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THE  
**FORTIAN**



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

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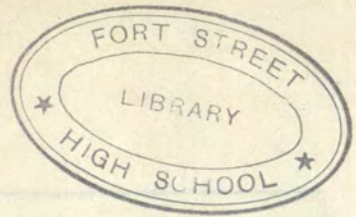
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*The*  
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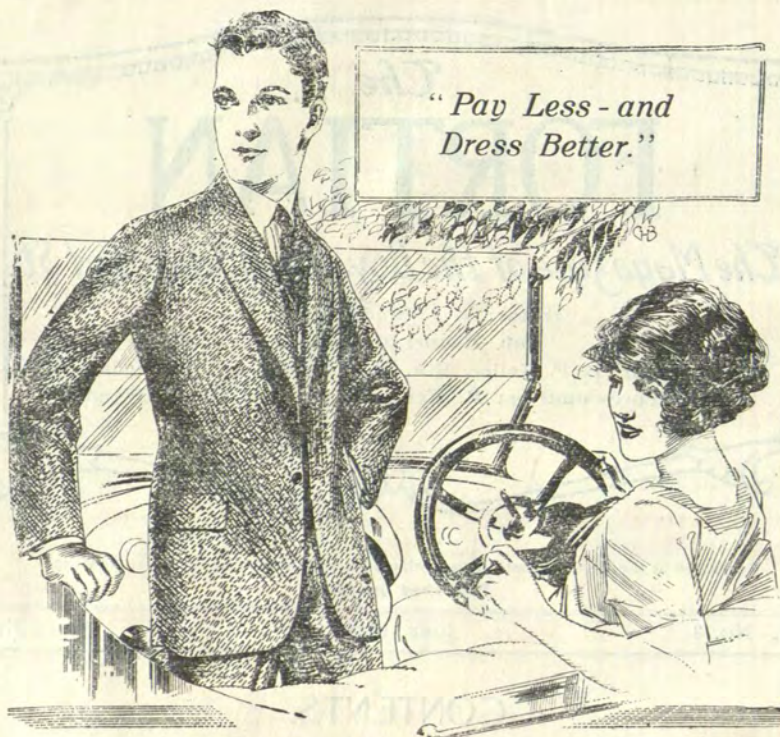
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## CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Editorial .. .. .	3	Inter-High School Debate .. .. .	19
Old Boys' Notes .. .. .	4, 5	Senior L. & D. Socie'y .. .. .	19
Carol .. .. .	5	School Library .. .. .	21
Reform of Sam .. .. .	6	War Memorial .. .. .	21
Black Swan's Cry .. .. .	7	Our April .. .. .	21
Anthology of Mad Poet .. .. .	8	School Notes .. .. .	22
Writing for "The Fortian" .. .. .	9	Sports .. .. .	23, 28
Faber est suae .. .. .	9	Dusk .. .. .	28
Concerning Examinations .. .. .	10	Change .. .. .	28
A Dingo Hunt .. .. .	11	Examinations .. .. .	29, 39
A Profundo Vox .. .. .	12	Obituary .. .. .	41
Time. You Old Gypsy Man .. .. .	12	Dream .. .. .	41
Historical Excursion .. .. .	13	Mr. Spender .. .. .	41
Life Bird .. .. .	13	Viking's Song .. .. .	42
Brink of Beyond .. .. .	14	If I were a "Broomstick" .. .. .	42
Persia .. .. .	14	Kingdom of Dead .. .. .	42
The Black Alley .. .. .	15	Verses .. .. .	43, 44
Dream Ecstasy .. .. .	15		
The Vision .. .. .	16	<b>Illustrations—</b>	
Night .. .. .	16	Eurythmic Display .. .. .	20
The Compleat Gardener .. .. .	16	Football .. .. .	24
Question .. .. .	17	Speech Day .. .. .	37



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# Editorial



HE gay and festive atmosphere of the carnival has not quite subsided as "The Fortian" goes to press, but we are in a position to announce with extreme satisfaction that the War Memorial Fete has been a success unparalleled in the history of Fort St., and with it comes the knowledge that the Old School is capable of organising, on its social side, a function of such a unique character and with a success equalling that of its successes in another direction. To-day we realise the hold our School has on the public mind, and we realise that the Fortian spirit, which we know to be so strong within us, is equally robust outside—it is functions of this character which bring homeward those who had perhaps got out of touch with their Alma Mater.

To those ladies whose enterprise and devotion meant so much to the success of the undertaking to our Sister School, and to the boys themselves, whose youthful enthusiasm never waned, "The Fortian," on behalf of the School, offers its thanks and wishes to express its appreciation of the services they rendered—and we are not unmindful of the masters, who, one and all, did their utmost to contribute to the great success.

The fete was unique in our school history. Never before have we been called on to undertake anything on such a scale; but it is only a slight indication of what the Fortian spirit can accomplish if organised. This means of self-help might be capable of accomplishing much that is necessary in a more complete organisation and equipment of our School.

Through the success achieved we hope now to bring to a conclusion the activities of the War Memorial Fund, and soon we may hope to see a monument, befitting the character of our School and the proud record accomplished by her sons on the field of battle.

To those whose memory we perpetuate, to those whose sacrifice we shall always cherish as one of the noblest deeds of which life is capable—a tangible and worthy record will now be handed to the Fortians who are to be, that may at some other crisis of our national life prove an inspiration to emulate those who blazed the trail of our national greatness.

## OLD BOYS' NOTES

Mr. R. B. S. Stevens, Senior Inspector of Public Service Board, has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Stevens is a very young man, being only in his thirties. His achievement is most creditable.

Edgar Booth, another distinguished Old Boy, has been elected president of the University Union. Mr. Booth is lecturer in Physics at the University, and besides being a brilliant scholar had also a very distinguished war record. He was mentioned in despatches, and his gallantry in action gained for him the Military Cross.

Mr. Chas. R. Turbet, B. V.Sc. has been appointed Veterinary Officer to the Government of Fiji. Before entering the veterinary school, Mr. Turbet served for over three years with the A.I.F.

Mr. T. M. Shanahan, B.E., B.Sc., has been appointed the manager of the X-Ray Department of Austral Electro, Limited, Melbourne.

Reg. Morgan has been appointed manager of Savings Bank at Kogarah.

Frank Anderson has passed final of Pharmacy exam.

Stanley White is off to America on business, and is engaged in the wholesale drug trade. His brother Richard passed fourth year medicine in August last.

Major C. J. Selmes, D.S.O., has been promoted to the command of 9th D.A. Brigade at Victoria Barracks with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. Colonel Selmes had a distinguished war record, and besides gaining the D.S.O., was three times mentioned in despatches.

The new serial, "Where the Aurora Flames," being published by the "S.M. Herald," was written by an old Fortian, Mr. Oswald Binns, who has acquired considerable literary fame.

We welcome Professor J. I. Hunter on his return from Europe and America, and have much pleasure in congratulating him on his elevation to the distinguished position of Professor of Anatomy at Sydney University.

Sir Douglas Mawson, one of our most brilliant Old Boys, has been elected as a Fellow

of the Royal Society, a very great distinction indeed.

Mr. C. J. Watt, B.E., is now an engineer on the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, blazing the trail for the civilisation that is to yet reach there. He is one of our distinguished boys of some few years back.

Mr. M. C. Moors has been admitted as a barrister of the Supreme Court of New South Wales.

Major Erroll Knox has been appointed managing editor of the "Evening News."

Professor H. S. Dettmann, M.A., B.C.L., of Auckland University College, and at one time Dux of this school, has been appointed headmaster Sydney Grammar School.

The Rev. R. G. Nicholls, M.A., B.D., who was appointed Rector of St. Mark's, Fitzroy, Melbourne, has introduced the innovation of the cinema in church.

In the final medical degree examinations, two Fort Street boys achieved first-class honours out of three given. W. A. Bye securing top position for the year and medal. K. G. Ponton, Prox. Acc., sharing Professor Sandes' prize for proficiency in surgery, clinical surgery.

We are pleased to hear of the continued success of Bob Dexter, the cinema playwright, who for some time past has been in America. His latest success is "As a Man Lives," recently screened at some of the city theatres.

Congratulations to S. G. Jenkins, on his gaining Frederick Lloyd Memorial Prize for Latin Essay, and H. J. Hynes, in gaining Walter and Eliza Hall Agricultural Fellowship.

The "Kalgoorlie Miner" of 28th May, 1923, gives a most interesting and inspiring review of the career of Mr. C. O. G. Larcombe, D.Sc., who, since 1907, has been lecturer in geology at the School of Mines, Kalgoorlie.

Dr. Larcombe is only 41 years of age and was a student at Fort St. in 1897, and on

leaving entered the Geological Survey Department of N.S. Wales, where he spent nine years, most of which was passed on the southern coal-fields. After some time he managed to attend the University, and although he headed the first class honours list in Geology and Petrology, he was unable to obtain his Bachelor of Science Degree. He had not fulfilled all the conditions laid down by the University, as he had still to attend to his professional duties outside.

In recommending him for the position of Professor of Geology at Perth University, Mr. J. W. Turner, then headmaster of Fort St., mentioned "his laudable ambition to excel, and his spirit of determination to succeed." Since 1901 he has made many attempts to secure the recognition of University authorities, and the conferring of the Degree of Doctor of Science by Perth University at the beginning of this year marks the crowning point of his struggle against the inflexible academic regulations. Without the necessary hall mark many positions were closed to him, despite the remarkable work he has accomplished in his own professional sphere.

As a geologist he has contributed much to the advancement of that science. In 1912 he was awarded the David Syme Research Prize of £100, given annually to the most notable contribution to scientific research. In the same year he was awarded the Fellowship of Technical College Sydney, a degree held by only two men in Australia.

In a memorial presented by the W.A. Chamber of Mines to the Perth University, requesting that the honour of D.Sc. be conferred on him, the signatories included Professor Gunnar Anderson, D.Sc., of Stockholm, and Professor J. W. Gregory, of Victoria, who spoke in most laudable terms of his work. The University did not accede to their request, and compelled the distinguished scientist to proceed through the regular steps, and the testimony of Mr. Turner has been amply proved by the spirit in which this old Fortian overcame the difficulties placed before him.

The following Fortians have been appointed Junior Medical Officers to the hospitals as shown below.

**Royal Prince Alfred:** R. K. Burnett, W. H. Bye, C. A. Frew, J. Morgan, R. G. Ponton, R. S. Steel.

**Sydney Hospital:** D. G. Carruthers, S. R. Dawes, W. I. T. Hotten, S. Shinebery.

**Royal North Shore:** B. H. Lewis.  
**South Sydney:** N. H. Elliott-Smith.

#### 1922 SENIORS.

The following members of last year's Seniors have entered upon articles with solicitors, and are all in attendance at lectures at the Law School, which course leads to the L.L.B. The firms to which they are articulated are as follows:—

Milne, J. H. Thompson.  
H. Speaser, B. T. Heavener.  
Dickenson, J. C. Emanuel.  
Laphorne, T. Green.  
Holden, Currie and Wood.  
Higgins, Arnold, Munson and Co.  
Wright, Campbell and Rowe.  
Hodgson, R. N. Teece.  
Laundry, MacKeason and Plunkett.  
Griffin, Vinders and Littlejohn.  
Nichol, Gill and Oxtad.

Of the other 1922 Seniors, the following is a list of the professions into which they have entered:—

Teachers' College: Herman Black, James Condon, Albert Norman, Thomas Vaughan.

Bank of New South Wales: Donald Williams, Alan Gillies.

Surveying: Ivan Booth Goodsir, Arthur Robinson (Queensland).

Public Service: John Buckley, Ivan Gash, Norman Jenkyn, Stacy Atkin.

Accountancy: Leonard Forsyth, Arthur Preston, Louis Stapp, Murray Thompson, Frederick Quinn.

Commerce: Geoff. Gillard.  
Chemist (N.S. Gas), Hector Lochrin.

Pharmacy: Stanislaus Lynch.

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## CAROL.

Send forth your notes of joy ye bells,  
For very pleasure ring  
That all the love thy music tells  
We may for ever sing.

For Christ to-day to us is giv'n,  
So let us happy be;  
The powers of ill to-day are riv'n.  
Oh! ring ye joyfully.

Far o'er the country-side send out  
Thy music loud and clear,  
That all the world may learn about  
His earthly sojourn here.

"Great peace on earth and endless love  
Be common among men."  
And hard! th' infinite choirs above  
Give back a glad "Amen."

FRED. A. CARRUTHERS.

## "THE REFORM OF SAM."

(The plot of this manuscript is drawn from the Journal of "The Stork." You cannot, therefore, attach very much blame to me should the story seem a failure. Am I not cute?)

Sam was slumbering loudly beneath a Moreton Bay on the jutting little bit of territory near Lady Macquarie's Chair. He was dreaming of India where dusky maids awaited with their wonderful smiles his slightest behest. He was dreaming of Africa, imagining himself to be King Wumpchump, and around him thousands of frisky nigger women bowing sublimely . . . .

At this moment "The Stork" came on the scene; a rather tall, tattered individual, The Stork, with just a ghost of a dead grin stealing around and in his straw-whiskers.

Sam grunted and muttered something about the confounded nigger women scruffing the Indian maids. Evidently this was too much for his peace of mind, for he awoke suddenly and fumed upon the awkward Stork.

The Stork sat stupidly down, growling the while about the idiotic ways of philosophers like Sam. Sam retorted in fine style, denouncing the spirit which so often drove The Stork to drink; called him a "drunken sot" who was incapable of skimming the waves of imagination, and who could not even read Aristotle sensibly, let alone understand it!

The Stork grinned sadly and opened up the real business: "Y'see here, I found a book what you and me can agree on. You like dreamin' and Ph'losophy; I likes beer. Now here's a book as says that beer and Ph'losophy are the two s'preme things on earth. She's called the—er—the—something—"

"Spell 'em!" growled the stumpy Sam.  
"R-u-b-a-i-y-a-t."

"The Rubaiyat?" repeated Sam.

"Yer, by a bloke named Omra Cayenne—or something."

The Stork spelt it and the other looked at him in disgust.

"Omar Khayyam," grunted Sam. "Dunno 'im. Spect he's one of them Amuricans wot pours their litratooor on us so's we can't hescape and eventually we decide never to read no more!"

This oration finished, The Stork dared complete his review of the wonderful work he had found:

"Well, listen here, I'll read a bit of it:  
"Dreaming, when Dawn's left Hand was in  
the Sky,  
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,  
"Awake, my little ones, and fill the Cup  
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

"There! You an' me's the 'little 'uns' and this here bloke says to 'ave a swig!"

"No y' see wot he means," explained the philosophical Sam, "Is that we shud make the best of life before we die!"

"Garn, I knows this bird. 'Ear this!"

"I often wonder what the Vintner's buy, One half so precious as the goods they sell."

Sam snorted and leant over for the book; looked it over; dwelt on the pictures so Persian quaint, minarets and gold-crustéd pinnacles; his eyes gleamed! Here was the East and Philosophy! Sam had always doted upon the East, and Philosophy was his other failing. The Stork had a leaning for beer; this, Sam detested! Sam hated intoxicants of any and every kind! He bent over the book and dwelt lovingly upon the philosophical passage:

"Awake, for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that put the Stars to  
Flight;

And Lo! The Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."

Sam's imagination ran down the ages. The sea-gleam was never so bright as that spark in his eye . . . he was lost:

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the  
Bough,

A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise now."

Sam could not quite see what this "Khayyam bloke" saw in wine. Sam objected to wine and hadn't he often lectured the Stork upon the point? But Stork was always a bad pupil and usually came home to the paper blankets in the Domain in the wee sma' hours.

