

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
FORT STREET

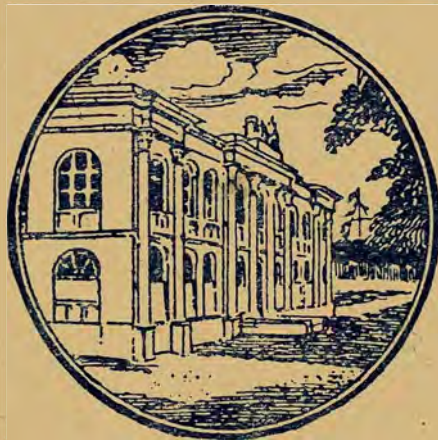


TABLE OF CONTENTS

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES.

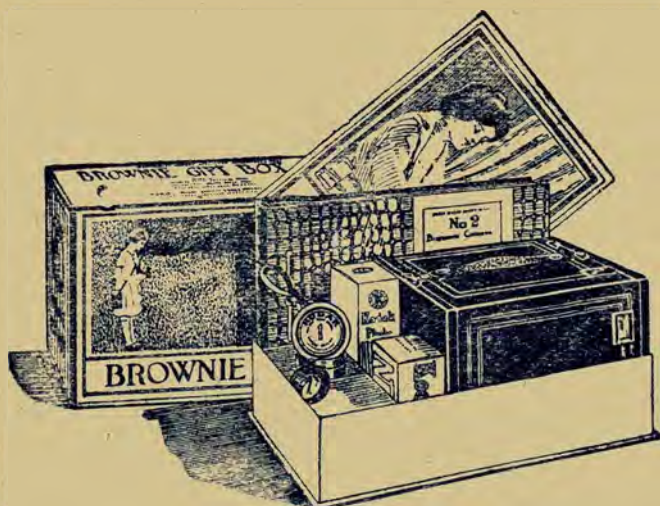
NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

VERSE.

To Fort Street Girls' High School. Night. Autumn. Ave Atque Vale.
Light. Things I Love. Regret. Music. Daybreak in Australia.
The Sad Dreams of a Bad Tennis Player. A Guide's Alphabet. Captivity.
Jenkins' Ear War.

SKETCHES AND ARTICLES.

The Disappearing Neighbourhood. A Morning Hike. A House Party.
The Mountain Cascade. Sunset. A Visit to Blaxland's House. A Dream.
The Coming of the Dew. Last Days. Vaucluse House. Bushland
Mornings. My Vision. The Secret. The Tree.



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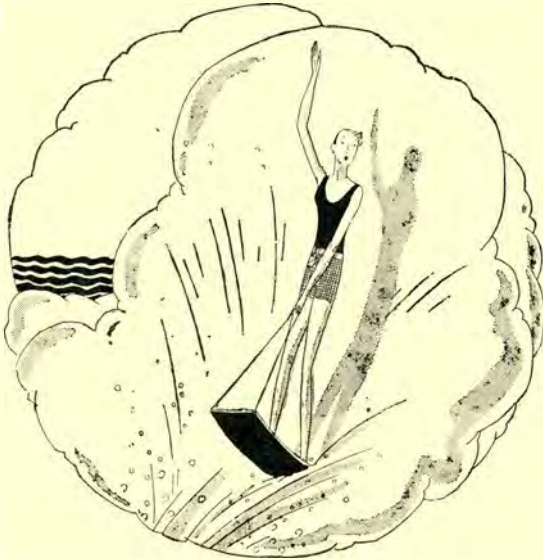
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THE MAGAZINE
OF
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
NOVEMBER, 1927.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

Principal: Miss CRUISE, B.A.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Magazine Business Manager: Miss HARRIS, B.A.

TO FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Standing on the heights of Sydney,
Looking out, across the sea,
Stands the home of truth and learn-
ing,
Home of great ones yet to be.
Weath'ring many a fiery tempest
Stands the proud and noble school,
Looking stalwart in the sunlight,
Wistful in the even cool.

Ghostly shades and shadows haunt
thee,
'Neath the lofty Moreton Bay,
Keeping with thee lonely vigil
Till the breaking of the day;
Guardian of our Harbour's beauty
Holder of a city's pride!
We will always cleave unto thee
Whatsoever may betide!

Those old trees are full of mem'ries
When the wind is crooning low,
And they whisper of thy greatness
While the shadows come and go.
And their branches love the old school,
Touch it with a soft caress,
Veil its weather-hardened features
With a loving tenderness.

All who leave thee go in sadness,
All would willingly abide,
Live again the happy schooldays,
Glorying in their old school's pride.
And the very name of Fort Street,
E'er will send a joyous thrill,
Make each Fortian's heart responsive
To the old school on the hill.

JEAN STEVENSON, 5 A.

NIGHT.

The evening star is sinking slowly in
the west,
A trail of radiant glory leaving in
her wake,
And as to us she breathes her psalm
of peace and rest,
To worlds afar her joyous paeon of
morn doth break.

As o'er the tired world, soft night
doth fall,
And busy turmoil of the day just
past doth cease,
The psalm, that hymn of rest, is taken
up by all,
And man and beasts alike are hushed
in solemn peace.

REGINA RIDGE, 5 B.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE STAFF.—We wish to welcome to our school and country, Miss Filmer, a recent arrival from England, who has been appointed as a temporary member of our staff.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL.

One sunny afternoon last August, the 17th, to be exact, a little bird haunting the old Birchgrove Oval would have noticed many enthusiastic modern Atalantas joyfully wearing their gaily coloured head-bands. Being a wise bird, he would know that the Fort Street Girls' High School was holding its 17th Annual Sports' Meeting, and that the excited on-lookers included teachers, friends and relations of the girls, old girls, members of the 'brother school,' and the present girls.

Throughout the afternoon the fleetness of many girls was splendidly displayed. The school was very proud of Clarice Kennedy, who for the fourth year in succession, was the first to carry the rope away in the School Championship in record time, thus winning the Senior Cup for 1927. Clarice also came first in the 16 years and over and 4th year championships.

We heartily congratulate Noreen Walker for her expert work in carrying off the Junior Cup.

Phyllis Garling successfully added lustre to her fame by gaining first place in the 15 years Championship, and the Senior Skipping, and second place in the School Championship.

The popular novelty races were a pleasing diversion from the more stirring relays. In the Year Relay, 3rd years were very jubilant when they saw that their flag was the first to flash past the winning post; while the hockey devotees expressed equal exultation when Hockey ran first in the Sports Relay.

The remaining results included:—
5th year Championship—M. Pray.
12 years Championship.—N. Service.
13 years Championship.—N. Walker.

14 years Championship.—J. Weppeler.
Orange Race.—E. Carlisle.
Sack Race.—E. Carlisle.
Junior Three-Legged.—N. Service,
A. Scarlett.
Senior Three-Legged.—E. Bates, G
Bothamley.
Old Girls' Championship.—J. Kaye.
Egg and Spoon Race.—E. Roden.
Crow Hop.—M. Allen.
Junior Skipping.—N. Bretell.
Old Girls v. Present Girls' Relay....
Present.
Tunnel Ball.—5th year.
Overhead Ball.—2nd year.
Under and Over Ball.—4th year.
Cross Ball.—2nd year.
Junior v. Senior Relay.—Senior.
Obstacle Race.—E. Carlisle.

Again 3 D must be complimented on their triumphant retention of the point shield, the winning of which was the cause of all the eagerness exhibited throughout the afternoon.

We wish to thank our old friend, Mr. Griffiths, and Messrs. Clyne, Thompson, Baldock, Bauer, and Johnson, members of the staff of the Fort St. Boys' High School, for their interest and assistance on that afternoon.

ANNIE NASH, 4 A.

THE LACROSSE TEAM of this season, although it has not been victorious, played some very good games. The players have been enthusiastic, and were most fortunate in having Winnie Scriven as captain, who performed her duties most ably. We must congratulate our goal-keeper, Jean Langston, who, by her good play, secured a position in the team, although it was her first season of Lacrosse.

As will be noticed from the following results, the girls played much better towards the end of the season, and we hope they will continue to improve and be successful in the matches next season.

We would like to extend our thanks to the Misses Fletcher and

Harris, for the kindly interest they have shown in the team.

The enthusiasm shown by the first years has been very pleasing, and many of them show signs of becoming excellent players.

The results of the matches played are as follows:—

North Sydney v. Fort Street	4—0
Sydney High v. Fort Street	4—0
Fort Street v. St. George	2—0
Sydney v. Fort Street . . .	1—0
North Sydney v. Fort Street	2—1
Fort Street v. St. George . .	2—1

Hazel Lance, 5 A.

Secretary.

TENNIS.

To the list of victories won by the school this year must be added two splendid triumphs in the sphere of tennis.

The season began with glorious victories and well justified hope for a final triumph, and that hope was not vain.

Two teams entered the A Grade competition. The first was captained by Noreen Stevenson, who played brilliant tennis throughout the season. Her team included Phyllis Kaberry, Beryl Cakebread and Enid Maiden, and the only match which this team lost was that against North Sydney's excellent four. But our girls were fortunate in defeating that team in the final contest by 23 games to 13, and thus winning the Tennis Shield for the year. We give them our heartiest congratulations.

The second four, Nancy Milverton, Hazel Bell, Helen Stevens and Alice Smith, proved a less successful team, but nevertheless lost only two matches. Nancy deserves special commendation, and our congratulations for her splendid play during every match. In the final contests she played fourth man in the 1st team, and proved her skill.

Each team is extremely grateful to Miss Bayley, Miss Herlihy and Mrs. Griffin for their continued interest, and very much appreciates the time each has given for our benefit.

Nancy and Noreen played brilliant tennis in the doubles of the All Schools' Competition this year, and were unfortunate in losing in the final round against Moore Park.

But the crowning glory of the whole year came when Noreen again contested ably in the singles of the same competition, and again won for Fort St., the Singles Championship of High Schools. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Noreen, who has gained our love as much for her wholehearted enthusiasm and capabilities as a tennis captain as for her brilliant play.

ALICE SMITH, Capt. 2nd. A.

VIGORO.—The Vigoro season has ended and although we have had disappointments, we hope in the coming season to do better. Although we did not secure a place in the competition, we had a very excellent win against the girls of Marrickville Woollen Mills.

We wish to thank Miss Swan for her kind interest, and we hope to bring honour to our school next year.

R. LINDLEY, 1 C.

CIRCLOS has this year taken its place among the Winter competitions. We played against Parramatta, North Sydney, Sydney and Petersham.

Amongst our girls, especially the younger ones, we find promise of good players, so we hope that next year, with more practice, and under Miss Purcell's supervision, we shall be more successful.

REGINA RIDGE, 5 B.

Secretary.

BASKET BALL.

OLD GIRLS v. PRESENT.

On Wednesday, 24th August, a very enjoyable match was played between the Old Girls and the Present A team of Basket ball. Despite the fact that the Old Girls had not played under the new rules before that day, yet

with such stars as Jessie Anderson, Kathleen McElroy and Essie Cohen, they presented a very formidable team. The play was fast and furious even in the first rounds of the game, and plenty of fun literally kept the ball rolling. In the last rounds however, the Present Girls gradually drew away, and when the whistle blew for time the score stood 12—8, in favour of the Present Girls.

It would be hard to say which team enjoyed the match more, and that spirit of sportsmanship and comradeship, so dear to Fortian hearts, made winner and loser equally pleased with the result.

This is the first year in which such a match has been played, and it certainly will not be the last year. So, Old Girls, get your team together for 1928, and make the tussle as exciting and enjoyable as that of 1927.

JOYCE KOLTS,
(Captain).

HOCKEY.

The hockey season has drawn to a close, and the following is a record of the "A" team's matches:—

North Sydney High v. Fort St. 1—3
Sydney High v. Fort Street 2—1
Parramatta High v. Fort Street 9—0
St. George forfeited their match to Fort Street.

I wish to take this opportunity on behalf of the "A" team of thanking Mrs. Griffin for coaching the team.

No. B team was entered in the competitions this season.

R. HAYES,
Captain.

THE HOCKEY MATCH.

Staff v A. Team.

Keen interest was aroused by the announcement of a hockey match between the Teachers and the Girls. No fixture in the Sports' World was more eagerly awaited, and, as the staff maintained a strict silence as to their "form," we were all curious to see if they would retain their honour of last year.

On the eventful day, not a few

brave spirits flaunted the saxe-blue ribbons which marked them as staunch supporters of the staff.

