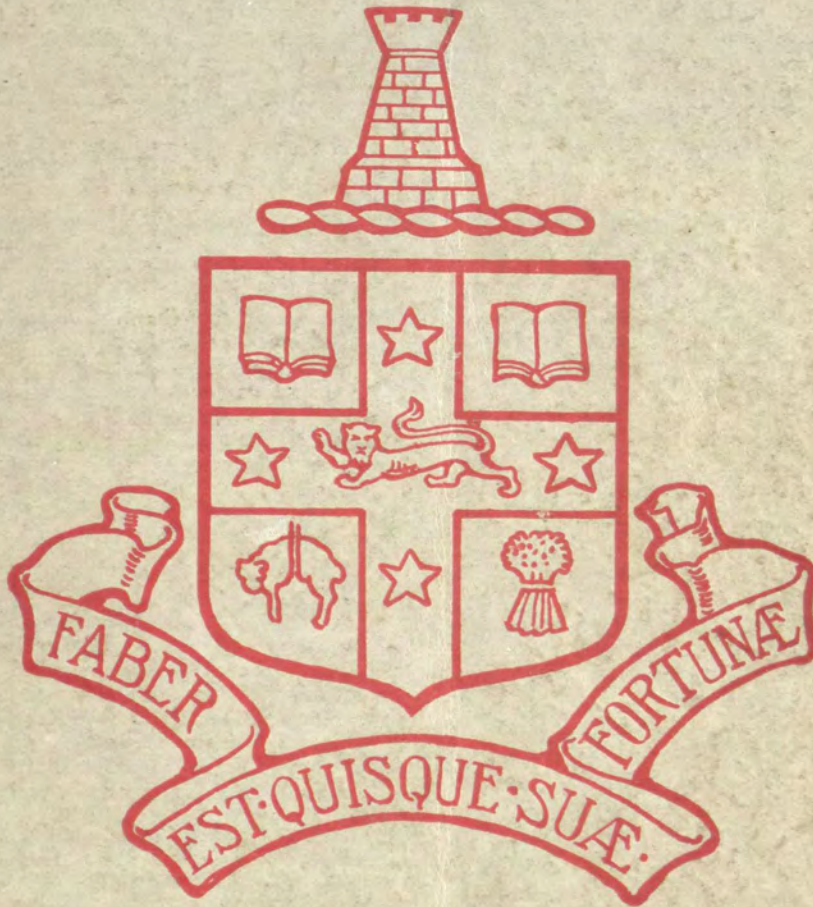


THE FORTIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSHAM, N.S.W.

DECEMBER, 1940.

Don't for a moment think that, because you have not been a particularly good scholar, there is nothing ahead of you. Don't think that all the good positions are for others, but not for you.

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The
FORTIAN

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort Street

Editor: J. WEST.

Sub-Editors: C. ELLIS, P. HEERY, L. HINDE,
R. STEWART, N. WEBB

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Section A. GENERAL

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1940.

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

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

"Fortian" Committee:

Messrs. FOSTER and
BURGIN.

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Sub-Editors: C. ELLIS
P. HEERY
L. HINDE
R. STEWART
N. WEBB

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The HEADMASTER

Vice-President: The
DEPUTY HEADMASTER

Sportsmaster:
Mr. L. JOHNSON

Hon. Secretary:
Mr. CANNON

Hon. Treasurer:
Mr. STANLEY

School Captain:
D. RICKARD

Senior Prefect:
M. PENKETH

Athletics: Mr. WORTH
N. WEBB

Cricket: Mr. WATSON
I. GRANT

Rugby: Mr. JEFFREY
W. HANNAM

Swimming: Mr. ROSE
M. PENKETH

Tennis: Mr. KELLY
J. PENMAN

Debating: Mr. KEVANS

Fortian: Mr. FOSTER
Mr. BURGIN
J. WEST

Auditors: Messrs. BURGIN
and JEFFREY

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M.C., M.A. (Master)
W. C. FOSTER, M.A.,
Dip. M.L.

L. N. ROSE, M.A.
F. FITZPATRICK, B.A.
J. B. MOSS, B.A.
H. D. KEVANS, B.A.
H. C. BRYANT, B.A.
(School Counsellor)
F. T. BRODIE
A. E. JOHNSTONE, B.A.

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L. FOLEY, B.A., Dip. M.L.
H. WENT, B.A.
V. COHEN, B.A.

Department of Classics:

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J. J. DUNNE, B.A.
J. DAVIES, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

V. R. OUTTEN, M.A.,
Dip. Ed. (Master)
E. PARKER
A. W. STANLEY, B.A.
F. SIMPSON, B.Sc.
B. WATSON, B.Sc.
E. JEFFREY, B.A., B.Sc.
O. WORTH, B.A.

Department of Science:

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(Master)
L. A. JOHNSON, B.A., A.T.C.
A. E. JAMES, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
W. BARNETT, B.Sc.,
Dip. Ed.
E. S. ATKINSON, B.Sc.,
Dip. Ed.

Department of Music:

D. BAILEY, A.T.C.L.

Department of Commerce:

E. BURGIN, Dip. Ec.

**Instructor of Physical
Education:**

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

Prefects:

D. RICKARD
(School Captain)

M. PENKETH
(Senior Prefect)

W. ANDERSEN
G. BARRACLOUGH

E. GLUYAS

I. GRANT

T. GRAY

M. HAMILTON

W. HANNAM

H. HART

G. MULVANEY

P. NIXON

J. PALMER

J. PENMAN

E. ROLLS

W. ROSE

A. SMITH

B. SWANTON

G. WILLIAMS

C. MARSH

L. BLACKETT

W. CHAPMAN

Debating Society:

Mr. H. KEVANS
D. RICKARD
G. BARRACLOUGH
W. ANDERSEN
T. GRAY
G. WILLIAMS

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

Mr. L. ROSE
(School Representative
for O.B.U.)

Library:

Mr. A. E. JOHNSTONE
E. ROLLS
J. PALMER



WHAT WE CAN DO.

THE EMPIRE has now been at war for over a year, and we have witnessed the harnessing of Britain's power to withstand the German efforts. The entire population of Britain—soldier and civilian—stands resolute and united, and their determination is expressed in one man—Mr. Winston Churchill.

Here, in Australia, we are training our soldiers, sailors and air force men as quickly as we can—but what are WE doing, you and I, as individuals? Perhaps you have asked yourself, "What can I possibly do?" Well, firstly, I would suggest:—

Join the School's War Savings Certificates Scheme. The plan is simplicity itself. You pay weekly instalments, which are recorded on your special card, until you reach the nominal sum of sixteen shillings. You then receive one War Savings Certificate, whose face value, when it matures, is one pound. Do not be content with buying one certificate. Save! Save! Save! till you have as many as you can buy. We Australians must realise this is OUR war as well as Great Britain's, and act accordingly.

And, secondly, don't let your pecuniary aid cease there. Support wholeheartedly any and every charitable function you can. I realise that it may prove a strain on your none-too-overflowing pockets, but it is time we learnt to make sacrifices for our cause. Now, I am not going to eulogise the rights of our cause. WE KNOW WE MUST NOT LOSE. If we were to lose, then the world at large would also be lost.

Thirdly, we must attend to the mental outlook on the war. We find people who, trying to gain a little limelight by appearing as sages, declare: "Germany must be doing more damage to Britain than Britain tells us. Then, of course, you know about——" and so on. The people who spread embellished rumours are our worst enemies. Naturally, in the communiqués, the British Ministry for Information discloses nothing of military importance which might be of use to the enemy, but in every report it does issue, you can depend on the authenticity of the figures given. At no time would it lower itself to the level of that lie-producer, the German Minister for Mis-Information.

Fourthly, by intensifying our interest in the School Cadet Corps, and at all times regarding it as a serious training, and not a weekly fun period, and by keeping ourselves physically fit, we may be ready and willing to take the Torch of Freedom into **our** hands, if the occasion should call for it, and bear it until we have accomplished the downfall and defeat of tyranny in Europe, which downfall will allow us to once more return to our homes and our pursuit of happiness. Until then—we have a job to do; let us go forth and do it well.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Play Day has come and gone, and we are once more forced to return to our usual mundane lives. The day is past when one, on roaming through the School, could meet anything from some frightening prehistoric monster to a swaying dusky maiden.

Much praise is due to Mr. Moss and the rest of the English staff—not forgetting Mr. Cannon—for their fine efforts.

§ § §

We are glad to announce that Dr. Gledhill, one of our old boys, has received his Fellowship from the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

§ § §

In the "Sydney Morning Herald" of 6/7/40, we read "His Majesty talked with senior officers, including Captain B. N. Berry, of Sydney." I wonder if Captain Berry is the first Old Fortian to meet the King?

§ § §

The Ladies' Kitchen, once the sports room, is now completed, and looks particularly smart with its cream and green fittings. The supplying of a fully-equipped kitchen fulfils a long-felt want at the School.

§ § §

Owing to the higher cost of paper, the "Fortian" has only been produced once this year—but this issue, as you will agree, is a "bumper" one.

§ § §

Our School Hall looked quite festive on March 8th of this year, that being the day of the "Fortian Fair." A very good time was had by all—especially that elongated youth who spent most of the day wandering round the hall clutching various pieces of dry ice in his hand. A very big "pat on the back" is due to the Ladies' Committee who raised £170 from this fair. Your Editor would like to thank here and know the parents of one of our juniors, who so kindly transported him in their car from the School to Burwood Road.

§ § §

Our School library will have to be enlarged to cope with two excesses—borrowers and books. We now have a library to be proud of—thanks to Mr. Johnstone and his willing helpers.

§ § §

We announce that the Air Ministry in England has posthumously awarded the Dis-

tinguished Flying Medal to Acting Flight-Lieutenant Peterson Hughes, one-time pupil of this School.

Flight-Lieutenant Hughes was killed—over London on September 7th, while helping to beat off large-scale Nazi air-raids. He had had a passion for flying since boyhood, and spent most of his time building model aeroplanes. Educated at Fort Street, he joined the R.A.A.F. at the age of eighteen—four years ago—and trained at Point Cook. He went to England in January, 1937, for a four years' course in fighter aircraft. Since the outbreak of war he had been instructing new pilots in Hurricanes and Spitfires.

Fort Street tenders its deepest sympathy to Flight-Lieutenant Hughes' parents and relations.

§ § §

We announce the departure of Mr. John Tierney to Canterbury High School Annexe. This master had been fifteen years at the School.

Mr. W. Humphries has temporarily left us to train the Militia. He is now a lieutenant.

§ § §

The Ladies' Committee has held dances each month in our Memorial Hall and the "Fortian" Ball in July in the Petersham Town Hall. All these functions have been successes. If you wish to attend our next dance, ask one of the Ladies' Committee to supply you with the details.

§ § §

As we are anxious to compile a complete list of ex-Fortians who have enlisted with the A.I.F., we would be obliged if persons possessing such information would forward same (be sure to mention unit and rank, please) to Mr. E. Parker, care of the School.

§ § §

As we go to press the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations are in the offing. We extend to the candidates our hearty best wishes, and hope they obtain excellent passes.

§ § §

We are sorry to announce that the Deputy-Headmaster, Mr. Harrison, is temporarily taken from us by illness, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

J. WEST, 4D.

HATS OFF TO—

HERBERT VERE EVATT.

This Old Boy was one of the St. Andrew's College football team, and in addition carried off his B.A. with triple First-Class Honours, the University Medal, his LL.B. and Doctor of Laws degrees.

Dr. Evatt was M.L.A. for Balmain, 1925-1930. He was appointed High Court Judge of Australia when he was only 36. He is now the member for Barton.



(Photo by courtesy of
"Sydney Morning Herald")



PERCY CLAUDE SPENDER, K.C.

This old Fortian has risen to the exalted position of Minister for the Army in the Commonwealth of Australia. He took First-Class Honours and the University Medal in Law at Sydney University.

AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Wise-cracking Latin master, to tired student:
 "Don't look so bored, C—, or you'll have to
 board elsewhere."

§ § §

Question heard in a French period:

"Couldn't you use '-ci' here?"

"Ici?"

"No, c-i."

"Oh! I see"

"No. C-i."

§ § §

New 4th year student, to teacher, cross-examining him as to his previous school:

"I went to Randwick, sir."

"How did you get on?"

Pupil, in a not-so-ancient history lesson:
 "Pope Gregory said, 'They can't be angels—
 they are English.'"

§ § §

Science Master: "Who discovered bacteria?"

Film fan in back row: "Paul Muni."

§ § §

It is rumoured that when ducks are sick,
 they are attended by quack doctors.

"Gorgonzolas," quoth one bright 2nd year
 imp, "are used in Venice, to ride about the
 streets."

§ § §

When one of our first-years was asked, at
 the local cinema, last Saturday night, whether
 the seat next to him was reserved, he replied
 with an engaging smile:

"Well, it hathn't thpoken thince I came in."

QUIZ.

Now, here are 16 general knowledge questions. If you get 14 right, you will amaze me; 10 is average; 8 is a bare pass; anything under 6 indicates—well, I'll leave it to you. No peeking is allowed, but correct guesses count. Ready? Off we go.

1. If a foreign-looking gentleman told you that the national flower of his country was the Edelweiss, you would know immediately that he was:—

A Chinese; a Frenchman; a Swiss; a German; an American; a Bulgarian.

2. I know a man who is indefatigable. Now, don't misunderstand me. I mean he is:—

Always talking; untiring; mentally unbalanced; lazy; a general nuisance.

3. There is only one (I hope) word misspelt here. It is:—

Indictment; feasible; fealty; ethereal.

4. This one is tough. The Brabanconne is:—
 The Belgian national anthem; a river in Yugo-Slavia; a white flower with red-flecked petals; a kind of pigeon.

5. In Germany Herr Hitler is called (among other things): der Fuehrer, which of course means:—

The Eagle; the Protector; the Leader; the President; the Friend of the Jews.

6. Now, everyone knows that the Colossus was situated at:—

King's Cross; Capetown; Rhodes; Rome.

7. Remember Snow White, Dopey, Doc, Sneezy and the others? Well, you're sure to know that Snow White is one of the fairy tales of:—

Hans Christian Anderson; J. M. Barrie; Grimm.

8. The Alfred Nobel prize is **not** awarded for one of these. That one is:—

Physics; Chemistry; Art; Literature; Peace.

9. If someone gave you a chlamys, you would naturally:—

Put it on; drink out of it; burn it; say "No thanks, I don't smoke a pipe."

10. The longest pipe in the Sydney Town Hall organ is:—

72ft; 40ft; 64ft; 80ft; 20ft.

11. If I were suffering from myopy, I would have:—

Bad hearing; bad eyesight; indigestion; cancer.

12. Now we all know a dryad is a two-legged nymph; therefore a triad is:—

A three-pronged fork; another kind of nymph; a nymph's husband; a group of three; a kind of song.

13. "No," said Joe, "I'm not marrying Sarah yet—she's just a debenture. What I mean—she hasn't come out yet." You know, of course, that a girl who has not yet formally come out is not a debenture, but:—

A debutante; a dilettante; a debtor; a debutant; a date; just a girl.

14. If three characters on a stage named "Josephine," "Captain Cocoran" and "Sir Joseph Porter" were singing a trio, you would know that it was from an opera, the music of which was written by:—

Verdi; Gounod; Arthur Sullivan; Mozart; A. Thomas.

15. Knowing your railways, you must be aware that "tare" on the side of a truck means:—

Rip off the tarpaulin; not responsible for damage; weight of loaded truck; weight of empty truck; size of truck in cubic feet.

16. If a man broke his clavicle and simultaneously strained the clavichord, you could say he was:—

A bus conductor; a reckless cyclist; a very energetic musician; a singer of extraordinary power.

Solution to this quiz is on page 62.

Mind now—Let your conscience be your guide!

J. WEST, 4D.

The following students have been selected to act as prefects for the remainder of this year:

Norman Webb, John West, Edward Laurendet, James Mackaness, Thomas Marshall, Bruce McCredie, Desmond McKinnon, Douglas Scott, Peter Blackall, Keith Coventry, Clem Ellis, Harold Hackman, William Harrop, Peter Heery, Russell Curtin, Max Levinsohn, Clifford Meares, Edward Tuckerman, Donald Short, Jack Bowmaker, Anthony Wishart.

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Section B. REPORTS

FATHERS AND SONS' EVENING.

This function was the first of its kind to be held at Fort Street. The aim of this evening was to bring fathers and sons together in the school atmosphere. Mr. Dunbar, husband of the President of the Ladies' Committee, acted as chairman throughout the evening.

Opening the proceedings, Bill Andersen welcomed the fathers on behalf of the School. Bill Astridge, a former prefect, replied on behalf of the Old Boys. He received a wonderful ovation from all those present, for an outstanding speech.

Mr. Head, a former pupil of the School, replying on behalf of the fathers, told of incidents which had occurred at the School. He then proposed a toast. The chairman then called upon Mr. Mackaness, a well-known identity of the School, to support this toast. He also recalled many happenings and teachers of the past at the School, when it was situated near the Observatory.

Ronald Gowans and Keith Glover then rendered songs, which were greatly appreciated by all those present. An amusing sketch and recitation were also presented. Two novel

competitions were organised, and voted a great success.

Mr. Christmas, headmaster of the School, then spoke of the School and its present work. He requested that a book be passed around, into which the fathers should sign their names and give certain particulars of their boys. He was greatly pleased with the excellent attendance.

Mrs. Dunbar, President of the Ladies' Committee, spoke of the worthy cause of the function, which was to provide the School with textbooks.

During supper, served by the ladies, Mr. Frank Grose, better known as "Uncle Frank," of 2GB, arrived. He then conducted community singing, into the spirit of which everybody heartily entered. The evening, which had proved to be very successful, then closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

In conclusion, we would like to tender our sincere thanks to the members of the Ladies' Committee, whose ceaseless efforts for the School are very much appreciated. We also hope that future functions of this nature will be held regularly. N. ADCOCK, 4D.

"FORTIAN FAIR."

On Friday, 8th March, this year, we conducted a unique fair in the School Hall.

The Ladies' Committee, ever working to help the School, organised the function, the purpose of which was to obtain money for the School Text Book Fund.

Many goods were on display for sale, mainly supplied either by the boys or the ladies themselves. Here we must pay a tribute to the stall-holders: Mesdames Lovell and Hurdis (Work), Coventry (Refreshments), Andersen (Sweets), Neville (Kitchen), Marsh (Jams), Tonkin (Lucky Dips, etc.), and to their willing helpers. (A special tribute to the lady who served me with a cup of tea and two plates of cakes for ninepence.) Also we must not forget the great work done by the prefects on the Hoop-la and other stalls.

One stall that attracted a very large crowd was the Aunt Sally—a visible proof of Mr. Humphries' labours. Unfortunately, at the end of the afternoon it was a total wreck from over-use.

The Lightning Sketchers—Cavalier and Elkmann—did a fine job in picturing the fair's visitors.

The Photographic Exhibition was well worth the small admission charge.

The official party consisted of Mr. J. G. McKenzie, the Acting Director of Education and an old Fort Street master; Mrs. Maundrell (ex-Mayoress of Petersham), and Sir Norman Nock, who needs no introduction.

Mr. McKenzie spoke first, and then the Headmaster introduced Sir Norman Nock. Sir Norman came in the absence of his wife, who

was to open the Fair, but who was holidaying in Melbourne. As he himself said: "I was anxious for her to go away. (At this juncture there was loud laughter, into which, I noticed, some of the masters sympathetically joined.) Though not actually a Fort Street boy (Sir Norman told us), his mother had been a Fort Street girl, sixty-eight years ago, and his three brothers and one sister had all been Fortians.



Sir NORMAN NOCK and Mrs. MAUNDRELL,
Photographed while attending the Fortian Fair
(Photo by courtesy of Brian Cameron)

At the conclusion of Sir Norman's address, Mr. Burtenshaw delighted us with a rendition of "Come to the Fair." Bill Andersen, ever a faithful stand-by, accompanied him on the piano.

Mrs. Maundrell then spoke, followed by Mrs. Dunbar, the President of the Ladies' Committee, who declared that the mothers wanted £200 that day, and £500 before the end of the financial year. She then presented Sir Norman with a gardenia bush in a red and white be-ribboned pot. Sir Norman asked that everyone spend as freely as possible, as he wanted the function to be the best yet.

Then three cheers were proposed for the Ladies' Committee, and they were given with a will.

Thus passed the day.

With the falling of darkness, the hall was partly closed and swept, ready for dancing. Unfortunately the dancing was a complete failure, for the Fort Street boys were just too shy (or poor) to ask the visiting Fort Street girls to dance.

Peter Taylor, of happy memory, was there, and besides winning the prize for the best pair of masculine ankles, did good work with the recorded music.

The prize for the best pair of feminine ankles was won, by the way, by Mrs. Jeffrey.

There were innumerable raffles, the results of which were all announced during the evening.

So the Fortian Fair is a thing of memory.

Before I close, I want to thank, on behalf of the whole School, the Ladies' Committee, the prefects, the visitors, and anyone and everyone who had any part in making the Fortian Fair the success it was.

J. WEST, 4B.

THE ANZAC CEREMONY, 1940.

Since Thursday, 25th April, was a public holiday, the anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs at Gallipoli was commemorated by the School on Tuesday, 23rd.

After the School had assembled in our Memorial Hall, Mr. Christmas, who officiated, spoke for a few minutes on the ideals of the British Empire, and on the fact that we were now engaged in a second world war.

Then the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages

Past," was reverently sung, and there was a period of silence during which Tom Gray read the first prayer, and Ronald Gowans a passage from the Scriptures.

After mentioning the fact that two war nurses, one with experience in the last war, and one waiting to go overseas, were present on the stage, Mr. Christmas called on Mr. Johnson to deliver an address.

Mr. Johnson spoke on the derivation of the

word "Anzac," and how it was coined by one, Lieutenant White, in Egypt. He then commented on the dreadful costs of war, in deaths, disablements, and untold sufferings. After mentioning the case of an old Fort Street master, he went on to say that there was no danger of the Anzacs ever being forgotten; but he stressed the danger in the slogan, "Business as usual," as it led to a dangerous apathy. Mr. Johnson paid tribute to Herr Hitler's driving power, in rejuvenating the German nation, and stressed the need for a similar, though of

course modified, driving power in Australia.

After a second period of silence, during which Bill Andersen read the second prayer, the "Recessional" was sung.

Major Harrison, O.B.E., M.C., then placed a wreath, our tribute to dead Fortians, on the tablet, while the whole School stood bare-headed and to attention.

After the singing of the National Anthem, and the filing out of the boys, hands on hearts, the simple but impressive ceremony was concluded.

