

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET



TABLE OF CONTENTS

ROUND THE SCHOOL NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS VERSE—

Heroes Nature's Charm
 The Intermediate
 Affinity
 The North East Wind
 Chivalry
 Roses
 When Thou Wert Born
 To a Clay Vase
 Dreaming
 Night The Morning Star
 The Seasons
 An Alphabet of Sport
 Sweet Ellen
 Song of the Sea
 Riding in the Country
 The Mystic Squadron
 The Sorrowful Star
 The Hush of Evening

OUR GUIDES PROSE—

Welcomes and Farewells
 Excursions!
 Coming Back to Life
 "Bobbed or Shingled?"
 Lost Property
 The Prisoners
 The Fairy Recipes
 Whispering Rosebuds
 A Fourth Year Ordeal
 Fort St., Without, In.
 Chatter in the Tree Tops
 The Automatic Adventure
 An Ideal 4B
 Sydney 1950 A.D
 A Country Scene
 The Fairies' Ball
 Losses Spare Moments

THE EDITOR TO CONTRIBUTORS.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.



WE REQUIRE STUDENTS OF THE RIGHT TYPE

to meet the heavy demands which we know will be made on this school NEXT YEAR. We have such wonderful results in commercial examinations that business men prefer our graduates.

You will be a woman in a very few years. Do not leave school for work, which after the novelty has worn off, will become a drudgery. Make up your mind to be one of the girls holding the better positions with the better salaries.

We will find a congenial post for you as soon as you have reached competency. M.B.C. training will make you free, happy and CONFIDENT because you will be COMPETENT.

COME TO THE M.B.C.

Every student of the Metropolitan Business College is PERSONALLY TAUGHT, thus ensuring against doubt on examination day or when you take a position. The Directors guarantee you every attention you require; every question is thoroughly discussed with you, thus you KNOW and UNDERSTAND your work as you go along.

YOU ARE TAUGHT PERSONALLY AND INDIVIDUALLY.

The M.B.C. staff is the most highly efficient in the Commonwealth. We have a faculty of 40 teachers in addition to a large administrative staff.

POSITIONS FOUND FOR ALL COMPETENT STUDENTS.

COME AND TALK OVER YOUR PROBLEM WITH US.

Interviews Daily: 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

City 4065.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE L^{TD}.

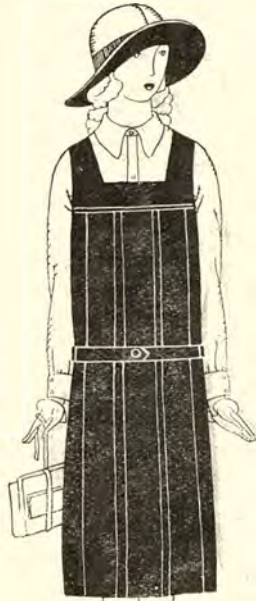
Directors: T. S. SUMMERHAYES, J. A. TURNER, F.C.P.A.

338 PITT STREET

(Near Snow's)

Ribbons

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



Blazers

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



Correct styles

Reliable fabrics

Tunics and Blouses

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.

Tunics of high-grade Silician, box-pleated from the yolk; all-round belt. Various sizes. Price: ... 22/6 to 35/-

Box-pleated Tunics in navy tabralco. Prices, 17/6 to 24/6

White Tabralco Blouses, with dainty Peter Pan collars; elastic at waist. Prices range from ... 10/6 to 12/6

Jap. Silk Shirt Blouses, to fit girls from 12 to 15 years of age. Various sizes, priced from ... 17/11 to 18/11

F A R M E R ' S

Pitt, Market & George Streets.



Specially Tailored
SCHOOL BLAZERS

Ready-to wear Blazers, cut from highest quality woollen flannels and specially tailored by men in David Jones' workrooms. Girl's Blazers in navy flannel with blue cord binding Bust 28-30. Price, 25/- 31 34-36. Price, 29 6 Special Blazer designs are procurable—manograms, correctly copied, and excellent fit and longer wear are assured.

DAVID JONES'

OPP. G P O —for Service—SYDNEY

THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

Principal—Miss Cruise, B.A.

Magazine Sub-Editor—Miss Perrin, B.A., B.Ec.

Magazine Editor—Miss Morley, M.A.

Magazine Business Manager—Miss Fuller.

HEROES.

I dreamed of days of long ago
And heroes brave of soul,
Whose deeds will live while winds do blow,
And ocean billows roll.
The men of England's glory,
The men who won the seas,
Their deeds are known in story,
And in our memories.
The men who dared to suffer wrong
For a righteous cause,
The men who made their nation great,
By their noble laws.
And many others, too, are there;
A countless host I see
Of gallants brave and ladies fair,
The flow'r of chivalry.

Dreaming thus I saw their state,
Dreaming saw them go,
The martial army of the great,
With measured steps and slow.
Dreaming, till the truth is dream,
And the dream is true,
Till the folk around me seem
Knights and ladies too.
Though they be unknown to Fame
And unloved by Time,
They have still the noble aim,
And the faith sublime.
Theirs the love of Empire vast,
The courageous will—
Such were heroes in the past,
Such are heroes still.

BESSIE BANNAN, 4A.

WELCOMES AND FAREWELLS.

Once more the time of farewells draws near, the saddest part of the school year.

It is always the same. Soon after the last arrivals have been thoroughly enveloped in that spirit of unity which springs from the winter matches, soon after the combined carnivals and sports and everything else in which the school co-operates, the inevitable wrench comes.

It is hard to realise that nearly twelve months have passed since the now sturdy Fortians of First Year entered, as shy strangers, the busy world of Fort Street. It seems but yesterday when a young, eager Fifth Year began its term of office by enthusiastically planning a hearty welcome for the girls who in four short years would be doing the same for others.

When one reads the names on the honour rolls one cannot but wonder what those girls were like, what their thoughts were upon entering and leaving Fort Street. We

recognise but few of these names, yet at the same time we feel that their owners' influence has not died with their memory. They helped to lay the foundations of the School, and we must endeavour to follow in their footsteps.

Soon a new First Year will be welcomed by a new Fifth, who will in its turn be the pillar of Fort Street till, once again, another farewell will approach.

And so everything moves on. Fortians come and Fortians go. Each succeeding year the blanks are filled.

Some of the girls are forgotten as the years roll on, remembered alone by those who knew and honoured them for their staunch school spirit. But the dear old School goes on still, thanks to the efforts of those who have gone and of those who try to keep unchanged its spirit and its fame.

ELIZABETH, 2A.



ROUND THE SCHOOL.

NEWS OF THE STAFF.—We are very sorry to report the removal of our Sports Mistress, Miss Bird, to Newcastle and Maitland, though we are able to anticipate good sporting days with Miss Fuller, whom the School warmly welcomes. Miss Buckley's absence, through ill-health, is a matter of deep regret. We wish her a speedy recovery.

OUR ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS were held on August 27 in perfect weather. In the morning everyone was in high spirits with expectation of the afternoon, and when the actual time arrived enthusiasm and excitement ran high. A large number of friends gathered at Birchgrove Oval to watch the games, and amongst these we were very glad to welcome many Fort Street boys and members of the staff of our brother school. Several weeks before Fortians were training. Every afternoon took us to Observatory Park, and during recess hours tunnel ball, overhead ball and under-and-over ball teams could be heard in the gymnasium.

This year the sports were to be most interesting. Several of our outstanding runners, including Annie Voss (champion, 1923), had left us, and stories of the ability of several new people had spread through the school. Clarice Kennedy, 1B, certainly lived up to the reputation which rumour had made for her. She succeeded in gaining the 100 yards school championship in excellent time (12 2-5 secs.), and she also won the junior and 14 years championships. One of our older girls, Dilys Williams, 5A, also excelled herself this year. She won the 17 years championship, and, with Edna Murphy, the senior three-legged race. She also helped the hockey team to carry a victorious stick in the sports relay.

The year relay was won by Third year. The 12 years championship went to I. Sadler,

13 years to N. Appleton, 15 years to J. Young, 16 years to N. Garden, walking championship to M. Gallagher.

It was delightful to see so many "old girls" taking their part in the sports, gallantly attempting even such unfamiliar novelties as "over-and-under ball."

The Old Girls' Race was won by K. Williams, who was the winner also last year, while the Relay Race—Old Girls v. Present Girls—resulted in the triumph of the school. Great merriment, especially for onlookers, was obtained from the novelty events, amongst which Tunnel Ball, Overhead Ball, and Over-and-Under Ball proved most exciting, probably because they are team games. The glory of winning is commemorated below:—

Orange Race—I. Hill.

Obstacle Race—F. Crawford.

Sack Race—H. Cook.

Crow Hop—M. Gallagher.

Junior Three-legged—M. Stewart and G. Lascelles.

Tunnel Ball—5A.

Overhead Ball—5A.

Under-and-Over Ball—1C.

The School Sports Shield, for the class obtaining the greatest number of points at the meeting, went to 5A (26 points).

Congratulations to our 1924 seniors!

M. RUSSELL, 4A.

HOCKEY.—On the whole great enthusiasm has been shown during the year in this branch of sport. About eighty girls joined the Hockey Club, while more would have joined if more playing fields had been available. This year the A team, although unsuccessful in retaining the laurels won by the 1923 team, came second in the competition, being defeated by St. George in the final meeting. The B team on the whole has shown much better form than last year's, coming third in the competition. The results were:—

A.

Parramatta v. Fort Street, 2—1.
 St. George v. Fort Street, 4—2.
 Fort Street v. Sydney, 6—2.
 Fort Street v. North Sydney, 6—2.
 Fort Street v. Parramatta, 1—0.
 St. George v. Fort Street, 2—0.

B.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 2—0.
 Fort Street v. Parramatta, 0—1.
 Fort Street v. Petersham, 4—2.
 Fort Street v. Sydney, 3—4.
 Fort Street v. Cleveland Street, 1—2.
 Fort Street v. Cleveland, 1—2.

Matches, both A and B, were played against Wollongong. Twice the Wollongong A team was victorious, the scores being 2—1 and 4—2; and twice were our B team successful, defeating Wollongong B team 3—0 and 4—0. Most enjoyable days were spent on both occasions.

An informal match was also played against Old Girls, whose team included many of the members of University and Training College teams. The match resulted in a draw—4 all.

All the hockey girls were very sorry to lose Miss Bird, who has always shown the greatest possible practical interest in all matters relating to hockey, and to whose instruction the A. and B teams owe so much.

Lastly, all wish to express our sympathy with our captain, Dilys Williams, who has been ill for some time, and to wish her a speedy recovery.

W. MOORE, 5A.

OUR TENNIS this season has been fairly successful, and both teams have played in some very enjoyable matches.

The A team was successful in reaching the finals of their competition, but was then defeated by Sydney, who played a splendid game. The B team matches have been thoroughly enjoyed by the players, as most of the matches were very close. Amongst these was an exciting match played against St. George, and resulting in a win for that team by one game.

A. Grade Results.

May 21st—Fort St., 11; Parramatta, 19.
 June 18th—Fort St., 22; St. George, 15.
 July 16th—Fort St., 15; Sydney, 22.
 July 23rd—Fort St., 22; North Sydney, 17.

Semi-Final.

July 30th—Fort St., 19; Parramatta, 18.

Final.

August 6th.—Fort St., 6; Sydney, 24.

B Grade Results.

May 21st—Won from North Sydney.
 June 18th—Lost to Sydney.
 July 16th—Lost to St. George.
 July 23rd—Won from Parramatta.
 July 30th—Lost to Petersham.
 August 6th—Won from Cleveland St.

M. JOHNSTONE (Capt.), 3A.

THE BASEBALL TEAM has been very successful this season, and though we began with but few players the enthusiasm of those few has made up for the lack of numbers.

Much of the success of the team has been due to Irene Coombes and Marjorie McGillie, who are to be complimented on their fielding and batting. In fact the play of every member of the team has been very good, and far above the ordinary standard of play.

This has been due to the splendid coaching of Mr. Searle, to whom we wish to express our hearty thanks. We also wish to thank Miss Bowie, whose interest in the baseball team has been unflinching.

Results of Competition Matches.

Fort Street, 23; North Sydney, 5.
 Fort Street, 4; Sydney High, 12.
 Fort Street, 26; St. George, 7.
 Fort Street, 11; Parramatta, 11.
 Fort Street, 21; Cleveland Street, 10.

As Sydney High, Parramatta and Fort Street were each defeated in one match, a semi-final and final were played.

Semi-final—Fort Street, 12; Sydney High, 10.

Final—Fort Street, 9; Parramatta, 9.

Fort Street and Parramatta thus share the honours for first place this year.

IRIS HILL (Capt.), 5A.

LACROSSE.—The A team this year has been fairly successful, being third in the competition. The club this year consists of a number of enthusiastic members, all of whom greatly appreciate the interest taken in them by Miss Fletcher and Miss Austin.

Jean Perk, Isabel Sadler, and Betty May are among the girls who show promise of good play. The first-year girls are especially keen, and in some cases prove themselves to be better players than the older girls.

Our captain is Jennie Evans, who ably fills this position. Phyllis Maddy and Daisy Cohen are two members of the A team who have shown that they are very reliable attack players. Strong defence

games are played by Jennie Evans, Agnes Brewster, and Madge Bernard.

If the members of the club wish to re-establish the record held by the Fort Street "A" Lacrosse Team during 1921 and 1922 they must attend regularly the weekly practices held in the Domain. During these two years the team won every match, thus winning the competition for both years.

Fort Street A, 0; North Sydney, 3.
 Fort Street A, 2; Sydney, 0.
 Fort Street A, 0; St. George, 1.
 Fort Street A, 1; Petersham, 0.
 Fort Street A, 6; Cleveland Street, 0.

MARIE HIGGINS, 4A.

BASKET BALL.—This has been a most successful season, owing to the enthusiasm shown by every girl. Every member of the teams played exceedingly well throughout the season. In the first round the A team succeeded in winning three matches out of four, being defeated by North Sydney; nor were those three very easily won.

