

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET



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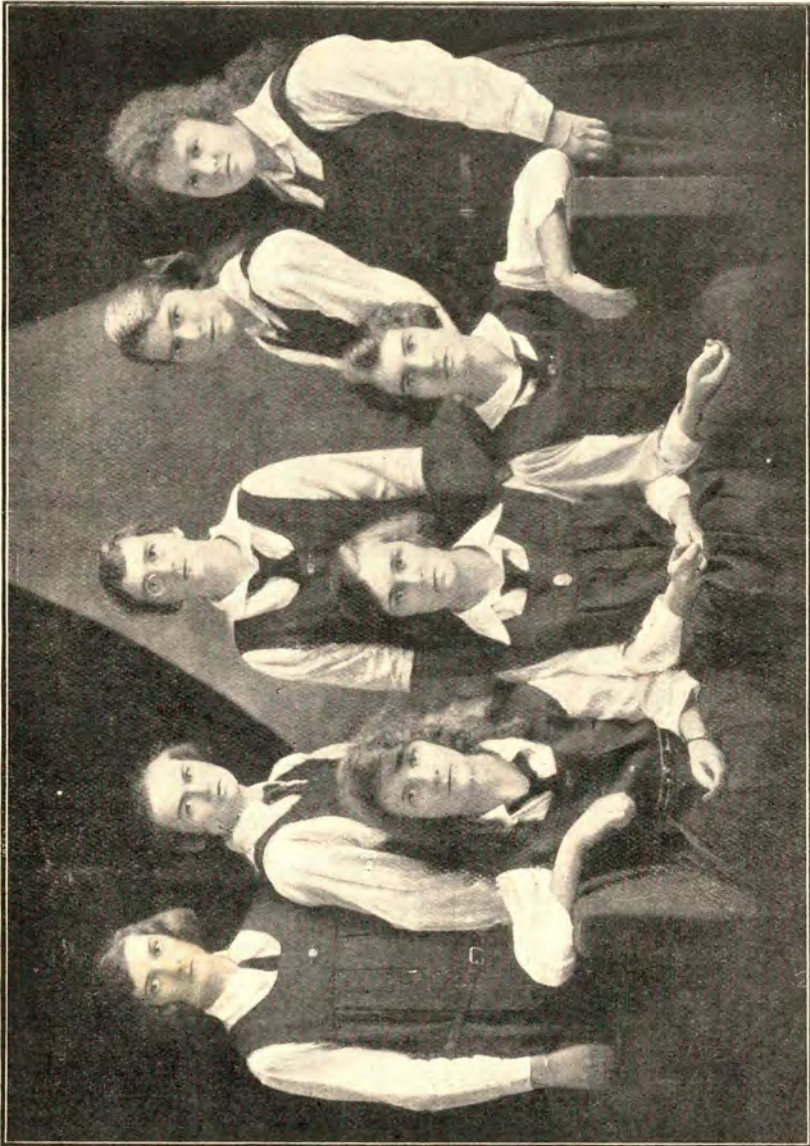
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THE MAGAZINE

— OF —

Fort Street Girls' High School

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE



Captain and Prefects (1923)
 From left to right—D. Williams, J. Urquhart, J. Sharpe, A. Rowlands, L. Arter.
 Front row—M. Nicholls, M. Thornhill (Captain), E. Isles

PRINCIPAL	- - - -	MISS CRUISE, B.A.
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL	- - - -	MISS EVANS, B.A.
MAGAZINE EDITOR	- - - -	MISS MORLEY, M.A.
" SUB-EDITOR	- - - -	MISS BUCKLEY, B.A.
" BUSINESS MANAGER	- - - -	MRS. RYAN

THE PREFECTS TO THE SCHOOL.

Girls! Once again we have entered upon a new year, and the time has come for us, the Prefects of 1923, to repeat to you the cry which the pioneers of Fort Street first uttered, the cry whose echo has ever since haunted the precincts of our school, stirring in the heart of every true Fortian, love, pride, and the will to achieve—the cry, "Fort Street! En Avant!"

The birth of each year inevitably brings its accompanying changes; we ourselves bade a regretful farewell to our Seniors of last year and their Captain and Prefects, in whom we had found such good friends and Fortians, but at the same time we gladly welcome so many first-year girls, on whose actions for the next five years the honour of Fort Street will so largely depend.

But though old familiar faces are replaced by new ones, the spirit of our school remains unchanged, for it is deathless, sublime, built up of the efforts of generation after generation of Fortians. Thus it was handed down to us,—it is our task to preserve it for the next generation.

And yet our time here is so short, so fleeting! Opportunities so silently and quickly slip away! Girls! Let us pause to think while the year is yet young, and before another day has passed; let us vow to put our supreme effort into every task assigned us, in the school-room or on the sportsfield. Then, surely, the honour of Fort Street can never be sullied, and our schooldays will not pass in vain.

"SIMON PETER."

"Thou art the Christ!" Was it not I
that said
Those words? Was it not I to whom
He gave
The keys of Heav'n? Now am I worse
than dead,
That thrice denied the Lord I swore
to save.
Woe to my little faith! What have I
done?
Am I the rock 'gainst Hell's power to
prevail?
Between the dusk and rising of the sun

Three times my faith in Him to prove,
I fail!
But with the rising dawn my faith
returns
To Christ anew I dedicate my life;
An unknown, dauntless strength within
me burns,
To comfort and prepare me for the
strife.
I feel the Christ-like passion in me move,
O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy precious
love."

AMY CHICKEN, 5A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We have been much concerned on account of the illness of our headmistress, but, with great pleasure, learn that Miss Cruise is making a good recovery, and we hope, before many weeks are past, to have her with us again.

We were glad to welcome, in September, Miss Evans, returned from an enjoyable tour in England and France, whither Miss Herlihy is now travelling for a wander year. We welcome Miss Fletcher, who has taken Miss Herlihy's place upon the staff.

The magazine notes, with regret, the removal of Miss Mackintosh to Parramatta. Miss Mackintosh has been at Fort Street for some six years, and has

always identified herself with the interests of the school. We wish her happiness in her new work.

We congratulate the girls who have won honour for themselves and their school at the **Public Examinations**. A list of successful candidates follows:—

Honours at the Leaving Certificate.

English—Class I: M. Evans, A. Tulloch;
Class II: D. Bristow, M. Peet, M. Smith.

French—Class II: M. Evans, M. Reed.
Botany—Class II: D. Bristow.

German—Class II: M. Evans, M. Rothsey.
Maths.—Class II: A. Parker.

Chemistry—Class II: V. Martin, A. Parker.



Marjorie Evans,
Winner of the Ada Partridge Prize,
1923.

Public Service Examination.

M. Evans (1st place).

University Exhibitions.

Arts—O. Boots, E. Dutton, A. Parker.

Matriculation.

Dorrit Bristow (entrance to Science).

Cora Dunphy.

Faith Fitzgerald.

Training College Scholarships.

Long Course—E. Dutton, M. Reed, A. Parker, M. Rothsey, O. Boots, D. Bristow, G. Fuller, M. Hinton, V. Martin, S. Twemlow, M. Peet, I. Milliner, L. Sims, D. Starr.

Short Course—F. Fitzgerald, C. Farrell, L. Goldstein, M. Macaulay, J. Perry, M. F. Russell, P. Scurr, K. Williams, E. Evans, E. G. Williams, R. Green, M. Harold.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, DEC. 1922

	English	Latin	French	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Mechanics	History	Botany	Geology	Geography	Art	Dressmaking	Music	Chemistry	Economics	B. Principles	Shorthand	German	L. Mathematics
Akhurst, Edith	B						B			L	B			B	B	A			L
Bolton, Enid	A						A			B	B			B	B				
Boots, Olive	B	B	B	A	B		B											B	
Brennan, Mary	B						A			B		A		B	B	B			L
Bristow, Dorrit	H						B	H		A	A			B	B	B			L
Card, Cecily							B					A							L
Derrin, Doris				A	A	B							B						
Dunphy, Cora	B						A							B				B	
Dutton, Edna	B	B	A	A	A		A											B	
Evans, Marjorie	H	B	H	A	B		A											A	
Evans, Elsie	B		B				A											L	
Farrell, Catherine	B	B	B				B	B											L
Fitzgerald, Faith	B						B			B	B			B	B	B			L
Fuller, Gladys	A	B	A	B			B											B	
Goldstein, Linda	B			B	B	B								B					
Harold, Mary	A	L		B	B		B						B						
Hinton, Marjory	A			A	A	B								B					
Longfield, Betty	B	B		B			B							A					L
Macaulay, Marion	B	B					B	B						B					L
Martin, Violet	B	B		B	A	B							H	B					
McRae, Cathie	B			B	B	B							B						
Milliner, Ivy	A	L		A	A		B						B						
Moorehead, Lily	B						B			L	B			B	B	A			
Mudge, Jessie	B						B			B	B			B	B	B			L
Parker, Annie	B	B		A	A	B							H						
Peet, Margaret	H	B	B	B			A											B	
Perry, Jessie	B		B				B							B				L	L
Reed, Margaret	B	B	H	A			B						B						
Rose, Barbara							B			B	B					B	B		
Rothsey, Mavis	B	B	A	A			B											H	
Russell, Florence	B			A	B	B				B				A					
Scurr, Phyllis	B			B	A	B		A											
Sherwood, Florence	B						A			B	B			B	B	B			
Sims, Lily	B			A	A	B							B						
Smith, May	H	B	B				A											B	L
Starr, Dorothy	A	B	B				A	B						B					L
Tulloch, Ailsa	H	B	B	B			A	A										B	
Twemlow, Stella	B		B				A	B		B				B	A				L
Williams, Katie	B						A	B						B					L
Williams, Gwen	B			A	B		B						B						

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS.

	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	Physics and Chemistry	Art	Music	Needlework
Allen, Winifred	B	B		B	B		B	A			
Armstrong, Leila	A	A		B	A	B	B	A			
Baird, Elsie	A	A		B	A	B	B	A			
Beeston, Doris	B		B		B				B		
Branch, Gweneth				B	B		B	A			
Breckenridge, Agnes	A	B		A	A						
Broadway, Ethel	A	B		A	B	B	B	A			
Brooker, Alice	B	B	B	B	B			A			
Brooks, Marjorie	A	A	B	A	B		B	A		B	
Brown, Dorothy	B	B		A	A	B	B	A			
Brown, Jean	B		B		B			B			
Brown, Mabel	B	B		B	B		B	A	B		
Card, Ruth	A	A	B	A	A		A	A	B		
Carpenter, Brenda	B	B			B			A			
Chaplain, Ella	B	A	B		B			B	B		B
Chubb, Emily	B	B	B	B	B			A	A		B
Clarke, Catherine	B	B		B	B	B	B	B			
Coombes, Ailie	B	B		B	B			A			
Creese, Marcella	B	B		B	B			A			
Cruickshank, Catherine	A	B		B	B			B			
Cunningham, Mattie	B	B		B	B	B	A	B			
Curnow, Madge	B	B	A	B					B		
Daley, Nellie	B	B	B		B						B
Dewis, Daisy	A	B		B	B			B			
Downer, Lillian	A	B		A	B	B	B	B			
Dumbarton, Linda	B	B	B					B			
Ebbs, Mary	A	B	B		B		A	A			B
Edwards, Mona	B	B			B		B	A			
Evans, Jenny	A	B		B	B			B			
Eyre, Jessie	B	B		B	B		B	B			
Fairburn, Mavis	B	B		B	B			B	B		B
Firth, Doris	A	A	A	B	B			A		B	B
Gee, Clarice	A	A		B	B	B		B			
Godden, Ruth	A	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A		B
Goldsmide, Vera	B	B	B	B	B			B	B		B
Gowan, Marion	B		B	B	B			A	A		
Graham, Jean	B		B	B	B			B			
Green, Irene	A	A		A	A	A	A	A			
Gulliford, Lottie	A	A	B	A	A			A	A		B
Hair, Veronica	B	B		B				B			
Hardy, Lily	B	B			B			B			
Hawes, Lilian	A	B		A	B	B	A	A			
Hill Dorothy	A	B		B	B	B		B			
Hill, Iris	A	A		B	A	B		A			
Homburg, Gerta	B			B	A		B	B			
Howlett, Muriel	A	B		B	B			B			
Hunt, Kathleen	B	B		B	A		B	B			
Isaacs, Annie	A	A	B	B				B	A		B
Johnston, Constance	A	B		B	B		A	A			
Jones, Gwendoline	B				B		B	B			
King, Erica	B	B		B	B		B	B			
Knight, Daisy	A	B		B	A	B		B			
Lee, Maisie	A	B		B	B		B	B			
Lee, Nancy	A	A			B			B			
Lee, Winifred	A	A	B	B	A		B	A	A		B
Leifermann, Margery	B	A					B	B			
Levy, Essie	B	B	B		B				A		B
Mackaness, Joan	B	B			B		B	B			
Mahoney, Dulcie	A	B		B			B	B			
Mansfield, Linda	A	B	B		B			B			
Masson, Hazel	B	A			B		B	B			

Intermediate Examinations—Cont.

