

Frances Farley

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



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VOL. III—No 8.

MAY, 1931.

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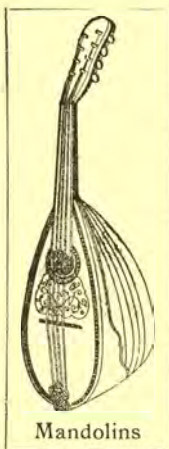
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By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
MAY, 1931.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

The Staff:

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

Deputy Principal: Miss BLUME, B.Sc.

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Miss MOULSDALE, M.A.	Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

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Miss BEDDIE, B.A.	Miss WESTON, M.A.
Miss HARRIS, B.A.	

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Miss CHAPMAN.	Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.
Miss COWIE, B.Sc.	

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Miss HARDERS.	Miss SPENCER, B.A.
Miss MARKS, B.A.	Miss HERD, B.A.
Miss MURRAY, P.A., L.es. L., Dr. Phil	

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Music: Miss WATTS.

Needlework: Miss DRURY.

Physical Culture: Mrs. GRIFFIN.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Magazine Business Manager: Miss MOULSDALE, M.A.

Captain, 1931: MARGARET McCANDLESS.



THE CAPTAIN AND THE PREFECTS, 1931.

Front row: S. Dalton, T. Bowen (Senior Prefect), M. McCandless (Captain), O. Lamble, N. Leavers.

Back row: L. Moody, M. Burns, B. Schwarzlose, P. Weir, M. O'Brien.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

Fort Street has glorious traditions, deep rooted in the past. Fortians who have come and gone soundly laid the foundations of the reputation of our school. On these foundations it is our duty to build—to build a school which will be without question. "The best school of all." To do this we must excel in lessons, in sport, and what is most important, in character.

Every good deed enhances the fair name of the school. Every girl from the youngest first year to the oldest fifth year, has the good name of Fort Street in her hands, this good name, which it lies in her power to honour or disgrace. Let us all then remember this, and constantly strive to keep that name to the fore. Throughout this year and the years to come, let every girl say "Fort Street is the best school of all", and let her do her

best to maintain that place for her school.

A permanent record of scholastic and athletic victories exists in the numerous honour boards, and swimming and athletic trophies, which adorn the school walls. On the Honour Boards may be found the names of hundreds of Fortians, who now hold responsible positions, throughout the Commonwealth. Let these be our inspiration.

Every girl knows the history of our grand old school building, now mellowing with age, and can imagine the number of fellow Fortians who have come and gone in years past. A spirit of dignity and of pride pervades the school and every student who has entered it has caught that spirit and has been filled with a desire to add something to the honour

and traditions of this wonderful old school. Let each of us at present, pupils in the school, follow their example and bring new laurels to "good old Fort Street".

After all, the character of the school is the character of her pupils. Out-

siders are apt to judge a school by behaviour in public, therefore it behoves us to remember, at all times, whether at school, or out in the world, that we must uphold the dignity and honour, which those who preceded us, have given to the school.

THE EMILY CRUISE PRIZE.

Miss Cruise, late Principal of the School, has signified her intention of presenting a prize to the Fortian who obtains the highest marks in History at the Intermediate Certificate Examination. We are all grateful to Miss

Cruise for her continued interest in the school, and the girls deeply appreciate this action on her part. Marie Aria is the winner of the prize for 1931.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We have several changes to record. Miss McMahon who had been a member of the Staff since 1922 was promoted to the position of Deputy Head-Mistress of Newcastle Girls' High School, and Miss Martin became Mistress of Modern Languages at the same school. We congratulate both these ladies on their promotion and wish them happiness and success in their new spheres. Fortians will be particularly interested in and pleased at Miss Martin's promotion for she is the first pupil of Fort Street Girls' High School to attain the position of Mistress of a Department. Miss Welch was transferred to St. George Girls' High School and Miss Turnbull to Wagga. To Miss Hewitt, Mistress of Classics, and to the Misses Spencer and Herd we extend a hearty welcome.

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

The Mollie Thornhill Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Examination was won this year by Elizabeth Scott.

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

English—Second Class: Muriel Campbell, Maurine Deer, Lily Gray and Isabella Stephen.

Mathematics—Second Class: Alma Lassman.

French—First Class: Wilga Johnson (second in State). Second Class: Maurine Deer and Lily Gray.

Latin—First Class: Wilga Johnson (second in State). Second Class: Maurine Deer.

Botany—First Class: Eunice Brown. Second Class: Elsa Davidson.

Geology—Second Class: Jean Cameron.

Training College Scholarships.

On the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination the following were awarded Scholarships at the Sydney Teachers' College:—

Maurine Deer, Wilga Johnson, Muriel Campbell, Alma Lassman, Elsa Davidson, Lily Gray, Cecily Beckwith, Eunice Brown, Isabella Stephen, Vera Swain, Jean Thistlethwayte, Jean Cameron, Dorothy Brabyn, Marion Dallison, Emily Hughes, Iris Clarke, Helen Colquhoun, Isabel Gilkison, Grace Henderson and Gwen Madden.

Mary Bolton was awarded a Scholarship at the Armidale Training College for Teachers.

Aza Child (L.C. 1929) and Thora Perrin (L.C. 1928) were also awarded Training College Scholarships.

A University Bursary was won by Muriel Campbell.

University Exhibitions in the Faculty of Arts were awarded to the following: Muriel Campbell, Maurine Deer, Lily Gray and Wilga Johnson.

A bursary was awarded to Olive Shaw on the results of the Intermediate Examination.

Technical Scholarships tenable for three years at the Technical College, were awarded on the results of the Intermediate Examination to Pearl Fox and Lorna Gates.

At the Matriculation Examination held in March, Alma Lassman and Marian Dallison were successful.

Leaving Certificate Examination Results.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statement:— 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I, 6 Mathematics II, 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 17 Lower Standard Mathematics, 18 Economics, 19 Music, 23 Dressmaking.

The letters "H" signify first-class honours; "H2" second-class honours; "A" a first-class pass; "B" a second-class pass, and "L" a pass at a lower standard. The sign "x" denotes those who have gained honours, and the sign "o" those who have passed the oral tests in French or German.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS.

Ackland, Lilian Agnes, 1B, 5A, 6B, 13A, 22B.
 Adcock, Edith, 1B, 3B, 12B, 14B, 15B, 16 Pass.
 Bannan, Joyce Helen, 1A, 5B, 8B, 13B, 16 Pass, 17B.
 Beckwith, Cecily, 1B, 2A, 3A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 12B.
 Bills, Elsie G., 1B, 3B, 8B, 12B, 14B, 15A, 16 Pass.
 Bolton, Mary Frances, 1B, 3B, 5B, 8B, 13B, 14B, 17B.
 Brabyn, Dorothy, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B, 11A.
 Broady, Joan Margaret, 1A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 13B.
 Brown, Eunice Vera, 1A, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 12H1, 14B.
 Burdon, Ivy Jessie, 1B, 2B, 3B(o), 5B, 6B, 12B.
 Burton, Majory Iris, 1B, 5B, 8B, 11B, 13B.
 Cameron, Jean Beryl, 1B, 3B, 5B, 8A, 13H2, 14B.
 Campbell, Muriel Fanny, 1H2, 2A, 3A(o), 5B, 8A, 9A.
 Clarke, Iris Sylvia, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8A, 11B.
 Colquhoun, Helen Marion, 1B, 5B, 13A, 14B, 22B.
 Dallison, Marion Lucy W., 1B, 3B(o), 5B, 8A, 12A, 14B.
 Davidson, Elsa Grace, 1A, 2A, 3A, 5A, 6B, 8B, 12H2.
 Davies, Winifred Mary, 1B, 2L, 3B, 8B, 9B, 16 Pass, 17B.
 Deer, Maurine Elizabeth, 1H2, 2H2, 3H2, 5A, 6A, 8A.
 Dutton, Isobel, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 8B, 11A.
 Dymond, Enid Berenice, 1B, 3B, 8B, 13B, 16 Pass.
 Easy, Nathalie Eva, 1B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 11L.
 Elliott, Ola Marese T., 1B, 2B, 3B, 8A, 13B, 16 Pass, 17B.
 Finney, Nellie Estelle, 1B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 11L, 15B.
 Fooke, Alcía Emily, 1A, 3B, 8B, 13B, 17B.
 Frith, Constance, 1B, 2B, 3B, 8B, 11B, 16 Pass, 17B.
 Gilkison, Isabel Lilly, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 8B, 13B.
 Goddard, Elsie Myrle, 1B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 13B.
 Graham, Euphemia Kirkland, 1B, 2L, 5A, 6B, 11B.
 Gray, Lily, 1H2, 2A, 3H2(o), 5B, 6A, 7B.
 Hasling, Gwendoline Pearl, 1B, 3B, 12B, 15A.
 Henderson, Grace McLean, 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 13B.
 Hickey, Portia, 1A, 3B, 8B, 12B, 16 Pass, 17B.
 Hill, Edna Frances, 1B, 2L, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 13B.
 Howard, Alice Mary, 1B, 3L, 5B, 8B, 11B.
 Hughes, Emily, 1B, 2A, 3A(o), 5B, 6B, 8B, 11B.

Hulme, Joan, 1B, 5B, 13B, 17B.
 Johnson, Wilga Miriel, 1A, 2H1, 3H1(o), 5B, 8A, 9A.
 Kennedy, Florence E., 1B, 5B, 5B, 12A, 15A, 16 Pass.
 King, Hazel Florence, 1B, 5B, 8B, 12B, 15B, 22B.
 Lang, Nellie Louise, 1A, 5B, 8B, 11A, 17B.
 Lassman, Alma Jane, 2B, 5A, 6A(x2), 7A, 11A.
 Madden, Gwendoline Mary, 1B, 5B, 8B, 12B, 15B, 22A.
 Martin, Lilla Mary, 1B, 2B, 3B, 12B, 16 Pass.
 Middlehurst, Daphne Myra, 1B, 3B, 8B, 11L, 16 Pass.
 Miles, Kathleen Elsie, 1B, 3L, 5B, 8B, 12B.
 Nicholson, Madge Edith, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 12B.
 O'Neal, Mary, 1B, 8B, 12B, 14B.
 Parkinson, Marjorie, 1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 8A, 13A.
 Pimbley, Phyllis Edna, 1B, 3B, 5B, 13B.
 Relph, Olga May, 1B, 3B, 12B, 14A, 15B, 16 Pass.
 Robbins, Mavis, Hendry, 1B, 8B, 13B, 14B, 15A.
 Smith, Marion B., 1B, 3B, 8B, 12B, 15B, 16 Pass, 22B.
 Stephen, Isabella Gladys, 1H2, 2A, 3B(o), 5B, 8B, 9A.
 Swain, Vera Phyllis, 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 5A, 6B, 7B.
 Thearle, Margaret Ethel, 1B, 5B, 13B, 14A, 18B.
 Thistlethwayte, Jean B., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 11A.
 Winter, Marjorie Phyllis, 1B, 5B, 6B, 13L.

Intermediate Certificate Results.

In the list of passes, the numbers refer to the following subjects:—
 1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Mathematics I, 5 Mathematics II,
 6 Latin, 7 French, 8 German, 11 Elementary Science, 12 Botany, 20 Art,
 21 Music, 22 Needlework, 23 Greek.

"o" denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German.

Aria, Marie, T., 1A, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
 Barden, Beryl C., 1A, 2B, 5B, 11B, 20B.
 Barnett, Kathleen M., 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7A(o), 11A.
 Barrett, Marjorie B., 1B, 2B, 21B, 22B.
 Beattie, W. S. McC., 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7A(o), 11B.
 Bond, Dorothy M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A.
 Booth, Laura M., 1A, 2A, 6B, 7B.
 Bornstein, Eve M., 1A, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
 Browne, B. M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7A(o), 11B, 20B, 22B.
 Cameron, Eleanor M., 1A, 2B, 20B, 22A.
 Carroll, Flora E., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11B.
 Cates, Mary E., 1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B(o) 11A.
 Catterns, Dorothea R., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 22A.
 Clements, Yvonne J., 1B, 2B, 4A, 7A(o), 8A(o), 11A.
 Cowlishaw, Patricia, 1A, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A.
 Cowper, Alison M., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 11B, 21B, 22B.
 Crawford, Dulcie E., 1B, 4B, 6B, 7A(o), 11B.
 Cuneo, Lela L., 1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11B.
 Darling, Norma A., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 8B, 11B.
 Darling, Phyllis J., 1B, 5B, 8B, 11B.
 Dawson, Valerie E., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 11B, 21A.
 Durst, Sylvia G., 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B(o), 11A.
 Elbourne, Jean L., 1B, 2B, 8B, 11B.
 Flecknoe, Claud G. D., 1A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 20B.
 Fox, Pearl L., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 20A, 22A.
 Gallimore, Cecilia F. E., 1B, 2B, 4B, 11B.
 Gates, Lorna E., 1A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 20A, 22A.
 Glasson, Enid V., 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
 Golding, Esma W., 1A, 2B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Goodman, Joyce N., 1B, 2B, 5B, 7B, 22B.
 Graff, Eileen 1A, 2A, 20A, 22A.
 Haldane, Hilary E., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 11B, 20B, 22B.
 Harvey, Nola M., 1A, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7B, 11B.
 Henricks, Sheila J., 1A, 2A, 4B, 7B, 11B.

