

The Fortian

1923-1927

OCTOBER, 1923.

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THE FORTIAN



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

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1923

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The FORTIAN

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Editorial

As this will be the last issue of the Fortian this year, we take the opportunity of wishing the students of the third and fifth years, who will be sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations in the course of two or three weeks, all the success that their industry and merits deserve. We believe that we have this year a very fine lot of boys representing us, and that they will prove to be in no wise inferior to any of their predecessors. On the contrary, we have the fullest hopes that they will eclipse all the records of previous years, and we know that it is with the determination to do this our boys always face the Examiners. They will, however, have a very difficult and formidable task, as last year's candidates were remarkably successful, not only in the high percentage of passes, but also in their quality. This may be seen from the fact, that at the Leaving Certificate Examination, out of sixty-seven passes thirty-eight University Exhibitions and ten University Bursaries were gained, as well as a number of Scholarships carrying the holders to the Teachers' College and the University. We sincerely hope that every senior will realise his ambition, reap the reward of his persistent and conscientious efforts, and carry into the larger world, and practise those principles, which it has ever been the aim of the school to inculcate, not the least being integrity and tenacity of purpose, industry, self respect and consideration for others. If they do this their success in life is assured, and their Alma Mater will ever be proud of them.

Of those who are sitting for the Intermediate Examination, we expect to see the greater number back at School to complete their course. This examination is, we are glad to say, rightly regarded by the majority of our boys as merely a stepping stone to greater achievements. There can be no doubt that the boy who leaves school at this stage, though he has received a very useful training, falls far short of what he should have, if he is to compete successfully in life with those who remain to the end of the fifth year. It is really in the last two years that a boy finds himself, develops an ambition and an appreciation of the opportunities lying within his grasp, and realises that he is the master of his own fate. Our experience is this, that rarely does a boy who leaves school immediately after the Intermediate Examination, overtake in life his more fortunate fellow who remains to reach the higher standard, and then goes on to the University or takes up some profession or commercial pursuit. We trust, therefore, that every boy who possibly can, will return to school, a step which neither he nor his parents will ever regret.

Old Boys and Their Doings.

The "Sunday News" of 2/9/23 had an interesting paragraph about Dr. Hubert Porter, Medical Superintendent of Sydney Hospital. Dr. Porter, who was centre forward of Balmain Fernleigh in the height of its Soccer success, and captain of the N.S.W. team against Queensland in 1920, has been compelled to abandon the game since his severe injuries, received in a collision with big Dick Sneddon in the Balmain Fernleigh-West Wallsend Gardiner Cup tie at Newcastle last year.

Mr. F. A. Coghlan, Auditor-General, and an old boy of Fort Street, has been selected by the N.S.W. Government to decide whether compensation will be paid in connection with the 1916-1917 Wheat Pool.

Before leaving Sydney last week, M. Jean Gerardy purchased a selection of etchings of Australian scenes by Squire Morgan as a souvenir of his visit to the Commonwealth for his home in Spa, Belgium, where he has a unique collection of art treasures gathered on his many tours throughout the world. M. Gerardy gave Mr. Morgan several sittings for an etching which the artist was anxious to do of the celebrated 'cellist. Mr. Morgan is one of our old boys.

Mr. Frank C. G. Tremlett, an old boy of Fort Street, who in 1896 secured the medal in Algebra at the old Junior Examination, has brought honour to the school by his appointment to the Assistant Secretaryship of the Premier's Department.

Mr. Tremlett, who is a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Laws of Sydney University, qualified as a barrister in 1919 while Chief Clerk in the Premier's Department, and was also secretary to Dr. Ashburton Thompson when Royal Commissioner on Foods. Mr. Tremlett is also an Associate of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Dr. James Sherwood, late Assistant Superintendent of Sydney Hospital, is now Senior Resident Medical Officer at the Women's Hospital Paddington.

Notice is hereby given that Committee meetings of the Old Boys' Union will be held in the Assembly Room of the Education Building,

Bridge and Loftus streets, at 8 p.m. on the following dates:—

October 4th.

November 1st.

December 13th.

Old boys will please keep these dates in their mental foreground.

As a result of the last Articled Clerks' Examination, we note the success of the following old boys:—Section 4, G. M. Sharpe; Section 6, J. W. Milne.

In June last at the gallery of Gayfield Shaw was exhibited a fine collection of 27 paintings, the work of an old boy of Fort Street, John Eldershaw. The works shown on this occasion, according to the critic of the "Sydney Morning Herald," place Eldershaw "easily amongst the best landscape water-colorists in Australia. In particular, three of his paintings have been selected as worthy of special mention. These are "Carts," "The Bridge, Richmond, Tasmania," and "Ti-tree." His promise is distinctly great. We offer him our hearty congratulations on his achievement, and look to see his name ranking with that of Heysen and Lister Lister as our greatest landscape painters. The National Gallery has purchased "The Evening Pool," one of Eldershaw's numerous paintings of stone bridges.

It is with very great pleasure that we are able to devote a like space to the achievements of Eric Langker, youngest of the five brothers who were educated at Fort Street. Like Eldershaw, he is now making a name as one of the finest of our young Australian artists. Although only 26 years of age, he is a member of the Council of the Royal Art Society, and an A.R.A.S. He has the honour to be the youngest artist who has had a seat on the council since the inception of the society over 40 years ago, and is the only amateur painter who will hold such a position, as the constitution no longer permits amateurs to become councillors of the Art Society.

Though he has only been exhibiting for three years, his progress has been considered phenomenal. We know too, that for years past he has steeped himself in the technical and his-

torical criticism of his subject. He is also a contributor on artistic and musical subjects to some of our N.S.W. literary journals.

Eric Langker's eldest brother is another distinguished old Fortian, Albert V. Langker, B.A., B.Ec., LL.B., now secretary to the Commonwealth Public Service Association in Melbourne. We are justly proud of both of them.

Robert J. Dexter, a well-known old boy of Fort Street, who was formerly publicity director in Sydney for Union Theatres and Selznick Pictures, has been appointed advertising and publicity director of Associated First National Pictures in New York. It is only three years since he left Australia for America to assist Mr. C. L. Yearsley, whom he now succeeds. The Associated First National is one of the most important and powerful motion picture companies in America, and Dexter's control of its colossal publicity work is a very rare feather not only in his own cap, but in the cap of Australia as a whole.

The following old boys have been successful in passing the May examinations of the Institute of Incorporated Accountants of N.S.W.:

Final Accountancy: F. A. McKechnie.

Final Legal: F. S. McCarthy, N. L. W. Turner.

Intermediate Accountancy: G. H. Warlters.

Intermediate Legal: W. S. Howard, H. A. Kirby.

Our congratulations to A. B. Samuelson, upon whom the Senate of the University recently conferred the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

Captain S. E. Mailer, of the firm of Cox and Mailer, who during the last three years of the war was in charge of an aerodrome in Egypt, and who won the Air Force Cross, returned to Australia a few weeks ago.

Mr. A. Rex Knight, B.A., an old boy of Fort Street, who at his final examination in Arts gained first-class honours, the University Medal, and Professor Muscio's prize for Philosophy, and second-class honours in Latin, has left for England as 1923 Woolley Scholar. He will continue his philosophical studies at Cambridge University.

On Saturday, 8th September at St. Stephen's Church, Phillip-street, by the Rev. John Ferguson, was celebrated the marriage of Dr. Llontha L. Holland, a well-known old boy of Fort Street, now practising in Macquarie-street, to Dr. Lorna D. Beveridge, of Mosman, a very distinguished Sydney High School old girl. Dr. George T. Ferris, another old boy, was best man. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes are extended to the happy couple.

OLD FORTIANS' DANCE.

More than 400 "Old Fortians" and their friends assembled in the Paddington Town Hall recently, when their annual ball in aid of the Ada Partridge Educational Prize Fund was held. This fund, which as the name denotes, is called after Miss Ada Partridge, who was in charge of the Fort Street Girls' High School for nearly 20 years, is financed annually by the proceeds of the ball. The decorations were most pleasing, and showed the school colours, red and white, in the general scheme. Miss E. Lang and Mr. L. C. Warby, as honorary secretaries, were assisted by a committee, which included Misses A. Hamilton, York, and Simmonds, and Messrs. Spencer, Assheton, and Langsworth.

APPOINTMENTS.

Hugh Steel, B.E., a recent graduate in Engineering, has received an appointment in the office of the Chief Engineer for Metropolitan Railway Construction.

Dr. Salvatore A. Gentile, we note, has set up his plate in Lyons-road, Five Dock. He has our best wishes for his success.

Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, an old Fortian, has been appointed Chief Accountant and Deputy Director in Finance in the Department of the N.S.W. Treasury.

Dr. Carl Hellstrom has now settled down in practice at Wilcannia; Dr. Guy Lawrence at Merriwa, and Dr. S. H. Harper at Mendooran; while Dr. Harry Ashby has purchased a practice at Barellan. All these, we are glad to say, are doing very well. We wish them continued success.

Dr. A. J. Collins, D.S.O., M.C., one of our most distinguished old boys, who recently resigned his position as Superintendent of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital to begin practice as a specialist in Macquarie-street, has been appointed an honorary assistant physician to the same hospital. Our congratulations. Dr. Collins is an active member, and vice-president of the Old Boys' Union.

A new position, that of honorary assistant physician of the psychiatry clinic at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, has also been filled by the appointment of another Fortian, Dr. Ralph A. Noble.

The following old boys of Fort Street, all graduates in Medicine with honors, have been appointed Resident Medical Officers at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital:—Drs. R. K. Barnett, W. A. Bye, C. A. Frew, John Morgan, R. G. Ponton, and R. S. Steel. Our best wishes to them all.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The "Fortian" desires to offer its hearty congratulations to all old boys who were successful in the August final and other examinations of the University of Sydney. The complete list is as follows:—

Faculty of Medicine.—5th (Final) Degree Examination, M.B., Ch.M.: Pass—H. G. Armstrong, H. Barnett, W. Freeborn, M.M.; W. H. Golding, O. W. Mater, J. A. Parkes, E. G. Schwartz, J. G. Thompson.

5th Degree Examination.—Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health: Pass—G. W. Ashby, A. J. Blackburne, J. S. Crakanthorp, E. C. Egan, F. Grainger, G. T. Hunter, K. A. M. Kilgour, R. J. C. Kristenson, T. B. Law, W. L. Macdonald, C. C. Morgan; F. V. Munro; H. M. Owen, H. Pearlman, H. R. Pearson, K. P. Rutherford, A. V. Smith, J. C. Thompson.

3rd Degree Examination.—Medicine: Distinction—A. A. Culey. Credit—L. S. Loewenthal, F. H. M. Callow, E. W. Levings, F. M. O'Donoghue. Pass—A. C. Armstrong, K. J. B. Davis, C. J. F. Goode, G. L. Howe, H. B. Little, A. F. Quayle, K. J. Hillar.

Faculty of Engineering.—3rd Year Examinations: Pass—B. R. Newton-Tabrett, T. A. Pearson.

Faculty of Architecture.—3rd Year Examination, Surveying: Pass—W. W. King.

Faculty of Medicine.—Fourth Degree Examination: Pass—L. K. Alexander, H. D. Ashton, W. L. Davies, J. A. Holt, R. T. C. Hughes, W. W. H. King, W. F. Machin, F. L. Nicholl, S. Pearlman, R. R. M. Perkins.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE T. BEST.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of one of our distinguished old boys, George H. T. Best, B.E., the second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Best, of "The Towers," St. Paul's-road, Newtown, to whom we offer our sincerest sympathy in their irreparable loss. It was our privilege to know George Best very well, both in and out of school, and to appreciate all the fine qualities of manhood that he possessed. He entered Fort Street about 1904 or 1905, and passed the old Senior Examination in 1907. He then proceeded to the University, where he entered the Faculty of Engineering, gaining his B. E. in Mining and Metallurgy in 1912. Soon after the war broke out he enlisted, and went through the campaign, being stationed for the greater part of the time in Salonika. On his return he joined with his father and brother the firm of Best and Co., timber merchants. At the time of his decease he was actively interested in municipal affairs, being one of the aldermen of Newtown. Fort Street has in him lost a very worthy son.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. George Stanley Littlejohn, one of the principals of the firm of Scott, Henderson and Co., an old boy of Fort Street, at the age of 61 years.

