

Vol. 21. No 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1922.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.



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

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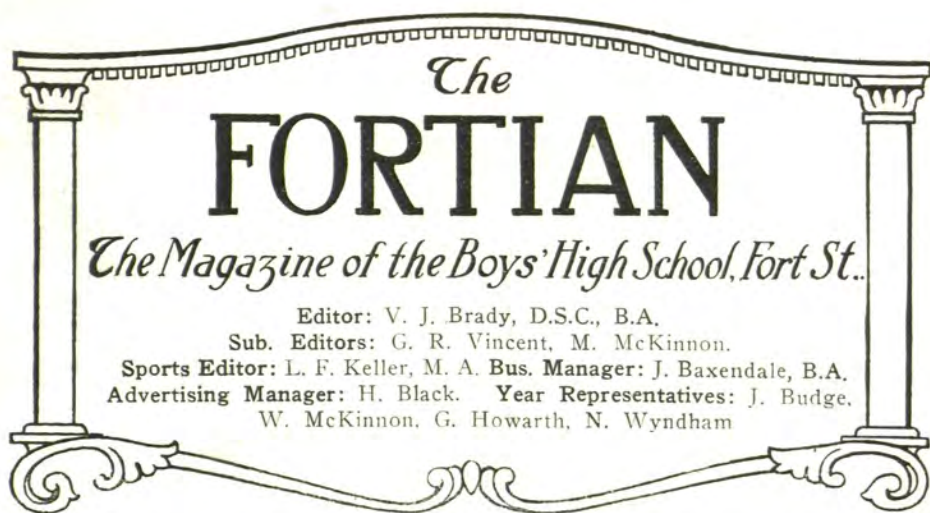
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Published Quarterly.

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PRICE NINEPENCE.

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THE publication of this issue of "The Fortian" synchronises with an appeal, which is being made to past and present students of the school, to assist in carrying to a successful issue the plan for the erection of a War Memorial befitting an institution such as ours, and at the same time to perpetuate the spirit their sacrifice bequeathed as an imperishable heritage of those who claim membership of our school.

Looking back over that glorious history which is the boast of our school, there is no section of its students, no era of its progress, no individual of its members who can claim equality with those whose privilege it was "to pour out the red, sweet wine of youth" with that unselfish spirit, which only those who have been comrades-in-arms can fully appreciate.

Let us attempt to realise what their sacrifice was. Do not imagine these men as a race apart from ourselves. Future ages may elevate them to the divine as did the Ancients of the Classics with their heroes, but remember you who now occupy their benches, they were once just such as you are today. They had their ambitions, joys and trials such as you. Away in the future they had builded their castles of air, and at the trumpet note they cast them aside. Now in some far-off land a simple cross stands—the only tangible evidence of what they did. To us in Australia a memory of their bright and happy personality remains, and, as years creep down the great hall of time, memories grow dim, and the smiling face grows more dimly faint, and the remembrance of their joy of life disappears in the obscurity of the past.

The story of their deeds will ever live—but we who bask in their reflected glory should remember that, however much we do, their worth can never be fully appreciated, but let it be as worthy as material wealth can secure.

Let every true Fortian do something to show his sense of appreciation, and give to posterity sufficient evidence that we were not unmindful of our debt to them. Rally to the cause and let the Conservatorium show that their spirit lives on in you.

In conclusion we take the privilege of quoting a few lines from Rupert Brooke, who himself now lies sleeping in a "corner of a foreign field that is for ever England."

"These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
That men call age. And those that would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality."

Old Boys' Notes and News

The Rev. Vivian A. S. Little, M.A. (Syd.), B. Litt. (Oxford), of the Methodist Church, an old boy of Fort Street, served as chaplain on board H.M.A.S. "Sydney" during the whole period of the Great European War, and is now stationed at Taree.

Clive Waddington Davies, a very distinguished old boy of Fort Street, was recently admitted as a solicitor by the Full Court, on the motion of Mr. N. G. McWilliam. Davies has had a distinguished career. He not only took part in ten battles with the Australians in France, as an artilleryman, but subsequently, as flight-commander, attached to the English Royal Flying Corps, secured his pilot's ticket and engaged the famous German airman, Richthoven, at an altitude of 18,000ft. Later on, he was taken prisoner, and was in Germany at the date of the armistice.

Another old boy who was recently admitted to practice as a solicitor is H. E. Hoare. Our congratulations.

The following members of the 1921 Senior Class who passed the last Leaving Certificate Examination, and who are now attending lectures in the Faculty of Law at the University, have been article to the solicitors whose names are appended.

Little to H. I. Aspinall; Snelling to A. S. Boulton & Co.; Amsberg to W. Arnott; Hopman to C. P. White; Sharpe to Laurence & Laurence; Landers to Raws & Poole; Elliott to H. E. McIntosh; Handcock to F. Marsden; Lay to H. W. Waddell; McLelland to P. R. Watts.

We regret very much to record the very serious accident that happened recently in the football field to Dr. H. W. Porter, superintendent of Sydney Hospital. We are glad to say, however, that he is now on the fair road to recovery.

It is worthy of note that four of our distinguished old boys are now lecturers and demonstrators in the Physics Department at the Sydney University. They are E. H. Booth, M.C., B.Sc., G. H. Briggs, B.Sc., N. E. Esserman, B.Sc., and W. L. Price, B.Sc., B.E.

Recently, owing to the disbandment of the Australian Geographical Society's Library, Mr. Rose was fortunately enabled to secure a fine collection of geographical magazines which are now available to readers in our own library.

Two of our old boys—Archie Boyle and Kenneth Buchanan—secured parts in the recent University production of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

We desire to acknowledge, with our very best compliments from the girls of Fort Street Girls' High, through Miss Cruise (the Headmistress), a gift of 15 guineas to be devoted to a trophy or shield to be competed for each annual sports meeting.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Geo. Phillips, of Blackheath, for his generous gift of three guineas towards the funds of the Library. We only hope that his example will be followed by many appreciative parents, old boys, and friends of Fort Street.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two Seniors whose fathers are members of the Masonic Craft should not forget that the Freemason's Scholarship is to be awarded at the end of this year, and that application must be made for it.

Intermediate candidates should not forget that the two prizes donated by Mr. Joe Gardiner are to be awarded for the best passes this year.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Our congratulations to the following old boys on having passed their examinations in Accountancy:—

Final Legal Section.—A. B. Cleland, B.Ec., L. T. Mulhall, W. E. Rydge, H. E. Paxton, B.Ec.

Intermediate Section.—W. L. Hind.

Our congratulations to old boy Dr. Keith Muston on his marriage to Sister Gwendoline Macfarlane, whose brother Keith is also an old boy of Fort Street.

Another old boy who has also to be congratulated is Major Errol Knox, M.C., who has been appointed Managing Editor of the "Evening News."

Our heartiest congratulations to Cecil Gos-telow on having passed the final examination of the British Institute of Actuaries. Gos-telow is now the proud possessor of the degree F.I.A. His association with Fort Street dates back to about 1904. He passed the old Junior in 1906, gaining a Prox. Acc. to the medal in Algebra, and the Senior in 1908,

with honors in Mathematics and French. He then, in 1910, joined the Mutual Life and Citizens' Co., and later transferred to the City Mutual Life office as Assistant Actuary. Last year he was offered, and accepted, the important post of Actuary to the New Zealand Government Provident and Friendly Society's Fund, with headquarters at Wellington. He is the youngest man to whom the Fellowship of the Institute has ever been awarded.

* * *

Our congratulations to Mr. W. A. Selle, B.A., an ex-master of Fort, who has been appointed Assistant Registrar of Sydney University; and to Geoffrey Dale, B.Ec., an old boy who succeeds Mr. Selle as University Clerk of Examinations.

* * *

Walter York, LL.B., who graduated in March last with honours in law, has been admitted to a partnership in the legal firm of Greenwell & Shepherd.

OLD FORTIANS.

About eighty old Fortians attended the annual general meeting of the Fort-street Old Boys' Union, which was held on Tuesday last, 13th July, at the Assembly Hall, Education Building. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Patron: A. J. Kilgour, B.A., LL.B. President: H. V. Evatt, M.A., LL.B. Vice-Presidents: Associate Professor J. I. Hunter, Sir Joseph Carruthers, Acting Professor E. M. Wellish, W. A. Selle, B.A., A. J. Hare, G. Mackaness, M.A., E. H. Booth, M.C., B.Sc., W. Freeborn, M.M., H. W. Apperly, R. L. Head, B.A., Q. L. Deloitte, Dr. A. J. Collins, C. A. MacIntosh. Hon. Treasurer: W. G. Tester, B.A. Hon. Secretaries: L. S. Loewenthal, L. A. Langsworth. Council: H. G. Spencer, W. R. York, C. Assheton, A. E. Fraser, Dr. I. McLean, R. Allen and C. Quigley.

A unique honour has fallen to a distinguished old boy of Fort. The Reverend J. R. Blanchard, M.A., has been elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Western Australia. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that Blanchard is only about 30 years of age.

ARTICLED CLERKS.

The following old boys have been successful in passing various sections of the Articled Clerks' Examination:—

Intermediate Law: A. M. Cunningham.

Final Law: Section I., R. W. Scotter; section V., H. A. Green; Section VI., H. E. Hoare, C. W. Davies.

A FORTIAN IN NEW YORK.

Among the distinguished journalists that have Fort Street as their Alma Mater is Robert Dexter, who is now in New York acting

as publicity agent for Universal Films and contributing short stories to the "Saturday Evening Post" and other magazines. On last Anzac Day the occasion was celebrated by a dinner of Australians and New Zealanders, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, and among those present was Bob Dexter, whose contribution to the entertainment was the menu card, in the shape of a map of Australia and bearing the following verses from his pen:—

Dusk foldin' into night,
Embers o' day a dyin' bush-fire in the west,
Gum-trees touchin' Heaven with their tops,
Whisp'rin' with God;
Sombre silhouettes against the purple sky,
Stars strippin' through,
Somewhere a mo-poke moanin' "Mo-poke,
mo-poke!"
Just dreamin'.

My gum-tree's twenty stories high,
The stars its lighted windows.
The mo-poke's moan a motor's hoot—
Home's everywhere!

OLD FORTIANS' BALL.

In keeping with the established precedent the Old Fortians' Ball was held at Paddington Town Hall, on Tuesday, 15th August, and once again the proceeds will be devoted to the Old Boys' War Memorial and Ada Partridge Prize Funds.

Paddington Town Hall at any time presents a very pretty picture when decorated, but the hall seemed to excel itself in splendour—perhaps it was incidental to the happy and enjoyable spirit that pervaded the ball-room throughout the night.

The President (Mr. H. V. Evatt, M.A., LL.B.) received the many and distinguished guests, and at a few minutes after eight the pleasant strains of music heralded the first of a series of dances that were to prove most enjoyable.

About 450 were present, and naturally a great number once again met old friends. Among those present could be seen: Dr. D. J. Silverton, Dr. McLean, Walter York, Wal. Freeborn, Jock Storey, L. E. Duff, Clive Evatt, A. Magee, Hec. Spencer, W. Hatten, Mr. Grace, E. Stott, Herb. Winkworth.

Socially and financially the ball was a huge success, and both funds should benefit considerably.

OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL MATCH.

On Wednesday, 12th July, the Old Boys visited the Petersham Oval, on the occasion of the Annual Football Match.

The Second XV's engaged, as a preliminary, to what proved a well-nigh famous match.

The School Seconds played very well, but the weight of the Old Boys proved a little

too much for them, and the Old Boys won 13-6. Tries were scored for the Old Boys by Ridley, Garratt (2), Larkin 2 goals.

At a little after three the teams filed on to the ground and the Old Boys were given a rousing reception, more particularly "Snow" Seddon, Clive Evatt and Dr. McLean.

The Old Boys' Union team consisted of: E. Godfrey, full-back; E. N. Larkin, D. Seddon, J. Fearnley, Lyons, three-quarters; Shead and Lane, halves; C. Evatt, Dr. McLean, Langsworth, Winkworth, Ridley, Garratt, Sharpe, forwards.

Mr. A. L. G. Mackay was in charge, and started the game. From the outset a keen struggle ensued. Play seldom moved from the vicinity of the half way, and the resulting excitement and barracking was intense. A battle royal ensued between the two halves, Lane and Jenkins, but the honours were with the former. Both packs were solid, until finally Evatts' good hooking gave the ball to Lane, who cut in neatly, sent to Seddon who, after a clever run, in-passed to Larkin, who opened the scoring for the Old Boys, 3-0. From the kick off Lane ran across field and punted; a smart follow-on by the backs placed them in scoring position but Phillips, the school full-back, relieved with a beautiful kick. School forwards were pressing hard, and from the ruck Crowe received and raced over, 3 all.

Both teams were playing excellently. A dribbling rush, headed by Dr. McLean and Ridley, resulted in a smart pick up by Herb. Winkworth, who transferred to Garratt, who scored. Old Boys 6-3.

Lane, receiving from the scrum, dashed out along the blind side, doubled back, short punted, side stepped the full-back and scored a brilliant try. Old Boys 9-3.

From the drop-out the school forwards, who were all showing excellent form, rushed the ball down the field, transferred to Jenkins, right along the line to King, who completed a beautiful movement by a great try. Spencer converted. Old Boys 9-8. The scores were unaltered at the spell.

On resuming, the pace was a cracker, and it told on the more aged. A dribbling rush by School resulted in Waddington scoring a good try. School 11-9.

School were now playing with wonderful combination. Again and again they attacked, but the resolute tackling of Seddon, Shead, Lane and Co., kept them out. A penalty in front gave Larkin a chance, which he took. Old Boys, 12-11.

The cheering and barracking was just one deafening roar. School received from the line-out, passed to Spencer, to Gildea, back to Spencer, who dummied short punted and scored a fine try. School 14-12.

From the kick off Old Boys' forwards took the ball down the field and only a good save by Phillips prevented a score. Langsworth gathered in the kick, short-punted and transferred to Lyons, who fended the opposition, dashed down the line in true wing three-quarter fashion. He raced over and scored between the posts—the best try of the day. Old Boys 15-14.

With five minutes to go and the Old Boys run right off their feet, the School made for its last dash. From the ruck Jenkins passed to Gildea, who raced for the corner, side-stepped and, dummied, scored the winning try. With cheering at its climax the final whistle blew and so ended a stirring match, with barely 2 points difference between the two teams. All played well; the Old Boys had a slight disadvantage, but wish in no way whatever to detract from the honour, and offer their heartiest congratulations to Mr. Gale on his handling of a good team.

This year it is proposed to hold the Annual Meeting and a "Smoko" in conjunction. An inducement for more members to attend.

A cricket match will be played before the end of the year. Those desirous of playing should communicate with the secretaries.

If Hector could pick winners like he picked the "Barcarolle" for popularity at the Ball, he would do the "Sphinx Man" out of a job.

"Snow" Seddon is doing excellently with the Rugby League. Keep going, "Snow." We're proudly watching you.

A. G. Noble has gained his A.C.P.A. Congrats., Gordon!

H. Holmes, "Snow" Seddon, C. R. Evatt, Jock Morgan, Bill Douglas Herb. Winkworth, W. Marrott, Tom Smith, Jock Fearnley, Rigney, G. Shead, and a host of others, are all Old Fortians playing 1st Grade Football.

A. S. Lane played with University 1st XIII against Brisbane. A unique performance. Congratulations, Hecka!

It is astonishing the number of Old Fortians one meets throughout the City. An appalling habit of a majority when asked for subs. is to question cynically what the Old Boys' Union is going to do for them. We would impress upon all Old Boys that the Union is what they make it themselves, and until the membership reaches its proper magnitude—about 2,000; the Old Boys cease to expect spoon-feeding and send in their subs. without being asked and even implored, times out of reason; until they realise that they are the Union and not alone the committees, and give the Union their unrestrained support, they cannot expect much.

