

THE MAGAZINE OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL FORT STREET



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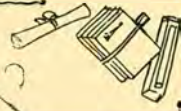
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THE MAGAZINE
OF
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER, 1928.

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Captain, 1928: KATHLEEN O'HANLON.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We were all intensely grieved to hear of Miss Nicol-Murray's serious accident, but are very pleased with the news that she is making such a good recovery. We send our best wishes for a speedy convalescence.

We are pleased to welcome to our staff, Miss Zelig Bristow, a former distinguished pupil of the School.

HOSPITAL DAY.

As usual, our efforts on behalf of the hospitals were not confined to one day. The proceeds of the Modern Language Play Day in June, and of the Play Day at the end of September, added to the money derived from the sale of ice cream and sweets, provided a total of £46/3/7.

The Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, in which we as girls are specially interested, as it is entirely run by women, received £20; Sydney Hospital, in our own district, £16; the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children £8; and the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution £2/3/7.

On Egg Day we sent 866 eggs to Sydney Hospital.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

This year the National Council of Women inaugurated an examination on the purpose and work of the League of Nations. Two of our fifth year girls, Clarice Heyner and Phyllis Kaberry, sat for this examination and succeeded in gaining first and third place respectively.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION.

We wish to congratulate Amy Carpenter, who was awarded first prize in a competition promoted by this Union, for her essay on The Common Ideals of the English-Speaking Races.

THE TEACHERS COLLEGE VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION.

In the competition arranged by the Teachers' College this year, the School gained the following successes:—

Grade I.: Joyce Nicholls, second prize.

Grade II.: Lily Gray and Marion Dallison, highly commended.

Grade III.: Amy Carpenter, highly commended.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society has had quite a successful year. Enjoyable afternoons were spent when the Society gathered together for its monthly readings, and the members are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm with which they organised these readings. Some of the plays read were, "Spreading the News" (Fourth Year), "The Princess Does Not Dance" (Third Year), "The Pomegranate Seeds," "The Gold Bug" (Second Year), and "Cabbages and Kings" (First Year). The play presented at the annual performance was J. M. Barrie's "Alice, Sit-by-the-Fire."

On Miss Turner's suggestion the society decided to form a library. For this purpose plays were bought with society funds and a fourth year girl, Ena White, was appointed librarian. We hope the members will make full use of this library.

In conclusion the society wishes to thank Miss Turner for her keen interest and assistance throughout the year, also Miss Purcell, whose help in producing our plays is invaluable.

KATHLEEN O'HANLON,
President.

PLAY DAY.

September 21st saw the celebration of the last day of school—for a week. Two plays were presented by the Seniors in the afternoon, one by 4B, entitled "Station YYYY," written by Booth Tarkington, the other 4A, be-

ing Sir James Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look."

The first play is humorous and modern. It concerns a father, whose ideas of home management are rather old-fashioned. Hence, he does not approve of his son's many new-fangled ideas, the latest of which is a desire to visit a Boys' Camp. There is also in the play, a love affair between a daughter, Anita Winstead (Joan Carr) and a young lawyer, Roger Colby (Mary Pontey). However, the main feature of the play, is the use made of the wireless set by Herbert (Clarice Kennedy) the son, and Roger, to obtain their own ends. Most of the humour is provided by Herbert, who laments the "hardships" of the only son with older sisters. The father and mother, were played by Nellie McKeivitt and Doris Spring, respectively. The part of the other daughter, Caroline Winstead, was played by Gwen Tollis, and that of the chauffeur, who assists Herbert in his plan to gain his desire, by Jessie O'Brien, Joan Dalzell, being the maid. All these 4B girls are to be congratulated on so ably sustaining their part.

"The Twelve Pound Look," presented by 4A, is a more subtle play than the former. It concerns a man whose ideas and even appearance, spell success. The man, a certain Harry Sims, who is about to be knighted, is first seen practising for the court scene, in the presence of his wife, a meek little woman, who is the echo of her husband. Jessie Bates played the part of Harry Sims with understanding and sympathy, while Irene Shackcloth lived her part. A typist hired to write letters of thanks for congratulations, proves to be Harry's former wife, Kate, who had left him, because she abhorred his ambitions and his friends. This part was well played by Valerie Ball. At the end of the play, Lady Sims seems to envy the typist's independence, and is enquiring the price of typewriters—£12.

The singing of two songs, "Danny Boy" and "Five Little Pica-ninnies," by Miss Watts was very much appreciated, and was the occasion of quite an ovation to that popular teacher. Nathalie Easy ably played incidental music and two pianoforte solos.

MISS BOBBIE, 4A.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL'S PLAYS.

Warm weather heralded the last day of the term—the great day to which we had looked forward and for which we had prepared during many weeks before—Play Day. In the morning the Junior School assembled in the old gymnasium and waited expectantly for the curtain to rise.

The first play was "Alice in Wonderland," given by 1 A. Joyce Williams acted very creditably the part of Alice, who finds herself in Wonderland and, not understanding how she came there, tried to recite some poetry which she used to know. She tried also to say the multiplication tables, but, finding herself unable to accomplish these feats, she was quite prepared to believe that she had been changed into another person. She completed her many strange adventures by a visit to the court of the King and Queen of Hearts. Loud applause greeted the actresses at the close of play which they had produced so meritoriously.

2 D. produced a humorous scene from "Nicholas Nickleby." Jean Potter took the part of Nicholas, Peggy Danberry that of John Broady, while Molly Starr and Leah Shilkin took the parts of Fanny and Matilda Price respectively. This play was also well acted, and the humour much appreciated.

The rising of the curtain for the third play revealed to the audience the interior of an abbey where some nuns, Queen Henrietta and her daughter, also Henrietta by name, were at dinner.

The period from which the play, "The Princess does not Dance," was

taken was that of Louis XIV. when Queen Anne of Austria was Regent of France. Queen Henrietta had come to France with her daughter, as an exile from England and was under Queen Anne's protection. Louis XIV. had fallen in love with a fair lady, Mademoiselle de Mancini, but his mother wished him to marry his English cousin. On the eve of the Great Ball in honour of Princess Henrietta, Queen Anne had planned to announce her intentions concerning the Princess. Mlle. de Mancini and Philip, Louis' brother, played a joke on the King and, as a result, Louis and Philip (who had dressed as Mlle. de Mancini) quarrelled and Philip is left lamenting his silly joke, because Louis breaks his engagement with Mlle., and refuses also to marry Henrietta. Philip comforts Henrietta saying, "Anyway I daresay I shall marry you instead of Louis." Hearty applause followed this play and the actresses in 2A. must be congratulated on their success in costume and production.

The last of all was "The Land of Make-Believe," produced by 2C. The story of a boy who did not do his homework, and was sent to bed where he imagined that he was the captain of a band of pirates on a desert, was indeed interesting and held the close attention of the audience throughout.

During the morning Miss Watts sang two songs to the delight of the girls who always appreciate her singing.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS.

The prefects, observing the time-honoured custom, offered prizes for the best essay written on (a) The Keystone of the British Empire is the Spirit of Sacrifice (Seniors), and (b) The Seamen of Elizabeth's reign laid the Foundations of the British Empire (Juniors). The successful essay writers were Averil Jack, 5A, and Rita Martindale, 3D.

TENNIS.

This year has been a fairly successful one and both teams have had some very keen and enjoyable matches.

The A team, gained second place in the competition, and so qualified for entry into the "Stewart" Cup Competition to be held next month. There we shall meet the winning teams of the competitions arranged by the Association in the Private Secondary Schools, the State High Schools, the Catholic Colleges and the State Primary Schools, and we hope to have a most enjoyable game and win the laurels for our school.

The B team, captained by Mary Mort, did very well, and although they did not win, put up a good fight, even beating the winners by two games.

This year we did not do so well in the P.S.A.A.A. tournament, but we heartily congratulate Joyce Williams of Randwick, and all other winners in this competition.

We sincerely thank Miss Bayley, Miss Herlihy, and Mrs. Griffin, for the whole-hearted zeal, with which they have helped us, and we trust we shall do them justice in the coming matches. NOREEN STEVENSON,
Captain.

LACROSSE.

The Lacrosse team has not been very successful this year though the girls have played well. We owe a great deal to Miss Harris and Miss Paradise for coaching us, and we hope for a more successful season next year, as we do not expect to lose many of our team.

The results for this year are:—

Sydney v Fort St., 8-0; North Sydney v Fort St., 7-0; Fort St. v North Sydney, 0-4; Fort St. v Sydney, 0-12.

PHYLLIS WYLIE, 4A.

BASKET-BALL.

The Basket-Ball season ended on the 21st September with Fort Street tying with Sydney High for second

place in the "A" grade competition; the team being successful in winning two matches by many points, and being defeated only by Sydney High and North Sydney High. However, next year the team expects to do still better, and hopes to gain first place.

Our plucky goal-thrower, Norma Brettell, must be highly praised, also Violet Simpson, who is only a novice at the game, and who next year will make an excellent goal-thrower.

The games have been characterised by excellent team work.

FAITH ADAMS, 3E.

VIGORO.

The Vigoro activities have now drawn to a close. The first match was played against Parramatta High School, at Parramatta. We had a very enjoyable game, Parramatta winning on the 1st innings. The return match was played at Birchgrove Oval, and, after an exciting game, Fort Street won.

We next played Sydney High School, at Birchgrove Oval. Having played a strenuous game, Sydney was successful. The return match, "Old King Sol" would not permit.

Sydney being in the lead for the Shield, Fort Street forfeited the match.

R. LINDLEY.

SECOND TERM PLAY DAY.

The Second Play Day of the year, in aid of the School's Hospital Fund, and arranged by the Modern Language Staff for Friday, June the 22nd, and proved extremely successful as well as most enjoyable.

Almost every class was represented on the programme, the majority of the items being given in French or German. These included dramas, songs, recitations, some of which were of a very high standard. They bore testimony to intense careful preparation and reflected great credit on all concerned.

Two performances were given in the

old Gymnasium—one in the morning, at which the Junior school formed the audience, while the second one—in the afternoon—was for the benefit and pleasure of the seniors.

Appended is the complete Programme:—

1. Duo pour violons: "Sérénade," Gounod—M'lles. Jessie O'Brien, Muriel Haney, Gwen Tollis (4ième Dernière Année).
2. Recitation: "La Dernier Classe," Daudet—M'lle. Jean Potter (2 B).
3. Chant "Elegie," Massenet—(4ième année).
4. Piece de Theatre: "La Petite Institutrice (Classe 2 B).
5. Chants de France: (a) "Ma Normandie; (b) "Partant pour la Syrie" (Classe 2 B).
6. Theater Stuck: "Der Froscher Konig—Grimm (4tes Jahr.)
7. Ballades: Gwen Gillard.
8. Chant et Danse Hollandaise. 4 Eleves (1, 2 Années).
9. Chansons: (a) "Parfum de Rose" (2) "Forgeron." (Classe I C.)
10. Comédie Féérique: "La Belle au Bois Dormant." (Classe 3 B).
11. Lied: "Die Lorelei." (Klasse I C.)
12. Drame: "Maman Recoit." (Classe II E.)
13. Chansons Francaises—12. (Classe I E.)
14. Esquesse, Depart due Petit Savoyard, P. Watchorn, 4 A.
15. Comedy: "Aunt Martha." (1 A and 1 B.)
16. Ensemble: "Le Marseillaise," and "God Save the King."

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

Owing to the generosity of Mr. Dibly, who has done much to increase the number of books by his generous donations and thanks also to the constant help and encouragement of Miss Turner, 1928 has been a profitable one for the Fiction Library.

There is an old adage, "It never rains but it pours," and fortune has indeed smiled on our library to such an extent that it has literally poured books during the past year, a fact

which has greatly increased the number of members, who, it is hoped, will continue to patronise the library during the coming year. Books of every kind may be obtained, and for those desirous of further improving their minds, some fine old classics are among the collection.

We expect to be able to purchase some more new books with the money we hope to obtain from the sale of calendars, with a photograph of the school, so purchase one of these and help a good cause.

We hope that the girls who carry on the duties next year will find them as pleasant as we have done.

J. DALZELL,
J. CARR,

Librarians.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

Although many girls have availed themselves of the privilege of borrowing books from the Reference Library during the past half-year, there is not a membership proportionate to the number of girls in the school.

We know that the girls have not much time, but if they would only make a practice of visiting the Library, first for the pleasure to be found therein, we are sure they would find it to their advantage. There are not only books directly bearing on school work, but poems and prose representative of all periods of English literature. The biography of Queen Mary and the story of Lawrence are very interesting reading.

PATTY WATCHORN,
GWEN. MARCHANT,
BETTY PONTEY,

Librarians.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

During the past year our Special Choir has been busy learning new songs, and revising old ones, with Doris Spring as an able accompanist.