- Holliday, Lorraine A., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 20A.
 Hughes, Constances O., 1B, 3B, 7B(o), 20B.
 Ikin, Elleen H., 1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 11B.
 Ireland, Marie E. E., 1A, 2A, 6B, 7B.
 Irish, Coral G., 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Irish, Lola D., 1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 20B, 22B.
 James, Irene A., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 11A, 20A, 22A.
 Jennings, Joan M., 1B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
 Johanson, Doreen L., 1A, 2B, 4A, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Gore-Johnson, Lily, 1B, 4B, 7B, 11A.
 Johnston, Sybil, 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
 Jolly, Elsie B., 1B 2B, 5B, 11B, 22A.
 Jones, Joan O. T., 1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Jones, Phyllis, 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Karling, Linnea G., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B(o), 11A, 21B, 22A.
 Killingley, Lily M., 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 20B, 22A.
 Klaveren, Muriel E., 1B, 2B, 3B, 22A.
 Laidlaw, Elizabeth H., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 20B, 22A.
 Lamble, Beryl J., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 21A.
 Lane, Jean M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Lane, Pamela J., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 8B, 11B.
 Leask, Jessie M., 1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 11A.
 Lewis, Iris V., 1B, 2B, 7A 11B.
 Lounder, Grace I., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B(o), 11B.
 Lycett, Dorothy J., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B(o), 11B.
 MacKenna, Norah K., 1A, 2B, 6B, 7B.
 Mackie, Enid D., 1B, 2B, 3B, 20B, 22A.
 McDonald, Helen I., 1B, 2A, 4B, 11B.
 McNevin, Margaret E., 1B, 4B, 7B(o) 11B.
 McVicar, Margaret I., 1B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7A(o), 27A.
 Miles, Jean A., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Morris, Shirley E., 1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 7A(o), 8A(o), 11A.
 Mourant, Marcelle E., 1B, 2B, 5B, 11B, 20A, 22A.
 Murray, Jean L., 1B, 4B, 5B, 11B.
 Nairn, Alice S., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7A(o), 11B.
 Nash, Ellen M. D., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 22A.
 Noble, Mavis A., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 21A, 22A.
 Nolan, Joyce L., 1B, 4B, 12B, 20A, 22A.
 Palmer, Beatrice, 1B, 2B, 4B, 11B, 20B, 22A.
 Paterson, Joyce M., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 7A(o), 11B, 20B, 22A.
 Patterson, Florence F., 1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 7B, 8B, 11B.
 Pausey, Vera M., 1A, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
 Ralston, Jean M., 1B, 2B, 7B, 11B, 20B.
 Ravenscroft, Mona R. T., 1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 6B, 11A.
 Reece, Margaret, 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B(o), 11B.
 Reid, Olive V., 1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B(o), 11A.
 Richards, Maimie T., 1B, 2B, 3B, 20B, 22B.
 Roberts, Grace M., 1A, 2B, 5B, 7B(o), 11B, 21A.
 Roberts, Lucy M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 20B.
 Robinson, E. W., 1A, 2B, 3B, 7B(o) 11B, 20A, 22A, 5B.
 Robson, Doris, 1A, 2A, 5B, 6B, 7B(o).
 Roden, Berenice, 1B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
 Rogers, Joyce H., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A(o), 11A.
 Sandilands, Elsa F., 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 20B, 22B.
 Scott, Elizabeth, 1B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
 Scott, Ellen M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 20B.
 Selby, Gladys E., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
 Shanks, Wilga M., 1B, 4A, 5B, 7B, 11B, 20B.
 Shaw, Olive L., 1A, 2B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A(o), 11A, 21A.
 Sinclair, Jean, 1A, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
 Small, Jean F., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B.
 Smith, Elsie M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 8B, 11B.
 Southwell, Joyce M., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7B, 21B, 22B.
 Staples, Beryl M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B.
 Starling, Edna M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A.

Stenhouse, Joyce, 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B(o), 11A.
Still, Betty W., 1A, 2A, 4B, 6B, 7A, 11B.
Stronach, Jessie A., 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 21A, 22A.
Sutherland, Bessie, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.
Sykes, Catherine M., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A(o), 27A.
Tarilton, Wendela V. L., 1A, 2B, 6B, 7B(o).
Tenzer, Lillian D., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 11B, 7A(o).
Tipping, Neta E., 1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7A(o), 11B.
Trenerry, Rosa, 1B, 2B, 4B, 11B, 22B.
Utting, Jean, 1B, 2B, 4B, 21B.
Waddington, Lillian R., 1B, 4B, 11B, 21B, 22A.
Walker, Ruby C., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 21B, 22B.
Walter, Lorraine F., 1A, 2B, 7A, 11B.
Watson, Margaret M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 11A, 20A.
Watt, Jean M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
Whitworth, Ella, 1B, 2B, 4B, 7B(o), 11B.
Wiegold, Elsie H., 1B, 2B, 4B, 8B, 11B.
Williams, Joyce P., 1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B(o), 11B.
Williams, Marie J., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 21B, 22A.
Wilson, Marie E., 1B, 2B, 3B, 20A, 22B.
Wiltson, Marjorie M., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B.
Wingarten, Lillian E., 1B, 4A, 5B, 11B.
Wunder, Barbara J., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B(o), 11A.
Young, Margaret V., 1A, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B, 11A.

SPEECH DAY.

Groups of Fortians in white frocks, laughing and chattering as they strolled across the verdant lawns dotted with beds of brilliant flowers formed a pleasing picture on that bright morning of sunshine after rain. The Conservatorium of Music was their destination on that 18th day of December, and the occasion, perhaps the greatest in all the school year—Speech Day—a day of remembrance—one dear indeed to the hearts of all who have dwelt within the ancient walls of Fort Street in search of knowledge, wisdom and true worthiness.

Prize-winners and choir-girls filed down the long aisles and up to the platform, followed later by Miss Cohen and the Staff, whilst the front of the hall was filled with the remainder of the School, and the back stalls and gallery by old girls, parents and friends, of whom we were pleased to note a large attendance.

The School was delighted to welcome the two former Principals, Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise as visitors, and their present loved and honoured Principal, Miss Cohen, to each of whom bouquets were presented.

Visitors on the platform included: Dr. Constance D'Arcy, Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., Senior Inspector and Mrs. Elliott, Inspector and Mrs. Cramp,

Inspector and Mrs. Back and Inspector and Mrs. Craddock.

The singing of "Come Fortians, Fortians All" by the School opened the proceedings. During the morning several songs sweetly rendered by the Special Choir, under the competent baton of Miss Watts, entertained an appreciative audience. Miss Watts also delighted us by singing two songs, which were much appreciated by all.

Miss Cohen who has just completed her first year as Principal of the School, read the annual report of the work, sports, activities of the different societies and social service work, which proved most interesting and inspired many of us to essay yet nobler deeds than of those who have gone before us.

Dr. Constance D'Arcy urged every girl with the opportunity to take up a University course, saying that modern women must be thoroughly educated in order to maintain their position of equality with men in all walks of life and to fit themselves better for a useful life's work in the service of their country.

Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., by whose presence we felt honoured, said that he appreciated the active part which

the girls were taking in their sport, and he watched with interest the long lists of new victories won on that field of battle every year. He congratulated and praised for their sportsmanship the girls who thus added glory and honour to the name of the Fort Street Girls' High School. He also paid a compliment to the Debating Team, which had won all its public debates during the year. Mr. Clyne gave us the welcome news that as soon as possible after the approaches to the bridge are completed the Department of Education will have a large Assembly Hall built for us on an allotment which will then be added to the school grounds.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Elliott, Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, for so ably presiding and also to Mrs. Elliott who most kindly, according to long custom, presented the prizes and life-saving awards, speaking a word of praise and encouragement to each of the successful girls.

Mary Howard, the Captain for 1930, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Mrs. Elliott whose presence and interest were so much appreciated by the School, and the Captain Elect for 1931, Margaret McCandless, spoke a few well-chosen words of thanks to the Speakers.

With the singing of "The Best School of All" and the National Anthem the ceremony closed and the girls trooped out, all with a deep feeling of great reverence for their Alma Mater and the mingled longing and resolve to win still further laurels to lay at her feet.

S.S., 5B.

Following is a list of the prize-winners:

Dux of School: Maurine Deer.

Second Proficiency Prize: Muriel Campbell.

Dux of Year IV: Nellie Emmett.

Second Proficiency Prize: Doris Roy.

Dux of Year III: Betty Scott.

Second Proficiency Prize: Vera Pausey.

Dux of Year II: Doris Odgers.

Second Proficiency Prize: Olga Parker.

Dux of Year I: Kathleen Young.

Second Proficiency Prize: Joan Frazer, Dorothy Swinbourne (equal).

Special Prizes:

Ada Partridge Prize: Gwen Marchant.

Mollie Thornhill Prize: Doris Roy.

Mary Corringham Prizes for Short Story: Nancy Service (June), Elsa Hollander (December).

Joyce Koits prize for Poetry: Adele Bieri.

Spelling Bee, Year II: Marjorie Balmain.

Spelling Bee, Year I: Molly Moloney.

Scripture Prizes.

Presbyterian (Scripture and Shorter Catechism): Betty Scott (1), Ethel Thearle (2).

Scripture: Phyllis Weir (1).

Essay: Ethel Thearle.

Hebrew: Elsa Hollander, Yvonne Spiegel.

Sports Prizes.

Fort Street Boys' High School's Trophy: Jean McDonald.

Miss Cruise's Prize: Helen McDonald.

CERTIFICATES.

YEAR V.

English: Maurine Deer.

History: Muriel Campbell.

Latin: Wilga Johnson.

French: Wilga Johnson.

German: Joan Broady.

Mathematics: Cicely Beckwith, Alma Lassman (equal).

Mathematics (pass): Elsa Davidson.

Mechanics: Cicely Beckwith.

Chemistry: Jean Thistlethwayte,

Dorothy Brabyn (Prox. Acc.)

Botany: Eunice Brown, Elsa Davidson (equal).

Geology: Jean Cameron.

Geography: Jean Cameron, Eunice Brown (equal).

Ancient History: Muriel Campbell.

Art: Mavis Robbins.

Needlework: Lillian Ackland.

Economics: Joyce Bannan.

Music: Marjorie Burton.

Physical Culture: Eunice Brown.

YEAR IV.

English: Adele Bieri.

History: Nellie Emmett.

French: Doris Roy.

Latin: Nellie Emmett, Doris Roy (Prox. Acc.)

German: Bertha Schwarzlose, Iris Tate (Prox. Acc.)

Mathematics: Nellie Emmett.

Mechanics: Doris Roy.

Chemistry: Thorá Bowen.

Botany: Ruth Fearnside.

Economics: Nancy Stuart.
 Geology: Ivy Beadle.
 Ancient History: Ivy Beadle.
 Art: Miriam Hughes.
 Needlework: Clarice Mayo.
 Music: Lorna Watt.
 Physical Culture: Jean Mort.

YEAR III.

English: Marie Aria, Vera Pausey
 (Prox. Acc.)
 History: Laura Booth.
 French: Elizabeth Scott.
 Latin: Elizabeth Scott.
 Greek: Vera Pausey.
 Mathematics I: Elizabeth Scott.
 Mathematics II: Elizabeth Scott.
 Elementary Science: Olive Shaw.
 German: Shirley Morris.
 Geography: Irene James.
 Art: Marcelle Mourant.
 Needlework: Joyce Paterson.
 Music: Mavis Noble.
 Physical Culture: Margaret Young.

YEAR II.

English: Loraine Thompson.
 History: Enid Smith.
 Latin: Marjorie Balmain.
 French: Loraine Thompson.
 Mathematics I: Dorothy Wilson.
 Mathematics II: Lilian Grimsley.
 Elementary Science: Lesbia Wright.
 Botany: Phyllis White.
 German: Doris Odgers.
 Latin (Special): Doris Odgers.
 Art: Ruth Watts, Lynette Bembrick
 (equal).
 Geography: Sylvia Ellis, Dulcie
 Penfold (equal).
 Music: Florence Howman.
 Needlework: Florence Howman.
 Physical Culture: Norma Scott,
 Grace Hancock (equal).

YEAR I.

English: Ruth Courtland.
 History: Ethel Flint.
 Latin: Dorothy Swinbourne, Nance
 Scott (Prox. Acc.)
 French: Joan Fraser, Kathleen
 Young (Prox. Acc.)
 German: Betty Roberts, Nance Scott
 (equal).
 Mathematics I: Joan Warren.
 Mathematics II: Dorothy Swin-
 bourne.
 Elementary Science: Lily Thomas.
 Geography: Phyllis Whitbread.
 Needlework: Iris Huxtable, Doris
 Stubbs (Prox. Acc.)
 Physical Culture: Novia Pogson.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

Season 1930-1931.

Award of Merit: J. Mort.

Bronze Cross: E. Glasson, B.
 Lamble, M. Balmain, J. Smith, M.
 Brownie, L. Moody, M. Barkl.

Bar to Bronze Medallion: B. Arm-
 strong, L. Arnold, M. Barkl, L.
 Moody, N. Finney.

Instructor's Certificate: B. Arm-
 strong, L. Arnold, A. Bieri, M. Barkl,
 L. Moody, P. Cowlshaw, N. Harvey,
 N. MacKenna, B. Mackenzie, J.
 Barden.

Teacher's Certificate: N. Harvey,
 N. MacKenna.

