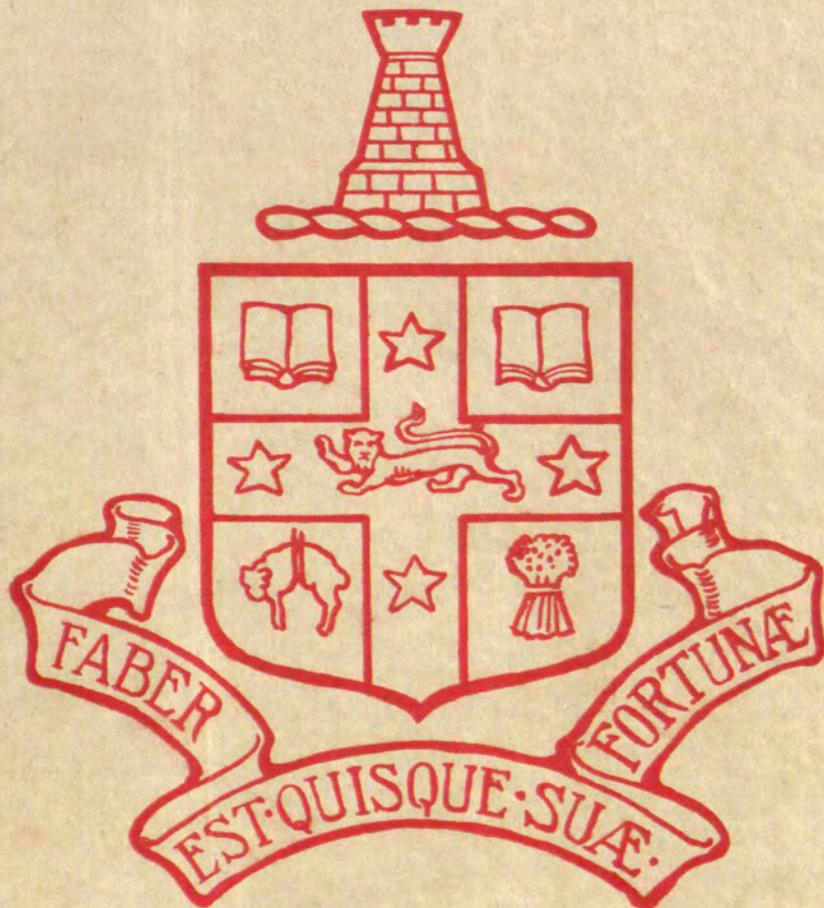
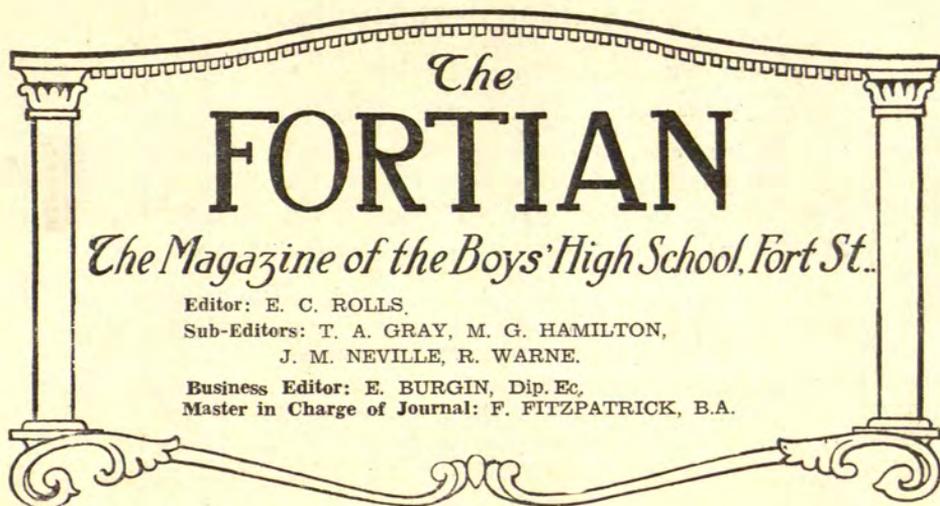


THE FORTIAN



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

JUNE, 1939.



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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1939.

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Rugby: Mr. WATSON

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Old Boys' Union:

President: Mr. F. FITZROY,
Stanton House, 113 Pitt Street.

Secretary:

Mr. W. SHUTTLEWORTH
5 Daisy Street, Enfield.
'Phone M 4401, Ext. 3160.

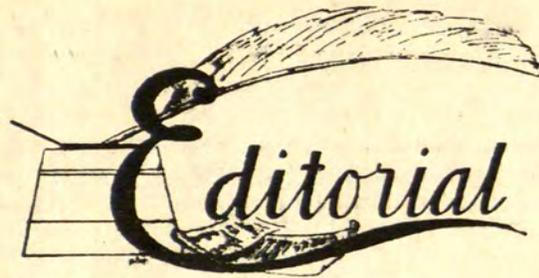
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Editorial

Amongst pages and pages of utter nonsense, written under the glorious title of the "Glugs of Gosh," I came across a most sensible poem, "The Second Rhyme of Sym." It is too long to reproduce here; which is a pity. The story is of a man visited by the Devil, who quite recently had been indulging in the wicked habit of gambling.

"This day, ere ever the clock strikes three,
 Shall you sin your darling sin.
 For I've wagered a crown with Beelzebub,
 Down there at the Gentlemen's Brimstone Club,
 I shall tempt you once, I shall tempt you twice,
 Yet thrice shall you fall ere I tempt you thrice."

At this the man became indignant. He asserted dogmatically that he had no darling sin, but

"Many there be, and I know them well
 All foul with sinning and ripe for Hell,
 And I name no names, but the whole world knows
 That I am never of such as those."

Whereupon the Devil tempted him with a bumper of good, red wine, which, however, was refused, with the remark that the

". . . whole world wots
 Most of my fellows are drunken sots."

Once more he was tempted, this time with the downfall of many—woman. Once more he refused,

"But, my brothers: Alas! I am scandalized
 By their evil passions so ill disguised,
 And I name no names, but my thanks I give
 That I loathe the lives my fellow-men live."

Immediately, with much chuckling, the Devil vanished.

"Thrice have you fallen: O Pharisee,
 You have sinned your darling sin!"

leaving the man standing in bewilderment while the clock struck three.

Now, this Mr. Sym must have been a wise man, or rather, Glug. He realised how necessary it is to find faults in ourselves rather than in somebody else. If man could only be brought to realise this fact—not only to realise it, but to practise it—the world would not have come to the state of affairs in which we now find it. It seems natural for man to imagine himself in the right—always it is the other person who is wrong.

Down through the ages this has been so—man fails to understand the viewpoint of others—he is so much taken up with himself that he has no time to devote to understanding others. At this present time, to take one minor example, he is doing it in our voting system. We may vote U.A.P.; we may vote Labour, or something else; it makes no difference which—

WE are always right—the people who choose differently are misguided fools; anyone with a grain of sense must see that OUR choice is the only logical one. We forget that we know nothing of the other fellow's ideas; and in this mad rush called life, we are either too busy or too tired to find out. (If we thought about it, we would find that we know little enough about our own reasons for electing the particular party—we would discover that most voting is handed down from father to son, and that most of our ideas on the matter are inherited. But this is truth—let us forget it: the which this age conveniently does whenever it finds anything it dislikes.)

We are told that all wars are trade wars. This seems perfectly true. Then surely, if we learn to respect the opinions of others, to understand another's ideas, we can learn to trade in peace, and thus prevent war.

• For the sake of the world, for the sake of humanity, try.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Our Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Harrison, has left us for a trip to America and Europe. He will be absent for twelve months. Letters that reach the staff show him to be greatly benefited by the change, and he should return to us next year fully recovered.

Before his departure the staff met and made him a presentation of a walking stick. Several members gave expression to the desire of the School and all concerned for his speedy full recovery.

§ § §
During Mr. Harrison's absence, Mr. Outten is acting as Deputy Head, and Mr. Tierney as English Master.

§ § §
Mr. Outten, however, has been taken from us temporarily, to act as Secondary School Inspector, in place of Mr. A. Colville, who is ill.

§ § §
This year sees also some changes that are of themselves remarkable. Mr. Porter, who had been a member of this staff for so many years, consented to accept promotion, and is now Deputy Headmaster at Parramatta. Before his departure, the Head expressed the best wishes of the School, and referred to the lengthy service rendered by Mr. Porter, who very suitably and feelingly responded.

§ § §
Another of our esteemed teachers, Mr. E. F. Hallman, was transferred to Canterbury High School. Unfortunately, we have to report that Mr. Hallman's health is in such a precarious condition that he will most likely have to retire. At present he is in Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Mr. John Baxendale, who died at Lewisham Hospital on the 1st May. The name, so well known to present Fortians through the Baxendale Memorial Prizes in English, has had long and honourable association with the School. Mr. John Baxendale's brother, James, was for many years a member of the staff. His work as a teacher of English was of most exceptional merit, and his death in 1935 was a great loss to the School and the State.

Mr. John Baxendale was a Chief Inspector in Metropolitan Water Board, an officer of great ability, and, withal, a man of sterling qualities. To his widow, his mother, and brother Henry Fort Street extends its deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

§ § §
We welcome to our staff Mr. Bailey, as Music Master, whose usefulness has already been demonstrated in his conducting the combined orchestra and school singing. He took the place of Mr. Aubrey, who goes to Homebush. Mr. Kelly comes as Classics Master. Mr. Johnstone has joined the English staff, and Mr. Monaghan has joined the Mathematics staff.

§ § §
The annual school inspection has been held, and we have no doubt that the pupils all acquitted themselves well, and certainly most of them left a very good impression on the inspectors. It would be wonderful if every boy at all times were to strive to leave a good impression on every teacher, including the Headmaster.

Mrs. J. Dunbar is President, Mrs. Levinsohn Secretary, and Mrs. Andersen Treasurer of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee. There is a large and keen committee, and all are working very hard, in every way, to raise funds for the School. Their immediate objective is enough money to institute a system of supplying books on loan. This method will prove not only economical to parents, but will ensure that all pupils are properly supplied with the necessary textbooks.

§ § §

The memory of the late Dr. John Hunter will ever be preserved at this School. Arrangements have now been made for an annual prize, to be called the Hunter Memorial Prize. This will be awarded to a pupil proceeding to the Medical School at the University on the results of the Leaving Certificate. The first award will be made on the next Leaving Examination.

§ § §

Speech Day has come and gone. A feature of the gathering was the presence of two former headmasters, Messrs. Kilgour and Williams. The Acting Director of Education, Mr. B. C. Harkness, made an excellent chairman. Mrs. Harkness presented the scholastic rewards, and Mrs. Dunbar the sports trophies. In the absence of the Premier, Mr Athol Richardson, Minister for Social Services, delivered an inspiring address. The singing of the School and the work by the orchestra was most favourably commented upon, and we were very proud of the whole of the proceedings

§ § §

Mr Burtenshaw's choir and Mr. Bailey's orchestra continue to do good work. Parents would do well to see that their boys take advantage of the opportunities offered by these two activities. Their value is demonstrated in a practical way at such functions as Empire Day and Anzac Day, and we fully appreciate the efforts of these two gentlemen.

§ § §

The School is being painted inside and out. Ladders and paintpots are everywhere. When this work is completed, we shall have a "brand new" School.

§ § §

Mr. Green, of the Telephone Department, has delivered the second of his lecture demonstrations to an interested audience. There is one more to

come, and there will be some competition for the privilege of attending this interesting and instructive course on the telephone switchboard.

§ § §

A goodly number of the staff are attending First Aid and A.R.P. classes. The School will soon be in a position to start first aid classes throughout, and it is expected that every pupil will have an insight into these matters. Mr. L. Johnson is the lecturer at the Leichhardt centre, in A.R.P. work.

§ § §

Play Day preparations should be in full swing now we have put the half-yearly behind us. We anticipate great things again this year from Mr. Moss and his trusty henchmen in August.

§ § §

The Hume Barbour debating team will have met the Sydney Technical High School team when you read this, and we hope they will have the success they deserve. Mr. Kevans and Mr. Rose are leaving no stone unturned to get the team in full fighting trim.

§ § §

School Captain John Hills is ably seconded by Senior Prefect J. Monteath, and a goodly band in S. Burns, R. Dowie, L. Hazlewood, G. Mackaness, K. McDonald, J. Middleton, F. Morgan, J. Plowman, C. Pye, D. Ritchie, J. Shaw, B. Short, V. Stimson, J. Spraggon, R. Thompson, B. Ward.

§ § §

G. Fraser gained first place in the State in French at the 1937 L.C. examination, and, as a result, was recently awarded the "Diplome d'Honneur" by the French Government. The School received a similar certificate. We congratulate G. Fraser.

§ § §

On 1938 L.C. results, Ken McIntyre was awarded a book prize by the German "Bund."

§ § §

The innovation of having a souvenir programme at Speech Day seems to have been very popular, and will be a lasting memento of the occasion. It recorded a very successful year, which we hope will be repeated.

ON DOVER.

Blow, winds, blow, but ye cannot blow home my
love;

Roll, waters wild, but one will not hear;
The ocean is vast and deep that breaks above
My fisherman fair.

Blow, winds, blow, over the sunless sands,
Up on the pine tree slopes, beating the hills.
Blow round the lonely crag where his cottage
stands,
Deserted and still.

Blow, winds, blow. What is it ye cry to me?

Ye bring me a message of love. He is not dead.
Ye say that he lives and waits beneath the sea,
. . . Down, down to the sea I am led.

Blow, winds, blow. Tell him I come, I come,
Across the beach, and down to the swelling
foam,
Through the mad seas, coming down, coming down,
My love, coming home.

H.F., 5A.

URGE.

But you are gone, and I am left behind,
To slumber and to while away the time in idleness,
Encompassed by the petty things of life,
The come and go, the grave monotony, the foolish-
ness.
O! will no heaven hasten to my aid,
To free me of this passive, lazy strife?

But no! I need no Providence Divine,
My soul is free, and flings itself to pathways
rapturous,
Until it reaches you, so far away,
And sinks to soft contentment in the soothing
hush of love.
O joy! I see you standing all alone.
I would that thus for ever you might stay.

We walk together slowly down the gently-sloping
hill,

And o'er the verdant meadow with the wistful
moon above,
And scorn the gusty breezes as they struggle to
and fro,
Ah, there we find our peace alone, and there
alone we love.

A narrow crack, a silly, aimless path of endless
length,
A brooklet bubbling merrily and breathing in
content,
A strong, eternal tree which sways in sweet
monotony,
A perfect hour of melody, by some immortal sent,
But did I say immortal? Nothing truer shall I
speak,
For this, in truth, is immortality.
To listen, and to linger, and to love for evermore,
To live within the portals of the meek.

ALEXANDER, 4D.

REVERIE.

TO E.R.M.

1. Wind blowing,
rushing o'er romantic isles;
Clouds scudding,
racing o'er the wind-blown sky
To hide the moon.
neath which the she-oaks sigh.
2. Leaves whirling,
curling up, and down, and round;
Stars peeping,
now and then from 'hind the clouds,

To light the scene,
which darkness all enshrouds,
To show the way
to skiffs, now homeward bound.

3. Sea breaking,
breaking on the golden shore.
Sun rising,
rising high now in the sky,
To launch the day
on weary toil once more.

C. J. H. MARSH, 4C.

LISZT'S LIEBESTRAUME.

Here, midst the blossoms that are swaying in the
wind,

Here do I lie, in an eager hushfulness,
Waiting in expectancy.

Now does my soul desire a song,
Now, it would sing in praise of youth.
Yes, it would sing,—but has no song.

But hark! my wish is answered quick,
For out of mem'ry do I hear a melody,
But this, my foolish heart, is not
That strain of careless joy which I desire,
And yet it comes in meek insistency . . .
I will relent, and hear its murmuring song.

This Voice begins in tones so softly low,
So full of sweet affection and simplicity,
That e'er my mind can hazard but one thought,
My soul declares its love.

But there is more than sweetness in this Voice;
Within the subtle depths of music's fragraney,
I hear a yearning, faint and yet distinct,
A deep and silent strife.

This striving will no longer be denied,
My Voice breaks forth to strangely frenzied
melody,
And now, it seems more beauteous, yes, more true,
O Liszt, it is a .soul.

But what extreme of blissful joy is this,
My Song of Life goes climbing, soaring up,
And comes to rest among the weeping clouds,
And elevates my soul.

Yet even here, my Spirit finds not peace,
That peace which it must seek for all eternity.
O Lieb., if you would win, then you must strive
With all the might of life,

And now my Song comes hurtling through the
mists,

And delves from highest Heav'n to Hell's foul
mysteries,

And now at last in simple ecstasy,
My Song finds peace in love.

O Liebestraume, O wondrous Song of love,
O Song that in a score of years which are to be
Will come in rapturous joy to comfort me,
O hear my humble praise!

The fingers falter and the mem'ry swoons
Which try in vain to capture soulful melody;
O Lieb., thou art the poem of my heart,
I listen and I love.

"BILL," 4D.

SEA CRY.

Come down, by night, to the sea-lapped sands,
Watching the great white moon over the bay.

Dark waters strangely gleaming;
And a shadow rocked to and fro;
Where fishermen lean from their boat
Dropping nets.

Deep in the liquid dark
Darts of light—flashes of mail
Silver—shining and gone.
All in the web, in the tangled web.
The fisherman sees and is glad,
And he looks on his mate and smiles.

And the night lags on;
And the breezes die.
And the moon droops low;
And her light is a ghost on the deep.
A path leads on and on;
See where it goes
Far out to the booming sea,
Where the slumbrous waves roll everlastingly.

And I follow—and hear.
O hark to the voice of the sea!

What is your forlorn cry, O sea?
There is pain in your voice
As you murmur long.
What is your cry?
My heart aches at the sound of your moan,
My heart breaks,
For, O sea, I do not understand.

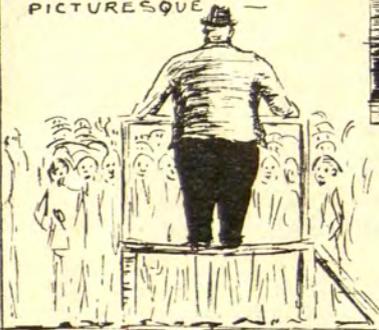
The fisherman drags the nets,
Dragging and dragging long.
There are many fish in the nets to-night,
Ah cruel!
The web is heavy with cheated life,
How it drags!

But the fisherman waits,
And he harks.
For the cry of the sea is sounding low,
The far-away groan and the sigh.
He listens and waits,
And he understands.
The fisherman hears, and is sad;
And he looks on his mate with tears.