J. WEST, 4D.

SPEECH DAY, 1940.

The annual Speech Day was held as usual this year in our Memorial Hall. There was a very pleasing attendance of parents.

The Headmaster first introduced the chairman, Mr. J. G. McKenzie, B.A., B.Ec., the Acting-Director of Education.

Mr. McKenzie first gave an assurance of the shortness of his address. He then welcomed the Hon. D. H. Drummond, Minister for Education, Mrs. Neville, Vice-President of the Ladies' Committee, Alderman Bain, representing the Mayor of Petersham, Mr. Fitzroy, the President of the O.B.U., and Mr. Kilgour, one of Fort Street's former headmasters.

The chairman then expressed his pleasure at being invited to attend. It was a personal pleasure, he said, because he knew of the great work the School was doing. He made mention of his pride at the excellent Leaving and Intermediate Certificate results. The great School was marching from strength to strength.

He referred to the character—not taught—but caught up from the ideals of the School, and from the staff. In preparing a boy for citizenship, he stressed the importance of the three L's—learning, living, and leisure. He felt confident, he said, that the School would move on from triumph to triumph as the years went by.

The Headmaster, who was then called upon to read the School Report, first made apologies for Mr. E. S. Solomon, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. Dunbar, Mr. Schuttleworth, and Alderman and Mrs. Todd.

The report is given in detail elsewhere.

Mr. Christmas concluded by expressing gratitude to the Hon. D. H. Drummond, Mr. McKenzie, and anyone who had given help to the Fort Street Boys' High School.

The Hon. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., then delivered an address. He stated that it was quite some time since he had visited the old school. He spoke on the relation of "Fort" to

the street of that name, and also to the Latin adjective, "fors fortis"—strong. He urged the boys who had passed the Leaving Certificate to go forth and learn, and to put into practice all the things they had learnt in theory in the school. He warned us not to listen to the pseudo-intellectuals, who were passing on spurious thoughts and beliefs, and concluded by saying: "Don't let anyone infect you with a feeling of defeat. Stick out your chest and say, 'Whatever may be the blow, there is a counter.'"

Mr. Alan Shepherd then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Drummond, for honouring the School with his presence.

Mr. Drummond, in reply, wished the School good luck for 1940.

Mrs. McKenzie distributed the academic prizes, and Mrs. Neville distributed the sports prizes.

Mr. G. Cantello, M.A., Inspector of Schools, proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Neville and the visitors.

Mr. McKenzie replied on behalf of the visitors.

We must not close this report without some mention of Mr. Bailey's School Orchestra and Choir. The orchestra must be congratulated on the way it handled Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5." Played slowly, so as not to slur together any notes, it was very effective.

Roy Dunstan, vocal soloist, in "By the Waters of Minnetonka" was excellent, as was Laurence Orchard in the flute obligato.

The choir was at its best in "Waiata Poi," one of a bracket of two numbers. The excellence of the singing of this number cannot be too greatly stressed.

Maxwell Cooke played a beautiful solo, and later on was joined by Clem Ellis in a duet.

Then the School Song and War Cry were enthusiastically given; the National Anthem was sung; and Speech Day, 1940, was over.

J. WEST, 4D.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1939.

It is my pleasure to present the Annual Report for 1939.

The highest enrolment for the year was 734, distributed as follows: First Year, 167; Second Year, 166; Third Year, 146; Fourth Year, 148; Fifth Year, 107.

Of 140 boys who gained Intermediate Certificates last year, 74 left in December, and since then several others have taken up positions. A large number of these boys were well suited to undergo the fourth and fifth year courses.

The proposed change in the examination system has been deferred one year, and the first examination under this system will take place in 1942.

It will be seen that this means that the present Second Year pupils will be required to remain at school for four years, and will not, except in special circumstances, be presented for the 1941 Intermediate Certificate Examination, but will take the new Leaving Certificate Examination in 1942.

As I said in my report last year, I hope that parents of the boys concerned will take advantage of this opportunity and, without pressure of any kind, allow their children to remain for the fourth year examination, and not try and impose on them the strain of an outside examination in 1941.

The present First Year pupils should not be encouraged in any way to anticipate leaving school before 1943, when they will be able to obtain possession of a Leaving Certificate instead of an Intermediate Certificate.

The Higher Leaving Certificate will be granted to all those who successfully complete the full course, which will take at least one extra year.

ATTENDANCE.

The attendance and punctuality are in the majority of cases quite satisfactory, but too large a number are not 100%. It is most unfair to the pupil, and to the School, that pupils should be required to go messages during school hours, and a little thought will result in dentist appointments and the like being made for a convenient time. It is most annoying when, as happens too frequently, a lad is kept at home to visit the dentist immediately after a vacation. So, too, are the trips at the week-ends. Surely a week-end jaunt can be

arranged so as not to interfere with school time.

The average attendance for each term last year was: First term, 95.9; second term, 94.2; third term, 95.4.

HOME WORK AND HOME STUDY.

I make a distinction between home work and home study. Home-work is that set by the teacher; home-study is that done by the pupil as a training for his future independence. The first must be done; the second should be done in increasing amount.

I quote from a letter written from Queensland by a lad who came to the School three years ago:—

"The reason I repeated Fourth Year was that I had not learnt to work on my own account—I was accustomed to being 'pushed' by my teachers. Now, however, I hope I may be termed a 'student' rather than a 'pupil,' and as such have every chance of making good. This is due to the staff of Fort Street, who have my sincere thanks.—P.W."

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

At the last Leaving Certificate Examination 89 passed and 72 qualified for Matriculation, 10 gained University Exhibitions, 2 University Bursaries, 14 passed for the State Public Service, and 20 for the Commonwealth Public Service.

There were 22 First Class Honours, and 51 Second Class Honours gained. 28 of these were in Mathematics, 11 in Physics, and especially would I mention 7 Honours in French (where so few are given), and also in Geography, where 5 were gained out of 9 boys presented.

Among those who obtained excellent passes I would like to mention Max Hooper, John Davies, John Hills, Ray Byron, Victor Stimson and Don Yabsley.

For the Intermediate Certificate 142 boys were presented, and 140 passed, and of these 33 obtained a pass with 5 A's or better. The passes of Norman Webb, Leonard and Ronald Hinde, Kenneth Simpson and Ralph Stewart were very meritorious, and as a result of the examination 3 boys obtained Intermediate Bursaries and 8 qualified for the Public Service.

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

This year the first award of the "John Hunter Memorial Prize" will be made to Max Hooper, who is the best candidate from the School proceeding to the Faculty of Medicine.

Two new prizes have also been awarded by the members of the Masonic Lodge Fortian, which consists of Old Boys of the School. These prizes are awarded for proficiency, and the first awards go to John H. Davies for his Leaving Certificate pass, and to Leonard Hinde for his Intermediate Certificate pass. The thanks of the School are tendered to Lodge Fortian for its generosity.

The Killeen Memorial Prize is awarded to F. M. Hooper as Dux, and he gains in addition the Verco Prize for Mathematics.

The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize goes to Dave Elkman.

The B. S. B. Stevens Prize goes to Ken Tate, and the Old Boys' Union Prize for the Best Fortian to John Hills; and Headmaster's Prize for School Service to J. Monteath.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

The School Union activities were carried on efficiently, with Messrs. Outten, Johnson, Cannon and Stanley as executive officers.

As the Union is the means of finance for all School activities—including sport, library and magazine—it is advisable that the parents of pupils should see that the annual fee of 10/- is paid promptly.

The library has passed to the charge of Mr. A. Johnstone, after being in the hands of Mr. Rose for many years. Mr. Johnstone has completely re-organised the library. He has introduced the Dewey system, and spends every penny he can get hold of in the purchase of books so well chosen that the library has become exceedingly popular both with the upper and lower school.

THE FORTIAN.

The Fortian (Mr. Fitzpatrick, Editor) was produced twice during the year, and is a worthy adjunct of the School. The School Reporter (our weekly sheet) still gives us a weekly record of School happenings in sport, etc.

PLAY DAY.

Play Day was Play Day, and Play Night, Play Night in what is recognised as the Fort Street style. Mr. Moss and his assistants on the staff and the classes continue to raise the already very high standard, and the training

given in speech and deportment is well recognised outside the School itself.

DEBATING.

Debating, class, inter-class, and inter-school, was carried on, and we were again narrowly defeated in the final of the Hume Barbour debating competition.

These two activities, Play Day and Debating, are clearly in evidence on such occasions as Empire Day, which is entirely in the hands of the pupils. Pupils of this School also deliver the occasional addresses to Ultimo Public School and Eastwood Infants' School.

The School Captain was John Hills, the Senior Prefect J. Monteath. With the other prefects they gave valuable assistance, and gained much useful experience during their year of office.

The Sportsmaster, Mr. Johnson, will present a report on the sport of the School, which has been satisfactorily carried on with the assistance of the staff.

Mr. Burgin and Mr. Stanley act as liaison officers to the Ladies' Committee. This committee, with Mrs. J. Dunbar as President, and Mrs. Levinsohn as Secretary, is a very live organisation. A series of functions have been and are still being held, which are not only financial, but also social successes. These ladies, too, assist at any School function when called upon, and are at present embarking on a scheme for raising funds in order that the loan system of textbooks can be introduced.

These ladies are to be congratulated on their efforts and self-sacrifice, and my staff and I are very grateful indeed to them for their assistance.

THE STAFF.

Mr. Harrison returned to us after an absence of nine months, and is much welcomed. Mr. Tierney left us to take charge of the Annexe to Canterbury High School, otherwise our staff is unaltered.

The School is fortunate in its staff, and, as has been my privilege on many previous occasions, but with undiminished sincerity, I offer them my thanks. Their co-operation, support and loyalty make working with them a pleasure, and render possible the fine results that we are able to obtain each year, and to which the year 1939 has been no exception.



PREFECTS, 1940: Back Row: A. Smith, C. Marsh, G. Mulvaney, J. Penman, M. Hamilton, E. Gluyas, W. Hannam, L. Blackett, W. Andersen.
 Second Row: T. Gray, P. Nixon, E. Rolls, I. Grant, W. Rose, H. Hart, W. Chapman, B. Swanton, G. Barraclough.
 Front Row: G. Williams, D. Rickard (Captain), C. H. Christmas (Headmaster), M. Penketh (Senior Prefect), J. Palmer.

PRIZE LIST, 1939.**FIFTH YEAR.**

F. Max Hooper: Dux of School; Killeen Memorial Prize; Verco Prize for Mathematics; John Hunter Memorial Prize for best pupil proceeding the Faculty of Medicine; 1st in Mathematics; 1st in Chemistry.

John H. Davies: Lodge Fortian Prize for Proficiency; 1st in Latin.

Harold Fallding: Baxendale Prize for English; Prize for Best Verse in "The Fortian."

John Hills: 1st in French; 1st in German.

Raymond Byron: 1st in Mechanics.

Ian Middleton: 1st in Modern History.

Eric Waring: 1st in Physics.

John H. Shaw: Taylor Prize for Geography.

Wm. Cunningham: 1st in Economics.

John Hills: Old Boys' Union Prize for Best Fortian.

John Monteath: Headmaster's Prize for School Service.

Kenneth Tate: B. S. B. Stevens Prize for Economic Essay.

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

FOURTH YEAR.

Stanley Tow: Dux of Year, 1st in Chemistry.

Eric Rolls: Special Proficiency Prize; 1st in German; 1st Mathematics II.; Prize for Best Story contributed to the "Fortian."

Leonard Hazlewood: Special Proficiency Prize (aeq.); 1st Physics.

Keith Lloyd: Special Proficiency Prize (aeq.); 1st Maths. I.

Wm. Andersen: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Wm. Dunbar: 1st History.

Warren Carver: 1st Latin.

Eric Gluyas: 1st French.

Douglas Rickard: 1st Mechanics.

Harold Hart: 1st Physics (aeq.).

Keith Howard: 1st Economics.

Neville John: 1st Geography.

Thomas Gray: Baxendale Memorial Special Prize for Modern English.

THIRD YEAR.

Leonard Hinde: Dux of Year; Lodge Fortian Prize for Best Pass; 1st Maths. II.; 1st French.

Ralph Stewart: Special Proficiency; 1st Latin; 1st German.

Ronald Hinde: Special Proficiency.

Clem Ellis: Special Proficiency.

Clive Coogan: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English (aeq.); 1st Maths. I.

Kenneth Simpson: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English (aeq.).

Peter Blackall: 1st History.

Maurice Gilbert: Taylor Prize for Geography (aeq.).

Norman Webb: Taylor Prize for Geography (aeq.).

Russell Harcourt: 1st Elementary Science.

Allan Crews: 1st Business Principles.

Ernest Bonus: 1st Shorthand.

Noel Willis: 1st Greek.

SECOND YEAR.

Stanley Marshall: Dux of Year; Baxendale Memorial Prize for English (aeq.); 1st English (aeq.); 1st Latin; 1st French.

Gordon Pettitt: 2nd General Proficiency; Baxendale Memorial Prize for English (aeq.); 1st English (aeq.).

Ronald Bowra: 3rd General Proficiency; 1st German; 1st Maths. II.

Michael Anthony: 4th General Proficiency.

Geoffrey Kingston: 1st History.

Neville Stutchbury: 1st Maths. I.

John Lindsay: 1st Elementary Science.

Robert Harding: 1st Geography.

Allan Vassie: 1st Commercial Subjects.

Robert Frazer: 1st Music.

FIRST YEAR.

Robert Smith: Dux of Year (Presented by Mrs. F. Short); 1st French (aeq.); 1st Maths. I.

Keith Madden: 2nd General Proficiency; 1st French (aeq.).

Wm. Stehbens: 3rd General Proficiency.

Ian Cathels: 4th General Proficiency.

Angelo Russo: 5th General Proficiency; 1st Latin; 1st Elementary Science.

Gordon Pye: Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.

Alan Hely: 1st History.

Albert Burden: 1st Maths. II.

David Watson: 1st Geography.

Allan Stammers: 1st Commercial Subjects.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1939.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates 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.

Ada, Gordon Leslie, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 11A.

Argall, John William, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11B.

Austin, Keith Joseph, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.

Blakely, William John, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 10B.

Blumenthal, Cecil David, 3L 5B 6B 8B 11A.

Boyd, Russel Thomas F., 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B 14H2.

Brear, William Arthur, 3B 5A 6B 10A 11A.

Brown, Harold Edwin A., 1B 3B 8H2 10B 16 pass.

Brown, Rex Raymond, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10L.

Burns, Stuart George, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.

Byron, R. A. V., 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H2 11A.

Chandler, Boyd, 1B 2B 3B 6B 8B 11A.

Chapman, William Neville, 1B 5B 8A 14H2.

Chappell, Laurence Frederick, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8B

Cheers, Gregory G. H., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10A

Clark, Alan George, 1H2 2B 3H2(o) 5B 6B 8A 10B.

Cockburn, Keith G., 1A 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2 11A.

Coffill, Neville Taylor, 5B 6B 10B 11A.

Cunningham, William A., 1A 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B 17B.

Cusack, Bruce Clive, 1B 2L 3B 5B 8A.

Davies, John Harold, 1A 2A 3H2(o) 5A 6A 7A 10H2.

Dowey, Robert John, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 10B.

Dunlop, Donald Buzzard, 1B 3B (o) 5B 6B 8B 10B.

Dunlop, James Archibald S., 1B 3B 5B 6B 14A.

Edgar, Alexander R., 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10B 11A.

Ellis, Henry Balfour, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B.

Everingham, D. N., 1B 3A (o) 4B 5B 10B 11A.

Fallding, Harold Joseph, 1H2 5B 6B 7B 10A 14H2.

Gilbert, Ian G., 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10A 11A.

Gilmour, Gordon, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.

Harvey, Bruce Lindsay, 2B 3B 5A 6B 10L.

Hatter, Ronald G., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.

Hazelwood, L. K., 1H2 2B 3H2(o) 5B 8A 11A.

Hennessy, Ronald Allan, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10L 11A.

Hills, John, 1H2 2A 3H1(o) 4A (o) 5A 6A 10A.

Hinde, Esmond Alfred, 1A 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A

Hodgekiss, N.D., 1B 5A 6A (x2) 7B 10H2 11B.

Hooper, F. M., 1B 2A 3A (o) 4B (o) 5A 6A (x1) 11H1.

Horsley, J. Beresford, 1H2 2B 3A (o) 5B 6B 8H2 10B

Horwood, Norman Alfred, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11B.

Howe, Donald Norman Hope, 1B 3B 5B 8B.

Hunter, Donald J., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.

Jaconelli, Cosmo, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.

Kable, Garvon, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B.

Krosby, Philip Ernulf, 1A 3B 8B 11B.

Layton, Lionel H., 1A 3B 5A 6A 8A 10H2 11H1.

Lee, Ronald Bruce, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A 14A.

Lees, John Maxwell, 1B 3B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H2 11A.

Lembit, Valdek J., 1B 2B 3H2(o) 4A (o) 5A 6A 10A.

Mackness, George Bellamy, 1A 3B 5B 6B 7B 10A.

Matthews, John Harry, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10B 11A.

McCourt, John Hector, 1H2 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11A

McDonald, K. Graham, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7A 10H2 11A.

Middleton, Ian George, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H1 10A.

Monteath, John Morrison, 3L 5A 6A 7B 10A.

Mooney, N. G., 1H2 2A 3A (o) 4B 5B 6B 10B

Morgan, Edward Franklyn, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B

Murdoch, H. S., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A 6A(x2) 8B 11A

Pandelis, John, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 8H2 11A.

Plowman, John Sinclair, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B 11H2.

Porcheron, Rex Fernand, 1B 3L 5B 8B 11B.

Priestly, James Henry, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11A.

Pye, Cecil Raymond A., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.

Regan, Lynden J. A., 1B 2L 3B 5B 8H2 11A.

Ritchie, Douglas G., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11L.

Roberts, Alan Loch, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B.

Robertson, Ronald Herbert, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.

Robertson, Russell Gordon, 1A 4L 6B 8B.

Round, Bruce Alfred Ernest, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 10B.

Sanders, Gordon Howard, 3B 5B 7B 11B.

Sargeson, Leslie McLeod, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11A

Shaw, John Henry, 1A 3B 5A 6B 8H2 10B 14H1

Short, Bruce Ferguson, 1B 3L 5B 6B.

Simmonds, E. W., 1B 3B(o) 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H2 11A.

Smith, Brian F., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 8B 10A.

Smith, William G. C., 3B 5B 6B 7B 10A 11A.

Spraggon, Jack Emmerson, 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 11A.

Stimson, Victor R., 1A 2A 3A(o) 4B 5A 6A(x1) 11H2.

Taylor, Ian Albert, 1B 5B 14H2 18A.

Taylor, Peter Morton, 5B 6B 7B 10B.

Thompson, Jack Errol, 1B 3B 5B 10L 11H2.

Thompson, R. A. S., 1B 3B 5B 10L 11H2.

Timms, Kenneth Bruce, 1B 3B 5A 8B 10B.

Vahtrick, Cyril, 1B 3A(o) 5A 6A(x2) 10B 11A.

Ward, Bruce W., 1H2 2A 3H2(o) 5A 6A 8H2 11A.

Waring, Eric John, 1A 3B 5A 6B 10H2 11A.

Webb, Richard Gordon, 1A 2B 3H2(o) 4B(o) 5B 6B.

Whitehouse, Peter A., 1B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 10H2.

Williams, Geoffrey Athol, 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B 10B

Yabsley, D. E., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A 6A(x1) 7A 10H2.

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS.

(Arts): L. Hazlewood, J. Hills, V. Lembit, B. Ward; (Medicine): F. Hooper; (Science): V. Stimson; (Engineering): R. Byron, J. Davies, K. McDonald, D. Yabsley.

UNIVERSITY BURSARIES.

J. Hills, V. Stimson.
JAMES ROBINSON ORANGE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY.
 Donald E. Yabsley.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1939.

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

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

(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—A being the higher.

- Adcock, N. A., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A 11A.
 Allan, D., 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Allen, E., 1B 2A 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Astle, J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Bacon, S. R., 2B, 3A 6B 7A 11B.
 Bain, D. S., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Barton, I. E., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 11B 21B.
 Bell, D. B., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Bentwitch, B. H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 16B.
 Blackall, P. M., 1B 2A 3B 4B 6A 7A 11B.
 Bonus, E. C., 1B 2B 3A 7B 11B 16A.
 Booth, J. F., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Boyd, A. R., 1B 2B 4B 7B.
 Breadman, D. F., 1B 2B 3A 5B 11B.
 Brown, A. D., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Brown, E., 1B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Brown, J. C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A(o) 11A.
 Brown, K., 1B 2B 3A 4B 7B 11A 15B.
 Bungate, S. A., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 15B.
 Caiger, V. K., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Cannon, H. W., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Carey, L., 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Carter, A. S., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Chaffey, C. H., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11A.
 Challinor, W. G., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11B.
 Charker, J. A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B.
 Cheers, H. B., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Clark, L. R., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 Collett, R. H., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 7B 11B.
 Connell, M. J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
 Coogan, C. K., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Coventry, K. J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Crane, G. F., 1B 2A 7A 11B.
 Crews, A. H., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5A 7A 11B 15A.
 Crichton, G., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11B.
 Curtin, R. L., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B.
 Delahunt, R. W., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Delaney, D. F., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Dixon, A. R., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 8A(o) 11B.
 Docking, I. E., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B 27B.
 Donald, L. C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Douglas, J. W., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B.
 Draper, I. L. T., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Duffy, T., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Dunkley, B. H., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Edmonds, S. W., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 7A 11A 15B 16B.
 Ellis, C. S., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A 21A.
 Ellis, N. A. L., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Firth, R. V., 1B 2B 3A 4B 7A 11A.
 Fletcher, R. G., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Foskett, R. C., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 7A 11A 15B.
 Gibbs, E. B., 1B 2B 3B 11B.
 Gilbert, M. V., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Gilchrist, F. S., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Gimber, K. C., 1B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Graham, J. A., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Graham, M. O., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Greening, E. S., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A 8A 11A.
 Guy, K. B., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Hackett, T., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Hain, A., 1B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Hallam, R. M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Harcourt, R. O., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Harris, K. W., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 21B.
 Harrop, W. P., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Heery, P. J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Hill, J. P., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 7A 11A 15A 16B.
 Hinde, L. T., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Hinde, R. W., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A.
 Hodges, R. J., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B 11B.
 Hodgkinson, A. M., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 11B.
 Hudson, A. L., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Jacobsen, E. J. K., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B.
 Jaconelli, J., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Lamb, K. V., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 21B.
 Lance, K. A., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Laurendet, E. G., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Lawson, F. D., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Leard, E. R., 1B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Levinsohn, K. M., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A 8B(o) 11A.
 Lewis, R. H., 1A 2A 3A 4B 7A 11B 15B.
 Leyshon, B. A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Longmuir, W. K., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 Ludwig, T. G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B 11A.
 Mackenzie, J. N., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Massey, J. J. B., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11B.
 Matthews, L., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Maxim, J. W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Maxwell, D. C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
 McCredie, B. J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 McMahan, J. R., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B 16B.
 McRitchie, K. D., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Medaris, L. N., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 21B.
 Miller, A. H., 1B 4A 5B 6B, 7A 27A.
 Moon, J. C., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Mutton, L. W., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 21B.
 Nicholas, H. C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Odell, D., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 21A.
 Olsen, K. C., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Organ, K. M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 15B.
 Paddison, J. R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B

- Patterson, N. J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Pearson, G. W. T., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B
 15B 16B.
 Plant, G. H., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Potter, K. J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7A 11B 15B.
 Potter, W. N. C., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 7B 11B 15B.
 Rea, J. L., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A 11B.
 Rhodes, T. W., 1B 2B 6B 7B.
 Richardson, M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.
 Robinson, G. W. F., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B.
 Rue, W. R. G., 1B 2A 3B 11B 16B.
 Salter, F. S., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Scott, D. J., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11A.
 Scott, N. W., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Shakespeare, A. A., 1B 2B 3A 7B 11B.
 Sheppard, W. A., 1B 2B 4B 5A 11B.
 Sheridan, B. D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Short, D. W., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11B.
 Simpson, K. N., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Smith, N. E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Smyth, K. S., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11B 15B.
 Stewart, R. E., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A.
 Stewart, R. L., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Strike, K. W., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B.
 Strong, J. H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Struthridge, A. M., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B
 Tresidder, J. N., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Tuckerman, E. B., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Tumeth, R. V., 1A 2A 7B 11B.
 Uren, S. J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Walton, B. T., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Watson, W. R., 1B 2B 3A 11B.
 Webb, N. R., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 West, J., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A 8A(o) 11A.
 White, C. J., 1B 2A 6B 7B.
 Willis, N. G., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B 27A.
 Wilson, L. R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Wishart, A. J., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Wood, M. L., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Yeo, A. T., 1B 2A 3B 4B 11B.
 N. Webb, J. Jaconelli, M. Gilbert.

