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THE  
FORTIAN



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

# SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1924



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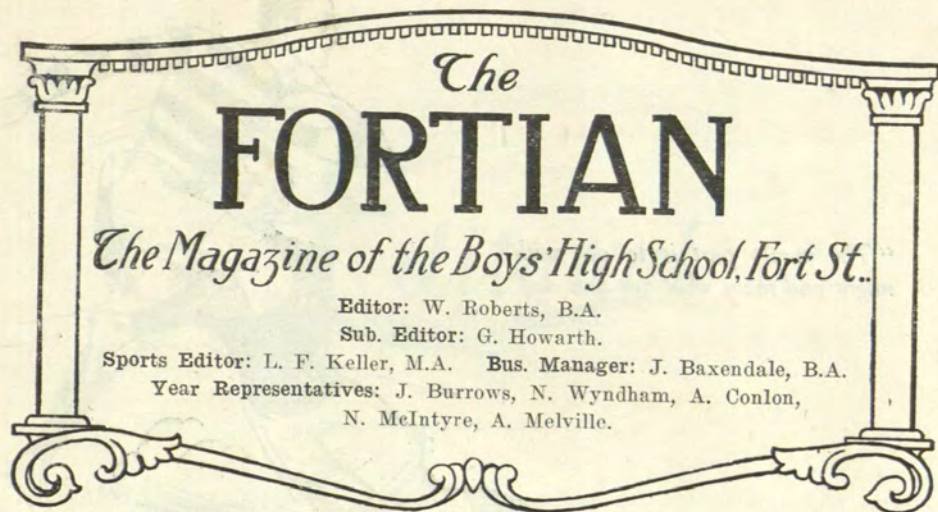
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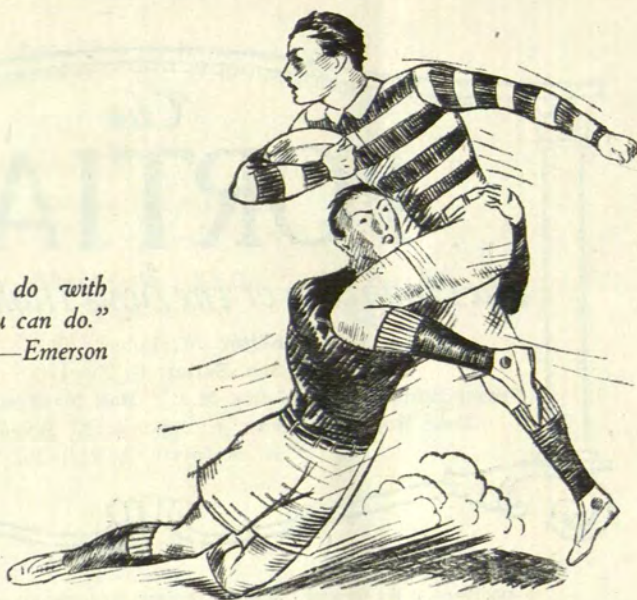
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*"The manly part is to do with  
might and main what you can do."*

—Emerson



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The School and College Outfitting Department, on the fourth floor, is a feature at Farmer's. All sports wear is stocked, including Varsity Caps and Hatbands, Honour Caps, and Athletic Sweaters. Blazers are made to measure.

# F A R M E R ' S

*Pitt, Market, and George Streets, Sydney.*



PERHAPS the most important event in our school life this year is the arrival of our new piano. It is true that we still await the Assembly Room to give it a proper setting and to afford us the necessary accommodation for its fullest use; but before many months the first stones of our Memorial Hall will be laid. We feel that with the Piano and the Hall the social life of the school will be enriched: the school will be the centre of happy re-unions of past and present: and what is a re-union without a piano? Already our community singing has been linking us together with one more chord, and we trust that Fort Street will win fresh prestige for its high musical standard. A select choir is to be formed, an orchestra to be organised, and lectures in musical appreciation will be given illustrated by visiting artists.

We cannot all play an instrument and some even cannot sing, but we can all learn to appreciate good music.

The musical instinct is all but universal in some form or other, and it is only because the guidance in the right direction is not forthcoming in our early days that it so often goes astray in a line of least resistance.

One writer has said: "Good music properly pursued demands thought; bad music requires none." We do not make the laws of Nature, the wonders of light, heat and radio activity. We discover them by hard thinking and assiduous working; they have always been waiting but we have been too ignorant, too blind, and even too lazy. And it is even so with sound.

Musicians like Beethoven and Wagner have thought long and toiled late to give us the masterpieces of sound, lovely songs, beautiful dances, multicoloured symphonies and sonatas and brilliant operas.

We tremble to imagine ourselves ignorant of the great thoughts of literature, the great facts of science.

*Let us learn to appreciate and enjoy the great emotions of Music.*

## OLD BOYS' AND THEIR DOINGS



The "S.M. Herald," of January 31, has an interesting paragraph relating to Mr. F. O. Steel, an old Fortian. Mr. Steel has been elected Chairman of the Sydney Stock Exchange, where for some years he has been a prominent figure.

Educated at Fort Street, Mr. Steel has had a successful and varied career. He has been intimately associated with shipping, banking, mining and the Stock Exchanges of Queensland and N.S.W.

This is the third occasion on which the members of the Stock Exchange have selected Mr. Steel as Chairman.

Ronald Kennedy, LL.B., and A. B. Samuelson, LL.B., have been admitted as solicitors, and John E. Kennedy has passed his final examination in Accountancy.

Mr. E. Kingsford Smith has returned to Sydney after some years in various ships of the Royal Australian Navy. Leaving Fort Street in 1902, after passing the Junior University Exam., Mr. Kingsford Smith went to sea and in 1912 joined the Australian Navy. He served on H.M.A.S. Gaydah, Sydney, Melbourne, and has now been appointed Paymaster Commander to H.M.A.S. Penguin (Garden Island).

At a meeting of the Institute of Surveyors, held recently, Mr. H. G. Foxall, B.E., F.I.S., A.M.I.E., was appointed president of the institution for the ensuing year. A native of Sydney, Mr. Foxall was educated at Fort Street. He subsequently attended a course in mining and engineering at Sydney University and graduated in 1905. He spent some years in Queensland and later joined the staff of the Port Kembla Electrolytic Refining and Smelting Company. In 1910 he joined the staff of Mr. S. R. Dobbie,

of Sydney and subsequently entered into partnership.

One of the most brilliant records of success in Accountancy has recently been achieved by one of our old boys, F. A. McKechnie.

The Institute of Incorporated Accountants of N.S.W. holds its accountancy examination in four sections—Intermediate Accountancy, Intermediate Law, Final Accountancy and Final Law. Fred McKechnie has eclipsed all records by winning first place in N.S.W. in all four sections. Throughout his course he has shown remarkable consistency. We heartily congratulate him upon his excellent performance. McKechnie was trained for these exams. by the Metropolitan Business College.

The Year Book of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony, 1923, has an interesting biographical notice, showing the career of an old Fortian.

Elwell, Cyril Frank—educated Fort Street Model Public School, Sydney, Australia—Stanford University, B.A. and E.E., Chief Engineer Wireless Development Co., 1908; Federal Telegraph Co., 1909-1913; Universal Radio Syndicate, London, 1913-1915; Managing Director of C. F. Elwell Ltd., since 1915. Knight of Cross of the Crown of Italy; B.A.; M.I.E.E.; M. Am. I.E.E.; M. Italian I.E.E., F.I., Radio E.

Address, 12 Craven House, Kingsway, London.

In the list of decorations awarded by the French Government in recognition of services rendered during the war, appears the name of Mr. Edmund Haughton Stoney, B.A., an old boy of Fort Street. The Governor-General has received notification that the award of Officer D'Academie has been bestowed upon Mr. Stoney.

It is with very great pleasure that we note the marriage of one of our most distinguished

ex-students. On January 30th, at the Congregational Church, Summer Hill, was celebrated the marriage of Dr. John Hunter, Professor of Anatomy at Sydney University, and Miss Hazel McPherson of Fairmont, Ashfield. Dr. James Sinclair was best man.

\* \* \*

We extend to the happy couple our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

\* \* \*

The distinction of being the first Australian to have a novel accepted for publication by the well known London firm of Jonathan Cape, has been achieved by the Mr. Vivian Crockett of Sydney. After leaving Fort Street, Mr. Crockett began Medicine but changed to Arts and graduated in 1916. He then took to journalism as a stepping stone to literature. We wish him all prosperity and trust that the success with his first novel may be the precursor of many others.

\* \* \*

Among the Interstate visitors to the Presbyterian General Assembly recently, was an old Fortian, Rev. J. R. Blanchard, M.A., of Perth, W.A. Two years ago, when he was 29 years of age he was Moderator of Pres. Church in W.A.—the youngest Moderator that has ever been in Australia. He spent a pleasant hour at the school renewing old acquaintanceships.

Bruce Edwards is now at Lantoka Mill, Fiji, as chemist in the Colonial Sugar Refining Co.

Levitus is now in England with the Young Australia League. The members of this contingent are having an exceptionally fine time, and speaking in the highest terms of the hospitality which is being extended to them.

\* \* \*

We congratulate Harry Savage, one of our brilliant ex-students, on gaining his M.A. degree at the recent examination, and winning the scholarship, presented by the French Government. Mr. Savage has devoted himself to the study of French and is now on the staff of Teachers' College.

\* \* \*

Dr. Allum is now practising at Cootamundra and Dr. Leon Opit has been appointed to Kogarah Hospital.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the following old boys on being admitted as Solicitors of the Supreme Court on the 4th of this month:—

\* \* \*

Russell Willis Aubrey, B.A., LL.B.; Roy Leverton Head, B.A., LL.B.; Laurence William Taylor, B.A., LL.B.; Walter George Tester, B.A., LL.B.

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### A HEART'S DESIRE.

---

When the silv'ry orb of evening  
 Bathes the earth in pearly light,  
 When the summer sky is studded  
 With its twinkling lamps of night,  
 Then I love to loiter slowly  
 By the river when it slips  
 Singing, gurgling, by my ankles  
 Where the long-boughed gum-tree dips.

Love to kick my feet on pebbles,  
 Swing my bared limbs in the air  
 From the overhanging willows,  
 Send my laughter everywhere;

Make the pebbles skim the water  
 Of the still, broad, deep lagoon;  
 See the splashes, phosphorescent,  
 Show the silver of the moon.

'Tis the time my heart beats gladly,  
 Called by Nature's whispers low;  
 And my joyful, boyish spirit  
 Never ceases in its flow.  
 Oh, the bush seems calling, calling,  
 Through the dry heat of the day,  
 When her lover wanders lonely  
 In the city, far away.

N. WYNDHAM.

## THE GODDESS AND THE ROSES.

I lay upon a bank of mossy green,  
Lulled by the odour of the scarlet roses;  
I dreamed of places where I'd never been—  
Where Beauty as a wondrous maiden poses  
And on a cloud of rapture sweetly dozes—  
A glory many hearts have pictured, ne'er an  
eye hath seen.

I dreamed that cloud of perfume slowly drifted,  
Until its rosy softness melted on my cheek;  
I dreamed the Goddess from her slumbers shifted,  
And shyly, timidly, her lovely feet did seek  
My glowing face: and then the cloudlet lifted,  
And a wondrous mist of odours round her circled,  
Through which her soft, white loveliness did  
shine and seem to speak.

What words, what sounds! how could I tell their  
music or their meaning?  
What odorous waftings! How could such as I  
feel half their rapture?  
They fell upon my cheeks like dewdrops, cool,  
and perfume from her presence gleaming,

As though my soul in honeyed drowsiness to  
capture.  
Her fairy footsteps in my soul were sinking,  
ever sinking—  
Her loveliness my soul was deeply drinking, ever  
drinking.

And then, O rapture, golden, heavenly bliss!  
Her little feet against my lips came brushing—  
Ne'er had I felt such sweetness, nor such agony  
in a kiss,  
For, at the touch, a flood of sweet, mad pain  
went gushing  
To my heart, and steeped my soul in honeyed  
gall. 'Twas this,—

Yea, this mad ecstasy of pain  
That sent the slow blood rushing  
In a burning torrent to my fevered brain  
And roused my drugged senses to their watch  
again  
And woke me trembling, afeared and flushing  
To find my fairy Goddess flown—  
A fragrant petal 'gainst my hot lips blown.

J. BURROWS, 5C.

## MUSIC IN LITERATURE.

For one brief moment let us imagine ourselves in a green glade where the artifices of man have not penetrated. All around us we hear the singing of birds rejoicing in their happiness: that immortal choir of the bush that is not brooked or bound down by any conventions as to what it should sing, when, where, how and other useless rules of conduct. But here we have a feeling that seldom comes to a worried brain and tired frame; a soothing sensation comes across us: it is the sound of something that we call music.

This is the true meaning of music: it is not a jangle of noises; the man on the corner of the street with a barrel organ can make noise but unless he can make those tunes that appeal to us, that strike a note of love, admiration or hatred, then his is not music. Music may be said the work of putting into sound some action or emotion. It is as much a language as the

one we speak and perhaps a more perfect and true one.

But if music must be called a language and justly so, then more justly may language be said to be musical because they both must have sprung from the same source. The inarticulate beast of the forest who can only speak a few words in his own crude way tries to make some noise to signify his meaning to his fellow animal.

In exactly the same way has man built up his language; those many thousand words which now constitute his speech did not come to him at once. At first there were only a few words which were only noises but because of their peculiar pronunciation signified something. Man borrowed his speech from this universe and used his emotions to formulate it; and because of this, because of its variation in sound it appears



to our sense of hearing and may be called musical.

From this it would be expected that all languages would be very much the same. But, although some of the main roots are similar, the conditions under which the nations have laboured for thousands of years have caused them to become different. But this changing of a language does not necessarily detract from the music of it. Then a language may lose its original form by merging into another like our own English was changed for the better by various European influences. These different languages finally merge into one national tongue and when they do the signal is given for an outbreak of literature revealing the very heart of the people.

The poem is the most musical form in literature—it does not matter whether it be an ode or a sonnet or an epic, but there is always some music in the lines suitable to the train of thought. Such subjects as that of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dante's "Divine Comedy" demand a majestic, awe-inspiring, an even flowing metre, one that signifies the matter con-

tains questions of great purport to humanity. Then in a trivial subject like that of describing a brook, a rhythm is adopted that in its beat will give the impression of the water's vagaries. But the effect is music and if this euphony does not appear in the poem then we must discard it as a failure. It will be only a jangle of words shuffled into a special system of metre. It cannot be called suitable prose because even in this there is a certain impression given by the sound as in poetry.

Through all the ages and in all people if there is one common trait it is the love of music—an emotion that is deeper than any of our materialistic philosophies or formulae. It is something rigid and though all our other ideas may change and all our whims revolve in that chaos of emotion, this one remains constant and unchanged.

It is good that we can be aroused or quelled by music for while there is in us a feeling of love for music we may still boast that if we have lost all else we have not lost our spirit of valour and honor.

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### MR. G. MACKANESS.

---

Mr. G. Mackaness, M.A., who has been a member of the staff of this school for about twenty-two years, has recently been appointed Senior Lecturer in English at the Teachers' College within the University.

Since his advent to the school, Mr. Mackaness has proved himself to be a teacher of outstanding merit and ability, and it was not long before he was entrusted with the most important work in the department of English.

His success in preparing his pupils for the Junior and Senior Examinations, and in cultivating a taste for literature, was so very marked that when the present system of Secondary Education was inaugurated, he was appointed Master of English and Deputy Headmaster of the school.

Throughout the whole of his career he has made a deep study of the various methods of teaching English, and has familiarized himself with all the new ideas and experiments that have been put into practice in America and

the United Kingdom. He has adopted and developed the best of these, and in a series of articles published in the Education Gazette, he has caused his work to be well known to the teaching profession throughout the State. We may venture to say that through the publication of these articles, the teaching of English in our schools has been raised to a higher plane, to the very great advantage of the pupils.

Two aspects of Mr. Mackaness' work may be noted—the cultivation of the writing of verse and the training in dramatic representation.

From time to time, pupils have been discovered with marked poetic ability, who through the fostering care bestowed on them, have written excellent verse which has been published in various magazines and journals. Dramatic representation is now an every day branch of the work and is participated in by every boy of the school.

Very great progress has been made in this art,

and ability so developed that for the past three years a day has been set aside for public presentation of short plays and scenes from the drama.

Apart from his work as a master, Mr. Mackaness has always taken a prominent part in all the social and intellectual activities of the school. He has been a helpful and sympathetic friend to his pupils and ready at all times to sacrifice himself to further their interests.

Mr. Mackaness is a distinguished graduate of our University. At graduation he gained First Class Honours and the Coutts Scholarship in English. In the year 1911 he proceeded to the M.A. degree and was awarded First Class Honours in English, being the first graduate in the

history of the University to gain this distinction. On two different occasions, covering a period of nearly four years' service, he has filled the position of Lecturer in English to the Evening Students at the University.

As he has been associated with the school for so many years, he has exercised a deep influence on thousands of boys who have passed through his hands, and is deservedly held in the highest esteem by them all.

He will be greatly missed. His departure has been somewhat of a wrench. We feel gratified, however, that his abilities and effective work have been recognised. As he is still a young man, we are confident that the best part of his life's work still lies before him.

---

### AN ANZAC AREOPAGUS.

---

High on a mount, which slopes towards the sea,  
Erect, four-square, a temple fit to be  
A cenotaph to those, fearless and free,  
Brave Soldier Christs who died for you and me.

Build a Valhalla—carven in brown stone,  
Girt round with columns—in a lawny zone,  
Where sougning pines the requiem ever moan  
Of our dear dead who lie in graves unknown.

Nor be the lads forgot, who, blind and maimed,  
Escaped from Hell—war-worn, with hearts untamed,

Whose fiery courage like a bushfire flamed,  
Till Death himself before them fled—ashamed!  
So, at the entrance, let the names be wrought—  
On sunlit panels—of the men who fought  
To purge the earth, "Diggers" who, fearing  
nought,  
Deemed her salvation all too cheaply bought.

Hang on the walls the trophies time endears—  
The foeman's standards, with his shields and spears;  
Store here the records of five fateful years—  
Bereavements, victories, reverses, tears!

Lest we forget, around the cornice paint  
Words foreign yet familiar, sacred, quaint;

Names of blood-watered warfields where the foe  
Was ten to one and yet was forced to go.

Ranked over all the tattered banners wave  
Of our loved land—the birthplace of the brave,  
Whose Sons, uplifted by the approach of death,  
Cheered on their brethren with their latest  
breath.

This Holy Ground shall know the rev'rent tread  
Of mourning comrades of our glorious Dead;  
Here mates shall meet who suffered side by side  
And in war's crucible were purified.

Here shall the people troop on Anzac Day  
To pledge themselves to Liberty, to pray  
For selfless service, that such sacrifice  
Shall evermore repay its heirs their price.