One of the happiest features was the presence of many "old girls" at the Oval, who, I think, were all keen barrackers.

A preliminary match was played between the Old Girls and the present "A" hockey team. The former borrowed uniforms and ties from the latter, so it looked like a match between two schools.

The match was good, but team work was lacking. Fine bursts of speed from either side's forwards were effectively checked by the oppressing backs, who were particularly strong. It was an exciting struggle, however, and many former champions were seen in action.

Final scores were 1 all.

Now came the event of the afternoon. Loud cheering and clapping announced the appearance of ten teachers, clad in orthodox fashion, but wearing blue caps and ties. Then followed the school side, and soon they were all out on the field. Opportunity for the poetically inclined was here afforded—indeed, it was a pretty picture with the blue waters of Lane Cove sparkling in the distance, and nearer, the sun smiling happily down on a green oval, dotted with blue and red!

Soon it was seen that the staff were determined to push through. Their forwards burst away time and again, only to lose the ball. But it did not travel far in the other direction, because the Staff half-backs were too strong. They were Misses Pate and Fletcher, with Mrs. Griffin centre-half. Exciting struggles between the two centre forwards—Miss Drury and Martha Maxwell, occurred. At half time the scores were 1-0 in favour of the Girls.

Play resumed: the second half was as determined a struggle as the first. With a fine burst of speed, Miss Drury scored the first goal for her side. Playing well for the School side were noticed, Amy Carpenter and

Olive Kemmis, while Miss Harris was a fleet wing for the teachers.

The girls were unlucky in scoring three goals which could not count, since they were shot from outside the circle.

After numerous attempts, the staff scored a second goal (shot by Miss Drury). The girls, despite desperate attempts, could not score another goal, so when the whistle blew the scores were—Teachers 2, Girls 1.

Then there was such a shouting and a clapping as only 500 school girls are capable of—followed by the clicking of cameras and excited congratulations. It was a well-earned victory, and one and all offer thanks to the teachers who were such 'sports'—the Misses Nicol-Murray, Swan, Puxley, Pate, Harris, Drury, Fletcher, Bayley, Maclellan, and Mrs. Griffin.

JOAN BALMAIN, 5 A.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

King Sol was angry on 17th September and failed to do his duty, with the result that many competitors for the Combined High School Sports, entered the Sports' Ground with sinking hearts.

However, the words resounded in our ears—"Though we approach with trepidation, Scorn we our fears to betray," and we turned smiling hopeful faces to other schools. Whispered murmurs went round—"The ground is very soft and wet"—and we all feared for our champions. Mrs. Griffin inspired us with confidence, and we all competed in our events with the red and white flying bravely.

Clarice flaunted these colours, winning her heat for 100 yds., All Schools' Championship.

Although the Tunnel, Overhead, and Over and Under Ball teams were not successful in the heats, we all realised that they were splendid and deserved very high praise.

The morning's events, unfortunately, were interrupted by heavy showers, but the weather might have been worse.

Luncheon divided the heats from the finals and loudly we praised the champions of the morning. Excitement reigned supreme in the afternoon, and teachers and girls alike watched the events with eagerness. Clarice Kennedy, Phyllis Garling, Mary Mort, Norma Brettell, Noreen Walker and the other athletes ran wonderfully and exerted every effort for their school. In Clarice's second last race however, onlookers held their breath for she fell at the tape. She fell heavily and injured her shoulder and arm, but she had done her work well.

The Crossball team won the finals and this added six points to our total. Last, but not least came the obstacle race, and many girls showed their prowess in getting under nets and going head first through suspended sacks. This race was extremely funny and caused great excitement amongst the spectators.

At length came the tallying up time, six, four and two being awarded for championships and ball games. The result was soon made known—North Sydney had won the shield, with St. George second, and Fort Street third. This result was due to Mrs. Griffin's untiring efforts, and we are grateful to her, for her splendid training and encouragement. Although Fort Street did not top the poll, we hope to do better next year.

Results:—

100 yds. Championship of All High Schools—C. Kennedy (1).

16 years Championship—C. Kennedy, 1.

15 years Championship—P. Garling, 1.

Junior Relay—N. Brettell, N. Walker, J. Langston, and J. Wepler, 1.

Senior Relay—C. Kennedy, P. Garling, M. Mort, and N. Caldwell, 3.

Cross ball—1.

Team: M. Pontey, N. Healy, M. Preston, B. Pontey, E. Hughes, J. Sheath, Z. Jones, and N. Kelly.

N. HEALY, 4 A.

SECONDARY SCHOOL CHINA TROPHIES.

At Combined High Sports' Meetings previous to this year no championship trophies have been presented. But this year, the Council decided that at future meetings (including this year's) a china cup and saucer would be presented for championship events only. Thus, any individual girl may have the chance to collect a set of these unique china trophies.

Three cups and saucers must be obtained first, then three plates, before the remaining articles of the set may be collected.



CHINA DESIGN.

A design, including the letters G.S.S.S.A. was required for this china, and a prize of £1/1/- was offered for the best design.

From 63 entries the above design was chosen as being the most suitable for china ware.

The shield itself is white, surrounded by a red border. On the red band across the shield the letters G.S.S.S.A. are printed in gold. The whole is outlined in gold. The shield itself is enclosed in a wreath of green laurels, tinted with gold.

This successful design is the work of Clarice Kennedy of this School, whom we already know as an enthusiastic sport. Clarice is likely to be one of those to "collect" a china tea set decorated with her own design.

BASKET BALL.

Although we have not been as successful this season as we had hoped, gaining three points out of six, the A Basket ball team has had a very happy time. We started off with only two members of last year's A team, and recruited our ranks from the B team; such girls as Norma Brettell and Janet Arthurson meriting congratulation on their fine play. The team next year fully accustomed to the new rules introduced into this season's play, should present a very formidable seven.

JOYCE KOLTS, 5 A.

(Captain)

THE LITERARY CIRCLE.

The Literary Circle has almost completed another successful year—its second. Under the able guidance of Miss Turner (President) and Miss Morley (Vice-President) enjoyable bi-monthly meetings have been held since April, first at the Feminist Club, and later at the Rendezvous Cafe.

We were glad to welcome Miss Turner, and a number of new "old" girls, as well as several "old" girls, who had been sojourning in rural strongholds of learning. Our maximum membership this year was 40, while the greatest attendance at any one meeting was 31. Attendance falls off towards the end of the year, owing to the great pressure of exam. work.

The subject chosen for this year's study was Modern Drama. Members take turns to write papers and prepare readings on various subjects connected with this study. Each paper is followed by a general discussion, more or less spirited according to the number present.

This year the Circle purchased a number of plays which were circulated among members by our librarian, Miss Mary Cathels.

Papers the most enjoyable part of the meetings has been the number of delightful readings that have been

given. Misses I. Packard, C. Farrand, D. Connor, V. Pike, W. Oliver and A. Richardson have always been ready to read parts or arrange readings for the delectation of the rest of the Circle. A theatre party to "Ruddigore" in September, was very much enjoyed by the twenty members and their friends who attended it.

This year saw the first issue of our manuscript journal—The Visionary, Three copies were prepared by the Editor, Miss Eva Duhig, and circulated among members during the year. We intend presenting one copy of the journal to the School Library. "The Visionary" contains the papers read at last year's meetings, together with some interesting original verse and prose. We hope to see a great increase in the amount of original work in this year's journal. We are indebted to Miss B. Tearle for the designing and making of the three covers in the School colours.

The Dramatic Committee is arranging for the presentation of "Rosalind" (Barrie) and "The Dance at the Hawk's Well" (Yeats) at an early date.

To the Circle we extend a hearty welcome to all Fortians who will be leaving school this year, and to all "old" Fortians who are not yet members. All information re the Literary Circle may be obtained from Miss G. Santos, C/o Medical Branch, Education Department, Bridge St., City.

DONATION TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

A very pleasing function took place on Tuesday, October 18th, when at an Assembly of the School, Jessie Anderson, on behalf of the Old Girls' Union, presented Miss Cruise with a cheque for £31 (half the proceeds of the Annual Dance), to be expended on books for the School Libraries. The staff and pupils of the School appreciate this interest, shown by the ex Fortians, to the school, and a very hearty vote of thanks was carried by acclamation.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

"Beau Geste," by Major Wren, "Olivia in India," "Penny Plain" and "The Setons," by O. Douglas, are the titles of the novels which have been added to the Fiction Library this half year, purchased with the money obtained by exacting fines from some of our careless readers. Room 9, on Monday and Friday mornings at recess has been, as usual, the scene of great activity on the part of the librarians as they rapidly checked the exchange of books.

On Friday, October 28th, the librarians conducted a successful Auction Sale, intended at first to be brought to a close at recess, but which was continued during the lunch hour at the request of Miss Cruise. The net profit was 12/-, a fair amount considering that the books were discarded from the library press as "back numbers," bearing the marks of long service, so that the fiction collection could be brought more up-to-date.

We propose to purchase several popular works of fiction with the money so obtained. We were rather dubious as to the success of such an experiment, but the hearty support accorded by the girls removed all fears.

All lovers of good fiction may be assured a hearty welcome at the Fiction Library where every effort is made to provide readers with the latest and "best sellers" suitable to them.

OLIVE CHANT.
CLARICE HEYNER. } Librarians

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

During the past half year many girls have again availed themselves of the privilege of borrowing books from the Reference Library. Many junior girls have made use of the history reference books, and are constantly borrowing books of that type. The few dramatic works in the lib-

rary are in great demand, and the books of verse are very popular.

Through the generosity of our Old Girls' Union the library will benefit to the extent of £31, and has purchased Cassell's History of the British People. The older girls have been given the privilege of suggesting any book which would prove interesting to the school in general, so there will soon be a varied range for selection.

PHYLLIS KABERRY. }
AMY CARPENTER. } Librarians

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Though the attendance has not been so large, 1927 has proved a very active year for the Debating Society. Two debates with Fort Street Boys' High School were held, each school gaining a victory. Many debates this year provided much amusement for the members, not to mention the general knowledge always acquired.

The Debating Society was founded in 1917, when it is reported, meetings were so big that "room 8" could not hold all the attenders! It is very good to feel that in 1927 the society is still flourishing, but we need more first year and second year girls. So come, join this happy society, hear your school chums speak, hear your Fortian brothers speak—come and speak yourself—all are welcome!

KATHLEEN O'HANLON,
Secretary.

THE UNIFORM PENNANT.

The Uniform Pennant for First Year, given by the Prefects of 1925, has been awarded three times this year. 1A was the first class to win the distinction and since then 1E has held it twice. All the classes have been very close, and the standard has been exceptionally high.

Well done, First Year! The School congratulates you on your splendid work and says "Carry on, Fortians!"

HAZEL LANCE } Year
JOYCE KOLTS, } Prefects.

CHEMISTRY EXCURSIONS.

Two very interesting and enjoyable chemistry excursions have been made during this half year, with Miss Blume. The first was made to the Port Kembla Electrolytic Works, 17th June. We caught the 8 o'clock train from Sydney to Wollongong, and then the bus to Port Kembla. Although the weather prevented us from staying the whole day, we had a very happy time and there was one thing the rain could not do—that was to dampen our spirits. On 31st August another excursion was made to Berger's Paint Works at Rhodes. Here we saw the entire manufacture of white lead, paints and varnishes, and the visit proved most instructive.

5 A.

HOSPITAL DAY.

Our interest in the hospitals was not confined to one day, for each term we had some special way of raising funds for those worthy institutions. In the first two terms we devoted the proceeds of our play day to the fund, £12/10/6, and £11/8/6, respectively.

In the third term we sold sweets and ice cream on our Field Day at Birchgrove Oval, and bought our class ribbons to wear on that occasion, thus adding £9/9/2 to our fund. Our last effort was "tuck shop" day—with fourth years as "purveyors to the school." The result was £14, which, together with a donation of £4, made our total £51/8/2.

This was divided between the three hospitals, in which we are specially interested—Sydney Hospital, £16; the Rachel Forster Hospital entirely staffed and managed by women, £20; and the Royal Alexandria Hospital for Children, £15/18/2.

In addition we recently sent 14 lbs. of butter to Sydney Hospital, and 506 eggs on Egg Day.

TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE COMPETITION IN RECITATION.

In June a competition in recitation was inaugurated by the Training College, and Fortians entered as competitors in the three grades. The successful candidates from Fort Street were:

Grade I.—Doris Lipert, First Prize;
Dorothy Kaye, Highly Commended.

