

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET.



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VOL. III—No. 9.

MAY, 1932

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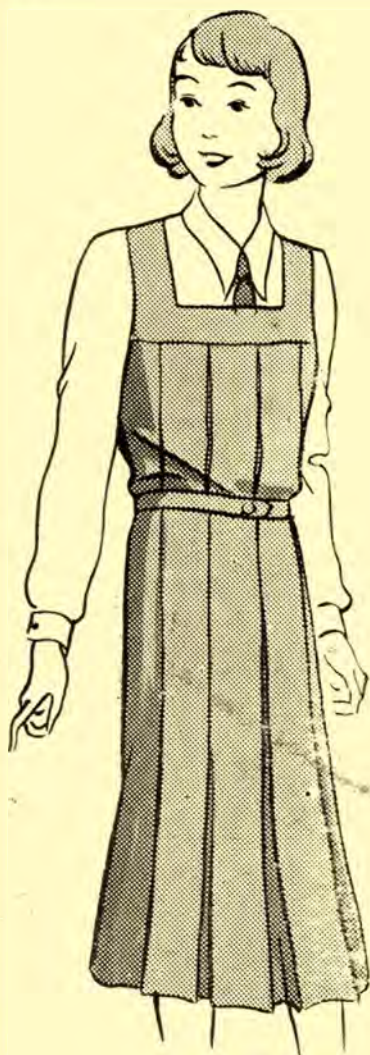
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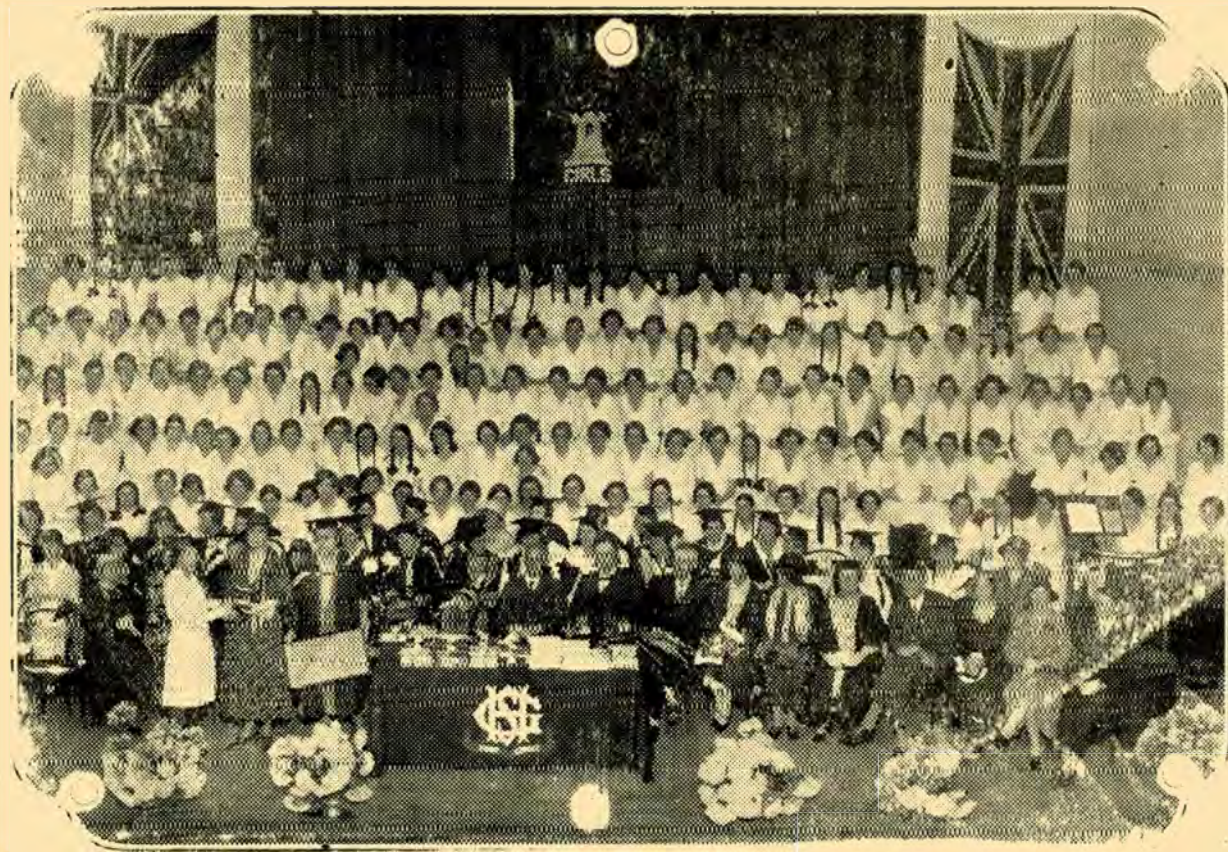
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SPEECH DAY, CONSERVATORI UM, DECEMBER, 1931.

