

THE MAGAZINE
 :: OF THE ::
 GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
 FORT STREET.



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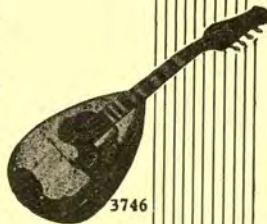
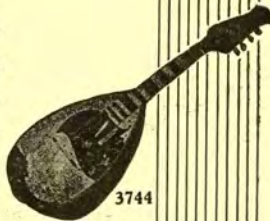
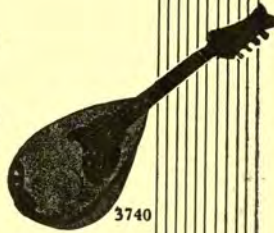
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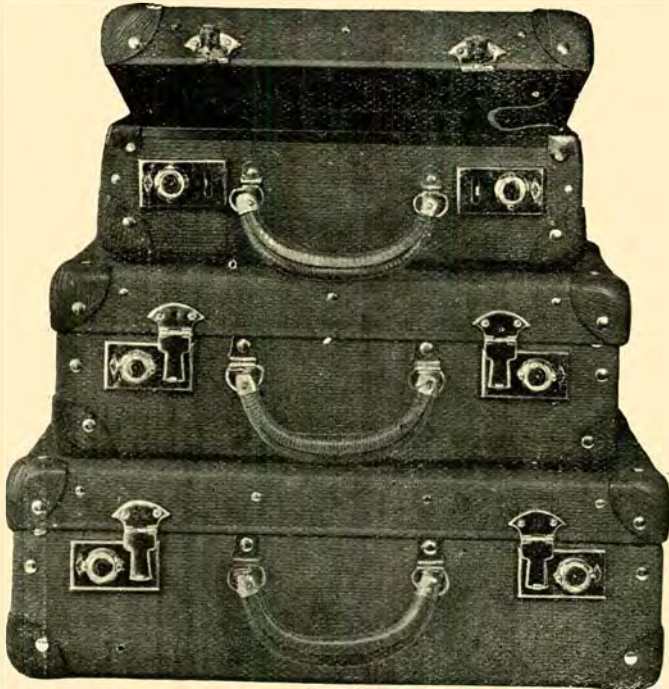
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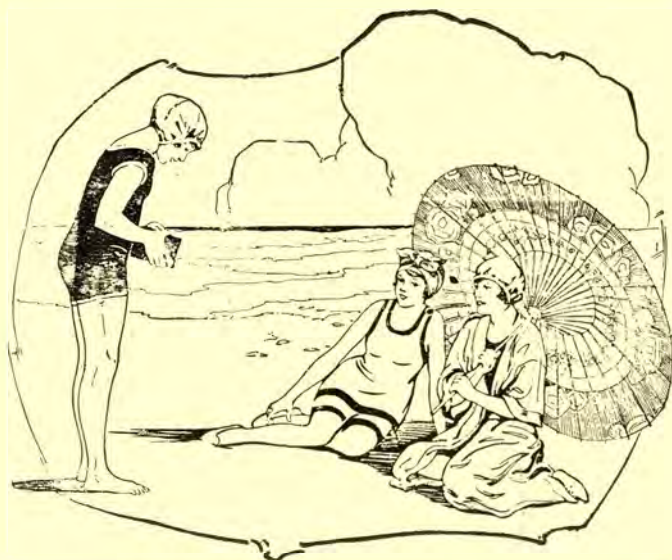
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THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1930.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

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Deputy Principal: Miss BLUME, B.Sc.

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Captain, 1930: MARY HOWARD.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

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

Only too quickly that "last time" is coming, for our schooldays are nearly over.

Five short years ago—how well I remember that sunny morning February 1st, 1926—five years ago we first trod "yon well-known hill." And now, so soon our feet will pass down that hill, for the last time as pupils, with our school days like a closed book behind us—a closed book, a shut book, but a book that should be bound in gold. It is a book which will give us joy throughout our lives, and greater joy perhaps than will ever be ours again.

Five years ago, years to be spent at school seemed endless, but now in one short month we shall pass out of the life of the school, that we have loved forever. Next year on the opening day when the crowds of girls troop up the hill, with happy holidays behind and a merry year ahead, we shall not be with them; we shall have passed out of those gates which have guarded us for so long, into the great world of which we know so little.

At the end of each year we have watched the girls who will not return take their last look of farewell and we have watched them a little unfeelingly, perhaps, for our own merry school lives were going on uninterrupted, but now when our time has come it seems so hard to part. Soon we too shall be paying our last visit to the classrooms—here the "old 14" (now 22) where we spent a happy First Year in awe of all and sundry; here Room 12 where Second Year passed away, joyfully and perhaps (but whisper it low) without much effort on our part. Then we come to Room 19 where Third Year, the gayest of them all was spent—why, I do not know, but the dreaded "Inter." did not dampen our exuberant spirits. One hears that "exam. years are always a little mad." We certainly were, but how we enjoyed it all! Then we passed out of the Junior School into Fourth Year and Room 1—but here many of the faces which we had greeted for three years were missing,

while new ones tried in vain to fill the gap.

Then we pass along the corridor to Room 4 where we are at the head of the School, and proud of it. I love Room 4, and I have loved Fifth Year. When we have left school, our memories of Fifth Year will always be dearest to us, for here we have gained a greater knowledge of Life, and here we have strengthened the bonds of friendship. There has been hard work, but the joy has more than counterbalanced it. Fort Street has cherished us for five years and now we have our big opportunity of showing to the world what she has done for us—and we must not fail her.

Fort Street has given us an education, and elementary though it may be, it will always be a source of delight to us; but she has educated us in more ways than one.

Sport has played no small part in our school life and it is well that it has been so. It has developed us physically and, what is more important, it has given us the "team spirit." We have been encouraged to join the Guides, the Debating Society, the Dramatic Society, the Choir and the Christian Union. Some of us have thought them useless luxuries, but those of us who have availed ourselves of these opportunities will never regret it, for in them we have learnt that lessons are not the only things, that even more important are thoughtfulness for others and the courage of one's convictions. We may forget just how to prove the Binomial Theorem or to conjugate 'alter,' but we will never forget the lessons that we have learned in the happy meetings when the day's work was over.

Sometimes I wonder if Fort Street will ever mean as much to others as she has to us, but quickly that thought is banished—she has done so for generations, she will do so for centuries. But those of you who are coming after us, I beg you, live for her, love her, take every opportunity that she offers, and remember that it is your duty to maintain her fair fame and win further laurels for her, so that when your turn to leave

comes, it may be with five full years behind you.

Play Day is speeding towards us now. Soon it will be here and we too shall pass on and become mere memories, and some day we shall be forgotten in the school where once we lived and played and worked, but the spirit that has inspired us will never

be forgotten as long as one stone stand upon another in the dear old building. May that spirit ever guard and watch over us when we go forth as knights of old, to meet the fair world beyond.

Our preparation is over—life lies ahead.

M. DEER, 5A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

Leaving Certificate Results.—We regret that from the Honours List, the name of Nance Weir—Second Class Honours in History was omitted.

The names of Patty Watchorn and Mollie Scott should have appeared among the winners of Training College Scholarships.

Dorcas Dunford should be credited with an 'A' instead of a 'B' in Elementary Science in the Intermediate results.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS May 7th, 1930.

The Hon. the Minister for Education, Mr. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., addressed the staff, ex-students and the girls in Assembly on the occasion of the School's official celebration of Empire Day. Mr. Drummond introduced by the Principal, Miss Cohen, received a very cordial welcome on this his first visit to the school, and after thanking the girls, he addressed them with inspiring words.

Firstly he alluded to the splendid reputation of the school in scholarship and the prowess of the scholars in the realm of sport—wishing them progress from victory to victory. He added that the study of the Honour Boards—the record of past pupils' achievement should make those present thrill with pride that they belong to an institution which had produced girls of that splendid calibre.

Coming to the special purpose of the day's assemblage, Mr. Drummond took as his subject "What Empire Day Means" and summed up its aim: high endeavour, lengthy thoughts and short speeches.

Using as an analogy the great Harbour Bridge which will span the Harbour one day, Mr. Drummond said that long before anything tangible in construction was visible great minds used all their brain power to prepare

plans step by step to make possible the wonderful structure. In the same way far down the vista of years—in the days of "The splendour that was Rome," "The glory that was Greece," foundations were laid by great thinkers for the structure known to-day as the British Empire, which in process of time has included great lands to their infinite benefits.

Continuing Mr. Drummond affirmed that every endeavour does not spring spontaneously, that fruition only arrives slowly, and therefore persistent fine effort by the leading Statesmen of many countries resulted in the formation of that incomparable body—the League of Nations.

The responsibility imposed on the girls of to-day would be to appreciate their grand opportunities and to realise that they would be moulding the ideas and ideals of others in the coming years. They must remember that that future lies in their hands and be grateful to those who provide such splendid institutions as that one to which they belong.

Loyalty must be their watchword. We cannot be loyal to an outside purpose or to an outside institution unless we are first of all whole heartedly loyal to our own great institutions. This loyalty is the subject nearest and dearest to our hearts when we celebrate Empire Day.

Miss Watts then conducted the singing of Kipling's *Recessional* and the National Anthem. Cheers were given for the Empire and for Mr. Drummond.

After expressing his thanks, the Minister was introduced to members of the Staff and made an inspection of the class-rooms before his departure.

The girls of the various years then proceeded to their class-rooms to carry out programmes arranged by the members of the English Staff.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS.

The prefects, in accordance with long-established custom, offered two prizes for essays. The subject of the essay in the Upper School was "Why has the British Empire unlike other empires maintained its position?" and Iris Clarke, 5A, was the successful competitor. Mona Ravenscroft, 3B, won the prize in the Lower School, the subject being "Why I am proud of belonging to the British Empire."

THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION.

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

Grade I—Second Prize, Mabel McCormack.

Grade II—First Prize, M. Richards; Highly Commended, E. Bornstein.

Grade III—Highly Commended, J. Hulme, E. Hughes.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION.

Following are the successes gained by candidates from this school at the recent examination:—

Prizes: Grade III—Lorraine Thompson and Lesbia Wright, reading; Dulcie Crawford, conversation.

Diplomas:

Grade I—Lily Gray.

Grade II—Ena Browne, Doris Roy, Iris Tate, Nancy Thompson, Lesley Arnold.

Grade III—Marjorie Balmain, Win-some Beattie, Esther Campbell, Dulcie Crawford, Margaret McNevin, Vera Pausey, Birdie Roden, Elsie Rogers, Joyce Rogers, Enid Smith, Catherine Sykes, Loraine Thompson, Heather Williams, Lesbia Wright.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Since the last issue of the School Magazine the School Association has held three meetings, viz.: July, August and September. Those present at the meetings were Miss Cohen, Principal, the Misses Blume, Turner, Weston, Chapman, Mrs. Griffin and the Year Representatives.

Approval was accorded to the many and various measures proposed for the better appearance, equipment and upkeep of the school in general.

The following are among the chief points approved:—

(a) The alteration in the school uniform.

(b) The supply of the required science apparatus and sports material.

(c) The formation and upkeep of a garden, which has greatly added to the beauty of the school.

(d) The installation of a siren in lieu of the bell.

As it has been customary to donate sums of money to certain hospitals, £10 was sent to the Sydney and £5 to the Rachel Forster and Children's Hospitals respectively.

Furthermore it was decided to stamp the prizes with the school crest which will greatly add to their value.

From this brief summary it will be seen that the Association's work this year has been most fruitful, and we sincerely hope that its efforts will be appreciated by all.

MARGARET McCANDLESS,
Secretary.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The membership of the Library has been very satisfactory throughout the whole year, both Fifth Year and Fourth Year girls have availed themselves of its privileges, especially of the period after school. There are many First Year members, but we would like to see more Second Years interested in the books of reference.

The library has been presented with some very interesting and useful books during the year, and we would like to thank, on behalf of the school, those people who have so kindly given donations.

Eileen Cordingley: "Prophets, Priests and Kings" (Gardiner), "William II" (Ludwig), "The Myths and Legends of Japan," "Short Biographies."

Miss Weston: "The Life of Bismarck" (Headlam).

Miss Blume presented us with a valuable and beautifully illustrated work of Shakespeare's Characters.

"The History of the Government Savings Bank" was donated by the Commissioners.

Other books recently added to the Library are:—

"Europe in the 19th Century" (Lip-on).

"Heroes and Legends of the Rhine."

"The Myths and Legends of China."

"The Third French Republic."

"The Restoration and July Monarchy."

The Life of George V."
Masfield's Poems.

"History of Australian Literature (Green).

Lippincott's Dictionary of Biography

"New Book of Quotations (Benham).

"The Craft of Fiction" (Lubbock).

"The Realm of Poetry" (Brown).

"The Book of Beauty" (Green).

Albert's History of Literature."

Bertha Schwarzlose,

Mollie Burns,

Sophie Stronach,

Doris Pamplin,

Librarians

SPECIAL CHOIR.

The Special Choir has carried on its activities during the past six months, under the able guidance of Miss Watts. The attendance has increased this year, and the girls are working with great enthusiasm. Several new songs have been added to our repertoire, including "A May Morning," (Denza), "Spring Song," (Pinsuti), and "Remembrance," (Esther Kahn).

On August 12th, the parents and friends of the girls and the members of the staff were invited to a recital given by the Choir. This is the first function of its kind that we have had, but we hope it will not be the last. It was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

The Choir takes this opportunity to extend to Miss Watts a hearty vote of thanks for her energies expended on its behalf, and her unflagging interest.

DORIS ROY, 4A.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Fifth Year.

The Christian Union has been meeting every Friday afternoon as usual, since the last issue of the Fortian, and we have had some very interesting discussions. We have decided that until the end of the year we will discuss problems of present day interest.

At the one general meeting held this term, Miss Gillespie, a graduate of Cambridge University, gave an address on "Social Service." Although the audience was comparatively small, those who were there enjoyed her talk immensely.

Fort Street was represented at the Annual Schools' Day held at Thornleigh, on June 14th. It was a wonderful day, made especially attractive by a treasure hunt, which took us miles away from the camp and ended in stunts.

We are pleased to record the fact

that our branch has recently been affiliated with the Australian Student Christian Movement.

D. BRABYN,
Secretary.

Fourth Year.

On Friday afternoon, Fourth Year Christian Union Circle meets in the Old Gymnasium where we discuss the topics set down in the text book, "The Hero of Men."

