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THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET



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THE MAGAZINE

OF

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

NOVEMBER, 1926.

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Deputy Principal: Miss EVANS, B.A.

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Music: Miss WATTS.

Needlework: Miss DRURY.

Physical Culture: Miss FULLER.

Captain, 1926: ESSIE COHEN.

Magazine Editor: Miss MORLEY, M.A.

Magazine Business Manager: Miss FULLER.

ARIEL AND THE MORTAL.

MORTAL:

Mischievous sprite, of love and caprice,
Oh why tormentest thou me?

I have danced with thee on the clouds
of fleece,
And hurled myself into the sea;

And there we have raced on a dol-
phin's back,

And skimmed swift as wind o'er the
foam,

And then have flown thro' the empty
rack,

But now I long for home.

I have let you play with my flowing
hair

And deck me with flowers, at thy
will;

And have laughed and sung with never
a care,

But now I long to be still.

We have sported and danced on the
Aegean shore,

And drunk from the Helicon
streams,

And on the vast plains of Elysium,
I saw

Those spirits I meet in my dreams.

But now I am weary and eager to lie
My drooping head close to thy heart,

While you carry me far through the
darkening sky,

And kiss me. Then let me depart.

ARIEL:

Fair human being, the day now is
ended,

The day we have both loved so well.
Its hour-glass is shattered, and can-
not be mended,

And nothing remains but—farewell!

And you must return to the earth and
its sorrow,

And I must dissolve into rain;

And have nothing but tears and sighs
on the morrow

For the day that can't come again.

But as I fly through ethereal spaces,
And as you sit at your loom,

Perchance, your glass will reflect both
our faces

And lighten for you, your grey
room!

And sometimes, perhaps, when I sing
with the skylark

Or play with the waves a rough
game,

The breezes will come to my side, say-
ing, "Hark!"

And whisper, fair mortal—thy
name!

I.P., 5A.

THE NEW DAY.

The world lay silent, but afar
Some feathered minstrel loved in
song,

And in the heavens, one lone star
Remained of all fair Dian's throng.

Then, faintly borne upon the breeze,
The sounds of re-awakening life,
The murm'ings of the gossip trees,
The chattering sound of wrens at
strife:

And, rising high in joyous trills,
The bellbirds' wondrous, wistful
strain

Awoke the mist-encircled hills
And echoed faintly back again.

And then it seemed all sound had
ceased

In that grey hush that comes ere
dawn,

Till, through the portals of the East,
Came radiant in, the day new-born!

Then all the world was filled with
song,

And from the treetops overhead

The magpie's call rang clear and long,
But from the skies the star had fled.

BESSIE BANNAN, 5A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE STAFF.—One change in personnel has occurred since our last issue. Miss Firth, who had been with us since April, 1925, left us for Newcastle High School, taking with her our affectionate remembrance; and Miss Wingrove has taken her place. The School thanks Miss Firth for her interest in its activities, and welcomes Miss Wingrove very heartily.

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SPORTS MEETING.—On 3rd November was the scene of a most exciting struggle between our School and St. George (holders of the Sports Shield). It seemed as if it must be a tie, for up till the last two or three events the points scored by each school were the same. Unhappily, however, St. George continued to gain many points, thus winning the shield once again. Our number of points—39—was very good, and reflected great credit alike on our sports mistress (Miss Fuller) and the girls who ran for the School.

In the All Schools' Championship, Jean Kaye was second and Clarice Kennedy third—an exceptionally good result.

Other places gained were:—
 Junior Championship.—P. Garling, 2.
 16 Years' Championship.—C. Kennedy, 1; J. Kaye, 2.
 14 Years' Championship.—P. Garling, 1.
 12 Years' Championship.—N. Walker, 2; E. Yates, 3.
 Relay Race.—C. Kennedy, J. Kaye, P. Garling and E. Riddell, 3.
 Tunnel Ball.—2.
 Senior Three-legged.—B. Singleton and M. Hopman, 3.

If we continue to improve as we have done, who can tell the result next year? Sh! But meanwhile, congratulations!

"SHE," 4A.

OUR FIELD SPORTS.—The 18th August was rather a warm day for our Annual Sports Meeting at Birchgrove Oval. Nevertheless, a large and

enthusiastic audience gathered to cheer the competitors to victory—perhaps! Many parents and friends of the girls attended, "old" girls joyfully greeted one another, and last, but not least, the Fort St. Boys' High School was well represented.

Stalls for the sale of cakes, sweets, and ice creams were held by Fourth Years, under Misses Purcell and Connelly.

The two cups—senior and junior—were keenly competed, and Clarice Kennedy won the former, gaining the School Championship and the 16 Years and Over; while Phyllis Garling won the junior, winning the Junior Championship, second place in School Championship, and the Junior Skipping Race.

Jean Kaye, who was runner-up for the Senior Cup, ran remarkably well; as also did Evelyn Riddell, runner-up for the Junior Championship.

Apart from the School Championship, the Relays and Ball games proved most exciting. But to the results:—

School Championship.—C. Kennedy, 1; P. Garling, 2; E. Riddell, 3.
 Junior Championship.—P. Garling, 1; E. Riddell, 2; E. Parkes, 3.
 16 Years and Over Championship.—C. Kennedy, 1; J. Kaye, 2; B. Singleton, 3.
 15 Years' Championship.—M. Moxon, 1; J. Tyler, 2; T. Moore, 3.
 14 Years' Championship.—P. Garling, 1; N. Caldwell, 2; M. Mort, 3.
 13 Years' Championship.—J. Whewler, 1; N. Brettell, 2; B. Watson, 3.
 12 Years' Championship.—N. Walker, 1; E. Poole, 2; N. Lang, 3.
 5th Year Championship.—C. Evans, 1; N. Williams, 2; V. Graham, 3.
 4th Year Championship.—H. Vischer, 1; R. Hayes, 2; T. Moore, 3.
 Old Girls' Race.—M. Gallagher, 1; J. Anderson, 2; A. Burdon, 3.
 Tunnel Ball.—3rd Year.
 Overhead Ball.—5th Year.
 Under and Over.—3rd Year.
 Cross Ball.—1st Year.
 Senior Three-legged.—B. Singleton

and M. Hopman.
 Junior Three-legged.—S. Taylor and J. Bates.
 Senior Skipping.—J. Kaye.
 Junior Skipping.—P. Garling.
 Orange Race.—P. Kabereny.
 Sack Race.—J. Kaye.
 Egg and Spoon.—E. Carlisle.
 Crow Hop.—G. Gaut.
 Obstacle Race.—J. Holdsworth.
 Year Relay.—3rd Year, 1; 4th Year, 2; 2nd Year, 3.
 Sports' Relay.—Hockey, 1; Lacrosse, 2; Vigoro, 3.
 Junior v. Senior.—The former!
 Old Girls v. Present.—The latter!

"SHE," 4A.

HISTORY MADE.—FIRST HOCKEY MATCH—TEACHERS v. GIRLS.—One of the outstanding events in our sport history for 1926 was the hockey match, Teachers versus Girls, that long-hoped-for event which was heralded with joy from Year I. to Year V. The event caused great excitement and joy throughout the School, and the old walls that have for many years heard the private conferences of the girls heard once again the praises that flowed from all lips—the praises fully merited by our teachers, who were proving their interest in every aspect of our school life, and being true "sports" in consenting to play in opposition to the girls.

The School was quite divided within itself; the pale blue worn by many girls testified their support of the staff, while the wearers of the red proclaimed the possibilities of the girls' success.

Excitement grew as the hours passed, and discussion became more intense; reports were freely given that the staff had been well drilled in the game and knew the advantage of a quick, strong hit; indeed, that they were prepared and determined to put up a most gallant fight for victory.

The many interested spectators who take such an interest in our Wednesday afternoons at Birchgrove must have realised that some particular event was afoot, for the girls,

instead of scampering for tennis courts or hockey sticks, hurried to seat themselves as quickly as possible in the best seats they could find, and to wait patiently for the players to appear. And patience was needed, for never before had any players taken so long to prepare themselves for the fray; but at last the opposing teams descended from their respective dressing rooms, amidst the cheers of all.

Our referees, Ivy Westfallon and Nancy Williams, soon took charge, and the players began to take their places. We of the audience were hopelessly amazed for a few minutes—the teachers looked so different in school tunics and shirt blouses; and it was very difficult to discern whether the massive hockey sticks were in the hands of those who usually wielded a Robinson, a Warner and Martin, or a Hall and Stevens. But by the time the two goalies—Miss Noble and Enid Carpenter—were in their places, prepared, with the aid of their enormous pads to defy any balls that came their way, we had a fairly correct idea of who was who.

At last the referee's whistle put the ball in play, and the great tussle began. Soon, however, Miss Drury, playing centre forward, received a good pass from one of the halves and carried the ball well up the field. The girls pursued, but were less fleet of foot, and a splendid pass by Miss Drury gave the ball to Miss Donovan, who deftly sent it to its mark and scored the first goal for the staff. Cheer upon cheer followed, reds and blues alike joining in the joyous shout. It had been a splendid tussle, and the girls realised that the teachers were rivals against whom they would have to exert their greatest powers.

The tussle began again. Determination was clearly noticeable on both sides, and the girls strove hard to even up the scores. Special credit is due to Joan Balmain, who played her position as wing excellently. The game was surprises from beginning to end; we had all expected to see Miss

Fuller, Miss Drury and Miss Puxley play very well, for we knew they were well versed in the game, but we were very surprised at the exceptionally brilliant play of Miss Fletcher, who would be a formidable opponent on any hockey field; and Miss Harris, who forced the girls to exert all their running powers to overtake her.

Both sides continued to fight gallantly. The second goal, again in favour of the teachers, and won by Miss Drury, caused excitement to run riot amongst the spectators. Excitement increased by the many discoveries and recognitions of one's uniform or shirt or hockey stick on the field.

The teachers did not have the game all to themselves, for the girls managed several times to get the ball within the shooting circle; but the opposing backs and goal were too strong, and the ball was sent down field to the halves—Misses Morley, Fuller and Fletcher—who sent it along to the forward line, and a third and a fourth time Miss Drury carried it to the goal post.

The girls did not score at all, although they put up a valiant fight; but all readily asserted that they had been beaten by a better and stronger team. The teachers had withdrawn from the first fray victorious, and the School joined in congratulations of their hard-won yet brilliant victory. but had they lost, the spirit of utter pride in the teachers who had so willingly and sportingly entered into combat with the girls would have been equally as great.

The match ended, the cheers rang loud and free; and after the clicking of many cameras, the two teams were ushered into afternoon tea, where once again they were cheered and congratulated for their great victory. And here again we re-echo that cheer, and hope that next year that winning team comprising Misses Fuller, Morley, Drury, Harris, Irwin, Noble, Fletcher, Puxley, Donovan, Pate and Dr. Murray will be with us to repeat their earnest struggle for victory.

CORAL EVANS, 5A.

BALL GAME TEAMS.—The girls of Third, Fourth and Fifth Years were delighted to witness the team games between the staff and girls in the gymnasium. The excitement was intense, and the barracking and applauding were not carried out, by any means, in a quiet way.

Those who participated from the Staff Room were Misses, Fuller, Swan, Noble, Puxley, Drury, Harris, Murray and Irwin.

The staff team was a good one, and, under the able captaincy of Miss Fuller, proved victors in the Overhead and Cross Ball contests, playing the Fifth Year and First Year girls respectively.

But amidst deafening cheers, the Third Year girls won the Over and Under, and the Third Year girls also managed to defeat their strong opponents in Tunnel Ball.

We hope the teachers do not misinterpret our enthusiasm, but it typifies a whole-hearted appreciation of their good will in entering such contests with us.

