second grade tennis team has acquitted itself reasonably well, and its members are hopeful of greater success in the coming round.

THIRD GRADE.

The team this year consists of M. Penketh (captain), R. Eagar, M. Agnew and C. Paul. The team is a good all-round one, but has had some hard luck, just, I suppose, as any other team has had.

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 has played in all other matches.

Against Parramatta, the number of sets were

equal, but we lost by only 4 games. In the previous match, against North Sydney, we were beaten by 5 sets to 3. In the following matches we won: Hurlstone, Sydney High, and Technical High. In the first round we were unable to play Canterbury, as the weather was unsuitable.

At the beginning of the second round, we have so far only met North Sydney. Again we were defeated by 5 sets to 3. Thus they won by 2 sets, which our two players lost 6-5, 6-5, which makes North Sydney leaders of the competition up to date. At present we are second, and still have a chance of winning.

Three of this year's third grade were in last

years fourth grade, which won the competition. They are M. Penketh, R. Eagar, and M. Agnew. They are all good players, and are, to my mind, worthy of their place in third grade; of course, not forgetting our other team mate, C. Paul.

But, just a little advice (also to other tennis players): It does not matter how good you are, you must have your heart and soul in the game, and especially as you are representing your School. There is not enough enthusiasm in the team as a team. Each player is thinking rather too much of himself, and so our combination has suffered.

We wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his valuable assistance and kindly interest.

FOURTH GRADE.

The team consists of A. Shakespeare (captain), S. Wells, J. Douglas, J. Kirkby. It has not fared very well this season, all matches being defeats. However, this round we expect to be more successful, as we have found a very promising player in Kirkby. Sid Wells has played well in this last season, and is noted for his consistency. Jim Douglas, a newcomer to the team, shows a very nice forehand, and with practice should develop into a good player. Allen Shakespeare, the captain, is a very promising player, and it was not he to blame for the defeats of the team. His

play all round is very satisfactory. He captained the team very well. The addition of Douglas and Kirkby should strengthen the team.

The results of the matches in first round are:—

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 1-7.

Fort Street v. High 2-6.

Fort Street v. Hurlstone, 3-5.

Fort Street v. Technical, 0-8.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 2-6.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his useful tuition.

RUGBY UNION.

1st XV.

Being late in commencing training, the team was handicapped through lack of condition, and in the practice match with Canterbury, were beaten on this account.

North Sydney was drawn for the first competition match, and the team played a good game, but were narrowly defeated. A feature of the play was R. Thompson's fine goal-kicking.

Playing Parramatta at their home ground, we were fortunate to win. The forwards failed to get the ball out to the backs, and it was only due to the weaker opposing backs that we won.

In the competition match with Canterbury we were defeated. The main reason for this, as with Sydney High, who also defeated us, was the lack of combination. The forwards failed to take the ball through or to feed the backs, and their lack of condition proved fatal, for they were unable to keep on the ball. The backs were equally weak in their defence, letting the fast opposition penetrate continually.

Profiting from these defeats and more solid practice, we played a better game against Technical High, and, although beaten, we forced them to play their hardest to earn the points that were obtained mainly through our mistakes.

We ran out victors in the last match of the first half, against Hurlstone. Until three-quarters of the way through the game the team played well, gaining a lead of 11-3. It was then that the team lost vigour. The forwards appeared to play hard, but with no results, because they attempted to tackle about the head, and the backs, too, sometimes have this inclination. This type of play will only prove disastrous to ourselves.

With the remaining half to go, we hope to do much better. More enthusiasm is required in the team, and if we do not practise regularly, our hopes will not be accomplished, and the team will be left behind in the competition.

We would offer our sincere thanks to Mr. Watson for the enthusiastic manner in which

he coaches us. The team is benefitting from his knowledge of the finer points of the game.

Results:—

V. North Sydney, 6-11.

V. Parramatta, 6-0.

V. Canterbury, 0-14.

V. Sydney High, 0-23.

V. Technical, 6-19.

V. Hurlstone, 11-9.

SECOND GRADE.

For the past few years, Fort Street has been accustomed to see their second grade team suffer overwhelming defeat at the hands of almost every other school. This year, however, it is pleasing to note that we have, so far, been able to field a team capable of extending the best in the competition. We have now played every team in the first round, and our heaviest defeat is 18-0 by Sydney High. One of the main reasons for this revival of strength is the much improved enthusiasm in the players. In spite of the reputation which second grade had to live down from recent seasons, every member of the team now goes on to the field feeling that his side is capable of victory. We hope that, by the end of the current season, this present team will have been able to live down the name earned for the grade in previous years, and so make it easier to build up a really strong, competition-winning side next year.