INTERMEDIATE BURSARIES.

EMPIRE DAY.

Empire Day was celebrated this year on Friday, 24th May, when the whole School assembled in the Memorial Hall. The function was carried out in traditional Fort Street manner, the entire proceedings being in the hands of the pupils themselves.

The chair was occupied by the School Captain, Douglas Rickard, who opened the meeting. He spoke on the present critical situation and the bonds uniting the Empire.

After the School had sung Whittier's hymn, George Barraclough was called upon to give an address on "Why I Believe in the British Empire." He said his two main reasons for his belief in the Empire were the spirit of the British character and freedom, which is the basis of Democracy. In emphasising the former reason, he pointed out the justice and doggedness revealed in every true Britisher during situations such as those at present.

The voting and colonial system of the British Empire showed to the fullest extent the greatness of the British character, and this, together with freedom of speech, press and worship, allowed the Empire to become a welded unit, conducting a combined war effort.

In conclusion, the King was the symbol and model of ideas. He was a man, loved and not feared, and therefore, a country with such characteristics and freedom, led by such a man, must surely be successful.

Following this speech, "The Red, White and Blue" was sung, and then Cecil Marsh spoke on "Empire Builders."

The speaker discussed the enormous work achieved by the pioneers; but stressed the important and magnificent efforts of the British administrators. After showing the importance of their great work, by drawing examples from Canada, South Africa, Nigeria and Australia, he stated that we of to-day must do our task and give sacrifices to hold the Empire united in a critical situation.

Before the chairman announced the next speaker, the School sang the "Recessional," after which Bill Andersen addressed the School on "Australia's Help to the Empire, Past and Present."

He said that in its earliest years Australia had a unique distinction, being a "rubbish-tip" for criminals. Macquarie, however, decided to make New South Wales into a dominion, and set about constructing roads and buildings.

At first Australia was a drain on British resources, but now she has become a great asset to the Mother Country. Australia became the laboratory for social and political experiments, adopting old age pensions, votes for women, industrial arbitration, and even setting the example to other parts of the Empire. In contrast to Australia, the former "young child," the speaker said that Australia, now recognised as a nation, gave great assistance to Britain, principally due to her industrial growth.

At the conclusion of this speech "Advance, Australia Fair" was sung, and this was followed by the last speaker, Tom Gray, who

addressed the School on "What the Empire is Fighting For."

He declared that our cause was the cause of freedom, and that our ideals were noble, lofty, and worthy of the greatest efforts. In this war of freedom against tyranny and oppression, our cause was the cause of the people of every race, colour or class, threatened by brutal aggression. The speaker stated that we enjoyed the great privileges of freedom, and lived under a great code of law. Furthermore, if Germany succeeded in her aim, civilisation as we know it would be destroyed and

replaced by barbarism. Finally he said it would be well to consider the words of our King, expressed at Christmas, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God."

Mr. Christmas, who said he only spoke owing to the magnitude of the occasion, proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers and the chairman for their splendid addresses.

These impressive celebrations, which echoed the wonderful spirit of the Empire, closed with the National Anthem.

N. R. WEBB, 4D.

THE INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

It seems to me that first of all, before telling of its activities, I should put forward the main purposes and aims of the I.S.C.F. Its name implies the reason for its existence. For young Christians at school, fellowship with others is of great importance and help in spiritual growth and strengthening. The I.S.C.F. provides for the boys in the School the opportunity of coming together for prayer and discussion with one another.

Also, we wish to share with others the joys of the Christian life, and bring them to a knowledge of our Saviour as theirs, too. It would be a sorry matter if, enjoying the blessings which we ourselves receive, we did not try to tell others of them. Often the "others," not realising the true nature or the existence of the Christian life, seem to regard "religion" as something comfortably dead for the older folk to take up as a hobby. It is nothing of the kind. It is full and vital, as has been shown by such great examples as Livingstone, Father Damien, the Wesleys, and countless others who have served their Master faithfully and well. This great life is free to all who will take it—it is for us to pass it on to others.

During the year we have been having two meetings a week during the luncheon recess. With the introduction of cadets and squad-drill on Thursdays, and consequent alteration of time-table, we have switched the Thursday meeting to Tuesday, so that now we have a seniors' meeting (including Third Year) on Mondays, and a juniors' on Tuesday. The meetings take place in the end room of the middle floor of the School, and a bell is rung at 12.35 p.m. We also have an after-school

meeting in the Armoury on Fridays. For the last term this is taking the form of a prayer meeting.

Beside the Fort Street branch, many of the boys go to I.S.C.F. drawing-room meetings on Saturday nights at Strathfield, Summer Hill, Haberfield, and Epping; besides giving the boys valuable spiritual help, these meetings give them an opportunity to meet boys from the I.S.C.F. in other schools.

There have been two Varsities and All Schools' camps (or rather house parties), to which Fort Street boys have gone this year. The first, at Easter, was at Woronora, under David Stewart, who will be remembered as I.S.C.F. leader, prefect, and Dux at Fort Street in 1938. The second was at Mt. Victoria during the Michaelmas holidays. We had nine Fortians there (out of about seventy-five), which was a larger number than from any other school. These camps provide for the boys splendid holidays—the food is good, there are plenty of games, hikes and so on, to occupy one's time, and the price is very reasonable. The next camp is at Bayview in January.

Our thanks are due to many for their help and interest during the year. Especially do we thank Mr. Parker for his active help and support as our patron in the School, and the Headmaster for the kind interest which he has shown in our work.

There are still very many boys in the School who have not yet attended any of our meetings. Some, I should say, because it has never occurred to them to do so; others because they feel that they may be asked to do something, such as take part in the meeting, or "join," or

that they will be expected to come again. To you may I say that at the meetings all you are required to do is sit (and, if you will, listen), and you are not committed to coming again. "The Kingdom of Heaven," we have

been told, "is like a treasure hidden in a field." Come along to our meetings and perhaps you, too, will discover it, as we have, even when you least expect it.

WARREN CARVER.

PLAY DAY, 1940.

Play Day this year was well up to its usual good standard. The acting, generally speaking, was slightly better than in other years. We offer one criticism—constructive criticism. It is only fair to provide the juniors with plays they can handle effectively—any departure from this destroys all impression of reality.

Here is a short review of each play:—

1A. "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

This play dealt with the adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Pont, as Little John, showed quite capable acting ability.

1B. "THE COINERS."

Dealing with the activities of a band of criminals in the "good old—bad old—days," this play was notable for its costuming. Millen as Charles Casteret, the chief villain, was the best actor.

1C. "THE CENTURION'S BILLET AT SWACKING BULPHEN."

This was a capably acted, capably produced play, dealing with the Roman invasion of Britain. Aroney, as the buxom Astel, was good, as were the other individual members of the cast. But many a Latin tag sent shivers of horror down the backs of our Latin scholars. Moral—Never remind a Play Day audience about to-morrow's homework.

1D. "THE DYSPEPTIC OGRE."

This little "modernised fairy-play" was quite amusing. The Ogre (Fitzpatrick) and the Ogre's Cook (Orchard) were both good.

2A. "THE COPPER POT."

This was a well-produced comedy dealing with Abdullah's (well sustained by Jenkins) wily method of obtaining a copper pot from Rasid (Watson) sufficiently large to cook his guests' meals. The Arab Posture Dance of Greeting (performed by Buckley) effectively contributed to the well-maintained atmosphere of the play.

2B. "PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

Being the well-known excerpt from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," this play was notable for its detailed production, even to the borrowing of the local bulldog.

Roderick, Nicholson and Spray, in the roles of Pyramus, Thisbe and the Prologue were the main laugh-getters of this rather good comedy.

2C. "THE 'OLE IN THE ROAD."

This short skit, presented on a record by an English comic duo, incidentally, was average entertainment. Roper's "silly-ass" voice went well, and Kench was satisfactory as the workman.

2D. "THE SHADOW OF A QUEEN."

Congratulations to the cast for this excellent effort. The play dealt with the incidents leading to Cleopatra's suicide. The stage setting was excellent and, as if inspired, O'Brien, Dunstan and Davies, as Aset, Charmion and Iras, were competent handlers of their roles. The rest of the cast was very good. In short, this was the best tragedy of the day.

4A. "ELEGANT EDWARD."

This was not the success it could and should have been, mainly because of the unpolished acting of the main characters. Scott as Elegant Edward was not always the suave and sophisticated character he should have been, and Frazer was not very convincingly feminine.

4B. "QUEER STREET."

The unevenness of the acting spoilt this play. The rest of the cast were uninteresting compared with Bill and Liza Hart (McCredie and Davis). Dealing with the engagement of a burglar's daughter to a so-called policeman, who is himself really only a masquerading burglar, the situations thus produced were handled well. McCredie was excellent as Bill Hart.

4C. "ALLISON'S LAD."

With the Cavaliers and Roundheads in the Second Civil War as its background, this play dealt with the efforts of Cavalier Colonel Sir William Strickland—played by Mulray—to infuse courage into a youthful cavalier fated to be shot at dawn. Mulray as Strickland was amazingly spritely for a mortally-wounded

hero, and was inclined to overact. Meares as the young coward was hysterical beyond the needs of the role. The rest of the cast were satisfactory in relatively unimportant roles.

4D. "NICODEMUS."

This comedy dealt with the efforts of his family and friends to persuade the undecided lover to go on with his marriage. The stereotyped denouement had very little effect, and weaknesses in the dialogue made the actors' job very hard. Carter, Bowmaker and Wishart as Nicodemus, Mr. Greenwell and the Vicar respectively, made the most of their opportunities.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

"OLIVER'S ISLAND."

Bouquets to the J.D.S. for this fine effort—easily one of the best plays of the day. The performances of Thomas and Davies, as Oliver and Jill, though competent, were overshadowed by Rev. Smilax (Roper), Dr. C. Astor Oyle (Pettitt) and Miss Pinnegar (Orchard). Orchard was exceptionally good. Captain Crookshanks and his crew—played by Liney and an assortment of juniors—were a bloodthirsty bunch, and, we hope, not as villainous as they looked. Twa Heeta (Buckley)

and the dusky maidens were very, very South Sea Islandish, and very, very appealing. The whole play was excellently presented, and there was some fine singing, including, as we Gil-Sullivan enthusiasts noticed, one of the catchy airs from "Pirates of Penzance."

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

"MONEY MAKES A DIFFERENCE."

Congratulations once again to the cast for an uproarious comedy. It dealt with the efforts of the "rough diamond," Peter Barton, to extricate himself from the clutches of his nagging sister Louisa, by trying to hasten her marriage with Mr. Tidway, "the handsome tadpole." Smith, as Peter Barton, gave the best performance of the day. Marsh and Gray, as Mr. Tidway and Louisa respectively, were also impressive.

The plays selected for Play Night were 1D, 2D, 2A, Junior Dramatic and Senior Dramatic, and these made our night a particularly big success. The orchestra and trio, under Mr. Bailey's leadership, rendered the overture and entr-acte music.

Thus our twentieth Play Day is a thing of happy memory.

J. WEST, 4D, C. ELLIS, 4D.

THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

Although the active members of this Committee are, numerically, out of all proportion to the number of mothers of boys attending the School, they have made very pleasing progress toward the achievement of their aims—viz., a properly equipped working kitchen, and a textbook lending library.

A number of pleasant functions was arranged last year, probably the most popular being the five cabaret dances, which were held in the School Memorial Hall.

On Friday, 8th March this year, the annual Fortian Fair was opened by Sir Norman Nock, resulting in a profit of £170.

All agreed that much of the success of this

effort was due to the excellent support in every way given by the boys.

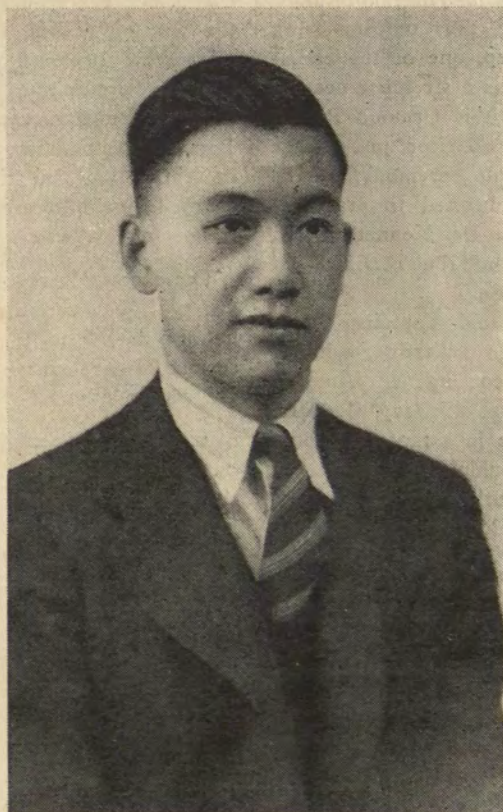
This year's programme includes five dances in the School Hall, and a ball, which was held on Friday, 26th July, in the Petersham Town Hall.

Remembering that this committee has been functioning for little more than a year, it is very gratifying to see our kitchen actually built, and the nucleus of the much-needed lending library in the bank.

Yes, our committee is small; but all through it has been characterised by a willingness to work, and a much appreciated loyalty to its executive officers.

MRS. T. G. LEVINSOHN, Hon. Sec.

OLD BOYS' PAGE.



We congratulate Mr. F. Chong, one-time pupil of this School, on his appointment as assistant lecturer in Mathematics and Physics at the New England University College, Armidale. This brilliant scholar is a M.Sc. and B.A.

As regards news of Union activities, I fear this page will be found sadly lacking, as our sole activity of recent months has been the Annual Ball, in which we combined with the Old Girls' Union. The function was held on 8th May at the Florentine Ballroom, and proved very enjoyable to all present. Again the dancers made the rafters ring at midnight with "Come, let the strains resound." It is not fair to say that Fortians are inactive, however, but the fact is that very many have found the claims of the country's defence a greater consideration.

At this stage it is impossible to mention more than a few of the Fortians who are engaged in military service of one kind or another. In this connection we invite the co-operation of the present members of the School, and suggest that they send to the Secretary, at 5 Daisy Street, Enfield, particulars of any Old Boys whom they know who are serving with the colours. (I don't suppose there has yet arisen the position which eventuated in the case of (now Dr.) Wallace Freeborn, who came back to school during the Great War with the Military Medal (and

numerous wounds) and completed his course.)

As usual, the medical fraternity is well to the fore, Dr. Stan Lovell being a case in point. He is Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 2/4th Field Ambulance, one of his officers being Major Saxon Crackanthorp, one of the chess-playing brothers. Serving as a stretcher-bearing corporal in the same unit is Ormond Porter, who was admitted as a solicitor just before he joined up. At the same ceremony, by the way, Pat Rowley was admitted to practice. Another medical major is Dr. Kenneth Starr, who was transferred from the D.D.M.S. at Melbourne for the purpose.

Jim Hay, one of our old Captains, is a lieutenant of engineers in Palestine, whither he went with the first contingent. Another member of that force was Lindsay Goddard, who had a narrow escape in a motor accident just before going, but couldn't be stopped.

War or no war, the world goes on, and we must congratulate Doug McPherson (Sandy) on his recent marriage. We hear that when he was in Wallgrove Camp his wife came and lived in the vicinity, refusing to have their

honeymoon shortened by a little thing like that. Many were concerned for the position of Laurie Goddard, who was on his way to Cambridge on his travelling scholarship when the war broke out, but later news was that after some weeks' delay in Capetown, he was able to proceed on his way. Adolf's exploit in Belgium rather interfered with Dr. Ron Porter, who was doing tropical medicine in Antwerp at the time of the invasion, but escaped just before the city was taken, and is now on his way to his work in Africa.

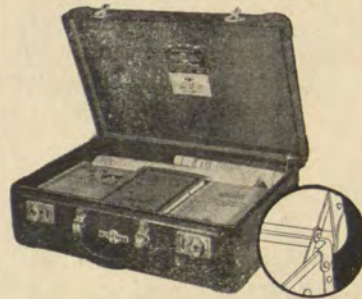
These notes have of necessity been scrappy, and will be the last written by this scribe, as he also is off to the war; but he hopes to resume his acquaintance with his readers when the piping days of peace return again.

In the meantime, this column will be carried on by another; but permit this writer to urge that readers can best serve their generation by bearing in mind, in every circumstance, those principles for which the School has stood for so long—of justice, liberty and truth.

"OLD BOY."

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Section C. FICTION

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Bill Langfield's eyes wandered over the twilight-lit "No Man's Land," illuminated at frequent intervals by the flash of a big gun sending its deadly message of death through the stillness of the evening.

Bill Langfield, like many others, had enlisted at the outbreak of hostilities, and, after a few months' training in Egypt, had been sent to the mud-soaked trenches of Flanders.

Now, as we find him gazing over the shell-torn waste of "No Man's Land," where so many of his comrades had delivered up their valiant souls for their country, his thoughts dreamily wander to the approaching Christmas.

Bill could picture his home as he had seen

it many a time. He could see his younger brother trying out his shining new toboggan on the snow-covered hill at the back of his home. Much more clearly could he visualise the family gathered quietly around the old oak table, while his father went through the solemn ritual of "Grace." Little Johnny was clamouring for the wish-bone as his father carved the huge turkey, whose delicate aroma assailed his nostrils. His mother was entering the room with a steaming hot plum pudding when—his reverie was cut short by the deadly chatter of a machine-gun, and a piercing shriek rent the air, telling Bill he was not William Langfield, Esquire, at home in England; but Private Bill Langfield—"somewhere in France."

B. McCREDIE, 4B.

THE TORCH CHASE.

A full moon rose in a cloudless sky, flooding the undulating land and the river with a beautiful white sheen. Such a fine night could not be wasted, and the young campers resolved to have a "torch-chase."

The three swiftest runners having been chosen, equipped with powerful torches, and given three minutes' start, the hounds, amid blood-curdling howling, set out in pursuit. Almost immediately they reached the top of the hill two torches blinked about four hundred yards away. Slipping round a small patch of scrub, the three hares ran into a barbed-wire fence.

One's foot slipped as he was vaulting over it, and to his own consternation and the others' amusement, he found himself sitting on two sharp points. He was pulled off, but his shorts suffered. "Sunbeams," whose name described his head, separated from the other two and ran through a paddock which was well populated with Scotch thistles. His two friends led the hounds off in another direction before he next shone his torch.

Meanwhile the hounds had spread out, and were drawing nearer the other two hares. One of the latter dropped flat behind some bushes, waited till the hounds had passed, shone his torch, and ran down a steep and heavily tim-

bered hill, where he endeavoured to hide.

Unfortunately, one of the hounds had seen a dark shadow flit to the neighbourhood of his hiding place, and returned with some others. They hunted around for a moment before a sharp-eyed lad gave a yell of exultation. The quarry broke cover, and his indistinct shape floated up the hill as though fired by a gun. A dark shape loomed up in front of him, but he had room to dodge, and did so. Through small bushes he crashed, aware of shouting figures around him. One attempted to stop him from the front, but was bowled over backward for his foolhardiness. The hare looked as if he might escape, but his foot caught in a badly-cared-for wire fence, and he tumbled over as if shot.

One of the other hares had been caught accidentally by stepping round a tree, right into the arms of a lagging pursue. Sunbeams, gasping for breath, and with a thousand scratches in his legs where the thistles had left their mark, was rushing across an open paddock with the relentless pack at his heels. One of the pack, with a killing spurt, gained on him and clutched him around the neck.

They all went back to their beds to gain energy for the next day's swimming, hitting, boxing and running.

J. NELSON, 4D.

When I walk through the streets of a Sunday I am filled with a huge despondency; and this feeling is trebled twice over when the day is wet. Yet it is not unpleasant . . . perhaps because we are happiest when we are sad.

It is evening on a winter's day. It is Sunday. It is wet. It has rained unceasingly all day, and everything is soaked. I am alone in the streets. The lights glimmer sickly through the gloom. There are puddles all along the street, and sometimes on the footpath. A few cars go by . . . but they to-night are only things. They splash, and honk, and disappear. There are no faces at their windows. It is too dark to see. Perhaps there is no one in them. Perhaps there is no motor-car. It is all so strange. I seem to be dreaming. The road gleams under the light, pale . . . forlorn. The houses look sad. There is no one around them, no friendly light. Surely everybody cannot be abed yet; it is only early. But there are no lights. The air is too sorrowful. They have been extinguished.