As our membership is small we ask all those interested in Bible Study to join us. We should like Fort Street to be well represented at the C.U. Camp held at Christmas time where meeting girls from other Secondary Schools broadens our outlook and increases our friendships.

Already five of us have experienced the joy of a C.U. Camp for, in the September holidays we spent four wonderful days at Thornleigh, under the leadership of Miss Gillespie, M.A., whose gracious personality was an inspiration to all.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

This year the Dramatic Society has been very successful. During the past half year the Fourth Years read scenes from "Fanny's First Play," which we all enjoyed very much.

The Third Years gave a very pleasant reading of "The Great Cham's Diamond." On the last day of the First Term, the Society performed "Milestones," very ably produced by Miss Purcell. We were very pleased on that occasion to welcome Miss Cruise, Mrs. Longmuir and Miss Evans.

DOROTHY COLEMAN,
Secretary.

MAY PLAY DAY.

"MILESTONES."

Thursday, May 15th, saw many girls carrying huge and mysterious bundles up the hill to Fort Street. Anxious eyes were not to learn what those parcels contained till the afternoon when the Dramatic Society presented its annual play—"Milestones" written by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock.

"Milestones" is rather an unusual play. The whole action takes place in the drawing-room of the Rhead family home in London. The first scene is in 1860, the second in 1885 and the third in "modern times", 1912. The story concerns the Sibleys

and the Rheads, partners in the iron business.

It traces the development of the men and women characters from the liberal thoughts of their youth to the conservatism of their middle and old age.

The cast was a good one—the actors seeming to live the part of their characters. Especially good, as always, was Marion Dallison, as old Mrs. Rhead. She was charming and our only regret was that she appeared merely in the first scene. The main character, John Rhead's part was taken by Leone Moody. It was her first appearance on a Fort Street stage and was a very creditable one.

Joan Hulme as John's wife proved a very sweet and, at times, pathetic little character. Madge Nicholson deserves credit in that she played excellently a very difficult part, that of Gertrude Rhead. Sylvia Dalton had, as Ned Pym, a part that suited her well and she did it full justice. Emily Hughes was another who performed a hard part well, namely Sam Sibley, who charges from a blustering, conservative man into rather a weak one. Nancy, one of those girl clerks who were novelties in 1885 and who had captured the heart of her employer Sam Sibley, a susceptible bachelor of 50, was ably played by Mavis Robbins.

Joyce Williams, Effie Graham, Grace Terry, Elsa Hollander and Grace Henderson also performed their parts well.

The stage managers, Mary Howard, Alma Lassman and Joyce Bannan proved most effective, and their work of preparing the walls and screens transformed the Old Gym. stage.

—M DEER, 5A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has almost completed a very successful year under the presidency of Marion Dallison.

This half year, four meetings have been held. Debates took up the time of three meetings and an amusing afternoon was spent when members of the Society were called upon to deliver impromptu speeches on a variety of subjects ranging from "The Greatest Women in the World" to "Should Fort St. change its uniform." At the end of the meeting it was agreed that Lorraine Cuneo of Third Year delivered the best speech of the

afternoon upon the subject "What's wrong with the World?"

The subjects of the debates held were: "That the introduction of voluntary training and the abolition of compulsory training is not beneficial to Australia," "That the spread of education means the spread of discontent" and "That life in the twentieth century is preferable to life in the last century of the pre-Christian era."

On June 27th, a debate was held between representatives of Fort Street Girls' High School and the brother School. The subject for debate was "Equal pay for equal work regardless of sex." The debate took place in the Old Gymnasium, which was filled with members of the Staff and Third, Fourth and Fifth Year girls. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., again kindly acted as adjudicator. The girls were represented by Iris Clarke, Muriel Campbell and Portia Hickey; and the boys by Messrs. Foster, Greene and Gibson. The audience was delighted when after a sharply contested battle the girls, who supported the Government gained a victory by 319 points to 312. The visitors were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by the prefects and office-bearers of the Society.

The return debate was held at the Boys' School, Petersham, on July 17th. The same team represented the girls while the members of the Opposition were Messrs. Gibson, Vercoe and Foster. The subject for debate was "That the influence of the pulpit is greater than that of the press." To our great delight, the girls won by 16 points. Our opponents afterwards entertained their rivals at tea and an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

Iris, Muriel and Portia have the unique distinction of being the only team from our school which has won all its challenge debates, and the School and the Debating Society are justly proud of them.

SYLVIA DALTON,

Secretary.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

This year the Fiction Library has had many members but we hope that next year the present number will be greatly increased.

We have not received any new

books throughout the year, but hope that there will be many additions in the coming year.

L. TOTTENHAM,
J. WRIGHT, Librarians.

THE ROMANTIC AGE.

(A. A. Milne).

Melisande, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knowle is a dreamy, romantic girl, whose imaginative nature chafes under the irksome routine of household duties. Unfortunately, it is necessary for her to look after the house, since her mother has been rendered incapable of doing so by her illness. Being a hypochondriac, Mrs. Knowle believes that her health is in a very much worse state than it really is, and that she suffers all her trials in martyr-like silence.

Jane, Melisande's cousin who is paying her uncle and aunt a visit is a direct contrast to dreamy, impractical Melisande, who, all day long dreams of the handsome prince who will come riding to her through the forest "clad in blue and gold" and who will carry her off and marry her. She hates "nice, clean-looking Englishmen, clever, good at games—dependable" as Jane describes Bobby Coote, a friend of the family also staying at the house, and a suitor for the hand of fair Melisande.

On Midsummer's night Bobby again proposes to Melisande (she has already once refused him because he is "so unromantic, and dresses so like other fellows") but with no better result. Mrs. Knowle is very upset by this, but Jane sympathises with Bobby, who comes to the startling conclusion that it is Jane with whom he is in love, and not Melisande.

That night when all the household is in bed except Mr. Knowle and Melisande (who has gone out into the garden) a stranger, Mr. Gervais Malory, knocks at the door to ask for some petrol. Mr. Knowle invites him to enter, and learns that his guest is on the way to a fancy dress ball (he is dressed as a prince, in blue and gold) but that his car has broken down and he has lost his way. While in the house, Gervais notices some prints of Mr. Knowle's, who, on becoming aware of his visitor's interest in them, invites him to tea the following day to look at them. Gervais returning to the library where he has left his cigarette case, sees Melisande coming in from the moonlit garden. Silently he makes obeisance to her,

silently she acknowledges it—then he is gone."

The next morning Melisande finds Gervais in the woods above her home. He has been forced to sleep in his car all night and is now in search of breakfast. Their conversation is modelled on that of the old fairy tales. He tells her he is only the youngest son of a humble woodcutter, but she believes he is a prince in disguise. He says that he will come that very afternoon to carry her away from her father's court. Melisande is unaware of the fact that her prince lives in a little village not 20 miles away, and that her father has asked him to tea that day. The prince kisses his princess, and they part.

Melisande hurries home to unburden her tale of joy to Jane, who is disinclined to believe that her cousin would be foolish enough to carry out the plans she has formed.

While Melisande is making Jane promise that when the prince comes in, she will retire and leave them alone. A maid announces "Mr. Gervais Malory!" and a very ordinary young man in an exceedingly "loud" golfing suit enters the room. He bows to the ladies, and Jane, true to her promise, begins to excuse herself, but Melisande, whose dreams have all been shattered by the knowledge that her prince is, after all, just like other men, nastily begins a polite conversation to prevent her departure. She is very emphatic, repeating Gervais' answers to Jane, and putting out a detaining hand whenever she tries to leave.

It is a welcome relief when Mr. Knowle enters. He is followed by Mrs. Knowle, to whom Gervais is introduced, and when Bobby comes in, they all sit down to afternoon tea. After chatting for a while, Mr. Knowle takes Gervais off to look at his prints, Jane follows her aunt, and Bobby is just going with her when Melisande calls him back.

Very humbly she confesses to him that she is sorry for all she has said about him, and that she will marry him if he wishes. (She is so disappointed in her prince that she feels she can go to any lengths). Bobby thus finds himself in a most awkward position, for he no longer wishes her for his wife, and cannot tell her about his proposal to Jane, since he has promised the latter to keep it secret. Acting, however, on a sudden inspiration, he says that he "refuses to be married

out of pity," and this nettles Melisande, who guesses the truth and sarcastically bids him to go to Jane, who is probably waiting for him. He goes, and Melisande is pacing distractedly up and down when Gervais comes softly into the room.

At first, Melisande is very curt, but he speaks soothingly to her, and shows her how utterly impossible it is to live in these days, as they did in the fairy stories. He tells her that there is romance in everything, even housekeeping, if one cares to look for it; and when she says it was unfair of him to pretend to be a prince, he remarks that it was equally unfair of her to pretend to be a princess, when, in reality she was only a "housekeeper." She asks him which he would rather have, the princess, or the girl who does the housekeeping, "and does it badly, badly, badly!" On his replying that he would much rather have the latter, she surrenders to his persuasions, and when she has agreed to be his companion in the search for romance in every day affairs, he leaves her to the study of a cookery book.

This play was produced very successfully by 4A on the last day of the second term. Adele Bieri acted excellently the part of the dreamy Melisande, while Ena Browne was a splendid foil as the practical Jane. Bertha Schwarzlose and Dorothy Coleman were convincing as the man with an interest in auction sales and prints and the mother with an interest in her health, respectively. Jean Mort made a particularly handsome Prince, while Sylvia Dalton was splendid as Bobby Coote.

Thanks are due to Dorothy Kemmis and Nancy Service whose able production ensured the success of the play, to Joan Notting who acted as chorus, and to Miss Turner who spared us much of her time and gave many valuable suggestions.

J.N., 4A.

4B. PLAY.

At the close of the term came the long awaited Michaelmas Play Day. The Third, Fourth and Fifth Year girls assembled in the old gymnasium chattering and keyed up with excitement. So many rehearsals had been held in schoolroom and in "gym" that all were eager to view the 4B play.

Great excitement prevailed among the girls behind the scenes when busy and willing "scene shifters" ar-

ranged the stage for "The Wedding Dress." Down in the dressing room, deft fingers applied the make-up to girls who had donned the costumes of the early 19th century.

Clarice Mayo announced the theme of the play.

Ah! eventually the curtain drew back and a hush fell over the audience.

The scenes of "The Wedding Dress" were set in Philadelphia in 1815. The story was of the elopement of the beautiful and coquettish Nancy Ayre (interpreted by Una McKerihan) with her poor but gallant lover, Edward Farragut, a frontiersman portrayed by Leslie Arnold. The elopement was effected by Maria, played by Maud O'Brien posing as her sister Nancy, who on that day is to be married to Asa Bingham, a man of money, and of her father, General Ayre's choice. Elsa Hollander as Asa Bingham and Leone Moody as the blustering old General Ayre sustained their characters with great naturalness. Sophie Stronach, in the part of Aunt Agatha introduced a humorous element by her extreme fussiness. John the negro butler (Doreen Winter), and Hannah, the maid (Rose Druker) also deserve special mention.

"The Wedding Dress" closed very appropriately with a beautiful tableau in the form of a wedding scene, the part of Parson Duncan being played by Alice Campbell.

NANCY STUART, 4B.

THE JUNIORS' CONCERT.

The afternoon of 4th September proved a very happy one for the girls of First and Second Years. The excellent programme had been enthusiastically prepared by the staff and the pupils and their efforts deserve the highest commendation.

The morning's work passed slowly, and almost in vain we tried to concentrate on each subject and more than once we thought that the clock must have stopped so slowly did "the minutes fly." At last the end of the fifth period came, and books were neatly packed(?) into the lockers.

At 1.30 p.m. the sound of the siren was joyfully greeted by the girls (a very uncommon occurrence), and we all filed into the "old gym" expectant and excited.

The programme was opened by a pianoforte solo by Joan Warren of 1A. Much enjoyed pianoforte solos were also given by E. Flint of 1A and L.

Grimsby of 2C.

Yvonne Speigel of 2B was very amusing in her recitations "Peach Pies" and "My Idea of a Girl." The latter was very humorous and Yvonne showed us exactly the different opinions of our sex.

The girls of 2F played two comical scenes from the play "A Midsummer Night's Dream." All are familiar with such characters as Snug the Joiner and Flute the Bellows-Mender, and so realise what merriment they caused when we suddenly found them in our midst.

Marie Kinlock of Class 2E recited "The Clown's Baby"—a very interesting and touching poem.

"Unbleached Calico" was the play acted by the girls of 2A. Miss Blenkinsop, an absent-minded old lady caused much laughter by mistaking pale blue silk for unbleached calico. The whole play was woven around this point.

Last, but no means least, was the "Dolls' Drill." This was very original and cleverly arranged. The stiff movements of the dolls reminded us very forcibly of the day after the hockey match, and a casual observer would notice members of the audience blushing. We all felt sorry when the last doll disappeared, for this item concluded the programme.

Having sung our School Songs we marched out of the "old gym." Some of us still smiling over some incident in the afternoon's amusement.

ENID SMITH, 2A.

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS.

The election of the Captain and Prefects for 1931, took place on Monday, November 3rd. In accordance with time-honoured custom, Fourth Year girls were called upon to elect from their number the eight girls best fitted to carry on the traditions of the school. Two prefects were then elected by the Staff, and from these two the Captain of the School was selected by the Fourth Year Girls.

The girls who were elected to these honourable and responsible positions are as follow:—

Captain:—Margaret McCandless.

Senior Prefect:—Thora Bowen.

Prefects.—M. Burns, S. Dalton, O. Lambie, N. Leavers, L. Moody, M. O'Brien, B. Schwarzlose and P. Weir.

HOSPITAL DAY.

On Egg Day, the girls sent eggs and a donation of a guinea to Sydney Hospital.

A cheque for £10 was sent to Sydney Hospital, and the Rachel Forster Hospital and the Children's Hospital received £5 each.

* * * *

The School has again to acknowledge with much gratitude the very practical interest taken in it by former pupils. Lately the Old Girls' Union purchased a carpet for the Office, and individuals have presented a mat for the Office, books, prizes and a map.

THE MARY CORRINGHAM PRIZE STORY.

The Magic of the Gods.

"So when the old moon man comes right out of his gonyah, the witch-woman, Pepitta, prowls about in the moonlight searching, searching for her lost magic. He who finds it, and points the witch-doctor's nulla-nulla at it keeps it forever. It is finished." The whole company of lubras and children rose reluctantly from their seats around the fire, for thus the old grandfather of little black Iringa dismissed his interested audience.