A feature of this year's team is the large number of new recruits—Mulvey, Stewart, Watson, Cox, King, Allen, Webb and Blumenthal, and these members have all been performing in the team with credit. We find, however, that many pupils who should be playing football are attending athletics in preference to that sport, and while the value of athletics is fully recognised, it still remains the duty of every boy to try and represent his school—particularly in the unlimited weight grades.

Although we hesitate to mention names in this team in which every member has been deserving of praise, there are one or two, like T. Crook, who merit special note. We were unfortunate, however, in losing this player after he had played

THIRD GRADE.

At the conclusion of the first round, Fort Street third grade had secured second position in the competition, with six points. The first match was played against North Sydney, and resulted in a win for the latter team, the final result being 15-0. This loss was brought about mainly by the lack of energy and the gentle methods adopted by the forwards.

only three competition games, as he was a great asset to the team, with his hard running and accurate kicking. We have also lost Johnston and Miles, who were promoted to first grade, and Webb, Watson and Mulvey with illness. Among the forwards, perhaps D. Smith and K. Cockburn have been the most outstanding, the latter having attained a fair measure of success as hooker—a position previously new to him. R. Randle and M. King give promise of developing into good solid backs.

In the six matches we have played so far, we have only once left the field victorious, and have drawn one match, but each of the lost games was keenly contested, and on two occasions we might, with reasonably good luck, have won.

We would especially like to thank Mr. Thompson for the good work he has put in amongst us, and we appreciate his interest even more when we consider his disappointments of the last few seasons.

A word of thanks is also due to those reserves who, although they are not chosen to play every week, attend every match to stand by the team in an emergency.

The matches played so far are:—

V. North Sydney, lost, 0-15.

V. Parramatta, won, 37-0.

V. Canterbury, lost, 6-17.

V. Sydney High, lost, 0-18.

V. Technical High, lost, 9-12.

V. Hurlstone, drawn, 3-3.

In all, we have scored 55 points, as compared with 65 points against us, and this goes to show the consistency which the team has shown throughout the season.

The second match, against Canterbury, resulted in a well-earned win for Fort Street, although the final score, 3-0, was not a true indication of the play.

After several weeks of inactivity, we were soundly defeated by Sydney High. This was mainly due to the lack of practice and the weak tackling of the whole team, excepting perhaps

Tonkin. High showed us how the game should be played, and we have hopes that many of the team have learnt their lesson.

After this match the general standard of play improved, and we defeated Hurlstone and Technical decisively, even without the aid of Tonkin, the captain, who unfortunately had been injured when playing High.

In general, the forwards do not combine, and have not yet learnt that forwards, like wolves, hunt in packs. They need to ruck tighter and use their weight to better advantage. Outstanding amongst the forwards are Cavalier and Phillips (vice-captain), who are always prominent in the rucks, and their untiring efforts are an inspiration to the other forwards. Dane and Rudd are also hard ruckers, and these, with Phillips and Cavalier, constitute the real strength in the forwards. "Dan" Newton, the team's latest addition, is still a little slow, but he promises to develop into a good forward. Miller and Haskell, although weighty, seem to be afraid to use this weight to advantage. Kable, the rake, is very efficient, and has also played as wing, where he proved very capable. Robertson, who played as rake, needs to improve his raking considerably, and to run harder and faster when he has possession of the ball.

In general, the tackling of the backs leaves much to be desired. The three-quarters, who consisted of Bell, Hastrich, Murty, Hearne, Tonkin,

Ritchie, and Jaconelli, are strong in attack, but weak in defence.

Bell (half) was a good forward, who had to be sacrificed owing to the lack of suitable material. He plays a steady game, but his passing is a little slow. Hastrich (five-eighth) is another newcomer, who has proved a find. His passing and positional play is good, but he has a tendency to stand "flat-footed" when waiting for the ball. Murty (in-centre), our chief try-getter, is the speediest back, depending on swerving run to gain his objective. Tonkin, captain (out-centre), is the only dependable tackler in the team. He is a constant source of trouble to the opposition, both in defence and attack. Hearne and Jaconelli, the wingers, are both very capable players, and are highly dependable. Hearne is the team's goal-kicker, and has also scored many tries. Ritchie, the full-back, has a sound line-kick, and saves the team in many difficult positions.