Given the above, and club rooms will result. Then something will be given in return for membership. In the meantime, it is impossible to even visualise such, and again it is exceedingly disheartening for the Executive to

continue along such miserable and unrepresentative lines. Buck up Old Boys.

War Memorial.

There is still not enough money in hand to erect a fitting memorial to those who made the supreme sacrifice during the great war. Further contributions will be received by Mr. Kilgour, at the school, from past and present pupils, parents and well-wishers.

Membership.

To date there are only about 100 financial members for this year. Old Fortians are urgently requested to send in their subscriptions to the Hon. Secretaries, L. S. Loewenthal, The Union, Sydney University, L. A. Langsworth, 24 Durham Street, Stanmore, or to any member of the Council.

Annual Subscription: Five Shillings. Life Membership: Three Guineas.

Names of Fortians.

Past and Present Fortians are asked to send in to the Hon. Secretaries lists of any Old Fortians whose addresses they know. There are still thousands of Old Boys of whom we have no record.

Life Members.

In response to our appeal for life members the following have been elected by the Council:

Professor E. M. Wellish, Q. L. Deloitte, F. A. Coghlan, H. W. Apperley, A. J. Hare, Sir Joseph Carruthers, W. R. Hoggan, Dr. F. E. R. Biggs.

Any name can be added to this distinguished list at the cost of three guineas.

Coming Functions.

School Athletic Sports, 6th September, 1922.
Combined High School Sports, 15th and 16th September, 1922.

Cricket Fixtures:—

Concert for War Memorial Fund, 15th September, 1922.

The ANNUAL DINNER will be held soon. Notices will be sent to members as soon as the date is fixed.

Congratulations to:

Mr. W. A. Selle, B.A., who has been appointed Assistant Registrar at the 'Varsity.

Mr. G. Dale, B.Ec., who takes Mr. Selle's place as Clerk of Examinations.

Mr. N. A. Esserman, B.Sc., lately appointed Lecturer and Demonstrator in Physics. He has for a long time been associated with the Commonwealth Arsenal Department.

Mr. W. L. Price, B.Sc., B.E., also appointed Lecturer and Demonstrator to Physics Students. The Physic's Department is now, with the exception of Professor Vonwiller, controlled by Fortians.

Dr. R. J. Silverton, an Old Fortian, who has been appointed Demonstrator in Anatomy.

Fortians will be glad to hear that Dr. H. K. Porter, Medical Superintendent at Sydney Hospital, who has lately undergone a serious operation, is progressing favourably.

The following Old Boys have been successful in passing final examination of Pharmacy Board of New South Wales:—

Lord, Alfred H.
Lasker, Samuel Maurice.

One of our distinguished Old Boys, Dr. H. B. Lee, of the 1905 seniors, who gained the rank of Major, and the D.S.O. decoration in the great war, has been for some time practising his profession as a nerve specialist, in Collins Street, Melbourne.

We note, also, that Dr. L. S. Holland has commenced practice in Macquarie Street.

RETIRED BUSINESS MANAGER.

Mr. F. A. Chapman, who has been associated with Messrs. Robert Reid and Co., for the past 35 years, has retired from the general management of the firm. Last week he was entertained by the directors and heads of departments, and was presented with a souvenir from the staff.

Mr. Chapman was born in Goulburn, and is a son of the late Rev. Benjamin Chapman, who was president of the first Methodist Conference held in Australia. He is an old Fort Street boy, and has been a resident of Mosman for the past 15 years. Before that he was a prominent figure in the local affairs of Ashfield.

OBITUARY.

We have to place on record the decease of an old boy of Fort Street, Mr. Robert E. Moncrieff, at the age of 62 years, who was well known in the musical world, and the father of Miss Gladys Moncrieff, the well-known actress.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Prefect.



"Taking one consideration with another, a Prefect's lot is not a happy one."

Of course, there are moments when life is worth living—as, for instance, when some innocent new boy calls you "Sir," or when we are showing the ladies to their seats on Speech Day—but the everyday existence of a Prefect would make the Book of Job like a Guide-book to Heaven by comparison.

Suicides are not common among the Prefects nowadays, but some years ago, before the introduction of the regulations necessitating a medical examination and a course of Pelmanism before appointment, there used to be Emergencies, who were always ready to take the place of those Prefects who succumbed to the strain. During the year 1913, the number of nervous breakdowns among Prefects was seven; suicides, three. This constituted a record for High Schools.

To some this may seem almost incredible, but perhaps a study of the subject from a Prefect's point of view would be of assistance.

First (and worst) is the tuckshop. Imagine yourself coming straight out from a strenuous Honours Maths. period, and taking your place behind the counter. Two hundred hungry boys are fighting to be served first, each shouting his order louder than all the rest. It is a fact that the Prefects cannot hear themselves swearing.

It may not be generally known, but a substantial reward awaits the inventor of a patent ear-trumpet which will cut out the terrific din and yet allow the Prefects to hear the requests of the customers. At present, fifty Aspro tablets per week are used in the tuckshop to cure the headaches from which the Prefects on duty suffer.

The crowd and the noise increase, and we are going like the wind. The ideal man for this job would be a combination of an octopus, Dr. Nikola, and a book of logarithms. However, it is not the noise and the rush that cause the most trouble. After about six months we get used to them. It is the various freaks that break the Prefect's heart and give him nightmare. There is the youth who, while the rest are shouting, merely whispers his order. Then there is the First Yearite who takes ten minutes making up his mind to buy a halfpennyworth of caramels, after having enquired the price of everything else in the place; and the idiot who buys a penny chocolate with a ten-shilling note and wants his change in threepence; and the various people who stand about behind the counter in the way, and don't apologise when you tread on their toes; and the optimist who strolls in after one o'clock and expects to

get a pie; and the brute who wants the last bottle of lime and soda that you are keeping for yourself; and, above all, the cheerful goat who makes facetious remarks about the Prefects not paying for their drinks. This last is a cruel falsehood. I assure you that many of the Prefects frequently pay for what they consume.

This goes on from 10.30 till 11.0, and from 12.30 to 1.15. Usually we get no opportunity to have our lunch till after one o'clock. Small wonder that we sleep during most of the afternoon, although various unreasonable people usually keep on waking us up.

After a week on the tuckshop we have a week off. Two weeks running would qualify anybody for the lunatic asylum. Then comes a week on the rooms. The work at first sight seems a sinecure, for the rules say that no boy may be indoors during the recesses, but everyone knows that rules were made for Removites to break.

There are many weird and wonderful excuses for being in the rooms. One Prefect has a collection comprising 47 distinct varieties. The most popular are committees, rehearsals, and library books. Permission-from-a-master-to-write-out-French is also fairly well patronised.

For a time we were slightly puzzled—two boys would be seen to enter a room, but on following only one could be found. Justice, of course, was easily obtained by giving the visible one double detention; nevertheless, the other chap, although no loss to the school, presented a worrying problem until it was discovered that some of the cupboards were large enough to hold a boy. The practice of hiding in these cupboards ceased after one of the culprits was locked in for the whole dinner hour.

In spite of all efforts, boys still congregate in the rooms, and the only bright spot in this section of our duty is when we have a round-up, and some fifty names are handed in for detention. Then we can rest for a few days, sure in the faith that the rooms are void; and our boots, worn thin with much climbing of stairs, are mute witnesses to the fact that we urgently need a few rests.

Never went up such a sigh of thankfulness as when the line was abolished. For, once Juniors and Prefects were in perfect accord, nobody who has ever taken charge of the line could possibly imagine what it is like. It was awful having to make those boys stand there, silent, hungry, motionless (theoretically, of course). We were unceasingly yelling at them to "keep quiet," or "stop eating," or "take three extra days"—at the end

of the week we had developed a sore throat that used to cost a fortune in Heenzo.

The gates are not so bad. On Wednesdays we experience "one crowded hour of glorious life" (or words to that effect), but during the rest of the week things are fairly easy. On Wednesday there appears another crop of excuses. Curiously enough, the dentist is a favourite, while nobody appears to be going to the pictures. An undated note from mother was once used successfully for two Wednesdays, but the third time it looked so old and worn out that the Prefect became suspicious. The culprit acquired three weeks' detention, and now all notes are collected at once.

Frequently a passing rush is instituted, but it very seldom succeeds; also, it is not very wise to try and bluff out.

To balance all these disadvantages we have

a certain amount of purely fictitious influence and prestige, and the privilege of using the main staircase. And whenever anything goes wrong, the nearest Prefect is seized, indiscriminately blamed for everything, and ordered to set things right.

Now, a word of advice to any prospective Prefects. In view of what I have pointed out, unless you have a natural aptitude for the work, it will be worth your while, just about a week before the election of Prefects, to arrive late, neglect your homework, and generally misbehave, and so give the masters such a bad impression that your name will be crossed off. By so doing you will save yourselves much worry and many grey hairs. Believe me, as Shakespeare says,

"Prefects are born, not paid."

—Carl Gunther.

THE BUSH TRACK.

The small brown track goes winding
Beneath the gum trees tall,
Among the flowers
It winds for hours,
Until the curlews call—
Until the curlews call.

The small brown track goes creeping
Beneath the gum trees tall,
And there to sleep
'Neath bushes deep,
Until the curlews call—
Until the curlews call.



SCENE FROM HENRY V. AT "PLAY DAY."



Block kindly lent by "Evening News."

THE POET OF RARIO

Shifting my imaginary coverings a little, I turned to glance at my next-door neighbour.

When one has taken an open-air flat in the Domain, one must perforce associate with all types of men. Yet this one was not of a type; he was something apart. He interested me almost as much as the problem of to-morrow's breakfast; and though he did not strive to attract my attention, he had already gained it.

Beneath the wan light of the moon he sat, gazing with strained intentness at a large sheet of paper before him. He held a pencil, he smoked a cigarette; sometimes he placed the pencil in his mouth and wrote with the cigarette, sometimes he jerked at his eyebrows in a violent manner, as if seeking inspiration there.

I felt as though I were on the verge of discovering something new, something intangible. Hair that grew stiffly upwards, a long nose that writhed and wrinkled, white face and large, soulful eyes, held me. Beyond that, and his manner, the man was a non-descript.

Suddenly a gentle breeze lifted my "Daily Telegraph" blankets, and wound them round my neighbour. Nothing daunted, he commenced to search in their columns, and when I ventured to request the handing over of my belongings, he only muttered, "Yes yes. What rhymes with carve?"

"Nothing," I said, "except starve."

"No! impossible! Atrocious! Won't do."

"You are a poet, then?" asked I.

"I? Indeed I am. 'O, grim-looked night!' where is that rhyme? To stop me thus—a cruel crime!"

"Stop!" interrupted I. "How did you come here?"

"Listen," he said. "The rhyme will not come. My story I will tell. One year ago, there lived in the land of Rario, of which you know naught, a great and mighty prince. He was beloved by all, his wife was the fairest in the world, and legions swept their faces in the dust at his command. Also was he a prince of poets, and his words of fire were blazoned on the palace walls, for all to see. He was rich beyond desire, he lived for his art.

"In Rario, the moon is a golden goblet spilling its sweetness into the sky, and the sky is a vivid dream of faded azure. At dawn

the swords of sunrise slash the sky, and gild the lovely palace of the prince. And at evening the birds, for hushed in a velvet stillness is the long, long day. There the sea beats ceaselessly in long, mournful undertones—but Rario knew nothing but peace.

"Till came a day when the evil spirit of dissatisfaction stirred among the people. The prince looked on the blood-red sunset, seeing not its portent of blood and slaughter, cruelty, evil, and overwhelming disaster.

"The night settled down like a watching bird; then in the stillness there broke one eerie cry. And at the sound there came from the city a savage, meaningless roar; up the long streets poured man after man, woman after woman, mad with wild anger, frenzied with some sudden passion. They flooded the halls of the palace, they obliterated the priceless gems on the white walls. Out from his chamber they tore the prince, they scattered his verses to the winds—and his wife stood by, smiling evilly.

"Stunned and speechless, the prince was hurried out, out to the great white wall, where the demon thousands stood and hurled frightful curses up to the helpless man. He looked at the veiled threatenings of the clouded sky, he listened for the ominous beat of the sea, and heard as well the outcry of a nation—he knew that his hour was come.

"He tore from the hands that grasped him. The night was on a sudden very dark. He spoke. Great words, inspired words, words glowing with glorious fire, came coursing from his throat. But the people heard not. They cursed the louder, and strained towards him with menacing hands.

"Behind came a great man with a wicked sword. A vivid, scathing lightning-flash revealed the scene, the great sword swept down, and the people howled and raved in the terrible darkness.

"The prince was gone. Down the sloping walls his body rolled, and at last reached the shore, where the sea with greedy arms reached forth to clutch him."

The narrator ceased in his spasmodic, passionate utterance. He gazed forward into realms unseen. One tear oozed audibly from his eye.

"Go on," I urged, "go on. How were you connected with the prince?"

"I killed him! I struck him down in his hour of agony, for he was a greater poet than I. I struck him thus, thus! thus! — — —"

He leapt upon me before I could move. His hands were at my throat, his hot breath beat like a furnace-blast upon my face. I saw the stars go up and down, and sway like silly comets in the sky.

I heard the ominous beat of the sea. Words rushed to my throat. There came a great lightning-flash. I was down, rolling, rolling, rolling down to the grasp of the waiting sea. And a devilish outcry beat like thunder in my ears.

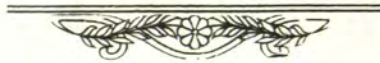
"Alright now? That's right. You were

nearly done, though. That man is a dangerous fool with a mania for committing murder. He pitches them a startling tale first—Ah! He did that? Then he strikes them down. You had a narrow escape. I just got here in time; but he got away, worse luck. He's wanted all over the world."

Bending over me was a large policeman. The Domain still swam round.

"Who was he?" I asked weakly.

"Him? Oh, he's known as 'The Prince!'"
R. G. Howarth.



TO THE CARETAKER.

Oh, thou, who hold'st within thy mighty hands
The fortunes of our tuckshop and its gains,
To you I dedicate my humble muse,
Oh, guardian of our school's internal wants!
When have I known the butter spread so
thick,
As when for you brown rolls at twopence
sold,
A threepence found its way into the till?

Too much thou giv'st not, for know'st thou
sure
That too much for a youngster is not good;
'Tis better to constrain his hungry needs,
Than let him eat his fill.
Were ever sold more large and juicy pies
Than sellest thou, and with my aid oft
times?

Did ever Frankfurt sizzle on the flame—
[A Frankfurt never sizzles, it is true,
But license free of poets lets me say
They do, though everybody knows they don't.]
Thou sizzle yon fat Frankfurts hot and fresh,
Which keen the appetite of some young lad,
Who, wrestling in the throes of learning cruel,
Has watched his weary watch wind on its
way—

[Alliteration is the figure I have used]
Until at last from torture he is freed,
And gaily his loved Frankfurt doth embrace—
Digestion, aided by my thoughtful friend
With sauce, whose origin is to be found
Among the fruit of the tomato tree.
Were ever rockier rocks in any cake
Than those thou vendest for the quarter part
Of that well known and well beloved coin,
Engraven with the head of King or Queen,
According as each happened to rule

When it was made, or struck, as some would
say.

But I digress—the coin of which I spoke
In value has the worth of just six pence,
A half a shilling, too, it may be called.
Or ever any cake more sweeter taste,
Than any in our tuckshop?

