

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
Girls' High School
Fort Street



VOL. II. No. II.

APRIL, 1922

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THE STAFF.

Principal: Miss Cruise, B.A.

Deputy Mistress (on leave): Miss S. Evans, B.A.

Department of English:

Miss Morley, M.A. (Mistress).	Miss Herlihy, B.A.
Miss Buckley, B.A.	Miss Purcell, B.A.
Miss Keeley, B.Ec.	Miss Perrin, B.A., B.Ec.

Department of Modern Languages:

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	Miss A. G. Long (Univ. de Paris).
Miss M. Harders.	Miss Latreille, B.A.
	Mrs. Ryan (Dip. Univ. Besancon).

Department of Science:

Miss Blume, B.Sc. (Mistress on Leave).	Miss Bowie.
Miss Mouldsdale.	Miss Watkins, B.Sc.

Department of Mathematics:

Miss Macdougall, B.A. (Mistress).	Miss Dreyer, B.A.
Miss P. Smith, B.A.	Miss D. Bayley, B.A.
	Miss Nicol Murray, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss Dunnicliff, B.A.	Miss McMahon, M.A.
	Miss B. Mackintosh, B.A.

Art: Miss B. Tearle.

Music: Miss E. Watts.

Needlework: Miss M. Simpson.

Physical Culture: Miss M. Beddie, B.A.

Prefects:

Ailsa Tulloch (Captain).	Muriel Nicholls.
Amy Chicken.	Lily Sims.
Marjorie Evans.	Margaret Reed.
Rhoda Green.	Katie Williams.

Librarians:

Reference Library: Mary Harold, Margaret Peet.
Modern Language Library: Miss Gombert, B.A.

The Magazine:

Sub-Editor: Miss Buckley, B.A.

Editor: Miss Morley, M.A.

Business Manager: Miss Bowie.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS TO THE SCHOOL.

It is with a feeling of great responsibility that we, the captain and prefects for this year, assume the duties so ably performed last year by Kathleen Waddington and her colleagues. We shall do our very best to live up to the trust placed in us, but, from the first, we would beg your assistance and co-operation. We look forward to the work and play of another year with pleasure, and urge you all to do your part in the examination room and on the sports field so that the name of Fort Street may still be held on high. We would remind you that the reputation gained by our school is due to the untiring efforts on the part of teachers, prefects and girls alike. Let us make it our aim to see that the name of our school, of which we are so proud, is kept untarnished during our stay here.

We feel this would be incomplete without a greeting to the First Year girls. We have already become acquainted with several of them, and can only repeat emphatically a wish that embodies everything—the wish that they may be as happy here as we have been. If Fort Street comes to mean as much to them as it does to us—and we have no doubt that it will—then we are sure they will never wish to leave it.

AILSA TULLOCH.

“THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.”

(A Sonnet.)

From fields of France with honour he was brought,
 To lie in that grand church with England's great,
 So that an Empire might commemorate
 Her gallant dead, that band who only sought
 Their country's honour, valued else as naught.
 An unknown warrior, of what estate
 None know; and people wondering, meditate
 On whom the choice has fall'n of all who fought.
 No mother sad may say, "It is my son";
 Yet all may say, "It may be": Who can tell?
 For every soldier brave has glory won,
 Who, having striven hard, in battle fell.
 But one heroic man is buried there,
 Yet all the gallant dead the glory share.

GWEN WILLIAMS,

4A.

SPEECH DAY, 1921.

During the early summer it is customary for girls to count the days to Speech Day and cross off each "yesterday" in joyful anticipation of approaching holidays. Speech Day is the most important day in the school year; it marks the end of a year's work; it is the end of a year's progress towards higher things; and most important of all, it heralds the advent of summer holidays.

Our last Speech Day was held on the 13th December, on a Thursday morning, a time which many parents found inconvenient, but nevertheless, the Conservatorium Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by parents, friends, and girls of our school. The platform was occupied by the official guests, the staff, prize-winners, and the Special Choir. Miss Cruise, the principal, and Dame Margaret Davidson, chief guest, were presented with bouquets of flowers. The chair was taken by Mr. Board, who made some interesting remarks on education. "A school exists, not for the aggregate of students, but for each individual scholar that attends its classes," said Mr. Board. "So then, it is not by the treatment of children in the mass that we are able to make them the type of citizen we wish them to be. It is not by schools which handle them as if they were simply masses of students. It is when the school differentiates its work and makes it a study on the part of the staff for each individual child to have his or her personal idiosyncracies recognised and catered for by the school, that we are able to speak of the school as fulfilling its obligations to the State. I believe that during the past year the Fort Street Girls' High School has succeeded admirably in that work."

One of Mr. Board's remarks puzzled us somewhat. He said: "You can't restrict girls from doing too much study. They are quite different from boys. They seem to have a conscience that will not let them rest." We have never heard our teachers say this. On the contrary—but we all know too well what they say of our work.

Miss Bruce (Mrs. C. G. Macartney) sang charmingly, "Still as the Night," and for an encore gave an old favourite, "Katey's Letter."

Dame Margaret Davidson gave a short address, which was followed by a part song by the Special Choir, "La Carita," in which the solo part was beautifully sung by Astrid Packard.

Professor MacCallum spoke on the education of women, defending liberal education on the ground that it provided a broader outlook and mental nimbleness.

The Choir then sang with great vigour Mona McBurney's setting of Milton's "Song on May Morning," and Dame Margaret Davidson presented the certificates, and the morning closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

CERTIFICATE LIST.

Ada Partridge Prize (Leaving Certificate)—Nita Torr.
 Captain-Elect for 1922—Ailsa Tulloch.
 Dux of the School—Alma Hamilton.
 Fort Street Boys' High School Prize—
 Alma Hamilton.

YEAR IV.

Dux of the Year—Alma Hamilton.
 English—Edna Holt, Grace Santos,
 Eunice Wyse (Æq.)
 History—Edna Holt.
 Mathematics—Alma Hamilton.
 Mechanics—Gwen Bill.
 Chemistry—Grace Santos.
 Botany—Edna Holt.
 French—Grace Santos.
 German—Edna Levy.
 Latin—Grace Santos.
 Art—Dorrit Bristow.
 Needlework—Gladys Duthie.

YEAR III.

Dux of the Year—Marjorie Evans.
 English—Amy Chicken.
 History—Amy Chicken.
 Mathematics—Marjorie Evans.
 Mechanics—Annie Parker.
 Chemistry—Florence Russell.
 Botany—Stella Twemlow.
 French—Amy Chicken and Margaret
 Reed (Æq.).
 German—Amy Chicken.
 Latin—Marjorie Evans.
 Art—Jessie Mudge.
 Needlework—Zara Levy.
 Business Principles—Zara Levy.
 Economics—Marion Macaulay.
 Shorthand—Cecily Card.

YEAR II.

Dux of the Year—Molly Thornhill.
 English—Molly Thornhill.
 History—Hazel Brewster.
 Mathematics I.—Doris Bellingham.

YEAR II. (Cont.)

Mathematics II.—Vera Wearne.
 Chemistry—Vera Wearne.
 Geography—Marjorie Cato.
 French—Doris Bellingham.
 German—Molly Thornhill.
 Latin—Molly Thornhill.
 Art—Vera Wearne.
 Music—Evelyn Hardy.
 Needlework—Vera Wearne and Rita
 Mutch (Æq.).

