Frances Farley 1B

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET.

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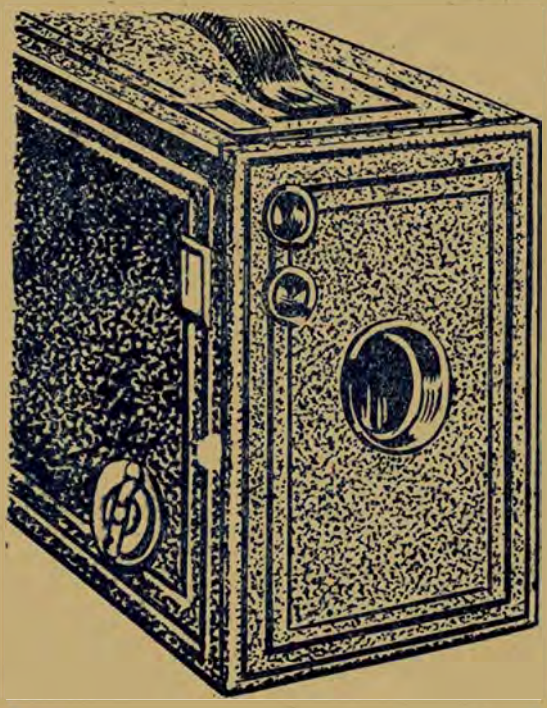
VOL. III.—No 6. MAY, 1930. Price One Shilling.



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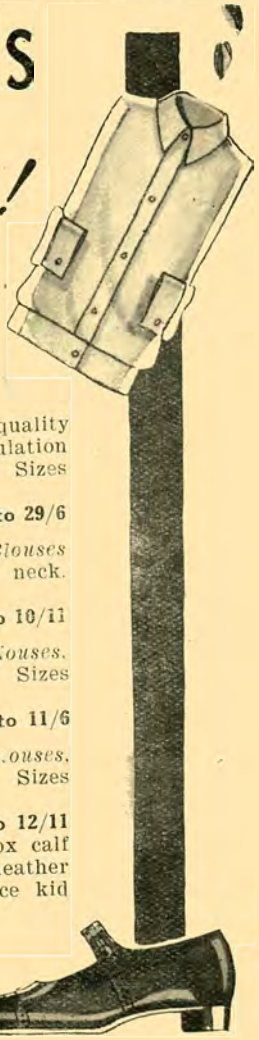

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To PRINCIPALS and TEACHERS

We want to make the Competitions greater than ever this year, and have taken this page in Fort Street High School Magazine to secure your personal interest in the various subjects open to Competition. Many extra subjects have been included this year, and some of the subjects of previous years have been subdivided into further classes.

Full Prize List and all particulars posted Free on application to

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THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

MAY, 1930.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

The Staff:

Principal: Miss COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

Deputy Principal: Miss BLUME, B.Sc.

Department of English:

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).
Miss MACKANESS, B.A.
Miss MOORE, B.A.
Miss MOULSDALE, M.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 HARRIS, B.A.
Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.
Miss SWAN, B.A.
Miss WELCH, B.A.
Miss WESTON, M.A.

Department of Science:

Miss BLUME, B.Sc. (Mistress).
Miss CHAPMAN
Miss COWIE, B.Sc.
Miss CRAWFORD, B.Sc.
Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress).
Miss HARDERS.
Miss MARKS, B.A.
Miss MARTIN, B.A.
Miss MURRAY, B.A., L. es L., Dr. Phil
Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.
Miss TURNBULL, 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 MOULSDALE, M.A.
Captain, 1930: MARY HOWARD.

MISS COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

Our New Principal.

At the beginning of the School Year Miss Cohen was welcomed by Miss Blume on behalf of the staff and pupils, and congratulated on her appointment to Fort Street.

The School's new Principal has had a distinguished career, both scholastically and professionally. She graduated in Arts, with First-Class Honours in Mathematics and in Science with the Medal and First-Class Honours in Geology and Mineralogy. Miss Cohen had the honour of being the first woman student to be awarded a Travelling Scholarship by the University of Sydney.

On her return from Cambridge Miss Cohen entered the Department's service in 1912 as Assistant Mistress of Mathematics at this school, and has since held with honour to the Department of Education and herself, the positions of Mistress of Mathematics, Fort Street; Deputy Principal, North Sydney; Principal of West Maitland and Principal of St. George Girls' High School.

Miss Cohen, in the course of a happy speech when replying to the welcome accorded her, remarked that she was pleased to see on the staff, so many former colleagues and not a few former pupils.

The school wishes Miss Cohen every success and happiness in her work.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We wish to congratulate Miss Blume, who has been associated with the school for so many years, on her promotion to the position of Deputy Principal.

Miss Herlihy, a valued member of the English staff for many years has also been promoted, and we wish her success as Deputy of West Maitland Girls' High School.

We welcome to the staff many new members, Miss Weddell, the new Mistress of Modern Languages, and the Misses Moore, Moulsdale, Crawford, Mackaness, Martin and Weston—the last four being former pupils of the School.

The Ada Partridge Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was won this year by—Gwen. Marchant.

The Mollie Thornhill Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Certificate Examination was won this year by—Doris Roy.

Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination were gained by the following pupils:—

English—First Class: Gwen Marchant; Second-Class: Irene Shackcloth.

Latin.—Second Class: Elsie Howie.

French.—Second Class: Blanche Brown, Aza Child.

Mathematics.—First Class: Aza Child, Phyllis Wylie.

Chemistry.—First Class: Gwen Marchant (only girl in State); Second Class: Corrie Saunders.

Botany.—First Class: Beryl Wood (first), Kathleen Ferris (third); 2nd Class: Joan Carr, Margaret Cox.

Training College Scholarships tenable for two years were awarded to the following pupils:—Aza Child, Gwen Marchant, Phyllis Wylie, Elsie Howie, Beryl Wood Nance Weir, Blanche Brown, Joan Carr, Kathleen Ferris, Jessie Bates, Margaret Hodnett, Joan Dalzell, Emily Broadhead, Margaret Cox, Louie Pausey, Gwen Tollis, Nancy Caldwell, Peggy Holdsworth, Ena Roden, Minnie Carter, Nellie McKevett, Joyce Tissington and Ena White.

Eileen Cordingly and Marjorie Moore who passed the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1927 were also awarded Scholarships.

University Bursaries were won by Gwen Marchant and Aza Child.

University Exhibitions were awarded as follow:

Faculty of Arts: Gwen Marchant.
Faculty of Medicine: Corrie Saunders.
Faculty of Science: Kathleen Ferris, Nance Weir, Phyllis Wylie.

The Hume Barbour Prize, awarded to the female candidate of a State School who gains the highest marks in the Australian History section in the Intermediate Examination was won by Miriam Ross of last year's IIIC.

Technical Scholarships.—Scholarships tenable for three years in the Art Courses at the Technical College was awarded upon the results of the Intermediate Examination to Marjorie Potter and Wilcie Grout.

The Shakespeare Repertory Society of New South Wales offered a prize for an essay on "Macbeth." Kathleen Ferris (equal with M. Quinn of North Sydney Girls' High School) was awarded First Prize in this Competition.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1929.

	English	Latin	French	German	Mathematics I	Mathematics II.	Mechanics	Modern History	Ancient History	Chemistry	Botany	Geography	Art	Mathematics Lower Standard	Economics	Music
Alexander, Jean Florence ..	B		B					B	B						B	
Ambler, Doris Gwendoline ..		B	B		B	B										A
Bacon, Lilian	B	B	B		A	A		B								
Ball, Valerie Nellie	B		B	B(o)	B	B					B					
Bates, Jessie Hula	A	A	B		B	B		A	B							
Bradshaw, Doris Irene	A				B	B	B			B						
Broadhead, Emily Ann			B		B	B	B				B					
Brown, B. L. C.	A	A	H2(o)					B	B					Pass	B	
Caldwell, Nancy Janet	A	B	B		B											
Carr, Joan Victoria	A		B		B	B		B			H2		A			
Carter, Minnie Evelyn	B	B	B		B	B					B					
Child, Aza Mary		A	H2(o)		A	Ax1	B									
Cox, Margaret T.	B		B(c)	B(o)	B	B					H2					
Dalzell, Joan K.	B		B		B	P	B				A		B			
Dickinson, Olive	B		B		B										B	
Ferris, Kathleen	A	B	B		B	B		B			H1					
Henderson, Phyllis Enid	B	L	B		B	B					L					
Hewton, Frances Ross	B		B		B	B										
Hodnett, Margaret C.	B	B	B		B	A		A			B					
Holdsworth, Peggy	B	B	B					B			B					
Homburg, Edna Ann	B	B	B		B	B										
Howie, Elspeth Greig	A	H2	A		B	A			A							
Kennedy, Clarice May Araluen	B		B			B										
Marchant, Gwen	H1	A	A(o)		A	A		A		H1			A			
McKevett, Winifred Ellen ..	B				B			B			B		A			
O'Brien, Jessie Ellen Mary ..	B	L	B		B	B					B					
Parsey, Louisa Rose	B	A	B		B	B		B			B					
Pinfold, Jean Joyce	B		B	B	B											
Pontey, Betty Lenore	B	B	B		B	B										
Pontey, Laura Mary N.	B	B	B		B	B		B								
Priest, Grace Emily	B		L		B	B				L						
Roden, Philipena	A	B	B		B	B				L						
Rose, Avice Roberta	B	B			B	B										
Saunders, Corrie	B	B	B		B	A	B			H2						
Scott, Mary Elizabeth	A	B	B		B			B		L						
Shackcloth, Minnie I.	H2		B	B				B								
Spring, Doris Leah	B		B		B	B		B			B			Pass	B	
Symons, Enid Beth.	A	B	B		B			B		B						
Thirgood, Jean Isabel	A		B		B			A				B				
Tissington, Joyce Marian	A	B	A(o)		B	B						B				
Tollis, Gwendolyn	B		B		B	B					A	B				
Watchorn, Patricia M.	A	A	A(o)		B			B	B						B	
Weir, Nance Mathven	A		B		B	B		H2			B	B				
White, Ena Jane	A		B		B						A					
Wood, Beryl Margaret	A		A	B	A	B		A			H1					
Wylie, Phyllis Mary	A	A	B		A	Ax1	B			A						

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1929

	English	History	Geography	Maths I.	Maths. II.	Latin	French	German	Physics	Chemistry	Elementary Sc.	Botany	Art	Music	Needlework
Abrahams, P. C.	B	B	B	A	B		B				B			A	A
Armstrong, Betty	A	B		A	A	A	Ao				B				
Arnold, Lesley A.	B			A	A	B	Ao				A				
Back, Lilian	B	B		B	B	A	Bo				B				
Barden, Joan	A			B	A	B	Bo				A			B	
Baker, Dorothy					B		B				B				B
Beadle, Ivy A.	A	B		B	B	A	Ao				A				
Bennett, Elsie M.	B	B			B	A	B				A				
Bieri, Adele C.	A	A		B	B		Ao	Bo			A				
Bowen, Thora	A	A		A	A	B	A				B				
Browne, Ena E.	A	A		A	B	A	Ao			B	B				
Bryce, Jean N.	B			B	B	B	B								
Burns, Mollie I.	A	B		B	B	A	A				A				
Burns, Olga V.	A	B	B	B	B		B				A		B		B
Callaghan, Shellah	A	B			B	B	B				B				
Campbell, Evelyn	B	B		B	B	B									
Cann, Verna	B	B		B	B	B	B					B			
Case, Winifred V.	B		B		B						A				
Chambers, Phyllis J.	A	B		B	B	B	Bo				A				
Coates, Doris A.	A	B		B	B		A.				B				
Colman, Drothy C.	A	B		B	B	A	Ao				B				
Crowhurst, Lilian	B	B				B					B			B	
Dalton, Sylvia V.	A	B		B	A		Bo				B				
Darling, Alison M.	A	B		A	A		Ao	Bo			A				
Daubney, Margaret	B	B			B	B									
Dobb, Agnes, M.	A	B		B	B		Ao								
Dowling, Laurel B.	B	B		B	B		Ao	Ao							
Dunford, Dorcas J.	A	B	B	B			B				B		B		A
Driver, Edna M.	B	B		B		A	Bo				B				
Dryland, Edna	B	B		B	B	A	Bo				B				
Ferguson, Jessie	A	B				B	Ao				B				
Fisk, P. B.	B	B	B	A	B		Bo				A		B		A
Fitzgerald, Jean	A				B	A	Ao				B				
French, Moyna	B		B										B		A
Gill, Betty C.	B			B	B	B					B				
Gillespie, P. C.	B	B	B	B	B		B				A		B		B
Golding, Ida M.	A	B			B	B	B				A				
Gray, Betty C.	A	B		A	A	A	Ao				A				
Groat, Lottie	B	B		B	B		Bo				A				
Grout Wilcie,	B		B	B	B		B				A		A		A
Hardy, Mary M.	A	B		B	B	A	Bo				A				
Harle, Doris A.	A	B		A	A		Bo	Bo			A				
Harvie, Verna L.	B	B	B		B		B				B		B		A
Heher, Isabella I.	B	B		B		B	B				B			A	
Higgins, Grace U.	B	B			B	B	Bo				B				
Hodge, Margaret A.	B			B	A	B	B				B				
Holdsworth, D.	B		B		B						B		B		A
Holt, Beyl J.	B	B		A	B	B	B				B				
Hunter, G. M.	B	B	B	B	B		B				A		B		A
Ingram, Edna M.	B			A	B		Bo				A		B		A
Jarvis, Enid E.	B	B			B	B	Bo				B				
Johnson, Marie D.	B	B		B		A									
Jones, Phyllis E.	B			B		A	B								
Kemmis, Dorothy E.	A	B		B	B	B	Bo				A				
Kendrick, Dulcie	B	B	B	B	B		B					B		B	B
Kirkland, Grace M.	B	A		B	B		Bo				B				