Our sympathy is also extended to the family of the late Edward B. Buckland, a fifth year medical student, and old boy of Fort Street, who died at Manly in July last.

Also to Mr. L. F. Keller on the death of his mother at the age of 71 years.

LIEUT. F. P. J. KILLEEN.

News of the sudden death while on a visit to Rockhampton of Lieut. Francis P. J. Killeen has also reached us. He served with the 19th Battalion in the Great War, and lost his right leg at Gallipoli. On his return to New South Wales he took a prominent part in recruiting campaigns. Lieut. Killeen was one of the founders and the first president of the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association. At the last State elections he was one of four Progressive candidates for North Shore electorate.

The deceased officer, who was 43 years of age, resided at Woodside-avenue, Lindfield, and left for Queensland to inspect cotton crops in connection with his duties as editor of the "British Association Cotton-grower." He was a native of Balmain, and was educated at Fort Street. Lieut. Killeen has left a widow and one child, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

* * *

It is also a matter of deep regret to record the death of Wilfred J. Court, another old boy who passed the Leaving Certificate some three years ago, and who was studying to qualify for an accountant. He died rather suddenly from pneumonia. Our sympathy goes out to his bereaved parents.

* * *

On September 17th there passed away Mr. William Wiley, one of the oldest officers in the City Council, who for 14 years filled the responsible position of City Assessor. Mr. Wiley, who was born in London, came to N.S.W. in 1853, and completed his education at Fort Street. After a period of service as Town Clerk at Waverley, he became Chief Valuer of the Government Land Tax Department, which position was the stepping stone to the City Assessorship. We extend our sincerest sympathy to his widow and family.

 THE SHELL.

Did a sea-maid, pearly-breasted,
 Kiss thee ere the shore-wave found thee
 Clear white shell?
 Or a siren, seamen-tempting,
 Wear thee set in weedy tresses
 When she sang her dreamy spell?
 It may be the sounds that murmur
 In my ear, when close I press thee,
 Are the same, their red lips chanted
 To lorn sails on moon-blanch'd waters
 Where the charmed crags are slanted,

Tower on dizzy tower implanted
 In their foam-fought citadel.
 But whate'er they be, they call me
 Down beside the sea-deep caves
 Where my limbs shall feel the coolness
 Of the dim, transparent waves,
 Where, on coral-sand reclining
 In my dusk-dark hair entwining,
 I shall wear thee, gleaming shell
 With the tide-lapped asphodel.

RAYMOND H. McGRATH.

 EARLY FLOWERS.

Into bloom have the buds burst—
 O glorious flowers,
 That light to the springtime
 The late winter hours!

O life, e'er renewing,
 You teach us to hope!
 Let us with the Spring-maid
 From Winter clope!

O flowers, are ye symbols
 Of life, then of death,

That die with the winter
 But at the spring's breath,

Spring forth in your glory?
 Is man fashioned so?
 Does he die with a winter,
 And slumber below,

Then leap with a Springtide
 To life once again?
 O glorious lesson
 Ye teach us—in vain!

G. HOWARTH.

 NEMESIS.

Over the grave we fought for gold,
 And over the grave I slew.
 The jaws of Hell to their widest rolled,
 The breath of demons upon me blew,
 Stinging and thousandfold.

Over the swift-forgotten dead,
 A battle all charged with hate,
 With nought determined and nothing said—
 It seemed arranged by a jesting fate,
 Snapping cool reason's thread.

Into his eyes I gazed and saw
 The doom that was written there;
 I pierced him through ere he might withdraw,
 He sank, he died, and I lived, the heir—
 Stricken with sudden awe.

Out from the yawning grave there rose
 A figure of death and fear,
 My weapon dropped, and my senses froze—
 I thought, 'on a chasm edge, black and sheer.
 Standing, I faced my foes.

"Over my gold you warred and killed
 And into my grave you hurled
 Another dead, with his life-wine spilled;

Get forth, and search through the barren
 world—"

Dimly, those strange words chilled.

"Wander the world, but never find
 The riches for which you slay;
 My chests are empty, a death-stirred wind
 Has swept their riches to Hell away,
 Leaving but lead behind."

Into its grave the spirit fell,
 And shaking with deadly fear
 I left the place, but a rising knell
 Was ringing deep in my tortured ear—
 Terrors, that nought could quell.

Open the chests, and bare they lay,
 With never a coin, but lead;
 O fear and horror, and fast dismay,
 I heard the truth from the 'venging dead—
 God! how I rued the day!

Over the world I roam and range,
 A beggar, and cursed with greed
 Of gold that beckons, and, void of change,
 The bitter thought of a hellish deed,
 Bloody and mad and strange.

G. HOWARTH.

THE POET OF DREAMS.

When I plunge in the deeps of the night
And drift to the waters of dreams,
I have leapt from a toiler at schemes
To the bard of a measureless height,
Where thousands and millions of themes
Assail me, and urge me to write.

O elusive, capricious, and gay!
In vain do I strive with my pen;
They are marshalled, and chosen, and then
They are gone, like an atom of spray.
For thoughts are not soldiers or men,
And in dreams they will never obey.

But the sprites weave their charms round my
brow,
Till I burst into wonderful song,
Like a bird who has found he is strong

And soars from the sheltering bough;
Till the thoughts form a carolling throng,
And I sing with a million notes now.

And the heights and the air and the deep,
And the stars that are hung in the sky,
They are straining to hear ere it die
The song that the rocks will not keep;
And I am a bard set on high,
In the limitless kingdom of sleep.

When I rise from the seas of the night,
All freedom of song I discard,
For no longer the thought-beset bard,
I must toil at the scheme that is trite;
And the gates of the nightland still guard
The secrets I hunger to write.

G. HOWARTH, 4C.

TO A TIN OF SPAGHETTI (AND TOMATO SAUCE)
WHICH HAS JUST BEEN OPENED.

(After the American—Much After.)

Ah!!!!!!.....(Wells' dots).
Barmy odours of Chicago float
Through the dusty kitchen.
To my nose, Oh tin of
Spag-
het-
ti
(And Tomato Sauce),
How
I picture the delight
In drawing a string

of Lilywhite Spaghetti (and Tomato Sauce)
that may be so long or short,
As the case may be.
Life is
Like a string of Spaghetti (and Tomato Sauce),
Long..... (More dots)or
Short.
Ah!!!!!!
Barmy odours of Chicago float
Thru the dusty kitchen.....

DICKY.

AN IDYLL.

A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the trees on the edge of the little clearing in which was situated a tiny cottage. The cottage was built of mud blocks and the roof thatched. Sitting on a plough smoking a corn-cob pipe was an old white-haired man dressed in a peasant's blue smock reaching to his knees. He wore old brown trousers, and had wooden sabots on his feet. He appeared to be resting in the cool of the evening from the labour of the day. The breeze blew the blue smoke from his pipe in through a little window behind him, the latticed shutters of which were flung wide.

Suddenly a tiny form came hopping and dancing through the red door of the house. On seeing the old man the little girl, for such it was, ceased her dancing and crept stealthily up behind him. Then with a bound she jumped upon his back and placed her tiny hands over his eyes.

After thus making her presence known she proceeded to show her grand dad a pretty little dance which she had just been taught.

How I was stirred! Imagine, if you can, the setting for this beautiful scene. In the background the neat brown cottage, with its red doors and blue curtained windows, backed by the green of the encircling forest and the white smoke from the chimney curling leisurely skywards. The stage a soft verdant carpet spotted with little bush daisies and dandelions, and the audience the stately evergreens of the forest, through the centre of which ran a small white bush track, giving the appearance of an aisle. The actors of the drama were perhaps more beautiful. The tiny figure with its dancing golden hair and sky blue eyes which glanced and twinkled mischievously from the rosy, beaming little face, the upright little body attired in a charming little blue print

frock, and the shapely little arms and legs bare.

How happily she laughed and sang as she danced, while the old man, his white locks waving in the breeze, eagerly kept time with his foot. His pipe forgotten, he watched every movement with shining eyes and encouraging smiles. Unnoticed, the little girl's grand-mama came from the cottage and sat by her husband, watching. How her wrinkled dear old face lighted up with an inexpressibly sweet smile, and how wistful that look that came into her eyes as she probably thought of the time when she too was young and beautiful and mirthful. So they sat, while the graceful little

figure danced before them like some elf of the forest.

Slowly the sun sank behind the forest walls and in the dusk the three loving figures walked slowly across the shadow chequered stage, and entering the house, closed the door on the drama; the sun in its setting was like unto the final falling of the curtain on a beautiful theatrical scene.

With one last look, I turned reluctantly away, leaving the little brown house surrounded with its many beauties, and on the breeze floated the sweet smell of bush flowers, and the ever-popular honeysuckle.

C. BROWN, "2D."



AT THE LIBRARY.

(For "The Fortian.")

Have you ever mounted the muffled stairway, pushed open the muffled doors, and entered on tip-toes on to the muffled floor of the Bent-street Library? Have you ever wended your way in strained (yes, strained to creaking point!) silence to those shelves of catalogues, only half knowing what you seek? No? Then "truly thou art damned," for thou art not a student.

Will you put on your lightest shoes and your heaviest look, carrying your most imposing volumes, and a well-filled fountain pen? (The latter is, of course, unnecessary; you can fill it there!) Can you look wise and talk in wisdom-breathing whispers? If so, bear with me a little, for I would carry you aloft into the exalted heaven where the Domain sleeper-out is enabled to obtain a little warmth and perhaps forty winks in comparative comfort—provided he does not snore—until the imperative gong warns him that 10 o'clock has come in a winged chariot to drive him out into the chilly cheerlessness of Macquarie-street. Having found our books—take a whole armful, you will read only one, but it looks better—we will make our noiseless way to the special students' table. Its occupants will be your companions all the evening, so you had as well take note of them.

In one corner sits an obvious pedagogue, fagging for his 1st class. Note the studiousness of him, how he feverishly adjusts his spectacles and turns from one volume to another, writing continuously the while with a scratching pen. Don't you envy him? You do? Well, I don't! But who is his companion? Is he a poet or a socialist? One can never tell nowadays. Do you see him scowling towards the other end of the table? Let us follow his gaze. Oh, oh, my fine fellow, I see! Those girls (undergrads did you say?) are interrupting the clear

flow of your artistic or world-saving thoughts. You find them obnoxious perhaps? So will I perhaps, two hours hence—if they are still there, which is unlikely, seeing that girls must have their beauty-sleep. At present they are merely interesting. How pretty their gestures are, as they whisper, in a voice which seems to carry for miles, of a young man who is doing other things besides Arts at the University. Heavens! one has dropped her hand-bag, and its fall has again interrupted our socialistic friend. I stoop to pick it up, and she thanks me so gracefully that I suddenly resent that fellow's glare. How dare he! They have as much right there as he!

Another step approaches. I do not look up, for I am well into Moulton by this. I notice, however, that the whispers cease, and two pretty hands hastily begin to write. I cannot resist a glance out of the corner of my eye. It is a young University man—probably that same Arts student they have been talking of. He must not know that they come here to gossip. That would never do! At length I am securely buried in Moulton, and surprise is my chief sensation when presently the gong sounds for the second time, and I hear the attendant approaching to—not to put me out. Oh, no!—to ask me to go.

Sometimes I am not so fortunate, and arrive to find the special students' table fully occupied. Only noticing in a dismayed way that the main element is feminine, I go elsewhere. I am afraid I will not get much work behind me to-night. There is too much of human interest in the vicinity. On my left is a dirty, unkempt and unshaven specimen whose clothing is, if anything, more ancient and earthy than himself. I am not sufficiently curious to learn what his book is, but I should say it is on the breeding of racehorses. He has a

horsey smell! I feel a little ashamed of the disgust which comes over me, but it is there, so why not confess it? I turn to my right. Thank heaven! here is more congenial company. It is, in fact, an old, refined, and, above all, clean old gentleman. This time curiosity gets the better of me, and I glance over his shoulder. Wonder of Wonders! 'Tis "The Care of Children." "Preparing for his second childhood," think I, and at once dismiss the thought as ungenerous. I do but glance opposite me, for I feel the same disgust rising within me, which must be suppressed at all costs. Opposite the old gentleman is a greasy indi-

vidual whom one marks down at once as an Easterner, and presumes to be studying a treatise on "Old Clothes"! An equally slippery specimen faces my left. He is taking copious notes from a book on tailoring fashion. He is not my tailor, thank goodness! The chair opposite me is vacant, which is one blessing. I turn my face towards the old gentleman and try resolutely to immerse myself in the snowy cleanliness of romance. Am I successful? Well I outstay my unsought companions, anyway.