REMOVE.

Dux of the Year—Ruth Godden.
 English—Ruth Godden.
 History—Edna Robson.
 Mathematics I.—Jean Mackenzie.
 Mathematics II.—Emmie O'Sullivan.
 and Agnes Breckenridge.
 Chemistry—Ruth Godden.
 Geography—Elsie Baird.
 French—Constance Johnston and
 Willa Rowohl (Æq.).
 Latin—Rene Green.
 Music—Marjorie Brooke.
 Art—Ruth Godden.
 Needlework—Annie Isaacs.

YEAR I.

Dux of the Year—Glynn Stayte.
 English—Ruth Carter and Lilian
 Goldsmith (Æq.).
 History—Evelyn Grave.
 Mathematics I. and II.—Glynn Stayte.
 Science—Nancy Williams.
 Geography—Jessie Anderson.
 French—Mary Corringham.
 German—Dora Schecktang.
 Latin—Glynn Stayte.
 Art—Olive Packard.
 Music—Olga Low and Effie Stark
 (Æq.).
 Needlework—Lilian Shaw.

 THE LANGUAGE OF THE COY.

Mother (whose little daughter had been recounting the efforts of her first week in a high school): And how many French words have you learned, Mary?

Mary: None. Our French teacher says she will not teach us any until we have learned to roll our eyes.

TO PAPILLONETTE.

"As myriad stars engladden night's dark sky,
 So you delight my heart, Papillonette.
 As Spring's first healthy heat brings forth the flowers,
 You sow kind thoughts with your refreshing love.
 You bring me day's delight and night's quiet peace,
 You banish all things from me but calm joy.
 Still is my soul, when you are near me, sweet,
 Forgotten is the world and all small things.
 You are my dream, my hope, my very life,
 How can I serve you, dear Papillonette?
 The answer comes, by evening breezes borne:
 'In faith and hope and charity, work on!
 Strive for the stars that shine above your head!
 Work on, and cease not till thy day is done.'
 The fragrant scent of flowers perfumes the night,
 And in a sombre sky, one star shines out
 To guide the weary, struggling souls to rest.
 Shine on, O star, and guide my troubled soul,
 Till I can reach those heav'nly heights, and then
 To you, Papillonette, my star, I come."

AMY CHICKEN.

4A.

NEWS OF THE STAFF.

The staff has experienced many changes in personnel, some mistresses of very long standing in the school having gone to new spheres of usefulness.

Miss Cohen has been appointed as Deputy Mistress and Mistress of Mathematics at North Sydney High School. All teachers who have worked with Miss Cohen, as well as all girls who have had the good fortune to come under her influence—and her interest has never been limited to her own classes or department—will realise what a loss the school is suffering. We congratulate Miss Cohen and wish that her work in her new school may be very happy. We bade farewell at Christmas to Miss Bruce (now Mrs. Macartney) and to Miss Byrne, who has since been married to Mr. Waite. We thank them for kind messages of congratulation to the successful candidates when results of the public examinations were published; it is pleasant to know that the school is not forgotten among new interests. Miss Turner has left us for Newcastle High School, where she is acting as Superintendent of the Girls' Studies. The staff and girls take this opportunity of thanking Miss Turner not only for her years of fine teaching, but for her generous interest in all the activities of the school. We have also to report the loss of other old friends, Misses Marks, Murray, Rourke, and Maloney, who have taken up work in other schools—Goulburn, Moore Park, and Forbes. We wish them all happiness in their new work.

The school extends a cordial welcome to the new mistresses—Misses MacDougall, Dreyer, MacMahon, Nicol Murray, Perrin, Purcell, and Watkins.

We learned with regret that Miss Blume, whose return was anticipated on the opening of the term, has been seriously ill in America, and that it will still be some weeks before we can welcome her back to Fort Street.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

Owing to the Christmas vacation the activities of the Union have been restricted, but it is hoped that the Committee will be able to accomplish much in the near future. Towards the end of last year a theatre party and launch picnic dance were organised, and both functions proved very enjoyable. On May 10 the Third Annual Dinner will be held, and it is hoped that large numbers of ex-students will take the opportunity of re-union. Particulars will later be available from the Secretary.

Members and intending members are reminded that the annual meeting for election of officers will be held next month. Send your nominations.

The Committee wish to urge all Fortians to join the Union, and thus to maintain a link with the old school.

EIRENE LANG,
Secretary.

"OUR SWIM."

Hear the clatter of the voices as the books are put away,
And the teacher calls "Attention! School is over for the day";
Then we scramble for our lockers in a wild and feverish haste,
For we are off to swimming, and the time we cannot waste.
We are anxious for the water, so we hurry through our lunch
And board the tram at King Street, a most excited bunch
Of happy little Fortians, all eager for a dip,
And to don the bathing costume, which we carry in our grip.
Splashing in the briny, having heaps and heaps of fun;
Swimming, diving and life-saving for the prizes to be won,
Hark! the blowing of the whistle, warns us time is flitting by,
And we have to leave the water, though we do so with a sigh.
Then we hurry through our dressing, and a home-bound tram we
seek,
Better fitted for our studies and our swim again next week.

IRIS HILL,
2A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

A VISIT TO SYDNEY HIGH SCHOOL.

There is one day last December that fourth-year girls will not forget for a long time, when, at Miss Campbell's kind invitation, we, accompanied by Misses Morley and Turner, visited the new High School at Moore Park to hear a lecture on the League of Nations.

On arriving, we were met by our old friend, Miss Geer, and the girls quickly made us feel at home. We were conducted to the large Assembly Hall, where Rev. A. P. Micklem told us clearly the main obstacles against the success of the League of Nations, and, also, the reasons why this great league should succeed in time in its work of benefiting mankind. This, however, is the work of time, and we cannot expect it to succeed immediately it has been formed.

We were then shown over the school by the third-year girls, who were ideal hostesses. The library held us speechless, and the great class-rooms and wide corridors were, to us, perfect; the chemistry room made us just want a double chemistry lesson. We thoroughly explored the spacious grounds, even to the bear's den; the grounds are ideal in more ways than one; the girls tell us they cannot hear the bell sometimes. Then we visited the tuck shop, the sight of which made us hungry. At the back of the tuck shop we saw the gymnasium, "a miracle of rare device."

The climax of our enjoyment was reached when Miss Campbell invited us to stay to the fourth-year girls' play, "Alice, Sit by the Fire." This play was quite new to us all, so we settled down to have a good time; we knew if Sydney High School girls could act as well as they could entertain, there would be a splendid performance, and we were not disappointed. Of course it was a comedy (no school-girls act tragedies when we have two examinations per year), and that afternoon we made up for all the laughs that have ever been lost. Miss Roulston also sang to us, one song being "Angus Macdonald," one of pleasant memories for us all. But, when one is being so agreeably entertained, time flies, so, after thanking Miss Campbell for her kind invitation and the girls for making our visit so enjoyable, we reluctantly bade farewell to Sydney High School.

OUR PLAY AFTERNOON.