	English	History	Geography	Maths I.		Latin	French	German	Physics	Chemistry	Elementary Sc.	Botany	Art	Music	Needlework
Kirkpatrick, T.	B	B	B	B	A		B				A		A		A
Lake, Melva	B	B		B	B		Bo	Bo			B				
Lamble, Olive R.	B	B			B	A								B	
Leonard, Couraule	A	A		A	A	A	Ao				A				
Lindley, Rita M.	B	B					Bo				B				
Lovell, Elaine	A	B		B		B	Ao				A				
Magnussen, E.	B	B		A	A		Bo	Bo			B				
Mayo, Clarice	B	B	B	B	B						A		A		B
McCandless, M.	B	B		B	B		Bo	Bo			B				
McElroy, Audrey M.	B	B			B	A	Bo								
McGee, Mary H.			B	A	A		B				A				
McKenzie, Yvonne G.	B			B	B		B				B				
Milling, Joan M.	B	B		B		A	Bo				B				
Mitchell Una E.	B			B		A					B				
Moate, Betty E.	A	B		B	B		B				B				
Molloy, Emma C.	B	A	B	A	A		Ao				A				A
Mort, Jean A. L.	A	B					Bo				B				
Murdock, Jean E.	B	B		B	B							B			
Newton, Inez J.	B	B		B	B		B				B				
Notting, Dorothy J.	A	B				B	Ao				B				
O'Brien, Annie M.	B	B		B	B	A	B				B				
Owens, Gwenyth D.	B	B	B				B								B
Pamplin, Doris L.	B	B		B		A	Ao				A				
Parker, Mary E.	B	B			B	B									
Parsonson, Irene E.	B			B	B	B	B				B				
Pavett, Eileen	B		B	B	B		B				B		B		B
Pettit, Elizabeth A.	B	B		B	B		B								
Pinfold, Heather G.	B	B		A	A	B	B				A				
Plowman, Dorothea	A	A		B	B	B					B				
Poole, Elsie	B	B	B	B	B		Bo				B			A	A
Potter, Marjorie J.	B	B	A	B	B		A				A		A		A
Previst, J. A.	B	B	B	B	B		Bo				B		A		A
Ronaldson, W. E.	B		B	A	A		B		B	A			B		A
Rose, Hazel B.	A	A		B	B	A	B				B			B	
Ross, Miriam	B	B					Ao	Ao			B				
Roy, Annie D.	A	A		A	A	A	Ao				A				
Rugg, Phyllis E.	B		B	B	B		B				B			A	B
Sands, Phyllis N.	A	B		A	A		Ao	Bo			A				
Scarlett, Annie	A	B		B	B		Bo	Bo			B				
Schwarzlose, B.	B	A		A	B		Ao	Ao			A				
Scott, Phyllis	B		B	B	B		B				A		B		A
Service, Nance L.	A	B		A	B		Ao	Ao			A				
Seymour, Phyllis	B	B	A	B	B										
Shilkin, Leah	B	B				B	Bo								
Simpson, Violet	B	A				B					B			A	
Soady, Marjorie	A	B		B	B	B	Bo				B				
Starr, Mary E.	B	B			B						B				
Stedman, Irene	B	B		B			B	B			B				
Stronach, Sophie	B	B				B	Bo				B				
Stuart, Nancy J.	B	B		B	B	B	B				B				
Tate, Iris M.	A	B		A	A		Ao	Ao			A				
Tottenham, Lois	B	B		B	B	A	B				A				
Turner, Dorothy	B	B			B	A	B				B				
Vantin, Margaret	B				A		Bo				B		B		A
Weir, Phyllis M.	A	A		A	B	B	B				A				
Wildman, Dorothy M.	B		B		B		B				A		A		A
Winter, Doreen A.	B	B		B	A	B	Bo				A				
Wright, Jean E.	A	A		A	B	A	B				A				

MISS EVANS, B.A.

At the end of 1930, Miss Evans, B.A., who had been assocciated with Fort Street for more then twenty years, and who had been Deputy Principal ever since the establishment of the High School, was promoted to be Principal of William Street Intermediate High School.

Miss Evans carries with her the best wishes of the staff and pupils of this school, for they fully appreciate her devotion to duty and her interest in them individually and collectively.

Miss Evans' successful teaching career at Fort Street will be long remembered by the pupils who were fortunate enough to be members of her classes.

MISS EVANS, B A.

SPEECH DAY.

The picture was indeed beautiful. Rolling lawns of rich emerald green, here and there gay splotches of colour which were formed by beds of bright and fragrant flowers, a blue sky above, in the background an historic stone building and in the foreground the flitting figures of white-clad schoolgirls presented a pretty scene to the passer-by. The day was Wednesday, 17th December, 1929, when the Speech Day of the Fort Street Girls' High School was held in the Conservatorium of Music.

Long lines of girls filed into the big auditorium. To every Fortian, Speech Day is a day which commands reverence. The lofty hall surrounded by large and magnificent portraits, the sloping aisles, the presence of old girls and friends, and the huge stage all seem so far away and yet so intimate.

Among those present on the platform were Miss Partridge and Mrs Elliott, to whom bouquets were presented, Mr. Elliott, the Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools who honoured the school by presiding and Mr. Clyne, M.L.A, who spoke to us during the morning. Much to the regret of the school Sir Daniel Levy was unable to attend on account of illness.

The proceedings opened with the singing of "The Best School of All." The Choir under the able direction of Miss Watts enchanted the audience with their delightful singing.

But there was an atmosphere of sadness in the great hall, for the last assembly in this room had been the farewell to Miss Cruise, our former beloved Head Mistress. The sorrow felt also at the impending loss of Miss Evans added greatly to the gravity of the girls. Miss Evans, however must be congratulated on her promotion to the position of Principal of William Street Intermediate High School. During the morning the Captain, Jessie Bates, presented Miss Evans with a farewell gift from the School.

Miss Evans, during the course of the proceedings read the report of the school's excellent work and play during the year.

Mr. Elliott, in his address, gratefully acknowledged the very practical interest the Old Girls' are showing in their school, in the way of substantial gifts and special prizes.

Mrs. Elliott very kindly presented the prizes and life-saving awards, and spoke graciously to each recipient.

The girls sang "Come Fortians, Fortians All" followed by the National Anthem as a close to Speech Day and every girl present left with memories and impressions which will always remain very dear and precious.

S.D., 4A.

PRIZE LIST, 1929.

YEAR V.

Dux: Aza Child, Gwen Marchant (equal).
English: Gwen Marchant.
History: Nance Weir.
Latin: Elsie Howie.
Ancient History: Patty Watchorn
French: Gwen Marchant, Elsie Howie (prox. acc.)
German: Beryl Wood.
Mathematics I (Honours): Aza Child.
Mathematics I: Phyllis Wylie.
Mathematics II: Aza Child.
Mechanics: Aza Child.
Chemistry: Gwen Marchant.
Botany: Beryl Wood.
Geography: Jean Thirgood, Nance Weir (prox. acc.)
Art: Joan Carr.
Physical Culture: Jessie Bates, Clarice Kennedy (equal).
Economics: Patty Watchorn.

YEAR IV.

Dux: Lily Gray, Maurine Deer (prox acc.)
English: Isabella Stephen, Lily Gray (prox. acc.)
History: Eunice Brown, Marion Dallison (prox. acc.)
Latin: Wilga Johnson.
Ancient History: Muriel Campbell
French: Wilga Johnson.
German: Joan Broady, Grace Henderson (prox. acc.)
Mathematics: Alma Lassman.
Mathematics II: Alma Lassman.
Mechanics: Lily Gray.
Chemistry: Eileen Jurd, Iris Clarke (prox. acc.)
Geology: Jean Cameron.
Botany: Marion Dallison, Cecily Beckwith and Eunice Brown (equal) (prox. acc.)
Geography: Eunice Brown, Marion Dallison (prox. acc.)
Art: Mavis Robbins.
Needlework: Helen Colquhoun, Lilian Ackland (prox. acc.)
Physical Culture: Eunice Brown.
Economics: Joyce Bannan.

YEAR III.

Dux: Doris Roy, Betty Gray (prox. acc.)
English: Ivy Beadle.
History: Jean Wright, Phyllis Weir (prox. acc.)
Latin: Doris Roy.
French: Doris Roy.
German: Miriam Ross, Iris Tate (equal).
Mathematics I: Doris Roy.
Mathematics II: Doris Roy.
Elementary Science: Winifred Ronaldson.
Geography: Emma Molloy.
Art: Jean Potter.
Music: Elsie Poole.
Needlework: Phyllis Seymour, Verna Harvey (prox. acc.)
Physical Culture: Moira Crittenden, Dorothy Coleman (equal).

YEAR II.

Dux: Betty Scott, Vera Pausey (prox. acc.)
English: Marie Barnett, Mona Ravenscroft (prox. acc.)
History: Beryl Staples.
Latin: Betty Scott.
Greek: Betty Scott, Marie Aria (prox. acc.)
French: Marie Aria.
German: Shirley Morris.
Mathematics I: Valerie Dawson, M. McVicar (prox. acc.)
Mathematics II: Betty Scott.
Elementary Science: Gwen McConnell.

Geography: Pearl Fox, Winsome Robinson (prox. acc.)

Cultural Geography: Mona Ravenscroft.

Art: Marcelle Mourant, Maisie Richards (prox. acc.)

Music: Ruby Walker.

Needlework: Ruth Waddington, Marcelle Mourant prox. acc.)

Needlework (one period only): Sylvia Durst.

Physical Culture: Margaret McVicar

YEAR I.

Dux: Loraine Thompson, Margaret Dircks (prox. acc.)

English: Heather Williams.

History: Marie Russel.

Latin: Mavis Wilson, Loraine Thompson (prox. acc.)

French: Margaret Dircks, Doris Odgers (prox. acc.)

German: Doris Odgers.

Mathematics I: Dorothy Wilson, Margaret Roberts, Doris Odgers, Florence Howman (three equal) prox. acc.

Mathematics II: Loraine Thompson, Doris Odgers (prox. acc.)

Elementary Science: Patricia Parker

Geography: Margaret Harkness.

Cultural Geography: Marjorie Wordsworth, Alexia Seymour prox. acc.)

Art: Florence Howman, Hazel Dalziel (prox. acc.)

Needlework (one period class): Grace Hancock and Margaret Kelk (equal).

Needlework: Gwenda Ferris. Margaret Harkness and Mary Lauder (equal) (prox. acc.)

Music: Irma Richter.

Physical Culture: Norma Scott.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

General Proficiency:

(a) The Ada Partridge Prize: Phyllis Kaberry.

(b) The Mollie Thornhill Prize: Emily Hughes and Lily Gray (equal).

Sport Prizes:

(a) Presented by Fort Street Boys' High School: Clarice Kennedy.

(b) Presented by Miss Cruise: Helen MacDonald.

Prize for Lower French, presented by Miss Evans: Kathleen Ferris.

Scripture Prizes:

Presbyterian (Scripture and Shorter Catechism): Nance Weir and Sophie Stronach (equal) 1; Phyllis Wylie, 2; Phyllis Weir, 3.

Text Hunting: Betty Scott.

Methodist: Eunice Brown ,1; Madge Nicholson, 2.

Hebrew: Ena Roden.

Mary Corringham Prize: Joan Notting.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1929-30.

Award of Merit: Violet Simpson, Valerie Kimberley, Patricia Cowlishaw, Helen Colquhoun.

Australian Bronze Cross: Helen MacDonald, Joyce Stennouse, Patricia Cowlishaw.

Instructor's Certificate:—Olive Lamble, Nathane Easy, Nellie Finney, Helen Colquhoun, Beryl Lamble, Enid Glasson.

Bar to Bronze Medallion: Muriel Nolan.

Bronze Medallion: B. Lamble, E. Glasson, N. Easy, R. Dunkley, N. Finney, J. Stennouse, J. Broady, M. Watson, E. Goddard, B. Gray, D. Coleman, B. Armstrong, L. Arnold, F. Patterson, B. McKenzie, M. Paull, J. Mort, H. Haldane, E. Mackie, J. Smith, E. Hollander, J. Notting, L. Moody.

Proficiency Certificate Label: M. Brownie, M. Balmain, M. Chapman, H. Soutar, L. O'Rourke.

Proficiency Certificate: N. Scott, N. McKenna, A. Bieri, E. Paull, W. Hammerton, J. Forster, L. Grimsley, I. Walsh, G. Coles, B. McKenzie, D. Crawford, V. Reid, M. Gately, L. Robson, P. Quirk, B. Kent, G. Maddocks, F. Patterson, E. Hollander, M. Paull, L. Moody, J. Smith.

Elementary Certificate: N. McKenna, G. Maddocks.

Mrs. Griffin and these successful candidates are to be congratulated on such a splendid record.

MISS MOULSDALE.

On February 28th, Fort Street Girls wished Miss Moulsdale au revoir, for after forty-five long years of service, twenty-six of which were spent at this school, she left for her well-earned holiday abroad.

Our Captain, Mary Howard, on behalf of the school girls wished Miss Moulsdale a very happy tour through England, the Continent and South Africa, and presented her, as a token of our esteem, with a very nice travelling rug and a book stand.

Margaret McCandless as a representative of the girls Miss Moulsdale had taught made a very fine speech,

causing great laughter by calling to mind trifles and intimate passages between this teacher-friend and her classes, using some of her well-known phrases.

And last but by no means least Miss Moulsdale herself spoke to us. She told us about some of her experiences during her early teaching days. The only way she could go to the tiny bush school, to which she had been appointed, was on horseback and on her arrival she found she had to teach a class of about twenty-nine girls and boys, some of the boys being not much younger than herself. Miss Moulsdale praised the conduct and thoughtfulness of Fort Street Girls and

MISS MOULSDALE.

so we are all very pleased to know she carries pleasant memories of many girls, some of whom to-day are taking their part in the world, and holding important positions.

On the morning Miss Moulsdale sailed, many girls and teachers gathered round the back porch and waved farewell as the Naldera drew away.

OLIVE LAMBLE.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

This year the membership of the Fiction Library has increased, and we are very glad to welcome the First Years who have joined.

There are very many good books in the library and we are sure that those who do not belong are not aware of the pleasure to be derived from reading such books.

The Fiction Library is open in Room 9 every Tuesday and Friday at morning recess.