A. E. CROUCH, 5B.

IMPROMPTU SPEECHES.

(As Seen and Heard for a 4C Youth.)

Up jumped the chairman bloke, or some
sich guy.

Looks round a bit, an' swallers 'ard, an' sed,
Or rather didn't, for 'e hove a sigh
That smothered all 'is words; his dial went red,
An' then 'e lost 'is wind, like 'e'd bin 'it
Fair in the stummick be some 'efty mit.

But yet that cove, 'e wasn't beat, not 'arf,
'E comes agen, an' gets 'is wind, an' starts
"Ahem!" and grins, an' tries to make us
laugh,

An' then 'e spouts about debates an' parts
That's not looked up, an' sez, we'll have a
change
From ole rooteen to somethink noo an' strange.

An' then 'e starts to say as 'ow 'e thinks
We ort to 'ave some speeches or the like,
An' then at us 'e confederently winks
An' starts to gas agen about—Aw strike!
Imprompted's wot it was, or somethink such,
But anyhow it doesn't matter much.

The mob agres an' sez the gag is good,
An' that we ort to start it there right then,
At which 'e grins an' sez "of course we
should."

Then disregardin' all our 'ints, agen
'E starts to gas an' sez each chap 'e'll tell
To speak on any subject must—Oh 'ell!

I nearly drops at this, an' tries to shrink,
But badly fails, you know just 'ow it feels
Like tho' your 'art was down the kitchen
sink.

"You're right," 'e tips me wiv a wink 'e steals
At me, which cheers me up agen, a word
Or two 'e adds an' then squints round the 'erd.

"Young friends," 'e sez, "altho' I calls yeh
such,

Yer nothink but a lazy push of freaks
Who don't do nothink, or at least, not much,

An' never in debates we 'ears yer speaks,
Yeh've dodged yer turns at chirpin' till to-day,
We'll get it out uv yer another way."

Wen 'e'd sed this 'e sez, "Now let's to biz.
We've wasted quite a lot of time, I bleeve;
Aw, now then Gid, yeh just carnt 'ide yer phiz
Down in the corner there be'ind yer sleeve.
On 'Prohibition' now, we'll 'ave yer views,
All that yeh thinks of it an' any other news."

Up slowly gets the cove alluded to,
Then makes a rush to get it over soon,
In doin' which 'e knocks down quite a few
Old chairs an' such like things, a bonzer 'ocn
They made in fallin' all at once, an' gloom
Slung up the wipe straight orf, an' quit the
room.

"Oh, nothinks broken, only bent," I sez
(I 'ad to chip in somethink then becos
I see he'd got the breeze up an' the hez
On all 'is 'ed was stiff with fright they wos).
Well then, just like a colt, 'e lops is ears,
Picks up the chairs, and straight orf queis 'is
fears.

Sez 'e, "I 'aven't studied much this question
'ere,

But still I'll tell yeh wot I thinks of it,
Why should a man not swig 'is pint o' beer,
Or gallon either, if 'e thinks 'e's fit
To carry such a load. Give 'im 'is pot
An' let 'im sink it wivout all this rot."

'E didn't say it forcible like that,
But stuttered 'ere an' there, an' tried to choke,
But couldn't do it, then 'is voice went flat.
"Aw, starve the sivs," 'e garsps, "I think I've
spoke

All that I can, so for me seat I'll steer;
Let them as likes it 'ave their swigs of beer."

FARLOW, 4C.

SOFT AS THE SIGH OF THE WIND.

Soft as the sigh of the wind
Comes sweet peace to my soul—
Soft as the sigh of the wind
Through the leafy trees—
Soft as the sigh of the wind
A rippling o'er the bay.

Glad as the song of the wind
Comes sweet peace to my soul—
Glad as the song of the wind
Swelled by the hum of bees—
Glad as the song of the wind
Peace comes—God grant it stay.
J. DINGLE, 4C.

ALMA MATER.

Some day when you shall hear a broken word
Step lispingly, as though through many
ways
It came, then say that I, the song of bird
And breeze, of rustling wheat and honeyed
days,
Have tried to sing; and if you may, lean low
To hear what I may whisper you: perchance,
A murmured thanks or prayer . . . Then you
shall know
That I am tripping peacefully my Dance

Of Happy Years; nor yet am ignorant
That you who marked the measures, one
by one,
Are watching yet, expectant, vigilant,
The lissom steps or pauses . . . And
when done,
Then I will wait, with timid heart, applause
Or yet rebuke . . . And ah, shall I be
praised
By you alone, then, well-content, The Draws
I'll ope, and steal away, ambition-dazed.
R. T. KENNEDY, 5C.

"ANTAGONISM."

The Great God Self, in fine and feigned dis-
dain,
From his high seat, surveyed his pulsing
throng,
While Death, as pale as morning ash and
strong
Of arm, in proud contempt heaped up his slain.
And one among the crowd of puppets fain
Would cry in screeching voice, the gilded
god
To save some soul from sinking to the
sod . . .
Death smiled with cynic eye on his campaign:

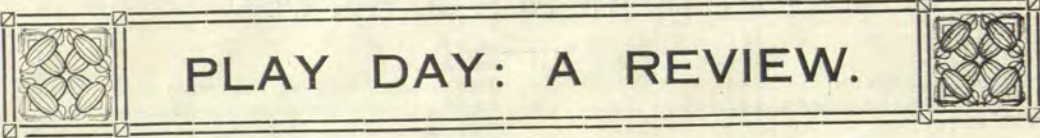
"Oh ye men, ye blinded bats, self-centred
dolts,
I spill the perfume of celestial spheres
And, fools, ye breathe yon monster's fetid
breath."
To which the heavy voice, like thunderbolts
Rang out its short, deceptive creed, "The
years
Have sung my praises: I am more than
Death!"

R. T. KENNEDY, 5C.

IN THE SCRAMBLE.

His face was black,
So was his eye,
He turned his back,
His face was black,

'Twas his last try,
A roll to buy,
His face was black,
So was his eye.



PLAY DAY: A REVIEW.

By John Bates.

This year's Play Day, held on August 24th, was, to my mind, the most successful, both from the point of view of acting and staging, and from the appreciation shown. Unavoidably, the morning session was attended by few apart from the students themselves, which was rather a pity, as some of the plays produced then were worthy of a better audience; but the afternoon performances were witnessed by many of the parents and friends of the boys, who were thus able to obtain an idea of the ability of their sons, and of the amount of care directed to dramatic work by Fort Street.

Now, conforming with my heading, I will set down some of the impressions I received from the scenes presented themselves.

"King Lear," in spite of the impressive character of the unhappy monarch himself, as presented by Crane, seemed to me somewhat monotonous and lacking in action. Newham's diction was good in the role of Kent, and Brereton characterised Regan well in the imperious and cold countenance and the distant manner of speech he assumed. Crouch, as Oswald, was good, but I think that the by-play between him and Kent drew the attention of the audience from the pathetic scene between the King and his daughters, when attention was necessary to enjoy the best that Shakespeare put into the scene. Walker as Cornwall, Weeden as Gloucester are all worthy of commendation; but the chief failing seems to me to lie in the isolation of the scene presented, as, to an onlooker ignorant of the tragedy, it loses much of its pathos and force.

"The Arrest of Pickwick" was much more to the public taste, and its popularity was in great part deserved. Hefren, as Nupkins, had a part which could be well realised, and he succeeded in this. Mudie's drollery as Jinks was appreciated by the audience, as were the precise and sonorous tones of Muzzle. Here Mackellar succeeded in giving a very slight part a real being, and ought to be congratulated for it. Of course Pike made a very successful Mr. Pickwick, although perhaps he was just a little too aged in his manner. Jones acted well as Grummer, as did Dash as Miss Witherfield, though the latter's voice, in attaining a high pitch, lost in volume. Sam Weller is not given very great opportunities in this scene, but Lippman turned to advantage most of those that were offered. The rest of the company acted well, although their parts did not gain the attention that those of some I have mentioned above obtained.

It was a very pleasing feature to see such a literary drama as "The Pot of Broth," with its musical brogue, performed—and performed well. Cornish acted well, and had the brogue better than the other two; but it was a very successful representation.

"The Knave of Hearts" betrayed the fact that much care and money must have been spent in hiring costumes, but the result amply justified this. I will not attempt the invidious task of selecting the best actor; but Cassidy showed histrionic ability. Dingle, as he always does, played his part excellently, and the Chancellor and the two cooks, especially the latter, could hardly have been improved.

The Latin play "Captivi" was not such a success as the dramatisation from "In Catilinam" last year. I think this was due to the fact that Cassidy and Wright, who can both act well, used most of their rehearsing time and originality in connection with "The Knave of Hearts." However, their classmates seemed to find some humour in the piece.

"Spreading the News" was a play which was very hard to act, but was carried through successfully, not by any individual effort, but by the way in which the whole company lived into their parts. Brennan, as Bartley Fallon, was grotesquely realistic. Guillier, as James Ryan, acted with spirit and looked his part. King's brogue, though not spoken loudly enough, was excellent. Mrs. Tully was another offender in the matter of not speaking loudly enough, but acted well, and caught the brogue. The old apple woman, except for sometimes speaking too quickly, was good. The same applies to the Magistrate. Eason's stupidity as a policeman was so real that one was tempted to wonder whether, as Goldsmith said of Garrick the actor, he was natural on the stage and acted only when he was off it. The other three members of the company acted well, except for Tim Casey and Mrs. Fallon occasionally speaking a little English, and Jack Smith speaking a little fast.

The French play was well chosen, as its brief dialogue and quick action held the attention of the audience; but I do not think that plays ought to be put on in foreign languages, because, although the play was delightful to watch, I could not have understood the plot if I had not thoughtfully read a translation of it, and all the audience except the boys who learn French cannot have understood the plot perfectly. Nevertheless, credit is due to the actors, particularly to the doctor, the young lady, her father, and her lover. This is no disparagement of the other actors, who had



Pike as Pickwick.

evidently taken great pains over their parts.

"Dr. Faustus" is a fine literary play whose long speeches present great difficulties to the chief actor, Faustus. But both Graham and Taylor Successfully surmounted these obstacles, enriching their utterance with well-placed action. The agony of spirit of Faustus was splendidly realised by Taylor, and contrasted vividly with the sceptical derision of Graham, the Faust of twenty-four years previously. The other actors whose parts are almost overshadowed by that of Faustus, were good, especially Armstrong, although he forgot his part once, and the devils. The scholars were rather weak, but the caste was very large, and their parts not important.

The "b" scene of "Twelfth Night" did not seem to me to be up to the standard. It is a great pity that the "a" scene, which was very well played, was not put on alone. The "b" scene had all the materials for an amusing representation, but as performed it grew tedious. Of course allowance must be made for the fact that it was placed last on a programme whose very excellences proved exhausting to the audience; but Viola was the only one who seemed to me to act well.

"Great Expectations" was well played, by Mrs. Joe, Pip, Joe himself, and Magwitch were excellent. The only weakness seemed to me to lie in the soldiers. Corporal, I mean Sergeant, Waddy was good, but the martial tread and stiff pompousness were lacking in him and his subordinates. Nevertheless it was one of the most successful performances of the day.

"Tom Sawyer" was a very fine piece of dramatic work, and Conlon, who dramatised the piece, acted in its chief role with success.

His calm appropriation of Joe Harper's belongings, and his enlistment of Aunt Polly against Joe's big brother, and his fight with the new boy, were splendid; in fact he made capital out of every piece of humour that came his way. The others were all well up to their parts, and I think that the play was the best appreciated by the audience on the day.

