

# THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

## GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

### FORT STREET



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# THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE



THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS, 1924.  
Reading from left to right.—J. EVANS, W. ROWOHL, C. GEE, M. O'HANLON, J. MCKENZIE,  
T. SUNDSTROM, R. GREEN (Captain), I. HILL.

Principal—Miss CRUISE, B.A.  
Magazine Editor—Miss MORLEY, M.A.

Magazine Sub-Editor—Miss BUCKLEY, B.A.  
Magazine Business Manager—Miss BIRD.

## THE PREFECTS OF THE SCHOOL.

Fully realising the honour that has been conferred upon us, and also the responsibility which accompanies it, we, the prefects of 1924, enter upon our term of office. To the best of our ability we will endeavour to live up to the example of our predecessors, and we hope to make this year a very successful one. But to do this we need the co-operation of all, and so we ask each girl to be with us and for the school.

In past years our school has had a high reputation, scholastic and athletic, and it lies in our hands to maintain that reputa-

tion. Let us all use both our opportunities and advantages to the best purpose. Let us aim high, and see that the name of our school is kept unsullied during our time.

To our first-year girls we extend the heartiest of greetings, hoping that their school days will prove as happy as ours have done. Soon, too, they will love the old school as we do, and will dread, as we do, the thought of leaving it.

RENE GREEN, 5A.

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## KOSCIUSKO.

The name thou bearest, mountain, written clear

On Europe's record of her battlefields,  
Is loved wherever Poland's name is dear,

Is honoured high wherever valour wields  
Its power to quicken thought, or nobly shields

The patriot's heart from fear the cause  
will fail

When, for a time, he sees the wrong prevail.

Most fitting then, for though thy shadowed  
plains

Have known naught fiercer than the  
storms that bring

The racing rivers brimmed with pelting  
rains;

Naught shriller than the echoed shouts  
that ring

From down thy slopes, when stockmen  
ride and swing

The circling whips that all unerring lash  
To still obedience, the rebels' dash.

Yet, may there dawn a day when this fair  
land

In which thou art of mountains all the  
chief,

Will face invasion from an alien strand—  
Its roar of guns, its flash of steel, its  
grief—

Ah, then thy name will stand in bold  
relief,

The measure of our right as people free,  
A nation's right, encircled by the sea!

But now, in peace the towns spread round  
thy feet,

And climbing, dot their roofs along thy  
sides,

Whilst from the city comes the throng to  
greet

Thy summit as a playground, where  
abides

'Mid gleaming snows, the merriment that  
chides

All thought of care, and its unworthy sway  
O'er any heart, when 'tis thy holiday!

MARJORIE BROOKS, 5A.

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## ROUND THE SCHOOL.

**THE STAFF.**—It is with great regret that we report the removal to other schools of Misses Long and Willard, for both teachers and girls had grown very fond of them. Miss Callaghan and Miss Edwards we welcome, gladly recognising in the latter an old Fort Street pupil and prefect, and it is a great pleasure to have again in our midst Miss Herlihy, who has recently returned from a year's travel in Europe.

Rev. HAROLD WHEEN, the Methodist Scripture instructor, sailed on March 22nd

for a tour of England, Scotland, and America, the purpose of which is to attend a world-wide Young People's Convention, which is to be held at Glasgow. Mr. Wheen has for many years been visiting this school, and it was with much regret that the Methodist girls farewelled him on his departure. On his last visit to the school the girls presented him with a silver eversharp pencil as a token of their love and appreciation. "Bon voyage and a safe and happy return!" is the wish of the whole Scripture Class to him.

T. SPARKES, 5A.



## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

NAME											NAME															
	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	German	Science	Art		Theory	Needlework	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	German	Science	Art	Theory	Needlework	
Anderson, Jessie ..	B	A	A	B	A	A	A	B					Jones, Gladys ..	B	B	B									B	B
Archer, Jean ..	B	A		B	B	A	A	B					Kirkby, Phyllis ..	B	B		B	B								
Bain, Lillian ..	B			B	B	B	B		A		B		McCarthy, Marie ..	A	B		B	B	B	A						
Bannan, Elizabeth ..	A	A		A	B	A	A		B				Madden, Aileen ..	B			B	B							A	B
Barden, Constance ..	B	B		B	B				B				Maddy, Ellie ..	B	B		B	B								
Beaumont, Christina ..	A	B		B	B								Magee, Mary ..	B	A		B	A	B			A				
Brewster, Agnes ..	A	A		A	A	A	A		B				Mathie, Jean ..	B	B		B	A	B	A		B	A			B
Butterworth, Amy ..	B	B		B	A	B	B		A				Middlehurst, Renée ..	A	B		A	B		A	A					
Callaway, Ruby ..	A	B		B	A	A	A		B				Mitchell, Thelma ..	A	B	A	B	B								B
Carmichael, Violet ..	B	B		B	B								Morgan, Gwendolen ..	A	A		B	B	B	B						
Carter, Ruth ..	A	B		B	A	A	A		B				Moyes, Annie ..	A	B		B	B	A	A						
Challinor, Hazel ..	A	B		B	B	B	B		B				Packard, Ruth ..	A	A	B	B	B	A	A						
Chapman, Mollie ..	B	B		B	B	B	B						Pearlman, Rebecca ..	A	A		B	B	A	A						B
Cohen, Daisy ..	A	B		B	B	B	B		B				Pert, Elizabeth ..	B	B		B	B	B	B						
Cook, Helen ..	B	B	A	B	B	B			B	B			Phelps, Olga ..	A	B		B	A								
Cooper, Gladys ..	A	B		B	B	B	A						Price, Gladys ..	A	A	B		B	A	B					B	B
Corringham, Mary ..	A			B	B		A	A					Ralston, Jean ..	A	B		A	A	B	A						
Cox, Doris ..	B	B	A	B	B				A				Rhodes, Lillian ..	B	B	B										B
Dey, Margaret ..	B	B	A						B	B			Rigg, Muriel ..	A	B			B		A						
Duhig, Elizabeth ..	B	B		B	B	B	B		B		A		Robertson, Jean ..	A	A		A	B	A	A						
Edwards, Grace ..	B			B	B	B	B						Rogerson, Nora ..	B	B		B	A		A	B					
Fizelle, Gwendoline ..	B	B		B	B	B							Rose, Nina ..	B			B	B	B	A						
Frankel, Eva ..	A	B	B		B	B					A	B	Russell, Lily ..	B	B		B	B	A	A						
Fraser, Ann ..	B	B		B	B	B	A		B				Russell, Marjorie ..	A	A		B	A	B	B						
Gallagher, Mary ..	A	B		B	A	A	A		B				Sadler, Phyllis ..	A	A		B	A	A	A						
Goldsmith, Lillian ..	A	A		B	B	A	A		A	A			Sharpe, Norah ..	A	A		B	A	B	B						
Goodsir, Rosalind ..	B	B		B	B	B	B		B				Shaw, Lillian ..	A	B	A	A	A		A						B
Gordon-Smith, Ethel ..	B	B		B	B	A	B		B				Stark, Effie ..	B	B	B	B	A								
Graham, Elin ..	B	A	A	B	A	A	B		B	A			Stayte, Glynn ..	A	A		A	A	A	A						
Graham, Marion ..	B			B	B	B	A		B				Stewart, Helen ..	B	B		B	B	A	A						
Grave, Evelyn ..	B	A	B	B	A	A	B		A		B		Stewart, Jean ..	B	B		B	B								
Hampton, Grace ..	B	B		B	B								Stockham, Jean ..	B			B									
Harrod, Doreen ..	B	B		B	B		B						Taylor, Kathleen ..	A	B		B	B		B	B					
Higgins, Marie ..	A	A		B	A	B	B		B				Tow, Olga ..	A	B	A		B	B	B						B
Holdsworth, Muriel ..	A	B		A	B	A	A		A				Trueman, Isabel ..	B	B		B	B	B	B						
Hopman, Muriel ..	A	B		B	A	B	A		B				Waddington, Alice ..	A	B		B	B	B	B						
Hughes, Oliven ..	A	A		B	B	B	A		B				Wilkinson, Rachel ..	A	B		B	B	B	B						
Johnson, Vera ..	B	B		B	A	A			B				Williams, Nancy ..	A	A		A	A		B						
													Young, Margaret ..	B	B		B	B								

### SPEECH DAY, 1923.

"One more year has passed since first  
We climbed yon well-known hill."

Once more the long procession of neat, white-clad figures made its way towards the Conservatorium; and as we saw them thus, merrily chatting and laughing, real little ladies of leisure, one would hardly suspect that so much hard work had been done by them all during the year. Many friends and relatives had assembled at the Conservatorium. We were glad to welcome among the official guests Mrs. S. H. Smith, Miss Partridge (our former head mistress), and Miss Levy (Commissioner-in-chief of the Girl Guide Movement in New South Wales).

Mr. Telfer occupied the chair in the absence of Mr. S. H. Smith, Director of Education, who was seriously ill. Mr. Telfer consoled all those who did not

receive a prize or certificate by telling them how some of England's most renowned men had always been somewhere near the bottom at school, but it was hoped that not everybody would follow their illustrious example.

Sir Henry Braddon gave us some good advice, urging strong and steady effort in our work and kindly feeling in our relationships. "Be afraid to be unkind" was his watchword.

The annual report read by Miss Cruise gave evidence of new and varied activities in the school. A Camera Club has been formed, the Debating Club has been reorganised, and at the end of each term a Play Day is held.

Girl guiding has gained immense popularity at Fort Street, thanks to the enthusiastic efforts of our old captain, Mollie Thornhill.

The programme was opened by the school orchestra, now already more than a year



old, and several numbers were contributed by the special choir.

The warm applause in each instance showed Miss Watts with what appreciation her splendid efforts were received. Amy Chicken, who for six years has so ably assisted Miss Watts as accompanist, was also heartily applauded.

Then came the special event of the day, the distribution of the prizes and certificates by Mrs. Smith.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman and to Mrs. Smith, in which the hope for Mr. Smith's speedy recovery was expressed, the morning was concluded by the singing of our school song and of the National Anthem.

And then, after farewells and many wishes for a merry Christmas and merrier holidays the assembly broke up.

K. OOSTERVEEN, 5A.

#### PRIZE-LIST.

Ada Partridge Prize (Distinction at L.C. Examination)—M. Evans.

Captain-Elect for 1924—R. Green.

Fort Street Boys' High School Prize for Sport—G. Branch.

Dux of the School—A. Chicken.

Dux, Year V.—A. Chicken.

Second Prize, Year V.—M. Thornhill.

Dux, Year IV.—R. Green.

Second Prize, Year IV.—K. Oosterveen.

Dux, Year III.—G. Stayte.

Second Prize, Year III.—M. Holdsworth.

Dux Prize, Year II.—K. McElroy.

Second Prize, Year II.—E. Cohen.

Dux, Year I.—A. Smith.