J. WRIGHT,
L. TOTTENHAM, | Librarians

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

As yet the year is young, and the Dramatic Society has had only one reading. On that occasion the Fifths read most dramatically some scenes from "Emma" by Jane Austen, and their performance was enjoyed by all, even the youngest members appreciating the subtle humour of this clever woman novelist.

A play is in preparation for performance at the end of the term under the able coaching of Miss Purcell.

On April 10th, the Fourth Year members will read scenes from "Fanny's First Play" written by Bernard Shaw.

The Society extends a hearty welcome to the new members and is pleased to find there is much talent among them.

SYLVIA DALTON,
Secretary.

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

The day, for which many Fortians had trained so rigorously and to which the entire school had looked forward during the long summer months, namely that on which the annual swimming carnival was to be held, dawned clear and fine.

It was an ideal day for the event, and as old King Sol mounted into his vast demesne he must surely have smiled at the sight of the happy faces of a certain 700 schoolgirls as they hurried up "yon well-known hill" flaunting their gay ribbons in the sportive breeze.

Slowly the morning lessons passed; even more slowly "crawled" the trams on their way to Coogee; and even still more slowly did the minutes tick by on the Aquarium clock until at last, with the first "Go!" the first splash as the girlish forms cleaved the water, and the first burst of encouraging cheers from the onlookers, the swimming carnival commenced.

The excellent swimming of Helen and Jean McDonald contrived to keep

both the Senior and Junior Cups in that family, while many other girls were also brilliantly successful. those, however, who were not as fortunate as the place winners must be commended for their good work and sportsmanship.

We were delighted to welcome Clarice Kennedy who gave us a brilliant exhibition of diving and swimming.

Much of the success of the Carnival is due to the splendid help given us by Messrs. Griffiths and Hellings and the excellent organisation of Mrs. Griffin.

The prize winners were the following:

School Championship (100yds.) H. McDonald, 1; J. Broady, 2; J. Mort, 3.

17 Years Championship: G. Bills, 1; E. Goddard, 2; M. Nolan, 3.

16 Years Championship: J. Notting, 1; J. Broady, 2; I. Burdon, 3.

15 Years Championship: H. McDonald, 1; J. Stenhouse, 2; S. Dalton, 3.

14 Years Championship: L. Tottenham, 1; M. Clarke, 2; F. Patterson, 3

Junior Championship: J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2; J. Smith, 3.

13 Years Championship: J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2; E. Paull, 3

12 Years Championship: L O'Rourke 1; D. Wilson, 2; L. Robson, 3.

Breast Stroke Championship: J. McDonald 1; V. Simpson, 2; J. Broady 3.

Back Stroke Championship: H. McDonald, 1; J. Broady, 2.

Junior Breast Stroke: J. McDonald 1; L. O'Rourke, 2; J. Smith, 3.

Junior Back Stroke: J. Smith, 1; M. Paull, 2; L. O'Rourke, 3.

Senior Championship (33yds.): H. Colquhoun, 1; E. Graham, 2; B. Gray, 3.

Junior Championship (33yds.): E. Marsden, 1; B. Lamble, 2; C. Parkinson, 3.

Inter-Year Relay: Year II, 1; Year IV, 2; Year 1, 3.

Junior v. Senior Relay: Juniors.

Diving Championship: J. Stenhouse 1; L. O'Rourke, 2; D. Diamond, 3.

Junior Diving: L. O'Rourke, 1; E. Marsden, 2; N. Scott, 3.

Object Diving: A. Sims, 1; D. Diamond, 2; N. Easy, 3.

Rescue Race: P. Cowlishaw, V. Simpson, 1; J. Broady, J. McDonald, 2; O. Lamble, A. Campbell, 3.

Junior Rescue Race: J. Russ, M. Balmain, 1; B. Lamble, —. Glasson 2; T. Turner, M. McCormack, 3.

Six-Oar-Race: J. Notting, V. Simpson and H. Soutar, 1.

Old Girls' Race: C. Kennedy, 1; G. Owens, 2; B. Watson, 3.

Don, 3.

Balloon Race: P. Quirk, 1; I. Burdon, 2.

JOYCE WILLIAMS, 3A

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society held its annual meeting on Monday 24 February, when the office-bearers for the year were elected. The results are: Marion Dallison, President, Sylvia Dalton, Secretary, Year Representatives, Joyce, Bannan, Dorothy Coleman, Jean Utting and Jessie Stuart.

The first debate was held on Thursday, 6th March at 3.45 p.m. In the Old Gymnasium. The subject was "That it is Better to Equip Oneself Socially than Physically." The Government was successful, gaining forty-nine points to the Opposition's thirty-one.

The second debate was held on April 3rd The subject was "That Disarment is not in the Best Interests of the Great Powers." The Government won by a margin of two, gaining forty-six points against the Opposition's forty-four.

Miss Cohen received a letter from the Secretary of the University Women's Debating Union, challenging us to a debate, so a team representing the School will be very pleased to support the statement "That the Amalgamation of Newspaper Companies is contrary to the Ideals of Democracy" at the University, on May 15th.

SYLVIA DALTON,
Secretary.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

Since the last issue of our Magazine, the Special Choir has distinguished itself on two occasions.

The first was at our Annual Speech Day, when the beautiful singing of the Choir was much appreciated by the large audience.

The second occasion was on March 19th, when a section of the Choir visited David Jones' and sang at the Pacific Rotary Conference. The singing, which came as a surprise to the audience, formed a pleasant interlude in the morning's proceedings and the girls were heartily congratulated on their fine performance.

Members have settled down to earnest work with an enrolment of nearly a hundred, and we hope that the usual standard of the Choir will be maintained.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union has spent some very interesting Friday afternoons this year. Miss Lesslie and Fifth Years have been studying the Bible, using the text book "The New Society" and have found the study very helpful and interesting. Fortunately we have been able to extend membership to Fourth Years and a new circle has been formed with Miss Mackaness as leader.

At the schoolgirls' camps held in January at Goulburn and Hazelbrook, Fort Street had four representatives, who enjoyed themselves immensely and are looking forward to the next, to which we hope more girls will be able to go.

On Friday, 21st March, the Rev. Mr. Shortt, who has spent some time in Africa, gave an address on "The Girls of Kenya" which was greatly appreciated.

On Saturday, 14th June, a School's Day will be held at Thornleigh. We hope that Fort Street will have many representatives there.

D. BRABYN.

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The above is the name of the new organisation whose work is to administer the School's funds. All pupils are members and they have elected the following as their representatives: M. Dallison, J. Broady, T. Bowen, M. McCandless (secretary), L. Cuneo, P. McLeish and L. O'Rourke, Mary Howard, the captain (ex-officio).

The staff is represented by the Principal, the Deputy (ex-officio), the treasurer, Miss Weston, and the Misses Chapman and Turner and Mrs. Griffin.

A WELCOME TO THE "FIRST YEARS."

While we "Freshers" at Fort Street, were all hard at work on the morning of the 14th February, a Fifth Year entered our classroom, and invited us to the "Old Gym." for the two last periods of the afternoon. We were asked to come provided with a writing pad and a pencil and sandshoes.

Feeling very expectant and excited, We First Year girls, arrived at the "Old Gym." Then we realised that we were being welcomed to the grand old school of Fort Street.

We had to march through a living arch made by Fifth-year girls—all singing "For they are jolly good fellows" and clapping to keep time with their singing.

The captain of the school and prefects, greeted and welcomed us, expressing the wish that we would love our school.

Then we had rather a novel competition, our pads and pencils being used to secure the names of prefects. The one who managed to get the most signatures, in the given time, won the prize. Then we all joined in games and felt that we were part of the school.

After the games, Miss Cohen spoke a few words of encouragement and advice, asking us, at all times and in everything, to do our best to bring honour to our school. She also presented the prizes to the girls, who had been successful in the different competitions during the afternoon.

After refreshments, kindly provided by the senior girls, the grand finale came when we all joined in the singing of the school song "Come Fortians, Fortians All."

We First Years all agreed it was a delightful welcome to the Grand Old School.

JOAN FINNEY, 1E.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The opening of the Reference Library for an hour after school in the charge of an English Mistress is an innovation which has been much appreciated by Fifths and Fourths, and on most afternoons the library is full to overflowing.

A greater number of girls than usual are taking advantage of the regulations that they may take books out for a short period—Tuesday to Friday or Friday to Tuesday—and the librarians are kept very busy on those mornings at recess.

The librarians would be pleased if girls who avail themselves of the library would bring flowers to make it look bright.

M. BURNS,
M. McCANDLESS, Librarians
D. PAMPLIN,
B. SCHWARZLOSE,

The School wishes to congratulate Clarice Kennedy, a former pupil and champion athlete on adding yet other records to her long list. At the Sydney Cricket Ground in January. Clarice succeeded in lowering the world's record for 80 metres hurdles by doing the distance in 12½ second; she also broke the Australian record for 60 yards hurdles, 8 3-5 seconds.

* * *

The School is greatly indebted to the Fifth Year Girls of 1929 who have presented two very beautiful brass jardinieres, a handsome brass vase and an unique copper flower-trough, which are much admired and appreciated.

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In the Competition recently promoted by Mr. Stuart Doyle in connection with the picture "Disraeli", Maisie Barkl won the first prize (£5) and Lily Gray, Lorraine Cuneo and Lily Morris were awarded consolation prizes.

THE MARY CORRINGHAM PRIZE, 1929.

There were many entries for the prize offered by Mary Crossingham for the best short story written by a pupil of the school. Joan Notting of 3A was the prize winner, and her story "Spanish Gold" is printed below.

SPANISH GOLD.

There was an article published some years ago in one of the Sydney papers, in which a well-known historian declared that the ring-holes found in the rocks at Rose Bay were made by Spanish or Portuguese ships which careened there. These ships, he said, had been here long before Cook, and although there was no definite record of their voyages along the coast towards the north there was conclusive proof that they had visited Port Jackson.

* * *

We were discussing the probabilities of this statement one night not long before the midwinter holidays. Grandfather, who is nearly eighty years old, and who has sailed all round the world in the old windjammers, was prompted to give his theories on the subject, theories which in the end were to prove correct.

He told us of a wreck he had experienced when rounding Cape Horn in the "Anne Duthie." In spite of the heavy sea running, most of the crew managed to get ashore, with enough food to last them for some time. His shipmates, including a Spaniard named Sancho, had little to do throughout the long, dreary days, but to lie by the fire and tell of their adventures in others parts of the world.

They had erected a rough shelter, big enough to hold them all, and there, one afternoon, while the rain fell in torrents, and the wind shrieked and tore across the strip of low-lying country, their talk turned to the early discoverers of the Australian Coasts.

Sancho waxed eloquent. He told his companions that at home, in Madrid, his family had records of their ancestors, which stated that they had explored the coast of the "Terra Incognita" and had careened their ships in a bay harbour, which as far as he could make out, was Sydney Harbour.

There were two ships, he went on, but one, leaving the harbour before the other, ran into bad weather and was wrecked on a reef of rocks not very far north of the careening place. A few of the crew managed to get to the beach, taking with them some food and some treasure. A few days later, the other ship, sailing northward was hailed by her unfortunate companions, and at length managed to take them aboard. However, the big sea that was running made it impossible for the men to take their treasure with them, and they had to leave it in the little shelter-hut they had erected.

Grandfather said he was greatly interested in Sancho's story, and knowing it would please us, he had told it to prove to us the truth of the article.

The story was still running through my mind when, a fortnight later, I stood on the verandah of our bungalow

at Long Reef, looking out across the tree tops to where the waves were tumbling and foaming against the rocks.

All day long the thought persisted, and as I lay on a grassy knoll at the very highest point of the headland, and traced the rocks far out under the water, I began to wonder whether this was the reef on which the Spanish ship was wrecked. In my imagination I could see the swarthy Spaniards as they left their sinking vessel, and rowed through the seething swirling waters to the beach. I could see them unloading their food and ill-gotten treasure, and tramping along the beach to find shelter.

Idly I wondered whether the beach looked the same then as it did now. Did those high sand-hills topped with the coarse, wiry grasses, even then glow when the sun was high above them? Did the bush straggle down to the edge of the sand? Were there flocks of black swans on the lagoon, in whose still waters the trees and hills were reflected? But the sand-hills—they must be very old if they were here when the Spaniards came. How did they come to be there, anyway? Weren't they not made by strong winds piling the sand into heaps and adding more and more to them? Then, if the beach were flat when the Spaniards came—perhaps they had left their treasure where one of the hills now stood; for if there was anything to act as a foundation, the sand would soon pile up. Oh! if only a strong easterly blow would come and uncover it!

For nearly a week these thoughts would not let me rest. Every day I would look out across the ocean for signs of a gale, but I would see the same sparkling blueness the thin lines of white foam along the beach and the soft, creamy spray of the waves tossing and dancing on the reef.

Then, one day, as I pulled my skiff up on the beach, and turned to go, Joe, a fisherman's son came up and offered to put it in the shed, because the glass was falling and he expected a heavy blow from the east.

Leaving Joe to put the skiff away, I hurried back home, strangely elated, for now, if the wind were strong enough, there would be a good chance to recover the treasure. For I was sure it was buried underneath one of the sandhills. I said nothing to the others, however, but fretted round the house till the fury of the wind abated, then, putting on my coat I made my way through the trees and cross stretches of marshy, swampy ground. Where the trees ended, there had formerly been a grassy bank, but now the sand was piled high against it, and I was forced to climb over the top of it.

Once on the beach, it was easy to imagine the wreck, for the rollers reared their foam-flecked heads, thundered on the reef and ran seething up the beach. The sand was smooth and flat. Surely that small sandhill looked a trifle smaller. Eagerly I ran forward, and there, in the sand, was lying a rusty, well nigh unrecognisable object, but I knew from the small powder pan and sharp trigger that it was an old flint-lock. A rusty cutlass and a cross-handled knife next met my gaze, and as I scraped the sand away to get a better view of them I uncovered a black object, shaped like a helmet, which I rightly guessed to be made of silver.