	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	Physics and Chemistry	Art	Music	Needlework
McCorkindale, Ellen	B			B	B		B	B			
McKenzie, Jean	A	B		A	A	B	A	A			
McLoughlin, Mary	B	B		B	B		B	B			
Middleton, Mabelle	B			B	B		B	B			
Milne, Heather	B		B	B	B		B	B			B
Newell, Winifred	B	B		B	B		B	A			
Nott, Vera	B	B					A	B			
Oldman, Helen	B	B			B		A	B			
Oosterveen, Karla	A	A		B	B	A	A	A			
O'Sullivan, Emmeline	A	A		A	B	A	A	A			
Paine, Elizabeth	A	A		B	B	A	B	B			
Pepper, Doris	B	B	B	B	B				B		B
Reynolds, Lesley	A	A		A	A	B	A				
Richards, Ivy	B	A	B	A	A		B	A	A		B
Robinson, Edith	A	B		B	B		B	B			
Robson, Elma	A	A		B	B	B		B			
Rowohl, Wilhelmina	A	A		A	B	A	A	A			
Sparkes, Thelma	B	A		B	A			A			
Sundstrom, Thelma	A	A		B	A	B	B	A			
Thurston, Rita	B		B	B				B	B		
Tully, Edith	B	B		B	B						
Walbutton, Daphne	B			B	B		B	A			
Wallace, Betsy	B			B	B			B			
Wallace, Grace	A	A		B	B			B			

Speech Day, 1922.—After the strenuous work for the final examinations of the year every one finds a happy relief in looking forward to the climax of the year's work and play—Speech Day.

On our Speech Day, 13th December, 1922, the Conservatorium of Music was well filled with the relatives and friends of the pupils. The platform was occupied by the official guests, the staff, the prize-winners, and the special choir, and we were pleased to see among the former our old friends Miss Partridge and Miss Cohen. Shower bouquets were presented to Mrs. Board, Miss Partridge and our Principal, Miss Cruise.

The proceedings were opened with an item by the school orchestra, whose first performance in public was warmly applauded. During the afternoon several part songs were rendered by the special choir, and Miss Watts must have felt amply rewarded for her efforts by the genuine appreciation shown by the audience. Mention should be made of our able accompanist, Amy Chicken, to whom much credit is due; and a feature worthy of note in one of the part songs, "The Spinning Chorus," was the solo sung by

one of our first year girls, Nancy Kerr.

To the girls and teachers it was a delight to have Mr. Board as chairman of our meeting, a delight mingled with regret that, after all the years Mr. Board has concerned himself with education in N.S.W., this was the last occasion upon which as Director of Education he would preside at any meeting.

The annual report of the year's work was read by Miss Cruise, and it showed that, during the year 1922, Fort Street still maintained the high standard of previous years.

Mr. Ley, Minister for Justice, emphasised strongly the value of the higher education of women, and spoke appreciatively of the success obtained by the pupils in religious instruction. Mr. Ley also pointed out that sport was as necessary as any other branch of our education, for, by strengthening our bodies, our minds were better able to attend closely to our studies.

Mr. Jackson supported Mr. Ley in his remarks, and stressed the fact that the success of the school centred round the Principal, who is so ably assisted by an excellent staff.

Then came the event of the afternoon—the presentation of certificates and prizes—the first distribution of prizes since the war.

After a vote of thanks to both Mr. and Mrs. Board for their kindness in being present and the continued interest they have shown in our school, the afternoon was brought to a close by the singing of our own school song, "Come Fortians All," in which every one gave vent to her feelings unrestrainedly; this was followed by the singing of the National Anthem and the farewells, with many a good wish for the holidays and Christmas to come.

L.A.T.

• Prize List.

Ada Partridge Prize (greatest distinction at Leaving Certificate Examination)—Alma Hamilton.

Fort Street Boys' Prize for Leadership in Sport—K. Williams, A. Coombes; equal.

Dux, Year V.—Margaret Reed.

Second Proficiency, Year V.—Ivy Milliner.

Dux, Year IV.—Mollie Thornhill.

Second Proficiency, Year IV.—Hazel Brewster.

Dux, Year III.—Willa Rowohl.

Second Proficiency, Year III.—Irene Green.

Dux, Year Two.—Glynn, Stayte.

Second Proficiency, Year II.—Muriel Holdsworth.

Dux, Year I.—Essie Cohen.

Second Proficiency, Year I.—Annie Dreves.

A Farewell.—On the afternoon of Friday, 10th November, 1922, the whole school assembled in Miss St. Julien's room to bid farewell to the fifth year girls, many of whom were never to return to the school as pupils. After a preliminary speech by Miss Cruise the new Prefects for 1923 were invested with their badges. Ailsa Tulloch, the 1922 captain, made a farewell speech, after which she was presented with a large bouquet of red and white flowers. Mollie Thornhill, captain-elect for 1923, then made a neat speech in which she impressed on the girls the fact that "Unity is strength," exhorting each individual to do her best in helping her colleagues.

Musical items were rendered by Mrs. Macartney, Miss Watts, Amy Chicken, and the school choir. After the school songs had been sung, or, rather, shouted, the fourth and fifth year girls made their way to the Sewing Room where the tables were laden with "goodies." This was our afternoon tea, given by the fourth year, and a first-class banquet it was, providing many novelties, such as a big cake lighted by five flaming candles, which represented the five school years of the guests. The best was yet to come. We repaired to the gymnasium, unrecognisable in its gay, decorative red and white streamers. Several charades were acted by teachers and girls, and then the floor was cleared and the big surprise of the afternoon came. A jazz orchestra appeared on the stage! After that it was a case of "On with the dance!" Each minstrel wore a red cap. Hazel Brewster acted as pianist and Alma Murray, in appropriate costume, as bandmaster. Every kind of instrument was used, including a bottle with spoons in it, combs, and even the bones were in evidence. To such strains as the "Sheik," we danced until we were tired. No one was allowed to be a wall-flower—no one wanted to be one. For final farewell we formed a ring round the old fig tree and sang "Auld Lang Syne." That day was a day to be remembered as one of the many happy days during our years at Fort Street School. Every girl enjoyed herself to the utmost; all thought of the examination which was to commence on the following Monday was banished. We can still look back on that day with pleasure, and although we are now in an entirely different sphere we find that that day has bound us more firmly to Fort Street than any other one day of the past.

E.D.

A Welcome.—If one had been in the vicinity of Fort Street High School on 16th February about 5 p.m. and had listened to the conversation of a band of schoolgirls coming therefrom, he would have found the conversation to consist mainly of, "Wasn't it lovely!"—"Didn't we have a splendid time!" And if he had inquired into the "whys and wherefores" of this conversation he would have been told that the fifth year

girls had been giving the first years a welcome, and the speaker would then have proceeded to give a description of the afternoon as follows:—

"At 3.30 p.m. we (the first years) assembled in the gymnasium, and after a short speech by our captain, Mollie Thornhill, cheers were given for Fort Street. The programme opened with a duet by Sarah Rosenblum and Alma Murray, two of our hostesses; then we had a game of autographs, which was won by Bertha Trikojus of 1C, who gained forty-one autographs in ten minutes. Next we had two very amusing playlets by four first year girls, these being followed by a dance, a dialogue and a charade. Refreshments were then served, and all were sorry that the delightful programme had to be curtailed owing to lack of time. But for all that we had a splendid time, and each of us went away feeling that now we were part of Fort Street, and with a resolution to uphold its good name during our stay there."

JOYCE KOLTS, 1C.

A Dramatic Entertainment.—On 22nd September two plays were acted in the gymnasium by 2A. In the morning Years I. and II. attended, whilst a second performance of "Chiselling" was given at Miss Watts' concert in the afternoon.

Who does not know Dickens' story of how a fairy cricket brought peace to the suddenly troubled household of John Perrybingle, carter? The story lost nothing in the dramatizing, and it was a very tense moment when John (Elsie Pert), in his darkest hour, contemplated the murder of his old friend, who was lying disguised beneath his roof. Nothing could have been better than Marie Higgins' impersonation of Tilly Slowboy, although we felt rather sorry for the poor baby she carried. Dot (Josie Magee), May (Marie Macarthy), and the old gentleman (Ethel Gordon-Smith) were all true to life, whilst Rebe Pearlman, as Caleb, managed to infuse real sentiment into her part, and his blind daughter (Annie Moyes) nobly helped and comforted him. Mrs. Fielding (Jean Ralston), with her air of sober respectability, made the audience feel inwardly amused, and they could not restrain their laughter, even at the risk of offend-

ing so august a personage. When the curtain had finally dropped on a happy ending brought about by the Fairy Cricket (Marion Graham) and her attendant sprites, the audience waited breathlessly for the next play. They were not disappointed, for "Chiselling"—a farce—was one long laugh from beginning to end. The honours of the play undoubtedly go to Ruth Carter for her excellent impersonation of Trotter, the humorous servant of Andrew Larkspur, a poor artist in love with Kate (Gladys Cooper). Other parts were well sustained by Jean Archer, Agnes Brewster and Daisy Cohen, while the sum gained—£6—was a most satisfactory reward for the players' trouble. Half of this was devoted to the purchase of new books for the library, and the other half went to the Children's Hospital.

The Junior Reference Library, in Room 9, reopened early in March, and received a number of new members. As before, the library is opened on Mondays and Fridays; books are returned at 11 o'clock and new ones taken out at 12.45. The librarian for this year is Betsy Rose, who will be pleased to welcome new members, as well as suitable contributions of books.

The Senior Library was re-opened on February 13th, and is constantly used by the girls of Year V. Does not Fourth Year appreciate this fine collection of books? Librarians, H. Brewster, L. Pearlman.

The Magazine Library has been somewhat neglected of late. For the benefit of forgetful people we remark that it is open in Room 1 at 11 a.m. on Tuesday and Friday every week. The library contains numerous magazines, e.g., "My Magazine," "Children's Newspapers," and magazines from other schools. Librarians, Netta Green, Edna Smith.

Books added to libraries:—
Wood—"Discovery of Australia."
Scott—"Peveril of the Peak."
Pepys—"Diary."
Robertson and Bartholomew—"Historical Atlas,"
Gardiner—"Atlas of English History."
"High Roads of History."
"Social Life in England."
Smith—"Dictionary of Antiquities."
Thomas—"Natives of Australia."

Thoreau—"Walden."
 Trevellyan—"Clio."
 Bonwick—"Facts about Early Australia."
 Meredith—"New South Wales."
 "Australian Heroes."
 Dickens—"Pickwick Papers."
 "The Children's Newspaper."
 Smith—"Organic Chemistry."
 Schlosson—"Creative Chemistry."
 Gray and Collins—"Poems."
 Compton Ricketts—"History of Literature."
 Epochs of English History—"The Puritan Revolution," "The Age of Anne," "American Independence."
 Long—"Australian Exploration."

The Senior French Library now contains 349 books, and it is desired that more students should avail themselves of the opportunity given for wider reading. There is no extra fee required for joining the library or borrowing books.