Now in the joyous errand of my praise
Unto the subject of the drinks I come.
Oh, beverage divine!—and full of gas—
A word unto the wise I will divulge—
For better profit for the tuckshop till,
Shake hard the bottle till the foaming froth
Doth bubble o'er, and o'er, an o'er, and o'er.
[Please pardon such a plenteous use of
"o'ers,"

Since I, perforce, a line had need to fill.]
Oh, beverage divine!—If I think right,
Somewhere before that same remark I made.
I love to feel you gurgling in my throat,
A gurgling gurgly, gurgly gurgling, gurg.
[A pity that I had to make that line
A little short to fit the metre in.]
About the drinks there is no more to say!
But now, I ask, what royalty dost thou
[No pun intended I would have you know]
Receive from dentist, or from toothache king,
That thou such great array of sweets dis-
play'st?

Yet, must I not complain, for countless times
In you great solace have I often found.

Oh, mighty one! to you I pen these words,
That future times, thy memory may revere,
And mine I also hope they will adore
For having writ your bounteous praises here.

—Dicky.

VIA GLORIAE

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Having stated my text, you will allow me to digress, since I have all intentions of being irrelevant—some people say I usually am—but that is beside the point.

All that I see about me—(no, Mr. Rose, I don't intend to quote Voltaire at any length).

"Give dreadful note of preparation."

[where have I seen that before?] That great thought struck me several weeks ago, in the course of my prefectorial duties. I hit upon many small companies of youths getting their revenge on my dear friend Will—you know Will? He wrote "The Taming of the Tempest," or some other such nonsense. Anyhow [I think I said that before—no, I didn't]. Anyhow, in my rambles round the school, in search of a quiet spot to do my Latin, I encountered these youths in every spot where I might rest. In all attitudes did I find them: heroic, defiant and idiotic—some were all three while trying to be one. At one spot where I listened, my poor friend was so mouthed and slobbered over that it reminded me of a sea—ups and downs—a sea-like motion—the effect produced being nearly the same. So I fain must interfere and teach these youths how to act. [Private lessons can be arranged, £2/2/- a quarter.] All the same, its wonderful how many attended those rehearsals, there were many spare dukes, knights, etc., which I do not think are to be found in the original text, and yet they all seemed to have parts; seemed, did I say? Ah, yes; until a combing out in several places revealed many upstarts, many who had ingratiated themselves into the plot without a part, and who, on the appearance of a prefect, ambled up to one of the performers and addressed him as "My noble lord," "Most excellent Liege," and all that, but being trained as I have been in all the many tricks of little boys, I [please excuse the number of I's] reduced many rehearsals to normal. Another thing which put me on my guard against such people was something I saw one day in a room viz.: Room Tennis. To play this game first upset all the desks and chairs you can find, and pitch them to one side [be careful here, as the desk lids are liable to fall off]. Having made a clear space you prepare to make it unclear again, by placing chairs across the room. One player stands on one side of the room and another on the other, and they play tennis. Scoring takes place in this way: One point for a broken window, two for a broken picture, and three for a broken head. [Broken hearts don't score.] However, on entering a room where this was in progress, I refused to accept the excuse that they were rehearsing Henry V.,

and the tennis balls scene and—imagine the rest, pleadings do not go down with me.

"For I am constant as the northern star."

as my dear friend, the strong man, Julius Caesar, said. Why the strong man? you ask. Dear! dear! Amazing ignorance. Surely you have heard this:

"Caesar trans Rhenum pontem iecit,"

or words to that effect.

This task of rehearsals naturally brings me to the subject of the Fort-street orators, of whom we hear so much. It is not the lecturette only which is educating these speakers; it is the drama, proper elocution and the proper allocation of quantities. What more wonderful oratory could be heard than my interpretation of Mark Anthony, where he says—he says—oh, it won't interest you what he says, but he says it; and I consider myself an orator of the first order, other, however, disagree, but there, jealousy does not affect many people, you know, and also—a prophet is not without honour, except in his own country. [Please note, I said prophet, not profit—for a profit, if it be large enough, has honour anywhere.] If anyone, however, is getting too enthusiastic over oratory let him read: "*Marci Tulli Ciceronis pro Aulo Licinio Archia Poeta Oratio ad Iudices*," and his ardour will soon be quenched, and also he shall need many quenchers to revive himself. The name of this book puts me in mind of another great book with a fine title—"Rerum in Ecclesia Gestarum Maximarumque per Europam persecutionem Commentarii"—whew! that was a strain.

My dear friend Mr. Hatfield has requested that I insert in the middle of my discourse this advice to students using the Science Room. When using Science Room material, don't take any care of them, you didn't buy them, and a few breakages are neither here nor there. When using sensitive thermometers, always shake them down with the bulb away from you, this is a very good way to obtain a quantity of metallic mercury. Always test all glassware by hitting hard with a retort stand, if the glassware breaks, it is a sign that it was weak. If, however, the retort stand should break—then the glassware is in good condition for use. When leaving the Science Rooms always leave the gas taps on, if someone happens to light a match, the result will indeed be very striking. The more water you can splash on the floor the easier it is for the cleaners to swab down. A very good game may be played by two or more boys as follows: Take two, or more, balances, and then raise and lower the arms as quickly as possible, the first boy to complete this

100 times wins the knife edges are also good for sharpening pencils. After using weights see that you mix the gramme and decimal of a pound weights—the boy who follows you likes sorting them out. Above all, never put away or clean any apparatus you have used; that is a menial task, leave it to your science master, he likes it. Oh, by the way. If you have been using any benzine, never replace it in the bottle; always pour it down the sink. It cleans it.

*Aux Armes Citoyens!
Formez vos Battallions!"*

I hereby formally [not formerly, as I have only just begun] and heartily protest against the action of the Department of Education, New South Wales, operating within the said, aforesaid and heretofore mentioned State, in their procedure of the installation of automatic cleaners, commonly called vacuum cleaners, in the previously and abovementioned Department's secondary school situated in Parramatta-road, Petersham, and commonly known as Fort-street Boys' High School. [Although I am going for law, I think I must stop my legal phraseology. It's

too great a strain.] Anyhow, in spite of the cry that Australia to-day is more in need of population than ever she was, in spite of this, and in spite of—er—much else, these vacuum cleaners are being installed. In the name of the First Year I protest. What is to prevent those small youths from being sucked down the tubes. Why, in ten minutes [I worked this out by the Binominal Theorem] 44½ boys would disappear and never more be heard of. Again, what a temptation to tired and tried masters to surreptitiously slip— [Shades! I've slipt an infinitive]—surreptitiously to slip delinquents into the tubes and thereby removing them, and also [this is only a modified form of again] taking up the cudgels for a second time in the name of Mr. Hatfield, how many books that had been lost would be blamed upon the poor, innocent, deduced vacuum cleaner. No, sir! It should not be allowed. Before resuming my, seat gentlemen, I again assure you, that in this momentous question you carry in your hands the future of the Australian race, which we should hand on unsullied to our ancestors. Gentlemen, I leave it to you.

Dicky.



THE GOLDEN AGE.

The following are verse translations from passages in the Latin Poet Ovid which the Third Year Classes are reading for the Intermediate Examination:—

Ah, peace was here when Saturn reigned,
For, from the heights sublime,
He bade the wars of mankind cease—
He gave the Golden Clime.

Bright, gleaming gold he cast away,
And buried far adown
The paltry wealth of men's desire,
Their false claim to renown.

There was no metal in the land;
Yet riches Saturn brought:
He gave them crops unearned by toil,
The people lacked for nought.

Sweet fruits he gave, and honey found
In trunks of hollow oak;
No more the rude, relentless plough
Through sleeping meadows broke.

No boundaries earth-dwellers made
To chain the fertile land,
The warrior rushed no more to fight,
Contentment stayed his hand.

And ploughed-up waves found peace at
last,
Found rest from prow and oar:

The longest journey neared its end
When mortal neared the shore.

To thee, O human nature, strife
And change are ever due!
Thy cleverness a pit of death,
Thy search for all things new

Is but destruction well disguised!
What need hast thou to gird
Thy cities fair with armoured walls,
And by some vicious word

To cause fierce conflicts on the earth?
What hast thou with the sea?
Is not the earth the home of man?
Why wish infinity?

Two kingdoms hast thou conquered now,
O man, now wilt thou try
To bring beneath thy greedy hand
The kingdom of the sky.

Alas! Alas for Saturn's age
Our souls for wealth are sold;
The soldier wars, and waxes rich,
And sheds our blood for gold!

—R. G. Howart h, 3D.

THE RAMBLER

The author makes no pretensions to this being an article. It is intended as nothing more than its title implies: a ramble; so if it appears disjointed you will, I hope, understand the reason.

Now, the first and most natural place into which one would wend one's steps is the tuckshop. Accordingly, I have spent several recesses in observing this centre of interest and now feel in a position to make a report. Some years ago that sage "Professor Naitrof" called this institution "a snare and delusion to all," and, after due consideration, I find he was quite correct. Take the case of my friend G——r; he invited me to "come 'n' have a drink." We went in and had one, and then another; next we moved to the lolly case and I bought two caramels, one of which I gave to G——r, who bought four snowballs, two "Royalties," and three walnut creams. He invited me to help myself, so I took two snowballs, a "Royalty," and two walnut creams, but I told him as I did so that he should not spend so much money—I considered him extravagant. Fancy spending one shilling and elevenpence on lollies and drinks!

If that tuckshop had not been there my friend would have still had his 1s. 11d., while my halfpenny would have remained safe in my pocket. But, to cap this, I was ill for three days afterwards, and I am quite sure G——r didn't look well when I next saw him.

Surely something can be done to suppress this standing evil, and I make the suggestion that the tuckshop be either closed or made free to all.

[A three-page dissertation on homework followed here, but we have elided it, since our experience of the writer is that he has never done any homework.—Ed., "Fortian."]

I happened upon a classroom on the ground floor last week, and my ears were suddenly assailed by this extraordinary combination of sounds:—Mr. ——, reading a selection from the works of Miss Mitford, two workmen knocking holes in a wall, a subdued argument in the back seat, several Fords climbing the hill, and a "hurdy-gurdy" churning out the strains of "Oh, by Jingo!" Since then I have felt no surprise at any noise.

Fort Street has developed a mania for theatricals! Almost any day groups may be encountered exercising their talent—or lack of it—in rivalling Mr. Oscar Asche, and improving upon Shakespeare. Provided boys stick to their mother tongue, I would not have it otherwise. "Keep it up," I say. But when the first and second years venture into the realms of French, and produce sections of that interesting little book "Contes et Legendes," something generally goes wrong, and mostly its' the French pronunciation. For example: the prefect who questions their right to occupy a room is informed "Monsieur—a dit que noo could come isi shack joo-ur," and as he leaves the room this sort of thing will greet his ears, "Je var que cette socisse foo pendoo au bout de votre nay!"

And, in conclusion, let me say a few words about our coming concert. Mr. Mackaness has told me that in bye-gone years a concert run by Fort Street could draw a crowd which easily filled the main hall of the Sydney Town Hall. What we have done once we are quite capable of doing again, and it is with the confidence that it will be a success that we look forward to this concert. Even if we are not all active participants in it we can all be boosters; we can all do our share towards making it known, and so ensure our obtaining a war memorial befitting the name of the old school! —J. Budge.



MIDNIGHT

The bright moonbeams,
O'er forest streams,
Shine down with silver light.
The birds are still
On yonder hill.
Dearest, good-night!

Among the trees
A gentle breeze
Makes changes in the sight.

No clouds now lie
Across the sky.
Dearest, good-night!

The ripples clear
Across the mere,
Roll on with even flight.
The willows weep,
You now must sleep.
Dearest, good-night!

W. J. WEEDEN, 4B.

The Land of Fancy Fleeting Shadows

(By J. H. Gardiner.)

And here was I, a God-fearing mortal, doomed by the frantic curses of a demon to pass day by day, and night by night, in the dreary, shadowless world of the underground, the long passages, the dark corridors, the barred and veiled windows, and the hard natural floor!

And here was I doomed to roam, and curse, and swear, and live away my life, to bid a cold farewell to liberty, to freedom, and to exist in the world of sham and shadow, where one's life is covered in mystery and echoes!

I am the slave of the demon! Oh, my tortured, tormented, and torn soul, now to exist in the trying life of bondage, to leave my land of perfect peace, and to live in this strange world of war and strife and forgetfulness!

Fancy shadows flit across the mud-plastered wall of my Land of Fancy Shadows . . . and Echoes! Then the long, troublesome shadow of night disappears, and day is here . . . day, . . . day, . . . yes, day and night are but the same in my awful prison.

I shall go mad, insane, soon! I feel it. I can tell it. . . stark, staring, raving mad! Oh, God, my head, and the curses of the demon!

And my brain, the brain of the world. The brain of invention and progression, to be lost in the scheming depths of the underworld!

When I had discovered the mysterious bottle, borne from the heavens, in my house, and had opened it! Cursed be I when the demon appeared from within it, the outcast of the heavens! And here am I, banished from the sunny depths of the world to the awful, angry land of shadows.

My sin was unknown to myself, yet such is my unhappy lot. Oh, cursed is my lot, unfortunate I. More sinned against than, . . . yet here is the demon!

I cannot see him, but I know he is here. . . for the echoes tell me, the echo of sorrow and dismal foreboding. Roaring, leaping, tumbling, falling, and bellowing. . . here it comes!

The demon and the echoes! Oh, God, my Father, save me. The demon, the demon! Where e'er I go it follows me, leering, sneering! It has me. . . I am powerless. Thrice I curse myself! Hope, where art thou? Yet ne'er do I hear the echo of hope, of joy, but only that of death, and dismal happenings. Ghostly faces stare at me from the corners, as I hear those strange, elusive echoes.

Man, this is HELL!

All night long. . . and day is short, here. . . the echoes and shadows yell and prance about me.

And where was the work o' my life, the work that I had sold my life for? My motor

man, the insane toy with the brain of an insane man! Was it working destruction on the earth, as my master was working on me?

My master—and who was he? The demon, the builder of fantastic castles in the air, the weaver of lazy pictures of freedom. . . which took life as abject slavery, such as mine!

The shadows pass me! I see them all, their shape, their meaning. The demon is in them all, with his leering face, and. . . the devil!

The curses of the demon have gone! A greater fear has returned. The fear of the mad—and I have it! I knew it, I knew it! My life is doomed, and I am past all resurrection! Would that I had never been born. That night of terror and terrific disaster has cursed me. Ne'er again shall I leave my world of passages, and corridors, and shadows, and echoes. For, man, I am doomed.

The devil has me! His leering face, so strangely familiar, worse than the demon. Oh, despair! I despair! And why? For I am doomed, and free life shall ne'er again be mine.

The demon has fled, disappeared, and with him have gone his curses! But here I find the devil, . . . the devil, . . . his incarnate majesty, . . . and his yellow face, with its beady, gleaming eyes, and its wicked look, stares at me!

Once more I am cursed! Once more I am convicted, and this time by the devil. . .

No, my God, my insane toy!

I see it, even now approaching me! I see its gleaming armour, and its ghastly face. Human, yet inhuman! My invention, my mad self has invented it! A child of destruction, of murder, and of curses. So was it born!

And it moves towards me! Its metal-cold fingers clutch at my throat. Its insane brain leads it on. My invention, my destroyer!

And here is the demon! Fool, I am mad. And it's got me by the throat. Oh, God, help me, help me! . . . The struggle with the devil. . . Oh, my strength, the strength of an insane person. I have it, child of mine; and, even now, I bash its head in.

Such was the manner in which perished my invention. The world shall never know the secret, and ne'er again shall my mechanical man with the mad mind roam about the earth. For that has passed!

And here is the demon! Fool, I am, mad, raving mad, doomed forever to wander aimlessly with mad thoughts of a mad brain. To me, the outside world is but one dreary echo; for I am mad, as mad as my invention.

