

# THE MAGAZINE OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL FORT STREET



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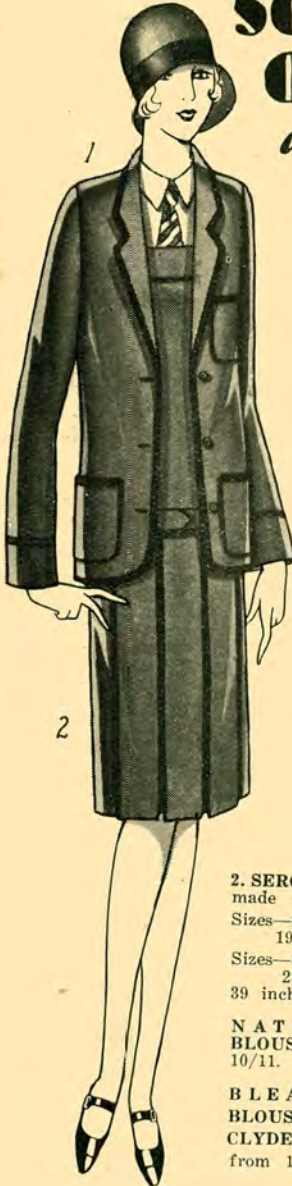
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28, 14/11;

30-32, 15/11;

34-36, 16/11.

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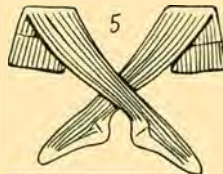
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Everything  
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1853."

THE MAGAZINE  
OF  
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL  
JUNE, 1929.

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FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

---

*The Staff:*

**Principal:** Miss CRUISE, B.A.

**Deputy Principal:** Miss EVANS, B.A.

*Department of English:*

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss PURCELL, B.A.

Miss HERLIHY, B.A.

Mrs. ROBERTSON, B.A.

Miss PARADISE, B.A.

Miss WICKS, B.A., B.Ec.

Miss PAYNE SCOTT, B.A.

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

*Department of Classics:*

Miss McMAHON, M.A. (Mistress).

Miss SIMONS, B.A.

Miss PATE, B.A.

Miss WILSON, B.A.

*Department of Mathematics:*

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Miss HARRIS, B.A.

Miss BAYLEY, B.A.

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss BEDDIE, B.A.

Miss SWAN, B.A.

Miss DRAFFIN, B.A.

Miss WELCH, B.A.

*Department of Science:*

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Miss MOULSDALE.

Miss CHAPMAN.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Miss COWIE, B.Sc.

*Department of Modern Languages:*

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Miss MURRAY, B.A., L. es L., Dr. Phil.

Miss HARDERS.

Miss PARRY, B.A.

Miss MACLELLAN, B.A.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

Miss MARKS, B.A.

**Art:** Miss TEARLE.

**Music:** Miss WATTS.

**Needlework:** Miss DRURY.

**Physical Culture:** Mrs. GRIFFIN.

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

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

**Magazine Business Manager:** Miss HARRIS, B.A.

**Captain, 1929:** JESSIE BATES.



THE PRINCIPAL, THE CAPTAIN, AND THE PREFECTS, 1929.

Front Row.—Ena Roden, Jessie Bates (Captain), Miss Cruise (Principal), Gwen Marchant, Margaret Cox.  
 Standing.—Doris Spring, Joyce Tissington, Corrie Saunders, Mary Pontey, Nance Weir, Phyllis Wylie.

### THE PREFECTS TO THE SCHOOL.

The years pass by and the building which stands for Fort Street becomes mellowed and softened with age, yet the spirit which inspired your fellow-Fortians of long ago, still lives and in its maturity, conveys a deeper meaning. Every preceding year has brought new honours and deeds of worth,—let each girl strive to make 1929, as a mirror reflecting these former deeds. May it be said that you, too, have added one more stone to the pile on which rests the honour of your school. It is for you—by your own good conduct and sporting spirit—to make what you

will of the opportunities offered during this year. In the near future your records will be known to the succeeding generation of Fortians; see to it that not anything is recorded to sully the fame of the "Best School of All."

Remember always your school motto:

*"Faber est suae quisque fortunae."*

It is indeed true. By your own effort your fortunes and character may be built. Now you are building the foundations, and no work can be satisfactorily completed unless the foundations are well and truly laid.



## ROUND THE SCHOOL.

*The Staff.*—We have several changes in staff to record. Miss Macdougall who had been our Mistress of Mathematics since 1922 was promoted to the position of Deputy Head Mistress of St. George High School, Miss Conolly became Classics Mistress at North Sydney High School, Miss Donovan First Assistant at Newtown, Miss Willard Assistant Examiner in the Education Department. We wish them success and happiness in their new spheres. We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Lesslie, Mistress of Mathematics, to Miss Beddie and Miss Wilson, former members of the staff, and to Miss Parry, Miss Payne-Scott and Miss Wicks.

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

*The Mollie Thornhill Prize*, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Certificate Examination, was won this year by Lily Gray and Emily Hughes (equal).

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

*English.*—First Class: Marjorie Hyder, Phyllis Kaberry. Second Class: Amy Carpenter, Clarice Heyner, Isolde King.

*Mathematics.*—Second Class: Florrie Bird, Grace Walker.

*Modern History.*—First Class: Phyllis Kaberry (second), Clarice Heyner (fourth), Dorothy York.

*French.*—Second Class: Marjorie Hyder, Thora Perrin.

*Chemistry.*—First Class: Marjorie Hyder (fourth).

*Botany.*—First Class: Clarice Heyner (third).

*Geology.*—First Class: Enid Maiden (second), Dorothy York.

*Training College Scholarships* tenable for two years were awarded to the following pupils:—Grace Walker, Clarice Heyner, Thora Perrin, Florrie Bird, Annie Nash, Sheila Smith, Ethel Bates, Dorothea Drury, Noreen Stevenson, Enid Maiden, Madge Marchant, Margaret Pilkington, Nancy Healy, Mona Ritchie, Marie Preston, Averil Jack, Beryl Tottenham, Isolde King, Beryl Cakebread, Barbara Hinton, Blanche Pulbrook, Nella Grasset, Noreen Johnson, Irene Heiler, Minnie Bridle, Jessica Sawyer, Adeline Sturgess, Mercy Howard, Jean Sheath, Jean McIntosh, Olive Chant, and Jean McLellan.

*A University Bursary* was won by Grace Walker and the *Dalley Bursary* was shared by Clarice Heyner and another candidate.

*University Exhibitions.*—On the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination the following were awarded Exhibitions:—

*Faculty of Arts.*—Amy Carpenter, Clarice Heyner, Phyllis Kaberry and Thora Perrin.

*Faculty of Science.*—Enid Maiden, Grace Walker and Dorothy York.

*Faculty of Dentistry.*—Marjorie Hyder.

*The Matriculation Examination* was passed by the following pupils:—Beryl Cakebread, Dorothea Drury, and Kathleen O'Hanlon.

*Technical Scholarship.*—A scholarship tenable for three years in the Art courses at the Technical College was awarded upon the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination to Mary Mort.

*Bursaries* were awarded to the following on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination:—Lily Gray, Emily Hughes and Jean Thistlethwayte.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

	English	Latin	French	German	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Mechanics	Modern History	Ancient History	Chemistry	Botany	Geology	Geography	Art	Lower Standard Mathematics	Economics	Music	Dressmaking
Annett, Edna May	B	B			B			B			B	B						
Bannan, Kathleen A.	A	B						B					A				B	
Bates, Ethel E. M.	A	B	A		B	B		B			B							
Bird, Florrie E.	B		B		A	A(x <sup>2</sup> )	B		B									
Bridle, Minnie I.			B		B	B						B						
Cakebread, Beryl M.	B		B		B			A										
Cameron, Jean W.			B					B				B		B			B	B
Carpenter, Amy R.	H <sup>2</sup>	A	A(o)		A	B		B	B									
Chant, Olive M.	B	B	B					B		L					Pass	B		
Correy, Dorothy E.	B	B	B		B	B		B	B									
Drury, Dorothea	A		B(o)					A			A				Pass	B		
Eames, Elizabeth M.	A		B		B	B		B						A				A
Gibson, Dorothy M.	B		B					B		L	B		A	B				
Grasset, Nella A.	B		B					B				B						
Green, Ruby A.	B		B		B			B		B								
Healy, Nancy E.	A		B		B	A					B							
Heiler, Irene E.	B		B	B(o)	B	B					B							
Heyner, Clarice E.	H <sup>2</sup>	B	B					H <sup>1</sup>			H <sup>1</sup>				Pass	A		
Hinton, Barbara I.	B		L		B	B				L			B	B				
Howard, Eleanor M.	A	L	B		B			B										
Hyder, Marjorie M.	H <sup>1</sup>	B	H <sup>2</sup> (o)		B			B	H <sup>1</sup>									
Jack, Averil M.	A		B					B				A					B	
Johnson, Noreen E.	B		L		B			B		B								
Kaberry, Phyllis M.	H <sup>1</sup>	A	A(o)		A	A		H <sup>1</sup>	A									
King, Isolde A. M.	H <sup>2</sup>		B		B	B		B										
Lipert, Selma E.	B	B	B		B	B				L								
Maiden, Enid E.	A		B		B			B			H <sup>1</sup>	B					A	
Marchant, Madge E.	A	L	B		B	B	B			B								
McIntosh, Barbara J.	B		B					B	L						Pass	A		
McLennan, Jean May	B				B	B		B		B								
Moroney, Patricia L.	A	B	B					B		B								
Nash, Annie	B		B		A	B	B			B				B				A
Perrin, Thora I.	A	B	H <sup>2</sup> (o)		B	A		B	B									
Pilkington, Margaret	B	B	B		B	A		A	B									
Preston, Marie R.	B		B		A	A					B			B				
Pulbrook, Blanche I.			B		B					L				B				B
Ritchie, Mona C.	B	B	B		B	B	B		B									
Russo, Mary J.	B	B	B(o)	B(o)	A	B		B										
Sawyer, Jessica M.	B	L	B		B	B												
Sheath, Jean I.	B	B	B		B							B						
Smith, Sheila M.	A	B	A(o)		B			A			B							B
Stevenson, Jessie N.	A				A	A	B			B				B				
Sturgess, Adeline M.	B		B							B			B		Pass			
Tottenham, Beryl	A	B	B		B			B	B									B
Walker, Grace E.	B	B	B(o)		A	A(x <sup>2</sup> )	A			A								
York, Dorothy M.	A		B		A	A		H <sup>1</sup>				H <sup>1</sup>	A					

x Denotes Honours in Mathematics.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE—EXAMINATION 1928.

	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	German	Elem.Sc. (Phys. & Chem.)	Botany	Art	Music	Needlework	Physics
Ackland, Lillian	B	B		B	B						B		A	
Adams, Faith	B	B	A	B	B					A	A			
Adcock, Edith	B					B				A	B		A	
Aitkenhead, Janet	B	B		A	A		A(o)	A(o)	B					
Andersen, Bertha A.	B	B		B	A		A(o)	A(o)	B					
Bannan, Joyce H.	F	B				B			B					
Barber, Betty M.	B	A	B				B			A	A		A	
Barnes, Kathleen	E	B	B	B	B				B		B		A	
Barratt, Enid M.	B	B		B	B									
Bell, Noni	B		B				B			B	A		A	
Bills, Elsie G.	B	B	A		B		A			A	B		B	
Bolin, Dorothy B.	B	A		B	A	B	A(o)		B					
Brabyn, Dorothy	B	B		B	B		A(o)		B					
Brettell, Norma V.	B	A		B	B	B	A(o)							
Broady, Joan M.	E	B		B	B		B(o)	A(o)						
Brown, Eunice V.	A	A	A	B	A		A			A	A			
Burley, Ruth M.	B	B	B		B		B			B	A		B	
Burren, Lily	F	B		B			B							
Burton, Marjory I.	B	B	B		B		A(o)		B			A	A	
Puttsworth, Alice	R	B	B	B	B		B		B		A		A	
Cameron, J. B.	E	B	B	B	B		A(o)		B			A	A	
Campbell, Muriel F.	A	A		B	B	A	A(o)		B					
Cann, Ida	B	B		B	B	B	B							
Cannon, Margaret	B	B		B	B		A(o)					B	B	
Clancy, Lillias M.	B	B	B	B	B		A(o)		B			A	A	
Clarke, Iris S.	B	A	A	A		B	A		B					
Cope, Vera F.	B	B					B			B	B			
Coleman, Vera M.	B	B	B				B			B	B		A	
Colquhoun, Helen	B	B					B		B		A		A	
Dallison, Marion	A	A	B	B	B		A(o)			A	A			
Daly, Eileen P.	A	A			B	A	A(o)		B					
Davies, Emma E.	B	B		B	A	A	A(o)		B					
Deer, Maurine E.	A	A		A	A	A	A(o)		B					
Dibley, Millicent	B	B	B		B		A			A	A			
Donnelly, Lola S.	E	B					B				B	B		
Dunkley, Rita M.	B	B		B	B		B	A(o)	B					
Dutton, Isobel	B	B		B	A	B	A(o)		B					
Dymond, Enid B.	E	B		B	A	B	A							
Eades, Jean B.	B	B	B		B		B(o)					B	A	
Easy, Nathalie E.	B			B	A		A(o)	B(o)	B					
Elliott, Ola M. T.	B	B		B	A		A(o)		B					
Evans, Ellen R.	B	B					A		B				B	
Finney, Nellie E.	B	B		B	A	B	B		B					
Fisher, Enid M.	B	B		B	B	B	B(o)					A		
Fitzhardinge, Lucy	E	B		A	A	A	A(o)		B					
Fooke, Alcia E.	B	B					B							
Foot, Phyllis E.	E	B			B		B			A	B		B	
Forster, Sybil E.	B	B			B	B	B		B					
Foster, Maud M.	B	B			B		A(o)						A	
Foulkes, Joan E.	B	B		A	B	B	A(o)		B					
Frith, Constance	B	B			B	A	B		B					
Gilkison, Isabel L.	B	B		A	B	B	A(o)					A		
Gillard, Gwendolyn	B	B	B				B					B	A	
Glassock, Betsy H.	E	B		B	A									
Goddard, Elsy M.	B	B		B	B	B								
Gooley, Rqna M.	F	B		B	B		B			B	A		A	
Graham, Euphemia	B			B	B	B	B(o)		B					
Gray, Lily	A	A		A	A	A	A(o)		B					
Griffiths, Edith A.	B	A			B		B			B	B		B	
Hall, Edna M.	B			B	B		B							
Hall, Jean G.	E	B	B	B	B		B		B			B	B	
Harman, Gladys E.	B			B	B	B	A(o)		B					
Hasling, Gwendoline P.	B	B	B	B	B		A			B	A			

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE—EXAMINATION 1928.