Books recently added to the library:—

● Corneille—"Scènes Choiesies."
 Molière—"Plays."
 Racine—"Iphigénie."
 Roche—"Les Poètes Français."
 "Tableaux du Moyen Age."
 Labiche—"Voyage de M. Perrichon."
 Sedaine—"Le Philosophe sans le Savoir."
 Delavigne—"Les Enfants d'Edouard."
 Ceppi—"French Dramatic Reader."
 Hugo—"Notre Dame de Paris."
 "Quatre Vingt Treize."
 "Insurrection à Paris."
 Sand—"La Mare au Diable." (2)
 "La Petite Fadette."
 Daudet—"Le Petit Chose."
 "Tartarin de Tarascon."
 Bazin—"De Toute Son Ame."
 Claretie—"Le Petit Jacques."
 Ardel—"Mon Cousin Guy."
 "L'Invasion."
 Karr—"Voyage au tour de mon Jardin."
 Sienkiewicz—"Quo Vadis."
 Feuillet—"Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre."
 Vigny—"Cinq Mars."
 Dumas—"Les Trois Mousquetaires."
 About—"Le Roi des Montagnes."
 Labiche—"La Poudre aux Yeux."
 Saint Simon—"Memoires."
 Books lent:—
 Audoux—"Marie Claire."
 Bazin—"Memories d'une Vieille Fille."
 "Le blé qui lève."
 "Les Oberlé."

Feuillet—"Histoire de Sibylle."
 Dumas—"Les Trois Mousquetaires."
 Daudet—"Le Petit Chose."
 "Contes du Lundi."
 France—"Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard."
 Hugo—"La Chute."

A Grand Breaking-up Concert, given in the gymnasium on December 15th, dispelled any disappointment among the girls at having to return to school after the Speech Day celebrations. The occasion was an excellent one, as no one was worried with nightmare examinations, and all were prepared to enjoy themselves as a preliminary to many more joys during the holidays.

The audience travelled spellbound on a European tour. First, they visited Europe during the fifth century, when the Roman Empire was being ravaged by the terrible Hun, Attila (Ebena Isles). The result of Pope Leo's (Muriel Nicholls) attempt to check this mighty chief was anxiously awaited by the audience, who sighed with relief when he was successful, although they probably knew beforehand that he would be so (if, in the excitement of the moment, they did not forget their history). Cleverly interwoven into this tale of war was a love story, and the entranced audience watched the growth of affection between the lovely maiden, Honoria (Mollie Thornhill), and the great warrior, Attila. But alas, just as love seemed to have conquered all obstacles, came the news of the Hun chief's death. The onlooking tourists were appalled, but before they could dwell long on this disaster they were carried swiftly onwards through the centuries and visited the France and Germany of to-day. For a short space of time they found themselves in a French theatre listening to the beautiful singing of Sarah Rosenblum and Cora Dunphy. Then they were whisked away from here to more everyday scenes. They became girls on the telephone exchange listening to the conversation between two Frenchmen; then they visited the younger generation of the French nation playing games in their schoolground (perhaps here they were reminded of their own frolics of not so long ago).

Once again the scene was changed, and the life of a punctual German school-boy was revealed to the expectant travellers, who then visited a German schoolroom and were much struck by the abilities of the teacher, Lilian Goldsmith, and were perhaps attracted to one sad little maiden, Merle Coleman, who won their sympathies by bursting

discovered everyone in peals of laughter, caused doubtless by the post office scene they had just witnessed.

Hearty congratulations are due to all the performers, and especially to the senior girl, Hazel Brewster, who was the author of the play "How Rome was Saved," and to the First Year Girls, who progressed so well in their modern



Three Champions.

G. Branch (Senior Swimming Champion)
D. Ireland (Junior Swimming Champion), E. May (Diving Champion).
Add Marjorie Russell and you have
the Solomon Shield Team.

into a flood of tears. A flying visit was then paid to a German post office, where the poor postmaster was harried and troubled by a most boisterous crowd of impatient people, each wanting to be served first.

At last, with great reluctance, the tourists were brought back to the gymnasium of Fort Street Girls' High School, and looking around at their schoolmates

language studies as to take part. The excellent costumes of the performers are also to be commended as being a part cause of the successful results obtained. Due thanks are also given to the stage managers for their splendid work in this direction.

K.T., 5A.

Prefects' Box.—If, on the morning of the first appearance of a small wooden receptacle labelled "Prefects' Box," any

doubt of the success of this new venture assailed the minds of the August Eight, it was absolutely and definitely banished before 3.30 on the same afternoon. Suggestions, practicable and otherwise, have been dropped into it by mysterious hands, the owners of which possess mysterious names—noms de plume, by the way, are considered a great help, as through them direct answers may be forwarded to the interested ones.

Not a few Fortians but are at present feeling more comfortable, both physically and mentally, since the establishment of the "Box," and it is only to be expected that those whose suggestions have been carried out are feeling proud of the reforms, of which they were the instruments. The Prefects' Box has been a great success; let us hope that it will live long!

EBENA ISLES, 5A.

The half-yearly record of the **Special Choir** has been an unusually successful one, the climax being reached at the end of the year by the winning of the second prize of five guineas awarded as a result of the singing competitions held in connection with the Australian Exhibition at the Show Ground. The particular song that won for our school this enviable distinction was the ever popular "Hark! the Lark" (Dr. Cooke).

On Speech Day the choir rendered "Hark! the Lark" with great vigour, and "The Spinning Chorus" (Wagner), in which the solo parts were sung by Nancy Kerr.

For this year the prospects so far are promising indeed. Certainly, the membership shows no weakening either in numbers or in enthusiasm. Several new songs have been learnt, including "In Springtime" (Heydon), and those old favourites, "Annie Laurie," "Drink to Me Only" and "Loch Lomond." Undoubtedly the choir is fortunate in having so capable an accompanist as Amy Chicken, and, all things taken into consideration, there is very little reason to fear that the high standard set in the past will not be maintained in the future.

An Excursion to Port Kembla.—After an exciting and merry journey through the lovely South Coast country Port Kembla was at last reached, and our

attention was directed to the Electrolytic Refining and Smelting Works of Australia, where capable guides shewed us the various processes.

The copper ores used at these works come principally from Mt. Morgan and Mt. Lyell. The ore is first placed with an appropriate flux into a blast furnace, where it becomes converted into the molten state, forming two parts, the slag and the matte. The slag is drained off and the molten matte is poured into a converter by means of huge ladles. The action which takes place in the converter is purely chemical, due to the air which is passed in, the copper becomes purer, and is poured out into moulds, where it is allowed to cool and is known as blister copper, owing to its pitted appearance, due to the escape of sulphur dioxide. After this the copper is placed in an anode furnace, where it loses more of its impurities, the purification being aided by the insertion of logs of wood. After a period of about twenty-four hours the copper is poured in a molten state into moulds carried on a revolving wheel, and after treatment with water it sets into moulds suitably constructed for electrical purposes. The copper is now ready for ordinary use. But for electrolytic purposes it must be further refined by electrolysis, which takes place in the tank room; the copper anode for the anode and a thin sheet of pure copper the cathode, the electrolyte being acid copper sulphate. During this process copper is deposited on the cathode, and gold or silver, which has hitherto been present with the copper, is deposited on the bottom of the tank, and any other impurities go into solution.

After observing the wire works our investigations were brought to an abrupt conclusion, as time was becoming scarce. We returned to the office at the works, where we were able to have our lunch and remove a few of the traces of oil and mud; then we made our leisurely way to the 'bus, and so to train and home, eager to tell the experiences of a happy day.

H. BREWSTER, 5A.

Our Swimming Carnival—this year showed a marked improvement in the standard of the swimming. We now have

in the school perhaps one of the finest lots of swimmers the school has ever possessed, and though there is no outstanding champion the average excellence is shown by the fact that Fort Street won the Solomon Shield with three first places, scoring the highest possible number of points.

Our relay team, consisting of Gwen Branch, Edna May, Marjorie Russell and Doreen Ireland, proved itself in the Solomon Shield relay, when Fort Street won by about four yards, with North Sydney second and Sydney third. Gwen Branch retained the School Championship, with Edna May in second place. The year relay race took place amid intense excitement. Fourth Year, with a team consisting of Gwen Branch, Ailie Coombes, Willa Rowohl and Edith Robinson, coming first, Second Year second, and First Year third. All the team girls did well in the other events, while Doreen Ireland, the 13-year-old First Year swimmer, is the hope of the school. The diving was won by Edna May, the plunging by Gwen Branch, and the cork scramble by Iris Hill. Others who distinguished themselves included Ivy Mitchell, Phyllis Trafford, Daphne Drake and Winnie Lee.

THELMA SUNDSTROM, 4A.

Singing.—Last Friday a teacher was passing the Honours Room when she heard a series of weird sounds issuing from within, and on investigation she found it to be the Third Year theory class which has recently been converted into a singing class. The girls, who have been studying four-part harmony, and finding great difficulties with "hidden consecutives," now have to sing the products of their labours. When this is accomplished the struggling musicians are instructed to "write a melody and sing it to me."

A gasp of agony escapes from some of the girls when this order is given, but it is immediately stilled by the teacher's peremptory, "Hush, girls!" For some time the only sound in the room is an occasional "Doh" or "Fah," and then a demand for "Rubber!" At last the girl with the most confidence tenders her melody to the teacher, and after a little delay succeeds in singing

it. Gradually more melodies are timidly brought forward and sung in quavering voices, but still some girls lag behind, not having the courage to sing before the rest of the class.

A sigh of relief is heard when the bell rings, because the girls who have not sung think that they have escaped the ordeal, but their joy soon turns to sorrow when they are informed that they must sing two melodies at their next theory lesson.

On Tuesday, however, great was the joy of the girls when a test was put on the board, and, as the teacher said, "No girls were more pleased to work a test." The general opinion of the girls is that the teacher has decided that she would like to live a little longer.

ONE WHO KNOWS, 3C.

The competitors, lined up on each starting board, held some magnetic power which commanded every spectator's attention—for was not this the great event of the day, **the race for the Solomon Shield?**

"Are you ready? Go!" Splash! In went the swimmers for glory and renown. Suddenly a puzzled look of wonder swept over the expectant faces of the onlookers—the contestants, for some unknown reason, were swimming back to the starting point. The next start, however, was a genuine one. Closer and closer they drew to the board on which their partners, in a perfect frenzy of excitement, were waiting for them. One touches—in goes her partner amid shrieks and barracking from her schoolfellows; but the barracking subsides quickly, for after the first tense moment the girls remembered "Girls, you are not to barrack!" The remainder of the race was watched with speechless anxiety, but when, at the very end, two schools were almost equal, excitement was intense, and shrieks of "North! North!" "Fort! Fort!" were heard on every side.

Not that all this barracking does one bit of good, but the girls must do something to relieve their pent-up feelings, and when the race was ended the excitement of the Fortians knew no bounds. They applauded their swimmers heartily and with true school spirit.

Once again Fort Street has won the shield, and we sincerely hope her future swimmers will be able to keep it for her.
G. TYDEMAN, 2B.

In the **Combined High Schools' Carnival**, held at the Domain Baths on March 12th, Fort Street secured the following places:—

First.—Solomon Shield Relay Race; Breast Stroke Championship (E. May).

Second.—Junior Relay (P. Trafford, B. Singleton, J. Young, D. Ireland); 12 Years Championship (D. Drake); 13 Years Championship (D. Ireland); 16 Years Championship (G. Branch); Junior Championship (D. Ireland); Senior Diving Championship (E. May); Rescue Race (E. May, G. Branch); Six Oar Race (M. Russell, A. Coombes, H. Stark); Back Stroke Championship (E. May).

Third.—Back Stroke Championship (W. Lee); Championship of All High Schools (G. Branch); 15 Years Championship (E. May); 33 Yards Handicap (H. Vischer).

The shield for the school gaining the most points was presented to North Sydney High School, which gained 33½ points, Fort Street being second with 24½ points.

IRIS HILL, 4A.

Physical Culture.—At a concert in connection with Animals Week Fort Street provided items, "The Weaving Dance," "Bo-peep," "Confess," and the Morris Dance, while a squad of six—Iris Hill, Thelma Sundstrom, Willa Rowohl, Rita Thomas, Rene Green and Winnie Lee—danced two of the Grecian studies. The whole squad was afterwards complimented on their dancing.

Another display was given at the Royal Agricultural Show, where a squad of twenty-four girls assisted in a demonstration of Grecian dances, steps and exercises. Other High Schools were represented, and all the girls dancing on the grass in Grecian costumes under the electric light produced a very pleasing effect.

THELMA SUNDSTROM, 4A.

AVERSIONS.

With apologies to Rose Fyleman.

I don't like Maths., although I'm sure
they're very good;
I don't like History, though the teacher
says I should;
I don't like Latin with all its horrid
words,
But still it's very nice compared with
silly, nightmare surds.
I don't like Chemistry, with all its nasty
smells,
And I cram my head with French until
I'm sure it almost swells.