Though we were disappointed at having no opportunity of upholding Fort Street in Musical Competition as

in last year, still the attendance and interest in work have been steadily maintained.

The songs practised during the year include "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Mendelssohn), "Woodland Croon Song" (Clutsam), and "The Parting of Summer" (Bendall).

The members of the Choir wish to thank Miss Watts for her great interest in them.

J. BATES, 4A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The second half of this year has been no less successful than the first half, and the attendance has decidedly improved. Four debates have been held, "That Prohibition will be beneficial to New South Wales," "That honesty is the best policy," "That heredity is stronger than environment," "That cinematographic entertainments should be prohibited owing to their evil effect on the community."

All these debates were won by the government.

The office bearers for next year were elected at a general meeting.

JESSIE BATES, President.
MARIAN DALLISON, Secretary
V. BALL, Secretary.

THE ELECTION OF Captain and Prefects for 1929 took place on Monday, November 5th. Fourth Year Girls were called upon to elect from their number the eight girls best fitted to carry on the traditions of the school. Two additional prefects were elected by the Staff, and from these ten 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:—

Jessie Bates, Captain.

Margaret Cox, Gwen. Marchant, Mary Pontey, Ena Roden, Corrie Saunders, Doris Spring, Sylvia Taylor, Nance Weir, and Phyllis Wylie.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

Second and First Years are at present making Christmas toys for the Surry Hills Kindergarten, and also for one children's ward in Sydney Hospital. Miss Cowie has kindly undertaken to help with the organisation.

A display of the toys made by each Year will be held in the old gymnasium about one week after the yearly examination. Should any other Fortian feel she has time to help this collection her offer would be very much appreciated.

OUR CARNIVAL.

Fort Street Annual Winter Carnival was held at Birchgrove Oval in glorious weather, the sun shining like a great copper disc in a sky of azure blue.

The oval itself seemed brighter than usual, the green grass being marked for the races with long white lines from the starting point to the winning post, the goal of every girl's desire.

Girls clad in athletic "gym" costumes, with their class's colours around their heads, were soon striving, straining every muscle to out-strip their opponents to the winning post.

Then came the excitement of the Orange Race. The oranges when set in position for the race, looked very inviting. They were glistening like golden balls in the sunshine, but, what a difference in a few short moments, for, as the pistol shot echoed across the oval, those oranges were being thrown into buckets and being badly knocked about in the competitors' desire to collect them as quick'y as possible. The various sack races were indeed comical, and provided much laughter for the spectators.

But the School Championship was the greatest event of the afternoon. In that, Clarice Kennedy broke the Australian record for running 100 yards. This breaking of the record is another great achievement to add to the long list already made by the girls of Fort Street.

The most popular event of that enjoyable afternoon was the Obstacle Race. In this, anyone who entered, required legs as long as a stork's to

jump the railings. One had to be so thin to pass through the ladder, and yet, to be so small that one could walk under the net with ease. As not one of the competitors had any of these assets, there were, as a consequence, many tumbles, much squeezing and much difficulty when passing under the net.

Altogether the sports afternoon was an interesting and enjoyable one, crowded with thrills for competitors and spectator alike. Many girls who are first years, are glad that there are still four such carnivals for them to witness.

MONA RAVENSCROFT, 1B.

- The official results are as follow:—
School Championship (100 yds.):—
C. Kennedy, 1; M. Mort, 2; N. Brettell, 3. Time, 11 4-5.
Junior Championship (75 yds.):—
N. Brettell, 1; J. Mort, 2; W. Shanks, 3. Time, 10 1-5.
17 Yrs. Championship (75 yds.):—
C. Kennedy, 1; M. Pitt-Mullis, 2. Time, 9.
16 Yrs. Championship (75 yds.):—
M. Mort, 1; N. Caldwell, 2; E. Melville, 3. Time, 9 4-5.
15 Yrs. Championship (75 yds.):—
R. Gooley, 1; O. Relph, 2; S. Taylor, 3. Time, 10 1-5.
14 Yrs. Championship (75 yds.):—
N. Brettell, 1; R. Burley, 2; J. Mort, 3. Time 9 3-5.
13 Yrs. Championship (50 yds.):—
N. Service, 1; B. Holt, 2; M. Paull, 3. Time, 7 2-5.
12 Yrs. Championship (50 yds.):—
J. Squire, 1; J. Stronach, 2; W. Shanks, 3. Time, 7 3-5.

- 5th Yr. Championship (75 yds.):**—M. Pitt-Mullis, 1; N. Healy, 2; D. York, 3. Time, 10 4-5.
- 4th Yr. Championship (75 yds.):**—N. Caldwell, 1; S. Taylor, 2; B. Brown, 3. Time 10.
- Orange Race:**—V. Swain, 1; G. Dallas, 2; M. Pontey, 3.
- Old Girl's Championship (75 yds.):**—M. Bray, 1; E. Carlisle, 2; R. Hayes, 3.
- Senior Skipping Race (50 yds.):**—M. Mort, 1; C. Kennedy, 2; G. Gillard, 3. Time, 6 3-5.
- Junior Skipping Race (50 yds.):**—N. Brettell, 1; T. Bowen, 2; B. Holt, 3.
- Sack Race (50 yds.):**—A. McLachlan, 1; M. Alexander, 2; G. Walker, 3.
- Egg and Spoon Race (25 yds.):**—M. Mort, 1; L. Dowling, 2; H. Kelly, 3.
- Obstacle Race (150 yds.):**—A. Lassman, 1; M. Withers, 2; B. Holt, 3.
- Sport's Relay (400 yds.):**—Hockey, 1; Basket Ball, 2; Tennis, 3.
- Senior v. Junior Relay (400 yds.):**—Senior, 1; Junior, 2.
- Old Girls v. Present Girls Relay (400 yds.):**—Present Girls, 1; Old Girls, 2.
- Junior Year Relay (300 yds.):**—2A, 1; 2B, 2; 1D, 3.
- Senior Year Relay (400 yds.):**—3D, 1; 4B, 2; 3E, 3.
- Crow Hop (20 yds.):**—M. Young, 1; O. Relph, 2; F. Adams, 3.
- Tunnel Ball:**—3B, 1.
- Overhead Ball:**—3D, 1.
- Under and Over Ball:**—4A, 1.
- Cross Ball:**—3A, 1.
- Sports Shield:**—3D, 1; 4B, 2; 3A, 3.
- Senior Cup:**—C. Kennedy.
- Junior Cup:**—N. Brettell.

WHERE DWELLETH BEAUTY.

It was a golden day in mid-summer, the wind stole on tip-toes through the topmost limbs of the still fir-trees and gently murmured as it passed, whilst the parched earth gasped in the fierce rays of the sun, which blazed from a cloudless sky. In the quietude of noon-day all nature reposed.

On the side of the mountain a little grotto kept unceasing vigil over the valleys beneath. It seemed the only cool place there. Beautiful mosses formed an ever-differing pattern upon the crystal rock walls, and several long low rocks which lay in the centre and by the rear wall, smoothed of all their rough edges ages ago by the sea, wore velvety-green mantles which quite hid the gray, bare rock beneath them. Long trailing ferns dotted the roof, transforming it into a mass of beauty; and little starry flowers rested their fairy heads of purple and gold and pink against the cushioned sides of the rocks.

Gliding noiselessly into this haven

of rest and grandeur, came a graceful woman, wrapped in a white, clinging gown, which fell in a straight fold to her delicately moulded feet, only relieved at the waist by a golden belt, studded with diamonds, which flashed as she moved. Her oval face with its deep violet eyes, and flushed cheeks, was adorned with a coronet of loosely coiled golden hair, while her noble and god-like carriage proclaimed her the Goddess of Love and Beauty.

Stepping lightly into the grotto she dropped her toga across the mossy couch and languidly she lay upon it. Reclining thus in the coolness of the cave, she gazed out over the valleys in deep meditation. The soft music of running waters filled the cave as the beautiful Italian Aphrodite lay adreaming—music that stirred the soul to higher thoughts, inspiring, ennobling and uplifting. Struck by the glowing radiance of her face, and the deep, soulful light in her eyes, Apollo felt as he stood in the entrance of the cave, that it would be sacri-

lege to disturb her then, and stepped aside.

She had not seen him, for her eyes were fixed, in wondering admiration, upon a gorgeous butterfly which rested with quivering wings, on a fern upon the roof, but she heard the movement, and called, "Who goes by?" Apollo answered with a smile, as he entered, "It is I, O fair Aphrodite, who have come to spend a quiet hour in this cave, and find that thou art before me, so I leave thee to thy sweet thoughts. Farewell!"

"No! No, do not leave me, stay and tell me how successful thou hast been in thy hunt this morning." As she spoke she signed to him to be seated on one of the mossy couches, but Apollo declined it, and threw himself down at her feet.

"So be it, if that be thy wish, O Fair One," replied Apollo, "This morning while the dew was still on the grass, I was walking in the forest and I found there a more accomplished player upon the lyre than myself and a greater musician—the little, gurgling, rippling stream dancing over the pebbles. O, how sweet is the tune it plays for the enthralled

listener's ear! Music like silver bells ringing in the land of the fairies, and the murmur of the woods.

So the God of Music talked on and on with the Goddess of Beauty and Love, till the sun sank low behind the trees, sending slanting, golden rays athwart their slender trunks. Their solitude was suddenly broken by the appearance of Mars, who ardently loved Aphrodite, but whose affection was neither encouraged nor returned, for she was enamoured of the fair, singing Apollo.

"Is it indeed time for the God of War to be abroad," she asked with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, "then must Aphrodite be gone, hence, for great Hére's supper is held at dusk and thither I must go, immediately.

Rising from the couch, she gathered the soft folds of her pure white toga about her, and swept out of the cave. And as the last rays of the setting sun fell upon her in a radiance of red and gold, a mischievous summer breeze caught her hair and whirled it all around her in a cloud of living gold, as she ascended to the heavens.

SOPHIE STRONACH, 2A.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"Do you really think you have got a book at last?" I asked in the voice of a martyr.

"Yes, I have what I want now. Oh, wait a second, there might be something over here."

I sighed, it really is a wearisome business dancing attendance on my chum, when she goes to the Municipal Library. It was fully an hour later when Z's pilgrimage was complete, and I, while waiting for the usual business of 'marking off' to be transacted, glanced down, and noticed a noble specimen of the canine tribe at my feet, his large brown eyes gazing soulfully into mine.

I wondered how he came to be there, and bent down and patted him.

"You beauty," I murmured sympathetically. It seemed rather a queer place to see a dog, and I felt rather sorry for him.

At this moment, my chum strolled up and mentioned casually that she was ready, and we departed, I decidedly thankful, for I do not love these weekly pilgrimages to the Shrine of Literature.

Half way down the stairs, I noticed my canine friend following lovingly at my heels. I felt rather pleased—what good taste and intelligence he showed! I patted him. My friend, not being of the energetic type had waited for the lift, but as I loathe and abominate lifts, I had walked, and as usual the lift sailed

gaily past me when I was half way down.

Z—and I were busily picking our way among the traffic of Pitt St., when Z— drew my attention to a tan and white dog which was industriously biting the back tyres of cars. "Ah, my friend again," I thought, "The silly dog, he will get run over," said Z—. It certainly seemed probable, for the traffic was dense, to say the least of it, but so dexterously did he regain the footpath each time, that he was still whole a few minutes later, "He seems to be following us," Z remarked brightly, "I think he is following—me," I corrected her scathingly. "We made friend in the library, didn't we old boy?" This remark I addressed to the dog, which tired of endeavouring to puncture tyres, was trotting at my side already my devoted slave.

"He is a lovely dog; after Peggie died, Dad said I might have another," said Z—. "Oh, did he," I replied coldly. "I somehow do not think he fancies you. Do not knock him with that hockey stick," I added sharply.

The dog, like all his species, proved to be embarrassingly devoted, during the next anxious minutes, when I had to see that he did not get run over, as well as look after my own life. I began to have doubts as to whether we would be able to lose him if we wished to do so.

St. James;—Z—, the dog, and myself, waiting for a train. There was rather a strained silence, I had a suspicion Z— was inwardly chuckling, and this was confirmed by her next remark, "I say X—, we—we—er—we seem to be causing quite a lot of amusement among the small fry." I glanced round, we certainly were, but children laugh at anything.

The dog, with an air of possession, was placidly stretched out between us. I frowned, noticing several defects in his coat, which, in the first ardour of my love, I had overlooked.

I commenced to do some rapid calculation, as to how to dodge this animal which had taken such a fancy to

me. At that moment I would have liked nothing better than to palm him off on Z—.

Fate favoured me, we dived into an empty compartment, carefully shutting the door, and sank down into a seat, I experienced a warm glow of satisfaction. "After all Z—he was a lovely dog, I would like to have taken him home." I felt I could afford to say this now.

"Yes—er—" Z— appeared rather dubious, and I again suspected she was laughing at me.

"What is the matter, now?" I demanded fretfully. Z— appeared too overcome with mirth to reply. "Do share the joke, now we have managed to get rid of that dog." The words froze on my lips, as I looked down the carriage, for there—lying full length, satisfaction expressed in every relaxed limb, was—IT. I began to have visions of a travelling companion.

"Whatever shall I do?" I asked desperately, "I can't take that—that—thing home."

"You were admiring it a short while ago," Z— reminded me, with aggravating truthfulness.

"But—"

"Here's Central—here Boy!" Z— rose calling to the dog.

"Are you going to take it home?" I asked, clutching at the last ray of hope in the abyssal depths of despair.

"No—Oh no, I'm calling him for you," Z— replied innocently.

I set my lips in a straight line and marched towards the exit.

Silence prevailed between us until we were settled in a suburban train—accompanied by the dog—of course.

"Your wish is gratified—you said you would like to take him home, and it certainly looks as if he is going to follow one of us, and, as you brightly remarked before, he does not fancy me."

With this cheerful remark, Z— subsided, leaving me to my melancholy thoughts. I was brought back

to hard facts by Z—.

"Well, au 'voir, I'll leave you the dog, he is a noble specimen, isn't he?"

"Good-bye," I replied mournfully. When all hopes of his following Z— were dissipated, I settled myself down.

"Oh, well," I meditated, "He appears bent on accompanying me home, and I can not prevent him." With

this sound philosophy I comforted myself.

That dog trotted faithfully at my heels, and is at this moment probably chewing one of my last and most cherished possessions, I shall find its mangled and mutilated remains adorning the garden as I have found others every afternoon for a week—and shall do, every afternoon for the rest of its—or my—days.

JOAN CARR, 4 B.

DREAM DAYS.

At last the ship is anchored, and here is the little brown port, which we have not seen for many a long year. The old church steeple rises in its old grey splendour above the dingy red-roofed houses and the little ramshackle shops, where delightful old curios lie sleeping in their dusty glory. Everything is just as it was, when Fortune beckoned us to wander five years ago.

Where to go first? Home? No! not home, when far in the straggling woods just outside the town our warriors are waiting—brave men and true, who in previous years were ever ready to obey our least behest. Will they be so obedient and willing now? Of course they will. For were not their ancestors the brave and loyal knights of old who gallantly fought to right every wrong? Of course, they will be waiting!

Here is the bush strewn entrance just the same. Here is the path which leads to our headquarters. It is rather moss-grown now, but soon that will be cleared away by the martial tramp of soldiers' feet.

There is the stone under which our horn is hidden—the horn which will

summon a shining host of warriors to our side—a horn which inspires the friend, yet fills the heart of the foe with dread—a horn which by its very sound can right the wrongs of the world. Perhaps it is time to begin and right them.

We are about to lift the stone, but our eager fingers hesitate—what is it? We feel that a spy is near.

Suddenly the bushes are parted, and a little boy wearing an incongruous head-dress rushes forward, shouting:—

"Hello, Daddy, you are a trespasser! This is my battle-ground! Look at this old horn; I found it under that big stone, and if I blow it, all my brave heroes will instantly gather around me. But I cannot blow it now, for none has seen my warriors except me."

Sadly smiling, we lift the little fellow in our arms, giving him a tight hug as we realise that this is no longer our kingdom. The old chief has been overthrown by the new, and he must retire into the peaceful solitude of Dream Days.

IRENE SHACKCLOTH, 4 A.

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT.

O-o-o-oh! What was that?

Some weird sound had wakened me and I was sitting up in bed rubbing my eyes. What I saw was a forlorn looking little kookaburra squawking,

"Feed me or I'll die, Feed me or I'll die," and there on a higher branch of the gum tree were two big kookaburras gazing at their precocious infant. One darted away out of sight,

and soon reappeared with a big, fat grub which it dropped into the baby's wide open mouth, then it flew to its branch and laughed heartily at the cute way the baby was gobbling its breakfast. When the long process of swallowing the worm was finished the baby went on telling the world it was dying of starvation until it suddenly realised that its heartless parents had left it. It flew off to find them and make sure that they were not eating any nice grubs.

Scarcely had the kookaburras left their branch when a Jacky Winter flew down and twitched his tail from side to side preening his feathers to show all the other birds how important he was. Then suddenly he spied an overturned Christmas beetle which was frantically waving its legs as though it were asking for help. Jacky pounced head first on the beetle so that his sharp beak would break its hard shell, but he did not succeed. So he flew up into the air and swooped down again several times until he could eat his breakfast comfortably and as soon as his meal was finished, he flew off.

The next visitors were a number of sparrows who came to see what had been left on their dish. Some began their meal while others splashed vigorously in the bird bath, but a cheeky little Willy Wagtail darted into the middle of the pile of food and chased away the sparrows. He did not care for the scraps himself but he loved to see the other birds scurrying away. He strutted off to the bath to have a little drink, but some of the bolder sparrows had returned and he needs must chase them again, until

he saw—what? Lazy old Omar, the Persian cat, asleep under the lemon tree!

Willy remembered that Mrs. Wagtail had told him that very morning to bring back something soft for the babies' crib, so he swooped down and before Omar knew what had happened, Willy was out in the bush with a big tuft of silky grey hair in his beak! Omar decided that it was too early for anyone suffering from old age and obesity to get out of bed to catch sparrows, so he just blinked at the squabbling birds, yawned and went to sleep again.

Soon sedate little Mr. Blue Wren led his large family to the bird table. They were all dressed in sombre brown, but did they care? Not a bit! The wee things gaily chirruped to each other as they played hide-and-seek among the rose bushes until Bluey Reynolds (as Four and a Bit calls him) flew off, and then all hurried after him.

While I was listening to two bul-buls which were sitting in the peach trees grumbling about "these human children who never will let the fruit get ripe enough for bul-buls", a thrush perched on the foot of my bed and gave a shrill whistle, as if to tell me it was time to get up.

"I won't," thought I, "I'll have another nap." So I curled up and shut my eyes. Then "clang" went Big Ben, and I had to leap out of bed to silence his din and try to forget my early morning visitors in the bustle of getting ready for school.

L. GRAY, 3 A.

SOLILOQUY.

Dreamily, I turn the pages of the old Diary over. Here are records of my youthful dreams and desires. How different is reality! Now, I am old, and grey, and bent; the years are skimming on. Would that I had my youth again, but alas! that cannot be. Another page. It shows the child-

ish delight and excitement I felt when we bought a car. A car? Ah yes, I remember; but they are out-of-date now.

The friends of my youth—how well I remember them! Dark-haired bright-eyed Mary, my "Sunshine Girl"; Bessie, the quiet, sympathetic,

patient adviser; Anne, the "girl of moods," now joyous, now sad, now gay, now melancholy and depressed, so changeable, yet always the same—and loveable.

Again, my pets:—Nigger, the silent, affectionate, faithful black cat, which followed me, like a shadow, everywhere; Mick, the little wild and mischievous terrier, always being scolded, needless to say, in vain; and lastly, Dickie, the canary, which would playfully peck my fingers each time I put them on his cage.

I close my eyes. Once more I am young and carefree. I am in my

garden with glowing, glorious colourful flowers surrounding me. Here are the rich, red, heavily-perfumed roses which Mary loved, the bright, dainty carnations for which Anne cared, the shy violets which Bessie admired.

What is that? I heard a voice calling! Alas, I must leave my childish Diary, with its laughter and tears, and thoughts so pure and innocent. I must return to the present and lay away, very tenderly, my happy past. There is much to do, and I must say "Farewell" to my dreams! "Good-bye" to my youth.

ME, 4 A.

THE INSPIRATION.

One cold winter's night when the sound of the wind, like a ghost's hollow voice whistled round the house, I sat beside a blazing fire trying in vain to concentrate on my work. How hard it was to learn the hard, dry facts of mechanics. "Why should a body attached to a smooth pulley ——?" I looked into the fire to seek an explanation, from the glowing, crackling embers, but what did I see? Not the crackling wood but a forest, green and fragrant.

Everywhere was soft velvety grass studded here and there with daisies, sweet faced flowers. A soft breeze rustled the leaves and the sunbeams danced on the grass.

A pathway revealed itself to my wondering eyes, and only half-conscious of what I did, I walked along as if drawn by an unseen hand. As my feet trod the grass a great peace came over me, a longing to appreciate more fully my beautiful surroundings. The path led me to a rippling stream, singing as it jauntily purred over tiny pebbles in its way. It was a happy song which fell on my ears like music, but above its treble, a deeper, more exquisite sound came to me, and turning, I saw by the bank a very beautiful maiden sitting enthroned on thyme, wild violets and a riot of other lovely flowers. Her golden hair fell over her

shoulders and lost itself in the flowers by her side and in her curls blazed a red rose bud on which the dew still sparkled like diamonds, but yet not as brightly as the light in her eyes. They were as blue as the sky above, and their depths as fathomless as the deepest sea. The milky-whiteness of her cheek was tinted with the palest pink and her red lips rivalled the rose in her hair.

She was gently drawing her fingers across the strings of a harp. She smiled at me, a smile which seemed to bid me welcome, for I at once realised she was the spirit of that place. Enthralled, I fell at her feet, scarcely daring to breathe. Her slender fingers wandered over the harp strings and with a lingering touch brought forth music which told of sunkissed lands and seas, wonderful flower gardens, tired children hushed to rest, weary wanderers home at last, and envious spirits calmed to peace. The lilting tone ceased, and a deep note of passionate appeal crept in, which swelled to a crashing chord, where it abruptly broke off. That seemed like the last despairing hope shattered—and yet it had not stopped. The tireless fingers still moved and the sweet melody suggested that hope was still left, and everything would become bright again. During this soft music

I seemed to see fairies dancing in the moonlight, swaying this way and that, to the rhythm. Still softer grew the music and looking up I saw the player's beautiful eyes misty with unshed tears, tears that trembled on her curving lashes, and at last fell on to her flowery throne.

Her sadness was for the world almost lost to the wonder of Nature and yet the smile that played round her tender lips was for the few kindred souls, who realize there still exist

beauty and love in this tired old world. The red rose fell from her hair, at my feet, and I stretched out my hand to secure and keep the bloom that had rested in her golden tresses. But alas! no sooner did I move than everything was changed.

There were the fire, my mechanics book on the floor, and the clock striking eleven. My work was unfinished! Still I can always dream of the spirit who was my inspiration.

N. HEALY, 5 A.

THE ORGANIST.

One day I happened to visit a church in the late afternoon and there I spent one of the most pleasant hours of my life. For the organist came to practise, and, sitting in the shadows of a lofty pillar I was a hidden listener. He was a very old man with snow white locks which reached his bent shoulders. His face was seamed and lined with wrinkles that pain and sorrow, and merciless time had imprinted. But he bore himself with grace and quiet dignity. The rays of the dying sun outlined the figures on the stained glass windows while a tangled web of crimson, gold-purple and blue, held fast his venerable locks, and made a fitting halo for his peaceful countenance.

Ah! the sweet music he created! The liquid notes drawn out by sensitive fingers, that loved their work, echoed throughout the church, stealing through shadows, and whispering to the oaken rafters. Now, they told

of pleasant happy things, now of sad. Gradually the volume of the music increased until it became like an angry beating of wild waves on some rock-bound coast, then, slowly, the fury and passion abated, until one could liken it to the gentle lapping motion of a lake. It was suggestive of summer breezes, frisking lambs, golden sunshine, and green lands and the light-hearted joy of happy youth.

It was growing softly darker and in the dim shadowy twilight, I could see the organist's face, lit up with a noble and glorious light, while his eyes were staring upward with intense fervour, as he lived once more the days of his boyhood. I listened, enraptured, for a little longer, and, then saw him tenderly close and lock the organ, and reluctantly turn his slow, feeble footsteps homewards. Somehow, my heart seemed strangely stirred and uplifted.

G.H. 2 A.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

The 7th September dawned bright and clear, and a very large and enthusiastic crowd of barrackers assembled at the Sydney Sports Ground to encourage and cheer the competitors in their struggle for supremacy in sport.

Fort Street girls having been successful at Taree Sports, went forth

full of hope, for were they not in the best of training?

During the morning all the heats were run off, and Clarice lived up to her reputation by winning her heat in the 100 yards, All School Championship. Then came the welcome respite of the lunch hour. Great excitement prevailed during the afternoon. All

our athletes exerted themselves to their utmost in an endeavour to win the much coveted "Caro Cup," awarded to the school scoring the highest number of points.

In the Ball Games, they were not successful, all going out in the finals with the exception of the "Overhead" team, which won with flying colours.

Then the time came for the tallying up of the points of the various schools, six, four, and two, being awarded for championship and ball games respectively. Great excitement was evident, and Fort Street Girls, like true sports, applauded the schools which had gained more points than theirs.

The successes gained by Fort Street are as follows:—

- 100 Yards All School Championship—C. Kennedy 1st.
- 17 Years Championship—C. Kennedy 1st.
- 16 Years Championship—M. Mort 3rd.
- 15 Years Championship—M. Brettell 2nd.
- Senior Relay—Fort Street 2nd.
- Overhead Ball—Fort Street 1st.
- Team: (C. Frith, M. Mort, N. Healy, M. Pontey, F. Adams, Eunice Brown, E. Howie, and N. Brettell).

The girls wish to express their thanks to Mrs. Griffin for her excellent coaching.

J. O'BRIEN, 4B.

"YOUNG ANARCHY."

Sir Philip Gibbs.

During the latter part of 1926, England found herself in the throes of an industrial disturbance, an upheaval which struck an inestimable blow to her trade and thrust her into a precarious position, brought her to the verge of civil strife, and for a time caused her future to tremble in the balance; but her indomitable spirit asserted itself, and she successfully rallied from this blow, and gradually recovered from the consequent trade depression and general loss.

This great episode has been woven into an interesting novel by Sir Philip Gibbs, in which he has successfully presented the combat of the old and young idea—the idea of youth, which had broken forth from its bonds during the terrible years of war, and having taken the centre of the stage in that stirring conflict, refused now to yield its place, which had been won in such tragic circumstances.

The story centres round a young Oxford graduate, Jocelyn Pomeroy, the son of a stern, Conservative bishop. The young man is bewildered by the chaotic state of society, yet, in company with other members of his

set, is content to let matters drift. These younger brothers of the heroes of the war cannot understand why the older people are determined to lay the responsibility of future prosperity on youth. This fashion is led by Elizabeth Pomeroy, Jocelyn's aunt, an adorable woman with a vital interest in the welfare of the world, who tries to form a League of Youth, representative of all classes of the community, to restore the world to its balance. She is successful in interesting in this society a young coal-miner, an undergraduate, David Swayne, and many young people who are willing to enter into any new scheme for the sake of novelty.

Jocelyn is sent down from Oxford, owing to an escapade with Lettice Wingfield, a beautiful headstrong girl, and finding life at home impossible, comes to his aunt in London, and under David Swayne's influence, stands for election as a Labour candidate. But Lettice and her friends break up Jocelyn's political meetings, and he is not returned.

The tragedy of the war, which is apt to grow dim with the receding

years, is brought vividly before us in another aspect of this story, which deals with a young ex-officer, Frank Hardy, who is unable to find his correct place in the scheme of life when he is demobilized. He gains a position as librarian in Bishop Pomeroy's household, is subsequently dismissed, and becomes Elizabeth's secretary to the League of Youth.

Then we find Jocelyn and his friends in the midst of the strike. As a supporter of the Labour Party, Jocelyn does not join with his friends, who are thoroughly enjoying the novelty of collecting fares, driving antiquated vehicles to cope with the transport question, and slowly keeping London from losing its vitality. After some time Jocelyn realises that the Labour ideals, which are held by Swayne and himself, are now the general aims of their party, and so he rejoins his own set and once again takes his rightful position among his former associates.

The story is related by a literary man, Lettice's uncle, who, on account of his sympathy with the young idea,

is a willing confederate in their wild escapades. By this treatment a delightful personal touch is introduced, and we feel that the characters really lived and were acquainted with the author. The manner in which he presents to us the younger set groping in the dark, trying to understand the gigantic task which confronts them, trying to realise that they must accept the responsibilities thrust on them by their weary fathers and mothers, yet seeking to establish a position for themselves, secure from the restricting bonds of the older generation, is certainly influenced with a deep and intimate knowledge of unrest which followed in the train of the great struggle.

Although youth may not yet have awakened to its full responsibilities, yet during the strike they showed that the spirit which had carried their brothers to victory is only sleeping, but that sleep is not a deep sleep, but one from which it may be aroused at the first sign of danger.

AMY CARPENTER, 5 A.

WHALING AT TWOFOLD BAY.

Twofold Bay, which is situated on the South Coast of New South Wales, is the only whaling station in Australia.

In Ben Boyd's time (1835) it was a flourishing whaling station, having many opposition companies. When Ben Boyd left Twofold Bay, the whaling industry was taken over by the Davidsons, who are still the owners.

The season begins in June and ends in October, when the whales are travelling north and south. The crew, who are generally black, consist of the oarsman, bowoarsman, steersman, harpooner (owner), bow-oarsman, and the man who watches at the Old South Head lighthouse (built by Ben Boyd). This man may watch unsuccessfully for days, but again he may suddenly see a far-off spout and hear the low rumble of the whale blowing.

Giving the signal "Rusho!" (a word used in connection with whaling), the boats are prepared and the crew get ready for a hard fight, which may last for hours. When the whale comes up close to the boat, being pursued by the "killers" (a species of whale), the harpooner gets ready to cast his lance into the whale, and if he succeeds he fastens his harpoon in. This kills the whale. When dead, it sinks to the bottom of the sea for twenty-four hours, and then floats. The whale is then towed to the station, cut up, and boiled down.

The apparatus for killing the whale consists of lance, harpoon, and lance swap, besides numerous other weapons and ropes.

The whale cannot injure the killers, as, unlike them, it has no teeth. It has a very small throat, eating only

the smallest of sea insects. It is a large animal, sometimes being over 70 feet long, and having 20 tons of oil.

If the whale happened to hit the boat it would smash it to pieces. The largest boat at Twofold Bay was 94 feet long. There are two kinds of whales, black or right whales (the most prized), and the finback or humpner. The whale has 365 backbones, on the edge of which is a fine fringe of hair, through which the whale strains his food. The whalebone is sent to England to be made into different articles. A young whale is called a calf, and its mother a cow. The mother never deserts her baby. The whales travel north from June till October, and south from October till June. Last year the largest whale

was 63½ feet long, and it had 20 tons of oil. This was a good capture. A gun is seldom used, as the bomb hits the whale's blubber and flies off into the water.

There are at present five killers all known by different names, and they keep the whales at bay. This is a great help to the whalers, as otherwise they would have little chance of capturing the whale. They protect the crew, and prevent the whale from going to sea. When the whale is captured, the killers' reward is the tongue, the only part they will eat.

People suffering from rheumatism go to Twofold Bay to be cured during the whaling season. If the sufferer is put inside the whale he will be cured.

E. DAVIDSON, 1 E.

SPRING.

When the wattle blooms are out,
When the children laugh and shout,
Why, of course, without a doubt,
It's Spring!

When snow and ice have passed away,
When tiny swallows come to stay,
When the sun shines all the day,
It's Spring!

When the sky is azure blue,
When soft falls the pearly dew,
Kissing each wee blossom new,
It's Spring!

When the rippling brooks are flowing,
With the breezes softly blowing,
When the farmers' seeds are growing,
It's Spring!

When the nightingales are singing,
With the distant church bells ringing,
When the lofty boughs are swinging,
It's Spring!

GRACE KIRKLAND, 2A.

A WEEK-END SYMPHONY.

Above—a cloudless turquoise sky.
Below—a turquoise sea;
And warm brown cliffs are rearing
high,
And where they seem to meet the
sky,
Green is each shrub and tree.

A beach with warm and golden sand,
A billy on the fire,
A playful swim in waters cool,
No worrying thoughts of dreary
school,
What more could one desire?

A boat with glistening sails outspread,
That catch each ray of light;
The rollicking boisterousness of the
breeze,
As it seems the waves' white tops to
tease,
And home again at night.

Once home, a cool, refreshing shower,
To wash the salt away;
The drowsy comfort of a bed,
Those fleeting dreams by fancy led,
Till dawning of the day.

J.N., 2 A.

OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The year 1928 has so far been a very happy one for the Old Girls' Union. Our numbers are not so great as we would wish—there are at present seventy financial members, but nevertheless most of our meetings have been well supported.

Our activities commenced with the Ninth Annual Dinner at the Cocoa Tea Café on 9th May. We had an attendance of seventy, and community singing and dancing ended a very enjoyable evening.

For our June meeting, we arranged an afternoon reunion at the school, on Saturday, June 9th, so that the "Old Girls" might have an opportunity of seeing the alterations to the buildings. The meeting proved most successful in both numbers and enthusiasm, and we are all very grateful to Miss Cruise, whose kindness made the arrangements possible, and to Miss Tearle, and the present girls, who entertained us at afternoon tea. On the same afternoon we collected gifts for the girls' stall at the Fort Street Fete, and one or two of our members were able to help during the Fête.

On July 24th, we held our Ninth Annual Ball, at the Wentworth. It was again a very gay function, although we had only 300 present, 100 less than the previous year. However, we made a profit of £40, and were able to send £20 each to the School Funds and the Rachel Forster Hospital. Again we owe our very sincere thanks to Miss Cruise, and the school, who helped so generously by donations of sweets, and to our indefatigable Miss Tearle, who took charge of them.

On September 1st we organised a small dance at the Society of Women Painters' Rooms, intending that it should be a purely social affair, un-

sullied by any money-making scheme. Unfortunately it proved more purely social than we had anticipated, for we had only a very few present, and it resulted in a slight loss. For those who did attend, however, it was a most merry party, and the Treasurer reports that we are still solvent.

For our next reunion, on Saturday, October 27th, we held an afternoon tea party at the Ambassadors, in honour of Miss Tearle, who has been such a loyal and energetic worker for the union for so many years. Miss Maisie Golding, the President, presented Miss Tearle with a blouse case, a hat-box, and a fountain pen and pencil, on behalf of the union, and Miss Partridge also spoke of Miss Tearle's invaluable services to all of us. We had a party of eighty, and were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Tearle, Miss Turner, Miss Blume, Miss Harders, and Miss Watts, and to receive the good wishes of Miss Cruise and those members of the Staff who were unable to be present.

Our next meeting is not yet arranged, but we hope presently to welcome all the Fifth Years and any other girls who may be leaving school. In the meantime we wish the girls the best of luck in the approaching examinations, particularly the Fifts and Thirds, with whom we sympathise.

In conclusion, the union wishes to express once more its sincere gratitude to Miss Cruise, the Staff, and the girls, for the unfailing assistance and advice we find for all our undertakings.

MOLLIE THORNHILL,
GLYNN STAYTE,

Hon. Secs.

MOON MAGIC.

It was a beautiful night, calm and still, with a great silver moon shining in the sky.

Sounds of night creatures at play came faintly to me as I lay resting, and the big round moon seemed to call

to me to come out, out into the silvery world of the fairies. Then a dainty cluster of peppercorn leaves threw its shadow across the window, and my drowsiness left me as a shy bush 'possum scuttled along a bough to be lost to sight in the shadow of a clump of leaves.

Slowly I rose, and, stepping on to the shining path, I followed it to the road.

There, with bush on all sides of me, the calls of the night birds came more clearly, and I could see little furry shapes hiding among the leaves or scampering across the road, and I could hear the waves lapping and crooning on the sand. The leaves of each bush and tree sparkled and glittered as the moonlight fell on them, and on a far-away ridge a clump of gum trees stood out gaunt and black against the light sky.

With slow steps I made my way to the beach, my feet crunching the grit and small shells at the water's edge. Just where the silvery path of light began, my skiff was lying, and a few minutes afterwards the rhythmic swing of the oars sent a trail of ripples under the curling wake. Across the bay the pale light of the

fishing village gleamed, pale in comparison with the silvery light the moon cast all around. The waves continued their song, and, as the tide rose higher, ran in ripple streams along wide passages between the rocks, or broke with a shower of foam and spray on some distant rock. On the surface of the water, brilliant phosphorescent lights glittered, or livened the scales of some big fish swimming past. Out on the horizon a moving star betokened the mast of some big ship "passing in the night."

One by one the lights in the village faded, and soon I was left on the broad expanse of the bay with only the moon and stars for company. When at length the moon disappeared behind a distant hill, and the cool night breeze was hushed to silence, I pulled my skiff up on the beach and went home.

Over in the east, the first faint pinks of dawn were piercing the dusky curtain. Everything was still. Even the long brown grasses had ceased to quiver, and there was a sweet scent of honeysuckle in the air. My drowsiness returned, and I slipped back to bed, to dream of the magic of a moonlight night.

J.N., 2 A.

DONATION TO THE SCHOOL FUNDS.

Again we have to thank the Old Girls' Union for a very generous gift of £20, being half the proceeds of the

Annual Dance. The Staff and pupils appreciate very much this interest shown by ex-Fortians to their school.

FAREWELL DAY.

Farewell Day once more! On Friday, November 9th, we saw Fifth Year girls, clad in white, trying to assume a happy appearance, but each one feeling deep in her heart that this was really her last day as a pupil of "The Best School of All."

As soon as the bell was rung, the whole school, with the exception of the Firsts, trooped into the old Gymnasium, where we could see the white intermingling with the blue uniforms of the other years. As the teachers

came on to the platform, hearty applause showed how much the girls appreciate their mistresses.

We were glad to welcome two former captains, Jessie Anderson and Essie Cohen, who had places of honour on the platform, and many other Old Girls who returned to school to pass another farewell day under the ancient roof of the Gym. But we must not forget the most important visitor of the afternoon, in the person of Miss Partridge, who, although she resigned

8½ years ago, never forgets Farewell Day, and always greets us with her bright smile.

Miss Cruise presided, and spoke to us in her usual sweet way, which inspires so many of us. To open the



Guard of Honour.

afternoon, the whole school sang "The Best School of All," conducted by Miss Watts. Then the special choir sang "Hark, the Lark!" and "Brahms' Lullaby," and after Miss Cruise had spoken of farewell, Miss Watts delighted us with "The Sweetest Flower

that Blows," with an encore of "The Wind and the Leaves." Then came the most important event of the afternoon, namely, the investiture of the Captain and Prefects elect, by the Captain and Prefects of 1928. The Captain and Prefects are Jessie Bates, Margaret Cox, Phyllis Wylie, Ena Roden, Jean Marchant, Sylvia Taylor, Nance Weir, Corrie Saunders, Mary Pontey, and Doris Spring. The retiring Captain, Kathleen O'Hanlon, addressed us, as did Jessie Bates, Margaret Cox, and Ena Roden.

The rest of the programme included the School Song, "Three Short Years," and the Special Choirs, "O Happy Fair," and "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes." To close the proceedings, the Examination Song was sung, and following this, the National Anthem.

The school then clapped Fifts and Thirds out through the stage entrance. This was just a little token of their best wishes for the examinees. Those outside formed a guard of honour, through which the Staff and the remainder of the school walked, to the accompaniment of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows." So the Farewell Day of 1928 ended.

VALERIE BALL, 4 A.

UNIVERSITY LETTER.

The University,
6th November, 1928.

Dear Fortians,

Perhaps the most interesting news this term concerns sporting activities, in which a few old Fortians seem to have come to the fore during last season. Mary Gallagher is to be awarded her Hockey "Blue," and we all congratulate Mary on her achievements this year. She played in the Inter-'Varsity Competition, which Sydney won, while Eunice Farmer was a reserve. Mary was also an Interstate player, together with Nancy and Tory Wicks, who, as you probably know, have played Interstate for years, and we felt Fort Street was

well represented in one branch of sport at least.

Quite a number of Fortians have again shown interest in social service work by attending the University Settlement House regularly throughout the year.

We seem to be well represented in the Cadet Company, of which Annie Dreves is Honorary Secretary, and Kathleen McElroy Honorary Treasurer, while two of the patrol leaders are Fortians.

To come back to the academic side, there is little to say at this time of the year, when everyone is feeling overworked and making complaints about the burden of examinations.

Joan Mackaness is to be congratulated on winning the Adrian Consett Stephen Memorial Prize, awarded annually for the best short story, dramatic criticism, or curtain-raiser, contributed by an undergraduate to "Hermes" (the University magazine).

The undergraduates as a whole have made an effort to swell the Appeal Fund this year, but the result is rather below expectations. However, a fair sum has been contributed by the women students towards the repairing of Science Road. The original project was to make a concrete road—rather a big scheme for undergraduates to

consider just by voluntary subscriptions, but perhaps it will be realised next year.

No doubt many of you are looking forward to University life in the near future, and we are hoping to welcome many Fortians. However, some of us are hoping to complete our course at the end of the year, and I assure you we shall have many regrets in leaving the University to launch forth to something new.

Best wishes to all Fortians.

GLYNN STAYTE,
Arts III.

THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB.

Five years have elapsed since the formation of the Fort Street Old Girls' Tennis Club. A great many changes have taken place, and very few of the members who joined at the outset now remain in the club.

Socially the club has not been very active this year. Owing to the number of Cabarets in Sydney and the falling-off in attendance at our dance last year, it was considered advisable not to hold a dance this year.

In its place we held a Card Evening, at the home of one of our members, who very kindly lent it for the night. Mah Jong, Bridge, and Five Hundred were all very popular, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

During the year our Tennis Club has had some very interesting and exciting tournaments and matches. Our match against the present school team

was most enjoyable, although we were badly beaten.

We have to mention that Vera Waterstone, our Secretary since the inception of the club, has resigned her position, much to the regret of all our members.

A cup, donated by the owner of our court, as a trophy to be played for by the members of our club, has been called the "Waterstone Cup," in honour of Vera and her untiring efforts for the club.

I wish to remind all the Fifth Years who are leaving school at the end of this year, that there are vacancies in the club, and we are hoping they will fill them. I am sure that they will all spend very happy Saturday afternoons with us.

SYLVIA SNELLING,
Secretary.

THE OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

The members of the Circle have spent an instructive and enjoyable year in the study of modern English, Australasian and Irish novels and short stories.

The subject chosen for study in 1929 is continental writers. All old

girls interested in literature are invited to join the Circle which meets once a fortnight from the end of March to October. A copy of the syllabus for 1929 will be forwarded if application is made to the Secretary, Grace Santos, Department of Education.

A WOODLAND FANTASY.

The shades of night have vanished
The streaks of day appear,
As through the waking woodland,
I pass, Dame Nature near.

A lonely kookaburra,
Australia's joy and pride,
Sends forth in jubilation
His laughter far and wide.

The dwellers of the woodland,
Those furry friends I spy,
Are peeping from their burrows,
Remote from every eye.

Fairy bells are glistening
With silver, mauve and red,
Sparkling dewdrops clinging
Round each elfin's bed.

The freshness of the morning,
Alas! too soon is done,
And disappears like vapour,
Before the rising sun.

B.C., 5A.

TO

When evening shadows fall across
the hill,
And sunset hues are dying in the west,
A soft breeze comes across the
yellowed grass,
Telling of fields that once were bright
with flowers.
It tears my heart, this wind that
breathes of spring,
And brings tears to my eyes when I
do think
How, on a summer evening wild and
fair,
You walked beside me on the yellow
sand.
The blue waves broke in ripples at
your feet,
The sunshine glinted on your golden
hair.
The warm wind, blowing from the
western sky,
Seemed tinged with colour, palest
pink and grey.

You wore a dress of blue, and round
your neck
A silver chain was hung, with which
you played,
Your fingers pink against the grey-
white thread.
You talked of many things, and in
your eyes
A tender smile half came and went
again.
Through all my life I'll see you as you
were
On that fair day beside the smiling
sea;
The sunlight still is glinting in your
hair.
The smile still plays about your
crimson lips,
And in your eyes the quiet of the
dawn
Still lives for me when I do think of
you.

"AYESHA." 5A.

AN AFTERNOON'S RAMBLE.

With a fresh, gentle wind blowing
lightly in our faces we set out along
the brown fascinating road which
led to—we knew not where. On
either side the earliest gum tips were
displaying their glistening, ruddy
shades, and they, together with every

living thing, seemed to be enjoying
the touch of the breeze and the kiss
of the sun. How they danced, seem-
ing almost to laugh with a greeting
for the happy care-free wanderers,
awakening a song in our hearts.

"It's a warm wind, the west wind, full
of bird cries.
I never hear the west wind, but tears
are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the
old brown hills,
And spirit's in the west wind, and
daffodils."

The call was irresistible—Nature beckoned to us and lured us along the track.

Suddenly, although the road still stretched long and narrow before us until it seemed to meet the sky, to the left appeared a track which led down, down to some quiet secluded spot—to all appearances uninhabited. Heeding the call, and yearning to find the very heart of the bush, we turned from the road and cautiously began our descent. How the bush seemed to welcome us—each little flower peeped shyly through the grass or from under old rotting stumps and smiled, asking us to share in the joy of that glorious day. On and on we went, now and again leaving the track to avoid stepping into a glittering little pool—used perhaps by tiny wild creatures by day and by fairies at night when the great silver moon would enfold all in its splendour.

How good and refreshing was the scent of the damp leaves and wet undergrowth and rotting wood as gradually we drew near to a murmuring stream surrounded by soft ferns and dainty maidenhair! Ah! that call was keenest of all—the gentle lapping of the water over tiny pebbles, smoothed by the caresses of the brook.

Now and again we heard the clear, sweet note of a bird calling to its mate. These were the only sounds that broke the pleasant, reverent silence of the scene. Then suddenly, at a turn of the path we came upon an old and neglected dwelling with its walls crumbling away. There was no sign of a human being near it, but who knows what bushland creatures revelled amongst its ruins. Perhaps it was once the abode of an old hermit living there in quiet, happy solitude, and our hearts at that moment envied

the care-free dwellers in that peaceful spot, which seemed to enfold the very soul of Nature.

Now the path became quite wet and slippery, and suddenly it ended in a clump of ferns. Already the sun was descending, and shadows were falling, making the scene even more wonderful and awe-inspiring. In joy and wonder we gazed at the beauty around—at the trees, some straight and majestic, others bowed and weary. Then, refusing to turn back, although dusk was rapidly approaching, we looked longingly across the little stream, eager to see what lay beyond, with the hope—just a faint hope—that perhaps we would be able to return another way. A little further along we perceived an old grey stump lying across the stream. Hurriedly, holding the firm grass on the bank, we made our way to the welcome crossing. No other form of bridge could have been more in harmony with the surroundings or more pleasing to the eye of the joyful wanderers, and taking each other by the hand we crossed to the other side. There the scenery was much the same, although the ground was now more firm and dry, and the scent of the damp foliage gradually drifted away. To our surprise we found two narrow tracks, and after some hesitation we followed the more inviting one, and for some time continued our way in silence, for, as the shadows became deeper, even the leaves ceased to rustle and the birds were seeking their nests. Then, in the distance we heard an unexpected sound, the tap, tap of a hammer, and straight ahead, in a very forest of trees, was a little cottage with a well-tended garden. The noise which we had heard was made by an old man in his workshop, and on making enquiries we were relieved to hear that we had taken the right track, for the other led through wild country to the Grand Canyon. The old man showed us our quickest way home, and we reached the top of the valley just as the first little stars were peeping out.

OLIVE CHANT, 5A.

OUR SCHOOL SONGS.

Every true Fortian is intensely proud of the school songs. These songs have sung themselves down the years in our school till they seem to echo the very spirit of Fort Street.

When new girls come to Fort Street the older ones always hasten to give them a copy of the school songs, for they know that new girls never really feel they belong to Fort Street till they read and understand them.

These songs take us happily all through our school life from "When first we climbed yon well-known hill,"

to

"The time has come to sever," for we sing these songs on all the eventful days of our school life.

Although we cannot call them very sweet or tuneful, still they give us great satisfaction in thus expressing our exuberant spirits. Our songs are happy songs like our schooldays, and I am sure that when I am an old, old woman I shall still remember the joy and enthusiasm with which we always sang our dear school songs.

ISABELLA STEPHEN, 3A.

THE SPORTS' MEETING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

The day of days had come! It was the 17th of October; the great day for which all the children at the school had been strenuously practising; the great day, too, for all old pupils, for it was the annual sports day, when old school chums could renew their friendship and talk of old times.

So, arrayed in their sports costumes, white dress with navy sailor collar, belt and cuffs for the girls, one hundred and seventy young folks met at the Sydney Grammar School Sports' Ground.

The majority of events were competed for by the deaf and dumb children. The most interesting events were rope wrestling by the younger boys, calling for ingenuity as well as tenacity, hurdles championships, half-mile walking race, balloon race, orange race, and many others. An event which would particularly have interested you all was "overhead ball," the teams being formed of deaf and dumb girls, who would prove no unworthy rivals to our own teams.

The deaf and dumb boys presented fine pyramid tableaux, and did credit to their master, each boy being well trained, alert, and efficient.

Conjecture was rife among us who had not previously had the delight of attending the sports as to how the blind children ran their races. Somebody stands at the winning post, continuously blowing a whistle, the kiddies running towards the sound. They derived great fun from all their events, especially the sack and balancing races.

Squadron Leader Kingsford Smith, although unable to remain long enough to present the prizes, as had been announced, found time to chat with the kiddies for a few moments, leaving the blind barrister, Mr. McWilliam, to take his place. The latter was most popular; such prizes as he had to give out, fascinating parcels, curiously shaped, such shaking, such feeling as went on among both the blind and the deaf and dumb children!

All competitors, from popular Dick in the elder blind boys' "tug of war," down to five-year-old Joycie in the small blind girls' and boys' "musical chairs," showed the same sporting spirit—each delighted with the others' success.

MERCIE HOWARD, 5A.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

I am a very large, stately gum tree, and I am exceedingly old. When I say "old," I don't mean that I am ninety-nine years, but hundreds of years old. Being so old, I have seen and heard many strange and wonderful things.

My home is on a hill, and I can see for many miles around. I have watched men building houses and settling down in them. Men have died, and men have been born, but still I live on and on.

Long before men came to this part of the country, and when there were no living things to look upon, I used to love looking up at the blue sky and watching the moon rise and the stars peep out.

One day, many years ago, as I was watching the stars, I noticed a bright streak of silver light darting across the sky. It was a star. But how bright and dazzling it was! When it fell, which it did, only a few miles away from where I stood, it made a deep cavern, and sank down, down into the earth. This was indeed a strange sight, and I could not forget about it. I was still looking at the cavern, and thinking about it when the bright sun peeped over the horizon and heralded the day. Since then many suns have proclaimed and ended the day in a similar way, and as the years rolled by the opening was filled up with dust and dirt.

One day as I was gazing upon the vast stretches of land around me I noticed two men walking towards me for shelter. Soon they were staggering up the hill to a little pool of water, for it was scarce in these parts. When they had refreshed themselves they began to talk, and one said it was very good soil, and that very likely they would find silver round about, and so they set off in search of the valuable ore, as I had heard them say.

I was very curious about these men, and I watched their actions very closely. On and on they walked, until they came to the place where the star had

fallen. Here they stopped. Could the star be this valuable silver for which they searched? I asked myself. Yes. They were digging down, but they could not dig far, because they did not have suitable implements, but it seemed as if their curiosity was aroused. They planted a stick firmly in the ground, and then turned and went back the way they came. For several months I did not see any men, and then I noticed numerous black specks in the distance. Nearer and nearer they came, and I saw that they were men. When they came to the place where the stick was they stopped and put up tents, and, before long, were digging into the earth.

Some of the men had put up their tents under my branches, and so I could hear all they said.

One night as the men were sitting down for their "evening talk," as they called it, I heard one say: "I didn't think it would be worth it, but it is a rare chance not to be missed."

"Yes," replied the other, "I am of the same mind as you. This silver will be indeed a great help to the country, and also to those who have come to dig. But it is a strange thing how it originated."

Here I nodded my branches knowingly. If they did not know, I did.

"Don't you bother your head about that," said the other. "I am going to turn in now and have a good rest ready for hard work to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night, mate," and so they "turned in."

The next day all was bright and jolly, and this continued for many years, and more and more people flocked to the silver mines, until the country was thickly populated.

The population is still increasing, and many of my fellow-trees have been chopped down by a sharp cutter, but I have been spared because of my leaves, and I have therefore been able to tell you some of my history.

SYLVIA DURST, 1E.

THIS IS THE SCHOOL CALLED FORT STREET.

This is the school called Fort Street.
 This is the shelf at Fort Street.
 This is the book that lay on the shelf
 at Fort Street.
 This is the teacher that taught from
 the book
 That lay on the shelf at Fort Street.

These are the maidens all forlorn,
 With their locks all shining and shorn,
 That brought their excuses all thin
 and worn
 About the work they wanted to shirk,
 That worried the teacher that taught
 from the book

That lay on the shelf at Fort Street.
 This is to prove they got out of the
 groove,
 And from that day began to improve.
 Did those maidens all forlorn
 With their locks all shining and shorn,
 Who once brought excuses all thin
 and worn
 About the work they wanted to shirk,
 That worried the teacher that taught
 from the book
 That lay on the shelf at Fort Street.

MACDUFF, 1A.

A RETROSPECT.

A few days ago being urged by an unusual feeling of tidiness, I resolved to put all my belongings in order. After much dusting and arranging, I came upon a book that I thought was lost. That book held many memories for me, because I had read it countless times. So dear were the pages that I began turning them over. When I had reached the middle of the book something fell out.

I stooped and picked it up, and it proved to be a snap. Only a snap! nothing so mysterious or interesting as a long lost will—only a snap! The face and figure which looked up at me were those I owned in first year.

The background was the entrance to the school, and at the side could be seen a glimpse of the dear old Avenue. It has gone now, its very soul torn up by infidel hands (apologies to the workmen) but what stories its stones could tell of the countless feet that had passed over it and of the innocent ambitions and secrets whispered by friend to friend. What a tiny thing I was in those days! A bow fluttering proudly on the top of my noble head, and my long legs encased in one of the first pairs of stockings I ever possessed.

Indeed it seems so long ago that when I look back, I feel as though

I were a hundred years old—more or less. No longer do I fear the consequences of playing and running on forbidden ground for I have passed beyond that stage of enjoyment, but my mind is haunted by a ghost, which is my companion by day and night, and when I forget it for a while in pleasure, it whispers fearful things in my ear. When I bravely turn and face this terrible "thing" I find it is merely—the Leaving Examination.

My thoughts then wandered to myself in second year. How grown up I felt when the new first years arrived! How I disdained to be mistaken for a first year, and how proud I was to realise that I knew Fort Street inside and out. At last I progressed to third year. Then I walked about with a frown upon my brow, wondering if I possibly could remember Richard II.'s patriotic speeches for the "Inter"—for everyone was sure we would have to write them, although in this case the prophetesses proved wrong. Then I was harassed by fears for my pass in science. Those problems never would come out right. I was sure that I had solved them correctly and the book was wrong. However, I dragged my weary life through the Intermediate and entered upon my fourth year.

That is the beloved year of school life. Then we realize that we are really much older and that we have a great deal of responsibility. There is no fear of public examination at the end of the year. Most of the duties in connection with the School's philanthropic efforts fall on fourth years because for them there is no desperate fear of missing a lesson as there is in fifth year. They are not treated as juniors but regarded as girls with a great deal of dignity. At the end of the fourth year, I awake from my reverie and find myself still holding the first year snap, and with a slight mistiness before my eyes, ask where I am now. "At the end of your fifth and last year" a voice softly replies. Yes, my schooldays are finished. At last I am to leave the

dear old school that has been a second home to me for five short years.

What memories it holds for me, of my small joys and sorrows!

How happy I have been there! The idea that I will have to leave it, for the first time overwhelms me. Hitherto I had thought I would wake up from a dream and find myself still in first year, but now realization comes upon me with its full force, and looking down I find that a tear has fallen on the book. Hastily I replace the snap and close the book with a bang, for it will be a long time before I open it again.

As I replace it at the end of a shelf its title is seen for the first time. It is written in letters of gold and I read "A Retrospect."

By "A MEMORY."

WITCH TREES.

Three white, slender, twisting trunks beside one another, behind, inky blackness, and around, all the swirls of grey fog. Their branches are white, ghostly streaks behind clouds of waving blackness. They grow side by side in a diagonal line, bending towards one another, their branches intertwined, talking to the ghosts of green grass blades at their feet of things seen under the moon. The fog is grey over them, hiding weird, white-faced witches, black cats on their shoulders, with tails erect and green eyes like great, round emeralds. Owls perch in the branches, grey spirits thinking of small sleek mice or flights across the sky, blue with white clouds and a great

moon shining on a black earth. In the grass are small, brown toadstools, rings and rings of them twining through one another, with here and there a clump of great grey ones with green lights on their stalks. Brown pixies come here, the pixies with old, puckered faces and long, pointed ears, who weave lost dreams into autumn leaves and steal the squirrels' nuts from their stores in the roots of the gnarled grey trees with green moss on their trunks.

A sad place this, full of small grey ghosts: but when the crescent moon peeps out from a curtain of silver-grey cloud—a place of fairy loveliness.

AYESHA, 5 A.

GREY DAYS.

Grey days are days for dreams, days when the sky is a dull grey covered with soft masses of white clouds, tinged with the grey of doves' wings, when the sea is grey with long black and silver shadows on it.

Then it is that we see the blue mists in the folds of high, brown

hills; the green of heathery ferns, reflected in the black water of the brook; the white-grey of gum trunks; the silver gleam of small fish in shallow pools and the purple-blue dusk on the red pebbles lying on the white sand by the roadside.

AYESHA, 5 A.

SCHOOL GUIDES.

Once again as in former years, our School Company has been well to the fore in the Guide World. The first great event of this half-year was the first round of the New South Wales Shield Competition. After weeks and even months of excitement, preparation, and endless conjectures as to the fatal date, which the examiners would choose to visit our Company, the tension was relieved by the announcement that on the 20th August, we would have the pleasure of their company at the meeting in the afternoon. At last this "red letter" day arrived and it was with inward sighs and unspoken fears that a continual stream of girls made their way towards the Gym. It was not long ere the meeting was in full swing. The first item on the programme was inspection, then came the examination of patrol corners. It was after this that the knowledge of the Guides was tested and many a one racked her brains, sometimes to no avail. So the meeting proceeded and the girls began to breathe more freely as games and songs took the place of the more arduous cross-examinations. It was not till after the meeting was over and the Guides well on the homeward way that their true feelings were revealed. Sighs of relief and exclamations of "Thank goodness, it's all over" were heard, while the visitors remained behind to examine our handicraft work. What days of suspense, hope and despair were experienced by the girls as the week proceeded. It was indeed well that the results were soon received and with them the glorious news that we had won in the first round, and had obtained first place in our district. That meant that we would now be required to undergo a second test in the form of a hike. So on the 29th August, on a Wednesday afternoon the guides repaired to Clifton Gardens, there to gain some experience of outdoor cooking, tracking etc., and in the course of the afternoon to discuss the hike.

It was not till the 15th September that we were requested to be present at Castle Crag with all our equipment for a happy day in the bush. After a short walk, we arrived safely at our destination and proceeded to prepare dinner. What delicious odours were wafted towards hungry harassed cooks, as eggs, chips, tomatoes, peas, apples and custard appeared above the glowing fires. Indeed it was a royal feast which finally reposed on the table (otherwise the rock) and all agreed that it was just as tasty as it looked. A sample of each course was despatched on a small plate to the examiner who seemed to enjoy it quite as much as we ourselves did. After a short rest-hour, the remainder of the afternoon was spent playing games of the most original nature and many a thrilling scene was witnessed by the on lookers when the games were at their height. It was not till the day was coming to a close and the sun sinking behind the hills that a band of happy girls made their way along the homeward trail. Indeed it had been a merry party and we all felt that even if we did not win, yet, we were ready to congratulate the better company and to rejoice with them in their success. However, we were none the less elated when the joyous news of victory reached our ears. For, with it came the happy thought that we are one of the six companies in the finals. Indeed it is with great anticipation and determination that the guides are looking forward to Friday night, 16th November. In spite of the examinations each girl is ready to do her bit and to try her utmost to uphold, on that night, the honour of her school and company.

An enrolment of all those guides who had joined the company this year took place in the Gym, on Friday afternoon, 19th October. It was then that the girls made their Guide Promise and showed that they were

eager to become members of the great Guide Movement. Although a number of the guides had been previously enrolled yet it was at this gathering that they were able to renew their promise, to meditate on what

they were striving to accomplish and to realize anew just what it meant to be a member of the great Sisterhood of Guides.

GWEN MARCHANT, 4 A.
(Secretary.)

A WALK.

It was about four o'clock and it had been snowing since ten that morning. Three of us—O., M. and myself—well covered up in our 'macs', set out for Hat Hill. The air was wonderfully bracing, and we walked at a swinging pace chatting merrily of school, of our present house party, of Hat Hill and other lonely mountain spots. The trees and the plants were so green and fresh, and as the wind and the snow blew in our faces we seemed to feel "the exceeding beauty of the earth in her splendour of life."

Soon the queerest wee shop came in sight. We strained our eyes to read its sign board, and M's eyes (she has lovely amber eyes) proved strongest for she first read "General Provider." Coming up to this 'store' we entered it with high hopes despite the fact that the window beheld nothing but soap and biscuit tins,—and we had only sixpence between us. The sweetest old lady was sitting there who greeted us with a beaming smile saying "This snow was no good for none of her crops, but's a pity you gels didn't see the mountings when it snowed right and hard—they're grand then." We felt they must be, and after some minutes' silence, the proud shopkeeper asked us "what we would be a-wanting," but before we could enlighten her she began a long and surprising list of the contents of her shop. M. stopped her at the mention of butterscotch (M. loves butterscotch, you know) and the next moment we were peering into a biscuit tin and buying its contents, home-made butterscotch. It may have been home-made, but O. swears to this day it contained not one snip of butter; even M. couldn't eat it.

However, shop and butterscotch were soon forgotten, and as we neared Hat Hill the wind grew fiercer and the snow ceased. An occasional sulky and bicycle were all that passed us. We continued for a long time in silence till suddenly we realised how dark it had become, how black the sky was, how near Hat Hill we were, but how far from home. This realisation brought us to an abrupt halt. There was a burst of thunder, then a flash of lightning lit up the valley. The whole scene was weird. Of one accord we turned homewards, clasping each other's hands. But how different, how changed our surroundings. The wind whistled through the trees overhead, and bent them till we feared they would be uprooted; thunder roared till we could feel the very ground shake, and it began to rain in torrents. We tramped on, not one scrap depressed, not frightened, awe-struck rather,—for we felt the unrest of the Earth's soul, and knew she was purifying herself to regain that calm and gentleness without which there is no true strength.

We were within sight of home but no one had spoken a single word on the homeward way. None dared to be so unsympathetic! The storm had reached its height and was now steadily abating. We grasped one another's hands more tightly and through the dim light from our cottage smiled at one another feeling that perhaps in the brief space of one afternoon we had come nearer to the great spirit of the Earth than ever before, that the greatest of all things is indeed a 'quiet mind.'

KATHLEEN O'HANLON, 5 A.

PAN.

Peter lay among the grasses by the river bank. It was evening and he could hear the stream murmuring in the rust-red rushes, and the quiet singing of the wind. The coppery sun had just set and through the black twisted branches of a tree Peter could see Venus—a throbbing point of light in a sky of ruddy gold. All was bathed in the softening glow of sunset—and around was silence. It almost seemed as if the trees, the flowers and even the winds were waiting—waiting!

From the wood came one note silvery clear. It seemed to enter his very soul. The trees stirred—and Peter knew that he must follow, follow! It was the call of Pan, god of the woodland and one with earth and sky.

It led him through the pathless undergrowth where brown leaves cracked under his eager feet and past old grey trunks of trees, moss-covered. But the wood was only the entrance and in his quest he found beauty hidden in unexpected corners—even in ugliness—but the beauty of Earth was perhaps dearest to him of all. Sometimes he looked down on valleys purpled in the dewy dusk, or he ran with twinkling feet over windy hill-tops that fade in the opal haze of distance. Often he danced over the curling wavelets that laughed and dimpled to the sun. He loved to stand on some lonely crag, scarred

by the winds of heaven, feeling in his face the sea breeze with its salty tang, while the breakers with manes of flying spray dashed beneath. Always he was seeking and listening for those silvery notes of Pan's pipes and instinctively he divined that the message would come to him through the beauty of blue mountains, running water or flowers dew-speckled—"all channels of loveliness" to the Earth-Soul.

Once the storm caught him up on its great black wings and he felt for a time its mighty power and more—its freedom!

Sometimes he played in the dreamy moon mists or looked for lost moonlight in the soul of a little wild violet; or he came upon green fields where the tender lucerne peeped above the rough brown earth. But greater than his love for all other trees was Peter's love for the pines—the longings of the Earth for the stars. That is why pine trees are so lonely and stand aloof, but they always gave him sympathy and courage. For Peter was only a little boy. He often grew tired, and it seemed that he would never find Pan.

One night he climbed to the ridge of a mountain that brushed the sky and as he drifted into sleep, starwinds caressed his cheek. In his dream he heard Pan call, the great Earth-spirit took him to herself, and he knew freedom—glorious Freedom!

SILVER BIRCH, 5 A.

MY FIND.

I burst upon it breathlessly—
A dell of beauty rare—
Where many birds, incessantly
Twittered, without a care.

A rippling rill raced ever on,
Across its shady floor,
And rushing in a wild couldron,
Raced on for ever more.

Swaying, lulled by gentle breezes,
The slender galingale
To the primrose nods, and teases
The butterfly as frail.

Guarded by the old gaunt gum,
The wattle overhung,
This dell to me does often come,
Of woe to still the tongue.

BETTY GRAY, 2A.

OUR FLAGSHIP.

The Romance of Sea and Ships still Lives!

Over the Sea of Remembrance lies that other October morning fifteen years ago when through the grey misty heads into the gloomy harbour glided the First Australian Fleet, shadowy phantom ships of war, following in the wake of the pride of the Commonwealth, H.M.A.S. "Australia." Perhaps, in the enfolding mist unseen by mortal eye, but vaguely felt by all the lovers of the sea, were the silent presences of Britain's great sailors, Captain Cook, Nelson, Drake, Grenville, triumphant, yet reverent lookers-on.

The spirit of that flagship never died, it is living, reborn again in the second "Australia," beloved by all and upheld by the glorious traditions established by the "Endeavour," the

"Victory," the "Golden Mind," and the "Revenge."

In the peaceful October of 1928 she has come to us to serve the Great South Land. The Australian sunshine bathes her in its warmth, the blue, blue waters of the Pacific tides caress her keel and at night the Southern Cross twinkles down upon her till the sun steals up from the sea.

All the future lies before her. We know not in what seas her mighty guns will boom, we know not over what foes her searchlight will flash, we know not if she will respond to the genius of a great commander, we only know, that she flies the British Ensign, which means, that no matter in what extremity she may be, her fight, will be no ignoble one.

AVERIL JACK, 5 A.

MAITLAND DISTRICT, N.S.W.

A shallow, oblong pool nestles in a clump of green gums with dark grey trunks. Around its edge, soft, green grass grows, sun-dappled, above the sky is blue with grey-white clouds. The water is green, the dark green of an emerald, broken by patches of white light where the setting sun shines softly through the tree trunks. One gum leans over the pool, its dusky trunk and dark green leaves,

touched with light, reflected in the dark of the water.

A great grey hill, covered sparsely with grey-white gum trees; in its folds lurks a blue mist among the green of the trees. At the top, against a rain-washed sky stand some dead trees, their grey branches outlined against the soft blue, and at its foot runs a red road, losing itself in the blue dusk of evening.

AYESHA, 5 A.

FAIRIES.

Little fairies neat and sweet,
With gauzy frocks and tripping
feet,
Flitting here and flitting there
Near the ground, then in the air.

Goblins in gay coats of green
By the moonlight may be seen,
Dancing till the morning light,
Then they hurry, all their might.

Finished are their revels gay;
'Tis time for bed for every fay,
Quickly do they find a flower
Which will guard them from a show-
er.

Quickly do they go to sleep
As o'er the hill the sun does peep,
Such is life in fairy-land,
For that laughing fairy-band.
MONA RAVENSCROFT, 1B.

THE RUNAWAY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was Christmas time and I was travelling in a tram through one of the poorest suburbs in town. I had been shopping all day and was feeling very tired. By their appearance many other people were feeling the same too.

The tram had stopped and the guard was waiting for someone. Presently a very big woman came hurrying along as fast as her figure would allow. She was laden with parcels. The guard helped her into the tram and assisted in the straightening of her parcels on her lap. As it happened, she was sitting on the opposite seat to me. I just glanced at her and smiled and thought of the many different kinds of people doing their Christmas shopping and their various methods.

She sat very still and was looking out of the tram as we went along until we came to a standstill. The tram was about to proceed, when for some mysterious reason this woman jumped up scattering her parcels to the four winds. The guard, who had already rung the bell for the tram to start, gave it a vigorous jerk and stopped the tram again. The woman jumped off the footboard and ran, or,

as someone near me remarked, rolled up the street. All the people in the tram stood up and watched her, I among them. The sight that met our eyes was the funniest we had ever seen, for lo and behold! there was the woman chasing a duck along the street—her "Xmas dinner." Each time she went to grab it, it gave a little flutter and so evaded her. The duck turned back towards the tram again and we could see the red and comically wrathful face of the woman who had been deprived of her purchase.

At last she caught the bird and she tucked it under her arm, very securely this time, and waddled back to the tram. As she was about to sit down, the tram started with a jerk, for it was late, and the poor woman sat down quicker than she wished, and nearly lost her "Dinner" again. However, with the guard's help she again straightened her parcels and the rest of the journey she spent very peacefully. We all hoped that she had a very merry Christmas with the dinner that flew from the tram.

As this is a true incident I feel justified in asking where did the duck come from in the first case?

MOLLIE CATES, 1 A.

THAT PARODY.

It was the hour of ten—two hours before midnight, when all good people should be safely tucked away in bed. I, poor mortal, was just contemplating the attractions of bed and, at the same time, the unfeeling Charlemagne who had caused so much history to be written.

Alas! my visions of bed were rudely interrupted by the thought, "I haven't written anything for the Magazine." What could I do but return to my case and take from it a battered pad and a leaky pen? Having settled down by the fire I thought—I would parody a poem. Was anything more easy? After half an hour of intense thought,

I produced a seemingly perfect poem of four lines.

"By classrooms of candidates, my footsteps are leading,
And down the dim corridors, I hear the pens scratching."

Why, that would never do, for who could be induced to believe that "leading" and "scratching," rhymed? Disheartened I read no further, and began to feel that after all it was not easy to parody a poem. None too gently, I tore the sheet out of the pad and threw it into the fire. I must keep in mind that motto—

"Try, try, try again,
You'll succeed at last."

All was silent (?) for some time, except for the repeated cries of "Whatever does rhyme with it?" and "Oh, for a dictionary!"

Ah! here was something worth while!

"By the shores of Sydney Harbour
By the shining, lapping water
Stands that building, Girls' School
Fort Street."

No, that didn't sound like Long-fellow's "Hiawatha," it was certainly very feeble. "Well, I'll give it up as a bad job," I said, allowing my head to droop.

"What did you say?" I heard an angry voice asking. "You will be sent to Lazy-Daisy Land!"

"Please what is that?" I gently enquired.

"It is a place where all lazy school-

girls are sent," it replied, while its owner glared at poor shivering me. "You shall translate one hundred lines of the Aeneid before you eat a morsel; then, after breakfast, you will learn 24 French vocabularies."

At this juncture, I felt I could bear it no longer, so, interrupting him, I ventured to say—"But you know, 'A vocabulary a day

Keeps the failures away.'"

Why he was vanishing into thin air, and, opening my eyes, I found myself gazing at my yet unfinished parody. Well, I must have been dreaming, although I would have vouched for the fact that that little goblin had really spoken to me. Nevertheless, I realised that it was quite time that I gained the sheltering protection of blankets and rugs—and—

Here endeth my attempt to parody.

GWEN MARCHANT, 4 A.

THE HALF-YEARLY ORDEAL.

Examination has once again visited us poor unfortunates. Emotions, which have been dormant for six months, have again been awakened. Such a multiplicity of emotions is experienced on entering the fateful examination room, that all cannot be related. Quivers are felt throughout the human frame, and really some of these are worthy analysis. Draughts in the room do not produce such quaint tricks of the nerves. Gusts of wind, however strong, could not cause the feet to shuffle nor the hands to shake.

One thinks of all the specified subjects, not known, and wonders how ever a paper could be composed upon the scanty knowledge one possesses. Frantic attempts are made to remember certain important dates in history, the method of papering walls in arithmetic, the form of the sonnet in English and the natural order to which such and such a plant belongs in botany. Certain damsels, who forgot the well-known saying that "Last looks disturb the mind," make a wild rush for the history book, reposing

in the bag on the floor, and its dog-eared leaves are turned quickly, in order to discover the dates of Charlemagne and to find out whether he was an Italian, a German, or a Frank.

It is to be noted that there are certain people, who experience an elated feeling at the thought of examinations. They long to begin and to pour forth the knowledge that fills their brain. Others, also, wish that matters would be expedited, and in a spirit of bravado say, "I wish the papers were given out." But in this case, knowledge is not the dominant element of the brain; rather suspense, so keenly felt that one becomes restless. At last the papers appear, and amid sighs of welcome from the studious, and of relief from the others, they are distributed.

The way in which an examination is regarded is rather amusing. One startled glance at the paper, and then a look at the ceiling for inspiration. One would think that the answers were written there. Then, one reads to the end, and at the word "commence," begins to write the answer

to a question. The nervous shudders gradually subside until about five minutes before time when the know-alls drive their pens at double speed in order to make good use of the shining five minutes. Papers hav-

ing been tied, and given in, one proceeds to the playground, where the paper is criticised.

All this is part of the routine of the "happy schooldays" of which one hears so much from older people.

By "PETER PAN", 4 A.

THE OLD GAOL AT COOMA.

Breakfast was over, and boys wandered about looking in shop windows or standing around in twos and threes discussing the eternal question, "When will the cars be ready to start the journey up to the snow?"

One boy who had some years previously lived in Cooma, suggested that we should have a look at the Cooma gaol to while away the time. Several agreed at once that it was a capital idea. Proud of his leadership our friend took us past the Post Office to the far end of the town where we saw the forbidding walls of the abandoned gaol which had been built by convicts.

There were no warders in peaked caps, with rifle on shoulder pacing the walls or standing at the turrets, as no doubt in years gone by could have been seen.

The great iron gates, three or four times as high as our heads, stood wide open and the huge square lock with its enormous key hung loosely where it had fallen out of position. Boldly our leader marched in and invited us to follow. Somewhat timidly however, we hung back until he assured us that no one was in the gaol. We crossed the courtyard which was over-grown with weeds and noticed doors on either side which had names on them showing for what purpose the room had been used; such as kitchen, laundry, scullery. There was a sense of desolation. On the further side of the courtyard we were able to enter a dark, wide, stone passage-way, obviously the means of

access to a double row of cells; for there stood at equal distances apart the fearful iron doors with their great thick bolts and heavy padlocks. One or two stood open, inviting inspection, and we noticed the rough stone walls whitened with lime and the hard cement floor. One cell evidently was modern—for it had a decent bed and chair. The sight of this furniture gave us the idea that the gaol was not altogether deserted and we felt that we were intruders. However, as we continued down the passage knocking on the doors and passing rather foolish remarks, one of our small party found a small sliding shutter in a door. Being very curious, she moved it and looked in. She made no remark, but looked as though she were about to faint. The others alarmed, did likewise and our leader announced in a shaky voice, "There is a man in there," and ran for his life. The poor fellow was standing there as though made of stone like the walls of his prison. He was evidently unaware of our intrusion, but so scared were we all that we ran out of the passage, across the courtyard in the direction of the gates, tumbling over the caretaker's children who were playing in the dust at the entrance.

Afterwards we were informed that the gaol was used as a lock-up and that we should have seen the dark cell which was used for the solitary confinement of the worst criminals of those dark days before prison reform. But we had had enough and hurried back to the main party.

OLIVE LAMBLE, 2 D.

TAREE, 1928.

A dreary morning, on the 14th June, saw a little group of Fort Street Girls standing beneath the clock at Sydney Central Station. It was not long before they saw another member coming on the scene, but with no luggage!

"What do you think, girls, we're not going!"

Gasps of astonishment and unbelief.

"Truly. A telegram arrived yesterday saying that Taree was under water." Sadly it was decided to go back to school.

The small party of Fort Street Girls boarded the Castlereagh Street tram, passed pleasant, oh, very pleasant remarks about the weather, and arrived at school.

A bright morning on the 12th July saw the same party ready to leave for Taree, the most precious part of our luggage being the Peel Shield, which you will remember was donated last year by Alderman Peel, of Taree, for the greatest number of points gained by the schools competing in the sports at Taree. We were successful the first time, and had high hopes of returning with the shield.

The train arrived at its destination that night, to the sound of cheers and war-cries, with no sign of a telegram. Perhaps the village had the good grace not to be in a state of flood! We were greeted by the good news that there had been no rain for some time, and that the track was hard, and in perfect condition. After the girls had been "claimed," the Peel Shield was borne to the Taree High School by hopeful Tareeites. Alas, how vain were their hopes!

The next morning we were awakened by the sound of pouring rain. But everyone hoped for the best, and after breakfast, made their way to the park. It was flooded, Nevertheless, the 100 yards and 75 yards championships were run, Clarice Kennedy winning both events. The school also gained second place in the

Relay Race, with Sydney High first.

The competitors were obliged to return to the School Assembly Hall to play the Ball games, Taree gaining first place in Cross Ball, and Fort Street in Overhead and in Tunnel Ball.

It was decided that if the points scored resulted in a small difference, that the 220 yards championship would be run. However, there was no necessity, as Fort Street topped the list with 23 points, Taree coming next with 10 points. It would have been impossible to run the 220 yards, for the track was completely covered with water.

On Friday night at a social given in honour of the visiting teams at the High School, the coveted shield was presented. Mr. Murray, the Headmaster, apologised for the weather, and presented the shield to Clarice, who ably replied on behalf of Fort Street. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, but were extremely glad when we laid our tired heads on our pillows that night.

For the next day, a picnic was planned, to Old Bar, a seaside resort near Taree, but owing to the weather it was abandoned. Saturday morning was spent playing a match between a combined team of visitors and the Taree A team. Taree proved superior.

On Saturday afternoon, a dance, with competitions, was given at the school, which we enjoyed just as much as we would have enjoyed the picnic.

We were very loath to leave on Saturday night, because our hostesses had made our visit so enjoyable.

"Rick, Rick, Ricketty Dick" rang out that night, until the train, bearing the shield and the competing teams back to Sydney was out of sight of those on the station.

The team would like to thank Mrs. Griffin, who accompanied us, for her whole-hearted enthusiasm in coaching us, which helped considerably in winning the Peel Shield for the second time.

MARY MORT, 3D.

KOSCIUSKO, 1928.

On the night of the 27th June a casual observer would have wondered at the commotion on the Central Railway Station, but all Fort Street knew that we, a party of fortunate folk, were off to Kosciusko. Near the Pitt Street entrance, a crowd of excited young people, their friends and their relations, gathered around thirty chattering boyishly-clad schoolgirls.

Party No. 8 comprised as well as ourselves, college girls from Warwick, Queensland, and an equal number of jolly boys from Sydney High School and of the conductors of each group—the whole being a happy, jovial band, most of them going, for the first time, to see Australia's winter playground.

The following morning whilst in Cooma, sleet began to fall. On our journey across the Monaro, that fifty mile expanse of red soil, we sighted for the first time the higher snow-clad peaks that rose amongst the dim sunlight.

The excitement that reigned as we strained our eager eyes to catch a glimpse of the white snow above and beyond the forest vegetation, was nothing to that which was apparent as we turned a corner of the snow-

lined road and gazed upon the hotel, with its red roof—which in the distance looked like some Swiss chalet perched against a snow-white hill.

Very soon we were enjoying a hearty dinner and after that our first attempts at ski-ing. Then what happy days we spent in learning to manipulate our skis and soon with varying degrees of agility we glided gracefully, or otherwise, over the courses, or with less assurance of equilibrium, tobogganed on our skis. However, with perseverance we acquired the art and thoroughly enjoyed the sports in which we all competed.

When the short days closed in, we would gather together after dinner in the splendid ballroom either for dancing and games, pictures or fancy dress balls. These entertainments, of which we had a great variety, and which we fully enjoyed, were under the able direction of Mr. Speet, the manager of the hotel, and to him we owe much of the pleasure and enjoyment of our sojourn.

But especially are we grateful to Miss Mouldsdale, our official chaperone—and an amiable and excellent companion.

L. CLANCY, 3 D.

"WATTLE."

Wattle, Australia's emblem flower
In Spring bursts into bloom,
And its beautiful golden blossom
Spreads radiance in the gloom.

Oh! Wattle with heart of gleaming
gold
We love your sunny bloom,

We love your silver foliage,
We love your sweet perfume.

And if when sad at heart we feel,
In far-off lands we roam,
These fluffy sprays of wattle bloom
Will bring us thoughts of home.
WINSOME ROBINSON, 1E.

EXCHANGES.

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

THE REASON.

An atmosphere of dread pervades the
air,

Can anybody tell me why it's there?

It seems to me that most

Of the girls have seen a ghost;

Their faces are so pale and full of
fear.

I asked a girl to tell the reason why;
She gave a vacant stare and then a
sigh,

But I gathered, from her looks,

And enormous pile of books,

That examination time is drawing
nigh.

J.P., 2 D.

THE COMING OF THE MORN.

Opening the side door, I slipped
noiselessly into the garden, which was
still faintly illumined by the fading
silvery rays of the moon. I sat down
on a mossy stone and gazed speech-
lessly at the beauties of the coming
dawn. Surely it was a time for fairy
folk to be abroad, or perhaps the
pixies and the dainty fairies had
flown swiftly back to their land,
which is shown on no map, when a
great clumsy human had intruded on
their happy circle. The elusive per-
fume of violets, crushed underfoot by
silvery feet, mingled with the scent of
crimson roses and pale lavender. All
was peaceful and hushed with the
stillness of expectancy that thrills the
souls of the watchers of the dawn.
Gently, slowly, the lustre of the
twinkling stars faded, as they sank
back into the velvety blue of the
morning sky.

The East was becoming slowly
bathed in a glorious, golden light that
tinted the snowy clouds with gorgeous
colour, and flecked the leaves of the
swaying trees with a dazzling bril-
liance. Somewhere a sweet-throated
songster heralded the awakening light
and in a nest near-by baby birds

twittered and cooed with new-born
strength.

King Sol rose higher and higher
and, under his gentle persuasion,
the flowers raised their faces to the
light. Laughing pansies with blink-
ing eyes, stately lupins and baby
rosebuds whispered sweet secrets to
each other. Everything was bathed
in a silvery dew that cooled and
cleansed. Here and there, drops had
been caught on blades of emerald
grass, and, as the sun caressed them,
they sparkled and flashed with fire
as though some Fay Queen had snap-
ped her magic necklace and the jewels
had fallen, scattering amongst the
luxuriant lawn. A gentle breeze was
now fanning the awakening world,
and reluctantly I rose and made my
way back to the house.

Oh! how beautiful it would be if
the world were always like this. The
turmoil of the day had not com-
menced, and here, in this ideal spot,
one could weave fantastic dreams and
enjoy perfect peacefulness for ever.
But my practical sense was stronger
and I turned to bid farewell before I
closed the door on my fancy's fairy-
land.

GRACE HIGGINS, 2A.

A MEMORY.

Two dear brown eyes of shining light,
Soft waves of greying hair,
A dear sad smile of other days,
Sad dreams of moments rare.

A firm, strong trust in God above,
Sweet love for children small,—
This dear, sweet soul of God's own
make,

My dream from Memory's hall.

N. CALDWELL, 4 A.

FACES IN THE TRAM.

Laden with parcels, I step into the tram. Luckily for me there are about 2½ inches of room in which to squeeze my bulky body, and, after paying my fare, I begin to study my companions. Opposite me, an old grey-haired lady is holding a gurgling, rosy-cheeked baby. What a contrast between these two human beings! One finished with the good things of life, the other not yet begun. Yet the older is not sad; she looks content and smiles sweetly as she tries to quieten the bundle of mischief. Letting my eyes stray to the corner of the carriage, I notice a fat little boy, who is testing how many sweets he can put into his mouth at once. Opposite this little fellow, sits a studious girl, who appears to prefer hard work, as she is knitting a scarf and at the same time learning geometry! I try to remember the time when I studied geometry in

the tram . . . and fail. She looks up with a dissatisfied sigh, and then continues her pleasant work. Suddenly, I feel a prick in my leg, and glancing to my right I behold a jammy-faced boy seated on a worried mother's knee, trying to see how far he can force a pin into my tender flesh. I give him a glare of reproof, and his mother says, in a tired voice: "Tommy, stop pricking the nice girl." Still glaring at this object of human nature, who is now contenting himself with making grimaces at everyone in view, I begin to wonder why ever little boys were born.

Pondering over this question, I suddenly am brought to my senses by a jerk which denotes the stopping of the tram, so collecting my parcels, I give one last glance at my tormentor, and, with a sigh of relief, step on to the pavement.

V.B., 4 A.

THE WIND.

The night is warm and still. Not a sound breaks the magic tranquillity. People pass softly by, talking in whispers, as if afraid to break the hush of the evening. It is spring, and a night for romance. As I watch the distant lights and the water flowing lazily along, a strange quietude steals over me.

* Suddenly a murmur is heard, a breeze passes softly by, as the people did some minutes before. Wafted to me are the scents of the exquisite roses, the delicate carnations, and many other sweet flowers. Little scraps of conversation drift up to me, the mournful hoot of an owl and the noise of the bats expressing differences of opinion. The moon shines brightly, forming weird shadows on the grass and a silver path over the waters.

The tide turns, the breeze gradually becomes stronger, and voices are raised in tone. The trees bend and sway, perplexed by this strange

change in the air. A door is heard to slam and the plants to rustle. Little fleecy clouds skim across the sky like fairies tripping o'er a floor of blue, studded with diamonds. People quicken their steps, hats attempt aviation, and the sweet maid's Parisian wave becomes ruffled. The wind gathers force, until it whistles round chimneys like boisterous boys at play. The trees sway in all directions, as if straining at their unseen bonds. Suddenly there is heard a painful groan, then a crack. A tree has fallen a victim to the wind! Roofs are lifted and carried far, papers whirl along. Then comes a momentary hush and a deluge of rain.

Hours pass, the beautiful trees have lost their beauty, the flowers are scattered far and wide, and families gaze ruefully at their roofless houses. However, business goes on as usual, and everyone smiles again.

Such are the ways of the world!

MISS BOBBIE, 4A.

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