

2A

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET



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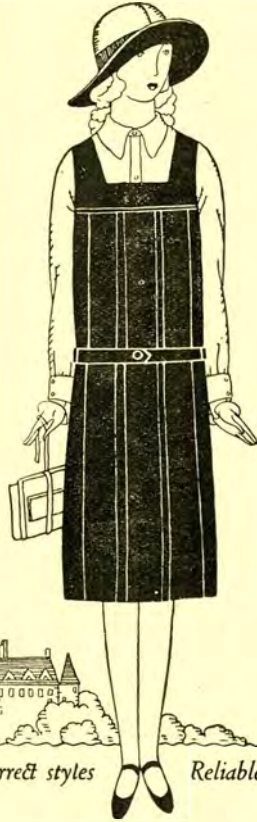
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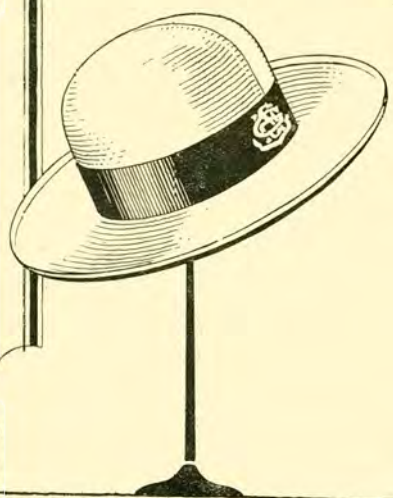
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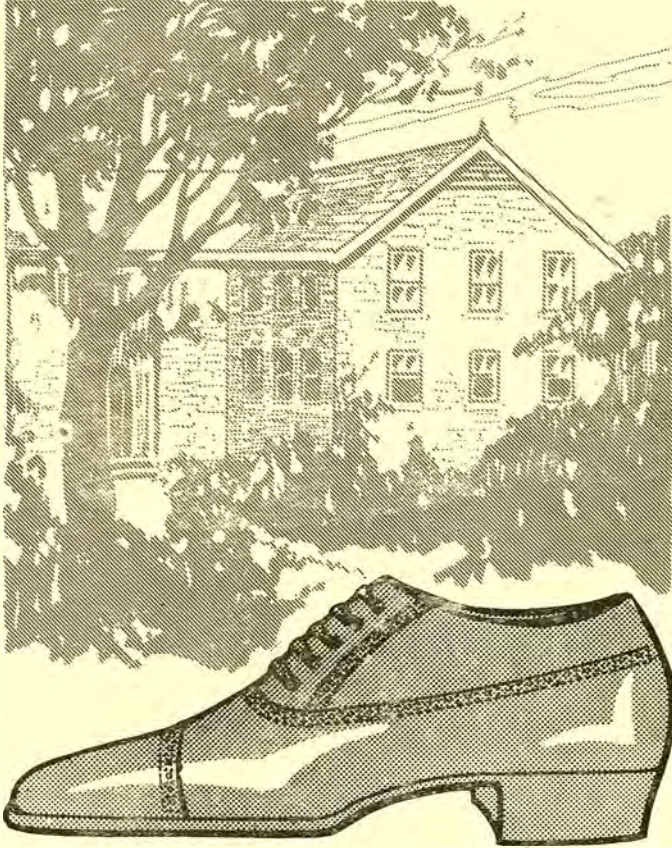
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THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

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

Acting Principal: Miss EVANS, B.A.

Magazine Editor: Miss MORLEY, M.A.

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

Magazine Business Manager: Miss FULLER.

FAREWELL!

The wide world beckons; we must soon
depart
To seek and conquer in some foreign field.
What is the weapon that our arms shall
wield?
The sword of Truth, forged at thy glow-
ing heart!
The love thou dost to all our souls im-
part
Fills us with courage; we shall never yield
Till Knowledge her great secrets has re-
vealed,

And all our minds are steeped in sacred
Art.
Not to one soul do tears and sighs belong,
A common burden is this grief of ours,
Not from one heart is breathed the part-
ing song—
The song of thanks for intellectual powers.
Thine is the love that seeks no earthly
prize:
Ours be the Loyalty that never dies!

MARY CORRINGHAM, 5A.



ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE STAFF.—Our Headmistress, Miss Cruise, writes of interesting and enjoyable travel in Europe; it is possible that we may welcome her back before the Christmas vacation. Miss Chapman and Miss Buckley are also enjoying a wander year and tell us of enviable experiences abroad.

We are very glad to have Miss Henson again in our midst and welcome Miss Webb to the school.

SPORT.—Our Annual Winter Sports were held at Birchgrove on 9th September, and proved to be very interesting and exciting to all. We were very pleased to have as our visitors the Fort Street boys and their masters, the parents and friends of the girls, and last, but indeed not least, many old girls.

This year the cups, presented by Rene Green, our 1924 captain, and her prefects, were competed for, and the interest in pos-

sible winners was very keen.

The senior cup went, as all expected, to our old champion, Clarice Kennedy, who this year successfully carried off the School Championship, the 15 Years' Championship, and the Orange Race. The Junior Cup was won by Phyllis Garling and Evelyn Riddell, who both gained an equal number of points. In these two first year girls we have promise of champions, to whom we feel sure we can safely entrust the honour and fame of Fort Street on the sports field, when our older champions will have passed on. We are also fortunate in having Jean Kaye from Wollongong, who also showed us her running ability on the field.

As usual, the Year and Sport Relays caused the greatest amount of excitement, each girl hoping for her year to carry home the victorious flag, or for her sport to be the first to the winning post. The Year Relay was won by Fifth Year with Third Year second, Second Year third. Vigoro came first in Sports Relay, Lacrosse second and Tennis third.

Other important results were:

17 Years' Championship: J. Anderson.
 16 Years' Championship: M. Gallagher.
 14 Years' Championship: V. Barcham.
 12 Years' Championship: J. Whippler.
 Tunnel Ball: 5th Year.
 Overhead Ball: 3rd Year.
 Under and Over, 4th Year.
 Senior Three-legged: E. Murphy and B. Singleton.
 Orange Race: C. Kennedy.
 Obstacle Race: Alice Dandie and Mary Galvin.
 Sack Race: A. Dandie.
 Egg and Spoon: B. Trikojus.
 Walking Championship: Doris Mac-Caffery.
 Crow Hop: Gwen Gaut.
 Old Girls' Race: Dilys Williams and E. Holt.

The shield for the highest number of points was won by 2A, with 4th Year second, and 5th Year third, but all the competitors must be complimented for their valiant attempts and sportsman-like conduct during the whole of the carnival.

BALL GAME TEAMS—Staff versus Girls:

One of the main features of this year's carnival was the competition in the ball games between the winning teams and a team of teachers. The playing off did not take place at Birchgrove, but in the gymnasium, at school, girls of Fifth, Fourth and Third Years having the privilege of seeing it; because of insufficient room Second and Third Years were unable to be present; still many were able to find room for their small persons somewhere, and I'm sure many of their voices sounded as heartily on the air as did those of the privileged witnesses. The teachers comprising the team were Misses Fuller, Drury, Morley, Noble, Murray, Puxley, Swan and Dr. Murray. The excitement during the play was intense, the barracking and cries deafening. Although unable to defeat the Tunnel and Under and Over teams, the Teachers' team proved themselves to be victors in the Overhead Contest, defeating the winning Third Year team.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS SPORTS MEETING—

At the Combined High Schools Sports, September 18th, Fort Street was well represented, and our runners won fresh laurels for us, gaining second place in the point score shield competition with a total of 33 points. The events in which we were placed, and the girls responsible for our success are given below:

15 Years, second place, C. Kennedy.
 15 Years, third place, J. Kaye.
 13 years, second place, P. Garling.
 15 Years, 3rd place, E. Riddell.
 12 years, third place, B. Watson.
 Senior Relay, third place, C. Kennedy, J. Kaye, J. Young, E. Murphy.
 Orange Race, first place, J. Coombes.
 Obstacle Race, third place, J. Coombes.
 Senior Three-legged Race, second place, E. Murphy and B. Singleton.
 Tunnel Ball, second place.
 Overhead Ball, second place.
 Under and Over, second place.

This year's results have been very good, and we compliment every girl who has helped in the success of the school, but next year we hope it is not going to be "Fort Street second, but "Fort Street first."

CORAL EVANS, 4A.

TENNIS A GRADE.—The report of our doings during the winter sports season is one that opens with success but ends in disappointment.

After defeating St. George and Parramatta, we met Sydney High School, which has been enjoying unbroken prestige for the past eight years and just managed to defeat them by three games. Unluckily, we were defeated by Parramatta in the semi-finals, and our flame was extinguished.

B. Grade was successful in equalling Sydney High in the struggle for the coveted Pennant, and we are justly proud of their success under the guidance of Miss Noble and their able captain, Mollie Chapman.

Our tennis girls did not meet with their wonted success in the Inter-High Schools' tournament. Only one girl even reaching the semi-finals.

LESLIE RILEY, Captain A Grade.

HOCKEY.—The hockey season has now ended and many Fortians feel sorry that six months must pass before another game of hockey can be played. The season was very satisfying on the whole, the A Team gaining second place in the competition, being defeated by Parramatta in the finals, and the B Team first place, thus winning the pennant. There are several outstanding players in both teams and especially we wish to compliment Ivy Westfallon (A) and Rachael Hayes (B) on their excellent play throughout the season. We are fortunate in having many promising juniors who will be able to fill the positions in the teams next year.

We are sure that without the coaching of Miss Fuller and Miss Drury, we should not have done so well. We also thank Miss Puxley for her interest.

Unfortunately, owing to the weather we were unable to play our annual match with Wollongong, and the Old Girls' match had also to be postponed.

The results of matches:

A. Grade.

Fort Street v. St. George, 6-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 2-3.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 4-1.

Semi-Final.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 3-1.

Final

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 0-5.

B. Grade.

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 0-0.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 0-0.

Fort Street v. St. George, 5-0.

Fort Street v. Cleveland Street, 2-0.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 4-0.

Fort Street v. Petersham, 2-1.

NANCY WILLIAMS, (Secretary) 5 A.

THE LACROSSE TEAM has not been very victorious this season, but in spite of this, great enthusiasm has been displayed by all players. The team was fortunate in having Marie Higgins as captain, on account of her capability. Congratulations must be offered to our first defence, Madge Bernard, the indefatigable player of the team. Rene Gallacher also must be complimented on obtaining a place in the A team, having commenced to play lacrosse only this year. Many of the first year girls have shown great promise, and we hope that they will help next year to form a very good team.

The results of the matches are as follows:

North Sydney v. Fort Street, 3-1.

St. George v. Fort Street, 4-0.

Fort Street v. Petersham, 6-0.

Sydney High v. Fort Street, 5-0.

Fort Street v. Cleveland Street, 2-1.

DAISY COHEN, 5A (Secretary).

BASKET BALL has been marked by very keen enthusiasm this year, and although the B team was not up to the usual standard, the A team succeeded in securing a place in the finals of the competition. All members of the team showed a vast improvement, Bertha Trikojus offering a very formidable defence, and Essie Cohen and Mary Galvin playing a good centre game, while Joyce Young is an indispensable member of the team. After many strenuous but nevertheless enjoyable matches, we met St. George in the semi-finals, and after a great tussle we won by 16-14. This meant we were to play Sydney in the finals, but Fate seemed to be against us, for, in the match, a mishap to the goal post necessitated the playing of the match again. When it finally was played Sydney won by 4-0.