There are lots of things I cannot like,
no matter how I try,
And maybe I'll be sorry, too, one day
before I die.
Yet there's one thing more than others
which I have to tell you still,
I don't like walking up that dreadfully
steep hill.

T.S., 4th Year.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

At a general meeting held on 7th March preliminary arrangements were made for the forming of a tennis club. A committee of six was elected to look after the interests of the club. Vera Waterstone was elected secretary, and Alma Hamilton treasurer. An effort will be made to secure courts in as central a position as possible, and it is hoped that the club will be in full swing before the date of the Annual Meeting.

The Annual General Meeting will be held in the last fortnight in April, to be followed by the Annual Dinner, which will be held on the second Wednesday in May.

It was with very deep regret that the resignation of Doris York, our President, was received. Doris has been President of the Union since its reorganisation, and has done excellent work, being always willing to devote her time to its

best interests. However, we are pleased that her absence will be for only a year, and we may yet again see her in her old position. She has taken a position at St. Cuthbert's College, Mt. Eden, Auckland, New Zealand, and she has our best wishes for her success in her new sphere.

At a meeting of the Council on 7th March Miss Tearle was elected President pro. tem. in place of Miss York.

Marie Bentivoglio, our ex-treasurer, who is in England at present as holder of a travelling scholarship, writing from Somerville College, Oxford, says she spent a wonderful time in London. She intends to spend Easter in the Isle of Wight and to go to the Continent later in the year. We expect to hear great things from Marie when she returns.

Olive Hutchinson, another of our Old Girls, is also in London, where she has taken up teaching under the London County Council, for a year.

We are pleased to hear that Doris Paterson, one of our most ardent workers, is making a speedy recovery after her recent operation.

The University,
March 23rd, 1923.

Dear Editor,—

This time you find us amid the worry and bustle of arranging our courses for the new academic year. Most of us have spent our long vacation in various delightful fashions. We (Seniors of 1921) held a house party reunion at Burraneer Bay, Port Hacking, and a gay time we had. Most of us are settled in our 'Varsity grooves, but we met Edith Sims, who is now in the Mitchell Library, and Gussie Johnston, teaching music at Manly. Gussie told us an awfully thrilling tale about Beryl Farran. She will, in the near future, promise "to love, honour and obey, etc."—we wish her every happiness, while wondering if he ever heard that little classic of 2A English, 1921, of which Beryl was the shining light, when Miss Turner sprang on an innocent and unsuspecting class: "Nymphs of the woods are known as dryads—what is the name given to the nymphs of the sea?" "Wetads,"

answered Beryl in all seriousness. Other old girls engaged to be married are Marie Willman and Nina Kinnaird.

I spoke of the worry of fixing up this year's course. I spoke truly. There are professors to be interviewed, honours lists, and, alas, "post" lists to be consulted, and, in the case of those of us who are student teachers, an irate T.C. to be propitiated with a credit.

The honours lists show that old Fortians have kept up the school's brilliant traditions. Joan Lemm will soon be entitled to write B.A. (Hons.) after her name, as she came third top of History III. Zelie Bristow has graduated with 1st class honours in Mathematics—the only girl to do so this year. Winnie Howard obtained High Distinction in English II., while Annie Richardson—who had never done Geology in her life before, mind you—secured the University prize for Geology I., coming top. Edna Holt, Kathleen Waddington and Alma Hamilton secured several H.Ds. and Ds. between them.

The physical culture class at Bjelke Petersen's is well patronised by old Fortians, many of them taking part in the display held by the class last year. They acquitted themselves creditably, and, what is better in such a display, gracefully.

E.W.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

But once to me 'tis giv'n to walk life's way;

But once, and then I too shall hear the call,

And I no more shall toil; so, while I may,
I'll strive to bring both joy and love to all.

The end soon comes, the trail no more doth wind,

The darkness clears, afar I see the Gate

Which I such weary years have sought to find;

I pass from night to day, where peace doth wait.

A. ROWLANDS, 5A.

"EXITS AND ENTRANCES."

No more for us the dream fantastical,
Of fairy revels on midsummer nights,
And wayward fancies under wondrous
spells,

When in the reign, in Athens long ago,
Of Theseus and his Amazonian queen,
The playmates, Hermia and Helena,
Did love Lysander and Demetrius.

No more will Oberon and Titania
By quarrels set the seasons all astray,
Nor self-sufficient Bottom wear again,
Unconscious of his mien ridiculous,
The ass's head, or robe of Pyramus.
Instead, our "As You Like It" gives the
stage,

By Shakespeare set and so immortalised,
To happier lovers in their woodland
scenes,

While Touchstone fools for all, right
worthily,

And Jacques, ever cynical and sad,
On men and manners passes judgment
keen;

Until Orlando finds his Rosalind,
And Celia wins the heart of Oliver,
Repentant now, and humbled in his
pride,

And ducal wrongs are settled peacefully,
And cottagers and courtiers are content.

M.B., 4A.

HINTS ON TAKING A HOLIDAY.

First of all, dear reader, if you are not a companionable soul, but one whose conception of an ideal holiday is solitude, far from the haunts of man, or if you are a person of limitless means, who delights in the luxuries of hotels and motor cars, go no farther, if you please—this article will but shock your fastidious taste. But, if you are a quiet, ordinary, sociable, not over-affluent person, read on! and may you profit by the experience of another!

First of all, in organising a house party, do not be squeamish about numbers; take as your maxim "The more the merrier," and act accordingly. But—and this is most important—it is not necessary to state the exact size of your party when writing for a house; merely stipulate that you want sleeping-out verandahs, and then you may be sure that if a house is warranted to accommodate eight, it will easily hold sixteen—with a little squeeze, and of course extra cutlery, crockery and bedding. In fact, it is well to make a habit of including in your luggage a sheet, a blanket, a cushion, an enamel plate and pannikin and a knife and fork or so—then come what may, you are, as it were, self-contained, yet quite unbreakable.

So much for the house and party. But where to seek the house? Of course you probably have personal preferences, but if you really want to combine nearness to the city with distance from conventions (and conventional attire), surfing, swimming, boating, walking, fishing

and prawning—then make a bee-line for Tuggerah Lakes, and preferably the little part of it called Long Jetty. There you may participate in all these diversions, which have the double advantage of providing variety and curtailing expenses; for if your prawning net has no holes in it it is an easy matter to catch sufficient prawns for supper, and if you are fortunate in begging bait you may with practice catch enough fish for breakfast—but, in honesty, I must confess that nobody in my time ever did the latter, our usual catch being one or two sardines per day. But you may be more expert.

Then, your party being arranged and the house engaged, the next important problem, you will think, is your wardrobe. But this is really a very trivial affair. The dress you wear away will,



Prawning.

with a little care, be fit for you to wear home again. In the meantime all the external garments you require are a gymnasium dress, a swimming costume, and a blazer—if your trilbies are inclined to be tender it is wise to include a pair of sandshoes—otherwise that is all. On this point you may not agree with me, but, if not, experience will soon teach you that I do not speak without due consideration.

Now everything is packed and the day arrives. You somehow manage to reach the station in time, and wait impatiently for the train. There is no necessity to engage a compartment—no one would dare to be imprisoned for a few hours with a party of exuberant schoolgirls, even if there were room, but of course there will not be. In fact, the prosaic adult mind wonders how on earth all of you with your mountainous luggage can squeeze into one small space—it is inexplicable, but possible.

At length, your destination reached, the house examined and the deep pangs of hunger appeased, the next procedure should be to hold a general council. The provisions must be ordered, the amount it takes to keep a large family for one day calculated (here mathematicians prove useful) and everybody's contribution paid into the general fund. Then cooking lists have to be arranged, and since there is sure to be some one among you who loves not labour, washing-up and drying-up lists are an improvement. A pencil should be affixed to these so that each girl may tick off her turn as it comes along. It is also a wise precaution to find out beforehand the capabilities of your cooks, as two bad ones working together are really too trying for the tempers and interiors of a hungry household. Next the hammocks must be slung, the camp beds made up and their occupants allotted for the night. It is best to change one's resting place every night, as then no one unfortunate need have two successive turns in close contact with the floor.

All of this accomplished, you have nothing more to do but enjoy yourselves as you please—in the surf, in the lake, on the lake—until your cooking day comes along. But then you will find that even if you do happen to forget to

salt the potatoes or sugar the fruit, your household will not really mind, and so the much-dreaded day will pass quite peaceably after all.

It is hard to decide which are the most enjoyable, the days or the nights; perhaps the latter though, are the more novel. One or two nights at least you will sally forth to the jetty, equipped with prawning nets and lantern, and while the more adventurous ones descend into the water the remainder will ho'd the lantern from above and watch for the passing of poor, unsuspecting little prawns. It is a thrilling experience, and though you perhaps bewail your cruelty, you nevertheless return home in high glee if your bucket is full, and watch the unfortunate prawns being boiled till they are red and round. Then you sit down to a hearty supper, most likely with a newspaper as tablecloth, which, though not elegant, is edifying.

Then, too, you must not fail to have a fancy dress evening and a dance on the verandah to an orchestra of combs, the whole followed by a midnight supper of the most weird concoctions your cooks can devise—and it is remarkable how many people who hate to cook are expert at making "messes."

Also, if you are fortunate and it is moonlight, you will be able to have a moonlit row on the lake, and you will find it a bewitching, entrancing, yet futile endeavour to cross the bridge of silver that leads from you over the dancing waters to the dim, mysterious line of distant hills, where, surely, ah! surely, we may some day find the solution of all difficulties, the fulfilment of all dreams.

Thus the time will pass all too quickly, but when the day for home-coming arrives you will surely feel that your knowledge of practical management—not to mention cookery—has considerably increased. But, above all that, this week of gaiety and frolic, snatched from a busy year, has strengthened into bonds, firm as iron yet delicate as a spider's web, many links of friendship, which, after all, is the thing in this world that is most worth while!

MOLLIE THORNHILL, 5A.

THE TWILIGHT LADY.

She lives where night just meets the day,
Her house pale silver from the moon,
Where gold and sunset colours play,
Yet fade into soft darkness soon.

She wears a black robe, new, yet old,
Where gold and red and purple dance,
And silver shimmers o'er each fold,
As moonbeams steal a shy sweet glance.

Her black hair falls so loose and long,
Her eyes are kind, and soft and dark,
Her lips are parted in a song
That softly makes the world say—
Hark!

When old King Sol begins to sleep,
His hot, red eyes, are scarce closed
tight

When Twilight says, "My stars, now
peep,

And with my curtain I'll bring night."

Then "Twilight" lets her curtain down,
And softly pins it with a star,

Then on the earth, o'er bush and town,
The night descends and day flees far.

ISLA JONES, 2C.

OLD SYDNEY.

Have you ever thought that Sydney has a history? 'Tis true, we cannot boast of centuries of stirring deeds; nevertheless, we have a history to which no other country may lay claim, and we Fortians living the greater portion of our lives among these crumbling historic buildings cannot fail to be interested in those old times. Who would change our famous old school buildings without a feeling of regret for the loss of the Fort Street atmosphere which the years have created, and also for the loss of the feeling of belonging to the original Sydney which the pioneer forefathers of our land strove so hard to raise?

Let us consider the Fort Street area of a hundred years ago. What changes have come about in but a hundred years! Fort Street and the surrounding streets existed, but what a difference! The site of our school was occupied by an unimposing military hospital, designed by Greenway and built in 1815, as the figures above the entrance testify, and where convalescent patients and their nurses might be seen wandering in the garden. A stretch of clear blue harbour lay to the front of the hospital, whilst to the right a huge windmill reared its revolving sails against the summer sky. The beauty of nature had not been entirely destroyed as yet, for near this picturesque windmill was a little orchard, owned by a Mr. MacMillan. This small property with its famous mulberry trees was the envy of many tired passers-by, and continued to exist for some little

time after its owner moved to Pymble.

By 1849 it occurred to the Government that a national school for the training of teachers—who, on completing their course, were to be granted diplomas—would be of great assistance to the colony. So it was decided that the old military hospital should be converted into a Model School. The whole building was entirely reconstructed, for the military hospital had none of our arched windows and pillars—it was a simple two-storied building with verandahs top and bottom. There was also a time when the arches supported verandahs behind, but these have been filled into windows, and the rooms widened to take in the verandahs.