Second Prize, Year I.—D. Lipert.

Miss Baxter's Prizes for Scripture—R. Green, H. Wylie, S. Smith.

Prizes for Helrew Scripture—L. Pearlman, S. Rosenblum.

Victoria League Open Empire Verse Prize—M. Brooks.

THE FAREWELL.—At last the day has come—THE day of our crowded, jolly year—the day of Farewell, which means so very much to all of us. And to us Fifth Years how much more does it mean than to the rest of the School. For five years we have looked forward to this day, at first with only delighted anticipation, but, later, with an ever-increasing sense of dread, for, as it approaches, we realise more fully that, whatever else it may be, it is—Farewell! And so the appointed morning finds us with mingled feelings.

The Fourths are mysteriously busy, but, in spite of our curiosity, we "play fair," and refrain from questions; besides, we are busy in our own way. During the morning, we wander up and down, talking to our



"THE TWO CAPTAINS

comrades of all ages, who on this day seem inestimably dear, and when the rooms are empty, in little groups we stroll through and memories crowd in upon us.

"Do you remember the battle royal we had over that broken seat, in 1B?"

"Will you ever forget the periwinkle we kept under that desk in Second Year?"

And so on round the school, re-examining well-known inkspots and scatches on our dusty old desks, and recalling the incidents of five happy years. But in spite of all our merriment, our laughs are perhaps a trifle forced, and through one's brain runs incessantly the fierce admonition—"Remember your Eighth Guide Law, old thing!"

So, the morning passes, and the Farewell Ceremony actually begins when Miss Cruise speaks to us of the things we most like to hear—of old prefects, of new ones, of honours Fortians have won in the past, of honours they hope to win in the future. Then comes the investiture of the new Captain and Prefects—the most solemn of all ceremonies in our little world—after which both Captains have the privilege of speaking to the School—the one to bid her official farewell, the other to make her début. And if the orators are a little nervous, and their words falter, the applause is no less great, for this is one of

the few tense moments, when we allow ourselves to speak of that which, at other times, is veiled in respectful silence—Fort Street, and our sheer, pure love of it!

But then, the serious business over, comes the part we all love—the singing, shouting, yelling of our dear old songs, and though our voices are perhaps not particularly melodious, certainly we invest no other songs with such genuine expression, for are they not our songs? And do we not mean and love every word of them because they are? Of course we do!

The Orchestra and the Special Choir, too, favour us with items and contribute to the festivity of the occasion, and, of course, Mrs. Macartney sings! There would, undoubtedly, be something painfully lacking in a Farewell Day without the thrilling if perhaps demoralising, vision of Peggy sitting "wid me arrum around her wai-ist," as Mrs. Macartney alone can conjure it.

But too soon all is over, and to the lusty chorus of "They are jolly good fellows!" the Fifth Year girls file out, followed by the others, and lastly the Staff, who are compelled to march to the staff-room through lines of still singing, laughing, cheering Fortians.

Then the second chapter begins—the party of the Fourths to the Fifths. Now we are going to see the result of the morning's preparation! And, dear me, what surprises are in store for us. First of all, there is a sumptuous spread in the



INVESTING THE PREFECTS.

gaily-decked sewing room, and—a sight to delight the heart of any schoolgirl!—an enormous cake enthroned in the middle of the room, with a tiny maypole in its centre, round which dance eight dainty kewpies, later to become the cherished souvenirs of eight delighted prefects. But this is not all: when we have all made merry and drunk to lull in lemonade, and when even the most staid of us has acquired a rakish air by the addition of a jazz cap, we repair to the gym. And here, gazed upon from the walls by large black cats with wicked green eyes, beneath a canopy of red and white, and to the strains of a gay jazz band, we play games and dance and are merry, until sunset announces the time for departure.

Then once more we troop out into the now still playground and, clasping hands round the biggest of our fig trees, we sing "For Auld Lang Syne" as we have never sung it before, and, as we sing, gaze round, imprinting the sight on our minds forever, so that when we are old and grey and our grandchildren come bursting home from school to tell us of their parties, we shall be able to close our eyes and see again, as we see now, an unbroken ring of white-frosted, flushed, half-laughing, yet serious-eyed schoolgirls,—hear again the voices. . . Then three cheers for Fort Street! and—Farewell!!

MOLLIE THORNHILL.



PLAY DAY—DECEMBER, 1923.—The last day of the year, eagerly anticipated for many reasons, gave us some of the most pleasant hours we have ever spent at Fort Street.

A concert was given by the Fifth Year Girls, the proceeds of which were to go to the "Mollie Thornhill Prize," founded by them as a token of their keen love for the old school. The prize is to be awarded each year to the girl obtaining the best pass in the Intermediate Certificate Examination.

At ten o'clock one could see all the Fortians filing once more into the Gymnasium, and never before in its long and varied history did the venerable hall witness such fun.

In the morning "Daddy Longlegs" was acted, and from the moment the curtain rose and we entered the John Grier Home its success was assured. The oddities of the orphans, especially Freddy Perkins, were received with mirth, which became overwhelming when Mrs. Lippett, just arrived from America, stepped right out of the pages of the book on to the stage.

No one could have interpreted the character of Judy better than our old Captain, Mollie Thornhill; she gave the part with a sweet, mischievous charm which captivated us all. The other characters also—Julia Pendleton and her aristocratic mother, Sally, and Jimmy McBride (not to forget Jimmy's moustache), old Mrs. Semple and "her boy," Jervis, alias Daddy Long-Legs, most disinterested of uncles, most ardent of lovers—it is not likely that we shall soon forget them.

The afternoon's programme included a novel and clever rendering of "The Shriek," greeted, of course, by shrieks of laughter, a charming duet, "Dear Little Jammy Face," sung and acted by Lorna Arter and Heather Stark. The last item was "Back to First Year," which gave us some idea how our much-respected seniors must have looked on that memorable day, five years ago, when they first came toiling up the hill.

Before we broke up that afternoon cheers were called for the Fifth Years, which expressed better than any words could have done the love which every girl felt for them, and the appreciation of those many things which they had given to the

School, not only that day, but all the days of the past year.

KARLA OOSTERVEEN, 5A.

PLAY DAY—APRIL, 1924.—On Wednesday morning, April 16th, we finished the term's work, and at half-past one assembled in the Gymnasium to witness the various plays, songs, and recitations which formed the programme of our Quarterly Play Day.

This term the programme extended over Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning, and, opened by the School Orchestra with a violin mazurka, "Salut d'Amour," proceeded to scenes from "Martin Chuzzlewit," given by 4A. Of these the first was the scene of the family quarrel at Mr. Pecksniff's; the second, of a similar na-



MRS. LIPPETT AND THE ORPHANS.

ture, depicting the dispute between the famous Sairy Gamp and her friend, Betsy Prigg.

One of the outstanding items of the afternoon was the German song which Hannah Tadsen sang in native costume, and now that we have heard Hannah sing, we shall certainly claim her sweet voice for the School Choir. The next item was a scene from Motiere's play of "Les Femmes Savantes," and this was preceded by a prologue, in the person of Helen Stewart, who gave the audience a good summary of the play, so that, though many might not follow the words spoken in the scene, they, at least, knew what it was about. Following this play, was a scene from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," which Second Year girls are studying this year. The scene was excellently done, and amused the audience greatly, especially the present Four Year students, who

have haunting memories of that particular play, and all its characters. The verse Prologue by Joyce Starr created great interest among teachers and girls.

Punctually at half-past nine on Thursday morning, the curtains were again drawn back, and the French play of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was presented by 4A. Here Ruth Carter, the well-known Trotter of "Chiselling," distinguished herself once more, in her favourite role of a comical and very ignorant young man. The next play, given by 4B, was a scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and, marvellous to relate, not the trial scene. The outstanding character in this play was Helen Stewart, who made an excellent Launcelot.

Next, through 2C, we met an old friend, the scene of Pyramus and Thisbe, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which, though it may be acted a hundred times over on our stage, will never, in the history of Fort Street, be overdone.

Then came the last play, "Faithless Sally Brown," which was not indeed a play at all, but the ingenious mummung of a ballad, appreciated greatly as something quite out of the ordinary. It was presented by the girls of 3A, was excellently done, and might almost be claimed as the crowning success of the morning.

Special mention ought to be made of the great help First Years were in this Play Day, and, considering the fact that they have only been with us about eight weeks, their French and German songs were wonderfully done.

Towards the end of the programme came sundry song and recitations, all of which helped to make the morning a great success, so that, after the National Anthem was sung, not one among the audience was heard to complain of the entertainment, which is indeed a rare occurrence among a host of some four hundred schoolgirl critics.

JEAN ARCHER, 4A.



FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

THE CAMERA CLUB.—Last year saw an additional interest in School activities, namely the Camera Club, organised by Miss Tearle. All interested in photography are asked to join, since without a reasonable membership comparatively little can be done. We have the promise of lectures from representatives of the leading photographic firms, but the membership must be larger before we can avail ourselves of it. The possession of a camera is not essential to membership, so it is hoped that all interested will kindly give their names as soon as possible to

THELMA SUNDSTROM, 5A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY has always been among the foremost of School activities. It is hoped that the girls will display the same interest this year as previously. This year the committee consists of class prefects, with Clarice Gee (5A) president, and Jean Archer (4A) secretary.

We are pleased to be able to announce the inauguration of a School DRAMATIC SOCIETY, whose organisation is in the hands of the School Prefects. Candidates for membership are to be tested by a selection committee of five, and when the membership is complete we hope to number forty. Two performances will be given each year, one at June and the other at December.

RENE GREEN, President.

REFERENCE LIBRARY.—This year an innovation has been made in the Reference Library, for now, amongst it one hundred (100) members, it numbers girls from practically every class in the School, instead of, as formerly, only Fourth and Fifth Year girls.

The girls have, on the whole, made good use of the privileges offered them, as is proved by the fact that from the time of opening the Library, early in February, to April 7th, the number of books lent was five hundred and fifteen (515).

The Librarians desire to show their appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Clements, of Lakemba, who materially helped them towards providing an efficient and easily handled card system.

The Library is open on Mondays and Thursdays, in Room 4, at recess, when the Librarians will be very pleased to see any new members. Below is a list of books added this term:—

Librarians: { BESSIE BANNAN.  
                  { JOSIE MAGEE.  
                  { NANCY WILLIAMS.