A couple come round a corner, a boy and a girl. They are in overcoats, buttoned up to

the neck, and carry umbrellas. They pass by, hand in hand, and vanish. There is some warmth about them . . . the warmth of love. I walk on. A tree over the footpath sighs, and its tears drop down my back. But they are not hot. They are cold . . . so cold. It is sighing for room to grow. I walk on . . . on. I pass a shop . . . it is shuttered, barred from the outside. Oh, horror of horrors! Why must they do this? Why must they bar them from the out? Why cannot they be barred from the in? They are terrible—these grilles. They shriek at you . . . "Go away! Go away! We don't want you here!"

I walk on.

§ § §

"Ou sont les neiges d'antan?" That sentence contains a word of slang, French slang, argot. But yet it is the most beautiful phrase ever written. "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" . . . Where are they?

For I have been snatched from the country I have been lost in the city. And I am floundering . . . floundering in despair.

ERIC C. ROLLS, 5D.

(An extract from this author's "A Mixture of Moods.")

THE STORM.

The sea was calm, perfectly calm, as the mail steamer, M.V. "Neptune," bound for Suva, glided gracefully along. It was dusk, and Captain Smithers stood on the bridge with the first mate, Mr. Jackson, who had come to take over the wheel while the captain went below.

"Beautiful evening, captain," he remarked.

"Yes, Jackson, it is now, but the glass is falling, and I think it's too calm to last long. There seems to be a black line approaching slowly from the horizon, and I think we'll get a bad storm before long."

With this the captain retired to the dining-room. He had just finished his tea, and was speaking to one of the passengers, when the ship started to rock violently. The captain dashed on deck, and was met by a surprising sight. The waters, which had been like glass half an hour ago, were tossing wildly, the previously blue sky was a mass of black clouds, and the wind was blowing like a hurricane.

Without a moment's hesitation the captain ordered all portholes and windows to be closed. All doors leading on deck were also closed, and the deadlights were screwed securely over the lower deck windows. The ship's boats were swung out on the davits ready for immediate release, and life-belts were placed handy for the passengers if needed.

Then the storm broke with all its dreaded fury upon the ship. The rain came down in torrents, forming fog all round, while several short showers of hail rained down on the ship, breaking two of the bridge windows.

The howling wind smashed several windows and blew in the charthouse door. The passengers were panic-stricken, for, when the storm had only been raging for a few minutes, the passages downstairs were ankle deep with water, which, before long, had even reached the level of the cabin doors.

Night passed, but nobody had any sleep.

During the night the wireless aerial had snapped, making communication with land or other ships impossible.

Several lifeboats had been lost in the seething foam, and others damaged.

About noon the storm abated, and the ship

limped on its way to Suva. When at last it reached its destination, the passengers were transferred to another boat, while the "Nep-tune" was put in dock.

The total damage was estimated at £5000.

R. LEWIS.

THIS IS THE B.B.C. CALLING . . .

"This is the B.B.C. calling—the Berlin Broadcasting Corporation. Now, children, before we have Uncle Friedrich tell us to-night's fairy story, we have a sensational piece of news direct from the Ministry of Information, for the grown-ups. To-day, the 'pocket' battleship, the 'Admiral Graf Spee,' returned safely to port, after engaging and sinking the three British battleships, 'Exeter,' 'Archilles' and 'Ajax.'

"Now, by courtesy of 'Fritz Super Sausage Substitute'—the better Ersatz, we present Uncle Friedrich.

"Heil Hitler!

Good evening, junior Nazis. Well, this evening we are going to hear a tale, specially written for you by Uncle Joe Goebbels, our prince of story-tellers.

"Once upon a time, there lived in a lovely place called Europe, a lot of little Germans. Most of these lived in Germany—such a nice place—where they were divided into three classes: the Nazis, who were the kindest and best; the Jews, who were the willing servants of the Nazis, and the Discontenteds, who were used mainly to practise purging on.

"Now, Germany was not the only place where there were Germans. If you looked over the fences all around, you could also see other Germans, who were called Minorities.

"On the east, one had Polerland, and the Polers were a very cruel race. They fed and educated the Minorities, and did everything

they could think of to make them happy—which was, as we know, very nasty and mean of them.

"After a while, the reports from Polerland became so bad that our dear, kind, loving Fuhrer—Heil Hitler!—formed a plan to make the Polers be nice to the Minorities.

"'I know,' he quietly screamed, 'we'll give 'em Blitzkrieg Fever. That'll fix 'em. Heil me!'

"And so, one day, the Germans, under the brave leadership of our kind Fuhrer—Heil Hitler!—jumped over the fence into Polerland, and began spreading the fever.

"Now, the Polers had some equally wicked friends, the British and French, who were really dictated by a terrible, hard-hearted, mean and utterly despicable man called Neville Chamberlain, and these countries came to aid the Polers with Pamphlet Serum, Blockade Serum and Maginot Serum—all because the dear Fuhrer—Heil Hitler!—wanted to make the Minorities happy.

"So, now you know why we are exterminating the Polers, British and French, and when you say your prayers to the Fuhrer to-night, don't forget to ask him to curse the Democracies for being so cruel. Uncle Herman sends a big kiss, and Uncle Adolph sends a loving hug, and this is Uncle Friedrich saying Goo-o-o-d night.

O. HAWTHORNE, 3C.

(Adapted by J. West, 4D.)

THE WAYFARER.

"Yes," replied the stranger. "I'm a seafaring rat, I am, and the port I originally hail from is Constantinople. A voyager am I! While you roam the dirty river banks, I live the life of an adventurer. Many a thrilling escapade could I pour in your dull ear. Now listen well, and I will tell you something of the great world of which YOU only sit and dream.

"Many months ago an old tramp ship dropped anchor at the wharves of that ancient city where I began life. This was an opportunity to escape the monotonous life of a wharf rat—and, smelling grain aboard, I decided on my course. Thus, safely installed in the hold, I made my first voyage into the great world.

"Noisily the old steamer churned her way through the still waters of the Sea of Mar-

mora—on, past Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, where the Anzacs fought. (Did you know **that**, you old stay-at-home?) Still on we ploughed our way into that beautiful Mediterranean Sea. Life was good, plenty to eat, and plenty of thrills.

"How peaceful and serene all seemed—until 'Crash! Bump!' What was **that**? All noise and bustle. Burly seamen were lowering a gangway . . . Yes, we were in Port Said, where the tankers re-fuel.

Cautiously, very cautiously keeping to the shadows, crept I, up from my dark home. One bound on to the wharf and what fun I had **exploring!** I must have wandered far, for when I found my way back, the old tramp was gone!

"What was that great white ship making her way in? Why, a luxury liner, and flying the Union Jack. Said I, 'This will do me—plenty of scraps aboard her!'

"That night I slept on the lower deck of the "Empress," which was ploughing her way down the Red Sea. My, it was **hot**. I preferred to remain on board at Aden—safely hidden in the dining room.

"Onward the great ship pursued her way; stopping at Bombay (that is in India, stupid!), Colombo, where tea was taken on board—but what of that? I was too content, to wander off exploring wharves.

"Southward we sailed for many days, and came across that wonderful continent, Australia; calling at Fremantle, Adelaide, Tasmania—where we took fine apples on board. (Ah! What you have missed!)

"One morning I awoke to find the 'Empress'

tied up to a big wharf in Sydney Harbour. (The best in the world, my friend.) So, **that** night I spent on the Darling Harbour wharves. What thrills playing around bales of wool! Hide and seek with cats—and dodging old Adolf the carpet snake.

"However, I was born with the spirit of adventure, and I had to journey on. What luck! An outward bound sailing ship was waiting by. Unnoticed, I leapt aboard, and very quietly lay concealed behind a heavy rigging—until well out to sea.

"Days passed slowly, for this beautiful old brig never hurried. Still, there was plenty of grain in the hold, and very few humans on board.

"On, on, I knew not where; until one day I overheard a 'tar' say, 'We've rounded the Horn.' How the wind blew and whipped the angry waves over decks! For many days we tossed on the foaming sea, making eastward, ever eastward. Then the waves became quieter, the weather warmed; by that time our course lay N.N.E. I lazed on the decks in the lovely sun,—no cares, no cats; only peace and sea, never-ending sea.

But things were not always to remain so. The next day I heard great commotion among the humans, noise and more noise. I saw more ships, all kinds of ships, and then I heard them saw, 'Here we are at England.'

Now, my friend, the old brig lies down there at the mouth of this very stream, the Thames. Change places with you? Not I! I'm a sea-faring rat, I am! Au revoir, old river rat, I'm going on another voyage.

P. FETHERSTON, 1D.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

The blunt bow of the steamer "Orient" cleaved its way through the heaving seas of the North Pacific. She was a sturdy old ship of 1200 tons, and of vital importance to the British Government.

Her cargo consisted of ammunition and crated aeroplanes for the British forces stationed at Hong Kong. The reason for carrying a vital cargo like this on such an old boat was because of the danger of lurking U-boats. If the steamer had an escort it would be instantly noticed, and more than likely sabotage would take place.

The captain paced the deck restlessly, his

hands clasped behind his back and his head lowered. Suddenly some sixth sense seemed to warn him of impending danger. He glanced behind, and the sight which met his eyes seemed to root him to the deck. In the gleaming wake cast by the threshing propellers of the ship which he commanded was the sinister body of a U-boat. For a moment the captain gazed at the submarine in dismay, then he galvanised into action. Bellowing orders at the top of his voice, he clattered down the ladder leading to the deck.

The crew, acting under his orders, had uncovered the 6-inch gun, and were now awaiting

further instructions. They soon came. The ship was on a zig-zagging course with the engines going at full speed. A vivid flash of flame belched from the U-boat's gun, and the air was filled with a shrill whistling sound as a shell tore through the rigging of the ship.

After this there was silence for a while; which was broken by the sailor who had been appointed watch. "Torpedo on the starboard," he cried. This outburst was followed by dismayed gasps from the crew as they looked over the rail, trying to see where and what the U-boat was doing.

The ship's course was changed slightly, and not a minute too soon, for a cigar-shaped object flashed by, leaving a path of glistening foam behind. So intent were the crew on their work that they did not notice the distant horizon. The first faint flushes of dawn were appearing, casting a soft light on the scene. Now the submarine was seen riding gently on

the swell, as if waiting for the dawn to come before striking.

The wireless operator could not get help because the aerial had been damaged. The commander of the submarine apparently knew this, and ordered the gun to be fired. This time the shell did not miss, and crashed home aft, spraying shrapnel in all directions. Luckily none of the crew was badly hurt, but some received severe cuts. Then came the order to fire. Straight and true sped the shell, to burst with a splintering crash almost on the conning tower. The submarine gave a sickening shudder, the stern slowly rose into the air, and the bow sank forward. For several minutes the U-boat stood; then she slipped down through the waves, leaving only a patch of oil on the surface. The ship turned and looked for survivors, but there was none; so she proceeded on her way to report the news to a fast destroyer appearing on the horizon.

PETER HOPKINS.

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

As I trudged slowly up the dusty hill, my gaze fell upon an old residence which I presumed was a manor house.

Its deserted appearance attracted my curiosity, and in a few strides I was right at the rickety gate which led up to the front door. With some difficulty I opened the gate, nearly causing the fence to fall in the attempt.

To make sure that I was not an intruder, I rang the bell; but my only response was the hollow echo throughout the house.

Quietly I opened the door and slipped through. The interior of the manor house was quite dark in comparison with outside. At a glance it was obvious that no foot had trodden the floor for ages. Everything was thick with dust, and in some places the white ants had attacked the floor, which caused ominous sounds as I passed across.

The other parts of the ground floor were the same as other manor houses; my only peculiar discovery being the traces of an arsenal in an underground chamber.

The house was two-storey, and, entranced with my surroundings, I ventured to ascend the none-too-safe looking stairs. My fears were justified, and once or twice my foot nearly went through the stairs.

On the upper storey I presumed the rooms were used as bedrooms, but as there was no furniture to confirm my assumption, I cannot say with certainty that this was the case.

Having descended the stairs, I made my way to the back of the residence. Unfortunately, it was in a state of neglect, having nobody to look after it. The grass was fast taking hold of everything, being a couple of feet high. The path leading down to the stables could hardly be seen. In addition, the stables were in ruins, the thatched roof having fallen in.

The old building had an adjoining area of two or three acres, probably used for production of household needs.

Now, as time was getting on, I bade the house adieu and continued my walk up the hill towards the setting sun.

K. S. McDONALD, 1D.

NO ONE INJURED.

The accident was reported very baldly in the evening paper.

"This morning, during the peak hours of traffic, a collision occurred between a tram and a utility lorry owned by Kerwin, Maurice Pty. Ltd., at the corner of Harris Road and New City Boulevard. None of the tram passengers was injured. Tram services were held up for three-quarters of an hour as a result of the accident."

That was all. But to me, who knew the results of this seemingly unimportant incident, it was far from being a complete statement.

Yesterday young Arthur Piper had paid me a visit.

"Well, Arthur," I had said, "what's the news? You looked pleased over something."

"Yes, I'm very pleased indeed," he had replied. "You remember that I wrote to that box number in the 'Sentinel' about a position? Well, to-day I received an answer. There are two other applicants besides myself, and the manager of the firm wishes to interview us personally before deciding; so to-morrow I have to report at nine o'clock, at the offices of Associated Electric Co. Ltd., and they say that there is every possibility of obtaining a permanent and well-paid situation. I hope I get it, because then the family resources will not be so strained. With both Julie and myself out of work, and little Tom to look after as

well, Dad's pay isn't going very far."

"Well, good luck, Arthur. I hope you are successful," I had answered. "You'll be in a good position if you get it with that company, as it is known as a very honourable firm. Come over to see us to-morrow, if you can, and let me know how you get on."

§ § §

It was a somewhat different Arthur from the smiling young man to whom I had spoken yesterday, who had just left me. For Arthur had been a passenger on that tram, and the delay of three-quarters of an hour had cost him his position. When he had arrived there, the manager had said brusquely, "Just half-an-hour late, young man. The position has been filled. Had you arrived on time, you would have had an excellent chance of obtaining the position; your references were better than those of the other two applicants. But of course I could not wait until you arrived, I'm very sorry about it, but there it stands. That is all." And so Arthur, with a heavy heart, had wended his way home, to report another failure.

§ § §

"A collision occurred between a tram and a utility lorry . . . none of the tram passengers was injured." Except Arthur, I thought, as I folded the paper.

JACK BOWMAKER, 4D.

ONLY THE BRAVE . . .**KHUTARIB, N.W. INDIAN FRONTIER, 19—**

Rat-tat-tat-tat.

"He's at it again, curse him. May he rot in his grave, and jackals gnaw the bones of his grandmother."

So muttered Lance-Corporal Smythe (highly recommended), on that grilling hot day in December. He had an excellent reason for calling down the wrath of the gods on that worthy behind the deadly, death-spitting machine-gun, for, during four days of concentrated hell, the little garrison of the mud-walled fort had been subjected to a continuous hail of nickel-nosed, high-velocity bullets, directed from above.

The fort was ringed by high, precipitous cliffs, which formed a natural hollow. It commanded the narrow path through these cliffs, and could have stopped an army advancing in that direction, but as for attack from above,

it was hopelessly inadequate. It was built as a protection from attack from the ground, not from the cliffs, and the garrison had suffered as a result.

The C.O. and the Adjutant had been killed, likewise twelve sepoy and two N.C.Os., and the morale of the company had dropped steadily. The trouble was that nobody knew the exact location of the death-dealing weapon. They knew that it was somewhere to the east, and that was all. The fort was temporarily out of communication with the outside world, as the signaller had been killed, and the heliographing equipment smashed by a burst of bullets.

Smythe crawled cautiously to the other side of the fort, taking care not to expose himself for more than a second or two at the most,

for he knew that the person behind the gun was ever vigilant.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

The deadly gun stuttered into action again, and bullets zipped through the mud walls as if they had been paper, whined across the square, spanged against the stone wall of the supply hut, and ricocheted off into space.

Smythe cursed again.

It was d—d uncomfortable having to crawl about like a centipede all day, and everyone, including himself, was getting tired of it, so he decided to scupper the gun in the early future.

That night, when all was still, he made known his intentions of spoiling the fun of the gentleman behind the gun, and was promised promotion if he brought off the coup successfully. He planned the attack for the next night, and henceforth forced himself to sleep soundly, as he knew that there would be no rest on the morrow.

He was absolutely correct, for the gun worked overtime. As soon as the first rays of the sun peeped on a sleeping world, it began pumping bullets into the fort below, and did not cease until sundown, except for short lulls.

The result was four more dead men and a strengthening of Smythe's resolution.

He slept till 11 p.m., when he was wakened, and, having equipped himself with two Mills bombs, a revolver, some cartridges, and some brandy, he set out.

He knew there would be sentries posted, so he carefully dropped over the east wall, and began to worm his way like a serpent towards the cliff. He reached these without mishap, and began to look for the easiest place to ascend. At last he found a place where there was a series of ridges, almost like steps, ascending the cliff, and these he proceeded carefully to scale, his rope-soled sandals gripping the cold rock.

It was two hours later when he at last put his hand on the edge and carefully drew himself over. Drawing his brandy flask, he took a nip of the fiery liquid, which sent the warm blood coursing through his veins, for it was bitterly cold. He then drew his revolver, and looked about him. He could see no one, but he knew that, likely as not, lynx eyes were fixed upon his every movement, the owner biding his time until he sent him hurtling down the cliff with a well-aimed bullet in his brain.

He took a last look, and slowly moved forward to where he thought the gun was hidden. A dark form rose silently out of the rocks behind him and lunged at him with a long kris. But Smythe, expecting just such an attack, hastily side-stepped, and, tackling the native low, clubbed him with his revolver before he could raise a shout.

Some ten minutes later, a rather taller sentry (alias Smythe) strolled out from behind the rocks and made his way towards the supposed position of the gun nest. He meant to steal up to the gun, hurl a couple of bombs, and run for his life.

He would just have to trust to luck or his quickness with his fists if he were accosted, for, although he could speak Afrindi fairly fluently, and was clothed as a native, he realised that his fair complexion and his tall stature would betray him to the keen-eyed savages.

Suddenly he heard a murmur of voices, and, stealing forward, came upon a camp fire, around which were squatted several natives, one of whom was nursing a new, modern Vickers gun.

He slid slowly down, and put the bombs on the ground beside him. He cuddled the butt of his borrowed rifle, drew a bead on the native with the gun, and squeezed the trigger. The latter collapsed in a limp heap, and as the others started forward, a bomb landed in their midst, closely followed by another.

There was a red, blinding flash, a prolonged explosion, and a series of agonised shrieks from the natives.

Smythe got up and looked around. The gun carrier was stretched out with a bullet through his eye, and where the other natives had been was a large crater in the ground. He decided not to wait for the rest of the sentries, so, slipping quietly away, he waited in the shadow of a large rock until they were all gathered about the scene of the death of their companions, and quickly descended the cliff.

He managed to steal back to the fort without being hit by any bullets, as the native sentries had seen his dark figure, and were firing at him. He found anxious companions awaiting him, and they surged around him, clamouring for news.

"Wait a moment," said Smythe plaintively. "Any of you fellows got a cigarette?"

ON THE SUBJECT OF "THREEPENCES."

There is one man in this world—or, rather there was one man in this world—for whom I hold an undying admiration. Guiseppe Verdi is the gentleman.

Any person who had the intelligence and courage to write such an aria as "La donna e mobile" ("Woman is fickle" from "Rigoletto") is worthy of the Victoria Cross, Croix de Guerre and Iron Cross all put together. Of course, on reading his life story, we find that he had his experience, found that females were fickle, and consequently revenged himself.

I, dear readers, sadly enough, am in a similar position as to the first two; but so far I have not thought of an appropriate method for revenge. Perhaps this story, if printed, will suffice.

You see, it commenced this way. Sarah (this is not her real name, but, already too many Fortians know her, so I will not divulge the secret), and I were having a quiet milkshake in town one day when a threepenny piece fell from her purse. I remarked that it was the first I had seen for weeks.

Sarah laughed. "Do you know, I get about a dozen of these per day?" she asked.

Of course, I didn't believe her, and told her so. Then an argument arose, and it resulted in me betting her a—well, it doesn't matter what I bet her—at any rate, betting her that I would get more shilling pieces in three months than she would accumulate threepences. There was one stipulation, however—that neither of us should ask for them in a shop. We shook hands on it.

The weeks rolled by. Every time I saw Sarah (twice per day and three times on Friday) she would give me a quiet grin, ask

me very nicely how I was progressing, and once more grin slyly. I was confident of winning the bet, as I always get paid in shillings, and I always tried to calculate my money when spending so that I should get just one shilling change. The first month I collected 26 of the little blighters, the second my tally rose to 63, and on the 1st of April (just a coincidence) I marched proudly round to the potential Mrs. Ikey's place, and proudly deposited eighty-five little round pieces of metal on the table.

With a tinkling little laugh, which seems a usual laugh in women these days, Sarah disappeared, and came back, carrying a big calico bag—she had one hundred and sixty-three of those cursed little things. I sighed. All my scrimping, scraping, slaving my fingers to the bone for nought.

"Oh, well, get your things on and we'll go and pay the debt," I said, manfully swallowing my amazement. Sarah complied, and we were passing the bank when the young lady suddenly remembered a cheque her father asked her to cash. We walked in and handed over the cheque. The teller grinned, passed over some notes, and smilingly asked:

"Do you want the usual amount in threepences, miss?"

Sarah blushed, and she looks so dashed pretty when she blushes, that I was unable to do anything.

Sarah maintains to this day that a bank is not a shop, and therefore everything was fair in love and war; but just you offer Sarah a threepenny piece, and I'm sure there will never be any more of

IKEY, 5D.

OL' DANNY.

A COUNTRY TOWN FRAGMENT.

I have called this a fragment—it is barely a short story. My purpose is to reproduce something of the spirit of the Australian country town, its absurdities and eccentricities, that are almost not understandable to city folk. The incident was told me by my mother in a letter, and has been little "touched-up" for this retelling. But I am perfectly aware that I shall be counted a liar.