So, good-bye, freedom and liberty! I return to my awful underground World of Fancies, of Shadows, of Echoes, of Madness!

High Lights



A warm, sunny day in late summer—I entered the back gate with a great fear and a great joy gripping me. I strove to appear nonchalant; one hand in my pocket, holding the wonderful blue notice. Nobody was in sight, and everything seemed far too silent for such a huge building. I stood in the corridor, undecided whether to run or not, until a boy came along, whistling cheerfully. With dry lips I stammered my request. "Oh, yes! Round the front. Come on, I'll show you."—I had arrived.

The end of the first year—from the rostra—"Gunther, dux, by one mark."

"Be a brick, buy a Brick, for a Brick."

"Will the Juveniles and the Imbeciles kindly keep quiet and give me a chance?"

A new Latin master with a terrible reputation had been lecturing me on the deadly sin of forgetting to do homework. Suddenly, I discovered that I had not neglected it, but had done it and forgotten all about it. Followed another lecture on wasting time.

We played "Henry V." at Newcastle. As we left Newcastle, a select party assembled on the upper deck. Ginger beer, cream puffs, fruit—and then, outside the breakwater, wind and a high seas.—Chaos.

"The death occurred yesterday of Mr. Joseph Taylor ——" "Neque candidiorem terra tulit."

My first appearance in long "duds," accompanied by the usual inane remarks by my pals.

"Fo-o-orm Fours! Right! Qu-e-e-eck March!"

The Intermediate Picnic. Jerry, trying to push the boat off, went into the water, and dried himself over a very smoky fire. The finished product was picturesque.

Waiting for the Inter. results—the elaborately careless air, the inward tension; then at last—"Thank God."

"Rick, Rick, Rickety-Dick."

"The 3C. Journal"—three articles out of eleven did not contain personal remarks about me: of these, one was the Editorial, and the other two I wrote myself.

"Gunther, puns, constitute the lowest form of wit."

"— and Physics in everything."

Play-day in mid-winter.—"Julius Caesar" in costumes consisting mainly of a sheet apiece.

"The following have been appointed Prefects for the year 1922 ——"

The Senior Dinner.—"Our schooldays now are done; the time has come to sever ——" Only another year, and then our turn.

"— and I hope you will all work a little harder this year than last, and don't forget, we want to break the magnificent record put up by the fellows that have just gone. You can do it if you like. Now, get to work."

"Take three days."

The cry of the children—"Pie." "Roll." "Drink."

A crowd of boys leaning over a bench in the Science-room—a pin and the nearest boy's back—not a boy, but a master. Collapse.

"I honour my God, I serve my King, I salute my flag."

Conduct: "V. Good." Progress: "Fair." Remarks: "Exam. results most disappointing. Can do much better. Must work harder to do well at the L.C. Exam."

Vacuum cleaners.

"That completes your work for the exam. Careful revision is all you need now. The rest lies in your own hands."

Carl Gunther.

EXCHANGES

"The Magpie," "Analecta" (Calgary), "Cinder," "Canterbury Tales," "Royal Blue" "Parramatta High School Magazine," "The Searchlight," "The Recorder," "Adelaide School

Magazine," "The Koala," "Shaw Magazine" (U.S.A.), "St. Tengian," Technical High School Magazine.

GROUP OF THE JAPANESE PLAY WHICH AROUSED GREAT INTEREST.



"For Love or Money."

Block kindly lent by "The Daily Telegraph."

Review of Class Magazines

As may be expected, the quality of these journals is very evident.

Every article, including jokes, should be original. Several items would have been included in "The Fortian" but for the fact that it was confessed that "the idea was taken from a book."

In every case the cover design and arrangement reflect great credit upon the artists and on those responsible for the typing.

Each magazine excels in one or more particular, but the one that combines good poetry, subtle (and original) humour, with some interesting and instructive prose of high literary standard must be admittedly superior. Such is "The Turret," produced by 4B, but even they could gain something by a perusal of "The Mentor," and, in so far as headings are concerned, of 4A's effort.

IVC—"The Mentor."

The cover and arrangement of this paper seem to be the best of the 4th year.

An excellent mixture of grave and gay is neatly typed, and the titles for each section are well executed.

The only section not well represented is one in which 4B is singularly happy, e.g., the educational article.

A play, "The Shades," with touches of humour, by Mr. Rosenblum, is very good.

The poetry is of very fair standard. "Autumn" and "Back on the Track," by G. Patterson, being very fine. W. Rowlands contributes one of beauty in metre and choice of language. It is entitled "A Bushland Glade." A witty composition of A. Levitus, "Just Fancy," is also among the verse.

"4C Police Court News," by K. Codd, draws an amusing picture of our future, while "First Impressions," by A. Schofield, rivals the front page of a week-end paper.

IVB—"The Turret."

This magazine contains a wealth of splendid matter. Great care is shown in the arrangement and typing.

Amongst the articles, "The Flour Mill at Canowindra," "Customs of Japan," "Hawkesbury Beauty," and one on wireless, are worthy of mention.

Some excellent verse is also included, a few of which are "Thoughts on Looking Over the Gap," by Crane, "S.O.S.," by A. E. C., "Swan Song," by R. Kennedy, and some beautiful stanzas by Gorham. "The Lure of the Bush" is very good, but an imitation of the same poem appeared in our last issue of "The Fortian."

In the realm of humour "Exam Questions," "Scraps from Fourth Year Shakespeare," "Shakespearean Poetry," and the jokes of the "Office Boy" are among the best.

A review of a novel, "The Vinegar Saint," calls for commendation. The caricature entitled "Is That the Case, Boys?" is excellent. W. G. Payne will some day prove H. W. G. Spencer's successor.

IVA—"Review."

The cover is neatly designed and arrangement fair. The page should not, however, be divided by illustrations, and a wider margin should in future be left.

Most of the titles are well done, but every one claims to be "interesting" or "educational." Green, in the heading for the art section, shows talent. At some period we will have his wood-cuts adorning "The Fortian."

Kennedy contributes some good poetry. "The Bush Track," "Melodies and Roses" and "Five Minutes." Among others of merit are "An Autumn Evening" and "The Mermaid." In prose "An Episode in Shares," R. Kennedy, "A Shady Deal" and "Hanging up a Picture," by H. Bowen, are perhaps the best.

"Club Tales" promises to be interesting. Two plays fall short of excellence, the first by a misrepresentation of farm-life, and the other contains too many scenes. Some caricatures by Gardiner are fair.

III. Year.

The "Vox Populi."

This journal, having been published for three years, merits praise, particularly as we may no longer have the pleasure of seeing another issue of this most enterprising of our journals.

The editorial is particularly good, being composed in verse by Howarth. L'Ecossais contributes some excellent poetry, "A Seashell's Story" and "At Rest" being particularly good.

In "The Song of Johnny B-t-s," the last two stanzas were apparently meant to have been printed separately. "The Rise and Fall of Blobs," "The Sad Tale of Mr. Bundy's Ears" and "Uncanny Stories" are very well written, and show fertile imagination.

That the staff possesses some literary ability is shown by the fact that the prize for our School Song and the Allan Wilkie Essay fell to two of the editors.

"The Vox" has donated books to the value of nearly £2 to our School Library. These are, I believe, all good fiction, without a single heavy novel among them. We are all indebted to "The Vox" and will long remember the distinguished reign it had, we regret to say, now completed.

II. Year.

IID.—"The Young Fortian."

The cover and arrangement are excellent. Poetry seems to be IID's strong point; some excellent attempts being included. These are "Sir Ross Smith," "The Country's the Place for Me," which swings along with the ease of a Patterson ballad, "Night's Reign," by Tiro, which is, perhaps, the best, and "Twilight" and "Wattle," by Barwon Bill.

"The Attempt to Steal the Secret," by Gumleaf, is good, while "An Inferior Dream" is really excellent.

The answers to correspondents are above the average.

IIIC.—"Meteor."

A striking cover encloses a series of essays on sunrises and sunsets, with a few other articles thrown in. Amongst the verse composition "Initium finis que," "C. R. Outlaw" and "In the Bush," by E. A. Adair, are the best.

"The Saving of the Express" is very well illustrated, the artist showing talent for the style of Ida Rentoul or R. McGrath.

"The Ghost of Glenmire" and "The Reformation of the Ranger" are good, but the first is too indefinite.

"The Setting of the Sun" is very fair; fine description.

IIIB.—"Nulli Secundus."

The cover and arrangement are excellent. "Try Again," a poem by "Peerless," is splendid, both in idea and execution. "Bushland" and "My Mo" are also good attempts.

Two good descriptive pieces are "A River" and "Early Morn."

An article, "Pearl Shell and Pearls," by Knod, is very instructive. In the fiction the best may be chosen as "A Terrible Happening," "How Rex Campbell Became Great" and "A Butterfly Hunter," which also conveys some interesting information about in-

sects. If Indian ink, undiluted, were used for sketching, it would be an improvement. We would also suggest a few sketches of members of the school, rather than of non-entities.

IIA.—"The Comet."

The cover would have been improved by the substitution of a wash of Indian ink, instead of pencil stump-work. The articles are very fair. "A. L. Gordon," "Dwarf Trees," "Inks" and "The Deadliest of All Things"—but this is, by the way, not an insect.

"Morning in the Bush" is a good piece of descriptive verse, and "The Brute" is humorous. The humorous section contains a number of seemingly original pieces. The best are "Some 'Orse" and "Books and Authors."

"A Peep Into the Future" is very fair, but "Uncanny Stories" would have been improved by lengthening; the atmosphere is too abruptly dispelled.

I. YEAR

The only magazines received from First Year are the IA. "Excelsior," IB. Moombilleen" and the ID. "Optimist." We regret that the others must be omitted from the review.

ID.—"Optimist."

The cover design is fair and arrangement good. "The Unfortunate Predicament of John Carmichael," by "Wild Westian," seems to have caught the spirit of American cowboy yarns.

The stories in the Supplement are fair, but the idea of a College Journal is far from original. "The Ode to a Saveloy" will have to be substituted by one to a Frankfurt, with a little more attention to metre. "In Quest of the Source of the Congo" is good. The art or humour, in one instance, is very badly copied, perhaps traced.

IA.—"Excelsior."

This journal obviously takes an active interest in the school activities, as it publishes the football scores and an account of Speech Day. In the realm of verse, "The Evacuations of Britain," by L. Stevenson, is very good. "A Modern Version of 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,'" if purely original, is very clever, indeed.

Our First Grade is, indeed, fortunate to have IA to chronicle their deeds in verse, but a little more attention to facts than is given at present would be an improvement.

The sketches of Armoured War Craft are very fair. A humorous piece, "A Recipe," is clever.

Two good stories are supplied by "The Monastery Treasure" and "The Treasure of Santa Marie."

THOSE I HAVE LOVED

Smooth shining floors and clean white table-cloths,
 Old sheets well saved and buzzing summer moths,
 Green lawns and garden beds in neat array,
 A cool, dark room on hot and glaring day;
 The smell of cooking foods not done with haste,
 Flowers freshly culled arranged in vase with taste;
 A quiet walk on sunny Sunday morn,
 To have the scented bushland's curtains drawn
 Aside, and view with awe in sheltered glade
 Those long-kept secrets now to be betrayed.
 Children with piping voice and merry laugh,
 The carefree gambols of a frisking calf;
 The chips that fly from green wood being cut
 With sharpened axe that sinks into the butt;
 Shy little birds and friendly animals—
 All these have ever been my dearest pals.
 New ripened fruit that bends the leafy bough,
 A tiny bird's nest, but one knows not how;
 The clanging hoofs of swift oncoming steeds,
 The ducks and wild fowl rustling in the reeds;
 A shrill, sharp whistle on a foggy morn,
 The Kookaburra's laugh at eve and dawn;
 A clean limbed racer with a glossy coat,
 Big dogs with noble head and velvet throat;
 The laughing sound o'er rocks of water's fall,
 The straight and upright trunks of gum trees tall,
 With tender red leaves glistening at their tops
 Like precious grain that crowns the waving crops;

The beasts that pause at brook their thirst
 — to slake,
 The pale, soft beams of moonlight o'er a lake;
 The glist'ning pearly dewdrops on the grass,
 Swift gliding boats through waters still as glass;
 Cool sparkling streams gushing o'er shining stones,
 So smooth and round in scores of different tones;
 And shady banks of moss where tall ferns rise
 That, swaying with the breezes, kiss and sighs,
 Throw grotesque shadows in the stilly pond,
 The magic work of dainty elfin wand;
 The sight of browsing cattle on a hill,
 The pleasant laughter of the rippling rill;
 Rivers that run with clear high granite banks,
 The old familiar two-railed fence that flanks
 The good hard country road o'er hill and dale,
 Sweet tasting milk fresh frothing in the pail;
 Houses on hills built far back from the street,
 High peaks, and where the earth and heavens meet;
 And black soil plains and well tilled river flats,
 The shimm'ring shining fields of corn and wheat
 That load the air around with fragrance sweet;
 The smell of new sawn wood just from the mill,
 The spry red robin perched upon the sill—
 All these have been my loves since time long past,
 My one regret that we must part at last.
 —W. B. Rowlands, 4C.



THE SHIP OF RIO

There was a ship of Rio
 Sailed out into the blue,
 A gallant elf, her captain,
 And goblins twelve, her crew.
 Her hull was one pink sea shell,
 With edges softly curled,
 Her flag, a daphne blossom,
 Hung at the mast, unfurled.
 Her cabins were roofed over
 By web of violet hue;
 'Twas sparkling, glossy in the sun!
 'Twas sprinkled o'er with dew.
 Her stout masts, rich in carving,
 Were made of bushland fern;
 Her rudder was a gnat's wing,
 Lashed firmly to the stern.

Thus, rising on the waters,
 Again, and yet again,
 The ship was wafted onward
 With her crew of little men.
 Her captain, on the deck,
 Steered her by day and night,
 When the fairies sent to aid him,
 A beam of silv'ry light.
 He steered towards an island,
 This captain brave and bold,
 Where everyone is happy,
 And no one e'er grows old.
 I know the ship will reach it,
 For her rudder was set true.
 A gallant elf, her captain,
 And goblins twelve, her crew.
 COLIN EDWARDS, 4C.

Scientific Suggestions

To the man in the street it is a most remarkable thing that modern science, despite the enormous strides it has made in other and (it must be confessed) less important directions, has entirely passed over the richest and most fertile of all fields for speculation and research. Science, we assert without fear of contradiction,—science like literature has in no manner dealt with modern tramcars, yet in the tram there is more romance than on any mistress' eyelids and more practical science than in all Hicks' Ballistic Pendulums ever invented. Consider the tram-car, how it boundeth along the street; the Dreadnought skippeth like a lamb and the corridor-car danceth like a little sheep. Some future Shakespeare of electricity will give us the drama of the tramways; some Robbie Burns yet to be will sing the song of the tram: how, despite the lure of the motor 'bus and the sweet seduction of the City Railway, that elderly Circe keeps entangled in her toils a public that grumbles much but remains a faithful lover.