The Stork crept off leaving Sam in the whirl of Omar and his Philosophy. He louched on and at last turned into the little Second-Hand-Bookshop at the lower end of George Street. The bookseller was an old friend of Sam and The Stork. Sam often made literary trips to this establishment and had often, too, taken the reluctant Stork.

The Stork had gone there that morning and had had a little conversation with the parson, as the bookseller was called, concerning health matters of Sam.

This afternoon the Stork was come to report progress. Sam, he declared was gradually coming round, but as yet he was still undecided and dubious—perhaps another week would complete his reform.

The Stork returned and Sam was still delving in the pages of Omar. He heard Sam muttering verses to the winds:

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears  
To-day of past regrets and future fears—"



To-morrow?—Why, to-morrow I may be  
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

The Stork watched progress. Sam was still deep in philosophy but was gradually reforming—yes, reforming. Here for instance the Stork saw Sam ponder:

"While the rose blows along the river brink,  
With old Khayyam the ruby vintage drink;  
And when the angel with his darker draught  
Draws up to thee—take that, and do not shrink."

Sam evidently was rather in a quandary about mixing wine with philosophy. Stork saw the spell of Omar, however, was settling on Sam. The Stork took the book and read a little more:

"And lately, by the tavern door agape,  
Came stealing through the dusk an angel shape

Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas the grape!"

Sam entered no protest at this mention of the wine; he listened with rapt attention. The Stork smiled inwardly and read some more choice selections for Sam:

"The grape that can with logic absolute  
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;  
The subtle alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes."

The Stork stopped; Sam appealed for more; took the book and read until the moon alone was his lamp—then and not till then did he cease. All night long the verses span through his brain and the Stork heard him murmur:

"And David's lips are lock't; but in divine  
High piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! wine! wine!"

Red wine!"—the nightingale cries to the rose  
That yellow cheek of her's t' incarnadine."

With the first light of morning the Stork awoke and looked around; Sam was gone! And the book? There it was and one verse was heavily marked with Sam's thumb prints:

". . . . While you live  
Drink!—for once dead you never shall return!"

The Stork raised a loud shout of triumph and was down to the parson's in a very few seconds. The parson's eyes glittered with expectancy. The Stork's wild manner told him all!

"The book you gimme to give 'im worked," announced the Stork in excitement. "He read it and now this mornin' he's gone and left the book open 'ere:

". . . . While you live  
Drink!—for once dead you never shall return!"

"Yer, he's reformed. I knows!"

The Parson led the way out of his shop, and, closing the door, they both stole round to the nearest hotel.

Sam was there and was imbibing with great glee; chanting Omar and rejoicing!

The Stork looked lovingly at the Parson and sighed. Now there would be no more lectures from Sam concerning abstinence from the mellow grape juice and its like!

Sam had been reformed!

The Parson took the precious little book back into his keeping; Stork wrung his hand in gratitude and softly parted.

And Sam kept imbibing!

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.



## THE BLACK SWAN'S CRY.

To the eastward extending unbounded,

Tranquil the ocean lies,  
Softly the zephyrs of Even,  
Croon as the daylight dies.

Over the sea as a curtain,  
The misty shadows fall.  
I can hear it softly, and ghostly,  
That far off ringing call.

'Tis the dawning, the sun is yet sleeping  
'Neath the dim grey of the sea,  
The mists and the dews of the darkness,  
Enshroud and bedeck shrub, and tree,  
The surf churns the sand, and the caverns  
Echo the muffled roar,  
I can hear it far to the southward,  
That lonely cry once more.

As I walk the beach by the lakeside,  
The swans glide slowly by,  
They repeat a call to each other,  
A blissful happy cry.  
And then in the storm and the tempest  
With Phalanx turned to the gale,  
They wing, and the cry of the leader  
Sounds as an eerie wail.

At night when the heavens twinkle,  
With fay-like points of light;  
Some lonely bird in the heavens,  
Flies 'neath the starlight bright.  
Soft, mournful, far-reaching, and lonely,  
In the night comes the distant call,  
Echoing far in the stillness,  
To wane, and die, and fall.

G. SCHRADER.

## "THE ANTHOLOGY OF THE MAD POET!"

In this anthology of my own work it is as well to write a preface. All poets are mad. I am mad. Madmen rave and conceive queer, wonderful notions, ideas and dreams. So also do I.

That people's destinies, ambitions and lives depend upon their Christian names you might not believe unless you were a poet. I am a poet; being so, I am mad; being mad I believe such things. You will therefore understand and forgive any weird conceptions I may have in the following poetry.

Let me open my collection with a wonderful lyric dealing with such implements of war as furniture, stills and as O'Henry says, "Cab-bages and Kings":

"Step gently, passer by!  
For if you walk too hard  
You are likely to upset  
The output of this bard,  
Whose rhymes are never sound  
And whose metre's never sure;  
So, step gently passer-by  
And mind the furniture  
Of the poems I have sung,  
(Or bellowed if you will);  
But step gently passer-by . . .  
Past this weird poem—still!

Now, am I not mad?

My next addition is to be of a very cutting nature. All poets are at some time or another attacked by reviewers and reply in biting and stinging style in a dedicatory hymn. Hymn of hate. Ere the reviewers throw their knives at me let me cork their attempts in the bud with this sharp lay:

"Needles and pins,  
Needles and pins,  
When the critics commence  
My worry begins!  
Needles and pins,  
Needles and pins,  
I say get ye hence,  
Ye Judas' of sins!

There, now, I am mad. But, oh, that is sharp satire.

As for beauty, my work is full of beauty. Not the workman's beauty, but that of the poet: the madman.

"Clothes props and chimneys  
Coal cellars and rust,  
Beautiful kimneys  
And heart-rending dust!

"Kimneys" was the nearest rhyme I could find for "chimneys." It is a corruption of "kimino" . . . this is termed "poetic license." It is a different licence from that of the vintner in that you do not pay for it, and is for that reason much used.

Now, a hint of humour, a little spice:

"Funny things and rummy things,  
Silly things and goats,  
Laughing things and grinning things,  
Witty things and stoats."

Now that is humorous in reality! Stoats are not particularly humorous, I admit, but they make an excellent rhyme for "goats."

Something racy, appealing, virile and fast is now needed to hold your breath so that there may be enough left in the world to enable you to live for a future book I intend printing.

Behold this fast and furious "Action Poem":  
Carpet-runners and dyes,  
Quick silver and sands,  
The wink of your eyes  
And sharp sleight of hands."

You must agree that the foregoing is fast. Have you ever read a more stirring collection in a poem, "Mazeppa's Ride," or "How they brought the good news" can not be compared (No, indeed!) with the above. It is the quintessence of fast things.

A love-song? Yes, something exquisite, romantic and appealing:

"My lady's eyes are blue eyes,  
My lady's hair is red,  
My lady dear has two eyes—  
I would that she were dead.  
My lady dear's a sweet dear,  
She has a dainty nose,  
She likes the smell of meat, dear. . . .

I cannot think of anything suitable to rhyme with those except "rose" . . . It would not do to compare her nose with a rose! Methinks, the compilation of this anthology is boring—me. Let me write an epitaph, like Stevenson, and close my work.

N.B.—I have just thought of a line for the last poem:

"I think I'll have a doze."

Now for the construction of my epitaph. What shall I start with? Perhaps the usual and accepted beginning for an epitaph is the most convenient:

"Let me die, let me die, I cry  
Here beneath the azure sky.  
Let me dye, dye, dye I cry!  
When I'm dead, be it said,  
That my head, my bony head.

As for the rest I cannot think of it. But why should I, when I am about to pass off.

(N.B.—"Pony" should be "Bonny." This is of course a printer's error. Anyhow, I can't go back and alter it now).

You are convinced that all poets are madmen? That is what I set out to prove, but unfortunately I forgot my mission and wandered on to something else. However, as long as you understand that all poets are mad more or less, and that I am of the former class, the rest matters not!

Do not forget to obtain a copy of my new work which I intend printing in the near future. This was another aim of this article, but I somehow omitted it. But all poets are mad!

MINDENK,

## ON WRITING FOR THE "FORTIAN."

A good deal of unpardonable diffidence exists with regard to writing for the school magazine, and this not only in junior quarters where it might be expected but even high unto Olympus itself (I'm afraid I've got my periods a trifle mixed somewhere, but as the only people who know any better won't read this, it doesn't matter: Let it pass; let it pass, (as Sally's friend, George Gee, would say). What would we not give for an article by an expert and the beauties of the pluperfect Protasis in Latin, or the different conjugations of Tamen, or even a treatise, slightly less airy in tone, on the finer points of sight translation compared and contrasted with translation—from English into Latin. Then when Caesar had finished his commentaries we would have a comparison of the Beowulf with Bellerine's work, with notes explaining in detail the superiority of the Australian poet.

And so on, down the school, from the highest to the lowest.

But I am afraid I have digressed. My original purpose was to explain a few points on writing for the "Fortian," and to tell our

mute inglorious Miltons how to get into print. There are a few general rules, easily learnt, but of inestimable value. Here they are:—

Dip your pen in venom and write about your masters.

Dip your pen in honey and write about the editor.

Write about something you know nothing about and you must write well.

Write at length; most of the contributions to the "Fortian" are too short—anyway, the paper's not half big enough at present.

Don't be afraid to use long words you do not understand. The other chap will have a dictionary.

Sprinkle a Latin quotation in every three and a half lines; Latin has a good resounding whang of solidity about it.

If you follow the preceding rules carefully you should get into print some day (even if only with the announcement of your funeral). But there is one rule which surpasses all others: Do not write at all; then you are sure to get your contributions printed.

NAITROF.



## "FABER EST SUAE."

"Sunshine and shadow, and rain upon the way;

Dull days, bright days, hours of work, of play;  
Time to laugh, time to cry, to love, to fight,  
to pray,  
To reap that I sow not."

The stranger smiled, "Still is it sown," he said,

"And the unborn children of the unborn years

Full heavily will gather in the crop  
You lightly sow. I pray you, then, choose well,  
Sow wisely, that the harvest may be sweet."

"Then who art thou?" replied the youth,  
"And where

The limit to thy knowledge? Tell me, friend,

What holds the future for me? Dost thou know?"

"I am a myth, and Ignorance my mother;  
Men called me Fate, but now they seem to know me,

To know me as I am, to be themselves.  
'What does the future hold? And do I know?  
'Where does my knowledge end?' Why, then,  
I'll tell thee:

"Sunshine and shadow, and rain upon the way;

Dull days, bright days, time to work, to play;  
your Day,

A life to mould, a fate to make until you meet  
Beyond—I know not."

"BENDIGO,"

## CONCERNING EXAMINATIONS.



The other day I was out at school and the Editor said to me—"Now then, I want an article from you for the next issue." I gracefully requested him to catch another mug, but he seemed determined and said he wouldn't go to press until he had squeezed one out of me. Of course I told him the remedy for that. Don't go to press, but he appealed to me as an ex-sub-editor, etc., etc., and so forth and so on here we are.

"Experientia docet," says the Latin, therefore in my magnanimity I intend to give advice to those about to indulge in the pleasures of an examination.

There are two ways to pass an examination:—(1) to pass in (2) to pass out. Now any fool can pass out, but it's a wise fool who knows how to pass in.

To pass an exam. ("in" I mean) it is necessary to persuade the examiner that you know what you are writing about—it's the hardest job imaginable to try and persuade somebody that you know what you are talking about when all the time you don't. To overcome this difficulty, one of two things is necessary—(a) knowledge of your subject or (b) bluff. My advice is—if you can't bluff—then for the Lord's sake and your own, learn all about your subject. Don't deceive yourself that you know all about bluff—I did, and many's the time I tried bluff only to receive back my paper marked "irrelevant" or "nonsense" or "you know nothing at all about this question—do not hide ignorance under a cloak of English."

Then of course there's the exam. paper itself—about that I am afraid to say much—the leaving has not been over so long for that, and an exam. paper with me is still a sore subject. However, I might venture only this one suggestion: Get friendly with the printer, only mind he doesn't palm off last year's on to you instead of this.

The proper understanding of an examiner's mind is a thing which must be thoroughly understood by anyone who wishes to be successful in an exam. Find out all you can about the examiner—get into touch with his medical adviser—find out if he is livery—near-sighted—if you're a bad writer, find out if he has any knowledge of hieroglyphics or cunieform writing. If you can't find out from anyone intimate with him do not hesitate or be afraid—get a position in his home as a valet or something like that, and there learn what you want to know. If this fails—ask him personally—an examiner likes that sort of thing—it puts him in a nice frame of mind for marking papers. And (now underline this in red ink—it's IMPORTANT) if an examiner

has a pet way of doing a thing and you have another way—then for goodness sake do it his way—it will save a lot of remarks in the examiner's reports such—"the examiner's regret to notice . . . . etc., etc."

Now for some points on the individual papers.

In maths. always scribble all over the paper—the examiners like finding out which is the actual question and which the working.

Always make your figures so that he can't read them—it stops him from being inquisitive. Remember—if they ask for an answer to the nearest pound always give the answer in pounds, shillings, and pence. If an examiner says to do a thing one way, it's only a sarcastic way of saying to do it another—they never want what they ask for—that's why they ask.

Above all, have confidence in yourself. If you're asked to prove that a thingumyajig is equal to a whatdyecallit, and you prove it equal to a howsthis, always state on your paper that the question is wrong, and that you are right. Anyhow, what's the examiner paid for if it isn't to examine—and if he doesn't examine your work, how is he going to learn how to examine? This mightn't be too clear, but I know what I mean, so I suppose it's all right. And, do not go for an examination without having read "The Fortunate Youth," (W. J. Locke—cheap edition all booksellers, 2/6). Anyone who presents himself for the exam. without having read it deserves to fail. Learn how to be fortunate (you are already a youth)—learn how to bluff—learn how to make a success of your life—40,000 of our ex-students are now earning up to £3,000 per annum—(between them)—put a cross in the square opposite the subject which you wish to take up, and we will mail you free of charge for 10/- in stamps our beautiful illustrated booklet entitled "How We Make Our Money."

But I digress—

What was I talking about?—

Oh, yes!

But don't—oh, don't, do what the little boy in the poem did when he went for an examination in history. The poem says—

"And they found in his palms which were hollow,

What's common in palms—that is dates."

Always remember the motto which begins, "Dulce et decorum"—no—that's not it—"Fidei defensor"—no—"semper eadem"—"festina lente"—no—Oh, I forget, though it's a good one I'm sure, but this one line from a well-known song will better express it—"Honour of Fort Street still maintaining."

No one who has not passed on and seen others fill his place in the old school and known that he never more will take his place in that room where he was wont can fully realise what the school has meant. When we see new faces come up, boys who have never heard of us and never will unless it be by our own deeds, then—

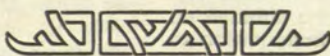
But I grow sentimental in my old age . . . .

Exams. are what might be termed necessary evils. Imagine how they keep men in employment. Frinstance—midnight oil—600 boys in one high school would get through

some oil—n'est-ce pas? Writing pads—though if you go for a public examination you get paper supplied and enough for your next year's essays. Ink, nibs, etc., etc. (Think how many etceteras would be used at one exam. Why the etcetera factories would have to work overtime in order to (express this in Latin be 'ut' followed by the subjunctive) keep the supply up to the demand.

And if you still feel groggy about your exams., come and see me—my time is always available at 7/6 per hour.

DICKY.



## A DINGO HUNT.

(After Morris).

The golden sun gleamed o'er the shining meads,

Cool breezes 'mid the lofty tree-tops played,  
While in the swamps, among the drooping reeds,

The wild ducks' cries their hidden lairs betrayed;

And in the giant gums, so new arrayed  
With young, green leaves, whose incense fills the air,

The feathered songsters fluttered here and there.