§ § §

I was amazed at the time. That was because I was but new from the city. I had dropped into the town early one summer, with some little money and an impassioned desire to settle down in some business or other of my own, imagining (the folly of youth!) that I could make things go with a hum, wake up the entire neighbourhood with my new business

ideals, if I could only get hold of a business. There were but three stores, the grocer's, the butcher's, and another little place, an agency depot . . . somebody's kerosene and somebody else's farming implements. I tried the grocer first (I knew I was not cut out for a butcher—a sawdust floor and a bloody apron . . . horrible!), but he was adamant, the look 'ere—I've-been-'ere-forty-years-and-ain't-changin'-now sort; there remained the agency. I sat in my car and surveyed it for some time before venturing in. Already, in my heart, I was disappointed. It was the end of my tether, as it were. I had come some way, looking for a place all along the route—with no luck, and I had decided now to go no farther. It was not the place I had dreamed of, small, one room and weatherboard. Perhaps it had been painted once, but that was long worn off, and the marks of the weather were strong upon the wood. There was a plate-glass window on the one side, frosted over (abominable practice), so that one could not see inside, and a crack towards the centre of it plastered over with thick brown paper. (Nothing . . . nothing can give such an air of poverty to a building.) A small verandah jutted out from the front of the shop, giving the sides of the building the absurd appearance that they were squeezed in between two massive structures when there were no other places within several blocks. A chimney smoked at the back. I supposed the occupant lived there.

For the rest, this wretched hole was a maze of advertisements, "V— Power Kerosene" painted in ghastly yellow across the roof. "A— Farming Implements" in letters several feet high along the side wall, and tin-plate and coarse paper notices (Try X's Oil for Better Lubrication, etc.) nailed to the verandah posts and glued to the front wall.

But it was my last hope. With a feeling amounting to despondency, I walked in. There was a figure at an old desk on the right, seated behind a pile of untidy papers, the floor littered all about him with the overflow from the waste-paper basket.

"Hullo!" I said briskly.

"Goo . . . day," he drawled.

I was impatient. It was quite the wrong way to go about it. One must never hurry conversation in the country . . . It should drag on, and the real business should be men-

tioned incidentally when departing—but I blurted out: "Look here! Would you like to sell this joint?"

He looked up quickly. "Yes!" he said.

And that was that!

§ § §

Summer came on in full force, and it was hot, very hot. Great whirlwinds swirled up the street at intervals, slamming doors and leaving behind them a coating of grit and dust, loathsome to the touch, and permeating the whole house. The street larrikins loafed beneath the shade of the verandahs, and went over to Mrs. White's at night to play cards and drink. The devil's existence, that—to live and rot and do nothing. The railway end of the town was busy. It was strange. One half dead, the other bustling. The lorries came in all day, carrying in bags of wheat, bags of wheat by the thousand . . . wheat . . . wheat . . . wheat—it was the sole topic of conversation—"She rose a farthing to-day," . . . "If the market holds good we'll get a fair price," . . . "What's bulk to-day?"

The wheat lumpers, in shorts and woollen singlets, dirty white handkerchiefs under their hats, piled high the stacks of bagged wheat on the platforms, or poured the grain into the two giant silos. There was a shortage of bulk trucks. Some farmers saw it coming and re-sewed their bags in the paddocks . . . extra work, but they got their wheat away bagged, and were saved the worry.* The hotel did a roaring trade. There was no refrigerator in the bar, but the keeper also owned the butcher's shop, and kept his beer in the refrigerator there—that doubled his sales.

(* When wheat is sold "bulk," the bags are either loosely sewn or secured with two pins. The grain is tipped into the silos, and the bags returned to the farmer. "Bagged" wheat (that to be sold in bags, which of course is worth more) must of necessity be sewn securely.)

There were no gardens—a town is melancholy with no gardens—but nobody could be bothered now. Perhaps they could not be blamed. It was so hot, and anyway, the grasshoppers usually came when the plants were at their best. That is a blow! It is heart-breaking to see one's garden disappearing—hours' work . . . and know you are powerless to stop it. They strip everything bare, then move on.

Water in the town was growing scarce. We had to depend on the rain tanks—there were no wells—the underground water was salt—good streams, but useless. The Devil has a hand in the running of this world. I have often thought that no greater tragedy has overtaken any man than that which Sturt survived, when, dying with thirst, he came upon the Darling, a broad, fine stream, only to discover its waters salt . . . But I am meandering.

I bought the shop and settled down at the same ugly desk behind a different pile of untidy papers. I did not paint the building; the brown paper patch remained; the roof still shrieked forth in violent yellow that V—kerosene was the best. All was unchanged, for my resolutions swirled away with the whirlwinds, and my enthusiasm melted with the heat. I became, for the time, that dead-or-alive sort of being, a don't-care-a-hang member of a little country town. Not that business was bad. It was surprisingly good—not at all in keeping with the shabby exterior of my agency. ("I'm fed up with everything" was the only reason the former owner gave me for wanting so much to sell out.) I was a wheat buyer, too; the which kept me busy. I had to be out round the country most days. Not many came into the shop—I mean on real business—most of that was done by 'phone; but frequently they dropped in for something else: "Can you get me a man to look after me place for a while? The wife wants a 'oliday. I thought if I could get a man I might take 'er away to the city for a few days . . ." etc., or "D'you know where I can buy a good 'orse, a quiet one fer the kids?"

In fact, I was general handyman.

Mike Connisby came in on the former one day. He was going down the coast with his family, if I remember aright, and wanted someone to potter around and water the dogs, feed the pigs, and do the little odd jobs. He already had one chap, he told me—"Ol' Danny," they called him, "a queer old bird"; but a fair worker—seldom said a word. He'd look after the sheep, etc. Had been on the place for years. I could tell the new bloke HE wouldn't trouble him." He rambled on for some time. I told him I would do my best; but it seemed rather difficult to get men at the present time.

"Aw-w . . ., you'll find one," he said.

§ § §

I happened to go over to the grocer's next day. There was a horse hitched up to the verandah post, half asleep, lazily switching the swarms of flies off his back. On a seat in the shade an old man was sitting, his head drooped down on his chest. I could not see much of his face. His eyes were hidden by an old hat pulled down well over his forehead, from which hung a dark green, dirty fly-veil. His chin was lost in a large, untidy grey beard, stained yellow with tea. He wore boots, of course, but they were splitting along the seams, and the light blue working-socks showed through. I did not notice any more. I suppose he wore a singlet only, of grey flannel, with quarter length sleeves, and too-long trousers, held up by braces and a safety pin or two—or perhaps it was a piece of rope round his waist—my memory is hazy. But I do know he looked the type of man Mike Connisby was looking for. I walked over to him, rather noisily; he seemed to be asleep. He did not stir. "Goo . . . day," I said. There was no response.

"V—y hot!" I said. In the dust and the flies and the heat one cannot be particular about one's language.

From the depth of his beard somewhere there came a muffled "Uh!" but otherwise he did not move.

"We could do with a shower of rain," I said. If only the man would have looked up it would have been easier. "Things are getting bad round here."

"Uh!" he grunted.

I changed my tactics; the weather failed completely.

"Look here! Would you like a drink?"

There was the same response—"Uh!" but he did not move. I guessed it meant "No."

It was queer talking to this creature. I felt at a loss for words.

"Would you like a job?" I said. It was in desperation. I felt ridiculous—it seemed as if I were asking a post if it would come and work for me.

"Uh!" he muttered, in exactly the same way. It came out through inches of whisker with a puff of smoke. Smoke? Yes, I remember now, he had a pipe. It poked out beneath his

fly-veil almost on to his chest, and reeked of the strongest tobacco. Strange that I had forgotten that. He was almost enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

I told him a bit about the job.

"Mike Connisby wants you to look after his place for a fortnight. There won't be much to do. There's another chap there to help you—Old Danny, they call him.—He won't worry you. . . . Er—He doesn't talk much. I'll leave you to think it over."

"Uh!" he said.

I walked into the grocer's.

"Goo . . . day."

"Goo . . . day."

"Hot?"

"Very hot."

"Er . . . You can give me a loaf of . . ."

§ § §

When I came back he had not stirred, but

I think his pipe had gone out. I went straight on with what I had been telling him.

"It'd be a good job—only a fortnight—£1 a week and keep; there's not much to do. Ol' Danny won't worry you. He has little to say—lives by himself—you mightn't even see him. Will you take it on?"

"Uh!"

"He's a bit mad as far as I can make out—**scarcely talks at all.**" (I almost shouted this last at him—I was exasperated.) I still cannot make out why I told this old derelict about Danny—perhaps it was the easiest way of making conversation. "He lives apart"—I thought it natural society would worry him—"HE LIVES BY HIMSELF. HE WON'T WORRY YOU. Look HERE, WILL you . . ."

Then, of a sudden, he looked up.

"I'm 'im," he said simply.

The "Longfellow" Shirt for the "streak of a boy"

A longer shirt with longer sleeves, specially designed for all the rangy young men who've ever squirmed in cuffs 'way above the wrist bone British Poplin. 6/11

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FIFTH FLOOR—MAIN STORE



"YOUTH CENTRE"—DAVID JONES'

Post your order to Box 503 AA, G.P.O., Sydney.

Section D. VERSE

THE SEASONS.

The autumn leaves are falling,
 I see them all around,
 With gold, brown and crimson
 They are painting gay the ground.

The trees will soon be leafless,
 The strong limbs brown and bare.
 It gives one a sense of sadness,
 For winter will soon be there.

But when the Spring arrives again,
 The buds come on the trees.
 And in the glorious sunshine,
 Will merrily buzz the bees.

G. UDALL, 1D.

ANZACS.

They fought and they died, and they laughed
 and they lied,
 And joked while they still had breath;
 Laughed at their wounds with a strange, stern
 pride,
 Laughed in the face of death.

The crime sheet, black with their casual sins,
 Was a terrible thing to see.
 They accepted it all with cheerful grins,
 And went on again, carefree.

They laughed and they lied, and they fought
 and they died,
 When the game grew stiff at the front.
 And many a victory, after many had died,
 Was for them "a bit of a stunt."

They greeted their mates from bed to bed,
 As they passed by that long array.
 With a shake of the hand or a nod of the head,
 To the head on the pillow that lay.

Telling a tale to a mate or two,
 With a grin or a sigh or a joke,
 They returned to the line when their leave was
 through,
 They returned to the toil and the smoke.

They remember them still in the little French
 towns,
 Remember them still with pride,
 Sun-burnt warriors, tall and brown,
 Marching on, side by side.

Remember them still for their songs and their
 lies,
 For their deeds when the fight was on.
 But remember them best for their casual grins,
 Ev'n though they now are gone.

N. J. HOOK, 4C.

AUSTRALIA.

It's a land of many riches,
 Both in beauty and in treasure,
 And to live among its mountains,
 Is a life of untold pleasure.

Among the gum-trees and the wattle,
 Near a stream as clear as glass,
 And along towards the westward
 A plain of sweet green grass.

In the morning bright and early,
 Tho' there's plenty of time to rest,
 One can hear the wild birds calling;
 As they wake up in their nests.
 Hear the echoes in the valleys,
 Hear the sheep upon the plain,
 And the roar of flooded rivers—
 The gifts of heavy rain.

B. RICHARDS.

GOLDEN BOY—OR FOUND.

Carnival and crushing crowds beside the sea.	Happy laddie, smiling through the tangled mop
Which struggle by, to	Of curling hair in
Laugh and look;	Simple joy;
Lo! amid the noise and gaudy joy, a boy	Come away and play with me, for but one hour
Is reading there a	And be to-day my
Golden book.	Golden boy.

But soon it is to-morrow,
 And to-morrow may not be a golden day,
 To-morrow may be filled with thorns and
 fights and tears,
 With obstacles that bar the easy way.
 Fight on, brave laddie, fight through ev'ry day,
 Until His love-stained banner be unfurled,
 And then perhaps my smiling golden boy
 Will find that he has won a
 Golden world. "BILL," 5D.

LOST.

How long have we traversed this winding river	And I must not lose you.
together,	But Oh! you are cold like icy waters,
Which weeps its water and blood on the cold	You ask me why we must always follow the
dark shores?	wake of His feet,
How long have we followed Him ahead,	Why?
Who treads with lowly love on the turbulent	And so you begin to leave me here
water?	And every step is tearing His flesh apart,
Is it a day?	Like the teeth of a starving mangy lion
And lo! another turning comes,	In a helpless lamb.
But what of the moon?	Farewell! Plunge into chaos,
It is hard and hot and white, with the white-	Where there is no patient wake,
ness of new angels;	But only myriad waves which clash like
It burns another river into the earth,	cymbals.
And through it gush the tumultuous waters,	There are the haunting dances of perilous
(But the treader of waters continues His	women.
lonely way)	There, on the barbed wire sit
And will you glance at that river, too, my	Christ, Mohammed and Baal, drinking coffee,
friend,	And talking psychology.
With wild white light in your eye?	Go, bare your breast, and let the moon scorch it,
Will you steer towards that broad, engulfing	Suffer and weep, as you are wont to do,
stream, my loved one?	Feel the strength of life sapping away in
Look, He continues on, and we must follow,	grand tragedy,
	Go!

"BILL," 5D.

A FRAGMENT.

Aeolus raves,
 And fallen leaves
 Bestrew the waves.
 So Klotho weaves,
 And fallen men
 Bestrew the way
 Of Fate at play. A. CARTER, 4D

DRIFTING.

Water lapping,
Lapping in the quietude of even
Which begins to shroud the day.
He is dreaming,
Dreaming in his little craft of pleasure,
And of how it flits away.
Sun descending,
Vanishing behind the hills in glory,
Spilling gold upon the bay.

Moorings slipping,
Slipping from the posts upon the jetty
Where his lazy fingers tied
Current flowing,
Tugging with a steadiness and vigour
At the craft on ev'ry side,
Vessel drifting,
Drifting in a swanlike, graceful motion,
With a heedless, haughty pride.

He is dozing,
Dozing in a semi-conscious stupour
Neither sleeping nor awake.
Wind arising,
Sweeping swiftly down across the water

Where the wavelets curl and break.
Vessel drifting,
Drifting ever farther, ever faster,
As it hurries o'er the lake.

Fate is frowning,
Danger drawing nearer, nearer, nearer,
As the sullen rocks entice.
Vessel crashing,
Rending while it knocks and gapes and
 stumbles

On the rocks that tear and slice.
On it's drifting,
Sinking in the listless, golden water,
Which receives this sacrifice.

§ § §

Sun ascending,
Rising from the ocean's dark horizon
Flashing streaks across the bay,
He is sleeping,
Sleeping through the soft and charming hours
As they ever pass away.

Water lapping,
Laughing in exuberance of morning
Which begins another day. "BILL," 5D.

CONSOLATION.

Dear Friend, who has been with me
Since e'er I knew.
Where are you now?

Oh, ne'er before have you so gone,
And left me here alone.
I look around, and hear no sound,
Nor see a sign,
That you have ever been.
Where are you now?

The very hills, the sun, the moon
Are taunting me.

Who vainly try to fill the gap
That you have left.
Where are you now?

I sit and muse of where we used to go together,
And how we used to find such fun
In hills or fields.
And as I sit and think,
I know that you must be close to me—
In thought.
That there's no need for me to say
Where are you now?

C. J. MARSH, 5D.

WHO KNOWS.

Sing, O Dove !
O Dove of peace and love,
In the still and calm of morning's dew

Thou bird of love divine,
Of pastures green,
And meadows sweet.

Sing, O Dove !
By gurgling, rippling streams
In the still of eventide.

In this war-torn world of ours,
Who knows?
Thou mightst infuse thy love in her,
In her—Thy Peace.

C. MARSH, 5D.



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Section E. ARTICLES

CONQUEST OF SPACE.

When the two-hundred-inch telescope on Mount Polomar is in use, it will be possible to see on the face of the moon, an object as small as one of the statues in the Botanical Gardens. Before this instrument is outclassed by one even more powerful—that is, within the next twenty years or so—astronomers may be looking through it at the first signs of terrestrial humanity on the moon, the first spaceship from earth, and signs of its human passengers.

Though that prospect sounds fantastic, the first operations for the campaign for the conquest of space have begun.

When the liquid fuel researchers of the German "Verein für Raumschiffahrt"—The Society for Space Navigation—had settled on a mixture of liquid oxygen and petrol as a propellant, their next concern was the design of a rocket.

Though powder rockets had been known for hundreds of years, this was quite a new problem. The powder rocket's design was very simple, but here were the difficulties of pumping the fuel, and coping with extremes of heat and cold in the body of one contrivance.

Without any intention of actually firing them into the air, German scientists built three rockets. Each was an improvement on its predecessor, and this was made possible by the experience they had gained on the previous models. They were called "Mirak" I., II., and III. From these was designed and fired into the air a fourth rocket, the "Repulsor." Let it be noted here that the Germans are not the only experimenters; rocket societies are to be found in every coluntry in the world.

"Mirak I." was shaped like the top of a shell, with a small pipe projecting from one side at the bottom. The top was filled with liquid

oxygen, and the pipe with petrol. However, the oxygen exploded, and the rocket came to grief. "Mirak II." behaved in a similar manner; but "Mirak III." was a success—at least, it did not blow up.

The "Repulsor" was then made and fired into the air. It rose 150 feet—only 150 feet, as against the mile high flights of power rockets; but the thing had been done, and the rest was merely a matter of refinement and improvement. Liquid fuel can be controlled while burning; powder cannot; and for man-carrying rockets, this form of fuel would be suicidal.

One of the believers in powder rockets in preference to the liquid propelled type—Herr Reinhold Tiling—was killed with three assistants in a gunpower explosion. Nevertheless, powder rockets have had their uses, though more spectacular and less intent on the goal of inter-planetary travel, than the pioneers of the science intended.

So the search for a more and more powerful liquid fuel goes on, together with better and better metals to withstand the unique conditions of rocketry.

Meantime much has been done, both practically and experimentally. But there is a long way yet to go. Scientists know that the necessary fuels exist on earth—the problem is to discover how to use their latent energy to the necessary degree.

As in most cases of research works, rocket societies lack money. But for this drawback, and the war, a rocket ship capable of travelling to the moon and back could be constructed. But the £2,000,000 for this venture is not forthcoming, so rocketry has to move slowly under the restraining hand of finance.

J. MACKANESS, 4B.

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE STATION AT RICHMOND.

Situated beside the main road and railway line at Clarendon, and almost stretching to Richmond, lies a fine, slightly undulating field,

bounded by poplar trees. On one side of this spacious area are many large and up-to-date structures. Beside the roadway, towards the

Richmond end of the field, there is a powerful radio station. It is the N.S.W. headquarters of the R.A.A.F.

This aerodrome—one of Australia's finest—is expensively equipped, and is situated in healthy, peaceful surroundings. How many people passing along the main roadway ever pause to think of what lies behind a line of modern hangars which stand in front of a small settlement? Many Australians have some queer ideas about our Air Force; others know nothing of it.

The main entrance is a burnt-red brick structure with fine iron gates. Over the top of the entrance, in metal lettering, is the Air Force motto, "Per Ardua ad Astra," meaning, "Through trial to the stars." Within these gates are well-laid-out cement roads and clean, white footpaths. Between these paths are fine, smooth-cut lawns with poplar trees, and cool-looking fish pond, with small green shrubs bounding it. Then there are the neatly-spaced buildings for officers and men, as well as family homes. Most of the administration buildings and quarters are of the latest designs, some being lavishly equipped.

There are four commands in the R.A.A.F. Firstly, there is the Bomber Command, which is made up of powerful Lockheed Hudson bombers and twin-engined medium bombers,

Avro "Ansons," which carry a crew of four. The designer's name was Adrian Vivian Roe. If you take the capitals of his name, plus the "o," you will see how the first name comes about. These aeroplanes usually work singly, and they also work in the second command, made up of Seagull "Amphibian," twin-engined Coastal Defence. The second command is made up of Seagull "Amphibian," twin-engined flying boats, which carry four, together with the "Ansons." They are to be replaced after the war by the Giant Short Sunderlands, which the R.A.A.F. unit in England is now manning. These are similar to the Empire flying boats. The third group is the Fighter Squadron, which consists of fast two-seaters, the Hawker "Demons" and the Australian-built "Wirraways." They are at present used for photographic reconnaissance, high cloud-flying, and coastal defence. The first three commands carry bombs, and are well equipped with radio. The final section is the Training Command, which is made up of locally produced Tiger Moths and Moth Minors (Richmond only).

The R.A.A.F. is controlled from Melbourne by the Air Board. Private aircraft are not allowed to land on Air Force aerodromes unless they have special permission, or come under some other special case. "FLEETWING."

FLOATING AERODROMES.

Aircraft carriers are in reality sea-going aerodromes. Great Britain has six of these, namely, the "Courageous" (now sunk), "Glorious," "Furious," "Ark Royal," "Eagle," and "Intrepid." All of these are over 20,000 tons.

The "Courageous" and "Glorious" carry 48 planes, and weigh 22,500 tons each.

They have a large complement, e.g., the "Courageous" had a crew of 750, or 1200, including the flying personnel.

Aircraft carriers house the planes in hangars, the machines being lowered from the flight-deck by lifts.

Before an aircraft takes off, the observer of the plane is told the ship's position, course and speed, as well as the weather conditions. These are most important, as the "mother" ship may have moved a considerable distance by the

time the pilot of the plane wishes to return to her.

Planes are selected for their ability to take off after a short run. Deck landing is an art in itself. The ship heads into the wind, steaming at a good speed to help the pilot in his difficult job. Steam or smoke is discharged from a flue in the bows, and the pilot knows that when this is blowing back along a line painted on the middle of the deck, the ship is directly into the wind.

At a signal from the ship, he brings the plane down to the deck, where arresting gear catches the under-carriage and pulls the machine up. Nets along the sides of the flight deck prevent the planes from falling over the side when the ship is rolling in rough weather.

The "Lexington" and "Saratoga," of the United State Navy, are the world's largest, and each carries 72 planes.

Britain has six modern aircraft carriers under construction, and Germany has just completed her first since the Great War, named "Graf Zeppelin."

Each carrier carries an armament of anti-aircraft guns, pom-pom guns, machine guns, and several other light guns, to defend itself

against attacking enemy planes and ships.

The advantage of such a ship is the room for recreation; for instance, when the crew have no duties to perform, they may have a game of cricket or baseball, etc., on the flight deck.

D. BELL, 2D.

LAWRENCE HARGREAVE.

The events in France and Belgium, in which large numbers of fighting aeroplanes have been used, call one's attention to the wonderful progress made in aviation.

One of the greatest pioneers in aviation was Lawrence Hargreave. Although he made many important discoveries, he refused to patent them, but allowed other pioneers to benefit by his inventions.