So much for the literary and romantic aspect. More important still is the scientific. Here lies a virgin field fresh for the foot of some new intrepid Darwin or Linnaeus, who undeterred by the indifference of his fellows will stay to consider, analyse and classify. For tram cars run in many shapes. There are those gaily bedizened with the king of China's pathetic appeals for recognition which pluck at one's heart strings. There are those destitute of all such external allurements and beautiful in their very stark austerity of form. There are double cars and single cars and (well-known to the people who travel here to school) the treble car where some unhappy and decrepit corridor tram has to be pushed by a lusty Dreadnought. Then there is the Dreadnought car, the corridor car (which hunts in couples), the new car, and the extra-new car. But all these may be roughly classified into two main

divisions,—namely, the old cars and the new cars. All of them, moreover, are alike in this—they make walking a pleasure. The best of the issue is the latest model with which we are gradually being familiarised; we refer, of course, to that with the patent concertina doors. We have seen a man chase one such car for 345 yards down crowded George Street, all in the purpose of getting a corner seat, and so being able to play with the door on the tedious homeward journey. For these doors are the biggest boon yet bestowed on mankind by a kind Department. There is an ever-fresh delight in opening and shutting them, in seeing if they will really work. They seem too good to be true; incredulous tram-farers must convince themselves that such things really exist. Compare them with the old style. Who after vainly struggling on a wet day to pull down the blinds in a smoking compartment—who has not blessed a kind Mr. Doran and all his diverse works?

Here alone, then, is a wide field for accurate observation and scientific investigation. When this is exhausted and the scientist has finished classifying the trams themselves, there lies before him the task of investigating and classifying various other natural phenomena. He can deal with the various classes of ads. which we may, for his convenience, roughly group as internal and external, ugly and horrible; he may deal with the various classes of passengers who (again we give a rough initial classification) may be grouped as scalers, dead-heads and non-scalers; or he may deal with conductors, both of the impolite and polite variety. A splendid field lies open to the inquiring mind. We appeal to all Fortians of scientific disposition that in the days of their greatness they will not forget this fruitful field. By working and developing it they will assuredly bestow an inestimable blessing on the world and for themselves win immortality rivalling the names already great in science.

NAITROF.



The Cloisonne Vase

Japanese vase! The storm-blown pine trees
shook
Into a joyous poem. The tumbling brook
About the bamboo roof and garden quaint,
Where some true poet made thee, clay
and paint.
Has wooed thee day by day; each sunny nook
Wistaria-grown, has steeped thy senses
faint
With its sweet scent; and matsu pigeon's
plaint,

And babble of the clogs, and leaping stars,
have been thy living book!
The temple bell rings softly down the
hill
Through the white mist and beating of the
rain,
Or summer breezes kiss the silvered rill,
And fire-flies creep across the paper pane.
Japanese vase, you bring me fair Japan,
Its smiles and tears, as but true poetry
can!

—Raymond H. McGrath.

FIRST GRADE PREMIERS, 1922.—WINNERS OF THE MACMANEMY SHIELD.

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Back Row (left to right)—L. ROBINSON, F. QUINN, H. JENKYN, H. CROWE, MR. GALE, H. LIPPMANN, J. KING, G. WILLIAMS, M. ROSENBLUM.
Second Row—I. SENDER, W. GOLLAN, C. MILNE, H. SPENCER (Captain), R. WAD-
DINGTON, J. TURNBULL, L. STEWART.
Front Row—M. SLOANE, GILDEA, C. McLELLAND, H. BLACK.

T H E F O R T I A N .

September, 1922.



FIRST GRADE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Our First Grade team again distinguished itself, by winning the McManamey Shield for 1922. The team worthily upheld the reputation of our best teams of the past, not only in the fine all-round football shown, but also in the splendid sportsmanship displayed by the various players during the season. The School has every reason to be proud of its representative footballers of 1922. Their skill and success in the various matches is due to the consistent and commendable attention to practice and training. No previous team surpassed the present one in this regard. It is also freely admitted by many Old Boys to be one of the best teams, if not the best, that the School has yet turned out.

The team succeeded in winning all its competition matches, except the first, in which it was generally conceded to be a trifle unlucky. The hardest games were against North Sydney, and it was on these occasions that our team gave its best displays.

The success of the team was chiefly due to the very fine forward division, which on all important occasions showed fine skill and resolution. The forwards are to be particularly complimented on their strong tackling and dribbling rushes. At times, also, they handled the ball and ran with the determination of our best backs.

The backs also displayed very fine form, but, on the whole, were not quite as consistent in the hardest games as the forwards. However, many of their passing rushes were as good as one would wish to see.

The following remarks concerning individual players may not be amiss.

Waddington was the best all-round forward. A good tackler, a hard worker in the rucks and always ready to send out passes when the opportunity presented itself. He always played for his side.

Crowe, another fine forward in all departments of the game. Probably the most improved forward in the team.

Sender, the hooker, did his special work well and was also good in the loose rushes, and ever ready to receive a pass.

Milne and Gollan, our second row, strong in the tackle, and resolute in the close ruck work. Two fine forwards.

Lipman, as lock, used his weight to advantage, was good in the line-out, and tackled.

Quinn and Stewart, the breakaways, were both very good, particularly in the loose. These two forwards improved greatly as the season advanced.

Our emergency forwards, McLelland and Rosenblum, also displayed very good form.

Of a good back division the three inside backs were the best.

Spencer, the captain, versatile in attack, and very quick to see openings. He handled the ball splendidly and kicked with good judgment. One of the best five-eighths the School has had.

Jenkyn at half, probably the smallest player in the Competition, and certainly one of the best. A worthy successor to Lane of 1921.

Gilden at inside centre proved to be a very fine all-round player, particularly good in attack. One of the best centres the school has had.

Black, renowned for his vigorous tackling and strong running, was of great assistance to the side. Particularly useful in defence.

King and Robinson, the wingers, were particularly suitable for their positions. Both very fast and quick to seize openings, they scored many tries.

Phillips as full-back lived up to expectations. He played very fine football, his judgment of position being most marked. The other members of the team trusted their last line of defence.

Our emergency backs, Williams and Turnbull, also displayed good form, and were certainly unlucky in meeting such keen competition for positions in the team.

The team had a very pleasant trip to Goulburn, where they met the Goulburn High School and were defeated, 19 to 3. The match was played in pelting rain, pools of water being everywhere. The game was really no test of football ability. Our Goulburn friends entertained the team right royally.

The Annual Old Boys' Match produced some fine football in which the School was victorious by 17 to 15. This was a very fine performance, as the Old Boys mustered some splendid players, notably: Seddon, Stead, Lane, Feamley and Winkworth, all of whom are First Grade players. The Old Boys were clearly surprised at the good form of the School team.

SECOND GRADE.

That we should win the Second Grade Competition is so completely a part of our Rugby traditions, that we do not wonder at the 1922 team coming through victors. No other result, however, could have been more expected from the type of boy who submits himself to a hard season's training and this, in spite of the fact, that the authorities gave us stretches of four weeks between games, yet, little opportunity for football. There were players and others who had a little chance of being selected, trained very consistently. I consider this to be one of the finest features of the season.

On every occasion our competition matches were won by narrow margins, but it was conceded that the ascendancy was decidedly with us throughout the greater part of each game.

McClelland and W. Buckley were the outstanding forwards of the season. Light weight only kept McClelland out of the First Grade Team, and we profited exceedingly. The school has seldom seen a grittier player, ever alert, determined in his run and a good tackler. He proved an excellent captain, capable of directing and leading his team as he did, notably during the first game played against Sydney.

Buckley comes of football stock and should make himself invaluable to the First Fifteen, next year. His games towards the end of the season were noted for their fine attack and opening-up play to the backs. One remembers the clever movement instituted by Buckley which gave us our first score against Sydney in the final match.

Scutt was unfortunately seized with illness half way through the season and so we lost the services of a clever hooker. His place was well taken by Foster, "a lad of metal." M. Buckley and Mackinnon proved hard ruck workers and with more experience should develop into useful players. Boorman and Phillips (of garter fame) shone in attack throughout the season, and the pack was well rounded off by Kirkwood.

Rosenblum, beginning as a recruit, won his place in the First Fifteen—a creditable performance

The back division was well served by Gash; any weakness displayed was due to lack of practice; for in the concluding games his work was well done. The best of the backs were Sloane and Turnbull, closely followed by Payne. Sloane proved a great individual player; so did Payne, and it was in this respect that Turnbull's work was superior. He combined more effectively in passing movements, although he still lacks the gritty defence displayed by Sloane. Both players should prove excellent three-quarters next year. Payne, throughout the season, was a distinct help to the team, filling the full-back position with credit. Williams found his feet

in the Second Grade team, his strong running and kicking being pleasing features of his work.

In conclusion it gives pleasure to place on record the fine team spirit which marked every game and all relationships. Neatness in dress and appearance has always been typical of our team, and when this goes hand in hand with willing work, carried out with silent enthusiasm, there you have compliance with the finest of our sporting traditions. Under such a spell even Phillips kept quiet, and Foster's voice became melodious.

3rd GRADE.

The following are the results of the Third Grade team, "Runners Up," 1922:—

- v. North Sydney High School, won, 11 points to 8.
- v. Parramatta High School, won, 47 points to 5.
- v. Hurlstone Agricultural High School, drew, 13 points to 13.
- v. Sydney High School, won, 29 points to 0.
- v. North Sydney High School, drew, 8 points to 8.
- v. Hurlstone Agricultural High School, lost, 8 points to 13.

Points scored for—116.

Points scored against—47.

Average for—19.3.

Average against—7.8.

THE PLAYERS.

E. Collins.—The skipper of team. Shows considerable skill in handling team and tactics in attack. As a goal-kicker he is easily school's best, and as a wing three-quarter he displayed grit and initiative.

F. Holt.—The centre three-quarter. A good player, a strong runner, and also a hard tackler. He does not always handle the ball well, but his tricky play in attack was an asset to team.

Cant.—The full-back. Is a good player in this position. He is a deadly tackler, but does not run to take the ball. He is also a good kick.

Piper.—The wing three-quarter. Is a fair tackler, and takes the ball well, but seems to be afraid to run strongly when in possession.

Sillar.—The other centre of the team. Is a good, solid player. He runs strongly, but his chief fault is being out of position. He is also a very good tackler.

Benjamin.—The reserve wing three-quarter. Is a very strong runner, and when a little more experienced in defence will be the makings of a fine player.

A. Allen.—The "hooker" of the team, and an undoubtedly good one. He was very suc-

cessful last season, and will prove so in the coming one.

F. Newnham.—One of the best forwards in the team. He is a hard worker, and very fast. Never off the ball, and a good tackler. He proved himself well worth his place in the team.

W. Black.—Undoubtedly the best forward in the team. His dribbling was magnificent, and his tackling deadly. He may also be classed as the fastest man we had. A little more weight and we would see him in "firsts."

Jacobs.—Another good, fast, hardworking forward, belonging to the "Black and Newnham" type. These three were, I might say, three of the best forwards in the competition.

Lovell.—Another good forward, but not as dashing as those mentioned. He used his height to advantage in the "line-outs," and proved his worth by his hard work.

King.—Another good, hardworking forward who was always on the ball, but does better in open than in close work.

Bissaker.—A forward of the "plodding" type. He did his work well, and earned his position in the team.

Payne.—One of the best forwards in the team. He is a deadly tackler and a hard worker. He may be classed with Black, Newnham, and Jacobs. He proved his worth on many occasions.

Spencer.—The half-back of the team. A good player, but lacking a little in initiative. He improved greatly when played as five-eights. He could tackle well and was a strong runner.

Baker.—Who originally played on the wing, but later transferred to half-back, was a player of great promise, and his departure from the school before the close of the season left a gap hard to fill. He was a natural footballer, and must have distinguished himself if he had played another season.

Walker.—A forward who did very useful work in that position. He played very consistently throughout, and should do very well next year.

Blessing.—A good, hardworking forward, who should do good service for the school in future years.

FOURTH GRADE.

The Rugby Union competition, as far as Fourth Grade was concerned, was rather unsatisfactory. During the season the only matches worthy of the name were those against North Sydney, the winners of the competition. The rest of the games, whilst enabled us to create something like cricket scores, did not give us a chance to play football.

Despite this state of affairs the team is to be congratulated on its standard of play

and the good fight put up against North Sydney, on the two occasions on which the teams met.

The outstanding players were Bonthorne, Gildea, McKeivitt, Hollands, Speed and Britton, whilst Hale, as full-back, though seldom given much to do, was a tower of strength to the team.

FIFTH GRADE.

Our Fifth Grade after being second last season, was able to win the competition this year. The team played 10 games, won 9 and drew 1. The details of matches are:—

First Round: Drew with North Sydney, 9 all; won against Canterbury, 17 to nil; Parramatta 25 to 5, Chatswood 14 to nil, Sydney 14 to nil, Hurlstone 19 to nil, Randwick 61 to nil. Second Round: Sydney 19 to nil, North Sydney 6 to nil, Canterbury 19 to 3. Total, 224 points to 17.

Starting the season with a fair sprinkling of fine players from last year, the team very soon decided to settle down to thorough training and so form a combination that would at least command the respect of every rival. This excellent team-spirit was largely due to the untiring efforts of Wolfe, an exceptionally good captain, and Jackson his able assistant, under the direction of several first-grade stars prominent among whom was Milne.

It would be very difficult to say whether the forwards or the backs contributed most to the success of the team. The back division used the opportunities obtained for them by their nippy half, Stewart, and the handling of the ball in their rushes was frequently a treat to see. There is no doubt that Watts was the most successful back in the whole Fifth Grade competition this year. But his fine performance was very largely due to the unselfishness and ability of his mates Kemmis, Jackson, Duckworth, Jarvis and Button. As full-backs Druce and Hughes were very reliable. It is quite impossible to leave the back without referring to "Duckworth's Dummy" and his side-stepping performances. Without any exaggeration, it did occur that both teams were so amazed on occasion that they simply stood by and allowed our smallest grade player to wriggle through and score.

The forwards were splendid, both in the open and in the ruck. Their tackling was very good, they were always on the ball and their combination was excellent. In dribbling Owen, Wolfe, Wilson and Edwards were perhaps the best, in endurance Gilbert, Shortridge and Hannaford were most conspicuous, while in general play Levings, Brownlee, Mudie and Pearson were most reliable.

Finally we must say that the team was admired by all, especially our opponents, for its fine spirit of comradeship and the very high standard of play.

CLASS FOOTBALL.

The division of the class teams into three competing groups has resulted in healthy rivalry and interesting play. The school is fortunate in that it has such a large playing area at the Haberfield Flats available. Twelve teams are engaged each Wednesday afternoon, and it is a pleasing feature of the sport that the teams have been keenly enthusiastic and the individual players patriotic to their team and class. 1D, 2B, and 3C have been the most successful teams in the Junior, Intermediate, and Senior competitions respectively.

It would be a difficult matter to individualise as far as merit is concerned where such a large number of good players are concerned, but the following seem to be of outstanding merit:—Robinson, 1A; Grant, 1B; Gabriel, 1C; Reid, McLaren, 1D; Burns, Kerslake, 2A; Greenhill, 2B; Day, 2C; Cohen, Deasey, 2D; Cooper, 3A; Oslington, Lambourne, 3C; Mangan, 3D; Alldiss, Hancock, 4th Yr.

TENNIS.

Fort Street has been well represented by four teams in grade tennis during this season, and although the semi-final of the first grade has still to be played, it is highly probable that the final match will be between Fort Street and N.S. Boys' High.

In the 1st A Team, Hopman and Goodsir are to be congratulated on their splendid playing during the season, and upon their achievements in the High Schools' Tennis Tournament. Hopman and Goodsir won the doubles championship by 7 games to 5 from Sydney Boys' High, after a strenuous game.

Hopman, the runner-up in the singles championship, was defeated by Brewster, of North Sydney, by 9 games to 7, after a very hard game. This was a very creditable achievement, considering the more matured physique and age of the champion, who has held that title for 3 years.

ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING.

The following is a result of events of Annual Sports Meeting held at Pratten Park, 6th Sept., 1922.

Senior Broad Jump.—A. Robinson, 19ft. 4in., 1; H. Spencer, 2; A. Preston, 3.

First Year Handicap (75 yards).—A. Whaling, 1; R. Croft, 2; L. Gabriel, 3. Time, 9 3-5 secs.