Now through the bush, there rose a well-known sound,

That woke the echoes of that lonely knell  
To wild, discordant cries, as from the ground,  
Whereon ere now, nought but fair peace did dwell,

The frightened birds, as oft it hath befel,  
In their disordered flight each other fought,  
And in the trees, a hasty refuge sought.

But through it all, the sounds still nearer drew,

Till o'er the copse a graceful dingo sprang,  
And on his verdant course yet swifter flew,

As in his ears, approaching hoof-beats rang,  
And in his heart, he felt a sudden pang,  
For long and weary had the race prevailed,  
And now his panting breath had well-nigh failed.

And soon the copse an eager hunter cleared,  
His handsome face aglow with joyous pride,

For as his horse between the trees he steered,  
The lagging victim far ahead he spied;  
So with a cheer, that travelled far and wide,  
In hot pursuit he spurred his gallant steed,  
Whose thundering hoofs re-echoed o'er the mead.

And then the hunter raised aloft his gun,  
To maim the beast that far before him fled,  
And had for so long managed to outrun  
His noble steed, and ever well ahead,  
Had through the chase his fleet pursuer led,  
But even as he fired, the Dingo turned,  
And scarce the tender flesh the missile burned.

Then with a howl, he sprang into the air,  
And swiftly towards the far horizon went,  
'Neath which the burnished sun ere doth repair,

When evening comes, and all the day is spent,

But still once more his aim the hunter bent  
Upon the beast, and this time, straight and true,  
The deadly missile on its errand flew.

And with a howl, far louder than before,  
That weirdly echoed through the silent trees,

The stricken dingo fell, and moved no more,  
At which the hunter, as a man who sees,

That all is o'er, must then his thirst appease,  
And looking back to where his victim lay,  
Between the gums, once more can wend his way.

JOSEPH E. BURROWS (3D-1922).

### "A PROFUNDO VOX."

You know, or should, or will know that Shakespeare had put on his tombstone these lines:—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
But curst be he that moves my bones."

I am not buried at Fort Street. Indeed, I am not yet, at the time of writing, dead. Yet there are memorials of me, and of those who were with me, which I would not readily have removed. For what to you is an ink-blob on the wall is to me the relic of memorable disagreement. You imagine that you smudge on the paint—if you ever set your imagination to work on the paint—"just grew," like Topsy. It didn't. That's where lying low in Latin lesson, or reclining with the hind legs only of his chair on the floor, gradually left a grease deposit from his wealth of hair. Some day an unthinking painter will cover it, or burn it off; poor ignorant man, he will never guess he is destroying the "Fortal" remains of L—.

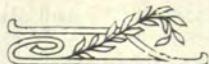
But why do I ramble? (Editor: Why?) This is what I have to tell you: don't you ever remove from any desk, chair, etc., etc. (see any list of railway by-laws) any name of any

"old boy," or any examination results subscribed to any such name. Who's to stop you? Poor boy, you little know of what would happen. You think you have the school, your class-room, your desk, all to yourself and your mates. Having eyes, you see not. The school is not to the present scholars alone; ghosts walk the balconies and haunt the class-rooms. The spirit of S— keeps watch where a certain mud-stain, the print of a wet football, still may be seen. In the tuckshop you may see, if you look hard enough, the mark of a very ripe orange (not the one that hit the —where the spook of B. keeps watch and ward.

If these historic remains were to be hidden by some profane whitewash-brush, purposely—do you know what would happen? Ugh! I'll let you guess! There was a small boy once, and he "broke down" just before his examinations. His mother said it was over-work; his mates said it was over-eating; but do you know what it was? Ugh! I'll let you guess! You needn't ask the boy; he's not game to tell.

Anyway, just you remember what I've said. If you don't, "watch out!"

"BENDIGO."



### IMITATION OF "TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN,"

A policeman in Redfern, any night.

Copped you, my slippery man!

What! Won't you stay?

Stick up your jolly hands!

Drat you! Obey!

Stop, or I'll do for you!

My shooting I'll test.

Promotion results from

Professional zest.

In quod I'll drop you

Now I've ended your fling;

Your board will be charged to

The landlord—the King.

O, and the warders will

Slave drive you all day.

Stripes! Man, are you tipsy

To try to get away?

Last night in Camperdown,

Just near his home,

A cute city copper

You cracked on the dome;

Battered his dial—

And bunked with the gain.

Never a moment

Did you draw rein

Till, safe in the city,

You 'scaped in the gloom.

Terrible bother!

It made the police fume.

Got you safe now my man!

Scotched you! Hooray!

Run you in now, I can!

Maria! This way!

W. G. NICHOLSON, 5-A.

## AN HISTORICAL EXCURSION.

On Wednesday afternoon, some weeks ago, Mr. Rose kindly invited us to a trip over to Fort Denison.

Over one hundred of us assembled on the wharf at Fort Macquarie, looking forward with great pleasure to the little excursion.

The weather was beautiful, with just a light breeze blowing, and for the photographers of the party the conditions were ideal. It did not take long for the Government launch to put us across the water to Fort Macquarie, and soon after we were vying with each other as to who should see most. I think the first article of interest that came under our observation was the instrument for measuring the rise, and fall in the tides, the use of which was most carefully explained by the gentleman in charge. Then we made an orderly (?) exit, and some of us found our way to the cells, while others mounted the steps to obtain a closer view of the beacon.

We were told gas was used for its lighting, as the electricity was not found dependable.

While thus studiously engaged, several of the lively spirits amused themselves by climbing up the water pipe on the stone wall of the tower.

Meanwhile the sightseers descended to the cells.

There were three of them, each not more than nine by sixteen feet. The gentleman showing us round, informed us that each held forty-eight convicts of the worst type sent from Cockatoo Island. There were only two small apertures through the walls fifteen feet thick, and we were in almost complete darkness until the lanterns were brought. At present, these gloomy rooms are used for

storing gunpowder. The water on the island, which has never given out, comes from a well, and was pronounced the best we had ever tasted.

We next paid a visit to the old guns, and among them the one o'clock gun, which fires half-pound charges.

The guns were all spiked, but they looked very real, and formidable on their swivel carriages. Some of us took some very successful photos of these. It was getting late, but before we left, the gentleman in charge took us through the old officers' quarters, now used by the men on the island.

We were then shown a quaintly designed old bell, taken by the gentleman just mentioned, from the ruins of a German church in Samoa.

It is reckoned as being the oldest article on the island, and is greatly prized both because of the experiences it recalls, and also because of its beautiful tone. As we were standing there, we noticed the men replacing old blocks of sandstone with new. If any repairs were needed we were told they were always done stone by stone.

While answering some of our questions, the gentleman in charge informed us that the blackfellows' name for the island was "Mattewai," meaning the Island of Rocks. Once it was very high, and it was found necessary to blast it level before any building could be done.

Our time was up, and it was not long before we were once more on the water on our way back, amusing ourselves with the war-cry, and some of our "Community" songs.

W. B. ROWLANDS.



### "THE LIFE BIRD."

Vers Libre.

Rose and the Dawn;  
Through its gilded gates  
The Bird, the White Bird,  
Enters, and, flinging free its wings,  
Rejoices in the sun;  
Sweeps, turns, laughs  
And flies Westward, far Westward.

Broken sky, white clouds and gold;  
Through this heaven it passes;  
Bids the aged trees good-morrow;

Fleets with a last good-bye  
Upon its lips;  
Revels in the sun; droops  
To earth in shade, dusky shade, cloud shade;  
To the West!

Turns, and with a swan song  
Still lingering on the breeze,  
Glides to the Setting Sun.

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.

## "THE BRINK OF BEYOND."

Lycius lay intoxicated by the heavy scent of the freesias. He was a dreamer who spent his every, sunny day building dream-houses with rooms that were sweet with the scents of nature, flower scent, tree scent and the scent that lingers about old laces and dresses, old as the rich brown earth.

At present he was constructing his freesia room. There were to be sleep-perfumes circling in invisible clouds of heart-suffocating dream-texture, white walls, pure white and carved with delicacy into myriad miniature flowers, freesia flowers, white butterflies with soul-stirring daintiness were to flutter slowly and majestically in little groups around the room—like so many vestal virgins speaking in hushed tones; there were to be crystal pools, and, in the centre, fringed with freesia blooms, there were to be small fountains, shaped like freesia cups; there were to be—oh, so many beautiful things! These dream-spells were wonderful! How this scent made one languorous! Ah yes, of course, there must be a lady, a white, pure lady bending over the pool and watching the reflection with freesia-vein blue eyes! Such a reflection!

Somewhere in the green foliage Lycius heard a bird thrill his soul, as it chanted a song to its mate:

"Thinking in the sunshine  
Near the languid stream,  
Where the incensed zephyrs  
Woo the lilies cream,  
Hear the trilling laughter,  
Youth and Love have met—  
Little singing breezes  
In the lilies wet,  
Little songs of love-time  
'Mid the lilies cream—  
Thinking in the sunshine  
Near the languid stream."

The bird in the tree ceased and Lycius lay and wondered. This freesia scent! How passionate, how uncontrollable it made one! Lycius' heart trembled in ecstasy!

He had slept and dreamt long hours when the dulling poppy scent was in the air; he had painted happy slumber-halls where the thousand other perfumes wreathed the walls, those pretty, dream walls—but these hours with the freesia scent! How delicious they were!

Trumpet lilies, with the dead moths about their stems—poor, dead moths whose hearts had broken, overwhelmed by the trumpet lily scent!—those trumpet lilies—ah, they were nought to the freesia perfumes!

Lycius turned and woke, clasping a white freesia in his hand. In the distance the sun was setting in—oh, so many exquisite colors—and how it shimmered on this freesia bloom, flooding its silken sides with wonderful shades—ah, that thought-stifling, freesia scent!

Somewhere, far off, he saw green trees, brown bark, heard birds singing—was it singing?

And the night? Yes, it was coming! Was it the night, or some fearful thing he had not known before? No, he did not know these things, they were strange! Perhaps he was mad—yes, perhaps! This night—night?—or something breathing with fearful sounds—and freesia scent! Was he awake—ah, no! That freesia scent!

The newspaper report on the following day was to the effect that an escaped inmate of a mental hospital had been found drowned in a freesia pond. How cold these newspaper reports are!

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.

## PERSIA.

I know not Persia,  
Yet in dreams I see  
Skies of dusky splendour  
O'er the rippling sea.  
Silks and shining satins  
Add their glowing light  
To diamonds, pearls, and rubies  
'Neath the stars so bright.

I know not Persia,  
Yet in dreams I hear  
From the distant ages,  
Songs that echo clear.

Songs of Careless Omar,  
Lover of the vine  
Drowning every sorrow  
In its crimson wine.

I know not Persia,  
Yet in sleeping hours,  
Still my dreams are haunted  
By her magic bowers.  
Still at midnight, stealing,  
Softly through the trees,  
Come her mystic perfumes  
On a fairy breeze.

W. J. WEEDEN, 5-B.



## THE BACK ALLEY.

My house overlooks Backbone Alley, the thoroughfare for pedestrians and fruiterers' barrows. It is narrow, very narrow, and dusty too. Herein follows a description of the aspect it presents on a summer morning.

It is between five-thirty and six o'clock. The sultry blanket of darkness has been pierced by the first faint streaks of the dawn. Time goes on, then suddenly the gloom is torn and rent asunder by the shafts of the approaching conqueror, day.

In the near vicinity is heard the rattling and clanking of the milk-cart as it arrives to break the sultry silence, with its very necessary contents. It stops at the entrance of the alley and disgorges its solitary occupant, the shirt-sleeved milk-vendor. Now his thumping footsteps are heard, his raucous voice and the clank of his accessories keeping time. "Milko! milko!" penetrates our apartments, and acting as an alarm rouses us for the day's work or pleasure.

Lights are seen at the windows within which early breakfasts are prepared, for the alley being narrow does not permit enough light so early in the morning.

"Rattle! clackity clop!" go the iron-shod wheels of a fishmonger's barrow, followed by the baker's and butcher's conveyances. Then doors are heard banging as the tram guard, the navy, the railway employee or an early shop-keeper leaves his abode with lunch box in his hand and farewells on his lips, to commence his daily toil, his livelihood.

The time is 8 o'clock. Now are heard the voices of children. Some, as they run their messages, others, as they play in their unenviable playground. The noise gradually decreases, however, as the inner man asserts his rights. For a period of half an hour there is silence. Then again doors are heard banging as the boy leaves his house reluctantly. "Good-byes" are heard together with earnest instructions regarding cleanliness, and carefulness when crossing the tram-lines.

After this only the little children's voices are heard. But no! there goes the sound of running footsteps. It is a belated pupil whose "clock was slow."

So the morning wears on. Housewives gathering in little groups exchanging the latest gossip, vendor's barrows creaking up and down the narrow way. Here, a fierce altercation between a profiteering Dagó and an indignant landlady may be heard very distinctly. There, the discordant strains of a swarthy-skinned foreigner's barrel organ.

Over all, though, there is an air of contentment and peace. It is the life which God has allotted them and they are satisfied. Riches do not bring happiness. With the thought of being robbed, rich men distrust their friends. Here, it is like a little world apart from everywhere. A policeman is rarely seen. Then he is greeted as everyone is greeted. Quarrels which may occur are quickly forgotten. Everyone knows and respects everyone else.

C. BROWN, 2D.



### "DREAM ECSTASY."

Oh, who'll come a-stepping with me down  
the lane  
Of the wonderful Night,  
To the Harbour of Dreaming  
Where the gold water's gleaming . . .  
And we'll sail on the waves of the beautiful  
main?

Yes, we'll sail 'till the light  
Of the morning is breaking  
The shadows and shades;  
Yes, we'll off to the taking  
Of dark dimpling maids  
On the Indian Islands  
Of Dream and of Song:  
To the plains and the highlands  
Of Spain, where the long  
Lazy days of our dreams.

Will be steeped in the musk,  
Of dear scent-laden streams;  
Where the coral teathed girls  
With faces of dusk,  
Are a-flashing the pearls  
Of a necklet of dreams that we make as we  
linger . . .  
Let us fly, let us fly,  
With a loud ringing cry,  
To the maids who can finger  
These pearls that so gleam!

Our ship drifts away  
With the dawn of the day,  
So it's Ho! For the Laneway of Dream!

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.

## "THE VISION."

San Toy lived in a land of dream; San Toy was a dream. She had the most brilliant of dark, lustrous eyes, but with ever a hint of distance in them, the glossiest of black hair rolled in fluffy puffs around her head and the daintiest of little feet! Around the corners of her mouth there always lurked a sweet, cute little smile, and the dimples in her sun-kissed face made her the prettiest of dark beauties in the whole of languorous Japan.

But far in the back of her mind, San Toy had always a golden spot for one she loved. Even though the dimples in her face might spread on a Summer-shower of smiles, even though she bend her glossy head to one side and look at you with a quaint mystifying gaze, there was always a memory, a visionary memory of one she loved.

At night when the stars that guided Old Japan were twinkling in the heavens, when the multi-colored lanterns shimmered in the night, when the wistaria-scent filled the air and stung the moths with desires for the old, the very old, yellow moon, then would little San Toy creep down to the willow-bridge that spanned, tier on tier, the gleaming lake, then, seated on the rustic bench, would she look down into the moonlit depths, deep into the sleeping waters.

Then there came the vision. Far down a radiant face, veiled in silken lace seemed to watch her from the lake, and San Toy would peer ever deeper trying, perhaps to send a message from her heart. How she would have loved to kiss those lips, how she would have loved to entwine her arms around that sweet, sad form. And every night San Toy would trip down to visit the lake. Somewhere along the mulberry-girded path the footsteps of her father could be heard and an endearing voice would call "San Toy! San Toy!"