Bronze Medallion: B. Schwarzlose,
 A. Campbell, J. Barden, B. Condon,
 N. Harvey, N. Mackenna, S. Johnston,
 N. Service, H. Turner, D. Winter, M.
 McNevin, M. Brownie, Marjorie Bal-
 main, J. McDonald, E. Smith, M.
 McCormack, G. Hanscombe, M. Gate-
 ly, J. Russ, W. Shanks, L. Tottenham,
 I. Burdon, D. Winter, N. Thompson,
 E. Hill, D. Miles, H. Rose, R.
 Leonard, N. McLintock, J. Miles, D.
 Wilson, I. Walsh, H. Dalziel, N.
 Scott, E. Straughan, M. McCarthy, E.
 Mylott, M. Makim, H. Soutar, M.
 Chapman, D. Chandler.

Proficiency Certificate Label: G.
 Maddocks, P. Quirk, B. Kent, L.
 O'Rourke, D. Tilly.

Proficiency Certificate: J. Bonamy,
 M. Makim, Y. Roberts, J. Whyte, D.
 Wilson, I. Dutton, D. Chandler, R.
 Bonthorne, E. Thornton, A. Miles.

Elementary Certificate: A. Miles.
 Mrs. Griffin and these successful
 candidates are to be congratulated on
 such a splendid record.

FIFTH YEAR'S PARTING GIFT.

The School is indebted to the Fifth
 Year Girls of 1930 for the gift of a
 very handsome plated rose bowl,
 which is to be awarded to the class
 gaining the highest number of points
 in Athletics at the Winter Carnival.

On Farewell Day, Mary Howard,
 Captain of the School 1930, presented
 it to Ruth Harris, the representative
 of 2F. It now adorns the room of
 3F, who hope to retain it during their
 progress through the School.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Staff Representatives on the Committee for 1931 are: Miss Cohen, Principal, Misses Blume, Turner, Chapman, Weston (Treasurer) and Mrs. Griffin.

At the beginning of the school year the following girls were elected as members of the Committee. Fifth-year Representatives: Thora Bowen and Sylvia Dalton; Fourth-year Representative: Nola Harvey; Third-year Representative: Marjorie Balmain; Second-year Representative: Lois O'Rourke; First-year Representative: Nancy Light. Beryl Lamble was elected Secretary and Margaret McCandless, the Captain of the School, is ex-officio, a member.

The first meeting for the current year was held on February 26th, and the business transacted mainly concerned sport.

The work so far performed by the Association is indicative of the success of its endeavour to regulate the various matters brought before it in a manner satisfactory to the girls, the Staff, and the Head Mistress, to whom we are all indebted for her untiring work and thought for our general advancement in school life.

BERYL LAMBLE,
Secretary.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

A harvest of valuable information may be gathered from the Reference Library, which is open for the purpose of lending on Tuesdays and Fridays at the eleven o'clock recess. Many girls of the Upper School are availing themselves of the splendid opportunities afforded them; and the Library is always well-filled in the period after school.

We, the Librarians, would like to thank two of our last year's Fifts, Elsa Davidson and Alma Lassman for completing the new catalogue system, and leaving everything in such excellent order for us.

Margaret McVicar,
Cathie Sykes,
Sylvia Durst,
Joyce Rogers,) Librarians

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

A. A. Milne's interesting play, "Mr. Pim Passes By", which will be produced at the end of the term by Miss Purcell, is being rehearsed; and

monthly Dramatic Readings by the members, grouped in their years, will begin in April, under the supervision of Mrs. Robertson. Members taking part in these readings have an opportunity of showing their ability in dramatic work.

M. McVICAR,
Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union commenced the year with a general meeting, held in "Old Gym", to which Fourth and Fifth Years were invited. We were very pleased with the number of Fourth Years who attended and we hope that their enthusiasm, which was evident, will continue and encourage other girls to take part in our meetings which are most interesting.

At this meeting Dorothy Brabyn read a very satisfactory report of the Union's work for last year, which was an important one for it was our first year of affiliation with the Australian Student Christian Movement.

We were very glad to welcome Miss Spencer, a new member of the Staff, to our Christian Union. Miss Spencer's arrival has enabled us to extend our membership to Third Years. We now have three Bible Study Circles in Fifth, Fourth and Third Years, respectively, and we very much appreciate the interest shown in this work by our leaders, Miss Lesslie, Miss Mackaness and Miss Spencer.

—DOREEN MILES.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

The Special Choir continues to meet every Tuesday afternoon under the able guidance of Miss Watts. The enrolment this year is a record one, more than a hundred and fifty girls attending. The girls are working enthusiastically and several new songs have already been added to our repertoire.

On Wednesday, March 25th, a party of nineteen girls accompanied Miss Watts to Randwick Military Hospital. The patients greatly enjoyed the songs which were rendered by the party and by our soloists, Nellie Finney, Lesley Arnold and Novia Pogson. The men expressed the hope that we would pay them another visit, and one of the girls replied that it was as great a pleasure for us to sing to them as it was for them to listen to us.

The Choir extends to Miss Watts a hearty vote of thanks for her untiring interest in its work.

DORIS ROY, 5A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society held its annual meeting on Tuesday, 10th February in the Old Gymnasium, when the office-bearers for 1931 were elected. The results are as follows: Sylvia Dalton, President; Flora Carroll, Secretary; Year Representatives, Dorothy Coleman, Sybil Johnston, Mabel McCormack, Mary Robinson and Iris Morgan.

The first debate was held after school on Thursday, March 5th, in the Old Gymnasium. The subject was "That country life is preferable to city life." The Government was supported by Joyce Bannan, Dorothy Coleman and Beriha Schwarzlose; and the Opposition by Verna Cann, Nellie Emmett and Sylvia Dalton. The debate resulted in a victory for the Opposition. The attendance was excellent, 95 being present.

The second debate was held on Thursday afternoon, 26th March, the subject, "That the cost of the present system of government is too heavy for Australia" was discussed by Fifth Year girls. The Opposition won the debate by a victory of 46 points to 37. Again the attendance was excellent (103).

FLORA CARROLL,
Secretary.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

As the girls have responded so generously to the appeal for books, the School Fiction Library will be re-opened as soon as the books have been covered and catalogued.

The librarians wish to thank all those who have contributed so splendidly and would be grateful for any further help.

Any story book suitable for this library will be most acceptable.

(Sylvia Brown,)
(Betty Buchan,) Librarians.

FORT STREET SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Contrary to all our hopes and expectations the morning of March 2nd dawned grey and foreboding and our spirits sank to zero; however hope revived somewhat when we saw gloomy Essex Street bedecked with yards of gay ribbons inviting King Sol to come out from behind his covers and rival their bright hues, but for once he failed us.

As usual lessons dragged wearily on and spirits were at their highest pitch and almost beyond control when the once-wonderful siren screamed. Books were put away, lunches hastily eaten, toilets made and then came the journey to the Aquarium. At last the "crawling" trams reached Coogee and time dragged on till the first "Go!" was shouted and with much cheering from the excited onlookers, the carnival commenced.

We must heartily congratulate Joan Notting and Jean McDonald on winning the Senior and Junior Cups respectively, and on their splendid exhibition of swimming. Norma Scott also deserves credit, for she swam well in all her events and put up a

brave fight against all other competitors. Others girls, as well, swam brilliantly and hopes beat high when we see that these girls will carry Fort Street's honour as high above all others as those who have gone before.

The old girls' race created hilarious amusement, because the two competitors Helen McDonald and Clarice Kennedy in a keenly fought race romped home together! Clarice also delighted us with a wonderful exhibition of diving.

It tried hard to rain all the afternoon and though it finally did succeed, it did not dampen spirits in the balloon race.

We must thank Messrs. Griffiths and Hellings for the splendid help that they gave, and Mrs. Griffin for her excellent training and organization which made the carnival such a success.

The successful competitors were as follows:—

School Championship (100yds.):
Joan Notting, 1; N. Scott, 2; L. Kingham, 3.



Miss Cohen, Principal, presenting the Senior Cup to Joan Notting.

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

17 Years Championship: J. Notting, 1; M. West, 2; L. Watt, 3.
 16 Years Championship: D. Diamond 1; P. Branch, 2; J. Stenhouse, 3.
 15 Years Championship: L. Kingham, 1; M. Clarke, 2; P. Martin, 3.
 14 Years Championship: J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2; E. Paull, 3
 13 Years Championship: J. Ford, 1; L. O'Rourke, 2; H. Soutar, 3.
 12 Years Championship: B. McVicar 1; W. Shade, 2; D. Tilly, 3.
 Senior Championship (33yds.): A. Bieri, 1; B. Schwarzlose, 2; B. Condon, 3.
 Junior Championship (33yds.): C. Parkinson, 1; M. Gately, 2; L. O'Rourke, 3.
 Inter-Year Relay: Year III, 1; Year V, 2; Year II, 3.
 Junior Championship (50yds.): J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2; E. Paull, 3.
 Breast Stroke Championship: J. McDonald, 1; N. Light, 2; M. Balmain, 3.

Back Stroke Championship: J. Smith, 1; P. Martin, 2; L. Kingham, 3.
 Junior Breast Stroke, J. McDonald, 1; N. Light, 2; M. Balmain, 3.
 Junior Back Stroke: L. Davis, 1; L. O'Rourke, 2; V. Ford, 3.
 Diving Championship: D. Diamond, 1; N. Light, 2; L. O'Rourke, 3.
 Junior Diving: L. O'Rourke, 1; A. Miles, 2; D. Tilly, 3.
 Object Diving: A. Sims, 1; D. Diamond, 2; G. Maddocks, W. Shanks, 3.
 Rescue Race: Jean McDonald, N. Light, 1.
 Junior Rescue: N. Light, L. O'Rourke, 1.
 Six-Oar Race: P. Branch, L. Kingham, J. Notting, 1.
 Old Girls' Race: C. Kennedy, H. McDonald, 1.
 Balloon Race: Joan Russ.

EVE BORNSTEIN, 4A.

THE MARY CORRINGHAM PRIZE, 1930.

There were many entries for the prize offered by Mary Corringham for the best short story written in the second half of 1930.

Elsa Hollander of 4B was the prize winner, and her story "Ideals" is printed below.

"IDEALS."

Radiant sunshine fell brightly on the Harbour, which served to gladden the eyes of beauty lovers by showing up its wonders to the best advantage. The two men on the outside seats of the ferry were talking, so the scenery was passed unnoticed. Firm friends, they often spent the long morning Harbour trip in discussing their troubles and airing their views on life.

The elder man pointed the stem of his pipe towards the North Shore Bridge, which the distance had transformed into a shining path, spanning Heaven.

"Wonderful thing" he said "it always seems to me that more lies behind the structure than the building of it "

"What do you mean?" asked the younger man doubtfully.

"Do you believe in a man having ideals?" asked the other.

"Ideals? Of course! Every man has his own, however practical he considers himself."

"Even if it is only a woman or a tradition?" suggested the elder man. His companion nodded, and commenced to roll a cigarette, carefully holding the tobacco shreds well away from the wind.

The elder man moved slightly in his seat and commenced to speak. "You know," he said, "My old Dad had his own theory about ideals. I don't mean mere boyish feelings, but the emotions of men. The man who plan-

ned that bridge was trying to represent his ideal, in his case, a mechanical and engineering feat. Dad said every man should choose a great and noble ideal, and try to live up to it through life."

The younger man puffed contentedly at his completed cigarette. "Sounds as if there might be a story attached to that. Fire away, old chap, we've tons of time."

The elder man smiled. "Well, you know how fond I am of telling a tale. This is what Dad told me to support his theory. You can decide for yourself whether he was right or not"

"A young man came tramping through the bush. He had not a care in the world, and he whistled gaily as he went along. Bush birds were flying overhead, and two kookaburras laughed in a gum tree as if the warm, sunny day had made them happy. By and by the trees thinned out, and the grass grew in clear patches. Here and there a waratah flamed, and full blown wattle blossoms glowed like living gold.

This was a practical young man, never given to foolish fancies, but at the clearing he stopped short in amazement. Before him stood a very old gum tree, with gnarled and twisted boughs, a very monarch of the bush, grown old amongst his subjects. One bough hung low, and perched lightly on it was a radiant being.

Was it a vision, or a beautiful human girl? Her face was perfect, and her eyes bright, her beauty that of absolute purity. A pale cloud seemed to envelope her, out of which she shone like a star. The flowers were no more graceful than she, their nectar no sweeter, their blooms no less flawless.

The young man had never seen anything like this before. Love arose in his heart when he looked into the eyes of the maiden. Dazed, he took a step forward. Then she spoke. "I was destined for you," she said, "but you must prove your worth. Ten years you shall spend in service for your fellow-men. If you have lived perfectly, return to this tree in ten years' time. Through all the years you will not forget me."

A cloud passed over the sun, and she was gone.

A man came hurrying through the bush. He had passed his first youth, but was still young. His step was firm, his head was high, and he looked a man to the core.

For ten long years the words of the maiden had echoed in his heart. Yet when one is young and handsome and popular, it is difficult to be wholly unselfish.

The clearing came into sight, and he caught his breath as he saw the beautiful maiden in the same position as she had been on the first occasion he saw her. Somehow she looked older, though still beautiful, but in a maturer way. She began to speak immediately he reached the tree.

"I knew you would come," she said, "you could not help it. Look into my eyes and see if you are worthy."

He complied with her request. The blue depths seemed to mirror strange scenes. He saw himself basking in the adulation which he took as his right—suddenly feeling serious and meditating alone—considering himself high-minded, and others commonplace. Just an ordinary man, not bad, not very deep; no more and no less.

"It is your fault," he said harshly, realising his shallowness. "But for you I could have lived my life contentedly. Each time I set my mind to anything, a vision of you arose. If you had any feeling you would have pitied me."

