

# THE MAGAZINE OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL FORT STREET



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## The Advantages of a Large School



**I**T must be apparent to every thinking person that a large, successful school like this institution possesses many advantages over a small one, and those who intend entering a school should consider carefully these facts:—

- First—The simple fact that a school is large proves that it is better than others. People patronise it because it is the best.
- Second—A large attendance makes it necessary to have one or more teachers for each subject taught. Such teachers are specialists and not educational "jack-of-all-trades."
- Third—The most successful teachers seek the school that pays the highest salaries. Small schools do not have the best teachers, because they can not pay the salaries that such teachers demand.
- Fourth—A large attendance stimulates emulation and rivalry among students. It increases the student's interest in his work and studies, and inspires him to put forth his best effort to maintain his standing with others.
- Fifth—The work of a large school is more carefully graded and systematised. Students are classified according to their knowledge and ability, and are not indiscriminately thrown together as in small schools.
- Sixth—The instruction is more thorough in all branches. Students are held closer to their studies, a stricter supervision is maintained over them, and they are less liable to become indolent and discouraged.
- Seventh—The equipment of a large school is more elaborate and complete. The facilities necessary for giving the best instruction along the different lines are better, generally up-to-date and more extensive.
- Eighth—A large school is more progressive than a small one, and is always fully abreast with the times. The courses of study are broader, the instruction more thorough and the methods the latest and best.
- Ninth—A large, well-established school is better known and wields a much stronger influence. In this respect it is of great assistance to the student in securing employment. Our institution has a national reputation.
- Tenth—A larger attendance enables the student to widen the circles of his friendship. Coming in contact with a greater number of people from all parts of the city and country, the acquaintances that will be formed are of incalculable benefit to the student in the future.

## Metropolitan Business College.

Specialists in Business, Secretarial, and Accountancy Training, and Intermediate, Leaving, and Matriculation Preparation. 21 Firsts in 1924.

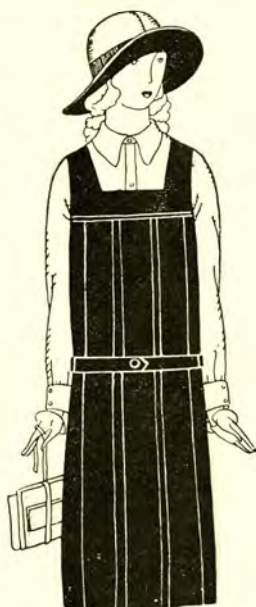
338 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Directors: T. STANLEY SUMMERHAYES, F.P.S.A.  
J. A. TURNER, F.C.P.A., F.I.L.A.



### Ribbons

All ribbons, badges, hatbands for school wear, are procurable from Farmer's.



### Blazers

Blazers are made to measure of highest quality wool flannel, in all colours.



Correct styles

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School clothes that express individual taste, while yet conforming to accepted standards of design—these are specialised in Farmer's School Outfitting Section.

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School Blazer in Navy Flannel bound with red cord. Specially tailored by men in our own factory, these Blazers are of exceptional quality and cut. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust. 28 and 30 inches bust 25/-  
32, 35 and 36 inches bust, 29/6

### DAVID JONES'

*For Service—SYDNEY.*



# THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

*Principal:* Miss CRUISE, B.A. (Absent on European tour).

*Acting Principal:* Miss EVANS, B.A.

*Magazine Editor:* Miss MORLEY, M.A.

*Magazine Sub-Editor:* Miss PERRIN, B.A., B.Ec.

*Magazine Business Manager:* Miss FULLER.

## GALLIPOLI.

Far from the cares of the wide wide world,  
Under the skies of blue unfurl'd,  
Lies, in a deathly quietness soft,  
Between the seas and the heavens aloft,  
The sun-baked brown Gallipoli.

Over the hill where the sun sinks down  
There sleep they who have gained a crown—  
Brave warrior saints—died for you and me,  
Sleep 'neath God's Heaven so peacefully  
In sun-baked brown Gallipoli.

Down the deep valley from cannon now  
still,  
Sleep those who fought for a nation's will.  
There, after war has passed by  
The bodies of deathless soldiers lie  
In sun-baked, brown Gallipoli.

Only a rough white wooden cross  
Marks the spot of the world's great loss.  
Only the breeze sighing soft and low  
Tells of the strife of short years ago,  
At sun-baked, brown Gallipoli.

Only a battered, shell shot rag  
Is all that remains of the nation's flag.  
And the graves to human ken  
Are all that is left of the nation's men,  
In sun-baked brown Gallipoli.

Only the bullet-riddled plain  
Tells of the soldiers who were slain.  
Only the broken helmets there,  
Speak of the gain of a crown so fair  
In sun-baked brown Gallipoli.

Eut ah! In a fairer land than this,  
There in the joy of most Heavenly bliss,  
There at the Master's loving hand,  
The brave young soldier saints do stand  
From sun-baked brown Gallipoli.

None of us see their glorious power,  
None of us may, till one glorious hour.  
But over the hill, so peacefully,  
Sleep they who have died for you and me  
In sun-baked, brown Gallipoli.

JOYCE KOLTS, 3 C.

## THE PREFECTS TO THE SCHOOL.

Girls! Though almost half our term of office has quickly slipped away, we, the Prefects of 1925, feel that it is not yet too late to remind you that Fort Street is relying on everyone of you for her honour and glory in the scholastic and athletic world.

Let it be said that the Fortians of 1925, by their co-operation in school-room and in sports field achieved and preserved for Fort Street a name such as reflected praise on every girl whose love and pride had urged her to hold on high the red and white and to work for them with all her might.

Girls! did it ever occur to you to regard your school colours as something nobler than mere pieces of ribbon to be proudly displayed to other schoolgirls with the words "Our school is better than yours"? Our red ribbon stands for danger—danger which assuredly awaits us if we do not "play the game."—And the white?—purity ever—purity in thought and deed.

The combination of the two typify the tone of the school which is a subtle intangible thing. It represents certain codes of school girl honour, certain principles of right and wrong, certain standards of thought and views of life, all of which

must be kept at a high level.

We feel that this would not be complete without a word of welcome to our "First Years" with many of whom we have already become well acquainted, or without

the expression of our wish that the school life of every Fortian today may be as happy as ours has been.

JESSIE ANDERSON, 5 A.

## WIND SONG.

I have roamed the length of the Seven Seas,  
ere the earliest birth of man,  
I have whistled my way through the bend-  
ing trees since life on the globe began;  
I am king o'er the ocean that gave me  
birth, and lord of the shore and sky,  
My kingdom's the uttermost ends of the  
earth where I sleep but never die.

The ships of men before my breath sped to  
other lands afar;  
I raged, and down they went to death on  
reef and sanded bar.  
Their power I took between my hands and  
broke it upon the wave,  
Their spoils lie deep on the yellow sands  
and garnish the coral cave.

The forest giant, proudly high, reared up  
its crested head,  
In sudden passion came I by and lowly  
was its bed.  
Though men meet men on battlefields and  
Empires rise and fall,  
Unto my will the wide world yields for I  
am king of all.

DOROTHY CLARK, 3 A.

## THE TRIUMPH OF ECHO.

As I did hie me down a lane,  
All on a Sabbath morn,  
I heard a haunting sweet refrain  
Across the fields of corn.  
"Hey, John, dear John!" it quoth to me,  
"I've found a nest, do come and see."  
"A nest, a nest, do come and see,"  
That wicked Echo said to me.

As I did plough my teeming land  
And work with a good will  
I heard a voice quite near at hand  
Come o'er the furrow'd hill.  
"Dear John, dear John," it called to me,  
"I've found a primrose, come and see."  
"A primrose—oh yes, come and see!"  
Sweet Echo said to me.

As I did sit at meat at hame,  
And the hour was time for rest,  
I heard that sweet voice call my name  
From the hillside in the west.  
"Oh John, dear John," it cried to me,  
"I'm all alone, alone you see."  
And this time Echo called to me,  
"Alone, alone, alone, you see."

I left my hame, I left my meat,  
To the hillside did I hie.  
And there I found that vision sweet  
That caused my heart to die.  
"Dear John, dear John, dear John," quoth  
she,  
"Oh come and live your life with me,"  
While Echo sped across the plain  
Never to be heard again.

I.P., 4A.





## ROUND THE SCHOOL.

**The Staff.**—Letters from Miss Cruise tell of a pleasant voyage to England and of a busy round of sight-seeing in London. Miss Chapman is travelling with our Headmistress and to both we wish the best of wander-years.

Miss Buckley is also abroad. The School sends warmest wishes for happy and restorative travel.

Many changes have occurred in the personnel of the staff since our last issue. We regret the loss of Misses Plume, Simpson, Bayley, Edwards, Austin, and Callaghan, and welcome Misses McKibbin, Swan, Henson, Pate, Puxley, Thompson, Firth, and Drury.

The school deeply regrets the absence of Miss Henson and Miss Fletcher, and wishes them a speedy recovery to health.

Miss Simpson's retirement removes from the school a well known figure and one well beloved by teachers and girls. For eighteen years Miss Simpson has been associated with Fort Street and her kindly, cheerful face is missed by all who knew her.

**HONOURS AT THE LEAVING EXAMINATION.**—The school wishes to congratulate the following girls upon the results of the Leaving Examination.

English Honours—Class I.: B. Paine; Class II.: K. Oosterveen, W. Rowohl, C. Gee.

Modern History Honours—Class I.: G. Parker; Class II.: K. Oosterveen, B. Paine, A. Pritchard.

Mathematics Honours—Class I.: W. Moore; Class II.: E. I. Green, G. H. Parker.

German Honours—Class I.: K. Oosterveen; Class II.: W. Rowohl.

Chemistry Honours—Class II.: W. Moore, R. Godden, H. Wylie.

Botany Honours—Class I.: M. Fuller.

**BURSARIES TO THE UNIVERSITY.**—D. Williams, K. Oosterveen, W. Rowohl, W. Moore, R. Godden, A. Pritchard.

**SCHOLARSHIPS TO THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE.**—K. Oosterveen, W. Rowohl. . .

**EXHIBITIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY.**—C. Gee, B. Paine, A. Pritchard, L. Green, T. Thundstrom, W. Rowohl, K. Oosterveen, R. Godden, W. Moore, G. Parker, H. Wylie, M. Fuller, R. Card.

**SCHOLARSHIP TO THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.**—W. Moore, G. Parker, H. Wylie, E. Paine, R. Green, R. Godden, T. Sundstrom, R. Card, L. Hawes, E. Broadway, M. Fuller, C. Gee, A. Pritchard, M. O'Hanlon, M. Brooks, J. McKenzie, W. Lee, L. Armstrong, D. Brown, F. Richards, I. Hill, M. Middleton, K. Hunt, D. Wilson, H. Masson, D. Lewis, J. Graham, G. Spanks, L. Downer, K. Innes, V. Parker, R. Thurston, D. Beeston.

**SPEECH DAY, 1924.**—Speech Day brought to a close the year 1924, with its work and its play. Mr. Smith presided, and speeches were delivered by Sir Henry Braddon and the Hon. Daniel Levy.

Prizes and certificates were distributed by Mrs. Smith, whom we were very glad to welcome again to our midst.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1924

NAME	English	Latin	French	German	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Mechanics.	History	Chemistry	Botany	Geography	Art	Economics	Music	Needlework	Geology	L. Mathematics
Armstrong, Leila M. ..	B	B	B		B	B		B	B								
Beeston, Doris ..	B				B	B		B				B					
Broadway, Ethel B. ..	B	B			A	B	B		A								
Brooks Marjorie I. ..	B	B	A		A	B	B										
Brown Dorothy ..	B	B			A	B	B		B								
Card, Barbara R. ..	A		B		A	Ax		A			B						
Dewis, Daisy G. ..	B	B			B	B				B							
Downer, Lilian R. ..	B		B		B	B		B	B			B	B		B		
Evans, Elizabeth J. ..	B				B	B		B	B								
Fuller, Mary E. ..	A	B	B		B	B		B	B	H							
Gee, Clarice S. ..	H	B	B		B	B		B	B	B							
Godden, Ruth I. ..	A		B		A	B		B	H			A			B		
Graham, Jean B. ..	B				B	B		B		L			B		B		
Green, Elsie I. ..	A	A			A	Ax	B	B	B	B							
Green, Annetta R. ..	B				A	B	B	B	B	B							
Hawes, Hermione L. ..	A	B	A		A	B		B	B	A							
Hill, Iris M. ..	A	B	B		B	B		B	B	B							
Hunt, Kathleen M. ..	B				A		B		B	B							
Innes, Kathleen M. ..	B							B	B				B		B		P
Jones, Gwendolin ..	B				B	B		B	B				B		B		
Lee, Winifred B. ..	A		A		A	B		B	B	B		A			A		
Mackaness, Joan S. ..	A	B	B		B	B		B	B								
Masson, Hazel C. ..	B				B			B		L	B		B				
McKenzie, Jean B. ..	B	B	A		A	B	B		A								
Middleton, Mabel ..	B		B		A	B			A	A							
Moore, Wilga ..	A	A	A		A	Ax	A		H								
O'Hanlon, Maureen G. ..	B	A	A		B			B		A							
Oosterveen, Karla J. ..	H	B	A	H	B			H	H								
Paine, Elizabeth A. ..	H	B	B		A	B		H	H								
Parker, Gwendolin H. ..	A		A		Ax	A		H	H							B	
Parker, Vera ..	B							H	H						A	B	
Pritchard, Alma B. ..	A	B	A		B			H					B			B	
Richards, Freda I. ..	B	B	B		A	B	B		B		B						
Rowohl, Willa ..	H	A	A	H	A	A		A									
Sparkes, Thelma D. ..	B				A	B					B						
Sundstrom, Thelma ..	A	B	B		B	B		A	A								
Thurston, Reita E. ..								B	B	L		B			B		P
Wilson, Dorothy K. ..	A				B			B	B	B				A			
Wylie, Hilda J. ..	A	B	B		A	A		B	H								

## INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, 1924.

NAME	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	Science	Botany	Art	Needlework	German	Music
Allen, Hope M. ..	B			B	B			B		B	B		
Anderson, Violet V. ..	B	B		A	B	B	B	B					
Barton, Lucy A. ..	A	A		B			A	B				A	
Bastian, Stella I. ..	A	B	B	B	B		A	B			B		A
Beresford, Muriel W. ..	A	B				A	B	B					
Berry, Lily C. ..	A	B	B	A	B		A	B			B	A	
Boyd, Effie M. ..	B	B				B			B				A
Brady, Mavis D. ..	A	A		B	B	B	B						
Butler, Constance ..	B			B	B	A		B					
Cameron, Ruth A. ..	B	A	B	B	B		B	A		B	B		
Campbell, Margaret M. ..	B	B		B	B	B		B					
Carpenter, Enid P. ..	A	B		B	B	B	B		B				
Cates, Edith M. ..	A	A		B	A	B	B	B					



## INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, 1924—(Cont.)

NAME	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	Science	Botany	Art	Needlework	German	Music
Cathels, Mary E. ..	A	B		B	B	A	B						
Cohen, Estella ..	A	A		A	A	A	A	B					
Cooper, Ada M. ..	A	A		B	B					B	B		
Cox, Catherine B. ..	B	B	B	B	B		B	A					
Crawford, Faith G. ..	A	B		B	B	B	B	A					
Dandie, Alice A. ..	A	A	B	B	A	A	A	B					
Deves, Thelma G. ..	B	B		B		A	B	B					
Dicker, Florence V. ..	A	A		A	A								
Dreves, Annie W. ..	A	A		B	A	A	A	A					
Dyer, Dorothy F. ..	A	A		B	B	B	B	B					
Ellis, Isabel N. ..	B	B		B	B	A	A	B					
Elphinston, Enid L. ..	A	B		B	B	B	B	B					
Evans, Coral C. ..	A	A		B	A	A	A	A					
Fountain, Enid E. ..	A	A		B	A	B	B	A					
Galvin, Mary ..	A	A		B	B	B		B					
Gardiner-Garden, Noreen	B	B	B					B		A	B		
Gilmour, Jean ..	B	B				A	B	B					
Graham, Violet F. ..	B	B		B	B	B		A					
Harding, Rita E. ..	A	B	B	B	B			B					A
Hastings, Marjorie G. ..	B	B		B	B		B	B					
Hole, Hylda G. ..	B	B	B					B		B	B		
Hope, Evelyn A. ..	P	B		B	B	A	B	B					
Hopman, Marjorie ..	B	B			B		B	B		A	B		
Hudson, Gwendolyn A. ..	B	B						B		A	B		
Huston, Aileen F. ..	B	B			A			B					
Johnson, Myrtle R. ..	A	B		B	B	B	A	B					
Johnstone, Mary L. ..	B	B		B	B			B					
Jones, Isla ..	A	A				B						B	
Kerr, Nance J. ..	A	B					B					B	
Lance, Marjery A. ..	A	A		A	A	A	A	B				B	
Larden, Vera A. ..	B			B			B	B				B	
Little, Mary E. ..	B	B		B	B		A	A			B	A	
Magee, Rosetta V. ..	A	B		B	B	B	B	B					
Makin, Beatrice M. ..	B	B		B	B	B							
Martin, Madge K. ..	B	B	B							B	B		
McCandless, Annie R. ..	B	A			B		B						
McCoy, Elsie J. ..	B	B				A	B						
McDowell, Bertha F. ..	B	B		B	A	A	A	B					
McIlroy, Kathleen G. ..	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	B					
McKenzie, Esme J. ..	B	B		B	B	B							
McWilliam Enid R. ..	B	B		B				B				B	
Merriman, Elva L. ..	A	B			B	B	B	B					
Mills, Marcia J. ..	A	A		A	A	B	B			A			
Murphy, Edna M. ..	A	A		B	B	B	B	A					
O'Byrne, Esther ..	B			B	A	B	A	B					
O'Sullivan, Maureen W. ..	B	B			B	B	B	B					
Packard, Irene E. ..	A	B		B	B	B	B	B					
Rigg, Elsie L. ..	B		B		B	B	B	B		B	B		
Roberts, Irene R. ..	B	B	B		B			B					
Simpson, Margaret ..	B			B	B	B							
Smith, Thelma E. ..	B	B	B					B			B		A
Snelling, Sylvia M. ..	A	A		B	A	A	A	A					
Sweeney, Mavis G. ..	A	A		A	A	A	A	B					
Thompson, Jessie E. ..	A	A		B	B	B	B						
Tydemann, Gwendolyn ..	B	A			B	B		B					
Vischer, Ella D. ..	A	B		B	A		A	B				B	
Weeks, Thelma M. ..	B				B	B	A	B					
Westfallon, Ivy H. ..	A	B		B	A	B	A	B					
Williams, May E. ..	B	A			B	B	B	B					
Williams, Nellie I. ..	B	B			B	B	B	B					
Wright, Mona A. ..	B	B	B	B	B			B		B	B		

## PRIZE LIST.

Ada Partridge Prize (Distinction at L.C. examined) Amy Chicken.

Captain-Elect for 1925—Jessie Anderson.

Fort Street Boys' High School Prize for Sport—Phyllis Trafford.

Molly Thornhill Prize—Glynn Stayte.

Dux of the School—Wilga Moore.

Year V. Second Prize—Rene Green, Willa Rowohl.

Year IV. Dux—Glynn Stayte.

Year IV. Second Prize—Muriel Holdsworth.

Year III. Dux—Kathleen McElvoy.

Year III. Second Prize.—A. Drees.

Year II. Dux—Alice Smith.

Year II. Second Prize—Beryl Bowen.

Year I. Dux—Phyllis Kaberry.

Year I. Second Prize—Madge Marchant.

Miss Baxter's Prizes for Scripture—R. Green, H. Wylie, G. Chapman.

Prize for Hebrew Scripture—E. Cohen

Economics Prizes, Year V.—Alma Pritchard; Year IV.—Rebe Pearlman, Lillian Shaw.

Prize for Shorthand—Olwen Hughes, Amy Butterworth.

**THE FAREWELL.**—After a year of hard work and serious study, the day so eagerly anticipated arrived—the day of farewell. Though we longed for the time when we would have "our jolly little party" with

the Fourths, as the weeks slipped by, we realised more and more what that day meant—saying farewell to the old school, to old associations and companions.

It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we walked up the avenue that gloriously sunny morning. Never had the stately old building appeared so picturesque and so lovable. The very atmosphere of the place called to us. Incident upon incident came crowding to our memories—incidents which had made those five years of school life happy beyond expectation.

After the formal proceedings of the afternoon, namely, investing the new Captain and her prefects, how enthusiastically we shouted our school songs! How they thrilled and inspired us, and how dearly we love every word of them!

The banquet prepared for us by the Fourths was beyond comparison, and, in a wonderfully disguised sewing room, we spent a jolly time proposing and accepting toasts, singing and joking. The entertainment in the gym, was vivacious and interesting, and enjoyed immensely by everyone. But perhaps what appealed to us most was gathering round the Fig-tree to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and to give three rousing cheers for FORT STREET—to us "The Best School of All."

RENE GREEN, Captain 1925.



INVESTING THE PREFECTS.





THE TWO CAPTAINS.



FIFTH YEAR PREFECTS.



THIRD YEAR PREFECTS.



FOURTH YEAR PREFECTS.



**OUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL.—**

Though cloudy skies and cold winds greeted us on the morning of our 18th Annual Carnival, our spirits were by no means either clouded or cold, for everyone seemed determined to enjoy herself.

The carnival opened midst great cheering with the 13 years' championship, and excitement grew with the events; bursting forth with great force and no small amount of barracking, during that most exciting of events, the Year Relay, which was won by Year III., with Year II. second, and Year I. a good third.

The School Championship was won by Phyllis Trafford, with Daphne Brake a good second, and B. Hart third. These girls must be complimented on their good swimming and enthusiastic interest in the carnival. Not only should Beryl Hart be complimented for these reasons, but also for her excellent sportsmanship in entering the carnival to do her best for her class, when she was not at all well. In M. Stutchbury (Year I.) we have a promising little diver, who, although she did not gain a place this year, will do so, we hope, at our next carnival. M. Russell should also be mentioned for her wholehearted interest and enthusiasm.

We were very pleased to see at the carnival Miss Partridge, our former headmistress, Miss Bird, our old captains—Mollie and Rene, and many other former Fortians.

The other results of the carnival were—

12 Years' Championship: S. Taylor 1, J. O'Brien 2.

13 Years' Championship: O. Sangwell 1, I. Sadler 2.

14 Years' Championship: M. Moore 1, D. Brake 2.

15 Years' Championship: P. Trafford 1, C. Kennedy 2.

16 Years' Championship: J. Young 1, T. Deves 2.

17 Years' Championship: M. Russell 1, A. Waddington 2.

33 Yards Handicap: A. Waddington 1, I. Coombes 2.

50 Yards Handicap: J. Magee 1, A. Waddington 2.

Junior Championship: D. Brake 1, B. Hart 2.

Junior Breast Stroke: S. Taylor 1, G. Tyler 2.

Senior Breast Stroke: M. Russell 1, M. Hopman 2.

Junior Back Stroke: J. Tyler 1, I. Coombes 2.

Senior Back Stroke: P. Trafford 1, D. Clarke 2.

Plunging: A. Waddington.

Diving: P. Trafford 1, C. Kennedy 2.

Old Girls' Race: G. Branch 1, J. Graham 2.

Balloon Race: S. Jones.

Old Girls v. Present Girls: Present Girls.

Six Oar Race: M. Russell, S. Taylor, B. Hart,

Diving for Objects: M. Russell and J. Walker.

Junior Rescue Race: J. O'Brien, E. Russell, 1; V. Ball, G. Peters 2.

Senior Rescue Race: M. Russell, P. Trafford, 1;

Cork Scramble: B. Trikojus.

We are very proud of our swimmers and hope to see them even more enthusiastic and interested next year than they were this year.

CORAL EVANS, 4 A

**LIFE SAVING.**—Thelma Deves and Bina Singleton were successful in gaining their Instructor's Certificate. The following girls also gained life-saving awards.—

Bar to Bronze Medallion: Bina Singleton, Lucy Davis.

Bronze Medallion: N. Webb, R. Hayes, C. Tax, E. Russell, C. Kennedy, J. Tyler, M. Farrington, M. Dorrington, I. Coombes.

Sixteen girls gained Proficiency Certificates and ten girls gained the Elementary. The majority of these twenty-six were first year girls.

**COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL CARNIVAL.**

—A day of great excitement for all the High Schools in Sydney and surrounding districts, and even for several country High Schools was Friday, April 3rd, when these schools met in friendly rivalry at the Combined High Schools' Carnival; when the red and white of Fort Street mingled with the brown and gold of Moore Park, the blue and green of North Sydney, and the various colours of the other schools represented.

The excitement and enthusiasm of the girls, and their pride in their schools, was exceedingly great, and the hearty barracking a help to all the swimmers.

Fort Street gained second place in the eventful Solomon Shield Relay, and also second place in the Point Shield, both of which were won by Moore Park. Sylvia Taylor (Year I.) gained third place in the point score for individual swimmers.

Many other girls who competed were successful and won credit for the school.

Fort Street gained:—

First place, Junior Relay (D. Brake, B. Hart, M. Moore, S. Taylor).



First place, 12 Years' Championship (S. Taylor).

Second place, 13 Years' Championship (I. Sadler).

First and third places, 14 Years' Championship (D. Brake, B. Hart).

Third place, 15 Years' Championship (P. Trafford).

First and second places, Junior Breast-Stroke, (S. Taylor, J. Balmain).

First place, Junior Back Stroke (J. Walker).

Third place, Six Oar Race (D. Brake, M. Moore, L. Davis).

Second place, Junior Championship (D. Brake).

Third place, Senior Back Stroke (P. Trafford).

CORAL EVANS, 4A.

**THE PREFECTS.**—This year the Prefects are ten in number, including the Captain, instead of the eight of previous years. This seems to be a more suitable arrangement, in that each year of the school is more fully represented and its needs better considered. Two prefects have special care of a certain year, and it is their duty to see that their year maintains a high standard of work, sport and conduct throughout the year.

It is hoped that this system will meet with the approval of all, and, if successful, will, in the long run, prove beneficial to Fort Street.

**AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**

The Headmistress,  
Girls' High School,  
Fort Street.

Dear Madam,

On behalf of the Returned Soldier Teachers' Association, I have much pleasure in thanking you, your staff (especially the two ladies who did the decorating), and pupils for the way in which the Honour Rolls and Mural Tablets were decorated on Anzac Day.

Eulogistic comments regarding same were heard on all sides, and I can assure you that we are deeply indebted to you for your assistance.

Yours faithfully,  
O. T. TAYLOR,  
Hon. Sec.

**AU REVOIR.**—An enjoyable afternoon was spent when the school and staff assembled to wish Miss Cruise and Miss Chapman bon voyage. Much appreciated items were given by Miss Watts, the school choir and school orchestra. On behalf of the school and staff, our Captain presented

Miss Cruise with a leather grip; Miss Chapman received a similar gift.

Miss Cruise urged the girls to maintain the traditions of the school and the great records of work previously made. Ere the happy afternoon ended all joined in singing our school song, "Come Fortians, Fortians All!" and I am sure we were hoping for the time when Miss Cruise and Miss Chapman will again join in the singing of those strains.