	English	History	Geography	Mathematics I.	Mathematics II.	Latin	French	German	Elem. Sc. (Phys. & Chem.)	Physical	Art	Music	Needlework	Physics
Henderson, Grace	B	B		B	B		B(0)	A(0)	B					
Hill, A. L.	A	A	B	B	B		A(0)		B		A		A	
Hill, Edna F.	E	B		B	B	B	A(0)							
Holmes, Florence D.	B	B		B	B		B	B(0)	B					
Howard, Alice M.	E	B		B	B	B	B(0)		B					
Hughes, Emily	A	B		A	A	A	A(0)		A					
Hulme, Joan	B	B		B	B		B							
Johnson, Wilga N.	A	B		A	B	A	A(0)		B					
Kelly, Nancye M.	B			B	B	A	A							
Kennedy, Florence E.	B	B	B	B	B		A			B	A		A	
Kilgannon, Claire	B	B	B	B	B						B		A	
Laing, Villette D.	E	B	B	B	B		B			B	B		B	
Lang, Nellie L.	F	B		B	B				B					
Lassman, Alma J.	A			A	A	B	A(0)		B					
Leavers, Nancy M.	A	B	B	A	A	A	B(0)		B			B	A	
Lee, Alice M.	B	B	A	B	B		B				A		A	
Lutz, Daisy I.				B	B			B(0)	B					
Manley, Margaret	A	B		B	B	A	B(0)		B					
Martin, Lilla M.	B	B		B	B	A	B(0)							
Martindale, Rita	B	B		B	B						B		A	
McCawley, Annie G.	B	B		B	B		B						A	
McLachlan, Annie	B	B	B				B				A		B	
McNeil, Eugenie L.	B	A		B	B	B	A(0)		B					
Melville, Enid A.	B	B	B								B		A	
Middlehurst, Myra D.	B	B		B	B	B	B(0)		B					
Miles, Gwenda D.	B	B		A	A	A	B		A					
Miles, Kathleen E.	B	B		B	B		B		B					
Moray, Dora E.	B	B					B			B	A		B	
Mort, Mary L.	A	B	B	B	B		A(0)				A			A
Noonan, Margaret M.	B	B		B	A	A	A(0)		B					
Oakes, Eileen	B	B	B	B	B		B		B	B				
Parkinson, Marjorie	A	B		A	A	A	A(0)		B					
Phillips, Joan G.	B	A		B	B	B	B(0)		B					
Pimbley, Phyllis E.	B	B		B	B		B							
Price, Nancy M. L.	B	B	B				B			A	A			
Pride, Eileen M.	B	B	B	B	B		B		B		A	A	A	
Pring, Linda E.	B	B					B			A	A	A		
Relph, Olga M.	B	B	B		B		B			B	B			
Riley, Eileen C.	B	B		B	B		B(0)		B					
Robins, Alyce J.	B	B					B		B				B	
Robbins, Mavis H.	B	B	B				B			A	A			
Robinson, Isolene J.	P	A		B	B	A	B		B				B	
Simonson, Walda A.	E			B	B		B				B			
Stephen, Isabella G.	B	B		B	A	A	A(0)		B					
Stewart, Dulcie F.	B	B		B	B		B(0)	B(0)	B					
Swain, Vera P.	A	B		A	A	A	A(0)							B
Terrey, Isabel P.	B	B	A	B	B		B			B	B		A	
Thearle, Margaret E.	B	B	B		B		B		B				A	
Thistlethwayte, Jean B.	B	B		A	A	A	A(0)		A					
Thompson, Nancy	B	B		B	B	A	A(0)		B					
Turnidge, Joan L.	B	B		B	B		B			B	A		A	
Waddington, Daisy	B	B	B	B	B		B		B			A	A	
Waugh, Olive R.	A	A		A	A		A(0)	A(0)	B					
Wakeham, Hilda McL.	B	B					B		B					
Wallace, Margaret	B	B		B	B	B	B(0)		B					
Waller, Beatrice	B	B	B				B			B	B			
Wheeler, Valerie	B	B		B	B	B	B(0)		B					
White, Marjorie J.	B	B	B		B		B			E	B		B	
Willy, Mabel E.	B	B			B		B				B			
Withers, Madge E.	B			B	A		B							
Wunder, Marjory M.	B	B		B	A		A(0)		B					
Young, Christina M.	B	B		B	A		A(0)		B					
Young, Edna	B	B		B	B		B		B					

### SPEECH DAY.

Anyone seeing the groups of Fort Street girls, all dressed in white, swarming up Bridge Street on the morning of Wednesday 11th December would surely have known that the Annual Speech Day of the school had again arrived.

We were very fortunate in having fine weather, and as usual the relatives and the friends of the girls responded heartily to their invitations.

The chair was ably filled by Mr. W. J. Elliott, M.A., B.Sc., Senior Inspector of Secondary Schools, in the unavoidable absence of the Director of Education, Mr. S. H. Smith.

The distinguished visitors on the platform included Miss Partridge, the former Head Mistress, Miss Levy, Division Commissioner of Girl Guides, Inspector and Mrs. Cramp, Inspector and Mrs. Back, Inspector and Mrs. Craddock, Inspector Davies and Mr. Murphy.

Miss Cruise read the annual report which was favourably received by the audience.

The chairman, Mr. Elliott, having congratulated Miss Cruise and the staff on the school's achievements and activities, introduced the Hon. D. Levy, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, who entertained us by reading howlers from history papers and commenting on them.

Mr. Clyne, the Member for our district, delighted us with the promise of an assembly hall when the school frontage would be re-aligned, after the preliminary work for the approach of the Harbour Bridge had been finished.

The school choir contributed some songs, the success of which was due to Miss Watts' excellent tuition. The entire school sang "The Best School of All" and "Come Fortians All," for the accompaniments of which praise is due to Doris Spring.

Then came the event of the morning when Mrs. Elliott presented the prizes, and the prize winners were

applauded by their less successful fellows.

After a vote of thanks to Mrs. Elliott, the Chairman, and the speakers, proposed by the Captains of 1928 and 1929, Kathleen O'Hanlon and Jessie Bates respectively, the morning's entertainment closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

N. Easy, 4 B.

### PRIZE LIST.

#### 1st Year.

*Dux.*—Betty Scott, Marie Aria (prox. acc.).

*English.*—Beryl Staples, Marie Ireland (prox. acc.).

*History.*—Cathie Sykes.

*Mathematics I.*—Betty Scott.

*Mathematics II.*—Betty Scott.

*French.*—Marie Aria.

*Latin.*—Betty Scott, Marie Aria (prox. acc.).

*German.*—Dulcie Green.

*Elementary Science.*—Maria Aria, Betty Scott (prox. acc.).

*Music.*—Eileen Graff.

*Special Geography.*—Davina King.

*Cultural Geography.*—Dulcie Green.

*Needlework.*—Freda Peters.

*Special Needlework.*—Beryl Lamble and Dulcie Green (equal).

*Artwork.*—Davina King.

*Physical Culture.*—Joyce Williams, Edna Stephens, Sybil Johnston (equal).

#### 2nd Year.

*Dux.*—Doris Roy, Thora Bowen (prox. acc.).

*English.*—Violet Simpson, Betty Gray (prox. acc.).

*History.*—Thora Bowen.

*Mathematics I.*—Doris Roy.

*Mathematics II.*—Winifred Ronaldson and Betty Gray (equal).

*Latin.*—Doris Roy.

*French.*—Doris Roy.

*German.*—Miriam Ross.

*Elementary Science.*—Winifred Ronaldson, Tressa Kirkpatrick (prox. acc.).

*Music.*—Elsie Poole.

*Special Geography.*—Emma Molloy, Tressa Kirkpatrick (prox. acc.).

*Cultural Geography.*—Adele Bieri.

*Needlework.*—Phyllis Seymour.

*Special Needlework.*—Phyllis Weir.

*Art Work.*—Jean Potter.

*Physical Culture.*—Moirra Crittenden.

### 3rd Year.

*Dux.*—Maurine Deer, Lily Gray (prox. acc.).

*English.*—Eunice Brown.

*History.*—Isolene Robinson and Emily Hughes (equal).

*Mathematics I.*—Vera Swain.

*Mathematics II.*—Margaret Fitzhardinge, Alma Lassman (prox. acc.).

*Latin.*—Wilga Johnson.

*French.*—Wilga Johnson.

*German.*—Bertha Anderson.

*Elementary Science.*—Maurine Deer, Nancy Leavers (prox. acc.).

*Botany.*—Marion Dallison.

*Music.*—Nancy Leavers.

*Geography.*—Alice Lee.

*Art Work.*—Alice Lee and Mary Mort (equal).

*Needlework.*—Alice Lee.

*Physical Culture.*—Eunice Brown.

### 4th Year.

*Dux.*—Aza Child, Gwen Marchant (prox. acc.).

*English.*—Gwen Marchant.

*History.*—Gwen Marchant, Ena Roden (prox. acc.).

*Mathematics I.*—Aza Child.

*Mathematics II.*—Aza Child.

*Mechanics.*—Aza Child.

*Latin.*—Elsie Howie, Aza Child (prox. acc.).

*Ancient History.*—Elsie Howie.

*French.*—Nance Weir, Blanche Brown (prox. acc.).

*German.*—Valerie Ball.

*Geography.*—Jean Thurgood.

*Chemistry.*—Gwen Marchant.

*Botany.*—Sylvia Taylor.

*Art Work.*—Joan Carr.

*Economics.*—Patty Watchorn.

*Physical Culture.*—Jessie Bates.

### 5th Year.

*Dux.*—Amy Carpenter, Phyllis Kaberry and Grace Walker (prox. acc.).

*English (Honours).*—Amy Carpenter, Marjorie Hyder (prox. acc.).

*History (Honours).*—Clarice Heyner, Phyllis Kaberry (prox. acc.).

*History (Pass).*—Averil Jack (prox. acc.).

*Mathematics I. (Honours).*—Grace Walker.

*Mathematics II. (Honours).*—Grace Walker.

*Mechanics.*—Grace Walker.

*Latin (Honours).*—Thora Perrin, Phyllis Kaberry (prox. acc.).

*Ancient History.*—Phyllis Kaberry.

*French (Honours).*—Thora Perrin.

*German (Honours).*—Mary Russo.

*Geography.*—Dorothy York, Enid Maiden (prox. acc.).

*Chemistry (Honours).*—Marjorie Hyder, Grace Walker (prox. acc.).

*Botany (Honours).*—Clarice Heyner.

*Geology (Honours).*—Dorothy York

*Economics.*—Clarice Heyner.

*Dressmaking.*—Annie Nash.

*Physical Culture.*—Dorothea Drury.

*Art Work.*—Jean Branch, Kathleen Bannan (equal), Annie Nash (prox. acc.).

### Special Prizes.

*General Proficiency.*

(a) *Ada Partridge Prize.*—Olga Sangwell.

(b) *Mollie Thornhill Prize.*—Aza Child.

*Sport Prizes.*

(a) *Presented by Fort Street Boys' High School.*—Sylvia Taylor.

(b) *Presented by Miss Cruise.*—Mary Mort.

*Scripture Prizes.*

*Presbyteriana (Scripture and Shorter Catechism).*—1st prize: Nance Weir and Phyllis Wylie (2 equal). 2nd prize: Nancy Caldwell.

2nd prize (Essay on Beatitudes). Nance Weir.

*Hebrew.*—Selma Lipert.



*Miss Cruise (Principal) presenting Senior Championship Cup to Clarice Kennedy and Junior Championship Cup to Jean McDonald.*

## FORT STREET SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

A casual observer, on the morning of Monday, February 25th, waiting at the foot of the hill leading to Fort Street Girls' High School, would have been greatly amazed at the diversity of colours and flying ribbons which adorned the sedate damsels who were making their way towards the School on the Hill. Despite the fact that the weather during the preceding week had been altogether unpromising, this long-looked-for day had dawned clear and bright; a fact which added fuel to the already excited feelings of the Fortians. Though all did their utmost to attend that morning, with at least a show of interest to the dull accounts of the adventures of such prehistoric heroes as Caesar and Charlemagne, yet it was with evident satisfaction that the last book was stowed away into the depths of a locker.

