

Vol. XIX. No. 1.

November, 1916.

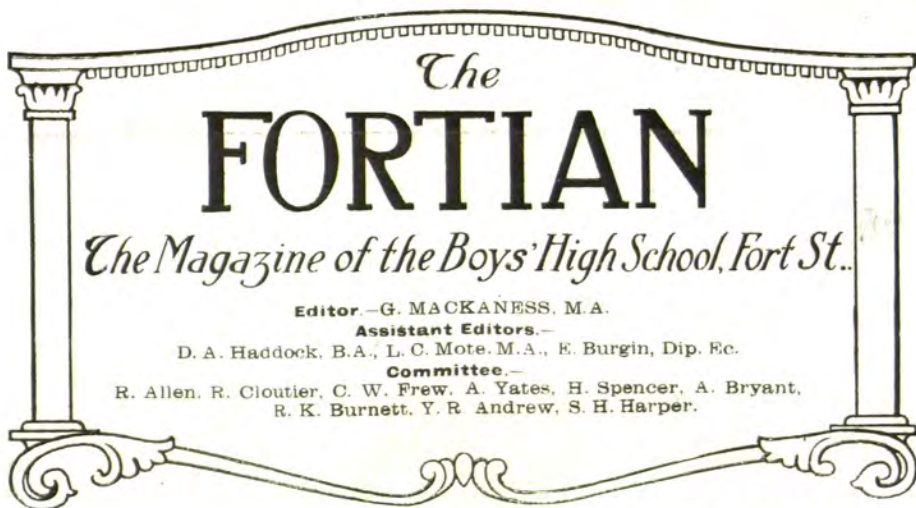
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THE FORTIAN



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



The FORTIAN

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort St.

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Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.
PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, IN FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, AND NOVEMBER.

VOLUME XIX. No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1916. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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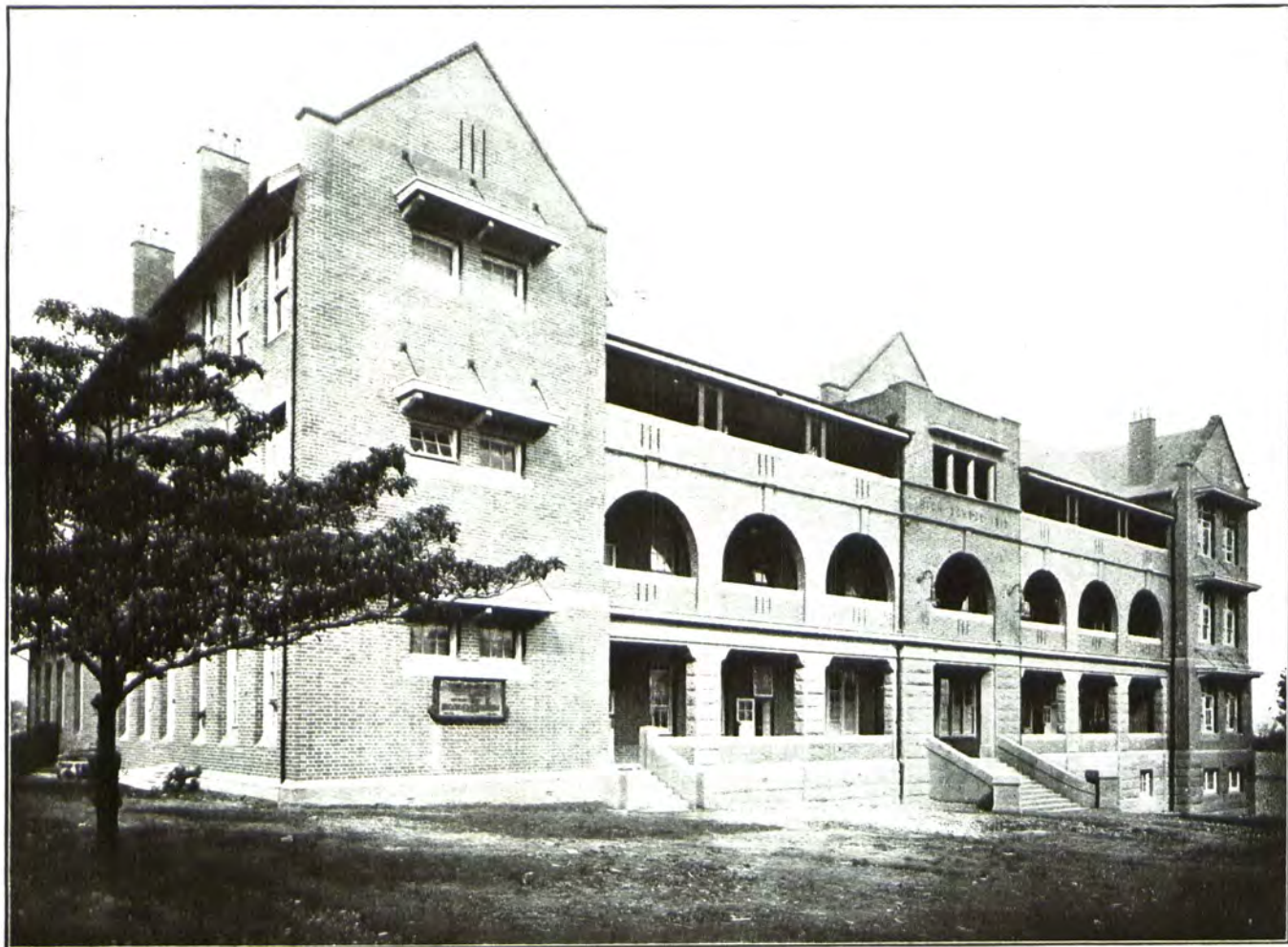
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	D. H. FAYLE	O. J. WALKER
	F. GARLAND	



Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham, N.S.W.



Editorial

Old "Fort Street," sometime Model School, Training College and High School, is no more. For 67 years (1849-1916) it has stood at the head of our educational system, reflecting in its progress the expansion of the State. It is this very expansion which has made necessary the removal of the School from the old historic spot to a locality more in keeping with modern educational requirements.

From its inception the old School enjoyed a high reputation. Just as the history of a nation may be largely written in the biographies of its great men, so is the history for Fort Street largely that of its headmasters. Less favoured than some other institutions by reason of its lack of space and its antiquated building, old Fort Street has always been happy in the choice of its Head. If we revere the memory of the men who originally created the traditions of the School, not less must we recognize the worth of those who have widened and deepened those traditions—men of large heart and wide sympathies, whose influence has been exerted through personal example rather than through magisterial authority. What we *do* depends largely on what we *are*.

Great, therefore, as a scholastic institution, the old School has been greater as a training ground—a moulder of character, a maker of men. In the public life of the State, in commerce and in the learned professions, its students have held prominent place. No more is needed than the mere mention of such names as those of Sir Edmund Barton, Sir Douglas Mawson, Sir Joseph Carruthers, Mr. Justice Ferguson, and Mr. Peter Board, for example, to justify this claim for the Fort Street of the past.

And if Old Boys, who figure so prominently among the visitors on Speech Day, can point with pride to the academic successes of past years, recent students will cite the lists of honours and exhibitions gained in the latter years. And when erstwhile Fortians may claim to be represented on the field of battle by a thousand of their contemporaries, the students of the present will recall the names of those who left the class-room for the trenches and passed straight to the wider sphere of national service. Tradition is strong at Fort Street.

To compare the new buildings with the old were unkind, ungrateful. Many Old Boys, no doubt, will regret the change of locality and of buildings. The new buildings are fine and admirable in many respects—but modernity lacks the associations, the traditions which hallow.

But let them take comfort. The good old colours—maroon and white—evoke our sympathy and stir our enthusiasm wherever we meet them. The pride of a Fortian is not in a building of bricks and mortar, but in the nobler and more enduring edifice of a character moulded and perfected by contact with others who hold dear the ideals which make of all her *alumni* a band of brothers, irrespective of time or locality.

Tradition endures among Fortians.

EDITORIAL.

The Editor wants—(1) news; (2) articles; (3) pictures relating to the school or the boys. Can you help him by sending along some of these. You will find the Editor's box in the corridor. All the pictures and cartoons in,

this issue, with one exception, are the work of Harper, of 4C, whom we thank for his kindness, not only in taking them, but in preparing them for publication. Others of a similar nature are required for future issues.

THE HEADMASTERS OF FORT STREET

A list of headmasters of Fort-street School since its inauguration up to the present time is as follows:—

Mr. Hugh Farrel ..	1850 ..	1850
Mr. O'Driscoll ..	1850 ..	1851
Mr. William Wilkins ..	1851 ..	1854
Mr. Randal MacDonell ..	1854 ..	1854
Mr. John Gardiner ..	1854 ..	1850
Mr. Thomas Harris ..	1850 ..	1862
Mr. J. W. Allpass ..	1862 ..	1867
Mr. F. Bridges ..	1867 ..	1876
Mr. Joseph Coats ..	1876 ..	1876
Mr. W. H. Johnson ..	1876 ..	1880
Mr. Matthew Willis ..	1880 ..	1880
Mr. James Conway ..	1880 ..	1887
Mr. James Dettmann ..	1887 ..	1880
Mr. John W. Turner ..	1880 ..	1905
Mr. A. J. Kilgour ..	1905 ..	—

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(NEXT ROBERTS' HOTEL)



It is a sad task to have to enumerate the names of so many Fortians for whom the Last Post has been sounded. Our list is a large and ever-growing one. This issue we have to extend our deepest sympathy to the parents and relatives of a number of gallant old Fort Street boys who have given their lives for their country.

LANCE-CORPORAL ERIC G. LEASK was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. F. Leask, of Mosman, and was killed in action in France some time in August last. He was born in South Australia March 19th, 1892, and so was only 24 at the time of his death. His career at Fort Street, lasting over four years, was such as to endear him to his masters and fellow students. No one took a keener interest in the School affairs; while he will be long remembered for his skill as a debater and as a contributor to "De Senioribus," the senior M.S. Journal. He matriculated in 1910, and proceeded to the University, where he obtained his B.A. with honours in 1913. He had just completed his theological studies at Camden Congregational College, under the Rev. Principal Thatcher, when in November, 1915, he enlisted in the A.I.F. It was only a few weeks before his departure that he was present at the School, and gave an address to our branch of the Christian Union. His younger brother, Jim, is also on active service.

LIEUTENANT JOHN STEPHEN FERGUSON is another old boy who has joined the great majority. He was seriously wounded in France, and then taken to London, where he died under an anaesthetic. He was accorded a military funeral, which left the residence of his uncle, Mr. J. M. Stevens, of London. Lieutenant Ferguson was an architect and engineer by profession.

LIEUTENANT BERROL MENDEL-
SOHN.—Well known to all Fortians, and especially to swimmers, was

Lieutenant Berrol Mendelsohn, son of Mrs. A. Mendelsohn, of Mosman, who was killed in action in France on 20th July last. Apparently his death must have occurred within a day or two of his reaching the firing line, as a cable had just been received from him from Egypt a week or two before his death. While in Sydney he was very well known as a swimmer, being the champion of the Bondi Club, and frequently competed in our Old Boys' races at the annual carnival. He had been long connected with naval and military affairs, while in civil life he has been since boyhood on the staff of Perdriau and Company.