The School Guides and Prefects were fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing Miss Cruise and Miss Chapman again before they sailed, though their faces were scarcely visible for streamers and flowers.

The vessel drew away and they had started on their well-deserved holiday.

F. CRAWFORD, 4A.

**THE SCHOOLMISTRESS**, a play by Sir Arthur Pinero, was the first public effort of our Dramatic Society. The play was produced in the Kings Hall during the last week of the school year and was a huge success—artistic and financial.

Witty dialogue and well-arranged situations maintain the amusement throughout this play; the fun is delightfully fresh and opportunities are provided for acting various kinds. These opportunities were well used by the girls who made up the cast. Clarice Gee was a quite surprisingly good Vere Queckett, foppish and idle husband of Miss Dyott (Enid Elphinstone), whose efforts to earn more money to meet his "little needs" provide the strange situation out of which the comedy develops. In this an irascible admiral (Joyce Kolts), his meek wife (Stella Bastian), a "vexing girl," the governess (Willa Rowohl), three merry school girls (Irene Packard, Helen Stewart and Rene Gallecher), and three young men (Rene Green, Marion Stewart and Joan Balmain), make a nightmare of confusion by plot and counter-plot, while the servants (Thelma Sundstrom and Ruth Carter) provide a highly comic background. Nor may the gallant but garrulous firemen (Dorothy Dyer and Kathleen O'Hanlon), be omitted from a list of parts well taken.

Maureen O'Hanlon proved a very competent stage manager, and the School Orchestra provided the incidental music.

The profits were devoted to the piano fund. These amounted to the handsome sum of £58, which made possible the purchase of a new piano, which comes as a boon to singing classes, special choir and orchestra.

X.Y.Z.



**PLAY DAY** dawned wet, but that did not damp our feelings, for, as soon as possible, we made our way into the gymnasium and made a merry but packed party. Discomfort of crowding was soon forgotten as 4B girls enticed us into the Forest of Arden by their representation of some of the scenes from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

The forest scenery was utilised by 4A. in their presentation of some pastoral items when the girls, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, danced and sang for us. Dramatic representation of Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd" and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Repley," followed by pastoral dances, led to the special feature of this presentation, an original play by Irene Packard, which dealt with two girls fleeing to a forest where they met two shepherds and where they decided to live the tuneful shepherd life.

Some French songs by first year girls, a French dramatic performance and French recitations provided interesting examples of work in another tongue.

Plays were also performed by 2B and 2C classes.

Much amusement was derived from the plays, and we thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon spent among some of Fort Street's actresses.

The afternoon ended with the singing by all present of "God Save the King," after which our actresses resumed their ordinary clothes and travelled home, mere school girls once again.

M. SWEENEY, 4A.

**THE DEBATING SOCIETY.**—With an enrolment of one hundred and fifty it is hoped that the girls will show the same interest in the society this year as previously. The first debate was held on 4th May, the subject being: "That dead languages should be a compulsory part of the High School curriculum." The meeting was fairly well attended and the speeches, on the whole, were well thought out, though lacking in team work.

We propose to hold the second meeting on 1st June, the subject for debate being: "That industrial enterprises should not be owned by the State."

Miss Evans has kindly consented to be Patroness of the Society, and the Committee includes G. Stayte (President), E. Cohen (Secretary), Misses Morley, Mouldale, Firth and Henson, L. Riley, I. Packard, D. Lipert, S. Smith, B. Moran.

Girls wishing to become members should

give their names to their year representative.

GLYNN STAYTE, 5C,

President.

**THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.**—This year the activities of the Dramatic Society will not be very ambitious owing to the inclusion of so many of its members in the operetta. However, we hope to present before the school on the June play-day, "The Land of Heart's Desire," which is under rehearsal at present. This is rather a fanciful yet dainty little play which ought to win the approval of every Fortian whether she be artistic or otherwise. It illustrates the old Irish belief in the power of the Fairies on May Eve, and in it, Mary Bruin, the heroine, finally succumbs to their power, in spite of the many attempts made by the old Irish priest to retain her.

The committee sincerely hopes that this, their first effort, will meet with success and approval from the rest of the school.

JESSIE ANDERSON, 5A.,

President.

**SPECIAL CHOIR.**—When the girls of Special Choir commenced their work this year Miss Watts had in store for them a delightful surprise in the shape of an operetta, "The Princess of Poppyland." Ever since, the activities of the choir have been devoted to learning the many bright choruses which will help to render the operetta most attractive. We have now finished our work in this direction and are ready to begin to act, which is a splendid result of the half year's work. We are very fortunate in having Glynn Stayte as our accompanist, while Miss Watts does her usual excellent work in training and conducting.

JOYCE KOLTS, 3C.

**THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.**—Although we have been unfortunate in losing our leading violinist, Elsie Pert, we commenced this year's work with three additional members, and during last term added "Airs from Mendelssohn" to our selection of pieces.

As Miss Watts is so busy with special choir this year, we are trying to do our best without her assistance and trust that 1925 will be a successful year for the orchestra.

G. STAYTE, 5C.

**THE FICTION LIBRARY** was re-opened in March. New members have joined in large numbers, and we hope soon to in-



crease the stock of books. The librarians will be very pleased to receive any gifts of suitable books. The library is opened on Mondays and Thursdays at 11 o'clock for girls of first year, and on Tuesdays and Fridays for girls of other years.

M. LANCE }  
E. FOUNTAIN } 4A.

**REFERENCE LIBRARY.**—This year the Reference Library was opened in February. It is constantly used by all members of the school. This year we have a very fine collection of books which offer privileges to the girls.

The library is open on Mondays and Thursdays at recess when books are obtainable on every subject taught in the school.

This year we, the librarians, want everyone in the school to appreciate the collection. We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Cubis, who has kindly lent us the following books:—

Van Loon: History of Mankind.  
Wells: Volume I, Outline of History;  
Volume 2, Outline of History.

A list is given below of new books which have been added to the library.

A Victorian Anthology.  
Drinkwater, Abraham Lincoln.  
Mabie: Essays Every Child Should Know.  
Reed: Love Affairs of Literary Men.  
Ruskin: Crown of Wild Olive.

Selections: Bacon, 17th Century Characters; English Narrative Poems; English Ballads; A Selection of Poetry (Thornton); Golden Treasury (Palgrave); Selected English Essays (Peacock); Selected Short Stories.

Seymour: The Great Frenchman and The Little Genevese.

Sainsbury: Nineteenth Century Literature.

Smiles: Life and Labour.  
Smiles: Self Help.  
Stevenson: Virginius Puerisque.  
Stevenson: Memoirs and Portraits.  
Buchan, Days to Remember.  
Cramp: State and Federal Constitutions.

Oman: The Dark Ages.  
Madelin: The French Revolution.  
Gooch: Europe 1878-1918.  
Gibbons: Europe since 1918.  
Atlas of Modern History.  
Church Stories from Virgil.  
Seward: Links with the past.  
Penson: Economics of Everyday Life.  
Strang: In Search of the Southland.

A. McCANDLESS }  
T. PACKARD ) 4A.

**THIRD YEAR PARTY.**—On Thursday, 11th December, the Third Year girls who intended to continue their studies at Fort Street, invited the remainder of their year to a pleasant party held in the gymnasium.

The guests of honour included Miss Cruise, Miss Evans, Miss Murray, the captain and prefects of 1924, and the captain and prefects elect for 1925.

The gymnasium was artistically decorated with red and white streamers against a background of flowers and ferns. As the guests entered, each was presented with a gaily-coloured jazz-cap.

The entertainment began with dancing, singing and reciting. A competition which aroused much interest among those present was won by Nance Kerr, the booby p falling to Maureen O'Hanlon.

Then partners were selected for dancing until refreshments were served. More dancing followed, until finally all adjourned to the "Old Fig Tree," where "Come Fortians, Fortians All" and 'Auld Lang Syne' were heartily sung.

ESSIE COHEN, 4A.

**WELCOME TO FIRST YEAR GIRLS.**—

After attending Fort Street for a few weeks, all First Year girls were called to a meeting by the Captain of the school. Of course, many of us thought, or at least I did, "Hello! more rules"; but as I walked in, I heard Jessie saying, "We want to make you feel you are not strangers and that you are welcome to Fort Street."

After those words were fully explained, I understood Fifth Year girls were to give us a welcome to "Fort Street" on the following Friday. I wondered at this for, were we not only "First Years," the very juniors of the school, and people of very little importance? Yet here were the Fifth Years, the senior girls, wanting to welcome us at a special function. How proud we felt!

Friday, the great day, came at last. Of course we all tried to be in uniform and to look our very best.

The "Welcome" was held in the gymnasium, and we were marched in single file through the door. Great was our joy and surprise to find all the Fifth Years standing in a circle and actually calling us "Jolly Good Fellows."

On the blackboard was written in bold letters the magic word, "Welcome."

It was then I realised that we were not the very unimportant people I supposed; but were really "The Guests of the Day."

After we were all settled in the "Gym" Jessie suggested games or rather competi-



tions. For the first one we formed two large circles. They had to be large because there were so many of us. One of the senior girls played the piano while we passed a box of chocolates round the circles. When the piano stopped, the person holding the box was out of the game. Of course the girl in each ring who kept in the game the longest won the chocolates. I think the chocolates would be rather squashed though, as the box was dropped many times. We had several other competitions, and for the winner of each the Fifth Year girls kindly provided a prize.

Then came refreshments, also provided by the seniors. We enjoyed these very much. After being cheered by the seniors and cheering them in response, we left about four o'clock, having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

We now felt we were no longer strangers but were really a part of the great school, to which we had come, and that it was our duty to live up to its ideals and traditions.

MOLLIE SCUTT, IA.

**ANZAC DAY.**—On Anzac Day our school undertook to decorate the three Honour Rolls at the Education Department, and the work was very artistically carried out by the deft hands of Misses Fuller and Drury. On Anzac Day itself, no ceremony was held at school, but on the following Monday, April 27, Miss Evans spoke to the school in general at assembly. No Fortian could possibly forget the force of those simple yet wonderfully impressive words spoken by Miss Evans on that day.

Though ten years have passed since that memorable day, that day which put Australia's name definitely upon the map, those ten long years have not blotted out the spirit and halo of glory which surrounds the ever-sacred name of Anzac. Just as those brave men "played the game" and willingly gave their lives for their country, so, says Miss Evans, should we "play the game" by doing our duty by our school. But how can we do that duty?—each and every one of us has some part to play in that great and honourable duty. First Years must strive to become better seconds! Second Years better Thirds, Third Years better Fourths, Fourth Years better Fifths, and Fifth Years better students and citizens in whatever world they may chance to find themselves.

Lastly, we can do our duty by our school by merely remembering part of an old school song which Miss Evans so suitably read to us:

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,  
The best school of all,

We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell-call."

If every Fortian would only say that to herself if ever tempted to stray from the path of duty to what high level would not the spirit and tone of our school then be raised!

Let us strive to do it, girls, and so make 1925 the most successful year in the annals of Fort Street!

JESSIE ANDERSON, Captain.

**"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."**—On Thursday, 4th May, the girls of the second, third and fourth years had the opportunity of seeing "The Merchant of Venice" produced by one of the leading actors of Europe. Those of us who availed ourselves of this opportunity were delighted with the manner in which the play was acted; Mr. Moscovitch himself took the leading role of Shylock, his impressive acting being supported by a good cast. Mr. Moscovitch portrayed the Jew's extreme hatred of the oppressors of his ancient race in a very forcible yet dignified manner, acting more as one wishing to avenge the insult to his race, than to satisfy his natural greed.

In the principal scene, which is, of course, the Trial Scene, Mr. Moscovitch gave a powerful realisation of the pent-up feeling of one whose race had suffered for ages, the enmity, scorn and oppression of the hated Christian, and the intense feeling which he displayed at the apostasy of his daughter, was acting of a very high order.

M. CATHELS, 4A.

**A CUP FOR THE WINTER SPORTS COMPETITION** will be presented to the school this year by the 1924 seniors. It is hoped, that this trophy will be the symbol of interest in sport even greater than that of former years.

**EMPIRE DAY** was celebrated on Monday, 25th May. In the big room, again lent by the kindness of Miss St. Julian, the senior girls were addressed by Mrs. Muscio and also by Miss Shanks, acting Organising Commissioner of the Girl Guides, during the absence of Miss Levy.

Appropriate decoration of flowers and leaves, emblematic of the Empire, was provided by Classes 4A and 2A. The prefects' prizes for the best Empire essays were presented by Miss Muscio. For the senior essay on "Bonds of Empire," the prize was awarded to M. D'Arcy, 3A, the prize for the junior essay on "What is the



British Empire"? was awarded to I. King, 2A.