And San Toy would answer in her dear soft voice, and, saying good-bye to the vision of the water, would walk slowly back to the small house on the side of the hill. As they walked the path San Toy would tell her aged father of the face in the lake and he would listen, inwardly wondering what could be the matter with his pretty San Toy.

The night was dark, perfumeless and cold.

San Toy, as was her custom, crept silently to the old bridge. A lone paper lantern swung faint colors in fainter patterns on the water. Stepping gently along the bridge San Toy reached her accustomed place. No vision was here to-night! She waited long. There! Yes, there it was more beautiful than ever before! San Toy saw the mystic form come slowly to the surface, becoming more lovely as it approached. Never before was it so radiant and loving, San Toy thought. The Japanese lantern creaked softly and the lights danced in dazzling brightness on the surface of the lake. The vision stretched forth its slender arms, it seemed, to San Toy, and called with pleading eyes.

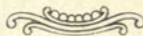
San Toy became enchanted. She bent nearer and her dark dreamy eyes lit up into glowing fires. A smile of joy passed quickly over her face and stretching out her arms to meet those of the vision she exclaimed gently and in those sweet silver tones her father had so often heard:

"Mother, mother, Oh mother!"

Then leaning over in her eagerness she was lost in the depths of the water. . . .

Poor little San Toy, the brightest gem of Japan, had gone to the realms of dreamland to meet the Vision of the Lake. There have been many other San Toys before and since, striving for that which was dear . . .

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.



## NIGHT.

When the tropical sunset commenced far away in the west,	O'er the mountains a glittering radiance steals to the sky,
Pearl night, with the evening star sent the sungold to rest—	Gleaming the silver rimmed moon scintillizes on high—
Sapphire seas ever purpling deeper,	Pale starlight a-shimmering brightly,
Swift rivers o'ertrailed by the creeper,	The palm leaves a-silvering lightly,
Ever darkened 'neath palms of the Nipa,	Flash and glimmer with many shades nightly
The pale dusk's behest.	A-gleam and a-sigh.

N. MACINTOSH, 4-B.

## THE COMPLEAT GARDENER.

I am extremely fond of gardening. There is nothing I like better than on a sunny (and Sunday) morning midway between Summer and Winter, when the gentle sun is softly caressing the kindly earth, to toil industriously in my garden, attending to its manifold wants with a devout knowledge that by so working I am practising the noblest form of prayer (writes Charles Lamb Bacon Naitrof, in "The Sydney Fortiannihilated.") To labour is to pray, said St. Augustine; to labour in a garden is prayer in its most devout form. It brings one into communion with the pulsing heart of mother earth and this in the heart of a city that has no heart. I am persuaded that to garden is to practice all the virtues. Mind you, I do not speak about the degraded souls who hire men to look after their gardens for them. For such as they, there is no hope. They are as lost to all good as the villains next door who lets his grass grow three feet high, and so provides a harbor whence sally forth all the slugs in the world to have an enjoyable time at my expense. Sweat alone will make a garden grow, and the sweat must fall from the man who owns the garden.

Myself, I boast that the prosperity of my garden is due solely to my own unremunerated efforts. You may see me on practically any holiday morn proceeding in a keen yet (for I have by severe discipline learnt to restrain my natural enthusiasm within reasonable bounds) to the back lawn, where a deck awaits me expectantly. Taking off my coat and rolling up my sleeves, I buckle down to work. And, really, I am quite hoarse when I finish; the strain on the voice is tremendous. So too is the mental strain—it is far more fatiguing than the mere physical strain of lawn-mowing or plying the shears. I can

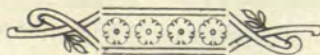
scarcely enjoy my pipe and my paper, for every few minutes duty impels me to reprove the younger editions of the family and instruct them in what to do. It is well, I think, that our family is sufficiently large enough to supply such cannon fodder to do all the physical work; otherwise, with that physical work superadded to my burdens, I would break down under the strain.

Thus you will readily understand that by the time one o'clock comes, I have fully earned my dinner, and it is, with a feeling of pride in having attempted something and done something that I leave the scene of my triumph with its fresh cut, sweet-smelling lawn, its neatly trimmed edges and weedless flower beds. I have earned the right to partake of the nourishment that rewards virtuous industry and invigorates for further efforts.

Mark you, moreover, the true gardener must be a philosopher. From him there must come no wail about a shortage of water; nay, indeed, he must welcome the restrictions imposed by Messieurs Tuddle and Muddle of immortal memory. Their restrictions free the gardener from his slavery to his conscience. No longer can his conscience-goaded, sweat away, moving the sprinkler around his lawn; no longer must he stand, hose in hand, delicately ministering to some pet plant. Scorning the watering can, the compleat gardener puts his whole trust in the clerk of the weather, a trust that is seldom misplaced in this particular corner of Sunny New South Wales.

No wonder, then, that as it possesses all these virtues, I am, as I said at the beginning with an air of century-old wisdom, extremely fond of gardening.

NAITROF.



### QUESTION.

(Vers Libre).

Dream, dainty wanderer.  
Pensive, rest beside this pool,  
And, deep within, picture your thoughts  
That I may see. Dream!

Peacock wings, blue-eyed and bright,  
Fluff from clouds in a broken sky,  
Green boughs swaying lightly,  
Lone birds, sun-colored and fleet,  
Beneath a cloud; all this?  
These are your dreams!

Say, wanderer, who are you,  
You with these flower-sweet thoughts,  
Blue dreams, and white, and gold?  
Pretty weaver of dreams, your name?

The clear, green-carpet pool is still.  
I see your face so plainly now;  
Nature, my pretty one, dream,  
Oh, dream me more!

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.



Good Fit & Service in  
**Youths' Ready-to-wear Suits**  
at "The Store for Men."

**T**O the growing youth a suit made to measure renders little service. But in these ready-to-wear suits, Farmer's have combined the expert workmanship and attention to detail of a specially tailored suit, with the moderation of price essential to all ready-to-wears. They are made in sizes for young men up to nineteen years.

In Fox's Rough Serge; indigo dye. Price ... .. 67/6  
All-wool Tweeds, in medium and dark grey. Price ... 70/-  
Fox's Cheviot Serge, of superior quality and texture. Price, 84/-  
All-wool Tweeds, closely woven, with twill finish; in dark grey. 84/-  
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English Serge, of fine twill and indigo dye. Prices, 95/-, 105/-

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CARRIAGE PAID.

## INTER-HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE.

The usual Fort Street enthusiasm has taken hold of the Senior Debating Society. This year our seniors have become very energetic and considerable interest has been displayed in the debates, not only by the speakers themselves, but also by the hearers.

Various representative subjects have been chosen for debates and the speakers are changed each week. A feature of the Society is that our seniors are gaining sound knowledge in economic and industrial conditions, in finance, practices and exchange matters and the like. Some of our speakers are experts in international law and others have developed a Livian touch of rhetoric.

Friday, 13th April, was a gala day in debating circles. On that afternoon Fort Street debated with representatives from Sydney High School. Mr. Mackaness ably presided, and Messrs. Smearl, of S.H.S., and Newling

kindly consented to adjudicate. Hefren, Dooley and Newnham carried our banner and were responsible for the defeat of Sydney High School by the comfortable margin of five points. Hefren, the Premier, moved that "The French occupation of the Ruhr Valley is justifiable;" his speech being all that could be desired. Dooley and Newnham delivered characteristic orations. The return debate is now being arranged, and it will take place at Sydney High School.

It is to be hoped that these inter-high school debates will be carried on by our future seniors and perhaps a competition could be arranged. Our Senior Debating Society closes at the end of this term when our fourth year take control. It is our wish that they continue our work, and we hope that their success will eclipse ours.

"FAN."



## THE SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, 1923.

Since the foundation of this Society on February 2, increasing interest in debating has been exhibited by our seniors, some of whom are developing into first-class speakers. During the past year, we had three separate societies between which much keen rivalry existed—a rivalry that remained unbroken even though a few defeats were suffered by the various parties. With the assistance of Messrs. Newling, Keller and Brady, to whom very great thanks are due for their untiring interest in our debates, most of us learnt a multitude of the fundamental rules, with the result that now there are many capable speakers in the fifth year. This year, it is impossible for the interest in the proceedings to lag while Mackellar gets "squashed" or Pike interjects much to the speakers' discomfort. The rivalry generally has been very keen and on account of the sound arguments of both sides, the voting is usually exceedingly close. The most successful speakers to date have been Codd, Dooley, Pike, Hefren, Newnham, Hutchison, E. Murphy and others.

At the initial meeting, elections were held, for the positions of office-bearers, the results being as follows:—

Patron: Mr. Kilgour.

Presidents: Mr. Mackaness, Mr. Gale, Mr. Page.

School-boy Vice-President: Malcolm McKinnon.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer: Stanley H. Lovell.

Committee: — Codd, Hutchison, Kennedy, Newnham, and Weeden.

Mr. Mackaness, Mr. Gale and Mr. Page take turns at occupying the chair.

After considerable discussion, it was decided that the debates would be better run, if the "Parliamentary System" was abolished and in its stead, a system whereby everyone spoke substituted.

We have had about six debates so far, all of which have been extremely interesting, especially those on the Ruhr question and Compulsory Arbitration. The committee intends, later on, to hold a Mock Trial and Mock Election, which should prove very humorous and interesting. Before long, a Manuscript Journal will appear, and judging by the standard of last year's journals, this combined effort is going to attain a very high standard of efficiency.

Speakers in the debates fully realise that they are really giving their fellows a better idea of the pro's and con's of the various questions at issue, and there are many who haunt the libraries in search of matter.



**EURHYTHMIC DISPLAY BY FORT ST. GIRLS.**  
**War Memorial Fete, 25th and 26th May.**

Block kindly lent by "Sydney Mail."

## THE SCHOOL LIBRARY APPEALS TO OLD FORTIANS.

Although an appeal was made some time ago for presentation volumes to the school library from all departing Fortians and from Old Boys, the inflow of books so far, has been a mere trickle.

We would urge in the most earnest manner, this duty, this act of gratitude, for the decisive manner in which the school has moulded the lives of its men.

We do not want you to forget your old school, and we never want to forget you. We want you to show your pride and interest in the school on "The Hill." Let it mean as much in your lives as Harrow on the Hill does to the heirs of over three centuries of its splendid history. From your "Hill," though comparatively young with its 74 years of unfinished life, good Australians have already

gone forth to paths of glory and some beyond. But only two or three chapters in the unfinished volume of Fort Street have been completed, but still they enable one to glimpse the glory of the rest. You who have passed from us into the life of the world have been heirs to the legacy of experience of work and gifts left by your predecessors, and your debt to them can be only partly liquidated by a similar transference.

This year it has been decided to make all presentation volumes into a reference section of the library. Every effort will be made to preserve the memory and the gifts of Fort Street's grateful sons. Each volume presented will contain a biographical note that will attempt to mirror in a small way the personality of the giver.

## WAR MEMORIAL.

The War Memorial Fete was opened by the Director of Education, Mr. S. H. Smith, before a very representative gathering at the School on 25th May.

The School was at its very best and bedecked with flags, bunting and electric lights. A very festive atmosphere prevailed. The Tramway Band played selections, and eurhythmic displays, given by the Fort St. girls and gymnastic squads under the direction of Mr. Humphries, proved very attractive features of the afternoon.

The School was crowded during both afternoon and evening sessions of the fete. The amusements were novel and entertaining. Hooplabs, aunt sallys, housie, housie, dart throwing, Tutenkamen's Tomb, fortune telling, art gallery, spirit mediums, wireless broadcasting, and jazz dancing provided sufficient mirth for all.

The various stalls did thriving business, and the rivalry between each section was most keen. There was no doubt as to the enthusiasm of all when one observed the keenness with which each and every stall was run.

The list of stallholders is as follows:—

Refreshment Stall: Mesdames Lovell, Scott, Wellings, Robinson, Mulconry.

Sweet Stall: Mesdames Waddington, Brown, Haywood, Vignes, Clark and Miss Vignes.

Flower Stall: Mesdames Sims, Page, Cornish, Welsh, Elbourne.

Grocery Stall: Mesdames Jenner, Lawrence, Webber, McCutcheon, Bosley.

Jumble Stall: Mesdames King, Dennery, Macdougall.

Fancy Stall: Mesdames Wilson, Pugh, Falconer, Vaughan, and Misses Castle and Noble.

Fort St. Girls' High School: Girls and Staff, Fort St.

Masters were attached to each stall to give whatever assistance was necessary, and they arranged for the provisioning, etc., on behalf of the School.

To all the School gives its thanks for the hearty co-operation and enthusiasm displayed, and the War Memorial Fund will in consequence benefit to the extent of about £600.

## OUR APRIL.

April, April,  
Come not any faster;  
You will bring disaster  
On my youthful head!  
Summer soon is dead—  
Bathing in the river,

April brings a shiver,  
So let it be said:  
April, April,  
Come not any faster,  
Lest you bring disaster  
On my youthful head!

G. HOWARTH, 4-C.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Congratulations to William Eric Gollan, on his gaining second prize in connection with the Australian History Honours Paper of Leaving Certificate Examination, known as C. J. Lowenthal Prize.

\* \* \*

Also to Robert Thomas Britton, on gaining the R. J. Black Prize of £5, for best paper in Australian History at Intermediate Examination.

\* \* \*

The School thanks Mr. Hooke, of Junee, for his generous donation of £3 3s. for a prize for best pass in the coming Leaving Certificate Examination, and £2 2s. for best pass in Latin at Leaving Certificate. We greatly appreciate Mr. Hooke's interest in the School and the practical manner in which he displays it. Gillies has been awarded the prize presented by Mr. Hooke for best pass in Mathematics at 1922 Leaving Certificate.

\* \* \*

It is with deep regret that we read of the death of Mr. David Lindsay, the noted Central Australian explorer. The Intermediate Classes of last year remember his fine lecture on the Northern Territory. The simplicity of his narrative and charming manner of the man left an impression on us all. He was a big Australian.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to note that Mr. Humphries has been made an examiner of the Royal Life Saving Society. His interest and enthusiasm in the work has been of great value to those boys who had benefited by his tuition.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. C. B. Newling, on his gaining the top place and medal in History at graduation at the University. His achievement is all the greater, since he was compelled to do his course in the evening.

\* \* \*

We have to record the departure of Mr. Mackay to Adelaide University, and Mr. B. N. Schleicher to Katoomba. We welcome Messrs. Ingram and Fairbairn, who have come to us from Parramatta and Tamworth respectively.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to record Mr. A. L. G. Mackay's success in the final Economics Examination, graduating with 1st Class Honours in Economics and History of Economic Thought.

\* \* \*

The Taylor Memorial Prize has this year been awarded to H. C. R. Paul, 3A.

"The Fortian" congratulates Mr. Chas. Gale on his promotion to the position of examiner, and wishes him best of luck in his new position. Mr. Gale's association with Fort St. dates back over 20 years, and as a teacher he brought much distinction to the School. Not only in the class-room will his absence be felt, but on the field of sport Mr. Gale was equally successful, being the coach of our 1st grade Premier Football Team for many years.

\* \* \*

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. H. Walker, who takes Mr. Gale's place as Master of Mathematics. He comes from Newcastle High School.

\* \* \*

The success of the School at the 1922 Leaving Certificate calls for mention by the "Fortian." Of 200 exhibitions awarded no less than 38 fell to Fort St., an average of approximately one in five; whilst in the matter of bursaries, ten out of thirty-one awarded were granted to our successful candidates.

\* \* \*

The Royal Alexandria Hospital for Children has forwarded a letter of thanks for the generosity in subscribing £60 1s. 9d. towards this institution last year. Moreover, they congratulated the School on the amount forwarded, which was among the three largest amounts of the schools of the State.

\* \* \*

Our thanks are due to Mrs. R. Scobie and the Fort St. girls for their thoughtful remembrance in forwarding wreaths on Anzac Day.