Aye shall this temple stand, the outward sign  
Of nationhood—Australian pilgrims' shrine;  
A Mecca where full tribute shall be paid  
To deathless souls—the bravest God hath made!

High on a mount, which slopes towards the sea,  
Erect, four-square, a temple fit to be  
A cenotaph to those, fearless and free,  
Brave Soldier Christs who died for you and me!

HON G. BLACK.

## THE SILVER RING.

I stood upon the seashore;  
I heard the mermaids sing;  
Before my eyes, with mild surprise  
I saw a silver ring.

It sparkled in the sunlight,  
And dazzled as it lay,  
A silver band, upon the strand,  
'Twas shining all the day.

I placed it on my finger  
And looked at it with joy,  
I turned it round, then gave a bound—  
Behold! A fairy boy.

The brightest little fellow,  
That I had ever seen.  
His face was gay; his jerkin grey;  
His stockings brightest green.

"What wants my master," said he,  
And overcome with fright,

I just cried out, and gazed with doubt  
Upon this little sprite.

Again he asked the question,  
And, clenching tight my hand,  
I answer made, "I'm not afraid,  
Take me to fairy land."

And scarcely had I spoken,  
When down the road there came  
A happy band from fairy land,  
To bid me join their game.

Most gladly I responded,  
And with the happy throng  
Away I went, o'er hill and bent,  
And sweetest paths along.

Quite soon we reached a garden  
With blossoms rich and rare,  
And all around more sprites I found,  
Who shed their gladness there.

JAMES CONDER.

## A SUMMER EVENING.

Gradually the sun is sinking towards its haven behind the blue range, which seems to be the western boundary of the smoky summer sky. The yellow rays, gleaming from the circle of light are steadily assuming a crimson hue, which spreads over the surface of the dark, warm streams, and tends to change the colour of the members of nature's huge family.

Weary workmen, the daily cares and labours over, are slowly approaching their rustic homes, which lie scattered over the verdant carpet left behind by the steady September showers.

There is a stir on the river bank as the listening rabbits venture timidly forth from the fern-covered mouths of the burrows to enjoy an undisturbed feast, which, until now has been denied them by the farmer's dog.

Now the sun prepares to say "good-bye." He takes one more searching and steadfast look at the mountain in the East from behind which he

rose, and then sinks satisfied to the land of repose.

The sound in the air dies away, until at last all is strangely still. Night has come. But suddenly the mysterious solitude, enwrapping the gloomy bush, is broken by the bark of the wild dog as he prowls about in the darkness. Silence once more. Then the joyous and jolly kookaburra, after restraining himself for some time begins to chuckle, and finally laughs long and loudly, his full notes echoing through the shadowy forest until they are captured by the gullies amid the distant hills.

Again the atmosphere is full of subdued silence, which continues, broken only at intervals by the "peet" of the plover as she guards her unsheltered nest, by the cry of the fleet curlew, or the hooting of the nocturnal owl.

"SHOTGUN."

## HERBERT VERE EVATT, M.A., LL.D.

One of the most distinguished scholars that Fort St. has had the honor of training within its walls, Herbert Vere Evatt, had the degree of Doctor of Laws, with the University Medal, conferred on him at the recent University Commemoration.

Since the establishment of the Law School in 1890, this degree has been conferred only

very first he stood out prominently among his fellows as a lad of exceptional ability and energy. In 1909 he passed the University Junior Examination, gaining 5 A's and 2 B's. Two years later he sat for the Senior Examination and obtained a brilliant pass with nine A's, one B, and the following Honours: Prox. Acc. to the John West Medal, and to the Aitken



twice previously, and this is the first occasion on which a candidate has gained the unique distinction of First Class Honours and the University Medal. By this achievement, Dr. Evatt has proved himself the most brilliant student that the Law School has produced.

Dr. Evatt entered this school as a small boy at the beginning of the year 1905. From the

Scholarship for general proficiency; Medal for Conic Sections; Prox. Acc. to Medal for English; First-Class Honours for Mathematics, and second place to Barker Scholarship; First-Class Honours in English and Latin; and Second-Class Honours in French.

In 1912 he entered the Faculty of Arts, taking up his residence at St. Andrew's College,

and winning an open scholarship therein. During this year he gained Professor Anderson's Prize for Philosophy; Professor MacCallum's Prize for English; the George Allen Scholarship for Mathematics; the Wentworth Prize for English Essay; and High Distinction in Philosophy, English and Mathematics.

In his second year he won Professor Anderson's Prize for Philosophy; Professor MacCallum's Prize for English; the Barker Scholarship for Mathematics; the Norbert Quirk Prize for Mathematics; the Wentworth Prize for English Essay; and High Distinction in Philosophy, English and Mathematics.

In the following year he graduated Bachelor of Arts with these distinctions: First-Class Honours in Philosophy and the University Medal; First-Class Honours in English and Mathematics; Professor Anderson's Prize for Philosophy; The Coutts Scholarship for Proficiency in English Language and Literature, and the Beauchamp Prize for Literary Essay.

In 1917 he proceeded to the M.A. degree in the School of Philosophy and gained First-Class Honours.

On completion of his Arts course, he entered the Law School, and at the Intermediate Examination for the LL.B. degree he won the Wigram Allen Scholarship; the George and Matilda Harris Scholarship, and the Pitt Cobbett Prize, and in the final examination he graduated with First-Class Honours and the University Medal.

In his student days, Dr. Evatt found time to take a prominent and active part in every phase of University life, and among the many offices which he held may be mentioned that of Editor-in-chief of "Hermes," and President of the Union. He has, throughout his career, kept in close touch with his old school, and for the past three years has been President of the Old Boys' Union. Shortly after graduating in Law, he was admitted to the Bar, and appointed a lecturer in the Law School. As he is still a very young man, it is difficult to foretell to what heights he will yet attain.



### NIGHTFALL.

The clouds have rolled asunder  
As smoke clears from the fray.  
A scattered roll of thunder  
Knells out the passing day.  
A filtering gleam of sunlight  
Wanes o'er the western hills  
A tint of rose and purple.  
The shaded river fills—

With shadows of the evening.  
That sweetest time of day—  
When man prepares for leaving  
His troubles by the way;  
When workmen wending homeward  
Hail joyously their rest;  
When nature's carollers, the birds,  
Are winging to the nest.

Among the purpling ranges  
That mark our Great Divide,  
The waterfalls are gleaming,  
Tho' tall trees try to hide

The trickling splash of beauty,—  
With diamond flashes rare—  
Where ferns and shy bush-flowers  
Display their beauties fair.

No sound breaks o'er the silence  
Of wide-bespreading bays—  
There on the ebbing waters  
A deep'ning shadow plays.  
Down through the verdant country  
The rippling rivers flow,  
As, strengthened by their rivulets,  
To Mother Sea they go.

The drowsy palm-trees fall asleep  
On yonder tiny isle.  
No breezes through the bushes creep,  
Peace reigns supreme awhile.  
At home the families gather  
When cities 'gin to light,  
While deepest shades of violet  
Acclaim the fall of night.

N. H. McINTYRE.

## OUT OF HARMONY.

"Ring-a-ring-a-rosy!" sang the children on the  
sea-shore,

"Ring-a-ring-a-rosy," as the tide crept in;  
O'er the spattered sky-world lumb'ring clouds  
had grown to darkness,  
And the sea was sombre with a grief akin.

Through the harps of air there wailed a wild,  
wild wind of sorrow,  
Waves beyond the marge with ever-erie sigh  
Leapt and died. And e'en the shores afar  
seemed singing softly,

Gloom abroad had conquered and was creeping  
nigh.

"Ring-a-ring-a-rosy!" sang the children on the  
sea-shore,

"Ring-a-ring-a-rosy," as the tide crept in,  
Crept to warn the singers they were mocking all  
the sea-world,  
Show that smiles at sorrow are a deadly sin!

G. HOWARTH.



## THE CLARENCE RIVER.

Starting as a little streamlet  
In the rocky hills,  
Trickling over mossy boulders,  
Rippling o'er the rills,  
There the mighty northern river  
Gushes o'er its bed,  
Where the sunlight ever filters  
Down from overhead.

Here it changes to a trickle  
Here a waterfall;  
Where the mighty forest echoes  
To the magpie's call;  
Here a still, deep pool is hidden,  
Shaded by the ferns,  
There the beetling crags o'erhang it  
Where it twists and turns.

Now its volume is increasing,  
Fed by many an arm,  
And the cedar rears its branches,  
Safe from any harm.  
Quicker, quicker flies the river—  
Bubbles on its breast,  
Chafing 'neath the rocky ledges,  
Chatt'ring from the west.

Swiftly past the grass-green ledges,  
Singing as it goes.  
Here the laughing sunlight glitters  
On the water as it flows.

Now the forest is behind us,  
Here the cattle feed,  
Gazing mild-eyed into nowhere,  
Paying little heed.

Here the silent rushing water  
Washes thro' the reeds,  
Bringing to the thirsty pasture  
What it surely needs.  
On the bank the happy warbler  
Chirrup in his play,  
In and out the sighing reed-beds  
Right throughout the day.

By the deep-green lucerne patches,  
'Neath the mellowing sun,  
Near the sugar cane plantations.  
Here the waters run.  
On their breast the busy ferry  
Plies its lengthy course.  
Oh how different is this river  
From its little source!

See ahead the house tops glitter,  
Asking you to stay.  
To the left the jutting headland  
Shuts in half the bay.  
Right in front, the deep blue ocean  
Rolls in o'er the bar,  
Gaily flecked with small white horses,  
Coming from afar.

## PROFESSOR JOHN IRVINE HUNTER, M.D., Ch.M.

Since the foundation of the Medical School in our University in 1883, many distinguished graduates have passed through its halls, and of these John Irvine Hunter stands out pre-eminent.

His University has now conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Medicine with First-Class Honours, the University Medal, and the Ethel Talbot Memorial Prize.

We are proud that Professor Hunter is one of our old boys. He entered the school in January, 1913, after having passed the Intermediate Examination at Albury.

Two years later he obtained an excellent pass at the Leaving Certificate Examination, gaining a University Bursary and Exhibition. He then entered the Medical School and immediately showed that he possessed a scientific mind of the highest calibre. His career as an undergraduate was one continual triumph, as he practically carried off everything in the form of prizes and scholarships, which, in the Medical School, are much fewer than in other faculties.

In his first year he was prox. acc. to the Renwick Scholarship for General Proficiency, and won prizes for Zoology and Botany. In his second year, in which there are no prizes, he was top man; was top man again in third, fourth and fifth years. In the third year he won the John Harris Scholarship for Anatomy and Physiology; in the fourth year the Caird Prize for Pathology and Operative Surgery, and in the fifth year the Hinder Prize for Clinical Surgery, the Sandes Prize for Surgical Essay, and graduated M.B., Ch.M. with First-Class Honours and the University Medal.

For two years prior to graduation he acted as a prosector and demonstrator in the Department of Anatomy, and gave evidence of extraordinary aptitude as a teacher. This led to his appointment as Associate Professor of Anatomy almost immediately after graduation. He was then only in his twenty-second year, and was at that time the youngest professor in any first-class university in the world.



After lecturing for a term he was granted leave of absence for the purpose of studying abroad, and familiarising himself with the teaching and organisation of the principal schools of Anatomy, in the English-speaking world.

After an absence of eighteen months, he returned by way of America, where he addressed the medical faculties of several of the largest universities, and was immediately appointed to the Chair of Anatomy in his own university—a remarkable and unprecedented honour. For the past few years Professor Hunter has been engaged in research work in

Neurology, and has discovered a method of restoring its action to a paralysed limb. This wonderful discovery will prove a boon to countless thousands of sufferers. He has now had the distinguished honour of being invited to visit America, to deliver the Dr. John B. Murphy Oration before the Clinical Congress to be held in New York in October next.

There is no doubt, that in the world of Medical Science John Irvine Hunter is destined to become one of its greatest men. This fact was evidently in the mind of the Chancellor, when he stated, at the recent Commemoration, that "not only in N.S.W., but throughout the whole world, the Sydney University would ever be associated with the name of Hunter."

## CROSSING THE BAR.

It was during last holidays, that I had the pleasure of spending my much too short vacation at one of the most ideal seaside resorts of which this State can boast, being rich in fish and other things appealing to the peculiar tastes of the modern youth. During this short stay, I had the pleasure of many trips across the bar in the tug-boat stationed at this resort, and have drawn a few reflections or memoirs from these trips.

There was strong emotion in the hearts of the passengers, who had not yet been on a tug-boat, much less out to sea. Although I may state that tug-boats are not supposed to carry passengers on this trip there were twenty-nine, or more. I could not help but notice the excited and anxious look upon all their faces. Yet as their facial expression became more plain, it was now one much more anxious than before (if it were possible) as the ropes were cast aside, and slowly the boat made its way out to sea. I may state here that on most of these trips soundings are taken, or in other words, the depth of water on the bar. On most of the rivers on the North Coast these depths have to be constantly taken owing to the shelving sands. It was a curious sight to see that half

happy, half frightened, yet conquering look on everyone's face, as the boat took the first, the second, and third league-long roller of the Pacific. The look then almost said: "I have conquered," as he quickly gained confidence in himself.

Wonderful sights can be seen at sea, even when only a half mile from the shore. The beauty and charm of the sea seems to lend itself to everything, and silhouettes the shores and lofty mountain ranges of the Great Divide. It is a very usual sight to see shoals of fish and sharks on these short sojourns to the deep. This day we saw as many as thirty sharks of the "Hammer Headed" species. They resembled a number of long-tailed, long-eared dogs, swimming around with remarkable rapidity.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of one of these trips is on the incoming trip. The ship seems to be shot forward like a man shooting the breakers at Coogee, and even the worst sailor is thrilled by this marvellous sensation, and everyone is sorry when the boat is once more moored—that is, unless they have met with the common malady, viz., mal-de-mer.

M. HOOKE, 4B.

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 MOONLIGHT IN THE BUSH.

The breezes wafting fragrant air are hushed,  
 And sighing wane the leafy trees among,  
 And o'er the silent bush a whisper steals,  
 Of bell-like proclamations sweetly rung.  
 From 'neath the ridge the moon, all white,  
 appears,  
 And softly gleams the silver water o'er,  
 A ghostly air comes with the dying breeze,  
 And dew-wet shrubs their virgin queen adore.

Oh, silver moon! What see we gleaming here,  
 A world of wondrous beauty, lent by light  
 Of your sweet tresses. Can we this compare  
 With golden sun, and distant stars so bright?  
 The restless leaves are whisp'ring thanks to you,  
 The weather'd rocks stand stark and hoary  
 now,  
 And gossamer, with gems of pearly dew,  
 The silent she-oak stirs the time-aged bough.

A lonely night bird calls an eerie cry,  
 Which echoes 'mid the moon-bathed forest  
 aisles,  
 And darkened clefts and hollows all reply,  
 Alone the silent sky the soul beguiles.  
 A night of love, a night of blissful dreams,  
 With mellow moon a sole and charming queen,  
 And mingling stars bring placid thoughts of  
 peace,  
 Reflected in the tranquil silver sheen.

The world is still. The lapping water spends  
 Perpetual efforts on the shaded shore,  
 And frowning mountains, bathed in airy rays,  
 Lift rugged heads the moonlit river o'er.  
 The moonbeams wane, the breath of dawn sighs  
 by,  
 And breezes with the cold, grey water, play;  
 The east is flushed, the birds awak'ning sing,  
 And sunrise bids the paling moon away.

G. SCHRADER, 3A.



## RESULTS.

The following are the results of the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations, 1923. The subjects are distinguished by numbers as follows:—

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Maths. I.; 6, Maths. II.; 7, Mechanics; 8, History; 10, Physics; 11, Chemistry; 17, Economics; 20, Greek; 23, English and Geogr. (Engineering); 25, Japanese.

## Leaving.

Airey, Colin R., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A (x) 10H  
 Allen, Allan L., 1B 5B 6B 8B 17B.  
 Bagnall, Arthur, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Bernard, Charles F., 1B 2A 5A 6A 8B.  
 Bishop, Edwin S., 1B 2A 5B 6B 8B 10L.  
 Bishop, Edwin S., 1B 2A 5B 6B 8B 10L.  
 Bissaker, Noel J., 1B 2B 5A 6A 7B 10H 20B.  
 Bole, John H., 1A 2A 5B 6B 8A.  
 Bowen, Harry E., 1B 5A 6A 8B 10B 25H.  
 Buckley, Maurice A., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8A 10B.  
 Carruthers, Frederick A., 1A 5A 6A 7A 10H 17B  
 Clarke, Goodhand, 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8B 10L.  
 Clayton, Charles M., 1H 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Codd, Kenneth C., 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 10B 11A.  
 Cornish, Alfred H., 1H 2B 3L 5B 6A 7B 10B 23  
 pass.  
 Crane, Charles G. P., 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Crouch, Arthur E., 1H 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 10L.  
 Culey, Edward J., 1H 2A 3B 5A 6A 8A 10B.  
 Cupitt, Allan E., 1A 2B 5B 6B 8A.  
 Dash, Bayne M., 1A 2A 5B 6B 8A.  
 Day, Harold V., 1B 5B 6B 7B 10B 17B.  
 Dooley, Brian J., 2B 3L 6B 8B.  
 Edwards, Alan D., 1H 2B 5B 6A 8H.  
 Edwards, Colin C., 1H 2H 3H 5A 6A 7A 10A.  
 Fisher, Jack H., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6B 8H.  
 Fitzroy, Ferdinand, 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 8A.  
 Gledhill, Walter C., 1H 2A 3B 5B 6A 8A 10B.  
 Gorham, Cyril W., 1B 2B 5A 6A 8B.  
 Goncharenko, Simon, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 10B 23  
 pass.  
 Hagley, John, 1B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Hancock, Edward A., 1H 2A 3L 5A 6A 8H 10H.  
 Harris, Harold, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B.  
 Hooke, Frederick W., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8B 10B.  
 Holt, Frank E., 1A 2B 3L 5A 6B 8A 10B.  
 Hutchison, Joseph K., 1H 2B 5B 6B 8A 10B 20B.  
 Jacobs, Leonard B., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 10B.  
 Jones, Llewellyn E., 1B 5B 6A 8B 17B.  
 Kennedy, Richard T., 1H 2B 3B 5B 8A 17A.  
 Levitus, Albert, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Lewis, Sylvester F., 1B 5B 8B 17B.  
 Lippmann, Herbert M., 1B 5B 6B 8B 10A 17B.  
 Lochrin, Leonard A., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H 10B.  
 Longshaw, Thomas H., 1B 5A 6B 8B 17B.  
 Lovell, Stanley H., 1A 2H 3A 5A 6A (x) 10H.  
 McKinnon, Malcolm C., 1H 2B 3A 5A 6A 7B 10A.  
 McPhail, John M., 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B 23 pass

