

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

Girls' High School, Fort Street



Vol. 1. :: No. 3.
SEPTEMBER, 1920.

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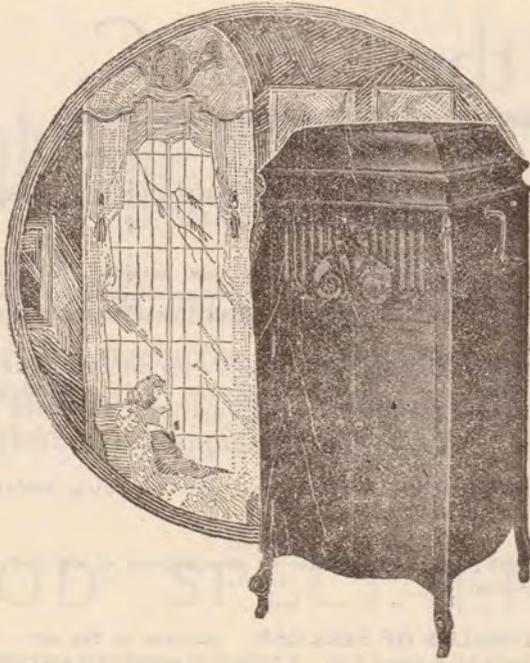
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OF THE

Girls' High School, Fort Street



Published

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Miss M. Harders.	Miss L. L. Marks, B.A.
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PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL,
FORT STREET, SYDNEY.

September, 1920.

Dear Girls,

When I received my appointment to this School I was told by many who know Fort Street, what fine girls I was about to meet. So I came expecting much, and I need hardly tell you that I have not been disappointed.

It is more than three months since I first met you, and I feel that I already know many of you quite well. I hope that I shall soon know every girl in the School.

Our School motto tells us that each one is the maker of his own fortune, and we recognise that underlying all success is the spirit of work. That this spirit has been in the School in the past is shown by the high standard of work, conduct and sport attained by the Fort Street girls under their well loved Head Mistress, Miss Partridge, and I trust that this standard will be maintained in the future.

School girls have their troubles, as older people have, and I should like you to remember always, if ever you are in doubt or difficulty, that I shall be very glad to help you in any way possible.

Will you please tell your parents that I shall be happy to see them also, if at any time they wish to discuss with me matters concerning your welfare.

I am, yours sincerely,

E. A. CRUISE.

—:o:—

STAR OF HOPE.

The silver moon is shining in the sky,
Lighting the way like some great lamp hung high
By hands immortal; and the stars stand round
Like sentinels and watch the darkening ground.

One star is always shining bright and clear,
One star that seems to whisper, "God is near."
My heart is gladdened as I bow my knee,
For 'tis my star of hope that now I see.

This star still shines when fortune frowns on all.
When sorrow on all brightness weaves its pall
My Star of Hope forever from above
Looks down on me and whispers, "God is love."

"ARYAN," 2B.

—:o:—

MISS CRUISE.

As soon as we heard of the appointment of Miss E. A. Cruise as successor to our late Principal, Miss Ada Partridge, we realised our good fortune, for Miss Cruise's splendid reputation as Principal and Teacher, had long since preceded her advent among us. Miss Cruise's career in the service of the Education Department has been one of continued success in scholarship and effective control. We wish her many years of happiness as our chief.

THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL.



H.M.S. "Renown".

Sydney.

16th August 1920

Girls and Boys

My wonderful first visit to Australia is nearly over & I want to tell you before I sail how sorry I am to be going & to give you all my best wishes. All of you whom I have seen have given me delightfully kind welcomes of your own, & I only wish that I could have gone everywhere & not missed seeing any of you. -

I should like you all to remember my first visit, which I have enjoyed so much myself, & so I have asked that as a special favour to me you may have an extra week's holiday some time this year. -

Australia is a magnificent country & I think you very fortunate to have it for your own. Make up your minds to serve Australia well, for the future of every country depends before all things on the spirit of its girls & boys -

You have a splendid example of patriotism before you in the men & women of Australia who fought & worked & won in the great war. Your sailors & soldiers thought first of Australia & the Empire.

not of themselves; & many gave up every thing, even their lives, in order that Australia & the Empire might be safe & free. Many of Australia's women too served gallantly over sea, & others did all they could to help at home. If you follow in their footsteps, you will make Australia one of the greatest & happiest countries in the World.

I want to say one thing more. You have all been told how great the British Empire is. Our flag, the Union Jack, flies in all British territories throughout the World as a sign that all British peoples stand together in peace as in war. Think always of Australia as part of that free Empire, which has withstood great trials & never failed -

I am not going to say good bye, because I belong to Australia as much as to all the other British nations & shall come back whenever I can. Please always think of me as one of your own men who will try to serve Australia as truly all his life as you will yourselves.

Edward P

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for the loan of the block of the facsimile of the Prince's letter. A short general assembly was held on the upper playground on Thursday morning, the 19th August, at 11 a.m., when Miss Cruise read the above letter, which at the request of General White was held over until practically the hour of the Prince's departure, although received some days earlier. Cheers for the Prince of Wales were most enthusiastically given at the conclusion of the reading. Three songs then followed: "God Bless the Prince of Wales," "Advance Australia Fair," and "God Save the King." Cheers for the King and Empire concluded the short function.

MISS PARTRIDGE.

ON the thirtieth of April our ex-Principal, Miss Ada Partridge, took leave of each of us personally, while at the same time she retired from the service of the Education Department. While her name is so well known throughout the whole of New South Wales in the progress of education in this State, it is with Fort Street that she has been more especially identified, for it is there that she presided over the destinies of thousands of school girls during her régime of twenty-five years.

We quote details of Miss Partridge's career from the *S.M. Herald*:

"Her first connection with the school to which she was later to devote the major part of her life was as a pupil under the late Mrs. Allingham (principal also for twenty-five years.) Passing successfully the pupil teachers' examination she entered the Public Service in 1877. Miss Partridge's teaching career included four years as a pupil teacher, starting from January 1, 1877, at the then Church school of St. Peters, under the late Mr. R. W. Guille. Shortly afterwards this school was converted into a Public one, under the old council of education, administered at that time by the late Mr. Wilkins, as Under Secretary.

Miss Partridge spent the whole of her period of training in the one school, and acknowledges with gratitude that she owes much of her subsequent success to the able instruction and the watchful and kindly advice and guidance of the then headmaster, Mr. Guille. By a coincidence the late Mr. J. W. Turner received his novitiate training in the same establishment and under the same headmaster, and in later years Miss Partridge and Mr. Turner collaborated as colleagues in the historical building at Fort Street.

In 1881, after a course of special training, at Fort Street Training College, for more advanced teaching work under the late principal, Mr J. W. Wright, Miss Partridge returned to St. Peter's school for a short period, then to Fort Street Infants' School, as first assistant under Miss McDonagh, then to Crown Street Girls' Department as first assistant under the tutelage of the well known Mrs. Sara Greville, next to the charge of the Hebrew Infants' School, conducted at the Synagogue Chambers.