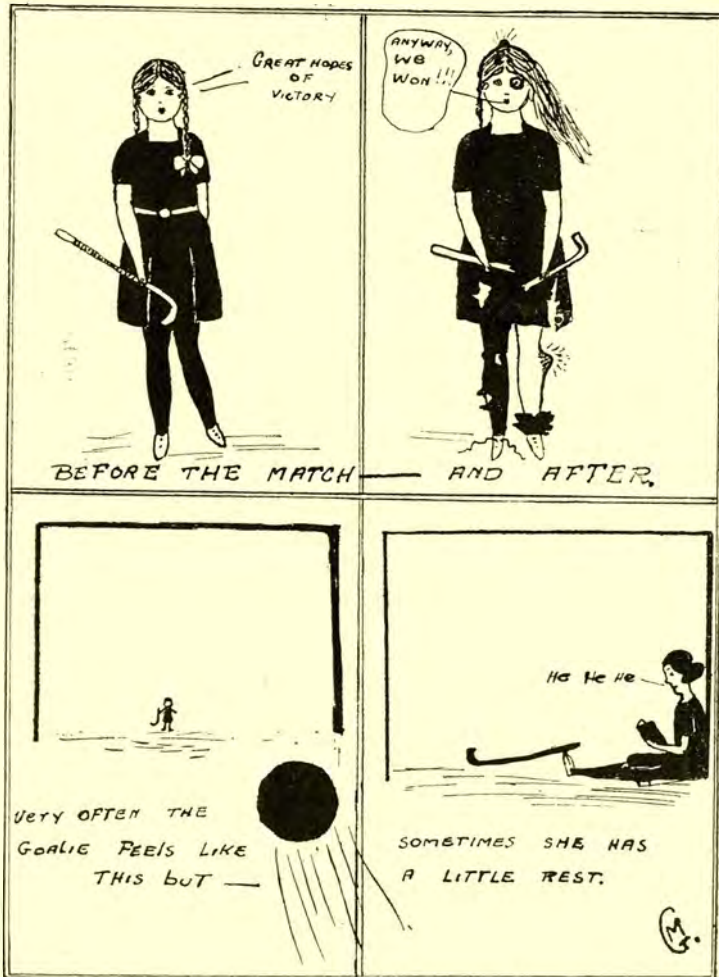
Those girls who entered the final Lilian Shaw, 5A; Doreen Harrod, 5B; Eunice Farmer, 5C; Violet Anderson, 4A; Isabel Ellis, 4B; Mollie Darcy, 3A; Marjorie Singleton, 3B; Joyce Kolts, 3C. Junior: Isolde King, 2A; Loloma Swinbourne, 2B; Beryl Cakebread, 2C; Hazel Templeton, 2D; Ruth Lilyblade, 1A; Freda Myers, 1B; Irene Shackeloth, 1C; Dorothy Kerr, 1D.

Every girl in the school wrote an essay on one of these subjects. Owing to the greatness of our numbers, first year girls could not be accommodated in the main room, so there was a special celebration for them in the gymnasium, under the supervision of Miss Perrin.

MILDRED OHANLON, 5A.

**CLASS MAGAZINES.**—The Editor acknowledges with thanks receipt of class magazines—Swastika, Koala, 2C's Own, Telopea, The Magpie, Warrae Nobiel—and directs attention to the fact that some verse, articles, and drawings, are reprinted from these manuscript journals.

The following acknowledgments are made: A Water Baby (Pastime, 2A), Fort Street Hieroglyphics (Swastika), A Song and a Picture from Life (Warrae Nobiel, 4A), Dreamland (The Magpie, 2D), Wind Song, An Australian Lullaby, 3A at the Intermediate (Koala, 3A), The Pirate Captain (Telopea, 4B), Boyishness (Swasika, 3C).



IMPRESSIONS OF A HOCKEY MATCH.

—M. Gallagher, 5B.

## THE PIRATE CAPTAIN.

### A SEA SONG.

He sits within his cabin,  
Down in the sunken hulk,  
And 'twixt the broken woodwork  
The deep-sea fishes skulk.  
He heeds them not nor sees them;  
His eyes are fixed and glazed;  
He dreams of loot and plunder  
And of the towns he razed.

Around him lie the comrades  
That fought with him of yore,  
Their cutlasses are rusty,  
And stained with streaks of gore,  
Around the rotting table  
They lie, stretched starkly out,  
And in their bony bodies  
The fishes sport it out.

The water laps and ripples  
Around the figure head,  
The sunlight frets the water,  
And plays upon the dead;  
It gleams on rusty cannon,  
On muskets, gold inlaid,  
On high hung battle lanterns,  
Spoils of each hard-fought raid.

"Ho! Comrades!" cries the Captain,  
Awaking from his sleep,  
"Wake! for the sunlight's fading;  
The shadows onward creep.  
Come comrades of the living  
Let's broach the spirits cask!  
Come, rear the ringing chorus  
Pass round the drinking flask!"

The skeletons rise slowly;  
Their white forms shake and clink  
Within their faded garments;  
They pass the flask and drink  
And drinking long and deeply  
Beneath the wan starlight,  
That trickles through the portholes,  
They tipple till moonlight.

The Captain holds the wide flask  
Within his drunken grasp;  
He tosses off the liquor  
And sings in grating rasp—

"Rouse up my fellow comrades,  
Come Tippling Tom and Fulk,  
And Pat and Will and Johnny  
Red Ned of giant bulk.

"Ho! Ho! For the days of fighting  
The slash, the cutlass thrust;  
The fire, the smoke, the curses;  
Our spoils, bags of gold dust.  
The Jolly Roger flying  
Before the salt sea breeze,  
Our schooner swiftly skimming  
Along spray crested seas."

"And what ho! for the Indies,  
And what ho! for the gain,  
And what ho! for the gold ships  
Returning home to Spain.  
'Twas, "Throw aboard the grapplings,"  
Then like a hurricane  
We'd rush upon the Spaniards.  
Hey! for the Spanish Ma'n.

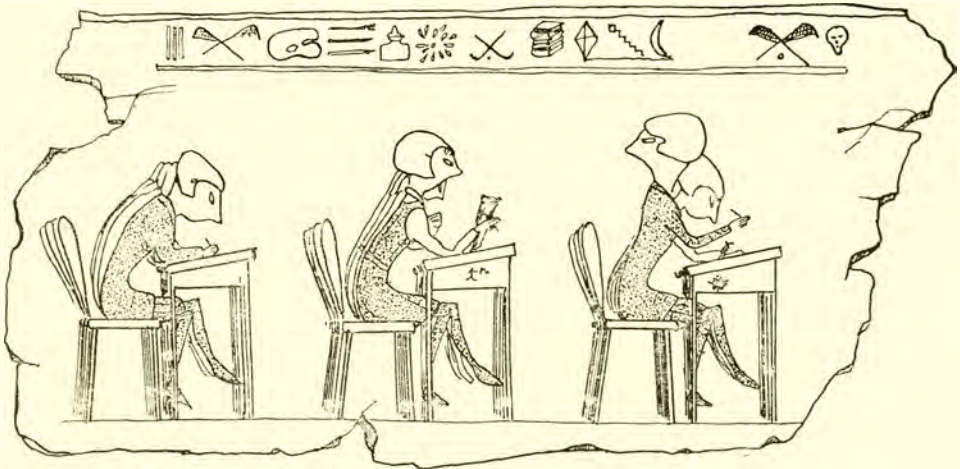
"Those were the days of plunder  
And peril on the sea,  
When cutlasses swung freely  
And good red blood flowed free.  
When men were hard and heartless  
And loved to fight for gold,  
And little recked to dice with death;  
Ho! for the days of old.

"We met our match off Carali  
With Haldon's privateer,  
She spat a good round broadside  
Into the buccaneer;  
Our staunch old bark slipped downward  
To the graveyard of the sea."  
The Captain's ghastly laugh rang out  
And his bones clanked eerily.

He fell athwart the table,  
The cup slipped from his hand  
And through the cabin window  
In fain and fitful strain,  
The sunlight came a stealing  
To bind the crew in sleep,  
Till night renewed their drinking  
Beneath the starlight deep.

"PUELLA IGNOTA," 4B.





IN THE GYMNASIUM

FORT STREET HIEROGLYPHICS.

AURORA.

AURORA, 3 C.



## A PAGE FOR GUIDES.

**THE SCHOOL GUIDES.**—Once again keen interest is being shewn in our school guides, and this year we hope our now fully established company—First Fort Street—will attain a foremost place in New South Wales. Although we regret having lost Dilys Williams, who did so much last year, when guiding at Fort St. was in its infancy, we wish her every success in her new sphere of life.

Good fortune has brought us Miss Drury, an experienced and well-known member of the guide world, and now a member of our staff. Although Miss Drury has a great many other guide duties, she has consented to take over the captaincy of First Fort Street Company. Already the organisation is in rapid progress and parades are held each Monday afternoon from 3.45 p.m. until 4.45 p.m. There are now forty-seven members, and so anxious are they to make headway with their guide work that patrol meetings are held at luncheon recess on Fridays. Thus those unable to attend on Monday are not deprived of the opportunity of joining us. Every guide enjoys those Monday meetings, which provide a splendid opportunity for girls of every position in the school to come together in work and play. They are enveloped in a spirit of unity, and bound closer together in the common ties of love and loyalty to Guiding and to Fort Street.

On the occasion of the departure of Lady Cullen, Chief Commissioner of New South Wales, for England on 25th February, twenty Fort Street guides among representatives from companies Mosman, Neutral Bay, and Manly, formed a guard of honour. All were in school uniform—the guide uniform of the school company.

Great are our plans for the future, and may the aims and ideals of each guide help her in her career through Fort Street, and so may guiding play its part in the school. Occasionally our own guides and guides from other companies who wish to be attached to the school company, will have meetings together. Girls united by common interest can thus spend happy times together with games, camp-fire songs and stories. In such dwell the joy of guiding.

We are very grateful to Miss Evans for the interest which she takes in our guides in helping us in every possible way. We realise the firm foundation she forms for the organisation of guides at Fort Street.

In conclusion, we should like to invite all girls who are not yet guides and would

like to be guides to come and join our happy company, and become members of the "Great Sisterhood."

M. RUSSELL, 5C.

**OTHER COMPANIES.**—The number of the "girls in blue" still continues to grow, and although Fort Street can boast of its own school company, there are many guides in the school belonging to suburban companies. Among those represented are Ryde, Manly, Vaucluse, Bondi, Second Dulwich Hill, Five Dock, Burwood, Hurstville, Marrickville, Goulburn, Hunter's Hill, First and Second Drummoyne, Annandale, and First and Second Chatswood. All of these companies have been working hard for badges, and the much-coveted all-round cords which several guides have already earned.

Among the companies which Miss Shanks has visited lately is Bondi, which company entertained with signalling and ambulance displays, both of which are important phases of guide work. Old Fortians are prominent in First Marrickville—Annie Isaacs being captain, and Mollie Thornhill lieutenant. This company is doing social service, each guide bringing an article for poorer children.

First Manly has succeeded in erecting a guide club-house, which is the first one in New South Wales. The guides have been working for it for three years, and their efforts have been well rewarded. Two representatives from Manly—one a Fortian—were at the Foxlease Camp. Foxlease Camp was held in England as a great international camp, where guides from all countries spent one week at the home of guiding. Representatives from Japan, Africa, America, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, India, and Ireland and Scotland, and many other countries were present.

Several companies have held summer camps during the season, and many more are looking forward to the time when they will go camping, for then we see Guiding at its best.

Although a number of companies is represented in the school, the Guides are held together by their fourth law—"A Guide is a friend to all, and a sister to all other Guides."

ENID CARPENTER, 4 A.

**Extract from N.S.W. Girl Guide Supplement.**—"Miss Stella Fawcett has asked that a special message of thanks be given



from her to the six guides from First Fort Street Company, who helped to decorate the Town Hall for the Easter Ball.

Miss Fawcett would like to know the names of the girls as she was so delighted

with their splendid work, and earnestness to please each one personally."

These girls were Marjorie Russell, Coral Evans, Joyce Kolts, Marie Higgins, Annie Dreves and Mavis Sweeney.

## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Dear Girls,

News from Fort St. at the 'Varsity? News? What news can there possibly be at this delightful period of the year, academically known as Lent Term? Of course we are all a little older than at the time of the last letter and therefore much wiser and we are happy to report that Rene Green and her community have come to join us and make the University even more home-like, but apart from this? Certainly, there are the results of last year's examinations, but they are almost forgotten now, though perhaps I shall be forgiven if I unveil the past for you for just a few moments—let us hope so.

Well, happily, we all survived the December examinations—some of the Science people with flying colours, Della Pratt particularly, distinguishing herself by winning the Slade Prize for Practical Chemistry, while Laura Spence, one of the few Fortians among the Meds, won distinction in Botany. Of the Arts folk, quite a number dared to try the Honours examinations in March with more or less success. In English, Freda Skinner gained distinction and Sarah Rosenblum credit, while four Fortian names appeared in the list of French credits, two in the German credits, and one in the German distinction. Many old Fortians too, will receive their degree shortly at the official ceremony during Commem. Week, for Kathleen Waddington and Co are now in the happy state of "Graduants," and as most of them are entering the department as teachers, the School may be greeting them soon in a new capacity.

These are their names:—**Bachelors of Arts.**—Eunice Wyse, Lena Lea, Dorothy Dey, Isabel Lamb, Janet Clark, Jean Barnetson.

**Bachelors of Science.**—Alma Hamilton, Kathleen Waddington, Edna Holt, Annie Richardson, Nancy Stobo.

But lists of examination results are neither very exciting nor enlightening, after their first appearance—and they do not engage our minds for long, so, should you chance upon the corner table in Manning

House dining room—and it is always over-thronged with Fortians in the witching hour, 1-2—you will find our conversation far removed from such mundane events as examinations. Probably from your insecure position on half a chair, you will be on the point of attacking your jam roll that has stuck to the plate, with a very blunt knife, when you will be startled by a plaintive voice—"I say, does *espérer* take à or a plain infinitive?"

Dear me! You will reflect I should have expected you to know that by now, but before you have time to voice your thought, the answer will come—"Well I was just wondering that myself—we had a joke about it in R.B., in one of the libraries—do you remember?"

Of course, everyone does remember—the room, the day, the joke, everything in fact, but the preposition, so the optimistic French student, elcided by the interlude, contentedly resumes copying. Then probably B—will whirl in and say, "Now, who's going to the Science Social? Get your tickets from me!" and a file of tickets appears on the table. "But don't buy tickets before you've paid your subs."—says E—who is Undergrad. Rep. and is always hugging a Receipt Book.

"And your Arts Subs." interposes M—, "and then there is the Informal Arts Dance, you must all come to that. . ."

"Who's going to be there?" F—interrupts (You remember F— with the soulful eyes?), "Anybody tall, dark and handsome?"

