

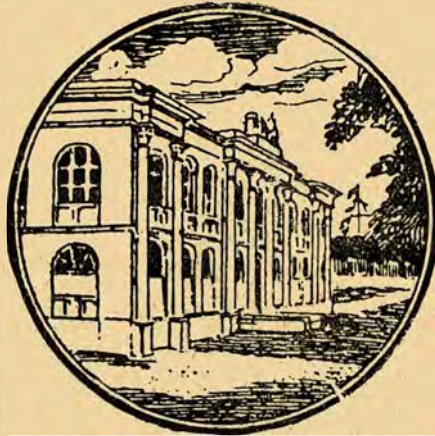
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THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume V., No. 2.

July, 1945



**The Magazine**  
of the  
**Fort Street Girls' High School**

JULY, 1945.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

**The Staff.**

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

**Deputy-Principal:** Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

**Department of English:**

Miss SAUNDERS, B.A. (Mistress).	Miss CROXON, B.A.
Miss DEAR, M.A.	Miss MARTIN, B.A.
Miss BOWE, B.A.	Miss RUSH, B.A.
Miss CRAWFORD, B.A.	Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

**Department of Classics:**

Miss PAYN, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss DEAR, M.A.
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**Department of Mathematics:**

Miss TAYLOR, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss HAMILTON, B.A.
Miss GREEN, B.A.	Miss KERR, B.A.
Miss BONNETTE, B.Sc.	Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc.

**Department of Science:**

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc., (Mistress)	Mrs. DAVIDSON, M.Sc.(Q.)
Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.	Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc.
Miss CRAWFORD, B.A.	Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc.

**Department of Modern Languages:**

Miss B. SMITH, B.A. (Mistress)	Mrs. JONES, P.N.E.U.
Miss ADLEM, L.L.A. (on leave).	Mrs. PATTERSON, B.A.
Miss ARTER, B.A.	Mrs. WILLIAMS, B.A. (on leave)
Mrs. ENGLISH, B.A.	

**Art:** Miss ELLIS, A.T.D.

**Needlework:** Miss BURTON.

**Music:** Miss M. TAYLOR, L.Mus.A.

**School Counsellor:**

Miss NAUGHTON, B.A.

**Physical Training:**

Miss ANDERSON, Miss McNEILL.

**Magazine Editor:** Miss SAUNDERS, B.A.

**Magazine Sub-Editor:** Miss TRANT-FISCHER, B.A.

**Captain, 1945:** EVA TURNER.



**THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS, 1945.**

**Back row:** June McDevitt, Judith Esdaile, Alwyne Coster, Margaret Hardman, Rosemary Neal.  
**Front row:** Marjory Payne, Elizabeth Spurgeon, Eva Turner, Jill Jefferson, Valerie Firth.

### THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

We, who have been at Fort Street for nearly five years of war, are glad to be able to write our message to you after victory has been won in Europe.

These five school-years of ours have been crammed with activities other than schoolwork and sport. Ours was the school generation which learnt to make camouflage-nets, sandbags, and comforts for soldiers; we have worked for patriotic purposes in many varied and exciting ways; we have sat in class-rooms whose windows were latticed by strips of brown paper; we have known air-raid practices when the bell was rung for a "long" minute, and when we all trooped hurriedly down the deep cutting of the "canyon", through

the baffle-walls into the mysterious gloom of our air-raid shelter—the best in Sydney.

Nevertheless, we have tried not to neglect our studies or to forget the academic traditions of Fort Street, so well upheld by our immediate Seniors during the war: we hope that now that the end of the war is in sight, those of you who still have your school days before you will avail yourselves of all your opportunities, and work so as to keep the future prosperous and peaceful—"Faber est suae quisque fortunae."

(The Editor regrets that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the printing of the magazine has been delayed.)

### RETROSPECT: 1940-1944.

After a lapse of four years, the magazine is restored to its place among the school's amenities.

Early in 1941, the representatives of the School Association decided that, as part of the school's war economy, it would forego the annual magazine and thereby save both man-power and paper-pulp. In place of the magazine, two typewritten records of the school's activities were to be made—one for the Library, the other for filing.

Association representatives of the subsequent war years followed this precedent.

Early this year, however, the Association decided that the improved war situation warranted the publication of the magazine; this is, therefore, our first issue since May, 1940. We are glad the year of its appearance has already seen victory in Europe and hope that it will also see complete victory for the Allies in the Pacific.

Only a few of the many achievements and interests of the School during the war years, can be recapitulated here.

Among them, we note with deep regret, the death of Fort Street's first Head Mistress, Miss Ada Partridge, an account of whose career is given later.

We have also lost, by transference or retirement, several members of Staff who had long and valued associations with the School. No less than three Deputy-Head Mistresses have come and gone—Miss Henson, now Head Mistress at Hornsby, Miss Weddell, now Head Mistress at Newcastle, Miss Gombert, who has retired. Our present Deputy is Miss Whiteoak, who has returned to us from Newcastle.

Several members of Staff have received promotion; Miss Puxley is now Science Mistress at St. George; Miss Weston, Mathematics Mistress at Burwood Home

Science; Miss Simons, Classics Mistress at St. George, and Miss Lewis, Deputy Head at West Maitland.

Mrs. Ryan retired at the end of 1943. She had been a member of the Staff since 1919; during this long period she had won the affection and respect of her pupils and colleagues by her unfailing courtesy and efficiency.

Mrs. James, also, had a long association with the School; during her eleven years with us we could always count on her generosity and benefit by her fine artistry, both in music and painting.

We lost another valued teacher when Miss Briggs retired early in 1944. How many children have been gladdened by the felt animals which she made for our war-funds?

The School wishes all of these teachers a happy retirement.

During the war years the School has worked hard to hasten the day of victory; we have held an Annual Fete in aid of war funds; concerts, market-days, doll-shows, side-shows, talent-quests have contributed to the same purpose. We have made beds at Air Force House, hemmed a thousand handkerchiefs for the Comforts Fund and two hundred for the Red Cross, made camouflage nets and sand-bags and knitted soldiers' comforts. We have contributed money to support prisoners of war and soldiers in the front line; for some years we sent Xmas hampers to all service-men who were connected with Fortians.

In the anxious days of 1942 we left our lessons to hurry down the "Canyon" to our Air-Raid shelter when the trial alarm sounded; we practised First Aid, and, as long

as there was any likelihood of air-attack, certain members of Staff were on night duty, every weekend, at the local N.E.S. centre.

We have also maintained our scholastic tradition. Twice in the past four years a Fortian has won the John West Prize Medal and General Proficiency Scholarship which is awarded for the best pass among all Leaving Certificate candidates.

Our most outstanding pupils have been—

**Dorothy Fitzpatrick**, who, in the Leaving Certificate, 1941, won the John West Prize Medal, the James Aitken Scholarship, the Grahame Prize Medal, the Fairfax Prize, the Shakespeare Society's Prize, the Garton Scholarship No. III. (3 aeq.); her general pass consisted of three First Class Honours and two A's.

**Joan Meredith**, in the Leaving Certificate, 1942, won the Sir Daniel Levy Medal, awarded to the candidate obtaining the best general pass including Honours in English; Joan was the first girl to obtain this medal; her general pass included First Class Honours in Latin (first place in the State); in English (first place among female candidates) and in French.

**Leila Giles**, in the Leaving Certificate, 1943, gained the John West Prize Medal, the Fairfax Prize, the Bowman-Cameron Scholarship and the Grahame Prize; her general pass included First Class Honours in Latin (first place in the State), in French and in German, and two A's.

Some brilliant results have been achieved by Old Girls at the University: following are some of the Honours won by them at graduation:—

**1941-42: Hazel Keavney** gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with the James Coutts' Scholarship, No. II (3 aeq.) and First Class Honours in English.

**1942-1943: Joyce Nelson** gained the degree of Bachelor of Medicine with first place and First Class Honours at graduation; she also won the A. E. Mills Graduation Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine, and the Dagmar Byrne Prize for proficiency among women candidates.

**Jean Palmer** gained the degree of Bachelor of Medicine with Second Class Honours at graduation; she obtained first place in Obstetrics.

**Marie Kinsella** gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with Second Class Honours in History.

**1943-1944: Gwen Smith** gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with First Class Honours in English and the University Medal, the James Coutts' Scholarship, No. 2, and First Class Honours in Philosophy.

**Jean Cliff** gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts with First Class Honours in German.

Special Prize Winners during the years 1940-1944 were:

**The Ada Partridge Prize** (awarded for the best pass at the Leaving Certificate): 1940 Joan Cook, 1941 Dorothy Fitzpatrick, 1942 Joan Meredith, 1943 Leila Giles, 1944 Helen Munro.

**The Annie E. Turner Prize** (awarded for the best pass in

English and History at the Leaving Certificate): 1940 Yvonne Smith, 1941 Marion Pavel, 1942 Joan Meredith, 1943 Pat Hallinan, 1944 Margaret Chivers.

**The Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize** (awarded for the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate): 1940 Yvonne Smith, 1941 Evelyn Swan, 1942 Joan Meredith, 1943 Carol Fowler, 1944 Lenore Bate.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** (awarded for the best pass in Mathematics at the Leaving Certificate): 1940 Margot Weine, 1941 Pat Stubbin, 1942 Dorothy Pollitt, 1943 Elaine Bridges, 1944 Heather Smith.

**The Molly Thornhill Prize** (Dux of Year III): 1940 Joan Meredith, 1941 Leila Giles, 1942 Heather Smith, 1943 Alwyne Coster, 1944 Beryl Alexander, Judith Bentzen aeq.

**The Emily Cruise Prize** (for History III): 1940 Joan Meredith, 1941 Norma Nelson, 1942 Heather Smith, 1943 Alwyne Coster, 1944 Barbara McClure.

**Miss Mouldsdales Prize** (for Elementary Science III): 1940 Joan Meredith, 1941 Elaine Bridges and Eva Sullivan (aeq.), 1942 Margaret Astle, 1943 Alwyne Coster, 1944 Beryl Alexander.

During the war years, the School Captains were: 1940 Dorothy Edge, 1941 Gwen Ohlsson, 1942 Norma Andrews, 1943 Keithley Ohlsson, 1944 Doreen Moore.

#### Miss Ada Partridge.

On November 18th, 1942, a solemn assembly gathered in the quadrangle to do honour to the memory of Miss Partridge, whose death had taken place that morning.

When Miss Partridge left Fort Street over twenty-two years ago,

she had been its Headmistress for twenty-five years. Her career was especially identified with our School, for she was a pupil here till she passed her entrance examination into the Public Service in 1877; later, in 1881, she took a course of special training at Fort

Street Training College and soon afterwards returned to teach at Fort Street Infants' School.

In 1895, when the Fort Street Model Public School was created, she became its first Head-Mistress, and held this position till the re-organisation of the State High Schools in 1912, when she was made the first Head-Mistress of our present school, an office which she held till her retirement in 1920.

Such was the esteem in which she was held, that the occasion of her retirement was marked by a public farewell at the Conservatorium Hall on 30th April, 1920; a crowded gathering, presided

over by the late Hon. A. James, K.C., and attended by Mr. T. Mutch, the Minister for Education, the late Mr. P. Board, Director of Education and the late Mr. W. Elliott, Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, and many other notable citizens, paid tribute to her.

During the many years of her retirement she maintained her keen interest in the School's activities, and was a frequent and welcome guest at its functions.

Her memory will be perpetuated in the richest prize which the School offers—the Ada Partridge Prize—founded, in her honour, at the time of her retirement.

#### Miss Annetta Smith.

The announcement of the death of Miss Annetta Smith early this year, came to the School with a shock, for death seemed incongruous with her youth and with the warm affection which her gentleness and kindness inspired.

She began and ended her short teaching career at Fort Street, having come to us as a Music Mistress when she finished her Training College course, shortly before the war.

During these years, when she was also working very hard at her studies—for she attained her B.A. degree as an evening student in 1943—she was most co-operative in the School's scholastic and war activities.

Early in the war she joined the W.A.N.S. and supported them staunchly; she also joined the R.A.A.F. Younger Set which raised money wherewith to send comforts to the troops.

When there was a shortage of Physical Training teachers she volunteered to take a short course

of training, and then, as long as it was needed, added P.T. to her teaching subjects.

But, above all, it was the gentleness and unobtrusiveness with which she did her work, that endeared her to her colleagues and pupils.

For the last few years we knew that she was very ill: the uncomplaining patience with which she endured her malady was so touching that we all felt relieved when she was induced to take sick-leave.

With great courage—for a short time before she had been too weak to walk—she attended our last Farewell Day. The assembled School, in its pleasure at seeing her, burst into spontaneous and prolonged applause as she entered the Hall.

It is good to think that, on what was indeed her Farewell Day at school, Fortians gave her the pleasure of knowing how warm a place she held in their memories.

## ROUND THE SCHOOL.

### Changes in the Staff, (1944.1945).

The School year began with several changes in the Staff. Our Deputy Head, Miss Gombert, who did all things with charming tact, neatly rounded off her teaching career by retiring from the school where she first began her work as a pupil-teacher and where she later taught as an Assistant-Mistress. We miss her courtesy and cheerfulness, and wish her a long and happy retirement. Her last gracious act to the School was to endow it with an annual prize for Modern Languages. Her place as Deputy was taken by Miss Whiteoak who returned to us from Newcastle, where she had been Deputy Head for a year.

Another former member of Staff, Miss B. Smith, also returned from Newcastle as Modern Languages Mistress. We are very glad to have these former teachers back with us again. Miss Cowie returned to Newcastle after a year's duty at her old school, which was very sorry to lose her.

In 1942, when the war atmosphere was grim, Miss Llewellyn joined the A.M.F. During her three years' military service, she rose from the ranks to the position of Captain, and held two staff appointments at Land Headquarters. This year she returned to us, and Miss Pollard, who had taken her place, was sent to Drummoyne Boys' Intermediate High School.

The Modern Languages Staff has had several changes during the year. Mrs. Ramage resigned early in February; Mrs. Williams and Miss Adlem are on sick leave and their places have been taken by Mrs. English and Mrs. Jones.

Miss Filshie's place has been taken by Miss McNeill.