This year at school has been very happy, and the climax was reached that memorable afternoon when the second and third year girls entertained the school with several plays. The proceeds of the entertainment were for the reference library funds, and, as the announcement said, the price of admittance was "sixpence and a newspaper," the latter not to increase the reading matter in the library, as might be expected, but for use as a substitute for chairs in the gymnasium.

All the third-year girls spent the morning decorating the stage, and the result fully justified the work. When everyone was seated, the curtain rose on a scene representing "a wood near Athens." A beautiful leafy tree stood at one corner of the stage, which had a background of greenery.

The first scene was from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the occasion being the quarrel between the lovers. The girls, shrewish Hermia and gentle Helena, played their parts extremely well, but, of course, their rôles offered much more scope for action than those of Lysander and Demetrius.

The next two scenes between the rustics were very much appreciated. The audience was convulsed with laughter at the antics of the pompous Bottom; his beautiful voice, which excited the admiration of the Fairy Queen, was so extremely musical. The sight of the dainty little Titania caressing the clumsy workman caused much merriment. Olive Boots played the part of Puck to perfection, delighting all with her airiness and gaiety. Never such a mischievous sprite walked this dull prosaic earth, and, after causing all the trouble, he only said contemptuously: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" The next scene was the performance of Pyramus and Thisbe, as played by the rustics. Cora Dunphy took the part of Thisbe with spirit and vivacity, ably supported by Rhoda Green as Pyramus, "sweet youth and tall." The roaring of Amy Chicken as "Lion" was quite a feature of the scene.

There followed the famous trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" by the girls of second year. All entered into the spirit of their parts. Molly Thornhill made a pretty and dignified Portia, and Lena Pearlman a typical Shylock, bent on exacting his pound of flesh. We all rejoiced with Gratiano, when, turning the tables on the Jew, he said in the usurer's own words: "Oh! just and righteous judge, a Daniel is come to judgment."

The grand finale was an original play, "A Modern Laura," written by a third-year girl—Mary Harold—which gave evidence of a plot extremely well thought out and very amusing. We, of third year, are very proud of our school-mate's effort.

The story was of six men, who tired of women, wished to start a "womanless Australia policy." They encamped on the banks of the Darling, but, of course, did not stay there long, as six girls took up their quarters on the opposite bank with the idea of showing men what they could do. Gradually, disillusioned with the hermit's life, the couples departed back to Sydney, their bitter views of the opposite sex much modified.

The most amusing scene showed the boys doing their own work—the servants having deserted them. The collection of jam tins, etc., was really stupendous, and it became quite exciting in the front seats when one of the boys began to sweep them up. A great contrast to this was the orderly way in which the girls carried out their work.

Cricket scores reported by the boys were very much appreciated by the audience, and also the remarks about "beastly algebra" (I wonder if Audrey had been doing permutations and combinations, she spoke so feelingly.)

We all loved "Archibald Augustus de Gravelle, a man about town with a dog," wearing his languid air of boredom and lisping his beautiful lisp. His chief characteristic was a propensity to rise up when a scuffle between the boys was impending and say, with a perfectly furious expression: "I shall feel it my duty to give you a thorough good ——." Then, as Jack Johnson assumed a pugilistic attitude, he would sink gracefully down, finishing mildly . . . "talking to."

I am sure that the school enjoyed all the plays very much, and we hope for another performance early in the next year.

MARGARET PEET,

3A.

"GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK."

On November 11, with "examination three days away," the whole school assembled to bid good-bye to the departing "fourths," and good luck to all examinees. We sang all our good old songs and the tears were very near in spite of our valiant "No!" But if good wishes can avail, then—

"For us the future's bright and cheery,
As on our life's path we go."

Our new captain, Ailsa, was invested with the symbol of her office, and made a fine speech. Kathleen, on retiring, did likewise. The prefects—old and new—also exchanged brooches, and our blushing young officers were clapped to the echo.

Miss Bruce relieved the tension with her Irish songs, to the wide-eyed and open-mouthed delight of first year. Miss Watts and her special choir also contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon.

At length, to the accompaniment of much clapping, the fourths and seconds passed outside, and according to our time-honoured custom, formed a guard of honour to lead the staff to their school-home.

The fourths had accepted with pleasure the kind invitations of the thirds to an extra farewell in the Gym. After the afternoon's songs and awakened memories we gladly wended our way thither, but lo! from its portal we entered a glade all freshly green, where gum leaves and flowers were delightfully present. Our hostesses welcomed us as "jolly good fellows," and immediately an air of camaraderie went through the hall, and by the time that the autograph hunt was finished, we were well and truly introduced. We took seats, and afternoon tea was served, and let me whisper to the new "Thirds"—fruit salad, strawberries and sweets were on the menu. The "Thirds" had arranged a programme of toasts, recitations and impromptu charades, all of which helped to make the afternoon a decided success. The charades were especially good, thanks to various energetic members of the Staff who organised the histrionic entertainments.

By general request Miss Bruce entertained us with her choicest songs selected by admirers.

At last, teachers and taught joined hands around the old fig-tree, and solemnly chanted "Auld Lang Syne." So we ended an afternoon of saddened sweetness.

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1922.

During the last weeks of the school year, 1921, the present fourth year girls participated in a very solemn, but nevertheless, a very exciting ceremony—the important election of captain and prefects for 1922. One of the mistresses who, as we gratefully remember, are always willing to give help where it is needed, kindly presided over the meeting. Candidates were nominated, and each girl was entrusted with the task of voting for six girls among those chosen. For several minutes some very deep and earnest thinking was done, then the papers were gathered up and tense excitement prevailed while the votes were being counted. In the meantime the Staff elected two prefects, and then the names of eight girls were submitted for choice of captain. On this point, however, the decision was practically unanimous, and could not have been better. When the list was complete, it read as follows:—Ailsa Tulloch (captain), Lily Sims, Katie Williams, Margaret Reed, Rhoda Green, Amy Chicken, Muriel Nicholls, and Marjorie Evans.

The captain then formally introduced her colleagues to Miss Cruise, and the meeting concluded with speeches from the captain and prefects, which, if perhaps a little incoherent at times, were delivered in all sincerity and under the stress of great emotion.

A WELCOME TO FIRST YEAR GIRLS.

The gymnasium was well filled on the afternoon of February 10th, when the girls of fourth year welcomed the newcomers. After the Captain, in a short speech had extended a welcome to the new girls, games were played. The first one, Autographs, being a most ingenious method of making the girls acquainted with each other. The winner was Lallie Woolfrey, of IA. After refreshments had been served, a vote of thanks to the Captain and the fourth year girls was proposed by Isla Jones, and carried by First Year with great enthusiasm. In response, the Captain called for three cheers for the new Fortians. More games were played, and several of the company gave recitations, which were much appreciated. A most enjoyable afternoon was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

TUCK-SHOP DUTY.

On entering our third year, we take upon our shoulders a new responsibility; tuck-shop duty descends on us like a mantle of care. We realise that we must be an example to the lower classes, but we see before us a stretch of strenuous recesses and feel dismayed at keeping others in order on remembering how **we** tried to dodge past our predecessors. In order to hide our inward perturbation we

assume an appearance of gravity and stern determination, and for this the girls laughingly call us "policemen."