**Additional Books, 1924:—**

**English.**

- Blackmore—"Lorna Doone."  
 Chaucer—"Stories from Canterbury Tales."  
 Churchill—"Richard Carvel."  
 Coleridge—Poetical Works.  
 Collins—Poetical Works.  
 Compton-Rickett—"History of English Literature" (5).  
 Dawson—"Makers of Modern English Prose"  
 "Makers of English Fiction."  
 Dawson—Shakespeare and other Lectures.  
 Doyle—"The White Company."  
 Dryden—Poetical Works.  
 Heydon—Verses.  
 Hepple—"Lyrical Forms in English."  
 Hudson—"Introduction to the Study of English Literature."  
 Lang—"Book of Heroes" (Gordon and Havelock).  
 Long—"American Literature."  
 Morris (William)—"The Man Born to be King."  
 Morris (William)—"The Story of Sigurd the Volsung."  
 Stevenson—"The Black Arrow."  
 Scott—"The Talisman."  
 "Quentin Durward."  
 Thackeray—"Selections."  
 Thompson—Poetical Works.  
 French—"The Study of Words."  
 Trevelyan—"The Life of John Bright."  
 Wilson—"Junior Modern Prose."

**History.**

- Archer & Kingsford—"The Crusaders."  
 Arnold—"Gateway to History" (Book 4).  
 Bell—"Puritanism and Liberty."  
 Bright—"History of England."  
 Caxton—"Our Country's Industrial History."  
 Cox—"Epochs of Modern History" (The Crusaders).  
 Froude—"English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century."  
 Gardiner—"A Student's History of England" (3 vols.).  
 Guest—"A Social History of England."  
 Gibbon—"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (7 vols.).  
 Gibbon—"A Student's Gibbon."  
 Henderson—"Historical Documents of the Middle Ages."  
 Keatinge—"The First History of England."  
 Macaulay—"History of England."  
 McKilliam—"The Tale of the Law."  
 "The Tale of the Towns."  
 Myers—"General History."  
 Rose—"Personality of Napoleon."  
 Southey—"Nelson of the Nile."  
 Waddell—"Modern Times."

Wilmot-Buxton—"The Struggle with the Crown."

Winbolt—"England and Napoleon."  
 "American Independence."  
 "Peace and Reform."

**Mathematics.**

Ball—"A Short History of Mathematics."  
 Cox—"Mechanics."

**Miscellaneous.**

Heath—"The Great Artists."  
 Buxton—"German, Flemish and Dutch Paintings."

SPECIAL CHOIR, which consists of about seventy members, resumed practice this year with as much enthusiasm as in previous years. Some favourite songs have been revived, including "Hark! the Lark" (Dr. Cooke), "The Spinning Chorus" (Wagner), and Gound's Waltz from "Faust" the solo part in "The Spinning Chorus" being taken by Joyce Kolts.

We regret very much the loss of our excellent accompaniste, Amy Chicken, who was ever at her post during the last six years.

There are some promising voices among the First Year girls, and there is little doubt that the Choir will this year equal—or even exceed, if possible—the high standard set in the past.

G. STAYTE, 4A.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.—Practice this year commenced very well, with an increase of four new members, to whom we extend a hearty welcome, and during last term "Salut d'Amour" and "Aire from Faust" were added to the Orchestra's selection of pieces.

We were very sorry indeed to lose Gwen Morgan, our 'cellist, but it is hoped that we shall discover another talented girl to take her place.

We anticipate that our budding Orchestra will be in full bloom before the end of the year, but in the meantime all new members will be cordially welcomed.

G. STAYTE, 4A.

WELCOME!—"Being a First Year," and having come from a school far different from Fort Street, made me a severe critic of my new surroundings. From this criticism I emerged with a delightful impression of my new school, which I feel sure I love now as much as any old girl does.

It is the old girls' aim to give the new pupils a hearty welcome, and to make each one of themselves as soon as possible.

The outward sign of this welcome appeared this year in the form of a little entertainment, which was successfully carried out by the Fourth and Fifth Year girls. The "Gym." was chosen for the scene of this function, and some of the items showed that we have great talent in our midst. Several pianoforte solos were heartily applauded, while "Romeo and Juliet" was hailed with great joy by the youthful audience. The musical items were varied by an amusing recitation, while several exciting competitions added zest to our attack on the light refreshments, which brought a very merry afternoon to a pleasing close.

E.N.B. 1A.

"KOALA."—On 27th March, 2A Class held a meeting in Room 3, to discuss the progress of their magazine, "Koala," and to consider any suggestions as to its improvement.

Miss Purcell acted in the capacity of President, and opened the meeting with a short address, in which she expressed her pleasure in the way the class magazine was progressing, and also hoped that the girls would try to make it even better than it was at present.

Suggestions were then discussed, with the result that it was decided to re-organise the staff and also to make a slight alteration in the cover of "Koala." Doris Lipert, Dorothy Clark and Phyllis Maddy in a few words described the needs of their own particular branches of the magazine.

The results of the election were:—

Editress—Winnie Scriven.

Sub-Editress—Molly D'Arcy.

Sub-Editress—Alice Smith.

Business Manager—Roma Aria.

Sketch Editress—Marion Stewart.

Advertisements and Humour Editress—

Doris Lipert.

DOROTHY CLARK, 2A.

(The Editor thanks 2A for copies of "Koala."—It is an enterprising and well managed publication, from which The School Magazine is proud to print Joyce Starr's "Social Life in Fairy Land." Some bright prose articles contribute to its interest. Other classes should observe and emulate this effort of 2A.)

IN THE DAYS OF MARMION.—1D was astir, and the meaning of the stir was just

this: Miss Buckley and the members of 1D were taking Miss Cruise and Miss Evans back to the days of Marmion. They were first shown by a map the route by which Marmion travelled when he went to the King of Scotland. They next saw Marmion himself (a celluloid doll painted with silvafros), and declared him a beautiful knight. In Marmion's train came archers, squires and men-at-arms all looking very brave—a fine array of celluloid and china dolls as well as pegs, all dressed in the correct clothing of the day. Marmion's horse, too, pranced along looking very fine in his velvet housings and ribbons.

To make the story clear, the lists were next inspected, which showed Marmion and de Wilton in full career with two heralds for each knight, and the King and Queen in their regal stand and quite a crowd to witness the fight. The heralds looked so real that Miss Cruise remarked that she could almost hear the bugles. Norham Castle was reached, a very fine building with its courtyards and flanking walls, but the moat must have dried up in a drought, as it did not appear. Miss Evans wondered how the dinner was kept warm as the kitchen was so far from the castle, and Miss Cruise said she had learned quite a number of things about a castle which she did not know before. Constance was now shown dressed as a page to disguise herself, to which end she had escaped from the convent. Marmion now left Norham Castle and reached the Court of James of Scotland. James was shown a very handsome man (I think he was made out of wood), but the visitors were told that he was too fond of flirting with the ladies, and especially Lady Heron, a china doll with beautiful hair, and a very charming lady. Clara de Clare appeared, a very beautiful young nun, whom Marmion wished to marry, and whom he really went to Scotland to woo. Among the various other people who appeared, Henry VIII. was a personality, and many others were worthy of note, had we space to mention them.

GUMSUCKER, 1D.

LIFE-SAVING.—This year our swimming undoubtedly shows vast improvement in all its branches, and this improvement is especially marked in the Life-Saving Club. Previous to this season most of the time was devoted to race-swimming. However, this year a great feature has been made of life-saving, and thus the general interest of the members of the Swimming Club has

greatly increased; for it affords opportunities to those who are unable to excel in racing. Practically everyone who is able to swim at all can gain some award, and, owing to the encouragement they have received, a great number have been gained by our g.rls. These girls also have the interest of their School behind their efforts, as there is the Life-Saving Shield, at present held by Drummoyne School, to be contested.

Among the awards of Life-Saving, Gwen Branch gained a bar to her silver medallion. Gwen again excelled herself, for she beat her time of last year, which was even then a record among school girls. These awards were all gained during this season:—

Silver Medallion—H. Stark, M. Russell.

Teachers' and Instructors' Certificates—I. Hill, L. Armstrong, J. Graham, W. Rowohl, M. Russell, R. Thurston, D. Dewis.

Bars to Bronze Medallion—L. Armstrong, I. Hill, G. Branch, A. Ring.

Bronze Medallions—33.

Proficiency certificate—28.

Elementary Certificate—13.

Resuscitation Badge—18.

SWIMMING has by no means been neglected. It is a sport which requires infinite practice, which it has received from our girls right through the season. Although we were not so fortunate this year in the Solomon Shield Relay as Sydney High School was triumphant, Fort Street gained a very creditable second place. But it was certainly not due to lack of training on the part of the girls, for their enthusiasm and interest in their swimming has surely made this season the best and most exciting we have ever known.

We have been fortunate enough to be able to welcome several promising First Years, who proved to be both keen and willing little swimmers. Also remarkable progress has been made by some of our Second Year Juniors, among whom is Phyllis Trafford, who gained so many honours for Fort Street in the recent Combined High School Carnival.

Gwen Branch, our senior champion, has by no means disappointed us. This season, by her constant practice, she has brought her time down to 35secs., which is considered very creditable for a school girl. Gwen also gained a great number of points at the Combined Carnival.

Here again we were unfortunate in losing the Secondary Schools' Swimming Shield by one point, Sydney High School again being the winner.

As all the schools gathered at the Domain Baths for the Annual Combined Carniyal, a keen sense of excitement gathered, and pleasant rivalry existed among the different schools, and a large and enthusiastic audience greatly encouraged the competitors. This display of swimming was excellent on the part of every school. It seems the standard of swimming among all school girls has improved, which, of course, lends greater interest to both onlookers and competitors.

Fort Street was successful in gaining these places:—

First—Junior Relay; Junior Diving (P. Trafford); Junior Breast Stroke (J. Balmain); 17 Years' Championship (G. Branch); Junior Back Stroke (P. Trafford).

Second—13 Years' Championship (B. Hart); 17 Years' Championship (M. Russell); Senior Diving (P. Trafford).

Third—Junior Diving (C. Kennedy); Junior Championship (P. Trafford); Senior Back Stroke (G. Branch); All Schools' Championship (G. Branch).

OUR OWN (27th) ANNUAL CARNIVAL was held on March 4th at the Aquarium Baths. The afternoon proved to be beautiful, and the girls were filled with excitement and joy as they watched their classmates competing in the races and counted up their class points for the Class Swimming Shield, held by 2A last year. This year the Shield Competition included life-saving points also, with the result that the competition has been really exciting. Finally 5B managed to reach top place on the point score list, beating 5A by 9½ points.

Gwen Branch again gained first place in the School Championship, this being the third year that Gwen has retained the Schcol Championship Cup. Second place was gained by M. Russell, and third by B. Hart. The Junior Championship was won by Phyllis Trafford, C. Kennedy coming second, and T. Smith third. The other important results were:—

12 Years' Championship—G. Sadler, 1; J. Sawyer, 2.

13 Years' Championship—D. Brake, 1; E. Thornley, 2.

- 14 Years' Championship—P. Trafford, 1; C. Kennedy, 2.  
 15 Years' Championship—E. Vischer, 1; J. Young, 2.  
 16 Years' Championship—I. Mitchell, 1; E. Magee, 2.  
 17 Years' Championship—G. Branch, 1; M. Russell, 2.  
 Junior Breast Stroke—J. Balmain, 1; R. Bell, 2.  
 Senior Breast Stroke—G. Branch, 1; I. Mitchell, 2.  
 Junior Back Stroke—P. Trafford, 1; J. Balmain, 2.  
 Senior Back Stroke—G. Branch, 1; W. Lee, 2.  
 Diving—P. Trafford, 1; I. Mitchell, 2.  
 Plunging—A. Waddington.  
 Six Oar—J. Young, I. Mitchell, P. Trafford, 1.  
 Balloon Race—C. Kennedy.  
 Diving for Objects—M. Russell.  
 Junior Rescue Race—D. Brake, B. Hart, 1; J. Sawyer, P. Moroney, 2.  
 Senior Rescue Race—G. Branch, M. Russell 1; W. Lee, I. Hill, 2.