After a hasty lunch, amid great excitement, the girls were conveyed to the scene of action—the Coogee Aquarium Baths. Before long, the air was rent with the sounds of lusty barracking and the water foamed beneath the brightly arrayed figures of the competitors.

Clarice Kennedy, as is her wont, carried off the Senior Cup, while Jean McDonald, one of our new First Years, is to be congratulated on her success as winner of the coveted Junior Cup.

Indeed, the Thirty-third Annual Swimming Carnival proved a gala day for the "Best School of All"; and such was the skill displayed, that the happy, yet tired, school girls made their way homewards with high hopes of success in the forthcoming Combined Carnival.

## RESULTS.

*School Championship (100 yds.)*.—C. Kennedy, 1; H. McDonald, 2; M. Walpole, 3. Time, 1.12 2-5.

*Junior Championship*.—J. McDonald, 1; H. McDonald, 2; J. Broady, 3. Time, 32 3-5 seconds.

*12 Years' Championship*.—J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2; P. Martin, 3. Time, 20 3-5 seconds.

*13 Years' Championship*.—L. Tottenham, 1; M. Paull, 2; F. Patterson, 3. Time, 22 1-5 seconds.

*14 Years' Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; J. Broady, 2; J. Stenhouse, 3. Time, 33 1-5 seconds.

*15 Years' Championship*.—J. Notting, 1. J. Mort, 2; M. Walpole, 3. Time, 32 1-5 seconds.

*16 Years' Championship*.—G. Owens, 1; G. Bills, 2; E. Goddard, 3. Time, 39 2-5 seconds.

*17 Years' Championship*.—C. Kennedy, 1; B. Brown, 2; N. Caldwell, 3. Time, 35 2-5 seconds.

*Back Stroke Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; C. Kennedy, 2; G. Owens, 3. Time, 39 seconds.

*Junior Back Stroke*.—H. McDonald, 1; V. Kemberly, 2; P. Martin, 3. Time, 25 seconds.

*Breast Stroke*.—J. McDonald, 1; V. Simpson, 2; V. Kimberly, 3. Time, 42 2-5 seconds.

*Junior Breast Stroke*.—J. McDonald, 1; V. Simpson, 2; V. Kimberly, 3. Time, 26 2-5 seconds.

*Junior Diving*.—N. Easy, 1; S. Dalton, 2; M. McCarthy, 3.

*Diving Championship*.—C. Kennedy, 1; J. O'Brien, 2.

*Object Diving*.—N. Caldwell.

*3rd Year Relay*.—H. McDonald, J. Notting, J. Mort, G. Owens.

*Junior Relay*.—J. McDonald, J. Broady, V. Kimberly, L. Tottenham.

*Six-Oar Race*.—C. Kennedy, H. McDonald, V. Kimberly.

*Old Girls*.—R. Hayes.

*Balloon Race*.—M. Gateley.

GWEN. MARCHANT, 5A.

## LIFE-SAVING AWARDS.

9th December, 1928.

*Australian Bronze Cross*.—C. Kennedy.

*Silver Bar*.—E. Hall, S. Taylor.

*Silver Medallion*.—B. Brown, J. O'Brien, M. Walpole.

*Teachers*.—E. Hall, B. Brown, N. Healy.

*Honorary Instructors*.—J. O'Brien, N. Healy, S. Taylor.

*Bronze Medallion Bar*.—C. Kennedy, D. Kendrick, J. O'Brien, K. Bannan, N. Healy, E. Hall.

*Bronze Medallion*.—L. Donnelly, R. Gooley, N. Bell, G. Bills, D. Moray, O. Lambie, D. Plowman, P. Cowlishaw, H. McDonald, V. Kimberly, M. Starr, V. Simpson, E. Lovell, G. Owens.

*Proficiency Certificate*.—A. Bieri, P. Martin, M. Balmain, M. McVicar, J. Stenhouse, B. Flynn, E. Jolly, M. Watson, S. Johnson, M. Brown, D. Kendrick.

*Elementary Certificate*.—K. Fitzhardinge, P. Gillespie, D. Crawford, J. Stenhouse, B. Flynn, M. Watson, M. Brown, D. Kendrick.

The above girls and their instructors must indeed be congratulated upon their success, as every girl who entered for the examination was successful.

One of our girls, Clarice Kennedy, has gained the first Bronze Cross awarded in Australia.

## COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

The morning of March 8th was a happy one for Fortians, for it was the great day when they were to compete against the representatives of rival high schools for the coveted swimming shields.

The day dawned bright and clear, and the sun shone cheerily, unlike the day of the previous carnival when, in the morning, the sky had



been covered with grey clouds which seemed to prophesy rain. Laughing Fortians, decked with fluttering red and white ribbons, wended their way to the school with their hopes beating high.

The morning lessons finished, the competitors were grouped together and taken to the Domain Baths in the taxis waiting for them at the school gate. Then the long procession of girls commenced to wind its way through the streets of Sydney to the scene of the contest.

The carnival was a greater success than was expected, and the hopes of the Fort Street girls were more than realised, as their representatives won race after race, leading their school to victory.

In the third heat of the Solomon Shield Relay, one of the most important events of the day, there was great excitement, for Fort Street had won the two previous heats, and now each girl was eager to see if Fort Street would make her victory complete by the winning of the third heat, or, if by some mischance, her team would be disqualified and the shield lost. When the last swimmer of the Fort Street team touched the board ahead of Sydney High, Fortians shrieked with joy, and for some time were unable to restrain their feelings. Their joy was boundless when, after the last event, it was announced that Fort Street had won the Point Score Shield, with 67 points, Sydney High being second with 25. Cheer after cheer rang out as the shields and trophies were presented, and then the happy Fortians left the Domain thinking proudly of the wonderful efforts their girls had made.

The team swimming in the first heat of the Solomon Shield was: A. McDonald, J. McDonald, J. Broady, C. Kennedy. Second Heat: H. McDonald, J. McDonald, J. Notting, C. Kennedy. Third Heat: J. McDonald, J. Notting, J. Mort, C. Kennedy.

The results were as follows:—

100 Yds. *Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; C. Kennedy, 3. Time, 1.9 4-5 (record).

17 Yrs. *Championship*.—C. Kennedy, 1. Time, 30 1-5 seconds (record).

16 Yrs. *Championship*.—G. Owens, 3.

15 Yrs. *Championship*.—G. Notting, 2; M. Walpole, 3.

14 Yrs. *Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; J. Broady, 2. Time, 33 seconds (record).

13 Yrs. *Championship*.—L. Tottenham, 2.

12 Yrs. *Championship*.—J. McDonald, 1; N. Scott, 2. Time, 21 seconds (record).

*Junior Championship*.—J. McDonald, 2; J. Broady, 3.

*Backstroke Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; C. Kennedy, 2. Time, 37 1-5 seconds (record).

*Breaststroke Championship*.—V. Kimberly, 1; V. Simpson, 2. Time, 42 3-5 seconds (record).

*Junior Backstroke Championship*.—H. McDonald, 1; V. Kimberly, 2. Time, 24 2-5 seconds (record).

*Junior Breaststroke Championship*.—J. McDonald, 1; V. Simpson, 2. Time, 25 1-5 seconds (record).

*Diving Championship*.—C. Kennedy.

*Relay (Final Heat)*.—J. McDonald, J. Notting, J. Mort, C. Kennedy. Time, 2.17 (record).

*Junior Relay*.—J. McDonald, H. McDonald, J. Broady, V. Kimberly. Time, 1.22 (record).

*Rescue Race*.—N. Finney and J. McDonald, 1; V. Simpson and V. Kimberly, 2.

*Junior Rescue Race*.—V. Simpson and V. Kimberly, 1; P. Martin and Cowlishaw, 2.

*Six-Oar Race*.—H. McDonald, V. Kimberly, C. Kennedy, 1; J. Broady, J. Mort, G. Owens, 2.

EUNICE BROWN, 4 A.

### THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society is still keeping its flag flying, and activities are continuing favourably.

I regret to announce that owing to her many duties, Jessie Bates found it necessary to resign the presidency of this society, but I am pleased to add that it is now progressing under the able guidance of Valerie Ball.

During the past months three debates were held, the subjects of which are as follows: "That the British Empire must decay as all other Empires have done"; "That uprightness of conduct is only produced by fear of punishment"; and "That charitable institutions do harm."

The first and last of these debates were won by the Opposition.

The dates decided upon for the debates between the school and the Fort Street boys are June 14th and July 19th, the subject for the first debate being that "Trade Unions have a blighting effect upon Australia." Our opponents will uphold the government.

In closing, on behalf of the members, I wish to thank Miss Turner for her valuable aid and great interest in the work of this society.

M. DALLISON.  
(Secretary).

### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society has been very fortunate this half-year. At our first monthly meeting Mrs. Macartney very kindly came and gave us an interesting talk on Sir James Barrie, whom she met in England. She told us of many sides of the great man's character of which we knew nothing before. She also brought some photographs of Sir James playing cricket with Mr. Macartney and some autographed copies of his plays which he sent to her from England, while Mr. Macartney was a member of the team representing Australia.

At the second meeting Fourth Year read "The Man in the Bowler Hat," written by A. A. Milne. It is an exceedingly amusing play though most improbable. Most of the characters were very well taken. Marion Dallon, as "John," played the timid householder excellently. The heroine was well portrayed by Grace Henderson. Emily Hughes, as the "Chief Villain," and Mavis Robbins as the "Bad Man," were most amusing, while Joan Foulkes, as the "hero" was at first very brave, but later, when threatened with torture, he appeared in his true colours.

M. DEER.  
(Secretary).

### REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The librarians have much pleasure in recording many handsome donations to the Library during the current year.

We are much indebted to the Fifths of 1928 for a beautiful brass bowl, together with four glass vases which are always well supplied with flowers.

We would also like to thank Miss Cowie, a former pupil, for the etching of the "Five Sisters" Window, York Minster, which she donated to the Library last year. Another etching, "Westminster Abbey," has been added by the Fifths of 1927.

Mrs. Suttor and The Royal Australian Historical Society donated two volumes of "Australian Milestones," written by her husband, the late Mr. H. M. Suttor. The Library has also profited by the generosity of the Old Girls' Union and of the Fifths of 1928, who have added such useful and interesting books as:—  
"Stalky's Reminiscences."—Dunsterville.

"The Modern Gods of Grub Street."  
—Adcock.

"Peter Pan."—Sir James Barrie.  
"Quality Street."—Sir James Barrie.

"Myths of the Middle Ages."  
"Celtic Myths."

Miss Conolly gave us "Greek Studies," by Leonard Whibley, as a parting gift, and Miss Donovan "Green's History of England." Dorothy York, a Fifth Year Girl of 1928, "The Development of Modern Europe," Volume 1., Robinson and Beard, and to all we express our grateful thanks.

The Library is open on Tuesdays and Fridays at recess for the distribution of books. On all days, books may be borrowed for a short time, but must be returned as soon as they are finished with. Although the number of members is large we would like to see more Third Year and Fourth Year Girls making use of books, which, we are sure, would help them. But all are welcome, whether juniors or seniors.

M. DALLISON, }  
E. THEARLE, } Librarians.  
E. BROWN, }

**THE FICTION LIBRARY.**

This year has, so far, proved a very successful one for the Fiction Library, the members of which, at present, exceed 160. We are pleased that so many girls have availed themselves of the opportunity of belonging to this library.

The school is fortunate in possessing a library of almost 300 good assorted books, and we feel sure that any girls wishing to join will find among this large number, many books suited to their individual tastes.

During the past half-year several new books have been added, including "The Old Bridge" (William Locke), and "The Singing Gold" (Dorothy Cotterell).

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Margaret Harkness, of 1 F, who kindly donated "The Big Book for Girls." Donations of books of fiction are always very acceptable.

The Library is open in Room 9 at recess on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the librarians will be pleased to en-

rol any girls wishing to become members.

J. CAMERON, }  
E. COLQUHOUN, } Librarians.

**THE SPECIAL CHOIR.**

The Special Choir is carried on this year with as much enthusiasm as in former years. The attendance is on an average of one hundred members, and girls from every year look forward to Tuesday afternoon, when they spend a happy hour singing some of their large repertoire of songs. To this repertoire several new songs have been added this year, including the March from "Tannhauser" (Wagner), "An Orchard Cradle Song" (Denza), "In the Springtime" (Newton), and "A Song of the Empire" (Alpen).

In conclusion, the members of the choir wish to express their gratitude to Miss Watts, for taking so much interest in them.

Valerie Ball, 5 A.

**THE GIFTS OF THE OLD GIRLS' UNION, 1928.**

The generosity of the Old Girls' Union (1928) has enabled the School to purchase a new Australian flag (the former having braved the breeze for 29 years) and a balopticon, a lantern for reflecting opaque objects, which will prove very useful as an aid in the teaching of many subjects. In addition a screen specially treated with aluminium has been supplied as well as several books for the reference library.

The present girls are very grateful to the old girls for these practical signs of their sustained interest in their school.

**SOCIAL SERVICE.**

At the present time the Captain of the School is collecting "woollies" in order to provide some comfort for the old women of

Newington, and is meeting with a generous response from girls in every year.

On a certain Wednesday in each month girls bring flowers from their gardens to be distributed to the members of the Mothers' Club at the University Settlement, Redfern. Such gifts of flowers bring brightness in the lives of the women living in the crowded areas of the city, and are much appreciated by them.

### ANZAC DAY.

At an assembly of the School the thoughts of all were directed to the wonderful achievements of the Anzacs and the members of the English staff addressed the classes on the significance and service of these gallant men.