Mudie, Jack V., 1B 2L 5B 6A 8B.  
 Murphy, Edward R., 1A 2A 3B 5B 6A 8A.  
 Murphy, John A., 1B 2B 5B 6B 8A 10B.  
 Newnham, Frederick A., 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8A  
 10H.  
 Nicholas, Clifford E., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Nicholson, William G., 1B 2L 5B 6B.  
 Noble, Norman S., 1H 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H 10B.  
 Owen, Alexander, 1A 2A 3H 5A 6A 7A 10H.  
 Patterson, Gordon A., 1A 2A 3B 5B 6A 8H 17A.  
 Payne, Noel R., 1B 2A 3A 5A 6B 8B.  
 Payne, William G., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 10B.  
 Pike, Vincent M., 1A 2B 4L 5B 8B 17B, 24 pass.  
 Piper, Brian, 1B 2L 5B 6A 8B 10B.  
 Reid, Harry A., 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 10B 17B.  
 Rose, Allan G., 1B 5A 6A (x) 7A 10H.  
 Rosenblum, Myer, 1H 2A 3B 5A 6A 8H.  
 Rowlands, William B., 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B 10B.  
 Schofield, Robert C. J., 1B 2B 3A 5B 8A.  
 Sillar, Donald B., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6B 8A 10B.  
 Sloane, Thomas R. M., 1H 2B 5B 6B 8B.  
 Turnbull, Harley I., 1H 2A 3A 5A 6B 8A 17B.  
 Turner-Makin, Percy H., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B.  
 Walker, Edward R., 1H 2A 3L 5A 6A 8A 10B.  
 Weeden, William J., 1H 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H 10B.  
 Wilkin, Charles F., 1B 3B 6B 17B.  
 Wilson, Keith H., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6B 8B 10B.  
 Wilson, Robert W., 1B 3L 5B 6B 7B.  
 Wilson, William E. R., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 10B.  
 Wolfe, Philip S., 1B 2B 5A 6A 7A 10B 23 pass.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Maths. I.,  
 5 Maths. II., 6 Latin, 7 French, 11 Science, 14  
 Business Principles, 15 Shorthand, 28 Japanese.  
 Austin, Norman, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Baker, Ernest James, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 11B.  
 Baxter, John Edward, 1B 2B 3B 6B 7B.  
 Beaumont, John R. B., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Benjamin, Leslie H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.  
 Benson, Victor H., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Blackburne, Kelso Wm., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 11B.  
 Blessing, Clinton J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 11B.  
 Boden, Frank Clinch, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 7B 11B  
 14A 15B.  
 Bray, Leonard R., 1B 5B 7B 11B.  
 Breyley, Alex. John, 1B 2B 3A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.  
 Brock, Bruce, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Brown, Ernest Wm., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B.  
 Brownlee, Neville, 1A 2B 4B 6B.  
 Buddle, Kenneth P., 1B 3B 4B 5A 11B.  
 Burns, Wm. Moffitt, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A  
 14B 15B.  
 Cobb, Frank Henry, 1A 2B 3B 4A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Cohen, Louis, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Coleman, Hedley Horace, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 7A  
 11B.  
 Cox, William Russel, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Crighton, John, 1A 2A 3B 4B.  
 Crockett, John J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B.  
 Croft, Henry J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Currie, Norman James, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 11A.

- Cusiter, Robert Wm. M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Davies, Kenneth L. C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.  
 Dawson, Gordon T., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Day, George, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Deasey, Royal L., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Duckworth, James J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 15B.  
 Ellis, Gordon J. C., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 14B 15B.  
 Ferguson, Boyce, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Firth, Peter Job, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B 14B.  
 Furner, Curzon W., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Galvin, Raymond Chas., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B.  
 Gilbert, James Thornton, 1B 2B 5B 6B.  
 Hall, Edward Lester S., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.  
 Hankinson, Oswald J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 11B.  
 Hannaford, Stuart M'K., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.  
 Hardwick, Leslie W., 2B 4B 5B 11B 14B.  
 Hazelton, Douglas G., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A.  
 High, Charles Hescott, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.  
 Hodge, Andrew G., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 11B.  
 Hooke, Murray M'Kay, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Hughes, Dudley Paul, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 11B.  
 Hyde, Dudley Vernon, 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 Irvine, Arthur Harold, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Jarvis, Albert T., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B.  
 Jones, Leslie Percival, 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 7A 11A 14B.  
 Junor, Stanley Russell, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Kemmis, Laurence, 1B 2B 4B 5A.  
 Levings, Francis G., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.  
 Lipscombe, Tasman Harold, 2B 4B 5B 7B.  
 Lowe, Jack West, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.  
 Lumsden, Andrew D., 1A 2A 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Martin, Godfrey R., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 M'Cloy, James Thompson, 1A 2A 4A 5B 7A 11B 14B.  
 M'Glynn, Leonard W., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.  
 M'Naught, Ian, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Moore, Ernest Gordon, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 11B.  
 Neal, Alan Harold, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.  
 Orr, Herbert T., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.  
 Osborn, Maxwell E., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.  
 Partridge, Percy Herbert, 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B.  
 Paterson, Hugh Gordon, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.  
 Paviour, Jack, 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.  
 Payne, de Vere Clarence, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Pearson, Jack Wm., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 7B.  
 Perrin, James Murray, 1B 4B 5B 7A 11A 14B 15B.  
 Phillips, George McL., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.  
 Pitcher, Eric E., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5B.  
 Rabe, Kenneth Edward, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 7A 11A 28A.  
 Richardson, Kenneth S., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.  
 Rose, Ivan Lincoln, 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6B 11A.  
 Rosen, Eric Norman, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B.  
 Scutt, Kenneth Wm., 1B 2B 4B 5B.  
 Sheehan, Thomas, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B.  
 Shortridge, Cecil Wm., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.  
 Somerville, Thomas R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B.  
 Stark, George Howard, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 6A 11B.  
 Todd, Ronald George, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Tulloch, Ronald, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11B.  
 Turner, John Hull, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.  
 Twigg, Clarence T., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.  
 Waddy, Edgar Bowman, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11A.  
 Ward, George H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A 14B 15B.  
 Watts, Aubrey Innes, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 11B 28B.  
 White, Lance H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 14B 15B.  
 White, Sydney Alex., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B.  
 Wyndham, Norman R., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.  
 Williams, Leonard Wm., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B 28B.  
 Williams, Herbert P., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Wilson, Mervyn, 1B 2B 4B 5A.  
 Witheford, William A., 1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

### UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS.

We congratulate the following ex-students who have gained Public Exhibitions at the University of Sydney as a result of the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1923:—

#### FACULTY OF ARTS. FACULTY OF LAW.

A. E. Crouch	K. C. Codd
E. R. Murphy	E. J. Culey
G. A. Patterson	J. H. Fisher
M. Rosenblum	E. A. Hancock
W. J. Weeden	L. A. Lockrin
	F. A. Newnham
	K. H. Wilson.

#### FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

C. C. Edwards	A. Owen
R. T. Kennedy	D. B. Sillar
S. H. Lovell	H. I. Turnbull.
N. C. McKinnon	

#### FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

C. R. Airey.

#### FACULTY OF DENTISTRY.

W. B. Rowlands.

#### FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE.

J. K. Hutchison.

#### FACULTY OF ARCHITECTURE.

A. D. Edwards.

#### FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

F. Fitzroy.

**TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.**

The following students have been awarded scholarships at the Teachers' College, University:—

C. C. Edwards	W. B. Rowlands
A. G. Rose	J. K. Hutchison
S. H. Lovell	F. Fitzroy
C. R. Airey	L. B. Jacobs
E. A. Hancock	R. C. Schofield
G. A. Patterson	L. E. Jones
N. C. McKinnon	C. M. Clayton
M. Rosenblum	W. E. Wilson
W. J. Weeden	W. Gorham
J. H. Fisher	T. R. Sloane
W. C. Gledhill	H. Harris
N. R. Payne	H. Reid
E. J. Culey	J. V. Mudie
E. R. Walker	V. M. Pike
A. D. Edwards	G. Clarke
E. R. Murphy	E. S. Bishop
F. A. Newnham	R. W. Wilson
L. A. Lochrin	W. G. Payne

**PUBLIC SERVICE.**

The Public Service Board has announced that the following Fortians have passed the examination held in conjunction with that for the Leaving Certificate and are eligible for appointment.

**JUNIOR CLERKS.**

C. R. Airey	K. Codd
N. C. McKinnon	A. H. Cornish
E. A. Carruthers	W. E. Wilson
E. J. Culey	C. M. Clayton

**CADET DRAUGHTSMAN.**

J. H. Bole.

**BURSARIES.****Tenable at University Courses.**

The following candidates at the L.C. Examination, 1923, have gained bursaries tenable at the University:—

Colin C. Edwards  
Alex Owen  
Colin B. Airey

**THE HAVEN OF REPOSE.**

In a little hollow  
I found me peace,  
Where the tearing wind could not follow,  
And even the sound of the sea unceasing must  
cease;  
Where slumber lurks,  
And drowsy dreams  
Fill all the world  
With glorious gleams;  
While tranquilly  
The warm sun beams,

And sleepily  
Murmur the trees  
Overhead.  
Oh, toil and anger and ranting seas  
Seem far in the hazy past forgotten and dead;  
Instead,  
Pleasant ease,  
Dreams, sleep, soothing bees,  
Flowers and lazy hours.  
How soon I left all else behind  
To the mercy of the wind!

G. HOWARTH.

**SNOW.**

Softly it steals upon us in the night,  
Falling from cold, grey skies like myriad bees  
And silently enshrouds, with gentle ease,  
All nature's gifts with cloaks of purest white.  
The placid moon shines forth, and though quite  
low,  
The night becomes almost as bright as day,  
Once more the fox and hare come forth to play,

And leave deep footprints in the feathery snow.  
The rising sun beams forth and upward climbs  
his way,  
And children, waking with the morning light,  
Soon, with large snow balls, hold a happy fray,  
Until, at last, by bright rays of the sun,  
The silent visitor is put to flight  
And all sweet nature's beauty is undone.

J. BRENNAN.

## SPEECH DAY.

The Annual presentation of certificates and prizes was held on Friday, April 4th. The attendance was excellent, a very large number of parents and friends participating in the function. Unfortunately the day was wet and this militated against the comfort of our guests. It was necessary to make use of our largest room—the Art Room—nevertheless, a great number could not be accommodated. Mr. Bruntnell, Minister for Education, promised that our next Speech Day would be held in an Assembly Hall, befitting the school. The headmaster presented his Report, the salient points of which are as follow:—

In November last 76 candidates from Fort Street were presented. Of these only two failed, while 28 of the candidates obtained honors in one, two or three subjects. The top pass in the school was gained by Edwards, who was closely followed by Lovell, the best mathematician in the year, Hancock and Rose, who did excellently in physics and mathematics.

University bursaries were won by four candidates, while 25 were awarded exhibitions.

Since University Exhibitions were first awarded, Fort Street has won in all 333.

At the Intermediate Examination 98 candidates sat. Of this number 95 were successful. One candidate (Lumsden) gained a maximum of 8 A's in all the capital subjects, and was awarded an Intermediate Bursary.

The sport master's report showed that due attention was paid to the physical development of the pupils. "For many years," the report stated, "Fort Street has been regarded as the home of champion swimmers; yet never before in the history of the school, nor in the history of any other school in the State, has this year's record been achieved. During the year 99 boys presented themselves for examination for various awards of the Royal Life Saving Society, and all were successful. Bronze medallions were awarded to 37, proficiency certificates to 38, honorary instructors' certificates to 11, a bar to bronze medallion to 1, teachers' certificates to 3, and the award of merit to 9. The last-

mentioned is the highest award given by the society, and the performance of Dyson is worthy of mention. He is 14 years and 2 months old, and is the youngest boy in New South Wales to hold the award. Another boy (Macintosh) completed the swim of 600 yards, fully clothed, in 14min. 43sec., the time allowed for this part of the test being 18min.

### MINISTER'S CONGRATULATIONS.

The Minister for Education (Mr. A. Bruntnell) presided, and presented the academic and sporting prizes.

In the course of an address he congratulated the school on its exceptionally high attainments, both academically and on the field of sport. He was very pleased to hear that the pupils had raised £1000 towards the memorial hall, and the department, to show that it appreciated self-help, would contribute the rest.

They could count on being in their new assembly hall at the next speech day.

Mr. Bruntnell then presented the prizes. The successful pupils were:—

J. M. Hooke prize for best pass at leaving certificate examination, Edwards; J. M. Hooke prize for best pass in Latin at leaving certificate examination, Edwards; headmaster's prize for best mathematical pass at leaving certificate examination, Lovell; prize for best pass at intermediate exam., Lumsden; Taylor Memorial Prize for geography, Jones; dux of fourth year, Godfrey; dux of second year, Dance; dux of first year, M'Intyre.

Cup Winners.—Senior cup for athletics (presented by Fort Street Girls' High School) Payne; junior cup for athletics, Armstrong; gold medal for under 14 years athletic championship, Taylor; senior cup for swimming Macintosh; junior cup for swimming, Hankinson; gold medal for under 14 years swimming championship, Stevenson.

Honor Caps.—Turnbull, Payne, Holt.

J. T. Lane prize for best batting average; First grade, M'Kevett; second grade, Carew.

Two of the local members, Messrs. J. T. Ness and T. J. Hoskins, Ms.L.A., were present, and gave short addresses.

### Mr. W. ROBERTS, B.A., Dip. Ed.

We extend a very cordial welcome to Mr. W. Roberts, B.A., Dip. Ed., who has been appointed Master in English and Deputy Headmaster in place of Mr. Mackaness.

Mr. Roberts is an old Fortian, having been on the staff for nearly eight years prior to his appointment to the Parramatta High School

as English Master, from which position he comes again to us. Not only is he a keen and successful teacher, but also an enthusiastic supporter of every branch of athletics. We predict for him a very prosperous career at the school.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Harold Hynes, B.Sc. (Agr.) has sailed for Minnesota, U.S.A. He was awarded the Walker and Eliza Hall Fellowship by the Sydney University, last year, and after having completed one year's research work in this State and proceeds to America to further his inquiries into wheat culture. He is attached to the scientific staff of the Department of Agriculture.

The best pass in Geography at the Intermediate Examination, 1923, was awarded to Leslie Percival Jones, who thus gains the Joseph Taylor Junior Prize for Geography.

The Loewenthal Second Prize for Australian History at the Leaving Certificate Examination was awarded to W. J. Weeden of Fort Street.

The following old boys have begun their professional studies in law:—

E. J. Culey has been articled to Mr. J. T. Ralston, Pitt Street; Keith Wilson to Ronald and Beeby, Castlereagh St.; Wm. Payne to Boyce and Boyce, Elizabeth St.; Noel Paine to F. J. Bull and Sons; Vincent Pike to Mr. H. E. Mackintosh, Elizabeth St.; K. Codd and F. A. Newnham to Messrs. Clayton and Utz; W. Buckley to Mr. A. P. Berne, Pitt St.; Cris. Relph to Mr. J. Relph, Castlereagh St., E. Hancock to A. J. McLaughlin and Co., Pitt St.; J. H. Fisher to Messrs. Whatmore and Lee, Pitt St.; Alan Cupit to Mr. H. A. Green, Martin Place; Keith Macleod, another old boy, writes that he has been articled to a solicitor at Corowa and has taken up his residence in that town.

Rev. Horace W. Barder, M.A., an old boy of Fort Street, has been appointed Incumbent of All Saints' Church at Parramatta.

In the list of scholars from Fort Street who passed the recent L.C. Exam., Colin C. Edwards gained highest marks in the aggregate, and Stanley Lovell came highest in Mathematics.

Andrew Lumsden, of IIID, obtained eight A's in capital subjects at the Intermediate Examination.

We congratulate these scholars on their excellent results.

At the beginning of the year a few changes were made in the staff.

Mr. J. Gallagher has gone to Bathurst High

School; Mr. T. Ingram to Parramatta High School; and Mr. M. Geddes to Lismore High School. We wish them all prosperity in their new spheres of activity, and extend a welcome to their successors—Mr. L. Johnson, Mr. J. J. Dunne, and Mr. A. P. Lundie.

Myer Rosenblum has been awarded the Jessie Duncan Bursary at the University. This entitles him to a grant of £50 for one year in the Faculty of Arts. It holds good for three years and may be extended for two more.

Some of our graduates in Engineering are well distributed over the State.

Furness is with W. and S. Board, Sydney; Steel is with the Irrigation Commission at Leeton, Riverina; Frank Watts has gone to the McDonnell Ranges, Central Australia; Stephenson is with the Kandos Cement Works near Mudgee.

It is with very great pleasure that we note that Raymond McGrath, an old boy of Fort Street, has for the third time been awarded the University Prize for English verse. McGrath was well known as a contributor to this magazine, and we are proud to know that it was in his school days here that his poetic talent was first displayed.

Mr. C. B. Newling, late of Fort Street staff, has gained his M.A. degree with first class honours in History, and also has been awarded the Venour Nathan Prize for Australian History Essay.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Newling on his success.

All Fortians and old boys will be pleased to know that Mr. W. A. Selle has recently gained his M.A. degree. Mr. Selle was for some years a member of Fort Street Staff and has always been keenly interested in the school. His interest in the natatorial art is still made manifest and his presence at our Swimming Carnivals is always welcome. We extend to Mr. Selle our very best wishes.

Two of our boys, G. Howarth and G. Paterson, were recipients of prizes for poems on Tutankhamen. These prizes were presented by Mr. G. H. Hallam, editor of the Victoria Leagues Notes, London.

On Friday, May 9th, the seniors had the privilege of hearing a lecture by Mr. Gelling on the League of Nations. Many valuable facts were brought under their notice, and features of this great institution were elucidated in a highly interesting manner. The matter, which Mr. Gelling presented, together with his clear and vigorous style, provided a most entertaining and educationally valuable address.

Mr. Eric Langker, one of our old scholars, has established his position as one of Australia's coming artists. An Exhibition of Oil Paintings by this talented young man is being held at Anthony Horder's Fine Art Gallery.

We desire to congratulate W. H. McLelland, one of our old boys, on his success in winning

the amateur golf championship of New South Wales on the 7th inst.

We are glad to know that Mr. H. V. Evatt, President of our Old Boys' Union is recovering from his recent severe illness.

Mr. A. L. G. McKay, a former member of the staff, has passed his M.A. degree.

We have to thank Mr. J. M. Hooke, of Taree, for his generosity in presenting a prize, to the value of three guineas, for the best pass in English Literature at the next Leaving Certificate Examination.

"The Fortian" wishes to extend hearty congratulations to Major Edgar Booth, M.C., B.Sc., on the occasion of his recent marriage.