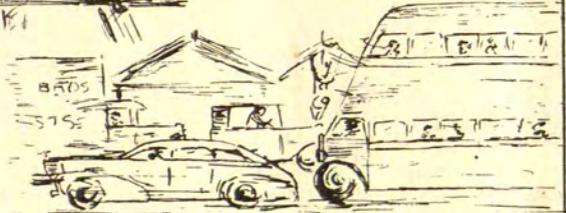
H.F., 5A.

AROUND THE SCHOOL

OUR SCHOOL IS SO PICTURESQUE —

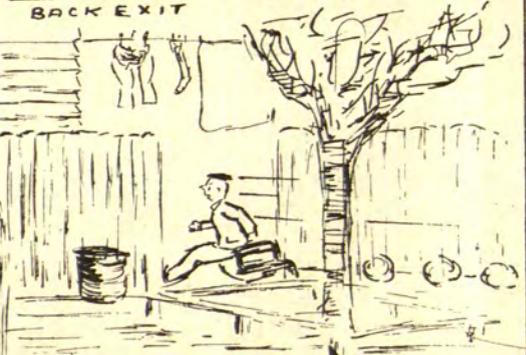
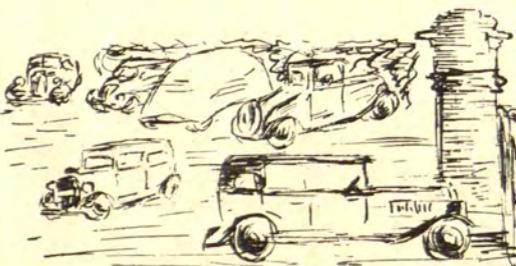


WITH ITS LOVELY FRONT ENTRANCE —



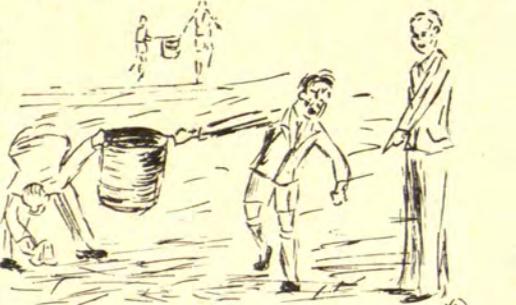
SIDE ENTRANCE — and —

BACK EXIT



WITH ITS DISCIPLINE — and —

SPACIOUS GYMNASIUM —



ITS POPULAR LIBRARY — and —

ORDERLY TUCKSHOP

HENRY 40

SPEECH DAY, 1939

The annual Speech Day for 1939 was held, as usual, in the Memorial Hall. Besides the boys, there was a very large attendance of parents and friends.

Mr. B. C. Harkness, Acting Director of Education, occupied the chair. Since Mr. Stevens was unable to be present, Mr. A. Richardson, Acting Minister for Health, represented the Government. Mr. Kilgour and Mr. Williams, two former headmasters, were also present. Mrs. Harkness, Mesdames Dunbar, Levinsohn, Andersen and Mackaness, office-bearers in the Ladies' Auxiliary, and Mr. and Mrs. Christmas were on the platform.

An apology was received from the Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, who was detained by a Cabinet meeting. He had not, however, forgotten the School, as the donation he sent showed. Mr. G. R. Thomas, Director of Education, and Mr. Solomon, M.L.A., also sent apologies.

In his opening address, Mr. Harkness spoke of the educational system of New South Wales, which, he said, was one of the most highly centralised in the world. He also explained to us the new examination system which is shortly to come into operation.

Mr. Christmas then read his Headmaster's report, which is given in detail elsewhere in this issue. The Sportsmaster's report was also read.

Mr. Richardson then addressed us. He spoke of the turmoil of the modern world, whose problems, he said, must be solved by the schoolchildren of to-day. He also mentioned the number of ex-Fortians doing good work in various branches of the Public Service.

The academic prizes were then distributed by Mrs. Harkness, while Mrs. Dunbar, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, presented the sports prizes.

One of the outstanding features of this Speech Day was the excellent musical programme provided, particularly that by the choir and the School orchestra, conducted by Mr. Burtenshaw and Mr. Bailey. The orchestra, heard by most of the School for the first time, accompanied the choir in its excellent rendition of "The Blue Danube." The overture was also played by the orchestra.

There were also two solos, one by Ronald Gowans, who sang "Bird Songs at Eventide," and one by E. N. Shearman. M. Cooke gave us a violin solo, and W. Andersen a pianoforte solo. Andersen also played in the orchestra, and he is particularly outstanding as an accompanist.

Mr. K. R. Cramp moved a vote of thanks to the speakers and performers, and then, after the School War Cry, the Speech Day ended with the National Anthem.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

It is my pleasure to present the Annual Report of 1938.

The highest enrolment for the year was 728, distributed as follows: 1st year 180; 2nd year 165; 3th year 145; 4th year 141; and 5th year 97.

Two hundred and sixty new pupils were enrolled during the year, 178 in the first year and 69 in the fourth year.

Of 136 boys who gained an Intermediate Certificate, 59 left in December, and several have left for positions since. Thus it will be seen that too many pupils leave without having got the best advantage the Secondary School offers.

It is hoped that the proposed changes in the examination system will to some degree at least remedy this defect. In 1941 there will be an examination of pupils who have completed a four years' course. Those successful will be granted

a Leaving Certificate. During the change over to the new system the present Intermediate and Leaving Certificate examinations will continue.

Parents of pupils who entered the School in 1938 and succeeding years, should be prepared for their children to remain at school at least four years to gain this new Leaving Certificate. This extra year should enable the course to be rounded off so as to be more satisfactorily complete.

In addition, it is to be hoped that a good percentage of these, and particularly the more brilliant, will remain at school for a further period, and gain a higher Leaving Certificate, which will be probably a further two years' course.

It will not be necessary for these pupils to sit for an Intermediate Certificate, but they will be promoted without undergoing this special test by the School in the ordinary way. This means that

it will be unnecessary for the pupils who entered in 1938 and in succeeding years to sit for the Intermediate Certificate. Parents will have an opportunity of demonstrating their desire to lessen examination strain. We are awaiting further instructions on these matters from the Board of Secondary School Studies and the Department of Education.

ATTENDANCE.

The attendance and punctuality of the great majority of the pupils is eminently satisfactory, but there is a number, too large, of parents who prefer to interfere with the regularity of their children's attendance than undergo some inconvenience themselves. These irregular attenders are almost invariably backward in their class work, and an undoubted nuisance to their classmates.

Since last Speech Day a lot has been said about homework. Homework is a regular feature of school work—a necessary evil, if you like to call it so—but of undoubted value. I would distinguish between set home work and home study, and a judicious mixture will give the best results.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

At the last Leaving Certificate examination, 72 boys passed, 52 qualified for Matriculation, 18 gained University Exhibitions, 2 University Bursaries, 12 passed for the State and 31 for the Commonwealth Public Service, and, as far as I can ascertain, 7 accepted scholarships at the Teachers' College.

There were 24 First Class Honours, and 36 Second Class Honours gained, 34 of these being in Mathematics (a result that has probably not been excelled since the inception of the Leaving Certificate examination).

Among the successful candidates, I would mention David Stewart, who gained four First Class Honours and A passes in his other subjects. Also Allan Dicker, with three First Class Honours and three A passes. There were many other excellent passes, which are recorded in the programme you have in your hands. Of these 72 successful students, no less than 30 are attending the University this year, some in practically every Faculty.

We were very successful, too, in the Intermediate Certificate examination. Of 138 candidates—and no boy is held back in this School—136 passed, 19 gaining six A's or more. The passes of W. Andersen (nine A's); D. Elkman, L. Fowler, K. Gray, G. Ham, G. Mulvaney, E. Rolls and S. Tow being especially meritorious.

As a result, too, of this examination, four boys have gained Intermediate Bursaries, and eight State Public Service passes.

While on the subject of examination successes, I would like to mention that our recent Old Boys are holding their own in the advanced field of University work.

A few to hand at present are K. J. Walker, who has obtained his M.A. in Psychology with First Class Honours and the University Medal.

At the B.A. examination I would mention J. M. Ward, B.A., with First Class Honours in English, First Class Honours in History, and University Medal (divided).

R. A. Gollan, First Class Honours in History and University Medal (divided).

R. T. Gollan, First Class Honours in English, Third Class Honours in Greek.

J. A. Melville, B.A., gained his LL.B. with First Class Honours.

Other results to be published later will doubtless show that in other departments of the University the Old School is also well represented.

The principal School prizes are enumerated on the programme, and need be mentioned only in passing.

D. Stewart gains the Killeen Memorial Prize, Dux, Baxendale Memorial Prize for English, Dr. Verco Prize for Mathematics, and the Fortian Prize for best verse contribution.

D. Yabsley, the Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for essay on an Australian subject.

The B. S. B. Stevens Prize for essay on economic subject was won by D. A. Newton.

Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian, O. Evans, and Headmaster's Prize for School Service, K. McIntyre.

I would like to mention that commencing from next year it is intended to institute an annual prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Medicine at the University. This will be called the Dr. John Hunter Memorial Prize, and will be in commemoration of that wonderful genius and Old Boy.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

The School Union was, as always, very active and efficient, with Messrs. Harrison, Johnson, Cannon and Stanley as executive officers.

The Library, with Mr. Rose in charge, added a large number of volumes to its numbers, both in reference and chosen fiction. It will be con-

siderably added to this year. An offshoot, a Chess Club, has proved very popular.

The magazine, *The Fortian*, was of its usual high standard. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Editor, gave us two issues, and the best contributions were adjudged to be those of G. Barnes (prose) and D. Stewart (poetry). The weekly sheet, the *School Reporter*, is still being produced by Mr. Short, and is a popular and useful adjunct.

We are always proud of our Play Day and Play Night. Mr. Moss, assisted by members of the staff, gave us something especially memorable. I would like to emphasise the value of this work in training the boys not only in speech, but in deportment.

The School also had a good share in the Historical Pageant in connection with the Sesqui-Centenary Celebrations.

Debating, class, inter-class and inter-school, is still a feature of our work.

The training gained from this and in other speech training is reflected in the success of our Empire Day Celebration, which is entirely in the hands of the pupils.

Pupils also assisted by giving addresses at the Ultimo Public School and Eastwood Infants' School.

Music is an increasingly popular subject of the school course in the lower school, but we feel that the greatest value is in the training in singing which is given, and our School Choir, under Mr. Burtenshaw, was a joy to listen to.

Mr. James also commenced to train a School Orchestra, which reached a very creditable standard.

The School Captain (K. McIntyre) and his Prefects gave valuable assistance, and gained invaluable experience during the year.

Mr. Johnson, in his report as Sportsmaster, will give a report on the sport of the School, which with the assistance of the staff has been satisfactorily carried on.

Mr. Humphries was responsible for the gaining of 393 awards for Life Saving. These included the Award of Merit gained by G. Sanders, and seven Instructors' Certificates.

The School finances are ably managed by Mr. Burgin, and he and Mr. Stanley act as liaison officers for the Ladies' Committee.

As I forecasted last Speech Day, Mrs. Rogers, who had so wonderfully served the School as President of this fine band of workers, was forced by ill-health to relinquish this office, and I would like to place on record our appreciation of her efforts, and those of her fellow committee members. This committee has been reorganised, and I am pleased to say that we have now a truly wonderful committee again, whose executive officers are Mrs. Dunbar, President; Mrs. Levinsohn, Secretary; Mrs. Andersen, Treasurer.

Several functions have already been held, and a regular series is forecast. I appeal to all parents to give their support to this great band of workers who are so energetic in their efforts for the School.

As you will see, a large number of boys are now wearing the School uniform, and I am hoping that more and more will continue to do so as suits have to be replaced by new ones.

THE STAFF.

I have to record very few changes in the Staff. Mr. Harrison temporarily has left us, Messrs. Hallman, Tompson and Aubrey have been transferred. In their places we have Mr. Outten acting as Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Tierney as English Master, and Messrs. Atkinson, Bailey and Johnstone newly appointed. To these gentlemen we give a cordial welcome, and I am sure, from what I have already observed, that their services will be of value to the School and its pupils.

For many years it has been my privilege and pleasure to acknowledge publicly my thanks to my staff. I do so again this year with much sincerity.

The co-operation, support and loyal service given ungrudgingly and under many disabilities is mostly responsible for the very fine year's work, giving a result that will be hard to equal, and still harder to excel.

It only remains for me to thank those who have helped the School in the past year. The donors of prizes, the Ladies' Committee, the Old Boys' Union, Messrs. Kerr and Hardwick, the Press and the visiting Clergy, all have my thanks and wishes for continued support.

I bring this report to a close by expressing my confidence in the successful completion of the work of the present year.

SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.

CRICKET.

We took part in the competitions arranged by the P.S.A.A.A., and entered a full complement of teams. The best results were achieved by the 3rd grade team, led by Penman, and the 4th grade team, captained by Ellis. Both teams were runners-up to the premiers.

RUGBY UNION.

The 1st XV. improved on the standard of the preceding year, and though they did not win the competition, were always a force to be reckoned with. Two players, Evans and Robertson, were selected in the C.H.S. team. Of the remaining five competition teams, the 5ths and 6ths were most successful. Both were runners-up to the premiers.

TENNIS.

Notwithstanding the fact that the School has more than 300 boys who play at tennis, the four competition teams were the weakest for a number of years. The best players were J. Martin, who won the singles championship of the School, and J. Penman, the runner-up.

ATHLETICS.

There has been considerable improvement in this branch of School sport. At our own carnival no less than six records were broken, and our representatives at the C.H.S. Carnival kept the spectators on their toes. The senior team gained third place, the junior team second place, and the juvenile team second place. The names of the best athletes will be mentioned at the presentation of prizes.

SWIMMING.

The School is very badly placed from the point of view of the encouragement of swimming. The baths set apart for our weekly classes are situated at Drummoyne, and during the past season in

particular there has been little opportunity for practice. At one period we were unable to attend for three Wednesdays in succession, owing to the incidence of carnivals. It seems rather a pity that Petersham Council did not go forward with its scheme for the construction of a local swimming pool. The names of prize-winners will be given at a later stage.

LIFE-SAVING.

During the year 28 boys were taught to swim, leaving only two members of our School community who have not been able to go through this important course of instruction, owing to medical reasons. Boys have been encouraged to attend examinations conducted by the Royal Life Saving Society, and 393 awards were gained. These include: 1 Silver Award of Merit; 5 Instructors, 1st class; 2 Instructors, 2nd class; 3 Bars to Bronze Medals; 24 Bronze Medals; 1 Intermediate Label; 26 Intermediate Certificates; 27 Elementary Certificates; 304 Resuscitation Certificates.

DONORS.

Mr. P. Hannan: Senior Cup.
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor: Under 14 Cup.
Mr. Carl Phillips: 6 small Cups.
Mrs. Anderson: Tennis Cup.
Mr. H. McCredie: Runner-up to Tennis Championship.

Athletics trophies were financed from a special fund, to which the following ladies and gentlemen generously contributed: Mesdames F. Short and V. Davies, Messrs. W. Sinclair, R. Bell, E. C. Greening, R. N. Mackenzie, A. T. Hinde, H. C. Winkworth, W. J. Neal, R. Lennox. C. Pye, W. D. Bagnall, W. G. Cousins, T. W. Packer, Shaw, J. Glen.

SPORTS PRIZES.

SWIMMING.

R. Small: Senior Cup.
W. Smith: Junior Cup.
A. Howie: Taylor Cup (under 14 years).

LIFE SAVING.

393 Awards, including one Award of Merit (G. Sanders); 7 Instructors' Certificates.

ATHLETICS.

K. Lawson: Senior Cup.
H. Hearne: Junior Cup.
J. Moon: Juvenile Cup.

TENNIS.

J. Martin: Anderson Cup.
J. Penman: McCredie Cup.

BLUES.

RUGBY UNION: O. Evans, R. Robertson, D. Taylor, R. Wilson.

CRICKET: R. Thompson.

ATHLETICS: S. Burns, N. Hodgekiss, G. Mackaness.

TENNIS: J. Martin.

PRIZE LIST.

FIFTH YEAR.

David G. Stewart: Dux of School; Killeen Memorial Prize; Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; Verco Prize for Mathematics; 1st in English; 1st in Mathematics II.; 1st in Mechanics; 1st in Physics.

Allan V. Dickey: Special Proficiency Prize; 1st Mathematics I.

Alister Morrison: 1st in History.

Donald Kilgour: 1st in Latin.

John Laycock: 1st in French.

Kenneth McIntyre: 1st in German.

Henry Lunney: 1st in Chemistry.

Keith Lawson: 1st in Economics.

George Turnbull: Taylor Prize for Geography.

Owen Evans: Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian.

Kenneth McIntyre: Headmaster's Prize for School Service.

David A. Newton: B. S. B. Stevens Prize for Economic Essay.

FORTIAN PRIZES.

D. Stewart: Best Verse.

G. Barnes: Best Short Story.

PLAY DAY PRIZES.

Senior: Bruce Short; John Beach.

Junior: T. Duffy, C. White.

FOURTH YEAR.

John H. Davies: Dux of Year (aeq.); 1st in Mathematics I.

John Hills: Dux of Year (aeq.); 1st in Latin; 1st in German; 1st in French; 1st in Physics.

Francis M. Hooper: Special Proficiency Prize.

Bruce Kell: Special Proficiency Prize; 1st in Economics.

Bruce Ward: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; 1st in History.

Valdek Lembit: 1st in Mathematics II.

Raymond Byron: 1st in Mechanics.

Eric Waring: 1st in Chemistry.

Ian Taylor: 1st in Geography.

Donald Yabsley: Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Essay on an Australian Subject.

Harold Fallding: Baxendale Memorial Special Prize for Modern English.

THIRD YEAR.

Eric Rolls: Dux of Year; 1st in German; 1st in Elementary Science.

George Mulvaney: Special Proficiency.

Stanley Tow: Special Proficiency; 1st in Latin; 1st in French.

Kenneth Gray: Special Proficiency.

William Andersen: Special Proficiency.

Lindsay Fowler: Special Proficiency.

David Crofts: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Ian Wheeler: 1st in History.

John Neville: 1st Mathematics I. (aeq.).

Eric Arnold: 1st Mathematics I. (aeq.).

Keith Howard: 1st Mathematics II.; 1st Business Principles; 1st Shorthand.

Hilton Stephen: Taylor Prize for Geography.

SECOND YEAR.

Leonard Hinde: Dux of Year; 1st in Mathematics II. (aeq.); 1st in German.

Ralph Stewart: 2nd in General Proficiency; 1st in Latin; 1st in French; 1st in German.

Grant Crichton: 3rd in General Proficiency.

Norman Webb: 4th in General Proficiency; 1st in History; 1st in English; Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Ronald Hinde: 5th in General Proficiency.

