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THE FORTIAN



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

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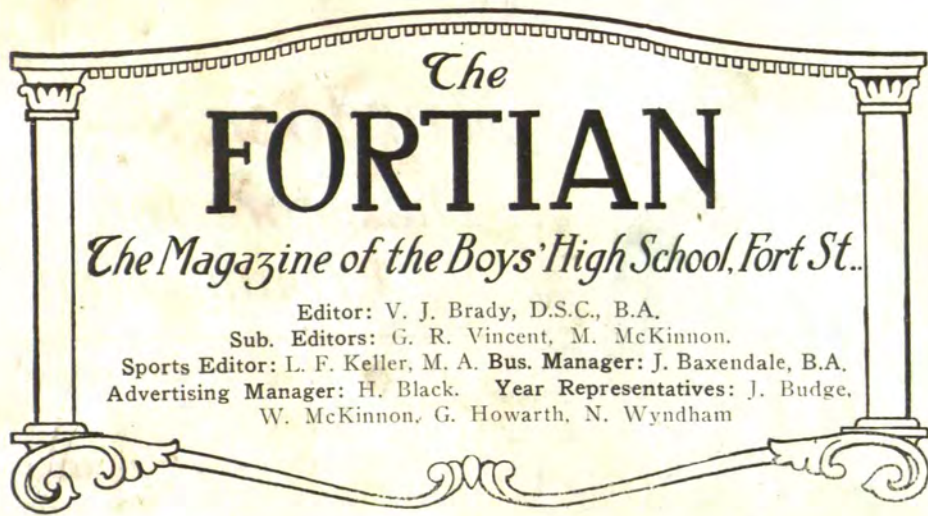
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The
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The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort St..

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Editorial



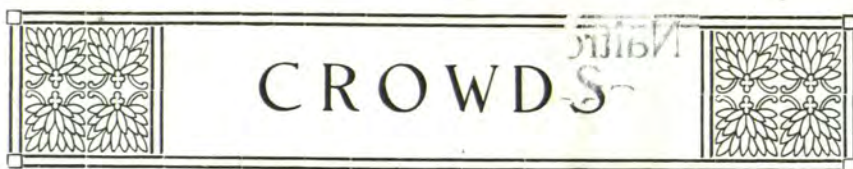
WITH the advent of the New School Year "The Fortian," urged on by the success of our October issue, had hopes of a very early publication, but we were doomed to disappointment for, despite our efforts, we appear somewhat late in the season. However, this is in no way due to lack of enthusiasm on the part of the School, but being a financial as well as a literary institution, we are only suffering along with others the depression general in the commercial world. As advertisers are reluctant to spend, we were faced with the problem of demanding more for our magazine or awaiting a more favorable occasion of issue.

We would like to place before the School the necessity of assisting those who stand by the School in this matter, and, where possible, support those institutions, so as to make it worth their while assisting us in our literary efforts.

We are convinced that the possibilities of our magazine are unlimited, and with support in this direction we can make it worthy of Fort Street. There must be no limit to our ambitions, for it is the medium through which everybody should find scope for the expression of his views, and here should be reflected the vitality and enthusiasm of our school life. If "The Fortian" is not as we would like—let us make it so.

In the field of art, essay, or cartoon, the talent which we possess will find ample scope for expression, and, with originality as the keynote, remember it is a duty one owes the School to assist by all means at one's disposal. Remember also that "The Fortian" has a wide range of readers from the young, hopeful fresher to the Old Boy who may even be in the age of slipped pantaloons. It is our aim to supply the wants of all and at the same time be patronised by this wide circle.

We would welcome suitable contributions by Old Fortians, for it is through us that the bonds of school fellowship may be maintained, and in the gleanings which from time to time are gathered the past may not only see reflected the present but have tidings of those with whom they formed such happy associations.



CROWDS

Have You Ever Thought About a Crowd?

It is a most interesting study to consider not only the component members but also the doings of such an assembly, one which we have always with us. Of late, owing to electoral and other reasons, we have seen many crowds; so a little thought on them will not be out of place.

Firstly, with what rapidity does a crowd gather! A little hatless man plants a box on the ground and, mounting it, begins "Ladies and gentlemen . . ." and immediately from all directions hurry people, with the object of hearing that man. The messenger boy alights from his bicycle and in his anxiety to hear all, makes an attempt to push his front wheel through the loafer who has sufficiently bestirred himself to cross the street. On the outskirts hovers the ever-watchful policeman (most probably because he will not be needed), while motor drivers expend their profanity by reason of the fact that they have to slacken down to 20 miles per hour before passing it.

One of the principal members of a crowd is what might be termed "the professional crowder." These belong to both sexes and are adepts in getting the most out of what is to be seen. Suppose a man falls from the top of Union House, George Street; when he hits Mother Earth he will probably be in rather a mess, to say the least of it, and this is exactly what such a character likes: the worse the injuries inflicted the better. Let us take the case of a female crowder who arrives after a substantial crowd has gathered. She prods a fat old gentleman in the back with her umbrella, and as he makes way squeezes between two workmen, treads on the old lady's corn, drives her elbow into your side, and with a dexterous movement of her head spears the loafer with her hatpin, and then dishevelled and hot, but supremely happy, gazes with greedy eyes on the wreck before her! Then for perhaps an hour, after the remainder of the crowd has disappeared, she will hang round to get the full benefit of

any subsequent developments, and then set off in search of

"Fresh fields and pastures new."

This is the type of person who gives the reporters of the evening papers their "eyewitness" account of an appalling tragedy," of which they make such specialities.

Thus a crowd continually yearns for excitement, and takes pleasure in suffering. With what speed and eagerness does it gather about a woman who has fainted, but how much more so does it surround the luckless person who has had both legs, two or three ribs and his head broken in a tram smash.

And this opens a fresh phase of the average crowd: its helplessness. If a woman faints there are sure to be some four or five remedies suggested to revive her. Someone will suggest giving her brandy, another water. Someone else will declare she should be laid flat on the ground, another that she should be seated in a chair; while some idiot will possibly advise wrapping her in coats and blankets to keep her warm.

Now, let us leave the "accident crowd" and visit a patriotic meeting which is being addressed by a good orator. Note how easily he moves the crowd: one moment they are hushed with awe and the next excitement rises to boiling point as a "Bolshie" begins to hoot the flag.

How easily panic-stricken is the crowd! Let somebody raise the alarm of fire in a building and immediately a wild stampede takes place: few await confirmation of the rumour—enough that it has been circulated—so a rush occurs in which more are hurt than would have been had they filed out.

These are just a few main characteristics of a crowd, and next time you wonder how you will put in the hour you have to spend waiting for H.R.H. the Prince, or some other such celebrity, just look about and analyse your surroundings. You'll find it interesting!

—J. Budge, 4B.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

It is a matter of great regret that the response to the appeal for funds to erect a War Memorial in the School to honour the memory of those old boys who gave their lives for the cause of their country, has not been nearly sufficient to provide a fitting

monument. As it is considered advisable to close the Lists at an early date, the Committee desires to make a final appeal to all those who have not contributed. Subscriptions should be sent direct to the Headmaster at the School.

Professor Naitrof Hurries to Light at Last H.S. Choosing a Profession.

The problem of picking an occupation harasses many of our boys. In order to solve the problem for some of them, the "Fortian" delegated the task of investigating the matter to Professor Naitrof, that prince of reporters, that sage and prescient genius who can answer everything except examination papers. Such an assignment being entirely alien to the Professor's experience, he decided to model his investigation upon those Royal Commissions which have now become as common as homework. On analysing Royal Commissions as New South Wales has the disease, the Professor finds that they all have these characteristics in common:—Firstly, they last a long time; secondly, they cost a lot of money; thirdly, they say nothing in a sagacious and profound manner; and fourthly, their recommendations are never acted upon.

Inasmuch as the recommendations of such inquiries are never acted on, Professor Naitrof declines to make any recommendations at all. Moreover, since similar inquiries, with all their voluminousness, in the long run say exactly nothing, the Professor has decided to say nothing and—unusual thing—to say it briefly. Brevity, as our old friend Mr. Shakespeare says, is the soul of wit: to say nothing briefly, then, will be to give a soul to nothing; it will "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," and, according to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," to do this proves a person a lunatic, a lover or a

poet. Naitrof leaves it to his readers to decide which of the three he is. While they are deciding, he will return for a moment to the inquiry with which he was entrusted. Two of the characteristics of such investigations are, we saw, their length and their expense. Here is evidently food for reflection. But the investigator desires that besides being food for reflection, there also be food for him. Length and expense are obviously desirable in this inquiry. The Professor assuredly will not be able to finish it before next Christmas. Meanwhile he must be adequately remunerated. As he is not ambitious, free rations at the tuck shop while he is at work, will satisfy him, besides encouraging him and sustaining him during further efforts.

To show the world what valuable results will be revealed if sympathetic authorities retain his services, Naitrof herewith publishes his preliminary observations. Firstly, in selecting a profession, a boy should choose a paying one; secondly, he should pick one where he will not be afflicted with hard work: it is quite beside the point that an occupation combining these two attributes doesn't exist. Furthermore, the boy should pick work which he likes: here again it is irrelevant that there is no work which anyone likes. Finally, it doesn't matter which profession a chap finally chooses, as his parents will put him at what they decide on. Whatever he eventually becomes he will be equally sorry.

Half a Moment, Mr. Minister.

This idea is not copyrighted. It is open to all; it is specially recommended to the earnest consideration of the Minister of Education.

After careful thought, I have reached the conclusion that the principles applied in the Infants' Practice Schools should be applied forthwith in all schools, particularly in High Schools. As everyone knows, in the Practice Schools the young children are taught to dramatise their lessons—they learn through their histrionic sense. If, for instance, they are learning the story of the Sleeping Beauty, they play a little drama of the Sleeping Beauty. Obviously the method is applicable to High School lessons. Suppose, for illustration, that First Year boys are learning the story of Regulus. The obvious thing is to take them into the playground and introduce them to a game of "Bushies and Bobbies." Ned Kelly can masquerade as Regulus; let him be captured by the "Bobbies," released

that he might pacify them, return to prison when he fails. The possibilities in such a game are infinite; once learnt, the story would never be forgotten. Similarly with all History. In Maths, Tip-the-Finger would be the best method of teaching pupils to find X, the elusive unknown of Algebraic equations, while in Chasing the Bellman they would be no less helpless than they are in Latin. Mechanics could best be taught on the Oval—a hit with a cricket ball would form a fitting introduction to momentum and force; the flight of a football would tell anyone everything necessary about dynamics. With ingenuity the Masters could soon apply this system to all lessons. The New Psychology would thus save education from its present monotonous dreariness. If the next Minister for Education adopts this idea, he will confer a priceless boon on the children of New South Wales.

—Archibald Addlepat

An Interview with Satan in Hell.

As I lay dreamily back in my armchair on that cold winter's night, my thoughts flew swiftly round the universe and in each home which I visited, on each hearth, and in every eye, I saw clearly portrayed the fear of Satan, that great fear of the unknown which, right down the avalanche of time, has hung heavily upon the world, turning its joys to tears and its lonely old age to unwholesome terror. And I thought what a grand and glorious feat it would be to brave this demon in his lair and by destroying him earn the everlasting gratitude of old and young alike.

But while my thoughts wandered my eyes became fixed upon the burning heart of the fire from which slowly arose a beautiful figure. A figure, perfect in every limb and almost enveloped by a dazzling brightness, which pierced the depths of my soul; and stirred in my being a desire to throw off the feeling of overcoming drowsiness of sleep and to follow this apparition wheresoever it would lead.

As I looked, however, the dazzling light became thicker and thicker, and the golden-haired fairy, for I have no doubt now that she was a fairy, sank back into the flames beckoning sadly to me as she went.

* Immediately the thought arose in my mind that this fairy had been sent as a messenger, calling me down to the depths in order that I might see and hear the unknown and clear the world of its unreasonable suspicion. So jumping from the chair and donning my coat and hat I set off for the mouth of Hell, where the fiends, as I had been led to believe, might be heard within, tormenting, amid fire, and smoke, and clanking chains, the souls of the eternally lost. I ran on swiftly and at last arrived at a studded and commodious door in front of which stood a monstrous nigger. My credentials and my business within the hallowed precincts of Hell were gruffly demanded, but when I explained that I had been called by a fairy a fleeting smile of happiness swept over his features. "Enter," he said, "we have been waiting for you for ages past; for you are our promised deliverer from the slanderous tongues of the world."

And so it came about that I was admitted into the sacred office of His Majesty King Satan. But lo! and behold! all the fables and ideas I had in my head about this abode were immediately dashed to the ground. Seated on a stool behind a magnificent oak table was one of the most jovial old men that I have had the pleasure to meet in all my years.

So this was Satan, this was the dreadful fiend, by the fabled deeds of whom children upon the earth are frightened nigh out of their wits, causing them to start up from their sleep, crying in ungodly terror, and

staring into the black depths of the night to originate those mysterious sounds—which are, most likely, caused by the most common of all disturbances, namely, the love-making of cats upon the garden wall. Though, oh, misguided world, they know it not, and so they cry on and so their young and untried spirits are broken down before their time. Their minds are filled with a terror which draws them down into the depths of madness and ruins the promising young lives of which at present the world is in so sore a need.

But to use a metaphor, I have wandered from the trail and I dare say you wish to hear more of Satan. As I have said before hospitality and joviality shone from his face and by the hearty grip of his hand I felt and knew that the man was the soul and body of kindness.

He led me all through his mansion and showed me the different cells where the murderers, and those who had led a very sinful life on earth, were kept; but even these were happy and not one darkening ray of dissatisfaction disturbed the sun of Satan's reign.

However, all good things come to an end at last, and I became sadly aware that the shadow of Time was following closely at my heels and that the hour had come when I must return once more to the foolish earth. But, this noble King of Hades insisted on further delighting me by an ice-cream soda from his mysterious fountain, and by the sight of Cicero writhing in torment in a terrible furnace. I may safely say that Cicero's case was the only piece of cruelty which I witnessed in my whole journey through the wide dominions of Hell; and I think I may also safely say that the beggar deserved it.

So I sadly turned my back upon the door of Hell, and set my feet upon the downward trail to the earth; my heart rose in revolt against those fools and infidels, who so basely and corruptly slander one of the best of friends and masters. While deep in my soul I swore that I would clear the name of Satan in the eyes of the world and make it a word revered and loved by all.

And if ever you wish to satisfy yourself as to the truth of this story, select some dark and stormy night when the wind blows strongly from the south, and the clouds float swiftly across the pale face of the moon. I say, select such a night, journey due east 20 leagues, then due west 30 leagues, take four steps backwards, then three steps to the left, and ascend the hill which you will see in front of your eyes. Then, as sure as I solemnly and truthfully did and saw all these things, you will find yourself in front of the sacred gates of Hell, and I warrant you, you will be made welcome.

—Eason, 2A.

Politics and Politicians.

(O. Beeby, 2C Class.)

Not so long ago, we heard them—those grotesque and perspiring figures—in our every byway. Noble words they uttered, you remember, with souls exalted and inspired by fervent passion; from the soap-box and platform they arrested you, pleading, that the snares and pitfalls of the rival candidate might not envelop you. They had slaved for you—the retiring members were wont to remember—for two long years they had indeed perspired, toiling, with untiring energy for you and yours, the country and its progress—idealistic, wonderful.

The would-be-member, perched upon his pedestal of boxwood, recalled to mind, with tears of pity in his eyes, the great calamity of two long years ago, when you, being human and apt to make mistakes, had failed to elect him. And here, to-day, the result, no doubt of the beforementioned catastrophe, is this fair land in the slough of despond, the pit of business depression—a state of affairs which he, the politician, could have averted, had you but opened the Assembly doors to him at the last elections. But what of that? Your chance to remedy the error has arrived, elect him to the fair Macquarie Street Home, the rest abode for weary politicians.

From every side they surged around us, fat politicians, thin politicians, big politicians, little politicians, each and every one building in his mind an ideal constitution. The salt of the earth, the brains and energy of Australia, they struggled for admission through the doorway of House, vying with each other in their fund of promises and persuasive statements.

Generosity abounded on every hand—honesty and truth seemed the dominant virtues. For politicians and truth walk arm in arm at election time—or seem to do to the

average outside mortal. And, to a certain extent they do, though, generally, their corrupt actions are only mentioned by the rival faction—for policy demands a little discretion at the crisis, don't you know?

Ages long since past, buried deep beneath the dust of antiquity, ushered in the politician. He developed with the evolution of mankind: from a well-meaning statesman, benevolent and truthful—yes, they were probably honest men in those distant times—he has progressed to the pinnacle of wily elusiveness and will remain a wily member of the political fraternity throughout the coming ages.

If you encounter a portly man, lolling down Macquarie Street in a fine, grey motor car, he will probably be a doctor—if not, a politician, contented with himself—for three long years extend into the future, you may realise, he repairs to Parliament House to attend a session, to nod upon the cushions of the Government benches—or the Opposition side, according to the political machine in which he is a cog—vote upon a measure and proudly gaze upon the world as he returns down that sober street of doctors, students, and politicians.

