

THE MAGAZINE OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL FORT STREET



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PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PREFECTS.

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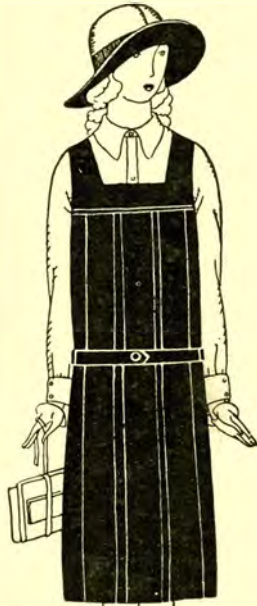
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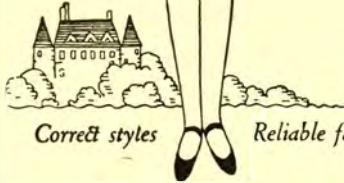


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All ribbons, badges, hatbands for school wear, are procurable from Farmer's.

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made to Farmer's high standards

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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Lace Shoes for Maids and Girls. Our special for school wear! Designed on long, straight last. Light welted soles and sports hee's. Made from selected leathers. Nigger brown, dark tan or black. Sizes 2 to 6 19/9 Also School Boots for boys. All sizes. Pair, 19/9

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No. 3—ALL WOOL NAVY FLANNEL BLAZERS, perfectly tailored, smartly corded, red or gold. All sizes.
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Length, 24 ins to 42 ins.
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Superior Paper Panamas. PRICE, 5/11.
Reed Panamas. PRICE 9/11.
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ALSO GLACE KID ONE BAR SHOE, welted soles, flat heels. PRICE, 22/6.

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THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

Principal: Miss CRUISE, B.A.

Magazine Editor: Miss MORLEY, M.A.

Magazine Sub-Editor: Miss FIRTH, B.A.

Magazine Business Manager: Miss FULLER.

TO THE SCHOOL.

Now that our term of office has begun we, the captain and prefects of 1926, want you all to join in helping to make this year the best in every possible way.

The women of the Empire have always played their part as nobly as the men, and it is these brave and splendid people whom we must try to imitate. Do you think they would have been able to give such help to their country in the Great European War unless they had prepared their characters for it beforehand? No!

It is in the class-room that we train ourselves for what we may do afterwards. Every girl who tries her best in this comparatively small world,

Fort Street, is learning her part for the big world afterwards. "A nation never rises higher than its women." So we, who are going to be some of its women, must see to it that we raise and not lower the standard. It is a happy, hopeful thought to feel that we are helping to push the world on; and how splendid if we can think that Fort Street is a centre from which helpfulness may radiate! Let us all join in trying to make it so.

To all new girls we extend the heartiest of welcomes, and hope that they will have as happy a time at Fort St. as we have had.

ESSIE COHEN, 5A.

Captain, 1926.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE STAFF.—The school is happy to welcome home again Miss Cruise and Miss Chapman. Their evident pleasure at being amongst school activities once more, even after such a "wonder year," is an encouragement to every one at Fort Street.

Some well-known faces are missing in the staff-room: Miss Perrin's kindly personality is now exerting its influence upon West Wallsend and every Fortian wishes her happiness in her new work. Miss Bowie, after many years at this school, has gone to North Sydney High

School. Fort Street takes this opportunity of thanking Miss Bowie for her constant and practical interest in its activities. We have said our farewells also to Misses Henson, Webb, McKibbin and Thompson, and have welcomed to our midst Misses Irwin, Harris and Donovan; Miss Blume is once more in her place as Science Mistress after a year's absence from Sydney.

Miss Dunnicliff is no longer with us, but the school will not readily forget her.

"The memory of a well-spent life never dies."

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

English Honours.—Class I.: M. Corringham, J. Anderson, L. Riley, A. Brewster.

Modern History Honours—Class II.: E. Farmer.

Mathematics Honours.—Class I.: G. Stayte; Class II.: R. Carter, M. Higgins, M. Holdsworth.

Latin Honours.—Class II.: J. Robertson.

German Honours.—Class I.: L. Russell, N. Rose; Class II.: M. Corringham, R. Middlehurst.

Chemistry Honours.—Class II.: A. Waddington.

BURSARIES TO THE UNIVERSITY.
—J. Anderson.

The J. E. Frazer Bursary.—E. Baird.
EXHIBITIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY.—J. Anderson, R. Carter, E. Farmer, J. Robertson, L. Russell, G. Stayte, M. Holdsworth, A. Waddington.

SCHOLARSHIPS TO THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.—G. Stayte, L. Russell, J. Anderson, R. Middlehurst, N. Rose, M. Holdsworth, E. Farmer, R. Carter, M. Higgins, A. Waddington, J. Robertson, M. Gallagher, J. Chalmers, L. Riley, H. Stewart, A. Brewster, M. Hopman, K. Taylor, L. Shaw, E. Brawn, E. Duhig, H. Cook, J. Magee, J. Ralston, G. Leggo, J. Blood, G. Fizelle, O. Phelps, G. Chapman, S. Parker, H. Challinor, E. Maddy.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1925.

	English.	Latin.	French.	German.	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Mechanics.	History	Chemistry	Botany	Geography.	Art.	Economics.	Music.	Needlework.	Geology.	L. Mathematics.
Anderson, Jessie M.	H	B	B	A	B	A		A									
Blood, Joyce	B							B		B	B	B				A	
Brawn, Esther A.	B	B	B		B	B		B			A						
Brewster, Agnes M.	H	B	B		A	B		B									
Carter, Ruth C.	B	B	A		A	A*	B		B								
Challinor, Hazel W.	B							B		B	B		B				P
Chalmers, Alice J.	B	B	B		A	A			A								
Chapman, Gladys I.	B	B	B					B		A			B				P
Chapman, Mollie					B			B		B			B		A		
Cohen, Daisy	A	B	B		B	B		A	A								
Cook, Helen E.	B							A	A	B	A	A	B		A		P
Corringham, Mary	H		B	H				B									P
Daley, Nellie	B							A		B		A	B		A		P
Duhig, Elizabeth M.	A				B	B		B		B							
Farmer, Eunice M.	A	A	B		A	A	A	H	B								
Fizelle, Gwendoline B.	B							B	B	B	B		B				P
Gallagher, Mary E.	B	B	A		B	B		A		A							
Graham, Marion R.	B	A			B	B											
Harris, Laura I.	B		B		B	B											
Higgins, Marie G.	B				A	A*	B			A							
Holdsworth, Muriel G.	B	B			A	A*	B			A							
Holland, Edna B.	B				B	B		B		A							
Hopman, Muriel E.	B	B	B		A	B			A								
Hughes, Olwen G.	A		B		B			A			B		A		A		
Jeffery, Minola F.	B	B	A		B	B				A							
Jones, Gladys M.	B									B	B		B				P
Kirkby, Phyllis R.	B							A		B		B	B		A		P
Leggo, Gwenyth	B		B		B	B		B		B							
Maddy, Ellie W.	B		B		B	B		B									
Magee, Mary J.	B	B			B	B		B	B								
Mathie, Jean M.					B						B	B			A		

	English.	Latin.	French.	German.	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Mechanics.	History.	Chemistry.	Botany.	Geography.	Art.	Economics.	Music.	Needlework.	Geology.	L. Mathematics.
Middlehurst, Renee	B	B	B	H	A	A		B	A								P
Parker, Sophie G.	A	B	B					B		B							P
Pearlman, Rebecca	B	B	B	B	B			B					A				
Phelps, Olga Pearl	B		B					B	B				B				P
Ralston, Jean W.	A	B		B	B			B	B								
Riley, Lesley	H		B		B			A		A							
Robertson, Jean M.	A	H	B	A	B			A									
Rose, Nina B.	B	B	A	H	B	B		B									
Russell, Lily S.	B	A	A	H	B	A		A									
Russell, Marjory	A	L	B		B	B		B									
Shaw, Lilian F.	A		B		A			A	A		B		B				
Stayte, Glynn W.	A	B	A		A	A*	B		A								
Stewart, Helen I.	B	B	B	B	B	B		B									
Taylor, Kathleen N.	B		B	A	B	B											
Tow, Olga A.	B				B			B			B	A					
Waddington, Alice	B		B	B	A	A		H									

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1925.

	English.	History.	Geography.	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin.	French.	Science.	Botany.	Art.	Needlework.	German.	Music.
Alexander, Kathleen J.	B	B		B	B	A	A	A					
Aria, Roma D.	B	B		B	B	A	B	A					
Balmain, Joan A.	A	A	B	A	B			A	A	A			
Bell, Hazel J.	B			B	B			B	B				
Bernard, Madge	B	A	A	B	B			B	A	B	A		
Bock, Mary H.	B			B	B			B	A	A			
Bowen, Beryl E.	A	B	B	A	A			B	A		A		A
Brake, Daphney	A	B						B	B			B	A
Burton, Edna S.	B	B		A	B	B	B	A	A				
Carolan, Dorothy A.	A	A	A	B	B			B	A		A		A
Carroll, Myrtle M.	A	B		B	B	B	B	A					
Clancy, Marion	A	B		B	B	B	B						
Clark, Dorothy	A	B		B		B	B	B					
Clarke, Sarah W.	B	B				B	B						
Coggins, Adela C.	A	B	B	B	B			B		B	B		
Cohen, Betty E.	B	A		B	B	A		A	A				
Cohen, Naomi C.	B	B						B	A				
Crew, Daisy G.	A	B	B	B	B			A		B	B		
D'Arcy, Mary A.	A	B		B	B	B	B	A					
Davis, Lucy G.	B	B				B	B	B					
Dougherty, Eunice B.	B	B				B		A					
Edgar, Winifred J.	B	A	B			B		B		B	A		
Engelsen, Laurie B.	A	B		B		B		B				B	
Fairlie, Margaret McL.	A	A		B		A	A	B					
Fountain, Mary E.	B	B		B	B	B	A	A					
Frankel, Lily	B			B	B	B	B	B					
Frazier, Freda P.	B	A		B	B	A	A	A					
Gallecher, Renee G.	B	B		A	B		A	B			A		
Gors, Natuna F.	A	A		B		B		B					
Hansen, Jessie L.	A	B		B	B		B						
Harvey, Jean M.	B			A	B		B	B					
Hayes, Rachel A. C.	A	B		B	B	B	A	A					
Hill, Gwendolen A.	B	B		B	B	B	B	B					

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1925

(Continued)

	English.	History.	Geography.	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin.	French.	Science.	Botany.	Art.	Needlework.	German.	Music.
Hogg, Anna C.	B	B		B	B	B	A	B					
Holland, Daphne	B	B						B					B
Kaye, Eva D.	B	B		B		A	A	A					A
Keeami, Ruth M.	B	B	B				B	B			B		B
Kolts, Frances J.	A	B	B	B			A	A			A		A
Lamb, Gwenda M.	A	B		B	B		B	B				B	
Lance, Hazel A.	A	A	B	B	A		A	A			A		A
Lane, Edna M.	B	A						B	B				
Lewis, Doreen E.	B	B		B	B		B	B					
Lipert, Doris	A	B		A	B	A	A	B					
Maddy, Philippa M.	B	B		B	A			B					
Maxwell, Martha N.	A	A					A	B					
McArthur, Alice E.	A	A		A	B	A	A	A					
McCleery, Amy E.	B	B	B	A	B		A	B		B	A		
McPherson, Vivienne	A	A		B		B	B	B					
Moore, Marjorie G.	A			A	B		B	A					
Moore, Thelma G.	B	B		B			B	B					
Morgan, Francis D.	B	B		B	B		A	A				A	
Packer, Edna R.	A	B					B	B					
Parselles, Angela	B	B						B		B	B		
Paull, Ina	A	A	A	B	B		A	A			B		A
Pike, Ruth H.	A	B					B	B					
Pratt, Dorothy	A	B		B	B	B	A	A					
Quinn, Livinus M.	B	B		B	B			A					
Reynolds, Mabel H.	B	A		B	B		B	B				A	
Rhodes, Ruth E.	A	B	B	A	B		B	A		B	A		
Ridge, Regina	B	B		A	B		A	A				A	
Robertson, Kathleen	A	B		B	B	B	A	A					
Sangwell, Olga J.	A	A		A	A	A	A	A					
Scriven, Winifred A.	A	A		A	B	A	A	A					
Simon, Margaret E.	B	B	B							B	A		
Singleton, Sabina B.	A	A			B		B	B					
Singleton, Marjorie E.	B			B	B		B	A					
Smith, Alice H.	A	A		A	A	B	B	A					
Smith, Jean E.	B	A		A	B		A	A				A	
Spargo, Edna M.	A	A			B		B	B					
Speak, Ethel M.	B			B	B		B	B					
Starr, Joyce E.	B	B		B	B	B	A						
Steele, Claire K.	B	B		B			B	B					
Stevens, Helen A. Mc T.	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A					
Stevenson, Ellie, J. D.	A	B					B	B				B	
Stewart, Marion I.	B	B		B		B	A	A					
Strudwicke, Alice F.	B	B		B	B		B	A					
Sundin, Ruth A.	B			B	B			A				B	
Sundstrom, Elvira B.	B	B		B				B					
Todd, Marjorie F.	B	B					B	B					A
Trafford, Phyllis M.	B			B		A	B						
Trikojus, Bertha	A	A	A	A	B		A	A			A		A
Tully, Eva C.	A	B		B	B	B	A	B					
Tyerman, Geraldine C.	B			B			A				B		
Urquhart, Marie C.	B	B					B			B	A		
Vischer, Hilda M.	A	B		B	B		A	B				A	
Whiting, Myra M.	B	A	B	B	B		B	A					A
Williams, Edna B.	B	B		B				B		B	B		
Young, Yvonne J.	B	B		A	B	B	B	B					

SPEECH DAY.— All the world sang around us and not even the cloudy weather could damp our spirits as on the 17th December, 1925, that day of days, we wended our way to the Conservatorium, proudly conscious of the neat white array which proclaimed the passing of Fort Street, "the best school of all." The hall was full of girls—big girls, little girls, fat girls, thin girls, all merry girls—and their numerous friends and relatives. What an excited murmur of voices awaited with breathless expectancy the arrival of Miss Evans, who was acting as principal in the absence of Miss Cruise, the staff and the visitors—the Beginning of Things!

Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Board, Mr. and Mrs. Cramp, Mrs. Mather, Miss Bayes, Miss Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis and Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, an ex-student of Fort St.

The afternoon's proceedings were opened with an item by the school choir, which fully repaid Miss Watts for her efforts in the great appreciation of the audience and, in this connection, we should like to convey our hearty appreciation of the excellent services rendered by Glynn Stayte as school pianist during these last two years.

The chair was taken by Mr. Board, who spoke warmly of Fort Street, and also of the national necessity of high school education. In these days, the claim upon educated women, he said, is becoming greater and greater, and he expressed the hope that some of the Fort Street girls would enter Parliament in the future as had Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A., who was present.

Miss Evans then read the annual report in which Fort Street showed very well both in work and sport.

Miss Preston Stanley told the girls to keep up the enthusiasm they had shown that day, in the real things of life, and they would accomplish their aims. She spoke of the woman's movement and pointed out how woman had lost her ancient prestige during the Dark Ages and how she is now steadily regaining it.

Mrs. Kenneth Street, B.A., addressed herself chiefly to the girls who were leaving, whom she encouraged not to allow anything to daunt them in their future activities.

Then came the event of the afternoon—the presentation of the prizes, by Mrs. Board.

After a vote of thanks to the speakers and Mr. and Mrs. Board, proposed by the Captains, Speech Day was closed with the good old school song, "Come Fortians all" and the National Anthem, and with many hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas and happy holidays, the assembly broke up.

E. FOUNTAIN, 5A.

PRIZE LIST.

Ada Partridge Prize (distinction at Leaving Certificate Examination).—Wilga Moore.

Captain-Elect for 1926.—Essie Cohen.

Fort Street Boys' High School Prize for Sport.—Clarice Kennedy; Marjory Russell (runner up).

Molly Thornhill Prize (distinction at Intermediate Examination).—Kathleen McElroy.

Dux of School.—Glynn Stayte.

Year V.—Second Prize: Eunice Farmer.

Year IV.—Dux: Kathleen McElroy.

Year IV.—Second Prize: Essie Cohen.

Year III.—Dux: Bertha Trikojus.

Year III.—Second Prize: Joan Balmain.

Year II.—Dux: Amy Carpenter.

Year II.—Second Prize: Mona Ritchie.

Year I.—Dux: Molly Scutt and Irene Shackeloth.

Year I.—Second Prize: Ruth Lilyblade.

Year IV.—Prize for English Literature: B. Bannèr and E. Carpenter.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes.—Edna Holland, Gladys Chapman, Phyllis Wylie.

Prize for Hebrew Scripture.—Rebe Pearlman.



**CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS,
1926.**

Front Row.—I. WESTFALLON, N. WILLIAMS, E. COHEN (Captain), C. EVANS, M. SWEENEY.

Back Row.—I. PACKARD, K. McELROY, A. McCANDLESS, A. DREVES, V. ANDERSON.

THE FAREWELL.—So 1925 was over and again came Farewell Day! Ours this time. The morning, showery and cold, interfered with part of the ritual, the photographing by a battery of cameras of the Principal investing the Captain, but the true business of the day proceeded as merrily and noisily as usual and perhaps with just as much hidden sadness when the old walls rang:

“Come, Fortians, Fortians all!
A last time let us gather.”

But this was atoned by the nerve-shattering roar of assurance:

“Are we down-hearted? **NO!**

Our Captains spoke of work done and of work attempted, and as Jessie of 1925 and Essie of 1926 stood before us, we saw the years mingle and we realised the continuity of the school. The new prefects were invested and addressed their years. Essie Cohen and Annie Dreves spoke to Year V., Ivy Westfallon and Irene Packard to Year IV., Coral Evans and Annie McCandless to the Intermediate classes, Nancy Williams and Mavis Sweeney to Second Year girls, while Kathleen McElroy and Violet Anderson thought of the First Year yet to be enrolled.

The speeches and the singing done, the

staff had its ordeal to face—a long, long trail between walls of laughing girls who sang in varied key and time and spirit that best used song of the Briton:

"For they are jolly good fellows."

And so to the Sewing Room, jazz caps of miraculous design and a Spread of Spreads. The Gymnasium, games, dancing, Auld Lang Syne—all is over, over almost before it has begun—just as our school life seems to be.

Five years since we began?

Never!

X.Y.Z.

THE THIRD YEAR FAREWELL PARTY.—After the dark cloud of the "Inter," which had loomed on our otherwise unshadowed horizon since First Year, was dispersed in the reality of the "Inter." itself, Third Year settled down to an easy and enjoyable time, to be terminated by a wonderful party, given as a farewell to the chums who were leaving us.

The "Gym." was suddenly transformed into perfect fairyland of balloons, streamers, flowers, and greenery, under the capable hands of Doris Lipert and her fellow workers, and (this is for the benefit of the non-attendants) behind the green curtains the festive board groaned with all kinds of good things—and Ice Cream!

At 2.30 crowds of happy Third Years attired in jazz caps of all shapes and colours, welcomed the staff, the captain and the prefects and all joined in singing "The Best School of All." The strains of the famous jazz orchestra soon set the feet flying and high revelry prevailed. The "Monte Carlo," the prizes for which were boxes of sweets, was won by Livinus Quinn and Marie Urquhart.

After refreshments had been partaken of by all, dancing again claimed the members of the joyous throng. The singing of "Come Fortians All" proved a signal and all the streamers and balloons were lowered, enveloping us in their coloured splendour.

Then came the final act, which took place under the grand old fig tree, when Fortians big and little joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne and the grounds

re-echoed with voices cheering for Fort Street and the Third Year party.

JOYCE KOLTS, 4A.

OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL was held on Monday, 8th March, at the Aquarium Baths, Coogee. The afternoon was very fine and everyone was eager for the races to commence.

Everywhere excited girls could be seen waving their class colours and shouting encouragement to their classmates, who were competing in the various events.

The Class Swimming Shield was won by 4A, who are to be congratulated on their success, 3A gaining second place. The School Championship was won by Clarice Kennedy, with T Trafford in the second place, and B. Hart third. Clarice was also successful in the 16 Years Championship. As in previous years, the Year Relay was one of the most exciting events and a close finish resulted, Year IV. being first, Year III. second, and Year II. third.

The novelty races caused much amusement and laughter, as the competitors strove to fill their bags with corks, or to blow a large balloon towards the finishing point. A large number of girls entered for these events, which seem to be increasing in popularity each year.

School Championship.—C. Kennedy.
Junior Championship.—T. Trafford.
17 Years' Championship.—B. Singleton.
16 years' Championship.—C. Kennedy.
15 Years' Championship.—M. Moore.
14 Years' Championship.—T. Trafford.
13 Years' Championship.—S. Taylor.
12 Years' Championship.—E. Yates.
Senior Backstroke.—J. Walker.
Junior Backstroke.—J. Walker.
Senior Breaststroke.—S. Taylor.
Junior Breaststroke.—O. Sangwell and I. Coombes.

We were very glad to see so many Old Girls at our Carnival, and look forward to seeing them again next year.

This swimming season has revealed a number of promising swimmers, and we hope for a successful and enthusiastic season next year.

AMY CARPENTER, 3A.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL CARNIVAL.—Every High School in Sydney was represented by swimmers in the Combined High School Carnival, which was held in the Domain Baths on Monday, 22nd March, and a keen rivalry between the various schools made the afternoon more exciting.

Sydney High School won the Point Score Shield, but Fort Street gained second place, being beaten by only three points. This is the nearest we have been to the winning point, and all our swimmers are to be heartily congratulated.

The Championship of the High Schools was a most exciting event, and C Kennedy, our school champion, only lost the first place by two-fifths of a second. Fort Street also gained second place in the Relay Race for the Solomon Shield.

Other Fort Street competitors were successful in various events.

12 Years' Championship.—E. Yates, 3.

14 Years' Championship.—T. Trafford, 1; O. Sangwell, 3.

15 Years' Championship.—M. Moore, 1; B. Hart, 2.

16 Years' Championship.—C. Kennedy 1. Junior Relay.—Fort Street, 2.

Junior Diving.—T. Trafford, 2.

Junior Rescue Race.—Fort Street, 1.

Junior Breast Stroke.—C. Sangwell, 1; J. Tyler, 2.

Junior Back Stroke.—J. Walker, 1; T. Trafford, 3.

Back Stroke Championship.—J. Walker, 1.

Breast Stroke Championship.—S. Taylor, 2; J. Balmain, 3.

Rescue Race.—Fort Street.

Six-oar Race.—Fort Street, 2; Fort St. 3; A. Carpenter, 3A.

THE LIFE-SAVING CLUB has been very successful this season. We wish to thank Miss Tearle who helped us so much during Miss Fuller's absence. We heartily congratulate Clarice Kennedy and Beryl Hart for gaining the much-coveted "Award of Merit."

Other awards gained were:—

Instructor's Certificate.—C. Kennedy, D. Drury, E. Russell.

Bar to Bronze Medallion.—M. Dorrington, I. Coombes, J. Tyler.

Bronze Medallion.—J. Walker, D. McCaffery, M. Nolan, K. Bannan, I. McFarlane, T. Sadler, Z. Jones, E. Mail, B. Brown, E. Hall, L. Cousins, A. Cairns, P. Cairns, F. Jago.

Proficiency.—J. Bates, B. Carr-Boyd, H. Colquhoun, L. Clancy, E. Swadling. Elementary Test.—B. Watson, V. Cunningham, M. Rigby, B. Jenkins, L. Pratt.

Resuscitation Badge.—Joyce Bannan, Rita Adams.

THE WINTER SPORTS COMPETITIONS are to begin on 19th May when we shall meet our worthy opponents, "Sydney" in all matches. The Captains of the various teams are:

Hockey A.—Nancy Williams.

Hockey B.—Dorothea Drury.

Lacrosse A.—Winnie Scriven.

Basket Ball A.—Essie Cohen.

Basket Ball B.—Coralie Lucas.

Tennis A.—Alice Smith.

Tennis B.—Beryl Cakebread.

Vigoro.—Audrey Folkard.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.—The Junior and Senior Reference Library reopened this year in February and a slight alteration was made by changing opening days from Mondays and Thursdays to Mondays and Fridays.

Up to the present the attendance has not been what may be expected from such a large school. The senior girls use the library well, but we should like to welcome more new members from the Lower School and we should be pleased to help them in a choice of books.

The library now contains a fine collection of books and magazines, nevertheless we should be very thankful to anyone who wishes to lend or donate books suitable to supplement the present stock.

Our thanks are due to Mr. H. Wolff, who has presented a fine dictionary of quotations which may be consulted in Miss Cruise's room.

V. McPherson, 4A.

M. Fairlie, 4A.

Librarians

THE FICTION LIBRARY.—This institution has flourished lately among the junior members of the school. Do senior girls know that they also may avail themselves of this privilege?

The library is open in Room 9 on Mondays and Thursdays at 11 o'clock, and we should be glad to enrol any new members on those days. Also any donations of suitable books will be very acceptable.

H. Vischer, 4A. }
R. Ridge, 4A. } Librarians

THE DEBATING SOCIETY has had a very busy half-year and the attendance at the meetings has been most satisfactory.

The great event of the half-year was the challenge delivered by the Debating Society of the Fort Street Boys' High School to our own, which took place on April 23rd in our school gymnasium. The audience consisted of Miss Cruise and several members of the staff, Mr. Roberts, the Fort Street Boys' Captain and prefects, and all Fifth, Fourth, and Third Year Girls, together with the other members of the Debating Society.

