

fallen at Simpsonhafen. Yet those who knew him best had, I think, a presentiment of such an issue, for if a chance should arise of such a life being saved at the cost of his own Brian Pockley was sure to pay such a price, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but as a cheerful giver. It is hard for the school to speak of him, from whose immediate circle he passed nearly six years ago, after a career of brilliant athletic and scholastic distinction, of absolutely stainless honour, of a silent but great influence over the generations among which he lived, and of a personality strangely attractive both to young and old."

#### A Noble Motto.

Dr. Radford Warden, of St. Paul's College, preaching the Sunday after the news of Brian Pockley's death came said:

"In his college days he excited an unobtrusive but strong influence among his fellows, and he had stood for all that was clean and noble. In his life he had exemplified the motto of the college: "Deo, Patri, Tibi" ("God first, then country, and self last of all")."

#### His Father's Tribute.

Dr. F. Antill Pockley, the well-known ophthalmic specialist of Macquarie-street, speaks of his son Brian:

"He never gave me a moment's anxiety in his life, except, perhaps, in the matter of a broken limb at football."

#### The Call.

The Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Hon. Lloyd George, speaking of the cause so many as well as young Dr. Pockley have died for, in a noble peroration to one of his great speeches, says:

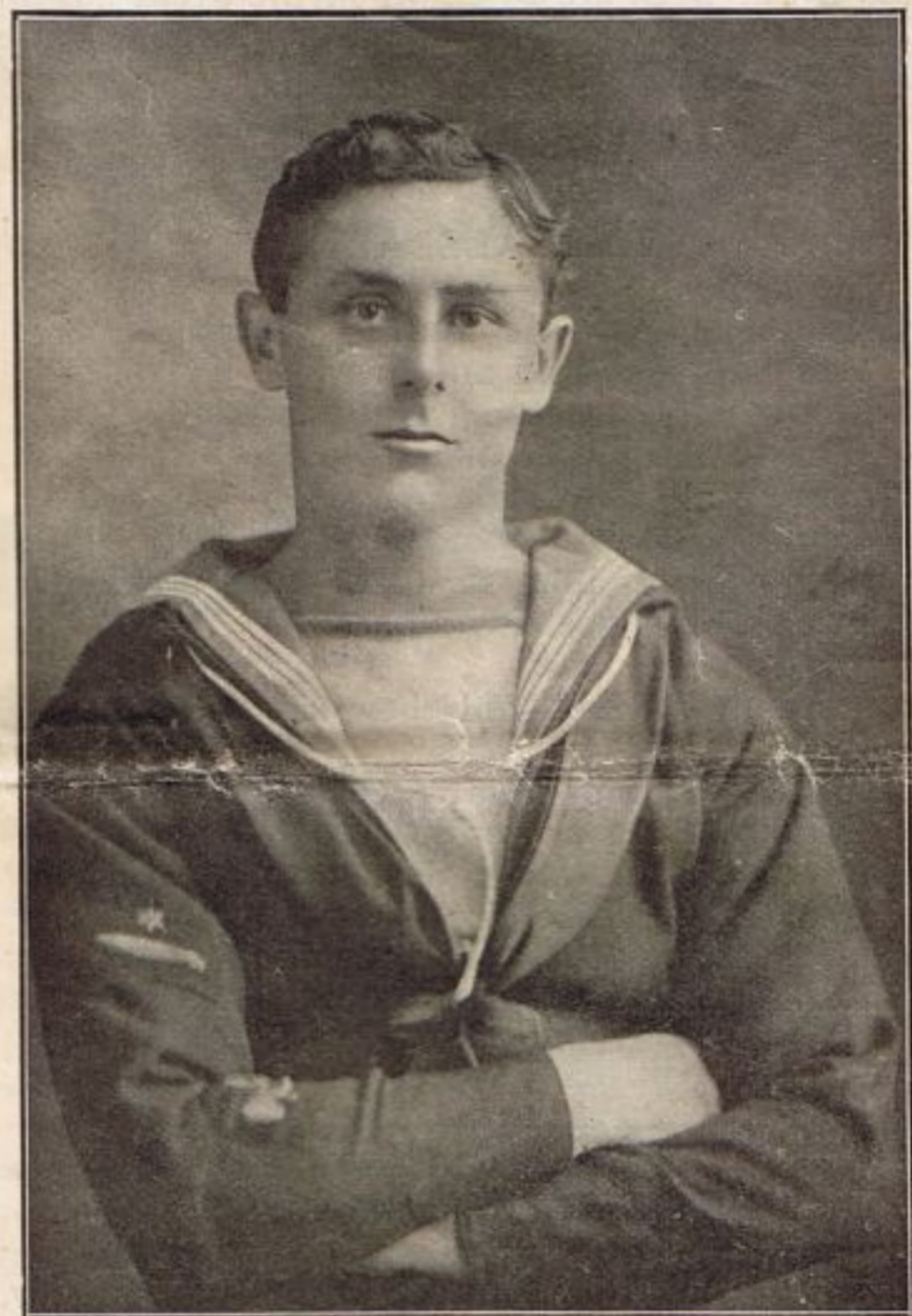
"Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given the lives of those who are dear to them. (Lord Plymouth, the chairman, who was in deep mourning, had given his second son, killed in battle a few days before.) "I honour their courage," continued Mr. Lloyd George, "and may God be their comfort and their strength. But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have had consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. . . . There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict; a new patriotism, richer, nobler, and more exalted than the old. (Cheers.) All classes, high and low, are shedding themselves of selfishness. There is a new recognition that the honour of the country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory on the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well." (Cheers.)