Still digging, I came across the remains of what was probably the log-book of the ship. The pages had long ago rotted and decayed; the leather cover was mouldy and falling apart, and the brass clips on the corners and at the back were tarnished. Dark places in the sand showed where cloth of some description had rotted away; although further down I discovered some small scraps of canvas, in a wonderful state of preservation.

But the treasure? Surely it must be nearby. Those rusty old knives were not treasure. I began scooping away the sand with renewed vigour, but it was a hard and tiring task. Then Joe, coming along the beach, hailed me, and I asked him to help me. When he saw the rusty gun and knives, he was as eager as I, and after much scraping and digging, there appeared above the sand the corner of an iron box. Frantically we pulled and tugged, and at length brought to light the box, just a small box, it is true, but remarkably heavy.

We managed, however, to carry it home and there we had little difficulty in forcing open the rusty locks. In it were two piles of Spanish gold and two piles of English.

We were greatly excited, and so were the others when they saw it. Joe and I divided the English gold between us, but our family kept the Spanish gold as a memento of our discovery and as Grandfather said, a proof that Spanish buccaneers were the true discoverers of Australia.

Joan Notting.

THE ORIGIN OF PORT JACKSON

The Sun had long since slipped down to its nightly rest, but there lingered yet in the western skies, a ruddy glow, which threw into relief the bold outline of the hills, upon the slopes of which the velvety shadows of night were fast stealing. Here and there, a white sailed yacht skimmed across the waters of Port Jackson, homeward bound, like a pure white dove fluttering above a field of purple blue tulips, gracefully swaying in the evening breeze. Occasionally a ferry boat wended its way across the expanse of water at which I was gazing, from a cliff at Neilsen's Bay. I was amazed at the glory of the scene before me—so typically Australian, yet withal a fit playground for the gods themselves. And, standing there, I cried out into the gloom about me.

"O, that I might delve into the history of Port Jackson! O that the centuries might roll back, and reveal to me the mysteries of former years!" In answer to my appeal, a southern breeze murmured this story in my ear.

"Once, many thousands of years ago, there dwelt in fair Australia, land of smiling blue skies and sun-kissed pastures, a monster in the form of a dragon. This great body was entirely covered with brazen scales, which protected him from the sharpest of weapons. As he breathed, fire, which withered all life with which it came in contact, shot forth from his mouth and nostrils, and a dense vapour, which choked all who came near him, rose into the air, completely hiding his evil, glittering eyes and gluttonous jaws. This monster used chiefly to eat sharks, and was especially fond of a species, now known as the grey nurse. The dragon would crouch for hours at a time by the sea, his great head overhanging the cliffs, ready to swoop upon his prey.

Now, it chanced that, when the gods and goddesses grew tired of dwelling on Mount Olympus, and of receiving the homage of the civilized world, they would command a shark to be lashed to their ships, in order that they might be drawn the more quickly across the seas to Australia; for they dearly loved to visit these shores, to revel at break of day on the verdant plains, which we Australians love, to bathe in the clear running streams which glide through our dim forests, and to rest at noon-tide in the shade of a eucalyptus, and listen to the songs of illusive river nymphs.

However, since the arrival of this fire-breathing dragon, the peace of our beautiful island home had been shattered. Every living creature, from shore to shore, had been either crushed to death by its great claws, or scorched by its breath, and every plant and tree had been withered, while the nymphs had ceased to sing, and had fled into the gloomy underworld, reigned over by King Pluto, so terrified were they by the dragon's horrible roar, which rolled from hillside to hillside, like a clap of thunder echoing and re-echoing across the heavens. But worst of all, this fearful creature had caught and devoured all the sharks in the seven oceans of the world, so that the deities could no longer travel more quickly than mortals.

Several attempts were made to rid the world of this scourge. Zeus sent a famous Greek hero to slay him, but so terrible was the sight of those huge claws, that the champion fled in terror. Now it must be admitted that the Greek warrior had been sent to meet the monster partly as a result of Zeus' jealousy. But Here, seeing her favourite in imminent danger, sent one of her hand-maidens to help him. But even this assistance could not prevent the dragon's fiery breath from scorching them both. Though they were not suffocated, they became, a deep bronze colour. And their descendants the Australian aborigines still retain that colouring.

Several heroes perished, before the Goddess of Wisdom suggested that they should turn the monster into a great stretch of water, which would not only greatly enhance the beauty of their island playground, but would also liberate all the sharks which he had swallowed, and permit them to become again the sea-horses of the gods.

This suggestion was acted upon. One day, as the monster had taken up his customary position on the cliffs, Zeus changed him into a very deep and beautiful harbour. That is why Port Jackson contains so many sharks.

Now, when you see at sunrise the gold glinting in its waters, you will realize that it is the reflection of the dragon's brazen scales. At evening, the placid waters catch the glow of

the dragon's fiery breath, and reflect it. And the mists which rise from it in the early morning hours, are the vapours which the dragon used to breathe forth, now freed of their poisonous qualities by the washing of the waves throughout countless ages."

"BEGRA" 4A.

DAWN AT DORA CREEK.

What joy it is to wake at early morn,
To see the dewy freshness of the green,
To take a walk before the day is born,
Into the morning air so clear and keen.

A stilly silence hovers over all
My step, I fear, the sleeping earth will wake
For echoes answer loudly each footfall,
As slow toward the stream my way I take.

Upon the soft green banks, amazed I stand,
Charmed with the beauty that I here perceive
The water mirrors both the sky and land,
So clearly that my eyes I scarce believe.

And there across the stream, as east I turn,
A picturesque old bridge stands bold clear,
And all the sky behind it seems to burn
With flames of colour spreading far and near.

The tree tops shimmer in a golden light,
The stream beneath reflects the colours gay,
The air is filled with feather'd songsters bright,
All nature wakes to greet the dawning day.

A greater joy now thrills my heart anew,
The joy of life that sunshine gives to all;
Another day has dawned: what can I do,
To answer Mother Nature's stirring call.

M.B., 5B.

SIMPLICITY.

Of all things Life may give to me
I ask for but Simplicity.

To simply live, and think the same,
And covet not the mask of Fame.

A cosy seat in a fire-lit nook:
A simple tale in a well-thumbed book.

A garden small, to work and tend:
The loving kindness of a friend.

The knowledge of a victory won:
The miracle of setting sun.

All these are spice of Life to me,
Who look but for Simplicity.

ELSA HOLLANDER, 4B.

THEN AND NOW.

Two footmen tall, a coach and four
To take her to the shop's great door;
A little page in velvet clad,
To do all that Miladi bade;
Yards and yards of silk and lace,
And patches for her pretty face—
When Miladi went ashopping in the eighteenth century.

A chauffeur, uniformed in green
To match her stately limousine;
Three yards or so of crepe de chene,
And stockings, with a silken sheen;
Powder and rouge she ne'er forgets,
Nor yet the box of cigarettes—
When Miladi goes ashopping in the twentieth century.

ADELE BIERI, 4A.

ON A NEW ROAD.

Beneath the Hawkesb'ry's calm blue wave,
The Spirit of the River,
Sings soft and low, a little dirge,
That makes the reed-beds quiver.

Each morning ere King Sol awakes,
The dew-drenched leaves to dry,
The willows shed great crystal tears;
They weep for days gone by.

For man, with progress his one aim
Has built a great New Road;
Has shattered part of Nature's Realm,
Disturbed her quiet abode.

But day by day, and inch by inch,
The Road has crept along;
The hills still echo mournfully
The Spade's destructive song.

Now streams and streams of Sydney cars
Glide endlessly along;
And birds gaze sadly at the spot
Where once they chanted song.

But man surveys his work, content
His eye alight with pride,
And smiles triumphant on the place
Where willow-trees have sighed.

And so, beneath the Hawkesb'ry's blue,
The Spirit of the River,
Still softly sings a little dirge
And still the reed-beds quiver.

"MARGOT" 3A.

A LAMENT.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And hair was long and flowing,
All knights did wear a lock of hair
When into battle going.
For thus, they said, their lady's head
Should in the fight inspire them,
And when the face they had laid low
All mortals should admire them.

But now at Fort when scholars ought
To study all things rightly,
Each pupil there who has long hair
Oft feels it tugged most tightly.
A little girl without a curl
Some silly pleasure seeking,
The livelong day will sit and play,
The tempting tresses tweaking.

"VICTIM" 5A.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

It is so very sweet to dream,
And golden visions rise;
I seem to feel a magic touch,
And see with other eyes.

How beautiful is all I see!
'Tis sacrilege to tell
What elfin powers show to me,
When underneath their spell.

It is so very sweet to dream
When thoughts are fair in making—
But what can ever counteract
The bitterness of waking?

ELSA HOLLANDER, 4B.

THE SEA.

Sometimes the sea is a playful lad,
Tickling the silver sands.
Playing with shells and seaweed,
Tossing them with his hands.
This is the sea on a sunny day.
"What a peaceful sea!" the people say.

Sometimes, the sea is a cross old man,
Beating the gray-brown sands.
Tumbling the shells and seaweed,
Striking them with his hands,
An angry sea, on an angry day,
"What a cross old sea!" the people say.

BARBARA WHITNEY, 1A.

MY ISLAND.

(With apologies to Dorothea MacKellar).

The love of city hustling
Of crowded trams and trains,
Of shopping and its worries
"Is running in your veins";
A love of variation,
Excitement! . . . . is your prize;
"I know, but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise."

I love a tiny island
Set in Hawkesbury seas,
A kingdom of Dame Nature
A home of honey bees;
Surrounded by great mountains
That sweep towards the sky,
Wherein dwell feathered choirs,
Whose songs resound on high.

At dawn, King Sol sheds o'er it
His first, soft wak'ning light;
And ev'ry ling'ring night elf,
He quickly puts to flight;
The flow'rs all softly whisp'ring
Bid each wee elf to creep
Inside their fragrant petals,
And there, till dusk they sleep.

When Evening wrapt the island
In her empurpled dress,
The zephyrs send soft whisp'rings
To linger and caress;
Then when the Lamps of Heav'n
Light up the sky's great dome,
'Tis then the wee folk wander,
'Tis then the wood elves roam.

A golden-hearted island
Set in a golden strand
"All you, who do not know it,
You will not understand"
Tho' I've seen many glories
'Neath other sapphire skies,
My day-dreams all lie hidden
Where a tiny island lies.

"MARGOT" 3A.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

The leaping flames they come and go
In a quaint old fireplace bright,
They dance and glitter, gleam and glow
And spread their radiant light.

On rainy days and dreary days
The flames are leaping still;
They prance and play the hours away
And hearts with joy they fill.

Around the fireside cosily
Our fancies stray and roam,
The flames are whispering rosily
There's just no place like home.

When twilight o'er the world doth fall
And the sun's last rays are streaming,
The fireside fairies softly call
And I go back to dreaming.

FIREFLY, 3B.

HIDDEN BEAUTY.

During the Michaelmas vacation I had the pleasure of spending a lovely day on the Narrabeen Lakes, or rather, up Deep Creek.

We arrived at the boat-shed fairly early, and when a good light boat had been chosen, were soon skimming up the lake with an easy swing.

It was just a lovely day, bright and clear, with an exhilarating salty breeze to blow our hair and bring to life our slumbering energy.

At the Point a long stretch of shallow water extends half-way across the lake, so round this sand bank, memorable for previous experiences, we sailed and then entered that smaller, sheltered lake into which flow Narrabeen's three lovely Creeks, Deep, Middle and South.

As Deep Creek was to be honoured we accordingly steered north-west and then quickly ducked our heads as we floated under the little bridge that

spans those calm deep waters.

The very best part of our trip was before us. Gliding up the creek, we gave just a pull now and then to keep our little craft straight; for it was too beautiful, too still, to be splashing and squeaking (for the row-locks needed oiling), amidst that solitary beauty.

Without a ripple on its glassy surface, the winding creek stretched away before us, and each pebble and shell on its white, sandy bottom could be as plainly seen, as though no water was gently smoothing them and wearing them away.

Fish were in abundance; schools of the silvery inhabitants of those peaceful waters glided by like shadows deep down; and sought refuge in the long brown river weeds which swayed in patches near the banks. Myriads of tiny fish, from a quarter to one inch long, swam near the surface of the creek all the way along, and now and then the gleaming body of a bigger fish flashed in the sunlight a moment and then fell into its watery home again.

As we proceeded up the creek, the foliage become thicker and more beautiful, for it now grew in a more secluded spot, clothing the sides of the high hills above us and descending to the water's edge. Slender palm-trees bent to admire their verdant headdresses, reflected in the still water below; gnarled and naked gum trees, silvered by age and the weather, overshadowed the fairy-like clusters of sunshine that covered the wattle trees, and the young gums with their red tips and pinky trunks which lent warmth to Nature's wonderful colour scheme; all conspired to form a picture which will live long in my memory.

Looking on the waters ahead we could see, as in a mirror, the hills on either side of us clothed in all their beauty reflected in the creek—even the ferns growing on the margin of the waters found their counterparts once again.

Soon afterwards we landed and boiled our billy. During lunch, one of us suddenly exclaimed, "Look! What is that in the water?" And there we saw a black thing poking up from the water, accompanied by much wriggling and coming fairly quickly, straight towards us.

It did not take us long to discover that it was Mr. Snake who was honouring us with a call. Quickly we each seized a stick from the pile by the fire and stood waiting for him to land. That was a most unfortunate day for our visitor, but such is life. Afterwards we found that we had spread our table cloth over our unhappy friend's(?) home, but that someone had been fore-seeing enough just to wedge a stone into the hole before spreading the cloth—perhaps some unpleasant consequences were thus avoided.

Then we went for a walk, perhaps I should say for a climb and gathered flowers and at about 4 o'clock began our return trip.

When we had left the creek behind us, and had re-entered the broad expanse of lake, contrary to our expectations we found that the wind had dropped and the water was as still as a sheet of glass, blushing in the light of the sinking sun.

So the home-coming was a splendid one. Just as we stood on the sands and looked back over the lake, the sun slipped behind the misty hills on to an amethyst couch, and the silver lake gradually darkened until pathways of of light fell across its gloomy bosom, from the homes by its shores.

S. STRONACH, 4B.

A MENIAL TASK.