### THE LUST FOR GOLD.

The shadows of the even softly stole

Across the purpling desert dusk and still,  
From out the south a weary rider came  
And halted by a pool and drank his fill.  
He loosed his horse, consumed his scanty meal,  
And slept beneath the silent, summer sky,  
Dreaming of gold, of wealth he hoped to find;  
But breeze-stirred mulgas breathed a warning  
sigh.

The dawning came, but ere the brazen sun  
Had stood athwart the plain in robes of red,  
The rider rising ate, bestrode his horse,  
And swiftly to the northern mountains sped.  
The King of Day arose, the world was mute,  
The time fled fast, and noonday came and  
went,  
But still they struggled on 'mid stifling heat,  
His water gone, the steed's endurance spent.

The pangs of thirst assailed him, hemmed him  
in,  
His blackened tongue burned, swollen,  
parched and dry,  
He cared not, for one cry rang in his ears,  
The lust for gold gleamed in his madman's  
eye.  
He laughed, the eerie silence rang with sound,  
He sang, the echoes clashed the rocks among;

The croak of crows above him as they flew,  
Seemed as a ghoulish death knell loudly rung.

The night descended, bringing countless stars,  
He did not halt, he thought of nought but  
gold,  
So on he rode and shrieked a ghastly song,  
Raving of death and wondrous wealth untold.  
The sunrise came, the stockhorse reeled and  
died,  
And falling, flung the horseman to the earth;  
With glist'ning foam and blood upon his clothes  
He faced the north. Harsh rang his eerie  
mirth.

'Twas twilight when he found his creek-bed  
hoard,  
Two days had shown much ebbing of life's  
tide,  
And, dipping both his arms in gleaming gold  
He faintly sang his ghostly song and died.  
Long afterwards they found him as he lay,  
Pecked by the crows and bleached by sun and  
breeze,  
Guarding his useless treasure with his bones,  
Nothing to tell his tale but mulga trees.

G. SCHRADER, 3A.

## AN URBAN IDYLL.

I saw them first as I leant over the barricades by St. Mary's in the city. I was waiting idly—and rather wearily—for the procession, and admiring the size of the policeman, when two women passed me walking briskly against the wind. They were laughing and holding on their hats, for the east wind was blowing fresh, bent on an evident holiday like the rest of us. Though they were quite elderly, I could not help thinking how they seemed to enjoy some special exemption from real age, for they carried an atmosphere of youth, or humorous gaiety or whatnot of blithe and glad irrelevance about them.

A policeman waved them back, and they turned and climbed under the barricade beside me.

I heard the elder-looking of the two say: "O, Clara, it would have been lovely to dodge past that fat policeman. I'm sure he couldn't catch me if I did."

"Miriam, you incorrigible old maid," in tones of delight and mock severity; "how dare you! Dodge that policeman, indeed!"

"I have done it before now, my dear, and so have you, you know."

"Well, if we did, we are now very respectable old ladies, remember."

"Yes, and live in that horrid, prim suburb where the gardens are so gracelessly tidy, and everybody belongs to the church and loves his neighbour—I wish they wouldn't—or their neighbour's business, anyway. I wouldn't be as good as all that for anything."

"Perhaps you credit them with a little too much, dear. At any rate, we're not there to-day. Oh! just look at those boys climbing on the roof of that 'bus.'"

"Yes; aren't they nice and clean and naughty-looking? Remember when we used to harbour a mutual affection for a certain such young runagate. Goodness, they'll be off! He came from the old Fort St. School, didn't he? That's their badge—"

"Heavens! yes. The time we lived in Ashfield. You used to be the prettiest girl in our street then; I'm sure you were."

"Perhaps I was. Well, you got the boy in the end, my dear. Used to wait about the gate when he was coming home, didn't you?"

"Well, I declare. Listen to the noise those brats are making."

"Aren't they just enjoying themselves? Those were gay times, when we were like them, weren't they, Clara?"

There was silence for a moment, then:

"Clara, to-day is different from other days, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. You see, we have left everyday at home."

"You know, it makes me think, not of the times we were talking about just now, but before—when we lived in that old country house, and climbed trees, and stole apples, and ran wild. How the wind used to rattle the windows of a night; and we used to be afraid of ghosts and look under the bed before we turned out the light! What a slow old brute Tiny, the pony, was! And yet we thought him the noblest steed on earth; and rode him by turns miles and miles up and down the drive."

"Two little chits we must have been then, in blue print pinafores, with freckled faces, and as dirty as ever we could get ourselves. Whenever uncle came to see us, we would waylay him at the gate and extort turnpike fees. We kept him out for half an hour one day when he had forgotten to bring any pennies. Do you think a penny-worth of sweets would taste quite the same now?"

"I shouldn't like to try, anyhow. Wasn't it years and years ago? It is nice to be free again to-day, isn't it? I shall hate the dull, tiresome old life again to-morrow; I always do!"

I looked at their faces—old faces and not very kindly touched by time. Rather a dull, staid old couple they looked. And yet they were standing there happy and slightly flushed with the pleasure of their recollections. There was a private and delicate happiness such as I could not enter upon. I took the first opportunity to steal away, and left them with their old eyes shining as they wandered back into the past.

Doubtless that honest, middle-class suburb still has its jest and scandal, and its gay dogs poke sly fun at the old maids.

But Old Maids? Nay; they have youth eternal!

## THE SEA.

The sea has always held and always will hold a great fascination for me. I could lie for hours on some lonely headland and listen to the dull, reverberating roar of the deep blue sea.

The sea seems to be a living thing, lashing its white-flecked waves upon the shore with ceaseless vigour. Far away before me, the ocean lies extended. The fiery orb glances on the waves with his scintillating rays and they seem to dance unceasingly with glee.

Far away on the blue horizon, the fleecy white sails of the sailing ships seem like some huge seagulls, exploring the vast unknown. Near the shore the sea birds, wheeling around and about, dart suddenly into the foaming spray and emerge triumphantly, bearing aloft their prize.

Shrieking shrilly, they rise and sway with the whistling wind, now bearing aloft, now sporting on the blue breast of the sea.

But that is but one aspect of the mighty sea in one of its many moods. The potent power of the storm in all its bearing appeals strongly to me. Wherever the Titanic storms rage, there the storm king spreads terror and dismay, destruction and havoc. Laughing weirdly amidst

the roar, and breasting the lofty waves he surveys, with a mièn majestic, his mighty handiwork.

The mountainous waves beat mercilessly in cruel fury upon the storm-fretted rocks and sandy shore, seeking to overcome all opposition. With wonderful tenacity, they wantonly and ruthlessly destroy the beautiful creations of Nature. The smiling sky is darkened and enveloped in the clutching talons of the storm. The subterranean caverns ring again and echo the dread thunder. The glaring lightning flashes blindingly, lighting the way for the storm-king to continue his work of havoc.

Then the majestic storm subsides and all is peaceful and quiet once more. The dancing waves lap lazily on the storm-beaten shore and lull the seagulls, riding on their foamy crests, to sleep. The sun comes forth from his prison behind the black clouds and effuses his golden sunshine upon the expectant earth, and all is still and silent.

The ocean has never been, and never will be conquered by any effort that Lilliputian man can put forth, and shall never be seen in the chains of captivity.

AUBREY M. SNEDDEN, 3A.

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## UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

We congratulate the following Fortians on their success at the recent examinations:—

### Faculty of Arts.

**Latin II.**, High Distinction:—R. E. Paine.

**English I.**, High Distinction:—H. W. Hogbin, W. E. Gollan; Distinction:—H. D. Black.

**English II.**, Distinction:—R. E. Paine.

**Philosophy I.**, High Distinction:—C. McLelland; Distinction: W. E. Gollan.

**Psychology II.**, High Distinction.—R. Simmat; distinction. B. C. Doig.

**History I.**, Distinction:—W. E. Gollan, C. McLelland.

**History II.**, Honours II. at Graduation:—H. S. Wyndham.

**Geology I.**, High Distinction:—H. W. Hogbin.

**Geology II.**, Distinction:—B. C. Doig.

**Faculty of Medicine (1st Degree Exam).**—

J. H. Sender, high distinction, Physics I.; distinction, Zoology I. R. J. Waddington, distinction, Physics I.; distinction, Zoology I.

**Faculty of Science.**—A. B. Porter, distinction, Chemistry I.; distinction, Physics I.; distinction, Geology I. W. J. Hamnett, distinction, Physics I.

**Faculty of Engineering.**—R. G. Fenn, high distinction, Physics I. V. Pfeiffer, distinction Physics I.

**Faculty of Agriculture.**—S. E. Bentivoglio, distinction, Agric. Chem. R. V. McCulloch, high distinction, Prin. of Agric.; distinction, Econ. Entomology.

**Faculty of Architecture.**—F. K. Manderson, distinction, Structure Design II.; distinction, Construction II.; distinction, Design I.; distinction, History of Architecture.



## THE DIARY OF ANGELINA.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE AND MADE INTELLIGIBLE BY G. HOWARTH.

Who couldn't keep a diary? Bah! you just  
watch me!

Old Sammy Pepys was not so wonderful. I  
think

That if I tried, I'd make the world agree  
That anyone could write as well as he—  
Oh, what a waste he made of pad and ink!

Monday:

This day I rose at something after eight,  
To don my sweet new blazer—joy of joys!  
And, after breakfast, sally forth in state  
To reach the station—naturally, late,  
But such small things can ne'er destroy my  
poise!

Of "Love's Young Dream" I read, until the  
train

Had left me near the portals of the school  
And so she'd have no reason to complain  
Some flowers I picked that to the school per-  
tain

For gentle teacher—'tis an oft-used rule!

O school, O utter boredom, yawns and sighs!  
E'en chocolates made weariness far worse;  
Some time I spent in all-enthralled surmise  
Of what the price of this, of that the size  
And bad attempts to giggle and converse.

Then out at last, and now the day begins,  
We gather round, and each one shouts and chats,  
Of fashions wag full twenty pretty chins,  
Ninon, georgette and silk, and others' sins,  
Shoes, stockings, many modes and many hats.

Boys have no sense of humour—none at all;  
Why girls can laugh at **anything**—it's fun!  
Well, anyhow, once more in school we crawl—  
O misery! One's tongue must lie in thrall  
Until at length the tyrant's course is run.

Played tennis for awhile, and chatted more,  
And then 'twas time to homeward slow depart;  
Of fashion tips I'd gained a goodly store,  
And spent the evening putting forth my lore—  
What? Do my homework?—Nonsense! have a  
heart!

Tuesday:

Rain, beastly rain; I could not venture out,  
So stopped inside and skimmed a book or two.  
Housework I did with hatred most devout.  
Blow rain! I wish we'd have a lovely drought—  
One cannot wear a frock so nice and new!

Where did Sam Pepys get any news to write?  
I've nothing more to put—although, of course,  
I'd talk for hours on things both great and  
slight,  
It gives me thrills of feminine delight,  
And never pangs of silly, slow remorse!

Wednesday:

To-day, although it rained, to school I went—  
I thought my stylish coat could well be shown—  
Then in the midst of Maths. I lost the scent,  
And half-an-hour in pleasant dreamland spent—  
They say I snored, but gosh! 'twas but a groan.

And after this, the teacher went away,  
And left us all alone. "Now girls, behave."  
Of course we would! Why, what a thing to say!  
And soon we laughed and squealed in girlish  
play,  
And I, of course, quite bold and growing brave,

Was holding forth as teacher very well,  
And aping all her gestures,—'twas a scream!—  
When in she came—alas! 'Tis sad to tell  
Of what she said, and how it then befell;—  
I sank full fifty miles in her esteem!

This afternoon, with sentimental Fred,  
Who, by the way, at Fort Street lingers long,  
A friend and I to view the pictures sped.  
Fred's just a boy, you know, quite slow and  
dead—  
His faint ideas of fashion are all wrong!

Just think! He'd never heard of eau-de-nil!  
He hadn't been to Farmer's new display!  
And so we others talked of these at will.  
Poor boy! Such thoughts I never can instil  
In his thick head—so he had naught to say.

Then afterwards, I wended home again,

To spend the evening reading "Love's Young Dream,"  
A lovely book—not one to tire the brain—  
No, no adventures, only lovers twain,  
And fashion notes!—on every page these teem.

## Thursday:

No rain to-day, the sky was bright and clear,  
I made a point to get to school at ten,  
And further helped my promising career  
By reading 'neath the desk, with chocolates  
near,  
And answering questions with some acumen.

Then, in the playground, two girls had a fight—  
No, not like silly, rough, and tongueless boys!—  
They warred with tongues, to everyone's delight,  
With truly female words and feline spite—  
I joined in too, and then there was a noise!

Well, anyhow, it finished up at last,  
And lessons held the field for us once more;  
I wandered in a maze of Latin vast,  
The teacher at my ignorance stood aghast,  
And on my head abuse began to pour.

The silly, brainless thing! Why pick on me  
To do it when she knew I hadn't tried?  
Well, any case, I had the sympathy  
Of my devoted fashion coterie,  
And in their chatter soothed my wounded pride.

When school was done, I stopped to play awhile  
At tennis, and to talk of pictures too,  
And by the artful exercise of guile,  
I won forgiveness and benignant smile  
From that same teacher of the morning who

Had made me feel so small. Oh, this is slow!  
It's hard to write a diary, after all—  
Too much like work and "fag" indeed, although  
By this you ought to have the sense to know  
That I have outclassed Pepys's silly scrawl.

## Friday:

Another weary week at school is done—  
Oh, life is rotten! Slow as any snail!  
Nothing to do—no pleasures, no, not one!  
Hopes rise and fall with each succeeding sun,  
And life thus lived is dead and sad and stale!

I'm sick of writing diaries!—silly things!  
Why nothing happens here worth putting down.  
I wish I flew through space on fairy wings,  
Or reigned a queen above a land of kings—  
Oh, stop, I'm getting wrinkles through this  
frown!

Well, anyhow, Sam Pepys can have his fame.  
The one who wrote his life for nine long years,  
To world's applause has a superior claim,  
To wealth and everything, and honoured name,  
To all the world's high-ringing fervid cheers!

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## RE THE ADVISABILITY OF THE CANCELLATION OF WAR DEBTS.

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That the war cloud, which issued from the Witch's Cauldron of International Politics in 1914, would break, immerse the world in a devastating deluge, and cause an unprecedented cost of lives and wealth, was probably unimagined by the most pessimistic of pacifists. When the storm had passed, the nations, whose physical and mental energies had been fully absorbed by the conflict, had time to stand back and count the cost, and then only was it realised what a fabulous sum had been spent. Accordingly, when the proposal to cancel all debts, contracted in the course of the war, was presented for discussion, many seized on it avidly as a loophole of escape, but any rational and impartial reasoning must lead to the conclusion that to have her debts cancelled would not be in the best interests of Europe.

If debts remain unpaid then, of necessity, the credit of a nation is, and cannot be, as good as it was before the contraction of that debt. Each unpaid debt means lessening credit, and a ready source of credit is as essential to a nation as the assurance of an overdraft being available to the business man. But if these debts are cancelled the creditor will be chary next time of extending a loan, whereas payment, or attempt at payment, acts as an assurance of good faith. Incidentally this payment of debt helps to keep up the currency of the indebted nation to a normal position.

Since the war England has shown remarkable manufacturing activity, and it is surely something more than a coincidence that she is finding a ready market for her goods, and that she is the only nation of note making a determined

effort to lessen her debt. A steady attempt at payment of debt fosters production, and also a spirit of unity is created. When was France stronger and more united than when she rose as one man after 1870 and paid off what was thought to be a crushing indemnity, and this was analogous to a debt. Nobody will dispute the statement that history repeats itself. The war saved the national spirit of England from death, and the payment of debt will clinch that salvation.

Then the cancellation of the debts would mean another visitation of that hydra-headed monster, war. The world is pregnant with possibilities of war. Mars has sown his seed on the whirlwind and little of it has fallen on stony ground. If the nations were free of their war debts tomorrow, money would be available and would be used for armaments. So while the nations economise and use all their surplus wealth for the liquidation of their debts the defence budget will be cut down to a minimum.

One of the great oppressions of the world today is burdensome taxation. Now, if the debts incurred in the war were cancelled, taxa-

tion would not be proportionately reduced, but the available money would be foolishly expended, but the stern economy, necessary on account of our indebtedness, will make our statesmen and people better financiers and producers, and so the debt will prove a blessing in disguise.

Then from the less material view of justice, is it fair that America's effort, for wealth is warring nations and with no thought of payment? Would the man who is so eager to cry "Cancel all debts" be willing to cancel a mortgage he might own? It is much like the biblical parable of the man who, being indebted to the king, and having his debt cancelled, threw some small debtor, whose creditor he was, into prison.

No, if the world would rise from its state of financial depression, and be rejuvenated, let it make a determined effort to meet its obligations and banish the thought of the cancellation of debt which is morally, economically, and politically an inadvisable course for it to pursue.

A. L. HEFREN, 5A.

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## TRAGEDY.

It is a tragic place. One coming there at night would hear first the ululations of the wind that perpetually quavers to and fro, and the deathly rattle of the dry reeds, the hoarse cry of a warning frog, while he would be startled out of himself to hear the ghostly whisperings of the skeleton trees and grasses. Then, as he approached, he would notice the threatening dagger of tree uplifted under the stars, darting every now and then, as the wind blows, towards a dark crouching pile of rocks.

Curling round the rocks is a festoon of drear water, namelessly deep, terribly still, black as the night; and round this the reeds rub rattling ribs, which is their manner of laughter. Laughter! in such a place! Nay, but it is no laughter of earth, but a mirthless, sardonic cackinnation that finds vent there.

All the trees are twisted into dreadful shapes on the rack of the wind. Here one bows the knee, crying piteously; there another rages at the unchanging sky, standing with its blaspheming arms defying the heedless wind. It is not grass that grows round the trees, but a grim

abortion of grass. It is lank, thin, long, forbidding, and capable of producing innumerable terrors by its sudden flaws and starts behind, before, and at a distance. A foot set in its midst starts a host of ugly whispers down below.

After rain, when the moon shines, the spirit of the place comes forth, and shows in his ghostly splendour white against the rocks. He is the little waterfall that slips from the top menacing into the arms of the moonbeams.

A place where no imagination is needed to fill in the details of horror, a place where speech is afraid of itself, where the perpetual sorrows of the deformed in nature whine themselves out in terrifying symphonies, a place that would harbour murder, suicide, death in its most horrible forms, and things that are worse than death.

Yet the only thing missing in that terrible place is tragedy, which is too often enacted in an ordinary room, or a street. We have lost our sense of the artistic, our sympathy with nature.

G. HOWARTH.

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## BEAUTY.

Beauty exists in many forms far too numerous to mention in a short essay. It has, with very few exceptions, appealed to the better side of every man. Beauty, unfortunately, is to many people so hard to find that they cannot appreciate it even when it stands unrivalled before them.