Iringa pondered deeply over this story, and every night anxiously watched the heavens to see if the moon was full, until his mother sharply boxed his ears and bade him fetch

yabbies for supper.

Then one night he rose and found the big, yellow moon high in the heavens.

"So," sighed Iringa with satisfaction. He wriggled stealthily out of his gonyah over the sleeping forms of his parents, but a sudden yelp from one of the lean mongrels over which he had unluckily tripped, roused his ireful father, and a few whacks with a waddy persuaded him to refrain from nocturnal wanderings on that occasion.

There was a streak of stubbornness however in the diminutive Iringa, and the following night he again crept

forth, seque in the knowledge that the three wretched dogs were all tied to the back of the gnyah, and so were unable to hinder him this time.

The witch doctor's abode was larger than those of the rest of the tribe, and remote from the other gnyahs. Iringa trotted silently towards it, and summoning his courage, crawled through the opening which served as a ventilation hole as well as a door. A sudden grunt made him draw back in terror, but the old witch doctor turned over and snored once more. With beating heart the little boy squirmed forward and grasped the precious nulla-nulla, which he had seen in a corner on his voyage of discovery the previous day. Grasping the gaudily decorated weapon to his chest he retreated, and the next minute glided forth into the watching bush.

It was a serene night, and the golden moon gazed unwinkingly at the little black form which scurried bravely through the thicket, evading all the very dense shadows for they might be inhabited by evil spirits. Iringa believed the magic nulla-nulla would keep him from all danger, but he did not intend to try his theory unless forced by circumstances to do so.

Old Ananka had said the witch woman always sought for her treasure in the clearings, so on he must go until he found one. On, on, on, until even his sturdy coppery limbs felt tired. A lone dingo howled forlornly in the distance, the bush awoke and rustled and whispered secrets to itself, but Iringa scarcely heeded these noises. The few glades upon which he had happened had proved disappointing, but the thought of the magic power with which he would be endowed spurred him on.

At length he sank exhausted, for he was only a small boy after all, although his aspirations were high. The tree against which he leaned his weary head did not provide a very comfortable rest nevertheless he dozed fitfully for some time. Bordering one dreamland, yet half conscious of his surroundings, Iringa dreamed a strange dream. In it he was playing trackings with some of his dusky playfellows, when he saw a most remarkable man. The stranger had skin as pale as that of a very sick man, yet he held himself upright, and walked with the swing of perfect condition. His hair was strangely light, and his beard was of the same colour. He led a weird monster larger than himself, which carried many bundles.

The newcomer blew through his lips, and a shrill sound came from his pocket, and looked at it closely, but the result evidently did not please him, for he muttered something, and carelessly shoved the object into his pocket once more. Iringa fascinated, watched him, as he appeared now and then between the trees, only to disappear once more in the shadows. He stopped once, bending to fasten one of the straps on the animal, and Iringa's heart nearly choked him as he saw the silver magic slip out of his pocket as he did so. Would he notice it? Would he? Would he? Ah, no! See, he goes on once more, unaware of his loss.

At this juncture Iringa regained full use of his senses, and gazed, tremblingly towards the spot where the god-man had stooped. Was he still dreaming, or was there really a faint shining light on the ground? Forgotten was his weariness as he ran noiselessly forward, but still retained some of his instinctive caution. He circled round the glittering thing, but as it made no move, he decided that it must be Pepitta's magic which the god-man had found on his journey. He grasped the nulla-nulla and, sidling forward, pointed it at the magic, ready to take to his heels if anything untoward happened. But nothing moved, so Iringa, growing suddenly bold, snatched it up and examined it closely. To be sure it was magic; for inside the shiny case were curious strokes, and a little live stick, which moved restlessly around. As she stared at it, wonder and alarm mingling in his bright brown eyes. He must hurry back in case Pepitta happened to discover him.

The stars were beginning to wane as the little black figure trailed slowly back towards the camp, with the nulla-nulla under one arm and the precious magic in his hand.

In the morning the whole tribe was buzzing with the new topic—the magic which Iringa had stolen from the god. They did not believe the legend which credited Pepitta with being the rightful owner, but they did believe that it belonged to a superior person. So they all assembled outside the hut of the witch doctor, eager to hear what his verdict would be.

Inside, Iringa's father was engaged in earnest conversation with the old man, feared and respected by the other members of the tribe. He stared at the treasure in amazement,

but soon nodded his head very wisely, as if he really understood it.

"Yes, it is very strong magic," he said solemnly, "but only a witch doctor can use it. Tell thy small son he shall have a charm to prevent the brown snake, the wicked one from harming him. In return, I keep the magic. It is finished.

There was much wailing in the gunyah of Iringa when he learned that he was to be deprived of his magic, but the word of the witch doctor was law, and soon he was seen wearing a strip of wallaby hide round

his left ankle, a sure preventive for snake-bite, according to his tribe.

Two days later a white man staggered into the only settlement within a radius of fifty miles. "Yes," he was saying to his sympathetic audience, "I lost my way in that dashed forest, and could not get out. I must have wandered around in a circle for three days—no water, hardly any food for the last twenty-four hours."

"My compass? I must have lost it somewhere in the bush."

NANCY SERVICE, 4A.

THE JOYCE KOLTS' PRIZE POEMS.

The Joyce Kolts' Prize for a set of five poems was awarded to Adele Eieri, whose poems are published below. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., Examiner, Department of Education, kindly acted as adjudicator.

CASSANDRA.

Night's cloak of darkest purple
I'll buy for thee, my Lady,
(Tis lined with silvery stardust, and
trimmed with crystal dew.)
And little shoes of silver
Cut from the moon, my Lady.
(I'll deck them both with sapphires,
Cut from the moon, my Lady,
to match your eyes' clear blue).

And when we go a-walking
In the fragrant dewy twilight
The little flowers will fall asleep, the
brown bird start its tune,
For your hair is dark as midnight,
And your eyes outshine the star-
light,
And your oval face is fairer far than
yonder storm-scarred moon.

A FLOWER ROMANCE.

Here poinsettia in his glory,
Woos a spray of appleblossom
Leaning o'er a falling streamlet,
And a little restless bulbul,
Scattering the snowy blossoms,
Darts beneath the rainbow curtain
Of the shimmering, splashing water.
Now he preens his glossy feathers,
Chirping loud, "I know your secret!"
Goes and tells the sweet wistaria,
All the bushes of azaleas,
E'en the stately, lofty pine trees.
Wicked little tell-tale bulbul!

DAY DREAMS

When the yellow sands lie shimmering
in the burning midday sun,
And the sea's a brilliant sapphire
set in a golden haze,
When e'en the wheeling seagulls drift
slowly down the sky,
'Tis then I love to lie and dream,
as o'er the sea I gaze.

Sometimes my ship's a galleon,
And other times a clipper,
But always I'm her skipper,
wherever she is bound;
And when the moon is paling,
I set her course by starlight,
Then off we go a-sailing, the whole
wide world around.

Romance is the rich treasure
That we're seeking, and adventure,
(And romance and high adventure go
always hand in hand),
To the rainbow's end we'll chase
them,
And when at last they're captured,
We'll furl our sails, enraptured, in
the port of Fairyland.

And so my thoughts go wand'ring as
I watch the far horizon,
And hear the creamy breakers
pound the shore,
For 'tis very sweet to dream there in
the lazy golden noontide,
Half-slumb'ring to the sea's incess-
ant roar.

FLOWER LIFE

In the Springtime trees and flowers
All put on their morning dresses,
Pink and white and green.

Then the little fragrant showers,
Helped by breezes' soft caresses,
Keep them fresh and clean.

When the Summer comes advancing,
All the bushes and the trees
Flaunt their shady cloaks of green

And the flow'rs, their hues enhancing,
Shed sweet perfume on the breeze
As they bow before their queen.

When Dame Autumn holds her ball,
All the trees their russet-red
Foliage scatter o'er the ground.

And the crimson fox gloves tall
With the glowing dahlias lead
All the rich-hued flowers around.

Then comes Winter, slowly creeping
On that gay assembly there,
Wraps them in their cloaks of
snow,

And in deepest slumber steeping
Bush and tree and blossom fair,
Leaves them till the dark days go.

THE DOG NEXT DOOR.

The dog next door is ugly and his
hair is long and straggly,
Whilst the colour—well, it really
should be brown,
But he simply must get dirty, and
muddy pools delight him,
He knows every single puddle in
the town.

Yet he is so very friendly, and a set
of muddy paw-marks
Deck your dress if he should meet
you in the street,
It's really most annoying, yet you
know he doesn't mean it,
So you smile and pretend it's quite
a treat.

For his eyes of melting brown make
you feel a heartless brute,
If you sternly say, "Get out, you
wicked boy!"
So you rescue tennis balls from this
monster with a smile,
As though the sight affords you
greatest joy.

He has not a single virtue, yet every-
body loves him;
(Did I tell you Danny Deever is his
name?
It should be Artful Dodger where
trouble is concerned)
For he looks on Life as just one
glorious game.

A SCHOOLROOM DRAMA.

The final bell, which was longed for by many of the scholars had long died away on the still air. The last teacher had departed for home. The fig trees and the outline of the school were barely visible through the fast-falling darkness as the last ray of sunlight disappeared.

Peace reigned after the busy hours of the day. Slowly the moon rose on the sleeping city and flooded the scene with soft with light. Once more the fine old building of Fort Street stood out in stately grandeur.

As the moonlight softly filtered in through the huge windows of the "Libraries" a sound arose, a low murmur, which gradually grew louder, breaking the peace and quiet of the night. The various articles in the room seemed to spring to life and the doings of teachers and scholars were recounted by them.

The seats were the first to voice their woes: "We think the way we are treated is very unfair, being banged up and down all day with hardly a minute's rest. Why we . . ."

"What about us?" interrupted the desks in an angry tone. "we have ink spilt on us and names scratched into us, thus disfiguring our beauty, and we are constantly being made a resting place for bony elbows."

"That's nothing," grumbled the table, "I have been groaning under the weight of exercise books all day and have been startled out of my wits by teachers who rap me hard with rulers to bring careless scholars to attention."

"But," exclaimed the blackboard, "I have been constantly disfigured by puzzling figures that no one seems to understand, or by words dealing with things of which nobody has ever

heard. My lovely shiny coat is ruined."

"What about me?" mumbled the chalk, "I am only a sorry remnant of departed glory, after making all these figures and letters and now I'm nothing but a stub, no good to anyone."

"I'm so tired," sniffed the duster, "I've been flogged about and nearly choked with chalk while cleaning the blackboard to make room for more Hieroglyphics!"

Then the inkwell on the front desk moaned: "My interior has been tickled to distraction by scratchy pens hastily seeking more ink to keep up with the flow of never-ceasing notes given by the teachers."

The floor-boards then began to creak, "You make a mighty grumbling," they said, "Do we not bear the weight of countless teachers and scholars trampling to and fro? The table says that he groans under loads of books. What about us who have to bear the table and you all as well as the books? We have known the steps of scholars who have become fathers or mothers and now of their children after them. But one firm step we miss lately—one that has gone in and out for the past twenty-six years. Does anyone know where she has gone?"

The windows replied: "We saw a big ocean-going steamer moving slowly down the quiet waters of the harbour. Some teachers and scholars waved frantically from the back steps as it passed by. Then a small white speck waving from the deck answered the frantic waving on the steps. We think it was the teacher you mean, going on a well-earned holiday."

"You see a lot from your vantage point both inside and outside," said the walls. "Do you all remember when we were one big room, where boys as well as girls came in to select their story books from the well-fitted library in the corner?"

"Of course," answered the ceiling, "and are we not proud to know that many of those boys and girls responded to the call for help during the

Great War? Our boys were to be found wherever the fighting was thickest and danger greatest, intent on serving and saving their beloved land. The girls too were not wanting, for they served as nurses, cheering and attending to the sick and wounded. They were never frightened even when within the sound of those awful guns, and to the wounded soldiers they brought gentle visions 'of far-off Home'.

Others of our well-known pupils are scattered in all corners of Australia doing noble work for their country."

Here the door interrupted the praises of the ceiling: "I am very proud too, that so many boys and girls have passed in and out while I have stood here on duty these many years. I think we all should be proud for our grand old school—the oldest one there is in all this wide and beautiful continent of ours. Let us all join in the famous song written for our Jubilee year. Now then, all together."

"Sing our grand old Fort Street's praise,

Her's the crown the length of days:

Fame and honour, troops of friends,

Meet reward for noble ends.

Nobly sought as nobly won,

Yet the tale is but begun,

That still brighter fame to bring

Through the centuries shall ring.

Chanting all her praises high,

Proudly pass her children by,

Sons and daughters, old and young,

While the chorus loud is sung.

Glory to our grand old school,

Flourish long her far-famed rule,

Ever bright her fame and dear

As in this her Golden Year."

As the last notes died away, a contentment filled all the room.

"Now," said the windows, "dawn will soon be breaking, so let us get a few hours' rest before we begin our duties for the new day."

N.B.—Rooms 11, 12 and 13 were originally named 'The Libraries.'

JEAN SMITH, 4B.

AUSTRALIAN MEMOIRS.

As briefly as possible, I shall endeavour to trace my Australian ancestry commencing with the year 1796

when Roland Hill Hassall left England as an artisan missionary in the London Missionary Society's ship "Duff"

for Tahiti, or, as it was then called Otaheite.

A picture of this landing on 5th March, 1797, of the missionaries was painted by the Italian artist, Buonarrotti, and may be viewed in the Mitchell Library, Sydney. The original sketch was done by a member of the crew of the "Duff."

The missionaries did not remain long in Tahiti as they were driven off the island by the natives. The Hassall family settled in Parramatta in 1798, at that time having three sons; Thomas and Samuel who were born in Coventry, Warwickshire, England, and Jonathan who was born during the stay at Tahiti. Six more children were born at Parramatta, including Eliza Cordelia Hassall, who married the Rev. William Walker.

Thomas Hassall (eldest son of Roland Hill mentioned above) was my great-great-grandmother Hebblewhite's first cousin, and the Rev. William Walker my great great grandfather on my father's side.

As my relationship is more closely allied with Thomas Hassall (afterwards the Rev. Thomas Hassall) and the Rev. William Walker, I shall confine my remarks chiefly to the lives of these two gentlemen.

Reverend Thomas Hassall, born 1793.