### Prize Winners.

The following prizes were won by candidates at the Leaving Certificate, 1944:—

**The Ada Partridge Prize**, awarded annually to the best Fortian candidate, was won by Helen Munro.

**The Annie E. Turner Prize**, awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in English and History, was won by Margaret Chivers.

**The Weston Memorial Prize**, awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in Mathematics, was won by Heather Smith.

**The Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize**, awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in English, was won by Lenore Bate.

**Honours at the Leaving Certificate examination, 1944**, were gained as follows:

Botany: First Class, Lydia Graaug, Shirley Kerr; Second Class, June Elphick.

History: First Class, Helen Firmin; Second Class, Margaret Chivers.

English: Second Class: Margaret Astle, Lenore Bate, Barbara Gibb.

Chemistry: Second Class, Jill Waterer, Florence Schollay.

Latin: Second Class, Helen Munro, Marie Pauley.

Mathematics: Second Class, Heather Smith.

Music II.: Second Class, Dorothy Charnock.

**A University Exhibition** was gained by Helen Munro for the Faculty of Arts.



**Training College Scholarships**, awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate examination, 1944, were won by Margaret Barnes, Gwen Buchanan, Dorothy Charnock, Margaret Chivers, Joyce Drabsch, Helen Firmin, Heather Hawes, Margaret Horne, Gwen Howarth, Pat Morley, Shirley Parkin, Margaret Souter, Byrnes Tinsdeall, Marcia Wilkins, Betty Young. In addition, Valerie Coates and Marie Pauley, who are taking the Arts course at the University, won scholarships, as did Lenore Bate, June Elphick and Shirley Kerr, who are taking the Special Arts Course, in conjunction with the Technical College; June Maston won a scholarship for the Physical Education course.

A Scholarship for the June session was won by Heather Meeks, and a similar Scholarship for Armidale was won by Nancye Ellis.

**Bursaries**, awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate, 1944, were gained by Anne Harris, Beryl Alexander, Lucy Darnell, Judith Bodkin, Alberta Holt, Anne O'Brien, Nancy Vining, Margery Anderson, Zena

Campbell, Rosemary Peatfield, Elizabeth Hammond, Norma Swatridge.

We would like to congratulate the following prize-winners of 1944:—

Helen Munro, won First Prize (£2/2/0) in Group 8 of the Police Essay Competition for an essay on Bush Fires; Jill Jefferson, won First Prize (£1/1/0) in Group 6 of the same competition for an essay on How Young Australians can help to prevent Bush Fires; Jill also won a Special Prize of £5/5/0, awarded by the Bush Fires Advisory Board for this same essay; Lenore Bate won the Second Prize of £1/1/0, awarded by the Trustees of the National Art Gallery for an essay on Conducted Lecture-Guide Tours.

Helen Munro and Nancy Vining won the Senior and Junior Prefects' prizes respectively for Empire Day Essays, 1944; Nancy Vining won a Certificate of Merit in the Schools' Dental Essay Competition.

The Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays for 1945 have been won by Jennifer Woods (Senior) and Margaret Alford (Junior)

### SPEECH DAY, 1944.

With examinations behind them and holidays ahead, the girls proposed to end the year as all our school years are ended—with one last ceremony, the most important of all, Speech Day. From the Singing Room, the dulcet tones of the choir were wafted to every quarter of the school, there to find an echo in our pleasurable anticipations. The atmosphere was fraught with expectations of a happy release, and even the staff seemed not insensible of the joys of approaching freedom.

When at last the day arrived, everything fulfilled our hopes. The blue and pink hydrangeas made a lovely setting for the platform where the choir, in shining white, wore the subdued and virtuous air peculiar to such occasions, and where our teachers were once more resplendent in the finery of hoods, gown, and especially trenchers, whose tassels, as of yore, dangled in a delightfully rakish fashion.

The visitors arrived, and the opening address was delivered by



FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, 1945.  
(Photo by courtesy of Mr. Trinick)

the Chairman, Mr. J. G. McKenzie, B.A., B.Ec., the Director-General of Education. He spoke of the high place which Fort Street held among Sydney schools, of its fine traditions and achievements. The impression made by this speech was deepened by Miss Cohen's reading of her Annual Report, which told of the triumphs of Fortians, past and present, in the domains of scholastic endeavour and sport, and of the liberality with which girls and staff alike had responded to demands for money for War Funds and various charities. Once again Miss Cohen did not fail to point out the restrictions imposed on sporting activities by the absence of an adequate gymnasium and a suitable playground.

After the Choir, under the direction of Miss Margaret Taylor, had rendered "The Piper's Song" "The Sandman" and "It was a Lover", the Minister for Education, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, addressed the assembled company. He expressed his goodwill towards the School, and his desire that all necessary improvements should be made, but said that at the present time, the Government was devoting very large sums of money to education, and was un-

able to grant any more, when so much was being absorbed by the war effort.

On the conclusion of this speech, the Choir again sang three items—"I Heard a Forest Praying", "Gypsies We" and "May Morning", on the performance of which they were congratulated by the next speaker, the Hon. D. Clyne, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. Then Major-General Fewtrell, another old friend of the School, addressed us. After this, Barbara Brunton-Gibb recited a poem by Kipling, and the presentation of the prizes took place, the winners receiving their rewards from Mrs. Heffron who made a charming little speech at the conclusion of the ceremony. Doreen Moore, Captain of the School for 1944, passed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Heffron and Mr. McKenzie, and Eva Turner, Captain-elect, thanked the speakers.

And so, with the singing of "Come Fortians All", in the time-honoured fashion, Speech Day ended. It always marks a turning point in the life of the School. There are inevitable changes, girls and staff do not invariably return, but Fort Street remains.

Jennifer Woods, 5A.

### PRIZE LIST—Speech Day, 1944.

The School Association decided, early in the war, that foundation prizes only would be awarded during the war years. In 1944, it also decided that the proceeds of the First Term Concert should be invested in the First Victory Loan and that the interest thus obtained should provide foundation prizes—to be called First Victory Loan Prizes—for the Dux of Year IV. and Year I.

The other prizes have been

donated by benefactors of the School.

Following is a list of the prize-winners:

**The Ada Partridge Prize** (best pass in the L.C. Examination, 1943): Leila Giles.

**The Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize** (best pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1943): Carol Fowler.

**The Annie E. Turner Prize** (best pass in English and History, L.C. Examination, 1943): Pat Hallinan.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** (best pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1943): Elaine Bridges.

**Dux of the School** (prize donated by Major-General A. C. Fewtrell), Heather Smith and Marie Pauley (two aeq.)

**Dux of Year IV.** (First Victory Loan Prize): Alwyne Coster.

**Dux of Year III.** (Mollie Thornhill Prize): Beryl Alexander and Judith Bentzen (two aeq.)

**Dux of Year II.** (donated by Major-General A. C. Fewtrell): Margaret Alford.

**Dux of Year I.** (First Victory Loan Prize): Sylvia McCrow.

**The Emily Cruise Prize** (History III): Barbara McClure.

**Miss Mouldsdales' Prize** for Science III: Beryl Alexander.

**The Kirkby Memorial Prize** for Australian History, Year II.: Lexie Medis

**The Prefects' Prize** for Empire Day Essay, Senior: Helen Munro.

**The Prefects' Prize** for Empire Day Essay, Junior: Nancy Vining.

**Presbyterian Scripture Prizes,** Senior (donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson): Margaret Hardman, Elaine Montague, Shirley Smith (3 aeq.)

**Presbyterian Scripture Prizes,** Junior (donated by Miss Sutherland):

First Prize: Enid Lewis.

Second Prize: Marie Heatley.

**CERTIFICATES.**

**YEAR V.**

**English:** Lenore Bate.  
**History:** Helen Firmin.  
**Latin:** Marie Pauley, prox. acc. Helen Munro.  
**French:** Margaret Astle, prox. acc. Helen Munro.  
**Mathematics:** Heather Smith.  
**Chemistry:** Jill Waterer.  
**Botany:** Shirley Kerr.  
**Geography:** Heather Hawes.  
**Music:** Gwen Buchanan.  
**Art:** Shirley Kerr.  
**Needlework:** Pamela Satchell.  
**Physical Training:** Heather Smith.  
**Dietetics:** Joan Schmidt.

**YEAR IV.**

**Second Proficiency:** June McDevitt.  
**English:** Alwyne Coster.  
**History:** Barbara Belmont.  
**Latin:** Alwyne Coster.  
**French:** Alwyne Coster, Margaret Murch (2 aeq.)  
**Mathematics:** June McDevitt.  
**Chemistry:** Alwyne Coster.  
**Botany:** Elaine Montague.  
**Geography:** Janice Butler.  
**Art:** Gwen Walsh, Winsome Whitmore (2 aeq.)  
**Music:** Rhona Smith  
**Needlework:** Joyce Smith.  
**Physical Training:** Valerie Firth.

**YEAR III.**

**Second Proficiency:** Anne Harris.  
**English:** Judith Bentzen, prox. acc. Beryl Alexander.  
**Latin:** Nancy Vining, Judith Bentzen (2 aeq.)  
**French:** Anne Harris.  
**Mathematics I.:** Shirley Elder.  
**Mathematics II.:** Judith Bodkin.

**Elementary Science:** Beryl Alexander, prox. acc., Nancy Lenton.  
**Geography:** Margaret Miller.  
**Art:** Gillian Clement.  
**Needlework:** Shirley Weeden, Barbara Dean (2 aeq.)  
**Music:** Margery Hamilton.  
**Physical Training:** Annette Trinick.

**YEAR II.**

**English:** Margaret Alford, Wilma Buchanan (2 aeq.)  
**Second Proficiency:** Shirley Cooper.  
**History:** Margaret Alford.  
**Latin:** Nancy Bain, Winifred Lawrence (2 aeq.)  
**French:** Margaret Alford, prox. acc. Shirley Cooper, Joan Lesslie (2 aeq.)  
**Mathematics I.:** Shirley Cooper.  
**Mathematics II.:** Shirley Cooper, Joan Watson (2 aeq.)  
**Elementary Science:** Joan Watson.  
**Geography:** Betty Burton.  
**Art:** Margaret Patino.  
**Music:** Heather Cameron.  
**Needlework:** Pat Robertson.  
**Physical Training:** Pamela Bonney.

**YEAR I.**

**Second Proficiency:** Dorothy Hamilton.  
**Special Certificate:** Helen Davies.  
**English:** Elaine Lance.  
**History:** Elvy Tikmann.  
**French:** Luen Cook, Bernice Bryant (2 aeq.)  
**Mathematics I.:** Mary Guy, Nora Lupton (2 aeq.)  
**Mathematics II.:** Mary Guy.  
**Elementary Science:** Dorothy Hamilton.  
**Geography:** Sylvia McCrow.  
**Art:** Pat Clark.  
**Needlework:** Bette Stuart.  
**Physical Training:** Morna Christian

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1944.

The numbers following the names of candidates, indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 8, Modern History; 11, Chemistry; 12, Botany; 14, Geography; 16Q, Qualifying Mathematics; 18, Music I; 19, Music II; 20, Art; 22, Dressmaking...

The letters H1 signify first-class honours; H2 second-class honours; A, first-class pass; B second-class pass and L, a pass at a lower standard. The sign "x" denotes honours in Mathematics; "o" denotes those who have passed in the oral test in French.

Ashton, Beryl M., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6B 11A.  
 Astle, Margaret, 1H2, 2A 3A(o) 5A 6B 12B.  
 Bancroft, Lesley J., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 11B.  
 Barnes, Margaret A., 1B 3B 5A 6A 11B 24B.  
 Bate, Lenore F., 1H2 3B(o) 5A 6A 12A 20A.  
 Beard, Patsy L., 1A 3B(o) 5B 8A 12B 22B.  
 Buchanan, Gwenyth M., 1A 3B(o) 5B 8A 11A 19B.  
 Carey, Elma J., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6A 11A.  
 Charnock, Dorothy M., 1A 5A 8A 12A 19H2.  
 Chivers, Margaret E., 1A 2B 3B 5A 8H2 12A.  
 Coates, Valerie B., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 11A.  
 Cramb, Fay V., 1B 3B 5B 8B 12A 22B.  
 Davies, Beryl D., 1B 3B 8B 12B 14A 16Q 20B.  
 de Montemas, Judith, 1A 3B 8B 12B 14B 16Q 22A.  
 Dempsey, Jessie, 1B 3B 8B 12B 14L 16Q 22B.  
 Drabsch, Joyce E., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 12B.  
 Edwards, Gillian K., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12B.  
 Ellis, Nancye R., 1A 5B 12B 19B.  
 Elphick, June S. H., 1A 3B 5B 8B 12H2 20A.  
 Firmin, Helen F., 1A 3B 5B 8H1 12A 24B.  
 Gibb, Barbara J., 1H2 3B 8B 12B 16L 19A.  
 Graham, Audrey J., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6B 11A.  
 Graaug, Lydia, 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 12H1.  
 Griffin, Claire A., 1A 2B 3B 8B 12B 16Q.  
 Hawes, Heather J., 1A 3B 8B 12A 14A 16Q 20B.  
 Heffron, June D., 1A 3B 5B 8B 11B 24B.  
 Hobbes, Joy B., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 8B 11B.  
 Horne, Margaret A., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 11B.  
 Hotston, Pauline L., 1B 2B 3B 5B 12B.  
 Howarth, Gwendoline, 1A 3B(o) 5B 8A 12A 22A.  
 Jackson, Norma T., 1B 3B 12A 14A 16Q 22A.  
 Jacobsen, Janet S., 1A 3B 5A 6B 11B 24B.  
 Jarman, Barbara S., 1A 3B 5B 12B 24B.  
 Jenkin, Joy, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B.  
 Joce, Gladys D., 1A 3B 12L 14B 16Q 20B.  
 Johnson, Dorothy E., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A 6B 12B.  
 Kerr, Marjorie C., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 8B 12B.  
 Kerr, Shirley A., 1A 3B 5B 8B 12H1 20A.  
 King, Judith R., 1A 3B 5B 8B 12B 20B.  
 Leake, Nola A., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 12A.  
 Ling, Beryl A., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B.  
 Loomes, Gwynneth R., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 11B.  
 McCauley, Frances E., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A 6A 12B.  
 Martin, Joan, 1B 2A 3B 5B 11A.  
 Maston, June E., 1A 3B 5B 8A 12B.  
 Meeks, Heather M., 1B 3B 5B 12B.  
 Moore, Alice D., 1B 3B 14L 22B.  
 Morley, Patricia, 1A 3B 5B 8A 12A 24B.  
 Morphett, Mavis, 1B 3B 12B 16Q 19A.  
 Munro, Helen R., 1A 2H2 3A(o) 5B 8A 11B.  
 Paine, Margaret M., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 11A.