It is found to be more or less, directly or indirectly, present in everything. Two kinds of beauty appeal to practically everyone. These are, the unquestionable beauty of nature and that of human beings.

The most devout worshippers of beauty are undoubtedly the artists and poets. The everyday person is content to submit to their guidance down the paths of beauty to enable him to fully appreciate it.

Many scenes and objects possess a kind of beauty peculiar to their nature and which is at first exceedingly difficult to see but once discovered the impression never leaves us. For example, one can picture in one's mind's eye the picture in all its vivid splashes of color and contrasts of a huge liner sinking in flames in mid-ocean during the height of a hurricane. Great, red, licking flames spurt out of the doomed vessel, darting here and there in the howling night wind; the crimson crested waves dash angrily against their resisting prey, giving the far flung sparkling red balls of spray a likening to a shower of rubies. The heaving panic aboard, the unsuccessful launching of several lifeboats packed with humanity are pictured in all their grim reality. Scurrying clouds overhead are fringed with a crimson border and a great glow reflects itself in the

heavens. This scene has a truly terrible beauty no one will deny and this does not pass the critical eye of the artist or poet.

Another scene passes before us. Let us look at it awhile. It is perhaps the most beautiful scene that peaceful nature has given us. It is a picture of spring in the English countryside. Peering over the hedge, the peaceful green rolling hills of rich sward are seen sweeping towards the skyline. In the meadows the sweet scent of the new mown hay is borne to us on the cool westerly breeze. Following a winding narrow by-path we pass through a cool little clump of elms and oaks whose gnarled leafy branches form an arch overhead. Crossing a low stile and passing through green undulating meadows where we see a small scattered herd of lazy cows browsing contentedly or basking in the warm sunshine; now coming to a small rustic bridge spanning a clear crystal woodland brook, we will halt and meditate awhile, gazing into its mystic depths. Creeping slowly along to disappear sluggishly into the woodland deeps, it is lost to our sight.

To the right a glimpse of green hills is seen, and the spire of a small country church rises from the midst of a number of red roofs, which comprises a hamlet nestling peacefully in a hollow.

The latter series of scenes I will always believe to be contained in the set of Nature's beauty jewels—treasured by every artist. For a seeker of beauty the tour of the English countryside with its many villages is ideal.

“REPARD.”

## FANTASY.

I have just drawn a range of mountains with my pencil. As I gaze at that bare and solitary outline, already it begins to fill with sights and sounds, and, crude as it is, look like a real range in some forgotten land. Though I drew it but as a line ascending and falling, making one clear central peak, now it is encircled with a sombre hue, and the outlines are clear and bold against a sky so blue that it puts to shame the real sky I see every day.

Tinted clouds, too, are visible above the peaks, leisurely filing across, or pausing for contemplation far up there in the calm sublime. On the left a lazy avalanche goes trundling down, meaning no harm to any, gentle-hearted thing, and suddenly I hear an eagle scream exultingly. Then a condor swoops down. Strange that I can even see the lonely mule-train, winding its rocky way far up the side of that tall peak in the centre. It is so near,

and yet so very distant, that I can but see the faces of the drivers, scarcely knowing the colour or the fashion of their garments. Those faces are swarthy and beautiful. Wide-flung eyes have in them the glorious exaltation of that wondrous place, their lips move in prayer or song, and their deep brows are scored and wrinkled, though holding an unearthly tranquillity, with the marks of an innocent and wondrous wisdom.

At their head walks a girl. She is a very queen among girls, and the soft beauty of the morning unfolds her, as at last after many days one kindred spirit doth another. Her eyes are closed; but when they open they are blue and brilliant; she sways lithely, seeming in some fair reverie, and never heeds chasm or precipice as she flits along.

But ah! what a wondrous waterfall is that stretching in very truth from the top of another peak that is flat and grim, down to a marvellous valley. The spray becomes molten sunlight, and the sound of that fall unceasing is as the trill of soulful instruments far away. Foliage be-

decks this mountain, though it appear so grim, and even I may see the sparkling flowers that nod so prettily along its sides.

Down in the valley are palaces of pure white stone. I know that there man hates not man, and love is supreme because there has never been bondage, and there, O soul, there is laughter and song and poesy without their inevitable punishment of pain.

Now at last the fair sun slideth down, and a peace neither evanescent nor sad flies rosy-winged across the valley. The sky burns with the old glory of sunset, setting its golden haloes around the deep souled peaks, caressing the waterfall once again, so that it seems a wondrous pillar of fire, there in the gathering gloom. The mule-train shows on the highest peak for a moment, with the fair girl dancing in joy, and the palaces in the valley reflect the rosy happiness that lives beneath their roofs.

Oh that that picture could be forever mine, instead of this crooked pencil-line that would have one think it is a range of mighty hills!

G. HOWARTH.

### FINAL EXAMINATIONS.

The Fortian desires to offer its hearty congratulations to the following old boys who have been successful in their final examinations.—

#### Faculty of Law. Final LL.B. Examination.

Honours at Graduation.

Class I.—L. W. Taylor, B.A., R. L. Head, B.A.

Class II.—W. G. Tester, B.A.

Pass.—E. G. Myers, R. W. Aubrey, B.A.

#### Faculty of Engineering.

Fourth Year Examination.

University Medal for Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. R. W. Mackay, B.Sc., Honours at graduation.

Class I.—A. E. Fraser, W. H. Stephinson.

#### Faculty of Medicine.

The following Fortians have passed the final examination for the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine (M.B.) and Master of Surgery (Ch.M.):

G. W. Ashby (Hon. II.) R. J. Kristenson

F. E. Barclay (Hon. II.)

A. J. Blackburne T. B. Law

W. B. Firth

A. S. Furness

G. T. Hunter

K. Kilgour

E. R. Kilpatrick

Ashby and Kristenson have been appointed to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital as Junior Resident Medical Officers, and Kilgour to Royal Alexandra Hospital for children as Clinical Assistant.

#### Faculty of Arts.

H. Savage, M.A.

H. S. Wyndham

J. E. Hagan

F. W. Hyland

H. E. Moran

F. V. Munro

H. M. Owen

K. Rutherford

#### Faculty of Science.

C. E. Boden

H. F. Peak

#### Faculty of Economics.

C. W. Harland

W. G. Mathieson

T. P. Cunneen (Dip. Ec.)

#### Faculty of Dentistry.

M. E. Moloney

June, 1924.

THE FORTIAN.



## OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

Just at present, the efforts of all Undergraduates are being directed towards making a success of the Fete which is to be held next Friday. For the moment, the Engineers have theoretically (and theoretically only) forgotten their envy of the glories of medicine; the Arts students come (theoretically, too) into the presence of these two rivals, and feel safe from any sudden combination of the pair. The purpose is to reach the set objective for the Undergrads' Assoc., so that in a few years, Sydney will be able to claim musical fame, as the very fact of its possessing a carillon will place it among a privileged few—a few cities among which she will be known as having the largest and finest set of bells in existence.

There are not many carillons in existence to-day, but already many cities have made a start. They differ from chimes of bells, in virtue of their being fixed in certain definite formations (which have been determined after long experimentation) and being struck by hammers, operated by a clavier below. On the Continent, where most of the present carillons (the word has now become Anglicised) are to be found, it is a frequent occurrence for audiences of over 100,000 to assemble for concerts. Thus, undoubtedly, the University has set out to strive for a worthy object.

It is also very pleasing to see that old Fortians are taking more interest in the actual life of the University. The Union (the President of which is an old Fort Street boy) and the various Societies offer plenty of opportunities, but until the last couple of years, they were not availed of nearly so much as they should have been, and individualism was indulged in. To-day it is different, and one notices a very fair sprinkling of Fortians not only in the responsible and representative positions of the various societies, but also, what is more pleasing, in the sports.

As in the past, Fort Street's Old Boys are still upholding her glory in the Examinations; perhaps the shining example for all Fortians at the University is Professor J. I. Hunter, who recently attained the M.D. degree. His thesis on "The Forebrain of *Apteryx Australis*" was considered by the examiners as not only being worthy of the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but also of being placed in the Class I. Honours

section. Thus our youthful Prof. has gained both his degrees in medicine with first-class honours, and the University Medal on each occasion. He is also to be congratulated on his recent marriage, and we extend to him and his bride our heartiest wishes for their future happiness. We also extend the same to Major E. H. Booth and his wife. Both are very popular men, and although the writer was not present when Prof. Hunter returned, he is certain that the Major will never forget the reception he received upon his return from the honeymoon.

The top Fortians in the Final Med. Exam. this year were Kristenson and Ashby, both of whom have had distinguished University careers. Drs. Ashby and Kristenson gained Class II. Honours at Graduation and have received appointments to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital—the aspiration of all Med. Students. We congratulate them. We are also very pleased indeed that among the successful candidates for the above exam. was Keith Kilgour, son of our Patron and Headmaster.

Other Fortians who are shining out just at present are R. Simmat and B. Doig, who have been attracting quite a lot of notice in the sphere of Psychology, and are to have the honor of lecturing to the Australasian Assoc. of Philos. and Psychol. in the near future.

We also congratulate Mr. Lyons on his election as Vice-President of the Evening Students' Association.

In the realm of sport, Fortians are also showing out. Hecka Lane and Clive Evatt are household names with the followers of League, while J. Braackanthorpe is still in the Union game. Many others are working their way up, especially in the Union teams. We hope that Fortians will continue to increase their activities, and that in a few years the school will have even greater representation in the corporate life of the 'Varsity than at present.

In conclusion, we would advise all present Seniors to work hard and aim at taking a University course—it's certainly worth a year's work to get up here. At present, the tendency is to desert the faculties of Med., Agricultural Science, Dentistry and Vet. Science and to overcrowd Law, Arts, Science, Engineering, etc. Certainly Fortians did not desert Med. last

year, as 11 out of the 53 men in the year are Old Boys of the School on the Hill.

Another commendable idea is that of teams representing various past years, playing the present boys. It affords amusement, might I say, for the Old Boys and good practice for the present players. The 1922 teams played the

School and after a hard game won by a narrow margin. Shortly, the 1923 football and tennis teams will show their superiority over their younger rivals (not that any attempt is being made here to detract from the present boys' standard, but from the fact that the 1923 team was a greater combination.)

### JAMES GILBERT.

It is with great regret that we record the death in exceptionally tragic circumstances of our former associate, James Gilbert, at the early age of sixteen.

The deceased came to the school at the beginning of 1921 from Gundagai, and soon gained the reputation of an earnest and deserving pupil. He was a member of two Rugby football teams which won their competitions—Fifth Grade 1922 and Third Grade 1923. In these his play was proof of his courage and physical perfection, for even in the company of carefully selected boys he stood out pre-eminent.

So, when he left school after passing his Intermediate at the end of last year, we knew that he would play the game of life fearlessly and cleanly. But it was not to be. When returning home from work on the evening of April 15, he and his twin brother were killed by the door of a passing train near Meadowbank.

We, as a school, feel our loss keenly and extend to the bereaved parents our deepest sympathy.

### MORNING GLORIES.

Not being fortunate enough to be conveyed to school in a fashionable Rolls Royce or even Ford, I have of necessity recourse to trains, noisy, dirty, smoky brutes that grind and groan and roar to school. In these I see a variety of luckless individuals like myself, cramped in dusty cane seats or huddled on the platforms according to their degree of ill luck. To-day, thanks to some harassed schoolmaster leaving some "Latin proses" or mathematical contradictions on the station, I have a seat. Next to me sits a breezy-looking personage reading a "Referee" with evident relish to judge by the contented sucking of a disreputable briar filled with "rich" tobacco and reeking abominably. He looks sideways at my "respectable" attire with lofty disdain and turns a fatuous glance on his enormous tie and its glaring pin. I

survey him in disgust. A huge-crowned hat lops sideways on his oily head, adorned with the "jazz crop," a colorful soft collar battles with the gaudily impossible tie and equally impossible pin. On the floor two highly burnished boots shine like an Aurora. Words cannot express my disgust—but hold! What is this? A female of tender years boarding the train in swimming costume? But no! No costume constructed on these lines would be permitted on the beaches, nor is it customary for such damsels to wear silk stockings (of neutral colour) and high heeled shoes when performing their ablutions. So this must be the gentle lady's daily apparel. Ah! at least she has had the grace to hide her bared limbs and face beneath a sticky mixture of flour and paint.

My neighbour regards her with ineffable de-



light. He stretches his fine legs and discreetly slips his flashing foot into the corridor, at the same time assuming an air of questionably graceful indolence. The damsel (for the sake of clearness she might be termed under the genus flapper) flutters her eyelashes which, unhappily, do not respond to her best intentions, they were bogged in the paste I fear.

I am awakened from my noble scorn by a sudden jolt and a grinding rattle peculiar to

Petersham, and I stumble over my friend's boots (to his very great disgust) and lurch, bag in hand down the corridor. I am assailed, on alighting, with apprehension, for I have left my ticket at home, but I pluck courage from the fresher air and hurry forward with a lighter step, relying on ample promises of "flowers in the morning" to propitiate the rancour of the porter at the barrier.

"RABOC."

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### DELUSION.

I seemed to be but half-awake, in a heavy, leaden drowsiness. My brain seemed numb, my senses immersed in a well of rich deep wine, or drug. I could see but dimly, very dimly, for a hazy film hung swimming before my eyes. I could feel but feebly, yet—yes, I could feel, for I seemed to be moving in a monotonous, jerky, drowsy motion. Where on earth was I? What on earth had happened?

I turned my head slowly, painfully, and lo—I gazed into a vast, solemn, silent space, dark and dreary, that hung over me like a dread pall of death.

Then suddenly, just as I seemed to be drifting away, to be losing myself, my thoughts, my all in the deep measureless void, suddenly, yea so suddenly that I felt a vague, cold tremor pass over me as my body was caught back from the gloom, I was staring into a multitude of twinkling, shimmering, restless worlds of light. Small they were, even as the stars of the sky, bright with a silvery, mocking brightness, never still, but dancing and laughing and winking like the shining jewels of a fairy's cloak.

Wild, and free, and wanton were they as the mellow leaves of Autumn before the impulsive breeze, whirling, and flying and scurrying hither and thither like very imps of madness, demons of frenzied mirth. Yet even as I gazed, it seemed to me that there was a weird marvellous harmony in their frenzy. The thought came upon me slowly, deliberately, and would not be driven away. I drank it in dully, without resistance, half unwittingly, until the very idea became itself a frenzy, a demon in my brain. Wherein lay this strange, obstinate harmony? What made my drugged senses capable of seizing upon the truth, of absorbing it, as though it were

some relieving, deadening opiate, instead of a merciless, mocking demon, filling my brain with feverish, painful intensity.

Those twinkling devils, dancing, ever dancing, caused my eyes to ache, my brain to throb in a dull agony. And then all became clear. The cause, the mystery of their wondrous harmony crashed upon my brain like a thunderbolt, sent my senses reeling and trembling and tottering, burst the tormenting, torturing, film over my eyes! They were flying, those brilliant imps of silvery fire, in triangles, squares, rectangles, polygons, trapeziums, in myriads of forms; myriad-pointed, myriad-sided, regular, irregular, but yet with ever that maddening regularity of figure form. So swiftly, so mockingly, so unerringly, did they move, so gracefully, too, it seemed, that the thought came upon me of innumerable fire-pointed figures thrown through space into a frenzied, untameable, confused harmony.

There was awe, too, deep, silent awe in that twinkling confusion of bright, merry worlds, balls of mocking merriment and laughter, awe such as was now coming, like a cold, shivering breeze, upon me. . . .

"Tickets please! Wake up there, can't you!" I felt myself being shaken rudely, my twinkling harmony of confusion faded in a trice, and with a startling, breath-taking rush, I came from the abyss of semi-unconsciousness to trembling reality.

Tickets?—Why, of course. One surely cannot be called to account for falling asleep in the last train; and those lights—Why, yes, those myriads of lamp lights do get on a man's nerves after a time, I suppose.

JOSEPH BURROWS, 5c.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW BOY AT FORT STREET.

His first thought is of the size of the place: "Good Heavens! I shall be lost in this pile!" At once he feels very, very small. The head-master appears about forty feet high, and beams from an awful distance upon the minute creature below him. The masters stalk to and fro like Titans. The number of class-rooms bewilders him and their swarming inmates oppress his poor brain. He is utterly ignorant of those immemorial usages which form a common part of their lives—and he feels it. These boys are part of a venerable institution with manners, pride and spirit peculiarly their own; he is new, incognito, nothing.

Moreover, when he feels most that he must creep away into some dark corner and hide himself, he is forced into strange class-rooms, where he is introduced blushing, to nearly forty persons in as many seconds. How ever will he come to know them all? He is besieged with questions and has to talk to perfect strangers as bosom friends. He knows every-one and no-one all at once.

He is not extremely happy.

At lunch time, perhaps, he wanders out on to the grass to eat his dinner. He hears groups talking of things to which he is yet alien—but, at any-rate, they are good-humoured and inter-

esting. He climbs up to the library. Here are old friends behind the glass-cases. Many of these will not call him "new," and all invite him to be friends.

He begins to get over his first feelings, and finds that these Fortians are not going to eat him but are rather anxious to make him feel at home—too anxious, some of them, who treat him like a brother and put inkwells in his pockets and pin paper screeds on his back.

And so he progresses.

In a day or two he has proved himself at sport and knows his way about the class rooms. He hears the school-song and thinks it badly sung. Later he joins in himself and finds that the spirit of that song defies the criticism that he levels at its singing.

He commits mistakes in French and Latin and the result is that he feels more at home than ever. They used to say things like that about his composition in the school from which he came out.

He makes a few friends, adopts the school slang, cribbs his home-work now and then, sings the school songs and plays the school games and forgets, in short, that he was ever anything save a Fortian himself.

A. HOPE, 5C.

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## HORROR.

I saw it through my tired and half-closed eyes,  
Just ere I left the world for quiet sleep;  
And as it grew and grew to monstrous size  
Upon my dazed senses 'gan to creep  
A sudden awe, a dull confused fear.  
What could it be, this mighty thing, so near,  
That raised its towering sides of granite, steep  
Unto the skies?

Up, up, loomed in massive solemn stone,  
With glazed and smoothly levelled sides of white;  
T'was like some huge round vessel, carved from  
bone,

But strangely stern in aspect, while its height  
Was such that all above was outlined dim  
Where showed a fearsome groove around the  
rim—

There stood the thing in silent awful might,  
Upread, alone.

I gazed and gazed, dull-eyed with burning brain  
Until the vision grew more mighty still,

Its massive slanting sides to bulge amain  
Nor would be stopped by any force of will;  
And soon its size surpassed all reason's bounds,  
While o'er the lofty brink deep horrid sounds  
There seemed to issue like a breath, and fill  
The air with pain.