At times we are obliged to use main force to prevent the girls from rushing to the counter, where the dainties are temptingly displayed. Remove girls are the most daring in evading our authority. One day, lately, two Removeites were very troublesome to the two third year girls on duty, they delighted in dodging in and out and evading the "minions of the law," who endeavoured to stop their malpractices. Threats had no effect on them, and when given the alternative of being reported to a teacher or doing fifty lines in their best handwriting, they merely laughed. But next morning two Removeites handed in fifty lines written in their best handwriting, and now they stand in the queue.

A stop-go signal might be very advantageous to the workers, and would save unnecessary talking and commanding.

Despite the worry and anxiety of tuck-shop duty, we are all pleased to assist our school in anyway, and hope we may successfully perform our duties with the help of all our fellow-students.

A FAREWELL TO MISS COHEN.

On the afternoon of Friday, March 24, the school gathered in the main room to bid farewell to Miss Cohen, our well-beloved Mistress of Mathematics. On behalf of the Staff and the School, Miss Cruise thanked Miss Cohen for her long and earnest work at Fort Street, and presented her with a dainty dress watch and with a clock, the presents of the Staff, the School and some of the former members of the teaching staff. We were happy to have with us on this occasion Miss Partridge, Mrs. Macartney, and some of the ex-students.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

Preparations are being made for a Shakespeare Festival, to be held on April 11. In every spare moment and in every nook of the school buildings, groups are to be discovered earnestly practising the year plays; Caesar dies, Helena weeps, Rosalind jests, and gallant King Henry woos his French Princess. The response to the demand for recitations is very satisfactory and, so large are the numbers of reciters, that preliminary testing must begin a fortnight before the festival. The prize of one guinea (in each section) is to be expended, under a teacher's advice, on books, and the group of players successful in the final test will be photographed for the next issue of "The Magazine." We feel very deep gratitude to Mr. Harrison Allen, the distinguished elocutionist, for his generous promise to judge our work.

THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The Sydney School of Arts gives eight tickets of membership in its lending library every year. This privilege is greatly prized, and it has been granted, this year, to Edith Akhurst, Amy Chicken, Marjorie Evans, Ivy Milliner, Muriel Nicholls, May Smith, Stella Twemlow, and Margaret Reed.

A JUNIOR REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The School has long felt the need of a library useful to girls in the first three years of their course, and a plan is being formed to organise a Junior Reference Library. It is possible that pupils of the School may have books which they would like to present to the library to form the nucleus of its collection. Standard novels, collections of poems and essays, biographies, histories, historical novels or stories, books of travel, or scientific magazines would be acceptable, and should be brought to the English teacher of the donor's class. Ex-students are also invited to assist this enterprise.

BREAKFAST IN THE FOREST.

Breakfast in the forest! How one's imagination awakens at the thought of such a happening! A scene in one of the great wilds of Africa or America presents itself to the mind, where, perhaps, the meal is being partaken of by a party of brave explorers. Maybe wild animals lurk in the neighbourhood in the hope of carrying a victim to their lair. Probably the numberless monkeys of the forest sit in the branches above the camp, chattering to one another as they swing among the giant trees, while the sleepy crocodiles lie like logs in the muddy stream which flows at a few yards' distance from the camping ground. Guns ready loaded must necessarily lie close to hand, while a bundle of spears and clubs belonging to the native attendants lean against a fallen tree close by.

But no, reader, breakfast in the forest is not always partaken of under such circumstances.

Leaving this picture of the primeval forest let us look upon the real thing. Let us imagine a part of the Australian bush, known as "The Forest," in the Leura Valley, where rough tables and seats are placed under the tall tree-ferns for the convenience of picnickers. Great gum trees tower skywards as if to stretch their branches out to meet their fellow trees upon the top of the mountain and to prevent the sunlight from penetrating through their foliage down on to the cold earth. A little creek flows along over the rocks close by to join with the hundreds of other mountain streams and flow into the Nepean River. A fallen tree trunk, worn smooth by the tread of hundreds of pleasure seekers, forms a crossing over the stream.

Instead of a party of brave explorers let us imagine a party of school girls intent on getting the greatest possible fun from their day's outing. Their weapons, which are no more formidable than half-a-dozen forks and a frying pan, lie on one of the tables, while some of the party gather sticks to light a fire whereon to cook the breakfast.

No monkeys chatter in the trees, but a few rozellas may be seen and occasionally the call of the whip bird is heard, while the only "animals" likely to attack the unwary are those unpleasant little creatures known as leeches.

Three of us did not rise until the sun was high, and so by the time we arrived in "The Forest" the blue smoke was curling upwards and the sausages already sizzling in the pan.

The unusual surroundings gave us all an appetite, and we were clamouring like hungry children by the time the breakfast was prepared. At last the smoking dish was placed upon the table, and how we did enjoy that meal! The surroundings, the company, and everything else were so different from what we were accustomed to in everyday life that it will ever remain a pleasant memory to each one of that merry party. A drink of cold water from the running stream we found far more refreshing than any iced confection on a summer's day.

We left the crumbs for the ants and birds, and some of the more energetic members of the party set out along the Federal Pass for Katoomba, but the remainder of us, remembering those never-ending steps, determined slowly to make our way back again up the Linda Falls. The two cooks for the day—gallantly waving the frying pan—departed midst a chorus of adieux to prepare dinner for the party.

The remaining five spent a lazy hour in "The Forest," and then slowly wended homeward along the narrow track and up the steps, sitting down at frequent intervals to contemplate the view and regain energy to ascend the next flight, continually presenting itself before us. And so it happened that we five returned home late for dinner, and breathed a restful sigh as we sat down amidst a general chorus of "Wherever have you been?"

A.T.

FROM DEWY EVE TO ROSY MORN.

The blushing tints fade from the west;
A tangled web of stars on high
Begem the night that brings us rest;
And mystic dreams drift from the sky.

The purple shadows on the lake
 Are deep'ning as the stars come out,
 The bats and owls are now awake,
 And silver moonbeams float about.

The velvet cloak of night doth fall,
 Upon the world the moonlight glows,
 By spangled gems of dew on all,
 The Lady Night, her bounty shows.

Soon, comes the crystal sparkling dawn
 From out the mantle of the night,
 The birds arise to happy morn,
 And greet the sun's awakening light.

THELMA MITCHELL, R.D.

A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE.

During my Christmas vacation, spent at the Blue Mountains, some friends and I were traversing the Federal Pass, which extends from Katoomba to Leura. The sun's rays were piercingly hot that day, and the haze overhanging the surrounding mountains looked as though it had borrowed some of the colour from the azure skies above. Even the waterfalls seemed in a hurry to get out of reach of the scorching sun, and seemed to flow more quickly than their wont to reach the shade beneath the foliage, through which their courses run.

Some distance along the path we came to a place known as "The Forest," where trees conspire together to block the skies from view; here the atmosphere was cooler, for the sun's rays could not penetrate through the foliage. Suddenly a rustling amongst the fronds of a magnificent tree fern! Our hearts leaped; surely we were on the eve of discovering a ferocious animal lurking near to us. It was about to spring, one of our party screamed, when lo! the leaves parted and the head and shoulders of a little fox-terrier appeared, looking as though he were greatly enjoying his little joke.