Miss Partridge had the honour and privilege of being the first mistress of the Leichhardt Girls' School, which position she held at the early age of 22 years. Country service was happily spent as mistress at Deniliquin Infants' School and Wagga Girls' successively. This was followed by a period spent in charge of Camperdown Girls' and Newtown Girls' Schools.

On February 4, 1895, the appointment was made of Miss Partridge as mistress of the Model Public School at Fort Street (on the retirement of Mrs. Allingham), a position she has held with distinction. On the reorganisation in 1912 of the High Schools of the State Miss Partridge became Principal of the Fort Street Girls' High School, the largest in the State, and it is this position from which she is now retiring after having maintained it with conspicuous success."

The public farewell arranged by the present Staff and girls took place at the Conservatorium Hall on Friday evening, April 30th. It was a splendid gathering, presided over by the Hon. Augustus James, K.C., M.L.A. Mr. Mutch, the Minister for Education, was the official visitor. The whole function was a conspicuous success, and a magnificent tribute to the esteem and affection felt throughout the community for

Miss Partridge, The hall was filled to its capacity limit with ex-students, parents, friends, and present pupils of the School. The official visitors, the Staff, and the Glee Club occupied the dais and platform gallery.

Eulogistic speeches were delivered by Miss Evans (Deputy Principal), Mr. Mutch, Mr. P. Board (Director of Education), Mr. James Dawson (Senior Inspector of Schools), Mr. W. J. Elliott, Canon Bellingham, and Mr. A. J. Kilgour. A bright concert programme enhanced the pleasure of the evening. Misses Watts, Bruce, Roulston and Marks



MISS PARTRIDGE.

(of the Staff), contributed, and the Glee Club sang beautifully, under the direction of Miss Watts, "The Parting of Summer," and "Sweet and Low."

On arrival, Miss Partridge had received a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations, in the School colours, red and white, and during the evening she was presented by the Captain—Nellie Boucher—on behalf of the girls, with a beautifully fitted case of writing table appointments.

Visibly moved by the many eulogistic speeches expressed in appreciation of her valued career, Miss Partridge must always recall that evening with pride.

On the following evening Miss Partridge was the guest of honour at a dinner at Paris House, arranged by the Staff. Miss Evans presided.

Miss Mouldale voiced the feelings of those present; and Miss Harders also spoke. As a personal gift, Miss Partridge was presented with a diamond circlet brooch from the Staff. Musical items were contributed by the Misses Bruce, Marks, Roulston and Watts.

On Friday afternoon, May 15th, Miss Partridge entertained our new Principal, Miss Cruise, and the Staff at an enjoyable tea party at Farmer's.

Miss Partridge has now retired on twelve months' leave, prior to complete severance from the Education Department. We know that she will always interest herself in our welfare, and inspire us with her example.

—:o:—

THE STAFF.

OUR three members *en voyage*—Miss Blume (Science Mistress), Miss Collings (English Mistress), and Miss Gombert (Modern Language Staff), send us frequently accounts of their wander year.

Miss Bloome spent three wonderful months in New Zealand, visiting the beauty spots of both the North and South Islands which are so world famed. Several personal adventures among the glaciers of the Southern Alps enhanced the interest of the journey. Miss Blume paid a flying visit to town before embarking again for further pleasurable wanderings.

Miss Collings, after spending some time in Monmouthshire with her mother's relatives, was paying a visit to London in June. She writes à propos the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament and her London trip, *inter alia*:

"I am in London with Miss Lance. She was so anxious to play in the Wimbledon Tournament this year that she entered us both—as competitors—sending in the entry from Toulon. She came to Thornbury for a couple of days to practise on the court, there with me. We are to play in the Doubles. Entry for one event is £1 13s 6d, but one may play in three, if one so wishes. The British players are very superior in form, and Mlle. Lenglen is particularly excellent. It is lovely to sit in the competitors' stand near the centre court (which is not so large, however, as the Davis Cup stand in Sydney), and see the Internationals play—Tilden, Johnston, Garland (Americans here for the Cup), Shimidzu (Japanese), who yesterday beat Gobert (French). There is also Mishu (Roumanian), and Lock Wei (Chinese). I am losing no time in seeing London, too. Old St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey—most magnificent; they make history live. I heard a lecture in the National Art Gallery on the subject of "The Old French and Dutch Masters"; saw many pictures by Botticelli, and liked especially "The Nativity of the Saviour," Cimabue's "Madonna," and an old fresco of Margarilone. I attended the Law Courts on Saturday and listened to a case, and then to Evensong in Westminster Abbey. I walked up Fleet Street several times and thought of the great Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, and their ardent love for it. Later I shall return to the delightful Valley of the Severn away in Wales."

Miss Gombert, who is now just concluding her year's study abroad, under the conditions of the Travelling Scholarship awarded her last year, sends news of her doings, under date, July 27th. She is having a splendid experience, both in educational matters and in foreign travel. We offer her our warmest congratulations on her marked success in her studies in Paris and elsewhere. At her Phonetic Diploma Examination Miss Gombert secured the highest place among competing candidates, and established a record of attainments for foreign students.

Besides studying most diligently several courses at the Sorbonne University at Paris, she has taken a vacation course in connection with the London University, such being held at Barmouth in North Wales, and has also spent some considerable time in observation recording at the renowned "Per-se" School at Cambridge, England. This centre, by the way, is considered the very latest word in modern education, and its methods are being adopted by leading colleges throughout the Empire. For the two months' mid-summer vacation Miss Gombert has enjoyed some captivating trips. Latest news tells of delightful, although necessarily hurried visits paid to Venice, Rome, Milan, with their monumental beauties, and notable historical associations, likewise a tour in Switzerland, visiting such famous localities as the Rigi, Lausanne, Berne and Lucerne, returning to Paris via the Riviera. At present her intention is to leave on the return journey at the end of October, arriving here about the first of December.

Although we were all most anxious for the welfare of Miss Slattery, of our Modern Language Staff, who underwent a very serious operation three months ago, we are very glad to report good news of her. Miss Slattery's wonderful spirit helped her through her grievous illness, and after leaving hospital she spent a short holiday at the Mountains to recuperate before going to Melbourne, where she still was at date of publication. She expects to be well enough to return to her school duties after the Michaelmas vacation, when we shall all welcome her gladly.

Miss Broome retired from the teaching service on June 30th, prior to her marriage to Dr. Leslie Howell, late A.I.F., of Collarenebride. Presentations were made to her by the Staff and Pupils. Miss Crujse, in making the presentation of table cutlery, on behalf of herself and her colleagues, in a neat speech, wished Miss Broome all happiness and prosperity in her future. From the girls Miss Broome was the recipient of a case of handsome carvers and knife rests.

During the half year the only change in the personnel of the Staff has been the appointment of Mrs. Herbert, B.A., B.Ec., to take charge of the subject of geography throughout the School—vice Miss Broome, resigned.

————:o:————

"To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake."—*Pope*.

————:o:————

"Not only round our infancy
Does heaven with all its splendours lie,
Daily, with those that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not." —*James Russell Lowell*.

THE LATE MR. J. A. TAYLOR.