In the semi-finals, however, although we defeated Sydney in the first round (15-14), they defeated us by one goal, the score being 15-13.

We feel very proud of our B team girls, with Jean Graham as captain, because they won their competition, winning all the six matches, and were presented with their "blues" the day of the Combined High Schools Sports.

Besides playing the matches for the competition we played the Sydney Teachers' College, and won. Both teams also went to Wollongong on Saturday, and both were successful. The following fortnight we played the return match at the Domain (Sydney), and were again successful.

In the A team Joyce Young carried out the position of "jumping centre" excellently, and Jessie Anderson made a splendid goal-thrower, most of the successes being due to the way she threw the goals.

In the B team the three goal-throwers were very good, especially Stella Bastian, while Bertha Trikojus proved a very efficient "jumping centre."

All the girls are most grateful to Misses Harders and Murray for the great interest they have shown during the season.

Results A Grade.

21st May—Fort St. v. Parramatta, 21-2.
 18th June—Fort St. v. St. George, 20-9.
 16th July—Fort St. v. Sydney, 15-14.
 23rd July—Fort St. v. N. Sydney, 12-15.

Semi-final.

Fort St. v. Sydney, 13-15.

Results B Grade.

Fort St. v. North Sydney, 30-12.
 Fort St. v. Sydney, 20-12.
 Fort St. v. Parramatta, 40-4.
 Fort St. v. Petersham, 5-3.
 Fort St. v. St. George, 22-3.
 Fort St. v. Cleveland, 8-5.

GWEN BRANCH, 5B.

THE CIRCLOS CLUB has gained many new members during the winter season. For the first time we ventured to try our prowess against other schools, namely, Sydney High and St. George High. We were lucky enough to win both matches, the scores being 6-5 and 6-2 respectively. The girls have all improved since the beginning of the season, Myra Flay, Maisie Gallecher, Yvonne Brierly and Geraldine Tyerman showing exceptional promise. We desire to thank Miss Purcell for her interest and encouragement, and also our captain, Olga Phelps.

B. BANNAN (Secretary), 4A.

VIGORO.—It is with great regret we report the loss from the A vigoro team of Peggy Macpherson, who was exceedingly good as batswoman, bowler and fielder.

In the first and later matches Isolde King, a first year girl in 1A, excelled herself in obtaining a large number of runs. As bowler her successes were equal to her batting. Myra Whiting and May Spedding also set good examples to the B team, and Audrey Folcard distinguished herself in batting amongst the many girls in A team who have at one time or another done excellent work.

Taking the teams (i.e., A, B, C, and D) as a whole, we advise a little more practice, and all the girls would do splendidly, for not only a good batswoman can be in the A team, a good fielder or bowler is quite as suitable.

In the competition Fort Street took second place. The matches played were against Cleveland Street, North Sydney, Parramatta, Sydney, Petersham and St. George.

Petersham had not been beaten by any school until a very exciting game against Fort Street, when Petersham lost only by one point.

St. George had very fine players. All girls who witnessed the match thoroughly enjoyed themselves. All St. George players were a set of very good sports, and gave a very hearty welcome to us, so that a good hearty "Fortian" cheer rose from the ground when the announcement was read: "St. George the winners!"

It is a good game, and we hope more girls will join and help to make the Fort Street girls' vigoro team a really strong one.

C. KENNEDY, 1B.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING OF THE GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION was held at the Sports Ground on 12th September, 1924.

Fort Street, though well represented in all the events, did not do so well when it came to results, although we succeeded in gaining two first places, one second, and one third. The Junior Championship and 14 years Championship were won by Clarice Kennedy, while Iris Hill succeeded in gaining second place in the Orange Race, and Marjorie Hopman third place in the Sack Race.

We congratulate North Sydney on gaining the Sports Cup, which had been held by St. George High School since the previous sports.

JESSIE ANDERSON, 4A.

A TRIP TO WOLLONGONG.—It was a bright sunny morning when forty excited and happy Fortians of the Hockey and Basket-ball teams, accompanied by Miss Harders and Miss Murray, assembled at the Central Railway Station to catch the train for Wollongong.

With the usual bustle we boarded the train and were soon on our way. The train journey was, of course, half the excitement of such a trip, and we were almost sorry when we reached our destination. At Wollongong we were received by members of the teams, and the Hockey and Basket-ball teams separated, the former going to the oval, the latter to the school, where the matches were to be played.

The Wollongong "A" Hockey team proved too strong for us. Our "B" team was successful, as were also both "A" and "B" Basket-ball teams. After the strenuous matches we walked down to the beautiful Stewart Park, where we partook of lunch.

Later we were taken to the boat sheds, where boats were hired, which were soon filled with Fortian and Wollongong girls. We spent a most enjoyable and in most cases a rather exciting half-hour on the lagoon, but returned safely with no accidents. The afternoon was all too short, and we were soon compelled to hasten to prepare for the homeward journey. We bade farewell to our Wollongong friends, resolving that, in return for their hospitality, we would

entertain them in Sydney as soon as possible.

We were therefore very delighted when we heard that the Wollongong A and B Hockey and Basket-ball girls were coming down to Sydney to meet us once again on the field. They arrived on the night before the Combined High School sports in order that some of them might compete in the sports.

On Saturday the matches were played, and although the Wollongong A Hockey team again proved successful, the Fortians retained their honour in winning the A and B Basket-ball matches and the B Hockey.

In the afternoon the girls were taken to the Zoo, where an enjoyable afternoon was spent, and, returning home, the girls expressed a wish to re-visit Sydney the following year.

NANCY WILLIAMS, 4A.

THE ALLIANCE FRANCAISE.—During the first week in August the Alliance Francaise and the Teachers' College conducted the annual oral examination in French at the Teachers' College within the University grounds.

The examiners were: Monsieur Nettelement (Consul-General for France), Mademoiselle Soubeiran and Monsieur Chaillol (representing the Alliance Francaise), Miss Garrett (representing the University), and Mademoiselle Pognon and Monsieur Dulieu (representing the Teachers' College).

One hundred and twenty-eight candidates of different grades were examined, and 101 passed in at least two sections of their work. A notable feature of the examination was the decided superiority of the candidates from the girls' schools over those from the boys' schools. Judging also from the results, great credit is due to the methods of teaching French in the schools. The prizes and certificates were awarded to successful candidates on Friday, 24th October, at the Teachers' College.

In the following list of successful candidates from Fort Street "A" represents a pass in conversation, "B" a pass in recitation, "C" a pass in reading.

Grade III.

Karla Oosterveen, A, B, C.
Maureen O'Hanlon, A, C.

Grade IV.

Jean Mackenzie, A, B, C.
Willa Rowohl, A, B, C.
Lilian Hawes, A, B.
Marjorie Brooks, A, B, C.
Alma Pritchard, A, B, C

Grade V.

Joan Balmain, A, B, C.
 Joyce Kolts, A, B, C.
 Kathleen McElroy, B, C.
 Kathleen Alexander, B, C.
 Alice McArthur, B, C.
 Annie Dreves, B, C.
 Ruth Pike, B, C.
 Myrtle Carroll, B, C.

MAUREEN O'HANLON, 5B.

SCIENCE EXCURSIONS.—In spite of the very unpromising weather on the first day of the Michaelmas holidays, most of the fifth-year chemistry class undertook their biggest excursion to the Port Kembla Electrolytic Works. Thanks to the kindness of the manager and to our several escorts, we were able to pass a most interesting day, and we wish heartily to thank them for their trouble in showing us the extraction of copper from its ore as well as the manufacture of superphosphates.

On 22nd October we also visited Berger's White Lead Works, the manager of which we also wish to thank for the very interesting afternoon spent there. R. G., 5A.

AN ECONOMICS EXCURSION TO COOK'S CARAMEL FACTORY.—The girls in the Fourth Year Economics Class enjoy many interesting excursions as part of their course in Economics. Through the influence of our schoolfellow, Helen Cook, Miss Perrin received an invitation to inspect Cook's Caramel Factory at Waterloo, and one Wednesday afternoon we set out on our excursion under the guidance of Miss Perrin. We were all seething with excitement, for this was our first glimpse into the real world of industry, which had only been familiar to us through our lessons at school on the subject.

On our arrival at the factory we were heartily greeted by Mr. Cook and his son, and in a few minutes we were transported by the whirr of giant machines and the sight of unceasing human industry and skill from the hum-drum of everyday school life to an atmosphere of immense activity and production. We were conducted throughout the building by Mr. Cook, junr. We first inspected the stock of raw materials, and since Mr. Cook has travelled the world over he was well able to give us vivid descriptions of the remote places from which they come. For some time we stood around the giant boilers watching the various caramel mixtures frothing and bubbling, in a rich golden brown mass, from which we inhaled a delicious fragrance.

Then one after the other we inspected the many stages in the manufacture of the caramel until our attention became divided between stifling the longings of the palate and listening to the information of Mr. Cook, which revealed to us his knowledge of intricate detail and brought to light many unknown and truly interesting facts.

Then we crossed to another section of the building, where many girl employees were busily engaged in making delicious hand-dipped chocolates and an assortment of sweets. While we were being shown the ingredients of the chocolates Mr. Cook invited some of us to taste the raw chocolate, and was not surprised to see us pulling very wry faces, thus proving to the whole party that the chocolate with which we are familiar has to undergo many changes from its raw state before it becomes an enticing delicacy.

When we had finished with this section we were conducted to a great cylinder-like machine for making icing sugar, and further on we saw the huge refrigerator, which is only used in summer months. Finally, after we had been through the whole factory from end to end, Mr. Cook showed us the boxes in which the caramels are packed, and which he designs himself, being quite an artist. In one case he makes ingenious use of his name by illustrating the box with an old-time sailing vessel and the inscription "Cook's Endeavour."

And now we collected our luggage, and, feeling that we had had an insight into a life unknown to us before, we prepared to depart. But Mr. Cook, senr., with fatherly wisdom, understanding a girl's proverbial "sweet tooth," was waiting for us in the entrance hall with a delightful surprise—a prettily bound box of choice sweets for each one of us, not omitting Miss Perrin. When the latter, on behalf of the whole party, had expressed our gratitude for the delightful afternoon spent in his factory, we departed to catch our trams home.

REBE PEARLMAN.

MILDRED O'HANLON.

4A.

THE SCHOOLS' ANNUAL HOSPITAL CONCERT was held in the Sydney Town Hall on the afternoon of September 23rd, and repeated on the night of the 25th.

Many schools were represented, including Fort Street, which sent approximately a hundred and thirty girls.

A feature of the programme was the choir of a thousand voices, which rendered

quite a number of songs, including "The Vesper Hymn," "Lift Thine Eyes," "Night, Lovely Night," "To the Tap of the Drum," and "Miserere," from the opera "Il Trovatore" (Verdi). The soloists in the latter were Jean Stevenson and Dorothy Carolan—Manrico and Leonora respectively.

On the 25th several choirs took part in a competition, which Stanmore is to be congratulated on winning.

In addition, character songs were given by Stanmore School, under the direction of Miss Fuller. Master Harry Klass, a clever young violinist, played several pieces, and Miss Hermione Jefferies sang "When Apples Grow on a Lilac Tree."

An exhibition of toe-dancing by two clever pupils from the Sydney High School was quite a diversion, and well received by the audience.

From every point of view the function was a great success. The attendance on both occasions was excellent, and the hospitals should benefit accordingly.

BERTHA TRIKOJUS, 2C.

HOSPITAL COLLECTION.—Since the last issue the School's hospital efforts have been extremely successful from a monetary point of view, and some of them were rather original.

For days before the annual sports meetings classes were turned into Dorcas meetings, which feverishly manufactured tiny red and white rosettes to be sold on the great day, and harassed prefects urged their class-mates not to forget the cakes and fruit promised to the stall at Birchgrove. The stall for sweets and ice-cream on sports day did brisk business all the afternoon, dispensing refreshments to hungry visitors and ice-cream to enthusiastic barrackers grown hoarse from urging on their particular friends or favourite tunnel-ball teams.

The play-day at the end of the last term was another remunerative effort as well as an artistic success, which, 'tis rumoured, will be repeated again before the holidays.

One morning the school was overwhelmed with flowers. At 8.30 the washrooms were full, and still bunch after bunch arrived until 9 o'clock. It was Fort Street's Flower Day in aid of the hospital fund. Every member of Staff and School passed the day looking like lost flower-gardens or wandering botany books, and class vied with class as to which one should top the list. This honour fell to 1C.

Egg-day, although it did not add to the actual fund, was an effort which was well

responded to, and seventy dozen eggs were collected and sent to the Sydney Hospital.

The total sum obtained amounted to £34/8/2½, and was distributed in the following manner:—Alexandra Hospital, £12/12/; Sydney Hospital, £12/12/; New Hospital for Women and Children, £9/4/2. And now, with the balance of ¼d, but plenty of enthusiasm, we are ready to start all over again.

L. RILEY, 4A.

JUNE PLAY DAY.—Fortians always look forward to play-day, and it was with many knowing nods and suppressed giggles that we entered our dear old "gym" to see what appeared to be Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, formed in the imagination of Jean Archer, of 4A. The "dainty" fairy of the piece made us wonder how Fairyland withstood the enormous strain of her weight. The exasperating small cousin who caused the waxworks to move, and the poor overworked school-girl aroused the greatest sympathy in the audience.

First year girls recalled poor old Bob Cratchitt and the miserly Mr. Scrooge with great success.

As Lady Macbeth, Willa Rowohl (5A) walked in her sleep on the stage, causing shivers to run down our spines, which froze when the three old witches from the same play made their evil-smelling brew. "Les Vieux" caused much laughter, mainly because the young man was forced to eat bitter cherries, whilst the old people watched him. This French play was very well presented.