In spite of our defeat by Sydney, which has, no doubt, the better team, we are satisfied that we did our best, and after

all, there really is something in being "worth beating." We wish to express our hearty thanks to Misses Harders and Murray for their untiring interest in both teams. We are also sure that, without Miss Fuller's coaching we should not have done half so well, and here thank her for her interest. The results of the A matches are:

Fort Street v. St. George, 15-9
 Fort Street v. Parramatta, 6-7
 Fort Street v. Sydney, 4-10.
 Fort Street v. North Sydney, 21-7.

Semi-Final.

Fort Street v. St. George, 16-14.

Final.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 0-4.

JESSIE ANDERSON, 5 A (Captain).

VIGORO.—The vigoro team was successful this season in gaining the premiership pennant. This success has been due to the splendid coaching and enthusiasm of their captain, Clarice Kennedy, and a word of advice from Miss Fuller when she could spare a minute from other sport duties.

An exciting game was played against Sydney when we were defeated by two runs, but we turned the tables on them in the final by defeating them by ten runs. The matches played and the results were:

Fort Street v. North Sydney, 61-49.

Fort Street v. St. George, 88-50.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 88-37.

Fort Street v. Cleveland Street, 98-60.

Fort Street v. Parramatta, 88-65.

Fort Street v. Petersham, 72-30.

Final.

Fort Street v. Sydney, 110-100.

SPORTS PENNANTS.—This year the Secondary Schools Sports Association decided to present premiership pennants to the winning teams in the winter competitions. Fort Street were successful in winning three of these pennants which greatly improve the walls of the old "gym," and we hope that after a few years the walls will be covered with pennants

Y.

THE PRINCESS OF POPPYLAND.—A subdued murmur of happy voices—then a breathless silence! Amy had struck the first chords of the overture. "The grown-ups" listened keenly appreciative, but for us the moment had a deeper significance. It recalled many past "play-days" in the Gym., with Amy playing for us. When she ceased a feeling of breathless expectancy pervaded the hall. The great curtains rolled aside, and straightway we were transported to another world! For on the other side of the footlights lay "Poppyland"—that adorably sleepy kingdom where laughter and song reign supreme.



Prince (D. Carolan), Princess (J. Stevenson), King (E. Merrimar), Fizztop (D. Anderson), Dozey (J. Kolts), For-get-me-not (E. Farrand), Moondaisy (A. Brewster).

For two hours we sat entranced, whilst before us on the stage was enacted the story of the villain who sought to rob Poppyland of its quiet sleep. For Poppyland, be it known, is a land of slumbrous ease—so slumbrous indeed that the Honourable Dozey (Joyce Kolts), found it very hard to keep awake. However, he roused himself sufficiently to sing, and was rewarded by roars of laughter when he pathetically voiced his longing for

“Bed, bed, bee-oo-tiful bed.”

Then the King and the Princess of Poppyland (Jean Stevenson) came along, and all else was forgotten, while His Majesty all else was forgotten, while His Majesty announced to his faithful subjects that he was able to allow people of other nations to visit Poppyland.

Alas! The first of these newcomers was the Baron Insomnia (“I am the villain of the piece—although I may not look it.”) who was accompanied by his bold, bad accomplices, Pip Pip (Ruth Lilyblade) and Honk Honk (Clarice Kennedy). He planned to steal from Poppyland the casket of sleep, and this he succeeded in doing much to the grief of all the inhabitants, especially the Honourable Dozey, who went about declaiming “I’m wasting away to a shadow.” Fortunately, a young artist (Dorothy Carolan) arrived in Poppyland and won the heart of its Princess. He

suspected the Baron, and in the last act dramatically denounced the “terrible villain,” and revealed himself as Prince Wideawake, thus winning the blushing Princess. As a “grand finale” the representatives of all the nations within the Empire then arrived, accompanied by Britannia (well played by Ula Mercier) and a charming little “Australia.”

Only too soon the remaining minutes fled and we wound ourselves ourselves outside the hall, wondering like Dozey, whether we were “asleep or only dreaming.”

But, of course, we could not go home straight away. We lingered, discussing the play. We decided that the singing and dancing had been superb, particularly in the “Poppy Dance,” that we had all fallen in love with the wicked villain (Joan Balmain), and that everyone had laughed at the queer antics of his assistants. The Princess of Poppland and her gallant Prince had won all our hearts by their charming singing and acting. Once more we laughed at the harassed Fizzletop (Jessie Anderson) with his continual cry of “Oh, my poor nerves!” Yet again we relived the moments when the Princess’s attendants, Moon Daisy and Forget-me-nots (Agnes Brewster and Eileen Farrand) sang so sweetly. And (oh, marvellous tribute!) we all agreed that the graceful minuet and gay gipsy dance were far prettier than the



Pip-pip (R. Lilyblade), Baron Insomnia (J. Balmain), Honk-konk (C. Kennedy).

dances of to-day. Last, but not least, we recalled the king (admirably played by Elva Merriman) and passed a note of thanks to the donkey who so humorously interrupted his pompous speech. We decided that the solo dancers (Nance Kerr and Violet Meldrum) and the accompanist (Glynn Stayte) had done much for the success of the operetta, and that above all Miss Fuller, Miss Watts, Miss Bowie and Miss Perrin, and the other teachers who aided the production, were all worthy of the highest possible praise.

And then, since there was nothing more to discuss, we went home; one and all agreeing that the 'Princess of Poppyland' was a credit to the performers, to their teachers and to Fort Street.

BESSIE BANNAN, 5A.

appreciation of their valuable assistance and interest throughout the year, and of Clarice Kennedy's successful efforts as stage carpenter.

I take this last opportunity of wishing the Society a very long and successful life. May it do even better next time!

JESSIE ANDERSON, 5A,
President.

PLAY-DAY, JUNE TERM.—On this occasion the Dramatic Society had a pleasant surprise for us in the form of a dainty, whimsical play by Yeats: "The Land of Heart's Desire." The play was of a type somewhat different from that usually seen at school entertainments, and it was impossible to shake off the eerie effect it produced on a susceptible mind.



BRITANNIA AND THE NATIONS.

England (J. Alexander), Ireland (D. Harrod), Britannia (A. Mercier), Scotland (M. Chapman), Wales (M. Sweeney), Australia (J. Hulme).

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY has had a very successful year, having produced two very interesting and popular little plays. "The Land of Heart's Desire," at the mid-winter Play-day scored a great success by means of its beauty, simplicity and excellent staging on Michaelmas Play-day, "Captain Smith," a very enjoyable and well rendered comedy, also met with the approval of the audience. Descriptions of these little plays will be found elsewhere in the magazine. The Society wishes to express to Misses Morley and Purcell its

A prologue well delivered by Marion Stewart, interspersed with sounds of fairy music, announced to all that the theme of the play lay in the old Irish belief of the power of the fairies on May Eve, and their partiality for enticing away newly-wed brides. The acting and presentation of the play reflects great credit on all concerned while a few poignant phrases stand out as being particularly fanciful and dainty. "Life moves out of a red flare of dreams," the priest (Isabel Ellis) with his cross—"the symbol of the son of Gon"—carried

conviction in his words. The other characters were well sustained by K. O'Hanlon (Father), D. Kay (Mother), L. Riley (Son), Eva Tully (Bride) and I. King (Fairy). Much credit is also due to Elva Merriman who arranged the music for the play and to Leslie Riley, who wrote the prologue which appears elsewhere.

Fourth Year German class entertained us with the well-known fairy story—Cinderella (not forgetting the two sisters with very red noses).

In conclusion, thanks must be rendered to Jessie, Cur Captain, for her untiring zeal as President of the Dramatic Society, and to the active stage managers.

"Newmacor," 5C.



THE MINUET DANCERS.

L. Davis, M. Moore, G. Chapman, E. McKenzie, P. Kirkby, I. Peckard, H. Stewart, M. Gallagher.



THE SPANISH GIPSIES.

(Back Row)—E. Parkes, P. Thomas, D. Colban. (Front Row)—A. Parcelles, I. Paul, E. Westlake.

SEPTEMBER PLAY-DAY.—It was with the usual anticipations of spending an enjoyable afternoon that we gathered in the gymnasium to be entertained by our amateur actors.

The performance opened with two scenes from *Macbeth*, presented by 4A. The first scene was excellently played, and I feel sure that it must have given to the onlookers a deep insight into the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*. The second scene also tended to create that atmosphere of mystery and murder so prevalent in the tragedy of "*Macbeth*." The next event of the afternoon was a comedy, "*Captain Smith*," written by E. Berry, and presented by the Dramatic Society. This play caused great laughter. Mrs. Clapperclaw, that woman of "large sympathies" at length gained our love when she forgave the handsome, adventurous Sir Chatterton (Kathleen McElroy) who had dared to enter her most respectable school, pretend to be the brother of her governess, Miss Smith (Irene Packard), and eventually propose love to that lady. We appreciated the maiden reticence of Miss Smith in her newly found love, and the smiling triumph of Sir Charles, in the conquest of her love. We sympathised with pretty Dolly (Mary Cathels), that coquettish young maid, when the love of that fine gentleman, Mr. Fido (whose father feeds his flock upon the Grampian Hills) drifted from her to sweet little Arabella (Ruth Lilyblade), and we rejoiced when Fido (Elva Merriman) decided to be faithful to his old love, and keep "a greengrocery" with her.

The characters were excellently portrayed and with the smiles of the dashing Sir Charles, the lovelight in the eyes of Miss Smith and Dolly, the majestic importance of Mr. Fido, the pleasure of Captain Smith (Alice Dandie) in recovering both his sister and his old friend, and the blessings of Mrs. Clapperclaw, "*Captain Smith*" terminated.

Then we were taken back to Shakesperian days by a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, presented by 2A. We must not fail to congratulate 2A on their excellent presentation, seeing that 2A is still but a junior class.

2B presented our old time friend "*Pyramus and Thisbe*," for what play-day could be perfect without this scene which for

times innumerable our predecessors have acted? *Pyramus* "bravely broached his boiling bloody breast," as heroically as ever, *Thisbe* was just as sweet and faithful, while *Wall* and *Moonshine* were the same sturdy friends to the lovers.

With the singing of the National Anthem, Play Day was brought to a close.

MARY GALVIN, 4A.

SPECIAL CHOIR departed from its usual course this year to produce the Operetta, and it is only recently that some of our old songs have been revived—"The Spinning Chorus" (Wagner) and "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Schubert). "Happy Song" (Teresa del Riego) has been added to our selection and we are now practising with Speech Day in view. G. STAYTE, 5C.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY was more active this half-year than last. Four debates were held during this time, the first subject being "Dead languages should be a compulsory part of the High School curriculum." There was a very good attendance, good proof of the interest taken in the Society.

The third, debate, on the subject whether "the cinematograph is a valuable factor in the education of the community," was perhaps the most interesting one of the year. A teacher led each side, and there was an exceedingly good attendance of over one hundred girls.

An impromptu speech afternoon revealed some ready and witty speakers as well as a pleasing aptitude for discussion of serious questions.

Glynn Stayte, President of the Society, is to be highly commended on account of the energetic work which she has done and the enthusiastic spirit with which she has conducted our meetings.

ESSIE COHEN, 4A. Secretary.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.—The librarians are pleased to state that several new books have been added to the library, since the last issue of this magazine. These books will be of great interest to the Upper and Lower school alike, and include:

"Barlasch of the Guard"—Merriman.

"Moonfleet"—Falkner.

"The Newcomes"—Thackeray.

"The Parliament of Man"—Mugge.

"Samuel Pepys Diary (Vol. II).