WITH deeply sincere grief we heard of the death of Mr. J. A. Taylor, for many years a member of the Fort Street Boys' High School. His very engaging personality endeared him to everyone, and his attitude towards all the boys and girls who met him was one of manifest kindness and understanding. The present day girls had not met him, other than individuals here and there, but when both High Schools were housed together—before the Boys emigrated to Petersham—Mr. Taylor was ready to help either side of the School at any time. We remember him too as a very pleasant contributor to our concert programmes, as well as a sincere friend. We condole with Mr. Kilgour, his Staff, and their pupils, likewise with his family on their loss.

—:o:—

MISS PARTRIDGE'S MESSAGE.

"ELAINE,"

HILLSIDE CRESCENT, EPPING.

August 31, 1920.

Dear Girls,

Though I am not now (as of old) closely acquainted with you in your studies, work and play, my thoughts often return to the dear old School, and I am certainly with you in spirit.

In fancy I can see you all earnestly devoting yourselves to your work, with no doubt a little extra zeal, and a good deal of anxiety on the part of seconds and fourths, with every now and then a deep sigh over the fleeting moments, and the nearness of the great ordeals—Intermediate and Leaving Examinations.

Never mind, girls, keep going; persevere; as Pope says, "There is no study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it." That knowledge is encouraging, at least.

So far as results at the coming examinations are concerned I am looking forward to seeing Fort Street girls head the list. I feel sure that every examinee will pass, and, I hope, brilliantly.

Do not disappoint us, girls.

I know something of your skill in the field, and never miss any mention of Fort Street in the papers, whilst I can even hear (in my mind) your yells at tunnel ball. All being well. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at play on the occasion of your annual sports. After all, school days are the best days, but unfortunately they soon end, though happily the friendships then made live on.

I should like, girls to remind you, that your present education will be a preparation for the great school of life. If you wish to become honourable, worthy members of society, useful to others, happy in yourselves, and to leave the world a little better because you had lived in it, then you must not only develop mentally and physically, but morally. Education also means self-control, development of tact and kindness, cultivation of good habits, humanity and so on. You will soon be called upon to take your place in the world, and you must endeavour to take it bravely, successfully and happily. I need scarcely say that I shall always be pleased to hear of the happiness and successes of my dear girls.

I, too, am receiving an education upon quite new lines, being busily and happily employed in the home, amongst other things planning and arranging an orchard and vegetable garden, and taking up all sorts of new interests.

I shall always be delighted, girls, to see any of you, or to hear from you. With love to you all, and wishing you every happiness.

I remain,

Your sincere friend,

ADA PARTRIDGE.

—:O:—

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE GLEE CLUBS.

Of all the auxiliary features of School life, perhaps the two Glee Clubs, senior and junior, afford the most pleasure. After Professor Tearne's visit of inspection early in August, when he examined the various classes in theory of music, he listened to various songs directed by Miss Watts, and expressed himself as extremely pleased with the quality and standard of the singing. Miss Cruise was also invited one afternoon to hear the Senior Glee Club sing some items given by the "Tuesday" Club. The very enjoyable programme comprised: "The Parting of Summer"; "Sweet and Low"; "Lullaby" (Brahms); Duet from Gounod's "Faust"; "The Coming of Spring"; "Barcarolle" (Tales of Hoffman); "Home far Away" (Mendelssohn); "I would that my Love" (Mendelssohn.)

To secure funds towards sending a representative team of women competitors from Australia to take part in the Olympic games at Antwerp we held a successful afternoon concert on March 30th in the main hall of the Primary School, kindly lent by Miss St. Julian. It was practically impromptu, very enjoyable and all the items were capitally rendered. Several members of the Staff contributed items, and the Glee Club songs were directed, as usual, most capably by Miss Watts.

HELPING OUR SICK BOYS.

The Red Cross Society has organised a scheme whereby school children may help to make the time pass more pleasantly for the consumptive soldiers still in hospital. Used magazines and periodicals are collected each week and forwarded to the hospitals for the soldiers to read. All kinds of magazines and periodicals are welcome, and as no great number has hitherto been sent from Fort Street, a few more would not overtax the capacity of the Red Cross paper basket in the Principal's office.

WATTLE DAY.

In order that everyone might wear a spray of Australia's emblem flower on August 1st, the Wattle Day Committee asked that all the girls who were able might bring bunches of wattle to the various depots for distribution. Several bunches from Fort Street were intended for the depot at the Quay, but they were taken to the H.M.S. *Renown* and distributed to the men on board.

BABY WEEK.

Baby Week was marked at Fort Street by the sale of very attractive posters and badges by which the sum of £28 was realised. K. Adler, M. Gowan, G. Jolley and S. White realised over £1 each by their sales, and were presented with special badges by the Baby Week Committee.

“SAVED FROM THE AMERICAN MAIL.”

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

August 17th, 1920.

Dear Frances,

Thanks very much for your last letter. July the 4th is certainly a happy day for you now, but to me it seems strange that you should celebrate the day which has cut you off from membership in the British Empire.

Over here, our great day is Empire Day, which the whole of the British Empire celebrates on May 24th as a reminder of our privileges and responsibilities as members of the Great Commonwealth.

This year, as usual, we went to school (wearing the Empire colours—red, white and blue), and at ten o'clock the classes gathered in their respective rooms. The morning's entertainments were suited to the various ages of the audiences, a fact which all appreciated. Everyone learnt something about the other members of the Empire, of their numbers, of their government, and of their life. And in the learning we found that it is good to belong to New South Wales, better to belong to Australia, and best to be a citizen of the world, and belong to the British Empire. How I hope that in my previous letters I have never condescended to be a “parish-pumper,” and to laud Sydney at the expense of Melbourne.

Retournons á nos moutons. During the morning recitations and songs were given by various members of the classes, and at 12 o'clock the three schools within our grounds assembled with us about the flagpole and sang the Empire songs. Then our Union Jack was hoisted by a member of the Staff, Lieutenant G. Daly, late A.I.F., and in reverent silence one thousand boys and girls gave the salute. After three ringing cheers for our Empire and three more for our King, we went home to spend our half holiday elsewhere.

A happy Christmas to you is the wish of your

AUSTRALIAN FRIEND.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Literary and Debating Society recommenced activities this year on April 1, when a committee meeting was held. Since then meetings have been held regularly the first Monday of each month, with the exception of June, when there was no meeting due for the midwinter vacation. The first debate, the subject of which was “The Pen is mightier than the Sword,” was held on May 3rd, the voting being in favour of the opposition.

This was followed in July by a series of speeches on set subjects by chosen girls. The subjects were diverse in character, and the meeting was generally enjoyed. The following month the meeting took the form of impromptu speeches.

Great interest seems to be taken in these meetings, judging by the numbers present, and it is to be hoped that the Society will see the realisation of its aims in ready speech and lack of nervousness on the part of its members.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE only activity of our Christian Union at present is Bible Study. For this purpose about twenty girls meet on Monday or Friday afternoon after school. Our Circles have been held as regularly as other school interests have permitted.

On Monday, 19th July, Miss Good, of Adelaide University, visited the School and spoke to a number of girls about the work she is undertaking as a student secretary among the women students in India.