By the time our hearts had resumed their normal beating, and our qualms had subsided, we were ready to fondle this little dog with a black patch over his left eye, who, we concluded, made his home here, so far from the abodes of men. He was quite willing to share our lunch with us, and looked as though he enjoyed ham sandwiches, which seemed a delicacy he had not partaken of for some time. Selecting a mound of fallen leaves, he lay down to rest, but he was ready to accompany us when we resumed our

walk. For several miles he seemed to haunt us, for the way he reappeared in front of us, when we thought he was some distance behind, was certainly uncanny, but he may have taken "short-cuts" which we did not know of, but which showed his knowledge of the surrounding bush. Not until the shades of night were falling and we were nearing our journey's end did he leave us.

The last view we had of this little denizen of the wild was the white outline of a little dog in the gloaming, balancing himself on three legs, his nose raised to the stars, which were just beginning to show, sniffing the aroma of the bush encircling him, as though he were pleased he had broken away from conventional ties and had come into this vast, vast country of beauty.

NORA PEACH.

2B.

THE COMPANY MASCOT.

It was a night of infinite loveliness; the stars in their purple setting shone with dazzling radiance, and a soft zephyr, carrying on its wings the aroma of the sea, lulled the earth to rest with a caressing touch. But in utter oblivion to the poignant beauty above and around them and with only the canvas roof of a tent intervening between them and the open sky, six figures, swathed in six respective blankets, slumbered on—the sleep of the exhausted and the just. Suddenly a sound, louder and more ominous than the murmur of the breeze, broke the stillness; it approached, swelled, and then an infuriated snort resounded—a figure dashed wildly through the trees and, as the tent collapsed, six piercing shrieks roused the echoes, while myriads of arms and legs beat the air in wild tattoo.

At length order was restored, and the six Girl Guides—for such they were—separated themselves from the ruin around to find the cause of all this chaos—a snow-white goat with peaceful mien and impish mind—stalking majestically away. But, alas! the magic calm of the night having once been broken could not be restored, and when at last sleep again closed the eyes of the six senior Guides of the township on their summer camp, it was a poor sleep troubled by alarming visions of gigantic goats and earthquakes.

Thus, did the goat first introduce itself to the Guides, and the drastic method of making his *début* was—had they but known it—merely an indication of the times to come; times in which the Guides came to hate the goat with a hatred, terrible in its intensity and passion. From the first the goat—henceforth to be referred to as William—took an active, uncanny and utterly unreasonable dislike to the Guides, and, at every conceivable and inconceivable

opportunity, appeared with the relentlessness of Nemesis, to hinder their plans and ruin their efforts.

On the occasion of the company's annual bazaar William invited himself and upset the elaborately, if not substantially-decorated ice cream stall; to ruin the bush house erected by the Juniors was but the work of a night, and somehow it was his peculiar obsession always to erase by one foul method or another the tracking signs the girls made in the bush on Saturday afternoons. All these and other indignities the Guides were compelled to endure, in wrathful silence, at the hands of the almost supernaturally cunning William, because his doting master, the richest squatter in the district, owned the tract of bush wherein they practised their outside work, and was, therefore, a deity who must, at all costs, be appeased.

But at length the end came, as an end always must—it happened in this wise. The company, in an effort to raise funds for the local hospital, cultivated a spare acre of ground with the intention of selling the produce—William permitting. For some time all went well; William had apparently forgotten his enemies, and the Guides' cabbages and carrots grew to almost gigantic proportions.

At last a day was appointed for the sale, and in the meanwhile the youthful gardeners watched with scrupulous care that no opening should be left for William to enter their garden at the eleventh hour. But alas! the fates conspired against them, for a tramp, wandering therein on his own behalf, left the gate open for William, who made his work of devastation dire and complete. Thus on the long-awaited morning the Guides found—not their carefully nurtured vegetables—but the abhorred William in possession of their Eden—now a wilderness—and at last their endurance broke its bonds! With one accord and with one wild, furious yell, they turned on the dreaded animal, which, with a terrible snort, ran towards the Guide nearest to him—Nancy. Nancy, now alarmed, dropped her spade and fled, followed by William, with the company in the rear. Through the garden, out at the gate, into the open bush Nancy ran until, exhausted, she clutched the low bough of a tree and dragged herself up into safety. William, foiled at the last lap, ran on, and Nancy, up in the tree, heaved a sigh of relief. But crash! crack! the bough suddenly snapped and Nancy fell down to a thick growth of wild creepers beneath; and further down, through them to the sound of tearing clothing, breaking twigs and slipping earth. Down! down! she closed her eyes and clenched her hands—would she never stop?—but just then a bump came and she found herself lying on the ground, but where? Around were dark, dark walls of earth, one stream of light came from above, through the passage Nancy herself had made by her descent. Suddenly a thought struck her—why! this was one of the hiding places the bushrangers had used years and years ago, and which, when they had left it, had been forgotten until she, Nancy, found it by this strange accident. By this time the Guides had reached the scene of Nancy's mysterious disappearance, but with wild thoughts rushing through her brain the latter did not hear them. Suppose, suppose she should find treasure here! She jumped up and looked

around; there were no golden sovereigns scattered over the ground, but yes! there in the corner was a bulky object—a sack, tender with age and covered with the dust of years. With trembling hands Nancy seized the sack and, opening it, pulled out a goblet! tarnished, but bearing the arms of the squatter's ancestors. She uttered a cry of wonder—here were all the treasures which the family had brought from England years ago, but which had been stolen almost immediately from their new home; **she** had found them!

A rope ladder appeared at this critical moment and Nancy was soon relating her story to the Guides and then to the squatter himself, who proved to be not at all fearsome as they had supposed, but laughed loud and long over the escapades of his goat and, not only paid for the damage, but amply rewarded Nancy and her colleagues by legally presenting them with their beloved bush for the use of the Girl Guides of the district for ever and ever.

As for William! he, strange to say, seemed to have tasted to his satisfaction of the excitements of life, and was henceforth, in his conventional behaviour, a model to all other goats, whom, indeed, he treated with a measure of contempt, now that his snowy neck was adorned with a ribbon of the Guides' colours, presented to him as a symbol of amity and peace and indicative of his important position of company mascot.

Thus, did William come into his own.

MOLLIE THORNHILL.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

MATRICULATION HONOURS.

We are very proud of the success won by Alma Hamilton at the Leaving Certificate and Matriculation Honours Examinations. Alma is the third pupil of Fort Street and the fourth girl in all history to win the John West Medal and Graham Prize Medal and James Aitken Scholarships for general proficiency (open to all candidates, boys as well as girls). In addition, Alma has won the Fairfax Prize for proficiency among girl candidates (an honour won five times in the last eight years by Fort Street girls), an exhibition in Science, a University Bursary and a Training College Scholarship. We congratulate Alma on her excellent work in the school, and wish her all success at the University.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

Several of our girls distinguished themselves at this examination. Dorothy Dey was bracketed with a Fort Street boy in Australian history and, while the medal was awarded to William Crisp,

the papers were of such nearly equal merit that the prize, £20, was equally divided between the candidates.

The following secured an entrance into the State Public Service:—Edna Levy, Grace Santos, Nellie Boutcher.

University Exhibitions were gained in:—

Arts: N. Carruthers, B. Smith, E. Wyse.

Science: A. Hamilton, E. Holt, N. Stobs, K. Waddington.