The poor young man, forced to dress in his sister's clothes, overcome by shyness, and only saved by the timely arrival of his sister, was the main theme of an original play by Joyce Kolts (2C)—a play which showed much ingenious humour and roused much mirth. "Le Fripier" was acted by 2C with success equal to that of the fifth year girls who acted it on a previous occasion. Two prize but querulous babies, Clarice Gee and Dilys Williams (5A), caused much trouble for poor Mrs. Micawber, who vainly attempted to join in conversation with her talkative husband, engaged in regaling Mr. David Copperfield with a farewell supper.

From this day of spritely fun the Lawson Memorial Fund benefited to the sum of £5, as also did the hospitals.

R. M., 4A.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.—The weekly practice, which during last term was slightly hampered, commenced this term

with an increase of one new member. To the selection of pieces have been added "Tete-a-tete" and "The Carnival of Venice."

We were very sorry indeed to lose Jean Archer, one of our violinists. We hope that our orchestra will be a success this term, but meanwhile all new members will be cordially welcomed.

The orchestra proposes to provide incidental music for the performance of "The Schoolmistress" in the King's Hall on December 15th.

E. PERT, 4B.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.—The old "gym" was once more the scene of laughter and of song on Play-Day, September 26th, when the 1A girls rendered a small, humorous play, "The Knave of Hearts." The play, which was supposed to be the true romance of the knave's theft, was well explained by the small but pompous manager in the person of Sheila Smith, whose bowing made even the Chancellor envious.

Pastrycooks (like as two spoons), Chancellor Pompey, ingenious Knave, fair Lady Violetta, and dear little pages in reformed "gym" costumes, as well as the anxious King, played excellently their parts in this amusing little comedy.

N. B., 1A.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—It is with great pleasure that we are able to announce that our Amateur Dramatic Society has met with great success in this the first year of its life. Unbounded enthusiasm and interest have been displayed by all the members.

One Friday afternoon during last term an entertainment was given in the Gymnasium. Our principal, Miss Cruise, and Miss Perrin were present, and an apology was received from Miss Morley, who was unable to attend. An entertaining programme was provided by the members of the society, and a very jolly afternoon was passed.

At the end of the Michaelmas term "The Schoolmistress" was presented as the first effort of the society. The success which met this performance is due largely to the untiring efforts of the stage manager, Maureen O'Hanlon, and the willingness of those who acted as scene shifters between the acts, as well as to the interest of the players. On December 15th we hope to repeat the performance in the King's Hall.

We hope that the Dramatic Society is going to enjoy a long life, and that un-

bounded success will meet its every effort.

RENE GREEN, 5A, President.

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS," presented by the members of the Dramatic Society at their initial performance on the 26th September proved a great success, and was certainly a distinct achievement for a club that was inaugurated only in the middle of this year.

This popular play by Sir Arthur W. Pinero depicts the adventures of several young ladies at a seminary known as Volumnia College, and serves to illustrate the proverb: "When the cat's away the mice will play."

One of the principal characters, Dinah Rankling, has been sent to the college because she was foolish enough to fall in love with Mr. Reginald Paulover, aged seventeen. Dinah's father, Admiral Rankling, terms the whole matter as "bosh!" and orders her to be locked up in a boarding school. This is done, but not before Dinah and the youthful Reginald have become secretly married. Dinah finds sympathy in some friends she makes at College, in the person of Miss Peggy Hesslerigge (an artiled pupil), Gwen Hawkins, and Ermytrude Johnson. The first act shows the great joy of the girls at the fact that Miss Dyott, the principal, is going away. Miss Dyott, who has married the Hon. Vere Queckett, retains her maiden name, much to the disgust of the servants, Tyler and Jane. Miss Dyott is secretly taking part in Ott Bernstein's comic opera, and is forced to go away, as she says, to stay with a parson's wife at Hereford, actually to board near the theatre. The girls determine to seize this opportunity to unite the bride and bridegroom, and it seems that Fate is with them, for the Hon. Vere Queckett, who expects some friends to visit him, but is rather dubious about entertaining them, accedes to the girls' wishes that he should pretend to be their uncle, and give a party.

The guests arrive, Lieut. John Mallory, his nephew, Mr. Saunders, and—Admiral Rankling! Fortunately the Admiral has been away so long that he fails to recognise Dinah as his daughter. The party is not much of a success, for Mr. Paulover is exceedingly afraid that the other men may pay attentions to his wife. At this point the crisis occurs. Tyler, who is extremely fond of playing with fireworks, succeeds in setting fire to the college. The firemen come and lead the party to the house of a "kind lady," who happens to be Mrs. Rankling. The Admiral is totally unaware that

he lives so near-by, and that he has been dining at Volumnia College, believing it to be Queckett's "bachelor apartments." Everybody is getting away via the fire escape, when Miss Dyott arrives on the scene in time to drag her husband away with her.

The last act takes place at the house of Admiral Rankling. The girls are unable to sleep, and meet in the drawing-room. Here they manage to snatch a few moments of repose, but are awakened by the entrance of Mr. Mallory. Mallory and Peggy become engaged in the conservatory, but everyone else is in despair. Admiral Rankling has determined to dispose of the Hon. Vere for ever; so also has Miss Dyott. Miss Dyott and Mrs. Rankling, though somewhat cool at first, become friends, and the latter persuades her husband to forgive Dinah, on the understanding that she is not to see Reginald for five years. The Hon. Vere and Miss Dyott, after a fierce battle of words, become reconciled. Thus all ends well, for although the college has been reduced to ashes, Miss Dyott has made a success in the comic opera, and begins a new career.

The girls acted their parts splendidly, and there was not a hitch anywhere in the production of the play. Clarice Gee as the Hon. Vere Queckett, showed a remarkable ability for impersonating the opposite sex.



Her role caused a great deal of admiration, and was the principal source of amusement in the play. The part of the irate Admiral was carried out to perfection by Joyee Kolts. Vere's darling little moustache and

the Admiral's whiskers were objects of general admiration. Enid Elphinstone's portrayal of Miss Dyott was exceptionally well done, as also Stella Bastian's of the erstwhile timid Mrs. Rankling. That "vexing gal" Peggy Hesslerigge (Willa Rowohl) met with everyone's appreciation in becoming the fiancée of Mallory (Rene Green). Dinah (Irene Packard) and Mr. Paulover (Lucy Barton) were prey to all the apprehensions of the newly-married couple. Especially admired was Mr. Saunders (Marion Stewart); he was so handsome in his naval uniform, no wonder Gwen Hawkins (Joan Balmain) succumbed to his charms. The Admiral took a great fancy to Ermytrude Johnson (Helen Stewart), who made a typical "young lady from College—er!" Mr. Bernstein was ably impersonated by Karla Oosterveen. Ruth Carter as Tyler was greatly attracted by fireworks—it was their "horrible uncertainty what I crave after," said that youth. Jane (Thelma Sundstrom) proved to be Tyler's champion and protector. The firemen, Goff (Kathleen O'Hanlon) and Jaffray (Dorothy Dyer) showed how cool they could be in times of danger!

We are very proud of our Dramatic Society, and we appreciate the care with which each one endeavoured to—and succeeded in—making a great success. Maureen O'Hanlon, who was stage-manager, showed ability as well as great energy in that capacity.

MILDRED O'HANLON. } 4A.
M. CORRINGHAM. }

A GERMAN PLAY.—At a meeting of the German section of the Modern Language Association, held in the Education Buildings, Dr. Murray's German class presented a short play in German, entitled "Rooms to Let." In it varied complications arose owing to the different feelings of mistress (Manna Tadsen) and maid (Kathleen Taylor) toward the applicants, which finally ended in the rooms not being let at all owing to Frederico Fischerio's (Renee Middlehurst) love of freedom and refusal to stay with his employer. The other actors were Mary Corringham and Alice Waddington, a student and lieutenant respectively.

"The audience showed its appreciation by vigorous applause," even though the song which was to have ended the piece broke in shrieks of laughter. Many thanks are due to Dr. Murray for her interest and pains to make us ready.

A. W., 4A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY has done good work during the year, members showing genuine interest in debates, and the meetings being well and consistently attended. Several debates have been held, and also a series of impromptu speeches. The subjects for debate were: "The miser does more harm to the community than the spendthrift," "All members of the British Empire should be given equal opportunities," "Should the Dalton System be adopted in our schools?" Of these the last was the best from the debating point of view, and in this debate Willa Rowohl (5A) and Connie Berry (3C) proved themselves very good debaters, while in the second debate Mary Little showed herself to be one of the best speakers we have. Of the impromptu speeches the subject, "Travel is a better means of education than books," provoked a great deal of discussion, and was earnestly contested by several members even outside the meeting. This is the kind of interest which should be stimulated by the Debating Society. Also the discussions which took place after each debate showed that members had been keenly interested and alert in grasping all the points of the debate.

Girls who have acquitted themselves laudably in the debates and discussions held during the year are Mary Little, Willa Rowohl, Joyce Kolts, Essie Cohen, Irene Packard, Enid Elphinstone, Karla Oosterveen, Jean Graham, Madge Martin, Marjorie Brooks, Connie Berry, Bessie Bannan, and Lesley Riley.

After the examinations we propose to hold a mock banquet, to which are invited all members who have attended at least two meetings of the society.

CLARICE GEE, 5A, President.

"THE AUSTRALIAN MANUFACTURER'S" COMPETITION.—Once again the girls of our "good old school" have proved to all what they can do to add to its already blazoned scroll of fame.

"The Australian Manufacturer" arranged a competition for the economics students from all parts of Australia, in the form of an essay, "Why only Australian steel should be used in building the North Shore bridge."

The first prize of £5/5/ was won and divided between two of our girls, Mildred O'Hanlon and Rebe Pearlman, and in addition they have received two special memento prizes given by the "Broken Hill Proprietary Co., Ltd." On behalf of the entire school we wish to congratulate them on their brilliant success.

While congratulating the girls we wish to extend our thanks to Miss Perrin, who was presented with the prize of £2/2/ as mistress of the successful students. She has presented this as a prize for the best work done in the Economics classes during the year.

M. C., 4B.

BROADCASTING.—When we visited Farmer's wireless studios last Monday we all regarded the broadcasting room as the star attraction of the afternoon. Impatiently we waited to be ushered into this wonderful place, of which we had conjured up so many visions.

But I am sure that not one of the girls was correct in her visualizations. Heavy glass doors shut off the object of our curiosity, until they were noiselessly opened, and we found ourselves in a small thickly carpeted room.

A large notice with the word SILENCE printed in block capitals was placed in a prominent position; pleated buff-coloured draperies lined the floor and ceiling, held in place by wide bands of braid. A window was at one end of the room, but the only ventilation other than that took the form of spaces close to the floor, criss-crossed in a lattice-like design in wood, which left spaces of about one square inch. The window was closed, and although we might see the employees using the telephone and tuning in on the radio apparatus we did not hear the slightest sound.

The microphone was the subject of our engrossed attention. Mr. Treharne was talking quite naturally into this small instrument, and yet we knew that instantaneously his words would be heard by hundreds of children in the back-block towns of Australia, and we knew that very soon we should sing to those children, too.

A grand piano and a few chairs completed the furnishings of this room; and when our song was ended and we left the studios after an enjoyable afternoon we felt that to our small store of radio knowledge we had added some valuable facts.

DOROTHY CLARK, 2A.

SPECIAL CHOIR.—Although there has been a decrease this year in the number of girls who comprise special choir, those who do attend are full of enthusiasm, and as we all know, it is not quantity but quality which brings about success. Among the songs added to our repertoire since last May are "Lift Thine Eyes," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; "The Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust"; the "Miserere," from "Il Trovatore"; "The Lass with the Delicate

Air" was successfully rendered by Ruth Lilyblade last Play Day.

Girls who wish to join the choir should interview Miss Watts.

G. STAYTE, 4A.

REFERENCE LIBRARY.—The library in Room 4 continues to be opened on Mondays and Thursdays at recess. The attendance has not been so good this term, although there are still a number of regular members. The library is at the disposal of the whole school, and we should like all girls to make use of it.

There is now a fine collection of books, including periodical magazines and those of other High Schools. Copies of class magazines will be gladly received, as such a collection of literary effort at Fort Street would be an interesting one. 2A has already assisted in this direction, and several copies of "Koala" are in hand.

During the term five volumes by the poet have been donated by the committee of the Henry Lawson Memorial Fund.

Any new members are welcomed, and the librarians would especially like First Years to become acquainted with the library for use in their future careers.

New books added:—Henry Lawson—Humorous Verse, Winnowed Verses, While the Billy Boils (2), Popular Verses.

BESSIE BANNAN	} Librarians.
NANCY WILLIAMS	
JOSIE MAGEE	

"KOALA."—On 16th October 2A celebrated "Koala's" first birthday. For more than a week before this honourable event a feeling of great mysteriousness pervaded 2A's class-room. A surprise party was planned for the staff of the magazine!

On Thursday morning girls arrived at school each with a parcel of some description. Half-past three found every girl highly excited. We hurried over to the Gym., and found it gaily decorated with bunting and streamers. Each girl was given a jazz cap, and soon the Gym. was a scene of great merriment.

Miss Purcell was one of our guests, and we wish to thank her for the way in which she has helped and encouraged "Koala." We regret to say that Miss Cruise, Miss Morley, and our class mistress, Miss Bayley, were unable to attend. But Rene Green and the school prefects were among our guests.

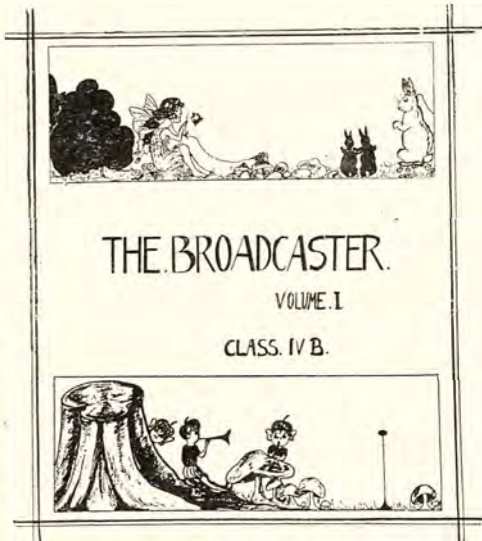
The girls welcomed their guests by singing, "For they are jolly good fellows."