And then—O horrid—up I saw it loom,  
Up, up and up its monstrous bulk it reared  
Then on it seemed to come, a Thing of Doom,  
Upon me as I lay, awestruck, afear'd.  
On, on it came—I threw aloft my arms  
And cried aloud—awoke to those alarms.  
And then I gasped and blinked—my dull eyes  
cleared,  
To lighted room.

Then did I gasp again with wild surprise  
To see the cause of all this horrid fear.  
T'was there upon the table, small and near  
A bulging pepper pot before my dozing eyes.

J. BURROWS, 5C.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

How pleasant it is to recall to memory that golden period of your life, thy shining youth. To gaze back down the long vista of years and notice by the wayside various familiar landmarks, which ever and ever as you linger fondly o'er them intensify your emotions and assist you to remember more minutely and more vividly those happy years, far, far too few, which overflowed with youthful hope and eagerness!

What an occasion greater delight to one who has already left far behind him the greater majority of life's mile stones than to gaze for but a brief time in the ever green pastures of those years so long departed. With what a longing heart does he recall the early joys and tears and fears of his childhood, and time weaves a halo of sacred remembrance around even the most trivial incidents of his adolescence.

To such a one there is nothing now terrestrial that can quicken his blood so much as, when deeply merged in youthful reminiscences, he becomes oblivious of his narrow world and again, in fancy, perpetrates his childhood pranks and thrillingly evades the consequences of his youthful escapades.

These very memories are as a tonic and without them his autumn days would be less prolonged.

With what an aching heart is he forced to differentiate between those hours of youthful abandon, when in the gay innocence of juvenility, life slowly unfolded itself before his eager eyes, with all its alluring mysteries and charms, calling to him with strange insistency to fulfil his human obligations and play his role on "this great stage," and these days already "in the yellow leaf" when, with bitter realism he looks upon life, not as a glorious dream or modern Utopia, as once it bade fair to be, but as a

shallow mockery and as an irksome confinement.

His youth has passed like a magnificent roll of drums and what advantages, material or spiritual, has the onward march of time conveyed?

Alas, this ill-stained world has left its deep impression on him and with vain lamentation does he now regret that he is not the clear undimmed disciple that once he was.

Time has brought in its wake experience—experience with all its clear comprehension of life's fallacies and shams; experience bringing knowledge that fills the heart with sorrow and shame and turns man mistrustfully against his fellow man.

Gone for ever are those days of blissful ignorance and childish ideals, ideals that only too soon were realised as being beyond all bounds of possibility. Gone are those days and oh! the anguish of it. How strange it is that, as a man nears the end of his journey and his eyes grow heavy through the approach of that everlasting slumber, his thoughts invariably fly back to his commencement of life. His sole solace in his declining years of decrepitude and silver hairs is found in recalling to mind those happy hours of his life when he gaily traversed the first stage of the road to eternity, beginning his ceaseless and ever continuous march, like to a little child issuing forth to revel in the pleasures of a sunny summer holiday's excursion.

And thus if a man be so fortunate as to enjoy a long life or such a life within which there comes that period of idle dreaming and reverie he lives his youth twice; the first time in reality and the second in fancy, and the first is all the more endeared by the second.

WIECHMANN, 5C.

The following list will indicate, to some extent, the manner in which Fortians are distributed over the continent, in the practice of Medicine. We have omitted those doctors who have taken up their residence in Sydney and suburbs:—

Drs. C. R. Alexander, Uralla; A. E. Allum, Cootamundra; H. L. Ashby, Barellan; F. E. Biggs, Warren; G. Ferris, Leura; W. Fenwick, M.C., Grenfell; W. P. Gallagher, Adelong; G.

C. Holmes, Tweed Heads; W. K. Muston, Sth. Grafton; B. R. Overund, Trundle; K. K. Spence, Woodstock; H. A. Wall, Nimbin; C. R. Wilburd, Port Adelaide, S.A.; W. Feather, Roma, Q'land; A. M. Langer, Cairns, Q'land; R. F. Shepperdson, Kuridala, N. Q'land; W. Yum, Many Peaks, Cent. Q'land; C. B. Packham, Smithton, Tas.; H. Symonds, Healesville, Vic.; O. G. Tunks, Coff's Harbour.

## COMMUNITY SINGING.

## An Impression.

"Beneath thy window," seven scores of cavaliers are clamoring for "Yes We Have No Bananas!"—May their sons copy their virtues more!

Dewy roses in their feathered hats, the blue gums swaying, and marching with a swing to "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," along the road to Gundagai. They are at home! They are at home under the shade of a coolibah tree, and they sing as they watch and wait till the billy boils:—"Nothing could be finer than to be in Yarrowonga, and the land of the kangaroo," for that's the place where they belong. Gentle

breezes, to their presence creeping, under the blue bannerol of the gum trees, their tender curses unto the billabong are taking, while the sun-kissed maid, neath the blossom of the may, alone at last, waits for the trumpet blast. But all the merry cavaliers are thudding into the wine, to the clink of many tumblers, the tramp of many groggy feet; talking with a loose tongue, singing with a will, the King's son ahead of them showing them the way (to ride).

WRIGHT, 5C.

## A DELIGHTFUL MIDNIGHT WALK.

I recently stepped forth into a night such as might even cause the most optimistic pedestrian some apprehension, for of all bad nights this was assuredly the worst. The hour was three, later than it should have been, owing to some delay along the line, and although the railway carriage roof admitted the rain at varied and frequent intervals, one could at least watch the drops accumulating as they welled through the ceiling, and so be prepared to dodge the flying water at the next lurch of the train as it rushed at suburban speed into the night. Besides, a flickering gas light illuminated the compartment, and because of this and a little additional warmth, the rail part of the journey seemed as a paradise to the remaining two miles on foot. It therefore took much effort and will-power to start me homewards, whistling feebly as an accompaniment to the bitter wind.

In the roadway I was progressing famously until I fell into a brook that would easily put Tennyson's to shame. Although the number of hills was not thirty, yet this enterprising streamlet lost naught by that, for it bade fair to become a river before dawn. A poet might have found much worthy of notice in this muddy rill; certainly I did, as the gurgling water playfully splashed into my boots, and for a few minutes the air was so thick that while attempting to withdraw from this predicament I failed to notice a mudhole and naturally "put my foot in it." I tugged vali-

antly, while the mud and clay held firmly, only not to the foot on which I placed my leverage. Then ensued a little cycle practice, in which one foot beat the slippery clay in an action that would make a champion commence training, while the other remained fixed. The ambitious steamlet here assisted by flowing over the imprisoned footcase in such wise as to loosen the clay, and I doggedly squelched onward.

The track through the bush was now a path on the ocean-bed, for such the yellow water appeared, the only breaks in the stretch being islands in the shape of the tops of ant-mounds, so I commenced to walk along the railway line. Blundering over points and sleepers, with the sleet coming in my face, a moving bulk in front I could not place, until I remembered that I was on the goods line. I resolved to postpone head-on conclusions with this one till the indefinite future, so I stepped not onto the express line, as I thought, but to the edge of the embankment. Gracefully I rolled down the incline, like and yet unlike a rolling stone, for although I gathered no moss a thick and complete coat of clay adhered firmly to my raiment. A ditch at the bottom hindered further progress, and the water splashing over my face spurred me to greater efforts. I needed energy, for my overcoat, hat and clothes were spongy encumbrances, and my boots squelched at every step.

Picking the way as best I could along a road that ultimately led to home, I staggered on-

wards to a culvert only a quarter of a mile from my destination. Here I paused to review my position and take my bearings, for the night was inky and the only companions of the way were the pelting of the rain, the noise of the rushing rinnels and the squelching of my boots. Clenching my teeth I strode off the culvert—almost under, too, for the rain had washed away the approach, and down I went, barking my shins liberally in the doing, and increasing my general discomfiture.

And so on, ever on, shivering and complaining on the ways of things until the front door was reached. There being no lights within, I decided to attempt to enter without arousing the household. Fumbling numbly with the front door key, I was interrupted by the dog, which commenced to bark and jump about me, knocking into the mud from my chilled fingers the key. No sound coming from within, I decided to silently enter by the kitchen window, and

with Bill Sykes' ability finally managed to get inside despite my sodden apparel. A stealthy step met with a fiendish scream that set me shaking worse than ever, but two green eyes flashing through the gloom reassured me, and I chuckled wickedly to know that the cat's tail was causing her misery as my circumstances were me.

Surprised at there being no response to all this din, I cautiously lit up the room. The first object I saw being a note on the table, announcing that the rest of the household would not be returning that night, for they did not expect me back at night and had decided to take a run over to the relatives whose place I had just left!

Half an hour later the clouds rolled by, the rain ceased, and the stars shone brightly. I cursed the fickle fates as I finally prepared for spending in sleep the few hours before the dawn.

NEIL H. McINTYRE.

## FIRST EDITION OF "THE FORTIAN."

### Reminiscences of "The Fortian."

The first issue of "The Fortian" saw the light of day on 7th August, 1898, and was the outcome of many little chats between Mr. J. W. Turner (then Head-Master), a classmate and brother monitor, Walford, and myself. A friend of mine had made me a present of two or three pounds of type and I had for some months been printing a tiny 3in. x 4in. paper at home, styled the "Pymble Times," on a little wooden home-made press. It occurred to me that perhaps a paper for the school would be a more profitable undertaking.

Walford was to be the Editor and I Associate Editor and printer. We mentioned our plans to Mr. Turner, who at once saw the value of the suggestion, but thought the paper ought to be a school paper, owned by the school. This made matters easier, and one afternoon the three of us, accompanied by Mr. Pincombe, a teacher, who was to have charge of "The Fortian," made for Cowan & Co., where the type, cases, and a real machine were purchased. The "Real Machine" was my especial pet for months!

Great assistance in the first issue of "The Fortian" was rendered by Mr. Kelman, a compositor at the Government Printing Office, who

as a friend of Mr. Turner's, willingly gave his services. With Mr. Gullick's permission he came down from the Government Printing Office in the afternoons to teach us how to set type in a workmanlike manner, and to manage the machine like master machinists. As far as I can remember the first Editor was Mr. J. Green.

One of the first "jobs" done on the press was a card of welcome to Lord Beauchamp, who visited the school shortly after the historical purchase was made. The machine was then in the Head's office, and his tables were littered with type, cases, inks, galleys, and other necessities of the printer's art.

The machine occupied a proud position near the window, and after our distinguished visitor came in and had been introduced to the "Printer's Devils," as Mr. Kelman called us, I handed him a card of welcome, wet from the press. He thanked us and told us to take a half-holiday. I think all the "devils" wished he'd come every day in the week after that!

When the noise and bustle of the printing got too much for Mr. Turner, he put us down in the carpentry shed, and there with Messrs.

Pincombe, Drew, and Hatfield, Claude Kerr, Harris, Victor Cobb, and other members of the staff, whose names I cannot for the moment recall, I have passed many pleasant hours.

The school plant had not been located in its new position long ere it was seen that some considerable additions were necessary. It was then that a large fount of brevier Roman type and another press were purchased. When I was

leaving, in 1899, the staff numbered six, and it was generally pretty hard work to get the paper out to time, even then. We were never before date, anyhow!

The first "leader" in "The Fortian" concluded with "Quod felix faustumque sit," and that "it may be happy and prosperous" still, is the sincerest wish of

FRED CONWAY.

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### THE WOOD NYMPH.

Her hair's a ball of gold so fair,  
Her eyes a wondrous lake of flame,  
Her smile a child without a care,  
Her lips the songs of love proclaim.

Her voice a song like evening bells,  
Her cheeks are roses perfum'd sweet,

Her ears two fragile dainty shells,  
Her walk a flight on winged feet.

Her home's in deep and shady dells  
Where Phoebus ne'er throws fiery beams,  
Where Pan holds revelry and dwells  
With this sweet goddess of my dreams.

A. L. HEFREN.

---

### CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.

Howl loud! Ye mournful screechers of the night,  
Who, 'neath my window at the midnight hour,  
Hold forth in frenzied song with tireless power;  
Screech out, ye howling demons, squeal and  
fight!

Oh, take your places on our back-yard fence,  
In stately row, with curling tails in line,  
And spit and scratch and tear and moan and  
whine,

And chase each other through the darkness  
dense.

Oh, gambol on our roof, and prance and trot,  
And claw sweet music from its creaking tin;  
And play at sextons on our garden plot,  
And sweep the plantlings skyward, root by  
root;

Come, sit upon the sill and sound your din,  
That I may swiipe ye with my father's boot.

J. BURROWS.

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### THE SCHOOL SPIRIT.

The land is wrapped in the arms of Morpheus; the King of Darkness, with his Queen, Silence, by his side reigns supreme over all, and from his lofty throne has issued forth his royal decrees whilst the world submissively has obeyed. Occasionally a rebel subject arises, with his retinue of light or sound, as a car swiftly darts across the scene flooding the world with light; or as a train from somewhere in the distance, overthrows the laws of Silence as it roars past on its journey into the realms of night. Such rebellions, however, are born but for a day and then pass into oblivion, leaving honest mortals prostrate

at the feet of their sovereigns. Such is night.

But stay! who is this unearthly being who glides through the atmosphere of night on wings of duty and love? Surely this is no rebel! Else why is he not conquered by the avenging armies of the king, as others; why is he alone of all men permitted to overthrow and disregard the constitutional statutes? Ah no! 'Tis but a spirit of the night, a messenger from the King of Darkness, a servant of the Queen of Silence, aiding his employers in their nocturnal tasks.

Lo! Look where he halts; nor yet halts but only seems to halt. See his shadowy form pas-

sing through the massive portals, the gateway to the House of Fame, the highway to Success; and even now, perceive his actions, and learn of his purpose, oh my mind. Ever and anon as he continues his pilgrimage of duty, his errand of justice and love; methinks I see his hand pass to and fro like unto "the sower who went forth to sow." See! He scatters o'er his path some unearthly fragrance, something supernatural and heavenly, some portion of the Divine Being.

Now he passes through those chambers sacred to the heads of this institution, on whose shoulders, rests the task of training the youthful minds of all the aspirants for fame and fortune who enter within these lofty walls! Mark with what diligence he showers his wares throughout this abode of toil and responsibility, ever taking care to distribute a fragrance of loyalty, intelligence, pity, sense of duty, yea and above all, divinity! Even now he ascends the sacred staircase, leaving in his wake an air of reverence, charm and respect, which soon will be imbibed into the heart and soul of each one whose spirit urges him to enter this mansion of success.

Soon he stands within the rooms of the youngest of the occupants. How carefully and thoughtfully he distributes the attributes of his person in the abodes of these, whose souls, yearning to become worthy of the position they have undertaken, are most subject to outside forces of temptation, destruction and ruin. Easily may they slip from the path of right and fall below upon the broad easy road that leadeth to failure and regret. Surely this is a deserving case for diligence, and surely our nightly messenger is cognisant of the responsibility resting on his shoulders as he carries out his nocturnal errand of mercy and love! Ah, yes! for see, he scatters a double portion of his spirit to be received by these young impressionable minds.

And so this blessed spirit passes from room to room, from floor to floor, giving freely of his possessions to all, some receive more, some less, but everyone becomes possessor of an ample share to carry him through the journey of the day. But there is one more task left for his gentle hands and even now he hastens to perform it. Swiftly he works, and soon he has spread his mantle of reverence over the tablets, whereon are recorded the exploits of honour of heroes of past and present ages; now he departs as swiftly and silently as he came, with the knowledge and joy of a mission fulfilled.

From end to end of the building the blessed calm and rest resultant on his mission of love, have spread their wings over the whole scene. And yet what action is prevalent, when we see through the eyes of immortals! What numerous spirits roam throughout the rooms, longing for the day and seeking that refuge and rest which can only be found in the minds of those occupants who will grace the self-same rooms with their presence on the morrow! As he breathes in the atmosphere, little knowing of his nightly visitor, each spirit imparts unto him some new doctrine of love. Desire for wisdom yet not lacking a yearning for sport, sense of compassion and pity, higher moral courage and deeper spiritual thought, all find a place in the mind of the boy, ever ready to receive. Teachers and students alike are affected by this unknown influence, and all advance along the journey with buoyancy and hope.

"And who is this uninvited but welcome guest, this unknown but loved friend?" you ask.

Well may you desire his acquaintance. It is the spirit of Fort Street distributing, on his nightly errands, those thoughts and ideals which have characterized the school for time immemorial and have given to her that pride of place and pre-eminence of thought, which she has maintained throughout all ages. D. HYDE.

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### IF I HAD A POP-GUN.

(After P. R. Chalmers).

If I had a pop-gun and knew how to pop it,  
I'd shoot all the flies when the summer is here  
And even the spiders would ask me to stop it  
For flies are so scarce and their living so dear.

I'd use my old pop-gun both far and both near,  
Where flies are all trying the viands to lick,  
If I had a pop-gun and knew how to pop it,  
If I had a pop-gun—instead of a stick.

H. DAY.

## THE PIANO FUND.

## Concert Account.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Fifth Year . . . . .	4 3 0	Hire of Hall . . . . .	1 10 0
Fourth Year . . . . .	4 9 0	Printing Tickets . . . . .	1 10 0
Third Year . . . . .	4 16 0	CREDIT balance . . . . .	30 7 0
Second Year . . . . .	6 11 0		
First 1A . . . . .	1 10 0		
1B . . . . .	2 0 0		
1C . . . . .	2 17 0		
1D . . . . .	3 10 0		
Petersham Girls . . . . .	3 1 0		
Door, etc. . . . .	0 10 0		
Total . . . . .	£33 7 0	Total . . . . .	£33 7 0

8th April, 1924.

W. PORTER,  
Hon. Treasurer,

## WHAT THE MOON SAW.

The moon rose above the horizon in a halo of golden glory, with serene majesty, and sailed slowly across the heavens. The paling stars formed a misty screen out of which, with splendid yellow, shone the great orbit. The shaft of light, mixed with the grandeur of a perfect Australian evening, seemed to entrance—so perfect was the picture, so silent was the world.

Below was the forest harmonising with the scene; the tall and stately gum-trees, towering as pillars to heaven, silhouetted against the skyline. The green grass, coloured by the shimmering light from above, and the weirdness of Nature in such solitude, made everything seem to be held by the charm of the night.

Not a sound was heard except the whispering murmur of the leaves; not a movement was seen except the slight rocking of the trees by the gentle zephyr which blew from the south.

But suddenly there was a noise in the forest glade—very slight it was—but it awakened the

Moon from the reverie into which her environment had caused her to fall. Intently she watched and into the glade glided a troupe of fairies—oh, how daintily did they tread!—how mystic did they appear!—with a beautiful queen at their head. Slowly, and with rhythmical motion, they began to dance, now in a circle, now separately, and all the while, from apparently nowhere, came a sweet lilting tune which increased the mystery of the scene. The Moon's fancy was awakened; she longed to join in the company, to dance in such an atmosphere; but alas her task was set and slowly, reluctantly, she sailed towards the east. Still the music continued, still the fairies danced as the moon sank beneath the horizon. She was slow to go, and waited as if in a last hope, and then, resignedly dropping behind the hills, left the scene of wonder, and continued her journey with a fanciful, mystic longing, lingering in her breast.