- "Cambridge Modern History."
- "Wars of Religion" Vol. III.
- "The United States" Vol. VII.
- "The French Revolution" Vols. VIII,—X.
- "The Growth of Nationalism"—Vol. XI.
- "The Latest Age"—Vol. XII etc.

Nevertheless, the librarians find they are unable to cope with the great demand for books of reference, and would be very pleased to receive any gifts of books, either from classes as a whole, or from individuals, that would be of interest, and would open up new fields of thought to all.

ANNIE McCANDLESS. } Librarians 1925
 IRENE PACKARD. }

THE FICTION LIBRARY was closed during the greater part of last quarter in order to complete the catalogue. Since it has been reopened, the membership has increased and now numbers about one hundred girls, most of them belonging to First Year. New books are expected to arrive soon; gifts of books from any girl would be very acceptable, as the stock of books needs increasing.

E. FOUNTAIN }
 M. LANCE. } 4 A

THE ALLIANCE FRANCAISE.—During August, several of our girls were successful in passing the "Alliance Francaise" examination, held at the Teachers' College within the University Grounds.

The examiners were: Monsieur Nette-ment (Consul-General for France), Made-moiselle Pognon, Miss Gladys Marks, M. de Champmorin, M. Bonnet, and Professor Waterhouse.

Eighty-six candidates entered for the examination, out of which number, forty-eight were successful in reading, recitation and conversation. As in previous years, many more girls entered than boys. Those who passed were presented with their certificates on October 12th at Teachers' College, Sydney. The following list shows the successful Fortians:

Grade IV.	Grade V.
Kathleen McElroy	Doreen Rathborne.
Annie Dreves	Amy Carpenter.
Essie Cohen	Joyce Kolts.
Joan Balmain	Alice McArthur.
	ANNIE DREVES, 4 A

UNIFORM IN FIRST YEAR.—At the half year a pennant was awarded to the class in first year which gained the greatest number of points for wearing school uniform. 1 A was successful, losing only 15 points. In September the pennant passed to 1 C. First year girls have been very satisfactory as regards uniform, and we congratulate them and their class prefects.

N. WILLIAMS
 M. CHAPMAN.

THE PETER PAN PARTY.—At the Peter Pan Party held at the Palais Royal on 24th October, Fort St., was represented by ten fourth year girls, who added to the beauty of the spectacular pageant by appearing in fancy costume.

Four, dressed as quaint French maids, advertised Java Rice Powder Company. The remaining six, wearing sandwich posters, whose letters when placed in order spelt a well-known office commodity, were a puzzle to the numerous spectators.

The delightful measure of the music, and the splendid dance floor combined to make the afternoon spent with Peter Pan and his party of kiddies, most enjoyable.

I.P. }
 D.M. } 4 A.

HOSPITAL COLLECTION FUND.—There has been a great response this year to the appeal for the Hospital Fund, which exceeds that of last year. On our Sports' Day, fruits, sweets and ice cream were sold at Birchgrove. This amount was added to the proceeds of the September concert.

The total amount obtained was £40, and was distributed in the following manner:—Sydney Hospital £15; Alexandria Hospital for Children £15; New Hospital for Women and Children £10.

N.W., 5 A.

ECONOMICS EXCURSION.—One Wednesday in July the 4 C Economics class spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon at Bushell's Tea Factory.

On arrival we were escorted through the building by the head engineer and Miss Williams, the lady superintendent, who were very obliging, explaining the whole process of tea packing to us. We commenced from the top of the building and so traced the progress of the packet of tea,

from when the tea entered the factory in bulk till it was packed and sent away. We were much impressed by all the intricate machinery which was supplied even for seemingly merest details. We learned a great deal too, from the numerous labour-saving devices employed. Besides seeing all the machinery and processes in the factory, we were taken outside and shown the huge plant for getting rid of the dust which is generated in the factory. This consists of enormous dust-bins and huge cylinders which rise into the air above the building and the dust and impurities are drawn up through these pipes by means of a draught of air and so driven into the open air. This keeps the factory clean and hygienic.

When we had completed our most interesting inspection we returned for our belongings and a very agreeable surprise awaited us. To each girl was given a half-pound tin of Bushell's best cocoa. Miss Perrin too received a surprise-packet. We all went home hoping that Economics excursions would be more plentiful in the near future.

E. FOUNTAIN, 4 C.

SCHOOL STATIONERY—Fertians will be pleased to know that very soon Fort Street stationery will be available at

school. The note paper and envelopes will bear the school monogram and scroll. This is a new venture, and we hope all will combine to make it very successful.

W. WILLIAMS, 5 A.

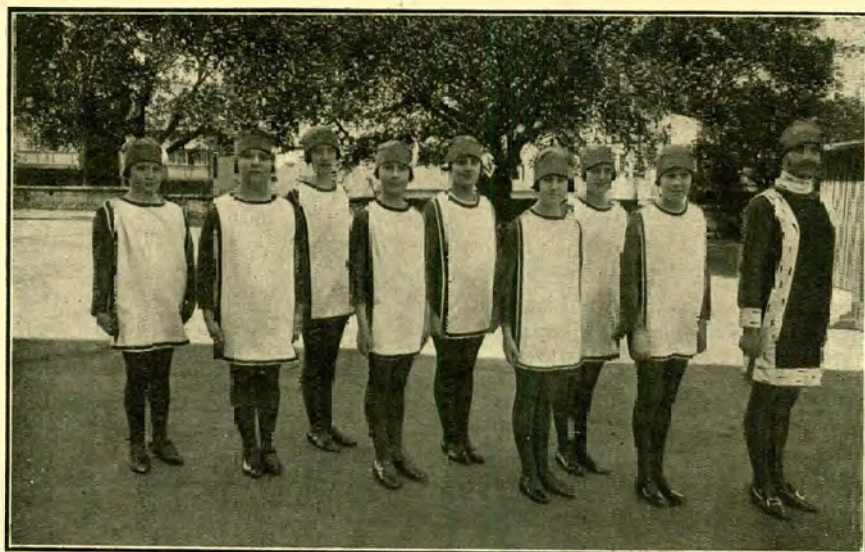
CLOTHES FOR THE POOR.—During the last term a fine effort was made by our Captain to organise a day on which clothes were to be brought in to help the poor in our city. A generous response was made and a large bundle was sent to the City Mission.

V. A., 4 A.

AN EGG DAY in aid of the Sydney Hospital was held on September the 17th. The girls very splendidly responded to the appeal and in consequence the fine donation of 294 eggs were dispatched to the Hospital.

M. C. 4 B.

CLASS MAGAZINES.—The Editor acknowledges with thanks, copies of class magazines—Koala (3 A), Warrae Nobel (4 A), The Jolly Magazine (1 E), and 2 C's Own. Some articles and verse from these papers are published in this issue of the magazine.



FIZZLETOP AND THE PAGEE.

R. Adams, C. Tipping, M. Fairlie, G. Marchant, S. Lippert, M. Marchant, C. Lax, N. Stevensen, J. Andersen.

FIFTY HOME MADE TOYS were constructed by 2 A and are to be taken by the girls to the Children's Hospital at an early date. Dolls, golliwogs, scrap books, animals and hospital cots are among the collection, and each toy is to be accompanied by an original verse or nursery rhyme.

2 A.

THE SCHOOL GRAMOPHONE.—Out of the proceeds of the operetta the school procured a gramophone—a Brunswick and a beautiful instrument. It is intended for the use of all mistresses, and it is hoped that it will be of great benefit to both staff

and pupils. The enthusiasm with which it has been received promises well for this.

Miss Fuller has already made use of it during physical culture lessons. A series of lectures on musical appreciation has been obtained and Miss Watts will take up a few minutes of each singing lesson to give the girls instruction by them. By means of appropriate records such as Tschaiowsky's, "Return from Moscow" atmosphere will be created for studies in history. Dramatic renderings, mostly by famous Shakespearian actors are being procured.

E.M., 4 A.

MEMORY LANE.

Hast ever tramped down Memory Lane
To see the scenes of the past again?
The flowers of memory that line my way
Are as fresh as those of yesterday.
And as I pass down the well-worn track,
On the present and future I turn my back,
And if yesterday I was old and grey,
I am filled with the spirit of youth to-day.

Oh, happy and gay is Memory Lane!
There sunshine dulls the edge of pain,
Greener the leaves on every tree,
The birds sing sweeter melody.

And the tired heart may find its rest
Like the weary bird returned to nest.
And a perfume sweet fills the air,
Of memories dear and promise rare.

But, however joyful and short the track,
Those who tramp it must tramp it back,
And the way seems long and the burden
great

When we stand once more at the Present
Gate.

And we bid sad adieu to the happy Past
For we've yet to tramp life's road to the
last.

L. Frankel, 3A.

POPPY SONG.

Poppies with petals of flaming red
Over the meadows their perfume shed.
Delicate poppies of orange and gold,
The rich warm kiss of the sunshine hold.
Slender poppies of fragile white
Lift up their heads in the morning light.

Emblems of slumber and drowsy dreams
Which flit through the mind in fitful
gleams.

They whisper sweet stories of days gone
by.

Of joys and sorrows with smile and sigh,
Broken hearts and faded flowers.

Blending with laughter and sunny hours.

Twilight covers the dim misty years,
Hiding the mem'ry of bitter tears;
Paradise lies on the flower-strewn way,
Which leads away from the dull to-day.
Though to-day may be full of care,
The poppies croon of the future fair.

Poppies of gold and of flaming red
Nod in the sun, for the past is dead.
Poppies of orange and shimmering white
Say that to-morrow is always bright,
Weaving dreams of the sunny lands.
Where the Future beckons with rosy hands.

W. Scriven, 3A.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES.

SCHOOL GUIDES.—This half year, as before, keen interest has been shown in our School Guides, although we have been unable to hold regular meetings on account of examinations and other diversions. We have, however, been able to do quite a good deal of Guide work, with the result that many new Guides have passed their "Tenderfoot" examination and are ready for enrolment.

On Empire Day we held our first Field Day at Athol Gardens, where we enjoyed ourselves by tracking and stalking and by singing songs and playing games. On the occasion of a meeting of Red Cross workers in the Town Hall, fourteen Guides from Fort Street formed a guard of honour to Lady de Chair; all were in school uniform—the guide uniform of our company. When our Captain, Miss Drury, was visiting Tasmania, two of our meetings were held by Miss Alma Hamilton, an old Fortian. On Saturday, 12th September, some of the Guide leaders accepted an invitation from the Ryde Company to join them on a Field Day at Cheltenham; the girls spent a very wonderful day, and had the opportunity of being present at the Camp Fire. Ryde Company has asked us to go with them to camp during the Christmas Holidays, and it is expected that many of our Guides will take the opportunity of getting to know just how wonderful the joys of guiding are.

On Saturday, 17th October, Fort Street Company took part in a competition held among the Companies of the Middle Harbour Division. The competition comprised a test in drill, games and ambulance work. Eight companies were tested and out of these Fort Street came first, but we must remember that this is, by no means, the end of the Competition, for there are still eleven companies to be examined.

Owing to the fact that so many Guides, of whom three are leaders and one a second, are unable to attend because of examinations, new patrol leaders and seconds have been elected and the company rearranged into four patrols.

The present leaders are Kathleen McElroy, Mavis Sweeney, Annie Dreves and Coral Evans; these leaders with the help of Miss Drury, will prepare their patrols for the final of the competition to be held

in December. This will entail a great deal of work for us all, yet we know that plenty of joy and fun will enter into it, so we are looking forward to our coming meetings. Although we have a fair number in our company, we are always ready to welcome any new recruits who feel they would like to enter into our midst and spend some of the happiest of hours with us.