The colony applied to the Home Government for a teacher, and a Mr. Wilkins from the National Model School in Ireland was sent out; but as is the custom in most new colonies, by the time of his arrival the people had concluded that his services were unnecessary. In spite of his unexpected reception, Mr. Wilkins opened the Fort Street School with a staff of three trained teachers, on New Year's Day, 1851, and after a few years' battle he met with complete success; and now the Fort Street School has the honour of being the first southern school where the kindergarten system was introduced, and also the first school to include physical culture as a subject in its curriculum.

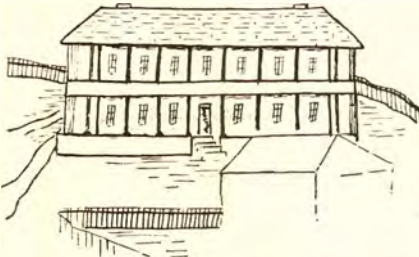
Our school continued in its successful path till, in 1898, the first edition of the "Fortian" appeared, which indicated a

marked increase in the number of pupils during the fifty years since its foundation.

But Fort Street is not the only historic building in the neighbourhood. Everyone knows Scots' Church, which bears the inscription

Scots' Church,
Erected A.D. MDCCCXXIV.

And there is St. Philip's Church, which however, is not the original St. Philip's, which was rebuilt.



Fort Street School as a Military Hospital 1822.

The Observatory is another historic building. We are told that in the mid-winter of 1788 the masons and stonecutters first set about building the Observatory. However, it proved insufficient for its object, and being too small for the family of Lieutenant Dawes, the first resident astronomer, they set about erecting another on the same site.

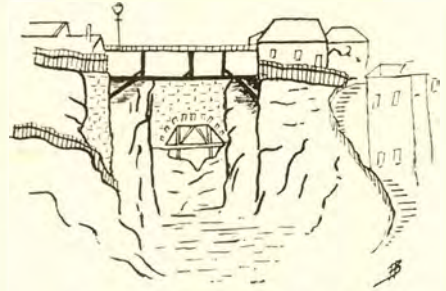
Lower Fort Street was the home of Sydney's greatest merchants and politicians. It was here that Robert Campbell lived and his three sons were born. This Robert Campbell was a successful merchant and politician, but he was an ever ready supporter of his church, and the bells of St. Philip's remain as a memorial to him.

Then there is that famous district known as "The Rocks," which is full of old houses and buildings, but all in great disorder and irregularity, for the people built their homes first and the streets afterwards, a plan which resulted in the network of lanes and blind alleys found there. The Rocks and the Argyle Cut formerly enjoyed an undesirable reputation which they gained during the first election of the colony, when the riotous behaviour of the inhabitants first attracted public attention.

In these days Miller's Point was rather difficult of access, and could only be reached either by a very rough route in a roundabout journey by way of Lower Fort Street and Windmill Street; and, as to the north-east end of Kentstreet, it was a steep quarry. The Government soon recognised the necessity of altering these conditions, but it was due to the business men of that quarter, who proposed to excavate, and to impose a toll in order to defray the expense, that the Argyle Cut became an accomplished fact.

Essex Street, whose old name is Gallows Hill, has also undergone many changes. Its famous inns, such as "The Ship," "The Blue Post," and "The Frogs' Hollow," have disappeared, and the street has been closed for traffic and gardens built. This was done on account of the dangerous steepness of the street. There is a story of a man who was coming down Essex Street with a cart load of planks, when the cart ran away with him and landed him on the roofs of the houses on the other side of George Street. This is not so wonderful as it sounds, for George Street had then been built up and the cottages on the side of it facing the water were much below the level of the street.

George Street was also widened in 1910-11, and all the buildings from Grosvenor Street to Essex Street were demolished.



The Argyle Cut about 1820-22

Nock and Kirby's in 1903 was a plain two-storied building, but the lane that runs beside the present premises has been there for over fifty years. An old five-storied building, the "Volunteer Artillery Hotel," once occupied the corner by the lane, and next to it was the home of Redman, the chief constable.

This house was afterwards the first publishing office of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and at the rear was the printing office. From a building called Ebesworth's store, which is now used by Nock and Kirby, a jetty ran out into the cove, into the middle of what is now Pitt Street. During the excavations for the building of the new premises of Nock and Kirby many foundations of cottages were found, and the tunnel was discovered which some thieves had used to rob the Bank of Australia in 1828.

But this quarter is not devoid of romance, and if only the old stones could speak to us, it is possible they could tell us many adventures of highwaymen and convicts which have been long forgotten. But an incident which may be of interest to some of us is that of the Irish exile, John Mitchell. After a most adventurous voyage from Newgate, John Mitchell was brought to Sydney, where he escaped

and was in hiding in the house of a Mr. McNamara for ten whole days, under the assumed name of Warren.

And there are the scenes in which we mingle after we have left the busy trams of noisy George and Pitt Streets and climb the steeps to the fast-vanishing scenes of early Sydney.

Do you ever clothe these dingy old-fashioned buildings with a mental glory, transfiguring all their broken angles and the narrow streets into a dreamlike scene of clustering homes on a hill, still partially covered with its early verdure, whose feet are kissed by a rippling silver-blue sea? Was not this portion of early Sydney a Venice of the south? and may we not, to-day, call to mind the poet's description of that decayed town when we see it bathed in the summer sunlight, across the water?

H. BREWSTER, D. WILLIAMS.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

A pearly-grey sky with here and there a tiny transparent cloud or a twinkling star; low hills along the horizon shrouded in purplish gloom; an expanse of shadowy, rippling water—imagine this, and then add to the picture a radiant half-moon casting a shimmering path of light across the bosom of the lake. Perhaps you now have some idea



of the beautiful moonlight night calling to us with all its luring charms. Could we resist it? The water gently lapped against the sides of the boat at our feet with a murmur enticingly musical. We surrendered.

A few seconds, and we found ourselves gliding over the surface of the lake to the rhythmical accompaniment of the

oars, and, leaning over the bow, I felt like a bird skimming across this peaceful stretch of water. The advance of the boat sent tiny phosphorescent wavelets scurrying away on either side, and at each dip of the oar a circle of sparkling light made its appearance on the water's surface. The exquisite beauty of the night cast its spell upon us, raising us to a higher plane of thought and feeling. Before us stretched the magnificent jewelled pathway leading to the indistinct line of black beyond. A little fishing craft, silhouetted against the misty light of the moon, moved phantom-like across the glistening diamond way. Should we travel along this path also? Surely there we should see the night in its most glorious aspect. At last we reached it, and, letting the oars go, just drifted with the current along this moonlit road. What a wonderful sensation it was to be rocked on the jewel-studded bosom of this lake, with the moonlight beaming down upon us, and that mysterious, insistent call of beauty lulling us into sweet oblivion.

But, much as we should have liked it, we could not stay there for ever, and bringing ourselves back to the matter-of-fact with an effort, we made our way home, each one carrying in her mind a wonderful picture to be hung in her gallery of memories.

L. ARTER, 5A.

IF PEOPLE THOUGHT.

If Julius Caesar'd been a man
 In any way humane,
 Would he have fought those Gallic Wars
 To tire our weary brain?
 Translation into Latin prose,
 A task hated by all,
 Is caused by his desire to be
 The conqueror of Gaul.

Had Euclid spent his holidays
 (I've heard he was a slave)
 In company with his fellow bonds-
 Men, surfing in the wave,

Instead of drawing on the sand
 Angles of varying size,
 He would have earned our thankfulness,
 Not raised our wrathful cries.

Now why we all should suffer so
 For people's fantasy
 Is more than I can understand,
 So please enlighten me;
 And if you try experiments,
 Just think, before you start,
 Of children, in one thousand years,
 Who'll have to learn your art.

"MENA," 3A.

OTTO, THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

"Hail! Otto, mighty Emperor of the
 Romans! Wonder of the World!"

"Make way for the Messengers of the
 Pope!"

The ringing words, and the tramp of
 horses' feet which accompanied them,
 broke the stillness of the palace court-
 yard and reached the ears of the two
 occupants of an inner chamber. One,
 his slight boyish figure simply clad in
 white, was reclining on a divan, his
 chin cupped in his hands and with his
 eyes, dark as a midnight sky yet radiant
 with the lustre of a thousand stars,
 fixed with burning eagerness on the
 grave, serene face of his older companion
 —speaking thus:—

"Be not seduced by temporal things,
 Otto, my son; but as thou minister'st to
 this great kingdom which God has seen
 fit to give thee, yet let thy soul soar
 aloft and thy selfless life win the bless-
 ings of thy peoples."

The boy bent his head in silent
 humility, and his fingers clutched the
 cross before him, while his companion
 breathed a silent prayer.

To their ears then, sitting thus, came
 the cries, echoing beneath the lofty
 walls.

Otto sprang to his feet, no longer the
 boy seeking Divine knowledge, but Otto
 the Emperor, arrogant, sublime in his
 self-esteem, with a line of mighty an-
 cestors behind him, youth, ardour, and a
 sceptre in his hand, and a world to
 conquer at his feet.

"Adalbert," he said, "it behoves me to

welcome my noble cousin's legates,"—
 and left the room.

A little later, in the state room of his
 palace, gorgeously arrayed, and with
 Gerbert, his counsellor, sitting at his
 right hand, Otto received the emis-
 saries, who spoke thus:

"Most mighty monarch, our master
 and thy cousin, Pope Gregory V., com-
 mends himself to thee and entreats thy
 aid against the aggressions of the
 traitor, John Crescentius, erstwhile
 King of Italy."

Gerbert nodded assent, and Otto's
 eyes gleamed as he saw rosy visions of
 a splendid entry into Rome at the head
 of a victorious army.

"Our most gracious cousin shall not
 entreat in vain," he replied. "Go! tell
 your master Mighty Otto comes!"

Round the castle of St. Angelo, on the
 outskirts of Rome, plunged and reared
 the horses of German warriors drunk
 with the lust of battle and the wine of
 victory.

Within the castle Otto, all the Eastern
 passion that was in him roused to the
 height of madness, bade the captured
 Crescentius be brought before him.

"Traitor," he said, "fall on thy knees
 at our feet and cry for mercy or thou
 diest! and thy treacherous body shall
 be flung as food to the ravens."

Crescentius made no motion of fear,
 though his face blanched, and his captor,
 a cruel smile hardening his young face,
 laughed demoniacally and spoke—"The

great king scorns our offer, but let him see he meets one greater than he. Take him to the battlements and end his life." As the relentless words fell from his lips a stifled shriek came from behind a curtain near the wall, but it passed unobserved, and when the apartment was empty a woman stepped forth, the exquisite beauty of her face marred now by pallor and the ungentle impress of excessive grief.

Stephania it was, wife of Crescentius, and as she heard the raucous voices of the Germans her sorrow gave way to anger, and clenching her hands in the impotence of her rage she breathed a prayer: "Oh help me God to have my revenge! Let the spirit of Crescentius haunt me until I have slain his murderer!"

In his palace on the Aventine, surrounded by all the splendours befitting the "Consul of the Roman Senate," "The Restorer of the Holy Roman Empire," Otto gave full freedom to the magnificent schemes his fertile brain produced, unrestrained now by friendly counsel. Adalbert the Divine whom he had loved with all the passionate intensity of his being, was half forgotten in the feverish lust for pleasure and splendour which now possessed him. Gerbert, his other friend, who had fostered in him as a child ambitious schemes and taught him to despise the uncouthness of his German people and to crave for the ceremony of his mother's Eastern race, and the splendour of the ancient Cæsars, had deserted him now, and, by his favour Pope, lived only to advance the powers of the Church.

So Otto at the mercy of every fleeting whim and passing fancy surrounded himself by officials with gorgeous uniforms and wondrous titles, who praised and flattered their young lord, living on his bounty, and careless of the barren soul beneath this outward pomp.

The Master of the Navy with his splendid retinue pleased greatly the youthful Emperor; there was no navy—but what mattered that to Otto? He had no need of it, but by the conferring of a title, the utterance of a few words, the Naval Lord was created before him and chronicles would write of Otto and

his great retinue, ranking him in glory before Constantine, Justinian or Charlemagne—that is what mattered!

The people, too, were made to feel the power of their Sovereign; great sports were held in the Amphitheatres of Rome, sports such as had not been seen since the time of the Cæsars; coins inscribed the "Restorer of the Roman Empire" were thrown to the plebs from the battlements of Otto's palace, and all Rome wore an air of gaiety and festivity, the very beggars concealing their wretchedness, as imbued with some of Otto's own mad hilarity, they stumbled alongside his chariot, shrieking hectically: "Hail, Otto, the Wonder of the World!"