Lawrence Hargreave, born in England in 1850, was the son of J. F. Hargreave, an Englishman, who was subsequently a member of the New South Wales Parliament. When his father migrated to Australia in 1856, Lawrence remained in England to continue his education, but he came to Australia in the following year. He was apprenticed to an engineering firm, and was afterwards an assistant at the Sydney Observatory. During his work there he studied the problems of flight, and in 1884-1892 he experimented with monoplane models, constructed of light wood, and covered with tissue paper. The earliest models were based on a system of flapping wings, but the later ones were propelled by a screw.

Flights of 300 and 400 feet were made with these models, but they could neither rise from the ground nor turn to right or left. The motive power was first clockwork, then rubber bands, then compressed air, and lastly steam. The compressed air and steam engines were remarkably light and simple, yet marvels of ingenuity.

One of his most prominent inventions was that of a rotary aeroplane engine. His engine weighed only 7½ ounces, and made 456 revolutions per minute. The French Gnome, Clerget, and Le Rhone were engines constructed on Hargreave's principle. These last engines were used in the Great War.

Hargreave now began building his famous box-kites. In his research he made several important discoveries in lifting powers. He once lifted, with four kites, a weight of 208 pounds, 16 feet from the ground.

The first aeroplane flown publicly, that of Santos Dumont in France in 1906, was based on the Hargreave box-kite.

This great man, therefore, did much to ensure the success of aviation.

A. WALTERS, 1D.

CARREL AND CANCER.

After forty years' work in science, concerned to a great extent with the culture of tissue and organs, Rockefeller Institute's most distinguished member, Dr. Alex Carrel, has made it possible to study tissue and organs outside of their organisms, but alive. As a result of this work, together with the invaluable contribution made to his research by the invention of a perfusion pump by Charles D. Lindberg, the solution of mankind's cancer problem appears to be in sight.

On January 17th, 1912, Dr. Carrel first commenced his work, by placing a fleck of tissue

from the heart of an unhatched chicken into a bath of nutritious, pink fluid. Within 48 hours, it had doubled its size, and when six days had elapsed, the fleck was eight times its original size. To-day, 28 years later, successive outgrowths of that original piece of heart still grow in Carrel's laboratories.

For the next 18 years the doctor worked unceasingly, conducting hundreds of experiments, but in 1929 his research was seriously retarded by the lack of a germ-proof pump.

Heinz Rosenberger, at the request of Carrel,

built a pump on the principle of electro-magnets, but this device failed completely.

Colonel Lindberg, fascinated by the problem, offered his services, and after several attempts, extending over a period of four years, succeeded in constructing "the pump." This imitated the action of both the heart and lungs, being so successful that the doctor has kept thyroid glands, hearts, kidneys and pancreas of guinea-pigs and cats alive in it for as long as thirty days.

"From this moment," says Doctor Carrel, "we are opening to experimental investigation, a forbidden field—the living body." Organs removed from the human body in the course of an operation, or soon after death, could be revived in the Lindberg pump, and made to

function again, when perfused with an artificial fluid. The construction of larger pumps may lead to other applications of the method. For instance, diseased organs could be removed from the body and placed in the Lindberg pump as patients are placed in a hospital. Then they could be treated far more energetically than within the organism, and, if cured, replaced in the patient.

The replantation would offer no difficulty, as surgical techniques for the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs and limbs were developed long ago.

In effect, Doctor Carrel, with the Lindberg pump, is looking for the fountain of abundant, replaceable age.

G. PETTITT. 3D.

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THE MOST LONELY CITY IN THE WORLD.

Scattered throughout the world are several cities which may be referred to as lonely. They may be called such, in the sense that they do not possess the amusements or gaiety usually associated with cities, or in the sense that they are far removed from other centres of habitation.

The most lonely city with regard to being isolated, is the city of Manaus in Brazil. Situated on the banks of the Rio Negro, near the junction of the waters of this stream and the Amazon, Manaus is far from being an out-of-date, forgotten city. Indeed, it is essentially modern, possessing electricity, gas, automobiles, theatres and all other modern appliances. Nevertheless, it is more than a thousand miles away from the nearest city.

The Amazon is navigable to such an extent

that ocean-going steamers are able to reach as far up the river as Manaus, a port of considerable size. This city is an important trading centre for tropical products, dealing mainly in rubber, which is the chief product of the surrounding district, as in practically all Brazil.

Although extremely hot, Manaus is not considered unhealthy, owing to the great advancement in combating malaria fever. It is, perhaps, the only city in the world where one can sit in the softly padded seats of a luxurious theatre, with the knowledge that a few miles away there is a dense, swampy jungle, inhabited by crocodiles, wild beasts, and poisonous snakes. Whatever direction one may take from Manaus, there is nothing to be seen but Nature in its wildest form.

W. ROBINSON, 2D.

THIS SYNTHETIC AGE.

Ice-skating is made possible all the year round on the floor of any building by newly-invented artificial ice. High temperature melts Iceolite into a liquid, which, when poured an inch thick on a floor, hardens into a smooth surface, so durable that it will last for years. Professional skaters, who tested it at its world debut in Toledo, Ohio, declared it to be as fast as natural ice.

§ § §

Light flows through rods of Lucite, a du Pont plastic, as water flows through a pipe. This piped light emerges at the far end, undiminished even after turning sharp corners. Moreover, it is a cold light; Lucite does not transmit heat.

An important use for the new plastic is in surgery. Lucite instruments, with electric bulbs in the handles, can be used to illuminate the cavities of the body, and also incisions, without risk of burning tissues.

§ § §

Water is made wetter by adding a few drops

of a new alcohol. It instantly soaks everything it touches. When sprayed on old wallpaper, the paper will peel off immediately. It settles dust better than ordinary water sprays.

§ § §

Alsifilm looks like paper, but is made of clay, and no fire burns, no acid corrodes it. It can also be made transparent like cellophane. It would be a suitable surface on which to print or write permanent records. Tasteless and odourless, it is a good wrapper for food. Microscopically, it has practically the same structure as mica, and is as good an electrical insulator—better, because it is pliable, and can be made into sheets of any size or thickness. Best of all, it is made of a raw material which only costs about a penny a pound.

Alsifilm was discovered by research workers in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which is studying Bentonite clay, the abundant earth used in foundry moulds, tooth paste and toilet powders.

LANCE ROBERTSON, 4A.

RADIO STATION ON A TRAIN.

Something new in the way of taking entertainment to a widely-scattered population comes from New Zealand. At a recent exhibition was displayed a novel radio train. This mobile broadcasting station has a call sign 5ZB, and is housed completely in the

carriage of a train. Absolutely self-contained, the radio train has just completed a 5000 miles tour of the North Island. The most important part of the equipment is, of course, the transmitter. On the roof are mounted two masts to take the transmitting aerial, so that when

the train pulls up at a country station, the generator can be set going, and a programme sent out to the surrounding districts.

There is a well-equipped miniature studio, where the artists have room to include a small

orchestra in their performances. Living accommodation is included for the staff, and there is also sleeping room, and a well-stocked kitchen. The staff can even have a bath in the bathroom which is part of the train.

COLIN McKINNON, 4A.

THE GREATEST EXPLOSION IN HISTORY.

There were some tremendous explosions during the Great War, which were heard many miles away. Besides these, there are on record numerous explosions caused by volcanic eruption. However, never has there been an explosion like that of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, when this island blew up with a titanic roar, which could be heard at Rodriguez, three thousand miles away.

It occurred on August 27th, 1883, when two-thirds of the island was completely blown away. The explosion resulted in many mountainous waves arising in the sea, and travelling half way round the earth. The coasts of Java and Sumatra were inundated.

Nearly three thousand villages were swept away, and thirty-six thousand people were drowned. The waves were about fifty feet high. A series of waves, even more wonderful, was projected through the air, which, em-

bracing the whole globe and travelling in both directions from Krakatoa, met on the other side of the globe, and then diverged again, to meet at the scene of the explosion. These waves encompassed the earth seven times. The waves took thirty-six hours to travel from Krakatoa to the islands antipodes, and the same time to return. It was estimated that the dust and steam were shot up into the air for over twenty miles, and the sky over a large area of one hundred and eighty miles became black as night.

At Batavia, 94 miles away, the noise was deafening. It took more than four hours to travel across the Indian Ocean to the island of Rodriguez, three thousand miles away.

Three times the dust from the volcano travelled round the earth, giving rise to very beautiful sunsets, which were seen in London.

There has never been such an explosion since.

IAN O'BRIAN, 2D.

DEAD SEA WEALTH.

In a few years the Dead Sea and its shores will no longer be the lifeless region which it is to-day. Great plans are on foot for utilising the vast chemical wealth which is to be found there.

The Dead Sea is about the size of the Lake of Geneva, and lies more than a thousand feet **below** the level of the Mediterranean. It is so full of chemical salts, that it is quite impossible for a man to sink in it. Swimming in the water is a very difficult business, as there is a great tendency for the feet to rise. A man can float with perfect ease in any position. Those who take a dip in the Dead Sea can sit up in the water and read a book and hold a sunshade at the same time. On emerging from

the water, the bather finds himself crusted with salts.

The Dead Sea contains no less than thirty billion tons of mixed salt, of which about one-third is just comon salt. The remainder is composed of potassium chloride, magnesium, bromide and other chemicals. With one and a half billion tons of potassium chloride, Palestine is the richest country in the world for potash resources. These can be extracted from the water of the Dead Sea by the process of evaporation and crystallisation. Plans for the erection of chemical factories and store-houses along the foreshores of the Dead Sea are already well advanced. Before long an electric railway will run up the Jordan Valley for the transport of chemicals to the seaport of Haifa.

H. SCOTT, 2D.

LORD HOWE ISLAND.

Two days out from Sydney, with our ship steaming lazily to the accompaniment of soaring albatrosses under a cloudless sky, we saw the picturesque outline of Lord Howe Island appear through a mist, twenty miles distant on the north-east horizon. As we drew nearer, passengers came up on deck, many only clad in dressing gowns, to form their first impressions of this diminutive speck in the Pacific. The first feature which catches the eye is the two principal mountains, Mt. Gower and Mt. Sidgbird, rising directly from the sea, with pink-tinged clouds veiling their summits.

The ship anchored outside the coral reef, and after breakfasting, three large whaleboats, each drawn by a launch, came out to the ship to transport the passengers ashore. As one approaches the beach, one cannot help but notice the beautiful bright blue of the water, which does not contain a trace of green, and the clean white sand.

Most of the islanders (who, by the way, are all white men and women) were on the beach to welcome us. Our luggage and equipment were loaded on a horse-drawn sleigh, which is the island's only form of transport. This sleigh is drawn over the soft, sandy tracks, there being no roads.

The luxuriance of the vegetation impressed us most. From the ship, no houses or signs of habitation had been discerned, but once ashore, we found that the bungalows were concealed by dense masses of ferns, palms and other verdure.

We learned from the islanders that no ground rents, rates or taxes are paid. They have no police, magistrates, courts of law, electricity, gas, motor vehicles, or telephones,

and only one shop. The only government official is a schoolmaster. A powerful wireless station and a steamer service give the only connection with the outside world.

The island itself lies four hundred and sixty-three miles north-east of Sydney, with a population of about one hundred and fifty people. It has a length of about seven miles, and is about a mile wide. Only about one-tenth of the area is available for cultivation. The island's staple industry is the cultivation and sale of seeds and ornamental palms, which are sold in Australia and other parts of the world. The rich soil ensures an abundance of vegetables and fruit.

In 1918 a vessel struck a rock off Lord Howe Island, and the rats in the hold swam ashore, and commenced to breed, and so to-day Lord Howe Island is over-run with rats, which are a menace, because they eat the seeds and plants upon which the islanders depend for their existence. In order to combat this, every week the islanders give at least one day to rat-catching. Armed with shot-guns and waddies, they set out with fox-terriers for the day's hunt. In one of these hunts, the bag may amount to seventy or eighty rats, the latter figure being considered good. The Lord Howe Island Board of Control in Sydney pays a few pence for each rat destroyed, the money being paid when the rats' tails are produced.

All the islanders seem perfectly happy, for Nature is kind to them. The climate is warm, but in summer the temperature in the shade seldom rises above 80 degrees.

This island is a haven of peace; a happy community of mutual trust. R. CURTIN, 4A.

OYSTER FARMING.

There are many types of farms throughout the world, but none is so interesting or strange as a Japanese oyster farm.

The oyster opens its shell to admit its food, but often a wandering parasite enters and causes an irritation to the oyster. The mollusc, to combat this, puts layer on layer of "nacre," or mother of pearl, over this "unwelcome guest" until the parasite is completely covered with this iridescent pink substance. After a

number of years this becomes a large pearl.

It was the above fact which caused Mr. K. Mikimoto to insert into the oyster shell a foreign body, thus making the oyster finally produce a pearl. Naturally, it was only after many years of experimenting that Mr. Mikimoto produced one pearl. In this way was the first oyster farm commenced.

To-day, on Mr. Mikimoto's ten oyster farms, seven hundred people find employment. These

people treat over three million oysters annually. The farms are scattered between the Bay of Gokasho and the Island of Palau. They cover an area of water of forty thousand acres.

Small pieces of rock are placed in the spawning grounds; on these pieces soon form hundreds of "spats," as the young oysters are called. These are taken up and reared in special wire cages. Then any larvæ found floating about are taken, put in wire cages

and coated with lime. For three years these larvæ are carefully watched, finally taken out and inserted in the oyster.

They are then placed in another cage and are suspended in the sea from a wooden raft. Weeds, barnacles and other marine growth are scraped off twice a year to ensure better oyster growth, and finally, after seven years, the oyster yields a pearl.

D. WADE, 2D.

THE LIBRARY.

One of the most important educational developments of recent years is the emphasis placed on the School Library as an active instrument in education. It has been stated that the library, a laboratory for all subjects, and a source of recreation for leisure hours, should become the cultural centre of the School. Indeed, many English and American educationists have aimed at developing the library in such a manner that it will transform the school as we know it. Let us play our small part by endeavouring to use our own School Library as effectively as we can, and by striving to attain as high a standard as possible.

The Headmaster, in this year's Annual Report, made special reference to the difference between a pupil and a student. The only effective education is self-education, and you must learn to depend more and more on your own initiative and efforts. The reward will be worth the labour.

An essential part of this self-educative process is constant and thoughtful use of your library. It will be found that the regular users of the library are the students of the School, whilst the pupils who "don't like reading," give no thought to study or book recreation after they have completed their set homework. Let every boy aim to become a student in the true sense of the word. Use your library!

Library records for 1940 show most encouraging results. Many Fortians are doing excellent work. During every lunch recess the library is a hive of activity, and the library staff, consisting of Palmer, Ro'ls, Ellis, Wishart, Kench, Porter, Richards and Taylor, is kept working at top pressure. More than 2000 books were borrowed in the first ten weeks of last term, and restrictions were placed on first and

second year boys, who were reading too much. Our facilities could not cope with their demands. These facts speak for themselves.

A library, arranged and catalogued according to accepted principles, is of infinitely greater use than a miscellaneous collection of material. Accordingly, in order to make it an efficient instrument in your education, the library is being reorganised along the lines recommended by Melvil Dewey, the eminent American librarian. His system is world-wide in its application, and a knowledge of it will assist you not only in using the School Library, but also in all other libraries of importance that you will use in the future. Considering this factor, and also the manner in which your library is occupying your attention, I feel sure that a brief explanation of the main principles of this system will be welcomed by most readers.

THE DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION (D.C.) OF MELVIL DEWEY.

(With modifications to suit school libraries.)

The Decimal Classification (D.C.) gives to each subject a number, or class number, which is written on the books classified. The books are arranged on the shelves in order of their class number, so that, for example, Chemistry, 540, comes after Physics, 530, and before Geology, 550, and so on.

A D.C. number is never less than three figures; for example, 010, 260, 595. It may be longer. When it is, a decimal point is placed after the first three figures; for example, 595.1. This shows (a) that 595.1 is a subdivision of 595; and (b) that 595.1 precedes 596.

In addition to the class number, a book is given an "author index," which consists of the first three letters of the author's name; for

example, Dickens is indicated with the letters DIC. The "author index" is written under the class number, and it enables us to arrange alphabetically the books in each class or section; thus "A Key to Stamp Collecting," by Armstrong (³⁸³_{ARM}) would precede "The Beginners' Book of Stamp Collecting" by Phillips (³⁸³_{PHI})

The D.C. divides all works into ten main classes:—

- 000—099 General Works.
- 100—199 Philosophy.
- 200—299 Religion.
- 300—399 Social Sciences.
- 400—499 Languages.
- 500—599 Science.
- 600—699 Useful Arts.
- 700—799—Fine Arts.
- 800—899 Literature.
- 900—999—History.

[Note: (a) Geography is a subdivision of History; (b) Fiction, marked F, is placed in a class by itself.]

These main classes are each arranged in ten divisions. Let us take the history class (900—999) and see how this is done.

- 900—909 History (General Works).
- 910—919 Geography and Travels.
- 920—929 Biography, etc.
- 930—939 Ancient History.
- 940—949 Europe.
- 950—959 Asia.
- 960—969 Africa.
- 970—979 North America.
- 980—989 South America.
- 990—999 Oceania and Polar Regions.

Again, these divisions are arranged in ten subdivisions; for example: 940 is subdivided at 940, Europe (General); 941, History of Scotland; 942, History of England; 943, History of Germany; and so on.

The D.C. further subdivides by using decimal points; but I shall not confuse you by introducing these in detail. One example will be given to show their use. "Shakespeare, the Man and His Stage," by E. Lamborn and G. Harrison, is numbered (^{822.33}_{LAM}). This number is derived by the following process:—

- 800—899 Literature.
- 820—829 English Literature.
- 822 ... English Drama.
- 822.3 ... Elizabethan Drama.
- 822.33 .. Section of Elizabethan Drama devoted to Shakespeare.

A chart has been placed in the library showing all the divisions and subdivisions of the D.C. that you are likely to use. You are advised to make yourself familiar with these.

LIBRARY REGULATIONS.

1. **Library Hours:** The library is open at the following times:

- (a) During the lunch recess on all school days except Wednesday.
- (b) During the morning recess on Tuesdays and Fridays (for return of books only).

2. **How to become a member:** When you have obtained your receipt for joining the School Union, report to the librarian and you will be enrolled.

3. **Number of books borrowed:** Two books (one fiction and one non-fiction) may be bor-

rowed at the same time, except in the case of senior students, to whom further books may be issued if application is made to the librarian.

4. **Length of time for retaining books:** Books may be retained for not more than one week, unless a renewal is made. A renewal may be granted on application.

5. **Care of books:** Books must be treated with the utmost care. All members are requested to provide themselves with covers to protect the books which they have borrowed. Report any damage before borrowing, or you may be held responsible.

6. **Fines:** Fines will be levied for failure to observe regulations 4 and 5.

7. **Losses:** Report any losses immediately. Books lost must be either paid for or replaced.

8. **How to borrow a book:** After selecting

your book, neatly fill in a borrower's card, which will be provided. When you wish to leave the library, present both the card and the book at the door. The card will be retained for filing and the book stamped.

9. **How to return a book:** Present the book at the charging desk and, in your own interests, see that your borrower's card is cancelled.

10. **How to reserve a book:** Apply to C. Ellis and tell him the name and number of the book you wish reserved. No reservations will be made for fiction.

APPRECIATION.

The School wishes to express its sincere appreciation to the masters, boys and ex-students who have generously donated books and periodicals to the library.

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Section F. SPORT

BY THE SPORTS EDITOR.

SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT, 1939.

AWARD OF BLUES.

The Blue is the School's highest award in the sporting sphere, and a presentation is made only where there is outstanding merit. The small number of recipients as a result of last year's activities bears witness to the unusual weakness of our efforts in many directions.

The following boys qualified for the honour:

W. Hannam: An outstanding player in both the 1st XV. and 1st XI., captain of last year's 1st XV., and captain of this year's 1st XI. and C.H.S. 1st XI.

Bruce Short: The versatile half-back of the 1st XV.

Frank Lawson: The star bowler of the 1st XI.

J. Sherring: Captain of the 1st XI.

J. Penman: The strongest player, and captain of the 1st grade tennis team.

In addition, **G. Mackaness** and **S. Burns**, in Athletics, and **R. Robertson** in Rugby Union, who received their blues last year, again qualified.

RUGBY UNION.

Six grade teams engaged in competition matches. The shortage of players, particularly in the three higher grades, was again in evidence. On more than one occasion boys were forced to play two matches in succession, because it was impossible to field the necessary three teams in 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades. The shortage was so acute at one stage that the question of withdrawing from the competition was seriously entertained. Under these circumstances, one could not expect a large measure of success in competition with other High Schools.

The outstanding players in the 1st XV. were **W. Hannam**, **R. Robertson**, **B. Short** and **F. Cavalier**.

In the three lower grades, where a weight limit operates, we were much more successful. The 5ths played 12 matches, won 8 and lost 4. The 4ths played 12, won 7, drew 1, and lost 4.

The performance of **R. Spray**, the 4th grade winger, was outstanding. He scored a total of 48 points during the season.

CRICKET.

Our four grade teams all played well, and though no team succeeded in winning a premiership, the measure of success which attended their efforts was very pleasing. The 1st XI. was always a strong opponent, and ended the season by defeating comfortably the co-premiers. **W. Hannam** was the outstanding batsman, and the same player was little inferior as a bowler to the star, **F. Lawson**.

In 2nd grade, **W. Chapman**, afterwards promoted to 1st grade, and **G. Mooney** were the most reliable players.

J. Moon was the most successful batsman in 3rd grade, while **C. Bacon** and **R. Graham** were the best bowlers.

In the 4th XI. **P. Van Zuylen** is a promising all-rounder.

SWIMMING.

Following our usual practice, an effort was made to ensure that every boy in the School should be able to swim. I am pleased to be able to report that of 41 new boys who could not swim at the beginning of the season, only four now remain, and we have hopes of attaining 100 per cent. success before the close of the year.

At the present time there is a scarcity of good swimmers in the School. We are under a distinct handicap in comparison with schools which are situated more favourably with regard to swimming facilities. It was not unexpected that our boys failed to make an impression, when matched against schools which draw their pupils from seaside suburbs.

At our own Annual Carnival, **John Lee** and **Jack Burley** tied for the Senior Cup; **F. Layton** won the Junior Cup, and the Juvenile Cup went to **A. Andrews**, who also won the diving championship of the School.

WATER POLO.

The dearth of fast swimmers proved too great a handicap for the more enduring and faster swimmers from other competing schools. Nevertheless, the team was regular in practice throughout the season, and every member gave of his best. Frank Cavalier was an inspiring captain.

TENNIS.

The Anderson Cup for the best tennis player in the School was won by J. Penman, with A. Brown in second place. The Junior Cup was won by I. Cathels, the captain of the present 4th grade team.

