Archibald Memorial Fountain, Sydney

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

A MAGNIFICENT panorama is Sydney, capital city of New South Wales, Australia.

Trade cubes and tall apartments crown the ridges overlooking the bay. There are no Manhattan-like cloud piercers, however, for Sydney has limited her skyward growth to 150 feet, yet position gives impressiveness. Homes sprawl over promontories and spill down the hillsides to the water's edge—a harbor-girdling band of red-tiled roofs and flowering gardens.

And the harbor! "Our harbor" Syndeysiders proudly call it, although on maps it appears under the prosaic name that Captain Cook gave it—Port Jackson. Its multiple arms and innumerable bays and coves loop and snuggle among the hills—intimate, lovely, utilitarian.

From an airplane cockpit this water maze is even more striking than from steamer deck. Its compass is 22 square miles, but so irregular is its pattern that one would have to walk or sail nearly 200 miles to go around its shores. No other harbor is more mingled with the city to provide play space and a haven for the world's rich argosies.

Sleek ocean steamers, rusty freighters, crowded double-decked ferries, speedboats, fussy tugs, and trim, billowly-sailed yachts carve frothy white paths on its ultramarine surface. Commerce also throbs beside several of the bays at engineering works, dockyards, wheat silos, ship-coaling yards, and some 14 miles of wharfage space.

Harbor Bridge Is Colossal

Like a rainbow over the port is the mighty arch of Sydney Harbor bridge. At the time it was opened to traffic, in 1932, forty million fares annually were being collected on cross-harbor ferries.

A constant stream of motor, train, tram, and pedestrian traffic now crosses the 160-foot-wide roadway hanging high in the air from the 1,650-foot span, which at its highest point loops 440 feet above water level.

Of momentary note in this swiftly changing age of the world's "greatest" engineering triumphs is the fact that Sydney Harbor bridge is the longest and widest arch-suspension-type structure that man has yet attempted.

Oceanic steamers tie up at Circular quay in the shadow of this colossus of steel and stone. The genesis of trim Circular quay was Sydney Cove, where the city was born in January, 1788.

The American Revolution, only a few years before, had denied to England a place for her "undesirable" subjects. So to this nook, in "the finest harbour in the world in which a thousand sail in line might ride in most perfect security," came Capt. Arthur Phillip of the English navy when Captain Cook's much publicized Botany bay had been found unsuitable for habitation. His little fleet of 11 ships bore 778 prisoners, together with officers and marine guards.

It should be recalled that "convicts" of that period included many minor offenders and those who fell into political disfavor.

Beginning of the City

Here Captain Phillip became governor and superintended the carving out of a small settlement beside a "stream which stole silently through a very thick wood." Would that he might stand at the water front today and look up the commercial canyons and at the ships moving in and out of port!

Much more would be the awe of some of the less visionary officers who wrote reports back to the homeland, stating that the colony couldn't even be self-supporting in a hundred years! Here in a city where the goodly governor and the officers now may issue dinner invitations without the request, "Bring your own bread!"

Phillip himself visualized his settlement developing with streets 200 feet wide but his ideas were ignored and the city expanded without any definite plan.

Other governors came and went, contributing little or much to Sydney. Notable among them was Governor Macquarie, the "building governor," who held the reins from 1809 to 1822.

Assisting him in his comprehensive building scheme was Francis Howard Greenway, a convict, who became the official architect with the munificent salary of three shillings a day. Greenway's labors endured, as attested by St. James' church, the Conservatorium of Music (designed as Government House stables), and other structures still doing service.

In 1851 came a gold strike in New South Wales. A rush was on. From all over the world arrived seekers after fortunes, as in the California rush of '49. As in our West, many of the diggers later became settlers. More men, more wealth, and more trade boomed Australia. So, too, did Sydney grow.

A City in Transition

Today old buildings are being demolished to make way for new: eateries bear a tattoo on giant steel skeletons of tomorrow's new shops and offices, a pathway is being mowed the ugh two blocks to extend another thoroughfare.

It is a city in transition. Sleek modern buildings of concrete and polished stone surround but do not engulf a Renaissance town hall, a Byzantine market, the Gothic churches, a Tudor castle government house, and an Ionic art gallery. The florid Victorian appearance, however, is rapidly disappearing.