The First Year plays this year showed an appreciable advance in general technique on last year's performances. "Oliver Twist" was very good, and Bumble, Oliver himself, and the members must all be congratulated on their performance, while Limkins and the magistrate were good, and Borrott realised the part of the sweep splendidly.

"The Kenwig's Wedding Party" was rendered ludicrously impressive by a comparison of the dignity of the actors, more especially of Mrs. Kenwig and the Uncle, and their size. This play was a very interesting piece of dramatic work

In concluding, I would like to say that if there is more praise than criticism in these notes, I think the apportionment just, for, judging from my own experience, the classmates of the actors and the actors themselves realise their defects best and do not need them driven home by external aid.

A pleasing feature of this play day was the fact that most of the plays were complete in themselves, not merely scenes, as they have been sometimes in the past. Also, attention was turned from Shakespeare to modern plays in some instances, with good effect.

I think that those who trained the actors and made stage arrangements deserve a public vote of thanks, as do the actors themselves, for giving us a very enjoyable play day.



NEWSPAPERS.

There is nothing more fascinating in the world than newspapers. To appreciate them in true epicurean style, the reader of newspapers must steadfastly refuse to read them. If he once reads a paper, then the newspaper reader's case is hopeless, and the bad habit will inevitably grow on him. For one thing, there is nothing in a newspaper to read; for another, what is there is not worth reading.

No, the only way to read a newspaper is to refuse to read it. What sensible person wishes to do otherwise. Mark you, in mentioning newspapers, evening papers are always excluded, for it is easy and pleasant to read an evening paper. One can digest the evening paper in leisurely fashion between the bumps of the homeward-bound tram. With one foot gently waving in the air, another on his neighbour's instep; another, groping with prehensile toes for a firm resting place amidst a sea of bags and No. 10 feet; with one hand grasping the dainty wooden rods with which a benevolent bureaucracy have replaced the antiquated and grimy old straps; with the other holding his paper and at the same time brushing the ashes from a neighbour's pipe out of his ear, the philosopher can contemplate and assimilate the contents of his evening paper at ease.

(In looking over this sentence, the writer can't quite make up his mind whether he has made his philosopher a centipede or a Briareus: anyway as the tram traveller has to be both, let it stand. Besides, the writer wants to display his classical learning, so the sentence in question will have to remain for Briareus to be dragged in here by one of his hands.)

In his accustomed position, then, the philosopher can digest his evening paper. His eagle eye will dim with pity as he scans the headlines where the latest matrimonial scandal holds sway; his heart will dilate with pride as he reads the pithy columns dealing with Australia's great national industry, and chron-

icling "My Bobbie's" great victory over "Foxon" at the ponies this afternoon; his eye will sparkle partisan fire as he plunges into the midst of an empire-shattering discussion as to whether Tom Duncanson was rightly sent off the field thirteen-and-a-half Saturdays ago; now he exults with joy as he learns that his favourite, the "Bun" has beaten the "Whose" by 1.375 minutes in getting the results of the cricket match between the Frog Hollow Juniors and the Hayseed Tigers. True, the evening paper will have some prattle of European polity and International disputes sandwiched inconveniently between the news items, but they can be readily ignored.

But the evening papers are not newspapers. They are to the adult world, daily, what the "Buneaters" coloured comic is to the juvenile world, Sundayly, "a poor thing, but mine own," you think apologetically, "and after all"—hopefully—"a pleasant anaesthetic on the way home."

A person may therefore read an evening paper without mental effort. Not so with the real newspapers—the morning papers. These are divided into two types: the literary or stodgy type and the pictorial or shrewish type. They are called newspapers because they have always been so-called. Possibly the name was given them originally because they disseminated news among the public; at all events, whatever its origin, the name has stuck. And, as stated at the beginning, the best way to read one of these newspapers, is not to read it. To linger with the headlines, to flirt with the ads., to dally a moment with the index, is to extract from the newspaper its fairest promise: but to read it, is to shatter the illusion. Close acquaintanceship destroys the spell which casual acquaintanceship has woven. The young idea of New South Wales should be taught at all costs to eschew the reading of newspapers. It is a vicious habit into which they will readily fall and which they should therefore constantly guard against.

NAITROF.



A SONNET.

A blinding flash, and thunder's deaf'ning roar,
All leap, and echo, hilly crags among;
Roll on until the glen, the scene of war,
Reverberate their message deep. Far flung
Extend their outposts through the silent air.
The storm king brought to tears, but now so
proud,
Sends copious showers, to hide the hillcrests
bare,
In soft, dishevelled tresses of a cloud;

And sunshine, peeping through the falling
drops,
Plays hide and seek; and like a lover, coy,
Brings near her face to touch the glist'ning
tops.
Thus will a mother, to her darling boy,
In tears for harsh word said, impart a kiss,
Which soothing all the past, leaves only
bliss.

W. B. ROWLANDS, 5B.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We desire to thank Mr. Gordon Ramsay, of the Palace Theatre, uncle of Ernest Hayward, for presenting the school with a fine collection of Australian butterflies and insects.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. J. M. Hooke, of Taree, for the gift of four guineas towards the funds of the library, and to Mr. W. E. L. Foster, of Gloucester, for one guinea donated towards the same purpose.

At the recent examinations held by the Alliance Francaise, Robert Schofield, of 5A, gained a certificate in Grade III, for proficiency in Conversation and Recitation, and Edward Cleary, of 4A, for proficiency in reading, conversation and recitation.

The Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, following its usual custom, has donated to the school fifteen scholarships, carrying free membership of the Institute and the right to borrow books. The headmaster has nominated the following boys for these scholarships:—J. E. Burrows, J. Bates, R. T. Britton, J. Brennan, H. Child, A. C. Egan, B. N. Farlow, J. R. Horton, W. S. Godfrey, R. G. Howarth,

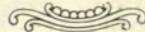
J. H. G. Hancock, R. O. C. King, T. C. C. Redmond, S. W. Starr, R. T. Thompson.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. C. B. Newling, B.A., on his promotion to the head-mastership of the Intermediate High School at Cootamundra. Before his departure, Mr. Newling was the recipient of a number of presents, including a travelling rug, from the staff.

A heart welcome is extended to Mr. Lyons, who takes Mr. Newling's place on the staff of the English Department.

We also desire to extend our very best wishes to Mr. Gordon McKenzie, B.A., B.Ec., who, after being Assistant Master, and then Master of Modern Languages at Fort Street, has been appointed Inspector of Schools in charge of the Inverell District. He paid us several visits before taking up his new duties.

By the Picture Show Evening at the Strand Theatre, our Piano Fund benefited to the extent of £35. Our thanks to Messrs. Morell Brothers for their generous donation of the evening's sale of tickets.



THE GARDEN OF THE MORNING.

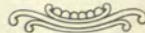
Ere ever distant street and house appear,
And only spires and towers
Wedge the far sky,
Thousands of strange, ethereal flowers
Spring, bloom, and flourish far and near,
Then softly die.

White blooms of foam, and mist, and slow soft
snow,
And some of black or brown,
Seeming but ghosts;
Shades of those blossoms that swept sadly
down,

Fallen from Heav'n to die in world below,
The few of hosts.

And where, oh where may grow these city
blooms?
They rise from weedy bed,
Soaring on high,
Out from the strangled plot of factories sped—
Strange, beauteous, buds that burst from lower
glooms,
And flowering, die.

G. HOWARTH.



VISION OF DAWN.

Mehought I angled in a wondrous pool,
Where, bathed in blue, soft waters, fish of gold
Swam leisurely, and all was calm and cool.

I saw each ripple, shy and sad, unfold;
How strange and far the depths, withal how
blue!
In such a pool Narcissus gazed, of old.

And while I sate, a thought upon me grew—
Was not this pool above, and I below?

And sudden to my eyes the vision flew.

In clear blue depths, with lazy fin and slow
For, far above, there swam great fish of gold,
All radiant with the morning's transient glow.

My dream was done; for who would be so
bold

To angle clouds, in limpid azure skies?
A man may marvel, only to behold.

G. HOWARTH.

ORIGINALITY.

Do you remember the subjects that used to be set for essays, subjects upon which the dusty ages had pronounced their benediction, and before whom poor, simple pedagogues, until but very lately, had knelt in humble subjection? You remember them: "Ambition," "Honour," "Duty" and such like. At the present time some effort at reform is being made, and such imagination-firing subjects as "The Headless Ghost," "A visit to Mathematics Land," and "I wake to find I am a ——" series, have been instituted.

Despite these, despite the inspiring magi-maps, well known among lower years, despite every attempt, nothing original has ever been, or can be done.

Lewis Carroll—the spelling may be original—once wrote a book called "Alice in Wonderland." You may imagine that the Griphon—spelling again may be original—or some such animal, was a purely imaginary thing.

But consider the animal. Has it horns? Horns are not original. Has it a sinuous body? Such bodies are not original. The animal is merely a construction of dissected parts of different animals.

Imagine, if you can, some queer, unearthly "battuition"—the name is almost original, and means something that is neither on land nor sea, that can neither be seen, felt or heard—imagine this if you can—a new heavenly thing. If you are capable of imagining it, and if you will inspect your construction, you will find that it is not original, that it is part of, or inspired by, something you have seen. What is your opinion of this poem taken from a collection in "The American Bookman,"

"GRETINIC GUMBO,"

a : crimbflitteringish is arefloatis ingfallal!
mil, shy, milbrightlions
my (hurl flicker, sundial
in) dodging are shybrigHteyes is crum bo
(all) if, ey Es."

October, 1922.

Is this original? You know some of those words and the letters you constantly form. This is merely a construction of things in everyday life—it is a novelty but never an originality.

If you will look through this issue of the "Fortian" you will be sure to see the same old supposed witticisms on such things as the tuck shops, the front fence; on such people as the staff—particularly the fifth year masters, and one first year master—; you are sure to see some would-be funny remarks by prefects as regards their duties: Yes, these old themes appear in every issue like old plates new-washed for every meal.

Now, had I the management of the "Fortian," you would find a great display of originality—if I couldn't get something original or (dear-me) near it, you should have no "Fortian!" Just peruse this little verse which appeared in the last issue of the "Fortian":—

"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."

Even this, Shakespearcan as it is has its original—or prototype—in the issue of May, 1922: it is written by a totally different author:

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

Note the similarity of the two verses; both write of flowers floating on water; note the number of like words; petal, ivory, smile, moon, pearl, and so forth.

The former of the two above verses is merely a plagiarism; you may compare the remainder of the poems yourselves.

One could understand a person using another's metre, but to use his very words and thoughts! Originality, where art thou? as they sing . . . or is it Alice?

If you desire to supersede your fellows, always try to be original; consider what the other fellow is most likely to write about; this done, write something totally different yourself.

(N.B.: If you need some idea of what I mean, look through my work in the back numbers of the "Fortian." Don't look for the originals of my articles!)

Even though there is nothing absolutely original in all the world of mind, you may come very close to being original if you try, and originality is the basis of all writing.

I don't think I can put any of my verses in here under any pretext whatever, nor can I introduce any of my essays, so I will close. Rather an original conclusion!

R. T. KENNEDY.

This is rather a good opportunity to append a piece of G. K. Chesterton:

"The nonsense—was satiric; that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of exuberant, capering round a discovered truth."

Rather a good—and original—application, don't you think? Perhaps you do.

R.T.K.



*Swimming—
the Summer sport*

For swimming, as in all other sports, a correct costume is essential. The correctness of swimming wear is dependent mainly on comfort and freedom of movement—and, in a lesser degree, upon appearance. At Farmer's, everything for beach and surf wear is featured.

*Surf Costumes
in the new fabric*

Surfers and swimmers will appreciate the new costumes displayed by Farmer's. Made of a specially woven fabric, which looks and feels like cashmere; perfect in shape, of fine texture, and unshrinkable, they combine the lightness of cotton with the warmth of wool.

One-piece Surf Costumes made for long service.