The subject of the debate was "That this House upholds the policy: My Country Right or Wrong," and the speakers for our school were Bessie Bannan, Essie Cohen and Coral Evans. The debate was won by the Fort Street Boys' High School. The challenge debate has forged yet another link in the bond of fellowship with our brother school, and we hope to engage in another debate with the boys in the near future.

The subjects of the other debates were "That secondary education is overdone in New South Wales" and "That sport is overdone in Australia."

Our President, Irene Packard, is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm and energy which she has displayed in the organization and conduct of all the debates.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 4A,
Secretary.

SPECIAL CHOIR.—Although many members of last year's choir have left, 1926 opened with a fine attendance, and under the careful tuition of Miss Watts we hope to learn many new songs, as well as to revive and improve our old ones. "The Spinning Chorus" (Wagner) and Schubert's setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd" were successfully rendered on Speech Day.

We are unfortunate in having lost our pianiste, Glynn Stayte, who worked so hard for last year's operetta, but Miss Watts is at present looking for someone to take her place, and will doubtless find, among the talented members of the choir, a worthy successor. This year the choir is not participating in any public function, but the second year singing class is taking part in the Annual Hospital Concert, and we wish it every success.

JEAN STEVENSON, 4A.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—With an enrolment of no less than forty chosen girls, it is to be hoped that the Dramatic Society will this year maintain its position in the activities of the school, and will be supported by the enthusiasm and energy of its members. The aim of the society this year is to draw the members themselves more closely together. So it has been decided to hold regular fortnightly meetings after school, when certain entertainments will be enjoyed, such as impromptu acting, by which we hope to appoint girls to act in the June play. Within a few weeks we hope to gain the interest of the members by forming reading circles.

The first effort of the society was a presentation of a short one act play called "The Maker of Dreams."

ESSIE COHEN, 5A.

President.

"THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE."
—In response to a request by the "Old Girls" for an item for their March concert programme, the "Present Girls" presented "The Land of Heart's Desire" (Yeats).

The cast had to be slightly altered from the original one, which presented the play last year, as Leslie Riley (Shawn Bruin) and Eva Tully (Mary Bruin) have left us. The vacancies however were ably filled by Elva Merriman and Joan Balmain, while the rest of the cast

Dorothy Kaye Bridget Bruin
Kathleen O'Hanlon . . . Maurteen Bruin
Isabelle Ellis Father Hart
Isolde King Fairy

sustained their parts with much success. The fairy music was arranged by Elva Merriman and the play was again very successful. Clarice Kennedy too must receive praise for her splendid work as stage carpenter, and as all did their very best, the "Land of Heart's Desire" presented a very fine item on the evening's programme.

JOYCE KOLTS, 4A.

SCHOOL STATIONERY.—As a final tribute to the old school the Fifth Year Girls of 1925 left behind them a gift in the form of a stock of note-paper, embossed with the school-crest. The stationery is most attractive and in order that the present stock may be replenished, it is being sold at the following prices: Two sheets for 2½d. and one envelope 1d.

We are very grateful to Miss Irwin, who has kindly offered to manage the sale of the paper.

M.D., 4A.

PLAY DAY.—The keen excitement manifested in play day was due to two outstanding reasons which, as an example for history students (more especially third years!), will be set out "clearly and concisely" in separate clauses.

1. After all the work (??) of the term, anything in the nature of a relaxation for our overwhelmed minds was pleasing.

2. The rumours, which for weeks past had pervaded the class-rooms and had been the source of much speculation,

created a curiosity in the mind of every Fortian.

The curtain rose, disclosing a very unique form of stage decoration, for here was depicted the Weather Cottage of Darby and Joan—presented by 4B—with Freda Frazer as Darby and Dorothy Kaye as Joan, not forgetting Myra Whiting, who was the fairy. The play did credit to Miss Donovan, the producer.

For a few seconds silent shuffling and subdued murmurs greeted the straining ears of the audience, and then we were transported into a totally different atmosphere—one of chivalry and old-world courtliness, with modest ladies in lovely frocks. The play was "Followers," written in the spirit of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," the players, members of 4A, ably coached by Miss Purcell. Helen Stevens as Miss Lucinda Baines displayed an admirable understanding of her part, while Joyce Kolts as Colonel Charles Redfern, a would-be suitor for her hand, acted in her usual good style. Winnie Scriven was a delightfully demure Helen Masters, and Joan Balmain as the eloquent Susan Crowther supplied the necessary light touch.

Miss Irwin contributed a very dainty little song, "There are Fairies at the bottom of my Garden," which was very well received.

At this juncture Shakespeare (a noted dramatist)—I should say, some of his work—was presented to us in the form of the quarrel scene from Richard II., acted by 3D. Ella Downer as Mowbray acted exceptionally well, while Molly Dorrington as Bolingbroke carried her part with conviction. Hazel Templeton made an excellent king and Molly Baillie as John of Gaunt completed the more important characters. The two pages, Noreen Stevenson and Jean Kaye, revived old memories in the costumes from the Operetta. Altogether the acting was very good, and once again praise must be given to Miss Donovan.

Some well-known and popular French songs were given by 2A, Miss Irwin's French Class, "Sur le pont d'Avignon" especially appealing to the older girls,

as it revived glad some memories of First Year Days, when we used to polka round the "gym," with ONE girl singing it and the rest pretending to—!

A pretty little German song, "The Boy and the Rose," was given by Miss Harders' First Year Class.

Now, last, but not by any means least, came a short, one-act play, entitled "The Maker of Dreams," presented by the School Dramatic Society. Gwen Bottomley as the dainty Pierrette was exceedingly captivating, displaying a truly fairy-like nimbleness. Joan McWilliam as Pierrot portrayed most effectively the slightly arrogant, happy-go-lucky street singer, while Joan Lee as "The Maker of Dreams" captivated all our hearts with her understanding little smile. For this exceedingly pleasing little play thanks must be given to Irene Packard for her splendid coaching.

The singing of "God Save the King" ended one of the happiest and most enjoyable play days we have had for several terms.

"SHE," 4A.

ANZAC DAY dawned bright and clear, bringing with it the scent of rosemary and memories of a certain 25th April, eleven years ago, when war in its tragic terror, had set its mark, even upon our own sunny land. To-day we have emerged from the red crucible of war, but in our hearts there dwells the memory of the boys who made it possible for us to enjoy the freedom with which we pay them tribute.

Miss Cruise spoke to us of the glory of their deed, reminding us that Anzac Day was celebrated all over the world, and that the deeds of Anzac were engraved upon the nation's scroll of fame.

Wreaths were sent to the soldiers' graves at Waverley, and pictures of the landing, and the Unknown Warrior's tomb, were decorated with sprays of Rosemary.

This Fort Street commemorated Anzac Day, a day that will be remembered in the hearts of men from age to age.

R. HAYES, 4A.

THE FRESHERS' WELCOME.—How welcome the older members of Fort St. School made the younger girls, just starting in this school! Most of us felt very strange amidst our new surroundings, as many of us knew no one here at all, but the kind welcome we received found us new friends.

Word had been sent round to announce to the new girls that they were all to assemble in the gymnasium the following day, and that they were to write their names clearly on a piece of paper, and pin it conspicuously to their tunics. Mystery was in the air! Whatever was it?

The appointed time came at last for us to assemble in single file outside the gymnasium. At the door were two Fifth Year girls, and as soon as the first girl entered the piano struck up the strains of "For She's a Jelly Good Fellow," and all the older girls sang. We had to march in single file around the hall. What a strange feeling!

On the stage the curtain was opened enough to show a blackboard with "Welcome to Fort Street:" inscribed in artistic lettering. A large flag was draped around it.

When each girl had marched once around the hall, we were told to sit down for a while. The captain of the school made a speech, welcoming us to our new school, for which speech she was heartily cheered. And then the fun began!

Each girl, when a whistle was blown, was to take pencil and paper and try and get as many of the Fifth Year girls' names as she could. The winner then received a prize. Girls danced and sang, all merry and happy, making everyone else happy too. Then we had to go around and get acquainted with one another, by reading each other's "name-plates."

A whistle was blown for silence, and we each had to sit quite still. We wondered what was going to happen next. We were soon to know.

Through the door came girls, each carrying a plate of lovely cakes and glasses of drink. How surprised we were! Needless to say we did full jus-

tice to them. Once again the girls left the hall, to return with a pleasant surprise—ICE CREAM! How delicious it was!

We were very sorry when the bell rang for us to leave the place where we had spent such a merry afternoon, for the time had passed all too quickly.

We left the school, laughing and chattering over the lovely reception we had received. Very grateful we felt, for we had made many good friends, through the kindness of our hostesses, that memorable afternoon.

We felt no longer as if we were strangers in a strange land, and it made us realise how very lucky we are to have gained entrance into this splendid school.

ISOBEL STEPHEN, 1A.

KOALA PARTY.—Weird and wonderful sounds issued from the interior of the Gymnasium. Gurgles, intermingled with laughter, were wafted out on the afternoon air. It was Koala's second birthday party, and the members of 3A had returned to childhood in honour of the occasion. A few streamers, left over from the Third Year party, adorned the walls, for the rest, the coo-ing, gurgling toddlers formed a picture in themselves.

After indulging in a few nursery games such as "Oranges-and-Lemons," and "See-this-pretty-little-girl-of-mine," refreshments were partaken of, after which Helen Stevens rendered a pathetic recitation.

Then, whether it was the effects of the refreshments or just a plain miracle, we know not, but those children began to waltz and foxtrot to the strains of "Barney Google" and "It-ain't-gonna-rain-no-more," beautifully rendered on the grand piano by Roma Aria.

The party was honoured for a few moments by the presence of Miss Evans, who praised the various "get-ups."

At about a quarter past five the afternoon was ended by singing "Come For-tians All" and "God Save the King."

By this time the children had resumed their ordinary attire, and bidding farewell to Miss Purcell, who had so

kindly undertaken to remain with us throughout the celebration, we returned home—except those who remained to clean up. D. P. 4A.

A FORT STREET READING CIRCLE.—The object of this reading circle is to give girls an opportunity to know and understand good authors, to appreciate and cultivate a taste for good literature. This circle has only been in existence for three months, and is a new venture, well on the way to success.

The books already studied, vary considerably—verse, travel, adventure, historical fiction, and plays figuring chiefly. The books studied are:—A. A. Milne: "When We Were Very Young," Ponting, "The Great White South"; Kipling: "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Just So Stories"; Mary Johnson: "By Order of the Company"; Scott: "Ivanhoe"; Dumas, "The Three Musketeers"; Kingsley: "The Heroes," and "One Act Plays of To-day," Volumes I. and II., edited by Marriott. The books to be read will be of the same type, and any new book that comes out and is attainable will be studied too. Each book will be taken, extracts read, criticised and its good points clearly shown to the girls. A short story of the author will be given, and everything done to help the girls enjoy and thoroughly understand a book. This reading circle should prove a great boon to its members in days to come. JOAN PHILLIPS, 1B.

SOME ACTS OF SERVICE.—Warm cuffs for the aged are being knitted by the girls and will be collected by the Captain on June 16th. They will be distributed by the University Women's Social Service Society.

Class 3A takes a weekly load of flowers and good wishes to the Children's Ward at Sydney Hospital.

Warm clothes for the poor were collected by Class 2A at the beginning of the winter and sent to those who need them.

(Will other classes report their services to the community? The magazine is proud to publish them.—Ed.)

THE RETIREMENT OF Mr. KILGOUR from his duties as Headmaster of Fort Street Boys' High School will be greatly regretted by all friends of the schools. It removes a link between them. For years Mr. Kilgour was Prin-

cipal of the two departments, and his kindness is gratefully remembered by those who taught and studied under him. We hope that many years of happy leisure will reward his long labours in the cause of education.

RAMBLING.

I'm very fond of rambling,
Just roving to and fro;
Hands tucked in blazer pockets,
Hat tilted forward—so!
I like to roam our gully,
To wander by the creek,
To smell that strong, fresh greenness
And hear the wood things speak.

And once I saw a dryad
Drink from a blue-bell cup;
And once, behind a red-gum
I watched Pan tuning up;
And though folk say, "Tis falsehood"!
And shake their heads at me,
I know them—"ears that hear not
And eyes that do not see."

I like to stroll on slowly,
To climb beyond the rise;
To watch, as dusk drifts downward,
The splendour of the skies,
The scarlet of the sunset,
The night wind's whispered croon;
And then—to travel onward
In the mellow of the moon.

It's quiet in the gully;
No worries—no alarms.
It's just a soothing slumber
In mother Nature's arms;
And when my rambling's ended,
Lay me beneath a tree,
The soft sigh of its leaflets
A requiem for me.