Several girls sang and recited, whilst others gave us pianoforte solos. Then to the melodious strains of a jazz band (consisting of the piano, several tin whistles, a tambourine, and a mandolin) we danced for some time.

Winnie Scriven, the editor of the magazine, then made a speech telling us of "Koala" and its good work. A toast was then proposed for "Koala," and Winnie cut the birthday cake. After partaking of a sumptuous feast several more speeches were made.

We next sang our school song and "God Save the King," and we left the Gym. at about a quarter past five, very happy girls, looking forward to 'Koala's' birthday next year.

J. YOUNG, 2A.



CLASS MAGAZINES.—The Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks copies of magazines from 2A ("Koala"), from 4B ("The Broadcaster"), and from 1A ("Pastime"). These are full of interesting news, pleasant writing in prose and verse, and of dainty drawings in black and white and in colours.

The classes are to be most warmly congratulated upon their successful efforts. The cover of "The Broadcaster"—a dainty piece of work by Helen Cook—is reproduced above, and the magazine prints, on other pages, passages of prose and verse from these periodicals.

THE INTERMEDIATE.

What is that shrilly sounding horn
Which causes us to rise at morn,
And, during days of pleasure shorn,
To push that dragging pen along
And cherish such a hope forlorn
The thought of seven A's won?

N. C., 3B.

AFFINITY.

Beneath the starry sky, the blue lagoon
Lies calm and still, reflecting heaven's
deeps,
Wherein doth ride the glorious argent
moon,
Just newly come to cheer her spouse the
night.

And, like that shining deep, my soul doth
wait
Some sign, some word from out the silent
sky,
Breathing as yet no word of what my fate
Shall be, 'twixt this and aeons yet to
come.

DREAMER, 5A.

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Dear Girls,

How am I to begin? I am confronted with the prodigious task of writing you news of the old girls, and though there are hosts of things I am just longing to tell you, the trouble is that I don't know where to start. You see, when one has not been an old girl for very long the strangeness and wonder of it all has not worn off—for, in spite of all one's misgivings, when one has become reconciled to the fact that one must leave school and may as well make the best of it, it is wonderful to be an old girl, and the opportunity of sharing with you, if only for a little while, this new and great adventure of ours leaves me just a little breathless.



The Guardian of the
Fisher

For it is an adventure—and a romantic one at that. Every corner and crevice of the University, every impudent gargoyle that laughs at you when you are running across the quadrangle with the horrible fear that you are just a little late and will be stamped into your place, the quadrangle itself and the cloisters all are fraught with a sense of mystery and enchantment, and often, in a lecture, when you tire, the gleam of a sunbeam through a coloured window pane, or an old, old date scratched on the desk before you, will set your mind wandering back through the years, and you will hear as in a vision the echoes of the voices of the great men and women who have studied in these same halls and passed on, and, in a sudden ecstasy of enthusiasm and gratitude, you will want to fling wide your arms and give of all that you have to this great place that has given so much. But because you have little to give you will seize your Cicero and become suddenly and profoundly interested in the petty intrigues of long-forgotten Roman politicians. But the spell lasts and enfolds even the most tiresome exercise with its glamour, so that throughout all the vicissitudes of unintelligible proses and impossible essays one doesn't lose the thrill of living.

And then, there are so many old girls here that one feels just as though the Prefect's room, with all its noise and nonsense, has been transplanted, and, differences in year now being of no account, there is the opportunity to know those who were one's

seniors at school better than ever seemed possible until one realises joyfully what really splendid people Fort Street has produced. That is one of the happiest discoveries waiting for a Fortian at the 'Varsity.

I suppose an account of serious students should begin with a list of their academic achievements, but, sad to relate, such are scarce just at present. We shall have an opportunity to shine very soon—in December—though most of us are afraid we shall miss it. You see we are already in the pangs and pessimism of third term!

Of the older "old girls" we hear that Marjorie Collins, M.Sc., has gained a Dominions Research Scholarship—a great honour, for Miss Collins was the only woman among the successful applicants. Ten scholarships were granted, two to each of the Dominions, and they are tenable for one year at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington.

Zelie Bristowe is studying for her M.Sc. in mathematics, and Maisie Williams has been appointed a Macleay Fellow, another high honour. For the rest our girls are doing very well in geology, both third and first years, and Hazel Brewster recently took first place in a chemistry examination. But, as regards the remainder of us, work seems to consist of a continuous round of proses and essays if we are Arts, and endless experiments and excursions if we are Science people.

Excursions appear to be among the chief attractions of a science course. I have a vision of a tall professor striding rapidly up and down mountains from daylight till dark, uttering the while words of wisdom relative to the pebbles that bestrew the wayside, while a mile or so in the rear toils a hot and breathless host of mortals that are students frantically clutching in one hand a packet of lunch and in the other a packet of baby boulders and splinters from extinct volcanoes. Needless to say I have never been to an excursion myself, but this is the impression I have gleaned from others. The intellectual pursuits of the Arts people, like myself, rarely take us beyond the precincts of the Fisher Library, where we are doomed to spend many pleasant hours behind that delightful volume entitled "Nicholson and Brennan—Passages for Translation." May I here exhort you all to shun acquaintance with it as you value a peaceful existence.

But of course we believe very firmly in the dictum, "All work and no play . . ." and consequently Fort Street is well represented in sport. Hilda Jamieson, Kathleen Waddington and Alma Hamilton have been bulwarks of the A Hockey team for some time, and Ebena Isles joined them this year—a very promising performance for a Fresher, we are told—while Dorothy Pearson also played in the Inter-varsity contest held in Brisbane. Alma played, too, in the B Interstate team, and so won yet another laurel leaf.

Again, in the University Girl Guide Cadet Company, which was formed early this year, Fort Street is well to the fore, for out of eight patrol leaders and seconds five are Fortians, and we have still three others in the ranks, so that, out of a company of twenty-two eight are Fortians. Our first enrolment was held on October 8th, and, small as our numbers now are, we are very optimistic, and hope for an influx next year. So remember, you Fortians who are also Guides!

Thus everywhere in this vast place one is sure to see some old remembered face and find some Fortian ready to lend a hand, and we who have just joined the community unite with our predecessors to wish you all the very best of luck in the exams.—especially the Thirds and Fifths—so that you may win yet further honours for our dear old school, and, leaving, pass on to swell the throng of Fortians in this great and wonderful 'Varsity.

MOLLIE THORNHILL.



A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Dear Editor,—

The year is quickly coming to a close, and with it approach the dread "finals." But, nevertheless, we, of the Teachers' College, are as fresh and as gay as ever, for this last term is just one long rush of pleasure.

Every section in the College is striving to crowd in as many dances and social functions as possible before the time of parting arrives.

The new year will find many of the old Fortians launched out on the sea of life as real, grown-up teachers. Others have still another year to spend in the dear old "Coll."

The College sports were held recently at Jubilee Oval, and with Lily Sims, Annie Voss, Katie Williams and others Fort Street as usual held its own.

In the swimming carnival, which is to take place shortly, we hope, with Dorrit Bristow and Marjorie Hinton, to secure a few points for the old school.

On Wednesday last, the 15th October, the annual College picnic was held at National Park. Need I say that Fort

Street was well represented among the joyous throng, who sang, laughed and otherwise amused themselves in the boats on the river?

Linda Goldstein came down to see us during her last vacation, and is looking very well. The country air agrees with her splendidly. The same can be said of Dolly Benson, who was sent to Kendall after a year or so of teaching in her home town, North Ryde.

The College Fete will be held in the College grounds on the 24th and 25th of this month. Any Fortian wishing to come will be received with open arms on the production of one shilling to cover expenses.

We are always anxious to hear of the successes of the old school, and we wish the leaving and intermediate candidates all luck in their approaching exams.

I will close now by conveying best wishes to our school from the old girls of the Teachers' College.

I am,

A Fortian of the Past,
DOROTHY STARR.

THE MELBOURNE HIGH SCHOOL.

The clock in the Assembly Room points to 5 to 9. Clang! clang! clang! rings a bell. "Let me pass, please," gasps a maiden hurrying along the corridor trying to take off her hat and gloves with one hand and at the same moment.

"There's the first, and I haven't got any books," yells another, trying to push her way through the crowd of girls to her locker.

"Do let me have just one peep," pleads another young lady, trying to get before one of the mirrors, before which girls of all descriptions are putting their stray locks to rights.

Nine o'clock! The second bell summons everybody into the Assembly Room. The girls come in quietly and in a lady-like manner, but the boys rush in, tumbling over each other in their efforts to get a seat.

"Silence!" commands the principal; "Good morning, all!"

"Good morning, sir," reply the girls and boys.

"Call the rolls, please."

Immediately the silence is broken. The

head prefects call the rolls, the girls answering "Present" and the boys "Sir." For about five minutes this uproar continues, and then we retire to our various classes. Those who have no class stay in the Assembly Room for private study.

For three-quarters of an hour we work hard at the first lesson, and then we have five minutes till we start the next. During this short interval weird and wonderful sounds issue from the girls' locker rooms. If you listen you could recognise the strains of the "Angelus" blending harmoniously with those of "Ten Green Blowflies."

We have four periods in the morning with five minutes between each one. On Mondays and Thursdays we have a quarter hour's drill between second and third periods, and on Tuesdays half an hour's religious instruction in addition to our usual lessons. No cases are taken into the class-rooms, but only the books required for the lesson. The cases are left on racks (or on the floor) in the locker rooms.

At 12.30 brown paper bags are very much in evidence, and there is a rush for

seats under the trees. Some prefer to have their lunch in the locker rooms, but these are comparatively few. Outside it is just like a big family party, everybody joining in the discussions and arguments.

At 1.30 we again have roll call, and then three periods during the afternoon.

Three exams. are held a year, at the end of each term, and the Intermediate and Leaving at the University in December. If you fail in any subject you can sit again at the supplementary exam. in February. Nine subjects are taken for the Intermediate, six counting a pass, and five for the Leaving, four being a pass. Before gaining honours in the Leaving you must have a pass in that subject.

The uniform is a navy blue tunic with a white or cream blouse with long sleeves, and a navy blue blazer trimmed with black silk cord. Black velvet or blue or black felt hats are worn in winter, and white straw lined with blue in summer. Coats and skirts are also much worn by the girls. No coloured hair ribbons are allowed; they must either be black or blue. The hat band is red, with a green and a black stripe across the middle. The badge is of green metal with M.H.S., and the motto, "Honour the Work" engraved on it. The boys wear red caps, with black and green bands round them and the badge in front.

No books are supplied by the school. Text books, exercise books and writing blocks are all bought at the school book stall.

The school works in two divisions, the main and the branch. The main consists of the classes up to the Intermediate, the C's and D's. The members of the branch are those students going either for Pass or Honours at the Leaving Examination, the B's and A's. The head prefects are

always a boy and a girl from the A classes, but the eight other prefects may be either A's or B's. There are also ten prefects at the main, chosen from the boys and girls of the C classes. All these, and the form monitors of all classes, form the "Students' Council." This council can bring any rule which they please into force, provided it meets with the Principal's approval, and they can punish any one who breaks it or any other rules. The girls and boys of the school are asked to forward any ideas they have to the council. Detention is held at the main on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and you can spend a pleasant half-hour there if you have had to sign the conduct book three times, or if your homework is not done or learnt. The school magazine, "Ours," is issued every term.

On Wednesday afternoons there are only two periods of half an hour, as the rest of the afternoon till 4 p.m. is devoted to sport. The girls can play tennis, basketball, hockey or circolos, and the boys tennis, football, cricket, lacrosse, rowing or rifle-shooting. Swimming classes are held in the summer. Most of the matches are played on Saturday afternoons.

On Friday afternoons strains of music can be heard issuing from Room 10 at the main. The girls are enjoying Social Hour. Every alternate Friday we hear selections from the operas on the "New Edison," and on the other afternoons the girls themselves contribute to the programme. Out in the yard the boys are busy drilling.

Melbourne High School ranks first on the list for work and sport, and it is an honour to belong to it, just as it is an honour to be a pupil of dear old Fort Street.

NORAH SHARPE.
(Once a Fortian).

CHIVALRY.

They have more power than a monarch's
might,
Who ever helped the weaker and oppressed,
Who were of wrong the enemies confessed,
And in an age of darkness kept the light
Of chivalry aflame, nor feared to fight
For what they thought was truly just and
best,
Who never from their self-set paths
digressed,
But steadfast, strove to follow what was
right;

For, through the ages, like a beacon fire,
Their influence has spread a world-wide
ray
To raise the thoughts of men to higher
spheres,
And all their noblest feelings to inspire.
An evil thought may live one little day,
But nobleness comes singing down the
years.

BESSIE BANNAN, 4A.

ROSES.

Roses like the flaming of a sunset,
 Roses—saffron! amber! orange! gold!
 Glorious dewy satin wondrous blossoms,
 How each smooth fresh petal does unfold!
 Roses—crimson! rich! bold! and imperious!
 Roses—pure and tender! soft and white!
 Roses—pink and lovely! warm and living!
 Roses fragrant! perfumed as the night!

Dimpled petals catching all the sunbeams,
 Making fairy land of brown bare space,
 In the heart of each soft dew-kissed flower,
 You will find suggestion of God's grace.
 When the world is tired and all is weary,
 And you long for sweetness and repose,
 Go into God's realm—a scented garden,
 Look into the petals of a rose.

JOYCE STARR, 2A.

OUR GUIDES.

Girls, do you realise what an important part Guiding plays in school life at Fort Street? In almost every class there are Girl Guides who strive to put their aims into practice and to live up to their ideals. While many of these girls belong to district companies, quite a number have joined up at school.