Parkin, Shirley J., 1A 3B(o) 5B 8A 12L 20A.  
 Parton, Valda M., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12L.  
 Pauley, Marie O., 1A 2H2 3A(o) 5A 6A 12B.  
 Percival, Helen R., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 11A.  
 Price, Barbara E., 1A 3B 12A 16Q 20B.  
 Ramsay, Robin L., 1A 3B 8B 12B 16Q.  
 Roberts, Violet J., 1A 3B 5B 8B 12A 19B.  
 Robertsh: w Hazel M., 1B 2B 3B 5B.  
 Roscoe, Margaret O., 1A 3B 5B 8B 12B 24B.  
 Ross, Marea L., 1A 3B 5B 8A 12B 22B.  
 Rowland, Clare E., 1A 3B(o) 5B 8B 12B 20B.  
 Satchell, Pamela A., 1B 3B 8B 12A 16Q 22A.  
 Schmidt, Joan, 1A 3B 5A 6B 11B 24B.  
 Schollay Florence M., 1A, 2A 3A(o) 5B 8B 11H2.  
 Segal, Ettie, 1A 3B 5B 8B 11B 24B.  
 Smith, Heather S., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A(x2) 11A.  
 Smith, Shirley V., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 11A.  
 Souter, Margaret P., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 8B 11B.  
 Stokes, Jill R., 1B 3B 5B 8B 12B 20B.  
 Swift, Patricia A., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5A 6A 11A.  
 Tinsdeall Byrnese, 1A 3B(o) 5B 6A 11L 19A.  
 Warr, Joan, 1A 3B 5B 8B 12B.  
 Waterer, Jill A., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 11H2.  
 Wilkins Marcia M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.  
 Williamson, Doreen E., 1A 2A 3A 5B 8B.  
 Woodward, Alison M., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 11A.  
 Young, Betty J., 1A 3B(o) 5A 6A 12B 24B.

## THE INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

### RESULTS, 1944.

The Intermediate Certificate 1944, was awarded under new conditions, whereby candidates took some papers at an external examination, and others at an internal school examination.

The individual subjects in which candidates have passed are no longer publicly announced.

Following is the list of successful candidates:—

Alexander, Beryl J.; Anderson, Margery V.; Ashworth, Janet.  
 Barber, Jean M.; Barnier, Shirley M.; Bentzen, Judith A.; Beveridge, Judith D.; Bing See, Rosemary D.; Bodkin, Judith K.; Bowden, Mavis H.; Bragg, Esme L.; Broadbent, Joan W.  
 Campbell Zena F.; Cawthorne, Elaine A.; Christian, Rosalind; Church, Laurel R.; Clement, Janet G.; Collins, Margaret M.; Coote, Judith A.; Costin, Noeline J.; Cramb, Aubrey; Crane, Norma G.; Cullen-Ward, Jill W.  
 Darnell, Lucy D.; Dean, Barbara E.; Deane, Grace C.; Deane, Ruth M.; Dewar, June B.; Donald, Elaine M.; Dunn, Mary E.; Duignan, Jean P.; Dunsmore, Elizabeth.  
 Eddington, Phyllis M.; Elder, Shirley E.; Ella, Margaret A.; Everingham, Bessie E.  
 Frizelle, Thelma M.  
 Gee, Elise I.; Gittoes, Valda F.; Goodyear, Dulcie M.; Graham, Colleen M.; Graham, Fay A.; Graham, Shirley J.; Grant, Margaret; Guest, Betty M.  
 Hamilton Margery J.; Hammond, Elizabeth; Hardy, Esther F.; Harris, Anne; Harrison, Audrey J.; Hastings, Irene D.; Hay, Barbara A.; Henson, Ruth; Hoctor, Thelma; Hogan, Hilary B.; Hogg Elaine L.; Holcombe, Patricia E.; Holt, Alberta.  
 Jones, Doreen H.; Jones, Jill P.  
 Kershaw, Evelyn M.; Kilgannon, Shirley J.; King, June E.  
 Laing, Valda M.; Larratt, Madge A.; Lees, Dawn E.; Lenton, Nancy M.; Lerve, No'a V.; Lillieblade, Miriam E.; Long, Joan R.; Lowe, Hilda E.

McAlister, Valerie; McCarthy, Gwennyth M.; McClure, Barbara; McDermott, Dorothy A.; McDonald, Myrene J.; McGee, Pamela J.; McGuffie, Claire A.; McKinnon, Heather D.; McLean, Mary E.; McPherson, Margaret; Maston, Gwenyth D.; Matthews, Lynette; Membrey, Shirley; Miller, Marcia A.; Miller, Margaret W.; Millington, Marjorie; Milner, Rona L.; Moules, E'aine A.

Nelson, Joan G.; Newton, Lorna; North, Shirley M.

O'Brien, Anne M.

Paddison, Leonie I.; Palmer, Naree J.; Pantou, Jean E.; Peatfield, Rosemary J.; Potts, Lizette G.

Ratner, Sara E.; Roberts, Helen M.; Roche, Pauline T.; Roulston, Dorothy M.

Samuels, Sheila M.; Sengelman, Betty M.; Skardon, Dorothy M.; Smith, Laurel J.; Snape, Beverley A.; Spies, Joan; Stapleton, Joan M.; Swanson, Jacqueline P.; Swatridge, Norma J.

Thorncroft, Phyllis R.; Thornton, Edna M.; Totolos, June M.; Trinick, Annette; Urquhart, Isabel M.

Vining, Nance I.

Wade, Betty J.; Wakeley, Ivy E.; Weeden, Shirley P.; White, Yvonne E.; Williams, Bernice L.; Williams, Dorothy; Willmore, June R.; Willoughby, Patricia M.; Wohlstein, Gertrude; Wood, Nancy E.; Wright, Mary H.

Yabsley, Evelyn J.

The results gained in both the Leaving and Intermediate Certificates were very gratifying to the School. Seventy-eight out of eighty candidates (97.5 per cent.)

passed the Leaving Certificate examination, and all the candidates—one hundred and twenty-nine—won their Intermediate Certificates.

### GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL, 1944.

The School welcomes this opportunity of expressing its gratitude to its benefactors. They include the donors of foundation prizes—Miss Mouldsdale and Miss Weston; the donors of annual prizes—Mrs. Kirkby, Miss Cruise and Miss Turner; and also Major-General A. C. Fewtrell, who has presented several special prizes.

Many benefactors have, during the war years, made gifts of money for the purchase of library books. They include Jill Stokes, who came to us as an evacuee from Hong Kong and spent most of her High School days here, the W.A.N.S., Mina Buckland, Coral Lee, Mrs. Taylor, Audrey Shuttleworth, Nina Whiting, Betty George, Eva Sullivan, Yvonne Wooster and Phyllis Wightman.

McDowell's Ltd., have made a donation of £3/3/-.

Mr. Hutchins and Mr. S. Davies presented us with valuable books, as have Barbara McCallum and Norma Kirkham and the Reference Librarians of 1944—Lillian Bennett, Judith Esdaile, Jill Jefferson, Virgil Homer, Nora Taylor, Jennifer Woods.

Miss Cheetham presented the Library with a book of engravings of Stratford-on-Avon.

As a mark of appreciation of the School's work for them, the girls of Year V., 1944, presented it with a cheque for £9/10/0.

As a parting gift, Miss Gombert donated War Bonds valued at £20, the interest thereon to be used for a prize in perpetuity for languages.

## THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1945.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1945 were elected early in First Term. They are Eva Turner (Captain), Jennifer Woods (Year V), Anne O'Brien (Year IV), Pat Maloney (Year III), Diana Vernon (Year II), Annette Randall (Year I), Barbara McClure (Year IV—Secretary).

The Staff members are: Miss Cohen, Miss Whiteoak, Miss Taylor (Treasurer), Miss Saunders, Miss Anderson.

The chief deliberations of the Association this year have concerned the printing of the School magazine and the institution of the House System.

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## THE HOUSE SYSTEM.

The idea of having School Houses had long been simmering in the minds of every new group of Fifth Year girls, and this year, definite action was taken.

It began with our School Swimming Carnival in February, when dissatisfaction concerning the lack of enthusiasm among the spectators, was felt. It was thought that girls tended to show interest only in those competitors who were their own classmates or intimate friends, and that House-membership would broaden the scope of interest and stimulate competition, especially as the distinguishing house-colours were so easily recognisable.

So our School-Captain, Eva Turner, brought up the subject at the Association Meeting, with the result that each representative was asked to discuss it with the girls of her year.

The Captain and Year V. representative, Jennifer Woods, at once called a meeting of the Fifths. We were almost unanimous in our agreement. Then Eva stated the situation to Miss Cohen, whose consent was given, and the House-System came into being.

Now the details of the scheme and the names and colours of the

Houses had to be determined.

Misses Hamilton, Kerr, Llewellyn and Green were very good to us, in explaining the details of the system and in placing the girls in four Houses, according to alphabetical lists.

Meanwhile, the Fifths were expected to suggest the names of the Houses, and for days there were hot discussions about them. Some suggested the names of Australian explorers, others wanted aboriginal names; then the names of the streets adjacent to the School were suggested, as were the names of certain Royal Houses.

Finally a compromise was made between the last two suggestions, and the names of the Houses were settled. Eva then decided the question of House colours to everyone's satisfaction—blue for Bradfield, green for Gloucester, scarlet for Kent and gold for York.

The system was instituted in time for our Athletics Carnival, where it was marvellously successful. Each girl wore the colour of her house, so that each race was exciting, not just for a few, but for every girl in the School.



Captains and Vice-Captains were elected, and now the house-system has given us a unity; it has given us a keener ambition in the field of sports; it has improved physical-training classes immensely, for the absence of a gym. uniform means that one's House loses a mark. We shall see it play its part, too, in the coming examinations.

A new page in our School history has been turned and Fortians are very grateful to those who have made it possible.

The first elections for House Captains and Vice-Captains, held in June, resulted as follows:—

Bradfield: Captain, Marjory Payne; Vice-Captain, June McDevitt.

Gloucester: Captain, Valerie Firth; Vice-Captain: Judith Esdaile.

Kent: Captain, Eva Turner; Vice-Captain, Jane Wattleworth.

York: Captain, Pat Burrows; Vice-Captain: Alwyne Coster.

Jill Jefferson, 5A.

### WAR-TIME COLLECTIONS, 1944.

At the beginning of the year we donated £16 (carried forward from 1943) to the Merchant Seamen's Fund.

During the year the following sums were raised:—

	£	s	d
First Term Concert ..	40	0	0
Second Term Concert	25	9	9
Talent Quest .. . . .	10	3	4
Market Days (First Term) .. . . .	21	1	1
(Second Term) ..	9	1	11
Class-box collections,			
Sales of lost property	62	9	3
Fete and Field Day ..	138	7	0
Total ..	£266	12	4

These funds were disbursed as follows:—

	£	s	d
To The Prisoner of War Fund .. . . .	52	0	0
To The Girls' Secondary Schools' Patriotic Fund .. . . .	200	0	0
Total ..	£252	0	0

The balance was carried forward to 1945.

In addition, the following sales of buttons were made:—

A.C.F. Fund (First Term) .. . . .	8	6	0
(Second Term) ..	8	0	0
Tin Hat Day .. . . .	11	1	6
Legacy Club .. . . .	11	0	0
Poppy Day .. . . .	8	10	0
Total	£47	0	6

The sale of War Savings Certificates and Stamps realised £152/5/0; in addition, the Staff bought War Savings Certificates to the value of £50. Pupils and Staff contributed £2,700 to the First Victory Loan and £3,800 to the Second Victory Loan.

### OTHER WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES.

During the past twelve months the School has contributed to the war effort in various ways.

Apart from the Fete and the regular contributions to class money-boxes we have raised money by Talent Quests, held in the Hall at lunch-time.

A group of Fourth Year girls has served by going to Air Force House on Saturday mornings and assisting in bed-making there; others made a number of dolls for the Free French Exhibition; these dolls were sent to France to be distributed among French

children.

Aluminium bottle-tops and other waste have been collected for salvage; we have also collected books and magazines for camp-libraries, and are at present collecting clothes for U.N.R.R.A.

Early in the year we hemmed over a thousand handkerchiefs for the A.C.F. and the Red Cross.

Last year eight collections of clean salvage paper for pulping were made; approximately 4cw. of clean papers were collected. The proceeds of the sale of this paper go to Stewart House Pre-ventorium.

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### DEBATES, 1945.

On May 7th, it was our pleasure to welcome the Senior Prefects and the Debating Team of Fort Street Boys' High School to the first of our annual inter-Fortian debates.

The subject of the debate was that "The inventor does more for mankind than the reformer," and our team, consisting of Marjory Payne, leader; Jill Jefferson, second speaker; and Nancy Hart, whip, successfully affirmed this motion.

The School would like to express its gratitude to Mr. J. Weeden, M.A., who kindly gave his services as adjudicator, and its pride in its debating team.

On July 13th, it was our pleasure to visit Fort Street Boys'

High School at Petersham for the return debate.

Our team opposed the motion that "Socialism is in the best interests of humanity" and once again we won the debate.

On both occasions afternoon-tea was served after the debate and the visitors were shown around the Schools.

This is one of our most interesting annual functions. It provides us not only with intellectual and social entertainment, but is a regular reminder of the days when Fort Street boys and Fort Street girls went to the old School on Observatory Hill.

Anne Harris, 4A.

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### THE LIBRARY.