It is worthy of note that during the season Tonkin, Cavalier and Phillips were chosen to represent the School against the prefects, for whom Murty was half-back.

The scores:—

V. North Sydney, 0-15.

V. Canterbury, 3-0.

V. Sydney, 3-24.

V. Technical, 8-3.

V. Hurlstone, 22-0.

Scorers: Hearne 18, Murty 12, Rudd 3, Cavalier 3 points.

FIFTH GRADE.

Fortune has been very inconsistent in her treatment of our fifth grade footballers, at times turning her sharp edge against us, and at others being quite favourable to us. We drew blood in the first match of the season by beating North Sydney. The backs and forwards combined well in this match. Lack of interest on the part of the forwards enabled Parramatta to beat us. We were also beaten by Canterbury in a hard-fought game. After leading 9 points to 3, we let up, and Canterbury managed to score 8 more points.

Our best match was against Sydney, till then unbeaten this season. The match was hardly and fairly fought. At half-time Fort Street led by 3 points to nil. Then High woke up, and a quick try followed. However, the backs and for-

wards, combining well, managed to hold Sydney to a draw.

Following is a summary of several players:—

Turner: The full-back, plays excellently, and is an asset to the team.

Cotter: A sound winger, runs hard, is a fine and enthusiastic player, and was unfortunate to have fractured his collar-bone after the seventh match.

Morgan: Inside centre, is a very reliable player, is also a valuable full-back.

Blackall: An outstanding centre, is a hard and enthusiastic player.

Pascoe: The five-eighth and captain, is the key man of the team.

Firth and Muller: Full-backs, played their parts admirably.

Russel: The rake, is an outstanding forward; plays a solid game.

Smith: Lock forward, is also outstanding.

Argall and Wheeler: Are good "props."

Henry and Lembitt: Are second row men.

Harrap and Tyrrel: Breakaways; should protect the half more.

Mansfield, Doherty, Clare and Yabsley helped to make up the back line. These are ably supported by Keery, West, Wilson, Boyd and Dane.

The whole team wish to convey, through me, their sincere thanks and appreciation to our

coach, Mr. Jeffreys, whose efforts on our behalf are most valuable and untiring.

The results at a glance are:—

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 8-3.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 3-6.

Fort Street v. Canterbury, 9-11.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 3-3.

Fort Street v. Technical, 3-3.

Fort Street v. Hurlstone, 6-0.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 12-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 14-3.

SIXTH GRADE.

The sixth grade has to the present enjoyed a large measure of success, having lost only two matches. The one practice match, which was played against Canterbury, was won by Fort Street by 6 points to 3, while the competition matches resulted thus:—

V. North Sydney, 25-0.

V. Parramatta, 11-3.

Bye.

V. Canterbury, 9-6.

V. Sydney High, 3-14.

V. Technical, 6-8.

V. Hurlstone, 21-0.

Success has been mainly due to the fact that every member has performed his task, no man being particularly outstanding. Practices have been held regularly twice a week. Actually the team is a very keen one.

In conclusion I desire to convey the team's gratitude to Mr. Short, its coach, for the very great interest he has displayed in them.

WATER POLO.

The water polo team, consisting of all new players except L. Layton, one of last year's undefeated team, had no knowledge or experience of the game, and had to gain the essential points in two weeks' practice before the commencement of the competition.

The team was ably led and instructed by our captain, L. Layton. He was greatly helped by his vice-captain, R. Robertson, and the rest of the team, C. Evans, J. Martin, M. Phillips, with R. Small in goals, while the seventh position was interchanged as the season went on, between G. Cox, R. Randle, P. Hastrich and K. Cockburn.

The team greatly improved as the season went on, and after minor losses, defeated Canterbury

High 5-3. The last match, against Sydney Technical High, was only lost in the beginning of the game, our team definitely being on top during the second half.

The goal scoring was chiefly done by the three forwards, L. Layton, R. Robertson and C. Evans, while one of the backs, J. Martin, played excellently. Our goalkeeper, R. Small, has proved himself to be indispensable, and saved many goals.

The team is greatly indebted to Mr. Rose for his unflinching efforts and interest in the team, and both he and the team expect Fort Street's water polo team to come out on top when the season is recommenced early next spring.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1937.