For some time Thomas Hassall lived on a farm of his father's on the Hawkesbury River, but when quite a lad he entered Merchant Campbell's office in Sydney as a clerk and afterwards the office of Captain Birnie. Mr. Hassall established the first Sunday school in Australia.

In 1817 he went to England to study for the ministry, the voyage lasting ten months. They called at Batavia, and were delayed there three months, owing to the crew having taken yellow fever. Arrived in England, Mr. Hassall studied at Lampeter College in Wales. He remained there for four years and during part of that time had as a fellow student a son of the great Sir Walter Scott. Thomas grew very fond of the Welsh people and learnt their language. Many years later in Australia a Welshman left his property to Mr. Thomas Hassall, because the latter had talked to him in Welsh whilst riding over the Blue Mountains to Bathurst. This man had not heard his own language spoken for twenty years.

Mr. Hassall was ordained in England by Bishop Hawley, and was soon

appointed a chaplain to New South Wales. This appointment was signed by King George IV. He arrived home in Sydney in 1821, and became the assistant chaplain to the Rev. Samuel Marsden, where he remained for some time. During the period of Thomas's study in England, his father, Mr. Roland Hill Hassall had died of influenza on 30th August, 1820.

In 1822, Thomas Hassall married the eldest daughter of the Rev. S. Marden, which lady was born on 2nd March, 1790 during the voyage from England to Australia. Two years later the Rev. Thomas Hassall was sent to Port Macquarie to fill the position of Chaplain at the Penal Establishment there. The convicts were very harshly treated, and Mr. Hassall was not very popular with the prison authorities because he represented the true state of affairs to the Government. In those days it was common for the sailing boats to take upwards of twelve days for the trip between Port Macquarie and Sydney. Nowadays steamers regularly do the distance in less than one day.

Mr. Hassall's next appointment was to the then new district of Bathurst, O'Connell's Plains and adjoining localities. He received a grant of land at O'Connell's Plain and had built there the customary house of sod walls. Squares of turf were cut, stacked one on the other with the grass downwards, the outside being smoothed down with lime and stuccoed. This resulted in an appearance of brick or stone, and it is said such houses remained in perfect condition even as long as 30 years.

After a short residence at O'Connell Plains Mr. Hassall was transferred to the Camden district in 1827. He purchased a property called "Denbigh" and resided there till his death in 1867. His Parish embraced portion of the Counties of Camden and Argyle, and entailed divine service at Cobbitty, Narellan, Camden, Cabramatta, Mulgoa, South Creek, Fleurs, Wollongong, Sutton Forest, Goulburn, Pictou and The Oaks. All travelling was done on horse-back, and it is on record that only once or twice, and then through accident, in 40 years did the Rev. T. Hassall miss a service at any of the appointed places.

The fine old Church at Cobbitty, which celebrated its Centenary a few years ago, was erected chiefly by the exertions of the Rev. Hassall, Sir

Chas Cowper, Mr. James Chisholm and a few others.

Naturally as time went on this huge territory was reduced by division and the appointments of other ministers,

eventually leaving Mr. Hassall a comparatively small parish in which to enjoy a period of rest in his old age. He was buried in Cobbitty churchyard

—B.H., IIE.

TAREE, 1930.

Day after day, week after week sped by as the girls practised for the annual Taree sports, hoping to win the events and so retain the Peel Shield. This shield was presented by Mr. Peel, of Taree, for competition among the Girls' High Schools, the shield being kept for the year by the school which gained the most points. This year there were also two Cups to be competed for; the "Clarice Kennedy" Cup, to be presented to the girl who gained the greatest number of points in the Peel Shield events, and the Junior Cup, presented to the competitor who gained the greatest number of points in the junior events.

At last the day for our departure dawned, bright and clear. Early in the morning a group of merry girls carrying rugs and suitcases, could be seen on Central Station; lucky mascots of all sizes and red and white ribbons were very much in evidence. As the members of our team arrived they were greeted by the group of friends who had assembled on the station to wish them good luck. Some girls, however, have a bad habit of arriving late, and much to the distress of Mrs. Griffin, who accompanied us; when the train steamed out, one of the team was missing. Having waved frantically to the group on the station, we commenced to put forward many wild theories concerning the absent girl. The latter, however, was calmly awaiting the train at Strathfield and so, much relieved, we continued our journey in peace.

Much merriment prevailed in the two carriages, the merriment serving to cover the nervousness which we all experienced when we thought of the sports to be held the next day.

When the train arrived at its destination, we all felt rather tired, in spite of the fact that many of us had taken advantage of the opportunity to sleep in the train.

We met on Taree Oval on Friday morning, feeling very much refreshed after a good sleep. Although a light

rain fell during the day making the oval fairly slippery, the rain caused no interruption in the programme of events.

Our girls ran well in the heats, which were run off during the morning, so when we left the Oval for lunch we felt fairly confident.

In the afternoon a number of the Taree people arrived at the Oval to watch the events and the battle for the shield went on amid great excitement. In the 75 yards and the 75 yards skipping races, Ruth Harris obtained second place. Agnes Sims was third in the 100 yards Championship and second in the 220 yards race.

The Fort Street team, composed of Agnes Sims, Ruth Harris, Marjorie Wiltson and Jean Foley was first in the Relay Race. Fort Street was first in Tunnell Ball and in Under and Over Ball, and third in Overhead Ball. On adding up the points Fort Street was first with 27 points, Taree second with 23.

Feeling very proud and happy, we cheered our rivals.

The shield was presented by the Headmaster of Taree High School at a social held on Friday night. The two cups, both of which were won by pupils of Taree High School, were also presented.

Waving good-bye to our Taree friends we set off for Sydney early on Saturday morning, having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, for our Taree hostesses are very hospitable.

The return journey was even merrier than the journey to Taree, for we carried with us the coveted shield, which we knew the school would be delighted to receive on Monday morning.

Mrs. Griffin's untiring efforts in coaching the team are undoubtedly responsible for their success and are much appreciated, not only by them, but by the school.

E. BROWN, 5A.

HOCKEY.

Hockey still proves to be a very popular winter sport.

The 'A' team, in spite of hard practice, lost the first matches, played against Parramatta and North Sydney, who won the competition this year. A match against Sydney Girls' High resulted in a draw, and in a match against St. George, Fort Street was successful, the score being 2-1.

The 'B' team under the captaincy of Maurine Deer played some very good games. They began brilliantly by defeating North Sydney. Their success

did not last, however, and in the later matches they were defeated.

In spite of the defeats both teams have played some excellent games and good team work has been shown. The girls have displayed keen enthusiasm and the season has been a very enjoyable one.

There are some excellent young players among the Moore Park girls, who should do well in the teams next year.

EUNICE BROWN,
Captain.

TENNIS.

Once again, I am sorry to say, our attempts to win the tennis shields have been unsuccessful. However, we trust that in the near future both shields will adorn our walls.

The 'A' team consist of D. and K. Miles, E. Goddard and M. Barnett, and the 'B' team of L. Martin, I. Gilkison, M. Sommerville and M. Harper.

The 'A' team has not had a very successful season, but the 'B' team was again runner-up in the Winter Competition.

This year Fort Street was well represented in the P.S.A.A.A. tourna-

ment held at Moore Park. M. Sommerville played well, reaching the final of the singles in the 'C' division; M. Barnett was runner-up in 'B' division singles, and with D. Miles, was runner-up in the doubles.

The school is fortunate in possessing a number of promising juniors, who, with a little coaching should develop into strong players.

On behalf of the girls, I would like to thank Miss Martin and Miss Swan for the invaluable help they have given us.

M. BARNETT, 3A.

THE WINTER SPORTS CARNIVAL.

A sky of cloudless blue with a kindly sun shining above us—the springy turf beneath our feet—everywhere happy smiles, excited cries and laughing faces—ribbons as varied as the rainbow's hues, fluttering in the breeze—everywhere an air of suppressed excitement—such were the conditions on August 13th

For weeks past, budding Atalantas had watched anxiously the sky and the Observatory flag, but King Sol smiled and everyone was happy. The great day had come at last, the long-looked-for Winter Carnival.

For the benefit of any who might not know what had caused all this excitement, it would perhaps be best to explain that it was the winter sports carnival. Many and varied were the races to be run, ranging from the all important event of the

day, the School Championship, which would be run by a select few to the mirth-provoking sack race, which attracted many.

There was an air of suppressed excitement until at last the report of the starter's pistol rang out, and the competitors sprang forward. Then was the highest pitch of excitement reached. Each competitor received great encouragement from her friends and the noise was deafening. The race was hardly contested and resulted in a well-won victory for Agnes Sims.

We were pleased to welcome many visitors, including the parents of the girls, and the Headmaster, Members of the Staff and pupils of Fort Street Boys' High School.

During the afternoon, cakes, sweets, ice cream and afternoon tea were sold, resulting in a very good sum to

swell our depleted finances. This result could only have been brought about by the co-operation of the mothers and the untiring efforts of those of the staff, and girls who sacrificed their afternoon's entertainment for this purpose.

Race followed race until at last the afternoon was brought to a close by the playing off of the ball games. This excited great interest since so many of the girls were themselves actually taking part in them. Everyone displayed a fine sporting spirit and the losers were in every case the first to congratulate the victors.

We wish to thank Mrs. Griffin and the members of the staff who so ably joined with her in making our sports day such a happy and successful one.

The results are as follows:

School Championship: Agnes Sims.
Junior Championship: Ruth Harris.
17 Years' Championship: Agnes Sims.
16 Years' Championship: Marjorie Beeks.
15 Years' Championship: Jean Foley.

14 Years' Championship: Ruth Harris.
13 Years' Championship: Marcia Stanger.
12 Years' Championship: Joyce Irons.
Upper School Relay: Edna Stevens, Nora McKenna, N. Young, M. Ravenscroft, 3B.
Lower School Relay: Bessie McRae, Joyce Hammer, Chrissie Parkinson and Peggy Dircks, 2A.
Sack Race, Senior: Una McKerihan.
Sack Race, Junior: Ellen Meyer.
Relay, Sports: Hockey.
Orange Race: Jean Foley.
Balloon Race: Molly Gately.
Junior Skipping: Ruth Harris and Merle McCarthy.
Senior 33 yards: Ella Colquhoun.
Old Girls' Championship: Clarice Kennedy.
Skipping Race: Agnes Sims.
Junior Orange Race: Jessie Stronach.
Overhead Ball: 5C.
Under and Overhead Ball: 5B.
Tunnel Ball: 5C.
JOYCE BANNAN,
MARY HOWARD.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

The 29th August dawned bright and warm, with no indication of the rainy weather which has, on previous occasions, dampened our clothes if not our spirits. With our hopes running high, we made our way towards the Cricket Ground, where we sought out advantageous positions from which to cheer our girls on to victory, as we hoped.

Although, as usual, we had been forbidden to give our school war-cry, we were resolved that we would do "our bit" in our favourite way—barracking. So, when the competitors in the first event were at last started, there burst from the spectators such a roar as must surely have echoed throughout Sydney.

We were ready in good time for the finals in the afternoon. So far, we were feeling well pleased, for all the morning Fort Street's colours had been kept well to the fore. Ruth Harris, our fleet-footed Junior, had won her heats in fine style, while Agnes Sims broke the previous record in her heat of the Championship of High Schools. We must not forget those Fortians who ran well in the heats, although they were eliminated in the finals—such girls as Jean Foley,

Marjorie Beeks, Thora Bowen, Marjorie Wiltson and others.

As the afternoon wore on, the fight became fiercer. Our girls were fighting to keep the honour of Fort Street on the field, and well they accomplished their task! Ruth Harris won the 14 Years' Championship, in which she equalled the record, and the Junior Skipping, leading by a wide margin. But, at the end of the latter, she tripped and fell heavily. We could not help admiring her pluck for taking the field for the final of the Junior Championship, shortly after, in which she gained second place.

The School also greatly appreciated Agnes Sims' splendid efforts. She won the 17 years' Championship, equalling the record, and gained second place in the Senior Skipping, and in the Championship of all High Schools. We must congratulate her on running second to such a brilliant athlete as North Sydney's star, Heather Ken-naby, has proved herself to be.

Fort Street ran third in the Senior Relay, and of the Ball Games, we gained third place in the Under and Over. The team is to be congratulated on its performance, as it was without

its captain, Jean Mort, who was unfortunately incapacitated by a slight accident to her arm. However, we are grateful to the girls who so ably filled the breach for us.

"Now sits Expectation in the air" might well have been said of the crowds of excited schoolgirls, while they waited for the final scores, speculating the while as to which school would be awarded the shield. At last it was announced that Sydney High and North Sydney had tied for first place, and that Fort Street had come next.

Much of this success we owe to Mrs.

Griffin's training, and we are grateful to her and to the girls who toiled all day beneath a blazing sun, to gain honour for the School.

RESULTS:—

100 yards Championship of all High Schools: A. Sims, 2.
17 years' Championship: A. Sims, 1.
14 years' Championship: R. Harris, 2.
Senior Skipping: A. Sims, 2.
Junior Skipping: R. Harris, 1.
Senior Relay, 5. Team, A. Sims, T. Bowen, J. Foley, M. Beeks.
Under and Over Ball: 3.

B.G., 4A.

BASKET BALL.

Exciting matches were again in full swing this year. The 'A' team although it gave its opponents a hard tussle for supremacy did not gain as high honours as the 'B' team, which carried off the shield and thus won the 'B' Basket Ball Competition.

Besides these matches there have been others of interest. Two school teams of First and Second Years

played two similar Birchgrove teams. The results were even, School winning one match and Birchgrove the other.

The younger players are showing great promise and I hope they will continue to improve, and help to win the 'A' shield when their time comes.

JEAN MORT,

Captain.

DREAM SAILING.

Now when the moon, a lotus blossom
pale,
Floats tranquilly across the sky's
dark pool,
Then little vagrant breezes scented
cool,
All gently stir my dream-craft's silken
sail.

There, far above, the glimmering
Milky Way;
And here below, the slumb'rous
sea of night,
Murmuring, rocks us, till Aurora's
light
With radiant colours, heralds th'
approach of day.

ADELE BIERI, 4A.

AUTUMN'S SYMBOL.

Splash of red on a brown gnarled
bough.
(Whither away?)
Giddily perched in tunic gay
Buttoned with dews of the perfumed
day.
Watch the wood-elf, the fun-loving
wood-elf.
Watch the wood-elf swing and sway.