The reference librarians for 1945 are: Judith Bentzen, Zena Campbell, Judith Coote, Anne Harris, Joan Spies, Annette Trinick, June Totolos and Nancy Vining.

Books recently added to the Library include several volumes of One-Act plays, H. M. Green's Fourteen Minutes, Lord David Cecil's Early Victorian Novelists.

Macneice's Poetry of W. B. Yeats, Dr. Wade's Thomas Traherne, Shann's Economic History of Australia, T. S. Eliot's The Sacred Wood, Simmons' Chemistry and a Russian Reader.

The fiction-librarians are: Jill Jones, Dorothy Roulston, Barbara McClure, Pam McGee and Laurel Smith.

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### LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1944.

Award of Merit and First-Class Instructor's Certificate: J. Elphick, H. Meeks.

First-Class Inst. Cert., Bronze Cross and Bronze Medallion: W. Leihn.

First-Class Inst. Cert., Bronze Medallion, Resuscitation, Elementary and Intermediate Certificates: M. Miller.

First-Class Inst. Cert.: J. Stokes, H. Firmin, R. Ramsay, F. Cramb, B. Belmont, E. Johnstone.

Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion, Resuscitation, Elementary and Intermediate Certificates: M. Barnes, G. Buchanan, V. Firth, P. Burrows, J. Lippiatt, M. Payne, E. Moules, A. Trinick, S. Membrey.

Bronze Cross, Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate: M. Morgan.

Bronze Cross: P. McPherson.

Bronze Medallion, Resuscitation, Elementary and Intermediate Certificates: M. Souter, H. Smith, S. Parkin, J. Drabsch, M. Ross, J. Maston, E. Carey, M.

Kerr, P. Morley, M. Horne, B. Young, S. Kerr, J. Warr, J. Jenkin, J. Dempsey, M. Morphet, C. Griffin, P. Hotston, J. Esdaile, P. Tamplin, J. Wilson, J. Reinsberg, M. Young, M. Hardman, E. Montague, N. Franks, B. Burmester, E. Stansfield, A. O'Brien, N. Palmer, E. Hogg, P. McGee, J. Broadbent, V. Gittoes, B. McLean, H. Roberts, R. Henson, E. Spurgeon.

Bronze Medallion, Resuscitation and Intermediate Certificates: J. Schmidt.

Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate: J. de Montemas.

Bronze Medallion and Resuscitation Certificate: B. Gibb.

Bronze Medallion: J. King, F. McCauley, E. Turner, L. Matthews.

Resuscitation, Elementary and Intermediate Certificates: P. Edington, G. Maston.

Intermediate Certificate: M. Underwood, P. Setchfield.

## SECOND TERM CONCERT, 1944.

The concert opened with a play, "A Fable of Bagdad", presented by Second Year girls. The performers were: Winifred Turner, Joyce Pryor, Merle Wilson, Joan Lesslie, Barbara Nation, Shirley Cooper and Margaret Fraser. Although the setting was a Cobbler's Shop in Bagdad, the producers achieved an effect of Oriental colour, and the actors gave an impressive performance.

Then a choir-group sang "May Morning", and "Gipsies We."

This was followed by another play, "The Mad Hatter's Tea Party", presented by girls of Year I, Diana Vernon, Genevieve Pratt, Beth Andreoni and Lexie Harris. The players successfully conveyed the fantastic, topsy-turvy atmosphere of Alice in Wonderland.

Then the Third Year Choir sang "The Piper's Song" and "It Was a Lover", prior to the Fifth Year play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat", by A. A. Milne. This satire on the romantic love-story, the melodramatic thriller and the entrepreneur in the bowler hat, was well acted by Beryl Davies, Barbara Price, June Elphick, Robin Ramsay, Jill Stokes and Pamela Satchell.

After the singing of the National Anthem, afternoon tea was served to parents in the Science Rooms.

The concert was repeated for the girls on the last afternoon of term, and as a result of the two performances, the School war funds were increased by £25/9/9.

## FAREWELL DAY, 1944.

Once again we met together in the Hall to wish the Fifths and Thirds success in their public examinations and to say goodbye to those who were leaving School.

Former teachers and former School-Captains accompanied Miss Cohen into the Hall, and when they were seated, the function began with the singing of two School's songs, "The Best School of All," and "Now we have Examinations." Then Miss Cohen spoke; she stressed the opportunities which were afforded women to-day and urged that girls should be trained so as to avail themselves of the chance to obtain interesting positions.

The investiture of the Senior Prefects was, as usual, an impressive ceremony and we listened with interest and pleasure to

their speeches; the Captain, Doreen Moore, and the Captain-elect, Eva Turner, spoke to the School in general; Jill Jefferson spoke for Year V, Majory Payne for Year IV, June McDevitt for Year III, and Alwyne Coster for Year II.

The Choir sang delightfully a group of songs—Brahms' "Hungarian Dance" No. 5, "The Sandman", and "May Morning."

Our guest-speaker was Mrs. Caines (Gwen Curran), a former Captain. She made a charming speech and impressed us with the importance of our school days.

Then we heard Miss Rush's beautiful contralto voice in "Loveliest of Trees" and "Ma Curly-headed Babby." After this, Doreen Moore presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £9/10/0,

a parting gift to the School from the Fifths. Anthem and the clap-out.

Two other School songs, "Come Fortians All" and "Five Short Years," preceded the National

After the function in the Hall, Fourth Year girls entertained the Fifths and the school guests at a delightful party in Room 20.

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## THE FIRST YEAR DISPLAY AND CONCERT, FIRST TERM 1945.

The early closing of the School in celebration of the V.E. day at the end of First Term, caused the postponement of First Year's concert to the first week in Second Term.

The first item consisted of a delightful display of Folk Dances—the Ribbon Dance, Gathering Peascods, Pop goes the Weasel, If All the World were Paper, The Big Trall and Sellenger's Round.

These dances were given on the lawn, then the audience went to the Assembly Hall for the concert. The first item was given by the Choir which sang "The Mill Wheel", "The Lass with the Delicate Air" and the "Boat-song." Next came two little French plays, "Un Petit Navire" and "La Bergere," given by Classes 1B and 1C respectively. The next item was an amusing little play, entitled "Lost—One Lunatic"; in this each person suspects the others of being the

lunatic and this causes great amusement.

Then the Choir sang again, this time "Kelvin Grove" and "North Country Maid", and this was followed by a French song "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre" (1A Class) and a French play "La maison que Pierre a bati" (1D Class).

The programme conclude with the play, "The Stolen Prince," performed by 1B. It tells how a Chinese prince is stolen in mistake for his twin sister who is to be killed, as was the custom in China. The prince is put in a basket and allowed to drift down the river, but is found and cared for by a fisherman and his wife. After many years, however, they learn that he is the prince and return him to his royal parents, who are overjoyed to see him.

Afterwards tea was served to the parents, and the proceeds of this and of the concert, £11/5/2, went to the School war funds.

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## EMPIRE DAY, 1954

On arriving at School on May 24th, we saw Miss Llewellyn hoisting the new Union Jack, the Australian flag, and in addition, our own good old Fortian flag. This last we had never seen before, and therefore were greatly surprised and pleased.

After two periods of lessons, we went to the Hall where the Chairman, Mr. J. G. McKenzie, Director-General of Education, addressed us and read the message of the President of the Empire Day Movement, Lord Gowrie.

Our guest speaker was Miss E. Riddell, a journalist who had recently returned from Europe. She told us of the struggle of British women journalists to obtain accreditation from the British Government as official war-

We were intensely interested in her description of her experiences in Paris, Brest, Aix-la-Chapelle, and of her stay at the Hotel Carlton at Cannes where the magnificent luxury of the appointments contrasted incongruously with the near-starvation rations.

We also appreciated the Choir's singing of patriotic songs and the

addresses of the two senior prefects; Jill Jefferson spoke admirably on "Britain Delivers the Goods," and Majory Payne narrated interesting episodes of the life of Mr. Churchill.

After Barbara Brunton Gibb had delighted us by her recitation of "England", Eva Turner thanked the visitors. In reply, Mr. McKenzie expressed his appreciation of Miss Cohen's work and the girls' efforts, especially the fine singing of the Choir and, after the National Anthem, we dispersed for the usual half-holiday.

—Mavis Bowden, 4C.

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### SCHOOL VISITORS, 1944-1945.

On September 29th, 1944, Mrs. Walter Elliott, Chairman of the National Association of Girls' Clubs in England, visited us, attended by Lady Anderson and Miss Farr.

In an inspiring speech, Mrs. Elliott told us that the purpose of her visit was to thank Australians for the comforts which they had sent to Britain, to tell us how children in Britain were enduring the hardships of war, and to further the cause of youth.

Mrs. Elliott made us feel the strength of the intangible bonds

which unite the Empire, and made us feel proud to belong to it.

During First Term, 1945, Mr. Ian Maxwell gave the senior girls a lecture on Modern Poetry and T. S. Eliot; and in Second Term, Mr. Oliver gave a lecture on English Drama. Both Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Oliver are lecturers in English at Sydney University and we were especially fortunate in being able to attend these instructive and enjoyable addresses, given under the auspices of the University Extension Board.

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### SCHOOL VISITS.

This year girls have attended various interesting functions.

Early in January we were represented at the A.S.C.M. School-girls' Camp at Bundanoon, and a small group of girls attended

Schools' Day at Pymble Presbyterian Ladies' College in June.

During First Term, Second Year girls went to the Orchestral Concert conducted by Mr. Cyril Douglas, and this term, the

senior girls attended a similar concert, conducted by Sir Ernest McMillan.

Senior girls have also been privileged to attend a series of Careers Talks covering such topics as Journalism, Industrial Chemistry, Law and Librarianship.

Another group of seniors attended an evening function and lecture arranged by the Royal Empire Society and still others visited the Technological Museum and the Museum.

Recently the Fifts attended a recital of scenes from Macbeth and the Thirds a recital of scenes from The Merchant of Venice, given by Miss Isobel Whyse at the Conservatorium.

One of our most impromptu—but not least interesting—"outings" occurred when we lined the pavement on the opposite side of Bradfield Highway and had an excellent view of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester soon after their arrival in Sydney.

### THE ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held this year at the North Sydney Olympic Pool on the morning of the twenty-eighth of February. The weather was perfect, and the trip in the ferry was much enjoyed.

Beryl Hosking swam remarkably well and gained first place in the School Championship and Junior Championship, while Valerie Firth gained first place in the Back Stroke Championship, and secured most of the points for 5A, who this year won the highly-contested point score shield.

We greatly appreciate the work of Miss Anderson and the other members of the staff who helped to make the carnival such a success.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Miss Llewellyn, who acted as starter, and Miss Matheson, Mrs. Davidson and Mr. Griffiths who acted as judges.

The following are the results:

**School Championship:** Beryl Hosking 2D.

**Junior Championship:** Beryl Hosking 2D.

**16 Years' and Over Championship:** Eva Turner 5B.

**15 Years' and Over Championship:** Annette Trinick 4B.

**14 Years' and Over Championship:** June Lawson 3A.

**13 Years' and Over Championship:** Beryl Hosking 2D.

**12 Years' and Over Championship:** Gloria Thompson 1C.

**11 Years' and Under Championship:** Wendy Sellars 1D.

**Breast Stroke Championship:** Eva Turner.

**Junior Breast Stroke Championship:** Dorothy McDermott 4D.

**Back Stroke Championship:** Valerie Firth 5A.

**Junior Back Stroke Championship:** Gloria Thompson 1C.

**Diving:** Moya Grant 3D.

**Rescue Race:** Shirley Membrey 4C, Annette Trinick 4B.

**Junior Rescue Race:** Moya Grant 3D, Beryl Hosking 2D.

**Six Oar Race:** Annette Trinick 4B, Anne O'Brien 4B, June Totolos 4A.

**Year Relay:** 4th Year (Annette Trinick 4B, Phyllis Eddington 4A, Shirley Membrey 4C, Margaret Miller 4A).

**Point Score:** 5A.

—Alwyne Coster, 5A.

## THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

23/3/'45.

The long-awaited day was fine and clear, and after four delightfully short lessons in the morning, during which our thoughts were remarkably concentrated (on the Carnival), we wound our serpentine way to the Quay, exciting the usual impatient remarks from irate drivers wishing to cross the roads we were blocking.

This year, the procedure at the Carnival was altered, for the heats were held in the morning, and when the spectators arrived in the afternoon, they saw only the finals. The announcer allowed no cheering till all the results and times were announced: then we gave expression to our pent-up enthusiasm in a fine display of vocal prowess.

Fort Street, we regret to say, did not acquit herself as well as

usual, though each competitor did her best to bring honour to the School. We won first place in both Junior and Senior Rescue races, tying with Sydney High in the latter.

We congratulate Sydney High on its excellent performance in winning both Junior and Senior Point Scores, also Newcastle High which won the Country High Schools' Shield.

Mr. J. Baek, Superintendent of Secondary Schools, was unable to attend, but we were fortunate in having Mrs. Black to present the trophies to the successful competitors in the twenty-fifth Annual Combined Swimming Carnival.

Joan Kennedy, Joyce Lippiatt.

5A.

## OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY AND FETE, 1/6/'45.

Our annual Sports' Day was held once again at Rushcutters' Bay Oval on the first of June. Although the day was cloudy, no rain fell and everyone, especially the competitors, appreciated the refreshing coolness.

This year marked the inauguration of the House System and it was first observed at the Sports, the general verdict being that it was a good innovation.

The girls proudly sported their house colours—gold for York, emerald for Gloucester, royal blue for Bradfield and scarlet for Kent; the Fifths, in their zeal, bedecked themselves with coloured paper bows.

Parents, "old girls" and friends attended in good numbers and were delighted with the refreshments served by the teachers.

Here and there were dotted on the Oval, girls in white aprons, who were selling trayfuls of good things. Inside the pavilion, volunteers did their share in the preparation of food, at the price of missing part of the Sports.

The useful and pretty articles on the Fancy Stall were quickly disposed of, and the darts competition attracted much custom, especially as the girls tried to surpass the teachers' scores.