Now I really do like darning, once I have settled down in a comfortable spot. Now, don't laugh, you young ladies! Does not a nice, neat darn appeal to your wonderful mathematical eye. But what is that compared with the feeling of doing something useful? Think of the wonderful time you can build wonderful castles, you can now arrange those ideas for the story which has been persistently knocking at your brain for weeks. Or if you are tired, think of the rest you can give your mind after your hard day's toil at school.

And when you have finished, you can really enjoy that thrilling book about "Captain Blake in the West Indies." It is really a wonderful feeling to know that all is in order; that you have not to darn that little hole before you go to school in the morning.

"Dora Dalhousie" 5A.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE PREFECTS. 1930.
Back Row: Elsye Goddard, Emily Hughes, Eunice Brown, Maurine Deer, Vera Swain.
Front Row: Gwen Bills, Alcia Fooke, Mary Howard (Captain), Ethel Thearle, Joyce Martin.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

High above the city stands an old brown building. To many it is merely an historic edifice, but to the generations of school girls who have passed through its gates on the path of learning, it means much more. When they left school they might not have passed their final examinations brilliantly, they might never have shone on the hockey field or tennis court, but they had gained much; they had learned how to play a losing game as well as a winning one; they had learned how to be cheerful in the face of disappointment. When they bade farewell to the old school they bore away from her much more than a knowledge of Mathematics or Latin; deep in their hearts they bore the "Spirit of the School" which never will, never can, fail them. To these girls we owe much, they loved every stone of her, they built up her tradition; it is our duty, our privilege to maintain it. Let each of us strive our hardest to promote her glory in the realms of sport and learning and endeavour to fully appreciate what she means to us now, and will mean to us when our school days are merely golden memories, so that, when, at our last Speech Day, we sing,

"Come Fortians, Fortians all,
A last time let us gather,"

it may be with mingled joy and sorrow—sorrow that we are leaving her and joy that in our humble way we have lined up to her traditions and added a little to her honour.

To the new Firsts and Fourths we extend a hearty welcome and hope that their time at Fort Street will be as happy as ours has been and that they will join us in trying to make 1930 a glorious year for the school.

THE BLUE ROOM.

"See, darling, this is Old Father Time. He is just sending away this poor little baby and saying he has to wait for ten years." As she spoke the Loveliest-One-in-the-World showed me the picture.

"O-o-oh, Mummy," I said, "it hurts."

"Yes, darling" and the Loveliest One lifted me to her lap and held the book open. I felt her soft hair on my cheek as we bent over the beautiful picture.

We saw an endless vista of sapphire columns with an occasional pearly-tinted seat between them, all embraced by a soft, clinging, blue mist. On the right a portal stood open, showing the white and gold sails of a tall-masted barque rising above a rosy, billowy cloud. On the threshold stood an old, old man, bent beneath the weight of the centuries. On one side his flowing white robes and beard were tinted with pink from the clouds of dawn, while the blue mist caressed the other side, mingling with the pink. The shaft of radiance from the open door shone upon two or three columns, making them gleam with a pearly sheen, and the light softly touched the foremost of a vast throng of children who filled the endless blue hall. All were gazing at the graceful galley, some eagerly pressing towards it, while others hung back. Several children were trying to push a little weeping playmate forward to take his place in the barque beside his comrades, of whom some were pointing to an object—the earth—which they could see in the distance, while the others were gazing longingly back at the Blue Room, weeping and wafting kisses to those left behind. At the door a rejected little one was turning away, sadly trailing his tiny blue bag, while a tall, majestic figure—one of the guardians of the children—was stooping to comfort him.

Soon after that day the Loveliest-One-in-the-World passed out of my life and nothing was left to me but the memory of the soft touch of her hair as we gazed at the beautiful picture.

Long years have passed over me since then, years in which I played happily and performed the little trivial tasks which can scarcely be called "work", and years in which I took my place with other children at school. And all through these years I have been reading book after book, seeing picture after picture, ever seeking the dear Blue Room that forms my only link with the Loveliest One.

This afternoon I found it.

I was reading Maeterlinck's charming play "The Blue Bird," and came to "Act V, Scene 3; The Kingdom of the Future." Then suddenly I felt that strange, bitter-sweet sensation that made the tears spring to my eyes on that distant afternoon when the Loveliest One told me the story, and showed me the picture. Here was described every detail of the same dear old Blue Room, that has always been my sweetest memory—"The immense halls of the Azure Palace, where the children wait that are yet to be born." Yes, the very same!

I often wonder if the Loveliest One has become a guardian of the children in the Blue Room, for on earth she loved all children

MYTYL, 5A.

A VISIT TO A MUSEUM.

Slowly, yet with determination, I mounted the steps of the Australian National Museum, College Street, Sydney. Behind, I heard the joyous voices of people picnic-bound; in front, the metallic clink of turnstiles. I headed for the turnstiles and passed within, wondering if I would make a hurried exit, or leave as slowly as I entered, only enriched with a deeper knowledge of nature.

Oh! I started. Wherever was I? Two lions and a lioness crouched, snarling, before me, their attention centred on a cobra, which was sitting composedly on a rock, awaiting the fight of life.

Leaning forward, I found a barrier hindering my progress and then I realised that the figures which confronted me were only cleverly stuffed figures. On turning, I was faced by a

display of sea-leopards, pengiuns and other inhabitants of the cold, bleak, polar regions.

I then entered the Australian animal section of the museum. Here, "old man" kangaroo munched the grass contentedly; ring-tailed 'possums hung head downwards from the tree-boughs; water-rats, platypuses, wallabies and other animals were all portrayed in their various modes of life.

I then wended my way to the native exhibits from Suva, Fiji and other islands. As I went, I glanced with a slight timidity at the skeletons of the gigantic mammoths, marked, "Now Extinct." Those words were re-assuring and I passed along.

In the native quarters, I felt drowsy, but with an effort. I pulled myself to life on remembering where I was, but . . . where was I?

Mud-huts were on all sides. Native pottery, most beautifully wrought, lay scattered near the doorways. In the dirt at my feet, little brown naked bodies, frolicked with pleasure. Then, women, their hair done queerly—some with it hanging in thick braids, others with it moulded into curious forms by clay—ran from the huts, snatched the children from the ground and ran back again.

Wondering, I walked down the roughly-hewn street and stopped before, what to me, seemed like a temple. A figure, carved of wood, and hideously painted, adorned either door-post. Inside this weird structure, was a still more hideous figure, with its mouth cut in a hypnotizing grin.

Before the figure, were three men, who swayed from side to side, and then, as though seized with convulsions, they beat on their chests and then in the air, with their hands.

Drum! Drum! With a start, I recoiled; coming down the street were hundreds of grotesque figures. Their features horridly distorted by short bones which pierced the ears and nose, they approached, making terrible grimaces, stamping with their bare feet in the dust; waving nulla-nullas, spears and similar weapons fiercely or clanging them on their shields. Above the clamour came the steady monotonous sound of the drum, calling men to defend their village. War!

From the club-house came more men. In the club-house each man had his own room, wherein he kept a memento of each hunt, the skulls of his enemies and his weapons. These things showed his ability as a hunter, his prowess as a head-hunter and, according to his weapons, his skill as a warrior.

"Please do not lean on the cases," said a voice and I realised I was still within th Museum walls.

Time was passing quickly so I hurried to the mineralogy chambers, and I was enraptured with the sight of priceless diamonds, opals, moonstones and gold exhibits. The sun streamed through the windows and playing on the jewels enriched their radiance a hundredfold.

Later on, lifting the covers off some cases, I was surprised at their contents. Little butterflies, large butterflies; brilliant butterflies, drab butterflies; they were all there. Blue, gold, black, every colour of the rainbow was represented. Moths, too! some measured half-an-inch, others twelve inches across.

Whilst drinking in the beauty of these natural exhibits and thinking of the risks taken in the jungles of Africa, India and Amazon to obtain them, I was again rudely disturbed—this time by the bell pealing out closing time.

With a sigh, I retraced my footsteps to the door and walked slowly to the pavement as the great iron gates clanged to, shutting out the public until the next day.

JEAN UTTING, 3D.

"IT."

We all get it; the youngest and the oldest, the cleverest and the dullest, the most placid and the most nervous; we all get "it."

Take the girl who does passably well in the Intermediate; the world is full of rose coloured possibilities; hopes are built upon hopes. She thinks Honours and A's in the "Leaving" are to be had for the asking. Of course she will take four honours; what a pity she cannot take more! Fourth year passes more or less gaily; then the first fifth year term makes her think that she will try for seven A's only. No doubt she will get them. By the time the Leaving brings its tale of woe, she hopes she will get seven

passes. After that nightmare has passed leaving its trail of despair, she is not really downhearted. But—then she gets "it."

Now take the girl who gets seven A's in that preliminary skirmish. As fourth year progresses she becomes enthusiastic over her work. During the first fifth year term, she decides to try for a few honours, maybe four second class honours. When THE exam. arrives, she is hoping for four first class honours. After it is over she is not quite so optimistic. But she too gets "it" at the same time.

And now the weak girl who only just "scraped" over the half-way hurdle with four B's. She makes up her mind to work harder and then she will pass in every subject; maybe with an A or two. She laughs and hopes At the end of the first term of her last year she does hope she will pass in all. Then at the winning, or very often the losing, post, she feels she MUST pass in four subjects, she will pass. The Leaving truly leaves her less certain of the result; but she gets "it", too, at exactly the same time.

"It"! What do we get? When?

Why that weak feeling about the knees, in that moment whch is eternity just before we scrutinise the results.

Ah, yes! We ALL get "it."

"Dora Dalhousie" 5A.

THE WOMEN OF KENYA.

The girls of the Union sincerely desire to thank the Rev. J. Shortt for the very interesting talk which he gave at the meeting of the Christian Union on Friday, 21st March. He has only recently arrived from South Africa and came to tell us something of the customs and the mode of life of the girls in the part from which he came.

In the course of hs talk, he told us that they love to beautify themselves, and so they pierce their ears and by constantly putting thicker sticks into the hole, enlarge it so much that by the time that a one pound jam jar will fit in, they are proud and happy. Also we learned that they are not very fond of baths, and when they do wash, it is in raw castor oil. Needless to say, they gleam and shine beautifully, and one can smell them quite a distance away.

The women are often treated most cruelly by their husbands. They are actually nothing more than slaves, married for the sake of cooking their husband's meals and doing all manner of hard work that he should do. Some of them who live high up on the hills have to clamber down each day to the river for water, and if they have any babies, they must be taken too. Often women have as far as ten miles to walk before they come to the river, and then with their little squirming babies on their hip, and their pitcher full of water on their heads they have to make the tiring homeward journey.

Young girls who become Christians suffer great cruelties, even torture, at the hands of their relatives because they refuse to become initiated into a tribe. When the Christian missionaries went to South Africa they found out some of the dreadful ceremonies through which a girl or a boy had to pass before becoming a member of a tribe. It is compulsory to become "initiated" some time during the early teens.

Because those who are members are not allowed to hold converse with or be near anyone who is not, their elders do all in their power to put the children through the various trials. Consequently the girls endure severities which their great new Faith alone helps them to bear.

In conclusion the Rev. J. Shortt appealed to us all, who enjoy the privileges of civilization and Christianity without persecution, to help those girls in the far-away land of Africa.

S. S., 4B.

A VISIT TO A CASTLE.

Having visited many famous and beautiful places during the holidays we looked as it were for fresh worlds to conquer, and it was because of this that one of our party suggested, if possible, a visit to the gaunt but picturesque old castle at Bungan Head.

There is only one road round the cliffs to the castle and as there is no retreat we were undecided as whether to leave the car on the main road and walk, or whether to drive. But too late, Father had turned the car and we commenced our perilous ascent. The cliff side is very rugged and covered with a dark, thick scrub, and at each turn of the narrow road my sister and I expected to encounter some evil sprites and banshees, that is, if there are any in our sunny land, but we overcame our fears and gazed with fascination at the blue Pacific, which unlike its name, was dashing strongly against the jutting cliff with a dull, hollow roar. One last terrible bend during which we hold our breath and thrill with intense excitement, and then we commence our upward climb and at last reach the castle.

The massive structure is slowly decaying, as the wild breezy weathers felt by it are telling their tale. Its crumbling stone walls are covered with geraniums of red and pink, and these with the beautiful green mountains in the background and the azure sky overhead make the scene a very glowing one. Over the main central turret high above all, a Union Jack waved strongly in the fresh sea breeze, and what could be a more suitable place to fly the good flag? Turning our steps through the archway, which had once represented a fine entrance, we stumbled over the uneven cobble stones, through the wild garden, which was nothing but a profusion of creepers and blossoming roses, and up several flights of steep rock steps to the rear of the castle, which as far as we could ascertain was the only entrance into the castle itself.

The castle was apparently occupied, for the interior rooms which we saw through the wide doorway, were furnished in a very modern and luxurious fashion. In reponse to our call an old caretaker appeared, with a teapot. She said that she was sorry to inform us that owing to the castle now being occupied, tourists were no longer shown over it, and then she disappeared as silently as she had come. To me this news came somewhat as a relief for during the discussion, I had been viewing the iron ladder destitute of railings (the only means of access to the turret) with some misgivings. As we retraced our steps, we noticed sitting in a hidden part of the garden, a crowd of merry makers, wearing sombreros and strumming lazily on guitars, the music from which was wafted to us on the breeze.

However, the wonderful view from the cliff made up for any disappointment on our part, and for a long time we gazed about us . To the south lay "Long Reef," with its one great long arm stretching out into the glorious splendour that deepened the blue of the acean. Further south we saw Manly, clothed in the mysterious colours of the sunset and further south still, was "South Head" with its revolving light that guides the mariner safely across the lonely sea.

To the north were many white beaches, which the growing shadows filled. Two sharp cliffs stood out conspicuously—the entrance to the Hawkesbury River.

To the east a solitary star glimmered in the beautiful heavens.

Breathing a sigh I took a last lingering look at the old castle, where according to tradition the flag had been lowered at sunset. Filled with the beauty of our surroundings, we climbed aboard the car and with the engine gently purring, we continued our way round the clifts into the gathering dusk below us.