Imp of mischief in Autumn-red.
(Whither away?)
Flicking drops from the rain-wet
trees,
Peering in buttercups, scaring the
bees.
Watch the wood-elf, the fun-loving
wood-elf,
Playing "I spy" with the leaf strewn
breeze

ELSA HOLLANDER, 4B.

THE LADY IN GRAY.

Of what does she dream?
My lady in gray.
What do the curves of her sweet face
say?
She worships the wonder of night and
day,
Of mountain, sea and stream.

Life for her is a quiet way,
With a stoken moment to kneel and
pray
For the blessing of beauty's gleam
Of what does she dream?
My lady in gray.
Of what does she dream?
ELSA HOLLANDER, 4B.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

When there's a circle 'round the moon,
You'll hear the farmer say:
"There's going to be a shower soon,
That's sure to spoil the hay."
When you hear the locusts sing,
And days are very warm,
They say the heat is sure to bring
A heavy thunder storm

Though some are wrong and others
right,
The surest sign of all,
Is when you lie in bed at night,
And hear the raindrops fall.
CONNIE HUGHES, 3E.

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION.

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the Union has been very active, holding a Re-union each month, and increasing its membership till there is now a record list of 175 Old Fortians.

Those present at the Annual Ball in May, spent a most enjoyable evening. The profits amounted to £18/4/2; half was donated to the Rachel Forster Hospital and the other half purchased a handsome carpet for the School Office.

For our June meeting we were exceedingly fortunate to receive an invitation to a Carillon Recital and an inspection of the Carillon at the University, and we took full advantage of this privilege offered to us by Professor Holme. There was an attendance of 150 Old Fortians. After the programme of Serbian music in honour of Serbia's National Day, Mr. J. Fletcher played some more familiar tunes, including the "Fortian Song." Later the visitors were entertained at Afternoon Tea in the Refectory.

Yet perhaps our most enjoyable 1930 Re-union was spent at school, on Saturday, 16th August, when a "Back to School" afternoon was held. Miss Cohen was delighted to welcome so many Old Girls, and remarked on the excellent attendance. We enjoyed wandering through the rooms, and

seeing the changes that have been made, and appreciated the use of the Staff Room for Afternoon Tea.

Each year, schooldays' friendships are renewed at the Annual Dinner. Nearly 100 members were present at this function on 24th September, at the Civil Service Stores. Miss Jessie Anderson (President) welcomed the guests, Miss Cruise, Miss Cohen, Miss Evans and Mrs. Stuckey. We regret that Miss Partridge was unavoidably absent. The toast of "The School" was proposed by Mrs. Bryson Taylor (Miss Doris York), who was Captain in 1913, after which "Come Fortians All" was very enthusiastically sung. In an address, Miss Cohen referred to the wonderful success of many Old Girls, in various fields, especially in University life. Among those present at the Dinner was Miss Beatrix Durie, who has just returned from England, on the completion of a Post Graduate Course in Medicine. The Union was very pleased to welcome so many members of the Staff, and thank them sincerely for their help. Dancing and bridge concluded the evening.

To complete a successful year, arrangements are now being made for a Surfing Party, and at the end of the year, a concert in the School Assembly Hall, when the present 5th

Year girls will be invited as guests. in 1931."

To them we also send a twofold message: "Good Luck in the Leaving," and "Join the Old Girls' Union

MURIEL NICHOLLS,
Hon. Sec.

FORT STREET O.G.U. LITERARY CIRCLE.

The Literary Circle of the Fort Street Girls' High School O.G.U. has almost completed the fifth year of its existence. During the present year twelve meetings have already been held, and the final meeting for the year is to be held on 23rd inst., and to take the form of a social evening. All our meetings have been held at the Women's Club.

At the Annual General Meeting, 27th March, 1930, the following office-bearers for the current year were elected:—

President: Miss A. E. Turner.

Vice-President: Miss M. V. Morley.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Eva Duhig.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss Katherine Farrell.

Librarian: Miss Enid Crawford.

Magazine Editor: Miss Molly Dorrington.

Representative on O.G.U. Committee: Miss Enid Crawford.

The course of study for the year has comprised the reading and discussion of the works of Balzac, Goethe and Mary Webb; "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney," "A House is Built" and Mr. H. M. Green's "The Book of

Beauty." Last evening took the form of a play-reading, Noel Coward's "The Young Idea." The members have displayed a great deal of interest in the work studied, and many of the discussions were very lively. The proposed plan of study for next year is a course in Oriental and Scandinavian Literatures.

The number of members enrolled during the year was 33, three of whom resigned, one to go abroad, and the other two through circumstances arising which prevented their continued attendance on Thursday evenings. The average attendance is 18.8, a decided improvement on last year's. The Circle would be very pleased to welcome as new members next year any Fortians leaving school this year.

Much of the benefit and enjoyment derived from the Circle's doings this passing year are due to the invaluable assistance of our President, Miss Turner and Vice-President, Miss Morley, and we wish to express our appreciation of all they have done for us.

EVA DUHIG,
Hon. Sec.

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

Summer evenings are long and light in England, and the sun was still shining at seven o'clock one evening last June when we packed our three selves and our supper into a battered Baby Austin and set off from Windsor to see the Aldershot Tattoo. Our way lay through Windsor Park with its lovely old elms and oaks, and its herds of dappled deer; through Windsor Forest where elm and oak gave place to spreading beech and cedar, with roots covered by thick green velvety moss, and then through Ascot, where the famous race-course looked quiet enough, for although it was race week it was late in the evening, and the race frocks had gone home to London in their Rolls Royces, while the

gypsies and tipsters of Ascot Heath had scattered for the night.

Along narrow, leafy, winding roads we sped, past gardens with banks of glowing rhododendrons, through Bagshot and Farnham and as we drew nearer to Aldershot the "Baby" found itself one of a procession of cars, all wearing Aldershot tickets on their bonnets. Lovely orderly England! At every cross-road there was a burly and affable policeman to direct us, and soon we came to Aldershot, barracks as big as a city. Here the affable policemen were replaced by elegant soldiers with red caps, who waved the cars with red park tickets in one direction, those with green tickets in another, and so on until the

stream of cars was marshalled in tidy rows on the hillsides adjoining Rushmoor, the great arena where the tattoo takes place. When our "Baby" had been safely ushered into its reserved place, made to toe a tape line, and taken charge of, in a motherly way, by the Army, we repaired to a nice little beech-wood on a hill and sat there eating sandwiches and English strawberries and cream, while the endless stream of cars continued to be marshalled in rows and the twilight deepened from pale yellow to grey blue, and from blue to purple.

Then the ever-efficient Army took charge of us again and led us past merry picnic parties and hilarious Canteen Board coffee stalls to enclosure 'C' where perspiring Boy Scouts, anxious and important, led us to our seats. It was ten o'clock and almost dark when we found ourselves looking out over Rushmoor, an immense field, bordered by gorse-covered moor on one side, and feathery beech-woods on the other. Near one boundary was a castle wall with battlements, where a sentry walked up and down—a typical English sentry, for he walked stolidly up and down his wall throughout the entertainment, taking no notice of it or of us. Presently a bugle sounded, from the distance came the beat of fife and drum, and from the shadowy woods came the gay uniforms of marching bandmen, until the centre of the arena was filled with massed bands, lit by two great search lights from the hills. Later there were "Light cavalry evolutions" as the programme called them, with rows of horses galloping so lightly and rhythmically that they seemed to dance.

There was a tableau showing Elizabeth receiving the news of the Armada defeat, and making her speech to an excited and lively throng of Elizabethans in jerkin and hose. Later on we saw Monck's regiment of 1660, the bold streamers with their quaint uniforms and band of drums and flutes playing "I know a lady sweet and kind" delicately and sedately to slow marching time. There were pipers in swinging tartans, advancing and retreating until their shrill music died away in the distant woods. We saw the Battle of Dettingen with rolling smoke and prancing horses, and one could not help

feeling what a silly thing a battle is, and wonder that men could range themselves in dressed-up ranks to kill one another.

The next tableaux seemed to answer this thought for the search lights vanished, and on to the dark field came lines of tiny fairy-like lights, forming first a grenadier grenade and then a Victoria Cross. The band music died away and out of the hush and the darkness came a choir boy's voice, very clear and sweet, singing one verse of the Armistice Hymn "O Valiant Hearts." The great search lights swung on to the arena again, and you saw that the tiny bobbing torchlights were lanterns carried by guardsmen, and presently the living Victoria Cross was surrounded by a grand tableau of troops of four nations and five centuries and in the front rank was a thin line of khaki, bringing the pageant of English heroism and loyalty up to our own time and close to our own experience. All stood silent while the Last Post sounded from somewhere in the distance and then with "God Save the King," the evening ended.

Oh and then how efficiently did the Army take charge of the huge crowd of spectators, and direct it to its own cars and char-a-bancs and guide the cars along various roads without block or delay. So back we drove past oaks and elms that were older, some of them, than the story of the Armada; and by the time the "baby" got us back to Windsor it was three o'clock and the birds were twittering and the dawn was breaking behind the Round Tower of Edward III's castle, for June nights are short in England.

As the Sunday Observer said, if an observant inhabitant of Mars could have seen this vigorous, beautiful and orderly spectacle, and have seen how hundreds of thousands of people reached, saw, and returned from so vast an entertainment in every comfort he would have remarked "They are no slouches on that old Earth; anyhow not at Aldershot in England."

B. DURIE.

(We are very pleased to publish the above article, written specially for the Magazine by Dr. Durie, a distinguished pupil of this school. Dr. Durie has just returned from a trip abroad in pursuance of her medical studies.)

HAIL SUMMER!

O, Summer is a lady,
A smile is on her face,
Her gown is draped with blossoms,
She moves with airy grace.

Upon her brow is fastened
A crown of poppies gay;
Her song floats on the zephyrs
And charms the hours away.

Right princely gifts she brings us
Of scented flower and fruit;
To all of Nature's music,
She attunes her golden lute.

O welcome, Summer, welcome!
Full well, we're glad you're here,
Come, chase away all shadows,
And soothe the dying year.

SOPHIE STRONACH, 4B.

NIGHT REVELLERS.

A merry, happy band of sprites,
Dances on the mountain heights,
Tripping o'er each glen and vale,
Resting in each sheltered dale.

Where the moonlight finds its way
To the greenwood forest gay,
There's a little elf to-night,
Happy, jolly little sprite.

There, elves dance till dawn of day,
Pause awhile, and fly away;
In the forest green they are
Gathered there from near and far.

JEAN CHAPMAN, 1A.

WINTER.

She covers land with silver trail
And sets the seas a-swellling;
While roaring, boisterous winds pre-
vail—
The Autumn sun dispelling.

Flakes of snow fall soft and fast
Upon the leaf-strewn ground;
The pouring rains and wintry blast,
O'er hill and dale resound,

Violets snug in snowy bed
From branches, ice-drops fall,
For softly comes cold Winter's tread,
At Robin Redbreasts's call!

"CHARYS" 1B.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

The University,
Ocotber, 1930.

Dear Girls,

Again the fever of examinations is upon us. Turn wheresoever we may we are confronted with the same pile of work to be done. Hockey and net-ball matches are finished and the tennis courts are less often used. Instead the Fisher Library and the reading rooms are crowded with students, who have come to realise how little has been done and how close is the judgment. There is something hatefully insistent about examinations which, in common with you, we find hard to forget. Yet there are splendid gleams of light as the possibilities of

the future beckons us on.

Some of the Fortians are doing Diploma of Education and so their student days are nearly over. Others of us filled in our degree forms this week. This is just a preliminary procedure, but there was a tingle of joy about it.

Since the last Magazine was published we have learnt with pleasure of Willa Rowohl's graduation in medicine. Other Fort Street girls who have passed on from the University are becoming known and loved in ever widening spheres of service.

We were delighted that our school team defeated the Fort Street Boys in both debates this year, and we offer

our congratulations. The debate we heard here at Manning House last term showed us what exceptional speakers our girls are, and the Women's Union received rather a shock when they were defeated by school girls. It was great!

Again and again we are reminded of glad days that were spent back in the old school. We have grown to love the life here, but in a different way and not to the same degree. We give her less, not because we have less to offer, but because Fort Street still has priority.

We from the University would send

a special greeting to Fifth Years and Third Years, and especially to those who are not returning to the old school. We remember what it was like when we moved on and left her behind us. Yet it is great to remember the old song and

"Whether leaving or remaining,
Ever will answer her call."

Back through the memory of those years we linger lovingly, and we cling to all that our school gave to us.

With hearty good wishes.

ALICE SMITH.

BEAUTY.

The present year has been one of the happiest I have ever spent. I wonder how many people have felt the same joys as I have—a winter sunrise—the salt tang of sea foam on the lips—the delight of watching a bird feed its young—dew in a spider web—the joy of an awakening before the dawn and an early morning ramble through the bush—the harbour at twilight—the whistling of the wind in the treetops—the joy of battling against a strong wind in the beating

rain—the sound of a running brook—a walk beneath the gum trees at dusk—sunset on a hill—the happy tired feeling after a day's work—the sound of an organ.

I cannot enumerate all the things that have made this year so full of joy; but I know that to those who seek beauty in the flower by the wayside and the song of a bird comes that "joy which passeth understanding."

BRENDA, 5A.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

The King of Raggedly—Taggedly Town was very perturbed in mind. And indeed, we cannot wonder that this was so, when we consider all the disappointments that this unfortunate monarch had fallen heir to in the course of his royal life.

The worthy King and his equally worthy spouse had been blessed(?) with twelve exceedingly plain daughters. To call them plain is to speak very charitably of them, but then we would not dare to speak otherwise and offend his royal majesty. Very unlovely, truly, they were, with weirdly curving noses, whose farthest extremity pointed disdainfully up towards the blue heavens. As their dispositions matched their looks, can you imagine any mere male brave enough to lead them to the altar? This is plainly one cause for the King's perturbation. For who would like to have this crowd of wrangling females

around him every day, with no earthly prospect of ever bestowing the parental blessing on a happy couple and saying "My daughter, good-bye!" to each or any of the twelve? Oh, dismal thought!

But besides this, his majesty had another cause for woe. The thirteenth child was also a girl, but oh, so different from the rest of the brood! The family nose had ceased to curve and twist, and was a perfect specimen on the pink and white face of the golden-haired Geraldine. Ah! what a dream of beauty was she! Of course, His Majesty's grief did not lie in the beauty of his youngest; nay, she was as welcome to him as the rainbow after the storm. But perpend, for herein lies the tragedy.