Not that I despise the politician—oh, no far from it. I respect the laws he has created and the corporation he develops, I admire the toil he does and the motor car he purchases; in fact, my admiration for the man develops with a bound at every session. So too, I respect the obedience of this elected representative, obedience to the great political machine which he calls Party.

On into the misty future, politics will go, keeping solid pace with languid politicians. Parties come and parties go, reaching for that most elusive ideal, but does the world improve? I wonder.

A GIRL.

My girl is sweet,
And nice and neat,
And in her lovely eyes
Are twinkling lights,
Like stars o' nights
A-shining in the skies.

Her hair is spun
From rays of sun
By fairies from above;
The light that lies
In her bright eyes,
The fadeless light of love.

—F. Gordon, 3A.

On Being Appointed Chief Cook to the King of the Cannibals



Dedicated to Any English Master.

(R. Kennedy.)

"Chief Cook to the Cannibal King you must be." Thus spake the high and mighty pedagogue, the ruler of literary minds.

Inwardly protesting, I smiled. The pedagogue smiled also, in a benevolent fashion as who should say, no doubt, "Little boys must have such suitable subjects for essays. Imagine the precarious corners that you may be caught in! What a wealth of imagination there lies hidden in such a subject! Just the thing for little boys whose minds are ever full of such strange thoughts. 'Chief Cook to the Cannibals!' Now, sonny, surely your little brain can devise a very humorous and imaginative essay—enough to fill two pages with writing not too large!"

The pedagogue smiled or leered with wild joy at being able thus to order his charges, write in accordance with his own brain and thoughts.

And, inwardly fuming, I kept on smiling mainly to please the Literary Ruler and to pretend that I saw humour, as no doubt HE did, in such a grotesque subject as "Chief Cook to the King of the Cannibals."

And from school I wended my way homeward, cursing each dog, each step I took, and cursing the world on the whole, that people could be born who could dominate our literary tastes and people who could see humour in such a ridiculous subject and such an outlandish one, as "Chief Cook to the Cannibal King."

Vaguely I conceived the pedagogue's brain as a jumble of dancing painted horrors waving spears and emitting the most blood-curdling yells, vaguely I saw cauldrons of sizzling and roasting humans boiling and bubbling over a huge fire, with now and then a waving, half-cooked arm or leg coming into view from

out the depths of the cauldrons; vaguely I saw the pedagogue's brain as an amorphous mass of mangled limbs and brown-roasted bodies, and around this, as though it were a god, thousands of terrifying and hideous black and painted beings jumped, and yelled their war-cries.

And then as a crowning load to my wearied brain I saw an amused smile gradually creeping o'er my vision of the pedagogue's face. And he saw humour in it!

I sat down on a seat the better to curse and rave.

All night long the confounded cannibals yelled and pranced—all night long I turned and rolled in my bed, making dreamy profane remarks, no doubt, about pedagogues, cannibals' cauldrons and everything in general.

But was I to have no revenge for this insult, this wanton thirst for taking my sleep and wearying my mind? Yea, my victory was at hand. For there, in my dreams, did I not see that ruthless pedagogue, bubbling and boiling, pleading and squirming as he was slowly cooked. Now saw he the humour of having a Cook to the Cannibal King? Were not the hideous wretches awaiting with excited breaths, and gleaming, gluttonous eyes, the nearing feast. Now did my English Master see the humour? Now that he was to be eaten, saw he yet the humour? Ay, and here was my crowning triumph! Were the cannibals not already munching his juicy flesh and gnawing his very bones. And was that not the pedagogue's head, lying there, severed from the body and roasted brown—but what is that that crossed his boiled face—a smile! Ye gods, he still saw the humour in it! I was conquered.

A Spider Web After a Sunshower.

A sheeny glint,
A silver tint,
A spread of soft silk lace.
A sunshine ray,
On shower spray—
A web of wond'rous grace.

A rainbow mist,
Gay colour kissed,
A mesh of flimsy lace.

A pearly net,
A-gleaming wet—
A web of wond'rous grace.

A gentle breeze,
Sifts through the trees
And stirs the filmy lace.
And then anon
Is gone, is gone—

A web of wond'rous grace.

—R. Kennedy, 22/3/'22.

Poemetic Anthologies.

(By "Minden K.")

We all of us know the usual introduction to the modern collections of poems; the preface in which the editor complains of the narrow-mindedness of all recent anthologies, in which he wails of the unoriginality of choice that is displayed in the poems printed for the edification of the world, and in which he hopes that his humble collection of verses is not so ridiculous and uninteresting, not so badly chosen, not so unoriginal and hopes finally that the public will welcome his little idea of choice of poems to be found in the meagre volume he offers. I have here by me one such preface to an anthology of verses, good, bad, and indifferent. The following is an extract and a few suggestions as to the context of the aforesaid extract:—

"This little collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original lyrical pieces and songs in our language, together with the cream of a medley of other types of verse."

No doubt the following little lyric (or otherwise) would represent a perfect choice "differing from all others in the attempt."

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
Pussy's little bell,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
Pussy likes it well."

No doubt the anthology would require a few notes if the poems were all as difficult to depth as this, but then this would entail an extra cost of production. Therefore a simple but decidedly original little verse that would not need many notes could be this or the like:—

"Running blindly, down he fell
With a yell,
In a well."

The originality of this poem is wonderful! See how the interest is sustained! Do we not all ask what happened "Willy" or "Sammy" in the well? The second stanza would need some notes, but this could be done without much cost by using footnotes:—

"Out they fished him with a net,
Dripping wet,
Yes, you bet!"

The third:—

"Mother spanked him o'er and o'er
Hear him roar,
Oh, so sore."

Should some little gem of beauty be required to enhance the value of the little collection, such a charming four-lined ditty as this by Shilliam Wakespeare (1980) could be inserted:—

"Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail,
Niddle-naddle went his head,
Wiggle-waggle went his tail."

Of course you exclaim "S'glorious!" "Encore!" "S'more"—then this by same author:—

"Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a hurdle
With a pair of speckled legs
And a green girdle."

Of course an appendix would be essential to explain the method employed by the bird to sit using his legs and a girdle.

Then as a diversion a few humorous lines could be inserted with profit:—

"There was a little guinea pig
Who being little was not big.
He always walked upon his feet
And never fasted when he eat."

Or this:—

"There was a butcher cut his thumb
When it did bleed the blood did come."

And, finally, to impress the poems on the memory, the sad story of the magpies who fought with tempers hot and also claws upon a summer's day and a rail:—

"So they pecked and they scratched each others little eyes

Till all that was left on the rail
Was the beak of one of the little magpies
And the other little magpie's tail."

And with this sad little tale so beautifully told, the little book of verses would always be in the mind of every reader, and the editor could lay down his pen and picking it up write "finis" with his task well done.

HIS BATHING COSTUME.

His costume was red
With bright stripes of green.
The fashion he led,
His costume was red,

And even 'tis said
He liked to be seen.
His costume was red
With bright stripes of green.

—F. Fowler, 3C.

The Sea Hath Its Pearls.



The sea hath its pearls. When the tide is out
I find them strewn on the reef about,
In the limpid pools of the carven rocks,
Where sea-plants grow for a mermaid's frocks.
They are fairy jewels, they are fair to see;
The softly gleaming anemone,
Pebbles and shells that are ev'ry shade
In the wonderful garden that God has made.

The sea hath its pearls. Where the restless
wave
Sings creaming white in the ocean cave,
You will see the crab with its pearly hue,
The mollusc lilac, and pink, and blue;
The mottled toads that are brown and white
And fish of tints that are infinite;
And the eel will peep from his weedy glade,
In the wonderful garden that God has made.

The sea hath its pearls. Where a murm'ring
sound
The surge awakes in the shingle ground,
You will see, unmoved by the billows' shock,
The clinging chiton upon the rock;
Or take with wonderment in your hand
The starfish gleaming upon the sand,
That left uncovered will not fade
In the wonderful garden that God has made.

The sea hath its pearls. Where the rainbows
play
In sunny clouds of the wind-blown spray,
The periwinkles and whelks will be
In motley myriads by the sea.
And then, far down in a green crevasse,
Where sea-weeds heave in a gleaming mass.
The rock-cod skirting a colonnade
In the wonderful garden that God has made.

The sea hath its pearls. By the worn rocks
deep
Are parrot-fish and the gray-blue sweep,
Of colours that, weaving a sight divine,
Surpass all sumptuous dreams of thine,
Or you may see, in a fairy lair,
A mermaid sleeping, with floating hair,
On the dim-lit couch of a green arcade,
In the wonderful garden that God has made.

The sea hath its pearls. When the day is done
And your face is turned to the setting sun,
Not one will you steal of those treasures fair,
But leave them all as you found them there.
Yet, out of sound of the singing sea,
You will take a wonderful memory,
For, Nature heard and her call obeyed,
You have seen the gardens that God has made.

—Raymond H. McGrath.

The University, March, 1922.

DEFINITIONS.

Babel.—The top floor during change of lessons.

Bands.—Of two kinds—hat bands, worn by small boys like dogs wear collars—so that people will know where to send them if lost, and jazz bands, a disease prevalent among the seniors towards the end of the year; symptoms, a few bars of music (?) and a big thud.

Committee.—A party of from three to seven Juniors, which meets in a classroom at 10.45 p.m. for the purpose of dodging drill.

Drill.—Of two kinds, physical and compulsory. Physical drill, a device instituted by a kindly department to facilitate the avoidance of unfavorable lessons. Compulsory drill: Here our feelings overcome us. Anyhow, the least said about it, the better.

Dormitory.—Any large room on the ground floor of a three-storied building, preferably near an office. Sometimes called a cemetery or a morgue.

Flickletics.—The contrary of athletics. The science of spending Wednesday afternoons in a congenial occupation.

Junior.—The opposite to Senior. Particularly opposed to Prefects.

Line.—A refined system of torture, in which

various inoffensive Juniors are compelled to stand, forbidden to eat or talk, while certain greedy Prefects gorge on large dinners before their eyes.

Mundayitis.—A serious malady, showing symptoms (yawns, lateness, inattention, etc.) on Monday mornings, extending sometimes far into the week. It has never been known, however, to extend later than 3.30 p.m. on Fridays, nor to appear during the holidays.

Prefects.—A system devised especially for preventing tuck-shop profits from becoming too great. Also, those who have the privilege of using the main staircase.

Physics.—A series of experiments on the breaking-point of thermometers, beakers, etc. counting text-books, discussing Nicola's methods, and working problems such as—"Given the required answer, and an approximate (very approximate) series of results, find the accurate results."

Senior.—One who has attained years of discretion, long trousers, and the right to sit on the front lawn.

Union de Lux.—Washerwomen's Union.

Variety.—The spice of life—and of Maths. periods.

—Carl Gunther.

ECHOES.



(G. Howarth, 2D.)

So here am I, unfortunate mortal, doomed by the curse of a demon to roam forever round the earth. Doomed to pass, day by day, and every night, through a mere shadow-world of long halls and passages—for such in truth is this world of ours—hearing only echoes. Cursed and shunned, never to cease my fruitless roaming, always with a grim spirit of unrest driving me forward, through realms where nothing is real, where all is mere pretence and shadow, and where every sound is merged in strange, elusive echoes.

I must henceforward bid good-bye to life and freedom, for I am a demon's slave. Never more to hear the clear call of youth and adventure—now, I have only bondage, where formerly there was no one freer in the wide, wide world. Now my soul, my spirit, my very being, tortured and tormented, are another's.

Farewell, farewell—I go upon my long, long journey, to which there is no end. . . .

Green and grey the shadows dance in the passage-way. At times a grim black shadow of awful might passes across, and is gone. And, faintly, faintly the Echoes of the World come stealing to my ears.

Henderson's voice! Hurrah, he has just shot his tenth lion! How excited he seems—but hark!—is that the lioness's roar? God help Henderson! "Help! help!"—a gasp, a dreadful scream—and pregnant silence. So pass the friends that once were mine.

An eerie wailing echoes along the passage, followed by a great roaring, leaping and tumbling along, bellowing into the recesses, raging to the ceiling, whirling round and round in a ceaseless reverberation of sound. This is the onrush of Joy, pursuing the Echo of Sorrow.

My sister's voice; and she weeps, though I know not why. Perchance it is for me.

Along before, around me, behind me, there the silent shapes moving, bearing me onward. They are the shadows of human beings, and I hear faintly, as a ceaseless undertone, the echo of their footsteps.

Strained white faces peer at me as I go by—a grey ghost starts from the midst of the shadows, and glowers at me.

Screams and cries, roarings, pleadings, dreams and tears and sighs, I hear in the endless halls. Echoes of gladness and despair burst suddenly upon me, to whirl away in a moment, and be lost. An echo swoops from above, and dances around; then, like the others, is gone. . . .

On a sudden there comes to me a great wave of realisation. I know it! I know! Would I had never discovered it! I know that I am mad, raving mad, since that fearful night of dumb terror and disaster—doomed to wander forever in the cells and passage-ways of my brain, blind slave of a demon, hearing only Echoes of the world outside!



THE FORTIAN CHORUS.

(Tune: "The Soldiers' Chorus.")

(After Gounod.)

Omnes, in chorus:

Fort Street, we Fortians sing thy fame;
Fort Street, whose colours have ne'er known
shame;
Fort Street, whose sons have all "played the
game";

We're ready to shield
In class-room and field,
Thy time-honoured name.

Seniors:

We, the Senior years,
Our voices raise ;

Juniors:

And our Junior cheers
Are in thy praise.

Omnes, in chorus: Fort Street, etc.

Seniors:

Soon we leave and go
To face the world,

Juniors:

But our pennon you know
We'll keep unfurled.

Omnes, in chorus: Fort Street, etc.

Finale.

Juniors:

We're ready to shield thy time-honoured name.

Seniors:

We're ready to shield—we're ready to shield

Omnes:

Thy time-honoured name.



ROOMS

It is well-known that all rooms possess associations, and that these associations produce impressions upon the sub-conscious mind.

Let us enter a ballroom, just before the dancing commences; we feel a thrill of joyous anticipation, and receive an impression of preparedness and gaiety. Then let us enter it again, in the light of the next morning; gone is the tense expectancy of last night, and in its stead we feel depression, desolation, weariness.

Why do we undergo these sensations? Because last night, all the lights were on, the floor shone, fairly glowed, the garlands and flags were neat and fresh, swaying in the light draught entering the open windows, the chairs stood in orderly array along the walls. But now the floor is covered with dust, the lights are fled, the garlands dead, the air is stale, and what little sunlight struggles through the dusty, closed panes only serves to enhance the desolation; the shrouded piano, the disordered chairs, the soiled glove lying forlorn near the door—all serve to heighten the contrast; why, the very echo of our footsteps is different.

Similarly we may be struck by the air of staid respectability in an old-fashioned parlour; to find on investigation that the chairs, with their tall, straight backs, protected by sober-patterned antimacassars, are set at regular intervals against the walls; that the pictures are all family portraits; that the sofa has no spring, and the cushions are hard and heavy. And we experience a sensation of ease and cosiness, engendered by the bright fire, comfortable armchairs, and tasteful pictures of some snug little smoking-room.

These sensations were brought on by the physical properties of the rooms. Now, let

us consider those feelings caused by personal recollections:—

Room No. 6, the old detention room, will promote in some a vague feeling of distrust, dislike—were not many hateful hours spent in it after school, away back in the dim past?

The room next to it will always have a faint odour of something indefinable, of mingled fried fish and steak, generally burnt and thick, grey tobacco smoke.

Room No. 16 will always hold a large measure of my affection. It brings tender whimsical recollections of those first months of pride, joy, and stern determination—that unforgettable period, First Year.

Then, around in the front, are the twin abodes of Scylla and Charybdis; Juniors are awed by these two rooms, and the Seniors at least overcome with profound respect; but the Old Boy—this is where he said good-bye to the Old School; from this spot he took his first important step into the world, and he will never lose the memory of that hearty handclasp and those last few helpful words and that irritation of the eyes which rendered everything misty and blurred.

Besides all these, there is a certain class of room which conveys profound disappointment—the room to which we go, willing, in fact, expecting to be impressed, but from which we come away, unimpressed, feeling as if we had not had our hopes realised.

However, despite the arguments of psychologists and others who maintain that the Ghosts of the Past are abroad and seeking to convey to the Mind of the Present a realisation of what has gone before, I contend that the only impressions made by rooms upon the mind are those made by personal recollections or physical appearances.

Carl Gunther

DIANA.



The moon is not the dead senseless thing scientists say she is; she is a kind fairy, exercising a delightful influence upon this world of ours, by reason of her magic cloak, which, when the sun has set, she throws over the dull earth, and by virtue of whose magic power, everything is endowed with charm and beauty.

The few clouds, which without the moon's aid would have merely blotted out the stars, now appear, edged with silver, to add to the glory of the sky, where the stars, by themselves too hard, too blazing, are softened to a kinder light by her presence.