"Pitied you?" came quietly. "No! I despised you. The whole world is for you, and you pass unseeing. You had an ideal to live up to, and you let it slip. A man is not put into the world merely to admire what is already there. He should be a gardener, ready to pull out weeds and add to the garden's beauty. This can only be done by perseverance. You have added twenty years to the time of our next meeting. Farewell!"

Twenty years! It came back on the breeze like the throbbing of a violin string. Twenty years!

The scenery had changed in the clearing. Trees had sprung up, and the grass was so thick that it hardly could be called a clearing at all. The ground had become marshy, and toadstools looked like white-capped goblins waist-deep in the ground. The staunch old gum tree had weathered

Many a storm, and its tough bark hung in strips, hanging like a woman's hair.

He was bent now, a little too tired with life's burdens to stand upright. The gray eyes had become dim, and the crisp brown hair was almost silver. He walked slowly, finding his way by instinct, so greatly had the place changed.

She was there, as he knew she would be, and he was shocked by the change in her. Her raven hair had greyed, and the sparkle in her eyes had vanished, and given place to serenity. Yet she was fair to look upon.

The man felt confident that his reward was near, and he looked trustingly into the steadfast eyes.

He saw himself again through the long years, beloved by all—returning good for evil—his lips uttering words to cheer the ailing and unfortunate.

Then he visualised himself as he was several years back, called at midnight to visit a sick man several streets away. Well-known for his good heart, he naturally was called, and he responded. With all possible speed he set out, and as he reached the man's door, a woman pulled at his arm. "Sir, help me, I am starving!" ! He had gently brushed her aside, telling her to wait until he came out again. The sick man received him gladly, and the woman outside was forgotten. At dawn he had crept out for fresh air, and found the woman on the doorstep—dead.

With a start the man became conscious of his surroundings. Leaves were rustling, wind lifted, as she spoke. "I was the woman you spurned and left to starve. Doing good is not sufficient if it cannot survive a crisis. I suffer when you fail. This is your last opportunity, for these next ten years end everything. Do not fail me now!"

He stretched out pitiful groping hands towards the tree, and twining his arms about the lowest bough, he cried like a spoilt child.

Ever now he had not learned his lesson. The teacher was exacting, but surely the reward must compensate?

The last ten years had passed, ten beautifully lived years. Old age had

wrapped him round like a garment, gently, protectingly.

His expression was that of a man who had lived up to an ideal, and confidently he went to the tree.

Only a small boy saw him go. The little fellow determined to follow him, from curiosity, knowing he would be treated as a hero if he discovered something unusual. A relater of gossip or scandal is always certain of an appreciative audience.

The man walked very slowly into the bush, unaware that a bright-eyed boy was following him.

Alan came home that night round-eyed with wonder. He was so silent that his mother asked him where he had been, and soon learned the whole matter.

He said he had followed the Good Man (so named by those who loved him) into the bush. They went a long, long way, and did not stop until he came to an old tree.

Then the Good Man actually ran—ran forward like a boy. He was very queer, throwing his arms about the tree and shouting for joy.

The boy, thinking he was mad, had crept under a thick bush for shelter. The Good Man had talked aloud for some time, but no one else was there.

Then Alan said the Good Man slipped down to the bottom of the tree and went to sleep. He was afraid to go near him; lest he should wake and scold him for spying. Then he found his way home, and that was all.

The elder folks thought the lad must have dreamed it, but they never saw the Good Man again. They searched the bush, but it kept its secret well, even rendering it impossible to seek the tree by destroying it by bush fires. Wise Mother Nature!

The Good Man had received his reward, known to no man."

"Well, what's the verdict?"

The younger man was steeped in thought, and slowly replied, "I wonder was it worth while? He lived up to his ideal, but —"

"But what?"

"But that's only a story. No man would ever be like that."

"Perhaps not. You've missed the point."

The younger man arose and edged towards the gangway. He spoke over his shoulder. "Give me concrete examples of living up to ideals, not a story."

"I can only give my opinion, and it's just this:—In spite of himself each man has an ideal which is constantly in his mind's eye. If he fails in anything, his ideal seems farther off, but is still there.

Perseverance is everything, for no one arrives anywhere without it. Ideals are stepping stones to achievement, and the visionary hope becomes the concrete one. Men spend years striving to reach the standard of the

ideal they themselves set up. The story I told shows how hard it is to do this.

Some arrive too late, (having wasted time) as the Good Man did. A poet or an artist passes his life trying to express his ideal concretely, while ordinary people are content to keep theirs in their minds. Without ideals there would be nothing romantic or sentimental to sweeten the workaday world. They make living a glorious privilege."

There was a crash as the gangplank fell on the deck.

ELSA HOLLANDER.

A PEEP AT ST. PHILIP'S—PAST AND PRESENT.

Very close to Fort Street, on the summit of Church Hill, with its tower still keeping guard, as a faithful sentinel over the old city, stands the historical Anglican Church of St. Philip, which was consecrated seventy-seven years ago. But the original church, built long before, also on Church Hill was used for services as early as 1810, when Samuel Marsden was a prominent minister there.

The name "St. Philip" was given to the church in honour of the first Governor of New South Wales; the parish then including Sydney, Petersham, Bulanaming, Concord and Liberty Plains.

Both Governors Hunter and King were connected with the erection of St. Philip's; and it is interesting to note that the meeting called by Johnson and Macarthur to discuss the deposition of Governor Bligh took place in the church itself.

Many prominent ministers have held office at St. Philip's, including the Rev. Samuel Marsden, Dean Cowper, Rev. John Elder, Canon O'Reilly, Archdeacon Langley and Canon Bellingham.

The first Sunday School classes were held in 1820, and a Library was opened in 1844.

Then in 1848, the foundation stone of a new church was laid and the new St. Philip's was built at a cost of £18,000; £2,000 of which was required for the tower.

Walking along one afternoon I chanced to enter the grounds of St. Philip's. The fresh green lawns surrounding the church afford a pleasing contrast with the dark stone walls, and the flagged paths add a touch of old-world beauty to the appearance of the church.

The old stone building, suggesting so vividly the time-worn abbeys of mediaeval England, the stained-glass windows framed in the picturesque arches, the grandeur of the old tower create a sacred atmosphere that impresses one deeply.

Seeing the door open, I accepted its mute invitation and entered. The interior is also inspiring—the carved stone columns and arches add to the dignity of the structure, and the stone font situated in a central position, is the same one that stood in St. Philip's in 1814—117 years ago.

The organ built into the northern side of the church is the one bought for the new St. Philip's in 1856. Previous to that time, three persons were required to control the organ—a bellows-blower, a stop-drawer and an organist. We know that in early times the military band used to join in the services, and the bassoon, clarinet and flutes were played by the choir for seven years but were laid aside in 1835. How inspiring those musical services must have been!

The pulpit and the reading-desk both of sculptured stone are interesting features of the Church. Through the centre of the building is the tiled aisle leading to the chancel, which is approached by white marble steps. In the chancel are stained glass windows of most beautiful, rich colourings, suggesting so many lovely thoughts.

In the extreme eastern end, in the chancel, set forth on tablets on either side of the Communion Table are the Creed, Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. The floor of the chancel is composed of tiny tiles placed together to form mosaic. The lower walls in this part of the church are hung with deep red curtains, relieving the bareness of the stone.

There are also two very highly prized books at the church—a Bible and a Prayer-book, dated Botany Bay, 1786; and a set of Communion Plate presented to St. Philip's by King George III, 1803.

The most interesting part of the building is the tower. The first square tower 150 feet high was erected by Governor Hunter, and the clock was placed in position and commenced its work in 1798.

A severe gale in the following year destroyed one side of the clock tower, though the clock was practically undamaged; later however the tow-

er fell after a severe storm. Governor King erected a round tower, but the one standing to-day was of course, built with the new church.

The peal of eight small bells, brought out by Governor Hunter was first rung in 1807; we can well imagine the feeling of those homesick people on hearing the bells of St. Philip's bringing to them memories of their distant homeland, and of their dearly-loved churches there. In 1858 other bells were presented to the church.

To begin the ascent of the tower, one climbs a spiral staircase which is completely dark except for the light which enters by a small slit in the wall. From the first storey an excellent view of the church is obtained. The next room is that of the bell-ringers with its ten ropes passing through the ceiling; and on the wall are photographs of groups of bell-ringers, including the Victorian team, which visited St. Philip's in 1890.

A ladder from this room brings one to the clock-room, and above this is the room containing the bells.

Thus to-day, the one sanctuary of peace and holiness in the busy world around it stands St. Philip's, a glorious monument to the ideals of the early settlers.

C.S., 4A.

RAPHAEL AND THE CHERUBS.

Of all the Old Masters, my favourite painter is Raphael. At first his lovely Madonnas attracted me, but, beautiful as they are, it is in something else that his chief charm lies. In his most famous painting, the "Madonna di San Sisto," after you are able to remove your eyes from the lovely central figures, you will see countless other smaller figures—roguish little boy angels—and once you begin to study these fascinating little rascals, you will have to confess that they are irresistible. Nor is this the only picture in which they are shown; they have fluttered their way through most of his masterpieces.

And this is how they came there. They had been behaving so disgracefully in Heaven, shrieking and playing

marbles on the golden paving stones, that they were despatched to Earth, to inspire Raphael. For a while they carried out their instructions to the letter, but, as the picture was nearing completion, one of them, bolder than the rest, said, "Please, Raphael, couldn't you put me in, too. I'm quite pretty enough!" Well, this was true, and as Raphael was unwilling to hurt the little fellow's feelings, he at last consented to "put him in", leaning out of the bottom of the picture, gazing soulfully upwards; and really, it was quite a success.

But then the trouble began. Every one of those vain little Cherubs wanted to be painted! So Raphael put another beside the first. And still the rest clamoured, "Please put us in

too! We don't want to be ornamental; we'll help hold up the clouds!" So finally quite a number of them were disporting themselves on the canvas, pretending to "hold up the clouds," but in reality, doing their utmost to get every part of their small plump persons depicted.

When this picture was finished, they were so pleased with their success as models that they plagued poor Raphael to paint them again. For several years this went on until at last they grew so conceited that they decided to make him paint them alone. So they formed a conspiracy and carried Raphael off to Heaven. It was very selfish of them, for he was still far too young to leave this world. Perhaps pretty little boy angels are always thoughtless. But when they

reached Paradise, the Lady of the Heavens, whom Raphael had so often painted on earth, took him to be her very own artist, and left all the Cherubs desolate.

They sulked for a little while, until one of them, fluttering round the world, managed to insinuate himself into a poem in the guise of a little Pagan Cupid, and immediately the others all began to tease the poets to write about them too. Nearly all the great poets have sung of them, which is far more than they deserve.

Yet despite their naughtiness, I really am quite attached to these Cherubs, and I can never repress a smile on beholding their angelic countenances.

ADELE BIERI, 5B.

THE MUSICIAN.

Strolling down a country lane one day, wrapt in thought, I noticed a little weather-board cottage nestling among the evergreen vines and poplar trees. Now, I was very thirsty and needed refreshment; would I go back to the dusty town or beg a drink here? The sight of a rockery behind the gate of the cottage made me decide on the latter course.

Pushing open the rustic gate I stepped inside. "Anne's House of Dreams" I murmured, as I gazed around. Flowers grew on one side in great confusion, yet their colours harmonised. Walking carefully, I picked out my way towards the cottage, for there was no pathway. On my other side ferns grew in abundance, big ones and little ones, soft, flaky ferns and stout evergreens.

Who would greet me? Would it be a dear little lady in a lace cap, or a brusque, burly man?

But neither of these characters greeted me, yet I stopped spell-bound. The sweetest of strains was wafted dreamily to me; 'twas an old-time country dance tune and— was I dreaming? Around the rockery were swaying gently six lovely maidens dressed in quaint old-fashioned gowns, as charming as themselves. How sweetly they smiled as their partners claimed them and together they danc-

ed a delightful minuet to the tune of the hidden musician.

The dancers went gracefully out of sight and I advanced to an open window from which the strains still issued. Now the musician was playing the immortal "Messiah" with such fervour as only a genius could express. It seemed as though Handel himself were playing it, so inspiring was it. As the last few chords died away, I looked in and saw—no white-haired musician, but a boy of about twelve years.

His chestnut brown hair lay in curls on his brow, his deep-set brown eyes met mine in a frank look, and a flush illumined the pallor of his smooth olive skin. Then he smiled. Ah! such a smile! In it I read friendship and courage, two things which go side by side through life—flashed to me by his pearly teeth.

"Who are you?" he asked me in a rich tone. "That is of no consequence," I answered, "but who are you, my lad?"

Dauntless he flung back his answer, "Giovanni Merlis," he answered. "Do you like music?" I asked. "Aye," he replied, "one day I will be a great musician, like my father." The last was added with a touch of pride.

Yes, little Giovanni, you will be a great musician. 'Tis of you I am thinking now and of the day when the world shall acknowledge the son of one of its greatest musicians.

Giovanni knows he will be a musician and the ideal of being true to his genius inspires him onward. Surely he who seeks a higher level shall attain it.

JEAN UTTING, 4C.

THE DAWN MAIDEN.

Cool was the air, and calm the wind, as the moon like a silver galleon stealing across a sea of the deepest blue, glided through the western gates of the sky. The stars, one by one, dimmed their light until their faint beams could not pierce the pale mists draping the forest. The velvet sky was silent and void.