Plain Black Surf Costumes, in one-piece style, of specially woven fabric. Chest measurement—34-38 ins. Price, **8/6**. 40 ins., **9/6**. 42 ins., **10/6**

One-piece Surf Costumes, with skirt attached; in black, with or without coloured edges. Chest measurements—34-40in. Price, **13/6**. 42/45in., **16/6**

American Wool Cashmere Costumes, skirt attached; obtainable in plain colours, heather mixtures, or striped designs.

F A R M E R ' S

Carriage Paid.

Box 497, G.P.O., Sydney.



"THE HORSEMAN."

I dwell alone amid my memories,
 Beloved, and press warm kiss on kiss denied,
 Upon your lissome figure as you glide
 Across the fields of fancy . . . feigned ease!
 The grim, grey spectre, at whose sight there
 flees
 The love I had, is fain in pomp to ride
 Upon his stamping stallion, fiery-eyed,
 And tread you shrieking to submissive knees!

And I, desiring peace, have made a lair
 Of memories, to live in rich retreat
 From that grey horseman . . . Here I live
 aloof.
 The pink of mellow even' lights your hair,
 While thoughts age-old, give consolation
 sweet . . .
 But, God! . . . I hear a dull, re-echoed hoof!
 R. T. KENNEDY, 5C.

"HIGH WORSHIP."

The Buddhist bends in great and reverent awe
 Before his brazen image, while around,
 The altar smoke ascends, and, silken-
 gowned,
 The priests on slippared feet from sight with-
 draw.
 And in the mellow light, methought I saw
 A Christian bowing down before a heap
 Of golden gauds, while round in masses
 deep,
 Applauding puppets crowned with wisps of
 straw!

"Hail, hail!" I heard the puppets cry in glee,
 "What's God but Golden Life . . . and lo, we
 hold
 A million gods! For we are worldly-wise!"
 And, turning to wheedled throng, then he
 Who held high service, while his gods he
 told,
 Intoned assent . . . and winked his solemn
 eyes!

R. T. KENNEDY, 5C.

OLD BOYS' UNION ANNUAL DANCE.

The annual ball held in conjunction with
 the Old Girls' Union took place on Thursday,
 15th August, at the Paddington Town Hall.
 This function was a brilliant success, the
 attendance being much greater than has been
 the case in previous years. Dancing was held
 from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The hall was beauti-
 fully decorated in maroon and white streamers.

Among those present were Miss Partridge,
 ex-Headmistress of the Girls' School; Miss M.
 Golding, President Old Girls' Union; Mrs.
 Golding, Miss I. Lang, Hon Secretary of the
 Old Girls' Union; Messrs. H. V. Evatt, Presi-
 dent Old Boys' Union; Dr. H. Porter, Dr. W.
 A. Bye, E. T. Stitt and L. Claude Warley, C.
 Spencer, A. Twigg, H. Winkworth, J. Fearnley.

OLD BOYS' UNION ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the
 Education Buildings on Monday, 23rd July,
 1923. The President, Mr. H. V. Evatt, occu-
 pied the chair. The attendance was, on the
 whole, the most satisfactory to date, about
 100 members being present.
 The President found it his unpleasant duty,
 whilst moving the adoption of the annual re-
 port, to complain of the lack of interest and
 the apathy existing towards the Union.
 A motion of Mr. Mackaness, "That the num-
 ber of members of the committee be un-
 limited," caused much discussion. This mo-
 tion was eventually carried, and members
 from each year were elected to the committee.
 In this way it is hoped that more interest will
 be aroused in the Union's affairs.
 It was also decided that notice of the com-
 mittee meetings should be advertised in the
 daily papers.
 The election of office-bearers resulted as
 follows:—Patron, A. J. Kilgour, B.A., L.L.B.;

president, H. V. Evatt, M.A., L.L.B.; vice-
 presidents, Messrs. H. V. Apperley, Dr. A. J.
 Collins, E. H. Booth, Q. L. Deloitte, Sir Joseph
 Carruthers, Dr. W. Freeton, F. A. Coghlan, A.
 J. Hare, W. R. Waddington, R. L. Head, G.
 Mackaness, Professor Hunter, W. A. Selle,
 Professor Wellisch and Major Olding; hon.
 secretary, L. Claude Warley; assistant hon.
 secretary, W. J. Waddington, C. F. Assheton;
 hon. treasurer, E. T. Stitt; hon. auditors, E.
 Jacobs, H. W. G. Spencer; general committee,
 C. McClelland, H. Black, H. Wright, R. Wad-
 dington, L. Langsworth, E. Larkin, N. Breden,
 H. Snelling, H. Parkes, H. Kirby, J. McDowell,
 H. Matthews, W. Densley, M. King, F. Myers,
 R. Bateman, R. Brukarz, F. Bristowe, E.
 Sharpe, H. Spencer, G. McIntyre, A. Boyle,
 W. Grimes, J. S. Warland, W. Dixon, Dr.
 Burnett, W. York, Dr. McLean, Dr. Saunders,
 Dr. Gilchrist, V. Hall, Dr. Porter, Dr. Newtown,
 A. Magee, C. A. McIntosh.



4C Players.

OLD FORTIAN'S DINNER.

The Old Boys' Union held their annual dinner at Sargents', Market Street, on September 20, when a large number of old boys were present. Mr. H. V. Evatt presiding.

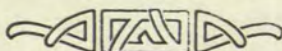
The guest of the evening was his Honor Mr. Justice James, who, in proposing the toast of the School and Staff, said he regretted that a great number of people thought that Secondary Education was overdone in this State. As a former Minister for Education he was of the opinion that education could not be overdone, that by educating the masses to a greater degree than was formerly the case, they were enlightened to such an extent as to be able to see reason and so quell the desire for revolutionary acts. As Minister for Education he had endeavoured to unite the interests of the Public High Schools and the Great Public Schools especially on the sporting fields.

He believed that the first friendships were the best friendships, and the friends made whilst at school became lifelong friends. It

was with this state of affairs in mind that he wished to bring together not only the boys of the various Public High Schools, but wished to bring them in contact also with the boys of the Great Public Schools. He held very fond memories of his school days, and reminded those present of the great men turned out by Fort Street. No other school could come near Fort Street in accomplishments.

The toast was supported by Mr. Murphy, a former master of the school. The Headmaster, Mr. A. J. Kilgour, in responding to the toast, mentioned that in all the big positions of life Fort Street boys were to the fore. He instanced the recent scientific expedition to Goondiwindi when no less than four of the eight scientists were old boys of the school.

A musical programme was contributed to by Messrs. J. Snelling, A. Boyle, Shaw and Langsworth. Others present were Messrs. G. Mackaness, P. C. Spender, C. A. McIntosh, Waddington, W. A. Clark.



THE ROAD THAT HAS NO END.

Hast ever trampled along the road
That has no end?
The far, brown, winding road—your one,
Fast friend.
A tattered, weather-beaten swag,
A silent mate
To send
His dumb, warm comfort to the heart?
A fount whence dreams ascend?

There's wondrous freedom on the road
That has no end;
A man's heart glows, his spirit leaps
To blend
Its joy of life with fierce wind's gust
Upon his face;
To lend
Its cry to Nature's tumult full,
And shrill as twilight shades descend.

The flowers bloom along the road
That has no end;
Cool breezes blow, the gum trees sway
And bend;
The wild doves woo, and softly coo
Their soothing notes,
And mend
Heart's throbbing pain to sweet content,
And peace lights on the mind's sad trend.

There's pain and toil along the road
That has no end;
A sinking heart, and weary feet
That spend

Their strength and lag and crave respite,
And dim tired eyes
That tend
To close their heavy lids upon
The stinging dusts that upward wend.

There's sweet, still hours upon the road
That has no end.
'Neath twinkling stars when night's deep
shades
O'erpend;
A man's eyes shine with gathered tears,
And mem'ries come
To rend
His straining heart-strings, while above
The paling lights his mood commend.

I love the road, the swagman's road
That has no end;
I love its joys, that toils and pains
Transcend;
It is my dreams, the life that fills
My heart;
And when death comes, and calls, and would
My peacefulness
Amend,
I pray that God may let my soul
Depart,
With my tattered swag beside me
'Mid the friends that never chide me,
And my face towards the distant
Clouded hill,
Where leads the far, brown, winding road
That has no end.

J. BURROWS, 4C.

PLAY DAY.

Fort Street held its third annual Play Day on Friday, August 24th, in the grounds of the school. Fortunately after nearly a week's continuous rain we were blessed by the finest of days, which permitted the large gathering to enjoy the sunshine of spring while listening from half-past nine in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon to the well organised and produced plays of over 200 of our boys. The list of plays or scenes produced was as follows:—King Lear, 5B players; The Arrest of Pickwick, 5A players; The Pot of Broth, 5A and B players; The Knave of Hearts, 4C players; Captivi (Plautus), 4C players; Spreading the News, 4B players; Le Medecin Malgre Lui (Moliere), 4B players; Dr. Faustus (Marlowe), 4A players; Twelfth Night, 3rd year players; Great Expectations,

3rd year players; Tom Sawyer, 2D players; Capture of the Outlaws (written by Everett), 2C players; King Henry V., 2B players; Nicholas Nickleby, 2A players; Oliver Twist, 1D players; Treasure Island, 1C players; The Kenwigs' Wedding Party, 1B players; The Death of Balder, 1A players.

It is not our intention to single out individual classes or players for particular commendation. All did excellently. As an educational experiment the day was an unequalled success. As an example of the skill of Fort Street play boys, it would be hard to beat in any school in Australia. It is to be hoped that Play Day will now take its place among the great annual functions of the school.



CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1924

We have much pleasure in announcing that Howarth has been chosen as Captain of the school for the Swimming year, and Armstrong, Bates, Burrows, Britton, Dingle, Farlow, Godfrey, McKevitt, Macintosh, Redmond, and Wright as Prefects. Burrows has also been elected as Senior Prefect.

EXCHANGES.

We desire to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:—"The Mirror" (Orange High School), "The Magpie" (Maitland Boys' High School), "The Gleam" (Wollongong High School), "The Novocastrian" (Newcastle High School), Fort Street Girls' High School Magazine, Technical High School Journal.



Lewis and Dash in "Pickwick."



FIRST GRADE FOOTBALL.

The First Grade Team of 1923 were in every way worthy representatives of our great school. Both in the quality of play and their sporting attitude they worthily upheld the Rugby traditions established through many years. Their relationships with other teams and among themselves were characterised by harmony and good fellowship, and the results of games played are evidence of a high standard of football. During the season the team played eight competition matches, winning six, and suffering defeat on two occasions by narrow margins at the hands of North Sydney—the present holders of the Macmanamey Shield. At the end of the season we were two points behind the winners, and it is regrettable that on the two occasions when these teams met, we were unable to field our strongest side. However, this is the luck of the game, and the pleasure of our contests with North Sydney amply repaid us for a temporary loss of prestige. The prospects at the beginning of the season scarcely warranted the optimism with which we faced the games. One player only remained from last year's First Grade—Lipmann—and the Second, Third and Fourth Grades had to fill the gaps left by such splendid players as Waddington, Crowe, Spencer, Gildea, and others equally good. It was characteristic of the boys that they rose splendidly to the occasion. Lipmann led his team manfully, playing with skill and determination in various important positions, and was voted one of the best captains that the school has produced.

Turnbull (vice-captain) proved to be the most distinguished back. It was conceded on all sides that his play at five-eighths probably ranked higher than that of any other five-eight who has donned the maroon jersey, and he was well ahead of any opposing five-eight in the competition. His absence against Norths in the last great game was keenly felt. Forward play has always been a strong feature of our teams, and the standard reached by Rosenblum, M. Buckley, MacKinnon, Allan (hook), Thompson (also tennis rep), Tom Moane and Jacobs was very high indeed.

Scutt, the hero from Warialda, was the dazzler of the forwards, possessing the uncanny ability of being always on the ball. It says

much for his grit that he played through a great part of one game with a broken collar-bone.

The backs, on the whole, were not a strong combination, though individually they played good football. Spencer, the latest rep. of a great football family, gave promise of the great player he will be next year. Cant, promoted from Third Grade, will yet make his home town famous in our annals; while Bill Payne, Holt and Sillar were safe and consistent. Hagley and Piper played well in their games with the team, but to Britton (after Turnbull) must be given the award of merit. Britton's full back play was splendid—on many occasions it was wonderful, and it is to be hoped that before next season he will gain the weight which he so much needed in the hard games of this year.