## 2.—GORDON CLARENCE CORBOULD.

When the news flashed to Sydney that the submarine AE1 was reported lost, and it was feared that she with all her crew had gone to the bottom of the sea off the coast of New Guinea, we recognised a name among the missing, as that of one we had known as a little lad, and we pictured him as we knew him, a winsome little fellow, whom we had often noticed and spoken to, and once the protector of two little sisters. The family removed to another part of Sydney, and it was occasionally we caught a glimpse of him, and then he had become the sailor in H.M. Navy, with just the frank and open countenance which had caught our fancy when he was a boy, and then we lost sight of him. We have found since that for the past 3½ years he had been to England for higher ratings, and had joined the submarine service there, and only returned last May to his mother and sisters. They only had his company for a few weeks before AE1 was ordered north, and there met its fate.

#### A Good Character.

It is a beautiful character to have that each week he was in England, he wrote to his mother and sent her £5 per month regularly, and by attention to lectures on the profession he had adopted, he had qualified himself for promotion, and was at the time the disaster overtook the AE1 "leading seaman." He came back to his mother unspoilt, and fully developed in moral and physical character, "a manly man, six feet tall, broadened out, and as handsome as ever, brave as a lion, and God-fearing, knowing that at any moment he might be called upon for red war." He was only a young man when his life career came to a close, for he was born April 16th, 1887, at Strawberry Hills, Sydney, but he had given proof of future greatness and his name, with those other brave fellows, will deserve a place in his country's roll of honour. His was not the opportunity with that of his comrades



GORDON CORBOULD.

of the AE1 to strike a blow for his country, as has fallen to the good fortune of H.M.A.S. Sydney, but they were ready and eager, and to them it must be counted as done. We are not afraid for any of our soldiers or sailors, if they give the same promise as young Corbould showed.

He had great forbears, and their achievements, doubtless, fired his ambition to make for himself a name and reputation. His grandfather, Richard Chilton Corbould, was an artist of Kensington, and a great uncle, Edward Henry Corbould, was also an artist of note, whose picture "Lady Godiva" has a place in the Sydney Art Gallery. The incident elsewhere referring to the great antagonists Wellington and Napoleon will be read with interest, and illustrates the rank that our young friend, Gordon's great relative occupied in the Court of Queen Victoria. Possibly, what even influenced his choice of a career was the example of a great uncle, Admiral Sir James Scott, whose services for his country secured for him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and at his death honourable burial in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Gordon came, therefore, of a fighting stock, and was not the first to fall for his country's cause.