The membership of the Christian Union is now about thirty. The smallness of our numbers is probably due to the fact that only third and fourth year girls were told of our intention to form a Union. Any girl over thirteen years is eligible for membership. If, therefore, there is any girl who would like to become a member she should give her name to Jean Nurthen (4B) or Alison Fabian (3A.).

THE WALKING CLUB.

IT is presumed that most of the School is aware of the existence of a "Walking Club" in its midst. At least about 96 per cent. seem to possess a vague idea concerning this subject, the whole idea amounting to the fact that a capital "T" is placed on the sports' list every Wednesday morning, against the names of about a score of walking enthusiasts.

Behold us now on a Wednesday, after nearly everybody else has gone, gathered together in a little group near the fig-tree, before setting out.

We have been for some interesting walks lately: for instance, one from Neilsen Park to Rose Bay. After suffering qualms of anxiety lest we had boarded the wrong boat, we settled down to enjoy the trip.

It was a glorious day, and though the water had not regained the wonderful blue of summer-time, we were glad to see the grey tones of winter disappearing. We passed the majestic *Remown* at a distance of about one hundred yards or so. This was unexpected and we wished that we had brought our cameras.

Every time we cross the harbour we wish we could see it as Captain Cook saw it in all the glory of its pristine beauty. So we turn our eyes to a tiny beach where the most marvellous colours are to be seen, from the deep purple shadows of the headlands which jealously guard this precious jewel, to the white wonder of the beach.

Arriving at Neilsen Park we climbed the steps, they are as steep as those of Essex Street, up to the pathway which leads to the Strickland Convalescent Home.

From the projecting rocks we obtained delightful glimpses of the opposite shore. Here the "Vice-Regal Party" pressed forward, knowing of the somewhat erratic tram-service at the other end of the walk. To mention this party to the uninitiated is like discoursing on the pterodactyl to one of those unfortunate quadrupeds which Mr Thurston pursues periodically down the "avenue."

They hastened along a winding path, bordered by wattle-trees in bloom, and the dainty pink and white epacris. They contrasted this walk with that of the week before when they had had to traverse that that awful "Devil's Alley" at Little Coogee. They also unanimously decided that winding paths were much more interesting than straight ones, because one never knew what surprise was waiting around the next bend.

Eventually a tram-line was seen in the distance proclaiming that the limits of civilisation were reached, and after the usual wait of half-an-hour, to which we are accustomed, now, a tram appeared. The "Vice-Regal Party" stepped in and watched the rest miss it.

It is wonderful how comfortable one feels when safely inside a tram watching other people scurrying to catch it, and in the end missing it altogether.

IV.A.

:o:

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Old Girls' Union has been reorganised after being disbanded at the outbreak of the war so that members might devote all the time at their disposal to patriotic work. The revival should prove welcome to all "Fortians," both past and present, to past girls because they will again have the opportunity of joining hands in the bonds of friendship; to the present girls because they will now know that when the time comes for them to leave the school, they may say "au revoir," not "adieu." The Union has as its object the promotion of social life among all "ex-Fortians," and although the movement has only been in existence since May last the objective is in sight. Let us hope that it may continue thus!

A dinner at the Burlington Café was arranged in May, and it was a success, both socially and financially. The occasion was a farewell to our past Headmistress, Miss Partridge, and a welcome to Miss Cruise, who has taken up duties in her place.

The first annual ball took place at the Paddington Town Hall on the 8th September, and was a very successful function.

Funds are being collected from among the ex-Fortians to provide for the award of an annual prize to the girl who bring most honour to the School at the Leaving Certificate Examination. This prize is to be called the *Ada Partridge Prize* as a mark of our appreciation of the zealous work of our past Headmistress. All ex-Fortians are invited to show their approbation of the movement in a practical manner.

In conclusion, new members of the Union are needed. The membership fee is 2s 6d per annum, and is payable to the Treasurer, Marie Bentivoglio, 70 Young Street, Annandale. Roll up, ex-Fortians, and stand by your Union.

:o:

OLD GIRLS.

We congratulate Marjorie Collins, B.Sc., on being the first woman to be awarded a Macleay Fellowship for scientific research.

Marjorie proposes to investigate the effect of certain climatic factors, chiefly drought and intense sunlight upon the structure and distribution of Australian plants. Her first publication (Proceedings of the Linnean Society, 1918), dealt with a sand dune plant common near Adelaide.

Persia Campbell, M.A., is to be congratulated on gaining the James King of Irawang Travelling Scholarship. She left recently for England to pursue her studies in social science.

Alice Sandon, B.Sc., has been awarded the John Coutts Scholarship and Mary Bingham, B.Sc., the Deas-Thomson Mineralogy Scholarship.

Science Research Scholarships have been gained by Marie Bentivoglio, B.Sc., Mary Bingham, B.Sc., and Dorothy Russell, B.Sc.

SUNSET.

A BREATH of warm wind from the West has already brought back vividly to my mind the glorious sunsets of summer.

Sitting beneath a tree on a summer's afternoon my attention is arrested by the rosy glow falling upon the printed page. I look up to see the monarch of the day departing in all his splendour. Already his shining orb has dipped half-way below the hills, and he is bidding farewell to the world. Everything is bathed in his golden glory. The West is a lake of fire. Across the hushed waters before me stretches a path of shimmering radiance, leading into the vivid heart of the sunset.

Slowly, lingeringly, as if loth to go, the Monarch slips from sight but he leaves his glory behind. Broad beams of golden light spread over the heavens from the spot where he disappeared, and, touching the clouds with their magic fingers, transform them into warm, living things. Each of these frail, fairy gossamers is suffused with a rosy glow.

"Every cloud," an old maxim assures us, "has a silver lining." The Monarch, however, who distributes these silver linings, seems to love these tiny friends who faithfully draw nigh to bid him farewell, for their linings are gold. When the fairies wear these dainty garments, they sometimes tear them on rose thorns, and through these rents one may now see a lake of the most delicate heliotrope, merging into the blue of the sky beyond. Then, gradually, silently, the glory begins to fade. The golden-lined clouds reluctantly part with their borrowed loveliness. The path across the mirror-like waters becomes dim, and the moon, the watchful eye of Night, supplies the deficiency with one of cold gleaming silver. One by one the stars peep out, and the songs of the birds die away, until only the quiet cooing of a pair of doves near by breaks the silence.

Night is quietly drawing her sable veil over the scene. Now only one rosy point of light remains on the fairy clouds. It seems to be holding out a kind of hope. "Do not despair, the Monarch will come once more in the morning," it seems to say.

Slowly, reluctantly, it too fades away, a school of tiny shining fishes glides silently by—a bird in the tree above, chirps contentedly, nestles closer to its sleeping mate, and closes its eyes—the world is at rest.

"GINGER."

——:o:——

"Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him."—Franklin.

——:o:——

The Latin unseen in the examination paper contained these words, "O tempora, O mores." One inspired candidate translated them as "Oh, the tempers of the Moors."

——:o:——

A school pupil asked to write an order to the shoemaker framed the following: "Dear Sir,—Will you please send me another pair of patient leather shoes like the last? I only through them away last week.—Yours affectionately, Johnny Jones."

THE PRINCE'S BIRTHDAY.