M. Sweeney, }
K. McElroy, } 4A.

NEWS OF OTHER COMPANIES.—Each day an increasing number of shining trefoil badges can be seen on the girls in the playground, and, although there is a big school company, a large number of Guides from suburban companies are in the School Guides from Beecroft, Burwood, Balgowlah, Chatswood, Manly, Vaucluse, Coogee, Bondi, Drummoyne, Annandale, Five Dock, Marrickville, Leichhardt, Ryde, Dulwich Hill, and Goulburn, can be met any day at Fort Street. The past few months have been filled with Guide work, as the time for the Inter-Company Shield Competition is drawing near, and rivalry is very keen between the various companies.

First Beecroft Company have been busily collecting wild flowers for the Randwick Soldiers' Hospital, and are also planning to bring children from poorer areas to the bush for a delightful picnic, thus fulfilling the Fourth Law. "A Guide's duty is to be useful, and to help others."

First Bondi have enjoyed several Field Days, while First Manly Guides have been busy with an Enrolment and Display.

Representatives from the Guide Companies were present, at the kind invitation of Miss Dorothy Helmrich, at her farewell concert given at the Sydney Town Hall.

The spring weather brings with it thoughts of camps—of bright days spent in the great out-doors, and happy nights around a blazing camp field. The first Interstate Camp to be held in Australia is to take place in New South Wales in the coming January.

Each day Guiding grows apace in New South Wales, and the membership now is 4000 Guides, Rangers and Brownies—all held together by the Guide Law, and Promise. Enid Carpenter, 4A.

"THE WEE FOLKS' WHISPER."

A Prologue for June Play Day.

In gay Finvarra, where the hills are lit
With fairy fires that dance and palest lights,
The fairy folk make merry all day long
Shaking their milk-white feet in careless
glee.

Their floating tresses, sporting with the
wind,

Stream like light clouds before a gale of
March;

Their faces, pale as water before dawn,
In ageless beauty watch the seasons pass.

The eve of May is their great festival,
Then they may tread again the paths of
earth.

And play what wicked jokes and pranks
they please,

Upon all mortal folk whose words or deeds
Have brought them in the power of fairy
might.

So women hang a branch of Quicken Wood.
Upon their doors to please the fairy host,
Wee, to the house whose branch is ta'en!
For they

Will bring no luck to dwell beside its
hearth.

But they will make the milk to turn to
curds,

The churn will break, the fire refuse to burn,
And evil powers will dwell there for a year.
Upon May Eve the fairies often beg
For milk to drink, or fire from cottage
hearths;

Wee to the house that gives! for they
have power

Upon it for a year; and comfort flies,
Leaving behind it sorrow, pain and need.

Just as the dark is falling on May eve.
They leave their land of water and pale
lights,

In joyous guise they come, charming the
hearts

Of all they visit, thus they set their snares;

For they may steal away new married
brides

After the fall of twilight on May eve.

They charm them with the magic of a
dance,

They steal away their souls with kiss and
touch,

And lead them to that land where dwell
in youth

White armed Nuala, Aengus of the birds,
And all their merry multitude who dance
Upon the mountain tops like leaping
flames.

And they must stay there, busied in a
dance,

Forgetting home and friends in endless
song,

Thralled in the dreamy land of Heart's
Desire.

So, when the dusk has fallen upon May
Eve

Shut tight the casement, newly married
bride.

Fer, if you listen, they will charm your
heart

And steal you from your home with art-
ful wiles.

I hear them call, "Come mortal chuld away!
Come from this dull old earth whose sighs
and tears

Will make you sad and old before your
time.

Come Mortal, to our land of heart's de-
sire,

Leave this dull world with bitter sorrow
stored,

And be at one with joy, laughter and jol-
lity."

I hear them call you—calling on the wind,
I hear them now, singing unceasingly . . .

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

The Old Girls' Union.

The financial year of the Old Girls' Union opened with the Annual General Meeting in April, when a committee was appointed to look after Union affairs. Mollie Thornhill was elected as President, Eirene Lang as Secretary, Kathleen Waddington as Assistant Secretary, and Alma Hamilton as Treasurer for the current year.

The first social function arranged was the Sixth Annual Dinner, which was held at "Dungowan," Martin Place, early in June. The guest of honour, our Patron Miss Partridge, and Misses Evans, Morley, Tearle, ever-interested members of the present staff, honoured us by their presence, while we were pleased to see our old friend Miss Simpson. The dinner itself was quite a noisy affair—one quickly realises that five courses allow a fair amount of time for renewing old acquaintances and chatting over past experiences, as well as for listening to the speeches and musical items which were arranged between courses.

The Ball was held on August 6th at Paddington Town Hall, and though it was a bright social affair, gay with jazz caps, it was not a representative gathering. Marie Bentivoglio, but lately returned from the other side of the globe, found time to drop in and discover old friends. It was a pleasant surprise.

Since the Ball two informal socials have been held in the school gymnasium. These are the outcome of a suggestion to hold monthly meetings of the Union and bid fair to be very popular and to provide a varied and interesting programme. The first social was held on 8th October, when approximately a hundred girls fraternised over charades, games, competitions and dancing which, supplemented by a presidential address, constituted an enjoyable programme. On 22nd October, at the second social, Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, one of our distinguished Fortians, was the guest of honour. Miss Partridge, Miss Evans, Mrs. Macartney, and Miss Perrin showed their support of the Union by helping us entertain, and our President, Mollie Thornhill, outlined a plan to increase the mem-

bership of the Union by arranging more intercourse among Fortians. It is proposed to hold a meeting on the first Wednesday of each month, commencing on 2nd December, when the Dramatic Club will entertain. It has also been suggested that the magazine of the present school be enlarged by an adequate Old Girls' column and be taken by members of the Union.

Dr. Bentivoglio gave a most interesting chat on her trip abroad—of life at Oxford and of the beauties of the Continent. She also made an appeal for greater support of the Union, and activity amongst its members. A vote of thanks was moved and seconded by Miss Evans and Miss Partridge. Mrs. Macartney sang all our old favourites, including "Peggy" and "Katey's Letter," while Miss Evans was enthusiastically applauded for her rendering of "The Tin Gee-Gee." It was quite like old times! Nor were the school songs forgotten; indeed, a competition was announced for a suitable song for the Old Girls, since we object to saying, "A last time let us gather," when we intend meeting every month!

The Dramatic Club is at present rehearsing "The Magistrate," which is to be presented in the Adyar Hall on the 29th and 30th October, and produced by Miss Daphne Dean. A short sketch, to be given at the next Old Girls' Social, is also being prepared. The dramatic activities of the school have been noted with keen satisfaction by members of the club, who hope for an influx of senior girls, who are leaving school this year. Heather Stark, the energetic Secretary, is intensely interested in likely members.

The Tennis Club has of late been engaged on a round of social activities for three dances, a gipsy tree and a pleasant weekend at Patonga have supplemented the tennis. The club court is at Haberfield.

The activities of the Union are not confined to the city alone. A group of enthusiastic Fortians has banded together at Goulburn and holds regular meetings.

This we believe to be our first country branch, but, now that the example has been set, we hope for an extension to other centres. Please note, absent Fortians! In many country towns there are sufficient ex-Fortians to form a strong and active branch if some enthusiast would undertake the work of organisation.

The Union takes this opportunity of congratulating Winnie Howard on winning the Jones Memorial Medal, awarded annually

at the Teachers' College to the best student. Fort Street has always been well to the fore here, past recipients including Alice Sandon, Margaret Clarke, Mary Bingham and Zelig Bristow.

The Committee would welcome suggestions for Union activities at any time. Such suggestions should be sent to the Secretary, c/o The School.

K. Waddington, Asst. Secretary.

A Letter from the University.

Dear Girls,

I suppose you are all suffering more or less from the same complaint as ourselves at present—examinationitis. From the beginning of third term, everybody here feels that it is incumbent on her to do at least a little work and talk a very great deal about it. Everyone says most anxiously to everyone else, "How much work have you done?" And receives the hopeless and largely mythical answer, "Absolutely nothing! What about you?"

To talk about Fortians at the 'Varsity is rather a complicated subject, for there seem to be millions of committees and sub-committees and, as you may expect, Fort Street is represented on the majority of them. We have amongst other things a "Section Francaise," of which Amy Chicken and Maureen O'Hanlon are joint secretaries. This year has been the most successful that the society has had for a long time and four Fortians took part in the annual play which was produced last term and repeated by request this term.

The University Cadets received quite a reinforcement from Fort Street this year and things have been progressing more or less briskly. We are now preparing for our Second Annual Enrolment—it is quite an institution now—which takes place on 27th October. We are giving a display of Swedish Folk Dancing about which we are at present feeling doubtful, very doubtful. We should like to take this opportu-

nity of congratulating the Fort Street Guides upon the success so far achieved in the Shield Competition and wish them every luck in the remaining heats.

During our last vacation our hockey team, of which Alma Hamilton is Vice-Captain, went to Adelaide to take part in the Inter-Varsity matches. Since for most of us this was our first peep at Adelaide, you may imagine how exciting and interesting it all was. Shall I tell you about one of our trips? Two charabancs were filled with five teams of enthusiastic hockey players and set out to visit Morialta Falls. Adelaide is so situated that most of her beauty spots are reached within half an hour, and so it was with this one. We unloaded at the kiosk with permission to explore until four o'clock, at which time afternoon tea would be served. And explore we did, crossing bridges, gazing at falls and finding a violet farm—a whole hillside covered with violets! Imagine picking for sixpence, as we did, as many as you can carry!

One player, who distinguished herself by playing excellent hockey in Adelaide, was Kathleen Waddington. She was one of two people to gain a hockey blue this year. Our hockey team will have lost quite a number of its members next year and we are hoping that you will be sending along some of your players to fill the empty spaces.

Ebena Isles, ArtsII.

A Letter from the Teachers' College.

Dear Girls,

The mystic words "last term, last term" are on the lips of all at "Coll." All Fortians will know what that means, so I need not describe that feeling which is particularly prevalent in Third and Fifth Years at present.

"Though the work's been long and dreary,

Are we downhearted?—No!!!"

and why should we be?

Girls, I wish you could see how different, how utterly different the Teachers' College is from dear old Fort Street! Here we have three floors and a basement (which is rather awkward when one has to rush madly up three flights of stairs between lectures) and a lift—for the use of lecturers only, I am forced to add. (Ah! I can hear you murmuring, "I knew there was a catch in it!") and all this luxury makes the first day at "Coll" a wonderful adventure, for not only are we seeing our home for several years to come, but also we are being formally introduced to our life work.

On that memorable day we walked up stairs and down, along corridors and back, round and round the quadrangles, till I am sure we should have known the whole college off by heart. But no! for when lectures started, the fun commenced—round corners and back again—"Where is Room 20, please?"—a puzzled stare and a shake of the head—round more corners and back again till at last we find that we are on the wrong floor, and upstairs we go only to arrive too late for that lecture, which had been the cause of such a nerve-racking promenade. Everything is so huge and awe-inspiring here, and though we have no relics such as the 'Varsity can boast, no gargoyles to guard our gates, still we join in the College song with all our hearts:

"Teachers' College! Alma Mater!

Be for aye thy children's pride."

'Tis just the same at College as at Fort Street, "Fortians come and Fortians go," many shining brightly as they pass across the horizon, others passing on with a gentle glow.