(By courtesy of the 'Sydney Morning Herald.')

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
MAY, 1932.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

The Staff.

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Deputy Principal: Miss BLUME, B.Sc.

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Miss MOORE, B.A. Mrs. ROBERTSON, B.A.
Miss MOULSDALE, M.A. Miss WICKS, B.A., B.Ec.
Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

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Miss SIMONS, B.A.

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Miss WESTON, M.A.

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Miss CHEETHAM, B.A. Miss CRAWFORD, B.Sc.
Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

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Miss HARDERS. Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.
Miss MURRAY, B.A., L.es. L., Dr. Miss SPENCER, B.A.
Phil.

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Needlework: Miss COUSINS.

Music: Mrs. JAMES.

Physical Culture: Mrs. GRIFFIN.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Magazine Business Manager: Miss MOULSDALE, M.A.

Captain, 1932: BERYL LAMBLE.

A DREAM OR A REALITY?

THE year 1932 will ever be remembered by Fortians as it was marked by the realisation of several dreams—the winning of the Proficiency Scholarship at the Leaving Certificate Examination; the gaining of the best pass for girls at the Intermediate Certificate Examination; the completion of the Assembly Hall with its stage and dressing rooms and the addition to the grounds of the land promised, many years previously, by the Harbour Bridge authorities.

Additional possessions bring with them additional responsibilities and it is our responsibility to commence the work of putting the grounds in order. Our school is an imposing building, but the grounds are in a deplorable condition. The site is one of the finest in the city and it is the dream of all Fortians to see their school sur-

rounded by green lawns, tennis courts, gardens, trees and palms.

For this dream to materialise money is needed, and unfortunately the Department of Education cannot do much to help owing to the present financial stringency. Plans have been prepared by the Government Architect, and at last it seems possible to hope that the grounds may soon provide a setting worthy of the school whose traditions date back to 1849.

I acknowledge with gratitude gifts which I have already received, and I earnestly appeal to the parents of past and present pupils, as well as to those interested in the welfare of the school, to send a donation to the fund which has been opened for the purpose of making tennis courts and setting the grounds in order. If all will help this dream too will soon become a reality!

J. Cohen . M. A. B. C.

Principal.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

The Staff.—We have many changes to record. We wish Misses Chapman, Marks and Watts, who have retired after many years of service, health to enjoy their well-earned leisure; and remind them that they will always have the good wishes of the Staff and pupils.

Miss Drury was transferred to Dubbo during the Christmas vacation, and the Misses Bayley, Beddie, Herd, Mackaness and Wilson were transferred to other schools in the middle of February, and we wish them success and happiness in their new spheres.

To Miss Reeves, a Queensland graduate, Miss Cheetham, Miss Cousins and Mrs. James, new members of the staff, we extend a hearty welcome.

SPEECH DAY.

Many Fortians eyed the skies dubiously on Wednesday, 16th December, thinking it was going to rain on the one day they desired to be particularly sunny—Speech Day. However, much to their joy, the rain-clouds dispersed and the sun shone brilliantly. Early in the day groups of white-robed girls could be seen strolling about the Gardens or standing near the Conservatorium of Music, all eager to enter the hall and begin the ceremony of the day. At last the doors were thrown open and the girls trooped in, prize-winners and choir-girls on the platform and the rest of the school in the hall. Then came Miss Cohen, the Staff and the distinguished visitors. We were pleased

to notice the large number of friends and old girls present.

The School was pleased to welcome once again Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise, the two former Principals. Other visitors on the platform were: Mr. Thomas, Director of Education, and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Chief Inspector and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Senior Inspector and Mrs. Cramp, Mr. Inspector and Mrs. Back, Mr. Inspector and Mrs. Craddock, Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., and Mrs. and Miss Bradfield.