Noel Willis: 1st in Greek; 1st in Elementary Science.

William Harrop: 1st Mathematics I.

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

John Hill: 1st in Geography.

David O'Dell: 1st in Music.

Ernest Bonus: 1st in Business Principles; 1st in Shorthand.

FIRST YEAR.

Gordon Pettit: Dux of Year; 1st in English; 1st in History (aeq.); 1st in French; Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Ronald Bowra: 2nd in General Proficiency.

Stanley Marshall: 3rd in General Proficiency.

Michael Anthony: 4th in General Proficiency; 1st in Elementary Science (aeq.); 1st in Mathematics I.; 1st in Music.

Ronald Hokin: 5th in General Proficiency.

Jack Thompson: 1st in History (aeq.).

Francis Packer: 1st in Latin.

Neville Stutchbury: 1st in Mathematics II.

Kenneth Swanton: 1st in Elementary Science (aeq.).

Robert Harding: 1st in Geography; 1st in Business Principles; 1st in Shorthand.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORIES.

I think my happiest memories come from the time when I lived down the South Coast at a little town called Thirroul. It was next to Bulli, and nestled at the foot of the Illawarra Mountains, right on the edge of the rolling blue Pacific.

There was where I found happiness rollicking in the surf, swimming in the baths, or climbing the mountains all day. O, happy days! O, care-less days! How I loved coming home from school to go for a swim, or climb the rugged cliffs that stretched as far as the eye could reach along the coast.

Gathering blackberries was another favourite pastime, for it meant a lengthy climb over the hills, and a grand feast whilst filling the can, to say nothing of the big, crusty pies mother would bake for dinner.

Sometimes we would go for picnics, and ramble over the hills and dales, looking for stags and ferns for the fernery, and maybe to do a little shooting I remember also that there was a field of sweet

sorghum behind us, the stalks of which we would sometimes chew until we were quite sick, wait for the sickness to pass, and then chew again.

When winter came, we just had to sit down and listen to the house rattle under the terrific barrage of southerly winds, that were very frequent, and never had a velocity of less than forty miles per hour.

There was a brick pit at the back of our place, and I often used to climb up and down the steep sides, but sometimes I would slip and come home with a torn knee or scratched leg.

Over towards Bulli there were steep grass hills, so one day my brother made a grass sledge, and we would career down the slopes right to the water's edge, and begin the painful pull up hill, to swish down again as soon as we reached the top.

I often long for those happy days at Thirroul, and wish I could recapture my lost childhood.

P. HEERY, 3C.

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THE DARK HORSE.

The activities of a certain confidence man, as reported in my newspaper, attracted my attention. I read the report, and was moved to eloquence. I expounded at length on the foolishness of the con. man's victims, mentioned in passing the eagerness of some to keep the industry going, harped on the simplicity of the devices used to entice unfortunates to their dooms, and at length stopped for breath.

That was my undoing. Before I could recommence, my ancient and venerable friend, old Andrew Long, began. I knew from long experience he had started on one of his "yarns." I also knew that nothing would stop him. So I settled down to listen to his story.

One year, 'way back in the dim dark ages, before old Andy had become prosperous, things were looking pretty black for him. In the first place, there had been a two years' drought. This was followed by extensive bushfires. His few remaining sheep, finding the fences were no longer obstructions, strayed all over the place. He needed money urgently—but the bank met his requests by presenting an overdraft as long as your arm. He always knew when a month had passed, for he received a "reminder" from the bank.

Things grew steadily worse. The letters from the bank became more insistent—they developed a warning note. The death rate of his sheep crept higher and higher. Feed was practically unobtainable. Then the unexpected happened. Uncle Benjamin, while taking his daily constitutional, slipped on a banana skin and, incidentally, to eternity.

Andy could hardly believe it, for Benjamin had weathered pneumonia at seventy-five, and seemed ready to live to a hundred. However, confirmation came in a very desirable form—a cheque from a lawyer. It was for five hundred pounds. Andy decided to pay off his overdraft, and so return himself to the bosom of the bank.

But this was not to be. A certain gentleman visited the district. His card stated that he was the representative of the Compressed Food for Livestock Company. He explained to Andy how one of these tablets per sheep per day took the place of all food normally consumed by the sheep. He told him of the discovery of a French scientist, which enabled the tablets to be made

and sold cheaply. He produced pencil and paper, and with the aid of long and complicated calculations, showed how the company would be paying a twenty per cent. dividend to investors in two years' time. He talked for two hours, and then showed Andy where to sign.

The salesman left that night in the Cobb and Co. coach. He had with him two hundred and fifty sovereigns and a cheque for another two hundred and fifty. When Andy wrote to the address given him—to enquire why the shares he had received had paid no dividend—the Dead Letter Office at length informed him that if Loftus Street had extended so far, the address would have been in Sydney Harbour.

Andy was still smarting from the confidence man's sting when Cousin Monty arrived. He was insufferably superior, but Uncle Ben had "remembered" him. So, suddenly finding himself very affluent, he decided to travel. He had written to Andy, saying he was coming out to Australia to get Colonial experience, and would Andy write, telling him how to get to the property.

When he arrived, and had ridden round the place, he informed Andy that no one but a fool would live there, and said that if the property were sold, Andy's passage would be paid to England. He would do anything to help Andy, he said. So, next time the bank sent a letter, Andy made sure Monty saw it. Monty, however, did not seem so keen to help him.

A few days afterwards, Monty bought a horse. Harry Hawke, one of Andy's neighbours, had for sale a horse, reputed to have in his veins some racing blood, and he invited Monty to buy it. Monty, anxious to show off his knowledge of horses, asked many pointless questions. He received many pointless answers, delivered with an air of profound wisdom by Harry.

The horse was really a valuable one, but was not, perhaps, worth the sum Monty paid for it, though it was a beautiful, upstanding grey. He ventured to point this out, but only drew from Harry a long speech praising the special horse-shoes, which were brought, with great trouble and expense, from Sydney. Monty said they seemed much the same as any other horseshoes. Harry expressed surprise, and said they were made by Price, of Sydney. "Look, his name's marked on them!" He then talked of the horse's sire.

Monty again brought the conversation back to horseshoes—to be told that the horse had only one fault, and Harry thought it only right to tell him. There was a scar on its rump!

So Monty bought it.

The next day Andy asked Monty if he would come out with him "to try the new horse." Monty was quite willing, until some sheep were mentioned—but it was too late to back out then. That evening Andy told Monty (who was tired out) that if the fences had been up, the long day in the saddle would not have been necessary—but he couldn't afford new fences. Still Monty's help was not forthcoming. So old Andy asked him for some.

Monty said it seemed futile to put money into a proposition that was a failure and could not support itself, and he thought Andrew would be better advised to sell out. Andrew pointed out that he had taken over the place just before the drought. He showed Monty the profit made by the previous owner. At last Monty grudgingly promised to lend him some money.

"But," said Monty, "I find no record of the legacy you received from Uncle Benjamin. Surely you have not used all that on feed." And so the story came out. Monty changed his mind. Lend money to a man who could give his money to the first stranger who asked for it? Could anyone blame Monty for refusing his cousin pecuniary assistance? Definitely not!

Andy was little better than a fool! A child could deceive him! He drew comparisons between Andy and Andy's sheep, to the advantage of the sheep, and he concluded by expressing a desire to meet a confidence man. None of that profession, or anyone else, could get the better of him! Andy smarted again—and, burning with humiliation and annoyance, challenged his cousin.

"Prove it!" he cried. "Prove it! If you can go for a week without being fooled, I'll sell out and go to England."

Monty smiled with superiority. "If I'm fooled in a week, I'll pay your overdraft and pay for the new fences."

So it was agreed. Andy had recovered his usual good humour. Monty was very perky. As the days went by, he became more confident.

"Even if I had not been informed of your intentions, Andrew," he often said, "you could not trick me."

One morning Monty, having eventually risen

and breakfasted, went down to see to his horse. Monty let no one touch it but himself. On this particular morning, Andy's horse was in the paddock, the hand's horse was there, and a bay horse—but where was Monty's? He strode round to where Andy was talking to Harry Hawke.

"Where's my horse?" he demanded.

"I saw it in the horse-paddock about half an hour ago," answered Andy.

Monty nearly exploded with indignation. "Look here, Andy. If you think by thieving my horse you'll win the bet, you're mistaken. I'm not giving you a penny. Tell me where that horse is."

"In the horse-paddock—or he was half an hour ago. And I don't intend to win the bet by stealing your horse. He's probably broken out in the far corner—the fire went through there, and I couldn't afford to fix it properly."

"But what about my horse? Do you think I'm letting a valuable horse go? Aren't you going to look for him?"

"I've no time to look for horses." Andy turned and went into the house.

"It isn't the horse I sold you, is it?" asked Harry.

"Yes it is. And if all that money is gone for nothing——" His voice ended in a splutter.

"I wouldn't like to see that horse go, either. When you think what his sire did in——"

"I know, I know. You told me that."

"Did I? Oh, well, he is a good horse, and an Indian hawker came through yesterday. Listen, I'll tell you what we'll do. That bay horse down in the paddock is mine—it's another one for sale—and you can ride him to-day looking for your horse. And if you don't find yours and you like that one——"his voice dropped to a confidential tone—"I'll let you have him dirt cheap. But I'd better get back to Andy—didn't seem too pleased, did he?"

"No, he didn't. An entirely unreasonable attitude to take. Do you know, he actually expected——"

"Really? You never know what Andy will do, do you? By the way, your horse might have gone back to my place." And off he went before the astounded Monty could again start his indignant tirade.

So Monty went off to get the bay.

However, there was no sign of Monty's horse at Hawke's. Monty rode back, and went all over Andy's place, and explored all paddocks which

had any broken fences. A search of the neighbouring roads, with Monty growing hotter and dustier every mile, was of no avail.

Harry had remained at the homestead, eager to sell the bay.

"Well, did you find him?" he asked.

"No, I didn't. I've been all over the district."

"The Indian hawker has probably got him," said Harry. "Why don't you buy the bay? He's a fine horse, that one—his dam won everything going when she was in her prime."

Still angered, but needing another horse, Monty offered a small price. To his surprise, Harry accepted. Then, hot, dusty and weary, he mounted and rode home.

After dinner, however, the matter occurred to

him again, and he was moved to mention it to Andy.

"I offered Harry twenty for that bay horse," he said, "and he took it. I wonder if there's anything the matter with it?"

Andy smiled a slow smile.

"It's a good horse, cheap enough at twenty, but dear at the price," he said, enigmatically.

"What do you mean?" demanded Monty.

Andy's smile changed to a derisive smirk.

"Well," he said, "his shoes are by Price. They came all the way up from Sydney. There's a scar on his rump, and yesterday—yesterday," he repeated slowly, "yesterday, he was grey."

J. M. NEVILLE.

FIGHTING AN OIL WELL FIRE.

"Look out, she's going wild." These are words that every oil-field worker dreads to hear, because, when an oil well gets out of control, there is no telling what may happen.

About 11 o'clock one Tuesday morning the warning was given that the oil well in which thousands of pounds had been invested had somehow or other got out of control. The men rushed to close the valves, but before anything could be done the gusher was out of control. Oil bombarded the sky in a sooty torrent. Soon, well trained police and firemen were on the scene ready to fight the gusher.

A cordon of police was placed around the danger area. Soon, everything was coated with a black, slimy mess. All cars and aeroplanes were advised to avoid the district. The moment the gusher became wild, everyone was afraid of the greatest danger of all—fire. Police inspected the neighbouring shops and houses, and ordered the tenants to extinguish all fires. When the oil had shot up at such a terrific rate, it had contained a great deal of sharp grit, and this had cut through the controlling apparatus. Men toiled in feverish haste to construct a plug with which to cap the gusher and stop the flow of oil.

They drew oil into their lungs with every breath they took, and very soon their clothes were saturated with it. But at last, in spite of all their efforts, the dreaded fire came. There was a flash, a roar, and a terrific explosion, and the gusher was transformed into a flaring torch soaring to a height of one hundred feet. The flames

were accompanied by palls of oily black smoke. The heat was intense, and the men ran for their lives in case their oil-wet clothes caught afire. Firemen tried in vain to smother the flames by covering the oil with chemicals. For days and nights it continued to blaze, and at night it lit up the countryside for miles around.

After many unsuccessful methods had been tried, someone thought of attacking it from under the surface. It would be very dangerous work, and only men with iron courage could attempt it. Fire-shields were advanced within sixty feet of the blaze, and a tunnel fifteen feet square was driven to meet the oil shaft forty-five feet underground. A hole was then cut in the casing of the well, and pipes were put down to lessen the pressure and draw some of the oil off. Then pumps were connected, and thousands of tons of mud, water, sand and cement were forced into the well shaft. Gradually the pressure of the gusher grew less. It was then that the men decided to attempt to cap the gusher. While they dragged the steel cap or plug towards the gusher, hoses were played on them. The plug was swung over the mouth of the gusher by means of a derrick, and at last it was manoeuvred into place, and the flow of oil was stopped.

A great cheer went up. At last the monster was tamed. This great fire had lasted thirty-two days, and the loss of money and equipment was immense.

F. HUNT, 2C.

THOUGHTS OF A FOOTBALL COACH.

In the privacy of the staff room (if this room is ever boy-proof), as the football season progresses, the growl becomes more and more noticeable, and the determination to "have nothing more to do with grade teams in future seasons," is more openly expressed. Yet, season after season, the same coaches take charge, hoping against hope that their continued optimism and enthusiasm will bear fruit, and that the real spirit that makes for successful football will become a feature of our winter sport. This does not mean, of course, that coaches merely want to win competitions. Winning is, naturally, a pleasant thing, and something worth keeping in mind as a spur to our efforts. But every coach, worthy of the name, asks but one thing—the whole co-operation of those capable of playing football. I use the word "capable" advisedly, because it is a sad feature of our most health-giving and manly outdoor pastime that students who have most to gain by participation in football, are, too frequently, the ones who either do not wish to play, or whose parents forbid them to indulge in what they describe as a "dangerous sport." Those who have entered into this game with the zest which wholehearted love produces, laugh to scorn the suggestion that football is dangerous. Statistics prove that it is more risky to cross Parramatta Road than it is to play a game of this nature.

I fancy that I am right in stating that we have, so far, had no accidents this season, after participating in seven competition matches. This means that, apart from practises, six teams have fielded a total of 630 units (15 per team per game), and no lad has been hurt. The danger usually comes when older lads, realising their duty in 5th year, make a belated attempt to participate in a game that requires a year or two of preliminary preparation before entering over-weight combinations.

You will notice that in the preceding paragraph I used the word "duty," and this was no accidental introduction of the team. Much as you may feel inclined to doubt if the writer can assure you that a school gains its standing and its comparative reputation in no small measure from its showing on the football field. You may

ask—Why football in particular? The answer is that this is the most public of the High Schools' competitions, and we are judged, not by paper results, but by what we are seen doing. I would go so far as to say that even in Petersham the name of our School suffers because of the frequently poor showing of our heavy teams on the oval. We often complain that there is a lack of local interest in this High School. Well, I am certain that this is one way in which we can stimulate that interest. All High Schools must aim at strong football teams, simply because this, above all others, is recognised as the main competitive sport, and in it, we must make a respectable showing. The remedy is in your hands.

Strange to say, I have frequently noticed that enthusiasm is not lacking at the beginning of the season, but, after the first teams are picked, there is a gradual dropping off in the numbers attending practice. It is a fact that this indicates a meanness of spirit and a lack of perspective which should be non-existent in High School students.

Surely it should be your wish that the best team should be fielded, and you must know that your presence at the oval not only makes you fit to take your place if called upon, but, in addition, helps your fifteen in their training, not to mention that it does you, personally, the world of good.

Well, what more can I say, except to mention that our top grades are still languishing. It is possibly too late to do much about it, now that more than half the season is over. But what about next year, and the years after that? Start now to think up reasons why you should play—not reasons why you should not. Indeed, the only excuse for non-participation should be health of a type which would be adversely affected by football. Such a case among schoolboys is very rare. Actually, it is usually found that weak physique is strengthened on the football field, even if a little skin is lost in the process.

Lastly, your duty does not end with the practice and the game. You must do, privately, your share of the training. It is impossible to give you condition—this you must make for yourself.

A DUCK HUNT.

I was staying out at "Burrenderry" farm on the Tumut River with my uncle and aunt, and as it was a beautiful day, we resolved to go for a duck hunt.

We were all very excited, and straightway we went to clean our guns while my aunt prepared our lunch. When I had cleaned and oiled my rifle, I ran down to the kennels and untied Streak and Jib, the two black retrievers who seemed to know what was going to happen, and who barked joyously and jumped around me.

Soon we left the house for the river. Bill and I went up stream, while uncle and dad went down to the junction. We hid in the bushes on the river bank while dad and uncle came up river towards us. The plan was to see if the ducks were between us, and if they found them, they would try to shoot some, while the others would fly upstream to us.

We waited for quite a while, our ears strained to catch a rifle shot.

Then "Bang! Bang!"

"They will be here soon," whispered Bill, and we crouched low and waited.

Then I saw a brown smudge flying towards us. Soon eight wood-ducks could be seen flying in close formation.

"Ready," I whispered, and fixed my sight on the front duck, which would be the leader and the best.

They were almost on us when Bill clucked his tongue, and we fired together.

But only one fell—the leader.

The startled ducks wheeled, and I saw three more fall victims to dad and uncle, who had followed them up.

We had one duck, a beauty, and dad and Uncle Fred had five.

As we went home with happy hearts, I asked Bill what duck he aimed at.

"The leader," he said.

"Well," I exclaimed, "so did I."

Everyone laughed. But all the same, we had had a good day of shooting. R. PULLEN.

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GUIDANCE FOR THE UNGUIDABLE.

"A man should begin to practise virtue as soon as he has enough to live on."—Plato.

Maybe he thought of it. But he is dead, like Mistah Kurtz; we are alive as yet, faced with the joyless practice of making a living. Evidently we do not yet practise virtue.

But the Greeks had another saying. Play the Turk, go berserk, blow up the school, but sooner or later you must reach fifth year (must you?), and then you must be the perfect Hellene, adopt a wise look and a beard, muttering to yourself for at least one period: Know thyself.

Consider the lilies.

They are not like fifth year. For of fifth year: Some are the Royal Reserve of big business. Some are the lees-to-be of the teaching profession. Some are the unplucked grapes (sour, perhaps, but destined to fall eventually into the foxy jaws of Sydney University).

. . . Si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros.

Arrived there, do not be awed by the array of great Fortians who will not be there to greet you. If you do find some familiar faces, be tactful. If, for instance, you meet X—, who was in fifth year when you were in first year, don't inquire too closely into the length of his course. He may be sensitive. Again, don't inquire whether he is taking another degree. He may not understand you.