Our Geraldine, though fair as the lily and the most sought-after princess of the day, shared, with our dear friend Charles Lamb, the affliction

of having no ear for music. Italian operas, soulful music, were all distasteful to her. She preferred the shouts of the crowd. Thus our Geraldine rejected her wealthy suitors time and again, because they would persist in serenading her.

Now do you understand why the poor father was so worried? The day she rejected the Crown Prince of Fiddle-de-dee, he was very sorrowful. He went mournfully to bed that night, still pitying his sad lot, but—just as he was removing his elastic-sided boots, he gave a great roar, and threw his royal footgear, out of pure joy, right across the room! Why? Because for the first time in his life His Royal Highness, the King of the fair state of Itaggledy-Taggledy, had a great big wonderful IDEA!

The next day large notices were seen in all the streets of Rag-Bag, the capital city of Raggedly-Taggledy. Large crowds peered and squealed and shouted excitedly as they read this notice:

"The King of Raggedly-Taggledy, hereby declares, that he will give the hand of his daughter Geraldine, together with half his kingdom, to that man who procures, and brings to the Royal Palace three weeks from today, any instrument whatsoever, which according to our decision, emits the worst noise.

Signed: His Majesty,
Reginald Longerbeak.

The day of judgment came at last. The King, his wife and thirteen daughters, attended by all their courtiers, were grandly adorning the great hall of the palace. Dozens and dozens of competitors were thronging into the room. One by one they entertained the company with their strains. Oh, what a din! The whole company, with the exception of Geraldine, were groaning in agony. But she merely looked bored and indifferent. Not even the mournful squeaks and squawks of a very raw lad who was learning to play a raspy violin, could move her. The next item was a duet by two cats, whom their master had trained to snarl and wail at his bidding. It was howling! The King and his courtiers stopped their ears—the Queen called loudly for her smelling salts; but they would not deafen her ears! the twelve princess swooned, but as no cavaliers rushed to catch them as they fell, they were forced to recover. Geraldine only smiled.

The King was in despair. Was this great idea to fail? Suddenly a loud commotion was heard at the door, and in ran an extremely handsome youth, carrying what looked like a kerosene tin. He rushed to the king's feet, bowed gracefully, and quoth gaily, "My sovereign and future father, I salute thee. Here, in my little tin can I hold that which shall give a royal bride and half a kingdom."

He then busied himself with his instrument. In a few minutes he cried, "All is ready! Listen!" The musician pressed a button, and oh! Ten thousand demons seemed to wail and moan together; their voices, joined in fearful unity shrieking louder, louder, louder, until spent with their hideous yells they sank down, down, down into their prison; then triumphantly they arose again, screaming demoniacally, frenziedly, then sobbing as they slowly died away. Oh, the panic in that hall! All were moaning, groaning, wailing, fainting, begging the laughing operator to cease. And the princess, Geraldine, what of her? Even she, lover of awful sounds, could not bear this appalling din. She ran from her throne and pulled the hideous instrument away from its owner's hands, to silence its horror.

Well, after this, happiness naturally reigned supreme. Geraldine married the tin-can musician, and as consolation prizes to the twelve who came next in order, the king bestowed upon them his twelve nosey daughters. They, poor men, were forced to obey their monarch's order.

Our story, however, does not end here. We must follow the demons of the tin-can. They accompanied Geraldine and her husband to their grand palace, but were carefully hidden away in a dark closet. One day, an over-industrious servant decided to clean out this place. Here he found the kerosene tin. Like all men, he was inquisitive, and seeing a lutton, he pressed it. He jumped back in horror when he heard the awful noise. Far away in her boudoir, Geraldine heard the hideous wail, and rushing to her husband, bade him get rid of the appalling thing at once. He had a hard time trying to get rid of it, but at last he managed to sell it to a certain school. Here it was placed high on the roof, and every forty-minutes its demon inhabitants send out their hideous wail into the peaceful air. ISABELLA STEPHEN, 5A.

A HARBOUR STUDY.

It was a beautiful winter's morning; the sea was blue and like glass, the air cold and fresh. Out of the misty Pacific, North Head rose gray and austere, shrouded in clouds. On the gently rising waves an old grey battleship was slowly, sadly riding—sailing out of the harbour she loved, sailing on her last journey. She was too old and had outgrown her use and so was fitted with targets for the other ships' practice. They too sailed out later but when they returned she would not be with them. When they returned to rest, she too would be resting—but under the peaceful waves where once she ruled as queen.

The old grey boat seemed so sad there in the early morning sunshine and my heart went out to her. Some day I too will be sailing on my last journey, old, worn-out, unless, and my fellows will live on undisturbed. For a little while, perchance, they may think of me, but soon I will be forgotten, just as now that old ship lies under the waves of the Pacific, useless, forgotten—forgotten by the men that she served, forgotten by the country that she loved.

But at that moment all was speed and haste on her. Men rushed to

and fro preparing her for her last act. She was not even sailing on her own steam—a tug was pulling her. The very gulls deserted her.

Then just as she was leaving the Heads she sailed up the path of gleaming sunshine on the waters, and all was changed, the sadness vanished and only the beauty remained. She was going on the path that all must tread. She will not be lonely; others have gone before. On the bed where now she rests her glorious ancestry lies—the Australia, the Revenge and countless others, whose undying fame lives again in the glorious pages of British history. In her death there is service. She can no longer be of use as a defender of her flag and so she has passed out, helping others to do that which age will not let her do.

Then the ferry bore us onwards and she passed out of sight. She seemed to be sailing more joyfully now, with hope in her heart.

And the life of the Harbour went on undisturbed, the gulls screamed and fought, the ferries passed merrily, heedless of the fact that a noble spirit was dying, a well-known face was disappearing forever.

"SYLLUNRED" 5A.

HOW I SAW THE FAIRIES.

"Hans Andersen has been said to be the only mortal, who has seen the fairies."

How many years ago it is since I first read those words! I had pondered over them for a short while and they had vanished from my mind. What was it that sent them back to me, as I leaned over the edge of the yacht and dangled my fishing line in the water? Was it Diana's reflection on the lake or the tall dark trees bordering the shores of that lake and forming a silhouette against the starlit sky? Perhaps it was the silence, broken only by the hoot of some night-bird and the gentle sound of the water as it rippled around the boat.

Desire crept into my heart. She told me that the time had come when I was to partake of such joys as had been bestowed on Andersen. As she took my hand in hers, she bade me go with her and as I followed, Diana

kissed my cheek, while the stars looked down and smiled.

I was led to the bushland beyond the shores of the lake and although I felt scared of the night owls, Desire urged me on. Dryads flew down from their homes to gaze at this mortal, who was passing through their country at such an hour. But, although my heart beat with joy and expectation at the sight of them, I dare not tarry, for Desire was impatient.

We passed on to a shrubless plot, where elves danced and sang around a brightly-burning fire. Diana was watching them with joy and had I been of a romantic nature I would have stayed and taken part in their play. As it was, they paid no heed to us, so we passed on. Over streams and bushes we passed, catching some refrain which the fairies sang as they went about their work and play.

Then we came to a road, so different

from any I had seen. As we peered down the road, a vista opened before us and we beheld a tall mystic figure, with long golden tresses. So beautiful and majestic she seemed as she held out her hand ready to touch the almond blossoms, which grew beside her, at the first sign of day. Diana lit up her eyes, and therein I saw the magic which made the birds sing and the plants bud. Then she spoke in an indescribable voice so glorious and silvery it was. "I am the Spirit of Spring. At dawn my duty shall begin." As she spoke, countless fairies gathered around her and laid boronia at her feet, while on her head they placed a crown of wattle-gold.

I stood dumbfounded at the sight, which though so vivid, was so unearthly. Then came the rapture of a bird's song and I knew the dawn was

coming. "I must go back to my daily life," I cried. "No, stay with us," replied the fairies, "until Spring has finished her work." Desire urged me on, whilst the fairies, catching hold of my hand, prevented me from leaving. Then I heard voices.

"You have a bite," said my brother's voice. "Pull it in, or it will pull you out."

My brother eyed me wistfully. "Have you been asleep?" he asked.

Diana stooped down and kissed me farewell, as she was disappearing from the sky, and I heard him say, "Did you have your wishes fulfilled?" "Yes?" I replied.

My brother thought that this was an answer to his question, but as Diana had left me, I did not tell him the truth.

P. BROWNE, 3E.

WHAT IS IT?

Many are the traditions of Fort Street, but have they ever included a ghost or some fairy spirit gliding softly about the school; something which no one sees, yet which leaves very real evidence of its presence?

Time after time, the old press in the library has been securely locked, the key put in the drawer, heavy learned volumes and encyclopaedias and such indigestible things thankfully tucked away out of sight. We make our way home and leaving the old school to its peaceful slumbers—or so we think. Yet lo! by 9 a.m. next morning that door is hanging wide open.

What busy fingers have manoeuvred that lock? What Imp or Elf of Fairyland comes to the "School on the

Hill," creeps through the crack in the door—up the stairs—along the corridor and through the keyhole of the Library? What brings the little stranger there—for small it must be, to be able to creep inside the keyhole and with its magic gently open the door.

Is it only curious, having heard the word "Library" on the girls' lips as they walk about the play-ground? Or is it one who, urged on by the magic words "Inter" and "Leaving," takes a 'last minute look'?

Perhaps it is the wraith of one who passed her days in our Hall of Learning and tries to capture the dreams and hopes of long ago.

Alas! shall we ever know?

MURIEL NOLAN, 5C.

IN AN EASTERN MARKET.

One night, as I lay in bed, things seemed different. I got up and walked towards my door. What did I find? Not my own home but a dark little street full of whitewashed houses such as I found mine to be. I walked along the street and in the distance I heard many voices. Soon I found myself in the market-place. I was attired in a long white sari and sandals. Were they my nightie and slippers, I wonder).

There were crowds and crowds of brown-faced people excitedly crying out and singing. Children were shouting with laughter, and dogs were snapping and snarling. Adding to the din, the water-seller and other merchants were crying their wares.

A stall, covered with bright silken shawls, attracted my attention and I bought a delightful, gauzy scarf. The next stall was that a brass potter. Beautiful urns with flowers and fruit

on them, shone in the sunshine.

I heard the strains of mystic music coming from a quiet corner and there was a snake charmer, playing his pipes, while two deadly cobras swayed and writhed in time to the music. I shuddered and drew away into the depths of the happy crowds.

Then I came to a sweetmeat stall where a fat and smiling native presided. I tasted the sugared dainties which he pressed me to buy. Across the way a carpet merchant had set up his stall. There he displayed beautiful carpets in soft, rich colours. Their silken sheen was caught by the sunlight—beautiful things!

I was standing watching the passers when I saw another joyous crowd. There a dancing girl was whirling, her gay skirts flying in the wind as her feet twinkled across the open space. Her roguish dark eyes were shining and her red mouth smiling, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. Points of light darted around her as the sun struck her ornaments.

Three men were the musicians. One played a reed pipe, another c'ashed a pair of cymbals, while a third beat time on a drum. Then other stalls

summoned me and once more I moved on.

Soon I wandered past the market, past the beggars, whose droning "Backsheesh, backsheesh" drifted on the breeze, and whose little plates for alms lay on the ground in front, through the narrow streets till I came to the white city wall. I mounted the steps and stood at the top, while the sun slowly sank in the west, leaving a few red-gold rays to bid the dying day good-bye. Then I turned and surveyed the white city with the minarets and domes of the mosques silhouetted in the gathering gloom, while the sobbing note of soft music crept stealthily to me. Outside the wall, palm trees loomed blackly against the desert which stretched for many a weary mile, enveloping all who dared to oppose its majesty, within its awful grasp. The mystic East indeed!

Then I walked slowly back again, and sat down upon a seat to see it all again in my mind. But when I opened my eyes, I was in bed, in my own room.

JOYCE ROGERS, 3A.

DAYDREAMS.

I was sitting on the verandah with a history book lying open in my lap. But my thoughts were miles away from Australian history. I was walking down a little winding lane on a beautiful spring day with a girlfriend. The sun was shining brightly and not a cloud was to be seen in the blue sky. It was truly a perfect April day in the Mother Country.

On each side of the lane rose tall hedges, in which may blossoms, wild tea-roses and dog-roses were bursting forth in profusion. Among the flowers, a cool little breeze rustled.

At the end of the lane was a stile over which we clambered. Before us on the other side was a narrow foot-path leading across meadows covered with yellow cowslips, buttercups, white daisies and clover. We decided to go along the path and see where it led.

We discovered a little babbling brook running across the meadows. It seemed to us, that this helped to make the scene still more picturesque. From among the flowers, skylarks

arose, whistling brightly, as they soared up into the sky.

After we had followed the path to the end we came to a farmyard with many fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys. In one corner was a pig-sty with several fat inhabitants.

A short distance away from the farm-yard stood an old-fashioned farmhouse with an old-fashioned thatched roof. In front of the house was a garden full of sweetly-perfumed and brightly-coloured flowers. In the background were hayricks, barns and a water pump.

As we neared the farmhouse, the farmer's wife came out to greet us. She was a homely and merry woman always smiling. She made us welcome and insisted that we should have some light refreshment, before we continued on our way. Fresh cream, home-made jam and cakes proved to be delicious. Our kind hostess showed us various interesting things and also the spotless dairy and gleaming milk-cans.

After thanking our hostess, we continued on our way. We decided to return home by a different route and see all that we could. In some of the fields we saw farm-hands and horses working, while in others sheep and cattle grazed.

When we came out on the road again, we saw little thatched cottages and rosy-cheeked children playing on the road, while their mothers chatted with one another over the fences. Coming home were the tired farm-labourers from their work on the

fields.

By this time the sun was setting. The sky seemed as though it were aflame, so brightly it was coloured. We lingered and watched the sun sink, until it disappeared altogether and dusk fell.

Then we went home and just as I arrived at the gate, somebody said: "Shirley, have you finished learning that history yet?" I awoke from the world of dreams and reluctantly turned my attention to my work.

SHIRLEY MORRIS, 3C.

FORT STREET.

**"And the very name of Fort Street,
E'er will send a joyous thrill."**

We have just to meditate on these words, written by Jean Stevenson in 1927, and we are affected with keen emotion. No matter where we may be, in the country, across the sea, or at home, whenever we hear of Fort Street we seem to feel new life.