Wreaths of rosemary were placed on the pictures on the staircase, "The Landing at Anzac," "The Burial of the Unknown Warrior" and "Midnight at Menin Gate." Every pupil of the School was provided with a spray of rosemary. Jessie Bates, the Captain, accompanied by prefects, placed a laurel wreath on the Cenotaph on behalf of the School.

This year it was the honour and privilege of the School to decorate the memorials of the Education Department's Office. A very effective scheme was carried out under the direction of Miss Marks, wreaths of laurel and rosemary adorning the honour boards and the mural tablet.

### SCHOOL GUIDES.

The last meetings of 1928 were spent in preparations for the final test of the New South Wales Shield Competition. Fort Street Company was not successful in carrying off the Shield, but came second, and wishes to congratulate the winning company, 2nd Redlands, Cremorne.

A most enjoyable camp was held during the first week of the Xmas vacation, at Cabramatta. Twenty-four Guides, as well as several former members of the company who now

belong to the University Cadets, attended the camp.

The office-bearers for 1929 are as follow:—Patrol Leaders: Lily Gray, Ena Roden, Joan Bourne, Ethel Thearle, Joyce Bannan and Maurine Deer; Patrol Seconds: Effie Graham, Betty Kennedy, Mavis Robbins, Laurel Dowling, Irene James, Wendela Tarilton; Treasurer: Ethel Thearle; Secretary: Maurine Deer.

The company has held two field days this year. The first was held on Wednesday, 13th March, at Clifton Gardens, and the second on Saturday, 6th April, at Castlecrag.

After Easter so many new recruits joined the company that it was necessary to form two new patrols. There are now six patrols with an average of nine girls in each. At present our energies are directed towards arrangements for the enrolment to be held on Saturday, 11th May, in the school grounds.

MAURINE DEER.

### THE FIFTH YEAR WELCOME TO FIRST YEARS.

A wondering crowd of First Years had, in obedience to the Captain's request, assembled in the playground, armed with pencil, paper and sandshoes.

We were informed that this was the Fifth Years' welcome to us, and at the same time we were given directions with regard to the Competition, the prize for which was a calendar, with a photograph of the School.

Brandishing pencil and paper we raced around the playground, besieging the Fifths, and clamouring for them to sign our papers. That excitement ended, we turned our attention to playing games, and then to eating ice cream. We especially enjoyed this form of entertainment, and felt very honoured because the Fifth Years waited on us.

So we, First Years, thank the Fifth Years very much indeed for their kind and sociable welcome.

GWENDA FERRIS, 1 F.

Joyce Tissington was elected Prefect at the beginning of the year in the place of Sylvia Taylor, who had ceased to be a pupil of the School.

Owing to an error, Joan Hulme and Joyce Williams were not credited in the last issue of the *Magazine* with commendations in the Verse Speaking Competition.

Clarice Kennedy is to be congratulated on the possession of an old Fort Street School badge which bears the date 1849.

The School wishes to congratulate Mary Fuller, B.Sc., who has been appointed Junior Entomologist to the Bureau for Scientific and Industrial Research at Canberra.

The School is greatly indebted to the Fifth Year girls of 1928, who have presented two engravings of Old Sydney, viz., "The Tank Stream," and "Sydney from Milson's Point, 1850," an etching of Argyle Cut, as well as a picture of "Fort Dawes." Their donations to the Library are mentioned in another paragraph.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CONCERT.

The first programme of this year in aid of the School's Hospital Fund was arranged by the members of the Modern Language Staff, and two performances were given in the old gymnasium—the one during the morning of Wednesday, March 27th, and the other in the afternoon.

The School numbers have increased so considerably that even with two sessions the hall was crowded,—quite uncomfortably so in the morning, when the whole Junior School attended.

We await eagerly the fulfilment of the promise by the Department of an Assembly Hall in the near future which will be worthy of the School, its traditions and its present enrolment.

As for the entertainment itself, so many good numbers were offered that the original programme had to be considerably curtailed. Even so, a lengthy, enjoyable and very meritorious list of items was performed on the actual day.

Only three weeks' preparation, and that almost entirely out of regular school hours, testified to the strenuous efforts of the staff concerned, and deserve the highest commendation. Although all the items on the programme were very creditably presented and enjoyed, special mention

might be made of the singing of the first year classes—hardly two months enrolled in the school—and the excellent acting and diction of Nellie Murray and Joyce Williams of Form II. A., who presented the dialogue of "The Crystal Gazer," in which Madame La Sorcière—a quasi-soothsayer, and her client, a young lady—cause many humorous situations through a misapprehension as to the cause of the said client's investigations, leading to an unusual contretemps, eventually smoothed away.

The German play, "Die Schulkasse," offered by Miss Harders' 2 C. Class, was splendidly acted. The trials of the schoolmistress (very capably acted by Phyllis Jones) in contention with her class, which seemed entirely composed of "enfants terribles," provoked much amusement.

The violin playing by Enid Smith of Class 1B, which showed great promise, also evoked much applause.

During the interval Miss Cruise presented the Junior Awards of Trophies and Certificates in the morning, while the Senior Group received theirs just prior to the opening of the afternoon's performance.

The financial result of the entertainment was £15/11/-.

The complete programme is appended:—

## Programme.

## Modern Language Concert.

Wednesday, 27th March, 1929.

1. Piano: "La Marseillaise,"  
avec variations—D. Roy (3A).
2. Barcarolle: Où Voulez vous aller?  
(Gounod), (1C).
3. Danse: Les petits Hollandais (2C)
4. Cercle de La Fontaine—Séance  
(2C).
5. Ballade: Chanson de Florian (3B).
6. Violon: Chant au printemps—E.  
Smith (1B).
7. Chants d'Enfance: (a) Il était une  
bergère; (b) Le petit Nigaud  
(1B).
8. Dialogue: The Crystal Gazer (2A)
9. Pastorale: Nymphes et Sylvains  
(Bemberg)—P. Bewshea (2B)  
*Entr'acte.*
10. Piano: Menuet—Betty Still (2B)
11. Chanson: Les deux Couronnes—  
Joyce Rogers (2A).
12. Theater-Stuck: Die Schulklasse,  
(2C).
13. Danse: Pirouette—Norma Scott  
(1B).
14. Comédie: "Feather-Brained  
Madge," (1A).
15. Danse des Fileuses, (3A).
16. Scènes Familiales: (a) Le dé-  
jeuner; (b) Le diner (2 D).
17. Récitation: Mia Rosa—D. Cole-  
man (3A).
18. Petite Pièce de Théâtre: "Bébé  
est Malade," (2E).
19. Scènes Dramatiques: Les Quatre  
Saisons, (4A).
- 20: Vive Le Roi.  
*Accompagnistes:*  
M'lles Léontine-Marks, Doris Roy,  
Isabelle Gilkison.

Presentation: Sports' Trophies.

Distribution des Diplômes.

—Miss Cruise.

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## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Dear Fortians,—

For some of us the time that has elapsed since last we sat in the dear familiar desks has lengthened into years, while others only a few months ago responded to the old bell-call. We used to sing so lustily that "we'd lose the old delight" of our school, but in a strange and wonderful way the spirit of the years—perhaps it's just memory—has kept alive that old delight of hers. And the joy in the hearts of old Fortians as the refrain of the songs dies away, brings a wonderful pride and contentment in belonging to her, and in having shared those "glad and melancholy days."

The University is proud of her Fortian graduates of 1928. In History, Eunice Farmer's name was first on the list of the First-class Honours' people. Jean Robertson was amongst those who obtained Second-class, and Nola Geoffreys, Third-class Latin Honours; and Glynn Stayte graduated with Second-class Honours in Mathematics. In Science, Wilga

Moore graduated with Second-class Honours in Chemistry, and Mary Fuller with Second-class in Botany. Mary has been appointed to the Economic Entomological Staff of the Federal Territory to do further research work at Canberra. Others who graduated in Arts are Jessie Anderson, Mary Gallagher, Ruth Carter and Agnes Brewster, while Alice Waddington, Muriel Holdsworth, Jean Chalmers and Rene Middlehurst graduated in Science.

The University also honoured Enid Carpenter by awarding her the Frank Albert Prize for High Distinction in Psychology, the Frank Albert Prize for Distinction in Anthropology, and Distinction in English II. Bessie Bannon gained Distinction also in English II., and Credits in Philosophy and Anthropology. Muriel Holdsworth and Jean Chalmers are this year doing research work for honours graduation in Organic Chemistry, while Willa Rowohl remains the solitary Fortian representative at the Medical School.

It is a joy to all old Fortians at the University to have four successive Captains spend their leisure hours at Manning House. Jessie is doing Diploma of Education; Essie continuing her Pharmacy course; Doris has begun Pharmacy I., and Kathleen has commenced Arts.

We miss several faces this year. Rene Green and Ruth Godden have gained their Diplomas of Education and are teaching in the country, and Glynne Stayte has left our precincts to teach Latin at M.L.C. But the incoming year with Kathleen O'Hanlon and quite a group of last year's fifths, adequately fill up the gaps.

Perhaps in the realm of sport and social activities, Fort Street girls are best known. More than half the members of the University Cadet Company are Fortians who hold most of the offices. The Sports Association still send Mary Gallagher to play in Inter Varsity Hockey; and during long vacation when the Interstate Varsity swimming was held at Sydney, Marjorie Moore won the Point Score Cup, gaining first place in the 50 yards, the 100 yards and the diving.

Yet still there is much to tell, for there is something more truly real in life at the University even than District lists, for they curiously soon pass into forgetfulness. Maybe it is atmosphere—an atmosphere bound up to some degree in the exotic beauty of the building, in the strange mysticism that surrounds the realms of knowledge yet untrod, and in the haunting beckoning of the future because these days have been.

But throughout these days of joy—joy pressed down and running over, there are things we cannot easily forget. There are those schooldays so incidentally near, though the months quickly separate us from them—days that combined all the riches of passing joys with dreams of the unopened years. The sweetness of those five years remains locked away in some secret recess of memory.

Fortians of to-day, we salute you! Grads. and undergrads alike send a greeting to "the School they've hardened on."

May the best of all things be yours as the year passes.

ALICE SMITH.

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## THE TIKI.

There is a very ancient legend which is still told by the Maoris of New Zealand about the Tiki. The Tiki is still regarded as a luck-bringer, and the fronts of Maori houses are often ornamented with carvings of the Tiki.

The legend states that once, many many years ago, there lived on a wonderful island a very beautiful woman who had three sons. Two of them were fine, stalwart men, but the third was a wee, ugly, deformed babe. Other inhabitants of the island ridiculed the child until the mother in despair, threw him into the sea. But, the fairies, who loved the child, too, caught it up and hastened over the sea to the very horizon where lay the "Land of the Three Clouds." Here

the fairies tended the child for many months.

Meanwhile the mother was lamenting the death of her child for she had realised what the child really meant to her. She pined for him so much that she threw herself into the ocean to join him, but here again the fairies intervened. They realised that the child needed his mother as sorely as the mother needed him, so they took her to the "Land of the Three Clouds" where she and her son lived happily for many years.

It is not necessary to state that the "Land of the Three Clouds" is now called New Zealand. The three "clouds" are the North and the South Island and Stewart Island.

NITA TIPPING, 2 A.

## ANNUAL REPORT OF FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION

For the Year Ending 10th April, 1929.

The year 1928-29 has added another list of cheerful and successful events to the history of the Old Girls' Union and the committee has much pleasure in presenting the report, hoping that it will meet with the approval of the Union and at the same time elicit its support for the coming year.

Unfortunately the number of financial members was less than last year—only eighty-three instead of one hundred and three. This is a very sad state of affairs and if it continues there will soon cease to be a Union or, at any rate, a financial one. We are quite sure that there is no real reason other than a certain procrastination, common to most of us, when confronted with the task of procuring a postal note. We do, therefore, urge all of you to make a special effort this year to become financial with all possible speed, for your own sakes individually and for the Union as a whole.

The two sub-societies of the Union—the Literary Circle and the Tennis Club—are still in existence, and the Union is both proud of them and grateful to those who so efficiently organise them. The Literary Circle, under the leadership of Miss Turner and Miss Morley, spent its third year in the discussion of modern novels and only those who belonged to the circle can realise how interesting and enjoyable the discussions were. The Tennis Club, now in its sixth year, has on the whole been very successful, but its work is hampered by the need of more members. We urge anyone who is interested in tennis and anxious to join a club to communicate with the secretary at once and to join this club rather than any other. Further details of these societies will appear in their respective reports, but before we pass on we would wish them

both most heartily, another happy and successful year.

The first Union function of the year was the Ninth Annual Dinner held at the Cocoa Tree Cafe on Wednesday, 9th May. There was an attendance of seventy and in some respects the dinner was more enjoyable than previous ones. It was more informal and we were able to indulge in community singing as well as dancing. In other respects, however, it was not so satisfactory and the general opinion is that we shall dine elsewhere than at the Cocoa Tree this year. There is considerable difficulty in finding a place wholly suitable for the dinner, and the committee would at any time welcome suggestions from the Union.

The dance, which is really our most important and ambitious undertaking, was held at the Wentworth Cafe on 25th July, and was again thoroughly successful and enjoyable. We were unfortunate in having a very wet night, but the weather did not interfere greatly with the attendance, although there were sixty less than the previous year. This fall in numbers may partly be accounted for by the fall in membership, despite the fact that the committee makes a special effort to advertise the dance as widely as possible. However, three hundred tickets were sold and a profit of £40 resulted. This sum was divided equally between the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and the School Funds. The School's portion was spent in buying a projecting lantern, a new flag and books for the library. Instead of the usual lucky favours, baskets of home-made sweets were sold at the dance and the Union here wishes to thank the School which so generously responded to our appeal for sweets and even more generously bought the surplus.