With the exception of the junior team, our efforts in competition matches were disappointing. When one considers the fact that more than 400 boys play tennis—more than twice the number in any other High School—the results achieved are rather deplorable. If tennis players were as enthusiastic about their chosen sport as they are ingenious in finding ways and means of dodging more suitable team games, results would be very different.

ATHLETICS.

Marked improvement was again in evidence here. The School's Annual Carnival was one of the most successful to date. No fewer than seven records were broken, and keen competition was the order of the day in every division. The championship winners were D. Ritchie, Senior; J. Moon, Junior; and M. Connell, Juvenile.

At the Combined High Schools' Carnival G. Mackaness, who won the first division high jump, was most successful among the seniors. The same boy also won the State championship high jump for boys under 18 years.. J. Lee and B. Jones were the best junior representatives, and M. Connell, A. Wooden and F. Liney were star runners in the juvenile division.

In the final count, Fort Street was third in the Senior Shield, second in the Junior Shield, third in the Juvenile Shield, and second in the aggregate—a very pleasing performance.

DONORS.

I again have pleasure in expressing our grateful thanks to the donors of many valuable trophies. These include:—

Mr. P. Hannam, of Parramatta Road, Leichhardt: Senior Swimming Cup for 20 years.

Mr. H. Kerr, of Park Street, City: Junior Swimming Cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Cheltenham: Juvenile Swimming Cup for 10 years.

Old Boys' Union: Trophy for Senior Athletic Championship.

Mr. A. E. Packer, of the Olympia Theatre: Trophy for Junior Athletic Championship.

Mr. James Glen: Juvenile Athletic Trophy.

Mr. E. C. Greening: Senior Athletic Trophy.

Messrs. A. T. Hinde and R. M. Bell: Cash donations.

Mrs. Anderson, of Ashfield: Anderson Cup.

Mr. A. Brown: Cup for Tennis.

Mr. H. McCredie: Cup for Tennis.

CRICKET.**1940 FIRST GRADE.**

This year's 1st XI. was a fairly strong side, but very unlucky. The team had to bat on damp to very wet wickets no less than four times, and thus our performances on such occasions were not very pleasing. Although we lack experience in batting on wet turf wickets, a lot more courage by the batsmen should have been displayed.

We opened the season against North Sydney at their ground and, winning the toss, they batted first, compiling 205. Edwards, who bowled extremely well, secured 4 for 37. Dropped catches, especially in the slips, did not help Penman, to whom the brunt of the attack fell.

Next week we batted on a "sticky" wicket, and compiled a pathetic 76; the only ones to show any form being Ellis 17 and Hannam 16. In our second innings, we again failed, making 59, of which Hannam scored 21 in courageous fashion.

Versus Hurlstone, we again lost the toss, and they batted first, compiling 198 (Edwards 3-33, Maclaren 4-44). At the close of play we had made 62 for the loss of one wicket, and our position was undoubtedly good. But again we had to resume of a "sticky" wicket. Bill Hannam left after making a brilliant 43, and the position had slumped to 9-84, when Maclaren and Grant became associated in a thrill-

ing partnership, which yielded 59 runs, and saved the follow-on. Thus we were defeated on the first innings.

At last, however, we revealed our true form against Technical. Winning the toss, we elected to bat, and scored 233. John Penman came to the team's rescue, after 4 wickets had fallen for 94, with an excellently compiled 92. His example was followed by Van Zuylen, Mac-laren and Grant, who made 33, 19 and 17 respectively. To this our opponents made a weak 53, Hannam and Maclaren being right on their mettle, securing the figures 5 for 8 and 2 for 8 respectively. In their second innings, the opposition could only score 76 runs, and thus we won outright.

We opened against Canterbury by compiling the pathetic score of 76. They replied with 109, and we had every chance of turning our first innings defeat into an outright victory. But again we had to resume the next week on a "sticky" wicket. Thus we failed, and were beaten outright.

W. Hannam: Our captain, and captain of the C.H.S. team against Newcastle. He is a most dangerous slow bowler, but although he is easily the team's best batsman, the same success has not attended his efforts as it did last season.

W. Chapman: Possesses a wide variety of well-produced strokes, and ought to have scored more runs than he did.

J. Penman: A sound but aggressive left-hand bat, who played brilliantly against Tech., but has been out of luck on other occasions. He is a good slow-medium off-spin bowler.

C. Ellis: Has shown disappointing form with

the bat this season, but is a good field and change bowler.

H. Edwards: Bowled very well against North Sydney. His fast bowling is quite hostile, and he is the team's best fieldsman.

I. Grant: A very good wicketkeeper, who is improving with every match; also a fair left-hand bat.

P. Van Zuylen: A capable junior who should develop into a fine cricketer.

L. Greer: A steady right-hand bat, whose shots on the off are well played.

A. Smith: Fair batsman and change bowler, but should try to improve his fielding.

R. Spray: Useful fast-medium bowler and an excellent field.

C. Maclaren: A fast-medium bowler, who has had a fair measure of success. He batted courageously against Hurlstone.

The team's fielding is weak, especially in the slips. Every player must see that he gets plenty of fielding practice, if the team wishes to succeed next half.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Watson, who has tried very hard to improve our cricket with his valuable hints and assistance at practice.

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Agg.	Aver.
W. Hannam	...	6	0	43	123 20.5
C. Maclaren	...	6	3	38	58 19.3
J. Penman	...	6	0	92	110 18.3

BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
W. Hannam	...	36.9	136	14 9.7
H. Edwards	...	49.5	122	12 10.1
C. Maclaren	...	48.5	111	10 11.1

SECOND GRADE.

This year's second grade team, for the first round of the season, consisted of D. Hutchinson (captain), A. Edgar, K. Robson, R. Howe, D. Robson, N. Robinson, K. Wilson, A. Shipton, A. Reeves, K. Dibble and W. McMichael. The players were very enthusiastic, but lack of practice as a team helped to mar our chance of success. If all the players had had more experience, we would have finished higher up in the scale of results than we did.

These facts contributed towards our loss in the first match against North Sydney. Fort Street batted first, and only compiled 92, to which North Sydney replied with 167. Fort

Street batted again, only obtaining 88, leaving North Sydney only 14 to win outright. This they did without loss.

But this set-back did not dampen our enthusiasm, and we went to Hurlstone determined to win. Once again we batted first, and compiled 116, Howe being the best batsman, making a solid 26. Hurlstone replied with 105, giving a lead of 11 on the first innings. Batting again we only scored 76 runs. Howe was once again well to the fore. This left 87 runs for Hurlstone to procure in three-quarters of an hour. Hurlstone was in just as much hurry to get the runs as we were to get them out,

but we came off on top, dismissing them for 73, with an over and a half to go before stumps. Thus we achieved an outright win.

After having tasted victory, we went on to defeat Technical High outright in an equally exciting match. Tech. batted first, compiling 197, to which we replied with 157, thanks to Robinson 34, D. Robson 64, and K. Robson 22 not out. Technical went in again, and closed with 5 for 124, leaving us 173 to get in a little over one hour and a half. This we obtained, due to the aggressive and brilliant batting of Howe 85, and D. Robson 38 not out.

Our next match was against Canterbury, last year's premiers. They batted first and only compiled 53, thanks to the devastating bowling of D. Robson, who obtained 5 for 9. Fort Street went in to bat feeling too confident, and only managed a feeble 58. Canterbury replied with 171 for the loss of 7 wickets. This left us 166 to obtain and win outright, but we failed completely, only compiling 46 runs.

THIRD GRADE.

This year the third grade team fielded a reasonably promising XI, which, however, unfortunately lacked consistency and experience so essential for a successful season. Nevertheless, the keen enthusiasm of all the players and the experience gained in the first part of the season should help considerably in developing a strong side.

At the conclusion of the first half of the season, we had obtained one outright win, and had sustained three losses.

The first match of the season was played at Chatswood, our opponents being North Sydney. Fort Street had first use of the wicket, and started in disastrous fashion, two wickets falling without any score. A valuable partnership of 47 by Harrop (34) and Wilson (25) assisted greatly, and we were finally dismissed for 98. North Sydney replied with 8 for 245, O. Graham and W. Harrop both bowling well to secure 3 for 60 and 3 for 82 respectively. In the second innings Fort Street was compelled to bat on a wet wicket, and could only total a meagre 41 (Smith 14 not out).

The second match, played at Cintra Oval against Hurlstone, provided a more satisfactory result from our point of view, as we recorded an outright win. Hurlstone won the toss, but decided to send us in on an easy wicket, of

BATTING.

	Inn.	N.O.	H.S.	Agg.	Aver.
R. Howe	...	6	0	85	172 28.6
D. Robson	...	8	1	64	129 18.4
K. Robinson	...	8	0	34	108 13.5
A. Reeves	...	6	1	18*	49 9.8

* Not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
K. Robson	...	73	270	19 14.2
D. Hutchinson	...	15	54	4 13.5
K. Robson	...	73	270	19 14.2
A. Edgar	...	66.1	291	17 15.3

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

which we made full use, compiling the respectable total of 229. A new addition to the side, E. Lauredet, batted brilliantly to obtain 89, while N. Webb 29, P. Blackall 24, and Hodgess 20 also batted well. Hurlstone replied in their first innings with 82, Hodgess and Blackall bowling remarkably to secure 5 for 13 and 4 for 19 respectively; and, on being forced to follow on, our opponents compiled 65. The bowling honours in this innings were shared between W. Harrop (5 for 25) and Hodgess (4 for 28).

We commenced our match against Sydney Technical High at Centennial Park with fine hopes, but against a strong batting side our bowling lacked hostility, and the fielding was far below standard. Technical batted first and obtained 201, W. Harrop securing 3 for 45, and E. Lauredet 2 for 30. In reply, Fort Street totalled 106, Smith batting brilliantly for 42, and N. Webb 14 not out. A poor display of batting in our second innings resulted in our obtaining only 54 runs, and thus enabling Technical to win outright.

Our last match in the first half of the season was played against Canterbury at Cintra Oval. Our opponents, having decided to bat first, were soon in a bad position, 5 wickets having fallen for 26; but a disastrous lapse in our field-

ing resulted in them obtaining 179 (Smith 4 for 21, Blackall 3 for 52). Fort Street replied with 114, of which Smith secured a splendid 31, and Hodgess 22 not out. In their second innings Canterbury compiled 120 for the loss of 5 wickets (Harrop 2 for 22), and in our second innings we obtained 104 (W. Harrop 38).

Thus ended the first part of the season, which, although not very successful, was most enjoyable.

FOURTH GRADE.

In the first round of the 1940 competition, fourth grade has been very successful, having to our credit two outright wins, one first innings win, and one loss.

The first match of the season, against North Sydney, was by far the most exciting. Winning the toss, we batted on a good wicket to compile the respectable total of 115, Stevenson contributing 35. Thanks to Miles (3 for 20), Parnell (2 for 15) and Smith (2 for 10), we managed to dismiss North Sydney for 103. In the second innings, we improved on our opening score, making 133, mainly due to Paul 56, Parnell 24, and Stevenson 22. We were now not fighting North Sydney, but time. With every man on his toes, we sent North Sydney's last man back to the pavilion in the last over of the day, gaining an outright win. The bowling honours went to Parnell 3-36, Paul 2-7, Smith 216, and Stevenson 2-17.

In the Hurlstone match our opponents scored 125, Parnell bowling in his best form, gaining 5 for 14. Our wickets fell cheaply, and the side totalled 114, of which Jenkins made a courageous 48. Hurlstone's second innings score was even better than their first, being 134 (Stevenson 3 for 13). We answered with a miserable 60 (Parnell 19). Thus we lost the match outright.

The fielding of the team as a whole was not very satisfactory, but, on the other hand, on occasions was extremely good. The most outstanding players were W. Harrop for his all-round ability, and A. Smith for his brilliant batting. The side was ably captained by N. Webb, with W. Harrop as deputy.

However, this report would not be complete without thanking sincerely Mr. Barnett for his invaluable services throughout the season as coach.

Our batsmen, however, showed their true prowess against Technical, totalling 180. D. Paul 59, F. Liney 48 were outstanding. As the opposition was rather weak, they were routed by our hostile attack for only 70. Tech. followed on, and were again routed. Stevenson 2 for 4 and Peterson 2 for 13 were the prime movers in confining Tech. to the minute total of 52.

The Canterbury match was a feather in our caps, for, gaining a first innings win against last year's premiers is quite satisfactory. Canterbury opened with 143 (Snow 3-10, Peterson 3-35, Liney 3-48). Our first innings resulted in 155, mainly due to the fine batting of the captain, Don Paul, who made 58, and Peterson 27, and Willis 24. Our bowlers proved more accurate in the second innings, dismissing the opposition for 94 (Liney 3-11, Peterson 3-10). Because an outright win was impossible, our batsmen went for a hit, scoring 60 runs in 15 minutes.

Fort Street has one of the best fielding teams in the competition, and it would be impossible to mention individual names for fielding honours.

In conclusion, the team extends hearty thanks to Mr. Went for his unfailing enthusiasm, and for much useful advice he has given us.

RUGBY UNION.

On scrutinising carefully the performances of this year's 1st XV., it cannot be denied that a remarkable improvement on the past few years was shown. It is even more praiseworthy when one takes into consideration the fact that not more than two players had previously played in the firsts, and there were some who had not previously participated in this sport.

Never on any occasion was our team "wiped," the only team which we considered slightly too strong being Hurlstone. When you consider that these Hurlstone lads live on the school premises and have an oval at their disposal at any time they wish, this should not be wondered at. But, even then, we were not altogether overshadowed when we played them. In the first round we held them at 7-14; while

Success to Old Fortians

THROUGH THE M.B.C.



N. F. STEVENS

Mr. N. F. Stevens, whose excellent record at Fort Street and the University is well known, has further distinguished himself in examinations under the Institute of Chartered Accounts in Australia. In his Finals, all taken in May, 1939, Mr. Stevens gained THREE firsts in all Australia . . . in Taxation, Mercantile Law, and Law Relating to Trustees . . . and also 2nd in N.S.W. (3rd Australia) in Company Law, and 2nd (aeq.) N.S.W. and Australia in Bankruptcy Law. By securing all these Honours in one examination, Mr. Stevens has created a record which we doubt will ever be beaten.



J. BRENNAN

Mr. J. Brennan, whose Intermediate pass from Fort Street included 6 A's, was one of the 7 candidates in N.S.W. to secure a complete pass in the Finals of the Commonwealth Institute of Accountants.

Mr. A. Butterfield secured third highest marks in Australia in the Final Secretarial Aggregate of the Institute of Incorporated Secretaries, and was 3rd (aeq.) Australia in the Final Secretarial Paper No. 1.



A. BUTTERFIELD

Mr. P. Hinchliffe, who won first place Australia in the 1st and 2nd Intermediate Law Papers, May, 1939, of the Association of Accountants of Australia, crowned this achievement by winning FIRST place Australia in the Final Law Aggregate of examinations held in May, 1940. He also gained 2nd Australia in Final Mercantile Law, and 2nd Australia in Final Bankruptcy, Executorship, and Trustee Law.



P. HINCHLIFFE

Other old Fortians who have won "Honours" places in recent Accountancy exams. through the M.B.C. include: G. Dixon, L. Bradley, B. James, L. Mitchell, W. Anderson. (Full details in the free "Metropolitan News.")

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ACCOUNTANCY COACHING DEPARTMENT

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

6 Dalley Street, Sydney (near Bridge Street).

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in the second we were leading in the first half. However, their condition and combination were too good for us, and they ran out the ultimate winners. This team also won the competition.

Easily our best performance was our surprising (to others) win over the G.P.S. and C.H.S. team, Sydney High. We excelled that day, and if that had been our usual form, we would have easily taken the premiership. At the beginning of the competition we lost to North Sydney 6-3, after experiencing some very hard luck. For us Cavalier scored the only try in the match, but North Sydney won, thanks to their faultless kicker, Cameron, who converted the two penalties which gave them the match. Later on, we had many vacant positions owing to illnesses, and there being a dearth of sound reserves, I must admit we were seriously handicapped.

Our results for the full season were:—

- V. Technical, 0-23; 3-9.
- V. Canterbury, 20-11; 10-3.
- V. Parramatta, 10-9; 3-0.
- V. Sydney High, 3-9; 12-3.
- V. North Sydney, 3-6; 8-23.
- V. Annexe, 33-5; 28-3.
- V. Hurlstone, 7-33, 7-14.

Of the members of the team, the outstanding were: F. Cavalier, W. Hannam and P. Blackall. Cavalier, the captain, played outside-centre, and scored some tries in fine style. The vice-captain and five-eighth, W. Hannam, always inspired the team with his efforts, being strong in attack, as well as faultless in defence. P. Blackall, the inside-centre, a young and light

footballer, was always outstanding, and displays considerable promise. These three players have shown perfect combination and, with the aid of the speedy and able wingers, Wilkinson and Blackett, together with the tricky half, Spray, they made up one of the strongest, if not the strongest back line in the competition. Our forwards consisted of W. Chapman, the hooker, a good all-round footballer, and he was supported by M. Hamilton, L. Harvey, M. Penketh, K. Robson, J. Jaconelli, L. Heffernan and A. Smith. The two young footballers of these, Jaconelli and Harvey, deserve special mention, and both are promising. We had trouble in discovering a good full-back and, after trying no less than four, we finally decided on A. Edgar, who gave a good account of himself.

Let us hope that this season's successes and enthusiasm will be again evident next year. To those who do not play this game because they are afraid of injury, there is this fact, namely, that in this year's first grade there were only five over 11 stone, and some were only about 9st. 7lb., and not one injury was suffered by anybody. So next year, Fortians, roll up to play this healthy game, and you will enjoy it just as much as we have.

Most of the credit for the improvement and enthusiasm, particularly in this year's first grade team, goes to our energetic coach, Mr. Jeffrey, to whom we give our sincere thanks, and wish him every success with his first grade team next year.

SECOND GRADE.

This year the second grade result sheet was not very impressive for both rounds of the competition. There are several reasons for the failure—insufficient material to choose from, lack of confidence, and the unstable and changeable nature of the team, which prevented any combination being developed.

The matches against Technical, Canterbury and Hurlstone were hard fought, but in the other matches the team showed no spirit or enthusiasm.

Against Hurlstone, our team revealed its true form, and led the score until the final stages of the game, when we were narrowly beaten. Had the team showed this form throughout

the season, it would have finished well up in the competition table.

The team, with the exception of one player, consisted of fifth year pupils.

B. Jones and E. Foreman were two outstanding breakaways, and were always on the ball. They led the pack, and were an inspiration to the rest of the team. Foreman was promoted to the higher grade during the final stages of competition, as was Edgar, an excellent five-eighth. Swanton, as half-back, and Edgar, as five-eighth, co-operated extremely well. Both are good attackers, and are sound in defence. Lee, the captain, who was kept out of several matches through injury, was a good three-quarter, while his accurate kicking was always

very valuable. Stewart and Redding showed promise, while Howitt and Lundie in the forwards, and Allan and Gilmour in the backs, were worthy of mention.

Despite the lack of success, we enjoyed the whole season's football, and finally the team wishes to thank Mr. James for his valuable assistance and unceasing efforts during the season.

THIRD GRADE.

Third grade this year, although not successful in winning the competition, was by no means disgraced. The team showed a marked improvement over the performances of last year's third grade.

We were not successful in our first few matches, due to too much individual play, but, as soon as a combination was achieved, we were more successful. The backs throughout the season were strong, and combined to form a successful back-line, while the forwards at the beginning of the season lacked "punch." This defect was remedied considerably as the season went on, by assiduous practice. Our combination suffered, however, to some extent by many players leaving school. Among these was Wilson, who promised to be a food full-back; Graham, an outstanding winger; and Barnwell, our out-centre, who was absent because of an operation.

Third grade, as was the case in all grades, found it difficult to procure enough players, especially due to the prevailing influence of class tennis, and of class football.

The team, as a whole, was very enthusiastic, and never lost heart when defeated.

T. Marshall, our captain, and an outstanding forward, ably led the pack through many a rough skirmish with the opposing forwards. The backs were led by our efficient half-back, W. Harrop, the vice-captain, and who de-

veloped during the season into the star kick of the team. Mansfield, our five-eighth, could be depended on to find an opening when required; while Hackman, as inside centre, displayed a sound knowledge of positional play, and this player also won the team's point score. Another reliable player was left-winger Howell, who, incidentally, was the lightest member of the team. The out-centre, McKinnon, and right wing, Coventry, although substituting for Barnwell and Graham respectively, were always on the ball, while rake Mackie was a strong asset to the team. He was assisted by two strong "props," Burley and Marshall, who were also prominent in the line-outs. The other forwards included Gibbons and Laffan, as breakaways; Robinson, Pozniac and Layton, second row forwards; and Ellis, a good solid lock. The full-back, Lennox, although a substitute for Wilson, was, nevertheless, outstanding.

The scores for the whole season were:—

- V. Technical, 8-27; 3-6.
- V. High, 15-16; 4-3.
- V. Canterbury, 8-8; 18-8.
- V. Parramatta, 3-6; 5-10.
- V. North Sydney, 9-15; 0-6.
- V. Annexe, 32-5; 36-5.
- V. Hurlstone, 3-16; 9-15.

The team thanks Mr. Atkinson for his sound coaching and his unstinted efforts to weld the team into a formidable combination.

FOURTH GRADE.

The team had a very unsuccessful season. This was mainly due to lack of enthusiasm and lack of condition. The latter told in many matches for, whenever our opponents had only a respectable score at half-time, they afterwards did almost as they liked. In the first round this lack of "finish" was most pronounced against Parramatta and Sydney High, both of whom we held in the first half.

In the second round, although it was wet, we improved to lose only 0-6 to the strong Technical team. We again finished disastrously against Sydney High, although down only 3-9 at half-time. We played at our best against

North Sydney, who had previously had a "walk over." The most pleasing feature of the game was that we finished more strongly than our opponents.

Those worthy of mention are Elkman, the captain, who was the best tackler in the team, but, together with the other backs, was given few opportunities. The outstanding forward was Portley, a very nippy break-away; while Bell, the vice-captain, was the leading scorer, due mainly to some fine drop-kicks.

The team wishes finally to sincerely thank the coach, Mr. Short, who so untiringly assisted us.

FIFTH GRADE.

The 5th XV. this season did not meet with a large measure of success, winning only three matches.

The full results at a glance were:—

V. Technical, 8-11; 3-6.

V. Canterbury, 3-17; 5-20.

V. Parramatta, 0-21; 3-30.

V. Sydney, 0-34; 0-33.

V. Annexe: Forfeit both times.

V. North Sydney, 3-30; 3-28.

V. Hurlstone, 6-3; 3-28.

The three main reasons for failure were lack of condition, lack of interest, and lack of combination. For example, in the match with Parramatta, the half-time score was 6-0 in their favour; but we collapsed entirely in the second half.