Bouquets were presented by the prefects to Miss Cohen, Miss Partridge, Miss Cruise, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Bradfield.

Margaret McCandles, Captain for 1931, presented to Mrs. Elliott, on behalf of the School, a tray decorated with the crest of the school, the work of Vera Harder; one of our "Art" girls, and expressed our regret that Mr. Elliott was retiring, adding that we would always be delighted to see them both at our functions.

During the morning, Miss Watts sang two beautiful songs, which were much enjoyed, and under her baton the Special Choir rendered several delightful songs.

Mr. Thomas, the Chairman, expressed his pleasure at being present, and gave some good advice to the assembled company.

Miss Cohen, the loved and respected Principal, read the report for 1931. This constituted a most interesting item for everybody, and it was gratifying to realise how well Fort Street had acquitted itself in study, sport and other activities.

Mr. Elliott, the retiring Chief Inspector, then delivered an address full of reminiscence, followed by Mr. Clyne, who, in the course of his speech, reminded the pupils of their privileges.

Then came the most important part of the whole programme—the presentation of the prizes, certificates and life-saving awards. Mrs. Elliott, as on many former occasions graciously presented these, and made a very inspiring speech to the girls on character.

After the prizes had been presented, Miss Blume, in speaking to Mr. Elliott on behalf of the Staff, expressed the regret felt by everyone at losing such a valued friend. Margaret McCandles, Captain for 1931, and Beryl Lambic, Captain-elect for 1932, then proposed votes of thanks to Mr.

Thomas (the Chairman), to the speakers and to Mrs. Elliott.

After singing "The Best School of All" and the National Anthem, the happy throng left the hall with a pleasing memory of a delightful morning spent with the Fort Street girls.

L.T., 4A.

PRIZE LIST, 1931.

Dux of School: Doris Roy.
Second Proficiency Prize—Ruth Leonard.

Dux of Year IV: Vera Pausey.
Second Proficiency Prize: Betty Scott.

Dux of Year III: Lesbia Wright.
Second Proficiency Prize: Enid Smith.

Dux of Year II: Gwen Morris.
Second Proficiency Prize: Joan Fraser.

Dux of Year I: Joyce McCredie.
Second Proficiency Prize: Maria Boldini.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize: Maurine Deer.
Molly Thornhill Prize: Betty Scott.
Emily Cruise Prize: Maria Aria.
Mary Corringham Prizes for Short Story: Nancy Service, Peggy Browne.
Joyce Kolts' Prize for Poetry: Adele Bieri.

SCRIPTURE PRIZES.

Presbyterian: Phyllis Weir, Doria Roy, Hazel Davidson.
Hebrew: Rose Druker, Yvonne Spiegel.

SPORTS PRIZE.

Fort Street Boys' High School Trophy: Jean McDonald.

CERTIFICATES, 1931

YEAR V.

English: Adele Bieri.
Latin: Doris Roy.
French: Doris Roy.
German: Iris Tate.
Mathematics: Doris Roy.
Mechanics: Doreen Miles.
Modern History: Ruth Leonard.
Ancient History: Jean Smith.
Chemistry: Effie Graham.
Botany: Miriam Hughes.
Geology: Ruth Leonard.
Geography: Betty Kennedy.
Economics: Alcia Fooke.
Needlework: Clarice Mayo, Lillian Ackland (prox. acc.)
Art: Miriam Hughes, Mavis Robbins (prox. acc.)
Physical Culture: Joan Barden.

YEAR IV.

Latin: Vera Pausey.
English: Vera Pausey.
Greek: Vera Pausey.
French: Joan Jennings.
German: Shirley Morris.
Mathematics I: Vera Pausey.
Mathematics II: Margaret McVicar.
Mechanics: Margaret Balmain.
Modern History: Catherine Sykes.
Ancient History: Vera Pausey,
 Catherine Sykes (prox. acc.)
Chemistry: Shirley Morris.
Botany: Jessie Leask.
Geology: Olive Shaw, Joyce Rogers
 (prox. acc.)
Geography: Pearl Fox.
Music: Mavis Noble.
Art: Maimie Richards.
Physical Culture: Mona Eavenscroft,
 Margaret McVicar (equal)
Needlework: Gwenda Porter.
Economics: Edna Starling.