Since the School Company was started by Mollie Thornhill at the end of last year Guiding here has made great progress. It is organised entirely by the girls. Meetings are held regularly every week, when an interesting routine of work and play is arranged, and all experience the joys of Guiding. We all appreciate the untiring efforts and splendid work of Dilys Williams and Marjorie Russell, when we realise that the future influence of the Guide movement at Fort Street depends upon the success of this school organisation.

The Tenderfoot Badge of a Girl Guide is familiar to all, but there may be some who do not know that the trefoil represents the three promises made by her at the enrolment to try to do her best to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide Law.

Of the school Guides about fifty have been enrolled, and are now preparing for

the Second Class Badge. This requires a thorough knowledge of First Aid, Morse Signalling, and the principles of Guiding. Six girls have already gained it in a short time.

One afternoon last June an air of suppressed excitement reigned in the gymnasium. The reason was that Miss Levy (Organising Commissioner of Girl Guides in New South Wales) was coming to enrol twenty more girls as "sisters in blue." On this occasion all were pleased to see Miss Cruise and Miss Evans enrolled as Guides and receive their badges of office. We thank them for their interest in the company. Once again, on Empire Day, fifths, fourths and the Guides assembled to hear Miss Levy's interesting address on how girls can help and become worthy citizens of the Empire.

It is encouraging to notice that Miss Levy's addresses arouse enthusiasm, and afterwards there are more recruits. Thus the Guide spirit spreads in the school. But, girls, there is no need to wait for Miss Levy's address. Watch the activities of the Guides, and if inspired—as you are sure to be—become one of this joyous band of sisters—a member of a world-wide organisation. 4A.

A REMINDER.

The Magazine accepts contributions on the distinct understanding that they are original in idea and in expression.

Girls must observe the greatest care in this matter, for the honour of the School would be sullied by any failure to respect the rights and property of other people. If

girls are in doubt regarding their freedom to use a certain idea they should consult the Editor, personally or by letter.

Using another person's ideas or words is called plagiarism. It is an offence to be carefully avoided.

WHEN THOU WERT BORN.

The world lies sleeping, wrapped in purple haze,

The crescent sinks behind a rugged hill;
What is yon gleaming star that proudly stays

When all the rest have fled away, and still

Doth linger; paling swift before the bright,
Unclouded radiance of the morning light?

Why, 'tis the Star of Beauty, soon to be
Eclipsed by some ethereal spirit's light;
E'en now a voice comes whispering o'er the sea,

Telling the wonders of the coming night.
Now does the planet fade, serene though pale;
For heavenly hosts must soon a new queen hail.

There is an old-world garden hid away
'Neath trees majestic, young when Life began;

There come the birds to sing at break of day

Their soulful praise, far from the haunts of man.

Deserted, yet within the garden grows
Untended, save for Nature, one red rose.

Sweeter by far than all the flowers of earth,
It breathes with joy the pure, untainted air;

Always it blooms, and knows no death nor birth,

No other bud its slender stem doth bear.

Crystal at dawn, and then with radiance bright,
It glows—a flaming glory—'til the night.

To-day the birds have sung a mournful lay,
The trees have sighed, a melancholy sound.

The sun would fain have smiled, but far away

He gathered all his murky clouds around;
Then cooled his burning brow in tears of rain,

And mourned the rose that ne'er would bloom again.

Yes, it, too, faded, and the petals fell,
Like crimson drops of life-blood; then each leaf.

Some mournful sea-bird sang a passing knell,

Then all was silent, overwhelmed with grief.

Thus faded all things beautiful, until
The evening came, and earth lay calm and still.

And in that hour of twilight's dusky reign
An angel winged her way from heaven to earth.

Around her path there rose a glad refrain—
Angels rejoicing at the wondrous birth;
Thus wert thou born, a spirit from above,
To cheer our weary lives with hope and love.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 4A.

TO A CLAY VASE.

Sweet, slender clay vase,
Fair work of master-hands,
Stories you whisper
Of far-off mystic lands.

All your dear fragrance
A wondrous tale doth tell
Of your creation—
Yes, speaks your story well.

Painted so gaily
With little ladies fair,

Perfumed so faintly
With Eastern perfume rare.

Quaint little houses,
Hid deep among the flow'rs,
Gay feathered songsters,
Enticing, fragrant bow'rs.

Oh, little clay vase,
Sweet memories you bring,
Tales of far-off countries
Appealingly you sing.

JOYCE KOLTS, 2C.

EXCURSIONS!

It is a remarkable fact that when the word "excursion" is mentioned everyone looks glum and groans, and the desks groan in sympathy—but, change it to "picnic," and observe the bright and cheerful faces. Yet, what is the difference? None, as far as I can judge. Of course, I don't include that type of Wednesday-afternoon excursion on which one goes to a factory, looks at some machines, and is presented with afternoon tea and a souvenir. Everyone agrees that they are pleasant enough affairs. It is out-door, bush excursions against which people are so prejudiced.

Why is it that the word "excursion" calls up in your mind strange pictures of weary, mud-stained schoolgirls plodding along through marsh and mire, or toiling up steep mountain-sides—only halting to force their jaded imaginations to see beauty and interest in a scraggy weed or almost invisible flower, with a name that would sadden an optimist? For me it means only reminiscences of joyful days spent in the open, or anticipations of pleasures to come. What need is there to call up memories of that excursion on which we lost our fares home, or of how Jean's shoes and dress went out with the tide, or how Myrtle burnt the front out of her skirt, or of how we disturbed the serenity of a wasp's home? I can safely say that not one of our excursions has passed without something exciting or amusing happening.

But a brief sketch of two excursions to Stanwell Park ought to be sufficient to dispel all your false impressions.

A few Saturdays ago a crowd of chattering, light-hearted Fortians boarded the train for Stanwell Park. Arrived there each collected a bunch of wildflowers, admired the scenery, made a few hasty notes, and then gave herself up to serious busi-

ness. Being really in earnest, they quickly discovered that lagoons were good to swim in, sand-hills to slide and race down, and shady turf to loll upon. Consequently the time fled, for on that excursion—as it should be on all—work and pleasure went hand in hand.

On another occasion, in the Christmas vacation, three merry enthusiasts from Fort Street set out for Stanwell Park with the excellent intention of collecting seaweeds. However, the blackberries proved so surprisingly large and abundant that every utensil, including flower-pots which we had intended for transplanting native plants, was improvised to hold them. But still they overflowed, so we were obliged to buy a biscuit-tin at the one and only store. When that was filled also we decided that it was time to look for seaweeds, but instead of having to search rock-pools we just put on our bathing costumes and stood on the rocks, while the waves tossed fine specimens at our feet. It was so dark when we returned to the station that we made up our minds to boil our billy as near as possible to the station-master's office. He seemed quite relieved when at last we left. Perhaps it was because we smoked him out.

On the way home in the train a young woman was dozing in the corner of our carriage. When she suddenly opened her eyes she beheld Mollie doling out blackberries from a biscuit-tin into a flower-pot, Myrtle flourishing a razor—she always carries one in case of snake-bite—and myself fondly clasping a smelly bottle of seaweeds and eating the squashy berries. The look of amazement on her face was most amusing. We could not refrain from a giggle as she edged further into her corner.

"PAPILIO," 5A.

NIGHT.

The earth lies sleeping 'neath the veil of
night,
And from the trees come not the gladsome
lays
Of song birds singing forth their Maker's
praise.
Yes, all is wrapt in peace, save when the
flight
Of some lone bird, through rising mists so
white,
Disturbs the scene o'er which the moonlight
plays.

The gentle wind the tiny leaflets sways,
And from them shakes the sparkling dew-
drops bright.
At such a time, when hushed to sleep is
day,
And only Nature does her silent work,
The weary heart, oppressed by trials or
woe,
Can find repose, since care seems far away;
And here no heavy sorrows dare to lurk
When Nature speaks in accents soft and
low.
"NEMO," 4A.

THE EXCITEMENT OF COMING BACK TO LIFE.

By this I do not mean being resurrected, but I mean coming back to school life.

I had been spending my holidays on a station twenty-five miles from Forbes, and as they say "all things come to those who wait" (though I do not know that I had been awaiting the end of my holiday!), but nevertheless the last day had finally arrived. We were to leave the homestead in time to allow us an hour to spare in Forbes before the departure of the train. All too quickly those last hours passed, until at length we found ourselves spinning along through the beautiful open country.

The car ran well for some time, but, sad to relate, by degrees the speed slackened until the car finally refused to budge, so my uncle, who was, or rather had been, driving, had to "get out and get under to fix up his automobile."

As one of the leads to the battery had broken, the self-starter would not perform its duty, and for once we showed that we belonged to the "great race," by borrowing some tie-wire from a neighbouring fence. The damage being rectified, we set off again, not worrying about the loss of the quarter of an hour which was necessary for the repairs.

We then began to sing some of the well-known songs, and were just in the midst of—

"Oft in the stilly night,"

when we were rudely interrupted by an unexpected and deafening noise—we were suddenly brought back from the remembrance of "other days" to a severe realisation of the present—our tyre had received a puncture. However, we thanked the gods, we had a spare wheel on the car, and,

having changed the wheels with all possible speed, set off again in high spirits, thinking we should still be in good time for the train—but we were, in modern parlance, "counting our chickens before they were hatched." We had gone only a few miles when we had another "blow-out." It was not a very serious one, however, and we knew if we waited to repair the damage, "the train would," as the old Irishwoman said when the train went without her, "have had a passenger on board that was left behind"; so we proceeded carefully towards Forbes, only to be rewarded, on arriving at the station, by seeing that the train had departed.

While my uncle went to borrow a car in which to pursue the train one of my cousins went to buy some sandwiches for us to eat on our journey down, and my aunt telephoned to the station master at Darroobalgie, the next station, for the train to await us there.

At last my uncle came back with a borrowed car, and then there ensued an exciting race, such as one would expect "on the movies," train versus car. We were not the only people interested in the result of the contest, by any means, for all along the train heads were protruding from the windows to see how our speed was comparing with that of the steam engine, and as we gradually gained loud cheers resounded from the train.

The conclusion of the race was in our favour. We arrived at Darroobalgie a few seconds before the train, and though they say "time and tide wait for no man," this train made a concession to a Fortian.

JEAN McKENZIE, 5A.

THE MORNING STAR.

(By Courtesy 'Koala.')

The flush of dawn spreads o'er the sky,
The trembling star of morning fades;
Too soon, the waning flame must die,
That brightly flashed through velvet shades.

Too soon! from yonder mountain's crest,
Where hangs the jewel of the night,
She must descend, to seek her rest,
And, conquered, yield her lonely height.

And while a royal queen she reigned,
In heaven's ethereal dome of blue,

Her starry hosts allegiance feigned
And swore forever to be true.

But when the nymph Aurora sped
To fringe with rose each cloudlet's rim,
They flung their weapons far, and fled
While yet the light of day was dim.

One moment beauteous, quiv'ring there
She paused, her cloak of shadows drew,
To hide the tears all sparkling fair
That falling, bathed the earth with dew.
DOROTHY CLARK. 2A.

DREAMING.

At the time of the day when the lights are
low

And the shadows dance over the wall,
When the lamp is unlit and the red coals
glow,
Comes the happiest hour of all.

'Tis the time when the elves of fancy live
In the heart of the poet's child,
When that maddening mystic music plays
Those airs of the woodlands wild.

It does not tell of the mortal folk,
This music so wild and rare,
But of flowers and trees and restless seas,
And of castles in the air.

And, when I hear its enchanting song,
I leave this tired old land

And fly away across the sea
To the shore with the silver sand.

And sometimes I visit the land of rhyme,
Where the dreamy poets say
They are weaving a melody, loud and clear,
For the wild west wind to play.

And others when I'm feeling sad,
I fly to the land of light,
And hark to the moonmaids' lullaby
As they croon to the babies of light.

Then oft-times, too, I tread my way
To the land of the fairy folk,
Where the lovers sit on the toadstools
brown,
And laugh and talk and joke.

DREAMY, 1A.

"BOBBED OR SHINGLED."

After great deliberation I had decided to have my hair bobbed, and in due course I arrived at the barber's shop. I took a peep inside, and all my stored-up courage vanished into thin air. However, I tried to appear indifferent as I entered the shop and took my place among the throng of other females who were waiting to be shorn of their tresses. At last my turn arrived. With great trepidation I entered the fatal room and sat down on the high chair.

"Bobbed or shingled?" was the stereotyped question.

In that moment of madness I answered:
"Shingled, please."

No one knows but myself how I have suffered for those two rash words!

Then the barber was called away for a few minutes, and I had ample time for reflection. At last he came back, and I had almost decided not to have my hair cut.

The snip-snip of the ruthless scissors as they began their work of destruction increased my growing dismay. But alas! it was too late to draw back now, and so the fell work proceeded. At last the ruin was complete, and I plucked up sufficient courage to look in the mirror.

The reflection which met my eyes was more freakish than that of any circus clown. My ears were protruding through my hair, which was sticking out in thin

wisps all over my head.

On my way home everyone seemed to be casting curious glances at me (or so I imagined). I saw two small boys grinning, and in dismay I realised that I was the subject of their mirth.

When I reached home I rushed into the house, tore off my hat and anxiously awaited the family verdict.

"It does not look too bad," said mother, but her tone and looks belied her words. The others did not voice an opinion, but their very silence told me that they were not favourably impressed.

I ate my tea in silence, and afterwards I went down to see a friend, hoping against hope that she, at least, would think that I looked respectable. I was soon disillusioned, however. As soon as she saw me she seemed almost rooted to the spot.

"Why! whatever have you been trying to do to your hair?" she managed to gasp.

Then I told her the whole tragic story. She was very sympathetic, but I know that she really thought that I looked a freak.