Economics: G. Santos.

Alma Hamilton, G. Santos, B. Smith, were awarded University Bursaries.

Training College Scholarships were won by G. Holt, K. Waddington, A. Hamilton, B. Smith, B. Grainger, N. Stobo, E. Wyse, R. Fishman.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

December, 1921

	ENG.	LAT.	FR.	GER.	MATHS. 1	MATHS. 2	MECH.	HIST.	CHEM.	BOT.	GEOG.	ART	MUSIC	L. MATHS.
Bill, Gwen ...	B	B	A		A	A	B			H				
Bolton, Elsie ...	B		A		B			B	B					
Boutcher, Nellie ...	H	A	A	B	B	B		B						
Bristow, Dorris ...	A							B		H	B	B	B	L
Carruthers, Nellie ...	H	B	A	A	B	A								
Clark, Janet ...	B	B	B		B	B		B						
Corrigan, Margaret ...	B		B		B	B								
Dey, Dorothy ...	H	B	B					H		B				
Fabian, Alison ...	B		B		B	B	B		B					
Fane, Nellie ...	B		B		B			B						L
Fishman, Rosa ...	H	B	A		A	B		B		B				
Goddard, Eileen ...	B		B		A	B		B	B					
Grainger, Bessie ...	A	B	A		B			B	A					
Hamilton, Alma ...	A		H		H	H	A	H						
Holt, Edna ...	H		B		B			A		H	A			
Johnston, Gussie ...	B		B		B	A	B		A					
Lamb, Isabel ...	A	B	B		B	A		B	B					
Levy, Edna ...	A	A	H	H	A	B		A						
Lea, Lena ...	A	B	B		B			H		B				L
McCook, Annie ...	A		B		B	B		B		B	B			
Richardson, Annie ...	A		B		B			B	B		B			
Ridge, Joyce ...	A		A		B	B		B		B				
Santos, Grace ...	H	A	A		B	B		A	A					
Sims, Edith ...	A		B		A	B		B			B			
Smith, Bessie ...	B	B		H	H	H	B							
Stobo, Nancy ...	B	A	H		A	B								
Taylor, Muriel ...	B		B		B	B		A		A				
Waddington, Kathleen ...	A	A	A		H	H	A		H					
Wyse, Eunice ...	H	B	A		B	B		A	A					

HONOURS

- English* ... Class I.—E. Holt, E. Wyse, R. Fishman, G. Santos.
 Class II.—N. Boutcher, N. Carruthers, D. Dey.
- French* ... Class I.—N. Stobo, E. Levy.
 ... Class II.—A. Hamilton.
- Botany* ... Class I.—G. Bill, E. Holt.
 ... Class II.—D. Bristow.
- German* ... Class I.—E. Levy, B. Smith
- Maths.* ... Class I.—A. Hamilton, K. Waddington.
 ... Class II.—B. Smith.
- History* ... Class II.—D. Dey, L. Lea.
- Chemistry* ... Class II.—A. Hamilton, K. Waddington.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION
December 1921

	ENG.	HIST.	GEOG.	MATHS. 1	MATHS. 2	LAT.	FR.	GER.	SCIENCE	ART	MUSIC	DRESS MAKING
Arter, Lorna	A	B		B	B	A	A	A				
Ashton, Jean	B	B		B	B							
Bell, Iris	B	A			B	B						
Bellingham, Doris	A	B		B	B	A	A		A			
Branch, Olive	B			B	B	B	B					
Brewster, Hazel	A	A		B	B	B	B		A			
Bruce, Jessie	B	B		B	B	B			A			
Campbell, Anita	B	B			B		B		B	A		
Cato, Marjorie		E	B		B				B	A		B
Coleman, Ellen	B	B	B									B
Connor, Marjorie	B	B	A	B	B			A		A		B
Denmead, Nellie	R	B	B							B		
Doherty, Marjorie	B	B			B				B			
Dunn, Lilly	B	B				B	B		B			
Fitzgerald, Helene	B	B		B	B	B	B	B				
Fleming, Laura	A	B	B					B	B		A	B
Frazer, Catherine	A	A		B	A	A		B	B	B		
Gibb, Minnie	A	A		B	B	B	B	B				
Goodall, Bessie	B	B		B	B							
Graham, Evelyn	A	B					B		B			
Green, Annetta	B	B		B	B		B		B			
Grimwood, Eileen	B	R		B	B	B	B	A	B			
Hancock, Christina	B			B	B	B			B			
Hardy, Evelyn	B		B	B	B				B		A	B
Haub, Sybil	B	B		B	B	B		B				
Hersey, Barbara	B	B		B	B	B						B
Hook, Sylvia	B		B	B	B	B				B		B
Hurren, Dorothy	A		B	A	B	B			A		A	B
Jacobs, Nellie	B			B	B	B					A	B
James, Florence	B	B		B	A	B			B			
Jerrems, Doris	B	B	B	B					B		A	B
Johnson, Ada	B	A	B	B	B				B	A		B
Kirby, Tui	B	B	B					B			A	
Maisie, Florence	B	B		B	B	A	B					B
Matthews, May	A	A	A			A	A		B	B		
Mizen, Ida	B	B				B	A					
Mulqueeney, Bertha	B	B		B	B				B			
Murray, Alma	B	B		B	B							
Mutch, Rita	B	B	B	B	B				B	A		B
Nillson, Thelma	B	B				B	A		B			
Pearlman, Lena	B	B			B	A	B	A				
Pontey, Belle	B	A		A	A	A	B		B			
Proctor, Jean	B			B	B	B	B	B				
Richards, Lulu	B	B			B	B			A			
Seymour, Gladys	A	B			B	B	B		A			
Sharpe, Jean	B	A		A	A	B	B	B	A			
Skinner, Freda	A	A		B	B	B	A	A				
Spence, Laura	B				B	B	B	B	B			
Stark, Heather	B	B			B	B	B	B	B			
Thornhill, Mollie	A	A		B	B	A	A	A				
Trenchard, Kathleen	A	B		B	B	B		A				
Voss, Annie	B	A			B	B			A			
Wearne, Vera	A	A	A	A	A		B		A	A	B	B
Williams, Dilys	B	A		B	B	B			A			
Wilson, Marie	B	B			B	B	B		B			
Wright, Dorothy	B	B	A	B	B				B	A		
Wylie, Hilda	B	B		B	B	B	B		A			

A FUGITIVE FROM ENGLAND.

(An Essay in Classical Couplets.)

Full dim and sad the daylight dawned anew,
 Before the wailing wind the dead leaves flew.
 Oh, Nature! Thou didst mourn with me that day,
 When from my Motherland I fled away.
 What matters it, Italian skies are bright?
 The birthplace of my soul fills all my sight.
 I see the soft green hills that, as a boy,
 I wandered o'er in gleeful childish joy;
 And in the hollow by the babbling stream
 The place in which the early cowslips gleam.
 Ah! would I had but one true English flower,
 I would not change it for the richest dower.
 My spirit in this land will ne'er abide,
 E'en though I sit by lovely Arno's side.
 Where e'er I roam my sad heart yearns to be
 At rest with thee, my England, only thee!

MARGARET REED.

4A.

"SPORT."

"Sport," said one of the girls, as she seated herself in the corner, "means something more than sport; it's just as necessary as Latin and French and all the rest of it."