One day last January when I was many hundreds of miles from Fort Street, my spirits were by no means at their highest. Whilst I was wandering round I sighted a piece of newspaper. I looked at it once, twice, yea, thrice ere I could realise the meaning of the words, **"Fort Street Girl Breaks World Record."** (It is needless to say it was Clarice Kennedy). No longer was I low-spirited, I was most excited at seeing "Fort Street" in a heading in Queensland newspapers.

Often, very often, we read of ex-Fortians in the "Column for Women" in newspapers. The news of these

old pupils always brings memories to someone.

Everyone goes home tired and weary after carnivals. But when the weary Fortians look at the papers and see **"Fort Street Victorious"** they no longer feel their tiredness or weariness.

Old Fortians pay eloquent tributes of their appreciation to their school when writing to the Magazine.

"Best school of all live long, our Fort Street, our joy, our longings are all for thee."

"Again we pledge our loyalty to our school—our Alma Mater."

Not only is their interest sentimental but material, for they often give expression to their affection by handsome gifts.

I am sure that they, and we too, are thrilled at the "very name of Fort Street," and always will be "till the last bell call."

FLORA CARROLL, 3C.

CAMPING OUT.

What could be more adventuresome and more exciting, providing better opportunities for enjoyment, than Camping Out?

The first thought that grips the intending camper is—I must take as little as possible yet everything that is necessary. A comb, tooth-brush, scissors—no, there is no room for scissors—one complete change of clothing, a cup, plate, towel, soap, a blanket and a knapsack are sufficient.

The joy of it, the very animation of the camp, is one of the very happiest feelings that could be experienced. Getting up at six o'clock and doing exercises—could anything be more beneficial to budding womanhood or manhood?

A keen sense of friendliness always seems to be predominant, and there is no place that reflects the true character of persons as does a camp.

Bending over a chip fire with a

black billy, endeavouring vainly to boil eggs for the morning meal is one of cook's tasks. And who is cook? Sometimes the task taken in turn by member of the camping out party. Oft-times, however, the duties are performed by someone who has at his fingertips the art of manipulating a fire with wet wood in less than five minutes, or cooking cocoa without smoking it, and preparing meals in breathless seconds for healthy, hungry appetites.

Perhaps the most important thing in camping out is the way of the weather. Ah! He is a whimsical, elfish fellow who takes delight in

tampering with the arrangements of prospective camping-out parties. If he sees a party comfortably settled in the dearest and loveliest little spot, prophesying a good time, his innate jealousy conquers the moment, and he vents his selfish spite in torrents of rain.

But he is not always so, and we have decided to take him as we take life—as it comes, for although he is an important part, the splendid spirits of the camping party will not be dampened, for such is the keenness of the delights of camping out.

JEAN ANDERSON. 4B.

JOTTINGS FROM A CORNER SEAT.

I was going home in the last holidays, and the scenery once the Blue Mountains had been crossed, was uninterestingly familiar. The bare brown plains, with scanty tufts of withered grass scattered at intervals were only too well known, but lo! I rubbed my eyes and stared again. A network of yellowy brown rivulets veined the parched soil, interspersed by tangled masses of black briar bushes, flaunting their defiant red berries above the sombre background. Everywhere the vivid splashes of colour brightened the eye, glowing unexpectedly among the burnt black stumps that reared themselves dispiritedly heavenwards.

A solitary hut of rough logs perched precariously on a mountain slope, stared down upon the passing train. At the side stood a red-haired young woman holding her child in her arms, and seemingly urging it to wave to the travellers. The child hung back, shy, as are most bush children, so I leaned out, and waved to her. The mother smiled delightedly, and the little girl peeped forth from the protection of her mother's arm for a minute, and a shy smile lit up her sunburnt little face. She waved. The next minute they disappeared from sight.

Opposite me sat a small schoolboy immersed in a "Deadwood Dick", and an enormous apple. Two maiden ladies occupied the seats next to him, huddled in blankets, trying to sleep.

They had a basket between them, and had been lifting the lid cautiously and placing tit-bits in it for the last hour. I wondered dispassionately what it contained.

Mount Victoria was finally reached, and I hastily dismounted for coffee, and something hot to eat, for the day was bitterly cold. The room was crowded, and a mingled odour of hot pies, stale cakes and oranges battled with the fragrance of steaming coffee. Ah! That's better, even though an old farmer gulping tea from his saccor next to me had accidentally jerked my coffee down the front of his suit. Apologies from all concerned, and I finished my repast at leisure. The guard was shouting "All aboard!" and the sweet-sellers made their final attempts to force wares upon weak-willed travellers. "No, young man, I do NOT need cigarettes or matches. I have sweets, and oranges are too cold." Thank goodness, we are off, or I might finally have been driven to buying a plug of tobacco.

The urchin opposite had finished his apple, and now embarked upon an endless supply of peanuts. There was only one thing lacking, to make him a typical small schoolboy in a book, and that was—white mice.

The landscape rushed past, and, suddenly wearied, I curled up in my corner, and allowed the monotony of the whirring wheels to lead me to Elysium.

"NARNA" 4A.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The "Forbidden City," was brought about by the invasion of the Tartars into China. They were fierce, war-like, wandering tribes, who lived in the mountains north of the Chinese border. At the time, China had a very high grade of civilization, for the Chinese were experts in building, making pottery, creating works of art and constructing canals and bridges; China was self-contained and well governed according to her ideas. The wealth of China was enormous, but most of the people were agriculturists and wanted only to be left alone to carry on as their ancestors did.

By the year of the first Tartar invasion, Peking was only a caravan town, or trading centre, to and from which merchants sent their goods loaded on camels or heavy wooden carts. Nanking on the banks of the Yangtse Kiang was the Capital in the those days, and the Emperor Yong and his Councillors decided to enclose Peking by a wall, in order to defend the town from invaders, for it was a principal centre in Northern China.

A line of Emperors built their palaces and Government buildings within the Walls of Peking and built another huge wall outside the first, taking in a large tract of land. The people were to carry on their business

and live between the walls.

A big lagoon was kept for water supply; this has silted up so that it is more or less a swamp in some places. They transported a great deal of coal—enough to make a big hill on which the Temple of Heaven was built. To go back to the Walls of Peking, they have large gateways with buildings near them for defence. The walls are so wide that two motor-cars can pass each other easily where they are not in ruins.

For centuries nobody was allowed into the inner city which was the Holy of Holies of the Son of Heaven, as the Emperors called themselves. Only the high officials such as governors of the province ever interviewed him, and no one looked at him when doing State business—he was too sacred. Since the Boxer Rising in 1900, when the troops stormed and captured the city, it was no longer forbidden to enter, and it was looted of all its most valuable things.

The Chinese had a written language over 4000 years ago. The inner city contains many wonderful buildings, quaint architecture, many tiled with coloured, glazed tiles, the colours of which cannot be reproduced, because the secret of the pigments is lost forever.

A. WILKS, 1A.

THE KINGDOM OF LAZINESS.

Great was the consternation in the Kingdom of Z—— for was not the beloved King of the aforesaid country dying? King Stultus was beloved throughout his kingdom for the simple reason, that he was foolish (as his name implies) and the people of Z—— could not bear a clever king. In the palace itself, however, no such consternation prevailed. For one reason, everyone was too lazy to bother much about the King and even the renowned Stultus himself did not care whether he lived or died. Anyhow, to get to the point, King Stultus at length roused himself enough to call his sons to his bedside.

King Stultus' sons were three in number, namely Waldorf the eldest, Astorius the next, and Pigerrimus the youngest. Needless to say, these

princes were rather annoyed on being roused from their occupations. (I might mention that they all shared in the occupation—that of sleeping). The King himself did not like the unusual exertion, but he had decided that the thing must be done. He therefore made the following statement: "My sons, my kingdom shall go to the one of you, who proves himself the laziest," and having said his say without mincing his words, the good old King lay back in his bed.

The three princes consulted together and decided that they would tell their stories in order of age. Waldorf was going to begin when he remembered that he had forgotten something, and went out of the room. On the way he fell asleep. By the time he woke up and went inside again, Astorius had

taken his turn and finished his own story, but the King thought Astorius too diligent and energetic, because in one part of his story he said that he had "run away." Waldorf then had to think of his story, for while he was sleeping he had lost his memory, the result being that his story was untrue. Now although Stultus was a sluggard in every sense of the word, he did believe in telling the truth; therefore, he decided that Waldorf was unfit for the throne.

Now it was Pigerrimus' turn. He, however, was truthful and he said to his father, "I really cannot be bothered telling you mine," whereupon sick and all as he was, King Stultus clapped his hands (all the servants came rushing in) and said, "My boy, you'll do; at last I can die in peace."

In a few months' time Pigerrimus was proclaimed King and all lived happily ever after.

ROSE DRUKER, 4A.

CLOCKS.

Clocks! There are thousands of clocks, for nearly every home possesses one. Let an ignorant person ask you what a clock is. You reply by saying, "It is a machine for measuring and indicating the divisions of time by means of hands moving over a dial-plate. One hand is the hour hand, the other, the minute hand; each is used for the device its name suggests."

There have been many forms of clocks, the first being the sun-dial. The time was read by a shadow thrown on a marked surface. It was introduced from the East into Europe. The position in which the dial was placed could be horizontal, upright or inclined.

Horology is the science of time measurement, including the construction and management of clocks and watches.

Instruments of this kind are not known to have existed before the twelfth century, and until the introduction of the pendulum in the seventeenth century, clocks were ill-regulated and inaccurate. The time-recording mechanisms of the present day are, (a) the clock, which shows the hours and minutes by hands, and strikes the hours and sometimes the quarters; (b) the time-piece, which is generally not a fixture and shows the time, but does not strike; (c) the watch, a pocket(?) time-keeper; (d) the chronometer which indicates the minutest portions of time.

The most famous, and perhaps best known clock is one at Strasburg. This clock took about twenty-eight years to make. It portrays the various gods and goddesses of Greece, the planets and the stars.

The most important feature is the "stage"; on this the twelve disciples come out, walk across the "stage" and bow their acknowledgement to Jesus. As Peter, the sixth disciple, appears, a little window opens and the Devil tries to tempt him. Above this "stage" is the clock face, which is rather small, and above the clock, is the well-known rooster.

A replica of the original clock is exhibited at the Sydney Technological Museum, the model taking three years to construct.

Then, there are the Royal clocks, known as the "clocks of the Crown." The different palaces contain numerous Crown clocks. A careful inventory of those at Windsor, is kept in the Lord Chamberlain's Department. This inventory contains entries of two hundred and thirty clocks, which fill two large volumes. Many of them are works of art of the highest quality, and one, in particular, possesses an interest of quite a romantic and historic character. This is the clock that Henry VIII gave as a present to Anne Boleyn on her wedding day. It rests on a modern gilt bracket in the Chapel retiring-room, and is only four inches deep and ten inches high. The weights are encased in copper gilt and are beautifully engraved, "H.A." and a true-lovers' knot on one, and "H.A." alone on the other.

In the footmen's room at Windsor there is an "Act of Parliament" Clock, a clock that grew out of a tax imposed on watches by Pitt. This caused watches to be worn less and tavern-keepers adopted a bold, mural time-piece for the benefit of

their customers. These were called "Act of Parliament Clocks."

The horological curiosity at Buckingham Palace is the "Negress head" clock—a French spring-balance production by Tepine.

In this clock the hour numerals are shown in one of the negress' twinkling eyes, and the minutes in the other. It stands two feet five and a half inches high, the head and bust of the negress being in ormolu, enriched

with magnificent decorative features.

Another clock at the Palace was made by Alexander Cumming for George III. It is said Cumming received £2,000 for it and £200 a year for looking after it.

Clocks are now being made with various alarms.

I wonder if sun dials will be again used?

Perhaps! Who knows?

JEAN UTTING, 3D.

I REMEMBER.

A dear, old-fashioned garden, with a dear old-fashioned sundial, on whose worn rim one could faintly trace the legend: "I count no clouded hours." No clouded hours! And yet—the garden was fragrant with a breath of sorrow—some elusive spirit that spoke of a sacred, hidden grief. Those trees, raising their gaunt, withered-arms to heaven: in prayer, seemed to speak of a vain longing for forgetfulness of past wrongs and sufferings, while the pines, tall and changeless, murmured and rustled with

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence
heaves."

But the garden did not yield itself wholly to the caresses of sorrow. It showed, rather, a becoming pride that it had lived through heart-rending tempests and borne the malicious ravages of men and beasts and the heavy burden of time with undaunted courage. It had cause for pride, too, in that the robins, whose red breasts were all too small to hold their love and hope and joy, confided the nests with their living treasure to the trees' protecting shelter. Every bough, with its tender buds opening cool green hearts, spoke of the fresh hope and courage that is ever kindled by spring,

"When Zephirus eek with his swete
breath

Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes
And smale foweles maken melodye."

Many plants were thrusting their gentle fingers between the stones of the worn pavement about the sun-dial. Here and there the forget-me-nots dear to trysting lovers opened surprised blue eyes to behold all the violets hid beneath their sheltering wonders of earth and sky, while green leaves, not realising that their presence was betrayed by the sweet, haunting fragrance clinging to their beloved sundial. Sweet, pale primroses were there too, shaming in their modesty the golden daffodils which danced in the arms of the frolicsome zephyrs, flaunting in conscious pride their charming gowns; whilst many tiny blossoms, clad in even braver colours, patiently lingered between the tufts of grass sprinkled beneath the trees, never dreaming that they were far more beautiful than their brilliant friends.

And far away at the foot of the most venerable of the pines a lonely daffodil, resting her lovely golden head wearily on the lap of earth, was cheered and comforted by a sympathetic little comrade, a bird so dainty that it truly seemed "a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk."
L.G., 5A.

AURORA'S AWAKENING.

The vast blue heavens glittered with the light of a million stars blazing in ethereal beauty and over the great South Land hung the protecting fiery Cross.

The grey land slumbered, whilst the gentle movement of some wild animal springing from bough to bough amongst the stately white gums, or the little bird's sleepy murmur as

It turned in its nest, were the only sounds that rose in the still, hushed air.

Suddenly a chill, cold breath swept across the hill-tops and the silence was intensified. Then the beauty of a spring night slowly folded itself and stole away leaving for a moment a grey, leaden vault. But lo! away over the farthest eastern summit spread a long wave of light which radiated until it met a soft white bank of clouds and threw all the beauty of a pale green hue into a delicate edging for the fluffy clouds. More hazy cloudlets appeared and each put on a fresh sweet gown of blushing pink or pale soft green or misty yellow. Even as one watched, these fairy colours gave place to ruddy gold,

which outlined in picturesque beauty each cloud upon the sky-line.