CAPTAIN WALTER F. SCOBIE, another old Fort Street boy, has been killed in France. He had previously been through the Gallipoli campaign, and had been wounded. He was the youngest son of Mr. R. Scobie, M.L.A., and at the time of his death was 26 years old. He was, till joining the A.I.F., employed as an electrical engineer at the City sub-station. He had long taken an interest in military matters, his connection with the Scottish Rifles dating from the time he left Fort Street, about 1906. His brother Robert is also in khaki, though on latest reports he had not left Egypt.

SAPPER FREDERICK LESLIE
SAINTY (Died of wounds), 1st Field Co. Engineers. Born at Newtown on December 7th, 1897. The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sainty, of Haberfield. He was educated at Fort Street, and up to the time of enlistment he was employed at the North Sydney and Manly Electric Sub-stations. On December 11th, 1915, he sailed for Egypt on the R.M.S. "Mooltan," and after six months' training there, he was transferred to the western front, where he was severely wounded in action near Armentieres. He died of wounds on the 20th July, aged eighteen years and seven months.



CAPT. WALTER F. SCOBIE. (Killed.)



SERGT. A. G. ELDERSHAW. (Killed.)



SAPPER SAINTY (Died of wounds.)



LIEUT. J. S. FERGUSON. (Died of wounds.)

BLOCKS KINDLY
LENT BY
"SYDNEY MAIL."



LIEUT. MENDELSON. (Killed.)



SGT-MJR. ROSE. (Missing)



BUGLER LYON. (Wounded)



LIEUT. W. S. KEMMIS. (Killed.)

SECOND LIEUTENANT WILLIAM SCOTT KEMMIS (killed in France) left Sydney in October last, and was in Egypt up to last April, when he went into the trenches in France. He was the eldest son of Canon Kemmis, of Glen Innes, and was 29 years of age. He was educated at Fort Street, and was a dentist by profession. Before the war he held a commission in the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery. He has left a widow.

SERGEANT ATHOL GALE ELDER-SHAW, third son of Mrs. M. Eldershaw, of Royalist-road, Mosman, who was killed in action in France on July 20, was 21 years of age, and an old Fort Street boy. He was one of the first to offer his services on the outbreak of war, and enlisted as a private with the New Guinea forces. On returning he re-enlisted.

CAPTAIN FRED R. RANSON (missing). Another old Fort Street boy. Fred Ranson, has been reported among the missing. He spent several years at the School, and left to take up a position in the Department of Lands, where he rose to be a draughtsman. He is the fourth son of Mr. E. S. Ranson, of Strathfield. Another brother—also a Fort Street boy—J. F. Ranson, B.A., LL.B., is also on active service.

SERGEANT H. SHERRING. Mr. G. W. Sherring, Upper Avenue road, Mosman, has been notified that his elder son, Sergt. Horrie Sherring, has been wounded in the left leg by shrapnel, and that he is in hospital at Manchester. Prior to enlisting Sergeant Sherring was a member of the computing staff of the "Sydney Morning Herald." His brother Jack was also wounded, but is now back in the firing line.

LIEUTENANT COLLIER. Mr. Thos. Collier, of Roseville, has been notified by the Defence Department that his son, Lieutenant Clarence Collier, has been wounded in France. Lieutenant Collier, who is a Sydney solicitor, was a member of the first expeditionary force that went to Rabaul. After returning to Sydney he re-enlisted, and, passing through the officers' school, left for Egypt with his battalion, of which the late Lieutenant-Colonel Norris was commanding officer.

LIEUT. GEORGE BEST, M.C. News has just come to hand that Lieut. George Best, an old Fort-street boy, who enlisted in England, has been awarded the Military Cross for valorous conduct in action. He passed the Senior in 1906, then went

to the University, where he obtained his B.E. degree in 1910. He has the heartiest congratulations of all Fortians on this great honour which has been conferred on him.

LIEUT. G. H. PUGH.—Mrs. R. Pugh, of Victoria-street, Marrickville, has received news that her son, Lieut. G. H. Pugh, has been killed in action in France. He was educated at Fort-street. In 1908 he was a member of the winning team in the Roth Challenge Shield for life-saving. He was a leading member of the Sydney Swimming Club, and also a prominent Rugby Union footballer. In 1912 he visited America with an Australian Rugby Union team. He enlisted in July, 1915, with the 4th Battalion, and left Sydney in the following October as second lieutenant. In France recently he took part in two charges at Pozieres, and was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. Recently a letter was received in Sydney from him, saying that he had been appointed acting captain on the staff.

Q.M.S. FRANK H. QUICK. Another Old Boy killed in action is Q.M.S. Frank H. Quick, only son of Mr. W. T. Quick, of "Roslyn," Albert-street, Petersham, the date of whose death is reported as 20th July last. He was 30 years of age, and was on the staff of the Alliance Insurance Co.

L.-CORP. E. W. HAYES.—It is with deep regret also that we notice the death from wounds of Lance-Corp. E. W. Hayes ("Wal"), the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hayes, "Verona," Lindfield, who passed right through the School, and gained his L.C. with honours in 1914. He then took up Law, and was articled to Mr. F. G. Lane, of Messrs. Kershaw, Matthews and Lane.

THREE BROTHERS FIGHTING.

There are three of the well-known Duff family, ex Fortians, now on active service. They have always figured prominently in the life of Fort Street, and particularly in the domain of swimming. Acting Captain William Watson Duff, who passed the Intermediate exam, several years ago, is O.C. 5th Reinforcements 51st Batt., 13th Brigade. Lieut. John E. Duff is an officer in the famous Highland Regiment, the 3rd Black Watch, while Leslie Duff has enlisted, and is now in camp.



L.-Corp. E. W. HAYES

(Died of wounds).

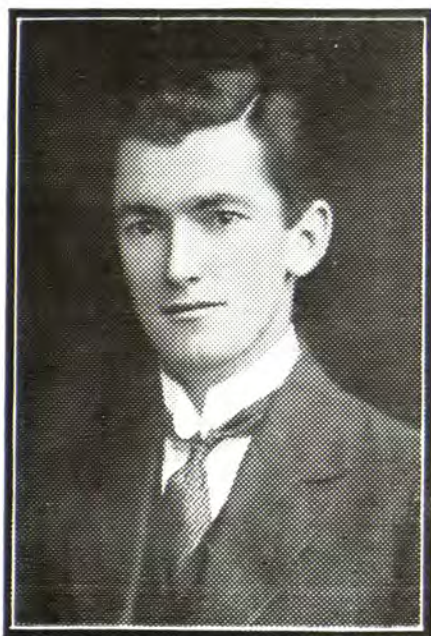
Block kindly lent by "Herald."



Pte. W. J. W. St. LEDGER

(Killed).

Block kindly lent by "Daily Telegraph"



LANCE-CORPL. ERIC GRAHAM
LEASK.

(Killed.)

Block kindly lent by "Herald"



Sapper HARDMAN

(Killed)

Killed in Action.

Lieut. Berrol Mendelsohn.
 Lieut. John Stephen Ferguson, 14th
 Field Engineers.
 Captain W. F. Scobie.
 Pte. W. J. W. St. Ledger.
 Sapper Fred. Sainty.
 Lance-corporal E. G. Leask.
 Pte. Clifton Hardman (8/8/16)
 Lieut. W. S. Kemmis
 Lieut. G. H. Pugh.
 Pte. E. Warren.
 Pte. William R. Greathead.
 Pte. Alan Fry.
 Q.M.S. Frank H. Quick.
 Pte. Frank Phelan.
 L.-Corp. E. W. Hayes.
 Sergt. D. Webber.

Missing.

Capt. F. R. Ransom.
 Pte. Alex. McKee
 Company Sgt.-Major W. H. C. Rose
 Sergt.-Major W. C. H. Rose.
 Pte. John C. Thompson.

Wounded.

Bugler Harold White.
 Sergt. Will Lyon (severely).
 Pte. Carl F. Johnson.
 Pte. Clive Brindley.
 Capt. A. R. Edwards.
 2nd Lieut. S. V. Dolton.
 Trooper Leslie Gregory.
 Pte. Archie L. Gowing (seriously).
 Lieut. G. Stanley Holmes.
 Pte. Wm. Dent.
 Sgt. H. Sherring.
 Lieut. Clarence Collier.
 Pte. Reg. Nancarrow.
 Gunner Frank L'Estrange.
 Capt. Alan Wright.
 Pte. Harold Mietzke
 Pte. A. E. J. O'Dwyer
 Pte. Jessell Alexander.
 Pte. R. W. Eve (second occasion).
 Pte. R. Nancarrow.
 Lieut. Ray Evatt
 Pte. Wallace Freeborn.
 Pte. Jack Small.

Enlistments.

The following are names of old boys who have answered their country's call since our last list was published:—

Pte. Frank Calphy
 Pte. Robert Alex. Davis
 Pte. William H. Anderson (Artillery).
 Pte. Geoffrey Hales (Artillery)
 Pte. Robert S. Steel (Artillery)
 Pte. Ernest Steel (Artillery)
 Pte. John Morgan (Artillery)
 Pte. George Hansel (Artillery)
 Lieut. Everard Judd
 Pte. Edgar Hansman
 Pte. W. F. C. Russell (B. Co., 45th
 Batt.)

Pte. James Drummond (A.S.C.)
 Gunner Oswald P. McGibbon
 (Field Artillery)
 Gunner Harold Rabone
 Gunner F. M. Davidson
 Pte. S. Williams.
 Sergt. N. Norris.
 Pte. Geo. Wm. Ferguson.
 Pte. Eric Bennett.
 Sergt. Leonard Watmough.
 Capt. W. W. Duff.
 Lieut. J. E. Duff.
 Pte. L. E. Duff.
 Pte. Walter L. Berry, A.M.C.
 Pte. John Parkinson, A.M.C.
 Pte. H. Clifford.
 Pte. Alan Murphy (Machine Gun Section).
 Pte. Alfred Essenhigh, A.M.C.
 Lieut. W. A. Douglas, 1st Batt.
 Pte. Walter Lyall Berry, A.M.C.
 Pte. John Parkinson, A.M.C.
 Sergt. R. G. Brown.
 Pte. Arthur Beckett.
 Pte. James Karistinos.
 Pte. Thomas Knox (Machine Gun Section).
 Pte. H. Montgomery.
 Pte. John McCarthy.
 Pte. Frank McCarthy.
 Sergt. L. E. Hudson.
 Sergt. F. Humphrey.
 Pte. I. Irwin.
 Corp. R. Lessing.
 Pte. Fredk. Jones.
 Pte. J. Feather.
 Pte. Fergus Patterson.
 Lieut. Eric McKay.
 Pte. Keith Chatfield.
 Pte. E. Barwick.
 Gunner J. R. McCarthy.
 Pte. Ronald Cohen (Field Artillery).
 Pte. Edward Cohen (7th Light Horse).
 Lieut. George Leslie Sadler.
 L.-corp. Jack Hankin.
 Gunner James Parker.
 Corporal B. Weingott.
 Pte. John Hilton Brooks, A.A.M.C.
 Pte. A. G. A. Skinner, 10th A.S.C.
 Pte. Douglas Haig, Aviator, Hendon.
 Pte. B. H. Baird.
 Gunner H. H. Edwards.
 Gunner C. W. Penprase.
 Pte. W. Rigney
 Pte. R. Kinninmont.
 Pte. F. T. Norman
 Pte. E. A. C. Jones.
 Pte. A. W. Rees.
 Pte. Alf. Stubbs.
 Pte. W. Warden.
 Bdr. G. P. Somerville, 7th Field Artillery.
 Gunner C. H. Cooke, 28th Battery, 7th Field Artillery.
 Sergt. N. Magner, 7th R., 30th B.
 Pte. F. E. Magner, A.M.C.
 Chaplain Captain Thomas Terry.
 Trooper Eric Adair Long, 2nd A.L.H.
 Pte. Albert Perkes.
 Pte. James Marshall.
 Gunner A. S. Taylor, 2R., 14th Machine Gun Company.