The sea, so sombre and menacing, is transformed with a million shining gleams, traversed by a glorious silver track, a bridle-path to Heaven. The gloomy forest becomes a place of pleasant fancies, with its chequered floor of black and white, and its mysterious shadows and whisperings.

We can hardly imagine what the hours of darkness would be without Diana's smile to help drive away the cares that infest the day.

—Carl Gunther.

A Retrospect Into the Future.

(Being a paper read by Professor Fishomme in the year 2170, before the Royal Finnean Society, on the evolution of the present species, Amphilianthropos, of the genus Homo, from the former species Viranthropos. As reported in the "Daily Fishy Tale.")

"It has long been known," said the Professor, "that some two thousand years ago there was a race of beings upon the earth who could only stay under water for two or three minutes without artificial aid, spending practically the whole of their lives on dry land.

"At that time, as geologists have discovered, the earth was circling round the sun at a distance of ninety-three million miles—that is roughly, about five times the present distance—but, until now, the reason for the decrease was not known. It was suspected, however, that the rise in temperature due to the proximity of the sun was the cause of man taking to the water.

"The recent invention by Professor Fincent of the improved asbestos land-dress has enabled Professor Hagfin and myself to remain out of water for considerable periods, despite the intense heat, and much valuable research work has been made possible. We have even climbed the stupendous heights of what was known to the Ancients as Taverner's Hill or Mount Avernus, so called because of the extensive torture-chambers (compare Hades or the Spanish Inquisition) situated on its summit; and digging among the ruins of this once magnificent fortress, we discovered a manuscript, bearing the name Chapeau, an inmate of the establishment, which throws some light on the subject.

"It appears that this person was a kind of wizard (Nicola) and by means of his black arts, foresaw what was about to happen, and did all in his power to avert it. He discovered that Energy was wasted when people talked, and evolved the theory that if everyone did not stop talking, the world would rapidly come to an end. He became a great advocate of silence, and would spend considerable periods and much breath issuing warnings as to what would happen if people did not stop talking. His efforts, however, were in vain. His only disciples were a few of the warders in the torture-chambers mentioned above.

"The remainder of the people not only talked themselves, but purchased gramophones and set them talking like Billyo, with the consequence that so much Energy was dissipated into space as to render the Earth less

able to resist the attraction of the Sun; as a result, the Earth was drawn nearer to the Sun, and the temperature rose proportionally. Thus at the end of the twentieth century, man was faced with the dreadful alternatives of becoming a salamander or a porpoise.

"Having had considerable experience with ships, submarines, surf-sirens and wet weekends, man chose the latter, and took to the water.

"Now, here is proof that Nature is always perfectly balanced: Just as, 'when one of two pieces of string is longer than the other, that other is correspondingly shorter than the first, each to each,' (Euclid XXIII $\frac{1}{2}$) so, although the calamity which befell the earth was brought about by excessive talking, yet by the same agency an organ was developed which was to prove the future salvation of the human race. This organ was the Windbag, without which man could not have existed under the water for any reasonable period.

"From the time when man took to the water till the present day, there were developed, by a slow process of evolution, the webbed hands and feet, the wireless method of speaking under water, the steering-fins or rudders (it is an interesting fact that the Ancients had a common expression "Get a rudder" which seems to have been a prophetic forecast of future conditions) the corporation (worn originally by the Ancients as a mark of respectability, but now developed into a strong shock-resisting pad that protects us from the disease known as "ghutzah") and all the various other features which characterise the present human race.

"But the fact remains, gentlemen, that people still talk, and consequently Energy is still being wasted—accordingly, the Earth is still approaching the Sun [the distance (s) being inversely proportional to the cube of the amount spoken per week by seven men or one woman, expressed in yards, where O is the angle under discussion], and therefore the temperature is still rising, and man, to save himself from the consequences, will either have to assume a form resembling a hard-boiled egg, or forever hold his peace. As this would possibly be rather inconvenient, I have devised a remedy, gentlemen—I beg to move that all conversation be henceforth carried on in Shorthand."

(Silent but enthusiastic applause from the gentlemen, indignant protests from the ladies.)

—Carl Gunther.

DREAMING: PINDARIC ODE.

Cradled in scarlet poppy-blooms all mem'ry
sleeps.
Trails of the dream-flower twine o'er each
languid hour.
Drugged with roses the spirit reposes,
And opium's numbing glamour o'er the senses
creeps.

Sleep weaves a mystic, magic web of tran-
sient shades,
Of passing gleams, of hues of rose and pearl,
That dazzling flash athwart a troubled mind.
Whose fancies wander as the mists that writhe
and curl.

Sweet Peace! Most Holy Bliss, as to the
wearied soul,
Toiling o'er treacherous paths of Death and
Shame,
A-Light, that tender Faith, and Hope, and Life
renewed still tells
Gleams thro' the dark, and softly pealing bells
Chime peaceful echoes of th' Redeeming
Name.

A Pilgrim thro' the shadow-haunted realms
of sleep,
The Spirit, faltering 'mid th' untrodden ways,
Frighted with visions, 'mazed with gleam and
glow,
Wanders 'neath turquoise vaults, with gemmy
stars hung low,
While, sweeter than silver gong, the chime of
a slumber song
Rings o'er the opal landscape 'mid unearthly
lays.

Now on thro' shadowy glades amid whose
olive-tinted depths,
The solemn tread of Time unheeded falls,
Like rose leaves, scattered silently upon the
springy turf,
Caressed by downward drooping grasses tall.

By limpid ways that wind with many a snaky
writhe and coil,
The Slumber-Spirit idly wanders on
Thro' caverns where the murky gloom of thun-
der-riven walls
Broods black, unlit by star that ever shone.

Away! To caves ablaze with gems of rainbow
flashing glow,
With diamonds, brilliant as the lightning
beam;
And rubies, redder than the crimson drops of
passion's wine;
And moonstones, dully blue with fog-wreathed
gleam.

Away! On thro' these crystal-sparkling, trea-
sure-frosted depths,
To quiet groves, and silent pools among
The ferny fronds that bend their leafy tips to
kiss the reeds
That fringe the marble deep, with vines o'er-
hung.

And here are velvet swards by modest, nestling
violets starred,
Where fauns and satyrs gambol, to the strains
Of mystic music, from the haunted avenues of
green,
As, bright with fitful rays, the pale moon
wanes.

Now softly, thro' the courts of some, vast
dream-built House of Praise,
Where Nature praises Heaven unrevealed,
And chanting swells to roof and dome o'er
incense fragrant air,
And floods of Holy Rapture forth are pealed.

Ah! Here indeed is Peace—amid this sweet
and heav'nly bliss
Dark Passion has no place—Yea, Peace is
here,
Divinely soothing to the troubled soul it
spreads around,
'Tis found at least—'tis here—but Passion
where?

Away! and yet away! Beyond the realms of
further space,
Where mighty rolling harmonies burst from
the circling spheres,
Where blazing winds beat ceaselessly upon a
flame-wreathed plain,
Where scorching blasts of with'ring heat the
tortured landscape sear,
The biting, sulphur-laden flames of frenzy's
deepest pit
Wreathe thro' the thorn and shattered rocks
with baleful Hell-fire lit.

And anguished souls speed o'er the blazing
waste,
And fitting shapes wing by in tortured haste.
And here, where Fire and Terror rampant
rage,
Unbridled Passion wreaks his awful wage.

The hectic plain with horrors torn in thunder
fury quakes,
The wearied Spirit sinks—and sinking falls—
and falling wakes.

Oh; The world is ever dreaming, dreaming on
Dreams are our daily round,
In slumber is solace found.
But are they fancies we behold in sleep?
Perchance this life itself is but a dream
That mirrors shadows in the guise of truth,
Are all things ever only as they seem,
Or hide the secret meanings guessed by none?

And do we only live, when slumbers key
Unlocks the bars that fetter in the soul,
That bondless, wanders wide and far and free.
Thro' dreamland vistas closed to mortal eyes.

Answers to Unsuccessful Contributors.

P.E.E.L.: "There's Many a Slip." Quite so—your contrib. did.

B.E.A.M.: "The Fence." To much over to be included.

G.O.: "A Close Finish." Why be so modest about including only the finish? It was all so close we couldn't read it.

S. TORM: "A Rough Passage." Too right. Been through all the w.p.b.'s. in the editorial staff.

C. LOCK: "Just in Time." Your mistake, missed getting in by yards.

Y. ARN.—"A Short Story." We'll give you it was short, but what we want to know is whether story is just a polite name for a

— fib? We advise you not to carry this practise too far; you know where naughty boys go who . . . I needn't finish.

L. UDUS: "Around the School." It looked as if it had not only been round the school but also through all the dustbins.

S. TRING: "The Lost Chord." The editor and I couldn't make out why you called the stuff round your contrib. "chord." (Bad spelling by the way—your grammar needs attention.) It looked more like rope to us. And why say it was lost. Surely no one could miss seeing a piece that size.

A. BARD: "A Poem." Thanks, we wouldn't have known it otherwise.

(By the Sub.)

The Lotus : An Egyptian Idyll.

The Lotus afloat 'mid its leaves, on the Nile,
Like an ivory chalice,
Its pearl-cruled glory half-opened to smile
At the moon's magic palace.

How snowy the whiteness of youth's precious bloom,
In the silvery twilight.
How royal its coronet, gleaming with gold,
Like a moonbeam at midnight.

So tranquilly lulled on the breast of the stream
By the night-breeze now roaming,
Its mirror, the shield of the heavens: abeam
With the lights of the gloaming.

The incense of eve like a balm to the fair
Clusters lightly above her.
Like the fragrance that clings to the long,
dusky hair
Of the sweet queen of lovers.

The breeze whispers softly in amorous sighs
To its nestling beloved,
Whose cup on the moon silvered waters ope
lies,
With its gold heart uncovered.

The sirocco comes down from the hot desert sands,
Like a fiend of the blast.
It shrieks through the reeds that no more
stalwart stand
When its passage is past.

The waters are boiling and seething with foam,
By its scourge madly teased.
It wanders abroad wreaking havoc and doom
Till its wrath is appeased.

And after its passing sweet peace reigneth still
On the storm-tortured stream.
The moon rays fall softly on river and hill,
Lighting all with their gleam.

The Lotus, adrift on the breast of the Nile,
Like a heart newly broken,
Its ivory cup, that so fair was, awhile,
Bruised and shattered—a token
Of Beauty consumed
In Passion's hot breath,
Of fairness and meekness
In bondage of Death.

A maiden alone by the banks of the Nile,
Like a pure-hearted flower;
Her placid face lit by the moon's elfin smile
Is her beauteous dower.

The veil of her duskily beautiful hair,
Like a soft cloud enfolds her;
Her eyes as twin gems flash 'neath brows
proud and fair
O'er the twilight that shrouds her.

The soul of the Lotus is hers, with its calm,
And its passionless graces;
Her heart is athrob with the freedom and balm
Of the wild desert places.

The Scourge of the Waste, like a wolf to the fold,
Rushes down on his prey,
Inflamed with greed for the glitter of gold,
Bears his victim away.

The market of slaves claims yet one creature
more,
Only one of a throng;
And she stands 'mid the ranks of the captive
and poor,
Where she now must belong.

The maiden, athrill for the banks of the Nile,
Her heart sadly broken,
Her spirit, that joyous and free was, awhile,
Bruised and shattered—a token
Of Beauty consumed in Passion's hot
breath,
Of fairness and meekness in bondage
of Death.

—G. Gillard, 4B.

Yesterday, as soon I
walked, I came me in
sight of a crowd of
beings, bending and
groaning as if in grievous
pain, and, with aching
heart I stooped and
looked and pitied.....
.....



for one did walk
as in the latest
step.....

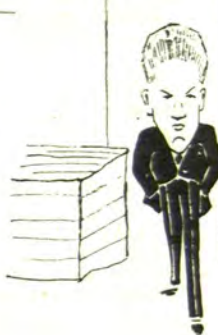


Another one
did smile and
wreck his body
with diabolical
contortions
as if in
agonny whilst.



. whilst another
swayed as one upon
the field of ball

But seeing that
a one did put
on his coat, as
if dashed. I
quietly stole
away into the
land of my kin



- another stood
in air but that
a chair was wedged
between his feet and
the earth and...



After
"Ye Memoirs of Eberte "



another groaning
vainly essayed to
reduce [ED CENSORED]

Eric, or Little by Little

In One Act

Scene I.

The first scene is laid in the corridor of the first floor. The time is 10.45 a.m. and a voice of great sweetness may faintly be heard giving orders relating to physical culture. A select company of Remove Year are gathered together—all small of limb and big of voice, with whom may be perceived a First Year student of angelic countenance. Alas! dear readers, weep for him—his name is Eric; and already in his first week at school he has scaled drill, and finding the result to his liking, is repeating the process. As this select assemblage chatters a sound is heard—a sound "mystic, wonderful"; it is the feet of a prefect on the staircase. For a moment "All is confusion, all . . ." but soon the assemblage has vanished—the assemblage except one. Alas! our fair youth Eric finds that his feet will not fit within a desk and that the cupboard in the nearest room has its full complement of passengers. He waits—and fate approaches . . . steely eyes of severity are fixed upon him. "Well?" "No excuse?"—"Take a day." Eric staggers and would have fainted but for the supporting wall. On the line and only a week at school!

"Facilis descensus Averno."

Scene II.

This scene is laid on the quad. In the background is the side of the school—in the foreground are two majestic figures, in the hand of one of whom is a fateful black book while between the school and the figures is a line of youths of all ages, sizes, conditions and degrees of joy or dejection. The time is 12.30, and on the right may be discerned a multitude all busied in the one task of relieving an empty pain.

In the midst of the line Eric is perceived—"alone, uncared for," so, at anyrate, Eric thinks. But, sad to relate, he has misjudged the accuracy of the eye of a noble prefect and no sooner does his hand reach his mouth to place nourishment therein, than a musical voice is heard politely requesting that Eric should come into the foreground. He obeys, but since it takes him fully five minutes to recover himself, he is seen five minutes later, after having been told to stop eating, finishing the mouthful begun. Fate is relentless—he receives another day. A week at school and on the line twice!

"Facilis descensus Averno."

Scene III.

The last scene is laid on the ground floor on the front verandah. In the foreground on a lawn of richest verdure (?) many graceful forms are seen reposing—the time is 1 p.m. In the background is a entrance of stern grandeur in which a row of chairs stand in majestic silence, and on the right is a door. By careful observation the shrinking form of Eric may be seen. A "still small voice" is heard: "Come in!" A shudder passes through the frame of Eric—he staggers, then enters. Faint sounds are heard—faint but full of meaning. Eric is seen to emerge from the doorway and "Take a week, my boy" floats on the air. Weep for Eric!—the path of the transgressor is hard—Eric or little by little.

This, however, is not the end. True to his name Eric reduces his sentences "little by little" till he has either mastered the art of prefect evading or decided to be sensible and do those things which it behoves that he should do.

—C. McLelland.

AT THE BATHS

When the glaring heat is hard to bear,
While the hot sun bakes the ground,
When our work is o'er and time's to spare,
There's a refuge to be found—
At the baths.

When the glaring heat is hard to bear,
Hark! the splash of many feet.
Let us hurry faster—faster,
Whom the cooling waters greet—
At the baths.

'Tis a refuge cool for every one,
They are there, both great and small;
'Tis a healthful place of sport and fun,
With the water's tempting call—
At the baths.

—C. McL.

A Bashful Young Man

(By J. H. Gardiner, 3A.)

I labour under a species of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from the select society of Fort Street Boys' High School, in which I am most ambitious to appear successful; but first I would like to give you a short sketch of my present situation, by the which you will more readily understand my difficulty.

I came to school fresh from the country, a great believer in etiquette, though I am unfortunately unable to follow such a thing. I am what is commonly known as a "bashful young man."

Being unable to conquer my timidity in the city, my pal asked me to spend the holidays with him at his place in the country. As his father is the Squire, and his mother a leader in society, I thought it would be for me a golden opportunity. Before my visit, however, I endeavoured to better myself in more ways than one, being always sensitive of my unpolished gait.

At length the much-hoped for, and yet the much-dreaded time arrived. I arrived at my friend's place without accident, and on meeting Mrs. Halbert, mother of the aforementioned pal, I endeavoured to make my newly acquired bow. Unfortunately, in bringing back my foot I tripped the maid, who was carrying a tray of crockery. Next, on hearing the dinner bell ring sharply, I was seized with the impression that I had spoilt the dinner by my want of punctuality. Accordingly, I blushed crimson, and ran into

the dining room, expecting to find the meal in progress. However, seeing that nobody was seated, I sat down at the table, and endeavoured to consume as much as I could before my pal put in an appearance, stuffing my pockets as I proceeded.

At this juncture the Squire and my friend entered the room. Blushingly, I rose, and extended my hand, treading on his toe in the process. I admired the manner in which he affected not to notice my slip, and I became more confused.

After I had spoken to my friend, the Squire chatted merrily, and so I leant on the bookcase, and accidentally upset the inkstand. Then, in my confusion, I attempted to stop the progress of the ink on the carpet.