ISABELLE ELLIS, 5A.

FRIENDS.

Two tousled heads looked down on me,
One raven black, one gold as sand;
Two robes of palest blue I see,
As Friends go walking hand in hand.

Along the bank I see them go,
And then four eyes are peering down;
Two eyes of violet blue I know,
And two of velvet brown.

At last behind the trees we meet,
And Brown Eyes gaily waves her
hand,
While Blue Eyes smile a greeting
sweet,

As nods that head of ruffled sand.
N.B., 3A.

"SO SWIFT BRIGHT THINGS . . ."

Only a withered flower, scentless and
dead!

Ah, but what it means; for with the
passing of every flower one little bit of

beauty fades for ever, though millions
more may take its place. One ray of
sunlight will never gleam again!

M.G., 5A.

A Loving Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARY CLIFTON DUNNICLIFF, B.A.

FOR OVER FIVE YEARS A TEACHER IN THIS SCHOOL.

Obit

April 18th, 1926.

*"Brevis a natura nobis vita data est; at memoria bene
redditae vitae sempiterna."*

EASTER.

The mighty organ pours its golden flood
Of joyful harmony, and echoes through
The dim cathedral's vaulted roof. Behind

A snowy screen of flowers newly-born
The old "Te Deum" in majestic praise,
Is chanted by the sweet-voiced, hidden
choir.

The multitude, who only yesterday
Filled all the busy world with teeming
life,

Now kneels in prayer and thanks to
God because

One Man, but One in all the myriad
hosts

Who, since the first, grey dawn have
passed beyond

The mystic curtains, called by mortals
"Death,"

Into the "Great Unseen," returned to
tell

Its secrets.

Twenty centuries ago
Three women stole with weary, heavy
steps

Into a garden bathed in dewy light
Beneath the rising sun, and, as they
walked,

A fragrant perfume filled the air, as if
The souls of faded blossoms hovered
there

The scent of myrrh and precious spices,
such

As Eastern people scatter o'er the dead.
But three short days ago these women
knelt

Beside a cross upon Golgotha's hill,
And watched with streaming eyes, the
Son of Man

Give up His life, amid the mocking
scorn

Of Roman soldiers and of frenzied
Jews.

And now, with breaking hearts and
tear-dimmed eyes,

They neared the sepulchre wherein He
lay.

But lo! the heavy stone was rolled
away.

And at the mouth a Vision robed in
white

Saluted them in tone's like David's
harp,

"Why do ye seek the living midst the
dead"?

Surprised and awed, they ran, their
 company
 To tell—all but sad Mary Magdalen
 Whose grief no shining seraphim could
 soothe.
 None but the Lord she loved could speak
 the word
 That would bring solace to her aching
 heart.
 "Why weepest thou?" a strange Voice
 asked nearby.
 Her dark eyes veiled with tears, she low
 replied.
 But one more word the Voice—no longer
 strange—
 Did answer: "Mary"! O'er the griev-
 ing soul

Joy, like a glowing torrent, rolled; and
 Time
 Stayed in his flight to cast the throbb-
 ing word,
 "Rabboni"! through Eternity unborn,
 As heaven with a comet spears the
 night.
 The sunlight slants through stained
 glass windows old
 And veils the altar in a roseate mist
 The Lord's symbolic Feast is spread
 for us
 Memorial of his holy love and death
 And hope of that great Easter yet to
 come

W. SCRIVEN, 4A.

PEACE.

(Written of the Twilight on Tuggerah Lakes.)

A million candles burn to her pale face,
 The starlit waters tremble at her grace.
 A thousand breezes croon for her dear
 sake.
 The reebeds rustle, as upon the Lake
 She comes, the fairest child of Night
 and Day.
 Created for this hour, nor born to stay
 Till dawns the day when Earth at last
 shall cease,
 And all beyond be Everlasting Peace.
 And thus she comes—the Peace that
 all in vain,
 World upon world has struggled to re-
 tain.
 A Peace, that walks upon the tranquil
 Lake,
 Leaving serene sweet joy within her
 wake.
 Touching my brow I feel her garments
 fair,

And in my heart I know her light is
 there,
 Burning within me, bright and clear and
 high,
 Lighting her face to crown with it, the
 sky.

Oh! that I might forever feel her near,
 Might feel the flame of Peace still burn-
 ing clear,
 Might know her song will stay within
 my soul;
 But in dim ages did Great God ordain
 That man must toil this prize of Peace
 to gain,
 And then at last, when all man's work
 shall cease,
 In the beyond shall be Eternal Peace.

JOYCE KOLTS, 4A.

(With acknowledgments to "Koala,"
4A Class Magazine.)

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

I wonder if I asked you how many
 wonderful things you had seen during
 the last year, what would be your an-
 swer!

Would you say, "Oh, a beautiful
 dress—a great house—an expensive car
 —a fashionably dressed woman—a rich
 man—an expensive piece of silk"?

Or would you say, "These are the

great things I have seen: A cobweb
 sprinkled with dew—a dark red rose
 after rain—a hillside covered with
 bracken—a still-pool bordered with
 ferns—clouds in a summer sky?"

Which would be your reply? Are you
 "A Dreamer if Dreams" or are you
 "Practical"?

AYESHA, 3A.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES.

SCHOOL GUIDES.—Every Monday afternoon, a queue of girls may be seen forming under the fig tree before the front porch. It is the School Guides lining up for their march to St. Philip's Hall, for Canon Bellingham has kindly allowed the Guides to hold their weekly meetings there.

At the end of 1925 Fort Street Guide Company gained a place in the final of the All-Round Guide Competition, and was successful in carrying off the much-coveted shield from their worthy rivals, 1st Bondi and 1st Ryde companies.

The last meeting of 1925 was an extremely happy one both for School Guides and other guides attending Fort Street for a break-up party was held, in St. Philip's Hall, which was also attended by Mrs. Mather, the District Commissioner, Miss Evans, and many old Fortians. At the opening of the afternoon, the patrol seconds, Essie Cohen, Olga Sangwell, and Madge Marchant, were enrolled; at the close of the afternoon Marjorie Russell, on behalf of the guides, presented Miss Drury with a small present in appreciation of the earnest work she had done with them during the year,

The guides have been busy both in work and play this year, and the company is progressing well; we now have as our lieutenant our old captain and ever a very active guide, Mollie Thornhill. During the Christmas vacation,

patrol second Olga Sangwell attended a guide camp at Camden.

Two very enjoyable field days have been held at Cheltenham this year; at the first, among other things, many of the guides passed tests in outdoor guide work, and experimented in guide cooking. The second was held on May 8th and a company enrolment took place, attended by friends and relatives of the guides. At the end of the day, all old ties and promises were renewed around the first camp fire of the company; and the fire fading, the guides bade adieu to the charm of the Cheltenham bush, the tune of Taps echoing on the breeze.

We are anxious that all girls joining the school company should continue guiding after leaving school, either by joining the University Cadets, a larger company, or attending Guiders' Training Class. There are several vacancies in the school company for new recruits, and girls who wish to join should give their names to Essie Cohen as early as possible. These names will then be submitted to the Court of Honour, which deals with all matters connected with the administration of the company.

We are eagerly looking ahead to the Christmas Holidays, when we hope to have our first annual camp under canvas. Camping is one of the greatest joys of guiding and cannot but appeal to all guides who love the Great Outdoors.

CORAL EVANS, 5A.

NEWS FROM OTHER COMPANIES.

—Although Fort Street has a big Guide company, there are several suburban companies with representatives at school, and for all Guides 1926 marks an epoch in Australian Guiding activities, as it brought the Interstate Camp—that cynosure of all Guiding eyes for the past five years.

After many months of preparation the actual week arrived, and soon the people of Camden saw rows and rows of white bell-tents pitched beside the

Nepean River. From New Zealand, Western and Southern Australia, Tasmania, Queensland, Victoria and New South Wales, Guides had made the long journey to be present at the camps—many, as in the case of several New South Wales Lone Guides, travelling for over a week.

The whole camp, under the command of Miss Shanks and Miss Bush (Victoria), presented a surprising appearance to visitors; the canteen—where

all things from a boot-lace to "Just-so Stories" could be obtained, where mails were received and dispatched daily, while the hospital tents, with the red of the flag providing a bright splash, stood aloof on a small rising.

During the week, Guiding held sway in its many forms, and, at the last camp-fire, one realised the enormous possibilities of Guiding, and the bond of Empire which it constitutes.

This year has also seen the departure of Miss Shanks, the Scottish Guider who has taken the place of Miss Levy, while

she was away. All the companies knew Miss Shanks, and the Guides were very, very sorry when she had to leave Australia.

Among the companies represented at Fort Street are Manly, Balgowlah, Ryde, Mosman, Burwood, Marrickville, Annandale, Leichhardt, Vaucluse, Chatswood, Dulwich Hill, Goulburn, and several others, all eager and ready for "The work in the world that the Guides must do."

ENID CARPENTER, 5A
(1st Manly.)

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION has just opened on the 7th year of its activities and, with an enthusiastic committee, and hosts of equally enthusiastic members, is hoping to eclipse all former years in the range and usefulness of its achievements. Last year, you will remember we set out with much trepidation, but firm resolve, to hold a "Back to Fort Street Drive," to increase our membership, to extend our activities in order to provide intercourse and amusement for both old and new "old girls" and to justify our connection with such a great old school as Fort Street, by performing some service to the community. All our aims we feel have been realised to a certain extent—our numbers almost doubled, a series of informal meetings held on the first Wednesday of every month and a gipsy tea at Dobroyd, provided all of us with ample opportunity to renew old acquaintances and a concert held in the school gym, in March enabled us to send eleven pounds to the University Women's Social Service Society. The concert was a huge success, socially as well as financially, but we realise that the entertainment was made possible only by the co-operation of the school, and we wish to thank Miss Cruise, Miss Morley and all the girls who helped so willingly as well as the various other artists who

assisted. It is very reassuring to feel that we have the support of the school behind us and some day we hope to be strong enough to repay you, School!

Enough for our efforts last year. The new year began with a very successful general meeting in April. Over one hundred were present and the following committee was elected: Patron, Miss Partridge; President, Dr. Marie Bentivoglio; Permanent Vice-President, Miss Cruise; Vice-Presidents, Miss Evans, Miss Tearle, Mollie Thornhill, Honorary Secretary, Eirene Lang, Honorary Assistant Secretary, Stella Bastian, Honorary Treasurer, Jessie Anderson; Committee: Ailsa Tulloch, Katie Williams, Marjorie Doherty, Heather Stark, Glynn Stayte, Marie Higgins and Marjorie Russell.

Tennis Club Representative: Vera Waterstone.

The committee has not yet had time to form many plans, but arrangements are in hand for the seventh Annual Dinner to be held at Dungowan, Martin Place, on 12th May and the Annual Dance at the "Wentworth" on 24th July. There is also a whisper that the social on first Wednesday in June is to be a Games Evening, so don't forget to reserve all the first Wednesdays for Fort Street. This, however, is but the beginning; we hope to do wonderful

things this year and we have every omen of success. So let us all do our bit to make Fort Street Old Girls' Union a real union and really Fortian. It is a task that demands a certain amount of time and trouble, but it is worth it and we can still yell as we yelled in our youth—

Are we downhearted?

NO-O-O-O!

But a survey of the old girls' activities is not complete nowadays without a glance at subsidiary societies. The Tennis Club is still flourishing under the able guidance of Vera Waterstone as Secretary, and arrangements for the first Tennis Dance of the season—in the Feminist Club Rooms on 29th May are already made. The Dramatic Club has been rather unfortunate on the whole, but owes much to the energies

of its Secretary, Heather Stark, and is hoping to produce a number of short plays in the Gymnasium during May.

A third society has just come into being, a literary circle under the direction of Miss Morley. This is to meet on the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month, and a study will be made of contemporary literature. We feel sure that it will provide delightful recreation for many old Fortians, for is it not just when our education is presumably finished that we feel the urge to learn something really worth while about the greater arts?

So much for the O.G.U. activities past and future! But perhaps I have not mentioned the greatest thing of all—that all we "Old Girls" feel bound to one another and to all you present girls, by loyalty to a common ideal.

M.G.T.

A Letter from Sydney University.

Dear Fortians,

Those who "still quest of further learning," are seeking it at the University, form a very happy band of Ex-Fortians, many of whom are taking a very active part in the numerous clubs and societies. Mollie Thornhill and Ebena Isles are on the board of directors of the Women's Union. Mollie Thornhill is also president of the Women Undergraduates' Association, with Hazel Brewster as treasurer, Amy Chicken as secretary. Glynn Stayte and Wilga Moore are representatives for Arts I. and Science II. respectively. Muriel Nicholls represents Arts III. in the Arts Society, and Mollie Thornhill and Amy Chicken are members of the staff of the "Arts Journal" as well as being the only women represented on "Hermes," the University magazine. Ebena Isles is secretary of the Women's Sports Union and Belle Pontey is on the social committee of the Science Society, with Wilga Moore. La section Francaise has Amy Chicken for secretary, and she is also the librarian

of the Glee Club and a member of the Debates Committee. Amongst the graduates this year was Kathleen Waddington, who captured honours in mathematics.