It is hard to realize that nearly six years have passed since we first entered the

mighty band of Fortians, and those ties which bound us together at the dear old school have never been torn asunder. We still see Jessie Urquhart, Iris Bell, Annie Voss, Essie Timsley, Marjorie Cato, and Vera Wearne together, as in the old days, and the more recent family, Leila Armstrong, Kathleen Innes, Lillian Downer, Thelma Sparkes, Kathleen Hunt, Gwen Branch, Reita Thurston, Dot Beeston, Gerta Homberg, Jennie Evans, Hilda Wylie, Maisie Lee, and Netta Green, paddling along in the same old way, with plenty of noise and fun. The College sports were held on October 14th at Jubilee Oval, and with Jessie Urquhart, Annie Voss, Gwen Branch, Dorothy Pearson, Leila Armstrong, and Kathleen Innes, Fort Street more than held its own.

Gwen Branch is also shining at basket ball, while Vera Wearne and Annie Voss devote their leisure hours to hockey.

Gwen, as all Fortians were hoping, carried off the cup for swimming at our last carnival, putting up a very creditable performance, the trophy for third place also passed into Fortian hands.

Any more serious person than myself would have started with a list of our academic performances, but I was quite carried away by our recent successes in the world of sport. Dorothy Pearson has a name for teaching ability; she is one of the lucky teachers who are born while we others must endeavour to make ourselves. Jessie Urquhart, Iris Bell, Annie Voss, and Vera Wearne have distinguished themselves, and Lillian Downer has also shown ability for teaching, and when examination results are posted one may always see many Fortians among those who are lucky enough to gain that mystic "D" (Distinction).

In the display of Folk Dancing and Rhythmic work to be given in the Conservatorium on Monday night, 26th October, several Fortians will appear, and I feel sure, do justice to the old school. Our Christian Union is quite a Fortian body, 35 per cent. of the members being Fortians. Jessie Urquhart is Vice-President, Lillian Downer is our representative on the Executive, Kathleen Hunt and I are representa-

tives on the State Council, and our treasurer is also a Fortian. We have recently welcomed Mary Johnson to College, and Ethel Gordon Smith it also with us.

In the photograph recently taken of the section prefects, three may be recognised as Fortians, so that, as always, to be a Fortian is something to be proud of.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" rings a bell. Oh! 'tis two o'clock—the throng in the Common Room surges toward the door, and I am almost carried from my chair. Well girls, away to lectures we must go, but not before wishing the Leaving and Intermediate candidates the best of luck in their respective examinations, and sending remembrances to all.

Your Fortian friend,
Winnie Lee.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, recently returned from some years of study at Oxford University, has been appointed to a lectureship at the Teachers' College.

Edith Murdoch has gained the degree of L.L.B. with honours at the University of London after two years' study in England. Her engagement to Dr. Ian McLaughlin, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, has just been announced.

Her sister Edna was recently married in London to Dr. A. W. D'Ombraim, late of Sydney. Miss Edna Murdoch was, before her marriage, engaged at the famous institution for mentally deficient at Epsom, where she pursued her research in psychology.

The School sends good wishes to other Old Fortians whose engagements have been made known—Eunice Gregg is shortly to be married to Mr. J. W. Worling, Dot Richardson has become engaged to Mr. Horace Houlder, Nellie Carruthers to Mr. Hugh Brodie (Registrar of the Experimental Farm, Cowra), and Rhoda Green to Mr. George Mathers, Marjorie Evans, another of our old prefects, is to be married to Mr. Frank Spence.

PROTEAN FAITH.

When flaming sunsets fired the western skies,

And birds were swift on wing;

When twilight with her grey dove-tinted dyes

Brought night-winds whispering;

When man looked up to Heaven with thankful smile,

I, too, would stand and gaze awhile.

I cared not when the golden day had fled,

Far lovelier was the night;

Stronger the lure of paths that onward led,
Wrapped in moon-misty light;

Before some altar on the dew-wet sward,
I, too, would praise an unknown Lord.

When dawn's first silver spear had pierced the haze,

Low-lying o'er the seas,

The rain, unclouded, in a Mars-red blaze,
Climbed up above the trees;

And I, content that all this should be so,
Worshipped a power I did not know.

When Spring's first raptures warmed the fragrant air,

And flowers made brave array;

When wild things stirred within their woodland lair

And woke to vernal day;

Then, listening to the skylark's carolled mirth,

I, too, would glory in the earth.

A summer sun within an azure sky,

A restful peace on land;

The sea-borne vessels, sailing proudly by,
A stretch of foam-flecked sand;

The waves beneath, the sea-gulls far above
Sang one sweet song; the Song of Love.

Oh! heart of mine, irreparably scarred
By some insensate Hand;

Oh! soul, that once e'er Life and Love were marred,

Had found the Promised Land;

Leave thou thy Gods, seek prophets yet
unsung,

Follow where He thy soul has flung!

Mary Corringham, 5A.

FIFTH'S CHORUS.

To the tune of the "Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust.

Glory enfolding our ancient race!
Deign still with honour our school to grace!
Lead us who for our school must stand
Directing our thoughts, inspiring our pen,
and nerving our hand.

German, French, in our heads, and Horace
in hand,

Lo! with work hardened souls goes this
Fortian band.

List the passionate cry of the Fifth Year
crew!

Euclid, quadratics, and all mathematics
we now battle through!

Glory enfolding our ancient race!

Deign still with honour our school to grace!

Lead us who now for our school must
stand,

Inspiring our thoughts and nerving our
hand.

Time is flying now, our hands our hearts,
our heads are all agoing faster;
Leaving papers, questions and examiners
are causing our fear.

History, Maths and Science, Economics are
the things we must master;

Now shuddering fear rules ev'ry maid, the
dreaded ninth, the ninth with all its
woe is swiftly drawing near.

Now shuddering fear, now shuddering fear
rules ev'ry maid, for now the ninth
with all its woe is drawing near.

In four more weeks it will be here. In four
more weeks it will be here.

Glory enfolding our ancient race!

Long we with honour our school to grace!

Help us maintain her every rule.

Lead us who do love, who cherish so dear
our beloved school!

Marlynn, 5C.

A FRIEND

(THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.)

Grey, gloomy and horrifying the old
German Castle stood out against the dark
skyline in the dusk of a golden day,
shadows and blackness encircled the mas-
sive walls and the terrifying cry of a bird
of prey gave a sinister note to the scene.

With those uninviting walls, the dark-
ness was greater, the silence more mystic,
broken by hushed breathing. In the royal
chamber upon his couch lay the king who
was fastly sinking into the shadows of
death. Ashen grey the face, that should
have shone with the golden light of joy,
shrunk the form, that should still have
been noble and grand, and broken the heart
that should have been o'er flowing with
love; death was coming too soon, yet—so
late.

Wearily the eyelids opened, reveal-
ing two eyes of sorrow and pain, true
mirrors of the soul within, in husky words
mirrors of the soul within; in husky words
the King let his soul's tears fall:

"Come, I welcome thee, I see in
thee some shelter from this life of
sorrow and struggle. Oh why! Oh
why! should all have been sorrow?
all pain? alas! Robbed of my father ere
long from my nurse's arms, surrounded
only by those who loved me not, those
whom I could not trust, forced into troubles,
forced into wars, seeing my country bleed-
ing, my subjects living as enemies!

"Ah, for that brotherly love, long lost to
man! and in all my pain no one to trust; no
one to love or be loved by. Ah! Had I
had but even one friend—the difference—
the joy. Hated by sons, hated by council-
lors, nowhere to turn for help.

"Lord forgive me that I have failed; Lord,
wash out the sins of this broken life, and
give me one wish; grant to my faithless sons
that their lives may never be as mine,
grant that in troubled seas midst stormy
waves, they may have that guiding
fight, Oh truest light!—a friend.

Coral Evans, 4A.

WHILE THE BROWN LOGS CRACKLE.

Evening—the dusky mists have just begun to unfold their curtain over the landscape. The bush seems almost enveloped in the shade and only one bright light beams forth from the dimness—the light of a camp fire around which a group of men sit waiting, at the mystic hour, for the billy to boil.

One man is old and toil-worn; his face is parched and lined with marks so characteristic of the bushman. Another is a cheery young fellow unaccustomed to the hardships of the bush; we see his merry face outlined by the firelight as he listens enraptured to the tale the elder man is telling.

In the far corner leaning back against the roots of a gnarled and twisted gum, the doomed monarch of bushland, rests

a man who does not quite resemble the rest.

His face is pale and refined, the eyes are deep set, shadowed and weary, and he gazes with a queer twisted smile upon his face at the two before him, then away again through the blue of his pipe's smoke to a world beyond, where the busy figures of the city pass to and fro. He is not of the bush.

Near the fire, so near that the drops from from the now boiling billy almost fall on to his nose, lies a shaggy collie dog, whose brown coat shines and glistens in the fire light, while he gazes into the glowing embers with half-closed eyes, dreaming perhaps of the bones belonging to his bygone doggy days.

N. B., 2A.

FLAMINGOES.

The dusk is drifting downward where you
blue lagoon is sleeping,

And is heard the distant crying of the
black swans in their flight,

As they speed towards the sunset where
the crimson yet is keeping

Steady hold against the coming of a
fragrant summer night.

The evening air is vibrant with the loud
and measured drumming

Of a thousand painted pirates seeking
sweetness from each shrub;

And the bush is stirred to curtsy at the
magic slippered coming

Of a zephyr that is wafting through the
treetops in the scrub.

The night has softly trod the aisles between
each forest giant,

And a red moon spills its scarlet in a
path across the pond,

Where the burnished-red flamingoes with
their stately legs and pliant

Necks, are wading slowly, gravely in the
shade of reed and frond.

They come from needy marshlands where
man's foot has never trodden,

Where the wild duck's harsh and grating
cry sounds from a billabong,

Where the land is mild and lonely and the
sands are grey and sodden,

And is never heard the music of a bell-
voiced bushbird's song.

Flaming-red against the shadows slowly
stalk the grave flamingoes,

With graceful necks low-bending in the
depths of the lagoon.

And, borne onward by the echoes, hear the
mournful howls of dingoes

As they blend like tuneless music with
the night winds sighing croon.

The great birds never heed them, straight
as sentinels on duty,

With here and there a long neck tucked
beneath a feathered breast

They stand awaiting sunrise, stately birds
of grace and beauty.

That shall flee this silent pond when
Dawn has come at His behest.

Isabelle Ellis, 4B.

TORTURE.

Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees. Except where a thin wisp of smoke made a spiral staircase into the heavens, the blue arc was unmarred by cloud or bird. Doubtless it had been the extremely fierce heat of the sun's rays beating down upon my defenceless head that had awakened me from my sleep. All was quiet—tensely, significantly quiet; the exceeding peace aroused me to a sense of uneasiness.

Now the sunlight seemed to be seeking out my eyes. It was unbearable. To the left I noticed a group of trees, beneath them, welcome shade. Once there, I could fall asleep again, for I was still tired. Turning on my side preparatory to standing up, a cry of pain involuntarily broke from my lips. For at the moment when I had moved, I had felt an excruciating agony, as of red-hot steel piercing my shoulder blades. Trembling, weakened by the sudden pain I attempted to raise a hand to my brow. In vain. As if paralysed, my arm hung nerveless by my side. Only my fingers were capable of moving. Plucking idly at my clothes, they came in contact with the hard strands of twisted rope.

Captive bonds!

Roused to full consciousness, my brain searched for a clue to this mystery. Suddenly, like flashes of lightning, words unconnected and apparently meaningless, illuminated my senses. "Sacrilège—atone-ment—Ralucis." That was all: incomprehensible, yet vaguely familiar. Where had I heard those words before? For that they were not new to me, I did not doubt.