"But not too tall," objects little M—. "No, there will be a few very nice medium ones. Everybody's special requirements fully catered for"—and so the nonsense continues until you will begin to wonder how these can really be the serious people who passed exams, a little while ago. Now, I expect I have revealed a great secret, but still, it isn't fair to write to you only about the eminently intellectual and sensible things that University people do, is it?

And shall I tell you another secret, about one of the most thrilling events in our eventful existence?



It happens like this—at lunch someone will announce—"I'm going to school tomorrow, who is coming?" . . . . and we all take out our little diaries to see if we can go too. Having decided that we can, the next and natural question is, "What are you going to wear?" (for undergraduates as well as being proverbially penniless, have proverbially nothing to wear), but after a few moments' profound cogitation, someone will have a bright idea, "Perhaps I can borrow something from my sister! Perhaps we all can, so the obstacle removed, we arrange the time and place forthwith. The next day sees us mounting the hill, through the old gates and up the avenue,—we invariably look to see if someone is gazing out of the window in Room I (you see, we know the habits of fourth year), and having waved, we enter the hall with more than a little thrill. Respectfully we pick up a panama hat from the dust and replace it on the rack—once we would have stepped over or round it, but now we reverse the things that are no longer ours, and a battered panama fires many a smouldering memory. Up the stairs we troop exulting in the jumble of Chemistry and Latin, History and Trig, that strikes our ears—of yore, the same sounds drove us to clasp trembling hands beneath the desk and wish despairingly that we had done our homework—but now, we may well smile. So we wander round, greeting old friends, reviving old ideals until all too soon we find ourselves once again walking down the avenue—not without a parting salutation to the outpost in Room I.

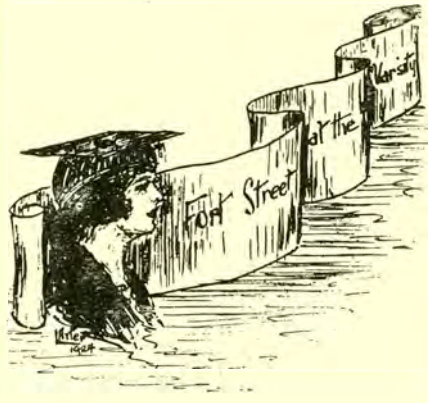
But not yet is the adventure o'er! We must visit our old friend, Mrs. Rockwell, and hear her tell us that she still misses us, in particular, in spite of everybody else. We always like to hear it and Mrs. Rockwell never fails us. Then of course, there

is the customary ice cream to be bought from Bill (Bill being susceptible to smiles, when serving 3d. ice creams—or so we are told), whether he is or no, is quite another matter, but to suggest that Bill's ice creams are not the biggest would be unpardonable treason. So we sit, licking lingeringly and luxuriously, and recurring ever and anon to the time worn phrase, "D'you remember?" until, the last crumb vanished, the last reminiscence ended, we depart to plunge again into the current of the present, but with renewed ardour after this little excursion into the past.

Dear, oh dear! how I have digressed! But how can I compress into the short space of a letter all that we should like to chat to you about? Perhaps you do not wish to hear?—then please be kind and indulge the whims of us old girls, who, perhaps, are already developing the garrulity and the fancies of advanced years. Who knows?

But, such as we are, we all wish you the best of luck, and fun and success in 1925.

MOLLIE THORNHILL, ARTS II



## SUNSET LAND.

I stood and gazed down the old bush track  
 With my face to the sunset skies,  
 The misty slopes of the far-off hills  
 Were aglow with a thousand dyes.  
 I wondered then, in the dying day,  
 If beyond the radiant west,  
 Beyond that silence of gold and blue  
 Was a wonderful land of rest.

The Road of Life is a weary road,  
 And the Sunset Land still far,  
 But it calls with a voice that is soft and low  
 And it gleams like a guiding star.  
 We may not linger beside the way,  
 For we know that beyond the west  
 There lies the key to our hopes and dreams  
 In the wonderful land of rest.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 3A.





coming to the point.

## ILLUSION.

I had often wondered what was underneath the house, but I had never been to see. Sometimes when I walked up the garden path I used to gaze rather curiously at the hole in the masonry; but it looked so dark and uninviting that I never ventured through. Besides, I have a fervent horror of creepy-crawley things and cobwebs.

Then one day—I think it was a Sunday afternoon in summer—the weather being too hot and oppressive for outdoor amusements, I went into my bedroom, primarily with the intention of reading; but this I decided to give up in favour of a short siesta.

For some reason or other the floor covering had been taken up, and the bare boards lay revealed in all their white splendour. Drowsily I was contemplating a rather strange cross-grain in the wood, when my eyes strayed to a crack between the boards. Everyone has had, at some time or other, the experience of being aroused sharply from a state of semi-consciousness, whether by an alarm-clock, whose insistent clang pierces the early morning stillness, or whether by a movement of one's own intellect, which often occurs when one is half-way to the Land of Nod. But it was such a peculiar sensation that I experienced at this moment.

Whether it was that the curtains had moved, allowing the rays of the sun to stream into and lighten the room, or whether my gaze had moved from where it

previously rested, I cannot say; but suddenly I noticed what I had not seen before—a hole between the floor-boards. It could not have been more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, but through it it seemed to me that I was gazing down into the world beneath the house. I say "world," because it was the first thought that occurred to me. With a strange feeling of inexplicable amazement it dawned upon me that I had discovered a new world. And such a world! It glowed with a thousand colours—scarlet, gold, green, sapphire—now harmoniously blended, now brilliantly contrasting, but ever wonderfully iridescent. Colour upon colour! Streaks of tawny red, dazzling turquoise, like the shimmering of unfathomable lakes; sometimes a smoky haze, as if from enormous volcanic craters.

This world: how, when, and whence had it come? I wondered. And whither had gone the ground from beneath the house?

Perhaps it was a world within a world—a new earth, growing daily, expanding every minute, until finally it would break through the old earth's crust, and take definite form as a glorious world of colour.

I wondered whether this meant the end of all human life, whether the old order was indeed to be abolished. If so, the time of waiting could not be long, I knew. I gazed musingly down into a blaze of light. Suddenly my heart stood still! A nameless terror clutched at my throat, and had panic not held me chained to the spot I should have fled away, on and on, until at



length I could have gone no further. But I could not move. I longed to scream, to rave, to shriek out in terror; instead I sat as if spellbound, gripping the edge of the bed, and dumb!

For down there, casting a shadow across the radiant arc of colour, moved a strange, unwieldy monster. I had never seen the like before. A huge black creature, which, being perhaps hundreds of miles away, must have had an enormous stature, for for even at my distance I could see its form distinctly. It had a small head, a long, oval-shaped body, supported by six rather short legs, and from its head protruded a pair of long horns.

My fear gradually lessened as I realised our distance apart; and even as I became calmer the mammoth crossed my range of vision and passed from sight. Here was a new aspect! Supposing these monsters should reach our earth before we had ceased to exist; suppose that the human race was destined to become the prey of these great brutes. In one short day the whole of civilisation might be destroyed. Cities, the results of man's labour from time immemorial, would be crushed out of existence, perhaps before our eyes. What agonies of mind such thoughts aroused!

I gazed round the room with its old familiar objects. Never before had it seemed so dear to me; yet before long I, and it too, would have passed from the face of the earth.

Suddenly my attention was drawn back

to my first point of discovery. The world below had undergone an uncanny change. Instead of a blazing mass of colour it had become quite dull, and emitted but faint sparks of light. Why this sudden change, I wondered?

Then softly at first, but with increasing volume, a strange sound came to my ears. It was a half-rhythmic throbbing, like the pulsation of some mighty engine—some agent of destruction. Was it, I thought, already a signal for our approaching destruction? What could I do, where should I fly? I started up as the noise grew louder, more intensified. Mad with terror I reached the floor-boards in one wild leap, and started to scratch up the planks with my nails. I clawed at them desperately, then, when they would not yield, I stamped on them frantically. I must, must, *must* drag up the boards and fling myself down into the great chasm that yawned beneath; such was my only thought!

My fingers, torn, bruised, encountered a small round object. Vaguely, as from an enormous distance, I heard the noise, which had now dissolved itself into the purring of a motor-car drawing up outside the door. I lifted the cut-glass bead from the floor, where it had lain scintillating in the rays of the sun. The curtain, blown back to its former position, moved again, and I watched the progress of an ant which was continuing its slow crawling along the crack between the floor-boards.

At last it had passed from sight.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 5 A.

## A SONG.

Sing of the rosebuds, so softly arrayed,  
With beautiful garments of purity made;  
Sing of the daisies that bloom on the lea,  
Teaching their sweetness to you and to me.

Sing of the cat'racts that rollicking fall  
Over wild slopes of the proud mountain  
wall;

Sing of the streams that meander along,  
And tinkle in chord to the fairy-like song.

Sing of the scent-laden breezes that blow,  
That waft o'er the blossoms where honey-  
bees go;

Sing of the storm-winds that sway the great  
trees,

In forests where Nature alone keeps the  
keys.

V. ANDERSON, 4A.



## THE CAMP FIRE.

"Have you any wares for the tinker mis-  
tress,  
Brass, or pots, or pans, or kettles?  
Tinker-terry, Tinker-terry."

Softly the sounds of the above ditty floated out on to the cool night air. A passer-by paused and wondered where the sounds could be coming from on such a night and in such a quiet place.

A circle of ruddy, fire-lit faces gazing intently at a great wood fire, the smoke from which, coiling in long smoke-circles away to the sky, was carrying tales of nature and adventures, quaint songs and ditties along with it, soon told the onlooker that the scene before him was that of a camp-fire—a scene where the soul and nature meet in perfect harmony.

What could be more entrancing than to watch the great crackling logs, to work out

the tales that lie hidden in the great book of the camp-fire, or to watch the leaping shadows playing in the tall trees which meet over our heads and form a background of intricate beauty, through which Diana peeps at mortals for the first time in the night?

With nothing above one's head but the deep purple sky and its twinkling inmates, the stars, and nothing but the bright green grass to rest on, the beauty and pleasure of days spent in the open, of freedom from the shallow things of the everyday life of the great cities, soon tell one of the great pleasures that await a seeker in the realms of nature.

How much more realistic a tale seems when told around a camp-fire! How much clearer is the great Hand of the Creator shown to an onlooker!

ENID CARPENTER, 4A.

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## MY GARDEN.

I would not change my garden for those I see with trim  
Neat hedges, level lawns and plots, harsh-gravelled walks and prim.  
I do not like such gardens that are always groomed and neat,  
Where 'tis a sin to wander through on free, untrammelled feet.

The flowers, though lovely in their hue and fragrant in their scent,  
They grow not in the natural grace that Mother Nature meant.  
Pomposity in such sweet plants I do not like to see;  
I crave the wild and winsome grace of perfect liberty.

The garden where I love to stray is but a wilderness,  
But wild, sylvestrian beauty of fair Nature's richest dress  
Has made it truly Paradise, a haven safe and free  
For me, whose soul is straining for the perfect liberty.

A bed of deep blue orchids is a balm for burning eyes;  
A log serves as a seat whereon I oft philosophise;  
My weary feet are strengthened by the maidenhair fern's kiss:  
"What comfort is more gentle, more kind," ask I, "than this?"

The guardians of my garden glade are giant gums and grey;  
With bold, barked boughs bared to the sky they bar the right-of-way,  
And nestled close around their great and strong protective roots,  
As claimants for their power and might, sprout tender shrubs and shoots.

But come and see my garden when the gay boronia's there,  
When fairy flannel flowers spring amidst the maidenhair;  
When, with the happy Yuletide, comes the crimson Christmas bush,  
Or aflame with radiant splendour bows the burnished bottle-brush.

Clad in beauty is my garden, Mother Nature's sweet caress  
Was bestowed in regal bounty on my shrine of loveliness.  
O, the trim and landscape gardens could not show a sight more fair  
Than the beauty of my garden, for the master-touch is there.

When I burn with ceaseless longings and the fiery haste of youth,  
I shall kneel within my garden—shrine of beauty and of truth.  
And the veil shall be uplifted and the pagan heart of me  
Shall worship in my garden—in my garden fair and free.

ISABELLE ELIJS, 4B.



## DREAMLAND.

### DREAMLAND.

"Margaret, what's Dreamland, and where is it?" asked eight-year-old Nance of her eldest sister.

"Dreamland? Oh, it's the most beautiful, most wonderful, strangest, queerest place ever known! It has ever so many entrances. Where is it? Well, it's just over the hill after Madam Sleep has touched you with her wand and Willie Winkle has put sleep—a magic sand to make you go to Dreamland quickly—in your eyes. That is where Dreamland is.

"As I said before, it's the strangest place and has so many entrances it is quite probable anyone might become mixed as to which entrance was which, but there is one answer to this problem, and it is, whatever you eat or whatever you don't eat conveys you to the right entrance.

"Now, let us take the gate you enter when you eat too much. This cause, alas! I fear, gives you much trouble, Nance. ('Only when I go to a party or a picnic, or, perhaps, a pantomime,' interrupted Nance). Very well, then. We'll say you want to land on some sand. You slip into a boat of iced cake, take oars of chocolate into your hands, put your feet against a foot-rest of sandwiches and fruit.

"Arriving at the Sands of Nightmares, you step on to soft, boggy sand; while out of the bushes around, come strange creatures and great giants with grinning faces to torment you the whole night through.

"Perhaps you would like to enter Dreamland by the Hills of Nightmares? Firstly you fly over the Hills in a mock cream aeroplane. ('How does it keep together?' asked Nance curiously). That, my dear, is a wonder of Dreamland. It is lighted with jelly bean lights. You always land on the top of a hill. As you put your foot on the black, muddy soil horrid forms dart at you and torture you all the long night, eh, Nance? ('But the good dreams, Margaret. The dreams where the fairies give good dreams,' cried Nance impatiently).