Then came the Dawn Maiden, shedding her silver splendour about her as she flitted between the tall forest giants, whose leaves were drifting down like golden butterflies. It was Autumn and the whole forest was a glory of golden brown and crimson. She was very quiet and pensive now. In summer and spring she ran through the forest singing, while in winter she crept almost furtively, with her cloak of mist drawn tightly around her.

Soon she came to a long grove of pine trees, so solemn, so majestic, they seemed to be pillars lining an enormous cathedral. The spreading boughs met, far above her head, forming an arched roof, and the high peaks decked the top like spires. Faint rays of grey light flittered softly through and all seemed directed on the Dawn Maiden as she made her way over a fragrant carpet of pine needles to the head of the grove, where there was a natural throne-like seat in a huge boulder. On seating herself there, from between the pines came dryads of marvellous beauty—the daughters of the Morning. They were clad in pure white and their dark hair was wreathed with flowers of perfect white. They danced to the strains of mocking music, which seemed to come first from one place, then another.

O, how they danced—now swaying like wind-swept roses, now pirouetting lightly, with their dresses floating like clouds about them. Then they began to sing—to sing the praises of the approaching day. Never was there such melody as this! How can it be described? It was like the notes of water spraying from a fountain, it was almost as divine as the song of the Heavenly Seraphim!

The Dawn Maiden, reclined on her throne, rested her finely-cut chin on her delicate white hand as she watched. Then with a burst of brilliant chords the music ended gloriously, while the dryads formed a tableau like a sheaf of graceful lilies—each a proud, beautiful princess.

At that moment a sweet pure note rang through the forest and broke into a thousand echoes. The Dawn Maiden awoke with a start from her reverie. At a gesture from their mistress the dryads disappeared as a fleet-footed messenger came swiftly into the grove. By his side, suspended on a silken cord, was the silver horn which he had blown to warn the Dawn Maiden. Dropping on his knee before her, he said, "Madam, the Sun! He has come!"

The Dawn Maiden stood up and with that faint mocking music as her only escort, she walked down the grove to greet the sun whose kind face smiled from behind a cloud at the ecstatic welcome from the birds. Then as suddenly as she had come the Dawn Maiden disappeared, until once more the night faded and summoned her to usher in the day.

JOYCE ROGERS, 4A.

DREAMS THAT FADE.

There were trees on every side, with the path before. The air was full of the pervading smell of wild flowers. Tired yet happy, I made my way homewards. I came to the top of the hill and there, spread before me, was the river. It was the same familiar river but a strangely beautiful one, for it was sunset. From where I stood I could see straight "up river," with several giant hills overlooking it. Two, like grim sentinels, stand out on either side guarding, as it were, the very river itself. By some sudden bend of the river the southern sentinel seems to adjoin the central hill. This, in its turn, merges into another, which in its turn joins the remaining northern sentinel. The rugged beauty of these hills gave an added grandeur to the scene. Over the central hill, which is due west, the glorious golden orb, King Sol, slowly turned away, and sank, 'midst a glory of gold. The sky was lit up with marvellous hues. The most striking colours were red, orange and gold. Just above the hill I saw the City of My Dreams. It was, indeed, a wonderful city—just the outline of one—orange tinged with a glorious gold. Oh, how I would love to dwell in my city—that City of the Clouds!

The sky was illuminated with beautiful colours. Close to the cloud city was a lovely island, almost a part of the city itself. This island was set in a sea of pale green. The gold shining on the blue formed a wonderful pale sea-green. As my eye travelled along in line with the "Isle of Beauty," I saw some rocks. First there was just one rock, a dash of purple

shade, then two larger ones with a small space in between. Yet they were wide enough apart seemingly to form heads. They were unlike, yet like, our Sydney Heads. But the strange part about them was that there was no harbour or coastline, unless the hill formed one. Even if it did, there was a large stretch of sea in between these "Heavenly Heads" and the hill.

Even as I watched I could see my city slowly fading. All the colours of the sky changed—some fading, others deepening. Once more, I gazed longingly at my dream city, then made my way down the hill. As I walked down the steps I saw it fade. That glorious dream had vanished.

When I reached the verandah of our home the red had deepened. The isle and city had both disappeared, but the calm sea remained. All the time the colours changed as a chameleon changes the hue of its coat, until at last all the beautiful shades were gone. They had all vanished and dark purple-black splashes of colour remained. Gradually these deepened and at last night descended.

Gone was that wondrous golden scene
Gone all the colours fair,
Gone my City and gone my Sea,
And the heads that seemed so bare.

For Night had come with her velvet
cape,
To wrap the wide world round,
She'd come, alas, when the sun had
set,
To cover the warm dark ground.

JEAN CHAPMAN, 2A.

A DREAM CASTLE.

I'd like a castle in the air,
It would be splendid fun;
I'd spend 'most all my spare time
there.
Oh, just a little one!

The walls must be a golden hue,
The floor of peerless white,
The high domed roof of midnight
blue,
Ashine with soft starlight.

And there I'd store my treasures
dear,
And people all its halls
With dream-folk, who with song would
cheer
My heart when working palls.

JOYCE ROGERS, 4A.

TRAVEL.

A ship of dreams upon the sea—
A sea of drifting mist,
Yes, that's the scene that comes to
me—

A ship, a star, dream-kis't.

Its sails are made of moonlight pale
That carry it through space,
So that it brings me within hail
Of many a fairy place.

But all these things are fancied ones,
Yet giving me desire
To see the land of midnight suns
And roam the tropic seas.

The glamour of the East entralls,
Dark Africa brings a thrill,
Vast Canada—the forest calls,
Old England's better still.

The glory that was Greece still lives,
'Mid crumbling ruins doth hide,
Australia is a land that gives
A wave of national pride.

And as we travel to each part
We feel a sense of awe,
But then, the garden of our heart
Is to be treasured more.

JOYCE ROGERS, 4A.

A SPRING SURPRISE.

I was sitting in the garden
In the early days of Spring,
When the sudden note of song-birds
Like a crystal bell did ring.
Then the Canterbury bells there
Started swaying to and fro,
They were chiming, they were ring-
ing,
In a tone so sweet and low.

They brought back scenes of child-
hood,
And the scenes of days gone by—
Of the present and the future—
Striking keys of memory;
I can hear them ringing, ringing,
And I hope I ever will,
And that when I'm old and lonesome
I shall hear them ringing still.

MAY HOOKER, 4B.

A MOONLIGHT DANCE.

It was a cool spring moonlight night,
The owls were hooting with delight,
Although the birds had gone to rest,
The frogs and crickets sang their
best.

The moon was high up in the sky
When fluttering fire flies danced by,
And then the elves came out to play,
The garies they had not played all
day.

With joy they formed a merry ring
And then began to dance and sing.

They danced and sang as night went
on

The nightingale sang them her song,
And then alas to their dismay,
Dawn showed the sign of break of
day;

So mumbling softly to themselves
They ran away as do all elves
When break of day shows sign for
work,

And woe betide an elf that lurks!

KATHLEEN MUNRO, 1B.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

This simple flower, betrays my heart,
And breathes for me the wish I
wot;

It bids my thoughts to language start,
And asks thee to Forget-Me-Not.

Across the land and o'er the sea
No matter where it is we be,

I'll think of you, and you of me,
And truest friends we'll always be.
"Autumn Leaves", 1B.

THE SEAGULL'S FLIGHT.

When stormy winds around us shriek,
 And waves are tossing high,
 When all around there's naught but
 sound
 Then fly the seagulls by.

Then by the river do they stay
 Till all is calm again:
 And then the sea, sighs 'Come to
 me,
 No matter if it rain."

They sail aloft with outspread wings,
 They are a pretty sight;
 The river's gleam, to them doth seem,
 A sign to end their flight.

And back as if by magic force,
 The seagulls they do fly.
 Far out at sea, is where I'd be
 To watch them soar on high.

JEAN CHAPMAN, 2A.

NIGHT.

The night a beautiful lady is
 More beautiful than day,
 Her breath, it soothes our tired minds,
 Her robes are soft and grey.

Her eyes are soft with sweet, sad
 thoughts;
 Her hair is dark and long.
 Her voice is like the sighing pines;
 'Tis sweeter far than song.

Her step is imperceptible
 As o'er the world she goes;
 But where she dwells or whence she
 comes
 No living creature knows.

WEST WIND, 3C.

MOON-BEAMS.

Playing lightly o'er the lakes,
 Dancing o'er the stream;
 Soft, the silver greyness shakes,
 Like a fairy dream.

Over ferns and mountains prancing,
 Shining thro' the trees;
 Glimmering lights of moonbeams
 dancing,
 Like a whispering breeze.

Tripping o'er the crooning sea,
 Showing man his way;
 Guiding paths of destiny,
 Till the break of day.

"Jacqueline", 2B.

EVENING.

Each night the sun sinks in the west,
 Away on yonder azure hill;
 It sends its many golden rays
 To bid the earth "Good-night!"
 until,
 The glorious dawn of coming days.

And when the sun hath sunk to rest,
 Soft twilight fast descending,
 Shrouds the world in misty blue,
 The colours change to deeper blend-
 ing,
 From faintest gold to darker hue.

Then all is quiet, and stillness reigns,
 Over the weary earth and sea,
 Both bird and beast do gently sigh,
 And humans whisper peacefully,
 Prayers of thanks to God on high.

"Vesper", 2B.

MY DREAMS.

All yesterday I was dreaming,
Building my castles in Spain,
And I dreamed of fame and of riches,
And sighed that my dreams were in
vain.

To-day I shall dream that I'm trying
To work and to learn all I can—
To build up a worth-while castle,
Pleasing to God and to man.
"J.J.", 2B.

THOUGHTS.

As I look from my window,
I see the smoky town,
The drably coloured houses
I see, as I look down
From my window.

But I just like the country,
The freedom of the fields,
The pleasant scent of flowers.
The pleasure that it yields.

As I look from my window,
I see the ships in port,
The many busy sailors
With cargoes they have brought
I see them there.

But I just like the ocean;
The wavelets and the sands,
I like to watch the wild birds
Come back from sunny lands.
BARBARA WHITNEY, 2A.

WATTLE.

Fuffy golden wattle bloom,
Hiding all the dreadful gloom,
Bright'ning all the world around,
Shedding glory on the ground.

Fairies tripping o'er your leaves,
In the silv'ry moonlight eves,
Till the yellow rising sun
Sends them from their dance and
fun.

BESSIE HARRIS, 1B.

LONGING.

I long for bliss that cannot be
A wondrous, sublime ecstasy,
Of water in a forest heart
Of lacy growth where songsters
dart;

A silence deeper than the sea
And darker than eternity;
Of star-dust shivering in the sky
A yellow moon far upon high.

The mopoke's call comes unto me,
Through the trees comes yearn-
ingly;
While balmy is the smoky air
Where violets hide 'mid fernlets
fair.

When daylight falls upon each tree
Amber and gold fade lingeringly,
And leave their hues upon the
flowers
To robe them in the sunlight hours.

The breeze is making on the lea
And though the leaves comes noisily,
Then drops down slowly with a sigh,
For dusk and night are drawing
nigh.

Yet happiness is but to me,
A thing just dim and shadowy;
And all I love stays in my heart,
For I do play the saddest part.
"Ramonisque", 4A.

THE SLEEPING SHIP.

I saw a ship, a-swinging to and fro,
A sorry sight, asleep,
For here she lay, no more to sea
would go,
No more would rove the deep.

I read the faded name upon the prow,
It was "The Southern Queen,"
Her time was o'er, and useless she, I
know,
Her sides were slimy green.

Her decks were littered; chaos reign-
ed supreme,
Her hatches all were gone;
Her cabins musty. Was her life a
dream?
'Tis long ago, time flies.

Her battered sails were furled and
each tall mast,
A silent spectre, stood
Against the sky, and at the fore, nail-
ed fast,
A figure-head of wood.

Her fate is sealed and bruised is her
pride,
Her grave—a coral bed,
Awaits her burial; one day she will
glide
From out of sight, for aye!

How many a weary mile did she
traverse
Across the ocean wide,
How many a star hung in the universe
Her wanderings did guide?

What joys of hers and what ambitions
crushed,
And towards what did she strive?
Silent her plaint, the murm'ring
waves were hushed;
Oh, she asked but to live.
JOYCE ROGERS, 4A.

KING NEPTUNE'S PARTY.

In honour of his birthday,
The hundredth he had had—
King Neptune held a party,
For every lass and lad.
He sent out invitations
On seaweed smooth and green;
And to all the little extras
His fishy cooks had seen.
All day the cooks had hurried,
The dainties sweets to make;
But the crowning of the evening
Was to be his birthday cake.
'Twas decked all o'er with candles,
Which made a pretty sight;
And when the cooks looked at it
Their eyes shone with delight.
The night came decked with moon-
beams,
Which shone with extra light
Through the oriels of his palace,
And pierced the shadowy night

The fish swam up in hundreds
Coats polished to a sheen;
The lads with top hats shining,
The lassies all in green.
The gifts were good and bountiful—
He couldn't carry all;
And when he rose, they gave a cry
'That echoed round 'he hall.
He cut the cake and passed it round,
And each received a piece;
They tasted it, pronounced it good,
And proceeded with the feast.
And then were distributed
The novelties and toys;
Sea posies for the dainty girls,
And streamers for the boys.
The party was a great success,
With dancing, games and fun;
And all said they would come again
For birthday hundred and one!
E. EASTON, 3A.

REVENGE!