LESBIA WRIGHT.

The best female candidate taking seven subjects at the Intermediate Examination.

Lesbia gained an "A" pass in English, History, Latin, French, Mathematics I, Mathematics II and Science and the Sutor Prize for Australian History.

(By courtesy of the 'Sydney Morning Herald'.)

YEAR III.

English: Enid Smith, Lesbia Wright, Loraine Thompson (prox. acc.)
History: Gladys Handscomb.
French: Loraine Thompson, Lilian Grimsley (prox. acc.)
Latin: Grace Hancock, Enid Smith (equal).
German: Doris Odgers.
Mathematics I: Florence Howman, Dorothy Wilson, Margaret Kelk (prox. acc.)
Mathematics II: Dorothy Wilson.
Elementary Science: Lesbia Wright.
Botany: Dulcie Penfold.
Geography: Sylvia Ellis.
Art: Vera Harder.
Music: Florence Howman.
Needlework: Gwenda Ferris.
Physical Culture: Norma Scott.

YEAR II.

English: Gwen Morris, Joan Fraser (prox. acc.)
History: Heather Bradshaw, Dolly Hancock (equal).
French: Joan Fraser.
Latin: Gwen Morris.
German: Betty Roberts.
Mathematics I: Phyllis Whitebread.
Mathematics II: Gwen Morris.
Elementary Science: Ethel Frith, Joan Warren (equal).
Geography: Isabel Hodge.
Needlework: Valerie Fooke.
Art: Marion Jones.
Music: Norma Raynor.
Physical Culture: Novia Pogson.

YEAR I.

English: Murial Ward, Bessie Harris (prox. acc.)
History: Phyllis Corner, Joyce McCredie (equal).
Latin: Phyllis Corner.
French: Phyllis Corner, Iris Morgan (equal). Joyce McCredie (prox. acc.)
German: Maria Boldini.
Mathematics I: Iris Morgan.
Mathematics II: Phyllis Corner.
Elementary Science: Joyce Frith, prox. acc. Heather Maclure.
Geography: Ruth Clubb.
Needlework: Edna Hill.
Physical Culture: Clarice Hamilton

The Ada Partridge Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Leaving Certification Examination, was won this year by Doris Roy.

The Mollie Thornhill Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Examination,

tion, was won this year by Lesbia Wright.

The Emily Cruise Prize, which is awarded to the Fortian who obtains the highest marks in History at the Intermediate Certificate Examination, was won by Lesbia Wright.

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

English—First Class: Nellie Emmett, Ruth Leonard, Adele Bieri, Ena Browne.

Second Class: Joyce Bannan.

Latin—First Class: Doris Roy.

French—First Class: Doris Roy (second in State).

German—First Class: Iris Tate (first in State).

Mathematics—First Class: Doris Roy.

Modern History—Second Class: Nellie Emmett, Florence Pollard.

Chemistry—Second Class: Nancy Leavers.

Botany—First Class: Betty Kennedy (second in State), Miriam Hughes.

Second Class: Dorothy Coleman, Ruth Fearnside.

Training College Scholarships.

Of the eighty scholarships awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, Fort Street girls gained sixteen.

Following are the names of the successful candidates:

Doris Roy, Miriam Hughes, Iris Tate, Nellie Emmett, Florence Pollard, Nancy Leavers, Doreen Miles, Lillian Ackland, Bertha Schwarzlose, Ruth Leonard, Adele Bieri, Jean Wright, Ruth Fearnside, Nan Cameron, Thora Bowen, Nancy Service.

Thelma Deves (L.C., 1926), was also awarded a scholarship.

A University Bursary was won by Doris Roy.

University Exhibitions in the Faculty of Arts were awarded to Nellie Emmett, Florence Pollard, Doris Roy, Bertha Schwarzlose and Iris Tate.

At the **Matriculation Examination** held in March, Joyce Bannan, Sylvia Dalton and Olive Lamble were successful.

Matriculation Scholarships.—The Bowman Cameron Prize for General Proficiency, The John West Medal and the Grahame Prize Medal for General Proficiency, the Fairfax Prize for the best female candidate, and the Queen Victoria Scholarship were gained by Doris Roy.