LACROSSE.—The lacrosse season has now ended, and although the team was not as victorious as previous years, yet the players showed great enthusiasm. The team was very sorry to lose Marie Higgins and the rest of the Fifth Year girls, together with Rene Gallagher and Madge Bernard. The lacrosse team was very fortunate in having Winnie Scriven as captain, and in having some of the Fourth Year girls, who played very well throughout the season. Only a few of last year's A team are left, and this year the team mostly consists of Fourth, Third and Second Year girls. Many of the First Year girls have shown great promise, and Betty Harkness, a First Year, must be complimented on her good work as goalkeeper.

ISABELLE SADLER, 3A,
Secretary.

THE HOCKEY SEASON has been fairly successful this year, and both A and B teams have improved greatly since the beginning of the season.

As well as the competition matches there have been many other interesting features, the first being the match between the staff and a team of senior girls, in which the staff were victorious, the score being 4 goals-nil. The senior team also visited Sydney High School and played a friendly match. A team of First and Second Year girls enjoyed a game against Neutral Bay High School, the scores being nil all.

A fancy dress match was played against the Manly girls, who were fortunate to have the use of the Manly Oval during the winter months. The match created much amusement for both onlookers and players, and resulted in a draw—1 goal all.

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

N. WILLIAMS, 5A.

VIGORO.—We were unfortunate this year in losing the shield by one match, which was won by Petersham. Yetta Henry having left school during this season we have lost our best bowler, also a good batter. Fannie Hull and Kathleen Lax (the latter being put in the team in the middle of the season) proved good batters. Mention also must be made of two bowlers—Grace Peters and Natalie Easy. Altogether, I think, the Vigoro team worked together very well and with one thought—to bring success to our School.

A. FOLKARD, 3C,
Captain.

TENNIS.—The report of the tennis this year is one that opens in enthusiasm, continues in disappointment and ends in unmitigated success.

In the A grade we were successful in winning only two matches of the five played. The B grade girls won five of their matches under the able guidance of Miss Noble and Beryl Cakebread. But in the Inter-High Schools' Tournament, Fort St. was to regain the prestige won by the girls

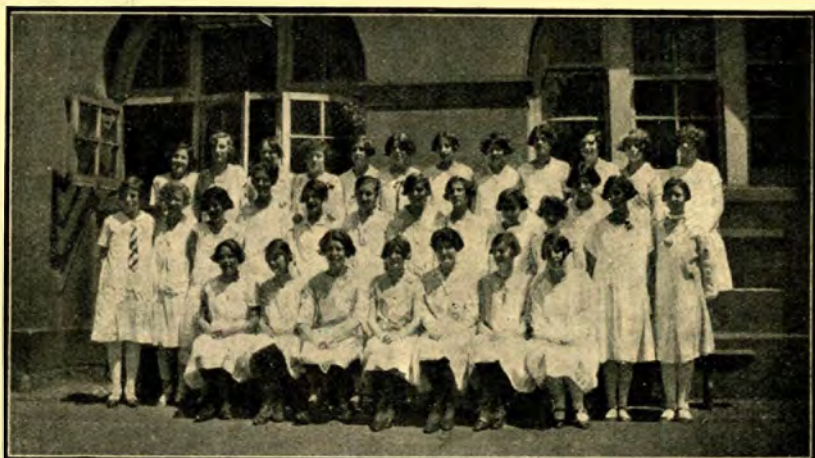
of 1922 and 1923. Four girls won honour for the School by maintaining their places in the tournament until near the end. Of these, Phyllis Kaberry reached the semi-finals, and Hazel Templeton was defeated in the singles in the latter part of the tournament; whilst Noreen Stevenson and Vera Sundstrom were only defeated in the doubles in the semi-finals. We congratulate Noreen Stevenson on her wonderful success against Mavis Cummings, of North Sydney. She thus won the final of the singles and became the singles champion of High Schools. We should like to thank Miss Irwin for her untiring efforts on behalf of the A team, and hope that she will again be able to give us her much-appreciated help next year.

ALICE SMITH,
Captain.



NOREEN STEVENSON, 3 D.

BASKET BALL—A.—This season we have not been successful in carrying off the laurels, despite the enthusiasm shown by every girl. The absence of those sterling players of 1925—Jessie Anderson, Joyce Young and Bertha Trikojus—weakened the team considerably. We shall greatly miss Essie Cohen, our energetic captain and an ever-reliable "centre," Kathleen McElroy, our invaluable goal-thrower, Coral Evans, a strong defender, and Mary Galvin, an energetic "centre," but we hope that worthy successors will be found next



A GROUP OF FIFTH YEAR GIRLS (1926)

year. We should like to thank Miss Harders for her earnest work and the keen interest she has taken in the team.

OLGA SANGWELL, 4A.

THE BASKET BALL B TEAM had, on the whole, a very successful season, only being beaten twice.

C. LUCAS (Captain).

A GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION to Prospect Reservoir proved enjoyable and interesting. The kindly courtesy of our guide gave the girls of 3D an opportunity of observing the accumulation and distribution of the waters of that vast lake, of travelling through the dark tunnel under water, and of studying the hatcheries where rainbow trout are raised for the rivers of New South Wales.

BOTANY EXCURSIONS to Dobroyd Point and French's Forest have also proved valuable and most enjoyable.

CHEMISTRY EXCURSIONS to Port Kembla Electrolytic Works and to Berger's Paint Factory have been made by the girls of Years V. and IV.

PLAY DAYS at the end of second and third terms proved very interesting and revealed some histrionic talent.

"The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner,"

presented by 2A, was charming in its happy spontaneity, and "The Monkey's Paw," by 4B, proved a really fine effort to produce a difficult and moving drama.

Proceeds were devoted to the Hospital Fund, and £5 was sent to the fund in aid of Mr. Alan Wilkie's equipment.

THE HOSPITALS AND CANCER RESEARCH FUNDS.—The following amounts have been donated to alleviation of suffering:—

| | |
|---|---------|
| Subscriptions to— | |
| Sydney Hospital | £15 0 0 |
| Rachel Forster Hospital | 15 0 0 |
| Royal Alexandra Hospital | 10 0 0 |
| Teachers' Federation Cancer Research Fund— | |
| Pupils | 14 19 3 |
| Staff | 10 1 0 |
| Mrs. Gunn | 1 1 0 |
| Total | £66 1 3 |

MUSICAL NEWS.—The singing activities of Fort St. have again been prominent this year. Second Year girls, under Miss Watts' training, took part in the Annual Hospital Concert in the Town Hall, while Jean Stevenson and Joyce Kolts sang at the official farewell of Mr. Walker, Chief Inspector, of the Education Department.



INVESTING THE PREFECTS (Nov. 5th, 1926)

Special choir meets regularly every Tuesday afternoon and has added two new songs to its repertoire—"Good-night, Beloved" (Pinsuti) and "Woodland Croon Song." Old favourites have been revised, including the Spinning Chorus (Wagner), "Hark the Lark" (Cooke), and "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Schubert).

4A.

THE FORT STREET BOYS' PRIZE FOR SPORT, 1926, has been awarded to Clarice Kennedy, who has secured seventy points for sport. The second prize, given by Miss Cruise, has been won by Beryl Hart, who secured thirty-seven points.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE AWARD.—A sum of £5/5/- is presented each year by Fort Street Boys' High School, to provide a prize for sport. The winner must secure the greatest number of points in winter and summer sports, and must, in the opinion of her teachers, exert a good influence on her schoolfellows.

THE LIBRARIES are open on Mondays and Thursdays at recess. New books recently added include Chambers' Encyclopaedia, The Australian Encyclopaedia, The Voyage of

the Endeavour, Brewer's Reader's Guide (presented by Mr. Wolff), Round the World with Texaco (presented by Miss Chapman).

THE DEBATING SOCIETY, under the active leadership of Irene Packard, has been by no means idle this year. At the end of June our School sent a return challenge to the Debating Society of the Fort Street Boys' High School. This debate took place at the Boys' School, the subject being "That science has surpassed art in its benefits to mankind." After a keen debate, the Fort Street Boys' Society won by a narrow margin.

The subjects of our regular School debates were as follows:—"That wages are evil and must go"; "That Australia will tend to come more under the influence of America than of Great Britain in the future"; "That the world is growing better," the last named being a junior debate.

The attendance towards the end of the year has not been so good as at the beginning, but we hope that next year will see the addition of many new members to the Society.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 4A,
Secretary.

AT THE ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION of this year all our candidates were successful. The following were those who gained very creditable marks:—

Grade II.: Joan Balmain, Bessie Bannan, Alice Dandie, Annie Dreves, Marjory Lance, Kathleen McElroy.

Grade III.: Nellie Ball, Ethel Bates, Ruth Lilyblade, Irene Heiler, Thora Perrin, Grace Walker.

Thora Perrin gained a very handsome prize for French conversation.

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS for 1927 was made on Tuesday, November 2nd.

Fourth Year girls were called upon to choose from their number the eight girls best fitted to represent the traditions and hopes of our School. The mistresses then elected two additional girls, and, from the ten prefects thus chosen, the girls of Fourth Year selected the Captain of the School. The girls upon whom this high privilege and duty have fallen are as follows:—

Doris Lipert (Captain) and Alice Smith, in charge of Year V.

Dorothy Kaye and Freda Fraser, in charge of Year IV.

Joan Balmain and Olga Sangwell, in charge of Year III.

Winnie Scriven and Margaret Fairlie, in charge of Year II.

Joyce Kolts and Hazel Lance, in charge of Year I.

FAREWELL DAY—the most wonderful day in the School year—arrived at last. The imminence of some unusual event was manifest everywhere, though the suspicious-looking bundles passing between the dressmaking room and the gymnasium and the frequent demands for pins, tacks and vases, dispelled any idea that the excitement was due to the

approaching examinations. Cameras were very much in evidence, and white-frosted Fifth Years could be seen strolling arm in arm around the dearest fig tree in the world.

The morning fled much faster than it does as a rule, and, as the bell sounded for the ceremonies to begin, a few unlucky Fourths began to look dismal and murmur something about "speaking in front of the whole School—and the staff." Apparently the thought of the staff and the visitors caused most of the worry, since there are no budding Ciceros, as far as we know, in the School.

The function proceeded in its usual merry way. Everyone clapped and roared school songs in a way that needed no ear-splitting "No!" nor the defiant "Are we downhearted?" to carry conviction. When the event of the afternoon—the investiture of the captain and prefects for 1927 by those of 1926—was over, and the noisy chorus of "Jolly Good Fellows" grew fainter, the staff, visitors, Fifths and Fourths repaired to the dressmaking room, very pleased to find that the mischievous small boys of the neighbourhood had not discovered the ice cream and trifles. But for such aesthetic souls as ours, eating is by no means the beginning and end of all things. The gymnasium, with its annual festal appearance, became the scene of a display of "the poetry of motion" to the witching strains of a first-class orchestra.

The crowning event of the sweetest and saddest day of the year was the gathering around the fig tree, where, in a rainbow atmosphere of swimming eyes and smiling lips, everyone clasped hands, singing "Auld Lang Syne," and that dearest of all songs, "Come, Fortians All," in praise of the old School whose tendrils will ever twine lovingly around the heart of every Fortian, past, present and future.

"FORTIANA INCOGNITA," 4A.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES.

SCHOOL GUIDES.—Dame Fortune has certainly smiled upon 1st Fort St., and has showered us with the best of pleasures.

Neilsen Park saw a very happy gathering on Saturday, 18th September, when, at a rally held in honour of Miss Behrens, Fort St. Guides mingled with Guides from other companies, remembering that "a Guide is a friend to all and a sister to every other Guide." Even the most inexperienced stranger could tell that something very exciting was going to happen. Tall Guides, short Guides, thin Guides and fat Guides, there were none but wore a look of greatest expectation, while some carried ungainly parcels, mysteriously swathed in brown paper. What could be the secret? The mysteries (evidently great treasures) were carefully hidden away, and the Guides ran to form a guard of honour for Miss Behrens, our uniform (that of the School) contrasting with the uniform of the other companies. When the guard of honour was dismissed, we competed in ambulance, signalling and nature work, and although we did not carry off the laurels, we were satisfied that we had done our best.