In the palace itself the newly-created patricians were invited to frequent banquets and were amused by entertainments of the Emperor's own device—conjurers from the East, bards from the North, and dancing!—ah, dancing!—that was what pleased these sensuous, pleasure-loving Romans more than all, and Otto's dancers were all beautiful, too, the loveliest maidens to be found in the whole of Italy.

One in particular, Irene, was their special favourite; but Otto smiled upon her, too, and woe to him who showed his preference too plainly in his master's presence.

On a midsummer night, when the flowers in the palace gardens shed their perfume through the hot, still air, and the stars gleaming down on the seven hills of Rome reached the zenith of their radiance, Otto's splendour attained likewise the height of its magnificence; his palace was aglow with lights, figures wonderfully garbed, jewel-decked, thronged his halls, echoing with the unceasing laughter and voices of his guests, flushed with excitement and abundant wine. But when towards the morning, the vast halls were at length desolate and hushed, Otto's frenzy for enjoyment was still not spent, and calling for wine, more wine, he bade her dance, dance, and for him alone.

The girl made a deep obeisance, and to the rhythmic beat of the music, her slim body glided to and fro, back and forth, till seeming spent she knelt at Otto's feet.

He raised her, and, "Thou art beautiful, Irene," he cried, "and I am young and great; come, let us drink to one another!"

"Aye, my master, let me prepare the wine," she replied, "and it shall be as nectar of the gods."

Otto laughed consent and drained the goblet which she brought him.

"Thou spokest truly," he said; "never have I tasted such."

"Nay, and thou never shalt again," she murmured. "Otto, thy fate is sealed!"

Once more alone in his great hall Otto paced to and fro, but now his form was wasted, gloom pervaded his soul, and a vague ache gnawed at his heart.

"Adalbert," he muttered, "why had I to leave thee—now it is forever." And as he remembered his faithful friend's last words to him, anguish tore his being, and he cried, writhing, "Oh God, let me now atone!"

So he cast off his gorgeous robes and jewelled sandals, and arrayed in the garb of a penitent, he wandered forth, the wounds in his bare feet dulling a little the aching regret in his soul.

Thus he visited Adalbert's grave and the shrines of the saints, until he came to the tomb of Charlemagne. But there, to his aching brain, now frenzied with a raging fever, appeared a wondrous vision—the figure of his mighty ancestor sat upright before him, crowned with a golden circlet and wielding the Imperial sceptre, and bade him return to his throne.

Otto, his latent ambition once more revived, obeyed, and returned to his Palace on the Aventine, but strive as

he might, he could not banish a vague sense of dissatisfaction with the pomp around him, which gnawed ceaselessly at his mind, as indeed a strange disease wrought havoc with his body.

Then one day, sitting brooding alone, it seemed as if his personality dropped suddenly from him, and he saw things as they were—the mighty Empire of Ancient Rome appeared before him in its active power, and then disappeared, to be replaced by another Empire whose people suffered under a burden of poverty and want, whilst its profligate Emperor was surrounded with lavish luxury and splendour.

"Hail, Otto, the Wonder of the World!" came the shrill cry from below from the lips of a child, who stood shivering in the snow without, hoping that perhaps the Emperor might hear and have alms thrown out as he had been wont to do, when such names pleased him.

Otto sprang to his feet, sobs shaking his emaciated form, and rushed to the window, but a paroxysm of coughing seized him, and he fell exhausted to the floor, his doubts and regrets stilled forever.

The weak voice without went on monotonously chanting, though it quivered with tears of disappointment. Irene, once Stephanina, Queen of Italy, in the secrecy of her cell in the Convent of Mt. Gargarno, exulted in the success of her vengeance. Away to the north in Germany, Adalbert's monks prayed for the soul of him, whom their Abbot had loved; but Otto, the humble, the proud, the gay, the morbid, had at last found peace.

MOLLIE THORNHILL, 5A.

"THE RUDOLPHIAD."

Divinest muse, all hail! My pen inspire
With Helicon's most pure and sacred
fire!

For I, although unworthy, strive to write
The glorious epic of the "Globe" to-
night.

For weeks the trams emblazoned forth
the name

Of one as yet unborn to worldly fame.
'Twas Rudolph Valentino—many a week
That name stood forth as hero of "The
Sheik."

The tale was one of modern Africa,
Cut up and filmed in gay America.

There was a woman in it—as you know,
And how he loved her, books and
pictures show.

Surpassing all Tom Mix' equestrian art,
He snatched her from her horse unto
his heart.

But she, not knowing what a man was
this,

Resented much the ardour of his kiss.

The rest, the Bookstall's cheap editions
tell,

Let it suffice, that now she loves him
well.

'Tis not the story, but the hero's smile,
That makes the "Globe's" first session
queue a mile.

For Rudolph is the idol of the girls
(Despite the fact his hair is not in curls,
But testifying to great Fixaline,
Assumes the shining lure of glycerine).
Immaculately clad from socks to tie,
The flappers o'er his mouth are wont to
sigh.

O handsome is his face; his fingers lean,
And scorching glance are wonderful, I
ween.

The woman worships him as her dear
lord.

Does he relax? Oh no! He just looks
bored.

At last he deigns her in his arms to
clasp,

The woman's ecstasy would make you
gasp.

The flappers, green with envy, sigh and
moan;

For every kiss he gives her, they do
groan.

Each girl would willingly with her
change place,

And why? Because he has a handsome
face.

Oh Rudolph, thou art handsome 'yond
compare

Both when you smile and when you
simply glare.

What woman could resist that ardent
fire

Of love you give unto your heart's
desire?

The epic of the "Globe" is not the
"star,"

The scenery is worthier by far.

Now finish I this most fatiguing rhyme.

More of Rudolph I write another time.

Let me advise you, though, appraise all
arts

Above the beauty of this king of hearts.
A. CHICKEN, 5A.

A VISIT TO BERRIMA.

Last year I spent my mid-winter holi-
days at Aylmerton, a small township
some four miles north of Mittagong.
During my stay I made several trips to
Bowral and Mittagong, both of which
are farming centres and tourist resorts,
and also to the Nepean River, which was
reached after a three or four-mile walk.
The Nepean here is very narrow, and at
several places easily forded. Its banks
are covered with beautiful ferns, maiden-
hair, in particular, growing in abundance.
In spring, the river must present a beau-
tiful sight, for then the many wattle
trees lining its edges would be covered
with golden blossoms. Even in winter
it made a lovely picture, for the green
foliage of the trees and the twining
undergrowth glittered in the sunlight.

Of the trips which I made, the one
which impressed me most was a visit
which I paid, as one of a party of seven,
to Berrima, one of the oldest townships
of New South Wales. We went by train
to Mittagong, from which place we
travelled by car for the remainder of
the journey. It was a typical winter's
day, and the sun shone dimly through a
misty sky. The icy wind pierced through

us in spite of our many warm wraps,
and as we got farther south we saw
that the puddles on the road were coated
with thin ice. The district about Moss
Vale is a great dairy-farming and fruit-
growing centre, as we could tell by the
many orchard and dairy farms which we
passed en route.

Trachyte, a stone used for building
purposes, is found at Bowral, while
Berrima has small coal, iron and copper
mines, as well as kerosene shale works.
None of these were to be seen as we
passed through the towns. After pass-
ing through the outskirts of Moss Vale,
we soon neared Berrima. The cold was
becoming more piercing, and a feeling
of snow was in the air. Indeed, to our
great disappointment, we found next
day that snow had fallen only a few
miles farther south, though none fell at
Berrima. Crossing a picturesque little
bridge, we entered the town, stopping
outside the old prison. This massive
stone building was used for the convicts
in the early days of the colony. During
the Great War it was again brought into
use as a prison for interned Germans.
Although it seems impossible that any-

one could ever escape from within those great stone walls, we learnt that several convicts had done so, amongst them being the notorious "Starlight." To our great regret we could not see inside the prison, and had to content ourselves with an exterior view only. An object of interest to us all was the little stone church, now many years old. We took several photographs, which were, how-

ever, owing to the dullness of the weather, a failure. After a few minutes, during which we tried to restore new life to our stiff, numbed limbs, we re-entered the car, and proceeded by another route back to Mittagong, after a trip which will always live in my memory.

R.C., 4A.

COLLARROY.

The beach outstretched with gleaming
yellow sand,
The brown cliffs lined against the azure
sky,

Soft clouds formed by some wond'rous
Master's hand,
While northward Newport and fair
Palm Beach lie.

The red-roofed houses nestle 'gainst the
hills
That rise behind like battlemented
walls;

The whisp'ring wind with salt sea
moisture fills,
And from the bush the wild flow'rs'
perfume calls.

The froth-tipped breakers with a
thund'rous roar,
For ever rolling, dash amidst the
rocks,

And overhead the seagulls, crying, soar,
And weed as green as any sea nymph's
locks

Is washed upon the shore with rising
tides,
While pink-lined shells, aglow with
rosy light,

Such as the ocean in her wide bed hides,
Are brought unto the wond'ring
humans' sight.

The waters calm of Narrabeen lagoon
Are filled with happy bathers, frolick-
ing

To shelter from the glaring sun of
noon,
And round the cliffs the children's
voices ring.

On far horizon toss the fishing smacks,
Whose white sails stand out clearly
on the green;

On dusty road the swagmen with their
packs
Can, passing, all times of the day be
seen.

The people, swimming in the water blue,
Show darker spots on wide un-
fathomed deep;

The wave-worn cliffs of dark and sombre
hue
All day and night their watch o'er
ocean keep.

The children playing on the sands so
bright
With happy laughs and gaily-coloured
frocks,

Find cungeboi and crabs to their delight,
In little holes among the deep-lined
rocks. JOAN MACKANESS, 4B.

SPORT AT FORT STREET IN THE FUTURE.

It was one morning in the early autumn of the year 1935 A.D. The sun shone brightly; probably the only thing that remained unchanged in the general scheme of things was the sun; change had wrapt her mantle round everything else. The girls of the "A" and "B" lacrosse teams of the Fort Street Girls' High School were ready to make a start for Birchgrove, for the final of the

Grand International High Schools' Lacrosse Competition. The members of the Vigoro team had just departed by 'plane on a little jaunt to Calcutta, where they were due to play in the semi-final of the competition that afternoon. Suddenly there was a low, droning sound overhead, and the City and Suburban Aeroplane Company's latest machine hove in sight, and settled gracefully

down at the adjacent aerodrome. A rush was made for seats. Owing to the Aerial Traffic Commissioners' stringent regulations against strap-hanging and overcrowding, it became necessary to divide the teams, the members of the junior team going by the pneumatic tube railway, and the senior team by the aeroplane 'bus. During the journey to Birchgrove, which occupied about five minutes, a number of old, unwieldy vehicles were noticed standing in an open yard. The Sports Mistress (Miss Coombes) took the opportunity of explaining to some of the younger girls that these were tramcars, formerly used for travelling purposes, but now hopelessly out of date. About 1924 a number of desperate strap-hangers from Bondi had banded together, and rid themselves of the then traffic commissioners, and had used up all the dynamite in the country to destroy as many as possible of the trams and trains. Following on this event, new men with new methods had taken charge, with the result that transit methods had been much improved.

On arrival at the ground it was learned that a Marconigram had been received from the Captain of the Paris Girls' High School 1st Grade team, stating that their 'plane had developed engine trouble at Darwin; consequently there was some little delay in their arrival. The junior girls' team from Yokohama was, however, already on the field, and prepared to try conclusions with the Fort Street

"B" team. There were numbers of more or less distinguished visitors present, including many old Fortians, among whom were Miss Edna May (who twice swam the British Channel), Miss G. Stayte (Professor of Mathematics at the Edinburgh University), Miss Hazel Brewster (whose discoveries in Chemistry recently shook the world), and Miss Bessie Banana, M.P.

The French team arrived about half-an-hour behind time. The magnificent touring car, with its perfectly appointed dining saloon came in for a great amount of attention. The preliminary match between the girls from Yokohama and the Fort Street "B" team resulted in a draw.