Grade II.—Kathleen Lax, Highly Commended.

Grade III.—Isabella Stephen, Dorothy Coleman, Lily Gray, Emily Hughes, Highly Commended.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS.—In accordance with a time-honoured custom, the Prefects for 1927 offered two prizes for an Empire Day Essay. The subject, on which the girls of the Upper School wrote, was "The Spirit of Empire," and for the Lower School, "Sons of Empire."

Molly D'Arcy, V.A., and Irene Shackcloth, IIIA, are to be congratulated on winning the prizes of their respective grades, while the essay of Betty Gray, IB was specially commended.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE.

At the annual oral examinations held by the Alliance Française in September, Fortian competitors were again successful.

Grade II.—Lilian Allen, Joan Balmain, Ruth Lilyblade.

Grade III.—Aza Child, Amelia Hill, Maisie Hannay, Gladys Harman, Wilga Johnson, Gwen Marchant, Chrissie Muir, Madge McIntosh, Doris Roy, Isabella Stephen.

In Grade III Isabella Stephen and Gladys Harman were awarded prizes for conversation in French, while Wilga Johnson was awarded the prize for reading in French. The examiners reported that "the standard reached by a great many of the candidates in Grade III, appeared distinctly higher than last year."

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATE.

It was in a pleasurable state of anticipation that the captain, prefects and representatives of the Debating Society set out with Miss Turner for the Fort Street Boys' High School on 15th July to match our debating powers once again against those of the boys. The subject to be discussed was "That the study of classics is essential to modern education." Mr. McIntyre, the captain of our brother school took the chair, the speakers for the government being Messrs. Owens, Sawkins, and Andrews, and those for the opposition being Misses Kolts, Kaye and Smith.

The speakers set forth in a very spirited manner arguments, none the less profound and forceful for all the sparkling humour of their delivery and we all wondered why we had never before discovered the possibilities of such a subject, which proved that the Fortians of both schools had even exceeded their usual high standard of debating.

The adjudicator, Mr. Grose, commended the speeches of Miss Kolts and Mr. Andrews. He announced after adding up the points that the boys had gained 244 and the girls 243 marks.

After some light refreshment we were taken over the fine building of the Boys' High School, a privilege which we appreciated.

We congratulate the winners, though it would take more than one debate to convince Fifth Years that their minds will be permanently improved by rushing through Livy. Although we hope to be more fortunate in the next debate, we feel that the next best thing would be to be defeated by such an excellent team.

FORTIANA INCOGNITA, 5 A.

The Election of Captain and Prefects for 1928 took place on Monday, October 31st. Fourth Year girls were called upon to elect from their number the eight girls best fit-

ted to carry on the traditions of the School. Two additional prefects were elected by the Mistresses, and from the ten prefects the girls of Fourth Year selected the Captain of the School. The girls, who were chosen for this high privilege and responsibility are as follow:

Kathleen O'Hanlon (Captain) and Madge Marchant, in charge of Year V.

Annie Nash and Barbara Hinton, in charge of Year IV.

Beryl Cakebread and Noreen Stevenson, in charge of Year III.

Phyllis Kaberry and Amy Carpenter, in charge of Year II.

Thea Drury and Olive Chant, in charge of Year I.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society this half year inaugurated a Reading Circle, which meets once a month, and so far each year has provided a very pleasant afternoon for the other members of the Society.

The plays which have been read are: "Fanny's First Play," "Alice Sit by the Fire," "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Rising of the Moon," and "The Master of the House." The second year, and first year members are specially to be congratulated, on their first readings.

For September Play Day, the Dramatic Society, under the supervision of Miss Turner and Miss Purcell, produced "To Have the Honour," by A. A. Milne.

The Dramatic Society takes this opportunity of wishing next year's members the greatest success.

DORIS LIPERT, President.

"TO HAVE THE HONOUR."

On the last day of term, the Dramatic Society presented A. A. Milne's play, "To Have the Honour." It was most successfully performed, each player well sustaining her part. The audience was an appreciative one and included the prefects from our brother school.

"To Have the Honour" is an amusing play based upon the adventures

of two persons, a pseudo prince, one Prince Michael of Neo-Slavonia, and his wife, Jennifer Bulger, widow of the late General James Bulger, K.C.B.

During a holiday spent on the Riviera, Miss Angela Battersby of Wych Trentham has met Prince Michael, and in her off-hand manner invited him to visit her home if ever he came to England. To her surprise, some time later, she receives a note which states that the Prince and his secretary are staying in the neighbourhood. Angela invites them to dinner, and, to meet her distinguished guests invites Captain and Mrs. Holt (Doris Lipert and Phyllis Kaberry), Mrs. Faithful (Isolde King) and her daughter, Imogen (Sheila Smith) Dr. Ainslie (Martha Maxwell) and her intimate friend, Jennifer. Much speculation occurs among the guests concerning the Prince, and the whereabouts of Neo-Slavonia.

The Prince upon his arrival charms everyone. Jennifer manages to talk with him, *tete-a-tete* after dinner, and then comes the revelation that Prince Michael is plain Michael Brown, Jennifer's own husband. Disheartened by his repeated failure to obtain a position after the war, he had left Jennifer and gone abroad to seek his fortunes, and had assumed the title Prince Michael of Neo-Slavonia, whilst Jennifer had posed as the widow of the late General James Bulger, K.C.B. They are proud of the fact that they are "creators" not "impostors" as they have created Neo-Slavonia, and "General Bulger." After much argument, and threats of disclosure, Michael urges his wife to go away with him, but Jennifer refuses so in desperation he explains the situation to his hostess who is greatly amused. As Michael and Jennifer forgot their mutual grievances, the play ends quite satisfactorily.

The outstanding character was Joyce Kolts in the role of Jennifer. She played her part well, and had just that happy, rather blasé air that one would associate with Jennifer. Joan Balmain as Prince Michael, ably sup-

ported her, as indeed did all the characters, from the matter-of-fact Dr. Ainslie (M. Maxwell) with his views on the Established Church, and the training of the young, to Imogen Faithful (S. Smith), very shy in the presence of her old-fashioned mother, but daring and resourceful when the Prince needs assistance. Kathleen O'Hanlon as Simon Battersby, most successfully portrayed the genial, easy-going host, who comes to the dinner-table in his old flannels and blazer, and who cannot even be flustered by the fact that he is entertaining a real prince.

MONA MULLIS, 4 A.

JUNE PLAY-DAY.

The "Dear Departed," written by Houghton and played by 4 B, was the opening item of the June Play-Day. This humorous sketch was pleasantly presented, and the characters were well sustained by Gwen Bothamley, Adeline Sturgess, Clarice Kennedy, Noreen Stevenson, and Selma Lipert; Jean Cameron, who played the part of "Victoria," deserving special mention.

The scenes from "Richard III," which were presented by 2 B, showed that Shakespeare's plays are always enjoyed. The sketch "The Signing of the Grand Remonstrance," presented by members of the same class, proved that history admits of dramatic treatment.

Once again "Pyramus and Thisbe" as acted before the Court of Athens, by Nick Bottom, and his fellow artisans amused the crowd of Fortians in the gymnasium. This well known scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was played very creditably by 3 B. The acting of Barbare Jenkins as Nick Bottom, and of Joyce Hookway as Thisbe was responsible for much mirth in the audience.

Under the supervision of Mrs. Griffin, 3 A danced the "Quadrilles," and three members of 5 A, Joan Balmain, Margery Moore, and Rachel Hayes, the Clog Dance.

The afternoon closed with scenes from "Julius Caesar," culminating in the Forum scene. It was performed by members of 5 A who acted exceptionally well, and showed great insight into character. Joyce Kolts and Joan Balmain both deserve special mention for portraying Antony and the First Citizen, with great ease and naturalness. The remaining characters were played by Ruth Pike, Brutus; Martha Maxwell and Jean Stevenson, the Tribunes; Helen Stevens, Calpurnia; Marion Clancy, Lucius; and Winnie Scriven, Portia. Molly D'Arcy wrote the Explanatory Chorus which was read by Doris Lipert.

T. DRURY.

D. YORK.

THE AUSTRALIAN AUTHORS' WEEK EXHIBITION.

On Thursday, 15th September, a party of second year girls visited the Australian Authors' Week Exhibition, which was held in the Turner Hall, Technical College.

Around the walls of the hall were pictures relating to Australian authors. There were portraits of famous Australians, original sketches by Australian artists, photos of Australian authors, and pictures of Australian birds and animals, showing the processes used in printing coloured plates. Some samples of text-books printed in Sydney were shown on the walls, and needless to say, these did not receive from our party the attention that was due to them!

During the afternoon Miss Dora Wilson (Mrs. Moore) spoke about a book called "Old New Zealand," written by Pakeha Maori, and later Miss Louise Mack told us some of her experiences in London. We enjoyed the lectures, and afterward Miss Wilson and Miss Mack were besieged by a host of autograph hunters.

Original manuscripts of well-known Australian authors were displayed in glass cases. A special place of honour was held by Lawson's pen. This looked as though it was an article of utility, but not of beauty,

for the parts were bound together by string. Other cases contained books printed in Sydney, Australia, and New Zealand.

L GRAY, 2 A.

FAREWELL DAY.

Probably it is difficult for each of us to realise that a time must come when we shall really leave school for all time. Certainly it is a sad parting, but each year Fourth Year Girls strive to give the departing Fifths a happy and fitting send-off from the old school.

On Friday, November 4th, we really said good bye to the Fifth Year girls of 1927, who have proved themselves such a credit to the school. The morning was wet and dull, but fortunately the weather cleared before the afternoon festivities.

At 1.45 p.m. the whole school assembled in the large rooms in the primary school, with the white-clad Fifth and Fourth Year Girls in front, while Miss Cruise, the staff, and visitors, faced the large crowd of girls. A number of apologies, expressions of congratulation and messages of good luck were received, amongst them one from Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, the President of the Old Girls' Union. We were pleased to welcome many of our old captains and former mistresses.

Miss Cruise opened the function with an expression of sympathy for all the unfortunate victims of the tragic harbour collision, with special reference to one of our first year girls, Marie Aria.

The whole school joined in a school song, the "Best School of All." Miss Cruise then addressed the girls who were leaving, and told them that she was convinced that the girls who were now going out into the world would reflect the great possible honour on their school and carry on the traditions of Fort Street.

Miss Watts sang a delightful lul-

laby which was so enthusiastically received that she kindly gave an encore. The choir rendered the Woodland Croon song, after which we all joined in the school song, "Come, Fortians All."

The next item was perhaps the most important. The Captain and prefects of 1927 formed up on Miss Cruise's right, with the Captain and Prefects for 1928 on her left.

Doris Lipert, the present Captain, addressed the girls, followed by Kathleen O'Hanlon, Captain-elect, who wished Third and Fifth years good luck in their examinations.

In turn, the prefects pinned the badge of office on the Prefects-elect, and Annie Nash, Beryl Cakebread and Phyllis Kaberry, addressed their respective years.

After this ceremony the choir rendered another delightful item, "O Happy Fair." We then joined enthusiastically in our other two school songs and gave our school war-cry.

After the Third and Fifth Years had been "clapped" from the room, the teachers once again trod the old familiar path through an avenue of cheering schoolgirls. The staff, visitors, and Fifths then adjourned to the Dressmaking Room, which was very prettily decorated. On the back of each chair was a red and white butterfly, with place card attached.

Each guest received a dainty posy, and a Mountain Devil in school uniform. After many toasts had been badge of office on the Prefects-elect, ting the cake successfully accomplished, the party adjourned to the gymnasium, which was picturesquely decorated, and danced to the strains of an enthusiastic orchestra.

Then everyone formed a circle around the old fig-tree, which has witnessed so many partings, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," many with heavy hearts, doubtless, many with eager anticipation. Farewell and good luck, Fifths!

—AMY CARPENTER, 4 A.

A Loving Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARGARETTA SIMPSON.

FOR 17 YEARS SEWING MISTRESS OF THIS SCHOOL.

DIED

SEPTEMBER 17th, 1927.

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL.

If you were to ask any Fortian what is one of the most important things in school life, she would answer without any hesitation: "Singing!" And are we not proud to be able to answer "Singing!" You might wonder why, but when you have looked at the list of our achievements during 1927 you will wonder no longer. The two singing sections—the singing classes and Special Choir, have both been busy and successful this year.