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

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

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

- Allen, James William, 1B 3B 5B 8B.
 Allen, Wallace Bruce, 1B 2A 3L 5B 6B 10A 11A.
 Appleby, John A. M., 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H2 10A.
 Arthur, Reginald T., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 10A 11A.
 Astridge, William A., 1B 2B 4B(o) 5A 6A 8B 10A.
 Austin, Frank Hugh, 1A 3B 5B 6B 7B 10A.
 Betts, Joseph John, 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2.
 Campbell, Keith Oliver, 1B 2A 5B 6A 10H2 11H2.
 Campbell, Robert Noel, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11A.
 Carnell, Ronald Cecil, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A (x2) 8A 10H2.
 Chambers, Robert James, 1B 6B 10B 14A.
 Chapman, Leonard S., 1B 4B(o) 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Copping, Lawrence Henry, 1A 6B 8B 14H2.
 Corso, Anthony, 1B 2B 3B 5B.
 Daish, Peter James, 1B 5A 6A 7B 10H2 14A.
 Dawes, Burton Ernest, 1A 2B 5B 6B 8B.
 Dennis, Donald Miller, 1B 3B 8A 11B 16pass.
 Dennis, Stewart Leigh, 1B 3A(o) 5A 6A 7A 10B.
 Dodson, Leigh Frederick, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 10A 11A.
 Douglas, Peter, 1B 5B 6A 10B.
 Dunlop, Joseph, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H1.
 Evans, Cyril Percival V., 1A 2B 5B 6B 8B 10A.
 Feughelman, Max, 1A 2A 4A(o) 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1.
 Frankum, Lionel Vincent, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Grant, William Brodie, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 11L.
 Handel, Peter Henry, 1A 2A 4H2(o) 5A 6A 8A 10A.
 Hanna, Neil Ascot, 1B 3B 6B 8B 10A 14H2.
 Hartenstein, Gordon John, 1B 2B 4B(o) 5B 6A 11B.
 Hartley, Frank Ramsay, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 10B 11A.
 Herring, Harold Thomas, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Hing, Sydney Robert, 1A 2A 4B(o) 5B
 Hooke, John B., 1A 2L 3B 5A 6A (x2) 8A 10A.
 Horsey, Robert George, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 10A.
 Hunter, John Richard, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6A 8B 10A.
 Irish, Raymond Charles, 1B 5B 6A 8A 10A.
 Jenkins, Norman Richard, 1A 3L 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Jones, Peter James, 1B 2B 3B 8B 16pass.
 Kerr, Roy Dakin, 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H1 14A.
 Kerridge, Keith Edward, 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Kerridge, Joseph Gordon, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 11A.
 Kesteven, Hereward L., 1A 3B 5B 8B 11A 12B 25B.
 Kilgour, Donald William, 1B 2A 5B 6B 8A 11L.
 Kirby, Kenneth Allan, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Knight, John B., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2.
 Landy, William John, 1B 2L 3L 6B 8A.
 Lee, Bruce John, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Lock, Noel Richard, 1B 2B 5B 6B.
 Lovatt, Laurence Edwin, 1B 5B 6B 10B 11A.
 Maze, Robert William, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B 14H2.
 McCredie, Hugh George, 1A 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10B.
 McLeod, Donald Ralph, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Middleton, A. W., 1A 2A 4H2(o) 5A 6A (x1) 7B 11A.
 Mogg, Alan Reginald, 1B 3L 5B 6B 7B 10B.
 Myers, John Gerard, 1B 2B 4B(o) 5B 6A 11B.
 Nolan, Kenneth Ernest, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H1 11B.
 O'Brien, Keith George, 1A 2B 8B 11A 16pass.
 Olding, Jeffrey George, 1A 3B 5B 6B 10B 11B.
 Overall, Graham Frederic, 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Peck, Arthur James, 1A 2B 4B(o) 5B 8B.
 Petherbridge, John Douglas, 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2.
 Phillips, Gilbert Paul, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7B 10H2.
 Ratcliff, Colin Ray, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10A 11B.
 Reid, Robert Lovell, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 7B 10A.
 Sanderson, Francis James, 1B 2L 4B 5B 6B 8B.
 Scott, Harold S., 1A 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H2 17B.
 Sly, Raymond Harold, 1A 4B(o) 5A 6A 7B.
 Smythe, Herbert E. V., 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H1 10A.
 Taylor, Robert, 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Thompson, Donald H., 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 7B 10L.
 Tonkin, Douglas Oliver, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 8B.
 Walton, John W., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A (x2) 10A 11H2.
 Waterer, Frederick J., 1B 2B 5A 6A (x2) 10A 11B.
 Weaver, Arthur George, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Webb, John Hamilton, 1B 2L 5B 6B 10A 11A.
 Webster, Douglas Branson, 1A 2B 4A(o) 5B 6B 8A.
 Whalen, Ralph J. C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11L.
 Young, Leslie G., 1H2 2A 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11A.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

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

1. English.
2. History.
3. Geography.
4. Mathematics I.
5. Mathematics II.
6. Latin.
7. French.
8. German.
11. Elementary Science.
15. Business Principles.
16. Shorthand.
20. Art.
21. Music.