Ralucis: I pondered on that name.

Ralucis: Ah! yes, yes—I knew I knew!

Realisation and remembrance dawned upon me simultaneously. With a heart filled with sickening dread, and a brain contemplating indescribable horrors, I gave one anguished cry and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Minutes later—or it may have been hours—I recovered my senses, awoke to the full significance of the strange quietness, the apparent solitude, my own confining bonds. The sun was no longer shining in my very eyes; it had moved round, and its rays were directed straight at the crown of my head.

The least attempt to alter my position brought unbearable agony, resulting in a dull throbbing, a persistent, stabbing pain. And over and over again my lips muttered the name: "Ralucis, Ralucis."

I began piecing together the story, as memory, flickering through my brain, brought a succession of vivid mental pictures. I saw the inside of a temple, spacious and dimly-lit. From countless recesses in the age-discoloured walls, peered forth gleaming bronze statues. Here an ape-like form, cast in solid gold, gibbered across at an incomparably ugly toad, thickly encrusted with rarest precious stones. Pedestals hewed out of solid blocks of ebony were occupied by carved ivory idols, some grimacing hideously; others with vacant imbecile stares.

I saw myself, a novice for the position of priestess, passing from pedestal to pedestal, flicking imaginary dust from brazen bodies, arranging on the flat altars before each idol, the priceless treasures of which it was the guardian. Far from feeling at all solemn or even religiously awed, this process always filled me with an insane desire to laugh. Never more so than when it was my turn to attend on the sacred Ralucis himself. Ralucis the Vulture-headed; Ralucis, supreme God of gods; Ralucis, before whom all the shaven heads of the Tibetan priesthood were bowed in awe and humility; mighty Ralucis was to me a secret source of amusement.

Not that I ever dared to signify to my sister-novices, either by word or look, that I was not as ardent a worshipper as they! For I knew that, even as it was, they regarded with suspicion anyone who was not a born Tibetan—and I was not. I was always prudent and careful, until that day of days.

I had entered the inner shrine one morning, in order to arrange in order this sacred habitation of Ralucis. But I loathed the great fat body, surmounted by a vulture's head, with beady eyes and cruel, sharp-pointed beak, inanely half-opened. But I loved to plunge my hand into the great heap of sparkling gems on the altar before him; to let glittering diamonds and scintillating rubies fall through my fingers. That morning I noticed on the treasure-

heap a small roll of parchment—some petition for blessings, I supposed. Its shape and size reminded me of the cigarette of the Westerners. Suddenly an idea occurred to me; the very thought of it shocked yet amused me; altogether the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

I picked up the roll of parchment, and placed one end of it in the half-opened beak of Ralucis, the Vulture-headed. So greatly did I admire the effect of this addition, that I felt constrained to leave it there for some minutes. Busied about my work, I soon forgot all about Ralucis and his cigarette, and when the gong sounded for prayers, I left the shrine, all thought of my foolish action obliterated from my mind. I spent the rest of the day wandering about in the Temple Gardens, until evening drew near, and it was time to prepare the shrine for the midnight worshippers. Then, and not till then, did remembrance of my morning's action come to me. I gasped in horror and made a wild rush for the shrine, hoping to remove the parchment before other eyes than mine should see it.

Too late! Even as I set foot inside the temple I heard the voice of Sai-loto, the chief priest, raised in fierce denunciations of my act of sacrilege. The next moment a group of Temple slaves surrounded me. I turned to flee; but powerful detaining hands were laid upon me. I could not liberate myself, but was held captive, there to meet the wrath of Sai-loto. He approached, followed by several high priests. Never had I seen a man so livid with anger, so nearly incapable of speech by reason of his fury, so like the wrath of the gods personified! I cowered before him hardly able to grasp the awful horror of the situation.

Raising his hand towards heaven, Sai-loto shouted imprecations, vivid and terrible upon me. "Sacrilegious one!" he shouted, "thou hast defiled the shrine of Ralucis the Mighty. May the wrath of the gods smite thee! Unhallowed violator, with death shalt thou atone for this foul deed, this act of desecration against the sacred majesty of our divine Ruler!" Then to the slaves: "Bear her hence to the plateau of Ralucis. To-morrow at the hour of Si-manin shall she be sacrificed, a prey to the Sacred Vultures!"

I fell down speechless at the feet of Sai-loto; and knew no more.

Those, then were the events which my terror-stricken brain now visualized. I was, I supposed, on the plateau of Ralucis, awaiting the hour of Si-manin, when my life should be terminated by the Vultures, loathsome creatures consecrated to the deity Ralucis.

And at that moment I knew that I was alone no more. Above me hovered two dark shapes, now gliding along, now circling round each other, ever descending lower and lower. I heard the rush of wings through the air, and felt shadows cross and recross my face. Again and again in my imagination, the great carnivorous birds had alighted on me, their cruel curved beaks had robbed me of my eyesight; had rent my flesh.

So terrible a picture did imagination conjure up for me, that the thought of its realisation was more than I could bear. One despairing shriek; and the trees, the sky, the loathsome birds of prey, and all sense of pain gave place to a merciful unconsciousness.

As out of the depths of some vast chasm, a babel of voices called to me; called me back to the warm sunlight, and to the blue sky where a pair of pigeons flew merrily backwards and forwards across my range of vision. I opened my eyes, to find myself encircled by several children, who regarded me curiously.

"Why, Miss," said one, "we heard you cry out and came to look for you. The Sunday School Inspectors have all come down to the picnic. They were asking for you. It's hours since you went to fetch us a skipping rope. Did you get it? Oh, yes, here it is," and he fingered the rope wound round my waist.

Yes, there it was, a harmless skipping rope; I remembered tying it round me so that I needn't carry it in my hand. I sat up; the cramp in my arm was almost gone.

"Se, you've been lying on your book."

"Oh! what queer pictures," and picking up the book—"Travels in Tibet," he opened it where the reproduced photograph displayed the figure of an idol: a great fat body, surmounted by an absurdly small head—that of a vulture—with beady eyes and cruel, sharp-pointed beak, inanely half-opened . . . MARY CORRINGHAM, 5 A.

DREAM COLOUR.

I close my eyes against the scented darkness;

Into my soul a flood of moonlight streams,
And, through its portals, drift like airy phantoms

The glowing colours of a thousand dreams.

Gold of the sands beneath fierce noonday sunshine

Silver of star-sheen on the milky way;
Amethyst dyes of sleeping seas in summer
Rose clouds of morning veiled in mists of grey.

Amber of mountain streamlets softly singing

Under an emerald tracery of leaves,
And red of bright field poppies, that the distance

Into a flaming scarlet carpet weaves.

Green of the tasselled palm fronds idly waving

Over the sapphire of the still lagoon;
Purple of far off haze enshrouded ranges,
White radiance of a dying tropic moon.

And pale, pale pink of cloudy apple-blossoms,

Soft primrose yellow, caught from English lanes,

Blue-black of shades that wrap the world in slumber,

Before the splendour of the first star wanes.

Too soon the night is done, and day returning

Dispels my fantasy with fleeting shades;
One after one, my dreams grow dim and vanish

One after one, each colour pales and fades.

DOROTHY M. CLARK, 3 A.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

Recipe:—A large supper, a busy day, season to taste.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea-ee."

No! It's no use trying to hum yourself to sleep. It can't be done. What do poets sing? "To woo reluctant Mo---Mor---Morph ---?" But, what's in a name? Though sleepy, I am yet poetic. That last item came from Shakespeare. It means to try to get to sleep.

I have a mild curiosity to know the contents of this pillow. Some of you optimistic creatures would perhaps suggest nails, but I have a lurking belief that it is a whitewashed slab of concrete.

Have you ever noticed that one never realises how near the edge of the bed one is until one arrives there? In a spasm of weariness, I throw out an arm which plunges into space—nearly three feet of it—and to quote from my last novel, "I draw back, shuddering from the ghastly precipice. . . ."

People say that if you concentrate on a wish for five minutes, that wish will be granted. So, I shut my eyes and - - - -

concentrate. "I will sleep." - - - - "I—half a minute—will sleep." No good! After I had said that for five minutes, I should have lost all desire for slumber.

For the tenth time tonight, I sit up, gaze around in blank despair, and exclaim in agonised tones, "Where is my wandering pillow, tonight?" For the tenth time I hop lightly out of bed, remembering to stub my toes on the chair as I do so, retrieve my pillow from the strong position it has taken up on the floor, and jump lightly in again, not forgetting to crack my head on the bed post in the process.

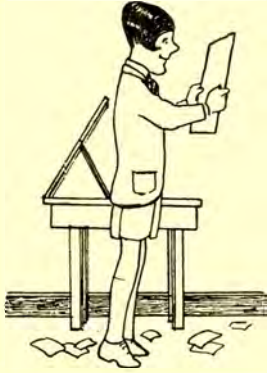
Ah! The old cure for the old disease! A gate erects itself before my mental eye. A flock of sheep lines up. Off goes the first, rises splendidly and lands on the other side in a clean jump. The second does the same. The third rather hesitates but clears the gate. The fourth—seems—so—tired—that — it — can't — get — over — at — all — while — the fifth - - - - -

"Edna! Edna! This is the second time I called you, and it's nearly eight and you've your shoes to clean and - - - - -

V.A., 4 A.



THE
ARTIST'S
DREAM
SHORE



SHE HAS A MARVELOUS
INSPIRATION



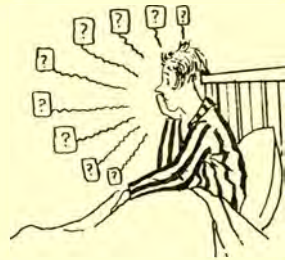
THE MEMBERS OF HER
FAMILY ENTHUSE



THE EDITRESS HIGHLY APPROVES



SHE BECOMES A GREAT FAVOURITE
AT SCHOOL



BUT WHEN SHE WAKES UP
SHE CANNOT REMEMBER
WHAT THE INSPIRATION
WAS.

MORNING.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." In the East a soft luminous grey creeps up over the sky, turning gradually into a rose-pink, which darkens and changes to gold. Then an immense ball of flame rises slowly, shedding a radiant glow over all things, and tinting the higher heavens with a delicate pink. As day breaks gloriously over the earth, Nature, "the mighty Being is awake," and, at once, from the tree-tops come the myriad songs and calls of the birds, glorifying the new day. From above the Jack-ass, in the joy of living, welcomes the sun

with his quaint laugh. In the gully there is the splash and tinkle of water as the creek trips merrily on its way. Then one realises that the stillness, the silence, of early morning, though it seemed unbroken, was, instead only made so deep, so calm, so impressive, by the gentle murmuring of the creek, by the whisper of the breeze amongst the leaves, and by the countless sounds of the bush.

True it is that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever'; and what could be more beautiful than early morning in the splendour and beauty of our Australian Bush?

E. F. C., 4B.

THE KNIGHT.

"God speed, dear heart."
 "Look comrade, she throweth a kiss to you."
 He looked, though his helmet's vizor was blurred with a misty dew.
 High in the turret window she watched him riding through.

Framed in the frowning tower, there stood his fair princess,
 Bright as that summer morning in her peerless loveliness;
 And his heart beat high in rapture, as he waved to her sweet caress.

The clang of arms in the courtyard! O
 Time is a cunning thief;
 "God speed true knight!"
 "God speed thee," and he rode away in grief,
 For the time of love is fleeting, the time of love is brief.