Mention of degrees reminds me that this year's list of honours graduates includes quite a few Fortians.

In Arts, John Ward, who came up in 1936, graduated with first-class honours in English and history, sharing the University Medal for History with another Fortian, Bob Gollan, who also took first-class honours. Ron Dunlop managed to add to first-class honours in English, a third-class in Greek, thus bringing Fort Street into an honours list from which it has been absent since Ray McCulloch graduated some time ago.

In Science, a Fort Street graduate has brilliantly headed the lists. L. Goddard, who won the coveted "three firsts and seven A's" at the Leaving Certificate in 1935, crowned a brilliant career by taking first-class honours in maths. and physics. He has been awarded the Barker Scholarship, and will proceed to further studies and successes abroad.

Will Shearer, B.A., who was in Goddard's year at school, is making his way creditably through

Law, showing a discomfiting predilection for the first couple of places.

From this welter of University swagger, may I remark that it was satisfying to observe the creditable results obtained by the School at last year's exams. Congratulations to all concerned—students and staff alike.

GOOD ADVICE FOR UNDERGRADUATES-TO-BE.

A University, like a school, is not simply a place for attending lectures. It is an educational institution, and education is more than the study of subjects. When you reach your new Alma Mater, then, avail yourselves of her many facilities and educate yourself.

Many avenues are available. Debates are held weekly—prominent in this field being the hardened old Hume Barbour warrior, Alan Jenkins. The Labour Club and League of Nations Union, forums for the discussion of current political and social problems with other undergraduates, both offer good facilities for this new kind of training.

There is a Musical Society for lovers of the kerosene-tin muse; a Dramatic Society for everybody but me and Shakespeare; a Classical Society for the "who's whos"; a Book Club; a Literary Society; a Regiment, complete with machine guns and . . . (I never could get the truth about kilts); AND a bi-weekly picture show. Price 6d.

This may sound attractive. It may not. But all these activities represent a phase of University life which is apt to be under-estimated or even wholly neglected. This is a plea for broader education. If you are fearful for work-reprisals, might I point out that all the first-class graduates in Arts last year were active members of two or more societies. And lists of officers or committeemen in any society will always show a good proportion of Fortians.

The Teachers' College follows University practice, and Fortians proceeding to those regions of hope and glory will find plenty to entertain and interest them. But the initiative must come from the newcomer.

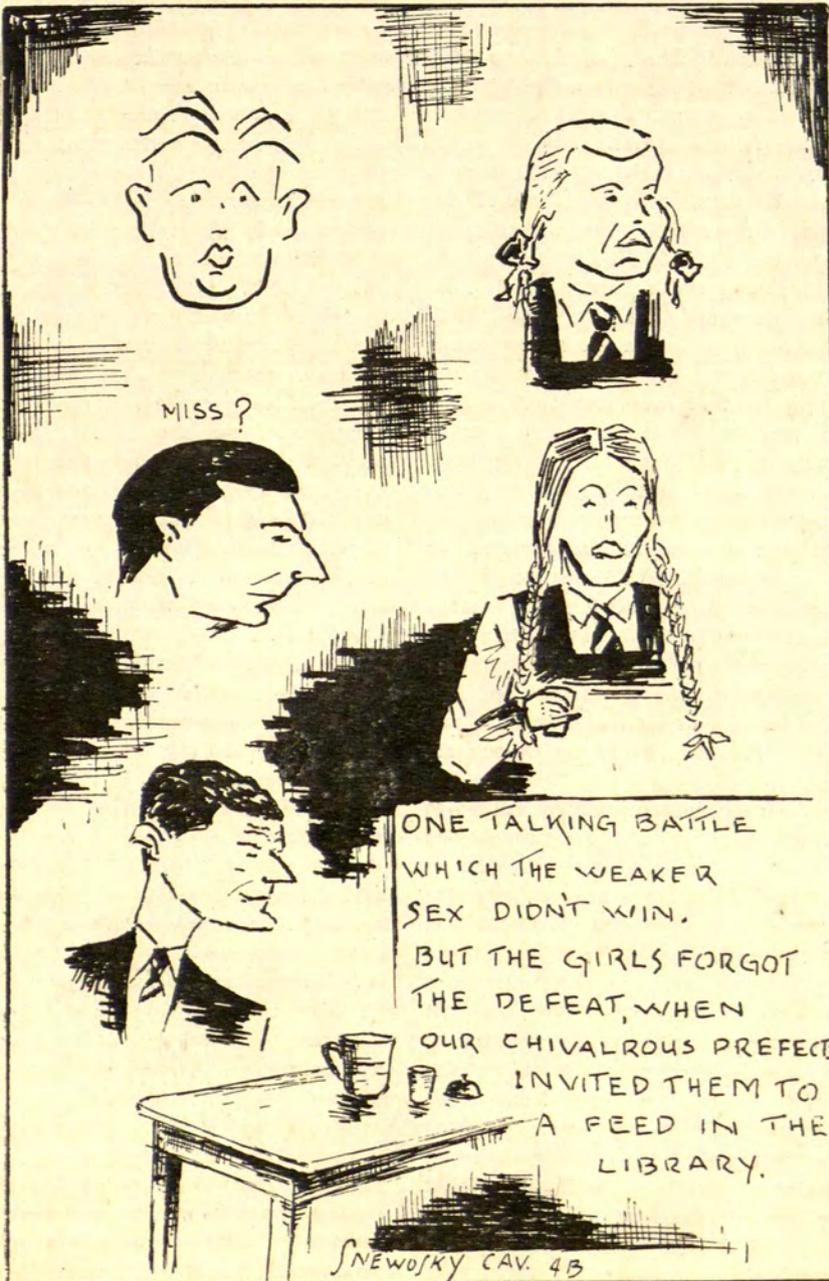
For the "plebs," to whom the bulk of this article seems NOT to be addressed, I say "Remember the mud so slung over you; set your faces sternly to go to this place into which many go white, and all issue forth white-collared."

Good luck and Au revoir,

To dear Red White,

From the Last Little Dwarf.

RON DUNLOP.



OLD BOYS' PAGE

As the Old Boys' Union presents these notes to Fortians, present and past, it does so with something of the awe with which a mariner, hardly escaped from shipwreck, lands "ev'n in that harbour whence he sailed before." Members assembled in general meeting at the end of 1938 were faced with the motion "that the Union go into indefinite recess." After a keenly interesting debate, this proposal was decisively rejected, the meeting being determined that the School tradition should live through both the storms of adverse circumstances and the calms of indifference.

The new president of the Union is Fred FitzRoy, who has for years rendered strenuous service as secretary, and Bill Shuttleworth, remembered by many for his prowess in the 1st XV., now holds office as honorary secretary. He is supported by Frank Spooner as Treasurer, and a committee including Messrs. Dave Cooper, B. Evans, Bob Gillies, John Pethybridge, Ormond Porter, Neil Stevens and D. Weinberg. It will be noted that almost all the committee members have left the School within recent years, and they appeal to the Fortians of their own group to join up and put their weight behind the Union's activities. As a result of the general meeting, the subscription for all members has been reduced to the nominal one of 2/6, which entitles members to receive news of all Union activities (and which may be paid to any committee member, or posted to the Secretary, c/o F. FitzRoy, Esq., 133 Pitt Street, Sydney).

There has been an increase in the number of social functions arranged for Old Boys, the first by the new committee being a Christmas smoke social. Over one hundred were present, and the function was the occasion of many reunions, all present enjoying the spirit of good-fellowship manifested. The same may be said of two theatre parties held since at the State Theatre. These latter are proving very popular amongst Old Fortians, and it is expected that another will be in course of arrangement about the time this appears in print. If you are interested, get in touch with the Secretary or a committee member immediately.

An event of special interest was the annual dinner on 15th March, which was honoured by the presence of the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, who pro-

posed the toast of "The Old School." In his supporting speech, he spoke with pride of his achievement when, as premier of the School debating club, he led a Government to victory on the resolution that "Australian Youth is Given to Over-indulgence in Sport—against an Opposition led by Victor Maxwell (now Mr. Justice A. V. Maxwell, of the Supreme Court). Percy Spender (K.C., M.P.) was also there, and in a characteristic speech paid eloquent tribute to the School's Headmasters. The response to this toast was the responsibility of Mr. A. J. Kilgour, who showed in his speech a freshness that belied the seventy-eight years credited to him on the calendar. "Before a man is seventy, he tries to conceal his age," he said. "After that he boasts of it." He still shows a keen interest in the School whose welfare was, and is, very dear to his heart, and took pride in relating the recent honour achieved by two of our old boys, George Briggs and Norman Esserman, in being appointed to two out of the three chief positions on the staff of the new National Standards Laboratory. A feature of the dinner was the spirited rendering of the war cry, which must have rather startled the management of Sargent's. We were very pleased to have with us Mr. Christmas, the present Headmaster, who is one of our patrons.

The Old Fortians' Ball, conducted jointly with the Old Fortian Girls' Union, was held on Tuesday, 9th May, and was "a social as well as a financial success."

Old Boy golfers are invited to take part in the golf tournament which is being arranged—ring F. FitzRoy (BW 6349) for details. The unique opportunity for renewing old friendships provided by these tournaments in past years has been much appreciated, and it is hoped all will co-operate to render this a successful function.

The Union extends very hearty congratulations to Owen Evans, Senior Prefect for 1938, on his winning its prize for "The Best Fortian." He is now doing Engineering at 'Varsity, and we wish him the very best as he commences his career. The vanguard of the Evans family, John, has just graduated in Veterinary Science, and is doing post-graduate work at the University. He was noticed at the dinner holding interested converse with

Geoff. Bailey, who was then in Sydney waiting for a sunny day to take the last stage of his land surveyors' examination. Apparently the right day eventuated, for we can now congratulate Geoff. on being a qualified surveyor. Another member of that group of Fortians, Bob Paisley, was recently admitted as a solicitor, and we note that a fourth, Bill Blunden, B.Sc., has just graduated Bachelor of Engineering, with Honours in Civil Engineering, and sharing the James Vicars Prize for Road Engineering. We do not know whether his ambition to succeed as a road builder was aroused by the state of Fort Street in the days when he used to traverse it.

the School, the other Fortian M.Ec. being Max Ruddock, who once appeared at Play Day as "a poached egg looking for a piece of toast." Ron's thesis for the degree dealt with "Social Insurance in Australia, past and future," and reminds us of the importance in this sphere of Allan Wheatley, another Old Boy. He was recently lent to the Commonwealth Government by the actuarial staff of the A.M.P. Society in the interests of the National Insurance scheme, and spent some time in Canberra. Another inhabitant of the Australian capital is Allan McKnight, who has joined the Federal taxation service. His talents will be missed from Union activities in Sydney.

The University Honours lists this year included many names of interest to members of the School. Ron ("Moses") Mendelsohn added another name to the list of the Masters of Economics. Of the eleven holders of this degree, three are Fortians, and of the five who have gained honours, two, Hermann Black and Ron Mendelsohn, come from

We congratulate, also, Jack Melville, on his graduation in Law with First Class Honours. Jack has been recognised throughout his course as one of the pacemakers for a very brilliant year at the Law School. At present he is with Minter, Simpson & Co., Solicitors, though we believe he hopes to go to the Bar in the not very distant future.



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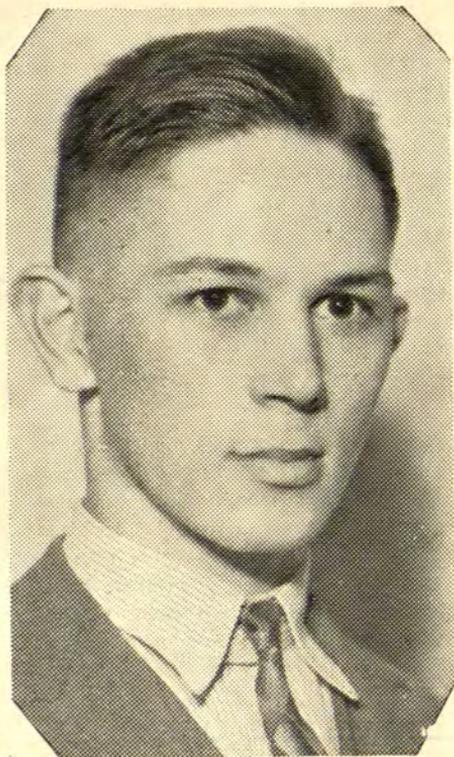
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LAURENCE GODDARD

(By courtesy of "S.M.H.")

Coming to Fortians of a later group, we must give pride of place in the recent honours to Laurence Goddard, whose photograph appears on this page. His list of awards as a graduate in Science is rather too long to quote in full, but it includes First Class Honours and the University Medal in both Maths. and Physics, the Norbert Quirk Prize for Maths., and the Barker Travelling Scholarship. He hopes to leave for Cambridge in August, and he carries with him our very best wishes.

His contemporaries at the School included Ken Walker, who during 1938 joined the University staff, following in the footsteps of his brother Ronald. In May, Ken graduated M.A. with First Class Honours and the University Medal in Psychology, gaining also the Woolley Travelling Scholarship. Another recent Arts graduate, with honours in English and Greek, is Ron Dunlop.

Bill Astridge, who is remembered for his presentation of Bill Hart in "Queer Street," is now decorating the benches of the Law School, render-

ing lectures less tedious to others by the soft music of his snores.

The first year Law undergrads, include a quota of Fortians, namely Jack Beach, Jack Blackmore, Alan Kershaw, Noel Lamerton and Bill Mitchie. Noel is serving under articles with another Old Boy, H. Roy Booth, remembered by many for the cartoons with which he decorated the "Fortian" about 1920. Jack Beach is carrying on the tradition by being articled to D. Lynton Williams, where he follows Kevin Ellis and Jack Kerr. The latter, who entered the bonds of matrimony in November, is now at the Bar, and appears quite frequently as junior to Clive Evatt, K.C., another Old Fortian, whom we heartily congratulate on his recent election to the Legislative Assembly.

Russell Mote is quite frequently to be seen in the places frequented by the legal fraternity, having commenced independent practice as a solicitor this year. Another Old Boy, linked to the School by the further tie that his father taught there, is Norm. Rose, whom we congratulate (somewhat belatedly) on his appointment as Medical Superintendent at Sydney Hospital—another in the long list of Fortians who have held this position. Jack Parker was last heard of in practice at Austinmer. Ron Porter, who graduated in Medicine a year or two ago, is now seeing the country as a locum tenens. His brother Doug, is manager of Selfridge's at Lithgow. He was married last year, and is now a father. Incidentally, our former Classics Master has now his first grandchild.

Frank Finigan is another Fortian to join the ranks of the medicos—we hear that he left for England in May for further study. We wish him the same success that recently attended Dr. Curzon Furner, of an earlier group, whom we note as having acquired his F.R.C.S. (Edin.).

It has given the writer keen pleasure to look back to the "tempora et mores" of his days at the School, but at the end of these lines of gossip we must stress that while the Old Boys' Union tries to provide news and means of social intercourse, it has a concern also for everything that makes for the good of the School. It feels that much can be done, and appeals to all Fortians, of whatever age, to link themselves in membership, so that by united effort some good may be achieved.

As these notes were going through the press, news was received of the death at Turramurra of Dr. William Mawson, who, like his more famous brother, Sir Douglas Mawson, was an old Fortian. Dr. Mawson was for over twenty years in practice

at Campbelltown, and has left a fine example of service to the present generation. The sympathy of all Fortians is extended to his widow and daughters.

EMPIRE DAY.

On Wednesday, 24th May, the annual Empire Day celebrations were held in the Memorial Hall. For the first time at Fort Street, parents and friends were invited, and quite a large number attended. As usual, the entire proceedings were in the hands of the boys themselves.

The chair was occupied by John Hills, the School captain. The School, under the baton of Mr. Bailey, first sang Whittier's hymn. Then the chairman called upon the first speaker, Bruce Ward, to speak on "Britain and World Peace."

He said that Britain's statesmen are now apparently convinced that the only way to maintain peace is by a series of peace pacts. The essence of these pacts is mutual help in case of aggression. Britain, in order to render assistance to those nations whose independence she has guaranteed, is now compelled to spend huge sums on armaments. This expenditure is, however, justified, as the stronger Britain and her allies become, the more remote is the likelihood of war.

The question arises as to why Britain should now make such a whole-hearted attempt to establish peace, when previously she was unwilling to give practical assistance to peace-making, particularly in the case of the League of Nations. The reason is that she was not prepared formerly to check aggressor powers, but now her defence has been organised, she feels prepared to meet any armed threat.

In conclusion, the pacifists of Britain have realised that the only way to maintain peace in the world of to-day is to present to aggressor powers a confident and organised opposition, and to do this it is necessary to build up a peace bloc of the greatest possible strength. The appeasement policy has been tried and has failed; now it is time to make a more active attempt to establish peace.

When Ward had finished his speech, we heard a solo, "Land of Hope and Glory," sung by R. Gowan. The School joined in the chorus. The second speaker was W. Andersen. The title of his speech was "Empire Builders."

The type of men discussed included administrators rather than conquerors or pioneers in colonisation. From this class were taken Sir Guy Caleyton, of Canada, Warren Hastings, of India, Sir George Grey, of South Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and Governor Lachlan Macquarie, of Australia. These men were discussed briefly, in connection with the historical background of the periods in which they worked.

The speaker then drew the conclusion that commemoration is useless, unless benefit can be drawn from the experience, or more especially from the example, of the commemorated men. He then reviewed the lives of these men, who represented five of Britain's most important dominions, and concluded that their outstanding quality was understanding.

The speech drew to a close as the speaker, relying on the experience of former Empire-builders, stated that we are left to carry on the work, and that we, too, must strive after this wonderful quality of understanding.

Before the chairman announced the next speaker, the School sang "The Recessional." Layton then spoke on "Imperial Defence."

After this speech the School sang "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean."

The last speaker, L. Hazlewood, spoke on "Our Duty to the Empire."

The "Song of Australia" was then sung.

G. Pye moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, which was seconded by John Shaw. The celebrations closed with the National Anthem.

THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF JIMMY LAWSON.

Jimmy Lawson hurried cheerfully along the busy, crowded thoroughfare. His step was light, and there was a song in his heart. For Jimmy was really happy—he had got a job. Yes, he, Jimmy Lawson, was now a working man, and entitled to that respect that a working man commands. True, it was hard work, and the wage was little enough, but, nevertheless, it was a job. No more hanging around street corners and pubs listening to races on which he had gambled a few bob. No more furtive sneaking past "cops," or slouching off when ordered to move on. Gone was all this—and, instead—respectability!