At present there are three ex-Fortian captains in Arts, a very rare occurrence which we hope to see more frequently. Fort Street has penetrated the University so thoroughly that even amongst the evening students there is a large percentage of ex-Fortians and the secretary of the Women Evening Students' Association is Lily Williams who followed another ex-Fortian, Grace Santos in office. So you see that young Fort Street, entering the University, has no need to feel alarmed or lonely. There are old school friends in almost every faculty, only too ready to welcome newcomers to the fold. The fine traditions of Fort Street are transferred and maintained at the University and each year the torch is handed on to the new arrivals with the firm faith that it will burn brightly always.

A. C., Arts III.

A Letter from the Teachers' College.

Dear Fortians still at Fort Street,

It is rather a strange sensation to be writing to you, because some of you I never knew personally, but I know you all as Fortians—that is enough.

We Fortians at the Teachers' College have all experienced the life that you are living now, and so we know just what you are doing—lessons, games, plays, debates, parties and all the hundred and one things that constitute a happy school life. But you have not experienced our life. That is a joy in store for you—at least, I hope it will be—a joy, I mean. We are all going to be teachers, you know—well, anyway, we think we are. That's why we are here. And we are going to be a credit to our country, so I believe—in the dim future—I don't know just when. But with all this future fame before us, a would-be teacher's life is not altogether a happy one. For, in the first place, one has to go to every lecture every day! Four or five one-hour lectures every day for five days a week for so many weeks—just work this out, translate the answer into minutes (I'll take your answer as correct—I dare not trust my own!) and you see what a terrifying result you get. That's what we poor students have to face every day. Can you wonder at our lack-lustre eyes? You see, the annoying part is, that if you have an engagement for a certain hour and then find you also have a lecture at that hour, you have to go to the lecture or stay away the whole day. And you can't stay away the whole day when you've already attended two lectures before you find out, can you? You see how pernicious and vicious is the system. I mean it's so inconvenient.

Of course there are compensations—I don't want to dampen your youthful ardour, ye who aspire to Teacherhood. We have a piano and a gramophone—it's really a remarkable affair. If someone puts a record on it at one end of the common room, you can't hear anything of it at the other end. Quite an amicable arrangement, don't you

think? It allows for frivolous enjoyment and profound study in the one room at one and the same time.

We nearly—but not quite—teachers are very important people, you know, as is evident in the fact that we have a letter rack all to ourselves (I hate to disillusion you; but I mean one among about five hundred of us; however, we've a rack) and every day we throng in great multitudes about this diminutive affair. Oh, the anticipation, as one is held in the sway of the said multitude! There might be a letter—you never know. Once in a while there is—and then, oh joy! Of course one simply must hide one's exultation from the idle throng, and retiring to a secluded spot, prepare to read the precious epistle:—"This is to inform you that there is a meeting of . . ." How interesting! You had already seen the notice several days ago. I really should have let the curtain drop at the receipt of the letter—it would have been far more dramatic; but I just wanted to let you taste some of the disillusionment of our daily life—just to let you realise the daily pangs and pains and pummellings we endure.

We also have a dining room—did I hear you mention a tuck shop? In this up-to-date cafeteria of ours we don't use money—wouldn't think of it. We employ the token system. I'll explain to you—to the uninitiated it is quite mystifying. In fact, I've hardly recovered from it myself. One enters a door (any will do)—one changes one's money (some of it) into brass tokens—horrible wrench—silver for brass—one proceeds—continues to proceed—one chooses from the delectable delicacies displayed (I should say, perhaps, struggles for)—proceeding continues—a cup with milk and sugar is added to the collection—later, tea—then comes the groping for the tokens—triumphant discovery of same—harassing mathematical calculation follows—eventually, after slight delay, pass on with change well in hand—not very sure in mind—no doubt they can add up better than you. After this experience, pangs of

hunger, ravenous—proceedings forthwith. Simple, isn't it? Change your money into tokens before you start and then change your tokens into money when you end. You'd be surprised at the time saved!

I really meant to tell you about our council—it's such a stoic affair, and so deserving of mention—but I'm afraid it will have "to be continued in our next"! However, I may mention to you, as a great secret, that this Council proposes holding a Fete here this year—in June. I take upon myself the responsibility and consequences of urging you all to come. Here you can have your fortune told for a few pence, can have your face sketched by the leading artists of the college, can dip your hand in the saw-dust for the treasure deeply (Ah, how deeply!) hidden. Added to this you will have the unutterable pleasure of meeting (it's impossible to avoid us) all of us—your well respected seniors once again. We are all here—all who are not at the University or elsewhere; the place is just "stiff" with Fortians. You say you don't hear that

we have done much for all our numbers. Ah, but we have. We are a band of silent, modest workers. We don't blazon forth our deeds from the housetops or even put them in the paper—we just go on doing. We can boast amongst our number section prefects, representatives on the Council and the Kookaburra (Magazine) as well as four University graduates and several proud possessors of College "Blues." Also several of us have already gained a reputation as "teachers." We can also boast a member of the college staff in Dr. Bentivoglio and altogether we are quite willing to let you be proud of us.

I sincerely hope after this heart to heart talk that, in future, you will always have the greatest respect for all teachers—when about to forget, stop and think of all they and we go through in order to enlighten the dark minds of the ignorant. To this hope I add the wish for your success—not only in not forgetting—but also in all your activities this year.

A Fortian not at Fort Street.

CLARICE GEE.

TEN LITTLE FORTIANS.

Ten little Fortians standing in a line,
One detained for talking, result was
nine.

Nine little Fortians studying very
late,
One had brain fever and then there
were eight.

Eight little Fortians chatting at
eleven,
One hid to Tuckshop and then there
were seven.

Seven little Fortians wielding hockey-
sticks,
One had a black-eye and then there
were six.

Six little Fortians ready for a dive,
A big shark caught one and then
there were five.

Five little Fortians standing with
some more,
One couldn't do French verbs and
so there were four.

Four little Fortians sitting in fig
tree,
Prefect did catch one, and then there
were three.

Three little Fortians walking "dans
la rue,"
Motor car hit one and then there
were two.

Two little Fortians in school races
run,
One falls in sack-race, and then there
is one.

One little Fortian alone had no fun.
She passed through fifth year and
then there were none.

Irene Shackcloth, 2A.

THE HEJIRA.

The sky was dyed with fiery gold, and
red and saffron shades;
The desert air was still, and hushed
the vulture screaming cries;
The faithful Arab ceased his toil, and
on his bended knees,
With head bent low, he offered thanks
to Him who made the skies.

From out the silent distance came
the beat of camel's hoofs,
And soon a lonely Arab on his mount
came riding by;
His handsome face was calm and set,
his brow was high and white,
And like a beacon was the light that
burned within his eye.

His dress was of the simple type the
poorer Arabs wore;
His mantle, caught within the wind,
did follow like a shade,
As on his northward way he sped
to far Medina fair—
A phantom leaving Mecca, as the light
began to fade.

And now the light has dimmed and
paled, and darkness does abound,
O'er heav'n and earth: the evening
star, a jewel in the sky,
Still beckons on that flying figure to
the peaceful north;
Where man is safe to render prayer
and praise to God Most High.

"Zygris," 4A.

ONE DAY.

What an inspiration! A day spent
picnicking in the bush! And such a
lovely sunny morning in August as it
was! Ten o'clock and highest spirits
at a whole day's pleasure ahead!

Everything shouted of the coming
spring—trees and bushes bursting into
new leaves and buds, birds twittering
and flying about busily—rustlings in
the undergrowth which suggested rab-
bits scuttling hastily upon an errand.

"Deep in some unknown day's em-
ploy."

All these things, and the sunshine and
clear air made our worries fly and joy
come in their place.

Wending our way through the bush we
heard a tinkling, musical sound near
by and quite unexpectedly broke upon
dear cascades rushing over rocks and
stones in frenzied haste. From a small
mountain brook they came, tumbling
and chasing over stones and through
ferns, beneath a canopy of large tree-
ferns and graceful shrubs. Here, the
shade was sombre, but there, sunbeams
danced through the leaves, glancing on
the waters until one saw a fairy's
swimming pool.

On we went along the little stream,
treading an aisle of wattle trees—all
kinds of wattle blending to make a
beautiful golden way for Miss Bushland
to pass. And then—a lovely dell and—
lunch.

Tall gum trees raised their lofty foli-
age, erect, straight and slim, beneath
grew wattle bushes, shrubs and ferns—
a wild and sweet bed, indeed, for such
majestic monarchs of the bush. Few
sounds broke the silence of this dell
except the rippling echo of a little fall
below, the twittering of some birds and
wind, the treetops singing to the ac-
companiment of the rustling leaves. So
quiet a peace was it, that every laugh
filled the air with echoes dying, dying,
dying. . . .

We had walked a good way and some
of us bathed our feet in the pool below
the fall. Cool and delicious! but the
cry "A snake!" was raised, as something
soft and slimy brushed one bather's
feet. We ran.

Some ran gallantly *into* the water to
her rescue, we others ran hastily *out*
to pack baskets and prepare immediate
flight. With trembling haste we packed,
till suddenly, a roar of laughter some-
where by the pool, announced that the
serpent in our Eden had been trapped
and proved—a tadpole, very dead!

Our way went on for some time
through this silent, and rather uncanny,
if majestic wood, until an ascent brought
us out upon a mountain top, overlook-
ing a valley. It was a very lovely view.
At the bottom ran a creek, hidden parti-
ally by ferns and wattle shrubs, a creek
that ran gaily over white sand and peb-

bles. One side of this stream was a mass of ferns backed with big, black rocks, over which trickled silvery threads of water on its way to join the stream. Behind rose tiers of mountains. Everywhere mountains! They closed in on the valley, except on one side, where it swept away in the distance, a stretch of rolling ridges of graceful, wind-blown trees.

More bushes, vales and streamlets, made our way till at last we reached our homes again, very tired, but also very happy, for had we not stored away in our minds many a lovely, exhilarating picture of the Australian bush? We had, everyone of us, gained a deeper knowledge of the lure of it, of its wildness, its beauty and its greatness.

E. Fountain, 5A.

FORT STREET BY MOONLIGHT.

Round the electric lighted gymnasium clusters of happy faces, ripples of laughter and cheery chatter, announced that the concert had finished and that old friends were meeting once again at the school where often they had met before.

But I, standing within the shadow, saw and heard naught of these things for I was lost in reverie about the brown school lying there in the moonlight.

Her corners lay soft and beautiful under the shimmering pools of moonlit mirrors, her great arch was flecked with a thousand shades, and her tall brown walls were laced and relaced with the intricate shadow patterns of the fig trees. Little stars glimmered at her windows, curious to view within, and a soft night breeze rustled the glittering leaves of her sentinels.

But it was not the beauty of her face that made my senses reel and my heart draw back in awe and wonder. It was her soul—that great, grand, noble school spirit, which in that moment I beheld. This transfixed me.

There I saw the spirit of Fort Street,

tender, and beautiful, guarding like a mother those who cross the threshold. Inspiring them to write the name of their school in the undying annals of fame, to do their best—however weak or great it may be—inspiring them to show the nobility of pure unsullied womanhood. Wonderful appealing spirit, dwelling deep in the hearts of all who have come to know you, how vital you are to us in our life's work! When we are tired with the dust and bustle of the machinery of man, then, dear Spirit, we shall turn to you, for strength and encouragement. When we are despairing of the sunlight mid the grey looming clouds we shall think of the happy days we have spent in your care at the dearest of all schools, of our friendships, our sport and our work, and we shall find the sunshine of your spirit which never dies, burning within us as pure and clear and high as it then did. . . .

My friend touched my arm and my vision passed. But in my memory still dwells the glorious picture of Fort Street by moonlight.

Joyce Kolts, 4A.

SOLITUDE.

A bank of ferny green
 Dew-wet by countless tears,
 Shed of a moon-fay small,
 Sad when the day appears;
 A silent shimmering pool,
 Framed in by reeds of jade;
 A tiny grassy space,
 Fretted with sun and shade;
 An hundred grim trees tall,
 Reaching the blue above;
 A zephyr crooning low,
 The dreamy song of love;

A show'r of wattle gold,
 A joy akin to pain;
 A smile of sunshine fair;
 A sad, sweet elfin strain;
 A tiny violet,
 Op'ning its petals cream;
 A swaying flannel flow'r;
 A lovely languid dream;
 These and a morn in spring,
 Blest with a scent divine,
 These, and sweet solitude,—
 These, and the world is mine.
 Joyce Kolts, 4A.

NEVER AGAIN!