K. RICHARDSON, 4C.



## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I lay at rest among the flowers and dreamed  
Such dreams as filled my gray old heart with  
joy;

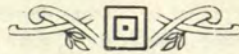
I saw a sight far sweeter than I deemed  
And felt a peace no waking could alloy.

There lay a land where bounteous nature teemed  
Her varied gifts—a land where, as a boy,  
I ever loved to roam, and, so it seemed,  
I found a love no distance may destroy.

I saw a far green meadow dear to me,  
Where cattle grazed beneath a clear, loved  
sky;

And then I wept to mark each well-known tree,  
Each shady nook where I was wont to lie—  
Till soon, I woke to hear a joyful plea,  
A robin's twitter from a branch nearby.

JOSEPH BURROWS, 5C.



To the Editor of "The Fortian."

Sir,—

Here is a beautiful scandal for you, the best this season. It is also a piece of observation and deduction that knocks Sherlock Holmes into "a cocked hat." I have an EXPOSURE to make, and it is this: that I have discovered the well and fountain-head of the marvellous seventeen-syllable words and the wonderful asinine phrases with which your learned correspondent, Professor Naitrof, has adorned the pages of "The Fortian" these many issues.

Professor Naitrof, on a certain morning between June and September, 1922, read James' "Principles of Psychology," volume 2, as he travelled in to the University in a double-dreadnought tramcar. It took much cocaine to help deduce this, Mr. Editor. On the evening of the same day the villain wrote two articles for your magazine, viz., "Scientific Suggestions" and "Neglected Genius," which duly appeared in your September issue.

I am no alarmist, Mr. Editor, but, after consultation with my solicitor, minister, insurance agent, and undertaker, I venture to accuse the professor (whom I sometimes suspect to be no true professor) of having taken praise from your esteemed self for that which was not his own, and of having cracked a joke that was partly the property of William James, deceased, without giving the illustrious ghost due credit. Here are my proofs positive.

"Then there is the dreadnought car (which

hunts in couples)....." ("Scientific Suggestions.")

"One of them is the sign to us that the other will be found. They hunt in couples, as it were, ....." (James, p. 337).

"The system of education which he" (i.e., Naitrof) "has excogitated (good word 'excogitated,' 'The Fortian' is proud of it. Ed.) ....." ("Neglected Genius," evidently by the same ruffian who speaks of himself in the third person).

"It is safe to say that if ever such a system is satisfactorily excogitated ...." (James, p. 317).

Now let the monster Naitrof hang his head and die of shame. Better still, let him hang his body and die of strangulation. Ichabod, his glory has departed. There is but one way open to him if he would clear his good name. He must prove himself the spook of William James; and, although the Psychological Research Society would probably help him do it, there would still remain the question: cannot a spook be found guilty of plagiarism for using the phrases he coined during his lifetime?

Altogether, I do not like Professor Naitrof's chances. Of such, Mr. Editor, is the kingdom of Old Scratch. Let the professor be despatched to his king, say I. Don't be surprised then if his next contribution is written on asbestos, smelling of brimstone.

Yours &c.,

"NEMO."

## LANDSLIDES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The land slide that has occurred in Spain reminds me of something similar which my father wrote and told me about, while he was in India in 1918. He was spending leave in Simla, the Summer Capital of India, situated 7000 feet above sea level in the Himalayas.

While he was walking through the town one afternoon he was told, as he passed a partly pulled down building, that it was the old town-hall, which had been destroyed some years previously. The hill behind it had slipped away and wrecked the building. Next day while walking behind this old building, he was surprised to see a notice, which had not been there the previous afternoon. The notice read, "DANGER, HILL SLIPPING," and it meant that this treacherous piece of ground was again unsafe for traffic. Simla is built over a series of ridges, the only level ground being seven miles away and is a well-known sports ground called Anandale. The Vice-regal lodge is at a suburb called Summer Hill, three miles out of Simla, and, as Lord Chelmsford, the previous Governor of

New South Wales, was Viceroy of India at this time, and was in residence, it reminded my father very much of Sydney.

A few months later my father took some convalescent typhoid patients to another hill station called Nani Tal, where there is a lake 7000 feet above sea level. The town is built around the lake, the shores of which are very steep, and many schools are situated there, so as to be in a cool climate. There was a very big land slide at the head of this lake many years ago and it had carried several shops and other buildings with it, and quite a number of lives were lost. The land filled up the end of the lake and a recreation ground was made of it, with an enclosure containing a monument in memory of the people who were killed. All the way up from the rail head to Nani Tal were evidences of numerous land slides due to the water percolating through. When this occurred the road would be blocked often for days together.

B. BERRY.

## SPEECH DAY.

4th April, 1924.

Rain, rain, drizzling rain! Rain indeed, welcomed our visitors, rain ushered them in through the gates—those lofty, awe-inspiring portals—rain followed them up the steps into the building, rain clung to them, loath to be shaken off, as they crowded into our spacious Art Room, where the ceremonies were held.

When all our visitors, save some third of them who were led to reserved seats (though somewhat isolated) on the verandah, were seated in the assembly hall, Mr. Kilgour rose to open the ceremonies and introduce the visitors—Mr. Bruntnell, the Minister, Mr. Ness, Mr. Hoskins. Mrs. Bruntnell who usually assists at the prize giving, was unavoidably absent.

The headmaster, then, on the Minister's invitation, rose to read out the School's Report of Progress for the preceding year. As good, if not better, than the last, this proved to be, which fact indeed was predicted by the head's satisfied smile. (In the report, by the way, special mention was made of the energy of the

esteemed Mr. Humphries, his daily physical classes, his forcefulness, and the enthusiasm, inspired by him).

The Report duly read and commented on, favourably, he it said, Mr. Bruntnell gave his address.

\* \* \*

Following the Minister's bright and impressive speech, the certificates were given out by Mr. Bruntnell, the Inter. Certificates first, then following, the Leaving Certificates, the Life Saving Awards, Cups, etc., for Sports Winners, the Honor Caps—the lads who won these, W. Paine, F. Holt, Turnbull, looked such shy, timid, innocent little fellows as they ambled up to the table—and minor prizes.

Well merited and sincere applause greeted the lucky ones, who took it blushing.

Mr. Hoskins was then asked to say a few words to the visitors. He did so.

After his address, Mr. Ness was similarly approached. He did so, too.

Mr. Ness seated, the H.M. called upon the assembly to tender a vote of thanks by acclamation to the speakers, and was heartily and handily responded to by all present.

Mr. Bruntnell returned sincere thanks for the apparent keenness of the welcome given him, and as a parting shaft and compliment declared that the lads going out each year from the School had much to live up to; he hoped that they would succeed, nay, excel themselves therein.

All hands, by their sound, agreed.

Mr. Kilgour, to close the ceremonies, called on the visitors to rise and mingle their voices in "God Save the King," which done the visitors, much and favourably impressed, filed out of the Art Room—into which we hope, as no doubt they also do, they will never be herded again.

Undoubtedly the most brightening, livening feature of the afternoon was the Minister's firm promise of the erection of the elusive Assembly Hall.

JOSEPH BURROWS, 5C.

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## THE DEBATE.

### Fort Street v. S.H.S.

On May 9th of this year the two schools above mentioned met in debate on the question "That the Singapore Base should be built," S.H.S. taking the affirmative and Mr. Mackaness kindly adjudicated. After a good opening by Mr. Sachs, Mr. Hefren led the Fort Street attack characteristically. The Sydney High leader was ably supported by Mr. Lee Chun and Mr. Cunningham, while our leader was followed in

a medium fashion by Mr. Starr and Mr. Sims. At the conclusion of the statements of the case by both sides, Fort Street was left with a deficit of ten. On the replies we regained six of this margin which left S.H.S. victorious by four points, 460-456. A return debate is being arranged when victory we hope will come our way.

"LEADER."

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## REPOSE.

Long since had the coils of night been wound round and round my room and even though I lit a dim light to drive it away, still it lurked just on the window-sill, ready to slide in again.

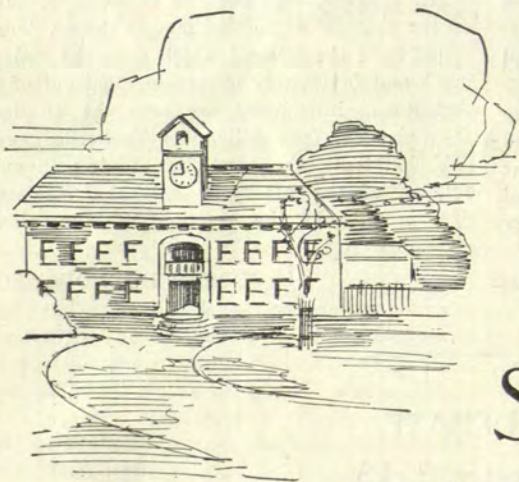
Silence. Not an unearthly, vivid silence, that beats by and by more than any sound upon the brain, but a beautiful repose. I reclined on my bed with the light still shining, and bathed myself infinitely for a few seconds in the still lake of quiet.

Outside were occasional faint murmurs, but they seemed only a musical undertone accompanying the superb melody of silence. Wide was the window, the curtains half-drawn quavered softly now and then as a grey ghost, perhaps, blew upon their faces. I know not, but none came to disturb the peace.

Above on the white ceiling the light showed dimly, restfully; even the wall-paper seemed changed into a thousand enchantments, whose watchword was Silence, whose spell was Sleep. Sleep! Oh, it were repose enow to lie there wrapped round and round with calm. The world at that moment seemed almost too beautiful to be true. Could I then believe that soon a clanking day would descend and ramp over the world?

It was a peace of quiet light, and small breathings in the air. It was a peace I would not willingly have exchanged for darkness and sleep, but that it could not have lasted beyond the enchantment, the beauty, the wonder, of the moment that created it.

G. HOWARTH.



# FOY'S

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### EDITORIAL.

It is pleasing to be able to state that all sports for the current year are in a flourishing condition. The detailed accounts appended of Cricket, Athletics, Swimming and Tennis go a long way towards justifying the statement that the sporting standard of the school was never higher. In addition to Grade Cricket, a very interesting Class Cricket Competition has been in progress during the late summer and from these teams good boys should graduate into the grades next season. At present, our athletic standard is high; we still have Armstrong, Brock, Ebert, Martin; and many promising athletes should be revealed during the school and inter-school contests that are to be held during the year. The outcome of such an arrangement should be a splendidly trained and well tested team for the C.H.S. Sports in September. Let our representatives be satisfied with nothing short of a decisive victory.

Expert and highly qualified life-savers are becoming quite numerous and their presence upon the many surfing beaches should afford nervous masters more than a modicum of consolation and security. There is none of them so mean and base that would allow an old friend to float off to New Zealand.

Tennis is another activity that has flourished greatly under the care and direction of the masters interested. The school always contained some boys of outstanding merit and one remembers with interest the names of Telfer, Southwick, Hopman and others. It must be conceded,

however, that never before have so many boys competed in organised competition. Such a state of affairs is highly satisfactory; it is the practical sport that we want to turn out. He is a better boy because his interests are broader and his attachment to the school will be a deeper one because of the sport he played there.

Winter's chilly blasts are turned to balmy breezes at the prospect of the Rugby season and all are agog with excitement. Competition for grade teams has proved to be very keen and candidates are advised to train hard and consistently. A reputable few of last year's Firsts remain—Britton, Spencer, Thompson, Cant, Wiechmann and Eason—and from this point of view the position is more promising than it was a year ago. Our difficulty once again is to combine weight with ability. Fifth Year boasts two of the heaviest boys in Sydney; and each is as gentle as any sucking dove. On the other hand tigers like Britton and Watts (a very promising player) scarcely tip the beam at 9 stone. The suggestion by one enthusiast that Dingle and Britton should exchange thyroid glands is worthy of serious consideration.

It is a very real pleasure to note the successes gained by prominent sports in the Leaving Certificate. Turnbull, perhaps the finest five-eight the school has seen, won an exhibition, in medicine, as also did Mackinnon (the witty Scot). Tom Sloane and Rosenblum matriculated in Arts; Buckley, Bill Payne (winner of the Senior Athletic Cup), Lippman (an excellent cap-

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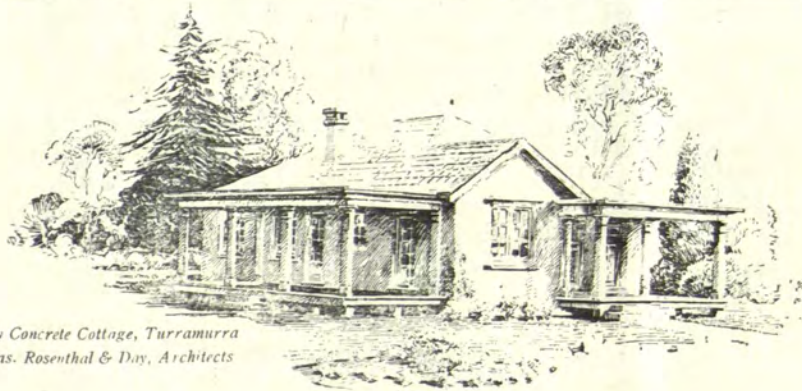
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tain) all did well, and Scutt (the greatest breakaway Fort Street has produced) passed his Intermediate.

Nor must we forget that great players like Albert Lane, Levings, Waddington, Woodward, Milne, Herbert Spencer, Jenkyn, Langsworth, Assheton, and many others are qualifying for their professions and bringing further distinction on the school. We would have them know that the added pride in their success comes from a remembrance of their sporting ability.

## CRICKET.

### FIRST GRADE.

(MR. PAGE.)

Our First Grade team was depleted of many of its outstanding players at the close of last year, but was fortunate enough to pick up some fine recruits who have amply justified their inclusion in the team. Godfrey and Smith, in particular, are decided acquisitions to our bowling and have been largely responsible for the defeat of the two teams we have so far met this season.

So far two matches have been played resulting, in each case, in a win of an innings. We stand at the head of the competition with fair prospects of winning the shield.

The batting strength of the team is good on the whole. Brennan leads the batting average. He unfortunately has a tendency to get his legs in front of his wickets and has paid the penalty of l.b.w. on several occasions. Cant stands next, but is weak on the leg side. Still, with practice, he will rapidly improve.

Carew, Godfrey and Smith are the outstanding bowlers of the team. Carew has a good length and a fine swerve. So far he has taken 10 wickets for 20 runs. Godfrey has an average of 4.3. His length is faulty at times, but he mixes his bowling well, breaks both ways and worries the batsmen considerably.

Smith has an average of 10 for 24. Bowls a good length with a fine swerve.

Gallagher, our wicket-keeper, stands out conspicuously for his smart work behind the sticks. He is also a useful bat.

McKevett, the captain, is useful with bat and ball. His handling of the team is improving but he still has a tendency to talk too much. A first grade team ought to know where to go

in the field now that the members know their bowlers, or else be given some strong hints at practice.

One cannot close these notes without commenting on the excellence of the fielding. In this department of the game the present firsts easily outshine their predecessors.

### SECOND GRADE CRICKET.

(MR. JOHNSON.)

Fort Street should stand a good chance of winning the second grade competition.

Our initial match against S.H.S. showed great promise for the team's success. Both batting and bowling accounted equally for a four point win. Johns batted well for his 49 in the first innings, and Cohen's double performance with the bat gave him promotion to the 1st XI.

Our next match, against Petersham, showed that the team's fielding was weak. Our failure in this match may have been due to the concrete wicket.

In the Kogarah match, a great improvement was noticed in the fielding, which helped largely in our outright win.

A game was played against the Abbotsholme College at Killara but resulted in a draw.

The matches to date have resulted:

Fort Street v. S.H.S., won by 195 runs outright.

Fort Street v. Petersham, lost by 31 runs.

Fort Street v. Kogarah, won by 211 runs outright.

Fort Street v. Abbotsholme, drawn match.

Those who performed well with the bat included Forsythe, Gilmore, Paul, Heery, Johns and Watts. Galvin was the best fieldsman.

### THIRD GRADE CRICKET.

(MR. LEVY.)

Fort St., after being beaten in the first match of the competition by Burwood, improved considerably and have not since been defeated. At the end of the first round Fort St. had won three matches and lost one; a match with Petersham was postponed on account of wet weather. So far only two matches of the second round have been played, one against Burwood and the other against Hurlstone. The match with the former school was drawn, but we managed to defeat the latter rather easily.

Up to date Burwood leads by two points, but if we defeat Petersham we shall be leading in

our division in the competition. Further matches have been held over until after the football season.

The team's batting has not been consistent and, at times, was rather weak. Moulton, Langley and Solomon were perhaps the most successful. There is a fine variety of bowling in the team, and the bowlers Jenner, Moulton, Tracey and Martin, formed a strong factor of the team's success. Tracey secured the most wickets, obtaining 21 in all. In the last match against Hurlstone he bowled phenomenally, securing in their first innings 7 wickets at the cost of 4 runs, whilst at one period of the game he had taken 6 wickets without any runs being scored off his bowling. Then again in the second innings he took 8 wickets for 20 runs.

Although the bowling is good, it could be improved, especially by Jenner and Martin varying their style according to the type of batsmen.

The fielding of the team improved as the season advanced, but the best individual fielder was White, who did well in all matches. Should the team be complete when the cricket competition is resumed Fort St. should meet with success.

## SWIMMING.

(MR. ROSE.)

A year ago the position of swimming in the sporting life of Fort St. was reviewed by the present writer. Since those notes were written there has been an undoubted revival in this most important side of our summer sport. The old feeling is leaving the present members of the school, that Fort Street, because of its geographical position, is destined to occupy a minor place in aquatic activities. The school itself is not very distant from bathing facilities, and, with a harbour running so far inland and containing so many arms, it is inconceivable that any member of the school could be so far away from water as not to be able to have at least one day's practice in addition to the usual weekly bath, when the crowded state of the baths hardly allows of any serious swimming practice. I heard of one case this year of a boy who was determined not to be beaten. His practice for this year's carnival was done in a dam and he managed by this practice to carry off an age championship. I do not wish from this to infer that boys should go to brickpits for

practice. Keep away from such swimming places. They are death-traps, and good swimmers have lost their lives in them. What I wish to point out, however, is that the boy who is determined to be a good swimmer will find ways and means of getting the frequent practice necessary for success. Do not be content to struggle along in the water. First get the feeling of security when you are in deep water, then practise until you can swim gracefully and without effort. After that make up your mind whether you are going to be a sprinter, a breast-stroke champion, a back-stroke artist, or a distance swimmer. Then practise assiduously so as to acquire the "knack" of swimming without exhausting oneself with clumsy or wrong movements of arms and legs. Pay attention to breathing and in swimming try to acquire the art of resting between strokes.