The Year Relay proved the most exciting event, and after a very hard swim Third Year came first, their team consisting of I. Mitchell, E. Magee, E. Vischer, and T. Smith. First Year took second place, and Second Year took third.

We were very glad to see so many of our Girls at our carnival, especially those

who competed in the Old Girls' Race, which Miss Bird won in excellent time, while E. May came second, and K. Williams third.

We sincerely hope that next swimming season will be as successful as this one, and that the members of the Club will continue their enthusiastic efforts.

MARJORIE RUSSELL, 4A.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE AWARD OF THE "BOYS' PRIZE."—The Fort Street Boys' High School gives us annually a very fine prize for sport. We make grateful acknowledgment of it on behalf of the School and the winner (1923), Gwen Branch. Following are the conditions governing its award:—

1. The value of the prize is £5. It is to be awarded annually to the girl of outstanding merit in sport—summer and winter athletics.
2. It will be awarded to the girl who has won the greatest number of points in winter and summer sports, and who has exerted the best influence on her school-fellows.
3. Selection is to be made by the Sports Sub-Committee, subject to the approval of the Principal and Staff.
4. The prize is to be presented during the Speech Day in December.
5. The winner may select her own prize, subject to the approval of the Mistress.

## MY LADY LEISURE.

My Lady Leisure sits before the door;  
 She sits and smiles and basks her in the sun;  
 Now purrs like puss with pure contentedness;  
 Now warmly dozes, counting all her store  
 Of perfect joy and glorious good fun,  
 And beams with overflowing friendliness.

My Lady Leisure sits upon the gate  
 Watching the neighbours slowly trudge to town.  
 She nods good morning with a merry smile;  
 Her shining eyes bemock their luckless fate,  
 And they pass onward with a sulky frown,  
 Haunted by care-free eyes for many a mile.

My Lady Leisure roves about the bush,  
 Climbs, singing, to the top o' the highest tree;  
 The sun and breeze play with her golden hair,  
 And paint her cheeks and lips a keen red flush;  
 Her dancing eyes they glow most daring free—  
 My little Lady Leisure's wondrous fair!



## NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

### THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The fourth year of our existence has just drawn to a successful close, and our fifth year will be ushered in by the Annual Dinner Reunion at the Burlington on 14th May. Miss Doris York, who has been in New Zealand for the past year, has been re-elected to her former position as President of the Union, and will preside at the dinner.

Ex-Fortians still continue to hold their own in all the various spheres of life. Ellice Hamilton, Jessie Alexander, and Namona Gors have obtained their degrees in the Faculty of Medicine, and Dr. Alexander intends practicing in Queensland. Dorothea Michel has won a scholarship for Daleroze Eurythmic work, and intends going to London to further her studies. Heather Kinnaird, who so delighted us all at last year's dinner with her beautiful voice, has been successful in winning the Salonola Scholarship for singing, and has taken up studies at the Conservatorium. Norah Dickson, yet another of our girls, has an enviable position at the Empire Exhibition—that of introducing Australian visitors and giving them information about the Exhibition for their guidance.

Our Tennis Club still continues to be a very live body. A dance has been arranged for 24th May in the Women Painters' Room, Q.V.M. Buildings, and it has been decided to hold the Club's Annual Dance on 4th July. A delightful day was spent on 27th April out at the court, when several of the members of the Old Boys' Union paid us a visit, and incidentally gave us some very exciting tennis. It is hoped that inter-club visits such as these will become a regular thing.

Great interest centres in the proposal to form a dramatic club, and should the response be all that is anticipated a dramatic club of our very own should soon be an accomplished fact. We have plenty of talent among our members, and talent of a first-class order at that. Any ex-Fortian desiring to join the club should send her name to the organiser, Miss Doris York, Abbey Street, Randwick.

Sydney University, April 30, 1924.  
Dear Fortians,—

After three months of "long vac."—mostly a period of deadly boredom for science people, and a period of equally

deadly "fag" for people taking Honours in Arts subjects in March—'Varsity folk have returned with relief to their accustomed routine, and are just about getting into their stride again.

Amongst the "freshers" we are pleased to see many well-known faces. "Mollie Thornhill and Co." are indeed welcome in our midst, particularly since we made the close acquaintance of many of them at Tuggerah not so long ago. Belle Pontey has already found a place in the thick of things by being elected a member of the Science Society Social and Sports Committee.

Many recent academic achievements of Old Fortians are already known to all. Marie Bentivoglio is the holder of a scholarship at an English University, and Peggie Clarke is studying for the Ph.D. degree in Oxford and Paris, while Ruth Thomas is lecturing on Psychology at the Teachers' College, Western Australia.

Coming into the Southern Hemisphere and my own faculty, I think Kathleen Waddington (School Captain, 1921) carries off the laurels quite easily by winning the Slade Prize for Practical Physics, and coming top of Science in Physics II. She was the only Science student to gain high distinction in the subject. And physics is supposed to be a subject at which the other sex excels!

Incidentally Kathleen and Alma Hamilton are taking Physics III. this year. That doesn't sound very exciting until we learn that it is only during the last few years that women have tackled Physics III.—and this is certainly the first time two women have tried it together. It looks to me like the thin end of the wedge, with Fort Street well to the fore! And since some of their friends have developed a little habit of dropping in to see them now and then, the One-and-Only Sacred Physics III. Laboratory sometimes looks indeed as if it had suffered a feminine invasion!

Nancy Stobo is still faithful to Chemistry—she's the only Fortian woman taking Chem. III. this year. Alison Fabian is with us this year, doing Pharmacy, and Eunice Wyse still swings to and fro between Acts and Science. She is taking Geology III., History III., and English III. Lena Lea and Isabel Lamb also oscillate between the two faculties, taking Geography and two Arts subjects. Dorothy Dey, Janet Clark, and Rosa Fishman still pursue their victorious way in Arts, while Edna Holt, Lillith Rutherford and your correspondent

devote themselves to Geology III. and Geography II.

Graduants in Arts this year include Winnie Howard, Doreen Wane, Ena Rice, and Ella Oliver; Namona Gors has completed her medical course, and the B.Sc. degree belongs now to Nita Torr, Hilda Jamieson and Hilda Butler.

This 'Varsity's a big place! One absorbs it very gradually! For instance, two aged and respectable third year students suddenly unearthed the Nicholson Museum of Antiquities last week. After two-and-a-bit years of studentship in its immediate vicinity! Also, it wasn't till quite recently that I discovered the Macheay Museum with its gorgeous butterflies, gruesome skulls and other attractions—and I've almost lived under its roof for two years without locating it!

Is not this largeness of space and of spirit an explanation of its charm?

I close now by conveying best wishes to the "Old School" from those who have "gone before."—I am, a Fortian of the past.  
ANNIE RICHARDSON.

Teachers' College, Sydney,  
16th April, 1924.

Dear Editor,—

It seems quite like old times again at the Teachers' College, for here, there, and everywhere are Fortians, prominent in every section of the College. As well as the many girls who left school last year are present Margaret Reed, Edna Dutton, and Lily Sims, who did so well in their first year at the University.

We are now beginning to feel very ancient, for two of our Fortian group are engaged, and one even married. For several weeks a card addressed to Miss Stella Twemlow, Section 23, has remained unclaimed in the letter rack. No doubt she is now beyond all thought of such a trivial matter as a mere locker key.

On Friday last, 11th April, the College

Swimming Carnival was held. Dorrit Bristow, Marjorie Hinton, and Jessie Eyre represented Fort Street, and gained many places. Fortian tennis enthusiasts are commencing well. In the Lawn Tennis Badge Association Competition, Alma Davis is playing in the first team, and Ida Smith and Marjorie Cato are shining lights of the second.

Winter sports will soon begin, and we expect to be well represented in all teams. The advent of Annie Voss into the College has raised Fortian hopes of carrying off some of the championships at the next College sports. That she is training hard is quite evident—all lunch time Annie seems to be running round, balancing a loaded tray in her hand, for she has the doubtful honour of being a Table Representative. Warning to future College students! Don't take on this onerous job. It's not as good as it appears to be on first acquaintance. Ask Mary Harold about this.

The College expects to hold a Fete some time this year, and Barrie's play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is being prepared by the Long Course Sections. The harassed writers of this epistle are endeavouring to play the roles of Alice and her daughter Amy; Mary Harold, the hard-working stage-manager, performs the strenuous task of trying to instil true dramatic force into the "actresses."

We have not been ignorant of Fort Street's prowess in the recent Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival. The Fortians at the Teachers' College send their heartiest congratulations to Gwen Branch, Phyllis Trafford, and the other splendid sports, who did so well for the School.

We send loving greetings to all, and wishes for best fortune in the future!

DOROTHY STARR.  
KATIE WILLIAMS.

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## "SOCIAL LIFE IN FAIRYLAND."

(By Courtesy "Koala.")

In social life in Fairyland

The fashions are so gay,  
And filmy veil and petal frock  
Are seen in "chic" array.  
And rosebud hats are now in style  
And necklaces of dew,  
Twined on a cobweb's silken thread  
They shine like moonstones new.

In social life in Fairyland

At night the fairies dance,  
Under the moon's soft canopy  
They revel, feast and prance.  
They sit on smoothest toadstools white,  
And feast on pollen bread,  
Till, with a sigh, they rub their eye,  
And haste away to bed.

JOYCE STARR, 2A.

## HOW STARFISH CAME TO EARTH.

Bump! Crack! Roar! What has aroused the Sky God's anger? The heavens shook. The moon could not shine, and the stars turned pale. Slowly it was rumoured among us that the beautiful Daughter of Echo had refused to come up into the sky and be wedded to the Sky God. One star said Echo loved her parents too dearly to leave them, while my neighbour declared that the Spirit had promised to make her into a star, and she was afraid that one day she might be extinguished.

Break! Crack! Spit! A large piece of the moon fell off and shattered across the sky and formed the starry way (milky way) leaving the moon looking very thin, and shaped like a horse-shoe.

"Why should the whole of the sky suffer because of this refusal?" I asked.

No one could answer my question.

"Do you deem it wise to ask the Sky God?" asked my neighbour.