It was a dark and stormy night
(The first of many such)
When Marmaduke of Marmalade,
Went by with tapping crutch;
A witch at Marmaduke in wrath
Had used her evil eye,
With such effect that everyone
Expected him to die.
Look where, at yon high turret's top
His trembling daughter stands,
And wrings her tear-wet tresses out,
With both her snow-white hands;
It is the child of Marmaduke,
Who mourns Emanuel
Whom Marmaduke hath long confined
In dungeon's lowest cell.

Approaching by a creaking stair
And mildewed passage-way,
Sir Marmaduke, with stealthy crutch,
Gropes on as best he may;
And coming to a massive door,
Unlocks and throw it wide—
Then, turning, winks an evil eye,
Before he slips inside.
The sluggish minutes numbered five,
Before a shriek was heard.
Was it fair Alice in her tower,
Or fractious prowling bird?
No! No! Forth springs, with dripping
sword,
Emanuel, afraid,
And after him as fleet as he,
The Ghost of Marmalade.

BERYL KENT, 3A.

WHERE MY HEART LIES.

Home's where my heart lies,
My Mother is there.
My friends are around me
And Love fills the air.
Oft do I watch
In the long daily round,
The slicing of fruit,
(Hear its soft hushing sound).

The soft smell of soap—
The brown-coloured tub;
The smoothness of fabrics,
The song as we rub.
The clean, shining floor,
The polish of tiles;
The bubbling of water—
And Mother's sweet smiles.

All these do I love
For here, undenied
I may enter and set
All my sorrows aside

E.H.

HAD I THIS WORLD.

(TO MY MOTHER)

I would bring you every lovely thing
That ever I could touch.
No treasure is too rich for you—
No pleasure is too much.

If only I could gather up
The best from land and sea—
All that I have is, Love, for you,
Accept it, dear, from me.

E.H.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FORT STREET.

I left the tram at Essex Street and clambered up the steps,
Heart full of fear and wonderment at how I would be met.
Arriving at the school itself and ushered in a door,
I was greeted with a kindly face and had no fear at all.

"Rookery Nook" 1B.

NIGHT.

The golden rays of the setting sun
 Draw down in the west,
 Dusk swiftly falls, and resplendent
 day
 Sinks softly to rest;
 From out the blue velvet arch of the
 sky,
 As the shadows grow deep,
 The twinkling stars, from their home
 in the heav'ns
 At the earth shyly peep.

Lighting the darkness of shadowy
 places
 With tender light,
 Soft glides the moon o'er the blue
 gums tall,
 Gilding the night;
 She sheds on the slumbering earth
 below
 Her sweet silver ray,
 And throws o'er the earth a magic
 spell,
 Which is broken by day.

The silver splendour of the moon,
 So soft and calm,
 Spreads o'er the earth a silver glow
 And soothing balm
 The breezes sigh and the tree tops
 stir
 In the silver light;
 On the top of the hill I stand enchant-
 ed
 With the beauty of night.

JOAN PEMELL, 4B.

SUNSET AT HOLLYWOOD.

About a week ago, I happened to be walking along the river bank at Hollywood, a pleasure resort near Liverpool.

The sun was just setting, and as its last rays filtered through the leaves, cast weird shadows on the water, which seemed to change suddenly from a shallow, placid stream into a deep, dark pool while the reeds and rushes turned into repulsive, menacing creatures, whose long tentacles were stretched out waiting for their prey.

The western sky was a riot of colour, from a vivid crimson to the palest shell pink, with clouds of wonderful shapes tinged with yellow shading to a pearly gray.

There was one cloud that looked like a castle, and one could almost see the turrets, and imagine a gallant knight coming to rescue a fair maiden from an ogre.

But, although the sky attracted me, I soon turned my attention back to the river.

There was something infinitely sad and melancholy about it now. A faint breeze was creeping up, and seemed to whisper a sad, beautiful story which made the willows sigh and lean into the water, trailing their branches as if in sympathy.

Twilight always seems sad to me and brings a sadness which is strangely disquieting and which seems to pull at the heart-strings.

“Les sanglots longs
 Des violons
 De l'automne
 Blessent mon coeur,
 D'une langueur
 Monotone.”

—“Chiquito”, 3F.

Annual Report of Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 8th APRIL, 1931.

With the close of another year in the history of the Union, the Committee presents the Annual Report, and is pleased to announce that the year has been a bright and successful one from every point of view.

With the record number of one hundred and eighty-four financial members, we cannot but feel that the Union is growing in popularity each year, and ask all Fortians to induce their former school comrades to join.

The two Sub-Societies, the Tennis Club and the Literary Circle, reports of which will also be read, have also increased their membership and completed a very happy year; while the Union as a whole extends grateful thanks to the leaders of these two Societies.

This year the usual procedure of social functions was altered, the first being the Annual Ball, as the date for the Annual Dinner had been altered to the fourth Wednesday in September. The fact that the dance was held a few months earlier than usual did not result in decreased attendance or enjoyment, and many members expressed the opinion that the beginning of the dancing season is really the most suitable time for our dance. On the 29th May, then, the Wentworth Cafe was gay with streamers, balloons and forts of red and white. Copies of the School Song were placed on each table, and Miss Joan Balmain pleased her old schoolmates and their friends by giving an Eurythmic Dance. A profit of £18 was made, and when we consider that a few weeks later, the Combined High Schools' Club Dance was also held, and that Old Fortians again responded very well, we think that amount very satisfactory. It was divided between the Rachel Forster Hospital and the School Funds, the donation to the School being spent on a new carpet for the Office.

Early in June the Union received a letter from Prof. Holme, in which he thanked Fort St. girls for their assistance during the Carillon Appeal, and invited the members of the Union to a Recital and Inspection of the

Carillon on 28th June. There was an attendance of 70, all of whom enjoyed the afternoon's entertainment, and who all were later very generously invited to afternoon tea in the Refectory. Before passing on to our next function for the year, we must mention that Miss Enid Carpenter, an Old Fort St. girl, now plays the Carillon, and holds the honour of being the second woman in the world to do so.

In July a wedding present was sent to Mrs. Y. Stuckey (Mollie Thornhill), as a token of esteem for the very valuable work she did for this Union when President and Secretary.

For a gathering in August we decided that our old school would be a good spot, when we would have the opportunity of seeing the changes recently made in the school buildings and of viewing the brand new carpet in the office. We are very grateful to Miss Cohen for making this possible, and also for the very friendly manner in which she welcomed us. The occasion was a very happy one.

There has always been considerable difficulty in finding an ideal spot for the Annual Dinner. Consequently, after finding the Civil Service Stores so very satisfactory, we regret that it has since closed down, and that we have to begin another search. We held the Dinner on Wednesday, 24th September, there being an attendance of one hundred. The musical items were well received, and after dinner tables for bridge were arranged for non-dancers. Mrs. Bryson Taylor proposed the Toast of the School, and the Union intends to continue the practice of having a former captain propose this toast. Many of those present considered the Dinner the most enjoyable yet held.

In October we were forced to abandon our idea of holding a Tennis Tournament owing to our failure to secure suitable courts, but replaced this by a Surfing Party at Manly. It was poorly attended, but nevertheless proved a very pleasant outing.

The activities of the Union for the year were completed by a Concert

held in the School Gymnasium on Saturday, 13th December. The items selected for the programme were Choir Singing, a Mock Trial, Interpretation of Songs, Tableaux Vivants, an Eurythmic Dance and two short plays. We were very glad to see other visitors besides our own members, also to see Miss Partridge who expressed her appreciation of the programme. The Committee again wish to thank Miss Watts for the beautiful Choir Singing which she conducted, and hopes that the Union will have more opportunities of hearing the Choir, of which all Fortians, past and present, are extremely proud. A profit of £6/2/8 resulted from the admission

charge of 1/- and from the sale of ice cream. The 1930 Fifth Year girls whose names we hope to see on the new financial list of members for 1931, were our guests.

In conclusion, the Committee wishes to thank Miss Cohen and the members of the Staff who have aided us so much by their co-operation. It congratulates every member on her loyal support, and trusts that the incoming Committee will be greeted with the same hearty response and spirit of friendliness which makes the Fort St. Old Girls' Union so grand.

MURIEL NICHOLLS,
Hon. Secretary.

BEFORE THE DAWN

Early, early before the dawn, when the earth was quietly sleeping, sounds of great confusion could be heard in Apollo's regions. So great was the trouble that all the Nymphs and Oreads hid themselves for fear. One big golden wheel of Apollo's chariot was lost. The god stormed, his eyes lit up with anger and rage. He tore his hair and stamped his feet, and the earth quivered beneath the force and strength of his fury.

He had sent word far and wide, that he would give rewards of rich jewels to anybody who found the wheel. "What am I to do? Won't any one aid me," he stormed. "Has any person had the audacity to steal my wheel? Oh, ye Nymphs and Oreads, begone."

And so, exhausted, the god sank down on his throne and sighed; sighed such a sigh that the earth shivered when it was heard, like the roar of a dragon. He tried to gather his thoughts, but in vain.

"Where is it? Where is it?" But no one answered him; they had all fled.

By this time Light appeared, but no Apollo went forth to meet her. Distressed and fatigued the god had leaned back on his throne, and slept.

And now Light, hand in hand with the God of Thunder, Lightning and Rain slowly walked towards the edge of the earth, and peeped over. Slow-

ly, but with determination the two gods crept over and peeped at the little earth below. The people awoke, and to their great surprise beheld a dark cloud-covered sky. Already at such an early hour, big drops of rain had begun to fall. Farmers were overjoyed, because the long, long drought was at an end.

"If only we had had rain a little earlier," the farmers said. "but still, it is rain."

Yes, for three whole weeks the rain came, and the dusty withered flowers and trees lifted their heads and drank in the water.

One morning before the approach of Light, the god, now with a heart full of kindness, surveyed the world.

"I wonder if I shall ever rule again?" he said.

And then a wonderful thing happened, for on looking out of his court he saw Light approaching him, and—in her hand she carried the golden wheel!

Quickly she advanced and calling the god, she ordered the chariot to be brought, and the wheel made secure. "At last, you shall have the golden wheel. Hasten or we shall be late."

And so and again the earth greeted back the Sun God, whose heart was light and gay once more.

JOYCE HEYNER, 3A.

LONG AGO.

One morning long ago I missed the usual tram to school, so I had a long journey before me, which had to be travelled alone. After purchasing my ticket I took out of my bag a book neatly(?) covered with brown paper, which I opened at the page containing the strong verbs.

Now German verbs can be said in a sing-song fashion as a rule, so I began to repeat "gewinnen, gewann, gewonnen" and other verbs, at first softly then gradually more loudly and still more loudly until I was half way down the list. Then I looked up to see how far I was on my way. My eyes met smiles from a lady and gentleman sitting opposite and I began to wonder what the matter was. I did not take much notice but continued the

list. When I again looked up they were smiling. I was bewildered. I even glanced down at my stockings, but did not find any cause for their amusement.

Just as I was about to reflect that some people are easily amused, it dawned on me that I was "singing" those German verbs, not only to myself but to a compartment full of grown-ups.

Quickly, but by no means gently, I closed that "brown-paper-covered" book and put it in my bag, far out of sight. There was nothing to do but to gaze at the buildings as we passed and to advise myself never-never-never to learn German verbs in public again.

F.C., 4C.

GUIDE NOTES.

Since the Christmas holidays, all our energy has been expended in practising for the combined Scout and Guide Rally, which is to welcome the Chief Scout and Chief Guide, Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. We are taking part in the folk-dancing display, to be made by our Division at the Rally, and have practised with enthusiasm, spurred on by Miss Drury's unflagging efforts to bring us up to a standard of excellence.

But most important! Added to all the excitement, this year sees the whole company in uniform for the first time in its history—an accomplishment of which we are extremely proud.

A Divisional Field Day was held at Centennial Park, where we practised marching, and folk-dancing for the Rally, and although surprised by a sudden hail storm, scurrying Guides found plenty of amusement.

On Wednesday, 11th March, we were delighted to welcome back our Lieutenant, Miss Millard, who has been abroad for some time.

The last few weeks of 1930 were spent busily in making preparations for camp, which was held at Jamberoo. For days those of us new to camping received advice from the more experienced, who with motherly

smiles proffered books such as "What to Expect in Camp," but still, even the most far-reaching expectations could not foretell our thrills.

No words could adequately describe our disappointment when, after being flooded out by teeming rain and a rapidly rising river, we were forced to "evacuate" camp, after a brief stay of two days. However, in spite of all, the eighth law came to the rescue and although wet and horribly disappointed, we were infinitely glad to regain our possessions from the river which had by then completely covered our camp site.

Nevertheless a few lucky people were able to stay on at camp to clear up, and wait for the Group Camp which followed. Better luck next time Guides!

At the beginning of the year we found our ranks diminished by the loss of several chums, but after Easter we will be ready to receive new recruits. Despite our losses, we are very glad to see that a few senior Guides of last year have not yet cut off all connection with us, and regularly attend Company meetings.

Arrangements are to be made for the formation of a Ranger Patrol, and we would be pleased to welcome any

Fortians, sixteen years or over who would like to join us. Ranger meetings will be held regularly about once a fortnight or three weeks.

The principle of this patrol is to give senior girls who have not the

time to attend weekly company meetings an opportunity to keep in touch with Guiding.

NANCY WAYLAND.

THE RALLY.

March 21st was a red letter day for all the Guides and Scouts of New South Wales as it was the day of the Rally, at Randwick Racecourse, in honour of the visit to Sydney of the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide.

We Fort Street Guides assembled at Eddy Avenue at 12 o'clock on that eventful day to catch the tram which was to take us to the Racecourse.

After a quick lunch we tidied ourselves for inspection and prepared to form up in divisions.