Soon lights proclaim night clubs, theaters, and motion-picture "palaces." Last year Sydney played to crowded houses its first all-Australian musical comedy. Libretto, lyrics, and lines were from Australian pens; beaches and the Blue mountains were its locale.

Great Wool Sales

The Royal Exchange is the largest wool selling center in the world, having displaced London, which held that position for many years. More than a million bales of the golden fleece are auctioned off every year. In addition, there are subsidiaries for tallow, hides, sheepskins, and other pastoral products.

On Saturday afternoons the harbor and Sydney's flying squadron attract doctor, lawyer, business executive, bus driver, dock hand, and shop clerk.

Some devotees are in sweaters and shorts, hauling at sails; others are in flannels, watching from the decks of trim motor craft; hundreds line the rails of special ferries that follow the race; the mid-harbor islands and foreshores along the course are vantage points for still others.

Like a flock of white winging gulls, the competing craft tack and skim over the water. With all canvas gilded on in a fresh nor'easter, it is a beautiful sight.

During the long summer season thousands of the city's sun worshipers resort to the beaches and swimming pools. Nature has provided Australia with 11,862 miles of coastline, along which are innumerable golden-sanded beaches. Around the harbor and along Pacific-laved coast in the immediate vicinity of Sydney there are twenty beaches to choose from.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Uncle Phil Says:

Disregard Troubles

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection.

Happiness is like jam — you can't spread even a little without getting some on yourself.

A smart woman may be able to make a fool of any man but the smarter she is the more often she doesn't do it.

Control Your Life

No life is easy that is not under some firm control.

It is from the physical sciences that the stream of new facts comes fastest.

Punctuality is the politeness of kings—and the insolence of bill collectors.

Talking to one's self is interesting. Why ridicule it?

"K" for Karat

The abbreviation k. stands for karat, which in this sense means the twenty-fourth part, of hence 18-k. gold means a metal eighteen parts gold and six parts other metals, usually copper and silver in proportion to make the desired color. The chief use of alloys, or other metals, is to brace and improve the wearing qualities of gold, which in its pure condition bends and wears easily.

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Sweetness of the Mind

The mind's sweetness has its operation on the body, clothes, and habitation.

God's country is any region where nobody notices your funny accent.

Outdoing Webster on Interpretations

Blue—Sky, a streak, black writing ink.

Green — Lettuce leaves, jealousy, immigrant.

Purple — Violets, rage, some socks.

White — A baby's soul, lilies, blue shirts laundered.

Short-lived — Wife's vacation, wear-ever ties, a blonde's love.

Fresh — Vegetables, paint—that we touch, butter-and-egg men.

Young—Moving picture industry (surface not even scratched), women under fifty.

High—Clouds, mountain peaks, cover charges.

SOOTHING TO TIRED EYES

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A Sure Index of Value

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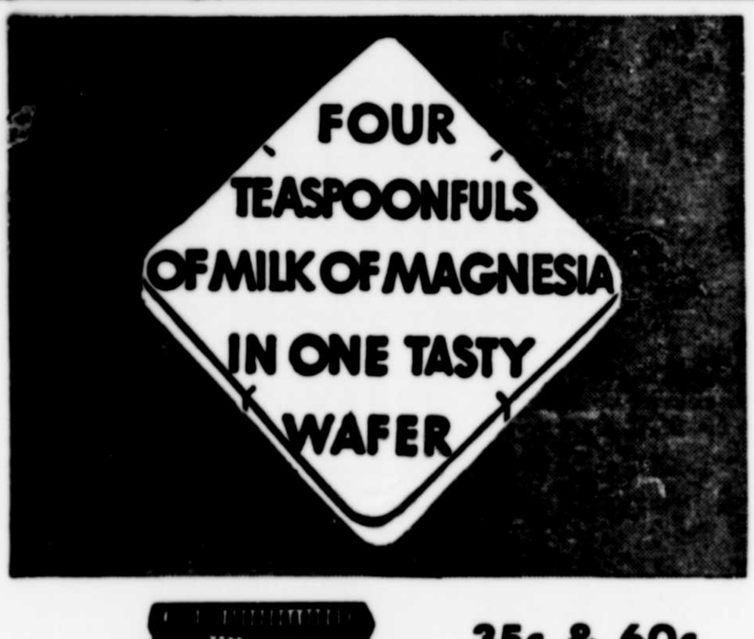

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