\* \* \*

"The War Memorial Fete" was a great success, and the School is very proud of its accomplishment. The School was at its very best and throbbled with life the whole time. The final figures are not yet available, but the fund should benefit to the extent of about £600.

\* \* \*

The recent final medical examinations at Sydney University was a wonderful triumph for Fort St. boys, for out of 106 who gained the coveted degree 21 were "Fortians"—undoubtedly a record for Australia. Moreover, first and second places went to the School, and a large majority of the honours places.

\* \* \*

We were all sorry to hear of the illness of Bill Rowlands, who was operated on at Lewisham Hospital on Friday last for appendicitis. We hope to see him back again with us very soon.





With the advent of 1923 comes a new organisation in sport supervision. Our capable and energetic Sportsmaster is to remain in charge of general arrangements, but particular branches are to be attended to by the several masters interested in them. Mr. Newling has risen to the occasion in tightening up the supervision of cricket, assisted by Messrs. Page, Fairbairn, Bauer and Potter. This has led to an increased interest in the game and a very material saving of cost to the Sports Union. Next year should see the fruits of Mr. Newling's good work. In connection with this matter, mention must be made of the good work being done by MacKinnon in the care of material.

Tennis will be under the direction of Mr. Stanley; athletics is to be directed by Mr. Thompson, who predicts a signal success at the next C.H.S. sports; while the swimming destinies of the school are to be guided by Mr. Rose.

Football is everybody's interest at Fort Street, but the five grade teams will be under the direction of Messrs. Keller, Brady, Baxendale, Drake and Baldock in that order. Class footballers, who fill the vacancies in grade ranks will be coached by other masters.

The organisation set out above was conceived, and is being put into operation by Mr. Gallagher, and if one may judge by results to date, will lead to a greater measure of all round efficiency.

Quite recently the school has suffered a severe loss in the promotion of Mr. C. A. Gale to the position of Departmental Examiner. Mr. Gale's influence upon the sporting life of the school has scarcely been equalled, in our memory, by any master. His name as a football coach was one to conjure with as the high level excellence of last year's team definitely proved. The fine standard set under his direction by players like Waddington, Crowe, Milne, Spencer and the rest makes the task of this year's fifteen a particularly severe one. However, they would be recreant to the sporting traditions of the school if they failed to live up to such a standard. It is confi-

dently expected that they will prove worthy successors to the great team of 1922.

### SWIMMING.

#### RESURGEMUS.

The Turks in their attitude to life are taught by their religion to accept life as they find it. With arms metaphorically folded they make little attempt to advance from their dead selves to higher things. In fact their present state in comparison with the forward movement of other states has been reached by a swift and spasmodic retrogression. We are, and have been, in this school for years past, slipping backward as a swimming school and the attitude prevails in many quarters that we cannot by circumstances be a great swimming school again. For this beaten-before-we-start attitude I have scant patience. I refuse to believe that the thing is impossible, and I hope the minds of all swimmers in this school will refuse to entertain such an unworthy idea. We have been a great swimming school, and we are going to be a great school in this respect again. We refuse to believe that we cannot again produce such fine sportsmen as Harold Hardwick and Albert Barry, and they will help us to do it. We may not succeed this year or next, but we will surely do it. "Without haste, without rest, bind the motto to thy breast." Some have many more years of school life in which to perfect themselves. To you I say commence now to cultivate the will to victory, and be the triumphant instruments for the glorious resurrection of swimming in this school. Do not wait till the swimming season is full upon you before you begin to think about the Inter-School contests. Do not aim simply at being village champions winning races and cups at your own carnivals. Spread the name of Fort Street throughout the land, and some day one or two of you may write it across the world.

Get into training early, do regular work, set yourself to do certain distances each day. Do not simply play in the water. There are too many boys whose swimming consists in popping in and out of the water, others who



1. J. Cant.

4 K. Scott.

3. H. M. Lipmann.

2. M. Rosenblum.

5. H. Turnbull.

spend the major portion of their swimming period in sun-basking. There must be more cultivation of the latest devices for increasing your speed and much more practice in the water to develop your stamina. When you go swimming, remember these two things and try to take upon your shoulders some of the responsibility for Fort Street's place in the swimming world. Make up your minds that swimming is going to count strongly among the schools' sporting activities, and give up thinking of it as a side line that helps to tide the school over from one football season to the next. The outside public knows what Fort Street has been as a "nursery" of natatorial neptunes, and reflects aloud conceiving its tarnished present and its brilliant past. "That's not Fort Street," says one of the outside public who has seen most of our boys in action, and the note of sorrow in his voice as he compares the past and present makes us resolve that we must wake up and make it once again like the Fort Street of the past. L.R.

#### CRICKET.

When the school re-assembled after the Christmas vacation, many of the stalwarts of the game were missing; in fact there were not sufficient survivors from last year's grade teams to form a "First Eleven." Our greatest loss was occasioned through the untimely decease of Ernie Knoblanche, whose brilliance in all departments of the game, and whose cheery ways and sportsmanlike qualities had endeared him to all.

In order to obviate future difficulties arising from the loss of senior boys, an endeavor has been made to find a place in the grade teams for boys in the earlier years. This year's third grade team consists of players who are not above third year, and whose services presumably will be available for two more years in Second or First Grade. A pleasing feature of the Second Grade play to date is the success of young players like Watts and Cant, who are new to competition cricket.

#### First Grade.

Of last year's team Gildea, Kirkpatrick and Holt were available. Unfortunately after playing brilliantly in the North Sydney match Gildea left school. Kirkpatrick has performed patchily with the bat, though his wicket-keeping has been excellent. Holt has not been very reliable either with bat or ball. He did well against Sydney High School, but failed in an hour of need against Parramatta. McKeveitt, who was appointed captain in succession to Gildea, has been unlucky with the bat. In practice his form has been excellent, but he has failed to get going upon several important occasions. His performance, in combination with Cupitt, of dismissing North Sydney for the small total of 44 runs, was meritorious.

Playing in a practice match at the opening of the season, Hagley batted brilliantly against a Second Grade team, but he has failed to justify the expectations he evoked. Suffering from a sprained ankle, he was frequently absent from the nets, and both his fielding and batting gave evidence of want of practice.

Wilson, who was selected as a possible left hand bowler, blossomed forth as a stubborn bat and a brilliant field. His 40 against North Sydney at a critical period of the game was fine, and his catch whilst lying on the broad of his back was an incident that will become a school standard of comparison. Cupitt has fully justified his inclusion, being the most reliable bowler on the side. His control of length is excellent and makes his leg break a very formidable one. Had he been treated better by the fieldsmen his average would have been considerably improved.

Carew has risen rapidly. He commenced the season as a class cricketer, did splendidly with the Seconds, and knocked up 17 in the first innings against Parramatta in very pretty style. He has a variety of strokes and uses his feet more judiciously than any other member of the team. When he overcomes a little nervousness he should be a prolific run-getter. He is a good outfield.

Lovell, the captain of the school, has a stubborn defence and bowls a very fair medium pace ball, but could improve in another department of the game.

Gallagher's serene imperturbability with the bat is a source of trouble to the other side, but an exhibition of the same quality in the field is not conducive to the happiest results. His best performance was a nicely compiled 38 in the second knock against Parramatta.

Turnbull is the best moving fieldsmen in the team; some of his outfield work was very good. He bowled a useful medium to fast ball and was at his best in the Parramatta match.

Jackson, a safe slow bat of last year's Thirds, has been unfortunate and appears to labour under temperamental disability. If he can overcome this he should do well.

Rosenblum, who was formerly a slogger of the "blind-eye" variety, has developed to the opposite extreme and gets out through over anxiety to stay in. Except in the Parramatta match, his fielding was first class.

#### Second Grade.

The Second Grade team is a very promising combination. They have won two matches outright and lost one.

Waddy is an enthusiastic captain and has made a couple of very useful scores. Cant is a player of great promise, active and energetic in the field, a useful bowler, and an aggressive bat. He should be a star performer in a few years. Godfrey can break a ball from

either side in a most extraordinary manner. As a break it is as good—perhaps better than any bowler in the school can manage. If he practices assiduously to continue his length he should make his name in a larger sphere. Relph and Watts are two very reliable bowlers and have obtained many wickets for their side. Britton, a very useful left-hand bat, has become one of the mainstays of the team. Foster can do well, but has had bad luck of late. Whilst we look for great things from Sloane when the season recommences.

### Third Grade.

The Thirds are a useful team. At the commencement of the season they suffered a couple of defeats, but later settled down as a very capable team. The captain (Cohen 3D) has good control of his men, and bats and bowls with advantage to his side. White has performed very creditably with the bat, and Jarvis with the ball. Moulton, Smith (1D) and Day are promising boys who with practice should qualify for a higher grade next season.

The thanks of the cricket section are due to Henderson, Read, and Paterson, who have acted as scorers during the season.

## FOOTBALL NOTES.

### SECOND GRADE.

The football season is now in full swing and the new conditions imposed by a very low weight competition in 3rd Grade, the school finds itself with a very large number of aspirants for 2nd Grade. This is a great pity for the sport of our school as it eliminates from grade football a very large number who provide the material for our coming 1st Grade.

The Second Grade competition this year has a much larger field than in previous years, there being now eight teams competing. So far we have met with unbroken success and have hopes of continuing the unique record established by the Grade in previous years.

The personnel of the team has undergone considerable alteration since the beginning of the season owing to the watchful eyes of Messrs. Gallagher and Keller, who have promoted a considerable number to the premier grade. A few remarks of those we consider as belonging to us are appended herewith. Gallagher, as full back, has proved himself as capable of doing good work, though at times he is somewhat casual in his methods. His best feature is that he is cool in taking the ball and using it to advantage.

Of the three-quarters, Piper has shown some promise, especially as a defensive player, and is a decided improvement on the form of last year. In attack he should be fast, but frequently lacks that dash which is essential to be a successful winger.

Armstrong, who has figured on the opposite wing, gives promise of good play, but his absence from practice has not given him the chances to improve. We want to see an improvement in this direction.

Hagley, who has figured with us, has pace which startled our North Sydney opponents, and should with the pace he possesses and build prove a thorn to an opposing team.

Smith, as centre, has played consistently, and is earnest in his attention to the game. He also has good speed and should do well with experience.

Bill Rowlands' play has caught the eye of those higher up, and we may lose his services, but we are pleased to see him play with such dash and use his pace to such advantage.

Grainger was doing well till he met with an accident, and is at present in dock. He played as centre, and with a little attention to passing in open should do much better.

Speed gives greatest promise among the backs, and with the studying of tactics such as short punt and not holding on, he should be one of our stars of next year.

Joe Burrows is a sturdy scrum-half, perhaps lacking a little the nick so essential to that position. Mind and get the ball out quickly to the three-quarters and try and develop a little pace. His defensive work is good.

Of the three forwards, Newnham and Jacobs have shown themselves quite good at work in the open and nippy in handling the ball. Newnham's earnestness should do much for the success of the team. He should tackle with greater vim.

Eason, whose weight and size are to his advantage, has shown great improvement, and should prove an asset to 1st Grade.

McPhail has done exceptionally well and is very fast, missing few opportunities that come his way.

Heery's work on the line-out is very good, and he plays with the ball. He has good reach and should by the end of the year be ready for 1924 first grade.

Cohen has shown dash and has taken trouble to learn the game by constant practice. His work of late gives him claim to inclusion in the team.

Crane has been a consistent forward, and with King is one of the quiet workers essential to all packs. A little more dash in following-on is what might improve their play.

Clayton, as rake, has shown himself a very fine player, and in the open he is skilful with the ball at the toe.

The 1923 football season found many of our stars missing. Of the team that won the final in 1922 only Lippmann, Sloane and Turnbull were still at school. However, with stout heart, the team faced the opening game

against Technical. The result was a decisive win for Fort St.; the forwards played well and the backs were clever. After the game our hopes for the season were high, and everyone looked forward to the meeting with North Sydney. This game was lost; the team suffered from accidents, Sloane being injured at practice and Scutt fracturing his collarbone in the first half of the game. With two such good forwards missing, the pack was weakened. Nevertheless, we had the better of the game and were decidedly unlucky to lose.

And so, for the third successive year, we have been defeated by North Sydney in the opening round. In each of the other years, however, we have defeated our rivals in the succeeding games, and have ended each season in possession of the McManamey Shield. Will history repeat itself? It must! Everyone is looking expectantly to the next round.

The game against Sydney High School was won comfortably. The team is improving, and will do well.

### THIRD GRADE RUGBY.

Our third grade is having a very successful season. So far, four games have been played, three being won and one drawn, our boys scoring 129 points against 13.

The spirit of the team is excellent. It is most gratifying to see the eagerness of each boy to retain his place. A special word of praise must be given to those who have not yet been selected to represent, but who never miss a practice. This is the true sporting spirit, and the school is very proud of these boys. Our great weakness at present is in the kicking. Against Parramatta, for instance, we scored 14 tries and only converted one. It is really disgraceful for a team to throw away so many easy points. Generally the forwards, even with the loss of such valuable men as Owen, Hancock and Elbourne, seem to be better than the backs, who do not handle the ball cleanly enough. Gilbert is certainly the strongest of the forwards, and, at present, the best player of the fifteen, while Hayward shows most promise in the backs. The team is particularly fortunate in having the services of such an able and careful captain as Wolfe, and such an enthusiastic vice-captain as Duckworth.

Let us hope that in the next issue of the "Fortian" we may be able to congratulate our "thirds" on their victory over every team in the competition.

### FOURTH GRADE RUGBY.

The 4th grade team has played five matches, winning all but the first match, and scoring 101 points to 37. The results of the matches the:—Lost to Canterbury, 19-3; defeated Sydney High, 12-9; defeated Chatswood, 51-3; defeated Hurlstone, 19-3; defeated Parramatta, 16-3.

The team has, by attention to individual and combined play, considerably improved since the beginning of the season, and hopes to continue the competition without further defeat. The players are fairly uniform as far as individual play is concerned, but perhaps Wardley (half-back), Redmond, Brownlee and Hannaford (forwards) are of slightly outstanding merit. Special mention might be made of the fine play of McLaren (full-back). His excellent tackling, handling and line kicking make him a tower of strength in defence.

### FIFTH GRADE RUGBY.

This team has so far only been beaten once—by Canterbury, in the first match. It still has to meet North Sydney, in the concluding match of the first round.

The team has improved greatly in all departments, but still hardly comes up to the standard of previous years in condition and combination. Some boys in it forget that besides the practice and match play, a little training each day is needed to fit them to finish a strenuous match as keenly as they began; a good finish should be the aim of every Fortian.

Hazleton, the captain, plays a good, unselfish game as five-eight, and is a tower of strength to the team. Brown, as a centre three-quarter, is always good and reliable. Croft, Beaumont, and Hughes have distinguished themselves in every match. Stark is a very promising scrum-half.

The backbone of the team—the forwards—are settling into their places, but some occasionally forget their main task—to be on the ball all the time. Eden is the most improved member of the team. The weak point is still a failure to tackle low and hard. The handling of the ball is better, but the picking up still calls for improvement: we have high hopes that this will be great enough to let us carry Fort Street colours to the front once more.

### TENNIS.

Tennis has commenced this season with marked enthusiasm. It was decided to enter four teams in the grade competitions—two in the first grade and two in second grade—and for the positions in these teams a series of try-outs was arranged. Great keenness was shown by all the competitors, and many lads showed greatly improved play by the end of the series.

To date all the grade teams have engaged in competition matches, and are all giving a good account of themselves. The 1st "A" team in particular, consisting of Hopman (captain), Walker, Longshaw and Rabe, is improving in play each week, and with added combination will be hard to beat.