He stopped to peer into a jeweller's window. Now he would soon have some money, he might buy himself that diamond tie-pin (paste) he had so long coveted. There was no limit to the horizon of luxuries which broadened before him. What might he not do?

He was so absorbed in his reflections that he did not notice a "cop" watching him suspiciously. He became suddenly conscious of the officer's presence, however, when a heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and a heavy voice boomed in his ear—"Move along there!"

For a second Jimmy cowered. That order always inspired fear in his heart. Then he remembered his new job, at which he was to start on Monday. He expanded with the happiness that was born in his heart. He turned to his oppressor and swore at him quite cheerfully, without rancour or malice: "All right, you b—old so-and-so!"

Now, it must be understood that these words were spoken quite without heat. On the contrary, the meaning intended was one of good-fellowship and friendliness. And any ordinary policeman, knowing the nature of the neighbourhood and of the dwellers therein, would have accepted them in that spirit. Unfortunately, this particular policeman was not an ordinary policeman. Besides being new on this beat—he had previously been in a rather "classy" district—he was rather sour by nature. And at these words of Jimmy's, an entirely unwarranted anger was awakened in his breast.

"Swear at me, would you, eh?" he demanded menacingly. "Just you come along with me." And he proceeded to drag the unfortunate Jimmy down to the station.

"But, 'ere, 'old 'ard, horficer," gasped that worthy, in a sudden panic. "I never meant nuffink, I never!"

"Tell that to the judge," growled his captor.

§ § §

"And then, your Worship, without the slightest provocation, the accused swore at me, using very objectionable language."

"Hm-m-m-m . . . Hm! Humph! Prisoner, have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Struth, y'r highness, I never meant no offence. I meant it quite 'earty-like—like if I'd called 'im 'ol' cock' or somefink!"

"I find your behaviour most uncalled for, and sentence you to seven days without the option."

"But cripes, guvn'r, I never meant—'ere, let go o' me, you— I never meant . . ."

§ § §

Jimmy Lawson sat dejectedly in his cell. To-day was Monday—to-day he was to have started work. To-day should have meant the beginning of a new life for him. But instead—he almost burst into tears—it meant the beginning of the end. Who would ever employ a gaolbird? It had been hard enough getting that other job. But now—he could see the vista of wasted years stretching out before him—their emptiness, their blackness, their horror. And he could do nothing—nothing at all—about it. Anyhow, at least he would survive till Thursday. Thursday—he was let out on that day. He laughed bitterly, and was choked by a lump that rose in his throat.

§ § §

Jimmy flung his last two bob down on the bar counter. His last two bob—but what else could he do with it? He gulped down his drinks, and turned slowly out into the street.

The day was strangely in tune with Jimmy's feelings. It was bleak—cold, with a soaking drizzle descending on the muddy streets. The grey sky lent a drabness to the scene—one of utter hopelessness, one that would dishearten anyone. Jimmy stood for a moment and pondered on what he should do. The answer soon came—"Nothing!" He had no prospects; he didn't even know where his next meal was coming from. No hope—nothing!

A figure in glistening oilskins approached him slowly. A heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and a heavy voice boomed in his ear—"Move along there!"

For a second he cowered. That order always inspired fear in his heart. Then he remembered



This business of boys' Sports togs

When bells ring out at the end of the school-day study and worry, it's not time for restricted uniforms. A youngster wants to dash into play-togs with plenty of freedom and comfort — and a lively smartness that's right from his own point of view. Farmer's have been in the fore in this field throughout 97 years.

FARMER'S



his plight—and suddenly had an inspiration. Gaol! That was the answer to his problem. There one was always sure of food, at least.

"You shut up, you b—— so-and-so!" he snarled, and called the officer the most objectionable name he could think of.

For an instant he was astounded at the

enormity of the thing he had done. Then the officer sniffed, and said sympathetically: "Hm. Drunk! Well, just you go straight home and sleep it off."

Jimmy stood forlornly in the rain, like a lost soul.

T. GRAY, 4D.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

An Englishman living in India went out one morning, attended only by a native servant. As he walked along in the jungle path, looking eagerly for some rare specimen of insect to add to his collection, he was suddenly startled by a wild cry behind him. Turning instantly, he saw a sight that for the moment almost froze his blood and rendered him powerless.

The native was kneeling on the grass, rigid and motionless as a bronze figure, his wide-staring eyes fixed on a monstrous cobra that reared itself upright just in front of him. The reptile was shaking its ugly head to and fro within a yard of the terrified native, who knew only too well that the slightest movement, even the wink of an eyelid, would promptly settle his doom. The snake had raised itself some three feet from the ground, and its expanded hood, sparkling eyes, and neck beautifully arched, combined to make a picture of terrible beauty, which would have been admirable had not human life been at stake.

For a moment the Englishman stood fascinated, but the man's deadly and increasing peril roused him to the need for action; but what was he to do? The thin bamboo to which his net was fastened made but a poor weapon. Before he could get to the house for his gun and return, the need would have passed, even could he have brought himself to leave the man in such dire peril; to do so was not to be thought of. All sorts of schemes chased one another through his brain in a few flashing seconds. Why should he not try to throw his net over the reptile's head? If he succeeded, it would give the man a chance for his life; if he failed, it would hasten the native's death by but a few seconds.

He was just about to put this plan into action when he remembered he had his revolver in his pocket. Strange not to have thought of it! He breathed more freely now that the chances were

less unequal. Still, the risk was hardly diminished. The two were so close together that it seemed almost impossible to hit the serpent without injuring the man. It was a risk that had to be taken. Even if he missed altogether, the noise of the shot might distract the reptile sufficiently to give the man time to scramble out of the clutches of death.

"I'll chance it," he muttered, as he levelled his revolver and fired at the swaying head. The bullet went wide of its intended mark, but it was not quite thrown away. It had served to distract the reptile for a moment, and the native had made good use of the flashing seconds. He regained his feet and, picking up a stout bamboo, prepared for whatever might happen.

The cobra, however, was no laggard in the fight. Puzzled for the moment by the disappearance of its victim, it looked about in search of him, and the moment it sighted him it returned to the battle. The movement was greeted with a shot which took effect, but not in a vital part, and it came on more fiercely than ever. By signs the native gave his master to understand that he wanted this to be his fight. The Englishman nodded and stood aside, at the same time slipping fresh cartridges into his revolver to be ready for the worst.

On came the cobra. Suddenly the native sprang forward and hit it just beneath the eye with the bamboo. It fell and lay apparently lifeless. With a smile of triumph, the native turned to his master. The cobra, however, was only stunned; once more it reared itself aloft, and it might have gone hard with the exulting native had not his master been as ready as he was watchful.

Even as the creature's hood expanded, he fired. This time the bullet was well placed, and the serpent fell dead, shot through the head.

P. FORTESCUE, 2C.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Spring! Spring! Yes, it was spring. Never such a spring was known—except in England. Buttercups, daisies, foxgloves, cowslips, bluebells, oxlips, gladioli, violets purple, grass green, trees—no such trees ever grew, except in England—artist's sky, sun so warm, birds, birds so numerous, birds small, birds large, every bird worth listening to, flocking the sky with large "surprises"—this, this is England in the spring. Never such a spring was known—except in England.

Children danced, made daisy charms; yes, boys, too, for who could help dancing, crying, perhaps for joy, at the undulating acres of colour. And the woods. Rabbits with pink ears played, squirrels, pretty darlings, bushy tails and all, a-searching for nuts, and, besides these, other life was there in that wood; the bluebells, the green of the leaves, the moss, the grass, the brown of the park—alive.

Yet, amongst this, all this, was a man—sad. He was one of the many upon whom good fortune seemed never to look. No chance to show his worth. He was hoping, all through his life,

whether in prison or free, hope dogged his trail—burned in his breast. No race ever knew such hope—but he was an Englishman. Hope fed him, kept him alive. He wandered over the meadows, through waving fields of barley, past these to the wood. What could he do? No, he must not give up hope. Hope was eternal. He sat down beside a blue, gurgling, eddying streamlet.

Suddenly, spring, with her wand, touched his heart, his imagination. He pictured himself as Robin Hood—the people yonder were mail-clad, steel-helmeted, purple-cloaked Normans. He would make his weight felt amongst them. He would write. Yes, he would write. That stream, the sky, that sun filtering through the trees, as through a cathedral window. He brought forth pencil and paper—and wrote. Hope had guided his footsteps, spring gave him his chance, and he wrote. As he wrote, the church bells, lilted and wafted by a gentle breeze, seemed to ring—"Hope springs eternal." Hope!

J. MacKENZIE, 3C.

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THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Towards the close of the second term in 1938, Mr. James, of the Science Department, conceived the idea of a School Orchestra, and made inquiries about its practicability. Immediately after the spring vacation, he made a comprehensive list of the School's instrumentalists, and in a short time called together the first practice of the orchestra. Work was now commenced in earnest, and each member was so enthusiastic about the new project that this first practice lasted until 5.30.

The orchestra's first public performance was not, as might have been expected, at the School, but at the Teachers' College, where it played entr'acte music for a play, "Nell of New Orleans." The items performed were "Farewell of the Gladiators" by Fuick, "Barcarolle" by Offenbach, and "Ballet Music from Rosamunde" by Schubert.

With the close of School for the Christmas vacation, the orchestra lost its accomplished cornet player, Robinson, and also two fifth year violinists, Burke and Wood.

On resuming school in February of this year, Mr. Bailey, the newly-appointed Music Master, took over the work of the orchestra from Mr.

James, and practices commenced again with several new members, and Max Cook as leader.

On Speech Day, the orchestra was heard for the first time by the School and its visitors, when it played the overture, "Gibraltar," by Hayes. Then, later in the programme, the choir and orchestra combined, under the baton of Mr. Burtenshaw, in the performance of Strauss' entrancing "Blue Danube." This item had taken months to practise, and the result was more than pleasing.

The next performance of the orchestra will be on Play Night, and perhaps Play Day, when entr'acte music will be performed. We hope on these occasions that amplifiers will be provided so as to enable the audience to hear the music with ease.

In conclusion, let me say that, although the orchestra is truly an asset to the School, every member, apart from the realisation of this fact, enjoys the practices, because of the music played, and the very pleasant time which we all have together.

"BILL," 4D.

OUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

On Friday, 10th March, after one postponement, our 48th Annual Carnival was held at Drum-moyne Baths.

The programme included thirty-seven events, and an interesting and frequently exciting afternoon was had by all.

The organisation was, as usual, extremely efficient, and each event was carried out as planned, for which we are indebted to Mr. Rose, who was ably assisted by members of the staff, and to them we extend our thanks.

The outstanding swimmers were R. Small, W. Smith and A. Howie, the winners of the senior, junior, and under fourteen cups respectively.

Small was hard pressed by Ron Robertson, the winner of the 440 and 880 yards events, in the sprint races. The results may have been different had not Robertson been forced to retire from the 220 yards event, by illness brought on by over-strain.

It is here that we regret the absence of more novelty events; although they draw out the programme a little, they also allow the serious competitors a chance to recover from the previous race.

Small won the 50, 100 and 220 yards events.

and the 50 yards backstroke and 100 yards breast-stroke were won by I. Middleton and R. P. Nixon respectively.

In the Junior Cup, W. G. Smith was hard pressed by K. Webb. Smith won the 100, 220 and 440 yards events, K. Webb won the back-stroke, W. Challinor the 50 yards sprint, and W. Morris the breaststroke.

In the Under 14 Cup every event was won by A. Howie. Congratulations! J. Burley was runner-up.

Of the other events, the 11-year championship, swum over 33 yards, went to R. Player, and the 12-year championship, over the same distance, was won by A. Lennox.

The School diving championship went to A. Andrews, the life-saving race to I. Taylor and W. Dunbar, and the eight oar race was won by a team with J. Shaw, K. Cockburn, N. Chapman and R. Robertson.

Owing to the postponement, only two old boys, P. Schmidt and N. Lock, competed, and finished in that order in a 50 yards handicap race.

PETER NIXON.

ANZAC CEREMONY IN MEMORIAL HALL, 1939.

Tuesday, 25th April, 1939, being a public holiday the School commemorated the anniversary of the landing of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps on the hills of Gallipoli, on Monday, 24th.

The ceremony was held in the School Memorial Hall, which was erected in memory of the Fortians who fell during the Great War.

Mr. Christmas, officiating, requested the boys to join together and sing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." When the last few notes had died away, the Headmaster told the boys why they were there. He also said that they would, if necessary, live up to the great traditions of those glorious Anzacs who assailed the heights of Gallipoli in an attempt to defend their King and country.

After "Lead, Kindly Light" had been sung, Mr. Short, speaking at short notice in the place of Mr. Johnson, said that the School might be wondering why we held this particular function, when,

probably, most lads had already been present at similar ones elsewhere. Actually, this was our own private tribute to the Fortians whose names were engraved on the memorial tablet at the entrance to the hall. These were men who, as students, helped to make what has been called the Fort Street tradition, and who carried this tradition to its logical conclusion, by giving their lives for their country. This was the example we should, if necessary, emulate.

After the "Recessional" had been sung, Mr. Humphries walked up to the platform and received from Mr. Christmas a wreath, the School's tribute to the glorious dead.

Then, amid a breathless silence, Mr. Humphries placed the wreath on the tablet, while the mass of boys stood bareheaded and to attention.

The National Anthem was sung, and the boys filed slowly out, passed the tablet with their hands on their hearts, thinking of what they could do for the nation's dead.

C.H.S. SWIMMING.

The C.H.S. Carnival was again held at the North Sydney Olympic Pool, but it came as a disappointment to Fort Street, for not one of our three divisions, senior, junior or juvenile, succeeded in gaining many points, and were unplaced in the final results.

The representatives in the various events fought bravely against overwhelming odds, but very seldom came out on top.

The senior team was led by R. Small, our senior champion, and R. Robertson, the runner-up in our own carnival, and the other place was interchanged in the various events by Cavalier, Cockburn, Nixon and Middleton. The senior breaststroke swimmers were Nixon, Brown and G. Sanders. These boys swam well, but only one, Sanders, was successful enough to gain a place in the final. Miller, too, did well, gaining fourth place in the senior dive.

The junior team, headed by W. Smith, our

junior champion, and aided by K. Webb, W. Challinor and W. Morris, was not very successful. K. Webb and B. McBain were the only successful competitors, Webb winning the second division, and McBain obtaining fourth place in the first division of the junior backstroke. Howie did well in gaining first place in the junior dive.

The under 14, or juvenile, team was led by A. Howie, our under 14 years champion, and he was aided by J. Burley, A. Andrews and A. Lennox.

The members of the various teams were changed about according to their placings at our own carnival, and numerous competitors represented the School in each division. We thank each competitor for his efforts, and hope for better results at the next carnival.

We also thank Mr. Rose for his unfailing interest in this branch of sport.

R.S.

DEATH.

When life shall close, as an evening rose,
 'Tis only
 That it may store
 Its fragrance for a lovelier morn.
 We do not die,
 But bloom again,
 In solaced rest, upon the breast
 Of Him we love,
 Who knows no death.

H.F., 5A.

CHANGE.

Faint on the dying night
 Strange bells peal far away—
 A music not yet understood
 Rings out another day.

Slowly there breaks an unknown dawn
 Through clouds of heartsore strife.
 Be glad! Day, lovelier than before,
 Brings change and life.

H.F., 5A.

THE ROMANCE OF SAIL.

Romance has deserted the seas. Never more will the great barques and square-rigged ships meander lazily along the trades. The love of beauty has left the seafarer's heart. The great old-timers have gone down one by one in the march of time, the prey of the modern god, "Efficiency."

The most famous of all old timers connected with the Australian trade was the "Cutty Sark," which was built in 1869, and considered to be one of the fastest sailing ships ever built. She made a number of voyages to Australia until sold in 1895 to the Portuguese, who renamed her "Ferreira." She was bought from them in 1895 and rerigged at Falmouth, where she now lies.

Another of the most famous of wooden clippers was the "James Baines," named after her master. She made very fast voyages to and from Australia, and was sent to India in 1857 as a troopship. On her return to England, she was destroyed by fire.

The last of the wool clippers was the "Mount Stewart," which was also destroyed by fire at Miller's Point while discharging cargo in 1904. Thompson's Aberdeen White Star clipper ship, "Thermopylae," shared with the Cutty Sark the honour of being the fastest clipper in the Australian trade. She had a varied career, making a number of voyages to Australia and thence to China until 1890, when she was sold to British Columbia. In 1895 she was bought by the Portuguese and used for a training ship in the Tagus. Several years later she was towed to sea and honourably sunk by gunfire.

Probably the most picturesque ship ever to visit Sydney was the "Tweed," as she was the loftiest of all visiting ships. Originally she was built as a steamer, but later converted to sail.

To-day, except for a few isolated cases, either engaged in the grain trade or tramping the four corners of the earth in a quest for freight, commercial sailing is no more. The desire for speed and comfort has demanded steam. Never again will ports farewell the old warriors as they spread their stately canvas and sail off silhouetted against the distant horizon.

But sail has not deserted Sydney. No sport on the harbour is so popular as that of the open boat. With the salt spray washing their bows, and the flying foam wetting crew and sails alike, the tiny craft sail out each week-end. Old men and boys are drawn irresistibly by its call. Seasons

end time and again, and old men say they are retiring, but one nearly always finds them sailing again next season. Chris Webb comes to my mind. Chris is back in the game again, after some years' absence. "Trappy" Duncan is another. He was perhaps the best known of Sydney's skippers of pre-war days. One of the most enjoyable afternoons of my life was spent with "Trappy." Our usual skipper was not able to race, and had obtained the services of Billy for the afternoon. Incidentally, he had some years previously brought this same boat home in two Australian championships and an interstate challenge race for £50.

We rigged the boat, now battered and strained with 24 years of racing, and heavily battened to keep her weakening planks together; but she could still show the newer boats the way home in a black southerly or a spanking nor'-easter, despite modern sails and light tackle. She was still the pride of the bay, a veritable old identity.

This afternoon was perfect for sailing; a fairly heavy nor'-easter, which showed signs of freshening, blew. It was just the sort of day when a sailing man feels the salt tang in his mouth, the irresistible lure of the sea. Then "Trappy" arrived. He had forgotten his togs, but that didn't matter to him. Leaving his coat at the shed, we left for the starter's boat, and before long, "Trappy" had decided that we were the best crew, and that we had the best boat in the world.

As we approached the starting line, one of the crew shouted a warning to the skipper, "Starter's flag's up; there goes 'Enid.'"

The early markers were away, and soon we settled down to business. "Half a minute to go. Right oh, boys, pull the sheet on a bit; give her a bit of jib . . . harder . . . mind that buoy!" As the mainsheet was pulled on hard, one could feel the throb of the boat as the centre board took the strain, and a tenseness seemed to pass over craft and crew alike, while ten or twelve broad backs leaned over the windward gunwhale.