Gunner Albert Dale Pattison, 5th F.A.
 Signaller Frederick Dale Pattison, 7th
 A.L.H.
 Pte. Thomas Leslie Robertson, 11R,
 2B.
 Staff-sergt Major L. C. Robertson.
 Pte. John Hilton Brooks, 7R., 5th
 Field Ambulance, A.A.M.C.
 Pte. Leo. Cambourn.
 Pte. F. Lancaster.
 Pte. Frank Coy, A.A.S.C.
 Pte. Leslie Coy, A.F.A.
 Pte. Thos. Butler.
 Pte. Jack Goodsir.
 Pte. Roy Magnussen, A.F.A.
 Pte. William Burroughs.
 Pte. John Hughes.
 Pte. C. McIntosh.
 Pte. Charles Brown.
 Lieut. Claude Prior.
 Pte. W. Bolton.
 Pte. Clive Fryer.
 Pte. W. Barns.
 Pte. H. McIntosh.
 Pte. Eric Moss, A.M.C.
 Pte. H. O'Keefe, A.M.C.
 Corp. M. Morphett, 1st B. Inf.
 Corp. Arthur Y. Jennings, 1st B. Inf.
 Compy. Sergt.-Major C. A. H. Cox.
 Pte. Thomas Ross.
 Lieut. Eric Main.
 Lieut. N. Main.
 Corp. E. C. Dearman, 9th Field Co.,
 Engineers.
 L.-corp. R. V. Dearman, 9th Field Co.,
 Engineers.
 Pte. Harry Menzies, A.M.C.
 Gunner James Lawler.
 Pte. Thomas Lloyd, 8R, 30th B.
 Pte. H. G. Pollyblank, Field Sec.,
 Y.M.C.A.
 Capt. C. Hellstrom, A.M.C.
 Lieut. Geo. Baldick
 Pte. Alan Halgren.
 Pte. Arthur Halgren.
 Lieut. George Douglas, Dental Corps.
 Lieut. A. B. Snodgrass.
 Capt. W. K. Flook, A.M.C.
 Pte. Raymond Green, North Irish
 Horse.
 Sergt. Watmough, Machine Gun Sec-
 tion.
 Sergt. Wm. Chapman, 9R., 17B.
 Pte. George Wilkie, 8 F. Engineers.
 Corp. Roy Dean, A.M.C.
 Lieut. Harry Bowler.
 Trooper R. C. Wilson, 17R., 1st A.L.H.
 Pte. Eric Kelly.
 Pte. Gerald Garling.
 Capt. Leslie Harrison, A.M.C.
 Lieut. Vincent Molloy, Engineers.
 Lieut. J. R. Ranson, Trench Mortar
 Battery.
 Capt. Fred. Ranson, Infantry.
 Pte. Cyril Read.
 Lieut. L. Renshaw.
 Lieut. C. W. Thomas.
 Lieut. Thos. Wilkins, Engineers.
 Pte. John Churchill.
 Pte. George Taylor.
 Pte. R. S. Clifford.
 Pte. A. V. Clifford.

Pte. H. Roboul.
 Pte. Clive Neill.
 Pte. D. Lane.
 Pte. Eric Edwards.
 Pte. Cyril Martin.
 Pte. Albert Lewis.
 Capt. Guy Lawrence, A.M.C.
 Capt. W. H. Roberts, A.M.C.
 Pte. Norman Hargreaves.

A father taking his son to his old
 school tells him:
 To set the Cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
 To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes!
 To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth.

Yet be sure,
 Among the lights that gleam and pass,
 You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder
 brass:
 "Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
 The frontier-grave is far away,—
 "Qui ante diem perit!"
 Sed miles, sed pro patria."

Henry Newbolt: "Clifton Chapel."

SCHOOL OFFICERS FOR 1917.

On the 24th October the election for
 Captain of the School during 1917 was
 held in the Library, every senior being
 present. The choice fell on Roy Head.
 We congratulate him on the honour con-
 ferred on him, and are confident that he
 will prove a worthy successor to the
 very fine fellows who have been his pre-
 decessors in this office.

The Headmaster has appointed the
 following seniors as Prefects for 1917:—
 Arnott, Hart, Hansman, Garland, Tester,
 McIntyre, Hotten, Egan, Lewis, Spencer,
 Boyle, Barnett, Kirkpatrick, and Ellis
 Munro.

The election of Senior Prefect lies in
 the hands of the Prefects only. They
 have unanimously chosen Ellis Munro
 for this office. Our congratulations to
 all.

We are pleased to note the appoint-
 ment of Mr. R. C. Taylor as Tutor in the
 Department of Tutorial Classes, Sydney
 University.

 HONOURS FOR FORTIANS.

We are greatly pleased to have to note that three other Fortians have won, in addition to George Best, military honours. These are the Military Cross to Lieut. Alick Small, the D.C.M. to Gunner Norman Hargreaves, and the D.C.M. to Sergt. Eric Hellstrom. Of the two latter we have no information, but of the former we learn that on July 7th Alick had to lead his platoon over more than 400 yards of no-man's land, in the initial attack on Contalmaison. When eventually reaching the German trench

he found it deserted except for a single wounded German. But he had six men only left with him, all that survived the attack out of two platoons. With these six men he had to hold a trench that needed 100 men to defend. The position being hopeless, and word having come from his superiors, the trench had to be abandoned. Other regiments fared similarly to Alick's, and so the withdrawal was general. Contalmaison was not captured till a couple of days afterwards.

 DOINGS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

"The University,"
August, 1916.

Dear Fortians,

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

Now that Fort Street has departed from the old historic site, it behoves us old boys at the University to keep in touch with the "New School" in order to link the "old" with the "new" in the long and glorious chain of tradition, so dear to the heart of every Fortian. With this idea in view, thanks to the timely advice of your worthy editor, it is our intention to furnish each quarter an account of the doings of Fortians at the University.

In these sad and eventful times, it is with pride that we Fortians view the response which our comrades of the old School have made to the call of arms. Not without regret, however, for while we read of glorious deeds performed, we bow our heads in saddened pride at the loss of old colleagues of former days. Only a few weeks ago have we heard of the loss of Eric G. Leask, one of our finest debaters both at School and at the University. A graduate in arts, a student of theology, Eric Leask was what he claimed to be, a true and practical Christian. He was also prominent in athletics, and will be remembered by older Fortians as a walker of no mean prowess. Our hearts well out in deepest sympathy to his bereaved family, and we sadly realise that their loss is ours, for such a Fortian could ill be spared. It is with profound regret also that we learn that A. McKee, an old boy, and a brother of John McKee (Med. V.) is posted missing in France.

Capt. Archie Collins (A.M.C.), one of Fort Street's distinguished old boys, and one time acting Medical Superintendent at Prince Alfred Hospital, is on active

service. Captain Les Harrison (A.M.C.) has also gone to the front. Norman Esserman (B.Sc. and Eng. III.) is leaving for England shortly to enter upon duties as a munition worker.

There is a dearth of news at the University just now. In the Medical School the men in their final year have been working double time in order to graduate earlier and go on war service. The men in earlier years have just completed a strenuous week of "Finals." They have the best wishes of all Fortians for their success. The Senate of the University is also considering the advisability of accelerating their curriculum. "Boyd" Tunks (of Med. V.) is at present filling an appointment at Callan Park as a clinical clerk. Fred Liggins, of the same year, is a prominent leader in the Students' Christian Union and Social Service Movement. In this respect the University has acquired charge of a block of land at French's Forest. Fortians are taking an active part in this good work. Fred Liggins and Bert Evatt being specially ardent. Liggins, Rivett and Holland are also doing yeoman service in the social branch of the Christian Union. They have founded a boys' club in the city for the denizens of the slums. Elsewhere in social service work Fortians are playing the leading roles.

Drs. Guy Lawrence (Guido) and "Bill" Roberts are resident medical officers at North Shore Hospital. Guido and Bill are like the Siamese twins—they refuse to be parted. Dr. Roy Wilbur ("Jumbo") is at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, and Dr. H. A. C. Wall ("Sadie") is at St. Vincent's. Dr. Wall has just returned from the front, while the three former intend leaving shortly for active service.

H. V. (Bert) Evatt (Law) one time Captain of the School, is serving as



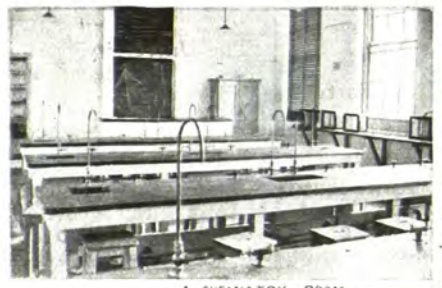
FEEDING THE LIONS



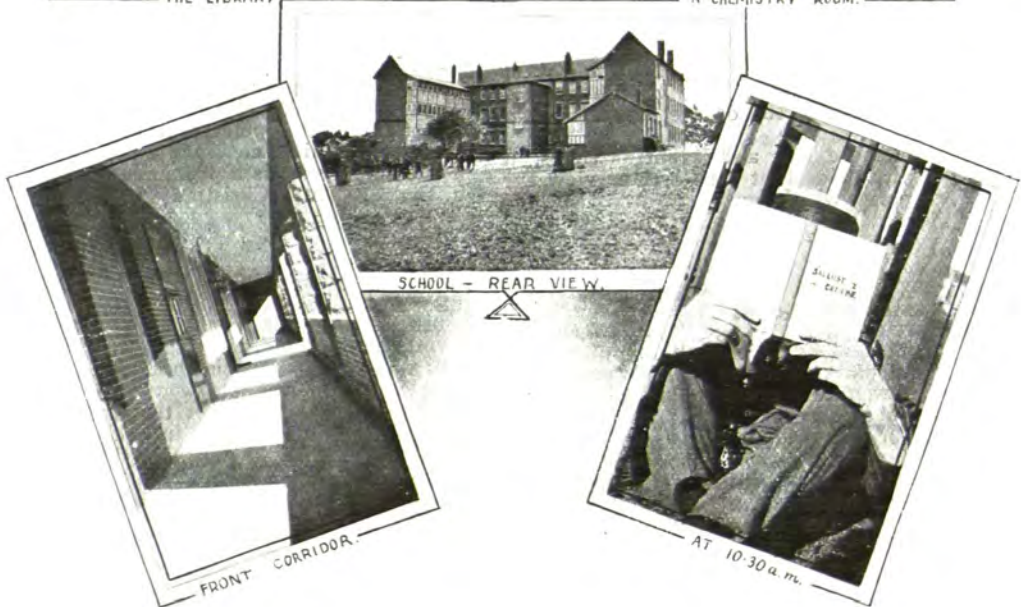
A GROUP OF PREFECTS



THE LIBRARY



A CHEMISTRY ROOM.



SCHOOL - REAR VIEW.



FRONT CORRIDOR.