SINCE the last issue of our School paper the Prince of Wales has visited Sydney. For some weeks prior to his arrival the school children of the metropolitan area were busily engaged in preparing a great display in honour of his visit. At last the anxiously awaited carnival day, June 23rd, arrived. And what a day it was! Truly such as will live in the memories of the children of Sydney long after their school days are finished.

Unfortunately, the morning, though hot, opened unfavourably; Sydney's usual bright sunshine and blue skies were hidden by clouds. These were, however, later dispersed by a wind which "carried a shiver everywhere," also small scraps of paper and much dust.

The display was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The programme was an extensive one. Numerous small girls in picturesque costumes of all types, danced gracefully around Maypoles. There were also various gymnastic marches and flag drills.

The main event, however, was the formation of a human birthday card in recognition of the special significance of the day. The design chosen was most appropriate to the occasion, namely that of the Prince's feathers and motto, surrounded by the words, "Many Happy Returns," and an Empire pageant.

Various duties had been assigned to different schools. Fort Street girls represented Britannia in the Empire pageant, and the services of two hundred girls for the purpose of singing, and the formation of the words "Ich Dien," were also requisitioned.

The cynosure of all eyes was the Prince himself, who watched with apparent interest the display in his honour. At last the whole programme was completed, and the children clustered together for the singing of songs suited to the occasion. "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was rendered with fervour. Then came "Advance, Australia Fair," and "Rule Britannia."

At this juncture the Prince left the grandstand, and entering the field, mounted the conductor's stand. Cheer after cheer re-echoed, while he waved his hat in greeting.

After a few minutes the *Renown* Band struck up "God Save the King," and the most exciting event in the lives of thousands of children had ended.

—:o:—

ON TOUR.

AUGUST, of all months! You won't be so delighted when you get to sea."

These, and such like, were the pessimistic remarks which greeted me when I announced that I was going to Newcastle to take part in the play of Henry V. However, these cheerful opinions did not affect me, but when the wind blew almost a gale during the day, I did have a few qualms of uneasiness.

There has never been a longer day at school, but eventually it passed, and half past nine that night saw me with most of the company at the wharf.

After a while we went on board, and we, six girls, were bundled into a large cabin. We straightway commenced to criticise everything from the mirror to the bunks, upon each one of which reposed one tiny blanket! And it was a cold night, too!

Then we made a tour of inspection (it took quite a long while) of the vessel, and at ten o'clock our chaperone decided that the girls were to go to bed. It being our maiden voyage we wished to experience the thrill of watching the land disappearing from sight, but Mrs. Warwick was adamant.

So in revenge we used our vocal chords to the utmost, and I felt an almost overwhelming desire to make my pillow softer by banging the girl underneath with it. Eventually we subsided, and then a slight rolling of the ship told us we were outside the Heads. And strangely enough, although the wind was very strong on land, the sea was quite calm.

All night long we tossed and tumbled until about three o'clock, when the "Dustman" prevailed. But we awoke again at a quarter to five, and on going up on deck, discovered the ship was entering Newcastle Harbour. I looked towards Nobbys Head, and my thoughts instantly reverted to the port of "The Ancient Mariner." Just above the lighthouse was the horned moon, and immediately underneath it was a large twinkling star, which proved to be nothing more mysterious than the revolving searchlight. But seen against the black mantle of the sky, it formed a very striking sight.

After having had breakfast on board, we went to the theatre, *en route* contrasting the dirty, dusty "Coal City," and her noisy steam trams very unfavourably with Sydney. Then we strolled down to the beach, the boys going to inspect a most wonderful sight—the Newcastle Steel Works. Back again for lunch, after which everyone began to dress for the play. I did not play in the afternoon, but went into the audience; and was very amused listening to the various opinions and remarks passed concerning the actors and the play. At night we were all so sleepy and weary that we could hardly stand, but perforce had to, for there was a second performance of Henry V. Later, we retraced our steps to the boat, which seemed almost like home. At last we reached our cabin, and indulged in the dissipation of a little midnight supper, consisting of sickly cakes and the rubbish so dear to a schoolgirl's palate.

All went well until we reached the sea, when the boat commenced to pitch and roll, and we found ourselves gracefully (?) gliding to the other side of the cabin. With great difficulty we reached our respective bunks, and no one felt the slightest inclination to raise her head till the next morning, for we had rather a rough journey, the boat being two hours late. But, nevertheless, we quite enjoyed our trip, and would readily jump at the offer of another.

ZARA LEVY (II A.)

—:o:—

A French "faux-pas": Il commença à pleurer (pleuvour) et les filles sont devenues trempées jusqu' aux os.

Another.—Les griffes du chat sont les oncles (ongles) attachés aux pattes de l' animal.

CORRESPONDENCE DE L' ETRANGER.

Thursday, 10th May, 1920.

Villeneuve de Marsan,
Landes.

Ma chère Una,

Pardonnez moi, chère amie! de ne pas vous avoir donné de-mes nouvelles. J'ai reçu-voilà déjà quelques jours une de vos lettres qui m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir at où vous me dîtes que vous veniez de passer que l'ques jours à Deewhy, au bord de la mer. J'ai reçu en même temps votre photographie et maintenant je vois comme vous êtes. Moi pour ménage je ne suis pas trop grande j'ai 1 mètre 55ct. de hauteur et je pèse 47 kilog. on 94 litres mais je de; vous ennuyer en me décrivant à vous.

Ici c'est l' habitude de fêter le muguet le premier mai; c'est une fleur d'un parfum bien doux, on dirait de petites cloches d' un blanc éclatant. Je vous envoie un tout petit souvenir de cette fleur qui croît dans nos Bois.

Vous me demandez si je pourrai vous écrire une lettre en anglais. Héhas non! je ne l'ai pas encore appris j'ai la tête trop dure; cependant je suis bien fâchée de ne pas pouvoir correspondre en anglais avec vous.

Vous demandez comment je passe mes jours. Moi le matin j' aide maman à faire la cuisine; c'est moi qui fais les commissions. Le tantot je couds, et le soir si j'ai un moment je lis, car j'aime beaucoup la lecture. Maman me gronde toujours parceque j' achète toujours des livres, mais c'est un défaut dont je ne peux me défaire.

Je vous envoie une photographie de toute ma famille. Quand j'ai été photographiée je n'avais que quatorze ans, et j'ai beaucoup changé depuis.