A Bursary was awarded to Enid Smith on the results of the Intermediate Examination.

The H. M. Suttor Prize for Australian History at the Intermediate Examination, was won by Lesbia Wright.

Leaving Certificate Examination Results.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statement: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I, 6 Mathematics II, 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 16 Lower Standard Mathematics, 17 Economics, 18 Music, 22 Dressmaking.

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

Ackland, Lillian Agnes, 1B 5A 6A 8B 13H2 14B 22B.

Anderson, Jean Watson, 1B 3B 13B 16 pass 22B.

Armstrong, Betty Isabel, 1A 2B 3L 5B 6A 11B.

Arnold, Lesley Alexandra, 1B 2B 3B(o) 5A 6B 11A.

Bannan, Joyce Helen, 1H2 2L 3B 8B 13B 16 pass 17B.

Barden, Joan, 2L 3L 5A 6B 7B 11A.

Barkl, Maisie Dorothy, 1A 5B 8B 13A 15B 17B 22B.

Beadle, Ivy Alma, 1B 2A 3A(o) 5B 8B 9B 13B.

Beeks, Marjorie, 5B 8B.

Bieri, Adele Celia, 1H1 2A 3A(o) 4A(o) 8B 16 pass.

Bowen, Thora, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 11B.
 Browne, Ena Esme, 1H1 2A 3B(o) 5B 8B 11B.
 Burdon, Ivy Jessie, 1B 2B 3I(o) 5A 8B 11B.
 Burns, Mollie Irene, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B.
 Cameron, Ann McGilchrist, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8A 12B.
 Campbell, Alice Stuart N., 1B 5B 8B 12B 17B 22A.
 Cann, Verna, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12B.
 Caplan, Ida Pauline, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8A 12B 17B.
 Case, Winifred Violet, 1B 8B 13B 15B 17B 22A.
 Coleman, Dorothy Clara, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 12H2.
 Dalton, Sylvia Olga, 1A 2L 3L 5B 8A.
 Druker, Rose, 1B 2B 3B(o) 8B 16 pass.
 Dryland, Edna, 1B 2A 3B 5A 8B 9A 13B.
 Emmett, Nellie Irene, 1H1 2A 3A 5A 6B 8H2.
 Fearnside, Ruth, 1A 2B 3L 5A 6B 8B 12H2.
 Finney, Nellie Estelle, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Fitzgerald, Jean E., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 9B 12B.
 Fooke, Alcia Emily, 1A 8B 13B 16 pass 17B.
 Graham, Euphemia, 1B 2B 5A 6B 11A.
 Harris, Grace Mary, 1B 2A 3A(o) 5B 8B 12B.
 Harris, Joyce Evelyn, 1A 2B 5B 8A 12A 15B 17A.



DORIS ROY—The Best Matriculant of 1932.

Winner of the Bowman-Cameron Scholarship, the John West Medal and the Graham Prize Medal for General Proficiency, the Fairfax Prize for the best female candidate and the Queen Victoria Scholarship.

—(By courtesy of the 'Sydney Morning Herald'.)

Hill, Edna Frances, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 13B.
 Hughes, Miriam C., 1A 3B 5A 6A 8B 12H1 15A 22A.
 Jarvis, Enid Elvira, 2B 3B 5B 8B 13B 17B.
 Jurd, Eileen Zillah, 1B 2B 5B 6B 8A 11B.
 Kennedy, Florence E., 1B 3B 5B 8B 12H1 14B 15B.
 Kirkland, Grace Mary, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 17B.
 Lamble, Olive, 2B 5B 8B 13B 17B.
 Leavers, Nancy Maidment, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7B 11H2.