Now I don't dare to go out without a hat, because I am letting my hair grow, and it looks weirder than ever; and no one who is acquainted with the facts ever dreams of mentioning the word "shingle" to me.

MARY GALLAGHER, 4A.

THE FORTIANS ALPHABET OF SPORT.

A is for Action, the keynote of sport,
 B is for Birchgrove, where all games are taught.
 C is for Circlos, played under the trees,
 D is for Diving, in cool summer seas.
 E is for Every girl, eager and keen,
 F is for Fairness, we scorn all things mean.
 G is for Games, at which we excel,
 H is for Hockey, which Fort Street plays well.
 I is the Interest we take in each game,
 J is the Joy, when we bring Fort Street fame.
 K is the Kindness, we practise each day,
 L is for Lessons, forgotten at play.
 M is the Matches we love to see played,
 N is the Noise, as each new goal is made.
 O is the Oval, so smooth and so green,
 P is the Practice, at which we're oft seen.
 Q is the Quiet, in moments so tense,
 R is for "Ready," the word to commence.
 S is the School, to which we're all true,
 T is for Tennis, and Tunnel-ball, too.
 U is the Unity, seen in each team,
 V is for Vigoro, a good sport I deem.
 W's for Wednesday, the day we like best,
 X celsior the motto, we follow with zest.
 Y is the youth that is ours to use,
 Z is the zeal in each game we infuse.
 But the lessons of sport do not end with the bell;
 We must play the game, Fortians, and e'er play it well!

B.J., 4A.

SWEET ELLEN.

In her bower of silk and satin, lovely
 Ellen sat a-spinning,
 Spinning golden fairy threads, upon a
 magic loom.
 And as the spindle whirled, sweet Ellen
 sat a-singing,
 A-singing in the twilight, a-singing in
 the gloom.
 She sang such songs of beauty; she sang
 such songs of pain
 That I would give near twenty years, to
 hear them once again.
 In her bed of snow-white linen, lovely Ellen
 lay a-dreaming,
 Dreaming wondrous fairy dreams, about
 her knight so true,
 Until the early morning sun, sent his gold
 rays beaming
 And, falling on the window pane,
 unquestioned sallied through.
 She looked so lovely lying there, her golden
 hair a-streaming,
 That if I hadn't known 'twas true, I'd
 thought myself a-dreaming.
 In her quaint old-fashioned garden, lovely
 Ellen walked a-thinking,
 Thinking pleasant thoughts about her
 life so young and free,
 And on a rose-bush near, a robin sat
 a-chinking,
 While round about a blood-red rose, there
 hummed a busy bee.
 And, like star brought down from heaven,
 the grass sparkled with the dew,
 Until my hungry heart cried out, "Sweet
 Ellen, I love you!"

ANON., 3A.

LOST PROPERTY.

Shall we ever forget the days when father loses his treasured "specs?"

The entire family is obediently at once at his disposal. Poor mother is sent to turn out all the drawers, whilst Jeremiah, the eldest son, searches through the bookcase. The two daughters pace the garden paths anxiously looking among the violet plants since father's latest attentions concerning the flower beds are centred on violets. The three younger ones crawl about on the floor peeping in the coal-scuttle and music cabinet while mother, her first task completed, next looks through the tool-box.

Ah! a spectacle case in exposed to view, but alack! c'est vide.

In the meantime father strides up and down the balcony, hastily issuing orders, and finally announcing that he cannot exactly remember what he did with his specs. He has a vague idea he put them on the hall-stand. Mother's tool-box suddenly clatters to the ground, the book-case is slammed to, the girls, Rebecca and Hepsibah, run from the garden, the children jump to their feet and all with a flickering flame of hope hurry to the hall-stand. No specs!

Jeremiah looks in all the hats, including

father's Sunday hard-hitter. No specs!

Mother feels round the jardiniere--no specs!

Hepsibah opens every umbrella--no specs!

"Ah well!" says father, "perhaps it wasn't there I left them after all." "Evidently not," silently choruses the family.

Then mother, with her usual common sense, patiently inquires, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, dear?"

Then father recites his afternoon's programme: "Mending Hepsibah's shoes,

enamelling the bath, washing the dog, reading a magazine, putting in the eyes of Rebecca's doll, fixing the leg of the kitchen table and that's all!" Then with a sudden wave of inspiration he adds: "Oh, I white-washed the fowl yard, too," at which remark Rebecca full of gratitude on the part of her doll, runs to the fowl yard to find the dearly beloved "specs." reposing in the fowl's nest.

Al me! such is life.

CONANIO, 3C.

THE PRISONERS.

I lay, lazily swinging, in a hammock, which was suspended under a gnarled apple tree, in the corner of the orchard. My Caesar was beside me neglected. It was too hot a day to learn Caesar.

The sun sent his warm rays, among the leaves, and into the nests of tiny birds, which sang blithely.

The motion of the hammock sent the Caesar spinning to the ground, my eyes closed wearily, and I sailed away from a prosaic world to a land of Day Dreams.

"Oh! the poor, poor people who dwell within the covers of that book," I heard a tiny voice proclaim.

"Yes," agreed another similar voice. "Their owner is very cruel. She keeps them shut up for weeks, and very rarely allows them to have a little life."

I gazed sleepily towards the ground. As I did so, "Caesar" opened, and, charmed forth by the tiny voices, the little people trooped out of their homes among its many pages. Caesar and his lieutenants, Labienus and Publius were there, the Roman Senate and the Roman army, Iccius and Andecomborius and the rest of the Remi,

the fierce Gauls and treacherous Veniti. One and all they talked loudly, as they looked at me sternly.

"You lazy being," they cried angrily. "What use is 'Caesar' to you? You do not learn about us, or let us live again in your memory. You have an opportunity of doing so, but are too cruel and lazy to take it! If you do learn about us at all, it is done in 'parrot fashion' from a note-book. Why do you not try to understand and like us?"

Conscience-stricken, I promised to try to let them live again in my imagination, and that I would learn of them properly.

Happily they trooped back, Romans, Gauls, Belgae and the rest, until Caesar alone was left. He remained behind a moment to remind me of the Caesar test on the morrow.

"Do not forget your Caesar! Book 3, chapters 1-10. Remember your promise," he said when he, too, vanished after the rest.

I sat up with a start and picked up the neglected Caesar. Then, mindful of my promise, I set to work to learn and understand the little people who lived between the blue covers of my Caesar.

ESME, 3B.

A FOURTH YEAR ORDEAL.

The fair maiden stood at the narrow entrance and watched with fear the surging mass coming towards her. Faster and faster the crowd came. She glanced helplessly round, but there was no escape, so she turned once more to face that horde which was almost upon her. She stretched out both arms to ward them off, but some pushed past her whilst others strove impatiently to gain admittance.

She glanced at her watch—five more

minutes before she could expect help—she must try and keep them back. Steadily the crowd grew larger, and those at the back pushed the others forward. Suddenly, her strength almost gone, she saw helpers coming towards her. They came; they drove back the impatient mass.

Saved! The maiden gave a sigh of relief and walked away. She was free at last—from tuck-shop duty until next week.

G. EDWARDS, 4B.

THE FAIRY RECIPES.

The Fairy Queen was very unhappy and sad. The third knight to set out to recover for her that which was stolen by a wicked old witch, namely, the recipe for making white daisies pink, had returned unsuccessful. He had brought back with him a beautiful sapphire as a gift for the Queen, "as if," thought she, "sapphires were equal to my wonderful recipe." Nevertheless she accepted the sapphire, and the Knight returned to his home even more unhappy at not being able to recover the recipe than the Queen was at losing it. For every subject loved his Queen dearly, and all hated to see her so sad.

The condition on which the Fairy Knights set out on this quest was, that they either recovered the recipe or brought back something for the Queen equivalent to it.

The Fairy Queen was so very unhappy because she could only remember part of the recipe, and so only the tips of the daisies' petals could be made pink by her fairy workers.

After a time another Knight set out from Fairyland in quest of the recipe, and in due course arrived home again. This Knight did not return looking down-hearted as the previous Knights had done, but he came rejoicing. "He must surely have found the recipe," said all the Fairies when

they saw him, "and now our Queen will be happy again." But when they asked him if he had recovered the recipe, the Knight replied that he had not, "but," said he, "I have found another recipe, not for making white daisies pink, but for making a beautiful new golden blossom."

When the Queen heard the news she commanded her workers to make up the recipe of which the ingredients were, dancing sunbeams, golden hearts of flowers, and a piece of the golden sunset. When these were mixed together and rolled into little balls the Queen came to inspect them. She was so delighted with the beautiful soft, fluffy, golden balls that she immediately ordered the whole bushland to be filled with trees of them, which task was completed by the beginning of the month of August. These trees she called golden wattle trees.

The Queen also ordered a new frock to be made for herself from these golden balls, and said she would henceforth be known as Queen Golden Wattle.

Thus, in her joy of discovering the new recipe for making wattle balls, the Queen forgot to send Knights to seek the recipe for making white daisies pink, and so the daisies, to this day, are only coloured pink at the tips of their petals.

POPPY, 3B.

WHISPERING ROSEBUDS.

(By courtesy "Pastime.")

Softly the breezes sighed and with them sighed the flowers.

Two rosebuds, just opening their petals, were nodding to each other and softly smiling.

"How beautiful this evening is!" breathed one.

"Yes," replied the other dreamily. They whispered and nodded quietly, the only flowers who were holding a conversation.

"Just think of it!" said one rosebud. "Soon we shall be full-grown—how I love those noisy bees that buzz around so cheerfully, I shall be so glad when I can feel them near me admiring my beauty."

"Yes," sighed the other, "but look at the sun disappearing! How I adore him! I wish I were up there with him."

"Ah!" laughed the first, "you are in love."

Then the first rosebud blushed so faintly but so delicately and prettily, that she became a thing of beauty.

Then she spoke. "Ah! but I know—you

love the young moon, and I, while the others have been sleeping, have watched you and heard you sighing. That is why you are so pale."

And as the sun went out, he sent a glorious ray of light and gently kissed the first bud till she was rosy red.

The other rosebuds whispered: "Look, our young friend and playmate has left us behind with youth—she is a full-blown rose."

"And," sighed one just born, "Our pale friend will be a rose to-morrow. I have heard their whisperings and I know." Then she whispered very softly, "And some day we shall be roses, too."

The pink rose swayed and laughed. "Ah pale friend," said she to her companion, "Farewell to bud-hood; to-morrow you will be a rose."

"Yes," smiled the other, "Farewell to the two departed rosebuds and welcome to the two beautiful roses."

RUTH LILYBLADE, 1A.

SONG OF THE SEA.

Oh ever rolling ocean!
 Oh mighty, boundless blue!
 Thou holdest far more secrets
 Than ever mortals knew,
 For deep within thy bosom,
 Thou hidest many things—
 The weeds, the pearls, the corals,
 Of which the diver sings.

Oh thou! who now art rolling
 In still and peaceful calm,
 Yield unto me thy spirit,
 And let it be my balm.
 Thou stretchest to horizon
 As far as eye can reach,
 Thy waves surge up before me
 Along the golden beach.

Thy ever-flowing motion,
 Like time, can never cease,
 Thy tides must run forever,
 Thy volume still increase.
 And, as I gaze astounded,
 At the vast strength of thee,
 I think in awe and wonder—
 What must thy Maker be!

JOYCE KOLTS, 2C.

RIDING IN THE COUNTRY

When holidays come and schoolwork is over,
 The country's the place for a rollicking
 time;
 Australia's broad acres, its mountains, its
 rivers,
 The fresh fragrant air of its wonderful
 clime.

And riding! no peer to this joy can be
 found—
 A joy that was born under clear sunny
 skies,
 Bounding and leaping o'er log and o'er
 hillock,
 Now lost in a gully, now mounting a
 rise.

Galloping, cantering, how we are speeding!
 As down the steep valley we madly career.
 Not a thought for our safety, the reins
 slackened full,
 But our steeds are responsive so why
 need we fear?

Oh! too soon are we back on the road
 leading home,
 So we just jog along each hoof beating
 to time.
 Then a spurt to the station and then with
 a sigh,
 We down from the saddles reluctantly
 climb.

BERTHA TRIKOJUS, 2C.

THE MYSTIC SQUADRON.

When the moon is a flaming crescent,
 Over a sapphire sea,
 When the winds are warm with incense,
 And the surge is running free.
 The old-time ships come gliding,
 From out the white sea-bed,
 Forming silently in line
 The *Pelican* at their head.

Barques and heavy merchantmen,
 Old-time men o'war,
 Each ship bears undaunted,
 The flag our fathers bore.
 With barnacles their sides are green,
 There's seaweed at each prow,
 But the olden ships were fighters—
 They still are fighters now

Goes the ghostly squadron
 Over the sapphire seas,
 Ragged sails are hoisted,
 Filling in the breeze.
 Ne'er a word is spoken,
 Ever on they go,
 Shadows in the moonlight,—
 Ships of long ago.

Guarding still the ocean,
 They guarded years before,
 The seapatrol of Britain,
 As in the days of yore.
 When the sun is a flaming glory,
 And the moon is seen no more,
 The old ships vanish silently,
 Their self set vigil o'er.

BESSIE BANNAN, 4A.

FORT STREET, WITHOUT, IN.

(Extracts from the diary of the "Three Musketeers." With apologies to Stephen Leacock.)

With apologies to Stephen Leacock.

Monday, 7.30 a.m. Rose early. Got up. Watched the sun sweeping in wide circles around the horizon. Prepared for school. Contemplated breakfast, but had no heart for it. Went out into the garden and reflected upon last night's homework. We defy anyone to give us more. Time was speeding. With heavy heart we tore ourselves from home.

8.10 a.m. Embarked. Presented each of our comrades with a red rose. Read through our Latin prose. What wonderful works they are! Why don't the classics adopt them?

Attention diverted to Algebra. A moment of trouble and tense feeling. What a foolish question! Can't they see why? Butcher and Brawn never could reason.