L. WRIGHT, 2A.

A SCHOOL DAY IN PALESTINE.

I was thinking how wonderful it would be if I could revisit my old country and see again my friends and school, when I heard somebody calling me and looking around me I saw to my amazement that it was my old chum Rae. I had not seen her for five years since the memorable day when I left Palestine and the fact that she was asking me to walk with her

to school really surprised me very much. When I saw however the same old classrooms, the familiar faces of girls and masters, I soon realised that I was really back at my old school—Betdspter Alvanot (Girls' Grammar School), and that Rae at my side was not an imaginary figure at all.

We wandered about the fruit garden; trees surrounded us on all sides —olive trees, almond, mulberry and pomegranate trees, grape vines and lotus trees. Oh, how, glad I was to see that familiar sight again! We climbed up high on one of the trees, discussing school affairs until we heard the bell ring and realised that it was eight o'clock. Forming our lines in front of the of the school—just as we do at Fort Street, I thought —we marched into our classrooms, big girls and little girls, girls in the 'macklika aleph' (Class A) and big girls in Class C and settled down to work.

Our first lesson happened to be teva (botany) and our master took us out into the adjoining fields where daisies and poppies galore greeted us. It was a very interesting lesson, the more so because while we were finding out about roots, the birds were supplying us with the most exquisite music. The hour flew only too quickly for the bell was ringing and we had five minutes' recess.

Our next lesson was itambdt (physical culture). We entered a large hall, built after the fashion of the Roman buildings, where Miss Livingstone, the only lady teacher, with the exception of the sewing mistress, drilled us and taught us dancing. Then came recess for about 15 minutes so that we, that is, Rae, Shoshana (Rosamund) and myself climbed up one of the trees where some branches jutted out, forming a little table and chairs. This was our sanctum; here secrets were whispered and new games invented. As we looked down below us we could see the big girls in two's or threes repeating their lessons aloud and though we sometimes looked with envy at them yet we were glad that we were still juniors and had not the worries of these seniors. They were privileged persons for they were taught that wonderful English language, though I doubt whether they knew as much English as a Second Year knows French.

It was 10 o'clock when we next entered the classroom and Adan Bytan (Mr. Bytan) was taking us. The lesson was irrit (Hebrew) or grammar. Hebrew is a very beautiful and ancient language though verbs, adverbs and pronouns are rather boring as in any other language. We therefore welcome the next lesson which was divrey ayamim (history) Though it dealt mainly with the history of the Jews in Palestine, yet we were taught history also. The lesson, of course was in Hebrew for that is the language commonly spoken in Palestine, in the same way as English is the language in Australia.

Hot dinners at home! It may sound strange to you but we did not think it. At noon the dinner bell rang and the whole school went home not to return to lessons till two o'clock.

There are no trams in Palestine and no 'buses where we lived so that we had to trudge home, but we did not mind. The thought of going home was too pleasant to be spoilt by such trivial things. And besides, sometimes we were lucky enough to meet the camels, coming in from some neighbouring town. When we had finished our meal—a good hot dinner —we returned to school where we enjoyed ourselves by playing such games as hop-scotch, skippings, hidings, chasings and other quieter games (just like my Australian friends, I thought).

Reluctantly we marched into the classroom to be greeted by the sight of sewing bags. Now, sewing is bearable as far as making a garment goes, but considering I had begun in my first year making a practice piece on which are included hems, tucks, fancy stitches, frills, darns and patches and was still working on it in my fourth year, you do not wonder that I was tired of it. At the end of the long lesson, for so it seemed to me, the bell rang for another five minutes' recess. It is the custom in a Palestine Public School to give five minutes' freedom at the end of each lesson. In my opinion it is a good custom.

Chesbon (arithmetic) wa the last lesson that day. We had to set our own questions and woe betide us if they were below the standard. This method was rather interesting and the following is just an example of a questio I set: Mother bought 4 doz. eggs; she paid 4d. for 9 eggs. How much did she pay for all the eggs? I will leave it for you to find the answer to this simple question.

At 4 o'clock the welcome sound of the bell reached my ears and I put my books away, really pitying the seniors who stayed at schol till 5 o'clock. I loitered on my way home feeling very

pleased with myself and quickly finishing my tea I joined my friends out in the open, where we played many games by the light of the street oil lamp and the shops around us, which were open till quite late at night. It was not till Mother called me in to do my homework that I realised that it was 11 o'clock.

The scene suddenly became blurred —Why? What was wrong? Just a moment ago I was playing with my Palestine school friends and now I was sitting in a room with piles of books in front of me. With dismay I realised that it was only a reverie, and that I had not even begun my homework.

Life is cruel sometimes!

BILLAH, 2A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

April, 1930.

Dear Girls,

Lectures have begun once more and it is a joy to be back in the old familiar places. The routine of University life does not go on from year to year as school work does—continuously, for usually there are breaks at the end of each year in courses and subjects. And so each academic year is a new one in many senses. Changes in laboratory work are felt most by those people who do any Science subjects, for so much of their time is spent there. And the old 'labs.' where so many long happy hours are spent hold poignant associations that are very dear.

One of the changes which brings with it a tinge of sadness is the absence of faces which we have known and loved for so long. Jessie Anderson has left us to teach at Neutral Bay Intermediate Girls; and Mary Gallagher at William St. with Miss Evans. Rene Middlehurst too is teaching.

Enid Carpenter graduated with first class honours (first place) in Psychology, winning with it the University Medal and prize. Enid also won the Frank Albert Prize for Authropology and second-class honours in English. Bessie Bannan graduated with first-class honours in English (2nd place) and in Anthropology, and Muriel Holdsworth and Jean Chalmers each second-class honours in Organic Chemistry. Kath. McElroy, Annie Dreves, Maureen O'Hanlon and Ivy Westfalen also graduated; while Essie Cohen, Violet Anderson and Mavis Swyny have completed Pharmacy. Anna Hogg gained destinction in Philosophy II.

It is a great joy to have Jessie Bates and twelve other Fortians, including Eileen Cordingly and Phyllis Kaberry of previous years, here amongst us. The Fort Street ranks at the 'Varsity never lacks recruits. Like the tide that never falters—dear ones pass on away from us, but the recurring tide brings in fresh vigour and enthusiasm with each opening year. It serves to remind us of the tide's great lesson of quiet constancy, and persistence in all endeavour.

During the 'Inog vac.' the Inter-Varsity Swimming Carnival was held at Adelaide. Sydney won, with 36 points to 6 by the runners-up. Marjorie Moore and Olga Sangwell in the Sydney team scored heavily, Marjorie winning the Point Score Cup. Bravo Fort Street!

Olga completed eight of her ten Arts subjects in two years and is now at the Law School, where first year law subjects will secure her Bachelor of Arts degree, and set her well on the way in her study for the Bar. Will Olga be the first Fortian woman barrister? We send her our heartiest wishes.

It is such a little while since we of our year left our beloved school and yet our time here at the 'Varsity is well nigh done. We hate it to finish, it is so very joyous. The work is interesting because we are interested, and the time is ever too short. Lectures are tiresome sometimes, but that is not always our fault. We do our best to encourage the more tedious lectures, or at least the new students do, by applause and stamping whenever such an interlude is possible. Then we continue the speed test, to record a sentence here and there of what they say, and later on in the year we make a fair effort to interpret former abbreviations and annotations. At least that is, how poor people with just a little 'grey matter' manage. True students—and there are many even Fort St. ones—work

consistently and solidly as you do, and like you also, get good results.

An innovation this year adds to the glamour and atmosphere of our Alma Mater. The Vice-Chancellor has decreed that all Undergrads shall wear academic dress to all lectures, so the quad, Science Road and the other wayfares, as well as lecture rooms and labs. are "resplendent" with gowns. We have been told that it is only an ostentation. Perhaps it is, but we like it.

We send once more our greetings to the school we know and love. Our wish above all things is that Fortians of to-day are as happy in these first glad days of youth as we were and are.

Best of all schools live long! Our Fort St., our joy, our lougings are for thee!

With best wishes,

ALICE SMITH.

GIRL GUIDING.

On the frontier of India is stationed a corps of soldiers known as the "Guides" whose business is to prevent the hostile tribes across the border from invading India. Their task is not easy. They have to be ready to turn out at any moment, night or day, and set out on horseback stars or by the sun, to meet the or on foot, finding their way by the enemy. They have to climb mountains and do long weary marches over the plains making bridges and roads as they go, and they take all sorts of risks and do all sorts of jobs to maintain peace in India.

When the Boy Scout Movement was organised, numbers of British girls wanted to play the new game with their brothers, so they invented fantastic uniforms and ceremonies for themselves and began so zealously to ape the boys that their parents and many others held up their hands in horror and wondered what the world was coming to. Soon people began to realise that the girls were in earnest, so in 1911 Miss Baden-Powell and other ladies began to organise them into a separate movement. We adopted a new name for our very own, and with this name, "Girl Guides" we adopted as our ideals the traditions of the Indian "Guides"—service, loyalty, courage and fitness.

Since those days, guiding has steadily grown until now there are guides in every country. They are not all called "Girl Guides," but the "Girl Scouts" of America, the "Eclaireuses" of Frances and many others whose names we can neither spell nor pronounce have the same ideals and look to the same Chiefs—Lord and Lady Baden-Powell—as do the guides of the British Empire. We all form one great sisterhood, including Princess Mary and representatives of all classes, creeds, countries and colours and even the leper Guides of India.

Like the Guides who gave us our name we try to be always prepared to give service to others. Through our Brownie and Guide days we play jolly games to build up our minds and bodies and to learn all sorts of things from first aid to bee-keeping, from toymaking to pathfinding. And we try always to look out for anything we can do at home, at school, in any and at any time to make things a little easier or a little more pleasant for other people. Everyone knows about the famous "One Good Deed," but it seems a pity to stop after doing one good turn, so we try to remember that "one good turn deserves another" and to keep on lending a hand all day and every day. Most of us can find only little things to do, such as picking up a stray piece of paper in the playground, but we all hope to have the chance of doing a big thing like saving a life some day, and we do our best to prepare ouselves to seize the big chance by trying to seize all the little ones that can so easily slip by, if we do not keep our eyes wide open.

When a girl knows how to play a losing game cheerfully, to be loyal to all around her and to be honest and true in everything she has learnt how to be a true guide—the kind of person who never grumbles at hardships but does her best to find a way through or over or around them and helps a weaker spirit on with her, in short, the kind of peson you want for a friend. Guides try to learn the way

to light a fire with wet wood, one match and a cheery smile, to keep a child healthy and happy, to know a sparrow from a magpie, to make and mend clothes, to see the beauty that may be found in all things, and to know the Father Who made this beauty. There are many other things a guide may learn, but whether she can do all of them or only one, if she can do nothing but give a smile and a friendly word, she will be of use in the wider world after she has left school, and her training has not been in vain.

Of course we do not sit down with large, weighty volumes, learned looking spectacles and microscopes to study all the things that go to the making of a good guide company. Oh dear, no! Whenever we can we all go together to some bushy place where we play exciting woodcraft games, stalk birds and try our hands at outdoor cookery, often with startling results (who remembers the time when the salt was put in the tea instead of the peas, or when a grilled chop, a crisp, brown damper and a billy of tea were hopelessly mixed?) Sometimes we are lucky enough to spend a week in camp, and then we can spend more time on these activities, and we can have wonderful hikes and swims and do hosts of other thrilling things, while each perfect is ended by a perfect camp fire. When we cannot go out of doors we spend an hour or two together in a club-room where we play jolly games and sing jolly songs and do as many other "guidey" things as we can.

Guiding is open to every girl over seven years of age. One need not wear a skirt to become a guide, for our American sisters always wear bloomers and middies for camping! In Sydney there is a company of guides who are either deaf and dumb or blind, and they are so proud of their badges and uniforms. These girls are among the merriest at our guide functions, for guiding gives them a great link with many other girls outside the walls of their institution. Crippled and mentally deficient children at home or in hospital may share in guiding. The hours do not seem so long and weary to the child who cannot run about or even walk like others when she knows that a certain hour will bring her a cheery visitor to play with her and show her new handicrafts and help with the old ones. Eighty-one years is the present age limit for a guide or ranger (i.e. senior guide), but this limit will be extended as soon as someone in our ranks has eighty-two candles on her cake!

The most pleasant thing of all about guiding is the friendship it brings. No guide need ever feel lonely, for guides everywhere are her friends, and whenever she tries to do right in the face of difficulties she will succeed because there are over half a million guides in the world to back her up. The boy scouts and girl guides and similar organisations are doing as much to bring about world peace as the League of Nations, for their members in all countries are growing up in friendship, and when all men are brothers and citizens of the world, war will cease.

G. G., 5A.

GUIDE NOTES.

1st Fort Street Company has been very active since the last issue of the Magazine.

We ended 1929 with a breaking-up party, after school on December 16th.

Then we went into camp at a lovely spot at Camden, beside the river and it was an ideal camping site. We all thought that the week from December 27th to January 4th, was the shortest we had ever experienced.

On February 17th we had a games' afternoon to welcome Guides from other Companies, who are new to the school this year.

We had to say good-bye to our lieutenant on February 26th, so we had a farewell field-day at Castlecrag when we presented Miss Millard with an engraved eversharp pencil and a diary as parting gifts.

Most of last year's office-bearers joined a senior patrol with view to becoming Rangers, Lily Gray taking the position of Company Leader. New office-bearers had to be chosen from the juniors to take their places. The new leaders are: V. Reid, W. Tarilton, L. Irish and M. Kelk. Their seconds are: J. Jennings, E. Campbell, B. Palmer and B. Morris.

Betty Gill was appointed treasurer, Marie Johnston librarian and Margaret Kelk secretary.

M. KELK.

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NEWS OF OTHER COMPANIES.

At present there are more than 80 Guides at Fort Street, representing 14 different companies.

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The 1st Enmore Girl Guides formed a Brownie Pack several weeks ago. They now have 23 children, about twelve of whom are in uniform.