"Well, all right; listen. Gently a little magic boat of clear glass with satin sails glides over tranquil seas of the blue the people see near that great serpent called Equator. As the little boat touches the sand, willing hands help you, Nance, dear, to leap ashore and lead you into the 'realms of gold,' amongst the most beautiful flowers of brightest hues and plants of wonderful greenery. As you wander through grassy glades and see delicious feasts before you, all is right.

"Then there are the Hills of Good Dreams. After stepping from a soft cloud with stars to light the way, you will find yourself, Nance, on a lovely hill of green trees and pretty flowers with tiny birds fluttering and singing. The fairies are dressed in flimsy gowns of sunbeams trimmed with moonbeams, and beaded dewdrops deck their hair, and they lead you to glistening caves to dance to Fairyland music, or, perhaps, on a visit to see Her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen of Fairyland. Or you might wander through shimmering halls of jewels or run over golden sands, washed by sparkling waves.

"The last gate is the Gate of Remembrance. No one knows how you get there. You don't even know yourself, Nance. If you want to dream of someone you like very much, you go there, Nance. ('But I like you very much, Margaret, and I don't often dream of you'). Of course not, I am very commonplace to dream about. Perhaps a favourite teacher. I know you have one, Nance, though you have only been going a little while.

"In Dreamland you would meet your favourite anywhere. On a fairy boat or train. And you would be telling this special person how much you liked her when—you would wake up." ("I wonder why everybody has to wake up, Margaret?" asked Nance).

"I wonder!" said Margaret.

MOLLIE BAILLIE, 2D.

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## A WATER BABY.

Oh! wouldn't you like to frolic like me,  
On a great wave's crest in a summer sea  
Where the silvery fish come gliding by,  
Through water as blue as the cloudless sky?

I throw in my line but I need no bait,  
For the fishes come gaily to meet their fate,  
It's just a game we play each day,  
The fishes and I in the soft white spray.

NORA REID, 2 A



## THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

Wembley! A few years ago that name represented very little to the average mind of the British subject, even if he or she were aware of the existence of such a place; to-day, the magic of that word has reached across the whole wide world, to even the most unfrequented and sparsely inhabited portions of the Empire. That name now stands for much to every loyal man, woman or child in the whole of the British Dominions, for it is the spot chosen for the world-famous British Empire Exhibition, in which was, and again next year shall be, displayed the first-class products of Britain's colonies, which represent the wealth of that nation, proving to the whole world the value of peace, for these riches were grown, manufactured, or extracted from the bounteous soil during a period when peace, after a long, weary struggle for five terrible years, at last reigned supreme.

From the four corners of the globe pour the many races, for it is not the British subject alone who is profoundly interested in this wonder—for wonder it is—but the whole of the civilised world, and from the many and distant lands they come, from far-away China and Japan, Greece, and the States of Central Europe, from Spain, Italy and Northern Africa, from America and the Pacific Islands; all come to see what the master nation of the world, in conjunction with the many colonies, can accomplish. Let us hope that one of the greatest works this exhibition desires to commence, that of a universal peace, may be realised, and that it may not give rise to jealousy and avarice in the hearts of the many countries who cannot claim to be subjects of the British Empire.

The visitor to the exhibition about the end of June and commencement of July, was particularly fortunate in having about five weeks of the most perfect weather, an absolute necessity should one desire to extract the full pleasure and benefit from a visit, for if it is on a rainy day that one pays one's respects to Wembley, one is apt to arrive in a none too enviable frame of mind, especially if the mode of arrival was riding on the top of a bus, and the water from numerous umbrellas was obeying the law of gravity by forming icy rivulets down the back of one's neck. Wembley on a bad day is far from prepossessing from the outside; the ground seems to transform itself into a bog of liquid mud, sticky as

hot pitch, and, in parts, one is apt to wonder if the artificial lake in the park is in flood. But allow the heavens to have been kind and the visitor to have arrived in comparative comfort, with the pleasurable anticipation of more to be seen than time will allow, for to "do" Wembley properly at least twenty visits are necessary.

The first thing that will strike his mind will be the enormous crowd of people. The buses which he encountered on the way were crammed with visitors, truly, but he never expected anything like this. However will he be able to approach that interesting-looking snow-white palace (Australia) to the left? But he discovers that the crowd is not entirely as solid and immovable as it first appeared, and reaches it with little trouble, except for being nearly run over by a "Railodok," the pleasures of which he decides to sample at some future date. He then enters the building, and is straightway held spellbound by the beautiful mother-of-pearl exhibits to the left, the half-opened oyster shells each displaying a rich, creamy pearl, the wonderful, delicately tinted carving on mother-of-pearl plaques, and gazes long at the illustrations of pearl-fishing which adorn the surrounding walls. Thence he passes on to the model vineyards and dairy farms, the fields of wheat, the piles of sunrased fruit, the beautifully grained woods, and the furniture it afterwards becomes. His examination of a pile of wool reaching one-third of the way to the ceiling is interrupted by a most realistic "moo-oo," he turns in the direction whence came the sound, and elbowing a way through a surrounding crowd of school children, note-book and pencil in hand, finds himself gazing into the face of a fine Jersey cow, who sways her head and swishes her tail, and occasionally stretches her neck and edits another long-drawn "moo," for the benefit of the crowd. He has to poke her three times before he can make up his mind that she is not a bona-fide animal, but a model worked by mechanism.

By the end of another hour, he discovers that he is decidedly hungry, and after waiting for a long period in a queue, sits down at last in the Australia café and enjoys an entirely Australian lunch, everything served hailing from that country. He finally leaves the building, in an undecided frame of mind as to whether he will not throw up his present billet and emigrate to



"Golden Australia," there to recommence life as a sheep-farmer, and finds himself at the entrance to Canada.

Two maps of this country first meet his gaze in this section, both of which display the transcontinental railway from New York City to San Francisco and to Vancouver, each station being illuminated by electricity, one after another for a second, across the whole route. This is a source of great delight to the many children. Then he passes on to the display of motor cycles and cars, and speculates for half-an-hour as to which he would like to buy. He admires the model bungalows, and spends the remainder of his visit searching for the model of the Prince of Wales, fashioned of butter, which no one can find, but of which all hear marvellous descriptions, then leaves Canada, wondering which would be a more profitable occupation: sheep-farming in Australia or lumbering in Canada.

Tiring for a little of exploration—for it is fatiguing work—he now has tea at one of the many cafes, all managed by Lyons, the famous London restaurant company, then takes a trip (cheap at sixpence) round the artificial lake in a small launch, of which there are twenty-four, each bearing the name of some important colonial town. After viewing Wembley from this lowly position for twenty lazy minutes he disembarks and directs his steps towards the Palace of Arts, paying another sixpence here to visit the Queen's Dolls' House, of which the proceeds collected are for charitable purposes. This wonderful mansion is situated in the centre of a small room, the floor of which is constructed in three tiers running round the room, the lowest in the centre. The visitors all move round the central attraction to the tune of "Move on, please!" "Come along now, out this way!" from the custodians stationed at the entrance and exit, and gaze at the erection, which stands about three feet high, and of which the outer walls have been removed for inspection of the interior. The miniature beds with their rose-pink silk and cornflower blue hangings, the tiny chairs and foot-stools beautifully upholstered, give rise to much admiration and wonder, while beside those tiny jars of strawberry jam the other wonders pale to insignificance. In the garages are tiny motor-cars with all gear complete, and even an infinitesimal motor-cycle and side-car, while in one corner lies a thimble-sized bucket for use in case of fire. Replicas of the pictures, which in the Dolls' House have been painted by

eminent artists, are for sale, also other small articles, among them a few pairs of scissors that almost need the aid of a magnifying glass in order to be seen. The visitor is almost forcibly dragged out the lower doors, as he takes a last gaze and finds himself in a room surrounded by the paintings of colonial artists. With these he passes the entire evening, and returns home determined to come again, as he has not yet seen one-hundredth part of the exhibition.

He has not gone through the Palace of industries, that marvellous erection in which one sees the manner of making numerous articles, ranging from biscuit-making to cloth-weaving. Neither has he seen the wonders contained in the Palace of Engineering, and probed the delights of the interior regions of steam engines, nor discovered all concerned in the working of a steam-boat.

There remains fascinating Ceylon to explore and her ivory carvings to admire, also the interior of that picturesque white-domed palace in which the silks and beads of India and many useless but tempting articles are displayed, and where native salesmen grin at one from behind tiny models of Indian temples to be sold at a most fantastic price, but, unlike their countrymen at home, do not run after you and demand that you buy.

Also, there remain New Zealand and Sarawak, Malaya too, and China. If he does come again he should make a point of visiting South Africa and the especially attractive Gold Coast, which has the appearance from the exterior of a gigantic mud-hut, and the whole interior of which is pervaded by a strong aroma of coffee.

Then he must take an hour's inspection of Malta, where the chief attraction is either the lovely Maltese lace famous for its beauty and silky texture, or else the waxen figures of Maltese ladies gowned in their native costumes of black silk, which hangs in graceful folds.

Then if this is the last day he can spare at Wembley, a ride on the "Railodok" which is not a species of extinct monster, but merely a car to hold one dozen passengers, will be the means of seeing from the outside much more of interest. The "Railodok" runs through the grounds of Wembley Park, through the amusement section, where he will witness the "Giant Racer" in motion, this being a kind of railway car which rushes up hills and down mountains (artificial, made of coloured concrete) at a



tremendous speed, with a deafening roar, while the passengers pass the five minutes' journey in fear of a collision with a second "Racer." The diversions of the Amusement Section include swinging boats and chairs that run round a floor by electricity, then stop suddenly, and are bumped into by the surrounding ones, which are revolve in a circle while moving.

The "Railodok" then bumps its way past picturesque Burma and the "Burmese Temple," in which native dancers and jugglers perform to the most weird music, past the Stadium, where there is always some entertainment in progress, be it a choir of one thousand voices on special days, or a "Rodeo" entertainment, which is the nearest approach to Spanish bull-fighting that the English Government allows, in which Mexican cow-boys take the part of the toreador, only mounted. Past the buildings whose interior he has inspected, goes our visitor, past the lake with its gay

crowd of boats, and finally back to the spot whence he set out, having enjoyed, let us hope, his two-shillings' worth to the utmost.

If a visitor is not absolutely tired out after having "done" Wembley, unless, of course, he hired a bath chair, as some weary folk did, well he has not seen it properly, and "Wembling" (there was a verb "to Wemble" coined in "Punch" last June) will be of little value to him. It is his duty to inspect the whole place to the best of his ability, and when he thinks of all the trouble taken and all the Exhibition represents he will do his very best to see and benefit by everything, and return home proud of his nation and proud to be British.

ANNIE MOYES.

(The "Magazine" is glad to publish this letter from Annie, whom all fifth-year girls remember as a class-mate. Annie is now in England.—Editor.)

## THE COMING OF RA.

(i.)

The sky was flecked with a multitude of colours. Pinks mingled with fleecy white, pale greens mixed with tender blue, palest purple with salmon pink. The desert stretched on every side, pitiless, devoid of human life. The yellow sand stayed motionless, as if breathlessly waiting a great event.

Slowly, so slowly the colours changed. Rich orange, blood red, blushing pink now took the place of the former shades as Ra rose above the horizon.

He was clothed in a rich mantle which glowed with wonderful colours. He stood at his majestic height regarding the earth, which was decked with a strange glow. Slowly he moved across the sky, sending his life-giving rays out to all things.

Far off on the edge of the desert he saw a city, and, as he watched, he heard many voices chanting these words:

"Thou art Ra, Father of all, God of all nations!  
Thou are our Judge, changeless, everlasting!

Thou art he who gives us life, our food, our strength!

Thou givest all things to us—great and small!

Thou givest the flowers and the grass!

Thou givest the trees and the streams!

Thou art Ra, Amen Ra! Glorious everlasting."

### THE COMING OF RA.

(ii.)

Low in its brazen ocean swung the boat,  
Called of the Gods, Boat of a Million Years.  
But men, who live beneath its shadow vast,  
Call it the Boat of Ra. And on the deck  
Stood He, the Lord of all that vast serene,  
Crowned with the double crown of Gods and men,

Wearing the lotus of the North and South,  
Clasped with the diadem of East and West.  
Thus, as He stood fronting the world of men,

He smiled His smile of glory and of power,  
He frowned his frown of fire, and spoke anon:

"Lo! I am Khepera, behold My glory!"

"Lo! I am Ra, and ye shall feel My power!"

"Lo! I am Atmu, ye shall see My splendour."

"AYESHA," 2A.



**ANBETUNGSLIED.**

Celestial Heavens boast no queen more fair,  
 And mortal worlds have not a brighter  
 gem;  
 Bring me fine gold and precious stones most  
 rare,  
 For I would make my love a diadem.

Go to the East, where summer suns arise,  
 And mark the gems the new-born morn  
 doth wear;  
 Borrow the golden glory from the skies,  
 To mingle with the sunshine of her hair.

Travel the West, to where, with sunset  
 hues  
 The evening sky doth glow, and smoulder-  
 ing, dies;

Gather the precious colours I must use  
 To match the gleam of lovelight in her  
 eyes.

Take of the lustre from a thousand stars,  
 Riding their chariots on the Milky Way;  
 Beautiful Venus and the warlike Mars  
 Must give their tribute to my queen of  
 Day.

Nature must lend me every flow'ret's hue,  
 Pale tints and deeper, for my lady's  
 crown;  
 Rosebuds and tulips crystal with the dew,  
 And threads of silver from the thistle-  
 down.

Pearls from the dim, dark caverns of the  
 deep,  
 And shells from out the Sea King's coral  
 halls;

The sprays of rainbow hues that dance and  
 leap  
 From limpid cataracts and waterfalls.