8.45 a.m. Disembarked, and on considering how we should ascend "The Hill" we decided we should go in cyclic circles. We noted that others went in parallel lines. But then they are different.

9 a.m. General atmosphere of depression. Moved slowly towards the Gymnasium. Hearts sank. Attacked by a violent headache. Exempt from gym., headache immediately relieved.

11 a.m. Slight digression.

11.20 a.m. Troubled waters. Must think. Have thought, but can't remember the results.

12.45 p.m. Tuck-shop duty, tucked in a corner, terribly tumbled—Is life worth living?

Afternoon spent in a haze.

3.30 p.m. Bell rang. Back to Terra Firma. Home again.

11.47 p.m. To bed early. Slept well Tuesday.

8.30 a.m. Arrived at school. Strewed the "Avenue" with flowers and twined honey-suckle about the flag-pole.

9 a.m. General feeling of anticipation. Chemistry lesson. Questions round the class. Took our heads in our hands and thought. An idea! The whole thing was amazingly simple. Those who did not know were ignorant of it. Left the lesson dazzled and delighted and doped with H. 2 S.

3.30 p.m. Special Choir. The girls sat in regular rows, three to a form, and sang

in harmony, very simply with true feeling.

5.20 p.m. Home again. Exam. four days ahead. Must think. We retired to the pantry, shut the door, closed the window, pulled down the blind, stood on the shelf and turned around three times respectively in continued proportion. Having thought—must study. Some started a fortnight ago. We wonder why. Problem solved. Their natures are different from ours. What miserable natures they must have!

7.23 p.m. To bed.

Wednesday, 7 a.m. Rose sportively, and made our way in a series of back strides towards the bathroom. We did not enter. Second thoughts are inevitably best.

8.45 a.m. Arrived at school clean in spirit. Carried hockey sticks at an angle on the stairs. Threatened with disarmament. Heavy heart.

9.5 a.m. Entered class-room; stood where we were standing; then sat where we were seated. Situation at once relieved.

11 a.m.—12.30 a.m. Nothing of importance. A dull morning.

Afternoon: Hockey match, very uninteresting. We didn't win. Then why on earth did the others?

6 p.m. Returned home. Partook of heavy refreshment. We tried to do some work, but simply couldn't. Retired to bed.

Thursday: Arrived at school early. Tried to clean our locker. Intentions good, spirit lacking. As usual Thursday passed uneventfully.

4.45 p.m. Glad to be home.

6.30 p.m. Ate.

7.30 p.m. To work.

7.35 p.m. A little more work. Learnt "Mourir." Read preface of Robinson, History of Europe (most engrossing work) and learned "The Quality of Mercy." We thought for a long time how noble Portia was.

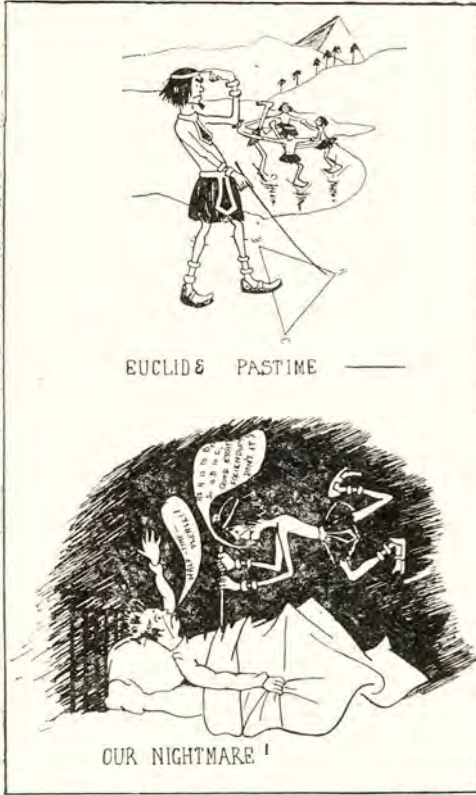
10.30 p.m. As a consequence we fell asleep as if poisoned.

Friday. We did not stay in bed. Went into the garden and weeded the asphalt.

8.15 a.m. Calm ocean. Enjoyed every lesson, made happy with thoughts of weekend. After dinner played the flute softly to one another.

8.29 p.m. Exalted feeling. General buoyancy.

WE THREE, 4A.



EUCLID & PASTIME

OUR NIGHTMARE!

POLLY 1A

IF PEOPLE THOUGHT.

(Quoted from Verses by Annie Moyes,
"The Magazine," May, 1923.)

"Had Euclid spent his holidays—
I've heard he was a slave—
In company with his fellow bonds—
Men surfing in the wave,
Instead of drawing in the sand
Angles of varying size,
He would have earned our gratitude,
Not roused our wrathful cries."

CHATTER IN THE TREE TOPS.

(By Courtesy "Pastime.")

Just down, at the end of the meadow, a little stream rollicks its way. But, past the stream, where the tall gums wave their red tops in the breeze, a continual chatter goes on.

All the feathered folks gather in groups and talk of the day's doings and what they have seen.

"Well!" said Willie Wagtail when he heard a narrative of a snake told by Jacky Kookaburra, "Not too bad, but,—"

Then Bobbie Sparrow rudely interposed saying: "Don't you voice your opinion. Why you wagged school yesterday, and Mr. Owl was very angry."

"How dare you!" spluttered Willie Wagtail, nearly falling off his branch in his agitation for his father had just flown by.

Just across the way Mrs. Bowerbird was talking to Mrs. Pardalote who was showing her a new plume.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowerbird. "Will you please tell me where you bought it? I would like one for my daughter."

"I bought it this morning at Mr. Dove's shop in Gumtree Crescent," said Mrs. Pardalote. "It cost me just Four Pebbles," she added.

"Did you know that Mr. Cuckoo broke his leg to-day?" called out Miss Thrush from a nearby branch. "He has been taken to Birdland Hospital."

"Fancy," said Mrs. Nightingale who had overheard, to Mr. Linnet. "And he was going to take me to the concert to-morrow night."

"Oh! I will take you," said Mr. Linnet. "I have a special box reserved."

"Netta Bellbird is going to sing, isn't she?" said Miss Thrush, who was Mrs. Nightingale's niece. "But all the birds say

that Lily Kingfisher's dance is the main attraction of the evening."

"Her dress is a dream," said Miss Lark, who had joined Miss Thrush. "Why all the girls at our workroom helped make it."

Just then Bertie Flamingo passed. "All birds must now rest," he chanted as he hung a glow-worm over each tiny nest.

So, as the moon came up, she saw all the birds hurrying to their nests.

J. McWILLIAM, 1A.

THE AUTOMATIC ADVENTURE.

Have you ever experienced the thrills, doubts and fears of the first nerve-racking journey in an automatic lift? If you have not I can assure you there is a great treat in store for you.

However, Joyce and I held quite a different opinion on the subject when the lift arrived void of a liftman, at the ground floor of S—Chambers in response to our urgent summons.

"Oh!" gasped Joyce, "an automatic! I've never been in one before, have you?" turning to me. As I had never had that elevating experience she proposed ascending per medium of the stairs.

"Seven flights!" I groaned. "No, we'll have to risk it."

Summoning up our courage, we both stepped gingerly into the lift. Yes, there were the buttons the placard outside the lift had informed us must be pressed. Bravely I placed my finger on a black nob with a white 7 inscribed on it.

Suddenly the lift began to move! We both stood rooted to the floor, expecting every minute that something unforeseen would happen, and we both would be dashed to the ground. One by one the floors slipped past.

"I say," I gasped nervously, "had I better keep my finger on the button?"

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't take it off," implored Joyce, who, I am certain, was even more scared than I. "You never know what might happen."

To add to our misgivings, just past the fourth floor the lift developed a suspicious squeak. Joyce and I looked at one another in mute consternation, not daring to voice our fears. What would befall us? Oh, how we rued ever stepping into that automatic! Would the agonising journey ever come to an end?

At last we perceived that our suspicions and doubts were about to be put to rest, for we were approaching the seventh floor. But the lift, contrary to our expectations, behaved in the most horrifying and alarming manner. It seemed just about to stop, when suddenly, without warning, we were whisked down into space, and, before we had realised it, were at the ground floor.

I cannot describe my feelings during those awful moments of our downward flight. I only remember that Joyce and I staggered out of the building, vowing that we would never, under any circumstances, try our fortunes in an automatic lift again.

H. S., 4B.

THE HUSH OF EVENING.

When Old King Sol sinks down to rest,
And weary bird doth seek his nest,

And busy bee his welcome hive,
Where mates no longer strive and thrive,

And flowers nod their weary heads,
And shepherds seek their humble beds;

Then night, with all her starry throng,
Doth spread o'er earth and, with a song,

So sweet and soft that Nature's own
Alone can hear its dreamy tone,

She lulls them all to sleep.

CONANIO, 3C.

NATURE'S CHARM

(By Courtesy "The Broadcaster.")

In the happy, joyous springtime,
If your thoughts and heart are sad,
Go into the golden bushland,
And its songs will make you glad,
For the jolly laughing jackass
Is an antidote to care,
And the glory of the wattle
Spreads its sweetness everywhere.

In autumn the leaves fall softly,
The little streams mourn and weep
To think that the blossoms of summer
Are called to their last long sleep.
With sympathy we are saddened,
For God has taught us to know
Our joy is mingled with sorrow
While we dwell in this world below.

A. W., 4A.

AN IDEAL 4B.

(By Courtesy "The Broadcaster.")

Why, girls, you lack enthusiasm! Young free Australian girls should be overflowing with energy and the ambition to make their school the very best in the country. One of my ideals is to see Fort Street a model school, and one to which *every* girl, not *almost* every girl, is proud to belong. We have innumerable advantages, and it is a great pity that we do not appreciate them.

However, to everything there must be a good stout foundation. We have a great example to follow, and that is the one set by the untiring efforts of "our old girls." It remains for us to keep up the good name of our old school, and also to improve upon it. This would be accomplished if each girl were to endeavour to play her part and not say: "I am only one, I cannot help very well."

No one wishes to see a class of girls with faces as long as fiddles, heads always buried in books, and studious expressions on every face. Why, girls, we want to be happy; always smiling through our difficulties, but consistently working at our many but not unpleasant tasks. If each class endeavoured to set the example a model school would result.

Let imagination conquer us for several moments. We are 4B class sitting in Room

2 one bright sunny Monday morning, awaiting the approach of our English mistress. Every girl is clad in her school uniform, and has a bright pleasant smile on her face. H—, who sits near the door, opens it as she hears footfalls along the corridor. Our mistress enters and is greeted with a cheery "Good morning, Miss —." As the girls arrange their books the mistress casts a glance towards the tidy lockers, clean table and blackboard, not missing the vase of multicoloured sweet peas so delightfully arranged on her table.

The lesson begins, and no one speaks a word unnecessarily. Volunteers are asked to give a short account of the life and work of Milton. Without a moment's hesitation twenty-two hands fly up. (The class only consists of twenty-one pupils, but A—, who is always enthusiastic, unconsciously puts up both hands). Three or four girls are selected, and the lesson is thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Too soon, yes, too soon the harsh clang of the school bell is heard with dismay. No one attempts to pack up, lest she should miss any important point that has hastily to be added. With light footsteps our mistress wends her way towards the staff-room, with her heart full of pleasure and her arms full of books.

M. C., 4B.

SYDNEY: 1950, A.D.

One fine morning in September, 1950, I decided to rise early and take a whole day's holiday. As I had been working for two weeks, except for an hour's repose each night, I felt that I deserved a little rest. Well, on this particular morning, I awoke five minutes before the wireless time-keeper, which was in connection with the Central Radio Depot in 14th Street, tolled forth the hour of three.

I arose from my hair-mattress on the floor, entered the lift, and was carried up to my plunging room, situated on the roof. A large salt-water lake, the water of which was pumped up from the ocean reservoir, tempted me to take my morning swim. It was still dark: in fact the stars were shining quite brightly, so I switched on the arc-lights.

After performing my toilet I partook of breakfast, which consisted of oat-cakes, raw eggs, and boiled milk. I then went to the garage in the next street and fetched my

acromotor. I jumped in, pulled the lever, and was soon gliding along at the rate of 200 m.p.h. The rubber roads were sparkling with the dew, and I noticed a few other early risers going for spins in their acro-chairs. I passed the Central Railway Station, whence one may depart for any part of Australia. Some prefer the Tube Railway—it is not a very old institution.

I released my motor wings and took to the air. The sky-scrapers towered on all sides, so I steered for the harbour. Far beneath, like a long white road, the North Shore Bridge spanned the blue water. I flew on and on; it was still Sydney. How beautiful it was to gaze down and see the giant structures of masonry, and wide streets running parallel to each other, and here and there a well-laid-out park, with miniature lakes!

The air was so refreshing that I decided to remain where I was for the rest of the day. I watched the sun rise; it glinted on

my wings like those of some huge bird, poised, about to swoop down upon its prey. I switched off the current, and then my machine remained motionless. Throughout the day I stayed up there among the clouds. I was writing a book; it was to revolutionise the whole world; no other like it had ever been written before. Upon its words rested the whole future of mankind. Some day I would control the earth.

Evening came, and as I returned home I transmitted a message to my brother in Egypt, where he was helping to pull down the Pyramids. His answer came back: "Have demolished one of the Pyramids; beneath it lies a wonderful city, preserved in all its beauty, unlike any other in the

world. Great riches also here."

Within ten minutes I was at the garage, and had installed my aero-motor therein. It was getting dark now. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, every street in Sydney was illuminated with brilliantly-coloured lights. The city glowed and scintillated like an enormous diamond, and the railway and radio stations sparkled as if bedecked with huge rubies.

As night settled on this—the largest and most important city in the world—the electric wires, which stretched from Mars to earth, hummed with good-night messages.

I meditated awhile before my house door, and then went in to satisfy my physical body with an hour's sleep.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 4A.

The Five Ages of a Forlian



RUTH GODDEN, 5A.