My face burned, and to relieve myself from fallen, I feverishly mopped my brow with my handkerchief, the very same one that I had used before to stop the ink.

Even the Squire could not suppress his merriment at the picture of my face, covered with long streaks of ink, and in an agony of confusion, I jumped up, rushed out of the house, and took the train home.

I despair of my ever conquering my timidity, and appeal to all those who have experienced such a frightful debacle as I have, to give me their sage counsel and advice. But please do not further increase my unhappy notoriety by making my confusion the subject of your conversatoin.

"Dream-Boat"

(G. Gillard, 3B.)

O'er the seas of slumber
Every night I glide,
In a pearly vessel
Through the waters slide.

'Tis a wondrous lovely ship
All with gold agleam;
Through its crystal portholes
Elfin lanterns beam.

Of silver are its masts so tall,
Its decks with rubies shine;
Its sides with turquoise are aglow -
This wonder-ship of mine.

Wide its velvet sails are spread,
Sails of mingled hue,
Like the rainbow arch that hangs
In the far-off blue.

Nightmare-waves my vessel rock,
But strong and staunch is she,
And ever still she bears me on,
Across the Slumber Sea.

Sometimes by mystic fairy lakes,
Or by enchanted streams,
My little vessel bears me on—
She is the Ship of Dreams.

On Things in General

In my humorous dissertation last issue, and it did possess humor if you only knew where to look, I was entirely wrong in my new forecast of the new prefects. Absolutely wrong, entirely wrong, oh! it shames me to think how wrong I was. In fact, I was so wrong that I could qualify as a weather prophet—anyhow I couldn't do worse than is done now; fancy prophesying rain when you want a fine day! Anyhow, to get back to the matter under discussion. Our new prefects are most honorable, upright fellows, always ready to support the school (and the tuck-shop) and to uphold her fair name in . . . What's that? Oh, yes, I'm a prefect. No, I'm NOT the one you're thinking of.

But all prefects are not perfect, that is, I mean to say, BEFORE they ARE prefects. As a case in point, only last year one of our present prefects, BEFORE he WAS a prefect, made this astounding assertion:—

"Polonius was the father of the 'Merchant of Venice.'"

Ah! I hear our Third Year laughing; they know all about it. They see the joke. They'll tell you Polonius isn't in the "Merchant of Venice," and I'll say the "Merchant of Venice" isn't in the same play as Polonius. What play is Polonius in? you ask. I'm not going to tell you, but I'll help you find out.

First of all look at the ending of the name

—ius. Now, you Latin scholars, what sort of an ending is that? Roman. Right! Names of Shakespeare's Roman plays? Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus. Good boy! Now look up those plays. Do you see the joke now?

By the way, here is a little verse I picked up the other day. It would be a very good thing for the junior boys, especially First Year boys, to learn and follow:—

"I love my dear prefect—
(Though he makes it so warm.)
For if I don't rile him,
He'll do me no harm."

I have an idea it was written by Tennyson.

While talking of poetry, I wish to advise all who have not already done so, to read Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. Among its verses, he who reads will find many which will be exceedingly useful to him in after life, if not at present. He will find in its lines the answer to the all absorbing question—"What shall I write in this infernal autograph book?"

Well, the editor has just said that I "auto" turn round and do a little bit of "graph"-t for the "Fortian" and not leave it all to him, so I s'pose I'd better knock off.

—Dicky.

A Fairy Ship

(W. B. Rowlands.)

A silver ship with a poop of gold,
With a captain brave and a boatswain old,
And a crew of stalwarts fierce and free,
None matched with them to sail the sea.

Her sails are pearls and dewdrops bright,
Like dazzling orbs of shining light,
A precious jewel in an emerald sea
Is this fairy ship the Diddle-Dee.

Her anchor is of diamonds rare,
Her cable coral passing fair,
And her rigging hung from the tall mastheads
Of rubies strung in festooned spreads.

The golden sun hangs lower west,
The storms and winds are in their nest;
Above in skies of azure blue,
The dome is cloudless to the view.

Did I say cloudless? 'Twas not right,
For floating towards this fiery light
Appeared a single lonely cloud
To bow before a monarch proud.

Slowly and steadily it came,
Approaching now this living flame,
Assuming regal robes and bright,
And then to vanish lost to sight.

O'er such a scene o'er such a ship
The lengthened evening shadows slip,
As there she stands on the skyline dark,
On a distant land to set her mark.

When dawn the heavens streaked with grey
The fairy ship in her haven lay,
From cares and troubles all were free,
For this was the home of the Diddle-Dee.

At set of sun she sailed again,
For she must in his absence reign,
When dawn the darkened heavens pales,
As queen of night she sets her sails.

Such is the tale of the Diddle-Dee,
As I've often had it told to me,
But whether you care it to believe,
To your discretion quite I leave.



CONGRATULATIONS

We desire to offer our hearty congratulations to Percy C. Spender, B.A. LL.B., on obtaining first place, First-class Honours, and the University Medal at the Final LL.B. Examination. Spender has had a remarkably fine career at the University Law, having topped the list at every examination, and also having won the George and Matilda Harris Scholarship.

We also offer our congratulations to Lawrence Taylor on gaining top place at the Intermediate Examination for LL.B., and to Walter G. Tester on obtaining the Proxime Accessit.

Also to Arthur Sims, B.E., on his recent marriage to Miss Mary B. Shaw, of Killara. Sims is now on the Chief Mechanical Engineer's staff of the Railway Department.

To Arthur John Higgs, who at the recent Leaving Certificate secured Prox. Acct. in the Barker Scholarship for Mathematics. As the holder of this scholarship failed to fulfil the conditions, the scholarship was awarded to Arthur Higgs.

To William R. Crisp on his winning Lane Mullins Medal and Loewenthal prize for Australian History at Leaving Certificate.

George Mackney (Senior) and Harry Bowen (Junior) on gaining the Taylor Memorial Prizes for best school passes in geography at Leaving and Intermediate Examinations.

Dr. J. E. Sherwood, who has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of Sydney Hospital.

Mr. Geoffrey Dale, B.Sc., who has been appointed Clerk of Examinations at Sydney University.

Dr. J. Paling recently left for London by the Port Denison. He intends continuing his studies abroad.

Mr. Cecil Gostelow, A.I.A., has been appointed Actuary, National Provident Fund, Wellington, New Zealand.

Mr. John T. Keating, Under-Secretary for Lands, recently retired after a service of nearly fifty years. He is an old Fortian.

Mr. Jack Wm. Walther, Commissioner for Stamp Duties, also retired recently after forty years in Public Service. He is now on a visit to England. Like Mr. Keating, he also was educated at the old School.

Recent American mails bring news of the success of Bob Dexter in the film world as a contributor of cinema stories.

The School has suffered a loss through the departure of Messrs. G. Mackenzie and D. St. Clair Maclardy. Mr. Mackenzie goes to Cootamundra District School as headmaster, whilst Mr. Maclardy enters on duty as Master of Classics at Maitland Boys' High. Our best wishes for future success go to both.

Mr. B. Schleicher, M.A., of Parramatta High School, takes the place of Mr. Maclardy, and Mr. R. Page, B.A., comes as Master of Modern Languages. Mr. Page is an old Fortian master. We extend to both a hearty welcome.

Dr. Arnold Bryant, M.B., Ch.M., has been appointed Resident Medical Officer at Sydney Hospital. Congratulations.

A Coming Poet

When at school, Raymond H. McGrath was noted for the excellence of his verse, many of his best attempts having been published in "The Fortian." The University has not been slow to recognise his merit, as is evidenced by the award to him of the University Medal for English Verse. This medal is awarded

annually for English verse, to be written in rhyme, and to be of not less than one hundred lines in length. Its value is £10. After one year in Arts, Ray McGrath has now transferred to the Faculty of Architecture. He recently contributed to "Hermes" a fine page of verse, entitled "Newcastle," with marginal illustrations by himself.

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we have to record the death of one of our distinguished old boys and promising young medicos, Dr. William E. Jacobs, who died in December last when only 22 years old. Our sympathy goes out to his sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters.

The late Dr. Jacobs was a typical son of Fort Street. He first entered the school in 1912, and soon endeared himself to both masters and boys by the charm of his personality and his perennial good-nature. He passed very successfully both the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations, the latter

in 1915 with Honours in German (first place in State) and Physics. He then entered the Medical School at the University, had a very successful career, won the Clipsham Memorial Prize, and graduated M.B., Ch.M., in March, 1921. He was then appointed Resident Medical Officer at the Royal North Sydney Hospital, where he still was at the time of his death. As a pupil of Fort Street, he will be remembered as a fine scholar, an active footballer and athlete, a prominent member of the Old Boys' Union, and, above all, as a young man of the highest ideals and noblest character. His memory will be ever green with us.

PERSONALIA.

Subscriptions to the following magazines have been paid by the Librarian, and they are now available:—

The Times, weekly edition.
The Times, Literary Supplement.
The Daily Mirror (Overseas Edition).
The English Bookman.
The American Bookman.
Travel.
The Forum.
The New Outlook.

The Librarian regrets to note the poor response made this year by boys leaving school to his appeal for the presentation of a book to the Library. It is not too late, however, to remedy this omission.

We regret the departure of Eric Pledge, one of the 1922 Seniors, who has returned to England with his parents.

Platt (1921 Senior) has entered the Faculty of Medicine.

Among the recent interesting social events are the marriages of two old boy medicos, Nicol McLaren and Gregg Cutler. We wish them lots of happiness.

EVENING.

The sky is tinged with red and golden tints,
The flaming orb of day sinks o'er the hills;
The light on ever moving foliage glints,
Reflecting in the slowly running rills.

Among the foliage of th' o'erhanging trees,
All tinged with gold and hues of many shades,
The sounds of birds come floating with the breeze;
Those songs rebound throughout the leafy glades.

The cricket with its never-ceasing click
Is heard above the noise of birds and beasts;
Above the hum of bees in honey thick
As each one on a flower c'en now feasts.

Fantastic purple shades are thrown around
As darkness settles o'er the long low veldt;
A gloomy stillness settles o'er the ground—
A gloom and darkness so thick, almost felt.

—Levitus, 3C.

AT NIGHT.

The night has come and with its quietude
Has gently clothed all the world, but soon
The cold clear radiance of the silver'd moon
Has filled me with a sense of solitude.

I feel alone—how sad, yet sweet to be alone—
How slowly, solemnly the hours pass by;
And yet how now a smile may chase a sigh,
A smile—some leaf from off the tree of mem'ry blown.

And then my thoughts into the future fly;
I dream of things that eyes may never see,
Of some great work, of some ambition high,
Some castle in the air, some fantasy.

The night wears on, and ever restless sleep
To her far distant, dusky shore,
Hath come my wearied mind to take and keep,
And solitude and smiles and sighs are o'er.

—C. McL.



Class Magazines.

THIRD YEAR.

The only Third Year magazine published as yet (25/3/22) is "The Mentor" of 3C. class. The arrangement of this journal is highly commendable; the design of the cover being neat and artistic.

Remove Year could very well profit by making their covers more like this one, as the fact that it is better to have too little than too much in the way of lettering in such a case should be kept well in mind.

The editorial in which the origin of the name "Mentor" is explained is very fine indeed.

Poetry seems to be the special sphere of literary activity of the Third Year, judging by the amount of fine verse contributed to "The Mentor."

A witty piece "Caesar de bello Australico" of imitative nature, the work of Crouch, is worthy of mention.

REMOVE YEAR.

The standard of the Remove Year Magazines is very pleasing.

In two classes it may be noticed that over twenty members have contributed, thus doing a great deal towards the success of their journal.

The editorials are a vast improvement upon the First Year magazines, but it may be suggested that such topics as lack of "copy" be reserved for a private interview with the defaulters.

In publishing articles as well as stories, jokes, and poems, the editors show that they realise that First Year days of "Penny Dreadfuls" have been left far behind. Some of the best are "A Struggling Industry of Australia" and "The Beauties of Australia."

A.R. "COMET."

In this journal a very neat cover encloses a few well-arranged contributions. Of these, however, some are excellent.

In the realm of versification "A Land Across the Sea" is the best effort, while the article on "Long Worms" is interesting.

B.R. "NULLI SECUNDUS."

B.R.'s Magazine seems to be the united effort of an enthusiastic class, kept well up to the mark by a capable editor, whose address to his colleagues is one of the best among the journals, even of Third Year.

The design of the cover, and general arrangement of the paper, are very good indeed.

"Nature" by the editor seems to be the best attempt at verse, though "A Night Too Soon" and "Exams" are good.

The readers are presented with a very fine story in "The Adventures of Captain Monckton." Two articles which are of the better type and should be eagerly read are "A Struggling Industry of Australia," a well-informed account of aeroplane construction, and "Sunset," which is, of course, descriptive.

In the art section, talent and care are shown, particularly in "Battle Abbey" and "Eternal Vigilance is the Secret of Success."

C.R. "METEOR."

A very well-drawn cover seems intended to convey supremacy over some rival publication, but one might suggest that this superiority be made known in the more subtle fashion of improving on the general reading matter.

Art and Poetry are good; "A Study in Faces" and "Billy Snail" being the best.

"Our Bush" is an excellent piece of descriptive work, while two very good articles are supplied by "Winchester" and the author of "Plant Traps." The first-mentioned is entitled "Lake George," and compares favourably with other contributions of a descriptive nature.

D.R. "THE YOUNG FORTIAN."

A cover very artistically executed promises a high standard of matter which is realised by the majority of the articles.

This is no doubt due, as in the case of "Nulli Secundus," to the large number of contributors.

A very fine piece of work is "Anzacs," followed closely by "The Kookaburra," while "The Rebellion of 1922" shows good imitative talent. Aided by art, "The Schooner" deserves mention, and "The Ocean" is above the average.

Serials and humorous short stories are plentiful and good. Some are "A Chieftain's Vengeance," "Cats!" "Revenge is Sweet" (probably the best), and "The Worries of Life."

Two splendid articles, supplemented in the first instance by some fine photographs, are "From Leura to Katoomba" and "The Beauties of Australia."

FIRST YEAR.

The newcomers to Fort Street seem to have entered enthusiastically upon their journalistic career at this school.

No less than six journals have been issued by the four classes since the beginning of the year.

Many pleasing features are evident in each, but improvements in the editorials and type of the articles will no doubt be suggested to those responsible, by a perusal of Remove, Second, and Third Year efforts. The editors of these will, I am sure, be only too willing to assist any enthusiastic Fortian, as it can only be by wholehearted co-operation that the Fort Street of this generation may hope to parallel that of former years.

The journals will be commented on in turn, the object being to commend matter that seems worthy of praise, rather than to censure the more puerile attempts.

I.A. "EXCELSIOR."

The design and execution of the cover reflect much credit on the artist, and the substitution of type-written sheets for script would undoubtedly place this journal above its rivals as far as arrangement is concerned.

As is usual, a large portion is devoted to Humour, which seems to be worthy of inclusion.

The only attempt at Verse is one of two four-line stanzas entitled a "Limerick." It is certainly original and sincere, and we hope to hear more from this Riverina-ite when he has had more experience in versification and, incidentally, come to feel a little less disgust at being penned in by the foreboding walls of the city. Unfortunately the best short story is not original; "Their First Trip to the Baths," however, runs a good second.

The interest of the readers of any paper is often centred on the serial and, judging from the first instalment, "The Cowboy Footballers" will ensure eagerness to read the next copy. I.A. "Excelsior" has also made an attempt at an Art section, which some other papers could emulate with advantage.

I.B. "THE BUSY BEE."

The second issue of "The Busy Bee" is neatly typed and arranged, though smaller in size than some of its fellow publications.

Judging by the editorial, one would imagine that no contributions would be accepted unless wholly original, but alas! such is the case: a certain poem containing merit both in idea and metrical construction adorns the pages of "The Busy Bee," whereas, had it been an unaided attempt, I.B. might have claimed the honour of having a contribution accepted for "The Fortian." Next issue we hope to have some verses from the author of "The Three Kisses." A witty version of the Book of Genesis, or at least the fruit-eating part, is decidedly above the average.

Decided imaginative and literary talent is shown in the serial of "The Queer Case of Dr. Syn."

I.C., "THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

Like its namesake, this paper does not believe in hiding its glory by a cover—though

much less to this journal than to any other does the following text apply: "Let all things be done decently and in order."

In the way of Humour nothing is lacking; some of the jokes having an original touch even though heard before.

A great deal of space is devoted to Verse which, though amusing, does not indicate a high ideal in the mind of the authors. "Hard Times," "Robin Hood," "Camouflage," and "Circular Delusions" are the best. "Wallaby" is the happiest in juggling with metre and rhyme, and should he choose a more elevating topic than he has done will doubtless produce some fine verse.

The study of the Short Story seems to have been overlooked in I.C., as these are decidedly poor, but the very fine serial, "For His Vow's Sake," more than compensates for this deficiency.

I.D., "OPTIMIST."

I.D. seems to think itself capable of supporting two journals.

The first and official is styled "The Optimist." In this publication the effect of "Penny Dreadfuls" on the infant mind is most noticeable.