"Oh, bother sport!" said the clever girl, opening her mouth that it might receive a large lump of chocolate. "Sport only messes you up, and makes your hair untidy. Sport should be cut out altogether."

"I am ashamed of you," said the first girl, severely. "I can see you growing up into a fat old woman, wheezing with asthma, or some other awful complaint, just because you never learned to take sufficient exercise; or you may develop into one of those frightfully clever people who are too clever to laugh, or run, or jump like other people, but just go through life wearing ugly glasses and poring over clever books until at length you become so clever that no one else will be able to understand you when you talk."

"Anyhow," said the second girl, who wanted to know, "why do we have sport?"

"Well," said the first girl, with the air of one who had been asked a fair question, "did you ever go into a factory and see the machinery at work. It is all made up of hundreds of bolts and nuts and levers and things like that. Everything goes right so long as these are well looked after; but one day someone neglects to tighten a tiny little bolt, and the whole of the machinery comes to a full stop. We are just like that machinery, if one part of us is neglected we come to a standstill in the end. Sport keeps you fit and well, and you learn a great deal more easily. If you are healthy and eat well and don't take sufficient exercise your brain becomes heavy and dull and it becomes more difficult to learn. If you are too keen on books to take up sport you get brain fag. Sport is just an organised exercise for the whole of the body."

"It doesn't matter what kind of sport you take up," she continued, "it is going to help you in your other work at school. The girl who plays hockey or tennis has to learn to think quickly. Who were the three men at Coogee a few weeks ago who acted most quickly? Why, the three men who were used to thinking and acting on the sports field. Sport helps you to think quickly in the class, simply because you have got into the habit of thinking quickly. It makes your eye keen, and it gives you confidence to tackle the most difficult questions. Teachers also get some benefit out of sport, because it helps in discipline. Girls learn to obey orders on the sports field quickly and smartly and they carry that habit with them into school. Sport helps you to excel——."

At this moment there was a creaking sound, and the boat stopped at Long Nose Point wharf. This caused the rest of the lecture to be postponed until another time.

MARIE HIGGINS.

Remove A.

SPORT NEWS.

Since the holidays our time has been occupied mainly with swimming, tennis and vigoro.

The Ashfield Tennis Club is as popular as ever, the membership being greater than last year. The Double Bay Tennis Club has been formed again this year, and we hope to see some good play there.

During the last few weeks all the swimmers have been busy training for the Carnival. Gwen Branch, the school champion and holder of the Cup for 1922, has improved her time by over 10 seconds for 50 yards, while her stroke has much more ease than it had last year. Kathleen Branch, though not so quick as Gwen, has a powerful stroke and came second in the school championship. In Edna May, the junior champion, we have a good all-round swimmer, who has a very fair stroke. Edna is also our diving champion, coming second in the Combined Girls' High Schools Carnival. Gwen and

Kathleen Branch, Edna May and Marjorie Russell represented Fort Street in the Solomon Shield Races. Fort Street tied with North Sydney for second place, Sydney being the winners, in the first race for the Shield. In the second race our girls put up a very fine performance at the combined carnival in the 200-yards relay, winning by five yards from Sydney. At the Parramatta Carnival we won the third race for the Solomon Shield, and thus secured the trophy for Fort Street for 1922. Each of the four girls who represented the school was presented with a gold medal by Mr. Langley. Our girls will need to do consistent training if they are going to keep their place in competitive swimming.

In the Combined High Schools' Carnival, Fort Street secured the following places:—

First in Solomon Shield Relay Race, Junior Championship (Edna May), in 15-years Championship (Gwen Branch), in 33-yards Handicap—tie—(M. Leifermann), in 50-yards Handicap (Ailie Coombes), in Rescue Race (Edna May and G. Branch), in Obstacle Race (K. Branch).

Second in 16 years and over Championship (L. Sims), in Diving (Edna May), in 14-years Championship (Edna May), in Junior Relay Race (Edna May, Willa Rowohl, Ivy Mitchell, Etta Magee).

Third in 100-yards Championship of High Schools (G. Branch).

The 25th annual carnival of Fort Street was held at the Aquarium Baths, Coogee, on Tuesday, 14th March. There was a large and enthusiastic audience of pupils, who encouraged the competitors. Edna May proved her endurance and versatility in winning the breast stroke, diving, diving for objects, and swimming under water. Results:—

33-yards Handicap.—Heat Winners: A. Coombes, 24 sec.; E. Chubb, 28 4-5 sec.; I. Lulham, 27 1-5 sec.; B. Carpenter, 30 sec.; J. Graham, 36 sec.; R. Card, 33 sec.; B. Rose, 39 sec.; L. Dunn, 35 sec..

Final: 1st, A. Coombes, 39 secs; 2nd, J. Graham.

13 Years Championship, 33 yards.—J. Magee, 1; T. Smith, 2. Time: 33 1-5 sec.

14 Years Championship, 50 yards.—E. Magee, 1; E. Robinson, 2. Time: 46 4-5 sec.

15 Years Championship, 50 yards.—First Heat: G. Branch, 1; A. Coombes, 2. Time: 39 3-5 sec. Second Heat: M. Howlett, 1; B. Wallace, 2. Time: 49 4-5 sec.

Final: G. Branch, 1; A. Coombes, 2. Time: 38 sec.

16 Years and Over Championship, 50 yards.—K. Branch, 1; H. Milne, 2. Time: 38 3-5 sec.

Championship of School, 100 yards.—G. Branch, 1; K. Branch, 2; E. May, 3. Time: 1min. 25 sec.

Junior Championship (under 15), 50 yards.—First Heat: I. Lulham. Time: 48 3-5 sec. Second Heat: E. May, 1; E. Magee, 2. Time: 39 sec.

Final: E. May, 1; E. Magee, 2. Time: 38 2-5 sec.

Back Stroke, 33 yards.—First Heat: E. Graham, 1; P. Scurr, 2. Time: 40 sec. Second Heat: W. Lee, 1; G. Branch, 2. Time: 39 sec. Third Heat: B. Carpenter, 1; G. Morgan, 2. Time: 42 sec.

Final: E. Graham, 1; W. Lee, 2. Time: 39 sec.

Breast Stroke, 50 yards.—First Heat: E. Graham, 1; D. Foreman, 2. Time: 54 sec. Second heat: W. Rowohl, 1; E. Chubb, 2. Time: 55 3-5 sec. Third Heat: E. May, 1; G. Morgan, 2. Time: 48 sec.

Final: E. May, 1; E. Graham, 2. Time: 48 sec.

Diving.—E. May, 1; E. Chubb, 2; A. Coombes, 3.

Beginners' Race, 25 yards.—Heat Winners: F. Crocker, 36 sec.; J. Turner, 31 4-5 sec.; H. Challinor, 30 1-5 sec.; M. Corringham, 28 2-5 sec.; E. Vischer, 30 2-5 sec.; M. Chapman, 30 4-5 sec.

Final: J. Turner, 1; E. Vischer, 2. Time: 30 sec.

Six Oar Race (Free Style), 33 yards.—M. Howlett, E. Chubb, J. Eyre, 1; L. Armstrong, T. Sundstrom, A. Coombes, 2. Time: 35 4-5 sec.