"Quite near to the beach," the advertisement ran;
 First time you go down for a swim
 You end up by taking a bus and a tram,
 Clad only in bathers and kim!
 "An excellent stove, a bath and a shower,
 And plenty of wood by the door—"
 The stove wouldn't burn. By the end of an hour,
 You'd discovered the bathroom—oh lor!

You borrow a hammer, a file and a wrench,
 From the people, just over the street,
 And mutter some words in the choicest of French,
 When the shower won't work—what a treat!
 "Plenty of mattresses, blankets and sheets,
 And bed-steads for twenty or more—"
 You end up by having just half a sheet each
 And sleep every night on the floor.

The weather forecast, for just once in a while,
 Predicts—"Plenty of sunshine, no rain,"
 But you soon feel as if you'd been lost on the Nile!
 "Take a holiday?" Never again!

I.P., 5A.

THE AUTUMN FAIRY.

When Summer's gone, I come once more,
 To paint the world fast fading,
 With fairy tints of faintest hue
 And fairy tints of shading.
 I wander through the shady glens,
 O'er rugged hills and wild,
 I wander by sweet placid lakes,
 Through autumn's sunset mild.
 Through glades and valleys steep'd in gold,
 I wander on and on,
 O'er grassy fields and meadows too,
 Where daisies are all gone.

I have a tiny brush, and paints,
 Of colours bright and rare,
 To paint the trees, and flowers and ferns,
 The meadows O! so bare.
 I paint them red and brown and grey,
 With creamy shadings too,
 And golden-brown with tints of mauve,
 Of every pleasing hue.
 When everything is painted gay,
 (A pleasant sight to see),
 And grey old winter's coming on,
 'Tis time for me to flee.

For winter's such a cruel gnome,
 He hides my work from view,
 But I will come back once again,
 My hand work to renew.

Eileen Chin, 3D.

CORIN AND SYLVIA.

(A Pastoral Song).

Maiden, O maiden, O maiden mine,
 Come out to play while the sunbeams shine,
 Bask in the sun, and revel in song,
 Come along, come along, come along!
 Come along, and we will play,
 Sing and dance through all the day,
 While Sol smiles on in azure blue,
 We'll sing and dance the whole day through!

Shepherd mine, I'll go with thee,
 And dance all day, and happy be.
 We'll go away where all is love,
 And music drops from heaven above.
 We will roam the green fields over
 Climb the hill all bright with clover,
 There we'll dance, and jest and play,
 From rise of sun, till end of day.
 Enid Carpenter.

OF VIRTUES THAT ARE REALLY VICES.

Darkness brooded o'er the earth; dire disaster reigned in heaven. Zeus, the Omnipotent, with brow of black encircling thunder and eyes where Anger sat balefully enthroned, had summoned to solemn conclave all the gods. But in vain! Naught could be done to mitigate the effects of the colossal catastrophe which had befallen man—a catastrophe so calamitous that its effects have out-lived the old Greek gods, the ancient mythical deities, and have survived till this year of our Lord, 1926, to vex our souls with needless misery and rend our hearts with meaningless travail. For the cherubs, indulging in their daily tennis set, had mixed their balls, the Vices and the Virtues. So must we of to-day pay the penalty for their frivolity. Burning with resentment, bitter with restrained rancour, we yet must pay homage to virtues that are really vices.

Take, for example, Mr. Smith. He, had the cherubs not bungled things so outrageously, would have been compelled by shame to conceal his optimism. As it is, he may openly boast of it, may smite us, the "unvirtuous" souls on the shoulder, and declare, with that pompous breeziness, inspired by conscious virtue, that "though the outlook is indeed grave, yet, you know, things might be worse." And we, privately wondering whether it would be more pleasant to shoot him outright or to kill him by slow torture, must smile in sickly fashion and thank him for his words of cheer. Why? Because, forsooth, optim-

ism is a virtue. Nay, then, if that be so, the sea is dry land, the sun revolves about the earth—and women can keep a secret!

And, speaking of women, I number among my acquaintances yet another person whose pet virtue is really a vice. She is the mother of a very cheerful small boy. Yet, because in her, the so-called virtue of charity is developed to an unnatural degree, she is teaching her son to disregard the fifth commandment. For, no sooner does a coat become decently shabby, no sooner does a guernsey begin to show the honorable scars of many a well-fought battle, than it is given to the "deserving poor." And he, the knight who thought he had won his spurs, must go forth to the fields of football with an unquartered shield and a new guernsey. Nor is that all! That much enduring martyr must see another wearing his hat, at the very angle which it has taken him months to acquire, and say nothing! For his mother has only been charitable once more. Charity and generosity are then, I believe, not virtues but vices—vices which are blighting the rose of filial affection, and are destroying the home life of our nation.

Some day, perhaps, our eyes will be opened—some day we shall know these virtues for the vices that they are. But in the meantime, fate peers shortsightedly over a box of disused tennis balls trying in vain to sort them once again. And somewhere, somewhere, the cherubs are laughing. Bessie Bannan. 5A.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Are you proud of your paper?

Forty girls have written it; four hundred and sixty girls have given no help in the making. Are you one of the forty or are you just one of the indifferent people who have made no contribution to our most representative enterprise?

This is the first time the Editor has been dissatisfied with the amount of material sent to her, and it is expected that the second issue of this year's magazine, will show that you want it to live and to prosper.

What can you contribute? Stories, verse, articles, drawings in ink, photographs, reports of school activities. One girl can write a story, her friend can make pen drawings to illustrate it. A new book may be reviewed, a new picture described, an entertainment appreciated, a device in fancy work sketched and explained, a holiday resort recommended. . . .

Can you not help to make our magazine worth reading? Where are our illustrations? Are there never any school jokes? The Editor.

THE MONSTER.

It was a bitterly cold winter's night. The pale moon shone through the gathering mist, as if it too, like the sun, would fain dissolve it. Now and again the cry of a wild dog could be heard on the distant hills, whilst the sad monotonous call of the owl gave a sinister note to the silence of the night. The steady flowing of the river close by, could be heard quite distinctly, and the oaks, which lined its banks, seemed to sigh farewell to it as it hastened on its way.

We sat before our large, warm fire, heeding not such sounds for they were the noises of every winter's night. Suddenly we heard a crackling of dry wood and looking out through the half closed door we saw, in the moonlight, a man gathering drift wood with which he was kindling a fire beside the stream.

"A tramp!" we gasped, and looked at each other in awe-stricken fear. The master of the house was absent, and we were alone with our aged grandmother. But putting on a brave face, we attempted to busy ourselves again.

It was impossible to do so.

Was this tramp some criminal escaped from gaol?

Would he fall upon us at the dead of night and cold-bloodedly murder us on the spot?

Should we hear him creeping stealthily along our verandah, and see his gloating face leering in through our window?

Such were the thoughts which were passing through our minds when—Oh horror! Three soft taps at the door.

Gripped with fear we sat like spectres.

Then grandma, shaking like an aspen leaf, with trembling hands, unbolted the door.

"You can have all our —," but suddenly she stopped, for there, framed in the doorway, stood an old man with a long white beard, and the kindest eyes in the world. And as he stood there, like an old fashioned picture, grandma seemed to see in him, one of the gallant youths of her own day; he perhaps had danced and been happy just as she. But now he was old, unwanted. She smiled at him, and then, in a far away voice, he asked if we could spare him a newspaper. There was a rush to see who would be the honoured one to hand it to him. He took it, thanked us, and with a courtly bow like a grand old knight and with a scarcely audible "God bless you!" and a smile, somewhat wistful, but full of gratitude, he retraced his steps to his fire.

What of our criminal tramp? Where had he gone?

"Grandma," said the smallest member of the family that old man won't hurt you, will he?"

"No, no, my child," she replied.

The next morning we saw him, an old stooped form, with a swag on his back and billy in his hand, clambering up the bank of the river on to the road. He waved his old felt hat to us, and disappeared into the midst of a thick fog.

"Grandma," said the smallest child, "has that old man much further to go?"

"No my child," said grandma, "his journey is almost completed."

Mary Galvin, 5A.

SHELLEY—A ROUNDEL.

Beloved lilter of lays that make
 ecstasy throb in my breast,
 And awaken my soul to the triumph
 of life and its ways,
 Say, what more can fair Liberty do
 than acclaim thee her best,
 Beloved lilter of lays?
 I am filled with a rapturous music
 that lingers and stays,
 Like the chimes of a bell flower in
 depths of the fernland caress'd,

Or the passionate chords of wild music
 exultant with praise.
 Thy name sheltered in song-loving
 hearts shall outlive long fame's
 test,
 And the treacherous tread of the slow
 yet invincible days,
 So sleep, on in sweet slumber of years
 and rejoice in thy rest,
 Beloved lilter of lays.

Isabelle Ellis, 5A.

THE VOYAGE TO DREAMLAND.

Borne upon the mid-night breeze,
 'Way beyond the sighing trees,
 And across the shadowed seas,
 Gliding downwards then

On a shaft of moon-made light,
 Past the watchers of the night,
 Led by tiny star lamps bright,
 Across the Milky Way,

'Lighting in a tiny dale,
 By the river waters pale,
 Where the virgin willows trail,
 Pause we here a while.

'Neath the moonlight's silvery beams,
 Dance we in this dale o' dreams,

Till Aurora's herald gleams,
 Calling us away.

On a snowy cloudlit crest,
 Glide we to our tiny nest,
 All in dewy garments drest,
 At the morning tide.

Now our dreamy journey done,
 Every waking little one,
 Rides to greet the morning sun,
 Drifting o'er the trees.

Through the livelong summer's day,
 We shall dance, and sing, and play,
 By the dream-boats in the bay,
 'Till the setting sun.

N.B., 3A.

THE WATTLE COMES.

Far away in the land of immortals,
 there lived many busy, tiny bush folk.
 They were such cheery little people—even
 the appearances of their dainty golden
 dresses were pleasing to all other im-
 mortals—each one seeming as a sun-
 beam brought to the world to gladden
 all. Now, can you guess who these
 small people were?

One morning, early in the region of
 spring, just as dawn had wandered past,
 awakening the bushlands, they were
 playing in their fairy ring. The sparkl-
 ing dew-drops still remained sleeping
 on their soft, green beds, when Sylvia,
 their queen, attended by her train, ap-
 proached them. At once a hush fell
 over the ring, and only the gurgling of
 the water-sprites in the creek near by
 was heard.

"Good morning, children," said she.

"Good morning, queen," said they bow-
 ing in response, while silently the bell-
 birds watched the pretty scene, thinking
 how like each one was to a sunbeam;
 when lo! rumbling, roaring, the great
 west wind came tearing through the
 forest. Onward, he came towards the
 fairy folk, and, in anger, the wind
 caught them—in fury he carried the
 golden mass, bearing it away over the
 seas till, tired of his burden he let
 it fall.

But, they fell into the quiet of a
 wonderful bushland—sunny—filled with
 birds—and beautiful beyond description.

The old wind had left them in Aus-
 tralia.

D.D., 3A.

YOUTH.

Slow, murmuring noises arose from the earth below—a low, indistinct sound. Something was wrong for the mortals to be grumbling thus.

The gods from their council seats in the blue vault of heaven, wondered what could be the matter with their subjects in the far-away mysterious earth, whereon they had been forbidden to tread. When all the earth had been brown, barren and dreary the Colours had gone down and had changed the weary old earth into a place of radiant beauty. Radiant colours adorned everything, even the tiniest of flowers lifted up its shining face and glowed for mortals. The Fire god had sent down his messengers to create warmth and exhilarating flames. Neptune had sent his nymphs and a joyous, laughing thing—the sea—had been created for mortal pleasure. It raced along as if showing to men the glorious game of living. It sparkled and leaped in the sunshine, and clung around the coast as if inviting men to be merry.

Above all, Apollo crossed the skies in his dashing chariots, shedding reflected brilliance on the earth.

But mortal men were still sad—still unsatisfied—so the gods held council to

see what could be done for them. But nothing could be decided, for always a spirit in the heavens kept begging to be let out. At last, he was set free, the gods entrusting him with a sacred mission on earth to reawaken all mortal men.

When the clanging of the bells of Apollo's steeds called the god to his daily task the next day, the spirit was hidden in his chariot of fire.

Slowly the dawning grey changed from faintest hues, until one patch in the sky was a brilliant red.—The spirit of Youth was set free at last.

Mortals had not seen this wonderful new spirit sent from the heavens, for they had been too busy complaining of what had already been given to them, but when they awoke—the face of all things was different.

They rejoiced in the glowing colours, felt Neptune calling to them. All nature lived, while they revelled in the spark-link sunshine.

Life was so exhilarating, yet no one could explain the joy of living. But those who have seen the morning sunrise burst upon the world in a splash of red, at the return of a new day, know that joy is—youth!

Enid Carpenter, 5A.

THE WIND.