Leonard, Constance Ruth, 1H1 2A 3B(o) 5B 8A 13A.
 Mail, Elsie Elma, 1B 3B 5B 12L 18A.
 Mayo, Clarice, 1B 5B 6B 11B 22A.
 McCandless, M. R., 1B 3B 4B(o) 8B 13B 16 pass 17B.
 McKerihan, Una, 1B 3B 5B 12B 15B 18A 22B.
 McLeod, Barbara Pearl, 1B 5B 12L 15B.
 Middlehurst, Daphne Myra, 1B 3B 5B 11B 15B.
 Miles, Gwenda Doreen, 1B 2A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Moody, Amy Leone, 1B 2A 5B 8A 9B 12B.
 Murdoch, Jean Essie, 5B 8B 12A 15B 22A.
 Nicholson, Madge, 1B 2B 3L 8B 12L 16 pass.
 Notting, Joan D., 1A 3B(o) 8B 13B 16 pass 17B.
 O'Brien, Annie Maud, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 9B 13B.
 O'Neal, Mary, 1B 3B 5B 8B 12B 14B 17B.
 Pamplin, Doris Lillian, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 9A 13B.
 Pimbley, Phyllis Edna, 1B 2L 3B 5B 8B 13B 17B.
 Pinfold, Heather Grace, 1B 5B 6B 11B.
 Platt, Alice, 1B 2L 5B 9B.
 Pollard, Florence Muriel, 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 8H2.
 Quiney, Helen Elizabeth, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 9B 12A.
 Robbins, Mavis Hendry, 1B 8B 13B 14B 15B.
 Rose, Hazel Beatrice, 1B 2B 3B 5B.
 Roy, Annie Doris R., 1A 2H1 3H1(o) 5A 6A(x1) 7B.
 Schwarzlose, Bertha E., 1A 2B 3B 4H2(o) 5A 6B 8A.
 Service, Nance Lillian, 1B 2B 3B(o) 4A(o) 5B 8A.
 Smith, Jean Isabel, 1B 2L 5B 8B 9A 13B 14B.
 Stronach, Sophie Mary, 1B 3B 8B 9B 13B 16 pass.
 Tate, Iris Mavis, 1B 2A 3B(o) 4H1(o) 5A 6A 8B.
 Terry, Grace Harrington, 1B 8B 13B 16 pass 17B 22A.
 Thompson, N. H., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 8B 13B.
 Tottenham, Lois Mary, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 9A 12L.
 Twynam, Phyllis, 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Wayland, Nancy Stuart, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12B.
 Weir, Phyllis Margaret, 1A 2B 5B 8A 12B.
 Winter, Doreen Annabel, 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B.
 Wright, Evelyn Jean, 1B 2A 3L 5A 6A 7B 11B.

Intermediate Certificate Results.

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

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

In each subject there are two grades of pass, "A" and "B", the "A" pass being the higher.

Ada, Edna F., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 12B.
 Aitken, Ella M., 1B 2A 4B 6A 7B 12B.
 Armstrong, Helen G., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 20A.
 Balmain, Marjorie W., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Barnes, Doris E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22A.
 Barnett, Isabel F., 1B 2B 5B 6B 12B.
 Parrett, Betty R., 1A 2B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Bell, Lorna M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 12B.
 Bembrick, Lynette, 1B 2B 20A 22A.
 Bonamy, Joan M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Bowmaker, Amy L., 1B 4B 5B 6B 12B.
 Bragg, Nellie J., 1B 2B 4M 5B 12B.
 Bray, Phyllis B., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Brodie, Joan L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Buckett, Florence C., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 12B.
 Campbell, Esther M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11A.
 Campbell, Heather M., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Church, Dorothy J., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Coles, Gwenda K., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 8A.
 Condon, Betty, 1B 5B 6B 7B 12B.
 Connolly, Mary H., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B 21A.