Whate'er of Beauty in the world may be,  
 If all were laid in tribute at my feet,  
 Nought of it all were worth as much to me  
 As is her smile—incomparably sweet!

MARY CORRINGHAM, 5A.

**THE ORIGIN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND**

More than five centuries ago in the year 1394, a great man called William of Wykeham, gathered together seventy little scholars and founded the first Great Public School in Great Britain. William of Wykeham was the Bishop of Winchester, one of the richest sees in the country. He was also Prime Minister of England or Chief Adviser to the King, and he saw the crying need for education.

At Winchester, close by his beautiful cathedral, he built a great school which still stands to-day, and is known throughout the British Empire as one of the leading English schools.

Although he had only seventy scholars, the school was built to accommodate four hundred and fifty pupils, and had a special chapel of its own, although the rule was that the pupils of Winchester should once a month without fail, worship in Winchester Cathedral itself.

William of Wykeham, had the walls of his school made five and a half feet thick, and the same buildings are still used. The aisle of Winchester chapel is two hundred

and sixty feet long, and in it lies Wykeham's tomb.

Ten years later, as branches of this growing school, Eton and Oxford Colleges were founded.

Since Winchester was built in 1394, every British sovereign has visited it at one time or another. On the occasion of the present Prince of Wales' visit, he asked the boys if they would think him impertinent if he requested the headmaster, Dr. Rendall, for an extra week's holiday.

On the walls of the cloister through which the boys pass daily on their way to class, are memorials of boys who have fallen defending their country in the many British wars. Winchester boys honour not only their own dead, for in one corner of the cloister stands a tribute to the Australians who fell in the Great War, and the emblems of Australia and New Zealand are inlaid in the stone floor.

So began the great institutions known as English Public Schools honoured throughout the world—for the flower of them has made Britain supreme among nations.

MARIE, 4A.



## AN AUSTRALIAN LULLABY.

Hush, mother's darling, to slumber now go,  
The wind is asighing, now high and now  
low,  
The wattle tree's whispering of things long  
gone by,  
The stars are ashining in your great  
Austral sky,  
The gum tree's acourting the waratah's  
hand,  
The brown creek in the gully's by night  
zephyrs fann'd;  
So hush now, my darling, think not of the  
wild,  
For the Bunyip is watching for each  
naughty child.

He is listening and waiting behind a gum  
tree,  
And he'll pounce out and grab either you or  
e'en me,  
And he'll carry you off past each giant gum  
tree,  
To his terrible home in his terrible haunt;

And he will change you, before you say two,  
To a wee native bear or a big kangaroo;  
So hush now, my darling, think not of the  
wild,  
For the Bunyip's awaiting for each naughty  
child.

Hush now, my darling, to Dreamland away,  
Close those blue eyes till the sweet dawn  
of day,  
Till flowers are wakened by kiss of the  
breeze,  
Till the sun is a gleaming on dew-showered  
trees,  
Till you hear the strange sound of the  
jackasses' call,  
And the wild ducks cry out from their nests  
near the fall;  
Then wake up, my baby, wake up to the  
dawn,  
And worship your God in His sweet gift of  
morn.

JOYCE STARR, 3A.

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## BOYISHNESS.

I was gazing idly out of the tram, idly  
I say, meaning that I was just noticing the  
various things which made up the some-  
what uninteresting sight,—a dusty street  
and a cracked apology-for-asphalt footpath,  
with numerous unpretentious-looking shops  
on either side.

Even as I looked, there came quite sud-  
denly and unexpectedly along the cracked  
footpath, in front of the uninteresting-  
looking shops, a home-made billy-cart,  
dragged by a dirty little boy harnessed to  
it by a thin rope attached to the cart and  
held in position by a huge nail, about four  
inches long and a quarter of an inch thick.  
Seated in the cart, or should I say cari-  
age,—for it certainly seemed nothing short  
of a Rolls Royce to the proud occupant,—  
was a smaller, even dirtier, boy with his  
face wreathed in smiles as if he were thor-  
oughly enjoying his somewhat exciting ride.

Bump, bump, bump, resounded through  
the streets as the cart careered along the  
footpath, and I noticed many of my fellow  
passengers watching with anxious curiosity  
the erratic and speedy course of that rudely-  
constructed vehicle.

Suddenly, and with no warning, the boy  
in front—or horse—stopped dead and the  
cart came to a standstill with such a jolt  
that the small boy seated in it almost went

hurtling over the shoulders of his horse.

All eyes were on the boy in front, as  
with calm precision he stooped and eagerly  
grasped a brownish object which was lying  
on the dirty footpath. Straight to his  
watering mouth went the grubby hand, but  
a moment later an expression of infinite  
disgust spread over his features, there was  
a deep inhaling of breath, and a subse-  
quent strong exhaling as he spat as far as  
he could an ordinary flat, brown pebble.  
Turning to his companion he said disgust-  
edly, "Aw, thought it was a chunk of  
toffee." So saying he once more straight-  
ened up and continued on his way at the  
joyful bidding, "Giddup, lazy-bones," from  
the passenger, who was not in the least  
sorry for his companion's disappointment,  
probably guessing, had it been a piece of  
toffee, he would not have been asked to  
share it.

The tram moved on, and I am sure, in all  
the spectators' hearts was the thought of  
how absurd they must have seemed craning  
their necks out to see so simple an inci-  
dent, and yet it had a humorous touch  
and one felt in a happier mood with that  
scene to reflect on and to bring a smile  
and a laugh at the genuine boyishness of  
that boy.

J.B., 3C.



## A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

Have you ever visited a picture theatre and seen some picture screened that seemed all too theatrical, all too unnatural from every-day life? Maybe you have left the theatre with a dissatisfied mind, for your conscience seems to whisper to you that that was not a fair picture of life, only a possibility that might happen, only a mere scene of life from which the joys and sweetness of life had been evicted, and as it were merely made mockery of.

But hush! If you will but come with me a wonderful picture painted in words will be shown to you—"a real moving picture from life."

But we must travel far away from the gaiety and pomp of a city, for that is no setting for our picture. Let us go to some out-back station home on a winter's night.

Seated around a great log fire are gathered many old pioneers who have come together to talk of "bygone days," the good old days, when  
"All the world was young, and every goose  
a swan."

At first the words come haltingly and unsteady, but, as the aged pioneers warm to the subject, his youth comes fleeting back, he is young again—the world is bright and sunny, his grey sky is changed to blue, all dull clouds are chased away. He is mounted on a fearless droving horse, riding wildly, madly down the steep mountain sides, hot on the tracks of the wild bush cattle. His voice pitches higher, he pauses for breath, and 'tis then perhaps the realisation falls upon him that "that was

long ago," sweet youth had faded into oblivion.

But does youth die, is it a mere number of years passed through before manhood is attained?

The old man was silent. He hardly knew. For now he was a youth again in spirit, and all through the long years which had brought him to old age, he had treasured up those memories, which now came swiftly back to him. He is a boy again minding sheep for the A.A. Company on lonely rides of gloomy mountains. Picture upon picture he paints, vivid pictures, pictures of the slumbering white sheep guarded from hungry dingoes by faithful sheep dogs. He hears again the wild hallos of the blacks, he sees them madly dancing around a blazing red fire, and he presents the scene in a faltering voice, but that does not matter: the pictures are painted by a master-hand.

The old man pauses. Not a murmur can be heard, only the crackling firelogs and the distant cry of a night owl. The pioneers are silent, with bended heads.

The old man's eyes are bright and shining, but old age is bearing down upon him again. He cares not to resist it, for he is old again now, and must slowly drift away with the fading moon out beyond the horizon to the Happy Hunting Ground, where his faithful droving horse is bridled and saddled, awaiting its master. The old pioneer is ready, too, content and happy awaiting the call of his Master.

M. GALVIN, 4A.

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## THE COMPLAINT OF A SCHOOLGIRL.

Over note and text books poring,  
Hours and hours I think I've sat,  
While my visions have been soaring  
Up and up, and to fall back flat.

First my Latin needs attention,  
And my French is not "tres bonne,"  
Then (my chemistry not to mention)  
Maths, with English added on.

Next comes the new French Legislature,  
Economics must be read,  
Both these say, "Go back to nature,"  
How I wish they meant, "to bed!"

While examination hovers,  
O'er my grave and learned head,  
I must sit and learn for hours,  
Till my brain feels just like lead.

COSETTE, 5C.



### 3 A. AT THE INTERMEDIATE.

Dor~~a~~s sits with smiling face doing mensuration,  
 Roma eyes her Latin prose and murmurs  
 "botheration,"  
 Dorothy's at Algebra, she says, "A declaration  
 I'll issue for the banishment of X Y Zation;  
 Winnie simply beams with joy at English-French  
 translation,  
 While poor old Ailsa chews her pen by way of  
 consolation,  
 Alice Smith's a brainy girl, and smiles of  
 jubilation  
 O'er spread her face, as hurriedly she scribbles  
 'bout floatation.  
 Dorothy, Historian, with look of consternation,  
 Hurriedly scribbles down some treaty violation.  
 Helen holds her head and writes a needful  
 indication,  
 To sundry markings on a map of Maori vegetation.  
 Gladys, (who's regained her curls), in sheerest  
 desperation  
 Twists one up into a knot, then frowns with hot  
 vexation.

Marion artistically designs the picturation  
 Of ev'ry single question in the examination.  
 Hilda and Regina Ridge with grim determination,  
 Fight it out to see who'll top the Deutch  
 examination;  
 Disdainfully does Hazel sniff with utter indignation,  
 And jolly Molly chuckles at each lucky inspiration;  
 And My Doreen, (the bonser peach) in sweet  
 obliveration,  
 Sighs ("I wish yer meant it Bill"), in maiden  
 meditation,  
 Betty, Gwenda, Olga, Jean with marked alliteration,  
 Say the questions o'er and o'er in plain  
 pronunciation,  
 Phillipa, Margaret, Eva, Phil, smile with  
 expectation.  
 As to them each is handed out an Ovid's tales  
 translation;  
 So pass the most unhappy days of an examination,  
 With thought alone of house parties as after  
 compensation.

THE MASKED MAIDEN, 3A.

### HOW TO MAKE SCHOOL MORE INTERESTING.

#### PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

AIM: To make and collect toffee.

App.: Pot, dish, spoon, gas, matches, sugar,  
 butter, vinegar, syrup.

Expt.: Place the substance in the pot,  
 stirring all the time with a spoon.  
 Apply heat and boil for 20 minutes;  
 then remove from the flames.

Result: Mixture boiled for 10 minutes,  
 tasted burnt, so was removed from  
 the flames.

Concl.: The substance was burnt toffee.  
 This answer is incorrect—Correct  
 answer should be toffee.

AIM: To prove the properties of toffee.

Tests. Smell: The substance smelt like  
 toffee.

Colour: Very dark like treacle.

Bleaching agent: Place a little in  
 the mouth. After a short time the  
 tongue changes from pink to  
 brown.

Taste: The substance tastes like toffee.

Solubility: The substance is very  
 soluble in the mouth. When heat  
 was applied the substance melted.  
 When cold water was applied the  
 toffee hardened.

Note 1: "It is ruinous to the teeth."—  
 Bertha's Atomic theory.

Note 2: Is toffee an element, a mixture or  
 a compound?

Note 3: It is commonly called rubbish be-  
 cause children waste money buying  
 it.

Equation:  $Su-Bu-Vin=TOF_2E_2$

Properties of Toffee: Toffee is a hard sub-  
 stance, and is very sticky. It has an  
 appetising smell, and is dark in  
 colour. It is a bleaching agent, has  
 a sweet taste, and is very soluble in  
 the mouth. It will not support  
 digestion.

Commercial Uses of Toffee: It is used to  
 pacify crying children. To make  
 their faces dirty, thus encouraging  
 the use of soap. Is used in the  
 beginning of decaying teeth, so  
 encouraging the dental profession.  
 Is used to attract house pests, such  
 as flies, etc.

"AURORA," 3C.



## THE MOON MAID'S LULLABY.

When evening mists have draped the sky,  
And day has ventured west,  
A silver boat comes sailing by  
From out its fairy rest.

And fairy forms come drifting down  
From moon made pillows white,  
And fairy hands rub fairy eyes,  
Then drift into the night.

Nine fairies board the silver boat  
And, stepping light, each fay  
Trips gay aboard by star lamp bright,  
And climbs the milky way.

And as they spread the cobwell sail,  
And move across the sky,  
They sing a fairy lullaby  
Which to the earth comes nigh.

And you who've heard that fairy song,  
Can grief no longer know;  
It brings sweet happy dreams to you,  
And sorrow has to go.

And to the lover, lone, forlorn,  
It will bring dreams of spring  
To those who long and hope again  
Some comfort it will bring.

So all of you who've sad day dreams  
Come out, when it is night  
And gaze across the misty air,  
Through silver moon-beam light.

And gently down the crystal space  
Will come a slumber song,  
And you will have a fairy thought  
That brings you comfort strong.

N.B., 2A.

## MY TREASURE SHIP.

Far out at sea in the waters of fantasy,  
with sails wide spread before the contrary  
winds of imagination, sails my treasure  
ship.

Loving childish hands first built my  
dream Argosy to carry golden dreams from  
the land of Sleep. But as the years rolled  
by, stronger hands fashioned for her a mast  
of ambition, and wove out of golden dreams  
beautiful sails. So with its hold full of  
love and hope, I launched my dream ship,  
and watched it sail away to unknown lands,  
to bring home treasure. Since then it has  
weathered many fierce storms. It has  
braved the fierce waters of disillusionment  
and emerged triumphant. It has journeyed  
to many strange lands, and in exchange

for the treasure stored carefully in the  
hold, it has brought from time to time, un-  
told wealth.