LOSSES.

Before I begin this "tale of woe" I must give each schoolgirl her due as regards losing property. Indeed, I think the mistress of the Lost Property Department will agree with me when I say that all school-girls—Fortians I am sure—are much better at the game of the loser than at that of the finder.

If certificates or prizes were given to the girls who lose the most property during each year I am positive I should gain it this year with flying colours.

I admit all girls are capable of mislaying text books, note books, tram passes, purses and fountain pens, but the loss of a school bag full of books (extra full because it was Friday) is a most unusual occurrence. That loss alone involves the purse, fountain pen and the above-mentioned losses of other girls in one great sweep.

These constant losses often mar the happiest of my school days. This year our class had an afternoon with "Ivanhoe," and I finished up the enjoyable afternoon by losing two of mother's fine white sheets which I used to impersonate Athelstane in the tomb. Last play day I was not free from losses.

The poor lost things haunt me.

I have mislaid my father's waistcoat, his studs and a collar, for which I paid 1/1 at Lowe's.

My smaller losses, such as gloves, school brooches, pens, books and an occasional threepenny piece I have not calculated. I really think my purse is lost on an average three times a week. I am generally lucky enough to find it at the Lost Property Rooms, but such happenings must shake one's nervous system.

As result of losing my purse I have a frantic rush after girls to borrow money for my lunch, for sport, or for some small purchases which I must make. I am always frowned at, and asked *so* foolishly, "Lost your purse, *again?*"

If there is a girl in Fort Street who claims that her losses this year equal or amount to more than mine I shall be pleased to meet her at the Lost Property Department any day next week, but I am perfectly convinced there is *not one girl* whose losses are so varied, valuable, and (speaking in terms of physics) great in volume.

LUCY BARTON, 3C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the following contributions for which space could not be found:—

PROSE.

A Visit to the Staff Room, The Day's Time Table, Thrills, The Wonderful Victory, Riddles, Room Three, 1B Class Notes, The Tuck Shop, A Message from Mars, Famous Interviews—good attempts, some of which we should have been glad to print.

A Fortian's Farewell—make it the beginning of a career for which you need not be contrite.

A Fortian's Adventure—yes, too personal. It is bad form to play on people's names.

The Truth Will Out, The Suburban Blaze—amusing stories. Was the joke fair to the firemen?

Spring, The Garden, Wattle Gold, Whispering Rosebuds (P.C.), A Trip—good prose studies, sorry not to print, try again.

VERSE.

The Woodland Nymph, A String of Pearls—discuss with the Editor personally; very good work.

Fragrance de Mon Coeur, Dawn, Nodding Land—your other contributions preferred.

Old Mate—better to write of feelings within your own experience.

Sweet Memory, Thoughts at Christmas-tide, Diana, Eventide—faulty rhymes.

Fairy Voices—a pleasant device, we regret it cannot be used.

My Garden, Fairy Revels, Night, The Zephyr's Song—pleasant verses, but we select your other work.

Fort Street Girls (2D)—a good attempt, not quite up to standard. Try again next year.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks the various magazines sent to us by other schools.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE FAIRIES' BALL

(By Courtesy "Koala.")

One beautiful moonlight night when all good mortals were fast asleep the fairies held a ball in their grassy glade.

The silvery rays of the moon, filtering through the trees, revealed a pretty scene. Many of the fairies, dressed in white rose petals, were sitting in a circle. Presently they tripped into the glade in their fancy dress costumes. First came St. Valentine's Day dressed in white rose petals, with a dainty pair of butterfly's wings at her back. Close behind her came St. Patrick's Day in a pretty costume of four-leaved shamrocks. They danced in the glade and then suddenly tripped out again. The next fairy to appear was Lady Day. She looked very charming in a dress of violet petals and a quaint little old-fashioned hat trimmed with violets, on her long dark locks. Along with her came May Day, who presented a delightful picture in a dress of white may-flowers and a girdle round her waist of pink mayblossoms. Midsummer Day joined her. She was a pretty little fairy with curly golden hair and blue eyes. Her dress was made of pink rose petals, and in her

hair nestled two tiny rosebuds. These three danced lightly in the fairy ring, and then joined the other days of the year. St. Swithin's Day, clad in a russet brown robe, with raindrops sparkling all over her, did not dance as the others did, but walked solemnly in and out of the glade. Michaelmas Day then tripped through, wearing a dress of the little mauve flowers that bear her name, and in her hand she carried a posy of Michaelmas daisies. She was accompanied by Hallowe'en, radiant in a dress of rare autumn-tinted leaves. Spritely, cheery Christmas Day also tripped in, wearing a cloak trimmed with holly and mistletoe. They danced airily round the glade, and joined the other fairies. There was a pause, and in glided To-morrow, mysterious and ethereal, wrapped in filmy grey gossamer. She looked neither to the right nor left, but glided straight through. The fairies clapped their hands in delight.

As dawn appeared they hastened away to their sweet-scented bowers to rest.

TIFFIN'S, 2A.

A COUNTRY SCENE.

What is more pleasing to look upon than a country scene in summer?

Grass-covered fields stretch on either side of the track along which we walk. The only movement is that of the trees answering to the persuasive wind, which tells of cooler lands. Insects in the grass are droning so consistently that it seems as if there is no sound. Here, underneath the cool shade of this beautiful gum-tree, let us sit and admire. Above, two white fleecy clouds are lazily moving across the blue dome of the sky. Beneath, all is still. The

blue sky overhead contrasts beautifully with the dark green foliage of the surrounding trees. The river as a mirror accentuates this beautiful contrast, while the cattle stand lazily knee deep in the cool water.

How restful is this whole scene, which appeals to us, persuading us to remain and enjoy to the full this beautiful summer day; but reluctantly we continue on our way, knowing that we cannot, like the cattle, be still, but must do our daily tasks contentedly.

J. W. R., 4A.

THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Oh wind, I hear you singing,
As you sweep across the sea,
A breath of coolness bringing
To a tired humanity.

I think I hear you calling
As you whisper on the beach,
Your silv'ry cadence falling
On all within your reach.

Are you singing of the palm trees
On a far-off tropic shore,
Or of many happy mem'ries
Of the days that come no more?

There is a note of pleasure
And of sadness in your strain,
A mingling in a measure
Of great happiness and pain.

"SONOMA," 4A.

SPARE MOMENTS.

(By Courtesy "Koala.")

There is a clump of trees, away at the end of a wide green paddock, that slopes down towards the sea, and there one can watch the restless waves as they dash upon the beach. It is a wonderfully inspiring place, and I have spent so many happy moments there that I love it and can never erase the picture of it from my mind.

Away in this secluded spot I have had so many happy dreams and painted so many beautiful pictures that I have found that it is really a part of my life. Here, too, I have found that joy of loving and living for others—the radical and cause of all true joy—and that unaccountable feeling that springs from the very bedrock of the human heart, which implies complete fellowship with nature.

"For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is fellowship made perfect."

And so I have whiled away the happy hours, especially when the soft, quiet twilight falls around all, when my thoughts and desires have raced through my mind

and filled me with a torrent of overwhelming feeling and emotion.

My heart is filled with music and my soul is singing for joy, for I have found in the beauty of nature a friend greater than all that is human and mortal.

A. S., 2A.

THE SORROWFUL STAR.

(By Courtesy "The Broadcaster.")

Little Fairy Honeyflower
(Such a merry sprite)
Comforts mournful Starry Eyes
On a moonlit night.

The little star was sorrowful,
Since now for many nights
He had forgotten how to shine
As other heavenly lights.

So sweetly did she sing to him
A song so bright and gay,
That soon the shadows o'er his face
By smiles were chased away.

H. S., 4B.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd.

Educational and General Booksellers and Stationers

TEXT BOOKS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF STUDY.

INTERMEDIATE AND LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

TEXTS FOR 1925 NOW AVAILABLE.

BOOKS ON SPORT.

BASKET BALL, HOCKEY LAWN TENNIS, etc.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

THE POPULAR POETS AND OTHER STANDARD AUTHORS,

In handsome leather bindings.

AUTOGRAPH STATIONERY. Christmas and New Year Greetings.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd, 428 George St

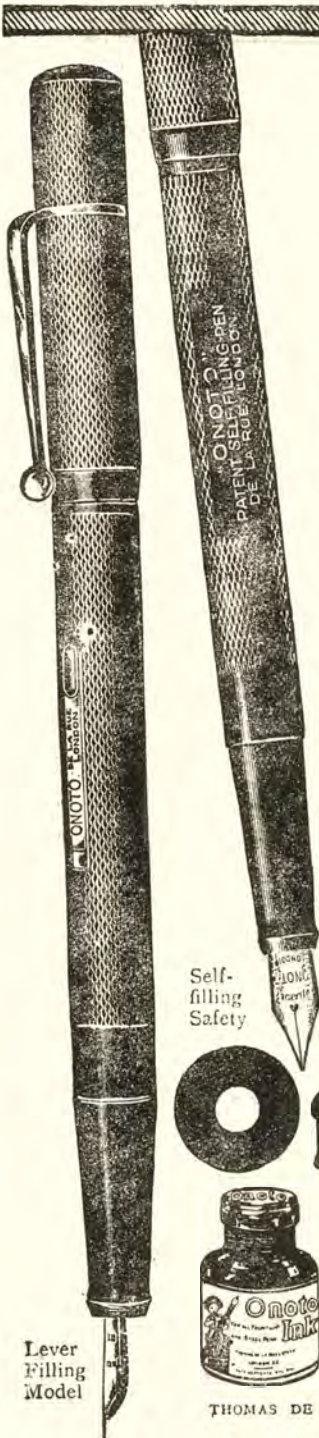
Shi-noleum

The FLOOR POLISH
WITHOUT an EQUAL



THE high quality and reputation of Shi-noleum is not approached by any other polish. Look for the name on the tin your grocer brings, for you are entitled to the very best value that your money can buy.

Shi-noleum
BEST FLOOR POLISH.



Lever
Filling
Model

Self-
filling
Safety

Two Beautiful Pens

Here are this year's most popular pens—the new Onoto Lever and the Onoto Self-filling Safety.

Both streamline models—beautiful in design, exquisitely finished, both have extra large solid gold nibs which glide “like velvet” on tips of genuine osmi-iridium.

Either will give you lifelong pleasure to possess and to use.

The Onoto Lever Filler.—Holds more ink than any other lever pen. Price 17/6, or with new fixed rolled gold clip, 20/-.

The Onoto Self-filling Safety.—Has adjustable ink-flow, and cleans itself whilst filling.

Prices from 15/- to £10/10/-

Try them at your Stationer's or Jeweller's.

Onoto the Pen



ONOTO the Ink for
all pens.

Blue Black 1/-.
Other Colours 1/3.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD. BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.4.

Representatives: NORMAN BAKER & LONGHURST LTD.,
Sydney, Melbourne & Wellington (N.Z.).



Friendships Kept Alive

"A thousand friends are not enough," runs an Arab proverb—hold fast, therefore, to friendships you have already made.

Keep them alive with letters and
A SIDNEY RILEY PORTRAIT
now and again, but especially
AT CHRISTMAS TIME



Send a Portrait now. A Sitting takes but a few minutes.

Tel.: City 4741

SIDNEY RILEY STUDIO,

251A PITT STREET, SYDNEY,

AND AT ROZELLE.

OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

PALING'S STRINGED — INSTRUMENTS

Are Noted for their
Artistic Beauty

You are certain of the best quality when you purchase from Paling's. The greatest care is exercised by experts in the selection of all instruments (particularly stringed instruments), everyone of which is the best your money can buy at the price.

For TONE, APPEARANCE,
WORKMANSHIP and VALUE.

PALING'S STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

ARE UNEQUALLED.

*Call in and inspect our varied
display to-day.*

Catalogue and Price List free for the
asking.

Paling's

338 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY



Bushells
TEA
Saps for Itself



**Dawn Dews & Sunshine are in your
Blue Label Packet**

Young, tender leaves, picked fresh and cured slowly and gradually so as to retain the delicate flavor of the fresh, juicy tea-sap. That's what makes Bushells Tea yield forth such an enticing flavor.

The more sap there is in the leaf the less tea is required to the cup—that is why Bushells Tea goes so much further than ordinary teas—makes more cups to the pound, and you get the better flavor besides.

Thousands of tea lovers have grown fond of Bushells Tea because of its pure tea flavor. Nothing more, nothing less, nothing else but pure tea flavor, devoid of tannin taste and bitterness.





KODAK

For the days out-of-doors

You have often been pleased with Snapshots one of your friends has taken—but have you ever thought how much greater pleasure it would give you if you had made those pictures yourself? Kodak pictures are easy to make—there is a Kodak or Brownie to suit everyone. Kodaks are priced from 42/; Folding Brownies from 47/6; Box Brownies from 11/3.

Let the Kodak "Same Day" Developing and Printing service complete your snaps for you. Look for the words "Kodak Print" on the back of each Snapshot as your guarantee of the best possible results.

Of all Kodak dealers, and—

KODAK (Australasia) PTY., LTD

379 GEORGE ST., AND 108 MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

And all States and New Zealand.

School Girls!

Here's some good,
sound teaching

Nock & Kirby's

is the best place for you
to secure your

School Stationery

Attache Cases

Lunch Cases

Vacuum Flasks
and
Sporting Goods

George St., Sydney,

(Near Circular Quay)

Anthony Horderns' for Sporting Requisites

Purchase your Sporting Requirements at Anthony Horderns', where quality and value are so indissolubly united to your advantage. We cater for the wants of players of

TENNIS, HOCKEY, LACROSSE,
BASEBALL, AND BASKET
BALL.

In fact, no matter what your requirements are, you can get them at Anthony Horderns'. Goods satisfactory as to quality and price, bear in mind.

Anthony Hordern & Sons, Ltd.,
Brickfield Hill - - - Sydney
Telephone: City 9440. Box 2712 G.P.O.