The Special Choir began by adding a new song to its already large repertoire, "O Happy Fair." The excellence of this song and of the "Woodland Croon Song," was proved when a very proud choir succeeded in carrying off first prize in the Girls' Week Competition. The choir entered the highest section of this competition, in which choirs of not less than fifty voices, all competitors being under the age of eighteen, competed. Such remarks as "perfect enunciation," "beautiful quality," and "excellent phrasing," give the adjudicator's idea of the winning choir, and Jean Stevenson was specially congratulated on her fine solo work. The prize carried with it £15, and a baton for the conductor. When we entered this competition the Special Choir promised Miss Watts that baton, so great was the delight when

she became the possessor of it. It is no ordinary baton, for each part has its own history. Part of it is made from the same precious Indian wood as is the King's yacht. The ebony on it is from Central Queensland, the ivory tip from Taronga Park, and some of the wood used in the Stradivarius violins is inlaid in the baton.

Part of the prize money took the Fortian competitors to "The Yeomen of the Guard," a most happy event, and one that will remain for all time in our memories of the choir.

Partly owing to our success in the competition world, we were given the opportunity of making a record at the Columbia Record Factory, Homebush. Although this was not quite as satisfactory as we would like, we look forward to another opportunity of proving our worth as "record" makers.

Second and third years have been doing splendid work in the field of singing. A large choir from these years took a prominent part in an admirable performance at the Girls' Week Concert. Second years also took part in the Hospital Concert, providing three excellent soloists.

Our sincerest thanks and appreciation go to Miss Watts, who has done such wonderful work in making these things possible and the school as a whole joins with the choir in congratulating her on her many successes.

JOYCE KOLTS, 5 A

TAREE.

Fort Street has added yet another honour to its already splendid record in the realm of sport, and now for a year the Peel Shield will adorn our school walls.

This shield, which is a really beautifully trophy, with a large shield in the centre surrounded by ten smaller shields, on which to engrave the name of each year's winners, was donated by a prominent Taree townsman for competition, in Athletics between the Girls' High Schools of New South Wales. The contest is to be held annually at Taree.

On Thursday, October 6th, our party, Mrs. Griffin and 13 girls, left the Central Station by the 9.30 a.m. Kempsey mail. A special carriage had been reserved for the Sydney schools, i.e. Sydney High, St. George, Parramatta and Fort Street. The long journey occupied the whole day, with short breaks at Newcastle for lunch, and at Gloucester for tea. We arrived at Taree at a quarter to seven and when we alighted on the platform we found ourselves surrounded by a struggling mass of schoolgirls, who were all bent on one mission—an attempt to locate the particular girl, whom they were entertaining.

After we had been claimed, we dispersed in all directions, and went to our hostess' home. There were no official arrangements for Thursday night, and so we were all glad to get into bed.

On Friday morning, the day of the Sports' Meeting, we first met in the Assembly Hall of the Taree High School, which is a very fine building, and were informed of the arrangements that had been made for our entertainment next day. We were then dismissed and before going to the Sports' Ground, which is opposite the school, all the competitors were photographed. Other schools had arrived by later trains and there were then seven schools anxious to compete for the coveted trophy—Lismore, Kempsey, Taree, Sydney, St. George,

Parramatta, and Fort Street.

At 11 o'clock the meeting opened with the first heat of the 100 yards Championship, Clarice Kennedy gaining first place in her heat, while Phyllis Garling kept Fort Street colours flying by gaining 3rd place in her heat.

75 yards Championship. Heat 1.
1st. C. Kennedy.

220 yards Championship. Heat 1.
1st. M. Mort.

220yds. Championship. Heat 2. 1st.
P. Garling.

Tunnel Ball—to play off for 1st or 2nd place.

Overhead Ball—3rd or 4th.

These heats were all decided before lunch and no points were counted. Excitement was intense after lunch when the finals were decided. The points counted were 3 for first place, 2 for second, 1 for third. Everyone was absolutely on tip-toe with expectation as it seemed as though Taree, Sydney, Parramatta and Fort Street had equal chances. But did they? Doubts were soon dispelled and at 3.45 p.m. it was known that Fort Street had won the Shield by 14 points to 10 points, which were secured by Sydney High School.

100 yds. Championship—1st, C. Kennedy, 3 points; 75 yds. Championship—1st, C. Kennedy, 3 points; 220 yds. Championship—1st, P. Garling, 3 points; Relay Race, 440 yds.—1st, (C. Kennedy, P. Garling, N. Bretell, M. Mort), 3 points; Tunnel Ball—2nd, 2 points; Total, 14 points.

After the sports nearly everyone went down to the river, the Manning, which flows past the town and where bathing is very popular.

At night we all met again at the Hall and the shield was presented. The relay team proudly received the shield from the hands of the donor, Mr. Peel, who congratulated victors and losers on the fine sporting spirit that had characterised the meeting. The headmaster, Mr. Murray, also addressed us and spoke of the happy



WINNERS OF THE PEEL SHIELD.

FRONT ROW (left to right): N. Brettell, P. Garling, M. Griffin (Sports Mistress), C. Kennedy, M. Mort.

BACK ROW: M. Rigby, D. York, J. Eades, T. Drury, N. Healy, M. Mullis, A. Carpenter, B. Hart, C. Frith.

friendships which such gatherings promoted. Alderman Hook, in the absence of the Mayor, officially welcomed us to Taree and commented on the fine opportunity which such a competition gave for increasing our knowledge of the State. The captain of the school also congratulated us on our success. Mrs. Griffin, in a happy speech, thanked our hosts and hostesses for the splendid time we were having, and also for the fine weather they had ordered. Mrs. Griffin remarked that she "was like Fort Street girls, better at running than making a speech," but we are not convinced that this statement is true.

We were entertained at a dance until 11 o'clock, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Next morning a tennis match was arranged between Taree and Fort Street and commenced at 9 o'clock. The honours of this match went to Taree.

At 11.30 we assembled for a picnic to Wingham Brush, which is one of the sights of the district. A launch and

a bus had been chartered, and it was arranged that those who went out by launch should return by bus so that all had equal chances of seeing the district.

The trip by launch occupied about 1½ hours. The river is fairly wide, and the banks are not very steep, and as they are grass-covered, the whole scene is very attractive. When we arrived at Wingham it was time for lunch. We had a picnic lunch and then many decided to go for a swim. A rowing boat was borrowed, and everybody had a most exciting time.

After the swim, we decided to walk through the celebrated Brush. The foliage was very thick and the trees seemed to meet over head. We had been warned about the prevalence of stinging nettles and so everyone proceeded cautiously. There are various paths in the Brush, and occasionally we heard a school war-cry shouted from a neighbouring path, and of course, we could not resist such a challenge, and soon the bush resounded with school cries.

We left Wingham about 4.30 p.m., and those who had travelled up by launch enjoyed a delightful trip back to Taree by bus. The trip by bus occupies about half an hour. When we arrived back in Taree we just had time for tea and then everyone packed and set off to the station. We caught the 8.30 p.m. train, and the carriage, in which we travelled up, was again reserved for us. Everyone was trying to say good-bye to everyone else, and the station was a seething mass of people. As the train slowly steamed out of the station, all the schools shouted their war-cries, and we sadly left Taree after a most exciting visit.

When we settled down in the train a surprise awaited us. Our teachers had enthusiastically composed a cross-

word puzzle for us to solve, and prizes were awarded. The puzzle was very funny and really clever. Fort Street girls were successful in winning the coveted trophy—a cake of chocolate—from Sydney High girls, who had only one error.

We really did not sleep on the journey down, but we certainly did try. When we arrived at Sydney at 5.30 a.m. on Sunday, we were very tired, yet we proudly stepped on to the platform, bearing "our shield," which we hope will be successfully defended next year.

In conclusion, the members of the team wish to thank Mrs. Griffin, whose keen interest and enthusiastic coaching were mainly responsible for Fort Street's success.

AMY CARPENTER, 4 A.

THE MIDWINTER TRIP TO KOSCIUSKO.

"Only five more minutes to wait!" "What an eternity!" "Will this train never go?" After making such intelligent remarks the twenty-five lucky girls who were in the Cooma mail, bound for Kosciusko, at the sound of the whistle took hurried farewells of friends and parents, then waved till the train had steamed right out of the station.

We were actually off!

When the first excitement of departure had become merely a faint memory we began to collect our respective belongings and find comfortable corners. Heavy, clumsy boots were exchanged for slippers, rugs were brought forth and eventually we settled down—not exactly to sleep, but to pass the journey reading, talking, singing, playing cards, and last, but not least, to partake of some food to sustain us till we arrived at Cooma.

Of course, between eleven o'clock and five in the morning many of our party tried to catch an elusive forty winks, but at the very first signs of success the remainder began to bring them back to high life by drastic methods.

At Moss Vale we all alighted for refreshments and dashed up the platform to be first for a cup of hot tea and pie, but we were doomed to a bitter disappointment, as both the tea and the pie had the chill of alpine regions.

Close on 6.30 a.m. there was a general move to collect luggage, boots and rugs. When we eventually pulled in at Cooma we were pretty well frozen from the knees downward, but this was nothing to what we felt when walking through the lifeless streets of Cooma with the temperature below freezing point. Some of our party went to Dodd's Hotel for breakfast, while the others went to the Bluebird Cafe. After breakfast we were to be seen walking round the scattered township trying to warm ourselves, and looking hopefully for a single inhabitant, but never a one ventured forth; in fact the town had the air of a veritable 'Deserted Village.'

Ultimately the cars arrived; we were packed in and set off on the last stage of our journey. When we left, Cooma was still under a heavy frost, while a leaden sky overshadowed

owed all; these weather conditions continued until we had travelled several miles, then the forbidding clouds cleared away to give place to a sunny blue sky. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the fifty-odd mile drive through the keen air of Kosciusko, except those who fell asleep, and I dare say they enjoyed themselves, though in quite a different way.

We drew up for a few minutes both at Berridale and Jindabyne, and then continued our upward journey. At the first signs of snow almost everyone was excited (even those who had been asleep showed a slight interest), hands were stretched out in the hope of snatching a handful of the passing snow while we all expected the hotel to appear at any moment. As we neared the Hotel we saw on either side large expanses of snow clad country, sparsely covered with stunted growth and huge granite boulders.

As soon as we reached the Hotel we were allotted rooms by the manager, Mr. Speet, then we set about changing them and our room mates, till we were finally in bedrooms with our own special friends. The Hotel is built after the style of those in Switzerland with a sloping gabled roof and central courtyard.

After dinner those of us who were visiting Kosciusko for the first time went to the ballroom where we were given a lecture on ski-ing and the use of stocks.

Having assembled outside the ski-room in small parties, we set out to make our first attempt at ski-ing. The majority followed the order of the day, by having more falls than anything else, but by the end of the week numbers of Fort Street girls were such experts on the skis that they won events in the sports.

As it would take up a fair amount of space to go into the details of our stay at Kosciusko, I will mention the outstanding incidents, passing over those of less interest.

In the mornings and afternoons the greater number of us went ski-ing to the excellent skiing grounds which are

all within four miles of the Hotel. Occasionally the girls were to be seen walking in groups across the snow and over the hills to the Frozen Waterfall and other exquisite spots in the immediate vicinity.

Cameras were as common as the skis. One had to be prepared at any moment, or at any angle to be focussed and "snapped." The results were on the whole good, although not a few fall-in-the-snow cameras were responsible for bad results.

In the evenings, with the exception of Sunday, when we were entertained by a Cinema, the ball room claimed us till 11 o'clock, while on the Monday night we had a fancy dress ball, which was a really jolly affair. Almost everyone came forth in fancy costumes; one seemed to have been suddenly transported to another world wherein Gipsies, Pierettes, Fairy Princes, Powder Puffs, with many another gay character vied with each other for the favour of King Carnival. In our party the girls who were lucky enough to win prizes, were:—

- Best dressed girl, 1st.—E. Westlake (Gipsy).
- Best dressed girl, 2nd.—M. Lonsdale (Indian Squaw).
- Most original costume, 1st.—N. Lang ("Next Monday Morning.")
- Best sustained character, 2nd.—B. Hart (Telephone Doll).

As a special favour supper was provided, and we were given the privilege of dancing till the hands of the clock reached twelve. During the evening Mr. Speet presented the prizes for the winning costumes, also for the snow sports held that morning. The results, as far as Fort Street girls were concerned, were as follows: Novice girls (Ski-ing) 1, T. Perrin; 3, G. Bothamly.