After afternoon-tea came the great event. Each company had constructed a totem (this explains the parcels), and when they were displayed, some weird and wonderful handiwork was to be seen. Our own was a red fort, rather perilously balanced on a Scout's staff. The others were as varied as the rainbow, both in idea and construction—a grotesque Banksia-man leering from his pole, a miniature Watson's Bay lighthouse, a tree-log on which was inscribed the company's history, and many more.

After inspecting the totems, we gathered round Miss Behrens, who announced the results of the competitions, and delighted us with her usual cheerfulness and bright conversation. But as all good things must come to an end, we collected our

goods and chattels, and after endangering our lives on the swaying plank, embarked for home.

The New South Wales Guides' Fete was the object of much preparation on the part of the Guides. For weeks beforehand we had been industriously plying needle and thread, or practising cake-making, and the results were most pleasing, being:—

1st place.—Florence Ratcliffe (pyjamas), Muriel Nolan (fancy cakes), Joan Bourne (pocket first-aid kit), Essie Cohen (knitted garment), Coral Evans (iced sandwich), Hilda Vischer (embroidered d'oyley).

2nd place.—Kathleen McElroy (scones), Coral Evans (jam).

3rd place.—Annie Dreves (jam).

Highly commended certificates were also won.

The Fête was opened by Lady de Chair, accompanied by Miss Elaine de Chair, and Mrs. Mather, our district commissioner, presented her with the prize-winning bouquet. Lady Cullen and several others well-known in Guiding were also present. Our company gave a display of Swedish folk-dancing in costume, which was well received by the audience.

One windy Wednesday afternoon we enjoyed that ever-appreciated event, a field day. Groups of excited Guides assembled outside the gymnasium, some dubious as regards the state of their chops (yes, we cooked chops!), others complaining that the paper would not stay around the bread, and still more hoping that they had not forgotten plates. (Note: We do take plates with us!)

In due course we arrived at our destination—The Spit. After at first revelling in long draughts of cool water (it was very warm, to say the least) we set off on our walk around the bends until we reached a suitable spot. Here we chose patrol places, deposited our baggage, and inspected the chops, which, to our great relief, were quite fresh. While we were learning how to build a fire, we witnessed a most exciting combat be-

tween a kookaburra and a willy-wag-tail, neither of which was the victor.

We busied ourselves making fires, but several times were obliged to rescue our hats, for the wind would persist in whirling them sky-high, no matter how many stones and school bags were heaped upon the unfortunate head-gear. At last the hats were secured, and we settled down to cooking our chops. Cooking chops, as done by First Fort St. Guides, is a most fascinating occupation and should be included in the fine arts. The apparatus necessary to perform

tea (or, rather, afternoon syrup) ended a necessarily short but pleasant afternoon.

We are all eagerly awaiting the arrival of camp. As more preparations are made, we long more for the time when we shall first sleep under canvas. Most of us have but our imaginations to supply pictures of camp, but we feel sure that everything—colours, the daily swims, hikes and the other camp activities will not be one whit less interesting than we have imagined.

OLGA SANGWELL, 4A.



COOKING THE CHOP.

this operation is a long green stick, a hot fire and plenty of patience. You attach the chop to the stick, hold it in the flames for some minutes, and, hey! presto! the chop is cooked to a turn! (Perhaps!)

The chops being cooked and eaten with great relish, we spent the remainder of the time in out-door work, and, after a general "clean-up," retraced our steps to the tram in happy expectation of the next field day.

The enrolment on Monday, 25th October, ends this "strange, eventful history." Sixteen new recruits were enrolled into the "great Sisterhood of Guides" by Mrs. Mather (our district commissioner). Our guests were the other Guides of the School. A short competition, won by Alice Dandie, followed Mrs. Mather's interesting talk on the Guide Law. Afternoon

NEWS FROM OTHER COMPANIES.—Although most Guides at Fort Street belong to the School company, there are yet those who represent many other companies in the different suburbs. The activities of these companies are worthy of mention.

1st Drummoyne Company had a most exciting picnic at the Zoo on Eight-Hour Day. A camp-fire added to the enjoyment. The company is making splendid progress. Balgowlah Company is industriously preparing for a Sale of Work to increase the camp fund; for, like Fort Street Guides, they, too, are hoping to go to camp at Christmas time.

1st Vaucluse Guides can be proud of their achievements. They succeeded in gaining second place in the totem pole competition at the recent

Neilsen Park rally. They had charge of the bath stall at the Town Hall Fête, and also obtained many certificates for the different competitions. Together with 3rd Darlinghurst Company, they spent a week-end camping at Douglas Park.

1st Manly Company has just had an enrolment. Mrs. Kelso King enrolled the Guides. Parents were present, afternoon tea was served, and a happy afternoon was spent. Nine Guides have recently been enrolled at Balmain Company, and likewise 2nd Drummoyne has had an enrolment.

The Guides of 1st Ashfield Company show much enthusiasm. It is a very young company, but already one Guide has gained her first-class badge and all-round cord. The Guides, captained by an old Fortian, are preparing for a Christmas party, and also for a camp, which is to be held at Berowra. 2nd

Ryde Company is very young, but is rapidly progressing, and most members are well on with second-class work.

Girls of 2nd Bondi Company spent a week-end at Katoomba on 1st October. Their flag has lately been dedicated at St. Mary's Church, Waverley. This company, like many others, is preparing for a Christmas bazaar.

2nd Drummoyne Company was successful at the recent Town Hall Fête both in managing the bath stall and in gaining many certificates. Those of age in Chatswood 2nd Company now form a nice Ranger Patrol. The company is making rapid progress, and is practising for a concert to be held soon.

With such activities are our Guides engaged.

M. FOUNTAIN, 4A.

DAMPIER.

(An Impression—Not a History.)

As a youth he wandered round and sailed the Seven Seas,
Felt the stinging swish of spray and sniffed the salty breeze;
Did his share of work and play, drank his share of grogs,
Till at last we find him in Jamaica, chopping logs.

While he slashed with shining axe, along came Captain Swan.
"Oh!" thought William to himself, "I don't know you, old scone."
"Dampier," said the captain bold, "your work is wasted here;
Come and join the Cygnet, lad and be a buccaneer."

The offer wasn't tempting, but he couldn't well refuse;
The captain looked piratic, and pirates can abuse,
Also wave a cutlass in a most alarming way;
So William said, "Yes, captain"—the Cygnet sailed next day.

The captain was most brutal, and dressed to suit the part;
Red kerchief round his bullet head, no toque could be more smart.
Blue shirt, grey trousers, big sea boots, and wicked-looking knives
To keep his crew in order, and sometimes to take their lives.

They had some great excitement, and many ships they sank,
And all their "wailing victims" were made to "walk the plank"
With prods from nasty cutlasses, while Swan stood by and roared.
William was a gentler tar, and these sights he abhorred.

One day they were pursued, and so, to give their foe the slip,
William made the wise suggestion they should careen the ship.
"I rather think we should have done this urgent task before;
The barnacles are sprouting up upon my cabin floor."

So they beat about South Java and
they sailed the Timor Sea,
While the barnacles were sprouting
very fast and furiously;
And at length they gained New Hol-
land, and upon the North-West
coast
The buccaneers careened the ship—
not all of them, but most;
For Dampier wandered inland and
observed our native land,
And the blacks who roamed and wan-
dered o'er its rather arid strand,

And when they finished cleaning—the
job took many a day—
They filled the casks, and furled the
sails, and then they sailed away.

Afterwards the Cygnet foundered, and
so that's the last of her—
But to finish up my story about Wil-
liam Dampier,
He told his tale in England—some
believed and some did not—
And he sailed back to New Holland
in seventeen hundred—what?

ISABELLE ELLIS, 5A.

SEEN ON GEORGE STREET.

(1)

A man lighting a cigarette in the
wind. Body tensed against its force,
hat down low on his forehead, hands
cupped around the tiny flame which
lights up his face, showing intense
concentration; all his thoughts centred
on trying to apply the wavering red
flame to the white paper and tobacco.

(2)

In a long, narrow window, a boy
reading. He has just space enough

to sit in it sideways, bare legs curled
up under him, immersed in his cheap
boy's paper. Quite a poorly-dressed
boy in a blue flannelette shirt and
ragged black trousers, bare legged but
clean, reading his adventure story as
if there was no traffic going by, within
two yards of him. Following pirates,
perhaps, or, maybe, gentlemen adven-
turers, far away in the wonderful
Land of Youth—the land of Teirna-
nouge.

AYESHA, 3A.

WHAT SYDNEY MISSED.

"Well, my dears," said Dad one
morning at breakfast, "I've something
important to say." The family
started.

"It's just this—"

"I s'pose I've got to give up Billy
Brown," gasped Sarah in convulsive
sobs, "and I—"

"Who's talking about Billy Brown?"
thundered Dad. "I was going to
say—"

"I—I suppose I've got to be christ-
ened," screamed sixteen-year-old
Sammy, "and there's Jimmy Martin
as is seventeen years—"

"What's Jimmy Martin to do with
what I'm talking about? I was going
to say—"

"O dear me!" fluttered Ma, "I know
your Mother's coming and there's

no—"

Dad sprang from his chair, slung
the cat from the door, and, with his
chest well afore and in an indignant
voice, remarked as he went through
the door, "I'm merely going to Sydney
for awhile."

The family sat white and still.
Going to Sydney! That place where
cars and trams knock people down
and kill them! where men are being
murdered every day! where women
don't do their washing on a Monday!
Their father going to Sydney! Then
suddenly a thought came to them.

No farmer in their neighbourhood
had ever been to Sydney, and lo! here
was their own father going, actually
going to Sydney. O, what a wonder-
ful father! How the neighbours

would be astonished!

They looked at Dad as he stood leaning against the door post, calmly courting the ducks. Mum nodded and whispered, "Your father was always for doing big things."

Soon the whole countryside had earned the wonderful news, and Mrs. Tomkins explained to Mrs. Jenkins how her mother had nursed him when a babe.

And the hero—Farmer Brown—rode by on his grey steed and smiled patronisingly on them. He told them of the wonders to be seen in Sydney, how he might stay for some time, but that they might depend on him to come back as soon as the city could spare him. He knew they'd miss him; that their loss would be somebody else's gain he never questioned. But he assured them that wherever he could find an idle moment he would think of them.

The day of the departure arrived. The gig was waiting at the door. Dad, with his several large trunks well

filled with pumpkins for his city cousins, took his place beside Mike in the gig, and amid a "scattering of fowls" and the cries of Mum not to forget the unbleached calico and hair wavers, off went the gig. But somehow or other Dad felt ill at ease. He stirred restlessly in his seat, and muttered something about "losing a lot of time on the farm." Then, looking very worried, he asked Mike didn't he think his mother looked rather ill. "Never saw her look better," replied Mike.

"I—I wonder if those calves will be alright."

"Oh, they'll be alright, never fear," said Mike, helping him out of the gig.

And now they were standing on the little siding awaiting the train. A loud, shrill whistle. The train was coming. They had only been waiting two hours!

"Mike, eh, Mike!" gasped Dad, "I feel just, just a little sick."

"O, see a doctor when you get to Sydney," said Mike, joyful at the thought of no boss for a while.

The panting "puff-puff" of the train came closer, and in a flash had stopped dead in front of Mike and Dad.

"Second single to Sydney," Mike whispered in a low voice. "Sydney?" repeated the guard.

"Yes, me father, him as is behind me, he's going to—"

"Hurry along, please," shouted the guard.

Mike turned round with ticket to Dad. There was not a soul on the platform but himself. But what was that noise?

Through a clearing of trees that lined the road he could see a disappearing gig and a man frantically urging on the speeding horse.

Dad had changed his mind!

MARY GALVIN, 5 A.



THE TWO CAPTAINS.