Second Year Handicap (75 yards).—W. Easton, 1; M. Osborne, 2; G. Martin, 3. Time, 9 secs.

Third Year Handicap (100 yards).—J. Jamieson, 1; H. Muter, 2; W. Button, 3. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Fourth Year Handicap (100 yards).—T. Armstrong, 1; N. Payne, 2; H. Alldis, 3. Time, 11 4-5 secs.

Fifth Year Handicap.—I. Sender, 1; H. English, 2; J. Wilson, 3. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

880 Yards Championship.—C. McLelland, 1; C. Phillips, 2; H. Crow, 3. Time, 2 min. 11 4-5 secs.

100 Yards Junior Championship.—(T. Armstrong, I. Cmith, 1); B. Piper, 3. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

12 Years' Championship (75 yards).—R. Gilson, 1; C. Broome, 2; E. Eden, 3. Time, 10 2-5 secs.

13 Years' Championship.—G. Martin, 1; (R. Croft, A. Whaling, 2).

14 Years' Championship.—M. Osborne, 1; T. Armstrong, 2; L. Kemmis, 3. Time, 12 secs.

Junior High Jump.—L. Jacobs, 5ft. 0½in., 1; C. Ebert, 2; M. Rosenblum, 3.

15 Years' Championship.—B. Piper, 1; H. Muter, 2; M. Osborne, 3. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

16 Years' Championship.—W. Easton, 1; R. King, 2; W. Kirkpatrick, 3. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

17 Years' Championship.—J. Wilson, 1; N. Payne, 2; F. Quinn, 3. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

Junior Broad Jump.—R. Grant, 16ft. 10in., 1; B. Brock, 2; M. Rosenblum, 3.

100 Yards' Senior Championship.—A. Robinson, 1; J. Hagley, 2; J. King, 3. Time, 11 4-5 secs.

Obstacle Race.—F. Kerslake, 1; B. Brock, 2; J. Duckworth, 3.

Senior High Jump.—W. Payne, 5ft., 1; J. King, 2; H. Spencer, 3.

220 Yards' Junior Championship.—B. Piper 1; I. Smith, 2; L. Jacobs, 3. Time, 26 3-5 secs.

100 Yards' Old Boys' Handicap.—J. Ridley, 1; N. Breden, 2. Time, 11 4-5 secs.

220 Yards' Senior Championship.—A. Robinson, 1; J. Hagley, 2; H. Crow, 3. Time, 25 2-5 secs.

Sack Race.—J. Duckworth, 1; E. Eden, 2; L. Bray, 3.

90 Yards' Junior Hurdles.—B. Brock, 1; R. Grant, 2; M. Rosenblum, 3. Time, 15 4-5 secs.

Half Mile Walk.—B. Brock, 1; H. English, 2; L. Cohen, 3. Time, 4 min. 13 1-5 secs.

440 Yards' Championship.—A. Robinson, 1; H. Crow, 2; W. Rowlands, 3.

Three-legged Race.—W. Robinson and J. Vaughan, 1; H. Wardley and J. Anthony, 2; H. Howley and A. Waddington, 3.

440 Yards' Junior.—B. Piper, 1; I. Smith, 2; H. Muter, 3. Time, 62 3-5 secs.

120 Yards' Hurdles.—J. King, 1; H. Spencer, 2; A. Robinson, 3. Time, 15 1-5 secs.

Senior Relay Race.—5B., 1; 5A., 2.

Junior Relay Race.—3C., 1; 2A., 2; 2D., 3.

1 Mile Championship.—C. McLelland, 1; C. Phillips, 2; N. Payne, 3. Time, 5 min. 13 3-5 secs.

Senior Pole Vault.—H. Spencer, 1; W. Payne, 2.

Tug-of-war.—2C., 1; 1A., 2.

SENIOR CUP POINT SCORE.

Competitor	Broad Jump	880 yds.	100 yds.	High Jump	220 yds.	440 yds.	Hdles.	Mile	Pole Vault	Total
A. Robinson	3		3		3	3	1			13
H. Spencer	2			1			2		3	8
A. Preston	1									1
J. Hagley			2		2					4
J. King			1	2			3			6
C. McLelland		3						3		6
C. Phillips		2						2		4
H. Crow		1			1	2				4
W. Payne				3					2	5
W. Rowlands						1				1
N. Payne								1		1

JUNIOR CUP POINT SCORE.

Competitor	100 yds.	High Jump	Broad Jump	220 yds.	Hdles.	440 yds.	Pole Vault	Total
T. Armstrong	2½				2			2½
I. Smith	2½			2		2		6½
B. Piper	1			3		3		7
L. Jacobs		3		1				4
C. Ebert		1½						1½
M. Rosenblum		1½	1		1			3½
B. Brock			2		3			5
R. Grant			3		2			5
H. Muter						1		1



The Ballad of Michael



One time a homo vivebat
Whose praenomen was Mike,
Fortissimus erat, and had
A son whom he did like.

Uxorem pulchram habebat,
And her amabat well;
And these, et duo canes true,
Vixerunt in a dell.

Cotidie to work they went,
Portantes each a staff;
And si gregas in silvas ran,
The pair would merrily laugh.

Nam duo canes at them ran,
And them ex silvis drove;
And filius did help the dogs
To get them on the move.

But Michael lost pecuniam,
And filium he sent

To get his living in urbe;
Fideliter he went.

Et Michael coepit then to build
The muros of a fold,
And filius laid the corner-stone,
Fecit as he was told.

Cum filius ad urbem went,
He pessimus became;
Aud soon fugit across the sea;
Then flevit the good dame.

Identidem old Mike began
To build the muros strong,
Sed semper eos reliquit
Before he'd worked there long.

Tandem old Michael mortuus est
Et quoque his uxor,
And alius homo has their farm,
Their domus stands no more!

—A. B. Porter, 5B.

THE FANCY-DRESS-BALL

W. H. Jones '22



One could almost scent battle smoke at Trafalgar, when Nelson stepped into the room.

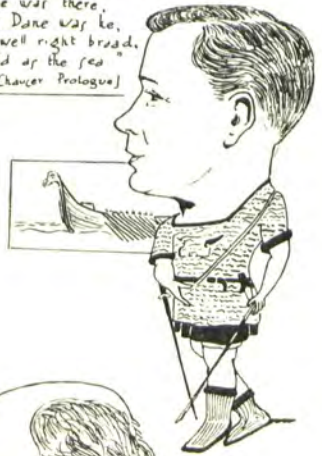


The presence of a William Macomber seemed to open up a page of Dickens revealing and his policy till some turn up!



Straight from the book [books?] he came a breath of civility and kindness - Don Quixote

And one was there, Dressed as a Dane was he, Of shoulders well right broad, And brown'd at the sea" [Chaucer Prologue]



The quiet figure seemed to be ever wrapped in meditation, perhaps on the times that once were of.



Nothing could create such an air of dignity, of stateliness and moreover of supreme gentleness and publicity, as did the appearance of the Roman toga, with its graceful...

"And, for my name of George begins with G, It follow in your thought that I am he" [Rich II 4-1-61]



The Duke of Clarence



No meeting of distinguished(?) men is ever complete without a Scotchman, and this concourse did not prove an exception to the rule

"A Fortian Anthology"



I thank you, gentlemen! From the depths to the very pinnacles of the school have I heard to ring your thunderous applause! Again I thank you. My work upon "Poem-trical Anthologies," as written in the last issue of this magazine, really was worthy of your generous praise. Mindful of this I have begun another treatise—"A Fortian Anthology."

As you are fully aware, no doubt, the heads of the esteemed English masters have long been racked to elucidate a plan by which the poetical talent of Fort Street may be spread throughout the known world. Gentlemen, I clear the way! Was there ever a better or a more reasonable method to obtain this publicity than publishing? Rejoice! A Fortian Anthology! A little booklet of Fort Street verse! I thank you for your acclamation, and will now deal with the proposed contents of the Anthology.

Naturally my own verses must take preference, as is the custom in all well-arranged Anthologies. Therefore, as an opening to the volume, why not my little ditty:

"This little book
You will agree,
By hook, by crook,
Is all by me."

Oh, the hidden meaning! Oh, the beauty of thought and expression! The suggestiveness of it! I cannot appreciate satisfactorily on paper, this, my work. But "en avant!"

After this excellent introduction, gentlemen, we must include a few first-year meditations:—

NATURE.

"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."

Stand! Hold! Read! Gentlemen, is there a better poem for the Anthology than this deep and all-expressive verse:

"She toils for pleasure, not for tears."

Ah, we mortals. Could the same be said of us? We toil for tears! No, let me think. Is it so? Who toils for tears? I have heard it expressed that we sometimes "toil to keep back" our tears. Gentlemen, the line is false! I must, therefore, exclude the verse and in its stead place one of mine:—

"THE VILLAGE SHOEMAKER."

(Apologies to my friend Mr. Longfellow.)

"He mends them early, he mends them late,
In fact, he'll mend them while you wait.
His work is good and sound and quick,

And, best of all, he gives no 'tick.'
And when he dies, he fears no coals,
Because he's saved so many soles."

Loud applause! I thank you heartily. I have now admitted two splendid poems to the select circle.

The second-years must have a little space. This simple love song has found its way to my tender heart:

"In days gone by, when quite a lad,
I loved her—oh!—I can't tell how,
But when I look at her I'm glad
I haven't got to love her now."

Is that not perfect? Sweet and beautiful! But I fear me, gentlemen, the idea was stolen—unwittingly, you know—from that great Australian Romance, "The Sentimental Bloke." The deputy-headmaster has brought this to my notice. He is a lover of Dennis, Gentlemen, "it must not be." It cannot enter the Fortian poetic portals. I am much grieved. I will, however, substitute a better one of mine own:—

"Blow blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind—"

You know the rest; it has become famous. Let me whisper—I have borrowed it from a little-known poet; Shakespeare, I think. But do not let this creep to the ears of the world!

There is now the third-year. They, however, are always too busy preparing for examinations, so I will console you with one of mine.

A LULLABY.

(A study in Ryhme for Schools.)

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Weep, weep, weep,
Snore, snore, snore,
Roar, roar, roar.

Have you fallen to slumber? Ah, I thought you would. You will find two excellent "parodies" of this, my poem, on page 47 of the last issue of "The Fortian."

And now, gentlemen, we come to the master-poets

The fourth-year! These, my dear Fortians, are the architects (and bricklayers) of verse! Bow low the head as enters No. I:—

"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."

Ah! immortal bard! Shakespearean! Read it once again. Ah, did you feel a bump in

line six? Yes! Then, gentlemen, it must be omitted. Does "perfume" rhyme with "loom"? Aye, verily, in countrysider's speech. An occurrence of two "sweets"! Too bad! It must go out.

Let us try again:—

"His costume was red,
And even, 'tis said,
He liked to be seen."

Poor fellow! Let us drown him in tears of grief, and make the red of his costume run. At any rate he is too wet to be permitted a place among the "first waters."

I will supply here one of my own lyrics. (With apologies to the populace and its method of singing.)

"There grew an aged tree-ee,
Also a little bee-ee;
And one more thing, let's see-ee,
A dog; and that makes, three-ee."

The fifth-year, as the superiors, shall have place. The less, the better.

"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.

Who wrote that? Disgraceful! "Bear" and "faster" cannot possibly rhyme! "Feet" don't make a splash! Hands up those who have been "glared" at by the "heat"? Oh! I must collapse; I must. Now let me see if I can write a better stanza than that:—

"Ah, then, now I'm feeling better,
Give me ink and pen;
Put the paper here, and set a
Drink just there, and now, amen."

I must collapse, however, gentlemen. The task is too great. May some other come to carry on the great work of compiling a

FORTIAN ANTHOLOGY!



The Lone Man

I'm a bad man, a sad man, a hard man, and thin,
I'm a rough man, a tough man, living most on gin,
I'm a poor man, a dour man, begging in the street
I slink away in fear, from the policeman on his beat.

I'll never be a workman, working every day,
A ready man, a steady man, toiling for my pay;

Not for me the quiet life, with money and to spare,
But hard knocks, and cruel taunts, and bed in the open air.

Not for me the other men—many come with me,
But soon I'm all alone again, tramping ever free;

For I've always been a wild man, a-begging what I could,
Sleeping by the roadside or in the open wood.

—F. Fowler, 4C.



Q. McCall, 3R., secured the two-guinea prize awarded for the best essay on a play of Shakespeare as presented by Mr. Allen Wilkie. McCall secured the prize in competition against all the students of City High Schools, and is to be congratulated on his fine achievement. The prize was donated by Drs. Wall and Bohrsman.

Dr. J. D. Maude, an old Fortian, has commenced practice at Darlington. Our best wishes to Dr. Maude.

Congratulations to Mr. Mackay on his appointment as Director W.E.A., Adelaide University, and Lecturer in Economics at the same institution. Our very best wishes to Mr. Mackay for future success.

Petits Echos

At Goulburn after a week's heavy rain, our football team walked on to the field—I gazed at the ground—at the pouring rain, and then at the team. I could not refrain from tears—only one of the team was a member of the "Swimming Club." Naturally, we were beaten. Take heed, therefore, all ye who as footballers should be ready for every emergency, and do not fail to join the elite club mentioned above.

The second grade competition this year consisted of four matches, and as one may guess the interest thereby aroused was tremendous (?). How all second-graders love the officials responsible!

Perhaps it may have been a case of extreme thoughtfulness. Knowing how immaculate all Fort-street second-graders had to appear—to give these a chance to get ready for every match played, at least two byes were given in between.

However much this thoughtfulness is to be admired, all those who intend playing second-grade next year are advised to pray fervently that next year's officials will be positively thoughtless.

Having attempted to referee at a certain O.B.'s match, I strongly advise anyone desirous of pursuing this profession to give up the idea at once, unless he has all the following qualifications:—

1. Can do the 100 yards in even time.
2. Has the endurance of a ten-miler.
3. Is an accomplished acrobat. I am convinced that all conscientious referees should stand on their heads to investigate what goes on in rucks and scrums.
4. Is a Latin and French scholar. You need more than one language very often to give adequate expression to your feelings; in fact, even three is not enough and . . . ? ! ! ! !

5. Is a physicist. There is physics in everything, as Mr. H— will tell you—even if you do not ask him.

The great institution so lately connected with 12.30 has departed—we wonder if in peace. No more will two honourable prefects be observed wasting their valuable (?) time trying to keep a host of restless minds in order (?). It has gone, and those who inhabited it are now received under the care of Mr. Humphries. We feel sure the new treatment will build bonnie first and second year-ites.

Following the lead of the tramway authorities, who believe in making use of every available space, why should the school not make use of the magnificent advertising possibilities of the front fence? With the proceeds a convalescent home could be established for the nerve-wracked and weary fifth year.

We of the bottom floor in our seclusion hear often shadowy rumours concerning lectures, speeches, etc., undertaken by lower years. This we think is an admirable plan—there is nothing like individual tuition to train a crowd as a whole, and we feel sure that if the system be continued our barrackers at the C.H.S. sports will be of the highest quality.

We also suggest that one week before all first and second year students should be gagged, so that when the gags be removed on the day of the sports their bottled up energy (which in the vocal organs of these small beings is extraordinary) will explode in some barracking, which carrying off the roof from the pavilion will also help to carry off one of the athletic shields.

—C. McLelland.



SAPPHIRE SEAS.

In sapphire seas
Where the gentle breeze
Fans the pearly deep,
The mermaids glide
O'er the limpid tide
In sea-shells, lulled to sleep.

On coral trees,
By the sparkling seas,
Crimson blossoms breathe;

With tender sighs
'Neath the azure skies,
Soft as a fairy wreath.