The drink stall also attracted a great deal of patronage, a cer-



tain brand of "punch" being very popular; the greatest demand, however, was for hot-dogs and a long queue was formed before the rolls had even arrived. The rush was capably handled, and the general and unanimous verdict was that they were "super!"

The demand for sweets continued all day and toffees were definitely "the thing" to eat.

The vegetable stall sold out very early, as did the jam stall.

The races were, perhaps, more eagerly watched than ever before. Enthusiasm ran high as the House representatives contested the various events.

As usual, the sack-race greatly amused the onlookers, as girl after girl tumbled down.

Ball games were conducted under the House System, Kent undoubtedly having the best teams.

The relay-sticks also displayed the House colours, which proudly fluttered as the runners held them aloft.

At the conclusion of the events, the point scores were announced, and the House of York sent up a jubilant cheer at its well-deserved success.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable and profitable day, a credit to everyone who helped to bring about its success. It also resulted in a contribution to our War Funds of £106/15/9.

**School Championship:** Judith Canty.

**Junior Championship:** Judith Canty.

**16 Years' and Over Championship:** Pat Burrows.

**15 Years' Championship:** Shirley Membrey.

**14 Years' Championship:** Pamela Bonney.

**13 Years' Championship:** Laurel Bryant.

**12 Years' Championship:** Helen Saxby.

**11 Years and Under Championship:** Elaine Muir.

**Skipping:** Pat Burrows.

**Junior Skipping:** Morna Christian.

**Sack Race:** Jane Wattleworth.

**Junior Sack Race:** Margaret Duckworth.

**Orange Race:** Margaret Miller.

**Junior Orange Race:** Shirley Cooper.

**House Relay (Senior):** 1st, York House: Pamela Bonney, Pat Burrows, Nona Black, Beryl Alexander.

**House Relay (Junior):** 1st, Gloucester House: Morna Christian, Margaret Duckworth, Pat Hodgkins, Betty McDougall.

**Ball Games (Senior):** Tunnel Ball, Kent House; Captain Ball, Kent House; Under and Over Ball, Kent House.

**Ball Games (Junior):** Tunnel Ball, Kent House; Captain Ball, Bradfield House.

**Point Score:** 1st, York House, 78; 2nd, Bradfield House, 55½; 3rd Kent House, 55; 4th, Gloucester House, 39½.

**Ball Games Trophy:** Kent House.

Anne Harris, 4A.

Pamela McGee, 4A.

**THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' FIELD DAY,  
29/6/1945.**

When the great day to which we had been looking forward for so long, dawned bright and clear, our spirits rose high. What ambitious hopes were in our breasts as we joined the stream of girls who made a very colourful display in their school colours, as they wended their way to the Sports Ground.

Our hopes were in no way lessened as the morning wore on. Indeed we had every reason to feel particularly cheerful, for we gained a place in the heats of nearly every event. Especially did we excel ourselves in the heats of the Captain Ball which we won easily. The suspense of the start of the races was heightened—and enlivened—by the fact that the gun did not always go off when expected to do so.

While the ball games were in progress, a subdued quiet fell over the grandstand as we breathlessly watched the flying ball, and not until the end did we give vent to our suppressed feelings with prolonged cheering.

Yet despite the excellent start of the day, our luck gradually turned and by an unfortunate mishap we came only third in both the Captain and Tunnel Ball Finals, and second in the Under and Over Ball. This was a great blow, as everyone had set her heart on winning the Ball Games' Shield, but perhaps next year, who knows?

During the luncheon interval and throughout the day, ice-creams and cool drinks were a welcome salve to hoarse throats, and to voices cracked with exhaustive cheering, as well as to the competitors.

For the first time since 1939, Fort Street carried off that coveted trophy, the Junior Cup. Our Juniors, tying with Sydney High, broke the record in the Junior Relay. In addition Morna Christian succeeded in running the 50 yards Junior Skipping Race in six and four-fifths seconds, clipping one-fifth of a second off the record time. St. George is to be congratulated on its splendid running and ball teams.

The prizes were presented in a most charming manner by Mrs. Heffron, who apologised for the absence of her husband. Mr. Back also spoke, congratulating Miss Anderson and her helpers on the splendid organisation of the day.

Our results were as follows:

**First Place in:**

**Junior Point Score:** 25 points.

**Junior Relay:** M. Christian, J. Canty, P. Bonney, L. Bryant.

**Junior Skipping:** M. Christian.

**Sack Race:** J. Wattleworth.

**Second Place in:**

Junior Championship: J. Canty  
Under and Over Ball.

**Third Place in:**

Point Score (Caro Cup).

Ball Games Point Score.

13 Years' Championship: M. Christian and L. Bryant.

11 Years' Championship: J. McGrady and E. Muir.

Junior Sack Race: R. Elliott.

Tunnel Ball.

Captain Ball.

Joan Charlwood, 5A.  
Norma Firmin, 5A.

**HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY.**

December, 1944.

**Faculty of Arts.**

Year I.—Leila Giles: Credit and Garton Scholarship No. 4, in German. Credit in Ancient World History and in Psychology.

Carol Fowler: Credit in English, History and Psychology.

Pat Hallinan: Credit in English and History.

Jean Wright: Credit in Psychology and Economics.

Year II.—Joan Meredith: Sydney University Women Graduates' Association Prize for English Esays, High Distinction in English (second place), Distinction in Logic (first place).

Wendy Gibb: Distinction in English.

Year III.—Dorothy Fitzpatrick, Lithgow Scholarship No. II, High Distinction in French (first place), High Distinction in German (second place).

Pat Knight: High Distinction in German, Distinction in French.

Helen Sheils: Distinction in Modern Philosophy (first place).

**Faculty of Agriculture.**

Year III.—Beth Meldrum: Credit in Animal Nutrition and in Agricultural Biometry.

**Faculty of Medicine.**

Year I.—Beryl Ford: Credit in Chemistry, Zoology, Botany.

Betty Andrews: Distinction in Zoology, Credit in Anatomy.

Judith Hay: Credit in Chemistry and Zoology.

**Faculty of Science.**

Year I.—Elaine Bridges: Distinction in Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics.

Iris Ward: Credit in Chemistry and Botany.

Pat Ohlsson: Credit in Mathematics and Zoology.

Tilly Hoffman: Credit in Botany.

Year II.—Dorothy Pollitt: Distinction in Mathematics, Credit in Chemistry.

Naida Gill: Credit in Chemistry.

Year IV.—June Lascelles: University Medal and Class I. Honours in Bio-Chemistry, at Graduation.

**Faculty of Veterinary Science.**

Year III.—Helen McVicar: Distinction in Anatomy, Credit in Physiology and Pathology.

**Pharmacy Course.**

Year I.—Joan Furnass: Credit in Chemistry I.

**1945. Faculty of Medicine.**

Second Class Honours at Graduation were won by Del Harrison-Potter and Hazel Mansell. Hazel also won the Dagmar Byrne Prize for proficiency among women candidates at the final year examination.

## "O, CALL BACK YESTERDAY."

Fort Street twenty years ago! That probably sounds like the Middle Ages to you Fortians of nineteen forty-five, but it's really not so long since I was walking up the flagged path for the first time, and walking down it, five years later, for the last time as a pupil of the Best School of All! In fact, when I came back two years ago to enrol my own daughter, it was all I could do to stop enrolling myself all over again! *Tempus fugit* . . . which with the greatest of ease into the Latin girls will translate Time Flies!

And yet that same Time has seen many changes. For instance, the old "Gym" which witnessed our Term Play Days, and used to adjoin "Siberia" (called by us Room Fourteen!) is now a lawn, and tennis courts have replaced the splintery seats which used to be the special prerogative of Second Year lunchers. The old "Gym" was a narrow wooden building with a very small stage at the "Siberia" end and a long, narrow dressing room at the side. How on earth we ever managed to fit our Play Day audiences in, I can't imagine . . . and as for that Stage . . . it certainly trained us for modern flat-dwelling. There had to be a place for everything and everybody and if you moved half an inch from your appointed spot, you were liable to end up in the front row of the audience or out of the back window! Speaking of the back window, I can remember using it for a play in which a fireman appeared at it with dramatic suddenness! "He" disappeared with even more dramatic suddenness as the erection of school cases on which "he" was standing out-

side, gave way and left the heroine soulfully addressing the empty window!

Those Play Days! It was always the unrehearsed comedy which provided the greatest number of laugh . . . those lost moustaches, the ominous strain on some unfortunate brother's borrowed pants, the incredible way crepe paper had of letting one down in the most embarrassing way, the props which collapsed in the crisis and the lines we never could remember at the right moment!

They were glorious days, those Play Days, and we attempted everything from hilarious French dialogues in which nobody understood a word we said, to three act comedies, operettas and Shakespeare. If the original Shakespearean actors lacked properties, so did we! By the time the crowd scenes arranged themselves on stage you couldn't have fitted in an extra grass blade! Our mothers' sheets suffered for Julius Caesar, and I think Julius Caesar would have suffered could he have seen the "togas"! But we had grand fun and we certainly achieved miracles with borrowed plumes and household props. It was nothing to see Fortians staggering up the hill on Play Days, laden to the eyebrows with everything from occasional tables to clothes horses. Don't ask me how they ever got them to School. Perhaps the trams weren't so crowded in those days . . . and anyway . . . the cause was always worth the effort!

Sports Days, Fifth Year Party, First Year Welcome, Debates, Choir, the day the School Mag. came out . . . these were the high-

lights of the Fortian year for us, just as they are for you, and of course, that proud day at the end of the year . . . Speech Day.

In 1927 I attended my last School Speech Day as a pupil. Last year I attended my first as a pupil's mother. And as I sat in the Conservatorium Hall and enjoyed a Fort Street Speech Day for the first time from the other side of the platform, the thought came to me that I was seeing the very stuff of Tradition. Year after year the School goes on. The names on the roll change but the girls are the same girls who have shared the work and the play of Fort Street since its inception. As each girl comes and goes, she is woven into the fabric of her School history and the girl be-

comes the generation and many generations become the Tradition. Don't ever doubt that your School is one of the most powerful things in your life. It is not merely a matter of scholarship. It is something which both embraces and transcends academic attainment.

It is the foundation for that sense of Values which remains with you long after you have passed through the gates for the last time. Of this you can be certain; wherever there are women doing good jobs . . . spectacularly or with quiet competence . . . you will find a Fortian, and that Fortian will be proud to remember her School and the Tradition she shares with YOU!

—F. J. H.



THE FOUNTAIN.

THE NOISY SCHOOLMASTER.

(Marcus Valerius Martialis (43-104 A.D.) was born in Central Spain, but early in life went to Rome where he later distinguished himself as a satirist. I have translated this Latin poem by him, into English verse, but have added the moral.

Schools in Rome began work at a very early hour; and Martial complains that his sleep is ruined by the noise this schoolmaster makes).

Oh scoundrel master, hateful unto youth!  
Why must you thunder with your voice uncouth,  
Chastise your pupils with a rod, forsooth,  
So early in the morn'?

The crested cocks as yet dare not to break  
The silence. Still your boist'rous voice must make  
The brazen statues ring, as anvils quake  
Beneath a shatt'ring blow.

Milder is the rousing shout of praise,  
Which watchers at the amphitheatre raise,  
As the gladiator's vict'ry meets their gaze,  
Than your disturbing' din.

Your neighbours, we, ask not a whole night's rest;  
To wake from slumber once, why 'tis a jest!  
To stay awake forever is a test  
Far too severe for us.

O forceful, noisy orator! Dismiss  
Your pupils! Leave us now to dream in bliss!  
We'll pay as much or more to silence this,  
As you're paid to raise such din.

MORAL:

To all the early birds both near and far,  
I pray you, please, to be particular  
The slumbers of the sleepy not to mar,  
As did the noisy schoolmaster.

—Jill Jefferson, 5A.

A SONNET ON IMAGINATION.

No bird could ever soar or fly so high  
As thou, to whom the loftiest peak seems low,  
To whom the meagre limits of the sky  
Like leaves are washed away by swirling flow  
Of some fresh wave of thought. Oh how you take  
Us on long flights, away from dull, drear facts  
To realms where Fancy reigns supreme. You make  
Us see things in a golden light that attracts,  
O, puckish, fickle sprite! Things oft go wrong  
When you with absurd thoughts our minds do grasp.  
But when we need you most you slip along,  
Evasive, mocking, from our finger's clasp.  
For were you always there within our sight  
A sonnet would not be so hard to write.

—Margaret Morgan, 5A.

## I'M LIKE THEM TOO.

(With apologies to Ogden Nash and thanks for the inspiration of "So That's Who I Remind One Of").

When I ponder on the works of famous authors,  
And think about the writing of the sage,  
I, too, am overcome with wonder  
At the brilliance I exhibit (for my age).

Like Hazlitt I'm inclined to disputation,  
Like Johnson I am something of a freak,  
I read, as Milton, to satiation  
And gain nothing, although my eyes grow weak.

My writing is misunderstood by many,  
But genius can suffer no reproof,  
And the critics of my poems (if they're any!)  
Should restrain themselves, or hold themselves aloof.

Like Bunyan, well my past is somewhat shady,  
And like Chatterton I've little in my purse,  
But yet, I still contrive to be a lady,  
While my spelling, like Dan Chaucer's, still grows worse.

I am practi'ly as venomous as Pope was,  
Mr. Eliot is not nearly as abstruse  
As I am. But in this (like Pope) my hope is  
That worth abounds, though matter's not profuse.

I have weighed the matter very, very caref'ly  
As I've pondered on these men of golden worth,  
I have some of all their sins, and true merit always wins,  
How amazing that I'm still confined to earth.

—Lilian Bennett, 5A.

## TO MANLY.

(With Apologies to Shakespeare).

Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more,  
So pack the basket with our modest lunch.  
At the beach there's nothing so becomes a girl  
As coloured Jansen suit and jaunty cap.  
Then in the swimming-pool we gaily sport,  
Disguise faint heart with gallant scornful laugh;  
With eyes fast shut dive from the highest board,  
Spin through the water, porpoise-like in grace;  
Clamber on floats: dart down! the slippery slides  
Scramble on rocks and hop o'er glistening pools  
Seeking fat shellfish. While you, good surfers,  
Whose strokes were taught in Sydney, dishonour not your fathers,  
Let us see you breast the breakers, strike out lustily;  
For there's no green wave curves invitingly  
But hath the power to dump you spluttering  
And cast you up like flotsam on the shore.  
A castle on the sands now quickly build,  
With seaweed trees and shelly windowpanes,  
How tired we are as night draws on apace,  
Oh, then 'tis sweet to listen to our folks  
Cry "Home to dinner! Bed! And then sweet dreams."