So much for advice. Let us now indulge in prospect and retrospect. It has been a source of satisfaction to find such an increase in the numbers that now attend the weekly classes. The calibre of the swimmers, too, is much improved. There are some classes in the school with quite a number of good 50 yard sprinters. We want these boys to aim next season at bringing the 100 yards time below 70 seconds. There are a number of boys also capable of putting up good times for the middle distances, and one gathers hope for the future from the fact that there were fourteen starters in the Senior 440 yards Championship this season.

Both cups at the recent carnival went to the seniors, but the winners of the same, especially in the Junior Cup events, knew that they had been racing. When Hankinson and Waddington meet next year in the Senior Cup competition the school will see some fine swimming, and there are quite a number of others who, if they take their swimming seriously, may effect a surprise.

One cannot pass over in this limited review the classic win of the Junior Relay Team at the 1924 Carnival. The race will live in the memory of every boy who participated in it, or who was present to share in the 212 degrees Fahrenheit of excitement that the alternating fortunes of both teams produced. "I suppose you were pleased at the Junior School's performance," I remarked to a member of the natatorial 3B several days after the race was over. "Not were pleased," was the quick response, "but are pleased," and no doubt this worthy feeling



of pride in a notable achievement will continue for a year at least.

In conclusion, we wish to extend congratulations to the Cup winners, Macintosh and Hankinson, and to our promising young, under 14 champion, Stevenson, from whom Fort Street expects much in the future. Waddington, too, must not be forgotten. To get to within half a point of the Cup winner's aggregate is hard luck, but it is sport. Next year he may reverse the positions. It is pleasing to note how well he is following his brother Roland's example and profiting by his coaching. Roland, too, is doing well both at the University and in the Abbotsford Club, winning the 100 yards Championship of that body in the solid time of 64 seconds. Follow up, Fort Street, and make up your minds that you are going to effect a comeback in the school swimming world.

#### FORT STREET'S FAMOUS FOREBEARS.

##### Noted Stars in the Swimming Firmament.

In a recent newspaper discussion an old Fortian supplied the names of some of the most prominent swimmers produced by the old school. Among these may be mentioned:—

**T. Adrian**, ex-440 yards State Champion, Charlton's mentor, and the only white man to conquer "The Duke."

**A. Barry**, ex-100 yards Champion of Australia and for many years holder of the 100 yards record over this distance.

**H. Hardwick**, Superintendent of School Swimming, ex-Distance Champion of Australia and Olympic representative at Stockholm in 1912, when Australia won the Teams' Championship of the World.

**L. Boardman**, another Olympic representative and member of the 1912 team.

**M. Champion**, a third representative at this history-making Olympiad of 1912, and a brilliant all-round performer.

**W. Furness**, ex-State Breast-Stroke Champion, whose breast-stroke record of 38 4-5 seconds for 50 yards, at the C.H.S. Carnival, has stood since 1916.

**R. E. Burgoyne**, ex-representative Manly 880 yards team and a brilliant sprinter.

**M. C. Crackanthorpe**, ex-High School Champion and ex-representative of the Manly Club Flying Squadron and regular minute-breaker for the 100 yards.

**Saxon Crackanthorpe**, ex-Swimming and Diving

Champion of Schools and representative in University Club Teams, credited with 24 1-5 seconds for 50 yards.

**Ken Watson**, present holder of the Surf Championship.

**G. Shead**, ex-All School Champion and brilliant surf swimmer.

**L. (Tod) Solomon**, ex-Australian Champion.

Perhaps readers of the "Fortian" may be able to help the Editor to add to this list.

L.R.

#### LIFE-SAVING.

(MR. HUMPHRIES.)

Fort Street has made many records, but he who reads the account of Mr. Humphries' triumphs in life-saving during the 1923-24 season will realise that he has surpassed himself. No fewer than 35 boys obtained Proficiency Certificates, 36 Bronze Medallions, 10 Honorary Instructor's Certificates, 1 Bar to Bronze Medallion, and 9 Awards of Merit. This last number in itself would constitute a record. Moreover, Dyson, of the Third Year, was one of the youngest in the State to gain this honour, and Macintosh, of Fifth Year, put up a fast time which is a school's record.

One cannot speak too highly of Mr. Humphries, in view of these triumphs. Coming to the school almost five years ago, he has laboured ever since to make Fort Street supreme in swimming and life-saving—not to mention physical culture—and the records of the past season show to what pitch of perfection he has brought his pupils. May such success attend him in everything it is his will to attempt.

#### ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY AWARDS.

During the year the following boys have presented themselves for various examinations held by the Royal Life Saving Society, and in every case have been successful:—

**Proficiency Certificate**—C. Sorenson, K. Buxton, G. McSween, J. Tetlow, H. Walker, K. Shortridge, A. Slinn, A. Henry, R. Dupen, D. Isaacs, L. Hogan, L. Harman, H. Wardley, A. Waddington, A. Smith, N. Winters, W. Hely, W. Moorhead, C. Harley, V. Everitt, C. Ralph, E. Bishop, B. Berry, E. Osborne, J. Tinson, N. Rose, R. Rose, A. Irvine, E. Eden, G. Heery, R. Grant, F. Denning, A. Radford, G. Schrader, G. Woods.

**Bronze Medallion**—R. Grant, P. Dyson, F. Denning, L. Stevenson, A. Radford, G. Schrader, G. Woods, A. Irvine, E. Eden, R. Cole, E. Bishop, G. Heery, C. Ralph, C. Sorenson, K. Buxton, J. Tetlow, K. Shortridge, A. Henry, D. Isaacs, L. Harman, A. Waddington, N. Winters, G. McSween, H. Walker, A. Slinn, R. Dupen, L. Hogan, H. Manning, H. Wardley, A. Smith, W. Hely, W. Moorhead, E. Osborn, A. Hulls, B. Berry, C. Harley.

**Bar to Bronze Medallion**—C. Brown.

**Honorary Instructor's Certificate**—E. V. Bishop, C. Ralph, W. Taylor, P. Dyson, A. Hooke, G. Patterson, C. Brown, G. Heery, T. Howieson, L. McGlynn.

**Award of Merit**—N. Macintosh (time, 14 mins. 43 secs.), P. Dyson (15 mins. 47 secs.), E. Bishop, O. Hankinson, R. Hunt, G. Howarth, L. Wright, E. Eden, G. Woods.

#### TENNIS NOTES.

(MESSRS. FAIRBAIRN, STANLEY AND DUNNE.)

Tennis has been taken up this year with great enthusiasm as not less than eighty boys have been playing regularly since the start. The first part of the season was spent in competitions to decide our grade representatives. Now that the swimming season is over we are catering for fully one hundred and sixty boys. In the Grade Competition our First Four has won its only match, the Second Four has won two matches, and the Third and Fourth Fours have each won one and lost one.

#### FIRST GRADE FOOTBALL.

The third round of the football competition has been played and our first grade team remains unbeaten, having defeated Parramatta by 28-0, Sydney 8-0, and North Sydney 18-3. In view of this our chances of regaining the MacManamey Shield seem particularly bright.

Our first grade representatives of this year may, with justice, be described as a very formidable team, although it must be admitted that up to the present they have not acquitted themselves throughout a whole game at the standard one would wish to see them reach. In each game, so far, the best football has been shown in the second half and, while it is good to find the team responding to the criticism levelled at it during the interval, it would be highly pleasing to find our players at their best during the whole of a game.

Our back division has in it as fine players, for their years and experience, as ever donned a Fort Street jersey. Spencer (captain), a member of a redoubtable family of footballers who have done yeoman service for the school, is believed by many to be the finest player that family has sent us. His half-back play is certainly sound—his defence being gritty and attack bright and enterprising.

The position of five-eight is filled by Gee, a country boy from outside Manilla. Gee's game is one of increasing excellence and against Norths it reached a standard that has not been excelled even by such splendid exponents as Turnbull, Herbert Spencer, or Seddon.

Cant has fulfilled the promise of greener days and is now, perhaps, the soundest inside centre playing High School football. There is no movement in the backs which Cant does not galvanize and in tackling and kicking his work is as consistently high.

Burrows has proved himself an acquisition to the team as outside centre and makes up in heady play what he lacks in pace. A fine tackler when in the mood for it. The wingers to date are Holt and Armstrong, and while the latter is inexperienced, he is certainly forceful. Holt, at his top, is one of the neatest and most skilful players we have, both in attack and defence, but it is evident that we do not always find him at his best.

Britton, full-back, has given some excellent exhibitions to date, and were he to play for safety, as players in his position generally do, the blemishes on his work would be fewer. However, his idea of linking up with the three-quarters and setting them in motion spells good football, and this co-ordination only needs to be used with discretion to produce good results.

It is more difficult to select individual forwards for notice. Our breakaways, Heery and Weichman, are sound, with Weichman excelling in the open. Both players, however, could be far more effective in setting the backs in motion from dribbling rushes and ruck play. Eason shows a very decided improvement on last year, and when he perfects his line-out tactics the backs should get further opportunities.

Thompson, Gallagher and Cohen constitute the front row and, while each gets his share of prominence in open play, it cannot be said that they have won distinction as hookers. King's urgent return to the front row seems very

necessary. Notice must be given to Page's play. He is one of the hard workers in the pack, and it is a pity that he did not join up with the school in an earlier year. Smith has kept his position so far, but there is no denying that some alterations will be necessary that we may have a set of forwards who will give the ball consistently—from line-out, loose-ruck and scrum—to a back division that is always capable of scoring. With Blessing and Tracey on the waiting list, as well as prominent second graders, it behoves the present forwards to take stock and remedy their deficiencies, for our objective is the premiership, and nothing less will satisfy.

### SECOND GRADE RUGBY.

(MR. BAXENDALE.)

The end of the first round of the competition finds us three points ahead of all our other opponents. So far we have scored 85 points against our opponents' six. Our chances of the premiership, therefore, seem quite satisfactory.

The team generally gives the impression of being a promising one, but there has not been enough united play, especially in the forwards, for us to say that it is a star combination.

Some players, however, have done remarkably well. Watts, the captain, can always be relied on to provide sparkling football. He runs strongly and can depend on Hayward to assist him when difficulties arise. Wyndham, as full-back, is improving every match. His handling and kicking are very safe, but he is not yet quite sure of some of the rules.

The pick of the forwards is Lowe, who alone seems in condition. The others are too slow in getting off the mark and forget that they must work together. The tackling, too, is uncertain. Hunt shows improvement, but Brock seems over-anxious and is often erratic in his play. Levings and the Hookes toil along, but have not yet done anything brilliant.

Gilmore, our half, has left the school, but we are expecting great things from Forsyth, who will take his place.

By solid practice and keen training the team should be able to keep up the reputation of Fort Street Second Grade.

### FOOTBALL.

#### THIRD GRADE.

(MR. DRAKE.)

The 3rd Grade team has hardly, at the time of writing, struck true form, but shows every

indication of unholding the honour and tradition of the school on the football field. Accidents and readjustments of men and positions have militated against the development of the necessary combination; nevertheless the team is rapidly improving in this respect and the individual play has been good. On the whole, the forwards are perhaps stronger and more experienced than the backs. With the improvement among the backs, which should come with attention to individual and team training and practice, the team should go through the second round without defeat. The results to date are as follows:—Fort Street defeated Parramatta by 14 to 3; North Sydney defeated Fort Street by 11 to 3; Fort Street defeated Canterbury by 27 to nil. It is impossible at so early a stage of the season, and with so few competition matches played, to comment on the individual play of all members of the team, but a little criticism of the outstanding players may be helpful.

**Redmond** (Captain)—A useful, hard-playing, fast and intelligent forward; a tower of strength to the team and a good leader; good in the open; always on the ball. All forwards of the team should take Redmond as an example of how a forward should play.

**MacNaught**—A good front row man; fast in the open and does his share of work in the scrummages; has weight and knows how to use it.

**A. Neal**—Also a forward who plays a hard and intelligent game. Good in the loose and unselfish.

**Hancock**—A new player this season and is making good; fast and tricky in the open and should make full use of his natural football ability.

**Vernon**—A forward who was tried for a couple of matches in the back division—was not successful there but is an excellent forward; good in the line out and in the loose.

**Jarvis**—A good centre; has plenty of football ability, but must learn to handle the ball more accurately.

**Hannaford**—Plays an excellent game at half-back; a strong and determined player but must pass the ball before tackled.

**Wardley**—Half-back; particularly good in defence; should get his backs moving smartly when the ball is won from the scrum.



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In general the team must develop more combination. Forwards must learn to follow on quickly and the backs to pass the ball before being tackled. Both forwards and backs should now know the necessity of tackling low and with determination. An opponent, when tackled, must be temporarily out of action. The team is full of enthusiasm and this should carry them well along the road to success.

#### FOURTH GRADE.

(MR. BALDOCK.)

This team has not started brilliantly, but as condition improves it should do far better, since the material available is at least as good as in most previous years.

Brown (Captain), Beaumont, Cook, Hulls, Partridge, Cassidy and Marsh were regular members of last year's Fifts. Blanksby and Wales (Vice-Captain) were units in Canterbury's strong teams of last year. Several others have had considerable experience and show promise.

One feature, which is unlike Fortians, is that in the last two matches they led comfortably at half-time, but failed to score again, and allowed the opposition to overtake their score. The pace set in the first half left our forwards without the sparkle necessary for the finish of a hard game. Tackling is weak. The best advice that can be given is "go low, and finish your tackle."

The combination is satisfactory, but a few of the players have a tendency to lose position.

The team must strongly realise that the afternoon practices must be supplemented by plenty of running to get, and keep fit. If that is done the early defeats will be wiped out.

#### FIFTH GRADE.

(MR. LYONS.)

The team has only played three matches and is rather ragged, but individual players show much promise and I expect the team to furnish into a formidable combination. Scores 41 for to 6 against.

The full-back, Penman, is very heady but will need to be more aggressive if he is to ultimately fill this position for the school.

Harvey Smith, the Captain, is the pick of the  $\frac{3}{4}$ -line, and plays a sterling game, being ably supported by his inside-wing, Swadling, who is also the best goal-kicker in the team. The  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's will develop into a powerful attacking combination provided that a good centre can be found for Peters.

Rudd as  $\frac{1}{2}$  and Stevenson as  $\frac{3}{4}$  are safe.

The forwards form the weak section of the team, being as yet unorganised. The outstanding forward is McClure, one of the breakaways. This boy is one of the most promising loose forwards I have seen in this grade of football. Punter will develop into a fairly good hooker. Petersen's drop-kicking is unusual for a boy in this grade, and he should develop into a very valuable school forward.

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### AUTUMN EVENINGS.

In Autumn at sunset, while sitting on an elevated piece of ground, one is enchanted by the peaceful and beautiful evenings.

All is quiet, and hardly a breath of wind stirs the air as away in the distance a blood red sun in a sky that is almost as red, slowly sinks to rest.

The trees, with their leafless branches standing out against the sky, are gaunt and still. The undergrowth has turned from a bright green to a yellowish brown and the dead leaves lie strewn o'er the roadway.

Near by, a river rushing over its stony bed to a waterfall lower down, seems to enchant

the surroundings with its silvery tinkling sound, and, carried along by its swiftly moving current, are the dead leaves of the trees overhanging its banks.

Now the shadows begin to fall and the scene becomes even more silent and mournful. The birds worn out and weary, seek repose for the night as the moon comes out above.

Then, one is enraptured and enchanted as he wends his way home with the scene fresh in his memory, often in spare moments, to give him pleasure as the beauty of it comes back to him.

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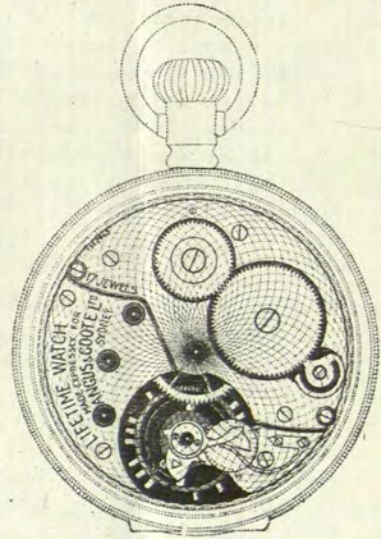
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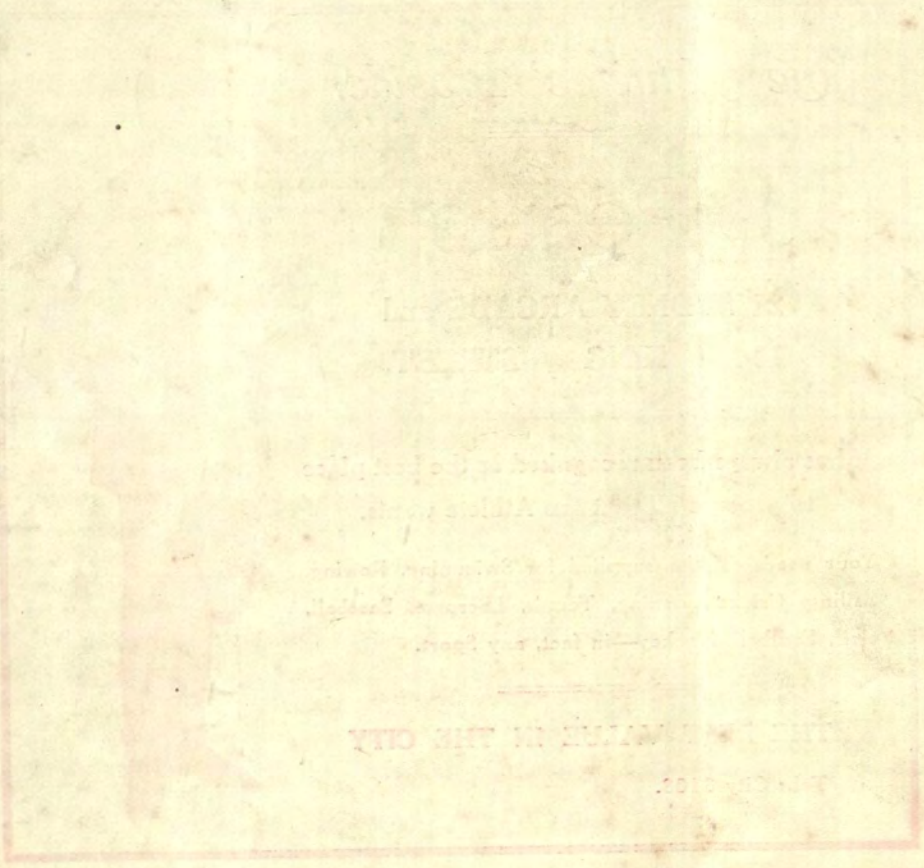
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