Class tennis has been given better facilities for play this season, and should produce some

excellent players for next season's grade work. Six courts have been engaged at Haberfield, and in addition to practice games it is proposed to hold "top of the ladder" and class competitions.

#### LIFE SAVING.

Colin Brown, 2nd Year, has gained one of the highest distinctions possible of achievement in the State—he was awarded the Silver Award of Merit medal of the Royal Life Saving Society. The recipient is only 14 years of age, and one of the youngest in the State to receive the award.

The conditions laid down for this are of a very severe character, as may be judged from the following:

- (a) To rescue a man a distance of at least 60 feet.
- (b) To swim 600 yards fully clothed, using breast, back, and one other stroke.
- (c) To undress in water.
- (d) Recovering objects in water.

Plunging, fancy diving and many other tests, all of a difficult character. The "Fortian" congratulates Colin Brown on his fine achievement.

#### LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

**Bronze Medallions:**—B. Farlow; R. Tullock; E. Pitcher; P. Hunt; I. McNaught; A. Tierwier; G. Burrows; C. M. Elbert; J. F. McAlpine; W. C. Taylor; R. W. Hudson; K. L. C. Davies; P. G. Howith; H. T. Conklin; C. M. Brown; G. B. Day; K. H. Wilson; H. C. Story; W. A. McGlynn.

**Elementary Certificate:**—P. J. Firth.

**Teachers' Instructors' Certificate:**—M. A. Buckley; L. A. Wright.

**Proficiency Certificate:**—B. Farlow; R. Tullock; E. Pitcher; R. Hunt; I. McNaught; H. Dison; J. Burrows; K. Richardson; H. Story; C. Brown; — McAlpine; J. Vaughan; W. C. Taylor; G. Howarth; W. A. McGlynn; A. Hulls; H. Conklin; W. Hodgson; J. H. Fisher; K. H. Wilson; E. Haywood; D. G. Hazleton.



#### DUSK.

The blue waters sleep in the smile of the moon,  
In the gold laden moonlight  
The pale petalled lilies like ivory bloom  
In the pearl dusk of midnight.

The scarlet leaved lotus that fragrantly glide  
On the breast of the river.  
A halo of glory—the deep tinted tide  
'Neath the vines amber quiver.

And bright shooting flowers or faint gliding gems  
Sink to rest with a sigh;  
They sparkle and gleam in the slight vivid stems  
Like the azure starred sky.

While dusk that descends like a veil from the west,  
Shrouds and robes the still blue;  
The night's magic curtain falls vague and repressed,  
With the moon dreaming through.

N. MACINTOSH, 4-B.


#### "CHANGE."

"Come and see them!" peets the swallow,  
"Yes, come see!"  
From her brown nest in the rafters  
Calling me . . .  
Flitting, flying, mad with joy,  
Piping, chuckling, spright and coy . . .  
Chants with glee!

Came again another morning,  
Month of May,  
Called a bird of winter sadly,  
"Gone away!"  
Life is changing; these have flown—  
Nestling comes back mother grown.  
'Lack-a-day.

Last year's chicken, this year's swallow  
Comes again  
Warbling from her nest of feathers,  
Little hen.  
"Come and see them!" chirps with glee,  
"Come and see them! Yes, come see!"  
They'll go . . . when?

RICHARD T. KENNEDY.



# ... EXAMINATIONS ...

**DEGREES CONFERRED AT UNIVERSITY.**

We extend to the following our congratulations on their gaining of the following degrees:—

**FACULTY OF ARTS.****B.A.'s (Honours):**

Norman James Bell (English Class II.),  
Selby Clifford Jenkins (Latin—Class I.;  
French Class I.); B.A. (Pass).  
Eric Thomas Arnold.  
Garfield Edward John Barwick.  
John Young Davidson.  
William Prior Densley.  
Chas. Wilson Hanks.  
Maximilian Seresus Giles King.  
Arthur Cyril Magnus.  
John William Smyth.

**Faculty of Law (L.L.B.):**

Michael Roddy, B.A.

**Faculty of Science:**

George Walker (Chemistry I., Honors,  
Mathematics I., Honors).

**Faculty of Engineering (Civil), B.E.:**

Vivian Theophilus England.  
Douglas Hastings Sky, B.Sc.  
Arthur Walker Stone.

**Mining and Metallurgy:**

Francis Middleton Jefferson (Mining  
Class II.).

**Faculty of Dentistry (B.D.S.):**

Alfred Roy Joseph Wooller (Class II.),  
Honours.  
Ben William Champion, Pass.

**Faculty of Veterinary Science, B.V.Sc.**

Chas. Rupert Turbet.

**Faculty of Agriculture (B.Sc. (Ag.)):**

Harold John Hynes (Honours, Class II.;  
Elizi Hall Waller, Research Fellow-  
ship).

**Faculty of Economics, B.Ec.**

Kenneth Jennings.  
Allan Adolphus Pickering.

**Bachelor of Medicine and Master of Surgery:**

W. A. Bye (1st place), 1st Class Honours  
and University Medal at Graduation.  
R. G. Ponton, Prox. Acc., 1st Class Hon-  
ours, Prof. Sandes' Prize for proficiency  
Surgery and Clinical Surgery.

**Second Class Honours, order merit:**

S. Shineberg, R. S. Steel, C. A. Frew, S.  
R. Dawes, B. H. Lewis, D. G. Car-  
ruthers, W. T. Hotten, R. K. Burnet, J.  
Morgan, L. Opit, H. L. Ashby. Pass:  
C. G. Champion, N. M. Cuthbert, M. H.  
Elliott-Smith, D. W. L. Parker, R. J.  
Shepherdson, E. M. Steel, B. A. Ste-  
phen, A. J. H. Stobo.

**University Prize, English Verse:**

Raymond H. M'Grath (second year in  
succession).

**Arts I.:**

R. E. Paine (2nd position and High Dis-  
tinction Latin).  
R. Simmatt, Lithgow Scholarship and  
High Distinction Philosophy I., Distinc-  
tion English I.  
B. C. Doig, High Distinction Philosophy  
I., English I.  
R. J. Brereton, Distinction French I. (top  
place).  
T. A. Byrne, High Distinction (History  
I.  
H. S. Wyndham, Distinction History II.  
A. J. Higgs, High Distinction Mathema-  
tics I.; High Distinction Physics I.;  
Distinction Chemistry I.; High Dis-  
tinction Descriptive Geometry.  
G. Walker, B.Sc., Honours Class I. Mat-  
hematics I.; Chemistry.  
H. J. Peak, Distinction Physics II.  
M. Roddy, final L.L.B. Examination.  
J. M. Jefferson, Honours, Class II., B.E.  
H. J. Hynes, Honours, Class II., B.Sc.  
(Ag.).

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.**

The following are the results of University  
Examination on the various faculties:

**1st Year Arts:**

R. E. Paine.  
R. G. Langford.  
T. A. Byrne.  
W. R. Crisp.  
B. C. Doig.  
R. Simmatt.  
H. R. Woodward.  
R. J. Brereton.  
W. J. Hardy.

**2nd Year Arts:**

H. S. Wyndham.  
J. H. McDougall.

**Science I.:**

D. C. Archer.  
J. Bingham.

**Science II.:**

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

**Faculty of Agriculture—1st Year:**

R. N. McCullough.  
S. E. Bentivoglio.  
L. F. Mandelson.

**2nd Year:**

E. C. McCleery.

**Faculty of Architecture—1st Year:**

R. H. McGrath.  
F. K. Mandelson.

**Pass—**

F. H. M. Callow.  
E. W. Levings.  
F. M. O'Donoghue.  
K. I. Sillar.  
K. J. B. Davis.  
S. G. James.  
C. A. Thompson.

**3rd Degree Examination—Pass (Order Merit):**

F. L. Nicholl.

**4th Degree Examination—Pathology, Operative Surgery, Surgical Anatomy, Therapeutics and Materia Medica (order of merit):****Credit—**

G. W. Ashby.  
R. J. C. Kristenson.

**Dr. W. A. BYE.**

First Class Honours at Graduation and University Medal.

**2nd Year:**

W. A. King.

**1st Degree Examination—Faculty of Medicine:**

N. P. Breden.  
A. S. Lane (Credit Chemistry).  
J. B. Wilson.  
A. E. Platt.  
A. C. Telfer.  
L. Vout (High Distinction Physics);  
(Credit Chemistry).

**2nd Degree Examination:****Credit—**

G. L. Howe.  
L. S. Lowenthal.  
A. C. Culey.

**Dr. R. G. PONTON.**

First Class Honours at Graduation and Sandes' Prize for Proficiency in Surgery and Clinical Surgery.

A. J. Blackburne.  
K. A. Kilgour.  
K. P. Rutherford.  
F. C. Egan.  
F. V. Munro.  
J. F. McCulloch.  
T. B. Law.

**Pass (Alph.):**

J. C. Crackenthorp.  
F. Grainger.  
G. T. Hunter.  
W. L. Macdonald.  
C. C. Morgan.  
H. M. Owen.  
A. Pearlman.  
A. V. Smith.  
O. W. Percival.



**1st Year—Faculty of Engineering:**

A. J. Higgs (Distinction Class I.; High Distinction Physics I.; High Distinction Mathematics; Credit Eng. Design); (H.D. Descriptive Geometry).

J. M. Cassin.

K. Jordan (Credit Geometry).

J. H. G. Wilson (Distinction Physics I.).

**2nd Year:**

A. L. James.

B. R. Newton Tabrett.

I. H. Pearson (Credit Eng. Const).

**1st Year—Faculty of Dentistry:**

J. H. W. Skinner.

**3rd Year:**

M. E. Moloney.

**1st Year—Faculty of Veterinary Science:**

J. N. Larkin.

C. R. Mulhearn.

**Intermediate Law:**

R. S. Hicks.

**Section II.:**

R. W. Scotter.

**Section IV.:**

G. A. Hart.

**Section V.:**

W. A. Tebbutt.

**Section VI.:**

H. A. Green.



*University Exhibitions*  
**PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS AWARDED. 1923**

**Arts:**

G. M. Baur.

W. E. Black.

Oscar W. Emery.

Wm. E. Gollan.

H. W. Hogbin.

Chas. McLelland.

Bruce Shaw.

**Engineering:**

Robt. George Fenn.

Vincent Wesley Pfeiffer.

Oswald Spenser Potter.

**Architecture:**

S. M. King.

**Law:**

Fred. Nelson Buckle.

H. B. Dickinson.

Harold Edmunds.

Chas. E. Griffin.

A. W. Higgins.

Fred. Arthur Hodgson.

T. H. S. Holden.

Norm. Alex. Jenkyn.

Reg. John Laphorne.

Norm. Samuel Laundry.

G. R. Vincent.

Raymond Alf. Wright.

**Medicine:**

Albert Geo. Child.

Herb. S. English.

Carl E. Gunther.

Isidor Sender.

Robert James Waddington.

**Dentistry:**

John Henry Wilson.

**Science:**

Joseph James Budge.

Harold James Hammett.

Milian Reg. Pacey.

Alwyn Bownditch Porter.

G. R. Stewart.

**Faculty of Economics:**

Stacy Atkin.

Allan Douglas Gillies.

Jack Albert Glover.

Wallace Henry Taylor.

**Bursaries.**

The following have been awarded Intermediate Bursaries as the result of 1922 examination:—Walter S. Godfrey; George L. Wright; Robert O. C. King.

The following gained bursaries tenable at various faculties of the University given on results of Leaving Certificate Examination. Of the 30 granted, ten fell to Fort Street:—

Oscar William Emery, Chas. McLelland, Harold Edmunds, George R. Vincent, Frederick Buckle, Isidor Sender, Reginald Laphorne, Harold L. Hammett, Carl Gunther, Norman S. Laundry.



SPEECH DAY—4th MAY.

Block lent by "Evening News."

## Results of Annual Examination

DECEMBER, 1922.

## FOURTH YEAR.

## English:

- 1st—Kennedy, Richard A.  
2nd—Hancock, Edward A.  
3rd—Edwards, Colin C.

## History:

- 1st—Newnham, Fredk. A.  
Rosenblum, Myer.  
Gledhill, Chas. W.  
2nd—Noble, Norman S.  
3rd—Bole, John H.

## Latin:

- 1st—Airey, Colin R.  
Edwards, Colin C.  
2nd—Lovell, Stanley H.  
Gledhill, Chas. W.  
3rd—Emery, Alan.

## French:

- 1st—Edwards, Colin C.  
McKinnon, Malcolm.  
2nd—Newnham, Fredk. A.  
3rd—Airey, Colin R.

## Japanese:

- 1st—Bowen, Harry E.

## Mathematics:

- 1st—Lovell, Stanley H.  
2nd—Airey, Colin R.  
3rd—Edwards, Colin.

## Science:

- 1st—Wolfe, Philip S.  
2nd—Rose, Allan G.  
3rd—Noble, Norman S.

## Economics:

- 1st—Allen, Allan L.  
2nd—Lewis, Frank S.  
3rd—Gardiner, John.

## Business Principles:

- 1st—Lewis, Frank S.  
2nd—Longshaw, Thos. H.  
3rd—Allen, Allan L.

## Geography:

- 1st—Gardiner, John H.  
2nd—Allen, Allan L.  
3rd—Lewis, Frank S.

## Greek:

- 1st—Hutchison, Jos. K.  
2nd—Bissaker, Noel J. H.

## Dux.:

- 1st—Edwards, Colin C. } *aq.*  
Lovell, Stanley H. }

## SECOND YEAR.

## English:

- 1st—Brock, Bruce.  
2nd—Hyde, Dudley V.  
3rd—Levings, Francis G.

## History:

- 1st—Jones, Leslie P.  
2nd—Levings, Francis G.  
3rd—Wyndham, Norman.  
Witthford, Wm.  
Coleman, Hedley.

## Latin:

- 1st—Paterson, High G.  
2nd—Beaumont, Jack R.  
McGlynn, Leonard W.  
3rd—Irvine, Arthur.

## French:

- 1st—Cobb, Frank H.  
2nd—Hyde, Dudley V.  
3rd—Howarth, Arthur.

## Mathematics:

- 1st—Rose, Ivan L.  
2nd—Neal, Alan H.  
3rd—Hyde, Dudley V.

## Science:

- 1st—Jones, Leslie P.  
Wood, John V.  
2nd—Shortridge, Cecil W.  
McIntosh, Gaius.  
3rd—Neal, Alan H.  
Rose, Ivan L.

## Japanese:

- 1st—Williams, Leonard W.  
2nd—Rabe, Kenneth E.  
3rd—Watts, Aubrey.

## Geography:

- 1st—Jones, Leslie P.  
2nd—Storey, John H.  
3rd—McIntosh, Gaius.  
Burns, Wm. M.

## Business Principles:

- 1st—Burns, Wm. M.  
2nd—Ward, George H.  
3rd—Ellis, Gordon J.

## Shorthand:

- 1st—Bowen, Frank C.  
2nd—Ellis, Gordon J.  
3rd—Orr, Herbert T.

## Dux.:

- 1st—Rabe, Kenneth E.

## FIRST YEAR.

## English:

- 1st—Radford, Allen C.  
2nd—Hughes, Allan H.  
3rd—Anthony, John.

## History:

- 1st—Loder, Rodney J.  
2nd—Hughes, Allan H.  
3rd—Cant, Clyde A.

## Latin:

- 1st—Dinter, Max.  
2nd—Allen, Murree.  
3rd—Eden, Edward M.

**French:**

- 1st—Norris, Alan G.  
2nd—Todd, Charles H.  
3rd—Morgan, Charles W.

**Japanese:**

- 1st—Redfearn, John.  
2nd—Morgan, Charles W.  
Marsh, Harry C.  
3rd—Hastie, William.

**German:**

- 1st—Allen, Murree.  
2nd—Punter, Harry.  
3rd—Dinter, Max.  
Redfearn, John.