Open girls' Ski-race—1, T. Perrin; 2, D. Sundstrom.

Novelty.—1, P. Kaberry; 2, L. Drury.

Snow began to fall at about six o'clock on Sunday evening, continuing throughout the night. In the morning the landscape was a veritable picture, with the heavens as soft as

moorstone blue, the shrubs and trees weighed down with a heavy powdering of snowflakes, the snow on the ground glistening in the sunshine, and in the background the Hotel, making the whole reminiscent of alpine scenes in the vicinity of Lake Maggiore.

Our holidays came only too rapidly to a close, and Tuesday morning, the day of our departure, we spent packing, taking snaps and securing auto-

graphs on the backs of menu cards. After lunch, having bidden farewell to those staying on for a few more days, we packed into the waiting cars and sped down the road Cooma bound.

We had an uneventful journey to Sydney, and after having breakfasted at the Railway Refreshment Rooms, returned home with happy recollections of a most enjoyable holiday at Kosciusko.

CLARICE HEYNER, 4 A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

The University,
26th October, 1927.

Dear Girls,

There is practically only one thought in the minds of University students at present: "However shall we cover all that work?" For, you know, we are haunted by those dreadful examinations which commence on 21st November. However, you all know the feeling, but each year it seems worse, and there is always the thought that there may be posts in March—or else distinction papers. What a contrast!

It is not easy to find something more pleasant to talk about at this time of the year. The University Appeal has claimed much of our time and interest during the last few months. No doubt you have heard that Fortian Undergrads raised £10/10/- of the £73 handed over to the Vice-Chancellor by the Old Girls' Union. Splendid efforts have been made by many clubs and societies, the one combined effort being the Fete. Had you seen the numbers of old Fortians serving refreshments in the Union Refectory, you would surely have presumed that they had been trained during part of their academic career to be "professional" waitresses, if such there be. To help swell the funds, the "freshers" held

a successful dance, for which several old girls were on the Committee; and the Dramatic Society, with Thelma Sundstrom as Honorary Secretary, has assisted considerably in various ways. Thelma, by the way, achieved distinction recently when she took the only female part in the dramatic performance which won the Repertory Society's competition, open to all amateur companies in Sydney.

I am sorry to say Fort Street has not distinguished itself in University sporting activities this year. Mary Gallagher was a reserve for the Interschool Hockey which Sydney won; so I am afraid we can boast only of a very inactive share—that of turning up in full force to add enthusiasm to the matches.

The Directors of the Women's Union for 1928 have been announced and Wilga Moore has been re-elected.

Some Fortians have done good work for the Settlement House at Redfern during the year, and Mollie Thornhill, who has helped considerably with the Girls' Club, has again been selected as their representative.

We are hoping that Fortians will keep up the old traditions in the forthcoming examinations, and that as a result we shall see a large number of familiar faces up here next year.

GLYNN STAYTE, ARTS II.

GUIDE NOTES.

Although the company may not have been in the public eye these last few months, the guides have been hard at work for the Inter-patrol competition, and, judging by the splendid results achieved in some cases, the efforts made were by no means unavailing. The Bell-bird Patrol was first with the Magpies second. But, though the competition has been uppermost in our minds, we have nevertheless spent some of the best afternoons of our short history.

On Monday, after school, on 5th September an enrolment was held in St. Philip's Hall. Miss Cruise, Miss Donovan and Miss Arnott were present. Miss Levy enrolled the girls and twelve new recruits were welcomed into the great sisterhood of Guides.

Enrolments are most impressive events, and this one proved no exception to the rule. We were all naturally excited after looking forward to the enrolment for some weeks but we were the more so as Miss Drury was unable to be present on account of illness and each and every one of us wished to have everything just right. For about the first half-hour the kitchen was the scene of great activity, as preparations for the afternoon tea were in full swing. We all had to have a last "spruce up" and make ourselves as spick and span as possible. Why do tenderfoots refuse to remain straight, and holes persist in appearing in such crises? The holes were repaired and the tenderfoots straightened, and after a seemingly endless wait the visitors arrived to find the company looking its very best, with not a hair out of place; and not a sign of the rush of five minutes ago.

After the ceremony, where everyone made or renewed her Guide promise the tension was relaxed considerably, and having listened to a short talk, we ended a most enjoyable, though all too short afternoon, with afternoon tea (or syrup).

On Saturday, the Fort St. Guides were hostesses at a party at St.

Philip's Hall, the usual scene of our activities, and we invited the other companies in our district. Mollie Thornhill, our old School Captain was present.

A guide party is beyond the imagination of the uninitiated, because it is so different from other kinds of parties. For instance, we do not wait for introductions, as usual. The fact that we are Guides makes us sisters, and that is all there is to it. So a tenderfoot is the key to a hundred friends. For the too-shy people, a plan which worked wonders was devised. Each time the whistle was blown we had to sit next to a girl we had not met before. We find ourselves next to our unknown fellow-Guide, and what is left to do?

The rain by no means damped our spirits. We played several lively games, sang some of our favourite songs and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Thus the time flew past, and as all good things, even a Guide party, must come to an end, we had to go home, glad that our party had been such a success, and looking forward to the church parade at St. Philip's the next morning, September 18th.

This was our first very own Church Parade, so you may be sure that we were excited, and in this case the anticipation was not greater than the realisation. Mr. Kenderdine made the service as interesting as possible for us, and we enjoyed it very much.

We are all looking forward to our second camp, which promises to be in every way as wonderful as the first. For some it will be their first experience under canvas, but after camp they will be unanimous in wishing that it will be by no means their last. Those of us who are luck enough to have been in camp before, know that it is there one fully realises what Guiding means, and there one understands and appreciates its great aims.

In closing we should like to express our heartiest thanks for their unflinching interest and work to Miss Drury and Miss Millard, our Company Lieutenant. OLGA SANGWELL.

AN OLD FOUNTAIN.

The drinking fountain, which was originally erected in Princes Street for the use of the public, has recently been placed in our school grounds and is of great service to us.

It is one of several iron ones erected by the City Council in the early eighties. Its age is its only interest from an historic point of view.

There were fountains placed in different parts of the city by Governor Macquarie, but this iron fountain is not one of those, as they were built of stone.

A remarkable feature is the inscription which consists of the words used by Jesus to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." There is also a representation of the coat of arms of Sydney.

I am indebted for information concerning the origin of this fountain to Mr. F. Walker, Past President of the Royal Historical Society of N.S.W.

OLIVE LAMBLE, 1 D.

LAST DAYS.

There is a certain sadness in doing things for the last time—even when they are things that one dislikes. However there are very few that are irksome in connection with Fort Street, and one feels a throbbing pain at one's heart when someone remarks "Only a little longer and Mona Lisa up there will cease to smile tantalisingly at us. Only a little longer and all will be lost to us—the wet day amusements in the Prefects Room—the daily ritual of strolling round the fig trees—the scratched desks and the dusty window panes—in short all the ceremonies of the old school.

The dear familiar things will be silvered by memory and the joy of them will elude us, as the consummation of his desires eluded Tantalus of the legends, but the lessons of Fort

Street will leave an imperishable impression.

The years have revealed an ideal for us to seek—to be true Fortians—and if we succeed in that, then we shall realise our duty to the school and to the world.

Written in half-effaced letters on our school fountain is a promise that has held good for two thousand years. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." For five years we have been tasting the water of Life, and although the pain of parting is great, the spirit of the school may go with us. Then—who knows?—perhaps we, too, shall never thirst again.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 5 A.

AUTUMN.

The whitening willows whisper where
we roam,
The silver stream sings on its stony
bed.
The rugged rocks churn water into
foam,
And shelter quiet pools bestrewn with
red.

The barren cliff becomes the mountain
side,
The stillness is unmoved by beast or
bird,
The Autumn wanes; the dark'ning
clouds deride;
And Winter comes to claim his own,
unheard.

NULLO, 4 B.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Old Girls' Union has had a very successful year, beginning with the Annual General Meeting in April. At this Dr. Marie Bentivoglio was re-elected President and the following committee appointed: Patron, Miss Partridge; Permanent Vice-President, Miss Cruise, Senior Vice-President; Miss Maisie Golding; Vice-Presidents, Miss Rene Lang, Miss Morley, Miss Turner, Miss Tearle, Miss Evans; Hon. Secretaries, Miss Mollie Thornhill, Miss Glynn Stayte; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Jessie Anderson; Committee, Miss Stella Bastian, Miss Mary Gallagher, Miss Kath. McElroy; Staff Representatives, Misses Blume, and Mouldsdales; Tennis Club Representative, Miss Vera Waterstone; Literary Circle Representative, Miss Mary Cathels. At the first committee meeting Mrs. Mackaness and Miss Doris Patterson were co-opted as members.

The first, and one of the most popular functions of the year was the Eighth Annual Dinner held at Dunggowan, Martin Place, on 11th May. About eighty old Fortians attended, and we were pleased to welcome as our special guests, Miss Partridge, Miss Cruise and Mrs. Macartney. Misses Amy Chicken, Esther Thornhill, Agnes Brewster and Mrs. Macartney provided a musical programme that added considerably to the general gaiety of the re-union. Dr. Bentivoglio in her address to the Union stressed the importance of making service to the community one of our chief aims and in the hope of realising this aim we have endeavoured to combine business with pleasure at many of our meetings, and to interest individual members in various forms of social work. As a result members of the Union have helped with the Boys' Brigade at Pymont, the Children's Play Hour conducted by the Sydney University Women's Social Service Society, at Redfern, and the Children's Library

at Surry Hills. We were also able to send a donation to the Girls' Week Fund as a proof of our strong sympathy with the movement.

The Old Girls' Dance this year was held at the Wentworth in July and was from all points of view, one of the most successful the Union has yet arranged. There was an attendance of nearly four hundred, and the sale of lucky favours under the direction of Miss Tearle increased the fun, and likewise the profits. The proceeds, sixty-two pounds, were divided equally between the School Library, and the Graduate Fellowship Fund of the International Federation of University Women. We hope that in future years we shall be able to continue this plan of devoting the dance proceeds to some cause worthy of the Union's support.

In August a Social Evening was held in the Gymnasium in honour of Miss Rene Lang, who has been Hon. Secretary of the Union for the past eight years. After a musical programme Miss Partridge presented Miss Lang with a gift from the Union as a token of their very sincere appreciation of her services over so long a period.

The September meeting was devoted to lectures. Dr. Bentivoglio gave a very brief but interesting talk on Italian Literature, and Miss Ogilvie, who was the guest of the Union for the evening, spoke on the work and organisation of the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women. Miss Mary Cathels is at present the Union representative on a committee working for this hospital, and an attempt is being made to form a committee comprising members of all High School Old Girls' Unions to work for the same purpose. If this combined Union eventuates, we hope that the enthusiasm roused by Miss Ogilvie's talk will help us to support wholeheartedly any activities that are arranged.

An excursion to the Macquarie Lighthouse, to be followed by a gipsy tea, has been arranged for 5th November, and we are planning a Grand Concert to be held in the gymnasium on 12th December. An admission fee of one shilling is to be charged and the proceeds will be devoted to the Union Funds. We are hoping for a packed house.

At the suggestion of Miss Morley and with the full approval of the committee an Old Girls' Drive was made in support of the University Appeal and the Treasurer was thus enabled to hand over seventy-three pounds to the Appeal Fund. Sir Mungo MacCallum in his letter of thanks, paid a tribute to Fort Street, of which we are very proud. For the interest of those who contributed, and are not in immediate touch with the committee I should like to quote: "The reputation of the Fort Street girls for success in the University is a most distinguished one, and it is delightful to think that their loyal liberality is no less than their abilities and attainments."

This year we have also affiliated with the National Council of Women,

and have appointed Dr. Bentivoglio and Miss Glynn Stayte as our delegates to its meetings.

Our sub-societies, the Literary Circle and the Tennis Club are both very popular and add considerably to the social life of the Union. The annual dance of the Tennis Club took place in the Society of Women Painters' Hall, and was both a financial and a social success. A house party for members of the club and their friends was held at Woy Woy Bay, during the Eight Hour week-end. Other activities include a Tennis Evening at the home of Miss Jean Jacobs in May, and an Evening to be held at the Club House on 10th November. The Tennis Club is to be congratulated not only on the enterprise of its members, but on the very material support that it affords all activities of the Union itself.