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On Saturday, 22nd March, thirteen Guides from 1st Annandale were successful in passing their Swimmers' Badge. Evidently not a case of unlucky thirteen!

* * *

1st Leichhardt Guides spent a most enjoyable time in camp at Camden during the Christmas holidays. Who would not be a Girl Guide when there are such things as camp and such places as Camden?

* * *

Should anyone wish to know where the most delightful picnic sports are in the neighbourhood of Sydney, let her ask a Guide. 1st Five Dock seem to favour Parsley Bay.

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On Tuesday, 1st April, the Lane Cove District Guides held a swimming carnival.

* * *

Guides from Chatswood, Ryde, East wood and Gladesville companies were in camp together at Lawson at the beginning of the year. (Everybody had a wonderful time; for on the mountains the walks are delightful and the air is invigorating. Each night Camp Fire where stunts were acted, a vast ring was formed round the and jolly songs sung with all the enthusiasm of youth.

* * *

Several girls from 1st Gladesville passed the Laundress and Domestic Service Badge early this year. They are also working hard for the hospital and the poor children of the district.

* * *

Camden seems to have been a very popular place for campers during the holidays. 1st Drummoyne Rangers and Guides spent a fortnight there night feasts and pyjama parades, not and came back full of tales of mid- to mention green oranges and castor oil.

* * *

On the eve of striking camp the Guides at Lawson were honoured by a visit from Lady David who enjoyed the Camp Fire immensely and who entertained the gathering with one of her delightful short stories.

EMILY HUGHES, 5A.

A FIELD DAY.

Who says thirteen is an unlucky number? Certainly not Miss Drury or the twelve Fort Street Guides who went for a field day to National Park on Saturday, 29th March. When in the train our eyes scarcely left the windows for a minute, as we whizzed along through the bush putting many a bird to flight.

While discussing at National Park, the road we would take, the Station Master, evidently pitying us walking through the bush wearing blazers and top coats, gave us permission to leave them in his office. Thus we set out along the track with light hearts. What beautiful scenery met our eyes at every turn, the distant sea and sand hills, the silvery gleam of the river winding its way in the gully below or the beautiful, green-clad hillside. A little brown snake obliged us by sliding across our path and remaining at the side of the track to be admired, whilst songsters flew from tree to tree, revelling in the bright sunlight.

We walked on until an ideal spot was found where we could spend the day. Shady trees over hanging flat rocks made excellent patrol home, and a big log which had fallen out into the river afforded a perfect seat from which to dangle one's legs in the water. The river looked so enticing with its cool deep water, that many were the regrets that bathing costumes had been left at home.

Wood craft games were played and enjoyed by all. But a long walk through the bush and games stimulate healthy appetites so fires were lit and exciting dinners of potatoes and chops or sausages were cooked over glowing embers in the true bush way and thoroughly enjoyed.

After a paddle off the log, for the bank was very slippery as several guides proved at the expense of a wet-

ting, more games were played and wood craft tests, such as stalking and tracking, passed.

For afternoon tea "Fort Street Fancies" won the day, so guides set to work and soon cooked and ate golden brown—though in some cases rather blackened—rolls filled with butter and jam.

The walk back to the station was soon accomplished to the time of merry guide tunes, and the guides entered the train with only one regret, that was that the day had been all too short.

B. KENNEDY, 5C.

THE LITERARY CIRCLE OF THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Circle began its year's work with the annual meeting on March 27th.

Much regret was expressed at the resignation of Grace Santos from the position of Secretary which she has held since the inception of the Circle four years ago. Not a little of the Circles success has been due to her excellent work in that capacity.

The Circle meets at the Women's Club on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month at 7 p.m. All ex-Fortians are welcome. Anyone desiring any further information may obtain it on application to the new Secretary, Eva Duhig, St. George Girls' High School.

AN EXCURSION TO PETERS' ICE CREAM FACTORY.

Everyone in Fifth Year Economics Class looks back with pleasure upon its excursion to Peters' Ice Cream Factory.

After arriving at that place in which is manufactured the delicacies so dear to the hearts of many, we stood in groups around the main gate, patiently waiting an escort, and in the meantime, watching with interest the lorries being loaded with ice-cream and driven away.

Our patience was soon rewarded and after being relieved of our bags, we followed our guide. After falling down some unnoticed steps and clambering up others, the main building was reached.

There seemed, by the way, to be stairs everywhere They were not just ordinary stairs. They were almost perpendicular and very winding so that they were almost spiral staircases.

We were saved the pain of having to climb up them, however, as we were taken up to the very top of the building by a lift which, although used for carrying good and baggage served our purpose very well.

On the roof was an innumerable collection of pipes containing a circulating stream of ammonia, as our obliging guide told us.

Over the pipes fell a perpetual cascade of water, its purpose being to cool the ammonia, which was conducted right down to the ice-cream mixture, freezing it, and thus helping in its production.

After very carefully making our way down one of the staircases (watching in astonishment the manner in which the employees rushed up and down them) the next floor was reached. There "smaks" were being made.

The rich, thick ice-cream pouring into the circular packets was greatly admired and the speed of the girls employed was really remarkable.

The eating of a "smak" caused a delay on this floor but as it was a rather warm day, none of us seemed to mind.

We next visited the laboratory. It appeared very much like a science room with its rows of different fluid-containing tubes, and was a very interesting place, but as our escort explained that he was not very well acquainted with the queer-looking apparatus there, which buzzed ominously when certain switches were turned on, we soon filed out through the doorway.

In the next room were large vats containing ice-cream in its unfinished state. A ladder was placed against one, so that we might inspect the rich

cream, and though it was a rather precarious means of climbing, we all succeeded and viewed the ice-cream.

Our interest was awakened when, a little later, a large, heavy door was unbolted and we were told to enter. We were greeted by a rush of icy-cold air. Of course, these were the freezing rooms. Blocks upon blocks of ice surrounded us. After a few minutes, many of us were shivering, and we were all rather glad to be outside again.

Perhaps, the part most enjoyed by the excursionists was the viewing of the ice-cream moulded into many different shapes. They were really beautiful. A basket of luscious fruit, all in natural colours was one of the moulds. Puss in Boots, with a knowing expression on his face, complete with whiskers sat very cosy-looking in his boot, even though it happened to be made of ice-cream.

We would have liked to have stayed there longer, but the intense cold drove us out.

We next watched the "Chocolate-Coated Ice Cream Bars," being made, and after enjoying one very much, we were informed that our inspection of the factory had drawn to a close.

We found our bags neatly piled up, and after solving the ownership of the different bags, we congratulated ourselves upon the enjoyable afternoon we had spent and the knowledge we had obtained.

J. HARRIS, 5C

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

On Saturday afternoon, 15th March, the girls of Third Year accompanied by Miss Turner and Miss Wingrove attended a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Conservatorium. All were keenly interested in the production of this play—the reason being obvious to Third Years.

The players most ably carried out their parts, and the leading lady, Portia and her maid, Nerissa, filled their parts very pleasantly. Shylock, a rich Jew, deserved special credit, for his character was very well sustained. Gratiano carried out his part to perfection and caused much laughter.

Bassanio, a friend to Antonio and suitor to Portia, discharged his role very ably, and the character of the melancholy Antonio was appreciated by all. There was no more beautiful scene than that between the love-stricken Lorenzo and his beautiful Jessica.

The lyric "Tell me where is fancy bred," which was sung by Bryson Taylor, was enjoyed by everyone.

In conclusion it was decided that a very enjoyable and instructive afternoon had been spent.

FLORA CARROLL, 3C.

THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

March 14th. How many Fort Street Girls rose early on that eventful Friday morning to see whether there was the remotest chance of a break in the weather. How many of the same girls were disappointed. During breakfast, and in the train many and varied were the remarks made by these girls to any one patient enough to listen to them concerning the never-ending rain.

But no matter how vigorous were the remarks, still no change in the weather for the better was visible. During morning school teachers reprimanded girls, who were lucky enough to be near a window, for looking outside to see if there were any signs of Old King Sol discarding his cloaks.

All were excited when it was time to leave for the Domain Baths, and although it was still raining, when we arrived at Woolloomooloo, our spirits were not permanently dampened; this was proved later in the afternoon when we cheered our girls on to victory.

Fort Street as usual held her place amongst the other schools, and al-

though many were cold externally, internally every Fortian was aglow with excitement. Never before in the history of Fort Street have such victories been won, never has she carried all before her as she did that day. Race after race was won; not only first place but very often two places were gained.

The chief victors of the day were Helen and Jean McDonald. No praise is high enough for these two splendid swimmers, especially Jean. Jean broke four records, which is a most creditable performance seeing that she was in many races following almost immediately upon one another. Helen too, swam remarkably well, and broke the record for the 15 years championship. Helen also helped to break the record of the 200 yards relay race for the Solomon Shield, Jean Mort, Joan Broady and Jean McDonald being the other three girls who accomplished that wonderful feat.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Lois O'Rourke one of our splendid First Year swimmers, Norma Scott and Lois Tottenham who also put up some creditable performances.

Fort Street concluded its eventful day by winning the two shields, viz.: Solomon Relay Shield and the Point Score Shield; Fort Street scored 104 points and Sydney High (second) 36. This is a record total of which our school should be very proud.

To Mrs. Griffin we accord a very hearty vote of thanks for her untiring coaching of our girls, thus ensuring such success.

The following is a complete list of the places gained by our school:

Solomon Relay Race Shied: Helen McDonald, Jean Mort, Joan Broady and Jean McDonald.

12 years Championship: L. O'Rourke, 1.

13 years Championship: J. McDonald, 1 (record); N. Scott, 2.

14 years Championship: L. Tottenham, 2.

15 years Championship: H McDonald 1 (record).

16 Years Championship: J. Notting, 1; J. Broady, 2.

Juniro Championship: J. McDonald, 1 record); N. Scott, 2.

Breast Stroke Championship: J. McDonald, 1(record); V. Simpson, 2.

Junior Breast Stroke Championship: J. McDonald, 1 (record).

Back Stroke Championship: H. McDonald, 1; J. Broady, 3.

Junior Relay: N. Scott, L. Tottenham, L. O'Rourke, E. Marden, 1.

Rescue Race: N. Finney and J. Broady, 1; V. Simpson and P. Cowlishaw, 2.

Junior Rescue: M. Balmain and J. Russ, 1.

Six Oar Race: H. McDonald, J. Mort, J. Broady, 1; V. Simpson, J. Notting, H. Soutar, 2.

Junior Diving: L. O'Rourke, 1.

Total Number of Points, 104 (record)

D. P., 4A.

A VISIT TO THE SYDNEY TEACHERS' COLLEGE LIBRARY.

One Wednesday afternoon towards the close of the term in December, 1929 a very happy band of Fort Street Girls set out with Miss Turner and Miss Cowie to visit the Teachers' College Library. Joyce Kolts, an old Fortian who is on the library staff there, made such a visit possible.

We arrived at the College to be met by Joyce who lost no time in introducing us to the interest of this Library. We were first of all shown the Library as it appears to ordinary members of the college. It consists of a very large room with many tables, shelves which hold books very much in demand, new periodicals and magazines, and also in some very fine glass cases encyclopaedias and dictionaries. This room is furnished with comfortable easy chairs and beautiful carpets and rugs which make the room appear the more delightful because they are not arranged formally, but are placed just in the position which shows up the particular beauty of each rug. Around the walls of the Library hang many beautiful paintings and delightful pictures presented to the College. One of the most beautiful is one which was presented by the Sydney Girls' High School and Joyce expressed her desire that one day in the near future another picture would grace those walls but would bear a different inscription including the

name "Fort Street Girls' High School." Nothing could be more pleasing to Joyce and the host of other Fortians interested in the Library than to witness the presentation of such a gift.

When we had been enlightened concerning the very mysterious system on which the Library is catalogued viz: "The Dewey System", we divided ourselves into groups averaging two or three and were introduced to other parts of the Library. One room which occupied the attention of many was that in which were kept portfolios of pictures. In this room every conceivable subject was illustrated by pictures. Hygiene, history, geography and Scripture were only a few subjects of the large number which were represented. These portfolios may be borrowed like ordinary books and must surely be a great aid in teaching small children whose attention is always attracted by a picture of any kind. With careful handling these portfolios should last for a very long time.

The "Browsing Room" also appealed to the minds of many, and more than one girl, I am sure, could imagine herself curled up in one of its comfortable, easy chairs with an interesting book, away from all the noise and burden of the City.

We once again returned to the main room of the Library and then made our acquaintance with the "Stack." This is behind the Library chamber, and no one, except the librarians themselves, is allowed to enter through its thickly padded doors. The "Stack" contains the bulk of the Library's books. In it the books are arranged on double-sided stands just as in ordinary libraries. The stands are constructed of a material which is fireproof and the floor is made of very thick semi-transparent glass. The glass, to prevent slipping, is covered with rubber mats. The "Stack" is six storeys high and contains a few hundred thousand books.

We wish to thank Miss Gallagher and Joyce (both Fortians) for the very enjoyable afternoon. The latter, as you know, has taken a very practical interest in our School Reference Library, and is cataloguing it on the Dewey System, and for this service the School is greatly indebted to her.

D. P., 4A.

AN ERRAND ON A DARK NIGHT.

"Yes," said the Doctor, as he came slowly from baby's room "I am afraid she is very ill, and must have the powders which I have prescribed for her as soon as possible."

We were holidaying in the country when baby fell ill, but I was soon ready to begin my journey. How I dreaded that lonely walk to the little township. The night was cold, and very dark, but I decided to be brave.

My brother adjusted the hurricane lamp while I hurriedly donned my blazer. This took but a few minutes, and soon, with the Doctor's prescription in my pocket and the lamp in my hand I was able to set out. I hurried on in the stillness of a cold night. The lamp cast shadows on the ground before me as I went. Suddenly I saw a shadow, and then, close by the narrow track, I heard a rustle of leaves. What could I do? But I remembered the frail little form at home and I hurried on—to find that my imagination had led me to fear a harmless old jersey cow.

By now, the lights of the country town were just visible. I began to run, and soon arrived at a small store. Breathlessly I handed the prescription to the astonished storekeeper.