D. LIPERT (1927), E. COHEN (1924)

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The flag of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union is flying high, the membership is increasing, but, Fortians, we still want more members; so be sure to enrol, those of you who will be leaving at the end of this year. The monthly meetings have been well attended, and every first Wednesday of the month has seen numbers of happy "Old Fortians" coming up the avenue to the meeting-place—the old Gym.

About sixty (60) Fortians took the opportunity of having a re-union at the Annual Dinner, when we were also very pleased to have with us Miss Cruise and Miss Partridge. The Ball held at the Wentworth was a great success both socially and financially.

We had for our August meeting a very interesting debate, when the Union asserted "The Superiority of the Modern Girl over the Mid-Victorian." The subject lent itself to bright and animated speeches, which were enjoyed by all. September found numbers of Fortians participating in an impromptu Social, whilst October brought us a very interesting lecture by Mary Rivett on the Children's Library. The last meeting, which was held this month, took the form of a visit to two newspaper offices, when we learned quite a lot about the printing of a newspaper. To complete our programme for this year, we are going to have a small Dance in the Gym.

In giving a report of the Old Girls' Union the Tennis Club must not be omitted, as it is a very active body indeed, providing as well as tennis quite a number of social functions for its members. The Annual Dance was held at White City on July 7th, and a smaller one was held at the Feminist Club Rooms in September last. Eight-Hour week-end found members of the Tennis Club enjoying a brief holiday at Woy Woy.

At the present time the Tennis Club has about seven vacancies, so put your application in early if you intend

to join. The court is in Hawthorne Parade, Haberfield, and Vera Waterstone, who is the Secretary (25 O'Connell Street, Sydney), will be pleased to receive new members.

S.B.

THE LITERARY CIRCLE came into being and was duly baptised at a meeting held in the School Gymnasium on the evening of 3rd May last. The following office-bearers were elected:—President, Miss Morley; Hon. Treasurer, J. Lemm; Librarian, Mildred O'Hanlon; Magazine Editor, Mary Corringham (since resigned, her place being taken by Eva Duhig); Hon. Secretary, Grace Santos.

Very happy meetings are held twice a month in the Feminist Club Rooms, where the average attendance at meetings is twenty.

The aim of the Circle is to study modern literature, poetry being the particular branch to engage our attention this year. Papers on the poets studied, are written and read by the members, and a general discussion follows. To ensure that some reading is done by all members, each is required to keep a common-place book in which are noted passages and phrases from the works under consideration, which appeal to her. This affords all members an opportunity of seeing what poems or passages have a general appeal. A merry supper concludes each meeting. Poets already studied include Meredith, Hardy, Tennyson, Kipling, Masefield, Bridges, Watson, Belloc, Brooke, De la Mare, Milne, Newbolt, Magill, Alfred Noyes and Yeats. "The Visionary," our manuscript journal, is to appear for the first time next April.

We propose purchasing volumes of plays for next year's work, when we intend to devote ourselves to the study of contemporary drama.

Members are agreed that the hours spent at Circle meetings are of the happiest, and extend to present Fifth Year girls and others leaving school this year a hearty invitation to

join the Circle next year, and share the beauty and joy assured those who study literature under these ideal conditions.

Further information as to meeting

nights and subscriptions may be obtained from the President, Miss Morley, or from the Hon. Secretary, Miss G. Santos (Education Department, Bridge Street, City).

G.S.

MAYPOLE—1620.

Gaily trooping, brightly laughing,
Down the street they come—
Colours flashing, banners streaming,
Marching to the drum.

Peaked caps nodding in the breezes,
Bright skirts streaming wide;
Reds and greens and flashing yellows,
Ribbons broad and wide.

Oh! the merry music's calling,
Round and round the dancers go,
Tripping lightly, prancing gaily,
Men and maidens, to and fro.

Hear the joyous, ringing laughter!
All the world's awake to-day;
Fun and Frolic fill the traces
Where the Court of Joy holds sway.

ENID CARPENTER, 5A.

REFLECTIONS.

Swinging on the low branch of the old willow tree, where the long green boughs swayed and hushed about him as they bent to kiss the sunny waters, Peter sat gazing into the depth of a still pool.

Peter was quite an ordinary little boy in many ways, but he had eyes which looked as if they might belong to the old elf who sat on the edge of the Milky Way all day and wove wonderful stories which he lent to the tale-tellers on earth on starry evenings. Indeed, they were as full of ever-changing expressions as were the elved fantasies—now bright with mischief, now dreamy with wondering at the quaint, gay and beautiful things which went to make up his little life.

In the pool dwelt another boy who had fair curls, and his eyes were almost as blue as the water in the dark corner where the black fish swam to and fro under the fern fronds.

When Peter smiled, the Pool Boy smiled back at him, and on grey days, when Peter was feeling a little sad as he gazed at the pool, the Pool Boy's eyes looked back into his own, but they were cloudy grey then, and had lost all their gay laughter.

Peter liked best the time when the

sun had almost slipped down behind the pine trees and only one corner of the pool was light then; somewhere along the bank the dream people walked, and the dying sun cast their quaint shadows in the crystal waters.

Peter was never quite sure where they really did walk. When he looked up there was nobody on the far bank, and nearly always he forgot to look back into the pool again, because the sun would have gone by then and the wind would give its faint little good-night sigh through the pine tops.

Peter was always a little afraid of the wind's sad voice, and it made him feel glad that he had a house on a hill-top instead of down in the dale, where the trees echoed the wind's sleepy moan until it lost itself in the opal mistiness of the dim distance. But he knew that if he should look into the pool again he would find only still waters and shadowy silence.

The dream people were great friends with Peter, and he loved their queer little shadowy shapes.

The only person whom he ever told about them was the West Wind Lady who came out from the sweet pea hedge on summer evenings and ruffled his hair, or who passed him by in the

dark, when he was feeling lonely, with a faint rustle as of dry leaves stirred by a September breeze.

Peter had never seen the West Wind, but he knew she was there, because of the faint perfume of lavender which reminded him of the flowers in an old-world garden, and he imagined that she had brown eyes and a red mouth that was always ready to curve into a beautiful smile, and that she wore a shadowy gown which folded about her as the clouds about the sunset.

Peter's dream folk were generally those of whom he had read in his books, but sometimes new people appeared, and Peter wove wonderful tales about them which he told to the Pool Boy or the West Wind Lady.

One night, when Peter was sitting in the willow, he closed his book and gazed into the pool over which the shadows were creeping. He had been reading "Peter Pan" and was feeling rather sad because Wendy had gone away and left Peter. Peter of the Pool loved Wendy, and he wondered why he had never met her among his shadow people. It was strange, very strange! After all, she was the favourite of his dream folk, and he had a fancy that one day she would part the branches of the willow and come to him, laughing, as she had come to that other Peter long ago.

With his chin in his hands, Peter sat gazing at the sun-tipped ridges of the far mountains. Suddenly his eyes filled with great tears, and he felt a very lonely little boy, for all the world was still and the shadows

were gliding swiftly down the valley. But then he remembered he was ten again, and that big boys do not cry about dreams, although they often sigh over them; so he turned quickly to brush the tears away with the sleeve for his blue jersey.

As he did so he looked into the face of the Pool Boy, and their eyes met.

To-night the Pool Boy's sunny curls were ruffled and his eyes seemed dark grey pools of sadness which looked into Peter's own and pleaded with him.

Suddenly, Peter of the Pool sat up with a husky little laugh and nodded at the Pool Boy, who nodded back as if he understood, and gave Peter a wintry little half smile. Peter jumped from his bough and went up the hill and laughed again, for he understood now; the Pool Boy had Wendy and he wanted to keep her—always; and, of course, the Pool Boy and he were good friends.

As he entered the garden gate a faint scent of lavender came out of the darkening west and lingered awhile in a quiet corner by the sweet pea hedge; then, softly as a beautiful smile fades, drifted gently away into the velvety arms of approaching night.

And Peter remembered, while he whispered his secret to the West Wind Lady, that he had not heard the wind's good-night sigh to the pines; but, perhaps, thought he, it had gone away across the seas to the Land of Lost Little Ones to make Peter Pan understand (as he did now) that the Pool Boy, too, loved Wendy.

N.B., 3A.

STALACTITES.

A million pendant jewels droop,
In vine-like clusters seem to fall;
And crystal flowers' tendrils loop
In stone-pale beauty round them all.

From serried floors where mosses soft
With stealthy velvet fingers cling,
Tall pillars raise gray heads aloft,
And high in air their ghost arms
fling.

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," 4A.

WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD ENVIED ME!

Evening had roused herself from sleep
 And opened her starry eyes,
 And, gazing o'er the land and deep,
 Had said, "I must arise."
 She bathed her brow in silver dew.
 Her hair of perfume mist,
 Dishevelled, lay upon her breast
 Full beautiful, I wist!
 Around her slender frame she
 wreathed
 A cloud from out the west..
 "And now for Earth, and Life," she
 breathed,
 "And Love, ah! love be blessed."

Upon the margin of the tide,
 Where hums the foaming sea,

I waited for my coming bride
 From out eternity.
 I saw the sun dip 'neath the sea,
 And heard's Day's parting sigh—
 And then, beloved, you came to me
 From out the purple sky.
 "Evening has come to Earth," they
 said—
 Those waves that kissed our feet—
 "Evening has come from the Land of
 Dead,
 From the realm of eternal sleep."

Upon the margin of the tide,
 Where hums the foaming sea,
 I walked with Evening at my side,
 And the whole world envied me!

I P., 5A.

A DAY-DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

It was a very drowsy, sultry day, and I, with a Latin book opened on my knees, was thinking how lovely it would be to lean my head back on the tree and dream. But no! the price of neglecting my homework the night before must be paid. And so I must stodge away at those hateful Latin verbs on this lovely day. I bent my head over my book, when, suddenly, the columns of those everlasting verbs vanished and I saw instead a very gay scene. There was Queen Elizabeth, and good old Raleigh sacrificing his cloak to the mud of the street for Her Majesty to walk on. How flattered she looks! Then the Queen continues her journey to the gorgeous palace. The doors are flung open with a blare of trumpets, and she enters the wide doorway. Someone comes running to meet her. She is dressed in the clothes of a Lady in Waiting. Surely I have seen that face before! Why, it is myself! How lovely! I escort the Queen upstairs and help change her dress.

We go down again, and Her Majesty sits at the head of the dinner table. I go for a walk and a rest. In a deserted part of the garden I hear voices. I listen and I discover that

the men are forming a plot to kill the Queen. I wait until they are gone, and then I re-enter the palace. When the Queen comes I tell her what I have heard, and urge her to come and hide from the cruel plotters. So together we creep down a secret passage, which leads to a secret cave in the hill. Here we hide ourselves until the men at court should discover and kill the plotters. A few days later we make our way out and creep down the hill. Suddenly we are surrounded by robbers.

The leader addresses us: "Ah! so you thought to escape from us? Well, you are not so clever! Come, boys, let us capture her and take her to our leader." Then I throw myself at them (wondrous though it may seem) and try to keep them off my Queen, guarding her from the arrows that fly around us. At last one robber comes up to pull me away from her, but I push him down. He rises up, angrier than ever, and makes a wild rush which I know I cannot resist, when—

"Clang! Clang!"

I woke with a start at the sound of the bell ringing. Here was I safe under the fig tree, the only arrows

being the falling figs. But there on my lap was my Latin book. I suddenly remembered that I knew no more of my Latin than at first, which was nothing! What should I do? No

homework, which meant half an hour's detention.

Alas for my heroic self in my unlucky day-dream!

"MISS MUFFET" (The 1A Echo).



"WHAT CAN I WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINE?"

QUENTINA, 1 A.

SLUMBER SONGS.

(1)

Sleep! little one, sleep!
Into my arms softly creep;
There will I croon thee to lullaby
land,
There with the fairies to walk hand
in hand—
Sleep! little one, sleep!