In conclusion I feel that I must mention the sincere appreciation of the Union for the unflinching co-operation and kindness of the School, without which we realise the Old Girls' Union could achieve but half its purpose.

Mollie Thornhill,
Hon. Sec.

A GUIDE'S ALPHABET.

A stands for Animals to which we are kind,

B stands for Bandages we learn to bind;

C stands for Camping—which we all like—

D stands for Dinners we cook on a hike.

E stands for Everything that we learn,

F stands for Fires where our dinners we burn.

G stands for Guides and the Good things we know

H for the Hikes on which we all go.

I, well, of course, I am a Guide,

J for the Joy when we all glide,

K for the King we honour and serve,

L for the Guide Laws we all observe.

M stands for Many who swell our band

N stands for Neatness on every hand.

O for the Oral tests in Observation,

P for the Pride, we take in our station.

Q for the Quickness always displayed.

R for the Ring-games we often have played.

S for the Sports in which we excel.

T stands for Tracking in woodland and dell.

U for the Uses of all that we learn

V for the Victories—so hard to earn—

W for Work—we all do our share,

X for the Xcellence which is not rare.

Y stands for Youth—we are all young and gay.

Z stands for Zealous—in work and in play.

BY NO-ONE, 2 A.

THE DISAPPEARING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

A rather sad thought!—When we think of the many old buildings, all of them mellowed by the hand of time, many of them over one hundred years old, that are being demolished to make room for the advance of that mighty feat of engineering, the construction of the North Shore Bridge, a wave of pity sweeps over us; for we know what a wrench it must be for the old people who have lived in these houses for many years—some of them all their lives, for we have it on good authority that one old resident having lived in the same house for eighty-five years, has now been forced to leave the only home she had ever known, and find another.

But we see these scenes of destruction every day as we go up the hill to school, for Fort Street, which for over a century, has stood in a quiet spot on Observatory Hill, removed from noise and traffic, and surrounded by old houses built in the Georgian style, without verandahs, and opening straight on to the street, is now the centre of much activity. We hear now the crash of a falling wall, and the incessant whirr of the electric drills, and see clouds of white dust arising from the debris.

The whole block on the eastern side from Grosvenor Street to Essex Street, which consisted of slightly more modern houses, has now disappeared altogether, including Rockwell's shop, which has been so well-known to generations of Fortians.

A very well-known landmark was the old Scots Church, founded in 1824. When a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Lang, arrived in Sydney from London, there was not a Presbyterian Church in Sydney. He immediately began to do all he could for the construction of such a church, and opened a subscription fund, which quickly gained considerable dimensions. Governor Bris-

bane was, at first, opposed to the idea, but later he altered his opinion, and laid the foundation stone on July 1st, 1824. The church was completed in 1826, and Dr. Lang became the first minister. The structure was one of unadorned simplicity—very comfortable, and apart from the installation of electric lights, no alterations had been made in the interior at all.

But this fine old landmark has now submitted to the inevitable and fallen into the hands of the demolishers. Another feature of old Sydney destroyed!

How many of our girls know that our gymnasium used to be the Teachers' Training College? Or that the house next to the gymnasium was the house where all the country students used to board?—all the young men with great ambitions—many of whom have realised them and have risen to important positions in the Education Department, and other public institutions. This house will shortly be sharing the fate of its fellows.

The fountain, another prominent feature of the district, which has stood outside the school gates for many years, has now been removed, but we have not lost that delightful relic of old Sydney, for it has now been placed within the grounds.

But amongst all this upheaval, Fort Street—our school—is going to be allowed to remain—nevertheless, in a few years it will be standing in quite a different environment, for all the romance of the atmosphere of old Sydney will have gone, to be replaced by busy thoroughfares, and a great volume of traffic, and the quiet of the old school will be broken, but nevertheless, within the gates we shall surely be able to find the same restful memories and the same spirit of Fortian comradeship that we have always found.

MARJORIE M. HYDER, 4 A.

VAUCLUSE HOUSE.

Vaucluse House the shrine whither so many pilgrims wend their way in spring time, is to most minds connected with William Charles Wentworth, but he was not the original owner of this historic home. The house has a more thrilling and romantic history attached to it.

Sir Henry Browne-Hayes, an Irish outlaw, owned it before Wentworth. In Ireland, he fell in love with a very rich heiress, or rather her fortune, and apparently the parents did not approve of their marriage. Mistress Mary being away from home, he caused a note to be sent to her, informing her that her mother was very ill, and bidding her return at once. She left in the early hours of the morning, and at a point in the route, she was held up by four armed, and masked men, one of whom was Sir Henry, who abducted her.

At a house nearby, he had a friend of his dressed as a priest, and together they forced poor Mistress Mary, who was very reluctant, into a marriage with Sir Henry. After he had joined her to him in name, he let her go. Her parents were very annoyed, and laid a charge against him.

Sir Henry-Browne Hayes, was sentenced to death, for abduction, but after a time, he managed to have the sentence commuted to transportation to Australia for life. Sir Henry, being no ordinary convict, was exempted from convict labour, and, having his own income, which other convicts had not—he was allowed to build a home out at Vaucluse.

He lived there as a gentleman, more or less, and the Naval officers, who constituted the society of Sydney, received him with open arms. They were not used to educated men like Sir Henry Brown-Hayes, sharing their company, as the polite society of the colony was rather limited in numbers.

Vaucluse House and the grounds around were infested with snakes,

and so, Sir Henry, Irishman that he was, sent home to Ireland for a ship-load of soil from the peat-bogs there. When it arrived he dug a trench all the way round the house, and filled it with the soil. From that day to this, a snake has never been seen in the vicinity.

When Sir Henry Brown-Hayes, returned to England, the land and house came into the possession of William Charles Wentworth. He rebuilt Sir Henry's little cottage, and extended the building, making it one of the most palatial residences in Sydney at that time.

The house has a wide wooden verandah, running three-quarters of the way round, hung with misty wistaria in Spring, and at other times, heavy in green leaf.

The front door opens off the verandah into a long reception room, and from that a door leads to the big ball-room. In this room are shown many of the pieces of the original furniture, and original Wentworth clothes. His wife appears to have been a very careful woman, because tiny articles of the genuine family china, are displayed in glass cases. Over all the mantel-piece there are large carved mirrors, typical of the old-fashioned homes.

Beyond that is a wall paved with valuable tiles, opening on to the ladies morning tea room, and the big dining room. These both have tiled floors, with transparent marble mantel-pieces. The side board is a very wonderful piece of work, with carved legs and drawers, and handles of fine old brass.

Beyond that again, there is a hall at right angles to the one mentioned above, also tiled. Stairs ascend from one end of it, but are barred to the public, as the boards on the floor above are infested with white ants.

Outside the door, is a square stone courtyard, containing ferns, pot plants, stag horns, and many other

plants of the same nature. A verandah runs along one side of it from which opens the family dining room, which is really the more comfortable-looking of the two dining-rooms, and the "Constitution Room," where some of the earliest printed copies of the Constitution of New South Wales are displayed.

Through the arch-way at the end of the verandah, are the kitchen and scullery. From the scullery, a flight of stairs goes up to the male servants' quarters, and when the top is reached, as the ceiling is very low at the top, the unfortunate adventure seeker gets a hard bump on the head.

At the rear of the house there are the wine cellars, at the bottom of a flight of shallow stone steps. The cellars have niches in the wall, which resemble the Roman Catacombs in the days of the early Christians.

A fact, which has not been mentioned, adds much to the interest of

the old house. From the front verandah glass doors open into the bathroom, containing a beautiful old Roman bath, with steps leading up to it. The bath itself is made of great slabs of marble plastered together, and is sunk into the floor.

At the back on the carriage drive, is the old coach house, where the oldest stage coach and the family carriage are on view.

Vaucluse House, as it is called, prides itself on a glorious garden. On the lawn in front, which is latticed in with roses climbing to hide it, a fountain plays in the sunlight. The shady nooks, and the velvet lawns, rolling down the slope, make it an ideal spot for a home.

At present the question of an historical museum is being discussed, and if it is decided to establish one, Vaucluse House is the one place in Sydney most worthy to hold the relics of past heroes of Australia.

MARY MORT, 2 D.

A VISIT TO BLAXLAND'S HOUSE.

Leaving Prospect we forsook the road and loitering over some grasslands we came to a dear old house, which beckoned to us. This was a house where romance still lingered, as it nestled among the rustling trees.



BLAXLAND HOUSE.

It was Blaxland's old residence, now fallen into decay. As we sauntered through its nineteen rooms we somehow realized how homely it was with its many fireplaces, its old shuttered

windows, with window boxes, where once upon a time mignonette must have bloomed, and as we whispered to each other the echoes of bygone days crept around our hearts. Coming to the steps at the front verandah we gazed away to the golden west, and we imagined how in 1813 Blaxland, with his famous companions, Lawson and Wentworth, must have stood where we were standing and gazed hopefully at the mountains, and how, with determination, they mounted their horses and rode away, to find a way across the Blue Mountains. Down in the garden there were rosebushes, but all their roses had bloomed, in the yesterdays, when the little colony was young. Having resumed the road again we thoughtfully looked back, and so with a strange but happy feeling we left the old home dreaming in the afterlight; it was forsaken, but not lonely.

A.J., 4 A.

A MORNING HIKE.

5.30 a.m. on the mountains during the Michaelmas holidays—and not in bed, as would ordinarily have been the case. Yes; even at that early hour I was up, and walking, and it is with wonder I can recall that I enjoyed it. Such would not now be the case, I very much fear. Yet surely the call of those lovely Spring mornings could not have been resisted by anyone, however great a lover of sleep and of bed.

A friend and I set off one morning, when the sun had not been up long and the air was filled with that sparkling freshness, which heralds each day. Everywhere the birds were whistling, and as we swung along the road, it was with scorn that we thought of our other companions who kept to their beds. What lazy beings! (No need to remember that it was with great reluctance I was hauled out of an equally comfortable and warm bed by an enthusiastic walker—I was up now). On either side stretched orchards of apple trees covered with the blossoms that resemble pink and white stars amid pale green clusters of leaves. Now we passed gardens filled with daffodils swaying in the morning breeze their golden cups filled with dew; and now beds of pale, pale primroses.

But soon we had left such common-place things as houses far behind us and were descending into the valleys. Down! down! the track twisted and turned—all around was movement. Among the trees we could see the honey-eaters with their orange waistcoats and long bills, robbing the flowers of their nectar; and once—how thrilled we were—we saw a grey wallaby bounding down the gorge through the thick undergrowth. All was silent down there, and yet it was not really so. Around us the air and bush were filled with continual movement—for nature never is at rest. Even as the sea is ever changing, ever moving, so is nature!

At last my friend suggested that we turn back, but I said, "Let us go

to the next corner!" Are you not ever thrilled at the thought of what may lurk around the next corner? There is always something so mysterious and fascinating about the "next corner." But the bend showed the path still continuing downward, so we had perforce to retrace our steps. But we had not gone far when we found joining up with the main path, what might once have been a track, but which was now overgrown with bush. Our exploring instinct was aroused and we decided to see where it led to. Up! up! so steep that it was like climbing a precipice. Branches grew right over it and underneath the earth was carpeted with fallen leaves. Don't you love the smell of rotting leaves, and the crackling as you tread on them? Sometimes a straying sunbeam dappled it with shadows and sometimes we came upon old grey stones, moss-covered.

At last, victorious, but slightly(?) breathless we reached the top where a path wound along under vast over-changing cliffs. Can mere words even hope to describe their rugged grandeur, their sheerness and their beauty? There they towered far above us—bare, sometimes streaked with browns and reds and orange—untouched by Time.

The path took us to the top, where, to our delight, we came upon a pine glade. Exhausted, we flung ourselves down on the cool grass and gave ourselves up to fancy. Surely here, in the moonbeams, splintered by the branches, and to the sound of whispering pines, danced the nymphs of the woods and mountains! "I'm hungry," said my companion. Oh bathos! bathos!! bathos!!! Yet I must admit it was with alacrity, that I sprang up and started off at a good pace. Somehow the freshness of that lovely Spring morning had entered into both of us and filled us with sunshine and gladness. To snuggle down in bed is delightful—but—to be out walking—glorious!