We suggested this to the other stars, and at last they decided to send someone to the Sky God to tell him the stars were very unhappy, and also that they found it very difficult to hold to their places in the sky while it was cracking and bumping about. The stars all voted, and I was the one chosen.

Now that the time had come, I felt I should like to be shattered into unnoticeable stars. I was picked! I could not realise it. It meant a long journey for me, too. Oh how my heart throbbed, while

my eyes shone more brightly than usual!

I soon saw that meditation meant loss to my friends, so I commenced my journey to the Sky God's palace. As the sky still shook, I found travelling very unpleasant.

At length I arrived at the Sky God's castle and entered under the Rainbow arch. The God refused to interview anyone, but somehow the attendant made him understand I had come from the Daughter of Echo. I was admitted into his presence! I stood motionless! Oh heart within me do not fail me now! My mouth opened, but shut again. Then speech came.

"Sir," I said, "your behaviour towards the stars is most—" I was falling, falling! Surely I was not to be extinguished.

Down, down!

I saw my sisters peer at me and swiftly grow smaller. I saw a light before me. Yes, it was my own reflection in the sea. Was I never to stop?

Splash! and the cool, green waters closed above my head!

My light was extinguished, but small shining scales grew about my body. I felt so cool, yet I still had the sad memory in my mind.

I was a star no longer, but a small fish which the children call a star fish, and so I cling now to the rocks and the bed of the ocean instead of to the sky.

M. BERNARD, 2C.

## RAIN.

Last night the moon came weeping,  
With silver tears of rain;  
She vanished in a cloak of mist,  
And was not seen again.

The stars, I could not find them,  
Behind swift-rolling clouds;  
Their mystic, gleaming splendour  
Was hid 'neath dusky shrouds.

A little bird came fluttering,  
That could not find its nest;  
It's poor wet wings were weary,  
Ah! how it longed for rest.

So cold, with sadness sobbing,  
The rain came down to earth;  
I heard the laughter of the streams—  
It was but cheerless mirth.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 4A.

## NIGHT.

Trees are hushing in the twilight,  
Birds of flowers no longer sing,  
Honey-bees all work forgotten,  
Rest in slumber on light wing.  
Then the hush of wanes ceasing,  
Comes unto a listener's ear,—  
All the world's enraptured silence,  
Makes one feel that God is near.

As the darkened veil draws over,  
One by one Heav'n's jewels peep out,  
And Diana, by her radiance,  
Sheds her softer glow about.  
Then Apollo's steeds come dashing,  
Crossing sky from East to West—  
'Tis not long—this time of even,  
But it is the time of rest.

E. CARPENTER, 3A.

## A DAY IN COLOMBO.

There was no need for the stewardess to call twice this morning, for were we not sailing into the Bay of Colombo, about which we had heard so much?

We could tell by the strange silence that the engines had stopped, and soon we were up on deck full of excitement, where everyone was in gala attire ready for going ashore. Numerous small craft were bobbing on the water beneath us, and already dusky men were on deck trying to sell their wares. Ropes were attached to the sides of the ship, and by means of these baskets of fruit made their way up to the people on deck. Bobbing about in the pale green water were little black boys diving for money thrown by the passengers. All the while we had been aware of a familiar aroma which floated over the water to the ship. We were told that it was cinnamon, and came from the beautiful cinnamon gardens.

Soon tenders were at the ship's side to take us to the wharf, where all was bustle and excitement. Our first duty was to get our money changed into Indian money, while around us beggars, in many cases minus limbs through the treacherous sharks, asked in pitiful accent for money.

On leaving this scene our party proceeded into the main thoroughfare, which is a well-made street containing European shops; rickshaws lined the pavements, and their gaudily painted "horses" proffered their services most persistently.

It was now nearly mid-day, so we went into a restaurant, where immaculate native waiters served us. Each one was dressed in white trousers and a green jacket bearing a highly-polished brass plate, upon which was engraved his number, as it was useless to try to distinguish by features one's particular waiter from anybody else's—they were so much alike. It was very cool inside, and luxurious palms were slowly swaying in a gentle breeze. But there was a great deal to see yet, so we hurried forth from the restaurant unmindful of the hot sun.

We passed many boys carrying on their heads earthenware jars containing a white

milky fluid. This was sold to other natives, who all drank out of the one jar. But there was no fear of contamination, for the buyer simply opened his mouth and held his head back, while the seller held the jar, which was a long-necked one, quite a distance from the drinker's mouth.

Old women with baskets of beautiful lace before them sat at nearly every street corner doing their work.

All the time we had been walking native guides assured us that we could not see Colombo at all without them. We, however, declined their services, as we wished to take our time and see the town uninterrupted.

We passed by a temple, and saw a row of sandals outside. Evidently people were not allowed to enter without taking their shoes off.

We walked on until we came to a less crowded part of the town, where we saw a quaint little erection. It was made of branches of trees, and there were shelves inside containing fruits, among which mangoes and bananas were the most prominent. Round about stood some little rickety chairs and tables, and over all a middle-aged black woman presided. We thankfully sat down at some of the tables, and the woman, after scattering some small children out of the way, served us with fruit and some very queer iced drink. It looked like water and was aerated, but the taste was new to us. We drank it, however, for it was not unpleasant, and we were very thirsty.

Then we rose and made our way back into the streets and bought some curios. One of them was a model of a very common vehicle in Colombo, namely, two oxen pulling a dray covered with a hood made of woven grass. Another common one was the little black ebony elephant. In each case our bargaining brought the seller down to about half the original price. By the time we left Colombo we decided that it must be a characteristic of the native to ask twice as much as he expects to get for an article.

MARTHA MAXWELL, 2B.

## THE SINKING OF THE "AUSTRALIA."

April 12th, 1924.

Down to the dim sea caverns, down to the  
great sea gloom,  
Deep down two hundred fathoms, she settles  
to her doom,  
And the warships' guns salute her with a  
boom! boom! boom!

One time she rode the rollers, the guar-  
dian of our seas.  
She slipped the restless foam wastes with  
buoyant, graceful ease,  
Her ensign flaunting proudly before the  
southern breeze.

Piled high with grateful tributes, piled  
high with floral wreaths,  
She sinks so sadly, slowly. Like a loving  
thing she breathes  
And lifts her keel, then plunges. The water  
creams and seethes.

No more she'll ride the waters where  
southern breezes blow,  
No more she'll keep her vigil for the navy  
of our foe;  
Brave ship, whose spirit lived once in the  
ships of Plymouth Hoe!

ISABELLE ELLIS, 3B.

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## THE VISION OF DESIRE.

Do you live in that land, far away beyond  
the reach of mortal man, where life glows  
with those glittering illuminations which  
seem to represent an ever-flowing tide of  
excitement and adventure? Where dullness  
and that horrible monotony of the same  
thing over and over again are suppressed  
by novel enjoyment and amusement in a  
form of magnificent splendour and ex-  
hilarating lustre?

Or does your vision of desire penetrate  
to a place of rest and quietness, where one  
may live and move in that atmosphere of  
sublime indifference to the outside world?  
Where home has that distinct natural  
charm which overcomes all outward attrac-  
tions and forces one to live and enjoy its  
solitudes, regardless of other forces at  
work to destroy this peace.

Or perhaps you dwell in that kingdom  
where life is laid out in methodical order,  
where no one does what is wrong or forgets  
to do what is right; but lives in that sphere

of life wherein everyone is understood,  
because all work according to method and  
rule.

Then there are many whose desires ex-  
tend to a higher sphere of life than these,  
who live in that world where all are friends  
ever ready to lend a helping hand to those  
in distress. Do you live in such a world  
where sorrow and sadness are extinguished  
by love and kindness?

You may live in an Utopia similar to  
any one of these, but the one wherein I  
dwell is such that it combines all the vital  
qualities of each. It is a place of homeli-  
ness, quietness and order, yet with enough  
excitement to prevent monotony. But,  
above all, there is that feeling of fellowship  
and unselfish love between those who live  
there to make life really worth while.  
These ideas do not contradict the natural  
experience of life, for in my Utopia there  
must be enough clouds to make a "glorious  
sunset."

A.S., 2A.

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## IN THE EXAMINATION ROOM.

(With apologies to Omar Khayyam.)

The fountain pen does write; and having  
writ

Moves on: nor is there ever time to sit  
And take it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor time to 'e'er rub out a word of it.

IRENE, 4A.



Great Expectations.

G.P.

## GUIDE NEWS.

The success of the Fort Street Guide Patrols is greatly due to the splendid work of Dilys Williams, who undertook the whole organisation, and who from the beginning has shown both keenness and organising ability. Congratulations are also due to the various company and patrol leaders, for the Guides have been entirely in their charge. The patrols are divided into three companies, the Blue under Dilys, the White with Jean Graham as leader, and the Red with Netta Green. The patrol leaders of the Blue are Marjorie Russell, Gwyneth Lascelles, Joyce Young, and Thea Drury; of the White are Enid Carpenter, Nancy Williams, and Gwen Branch, and of Red, Ruth Godden, Mona Edwards, and Rita Thurston.

In the School Companies there are altogether about a hundred Guides, and this speaks well for the popularity of the movement. Of these girls very few, except the leaders and seconds, belong to suburban companies, so Fort Street is giving all who have no Guide Company near their homes a splendid opportunity of becoming one of the greatest sisterhood of girls on earth. When one thinks of the number of Guides at Fort Street who do not belong to school patrols, it is easy to realise how many of us have joined up, and probably we have more Guides here than in any other High

School. Of course, there is plenty of room for more, so do not think it is too late now to join. If the present patrols are full new ones will be made for you.

The girls meet on Monday and Friday in the lunch-hour (or rather lunch-forty-minutes), when work and games alternate. Considering the short space of time devoted to it, Guide work has progressed very well, and a large number are either ready or preparing for the second-class test, which is not so very easy.

At the end of last year Mollie Thornhill, our beloved Captain of 1923, and her P.L.s. arranged an enrolment for Fortian Guides at Dobroyd, when Miss Levy, Organising Commissioner for New South Wales, in the words of ceremony, made some thirty girls "members of the great Sisterhood of Guides."

Girls, have you ever realised the romance of Guiding? The thought that there are all over the world girls of every colour and every tongue banded together for the same purpose and with the same ideals as ourselves? This thought thrills every true Guide, and quickens her heart-beats and makes her hold up her head and vow to do her best to carry out her laws and keep her promise. Just as the old Monkish Orders of the Middle Ages were bound together by their solemn vows, so this

glorious Band of Youth clasps hands round the world and forms a true League of Nations, bound together by the promise that each one will try to do her duty to

God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide Law.

W. ROWOHL, 5A.

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## A GIPSY'S SONG.

Around, about the valley-side, by glen or rushing river,

The woodland birds are singing to their fullest hearts' delight,

And as the sound of the nightingale's first notes begin to quiver,

The ever-peaceful, restful day is turning fast to night.