Particularly do we thank Miss Tearle, who organised the collection of the sweets and worked both during and before the dance with her customary zeal. Two theatre tickets were given by the Union as the first prize, and Mrs. Maclurcan kindly donated two other prizes. A pleasant innovation was made this year and invitations were sent to Miss Cruise, Miss Partridge and the Hon. Secretaries of Fort Street Old Boys' Union, Sydney, North Sydney and St. George High School Old Girls' Unions. Representatives of North Sydney and St. George Unions came to the dance and representatives of our Union went in return to their dances. The committee hopes this practice will be repeated and will become a custom of the Union.

Our other lesser meetings were on the whole equally successful.

On June 9th, an afternoon tea party was arranged at the school so that old girls might have an opportunity of seeing the alterations to the school buildings. We are very grateful to Miss Cruise, who made it possible for us to use the school on a Saturday afternoon, and to the senior girls who entertained the Union at afternoon tea. On the same afternoon gifts were collected for the girls' stall at the Fort Street Boys' Fete, and Miss Tearle, assisted by Miss Golding, took charge of the stall on behalf of the School and Union.

A small dance was arranged at the Women Painters' Rooms for Saturday, 1st September. The very minimum was charged for tickets, the committee thinking that the Union would appreciate a function held with a purely social aim and no ulterior money-making motive. Unfortunately, however, there was a poor response, and only about thirty tickets were sold. This meant a loss of £3/6/2½ to the Union—the first loss for a considerable time; but it left us still financial and if the numbers were small, the fun was great, and all those who did come unanimously

agreed that this was one of the jolliest and happiest evenings we have ever had.

Our next meeting, and a very different one, was held on October 27, when some eighty old girls rallied at the Ambassadors to do honour to Miss Tearle. As you all know, Miss Tearle has been a firm and unfailing friend to the Union for many years, and the committee decided that it was certainly time we paid her some small tribute to show her our appreciation of her services, hoping at the same time that we shall continue to benefit by them for many more years. The response was a thoroughly worthy one and on behalf of the Union Miss Maisie Golding presented Miss Tearle with a dressing case, a hat box and a fountain pen and pencil. Miss Partridge, who delighted us in coming, also said a few words in appreciation of Miss Tearle's work, and the Union heartily concurred. We were very pleased to have with us also Miss Tearle's mother, Miss Harders, Miss Watts, Miss Blume and Miss Turner, and to receive the best wishes of Miss Cruise and those members of the staff who were unable to come. Indeed this meeting proved so very successful that the committee would recommend to future committees the advisability of holding a similar function each year.

Our final gathering for the year took the form of a gipsy tea to Manly on December 11. The Fifth Year girls were invited to this as the guests of the Union, and we were very pleased to welcome Kathleen O'Hanlon, the School Captain, and many of her worthy henchmen. We hope that we shall see more of them now that they are really 'old girls.' A very pleasant evening was spent—a competition during tea helped to brighten the conversation and after tea the company startled the nearest residents and other visitors with school songs and other well known ditties, until darkness made it advisable to retreat homewards.

These were our meetings for the year—some as you will have observed, more successful than others from the financial aspect, but all we can truthfully say characterised by that spirit of co-operation, good-will and friendliness, which makes our Union the live and pleasant thing it is. The committee has enjoyed its work and has striven to prove worthy of the trust reposed in it. Whether it has done so the Union will judge, but, whether or no, the committee members one and all, wish here to ex-

press their gratitude to Miss Cruise and the School for their unfailing help and to the Union as a whole for its loyal support without which the committee would be useless and upon which the whole success of the Union necessarily depends.

In conclusion, we extend to the incoming committee our very best wishes for a happy and successful year.

M. THORNHILL, Hon. Sec.  
M. GOLDING, President.

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## BEETHOVEN.

There have been many, many great musicians down the ages—their works have been wonderful! too wonderful for us to fully appreciate. We have Mendelssohn, Schubert, Verdi, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Bach, Mozart, Handel and many others; and yet, one stands out as the Prince of Composers—Beethoven, the "master musician."

He was born at Bonn in Germany, in 1771, and though he led an exceptionally sad life, he has left us memorials of untold wealth and happiness in his soul-inspiring melodies.

His first composition—Sonata in F—is one of the most beautiful pieces ever written; but his Moonlight Sonata is, indeed, one of his masterpieces; so full of feeling is it, so exquisitely lovely. Beethoven truly had the power to lift the soul from its surroundings to higher ideals and to higher motives.

Tradition has it, that, Beethoven quite by accident, visited a poor blind girl and her brother, and played to them. So impressed were they, that he was besought by them to play once again. By this time, the one candle, their only means of light, had burned out, and the shutters were thrown open, admitting a flood of radiant moonlight into the room. Beethoven complied with their request, and in-

spired by a Divine Hand, he said "I will play a sonata to the moonlight." It was thus that he forgot himself, his life, his all, in the glorious sense of pure felicity in his rapturous melody.

Beethoven was undoubtedly a lover of nature, and he had a deep understanding of her. He loved the Queen of the Night in all her glorious majesty. It was to her he played—to her he dedicated the uplifting melody of his dreams.

After he had finished he rose from the instrument, and bidding his listeners farewell, he hurried home, there to give to the world his "Moonlight Sonata."

Other of Beethoven's great works are his "Mass in E," and his "Mass in D"—the latter he, himself, declared to be "his best and greatest work"—and "The Ninth Symphony," which he wrote between 1818 and 1822, and all of which he wrote after he became deaf when 30 years of age. This was a terrible affliction for Beethoven, but he still continued to compose; moreover, he was very lonely and sad during the latter part of his life. He passed away when he was but 56 years of age. But though he is gone his compositions will live forever and serve to raise hundreds, nay, thousands from their care.

CATHERINE SYKES, 2 A.

## FLOWER FAIRIES.

When all the world lies fast asleep;  
From dainty flowers bright and fair,  
With sparkling dewdrops in their  
hair,

The Flower Fairies gently creep.

Blithe Peter Pan his pipes doth play,  
And mystic music fills the air,  
While Flower Fairies dance and  
sway,

Laughing joyfully, free from care.

'Neath Lady Moon's soft silvery light,  
With tiny folk from Elfinland,  
Midst bluebells gay and daisies white,  
They dance together hand in hand.

When flowers hold their revels gay,  
They ask the elfin folk to come,  
And then together dance and sway,  
Until the joyous night is done.

VERA PAUSEY, 2 A.

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## MENDELSSOHN.

Mendelssohn! The name brings a sweet-scented flower-bound world of soft melody and slow, dreamy music before us. His name ranks with the greatest composers the world has ever known. His music is beautiful poetry; now tinged with sadness, now filled with the joy of living—like crystal clear water, bubbling and frothing over the pebbly bed of a creek. The latter can be noticed especially in his "Bee's Wedding," a magnificent jewel, one of many in a golden treasure chest.

In Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" his mood changes so often that we can imagine him—now pensive, now glad, now sorrowful. "Songs Without Words"—the very name tells us what to expect, and our expectations are fulfilled when we hear them. Yes, they are really songs without words, songs because they sing and hum their way into our hearts.

Mendelssohn stands out from other composers as one of the happy few who were appreciated during their lifetime. He was born at Hamburg in 1809, and at a very early age gave evidence of the glorious gift which God had given him. His gift was noticed and developed to so great an extent that at the age of seventeen he wrote the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is thought to be his finest work.

We may see, by his religious music, that he had sublime faith in God, Who had so blessed him, and he did not fail to put his earnest thoughts into compositions of surprising beauty, which stir the soul of many, so delicately written and sadly beautiful are they. Perhaps some of the best known of these are:—"Oh! for the wings of a dove" and "Hear my prayer." He also wrote some oratorios, the most famous one being "Elijah."

The Violin Concerto is typically Mendelssohn's, beautifully fashioned with exquisite artistry by him who "touched nothing that he did not adorn." In his music we get no inkling of anything sordid, but rather do we think of a little valley where "murmuring waters steal" between banks covered with violets, where the soft breezes waft sweet scents of thyme and woodland soil after a light shower.

During his life Mendelssohn had the opportunity of travelling. He visited England, Scotland and Italy, thus opening fresh fields for his ever active imagination.

When he died at Leipzig, through overwork, in 1847, at the very early age of 38, he left behind him a reputation which would be very hard to better.

M.A., 2 A.

## "MIDNIGHT AT MENIN GATE."

Those who have seen the reproduction of Captain Longstaff's famous painting entitled, "Midnight at Menin Gate," which is hung on the landing in our school, cannot but be impressed by the message which it conveys.

A short account of the events which gave to Ypres, and to the world at large, its memorial, and the romantic circumstances under which the picture was painted, will give to it a deeper significance.

The terrible events of the Great War may be gradually fading from our minds, but the memory of the sacrifice of the thousands who died noble sacrifice of the thousands who died for right will never fade.

"They shall grow not old, as we that  
are left grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the  
years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in  
the morning  
We will remember them."

Monuments to their memory have been erected all over the world, and perhaps the finest of these is the Menin Gate Memorial at Ypres.

In the vicinity of this town over 90,000 heroes lie, many of whom fell beyond the limits of civilisation, and were denied the honour of burial.

To leave uncommemorated these gallant dead, would be a failure in duty, and it was decided to record in stone and bronze the names of those who lay in unidentified graves under the battlefield.

Menin Gate was selected as a natural site for the most important of these monuments, because hundreds of thousands of men passed through it in its original state, and when it was but an archway between two walls, to the battlefields of Ypres, many never to return. It was therefore fitting that this beautiful memorial should be erected on the site of the gateway to their Via Dolorosa.

The memorial consists of a Hall of Memory, in which the names of 56,000 officers and men, of whom nearly 7,000 are Australians, men from every infantry battalion which we sent to the front, are engraved, as well as the two inscriptions:—

(1) "To the armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914-1918 and to those of their dead who have no known grave."

(2) "Here are recorded the names of officers and men who fell in Ypres Salient, but to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death."

"They shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

A beautiful and impressive service accompanied the unveiling of the memorial in 1927, by Field Marshal Lord Plumer, in the presence of the King of the Belgians. As the relatives of the fallen filed past him, Lord Plumer said to each—"He is not missing, he is here."

This is the theme of the great allegorical picture by Captain Longstaff, who himself served with the Australian Forces during the war. The story of the picture is one of romantic inspiration and conception.

The unveiling ceremony so impressed the artist, that he was unable to sleep, and he went out for a walk in the moonlight, and in imagination he saw steel-helmeted figures arise from the poppy fields. He was so inspired that he could not rest until he completed the picture, which has won for its painter much fame and honour.

The memorial shines silver in the light of the moon, silhouetted against the deepest blue of a midnight sky, which is only broken by the suggestion of a cloud. In the middle distance the lights of the town shining remotely, are the only indications of the proximity of civilisation.

# "HE IS HERE"

## HEROES' NAMELESS GRAVES

### YPRES MEMORIAL

("Sun" Special)

LONDON, Sunday.

Ypres to-day was again as British as during the war, telegraphs the correspondent of the "Weekly Dispatch." The majority of the 10,000 pilgrims to the unveiling of the Menin Gate Memorial by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer arrived to find a clean and rebuilt city. A large proportion of the visitors were elderly men, wearing black armbands and women in mourning.

King Albert of Belgium, Lord Plumer, and the British Ambassador (Lord Crewe) headed the procession on foot along a narrow lane of people toward the Menin Gate, but stopped when they reached the residence of the aged Burgomaster, who has held office since 1914. He is now dying slowly. He was moved to his window in a chair, and King Albert and the British officers solemnly saluted him.

### Comfort for Bereaved

Lord Plumer said the relatives of the missing must have felt that more might have been done to recover their loved ones' bodies, but now they would probably see how impossible it was after they realised the conditions of the fighting at the Ypres salient. The void seemed still greater when no grave existed on which to lay a token of remembrance, but the memorial fulfilled that object, because they could now say, "He is not missing; he is here."

King Albert said there was no ground in the world more sacred than the salient. First thousands, then hundreds of thousands of legions came to Flanders from Britain and the Dominions, determined to conquer or die.

The closing episode was one of almost overpowering poignancy. Buglers sounded the "Last Post" and invisible pipers of the Scots Guards,

posted high on the ramparts, began the haunting strains of "The Flowers of the Forest." Then came a terrible minute's silence, when it seemed as if the whole of the awful salient was hushed in prayer.

The silence was becoming altogether unendurable, when the crash of "Reveille" gave immense relief.

Every part of the British Isles this morning heard a surprisingly good broadcast of the speeches at the unveiling.

### Kings' Messages

King George sent the following message to King Albert:—"My people's hearts are touched that you should thus attend and personally honor the British Empire's missing, who made the supreme sacrifice in the immortal defence of the salient."

King Albert replied:—"I considered it my duty to render homage to the incomparable defenders of Ypres."

In the foreground, from the moonlit fields of poppies arises a deathless army; just the merest suggestion has the artist given us, and his brush has caught the elusive transparency of the phantom figures. The whole produces the effect of a wonderful calm following on the tumult of war.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice."

Nature herself seems hushed as she gazes reverently on the supreme

sacrifice—"greater love hath no man than this."

The painting was exhibited in London in 1928, and purchased for 2,000 guineas by Lord Woolavington, who presented it to the Australian Commonwealth, as a tribute to the Australians who died on the battlefield of Ypres salient. The picture is to be hung in the Australian War Memorial at Canberra, as an everlasting reminder of the bravery and loyalty of those who gave their lives in the cause of justice and of right.