PHYLLIS KABERRY, 4 A.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

Set on a hill.—Below, the busy world
Moves on, care, strife, and heart-
break—but above,
The old brown School lies dreaming.
Hers a life
Of service, and the hearts she holds
are hers,
And shall be hers forever. All the joy,
The laughter of the years is in her
soul
And to her sons and daughters she
imparts
Her counsel, "Live, that every day
may see
Another willing service. When the
road—

Is dusty from Life's countless cara-
vans
Faint not, but turn unto the weary
through
And cry 'Rejoice.' There are, of us,
who pass
Into the world beyond her loving
care,
But in the press her spirit lingers
still
And in the life that we hand on to
those
Who follow, it shall live unceasingly.
Great hallowed Spirit of our School,
Vale!

JOYCE KOLTS, 5 A.

THE COMING OF THE DEW.

The last rays of the golden sun
had sunk to rest on the western hori-
zon. The feathered darlings of the
Australian bush had long since flown
to their nests. All was quiet save
for the light breeze, scented with the
sweet perfume of the beautiful
boronia, which rustled softly through
the tender leaves of the stately gum-
trees.

Overhead, myriads of twinkling,
silvery lanterns appeared in the sky
of midnight blue, bidding the inhabi-
tants of the bush to come forth into
the glorious beauty of night.

Lady Moon in her robe of dazzling
silver looked down on the great silent
bush and saw, emerging from the
thres, troops of dainty fairies. Tak-
ing her silver mirror in her milk-
white hands, she polished it until it
was possible to see into the very
depths of the deep, brown earth.

Close by, on a dressing-table of
purest silver stood a decanter of the
sweetest perfume. Lady Moon was
about to sprinkle some of it on her
sparkling robe when her kind and
beautiful eyes looked down once more
upon the earth. The fairies were
lightly dancing to the music of a rip-
pling stream, which sang softly as it
danced in the moonlight over the
shiny brown stones. Why should the
fairies not share her perfume? Lady

Moon pondered, then with her magic
wand she lightly touched the scent
spray and scattered showers of sil-
very, liquid perfume on the bush be-
low. It alighted on the gum-trees, on
the green, tinted grass and on all
Australian bush flowers.

Surprise and delight appeared on
the radiant faces of the fairies. How
beautiful everything looked with the
gentle, sparkling drops of light, cling-
ing softly to it.

The song of the stream became
sweeter and merrier. The fairies
danced more gracefully and the
breeze whispered tenderly its mes-
sages to the lacy ferns and the
flowers.

Then as dawn in her flowing mantle
of grey slowly approached, the stars
faded, and with one last sigh of hap-
piness Lady Moon drew an azure cur-
tain across the window of her room.

Next day the birds, the rabbits and
Mother Nature awoke to a new world
clothed in silver jewels.

Quickly did the rays of the golden
sun dry the leaves on which was left
a lingering perfume.

Each night the fairies and Lady
Moon returned, the fairies to dance
and play—Lady Moon to besprinkle
her garden with her precious per-
fume—the dew.

EMILY HUGHES, 2 A.

A HOUSE PARTY.

A House Party! A House Party! Who does not thrill at the mention of these words? Leave your "Caesars" and "Livys," your "Robinsons" and "Carslaws," and go to a house party—have one week of bliss!

We did. Eight of us went to Blackheath, and oh! what a week! We all slept on the verandah, eight beds in a row. In the morning one would awaken, then another, and so on. After morning greetings (mainly carried by pillows) we each consumed half of an orange, and—what will shock our "health rule" enthusiasts—a slice of cake. This would be followed by song—school songs of course being mostly favoured, and then by request "Absent" would be sung by N——. Indeed so charmed were we with this pathetic ditty that before the week was over, "Absent" was sung by all, morning, noon and night.

And then breakfast—will any of us forget those breakfasts! To begin with no one understood the workings of the fuel stove. But generally, however, after two hours' preparation, we cheerily sat down to hard toast, hard—or perhaps dry, scrambled eggs, and much relished "Crispies."

Luncheons were generally cooked out-of-doors, but hear the tragedy of one of our dinners. This particular dinner was to consist of peas, potatoes and tongue. The peas were shelled to the accompaniment of "Absent," and the potatoes, if I remember correctly, were peeled to the very beautiful tune, "Lift Thine Eyes." Believing eight heads to be better than one, we soon discovered how much water is needed for peas. The tongue was a simple matter. M.—opened the tin with a tin-opener and a few "dashes" and "bothers." Blanc Mange was to be our dessert. On reading directions, we learnt that the mixture (?) had to be brought to the boil, and then stirred for ten minutes. But this difficulty was easily overcome.

N.—watched carefully until it boiled, then little G.—hurried over with the clock in hand, and faithfully watched ten minutes fly. But alas! when dinner was served, we found that the peas and the potatoes were not salted, and the famous blanc mange was sugarless.

Every afternoon we indulged in one of our childhood games—hopscotch—and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Oh I must not forget we killed a snake! A real live brown snake! About six of us contributed to its death. It was a tiny brown fellow, about ten inches long, and two inches at its widest—but it was a snake. Little G.—advanced with a huge stick, and whack! I expected to see the unfortunate reptile in two pieces, but as the stick was hollow it was in three or four pieces, and snaky just looked bewildered. Then a united attack followed and the little brown snake was no more. After T.—had carried the victim triumphantly for about fifty yards, in consideration of others, we disposed of it.

Snoring was strictly forbidden, and Is.—, who was the chief offender, understood, at the end of the week, better than any of us, all the uses to which pillows can be put. Our love for Eskimo pies became so famous as to be embarrassing, for should any of us happen to enter the shop, we were greeted with "Good—(what ever it was), how many?"

The wonderful walks and climbs, the wild mountain flowers, and the sweet intercourse of friends, made that one week memorable and immortal. With renewed energy we took up "Caesar" again, and patted Pitt the Elder, on the back, hoping there would be a choice of questions, so that we should not have to tell wise, very wise examiners all they knew about Pitt's son instead of the gentleman in question!

KATHLEEN O'HANLON, 4A.

THE MOUNTAIN CASCADE.

With a mighty joyous roar of freedom the rushing torrent bursts forth from the gloomy chasm in the rock, whose sloping bed has been worn smooth by the constant swirl of its waters. There, no ray of light can shed its radiance to transform the dark walls into myriads of sparkling, phosphorescent jewels. There, no sunbeam sprite may spread its flickering glory, or dance its wayward measures. The only sign of animation, the only sound, which strikes the ear, is the ever re-echoing roar of the water, as it rushes triumphantly down its rugged bed, now in the full blaze of the sunlight.

And as the noon descends upon the world, the purity and wonder of the heavens, seem reflected in the crys-

talline, foaming waters, which suddenly vanish over the edge of a precipice, whose jagged ledges only serve to enhance the wondrous beauty of that roaring torrent. There, at the foot of the deep gorge, after its first turbulent entrance, the cascade forms a dim, shadowy pool of brilliancy, whose outlet lies among masses of enveloping forns.

Down there, although too far away to be discerned, one imagines the dainty charm of the little wild violet as it shelters among its less timorous friends, who bathe their delicate fronds in the delicious coolness of the water, and one wonders at the greatness, at the majesty, of such creation.

REGINA RIDGE, 5 B.

MY VISION.

Idly, in a few of my rash leisure moments, I turned over the pages of the dear, grey-covered magazine, reading for surely the thousandth time, the songs and tales of other pupils, either past or present, of the "Best School of All."

Then I asked myself, why it was that those magazines attracted me with their sombre grey covers, so much more than the rows of gaily covered story-books, which every school girl loves to read, as a recreation from study; and as I glanced for the fateful time, I found my answer.

From the simple verse of the youngest girl to the deep-meaning song of the older, there rose a sweet, sincere, common spirit of rejoicing in their connection with the old, grey building, and a great, deep love for the aged portal, through which so many Fortians have passed. That, I could but vaguely feel, for that feeling was vast, magnificent, awesome.

I read on—to the sad, yet deeply grateful song of the departing girls, and I realised how well they knew

their school, when they called her: "Mother of a nation's pride," and told of the truth and knowledge they had learnt. I read of more joyous times, in the vivid descriptions of sports days, but all paid tribute to their school.

And as I sat, overcome by this sudden, wonderful revelation, which I did not seem able to grasp, into my thoughts a beautiful vision glided.

Her hair was just that delightful silver that is a signal for respect and reverence; her eyes were shining with love and a deep understanding; her face radiated kindness of spirit; and her hands were delicate and fine, showing her power to soothe all troubles. She was garbed in a robe of white which symbolised her purity. She had just passed the bounds of youth, and she was wise and prudent as a result of her experience.

As I gazed at this vision, the vague clouds cleared, and I turned to the magazine once more, realising that I, at last, had seen the great pure spirit of Fort Street.

N. CALDWELL, 3 A.

THE TREE.

In a certain wild land of the south, vast forests grew everywhere. Long, tangled vines were woven among the lofty gum trees forming a green canopy between earth and sky. Long tendrils of the vines trailed down to the ground, forming thick curtains through which the starry-eyed forest creatures played.

But presently a race of men came down from the north, sweeping away the clinging vines and letting sunshine into the dark places. They built a city of a material they made by hardening rainbows, so slender spires pointed to the blue sky, reflecting back the sunlight from their polished surfaces.

Within the houses were open courtyards, where cool fountains played and green, shady trees grew. Birds sang here all day, and little animals played happily with the children, for there was no fear. The men spent their time in cultivating fruit and vegetables for food, while the women looked after their children, and their homes, and made linen for clothing. The people lived together without laws, and yet they were perfectly happy, and there was no crime or disease.

For five hundred years the city flourished, and was a home of wise men, poets, minstrels and artists, until one day some of the children went to play on the seashore, only a few miles distant. There they found some strange men who had been shipwrecked, so the children led them to the city where everyone welcomed them.

These strangers, who were merchants, showed the people certain fruit which they had brought from the wreck. When the people came to share the figs—for such they were—as was their custom, the merchants demanded money.

"Money?" they asked, "what is money?"

The merchants said that they must

have money in exchange for the figs. The rainbow-men explained that all things were given to the earth that men might share them and be happy, but the strangers refused to part with their fruit.

"If you have no money, give us your rainbow stone."

Now the pioneers had made only as much stone as they needed, and the secret of making it had been forgotten. The people, however, were very anxious to taste the figs, and so they broke pieces from a statue and bought the fruit. This was the first time anything had been sold in the Rainbow City. The people had sold something that was freely given to them, and nothing but misfortune could follow.

Each man who tasted the fruit thought how powerful he would be if he ruled over the city and its people. Soon they began to tear down the statues and fountains, and trees, and to fight with these. Each man fought only for himself, so many were killed.

While the city was full of confusion, rain began to fall. As the raindrops touched the coloured stone it began to dissolve, and, as the rain increased in force, the whole city seemed to vanish, leaving only the men, who were still fighting. Then the sea rose, and a great flood swept away all signs of the city, and its people; even the fruit trees were carried away. So the whole race perished.

When the sea sank back into its place and the sun shone again, the grass began to grow, and soon the site of the city was covered again by the forest, and the familiar growth of yore. But there was something more—as yet only a tiny plant. This plant became a large fig tree, and afterwards other fig trees grew, and when men came again the forest had yielded place to the bush, but they found a noble fig tree, the only sign of the glorious race that had van-

ished, and now we sit under the fig tree when we leave our lessons.

All the rainbow stone that van-

ished in the flood is in the sky, for now it is the material from which castles in the air are made.

L.G., 2 A.

LIGHT.

Arise, O first born of the gods, dear
Light

Arise, accept our sacrifice of praise
Loosen the clinging arms of amorous
night

And, golden haired, come speeding
down the days.

Come hot with fiery majesty ablaze
But sweet and swift, as new awak-
ened Spring

Trips with her maidens through the
flowery ways.

And let the shadows of thy brazen
wing.

Enfold us in its mellow splendour
while we sing.

"Ah loved one we had loved thee, ere
the dawn,

Awoke our throbbing souls with
pallid gleams

Ere from the furthest darkness we
were drawn

Instinctively responsive to thy
beams.

Beyond the last dim star you came
in dreams.

Where yet the yearning darkness
lies in chains,

And myriad—visaged memory re-
deems

The song that fades away, the hope
that wanes,

With swift reminder of thy long for-
gotten fanes.

Of have we worshipped thee at morn-
ing tide,

In rising mists and on the hills of
dew,

In cloudlets dripping silver o'er the
wide

Translucent loveliness of sun-shot
blue,

And we have trembled when in rage
thou threw

Athwart the stormy wind the livid
dart,

Yet not despairingly, for soon we
knew

That thou would rend thy stormy-
veil apart

And there reveal the naked wonder
of thy heart.