The two senior teams then took the field. Miss Coombes, who holds a diploma from the Incorporated Society of Umpires, and understands twenty-seven separate and distinct languages, "word for word without book," acted as umpire. Some slight delay was caused at times owing to the umpire having to give her decision in two languages. She also seemed to forget at times the nationality of the visiting team, and would give her decisions in Chinese or Italian; and then, not being understood, would resort to plain Australian, interspersed with sign language. However, these little interludes only made the game more interesting. After a keenly contested game, Fort Street won, as usual, by one goal.

"AURORA," 3A.

THE DEATH OF THE RED DEER.

The hunter's horn rings through the wood,

The signal to disperse;
Alas! To some it is the knell
Of death, or even worse.

The bloodhounds swiftly scent their game,

The unfair chase begins;
A fight between the wild and tame,
Who hopes the bloodhound wins?

The limpid eyes, the arched neck,
The antlers spreading wide,
The dark-brown coat with golden fleck—
The woodland creature's pride!

The slender limbs, the shapely head,
The frightened, backward glance;

The quivering nostrils tinted red,
The hoofs' impatient dance!

With heaving flanks and gasping breath,
The red deer stands at bay;
The bloodhounds sound the call of death,
And rush towards their prey.

Diana! O'er this frightened child,
Spread thy protecting arm;
Thou art the goddess of the wild,
So shield him now from harm.

Alas! my prayer is heard too late.
He dies! A life for naught.
Oh, Man! may such be your own fate!
Is this what you call sport?

MARY CORRINGHAM, 3C.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

The Empress of the night had ruled too long,

King Sol was all-impatient to advance,
And so he quickly summoned all his throng

Of sunbeam soldiers, each with shining lance.

They fought against the army of the stars,

The trembling moonbeams, too, they set to flight;

And one by one they fled in moonlit bars

Of speeding, glinting, iridescent light.

The Empress now acknowledged her defeat,

And gathered up her purple veil of mist,

Then hastened with the stars to her retreat

Among the mountains, service to enlist.

King Sol then all-triumphantly looked down

Upon his sunlit kingdom newly won,
And birds sang joyously of his renown,
As though rejoicing that the night was done.

But as the day wore on, he tired grew,
And birds flew silently away to nest,
He sighed; the gentle breezes woke anew,

And then, behind the mountains, sank to rest.

The Empress Night, victorious once more,

About the world her cloak of darkness spread

To fall upon the earth, and so restore
The kindly night in' gaudy daytime's stead.

THELMA MITCHELL, 3C.

THE TRAM.

The tram drew up; reluctantly I stepped in. I thought, with no joy of the long journey before me, nothing to read, nothing to do, and the tram full of people whom I did not know. Opposite me was one of the grimmest of little boys, who must have been the despair of some poor mother's heart, looking condescendingly at another little boy with well-combed hair and brilliantly polished boots, seated next to me. On the other side of the latter was his mother, who, regardless of her offspring's furious blushes and digs in her side, could be heard saying clearly to a fellow passenger, "My Johnnie's that quiet in the house that you wouldn't know he was there." The person whom she had taken into her confidence looked "bored stiff"—as the grimy boy remarked to me—and frequently stifled a yawn behind her scented kerchief.

The compartment was quite full when a very fat gentleman, not finding a seat

elsewhere, entered it. As he stood panting from exertion and mopping his brow, we heard him mutter something about "never enough room in these trams—this is the Government for you!"

The grimy boy who was sandwiched between two large elderly matrons on about one foot of seat, winked wickedly at me, and solemnly rising, offered his seat with perfect politeness to the gentleman. How could I possibly refrain from one giggle? The man, seriously insulted by the outrage, showed us only his back for the rest of the journey.

The grimy boy seemed to recognise in me a kindred spirit, and before long knew all about me—what school I went to; if I liked it; what class I was in; what size shoes I took; whether I liked porridge—in short, everything; and then told me all about himself.

NANCY WILLIAMS, 3A.

BUSHLAND MELODIES.

Ere the eastern star has waned with the golden glow of dawn,

Ere the trees are gently stirred with the fragrant breath of morn,

Down the valleys and the gorges, o'er the heights of rugged range,

Mingling with the rippling murmurs of the streamlets; low and strange

Come the matins of the bush birds, from a thousand velvet throats.

On the still, grey air of morning, now they fling their liquid notes.

D. M. CLARK, 1A

THE BUSH IN SUMMER.

The rippling sheaves of burnish'd gold
Are strewn across the field.

The apples' fruits have long been told,
They gave a goodly yield.

The languid birds rest in the trees,
Unstirr'd by summer wind.

The lazy droning of the bees
Doth soothe the tired mind.

The lake doth lie, a gleaming sheet,
Beneath the gumtrees' shade,

And there the bushland children meet,
To paddle and to wade.

The azure lake, that dazzling sheet,
Is tempting to each boy;

Its water cool to tired feet
Is unalloy'd joy.

And whilst the city children white
Have only "swimming day,"

The happy bushland children bright
May always therein play.

BESSIE BANNAN, 3A.

AN INTERESTING DAY AT PORT ARTHUR.

"Hullo! Hullo!"

This salutation appeared to come from the foot of my bed, so I sleepily opened one eye to see who spoke these words. There, perched comfortably on the railing at the foot of the bed, was a huge green African parrot.

At first I was not very pleased at being thus awakened, but on looking at the clock I saw it was 7 a.m., and suddenly remembered we were to take a trip that day to Port Arthur. I then hurriedly awakened my mother and quickly performed the operations of bathing and dressing, and by 8.15 a.m. we were ready, waiting for the car.

It was a beautifully fine morning, the air being just a little nippy. When we had left Bellerive about three miles behind we seemed to be in the heart of the country. On both sides of the road, along which we were travelling, were golden fields of waving wheat, studded with scarlet poppies, as well as heaving green seas of barley.

Some miles further on we followed a track which led through beautiful forests of tall, straight gum trees. The road was lined with red and pink heath, pretty berries, tick-bush, and many other flowers. For miles we saw only this beautiful bush scenery, with a background of blue mountains far away; but suddenly, on turning a corner, a beautiful scene met our eyes—a little beached cove where the waves lapped gently on the shore and the trees and undergrowth grew close to the water's edge. For some time, then, we skirted the margin of the bay; then, crossing a bridge, we came to Forrestier's Peninsula, and there,

after having refreshments at the Dunally Hotel, we hurried on once more, through the stately forests.

At last we arrived at Eaglehawk Neck, where we went to see a wonderful formation of rock—the tessellated pavement—which has been worn by the waves until it looks like large cobblestones. Here, also, we saw the narrowest part of the Neck where in the convict days savage bloodhounds were chained a few feet apart to prevent any runaway convicts escaping. Then after roaming about for some time we again took our places in the car and proceeded on our journey.

The road now lay along the seashore, so we had a lovely view of the pretty bay, whose waters, in convict days, were shark infested; another means of preventing convicts from escaping.

On looking back from the zig-zag road we saw the embankment covered with beautiful, delicate tree ferns, and at last when we rounded one particular bend of the road, there lay, directly in front of us, the ruins of what had once been a magnificent stone church, now crumbling ruins, covered with clinging ivy. This grand old church had been designed by a convict, who for this great achievement received a free pardon; but when the church was under construction one convict threw another from the tower of the church and killed him; as a result the building was never consecrated.

After an inspection of these ruins we walked down to a small jetty, where we caught a steam launch by which we were conveyed to a small island—the Isle of the Dead—about one mile from

the bay. On this island were buried not only convicts and officers, but also free settlers from the surrounding districts. In this little cemetery one thousand five hundred and forty-seven people had been buried, of whom over twelve hundred were convicts; and only one convict had a tombstone, which was erected to his memory by the Dean, his master. All the tombstones were cut from solid rock by convicts, and by them, too, were the inscriptions carved. All the graves were dug by one man, who also dug his own grave, but after the penal settlement was abandoned this gravedigger was taken to a sanitorium, where he died, and his grave still remains open. On this isle may be seen the graves of Rev. George Eastman and Lieutenant Price, who figured in Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of his Natural Life" as Rev. North and Lieutenant Frere.

One great evil of the convict days was drink, as is shown by the following inscription from one tombstone:—
"To arms, the friends of Temperance cry,

And from the evil of drink fly,
With sword of Truth, and for defence
The shield of TOTAL ABSTINENCE."

We then went to see Point Puer, where all the convicted boys from the age of ten to eighteen years, were kept. On the sea side of this small peninsula is Suicide Cliff, so named because of two little boys who committed suicide there by jumping over hand in hand. Next we returned to the mainland, where lunch was to be obtained in a boarding house which in convict days had been the commandant's residence.

After lunch we were conducted through the ruins of various buildings which had been—"The Model Prison," so named because it was modelled like

a prison in England. Other ruins had been a penitentiary, hospital, and lunatic asylum, which is now the Carnarvon Town Hall.

After this we went to see some places of natural interest such as The Devil's Kitchen, a split in the rock, the "floor" being just covered with water, which, in rough weather is said to boil. Also we saw Tasman's Arch, a huge rock arch through which the water flows gently, and the Blowhole we next visited, where one of the convicts, Marcus Clarke tells, tried to escape. As its name suggests, in stormy weather the waves rush madly through this blowhole. Another place of interest to be visited is the "Remarkable Cave," a hole high up in the cliffs through which one can see a wonderful thing thrown into relief by the blue sky. The shape of the cave forms an almost perfect map of Tasmania.

As it was then late we began our homeward way, and as we sped along we saw, on each side of us, fields of golden buttercups, and large, wide-eyed daisies.

The golden sun was sinking in the west as we neared the Derwent, which we reached at Risdon Cove. Here we saw the stone monument erected in memory of the first settlement made on the Derwent.

Then we returned home after spending a very enjoyable day visiting one of Australia's historical towns, feeling very much awed by the thought of the excessive cruelty of the punishment of convicts, who were, in many cases, men who had stolen goods to the value of 7/6, or some such trivial offence. The fact that this cruelty was exercised less than a century ago, and under the Union Jack—the flag of liberty—is almost unbelievable.

JEAN MCKENZIE, 4A.

LIFE.

"Must we forever climb the stony way?"

In fear I cried, "Is there no rest on earth,

No road that leads from darkness into day?

And will not love e'er bring her joy and mirth?"

Then from the void the answer came,
"Not so,

Young soul, the road has many a sharp turn

Where one may rest, then bravely onward go,

With Faith, and Hope and Love—to know and learn!"

"By striving ever, onward you will make
A joy of life, and bravely meet its pain;

So trials ne'er your happy faith will shake,

And you will reap Beyond the highest gain."

A. ROWLANDS, 5A.

MAIDEN HAIR.

Tiny, pretty leaflets green!
 'Tween the rocks you may be seen
 Smiling at the flowers and trees
 As they flutter in the breeze.

Growing, growing day by day,
 Playing with the sunbeams gay,
 Pretty leaflets, oh, so rare,
 Queen of fern is maiden hair.

C.E., 2A.

EQUAL SHARES.

War was being waged—a war in which tongues played a considerable part. The participants in the battle were the twin brothers, Tom and Jack, the innocent cause a tawny, yellow, disreputable, shaggy, half-starved pup, of no particular breed. The circumstances were as follow:—

Returning from school one afternoon the twins encountered the gardener making straight for the river, whilst in his grasp struggled the aforementioned animal. The gardener's intention was obvious.

Now, that very afternoon, the boys had received a lecture pertaining to kindness to animals and aiding them when possible. The lecture had appealed to the boys, and here was an occasion to put it into practice.

The gardener was gruff and determined, and spoke his mind. He was tired of yelping curs hanging about; there should be a law for immediate extermination. However, he was at last prevailed upon and pacified with the promise of sixpence for tobacco, if only he would place the dog in their care. Then, sixpence had to be found, and that was a difficulty owing to Tom and Jack's affinity for a certain kind of toffee. At last each discovered a stray threepence. Thus they became joint owners of the pup. The next item was to name the foundling. Jack decided on Jerry, Tom on Fido.

"Ugh," returned Jack, "Fido indeed! That's the name of Mrs. Jones' pampered darling; my dog is going to be a dog, not an ornament."

"Your dog, eh; he's as much mine as yours!"

"Don't care; I asked first."

"Well, I thought of it."

"Didn't!"

"Did!"

Hence the disturbance. However, Tom finally bowed to the stronger will, and after the storm had blown over the little

waif found himself possessed of the majestic name of Jerry, but, being very hungry, it did not appeal to him greatly. So things went on until the holidays commenced.