The humorous section is of such a character as to leave no doubt why the unofficial publication claims to be "The Humorist."

In fiction, a slight regaining of prestige is effected, as "The Outwitted Landlord" is especially good, while "In Quest of the Source of the Congo" shows vivid imagination.

I.D., "HUMORIST."

A very pleasing feature in the editorial is that no stream of invective is directed against fellow journals, but wishes for success are extended to the rival "Optimist."

We certainly hope the competition next month will be for designing a cover, as the execution of the present one looks rather hurried.

The humorous section is very good indeed. Art has been called in to assist, and even the "bald-headed" jokes are told with that spice of originality which makes us welcome them as old friends in new clothing.

The short stories are fair, but the only verse, a humorous attempt, is decidedly good.

AN AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Regularly for several months past we have been receiving exchange copies of the Shaw "Shuttle," the magazine of the Shaw High School, East Cleveland, Ohio. As a monthly school paper, this magazine strikes us as a model of what other such papers should be. It is produced on fine art paper, contains no less than forty pages, is splendidly illustrated, while, in the language of the printer, the setting and "get-up" of the journal are highly artistic. Particularly were we impressed by the clever way in which it was divided into

sections, each presided over by an editor or sub-editor. Under the title "Editorial and Literary Departments" there are no less than 20 assistants, including an Exchange Editor, a Joke Editor, an Athletic Editor, and an Editor of Clubs. There are twelve members of the Business and Advertising Departments, and six members of the Staff, or, as they call it, the "Faculty," interested in the production of this fine little magazine. We gather that Shaw High School is a mixed school of about 1200 pupils.

We may add as a sort of addendum that there has recently been admitted to Fort

Street a real American lad, who comes to us from Strathford High School, Stratford, Connecticut.

We print for the benefit of our readers an extract commenting on the receipt of our October issue:—"A very interesting magazine, 'The Fortian,' came from Australia. It is very interesting reading. The quantity and good quality of the literary articles being especially notable. We would suggest more cuts, and also a division of the material into departments, to be placed separately under their own headings."



The Ballad of "Gipsy Queen."

(M. McKinnon, 3C.)

Long was her mane, her foot was sure,
And on the hills, as steep
As ere did mountain goat ascend,
Her steady pace could keep.

His form was manly, strong, and brown;
His hair waved long, and free.
He bore a strong undying love
For two, as you shall see.

There waited long for his return,
A maid who loved him dear,
But now to clasp her close, he spurs
His pony without peer.

His hand upon the reins was clasped,
Her glossy neck stroked he.
Few men indeed bestride a mount
Worth half as much as she.

His thoughts turned freely to his love
As slowly sank the sun;
To fold her in his arms he hoped,
Before the day was done.

Nor recked he that the swirling sound
Of waters, dark and grim,
Foretold a fierce and angry flood,
Of creek swoll'n to the brim.

Onto the bridge the pony stepped,
With ne'er a sign of fear,

Nor dreamt the man upon her back,
That he to death was near.

They gain'd the bank quite safe and sound,
Great praise to "Gipsy Queen,"
For hours ago the flooring planks
All washed away had been.

Along the hard blue-metal road,
They went with merry clang,
And as he rode it seemed to him
The bells for wedding rang.

At last he clasps her in his arms;
To him she wond'ring cries,
"You surely did not cross the creek,
Before it 'gan to rise?"

'Twas then he learn'd how perilous
His journey must have been,
And how his darling horse had pick'd
Her way, on planks unseen.

And sometimes now, when all is still
Except the soft south breeze,
There comes the sound of ghost-like hooves
An echo in the trees,

And on the bridge of "Sherlock's Creek,"
A ghostly horse is seen
To pick her careful way across,
As once did "Gipsy Queen."

The Ballad of the Banshee of Drumtochty Burn.

Long, long ago, so many say,
To hear which I have prayed,
There dwelt in town that I've forgot
A Highland youth and maid.

Between high hills and mountain peaks
A rushing river pelt,
On either side of which had grown
The town where these two dwelt.

The youth was strong, of manly build,
With frank and fearless eye.
He loved the chase, he loved the fight,
With him no one could vie.

A chieftain brave, and so was he,
Of proud and noble birth;
They called him Duncan Graeme the bold,
For Scotland knew his worth.

Yet more than these he loved a maid
Fair haired with eyes of blue,
With rose-red cheeks and coral lips—
Her life was pure and true.

She dwelt upon the southern side,
Her name was Joyce McLean.
He crossed by ferry every night
To win her he would fain.

One night he begged her then for wife
For he no more could wait.
She blushed and just one word replied,
But with it went their fate.

At last the longed-for night arrived,
The night when they should wed;
But such it was so fierce and wild,
It filled all hearts with dread.

"He will not surely come" she cried,
"So fierce the wild winds blow.
Than he at all should risk his life,
I to my death would go."

She stood upon the southern bank,
He on the other shore.
In vain the ferryman he begged
To row the river o'er.

"'Tis madness, Duncan," he replied,
"On such a fearful night."
But Duncan heeded not his word—
To gain his end he'd fight.

When half way o'er the rushing tide
The boat began to fill,
And sink to leave him in the swirl
At the Almighty's will.

For what seemed hours that followed
The elements he fought,
But waves like mountains round him
His struggles brought to nought.

With strength remaining summoned
He made his last essay—
To sink at last exhausted,
As in a trough he lay.

"He's sinking, Oh! he's sinking,"
She utters in her plight,
And straightway leaps she in the stream
And then is lost to sight.

At break of day a fisherman
Saw floating down the stream,
Two bodies lying side by side.
He watched as in a dream.

And still these people love to say
How on a stormy night,
On either side the river waits
A figure clad in white.

And then they whisper sad and low,
And to each other cling—
For in the distance faint they hear
The wedding bells' clear ring.

—W. B. Rowlands.

"Never Tired and Never Old."

Never tired and never old,
'Tis Nature with her wealth untold,
Who through the countless ages long
So many times has sung that song.

Those flashing gems, the dewdrops bright,
Appear at dawn. Concealed by night
They're formed: 'tis Nature's proof of
pow'r
She works and teaches hour by hour.

The young green shoots, the tender blooms
Are made upon her restless looms.
And day by day more work appears;
She toils for pleasure, not for tears.

Each tree on earth its growth controlled,
Is formed on her gigantic mould.
Its stem, its root, its limbs, its leaves
Are signs of work which she achieves.

The human heart may, aged and ill,
Die and forgotten be; but still
Nature's pow'r immortal keeps
Her vigil, and men's praise she reaps.

—G. Schrader, 1C.

Correct, Distinctive Clothes for Young Men.

*Sports, or general attire
at Farmer's.*

THE discriminating tastes of Youth, in his desire for individual expression, are satisfied at Farmer's. Whether clothes are sought for general or sports wear, style, fit, and finish are approved by critical and smart young men.

Youths' Ready-to-Wear Sac Suit, light and dark grey, all-wool Cheviot. Smart, two-button coat, no vent, breast pocket. Vest medium opening. Trousers, cuff bottoms. Price **75/-**

Youths' Two-piece Sports Suit, dark brown all-wool tweed. Coat, half-belt back, inverted pleats, patch pockets. Trousers, side straps, belt loops. Price, **84/-**



Blazers made to order.

Farmer's college and school Blazers made to measure in special quality all-wool flannel piped to contrast in any colour. Prices, piped cord, **35/-**
Bound special ribbon **39/6**

Prices subject to fluctuation. Quotations given for breast pocket embroidered with college, school, or club device.

Tennis Trousers and Shirts.

Cream Tennis Trousers, of all-wool cream serge, well cut and finished, belt loops, side straps, side and hip pockets. Price **25/-**

White Cotton Tennis Shirts, collars and pockets attached, band cuffs. Price, **10/6**; three for **30/-**

*Farmer's Sports Outfitting Section—
in charge of experts whose advice is
available if desired—provides all
sports apparel and various insignia—
club colours, badges, pennants, etc.*



Farmer's

SYDNEY

Box 497, G. P. O.

THE THIRD YEAR

(W. B. Rowlands.)

We're all a happy Third Year crowd,
From cares and troubles freed,
With help from everyone we'll make
A splendid year indeed.

We've left the Inter. far behind.
Oh! flee thou ugly dream;
But anyhow we did our best
And many earned esteem.

It seems to be a twilight rich
With tender mellow light,
Behind we look on Inter. days,
In front a Fourth Year night.

So this is why to you I say,
To paint with blue your sky.
Enjoy, appreciate this year—
To-morrow you may die.

Before I mention other things,
I'll have a word or two
About these clever friends of mine
And all that they can do.

I have in mind a Scotchman stiff,
With deep and ready blush,
Excelling in the half-mile walk,
In football can't he rush!

Another one of stature short,
At lessons very good,
Reminds one of a dumpling big;
In fact, they call him "Pud."

A third, fair-head, and eyes of blue,
With motor bikes he dwells.
A tennis player promising,
At reading French excels.

A fourth with eyes of hue the same,
Podgy, with sandy hair,
Is only what his name implies—
A bird; you'll guess him ne'er.

Some others I must mention too,
A junior swimmer tann'd,
With hair pushed back in Yankee style,
He struts around so grand.

Another called by "Bolshevik"
Is known so very well,
He means to be a teacher, soon;
Of him, no more I'll tell.

We have one fond of politics,
The Labour side he'll take;
Just lately come, his hat drawn low,
He hardly looks awake.

He has a fellow party man
Of quite a smarter kind,
The cause of wronged humanity,
Supporting you will find.

Debater, editor is he,
A Newtown native true;
With longs, and pair of glasses,
You'll know him through and through.

And now our sergeants amorous,
One old and one a new,
Who lately at our carnival
Astonished not a few.

The new one is conceited so,
He figures in debate
Excusing colleagues personal
Though he, may further prate.

We have a comic artist too,
I think you'll all agree;
In tests to questions he replies:—
"For answer text book see."

Another new red-headed chap
Bill Shakespeare does admire;
A dark horse for the swimming champ.,
We saw his hopes expire.

We'll not forget our foremost sport
For First's a full back sure;
He played that place a year ago
And hard knocks could endure.

So this is all I have to say
About my Third Year friends;
They're quite a decent lot I think—
And here my story ends.

THE THEME.

I try to write a triolet;
I first must choose the theme.
'Tis all so very simple, yet—
I try to write a triolet,
But I am sure I've never met
A rhyme so hard to scheme.
I try to write a triolet;
I first must choose the theme.

Hurrah; I've found a theme at last!
I laugh with joy and glee.
The Intermediate I have passed!
Hurrah! I've found a theme at last!
And now I'll write my verse as fast
As inky pen will let me.
Hurrah! I've found a theme at last!
I laugh with joy and glee.

—C. Airey, 3C.



TRIOLETS

TO EYES OF BLUE.

She had tender blue eyes
 And a manner entrancing.
 They were filled with surprise,
 She had tender blue eyes.
 As they looked towards the skies
 They were sparkling and dancing:
 She had tender blue eyes,
 And a manner entrancing.

—W. B. Rowlands, 3C.

THE TRIOLET.

Easy is the triolet
 When the spirit takes you.
 If a train of thought you get
 Easy is the triolet.
 So with but a little 'let
 I will pay my debt to you.
 Easy is the triolet
 When the spirit takes you.

—A Bagnall, 3C.

**LETTER WRITING CONVENTIONS
PUT ASIDE**

I began it "Dear Miss,"
 She was "proper," you know:
 In my innocent bliss
 I began it "Dear Miss,"
 But appended a kiss,
 With her pet-name below.
 I began it "Dear Miss,"
 She was "proper," you know.

—M. McKinnon, 3C.

ON THE BEACH.

Sunday morning,
 Coogee beach.
 I was yawning,
 Sunday morning,
 From an awning,
 Came a "peach."
 Sunday morning,
 Coogee beach.

—A Levitus, 3C.

THE FIDDLE.

I learn to play the fiddle,
 I THINK I play quite well,
 And as my fingers twiddle
 I learn to play the fiddle.
 But music's such a riddle;
 The violin seems to yell:
 "Oh! LEARN to play the fiddle!"
 I THINK I play quite well.

—A Levitus, 3C.

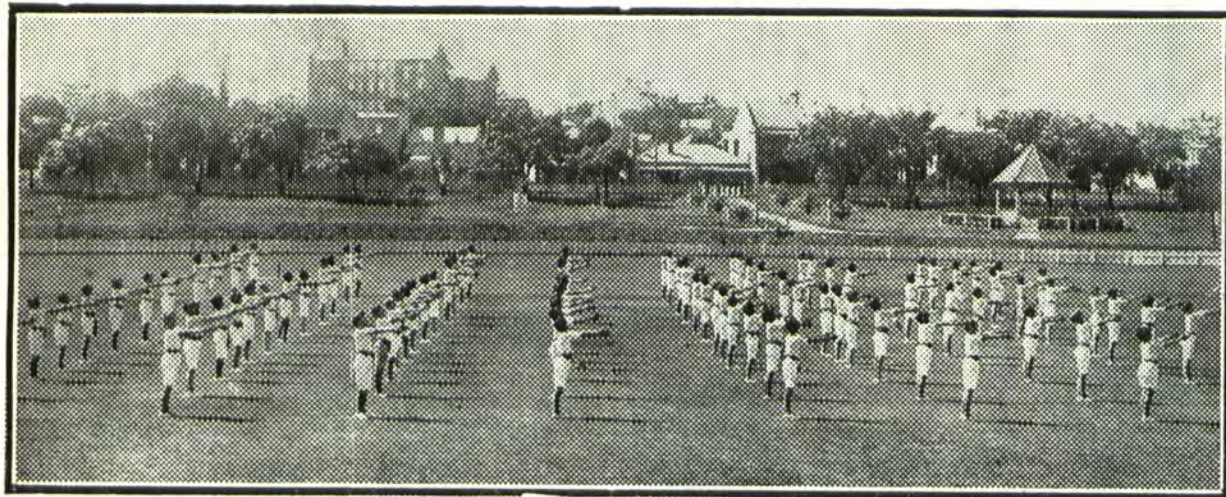
PREFECTS.

Majestic is their walk,
 They are prefects dignified.
 As along the line they stalk,
 Majestic is their walk.
 Small First Year's hush their talk,
 And stand trembling quite tongue-tied.
 Majestic is their walk—
 They are prefects dignified.

One prefect stands quite near the line,
 Another near the gate.
 Oh! thereupon we sadly pine.
 One prefect stands quite near the line;
 He sometimes will not let us dine—
 The penalty for being late.
 One prefect stands quite near the line,
 Another near the gate.

—R. Walker, 3C.





DISPLAY PARTY.

Organised by Mr. W. Humphries for the Royal Agricultural Show.

(Courtesy of "Evening News.")



The first quarter of the year finds us filled with enthusiasm for the coming football season. The outlook for a keen competition is bright, and from the material offering the prospects of once more winning a number of competitions are certainly promising. The school will be represented in all grades and the class competition, as in previous seasons, will provide recruiting ground for grade teams during the year.

The cricket season has not been the success from the First Grade viewpoint that we have a reason to expect, owing, it is said, to that absence of co-ordination of parts which is so essential in all team work. Individually our players are good, but in cricket, as well as in football, a sound combination must form the basis of any successful team play. As most of our prominent cricketers are also sound footballers, it is regrettable that they did not remember the outstanding lesson of the football field.

Not the least interesting feature of the Annual Sports Union meeting was the question of allotting medals to successful competitors instead of awarding a cup to the best senior and the best junior. The case for the medals was well put by Messrs. Quinn and Black, and as resolutely rebutted by Messrs. McClelland and Spencer. The very practical point made by Mr. Gallagher regarding the high cost, if the suggestion of awarding medals were adopted, afforded sufficient inducement against a scheme which, to say truth, was defeated on its merits by the advocates of the "cup" policy.

Another notable incident of the annual meeting was the enthusiastic appreciation accorded our Sports Master (Mr. J. V. Gallagher) for his untiring and successful efforts on behalf of school sport.

In conclusion, it is gratifying, every year, to find that those boys who won distinction at sport are also noted for the high quality of their school work. The fact is especially apparent this year, when one overlooks the personnel of the cricket and Rugby teams, and is further evidence of a conclusive nature that our school life realises its aim of developing the boy along dual lines in due proportion.

FIRST GRADE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Our First Grade team this season bids fair to rise to the highest standards of previous years. There are many aspirants for positions in the team, enthusiasm is already very keen, and the early practices have been well attended.

We are fortunate in having eight of last year's team, which won the Premiership, available for the present season. With Spencer, Phillips, King and Black still in the backs, and Waddington, Gollan, Milne and Lippman in the forwards, our team should give some fine football, in all departments of the game.

Spencer is as nippy as ever, and the added experience of this season should result in an ever finer back division than last year's.

Black and King, with their pace and judgment improved, should score many points.

Phillips is showing fine form at full-back, and will no doubt add to his previous reputation.

Waddington as leader of the forwards has a good knowledge of the finer points of forward play, and will be an inspiration to the remainder of our pack.