Joyfully I realized that half my journey was now over, and I patted the little white parcel in my pocket confidentially, as I walked along.

My joy was only momentary however for on looking up at the big gum close beside me I beheld a sight which would have terrified even the bravest of messengers—a skeleton dangling just above my head.

I stood, rooted to the spot, far too frightened to scream or yet to run to

some place of safety. I heard a strange flapping sound also, but by now I was too frightened to raise my head to see what the strange object was.

Imagine my fear when the figure hailed me—imagine my relief when the figure had finished speaking. The mysterious words which came to my astonished ears were simply "My kite's up here again, please help me pull it down."

Well, every girl is not blessed with brothers but I happen to be one of the lucky ones. I helped my brother out of his difficulty and together we ran home. Needless to say I did not tell my brother of my adventure, for what sympathy could I expect?

ENID SMITH, 2A.

CHRISTIAN UNION CAMP.

On January 27th, a band of 67 that they would not miss the train, of which they later found there was no possibility, as it left an hour late! Each camper, on her arrival at the station, was presented with a name plate on which were written her name, school and year.

These Christian Union Camps are held in January of each year. There were two camps this year, one at Hazelbrook and one at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Goulburn. At these were represented many of the schools and colleges of Sydney, the numbers ranging from the hordes of North Sydney to the one and only representative of others.

In the train, at first we talked to each other, but soon found old friends amongst the other schoolgirls and with the aid of name plates made new ones. The journey was brightened by the singing of such classic songs as "On Ilkley Moor bar bat."

When we left the train at Goulburn we piled our luggage on to a lorry and set out. We Fortians were perfectly at home on the way to the College for there was a hill, not nearly as steep as ours.

When at last we arrived at our destination, travel-stained and weary, we enjoyed a few minutes' well earned rest under the trees on the lawn for we thought that we had "walked" some distance—a few days later we were to find that we had merely gone for a stroll.

After being welcomed by the Camp Mother (Mrs. Bennett) and the Senior Officer (Miss Lesslie) we were assigned our rooms and spent the rest of the time before tea unpacking and making the acquaintance of our roommates. Then we went to our first camp tea—truly a novel experience. One does not eat one's meals in peace at camp though, on rare occasions between trying to represent the baby that has "gone down the plughole" and showing how one saved one's life in the afternoon one snatches sufficient nourishment to ward off the pags of extreme hunger.

After tea, Miss Lesslie briefly outlined the programme for the week and explained the purpose of the Camps. Then we went to the Bungalow and spent a happy evening, singing campig songs and then hymns.

"Light out" were at ten and strict(?) silence was observed till 6.30 next morning. At 7.40 a.m. there were "physical jerks" in which all participated. The object of these exercises was to make one feel fit and fresh, but how after running round the large lawn three times or so could one be expected to feel as fresh as a daisy? After "physical jerks" followed a few minutes' devotion and then breakfast, which, like all the other meals, was enlivened by "stunts." It is nothing unusual to be called upon, when music ravenous by the fresh morning air, to sing "Three Blind Mice" to the tune of "Annie Laurie."

After breakfast we tidied our rooms in preparation for inspection. Then followed Study Circles, and for an hour we were divided into groups of ten girls who with a leader, discussed the study for the week, "The Quest of Youth."

From eleven to 12.30 there was free time, when the wise ones sought a shady tree with a book, but the

energetic spirits sought the tennis courts and played there in defiance of Old Sol who was doing his best to scorch them.

Every afternoon we went for a walk. With our nervous constitution shattered by the long year of hard, and perhaps even diligent work behind us we sought rest at Goulburn but we found it not. Have you ever seen the War Memorial at Goulburn? If not you will not be able to fully appreciate the noble effort made by some seventy valiant spirits on the afternoon of January 21st, in this year of grace, 1930. Setting out about 2 p.m., we commenced with light heart and step. We returned with light heart but heavy step. The Memorial is at the top of a hill, miles from the College. I would not vouch for the exact number but for days afterwards my legs suggested ten. And ye who have climbed Sussex Street, and think that you know a hill? Harken, I will enlighten you—you have never even seen one. Up! up! ever up! we went. We did not carry "a banner with a strange device," but we should have done so. But though the climb was long and steep the result was well worth while. The view is simply magnificent. Before us lay Goulburn, and behind the hills closed us in. The breeze was fresh and our spirits and incidentally our breath revived.

After tea there were stunts on the lawn and the results of room inspection were read out. Those room inspectors see everything from a towel protruding from beneath the pillow to a speck of dust on the floor.

Later we went to the Bungalow and each night a different officer gave a talk. On the Saturday night a girl from each circle told what the members of the circle had gained from the studies and presented the difficulties which had arisen. On Sunday night, Miss Lesslie summed up all that camp had meant to us in a few beautiful words.

All our afternoons were not spent in such strenuous walks as the one walked to the Weir and seated under the bridge in the drowsy sunshine to the memorial. One afternoon we listened to Maori folk tales and the ever-delightful poems of A. A. Milne. Another day we "did" Goulburn. Our party was much more fortunate than the rest. It was not a case of the "early bird" but of the late. We arrived last practically everywhere and such being the case were shown the records of the births, marriages and deaths of the distinct for nearly a century. On Saturday afternoon we held a sports meeting at which great amusement was caused by the "Wowser's Wobble." No one can hope to understand the intricacies of this means of progress without a practical demonstration. Friday night saw the trim bedrooms transformed into such varying scenes as harems, nurseries, and even heaven, whilst the sedate(?) occupants were dressed accordingly. Perhaps the most realistic characterisation was that of the lunatic asylum. We wondered if the inmates had had previous experience.

When Monday mornig came we reluctantly left camp. In the space of one short week we had grown to know so much more of life, and made so many new friendships that I am sure that there is not one of us who does not wish to attend many more such camps.

M. DEER, 5A.

WOMBEYAN CAVES.

As tree-clad tops came into view and the soft influence of the bush became apparent once more, I gazed with interest on the road which led steeply down to a blue, misty valley below. High flung cliffs bordered the perilous descent and a wild profusion of jutting rocks and hair-pin bends scattered the way. About us seeming tropical beauty held reign, and at last after many bumps and jolts the car burst into the valley—one of smooth verdant, rolling pastures. Then a rocky ascent the other side attracted me—many rough hewn steps and a tiny doorlike hole—the entrance (and a very insignificant one) to Wombeyan Caves.

Next morning we ventured with a guide into the cold dark opening of

the caves; a winding passage (lit by electricity), with a cold damp wall greeted us and made a contrast with the beauty which lay ahead.

Then down, down many steps—at last, a world—artistically lit by electricity—the paradise of crystal and costly jewels—nature in her supreme loveliness.

Oh those minute exquisitely-cut shapes, these took a million years to form—this is surely a panorama of beauty and wonder. The enrapturing diamonds and sapphires glittered in a thousand minute sparkles, then, caught by the silky air were flung into innumerable, filmy lights, which mounted into a crescendo of colour so glorious, that I thought not of one thing except this—before me.

Oh, how sordid seemed the world—how trivial compared with this heaven on earth! No poet could describe that wonder—that I saw. No person could appreciate the glittering beauty so bewitching in its soft haloes, which glowed and burned like living lights.

Oh, how many perfectly moulded pinnacles were there—like symbols of a deity on a temple, they stretched to the sky ever pointing. Yet, the tiniest piece of stalactite was a masterpiece, here a few pieces like tiny pearls or tears of a babe. Again—a wide flung diamond shawl fit to clothe the form of a goddess, like a carpet of jewels or flowers, and again such formations—so delicate that they represented the softest music.

Others seemed to bring one to tears and others to joy—they were like living emotions of human life, clothed in the raiment of heaven. Then as I gazed, enraptured, the rocks took living forms—each spread glittering wings and, as each passed me, in my imagination, it gave a message to the world—then away, its duty done. As I gained the entrance of the caves once more, I sighed and passed into the blinding sunshine.

The song of the bird had lost half its beauty to me, they were passionless compared with the Paradise I had just seen, and as I gazed at the crimson seas and lakes of the sunset—it seemed to mock me as though saying—your world, a place of bitterness and sorrow—His world, glory untold.

I walked slowly down the turfed slope and in the twilight—when one is nearest to God—I saw a lonely rook fly into the sunset and I thought of the happiness of departed souls.

MONA RAVENSCROFT,
3B.

TWILIGHT.

I love the dawn of a summer day. Everything is so fresh and clean. As the day advances, things grow more and more beautiful till, with twilight, the climax is reached.

Twilight! there is poetry in the very word and how much more in the time itself! Can human heart wish for anything more beautiful than a beautiful summer twilight? I am never so happy as when, seated by the sea when the day has gone and the night not yet come, I watch the shadows lengthen and darkness creep slowly down.

With the wind in the pines and the murmur of the waves for company and a volume of poems—the poems of Rupert Brooke on my lap— I have all I want, and yet a feeling of sadness comes over me, a feeling of sadness that I cannot, and would not, dispel. As I watch the distant headlands grow dim and fade into night's obscurity, thoughts of the day's work come to me. When I attacked it I was hot, tired, and perhaps a little frayed but now, under the influence of the peace, that pervades all, only the beauty remains.

At twilight man sems so small, a speck on the horizon, a dot in the Great Plan. Each morning we awake fresh, vigorous and fit for the toil of the day. Some days seem as though they cannot, must not, die. But always they wear away and we are left with only the beautiful memory of them. As time builds up his barrier all the unpleasant things are banished and only the pleasant remain.

So it is with all man's work. Mighty empires have risen, and in the early morn of their activity it has seemed that they would last for ever, but they have fallen and as the years roll on, we forget the vice and the cruelty, and remember only the debt that mankind owes to them. When we think of Greece, it is not to their petty wars that our thoughts turn but to their temples, their poetry, and their love of beauty.

I think that I should like to die at twilight, so that my soul might go out with the last gleams of daylight. It was at twilight that Rupert Brooke left this world. As the purple shadows slipped down on the rocky isle of Scyros, his soul was winging its way upwards. What more perfect death than that? with the sun sinking and harmony everywhere.

As the darkness deepens and the lights peep out, I pack away my thoughts and return home, ready for another day of toil and hardship, another evening of peace.

"DEMMEL" 5A.

LAPSTONE HILL.

After crossing the Nepean one climbs the glorious Lapstone Hill, travelling on good roads only quite recently opened to the public. This hill is so-called because when the convicts were first building the road across the Blue Mountains in the time of Governor Macquiarie, they found many stones shaped like a cobbler's lapstone and this kind of stone may still be found there, smooth and water-worn as, although at present the place is a steep hillside, at one time it was a river-bed.

Something new, something bright —a prominently situated sign—Lapstone Hill Hotel—almost draws the passing motorist along the fine gravel approach, lighted up at night by stately road lights placed on either side among the many gum trees with huge pines here and there. Charmed by the view the motorist glides along and round to the circular drive in front of this enchanting hotel, which might well be called the wonderland of the Mountains.

Here he is on the heights of Lapstone at first bewildered, later astonished, to think that this delighttul spot has not been discovered earlier.

Below him is a most wonderful view for miles around, of the country which he has just traversed—that is, if he set out from Sydney—with Penrith in the distance, and what seems just below, many small farms on either side of the beautiful Nepean edged with its stately trees.

OLIVE LAMBLE.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

Since a report was sent to the last issue of the Magazine only two functions, but certainly most enjoyable ones, have been held by the Union. On Saturday, 14th December, about thirty old girls entertained Fortians who had just left school. The Union is very grateful to Miss Evans for allowing the School to be open for the occasion, also to the members of the staff by whose kindness afternoon tea was served in the staff room. Members of the Union met many intending new members and a pleasant afternoon was spent investigating to recent additions to the school. Particular interest was shown in the filing cabinet purchased for the library.

One of the most successful functions that has been organised by the Committee was the farewell held in honour of Miss Moulsdale. One hundred

and sixty old girls gathered at the "Mary Elizabeth" Cafe on the afternoon of February 15th. Miss Moulsdale, on arrival, was presented with a bouquet while shoulder posies were given to Miss Partridge and Miss Cohen who were present as guests of the Union. It was indeed a pleasure to have among us Misses Blume, Turner, Tearle, Watts and Harders. Our President, Miss Golding, extended to Miss Moulsdale the good wishes of the Union and presented her with a string of crystals and a crocodile handbag containing nine sovereigns, each one representing a happy month of Miss Moulsdale's trip abroad. Musical items were rendered by members of the Union and a song by Miss Watts was greatly appreciated. At the conclusion of the function Miss Moulsdale bade farewell to each member in person. On the day of Miss Moulsdale's departure from Sydney the Union sent a basket of fruit and flowers to the ship.

We are now looking forward to a large re-union at the Eleventh Annual General Meeing o be held this month which marks the commencement of another financial, and, we trust, happy and successful year.

GLYNN STAYTE,
Hon. Secretary.

THAT HISTORY EXAM.

It was the morning of the very much-dreaded history exam. I awoke feeling father ill and nervous, for the night before I had visited the talkies, leaving my history book at home by itself. I managed to catch the early train (a very unusual occurence), and with a deep sigh I took my battered history book from my bag.

When my friend boarded the train I consulted her on the subject of "likely" questions. She gave me her opinion, and once more I began to read and on arrival at Central I felt very proud of myself for I had learned the answer to one question.

When I arrived at school I appealed to my "lucky' companion who had learned all the theorems on the previous day's geometry paper. The questions she suggested seemed very possible, so I walked up and down the play ground in a last frantic endeavour to learn the answers.

A clang sounded in my ears and to my horror I recognised the call of our old school bell. With "good luck" ringing in my ears I entered the exam. room and took my seat. When the paper were given out, I glanced at them with the utmost dismay for I could answer only one question.

I finished the paper early, and at last the familiar "Time is up" broke through the silence. There followed a rustling of papers. I handed in my bundles and left the room, my feelings towards my "lucky" companion being none too friendly. However, I soon calmed down when I learned that she had fared no better than I, and together we sat back awaiting the results.

The results of this exam. I shall not tell you, but you may guess that mine were far from brilliant.

MARIE BARNETT, 3A.

EXCHANGES.

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