'Mid gilded waves
In the amber caves,
Peeping sunbeams sway,
And softened, glow
In a chequered row,
Flung from the sapphire spray.

—N. G. W. Macintosh, 3C.

STOTT AND HOARE'S ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS

PARTICULARS OF EXAMINATION:

Any Student not less than 14 years of age, now or lately attending—

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| (a) Public Schools | (c) Primary Schools |
| (b) Secondary Schools | (d) Colleges |

is eligible to enter for the Examination.

Subjects of Examination:

DICTION, ENGLISH AND ARITHMETIC.

The Examination will be based exactly on QUALIFYING CERTIFICATE Standard.

Date, Place and Time of Examination:

SATURDAY, 21st OCTOBER, 1922,

At Stott and Hoare's Business College, Remington House,
Liverpool Street, facing Hyde Park.

Examination begins at 9.30 a.m. Candidates should be in attendance at 9.15 a.m.

ENTRY FEE: ONE SHILLING.

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War Memorial Concert

Below, we are publishing the Programme of Fort Street War Memorial Concert, to be held at the Conservatorium, on Friday, 15th September. The co-operation of all Fortians is earnestly desired to make the function a success.

Part I.

1. Part Songs—(a) "The Spinning Chorus" (Wagner); (b) "Hark! Hark! the Lark" (Dr. Cooke)—Fort St. Girls' High School Choir.

Conductor, Miss E. Watts; Accompaniste, Miss Amy Chicken.

2. Solo—(a) "Lullaby" (Scott); (b) "The Po' Song" (Alfred Hill)—Miss Dulcie Huxta.

3. Solo—"Lament and Prayer" (Verdi)—Mr. Clifford Lathlean.

4. 'Cello Solo—"Reverie" (Dunkler)—Mr. Gladstone Bell.

5. Solo—"The Bell" (St. Saens)—Miss Alma Garrett.

6. Drama—"A Tragedy Rehearsed" (Sheridan)—1922 Seniors.

Cast of Characters:

Mr. Puff (the Author) George R. Vincent
Mr. Dangle (Critic) James King
Mr. Sneer (Critic) Carl E. Gunther
The Prompter F. Maxwell Watts
Mr. Christopher Hatton Raymond A. Wright
Sir Walter Raleigh Charles McLelland
Earl of Leicester J. J. Budge
Governor of Tilbury Fort

Roland J. Waddington
Tilburina (his daughter) Herbert W. Hogbin
Norah (her confidante) Alwyn B. Porter
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos

Herbert W. G. Spencer
Beefeater Reginald J. Laphthorne
First Neice Fred. W. Buckle
Second Neice Alan D. Gilles
Lord Burleigh J. J. Budge

Interval.

Part II.

1. Part Songs—(a) "A Song on May Morning" (Mona McBurney); (b) "Land of Hope and Glory" (Elgar)—Fort St. Girls' High School Choir. Conductor: Miss E. Watts. Accompaniste: Miss Amy Chicken.

2. Solo—(a) "Thou art like a Lovely Flower" (Schuman); (b) "I Murmur Not" (Schuman)—Dr. R. J. Silverton.

3. 'Cello Solo—"Vito" (Spanish Dance) (Popper)—Mr. Gladstone Bell.

4. Eurhythmic Dances—(a) "The Weaving Dance" (b) "The Blue Eyed Stranger" (c) "Schubert's Study"—Students of Fort St. Girls' High School. Under the Direction of Miss R. Bird.

5. Solo—(a) "Bitterness of Love" (Dunn) (b) "The Blind Ploughman" (Clarke)—Mr. Clifford Lathlean.

6. Solo—"Softly Awakes My Heart" (St. Saens)—Miss Alma Garrett.

7. Burlesque—"Rosencrantz & Guildenstern" (Gilbert)—1922 Seniors.

Cast of Characters:

Rosencrantz Ben C. Doig
Guildenstern Herbert Kirby
King Claudius Harold Snelling
Queen Kenneth Buchanan
Hamlet Herbert Spencer
Ophelia John Hopman
Player King Layton Langsworth
Player Queen George Mackney
Page John Dingle
Page John Brennan

God Save the King.



My Glasses Dim

Around the cosy fire we sat,
As I bent o'er the teacup's brim,
A soothing steam rose up and made
My glasses dim.

The fire was an elfin grot,
With funny elves and giants grim;
Like childhood's fancies seen again,
Through glasses dim.

Sometimes on cold and rainy days,
I see, instead of gardens trim,

The friendly hearth, and home-folk dear,
Through glasses dim.

I seem to hear my dog's deep bark,
And almost see each glossy limb,
For memory leads me far away,
When glasses dim.

I wonder if 'twill pain to hear
The solemn tones of death's wild hymn,
Or will it be a soft embrace,
As glasses dim.

—W. McKinnon, 4C.

Our Play Day

Fort Street Second Annual Play Day was held on the 1st September last, and was a pronounced success. The function, as last year, was held in the open air, the staging being erected by Mr. Humphries. The whole day was given up to acting, the proceedings not terminating till 5 o'clock. A fine audience watched the show all day long. There were never less than a thousand people witnessing the performance. The acting of all the boys was highly creditable. So uniformly good were the various companies that it would be unjust of us to select any for special mention. The number of boys taking part in the various plays was just about two hundred, and the complete programme presented was as follows, though not in the order as given here:—

PLAY DAY PROGRAMME.

"Sam Weller's Valentine"	4C	Players
Scenes from "Taming of the Shrew"	4B	"
Scenes from "Much Ado"	4B	"
"La Poudre Fulminate" (in French)	4B	"
"Blackmail"	4A	"
"In Catilinam" (in Latin)	3D	"
Scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	by 3D & 3B	"
Scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	by 3A & 3C	"
Henry Lawson's "Geological Spieler"	by 2D	"
"The Travelling Companion"	2C	"
Scenes from "Henry V."	2B	"
"Thor's Hammer"	2A	"
"The Lady of the Lake"	1D	"
"The Trial of Macarthur"	1C	"
Scenes from "Treasure Island"	1B	"
"Scrooge's Christmas Day"	1A	"
"Love or Money" (in Japanese)	by Japanese	"
"Julius Caesar"	Scenes by 5B	Players.
"Bardell v. Pickwick"	5A	"
Scenes from "Henry IV."	5A	"
"Antolycus, the Pedlar"	4C	"
"The Recruiting Sergeant"	4C	"



The Old Captain

The Old Mariners are leaving—
And their hearts are heavy heaving,
While the captains new are toasting
The "old" ones' health, and boasting
Of the deeds the "old" have done.

"Let us toast them, brother seamen,
They have wrought and fought for fame,
And they've won it, O my brothers,
In life's long and toilsome game.
They have weathered storm and tempest
In the days that now have past;
Let us toast them, brother seamen,
For they've won fame at last.

"Let us toast them, brother seamen,
They've upheld the old ship's name
And it's our time now, my brothers,
And we'll hold it just the same.

As they've done before us, brothers—
As they've wrought and fought and won,
And we'll set the world a-ringing
With the deeds we shall have done!

"Let us toast them, worthy seamen,
Here's the old ship's life and fame,
Here's a toast, my worthy comrades,
Here's to men that played the game.
Worthy seamen, let us toast them,
Let us flaunt their colours high;
Worthy seamen, here's to captains,
May their glory never die!"

The Old Mariners are drinking,
And their glasses are a-clinking,
For to-day they are a-going
From where sea-spray winds are blowing
—So they wish each other health.

R. KENNEDY, 4B.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Once again we have pleasure in recording the fact that large additions have been made to the School Library. Each year sees the number of volumes in the Library steadily increasing, but there is still room for a considerable number of books. The number of new books added this year is now 225. Some fine French Literature, purchased from the Alliance Francais, is included. All books added have been bought with members' subscriptions, from tuck shop profits and from donations received from friends of the School. The editors of the late "Vox Populi" deserve a hearty vote of thanks for donating their surplus funds of £1/14/- to the purchase of library books. One of these, Bob. McCall, deserves a special pat on the back, for by winning the Shakespearean Prize Essay, he has also won for his School Library a set of Shakespearean works.

We have also to thank Mr. Cramp, secretary of the Royal Australian Historical Society, for giving us an opportunity of securing gratis a very large and valuable collection of geographical magazines of which the geographic research students of the school have already taken full advantage.

The Library is now utilised as a valuable teaching aid by both Geography and French masters, lesson periods being set aside in these subjects for Library study.

In all other subjects the Library is fully availed of by boys for the purpose of preparing their lecturettes, for the advantage it affords for reading beyond the text books, and for the solution of many knotty questions that have arisen during lesson discussions.

The daily half hour at mid-day, when the Library is thrown open for the exchange of books, for magazine reading and for hunting up authorities, is fully availed of. It is always thronged with boys—in fact, it is the boys' intellectual common room, where the serious seniors commingle with the volatile juniors on equal terms.

It is a pity that more boys do not see the obvious advantages of being members of a club that is so necessary to the making of a true scholar. Although we have now 250 members on the books, there is no reason why we should not have everyone. The nominal subscription charged for the great advantages to be gained should make boys regard the Library subscription as the first charge on their purses. Boys! make up your minds about it. Support your Library in as great a number as you do your Sport's Union. More members mean more books, and more books mean that the Library becomes a more efficient aid to school work. Lend a hand to make your Library the finest school library in Australia. When you leave us do not forget what the old school has done for you. Say it with a book, autographed by yourself. This is a better way of cheating oblivion than that of carrying your tombstone on a desk.

And one more piece of advice to intellectual poachers: When you get a good book from the Library do not hoard it. Bring it in and let the other fellow have a chance to read it, and so approximate the Golden Rule of Life.



Old Boys' Annual Dinner

About 80 members gathered at the Assembly Hall of the Education Department, on 13th June, at 8 p.m., for the Annual Meeting of the Old Boys' Union. The President, Mr. H. V. Evatt, occupied the chair.

The election of Office Bearers for 1922-3 resulted:

Patron: A. J. Kilgour, B.A., LL.B.

President: H. V. Evatt, M.A., LL.B.

Vive Presidents: H. W. Apperley, F.S.S.

E. H. Booth, M.C., B. Sc.; Hon. Sir Joseph Caruthers, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., M.A.; F. A. Coghlan; A. J. Collins, M.B., Ch. M.; Q. L. Deloitte; W. Freeborn, M.M.; A. J. Hare; R. L. Head, B.A.; Associate-Professor John I. Hunter, M.

B., Ch.M.; G. Mackaness, M.A.; C. A. McIntosh; W. A. Selle, B.A.; Acting Professor E. M. Wellish, M.A.

Hon. Secretaries: L. S. Loewenthal; L. A. Langsworth.

Hon. Treasurer: W. G. Tester, B.A.

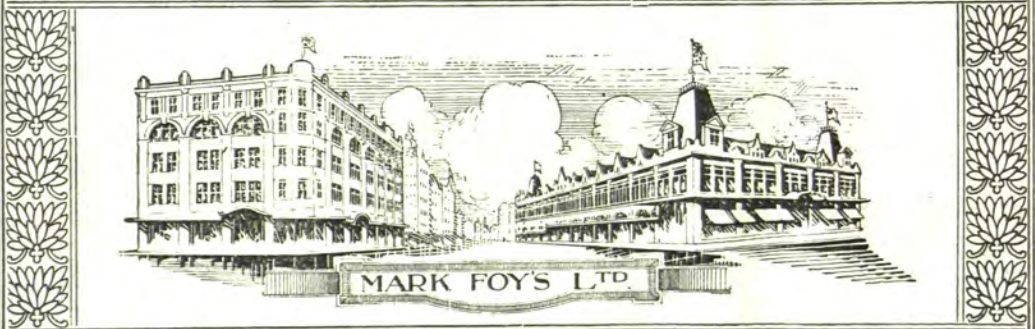
Hon. Auditors: A. McGee; L. C. Warby.

Council: A. Allen; C. F. Assheton; A. Christie; A. E. Fraser; I. McLean, M.B., Ch.M.; H. G. Spencer; W. York; C. C. McLelland (Captain of School, ex-officer).

The Annual Report showed that the membership of the Union had increased twofold during the year, but that the number of members was still absurdly low.

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2. The Furniture Emporium and Showrooms, corner of Liverpool and Elizabeth Streets (facing Hyde Park).

3. The Hardware Building (opposite "The Piazza" in Elizabeth Street. The service offered by this section of Foy's business appeals particularly to the Country Resident, the

Grazier, the Squatter, the Man on the Land—for here are stocked every description of Tools and Agricultural Implements, Poultry Foods, Electric Fittings, Stoves and all classes of Heating and Lighting Arrangements, also Ironmongery, Paints, Wall Papers, Sanitary Ware, all classes of Kitchenware, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Tobacco and Cigars, etc., etc.

It will thus be seen that the comprehensive nature of Foy's business render them particularly well fitted to serve the interest of the country Residents—no matter what sphere of business life they are engaged in.

WRITE TO MARK FOY'S FOR ALL REQUIREMENTS

... THE HALF-YEARLY ...

Below will be found the names, positions, and percentage of marks obtained by the leading boys on each subject at the Half-yearly Examination. Our congratulations on their success.

FIRST YEAR.

English:

- 1st—Anthony, 1D 81 per cent.
Everitt, 1C 81.
3rd—Russell, 1D 76.

History:

- 1st—Ralph, 1D 88.
2nd—Radford, 1C 86.
3rd—Sneddon, 1C 84.

Latin:

- 1st—Norris, 1B 90.
Gawthorpe, 1D 90.
3rd—Allen, 1C 89.

French:

- 1st—Norris, 1B 92.
2nd—Webber, 1B 90.
Hedges, 1B 90.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Petersen, J., 1C 90.
2nd—McDougall, 1D 83.
3rd—Hickson, 1C 81.

Maths. II.:

- 1st—Robinson, 1A 84.
McDougall, 1D 84.
3rd—Ralph, 1D 80.

Shorthand:

- 1st—Date, 1A 92.
2nd—Neale, 1A 90.
3rd—Beileiter, 1A 85.

Geography:

- 1st—Hulls, 1C 76.
2nd—Vaughan, 1A 74.
3rd—Travis, 1D 70.

Science:

- 1st—Vaughan, 1A 83.
2nd—Waddington, 1D 82.
Hook, 1C 82.
Radford, 1C 82.

German:

- 1st—Allen, 1C 91.
2nd—Radford, 1C 83.
3rd—Dinter, 1C 81.

Japanese:

- 1st—Redfern, 1A 96.
2nd—Morgan, 1A 83.
3rd—Hastie, 1A 76.

Maths:

- 1st—McDougall, 1D 83½.
2nd—Hawley, 1D 78.
3rd—Dinter, 1C 76.

SECOND YEAR.

English:

- 1st—Martin, 2D 95.
2nd—Hyde, 2D 84.
3rd—Deasey, 2D 81.
Rabe, 2A 81.
Bowen, 2A 81.
Sheehan, 2C 81.

History:

- 1st—Levings, 2D 82.
2nd—Cohen, 2D 80.
3rd—Rabe, 2A 78.

Latin:

- 1st—Wyndham, 2C 83.
2nd—Knoblanche, 2D 81.
Paterson, 2D 81.

French:

- 1st—Hannaford, 2C 95.
2nd—Howarth, 2A 92.
3rd—Cobb, 2A 89.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Shortridge, 2D 97.
2nd—Neal, 2D 96.
Wood, 2D 96.

Maths. II.:

- 1st—Neal, 2D 88.
2nd—Bourke, 2C 86.
3rd—Levings, 2D 85.
1st—Neal, 2D 92.
2nd—Bourke, 2C 87.
3rd—English, 5B 86.
3rd—McIntosh, 2B 85½.
1st—Levings, 2D 89.
Jones, 2A 89.
3rd—Turner, 2D 88.
Wood, 2D 88.