Come sing my lads and lassies fair of England's golden summer,

Come dance a gipsies' fireside dance upon the sward so green,

Come raise the horn and drink the wine, and swear once more to love her,

And tend and love fair England as high barons tend their queen.

Then shout our song the lustier, bold followers of our creed,

And teach the world to love our land, for love is England's need!

IRENE PACKARD, 3A.

## "FAIRY REVELS.")

'Twixt baby-roses—pink and white,  
When the moon is full and bright,

And we world-folk are asleep—  
Dainty little fairies peep.

From each tiny pettailed bed  
Pops a laughing pixie head

And they hold such revels gay  
In the moon's soft silvery ray.

How they prance in joyful glee!

How they dance in revelry!

How they scamper, round and round,

Tiny-feet just touching ground!

Till old "Sol" peeps at the flowers,

Kissing blossom-scented bowers

Then each wee elf finds repose

Gently slumbering in a rose.

JOYCE STARR, 2A.

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## AN UNEXPECTED BATH.

Behold five little Fortians, seated with numerous other persons on the port side downstairs of a Manly boat, bound for school one "misty, moisty morning." Old Father Neptune, rudely disturbed by several days of seemingly never-ending rains, was showing his displeasure in his own way. The sea was not just choppy, but was decidedly stormy, and these five little school-girls beheld with delight the great white walls of foaming spray, which reached even to the top deck, and seemed as if they must surely fall and envelop them. But no! Each rose and then fell back once more, and those venturesome passengers thought how foolish others were to shut themselves inside a stuffy cabin, when they might be enjoying the feel of the fresh salt air on their faces and see those glorious clouds of spray.

But alas! Suddenly a huge wave advanced mountains high it seemed to those who saw it coming, and realised all too late where it was bound for. Instead of falling outside the boat it fell inside, right on top

of a score or so of defenceless people. Ugh! How cold and heavy it was. Each little Fortian made one grab for her suit-case, that most precious of belongings, which seemed to be desirous of sailing over the side to visit Davey Jones' locker, and then rushed for the door. It was shut! Would it ever open! At last, as each expected at any moment to receive another little token of King Neptune's affection, it was opened, and in we rushed, each seeming wetter than the last. The search for a dry handkerchief to dry one's face and hands was in vain, for one's pockets were full of water, and by the state of our bags it was evident that they were not quite waterproof. After wringing the water out of our clothes we looked about to find a sympathetic face, but, oh dear! those who were not laughing at our misfortune were clinging on to one another, thinking their last hour had come. The boat was both tossing and rolling, and we hung on to anything available.

At last that terrible hour came to an end, and we found ourselves, a wet, miser-

able little group, standing on the wharf debating whether or not we should go to school. The thought of home, with dry clothes, fires and sympathy, won the day, and we once again boarded the boat; but this time *inside*. Our fellow-passengers included a gentleman recovering from a fit, his anxious relatives, a man lying asleep on a seat, and three very frightened girls, two of whom lay on the seat, buried their faces and refused to listen to the voice of experience, which said, "Don't be silly, there's nothing to be scared about." We hung our coats and hats as near to the

engines as we could and prepared for thrilling experiences. But nothing happened. The boat hardly tossed at all, and we were able to relieve the anxiety of those on the Manly side intending to go to Sydney. The fun was over, and now we only saw the miserable side. We were cold and wet, and it seemed ages before we at last reached home. But by the time Monday had arrived all our misery was forgotten, and we rather hoped that some day we might receive such another "unexpected bath."

RUTH CARD, 5A.

### TRIOLETS.

When up our harbour sailed the Fleet  
The sky was clear, the sun shone bright,  
The waters blue, a sparkling sheet,  
When up our harbour sailed the Fleet.  
Then down we went the ships to greet—  
It was a grand and thrilling sight.  
When up our harbour sailed the Fleet  
The sky was clear, the sun shone bright.

Her crosse was there—and so was I.  
In vain I turned, and ducked my head.  
Alas! it was no use to try,  
Her cross was there—and so was I.  
I knew that I perchance should die—  
A crash! and stars! the field my bed.  
Her crosse was there—and so was I;  
In vain I turned and ducked my head.

The tram was early—I was late—  
I saw it speeding down the hill  
As I was speeding through the gate.  
The tram was early—I was late—  
Prepared I was for any fate,  
For in the playground all was still.  
The tram was early—I was late—  
I saw it speeding down the hill.

4A.

### SEA FANCIES.

How fair tonight to look upon the sea,  
Outspreading vast to meet the distant sky,  
And watch the light of ships go drifting by,  
And weave their dreams, their magic brings  
to me!

Oh, that on pinions cross the billows free,  
These wayward fancies ever soaring high  
Might waft me to the summer isles that lie  
Beyond all care, or human destiny!

Or that the entralling beauty of the hour,  
Amid the ocean's music, and the balm  
Of cooling winds might never, never cease  
To hold my spirit in its gentle power  
And soothe the wearied thought to heavenly  
calm,

Beneath the benediction of its peace.

MARJORIE BROOKS, 5A.

### THE SECRET.

Deep, deep down in the dark green sea  
Is a place that I know so well.  
Down by the sea-dragons' slimy caves  
Is a dear little mermaids' dell;  
Made of the greenest of all the sea-weed,  
And the pinkest of coral shell.

But I know the question you're longing to  
ask,

It is, "How can you possibly know  
Of such a delightfully pretty place,  
Where no other mortal can go?"

But that is a secret 'tween mermaids and  
me,

And I couldn't tell you, oh no!

"JEANNE," 3A.



## NIGHT AND DAY DREAMS.

"Girls, please give in your essays on 'Day Dreams.' Thus spoke our English mistress.

The words sounded as a death-knell to me, for I thought that the essay had not to appear till the next day.

Not bringing it in meant a detention for me, and I had made all sorts of arrangements to go for a swim that afternoon.

Well, it was no use crying over spilt milk, so I stated the fact that I had not brought in the essay, hoping perhaps that I might escape detention and only receive a reprimand and some work to do at home. But, alas! my hopes were crushed, for the mistress was saying in an indignant voice:

"There's no excuse for you; you had a week in which to complete it, and I distinctly told the class to bring it in to-day. You must go to detention and write it there. Then perhaps you will remember next time."

I returned to my place, very down-hearted, and wishing that there were no such things as schools, essays, or day dreams.

After school I made my way disconsolately to Room 9, after having seen my

friends leave for the baths, all feeling sorry for me in my forced imprisonment.

I settled down, and had half of the "Day Dreams" written when, rather pushed for further inspirations, I fell to drawing little figures on my blotting paper. A hand suddenly fell on my shoulder and a voice said:

"Whatever do you think you're doing? I called you ages ago, and here you are still calmly sleeping."

"Sleeping? Why, I've been writing day-dreams," I cried, rubbing my eyes.

"Well, I like that," exclaimed my sister, for it was she, as she pulled me out of bed.

So vivid had my dream been that I thought everything had really happened. I stood looking at Kath as though she had been a ghost, till the truth suddenly dawned on me.

"Thank goodness it was only a night dream," I said.

Poor, neglected essay! It had visited me in sleep in the hope of curing me of leaving it till the last minute, and it had not acted in vain, for that very second I made a vow never to leave home work till the "night before," so that it might haunt me in dreams.

"JENNIFER J."

### TO A FRIEND.

Just one to seek when from the careless crowd  
The mind in silence would its sadness shroud,  
To win new courage from the eyes that shine  
In loyalest trust and sympathy divine.

Just one to share the triumph of the day,  
When hope is crowned and others homage pay,  
When but the smile straight from the heart  
That's sent,  
Than all the praise, is far more eloquent.

Just one to meet when doubts perplex the will,  
Who, wise in counsel, is companion still,  
And who through life, God grant, the part  
May play  
Of just a school-mate, in the same old way.

ANON, 5A.

### FORT STREET.

Founded long since when Australia was young

Of its prowess and learning past scholars have sung,

Ready for action in work or sports field,

That is the nature which never can yield.

Standing a symbol of days that are past,

Touching the days that the future still hides,

Rich in traditions still firmly held fast,

Eager to further the aims of the Guides,

Ever the first in work or in play,

That is the school which we're proud of to-day.

BESSIE BANNAN, 4A.

## WHY TWILIGHT IS HUSHED.

Mother Nature has taken great pains to dress a little island off the coast of Queensland. She has covered it with wonderful rich soil and has shaded it in every place with beautiful, tall, graceful palms, and has bound them together into one long archway by many gaily coloured creepers. The sweetest of music and excited twittering come from the unseen birds hidden in the thick foliage.

It was to such an island that a pioneer one bright Thursday took his happy girlish wife. He built a little home of slabs, and there they lived happily and loved the birds and animals who came and peeped in at the door or ate from their hands.

The little sunburnt children who had come to brighten their lives were just babies of Nature, and understood every being and living plant in the bush, for they had the island as a garden and the animals as playmates, and the children were as happy as can be. But at last came a great drought, and with it came blacks from other islands seeking water and food. One very hot Thursday the father went in quest of water, and the mother and children were left alone in the house.

Suddenly they heard footsteps, and the mother (with the youngest under her arm) went out to find the owners peeping cautiously round the pines and flowers until she reached the gate. Then the children heard a piercing scream, and the little mother was seen no more. Panic-stricken, the children sought their father and told him of their grief.

The island was searched, and the little child was found deeply wounded. The

motherless child faded away like a frail white lily, till at last, one Thursday, when the sun was sinking, leaving a crimson trail of light, the pure white lily drooped and died. But in her last moments she put a vision into words.

"She saw her mother coming across the ocean to the island in a beautiful skiff with beautiful silken sails gliding along the pink and crimson path of rays sent out from the setting sun. She stretched out her long white arms and drew them all into the skiff"; the little child died and slipped to a realm of happiness, leaving her vision unsolved.

From that day onward the birds have twittered softly at twilight, the air grows calm, the trees utter strange, uncanny, rustling noises, the heat fades from the sun, leaving only colours of beautiful pinks and reds; all is silent, for Nature knows that at this hour a father and his children are looking anxiously out to sea waiting for the little skiff to come skimming towards them out of the sunset on the horizon. Then as the gray of the sky meets the gray of the sea and the shadows of twilight fall the locusts one by one creep out and pipe to the father that some day his bride will come dressed in a flimsy white garment and carry him and his children beyond the sunset. The man named the island "Thursday Island," because on this day happened the sweetest and saddest things of his life, and on Thursday the locusts seem to pipe to him a song of hope and promise.

BETTY, 3A.

## LONG AGO.

I lay upon a soft green lawn,  
Where roses caught the setting sun.  
And as I watched them one by one  
Close their sweet buds that love the dawn,  
I heard amid the waving grass  
The rustle of Love's garments pass.  
Oh, Love, that in deep ferny dells  
Doth teach wild hyacinths to spring,  
And, riding on the west wind's wing,  
Dost shake faint whispers from their bells;  
Let me once more hear 'mid the grass  
Thy garments rustle as they pass.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 4A.