We were running third at the "Sow and Pigs," having a fairly good handicap. But, owing to an insufficient spread of canvas, as the crew forecast a freshening rather than a dying wind, we could not hold our place. Although not crowned by victory, we had a most enjoyable afternoon, and it was absolutely fascinating to watch this grand old skipper of pre-war days, fighting a losing battle, and using some of the best tactics one could ever wish to see.

June, 1939.

THE FORTIAN

33

Boats, like skippers, never die. "Kismet" is probably the most famous boat still sailing. When first built about 1910, she was sailed by a man named Billy Dunn, and for about four years no boat could beat her, in spite of heavy handicapping. She won an Australian championship and an interstate challenge race for £50, in one day. She can still show many of the other boats the way home in a strong breeze.

Scot is another old-timer still racing, but under a different name. Keriki is probably the oldest boat of her class now racing on the harbour, and is sailed by perhaps the oldest man, Mr. O. Taylor, who is still a very fine skipper.

And so, readers, I leave it to you to decide. Has or has not romance deserted the sea, and has the love of beauty left the seafarer's heart?

MAC, 4A.

I WISH IT WOULD RAIN.

"I wish it would rain, and rain hard to-morrow! A good excuse to miss school. I can't be bothered having to get up early in the morning to do my homework," soliloquised Johnny, as he lay in bed. "Wasn't that picture great! Buffalo Bill just saved the paleface in time from Howling Hyena and his braves. Then there was the girl the paleface married, an' the old squaw an'—an' the girl's cousin, an' the—an' the—"

They one and all came to the Ark, Hurrah!
Hurrah!

They one and all came two and two, Hurrah!
Hurrah!

Jungle Bill and Buffalo Jim,
They thought they'd have a jolly good swim,
The elephant and the kangaroo,
They also thought they'd have one too,
So they all filed in two by two, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The goanna and the cockatoo, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The hedgehog and the water-rat
Thought they'd see Mt. Ararat,
So they all filed in two by two, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah.

"Hullo, little boy, what are you doing here?"

"I don't know any more than you do. And, what's more, I don't know what or where 'here' is!"

"How ignorant you are! This is Arcadia, the land of fairy tales. I am Alysia, of 'Alysia and the Kangaroo.' Over there you see little Red Riding Hood and Boy Blue. How colourful! Farther on is Dorothea, who became mixed up with cards or something. I believe there was a Mad Rabbit and a White Hatter, too. Of course, you recognise Noah and Joan of Arc, his wife. They're the only two who are not fairies, so they were appointed guardians over us all. Oh, that humming noise is merely a toad trying out a new aeroplane. He is said to be rather—well, you know what I mean. And round the camp-fire you see most of the fairy creatures. That

song was composed by the Odo, a friend of Dorothea. And——"

"But, aren't you getting a little mixed?"

"I am not! And if you want to know, we are all gathered here to build an Ark to carry us round the world in order to spread the stories of Make-Believe. Unfortunately, Jungle Bill's waggons have been held up by Squawking Hyena and his money-borrowing Indians (he calls them Pawnees, it's so much quicker), and the beavers have gone on strike. Unless they hurry up, we shall be drowned again, as we were in 1926——"

"But——"

"by the typhoonic, tempestuous, monsoonal, hurricanish and most highly torrential deluge. Ah, but here comes our newest quartet of fairy stories. The Himuslino Tales of Terror from Western Eurasia. But look! Oh-h-h-h!"

Comes a flash of lightning, a peal of thunder. Comes the long-drawn-out sigh of the distant hurricane, growing to the full-throated blast of the tempest. Comes the swish-swish-swish of the torrential monsoonal rains. Comes the howling of creatures, like damned souls in torment, followed by the fiendish mockery of the fairy tale devil, which is turned to one of fury and repentance as he and his hellish crew are swept away. All around is water—water—water—water everywhere!

To Johnny's affrighted gaze appears a point of land. 'Tis the peak of Ararat. This he must reach if he wishes to survive. He must—he must—he——.

"Johnnieeee, Johnnieeee! Hurry up now. You will have to catch the 'bus to school. Now, no excuses. Mrs. Jones is coming for lunch, so I can't have you hanging round. Oh, and turn on the wireless, please."

"Gee, I wish it'd stop raining."

"This is station 2AW. The time is 7.15 a.m. The next number on our programme will be 'One Fine Day' from Puccini's 'Madame Butterfly.'"

A. J. WISHART, 3C.

POSTERITY'S JOKE.

In this modern and enlightened age we see fit to laugh at the Victorians—their narrow-mindedness, their clothes, their vehicles, their literature, the books they read, and the books they did not read, their views on everything—and, by so doing, says Walter Murdoch, we are imitating them in that point where they are most open to criticism: their complacency; we imagine that we are vastly superior to the bygone generations; but, you moderns, who guffaw loudly at the picture of your great-grandmother in her swimming costume, remember that WE will become the joke of the age to come.

They will snigger at our trains and our cars and our horribly noisy trams, of course—that is only to be expected; they will roar with laughter at our foolish clothes—"Grandpa, you didn't really wear things like that in the summer time?"

In fact, our whole lives will be pried into and dissected and ridiculed by the ever-superior wisdom of the generations that come.

But in the vague, or rather, impenetrable mist of the future years, I hear a different laughter, a feeble, wise laughter which will spring up singly in scattered parts of the world, at first to be mocked and jeered into silence, then to break out afresh with increased vigour, till the whole world

rocks with a burst of gaiety. Let us listen to a future history teacher.

"There were countries in those days under the rule of dictators. The other nations pitied them. They thought it was a frightful thing to be under such a government, and could not understand why the people put up with them—even seemed to like them. But ah! the fools! Every one of them was ruled by a dictator, a thousand times more cruel and relentless than of those that they knew. He was a tyrant, in absolute power; yet they worshipped him. Their whole lives were devoted to him. In fact, nobody could live without him. That despot's name was Money. I thank God WE are more enlightened than they. WE have done away with money, and see how happy the world is. WE are governed by no dictator."

And the devil in his dungeons will laugh evilly, and the laugh will echo throughout the world.

"The fools! The fools! They, too, are in a dictator's power, the power of a hideous monster. Eventually he will destroy them, and I will take their souls. They, like all generations, are ruled by Time.

E. C. ROLLS, 4D.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

The Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship is a branch of that world-wide organisation, the Children's Special Service Mission. Meetings of the I.S.C.F. are held at over fifty branches throughout New South Wales and Victoria.

The aim of the I.S.C.F. is to arouse interest in the most valuable things of life—the spiritual. By our fellowship we have many joyful times together.

To spread this interest, the I.S.C.F. frequently organises hikes, picnics and camps. Every Christmas holidays a camp is held at Bay View, and in the May holidays there is a house party at Blackheath or Mt. Victoria. Both are very successful. Anyone who cares to go may be sure of a good time.

Over the Easter holidays a Fort Street I.S.C.F. camp was held at Otford, and from the cheerful

faces of the campers, I can say that it must have been a very enjoyable time.

A Junior Fellowship Tea was held in the School Hall on 3rd April, and we are hoping very soon to organise a Senior Fellowship Tea.

Our meetings in this School are held every Monday and Thursday at 12.35 in the end room on the second floor. Numbers of the boys give brief addresses on subjects that are of real interest to the young Christian.

We would extend a sincere invitation to any boy in the School who would like to join us at our gatherings.

Our thanks are due to all those who have shown interest in our meetings, and we hope that in the future there will be many more of these kind helpers.

F. MORGAN.

FAREWELL TO AUTUMN.

Bright autumn's glories now are gone,
The leaves are lying by the rill.
Strange mists encircle, dim and wan,
The almonds on the hill.

In the desolate field there stands

A flower—last of its race.
With saddened eyes and drooping hands,
Bereft of early grace,
Nature waits, with scarce a breath,
The swift oncoming death.

A. BARKELL, 1C.

MILDURA.

The town of Mildura, situated on the southern bank of the Murray River, and overlooking the water from its highest vantage point, must have a special appeal to the tourist who is desirous of learning something about the internal development of this great continent of ours. The development within the brief span of less than half a century from a bushland waste to a city of nearly 8000 people, with all the modern appointments necessary to make it an ideal place for people to live in comfort is a story of enterprise, faith in the future, and the splendid vision of the Chaffey brothers, who nearly half a century ago were encouraged by the late Alfred Deakin, then Premier of Victoria, to select land on the Murray River for irrigation purposes.

The Chaffey brothers were natives of Ontario, in America, and had no knowledge of Australia or the conditions in this country at the time, but, influenced by the knowledge that a great statesman like Deakin would not mislead them, they left their native land to build up an irrigation colony in a new country, and the place they selected was one of the most remote in Victoria at the time. That they chose wisely and well is impressed on the mind of anyone visiting Mildura to-day.

Considering the little knowledge available in those days, it is amazing that the Chaffey brothers should decide upon this locality for their enterprise, where the soil and climatic conditions, and many other factors necessary for the successful growing of vine and other fruits are ideal. The wisdom of their choice is reflected to-day in the

world-famed Sunraysia products, which command a high price in whatever part of the globe they are used.

To the visitors that come to Mildura and see portion of the country in its native state, Mildura must appear as a veritable oasis in the desert, and they will be at once struck by the courage and dauntlessness of the early pioneers who tackled this wild country, far from civilised centres, to convert it into a prosperous settlement.

Immediately the site had been cleared by the enterprising brothers, large tracts of land were cleared by power plants, and water channels constructed for the purpose of irrigating the cleared land. Pumping machinery was installed, and, although it has been in use for 50 years, is still giving useful service to-day in the progress and intensive development of this wonderful district.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, difficulty in the early days was transport. There was no railway then, and the whole of the supplies for the settlement had to be brought by river from Swan Hill or Adelaide, and the produce of the area was sent out to market in the same way.

At the conclusion of the war, the Red Cliffs settlement was formed, and the land in this area specially reserved for selection by returned soldiers. Other areas adjacent to Merbeir were also reserved for this purpose, and to-day they have many prosperous soldier settlements at Red Cliffs, Cardross, Birdwoodton, and West Merbeir, on which returned soldiers are happily living in comfort and prosperity.

JOHN BISHOP, 2D.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Choirmaster (to choir): That singing is as weak as water—put some spirit into it!

§ § §

From Australian history exam. paper:—

"Ben Boyd went to Twofold Bay, and started walling. Walling was Australia's first industry."

§ § §

Scene: Staff room, after one of the recent burglaries. Above the noise, as masters sort out their possessions, rises the sound of a voice saying, very emphatically, "It isn't done!" "No," said Mr. Dunne, entering with Mr. Christmas, "but it looks like Christmas!"

Why was so much mirth observed among fourth and fifth year the other day when a certain master mentioned "the regular departmental inspectorial visit"? It is inexplicable!

§ § §

A pupil, on being asked why he was away, replied: "I had a cold in the head."

The master said: "So did I, but I didn't stay away," forgetting that he had just said "The cold flies to the weakest spot."

§ § §

"General Smuts," suggested the schoolboy, "are what they call the black people in South Africa."

THE MAIN REQUIREMENTS OF A SUCCESSFUL LIAR.

A good and successful liar, if he is to follow the same path always, must be equipped with several highly important qualities.

Perhaps the main requirement for so difficult a profession is an absolutely perfect memory. To illustrate this, let us take the case of Dolly Didwell. Dolly did so want to see the circus, to which she had been forbidden to go by her mother, and so, to satisfy this desire, Dolly took a day off from school, and saw the circus. On arriving home about half an hour later than usual, Dolly told her mother that she had been kept in. Now, as it was the custom to take a note to school explaining the absence, and Dolly was naturally unable to procure one, she smuggled some black ribbon out of the house, which she fixed to her hat. Assuming a mournful expression, she approached school. She went straight to her sympathetic and extremely gullible teacher, and told her the sad story of her grandmother's death, which the teacher believed, only casually inquiring which one, to be informed that it was her mother's mother. Some five years later, in much the same circumstances—this time it was a picture show—Dolly was at a high school in which her former teacher also taught. Again the teacher inquired which one, but Dolly, now a highly, though strictly private, qualified professor of the innocent art, politely answered, with just the correct ring of sadness in her voice, and an expression of perfect and sublime innocence, that it was her paternal grandmother. Although Dolly was singularly successful at the time, a close examination of her records brought to light the truly astonishing fact that Dolly must have had at least half a dozen parents to account for the deaths of her grandparents.

But a little thought shows that more is required than a perfect memory. A really good liar must have daring, and be able to assume

any kind of expression and stick to it, and to have wit enough to think up a plausible lie at a moment's notice. And, of course, as everyone knows, a very valuable asset to any liar, no matter how weak he is in the art, is an unceasing supply of the aforesaid grandparents. The case of the accountant, Jones, illustrates all these qualities.

Sad to relate, on the first day's play of a Test match, Jones rang up his employer to ask for a day's leave of absence to attend the funeral of his grandmother, which was granted. But, on arrival at the office the following day, Jones was summoned to his employer's office, where he was confronted by a decidedly puzzled man. Silence ensued. Then, on the first question, Jones put himself on his guard.

"Tell me, Jones, how long have you been in my employ?"

"Er—thirty years, sir."

"Well, Jones, you will no doubt be surprised to learn that your two grandmothers died over ten years ago, and that the only elderly lady buried yesterday was a lady of 78, eighteen years older than you. Was this Mrs. Smith your grandmother, and which of the two who have already died was she?"

"Neither, sir. You see, sir, my father married again after my mother died, and my new mother insisted that I recognise her as being my mother, and her parents as my grandparents, which, as you see, sir, is ridiculous, as both are younger than my father, and their daughter, my step-mother, is one year younger than I."

"Well, it is a pity you missed yesterday, Jones, as I had tickets for the members' stand."

"It is, sir; but if I had not gone to the funeral, I would, doubtless, have been thrown out of the house, after living in it for sixty years. But thanks, sir, for the kind thought."

A. J. WISHART, 3C.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In the mountains far away,
Where the people love to stay,
There they banish all their care
To enjoy the mountain air.

Down in the valleys, deep and cool,
They will see the crystal pool,
Banks of ferns with coloured leaves,
Growing beside the stately trees.

In the glades where wild birds sing,
And build their nests in early spring,
King parrots flash their crimson plumes,
Blending with the native blooms.

Along the cliff walks near the bluff,
The hiker finds the going rough,
And in the bushes near the levels,
Here they'll find the mountain devils.

N. WERDT, 2C.

MEXICAN STAMPS.

During the past few years Mexico has had more revolutions and civil wars than any other country in the world. Most of this trouble is pictured on Mexico's stamps.

Her first adhesives, issued in 1856, portray venerable-looking Miguel Hidalgo, of Costilla, who faced a firing-squad in 1811 for trying to free his country from the oppression of Spain. Spain had kept a tight grip on the treasure-chest of the west since the days of Sir Francis Drake. Going back much further, we come to the colourful Aztecs, who were a civilised people long before Cortes was ever thought of. Apart from the numerous pictures of Aztec monuments, we always have the Mexican "arms" stamps to remind us of the people to whom gold was of as little esteem as lead is to us.

These stamps portray a condor perched on a cactus, with a snake in its beak. Legend has it that in the 1300's a wandering Aztec tribe, when reaching a fertile valley, came upon a condor of Mexico, with wings outspread and a snake in its beak. The tribal soothsayers took this for a good omen, and the tribe settled down in the valley to build the city of Techochtitlan, and thereby

lay the foundations of the present-day Mexico city.

Our stamp illustration, one of a series of newcomers, brings us sharply back down the centuries to 1913. At this time Mexico was in a state of unrest. The peons, or native labourers, had been having a troublesome time. Much of what little land they owned had been taken from them by the State, and, downtrodden and poverty-stricken, they really joined forces with many other hot-heads in organising a revolution, which spilt more blood than the Spanish conquest.

One can hardly say that the new Mexican stamps have many gay colours, but that they're out of the ordinary no one will deny, and for this reason, and their historic associations, they deserve a place in a stamp album. The lowest value, the 5 cents, shows a burly blacksmith standing behind his anvil—symbolic of the hope of forging a new State as a result of the revolt. Mexican stamps show the type of country which the people live in. Although full of revolutions and civil wars, Mexico is one of the most picturesque countries in the world.

IAN E. CATHELS, 1D.

MYSTERY NIGHT.

The moon, reflected on the placid water, made a path of light from the horizon to the edge of the shore. The silver roadway, stirred by the slight movement of the sea, sparkled like the facets of a diamond, and, as I watched, there came across this path of light a full-rigged ship. She had all her sails set to catch whatever breath of wind was stirring. She slipped so silently across the moon's light, and looked so unearthly, one expected to see the stars through her sails.

And, had it not been for the single red eye of her port-side light to give evidence of her reality, one would have said she was no mortal ship. Presently she melted into the sky, whence she had seemed to come, and there was nothing left of her save the unwinking point of red light, which marked her progress, until that, too, disappeared into the night.

A. TYRRELL, 2C.

GOOD ADVICE.

If I had known Pythagoras,

Two thousand years ago;

And had I known his tendencies

(As their results I know);

"Pythagoras," I should have said,

In firm but kindly tone,

"You stick to Greek philosophy—

Leave triangles alone."

If Julius Caesar I had met,

In some forgotten year,

His trusty sword held in his hand,

His pen behind his ear.

I should have said—"Look here, my friend,

Fight, if you must indeed;

But don't write books about yourself,

Which no one wants to read."

And if I had been introduced,

In deferential style,

To Archimedes, Ohm and Boyle,

To Ovid and Carlyle,

I would have told them, one and all—

"Don't waste your time and ink

In writing down your precious thoughts.

Just stop at home and think."

"REDIR," 4C.

AUTUMN RAINS.

It was autumn; rains came; the river perceptibly swelled, and the sheep grew sleek and fat on the tender young grasses. This season was no lean one for the skilful hunter.

Late one afternoon, when dotterels emitted tinkling notes on far-off sandbars, the grass bird sent forth its lonely, desolate call from among the tussocks on distant flats, and the fields assumed a velvety sheen in the setting sun, his lean, taut body darted among the straggling flock grazing on the hillside. He separated one pitifully bleating victim. Then all was quiet again save for the occasional croakings of a frog among reeds by the river.

A shepherd found the body next morning, torn by the marauder and feasted upon by the wraith-like creatures of the night. The previous summer his flocks had been more than decimated by sheep-tick, and he could not afford to lose any more.

When he found that all his baits had been merely toyed with, as he had handled them too much, he set out, rifle in hand, and, accompanied by four lithe mongrel dogs, to run down the dingo. A trail was picked up in a defile not far from the homestead. At about mid-morning they caught sight of him. He had caught their scent in the breeze and was making for the hills. The shepherdman clapped his Winchester to his shoulder, but the tawny-red form had disappeared.