Gently the little clouds wafted upwards transforming the heavens into a fairy garden of large soft lamps, which in their transitions from one dainty form to another, from one beautiful colour to another yet more glorious, presented a heavenly garden of exquisite art. Lo! from the centre where the light was strongest came a flood of golden beams, caressing hill and tree-tops and heralding the passage of glorious Aurora.

She had awakened and was gathering her garment of light about her as she stepped into her low chariot of gold and was borne up on her eternal journey.

S. STRONACH, 4B.

CONTRASTS.

Midnight! the magic hour! when all the world is hushed and night reigns alone in her glory and the placid moon makes a gleaming pathway on the waters—a pathway, the poets tell us, that will lead to Heaven's golden gates.

The stars twinkle softly in the dark blue sky and a little wind steals forth through the leaves and with its gentle soothing music, lulls the tired world to rest.

Midnight? Yea, the same ghostly hour when fairies revel and goblins dance and all is joy—nay, not all, for here let me take you to another scene, gentle reader.

Outside all is still peace as you have witnessed, but here (do the gods sleep that such tragic scenes are nightly enacted?) here, is a Chamber of Torment.

The torment recalls to one's mind the terrors of the Inquisition, but this torment is worse, for death ended the former in a comparatively short time, but this torment lasts for five or ten years.

Does not your heart beat when you see yon fever-stricken brow? Can you catch the wild lost gleam in her eyes? Her features are all distorted and yet she is so young! She is only

a maiden, but her face bears witness of the toil of years.

It is November and it is during this month that the tortures are worst. See the dread implements around her! They are implements of a strange fascination. She loathes but cannot leave them, for such was the masterly skill of these who made them.

Let us list the infamous crew. Here 's Robinson, then Cicero, then Car-slaw. Next we come to an implement whose deadly terrors only a combination of brains could prepare—Hall and Stevens. But here we must cease—the other names are too full of bitter memories to record.

Do you wish, oh reader, to know wherein what torture chamber you are? Come nigh, and I will whisper low in your ear—'tis the study of a candidate for the Leaving Certificate. I could tell you tales of the hours of one and two, whose lightest word "Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood."

But here we will draw the curtain lest we should be accused of exaggeration.

And outside the pale moon shines on, calm and placid.

"INFAUSTA," 5A.

A DAY IN TIGHT SHOES.

Mother had bought me such a dainty pair of shoes, but every time I had the opportunity of wearing them—something happened, and oh! they were so pretty—made of a dark tan box calf, with a brogue in the front. I was longing to wear them. I was certainly unlucky for it either rained, or was too muddy to wear them, but when fine weather did come, I was ready.

Mother sent me to my Auntie's home, one day, to make arrangements for a picnic. Proudly I put on my new shoes, admiring them every minute. I stepped out gaily.

"Don't you think they look pretty?" I asked. "Yes," Mother replied, "They do, but be sure you will be comfortable." Oh I felt I could not be uncomfortable in such shoes.

Off I went. I had a long walk, and the sun was shining brightly. The heat was almost unbearable. My shoes I began to feel were "a nice,

close, comfortable fit" as the gushing shop girl had assured me.

Only the thought of the good appearance of my shoes sustained me. Luckily, I was too hot to realise how foolish I must have looked, limping down the dusty road. By this time I had taken the "Nice" and "Comfortable" out of the shop girl's remarks, so that my shoes were defined as being "a close fit."

At last I mechanically opened the gate of my Auntie's home. I could not wait to reach the back entrance, but as soon as I was sure no one could see me I took off my shoes.

When Auntie opened the door, imagine her surprise, at seeing a very hot, tired girl standing in her stockings in front of her. A dusty shoe in each hand explained my plight.

"Pride stands pinching," so they say, but how about "Wounded Pride."
DIANA, 2A.

THE DAWN OF A SPRING.

The mellow moon sent down her rays on the gorgeous foliage of the surrounding bush, in a quiet isolated valley in New South Wales. The leaves quivered and shook now and then, and swayed at the gentle touch of a breeze. The occasional murmuring of furry creatures abroad; the restless moving of a young fledgling; the hoot of an owl, and the call of some wakeful creature, were the only sounds to be heard. The bush had the soft and sweet perfume of a slumbering world. Now the moon shone brightly, exposing a deep, black, ghostly chasm, now was obscured under soft and fleecy cloudlets. Occasionally a sleeping creature moved slightly, rustling the leaves of its bushland home. Little 'possums were seen noiselessly making for home and rest. The silence was oppressive. Before long the living creatures had ceased to move. Even the rustling 'mongst the trees had ended, and the river seemingly ceased to flow. A beautiful star gazed down on the still world.

At last the wonderful silence came to an end. Everything seemed to breathe freely once again. The silver

moon gave one last lingering look and sank serenely behind a western hill-top. Gradually the stars disappeared—fading from view like some spectral thing. The freshness of the morning was exquisite. Sleeping blossoms drowsily opened out, and were enfolded by a wonderful beauty typical of early morn. A magnificent burst of song greeted the early wanderer. Such harmony! The trees helped it with the musical rustling of their leaves. The precipitous sides of the gorge gave a majestic glimmer to the glow. The softest shades of amethyst brightened into a fresh and lovely grandeur of the valley.

Slowly the grey touches of morning mingled with a sweet rose tint. Tinges of yellow and green were faintly visible in the breaking light. The skies were full of Nature's most delicate tints. But these soon changed into the heavenly blue of a new morn. Then came a moment of breathless silence when the waterfall and river ceased their singing and chanting. Heralded by the lusty laugh of a Kookaburra, the glorious golden orb, King Sol, made his majestic appearance. Then the day's toil began. Proud mother

birds made their way to their nests and babies, bringing with them a choice early morning tit-bit—a juicy earthworm that had omitted to hasten homeward. The night creatures, such as 'possums, bears and owls, cosily settled themselves, and slept, oblivious of the hustling of the outer world. Nature reigned supreme o'er her wide, free tract of bushland.

The greetings of birds rang through the air: A sweet-scented violet, with a wonderful tremor, humbly lifted its lovely face, and with infinite grace praised the Almighty One. Even the

queenly rose deigned to lift her face heavenwards. Not a single note of discord was struck. The whole scene was one of tranquil peace. The day was yet too young for the petty grievances of mankind.

With the stirring of mortals the bushland seemed to lose its fragrance, for many trifling matters were soon disputed.

Thus a perfect Spring morn was born. Let us leave this scene with the sun high in the heavens and the mortal world of toil begun.

JEAN CHAPMAN, 1A.

GUIDE NOTES.

"'Twas on a Monday morning
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree,
She looked so neat and nimble O,
A-wearing of her linen—o,
Dashing around in her uniform,
Dashing around in her uniform,
She stole my heart away!"

And that is how the Fort Street Guides felt on the 4th August, when we wore Guide uniform for the first time. On that afternoon our Division Commissioner, Mrs. Mather, enrolled seventeen girls as Guides and one as a Ranger, in the presence of Miss Cohen, members of the 2nd Newtown (Deaf, Dumb and Blind) Guide Company, and other visitors. After the ceremony Mrs. Mather gave a short talk about "Service", and then we had several exciting games, followed by refreshments. A very pleasant afternoon was ended, all too soon, by "Taps."

A long series of events has been recorded in our log book since the

last issue of the Magazine. A small enrolment was held during a company meeting; the Senior Guides went for two long hikes, one through Stanwell Park, the other through Sassafras Gully, Springwood; three Leaders represented us in a Guard of Honour for Lady Game when she arrived in Sydney; we have had several jolly field days at Castlecrag, Clifton and National Park, and one for Leaders and Seconds at Boronia Park. Last, but not least, we had a strenuous competition which was won, after a long and exciting struggle, by the Waratah Patrol.

The Patrol received a pleasant surprise when Mrs. Mather presented to the Leader, Lola Irish, a copy of "Girl Guiding" to be added to their patrol possessions. On the same occasion several Guides received badges, and Leaders' and Seconds' stripes.

We are planning to have more field days and hikes this summer, and another glorious camp at Christmas.

L.G.

A HIKE.

The holidays were here—what better way was there to commence them than in Nature's playground? Miss Drury and four of the Senior Guides were all of the same opinion on this matter they celebrated the first day of the May holidays by a trip to Sassafras Gully.

Usually when we plan a walk it turns out a very wet walk, but that

Friday was a perfect day. We went by car to Springwood and had our breakfast on the road. In the rashness of youth and joy we had decided to take eggs for breakfast. My heart sank as I went to find mine for my fingers met dampness, but the dampness only came from a squashed tomato. Strange to relate, nobody broke her egg.

It was wonderful up there in the morning sunshine with the green paddocks below stretching away to Sydney in the distance, and the trees all around swaying gently in the most delightful of breezes.

When we arrived at Springwood we left the car and went to the Gully. At first we missed the opening, but what did that matter? It only meant that we saw some beautiful bush that we would not otherwise have seen. Eventually, however, we found the track.

Then opened such a vista of beauty as I have never seen before. The descent was steep but difficulties were overcome by wooden steps sunken into the damp earth so that Nature herself seemed to have laid them there.

It is useless to try to describe that Gully—one must see it. The almost perfect silence there was broken only by the soft sweet song of a little stream, and the call of the birds, and the gentle sound of falling leaves—for it was Autumn. On the heights it had been hot, but here it was wonderfully cool. There was a feeling of detachment from the world, for the sun and the sky were barely visible through the towering trees. Our footsteps were muffled on the luxurious carpet of damp, dead leaves. Above us was a mighty wall of fern and around us huge boulders reared themselves covered with the most exquisite mosses. Earlier in the morning we had been talkative, but here we were silent—it would have been sacrilege to break the wonderful silence of that holy place.

I felt as though I could have stayed forever in that shaded dreamland, but soon we passed into the sunlight again and saw the merry stream running gaily along. Three romantic members of the party decided to bathe their feet in the clean mountain pool, but when I saw their evident distress as they touched the icy water I was glad that I had not succumbed to the temptation.

Then after a brief rest we moved on out of the sunlight into shade, but not such a deep shade as before. As we went along we saw the most marvelous toadstools (what an ugly name for such exquisite things!) of all shades bordering the path. We came at length to an opening, and Miss Drury decided to stalk lyre birds and the party separated for a while and I was left alone by the running water.

(I love the sound of falling water). Above the hill rose, covered with tall gum trees, to the blue sky, flecked with snow white clouds. I was alone, but not lonely for I had all Nature with me—the birds, the sunshine, the lovely mosses, the magnificent trees, and, best of all, that deep impenetrable, indefinable silence that draws one so irresistibly to the Australian bush. I think that at that moment I was nearer perfect Truth and Beauty than I have ever been. I knelt on the clean damp sand and watched, fascinated, that age-old scene, which is still full of wonderment, of clear water rippling over stones and then falling rapidly and emerging from a seething pool, into a calm placid stream again. As I watched, a huge spider came along the rock and I drew rapidly away—the spell was broken. Soon the others returned, unsuccessful, and we went on again.

One of the most delightful things about these walks is the sense of complete freedom. We walk when we want to, rest when we so desire and have our meals at the most extraordinary hours. That day we started to prepare our lunch at three. Of course we had the inevitable chop and potato in the ashes. Our dining room was closed in by a steep cliff, covered with ferns on one side, and by trees on the other, while through it all ran a stream. The water we drank was from this stream—clean, cool and delicious.

When lunch was over we set off again. The valley was not so quiet here so we fell to talking. As we were all Guides and Fortians, the main topics of our conversation may easily be imagined.

When we left the Gully, the afternoon was growing old and all the trees and ferns were bathed in mellow light so that my last impression was one of perfect peace and harmony.

Then we walked through Springwood and it was not till then that we realised how disreputable we looked. A day's carefree hike through the bush without a hat does tend to make one untidy.

We had our tea by the wayside. When we commenced to lay the fire it was still twilight but when we finished our tea, the only light was the fitful flickering of the flames. Then we came home singing our favourite Guide

songs. This ended one of those days which live forever in one's memory.
of perfect peace and companionship M. DEER, 5A.

THE BOOK'S LAMENT.

On this shelf I'm doomed to stay,
Week by week and day by day.
Marj. looks up with a frown,
But she never takes me down;
Sometimes she will lift a hand
Close to whee I always stand,
And, by chance, at times, you see
All her fingers rest on me;
The next moment, off they slide
To the volume at my side,
That to please her never falls
Since 'tis full of fairy tales!
And when Conscience sometimes sighs,
"Fairy tales won't make you wise!"
Marjorie answers peevishly:
"I don't care for history!"

Don't you think—oh, tell me true—
If she'd glance my pages through
Once a week, or once in three,
She might find some fun in me?
Find some fun and something more,
Adding to her mental store.
Easy tales to read and learn,
Should not be her whole concern.
And if she would but begin
But my leaves to read within.
She would say that I'm a book
Not so solemn as I look!
Kindly ask her not to frown;
Ask her, too, to lift me down,
For it grieves me day by day
On this dusty shelf to stay.

"PIMPERNEL" 3C.

FOR YOU ONLY.

There are little tasks awaiting, that
only you can do,
There are little songs want singing
that must be sung by you;
There's a little race wants running,
that only you can run,
There are little things that you must
do, or they will go undone.
There are little words of kindness,
that only you can say,
And little deeds set in between the
span of one short day;
There are little fights and conquests
that only you can win,
And girlhood's passing quickly—had
you better not begin?
There are little hills before you, that
only you can climb;
Just try to reach one top to-day—
'twill be easier each time.
There's a little prize awaiting you,
for every ill you've borne:
Don't you think you'd better gain it
now and keep it evermore?
JEAN ELBOURNE, 3C.

DAY.

The moon was clad in silver light,
The dawn was clad in grey;
The stary trails of fairy light
Then gently passed away.
The copper orb up in the sky
Was shining, fiery bright,
Kissing hills and mountains high
And fleecy cloudlets white.
The little creatures in the bush
Where happy at their play;
But blue skies overhead were hush'd
In the glory of the day.

JOYCE ROGERS, 3A.

BIRD SONG.

Silvery rippling notes of magpies
In the rosy glow of dawn.
A kookaburra on a gum tree,
Gaily hails the coming morn.
From a shimmering wattle bower
Comes an avalanche of song,
"Praise to God for all His goodness,"
Chant the happy feathered throng.

"QUERIE" 3D.

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