50 Yards Handicap.—First Heat: T. Prior, 80 sec., 1; I Lulham, 55 sec., 2. Time: 72 sec. Second Heat: E. Graham and E. Robinson dead heat. Time: 51 sec. Third Heat: W. Rowohl, 1; E. Chubb. Time: 43 sec.

Final: E. Chubb, 1; E. Robinson, 2.

Apple and Stick Race (Judged on Time).—Heat Winners: F. Skinner, 44 4-5 sec.; J. Golding, 30 1-5 sec.; I. Hill, 42 2-5 sec.; J. Eyre, 35 sec.; B. Wallace, 32 sec.; I. Lulham and J. Graham, 41 3-5 sec.; G. Morgan, 40 sec.; N. Williams.

Winner: J. Golding.

Year Relay Race, 133 yards.—Second Year, 1; First Year, 2; Remove Year, 3. Time: 1 min. 46 1-5 sec.

Diving for Objects.—K. Branch and E. May tied with 10 objects each. In the dive off E. May won with 11 objects.

Rescue Race (2nd and 4th methods), 66 yards.—I. Hill and W. Lee, 1; E. Chubb and V. Goldsmide, 2. Time: 1 min. 57 sec.

Swimming under Water.—E. May, 94ft., 1; E. Chubb, 2.

Old Girls' Championship, 100 yards.—E. Townsend, 1; D. Grossman, 2. Time 1min. 27 2-5 sec.

Cork Scramble.—I. Hill, 1; W. Allen, 2.

The Life Saving Club has been formed. We hope to have a large number of certificates and medallions this year.

WOMAN'S WILES.

(In Imitation of the School of Pope.)

She frowned, and o'er my inmost heart there fell
A gloom, that wine and mirth could not dispel.
She smiled, and in the sunshine of that glance
I quite forgot she'd looked at me askance.
And thus are men ensnared by woman's wiles,
And thus made captives when a woman smiles.
Beware, therefore I say, a pair of eyes
That shine like stars that twinkle in the skies.
Beware a pair of lips you long to kiss
Or you may pay dear for one moment's bliss.
Trust not a woman's vows, for she'll be true
Until some other conquest comes in view.
Then as great Alexander conquered all
She'll conquer till there's nothing left to fall.
But why do I upbraid the fairer sex
When women glory in their power to vex?
And why do I my disappointment show
In pouring forth such bitter lines of woè?
To you who've read, it is too late to prove
That I have never yet been crossed in love.
But this I can, and shall do: Here I vow,
That she who slighted me, repents it now.

RHODA GREEN.

4A.

EXCHANGES.

The Editors of the magazine beg to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:—

“The Record,” “Koala,” “The Babbler,” “Our Girls,” “The Goulburnian,” “The Canterbury Tales,” “The Parramatta High School Magazine.”

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In days gone by, King Edward sought in vain
 To reconcile the Welsh unto his reign.
 Defeated oft in battle though they were,
 To fight a losing fight they did prefer.
 An English king would not by them be feared,
 For sons of Wales they were, in mountains reared.
 So through long tedious months, with all his might,
 By land and sea, with Wales did Edward fight.
 Until at last the Welshmen were subdued,
 And truce was made to end the ceaseless feud.
 Then Edward, king, addressed the conquered host,
 Who waited sadly, thinking freedom lost.
 He said—in clearest tones, with echoing ring—
 "I will give unto you a youthful king."
 Then raised upon his shield his first-born son,
 And final victory o'er their hearts was won.
 The heir to England's throne is called, since then,
 The Prince of Wales—noblest of Englishmen.

GWEN WILLIAMS.

4A.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

The shadows deepen on the lake,
 A glistening mass of stars looks down,
 The moon-beams filter through the break
 Between two tree-trunks large and brown.
 The limpid depths of sapphire blue,
 The myriad voices of the night,
 Will change with morning's rosy hue
 When Sun looks down, his earth to light.
 The purple mountains, far away,
 Seem veil'd with light, fantastic mist,
 Which all will fade, ere long, when day
 And gold-flecked sky, with sun is kissed.
 Now does the flush of dawn invade
 The vague and vapouring dim-unknown,
 For now the stars and moon-beams fade
 And clouds across the sky are blown.

ISABEL DUNCAN.

R.D.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

The cost of this magazine is reduced to you by the advertisers.
 Patronise those who help us.

All communications with regard to subscriptions, matters of
 business, etc., should be made to Miss Bowie.



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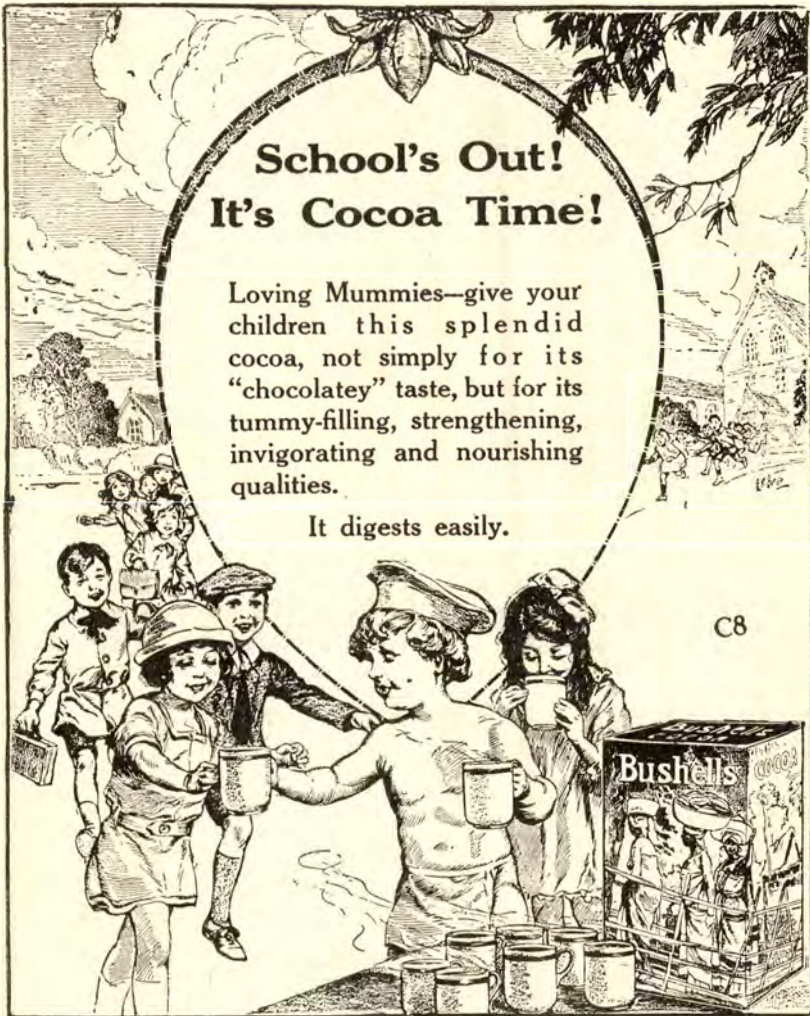
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coaxing to drink this lovely food beverage. What a pleasure to be certain they are drinking something that is good for them; not stuffing on indigestible “tummy aching” lollies.

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