The pack emitted excited yelpings, and set off in full pursuit. Their quarry, the blood coursing madly through his lean, sinuous frame, darted into the high grasses, where he zig-zagged and

constantly doubled back on his trail, utterly confusing the pursuers. He then appeared, flitting among the trees on the hillside. A well-timed shot ripped at the muscles of one hind leg. With lolling tongue he limped in desperate haste down a declivity and crouched low on his belly in a dried watercourse. The raucous screams of a cockatoo in the willows brought the pack after him. He gave a low, desperate snarl and was off.

By late afternoon he was sorely distressed. The blood had congealed black on his leg, and the gash was painfully stiff and burning. Only one dog was left on his trail now, and it followed with tenacious endurance. He gratefully plunged into the cool river, making for the opposite bank. A covey of wood teal noisily rose from the reedy shallows. With frenzied determination he spied through the swollen stream. Struggling, he was borne down in the current till he reached a small island near the opposite bank. He turned to see his exhausted pursuer hopelessly floundering in mid-stream. At last the dog's straining features were lost in the tumbling rapids. The pursued pitched over on the bank, dripping and utterly spent. No longer was there any thrill in his daring escapades. He felt that his lungs were drawn together, and a desperate weariness overcame him.

In the falling light a nightjar launched upon the wing with a mournful lament, and the bitterman flung forth his booming cry heavenwards. The dingo was soon in the depths of a heavy sleep.

D. CLARK.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BUSH.

I awoke suddenly to see radiant shafts of sunshine gleaming over my window sill. What a glorious day for a stroll in the bush! I was up and dressed quickly, and very little time elapsed before my mate and I, with knapsacks on our backs, were trudging along a dusty track towards the glorious, inviting bush.

We were greeted with the harsh grating noise of the singing cicadas; the little birds chirruped merrily from the top of towering gums; lizards peeped shyly at us from behind the trees; the rabbits pricked their ears and scampered quickly out of our path. We pushed our way through dense undergrowth till we came upon a purling stream wending its way over stones and moss-covered rocks, towards the sea.

We sat down on the spongy moss of the stream's

bank, for it was here we decided to have our lunch.

After enjoying a hearty, satisfying lunch, we set off to what was known as "The Quarry." As we came from behind a bush, I unexpectedly spied a lyre-bird and its mate strutting majestically across our path. I excitedly pointed them out to my pal, and we watched them flutter into the undergrowth and out of sight.

After a time we lay down and enjoyed with the carefree animal world the restful solitude of the bush. Since the last time we had seen the sun it had travelled a long distance across its heavenly path, and was sinking slowly in the western sky. So we commenced our trek homeward, reaching there just before it finally dipped below the horizon.

R. P. DEVINE, 2C.

SPORT

SPORT.

(By the Sports Editor)

It has become obvious to all, through the recent very vigorous defence campaign, that the era of "Australian isolation" is past. To keep our country safe, we must rely on more than a broad stretch of ocean all around us. We must have "man-power." We can have no weaklings in the rising generation. And the way to national health is clear—good, clean, healthy sport for the youths and boys of the country.

We Fortians are very lucky in this respect. Any avenue of sport is open to any boy in the School—cricket or football, tennis, swimming or athletics—which is much more than some schools can

boast. We are well represented by picked boys in every field in the High School competitions, and for those who may not attain to this high standard, class games are provided. It is every boy's duty—to his country, to his school, and to himself—to make the most of these opportunities, and make his maximum effort in whatever field of sport he may have chosen.

Fortians! Do not sit comfortably back and survey the glorious records of our past achievements in the world of sport. Rather turn your faces to yet further fields to conquer, yet greater glories to win, for the honour of the School and the benefit to yourselves.

CRICKET.

FIRST GRADE.

This year Fort Street's 1st XI. was a fairly strong team, although it suffered early in the season for lack of practice. It is extremely difficult for a number of boys who have never played together before to combine at a moment's notice to form a strong team. This was the position with our first grade—an entirely new team which had not settled down at all.

In view of these circumstances, our performance against North Sydney was not as poor as it seems on paper. North Sydney batted first, and compiled 238 in a short time, Lawson and Goswell securing the best bowling figures, with 4 for 30 and 3 for 51 respectively. Fort Street replied with a meagre 91. This was due, not to bad play, but to the facts pointed out above. In our second innings, the batsmen were obviously more at home, and J. Sherring and Hannam, with 43 each, and Spraggon, with 33, were prominent. Play closed with four wickets down for 163.

The second match, against Hurlstone on their ground, we lost. Fort Street batted and scored only 87. This was counterbalanced by Hurlstone's low score of 94. This was mainly due to the deadly bowling of Edwards and Thompson, who obtained 4 for 46 and 3 for 20 respectively. Unfortunately for us, play was resumed on the following Wednesday on a damaged wicket. The wet pitch was the downfall of many a batsman, and

the team's face was saved only by the vigorous efforts of Hannam, who scored 41 of the total of 73. Hurlstone had 66 to score, and most of the afternoon to play. They lost only 2 wickets for 72, Edwards bowling 1 for 11, and Hannam 1 for 14.

The match against Technical High was drawn, play having been stopped by the fall of further rain. Fort Street, in the first innings, scored 173. Again Hannam was conspicuous with 85, as well as Ellis with 25. Technical, at the end of the day, had lost 1 for 45. This seemed like our best chance of victory, but, unfortunately, play was abandoned. Lawson bowled well, and completely baffled the batsmen with his slow balls and leg-break. He is a promising player who should be watched.

In our fourth match, against Canterbury at Pratten Park, we batted, and scored a pleasing 206. The batting honours went to Sherring (48), Hannam (40), and Ellis (37). Canterbury replied with the loss of 4 wickets for 291. Moss scored 177 not out, and never at any stage looked uncomfortable. This boy is one of the most brilliant cricketers who has ever graced the High School cricket field, and is expected to gain State honours next year. Edwards, considering this opposition, did very well with his 2 for 72. In our second innings we made 106, and a new member of the

team, Cotter, did well. Thus we lost this match outright.

The team's fielding was quite good, and congratulations are due to Hannam and Edwards, who performed consistently throughout the season.

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Agg.	Aver.
Hannam	7	0	85	250	35.6
Sherring	7	0	48	156	22.2
Ellis	7	0	37	100	14.2

SECOND GRADE.

The efficiency of this year's second grade team was greatly impaired for one reason—a lack of really good or promising material. Nevertheless, although not of great strength, enthusiasm was never lacking, and the practices at the net greatly helped the consolidation of the team.

Despite our valiant efforts to avoid defeat in our first match against North Sydney, we were beaten outright. This defeat only spurred us on with renewed vigour, and as a result of practice at the nets, Fort Street left the field victorious after an exciting match against Technical High. Top scorer was Stimson, with 43, and bowling honours went to O. Cotter, who took 3 wickets for 11 runs.

The result of the next match was undecided, as the wicket was irreparably damaged by heavy rains. We were unable to practice this week, and

THIRD GRADE.

The first part of the 1939 season has proved fairly successful, and third grade has won two matches, and lost two.

In our first match against North Sydney we were rather unfortunate to lose by only 9 runs—despite a determined last wicket partnership of 49 runs by Foskett and Dunbar. The early batsmen failed badly in the face of our opponents' good bowling and excellent fielding.

Our second match, against Technical, we were victorious. Luck played an important part in this game, however, for, when faced with almost certain defeat, heavy rain ruined the wicket. Thus we defeated Technical on the first innings. Our slow bowler, Bacon, was in good form, and, assisted by the state of the wicket, obtained 6-17. Wicket-keeper Short was also conspicuous.

We next played against Hurlstone, and easily defeated them on their own ground by an innings and 100 runs. Moon top-scored in this match

BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Lawson	13	74	5	14.8
Edwards	50	192	9	21.3
Goswell	32	153	6	25.5

In conclusion each member of the team extends his sincere thanks to Mr. Simpson, for invaluable assistance and advice throughout the season, in his capacity of coach. The team is also grateful to H. Symonds, who acted in all matches as our official scorer, even though it meant the loss of his own recreation.

this may have been partly responsible for our defeat by Canterbury in our last match—a disappointing result.

The team consisted of S. Burns (captain), Cotter, Mooney, Stimson, Spray, Harvey, Chapman, Edgar, Carrol, Reeves, McCourt, Turnbull.

We take this opportunity of congratulating several of our team. First, Stuart Burns, who made an excellent captain throughout the season, and kept up the spirit of the team. Second, Cotter, Mooney and Spray, who were our best bowlers, and Edgar, Burns, Mooney and Chapman, to whom the batting honours are due.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Johnstone for the great interest he has shown in the team, which was very much appreciated. We now look forward to the second half of the season.

with a fine 74. Bacon and Grahame were our two best bowlers, with 2-13 and 6-14 respectively.

Unfortunately, this victory went to our heads, and we became over-confident. We received a rude shock when we were routed by Canterbury, a fine team of all-rounders, who defeated us outright. In this match Moon again did well with an inspired 65 not out in the second innings.

Thus the position stands at the moment. Although we are not in a very strong position, we passed a very enjoyable season, and are confidently looking forward to its second part.

The best averages were obtained by Moon, Leyshon and Horsey in the batting, and by Bacon, Grahame and Cunningham in the bowling.

And finally the team extends its grateful thanks to Mr. Barnett, who has throughout the season taken a great interest in us, and given us many valuable hints.

FOURTH GRADE.

Fourth grade has a strong team this year, and the first half of the season resulted in two victories, a draw, and a loss.

The team consisted of Van Zuylen (captain), Miller, Laird, Paul, Hustler, Ryan, Jenkins, Wick, Harding, Marriott, Hodgess, Miles.

In the first match, against Technical High, we scored 146, due mainly to a valiant fourth wicket stand of 83 by Miller (53) and Laird (43). Technical replied with 137. The bowling honours went to Wick (2-7) and Hustler (3-28). In our second innings we scored 108, of which Ryan compiled 30. Technical then lost 5 wickets for 103—4 of which were taken by Van Zuylen for 56. The match ended in a win for Fort Street.

The next match, against North Sydney, resulted in a draw. In the first innings, Miller scored 43 of the total, 91. North Sydney lost 6 wickets for 68. Miles took 2 for 12, and Van Zuylen 2 for 27. The game was not completed.

The third match, against Hurlstone, was another victory for Fort Street. Hurlstone replied to our 169 with 103. Van Zuylen was top-scorer with 38. Bowling honours went to Wick (2-7),

Hustler (2-12), and Van Zuylen (3-20). In our second innings Ryan scored 33 of the total 149. Hurlstone, at the end of the day, had lost 9 for 103. The best bowlers were Van Zuylen, with 2-15, and Hodgess with 2-12. This match was another victory for Fort Street.

Canterbury defeated us in the last match. Miller was again conspicuous in the batting, although Van Zuylen was top-scorer with a brilliant 50 in the second innings. Bowling honours went to Van Zuylen (4-19), Paul (3-32) and Wick (2-14).

Miller topped the batting averages with 24.8; next came Laird, with 19.4; and Van Zuylen with 15.4. Worthy of mention are Genkins, Ryan and Marriott

Van Zuylen took 18 wickets at 12.3; Wick took 8 wickets at 7.8; and Ryan, Paul and Hustler also bowled well. Miller kept an excellent wicket all through, and stumped 3 in the first match.

The team looks forward with confidence to the second half of the season.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Went, who took an active interest in the team throughout the season.

FOOTBALL.**FIRST GRADE.**

The first round of the football season is completed, except for one match again Hurlstone. The results have been far from satisfactory. This is due to four great evils—lack of players, of practice, of confidence, and of co-operation. In every field of sport the general complaint seems to be "no good players." It is my belief that there is plenty of material in the School, but the boys just do not come to try-outs and practices. This is a fault that could and should be remedied. Again, very few practices were fully attended, and it is obvious that no team can succeed without training. Confidence and co-operation are missing, especially in the backs. However, there is undoubtedly some fine material to hand and we may hope for a better result in the next round.

In almost every match, Fort Street began very strongly, and even drew ahead in the first half. However, they always weakened—or, rather, "slackened"—in the second half, and so cancelled out any advantage they may have previously obtained. This was probably due to lack of training.

The match against Sydney High was probably the team's best performance. The score was no indication of the game, a feature of which was the hard, low tackling by both sides. Sydney won by means of its strong, consistent cross-field kicking to their brilliant winger, who had an almost open run on several occasions. W. Smith was the outstanding forward, B. Short the slippery half, while Cavalier was prominent for his low tackling.

The forwards, on the whole, are strong, and get the ball out very well in the scrums and loose rucks. However, in the line-outs they do not seem to do their best. Robertson is an outstanding hooker and all-round player. The front row men, Webb, Cockburn and Monteith, are good, sound players, and of great assistance to the hooker. The second row was changed nearly every match, and was one of the weaknesses of the team. The captain and kicker, Ron Thompson, played lock. The backs were W. Hannam, vice-captain and outstanding five-eighth, B.

Short, F. Cavalier, S. Burns, D. Ritchie, Wilkinson and R. Small, who also played full-back for two matches. The backs could work a much more advantageous combination, and kick cross-field from the five-eighth.

On the whole, as I said before, there is suf-

ficient material to make a good team, and with practice and general improvement we should perform more satisfactorily in the second round.

Finally we wish to thank Mr. Watson for his constant interest in the team.

SECOND GRADE.

The 2nd XV. has met with little success so far in the season. This is due mainly to lack of interest taken by the players, and also to their inexperience. Lack of interest is evinced by in-attendance at practices, despite the very obvious truth that a team can only be such, through diligent training as one unit. Also we find that many of the players have not taken up the game until 4th or fifth year, and so lack the initiative and experience that is so necessary in football.

However, there are some very sound players in

the team. Shaw, the captain, who played as scrum-half, was well supported by his vice-captain, Jaconelli. Our five-eighth, Allan, was a very steady defensive player; Jaconelli was an outstanding and very active break-away; Chapman, the rake, was very consistent in hooking the ball; while Pye is a very keen front-row player who should be watched.

Finally, we would wish to thank Mr. Foley for his untiring efforts and valuable assistance in training the boys.

THIRD GRADE.

Up to the present, the 3rd XV. has not won a match, but from this first round they obtained both experience and enjoyment. The scores at a glance were:—

Fort Street v. Technical High, lost, 17-0.

Fort Street v. Canterbury, lost, 12-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, won on forfeit.

Fort Street v. Sydney High, lost 56-0.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, lost, 16-6.

The first match, against Technical, was played on Petersham Oval amid a downpour of rain, and the visitors were victorious by 17 points.

We went to Pratten Park for our next match against Canterbury, who ran out the winners by 12 points. A very obvious drawback to our side was our faulty tackling, and this was mainly responsible for our defeat.

Next week we had an opportunity to practise, as we received a forfeit from Parramatta. This did not seem to do us much good, however, for

we were routed by Sydney High at Centennial Park. This was due to the fact that some of our best players were given to second grade. However, again a great unwillingness to tackle could be seen in our players.

The next Wednesday was spent in a hard practice match, as we had a bye. We undoubtedly derived much benefit from this, for on the following week we played well in a hard-fought match against North Sydney, and with a little luck the scores would have been closer.

Our outstanding players were Carroll, a very hard-working front-row forward; Jaconelli, a lively and energetic breakaway, and Webb, a reliable, safe half-back.

The members of our team would like to thank Mr. James for the valuable assistance he has given us, and we trust that in the matches to be played we may prove worthy of his coaching.

FOURTH GRADE.

The season for the 4th XV. has been fairly successful, and on the whole its members have displayed fine team spirit. The results of the matches so far are:—

Fort Street v. Technical High, lost 14-0.

Fort Street v. Canterbury, won, 15-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, lost 3-0.

Fort Street v. Sydney High, drawn, 6-6.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, won, 16-14.

As may easily be seen, we have been "holding our own." The last match against North Sydney was a hard-fought game that showed what fourth

grade can really do when they try. We look for a continuation of this effort in future matches.

A brief criticism of the players would not be amiss here.

Morgan, the captain and five-eighth, ably led the team, and was well supported by the vice-captain, Austin, easily the best forward, who is breakaway.

Henry, the rake, has been fairly successful in hooking the ball, and, together with him and Austin, the scrum consists of Harrop, breakaway, Johns and Argall, two good front-row men,

Roberts and Whitehouse, the second-row men, and the lock, Smith.

The half, Hinde, though a new-comer to the game, is a very safe man behind the pack, and he is not afraid to tackle very hard.

The inside-centre, Harris, is a trifle slow in getting off the mark, and should pass before he is tackled. Despite this fault of "sitting on the ball," he is an asset to the team.

Our outstanding centre, Blackall, is invaluable to us when the team is on the defence.

The two wingers, Spray and Mansfield, well de-

serve their place in the team. Spray is an outstanding back, and it was he who really won the match against North Sydney by his excellent kicking.

We are unfortunate in losing our full-back, Dunbar, who has left the School. He was a great asset to the team when on the offensive.

Other steady members of the team are Jones, Wilson, McBain, Mulvaney and Graham.

Our successes so far are mainly due to the efforts of Mr. Jeffries, as coach, and we offer him our sincere thanks.

FIFTH GRADE.

The team this year has not been as consistent as was first expected, but still they have won three of the five matches played to date. The team is, however, improving, and is expected to do even better as the season progresses.

After a disastrous start in the match against Technical, on a wet day, we recovered sufficiently to beat Canterbury the following week.

The match with Parramatta was a very close game, in which the half-time score was 10-3 against us. However, by a valiant effort, we pulled up, and the winning try was scored just as the full-time whistle blew—a very exciting, hard-fought match.

Lack of condition was the deciding factor in the next match against Sydney High. Although

the half-time scores were 3-3, High ran out winners by 15-16. However, North Sydney, our next opponents, was not a strong team, and we had little difficulty in defeating them.

The scores were: v. Technical, 0-21; v. Canterbury, 11-3; v. Parramatta, 11-10; v. Sydney High, 6-15; v. North Sydney, 17-0.

Many changes have been made in the team. It has consisted on various occasions of: Pandelis (captain), Firth (vice-captain), Tuckwell, Hodgkinson, Madden, Ambler, Freeman, Maxim, Lembet, Barnard, Patterson, Jenkins, Haine, Bell, Foskett, Yabsley, Uren, Elkman, Portley, Dibble.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Short, its coach, for the unswerving interest he has displayed in moulding them into a team worthy of respect.

SIXTH GRADE.

The team has, on the whole, played consistently throughout the season. At a glance the results are:—

Fort Street v. Technical, at Sports Ground, won, 5-0.