**Mathematics:**

- 1st—Harper, Leonard.  
2nd—Waddington, Austin.  
3rd—Allen, Murree.

**Science:**

- 1st—Broome, Cecil J.  
2nd—Radford, Allen C.  
3rd—Neal, Noel.  
Beilleiter, Roy.

**Geography:**

- 1st—Hood, Edwin.  
2nd—Loder, Rodney J.  
Hughes, Allan H.  
3rd—Radford, Allen C.  
Sheldon, Ernest.

**Shorthand:**

- 1st—Veale, Richard S.

**Dux.:**

- 1st—Norris, Alan G.



## LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1922

### *Honours List*

A. D. Gillies.	Class I. Mathematics. I. Physics. II. English.	R. J. Waddington.	Class I. History. II. English.
H. Edmunds.	Class I. French. I. History. II. Latin.	N. S. L. Laundry.	Class II. French. II. History. II. Latin.
O. W. Emery.	Class I. English. I. French. II. History.	W. P. Black.	Class I. History.
H. D. Black.	Class I. English. I. History.	R. G. Fenn.	Class I. Physics.
H. S. English.	Class I. Mathematics. I. Physics.	G. Gillard.	Class I. English.
W. B. Gollan.	Class I. English. I. History.	O. S. Potter.	Class I. Physics.
	Loewenthal Second Prize for Australian History.	B. Shaw.	Class I. Mathematics.
H. J. Hammett.	Class II. Mathematics. I. Physics.	T. W. Vaughan.	Class I. History.
I. H. Sender.	Class I. English. I. History.	I. C. Booth.	Class II. English. II. History.
G. R. Vincent.	Class I. English. I. History.	A. G. Child.	Class II. English. II. History.
C. McLelland.	Class I. History. II. English. II. Physics.	C. B. Griffin.	Class II. English. II. History.
H. B. Dickinson.	Class II. Mathematics. II. English.	F. A. Hodgson.	Class II. English. II. History.
H. W. Hogbin.	Class I. English. II. History.	J. H. Wilson.	Class II. English. II. History.
N. A. Jenkyn.	Class II. English. II. French.	R. A. Wright.	Class II. English. II. History.
R. J. Laphorne.	Class I. History. II. English.	S. Atkin.	Class II. History.
A. B. Porter.	Class I. Physics. II. English.	G. M. Baur.	Class II. History.
		F. N. Buckle.	Class II. Physics.
		J. J. Budge.	Class II. English.
		C. E. M. Gunther.	Class II. English.
		A. W. Higgins.	Class II. History.
		H. N. Lochrin.	Class II. English.
		C. R. Milne.	Class II. History.
		A. C. Norman.	Class II. English.
		G. G. Short.	Class II. History.
		H. W. G. Spencer.	Class II. History.
		L. R. Stapp.	Class II. English.
		W. H. Taylor.	Class II. Japanese.
		M. D. Thompson.	Class II. History.

## Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham

### *Intermediate Certificate 1922*



- Adams, Charles Lawrence, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B.
- Alexander, Lionel, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Atkins, Herbert James, 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11B.
- Baines, William George Alan, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
- Bates, John, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 11A 21A.
- Beeby, Otto, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Bennett, Oswald Claude, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 11A 21B
- Benson, Norman Walter, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Boden, Cyril, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Bonthorne, Frank Montgomery, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Brennan, John, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
- Britton, Robert Thomas, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Buckle, Stanley Thomas, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
- Buckley, William George, 1B 2A 4B 7B 11B.
- Burrows, Joseph Edward, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Button, John W., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B.
- Byrne, Norman Hamilton, 1B 2B 4B 5B.
- Caisley, Thomas Norman, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Cassidy, William George, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Child, Harry, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Chin, Harold Paul, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B, 7A 11B.
- Cooper, Alexander, 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 14A.
- Cornish, Hugh Sidney, 1A 4B 5B 7B 11B.
- Crow, Harry, 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.
- Dege, Lionel Frederick, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Dingle, John Tor, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Dodd, Gilbert Wm., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 14B.
- Drayton, Leslie Allison, 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Druce, Samuel Eric James, 1B 2B 4B 5B.
- Eason, William John, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Ebert, Charles, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Egan, Aubrey Charles, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
- Elbourne, Claude Wm., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
- Ellis, Clyde Lionel Ludlow, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Farlow, Bertrand Norman, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
- Farrah, Henry William, 1B 2A 4A 5A 7A 11A 28B.
- Foster, Thomas Henry, 1B 4A 5B 7B.
- Gallagher, Michael Patrick, 1A 2A 4B 6A 7A.
- Gentle, Arthur, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
- Gillies, Kenneth Alexander, 1B 2A 4B 5B 11B.
- Godfrey, Walter Stuart, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Goodsir, William Edward, 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
- Gostelow, Clifford George, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Graham, Raymond George, 1A 2B 4A 5B 7A 11B.
- Grainger, William Alan, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Griffiths, Alfred Harold, 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11A.
- Guiller, Maurice Edmund, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Hale, Sidney Gilbert, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
- Hall, Cecil William, 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
- Hands, Frank Bickley, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
- Harward, Athol, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Heery, George Ernest, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Henderson, Neil Fisher, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
- Hollands, James Thomas, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Hooke, Augustus Mackay, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
- Horton, Jack Ryder, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Howarth, Robert Guy, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Hunt, Lancelot Fraser, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
- Hunt, Orlando William, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B, 7A 11A.
- Jackson, Reginald Charles R., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Jamieson, Jack Ronald, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Jones, Reginald Farr, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
- Kearns, Frederick Jack, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11A 14A 15B.
- King, Robert Oliver Charles, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 11A 21A.
- Lamborn, Cyril Edwin, 1B 2A 4B 5B 11B.
- Macintosh, Neil Wm. George, 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.
- Mangan, Archie, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
- Martin, Kenneth Horace, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- McCall, Robert Clark, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
- McFarland, Walter J., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7A 11A 14B 15B.
- McIntosh, Douglas G., 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B 11A.
- McKevett, Robert J., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
- Mitchell, Christopher, 1A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
- Moon, Trevor E. G., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
- Morgan, G. Armstrong, 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B.
- Morris, Kenneth E., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
- Moss, Joseph, 1B 2B 7B 11B.
- Oliver, Humphrey J. E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
- Oslington, Clifford J., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
- Page, Thomas Douglas, 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
- Paull, Harry C. R., 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 7A 11B 14B.

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We stock all the standard makes, and every one is guaranteed by us, as well as by their makers, to be absolutely perfect.

BLACKBIRD Pens, ordinary style, 7/6; Self-fillers, 9/6.

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 Sheath, Howard C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.  
 Sheldon, Horace G., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11B.  
 Smith, Irwin L., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Speechley, William A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.  
 Spencer, Wallace W. G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 ✓ Stack, Edward R., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 ♂ Starr, Kenneth W., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.  
 Stephenson, N. H., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Stewart, Donald M'G., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11B 21B.  
 Stewart, Donald C., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Storey, Henry C., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.  
 Thompson, Lancelot G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.  
 Uren, Clifford W., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Walker, Arthur V. S., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Watson, James B., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Webb, Geoffrey L. M., 1A 2B 5B 7A 11B.  
 Webb, Herbert Alfred, 1A 2B 4B 5B 11B.  
 Weir, Allan James, 1A 2A 4B 5B 11B.  
 Wheeler, James G., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Wilkin, George M., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Williamson, Ronald E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A.  
 Wright, George L., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.  
 Yelds, Leslie Claude, 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B.  
 Young, Alexis B., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
- Atkin, Stacy, 1A 3B 5A 6B 8H 10B 18A.  
 Baur, George Herman M., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H 9A.  
 • Black, Hermann David, 1H 6B 8H 27A.  
 Black, William Ernest, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H 10B.  
 Boorman, Raymond Horace, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 18B.  
 Booth, Ivan Charles, 1H 2B 5A 6B 8H 10B.  
 Buckle, Frederick Nelson, 1A 2A 3A 5B 6A 8B 10H.  
 Buckley, John James, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.  
 Budge, Joseph James, 1H 2B 3B 5B 6A 10B.  
 Child, Albert George, 1H 2B 3A 5A 6B 8H.  
 Conder, James, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8B.  
 Dickinson, Henry Black, 1H 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7B 10A.  
 Edmunds, Harold, 1B 2H 3H 5A 6B 8H 10B.  
 Emery, Oscar William, 1H 2A 3H 5A 6B 8H.  
 English, Herbert Spencer, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7B 10H.  
 Fenn, Robert George, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6A 7B 10H 25 Pass.  
 FitzRoy, Ferdinand, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8B.  
 Gash, Ivor Prosper, 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10B.  
 Gillard, Geoffrey, 1H 2B 3B 5B 8A.  
 Gillies, Allan Douglas, 1H 2B 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H.  
 Glover, Jack Albert, 1A 2L 3B 5B 6A 7B 10B 18B 25 Pass.



SPEECH DAY—4th MAY.  
 Mrs. Bruntnell presenting the Certificates.

Block lent by "Evening News."

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Best and Cheapest House in Sydney for Blazers

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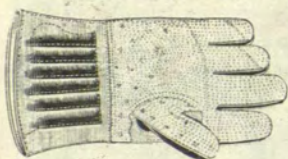
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 Griffin, Charles Ethersey, 1H 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 8H.  
 Gunther, Carl Ernest M., 1H 2A 3A 5A 6B 10A.  
 Hamnett, Harold James, 1B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H 18B.  
 Higgins, Allan William, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H 10B.  
 Hogson, Frederick Arthur, 1H 2B 3A 5A 6A 8A 10B.  
 Hogbin, Herbert William, 1H 2A 5B 6A 8H 10A.  
 Holden, Thomas Sinclair, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8A.  
 Jenkyn, Norman Alexander, 1H 2B 3H 5A 6B 8B.  
 Keogh, William James, 1B 2B 3L 5Q 8B.  
 King, James McEwen, 1B 3B 5B 6A 7B 10B 14B.  
 Laphorne, Reginald John, 1H 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H.  
 Laundry, Norman S. Leslie, 1B 2H 3H 5A 6A 8H.  
 Lochrin, Hector N., 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10H 18B 26 Pass.  
 McCutcheon, George Charles, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.  
 McLelland, Charles, 1H 2B 3A 5A 6B 8H 10H.  
 McPhail, Malcolm Wm., 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B 25 Pass.  
 Milne, Colin Robert, 1B 2B 3B 6B 8H 18B.  
 Newman, Arthur Charles, 1B 5A 6A 7B 10A.  
 Nicholl, Robert Warren, 1B 3B 6B 8B.  
 Norman, Albert George, 1H 2B 3A 6B 8B.  
 Pacey, Milverton R., 1B 2L 3B 5A 6B 7A 10B.  
 Pfeiffer, Vincent W., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7A 10A 25 Pass.  
 Phillips, Cecil Clifford, 1B 2B 5B 8B.  
 Polack, Harcourt S. D., 1A 5A 6B 8A 10L 18B.  
 Porter, Alwyn Bowditch, 1H 2B 3L 5A 6B 7A 10H.  
 Potter, Oswald Spencer, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6B 7B 10H 25 Pass.  
 Preston, Arthur George A., 1B 5A 6B 10B.  
 Robinson, Arthur D., 1B 2B 3B 5B.  
 Sender, Isidor Harry, 1H 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H 10A.  
 Shaw, Bruce, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x) 7B 10B.  
 Short, Graham Gunther, 1B 2L 5A 6B 8H.  
 Spencer, Herbert Wylie G., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8H 18B.  
 Stapp, Louis Russell, 1H 5B 6B 8B 17A 18B.  
 Stewart, Leslie Tennyson, 2B 3L 5A 6B 7B 10B.  
 Stuart, Gordon Bruce, 1B 3B 5B 6A 8B 10B.  
 Taylor, Wallace Henry, 1B 5B 6B 8A 27H.  
 Thompson, Murray Donald, 1B 3B 5A 6B 8H 17B 18B.  
 Vaughan, Thomas Walter, 1B 5B 6B 8H 17B 18B.  
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 Wright, Raymond Alfred, 1H 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H 10B.

## Intermediate Bursaries.

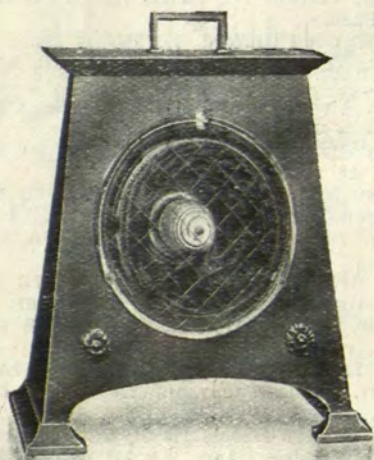
The Bursary Endowment Board has awarded bursaries to successful pupils upon the results of the Intermediate Certificate examination, subject to regulation conditions. These bursaries to successful pupils upon the re-years of the High School course, and carry allowances at the rate of £18 and £24 respectively for those years. Should the holder be obliged to board away from home, the allowance is £50 per annum. A grant of textbooks accompanies each award. The following gained bursaries:—Geoffrey I Davey (Mar-

ist Brothers' High School, Darlington), Walter S. Godfrey (Fort-street Boys' High School), George L. Wright (Fort-street Boys' High School), Thomas H. Fishburn (Marist Brothers' Juniorate, Mittagong), Robert O. C. King (Fort-street Boys' High School), Raymond E. C. Akeroyd (Sydney Boys' High School), Freda I. Richards (Fort-street Girls' High School), Jessie I. Cargill (Cleveland-street Intermediate High School), James Bell (Lismore High School), William E. Duncan (Newcastle High School).

## COACHING FOR EXAMINATIONS.

The advertisement of the University Coaching College is to be found in this issue. This advertisement shows the excellent results gained by the institution in public examinations.

The Director, Edward Jordan, M.A., B.Sc., Sydney and Stanford, has occupied many high positions in educational institutions. Prospectus of the college may be obtained on application to the Principal.



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A simple and pleasing design finished in Florentine Bronze.

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SYDNEY.**

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Inspector of Schools.

Graduate Staff.

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Atlas Buildings, Spring Street.

(Opp. A.M.P.)

MATRIC.: 162 out of 195 last 12 years.

18 last March, and 17 assisted.

LEAV. CERT.: 50 out of 58—13 last November.

16 Scholarships and Exhibitions.

INTERMED.: Over 80 per cent. passes.

PHARMACY: 114 last 18 Exams.—4 First.

Special Individual Tuition arranged after School—also  
Wednesday Afternoons and Saturday Mornings

**ENROL NOW FOR INTERMED. AND LEAVING**

Write for Prospectus.

June, 1923.

THE FORTIAN.



## OBITUARY.

The school heard with deepest regret of the death of a very well-known Fortian—Ted Elliott. Ted only left us a little over twelve months ago to enter a solicitor's office, and whilst at school was known as one of the best hearted of fellows and thoroughly conscientious. As a prefect, he always had the welfare of the school at heart, and by his death we and the community generally are the poorer.

The death, in September last, of Clive Lewis came as a great shock to his fellow students, especially his senior conferees, as his illness was very brief, carrying him off in a few days.

Ernest Knoblanche, of 2nd year, died during the Christmas vacation, and caused great sorrow to his companions. He was a star in grade cricket, where he had done very good work for his team, and his cheerful manner had endeared him to all.

The death, under tragic circumstances, of Donald Harley, of 1C, came as a great shock to his classmates. Donald had only just come to us from Eastwood, and, as a student, showed some promise.

Those who knew Chris. Olsen, 1921 Intermediate, were shocked to hear of his tragic death at Quandialla recently. During the night a fire broke out in his father's store, and Chris, in an attempt to save some articles, met his death.