Geography:

- 1st—McIntosh, 2B 85.
2nd—Knoblanche, 2D 83.
3rd—Gildea, 2C 76.
Furner, 2C 76.

Bus. Prin.:

- 1st—Burns, 2A 80.
2nd—Flower, 2A 79.
3rd—Ellis, 2A 78.
Bowen, 2A 78.

Shorthand:

- 1st—Ellis, 2A 85.
2nd—Burns, 2A 80.
Bowen, 2A 80.

Japanese:

- 1st—Williams, 2A 74.
2nd—Storey, 2A 72.
3rd—Rabe, 2A 66.

About Accountancy.

Record of Records

RESULTS JUST PUBLISHED BY INSTITUTE OF
INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.
MAY EXAMINATION.

FIRST PLACE in Final Accountancy Section—K. A. McKenzie.

FIRST PLACE in Final Law Section—F. A. MacKechnie.

FIRST PLACE in Intermediate Accounts Section—

A. H. Hollingworth

FIRST PLACE in Intermediate Law Section—H. R. Giedhill.

FIRST PLACE in Preliminary Section—D. K. Macdonald.

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Maths.:

- 1st—Neal, 2D 92.
2nd—Bourke, 2C 87.
3rd—McIntosh, 2B 85½.

THIRD YEAR.**English:**

- 1st—Howarth, 3D 88.
2nd—Burrows, 3D 86.
3rd—Bates, 3D 85.

History:

- 1st—Beeby, 3C 92.
2nd—Cassidy, 3C 90.
3rd—Godfrey, 3D 88.
Bates, 3D 88.
King, 3D 88.

Latin:

- 1st—Child, 3D 82.
2nd—Howarth, 3D 77.
Farlowe, 3D 77.

Science:

- 1st—Young, 3D 80.
Baines, 3D 80.
Farrah, 3D 80.

French:

- 1st—Child, 3D 93.
2nd—Howarth, 3D 82.
Burrows, 3D 82.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Farlowe, 3D 96.
Godfrey, 3D 96.
3rd—Burrows, 3D 94.
Paull, 3A 94.

Maths. II.:

- 1st—Godfrey, 3D 91.
2nd—Watson, 3D 89.
3rd—Mangan, 3D 88.
Egan, 3D 88.

Bus. Prin.:

- 1st—Smith, 3A 85.
2nd—Cooper, 3A 84.
3rd—Paull, H., 3A 69.

Shorthand:

- 1st—McFarland, 3A 78.
2nd—Smith, 3A 70.
3rd—Paull, H., 3A 65.

Geography:

- 1st—Paull, H., 3A 75.
2nd—Robinson, 3A 64.
3rd—Adams, 3A 62.

Greek:

- 1st—Bates, 3D 87.
2nd—King, 77.
3rd—Stewart, 64.

Japanese:

- 1st—Farrah, 73.

Maths.:

- 1st—Godfrey, 3D 93½.
2nd—Farlowe, 3D 92.
3rd—Egan, 3D 90½.

FOURTH YEAR.**English:**

- 1st—Noble, 4B 76½.
2nd—Hutchinson, 4C 74.
3rd—Cupitt, 4A 73.
Airey, 4C 73.
Kennedy, 4A 73.
Rosenblum, 4C 73.

History:

- 1st—Hancock, 4C 79.
2nd—McKinnon, 4C 75½.
Rowlands, 4C 75.
Hutchinson, 4C 75.
Lovell, 4C 75.

Latin:

- 1st—Rosenblum, 4C 83.
2nd—Crouch, 4C 74.
3rd—Airey, 4C 72.

French:

- 1st—Airey, 4C 84½.
2nd—Lovell, 4C 81½.
3rd—Wilkin, 4B 80½.
Woods, 4B 80½.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Rosenblum, 4C 84.
2nd—Rose, 4C 82.
3rd—Wolfe, 4B 80.

Maths. II.:

- 1st—Lovell, 4C 92.
2nd—Hancock, 4C 88.
3rd—McKinnon, 4C 83.

Science:

- 1st—McKinnon, 4C 95.
2nd—Harris, 4C 93.
3rd—Edwards, 4C 92.

Geography:

- 1st—Gardiner, 4A 77.
2nd—Collins, 4A 65.
3rd—Baker, 4A 55.

Greek:

- 1st—Hutchinson, 4C 73.
2nd—Bissaker, 4C 72.

Bus. Princip.:

- 1st—Lewis, 4A 77.
2nd—Baker, 4A 76.
Gardiner, 4A 76.

Econ.:

- 1st—Baker, 4A 85.
2nd—Longshaw, 4A 76.
3rd—Collins, 4A 68.

Japanese:

- 1st—Bowen, 4A 78.

Maths.:

- 1st—Hancock, 4C 81½.
2nd—Rosenblum, 4C 80.
Wolfe, 4B 80.

FIFTH YEAR.**English:**

- 1st—Sender, 5B 94.
2nd—Vincent, 5B 91.
3rd—Laphorne, 5B 88.
Hogben, 5B 88.

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

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sports apparel and various insignia—
club colours, badges, pennants, etc.*



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- 1st—Higgins, 5B 82.
2nd—McLelland, 5B 80.
3rd—Gollan, 5B 79.

Latin:

- 1st—Laundry, 5B 96.
2nd—Emery, 5B 95.
3rd—Budge, 5B 94.

French:

- 1st—Laundry, 5B 82.
2nd—Jenkyn, 5B 74.
3rd—Emery, 5B 74.

Maths. I.:

- 1st—Hamnet, 5A 95.
2nd—Newman, 5A 93.
3rd—Gillies, 5B 90.

Maths. II.:

- 1st—Vincent, 5B 88.
2nd—McPhail, 5B 87.
3rd—English, 5B 85.

Science:

- 1st—English, 5B 88.
2nd—Sender, 5B 87.
3rd—Hamnet, 5A 86.

Mechanics:

- 1st—Shaw, 5B 88.
2nd—Gillies, 5B 82.
3rd—Lewis, 5B 76.

Bus. Princip.:

- 1st—Atkin, 5A 68.
2nd—Williams, 5A 65.
3rd—Pollock, 5A 60.

Economics:

- 1st—Stapp, 5A 81.
2nd—Atkin, 76.
3rd—Shorroek, 74.

Japanese:

- 1st—Taylor, 66.
2nd—Newman, 44.

Maths.:

- 1st—Hamnett, 5A 87½.
Vincent, 5B 87.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS.—MARCH 1922.**Faculty of Law.**

Intermediate LL.B. Examination. Section 2. Public International Law, Jurisprudence and Elements of Political Science. Pass:—

L. W. Taylor, B.A., 1st place and George and Matilda Harris Scholarship.

W. G. Tester, B.A., 2nd place and Proxace to George and Matilda Harris Scholarship.

R. L. Head, B.A., 5th place.

R. N. Aubrey, B.A.

Jurisprudence. Pass:—

A. C. Boyle.

Faculty of Medicine.**5th Degree Examination—August, 1922**

Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health.

Pass:—

H. L. Ashby, H. Barnett, R. K. Burnett, W. A. Bye, D. G. Carruthers, C. Champion, S. R. Dawes, M. H. Elliot-Smith, W. Freeborn, C. A. Frew, W. H. Golding, W. I. T. Hotten, E. R. G. Kirkpatrick, B. H. Lewis, L. Opit, E. G. Schwartz, S. Shineberg, E. M. Steel, R. S. Steel, S. G. Thompson, W. J. O. Walker.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS**5th Year Medicine.**

Faculty of Medicine. The following Old Boys have passed the examination in Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health:—

F. T. Allen, B.A.; H. G. Armstrong; H. L. Ashby; H. Barnett; E. B. Buckland; R. K. Burnett; W. A. Bye; D. B. Carruthers; C. G. Champion; N. M. Cuthbert; S. R. Dawes; M. H. Elliot Smith; W. Freeborn; C. A. Frew; W. H. Golding; W. T. Hotten; E. R. G. Kirkpatrick; M. V. Lansdown; B. H. Lewis; H. E. Moran; J. Morgan, B.A.; E. L. Murphy; L. Opit; D. W. L. Parker; O. W. Percival; R. G. Ponton; E. G. Schwartz; R. F. Shepherdson; S. Shineberg; E. M. Steel; R. S. Steel; R. A. Stephen; A. J. H. Stobo; J. G. Thompson; R. W. Thompson; W. J. O. Walker.

**Australia**

Australia! God's own country!
The land of heart's desire,
The heritage of Nature,
The home of freedom's fire!
Unspoilt by war and bloodshed,
From foul disgraces free,
She stands serene, confiding
In Nature's guard, the sea.

Oh, sons of fair Australia,
Do honour to her name,
That every foreign nation
Shall know your country's fame.
Stand up for justice always,
For freedom and the right,
And when you find oppression,
Be ready there to fight.

C. AIREY, 4C.

The Fane of Venus

When over Greece proud Phoebe swept the
land,
And gilded o'er the temple with soft glow,
And sweet night winds the rustling tree-tops
fann'd,
The temple damsels sung their night
hymn slow.
While mystic murm'ring sea-waves gently
flow
Upon the steps, where all the day
The veined marble faintly gleams with spray.

The goddess proud, that dimly smiled on high,
Gazed o'er the incense trickling grey and
sweet,
The smoke-wreaths twirling to the pearl-blue
sky
As though they longed the silvered stars
to greet.

O'er precious things, the gifts of those that
sigh
For treasures from the hands of her above—
The living treasures from the dream of love.

And grey it stood when all the moon was low,
So grey and cold; when in the pearl-grey
night
Fantastic incense breathed to and fro,
And languid sea-waves mirrored back the
light
Of Phoebe's silvered visage glowing
bright;
A steel-grey sheen clothed all the southern sky
And marked the new-born day approaching
nigh.

—N. Macintosh, 3C.



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HENRY LAWSON.

And down towards the languid, sinking sun,
 Along the winding, wattle-guarded track,
 He passed, and left his heavy swag, as one
 Who casts the weight of troubles from
 his back,
 And leaves the world, and life, and care
 behind,
 And onward fares—to seek, and know, and
 find.

Perchance the bush in that last moment
 saw
 Its minstrel, rapt and joyful, gliding on,
 For all the trees bowed silent crests in awe,
 And one lone songbird mourned, when he
 had gone.
 And when had sunk the fiery-hearted sun,
 Australia's poet's pilgrimage was done.

He loved her well. To her he gave his all,
 For her he lived, and toiled, and spent
 his days,

And now, when there has come that quiet
 call,

Is it too late to deck his name with
 praise?

* * *

Ah, westward, westward sank the dying
 sun,

And tear-dimmed stars marched forward,
 one by one!

—R. G. Howarth.

Fort Street Boys' High School.

Melodies and Roses.

Soft strains of sweet dream music
 Were drifting on the breeze,
 Which, passing through the rose vines
 And sifting through the trees
 Reminded me of Homeland
 And those haunting melodies:

The melodies of Homeland,
 The fragrance of the night,
 The rose scent and the music
 That once were my delight.

The music brings before me
 The small nest on the hill,
 The roses clamb'ring o'er it
 And peeping at the sill;
 That fill the air with perfume
 And I can scent it still:

The perfume of the roses,
 The fragrance of the night,
 The small pink dainty rosebuds,
 That once were my delight.

Some day perhaps I'll visit
 The nest upon the hill,
 The daisies all around it
 And the roses at the sill,
 'Till then I'm longing ever
 For the rest upon the hill:

For the melodies of Homeland,
 The fragrance of the night,
 The rose scent and the music
 That once were my delight.

—R. Kennedy.



Hymn to a Prefect

Glorious Prefect, ponderous browed,
 Now the morning school is out,
 Watching o'er the lined-up crowd,
 Who authority did flout;
 Watch them fidget to be free,
 Cast imploring looks on thee.

Then again when in the rooms,
 "Latin Fag" is all the craze,
 "General Ass" the prefect booms,

How they stare with troubled gaze;
 "Give us just five minutes more,
 To amass some classic lore."

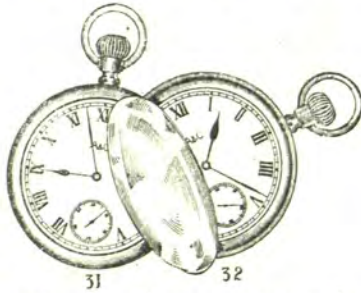
Detention books are at thy side,
 And an ever-ready pen;
 With detainees far and wide,
 Thou art happy once again;
 We all vote your line a bore,
 Prefect scholarly and hoar.

R. A. WRIGHT, 5B.

BE RIGHT ON TIME

Have a watch of your own, that you KNOW you can depend on, and you'll be surprised how easy it is to be RIGHT ON TIME in all your school engagements.

Here are watches that have been tested and proved good. They have strong movements in strong cases, and will stand the strain of school wear.



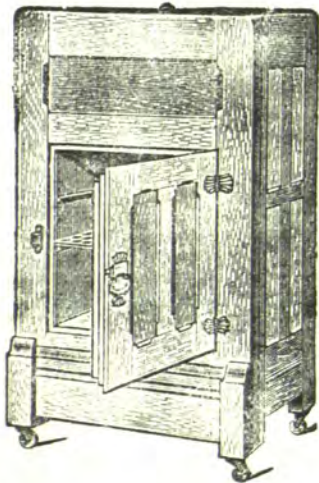
Strong lever watches, in either open face or hunting model, ONLY 30/- EACH.



A wonderful bargain! Nickel open face watch, reliable lever movement, ONLY 8/6

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OBITUARY.

We desire to extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. H. V. Evatt, M.A., LL.B., and his brother Mr. Clive Evatt, on the death of their mother, which occurred on the 5th instant. Four of Mrs. Evatt's sons were Fort Street boys. Two of them, however, gave up their lives in the Great War: Lieut. Raymond Evatt, M.C., and Gunner Frank Evatt. Mr. H. V. Evatt is the President of the Fort Street Old Boys' Union.

We regret very much to record the death of Joseph Aboud, on the 12th June last, one of the pupils of the Second Year Class.

He was only 13 years and 8 months old, and was a very clever little fellow, in fact, one of the most promising boys of his year. His masters and class fellows feel his loss very deeply. We desire to extend to his sorrowing parents our deepest sympathy.

We also desire to express our deepest sympathy with Mr. Fred Potter on the loss of his little daughter, Joyce, who died on the 2nd August last.

Also with Gordon Patterson, of 4C, on the sad loss of his father.



The Mountain Creek

Whisp'ring, softly murm'ring, 'neath the
gnarled and twisted gums,
But 'tis chanting to the harmony of locusts'
throbbing drums:
'Tis sweet Australian beauty, a selected moun-
tain creek,
Of Australia truly worthy—for its crystal
depths we seek.

Peering through the wattle, through the in-
terwoven leaves,
We descry a still transparent pool, whose
depth the eye deceives:
The aeroplanes of Nature o'er the surface
blithly skim,
And the swiftly darting tadpole haunts the
shadowed waters dim.

Below a gurgling sound betrays a tiny water-
fall,
And the looking-glass of Nature holds the
raptured eye enthral,
While the music of the cascade, blending with
the songs of birds,
Forms a charm far too effective for descrip-
tion but with words.

The bottle brush while haunted by the ever
busy bees,
Tow'rs in haughty grandeur o'er the mirror
which it sees:
Flow'rs and ferns and bushes in their mirror
shyly gaze,
To view their sweet reflections in the placid
water's glaze.

(Schrader, IC—G.)



Congratulations

We desire to offer our heartiest congrat-
ulations to Miss Heather Kilgour, daughter of
the headmaster, on having passed her final

examination in the Faculty of Medicine at
the University of Sydney.

The Ad. World

TAKE

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