There are magic glasses, through which  
the world appears a beautiful place, full of  
love and joy, mirrors which reflect only the  
good and beautiful, stories to delight the  
young ears, beautiful stuffs woven of won-  
derful dreams to brighten the dull hours,  
and sympathy and understanding for those  
whose ships have gone down at sea.

One day I shall wait on the shore for my  
treasure ship to take me out to sea, and,  
guided by the lamps of heaven, it will carry  
me safely to port.

L.F., 3A.

## FRIENDSHIP.

I love to think that on this earth  
I have a friend of proven worth;  
That friendship is the cord that binds  
Two hearts and two harmonious minds.  
For these thoughts give me strength to go  
With steadfastness this way below.

True friendship is the noblest gem  
That sparkles in life's diadem  
True friendship is the harmony  
That joins my friend more close to me.  
And those who friendship's path have trod  
Know that it is a gift from God.

ISABELLE ELLIS, 3B.



## AN ODDMENT OF APRIL.

It was an early morning in April. Just one of those mornings which seem to have been left over from Spring, and to have fallen bewitchingly sweet in late April.

All around was still, except for the soft chirruping of the birds in the big diamond laden camphor-laurels, and the faint cooing of a dove. The air was sweet with the scent of a thousand flowers and the breeze quivered among the leaflets. I could hear the Elfin Pipes, fluting a wonderful, enticing melody, and somehow at their call, my soul leapt up and sped away in the purple haze of the morning to the edge of Beyond, and there it stopped.

Was there something in the winey airs that suggested mystery? My soul throbbled in anticipation of the great something. What was it? A Great Revelation? Fairy-

land? Where the Rainbow ends? Every second seemed to bring that wonderful discovery nearer—I was on the threshold of Beyond.

A milk-cart rattled round the corner. The sun struck the tops of the trees with its golden spears. Simultaneously, half a dozen alarm clocks rang out and the wonderful crimson grey morning which had promised so much, died down into the ordinary light of day, bringing my soul swiftly back from the great untrodden worlds.

And so the morning went—another few hours fell into the abyss of time, and the entrance to Fairyland, the Rainbow's end, and the revelation of Beyond remain still to be discovered.

JOYCE KOLTS, 3C.

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## A SUMMER'S EVENING.

The countryside once fresh from Spring's soft showers,

All day had lain beneath a shimm'ring haze,

And in the bushland all the sweetest flowers  
Had melted 'neath the sun's relentless rays.

The birds with drooping wings and panting breasts

Had hid to spots deep in the bushland glade,

For here ne'er seen by mortal eye, their nests

In fairy bow'rs of greenest fern are laid.

From out the trees the listless chirp had come

Of some lone bird, who, braving Sol's fierce glare,

Might break, with one short note, the ceaseless hum

Of bees who worked midst flow'rs once bright and fair.

But now 'tis even time—a heavy hush

Hangs o'er the weary earth—the setting sun

Gives to each sombre cloud a dull red plush;  
And man and beast return, their day's toil done.

As if in contemplation of his work,

The sun appears to hang a moment more  
Above the western sea, where sometimes lurk  
The clouds that drive him to another shore.

A zephyr now wafts perfume from the flowers,

That, soon refreshed by ev'ning's gentle breeze,

Give forth their fragrance sweet in leafy bow'rs

'Neath Nature's sentinels—the stately trees.

And now the birds break forth in one last song,

A song of thanks that calm and restful night

Must follow days however hard and long,  
And give to all sweet rest till morning light.

Then all is wrapped in peace. No sound is heard

Except the zephyrs sighing in the trees,  
That lull to sleep some wakeful baby bird,

With songs that float from far across the seas.

"HERI," 5A.



## A WEDDING.

Last Christmas holidays I went to a wedding, such a beautiful wedding, at the mountains. It was most romantic, being held outside in the beautiful fresh air where the blue sky gave a good omen to all, and Old King Sol looked down and smiled at the happy couple.

A pretty babbling brook whispered its congratulations to the betrothed, and two tiny inquisitive bunny rabbits with bright pink eyes looked on.

The bride looked charmingly sweet in a beautiful green gown—the softest shade of spring's green colouring, yet she wore no orange blossoms but her own beautiful golden hair. She was a shy little maiden, very modest, because when a passing breeze told her how dainty and sweet she looked, her head drooped with pleasure.

The bridegroom was much taller than his bride, and wore a very dark brown suit.

His head glistened as the sun's rays lighted on it. But everyone remarked his suit because he had been wearing it for quite a while now.

The officiating clergyman was dressed in a black suit with a red front and his black eyes told us he was very happy. The soloist sang in a gloriously happy voice, while the register was being signed, and thereupon were heard the silvery notes of the "Wedding March." The guests were robed in the most beautiful shade of sunset crimson trimmed with gold.

This happy wedding was that of the Wattle and Gum Tree, the minister was a Robin Red Breast, and the soloist a Kookaburra, the bell ringers were the Christmas Bells, while I attended the wedding in my dreams.

ANNIE McCANDLESS, 4A.

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## THE EDITOR TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Once again the Editor thanks the girls who have worked for the success of the Magazine. We wish more space were available for some of the many contributions we are unable to include within this slender volume. A list of articles follows in order of merit—Memory Town, The Coming of Autumn, The Love of the Deep, Mother! School in Germany, House Party Horrors, Our Guide Camp, Crosses and Words, The Magic Leaf, A Visit, Springtime, Tests,

My Choice of Literature, Concerning Hair Brushes.

Nor have we space for the following verse contributions—The Dancing Maiden, The Fairies, Night, The Fortian's Years, The Storm King, My Lady Fair, The Surf, To William Wallace, Autumn, "4A's Four A's," I.C., The Passing of H.M.A.S. Australia, A Sonnet, What the Night Brings, My Adventure in the Deep, Lady Moon, Sunset, A Deserted Church.

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## EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of School Magazines sent in exchange.

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## THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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## THAT CRAZE.

Having caught this boat, which was the one later than that which I should have caught, you might imagine that I was in a very irritable mood. After passing two wharves, I decided that it was no use being impatient and that I must just put up with the circumstances. As a consequence I received no glares from the pair of spectacles opposite. Hitherto after each impatient sigh or devil's tattoo of my feet, followed an angry jerk of the paper.

Very cautiously, I directed my gaze upon

this person who looked with disdain at insignificant little me. He vented his spleen on me because I was within his direct line of vision. Others around him, were even worse than I. My eyes shifted to the one on his left who, had she been asked what she was doing, would have answered, "Knitting, of course," though in reality she was dropping stitches and mumbling monotonously, "two purl, two plain, two purl," etc., much to the discomfort of those around her. Between her and the pair of juggling



girls on the end of the seat, were two very ordinary creatures discussing audibly, the latest news concerning the wool sales. At my side there was a baby who would persist in caressing my hat with her sticky fingers. With a helpless moan I had almost decided to follow the example of the pair of spectacles which had considered me unbearably noisy, when, at last, something attracted me.

It was a man—an artist, a poet, or at least an author. His black hair, waving back from his finely lined forehead, matched his expressive eyes. His sensitive lips, twitching as though some inward emotion forced them, emphasised the paleness of his face. His eyes furtively searched the deck and roof, as though waiting for an inspiration. I followed his eyes—but it was quite an ordinary deck (though very dirty), and quite an ordinary roof. Eagerly he bent down towards his knee and, by his arm, I could see that he was writing or sketching with precision. Raising myself cautiously on my hands, lest I should disturb the torment at my side, who was now engaged with somebody's wool, I had almost caught sight of his lap when a sticky finger reached out towards my eye. Overcoming my curiosity, I sat down, determined to follow, at least the expression on

his face. Now he was gazing dreamily through the window. Again, I also looked through the window—it was quite an ordinary blackness and surely could not have promoted any poetic thought within him. Again he bent down hastily, I then began to compare him with any other poet. By the time I had finished drawing parables and conclusions I had fully decided that Shelley must have been like this man—his features, his expression, his atmosphere—everything. Yet I was a little doubtful whether Shelley's inspirations could have come so spasmodically or in such surroundings.

I was awakened from my reverie by the deck-hand announcing my wharf. Hastily I had decided upon my plan of campaign. I should pass him, at any cost, although it was out of my way, and try to catch a glimpse of his work. Jumping on rows of toes in my excitement, I at last reached my goal—and, oh, the disillusionment! There on his lap, instead of mystic dryads on a sonnet, was a cross word puzzle.

Blindly I groped my way to the gangway and, when cold, hard reason returned to me, I was determined never to judge by appearance again.

ELVA MERRIMAN, 4 A.

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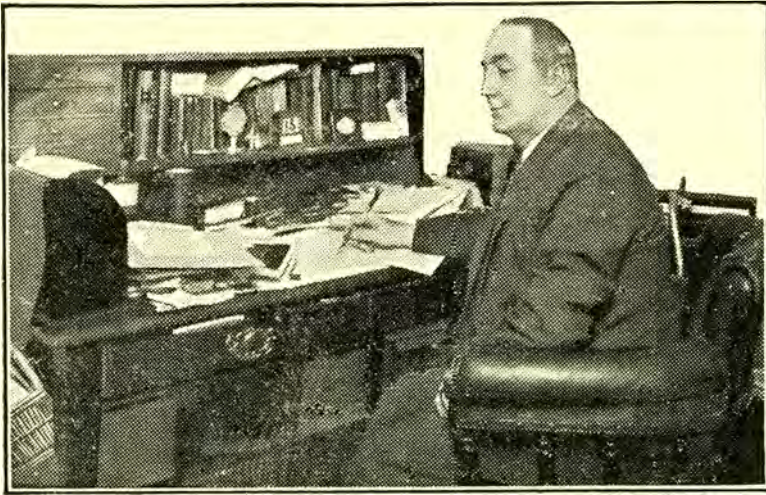
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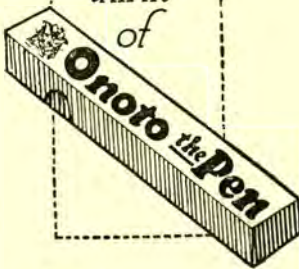
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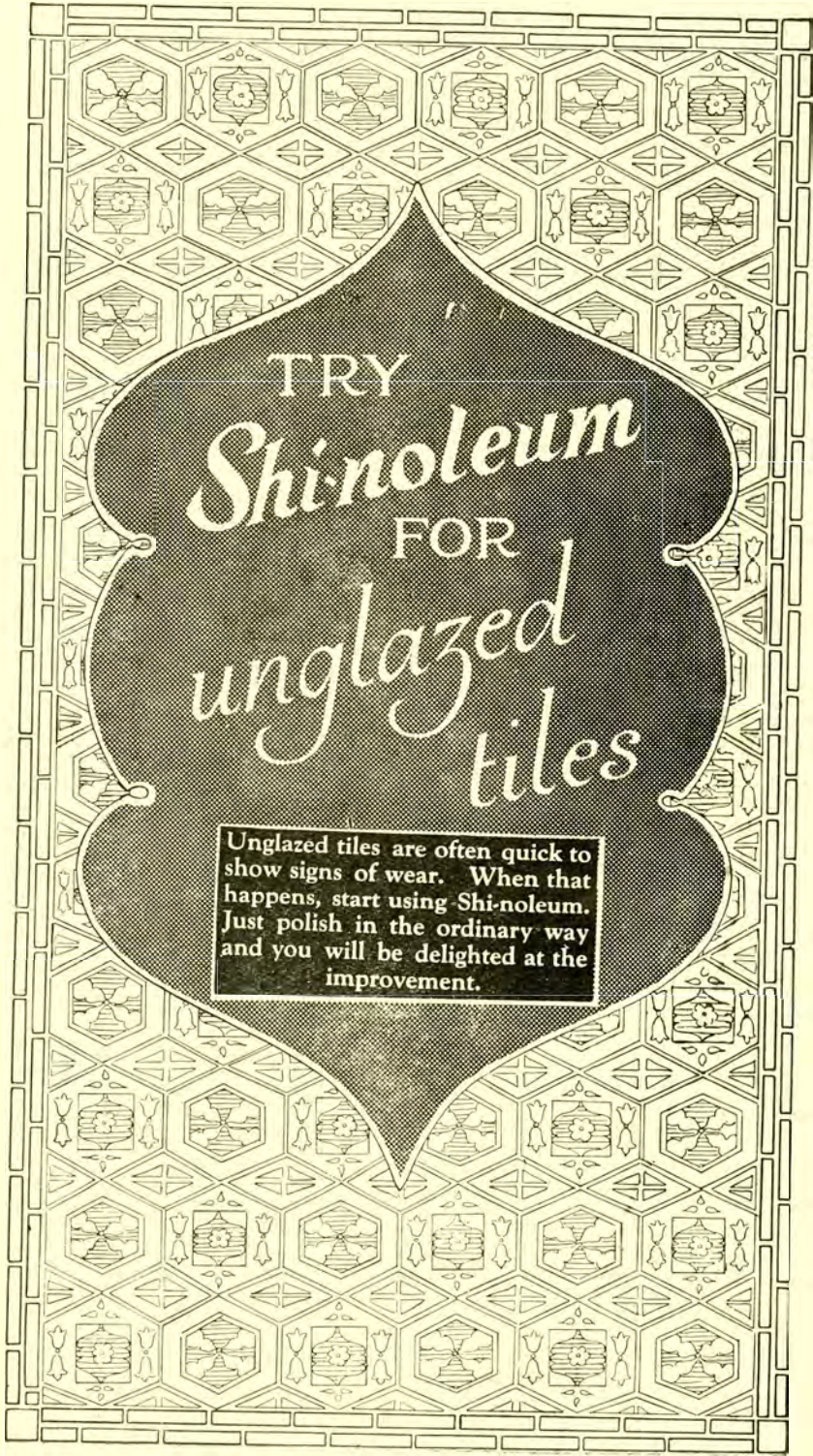


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