AT 10-30 a.m.

Some School Views.

advocate to the Chief Justice, Sir Wm. Cullen. He is also president of the Union.

"Jock" Morgan (Arts II. and Med. I.) has become famous as a half-back, and plays in the 1st XV. He also has enlisted.

I am afraid, dear Fortians, that this letter is somewhat uninteresting, but I feel sure you will forgive me when I promise you more news in my next venture. Time has been short to gather much data, and I was on the verge of imitating Dick Steele and commencing moralising, in short to proffer you advice which I have not followed, and to extol certain virtues which I cannot claim to possess. However, the fear of having been (and I was always rebuked for it at school) already too verbose, has deterred me. Accordingly, I crave just one word more. When you come up to the University (and I hope many

of you do), remember your old School motto—*Faber est suae quisque Fortunae*. Let it be your golden rule, for, believe me, your success at the University depends wholly and solely upon your own individual efforts; or in the words of one of your own teachers, a brilliant academic career depends upon two things, viz., one-tenth ability and nine-tenths hard work.

My candle is now burnt low, the grim spectres of acute appendicitis and granular contracted kidney arise and mock me, and all the incarnated fiends of *Materia Medica* haunt me with the knowledge that they have still to be mastered. Farewell, then, for the present, but remember (as the melodramatist has it) we will meet again next term. With assurances of having more news for my next letter.

I am, yours faithfully,

"AESCULAPIUS."

SIDELIGHTS FROM THE RECENT MILITIA CAMP.

We have received from several correspondents accounts of the pleasant time spent at the University Scouts' Militia Camp. We cull several of the choicest extracts:—

(A.)

Doubtless the "Colonel," who was appointed cook at the camp at 10s. per day, has not satisfied the tastes of "Epicure," who says:—

"Doubtless the men of the future, i.e., the supermen, will regard with wonder and curiosity the army biscuits and other luxuries supplied and cooked for those who went through the recent Scouts' Camp. Our daily menu was as follows:—

"6.15 a.m.—**Coffee.** This consisted of chickory plus water plus ?

Army biscuits. Iron ration, good stout iron, in junks, said to be a by-product of the State brick works, and to be used as a foundation for Parramatta-road if it is ever repaired.

"7.45 a.m.—**Chops.** Steelite brand, thoroughly seasoned, frequently used as half soles.

Bread. From State Metal Quarries.

"12.45 p.m.—**Stew.** Alias shadow soup, prepared by photographing the image of a pound of steak on the glistening surface of a gallon of boiling water. Very nourishing.

Or, **Curry.** A thing of deep mys-

tery, made of water, rice, glue (chiefly), and curry. High flavour—very high!

Or, **Boiled Mutton.** From State Abattoirs. Much 'mutton,' very little 'boiled.'

Mashed rice and currants. Bread.

"5.15 p.m.—**Jam.** Either quince or plum. 'Rabbit' brand, similar variety to that squatters use for exterminating 'bunnies' in the country.

Bread. New variety, similar to that used in construction of new Commonwealth Bank. Specific gravity, very high.

Tea. Left over from last meal, or was it from last Camp?"

"The cost of kicking a stone while in camp is reported to be five shillings."

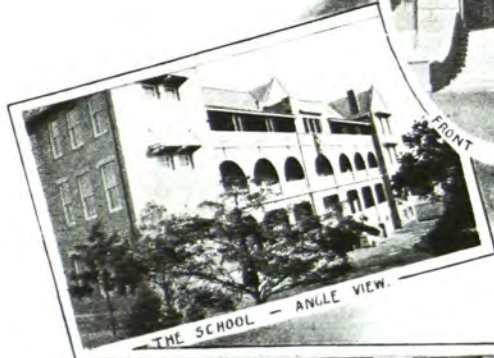
"We slept in the Poultry Pavilion (fowl-house), we washed in the Pig Pens, dined in the Sheep Pens, and, very appropriately, held our entertainments in the Canary Pavilion."

"One member of 'C' Company had a wonderful adventure with a blackbird, which nearly cost him a week's C.B., but his penalty was remitted to four days' pioneering."

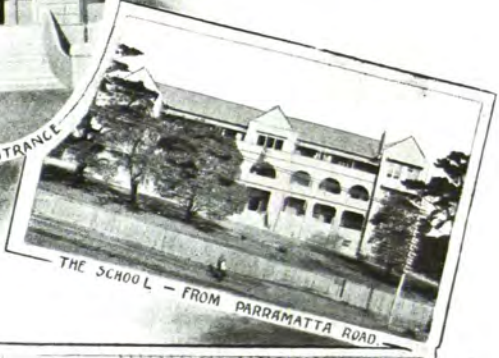
"We often hear the remark, 'He's made his own bed, let him sleep on it.' This, however, did not apply to one who occupies a seat next the door of Room No. 5. They did **not** let him sleep on it."



FRONT ENTRANCE



THE SCHOOL - ANGLE VIEW.



THE SCHOOL - FROM PARRAMATTA ROAD.



THE SENIOR ROOM.



THE QUADRANGLE



THE OPENING CEREMONY



Our New Building.

OPENING CEREMONY OF OUR NEW SCHOOL.

On August 18th our new School was officially opened by the Premier, Mr. Holman, before a large representative assembly, including the Minister and Director of Education, Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. Peter Board, C.M.G., Mr. Cohen, M.L.A., Mr. R. Hoskins, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Professors Carslaw and Mackie, Mrs. F. Bridges, Mr. H. S. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Coghlan, Mr. A. J. Hare, Mr. Q. L. Deloitte, Rev. Dr. Marden, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Elliott, Colonel Wells, Miss A. Partridge, Mr. L. E. Lawford, Professor Vonwiller, Mr. Les Cotton, Mr. A. Sinclair, M.L.C., Mr. S. Lasker, Er. Willis Mayors of local municipalities, and many others. The Premier congratulated the Headmaster, Mr. A. J. Kilgour, B.A., LL.B., who was in the chair, on having charge of such a magnificent building. The School was unique in being entirely constructed of material from State works, and in being situated on such a large area of open ground. Mr. Holman outlined the Department's new schemes for extending commercial and agricultural education, promising greater instructional opportunities for pupils intending to go on the land.

Messrs. Griffith, Board and Cohen each offered their congratulations on pos-

sessing these new premises, and wished the new School even greater success (in its new surroundings) than it had earned in the old.

The ceremony closed with the National Anthem and cheers for King, Country, School and Headmaster, after which the visitors were entertained in the handsomely appointed Masters' Room, prettily decorated and sweetly perfumed with wattle and daffodils.

During the afternoon the visitors were piloted through the long corridors, imposing staircases and commodious classrooms of the lofty three-storied structure. Many youthful artists had vied with each other in decorating the Schoolrooms, whose handsome pictures gained the admiration of all. The Chemistry and Physics Laboratories were attractively set out in the gay colours of various experiments. A special attraction was the spacious Library, with its handsome maple tables and bookcases furnished with an unusually wide selection of books, and its wide balcony commanding a magnificent panorama of the suburbs. Altogether, the function was worthy of the highest traditions of our School, and is the first, we trust, of a long series of brilliant celebrations in our new home.

A SENIOR'S LAMENT.

I was interviewing a Senior one day last week.

"And how do you like the new school?" I asked during our conversation.

"Well, it is beautiful; it is convenient to tram and train; it is delightfully cool (in winter), it has a glorious library, amusement is provided for Small Boys and Seniors—"

"Oh," I interrupted, "so amusement is provided?"

"Yes," he replied; "the electric lights amuse the Small Boys, and the Seniors have many opportunities to watch motor cars, but—"

"Ah! something is detracting from your enjoyment of coming to the new school?" I questioned, congratulating myself that I was carrying out a cross-examination just like a reporter or a lawyer.

"Well," he replied, stretching himself in the languid fashion of Seniors, and speaking slowly and deliberately as becomes a Senior who has perused day after day the inimitable Essays of Bacon, "there are no girls at the New High School!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, in ironical fashion, just like a lawyer, "so young women are helpful to studying Seniors, then, are they?"

"Well," he growled, "I reckon they are a necessary commodity at a school, anyhow." Then, resuming his ordinary manner of speaking, "Do you remember those arched Romanesque style of windows in the old Senior Room? The girls always had their exams, at a different time to us, and during our half-yearlies I would sit by the window and chew the end of my pen till my head ached and my thoughts began to wander instead of concentrate. Ah! it was then that the girls helped me. Oh! no!"—in answer to my inquiring look—"there was no note-throwing, or anything like that, but the sight of the multi-coloured clusters would kind of inspire a chap, and remind him that there was work to be done.

"One would get the same sort of inspiration if one stood at these old windows at about 8.50, and watched the crowd come up the avenue. One could always tell if there was any special day on. Bundles and boxes of violets for

Violet Day; flags and flowers, things to be raffled on Australia Day and Allies' Day; wattle for Wattle Day; and, last but not least, green for St. Patrick's Day. No, the girls were never afraid or ashamed to wear the old green!

"Yes! I say, sir, the days of chivalry are gone!"—here the Senior banged his fist hard on the table, making the pens dance—"the days of chivalry are gone! No longer shall ye ancient Troubadour (he is exceedingly skilful with the harp), no longer shall ye ancient Troubadour escort Rowena of the Court, no longer

shall Mai de Rosebud shower her favours on knights who have distinguished themselves, for, alas! they are no more. Ah! those happy days, they are no more! We have gone out of an historical building, and are leaving historical associations! *Hinc illae lacrimae!* No, sir, my muse won't work—I cannot give you that poem I promised for the "Fortian till next issue—"

And he opened his copy of Bacon's Essays.

X.

"KUBLA KHAN."

Revised Version.

(With sincere apologies to Coleridge and all his admirers.)

In Petersham did Kubla Khan
A stately house of fame decreed,
Where many a kindly, learned man
Should teach the young Australian
To earn his L.S.D.

Full three floors high the dome did rise;
The universe it seemed to fill;
It towered to the wondering skies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,
The palace on the hill.

In meadows bright with daisies pied,
On sloping bank, and grassy dip,
The bee from flower to flower did glide,
And, just across the other side—
There was a rubbish tip.

But what avail'd such strength and grace
(Valhalla lit with Phoebus' beam),
Without some grand, immortal race,
Supple of form and fair of face,
To make its name supreme.

They came, I saw them as they came,
With measured step along they strode
(All large of head and loose of frame,
And some were halt, or blind, or lame),
Down Parramatta-road.

No curious glance to either flank
At ancient oak or towering pine,
No jest they made, no childish prank,
But ope'd their bags and down they sank
With Sallust's Catiline.

But, sad to say, this mystic clan—
Foredoomed to sin by Adam's fall—

Declined in grace, like ancient man,
Laid down their books, and all began
To play football.

Beneath a tree guard's chequered shade
An orator gave utterance free;
Part Cicero and partly Wade,
Extensive knowledge he displayed
Of Hughes' policy.

But hark! what sound is this I hear?—
The far-off music of a bell;
With lagging feet, and faces drear,
They troop along from far and near
Into the quadrangle.

They take their ranks—all noise is hush'd,
When lo! an automobile toots;
HE comes, with pale cheek faintly
flush'd,
He sees the hair is nicely brushed,
Inspects the teeth and boots.

Unstay'd, I reach the second floor;
My eye the varied prospect drinks;
But swift from out an unseen door
Are wafted odours all abhor,
This is the Hall of Stinks.