The March Past began, and how excited we were till our Division—the Harbour Division—swung into the course! The march seemed unending; crowds of people lined the fence on each side cheering and clapping.

At last we came to the Saluting Base and caught our first glimpse of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide. How thrilled we were when they both smiled and returned our salute! That was the moment for which we had longed.

After the March Past we quickly donned sandshoes and caps of blue or gold for the country dancing display which our division was to give.

We were waiting for another Guide Division to complete its display, tent pitching, when who should walk through our midst but the two people for whom this display was held, namely, the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide!

We were very thrilled when they both spoke to us as we formed a laneway for them to walk through to their seats.

At last began our special contribution to the programme. The Guides of our Division danced "Christ Church Bells" and the Rangers the "Kirley Sword Dance." As soon as

they had finished we formed a maze of four circles for "Sillengers' Round."

We then marched into a massed formation to listen to the address of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide.

The Chief Scout read a message from the Prince of Wales and pinned on a gallant Cub Master, a medal for bravery.

The Chief Guide then read to us a message from Princess Mary and bestowed the Silver Fish, an award for exceptional services for the Guide Movement, on Miss Kelso King.

She then exhorted us to do our work in such a way that we would gain useful knowledge that would stand us in good stead in times of emergency.

We marched off, and the Rally to which we had been looking forward so long and for which we had been practising so hard, was over.

For the Thanksgiving Service on Sunday, we went to the Cricket Ground and marched into position on the oval. Luckily our position was just in front of the dais.

When all the guides, scouts and cubs were in position the standards were marched on. A laneway was formed between the assembled guides and scouts and down this marched a guide and a scout each bearing the company flag. At the dais they separated one going to the right and one to the left and took up positions outside the assembled guides and scouts. This continued till we were completely surrounded by flags.

When these were in position the Union Jacks were marched on and the laneway to the dais was lined on each side by flags. Then the Chief Scout of all the World and the Chief Guide took their places on the dais.

The National Anthem was then sung and the Kudu Horn was sounded.

The first sounding of the Kudu Horn brought the Scout Movement into being in 1908, and in 1929, it announced the commencement of the World Jamboree.

Then came a very picturesque part of the ceremony. Rover Scouts advanced along this laneway of flags, each bearing the flag of one of the different nations of the world.

As each Rover came to the dais he stopped and the Headquarters Colours, held by a Scout, a Cub, a Guide and Brownie; representing the four main divisions of this great movement, were dipped. The flag was then carried on and as the last flag went into position, it completed the semi-circle of flags round the back of the dais.

A most inspiring service followed. The Chief Commissioner of New South Wales read the Scout and Guide Law.

The Chief Guide's speech was very

inspiring and she told us how happy we all looked and how pleased she was with our appearance and efficiency.

The Chief Scout after his address repeated the Scout and Guide Promise and then called on those who wished to serve their fellow men to raise their hands and to answer "I will." Of course every guide, scout and cub present did so, and a mighty roar went up.

After the Benediction the guides and scouts marched round the oval and out into the No. 2 oval where we waited till we were dismissed.

We had had a wonderful week-end and one that we will never forget. It is not likely that either the Chief Guide or the Chief Scout will again visit Australia and no matter what other rallies we attend they will never surpass in our eyes the one in which we saw the Founder of the Movement and he saw the result of his work.

E. IKIN, 4A.

FORT STREET O.G.U. LITERARY CIRCLE.

Since the last account of the Circle's doings went to press, the Circle has nothing further to report. It went into recess, following the social evening held on 23rd October last, and resumes its meetings on 26th March, 1931.

At the first meeting of the new year the annual reports and balance sheet will be presented, then the rest of the

evening will be given over to a literary feast (intellectual).

The course of study this year is Oriental and Scandinavian Literature. Any Fortian wishing to join the Circle is welcome at the Women's Club (Fourth Floor) on the Second and Fourth Thursdays in the month.

EVA DUHIG,
Hon. Sec.

OLD AGE COMES TO THE RESCUE.

When my mother was a little girl, she often went on walking tours. Once she went on a walking tour about Woodstock in the South of England.

At Woodstock there were some stocks which had been built during the Middle Ages. My mother managed to wriggle her legs into the stocks, although they were locked, but she found that she could not get out.

My grandmother went to the village and brought the blacksmith back with her, but he could not unlock the stocks.

Had my mother kept still she might have wriggled out, but she wriggled forward until her hands were on the ground, and her legs were still in the stocks.

At last my grandmother found an old man of about ninety-five years of age who had lived in the village all his life; and he had the original key of the stocks.

When my mother was released her legs were swollen and scratched. She resolved never to do such a foolish thing again.

—A Fort Street Lass, 1B.

SHELLS.

Daintily carved by the artistic fingers of Nature, they lie on the glistening, golden sand.

Their pale-hued loveliness tells a tale of love and joy, the joy and happiness of being tossed from one caressing wave to another—to croon the enchanting melodies of the sea, its fantasies and wonders—where sea-nymphs play in the land of coral and anemones, and where Life is care-free and grand.

Lying, partly hidden in the sand, they sing to the whispering voice of the sea. The song is of Life—out in the far ocean where a boisterous wave steals the lovely things from the unfathomable depths of its blue waters.

Bright, vivid anemones bedeck the rock caverns and gaily-coloured fish of rainbow hues swim in and out 'mid the various brilliant coral gardens, so fine and exquisite in their

ornamental structure and serene beauty.

A long, winding cockle shell path leads to the lofty bowers draped with radiolaria. These tiny creatures with their phosphorescent glow and gorgeous colours gleam through the sea like fairy lanterns.

The tall, grooved rocks are hung with quaint sea-squirts which nestle cosily in small hollows or sheltered nooks.

Beautiful sea-worms creep in and out, and wind their way through weeds and greens, which bend and sway as these coloured insects brush by.

The song is fading. The last golden beam of the setting sun catches the amen of the vesper, and tosses it to a sighing zephyr which wafts the fantasy to the world.

“CHARYS”.

THE WELLINGTON CAVES.

The Wellington Caves were some of the last to be discovered in Australia. Beside Jenolan and Yarrangobilly they are comparatively young. An avenue of trees leads up to the entrance of the Great Cave. In the part called the Ballroom one is shown the Cathedral and the rooster, formed by the joining of stalagmites and stalactites. Unfortunately this part of the caves has been badly damaged by tourists. The concert room is a large cavity in the rocks with a platform at one end. Every sound made in the room can be quite plainly heard, and one's voice can make as much noise as three. Another part sounds lollow under the tramp of feet.

At the very end of the cave, 300 feet from the surface, is a branch of the Bell River. At flood time this water rises higher than usual. At least once a week two swans come through the caves, by means of the river, as far as the junction of the Macquarie and Bell Rivers.

An interesting thing in the New Cave is the root of a gum tree, which has worked its way down through

fifty feet of rocks. Not far from the tree is the 'peep hole,' a perpendicular aperture, which enables you to see the sky above.

In this cave a perfect vegetable garden of cabbages, carrots and beetroot seems to be growing in the rocks. Another stalactite looks like a bunch of grapes, which makes one's mouth water to look at. On one side wall is a small shawl formation, banded with different shades of orange and cream. The last formation of interest is the pipe organ. Eight stalagmites stand up perpendicularly and when tapped in different places with a piece of calcite give forth the various notes.

From this cave many tons of bones of the animals which long ago inhabited this earth, were removed just recently. This proves that although the formations in the caves are as yet only small, the caves themselves must be very old.

The Wellington Caves prove a great tourist resort and a very enjoyable day may be spent there.

JEAN SMITH, 5D:

MY DREAM LADY.

The boughs of the trees rustled and tossed in the wind. Beyond were the woods where a track edged with wild violets wove its enchanted way. It was a path that led straight into Fairyland, along the bank of a wide lovely stream, a wild, dear little path with the shyest of elfin June bells at every bend. High up in the boughs of the trees could be seen the shimmer of gossamers, and everywhere elfin lights and shadows. Then one came to the end of the path—to the place where dreams grew—to a dear little old-fashioned house lying embowered in the twilights of old trees with their tips coming out in purple silhouette against the sky of rose and amber. Down behind it, the water dreamed. The wind folded her misty bat wings at sunset, and stillness lay over all like a blessing. In the garden walking midst a sea of crimson roses and limpid blue forget-me-nots was my dear Dream Lady dressed in a gown of soft purple and shod with sandals of moonshine. Round her neck floated a scarf of sea mist, and fireflies adorned her hair. I stood in the shadow of the trees, watching her, enraptured, my heart throbbing pain-

fully. Every night when twilight faded into dusk and purple over the slopes and fireflies lighted their goblin torches by the stream, I visited my dear Dream Lady. In the daytime I saw her in reality, but at night she was an inhabitant of my Dreamland. What mystery and magic and enchantment dwelt in her lustrous, velvety brown eyes as she stooped and tenderly kissed the flowers she loved so well! Then she would slowly make her way to her old world garden-seat bowered in crimson roses and gaze at the moon's broken reflection in the stream: where the breeze was making a wonderful web of lights and shadows. Then a dreamy far-away look would come into her eyes. The night spread around her mysteries that daylight never revealed, and she would watch the old trees with the long grey-green trails of moss hanging from their branches like banners of Elfland. After a short vigil I would silently creep back along the enchanted path, my heart filled with an inexpressible longing to be always with my Dream Lady.

LONGINGS.

THE CITY OF SHANGHAI.

What do those who have not visited China imagine a big Foreign Settlement is like? Do you think it is just a nondescript collection of houses and mud-huts with squalid streets, where everyone has to put up with inconveniences and live much the same as the Chinese? If they do, they are quite wrong.

Coming up the river from Woosung, which is fourteen miles away, at the mouth of the Whampea, and after passing reedy banks and swampy creeks, the City of Shanghai comes into view as a busy, bustling place, where there is a great deal of shipping; the boats being either alongside their wharves or moored in the river. Next is the "Bund", as the Esplanade is called with a restful, pretty park at the end, where perhaps a band will be playing among the fine, old trees. This Bund is equal to any water-front. Drives, footpaths, grassy plots and

gardens are here and an ornamental railing borders the edge at the riverside. One can sit and watch all the passing ships, launches, big Chinese junks and small sampans, all busy.

Behind this Bund is the main road, wider than George Street. North Shanghai has quite a traffic problem of its own, with its two lines of electric trams, motors, horse-carriages, lorries and rickshaws by the hundreds. There is also a cathedral. On the opposite side of the Bund Road are six—to nine-storied business houses, banks, clubs, hotels, also the Customs Houses, and the British Consulate standing in its own grounds. The actual business centre is in the streets immediately behind the Bund Road.

Along the waterfront before coming into view of the Bund are huge factories and cotton mills, including a

tobacco factory. Nanking Road and the vicinity is the principal shopping centre with emporiums, equal to most of ours, fine shops, too, where luxuries and supplies from almost every part of the world can be purchased.

The streets of Shanghai are now beautifully clean and well-kept, although some of the back streets are narrow. There are theatres, concert and dance halls, and an open-air picture place, and two race-courses, where races are held in the summer. The whole city and surroundings are always a blaze of light and colour,

with parks and good music. The life is continental. Shanghai is the "Paris of the Far East"; it is only seventeen days by rail from Shanghai to London.

Shanghai is really a pocket edition of Sydney, minus our beautiful harbour and beaches. When you remember that Shanghai means Mud Flat, it is hard to realise what it once was. The Chinese did not believe we would ever stay there. It was nothing but swamps, reeds and filthy creeks, until foreigners reclaimed it, and made the wonder city of the Far East—Shanghai.

A. WILKES, 2A.

THE MOONLIGHT POOL.

To reach the Moonlight Pool, one has to walk many miles down the mountain side until a tall hollow rock which has mosses growing over the opening, is reached.

We enter, and a ghostly feeling comes over us, for as soon as our feet touch the rocky floor, an eerie sound echoes back to us, which is really only the underground river making its way to the waterfall, where it throws the loose stones and twigs into the pool.

We proceed through the cavern, and the sound of gurgling water comes faintly to us, through the numerous caves we have to pass before we reach the pool.

The glow-worms send a welcome light to us, for we have come without lanterns. Suddenly the sound of splashing water becomes clearer, and, turning a bend in the cavern, a wonderful sight awaits us.

The glow-worms cling to the sides and on the roof of the cave, and as the twinkling lights reflect on the floor, it almost seems to be a fairy palace—so beautiful is the effect. On the sides of the Pool grow mosses which seem tinged with pale yellow, for as the glow flickers, everything in the cavern turns a light gold. But the reflections on the water form a sight which surpasses all the other scenes in the caves. Tiny golden lights flicker and then die, and if we let our imagination take us far enough, we see a lake with willows growing on its banks, and a crescent moon shining over the tree-tops.

As the waterfall drops into the pool below, it sends gentle ripples over the surface of the Moonlight Pool, making the scene even more fantastic.

"AURELIA."

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

Once upon a time there was a girl who would not do her homework. Her distracted teachers coaxed, warned and threatened her, but all to no avail. For, strange to say, this girl found that reading wondrous tales of love and romance was far more interesting than doing her homework! But something eventually happened which changed her whole mode of life and what that was, you shall now learn.

One night, as usual, she piled all her books in a heap on her desk, dipped her pen in the ink, and also as usual, looked at the Latin prose she ought to do. "Oh, why can't we have romantic things to translate?" thought she. "I do wonder how that lovely story I was reading will end. I will just take one peep, and . . ." But then, alas, the mischief was done, and our heroine was buried deep in her novel.