J.C., 5 B.

## THE DREADFUL RESULTS OF STUDYING FOR AN EXAM.

It was the night before the dreaded "half-yearly." I was trying to cram into my head some Latin and History, but somehow the two subjects seemed to get together, having a great affinity for one another (science is useful sometimes). Hence, I found myself saying "William III. marched with his troops into the territory of the Gauls, and after making an unexpected attack, won the battle of the Boyne in 55 B.C." Ah! was it any use my learning, when the Latin and the History would persist in coming into such close contact with one another! But I stuck to it somehow, and about one o'clock retired to my bed. Since all the other occupants of the house had retired some hours previously, I was not feeling as I should have felt. I had a creepy feeling, and was so worried about the exam., that I went to bed trying to think who Minucius Pitt was. Sleep at last came to me.

Ah! what was that noise? I opened my eyes and saw two little men on my pillow. One was dressed in a navy-blue suit of armour, with dates of battles and names of kings written in a jumbled mass all over him. The other was clad in a light brown dress with "Caius Julius Ceasar, Book VI.", in large letters in front. (The former I will call Mr. History and the latter, Mr. Latin).

After a whispered conversation (in which I perceived that they were not on the best of terms) they advanced nearer to me. Then Mr. History began to speak. At first I had great difficulty in understanding him, but soon I became accustomed to his squeaky voice. "We, in this year, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, have been so overwhelmed with your lack of knowledge, that we have come here to question you concerning ourselves. We shall now commence to unfold to you various questions. Number one is, why did Napoleon want to invade England? I racked my brains. Why did he? "Oh, er, because Caius Fabius had sent troops into the territories of the Gauls and . . .

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" shrieked Mr. Latin. That is me you are talking about. Me, Mr. Latin! How dare you compare me with that miserable Mr. History so like James III. and . . ."

"How dare you call me by that name? You know you cannot be compared with me; everyone hates you, you know. . . ."

Mr. Latin made an unexpected attack on Mr. History, with the result that they both fell to the floor with such a noise that I awoke from my much-too-realistic dream.

HAZEL ROSE,  
Class 3 D.

**SWEET SIXTEEN.**

I have reached the borderline of youth,

Half way to womanhood—Sweet sixteen—

With new ideas of life—seeking the truth,

And the reason of God's great scheme.

Life! Laughter! tears and love unfold before me,

Mine for the taking—which shall it be?

A life of pleasure, gaiety and dance,  
Or a life of toil or perhaps romance.

Who can foretell what my life shall be,

Or what shall be my destiny?

As I reach this stepping stone of life,  
I ponder over such thoughts with strife.

I have my ambitions—who has not?  
Some hopes of childhood almost forgot,

Some thoughts of childhood shyly stirring

Voices of friendship softly murmuring.

Whatever the future for me holds,  
May it prove not glitter but true gold,

Remaining true to my childhood's ideals,

Content with whatever life, fate deals.

Rêveur, 5 A.

**YARRANGOBILLY AND JENOLAN CAVES.**

The Yarrangobilly Caves were discovered 5 or 6 years before the Jenolan Caves, but are not so easily accessible as the latter and therefore are not so well known. To visit the Jenolan Caves, which are situated about 100 miles from Sydney, one crosses the Blue Mountains, while to reach the Yarrangobilly Caves (400 miles distant) one passes through Tumut and over the Great Talbingo Mountain. The climb up this mountain is the steepest in New South Wales, and is about 7 miles long, taking one hour in a good car.

The Jenolan Caves are high and lofty and all of them are entered from the Grand Arch, a wonderful formation in the open, while at Yarrangobilly one has to walk in all directions to the caves. One cave, the Jellabanan Cave, is reached by a mile of hard climbing from the Caves House—not an ordinary climb for there is no railing round the side to protect one from a sheer drop of about 2000 feet. As soon as one steps inside, a most wonderful scene meets the eyes. There is a small pool called "Venus Bath" about 6 feet deep into which money is dropped, and the "Devil's

Home", a cavern 30 or 40 feet deep. In this cave there are only 22 steps while at Jenolan, in one cave there are 472 steps. In one cave at Jenolan there is an underground river which is over 440 feet deep. At one time this was crossed by a punt, but now by a bridge.

In the Right Imperial Cave there is a pool into which tourists who pass through throw money. As we came down some steps when visiting this cave it seemed as if there was no water in the pool, but on nearer view there were found to be about 4 or 6 feet of water as clear as crystal. Every year the money from this pool (about £50) is collected and given to the hospitals of the surrounding districts. In the Lucas Cave the largest of all, there is a very high and lofty chamber called the Exhibition Chamber, where Paddy's Corner with its limestone rocks looks like a patch of potatoes. There are also other interesting formations including a cabbage patch, shawls (granny's shawl being one of the largest), Niagara Falls and even a fowl plucked ready for roasting.

"ERIMA," II B.

## WOLLONDILLY.

### *The Old Wollondilly Lagoon.*

Where the wind swept fronds of the  
willow,  
Like the waves of a Naiad's hair,  
Kiss the slowly unfolding glory  
Of waterlilies white cradled there.

Where the Jackass laughs in the  
dawning  
And the Magpies carol at noon;  
Where a rustic bridge spans the  
waters  
Of the old Wollondilly Lagoon.

Where the pine-trees rise in the dis-  
tance  
Green spires towering straight to  
the sky,  
And a zephyr rustling the treetops  
Stirs Aeolian harps with a sigh.

There I long to be in the morning  
When the fragrant rays of the  
sunlight  
Top the pines with a glist'ning halo,  
And the wild birds circle in flight.  
Kathleen Ferris, 5 B.

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## "BROKE."

Sixteen miles out of Singleton is the prettiest place I know of—Broke. To arrive there the traveller goes by car, or, if funds are low, it is possible, for a small sum, to perch oneself upon the daily milk waggon.

This elevated position permits the sightseer to glimpse the tall, overhanging trees which grow in profusion on the roadside, hiding from view the wary denizens of the bushlands. If one is quick, it is possible to catch an occasional glimpse of red-coated reynard as he stealthily creeps from his lair in search of an unheeding lamb.

After winding in and out among the hills, occasionally passing a de-

serted farmhouse or a rustic chapel, the traveller finds himself at the entrance of a wide-stretching plain surrounded on all sides by brooding purple hills, and threaded by the silver river.

There is, however, one break in the misty monotony of the purple haze. One ridge, towering above the rest gleams gold and vermilion, deep brown and scarlet, in the glistening sunlight.

Years ago the overhanging ledge fell into the valley beneath, causing a rupture in the cliff-face. From this sunlit ridge the tiny township, nestling beneath, takes its name of "Broke."

NEMO, 5 B.

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## CARMEN FLORIS.

On far distant hills flames the scarlet  
bright torch  
Of the Waratah sturdy and  
strong;  
And the gleaming gold glory of  
wattle decked boughs  
Forms the lyre for the wind's  
crooning song.

In the deep ferny gullies so fragrant  
and cool  
The soft downy flannel flowers  
loom,

And the yellow sea sands and the  
noon's blazing sun  
Peep out from the Banksia's bloom.

Wild orchids of many a delicate tint  
Lift their heads towards the azure  
blue sky,  
And the zeyhyr is laden with honeyed  
perfume  
From gum-blossoms creamy and  
shy.

Kathleen Ferris, 5 B.



## IMPRESSIONS OF CANBERRA.

At first sight this much-talked of capital of ours was to me, at all events, a great disappointment. As far as I could see Canberra consisted of nothing but dust and yet more dust. Situated in an open plain, with mountains in the distance, Canberra, with its red soil on a windy day such as the one on which we arrived, afforded one the best opportunity of seeing just how much dust Australia possesses. It blew across the road, got in one's eyes, down one's mouth and in one's ears. Our clothes were covered with it, our skin caked. But it must be remembered, we unfortunately arrived at our capital on that memorable Wednesday when Sydney sweltered in 106° F.

But Canberra, away from the cool sea breezes and scorched with six months' drought, was not a very agreeable place to be in. But, there I am giving you my first and worst impressions, and I am afraid I may prejudice you against Canberra, so I will hasten to give you her good points.

First of all, Canberra would in a good season, I am sure, fulfil the most ardent wishes of any American council. The streets are laid out in a very orderly fashion, and the houses are a real pleasure to see, no flats to block one's view of the neighbouring ranges, or of Parliament House, on its hill about two miles away. The majority of the homes are white or cream, each with its own garden plot, and large block of land. There are, of course, no fences in the front, their places being taken by gardens and hedges, in which the owners take a great pride, each vying with the other to possess the better garden.

The well-kept and straight roads are very wide and the footpaths are also made things of beauty by plots and grass squares. The fire hydrants, too, are very good, and our big cities would do well to copy them. These are placed at frequent intervals along the road and stand at the

side of the footpath, so that the firemen waste no time in searching for the water at night, as is the case in Sydney.

The shopping block is on a small rise, and commands a fine view of the surrounding hills, with their vivid green afforestation areas. There are several of these nurseries near Canberra, the majority of the trees planted, being pines and firs. This seemed to me to be a fine effort to preserve and increase our forest areas which are rapidly being depleted.

The shops are, of course, cream, and very well built. In front of these is a concrete footpath and outside again a broad lawn slopes down to the road. On the opposite side is the parking area and here all cars must park. It is a breach of the law to park on the shop side of the road. All the cars are numbered F.C.T. —, only, in similar position to our N.S.W. number-plates, and we were in a quandary as to the meaning until a resident told us it meant "Federal Capital Territory." We were quite surprised, too, at the number of cars in the territory.

There is no scarcity of garden and park lands in our capital. In fact, this is a garden city. Circuits, as they are called, and drives, extend for some miles, and from Parliament House itself, which has been so well described in another article, a fine view is obtained of avenues of poplars, stretching away in the distance, and of sprinklers keeping acres of lawns fresh and green. In a clump of trees, made minute by the distance, can be seen the spire of a church. To the east, is Canberra township, west, south and north are the hills, blue as the mountains themselves. I noticed, however, that they are somewhat different in shape from the parent range. The hills are more like folds, than the steep precipices of Wentworth and Leura.

On the way to the Cotter River,

where we spent the night, we noticed the Prime Minister's residence. The Governor-General's country residence is still further away. These two buildings are not in the least pretentious, but just such homes as you or I would like. The Cotter Road follows a winding course around these folds of hills for almost fifteen miles till suddenly one tops a rise to hear the water gurgling and bubbling over stones rounded by centuries of wear by the clear cool stream. It was delightful to unpack and set up camp in this beautiful spot after the heat at Canberra. Tall pines grow on the river bank and keep the water cold. From the kiosk, stretches Kiosk Avenue, a pleasant walk with quaint summer houses here and there. Crossing the river, and after a short climb, we came upon the Cotter River Dam, or more correctly Weir, although it is sixty feet high and almost as thick through at the base. It is a pretty sight to view the overflow water, making a lacy veil down the side of the weir. The water of the river is the purest in New South

Wales, and we quite agreed with official reports after bathing down the river in a special pool provided for the purpose.

The Federal Commission has provided dressing sheds and, thoughtfully, a life belt, and the spot is a favourite one with motorists who come out for the week-end, from Queanbeyan and Canberra. I think it the prettiest camping spot in N. S. Wales, and we were very sorry to leave such a delightful place to return to the dust and toil of city life.

On Thursday morning we were once more on our way, and turned our faces homeward. My last view of Canberra seen from the hills above Queanbeyan, will remain with me for some time to come. The early morning sunlight was streaming down upon our "White House" and the sleepy town was just awakening from its slumber. The Cotter River hills were far distant now, and as we turned down into Queanbeyan air, the laugh of a happy kookaburra rang out.

J. Bates, 5 A.

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## TO A BLUEBOTTLE.

Madly and merrily the waves rush  
and roar,

Flinging their spray far up on the  
shore;

Glitters the gold sand; whispers the  
wind—

"Come out, lazy mortal, true happi-  
ness to find!"

Prancing and dancing and laughin,  
with glee,

Quickly I rush to the great welcome  
sea.

Soon those great billows I bravely  
will dare,

So faster, yet faster, I must hasten  
there.

Tossed to and fro on the broad  
ocean's breast—

O how I long to be gently caressed

By the cool soothing waters—

Great Heavens! My hat!

You fat, beastly Bluebottle, take

That, that, and that!!!

Slowly and painfully back to the shed,  
Dragging my weary feet, heavy as  
lead.

Where are those gay steps, quick,  
airy, light?

Gone in a trice! O that Bluebottle's  
bite!!!

Now hearken, ye Bluebottles! Cursed  
be ye!

And all your cruel brethren who lurk  
by the sea!

And a warning to bathers, who rush  
towards the deep,

Just profit by this, and "Look ere you  
leap!!!"

J. STRONACH, 2E.

## FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.

This wonderful white building is the home of our Australian laws. It is very beautiful to look upon in the early morning sunshine.

On ascending the broad main steps to the entrance, one sees the Australian Coat of Arms, and, beside it, the English Coat of Arms. Then, entering the building, one sees a beautiful white rubber mat, with the Australian Coat of Arms inlaid in it, the work is carried out in colours and the mat will never become shabby as the pattern is  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick.

On going up the main staircase, which leads to the King's Hall, the guide told us that the marble of the stairs was quarried in Victoria, and the wood was West Australian jarrah and the handrails Tasmanian blackwood.