Against North Sydney our bustling tactics succeeded in the first quarter of an hour, and we led three to nil. However, weak tackling and lack of condition told, and we were beaten 3-28. Versus Hurlstone there was no score until after half-time, but from then they did what they liked.

The outstanding forward was Farquharson, breakaway and captain, who was ably supported by Jones, Adams and Madden. The most conspicuous back was Graham, five-eighth and vice-captain, whose brilliant tackling often saved us from greater defeat.

To conclude, the team wishes to thank Mr. Brodie for his efforts in coaching the team.

SIXTH GRADE.

In the first half, sixths were decidedly unimpressive, winning only one match against Hurlstone narrowly. We showed quite an appreciable improvement in the second half, in which we won matches against North Sydney and Hurlstone, in addition to reducing the margins of our losses. There were many faults with our team, but here are two: Firstly, the forwards would not keep up on the ball, and, secondly, they did not pack tightly enough in a scrum or ruck, but just placed their hands on the fellow in front and rucked. Outstanding in the forwards were Ward, who played five-eighth for the first half, then breakaway, and Driver, a good second-row man. Our backs hardly ever stood up on their man, and were often flat-footed.

The passing generally was quite fair, and

this is where, I think, our team was prominent. But, nevertheless, our combination was not very apparent, too many lone-hands being played. Of the backs, Parnell and Phillips were the best, taking the positions of five-eighth and out-centre respectively. Parnell also won the team's point score.

As most of the players will be here again next year, our results should be very different.

The full season's scores were:—

V. Technical, 0-14; 0-15.

V. Canterbury, 5-14; 7-20.

V. Parramatta, 0-3; 3-0.

V. Sydney High, 0-32; 0-36.

V. North Sydney, 0-6; 5-0.

V. Hurlstone, 9-6; 6-0.

We would like to thank Mr. Foley for his work in coaching us throughout the season.

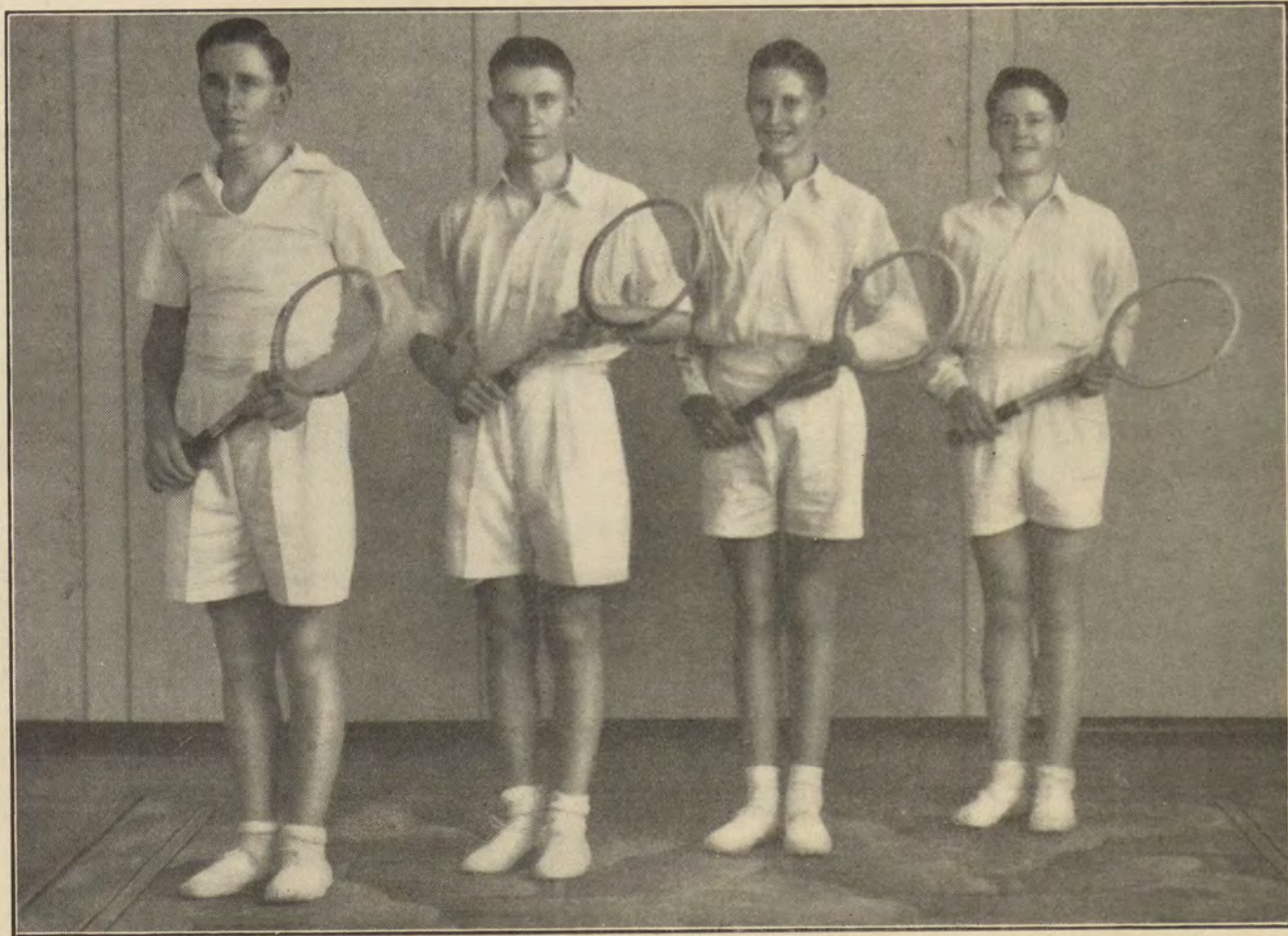
TENNIS.

This year, the first grade tennis team improved greatly on last year's performances, and completed the season as undefeated premiers. This is indeed a credit to the team, for the first grade premiership has not been won by this School for at least 15 years. The team consisted of J. Penman (captain), R. Howe, A. Brown, L. Kenny, and C. Ellis. Howe and Kenny are both newcomers to first grade tennis at this School. The pairs were: J. Penman-R. Howe; L. Kenny-A. Brown. The former pair proved to be slightly stronger than the latter on results, but especially in

team-work. C. Ellis played in three matches only, but in all of these he revealed good form.

Our hardest match was against Canterbury in the second round. In this match Brown and Kenny revealed their best form of the season, winning comfortably three out of their four sets.

Two good wins were scored against North Sydney, the ultimate runners-up. In the second match of these, Penman and Howe won both their sets without the loss of a game. Both matches against Sydney High were also closely contested.



1940 FIRST GRADE TENNIS PREMIERS.
From Left to Right: J. Penman, C. Ellis, R. Howe, A. Brown, L. Kenny (absent).

The results for the season were:—

V. Technical, 7-1; draw.

V. Canterbury, 6-2; 5-3.

V. Parramatta, draw; 7-1.

V. Sydney High, 6-2; 6-2.

V. North Sydney, 5-3; 5-1.

V. Hurlstone, 7-1; 8-0.

Rain interfered with only three of these matches.

The individual members are:—

J. Penman, who is having his third year in first grade tennis. He has a consistent forehand and a powerful double-handed backhand.

R. Howe, a very good doubles player, who

volleys well, and whose main attacking shot is also a very strong double-handed backhand.

A. Brown, a very consistent player, who has a good forehand. He is an exceptionally good player at the net.

L. Kenny, who has a strong forehand and a powerful service. He rarely misses a smash.

C. Ellis, who is having his second year in first grade tennis. He has a strong service and a consistent forehand.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Kelly for his valuable advice, and for the great interest which he showed in us throughout the competition.

SECOND GRADE.

This year, second grade finished third in the competition, quite a pleasing result, considering the fact that two strong players in Greer and Richardson left early in the season, and that the team's personnel was changed on some occasions.

Generally, however, the team consisted of C. Ellis (captain), S. Wells, R. Curtin and G. Ryder, and the pairings were in that order.

The results for the full season were:—

V. Technical, 5-3; draw.

V. Canterbury, 3-5; 3-5.

V. Parramatta, draw; 7-1.

V. Sydney High, 3-5; 1-7.

V. North Sydney, 6-2; 6-2.

V. Hurlstone, 8-0; 6-2.

It can be seen from the above that Canterbury and Sydney High were too strong for us. However, the results might have been much different if our second pair, Curtin and Ryder,

could have provided more support to Ellis and Wells, who always revealed stout opposition whenever the occasion demanded.

The individual players were:—

C. Ellis: A very strong player for this grade, but should have had more support. He possesses an exceptionally severe service, which is supported by a consistent forehand.

S. Wells: A capable junior with accurate ground strokes, but whose game would be improved by more concentration.

R. Curtin: A sound player, with a strong forehand. However, his game is apt to become patchy.

G. Ryder: The weakest member of the four. His service and volley do not support his consistent forehand.

It would be most fitting to conclude by expressing our most hearty thanks to Mr. Kelly, particularly for that great enthusiasm which he displayed throughout the season.

THIRD GRADE.

The third grade tennis team for 1940 did not attain the heights expected of it, and there is one main reason for this, namely, that several players were promoted to the upper grades. Curtin and Ryder were promoted early in the season, while Grant substituted on numerous occasions in second grade.

The team for the most part consisted of I. Grant (captain), R. Kirkby, R. Warne and A. Wilson, and they paired in that order; but towards the end of the season, the team was considerably varied owing to various reasons; thus the combination suffered.

We defeated Hurlstone, Parramatta and

Technical by wide margins in both rounds, but the other schools proved much too good for us.

As for the individual players:—

I. Grant: A hard-hitting player, with a cannon-ball service. His play would carry more "punch" if he practised his ground strokes.

R. Kirkby: A very stylish young player, but whose play lacks force.

R. Warne: A severe player, with a good smash; but his eagerness tends to make him erratic.

A. Wilson: Who has well-produced strokes, but spoils his game by carelessness.

Nevertheless, we have always endeavoured to play the game in the true spirit, and thus have had a most enjoyable season.

In thanking Mr. Kelly for his unfailing enthusiasm during the season, we wish him the best of luck for tennis teams of 1941.

FOURTH GRADE.

The team, this year, consisted of I. Cathels (captain), R. Stevenson, R. Bramley and R. Carfoot. Other members, viz., D. Paul and R. Richards, participated in one or two matches.

The team has been reasonably successful, being defeated only three times in fourteen matches, two being drawn owing to rain.

We were twice defeated by Canterbury, the winning team, and we must admit that they were slightly the better team, the scores being 5 sets to 3 both times. The other defeat was by Hurlstone, and has to be accounted for by a decline of standard by the team towards the

conclusion of the season, and the absence of some of the regular team.

I. Cathels is a strong player, with a penetrating double-handed forehand, and has a sound knowledge of courtcraft.

R. Bramley is a reliable player, with equal strength on both backhand and forehand.

R. Stevenson is an excellent player, his only weakness being in his backhand.

R. Carfoot is a solid, consistent player, with a very easy style.

We would like to thank Mr. Kelly for the assistance given to us during the competition.

THE ANDERSON CUP.

This, the blue-ribbon of our school tennis, attracted, as usual, a large field. The only match of any note before the semi-finals, was when Howe played Ellis. Howe won by his superior ground-strokes, after a very closely contested match, the scores being 7-5, 6-4.

In the first semi-final between Penman and Kenny, Penman won 6-3, 6-2. This match proved disappointing, as a much better contest was expected.

Brown then defeated Howe, 6-0, 6-3. There was some good tennis in the second set, but Brown was much too strong all round.

The final between Penman and Brown was played the same afternoon. This was a stirring battle, and produced some of the best tennis ever seen at Fort Street. In the first set Brown always took the initiative, and thus he won the set 6-3. Extremely long rallies marked the second set, in which Penman recovered brilliantly, after trailing most of the set. Brown, who did most of the attacking, led 5-3 and match point, but just at the crucial stage Penman attacked and took the set 11-9. Bad light then stopped play, and the match was concluded too late for publication.

WATER POLO AND SWIMMING.

WATER POLO.

Although we were not at all successful in this branch of sport, it cannot be said that the team lacked enthusiasm, for at all our weekly practices we had an unusual attendance of players, worthy juniors, who will most probably show their aquatic prowess to advantage in the near future.

The main fault with our team was the inability to handle the ball properly, and the lack of combination due to the fact that all except one, our able captain, Cavalier, had not previously taken part in this sport. On the other hand, North Sydney and Technical, the outstanding teams, had the same players as in the

previous season; therefore this was the reason for their superiority in the play, as we were not outclassed as swimmers. Some of the members showed great promise and improvement near the end of the season, Porter, the youngest and smallest in the competition, admirably holding his own against the mighty foe.

The other members, F. Layton, P. Nixon, H. Rawlinson, M. Hamilton, T. Marshall, G. Sanders, M. Penketh, J. Lee, did their best when called to play.

To conclude, we thank Mr. Rose for his valuable help.

THE COMBINED HIGH SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

As in the previous year, the C.H.S. was again held in the North Sydney Olympic Pool. Fort Street, however, did not succeed in winning any events, although some third places were obtained.

The most successful division was the juvenile, gaining two thirds and a fifth. A. Andrews led this division, ably supported by A. Sinclair, A. Satchell, A. Lennox, A. Tonkin and R. Dane. Of these competitors, A. Andrews gained third place in the first division breaststroke, and third place in the third division 220 yards, and A. Sinclair obtained fifth place in the third division 55 yards.

In the junior division the competitors were F. Layton, the leader, supported by A. Howie,

N. Porter, R. Miller, D. McKinnon and R. McClelland. Those successful were D. McKinnon in the first division of the breaststroke, who obtained third place; R. McClelland, who gained third place in the third division of the diving; and A. Andrews, who came fourth in this event.

The two successful swimmers in the senior division were F. Cavalier, who obtained fourth place in the third division 55 yards, and R. Miller, who gained fourth place in the backstroke third division, and fifth in the third division 220 yards.

Finally, Mr. Rose is to be thanked for his helpful assistance in preparation for this occasion.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Our 49th Swimming Carnival was held on 1st March at Cabarita Baths. In addition to the championship events, there were included a number of novelty events, which, as usual, were popular with swimmers and spectators alike.

The Carnival as usual was a great success, and the School is indebted to Mr. Rose and those members of the staff who helped to make it so.

It seems a shame that the 11 and 12 years championships should be omitted from the programme, as this omission does not encourage the younger members of the School to take up competitive swimming.

In the Old Boys' race, Arthur Burge won by a touch from Don Pratt, and both of these former Fortians played in a water polo match between the School and the prefects, the final score being 4 all.

As for the complete results, here they are:—

Event No. 1—First year relay: 1A, 1; 1C, 2; 1D, 3.

Event 2—Second year relay: 2A, 1; 2C, 2; 2B, 3.

Event 3—Third year relay: 3B, 1; 3D, 2; 3A, 3.

Event 4—Fourth year relay: 4C, 1; 4D, 2; 4A, 3.

Event 5—Fifth year relay: 5D, 1; 5B, 2; 5A, 3.

Event 6—55 yards championship, under 14:

A. Sinclair, 1; A. Andrews, 2; A. Satchell, 3. Time 37.5 secs.

Event 7—55 yards junior championship: F. Layton, 1; A. Howie, 2; N. Porter, 3. Time, 34.1 secs.

Event 8—55 yards senior championship: J. Lee, 1; J. Burley, 2; L. Blackett, 3. Time 34.4 secs.

Event 9—Final, submarine swim: J. Jameson, 1. Distance, 28 yards 2 feet 4 inches.

Event 10—Final, 110 yards, under 14: A. Sinclair, 1; A. Andrews, 2; A. Lennox, 3. Time, 1 min. 29.5 secs.

Event 11—Final, 110 yards junior championship: F. Layton, 1; N. Porter, 2; R. Miller, 3. Time, 1 min. 24 secs.

Event 12—Final, 110 yards senior championship: J. Lee, 1; J. Burley, 2; W. Dunbar, 3. Time, 1 min. 24.8 secs.

Event 13—Plate diving: J. Learmouth.

Event 14—Final, 33 yards breaststroke championship, under 14: A. Andrews, 1; A. Sinclair, 2; A. Tonkin, 3. Time, 28 secs.

Event 15—Final, 55 yards junior breaststroke championship: D. McKinnon, 1; F. Layton, 2; N. Porter, 3. Time, 45.4 secs.

Event 16—Final, 110 yards senior breaststroke championship: R. P. Nixon, 1; W. Dunbar, 2; T. Marshall, 3. Time, 1 min. 36.5 secs.

Event 17—Cork novelty race. Winner, S. Pozniac.

Event 18—Water polo ball throw: Winner, F. Cavalier. Distance, 35ft. 6in.

Event 19—Final, 220 yards junior championship: F. Layton, 1; A. Howie, 2; N. Porter, 3. Time, 3 min. 15.2 secs.

Event 20—Final, 220 yards senior championship: J. Lee, 1; L. Blackett, 2; J. Burley, 3. Time, 3 mins. 25 secs.

Event 21—Tin can novelty race. Winner, J. Solomon.

Event 22—Final, 33 yards breaststroke championship, under 14: A. Andrews, 1; A. Satchell, 2; R. Dane, 3. Time, 28 secs.

Event 23—Final, 55 yards junior backstroke championship: F. Layton, 1; N. Porter, 2; R. Miller, 3. Time, 42.7 secs.

Event 24—Final, 55 yards senior backstroke championship: K. Mulray, 1; L. Blackett, 2; J. Lee, 3. Time, 47.8 secs.

Event 25—Eight-oar race. Winning team, 5B.

Event 26—Old Boys' handicap, 55 yards: A. Burge, 1; D. Pratt, 2. Time, 1 min. 10 secs.

Event 27—50 yards life-saving championship: C. Marsh, E. Maunder, 1.

Event 28—Intra-school relay race: "A" classes, 1; "C" classes, 2; "D" classes, 3. Time, 7 mins. 10 secs.

The standard of athletics this year, although somewhat below that of previous years, was, nevertheless, sufficiently high to produce keen enthusiasm for pride of place in the championship events at the Annual Athletic Carnival, held at Petersham Oval on Wednesday, 7th August.

The carnival took place in ideal conditions, and was conducted in a manner which reflected the fine efforts of Mr. Worth, who deserves high praise for his excellent work and interest in athletics.

An item of considerable interest this year was the class pennant, which was eventually won by 2B, after a fine effort. 5C, who were runners-up, also gave a creditable performance.

After an exciting struggle, R. Spray, 5C, won the Senior Cup from his class-mate A. Reeves,

SENIOR CUP.

Name	100		50		Total
	440	880	110	Brst. Bck.	
W. Dunbar . . .			1	2	3
E. Maunder . . .	1	1			2
J. Burley . . .	3	2	2		10
L. Blackett . . .	2		1		7
K. Mulray . . .				3	3
J. Lee			3	3	10
R. Miller		3			3
R. P. Nixon . . .				3	3
T. Marshall . . .				1	1

J. Burley, J. Lee, dead-heat, 10 points; L. Blacket, 7 points, 3.

JUNIOR CUP.

Name	Breast Back						Total
	220	440	110	50	50	55	
A. Howie . . .	2	3				2	7
T. Layton . . .	3	2	3	2	3	3	16
R. Miller . . .			1		1		2
N. Porter . . .	1	1	2	1	2	1	8
D. McLennon . .				3			3

T. Layton, 16 points, 1st; N. Porter, 8 points, 2nd; A. Howie, 7 points, 3rd.

UNDER 14 CUP.

Name	33 33				Total
	220	110	Brst.	Back	
A. Lennox	1	1			2
A. Sinclair	3	3	2		11
A. Andrews	2	2	3	3	12
A. Satchell				2	3

A. Andrews, 12 points, 1; A. Sinclair, 11 points, 2; A. Satchell, 3 points, 3.

ATHLETICS.

the final event (the senior mile), run on the following Friday, being the deciding factor in the result. Reeves obtained first place in the 220 yards, hurdles, broad jump and high jump; but Spray, although first only in the 100 yards, was able to beat his class-mate. L. Blackett, another senior, gave a convincing performance by easily winning the 440 yards, 880 yards and mile.

C. Miles, 1A, won the Junior Cup, being successful in the hurdles and under 15 100 yards, in addition to obtaining places in the 220 yards, shot putt, high jump and broad jump. J. Mackaness, 4B, was runner-up, winning the 100 yards and broad jump. The junior 440 yards and shot putt were won by J. Jaconelli, 4D, and L. Harvey, 3D, respectively.

T. Morling, 1D, who was under 13, gave an

excellent performance in defeating F. Liney, 2D, for the Juvenile Cup. Morling succeeded in the broad jump and under 13 100 yards, while Liney won the shot putt and juvenile 100 yards. R. Marshall, 2B, secured first place in the hurdles and high jump.

The novelty events were a great attraction this year, and altogether the carnival was a highly successful one, mainly as a result of the efforts of Mr. Worth and Mr. Johnson.

Fort Street was not very successful at the C.H.S. Carnival; but, nevertheless, the whole team was enthusiastic, and some of the performances were quite good.

The attendance of Fortians on Wednesday at the C.H.S. was, as usual, pitiful.

In the senior division J. Lee gave an excellent display to win the first division high jump. No

notable successes were obtained in the sprints, but Spray, Hart and Reeves were always triers. Blackett ran well in the first division mile, 880 yards and 440 yards.

Junior points were scored by K. Simpson, second in third division high jump and fifth in first division hurdles; J. Mackaness, third in first division broad jump; Jamieson, second in second division shot putt; Blackall, second in third division hurdles; and C. Miles, whose performance in running second to the record-breaker in the under 15 100 yards was very commendable.

For the juveniles, F. Liney, J. Rough, J. Holcombe and T. Morling were successful in obtaining points.

The entire team was greatly indebted to Mr. Worth and Mr. Jeffrey for their invaluable services, which were well appreciated.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ.

Before you go any farther, have you done them? If not, turn back to page 6.

1. A Swiss.
2. Untiring.
3. Etherial; should be ethereal.
4. Belgian national anthem.
5. The leader.
6. Rhodes.
7. Grimm.
8. Art.
9. Put it on. It is a tunic or loose coat.
10. 64 feet.
11. Bad eyesight.
12. A group of three.
13. Just a girl.
14. Arthur Sullivan.—"H.M.S. Pinafore."
15. Weight of empty truck.
16. A very energetic musician.

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19-10-10.

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(Mrs.) Gene Wilson.

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