—V. McAlister, 4B.

SONG OF DEMETER.

The bounteous earth and the golden grain,  
 The shining sun and the falling rain,  
 The rippling stream and the breaking sea,  
 The whole of Nature, boundless, free,  
     In the chirp of every insect,  
     In the notes of every bird,  
     In every tiny throbbing throat  
 Triumphant praise is heard.

Eternal humming of the bumble bees,  
 Eternal murmur of the dying breeze,  
 Eternal whisper of the sighing trees,  
 Eternal roaring of the mighty seas,  
     Who keep their own appointed ways,  
     And who to God so often gaze,  
     Whose voices oft in chorus raise  
 To hymn their glad eternal praise.

The music in the patter of the rain, . . .  
 The music in the thunder of the storm,  
 The music in the quiet hush of even,  
 The music in the stillness of the morn,  
     The very rushing winds do sing,  
     The very seas their chorus bring,  
     The very birds their voices ring  
 With praise to their celestial King.

—J. Totolos, 4A.

DUSK.

The sun's last rays are fading from the land,  
 Apollo drives his fiery steeds to rest,  
 A rustle stirs the tree-tops and they sway,  
 And whisper magic music to the night.

Soft breezes waft strange perfumes from the woods;  
 Diana, in her chariot, mounts the sky  
 To light with mellow rays the land below,  
 While light her velvet mantle throws on all  
 And casts her spell throughout the sleeping land.

—Valerie Chidgey, 4C.

TO PAN.

Shepherds from the hillside fair,  
 Sing your praises rich and rare,  
 Thou art god and monarch there, O Pan.

Phillida still sings to you,  
 In the early morning dew,  
 When the flow'rs display their hue, O Pan.

Corin plays on pipes of corn,  
 When the day is at its dawn,  
 Fore the huntsman sounds his horn, O Pan.

Do not then forsake the hill,  
 For the vast and flowery rill,  
 Till the shepherds' hearts you fill, O Pan.

—Valerie McAlister, 4B.



**FORT STREET.**

F is for Fort Street  
 the best school of all.  
 O for the honour we  
 esteem most of all.  
 R for the rules that  
 we try to uphold.  
 T is tradition  
 we treasure like gold.  
 S for the subjects  
 we learn and digest.  
 T for the teachers  
 who never can rest.  
 R for the reports  
 we show to our mothers.  
 E the example  
 we try to set others.  
 E for the exams.  
 that worry us ever.  
 T for the tie  
 that binds us together.

—Rosemary Peatfield, 4C.

**DRY DESERT.**

Undulating wastes of everlasting sand  
 Further than the horizon of this god-forsaken land,  
 Treacherous calms of death, boiling waves of terror  
 In murderous friendship go, hand in hand forever.  
 Then from the burning heat of day to the deathly cold of night,  
 That splits the rocks and hurls them down from every height,  
 While through the silky silence purplish black and deep,  
 A thousand rodent feet softly start to creep.

—Jessie Turner, 3B.

**THE SEASONS.**

With radiant face aglow with youth and joy,  
 And gladdening smile that drives away dark gloom,  
 She trippeth fairy-like o'er hill and dale,  
 And in her wake the dainty mayflowers bloom.  
 Sweet Spring is welcomed back with outstretched arms,  
 For the world succumbs before her charms.  
 As languid Summer glides in stately grace,  
 The crimson roses blossom 'neath her touch,  
 And o'er the world her fragrant breezes blow  
 Murmuring sweet songs in accents soft and low.  
 With laughter shrill and tangled flying hair  
 Wild Autumn whistles through the chilly air.  
 With ruthless hand she strips the shivering trees,  
 Leaving them naked in the biting breeze.  
 A boisterous lass on harmless mischief bent,  
 To herald bitter Winter she's been sent.  
 As Winter's icy breath first sweeps around,  
 And thick sharp snowflakes flutter to the ground,  
 No more through leafy boughs the lark doth sing  
 But c'er the snow the tinkling sleigh bells ring.

—Nancy Vining, 4A.

## TRANQUILLITY.

From the pearly mist of dawning  
 To the freshness of the morning,  
 From the grey-green of the river,  
     To the azure sky above;  
 From the blue-gums in the bushland  
 To the gently rippling white sand,  
 Not a murmur breaks the stillness  
     Save the robin and his love.

Now, the water gently lapping  
 Hears the sound of white wings flapping;  
 And the gentle zephyr rustling  
     Every tiny bud and flow'r;  
 While the great sun, rising slowly,  
 Cheers the homeless and the lowly,  
 And dries the last few glist'ning diamonds  
     Of the dew and early show'r.

Then the twilight softly falling  
 To the music of the calling  
 Of a thousand tinkling bird songs  
     From each bush, each tree, and dell;  
 Brings its cloak of softest satin  
 To enfold all till the matin;  
 So sleep on thou silent bushland,  
     Peace is King and all is well.

—Jill Fleming, 3A.

## PHANTASMAGORIA.

From out a troubled nightmare, with a start  
 I woke last night: with struggling, anguished cry  
 I tensed myself, and, trembling, felt my heart  
 Hard\_pounding. In the thick black air around  
 Something had moved; my straining, staring eye  
 Would burst with terror; than an awful sound—  
 The rustle, rattle of a window blind  
 Cold adders gnawed my spine; fear gripped my mind.

Then through the window crept a single stream  
 Of moonlight; calmly showed familiar things.  
 The fears of night were banished by that beam,  
 For in my fear it was the light which brings  
 A glimpse of human life; a potent balm  
 To steep my mind in peace, in happy calm.

—Bessie Everingham, 4A.

### LETTERS FROM FORMER PUPILS.

(Jill Stokes came to Sydney as an evacuee from Hong Kong early in the war.

Last year she took her Leaving Certificate papers and then left Australia for England. The following are extracts from a letter which she wrote to Miss Cohen after her safe arrival in London in January.—Ed.)

“We arrived in England after a very pleasant and comfortable trip through Panama, which was our only port of call. After three weeks at sea, we reached Panama on January 4th and were awakened at 5 a.m., when we had to go through the usual routine of passports, etc. before the canal officials would allow us to move into Balboa, the first town on the Pacific side. Here we lay in mid-stream for two hours before moving towards the first lock.

Never having been through the canal before, I found it most interesting; it took us about eight hours to pass right through, and by the time we got ashore at Colon, the port on the Atlantic side, it was 5.45 p.m. I believe we were very lucky in our port of call as Colon is said to be superior to the other Panamanian towns both in shops and cleanliness.

We found on pricing a few articles that the shop-keepers knew that tourists were in town. We had planned to buy the many unobtainable goods, such as silk stockings and handbags, but prices were too high. Silk stockings were over 30/- (Aust.)

and handbags ranged from £8 to over £20. I managed, however, to buy a very nice Swiss watch for £6/15/-, which was a bargain compared with the other prices.

I thought the most attractive shops in the town were the Bazaars with their inviting arrays of china, glass-ware, pottery and silks. But their prices were very high, too.

Once at sea again, we were given orders to join a convoy; we were thrilled for it was a marvellous experience.

Two days off England, we struck bad weather. What with the cold, the rolling of the ship, and the dropping of depth charges, we were very thankful when we reached the Channel and where steaming for London.

It was a thrill to see the “White Cliffs” covered with snow, and to pass many famous tourist resorts. We landed in the middle of the coldest weather England has had for fifty years. Thank goodness we had only a week of such weather.

Five years of war have left their mark on England, and it makes one's heart ache to see the damage that poor old London has suffered. The V2's are still coming over and rendering some poor family homeless, but the spirit of the people is marvellous and their determination to carry on in spite of everything is a tonic in itself.

—Jill Stokes, 5A (1944)

(Irene Davidson came to Sydney as an evacuee from Singapore. Last year she was a First Year pupil at Fort Street. At the end of the year she returned to Scotland, and this is the letter she sent Miss Cohen.—Ed.)

Aberdeen,  
21/6/'45.

Dear Miss Cohen,

I have delayed in writing you, until now, because I wanted to tell you, not only about our journey home, but also of my schooling in Aberdeen, where we have settled.

As the ship, which we boarded a days after I left school, was a fast and large liner, we were travelling for only just over six weeks, in the greatest of comfort.

About three days after departing from Sydney we arrived at Wellington, the beautiful approaches of which amazed us. We spent five very enjoyable days there, and found the New Zealanders very kind and considerate. They invited us to picnics and welcome teas and gave us a lovely time.

The journey across the Pacific proved very monotonous, when all we could see was the dark blue sea. Indeed it was so tiring that someone wrote in the ship's magazine a portion of John Milton's poem, which concludes:

"When you're at sea  
You see the sea, and nothing  
but the sea."

It was like this for two weeks.

However, one day a Catalina flying-boat circled round the ship, and then we knew that we were within five hundred miles of Panama. We passed through the Canal by day in seven hours, and at every corner or turn we saw different things that amazed and amused us. For instance, all along

the banks there were miniature lamp-posts and huge white boards with black crosses on them. We began to think that the people of the Panama Canal Zone were rather peculiar, until we were told that these things were to guide the pilots of the ships. In some places there were electric trucks along the banks, and these pulled the ship through the locks. Much to our disappointment we did not land, and went straight on to Bermuda.

While we were at Bermuda, V.E. Day was celebrated. The ship did not do much for the children, but a generous gentleman gave them a party. Here also, we could not land easily.

The ship left Bermuda and joined a forty-eight ship convoy. It was the fastest boat and the largest liner of the convoy. One Sunday morning, when we were at Church, a German submarine put up its white flag and surrendered to one of the destroyers. Now we were really in the Atlantic, and very cold conditions prevailed.

At last, after some days, we arrived at Liverpool and took the somewhat tedious journey to London. My mother wanted me to see some places of historical interest there.

I was very interested in reading the Latin inscriptions on the tombs and commemoration stones at Westminster Abbey, and we went to see the famous Poets' Corner and -Unknown Soldiers' Grave.

At St. Paul's we went to the Whispering Gallery, which is in the main dome of the Cathedral.

A guide told us to put our ears to the wall and related the history of the Cathedral, speaking very softly all the time, and yet the dome was shaped in such a way that we heard every word he said. We then climbed three hundred and sixty-three steps to a balcony outside the dome, from which much of the devastation in that part of London was to be seen. Also we visited Hampton Court which was Cardinal Wolsey's Palace which he gave to the king, Windsor Castle, Eton College, Buckingham Palace, and St. James' Gardens. We also visited Durham Castle and Cathedral.

Then we took the night train to Aberdeen, where we were met by the Davidson clan. Mother had a few 'hectic' days fixing up registration, rationing, and my schooling.

She took your letter of introduction to Miss Rose, the Prin-

cipal of Aberdeen High School for Girls, which appears to be the very best one here. Friends had told us that the chances of my gaining admission to this school were very few, as there is a waiting list of hundreds.

Miss Rose was exceedingly helpful and understanding and promised to make room for me at the beginning of the term. The girls have learnt Latin since entering High School, so I may be a little behind, although, with the help of a Padre who was on the boat, I have been studying it all the time. Mother bought the books they use, and I am following the lessons in the Summer Holidays.

Thank you very much for your kindness and help in the past.

Please convey my love to my former classmates.

Yours sincerely,  
IRENE DAVIDSON.

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### A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,  
March, 1945.

Dear Fortians,

I suppose those of you who are thinking of coming to the University are wondering what it is like during the war. We regret that here we are under a disadvantage, seeing that we have never known it in peace-time, but as a matter of fact, everything is gradually returning to normal at present; air-raid precautions are scarcely ever thought of, trenches are filled in and black-out blinds put away. We are very thankful for the disappearance of the latter especially from the Fisher Library. They were put up every

afternoon at half past four and managed to spread a general air of gloominess and depression.

There were several large netting classes at Manning House when we first arrived, and all students were asked to give up one hour a week for war work. We were also reminded of school at first by hearing of the various knitting groups we could join.

In the holidays, too, there were, and still are, various branches of war-work to which we could turn our attention. Many students joined the Land Army. We hear they had a great time, picking beans, tomatoes, melons, and being generally helpful. There is still a Land Army advertisement

pinned up in Manning House depicting a Land Army girl struggling to pile up a cart load of hay whilst a highly amused draught horse looks on.

During the long vacations of the last two years several of us have been called up for work in canning factories, which we found, if not interesting, still an experience. There was at one stage a suggestion that while stoning peaches one should have a book propped up in front of one, but this method did not prove practicable. On the whole we think we made quite a success of this new job, especially seeing that it is the exact opposite of studies at the University. Other students were directed to Christmas-rush jobs in City shops and displayed unsuspected talent as salesgirls.

Our work in term-time has not been very much affected by the war, except for the shortage of books. We spent a large part of the latter end of our vacation combing Sydney's most obscure bookshops for elusive text-books which, must be at present resting at the bottom of the sea.

Student Societies still claim a large share of our energies. The

Societe Francaise intends to map out a large programme for this year, with various soirees and, it is hoped, a film-evening. The German Society is hoping to equal last year's lively programme, the star features of which were the performance of a play, a society hike and a three days' camp. The Classical Society, Labour Club, Book Club, Students' Christian Movement and Evangelical Union also claim our attention.

But please don't think that we spend all our time going on student hikes and attending lunch-hour lectures. Fisher Library is more crowded than ever with busy students, owing to the unprecedented influx of Freshers and we ourselves seem to be spending more and more time there. However, the work is extremely interesting, especially now that we are in Fourth Year Arts.

So good luck to all of you in your own exams, especially the Leaving and Intermediate! We hope to see many of you up here next year.

Pat Knight

Dorothy Fitzpatrick

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## THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Committee of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members the twenty-fifth Annual Report for the year ending March 1945.