When we entered the King's Hall it was explained to us that the floor was of inlaid oak and jarrah. On the wall hung many exquisite oil-paintings of noted Australian politicians and governors, such as Hopetoun, Denman, Holder, Deakin, Barton, Watson and Bruce. In front of the oils are bronze and marble busts of such men as Cook and Hughes. Passing on, we were shown the table and quill used by Queen Victoria to sign the document proclaiming Australia a Commonwealth. These articles are kept in a glass case, standing beside which is a similar case containing metal records of the flights of Hinkler and Kingsford Smith, and the original £10,000 cheque presented to Sir Ross Smith.

In the centre of this hall stands a life-size bronze statue of King George mounted on a black and white marble pedestal. This work is entirely Australian.

Passing from the King's Hall, we were led into the Chamber of Representatives. In the centre of the room is the Ministerial Bench, on the left of which sit the Labour Party, and on the right, the National Party. Behind this Bench is the Speaker's

Chair, which is very wonderful, having the arm-rests carved from wood taken from Nelson's "Victory," and the Coat of Arms fashioned on a beam from Westminster Abbey. On the Bench are two despatch boxes copied from those on the bench in the Imperial Parliament and presented by the King. The speeches are copied down in shorthand and after completion are placed in a vacuum pipe and sent one and a half miles in two minutes, to the printer at Eastlake, who returns them in print the same night. There are two Visitors' Galleries and one Press Gallery. The galleries look down on to the members and the speeches are plainly heard. The lighting system is carried out in such a way that there are no shadows and all light is reflected. The shades are supported by oaken beams and may be lowered to the floor to be cleaned. On the floor is a green carpet from Scotland, measuring 25 ft. x 45ft., the largest one-piece carpet in Australia. All the furnishings in this Chamber are green.

Next we were conducted into the Senate Chamber, the appointments of which are carried out entirely in red. This chamber is similar to the previous one except that there are two Chairs for the President, the smaller presented by the Canadian Government. There also are the Visitors' and Press Galleries and the same lighting system. In both chambers there are gratings around the walls for the intake of cool air during the hot weather. In all other portions of the building the floor is covered with an inlaid rubber matting  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in thickness, but in this room the rubber was not a success, so a carpet is being made in Scotland. It was in this chamber that the Duke of York declared Canberra the Federal Capital of Australia.

Leaving this chamber we were taken to a balcony which overlooks a grass courtyard, where the members are able to walk when the House is

closed. On the other side of this courtyard are the members' dining rooms, bathrooms and a billiard room. The members have all their meals at the House, but they sleep at a hotel nearby. It was explained to us that wireless was a failure on account of the constant presence of thunder and of the hills surrounding Canberra.

Passing again into the King's Hall we were shown the beautiful white marble busts of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, which were presented to the Nation by Archbishop Mannix. When we went down into the basement we were shown the ma-

chinery for introducing the cold air, for the lighting, and for the cleaning systems. The cleaning is done by the vacuum system and all wooden floors are polished by electric polishers.

Although this is only a brief description of Australia's Parliament House, still, I hope it gives you some idea of the beauty and the wonder of it, of the time and labour spent in making it something worth while. It is a good example of the old proverb,

"If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well."

E. Thearle, 4 B.

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## BEAUTY.

She steppeth in the cool green glades,  
She glides o'er misty mountains;  
In rippling brooks she murmur'ing  
wades,  
And gurgles in the fountains.

Her scented breath the breezes waft  
O'er every plain and meadow;  
Her heavenly song is breathed aloft  
From every nook and shadow.

This dainty maid, adored by all,  
Is kindred of the flowers;  
She comes to answer Nature's call  
From out sweet, shaded bowers.

In gloomy alleys she is found,  
Full many a life she brightens;  
Forever will she be renowned  
Where many a cloud she lightens.  
NEMO, 5 B.

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## THE PAVEMENT ARTIST.

Crouching on the stony pavement is an artist. His clothes are shabby and his thin shoulders are bent as he huddles over his work. Now and then a few people stop and gaze at his pictures and a few coins tinkle as they drop into his cap. But he never raises his head, as, with eyes intent on his work, he selects his chinks from a dusty pile on an old newspaper and works steadily on. A few deft touches here and there, a close scrutiny, a small alteration, and another picture is completed. His warm brown eyes glow with pride and pleasure as he places it in a line with the others against the wall. Forgotten are all the crowds and the shops

and the noisy vehicles of the city in the joy of his achievement. The soul of the artist is rejoicing in the beauty it has created.

Then, slowly, he begins his preparations for another picture. He heeds not those who stand to watch, but works slowly on. Cheerful, gay colours brighten the dull, drab, dusty side-walk, and many a heart is lightened and many an eye refreshed by their beauty. Thus he works throughout the long day, till the purple shades of evening creep across the restless, surging sea and softly embrace the city, and then he gathers his pictures carefully under his arm and disappears into the darkness.

GRACE HIGGINS, 3 A.

## FIG TREE REVELS.

The sun had long since gone to rest, and all was dark, and still, and peaceful. The old fig-tree in the deserted garden swayed softly.

Suddenly a sweet tinkle of bells was heard, and all the leaves of the tree gave forth a soft, bright light. And numerous little doors in the hollow of the tree opened, and out trooped a flock of green-clad elves. Some carried between them a long roll, which they spread out on the ground beneath the tree. It was a carpet, made of spun gold, interlaced with green, and it shone and sparkled in the light from the lamps in the leaves.

Other elves brought out sprays of wonderful flowers, which they arranged artistically amongst the branches of the fig-tree, and along the edge of the carpet.

Some fairies, as a special favour, came to the tree with a great load of toadstools, big and small, which they arranged on the carpet to serve as tables and stools.

With a great whirring of wings and much twittering, a band of bell-birds, who had been hired as musicians, landed amongst the elves, and were escorted to a platform which had been prepared for them at one corner of the carpet.

At last all was ready, and the elves disappeared below to put on their party clothes.

Very soon they came up again, all bright and smiling. They congregated into an eager, chattering group, and seemed very excited.

Then a soft beating of wings was heard, and a troop of dainty fairies landed beside the elves. The invitations had been issued, with great forethought, so that each young elf had a pretty fairy for his partner; and so the elves now proudly led their fair ladies to a seat.

After a short period devoted to chattering, the band burst into music, gay and beautiful. When it was end-

ed, and everyone had applauded very heartily, the King of the Fig-tree arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, this ball has been given by me and my subjects in honour of the marriage of my son, Prince Feuille, to Lady Fleur of the Waratahs. (Loud applause.) I will now ask the Prince and his bride to step forward."

They came forward, and stood beside the King, the Prince looking very proud, the Princess very shy and beautiful. They were greeted with acclamation, and it was some time before order was again restored. Then the Prince spoke:

"On behalf of my wife and myself, I must thank you for the wonderful welcome you have given us."

The Prince and his smiling Princess then retired, amidst more applause. When it had subsided, the Chancellor, who was the director of ceremonies for the evening, arose, and very solemnly said:

"The first item on the programme, ladies and gentlemen, will be the opening of the ball by the Prince and Princess."

The bell-birds began to carol sweetly, as the Prince and Princess danced. Others followed, and very soon there was no one at all sitting down. From then on, the fun was fast and furious, and time seemed to slip away without anyone noticing it.

But all things come to an end at last, and everyone was very sorry when one of the Sun's messengers came to tell them that he was about to rise. So with many regrets, the ball ended, and each fairy was escorted home by her gallant partner.

Then what a rush and bustle there was when the elves came back! Some gathered all the flowers together, falling over those who were vainly trying to roll up a carpet on which the other elves were standing. The toadstool fairies hurried to the fig-tree

to collect their toadstools, and the bell-birds quickly flew home.

At last, however, everything had been taken back underground, and

as the last elf entered the door of the fig-tree, all the little lamps went out, and the first gleam of the rising sun shone forth in the east.

I. STEPHEN, 4 A.

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## ONE OF THE WONDERS OF TO-DAY— THE TALKIES.

It seems incredible to speak of the voice being photographed, but nevertheless it is a reality and a very interesting and clever process.

In the photographic studio there must not be the slightest sound except the voice of the performer, which is received by a sensitive microphone. This microphone is similar to a telephone, only much more sensitive, therefore all other sounds are quickly picked up.

To prevent other noises interfering with that of the speaker or singer, the studios have double walls, the floors made of rubber, and the tapestry and drapings are of soft material.

As the sounds are received by the microphone, they are amplified by means of special valves, and these sound waves are transformed into light waves. The fluctuating of the light, which really represents the variation of the sound waves, strikes the selenium cell.

The selenium cell is constructed by winding copper wire a certain way over a strip of mica a few centimetres long. Melted selenium is then poured on the strip and pressed in between the wires. When complete, the selenium cell is about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  ins. by  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., and is protected by a glass cover. The selenium which is used, is obtained from the deposit left on the chimneys by sulphuric acid fumes, and submitted to a special process.

The selenium cell has properties that when subject to a light ray, will alter the resistance and allow more or

less current to pass through, according to the variation of the voice.

The fluctuating light beams shine on the lens of the camera, and is then photographed, the voice or sound being represented on the film by light or dark horizontal lines, according to the pitch. The actual photograph of the scene is taken by a second camera, but both cameras work at the same time.

When the whole picture is photographed, there are two separate films which are developed, but the printing is done in such a way that when the process is over, the two films come out as one—thus obtaining perfect synchronism. The complete film has the voice recorded on a very small strip at the side of the picture. It is then rolled in a reel ready for showing.

The positive picture is put through the cinematograph at the rate of fifteen pictures a second. The picture is shown through one opening, and the voice through another slit which is only the width of a hair.

As the strong light which shines at the back of the film strikes the light or dark shades of the voice, this again strikes the selenium cell which alters the resistance, and allows the current to flow according to the variation of the lines on the film. This is received by an amplifier, as is done by a wireless, and finally reproduced in the loud speaker.

Thus are produced the wonderful, and almost perfect "Talkies."

Sylvia Durst, 2 A.

## ROSE PETALS.

Once the South Wind, playing  
 In a rose bush fair,  
 Scatter'd fragrant petals,  
 Through the summer air.  
 Some he gently wafted  
 To a streamlet gay,

On its rippled surface  
 Floated they away.  
 Leap'd the creamy petals  
 O'er a cascade small,  
 But the water drowned them  
 Near the little fall.

ADELE BIERI, 3 C.

## MELODY OF HOPE.

Idly turning over the leaves of my music album, I came upon a piece of music with an attractive title-sheet. A lighthouse, with a far shedding beam of light, was portrayed on it. Two warships were circling this, and they appeared to be carefully avoiding the ragged, jutting teeth of nearby rocks. Round the picture was a stout rope, to which an anchor was attached. The name of the piece was, "Grove's Melody of Hope," by Leon H. Groves.

It was composed during the war, and was dedicated to the glorious womanhood of Australia; the women who waited bravely for their loved ones to return—some, alas! were never to return. The hearts of the women were filled with hope, and 'twas the thought of them which caused Leon Groves to compose this music.

This reverie commences slowly and sweetly, the arpeggio chords in the treble clef giving it an organ-like effect. The theme is that of a prayer,

and as the prayer grows more earnest, in pleading tones, the music grows louder. Then, like an agitated voice, it grows quicker, louder, then fades away, then louder again and sweeter, like an organ.

Then, as if some one is awaiting a letter from a dear one, it grows quicker, and is like a heart beating anxiously. The sad news has come, and, slow and soft, the notes ripple on, like a mourning, tearful person.

But hope is again dawning in the breast of the mourner, the notes become lighter, almost gay—yet with a lingering touch of sorrow.

Ding! Dong! The bells of hope begin to peal anew. Fresh energy is displayed—the bells grow louder—then, with one final burst of crescendo, the notes die dimly away to an echo.

The echo of hope still lingers—of hope is a circle round which the world revolves.

GREY SMOKE, 2 D.

## THE SABBATH EVENING.

The House of God is filled with  
 prayer;

The rushing night now stays;  
 The weary world renounces care,  
 And with his fellow prays,  
 In search of Thee, Oh Lord!

The organ breaks the holy calm  
 With quivering notes of praise,  
 That inward aid the working balm

Of all Thy Sabbath days,  
 With love for Thee, Oh Lord!

The House of God is filled with song;  
 The silent night now rings;  
 The strengthened world takes up his  
 task,

And with his fellow sings,  
 In praise of Thee, Oh Lord.

FLYING DUTCHMAN, 5 A.

## A COUNTRY ROAD.

The road winds on and on, narrowing into a mere ribbon as it dwindles away into the far distant hills. It is nothing but a bush beaten track, covered with ruts from the many dray-wheels, which have sunk down in the soft clay. Here and there the track turns and bends around the huge gums which often afford a poor, but much wanted shelter, for farmers after a day of hard and strenuous work.

Every few miles along the road small homesteads appear, and soon

a sweet rustic bridge crosses the homestead creek. Weeping willows overhang the homestead creek and reflect their wonderful shadows in the beautiful mirror of nature.

At sunset the road is lit up with that flaming golden glory of the setting sun, and the thrum, thrum of the insects reminds one of the real Australian country road.

Whither does this road lead? Why! to a picturesque town, Nowndoc, on the banks of the Manning River, New South Wales. M.H.R., Class 4 C.

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## LISTENING-IN.

When tea is done, and dishes washed,  
I curl up in the big arm chair,  
And place those ugly head-phones on,  
To get the news from everywhere.

Beside my chair the electric-fire,  
And at my feet a canine friend,  
And perfume sweet of flowers fair,  
For me their energies expend.