"I'll return to thee, fair lady," he cried at the drawbridge gate.
 She waved; then—it clanged behind him like the sound of a mocking fate.
 He rode on the great adventure, she stayed there to watch—and wait.

She waited and watched long years till a summer night, and then,
 When a red moon kissed the turrets and the hours were counted ten,
 There sounded adown the courtyard, the tramp of armed men!

Torn hands and twisted armour and a red gash at his head,
 "I'll return to thee, fair lady," (those were the words he'd said),
 He had come back to his lady, and they laid him down there—dead.

Deep in the chapel garden, where the great elms wave and stir
 Lies the tomb of the knight and lady,
 crowned by his sword and spur.
 They are wrapt in their last long slumber;
 he has returned to her.

ISABELLE ELLIS, 4 B.

"TEACHERS v. GIRLS."

"I do think they are sports to play, don't you?" "I wonder who will look best!" "I really must get a snap of the team in uniform!"

Such were the scraps of conversation which one heard in the Gymnasium on Friday, 25th September, as the time drew near for the event of the day—the matches between Teachers and girls. At last, to the strains of "They are jolly good fellows," and much clapping, the Teachers marched in through a guard of honour formed by their happy laughing opponents. How jolly they looked in their black and white costumes and school ties! Yes, and how many necks were craned to catch a glimpse of this one, or just to see how that one's costume suited her? Then, after cheers had been given for the Teachers' team, during which time the latter had lost their shyness, the matches started in earnest. By special request of the staff, there was to be no clapping from the audience, as it had rather a diverting influence upon the minds and play of the teachers (?) The Tunnel Ball resulted in a hard-earned vic-

tory for the Fifth years, but the teachers must be complimented on their strong throws and straight tunnels which were objects of much admiration from their opponents. But the overhead match was really the most exciting event of the morning, and resulted in a well-won and greatly deserved victory for the staff. They play was undoubtedly remarkable, and the clapping which followed the victory only went to show how very much the girls appreciated the fine efforts of their staff.

The "over and under" was a very close game, and although it resulted in a win for the girls, the opinion was general, that the staff had scored a success which brought with it the hearty admiration and praise of the school. When all was over, each Fortian was left with a broader outlook on school life, which that day had proved was not all "dry bones."

School life is indeed worth living when one has the extremely interesting and exciting pleasure of seeing a Teachers versus Girls match.

JESSIE ANDERSON, 5 A.

"WHEAT RUNES."

As the twilight flits in silence
O'er the paddocks' misty gold,
I can hear the wheat ears tell again
Their saga ages old
How the first brown grain was planted,
The sweet mystery of birth,
The frail, earliest thread of greenness,
Gainst the red brown of the earth.

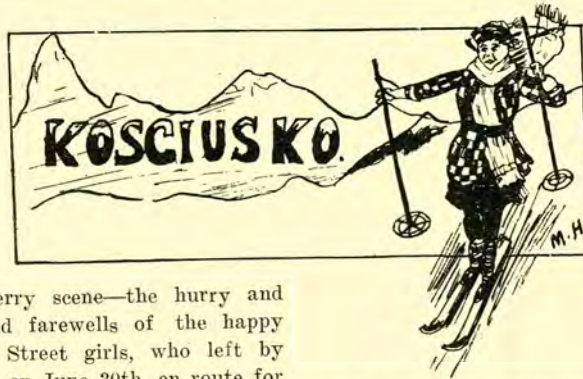
*Oh, the secret of the hills!
The murmur of the bee!
How can I stay and listen
When the wheat is calling me?*

Then the night comes down in splendour,
From the mallee, bitterns boom,
And the wan moon hangs entranced
In a sky of velvet gloom.

Whisper to me, gossip wheat ears,
Tell again the tales you've told
Since the dawn of the beginning,
All your runic stories old.
I shall hear you from the uplands
Where the mocking breeze blows cold,
For I love you, vasty wheatlands
With your **wealth** of dusky gold;
Love your silence and mysteries,
All your slenderness, and sheer
Clean joy in life, and living,
And your stories old and dear.

*Oh, the wonder of the uplands
With their wafted hymns of glee!
What are all their songs and splendours
When the wheat is calling me?*

L.R., 5 A.



It was a merry scene—the hurry and bustle and fond farewells of the happy party of Fort Street girls, who left by the Cooma mail on June 30th, en route for Mount Kosciusko.

Spending a pleasant but sleepless night we arrived at Cooma early the next morning. Breakfasting at Cooma Hotel and having a small peep at country town, we left for a fifty miles' drive to our destination. How refreshing was the morning breeze passing over the Monaro plains and the tiny pools of ice by the roadside. At Berriedale we made a short delay and thence went to Jindabyne, a peaceful and pretty village on the Snowy River. Passing the picturesque Snowy River we began to mount and saw snow-peaked hills far distant, contrasted with the azure blue sky and green foliage.

At last, the hotel came in view, such a quaint and homely place, but to our no small disappointment there was no snow. After luncheon we adjourned to the ball-room and received a lecture on the use of the skis and other useful knowledge, but we were able that day and the next to walk about the hotel inclines. Yes, we climbed the Grand Slam itself, and came down too

—when there was no snow.

Two days after our arrival, gazing through our bedroom window, lo! the place was transformed, everything was white and sparkling. Merry were we that morning, snow-balling and trying to ski. How pure the air was and the dazzling rays of the sun danced on the crisp snow. Icicles hung from the small shrubs, clear white crystals of nature.

Many ski-ed on the golf links where the inclines made quite a suitable course for beginners, whilst the kerry was for the more adventuresome and skillful of the party.

The evenings were passed gaily in the ball room to the pianist's strains. Snow continued to fall, and revelling in fun for five days we departed from the hotel with sad hearts but happy memories.

The journey to Cooma seemed more perfect as we travelled, in the falling shades of the evening, out of that white world into the green country once again.

E. MURPHY, 4 A.

THE GARDEN'S REPORTER.

"What are you doing, Oh Hollyhock tall?
Sentinel straight by the garden wall,
Like as a pine tree, graceful and grand
With your head in the clouds and your
feet in the sand!"

"What am I doing? Oh Violet blue!
Watching the outside world for you,
News I bring from lands afar,
Way past the bed of Easter star;

Realms where roses, red and rare
Mingle their blossoms with wall-flowers
fair,
Countries where hedges of pale sweet peas,
Advance and retire with the summer
breeze.

And sometimes I lift my topmost bell,
And laugh at the lavender near the well.
Then bend my graceful head and smile,
At the bed of herbs by the broken stile!"

N. BARROWCLIFF, 2 A.

IN THE DRESSING ROOM—(Before the Operetta.)

"Why! What on earth is this?"
"On earth," did you say? Surely it is not
on earth—far more probably on some queer
fantastic land where the central idea is
"Whustle, bustle, mind and muscle!"

For now you realise that it is the hour
before the curtain goes up—the important
time when school-girls become princes and
princesses, villainous barons, motoring ma-
niaes, and the million and one characters
that go to make up a play.

. . . In front of a mirror, a maiden in
green, with golden curls and white (un-
usually white) arms, anxiously looks at
her rosy cheeks, rosy with an unusual flush
partly due to the deft application of—
Ugh! I shudder to mention it—red grease-
paint; near her a youth in blue satin and
gold, with true garter and ring, betokening
his royal birth, tries (very unsuccessfully)
to adjust an absurd moustache! He is
not alone in his agony, for in the corner,
a kingly personage in purple cloak with
ermine (?) edge, is trying to pull from a
plait of hair a piece which he frizzes out,
and, with the aid of spirit gum, attaches
to his face—a proceeding which greatly
amuses all the others, but in which he ab-
solutely fails to see any humour, for spirit
gum burns.

A pair of side-levers, gruff moustache,
and beetling eyebrows almost make us for-
get that Fizzeltop is a girl! and many
semi-frightened glances cast at him reveal
the splendid nature of his disguise.

A certain fat person, vainly trying to
squeeze in front of the one good mirror,
makes one wonder if she is not just a
big, fat, boy with her white tunic and
jaunty cap, while her bell is a great source
of anxiety as it is continually being
knocked, whereupon it rings most clearly
and unrestrainedly!

But whoever is that strange creature?

Aha! it is the villain! for he has the exact
black, curled-at-the-ends, villainous mous-
tache, the distinguishing mark of every
deep-dyed villain!. Plus fours, jazz jum-
per and speed cap make him a most up-to-
date villain, with hair which defies all at-
tempts at disturbing its oily smoothness—
one pot of vaseline certainly helps to "keep
it down," while various ones who attempt
to ruffle it, learn, to their dismay, that
vaseline has not a pleasant feel!

Two long, black-clad figures, with speed
caps and goggles, at once show their pro-
fession, while their many delighted at-
tempts to twirl the ends of the villain's
moustache reveal the great respect (!)
they have for their—ahem!—master! no
less delight do they take in worrying two
maidens, in blue and gold, who are trying
to powder their noses and adjust their
crowns, so that they may be fit attend-
ants for so sweet a mistress as their prin-
cess.!

But—sh!—the music for the overture
has begun, and soon numbers of girls,
Grecian frocked, are running—more or less
silently—up the stairs on to the stage,
while groups of dark-skinned gypsies (far
darker-skinned than any sun-burnt surfer)
wait impatiently for their turn; and the
old-fashioned set, which dances the minuet,
hastily begins to get ready, and the rustle
of soft silken frocks, and the subdued air
which they lend, replace the noisy hum
made by the busy tongues of the whole
cast.

Only for an hour or so, then the most
exciting part of the dressing is over, for
it is when everybody is dashing round,
half dressed as a schoolgirl and half as the
character which she impersonates, with a
weirdly yellow, or ghastly white face—due
to those awful grease-paints—that the ex-
citement waxes most intense.

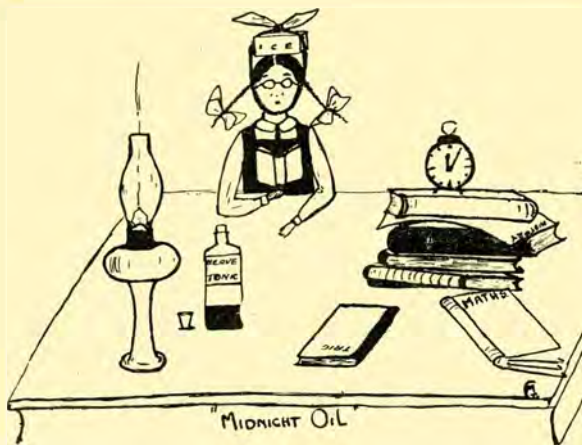
Joan Balmain, 3C.

MOON MOTHS.

When the moon shines afar like a silvery
wraith,
And the turmoil of day has been stilled,
When the doubts and distrusts are all
changed into faith
And the garden with fragrance is filled.
Then the white moths, the grey moths, dim
shapes in the moonlight,
Come winging their way from the land of
the past
Like the souls of the flowers long dead
and forgotten,

They revisit the scenes where their fortunes
were cast.
While the moonlight shines cold on the
slumbering garden,
And the shadows are twisting and leaping
in play,
The wistful white moon moths are vainly
reseeking
The friends and the joys of a long vanished
day.

Bessie Bannan, 5A.



M. Gallagher, 5B.

JEANETTE.

Jeanette, Jeanette, along the gold sand,
At the close of the hot summer day,
I wait for the touch of thy little white
hand,
When you rise from the sea in the bay.
I wait for the touch of thy little cold
hand,
All wet with the spray and the foam
As you come once again, up on to the land
From the deep cozy waters—thy home.