Membership totals 196, 162 ordinary members, and 34 life members.

The Literary Circle, a sub-society of the Union, will present its own report at this General Meeting.

It had previously been decided that owing to war conditions, the Union should temporarily curtail its activities. However, we were able to arrange several functions

during the year. In April a function was held at the school, the highlight of the afternoon being the tennis competition between the old, and the new "Old Girls."

In June a hike from Lindfield Station to Roseville Baths was arranged and there were forty present.

In September we held a Theatre Party at the Theatre Royal and made 30/- profit.

As previous Beach Days have proved so popular, we held another in February. Owing to bad weather, there were only twenty-four present.

Once more we were able to send a donation of £2/2/- to the Rachel Forster Hospital.

The Union also presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £2/2/- for the School Improvement Fund at our Annual Meeting last year.

Miss Cruise, our Patron, has been unable to attend any meetings or functions owing to illness, but the president has kept her in touch with all our activities. The president has received many delightful letters from Miss Cruise, and we all hope to see her fit and well in the near future.

To all new members we extend a warm welcome, and hope that their "Old Girls" days will be just as happy as those spent at school, and their friendships just as sincere.

In conclusion, the retiring Committee welcomes the incoming Officers and wishes them a very successful year.

Signed,

Gwen Ohlsson,  
Lorna Woodward,

Joint Hon. Secs.

## FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL, OLD GIRLS' UNION.

### LITERARY CIRCLE — Annual Report 1944-45.

Throughout the year the Circle continued to meet in the Botanical Gardens on the third Sunday in the month. Ten meetings in all were held.

At the annual meeting the office-bearers for 1944 were elected as follows: President, Miss Turner; Vice-President, Eva Duhig; Treasurer, Catherine Farrell; Secretary, Gwen Caines.

The books under discussion for the year included: "Song of Bernadette", "War and Peace", "Cobbers", "Cover His Face", "Australians", "The Persimmon Tree", "Mission to Moscow."

The Annual Prize of one guinea

which the Circle presents to the Fortian securing the best pass in English in the Leaving Certificate Examination, was this year won by Lenore Bate.

New members of the Union are cordially invited to join the Circle. We have a very interesting syllabus for the coming year dealing with the Biographies of famous writers.

In conclusion, we are proud to record that 1945 marks the twentieth anniversary of the foundation of the Literary Circle.

Gwen Caines,  
Hon. Secretary.

## LETTERS FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Teachers' Training College,  
June, 1945.

Dear Fortians,

Although we are missing Fort Street, we are happy in our new home at the Teachers' College. Perhaps not so dignified and aloof as the surrounding University Buildings, the Teachers' College has a homely and friendly atmosphere. At first we felt strange and lost in its bewildering maze of rooms and corridors, and most of us were longing for Fort Street again.

The grounds of the College are really beautiful and certainly spacious, compared with the old grounds at Fort Street. There's enough room for us to run around and play games—that is if we want to do so—although it is not considered quite the thing, since we were told at the welcome speech that we should at all times behave in a dignified manner, befitting the great profession which we have chosen to follow. There are facilities for all sports—hockey-fields, grass basketball fields, and tennis courts. The gymnasium is a great delight to us with its parallel bars and splendid equipment. The Assembly Hall is a beautiful hall with seating accommodation for seven hundred students and furnished with a grand piano on its own dais and a well-lit stage. It makes, too, an excellent dance floor, and dances are held every Friday night. The Library is something of which we are all proud and the biggest of its kind in the world; all the latest books, magazines, periodicals and digests are available, and there are pictures on all topics. The din-

ing room—when we can get something to eat—is very nice. The rest room, with its lounges and easy chairs, is a delightful haven of peace and quiet and the common room, with its piano, gramophone and wireless, a noisy gossiping centre.

Now, lest I have misled you into believing that it is all play at the College, I must tell you of some of the work. Perhaps the one drawback at College is that we never have enough time to enjoy all its pleasures; there are always lesson-notes to be copied down, or references to be looked up. Lectures are all an hour long, and we begin at nine and finish at four. Lectures can, and often do, become very boring. We of the General Primary Course have lectures in the method of teaching English—both written and spoken—Geography, History, Music, Mathematics, Physical Training and Education. The latter includes Psychology. We also study Biology and one optional subject.

Practice-teaching was fun for some and nightmarish for others. We were "stewed-ants" at various primary schools for three weeks, but it was not quite as bad as we had expected. We are just beginning to see how the other half of the world lives as far as schooling is concerned.

For sport, we are divided into four houses each having an aboriginal name and its characteristic motto and emblem, everything being absolutely authentic. Inter-mural competitions are conducted for sports, verse-speaking, dramatic and choral work between the four houses: Arunta, Buntamurra, Djaree and Camillaroy.



I wish the old School every success and happiness, especially the present Fiftths and Thirds, and hope to see many of you here at College next year as prospective teachers.

I only hope, as do the other twenty-one students who have en-

tered College from Fort Street training we may be worthy of this year, that at the end of our Fort Street—worthy of our willing helpful teachers whom we can never fully repay for their interest and advice.

—Helen Firmin.

**Nancy Donohoo, a Second-Year student, kindly sent us the following letter:—**

Dear Fortians,

I thought you might like to know about the Second Year Course at the Training College. It covers a variety of subjects, for the most part interesting, but, of course, there are the not-quite-so-interesting, which must be done nevertheless for the sake of our future pupils. I was really quite surprised to find that most of our time here is spent learning how to teach, rather than what to teach. I am quite fascinated by the new method of teaching children to read, and wish that I had learnt in the same interesting manner.

Every student is compelled to do a course in Education, embracing Child Psychology; this has the major place in our Time Table and in it we study the best types of lessons to give, and learn a little of education in other lands.

History, Geography and Mathematics, too, are now taught in a much more interesting fashion, although most people would probably wonder how Arithmetic could possibly be interesting! The only trouble for the student is that the method of teaching sums is quite different from that which we ourselves learned.

All these subjects are done by every student throughout the Col-

lege course, but as we are reaching Second Year, more time is devoted to the less general subjects. One hour per week is spent in doing Nature Study. This term we have to hand in a collection of weeds, while next term's assignment is a collection of about twenty insects.

The thought of catching grubs and caterpillars turns me quite green and I shudder at the prospect of having to stick a pin through their fleshy dead bodies. I am told we are collecting these gruesome specimens so that we shall be able to recognise them, and, in turn, put our pupils through the same torture.

As part of our Art course, we have painted an aboriginal mask and made many scribble designs with a broad brush. I regret to say that my attempts can be viewed with equal success from any angle (even back to front).

Another of the less interesting subjects we do is Hygiene in which we have learnt so far about circulation and respiration. The main aim of this subject, however, is to give us a working knowledge of First Aid which is of course most essential, particularly if we are to be sent to one-teacher schools away out in the Never-Never.

Speech training is a rather terrifying process. For a few weeks you listen critically to others of the class reading; then suddenly, one day you find yourself standing in front of the class and you realise that, at last, your turn has come. You are conscious of your knees knocking, twice to every word, then, you race ahead in your reading, almost shouting to overcome the rhythmical knock of your knees. You say as much as you can in one breath, gradually dying away, then with a mighty heave, start off on the next lap. When the criticism begins you are, not in the least surprised to hear that your reading has been expressionless, but rather amazed to think that it can be sufficiently understood for so many bad points to be found in it.

Physical training is in reality much less strenuous than Speech Training. At least, you don't feel so "knocked up" after it, except when your classmates try their hand at teaching exercises, and in an effort to learn the right pace for counting, have you touching your toes almost as fast as they can count.

One hour a week is given over to Musical Appreciation and recognition of the instruments of the orchestra, while another hour is devoted to the method of teaching singing. This is followed, before our final exams, by a practical examination in singing which pre-

sents no trouble to the singing students—but to the rest! Once more we shall stand and quake and receive the ruthless and sarcastic criticism of those more gifted than ourselves.

The most interesting branch of our studies is handwork which also keeps us busiest. The preliminary exercises were examples in making calendars, trays, etc. Then we were promoted to making a magazine cover, a loose leaf cover, and now we are binding books with a truly professional air, even though the finished articles may not look professional. Soon we are to make wooden toys, and this is to be followed by a short course in cane basketry which promises to be most interesting.

The bane of every student's life is practice-teaching. You are met on arrival at the school by cat-calls, whistles, etc., from the primary boys and cries of "Huh, stewed ants! Who wants some stewed ants for dinner?" The experience of practice teaching is quite thrilling after the first dreadful lesson and we enjoy the comparative freedom from lectures.

This, I think, covers the whole of the Second Year course, so I shall close now with my best wishes to Fort Street, "the Best School of All."

—Nancy Donohoo.

## THE MODERN SAMUEL PEPYS AT SCHOOL.

### A Page from His Diary.

#### Monday:

Did proceed right merrily to school this morn in the know-

ledge that the afternoon would be spent chasing a small white ball over a green field.

Did pass a disagreeable morning while a certain teacher didst call me a "nitwit" on account of my sad lack of knowledge concerning mathematical reasoning.

Later did advance to the recreation ground where, to my exceeding misfortune, I did receive a mighty whack on my person from some accursed aggressor.

Then home, and to bed betimes.

### **Tuesday.**

Did partake of an excellent repast and then proceed to this seat of learning.

Did pass a section of the morning in a scholarly manner, delving into the secrets of one named Cicero. The remainder of this day I did spend in the laboratory where I did pass the time amazedly noting pink and purple precipitates.

In the evening did hie me to a picture theatre, where I suffered much agony for several hours listening to the moanings of one named Frank Sinatra. And so to bed.

### **Wednesday.**

Owing to the activities of the previous evening did rise from my bed slightly late; and so did reach this esteemed establishment after the screeching of a certain siren. And so was compelled to wend my way to a tiny back room, wherein one teacher did discuss with me, in no uncertain terms, the subjects of early arising and late arriving.

Despite this horrible occurrence the day proceeded well, certain lessons being made exceedingly humorous by the entrance of an unwanted dog into our classroom.

After the evening repast did have an exceedingly difficult task

to write an essay in French and listen to the thrilling adventures of one named "Firstlight Fraser" at the same time.

### **Thursday.**

Did rise betimes and wend my way to school, heavily weighed down by many books of learning. Upon arriving thither, did discover that "Firstlight Fraser" had triumphed over my French, for did receive mighty few marks for the said essay.

After an exceedingly tiresome day, which was enlightened only by certain scientific experiments with an alarm clock, did homeward wend my weary way (Odd's my life, that's fine alliteration).

This evening did have an exceedingly large amount of home studies so did decide to be mighty fair all the teachers and do none.

### **Friday.**

Much brightened by the thought that this was the last day of scholarly efforts for two days, I did succeed in reaching this establishment before the screeching of that hated siren (much to the surprise of certain sarcastic acquaintances).

After delving into the adventures of that murderous Macbeth, did pass the greater part of the day concocting excuses for the neglected homework.

While wending mine way homeward did determine to do some home-studies for a change; but did forget mine resolution on reaching my place of abode and finding an exceedingly interesting work of fiction. And so to bed.

—"Pepperpot", 5A.

## LEST WE FORGET.

(The writer of the following article is a refugee who came to Australia in 1938. She then knew no English.—Ed.)

There is a German proverb that says, that for agony of every kind, time, the true comforter has the only remedy, for with the comfort that time brings, one usually forgets. But one cannot forget those terrible experiences through which the Jews in Germany and later those in the German occupied countries had to pass. One should not forget them, though eternity may have passed over them.

We, who have been lucky and able to take refuge in a free country before the last act of human tragedy was being played, can, owing to the experiences of the earlier years of the Nazi terror regime, vividly imagine the deeds of horror committed on our brothers and sisters.

Considering it to-day, it is surprising how in only a few years the people of that country were taught to look upon murder and crime as an everyday happening and to forget all instinctive and inculcated culture. Or perhaps it is not so strange after all, when one considers, that already in earlier years this conception of "the Master Race" was instilled into them under a different title but always with the same clashing of swords. But at any rate, it needed a group of unscrupulous men together with those craving for political power, to ripen the poisonous seeds.

Here I should like to give an example of how an insurrection of the people against the Jews was actually staged. One day I watched another one of those gatherings in front of a Jewish

shop. I went nearer, and this is what I saw: a crowd of about forty to fifty boys, their ages between thirteen and seventeen, were standing there under the leadership of a man who was unmistakably a schoolmaster. Shouting, they scrawled over the window with coloured chalk and finally broke it. After giving a speech that was meant to stir the hatred of the onlookers against the Jewish occupants of the shop, one of the boys took a photograph of the little crowd, doubtlessly to use it for Herr Streicher's notorious newspaper "Der Sturmer," calling this gaping crowd "a group of good Germans who were provoked against the Jews." Not many of the older people supported them. Suddenly there occurred an event that delighted me very much. I saw a simply dressed man approaching this boy and in a matter of a second he had snatched the camera, dashed it to the ground and fled. He must have been amongst friends who apparently by accident stepped in the way of those raging gangsters, and so covered his flight, for he had quite disappeared.

But this had happened in the year 1934. In later years the influence that skilful propaganda knew how to exercise had already broken the spirit of resistance. The suspicion of each other had become so great, that no one had the courage to give his opinion if it were anti-Nazi. As the above mentioned episode shows, it had been well understood, that by implanting the new ideas into the youth of Germany, the older people would be forced into silence. And how demoralizing was

this influence. A lady came once to my mother, she was a Roman Catholic and amidst tears she told her, that her own son had denounced his own confessor to the Gestapo for being anti-Nazi.

I remember myself as a little girl of eight at school with two other girls of my religion. We had been seated separately and even to-day I can remember those daily sermons held in our presence for the benefit of my Christian fellow pupils: "You must not talk to those three girls and under no circumstances may you associate with them, no matter how much you like them, for they are Jewish and will bring you disaster."

Could I ever forget, how during some nights my mother would gather me into her arms, too frightened even to dare to switch on the light, when again fleeing footsteps passed under our window, followed by that hard clatter of the heavy boots that characterized Hitler's men—and then those screams, screams filled with fear and despair when the police spy had reached his wretched prey. Those were the nights of the first years of Hitler's "Third Reich", when those brutal deeds were not yet being committed by day-light.