No flashing light my eyes to live,  
But shadow shapes that print the walls,  
And from the air some restful song,  
Like rustling leaves when Autumn calls.

The labours of the week all past  
With tasks complete and put away,  
Captive of comfort now I dream,  
And fall asleep in Radio Bay.

Hazel Rose, 3 D.

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## LOVE'S GARDEN.

In a certain village in the country there is a little grey house called, "Love's Homestead." Lattices adorn the walls, and creeping and twining among the lattice is old English lavender, mauve in colour. A dear, white-headed lady lives in this cottage and smiling, yet wistful, she tells you of its history.

Once, long, long ago, her mother and father came from the home-land to settle in New South Wales. They reared a family, which brought them both sadness and joy. The old lady continues her story and at the conclusion, shows you the garden.

Gaunt oaks adorn the numerous avenues, while shy, sweet violets peep daintily from behind these oaks, and ivy creepers entwine themselves around the limbs. Roses, pink, yellow and white, grow in a profusion that is delightful to gaze upon. A

hedge of privet borders the garden and pathways.

Entire confusion reigns, for the garden is not trimmed and orderly. Yet, it is the sweetest of all gardens. Why? Because happy people have always lived in it; light-hearted boys and girls have rejoiced in playing hide-and-seek there; tired people have relaxed their weary limbs in the cool nooks and have regained their usual vigour. Grown-up people, who have loved each other, sat on the seats and wandered amid the trees. Cats have carried their kittens there and dogs have lapped the refreshing water from the clear, sparkling pool, lying among the shadows.

The garden in other days sheltered Love, and it is always green and sweet from the happy memories the past often brings.

GREY SMOKE, 2D.



## A DAY IN COLOMBO.

As the ship steamed slowly along the coasts of Colombo, the gaunt shape of Adam's Peak and Bible Rock loomed up, outlined against the rising sun. Buddha, on his journey from Heaven, is supposed to have alighted on the Peak, and to the eyes of faith, the imprint of his foot is clearly discernible.

The steamer entered the harbour and anchored in mid-stream. Soon after, we descended the steep ladder at the ship's side, and entering a little steam launch were conveyed ashore. On the crowded jetty, there were many strikingly handsome women in the conventional costume, a brightly-coloured sarong wound about the body and draped over the head.

At the money-changers we changed our Australian coin—a rupee consists of sixteen annas, or one hundred cents. The rupee is equivalent to 1/6.

Outside, multitudinous rickshaws plied their trade, covered waggons were drawn by queer hump-backed oxen, but nowhere did I see a horse, as the climate does not agree with them. We were surrounded by dirty natives clamouring for us to take a rickshaw ride. We passed on down the streets, peering into the queer little shops, many of them below the street level. The native shopkeepers stood outside their shops and, as we approached, importuned us to buy their goods. Most of the little shops sold such trifles as fans, baskets, straw purses and hats made by the natives, and knick-knacks in ivory and ebony.

We went for a rickshaw ride. The most wonderful sensation possessed us as we bowled along, I felt as if I were riding on clouds, so smoothly did the man run.

In the afternoon we took an observation car ride. We first visited a Buddhist temple just outside Colombo. Before going in, we had to take off our shoes, and it was extremely laughable to see the more dignified

members of the party, trailing after the guide in their stockinged feet.

The temple itself was rather like a hurdy-gurdy show. On the walls and ceiling were pictures, representing scenes from the life of Buddha. These were painted in the most glaring colours—red, green, yellow, violet. The temple consisted of one large room, and a small inner room. In this room there were three huge statues of Buddha, resting, praying and meditating. The people of the Buddhist faith sit on the floor of the outer room while the priest, clad in an orange robe, discourses on the life and the teaching of Buddha.

Leaving the temple we drove through the Cinnamon Gardens where little native boys ran beside the car throwing in crushed cinnamon leaves and sacred lotus flowers. We then left the town behind and commenced the run out to Mt. Lavinia. This is a kind of club, seven miles outside Colombo.

On the way we passed through several native villages—mostly just groups of little squalid-looking hovels. Arrived at Mt. Lavinia, we had afternoon tea on the hotel balcony, overlooking the courtyard, where little grey squirrels made stealthy attacks to obtain the crumbs fallen from the tables. Big black crows sailed leisurely downwards from the trees and perched cheekily on the chairs as soon as people left.

In the front of the courtyard, native women squatted against the hotel walls, making lace on flat little pillows. Under their deft fingers, the bobbins whirled and fell, and inch after inch of lace appeared.

We left the hotel and made our way back to Colombo, by a different road, which climbed upwards for a short time, with dense growth on either side. A blank green wall met our gaze, creepers so covered the trees that the trunks of the latter were barely distinguishable. Then the

vegetation thinned and we caught a glimpse of sparkling blue water, heaving in restless swells, then it was shut out from sight. We plunged through a native village, and, the horn clamouring a loud fanfare, fat native babies about three and four years old, rolled out, so it seemed, from beneath the very wheels of the car.

Soon we were threading a cautious way through the crowded streets of Colombo. We turned from the broad main streets and went hurtling down a narrow back street, the horn sounding every second. We were in the native quarter; brisk Cingalese went by, the red disc of their faith showing like a round bead of blood on their foreheads; native women threaded a tortuous way through the chattering throngs, congregated on the foot-paths; tired rickshaw men padded slowly along, beside us, or in front, and our car slowly forged ahead.

The native quarter is a most repulsively dirty place—refuse litters the gutters, pariah dogs slink about the markets, where food of every description lies exposed to dust and flies. Ever and anon we were met by some beggar, maimed in some re-

volting way, too physically sickening to describe. Dirt and disease walk the streets hand in hand. But this is the seamy side of Eastern life.

We passed a Hindu temple and caught a glimpse of a darkened chamber where tall dervish-like figures whirled, garments fluttering, as incense drifted out into the street.

The sun was now far gone; already twilight was upon us; soon would come the swift tropic night. Our driver drew up before the silk shop near the jetty; came hastening out Ram Dar, a picturesque ancient, with grey beard and hawk-like brown eyes which shone now at our appreciation of the trip and praise of his driver who grinned comfortably, in the knowledge of duty well done, for he had given us a look at every side of life in Ceylon in that brief drive. Then we were hastening down to the launch and soon shooting across the harbour to where our floating home lay, a glittering mass of lights.

But in that one day's brief glimpse at the life of the East was sown a seed of wanderlust, and now often in imagination, I roam those streets again, and to my nostrils drift the mingled perfumes of lotus flowers and cinnamon leaves.

“VOYAGEUSE,” 4 A.

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## SONG OF THE SEA.

Songs have been sung of the bush-land,

Gum trees and soft fronded fern,  
Of wide marshy swamps where the hoarse bull-frogs croak,

The quivering whispers of waving she-oak,

And the wide sweeping plains in their turn.

O croon then a song of the sea-shore,  
Of waves and of high-flying spray,  
Of brown sun-warmed rocks and of clouds floating by,  
And of sand-caught reflection of tree and of sky,

And the sun-set from over the bay.

Then shout with tempestuous laughter

As thunder the white-crested waves,  
While the southerly wind whirls the spin-drift along,

And moans round the cliffs with its queer wailing song,

Or eerily shrieks in the caves.

But whether a song of the sea-shore  
In storm or with summer glows clad,

Or a song of the bushland that borders the plain,

Where the slow rivers run to the tune of the rain;

The heart of the singer is glad.

J.N., 3 A.

## WEST AUSTRALIA.

BY A NINE MONTHS' RESIDENT.

West Australian boys and girls are very proud of their country. They will detail to you the landmarks of its past, but it is when they come to the immediate past and the future that they are most eloquent. They are confident that there are great prospects for the largest State in the Commonwealth. They can all tell you that wheat is now grown out to "Southern Cross," which is very far inland, that the North-West has untold possibilities, as being the heretofore most neglected region, that sheep farming will by and by become as extensive as wheat farming in Western Australia, that mining has only begun.

West Australia has the advantage of being a small community. In it hopes are lively, the individual counts for much, and every department calls for pioneering—the first moulding of the material, the expression of the idea, of the modern concept and hope. The machinery of life has not absorbed human spirit and personality. Realities touch one at first hand, not through meshes of precedent, and things done that cannot be undone, beaten paths that willy nilly must be trodden. That is the advantage of being a small community; residents of Sydney I will leave to fill in the disadvantages; they are many and can easily be guessed at.

Perth is probably the prettiest corner of West Australia; it must be one of the prettiest in Australia. Looking down King's Park to the river one seems to see another Riviera, so intensely blue are the waters, so fascinating the curves of the land with the city on its shores, the inlets and tongues of it interlacing the waters. On a moonlight night it is a dream of beauty. Also on a starlit one. I have never seen it anything else but beautiful, in all weathers and at every hour. But such beauty is rare. The other pride of Perth is the main street, St. George's

Terrace. Wide, finely paved, bereft of trams, it sweeps up on a slight rise to the old Barracks that stand across one end. At the other—flat—are the University, Government House, The Christian Brothers' College, etc.

(You see we are still all like a happy family in Perth, and big institutions with a preference for quiet surrounding can have their headquarters at one end of the main street). On each side thoroughfares cut across, on the river side one narrow way giving such a dash of blue to the sight when you look down it, as reminds you of the Bay of Naples seen in the section of a side alley from the noisy Via Rome.

Perth has several fine picture theatres, where the best films come quite early in their circuits; talking films have not appeared yet. Regular concerts we have not; but are dependent on visiting artists, and as people are very fond of music, there are many gramophones with good records. The Music Society of the University has a fine instrument given by the Senate, on which gems owned by the members are played for the benefit of other members.

Albany, the former chief port of the State, is such a good looking spot as one does not often see, even in Australia. Its beauty is a foreign kind in these latitudes, all rain and greenness, hills and rocks, like Arran in Scotland. The harbour is considered one of the best, and no doubt Albany people still wonder why Fremantle has displaced their town, just as the people of Dieppe complain of its decay, and inveigh against the injustice of Paris and centralisation. The High School of Albany, to which I climbed to hear the orals for the Intermediate and Leaving, is built away among the rocks. It is quite a bush walk to it, if one takes the short cut from the station. In West Australia every candidate in a Modern Language has to be tested in reading,

recitation and conversation in the language, as well as dictation. That gave me quite a lot of travelling to do towards the end of the year.

West Australia has a regular passenger air service, to the North-West. I believe it is the only one in Australia. Even as many West Australian boys and girls will write at length on the past and future of their country, so a surprising number can also give personal experience of an aeroplane journey. It must at any rate be faster than a W.A. train. The

Government has covered an amazing amount of mileage in their vast territory, but with a very narrow gauge, so that not only does the carriage sway all the time from side to side, but it also takes over three hours to come from Northam to Perth—a distance of sixty-three miles!

MARGARET A. CLARKE.

Dr. Margaret Clarke, Director of Modern Language Studies at Perth University, is a distinguished "Fortian."

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### "CLOSE OF DAY."

Softly sighing, day is dying,  
Slowly fades the twilight gleam;  
Winds are crooning, birds are calling,  
Holy silence reigns supreme.

Gulls are flapping, waves are lapping  
On the quiet twilit sands;  
Sun is setting, day is ending,  
Passing on to other lands.

Stars are peeping, elves are creeping  
Down the silver milky way,  
Trees are swaying, Pan is playing  
At the quiet close of day.

Now the day is slowly ending,  
Red soft clouds of pink and gray;  
Drowsy flowers now are bending,  
At the quiet close of day.

WINSOME ROBINSON, 2E.

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### "THANK BADNESS."

I was just preparing for my homework, when I remembered that I had no French that night. "Well, thank goodness for that," I exclaimed. To my surprise, as soon as I had uttered the words, a little man, dressed entirely in black, with the most woe-begone face I had ever seen, climbed up on the table, dropping tears all over my precious "Macbeth."

"W—Who are you?" I stammered, when I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment. The little man stopped sobbing to say "I'm Badness," and immediately began to sob again. I shook his shoulder gently with the end of my fountain pen.

"What is the matter?" I queried. In answer to this, my little man sat up, dried his eyes, and said, "Well, you know, when anything pleasant happens to anyone, she always says,

'Thank Goodness.' She never thanks me for it, and Goodness is always crowing over me, and making my life miserable. If only someone would say, 'Thank Badness,' I would be happy again." With these words he vanished.

I remained motionless for a moment, pondering whether it had been merely "a false creation of the mind."

However, I resolved to make this little being happy, no matter how wrong "Badness" might seem to some, so, on the next morning, at the first opportunity, I exclaimed "Thank Badness," much to the consternation of the girls, who thought I had lost my senses. But what did I care? Did I not see the little black figure skipping through the window with a bright smile on his face?

VALERIE BALL, 5 A.



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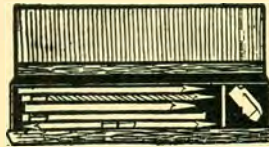
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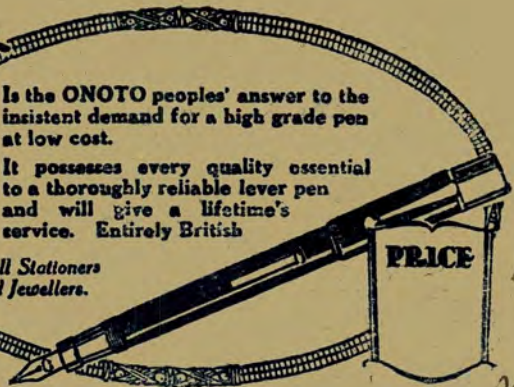
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