We look to Gollan, Milne and Lippman to impress on the new members of the pack the real meaning of fast following and resolute tackling, points which are the backbone of forward play.

There will be considerable difficulty in filling the remaining places, as so many fine players from the lower grades are available.

Prominent among these are Gildea (who should do particularly well as centre-three-quarter), Quinn and Crowe (excellent material for forwards).

Others with good chance of selection are Sender, Sloane, Buckley, Jenkyn, Williams, McLelland, and Turnbull, although McLelland and Jenkyn are somewhat light.

Taking into consideration the many good players available, and the manifest enthusiasm that is being displayed, Fort Street should once again be well in the running for the Premiership of 1922.

CLASS FOOTBALL.

(Messrs. Drake, Bauer, and other Masters.)

It is intended that the Class competition should be the recruiting ground of the Grade teams. Two competitions have been organised, and close watch is being kept to discover talent which may be of value as representatives of the school in the grade competitions. The teams representing the first year classes are competing in the Junior Competition, those of the higher classes in the Senior Competition. Marked interest and keen rivalry are being exhibited by all teams, but perhaps the first year classes might be specially mentioned in this respect. Much good individual play has been observed, but all teams must endeavour to develop combination and team play if they hope to excel.

CRICKET NOTES.**First Grade.** Mr. Potter.

The season opened very disastrously—for us. The team seemed to lack that spirit and determination of getting to business quickly that has so characterised former elevens. Players did not show the necessary "qui vive" even though they might have had it. The fielding was only fair, and the bowling, with the exception of Collins, lacked fire and trickiness.

However, as the games progressed, the team improved greatly. There is still room for improvement in the fielding, yet one can see by the alertness of the players on the field (with the exception of Kirkpatrick) that the team may eventually win the competition.

In the bowling department Collins is par excellence. In the four matches played he has obtained 22 wickets for 55 runs—a fine performance. Taylor and Spencer have not yet shown anything very brilliant, but have been very consistent.

In the batting line we have plenty of ability. Atkins, Gildea, Crowe, Spencer, Kirkpatrick, and Taylor have shown fairly good form, Atkins top-scoring with 49 made against High School. A new recruit to the firsts is Mackinnon, from Wollongong, who shows well as batsman and bowler. We welcome back to our ranks J. McC. King, our express (?) bowler, who was the deciding factor in so many matches last year, and hope that he repeats his former performances.

Games.

v. North Sydney. Lost on first innings by 28 runs. Norths batted and knocked up 126, Spencer taking five wickets for 47 (including the hat trick). We then batted and could only make 98, Jenkins 18.

v. Sydney High. This was a one-day match and we narrowly missed our four-point win. Sydney batted and compiled 32. Collins bowled magnificently, taking 4 for 2. Taylor also took 4 for 16. We then batted and declared at 4 for 100; Atkins 49, Gildea 26 n.o. Sydney then batted again and scored 9 for 88.

Collins, again bowling well, took 3 wickets for 22.

v. Technical. We batted first and compiled 134, Spencer 36, Crowe 25, Kirkpatrick 19. Tech. batted and were 9 wickets for 51 at the close of the day, Collins again obtaining 6 wickets for 22 runs. This match was postponed until a further date.

The team comprised:—Gildea (capt.), Phillips (vice-capt.), King, Kirkpatrick, Atkins, Collins, Spencer, Taylor, Mackinnon, Crowe, Waddington, Gildea (jun.), Jenkyn, is appreciative of the interest taken by Mr. Potter, and is grateful to Mr. Mackay for the assistance he has given in the matter of coaching.

Second Grade. Mr. Bauer.

Up to the present only two games have been played by the seconds, one lost, the other a drawn game.

Under Black (captain) and Gollan (vice-captain) the team is a very happy one, and despite the fact that we had the misfortune to meet two fine teams at the beginning before getting into our stride, we nevertheless are confident of coming out, if not on top, somewhere very near that coveted position. With such men as Black (at times a very erratic, yet able, bowler, who wastes much energy in the run), McCutcheon, Pollock, and Foster as bowlers, McKeveatt, Glover, Sender, and Shaw as bats, and, above all, with Sender behind the stumps, we should eventually come out with credit to the school.

Games:

v. Petersham. Petersham, 9 for 200; School, 9 for 144. The seconds made a great fight in securing a drawn game. Black took 4 for 31, and the batting resulted—Sender 31, Foster 22, Black 21, and Gallagher 20 n.o.

v. Canterbury. Fort Street, 96; Canterbury, 146. Stewart 32 n.o., McCutcheon 16. School batted again (Sender 18, McCutcheon 18) for 74, but were unable to stave off a four-point win by Canterbury.

Hints.

Black should not take so long a run.

Foster should watch the wicket when he bowls, and not close his eyes.

Glover should practice hitting sixers.

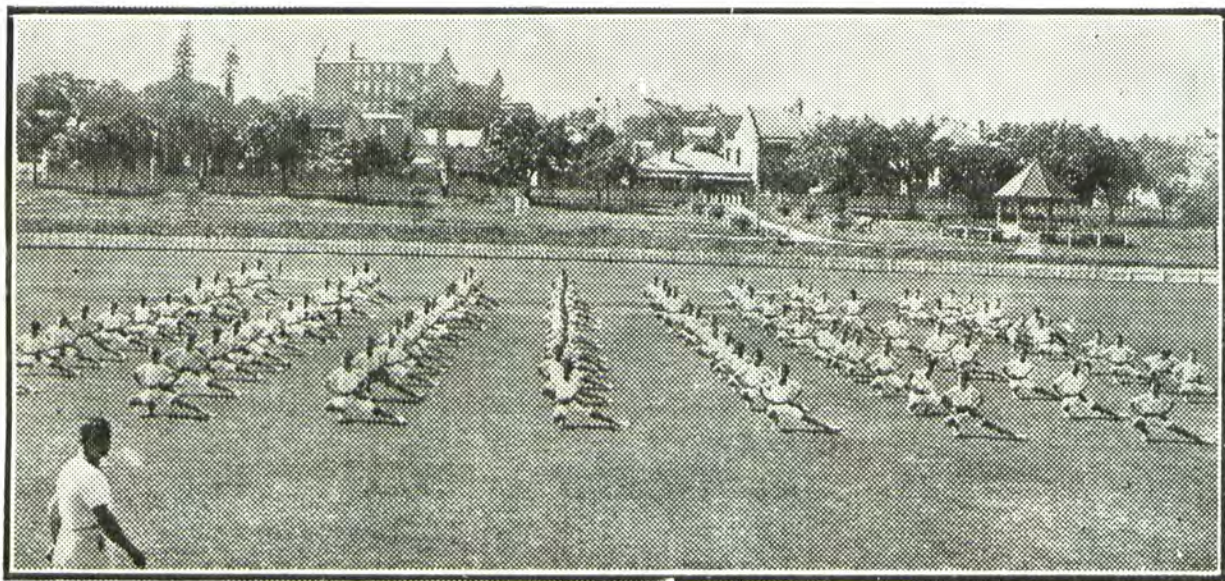
We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bauer for his interest in our team.

Third Grade. Mr. Newling.

Up to the present the team, having played seven matches, of which five have been 3-point wins and two 4-point, is leading in the competition.

In the batting, Knoblanche, Cupitt and Ball have shone brilliantly, Cupitt obtaining a century in the game against Kogarah.

In the bowling division we have bowlers as Cupitt, who has taken 40 wickets for 147 runs, and Byrne, who has also done very well. The team under Hodgson has shown great team spirit, and outshines the opposing teams in fielding and clever combination.



PHYSICAL DRILL DISPLAY.

Games.

v. Canterbury A.—Won on first innings by 45 runs.

v. Kogarah.—Won by innings and 87 runs. Kogarah compiled 12 and 15. Bowling: Cupitt, 3 for 2; Byrne, 3 for 5.

v. Petersham A.—Won by an innings and 8 runs. Cupitt, 7 for 21.

v. Drummoyne.—Won on first innings by 10 runs. Cupitt, 7 for 23.

v. Canterbury B.—Won by innings and 33 runs. Cupitt, 5 for 13, 6 for 22.

v. Kogarah.—Won on first innings by 127 runs. School, 1 for 169 (Cupitt 101 n.o., Ball 62 n.o.). Kogarah, 42.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Newling for the interest he has taken in us.

The Swimming Club...C. McLelland.

Although brought into being rather late in the season, our Swimming Club was very successful. Eight races in all were held, and one diving championship. Every member showed some improvement—proving that our object of raising the standard of swimming and increasing its interest in the school had been brought about. The most marked improvements were Hollands, who reduced his time for 50yds. from 64secs. to 50secs., and Phillips, who reduced his from 54secs. to 46secs.

Our members naturally did well in the swimming carnival—Nicholl and Waddington in the senior events, Holt and Dickenson in the junior, and in the life-saving exams. A point score was kept through the season, and Shaw (2B), by consistent swimming and regularity in attendance at the baths, won it. We congratulate Shaw. Mouter and Duckworth came second with an equal number of points, both doing creditably, and Stark and Grant, with Henderson and Hollands, were not far behind.

Duckworth and Stark were our two smallest regular members, and both showed ability, which merits the forecast that if properly coached they will be our future great swimmers.

This year our club was successful—let us begin early next swimming season and enlarge and improve on it. If each year we raise the standard of swimming, it may not be long before we resume the place as a "swimming" school which was ours in the days of Lane, Hardwick, Duff, and Barry.

At any rate, don't forget the club next season, and make every effort to increase its size and influence.

LIFE-SAVING EXAM.

Boys attending the Fort Street High School did exceptionally well at the Royal Life Saving Society's examination, and their school's physical instructor, Mr. W. Humphries, has every reason to be proud.

The successful students were:—

Proficiency.—Neil Henderson, James T. Hollands, Bertrand Farlow, Reginald Hunt, Thomas Redmond, Allan Weir, F. Gordon, Murray Hooke, Archibald Mangan, Allan Grainger, Hugh Malcolm, J. Mudie, G. Clarke, Leslie Benjamin, Kenneth L. C. Davies.

Bronze.—Neil W. G. Macintosh, Edward Goodsir, Arthur Grange, Gilbert S. Hale, Robert C. McCall, William R. Kerr, Ronald E. Williamson, W. Hooke, G. Clarke, Jack V. Mudie, L. Wright, Frank McI. Gordon, Augustus M. Hooke.

Instructors.—Neil W. G. Macintosh, Robert C. McCall, Edward Goodsir, F. Winston Hooke, Ronald E. Williamson, Arthur Gange, William Kerr.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.**Fort Street Boys' Display.**

Boys from Fort Street High School gave a fine display of Swedish drill and tableau at the Agricultural Grounds.

There was an extraordinary exhibition of vaulting, without a stringboard, over the backs of six boys placed in front of the vaulting horse. Two boys, Pheger and Redmond, excelled in this particular exercise.

Much credit is due to the instructor, Mr. W. Humphries.



University Examination Results

RESULTS OF OLD FORTIANS' SUCCESSES.

Owing to the difficulty of collating results in their respective years, results are published as they appeared in press. We offer to all our congratulations.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Latin I.—Pass:

J. H. McDougall.
R. D. Hunt.

Latin II.—Distinction Students. Pass (Alphabetical):

S. C. Jenkins.
Pass (Order of Merit):
J. Y. Davidson.

English I.—Pass (Order of Merit):

R. H. McGrath.
H. S. Wyndham.
W. W. King
R. D. Hunt.
F. W. Hyland.
H. J. W. Willings.
F. Murphy.
J. H. McDougall

English II.—Pass (Order of Merit):

S. C. Jenkins.
A. C. Magnus.
O. E. J. Barwick.
J. Y. Davidson.
N. J. Bell.
M. S. O. King (e).
J. W. Smyth.
W. P. Densley.
C. W. Hanks (e).

English III.—Pass (Alphabetical):

Y. R. Andrew.

French I.—Pass:

H. S. Wyndham.

French II.—Pass:

S. C. Jenkins.

History I.—Candidates for Distinction. Pass (Order of Merit):

H. S. Wyndham.
R. J. Bealin (e).
J. H. McDougall.
R. H. McGrath.
W. E. Murphy (e).
H. J. W. Willings.

History II.—Honours Students. Third Year. Pass (Alphabetical):

Y. R. Andrew.

Second Year. Pass (Alphabetical):

Pass Students (Order of Merit):

N. J. Bell.
W. P. Densley.
A. C. Magnus.
E. T. Arnold.
J. H. Algie.
N. R. White, B.A.
J. W. Smyth (e).
O. E. J. Barwick.
C. W. Hanks (e).
M. S. O. King.

Philosophy I.—Logic and Psychology. Pass (Alphabetical):

R. D. Hunt.
F. W. Hyland (e).
R. H. McGrath.
H. J. W. Willings.

Philosophy II.—Ancient Philosophy. Pass:

O. E. J. Barwick.
N. J. Bell.
J. Y. Davidson.
W. P. Densley.
A. C. Magnus.
E. Patterson, B.A.

Philosophy III.—Modern Philosophy. Pass (Alphabetical):

M. S. O. King.
W. E. Murphy.
C. B. Newling (e).
J. W. Smyth.

Philosophy IIB.—Advanced Psychology. Pass (Alphabetical):

J. W. Metcliffe.

Education.—Pass:

J. H. Algie, B.A.
N. R. White, B.A.

Diploma in Education.—Pass:

J. H. Algie, B.A.
N. R. White, B.A.

Hygiene.—Pass:

J. H. Algie, B.A.
N. R. White, B.A.

Mathematics I.—Pass:

R. J. Bealin (t) (e).
D. Drake (e).
H. Thompson, B.A.

Mathematics I.—(Alphabetical):

C. R. Jones.
H. F. Peak.

Mathematics II.:

C. F. Assheton.

Geology I.—High Distinction:

C. B. Newling (e).
D. Drake (e).

Credit:

R. H. McGrath.
D. S. Johnston, B.A. (e).

Pass:

J. E. Hagen.

Faculty of Medicine, Chemistry.—First Degree. Distinction:

A. C. Culy.
K. J. B. Davis.

Credit:

K. J. Sillar.
L. S. Loewenthal.
J. F. Walker.

Pass:

L. H. Blunt.
F. H. M. Callow.
O. L. Howe.
E. W. Levings.
H. B. Little.
F. M. O'Donoghue.
A. F. Quayle.
O. A. Thompson.

Physics I.—Distinction:

A. C. Culey.

Credit:

L. S. Loewenthal.
E. W. Levings.
F. H. M. Callow.

Pass:

K. J. B. Davis.
C. J. F. Goode.
G. L. Howe.
L. Myers.
A. F. Quayle.
G. A. Thompson.
J. F. Walker.

Botany I.—Distinction:

L. S. Loewenthal.
F. H. M. Callow.

Pass:

A. C. Culey.
K. J. B. Davis.
C. J. F. Goode.
G. L. Howe.
S. G. James.
E. W. Levings.
H. B. Little.
F. M. O'Donoghue.
A. F. Quayle.
J. F. Walker.

Zoology I.—Distinction:

L. S. Loewenthal.

Credit:

K. J. B. Davis.

Pass:

F. H. M. Callow.
A. C. Culey.
F. Goode.
G. L. Howe.
S. G. James.
E. W. Levings.
H. B. Little.
F. M. O'Donoghue.
A. F. Quayle.
K. L. Sillar.
A. Thompson.
J. F. Walker.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Chemistry I.—Distinction:

H. F. Peak.

Pass:

D. S. Johnston, B.A.
C. R. Jones.

Physics I.—Credit:

H. F. Peak (Sci.).
C. R. Jones (Sci.).
F. M. Mathews (Eng.).

Geology I.—Distinction:

H. F. Peak.

Credit:

G. H. Godfrey, M.A.

Pass:

C. R. Jones.

Mathematics I.—Pass:

C. R. Jones.
H. F. Peak.

Second Year Astronomy.—Distinction:

G. H. Godfrey, M.A.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

First Year. Chemistry I.—Distinction:

F. M. Mathews.

Pass:

A. L. James.
T. A. Pearson.

Physics I.—Pass.