Feverishly she read for a while, but soon strange things began to happen in the tale. Just in the midst of a passionate love-scene between the handsome Cuthbert and the fair Cecilia, the hero said in a vibrating voice, "And oh, beloved, do you not remember how Julius Caesar won the battle of Waterloo?" And the fair Cecilia replied, with tears running in rippling cascades down her damask cheeks, "Oh, my dear one, I beg of thee, do not recall such unpleasant memories. Speak to me instead of the wonder and delightful mysteries of trigonometry!" All of which was very bewildering and amazing to this idle school-girl who was reminded by every sentence of the great mass of homework awaiting demolition.

And then the villain, the sleek and spiteful Rudolph, managed by a cruel trick to get the fair Cecilia at his mercy. But then suddenly the fair Cecilia melted away, and our school-girl found that it was she herself who cowered before the ruthless Rudolph.

"Ha! Ha!" quoth he, baring his gleaming teeth in a leering smile. "What will thy handsome lover do when I tell him what I know of thy dark and secret past? When I tell him about how, unknown to anyone but me, you consumed a whole Diet of Worms intended for the Emperor Charles? Methinks he will no longer believe in thy flower-like innocence!"

Then after various exciting adventures, Rudolph kidnapped our heroine, and after several miles of fast and furious driving they came to a wild, dark, awful railway line, where stood a ghostly black train consisting of one carriage. Into this she was thrown, tightly bound. Ruthless Rudolph pressed a button, and off the train sped for the unknown land of minus infinity. Here, after an infinite number of years of fast travelling, all alone in the dark train, she at last arrived with a great, a thunderous bump! And our schoolgirl, one-time fair Cecilia, opened her eyes to find herself sprawling on the hard floor amidst a jumble of books, papers, pens and ink, with the gaily-pictured book of the "Trials of Cuthbert and Cecilia at the hands of Rudolph the Ruthless" clutched tightly in her hands. With a great cry of pain and disgust she slowly arose, and hurled the book into the glowing fire. After watching the hungry flames devour the romantic tale, she sat down at her desk and finished every bit of her homework.

Thus was an idle girl reformed, to the great joy of her teachers, and I sincerely hope that the moral of this tale will be recognised and heeded by all those who, (oh dreadful thing to say!) neglect their homework!

I. S.

The Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival.

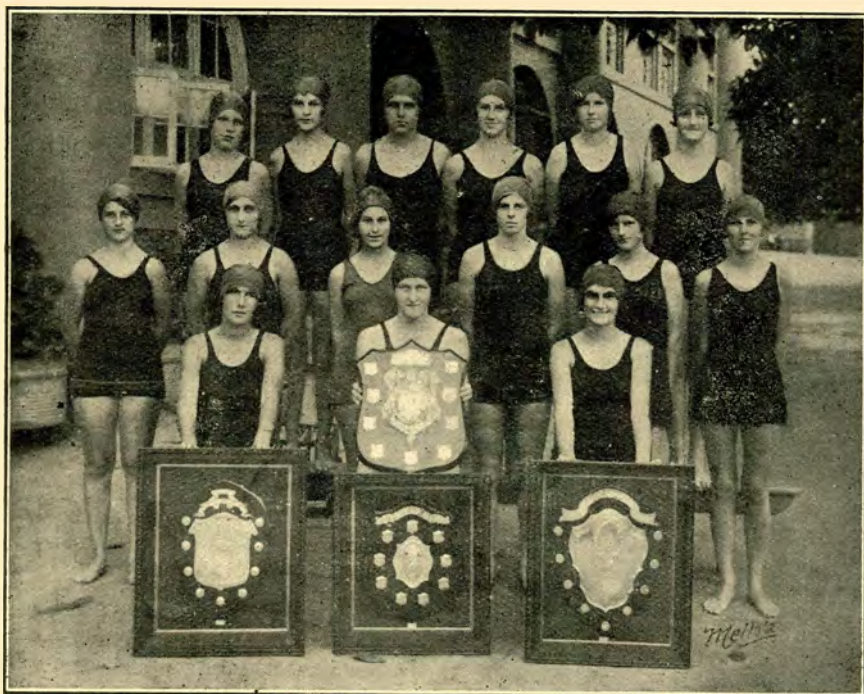
Never tell any Fortian that Friday is an unlucky day or that thirteen is an unlucky number! For on Friday, 13th March, we all marched down to the Domain Baths to barrack for our school in the Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival. We had a beautiful sunny day for the carnival, at which everyone was overjoyed, having memories of the previous year.

As we hoped, Fort Street surpassed herself, carrying off the four shields—Relay Shield, Junior Relay Shield, Senior and Junior Point Score Shields. Fort Street won the three heats of the Relay Shield, and also the first two of the Junior Relay. In the third heat of the latter our school was second. We won the Point Score Shield with 83 points to William Street's 41 points—a very creditable

performance. The swimmers for the Junior Point Score Shield gained 47 points, William Street being second with 25 points.

The outstanding swimmer of the day was Jean McDonald who broke three records and equalled one. In the 14 Years Championship, 50 yards, Jean recorded the fastest time for any 50 yards race in a Girls' Combined Carnival. Jean also swam in the Senior Relay Team.

Joan Notting also swam splendidly, gaining 13 points for our school. Norma Scott put up a very good performance, swimming in the Senior and Junior Relay Teams beside other races. Also among our new Fourth and First Years, Lily Kingham, Violet Ford and Nancy Light show great promise.



SWIMMERS AND SHIELDS, 1931.

Front row: J. Notting, Jean McDonald with Point Score Shield,
L. Kingham.

Second row: L. O'Rourke, M. Clarke, W. Shade, N. Scott, J. Russ,
B. McVicar.

Back row: F. Patterson, P. Branch, N. Light, D. Diamond, J. Smith,
E. Paul.

Shields: Junior Point Score, Junior Relay, Senior Relay.

We should all like to congratulate our girls who swam so well in the carnival, and Mrs. Griffin, who has put in such untiring work with the swimmers. Her efforts were largely responsible for our great success.

The results of the Carnival are as follows:

Championship of High Schools:
Joan Notting, 2.

13 years Championship: Violet Ford, 3.

14 years Championship: Jean McDonald (record), 1; Norma Scott, 2.

15 years Championship: Lily Kingham, 3.

16 years Championship: Dorothy Diamond, 3.

17 years Championship: Joan Notting, 1.

Junior Championship: Jean McDonald (record), 1.

Breaststroke Championship: Jean McDonald (equalled record), 1.

Junior Breaststroke Championship: Jean McDonald (record), 1; Nancy Light, 2.

Backstroke Championship: Lola Davis, 3.

Junior Backstroke Championship: Violet Ford, 2.

Junior Diving Championship: Lois O'Rourke, 2.

Rescue Race: Joan Russ, Marjory Balmain, 2; Lois O'Rourke, Nancy Light, 3.

Junior Rescue Race: Lois O'Rourke, Nancy Light, 1; Joan Russ, Marjory Balmain, 2.

Six Oar Race: Joan Notting, Lily Kingham, Pat Branch, 1.

Relay Shield: Joan Notting, Lily Kingham, Jean McDonald, Norma Scott.

Junior Relay Shield: Violet Ford, Norma Scott, Lois O'Rourke, Eileen Paull.

Senior Point Score: Fort Street, 83 points, 1.

Junior Point Score: Fort Street, 47 points, 1.

Relay Shield: 9 points.

Junior Relay Shield: 8 points.

LORAINÉ THOMPSON, 3A.

At a meeting of the Committee appointed by the School Association, and consisting of the Principal, the Sports Mistress, and a representative of the girls, it was decided that the following girls were eligible for Swimming Blues 1931, Joan Notting, Jean McDonald, N. Scott, L. Kingham, L. O'Rourke, E. Paull, V. Ford, D. Diamond, L. Davis and N. Light.

THE A.S.C.M. CAMP.

A flutter of hankies and the windows of a Southern train slipping out of No. 1 Central crowded with faces beaming with delight—what did it mean? Merely that 65 girls from the Australian Students Christian Movement Circles of the various schools were setting out on that lovely morning of Monday, 17th January for Bowral, where a joyful week was to be spent.

We soon came to know each other and were considerably helped in that work by the arrival of our sports leaders with name-plates. Camp songs served to enliven proceedings until with a mighty jerk this side of Picton on a slight rise the coupling which joined our carriage to that of the one before us snapped and all the luggage on the rack above the unfortunate girls in our compartment took wings and descended upon us in no gentle manner—what confusion reigned! Hockey sticks, tennis racquets, huge cases of all descriptions, all piled in a medley! However, both accidents were eventually repaired and we cheerily continued our way.

On arriving at Bowral we left our cumbersome bags for the carrier and set out for Annesley College which was to harbour us for the week. It is about a mile from the station, with large grounds, tennis courts and hockey and basket ball fields.

Mrs. Hobbs, the Camp Mother, met us and took us straight in to a light lunch, after which we went upstairs to find our bedrooms and unpack.

On Tuesday, we went to Berrima Pool by bus and lorry and a happy find whilst there, which added greatly was an icy cold well under the shelter to the joy of the thirsty explorers, of a great overhanging rock. After lunch we listened to Chinese legends, beautifully told by one of the leaders

and later on, departed for Berrima Gaol. About the first thing that our guide said was "Three hundred and fifty Germans, detained during the war, were the last prisoners here."

That made quite a shiver pass down our spines as we descended the stone steps and entered a long dark corridor, whose only light came from a tiny window high up at the farther end. The cell doors were all open and some of the cells measured only seven feet by four; but we were informed that the Government no longer allows such small rooms and that the majority were widened during the residence there of the Germans.

We were indeed glad to come out into the fresh air and sunlight again and wend our way homeward.

On Thursday afternoon we climbed the "Gib," a mountain, or perhaps rather a magnified hill, so called from its resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar. Even the Fortians, of whom there were four at camp, were overcome by reason of its excessive steepness—so after this, tell me no more that we climb a hill every morning to school—that is but a rise in the earth's crust, merely a ripple in the bath compared with a breaker on a storm-bound shore. Fortunately for us all however, many blackberry bushes covered with large ripe fruit grew at the foot of the Gib—otherwise there had been no survivor to tell the story.

But when we gained the summit we felt that the climb was worth the glorious panorama spread out before us—just below lay Bowral, a little family of red-roofed homes and gay gardens nestling close to the foot of the mountain, and away beyond, stretches of undulating country with the misty Blue Mountains on the horizon. We were told that from the

Gib one looked right across to Kat-oomba, and some bright individual casually remarked "Oh yes, see, there is a tram, with the people getting in and out."

That you may know something of the actual life at camp, the daily round was as follows: At 6.20 a.m. the choir aroused itself and, arrayed in wraps and slippers, proceeded to the intersection of the corridors to sing a stanza of a hymn or carol, with the result that by 6.30 half a dozen people were enduring the varying temperature of water from something above freezing point to something slightly below scalding.

At 7.45 a period of a quarter of an hour was devoted to "Quiet Time" for complete silence of body and mind, accompanied by the reading of a passage of Scripture.

Then followed Morning Prayers for ten minutes, in the shade of an old gum; then "jerks" and breakfast. During the latter we almost developed indigestion racking our brains in an endeavour to "compose a limerick on the trip up the Gib" or sing "John Brown's Body" to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda."

After breakfast we had a quarter of an hour to tidy our rooms for "Room Inspection" and that had of necessity to be most diligently done, and alas, seldom remained "just so" for the critical moment, which usually happened to fall just after we had dressed hastily for tea or at some other inconvenient time.

Then came three-quarters of an hour to prepare for the Study Circles at eleven o'clock, which were always held in various cosy nooks about the grounds. "Circles" seemed to be the shortest hour we had ever passed, there was such a lot to be thought of and discussed, the topic for study being "The Adventure of Prayer." This was followed by morning tea and two hours free for tennis, etc.

From two till three in the afternoon we observed Rest Hour, when no more strenuous work was done than lying on rugs and pillows in the shade of

beautiful trees, reading, talking, writing letters or sleeping.

Afternoon tea came next, if required, and then walks or organised games till 5.30 p.m. Then it was that the drab chrysalises of the day burst their skins and gaily attired butterflies, yet not altogether "social butterflies" flitted down to tea.

From 7.15 till 8 o'clock camp songs were lustily sung and old favourites, the "Three Jews" or "Skinny Me Rink-y-Dink" resounded through the bungalow.

Negro spirituals then calmed, the exuberant flow of spirits and evening devotions with an address by missionaries or leaders, brought each gloriously happy day to a close.

Everyone retired at 9 o'clock for supper and by 10 o'clock the "lights out" cry was echoed along the corridor and even talking in bed was "taboo."

One evening was chosen for "Schools' Night" when a representative from each school at Camp told all about the various societies and activities of her school; Maurine Deer represented the Fortians and very ably detailed the numerous activities of the school which are held outside school hours, from the Debating Society to the Old Girls' Literary Circle.

On Saturday, the "Sports Day" was held and there were tennis tournaments and basket ball matches in the morning, and in the afternoon every race from the dignified 100yds. championship to the "Brahman's Wriggle."

At last came Monday, 26th, our final day, when we were highly amused by the reading of the Camp "Chronicle" before commencing the doleful task of "packing."

During that one week of camp life, spent so happily by us all, new friendships were formed, old ones cemented and hundreds of things to think of gained from "circles." We Fortians, would now thank everyone who so successfully arranged and provided for our happiness, and as the months pass by we shall look forward to the next Camp.

S. STRONACH, 5B.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges, with thanks, copies of other School Magazines sent to Fort. Street.

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