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

(s) Denotes a pass in shorthand speed test.

- Acheson Mervyn F., 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Aitchison, Andrew W., 1B 2A 3B 4A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Austin, Keith J., 1B 2B 4A 5B 11B.
 Badge, W. C. L., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6A 7B(o) 11A 21A.
 Bellamy, Dudley, 2B 4B 6B 11B.
 Blackett, Douglas R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Blumer, Alexander G., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Bradey, M. S., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Brennan, James T., 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Briggs, Ronald G., 2B 4A 5B 11A.
 Buchan, Douglas R., 1B 2B 4B 11B 15A 16B.
 Byron, R. A., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16A 21A.
 Carruthers, Selkel M., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 8B(o) 11B.
 Chappell, Lawrence F., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Cockburn, Keith G., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Cole, John S., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
 Corder, Ashley F., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Cox, Wesley J., 1B 2B 3A 4B 11A 15B.
 Crichton, Geoffrey F., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 11B.
 Crossman, Roy L., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 16B.
 Cummins, Keith, 1B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Cusack, Bruce C., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Dane, Frank, 1B 4A 7B 11B.
 Davies, John H., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Doherty, Alan J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 11B 15B.
 Donaldson, Bruce W., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Dove, David E., 1B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Dowey, Robert J., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Downing, Arthur W., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B.
 Dumas, John T., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Dunbar, Geoffrey J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Dunlop, Donald B., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Dunstan, John W., 1B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A.
 Edwards, Howard C., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B.
 Erwin, George A., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Erwin, Robert S., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Everingham, D. N., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Fallding, Harold J., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5B 7B 11A 15B.
 Flockhart, Colin K., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Freeburn, William M., 2B 3A 4B 11B.
 Gilbert, Ian G., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Gill, Aubrey J., 1B 4A 5B 6B 7B.
 Graveur, Edward H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Greenwood, K. A., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.
 Grieve, Gordon C., 1B 3B 4B 5B 11B.
 Harris, Brian H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Harvey, Bruce L., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Hatswell, Alan L., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hazlewood, L. K., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Heins, Reginald N., 1B 2B 3B 4A 11B 15B.
 Higginson, Jack G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B.
 Hills, John, 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Hood, James F., 1B 2B 3A 4B 11B.
 Hooper, Francis M., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Horsey, John B., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A.
 Horwood, Norman A., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B.
 Howland, Frederick J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 15B 16B.
 Hughes, Raymond M., 1B 2B 6B 11B.
 Johnstone, Arthur H., 1B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Jones, Alfred E., 1B 2B 4B 7B.
 Jones, Frederick W., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B.
 Keighley, Henry D., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 11B 15B.
 Kidd, Edward R., 1B 3B 4A 5A 11A.
 Knight, Kenneth G., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.
 Knox, James C., 1B 2B 4B 6B 11B.
 Lane, Garnet L., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 7B 15B 21A.
 Lee, Ronald B., 1A 4A 5B 7B 11B.
 Lees, John M., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Lembit, Valdek J., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A 11A.
 Macpherson, Keith F., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Mathews, William M., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Matthews, John H., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Mayburn, Wilfred H., 1B 2B 4B 6B 11B.
 Mayger, William A., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 McBride, Robert N., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 11A.
 McCahon, Neville I., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.
 McDonald, Ken G., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Monteath, John M., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Mooney, Neville G., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B 11A.
 Moore, Barney J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B 15B.
 Morgan, Edward F., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Morrison, Milton A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B.
 Nisbet, Keith W., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 O'Connor, Gerald, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Paul, Cecil A., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11A.
 Powis, Frederick B., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Priestley, John B. L., 1B 2A 4B 6B 11B.
 Pye, Cecil R. A., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Reid, Graham R., 1B 2B 3B 4A 6B 7B 11B.
 Ridland, Robert H., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5B 11B 15B.
 Roberts, Alan L., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Rogerson, John, 1A 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B(o) 11A.
 Ross, Ronald J., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 15B.
 Round, Bruce A. E., 2B 4A 7B 11B.
 Sanders, Gordon H., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7A 11A.
 Schubert, Philip H., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 15B.
 Short, Bruce F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Simmonds, Edwin W., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Smith, Brian F., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Smith, William G. C., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7B(o) 11A.
 Smith, Warren J., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.