Croon! little breeze, croon!
Under the shadowy moon;
Bear thou my baby to clouds up on
high,
Singing her gently a soft lullaby—
Croon! little breeze, croon!

Sway! little wave, sway!
Show'ring thy silvery spray
into the cradle of dreamland divine,
Tenderly bathing sweet baby of
mine—
Sway! little wave, sway!

Rest! weary one, rest!
Cradled on mother's soft breast,
Slumber on sweetly, by moonbeams
caressed,
Till stars shall pale in the mystical
west—
Rest! weary one, rest!
J. STEVENSON, 4A.

(2)

Slumber on sweetly; up in the tree,
Whispering breezes crooning to thee,
Lulled by sweet music from elfin bells,
Echoing softly through valleys and
dells.

Dream mists surround thee, baby of
mine;

Moonbeams of bliss thy cradle en-
twine,

Whilst thou art gently rocked on a sea
Of tiny star boats, wandering free.

Rainbow-clad fairies wait on the
shore,

For fairy folk wee babies adore.

Mab holds her court whilst Puck
lingers near;

Goblins, gnomes, elves all join in the
cheer.

Hush thee, my darling, hush thee, my
dear,

Wee Willie Winkie soon will be here,
Throwing his stardust into tired eyes,
Then floating homewards up to the
skies.

JEAN STEVENSON, 4A.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

Haunting music in the dells,
Dancing in the ferny glades,
Stopping now by mossy wells,
Hark! The Pipes of Pan.

By the silver brooklet's edge,
Playing round the ferns and trees,
On a rocky mountain ledge,
Hark! The Pipes of Pan.

"RECORDER" (The 1A Echo).

SUEZ.

Suez—land of sandy dunes of faint
eastern perfume—and of Turkish De-
light. For days we had impatiently
awaited our arrival at the Canal—the
wonderful Suez Canal in an Arabian
Nights setting—of which we had
heard so much and really knew so
little. Every minute or so we eagerly
scanned the horizon where a thin
streak denoted the presence of land,
and just as often interrogated the
sailors who several days before had
fixed a searchlight on the fore-castle
head with many "Heave ho's" and
"Altogether now's," in order to guide
us safely through.

The following day we arrived at
Port Suez, where we were induced to
buy many useful trinkets and large
supplies of the indigestible sweet
above mentioned. Here also we took
on two natives to pilot us through the
canal. Much to our amusement they
were levered up the side of our boat

in a small vessel, as though they had
just been rescued from the deep.

As we were not allowed to go
ashore at this port, we were not very
sorry to hear the bells ring for our
departure, for now we were entering
the canal, which we had been looking
forward to seeing ever since we had
left Colombo. What cared we if the
luncheon bell was pealing out its
summons? No one heeded it. The
entrance to the canal was wide, and
was bordered by sand dunes, which
stretched as far as the eye could
reach. It was extremely hot, and the
heat hung like a shimmering wraith
over the glistening sands. Soon the
waters began to narrow, until they
formed a definite course banked at
each side by heavy layers of stones.
We were proceeding very slowly, for
every movement of our vessel sent
numerous waves washing against
either bank.

A vessel was slowly coming down the canal towards us. With groans and creaks we hove to, while it slowly passed us, and the people on board, proceeding to new lands, sent ringing greetings over the waters. But we were roused from our thoughts by shouts from the other side of the boat and rushing over, we beheld that which made our hearts miss a beat, for there, trailing its weary way over the sand, their backs piled high with wares—was a camel train with a real Arab walking at the head, his long white robes fluttering in the hot wind, which stirred up little eddies of sand about him. It was a wonderful sight and one which we had never hoped to see.

Soon this sight faded from our admiring eyes but our interest was soon recaptured by a barge which was proceeding slowly up-stream. From this barge was a rope which stretched to the bank and at the end of this rope was a horse, whose duty it was to pull the vessel along. A little black boy was in attendance on the horse and he seemed to have lost all interest in life beyond giving the horse a smart reminder now and then to continue his route.

At rather long intervals along the bank were dotted houses, mostly occupied by Europeans, and evidently also by Australians, because we were often greeted by cheery cooee's and eager questions about our sunny land.

I am sure everyone on board ship felt that he was extremely fortunate to be able to gaze on the places where our boys had trained when they had gone out ready to die in order that we might live. The trenches wound for miles in and out of the burning sand, and standing grim and menacing, were barbed wire entanglements, striking a keynote of defiance.

In the west the sun was setting—a ball of fire. Its rays spread over the yellow sands, making a riot of colour which dazzled the eyes. The cool waters lapped the sides of our boat with caressing murmurs, and the sound of the sailors' voices came clearly through the evening air, as we were "tied up for the night." On the bank an Arab sunk to his knees by the side of his camels; his face towards the setting sun; a soft breeze stirred among the few palm trees. The day was done!

M. MAXWELL, 4A.

SONNET ON THE ORGAN.

Down dim dark aisles the trembling
sweetness steals,
And echoes wake in throbbing ecstasy
To hear its passion burdened melody,
To hear the liquid harmony, that
seals
The golden notes within the organ's
peals.
And reaching where the rainbow
scatters joyously
Its colours through the glass, a great
divinity
Of glorious sound to depths infinite
swells

As though to mingle with that hymn
of praise,
Which angels chant in that blue
vaulted dome,
To God of all things gone and yet to
come.
Before His Shrine its cadence tribute
lays,
And all is sound. Then ling'ring
echoes roam,
Till, like us, to beyond, Peace calls
them home.

JOYCE KOLTS, 4A.

EARLY RISING.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling—bang!!!—That is a graphic description of an alarm clock's noisy clanging somewhere about 6 a.m., while the bang! is caused by my suddenly realising that it is my clock which is making that terrible noise, which strives to rouse everyone, alive or dead, within a range of fully ten miles! With an outflinging of my arm the offending article is quite knocked off its perch—a pile of English, History and French textbook (to wit—Macbeth, Robinson and "En France"—savez?). With a groan I open my eyes (all this has been done with them shut), and try to summon enough energy to get up, for if I don't I shall be wrapt in slumber again in two minutes!—so, with an heroic effort, I spring from my bed, wander round bumping all the chairs and tables ever created—or so it seems—and then settle down to ponder on the reasons given for the value of early rising.

"Bah!" I think; "if I had the opportunity I would sleep till ten o'clock." By this time I have got perilously comfortably settled on the end of the bed again. "This will not do!" Feverishly I grasp a history book, open it, and perch myself on the window sill—to study!

. . . "He not only possessed wondrous genius for painting, but . . . he inspired others by it." "He not only" . . . What a beautiful, cool breeze is springing up! It stirs the sweet peas, which, clustered on the fence outside, spill their sweet scent on the morning air. Aren't they delicately coloured. I remember when I was in the primary school I learnt a song about them—er—I know! It called the flowers "sweet pea bonnets." Oh, yes! How nice it must be to have bonnets that grow—

"And then they all become you so!

Sweet pea, sweet pea ladies!" Ah, pretty little song that! But, goodness gracious! I meant to study! Quickly to my book! Of course I know the first paragraph—"he not only possessed, etc."; then to the next—"Even as a—" Good heavens! what is that terrific noise? I might well have guessed. It is only our dog excitedly "having it out" with a broom head. He has it in his mouth, and, tossing his head from side to side, naturally tosses the broom too. That accounts for the unseemly noise at this early hour! A few hairs begin to fall from the poor broom—why do dogs like worrying things? Anyway, it is looking pretty miserable by this! It would be nice if one could do that with any offending articles—say notebooks, for example! But oh! I'll never get this learnt!!

My nose is well and truly in the depths of the book, but my eyes, by a little careful adjustment, are roaming about and light on a strip of sparkling water, visible between the red chimney tops of the house opposite. I'll go for a swim early tomorrow—that's if—er—if I wake! I collect my thoughts—and my eyes—from the strip of water, and transfer both to the book in front of me.

. . . After all, it's not bad, early rising (this is after fully ten minutes of earnest study!). Everything is much fresher in the early morning—the birds sing much more sweetly—the flowers nod so prettily—why, I think I'll always get up early! (Alas, for false hopes doomed to early disappointment!). But, why—with what contempt I can regard my brothers!—this morning. They sleep on, luxuriously snoring, till forcibly dragged from their beds—while I—I—am up! up! A feeling of self satisfaction almost akin to heroism surges through me!

"SHE," 4A.



"INTER. EVE"

3D

(A MOMENT OF ABERRATION)

A DAY.

With sunken head, drooping shoulders, and reins lying loosely in his dirty, begrimed hands, the old man dozes uncomfortably on top of the dust-covered waggon.

The horses, with lowered heads, their feet buried inches thick in the yellow-brown dust, heedlessly allow the small black flies to crawl tediously over their backs.

From around the corner comes, trudging slowly, the old lady. One hand hangs limply by her side, the other languidly supports a small bunch of fading, withering poppies, gradually falling into their last long slumber.

The rattle of a cart and a feeble cry of "Milko!" echoes down the street. Soon the sunburnt freckled milkboy gives the gate of a neighbour-

ing cottage an impatient shake because of a large sheet of dirty crumpled newspaper jammed against it. After ringing loudly at the doorbell the boy wearily wipes his fingers down the front of his shirt.

A thin, tired-looking woman opens the door, her hands all steaming from a large, fatiguing washing, and, with a little smile, receives the milk and hastily closes the door, while the worn-out milk boy, with something between a sigh and a whistle, his handkerchief now tied around his neck, passes down the path of that tiny garden. This little, dust-choked place is alive with the buzzing monotony of the droning bees.

Suddenly the first gay note is struck on that miserable day. A school bell rings from nearby. A few min-

utes later the dogs in the street drag themselves from their kennels, and make a faint pretence at a bark.

The old man on the high waggon lazily yawns, and, stretching himself, peers over the waggon's edge and sees the small boy come flying down the street on the beloved borrowed scooter. His face is positively wreathed in smiles as his small brown legs pedal away.

The old lady, almost at her destination, idly turns her head and sees a great cloud of brown dust trailing down the street, and irritably shakes her head.

The small rider still careers madly down the roadway, for there, at the end of that very street, arrayed in all its splendour, stands the ice-cart.

What is wrong with the day? Nothing at all. A.J., 3A.

RETRIBUTION.

I dreamed a dream last night. Me-
thought I played

Within my garden, scattering, undis-
mayed

By thoughts, the blood of roses on
the lawn

In wanton frolic and in careless scorn
Of consequence. The broken petals
shed

A wild aroma from their velvet bed,
A silent swansong, e'er they drooped
and died

In all their loveliness and youthful
pride.

An unseen mesmerism drew my eyes
Towards the stainless amethystine
skies.

I gazed; on the translucent curtain
grew

A little shadow, smearing the pure
blue.

Then slowly it assumed a form; I
could

Distinctly trace a dusky Hand, that
stood

In dark relief against the sky. With
awe

I thrilled and icy horror as I saw
The clutching fingers slowly, slowly,
close

On something, e'en as I had crushed
the rose.

I shrieked in an access of frantic fear
As larger grew the shadowy Hand and
near.

I felt my impotence, e'en though to fly
I strove; the Hand came yet more
nigh.

Then lo! It paused. The echo of a
Voice

Pierced the dark corners of my soul,
"Rejoice!

An thou wouldst I should spare thy
soul, then spare

Those lesser souls that lie within thy
care.

I have been merciful, and so be thou,
For thou shalt reap whate'er thou
sowest now."

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 4A.

VALLEY O' DREAMS.

Near a certain town there is a valley filled with black wattle trees, and cut in two by a tiny rocky-bedded stream. It is reached by a long, white road, which runs along the top of a green, gently sloping hill, and it seems to beckon you on and on, this road into Fairyland.

Go along this white road after rain, when the earth is washed and smells sweetly, and you will find yourself in Fairyland. There are tall wattle trees,

through which the sun shines with a subdued golden light; tiny brown toadstools everywhere, running through one another; big ones, small ones, round and crooked ones, all formed into tiny rings on the sun-dappled grass. Under fallen trees and in the clearing you will find them, and you will know that it is only "Eyes that see" you need, to appreciate the beauties of this world.