## DRIFTING.

A piece of wood goes drifting by,  
Borne on by the small clear stream;  
A cloud drifts on in the bright blue sky,  
Like some dim passing dream;  
A tramp drifts down the dusty road,  
With a smile on his sun-tanned face;  
So each of us drifts down the river of life,  
Till he reaches his given place.

JEANNE, 2A.

## AUTUMN.

Lovely, languid Lady Summer  
 Kissed the flowers with a sigh.  
 "Come!" she murmured to her maidens,  
 "Sister Autumn draweth nigh.  
 Through the shining golden wheatfields,  
 Where the crimson poppies blow,  
 I have seen her coming swiftly,  
 Therefore, daughters, we must go."

Tripping lightly through the bush land,  
 With her palette and her brush,  
 Contact with her rosy fingers  
 Making little green leaves flush,  
 Came the brown-eyed sister season,  
 Autumn, with her golden hair  
 Glinting, gleaming in the sunshine  
 As she hummed a merry air.

Then the leaves began to whisper,  
 This is what they seemed to say:  
 "Now our wishes will be granted,  
 On the breeze we'll float away."  
 And as Autumn reached the forest  
 There arose a swishing round,  
 And she trod the leafy carpet  
 Stretched before her on the ground.  
 WINNIE SCRIVEN, 2A.

## DEAR LITTLE COUSINS.

I advise any girl who has little cousins not to invite them to stay for the week-end if she is thinking seriously of work.

They came last week, two naughty, mischievous cousins, to stay till Monday. I played with them till after lunch, and then they promised to be good, quiet children while I did some work.

Thoroughly at peace with the world, I started to prepare some Ovid. That Ovid was never prepared, for after several minutes a curly head was poked around the door, and a voice asked me what I was doing.

Gently but firmly I placed the owner of the curls on the right side of the door, locked it, and turned around to see another curly head, the owner of which had evidently entered via the balcony door.

A tremulous little voice implored to be allowed to stay and help me.

I consented on condition that not even one little word was to be spoken, and smiling happily he climbed on to a high chair and generously offered to learn some "poultry" for me.

"The climate is cold at Carseoli—" I began, when—

"Please, Lily, why do they call this 'poultry?' It isn't a bit like 'chook.'"

Sighing, I threatened severe punishment and settled down to work again. Did I say work, with that angel in the room?

"Me don't like 'poultry.' Me want to do 'Dovid,' too."

Shutting out from my mind a picture of an angry Latin teacher, I relinquished the

precious "Dovid" and began to read a copy of "Ivanhoe" instead.

A furious banging came from the direction of the door, and an angry voice demanded entrance.

"I want to come in and learn like Leon."  
 No answer.

"If you don't open the door I will sing."

Hurriedly I arose and opened the door before she could make good her threat. My triumphant cousin entered bearing her beloved doll, "Marie Louise," and demanded work to learn. Remarking that I would be content if they would let me do my own work, I handed her a Warner and Martin.

When "Marie Louise" had been seated so that she could "learn histwy like mamma," I thought that if I hurried maybe I could read two pages before an interruption occurred.

Alas! I was to be disappointed.

"What are you doing?" came from the top of Warner.

"Reading."

"What?"

"Ivanhoe."

"An iron-hoe? There is a wooden-hoe down stairs, and it isn't a bit like that. I believe you're telling fibs."

Silence reigned supreme.

"She won't go to heaven when she dies, will she, Marie Louise?"

Silence.

"I want an iron-hoe, too," she screamed. Here her dear little brother joined in the chorus, "Me want iron-h-o-e to-o." Flung aside the "iron-hoe" I rushed from the room

declaring that I wanted nothing more to do with them. However, I remembered them on Monday when various teachers wanted to know why the "poultry," the "Dovid" and "iron-hoe" were not prepared.

That night I vowed, while trying to do

my ordinary homework as well as three impositions, that if I could help it, no more little cousins would come to stay before Christmas.

L. FRANKEL, 3B.

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## "THE SPLENDOR OF MUSIC."

It was a glorious sunset!—a sunset of fiery red, amber gold, mellow saffron, and delicate lilac. All had noticed it—and had spoken in wondering tones of its gorgeous beauty.

Weary labourers and harassed business men found peace and encouragement in its artistically blended radiance, and all bowed their heads in reverence of the painter of such a picture. Yes, all—with the exception of the little blind child who sat alone—her eyes "sealed buds that no sun could open."

"The sunset! the sunset!" she moaned. "Let me see the sunset!"

But the busy workers passed by, and beyond throwing sympathetic glances at the tiny huddled figure they did not take any notice of the sobbing child.

All but a man, who, seeing the piteous grief of the child, took her in his arms and

said: "Come with me, and you shall see the sunset through the mystic charms of music."

So she passed with him into a large cathedral, where the golden shafts of the departing sunset lit up the grey old pews with a spiritual light.

Then, on the grand organ, the man played to the blind child—music. Music, soft, lilting, rippling, trilling, loud and triumphant, splendid tinkling and bubbling like dimpled cascades, rising slowly to a pitch of anguish, then full of tender and exquisite pathos, slowly quieting and caressing the mind.

Then the child saw the sunset with its divine loveliness through the supreme splendour of music, and fell into a reverie lulled by tender melodies.

JOYCE STARR, 2A.

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## THE PATHWAY OF THE EVENING STAR.

The king has his escorts of flagships and destroyers; the soldiers have their escorts of drummers and mounted troopers, but the little evening star that comes out slyly into the sky to light up the west has an escort of great magnificence in the form of the dying sun and a sky of unspeakable beauty and color which welcomed the little silver spark and bade farewell to the great round blood red ball retiring from its day's work.

The air was still and light, the leaves rustled softly and sighed—half sob and half in contentment; the silence only was broken by the lapping of the waves on the beach and the pitiful cry of the seagull.

The sky presented a spectacle—that no artist could paint, that no mind could picture and no heart believe. In the west the sky reflected blood-red from the sun, and the clouds all around were of every imaginable color and as they stretched farther and farther away the colors became paler,

and round the clouds was a lining of gold. The clouds began to change from purple to a beautiful blue and from blue to pink, and thence to a pale yellow, a cream and a mournful grey and lastly a fleecy white, while all reflected on the sea and changed it to a bluish grey and pink.

Then yielding to the little silver twinkling speck, the blood-red sun sank slowly into the west taking with it the illuminated sky and leaving the little star to guard the earth, and as it came out to its post, the trees rustled, the bush creatures murmured, the sea groaned, and everything gently murmured it was night.

This was an Australian sunset, which comes just before the sun goes down and then sinks into that unsolved mystery "beyond the sunset." Ah! if we could only imagine what waits for us beyond those blues, reds, purples and indescribable pinks.

BETTY, 3A.

## A LULLABY.

Birds are swiftly homeward flying  
To their nests in gum trees high,  
For the day is slowly dying  
In the crimson western sky.

Slowly night comes softly creeping  
Over meadow, field and lea,  
In the dark, clear sky are peeping  
Tiny stars who watch o'er thee.

Birds their songs no more are mingling.  
But are wrapped in slumber deep;  
Sounds the cow's bell faintly jingling  
In the gullies long and steep.

Thou must imitate the flowers,  
Close thy eyes and take thy rest,  
Wake with birds at early hours,  
And, like them, desert thy nest.

Fairies now to thee are calling,  
Close thy eyes and heed them not,  
For the diamond dew is falling;  
Thou art warmer in thy cot.

Now the lawns are all a-glist'ning  
With the silver dewdrops bright;  
See the fairies quietly list'ning  
For thy footfall soft and light.

Hush, my baby, while I'm shaking  
From the silver dreamland tree  
Lovely dreams which at thy waking  
Must go floating o'er the sea.

Far to other lands of moonlight  
Fairies these bright dreams will bear  
To a baby whom at daylight  
They will leave for lands elsewhere.  
"BUSH-LOVER," 4A.

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## CAMPING.

The uninitiated may picture the arrival at camp of about twenty Guides as a neat squad marching four deep, each girl carrying a kit-bag on her shoulders. On the contrary, we arrived on top of a loaded lorry, and our approach could be heard from afar, indicated by twenty voices all shouting at once, occasional bursts of song, and weird, hoarse sounds which might have seemed almost inexplicable. As a matter of fact they were produced on the company bugle by budding players, while the Bugler herself, a small Fortian with two wee yellow plaits, industriously demonstrated her prowess by frequently playing her entire repertoire—the first few notes of "Cook House."

Words could not express the excitement of our first afternoon at Ingleside Camp, the thrill of real tents, the cook-house, the swimming baths, the shady trees, and the glorious views. There was something romantic, too, about sleeping on a bed of bracken and drowsily watching the stars—who would dare mention mosquitoes and spoil the idyll? Every morning we awoke at dawn to see the red sun apparently resting on the ocean; but it really was too early, so we merely grunted and covered our faces with the nearest morse-flag or article of clothing to keep out the glare.

The morning was a wild rush, after morning colours and breakfast, to finish camp duties and tidy tents and persons for

inspection; but compensation followed—an exhilarating splash in the big baths, which we had to our very own selves. Our afternoons were gloriously free and peaceful. After rest hour came circles or swimming or a tramp in the really beautiful bushland surrounding the site.

But, of course, the very best part came at night, when we sat round a great campfire, the figures of the Guides silhouetted by the flames and their faces made bright and rosy. We loved to sing together, and, thanks to Miss Watts, those of us from Fort Street and Sydney High were able to sing in parts all our old school favourites. Sometimes the Captain told us a story, and a hush fell on all, broken only by the voice of the story-teller and the crack-crackling of the fire. At times we were in hilarious mood, and sometimes impromptu acting in the magic-circle was the order of the night.

On Visitors' Day we welcomed an amazing array of mothers and small brothers and sisters, to say nothing of fathers and friends, the first-mentioned bearing eatables of all descriptions, for every mother believed her little girl was not being properly nourished. Even after our enthusiastic denials and declarations that we had perfectly splendid meals they still looked a little doubtful; and we did not disdain to accept gifts, which included ice-cream and water-melon. The young brethren, with hands in pockets and would-be scornful

expressions, sauntered about, sceptical that "gurls" could possibly know anything about camping. At the end of the afternoon, however, one small lad paid us a great tribute by casually remarking that the Guides were all right.

So for seven fleeting days our time was

filled with work and play under the sky and among the quiet hills, and we learned to know and understand each other, friendships were cemented, and bright eyes and rosy cheeks were everywhere among us.

WILLA ROWOHL, 5A.

## ECHOES.

Across the glistening sapphire lake  
The silv'ry echoes ring  
Of waterfalls and rivulets  
Which murmur of the spring.

Around the old grey castle walls  
They steal, then die away,  
Whilst mellow voices fill the air  
As in a bygone day.

At midnight on the golden beach,  
The foam-tipped wavelets lap,  
And make the same sad music heard  
As years ago mayhap.