Jeanette, Jeanette, I see you arise
Like a mermaid from out of the waves:
And I gaze to the depths of thy wondrous
eyes
As we walk arm in arm to the caves.
And I feel by my side, thy garments so
cold

All dripping and clinging and wet,
And I smell the rank perfume of seaweed
and mould
That God will not let me forget.

Jeanette, Jeanette, along the gold sand,
At the close of the hot summer day,
I wait for the touch of thy little white
hand
When you rise from the sea in the bay.
I wait for the touch of thy little cold hand
That shall lead me with you to the sea,
Away from the cares of a sorrowful land
To dwell evermore, dear, with thee!

I. P. 4A.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

O yes, there are dances in the country as well as in the city! The country-folk have a dance at least every six weeks. The little School of Arts, which is used to conduct church services, race meetings, picnic feasts, and dances, is packed to overflowing.

The dancers arrive.

You hear a rumbling of wheels and draught horses thudding heavily on the ground. Behold, it is Dad, Mum and the family in the roomy buggy. "Ho, Ho!" cries Dad, "Where's all the folk? Come on Mum—get the kiddies out, we should be dancing by this." Then children, queues of them, appear from nowhere. Kate, the h'eldest daughter, jumps down whilst the bystanders applaud "Well done, Kate." Then Willie, the sixteen year old son, prefers to stay in the buggy. He doesn't like company; but Mum explains that h'all the girls will be h'especially nice to him, which makes Willie more determined to stay in the buggy. Thereupon Mum gives up persuasion and she, Dad and the family, with the exception of Willie, who is now curled up in a rug, make their way to the entrance of the hall. Then come more dancers, some on foot, some in sulkies, whilst buggies preceded by riders, are hailed from all directions.

Well, when they have all descended from their conveyances, and after the bashful maidens have drawn lots as to who will enter the hall first, the dance commences. The solo orchestra, composed of one loud accordeon, strikes up—"What about a go?" says Dad to Mum. "Yes, when I have laid this young scamp in a corner," replies Mum, as she lays thē baby in a protected corner. The lookers on smile admiringly at Mum as she places her arm on Dad, and they go sailing like a distressed ship at sea around the room. But the young folk are not so

straight to the point as Dad. The young men stand in one corner, deciding whom to dance with, whilst the young maidens stand in an adjoining corner, and giggle in apprehension. "Come on you young folk," cries Dad, "Don't leave it all to us old ones. Now Billy Brown, there's my Kate over there, give her a go." Thereupon Billy Brown with a violent shove from his comrades, quickly reaches the other. Gazing boldly at Kate he asks her if she be engaged for that dance. Then Kate, with a guilty look, calculates awhile and decides she is not. So around the room sail she and Billy.

Once the ball is set rolling all is easy.

The young folk crowd the floor whilst the happy fathers and mothers who are not dancing point out their offsprings with pride. Mrs. Smith explains to Mrs. Jones how beautifully she danced in her young days. "All the boys thought she was divine." My word, she did just shine, and meant to show the young folk a step or two after supper, for having had no time to have tea before she came, she did not feel like dancing on a h'empty stomach.

Still the dancers glide along. The strains of the orchestra thump out louder and louder. Still Mum and Dad dance, but suddenly Mum stops short in her stride, declares she is not as young as thirty years ago (strange fact), and with a deep pant sinks into a seat.

Dance after dance is gone through.

Then great baskets are produced, and supper is served, with wonderfully rich cake.

Oh, happy, innocent people! Why do I trifle with such things, why jest with your happiness, when I am longing to be dancing with you!

Mary Galvin, 4A.

THE DAFFODILS AND THE REAPER.

My daffodils, beside the rushing stream
 Your firm green stems hold up a flower of
 gold,
 So stately and so pure. In this our world
 You are like some great candlesticks, which
 stand
 Upon God's altar in the Church of Life,
 Whose ever steadfast and unwavering
 light
 Beams forth upon the souls of all man-
 kind.
 This verdant pasture is the altar cloth,
 This rushing stream is like the Sacrament
 That Nature daily spreads before our eyes.
 This vast blue dome, that sparkles in the
 sun
 Like the great roof of some cathedral
 Built through all ages by the hand of God.
 And we, the demi-puppets that abound
 This shady glen, are like some strange new
 thing
 That crawls and crawls about thy root and
 sucks
 The utmost dregs of life that it can give.

.

Far down the river bank a Reaper comes,
 His gleaming sickle hung in careless way
 Across his broad, brown back; the while
 he sings
 Some strange and haunting melody of
 Death.
 Anon he lifts his sunburnt brow, and looks
 Far down the stream, and ceases from his
 song
 And gazes, rapture bound, on field and
 lea,
 Thick covered with my daffodils of gold.
 He breathes a little sigh, and stoops to
 pluck
 One of the fairest that grows at his feet.
 It withers not, yet seems to grow more
 fair

In that it has been plucked by him; once
 more
 He raises clear his voice in song; once
 more
 With manly stride he wanders by the
 stream.
 He seems to search, yet searching, cannot
 find
 That which he seeks. At last perforce he
 kneels
 Down by the stream, and hidden by a
 rock
 That overhangs and shelters from the cold,
 He sees that which with eager hands he
 plucks
 And lays full tenderly upon his arm.
 A little broken daffodil so pale.
 And so he passes homeward to the West
 And fades, as with the last rays of the
 sun,
 Behind the dim horizon. Yet his song
 Is wafted back across the field and lea,
 Is echoed by the trees, is born along
 Far down the stream, unto the silent sea.
 And from the sea, the winds as if in play
 Bear it along. Yea, over all the world
 They waft it, for the voice of Death shall
 pierce
 The dim un-numbered ages still to be.

.

My daffodils, a Reaper passed you by
 And bore a chosen two to God above,
 Where they, the Simple and the Proud are
 known
 To lift their golden heads upon God's
 throne.
 Where they, the Beautiful and Plain, are
 heard
 To echo and delight in their God's word.
 Where they, the Strong and Weak, are
 seen to be
 Well blessed and hallowed for eternity!

I. P., 4A.

PRETENCE.

I love to go to the sea side,
 And there to play on the sand,
 Pretending I'm a sailor
 Seeking unknown lands.

A rocky hole the ocean,
 A piece of wood the boat,
 I am the mighty captain,
 The mightiest afloat.

At last we sight the breakers,
 Roaring on golden sands,
 Hurrah! We have discovered
 The wonderful new land.

We raise the flag of England—
 The glorious Union Jack,
 Explore the coast a week or so
 And then we hasten back.

"Captain Bill," 4A.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

Let me go for the sea is crying
 In each whisper of the breeze.
 Let me go for the winds are sighing
 Of the blue Pacific seas.
 Let me go, for my heart is longing
 At the closing of the day,
 For the sight of the sea in the moonlight
 And the targ of the salt sea spray.

Let me go, though 'twere darkest midnight
 I would find my way by a star
 And go down to the lone sea beaches
 Where the tall three-masters are.

And fain would I climb upon them
 And glide through the harbour mouth
 And turn the bow to the sunrise
 Or the islands of the south.

Let me go, for the day is dying
 And night comes on apace.
 Let me go, I will stay no longer
 In this barren, desert place.
 Let me go, for the sea is calling
 And the tide is running high.
 Let me go, for the spell is on me
 And will be till I die.

Bessie Bannan, 5A.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(With all due apologies to Mother Goose.)

"HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE."

Hey, diddle, diddle! I'm "stuck in the
 middle"
 Of x times y times z.
 These problems simply give me "wheels,"
 That go round and round in my head.

"MARY HAD A BIG EXAM."

Mary had a big exam.
 Which plagued her as you know,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 Her books would never go.
 She always meant to start to "fag,"
 And always did delay,
 And when the final total came,
 Poor Mary had to pay.

"SING A SONG OF HOMEWOFK."

Sing a song of homework, and I will nearly
 die.
 Thoughts of preparation always make me
 sigh.
 "Do-it-in-the-morning," whispers in my ear,
 In the morning I have no time, I always
 have to clear.

March into the class-room feeling mighty
 scared;
 Hear the teacher's voice ask, "Is your work
 prepared?"
 Then I try to stumble out—"No, I couldn't
 do it,"
 That is just the moment when I most of
 ail do rue it.

Then firm resolution, ne'er again to leave
 it,
 Enters right into my heart, and, would you
 believe it?
 When the shades of evening 'gin to gather
 round,
 Somewhere in a pile of books, "yours truly"
 may be found.

Nance Kerr, 4A.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor greatly regrets that space is not available for the following: Her Voice (fine work), The Perfect Rose, Golf (not quite up to your standard), The Rosebud, The Two Views, Race and Win (promising, but you must polish more carefully), Only a Rose, To the Wind (sorry to exclude), The Bunnies' Parliament (very nearly, try again), Friends (a defect in third verse), The Storm Sprite, Beauty is Truth (promising) The Anzacs, A Fifth Year's Day Dream, Vio-

lets (your other attempts preferred), What Is It? (the personal touch renders it unfit), The Power and Charm of Music (unsigned), Time (practise and improve, your work shows promise).

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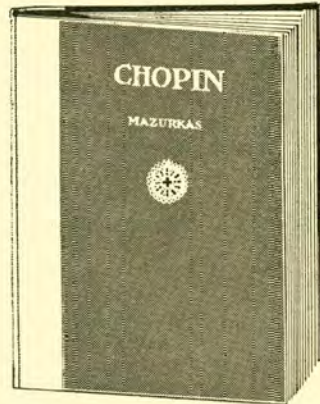
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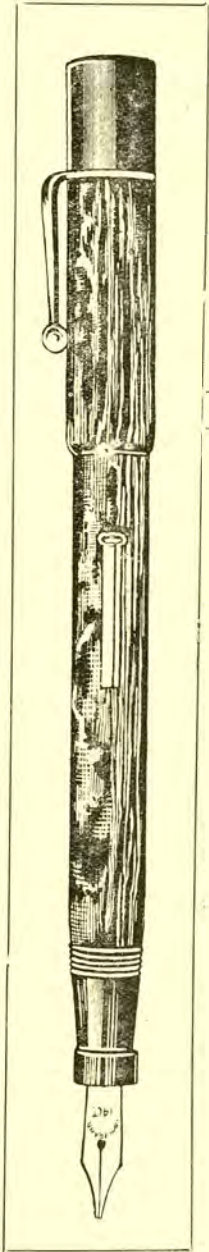
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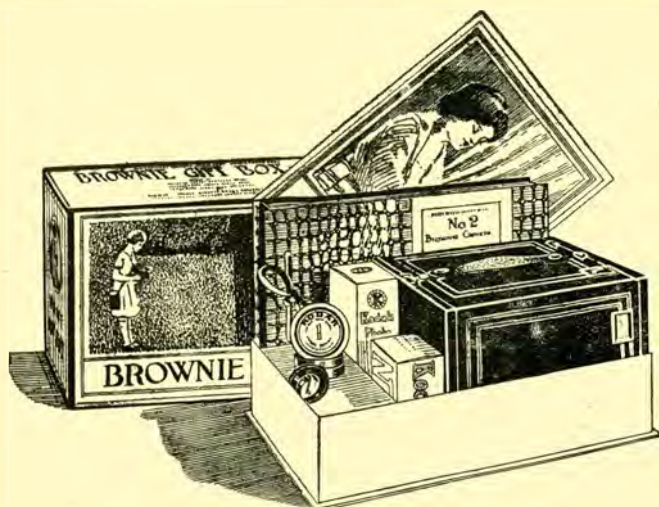
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