Spraggon, Jack E., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.	Webb, Richard G., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Stimson, Victor R., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.	Webster, Keith E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Taylor, Ernest M., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.	Wheeler, Eric H., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
Taylor, Peter M., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.	Wheeler, John G., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A.
Taylor, Ian A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 21A.	Wheeler, Ramsey M., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
Taylor, Walter D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.	Williams, Geoffrey A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Turner, Allan W., 1B 2A 3B 4B 7B 11B 15B 16B.	Woodbury, Leslie W., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6B 11B.
Vahtrick, Cyril, 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.	Woodward, Ronald H., 2B 3B 4B 7B 15B 16B.
Ward, Bruce W., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.	Yabsley, Donald E., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
Waring, Eric J., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.	

RUGBY UNION—FOURTH GRADE.

Although we have met with little success this season, owing, perhaps, more to bad luck than bad play, we have all enjoyed the season's sport.

The results at a glance are:—

First round: V. North Sydney, at North Sydney, lost 32-0.

V. Parramatta, at Petersham, won 21-0.

V. Canterbury, at Arlington Park, lost, 8-6.

V. Sydney High, at Petersham, lost, 12-3.

V. Technical, at Sports Ground, lost, 12-0.

V. Hurlstone, at Glenfield, lost, 15-0.

Second round: V. North Sydney, at Petersham, lost, 11-0.

V. Parramatta, at Parramatta, won, 12-0.

V. Canterbury, at Pratten Park, lost, 9-3.

Ably captained by Bruce Short, who unfortunately suffered a fractured collarbone against Parramatta in the second round, the team did much fine work, but had they combined together as one man, and not tried to shine individually, many better results would have been recorded.

Short (captain), and Turnbull (vice-captain)

were outstanding in all matches, although they, too, attempted far too often to go alone.

The forwards showed marked improvement after their severe defeat by North Sydney. Of the forwards, Churches and Austin were the most outstanding, and had they received more assistance from the rest of the "pack," their performances would have received much more credit.

Our best match was the return match against the leaders, North Sydney, on our home ground. This we lost 11-0, but had we had a little more luck, we would have certainly come out on top. In this match all players shaped well, with Short, Turnbull and Churches being the most outstanding.

Of the points aggregate, consisting of 45 points, Turnbull scored 12 points (4 tries), Harvey 6 (2 tries), Austin 6 (2 tries), Short 6 (2 tries), Churches 6 (2 tries), Rawlinson 3 (1 try), Whitehouse 3 (1 try), and Dunbar 3 (1 penalty goal).

In conclusion, the team would like to thank Mr. Brodie for his untiring efforts in attempting to mould a good team out of mediocre talent.



Boys!

REGISTER WITH THE M.B.C. FOR EMPLOYMENT



The M.B.C. is commissioned by a number of important houses to search for assistants of a specified type.

In addition:

**59
FIRSTS
in
1937**

**Results
tell.**

The M.B.C. is regularly called upon by hundreds of leading business houses **when they have vacancies.**

All you young men who intend to leave School at the end of this year are faced with the need to make a definite decision, one of the most important of your life—The choice of a suitable career. You must choose wisely—you should select the vocation for which nature has fitted you.

You are invited to visit the M.B.C. when one of our special vocational officers would be pleased to explain many of the interesting things about the various careers which young men are selecting to-day.

As a result of such a talk, many have been able to make a suitable plan for the future, and great numbers have had the grit and determination to carry out those plans. They can be found everywhere amongst to-day successful business men.

2,185 positions were FILLED in 1937 by the M.B.C. Appointments Bureau.

42 years' Service has built a big clientele. M.B.C. results have played a big part.



Employers need well-trained young people of good character, when they ask for SKILL.

They need the RIGHT TYPE when they are employing unskilled youth. They rely on M.B.C. experience and judgment.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

6 Dalley Street

B 7921

Register for employment with the M.B.C.

NO CHARGE.

Wholly set up and printed by The Press
Printing Propy., 246 Burwood Road, Burwood,
Sydney, N.S.W., for C. H. Christmas, Fort
Street Boys' High School, Petersham, N.S.W.