Ah tender God, the gloomy hours
were faint

With weeping for the hours that
were to be,

But thou wert pitiful to their com-
plaint

And stilled their restless importun-
ity

With moons and stars to guide across
the sea

Of dusk's deceit their weary, wan-
dering feet

Into that haven of eternity

Where hours and days and years in
silence meet,

Lay all their treasure at the irre-
descent seat

Yea, we have seen thee when thy
glory fails

For thou are also beautiful in sleep
Nay, fairer far when thy effulgence
pales

And sinks within the bosom of the
deep

At even, and the mourning heavens
weep.

Then take this song, this little
melody

To that abode where twining rain-
bows sweep

And smile a little, ah, so tenderly!
And say, "My children wove this love-
ly wreath for me."

W. SCRIVEN, 5 A.

THINGS I LOVE.

I love the moss-grown banks of fairy-dells,
 The rippling waters of the running brook,
 The hopeful, pendent, beautiful blue-bells,
 The peaceful quiet of a hidden nook.

A cool breeze blowing on a summer's eve,
 A walk upon a distant moonlit hill,
 The sweet, elusive fragrance violets leave
 The birds that call when night is calm and still.

V.C., 2 A.

A DREAM.

My feet wandered far into the bush, I forgot I was alone. I did not feel the lack of companionship for I dreamed of things far different from the petty experiences of life. I was thinking of a spirit of whom I had once dreamed and the thought of her loveliness surged over me like a mighty ocean wave. I imagined I saw her near yonder tree swathed in a soft clinging yellow mist.

The fast sinking sun bronzed her golden hair as it fell in ripples soft as silk. Her milk white throat seemed like some perfect model of marble, sculptured by a master hand. Her wonderful form stood silhouetted against the western sky, and I stood in ecstasy amazed to think that such a creature existed. The happy serenity of her features seemed to inspire me with courage to face the trials of life.

I did not move, and slowly, to my

wonderment she turned and faced me, looking into my eyes with orbs of softest hue. I did not flinch, but I knew that she had pierced my soul, had read my struggles, and had stamped her image on my memory with everlasting clearness.

One flashing smile she gave me, yet it was all I could ask for, one fleeting look she bestowed upon me, yet it was all I could hope for.

A breath of a zephyr fanned my face, and with it she was borne away, out of my life for ever. Yet shall I forget? Not till the Heavens are turned to brass!

Hesitating between right and wrong I'll see her image, and with that last lingering look she'll influence me towards the right.

This is the dream I often dream in the bush at sunset, and this dream is one of the greatest of my pleasures.

N. HEALY, 4 A.

DAY BREAK IN AUSTRALIA.

When the hours of rest are over,
 The birds sing at their best,
 The cool dew gems the clover,
 As the moon sinks in the west.
 Lo, shining through the rustling leaves
 Of eucalyptus trees,
 The sun smiles, as the moon receives
 Her final glimpse of these.

The morning star grows fainter,
 The she-oaks whisper low,

How many an early painter,
 Could paint that golden glow;
 The perfume of wild flowers sweet,
 Is wafted in the air,
 And dainty tripping fairy feet,
 Dance in the dawnlight fair.

Aurora stands before us,
 In her gayest summer gown,
 And the birds all join in chorus
 To the maid in golden brown.

M.I.B., 2D.

JENKINS' EAR WAR.

There was a war caused by an ear,
The history of it you shall hear:—
Fandino, who was born in Spain,
Met Jenkins in the Spanish Main;
He took a fancy to his head,
But cut off Jenkins' ear instead.
Then Jenkins, with a courage fine,
Cried out, "You thief! That ear is
mine!"

He filled a bottle with some stuff
To keep the ear fresh long enough
To show it when the Commons sat,
And make a "rumpus" out of that.
A war was soon declared with Spain
And this to England was a gain.
And from that day, as you have
known,

All English ears were left alone.

N. THOMPSON, 2 A.

BUSHLAND MORNINGS.

The bush flowers are nodding gay
"Good Morning" to each other in the
Spring sunshine. Bush songsters,
overjoyed, sing of their delight in
liquid, entrancing song. The frag-
rance of the dew-drenched wattle
trees, and the clean refreshing odour
of the damp earth perfume the air
with the rare sweet scent of Nature.

In summer in the early morning,
the sunbeams, after waiting so rest-
lessly for dawn to throw open the
gates of day, come flying down to the
earth to waken Nature's children.
"Hurry, hurry," they whisper to
sleepy flowers, and birds, "Our king
will soon shine down on you. Wild-
flowers awaken and store your trea-

sured honey dew! Mother-birds, seek
your babies' breakfast before the Sun
sends the tiny insects to shelter!" So
all Nature's children awake, to carry
out their duties before the summer
sun shines down in fiery brilliance.
The birds' songs no longer vibrate
with the gay laughter of early
Spring: the gentle notes of the mother
and answering cheeps of baby birds
are the music of birdland in Summer.
The Christmas Bush with its wealth
of tiny flowers, delights in the warmth
of the sunshine. The scent of new-
born gum-leaves floats faintly
through the bushlands, as the old Sun
climbs higher to his castle in the
Heavens.

D.D. 4 A

THE SAD DREAMS OF A BAD TENNIS PLAYER.

I "serve" and "serve" with vigour
great,
Then for the answering hit I wait,
But my fine ardour is ill met,
The ball's reposing near the net,
I try again from t'other side,
The ball in my wild thrash goes wide.

I next "receive"—my hopes awake—
Now is the time my name I'll make.
And name I make, for through the
air,
The ball soon flies—reposes where?
Just at my feet—but I'm too slow,
Alas! This game is lost—I know!

Oh, why is it that while "M" plays,
And wins great honour and renown,
I always spoil the tennis days,
While balls fly round and up and
down?

Perhaps she's had more practice—yet,
That I can't play, I ne'er forget.

I dream and sigh all night, and cry
And end again with "I must try!"
I scream out "play" and then despair
That e'er I'll be a player rare.
Oh, nightmares, go! Just let me try,
I'll beat fair Susanne by and by!

R.L., III A

REGRET.

I watched the sleeping world last
 night,
 Moon flooded,
 Star studded;
 Perfumed and white.

My garden lay in coolness there,
 Dew gleaming,
 Love dreaming,
 Transient and fair.

And in my heart a new found thought,
 Joy singing,
 Tear bringing,
 Thanklessly wrought.

Then when the dawn the night had
 sped
 Grey waking,
 Dream breaking,
 A rose lay dead.

JOYCE KOLTS, 5 A.

THE SECRET.

Professor Smith wrung his hands. His attempt to climb Mount Everest had failed. The expedition had been unsuccessful because he was not practised in mountain climbing. How desperate he was! What would his friends say? Unconsciously his thoughts returned to his school days at Fort Street. What pleasures he had enjoyed, what miseries endured. Miseries—the professor started and as quickly smiled. Inspiration had come to him at last.

A year later the professor returned home successful. He was immediately surrounded by reporters and journalists.

"What," asked these, "was the secret of your success?"

"Practice," he replied promptly, "I was faced with failure. There were no other mountains in the world alike to Everest in nature, but I had the practice all the same—I walked up Essex Street, Sydney, every morning for six years.

KATHLEEN BANNAN, 4 B.

MUSIC.

Cathedral bells are pealing through
 the organ's mighty strain,
 And harp strings throb in ecstasy
 throughout the sweet refrain,
 A thousand notes re-echo through the
 dim sequester'd hall
 With sad and haunting cadence, which
 steals eerily through all.

Upon the great rose window where
 the colours softly show,
 As the glory of the sunset fills them
 with a tender glow,
 A heavenly light is flooding, all the
 world is lulled to rest,
 And the music softly crooning, sings
 the anthem of the blest.

A burst of wondrous harmony, the
 music of the heart,
 Is rising in its majesty to seek a far-
 off part,
 A sweet vibrating melody, a paean
 filled with praise,
 All creation seeks to render in each
 soft harmonic phrase.

The mellow light of setting sun is
 dying slowly now,
 The music softly fades and then in-
 creases in its power.
 To a great triumphant chorus it
 swells slowly up, and then
 To a final burst of glory and a
 glorious Amen.

JEAN STEVENSON, 5 A.

CAPTIVITY.

The sky is blue and clear of cloud,
Slow rolls the tranquil sea,
The graceful gulls are skimming past,
The soft, white wings are flashing
fast,
In joyous liberty.

The corn is ripening in the field,
Soft hums the busy bee;
The bushbird in a cage is fast
Its future days shall all be passed
In dull captivity.

("DOJONO") 1 A.

SUNSET.

All stood amazed at the sight
which met their astonished gaze. King
Sol was just bidding adieu to the
world of mortals. His golden chariot
was even brighter than at noon, when
it had reached the zenith. Sol's
flaming crown of red was emblazon-
ing the whole horizon, and its jewels
glittered most exquisitely. He was
either loath to depart from them even
for one night, or else he was jealous
of his great rival the moon, who was
beginning to peep through the blue
dome above, for Sol drew in with
purple reins, his horses, and turned

his glistening, blazing face to the
world and shed a wonderful light
all round.

His scarlet robe shimmered in the
evening zephyr and diffused its hue
over the sky. It fluttered again to
his side, but as the horses galloped
away, the sight of this great king
faded from mortal view. Reds waned
to golden, golden to amber, and
purple to amethyst, and then the
sun's glory suddenly left the sky.

As I stood alone, watching Nature
rule all, I was amazed at the work of
the Omnipotent.

N. HEALY, 4 A.

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QUAINT CUSTOMS.

Throughout the countries of the world, interest invariably centres on the quaint customs and features, and great interest is attached to the explanation of each peculiar practice.

At Marseilles, on a hill overlooking the city, there is a church, Notre Dame de la Garde—"Our Lady of Watchfulness"—which is approached by a funicular railway. On the steeple of this church there is a gilded statue, and on a misty morning, when the steeple itself is hidden, this figure is touched by the flickering sunlight and appears to be standing on a bed of clouds.

From this church a wonderful view of the harbour can be obtained, with Chateau D'If, the scene of the wonderful escape of the Count of Monte-Cristo, in the foreground.

Inside the church, suspended from the roof, are numerous models of sailing craft, from fishing boats to ocean-going vessels, and interest is immediately aroused by these peculiar

trophies. Whenever a vessel negotiates a heavy storm successfully, a small model is placed in the church as a thanksgiving offering for its safety. There is even a model aeroplane, hanging from the roof of the church, which has evidently weathered a gale at some time, and the pilot has expressed his gratitude in this quaint and appealing fashion.

In Colombo, also, there is a temple in which the worshippers place tokens before various statues, although in this case the tokens are petitions or prayers. This temple is also situated on a hill, and one cannot enter it without first removing one's shoes. Inside are numerous statues of Buddha in glass cases, placed on a shelf and one is expected to place at least one flower in the temple as a sign that one's prayers are acceptable, while on leaving the building, as one's shoes are being returned, one is requested to contribute some coin to the maintenance of the temple.

AMY CARPENTER, 4 A.

BIRD DAY IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

One of the few days looked forward to by the children in the country schools is "Bird Day." A child who lives in the outback often walks four miles every morning and evening in mud up to her knees at times. In that case she carries her shoes and puts them on after she reaches school.

However, on Bird Day, every child arrives at the school ground early, and a merry uncontrollable group they are, as they skip across the country, talking and laughing hilariously.

During these excursions some children walk from twelve to fourteen miles, but the less strong ones, after walking a certain distance, rest under trees and eventually turn back home.

When it is time to have lunch there is no thought of all picnicing together, for little groups are enjoying

their meal probably three miles from each other.

Bird Day is really like a very interesting Nature Study Lesson. Everything is noticed. Different kinds of insects, birds, reptiles, and plants, are eagerly sought for on these occasions, and samples of plants and old nests are carefully carried home.

Every child brings his or her specimens to school next day and the whole morning is spent in discussion of the different things each individual noticed the previous day. That afternoon every child writes an essay on "Bird Day." After that a competition begins. Each pupil who enters has to try to mimic ten birds, which she heard the previous day. When every child has tried the class votes for the best.

ANITA G.Mc.,

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

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Miss GRACE WALTER has just won the 1st Place in Junior Typing under the I.P.S.A. (Sydney).

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