(With acknowledgments to Koala, 4A, Class Magazine).

A wild joy throbs in my heart, as the scurrying, hurrying, wind caresses my weary brow and plays havoc with my hair. What care I if my study is, even yet, unfinished?—to feel the cool swift swishing of the wind elf, is to banish at once dull thoughts and bothering worries.

Far above, almost hidden by the great black cloud banks, passing ever and anon before its face, I see the moon akin to the stars, flickering pale light down on the tired world. A sudden gust catches the bank of autumn leaves, lying, dead, on the path, and even as they are

caught in the mad riot, are my thoughts dancing too over hill and valley, through sunshine and shadow.

Where have I felt that swift tang of wind, which cools my burning brows? Ah! yes—I see it—A dark night, such an one when the wicked people are abroad casting their spells on the unwary. But it is joy that holds me in its grip—for now I see a long, silent, grey car, packed with life and youth—a host of shimmering-frocked, hilarious maidens bound for that exhilarating dance which is the joy of youth. Swiftly through the night, speeds the car, to where

a circle of brilliant lights indicates that the journey is at an end. Then my thoughts carry me, to where an orchestra is playing syncopated melody which fairly makes the feet ache to dance—and now the couples are dancing neath the coloured streamers and gay balloons.—Ah! what joy fills me as memories crowd through my mind.

Now I am on the sandy beach, watching with bright eyes, the waves tossing and dancing, feeling the tang of the wind which just whips along the beach, carrying with it the dancing foam, it

is the very breath of life.—And now, I too, am racing down into the tossing sea, where a quick bathe soon sets me aglow with life.—And still the wind calls my thoughts to a night when, overweary and restless, I rose from my couch of rest and, stretched on the window sill, felt the cool rush of wind again, and thought and thought—even as now I am doing—for the wind is an elf—a mischievous elf, that calls to us when it wills, and to whom we entrust all our secrets—ay, it brushes then all clean from our minds!

“She,” 4A.

THE LAMENT OF DIDO

I stand upon the rugged cliffs alone.
Alone—the ashes of my dreams
among;

I hear within the sunset waters' moan,
The dreadful dirge of desolation sung,
The whirling winds are wailing of my
sorrow,

Take, Death, this broken life before
the morrow.

O faithless one, did I not give to thee
A weary wanderer from doomed
Ilion's shore,

Cast on our coasts by winds of Sicily,
A royal hall to dwell in ever more?
Then, what thou once did deem thy
greatest pleasure,

Did I not give my heart, to be thy
treasure.

Oh, false Aeneas! men have called me
fair,

Did not my charms once make thy
bold heart burn,

And hold it captive in my cloudy
hair?

Oh, God's immortal! He may yet
return,

Alas! into the mists my love is sail-
ing,

His ship the blood-red haze of sunrise
veiling.

For me there is no longing—no
desire—

Of Lethe's waters I would fain drink
deep;

My body I would lay upon the pyre,
My soul would seek eternal rest in
sleep,

Yet, if one dream through time eternal
lingers,

Then let me hold thy heart within
my fingers.

W. Scriven, 4A.

BENEATH THE HAWTHORN.

(A Pastoral Song).

Hear the sound of gentle voices,
Hear the whisperings of a lover,

As beneath the hawthorn clusters

Corin woos his gentle Sylvia,

Woos the gentle, merry daughter

Of the woodlands and the pastures,

There beneath the hawthorn bushes.

There where hawthorns blossoms scat-
tered,

O'er the earth, 'neath shrubs and
flowers,

Sylvia gave to faithful Corin,

Gave her answer sweet and simple—

“I will marry you my dear one!”

Thus the wooing and the answer,

Underneath the hawthorn bushes.

Then upsprang the joyful Corin,
"Let us go and tell the others,
Tell the youths and tell the maidens
Of our new found happiness."
So they went and left behind them,
Scented bushes fair and sweet,
Left behind the flowering valley,
Whispering of their springtime joy.

Through the trees, the youths and
maidens,
Laughing, jesting, came to revel
At the wedding-feast of Corin,
At the marriage of their comrades.
There with waving trees above them,
With gay singing birds around them,
Sylvia and Corin married.

Greatly joyous, all the people,
All the fair young men and women,
Gathered underneath the oak trees,

There they danced their joyful meas-
ures,

Sang their sweet, appealing love songs,
There in God's and Nature's temple,
With the sunshine peeping through.

There the men made flower garlands,
Crowns of eglantine and myrtle,
For their merry, laughing sweethearts.
This one sang a crooning love song,
These danced to the time of singing,
To the singing of the others,
In the green and flowered woodland.

And the happy bride and bridegroom
Left their guests, and hand-in-hand,
Went to keep their old-time tryst,
Wandered down the flowering valley,
Fannéd by the gentle breezes,
To the lover's trysting place,
'Neath the blossoming hawthorn tree.
E. Fountain, 5A.

THE BUNNIES' PARLIAMENT.

It was a warm, beautiful night in early summer. In the bush the trees were swaying and whispering to each other in the soft breeze. High in the heavens the old moon shone placidly.

Suddenly the man in the moon gave a start—for he saw something moving in the quiet bushland far beneath. Then he gave a sigh of relief for he remembered that to-night was the middle night of the month, and was therefore the time of meeting for the Bunnies' Parliament.

Between the tall gum trees, seated on white toadstools, was a little gathering.

It was a quaint scene for each bunny's fur glowed softly in the moonlight.

The meeting was opened by Professor Rabtail, whose speech was a very dry learned one, on the construction of doors for burrows. As this question did not trouble the other members they took the opportunity to have a private conversation among themselves, whereupon the chairman took his hammer and rapped hard on the toadstool nearest.

Unluckily the Lord Mayor Rabbit's

paw was reposing there at that moment and a general uproar followed, during which the reporters for "Bunny News" wrote furiously.

The next speech was that of Miss Betty Bobtail, the only lady member.

"I object," she said heatedly, "to this shingled, short skirted craze that has seized Bunnyland."

"Hear! Hear!" interjected Mr. Sammy Snow Rabbit, "My wife is shingled and my daughters are showing their ankles to the knee."

"Oh!" said Mr. Roly Roundrabbit. "We must make allowances for the warm weather. And look how the barber trade is prospering." (Needless to say Mr. Roundrabbit was a barber).

"I really am not in favour of the craze," said Mr. Billy Brownrabbit. "Since my wife's tresses were shorn I have to buy pipecleaners through lack of hairpins."

"I think there is a much more important matter to be discussed," drawled Mr. Gussy Greytail, the aristocratic member. "What about that band of wasp-robbers who have been waylaying

our people and robbing them when returning from market?"

"They are very troublesome," said the chairman. "At the last big Bushland meeting the wasp representative was so objectionable he had to be put out."

"I vote that we capture that band and hand the mover to Kanga the Prime Minister, then we might get our wages raised," said Gussy.

"A very good suggestion," was the comment and Gussy was much patted on the ears, causing him to spill his glass of water all over his new multi-coloured vest.

In the midst of the excitement a low ominous buzzing sound was heard.

Someone said, "The 'Robbers!'" and there was a frenzied dive for shelter under the toadstools.

The buzzing grew louder till presently, out of the thicket, there emerged a wild furred little rabbit dressed in green, who was endeavouring to play a flute, a tin whistle and a mouth organ at the one time.

He was Mufty, the Bunny Musician, and when he saw the august Parliamentarians hiding under the stools, he dropped his musical instruments and fled, awakening the Bushland with his laughter.

Bunnyland woke up and when it heard, it laughed too. So the poor members' ears used to tingle for a long time afterwards when they overheard the standing joke of Bunnyland.

Brownie, 3A.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

Ay, Babylon was mighty once,
And rich in arms and gold,
And Nineveh and Tyre could breed
A race of heroes bold.
The armies of imperial Rome,
Held all the earth in sway,
These once were great, but now their
might
Has passed fore'er away.

.....
Oh, England wake! Art thou too
doomed?

Have all the sorrow, all the pain,
Thy sons have borne for love of thee,
Their toils and suffering, been in vain?
Shall thy imperial glory pass,
And thy fair fields be conqueror's
prey?

Nay, England, wake! Through suffer-
ing, rise

Unto a purer, nobler day!
Teach now thy sons a surer aim,
Renew their old ideals again,
And let them learn that life itself
Means labour for their fellowmen.
Those other mighty empires fell,
Because they scorned the rule of life.
They knew not service, mercy, fear;
Nor helped the weaker in the strife
But greater still thy strength shall
wax,

And grander e'er thy fate shalt be,
If thou wilt rise, ennobled pure,
And labour for humanity!

Bessie Bannan, 5A.

THE TREASURE TROVE.

There is a bottom drawer—just the ordinary thing one sees in many pieces of furniture—just the untidy battered drawer of a school girl who is for ever in a hurry, but ah, its contents! In it lie the joys of days gone by, whispering softly of dreams that may be fulfilled.

Sometimes I sit on the floor beside it

just at the twilight hour as the crimson is leaving the grey, and in it I find pure and unmarred joy. There in one corner lie chocolate boxes—mundane things enough. I see not their gay wrappings and beribboned lids, but an applauding audience, bright lights, dazzling frocks, youth and laughter sparkling over misty footlights. At-

tached to them are the white cards—happy things—still resplendent with their ribbons and bearing good wishes and loving messages. In another corner a grand collection of twisted wire and crushed ribbon lies, but I see only the flowers and drink the scent of the bouquets that were. Scattered among these lie programmes—heaps and heaps—of plays, concerts and recitals, each bringing with it a memory sweet and poignant. There lies the programme given by the world's master of the violin, and in it I hear again the plaintive beautiful strains which came at the command of the master musician. Here reposes a crumpled programme—crumpled in the excitement of listening to the immense drama unfolded on the stage. Once more I face the thrill and interest though I hold only a crumpled piece of paper. Then come the programmes dearest of all—those which in their simple pages speak of the great love for school, when each turns to do her best for her Alma Mater.

The grey covers of the dear School "Mag." next rise to the top and in the reading of them I live again in the

excitement of the moment when W— scored the winning goal or B— won the tennis "champ."

On and on I read, the twilight gradually closing into night, bringing to me the dear old School at the top of the hill. What a noble position she occupies—for the best is always at the top and can only be reached by hard climbing and perseverance.

Out of the magazine's humble photos—appear girls—school chums who have passed from slight acquaintances to sincere, beloved friends; photos of earlier days, bringing joy and sorrow; photos of school days, always bringing joy. Old letters scatter everywhere. Newspaper cuttings stating school triumphs, all must be rejoiced over as they were when first printed. . . .

And so I go on till at last I can no longer see. See—I mean with the eyes—for in my heart there dwells the picture painted by the lavish hand of the master artist of those wonderful, wonderful days, that lie in that littered, untidy drawer—but a drawer ever beautiful with the fragrant scent of the Rosemary of Remembrance.

Joyce Kolts, 4A.

THE MEDITATIONS OF TUTANKHAMEN.

(With acknowledgments to "Koala," 3A, 1925 Class Magazine.)

"Ah truly have the times changed since I, the ka of Tutankhamen, the Holy One, trod this weary path. Behold I had been disturbed by those who sought for knowledge near the shores of the ancient Nile, and I thought to wander among the children of men that I might behold their works and their wisdom. I sought long and at last I found the wisest of them. I will relate unto you my observations.

I had crossed many seas and had gazed on many strange lands far from my Land of the Lotus. And behold, I came unto an edifice of stone in which were many maidens amassing great knowledge. The wisest of these maidens were placed in one room, and known

collectively as 3A. Wishing to observe their studies I entered this room and there I beheld 38 maidens writing with strange characters and symbols. From certain remarks, I heard that this strange art was known as algebra, in which these studious children appeared to be most proficient.

Yet many a maiden sighed because the signs were so complicated, ugly and unpoetic. After a great length of time these young people ceased their curious art and devoted themselves to other tasks, the number of which exceeded the sands of the Libyan Desert. And lo! they gained much knowledge though in great mental anguish, for of a surety their brains were already crammed with

strange arts until they could hold no more. Numerous tests also were these maidens given, and unhappy was she whose work was not perfect. For behold she was lectured till her brain whirled, even as a man doth become faint when he looketh down from a high mountain. Then I bethought me to follow one of these maidens to her home, for I wished to know how her recreation was spent. But no sooner had the maiden reached there than she placed before her a pile of books and papyrus like unto the Great Pyramid. The maiden continued her studies pausing but once to eat a meal. And behold! the maiden studied during the silence of the night, seeking rest only when the stars grew pale. As soon as Osiris overcame the forces of darkness, she rose from her couch and prepared herself for the day's lessons.

And so the days went on—many tests—much homework—a few weeks vacation which was not enjoyed because the thoughts of an examination known as

the Intermediate rested heavily on the minds of the scholars, even haunting their dreams. Time drew on apace, the examination approached—in a fever of anxiety the weary maidens resorted to a strange drug, called Aspro. Now it happened that only one week remained till this dreaded examination. Everyone was studying feverishly, when a teacher entered the room weeping.