Fort Street v. Canterbury, at Petersham, lost, 12-8.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, at Parramatta, lost 5-0.

Fort Street v. Sydney High, at Petersham, lost 14-6.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, at North Sydney,

won, 25-0.

Fort Street.—Bye.

Although we have had three defeats, we do not think we are "out of class," and have every hope of doing better later in the season.

Some conspicuous members of the team were Graham, who has played consistently throughout the season; D. Argall, who is at present nursing a bad finger, also played well. The best forward was Rhodes, an excellent second-row man.

The team thanks Mr. Brodie, who does all in his power to help the team.

TENNIS.

FIRST GRADE.

This year the team comprises J. Penman (captain), A. Brown, M. Penketh, and R. Eagar. The team has met with very little success, owing to a lack of match practice. Up to date, three matches have been played, and each time we have been defeated.

In our first match against Canterbury we were beaten by 7 sets to 1. Then High defeated us by 8 sets to 0. In our last match against North Sydney, the sets were 4 all, but we were most unfortunate to lose the decision by a few games. Two other matches, against Technical and Parra-

matta, were drawn owing to rain. In the last match against North Sydney, C. Ellis replaced R. Eagar.

On form, Penman and Brown seem to be the stronger pair, but they are not much superior to Penketh and Ellis.

A. Brown is perhaps the most consistent player in the team. He plays well on the backline, but is not too eager to attack the net.

J. Penman has shown disappointing form, and has not revealed the form which carried him into the singles final last year. This is mainly owing to a weak backhand.

R. Eagar has a strong forehand, but is hampered by a weak backhand.

M. Penketh, like Brown, is strong on both forehand and backhand, and has a very powerful service.

C. Ellis has a very good style, but at times he is erratic. However, with more experience, he should be a great asset to the team.

Last, but certainly not least, we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his unstinted efforts in selecting and coaching the teams.

SECOND GRADE.

Owing to several changes in the team, and a lack of match practice, second grade has not been very successful, being beaten by Canterbury 6-2, Sydney High 6-2, and North Sydney 8-0. The team for the most part was E. Gluyas (captain), C. Ellis, R. Richardson, and R. Curtin.

A criticism of each player would not be out of place.

E. Gluyas is a steady player with good all-round strokes. However, his shots lack pace.

C. Ellis is a good player, with some very good fast shots. A trifle erratic at times, he is probably the best player in the team.

R. Richardson is an eager player, but lacks match practice and courcraft.

R. Curtin is, like his partner, lacking in courcraft, although he should develop into a good player.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Dunne for his unflagging interest in the team.

THIRD GRADE.

This season the third grade tennis team has met with no success. The team is not very strong, and all the players lack match practice.

O. Cotter (captain) is probably the strongest member of the team. Consistent driving and powerful overhead shots have marked him a fairly sound player.

R. Curtin was promoted to second grade after the first match. He was quite a loss to the team, although T. Gray, who took his place, has

partnered Cotter well, playing good baseline tennis while his partner went to the net.

B. Baines has not so far been very conspicuous, though he has definitely been improving, and should soon reach top form.

J. Douglas has played fair tennis throughout, though he is not very consistent. His overhead shots are not nearly as good as his ground shots.

The team extends its grateful thanks to Mr. Dunne.

FOURTH GRADE.

The team this year was very strong, and consisted of S. Wells (captain), I. Cathels, R. Kirkby and K. Elliston. It has been very successful, only suffering one defeat. The scores at a glance were:—

Fort Street v. Canterbury, 5-3.

Fort Street v. Parramatta (postponed, rain).

Fort Street v. Sydney High, 5-3.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 3-5.

The captain, S. Wells, is a consistent player

with a strong forehand. I. Cathels is an excellent double-handed player who realises that the player who "hits the ball over the net the most times" wins. K. Elliston is a very fair player with a strong service. R. Kirkby has been "off his game" this season. He is capable of much better play than we have seen to date.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr. Dunne for his helpful advice, both as to style and tactics.

WATER POLO.

Our water polo team was not as successful as its predecessors, owing to the fact that it is composed mostly of beginners. Our strong team of last year was made up for the most part of boys who have left the School. Nevertheless, it is obvious that there is some very fine material in our present team.

The team consisted of R. Small (captain), W. Smith, K. Webb, K. Cockburn, N. Pye, J. Shaw, E. Bleach, J. Middleton, F. Cavalier and G. Sanders.

The team was fortunate in having as its captain a member of last year's team—R. Small, who ably led us throughout the season. W. Smith's game improved as the season advanced, while Cockburn's powerful backhand was often useful and opportune. K. Webb swam well, and although he was weak at handling the ball, looks

a promising player. N. Pye and J. Shaw, the backs, succeeded in stopping many of the strong attacks of the opposition.

"Two Ton Ted" Bleach was quite good as goalkeeper, and J. Middleton is a promising player also. F. Cavalier, who assisted towards the end of the season, has a fine throw, while Sanders filled the goal position in the first match.

Practice, and a welding of individual players together into a team, will undoubtedly improve our lads, and it is with enthusiasm that we look forward to next season, despite the fact that only one match (against Canterbury) was won this time.

The team wishes to extend its grateful thanks to Mr. Rose for the interest he has taken, and the sound advice he has given.

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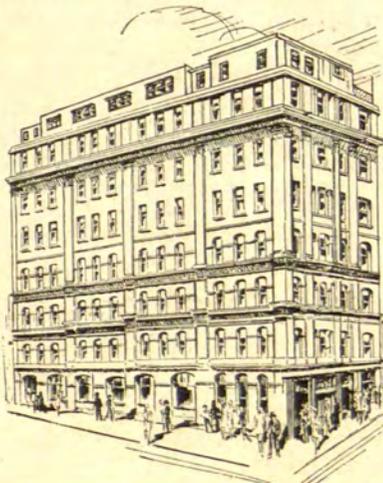
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LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1938.

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 test in French or German.

Allen, William Noel, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Barker, Sidney H. G., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10A.
 Barnes, John F. M., 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H2 11B.
 Beach, John Richard, 1H2 2B 3A 5B 6A 8A.
 Bell, Ronald Joshua, 5A 6B 7A 10A 14B.
 Blackmore, John Hugh, 1B 2L 5B 6B 8B.
 Burke, Allan James, 1B 2B 5A 6B 8B.
 Carew, Keith Marlow, 1B 2B 3B 8A 16 pass.
 Cavill, G. W. K., 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8A 10B 11H2.
 Chidgey, James Prosper S., 1B 5B 6B 10B.
 Clark, Alan G., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.
 Cousins, Allan Trevor, 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 10B
 Cox, James Gilbert, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 10B.
 Daish, Peter James, 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10H2 14A.
 Dicker, Allan V., 1A 3A(o) 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H1
 11A.
 Edgar, Alexander Roy, 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 11B.
 Ellison, Roderick Marcus, 5B 6B 8B 10H2.
 Evans, Ivor Jonathan, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14H2.
 Evans, Owen Alfred, 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10A 11B.
 Ferguson, George, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Freeston, A. J. R., 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8A 10A 11A.
 Gardiner, Luis Maurice, 5A 6A 7B 10A 11L.
 Gibson, Neville A., 1B 3B 4B 5A 6B 10H2 11H2.
 Hackman, Ronald H., 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8A 10H2
 11A.
 Haskell, John Robert W., 3B 5B 6B 14B.
 Hastrich, Paul Berge, 1B 4B(o) 5B 6B 10B.
 Hearne, Henry James, 1B 5B 6B 8B.
 Henry, John Lewis, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A(x2) 8A 10A.
 Henry, Robert Gordon, 1A 3B 5A 6A(x1) 8A 10A.
 Hooke, John B., 1A 2B 3A 5A 6A(x1) 8A 10A.
 Jackson, Thomas Stalker, 1B 2B 5A 6A 8B.

Jaconelli, Cosmo, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Johnson, Keith Joseph, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11L.
 Jones, Colin W., 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B.
 Kilgour, Donald W., 1B 2H2 3B 5A 6A 8A 11B.
 King, Michael Howard, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.
 Lamerton, Noel Edmund A., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A
 6B 8A.
 Lawson, Keith Mervyn, 1B 5B 6B 7A 10A 17B.
 Laycock, John F., 1H2 2B 3H2(o) 4A(o) 5A 6A
 10B.
 Layton, Lionel Harvey, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10A 11A.
 Lewis, Gwyn, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11L.
 Logan, John Augustus, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A.
 Lundie, David C. P., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11L.
 Lunney, Henry William, 1B 3B 5A 6B 10H1 11H1.
 Martin, Bernard A., 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.
 Martin, Jack Oliver, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H2 11A.
 McIntyre, Kenneth, 1H2 2B 3H2 4H2(o) 5A 6A
 10A.
 Michie, William N. D., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 10L,
 Miller, Peter Owen, 1B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7B 10A.
 Morrison, Allister D., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H1 10B.
 Mulvey, George W., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 8A 10A.
 Murty, Donald William P., 1B 6B 8B 14H1 17B.
 Pandelis, John, 1B 3L 5B 6B 8A.
 Penman, Ernest William, 1A 3L 5A 6B 8A 10A.
 Phillips, Max Berge, 1B 4B(o) 5B 6B 8B.
 Ramsay, Francis Robert, 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B.
 Randle, Robert William, 1B 5A 6A 7B 10B 11L.
 Rudd, Wilfred Vincent, 1A 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Smith, Kevin John, 1B 2B 5B 8B.
 Spring, John James, 1B 5B 6B 8B 10L 14H2.
 Stevenson, Maxwell W., 3B 5B 6A 8B.
 Stewart, David Garth, 1H1 3A 5A 6A(x1) 7A
 10H1.
 Tate, Peter John, 1B 3B 5B 8B 10B.
 Taylor, David, 1B 5B 8B 14A.
 Thompson, Donald H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A(x1) 7A
 10B.
 Timms, Kenneth Bruce, 1B 5B 6B 8A 10L.
 Turnbull, George William H., 1B 5B 6B 8A 14H1.
 Watson, Mervyn Arthur, 1A 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10A
 11A.
 Whiteley, James Thomas R., 1A 5A 6B 8A 11L.
 Wilson, Edward Ross, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11L.
 Wilson, Noel Foster, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11A.
 Wooster, James W., 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7A 10H2
 14B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

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

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. English. | 11. Elementary Science |
| 2. History. | (Physics and |
| 3. Geography. | Chemistry). |
| 4. Mathematics I. | 15. Business Principles. |
| 5. Mathematics II. | 16. Shorthand. |
| 6. Latin. | 21. Music. |
| 7. French. | 27. Greek. |
| 8. German. | 29. Italian. |

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

(s) Denotes a pass in a Shorthand speed test. In each subject there are two grades of pass, A and B the A pass being the higher.

Agnew, Thomas M., 1B 2B 5B 11B.

Allan, Ralph W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.

Andersen, W. E. C., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A 21A.

Anthon, Roland, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Argall, Donald N., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.

Arnold, Eric S., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Atkinson, Rex G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.

Baines, Ronald W., 1B 2B 3B 6B 7B 11B.

Baker, William R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Barnwell, Jack, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B 21A.

Barr, David G., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B 21A.

Baylis, Derek M., 4B 5A 7B 11A.

Bear, Victor D., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Bennett, Harry D., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Bramah, Gordon, 1A 2B 3B 5B 11B 15B.

Brown, Alan B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Caldwell, J. H., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Carpenter, R., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.

Carver, Warren, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Cavalier, Frank, 1B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 11B 29A.

Chapman, W. S. A., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Clements, John D., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Cochrane, Jack, 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Cohen, Arthur E., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 11A 16B.

Coleman, M. C. E., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Collocott, Maurice, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Cook, Frank H., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Cotter, Owen T., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Crofts, Davis C., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.

Debenham, Clifford N., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Dewar, Raymond S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11A.

Eagar, Richard E., 1B 2A 3A 4B 7B 11B 15B.

Eagle, Rea, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Elkman, David B., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Elliott, Frank A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.

Foreman, Eugene K., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Foster, John G., 1B 2A 3B 5B 11A.

Fowler, L. H., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 7A 11A 15B 16B 21A.

Fraser, Ross D., 1B 2A 3B 11B

Gledhill, Norman, 1B 2A 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Glover, Keith N., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Gorman, Harry C., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.

Grant, Richard F., 1A 2A 3A 4B 7B 11A 15B 16B.

Gray, Kenneth C., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.

Gray, Thomas A., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.

Ham, Geoffrey W., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.

Hamilton, Malcolm, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A.

Harris, Raymond W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Harvey, Henry B., 1B 2B 7B 11B.

Hay, John E., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Hazlewood, Leonard C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.

Hemsworth, Ellis, 1A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.

Hill, Noel J., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Hollister, Wilfred A., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.

Horan, Ronald S., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 8B 11A.

Howard, K. R., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5A 7B 11A 15B 16A.

Howitt, Gordon, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.

Johnston, Neil G., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Jones, Bruce L., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Jones, John S., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 11A 15B.

Kafer, Barry L., 1A 2B 5B 7B 11A.

Kelshaw, John, 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B.

King, Charles W., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A 11A.

King, Gordon, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Kramer, F., 1A 2A 3A 4B 7B 11B 15B 16A.

Larcombe, Kenneth, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B.

Learmonth, John R., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Ledsam, Douglas G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Liddle, Lloyd G., 1A 2A 5B 7B 11B 15B.

Lloyd, Keith G. A., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Logan, Hedley A. J., 1A 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A.

Lundie, John P., 1A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Marsh, Cecil J. H., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

McDonald, Keith, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

McKimm, Kenneth, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.

Miles, William H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.

Milne, Ian C., 1B 4B 6B 7B 11B.

Milton, Geoffrey A., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A.

Mitchell, Ronald J., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5A 11A 15B 16B.

Mooney, John D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B 15B.

Moore, Edward A., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A 16B.

Morgan, John C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.

Mulvaney, George J. F., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Murphy, Harry J., 1A 2B 3B 5B 11B.

Neal, Alan J., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Neville, John M., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Newall, Peter F., 1A 2B 7B 11B.

Newman, Raymond L., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A CA 7A 11B.

Nixon, Robert P., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Palmer, John P., 1A 2B 3B 4B 6A 7A 11A.

Parker, Phillip E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Pascoe, Neville K., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Penketh, Milton R. P., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A.

Penman, John, 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A 8B 11B.

Poirrier, Bertrand P., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.

Powys, David C. D., 1A 2B 3A 4A 6A 7A 11A.

Rawlinson, Harley A., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.

Reeves, James A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.

Rickard, Douglass, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.

Robertson, Keith L., 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Rolls, Eric C., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A.

Rose, William D., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.

Row, Gordon R., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.

Russell, Ernest A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.	Swan, Charles R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11A.
Russell, Jack T., 1A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.	Swan, Kevin E., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 11A.
Sanders, Arthur T., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7B 11B.	Symonds, Henry A., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
Sanders, Gordon E., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.	Tate, Kenneth H., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 7B 11A 16B.
Schneider, Paul, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.	Taylor, W. H., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A 21B.
Seltin, Edward R., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A 8A(o) 11B.	Thomas, Douglas, 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 16B.
Sharpe, John A., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.	Tow, Stanley H., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
Simpson, Trevor D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B.	Townsend, Arthur, 1A 2A 3A 5B 11B 15B.
Small, Ronald H., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B.	Travis, Frank H., 1A 2B 3B 4B 11A 15B.
Smith, Archibald, 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B.	Tuckwell, Keith E., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B.
Smith, David E., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.	Vitnell, Alan E., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
Stephen, Hilton G., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.	Wheeler, Ian M., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
Stephen, Harold T., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 7B 11A 16B.	Wild, Eric G., 1B 2B 4B 11B.
Stephenson, David, 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.	Wilson, James B., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A.
Stevens, Robert B., 1B 2A 3A 5B.	Young, Alan A., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5B 6A 7B 11A.
Stewart, Ronald, 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B.	Young, Roger A., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11A.
Storey, Eric, 1B 2A 3A 4B 11B 15B.	

A GRIM RELIC OF THE PAST — BERRIMA GAOL.

The district of Berrima was first discovered in the year 1798, during the regime of Governor Hunter. Berrima next came under notice when Sir Thomas Mitchell led a survey party through the district in 1829. Then in 1831 Sir Ralph Darling approved of the site of Berrima, and in 1832 Surveyor Govett was sent to lay out the site of the town and gaol.

The gaol was commenced in May, 1834, and was completed in 1839, and the whole work was done by convicts under heavy duress. The gaol itself is a building of three wings, each having two floors, forming six corridors. The gaol contains 92 cells, yet the highest number of convicts ever kept there at the one time was 85, the gaol never being used to its full capacity.

In the years 1865-66 considerable alterations took place to the building. Eight new cells were added to each wing, the outside walls were raised another five feet, and the present imposing entrance tower was built.

All the fittings are massive, the cell doors are three inches thick, solid cedar wood, fitted with huge iron bolts. Down on the underground floor there are three cells, the centre one being the dark cell. It was to this horror that men were sent to solitary confinement, being given bread and water once each day for food.

Just outside the walls of the gaol stands the fine old Court House. Commenced in 1834, it was completed and opened by Rodger Therry, Esq., in 1838. It was in the Court House that the first trial by jury took place on April 14th, 1841. The old building to-day is regarded as one of the finest examples of classic architecture in the

country.

The first trial of note to take place in the Court House was that of Paddy Curran, a noted bushranger, on a charge of murder.

Then came the executions of Lynch, Lucretia Dunkley, Martha Beech, and Henry Atkins, the last one on record. Dunkley's skull is preserved in the Australian Museum.

During the convict days there were three governors. The first was Mr. Kech. Next came Mr. Maybury, who was dismissed for his leniency. Then Mr. Small came into office. He was the firmest disciplinarian the gaol ever had.

One of the most interesting men who passed through the gaol was a man called Jacky-Jacky. His real name was Westwood. Others who passed through were Fred Ward, known as "Thunderbolt," the Clarkes, Lowrie Gilbert, Starlight, and the Dunns.

There were five doctors attached to the gaol. They were McDonald, Salter, Williams, Lamb, and Lambert. Only two men in the history of the gaol have ever escaped. They were Cummins and Southgate. One day these two men lifted the stone in the passage, which gave them access to the drainage system. They crawled through and reached the river to gain freedom. They were caught again, though, at Bathurst, two weeks later.

The gaol to-day stands cold and lifeless, just an historic relic, where the visitor or tourist who passes within its walls can visualise the hopeless condition of men of an early day who came within the law.

IAN O'BRIEN, 1D.

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