With frenzied haste I turn to fly—
Our Anzac sternly blocks the way;
I see the murder in his eye;
He yells: "Are you a German spy?"
I didn't wait to say.

—R. K. B.

They say all poets woo the Muse—
A dictionary is what I use,
—R. K. B.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Mr. Kilgour has received many letters from Old Boys at the front, including two from Bugler Will Lyon. The first letter, written on board a troopship in the Mediterranean Sea, gives an account of the voyage from Australia to Egypt, and the writer's subsequent movements up to the time of approaching Marseilles.

Bugler Lyon, in one portion of his letter, says:—

"While marching through Heliopolis one day I recognised Mr. Fraser. He recognised me, too, but as I was on the march we were unable to converse. However, I am afraid it would not do for me to mention the name of every Fortian I have met since leaving. On the 'Argyllshire' there were Lts. Sewall and Cuthbert, Ptes. Swallow and Freeborn, Hutchinson, Young, and myself, while on this ship ("Ingoma") there are really too many to enumerate, though Sgt. Evatt, Ptes. Reg. Nancarrow, Jack Thompson, — Siddaway, and Roberts are among the number. It would be safe to say that any Fortian enlisting would not be long without a friend."

The second missive, written under date 7th July, 1916, from the 1st Southern General Hospital, Birmingham, details the landing in France, and subsequent events up to the time when Bugler Lyon was wounded in the thigh by a shrapnel bullet on June 25.

After a most interesting journey of 60 hours through France, which provided a pleasant contrast to the desert sands of Egypt, the unit relieved the Northumberland Fusiliers near Armentières, at a point called Bois Grenier. Here the men had to endure a bombardment with gas shells, of the asphyxiating as well as of the "weeping" type. On the night of May 5th "Old Fritz" put over 20,000 shells on a front of 300 yards in two hours. Pte. Nancarrow, an ex-Fortian, was wounded on this occasion, but is now convalescent. About a month later a shell pierced the officers' dug-out, killing Capt. Ferguson and Lt. Campling, and wounding Lt. Barlow. Lt. Broadbent was unhurt.

Bugler Lyon continues: "I was wounded by shell fire on the eve of June 25th. The enemy were shelling with 4.2's, and from a shrapnel burst in the air a piece struck me in the left thigh, rather low down and on the inside. I was indeed fortunate that the piece did not strike either the bone or artery, for it is a fair size, and would have done considerable damage. As it is now, it is a matter of time before I shall be able to walk, when I hope to rejoin my unit."

In a letter to Mr. Mackaness, Trumpeter Alan Dyce remarks that he has passed through quite a number of novel experiences. Anent the journey from Suez to Cairo, he exclaims: "Imagine a Fort-street senior sleeping on the floor of a third class carriage devoted to the conveyance of niggers from 2 a.m. till 5.30 a.m., and being grateful for the chance to sleep!"

An attack of mumps gave Tr. Dyce an enforced holiday of three weeks in No. 4 Hospital.

Bivouacs in horse stables were followed by camping in open trucks—40 men to a truck—the landscape revealing nothing but "sand, dirty niggers, and flies."

Geo. Thompson, — England, Stubbins, J. Craven, and — Mackenzie were among the number of ex-Fortians whom Trumpeter Dyce met near Cairo. The receipt of a copy of the "Fortian" afforded great pleasure—especially the examination results.

Angus Leslie, another ex-Fortian, writing to Mr. Kilgour, under date 21/4/16, from Ferry Post, on the Suez Canal, mentions that going for a swim on the first day of his arrival, he met Hildebrand and Tom Ross. He fell in with Rutledge and Powell subsequently. He prophesies that Hal, Kinnimont's 60secs. for the 100 yards will be beaten easily at the "Anzac Carnival," since there are many Fort-street boys among the competitors, and there is a current to help.

Like others, the writer expresses his indebtedness to the school for the knowledge of French which he has already found very useful. He expects that on entering France he will have a still greater debt to acknowledge. He is still keeping "close down to the school motto: 'Faber est,' etc."

An Old Boy who was at Gallipoli writes:—We do not get about all day with long, serious faces—not we; we have our games and jokes just as much as before. I think amongst our crowd we have the champion wag. He keeps us all alive; no matter how adverse the circumstances, his unquenchable spirits always keep up right on top. He has attempted on several occasions to start a trench paper, but owing to shortage of materials, adverse circumstances, and Johnny Turk, it proved very disheartening, so after sundry editions he let the matter drop. However, I am quoting extracts from the sundry editions of that powerful organ, "Ruthless Times":—

"Shells permitting" is the cautious proviso of the editor when announcing a

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have obtained entry direct from the College into the Leading Commercial and Financial Institutions of the State, and in the Government Departments of the State and Commonwealth.

"Remington House," Liverpool Street, Sydney
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Call and inspect our unique systems

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"quick-firing number," with which will be given away an armoured "plate," warranted to turn "Mauser" bullets.

He puts a joke up on our champion grumbler (who is destined to suffer from dissatisfaction till eternity). Having been wounded, Private Grumbler was evacuated, and managed to hit England. While in the hospital there he found a yearning message from a girl donor on a new-laid egg. "Will you write?" was scrawled underneath her address. The grumbler did. Sitting up in the bed with the butt end of his indelible he fired off on a postcard, "Your egg was bad!"

During the heavy rainstorm on Anzac a "wet" edition was issued. Notice was published, on account of appalling oceans of mud, to the effect that: "Ration and fatigue parties swimming to the firing line must keep a sharp look out for hostile submarines." A tale was told about flooded trenches and the inevitable parcel. How carpet slippers were delivered from a raft to a man in the trench, who forthwith crawled into a "funk hole" and asked his love to change them for a motor launch or a pair of stilts.

The column devoted to "First Aid for Malingerers" makes a moving tale.

A contributor tells how he started "blue murder and green flares" in the night by turning loose in the enemy's lines a tormented cat, with a bully-beef tin tied to her tail.

The page for "Lost and Found" is very amusing, as a rule. One edition advertises a diary as being found and notes it records a disappointment, thus:—

"12.15.—Mail in! Box for me. Shall dine sumptuously.

12.20.—Box opened! Only socks and insect powder, one gimlet, a phrase book and 'Hints to Lonely Soldiers,' by one 'who'd like to be lonely now.'

"12.25.—Dinner—a fag end!

"12.30.—Spade work after gold, water and the well-known short cut to Australia."

He puts another joke over on Private So-and-So, lately evacuated for Cairo. How he wooed a cafe keeper's daughter in parrot French that failed owing to the treachery of his teachers in the trenches.

The "Gardening Question" was raised and shrewd advice about the best seeds for the Gallipollian sand and clay, and prizes (packets of Woodbines) for the best tuft of primroses raised in the trench.

Still all good things come to an end, and the last edition wound up as per the following:—

"Editor gassed."—"Star reporter mauled on the wire."—"Whole staff and gear buried on Press-day by H.E. howitzer shell, 11 in. It caved in the whole parapet. Nobody left but the printer's devil.—Yours truly."

Before closing, I should add a piece of poetry by a Tommy contributor of the "Ruthless Times." The poem is called "Toothless Rhyme":—

"Two Scottish laddies at Ypres
Were harried and worried by snypres,
So to flummox tormentors,
They crawled on their 'ventres,'
And—Pouf!—went a nest o' the vypress."

This all helps to make a letter long, if not interesting.

Nothing ever happens here now.

Trumpeter Maurice Mulready, a Fort Street boy, probably the youngest Australian who went to the front with the first contingent, and has nearly completed two years out there, has written to his father, Warrant-Officer Mulready, the following account of the big fight at Romani:—

"I pulled through that big fight all right, so do not worry. I came through with a clean skin, but some of my old comrades did not. We were in the first line of defence, the absolute thick of it, in the first attack. Don't think I am boasting. We went out at about 2.30 on the morning of August 4, and got in touch with the enemy a couple of miles from camp. The squadron separated. I am in — Troop, — Squadron, you know. We formed a screen to draw the fire, and no sooner did we hit the top of a ridge than they began to fire into us. You never heard anything like it. We went about and down the hill a little, and dismounted for action, and up on the ridge again, and started firing. I got off 25 rounds of ammunition here.

"We again mounted, and retired at full gallop. The sensation I cannot describe. It's great. You imagine me galloping full stretch, rifle slung over shoulder, a fast little mare under me, waving my hat, yelling, whistling, and the bullets simply a hail. Over another ridge and then halted, and dismounted, and again up on the ridge and started firing. I stopped here about two hours, and then another chap and I brought in a wounded mate that had been shot through the chest and out the back. While coming in with him I had my pants torn by a bullet (my nearest shave).

"At the commencement of the fight I said some little prayers that I might pull through all right, and I shall always believe in those little prayers, as I believe they saved me. Anyhow, I lasted till midday, going all the time, running on foot. We advanced and retired about two miles, and our brigadier was a champion. He will do me. He was with us all the time, urging and encouraging us. We were all going strong, and fixed the Johnnies (Turks) up in good Australian style.

"We had a great victory here. Thousands of prisoners, and knocked and

outed plenty besides, and we beat them in about 30 hours. The Johnnies don't half like the steel with an Australian behind it. We charged them with fixed bayonets. When the boys got near them up went their hands, and we took them prisoners. They were coming in absolutely in droves, and we finished the fight. Things are quiet now, but we really don't know for how long, but, oh, maleesh (never mind), let them all come.

Well, now I think I shall say good-night and rook majem (go to sleep)."

Just as we were completing this edition, letters came to hand from the following O.B.'s on active service:—

- Captain A. J. Collins, A.M.C.
- Pte. Wallace Freeborn.
- Pte. Cyril O. Smith.
- Trumpeter R. C. Ackland.
- Pte. R. Stokes-Hughes.

WHAT OUR EX-SENIORS HAVE DONE AND ARE DOING.

We continue hereunder the series of articles on our old boys who have passed through the Senior Class. This constitutes No. 3 of the series. We shall be glad to receive any additional information regarding those mentioned herein. An asterisk denotes that the owner is on active service.

Seniors, 1909.

*ALFRED M. LANGAN (Captain, 1909). Passed successfully through his Medical course. Graduated M.B., Ch.M. Now on active service as Captain A.M.C. somewhere in France.

ERIC W. FRECKER. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., with First Class Honours, 1915, and Gold Medal, after a wonderfully successful course, during which he gained High Distinction every year and both available scholarships. Now practising his profession.

HUBERT VICTOR CHEDGEY. Graduated LL.B. with Honours. Admitted to practise as a solicitor. Now on active service as Lieutenant A.I.F.

*STANLEY A. RAILTON. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., with Honours. Did one year as Resident Medical Officer Sydney Hospital. Now on active service as Captain A.M.C.

*CEDRIC M. SAMSON. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., in 1915. Enlisted as Captain in Royal Army Medical Corps, now on active service.

RALPH J. BLANCHARD. Entered Faculty of Arts, Sydney University. Obtained his B.A. degree with Honours in English and Philosophy. Studied for Presbyterian Church. Ordained to the Presbyterian Ministry.

ROBERT J. SILVERTON. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., with Honours. Now Resident Medical Officer, Sydney Hospital.

HARRY V. McLELLAND. Obtained his LL.B. degree, Sydney University, with Honours. Admitted as a solicitor.

Now practising on his own account in the City.

*HUGH A. WALL. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., at Sydney University. Then was accepted for duty as Captain A.M.C. At present reported to be in France.

*NORMAN ZIONS. Graduated M.B., Ch.M. Then took up duty as Captain A.M.C. On duty at Randwick General Hospital.

*IDRIS MORGAN. Had a most brilliant Medical career. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., with First Class Honours and Medal. Spent two years as Resident Medical Officer at Prince Alfred Hospital. Now at the front as Captain A.M.C.

*WILLIAM K. McLEAN. Articled to a surveyor. Obtained his Licensed Surveyorship. Went through an Officers' school, and now on active service as a Lieutenant A.I.F.

LESLIE S. ANDREWS. Entered Public Service. About to sit for Final Examination as a surveyor.

*ALAN C. ROBB. Also took up surveying. Then, having passed his Final Examination, like the majority of his year enlisted, but failing to obtain a commission went away as a Sergeant in the Engineers. We had a letter from him a few months ago.

*BRUCE M. CARRUTHERS. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., 1915. Left for the front as Captain in the A.M.C. Now either in Egypt or France.

1910.

JOHN G. FERGUSON. Obtained the best Pass of his year at the Senior Examination. Then removed with his people to California, U.S.A. We had several letters from him, and believe he obtained the B.Sc. and B.F. degrees at the University of California. He is a nephew of Mr. Justice Ferguson.

CECIL D. WALLACE. Graduated B.E. with Honours in Engineering. Now employed as an Assistant Engineer, Department of Public Works, Sydney.

*GEORGE L. BALDRICK. Graduated as LL.B. with Honours in Law. Enlisted and is now a Lieutenant in A.S.C.

*H. V. BRETT. Obtained his degree in Engineering, and is now Engineer Sub-Lieutenant on H.M.A.S. "Pioneer."

HYMAN SYMONDS. Graduated M.B., Ch.M., with Honours at Sydney University. Now resident at one of the local hospitals.

*ARTHUR SIMS. Obtained a Peter Nicol Russel Scholarship in Engineering. Graduated as B.E., then enlisted, and became a Sergeant in the Engineers.

PHILIP H. C. BURNS. Articled to a solicitor. Will proceed to his LL.B. degree at the end of the year.

*CARL O. HELLSTROM. Obtained his M.B., Ch.M., degrees with Honours. Now a Captain A.M.C., on active service.

GORDON H. GODFREY. Obtained his B.A. with First Class Honours in Mathematics. Then became a Master at a Queensland Grammar School.

Now Assistant Mathematical Master at Sydney High School.

*CEDRIC W. MURRAY. Graduated M.B., Ch.M. With Dr. C. W. Bray was sent as Captain A.M.C. to New Guinea, where he now is.

*GUY B. HARDEN. Graduated B.E., and then enlisted. Left Sydney as a Lieutenant in Engineers.

*WALLACE C. STAFFORD. Having obtained his degree as an Engineer, he also enlisted, but failing to get a commission, left as a Sapper in the Engineers.

GERALD A. MURRAY. Now a 5th Year Medical student, Sydney University.

*EDGAR H. BOOTH. Graduated with Honours as B.Sc., Sydney University. Became Demonstrator in Physics. Then enlisted, and obtained a commission as Lieutenant.

*CHARLES W. BRAY. Captain of the School, 1910. Graduated M.B., Ch.M. Then obtained a commission as Captain in A.M.C. Now doing duty in New Guinea. We published a long letter from him last issue.

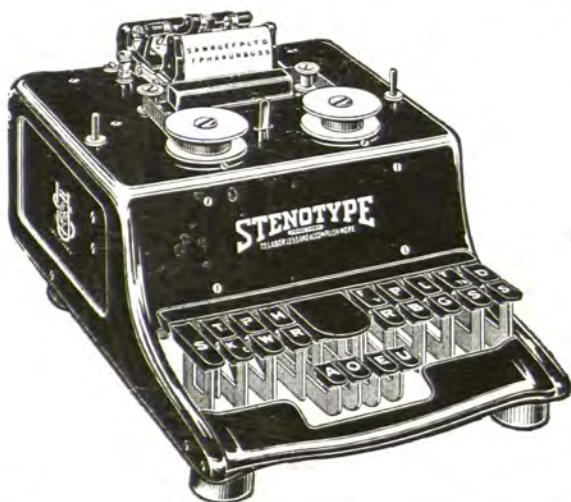
*ERIC G. LEASK. Obtained his B.A. with high Honours at Sydney University. Enlisted as Private, became Lance-corporal. Killed in action, August, 1916.

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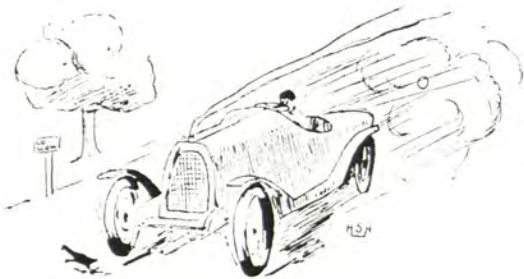
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"OFF IN THE STILL NIGHT"
FOURTH YEAR LIFE.

ONE OF OUR MILITIA MEN
SAYS "THE BIRD WHICH WE HAD
TO EAT IN CAMP HAD MADE
OUT OF WATER, CRISP BREAD
AND BAD LANGUAGE."



"WHEN TO WE
WAS OFFERED"



OUR FOURTH LIEUTENANT CURLY-HAIR OFFER
SERVING GREAT DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING ORDER.



THE ESCAPEE THAT FAILED.

Cartoons of the Moment.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

Since the last "Fortian" was issued there have been several staff changes. Mr. G. Shaw enlisted, his place on the Mathematical staff being taken by Mr. H. Thompson, B.A. Mr. G. J. McKenzie also got into khaki, his successor being Mr. A. H. Fraser, B.A., from North Sydney High School.

Among the old boys who have enlisted we note the name of the Rev. Thomas Terry, now Captain Chaplain, attached to the Queensland A.I.F.

We desire to record our appreciation of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Loewenthal in presenting to the Library a complete set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, together with a revolving book-case.

Mr. Cusbert has now taken charge of the New Library, and reports a very satisfactory attendance, and increase in the number of borrowers. The response to the invitation of the Headmaster to donate new books to the School Library has been very gratifying, over five hundred having been received. Some of them are very fine volumes. But we still require more to make the shelves look even tolerably well filled.

We understand that cinematograph pictures of the opening of the new building were taken and have been shown on the topical gazettes in various suburbs. We should secure a set of this film for use in days to come. When we have our Assembly Hall we should get a moving picture instrument for teaching purposes.

We have received the following note from Gordon Draper, telling of the death of his brother George:—

"My brother, George N. Draper, No. 1121, Sergeant "C" Coy., 1st Battalion, enlisted immediately after the declaration of war, and landed at Anzac on the morning of the 25th April, 1915. During the first hour he was shot on the left side ammunition pouch, the concussion exploding his own cartridges and blowing out his side. His comrades, when retiring, had to leave him, and until February last we thought he was prisoner. Unfortunately we have been informed that he was killed in action.

"George will, perhaps, be remembered as one of your school's representatives in the Coronation Contingent of a few years ago, and in which he held the rank of Sergeant-major.

"Although only 19 years of age, he was recommended for the first commissioned vacancy which should occur after his battalion had been in action."

The following is a list of new pictures that have recently been framed and arranged on the walls of the various classrooms:—

1. Michael Angelo's "Sybil" (Delphic).
2. Michael Angelo's "Athlete."
3. Michael Angelo's "Moses."
4. "The Dying Gaul."
5. "Laocöon."
6. "Aurora," by Guido Reni.
7. "Milan Cathedral."
8. "Holyrood."
9. "Homer."
10. "Cornfield" (Constable).
11. "Melon Eaters" (Murillo).
12. "Shakespeare's Birthplace."
13. "Knight of Malta" (Giorgione).
14. "The Tailor" (Moroni).
15. "Return to the Farm" (Troyon).
16. "Spring" (Anton Mauve).
17. "Fisherman and Ring" (Paris Bordone).
18. Corot's "Ville d'Avray."
19. Corot's "Sunset."
20. "Notre Dame, Paris."

We have received the following news regarding the three brothers Cuthbert. Niven is now a lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion in France, while Noel is a lieutenant and intelligence officer of the 1st Infantry Brigade, and acting G.S.O. Ross, the eldest brother, is an engineer doing transport work on the Channel.

The following letter from a very old boy appeared in the "Sunday Times" of 27th August last:—

Mr. Aubrey Mowle writes: "I was a pupil of the Fort Street School in 1856 and onwards, and for many years connected with the Municipality of Petersham, and helped in its early days to build it up to its present importance, and therefore interested, from a sentimental point, in both institutions. At the opening of the new School at Petersham on the 18th instant, the Premier stated that the Government were indebted to the Municipality of Petersham for altering the name of a street to Fort Street, and thus preserving continuity. The name of the street altered was formerly Norwood-street West. It was practically a lane, running from Palace street to the School ground, and is certainly not worthy of the historical name of Fort Street. I suggest that the Petersham Council resume the properties, which would not cost a large sum, between (now) Fort Street and Queen Street, and thereby make a fine approach to the School, which would do honour to the High School, the Municipality of Petersham, and the name of Fort Street."

PROBLEMS.

1. A very small elephant, "whose weight may be neglected," balances himself on a spherical ball whose diameter is 10 inches, which he moves with a uniform velocity "V" up an inclined plane of inclination "A." At the same time he raises his trunk with uniform accelerated velocity from a vertical to a horizontal position.

Find the locus of the centre of gravity of a fly which moves a complete revolution of the trunk in the same period.

2. A stout gentleman on turning the corner of a road suddenly finds himself in the presence of a bull, who immediately pursues him with a uniform velocity, "V."

An observer (at a safe distance) calculates that the gentleman's speed varies inversely as the square of his distance from the bull, and as the inverse of his own weight.

Suppose the gent.'s initial velocity to be "U," and that the heat of the weather causes his weight to vary inversely as the cube of the time he has been running, find where the bull will catch him, if the initial distance between the two be "D."

OBITUARY.

We have to announce with deep regret the death of another old Fort Street boy, Roy M. Alexander, who after a severe nervous breakdown, passed away on the 1st of September, aged 24 years. He was a brother of Dr. N. M. Alexander, Clive Alexander, and Julian Alexander, all Fort Street boys.

It is with deep regret that we have also to record the death of one of our First Year boys, Moreton Chapman, who died on the 29th September, after an operation for pneumonia. To his parents we extend our deepest sympathy.

We also desire to extend our feelings of deepest regret to Keith MacFarlane, of 3C, who lost his father last month.

Thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Nangle, Hibble, and Murray, of the Sydney Technical College, a fine collection of classical busts has been made available for the adornment of the School, while Mr. Baker, of the Technological Museum, has been good enough to promise us four pedestals.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



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At the time of writing, all the Winter Sports are concluded until, at least, till after next Easter Vacation.

Taking all things into consideration, Fort-street has done very well in the various branches of sport which it has taken up. The many teams which we have put into the field have been severely handicapped in having no "home ground" on which to practise—though this defect has been remedied by the Department of Education, which has obtained Petersham Oval for us three days a week—and I might say, they have gone right through the season without any practice, and considering we have won several competitions we have done very well indeed. The performances speak well for the athletes of the School, and one can form an idea of what "would have been" had we had the necessary facilities for training.

In passing, I may mention that it is to be hoped that the new conditions will develop more sporting instinct in the masters as well as the boys. Many of the boys who have been doing their best to uphold the reputation of the School in the field of sport complain that there is no encouragement given to the boys to take up sport, and the laws of the school in regard to sport are not stringent enough. Let me state a few of the defects. First of all, there are too many names on the "stay at School" list. It would do those boys, who are constant supporters of this list, more good to get out and indulge in a little healthful and manly sport. The same applies to those who put their names on the "Home" list. These boys, who belong to the latter set, care not at all for the reputation of the school, which is to be kept up in sport as well as in the scholastic sphere, and many of them and other "scalers" from sports prefer to go to the pictures and various other forms of amusement than to take an interest in the school.

It seems a strange thing to say that out of the large staff of masters we have, sufficient men cannot be found to take charge of the representative teams. Until this is remedied the school will not attain the high standard of profici-

ency which it reached in years gone by. I hope that now conditions seem more favourable to us more interest will be shown both by the lads and masters.

Whoever has charge of the boys in their various sports next year have some excellent material to work again, and who, with a little luck, should come out on top next season.

As for Rugby, such boys as Shead, McPhee, Vandenburg, Steel, Little, Elliott, and others too numerous to mention should perform well.

Many veterans (e.g., Munro, Hart, etc.) will be procurable to uphold and retain the baseball premiership next year, while in Soccer such players as Spencer, Stitt, and Boyle should again do well.

The school has "young bloods" who are tennis enthusiasts, and by next year they should be matured, and so give a good account of themselves.

RUGBY.

Second Fifteen.

This team, under Skipper Roy Allen, were compelled to uphold the honour in the football field gained in previous years. There being no first grade competition in the High Schools this season, this team was, in a manner of speaking, the representatives of the school—one might say the first grade, although many first graders were prevented from playing on account of their weight—the team required to have no more than a 9 st. 3lb. average.

With a lot of new blood in, the team did remarkably well, only suffering defeat once at the hands of Sydney High School by 19-6. I may state that the team which defeated us easily overstepped the weight limit, but we avenged this defeat later on in the season by defeating their legitimate team by 63-0.

After this defeat in the first match of the season we "went right through" undefeated after a comparatively easy course, and getting better as the season advanced. We ended up by having only 25 points notched against us, 10 of these being scored by S.H.S., and 6 by Technical H.S.

I will now give a faithful and unprejudiced criticism of the players:—

ROY ALLEN (Capt.) has led his team to victory on all but one occasion this year. In addition to being captain of the best team in the school, for 1916 season, he also had the honour of leading the 1st fifteen during 1915 and 1914. His team was runner-up in 1914, and had an undefeated 1915 record. The above evidence sufficiently proves his capability as an exponent of Rugby football. In his position he is the best our school has produced. He can play in any position, and always show himself one of the best. The school will miss him next year.

SHEAD.—His first season as full-back. Played a splendid game throughout the season. Line kicks, handles, and tackles splendidly. He should be one of the best footballers the school has ever produced. He caused excitement wherever he played.

McPHEE.—Little Mac, with his 100 lbs. net, puts one in mind of an veteran—really a great little footballer, and when he puts on more weight should, like his friend and colleague Shead, do well.

HAMILTON.—Tom was unbound until several matches had been played, but his standard of play merited his inclusion in the team. Handles, kicks, and runs well. Has a good idea of football, and with a little more weight will make a fine wing three-quarter.

MALONEY.—Mal. played several games with us and did good work. For one of his size he is too game—rash, I might say. Be careful, Mal., or you will get hurt. Use your head and don't run risks.

VANDENBURG.—Vandy was good, but not very consistent. Wants to get rid of the ball more frequently and not try to score so much. In nick he is a good scorer, but his desire to score often leads him astray. With a little coaching, with his side-step he should turn out a brilliant inside centre three-quarter. Handles very well.

STEEL.—One of the best all-round footballers the school has seen. Tackles splendidly. I think this is quite sufficient for him.

HEAD.—Roy, one of our brainiest footballers, can always be relied upon in a tight corner.

CLOUTIER.—Our little "old man" is probably the best footballer the school has ever turned out for his position. As scrum half I think he eclipses the high and mighty Jock Morgan, of several years ago, and now playing

with the Uni. 1sts. Criticism is not necessary here, but I must say that times out of number he saved the team in many emergencies.

MEERS.—The "chestnut galloper," in my opinion the best forward playing High School football this season. He could do the work of two men, and after it be fresh. Handled well, and worked like a bullock. No criticism necessary.

LITTLE.—Our "little bull," as lock, played one of the most consistent games in the team. As regards work—well, his cognomen will suffice. A splendid forward.

HAGGETT.—"Tim" as breakaway played very well, and shone out both in close work and open. Gradually learning to tackle. Had misfortune with big toe. Ask him about it, all inquirers.

RILEY.—Our little forward (7st. 11lb.), under circumstances played well; has a good idea of football. Wants to put more ginger into his work.

POWELL.—Our 16th man, who played several matches with us, in which he performed creditably. Wants to be more careful as regards kicking in the ruck.

ARMSTRONG.—One of our bull-headed forwards, who played a good game consistently. He wants to develop a harder tackle.

McINTYRE.—Old "Chook" is one of our hardest workers, although at times he gets annoyed—at times righteously and likewise unrighteously.

ELLIOTT.—Another "bullocker," who in one game, as a result of his "bullocking," received slight concussion. Were he to develop a little more science he might do better. Try it, Ern.

GOLDING.—As centre, Donga did well all through the season, giving us a fair share of the ball. Played under difficulties on several occasions. Ask him about his nose, boys.

Billy Grime had no luck with his team—3rds—for several of his best were drafted into the 2nds. Hecker Lane was easily the best man in the team, with Billy running a good second. These boys, although very light, put up some very fine performances against older and heavier teams.

The 4ths, although defeated in many games, nevertheless were not disgraced. Being the lightest team in the comp., they did very well, their draw with Tech. being the most creditable. Though small, there is good material in this 15. Keep your eyes open, 3rd grade manager, next winter.

Rugby Results.

Below will be found a table of results of the games this winter:—

SECONDS.

F.S. v. Parramatta (2). Won 12-0, 23-0.
F.S. v. S.H.S. (2). Won 63-0; lost 6-19.
F.S. v. Hurlstone (2). Won 12-0, 3-0.
F.S. v. N. Sydney (2). Won 36-0, 21-0.
F.S. v. T.H.S. (2). Won 10-0, 15-0.

Total: For, 214; against, 25.

SOCCER.

The season has been a somewhat chequered one, but we can congratulate our second and third grade teams on being well up in the list. The seconds, in fact, are runners-up, a place which, though not as good as their unbeaten record of last year, is still creditable.

The firsts have suffered many mishaps. Miles had to abandon the game for some weeks, and Parker, who succeeded him in goal, and could ill be spared from his old place, broke his arm playing Rugby. Stitt certainly did well in his place, but the two losses weakened the team. Smith and Spencer deserve special mention for their consistent work, but we desire hereby to pay our tribute to the team as a whole for the perseverance that kept the members at their posts in spite of many discouragements.

The second graders are both clever and fast. The work of K. Jennings reminds one of the brilliant Gilbert Storey. He seems sometimes to be playing half of the enemy by himself and beating them. Dexter and the gigantic skipper, N. Porter, with the safe, canny Scot, McLeod, did good work in a team which has no "passengers."

Our first few matches were really try-outs for the third grade team, a fault which we hope will not be repeated now that we have our own ground to practise on. Court, Owen, and Holland are very sure players, the latter being a most unselfish member. They seem able to put the ball where it is most needed, and rarely fail to meet it when coming their way. Storey lives up to a name famous in Soccer annals. He has the judgment of a veteran.

Taken all round, we can say that we have kept the flag flying, and are full of hope for the future. The competitions are only of three years' standing, and we are thankful that the game has now a firm footing in the school and every prospect of retaining it.

Soccer Results.**FIRSTS.**

F.S. v. S.H.S. Won 2-1.
F.S. v. T.H.S. Lost 1-5; draw 0-0; lost 0-1.
F.S. v. S.H.S. Lost 0-2.
F.S. v. S.H.S. Lost 0-2.

SECONDS.

F.S. v. S.H.S. Lost, 0-1.
F.S. v. Pet. Won, 4-2; lost, 1-2.
F.S. v. N.S. Won 2-0.
F.S. v. Parramatta. Lost, 0-3; lost, 0-2.
F.S. v. T.H.S. Won 4-0.
F.S. v. S.H.S. II. Won 2-1, 5-0.

THIRDS.

F.S. v. S.H.S. Draw.
F.S. v. T.H.S. Lost 0-3, 0-1.
F.S. v. Pet. Won 2-0, 6-0.
F.S. v. N.S. Won 2-0, 1-0.
F.S. v. Parramatta. Draw 1-1, 1-1.
F.S. v. T.H.S. II. Lost, 1-2.

BASEBALL.

The High Schools' winter baseball competition was brought to an end two or three weeks ago, and as a result our first grade team was able to secure the premiership for three consecutive seasons. Our success is more than noteworthy; the newer players far exceeded our expectations of them, and proved themselves match-winning factors on more than one occasion. Comments on the players themselves would be too long, but special mention must be made of Munro, Searle, and Kallmeyer, who, through their consistency, were the mainstays of the team. Ellis, as a pitcher, is "some class;" those who remember his pitching against Sydney High School in the final know how well he held the opposition down. The final was the match of the season. The presence of some of the staff and of the boys made us more confident, and to the newer devotees of the game a thrilling and spectacular game was provided. At the end of the 6th innings High School led by 8-2, but a couple of good hits in our next innings made the game still doubtful as to the issue; scores, 8-5 in favour of S.H.S. Sydney High School seemed to fall to pieces at this stage, and F.S.H.S., profiting by their discomfiture, gained the ascendancy, and evened matters up. In the 9th innings two S.H.S. men were out, none on the bases, but "Nannas" and "Mac" made errors each, and S.H.S. again led. Eleven innings had to be played before a decision could be arrived at, and in the 11th we came out victors 11-10 in the most exciting game of three seasons. Although a fairly good side, taken individually, we often lacked combination; but this will be eliminated with more practice after time has been given to recuperate after the summer sports.

The second team won about 60 per cent. of their matches, and seeing that all were comparative strangers to the game they soon grasped the A. B. C. of it, and progressed with remarkable celerity. Densley and Holt are the makings of fine players, and deserve places in the higher team next season.

The general outlook for next season

is at present exceedingly rosy, despite the fact that our ranks will be depleted by the absence of two of last season's stars. Other schools will be more considerably weakened, and if we play with the same vivacity and enthusiasm of this last season we can confidently say that we will be well to the fore in the baseball world.

We are very sorry that our esteemed catcher, Jimmie Searle, has left us. He will be greatly missed both at baseball and cricket. We wish to extend our sincere sympathies to "Less" Macfarlane on the death of his father. Mac has also left us.

Most of our members are now looking

forward to the cricket season.

Mr. Gale says, "All good baseballers are cricketers," and this accounts for the rush.

Baseball Results.

FIRSTS.

F.S. v. S.H.S. Won 6-3, 8-5; lost 7-3.
F.S. v. T.H.S. Won 15-7, 13-2; lost 5-2.
Final won v. S.H.S., 11-10.

SECONDS.

F.S. v. S.H.S. Lost 5-12.
F.S. v. T.H.S. Won 13-6, 8-4.
F.S. v. Pet. A. Lost 0-33, 0-16.
F.S. v. Clev. A. Lost 3-14, 16-14.
F.S. v. Clev. B. Lost 4-9.

AUSTRALIAN NIGHT.

Purple haze upon the mountains,
Crimson flush behind the range,
Deepening into golden glory,
Shifting scene of constant change.

Yonder peaks now silhouetted
'Gainst the paling after-glow,
Each in wavy outline mirrored
In the dusky pool below.

Far beyond the last lone mountain,
Where the earth and heaven blend,
Where the air is clear as crystal,
And the black swans nightly wend.

Where the evening stars shine brightly,
By the fleecy clouds caressed,
In a blaze of crimson glory
Has the red sun sunk to rest.

When the shades of evening deepen
Over field, and bush, and byre,
Through the cloud-veil slow descending
Gleams of bright celestial fire.

And the lustre soft descending
O'er the wild Australian hills,
Lends a cold and ghostly whiteness
To the murmuring mountain rills.

And across the scrubs' dim darkness
Wanders far the moon's white light,
Dipping in the fern-clad gullies,
Lending softness to the night.

O'er the crooked sapling forests
On the rough and broken plain;
O'er the blackened box-tree corpses
By the heat of summer slain;

O'er the gaunt and ghostly grey-gums
On the stony tree-clad height,
With the dry-bark's muffled tapping,
Beating out the pulse of night.

Slipping 'tween the broken rafters
Of some hut, which lifeless lies
Like a skeleton unburied,
Grinning ghastly at the skies.

In the grey of coming morning
Over all descends a hush,
And an all-pervading silence
Dominates the lonely bush.

Soon the wreathing, twining columns
Of the pallid mist will rise,
At the first faint flush of dawning,
Creeping up the eastern skies.

Faintest pink soon edged with crimson
Shading down to golden hue,
Dappled o'er with fleecy cloudlets,
Framed in sky just turned to blue.

Blood-red o'er the hills ascending
Through the scattered clouds of dun,
Comes then Phoebus in his splendour,
O'er the pathway of the sun.

And the earth's melodious songsters
Cry a farewell to the night,
As it hurries swiftly westward
With the coming of the light.

And the feathered chorus carols
With a varied song and gay,
And the land awakes to gladness
At the dawning of the day.

—R. K. BURNETT.

SOME UTTER NONSENSE.

The Result of Too Much "Fag."

By shuffling gait and footsteps lag
Revealed to all a weary "fag,"
He sat him down upon a stone
Dejected, wretched and alone.
"Alack, ah, well-a-day!" quoth he,
"The height exact of yonder tree,
Is plainly by the law of Zeus
Just eighteen miles— But what the
deuce—

That chiming clock provides a gem
In Maths.—it moves with S.H.M.—
The pendulum, I mean," he said,
"To me 'tis plain as pink is red;
By this same thing, now, I can show
That, if the earth did faster go,
Myself and you and everyone
Described parabola round the sun
And if you don't believe me, see
In Coriolanus, page 8, 3.
This Coriolanus, by the way,
Wrote 'So Long, Letty,' so they say,
'Tis also said he made his home
In the eternal city—Rome,
To me, the 'phone book clearly shows
In Mosman that he sought repose.

"Well, there's a motor, I declare,
And by the nine gods I will swear
That when it round a corner goes
(For so says Mr. B., who **knows**)
Its waltzing on its two back wheels,
A law of motion thus reveals.

"Now there's old Sallust over there,
The fellow with the purple hair—
I have't on good authority
That he first taught geometry.
They say he met his death, poor man,
By falling off a motor van,
But whether that be true or no
'Tis plain at least that this is so—
If A takes place, and follows B,
Why, this is simple, don't you see,
'Praesesse,' you must use, my son,
Still to retain the place you've won.
If you in twelve months wish to be
A brilliant, rising LL.B.,
'Tis now believed by ev'ryone
The earth is smaller than the sun.
If this is so, then why, I say,
Keeps not the sun the rain away?"

The poor wretch rolled upon his side,
He smote upon his breast and cried,
"Ah! woe is me"—to rise he tried,
And fainting gasped, and gasping died.

EPITAPH.

Take heed, take heed, ye passers by,
And for this martyr heave a sigh,
Here lies Horatius Hector Spag,
Who lost his life through too much fag.

—B. HIGGINS.

Coriolanus and The Mob.

(N.B.—Catsmeat states that the following episode is founded on fact.)

Scene I.

Enter Coriolanus, clad in toga praefecti.

Cor.: Ah! here I am again, with my lovely golden locks and my pretty little prefect's medallion. Now I will have to display my authority, as becomes a prefect, and hie me to the large, sheltered, and centrally-placed courtyard, where the hydra-headed multitude is wont to assemble. How I hate their stinking breaths! O! what joy it is to chase them from the courtyard, over which I, of the golden locks, do possess sole control.

(His hat blows off.)

It is my springy golden locks! My hat will not stay on!

Scene II.

A large courtyard, sheltered, with ventilators in the ceiling, and mensae arranged in rows on the floor. A number of plebeians are assembled, evidently citizens of the place.

(Enter Coriolanus.)

Cor.: Avaunt, ye of the rank-scented many! Shake a leg! Clear out! This is **my** parade-ground, not yours!

1st Cit.: Half-a-mo, Signior!

Cor.: Hence, old goat!

Cits.: Bah! Boo!

Cor.: Cheek, i' faith!

(Grabs one small citizen by the trousers)

I'll teach you to talk to me like that! Me, Coriolanus, of the noble band of—

Cits.: Let's chuck him out—

1st Cit.: On 's neck!

(They all swarm round Coriolanus crying—)

Citizens! Citizens! Citizens!

Voice from Centre of Throng: Help-ho! Praefecti! Seniors! Help-ho!

(After a few minutes' scuffling, the yellow head emerges once more, the Cits. vanish, and Coriolanus proceeds to brush himself.)

Cor.: Ah! good, i' faith! That's good practice for a footballer like me! It's my strong, fat legs, I can't help it! I bet it'll take some butter to pacify the big, black bruise on the 1st Citizen's shin! All honour to thee, my small boot, but you were directed by my brain! And brains rule the world! Ah! (He soliloquises on his good fortune, leaning with his back against a door-post.)

Scene III.—The Same.

(Enter, at the opposite side of the courtyard, a great band of mutinous Cits. They advance stealthily, then 1st Cit. stretches out his hand towards the door against which Cor. is leaning.)

Cor.: Yes, I was a bit of a fool. I suppose, to call help when I knew I could manage the business myself. It was a wonder they didn't take a tumble—

1st Cit. (pushing the door hard); Ha! ha! You've taken one too! Yellow curls! Haw! Haw!
(Cor.'s head emerges from the dust, and he looks through the glass door.)

Cor.: Why! the mighty mob are after me! Discretion is the better part of valour! I must fly!
(He flies, but alas! at the other door is also a crowd of Cits. Coriolanus is trapped!)

Jupiter! have mercy upon me! They have me! Oh! to think I will fall into their ravenous maws!
(Bells ring outside, a stentorian voice is heard.)

Cor.: Saved! Saved!
(Enter Dux.)
Grand Tableau.

CATSMEAT.

War Euclid: Q.E.D.

The *Lyonian*, the organ of the Lower School at Harrow, has the following propositions in the current issue:—

"A subaltern is one who has position but no magnitude.

"A Turkish communique lies equally on any point.

"An obtuse officer is one more stupid than a superior officer, but less so than two staff officers.

"A trench is that which has length, breadth, and stickiness.

"Two officers in mufti from Brixton and Mayfair respectively cannot be in the same circle, and if they meet would cut one another.

"A soldier equal to a Tommy is equal to anything.

"An observer and a pilot who are in the same line meet in the same plane.

"An 'old dug-out' is often a plain figure with a Sam Browne belt round its circumference.

"If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a War Office contract."

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Many questions have been asked concerning the results of the All High School Sports. One person asked me why we could not produce as good athletes as other schools. In my opinion, we can. But how can we find them? No sports meeting has been held for two years, and naturally interest in athletics has lagged. It is impossible truly to represent our school without holding a meeting of our own. We must find the runners first, and then train them. This year the competitors for

the various events were guessed at, not that these boys did not do their best, but are there any better in the school? I am sure no one could answer this question, since the one means of comparison is absent, i.e., interest. I hope, if by chance Fort-street is not at the top of the list next year in most sports, that it will not be on account of the same reason as this year.

Yours sincerely,
"HOPEFUL."

Some few weeks ago Dr. Arthur wrote to the Headmaster, suggesting that Fort Street should lend a helping hand to the Soldiers' Settlement at French's Forest. The idea was eagerly supported, and a block of 7 acres allotted to our boys.

During the vacation between forty and fifty of them spent the whole or part of their holidays clearing the block and preparing for building operations. The movement is a good one, and deserves success.

SOME HOWLERS.

Latimer was a martyr who was tied to a stake and said to Ridley, "Cheer up, brother Ridley, you'll soon be dead."

Pythagoras is known as a personification of the transmigration of souls and the inventor of the right-angled triangle.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada.

The South of the U.S.A. grows oranges, figs, melons, and a great quantity of preserved fruits, especially tinned meats.

Hooker when a boy spent his time minding sheep and reading horrors (Horace).

A Passive Verb is when the subject is the sufferer, e.g., I am loved.

The saddest thing King John did was to lose his crown in the laundry.

The father of Henry IV. was John of Groats.

Cicero was banished to Macedonia, where he wrote the Book of Lamentations.

The American war was started because the people would persist in sending their parcels through the post without stamps.

Prince William was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; he never laughed again.

Richard II. is said to have been murdered by some historians; his real fate is uncertain.

"Perventum erat."—There was a very strong wind blowing.

"Je ne suis pas de votre avis."—I am not one of your birds.

"Vergilium vidi tantum . . ."—I have seen too much of Vergil.

"Ses cornettes garnies d'un triple rang de dentelle."—Her gums ornamented with a triple row of teeth.

"Curatis vulneribus alii profecti domus."—Some started homes for curing the wounded.

"Clara illa Romana civitas."—Clara, that Roman citizeness.

"Les yeux noirs se baissèrent."—Black eyes kissed him.

"Aciem duplicem instruxit."—He drew up his line of battle at the double.

"Aes triplex."—A threepenny bit.

"Il est en train de diner."—He dines in the train.

"Facile princeps."—An easy-going Principal.

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

Q.: A man has x miles to travel; he goes a miles by train, b miles by boat, and c miles he walks; the rest he cycles. How far does he cycle? A.: d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w miles.

Triangles are of three kinds, the equilateral or three-sided, the quadrilateral or four-sided, and the multilateral or polyglot.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

The bore of a thermometer tube is made small so that the mercury shall not be too heavy for the heat to lift.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump handle is that you can have some one to help you pump.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland; the patent saint of England is Union Jack.

You put "c'est" before a noun when you do not know its gender.

A graven image is an idle maid with hands.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

The brown bear lives upon nuts, wild honey, etc. but the grisly bear lives upon the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

In the houses of the poor the drains are in a fearful state and quite unfit for human habitation.

Wholly set up and printed at the Caxton Printing Works, 24 Jamieson Street, Sydney,
for A. J. Kilgour, Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham, N.S.W.