And so a most enjoyable season becomes a memory.

Many of the players are leaving to join the great company, and they carry with them the remembrances of an admiring school. Not quickly will we forget Lipmann's gentleness, or Mackinnon's anxiety to be ever first, or Scutt's brilliancy and Turnbull's dash, or Sloan's great effort against Norths. These will be spoken of while the memory holds, and the team will be voted worthy representatives of a great institution.

II. GRADE FOOTBALL.

The Second Grade team again proved victorious, and for the fourth year in succession secured the premiership. On this occasion interest in this grade was increased by the fact that the number of competing teams was much greater than in former years, eight teams being entered.

Throughout the season there was an excellent spirit in the team, and training was taken very seriously by all members, and when it is remembered that seventeen matches were played, of which they proved victorious in sixteen, and only received defeat in one by six points to five, it will be seen that it was a most strenuous season.

As a forward team they would be hard to beat, and the three-quarters played their part equally well, although they suffered considerably from depletions for First Grade. There is much material which should prove invaluable to First Grade of next season. Freddy Newnham, as skipper, kept a good hold on his team, and did excellent work for his school. The attached list is a result of the season's competition matches. A report on individual players was published in last edition of "The Fortian":—

SECOND GRADE.

Fort Street, Premiers 1923.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Compt. Pts.	Points For.	Against.
15	14	1	28	282	50
Played—					
Cleveland St. I.H.S.	Won	38-3	
			Won	28-0	
Sydney H.S.	Won	16-3	
			Won	11-5	
North Sydney H.S.	Won	30-3	
			Won	25-14	
Parramatta H.S.	Won (2 forfeits)		
Parramatta Inter. H.S.	Won	23-0	
			Won	41-0	
Parramatta Inter. H.S.	Won	28-0	
			Won	14-0	
Hurlstone Agr. H.S.	Won	19-5	
			Lost	5-6	
			Final—	Won	6-3

THIRD GRADE.

The Team.—Duckworth (captain), Shortridge (vice-captain), Wolfe, Backhouse, Burns, Cobb, Edwards, Furner, Gilbert, Hayward, Hancock, High, Jackson, Levings, Murphy, Owen, Pearson, Reid, Wilson, Wyndham.

Matches.—First Round: Canterbury, won 42-0; Parramatta, won 44-0; North Sydney drew 8-8; Sydney, won 35-5. Second Round: Canterbury, won 22-0; Parramatta, won 19-3; North Sydney, drew 8-8; Sydney, won 12-0. Final: North Sydney, won 3-0. Total, 193-24.

In the last issue of "The Fortian" we expressed the hope that our Third Grade team would be the Premiers for 1923. They are.

After having played two draws with score 8 all on each occasion, Norths and ourselves took the field at the Agricultural Ground for the final. It was a really great exhibition of school football that we were given. Each member of the two teams did his best to uphold the honour of his school, and the issue was in doubt to the very end. On the conclusion of the game the referee, Mr. Fairland, called the boys together, and congratulated them on their display of really good, clean sport. He spoke in most eulogistic terms of our captain, Duckworth, who performed wonders that day. For three years this player has been recognised as one of the most brilliant and fearless footballers in the school, but in this critical game he certainly surpassed himself.

The Thirds won the competition because every boy played determined to win, and knew that to achieve success he must always consider his team and never himself. The forwards were magnificent always, the backs sometimes. The combination was very good. Sometimes it would be a sturdy well-built senior who would lead the charge; at another time one of our most brilliant intermediates, or, again, a good redhead would light the way. Someone was always there. The game was always strenuous as it should be. There never was any shirking, and while we can produce players like these in Third Grade, Fort Street need never be afraid to meet any school in Australia on any sporting field.

We wish every member of this fine team every success for the future.

FOURTH GRADE FOOTBALL.

Although the 4th grade team did not succeed in winning its competition, the members of it worthily upheld the honour and reputation of the school, both on and off the sporting field.

The team was defeated by only two teams in the competition, Canterbury Intermediate High School and North Sydney High. The wonderful improvement exhibited during the season is indicated by the fact that, although comfortably defeated by both teams in the first round, Fort Street only suffered defeat from Canterbury in the second round by the narrow margin of 5 points to 3, after a stirring and very even game, and also by the fact that North Sydney, in the second round, was defeated by 12 points to nil.

All members of the team were enthusiastic in training, and keen on the field of play.

McLAREN, the full back, was perhaps the star performer. A knee, badly injured early in the season, prevented him from playing in several matches.

BROWNLEE, the captain, was a tower of strength, and ably filled many positions in the field. It was unfortunate that he was not able to remain in his natural position in the forwards throughout the season.

MOORE showed great promise. He is very light, too light, in fact, for a 4th grade team, but should develop into a fine half-back. He is a heady and plucky player.

KEMMIS made too little use of his weight and speed.

DAY and JARVIS improved as the season advanced.

WARDLEY played consistently well.

STEVENSON has speed, and with advice and training should make a good winger.

The forwards were a uniformly good lot, and were perhaps the best set playing in the competition.

REDMOND has the makings of a first-class player in the forwards. He was always on the

ball and was the leader in many fine dribbling rushes. His absence during the last few matches was felt by the team.

DELOFSKI, NEAL and SHORTRIDGE are all developing in weight and as players, and will prove useful members of higher grade teams later on.

PAYNE'S ability was not discovered till late in the season, but he should be heard of next season.

MUDIE, DASH and HUDSON were all useful, hard working members of a very fine set of forwards.

FIFTH GRADE.

The fifth grade team had a successful season, beating every team but Canterbury. With Hurlstone they played one draw, so finished in the second place, on the same mark as North Sydney.

Our forwards seemed to improve more than the backs. Henderson was easily the best forward on the side, and should develop into a first grade player. He was always on the ball. Stark, as scrum half, was "nippy" and clean in his handling of the ball, and also shows promise. Dickie Hazleton, the captain of the team, was consistently good. He is the pluckiest tackler in the team and saved many a score against us.

The three-quarter line was not as successful as we anticipated. They did not develop enough pace to beat the opposing backs frequently, and the kicking and handling were not consistent. Still Croft, Beaumont, Hughes and Brown are all potential first graders, and next season should see a big improvement. Our full back, Partridge, saved many scores, but has hardly push enough for the position. There is no gamer lad in the competition.

In one respect our team stood out—from first to last there was no grumbling, and every member was prepared to efface himself for the good of the side.

The games were all played in true Fortian spirit, and the conduct on and off the field was above reproach. It was a pleasure to be associated with such a team, and we will be watching their progress with keen interest.

TENNIS.

Tennis was taken up enthusiastically this season by both grade and class players, and a most pleasant and successful season has been the result.

The First Grade "A" team, consisting of H. Hopman (captain), K. Rabe, R. Walker, and T. Longshaw, was successful in winning the First Grade competition, and Hopman, who stands out as a singles player, carried off the High Schools' Singles Championship of the State. The combination and play of this "A"

team has greatly improved, and it is a matter of great regret that most of these lads are to leave us next year.

The First Grade "B" team, the members of which were A Bagnall (captain), J. Day, J. Weeden, and A. Rose, was not very successful in the competition, but this was only to be expected when it is realized that no other High School but Fort Street played more than one team in the First Grade.

In the Second Grade two teams were entered in the High Schools' competition, and the "A" team was successful in winning second place, being defeated by Mosman Intermediate High School by 5 sets to 3, although the games stood in Fort Street's favour by 35 to 34. N. Rishworth, the captain of this team, was ill for the final match, and although L. Lochrin, his substitute, played well, the resulting loss in combination lost the match. G. Hodge, R. Thompson and B. Clarke, the other members of the team, have trained assiduously, and are to be congratulated on very much improved play.

The second "B" team—J. Horton (captain), A. Levitus, H. Reid, and E. Sheldon—was runner-up in its division, but did not win a place in the final round.

Greater facilities for class tennis have existed this year, and the result has been very much improved play on the part of the younger boys. It is proposed to select a number of promising lads from these younger players, and with those of the grade teams who are to remain with us next year, continue to practise through the summer months, and thus be ready for the grade work of next year.

ATHLETICS.

The school has taken a greater interest in athletics this year than for some time past, and this is reflected in the higher standard achieved at our annual sports meeting and at the Combined High Schools gathering.

At our own sports, held on Petersham Oval on 29th August, four senior records were broken. Hagley won the 220 yds. in 24 4-5 secs., Jacobs the 440 yds. in 58 3-5, while Brock increased the broad jump record by an inch, covering 19ft. 5½ in., and W. Payne and Ebert tied at 5ft. 3in. in the high jump. This improvement, especially in the jumping events, is very satisfactory, and our future champions should get into training immediately; every lad has ample opportunity for practising the jumping events, and past records prove that the school with a good team of jumpers has a big advantage over its opponents.

In the junior division Armstrong succeeded in equalling the 100 yds. record of 11 secs., in creating a new 220 yds. record of 24 4-5 secs., and in adding 8 inches to the broad jump record which now stands at 17ft. 6½ in.

Although this record-breaking must be regarded as very satisfactory work for 1923, it is



W. Payne.

essential that more boys take an active interest in this phase of the school's activities. Hidden among the shy members of the school there must be some splendid material, and as we have now obtained the nucleus of an athletic outfit, it is to be hoped that our stars will shine forth. The school congratulates W. Payne, T. Armstrong, and W. Taylor, the winners of the Senior, Junior, and Junior Cadet trophies, and those boys who created new records.

Our representatives gave a very creditable exhibition when brought into contact with the champions of the Combined High Schools.

Our juniors succeeded in winning the Junior Shield from East Maitland; our future juniors must see that Fort Street retains what our present team so capably won.

In carrying off this trophy, the school gained points in each event with the exception of the 100 yds. and broad jump, gaining third place in the 220 yds. (Armstrong), third in 440 yds. (Chin), first in flag relay (Armstrong, Chin, Martin, Richardson), second in hurdles (Chin), first in high jump (Armstrong), and a tie for second place in pole vault (Baxter). Our relay team put up one of the best displays of the meeting, proving much too good for their opponents. Baxter has the makings of a fine vaulter; during the period between our own sports and the C.H.S. meeting he improved his height by 15in.

Our seniors put up a splendid fight, and are deserving of the greatest credit for their fine performance. As the meeting progressed it was seen that Maitland, Newcastle, North Sydney, and Fort Street would be very close at the finish. The final, the circular relay, saw East Maitland withdraw with 13½ points, leaving Newcastle 13, North Sydney 12, and Fort Street 14 as possible winners. After the most exciting race of the meeting, Newcastle and Norths tied for first, while Fort Street was close up third. This gave the final points as: Newcastle 15½, Fort Street 15, North Sydney 14½.

Our congratulations to Newcastle on their great team of sportsmen; to lose to them was almost as good as carrying off the prize.

We succeeded in gaining points in the 100 yds. (Hagley first), 220 yds. (Hagley third), 440 yds. (Wiechmann third), 880 yards (Jacobs third), flag relay (Hagley, Payne, Britton, Wiechmann third), hurdles (Brock first), high jump (Ebert 1st), medley relay (Hagley, Piper, Britton, Payne second).

Our mile representative, Redmond, put up a good performance, coming fifth in a good field; Nicholas, our vaulter, had the misfortune to break his arm during the eliminating jumps.

In the Junior Cadet division, Schrader succeeded in gaining third place in the high jump. The rest of the team, though unsuccessful, managed to work their way into the finals, and thus gained some valuable experience.

In conclusion, the thanks of the school are due to Mr. Corrish, of the Botany Harriers, for his keen interest in our team; his "hints on training" have proved invaluable.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEETING.

The results were as follow:—

Senior Broad Jump: 1, B. Brock; 2, W. Payne; 3, J. Hagley. Distance, 19ft. 5½in. (record).

First Year Handicap: 1, A. Whaling; 2, W. Roach; 3, A. Henry.