M. Auerbach, 5A.

### MALVOLIO'S REVENGE.

Scene I.: A room in Olivia's Palace.

Enter Malvolio and Anton.

**Malvolio:**

You come at last. 'Tis well.  
Now list to me;  
To-night when Luna witnesses  
our tryst  
The cross-roads will behold our  
meeting there;  
And you the Duke's daughter  
scarce two weeks born  
Will give to me, and I my  
lady's son  
The infant heir, will place  
within your care.  
See that to-morrow morn the  
babe will lie  
Where lay the child of the more  
gentle sex  
A few short hours before; and  
I the infant girl  
Will in the baby lordling's  
place install.  
Aha! A merry jest, and justice,  
too  
For all the slights and scorns  
that have been done

i now will have my turn, and  
care shall teach  
Them I am not a man to fooled  
be.  
But take thou heed, and mind  
my will be done  
And thou shalt have reward,  
aye, that in full!

**Anton:**

Fear not. My need doth over-  
come my heart  
And I thy orders will obey in  
all. (Exeunt).

Enter Sir Toby, running, pursued  
by Maria.

**Sir Toby:**

Now, now, good Mary, calm thy  
fears and doubts  
Nay, lay thee down thy hand,  
do not glare so!  
I tell thee 'twas but one short  
sip of wine  
And it did melt, like snow be-  
fore the sun,  
The money which thou gav'st  
me to adorn  
The landlord's pocket and the  
baker's purse.

**Maria:**

Wretch! Vile and unclean  
 beast! I thee defy  
 To set thy foot within the door  
 until  
 My debts be cleared, my name  
 erased from lists  
 Whereon are writ those who  
 owe landlords ought.  
 Now go! A thousand pigs may  
 be thy kin  
 Before I let thee come inside my  
 house!

(She pursues him again and  
 exeunt).

Enter Sir Andrew and Sir Toby.

**Sir Toby:**

I tell thee that Maria a demon  
 is  
 No woman, but a witch in hu-  
 man form  
 And now must I find funds  
 anew  
 Ere I can enter in my own  
 domesne.

**Sir Andrew:**

'Tis well I leave this place to-  
 day.  
 For here my moneys dwindle  
 like your wine.  
 No maidens to my suit will lend  
 an ear,  
 And I have been betrayed by  
 Olive's charm  
 Becozened and bejaped until  
 methinks  
 That some there be that take  
 me for a fool.

**Sir Toby:**

Come now, speak not of parting  
 more:  
 Our sorrows shall we sink with-  
 in the cup. (Exeunt).

Scene II.—The cross-roads at  
 night.

Enter Malvolio and Anton each  
 carrying a bundle.

**Malvolio:**

At last you have arrived! I am  
 half ill

And tired of waiting for thee.  
 Give to me  
 The child. Now take thee in  
 thine arms  
 My infant lord, Here. Hist!  
 What sound was that?

**Anton:**

'Tis but a waking night owl in  
 the trees.

**Malvolio:**

Well, go! Remember, naught of  
 this to none  
 Or else I shall take care to have  
 thee whipped.  
 Adieu! Now hasten and begone  
 Else shall the new dawn come  
 before we know. (Exeunt).

There is a rustling in the bushes  
 and Sir Andrew crawls out,  
 followed by Sir Toby.

**Sir Andrew:**

I tell you 'twas Malvolio! I do  
 know  
 His voice, his speech, his ac-  
 cents all too well.  
 Some mischief is afoot when he  
 doth meet  
 The Duke Orsino's newest serv-  
 ing man  
 By night.

**Sir Toby:**

But art thou sure of this?  
 I did not hear them call them-  
 selves by name  
 Yet, if this be some plot or  
 sinister plan  
 Methinks I shall know all in  
 twelve short hours.  
 'Tis well we came to see what  
 truth there was  
 In Feste's tales of gold 'neath  
 yonder oak!  
 But come! We must away be-  
 fore the dawn  
 Doth show to all the world we  
 are abroad.

Scene III.—The Duke Orsino and  
 Viola enter, talking excitedly  
 with Olivia and Sebastian.

Room in Duke's Palace.

**Orsino:**

Sebastian! I vow I know but  
small  
Of what this trick'ry means,  
and yet I see  
Some weird and ill-hatched  
plot beneath it all  
To tangle up our fates and  
cleave our love.  
'Tis well we know both babes  
by sight! I vow  
Cold Fear has never yet sat so  
enshrined  
Within my heart as did it this  
strange morn  
Before our babes in rightful  
arms were lain.

**Sebastian:**

But what can all this mean? For  
all I know  
Some more attempt to steal my  
child may be.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

**Sir Toby** (aside):

Now list thee well When I shall  
their thoughts,  
And draw their eyes from off  
the children, you  
Shall seize the infants fast, and  
slip away  
To wait for me beneath the  
stricken oak  
And thence we shall behie us  
to some place  
Where we may keep my infant  
prizes 'till  
Such time as good reward shall  
be procured.  
For their return to their au-  
cestral halls.

**Sir Andrew:**

'Tis time my purse were filled  
again, 'tis true;  
But what chance is there of  
discovery?

**Sir Toby:**

There's none, most antiquated  
imbecile,  
Else should I strive to cause  
my own downfall?

(aloud) Behold, what scene is this  
I do perceive?

Some strange bird 'tis indeed  
that flies so high!

'That but a silver glint doth  
come and go

Above the clouds. Nay. Higher  
look, milord,

See, where above the pines the  
clouds do mass.

Ah! Now 'tis gone! 'Twas but  
a fleeting glimpse.

(Meanwhile Sir Andrew has seized  
both babes from the cots and  
set off).

**Olivia:**

'Twas strange. My dear Viola,  
come, and see

The gown Maria made with  
renderest care

To clothe my sweetling (Seeing  
empty crib) Ah! What deed  
is this?

Sebastian! Our child is gone  
again!

Alas! what fate is this the gods  
have sent?

**Viola:**

Orsino! Olive's words are true!  
Our son,

Our babe is gone! Behold his  
crib

Bereft of its dear burden! What  
to do?

**Sir Toby:**

So now I know! The villain!  
Cursed be he!

**Sebastian:**

What sayest thou? Doth know  
of this?

**Sir Toby:**

Little, milord, save that last  
night I heard

Malvolio plot with traitorous  
Anton!

I gave small heed to it, "For,"  
thought my mind

"The man is mad, or drunk on  
stolen wine!"

Exit Sir Toby.

**Orsino:**

What? Is this true? Sebastian!  
Send forth  
And have the traitor brought  
before us now.

**Sebastian:**

Yes, that is fit, and I shall speak  
to him  
Shall force from out his lips  
the precious truth!  
Olivia, send forth!

**Olivia:**

Aye that will I!  
The traitor-hearted wretch!  
Viola, now,  
Send forth and have him  
brought!

**Viola:**

indeed I shall!  
Sir Tobias, I beg you to go  
hence  
And send a man to fetch the  
guilty man.

Scene IV.—Under an old oak Sir  
Andrew is sitting with a baby  
on each knee. Enter Sir Toby.

**Sir Andrew:**

Ah, now, see, here they are.  
Most strange it seems  
That they have wailed almost  
unceasingly.  
I know not why, but, still, I  
hushed their cries  
By holding each one upside  
down awhile.

**Sir Toby:**

Sweet popinjay, since thou canst  
do so well,  
Thou hereby art appointed  
guard and nurse.

**Sir Andrew:**

Nay, say not so, for I am sorely  
pricked  
If that my methods are correct  
in full.

**Sir Toby:**

Why sweet Sir Andrew thou  
art sent indeed  
To be a guardian unto home-  
less babes.

**Sir Andrew:**

Dost thou think so? Well then,  
so may it be  
But, friend, lead on, to where  
our shelter is.

Scene V.—A room in Viola's  
palace. Malvolio has just been  
questioned and the plot forced  
from him.

**Viola:**

He lies! The villain lies! To  
change the babes!  
A harmless jest! A subtly-form-  
ed revenge!  
Pah! Brother, force from him  
the truth,  
And make him tell where now  
our darlings are!

**Malvolio:**

Lady, I swear by sun and moon  
and sky  
That all I know of this I have  
revealed!  
To change each child. I little  
guessed the end  
Would cast suspicion of abduc-  
tion on  
Thy servant still. But all of this  
I swear.

**Olivia:**

Enough! Thou shalt imprison'd  
be  
Until thou tell the truth or till  
our babes  
Are safe upon their mothers'  
bosoms lain!

Enter Feste with a child on each  
arm.

**Clown:**

Oh hey! Sing a song of rejoic-  
ing  
Dance on, pretty maids, singing  
sweet—  
Madame, I thought perchance  
that some fair use  
Might of these tender morsels  
be contrived.



**Clivia & Viola** (snatching babies):

My dove! My lamb! My son!  
My child! My pearl!  
My floweret, where hast thou  
been? My bird!

**Sebastian & Orsino:**

My son! My child! My precious  
baby girl.  
Feste, tell what thou'st seen or  
done or heard.

**Feste:**

Why masters. Small enough my  
doings were  
As I passed through the woods  
I entered in  
A misused hut that once a  
woodman's was,  
And saw but dimly two men  
through the woods  
Run swiftly off amid the veiling  
trees.  
Then, looking round, beheld the  
two young babes  
Upon a rude-made couch in  
misery lain,  
And so, I brought them straight  
along to you.

**Olivia:**

Hast wisely done, and richly  
bless'd shalt be.

**Malvolio:**

Then see 'st thou all things have  
worked out aright.

**Orsino:**

Nay, say not so, for thou hast  
wrongly done  
in daring to lay hands upon  
our babes.  
And so, in three days must you  
quit this land  
Or else shall thee befall that  
thou deserv'st.  
Now go! And, friends, let us re-  
joice again  
That safely to our arms our  
children come.

THE END.

—Joan Lesslie, 3A.

#### EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with  
many thanks the copies of other  
School Magazines received since  
last issue.

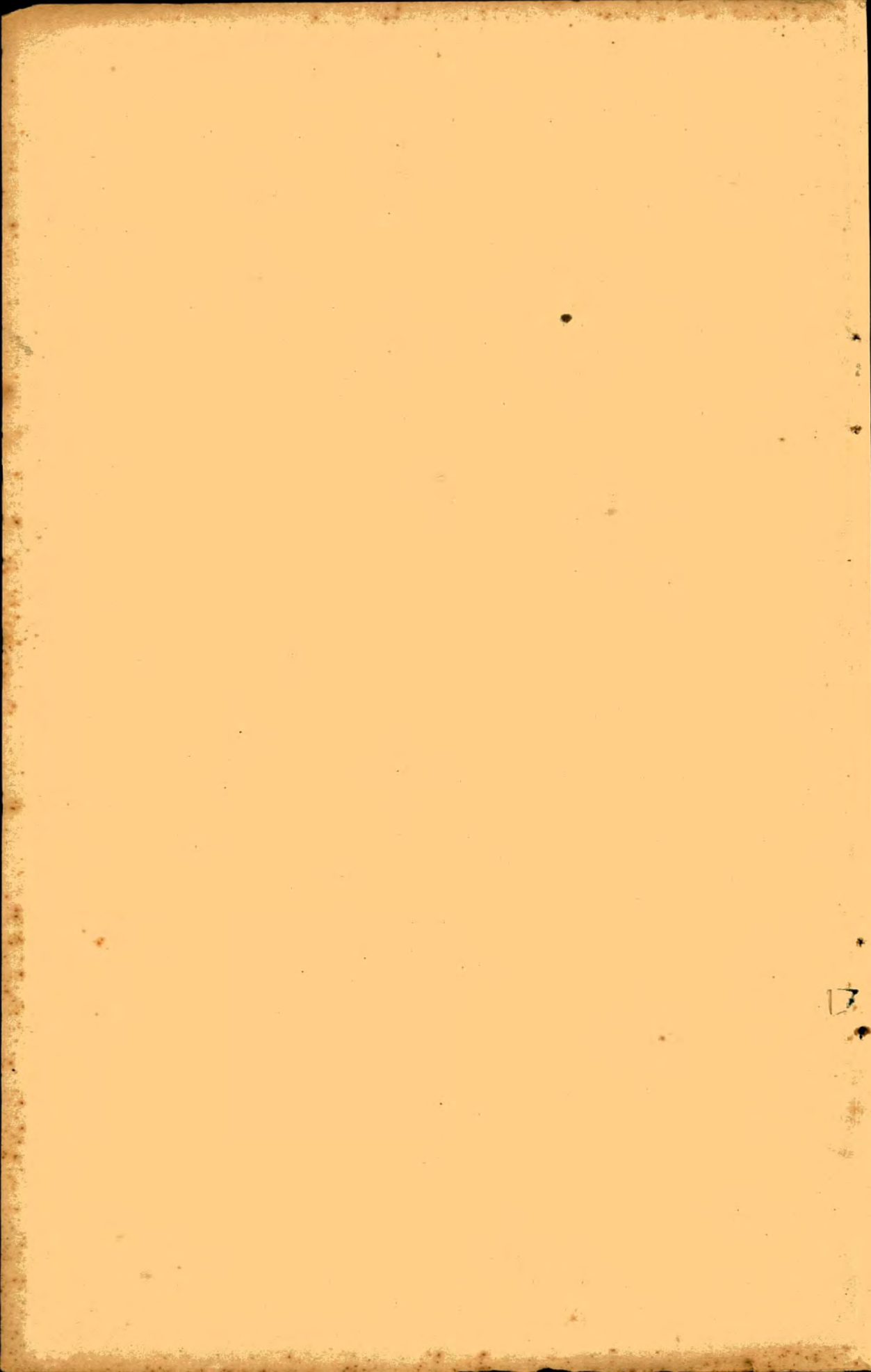
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#### EVENING.

The grass is wet with the evening dew,  
And the world is a silvery-grey;  
And Quietness comes with her gentle tread.  
At the end of another day.

The birds are flying to leafy arms,  
And the flowers are closing their eyes,  
The first little stars peep shyly through  
The veils of the darkening skies.

—Jean Hodgkins, 1C.



The Timeless Land

Eleanor Park