Vous verrez mon père en soldat de France, car il faut que je vous dise que nous étions tous à Dijon en Côte d'or. Mon frère Marcel est tres grand, il est très aimable mai souvent in me fait enragée, mais pourtant nous nous aimons beaucoup, je suis ici toute seule a présent mais je me console car Marcel doit revenir dans deux mais pour la fête. Il faut que je vous dise que ici on fait des fêtes. C'est-à-dire au mois de Juillet, le 14 Juillet on fait une grande fête tous les ans. La course d' ici bas, c'est une grande place fermée où il y a des cours pour les vaches et de grands bancs pour ceux qui y vont. Il y a des hommes qui écartent les vaches—its s'habillent soit en rouge, jaune, bleu, vert, mauve—alors an ouvre à une vache et l'écarteur se tient au milieu des arènes où il écarte la vache. Quelquefois la vache l'attrape et se blesse. Alors des infirmiers le portent dans une cour réservée pour cela ici on le soigne, et la course continue. Mais je ne voudrais vous ennuier de mes descriptions. Donc il faut terminer ma lettre. Franchissez bien vos lettres car le gouvernement a ordonné une taxe sur les lettres venant de l'étranger. Ici en France quand on écrit une lettre à une amie on lui envoie un baiser. Permettez donc, chère Una, de vous embrasser, mais hélas de trop loin c'est l'habitude aussi en France de se dire ta on se tutoie entre amies, et j'espère qu' à votre prochaine lettre vous me direz tu' et je serais très heureuse. Le bonjour à vos frères, père et mère de ma part.

Recevez, chère amie mes meilleurs baisers.

Votre amie qui ne vous oubliez pas,

MARCELLE.

I GO TO SCHOOL.

THE horrors of getting away to school. The hurry and scurry and the general rough and tumble before the united efforts of the entire family succeed in getting me and my weighty school-bag started for school at the early hour of 8.30 a.m.

I rush down the garden path, bang the gate after me, and fly up the hill, round the corner and jump on to the just-moving tram with an agility I could not have believed myself capable of. As usual the tram is packed, and the sight of me with my hundred-ton bag, my racquet stuck out at a dangerous angle, not to mention two enormous books which had refused to go into my bag, arouse—not, alas, looks of sympathy, but something far removed from that!

Since there are no seats I cling like a limpet to the strap, manipulate my racquet so that no one can accuse me of blinding him and leaving the books to take care of themselves. I spend a blissful ten minutes, half dislocating my neck in an endeavour to read, upside down, an account of the Prince's triumphant tour through Queensland, which stares up invitingly from my neighbour's paper.

Towards the end of the journey one of my life-long enemies—the ticket inspector—boards the tram, and of course makes a bee-line for my compartment. I know that my evil hour has come, so with a patient air of resignation I open my bag to begin the search.

My tram-pass, I admit, always has a propensity for hiding in impossible places, but never before has it excelled itself as now. Meanwhile, as I feverishly shake every book in the vain hope that perchance the whilom wanderer has a penchant for Cicero or geometry, my racquet falls flat on the floor, two or three lesson books slither gracefully on to someone's lap, and pieces of paper with algebra and French inextricably mixed up, flutter aimlessly about. At last! reposing on the bottom of the bag, and blinking maliciously, or so it seems to my disordered imagination, is my pass. This adventure over, and the first part of my journey ending, I gather up my goods and chattels and depart.

The trip across the harbour does much to destroy my shattered nerves, and I begin to view life again optimistically. "Who cannot be happy," I think, "when one has done all one's homework?" (There I mentally pat myself on the back). "And although I might be a little late for school, what matters that?" The shimmer of the harbour in the bright sunshine, and the sight of the *Renown*, majestic and awe-inspiring, turn my thoughts elsewhere. I wonder idly whether the Prince liked maths, when he went to school, or whether Latin—shades of Caesar! I have forgotten to prepare my Latin author. Only the luckless individuals who have suffered the tortures of trying to translate without preparing it, know what that means.

I get out my Latin and start construing, feverishly, hoping that I can get some idea of what Virgil is talking about before the ferry-boat arrives at Sydney. Too late! In another three minutes we are in Sydney and I find myself on the wharf gazing at the clock, and calculating to one-twentieth of a second how long it will take one to sprint up to Fort Street. Casting a hunted glance round, beforehand, to assure myself that no undesirable person is near, I race up Circular Quay, and a few minutes' later arrive breathless, dishevelled and bad-tempered at the top of the hill.

Assuming an appearance of deep abstraction, with a finished art born of long practice, as though worldly matters are far from my thoughts, and especially the fact that I am late, I stroll into my classroom.

III A.

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A VISIT TO THE RENOWN.

EVERYONE says that the visit to the *Renown* is one of the most pleasant surprises we have had this year, added to the fact that visit gave us a half holiday. It was a bright, sunny morning, and it was "Wattle Day."

It was a day of blue and gold; the golden sunshine dancing on the golden wattle, and the blue sky and bluer sea laughing together. The dirty yellow of the ferry boats spoilt it all, but we welcomed them gladly for they were to take us to the "mystery boat" we had heard so much about, and few of us had seen.

By half-past ten we were all on the decks of the *Renown*, scrambling up tiny ladders in peril of our lives, and examining the guns, with the Latin inscription on the tompon, *Custos antiquae jamae*. How very suggestive and stirring is the motto! It brings back memories of the gallant sailors who fought the Great Armada, of those who fought under Blake and Nelson, and those who spent long, long weeks in the cold North Sea. Before long, the ship was in our possession. Some were "on top" looking at the search-lights, and longing to switch the lights on; some hungry ones found the bakery, and contentedly ate hot bread, talking to the bakers between bites. The bakers did not mind in the least; they showed us "round," from the table where the dough is mixed to the enormous ovens where it is baked, and finally to the shelves where the bread is put to cool.

The sight of a couple of men making a rope out of strands of wire, drew a large crowd of enquirers round them, much to their embarrassment.

To the disappointment of all, we were not allowed to visit the Prince's apartments, but one girl found that by climbing very carefully and crawling on to the roof, she could look through a skylight and get an excellent view of the lounge in which was a small wallaby, one of the Prince's many presents. Soon, others came along with the same object in view, and not, as a worried officer thought, to make a sudden end to their lives.

In the gun-room several enjoyed a ride on the guns, the men very kindly altering the ranges. Two kookaburras, perched on a rail, looked down in surprise, wondering whatever was the matter with the ship to-day. Souvenir hunters were in evidence, and worried officers, petty-officers, and men for signatures, hatbands, buttons or something else to treasure.

The decks, once white and polished, were quite dirty. "That is the dust that you people carry on your boots," one man said, smilingly, "but to-morrow they will be quite clean again."

The cooks' galleys were a source of great interest at 12 o'clock. Several had invitations to dinner, but, alas, just at dinner time the last boat screamed out its whistle, and very reluctantly we left to go back to school. What a dismal prospect! So farewells were said regret-

fully. Everyone said, "I wish I could stay all day," for the tenth consecutive time, and slowly, very slowly, climbed down decks to the ferry-boat.

The last picture we had of the great boat was beautiful. A grey mass, grey, contrasting with the sea and sky, and the decks crowded with the *Renown's* men, wearing our own wattle in their caps, and waving good-bye.

ARCADIA.

—:o:—

AN APPRECIATION OF THE PERFORMANCE OF HENRY V.

KING HARRY! That fine soldier-king, wise statesman and, above all, bearing the proud title of "Englishman," who is the hero of so many school-girls' hearts, (second years, at least) has perhaps even a higher place after his portrayal a few weeks ago by Samuel Harris. This youthful King Henry V astonished all by his remarkable talent, and his perfect interpretation of the spirit of Shakespeare's hero.