Second Year Handicap: 1, B. Brown; 2, A. Hughes; 3, H. Punter.

Third Year Handicap: 1, F. Bowen; 2, T. Sheehan; 3, E. Day.

Fourth Year Handicap: 1, K. Page; 2, J. Archer; 3, A. Roper.

Fifth Year Handicap: 1, E. Murphy; 2, D. McKellar; 3, B. Dash.

880 yds. Championship: 1, L. Jacobs; 2, B. Piper; 3, A. Wiechmann.

100 yds. Junior Championship: 1, T. Armstrong; 2, H. Chin; 3, G. Martin. Time, 11 secs. (equals record).

13 Years Championship: 1, C. Sorensen; 2, H. Dyson; 3, H. Smith.

14 Years Championship: 1, B. Campbell; 2, A. Whaling; 3, W. Roach.

Junior High Jump: 1, T. Armstrong; 2, H. Chin; 3, G. Heery.

Under 14 Years Championship: 1, W. Taylor; 2, R. Hawkins; 3, H. Smith.

15 Years Championship: 1, H. Chin; 2, E. Hayward; 3, W. Burns.

16 Years Championship: 1, J. Beaumont; 2, K. Page; 3, T. Somerville.

Junior Broad Jump: 1, T. Armstrong; 2, G. Martin; 3, E. Hayward. Distance 17 ft. 6½ ins. (Record.)

100 yds. Senior Championship: 1, J. Hagley; 2, W. Payne; 3, A. Wiechmann.

Obstacle Race: 1, A. Hughes; 2, J. Pearson; 3, G. Ellis.

Junior Cadet Relay: 1, 1C; 2, 2B; 3, 2D.
Senior High Jump: 1, W. Payne; 2, C. Ebert; 3, L. Jacobs. Height 5 ft. 3in. (Record.)

Old Boys' Handicap: 1, A. Robinson; 2, N. Breden; 3, E. Jacobs.

Junior Cadet High Jump: 1, G. Schrader; 2, R. Hawkins; 3, A. Gilson.

220 yds. Senior Championship: 1, J. Hagley; 2, W. Payne; 3, B. Brock. Time 24 4-5. (Record.)

220 yds. Junior Championship: 1, T. Armstrong; 2, G. Martin; 3, E. Hayward. Time 24 4-5. (Record.)

220 yds. Junior Cadets: 1, W. Taylor; 2, W. Eather; 3, A. Gilson.

Half-mile Walk: 1, C. Ferrier; 2, J. Pearson; 3, T. Sheehan.

440 yds. Junior Championship: 1. T. Armstrong; 2, H. Chin; 3, E. Osborn.

Junior Relay: 1, 3D; 2, 3D2; 3, 2B.

440 yds. Senior Championship: 1, L. Jacobs; 2, A. Wiechmann; 3, B. Piper. Time 58 3-5. (Record.)

Junior Pole Vault: 1, J. Baxter; 2, G. Heery; 3, T. Sheehan.

Senior Pole Vault: 1, W. Payne; 2, H. Lippmann; 3, B. Brock.

Mile: 1, T. Redmond; 2, N. Payne; 3, L. Jacobs.

Tug-o'-War: 1, 1C; 2, 2D.

FRENCH ESSAY.

We wish to congratulate Fisher, Schofield, and Fitz Roy on their success in the competition organised by the French Consulate-General

in Sydney for the best essays written in French on the part that France and Australia played in the Great War.

HOSPITAL FUND.

We are very pleased to state that we have raised above £40 in aid of the Hospital Fund, and that we have forwarded a cheque for £30 to the Renwick Children's Hospital for the maintenance of a cot bearing the name of the

school for the ensuing year. We intend to do this every year.

The rest of the money will be donated to the new Women's and Children's Hospital, Lansdowne-street, Surry Hills.



Hagley winning the 100 yds. Championship of Combined High Schools.

THE WAR MEMORIAL FETE.

On Thursday, August 16th, the Headmaster and Staff entertained at afternoon tea the members of the Ladies' Committee which was so largely responsible for the success of the War Memorial Fete. The final report and

balance sheet (published in this issue) were adopted. It was noted with great pleasure that the total profit from the Fete was £641 15s. 8d., and that the War Memorial Fund had now reached £950.



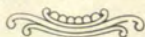
FORT STREET BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL FETE.

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure to 14/8/1923.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Advance from School Fund ..	10	0	0	By Refund School Fund ..	10	0	0
„ Sweets Stall ..	167	5	4½	„ Stamps, etc.	7	11	4
„ Refreshment Stall ..	150	2	5	„ Printing ..	2	5	0
„ Fancy Stall ..	104	15	11	„ Advertising ..	9	10	6
„ Flower Stall ..	80	7	9½	„ Timber and Cartage ..	3	14	7½
„ Grocery Stall ..	53	17	3½	„ Hire of Crockery ..	1	1	8
„ Jumble Stall ..	47	16	9	„ Telephone ..	0	16	8
„ Fort Street Girls' Stall ..	19	3	11	„ Tobacco Licence ..	0	5	0
„ Gate ..	76	1	0	„ Lilywhite Sweets ..	46	19	5
„ Subscriptions ..	56	5	0	„ Nestle ..	7	5	9
				„ Salkeld and Wallace ..	11	7	3
				„ Foster Clark ..	1	1	6
				„ Night Watchman ..	3	12	0
				„ Band ..	3	0	0
				„ Lighting Grounds and Buildings	19	12	6
				„ H. A. Rose & Co. ..	0	14	7
				„ Bad Coins ..	0	2	0
					£128	19	9½
				„ Balance ..	641	15	8
Total ..	£770	15	5½	Total ..	£770	15	5½

Audited and found correct. 14/8/23.

FRED POTTER.
ALAN W. STANLEY.

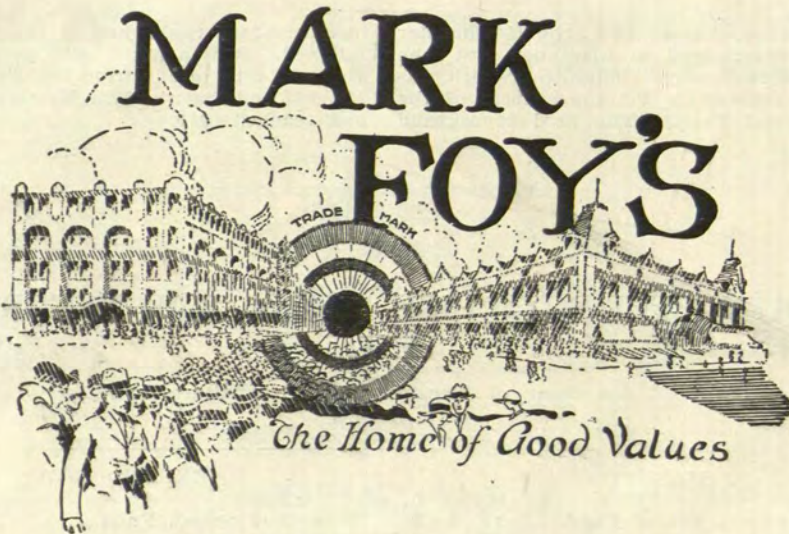


COMMUNITY SINGING.

We are pleased to record the very considerable improvement that has taken place recently in our weekly community singing. This is due to the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of Mr. Mote and the cordial co-operation of the pupils, who willingly give up part of their daily recess to learning and practising the various songs. We look forward confidently to this branch of school work becoming an

important factor in intensifying the social spirit.

Mr. Mackaness will be absent from his post during the next few months, as he has been called upon to lecture in English at the Teachers' College owing to the regular lecturer having been laid aside through illness. We know that he will do this work effectively, as he does everything he takes in hand.



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ANYTHING.

"Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night," I made an excursion into the fifth-year rooms, but before I commence, perhaps it would be advisable for me to explain the word "I." Well, I am a ghost—I come, not from 4C's seance, but from the mausoleum which, according to the renowned fifth-yearologist, did definitely exist in 1923 in room 4. My intention was to revisit my ancient haunts and ponder over my fellow "mausoleumites." As I entered the door, the copy of Mona Lisa at once appeared. But my appreciation of the painting was cut short by a sudden jump behind me. The ghost of H— T— had just awakened, and was asking J— H— for the loan of 6d.; the latter, however, was too busy reading. Being naturally a stickybeak, I peeped over H's shoulder, and found he was examining a Latin Prose very diligently, probably to make sure the O wasn't -O. I also noticed that he had some remarks on the bottom of his prose, and as this was something new to me, I decided to read them. The number of adjectives was astounding, so please forgive me for only remembering a few, such as "genius," "beautiful English;" "elaborate lettering," etc. This was too much for me, so I moved on like K.C.—'s butterpot used to. The next desk did not claim my liking, as I was rudely shaken by an electric shock, but then I remembered it was J.B.'s desk, and I ought to have known better than to step on it without proper means of insulation.

I actually jumped into the next one, and found myself surrounded by a multitude of apple cores. Nearby was a book entitled "Green-Apple Harvest" by C.R.A. Then I knew whose desk it was.

In leaving C.R.A.'s abode, I was forced to make a wide detour, owing to the condition of the next desk; it was covered in scratches and the chair was horribly loose. I tried to find out the reason of this, and was almost giving up in despair, when I remembered a certain M.R. used to sit there. Q.E.D.

I next struck an abode full of "F.A.N.'s" and "4C Debating Society's" and "Mentor Editor," etc. and as I am not a "litterateur"—excuse the barbarism—I passed on.

Nothing very interesting presented itself until a well autographed desk was arrived at. It was full of D.B.S.'s. and tram tickets—

by the way, I noticed the tram tickets were always in pairs.

It's neighbour had a great call on me, with the result that I entered therein; I was perfectly at home here, as amongst the remains of a chalk box and ink bottle, a "Calculus" and a "Practical Physics" were lying. I was enjoying myself thoroughly, when an essay on Frederick III. interrupted me. It was not an inhabitant of the desk, but wore a savage look, and so I "moved on," only to be knocked over by an escape of "compressed air" as the "Sun" would say. On picking myself up, I noticed the initials C.G.—that was enough—I knew what stores were in that desk, and so I passed on through a succession of pamphlets boosting up a certain "Tumut," until I came to the end of the row. Here was something interesting. Plenty of morsels of food, football sundries, and a book with the title, "Best Scotch Jokes"—on seeing that, I made my departure.

The next place of interest was at the end of the next row, but when I found it, it was full of chemical equations and modern curiosities. I felt it, and was just going to open a desk when I noticed R— K— with his head in a cloud, so I passed on, only to find F. H— and A. E. C— idly jesting in a "fool's paradise." The frivolity of this pair left a nasty taste in my mouth, and I left the room in disgust. I passed the abodes of Scylla and Charybdis, and entered the next room; I peeped over a shoulder and recognised H. V. D— busily engaged drawing up a time-table of "meets." Monday—Miss —? That was enough, I left him, but turning round, I noticed two vague forms wilding holding forth, and each waving a deep red rag. This astounded me, and I made my departure. But misfortune befel me, for as I was hastening past the door I tripped over a "Great Englishman." However, I pulled myself together, and walking along the corridor I heard many strikingly original dicta issuing from a certain room. Those I remember best are "Now then, son, a little more courtesy there son!" and "Now then you old hen"; "Work is done, energy has to be supplied; the energy supplied is heat energy, and must be supplied from the surrounding objects," "there's physics in everything," but as I noticed it was 4 o'clock, I made a dash for the renowned 10 past 4.

S.H.L.



We have received a letter from Mr. Miyata, who is now a Professor of English at the Rikugun Keiri Gakko, the college for military officers at Tokyo. As it was written before

the earthquake happened, we trust that he is one of the lucky ones who have escaped from that terrible catastrophe without any serious injury.



WORKER'S CHANT.

Work till your troubles fall
Beneath your hand;
Work till success is reached—
Your promised land.

Work for the sake of work,
And rise to fame.
Work till you've gained a place
And won a name.

Work till the battle's won,
Nor own defeat;

Work till you have a home
Welcome and sweet.

Work till the household gods
Envy your cheer;
Work till you've won each thing
That you hold dear.