AYESHA, 3A.

THE MINIATURE.

I stood before a miniature, and gazed
 At that sweet face, its gentle eyes
 uprais'd
 To things of which I had no clue, but
 sought
 To read of in the mystic smile that
 taught
 Of all, yet hid its lesson. Long I
 strove
 To solve it; then I saw the red lips
 move,
 And from them, low and sweet, the
 counsel came:
 "A life is work and playtime, and the
 game
 And work must share thy soul in equal
 part,
 That their great fires may purify thy
 heart.
 Let not your worship fall before one
 shrine,
 But joy in all things—that is joy
 divine.
 Unto the lesser souls leave lesser
 things,
 And lift thyself on tireless soaring
 wings

To where the great incarnate spirit
 swells
 The mighty infinite song that ever
 tells
 Of souls regained from out the earthly
 dust,
 That swiftly rise to join the greater
 host.
 Spurn not the weaker ones that try,
 but fail
 To gain the glory of the shining goal,
 But lift them by thine own great life
 Above the turmoil of the worldly
 strife."
 I heard, as though in dreams, the
 lovely voice
 That bade me take my pathway and
 rejoice
 In all. I looked again, the lips were
 still,
 But lived, the lovely smile my heart to
 fill
 With adoration. And in those eyes lay
 The Shining Counsel of the Greater
 Way.

JOYCE KOLTS, 4A.

A TRAGICAL ROMANCE.

Once, long ago, the South Wind saw Mist, the youngest and most beautiful of the Rain God's daughters. Instantly he fell in love with her, and because he was so handsome and loved her so passionately, she was more than willing to marry him. Her mother and father agreed, but the South Wind was very lazy, and he took so long about arranging it all that the North Wind, a brother of Mist and a cousin of the South Wind, thought that he would go and hurry things up as he hated slow proceedings, being himself a boisterous fellow and always being in a hurry. When he arrived at the South Wind's camp, he found his cousin sitting outside his wigwam dreaming in the warm sunshine, but at the noisy approach of the cold North Wind he rang up, and wrapping his cloak

tightly about him, fled away to the South to the warmer lands, from the North Wind, the herald of Winter.

When she saw her lover flying away, Mist was stricken with grief, and when he did not return after three months, she grew weaker and weaker from long weeping, until one day she just vanished into a veil of tears, and her mother said, "Good-bye, good-bye, O Mist!" But Mist could not die because she was not a mortal, so she just wandered over the earth seeking her lover, and even now she may be seen enshrouded in the cloak of her own tears, wandering sadly up ravines, clutching at the South Wind when she sees him. But the South Wind does not know that the mysterious Lady of Tears is his long-lost love.

* MARY PARSONSON, A + A.

"THAT WORD."

"And that poet's ghost walks, and will walk, the length and breadth of this world until it finds the missing word."

Thus concluded the old witch of the little Indian village as she told the little children clustered at her knee the story of "The Lost Word"; how the poet had died just as he finished a poem, all but the last word, and therefore was doomed to eternal wandering over the face of the earth until release should come in the form of the last word.

"But what is the poem?" the little children cried. "That, no one knows exactly, my dears," replied the old sage; "but one fine midsummer eve I heard these words in the sighing of the wind with which the poet wanders:

O'er hill and dale, the Spring
Runs on in falls and rills,
Which happiness do bring,
Till all the world has—,"

and the last word is the one that is sought for."

And the same story is told all the world over, while the spirit of the poet roams on, from country to country, always seeking the last word.

These travels one day brought him to a fair land called "Australia," at a place called "Sydney." There he found a dear old school called "Fort Street."

As he blew along the playground, he mingled with a group of girls chattering in a language something akin

to his own English speech. One girl, wielding a long stick, curved at one end, cried, "Hip! Hip! The Teachers' hockey match has come at last." "Thrills!" replied another, in a tone of fervent anticipation.

"Whatever does 'thrills' mean?" pondered the spirit.

He went on sighing through the fig trees and bent low to listen to two girls as they exchanged confidences. "I adore my Maths. teacher," said one; "she actually put 'good' on my Algebra test yesterday."

"Thrills!" answered the other, this time in a tone of fervent admiration and good-natured envy.

"What does 'thrills' mean?" thought the bewildered ghost.

In a little while it hurried with the scurrying girls to the front portal of the edifice. Here a proclamation was made to the effect that the next day was one whole holiday.

"Thrills!!!" shouted many girls this time, and in a tone of wildest joy, although at what, the ghost could not conceive the slightest idea.

"At last I know," rejoiced the spirit; "'thrills' is a word that expresses all the joy there is, for everything, and it means joy to me, for no longer shall I wander, but return in peace to the land of immortal poets, singing:—

O'er hill and dale, the Spring
Runs on in falls and rills,
Which happiness do bring,
Till all the world has 'thrills'."

N. CALDWELL, 2A.

THE FAIRIES' HOUR.

When the silver moon comes peeping
Through the woodland to their dells,
When the mortals all are sleeping,
Then are heard the fairies' bells.

When the night bird's softly singing,
They delight in fairy mirth,

While the fairy bells are ringing,
Spreading gladness o'er the earth.

When the silvery night is ending,
They leave their fairy bower;
When the sun his rays is sending,
Then ends the fairies' hour.

DINKY, 2D.

FAIRY SHOPS.

"Who's that dancing on the moonlit air,

Heel-toe tapping,
Toe-heel rapping—

Oberon opening the fairies' fair."

The glow worms had hung out their lamps, and every tiny toadstool of the market place was occupied by busy fairy folk, who were displaying their goods to the best advantage. Elves were crying "Who'll come buying jugs of joy?" and at the next shop light lips were quaffing airy bubbles from cups of dew, sippets of sunshine and apples of air.

In "Estelle's Salon" dainty fays were tripping on their pink lotus bud toes, their feet as slender as white birds' throats. These were mannequins displaying creations of Mistress

Estelle. One tiny maiden wore a frock of moonbeams embroidered in pearly dew, and another gown of filmy cobweb lace caught with daisy buds and tied with a chain of cream baby rose petals.

The mermaids in their cavern offered wares of wondrous beauty. Whole dinner sets of cockle shells like poppy petals, necklets of pearls and priceless gems inlaid in tiny cradles of pinkest coral, with blankets of sea foam.

The pixie cobbler busily fashioned shoes from stars, and decorated them with shavings from the moon.

To this market the fairies came flocking from the holly-hock rills with baskets woven from butterfly wings on their arms.

"LYN," 2D.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

"Clothes don't make the man." Well, no! But hockey sticks do make the girl—for how much more important does one feel when carrying that shining, curved stick! What added elegance can the small piece of wood lend to a sprightly, uniformed figure, within whose grasp it lies for the first time!

So thought two small school-girls returning from a hockey practice. Emerging from the Domain into Macquarie Street (where a more fitting setting for a school-girl with her first hockey-stick?), soon Parliament House "upreared its abutting front." Parliament House—oh yes. Those words recalled the practical application of a history lesson—a visit to this venerable institution, the source of so much worry in a history book.

What an appropriate time to visit

it—Parliament must be in session, of course! Were not the numerous cars before the House some proof of that? Entering the wide-flung portals, the two walked up to the door—aided visibly by the external support of the hockey-stick, and the help of a stalwart guardian of the law was invoked to show them to their seats. But alas!

"Parliament sitting—oh, yes! But you are a bit early. The sessions do not commence till three months hence."

Still grasping at their last hope, the two mentioned the presence of the numerous cars at the gate, but while "Taxi rank, Missies," was being divulged, two forlorn maidens, still clinging to their only visible means of support, went out again into the world—into the glare of the misunderstanding populace.

ENID CARPENTER, 5A.

ADORATION.

Spirit of Beauty! uncreated Power!
 Enter my being for this golden hour.
 This feeble spark of thanks fan to a
 blaze
 Of fiery worship and impassioned
 praise!
 Behold! I hear on high the sound of
 wings!
 The pulsing of Thine unseen Presence
 clings
 To the vibrating air. The heavens
 pause,
 Breathless in silence. . . .

Spirit of Truth! the voiceless mystery
 Of all the ages! Thou Who has the
 key
 Of life. Changeless and ever-chang-
 ing, Thine
 Is the sternest service and the inmost
 shrine.
 Oh, awful Shape, veiled secret Thou,
 Who seest,
 Though seen not. Lo! the greatest
 and the least
 Tremble before Thy keenly searching
 eye,
 Are dust before Thy fearful majesty.
 The white-hot clouds around Thy hid-
 den throne
 Are streaked with scarlet. At thy
 voice alone,
 Resounding through infinity of space,
 Each prostrate angel covers up his
 face
 Lest he be blinded by Thy radiant
 night,
 Lest he be cast into unending night.
 Thy mercy o'er Thy justice hath pre-
 vailed
 Thus far; oh Truth, then be forever
 veiled.

Spirit of Love! Oh life-bequeathing
 Force,
 Creative Deity, the primal Cause
 Of all things, human and divine! The
 spark
 That kindled first a flame amid the
 dark.

Tempestuous chaos! Thine the chalice
 is
 Of destiny, of joys and sorrows. 'Tis
 Thine altar where the red blood ever
 flows;
 Thine is the greatest bliss that mortal
 knows;
 Boundless art Thou, oh all-pervading
 Fire,
 Cleansing and purifying, calling
 higher
 Along the stony steeps the fainting
 soul,
 Searching the wanderer, where the
 thunders roll
 In burning darkness through the void
 of death,
 Giving him life with Thy reviving
 breath.
 Patient and wise, tender and conquer-
 ing,
 Fold me, oh Love, beneath Thy shield-
 ing wing.

Spirit of Peace! the Restful and the
 Calm!
 Pour o'er my heart Thine ever-sooth-
 ing Balm,
 Roaming, dark robed, with soft and
 noiseless feet,
 Among the shadows where men seek
 retreat,
 Between dim aisles where distant
 candles glow
 Like beacon fires upon the gloom be-
 low.
 At thy approach the very winds are
 still,
 Obedient to Thine unspoken will.
 Thy sanctuaries near the wayside rise
 Like silent prayers ascending to the
 skies.
 Thy gift of quiet broodeth over me.
 This transient hour I return to Thee,
 And its ecstatic raptures take their
 flight,
 Prismatic Spirit, to Thy realms of
 light.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 4A.

MARGARET.

Is she there?
No!
Then come away,
Let us search no more to-day;
Morning lights have turned to grey,
Faint appears the Milky Way.
Night has come, and with her coming
Crickets sing, and the gentle humming
Of gnats and beetles fills the air.
She cannot, my brethren, still be
there!
For we have searched in every bower,
Have whispered low to every flower,
'Have you seen her, she has fled?'
With feet that are weary, and hearts
that have bled,
We seek her, and cry, lest the wind
should forget,
'Margaret, Margaret!'
With eyes that are heavy with watch-
ing and crying,

And hearts that are broken with pain
and with sighing,
We cry from each hill, lest the wind
should forget,
'Where are you, where are you, sweet
Margaret?'
Hist! did I see her? I thought 'twas
her hair
That glistened and shone in the moon-
light down there.
Hark!"
"I am here!"
"Where, Margaret, where?"
Alas, it was Echo who mocked us, and
cried,
'I am here, I am here!' so close to
my side.
Once again let us call, lest the wind
should forget,
'Margaret, Margaret!'

I.P., 5A.

"NOW THE DAY IS OVER . . ."

It was a summer's evening, just as the sun was setting. A quietness brooded overhead as the sun was slowly sinking in the west. The harbour was draped in a pink mystic light, and the palest of blue heavens were shot with the same shade. Through the stillness came the gentle tinkle of the church bells, calling the people away to the evening service. The locusts were droning in the trees; and somewhere a bird was chirping a lullaby to his baby.