"Alas," she said tearfully, "the Intermediate Examination has been abolished. No longer can I remind you of it every day."

I rejoiced with an exceeding great joy, and I turned to gaze on the heavy-eyed maidens, but behold! they were no more. The shock was too great for them.

Thus passed away the enlightened maidens. Nothing remained to their memory—not even a pyramid, neither were their bodies mummified that they might at least go sanctified into the presence of the Judge of the Dead.

I, the ka of Tutankhamen, weep for them. Ra have mercy upon them.

Winnie Soriven (3A, 1925)

A PIRATES' CHANTEY.

Yo ho! Yo ho!
Sing, "Yo ho!" my merry, merry men.
No gold nor spice—
But filleted mice,
And sea slugs, nine or ten,
And sea slugs, nine or ten.

Yo ho! Yo ho!
Sing, "Yo ho!" my jolly, jolly boys;
No fearsome hull,
With cross bones and skull,
But a tug with plenty of noise,
But a tug with plenty of noise.

Then shall we sail for the deep, wet seas,
Borne along by the blowing breeze,
While the engines screech and stop
and sneeze.

And we're all stretched out on our hands and knees,
As sick as sick can be;
And the captain stays all day in bed,
"Slight indisposition"—I think he said,
But I know he wishes he were dead;
And the ship's pet cat is the only one fed
Without including me.

Then sing, "Yo ho!" my merry, merry men,
Then sing, "Yo ho!" and cheer!
No gold nor spice
Nor beef nor rice—
But plenty of Spanish beer—
But plenty of Spanish beer.

I.P., 5A

AUTUMN.

Autumn is o'er us, the green leaves
are donning,
Their colours of winter—warm, ruddy
and browned.
The wind-sprites have gathered their
forces together,
And blown the last blossoms from
bough to the ground.

The grey mice are taking their store
for the winter,
And hiding it safely away in the shed.
The squirrels are hastening brown
nuts to gather,
From tall sighing pine trees away
overhead.

Nature is busy a haven preparing
The kingdom of winter holds earth
in its sway,
And, guarding the sleep of the chil-
dren of bushland,
Gives them new life for the re-birth of
day.

Till swallows entering fly over the
quiet dale,
Awakening the Spring-child from long
winter's rest.
She gathers together her berries and
blossoms,
To cover the earth with the rarest
and best.

Enid Carpenter, 5A.

THE SUNFLOWERS.

In the mountains of the moon there
dwelt a comical little elf and his name
was Twinkley-Winkle. He was a grotes-
que mannikin, just about as big as the
white moths that love to play in the
moonlight, and his wee face was
wrinkled with tiny furrows made by
the millions of smiles he had used ever
since the first autumn kissed the leaves
brown.

He had great blue eyes which always
seemed to be laughing, and two very
pointed ears which caught all the news
that the voices of the night ever whis-
pered.

He wore a scarlet cap, his shoes were
made from wee bits of waste from the
purple night clouds and his jerkin was
a tiny strip off the corner of the moon
itself.

All day long, Twinkley-Winkle sat on
the top of his mountain with his chin
in his hands and dreamed. But when
evening came and stole away the lamps
from behind the sunset, Twinkley-
Winkle commenced his fishing.

His line was made from a piece of
cobweb thread which the flying fox had
stolen in the moonlight and his rod
was a long, slim, green, pine needle.

For bait he used tiny bits of a
broken sunbeam and he sat on the very

topmost tip of the horned moon as he
let down his line.

Slowly it slid through the purple
night sky and all the stars scuttled out
as the silvery thread fell past them.

Down, down it came and Twinkley-
Winkle guided it into the corner of a
beautiful garden where the tall lilies
and shy violets were already fast asleep.
At last the silvery thread dangled over a
hill where some great golden flowers
made from the mellow, spring sunshine,
were gazing into the misty west.

As the fairy fisher swayed his shining
bait over the garden they slowly turned
their heavy heads and one by one
Twinkley-Winkle caught them on his
tiny hook and bore them upwards
through the clear, cold air.

When he had them safely in his
basket of moon-beams, he dipped them
into a pail of glistening starshine and
while they were still damp, hung them
out along the milky way to dry.

And the earth folk, who were walking
that evening, especially the star-gazers
and the tale-tellers, remarked upon the
fact that it was a very clear and starry
night.

But next morning, when the little girl
who lived in the house with the won-
derful garden (her name was Dawn),

came down to talk to her flowers, she found that the corner bed which had been full of wonderful golden blooms, was empty except for green stalks and brown seed pods.

"Why mother," she said, "the night has stolen all my sunflowers!" and she felt quite sad as she went to tell the

news to the violets. But that evening when Dawn sat up in her little brown bed and gazed out at the window, a big star in the very centre of the Milky Way deliberately winked at her. "Oh!" said Dawn, as she cuddled her pillow and closed her dreamy eyes, "I *think* I know where my sunflowers went."

N.B., 3A.

BEAUTY'S EMBLEM.

Slowly the moon rose in the purple sky,
As though emerging from a sea of gold,
And bathed the earth in silv'ry mellow light,
A dusky cloak all nature did enfold."

And moving t'wards her pearly throne on high,
Her courtiers in homage lined the way.
Whilst there, throughout the mystic hours of night,
She reigned supreme until the break of day.

Bewitching hours which thrilled the heart anew,
And cast a magic spell o'er lovers' bliss,
When nature slumbered on in sweet repose,
Caressed by starlight and the moon's soft kiss.

Throughout the ages man has seen this queen,
And in his heart, hath built a golden shrine,
In homage to eternal beauty rare,
To beauty's emblem regal and divine.

"Sylber," 4A.

AN INTERESTING LESSON.

Wearily I entered the class room and banged my heavy bag on my desk with a groan of despair, because my history and French homework was not completed.

Sitting down I glanced around the class. Who was the new teacher? She was tall with Titian red hair, and garbed in a bear-skin dress. Just then she spoke in a strange language which, curiously, I understood. "The lesson this morning will be an English lesson, and each person whom I call will give his autobiography." This sounded exciting, but she was calling a boy's name. Yes, my ears had not deceived me, she said, "Horatio Nelson stand forward!" Wonderingly I watched as bemedalled Nelson stood before the class, and began to speak in the following manner. "Queen Boadicea, modern school girl and great men and women.

I now take the opportunity of presenting you with the only true story of my life."

Too excited to listen to a story which I almost knew off by heart, I turned to my companion, only to find beside me, the portly figure of Henry VIII, who was earnestly listening to the words of the great Nelson. Amazed, I gazed around the class, and saw all the noted characters of the history book seated in rows as if this were an everyday occurrence. Queen Elizabeth gave me a stately nod of recognition. Cleopatra smiled bewitchingly at Sir Walter Raleigh, whilst in the far corner Lord Kitchener and Julius Caesar discussed in low undertones, the future possibilities of radio. One by one the celebrities gave their accounts of their lives, and one whom I vaguely recognised was called "Oliver Cromwell." He narrated

Modie & Arcey

the story of how he defeated the Royalists in the Battle of Naseby, 1644.

Oh! whatever was happening? Queen Boadicea was melting away, in fact, so was the whole assembly. In their places were the usual 2A girls, and, the history teacher. Fixing her eye on me the teacher sternly asked, "In which battle

did Oliver defeat the Royalists." Astonishingly quick came my correct answer,

"Everything comes to those who wait," runs the proverb, and no one knows how long I had waited before learning my history.

Irene Shackcloth, 2A.

By Permission of A+A.

THE GREAT WHITE TRAIN.

For the small sum of sixpence a very interesting and delightful tour can be made through the Great White Train, an advertising venture which is probably one of the most novel ever introduced. This venture is controlled by the Australian Manufacturers' Preference League and is designed to show to the residents of the State the extent to which Australian industries are producing commodities for home consumption and for export. The Train left Sydney last December for the first section of its six months' journey over the State.

The first glimpse we can obtain of the train presents to the eye a very striking appearance for on each of its sides, in big red letters, is printed—

"Buy Australian Made."

Concerning the train itself; it contains twenty-one carriages, fourteen of which carry exhibits while one is equipped as a portable power plant. The personnel of the train staff, all in all, consists of thirty to forty persons, each adequately accommodated, and amid furnishings of Elizabeth's period, supplied entirely by Bebarfald's, the manager and secretary are easy of access.

The first exhibit which greets the eye is that of the Caldwell Wine Company. One can see the bottles of beautiful red wine, but, girls, I'm sorry to say that only the opposite sex are invited to partake of refreshment. Are you coming with me after that?

What shall we see now? An exhibit from Newland's which includes beds so restful that we almost falter. But they can only be granted a passing glance, for the people behind are desirous of seeing the latest creations from Bond's and also the Henderson

Hats exhibit, which invites inspection. The only fault we find with this exhibit is that we are not asked to utilise our primitive instincts.

In this train, where the "one way traffic" is observed, we observe Bebarfald's exhibits of every furnishing requirement, then glancing at Berlei's and Vicars' Marrickville Tweeds exhibit, we make haste till we come to Nestle's and Steadman's sweets and our eyes glisten as we behold a wondrous sight of lollies! lollies!! lollies!!! so beautifully arranged, so tempting, but, in a corner is placarded, "Hands Off!" and to make it more severe, there is a dragon guarding this entrancing quarter, for attendants of a train are dragons all and "Unlike Australians they are so white." so said my friend. What an appropriate remark for the train!

Whilst viewing an exhibit from the Jusfrute Company we sadly move ahead, and whilst seeing "Snowdrop Soap," Aeroplane Baking Powder, Clifford Love's and Wades' Cornflower exhibits, we are hushed. Eyes have no more power.

Listen! Is that a divine Muse playing on a harp? Oh no. Our eyes have betrayed us and now we view an exhibition of Beale's pianos, pianolas and other instruments of music.

While a haunting melody "softly awakes the heart" to past memories, our fairy-like feet are accidentally scraped and trodden upon by people who it seems are decidedly anxious to gaze upon the next exhibit whilst we of the dreamy romantic, spirit once more touch the earth.

While ravenous hunger surges, we gaze upon the Irrigation Commission's

display of preserved fruits. All kinds of pears and peaches and dried fruits tempt the eye. You who are following, don't forget to take special notice of our next compartment where the Almalgamated Wireless Company has an exhibition of a very comprehensive nature.

Berger's paints, the exhibits of the Rapid Forge Company are interesting.

The attractive display of tobacco claims the attention of mankind.

A real toy train and a tram can be gazed upon with longing eyes by small boys; but this most attractive display belongs to the Broken Hill Com-

pany, which includes also steel and iron goods from the factories.

We are missing some exhibits you will notice, but at the end of the train there is a cinematograph machine entirely Australian made, where the making of different goods is screened.

We make just a few steps now, once more into the cool, fresh air and once again on "terra firma," we view the train. It is big and inviting, just like this "opal-hearted country" of ours.

I hope you have enjoyed the inspection and will leave saying, "Success to Australia, and I will buy Australian Made!"

Annie McCandless, 5A.

EXCHANGES.

"The Magazine" acknowledges with thanks copies of other school journals sent to Fort Street during the year.

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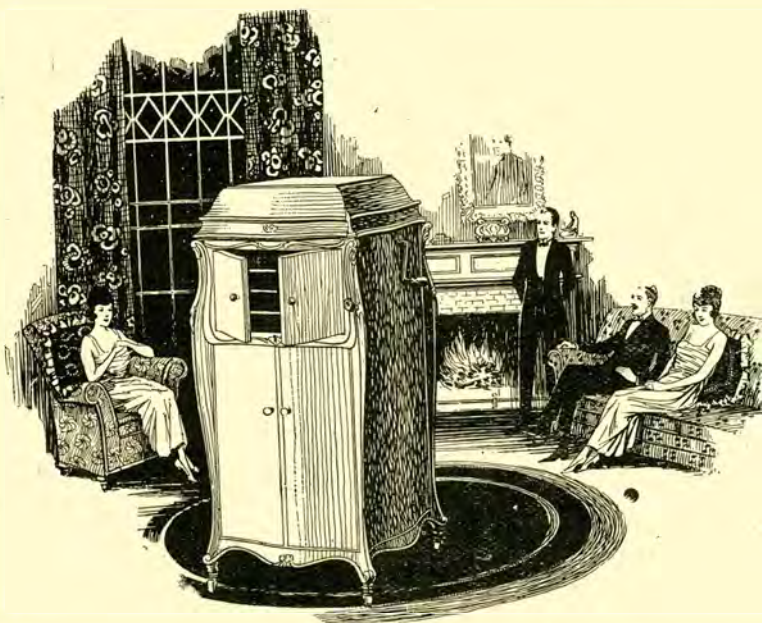
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