We, the audience, were carried back to the fourteenth century. We saw the brilliant dresses of the courtiers; the pomp and glitter of the English and French Courts and last, but by no means least, the figure of King Henry, of whom we might say, as Milton said of Cromwell: "He was the greatest, because the most typical Englishman of all time." Our hearts throbbed as we heard the passionate, pleading voice of the King invoking the "God of Battles"—

"Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown."

His scorn as he denounced the three conspirators; the sublime patriotism in his voice, when, waving his sword, aloft, "the warlike Harry" called on his men to "prove their breeding." Henry, in the character of a lover, seemed to amuse the masculine part of the audience very much, but, I suppose, that was only to be expected.

And then the Dauphin! The role of that debonair, haughty Frenchman was very well taken by a boy from Fort Street High School. He deserves very great praise, and we only wish he had had a bigger part.

The shrewd Boy, hot headed, impetuous Fluellen and cowardly Pistol, were all played excellently, while Maisie Perryman made a saucy little Mistress Quickly.

Cora Dunphy and Zara Levy, both of second year, filled the parts of Princess Katharine and her maid, Alice, very successfully; the scene in which they acted affording a great deal of amusement to the large audience of High School boys and girls.

A great disappointment was the way in which the three conspirators acted. Their roles called for a great deal of feeling, of which they showed a great lack.

The Chorus was represented as a lady dressed in flowing robes of white and silver. She sat on the dark stage, having, as a background, a black curtain, and lights were thrown crosswise upon her. However, although her enunciation was good, and her voice clear, she did not, in my opinion, do full justice to the beautiful passages. Moreover, she had not the sympathies of the audience, which counts for a great deal.

One feature of the play was not very convincing. That was the night before Agincourt, when Henry had borrowed Erpingham's cloak. This only partially covered his glittering armour, while his crown could plainly be seen. Even the darkness could not be an excuse for the soldiers not recognising him, because, at the back of the stage, day-break could be seen.

But taken altogether the acting was very good, and we, who perhaps felt very doubtful, and went ready to criticise after previous contributions of this kind, returned home well pleased, and proud of our talented High School confrères.

MARGARET PEET 11A.

—:o:—

POETIC JUSTICE.

By W.E.

THREE B possessed a blackboard—remarkable, in these hard times, but true. It was an old, decrepit, shabby one of its kind, with chalk filled ridges, and an abominable surface for writing on. From certain angles in the room it was shiny. Altogether it was an unpleasant specimen of a blackboard.

111A also had a blackboard. If possible it was in a worse state of senile decay than its brother in Room II. One day 111B arrived at school to find their blackboard shattered and splintered on the floor. The gentle breezes which blow through Rooms I and II were responsible for this. And then comes the awful, horrible, blood curdling crime. 111B put their shattered, splintered blackboard in Room I, and took 111A's blackboard to themselves. But Nemesis, in the guise of Miss Cruise, overtook those miscreant 111B-ies. Perceiving the wreck of a blackboard which 111A were using, she took matters into her own hands, and now—

111B has a shiny, chalk ridged blackboard, suffering from senile decay, while

111A has a new blackboard of jetty hue, strong and hardy, and well able to bear the burden of brainy ideas written thereon.

—:o:—

THE VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO SYDNEY.

ON Wednesday, the 16th June, the Prince of Wales first set foot on Sydney soil. There were many to greet the *Renown* as she steamed through the Heads, and many boats, small and large, accompanied her to her anchorage. But the crowds reserved the strength of their lungs till the time when they should see the Prince in person.

The Prince of Wales, judging by appearances, came up to the expectations of the people, for he received a very warm reception. And, indeed, he is a Prince of whom we may well be proud. He is a "sportsman," in every sense, and the "Diggers" declare that he came in for his share of privation and suffering in the Great War.

As he was driven along the route in his carriage, he was saluting, first with one hand, then with the other, and although he looked nervous and excited, he himself professed to have enjoyed his first glimpse of a people over whom he is to reign on the death of George V. God sparing him.

The route of the procession was suitably decorated for the occasion. The Prince's Feathers appeared everywhere with his motto "Ich Dien." Ferns and flags of all descriptions met the eye of His Royal Highness as he passed along, and as for people, well, it seemed as though the whole population of Australia was there to greet and cheer him.

When the procession was over His Royal Highness, somewhat weary, inspected the Boy Scouts and V.A.D's. at Government House, and then disappeared from the public gaze.

That, however, was not the last they saw of him. A few people saw him at the ball held that night, but the people's opportunity came at the Town Hall, when the Prince saw them all, rich and poor alike, and received them in a way which made the people give their hearts to him, as it were—in a way which made them feel as though he were one of them, and when, at their request, he came out on to the balcony the crowd cheered him heartily.

"Sure, and he's a bonnie Prince!" as one woman said when she saw him. MAISIE LEE I.A.

—:O:—

SPORT.

THURSDAY, September 2nd, is the date fixed for our Annual Sports Meeting. The girls are looking forward to that day with great interest. The enthusiasm displayed in practice for the class Tunnel Ball competition proves that this event is a general favourite. We are glad to see so many girls, particularly first years, taking part.

An innovation has been made this year by the Secondary Schools Girls' Sports Association, which has arranged a combined High Schools Sports Meeting to be held at the Sydney Cricket Ground on Friday and Saturday, September 10th and 11th. Our girls are looking forward with great keenness to the visit of the country teams taking part in these sports.

HOCKEY.

At the beginning of the season our 1st Eleven showed great promise, the defence was reliable, while the forward line had splendid combination. We were unfortunate enough, however, to lose Phyllis Wilson left inner, and one of our best players.

Owing to wet weather we have not been able to play all our matches, nor have we been able to get all our practice. Still, we have had a fairly successful season. One of our most enjoyable fixtures will be our match against Wollongong on the 28th of this month. We were sorry that the match against Frensham had to be abandoned, but we

**Hurrah! Here's
Mummy with
our 'Chocolatey'
Cocoa.**



"Tastes like creamy Chocolates"

That's what the kiddies say of Bushells Cocoa--for just see how eagerly they drink it down to the last sweet drop!

Mothers! If you like to see the children happy and healthy--if you would lighten your worries of child feeding--let Bushells Cocoa satisfy those hungry young appetites.

There's nothing indigestible about Bushells Cocoa--even though it tastes just like the richest, fattiest chocolate. The "criolate process" leaves more of the delicious cocoa butter in Bushells Cocoa than is true with other cocoas--and yet it is assimilated by the weakest stomach.

For growing young bodies--that need constant nourishment with strengthening, invigorating and fattening elements, you will find Bushells Cocoa a quick and easy solution to child-feeding cares.

hope to meet this team next year. E. Levy (half), M. Garden (inner) and A. Tulloch (goal) are shaping splendidly since their promotion to the 1st Eleven.

First Eleven.

July 14—Sydney Girls 0; Fort Street 5.
 July 17—Fort Street 2; Pymble P.L.C. 2.
 August 3—North Sydney Grammar 1; Fort Street 2.
 August 11—Pymble P.L.C. 6; Fort Street 1.

Second Eleven.

May 19—Parramatta 1; Fort Street 0.
 June 30—Fort Street 2; Sydney 2.
 July 28—Fort Street 0; St. George 7.
 August 11—Fort Street 2; Cleveland Street 0.