Just along the street was a spare block of land in which, a few days before, a gum tree had been felled. Collected there, were, as it seemed, all the children of the neighbourhood. They were climbing over the trunk, playing among the half dead leafy branches, and gathering smaller branches to build little "cubby" houses, as they called them. One little girl was greatly indignant be-

cause she had been accused of taking more than her share of these. Another, a little boy with big brown eyes and a mischievous little round face, thought the wood may be of some use to his mother; so he started to trudge home with some of the smaller branches. He quite believed he had done a great deed when he dragged it into the house to show his mother—much to her displeasure—for dead leaves became scattered all over the floor.

The vivid colouring in the western sky gradually died away over this laughing group of children, in the sunshine of their lives adding lustre to a sunset. Dusk deepened into evening, then they too disappeared with the fast declining light. The twinkling stars then appeared to brighten and cheer the dark world, while the little children were slumbering.

NUANA, 3A.

THE LONE, LONG ROAD.

Roads are oftentimes the outlet of man's adventurous spirit—his craving for something new. Every road began in a dream, and every dream is the filmy fantastic embodiment of human desires.

Men, striving after the inaccessible—the foot of the rainbow—have pushed further onward and outward into the unknown and have found in closer human contact their neighbour and oftentimes their God.

Thus men came to Australia: thus they pushed outward: and but yesterday they began to blaze the trail for the great awakening of a great nation.

Long and unending they seem, these roads. You see before you the road in one long trail ahead—for miles and miles over flat uninteresting country. Then perhaps on the far away distant

horizon you dimly perceive some low peaks. They are exceedingly low, perhaps, but the best the Inland has, and these are the sign posts that guide you on. They are like the glimmers of hope that touch the horizon of our existence, and with a definite call, say, "Come on, come on." And we follow, and follow.

And ever as we go there comes that unmistakable call of the Inland. It beckons us on to great things in the future; it calls us to help those wonderful women of the bush who have made the name of Australia famous for all time. They are lonely, these women of the west, and they look to us for comfort and aid. The call is persistent, and we cannot deny it. It says, "Come on, come on." And we follow, and follow.

X.Y., 4A.

"THE BLOWHOLE," KIAMA.

The wind had reached the height of its untamed fury as we struggled against almost overwhelming odds up the wind-swept headland to the sea. It was the wind that had called us out, and now it was the wind that was calling us—eyes smarting, hair flying—to that Mecca of tourists, the "Blowhole."

The headland in itself was a magnificent spectacle. The ragged cliffs, impressive in their massive ugliness, distorted and carved as if by some giant hand in ages dim, dipped to the endless swell of the mountainous breakers that crashed to their death at its base. Immense clouds of snowy spray rose high into the air, and the cliffs, as if mourning their departed glory, were veiled in a curtain of white.

But beneath the crash and the sob of the stricken waters sounded a deeper note—a menacing note that strikes chill terror into the heart of one who knows not its source.

We knew it, and, clinging precari-

ously to the foam-wet rocks, we crept as close to the Blowhole as we dared.

Look! The yawning chasm of a day before guards with its jagged rim a seething cauldron of whirling foam. A wave breaks on the outer cliff, and, flinging itself into a mad turmoil for mastery, races up the narrow cleft.

With a sonorous and reverberating boom it meets the blind end, swells, and, as if in defiance of restraint, flings itself up to meet the sun, and incidentally to form a most magnificent spectacle.

A replica of a snowstorm sweeps across the hill, and, rebounding on every rock, sweeps back in a cataract of surging foam.

The sun flings a scintillating rainbow bridge across the bespangled chasm, and, travelling further up the hill, discovers three mournful figures seated on a rock, faces dripping, wet hair clinging desperately, drenched to the skin, but waiting, cameras poised, for the next "blow."

RUTH PIKE, 4A.

LOOK BEFORE YOU DANCE ON THE EDGE OF A POOL.

I had a parrot once who was very much attached to me, and when we allowed a kitten to enter the family circle the parrot was very jealous because of all the attention we paid the pretty little thing.

One day I was sitting by a little waterlily pool at the side of our house, with the parrot on my knee and the kitten in my lap. After a while the kitten got up, and, going to the waterlily pool, which is let into the ground, started to drink. The parrot jumped off my knee, and, coming up behind it, pushed the kitten into the pool. I pulled it out, but it was not very wet as the waterlily plants are very thick and held it up, but the parrot,

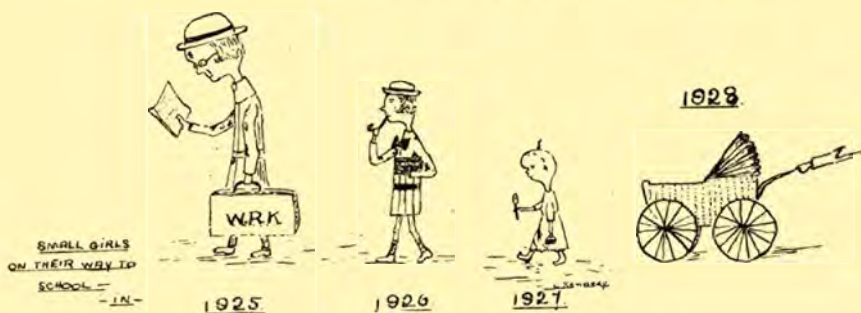
wicked bird! while dancing up and down on the edge of the pool in ecstasies of delight over the downfall of his enemy, slipped and fell in himself. I shall never forget the look of amazement on his face.

With his wings wide-spread and beating frantically, he managed to keep his dainty little feet from getting wet until I grasped the tips of his wings and drew him on to the ground.

Afterwards I saw him playing with the kitten, rolling it over and over, but when he saw me coming he strutted off in a dignified manner, conscious again of his injured pride.

MARY PARSONSON, A + A.

*— Each year the new girls seem to be smaller —
— than those of previous years —*



THE HAUNT OF THE NYMPHS.



N a dainty old-world garden,
Where the rambling roses blow,
Comes the scent of waterlilies
From the stream that will not flow.
There's a dear old rustic archway,

'Neath a sky of azure blue,
Entwined with creeping jasmine,
And with white clematis too.

In the early dews of ev'ning,
When the twilight 'gins to fall,

You may see the fairies dancing—
Hear their silvery voices call.
Their robes are purest white,
Some are silver, like the moon,
And the wizened fairy fiddler
Plays a merry dancing tune.

When the rosy dawn comes peeping
O'er the dewy crested hills,
The fairy folk are dancing
To their homes near mountain rills.
When the golden sun has wakened
All the world with his bright light,
All the fairy folk are sleeping,
For our daytime is their night.

KYLIE LOUGH.

THE CHARGE OF THE HUNGRY MAIDENS.

Down the stairs, from the "gym.,"

Come the girls fleeting,
Having but a single thought—
Time to be eating.

They all must join the fray—
Hunger its price must pay.
Fearing the dread onslaught,
Some are retreating.

Maiden with faces fair,
Maidens with shingled hair,
Maidens with voices rare,
Joined in the rushing—

Was there a Fourth Year bold,
Trying this mass to hold?
They would not reason then,
Surging and crushing.

E'en though their hunger grew,
Only the favoured few
Secured their lunches.
Woe to the tuckshop queue
When they the fight renew.
Charging in bunches.

Apologetically, M.D., 4A.

PRÉCIS OF A BEACH IN SUMMERTIME.

Sand—heat—flies! Those are, as one might say, the governing points of the subject. Oh yes! I fully understand the illusions people have regarding the "foam-tipped, deep walls of blue"—"the burning sands"—"the tang of the salt foam"—although that is true. But, well, the general idea of a beach is particularly flattering—to the beach!

It passes stages, quite distinctly marked, like this:—6 a.m. A cold wind races along the beach, carrying with it scraps of papers from earlier picnics—a sense of awakening activity pervades all—isolated islands of bathing gowns and coloured towels make groups of colour against the sand, which has not yet begun to liven!—in the water, the owners of the—er—isolated islands disport themselves gaily.

8 a.m. The water is practically empty of figures. But no! It is now time for the opulent bank managers, managing directors, to come and splash about, to pass the time healthily till they need drive to town to attend an eleven o'clock meeting.

10 a.m. The first contingent of picnickers has arrived—to wit, four baskets, two "billies," and half a dozen children, not forgetting the already

tired mother. They wander excitedly along the beach (and it's much easier to walk along the footpath beside it).

12. More parties have arrived, and all are engaged in ingloriously wading in three inches of water, skipping joyfully over the little waves which roll in so unconcernedly. Or perhaps the youthful masculine members have begun their agitating for just one bun—or a banana, or some peanuts—or all three!

2 p.m. The animals fed—I mean, the appetite of the children appeased—they are busily engaged in rubbing cocoanut oil on burnt shoulders, or, more probably, the majority of the small boys have repaired to the drink shops, there to gain a precious penny on the lemonade bottle previously drained by several thirsty mouths!

4 p.m. The families have fallen to building castles—making puddings (you know, with the aid of the good old bucket, and much wet sand), fighting over spades—and generally enjoying themselves.

6 p.m. Some flying figures rush to the beach, discard wrappers, fly in, fly out, rush home!—who are they?—why, the schoolgirls, who have endured eight lessons to reach this apex of bliss!

"SHE," 4A.

DEAD ROSES.

Oh drooping, dusky, velvet flowers,
 The proud and lovely queens of
 June,
 Fair daughters of the sunny hours,
 Why should your beauty fade so
 soon?

A few short weeks my garden lay
 'N e a t h moonbeam - p e t a l l e d,
 shadowed light,

And tender crimson majesty
 Was mingled with pale pink and
 white.

A breath of perfume lingers still,
 Sweet incense praying all in vain
 In silence, that the wilted blooms
 Someday may lift their heads again.

In vain? Can beauty ever die?
 Perchance upon some distant shore
 My phantom roses, fairer far,
 May blossom gaily evermore.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 4A.
 ("KOALA.")

THE WITHERED ROSE.

West wind, west wind, hark! I hear
 you calling,
 Calling, calling, calling, softly in
 my ear;

I can see you lurking, where scented
 leaves are falling,
 Falling, falling, falling, upon dead
 summer's bier.

I can see you crouching, clad in clouds
 of fury,
 Hectic red, and direful grey, and
 winter's coldest hue;

I can hear you moaning, moaning, and
 weeping—
 Weeping for dead summer.
 Didst thou love her too?

West wind, west wind, lo! I see you
 weeping,
 Weeping, weeping, weeping tears as
 cold as ice;

I can see them falling, where your
 hand is resting,
 Falling, falling, falling like blood
 of sacrifice!

Ah! I see you bending, bending o'er
 her pillow,
 See you plant a loving kiss upon
 her snow-white brow;

West wind, west wind, now that she
 is sleeping—
 Do you, do you, do you love her
 truly now?

West wind, west wind, stay! for you
 are fleeting,
 Fleeting, fleeting, fleeting far o'er
 land and sea;

Canst thou leave her as she is, so
 quietly sleeping,
 Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping all for
 love of thee?

Ah! for thou hast stolen, stolen from
 her bosom,
 Just one withered blood-red rose
 to wear upon thy heart;

West wind, west wind, now I know
 thou lov'st her—
 Freely, freely, freely kiss her, and
 depart!

I. P., 5A.

TO THE TOP OF BLACKWALL MOUNTAIN.

With the early morning freshness
 still in the air; with the magpies
 gaily chattering and the kookaburras
 happily laughing, with the joyous
 song of youth and spring in our
 hearts, we set out.

Along the damæ sand road, bordered

by towering gums lifting shining
 green faces to the sun, we scampered
 till we reached the foot of Blackwall
 Mountain.

Taking the circuitous path, we be-
 gan, more steadily, to climb; as we
 mounted, glimpses of the blue river

through the "gums" delighted our eyes, and caves formed by overhanging rocks afforded appropriate back-grounds for fairy romances for the smaller members of our party.