And so through life we ever hear  
The echoes of our past,  
Which freshen all our mem'ries dear,  
Where'er our lots be cast.

M. A. D., 2A.

## THE THREE AGES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Now, darling, don't move. There, there, you must not cry (I was then celebrating my fifth birthday), just watch the dicky bird come out of that big round box the pretty man has." This was my first introduction into the mysteries of photography, and I certainly did not find it at all entrancing.

To begin with, I had been placed on an extremely high chair, which made me feel very giddy, my new shoes were pinching terribly, my stiffly starched petticoats were scratching my neck, and, worst of all, I was to keep still and silent for fully five minutes while a "pretty man" with a mysterious canary cage showed me a little dicky bird.

Ten years had passed, and again that day of days, that most important time of the year, had arrived (in other words it was my birthday).

Eagerly I awaited the postman, (of course I did not expect anything, a well

mannered girl never does, but all the same my Uncle Peter always remembered me.) As I waited at the gate my excitement knew no bounds, yet that wretched postman teased me for fully three minutes before at last I had my treasure safely in my arms.

Once inside the whole family surrounded me and with the well-meaning though inquisitive help of all I disclosed a handsome camera and two rolls of films. At once the family was in an uproar and such exclamations filled the air as "Give me a look;" "You lucky kid;" "I wish I was Uncle Peter's pet."

It was the first camera that I had ever owned, although I had once or twice used my sisters; however, this was better than hers being a 2C Folding Kodak, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. But the first thing to do now, was to use my film, and so having assembled the whole family on the lawn, I proceeded to take their photographs, disregarding all advice. Now let those who have just received cameras

take heed, and listen to the tale of woe concerning my first film.

Not knowing the trials of being snapped by a camera fiend, the family readily assembled on the back lawn and posed untiringly for five minutes, whilst I focused them in the lens. But alas! I quite forgot my unsteady hands and the camera visibly moved as I clicked the spring, so again the family had to pose (but not so willingly this time) and although I managed not to move the camera, my young brother perched on an unsteady stool did manage to overbalance and knock everybody over.

"Now that's two photos, spoilt," I stormed, "as if you could not sit still for a second ("an hour," my small brother muttered). "Now get ready and I will take you again."

This time the photo. was alright (except for that fact that every one was looking like thunder), and dismissing the family I collected our cats, the neighbour's cats, and the neighbour's neighbour's cats by the simple expedient of stealing a piece of fish from the pantry, and composed my-

self to take those innocent animals whilst eating. But alas! I reckoned without the "innocent animals," and just as I took the photo. one darted off with the fish, and the others in wild pursuit, and all I had left was a rickety back fence and three cats' tails in one corner.

Nothing daunted (I had not yet seen these results), I proposed next to snap the fowls, thinking their spirits would be less exuberant than those of the cats and the family. This proved to be the case and the well mannered fowls were honoured with two films.

Five of these snaps caused the family a great deal of amusement at my expense, but through the sixth, which I kept t' last, I had my laugh for of the five scowling and awful faces in that photo., not one was mine.

But now being a six months old photographer, my results are vastly different, for I have progressed further in one-half year of this science than I have in six half years of another less attractive branch of science.—4A.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor acknowledges some good contributions for which there is no available space. Girls are reminded that every contribution must be entirely original, written on one side of block paper on which a wide margin is ruled. Illustrations are required, and drawings should be sent early.

*If.*—We are sorry not to secure it too.

*A Glimpse.*—Your other contribution preferred.

*The Arrival and Welcome of the Special Service Squadron.*—A good account, for which we have no space.

*The West Wind.*—Sorry not to print.

*Guides in the Bush.*—We have published the prose version.

*Our Carnival.*—Bright writing, but the subject is dealt with in *Swimming News*.

*"The Gym."*—Drawing too indefinite.

*Beyond, The Song.*—Good verse.

*The High School Wonder.*—Not up to standard.

*Girl Guides, The "Maths." Exam.,*—Try again.

*Youth, The Deception.*—Your other contributions are preferred.

*What Fortians Are, Why I Love Australia Fair, Retrospect, The Parramatta River, Thanks to Fifth Years, The School Years, The Sun, The First Day, Birds' Songs, The Coming of the Fleet, Spring, The Fifth Years.*—Good attempts in verse. We hope to publish some of your later work.

*Friendship, False Alarm, A True Digger Story, The Lost Sleeve Links, The Revival of Marmion, A Welcome, Our Pineapple.*—Good efforts, which we are sorry not to print.

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## Exchanges.

Grateful acknowledgement is made of School magazines received during the year.

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## Advertisements.

Read the advertisements and patronise the firms which help Fort Street.

## AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH SCENE.

How can one resist the call of the bush on a spring day in Australia—the land of sunshine, when the birds are calling—calling one to their happy home, and the air is laden with the overpowering perfume of the flowers of the bush? Slowly I wend my way to the most beautiful spot in the bush, gazing in silent admiration at the beauties of nature around me. Beside the path carpeted with emerald green grass as soft as wool, merrily gurgles, over smooth white pebbles, a little stream, overflowing to the boundless blue sea. Rays of sunshine filter through the leaves of the majestic giant gums, like shafts of gold, in which thousands of sun fairies, each bringing its little lamp of sunlight, seem to play. My footfalls are deadened on the floor of rich green carpet, thus not disturbing the placid scene around me. Yes, all is peace, broken only, when like a flash of red and gold, a parrakeet sweeps by, seen more conspicuously against the vivid greens of the foliage, or broken more often by the joyous song of the kookaburras, joining in chorus, as if to welcome all who might venture within the sacred haunts of the bush-folk.

The droning of the bees, and other insects seems to lull to rest some weary one, on a bed of soft and sweet-scented pine-needles, with the song of the wind in the pines to accompany the lullaby. Looking in one direction I see a fluffy mass of golden wattle—a fitting emblem for this sunny land, blooming in all its magnificence. Then again, I see beautiful boronia

and rich purple sarsaparilla, the latter climbing over the golden wattle blending in a perfect harmony of colour.

Showering forth its fluffy seeds like flakes of snow, the starlike flower of the climatis against the sombre green of its leaves are as stars in a clear, dark-blue sky. A shaft of sunshine piercing its way through each starry flower.

Numerous other tiny flowers, all peep from under leaves or shrubs, each sending forth its own little scent to combine with the scent of the more haughty queens and kings to make the glorious perfume of the bush.

Last but not least, hiding their shy little faces beneath any shelter, from the view of human beings, are the violets.

Beneath some shrubs, and ferns and carpeted with verdant velvet moss, intermingled with small flowers of all descriptions and the delicate maiden-hair fern, is a veritable fairies' bower canopied with clematis, and other flowering creepers. Nearby the creek the murmurs softly, secrets of the bush and river to anyone, mortal or otherwise, who may chance to be near it. Then down comes the rain, a spring shower, washing the faces of the flowers and plants and refreshing the picturesque scene, and also making diamonds sparkle on the boughs and leaves, when the sun again appears. But the shower forces me to leave the playground of all true Australians—the glorious bush.

“BUSH-LOVER.”

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## “STILL CARRYING IT ON.”

It was the first day of the new school year.

Chattering crowds of girls stepped cheerily up the hill with the same old “Fortian Spirit.” The class-rooms were filled with ‘old’ girls, all exchanging greetings with their friends and talking of the year’s prospects.

The gay laughter of youthful ‘Fortians’ filled the school everywhere but in certain places there ruled a peaceful quiet. These places were occupied by new girls,

some with mothers or sisters, others alone, but all looking self-conscious and timid.

Little by little that strange air of newness disappeared and by 3.30 every new first year girl was enveloped in the school spirit. All were determined, like knights of old, to act and speak for the honour of the school and keep its prowess in school room and sport’s field in the same glory as it is and always will be.

“JENNIFER J.” 5B.



## THE PASSING OF THE "AUSTRALIA."

Morning has long come but the horizon is still hidden by a thick mist, slowly, only very slowly, dissolving before the steady glare of settled day. An expectant hush seems to brood upon the sea, a hush broken only by the ripple from the slender white line gliding so restlessly up and down the beach, master-wave dashing itself against the cliffs.

So the hours creep on, but many eyes still keep peering into the greyness. Suddenly, as if by enchantment, the long-expected appears. A battleship! our battleship! the good old "Australia!" At funeral pace she glides, dragged helplessly to her doom, and yet with a majesty of her own, for, is she not, for the time being, the centre of the city's love and sorrow! In her wake other ships appear, and following on, the pageant of a stately pro-

cession takes shape. Slowly it spreads out, until, silhouetted there against the skyline, it holds the stage in vividness and compelling beauty. Then into the mist again "Come like shadows so depart," and once more the stillness.

But the watchers still listen, and not in vain, for from out the haze of distance, at last they catch the muffled boom of guns. It is the salute! They have sunk her!

Time moves on, and again the ships appear! They are returning, and at full speed, since there is nothing to drag now, no cripple to delay. The little drama is finished! But as the watchers turn homewards, they are conscious of a sentiment that pervades their whole being, a sentiment of national loss, of personal bereavement.

MARJORIE BROOKS, 5A.

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## A ROYAL MEAL.

Two days holidays for the fleet, and a school display! The last time we school pupils were honoured like this, was when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Sydney. When I think of his arrival in Sydney, I always recall an amusing incident, which happened to us, on the day the "Renown" entered the Harbour.

As we lived opposite the Macquarie Lighthouse at Vacluse, and should have an excellent view of the ships, both as they approached the heads, and as they made their way up the Harbour, we invited several friends to stay with us and enjoy our view.

Since we had a large party, we needed a large joint of meat to cope with their healthy appetites, so we purchased a large leg of mutton. Then in order to cook it with the least trouble possible (mother being away from home) we decided to boil

it. There would have been nothing wrong with this idea, had nothing been amiss with the saucepan in which we cooked the meat. But alas! we thought all was well.

Mid-day arrived, and with it our lunch hour. All were presently seated round the table, hungrily awaiting the arrival of the first course of our meal, when hearty laughter was heard issuing from the kitchen. Because in honour of the arrival of the King's Navy in Sydney, we had a royal meal, royal blue! We had cooked the meat in the saucepan, in which a few days before my brother had been making a dyeing experiment on a football jersey.

Needless to say we found some other eatables for lunch, and feasted, our eyes only, on the beautiful shade of royal blue so rarely seen in mutton.

JEAN McKENZIE, 5A.

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## MISS MARJORIE COLLINS, M.Sc.

At the last moment before going to press we learn of an unique honour won by an old Fort Street Girl. The degree of Master of Science has been awarded to Miss Mar-

jorie Collins, and we believe she is the first woman to achieve this distinction in the University of Sydney.

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No. 8



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She felt so forsaken,  
For someone had taken,  
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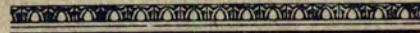
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