Work till your star of hope
Grows brighter still.
Work till you reach the goal—
Work with a will.

D. PATTERSON, 5C.

THE IDEAL.

I saw a glorious sunset, where the gold,
The sinking sun had scattered o'er the sky
Surrounded soft blue seas in hillsides high—
Earth's beauties there appeared in finer mould.

With fevered hand I tried to paint the scene,
But sadly failed. How would I represent
Those varied tints of gold the sun had lent
To grace the sky so blue and so serene?

But though I could not limn this beauteous
thing

I felt uplifted in the effort made,
Nor did my failure cause the scene to fade—
That sapphire sea, those bright hills, still
enring.

So, when the ideal opens on our sight
We can attempt, though we may not attain,
The ideal pure and undimmed will remain—
We, failing, are ennobled through the fight.

—J. BATES, 4B.

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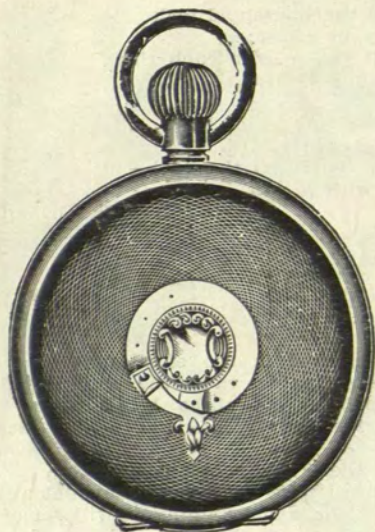
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JOTTINGS.

Up to the present there is no bursary to the University open only to pupils attending F.S.H.S. Perhaps it will come.

During the year efforts made and circumstances have increased or rather tended to resurrect the social feeling between F.S.B.H.S. and F.S.G.H.S. The fete, the Kossy trip, efforts to hold a school dance, etc., were responsible for a good deal. Undoubtedly there should be more connection between the two schools, and perhaps in a few years' time, successive efforts will be crowned with ultimate success.

Those of us who undertook the Kossy trip will never forget it. Our education has been immensely improved, new and closer friendships have sprung up, and it was down there that we were able to see what a decent lot of fellows surrounded us. It might also be noted that as a result of the trip the dance movement originated, although it had previously been raised, but on the arrival of the fete was dropped.

Fort Street has shown its superiority in another sphere. In sports, etc., down at the "roof of Australia," the reps. of the "Old School" carried all before them. Some of them are very promising ski-runners.

I take this opportunity of publicly expressing our gratitude to Mr. Hatfield for the Kossy tour. He was one of us, and proved a "din-

kum" sport. Even if our memories become hazy in regard to Mr. Hatfield in the physics room, which is well nigh impossible we shall always associate him with the tour.

The school is suffering a big loss in the departure of Mr. Mackaness for the Teachers' College. We hope that it will only be a temporary removal, as those of us who came in close contact with him during last year and this, fully realise what a great advantage we have over the others; also that his heart and soul were in his work, and being used in our best interests. However, in congratulating Mr. Mackaness on his appointment, yet lamenting his departure, I leave it to some more elegant muse to write an appreciation of our deputy.

Remember, Fortians, that there is in existence a certain body, by the name of "Fort Street Boys' Union" and that it wants your active support as well as the next fellow's.

Also remember that it is now traditional for each of the departing seniors to present at least one book to the School Library.

We are sorry to hear that Harry Cornish is suffering from the measles; the Honours Maths. class has become considerably quicker lately. However, we wish him a speedy return to good health.

S.H.L.



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THE KOSCIUSKO TOUR, 1923.

Fired with expectancy, we assembled that Tuesday night—ah, shall we ever forget it?—No, not Mr. Hatfield disguised as a Scot—no; I mean the tour itself. We consider ourselves extremely fortunate, so fortunate that we even applied a dictum of Catullus to ourselves—

"O quantum est hominum beatiorum
quid me laetius est beatius?"

It's certainly not customary to associate joy and Catullus, but even the most fervent admirers of "Alldis" found themselves repeating these lines.

We had an enjoyable train trip, mainly because our supplies of fun had just been recharged. Alan Cupit found time to sleep, but after being associated with him during the tour, I'm positively convinced that he'd sleep anywhere, and even in the maths. lesson. Don Sillar said he was feeling the effects of the long train journey, but I think it was more the "menu" than anything else.

Cooma was reached in the vicinity of 8 the next morning, with most of us feeling rather husky after a night's "chorusing." A part (?) song by some Tech. chaps had given us good appetites; these were augmented by the umpteenth miles' walk to the hotel, where we—

After a brief repast, an inspection of Cooma was indulged in—certainly not much to look forward to. About 9 a.m. we boarded the cars, and prepared for the 50-mile drive across the Monaro and Alps. A brief stop was made at Berrydale—possibly to determine the best way to negotiate the mud. Nothing worthy of note was encountered, except a biting wind, until the crossing of the Monaro was completed, and we prepared for the descent to Jindabyne. Here we feasted on one of the prettiest scenes imaginable. Below us, the Snowy River bounded over miniature rapids along its tortuous course, and spanned by a white traffic bridge, giving it a charming appearance. The road was seen winding beneath, and then continuing its serpentine progress in its ascent of the Alps. What grandeur! What beauty! There in the background towered the glorious Alps, crowned with streams of snowy lava, all glistening under the Australian sun. To attempt to describe this would be—

"to speak and purpose not,"

as it is impossible to adequately, in suitable language, give vent to "the thoughts that arise in me."

After passing the Creel at Thredbo—a delectable spot—expectation ran high, as many of the party had never had the pleasure of previously witnessing snow; even those of us who had, forgot previous experience and joined with the others. Soon snow was seen lying on the ground, and many and varied were the exclamations of joy—but ah! how the faces beamed with delight; the crystalline brilliance of the snowflake was reflected in our faces. However, that was as nothing compared with the excite-

ment when, on crossing a hill, we gained our first glimpse of the hotel, snugly built on the slopes of a snow-steeped spur. We arrived there in time for luncheon, and being the objects of much inspection, were glad to be ushered to our rooms. The school flag was run up on the pole, and fluttered aloft, much to the envy of other schools, until the arrival of a blizzard necessitated its being taken inside.

After a hearty meal—it's about time I used a French quotation, so I'll say,

"apres etre bien lestes dun bon diner"—

we were absolutely beside ourselves with excitement, especially when the skis—not shes—came out. Jack Hagley and Stan Lovell were the first to move off, but when the ascent of the road was begun, both succeeded in sliding backwards until the bottom of the descent was reached. By this time the others had arrived, and it was remarkable how well we could ski backwards, with the result that most of us decided to pick up our skis and ride on "Shanks' pony" as far as the Kerry course. After a while, the novelty of the footgear wore out, and more confidence appeared; thus better headway was made with the sports. By 5 that afternoon most of us were able to return to the hotel without a fall.

Thus the days passed away, the routine being broken once by an excursion to the Plains of Heaven, where Max Lippmann, Brian Piper, Stan Lovell, Col. Airey and Don Sillar amused themselves greatly on the long glissade. Another pleasant morning was put in a little to the left of Dainer's Gap. The Fort Street boys—and, needless to say, a couple of days later the Fort Street Girls also—had a rendezvous at Dainer's Gap, where a good ski-course was found. At night, after the customary, "Murphy dressed in his jacket," we retired to the dance-room, where we "tripped the light fantastic toe" until about 10 o'clock. One night we held a combined fancy dress ball, at which Jack McPhail won first. He was dressed as a Highlander; but owing to the uneven distribution of his attire, was forced to abandon the festive rig. Alan Cupit truly "put the fear of God in the opposing forwards" in his Ku Klux Klan dress, while Jack Hagley looked quite thrilling as a Pirate—doubtless he was told so. Cliff Nicholas, dressed as a Sistine Chorister, was unable to render vocal items on account of a husky throat, while the Pierrot group was answered by Brickly Crane and Stan Lovell. Max Lippmann, in his attire as a Chef, whetted many appetites, and recalled pleasant memories of the jacketed potato.

After dancing, we usually found time to converse with the manager, Mr. Speet, to whom we all feel much indebted. He worked hard to give us the maximum amount of pleasure, and we all thoroughly appreciated his kindness and personality. Mr. Lambie was also very popu-

lar, and all were sorry to hear of his illness. However, he has recovered, and now is at Jenolan Caves.

Everyone was reluctant in parting, and even unto the last moment held high hopes that they would be kept back on account of the blizzard; but, no, North Sydney arrived, so we had to go.

About 2 the cars moved off, to the accompaniment of "Rick, ricks," etc. Choruses were maintained right into Cooma, where, after tea, we boarded the Sydney mail, sorry, yet rejoicing. Letters, signed by each member of the party, were sent to Messrs. Speet and Lambie, expressing our appreciation. Two very nice replies were received.

Tom Longshaw was unfortunate in contracting 'flu; but never mind, Tom, better luck next time!

Before closing, a word of appreciation must be said of Mr. Hatfield. He was thoroughly popular, not only with us, but with the other schools as well. He made himself "one of the boys," and catered for us truly well, with the result that each and every one of us feels he owes an eternal debt of gratitude that "Fortuna" gave us Mr. Hatfield as our supervisor.

However, we shall never forget the trip, and seeing that "Adonis" voted it worthy of repetition, I think it is rather certain that all eagerly look forward to a return visit in the near future.

STANLEY H. LOVELL.

LECTURE CONCERT.

On Friday afternoon, 5th instant, a lecture concert was given by Mr. Mote, one of our masters, who is also a lecturer at the Conservatorium of Music, assisted by several of the advanced pupils of that institution.

The programme was most enjoyable and instructive, and greatly appreciated by the large audience present.

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FIFTH YEAR NOTES.

"Our last year, a fast year,
The best year, the test year."

The fifth year is at present in a state of equilibrium, no doubt weighed down with the approaching exam., the troubles of love and other matters. However, we are all optimistic and are looking forward to paying out our 7/6's for the senior dinner.

Naturally we are all pleased with "Billy" Payne and Jack Hagley; we shall always follow their careers just as much as those of the "genius" or to use a fifth year word, the "handy 'uns." Holt should do well in the swimming this year, and the 1st XI. will soon be in its element as practice is to start on October 2. Everyone is fagging hard; Stanley H. is still eagerly devouring practical physics, occasionally varied with some calculus

and Roman Antiquities or the like. "Mac." persists in persevering with his Scotch jokes and Latin prose; it was a complete surprise to see Mac. blush when some reps. of the "fairer sex" were ushered into our Latin lesson. Since the event, the popularity of Wednesday's literature lessons has fallen off. Turnbull does not sleep so much now, but Gledhill's rhetorical? powers are not as yet diminished. In the other class, things are progressing smoothly except on "prose-days." The jokes told by the teachers must be getting better as Rosenblum actually saw three within the last week. But there is one thing I never can understand about fifth year, and that is: "Why do they always laugh in the most hearty fashion at a Latin joke?"

S.H.L.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

A very enjoyable concert was given by our boys on the afternoon of the 17th instant at Petersham Town Hall in aid of the Hospital Fund. Every performer acquitted himself with great merit. Without making invidious distinctions the violin solos of Benjamin were

an outstanding feature of the programme. Thanks are due to Messrs. Mote, Bauer and the other masters, who did the work of the organisation which enabled us to augment our fund to the extent of nearly £20.

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A WET TIME.

(By J. E. B.).
The bags o'erflow,
And hover o'er,
He stands below,
The bags o'erflow,

There was a roar,
I think he swore,
The bags o'erflow,
And hover o'er.

A MATTER OF THREEPENCE.

(By J. E. B.).
One rainy day
He came in late,
It cost a tray
That rainy day,

He cursed the fate
That made him wait
That rainy day,
He came in late.

A RAINY DAY.

(By J. E. B.).
His boots were new,
The way was wet,
Nor pools were few,
His boots were new.

His thoughts won't let
Him e'er forget
His boots were new,
The way was wet.

COMMUNITY SINGING.

(By J. E. B.).
Some sang in tune,
But most forgot,
Some sang too soon,
Some sang in tune.

I'd rather not
Have heard the lot,
Some sang in tune,
But most forgot.



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