Half-way up, halting on moss-covered rocks strewn with uncounted "gum-nuts." Ettalong smiled up at us with its golden sand-bank and blue river. Now the path looked down on boulders and fallen trees, some showing green shoots from their scarred trunks. By the other side of the path a little, gurgling stream, replenished by the previous night's rain, ran, and as it scampered over the stones the sun caught its silver ripples and turned them into fiery, opal gems.

Amidst all the wonders of Mother

Nature, walking to the glorious "Spring Song" of a myriad birds, we reached the summit and sat down to gaze open-eyed on the world below.

Lion Island reared its proud head to look about it; Ocean Beach lay flaunting its golden sands and blue, white-capped breakers; Broken Bay Heads stood grim and dark, the South Head bearing a small stick-like structure which we knew to be Barrenjoey Lighthouse.

And as this scene smiled up at us with brown, blue, green and gold, it imprinted itself on our mind's eye, and we carried it back to the busy outside world with a sense of inward tranquillity and joy.

"BIBBY," 3C.

THE QUARREL.

Two brothers quarrelled one fine day,
Yes! Z.D.C. and D.C.K.

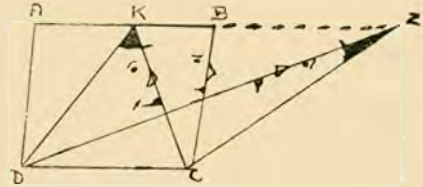
The reason was the size of each,
And neither tried to heal the breach.
For K. was dense and rather stout,
And very good at catching trout.
Z. was a scholar, thin and pale,
Returned poetry was his mail.

Said K., "I'm twice as fat as you,
One day you'll surely break in two."
Said Z., "Though I am thin, I'm tall,
That's better far than being small.
I'm twice as tall as you I see,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?"

In came Mother A.B.C.D.,
"What is the matter here?" said she.

"I'm twice as big as Z.," said K.
"I'm twice as tall as you, hurrah!"
Said Z., "And, oh, my mother dear,
Settle the question while you're here."
"You both stand on the floor, D.C.
Touch the same ceiling, Z.A.B.,
And so you both are half of me,
Therefore, you're equal, now, you see."

M. HANLEY, F. GLADING, 2 D.



TWILIGHT.

The green gumtrees in the silvery
light,

Where the ring-tailed 'possum
swayed,

With their feathery fingers waved
goodnight,

And a whispering lullaby made.

And the big white moth, as the silv'ry
moon

Peeped shyly the world's edge o'er,

Went fluttering by, where the sweet
doves croon;

Their message of Love he bore.

The night wind sighed as it carried
aloft

The curlew's haunting refrain,

Till it faded away in a sigh so soft,
It chanted it over again.

CLARICE LAX, 3C.

A STORM.

King Sol in his brilliant chariot of gold reluctantly sailed across the sky to his glittering palace of fire. Behind him sailed his merry retainers, the sunbeams. But now their faces were clouded, for Baron Thunder, their enemy, had sounded his drums of war in the distance, and had sent his messenger, the treacherous lightning, to tell King Sol his reign for that day was ended. Baron Thunder then sent his servants, the boisterous winds, over the earth to proclaim to all mankind that a storm was approaching.

The scene on earth was one of hurry, for King Sol, in his radiant glory, had dried up the streams in the fields, and the grass and the cattle were starved and parched. Mankind raised one face, and on it was written many words of thanks.

At this sign Baron Thunder burst forth in all his glory. His drums of war raged, his messenger, the lightning, flashed across the sky, and his bodyguard, the winds, raced through the trees, taking a savage delight in

scattering the dry leaves and branches, and blowing the dry plants from their hiding places.

The winds ceased their torment, and swept gleefully back at the bidding of their master, for he had sent the kindly raindrops to cool the parched earth.

They tinkled merrily against the window panes, then at the wind's bidding swept away to the mountains, where they filled the streams and brooks, and sent them dancing and singing merrily over the pebbles.

At last the earth was hushed to silence by the breezes. Baron Thunder once again sounded his drums of war, and bade them escort him back to his own kingdom, for he had done his duty.

King Sol once more appeared in his chariot of gold. Once more his bright retainers, the sunbeams, appeared, and shed a dazzling light upon the earth as they danced hither and thither, hand in hand, happy once again.

WISE ONE, A + A.

SLEEP.

Swiftly through the silver portals
Comes the spirit of sleep,
Touching with her silken garments
Mortals who would fret or weep.
At her touch their troubles vanish.
They are wafted far away
To the land of Heavenly Vision,
Made for them as bright as day.

Here they wander wondrous scenes
through,
While they feel no joy or pain,
But in sweet oblivion wafted;
Here the haunting, sweet refrain:

"Come, my children; come, my
children;
Leave the restless earth below;
Dwell above with wondrous Beauty,
All her moods and raptures know;

Live awhile with colours radiant,
Stay awhile in happy field,
Then, when tired of Pleasure's
offerings,
Seek the earth, refreshed and
healed."

ENID CARPENTER, 5A.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the many contributions which have made evident the interest taken in the Magazine. Some of this work is held over in hope that space may be found in another issue. We regret

that it has been impossible to print more matter this issue.

"The Magazine" acknowledges with thanks copies of the magazines of other High Schools.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, thou mother of a nation's pride—
 We leave thee now! Our duty lies ahead.
 We go forth dauntless, with high Truth as guide,
 To life's great battle. Those we knew have led
 Where now we follow. Yet we first must vow
 To thee a life with honour filled, a mind
 That e'er will seek the soul of truth. For now
 We know all thou did'st teach us. We were blind—

Thou gave us light. From thee with joy we learned
 The art divine of laughter. Tales you told
 Of heroes of the past until we burned
 To make ourselves as true as knights of old;
 And sympathy you taught for those who fell—
 Farewell, great Mother; once again, Farewell!

BESSIE BANNAN, 5A.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE'S MEDAL.

Just going to press, we insert a notice of the honour won by Enid Carpenter (5 A).

Enid has been awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal Colonial Institute

and a prize of £5/5/- for the best essay on "The Discovery of Australia."

Congratulations! (The Editor)

SOME BOOKS.

Have you read "Three Men in a Boat"? It is good fun and it is in the Library. So are Leacock's "College Days" and Gilbert's "Savoy Operas," and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and "Ingoldsby Legends," and many other books that will make you laugh and forget there was ever an examination.

Do you want to find the latest fact about Australia? Use the Australian Encyclopaedia—it is in the Library. Chambers' New Encyclopaedia with its beautiful colour plates is a pleasure to consult and if you want stories of Egypt or Greece, or Rome, just ask the librarians for Spencer's "Myths" or "The Glory that was Greece" or "The Grandeur that was Rome" as well as Van Loon's "Story of Man-

kind." There are plays too and verses, old and new, grave and gay, ranging from "Paradise Lost" to "The Littlest One." Do we enjoy Kipling? Who has not read "Stalky and Co"? Was there ever such a story as Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill"? Do you know poor Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss"? And what do you think of "The Scarlet Pimpernel"?

Remember ALL girls may use both Reference and Fiction Libraries. Novels are in Room 9 and all other books in Room 4.

The librarians are:—

Reference Library—M. Fairlie and M. Carroll.

Fiction Library—R. Ridge and H. Vischer.

IT IS WRITTEN—FINIS.

The dusty plains lay in the heat of the sun, and as the sky on a grey day sullens the face of the sea, so the dazzling globe reflected its face in the mirror of earth. The sunburnt gums lifted their arms to the merciless dome of blue, imploring what came not. Only the occasional sound of dropping pine cones could be heard in the airless limit.

So it continued day after day and not even night brought relief.

Then there came one evening, an evening similar apparently to any other of the twilit visitors who had watched the same dreary day-time lay down its burden to rest. But the shimmering haze resultant from the scorching rays of the sun did not depart with its creators, but hovered in exultant triumph over the western horizon, where the gory trail of its

vanquished master showed, an emblem of defeat.

No sooner had the sun disappeared, than a grey and fast-moving cloud shot like an arrow from a bow across the lower sky, moving nearer and nearer earthwards. Others followed in quick succession and the western sky fast became a scurrying mass of clouds, which each minute became more and more menacing. Suddenly a deafening peal of thunder shook the earth to its very foundations, and this was followed by a low rumbling such as accompanies a landslip. Lightning rent the weird witch's potion of black veiling the heavens, tracing eerie and intricate patterns in its wrath.

Then, as if one, descended the fall of the night and rain.

The drought had broken.

ANON, 4 A.

THE PAUSE OF THE MOON.

The fire blazed around the Arab camp. The day was spent and the sacred fragrance of evening was wafted on the warm breeze. The new moon in all its radiance seemed to be gliding across the sky towards the camp. The flap of the tent door was thrown open and the young, handsome warrior arisen from his straw bed within, was gazing at it as it drew nearer with such gentle grace. His hunting weapons lay beside his bed, gleaming in the moonlight. He was the pride of the tribe, the bravest warrior of all. He sighed as he gazed at the shining weapons and the old warrior seated beside the fire glanced quickly up as he said, "There will be big game to-morrow, son."

The eyes of the youth sparkled. "O Allah, thanks!" he cried. All these years I have been training; now I shall show my strength and shall succeed. O great, great!"

Far away in the hills he could hear the hunting dogs of his companions. He fancied that he heard the triumphant shouting of the men.

"They are succeeding. O, for the morrow! O Allah, thanks!"

The leaping flames burned steadier and shone less brightly, the fire burnt low and flickered but at intervals. But the great radiant moon seemed to have become fixed above the camp and moved not. The youth wondered at it. Suddenly it grew restless and seemed as if it would be going. The young warrior was troubled. He wished that it would go. But lo—it stretched out a bright ray to him, and seemed to hang low in the sky.

It beckoned him.

And the youth suddenly felt tired, he wanted rest, he longed to sail away with the moon. But was there not big game on the morrow? He turned his face from the moon, clutching his weapons. He would never rest till he had captured the game and till he held the prize within his hand. He turned to take one last look at the moon, and slowly he let go the weapon. It fell with a crash to the ground—broken.

"O Allah, thanks!" he cried.

And the bright shining moon with the tired youth was stealing gently across the sky on its journey once again, leaving the Arab camp far behind.

MARY GALVIN, 5 A.

THE MUNICIPAL MARKETS.

"Paddy's" Market, the place where hurry, scurry, noise, and bustle reign supreme. To enter there is to step into a new world, a tinsel world of the glamour and glare of a circus.

Firmly attaching yourself to your companion, you join the endless chain of people and commence as interesting an inspection as you have ever made. Here you see one of the countless flower vendors, holding a somewhat faded bunch of flowers. Behind him, is a clothes-basket filled with fifty similar bunches, a blatant contradiction to his cry of, "The last bunch! Only one left!" You pause here to collect your impressions and take your bearings. The crowd presses on and you try to retard its progress for some seconds, to watch an impromptu auction sale. But crowds, like time and tide, wait for no man.

After some pushing, you burst forth upon a sweet stall. You cast critical eyes at the poisonous-looking mass of doubtful sweets seemingly relished greatly by those around you. The fact that the stall-keeper's face and

apron look decidedly the worse for lack of soap and water does not add any further attraction, so you leave him, his stall, and the everlasting demand for three-penny worths of "fairy floss," and seek fresh fields for exploration.

Ah! Here is an oddment stall, an essential feature! A parrot in an antiquated cage, artistically adorned with sundry cabbages, and children's clothing is the chief article of sale. A few extras, such as lamp shades, carnation roots and clay pipes, complete a well-varied stock. The stall-keeper, a woman proudly displaying all the family diamonds, capably deals with the few customers making up for what her goods lack in appearance by an eloquent flow of speech.

Reluctantly you leave the surging sea of strange faces, crying children, and dirty little boys, behind you, ample matter for the Walrus in conversation on—

"Shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings."

"JANE CROW," 4 A.

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