The "Fortian" conveys to the parents and relatives of the above boys the deep regret of the school at the sad loss they have sustained.

We wish to express our deep sympathy with Mr. Burgin at the loss of his mother, who recently died at the ripe old age of eighty.

The "Fortian" learns with regret of the sad loss sustained by the Crow family in the death of their father, who succumbed to blood poisoning. We extend to them the sympathy of all at Fort Street.

---

## A DREAM.

One night I went to sleep and dreamed  
A multitude of things:  
Of course you know what lobster does,  
What sweet repose it brings!

I dreamed whilst in an aeroplane,  
I passed old Fort Street high;  
But just imagine my surprise,  
When looking from the sky.

I saw the front lawn clean and neat—  
No crusts or papers near:  
"My hat," I cried, "What's struck the lads,  
The nobles of Fifth Year."

With weakened heart, I quickly woke,  
And realised my fear;  
Alas! alack! the lawn will ne'er  
Be clean until next year!

J. DINGLE, 4-C.

---

## MR. PERCY SPENDER, B.A., LL.B.

Mr. Percy Spender, B.A., LL.B., is a distinguished Fortian, who has recently been admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of New South Wales.

He had a brilliant academic career at the Law School, winning the Wigram Allen Scholarship in the Intermediate Section of LL.B., and in his second year the George and Matilda Harris Scholarship, and finally graduated with

1st Class Honours and the University Medal. During his Arts course he won the Kelynack Memorial Prize for Political Science.

Mr. Spender is, moreover, a keen sport, and whilst at school was prominent in all sporting fixtures. He played cricket, football, tennis, and hockey, and also ranked high in athletic events.

---

## EXCHANGES.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following exchange magazines:—

Adelaide High School, "The Magpie," "The Chronicle," "The Record," "The Chronicle," "The Georgian," "Canterbury Tales," "The

Burr," Analecta (Canada) Shaw High School Magazine, "The Gleam," "Koala," "The Novocastrian," "Graftoneers," Technical High School Magazine, "Saggy Snap" (U.S.A.).

## THE VIKING'S SONG.

Rise to the trump, my merry men,  
 And ho! for the foaming sea;  
 Hark to the song of the thundering surf,  
 And the wild winds screaming free!  
 List to the sob of the murmuring tides  
 That lap in the caves where the merman  
 hides;  
 And yonder, follow the sea-gull's sweep,  
 Over the swirl of the eddying deep!

Rise lads, rise, for the ocean calls  
 And the sea-spume's whirling fast,  
 And eagerly quivers the war-boats' wood  
 At the trumpet's joyous blast.  
 Dip to the oars, and scatter the spray,  
 For yonder glimmers the break of day,  
 And shout to the winds that whistle along,  
 The wild free strains of the Viking's Song!  
 ROBERT C. McCALL.

## IF I WERE A "BROOMSTICK."

If I were a "broomstick," and nobody spied  
 it,  
 I'd do something desp'rate to get them to  
 see;  
 The uniform's fine, and I never could hide it—  
 But no one would be such a "broomstick"  
 as me!  
 I'd strut through the streets just as proud as  
 could be,

Where people would stare, and say "voilà le  
 braye!"  
 If I were a "broomstick," and nobody spied  
 it,  
 I'd dine off my hat, and go sad to my  
 grave!

G. HOWARTH.

## THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD.

Into the banquet hall. "My king, the hour  
 is come,  
 The red light flares on the peaks,  
 The voice of the night is dumb!  
 The stars swim to and fro  
 And the wide world waits in woe!—  
 Cease! for the hour is closing,  
 And the wonderful changes come!"

The king rose up in his place,  
 And laughed—O a maudlin laugh!  
 And dashed the wine in his face:  
 "Half fool thou art, and half  
 A liar and worthless knave.  
 Begone, ere I draw this sword,  
 And thy well-stuffed cranium shave,  
 For I am the king,  
 And I fear no thing—  
 Begone! nor of death's hour rave!"

"'Tis written!" the sage shrieked loud,  
 "'Tis written!" The hall grew still,  
 That even the drunken clutched  
 At the board, in an icy chill.  
 "'Tis written!" the voice rose high,  
 "The day of distaster comes,  
 When out of the graves  
 And the deep-down tombs  
 The dead shall leap in mighty waves,  
 And the living die, where the death-flower  
 blooms,"

"With shock on shock  
 Will the wide world rock,  
 And life  
 Will be crushed,  
 For death will reign,  
 And those that are dead shall live  
 In the tumult and the mountain-moving  
 strife,  
 With all that it has to give,  
 'Tis written, written, written!"

Volcanoes and mountains high  
 Will burst with their living flame,  
 And the lifeless objects live,  
 But ye!—ye die, ye die!  
 And the peak of dead so high,  
 Up to the tattered sky  
 That it pass the peaks of flame!"

Into the banquet-hall,  
 As silence and terror reigned,  
 There crept a low, low tolling  
 As of a muffled bell.  
 "List!" cried the sage, "'tis ordained!"  
 "Fiend of learning and hell,  
 'Tis but the fat priests' call,  
 Yonder that harmless bell!"  
 The king arose, and his tankard filled,  
 And he drank with a deep, deep draught,  
 And up his followers rose in suit,  
 And loud and long they laughed.

But the sage he drew from his tattered gown  
 A tablet of letters gold,  
 And he crushed it up in an iron cup,  
 And raised it up—  
 "To death!" he said, and he drank,  
 Then down to the floor he sank,  
 And the roysterers stood in a dumb, still pack,  
 Watching him die, till his face grew black.

The body lay in the paved hall,  
 And the revellers feasted on.  
 The dawn broke fast in a blood-red shroud,  
 And over the thrice-doomed world a cloud  
 Of black, strange stillness hung.  
 "Drink," cried the king, "to that poor fool  
 there,

Who thought that he read our doom,  
 And place a cup near his canting lips,  
 To bear with him to the tomb."  
 'Twas done. Ere the king's behest was made,  
 Into the banquet-hall  
 There crept some eerie, aching feeling,  
 Gliding round, to each one stealing,  
 A tense, wierd thing that gripped them all.  
 They stiffened, gasped, and fought for  
 breath,  
 They knew in a terrible second  
 That this was death!

Then lo! the sage  
 Opened his eyes  
 And half did rise.  
 He grasped the tankard in shaking hand,  
 Behold the watchers together shrink;  
 They saw him raise the cup and drink—  
 Then black death grasped the silent band!

Came chaos.  
 The death-flower sprung, and bloomed where  
 the living fell,  
 The red sun lived, and over the sky  
 It stalked in a fury of blazing eye,  
 And winds that lived beat out from the mounts  
 a knell.

Down in the streets of the town,  
 One by one fell down  
 The living, and died;  
 Till the pile of dead so high  
 Up to the blazing sky  
 Was higher than leaping flames,  
 That shot from the mountain-tops:  
 And sombrely, sombrely, out of the graves  
 The dead marched forth in living waves,  
 And all the fields of tombs bore living crops!

There was a ghastly band  
 That crept down the long street,  
 Stamping under their feet  
 Or sweeping on either hand

The hour-old corpses of people and king,  
 Naked or robed in black—  
 What is this fearful thing,  
 Fierce as fury, and pale as death,  
 Uttering triumph in every breath,  
 That stalks before and holds  
 The mad throng back?  
 Fiend of learning and hell,  
 Thou hast foretold it well,  
 And loud throbs the tolling bell  
 To welcome thee—the king!

Now the mighty conflagration  
 And the tumult and upheaval  
 Died away.  
 But the day had gone forever,  
 Though the peaceful night would never  
 Hold its sway.  
 All was changed. There came no light,  
 But the darkness was not night—  
 Only the eyes of the living dead could pierce  
 that dreadful gloom,  
 Truly had come the sun's death, surely the  
 crack of doom.  
 And soon as the dead lay silent,  
 Their bodies melted to dust,  
 And beautiful flowers of night uprose,  
 That jagged summits of blossom thrust  
 Up to the shadowed heaven!

Into the palace  
 They burst like a flood.  
 With eerie, wild shriekings  
 And many wild words;  
 With howlings and squeakings  
 And curses on blood.  
 Into the banquet hall—  
 "The king! the king!" they cried.  
 "O crown him king who knew, and died,  
 Now let the sage on the great throne bide,  
 And we will feast!"  
 Then high on the throne was their captain  
 thrust,  
 And loud they howled in their glee,  
 "The King of the Dead! 'Tis just! 'tis just!  
 Now let the dead be free!"

\* \* \*

And so, forever and ever  
 They feast in their kingdom there,  
 And the world is ruled by the mighty dead,  
 Their king is king, and a king of dread,  
 And he plucks the flowers at will—  
 The purple blossoms of life so fair,  
 And when they wither, are dead and still,  
 They leap to the feast in the banquet hall,  
 And dance where the feast is spread—  
 Forever and ever and ever,  
 In the kingdom of the dead!

### LIFE IS SHORT.

When Life begins,  
 The Baby cries;  
 And with regret  
 The Old Man dies.

We may have joy,  
 We may find grief;  
 But soon 'tis o'er,  
 For Life is brief.

## THE GREAT LOVER.

(A parody).

By Joseph E. Burrows, 4-C.

These I have loved:—  
 Cracked plates, and cups, less handles,  
 Chipped and dirty; and grinding, shrieking  
 rust;  
 "Wet roofs," beneath the sky's light, when  
 fierce gust  
 Of icy wind and rain pours through the gaps;  
 Stale bread; and rats and pies; and leaking  
 taps;  
 The smell of smoke when houses are on fire;  
 That slimy feeling when you roll in mire;  
 And freezing raindrops, dripping down my  
 spine;  
 Those creepy things in flowers, however fine,  
 That itch the nose till bounds of temper burst;  
 The touch of sheets in winter, when you first  
 Crawl in between them; the soft and soothing  
 gift  
 Of rough and bristling blankets; wood to lift,  
 That's covered all with splinters; and horse-  
 hair,  
 Sharp and stiff in trouser lining; the awful  
 glare  
 Of guests on Speech Day when we stand to  
 sing;  
 Dark, grim, hanging storm-clouds; everything  
 That screeches; harsh machines, that grind,  
 and grate  
 • And scrape; to wash in nice hot water; Fate,  
 Who well preserved the Latin tongue; burs,  
 not much;  
 The smell of Tutank's clothes; and other  
 such—  
 The sniff of Chinese, long-nailed, dirty  
 Fingers; fixaline, greasy, and squirty,  
 On thick and oily hair; dead leaves,  
 And last year's musty fern, that weaves  
 E'en yet its weary way around the walls  
 Of 4-C class-room—will until it falls;

"Dear names," like "Little Goldie"—"Bo"—  
 dear names!  
 And several others throng to me! Stage  
 Flames;  
 The trickling run, of beer into a keg;  
 "Holes in the ground," those ones that break  
 your leg;  
 "And voices," screeching high at half-past ten  
 Of "shacks," and "Scotland," and of "Garlic  
 men";  
 "Voices in laughter," mocking new, long  
 pants;  
 "And body's pain," to sit on bulldog ants;  
 The departing shriek of "the deep-panting  
 train"  
 That leaves for school without me, in the  
 rain;  
 "Firm sands" that smite me in a paper bag;  
 "The little dulling edge of foam," with hiss-  
 ing brink,  
 When someone swamps my desk with Farlow's  
 ink;  
 "Stones," whose swift career ends on my  
 head;  
 Old iron, that Bottle O's buy from rusty lead;  
 The mushy mould upon the football ground,  
 The stuff my boots take home, at least a  
 pound;  
 Sleep at school; "high places," when my  
 senses loop  
 The loop, and jazz the shimmy; footprints in  
 the soup;  
 "And oaks," big, sturdy ones, like Dingle,  
 short and thin;  
 "And brown horse—chestnuts," when they  
 fail to win;  
 "And new-peeled sticks," the kind the teacher  
 got  
 In childhood days which I have ne'er forgot.

## THE FIDDLER OF LOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Looney  
 Folk rave, and throw old boots at me;  
 My cousin is kept in Old Bailey,  
 And that is a prison you see.

I passed by the prison, and saw there  
 My cousin a-marching in chains,  
 I played him a tune on my fiddle;  
 Arrested I was for my pains.

They gave me a cell near my cousin's,  
 The language polluted the air,

So I played him a tune on my fiddle,  
 He shut up—I think, in despair.

I am back again now in old Looney,  
 I arrived at eleven P.M.;  
 On the fiddle I am now quite an expert,  
 I learnt from an A.L.C.M.

Now I play on my fiddle in Looney,  
 And folk dance, and give me kind looks,  
 My cousin is out of Old Bailey,  
 So all ended well, as in books.

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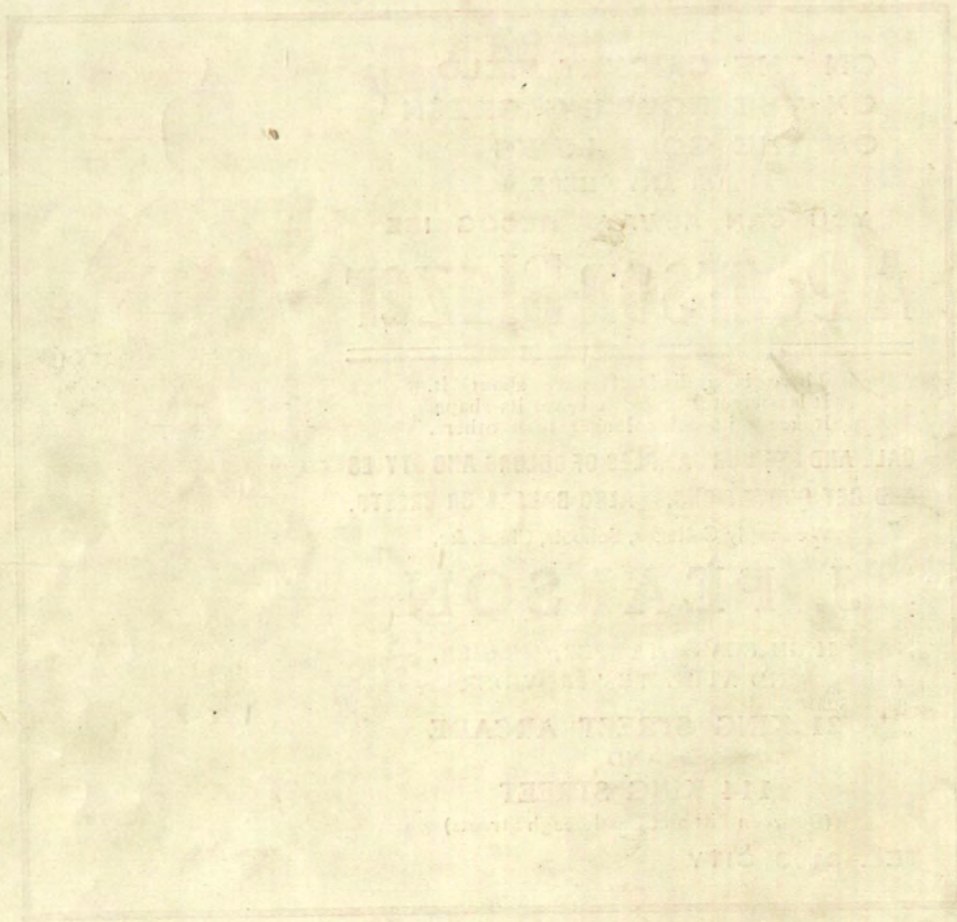
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THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
COUNTY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

# AN ACT

TO AMEND THE CHARTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

## IN RELATION TO

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

SECTION 1.

That the Board of Education of the City of New York be and it is hereby organized and constituted as follows: