

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Photograph of Miss Cruise.
 Round the School.
 Guide News.
 News of the Old Girls.

SKETCHES AND ARTICLES.

Childhood Days.
 The Early Bird Catches—The Wrong
 Train.
 Toy Town Revels.
 The Reward of Virtue.
 The Hours of a Summer's Day.
 Barrenjoey Lighthouse.
 Evening.
 Jottings from a Traveller's Notebook.
 Mental Aberration.
 The Forge of Vulcan.
 Inter-Dreams.
 The Return of Caesar.
 The Enemy at Frogville.

Meditation.
 The Singing Gold.
 Memories.
 The Blackfellows' Cemetery.
 Tommy's Illusion.
 The Passion.

VERSE.

The Wind.
 The Hawkesbury.
 A Holiday.
 My Wish.
 On the Way to Rabbit Isle.
 The Moon.
 My Rosebuds.
 Glimpses of Spring.
 The Opal.
 A Parody.
 How Do They Come to the Tuck-
 shop?

BROWNIE



Holidays last forever
in **BROWNIE** snapshots

*Bring Holidays Home
in Kodak Snapshots.*

Bring home the fun—bring home the friendships—bring home the holiday sunshine in those happy little pictures that are so easy to make with a Kodak or Brownie.

Be sure and see the new Pocket Kodaks—smart, compact and efficient. Prices from 52/6, the No. 1 model for pictures $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Then there are the popular Brownies—for instance, the No. 2a, at 19/6 (size of picture $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches).

Of all Kodak Dealers and
KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD.,
379 George Street and 108 Market Street,
SYDNEY.

AND ALL STATES AND N.Z.



Smart, Washable
Imported Frocks
For the Young Sportswoman

Appropriate for any summer sport; washable without loosing colour or texture, and moderately priced, too.

Illustrated above:—

Hand-made French Frocks of fine washable voile; pastel shades; embroidered. Price 35/-
Imported; hand-made linen frocks; length 38 ins. 45/-
Sports Frock of heavy-weight natural fuji; charmingly finished with tucks and stitching. Price 39/6

Second Floor, Pitt Street.

Farmer's

Pitt, Market and George Streets.

SNOW'S

Everything for the Schoolgirl



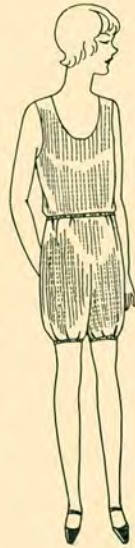
Our
Layby
will
help you

BOND'S "CHARM" ART SILK UNDER- VESTS AND BLOOMERS TO MATCH

..The most delightful
summer undies in sizes
to fit girls 12 to 14
years. Colours are pink,
sky, apricot, lemon.

Small Maids. Maids
Vests 4/6 .. 4/11
Bloomers, 4/11 .. 5/11

Underwear
Department,
3rd Floor.



GIRLS' SCHOOL TUNICS.

Summer Tunics in Tobralco.—In regulation style,
well finished.

Sizes .. 22 24 27 30 33 36 39ins.
Prices .. 9/6 9/9 9/11 10/6 10/11 11/11 12/11

Natural Fuji Silk Blouses.—Style as illustrated in
good quality silk.

Sizes .. 20 22 24 27 30 33 36 39
Prices .. 7/6 7/11 8/3 8/6 8/11' 9/6 9/11 10/11

Blouses in Bleached Fuji Silk.
Prices .. 8/6, 8/11, 9/3, 9/6, 9/11, 10/6, 10/11, 11/11

Blouses in White Riverina.
Sizes .. 20 22 24 27 30 33 36 39
Prices .. 5/11 6/3 6/9 6/11 7/6 7/9 7/11 8/6

Dept.,
2nd Floor.

SYDNEY SNOW LTD.

PITT & LIVERPOOL STREETS, SYDNEY



YOU DARE NOT
go on the beach this year
in an old fashioned costume,

for Beach Fashions have been revolutionised! This year Summer's gayest sport flaunts a mode equally gay and dashing! The "Grip-leg" Suit . . the "Swirl Stripe" Suit . . the "Sun Tan" Suit . . quaint coolie hats . . baggy trousered beach Pyjamas . . perfect ensembles . . these and many more, are at David Jones', and so moderately priced they're within the reach of all.

First at Left—All-wool Cashmere Suit, Dice striped skirt, 16/11

Centre—"Grip-leg" Suit with striped skirt. Priced at 16/11

At right—All-wool Cashmere Suit with Peter Pan collar, 15/11

SURFING APPAREL, THIRD FLOOR.

DAVID JONES'

THE STENOTYPE

*A Machine which has eliminated
the drudgery of Shorthand.*

GIRLS!

There is now no need to spend months of arduous study in learning shorthand. Here is a machine which can be mastered in a few weeks—a machine which will take dictation at speeds hitherto thought impossible.



As you will see by the illustration, the Stenotype looks a little bit like a portable typewriter. It is noiseless in operation. The operator writes a word or more at a stroke as quickly as spoken, and the machine prints it in plain letters like this, A. B. C. When the dictation has been recorded, any Stenotypiste can read and transcribe the notes as easily as you read this page.

THE ADVANTAGES TO YOU.

1. At one stroke, the operator writes one or more words with scarcely any appreciable effort.
2. The operator sits erect and looks at the speaker or dictator, thus getting the full sense of, and enjoying, what is said.
3. The eyes are not taxed. There is little, if any, nervous tension.
4. Ten fingers and the keys do the work.
5. The machine writes with absolute accuracy on a moving ribbon of paper that turns and folds into a receiver automatically.

YOU CAN LEARN IT.

The information which we can give on this page is limited to the barest essentials. Write us for further information. We will gladly send you booklets telling you of the wonderful strides the Stenotype is making throughout the modern world of business

STOTT & UNDERWOOD LTD.,

9-11 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1929.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

The Staff:

Acting Principal: Miss EVANS, B.A.

Department of English:

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss HERLIHY, B.A.

Miss LACK, B.A.

Miss PARADISE, B.A.

Miss PURCELL, B.A.

Mrs. ROBERTSON, B.A.

Miss WICKS, B.A., B.Ec.

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss McMAHON, M.A. (Mistress).

Miss PATE, B.A.

Miss SIMONS, B.A.

Miss WILSON, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

Miss LESSLIE, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss BAYLEY, B.A.

Miss BEDDIE, B.A.

Miss DRAFFIN, B.A.

Miss HARRIS, B.A.

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss SWAN, B.A.

Miss WELCH, B.A.

Miss McDONOUGH, B.A.

Department of Science:

Miss BLUME, B.Sc. (Mistress).

Miss CHAPMAN.

Miss COWIE, B.Sc.

Miss MOULSDALE.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss EVANS, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss HARDERS.

Miss MACLELLAN, B.A.

Miss MARKS, B.A.

Miss MURRAY, B.A., L. es L., Dr. Phil.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

Miss TURNBULL, B.A.

Miss THOMPSON, B.A.

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Needlework: Miss DRURY.

Music: Miss WATTS.

Physical Culture: Mrs. GRIFFIN.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Magazine Business Manager: Miss HARRIS, B.A.

Captain, 1929: JESSIE BATES.

MISS CRUISE, B.A.

At the end of September, Miss Cruise laid down the reins of office, after having so successfully and efficiently guided the destinies of our school for more than nine years. Miss

Cruise always commanded the loyalty and respect of her staff and the esteem and affection of her pupils.

The fact that Miss Cruise herself was a pupil of a High School—that



Miss E. A. CRUISE, B.A.

Cruise came to us with a reputation for scholarship and effective control, and since we have known her we have realised also her dignity, gentleness and calm. While with us Miss

school at West Maitland, round which so many happy memories cling—must be an incentive to every pupil in the school!

Miss Cruise's teaching career began

under such distinguished Head-Mistresses as the late Miss Grossman, of West Maitland and North Sydney High Schools, the late Miss Susie Nicholls, of Hurlstone Practice School, and the late Miss K. Steel, of the Horse Shoe Bend School, West Maitland.

Cook's Hill School, Newcastle, was the first school over which Miss Cruise presided as Head Mistress, and during the seven years she held that position she made her influence felt, and endeared herself to many hundreds of school girls. In fact her name is still one to conjure up happy memories in the minds of many women in the Newcastle district.

She proceeded on her successful career to the charge of Crystal Street, Petersham, and later to that of Cleveland Street Intermediate High School. Miss Cruise had the honour of opening St. George Girls' High School and after a successful term of service there she was promoted in 1920 to be Head Mistress of our school, one of the most prized and honoured positions in the teaching world.

Miss Cruise, during her last days in the service of the Department re-

ceived many outward and visible signs of the esteem in which she is held.

Many distinguished in the educational world called upon her and a constant stream of former pupils flowed into the office at the head of the stairs.

The visiting clergy presented her with a collection of the representative poems of the world.

Fifty present and former members of the staff entertained her at afternoon tea at the Civil Service Tea Rooms. Miss Evans presided, and presented Miss Cruise on their behalf with a Victorian posy, a string of pearls and a diamond cluster brooch. The singing of Miss Watts on that occasion was enjoyed not only by the guest of honour, but by all who were present.

The official visit of Mr. Elliott, Senior Inspector of Secondary Schools, on the last morning, to say good-bye, was highly appreciated by Miss Cruise.

We wish Miss Cruise restored health, and a very happy leisure spent in her favourite pursuits, travel, reading and gardening.

THE SCHOOL'S FAREWELL TO MISS CRUISE.

Fellow Fortians will always remember the significance of September 25, 1929. It was, of course, a sad day, but it also recalled glad memories. Memories of good times, memories of happy fellowship, which every Fortian had enjoyed under the gentle guidance of our beloved headmistress—Miss Cruise. Perhaps the Fifth Years, more fully than any other girls of the school, realised what it really meant to have to bid "adieu" to Miss Cruise.

A casual onlooker might have wondered at the large assembly of Fort Street Girls in the Conservatorium Hall, but he would no longer have had any doubts as to the nature of the occasion, had he but heard the storm of clapping which greeted the entrance of Miss Cruise. After the presentation of a sheaf of pink carnations, the whole school joined in

the singing of that most inspiring of school songs—"The Best School of All."

Miss Evans then spoke of the duty which bound every Fortian "to play the game" and to hand on these words like a torch of flame to those whom they leave behind so that their example might be an incentive to others to do likewise. She emphasised the fact that it must always be our objective to make Miss Cruise proud to remember that we had been her pupils.

On behalf of the girls, Jessie Bates, our captain, expressed the sorrow that we felt at being obliged to part with our dear headmistress and as a token of our affection presented Miss Cruise with a beautiful diamond cluster ring.

It was easy to see, as Miss Cruise rose to address the school, the esteem

in which she was universally held. She urged all her girls—5th Years and 1st Years alike—to make their efforts fruitful and reminded them that she would always expect to see excellent results in examinations, recorded under the name—"Fort St. Girls' High School."

The special choir, under the able direction of Miss Watts, enchanted all listeners by their singing, and, to judge by the expression on Miss Cruise's face, she was, perhaps, the most impressed of all. The school then joined in numerous songs well-

known to Fortians, and after this, we were once more entertained by the special choir.

As the lusty voices of our Fortians rang out in the singing of "Come Fortians, Fortians All," it was not hard to realise that they would always carry with them sacred remembrances of school days. But perhaps the foremost thought of those happy days would be the loving memories they would cherish of their loved headmistress—Miss Cruise.

GWEN MARCHANT, 5 A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We wish to welcome to the staff Miss Lack and Miss Turnbull, who succeeded Miss Payne-Scott and Miss Parry respectively, and the Misses Thompson and McDonough, recent arrivals from England.

* * *

We wish to congratulate Persia Campbell, M.A., B.Ec., on her being awarded the Rockefeller Foundation Travelling Scholarship. She will study agricultural economics in the United States and England, in relation to the small farmer, including questions on land, capital and labour.

* * *

Marjorie Hyder is to be congratulated on gaining the highest place in the Pharmacy Students' Examination on a series of night lectures arranged by the Pharmacy Board.

FIRST AID.

During this term 4th year members remained after school on Monday afternoons for a course in First Aid. This consisted of ten lectures delivered by Dr. Grace Cuthbert, from whom we gained very interesting and helpful knowledge, both theoretical and practical, with regard to First Aid..

On September 4, Dr. McLeod, a representative of the St. John's Ambulance Association examined us on our work, and congratulated us on the very satisfactory results, as every

candidate gained an "A" certificate. Mary Parsonson obtained the highest marks, 95 per cent.

The other successful candidates are: Lilian Ackland, Gwen Bills, Mary Bolton, Jean Cameron, Iris Clarke, Elsa Davidson, Rita Dunkley, Isobel Dutton, Nathalie Easy, Connie Frith, Alcia Fooke, Bonnie Gee, Gwen Hasling, Hazel King, Doreen Miles and Kathleen Miles.

On behalf of the girls I would like to offer our very sincere thanks to Dr. Cuthbert, who not only lectured to us, but made our course so instructive and interesting, and to Miss Drury, who made arrangements for the class and our examination.

N. EASY, 4 B.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Last June, Fort Street was represented at the Annual School Day organized by the Secondary Schools' Committee of the A.S.C.M. and those who attended spent a happy and interesting day at Thornleigh. As a result, the fourth year girls under the leadership of Miss Lesslie, have formed a Bible study circle, with a view to the establishment of a Christian Union next year, when we hope that membership will be open to the whole school. Meanwhile we meet after school on Friday afternoons and would welcome any fourth year girls to our circle.

The Australian Student Christian Movement is a branch of the World's

Student Christian Federation which has branches in the universities and secondary schools of nearly every country in the world, and is organized to bind students together for service and Bible study. Since students are the prospective leaders of thought in the world it is desirable that they should not omit from their studies the greatest movement the world has known.

M. DEER.
D. BRABYN.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The presentation of "Quality Street" was the main effort of the Dramatic Society during this half year.

Monthly readings still form an attractive part of our work. Third year members provided an afternoon's entertainment by reading "Between the Soup and the Savoury," a clever sketch which was well rendered.

At the most recent meeting First Years presented two scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" and delighted us by the quality of their acting and the clearness of their voices.

The Fourth Years' reading of "The Rehearsal" was much appreciated by the Fifth Years, as the scene which was being rehearsed and amended was from the fifth act of Macbeth.

The Society takes this opportunity of thanking Miss Turner for the interest she has taken in its work.

M. DEER,
Secretary.

QUALITY STREET.

The Dramatic Society is to be congratulated on its excellent performance, on the last day of the first term, of Sir James Barrie's delightful comedy, "Quality Street." This success was especially due to Miss Purcell, the producer, who spared neither time nor energy in the staging of the play.

Valerie Ball, as the charming Phoebe, won all hearts—eventually that of the dashing Captain Brown, so well portrayed by Jessie Bates—by her sweetness both as a carefree young lady and as a tired and prematurely faded school mistress. Marian Dallison played with great

understanding the part of the devoted elder sister and gained the sympathy of the audience in her wrestling with such problems as "A stroke B multiplied by B stroke C equal AB stroke A little 2; stroke AC add BC."

Arthur Wellesley Tomson (Mavis Robbins) brought down the house with his championing of Miss Phoebe, and his teaching her how to use the "implement." Yvonne Spiegel proved a sweet little Isabella whose father wished her to "acquire algebra" in spite of Miss Phoebe's fears that it would make her thinner. Miss Phoebe's scholars drawn from 1 B were a very pretty sight in their quaint frocks.

But we must not forget the haughty, inquisitive and soured ladies, Miss Willoughby (Madge Nicholson), Miss Fanny Willoughby (Joan Hulme) and Miss Turnbull, with the clicking veil (Margaret Cox). All these well sustained their parts and caused Patty, Miss Susan's maid (Joyce Williams) to make some particularly bright and sarcastic remarks. Her conversation with the recruiting sergeant (Lily Gray), who played her part most creditably at a day's notice, proved her a clever little actress. Minor parts were well portrayed by Maurine Deer, Dorothy Brabyn, Mary Pontey, Joyce Tissington, Irene Parsonson, B. Barrett and Joyce Bannan.

The stage managers in the person of Rita Dunkley, Natalie Easy and Grace Henderson were most efficient—and the blue and white room and the marquee were a credit to them.

HOSPITAL FUNDS.

Our contributions to the hospitals this year were derived from various efforts, including the Modern Language Play Day at Easter, the performance of "Quality Street" by the Dramatic Society in August, and the sale of ice cream and oranges. The fund amounted to £47/6/-, and was distributed as follows:—Rachel Forster Hospital, £20; Sydney Hospital, £16; Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, £7; Randwick Hospital for Soldiers (cigarettes and sweets), £1/10/-; the Deaf and the Dumb and the Blind Institution, £2/16/-. On

Egg Day we sent 865 eggs to Sydney Hospital.

* * *
Flowers are still being sent by the girls to the University Women's Settlement in Redfern, where they are much appreciated by members of the Mothers' Club.

* * *
The Girls' Realm Guild is always ready to help any girl to equip herself for work; and it has helped pupils of this school when occasion called for it. Ice cream was sold on November 5th and the profits, two guineas, were sent as a donation to the fund of the Guild.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

The Special Choir has been kept very busy during the last four months, perfecting numerous songs. Besides adding two new songs to its already long repertoire, "The Shepherd's Lullaby" by Edwards, and the "March from Tannhauser," it has also revised many of its old songs, which have been asked for on three occasions during the last four months.

No sooner has the choir finished one task than it immediately has to put all its energies into another; this is a great pleasure to them.

Two days before last holidays about twelve girls belonging to the choir and Miss Watts paid a visit to Randwick Hospital and there entertained the soldiers with their songs.

On Miss Cruise's "Farewell Day" the entire school assembled in the Hall of the State Conservatorium of Music, and, in addition to the community singing by the school, the special choir did its share in rendering two items with which Miss Cruise was much charmed.

The "Special Choir" also again shewed to the public its powers of singing. On "Bird Day" the choir sang four of its own songs in addition to two new songs about birds especially composed for "Bird Day"—"The Birds I Love" and "Call the Birds." The singing was greatly appreciated by the public.

The members of the choir wish to thank Miss Watts for her untiring

energy and interest in them, which have made it possible for them to accomplish so much.

New members will be welcome at the beginning of 1930.

JESSIE O'BRIEN, 5B.

AUSTRALIAN PICTURES.

The school has been very fortunate this year in being presented with pictures of Australian historical interest. Reference was made in the last number of the magazine to the pictures donated by the Fifth Years of 1928. Mr. Hope Johnston, M.A., and his daughter Joan of 1A., presented the school on Empire Day with pictures on the following subjects:—

1. The Discovery of the Site of Sydney by Governor Phillip.
2. The Commanders of the First British Expedition to Australia.
3. The First Land Grant made in Australia—1790.
4. The Founding of Western Australia.

The historical data for pictures 2 and 4 was collected by Mr. Hope Johnston, M.A.

Our most recent gift is that of an old pupil, Mrs. Laura Matson, nee Mortimore. This consists of six large pictures framed in oak.

1. Sturt's Party threatened by Blacks at the Junction of the Murray and the Darling—1830.
2. Meeting of Major Mitchell and Edward Henty, Portland Bay—1836.
3. Captain Rossiter comes to Eyre's aid, Great Australian Bight—1841.
4. Blacks about to attack Leichhardt's Camp, near the Gulf of Carpentaria—1845.
5. John McDouall Stuart planting the Union Jack on Central Mt. Stuart—April, 1860.
6. John Forrest's party (his brother Alexander, second in command,) sight the Overland Telegraph—1876.

We very much appreciate these handsome and valuable gifts, and offer the donors our hearty thanks.

THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION.

In the competition arranged by the Teachers' College this year, the following pupils of the school were successful:—

Grade I. (46 entries).—Joyce Nicholls, 1st prize; Margaret Feltham, very highly commended; Mona Ravenscroft and Nellie Murray, highly commended.

Grade III. (22 entries).—Emily Hughes, 2nd prize; Isabella Stephen, highly commended.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION.

The following candidates from this school were successful in passing the examination arranged by the Alliance:—

Grade II.—Maurine Deer, Isabella Stephens, Lily Grey, Wilga Johnson.

Grade III.—Lily Back, Natalie Easy, Miriam Ross, Adele Bieri, Ena Brown, Jean Jennings, Doris Roy, Iris Tate, Nancy Service, Nancy Thompson.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS.

The prefects, in accordance with long-established custom, offered two prizes—one for the Upper and the other for the Lower School. The subject of the former essay was that, "It is as essential for Australia to be a member of the Empire as for the Empire to have such members as Australia." Irene Shackcloth was the successful entrant, and as Kathleen Ferris's essay showed so much merit, Miss Cruise awarded her a special prize. Hazel Rose (3D) was the successful competitor in the Lower School, the subject being, "The Sun Never Sets on the British Empire."

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS.

The election of the Captain and Prefects for 1930 took place on Monday, November 4th. 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 prefects were elected by the Staff, and from these ten the Fourth Year girls selected the Captain of the School. The girls who were chosen for this high privilege and responsibility are as follow:—

Captain: Mary Howard.

Prefects: Gwen Bills, Eunice Brown, Maurine Deer, Alcia Fooke, Elsie Goddard, Emily Hughes, Joyce Martin, Vera Swain and Ethel Thearle.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

The second half of this year has proved no less successful than the former, and we are pleased to note that the library is being well patronised by not only the junior girls, but the senior girls as well.

During the past half-year many new books have been added, some of them having been bought with the money paid in fines by several of our very forgetful members. The books are of varied types, some of the titles including: "These Old Shades," "The Black Moth," "The Masqueraders," (Georgette Heyer); "The Dawn Man" (Jean Curlewis); "While Rivers Run," (Maurice Walsh); "Ann and Her Mother," "Pink Sugar," (O. Douglas); "Rufus," (Grace Richmond); "The Golden Road," "Magic for Marigold," (L. M. Montgomery); "Sunset Hill," (Elizabeth Powell); "The Major's Candlesticks," (Birmingham); "A House is Built" (Barnard Eldershaw); "Soldiers Three," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Wee Willie Winkie," (Kipling); "The Way Home," "Ultima Thule," (Henry Handel Richardson).

At the commencement of the half-year we received a donation of three books from Betty Alger of 1D., for which we heartily thank her. A girl in fourth year who wishes to remain anonymous has also presented six books to the fiction library.

In conclusion we would like to extend to Miss Turner our hearty thanks and appreciation for the help and encouragement she has given us during the year.

E. COLQUHOUN,
J. CAMERON,
Librarians.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The Librarians are very pleased to report that Joyce Kolts, a former pupil of this school, and some of her friends from the Teachers' College Library have been devoting their Saturday mornings to the cataloguing of the Library under the Dewey System. We would like to thank them for this service to the school, and the many from Fourth Year and 2A who have helped to label the books and have done the necessary clerical work. Although the work is not finished, we are quite sure that the installation of this system will be a great success, and will be useful in training girls to use other and larger libraries. To make matters perfect, the Old Girls' Union presented us with an oak filing cabinet with four drawers.

Just after the publication of the last magazine, two other etchings arrived from England. The subjects are, "St. Paul's, London," and "The Houses of Parliament, London." The etchings are the gift of 5th Year Girls of 1927. Moreover, we now possess very nice green window boxes, which are planted with calendulas, the flowers of which brighten the Library.

During this half year many books of interest to all members of the school have been added. They include The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, Nineteenth Century Life, A London Anthology, Roget's Thesaurus, The Mind and Face of Bolshevism, Elementary Principles of Economics—Ely and Wicken, Wealth and Work—Gouch, The World's Story—S. O'Neill, Poems of the English Language, The Renaissance—Sichel, Mediaeval Europe—Davis, Windfalls, Pebbles on the Shore, Leaves in the Wind—Alpha of the Plough, Barrieland—Hamerton, Toad of Toad Hall—Milne, The Complete Works of Jane Austen, Selections from English Dramatists—Harrap.

In closing, we hope that the Librarians of next year may have as interesting a time as we have had this year. We wish them all success in their Library work:

E. BROWN
M. DALLISON } Librarians.
E. THEARLE

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Literary and Debating Society has experienced a very successful half year.

Four debates have been held: "That Charitable Institutions do harm," "That the Presence of Women in the Industrial and Business Worlds is not in the best Interests of Society," "That Arbitration Methods in Australia have proved a Failure," "That Sunday should be a day wholly devoted to Religious Observance."

On June 14 a debate was held at this school between representatives of this Society and of Fort St. Boys' High School.

The subject for discussion was "That Trade Unions have a blighting effect upon Australia." The representatives of the girls were E. Howie, M. Scutt, and J. Carr, while the boys' team was composed of Messrs. Hamilton, Baldock, and Caplin; our visitors upheld the government and won the day by seven points. Mr. R. G. Henderson kindly acted as adjudicator.

The prefects and office bearers of the society afterwards entertained our opponents at afternoon tea.

On July 19 a team consisting of E. Howie, N. Caldwell and J. Carr visited the Boys' High School in company with Miss Turner, the captain and prefects, and senior office-bearers of this society. The contention that "Modern civilisation is prejudicial to true happiness" was maintained by our representatives and to our delight they were successful, scoring 241 points to our opponents' 226. Mr. Gooch, of the Y.M.C.A., acted as adjudicator on this occasion. The visitors were afterwards entertained by the challengers, and a pleasant afternoon was spent by all.

In closing, on behalf of the members, I wish to thank Miss Turner for the great interest she takes in our doings, and to express our deep appreciation of the time which she devotes to us.

M. DALLISON,
Secretary.

"FAREWELL DAY."

Friday, 8th November, was Farewell Day. Early that morning Fourth Year Girls, laden with beautiful flowers, hurried up the hill and then set to work to decorate the rooms in which they were to entertain the "Fifths."

After the decorations were complete and the guests of the day—Fifth Years—had all arrived, the school and the staff assembled in the old gymnasium for the usual impressive and pleasing ceremony.

The opening song was "The Best School of All," after which Miss Evans, having been presented with a sheaf of carnations, gave a short speech full of beautiful thoughts and advice, and conveyed the best wishes of the School, for their success to the "Fifths" and "Thirds," whose examinations were very close. The candidates particularly appreciated the kind message from Miss Cruise, who has so lately left them, and who was unable to be present on this occasion. The good wishes of several old Fortians and former teachers of the school were then read. Other school songs followed, "Here now we have Examinations" being sung with great gusto by all the girls.

The arrival of Miss Partridge and Mrs. Macartney was greeted with loud applause, both ladies being presented with bouquets. Later Miss Partridge, a former headmistress of this school, addressed the delighted girls, and Mrs. Macartney, on being asked to say a few words, preferred to sing them, and entertained us with two Irish songs, sung with her inimitable charm. Both speech and songs were enthusiastically applauded.

Miss Watts, whose singing is always appreciated by all who hear it, also delighted the audience with a couple of songs.

Then the captain, Jessie Bates, and Mary Howard, captain-elect, with their prefects, assembled on the platform. The two captains gave short speeches, and then the new prefects received their badges of office from the old, amid general applause.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and then the "Fifths" and "Thirds" were

clapped out to the tune of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows," which was continued while the staff passed between two long lines of happy girls.

Numbers of Old Girls, including former captains, were also present at the ceremony, which is keenly anticipated by all Fortians.

The "Fifth Year's," the staff, and other guests were then entertained at a delightful party.

The afternoon proved very pleasant, for examinations were forgotten, and everyone gave herself up to the pleasure of the afternoon in the new gymnasium, which had been so artistically decorated in a very novel scheme.

EUNICE BROWN.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LITERARY CIRCLE.

During the session April-October, 1929, the Literary Circle held 12 meetings at the Women's Club, our new meeting place.

The programme for the year included studies of Tolstoy, Tchekov, Miller's "Mind and Face of Bolshevism," Marcel Proust, Andre Gide and Julian Green, concluding with a play-reading evening.

At the annual general meeting held on 4th April last the following office-bearers were elected for the year:—

President: Miss A. E. Turner.

Vice-President: Miss M. V. Morley.

Hon. Treas.: Miss G. Farrell.

Librarian: Miss J. Lemm.

Magazine Editor: Miss D. Wane.

Hon. Sec.: Miss G. Santos.

We were pleased to welcome to the Circle this year eight new members, though we were unfortunate in losing six members, some of whom had been members of the Circle since its inception. There were twenty members on the roll this year; the maximum attendance was 17, and the average 13.5.

Several new books were added to the library this year. These are still in circulation among members.

The Syllabus Committee has drawn up an attractive programme for 1930. This includes studies of Balzac's "Human Comedy," Goethe's "Faust," H. M. Green's "Book of Beauty," the novels of H. H. Richardson, and Bar-

nard Eldershaw, etc. The selected books will be purchased and circulated among members before the New Year.

The first meeting next year will be held on Thursday, 28th March, at the Women's Club, Beaumont House Elizabeth Street, City, commencing at 7 p.m. sharp. Intending new members, however, should communicate with the Secretary, so that they may be notified of any change in this arrangement. Copies of the syllabus may be had on application to the Secretary.

The Circle extends a hearty welcome to all "Old Girls" interested in books, and pleasant evenings are assured those who join.

Any further information may be obtained from Miss Turner at the School, or from Miss G. Santos, c/o Medical Branch, Department of Education, Boxes 33A and 34A, G.P.O., Sydney.

PRIZES FOR LITERARY EFFORTS.

The school has again to acknowledge with much gratitude evidence of the very practical interest taken in it by former pupils. In order to encourage and foster literary ability, Joyce Kolts has offered an annual prize for original verse, while Mary Corringham's prize is to be awarded to the writer of the best original story.

* * *

On Armistice Day the captain placed a wreath on the Cenotaph, on behalf of the pupils of the school. Miss Evans gave an inspiring address on the work of the League of Nations, and half a guinea was sent as a subscription to the League's funds.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

A VISIT TO THE RETURNED SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL, RANDWICK.

When Miss Watts was invited to take some of her Special Choir girls to the Returned Soldiers' Hospital, Randwick, much to our delight she expressed her willingness. Joyce Kolts and Jean Stevenson, two of our old girls, consented to go with us, and we all met at 7 p.m. on October 31st, at Cleveland Street, where Miss Watts was waiting, loaded with cigarettes and sweets for the men. From there, we proceeded to the hospital, where we were taken into a dormitory, in which there were about thirty to forty men. At first the girls were rather shy, but, led by Connie Frith, they soon made friends with the returned soldiers, with the help of boxes of cigarettes. After a short time Miss Watts called us to the piano, and we sang, "The Oars are Plashing," "Brahms' Lullaby," "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes," and several other songs. The soldiers seemed to enjoy our singing very much, as they rewarded us with hearty acclamation. Jean Stevenson and Joyce Kolts then sang a beauti-

ful duet, after which each sang a solo, and they received much applause from the soldiers. Perhaps the item which we enjoyed most of all was Miss Watts' solo, "The Sweetest Flower that Blows." Then the choir sang "Annie Laurie," "Danny Boy," and "To the Tap of the Drum," the last seeming to please the soldiers very much.

At about half-past eight, supper was served to the men, and while they were eating, Connie Frith amused everyone with her jolly recitation and jokes. Following Connie's example, Elsie Howie stepped on to the stage (a chair), and made everyone laugh at her jokes.

After supper, we handed round sweets to the soldiers, and when nine o'clock arrived, Miss Watts decided it was time to depart; so we sang the National Anthem, and said "Au revoir" to the soldiers, for we promised that we would come again soon.

V. BALL, 5A.

BETTY CHAVE.

We were all grieved to hear of the death of little Betty Chave, of I.E., who was accidentally killed on 14th September, 1929. Although she was with us at Fort Street only this year, her eager and loving spirit had endeared her to all who knew her; and in classroom and playground alike, we miss her bright little personality. While she was here she worked earnestly and played happily; we cannot but feel that she will still be happy where she has gone, among those

"Who never need work, nor want, nor weep;
No trouble can come their hearts to estrange
In the beautiful country over the range."

EVENING.

It was dusk and I was wandering along the Esplanade at Manly. The grey shadows were deepening and the rose flush in the sky had almost reached the water-line in the west. The evening breezes were softly sighing through the tall pine trees and little birds were flying in silence to rest. An almost reverent stillness brooded over the great harbour, and all was peaceful. The tiny wavelets that lapped on the golden sands seemed to be singing a vesper hymn to Nature. Away in the grey distance millions of lights, like fairy lamps, twinkled in and out, lighting up the Sydney streets. The gaily illuminated ferries plied to and from Sydney, bearing home eager crowds from the great city. Now a big ocean-going liner, evidently over schedule time, sailed majestically through the giant, grim Heads. One wonders where it came from—perhaps from the south of France, the Land of Life and Youth, of dreams, of romance,—or had it come from Oriental realms, where the sun ever shines on a blaze of colour, or again did it come from coldest Canada?

The great forbidding military forts on Middle Head stand out more conspicuously at night, and in imagination one sees the huge cannon being controlled by khaki-clad figures as

some enemy comes stealthily through the Heads—but then one remembers that this is the day of Peace.

Ah! I suddenly saw the "Curl-Curl" steaming in from Sydney. This was packed with weary business men and women, who all scramble and jostle in the great rush to be off first and reach home. The once silent place now becomes alive with a hurrying human mass. Great crowds surge up the long wharf, trams come into their terminus, 'buses take up their stand, the yellow taxicab men, who a few minutes previously had been chatting idly at the taxi-stand, now look alert, eager for patrons. Soon the taxis speed off to different homes, the trams leave on another journey, and the last crowded 'bus has rolled away. The wharf is empty again, the gangways are pulled down and the boat slowly leaves the wharf. In a few minutes silence and peace reign supreme.

Then as night began to unfurl her soft, velvety curtain over sky and sea, I, too, hurried away, for the salt-tanged breeze that sprang from the foamy waves was becoming very chilly. The last thing I heard as I turned to go was the crooning song in the pines as it hushed all Nature to sleep.

AESCULAPIUS, 2B.

THE MOON.

The moon sails gently in the sky,
 She sings a little lullaby.
 She spreads her radiance far and
 wide
 To children on the earthy side.
 She seems to laugh in high delight
 When on a cloudless, starry night,
 O'er and o'er the Milky Way
 She wends her path before the day.

Then softly as the snow that falls
 She sheds her beams on ruined walls.
 She seems to shine unceasingly,
 Like fairy lamp in starry sea;
 And through the clouds she lightly
 slips
 To watch the waves that toss the
 ships,
 Which set their sails through all the
 night,
 And linger there till bright daylight.
 B.H., 1E.

TAREE—1929.

On Thursday, June 13th, thirteen happy girls arrived with rugs, cushions and bags at No. 1 Platform, Central Station. They were off to Taree and many curious glances were cast at the bright shield which decorated one of the compartments. After many good-byes, and admonitions by mothers and friends, the whistle blew, and at last we were on our way. The journey was uneventful until we reached West Maitland, where teams from Cessnock and West Maitland Girls' High Schools joined us.

As we proceeded further north it became quite cloudy, and anxious eyes scanned the sky to see if rain clouds were really forming. Eventually it did rain, and continued to do so, until we reached Gloucester. Here it eased off a little, but no sooner were we entrained again than it began to rain more heavily than before. Groans rent the air as the girls who had visited Taree in 1928 thought that there would be a repetition of last year's experience, and that rain would prevent the holding of the sports on the oval. By the time we neared Taree it was quite dark and the optimistic ones were prophesying a fine day for the sports and everyone was in high spirits as we drew into the station. We were soon distributed among our hostesses, and went our respective ways. We were very tired after the long journey of 235 miles, and retired early as we had been advised to do.

The next morning was, much to our delight, fine, although the ground was very soft. We spent the early part of the morning looking at

various points of interest in and round Taree, which is quite a large town, situated on the Manning River—very wide and very pretty. In the main street of the town is a fine war memorial in the form of a clock tower, and near by is the High School.

Much to our disappointment only four schools were competing for the Peel Shield. Kempsey was unable to send a team owing to the presence of the inspectors, and Newcastle, Sydney and Parramatta were not represented. This meant that West Maitland, Cessnock, Taree and Fort Street were to decide the issue. To show how close was our victory, it will be best to give the order of events:—

1. Final of 85 yards Championship
2. Final Tunnel Ball.
3. 100 yards Championship. Final.
4. Final Overhead Ball.
5. Final 220 yards Championship.
6. Final Under and Over Ball.
7. Relay Race.

Fort Street won the first race, but Taree gained 2nd and 3rd places, which made the points 5—4.

Taree was successful in winning the Tunnel Ball, which brought the scores to 8—9.

The next event Clarice won with Taree (L. Bennett) second, and West Maitland third.

The advantage was again with Fort Street, 13—12.

The Overhead Ball was won by Taree, 16—17, and although Clarice won the 220 yards Championship, Taree took 2nd place, 21—20.

Taree girls were very happy when they won 5 points to our 3 in the Under and Over Ball, and we were again 1 point behind, 24—25.

Whether the shield adorned Taree's fine school or returned to Sydney to hang in our hall for another year depended on the next race; but our confidence in Clarice, Marjorie Wiltson, Nancy Caldwell and Jean Foley was unbounded, and when a red cap broke the tape first, our excitement was intense. Caps were thrown in the air, and the team rushed across to congratulate the runners on their splendid performance. Taree was not forgotten, however, and three cheers were given for the Taree competitors, who are real sports.

On Friday night the presentation of the shield was made by the donor, Mr. Peel. Clarice, responding on behalf of our school, made a generous offer, that of a Cup to the winner of the highest aggregate at subsequent Peel Shield competitions at Taree.

The offer was enthusiastically received, and the memory of our greatest runner will be perpetuated in the Clarice Kennedy Cup. Subsequently a delightful dance was held in the assembly hall of the school.

The Taree girls had planned a very exciting day for us on Saturday. There was to be a hockey match in the morning and a picnic to the Bar, which is about ten miles from Taree at the mouth of the river, in the afternoon. But as several of our girls were obliged to be in Sydney by Saturday night, we could not stay, and left Taree by the morning train. Cessnock girls kept us company till we reached West Maitland, where they alighted.

I wish future Peel Shield teams every success, and hope that long may the Shield remain within our portals, a testimony of the spirit of Taree's people and of Mr. Peel in particular.

JESSIE BATES.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I was earnestly studying Burke on the front verandah when she came in.

"Can I look for my ball?" said she.

"Certainly," I answered.

She could have been no more than five with her chubby legs, her socks tumbling down over her shoes, her flushed little face with its sparkling blue eyes, and her mop of unruly curls. I watched her for a while, pattering about the garden, lifting up violet leaves here, and looking behind a rose bush there, trying to find her beloved ball, and then reluctantly I returned to "Burke." But not for long. My thoughts wandered, and I was a little girl once more—a fat, roly-poly of humanity with grubby hands. How I had loved to dig in the garden, and make mud pies, with the little boy next door.

And Topsy! I must not forget Topsy!

Topsy was my aged doll, "hundreds 'n hundreds o' years old," I used to tell enquiring visitors. She looked it. She had been black, but the backs of her legs were a murky brownish colour where the black had been washed off through exposure for a night to the rain. She could not boast of arms, and, although she had a head, her nose was chipped and her legs were missing, and yet how I loved her!

Suddenly I was recalled from my reverie by a young voice. "I've found my ball now—would you like to come and play?" So, leaving my "Burke" lying lonely on the seat, I proceeded to the lawn to play ball with Pat, the little girl from next door.

V. BALL, 5A.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

The sun shone brilliantly on Friday, July 26th, in spite of the fact that winter was still with us. The many-hued ribbons resembled a gaily coloured rainbow over the bright green of the Sydney Cricket Ground. Encouraging voices spurred on the contestants, and Fort Street girls responded valiantly to the stimulus.

The honours of the day were carried off by Sydney High, with North Sydney second while Fort Street ranked third.

Fort Street succeeded in the following events:—

C. Kennedy, 2nd, 17 years Championship.

R. Harris, 1st, 12 years Championship.

J. Foley, 1st, 14 years Championship.

C. Kennedy, 3rd, Championship of High Schools.

J. Foley, 3rd Junior Championship. Fort Street, 3rd, Inter-School Relay

C. Kennedy, 2nd, Skipping Race.

R. Harris, 1st, Junior Skipping Race.

J. Foley 3rd, Junior Skipping Race. Fort Street, 3rd, Tunnel Ball.

Fort Street, 2nd, Overhead Ball.

Fort Street girls are sorry to lose Clarice Kennedy, who has done so much in the world of sport to uphold the prestige of the school.

N. McKEVITT, 5B.

TENNIS.

The tennis matches have now drawn to a close with Sydney High in possession of both shields.

Our A team consists of J. Alexander, O. Dickenson, D. Harle and K. Miles, while D. Ambler, F. Hewton, J. Martin and M. Barnett make up the B. team.

This year the A team has not been very successful, but nevertheless the girls played well and thoroughly enjoyed their matches.

The B team has been more successful, losing only one match, which was played against Sydney B.I.

At the beginning of the season an interesting doubles tournament took place amongst the tennis players of the school. This resulted in a win for Doris Harle and Nancy Service.

On October 16th the finals of the P.S.A.A.A. tournament were played at Moore Park. Doris Harle and Marie Barnett were runners-up in the over 15 years' doubles championship of this competition.

The teams wish to thank Miss Draffin and Miss Simons for the great interest they have taken in coaching them.

MARIE BARNETT.

THE WIND.

The sun is brightly shining,
And leaves are pining,
For a springtime prance,
Or a joyous dance
In the glorious sun.

The wind is softly sighing,
Perhaps it's dying;
And through the leafy trees
There comes a breeze,
Singing a joyous song.

The wind is dying low,
A tale of woe
Echoes through the trees,
And scattered leaves
Lie lonely and forlorn.

AURELIA, 1F.

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES—THE WRONG TRAIN.

I set forth jauntily one fine morn, feeling exceptionally pleased with the world and myself, and wearing the satisfied beam that arises from a sense of well-being. I tripped down the garden path, and glanced round for my friend who generally meets me—but in vain.

Little perturbed, I continued on my merry way, and still with happy feelings filled, I boarded the train—a train somehow different to my usual one—there were too many men carrying their tools for my perfect peace of mind, but I soon became engrossed in my "Macbeth," and forgot my unusual travelling companions. Even when my other chum failed to appear on her station I did not worry, but made a mental vow that wait for her I would not, as a result of a slight argument yesterday.

At Central Station I boarded the first train and hoped that next time I missed the train my friend would be forgiving enough to wait for me. The train was crowded to overflowing with men, and I began to feel somewhat unhappy—and that awful feeling that I was in the throes of a nightmare came over me. Everyone seemed to be looking at me and I thought I detected a smirk on the ticket collector's face when I presented my pass.

Bother! What was the matter with everyone to-day? It was cold too, for nearly nine o'clock, and not one familiar face anywhere. The nightmare feeling grew.

Thank goodness! Bridge Street. Walking up that awful hill would be better than this oppressive feeling of unreality. But what a different Bridge Street? Not one single human being from one end to the other! Where was I? Where was everyone? I began to feel like "The Ancient Mariner," and expected to wake up any minute. But no, I was walking along Bridge Street when I raised my eyes to a clock, and the time was 7.25 a.m. Oh, it's wrong—it must be! But cold fear clutched me—it was right, and I had left home at 6.30 instead of 7.30! Wild ideas of going back flashed through my brain,

but on calming down I realised that that was impossible. I must resign myself to the inevitable. What a queer dream-like city! I was inspired by none of Wordsworth's admiration for the sleeping capital.

I shuddered! What a comfort one's fellow being are sometimes! I would hurry, and once at school behind those friendly walls I would feel safe. Cowardly? Perhaps, but put yourself in my position and sympathise.

At last the friendly gate—and securely padlocked! My unfortunate day, I grimly thought. I did not mind so much—it would only mean sitting on my bag for over half an hour—all horrible things end sometime and I was becoming hardened to misfortune.

I fumed—what to do? Call for the workmen?—no, never! Climb the wall first! Wild ideas of crawling under or jumping over did occur to me, but I dismissed them as undignified.

"Anything I can do, lady?" A voice, a human, kind, sympathetic voice.

"Yes, open this gate, please." And if I did stress my plea, 'tis forgivable.

"No key!" I might have known what the reply would be.

"But can't you find one anywhere?"

A dialogue over the wall, and after much argument the appearance of the friendly caretaker, and I was inside.

Once in, I stayed in. I felt I loathed Essex Street and all its early morning unfriendliness. For an hour, one precious hour, would I learn 'Burke,' or read?

Having settled down as comfortably as possible to work on the former I was interrupted by a voice: "Would you mind letting me sweep this room, miss?"

"Oh, certainly!" I replied, and hunted and harried, I betook myself to colder and less friendly regions. Hours seemed to pass. I composed one line of poetry in that time. "Wait, wait, wait in the cold school all alone," and, received some comfort by rolling it round my tongue.

At last! Human girlish voices, and finally that of my chum: "You might have waited for me."

"Yes, I have been waiting for exactly seventy minutes." My tale was told to sympathetic ears.

"You poor darling!"

"Yes," I happily sighed. "All's well that ends well, and I know my 'Burke'!"

J.C., 5B.

NEWS OF OTHER GUIDE COMPANIES

There are at present in the School eighty-three Guides, representative of twenty different companies, including Fort Street. These companies have all been conspicuous lately, carrying out various branches of Guide work.

* * *

1st Balgowlah Guides recently held a concert in aid of the Imperial Headquarters' Building Fund. This proved a very great success, and the fund will benefit by it to the extent of £10.

* * *

Some weeks ago 1st Manly held a camp fire to which some of the Balgowlah Guides were invited. Lucky Balgowlah!

* * *

1st Lavender Bay had an enrolment of several new recruits on November 2nd.

* * *

Although formed only a short time ago, 1st Hurlstone Park Company is making great strides in the Guide world. Keep it up! We hope to hear great things about you this time next year.

* * *

On October 12th Leichhardt, Drummoine, Five Dock and Annandale Guides competed for a silver cup. Leichhardt scored a brilliant victory over Drummoine and was presented with the cup at the Leichhardt Guides' Annual Bazaar, held on October 25th.

* * *

1st Bondi distinguished themselves at the Eastern Suburbs' Rally held in Centennial Park on September 28th, by breaking the record for

pitching a bell tent. The feat was accomplished in five minutes, the previous record being eight minutes.

* * *

Enmore Guides were the proud winners of the District Shield at a Rally recently held in their division.

* * *

When 2nd Glebe set out on Eight Hour Day for National Park they were looking forward to a Field Day there. On their way home they were still looking forward—to the next one.

* * *

Northern Suburbs held their Guide Rally at Turramurra Oval on September 21st. Owing to the presence of an uninvited guest, namely the rain, the Oval had to be abandoned and the competition was continued in a hall.

Here 1st Chatswood won the day by carrying off the Russell Shield and two silver cups.

* * *

Despite the fact that 1st Gladesville had to return home from the abovementioned Rally in an open lorry, and despite the fact that the rain poured down heavily nearly all the way, their spirits were not dampened—they caught the rain in the cup they had won for the inspection and march past.

EMILY HUGHES, 4A.

As usual, the girls are collecting toys for the Children's Hospital and for the University Settlement in Redfern, in which so many of the Fortian undergraduates are interested.

THE FORGE OF VULCAN.

Vulcan had quarrelled with Mars, the god of War. Mars threatened revenge and declared war upon Vulcan. He gathered all the people of the earth to form his army in the battle against the god of Fire. The gods, however, favoured Vulcan, and Jupiter gave him permission to use any means he chose to bring about the downfall of the arrogant Mars.

The day drew near when the battle was to be fought, and Mars, resplendent in a suit of golden armour, thought to surprise Vulcan, in his home on Mt. Olympus.

Vulcan repaired to his forge in the crater of Etna, and there made lava, and blinding smoke, and red hot ashes, with which to defend himself.

When all was ready, Mars arrived with his followers at the foot of the forge, and called "Vulcan, bring down your army, that we may fight!"

And Vulcan's mighty voice came booming down, "I am mine own army, but my weapons are deadly!"

With the last word there came a violent rumble, and a crash, and volumes of suffocating smoke emerged

from the crater; a mighty tremor shook the earth, and the people, shrinking, fled.

Tons of ashes and boulders shot from the crater, striking and felling many; the noise was tumultuous, as of myriads of armies beating drums, and tom-toms, of animals roaring and the whole earth crashing to Hell. A great crack appeared in the side of the mountain, and the majority of the army of Mars was trapped!

Streams of molten lava, belched forth, and with ghostly shrieks and snaky writhings, the many peoples of the earth met their doom.

But to-day we read of the discovery of buried cities known as Pompeii and Herculaneum; but these are in reality the cities devastated when Vulcan entered his forge in the far-off ages.

"The smoke ascended,
The lava and ashes descended,
And Mars' army was scattered;
The people fell,
'Neath the Fire god's spell,
When Vulcan entered his forge."

"LORELEI."

"INTER-DREAMS."

It was the night before the much dreaded "Inter."

I had been trying to learn some of my subjects while my cousin Edna had been telling the rest of the family about an historical novel she had just been reading. Edna had not reached the "Inter" stage yet, but she has a fad for reading historical books.

I went to bed that night, in a very muddled state of mind. I soon went to sleep. I had been asleep about an hour, it seemed, when suddenly something hit me. I opened my eyes and found myself confronted with a funny object, shaped like a geometrical puzzle. It had a circle for a head, a triangle for its body, and just straight lines and curves for its legs and arms. It was alive, I soon found out, because it said, in a squeaky voice:—

"Hullo, I'm theorem 59. I live in a place called 'Hall and Stevens.' I come from Interland. Like to come there for a visit?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "Is it far?"

Theorem 59 said it was quite near, and just muttered a few words, which sounded to me like, "Quod erat demonstrandum." The scene suddenly changed, we were in a peculiar place. Theorem 59 said then, "I'll show you the sights."

As we went down the village street I saw quaint figures. There was Queen Elizabeth dancing with Disraeli, and at the same time arguing with Caesar. Other figures like my guide were also prancing about. I began to recognise persons about whom I had read, and suddenly they seemed aware of my presence, and made one wild rush for me.

"So you are one of the mortals

who have to learn about us!!" the theorems cried, "you don't learn accurately. If you did, we would not be arguing with each other. Was it not you, the other day at school, who said that Gladstone fought in the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Well," I said, "I'm afraid I didn't say quite that, but . . ."

"Don't excuse yourself," they said, and they began to quarrel amongst themselves again.

"Well," they said at last, "we will test you, What was William the Conqueror's telephone number?" "Goodness," I said, "he did not have one."

"Wrong," they said, "it was 10667. You mortals are very ignorant; for that you will have to recite backwards ten theorems."

I shrank from that, it was as much as I could do to say them "frontwards," let alone backwards. But I had to make a beginning. They pulled and tugged me, then suddenly a voice cried in my ear:—

"Wake up, sleepy, and stop saying theorems, it's the "Inter" morning and here is a black cat for luck."

It was Edna, and it was only a dream.

"MISS PICKWICK," 4B.

THE ENEMY AT FROGVILLE.

Near the duck yard was situated a pond. In this pond the village of Frogville was advancing wonderfully. Only one thing prevented the progress of Frogville, and that was its enemy—Dickie Duck.

When Dickie Duck came down about three or four times a day for his daily swims, he would gobble up at least half a dozen frogs each time. At last the chief frogs of the village called a parliament in order to devise means to put an end to Dickie Duck's evil deeds for once and for all. At length they came to a decision. They argued that if they all leapt together at their dreadful enemy they would be able to overcome him.

In the middle of their discussion a great splash sounded above them. With one accord they all leapt to the surface. There the battle raged fierce and long for more than fifteen minutes. Then Dickie Duck gradually began to overcome the unfortunate frogs. At last there remained only one hundred frogs, out of six hundred, and they had to dive to the bottom of the pool to save their lives.

Matters looked very ominous for the inhabitants of Frogville. Not even the wise men of the village could think of any way to destroy their enemy. There remained only one frog in the whole of Frogville who would be likely to think of some means by which they could overcome Dickie Duck. This frog was very

wise, and well-educated, but at present he was locked in the local goal for publicly criticising the opinions of the Governor of Frogville, who was by no means a perfect gentleman.

This frog, who was named Duxillimus, was freed from prison on the condition that he devised a scheme to rid them of their scourge. He suggested the seizure of little Billie's celluloid frog. In a very short time, Billie came as usual to the pond to float his toys, but was scared away by a large frog who seized his celluloid brother. Dickie Duck, not long afterwards came in search of other frogs to gobble up (although he had already eaten enough frogs to satisfy forty-five other ducks). When the frogs heard a splash, louder than usual, they floated the toy frog. Dickie Duck having gobbled it up, as was expected, began to experience a very queer sensation within. To the delight of the frogs he squirmed and flapped his wings and after many convulsions fell among them.

All Frogville gathered round and soon Dickie was left featherless. For years after, Frogville had very comfortable beds, with pillows made of Dickie's down. Of course a feast was held in honour of Duxillimus, the village hero. This time the tables were turned, for Frogville ate Dickie, and the frogs and tadpoles enjoyed perfect peace for ever after.

EDNA STARLING.

"THE RETURN OF CAESAR."

(Almost a Tragedy).

Since the nights are cool, fires and radiators still hold their own. I love to sit in a comfortable big chair and dream in front of a fire, but still a radiator is the next best thing, when one cannot have a fire. The other night, I had been unable to resist such a temptation, and so, spent half an hour thinking of nothing in particular. Imagine my surprise when (while gazing into space) the door was roughly thrown open, and in walked a strange man. He was dressed in what seemed to be a sheet, but what most attracted me, was the surprise written all over his face. He was of a rather stumpy build, but seemed to be capable of great agility. His hair was dark. What little there was of it, and his face gave the impression that he was a ruler of nations, but his eyes were uncommonly like a monkey's—they had the same sadness in them. He looked as though something was worrying him—as though he had been greatly surprised.

It did not seem unusual that this strange individual should walk in, and sit down; anything might have happened that night. Suddenly he spoke! His voice was rich and soft, and I understood him easily, although he did not speak in English.

"I have returned! I, Caesar!" His tone changed. "What has happened? Everything has changed. Where are the chariots?"

What could I say? I murmured something about two thousand years having elapsed since he was in Rome, but he did not seem to hear me.

"Where is Brutus, my friend and yet my betrayer?" His voice was harsh, and full of such hatred, that I shuddered. "I have returned for Brutus, to do unto him as he did unto me."

For a moment I pitied poor Brutus, before I remembered that he was dead. I told Caesar that fact. As though seeing me for the first time, he looked at me, and held my gaze. It made me feel as though I were Brutus. He was walking, or rather gliding towards me, and I stood mesmerized. Suddenly he put out his long lithe fingers towards my throat, and still I could not move.

Something seemed to snap in my brain and I fell backwards almost fainting. When I recovered I looked around, Caesar had gone! Evidently I had been day-dreaming again. But it was so real! How exciting it would have been if we had become friends—"Oh, I say, do let me introduce my dear friend, Caesar!" It would be recorded in all the papers—great headlines—"Caesar has returned! Makes friends with a school-girl! Will not enter politics again!"

(I need not add that I do not learn Latin!)

G.H., 4B.

"THE SINGING GOLD."

Dorothy Cotterell, the authoress of this book, is an Australian, who has only recently made herself known in literary circles, and judging from this book I think her future works should be worth reading. The story stretches over a period of about sixteen years, and during this time, much happens concerning the fortunes of Joan Jerrington-Whatmore, the heroine. Mrs. Cotterell opens her story in such a way that one is immediately interested.

Joan, when first introduced, is only eight years old, and through the ensuing years, we see her, sometimes in pathetic scenes, sometimes causing great amusement, but always appearing to be the ordinary person we expect to meet in everyday life.

The book is purely Australian, the setting for the most part being laid in Queensland, and is written in that simple manner that appeals to one in reading a book of its type. It is not lacking in humour as the reader

will guess from the beginning. An amusing incident that comes to my mind as I write this, is a description given by the authoress of the "at homes" at grandmother Jerrington-Whatmore's home when "haughty old ladies with black pompoms in their bonnets and black gloves," and others in "black and jet" meet to discuss crochet patterns, and various questions, appearing very trivial to the reader. An amusing description is given of Joan's first visit to a cricket match, which, in the words of the authoress, "proves a great blow to her." Joan's conceptions of the game before her disappointment are these:—"A brave-looking little man armed with a tiny bat, defending himself against innumerable projections, the size of cannon balls, hurled at him from all parts of the field." A run:—"A complete encirclement of the ground performed by the flying batsman, pursued by the hostile team." To hit out recklessly," as reported in the papers, endangered at least the life of the cricketer, according to Joan.

The following is a brief outline of the story:—Joan first visited her grandmother Jerrington-Whatmore when she was fourteen, and stayed several years with her. During this time she met Clippings, whom she

later married, when still quite young. After the marriage, Clippings bought an island off the Queensland coast, where he and Joan lived for quite a long time. But Joan, having hurt her foot very badly, was obliged to come to Sydney to have it attended to. This meant the selling of the island in which Clippings took such pride. In Sydney they rented a house between Darlinghurst and Wollomooloo, and led perfectly happy lives. Then with great suddenness sorrow came to the little house, for Clippings was killed. Joan, broken-hearted, returned to her home in Queensland. The story, however, ends in a happy way, for Jerry, known to Joan when she was quite a little girl, returned from his property in the Gulf Country, and shortly afterwards married Joan.

There are many beautiful descriptive passages in the book, which would appeal to the lovers of nature, and many references to gold. The book, brightly written, and with that purely Australian touch about it, will appeal to most people.

J.C., 4B.

EXCHANGES:

The Editor acknowledges with thanks copies of School Magazines sent to Fort Street during the year.

WITH APOLOGIES.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my
fond hopes!
This is my state of mind. To-day I
chose
My Livy "to discuss." To-morrow bur-
geons,
And I do find I know naught of its
contents.
The third day comes despair, cruel
despair,
For I have glanced into "Burke" to
find
I had not really, as I'd hoped, made
The gentleman's acquaintance. I have
ventured
This many evenings in a furnace
fierce
Of Algebra, yet far beyond my
depth.
My sore-tried hopes at length broke
under me,

And now have left me, daz'd and
blank of mind
To the mercy of a horrid ignorance.
Vain hope of gaining just 4 B's, I hate
ye!
I feel my brain now emptied. Oh,
how wretched
Is that poor girl who trusts to in-
spiration!
There is, betwixt that pass we would
aspire to,
The sweet prospect of fond hopes,
and their ruin—
More pangs or fears than we for
"yearlies" have—
And when 'tis thus, you'll feel as I
do—
Ne'er will ye smile again.

JOAN BOURNE.

THE FIELD DAY ENROLMENT.

On Wednesday, 11th October, eleven more Fortians joined "the Great Sisterhood of the Guides," where they were enrolled at Castlecrag by Miss Drury. Miss Evans and three former guides of the company were our only visitors.

After the enrolment ceremony Miss Evans gave an inspiring talk on the guide law, which we all appreciated very much. The ideals of guiding appeal very greatly to Miss Evans, and she urged us to live up to our laws and to keep our promise.

Subsequently a very interesting fire-lighting competition was held between the patrols. At a certain signal a representative from each patrol had to set a fire (with wood collected before hand) and light it. Their objective was to burn through a string held over the fires about two feet from the ground. At first it seemed as if the Kookaburra's fire would be the first to burn the string, but the wind intervened and the Robin patrol won.

The leader of each patrol then set a short track through the bush, which the respective patrols enthusiastically followed to the end.

We had a community tea and each

patrol had something to do in its preparation. A very merry gathering sat down to a tea of cheese, salad, buns and fruit, and thoroughly enjoyed everything.

After tea we all sat round the camp fire composed of three small fires arranged in the form of a trefoil. Some were mystified by this arrangement, but were soon enlightened when the captain and three leaders entered the circle bearing torches (not electric) and very impressively carried out the camp-fire fighting ceremony. When the fire was burning brightly we sang some of our favourite songs, and Miss Drury told us the beautiful story of "The Land of the Blue Flower."

After our last song, "Now Our Campfire Fadeth" was sung the senior patrol leader voiced the guides' appreciation of Miss Evans' company. Miss Evans, in her reply, said she considered the Guide movement to be one of the finest of our school activities, and for that reason she voted us £5 from school funds to buy whatever we needed for the company. It was decided to use the money to buy a tent for camp purposes.

BETTY KENNEDY,
Kookaburra Patrol.

THE HAWKESBURY.

The Hawkesb'ry goes a-winding,
Slowly winding past the trees;
O'er depths untold
It's waters fold,
Unruffled by the breeze.

Sometimes it goes a-singing,
Softly singing on its way.
It glides along
Enwrapt in song,
Past many a sleeping bay.

The Hawkesb'ry lies a-waiting,
Only waiting for this sight:
Dream argosies
Like melodies,
Steal softly through the night.

At dawn the Hawksb'ry's list'ning,
Just a-list'ning to the strain
Of some wee bird
Whose song is heard
To rise and fall again.

At night it goes a-glimm'ring,
Dimly glimm'ring 'neath the moon,
A melody
Fantastic'ly
Wafts down its mellow tune.

And though it's ever changing,
Ever changing mood and song.
It's still the same
Old storied name
The Hawkesb'ry bears along.

"MARGOT," 2A.

TOY-TOWN REVELS.

"All aboard! All aboard! Toy Land! Ho there—hurry now!" "Come along, Susan!"—this to me. "My name's not Susan!" I indignantly replied. "Ho, isn't it? Nice thing when a baby doll doesn't know its own name! Now, don't argue! You have not much time! All aboard! . . . We're off! Hurrah!" What was it all about? I looked around me, and saw many strange people. A huge golliwog talking animatedly to a mamma doll, whose inane answer seemed to enrage him. Jack-in-the-Box was just in front of me, and kept bobbing up and down to see if we were nearly there. Where? Ah, I remembered! This was the one day when all mortals slept the whole day and night, and Toyland held its Carnival of the year. Now I remembered that Grace, my mistress, had put Susan's label on my dress, and mine on Susan's. Where was Susan? I soon caught sight of her, listening intently to a sailor man, with half a collar on his jumper, and a torn hat. And she had my name on, too! She might be more particular, for Jack Tar was very untidy. I wished someone would come and talk to me, for I did feel so lonely. Even the French Doll, who had lost the sleeve of her dress and one of her curls, had a little wooden soldier, while I, whose dress was new, and hair nicely curled, was all alone. Suddenly, I heard such a nice voice saying: "Mistress Susan, may I be your honoured partner in our revels?" Looking up, I saw the nicest Beau Brummel Doll I have ever seen. I said "Yes" as nicely as I could, and tried to remember all the lessons on manners that Grace had given me. Beau was so nice, and his speech was perfect. The French Doll was quite envious, and tried to catch his eye, but he kept looking at me and I was so proud. Then I confided to him that our labels had been mixed and my name was Anne, not Susan, but he said he liked Susan, so I was quite happy. When we reached the platform, all the paper flowers, which were looking rather faded, were being freshly painted in preparation for the night. Beau took me to a

toy sweets shop, where he bought me some lollipops and jellybeans. Then we went on a switch-back, which switched so much, that I grew frightened and clung to Beau. I think Grace would be frightfully shocked—perhaps she would be jealous. After the switch-back, we went for a ride on two wooden horses. They were a bit stiff in the joints, and jolted us, but we did not mind. We next tried an aeroplane. There was only room for two, and I was glad, for I did not want them all to know that I was a wee bit frightened—and Beau did say some nice things!

When we came down, it was nearly time for the revels to begin. We went to "Hutton House" for tea, and had the prettiest little pink and white and green cakes to eat. Then began the dance.

The room was all aglow with dozens of Chinese lanterns, and the Ten Little Nigger Boys supplied the music. In the Doll Dance, two Dutch Dolls accidentally bumped the French Doll and put her out of action for a while. The little wooden soldier made her a present of a sweet little blue dress, and fixed her hair so that one could not tell a curl was missing. Wasn't he nice? The only thing that spoilt the evening was an argument between the Rag Doll and the Painted Doll, as to who was most popular, but after they saw the Dance of the Paper Dolls, there was no doubt.

Just as twelve o'clock struck, the Ten Little Nigger Boys announced that the last dance would be a waltz. All the lanterns except two were put out, and three wooden soldiers, who had beautiful voices, sang for us while we danced.

Coming home, Beau asked me to keep the name of Susan, and told me that he belonged to the boy next door, and he gave me a red paper rose and a kiss.

This morning, Grace called me Susan, and as the real Susan prefers "Anne"—well—I don't mind.

GRACE PRIEST, 5A.

GUIDE NOTES.

Saturday, 11th May, was long awaited by the Guides of 1st Fort St. Company, for an enrolment was to be held on that day. What was our disappointment when Saturday dawned stormy and wet! However remembering that "a guide smiles and sings under all difficulties," we resolved to make the best of it and it was a very happy band that arrived at school. There were many preparations to be made, for a stall was to be held and all the Guides of the district and some of the parents were expected as guests. After much anxiety for things to be "just so," we found ourselves in the horseshoe waiting for the arrival of Miss Levy and Miss Arnott. On their arrival at 3 o'clock, the business of the day began, and new recruits were welcomed into the Great Sisterhood of Guides, while those who had been enrolled before renewed their promise. After a short talk by Miss Levy, afternoon tea was served and the stall opened. Of the proceeds of the stall, £3/15/0 was given to the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind Institution, and the rest, £3/15/0 to the Imperial Headquarters Building Fund.

A district Rally was held on Saturday, July 20, to raise money for the Headquarters' Fund. Games formed the first part of the programme and then we all gathered in a circle and

stunts were given and songs sung. The proceeds of this very pleasant afternoon amounted to ten guineas.

On July 31st the Patrol Leaders attended the enrolment of the University Cadets. Lady David, who presided at the enrolment, gave an interesting and inspiring talk on the Guide Promise.

A Field Day was held at Clifton Gardens on Wednesday, September 4th. On Saturday, September 14th, 1st Fort Street visited the Extension Company of Girl Guides at the Institution of the Deaf, and Dumb, and the Blind.

Over the week-end, September 21st and 22nd, three Patrol Leaders and one Patrol Second, Miss Mill and Miss Drury, went for a hike. They went by train to Waterfall, then spent a delightful day walking from Waterfall to Otford. At Otford they entrained for Austinmer, where they spent the night, and on Saturday they climbed Sublime Point. The hike was an experiment, and those who formed the party declared that it was a very successful one.

On Wednesday, October 16th, an enrolment was held at Castle Crag, when we were much honoured in having Miss Evans as our guest.

M. DEER,
Secretary.

A HOLIDAY.

On holiday we all feel gay,
Our thoughts from toil are turned to
play,
The sun is bright
Our hearts are light—
Then shout hurray!
For a holiday!

In every tree there's harmony;
The breezes hum a melody—
The song of spring—
We hear them sing
So happily
And merrily.

The idle hours all slip away
Across the bay where fishes play;
And all seems right
In warm sunlight,
When mirth holds sway
On a holiday.

M. BURTON, 4B.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Gwen and I sauntered across Room One to study the time-table.

"French, trigonometry, Latin," I read aloud, "algebra, hist —"

"Look!" Gwen interrupted in a voice which was raised to such an unseemly pitch that it sounded like an iron gate suffering from rheumatism, "Gwen and Joan," monitresses."

The poet—or was he a philosopher?—who invented the axiom "Great minds think alike" would have recognised two great minds that morning had he seen Gwen and me fall into each other's arms with a loud wail of anguish. After tottering feebly to the nearest chairs.

"Flowers," said Gwen.

"Vases," said I.

"Dusting," said Gwen.

"Ink," said I.

Since Gwen and I are both Spartans by nature and Guides by accident, we took our best grins out of our pockets, tied them on our faces, and started to work.

Half-an-hour later we sat on the table and surveyed our handiwork. Fifty ink-wells with clean white china cheeks and with their blue eyes full of tears—I mean ink—smiled at us. Desks without a single speck of dust spoiling their polished faces sulked in silence.

"It's a pity there are no flowers, Joan."

"Yes, but we washed the vases well."

We slipped off the table and gazed around with pride. Inks, pens, pencils, chalk, all were beautifully arranged, but alas, Gwen's very best smile and her third best white blouse were both disfigured by long, blue stripes, which we found, by observation and experiment, were made of ink. My hands, too, were the same colour as my uniform, so we put the smiles back in our pockets and proceeded to wash off the signs of our toil.

When the bell rang Gwen and I took our seats with self-satisfaction beaming on our faces, and we glanced triumphantly at each other as the Prefect looked round the room.

"Who are the monitresses?"

Gwen said afterwards that her hand was the first to shoot towards the ceiling, but my private opinion is that I raced her. The Prefect said:

"Why don't you two do your work properly? What are these empty vases doing here? Take them away!"

Two sad girls crept out of their seats and hid those well-washed vases in the darkest corner of the cupboard. They say that virtue is its own reward, but—I ask you!

"DODO." 4A.

MY WISH.

I want a dog! What kind?

I really do not care.

A terrier sky, with wiry hair?

Or lazy spaniel, nose in air?

Or greyhound, fleetest than the wind?

I do not mind!

And yet—I think I'll buy a pup.

Still shaky on its feet,

Who'll play with me, and sometimes eat

My slippers, or will spoil the sacret

With muddy paws, ere I get up.

I'll buy a pup!

I think I'll name him "Nip!"

Original? Not quite.

But then—all dogs know how to bite,

They need their teeth when in a fight!

Or else I'll call him "Rip."

"Rip" or "Nip!"

ADELE BIERI, 3C.

THE HOURS OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

From the portals of the East, soft grey light streams to gladden the world. Then the sun commences to rise from behind the hills, crowned with gauzy mists and shedding rosy rays that fill the sky with the wondrous glory of sunrise. Nature rouses herself, birds sleepily begin to twitter, animal life awakes to commence the routine of yet another day. Soon all beings are fully awake. Birds pour forth their trilling notes, blending in perfect harmony, to hail the coming of the new-born day, while the sun peers through the trees gently kissing the dainty flowers hung with sparkling dew-drops, and sunbeams dance and make merry in the glens and dells.

Here a miniature waterfall, its margins overgrown with delicate green fronds of maiden hair fern, splashes gaily into a cup, fashioned in the rock by the fall for hundreds of years, of tiny crystal drops, then a thin silver thread of water trickles over the edge and wanders around the rocks only to lose itself amongst the ferns and flowers. There, some tiny rabbits frolic round an old rotted, moss-covered log. There a grey dove tenderly coos to her fledglings, telling them that there is nothing to be frightened of in the big, beautiful world. Here, a brown speckled thrush pours forth his song to his lady love, swelling his wee breast to almost bursting point. There, two cheeky, shining-eyed sparrows hop, squabbling over choice tit-bits which they come upon. Beside the glittering sun-kissed pool, daffodils daintily nod their golden heads in the breeze; shy violets hide their pretty faces under their broad, sheltering leaves; snowdrops cluster around shady trees guarded by their long, narrow leaves. Forget-me-nots and buttercups add their beauty to the picture, while birds flash from tree to tree, their plumage gleaming in the sunshine, gorgeously-hued butterflies and honey-eaters daintily sip the sweet nectar of the flowers, and dragonflies dart about the bushes near the river. Here and there a giant tree

proudly flings its head skywards, squirrels chatter and scramble over the trunks of trees, swishing their red bushy tails. There between the bushes is a cobweb hung with dew-drops glistening like diamonds and making a common thing one of the wonders of the woods. Surely Summer herself in her cool, green, flowing gown, is tripping through this paradise, for everything is so happy and joyful.

Soon all are deeply immersed in their daily duties, the air is filled with busy sounds as bees merrily buzz, flying to and from their homes with their precious burdens of pollen, birds flutter hither and thither and small animal occupants of the woods search diligently for food. Brooks and streams leap and gurgle with laughter and song, their waters of magic hues are kissed by the sun. They seem to say, "Come out and play and cast away care." A foaming rivulet dances with glee as down the hillside it gaily tumbles to the embrace of the river which flows on and on down to the sapphire sea whispering secrets all the while, its sweet waters tossed on the snow-capped billows, lost, lost!

Now the sun is high overhead, its brazen beams shining mercilessly down on the earth; but in the woodland glades, sheltered by kindly trees, all is cool and peaceful.

The day hurries by, waiting not for the laggard. She departs in silent dignity, and the beauteous moon rises in the east, casting her shafts of ghostly light across the slumbering world, trees rustle dreamily as a lonely, wanton zephyr passes by. The radiant evening star rises, proclaiming the coming of her glowing sisters.

Twilight vanishes like a spectre in the dusky sky and the calm, majestic presence of the night hushes all beings. But, what is that? How beautiful! How entrancing! Faint strains of enchanting music steal through each glade and fairy dell across the blue, mist-shrouded hills, swelling, gently swelling, gripping the wood in its charm. Rising, rising,

flinging itself upon the air, wild shrill music proclaims the arrival of the phantoms of the night which come forth to revel. Fairies creep from their homes on the bluebell hill and dance and sway with elfish glee around the toadstool ring, their tiny feet scarcely touching the ground, their silvery voices blending with the faint tinkle of bluebells and foxglove bells.

Then the music changes. Sighing wistfully it floats down to the village,

charming all with its entrancing strain. Down in the village the old folk look up to the hills, and nodding their heads wisely, say, "Aye, indeed, the Wee Folk are abroad to-night."

Afterwards, even the fairy folk seek rest; and night, a picture of loveliness and dignity combined, holds all in her mystic grasp. But, when dawn peeps across the sky, she flees in terror with his shadows.

MIRRAMAR, 2A.

BARRENJOEY LIGHTHOUSE.

Not long ago I had the good fortune to go over Barrenjoey Lighthouse. I will try to tell you something about it.

The Lighthouse is situated, as the crow flies, twenty and a-half miles from the G.P.O., and can be reached by car from Manly.

The strip of land at the foot of the tower is called Governor Phillip's reserve, for it was this part of Pittwater Bay that Governor Phillip came into in March, 1788. Phillip came up the coast to investigate Captain Cook's discoveries, intending to see particularly Cook's Broken Bay, but he mistook Pittwater for this. This place kept the name and is known to-day as Broken Bay. Cook's Bay was really further up the coast.

Leading up to the lighthouse is a long, winding path, which somewhat resembles a goat track—very steep and very rocky. On the top of the hill it is very bleak, especially so on a windy day. Most of the land surrounding the tower is grassy, but the headland projecting from it is very stony and barren. A great herd of goats wanders over this stony part. These goats provide the lighthouse keeper's milk supply.

From the top a wonderful panoramic view is obtainable. On looking south one sees headlands and yet more headlands; to the north can be seen Lion Island, and the part where the hills slope down and the Hawkesbury enters Pittwater. One obtains

a glorious picture of Pittwater as it winds right in past Palm Beach.

Attached to the lighthouse are two stone cottages. The two lighthouse keepers and their families live there. The children are very shy.

We went over the lighthouse with Rear-Admiral Evans, Lieutenant-Commander MacDonald, and some other officers of the Australian Navy, and the sight of the Rear-Admiral and the officers in uniform was too much for the children. They were quite awed, and ran away when they saw them.

Up this bleak point there is the lonely grave of the first lighthouse keeper, George Mulhall. The grave, though railed in, is overrun with grass and weeds.

The lighthouse itself is a stone structure, and was erected in August, 1881. It is 371 feet above sea-level. The present lighthouse is the second one. The first was made of wood, and was built in 1868. This was named Stewart's Tower, because in July, 1867, Mr. R. Stewart moved in the Legislative Assembly that a lighthouse be erected at Barrenjoey, and it was seconded and carried.

To reach the lamp inside we had to climb numerous little winding stairs. In the interior of the lighthouse everything is spick and span. All the glass was polished and the brasswork shone like many mirrors. I may mention that the lighthouse keeper's constant cry was, "Keep

your hands off the glass and the brass, please."

The lamp is a huge affair. It has a fixed light, and is worked by kerosene. It throws its light for a radius of 15 miles. What a dreadful thing it would be if that lamp were neglected and failed to function, for the coast is very treacherous.

When one is in the lighthouse

tower, the boom of the waves on the shore below makes one shudder, but it makes one glad that there is a lighthouse there to send out its welcome message to all shipping.

When we left, the dusk was swiftly gathering, and we saw the great red light send out its warning to passing ships.

AESCULAPIUS, 2B.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

The University, Nov. 1st.

Dear Fortians,—

Another year is quickly drawing to a close. In the quadrangle, in the laboratories, or round the dining tables, thoughts are almost always directed to examinations. End of year brings us to those bitter experiences that so often at school we faced—idle hours wasted,—work still undone, and perilously few remaining weeks.

But the days are very joyful ones. We wonder often why we fit in here at Manning House, and in the everyday round of work, as well as we did into old Room IV. and the Prefects' Room. And often we yearn for our five joyous years back again. We have never laughed with quite such freedom from care as we did then. Farewell days hold the most poignant memories. There was always the message that rings yet—"Remember you are playing for the honour of the school, for the best school of all—for Fort Street." These were the great days and jolly days, when Rose Bay baths and hockey or tennis took our energy and enthusiasm, and our thoughts went scarcely further than the rare joys of the day. There were melancholy days perhaps—odd phases of every life when the wistfulness of the future, or regrets of the past, bent down and touched us for a moment.

But Fifth Year to everyone of us was different. Its magic spell surpassed anything we had ever dreamed of. We gazed at the worn places on the stairs with sacred reverence, and thought into them all the treasures of our glorious heritage. Tradi-

tions of lasting moment were in the old photographs in the upper hall; and the Honours Rolls gave us so often that mystic association with others who shared our privileges and handed on to us our Fort Street.

There are phases of University life that you will doubtlessly love even more than school life. Last week we spent such an hour, when Professors and undergraduates in academic dress filled the Great Hall and held a service of praise and commemoration of benefactors. The sacred dignity of the Great Hall blended mellowly with the low tones of the organ and the rich melody of the hymns. There were awe and reverence in the place of worship. The beauty of the service banished from our minds the things of the world, but we are reminded in these last rushed weeks of another visit we will pay to the Great Hall quite soon, when examination tables will furnish the spacious floor. With such thoughts comes, too, the reminder of your own times of trial, and we bring to you our wishes for satisfying results.

As we write it is with a consciousness that one who is so dear to us all will share our doings and our thoughts in a slightly different way. We hardly like to think of Fort Street and Miss Cruise being separated, but after all we need not have thought so. She still belongs to us as we do to her.

Again we send you our hearty wishes, and again pledge our loyalty to our School—our Alma Mater—"till the last bell call."

Alice Smith.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

As the Old Girls' Union has been unable to make use of the school this year for evening meetings, Old Fortians have met only four times since the annual general meeting in April.

The dinner was held in May at "The Pelican" Cafe, about seventy members attending. The function was a success socially, and even financially. Usually the dinner just pays for itself, but this year we showed a slight profit. The cafe itself proved popular only in certain respects, but each year the committee has the greatest difficulty in finding a suitable place for Fortians to dine, and this year was no exception—the ideal place has not yet been discovered. After the usual toasts a few musical items were given, and the members indulged in dancing.

The annual ball was again held at the Wentworth in July, but was unfortunately not the financial success it proved to be during the past two years, chiefly owing to the epidemic of influenza. Dozens of reservations were cancelled at the last minute for that very reason, but although the committee was very disappointed in the numbers, the two hundred dancers who graced the floor spent a most enjoyable evening. Half the proceeds were devoted to the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women, and the other half we were pleased to hand over to the school.

In order that Fortians teaching in the country might have an opportunity of meeting Sydney Fortians once again, a reunion took place at the Ambassadors during the High School vacation in August. About forty were present, including many country teachers, and there was a merry buzz of conversation in the intervals between dances.

On 12th October one hundred and twelve members gathered at "The Oriental" Cafe in honour of Miss Cruise. Miss Maisie Golding, our President, on behalf of the Union, presented Miss Cruise with a reading lamp, and expressed our regret that she was forced to retire owing to ill-health, extending to her our best wishes for many years of happy retirement. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, and fortunately Miss Cruise was able to speak to every Fortian in person.

We are now looking forward to our final meeting of the year, which is to be held at the school in December as a welcome to all who intend to become members of the Union in 1930. We hope to meet many of the present girls who will be anxious to keep in touch with the school by means of the Union—a bond which necessarily become stronger with the influx of new members.

GLYNN STAYTE,

Hon. Sec

ON THE WAY TO RABBIT ISLE.

There's a rustling in the foliage,
There's a song at ev'ry mile;
There's a whisp'ring from the gum-trees
On the way to Rabbit Isle.

As the launch ploughs through the water,
Sending white foam towards the sky,
The mountains echo bird songs,
As they tower—tall and high.

All around is nature's kingdom—
Darting fish and bush-folk shy;
Each sound sends forth dim echoes,
'Neath the sapphire Austral sky.

Through the trees and 'neath the hillside

One may see old Brooklyn town;
The sunlight sparkles gaily
On ev'ry housetop brown.

The wild birds of the Hawkesb'ry,
Greet the morning with a smile;
Then again take up the chorus
On the way to Rabbit Isle.

Some poets sing of Eastern charm,
Of blue Italian skies;
But nought could e'er surpass the spot

Where Rabbit Island lies.

"MARGOT," 2A.

JOTTINGS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK.

The West! What a strange fascination it has exercised over the imaginations of men. There the Greeks expected to find "The Isles of the Blest" and there the Irish thought to lie "The Land of Youth," Tir nan Og. So it was with a thrill that I left Australian shores and turned west across the Indian Ocean; for might I not discover what lay beyond the setting sun and whence came the fiery west wind.

Alas! I came down to earth immediately, for in the early hours of the morning I awoke to feel our worthy craft heaving beneath me. For six hours I lay prone in a deck-chair, whilst those whose constitutions were assuredly of cast iron, frolicked and gambolled before me. Thoughtless ones! Acrobatic monsters! That afternoon I, too, joined the happy band of acrobatic monsters.

The time passed quickly, what with sport, reading and talking. One never tired of watching "the flung spray, the brown spume and the white gulls flying"; and at night I saw the Southern Cross slowly dipping away to the South and the Great Bear rising ahead.

One glorious morning we sailed into Colombo, a-shimmer with heat, fringed with waving palm trees, while here and there grey domes rose from the undergrowth. Over the bay drifted narrow black catamarans, with their scarlet and dark brown sails, sered by wind and salt.

Ashore, my first emotion was one of confusion and bewilderment, for the blaze of colour dazzled me. Smiling Cingalese lolled before stalls bright with yellow cocoanuts, bush oranges, cerise betel nuts and exotic tropical flowers. Be-turbaned natives flaunted gay shawls and brilliant silks in the bazaars, and curio dealers displayed before the hypnotised tourist ivory, ebony, sandalwood and "sounding brasses." The novelty and vividness were intoxicating.

After leaving Colombo we turned north past lofty mountains, mysteriously grey in the distance.

Bombay offered a striking contrast

to Ceylon, which now seemed only a pretty jewel. The natives were not so happy, and conditions appeared sordid. The public buildings were Moorish in architecture and extremely ornate. One of the most prominent features of Bombay is its great gateway of brown stone. The heavy, almost menacing atmosphere betrays the underlying restlessness of her teeming peoples. One feels that to step through the gateway is to find oneself caught up in a seething maelstrom whose vortex threatens to whirl away the foundations of everything.

In spite of the heat, deck tennis occupied the rest of our trip across the Indian Ocean—a pageant of blue and gold days bound by the great circle of the sea. The approach to Aden proved more interesting than I had been led to expect. Bare cliffs, sun-browned and streaked with yellow ochre and orange, rose sheer, challenging sea and sky, and presenting an indomitable facet to the world.

The town was extremely dirty. In a momentary aberration I bestowed a copper on a diminutive Arab. The effect was magical, and I marched down the main street at the head of a mighty host of clamorous urchins and a vanguard of stray cats and dogs. We were heralded by the strains of "Tipperary" in broken English. The only respectable member of the party was its unwilling leader, who basely deserted at the first opportunity.

Entering the Suez Canal we had our first contact with the desert. It stretched endlessly on either side, and at sunset it gave way to tracts of mud broken by pools of still water, leaden-grey in the half-light. Over them flew wild duck

"Necks astrain—

Eager, eager, flying—"

Only Masfield can describe the desolation of that scene.

Then on into the blue Mediterranean and through the Straits of Messina, on one side the grey mountains of Ita'y cupped to receive the golden wine of the sun, on the other,

the deep green slopes of Sicily; past Stromboli glowering in the dusk.

Excitement became intense when one moon-lit night we could just make out the white cliffs of Dover glimmering phosphorescently in the distance.—England!

* * *

A Glimpse of the Sussex Downs.

I ran to the crest of the first hill on the Downs, expectant, wondering what would be beyond. The turf was so springy, that I wanted to leap into the air for the sheer joy of being alive at that moment. Then, the long swell of the undulating Downs—space!

No longer was I conscious of the Earth as on the mountain top, and yet she was nearer. Somehow these bare hills were a direct expression of herself, only she was transmuted into flame, so that the fires of Heaven and Earth intermingled. On sped the exulting wind—a wind that was not of the sea, the field or the valley, but a wind that sang with a thousand voices the music of distant spheres; a wind that flew past stars in lonely space and had felt their fire, or had raced with flaring meteors across the sky; even the grass was burnished and glistened strangely as it rustled and bent before it; and the harebells seemed to carry in themselves the gold dust of fallen stars.

Here was Freedom—greater than that of the mountain, the sea or the storm, because the Earth herself was free, caught up in the consciousness of the universe!

* * *

The Temple of the Vestal Maidens.

Fire, pure and free, its long tenuous flames leaping up as if to extinguish the stars; and because of its beauty it has been worshipped throughout the ages, by primitive man and the Romans.

As fire sweeps on across a forest, so did they penetrate the barbarous lands to the north, uprooting much that was evil and spreading civilization with a dogged persistency and courage that seemed typical of the race. Was it to be wondered at that they built a temple sacred to fire? In

some unconscious way they realised that it stood for what was best in the Empire and in themselves. When its flame was extinguished, then Rome itself would die.

Now there is a great rectangular space in the old Forum, gone is the oppressive roof, and only the fragments of a brick wall, mellowed to a deep red, remain. Here the winds wander free and all is suffused with the warm sunlight and the ineffable blue of the southern sky.

In the centre are three marble basins of rain water, splintered by the steel arrows of the sun-god. Round about the Vestal Virgins dream of the past, their long white robes falling in soft folds and imaged in the water. Through the broken pavement is a tangle of grass and red poppies, great black-hearted things—flame flowers. Petals flutter in the wind so that the temple seems aglow! The atmosphere is vibrant with a sense of ancient worship—a worship that goes beyond the Romans on to the blue mist of the past, a vital love of Earth.

The Vestal Virgins do not dream, they still tend a sacred flame, not that of the Romans', but the "undying fire" of Beauty. It is no longer a little Roman building, but a Temple of Light!

* * *

The Winged Victory of Samothrace—poised for flight, her wings outstretched so that one almost sees the wind rushing past. Hundreds of years ago she had stood on the prow of some Greek trireme perhaps, and felt in her face the sting of the tossed spray,—the salty tang of the sea-breeze and the power of the storm. She was an expression of Greece's fineness, beauty and love of freedom.

* * *

Away in the Swiss Alps there is a little village with narrow, cobbled streets and a broad market square. The houses are of grey stone and unexpected towers jut over the pavement. Now and then a goat herd clatters through with his flock. On the hillside are the characteristic chalets with their overhanging eaves,

green shutters and picturesque flower boxes aglow with scarlet geraniums.

At night I could see the lights of the village and the dim outline of the white church tower. Nearby the fireflies flickered in the grasses; whilst opposite the snow-clad summits of the mountains swept the stars. The lower slopes were warmly shadowed with forests of sombre pine.

In the mornings we used to walk up the mountain side, past a stream that came leaping from boulder to boulder as it exulted in its freedom. Then through the deep forests of iarch where shafts of sunlight slant-

ed across their light brown trunks, the aromatic scent of fallen pine needles rose like incense from the earth; over the glades was a filmy veil of blue forget-me-nots splintered by the gold of buttercups and globe flowers. The stillness was fused with the greyness of dreams in the dawn, dawns that went back to the youth of the world.

PHYLLIS KABERRY.

Phyllis Kaberry, who is the winner of the Ada Partridge prize for 1929, has spent this year in travel and is on her way home to Australia.

MENTAL ABERRATION.

Either my star is on the wane, during the present time of chronic disturbance, or I am the unfortunate victim of mental aberration.

Recently, so enthusiastic was I over chemistry, and so intent on remembering that arsenic, when burnt on a charcoal block, gave forth the obnoxious effluvia of garlic, that serious complications were narrowly averted. Bent on procuring one pound of garlic (a remedy for indigestion), I sauntered into a fruit shop in King Street and coolly asked for "One pound of arsenic, please!" "Pardon!" murmured the polite shopkeeper. "One pound of arsenic!" Needless to

mention, the demand was not made in a hushed whisper.

"Sorry, Miss. We do not stock it."

To three more shops I wended my way. From three more shopkeepers I received puzzled glares and suspicious glances.

In desperation I tried the fifth. "I would like a pound of arsenic. Do you stock it?"

"No, certainly not. Have you not made a mistake?"

Like a flash out of the darkness came the truth to my brain. "Er, yes. A pound of garlic, please."

FLYING DUTCHMAN, 5A.

HOW DO THEY COME TO THE TUCKSHOP?

How do they come to the tuckshop?

Running and tripping,
Waltzing and skipping,
Leaping and dancing,
Jumping and prancing,
Flying and flopping,
Gliding and hopping,
That's how they come to the tuckshop.

How do they come from the tuckshop?

Biting and munching,
Cracking and crunching,
Sipping and drinking,
Sucking and winking,
Chewing and tasting,
Spilling and wasting,
That's how they come from the tuckshop.

L.G., 4A.

MEMORIES.

Memories! Sad memories! They flit through my mind to Saffed, thousands of miles away, as I am sitting here and writing, to that memorable day, the 10th January, 1925. It was the day I was to leave my native country, and dimly I remember my school chums and teachers crowding around me to bid me farewell. After much confusion and farewells we set off. Whither? To that far away land of Australia, which I was so anxious to see. As we passed through the beautiful scenery, and familiar hills dotted with numerous olive trees loomed into view, a lump arose in my throat as I remembered that I might never again see my beloved land—the land of my birth.

As I was only 10 years of age a ride in a car was a real novelty to me, but as it jolted along the rough roads I felt comforted to know that my best friend, my mother, was beside me. We passed Rosh-Pina, a colony, and after a journey of four hours we reached Tiberias, where for the first time in my life I saw the deep blue sea, the Sea of Galilee.

Having established ourselves in a hotel which faced the main street, which is cobbled, I was surprised to see so many modern shops and the installation of electricity in every street, though not in the houses. Here we passed a most strenuous time, for the climate is very hot and depressing, so that our only haven at night was the open verandah or the roof. Tiberias possesses a public bath, a very beautiful public garden, and two picture theatres, which showed films in French, Hebrew and English. Here for the first time I saw a film in progress. Arabs, dirty faced, elaborately dressed, or bare-footed, were seen everywhere, and though I was used to them I was glad when after two days we again continued our journey.

The greenness and freshness of the country that we passed were very refreshing, and the fields were gay with daisies and poppies; cholutizm (pioneers) were seen working on the land, digging the ground or cobbling the stones. Orchards were seen everywhere; the country seemed to be

dotted with them. On one occasion our car stopped near one of them, the owner allowing us to pick as many oranges and pomegranates as we wished. Colonies loomed into view, among them Nazareth—Holy Nazareth—the village of the Lord. It was such a quaint little place, with its well and narrow cobbled street. Much fatigued, we at last arrived at the busy port of Haifa, where a taxi conveyed us to our hotel. Trains! The joy of seeing trains for the first time. I was so enchanted with these great monsters that I had to be put on one of them. Haifa is a modern town in many respects. Electricity is installed, the streets are wide and very busy; the shops are very up-to-date, and yet when you hear the Arabs' shrill voices shouting out "Jeshtry boordun yasidi!" (buy my fruit, sir), as they sell their produce, or as you listen to the Hebrew language in the streets, you cannot help but feel that it is not a modern country, but the still ancient city of old.

We explored Mount Carmel, one of the most beautiful mountains in the Holy Land, where we had a view of the whole city nestling cosily among the hills. After seeing our friends and depositing our possessions in the luggage van we entrained for the station of Cantara, where we had to pass the Customs.

At each station we passed Arabs jumped into the train to sell fruit or candy, and as I looked out of the train window to the vast desert stretching in all directions, where maybe the Israelites had passed in those early times, I soon realised that I had passed the border of the Holy Land. I had left my homeland behind. Twelve hours later brought us to Cantara, where our passports and luggage were examined. If you have ever had the bad luck to pass a Customs House you will know what we experienced. Every neat bundle was unpacked, rummaged, and if found in order thrown back among fifty other odd bundles or portmanteaus. After crossing by the punt we had to wait for the Port Said train for two hours, as it was overdue from Alexandria. It was about 9 o'clock at night when

the train puffed in. We scrambled into it in pitch darkness, and reached Fort Said at midnight.

Port Said! The very name thrilled me. But as we passed along the narrow winding lanes in a taxi I felt I was in a strange city—the city of the Mohammedan religion, and that night was the saddest night of my life—a night of homesickness.

It was quiet when we reached Fort Said, but with the early stir of morning I was awakened by the loud shoutings of the Arabs. Dressing myself quickly I stepped out on the verandah, and I saw Port Said in the act of awakening. Now and again the hoot-toot of a vessel as she came into port was heard, while shops were soon opened, and the lively hum of life began. Going to the bazaar or market (with my uncle) to buy some bread, we found it ruled by confusion. It was a great place, greater than the city market in Sydney, where throngs of all nationalities were seen, while bread, fruit, vegetables and honey were all placed side by side on the same stall. Oh, it was a gay scene, and will always be in my memory. Walking back to the hotel, I encountered some English girls going to school, although it was barely 7 a.m. At this, however, I was not surprised as most of the children in Eastern countries go early to school, and I

had to be at my desk at 8 a.m. in Saffed.

Our two weeks' stay in Port Said passed very pleasantly. We explored the parks, visited the shops, and walked on the beautiful pier. From a high position we saw the Pyramids—those ancient Pyramids!

At last, on the 27th January (oh, how I remember that day) we set out for our long voyage across the great Indian Ocean. As I walked up the gangway of the majestic "Villedervierden," and as we were piloted out of the Suez Canal amid the cheers of the people on shore, I knew that my dreams were at last fulfilled, that at last I was actually sailing for Australia! And so, after six long weeks of rough voyage, after seeing strange ports and cities and strange people, we actually arrived at Sydney, where we were welcomed by its beautiful harbour, its sunny smile, and by our many friends.

Four long years have passed since then, four long years spent in learning to speak the English language (for Palestine is not an English-speaking country). Now that I am a pupil of this school, so beloved by every Fortian, I have recalled these memories for publication in the magazine.

B. MORRIS, 1A.

THE BLACKFELLOWS' CEMETERY.

Of the few relics left of the Australian aborigines, I think the most interesting is that of the Blackfellows' Cemetery, which is situated out of Trangie, a small country town three hundred and twenty miles from Sydney.

We had been travelling along a country road for some time, seeing nothing on either side but trees and sunburnt grass, when rounding a bend in the road we came upon a cleared space where dead trees and stumps could be seen. These were strangely carved. Some were just plain, but others were very ornate and wonderful.

The two aboriginal tribes who lived along the Bogan and Macquarie Rivers had once met at this place and had a fight, which lasted well into the night. After the fight a hole was dug beneath various trees, and the aborigines who had been killed were taken, placed in a sitting position and buried, one beneath each tree.

On the trees the aborigines made their carving to mark the place where they had buried their fellowmen. These are the carvings which we saw. Some of the trees are still standing whole, but others are now just stumps.

JOAN RUSS, 1A.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL SPORTS.

The fates were kind, and caused the sun to shine with renewed warmth on Wednesday, July 10th,—the day chosen for our annual sports meeting,—in school-girl vernacular, it was a 'perfectly gorgeous day.'

Everyone flaunted yards of ribbon, regardless of artistic colour schemes, and every girl fervently hoped that hers would be the class to shine on the field. Of course, we Fifths could afford to look supercilious, for had we not Clarice and Nancy?—a confidence not misplaced, as events proved.

Birchgrove Oval had assumed almost a festive air, an effect which was considerably enhanced by the presence of the little group of mere males which represented our brother school.

There was some disappointment owing to the omission of the obstacle race, always a popular item on the programme.

"Who knows it not, who loves it not,"

the joy of barracking, the thrill of a close finish, and the final triumph! We all experienced that thrill that afternoon, and, as the results show, we all ran fairly close for first place.

The results for 1929 are:—

12 Years Championship (50 yds.):
R. Harris, 1F; C. Parkinson, 1A; D. Sneddon, 1C.

School Championship (100 yds.):
C. Kennedy, 5B; N. Caldwell, 5A; M. Wiltson, 2D.

15 Years Championship (75 yds.):
T. Bowen, 3A; P. Jones, 3D; A. McElroy, 3B.

5th Year Championship (75 yds.):
C. Kennedy, 5B; N. Caldwell, 5A; B. Browne, 5A.

Junior Championship (75 yds.):
J. Foley, 1B; M. Wiltson, 2D; R. Harris, 1F.

16 Years Championship (75 yds.):
O. Relph, 4C; C. Saunders, 5A; J. O'Brien, 5B.

13 Years Championship (50 yds.):
M. Wiltson, 2D; K. Darvill, 1F; J. Stronach, 2E.

Championship, 17 years and over, (75 yds.):—C. Kennedy, 5B; N. Caldwell, 5A; J. Bates, 5A.

14 Years Championship (75 yds.):
J. Foley, 1B; N. Service, 3C; B. Holt, 3B.

Orange Race:—J. Foley, 1B; C. Kennedy, 5B; F. Patterson, 2C.

Old Girls' Championship:—N. Brettell, J. Balmain, N. Healy.

Sack Race (50 yds.):—N. Caldwell, 5A; E. Meyer, 1C; M. Alexander, 3D.

Senior Skipping (75 yds.):—C. Kennedy, 5B; C. Relph, 4C; J. Burdon, 4B.

Junior Relay (300 yds.):—1F, 1B, 2D.

Senior Relay (400 yds.):—5B, 5A, 3A.

Junior Skipping (50 yds.):—J. Foley, 1B; R. Harris, 1F; M. Wiltson, 2D.

Tunnel Ball:—3B.

Winners v. Old Girls:—3B.

Senior v. Junior Relay (400 yds.):
5B.

Overhead Ball:—3A.

Winners v. Old Girls:—3A.

Sports Relay (400 yds.):—5A.

Winners v. Old Girls:—5A.

Thus the wearers of the turquoise won the day, 5A winning the coveted Shield by the merest hundredth of a point from 5B.

JOAN CARR, 5B.

TOMMY'S ILLUSION.

Tommy used to deliver newspapers every morning before he went to school. He very often passed a high brick wall in which was a little green wooden door. Tommy was very curious to know what was behind it, for whenever he passed it was closed. One morning, after he had sold most of his newspapers, Tommy noticed that someone had written on the door with white chalk the magic words "Open Sesame."

Now Tommy's teacher had once read him the story of "Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves," and so when he saw these magic words written on the door he opened the door, and timidly entered the most wonderful garden that he had ever imagined. He had never seen a garden before—in fact he had scarcely seen a flower before. But this garden! It was filled with all the most beautiful flowers that bloom in spring, and the air was laden with their exquisite perfumes.

Tommy wandered along the stone-flagged paths that wound their way amongst the gorgeous flowers with their gay hues, beneath luxuriant trees festooned with garlands of creepers. On one of these trees Tommy saw a swing swaying softly in the gentle morning breeze, and so he impulsively clambered on to it, and began to swing himself to and fro. From this position Tommy could see the house to which this wonderful garden belonged, a deserted, rambling old house.

Growing curious, Tommy leapt down from the swing, and following a lizard that rustled in the long luxuriant grass, he came upon a pond with water-lilies in it, and peered down into its dark depths to see if he could catch a glimpse of any goldfish, but there he was disappointed, and all the more so, because when he first perceived the pond he had expected to see a swan like those in his story-book. But the blackness of the pond frightened him, and when he heard a jackass laughing on a neighbouring roof-top, and remembered that he had not yet had any breakfast, Tommy hurriedly left his enchanted garden, the most beautiful garden he had ever seen.

Later in the day a curious pedestrian noticed the green gate in the brick wall, and, opening it, entered a backyard belonging to an old deserted house. Its flagged paths were overgrown with weeds, and a few stray straggling flowers struggled for existence, where once had been a garden. There were a few trees with gnarled knotted trunks, on one of which hung a piece of rope that had served Tommy as a swing. Disgusted with the forlorn, neglected yard, the pedestrian slammed the gate and went his way. But ever in Tommy's memory that little neglected backyard remained as a beautiful garden.

PEGASUS, 5B.

MY ROSEBUDS.

A fairy, flutt'ring in my garden,
Saw my rosebuds in the dew,
Smiled on them, and whispered too;
They blushed—a soft and shell-pink
hue.

A zephyr, roaming through my
garden,
Saw my rosebuds in the sun,
Played with them, had lots of fun,
Left them—their fragrant lives out-
run.

An elfin, stealing through my garden,
Saw my rosebuds in the gloom,
Gathered up their scattered bloom,
A peaked cap wove on his loom.

KATHLEEN FERRIS, 5A.

A FIELD DAY AT CLIFTON GARDENS.

Wednesday afternoon, 13th March, saw 1st Fort Street Guides in jubilant spirits, for we were off for a field day at Clifton Gardens, and only those, who have been lucky enough to go to one, can realise why we were feeling so happy.

We arrived at Clifton wharf without mishap, then set out in twos and threes for a delightful walk through the bush, until finally, disregarding King Sol's fiery beams, we reached our place of abode for the afternoon. Only those who were there can imagine how inviting it looked on this sunny afternoon. In the centre was a huge rock sheltered from the sun by towering gums and other smaller trees, while the air was scented by the profusion of wild bushes that grew about. It was right at the point, and on all three sides stretched the harbour, gleaming in the sunshine, and giving us a most delightful feeling of coolness.

After removing our hats and making ourselves cool, each patrol chose a cosy little spot, and set up a home for the afternoon.

The early part of the afternoon was spent in varied fashion. The new recruits were busily engaged passing tests on the first principles of guiding, while the rest of the Company were engaged in tracking, stalking, or lashing.

The next item on the programme was a hike, but all were feeling so hungry after their energetic afternoon's work that tea was unanimously decided upon, the hike being postponed until after tea.

Each patrol made its own fire and cooked its own tea, and what a wonderful repast that tea proved to be!

Seated on a rock beneath the shade of the trees we dined on hard-boiled eggs, hot toast with butter and jam, tea for those so inclined, and fruit. Not such a wonderful repast perhaps to the epicure, but to hungry guides,

who had been out in the bush all the afternoon, it was a feast for the gods!

It finished all too soon, and in high spirits we all began cleaning up, and after rushing about, picking up a scrap of paper here, and something else there, for we had only about five minutes to make everything spick and span as we had found it, and after managing to wash ourselves in about two inches of water, we all proclaimed ourselves ready for the hike.

This hike was to be in the form of a nature hike. We all set out in patrols to observe such of nature's peculiarities as our observant eyes could perceive, and then to tell of them around the camp-fire which was to be held later.

We the "Kingfishers," decided to take the track running parallel with the shore.

Our attention was drawn to various peculiar trees and plants, and with great excitement and gurgles of delight, we watched the travellings and actions of "Mrs. Lizard," about five inches in length, with peculiar stripes upon her back.

Later we were discussing the merits of a little white flower, some declaring it was a wild violet, others sure it was not (none of us, unfortunately, were botany students), when our attention was attracted by the furious gesticulations of certain members of the Boronia patrol, some distance off.

We hurried there as quickly as possible, wondering what had happened to cause such excitement. Imagine our excitement also when we learned of the discovery of a baby native bear some distance up a tree. Some of the girls proceeded to point it out to us as we came along. I, for one, could not discern it for some time, but soon a movement ever so slight, revealed to my wondering gaze, this fluffy creature, seated on a branch partly

covered by leaves. We were all most excited, but of course the laurels of the afternoon went to the girls who had discovered him first.

We would have loved to stay there longer in the hope that the little creature might descend, but, unfortunately, we had not the time, and with reluctant footsteps we left the most exciting discovery of the afternoon.

But something equally wonderful was to take place—a campfire. A campfire is always wonderful to guides, but this one was especially so, for to some of the new recruits of the Company, it was their first.

And so the setting sun saw us all seated round the blazing campfire singing familiar songs, some sad, some gay, all wonderful, for to guides a campfire is one of the happiest of experiences.

Our discoveries on the hike were related, the "magpie" patrol causing much amusement when their discov-

ery, "Fitzgerald," some weird and wonderful wog, a species of green caterpillar with bright red and yellow spots and long feelers, was gingerly passed round the circle, clinging to the bough, which had cost the discoverer such trouble and anxiety to bring to the camp intact.

But the best of good things must come to an end, and after singing a few more of our favourite songs, we rose and ended that memorable campfire by singing "Taps."

The homeward journey in the ferry proved no less delightful than the afternoon.

The whole bush was enveloped in silence, all bird and insect life had gone to rest. The new moon cast a mystery over all, even ourselves, for many of us did not fail to wish, in the hope that the new moon might grant our greatest desire.

So ended our field day at Clifton Gardens with the hope of many such days to follow.

ENA RODEN.

THE PASSION.

There was once a queen whose name was Diana, and she was very fond of reading. All her life she had fostered a passion for reading. After reading all the books in her library she became dissatisfied, because she wanted something original to read.

One day she issued a notice saying that anyone who could bring her the most original book or magazine, one that was so interesting that it could

be read over and over again, would receive a beautiful diamond ring.

Everyone thought and thought, but the queen was never pleased. Then one day a little girl meekly gave her a copy of "The Fort Street Girls' Magazine." With this the queen was overjoyed, and it is needless to say that the child received the ring.

F. CARROLL, 2C.

GLIMPSES OF SPRING.

A singing bird
Upon a tree,
A little flower
With drooping head.

A gurgling brook,
Where wee fish play,
Edged by ferns
That gently sway.

Gold bees winging
From flower to flower,
A warm wind whispering
Through shady bower.

A pale blue sky
With clouds of white,
Trees green and tall—
A beauteous sight.

GRACE HIGGINS, 3A.

MEDITATION.

Spring is coming! Spring is here! Why! 'twas yestermorn, as I did walk the dewy meadows in the rising sun that the lark, soaring towards the Heavens did bless and beautify the air with her sweet, trilling notes. I heard the sparrow twitter to her wee ones in the nest. There were buttercups and daisies in the meadow, and the fruit trees were all aglow with tiny leaves and flowers. The breeze was gentle and caressing like the touch of fairy fingers on the heated, worried brow, like the caress of a fond mother on the cheek of her restive babe. The sun tinted the grass in many hues of green, and the field flowers gladly spread their petals to gaze upon the morn. The breeze grew stronger, and wafted sweet scents to the dazed and wondering mortal. How thrilling to wander here alone with Mother Nature and her incomprehensible wonders and glories, how overwhelming her fresh and fragrant beauty!

My heart stirred and my soul responded to the urgings of Nature. Why not quit the city, with its dirt and hustle of busy days, the glamour and false lights and follies of the night; seek some uninhabited ground, and there, forgetting the care-laden world, forgotten by it, enjoy God's glories of creation to the full, and devote oneself to the betterment of one's mind, the uplifting and purification of the soul. Winter comes each year, but close at its heels comes Spring, adored of the pensive, the spur of lovers, the theme of the poets. Is not our sojourn upon this earth merely a Winter, lightened by some sunny days, earthly beauties, love and laughter? And does not Spring soon follow—all too soon for some?

Who knows but that I will seek peace and rest far from this hurrying bustle and confusion to-morrow—in the dim to-morrow.

GRACE PRIEST, 5A.

THE OPAL.

Who seeks for the gold 'neath the
rainbow?
Don't you know,
It has all slipp'd away with the fire
elves to hide
Forever to bide,
In the shimmering heart of the opal?

Who seeks for the blue of some sum-
mer sky past?
It's now guarded fast,
Amid crimson and gold and the purple
that lies,
To dazzle our eyes,
In the radiant heart of the opal.

Where are the colour of April and
May
Those colours so gay
That shone in the leaves and the sun-
sets we knew?
Now it's true
That they dance in the heart of my
opal.

MARGARET HODNETT, 5A.



The old and brilliant school has had a truly sensational year.

New School for Girls

now building at Wentworth Building, Dalley St., Sydney, near Circular Quay.

Metropolitan Girls Secretarial Institute

exclusively for young ladies fitted for and willing to undertake a full Secretarial Course.

Opening Date: 1st February, 1930.

Ask for Details :—

Metropolitan Business College

Sixty-Five First Places in Public Commercial Exams.

The Proof of Good Training.



Remember—it pays to have the best; and that “there is plenty of room on top.”



Fort Street Girls specially welcome



Metropolitan Business College

338 PITT STREET.

“The College that cares” —the best College of all.

Paling's

FOR
**Everything
Musical**



Guitars

No matter what your requirements may be we can supply you with high-grade instruments at lowest prices and we guarantee that any instrument bought from us will give complete and lasting satisfaction.

We stock the World's leading makes of Violins, Banjos, Banjo-Mandolins, Mandolins, Ukuleles, Guitars and all Instruments connected with the Band or Orchestra, and will gladly send you our Catalogues and Price Lists free by return of post. Please mention the instrument in which you are interested.

If in town we cordially invite you to inspect our large stocks.

*Easy Terms arranged
if desired.*



Banjo Mandolins



Violins



Mandolins

Paling's

"Quality our
keynote since
1853."

338 GEORGE ST.
and 206-10 Pitt St.
SYDNEY

INSIST ON
PEARSON'S
Carbolic
Sand Soap
Original and Best

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd.

**EDUCATIONAL and GENERAL BOOKSELLERS
and STATIONERS.**

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL PRIZES.

THE LATEST FICTION.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WITH BEAUTIFUL COLOURINGS.

AUTOGRAPH STATIONERY FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE
NEW YEAR.

CALENDARS FOR 1930.

WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd, 424-426 George St.

The British Gift



A gift is appreciated not for what it cost but for the service and satisfaction it gives. That is why ONOTO pens are so popular as Xmas gifts.

ONOTO the Pen is entirely British, made by experts in pen craftsmanship. Compare them with any writing instrument for design, writing qualities and price, ONOTO will immediately commend itself to you.

OF ALL STATIONERS
AND JEWELLERS

From 15/-.

Thomas De La Rue & Co., Ltd., London.

Rep.: Norman Baker & Longhurst, Ltd.,
Syd., Melb., Wellingt'n, N.Z.



Onoto the Pen

ONOTO INK FOR ALL PENS