LACROSSE.

Although the team this year has been considerably weakened by the loss of some of its prominent members, we have had a fairly successful season. Under Miss Maloney's coaching, however, the team is improving.

Edna Dutton has taken Hilda Woollard's place as centre, and is doing good work. Belle Suggate, on the wing defence, and Brenda Carpenter, a first year girl already in the team, show promise of good play in the future.

May 19—Fort Street 0; North Sydney 3.
 June 30—Cleveland Street 0; Fort Street 7.
 July 14—St. George 0; Fort Street 3.
 July 21—Sydney 4; Fort Street 0.
 August 11—Fort Street 1; Parramatta 1.

BASEBALL.

The Baseball Team this year has established a good record, winning matches against St. George, Cleveland Street, Sydney and Parramatta. We lost, however, to North Sydney. This record is due mainly to the splendid work done in the field. I. Hill, E. Payne and A. Voss, on the bases, and S. Rosenblum, pitcher, are in excellent form.

May 19—St. George 6 and an innings; Fort Street 3.
 June 30—Fort Street 7; Cleveland Street 6.
 July 14—North Sydney 17; Fort Street 5.
 July 21—Fort Street 5; Sydney 4.
 August 11—Fort Street 9; Parramatta 6.

TENNIS.

On the whole the improvement in tennis is slight, mainly because of the difficulty in obtaining courts, and the consequent lack of frequent practice. In the tournament held recently at Double Bay, Lily Bruce and Bessie Grainger were runners up in the semi-finals (doubles), while Bessie played in the singles semi-finals. The A grade team lost the following matches:

June 30, to North Sydney. July 14th, to Sydney I.
 August 11—to North Sydney.

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While we won against Sydney II on July 21. In the B grade matches Fort Street lost:

May 19—to Sydney; July 21—to St. George; July 28—Parramatta; August 11, to Petersham.

A tournament is being arranged for the Birchgrove players, and it is hoped this will improve the play.

BASKET BALL.

Our Basket Ball team this year has established an excellent record having five wins and one draw to its credit. Keen interest is shown among the players, and the team is now leading in the competition. The best players are L. Fleming, E. Burke (captain), F. Fitzgerald, and L. Macdonald, while A. Johnson is a reliable goal thrower.

May 19—Fort Street 44; Parramatta 12.

June 30—Fort Street 40; Sydney 29.

July 21—Cleveland Street 7; Fort Street 30;

July 28—St. George 23; Fort Street 23.

August 11—Petersham 12; Fort Street 53.

VIGORO.

This year we have had some interesting matches. Our play has improved greatly. Ruth Higham, backstop, is very quick, while B. Goodall, R. Shapiro, M. Ruane and D. Walbutton do fine work bowling. K. Daley is one of our best players with the bat. With Sydney, we are leading in the competition. Our final match with that school will prove a very interesting one.

June 30—Sydney 77; Fort Street 65.

July 14—Fort Street 91; North Sydney 51.

August 11—North Sydney lost to Fort Street by 5 runs and ten wickets.

—:O:—

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ONE afternoon, a few weeks ago, I was transported for a few hours to the Venice of the past, and sat back in a chair in the Palace Theatre, while there passed before me, garbed in their quaint old Venetian costumes, Shylock, Portia, Antonio, Bassanio and other characters of the Merchant of Venice. The curtain rose on the first scene, a street in Venice, where we found Antonio confiding his woes to Salario and Salanio. As the play proceeded and the different characters were introduced we heard from the lips of the actors lines that had been learnt for repetition in school, whose true beauty and wisdom were revealed to us perhaps for the first time. Indeed, when Portia came to those famous lines about "the quality of mercy," quite a buzz of recognition arose from the assembled schoolgirls. We followed the thread of the play with great interest, shivering with horror at the miserable and cruel actions of the miserly old Jew, thrilling with admiration at Antonio's noble action undertaken to aid Bassanio, admiring the graciousness and wisdom of Portia and her clever maid, Nerrissa, and sympathising fully with the two young lovers, Lorenzo and Jessica. The sorrow of Shylock when he discovered Jessica's flight filled us with

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pity, in spite of our dislike for his mean and covetous ways. We viewed with suspense the scene in which Portia offers Bassanio his choice of the three caskets, and sighed with satisfaction when he ultimately chose the right one. But I think the scene which we all most enjoyed was the one in which the climax was reached by Portia's daring act and in which the tables were turned on the wicked Shylock. The night scene in Portia's garden which followed a tender love scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, and afterwards the meeting between Bassanio, Antonio, Portia, Nerissa, and Gratiano, when the mystery of the rings was revealed, were appreciated to the utmost, and made even those whose object in coming was partly to escape some of "the daily round and common task" of school life, feel that the afternoon had been delightfully spent, and that not only pleasure but instruction had been gained.

REMOVE C.

————:o:————

She who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for her old age.

————:o:————

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following School Exchanges: *The Alburian* (2), *Koala* (Tamworth High School), *The Graftonian*,

————:o:————

The Editors, Misses Morley, Marks and Turner, have reserved some of the contributions for the next issue of the magazine, owing to lack of space.

————:o:————

All communications with regard to subscriptions, matters of business, etc., should be made to Miss Buckley, and Miss Mackintosh.

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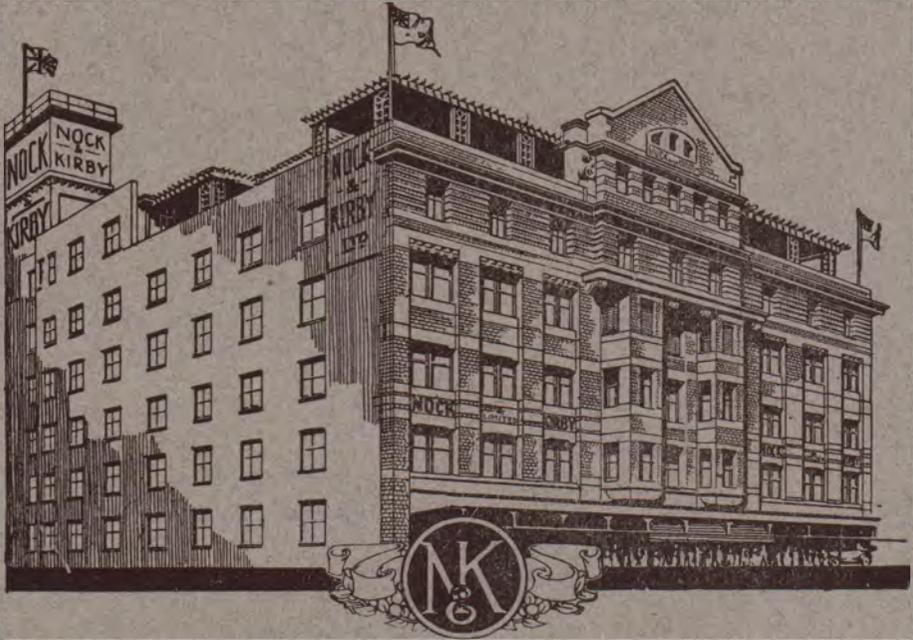
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