A. L. James.
F. M. Mathews.
T. A. Pearson.

Mathematics I.—Pass:

A. L. James.
F. M. Mathews.
T. A. Pearson.

Engineering Drawing and Design.—Pass:

A. L. James.
F. M. Mathews.
T. A. Pearson.

Shop Practice:

F. M. Mathews.

Building Construction.—Pass:A. L. James.
F. M. Mathews.
T. A. Pearson.**Second Year Engineering, Construction.—****Pass:**C. F. Assheton.
A. E. Fraser.
B. R. Newton-Tabrett.**Engineering Drawing and Design.—Pass:**C. F. Assheton.
A. E. Fraser.
J. H. Mould.
B. R. Newton-Tabrett.**Mathematics II.—Pass:**C. F. Assheton.
A. E. Fraser.**Physics IIB.—Pass:**

C. F. Assheton.

Techonology.—Pass:C. F. Assheton.
A. E. Fraser.
A. C. McDougall.
B. R. Newton-Tabrett.**Fourth Year. Materials and Structures.—****Pass:**W. L. Price, B.Sc.
H. E. Steel.**RAILWAY ENGINEERING.****Electric Railways.—Pass:**W. L. Price, B.Sc.
H. E. Steel.**Irrigation.—Pass:**W. L. Price, B.Sc.
H. E. Steel.**Road Pavement.—Pass:**

W. L. Price, B.Sc.

Electrical Engineering II.—Pass:W. G. Furness.
F. L. Kirby.
T. M. Shanahan, B.Sc.**DEPARTMENT MINING AND METALLURGY.****Mining Honours, Class II.—**

F. Watts.

Metallurgy.—Distinction:

F. Watts.

Assaying.—Distinction:

F. Watts.

FACULTY OF DENTISTRY.**Third Year. Mechanical Dentistry.—Pass:**B. W. Champion.
A. R. J. Wooller.**Fourth Year. Mechanical Dentistry II.—****Pass:**A. J. Arnott.
R. Q. M. Cloutier.
A. J. Goodman.
H. E. Morphew.
A. A. Slocombe.**Surgical Dentistry.—Credit:**

A. J. Arnott.

Pass:A. J. Goodman.
A. A. Slocombe.**Clinical Dentistry.—Pass:**A. J. Arnott.
R. O. Cloutier.
A. J. Goodman.
H. E. Morphew.
A. A. Slocombe.**FACULTY OF VETERINARY SCIENCE.****Third Year. Veterinary Hygiene and Dietetics.—Pass:**

C. R. Turbett.

Agricultural Botany.—Pass:

C. R. Turbett.

Veterinary Pathology and Bacteriology.—**Pass:**

C. R. Turbett.

Veterinary Materia, Medica and Therapeutics.—

C. R. Turbett.

FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE.**Chemistry I.—Pass:**

E. A. Godfrey.

Botany I.—Pass:E. A. Godfrey.
F. C. McCleery.**Third Year. Agricultural Botany and Plant Pathology.—High Distinction:**

H. J. Hynes.

Animal Husbandry, Hygiene and Dietetics.—Pass:

H. J. Hynes.

Agricultural Chemistry II.—Credit:

H. J. Hynes.

Botany III.—Credit:

H. J. Hynes.

FACULTY OF ECONOMICS.

Economics I.—Pass:

G. E. J. Barwick.
N. J. Bell.
W. P. Densley.
D. Drake.
F. W. Hyland.
M. S. G. King.

Economics II. and III.—

K. Jennings.
A. L. G. MacKay, B.A.

Economic Geography.—

W. O. Mathieson, Distinction.
C. M. Orr, Credit.

Accountancy IA.—Pass:

F. A. Illingworth.
W. G. Mathieson.

Accountancy II.—Pass:

J. B. Crum.
H. W. G. Spencer.

English Literature.—Pass:

F. A. Illingworth.

Commercial and Industrial Law. Degree Course.—Pass:

K. Jennings.

Diploma Course.—Pass:

F. A. Illingworth.

Economic History.—Pass (Order of Merit):

K. Jennings.
A. A. Pickering.

Statistics.—Pass:

W. G. Mathieson.

Insurance Mathematics I.—Pass:

W. G. Mathieson.

Public Administration.—Credit:

N. S. Jennings.
H. W. G. Spencer.

Pass:

J. B. Crum.

FACULTY OF ARCHITECTURE.

Elements of Architecture.—Pass:

W. W. King.

Descriptive Geometry.—Pass:

W. W. King.

Physics I.—Pass:

W. W. King.

Mathematics I.—Pass:

W. W. King.

Freehand Drawing.—Pass:

W. W. King.

Fourth Year Hygiene.—Pass:

S. E. Vickers.

History of Sculpture and Painting.—Pass:

S. E. Vickers.

Design.—Pass:

S. E. Vickers.

Town Planning.—Pass:

S. E. Vickers.

Freehand Drawing.—Pass:

S. E. Vickers.

PHARMACY.

Chemistry I.—Credit:

L. W. De Ville.
W. O. Taaffe.
J. L. Davies.

Botany.—Credit:

W. O. Taaffe.

Pass:

L. W. De Ville.
S. A. Shineberg.
R. W. Stone.

Materia Medica.—Pass:

S. M. Lasker.

DEFERRED EXAMINATION RESULTS

Faculty of Arts.

Greek I.—Pass:

H. J. W. Willings.
R. D. Hunt.

English II.—Pass.

W. E. Murphy (e).
T. E. Storey (e).

History I.—

J. Y. Davidson.

Philosophy I.; Logic and Psychology.—Pass:

W. R. Jones (e).

Faculty of Medicine.

Chemistry I.—Pass:

C. J. F. Goode.

Physics I.—Pass:

L. H. Blunt.
H. B. Little.
K. I. Sillar.

Botany I.—

L. H. Blunt.
K. I. Sillar.
G. A. Thompson.

Zoology I.—Pass:

L. H. Blunt.

Faculty of Engineering.

First Year; Shop Practice.—Pass:

T. A. Pearson.

Second Year; Engineering Construction.—

Pass:

W. H. Stephinson.

Physics II.; Lower Standard.—Pass:
C. F. Assheton.

Drawing and Design.—Pass:
G. H. Warlters.

Third Year; Electrical Engineering I.—Pass:
V. T. England.
F. M. Jefferson.

Fourth Year; Mechanical Engineering III.
(with Mechanical Engineering Design and
Drawing).—Pass:
W. G. Furness.
F. L. Kirby.
T. M. Shanahan, B.Sc.

Faculty of Dentistry.

Second Year; Physiology.—Pass:
M. E. Molony.

Third Year; Surgical Dentistry.—Pass:
R. Q. M. Cloutier.
H. E. Morphew.

Faculty of Agriculture.

First Year; Chemistry I.—Pass:
F. C. McCleery.

Zoology I.—Pass:
E. A. Godfrey.
E. C. McCleery.

Geology I.—Pass:
E. A. Godfrey.
W. J. Waddington.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Honours at Graduation.—Class I.:
P. C. Spender B.A.

Pass, LL.B.:
A. B. Samuelson.
D. E. S. Kennedy.
M. Roddy, B.A.

Contracts, Mercantile Law:
P. O. Akhurst.

Legal Interpretation:
P. O. Akhurst.
J. W. Milne.

Equity and Company Law:
A. G. T. Kench, B.A.

Procedure:
J. W. Milne, B.A.

Private International Law:
J. W. Milne, B.A.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

English II.—Distinction:
N. U. Bell.

Comparative Literature.—Pass:
N. U. Bell (3rd).

FACULTY OF ECONOMICS.

History of Economic Thought.—Credit:
W. S. Jenkins.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Latin II.—High Distinction:
S. C. Jenkins.

French II.—Distinction:
S. C. Jenkins.

History (3rd Year).—High Distinction:
Y. R. Andrew.

Honours at Graduation, Class I.:
Y. R. Andrew.

University Medal for History:
Y. R. Andrew (Prox. Acc.).

Maths. I.—Credit:
H. L. Hunt.
C. R. Jones.
H. F. Peak.

Maths. II.—Credit:
C. F. Assheton.

Maths: II.—Distinction:
R. W. J. Mackay.

Honours at Graduation.—Class II.:
R. W. J. Mackay.

University Prize for English Verse—Subject,
"An Australian River":
R. H. McGrath.

PHYSICS III.

Honours at Graduation.—Class II.:
R. W. J. Mackay.
O. H. Godfrey, M.A.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

IV. YEAR.—Pass, Engineering and Design:
W. L. Price, B.Sc.
H. E. Steel.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Honours at Graduation.—Class III.:
W. O. Furness.
F. L. Kirby.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Pass:
H. Garratt.*
H. R. Booth.
Y. R. Andrew.
A. J. L. Somervaille.
V. A. Boyd.
W. A. T. Crain.

Roman Law.—Pass:
W. C. Dickie.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Final Degree Examination:
A. L. Bryant.
W. P. Gallagher.
T. Hamilton.

Fourth Degree Examination:
Supplementary List—Pass:
O. W. Percival.

ARTICLED CLERKS.

Intermediate Law (in Order of Merit):
G. M. Sharpe (1st).

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

Faculty of Medicine. Third Degree Examination.—Pass:

J. T. Crackanthorp.
F. Grainger.
W. L. Macdonald.

Second Degree Examination.

W. F. Machin.
A. V. G. Price.

Intermediate Certificate Examinations

(1 English; 2 History; 3 Geography; 4 Maths. I.; 5 Maths. II.; 6 Latin; 7 French; 11 Science; 14 B. Princ.; 15 Shorthand; 29 Japanese.)

Airey, Colin Richard, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Baker, Albert Francis, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11B.

Baskin, Houghton Oliver, 1B 2A 6B 7A.

Betteridge, Robert Albert, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.

Bishop, Edwin Sidney, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B

Bissaker, Noel James, 1B 4B 5A 6A 11A 21B

Blaxland, William Robert, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Bole, John Henry, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.

Bowen, Henry Edmund, 1B 2A 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B 29A.

Britton, John Munro, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Clayton, Charles Murray, 1B 2B 5B 6A 7A

Collins, Edward Ernest, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 15B.

Cornish, Alfred Henry, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Craddock, Harold Selby, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Crouch, Leonard Sydney, 1A 2B 3B 5B 15B.

Crow, Horace, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B

Crum, Archibald John, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B.

Cupit, Allan Ernest, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B.

Darling, Reginald Noel, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.

Day, Harold Vincent, 1A 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A.

Docksey, Roy, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Edwards, Alan Douglas, 1B 2B 4B 5B.

Emery, Alan Ernest, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Fayle, Percy Murray, 1B 2B 3B 5B 14B.

Fisher, Jack Harder, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Francis, Eric Robert, 1B 2A 6A 7B.

Gardiner, John Henry, 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 14B.

Gordon, Frank McIntyre, 1B 4A 5B 7B.

Gorham, Cyril William, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B.

Hall, Walter Oswald R., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.

Harris, Harold, 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.

High, William, 1B 5B 6B 7B.

Hinchcliffe, Ernest Edward, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B.

Holt, Frank Everitt, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B.

Hutchinson, Joseph Kerr, 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 11B 21B.

Jacobs, Leonard Bruce, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.

Johnston, Harold Dudley, 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Jones, Llewellyn Edwin, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B.

Kennedy, Richard Thomas, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A.

Laverty, Frank, 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.

Lippmann, Herbert Maximilian, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.

Lochrin, Leonard Alex., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Lovell, Stanley Hains, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Lumley, Allen Milson, 2B 4B 5B 6B.

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

Makin, Percy Henry Turner, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

McKinnon, Malcolm Charles, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

McPhail, John Murdock, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.

Meulman, Leslie Boyce, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.

Morgan, John Frederick, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B 14B 15B.

Morony, John Arthur, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.

Mudie, Stewart Arthur, 3B 4B 5B 7B 29B.

Murphy, Edward Robert, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.

Murphy, John Alexander, 1B 4B 5A 7B.

Murray, John Coll, 1B 2B 4B 5B.

Newnham, Frederick Aloysius, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.

Newton, George Brodie, 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B.

Nicholas, Clifford Erle, 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.

Noble, Norman Scott, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.

O'Byrne, Thomas, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.

Olsen, Henry Christian, 1A 2B 4B 5B 21B.

Owen, Alexander, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A.

Payne, Noel Richmond, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.

- Payne, William Goodman, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Penrue, Walter Francis, 1B 2B 5B 11B.
 Perrin, Edmund Manning, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B.
 Pike, Samuel George, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Ramage, Colin Robert, 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 11A 29A.
 Rosenblum, Myer, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Rowlands, William Beresford, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Ryan, Walter George, 1B 2B 3A 14B 15B.
 Salkeld, Arnold, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15A.
 Sillar, Donald Boyd, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Sloane, Thomas Robert M., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Smith, Raymond Herbert, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7A.
 Sorrell, Clarence Williams, 1B 2B 3B 5B 11A 18A.
 Tucker, Elwyn Sydney, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B.
 Unwin, George Bromley, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Weeden, William John, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Wilkin, Charles Frederick, 1B 2A 5B 6A 7B.
 Williams, George Howell, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Wilson, Keith Harry, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Wolfe, Philip Sidney, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Woods, Harold England, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Wyndham, Oliver Henry, 1B 2B 3B 5B 29B.
 Young, Oliver Leaver, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.



Leaving Certificate Examinations



- (1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 5 Maths. I., 6 Maths. II., 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 10 Physics, 14 Geography, 18 Economics, 21 Greek, 25 English and Geography for engineering matriculation.)
 Alexander, Nelson, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Amsberg, George Fredk., 1H 2H 3A 5A 6A 8B 10B.
 Archer, Charles, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 10A.
 Bayliss, Stuart, 1H 2B 5B 6B 9B 10B 21A.
 Bentivoglio, Sydney Ernest, 1B 2B 6B 8A 10B.
 Bingham, James Frederick, 1A 2B 5A 6A 10B 21B.
 Breden, Neville Percy, 1A 2B 3A 5B 6A 7B 10B.
 Brereton, Ronald John, 1H 2A 3H 5B 6A 8B 10B.
 Buchanan, Kenneth Robert S., 1H 3A 5B 6A 8B 18B.
 Byrne, Thomas Arlo, 1H 2B 3A 5B 6B 8H 10L.
 Cassin, James Michael, 1B 2B 5A 6A 7B 10A 21A 25 pass.
 Crisp, William Robert, 1B 2B 3A 5B 8H 10B.
 Davies, William Ernest, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 14B 18B.
 Doig, Benjamin Cochrane, 1H 2A 3A 5A 6A 8B 10H.
 Dymock, Wm. Lindsay Bruce, 1B 3B 5B 6B 18B.
 Elliott, Edward Talbot, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Gibson, Cecil Wm., 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B 18B.
 Hancock, William George, 1A 2A 5B 6B 9B 21H.
 Hardy, William John, 1H 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Hawthorne, John King, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8B.
 Higgs, Arthur John, 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H 25 pass.
 Hopman, John Henry, 1H 2B 3H 5A 6B 8B 10B.
 Howard, Wm. Stewart McP., 1H 3A 5B 6B 8A 14A 18A.
 Jordan, Kenneth, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H 25 pass.
 Kerr, Harold Edgar, 1H 2B 3A 5A 6A 8B 10B.
 King, James McEwen, 5B 6B 7B 10B 14L 25 pass.
 Kirkpatrick, Michael Alex., 1H 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H 10A.
 Landers, Norman Leslie, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 10B.
 Lane, Albert Stephen, 1H 2A 3H 5B 6B 7B 10B.

Langford, Ronald Gladstone, 1B 2A 3A 5A
6A 8B 10B.

Langsworth, Layton August, 1B 3A 5A 6A
8B 14B 18B.

Larkin, Ernest Norman, 1H 3B 5B 6B 8B
10B 18A.

Lay, Alfred Jesse Lovatt, 1B 2A 3H 5A 6B
8B 10B.

Little, Fred. Geo. Bennett, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B
8B 10L.

Mackney, George Edmund, 1H 3A 5B 6B 8B
14A 18B.

Mandelson, Lewis Folk, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 7B
10B.

Manderson, Frederick Keith, 1B 2A 3H 5A 6A
7B 10B.

McCulloch, Robert Nicholson, 1B 2H 3A 5A
6A 8B 10B.

McKinnon, Colin Hugh John, 1B 5A 6B 8B
10B.

McPhail, Malcolm Wm., 1B 5A 6B 7B 10B
18B 25 pass.

Milne, Colin Robert, 1B 3B 5B 8B.

Mizèn, Alec., 1B 5B 6B 7B 10L 18B.

Mulhearn, Clarence R., 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 7B
10B.

Pacey, Milverton Reginald, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B
10B.

Paine, Robert Edward, 1H 2H 3A 5A 6A 8B.

Platt, Albert Edward, 1B 3B 5B 6A 7B 8B
10B 25 pass.

Routley, Norman Howard, 1B 3A 5B 6B 8B
14B 18A.

Sharpe, Douglas Richmond, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6A
(x), 7A 10H.

Shaw, Douglas John, 1H 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B.

Shorrock, Robert Thos., 1B 6B 8B 18B.

Simmat, Rudolph, 1H 2B 3A 5B 6A 8H 10B.

Skinner, Joseph W. H., 1H 2B 3A 5A 6A 7B
10A.

Snelling, Harold A. Rush, 1H 2A 3H 5A 6A
8H 10B.

Spencer, Herbert Wylie Golby, 1H 5B 6B
8B.

Stewart, Clive Garrard, 1H 3B 5A 6A (x)
7B 10H.

Telfer, Archibald Craig, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B.

Vaughan, Thomas Walter, 1B 6B 8B 14B 18A.

Vout, Lawrence, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7A
10H.

West, Gerald James, 1B 5B 6B 8B.

Wilson, Frederick Wm., 1H 3B 5B 8B 14B
17B 18B.

Wilson, John H. G., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x)
7B 10H 25 pass.

Woodward, Henry Raymond, 1H 2B 3A 5A
6A 8A 10B.

HONOURS AT LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

English. First Class.

Rudolf Simmatt.
Clive G. Stewart.
Harold A. R. Snelling.
George F. Amsberg.

Second Class.

Stuart Bayliss.
R. J. Brereton.
Kenneth R. S. Buchanan.
Thomas A. Byrne.
Benjamin C. Doig.
William J. Hardy.
John H. Hopman.
William S. McP. Howard.
Harold E. Kerr.
Michael A. Kirkpatrick.
Albert S. Lane.
Ernest N. Larkin.
George L. Mackney.
Robert E. Paine.
Douglas J. Shaw.
Joseph W. H. Skinner.
Herbert W. G. Spencer.
Fredk. Wm. Wilson.
Henry R. Woodward.

Modern History. Class II.

Thomas A. Byrne.
William R. Crisp.
Michael A. Kirkpatrick.
Rudolph Simmatt.
Harold A. R. Snelling.

Latin. Class I.

Robert E. Paine.
Robert N. McCulloch.

Class II.

George F. Amsberg.

Greek. Class II.

William G. Hancock.

French. Class I.

Ronald J. Brereton.
Alfred S. Lane.
Fredk. K. Manderson.

Class II.

John H. Hopman.
Alfred J. L. Lay.
Harold A. R. Snelling.

Mathematics. Class I.

Arthur John Higgs.
Lawrence Vout.

Class II.

Douglas R. Sharpe.
Kenneth Jordan.
Clive G. Stewart.
John H. G. Wilson.

Physics. Class I.

A. J. Higgs.

Class II.

Ben. C. Doig.
Kenneth Jordan.
Doug. R. Sharpe.
C. G. Stewart.
Lawrence Vout.
John H. G. Wilson.

BURSARIES AND EXHIBITIONS.

The following gained Bursaries tenable at the University at the last Leaving Certificate Examination:—

Douglas R. Sharpe.
John H. G. Wilson.
Clive G. Stewart.
Robert N. McCulloch.

Exhibitions were obtained by the following:—

Faculty of Arts.

W. R. Crisp.
Ben. C. Doig.
W. J. Hardy.
M. A. A. Kirkpatrick.
R. G. Langford.
R. E. Paine.
R. Simmatt.
H. R. Woodward.

Faculty of Law.

G. F. Amsberg.
T. A. Byrne.
W. G. Hancock.
N. L. Landers.
A. J. L. Lay.
F. G. B. Little.
D. R. Sharpe.
H. A. R. Snelling.

Faculty of Medicine.

N. P. Breden.
H. E. Kerr.
H. S. Lane.
A. C. Telfer.
L. Vout.

Faculty of Science.

C. G. Stewart.
D. C. Archer.
M. R. Pacey.

Faculty of Engineering.

J. M. Casim.
A. J. Higgs.
K. Jordan.
J. H. G. Wilson.

Faculty of Dentistry.

J. H. Hopman.
D. J. Shaw.
J. W. Skinner.

Faculty of Veterinary Science.

K. R. S. Buchanan.

Faculty of Agriculture.

R. N. McCulloch.
L. F. Mandelson.

Faculty of Economics.

W. T. McP. Howard.
G. E. Mackney.
N. H. Routley.

Faculty of Architecture.

F. K. Manderson.

PUBLIC SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

The following boys passed for appointment as Junior Clerk in connection with the Intermediate Certificate:—

M. C. McKinnon.
J. A. Morony.
E. A. Newnham.
J. A. Bishop.
F. H. Laverty.
E. M. Perrin.
E. R. Francis.

The following are eligible in the event of further vacancies:—

O. L. Young.
J. Byrne.

Barker Scholarship and Horner Exhibition for Mathematics.

A. J. Higgs.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

List of those who passed in the Special Examination held in March:—

C. H. J. Mackinnon.
A. R. McLelland.
A. E. Platt.
D. J. Shaw.
C. G. Stewart.

BURSARIES TENABLE AT FORT ST.

In connection with the Qualifying Certificate Examination in November last, the following have obtained Bursaries tenable at Fort Street:—

J. E. Anthoney.
Max Castles.
H. Evans.
A. G. Grear.
E. J. Hook.
A. H. Hughes.
H. E. K. Jones.
A. C. Radford.
A. J. Wheeler.
N. H. Winters.
G. R. Woods.

And the following Fort Street boys:—

B. Ferguson.
D. V. Hyde.

Class Examinations in December Last

FIRST YEAR.

Dux—Martin, 1B.

English:

- 1st—Richardson 1B 83.
Levings 1C 83.
2nd—Hyde 1C 82.
Deasey 1D 82.
3rd—Neal 1C 81.
McCloy 1A 81.

History:

- 1st—Turner 1C 87.
2nd—Jones 1A 85.
3rd—Levings 1C 84.

Latin:

- 1st—Paterson 1B 94½.
2nd—Martin 1B 90½.
3rd—Cohen 1D 90.
McNaught 1B 90.

French:

- 1st—Neal 1C 98.
2nd—Currie 1B 95.
Wood 1B 95.
Croft 1D 95.
3rd—Lowe 1B 94.

Maths. 2:

- 1st—Deasey 1D 88.
2nd—Ledger 1D 82.
3rd—Wood 1B 81.

Science:

- 1st—Turner 1C 87.
2nd—Lowe 1B 86.
Wood 1B 86.
3rd—Martin 1B 84.

Geography (Latin Classes):

- 1st—Furner 1B 67.
2nd—Levings 1C 65.
Wyndham 1C 65.
Stevens 1D 65.
3rd—Deasey 1D 63.
Carruthers 1D 63.
Speed 1D 63.

Geography (Commercial):

- 1st—Gibson 1A 78.
2nd—Jones 1A 72.
3rd—Bowen 1A 66.

Shorthand:

- 1st—Ellis 1A 90.
2nd—Burns 1A 88.
3rd—Bowen 1A 86.

Japanese:

- 1st—Williams 1A 90.
2nd—Storey 1A 87.
3rd—Rabe 1A 85.

REMOVE YEAR.

Dux: Doyle (DR).

English:

- 1st—Howarth DR 87.
2nd—Child DR 86.
3rd—Burrows DR 85.

History:

- 1st—Doyle DR 93.
Gallagher DR 93.
Watson DR 93.
Tyson CR 93.
2nd—Grainger DR 92.
3rd—Farlow DR 91.
Howarth DR 91.

Latin:

- 1st—Howarth DR 95.
2nd—Gallagher DR 94.
3rd—Child DR 92.

Greek:

- 1st—Bates 83.
2nd—King 67.

French:

- 1st—Howarth DR 85.
2nd—Gallagher DR 84.
Child DR 84.
3rd—Burrows DR 81.

Maths. I:

- 1st—Howarth DR 85.
2nd—Egan DR 92.
3rd—Walker DR 89.
Godfrey DR 89.

Maths. 2:

- 1st—Wright DR 92.
2nd—Doyle DR 90.
3rd—Young DR 86.
Farlow DR 86.

Science:

- 1st—Doyle DR 94.
2nd—Wheeler DR 83.
Buckle DR 83.
3rd—Godfrey DR 82.

Geography Latin Classes):

- 1st—Farlow DR 85.
2nd—Wright DR 84.
3rd—Tyson CR 78.

Geography (Commercial):

- 1st—Aithinson AR 70.
2nd—A. Paull AR 69.
H. Paull AR 69.
Cooper AR 69.
3rd—McFarland AR 63.

Bus. Prin.:

- 1st—Adams AR 85.
2nd—H. Paull AR 79.
3rd—McFarland AR 75.

Shorthand:

- 1st—McFarland AR 72.
2nd—Cooper AR 70.
Adams AR 70.
3rd—H. Paull AR 69.

Japanese:

- 1st—Farrah AR 65.
2nd—H. Paull AR 45.

THIRD YEAR.

Dux: Laphorne. Prox. Acc. McLellan.

English:

- 1st—Sender 3C 89.
- 2nd—Gollan 3C 87.
Gillard 3B 87.
Short 3A 87.
- 3rd—Vincent 3C 86.
Black 3A 86.

History:

- 1st—Laphorne 3C 84.
- 2nd—Vincent 3C 83.
- 3rd—Short 3A 80.

Latin:

- 1st—Laundry 3C 95.
- 2nd—Edmunds 3C 94.
- 3rd—Potter 3C 93.

French:

- 1st—Emery 3C 85.
- 2nd—Laundry 3C 79.
Edmunds 3C 79.
- 3rd—Potter 3C 77.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Lewis 3A 83.
- 2nd—Pfeiffer 3C 82.
- 3rd—Thompson 3A 78.
Hamnett 3A 78.

Maths. 2.:

- 1st—Dickenson 3B 91.
- 2nd—Hamnett 3A 86.
- 3rd—Potter 3C 84.
Lewis 3A 84.

Science:

- 1st—McLellan 3C 89.
- 2nd—Potter 3C 83.
- 3rd—Lochrin 82.

Bus. Pr.:

- 1st—Kirby 78.
- 2nd—Thompson 77.
- 3rd—Atkins 75.

Economics:

- 1st—Stapp 79.
- 2nd—Thompson 70.
- 3rd—Lochrin 69.

Geography:

- 1st—Stapp 55.
- 2nd—Thompson 53.

Japanese:

- 1st—Taylor 78.
- 2nd—Black 67.
- 3rd—Newman 57.



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watts £4/-/-
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The New School Song.

Come, let the strains resound
That echo Fort Street's glory,
With laurels she is crowned,
And famous is her story:
Let us proclaim
Our School's immortal fame!
Then hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Our School's immortal fame!

Our predecessors wrought
Great deeds that will not perish,
And by them we are taught
The old School's name to cherish,
And ne'er forget

To her our mighty debt!
Then hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
To her our mighty debt!

In us her future lies—
Then let us stand united,
To win for her the prize
Of efforts well required—
Come, Fortians, cheer
The School's sublime career!
Then hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
The School's sublime career!

—R. G. Howarth, 2D.

The above poem was awarded the prize of £1/1/-, donated by the Headmaster, for the best School song.

DEATH OF DR. A. L. McLEAN, B.A., M.D., M.C.

Dr. Archibald Lang McLean, B.A., M.D., M.C., who played a prominent part in the war and also in Mawson's Antarctic Expedition, died on May 13, 1922, at Prince Alfred Hospital, at the early age of 37 years.

The late Dr. McLean was educated at Fort Street and went later to the University, where he obtained his B.A. degree with honors in 1906, and M.B., Ch.M., 1910.

When Sir Douglas Mawson undertook his Antarctic Expedition he was appointed surgeon in charge and bacteriologist.

At the outbreak of war he joined the R.A.M.C. and served with the famous Black Watch division. He later returned to Australia and joined the A.I.F. serving with the 17th Battalion and 5th Field Ambulance.

Throughout his service he gained a high reputation for gallantry and was awarded the Military Cross for his devotion to duty under fire at Villers Bretonneux, August, 1918.

By his death Australia loses a distinguished citizen and soldier, and Fort Street one who has added to her laurels of fame.

A LECTURE.

Mr. David Lindsay, the distinguished Australian explorer, who perhaps knows more of Interior and of Northern Australia than any other in the Commonwealth, gave a most interesting lecture to the students of Second Year, who are at present studying Mr. Heneas Gunn's "We of the Never Never." His familiarity with conditions in the North dates back over 40 years, and for over an hour Mr. Lindsay kept the boys interested in his narrative of adventures and description

of conditions as they exist in the North. He is a great believer in its possibilities for development and the absolute necessity of preserving it for the white races. All were deeply impressed by the sincerity of his hopes, and he certainly threw much light on problems and conditions as they exist in our great unpeopled lands.

Mr. Kilgour warmly thanked Mr. Lindsay for his kindness in giving the lecture.

EXCHANGES.

"The Koala," "The Magpie," "The Shuttle," "The Lens," "The Endeavour," "The Clarion," "Hermes," "The Record," "The Novocastrian," "The Royal Blue," "The Quondong," "The

Babblers," "Falcon," "T.H.S. Journal," "The Burr," "The Chronicle," "Maitland Magazine," "The Mirror," "Canterbury Tales," "Parramatta High School Magazine."

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Norman Esserman, B.Sc., late Commonwealth Physicist, has been appointed to the position of Acting Lecturer in Physics at Sydney University.

It is with regret we have to record the death of the Honorable John Perry, M.L.C., a very old boy of Fort Street and sometime Minister for Education.

Empire Day was celebrated at the School by a special function on the quadrangle. Speeches suitable to the occasion were de-

livered by Sir Joseph Carruthers, M.L.C., E. A. McTiernan, Ald. John Ness, T. J. Hoskins, M's.L.A., John Stinson, President British Empire League, Ald. John Bastian, Mayor of Petersham. Patriotic songs were rendered under the able baton of Mr. Livingstone Mote.

J. M. Hooke, Esq., solicitor, of Taree, has donated a cheque of £3/3/-, to be given as a prize for the best pass in Mathematics at the coming Leaving Certificate Examination.

Parody of "Cradle Song" by Sarojine Naidu.

(C. Airey, 3C.)

Love, go to sleep,
And do not weep,
For I will bring to you
A pleasant dream
Of a bright sunbeam
From distant skies of blue.

When the bees hum
Sleep will come
Sent straight from fairyland.

Direct to you,
With dreams so true
Of many a foreign strand.

So sleep, my child;
The wind howls wild,
But you it will not harm;
For fairies dear
Remove all fear,
And give to sleep its charm.

FRENCH.

They teach us "spoken French" at school
(the proper thing to do),
I just remember, as a rule, Comment vous
portez-vous?

With open mouth and staring eyes, I gaze
upon "Mossoo."
The only thing I recognise is Comment vous
portez-vous?

Dictation is a lot of rot; I try till all is blue,
And find at last that all I got is Comment
vous portez-vous?

The day when comes the French exam, I'll
meet my Waterloo,
If all I can contrive to cram is Comment
vous portez-vous?

I feel that when I take my place, my brain
like so much glue,
I'll blurt out in the examiner's face, Comment
vous portez-vous?

Commong, Mossoo, that isn't right? "I talk
just like a fool"?
Cela est tout mon coil, I'm quite a credit to
the school!

Imitation from Anthology of "Cradle Song."

(N. R. Payne.)

THE SUNBEAM.

In sunny glade,
A sunbeam laid
Its tiny golden head,
With dewdrops crowned,
Where flowers abound,
Beside the river bed.

The shady nook
And babbling brook
And little robin-red

Their secret kept,
While sunbeam slept,
Beside the river bed.

The robins twit
And wagtails flit
From branch to branch o'erhead.
The willow weeps,
Still sunbeam sleeps
Beside the river bed.

A LOVE SONG

(After Sarojini Naidu).

(A. Crouch, 3C.)

From coral strands,
Where lover bands
Dance to Hymen's tune,
Back home I bring,
And to you sing,
A song of sweet noon.

From fairy dells,
Where Titane dwells
I bring for you this boon:

From Sly Puck's loom,
Sweet with perfume,
A song of sweet noon.

And this I bring,
This lovely thing,
To you sweet, and soon
We'll roses gather,
And sing together,
A song of sweet noon.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY.

An Imitation of "Sea Fever," by John Masefield.

(W. B. Rowlands, 3C.)

The country calls me from city life, from the
dirty narrow streets,
To browsing herds in the green fields where
the sky the warm earth meets;
Where the lambs frisk and the birds sing and
the flowers are springing,
Where the calves play in the meadows, joy
to all things bringing.

The country calls from the bush and scrub,
where the smell of the gum trees floats,
Where the breeze blows and the stream
flows with leave for little boats;

And there I'll sit all the livelong day and
admire God's doing—
All the tall trees and the small trees and the
sweet doves cooing.

The country life is the life for me—where
the hares and rabbits live,
'Tis a fair place and a rare place, the best
that God can give.

And here in a happy spot I'll live when this
stormy life is over,
No more to roam or to wander nor a home-
less rover.

THE LATE TRAIN TO SCHOOL.

(M. McKinnon, 3C.)

On Monday morn, when running late
With haste I must arise,
Pick up my bag, dive out the gate
To school-work all unwise.
While running down the same old street,
To catch the five past nine.

Eight-fifty! Should have left before
Or come on Alan's bike,
But now I've just one minute more
In which the train to strike;
I jump on board and "Hullo! Stiff!"
Says one with smile benign—
For, mark you, we are brothers if
We catch the five past nine.

SHE.

(A. Lurtus, 3C.)

He met her at the cattle sales,
She looked so trim and fine,
They stood beside the paddock rails,
Of ill, she showed no sign.

They strolled along the cattle track,
Their heads were side by side;
His arm was round her shapely back,
Which seemed a wee bit wide.

They reached the top of yonder hill,
And there they found a stream,

They drank until they had their fill;
Till they would burst t'did seem.

He gazed with rapture on her there
And said, "You lovely dear!"
He stroked her rather ginger hair
And to him drew her near.

At length they reached a farmhouse clear;
He left her at a plough,
He called out, "Jenie, come here, dear,
I've bought a brand new 'cow.'"

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ON THE BOWLING GREEN
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