"I'm going to tie my dog up," announced Tom, exhibiting a new collar and chain, one morning.

"Pardon me, you're not; I intend to take him for a swim."

"Do you! You'd better leave him alone."

"He's not your dog!"

"He's not yours, then!"

It might have ended in blows had not Jim, the eldest brother, arrived at that minute.

"What's the row, young uns?"

The "row" was explained. Then Jim calmly appropriated Jerry, leaving the twins standing open mouthed.

Going to where the gardener had been white-washing the shed, Jim seized the wet brush and drew a white ring round Jerry's squirming body, whilst the owner struggled convulsively. He then surveyed his handiwork for a second, and laughingly presented it to the twins, who had by now arrived on the scene.

"Head half Jack's, tail half Tom's," he said.

"Wha-a-at!" exclaimed the boys, in unison, with a long drawn gasp.

"Head threepennorth belongs to Jack, other to you. Take him; I can't stay here all day," and Jim deposited the bewildered dog on the grass and disappeared over the fence.

The twins looked at each other and then at the dog; then both burst out laughing. "That's no good," spluttered Jack, "when you can't divide the threepennorths."

"Not much!" gurgled Tom. "I vote we take him whole, day about, for I'm sure I can't see how I can take my half and leave you yours. Whoever heard of threepennorth of dog? Ha! Ha!"

MENA, 3A.

A CITY STREET.

Princes Street runs from east to west about the centre of the city of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. It is a very wide street, a fact which prevents much of the traffic congested that would otherwise naturally occur in so busy a thoroughfare. Princes Street is the dividing line between the ancient and the modern Edinburgh; on the left side there are the beautiful Princes Street Gardens, the chief attraction of which is the floral clock, which is inlaid with beautiful flowering plants and actually tells the time of day. Standing in the centre of these gardens, and, towering upwards for about two hundred and fifty feet to a pinnacle of majestic splendour, is Sir Walter Scott's monument. One can ascend the monument by means of stone steps inside in the form of a narrow spiral staircase, and every now and then one reaches a little balcony from which, if it be near the top, the Forth Bridge and the Firth of Forth can be viewed to advantage.

Standing on a rock, above all else, is the wonderful old Edinburgh Castle, which thrills one with its romance, and which seems to keep guard over the sacred precincts of old St. Giles Cathedral, whilst dominating the life of the city. In the castle a garrison of soldiers is always kept, and they can be seen daily, drilling in their kilts, red jackets, sporrans, white spats and bearskin hats, to the accompaniment of the bagpipes and drums. From this castle, at precisely one o'clock on every day of

the year, a cannon is fired, which old legends say will make the stone statue of Wellington, seated on his horse in Princes Street, rise indignantly in his stirrups, but I have watched and know this to be untrue.

On the opposite side of Princes Street are situated all the modern works of architecture—the beautiful theatres and shops, and many other wonderful and magnificent buildings, all of which pay tribute to this art.

On a walk along Princes Street one would notice many different types of vehicles and conveyances. The one that would first attract the eye of the Australian, I think, would be the double-decker tramcar, with its curious little winding staircase mounting to the upper compartment, which is sometimes sheltered from sun and rain by an awning. Then the old four-wheeler cab would be sure to be noticed, as its type is so rarely seen in Australia. In direct contrast with these semi-antiquated conveyances, the modern limousines and taxi cabs flash past, carrying gorgeously-clad ladies and immaculately perfect gentlemen, and displaying every sign of wealth and luxury.

Princes Street, it has been said, is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and I believe this to be true, for of all the beautiful streets that I have seen in different parts of the world, I do not think that any can equal Princes Street for beauty and romance.

ANNIE MAXWELL, 3C.

A PAINTING OF BYGONE DAYS.

'Twas early in the Spring—a radiant day!
The sun sent forth its bright resplendent rays;

Far overhead the sky was blue and clear,
And soft warm breezes blowing from the south

Awoke the earth to new and joyous life.
Such was the time that first I caught a glimpse

Of days gone by; quite unexpectedly
I saw before me, rippling in the sun,
The soft green waters of an old canal.
On both its banks the beech trees, ages old,

To the sun had op'ed their russet coloured leaves.

The chestnut trees, already in full dress,
Prepared to light their torches red and white,

And on the water's edge a weeping willow

Stood, a veil of shimmering soft green.
No noise, no sound I heard in the dreamy street,

Except the southwind, rustling in the trees,

The water, rippling, dimpling in the sun,

And in the background was a gateway
 dark
 With age; within the gate an inner
 court,
 Surrounded on all sides by buildings low.
 A path of cobblestones did lead in front
 Of all the houses old, and every house
 Had on its window-sill a blooming plant,
 While one might see behind the curtain
 bright
 A dear white head, and little, wrinkled
 face.
 There lived a lady old in every house,
 Who after oft a hard and stormy life
 In her old age came to this restful spot.
 And in the middle of the court there was

A bed of tulips, flaming red and purple,
 All in the setting sun, and then there was
 A pump. Ah! such a quaint old pump,
 that spoke
 More than all else of ages past and gone.
 The inner court and all the houses old
 Lay in the last warm flush o' the setting
 sun,
 A-slumbering softly, sweetly, undis-
 turbed,
 A painting exquisite of days gone by,
 In lights and shades so warm and deep
 and true,
 As not a master could have painted it.

KARLA OOSTERVEEN, 4A.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor thanks contributors for their fine response to the request for matter, and deeply regrets that space forbids publication of some very good articles and verses. Some interesting articles have been sent in **unsigned**. Please remember that such cannot be considered for publication.

Acknowledgment is made of the following:—"To the Moon," "Impressions," "A First Speech Day," "The Creek," "A Group," "Persian Babies," "Customs of the Chinese," "Happiness," "New Amsterdam," "Nine! And an Umbrella," "The Mystic Hour," "Peter," "A Prospective Easter Holiday," "A Letter of A.D. 2000," "A Ruin," "Sydney Harbour," "Returning to School," "A Chapter of Small Accidents," "The Ship's Return," "One

Afternoon in the Holidays," "The Australian Bush," "A Warrior," "Blackberrying," "2C," "An Interesting English Lesson," "Autobiography of a City Street," "Fate," "A Lonely Spot," "Sydney, 1950," "To be a Boy!" "Our Family of Birds," "Night—An Essay," "A Quiet Village," "Summer Hues," "The First French Lesson," "Results," "'Doing' Wentworth Falls," "Homework" (2), "The All-Australian Exhibition," "The Anzacs," "The Reaper," "A District where I Lived," "The Dream Isle," "The River," "Amateur Theatricals," "Mingled Feelings," "The Rehearsal," "Lockers—A Schoolgirl's Worry" (a suggestion for the Prefects' Box.—Ed.), "Joys of an English Lesson," "The Rehearsal."

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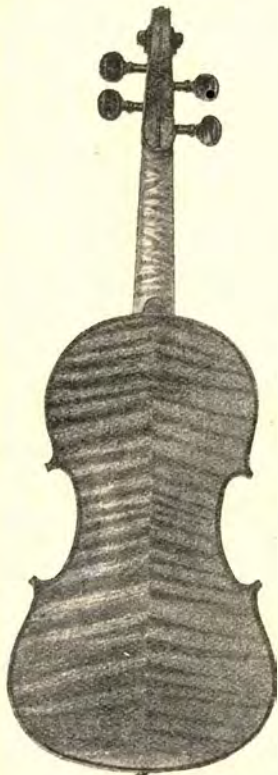
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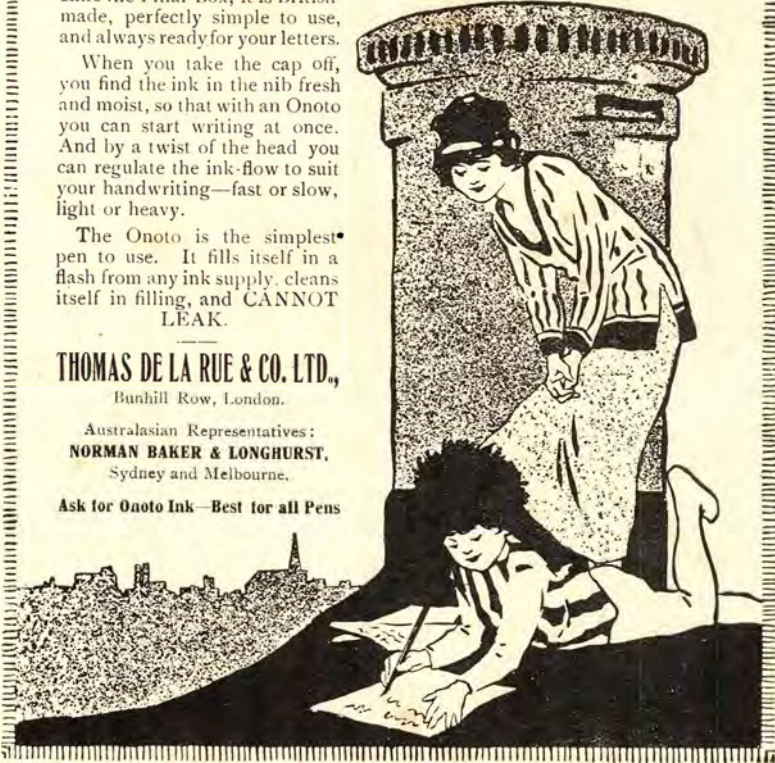
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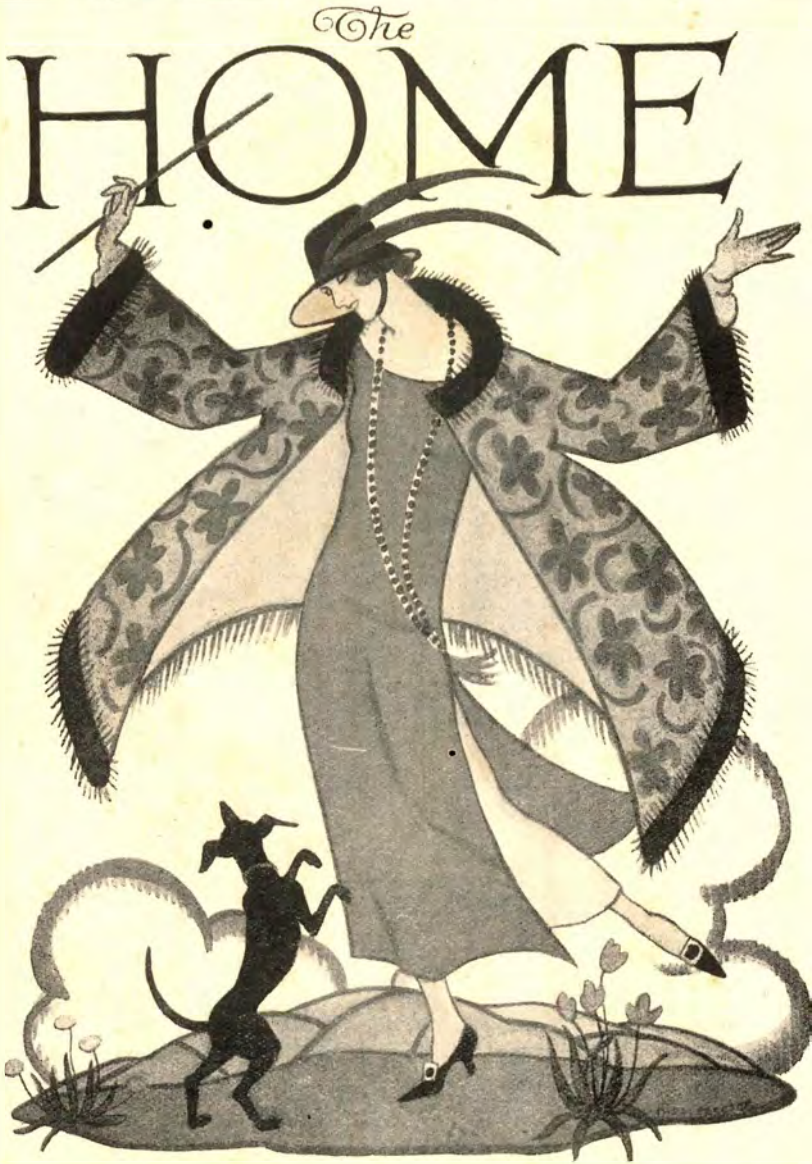
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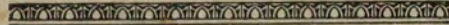
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