- Coombe, Shirley G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
 Crowley, Hazel E. M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 12B.
 Dalziel, Hazel M., 1A 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Direks, Margaret, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Downes, Evelyn H., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 12B 21B.
 Dyer, Edna M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11A 21B 22B.
 Easton, Eveline M., 1A 2A 4A5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Ellis, Sylvia, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B(o) 12B 20A 22A.
 Evans, Gwendoline, 2A 3B 5B 12B 20B 22A.
 Ferris, Gwendoline, 1B 3B 5B 12B 20B 22A.
 Forster, Jean, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Frazer, Sybil, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Garbutt, Muriel V., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 21A.
 Garside, Beryl E., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Gately, Mollie, 1B 2B 4B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
 Gibson, Una P. E., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 12B 21A.
 Gillies, Mary M., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Glanville, Dicksie R., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7A(o) 11A.
 Glore, Dorothy M., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Graff, Phyllis, 1A 4B 5B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A 21A.
 Green, Marjorie J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B.
 Grimsley, Lilian, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A 21A.
 Hall, Emily R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 12B.
 Hamerton, Winifred M., 1B 2B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Hancock, Grace, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Handscomb, Gladys C., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Hannaford, Gwen, 1B 2B 5B 6B 12B.
 Harder, Vera C., 1B 3B 11B 20A 22A.
 Harper, Mary D., 1B 2B 3B 7B 12B 20B.
 Harris, Ruth M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 12B 20B 22A.
 Hedges, Shirley P., 1B 2B 3B 20B 21B 22B.
 Henry Dorothy E., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7B(o).
 Heyner, Joyce L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Hope, Sheila H., 1B 2A 7B 12B 20B 22A.
 Howman, Mary F., 1B 2B 4A 5A 7B 11A 21B 22A.
 Hunt, Joan W., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11A 21B 22A.
 Irons, Joyce E., 1B 2B 6A 7B 12B.
 Irvine, Dorothy B., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Johnson, Jean G., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o).
 Jones, Frances O., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 12B.
 Jones, Nellie E., 1B 4B 7B(o) 11A 21A 22B.
 Jones, Phyllis R., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Kelk, Alice M. C., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7B(o) 11A.
 Kent, Beryl E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Kinloch, Marie, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Lander, Mary C., 1B 3B 11B 20A 22A.
 Lee, Joan A., 1B 3B 12B 20A 22A.
 Lees, Dorothy E. B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 11A.
 Levick, Margaret E., 1B 2A 3B 7B 12B 20B 22B.
 Madsen, Gertrude A., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 21A.
 McArthur, Agnes, 1B 2B 7B(o) 11B.
 McCall, Elizabeth J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 12B.
 McCarthy, Mary M., 1B 3B 4B 5B 12B 20A.
 McCarthy, Muriel T., 1B 11B 20B 22B.
 McCormack, Mabel T., 1B 2A 6B 7B(o) 11A.
 McDonald, Jean S., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 McGregor, Jean M., 1B 5B 6A 7B(o).
 McKay, Margaret, 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 McLean, Frances M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 McRae, Bessie G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11A.
 Merrick, Alice M., 1A 2A 4B 7B(o) 11B.
 Moore, Agnes A., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
 Morris, Bella, 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
 Morrison, Edna M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 12B 20B 22A.
 Munro, Blanche, 1A 2B 5B 6A 7B 12A.

- O'Conner, N. C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B(o) 11A 21B 22A.
Odgers, Doris G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).
Parker, Olga P., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).
Parker, Patricia M., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B(o) 11A.
Parkinson, Christma, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7B(o) 11B.
Paul, Eileen M., 1A 2B 5B 7A(o) 8B 11B.
Penfold, D. J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A(o) 12B 20B 22A.
Pontey, Helen S., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A 21A.
Porter, Jean L., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Powditch, Elgin J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 21B 22B.
Preston-Stanley, Edith B., 1B 5B 6A 12B.
Richards, Jean M., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A 21A 22B.
Roberts, Margaret H., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11B.
Rogers, Edith E., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Rogers, Marion, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
Russ, Joan S. C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11A.
Russell, Josephine M., 1A 2B 7B 11A.
Schwarze, Lillian H., 1B 2B 7B(o) 8B(o).
Scott, Frances E., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
Scott, Norma O., 1B 6B 7B 11B 21A.
Seymour, Alexia, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11A.
Shaw, Lois, 1B 4B 5B 11B 21A.
Sime, Nancy J., 1A 2B 5B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
Smith, Alice G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 8A.
Smith, Beryl E. C., 1B 2B 7B 12B.
Smith, Enid K. M., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
Smith, Hazel M., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
Smith, Olive I., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B 11B.
Snape, Lillian, 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Somerville, Mollye W., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Spalding, Doris J., 1B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11A 20A 22B.
Sparrow, Patricia P., 1B 2B 5B 12B4
Spiegel, Yvonne B., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7B(o) 11A.
Stanger, Kathleen M., 1B 5B 12A 20A 22A.
Starkey, Nina E., 1B 2B 5B 6B 12B.
Stevens, Dorothy E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 20B 22A.
Stockton, Verna G., 1B 2B 6B 7B 11A 21A.
Sutton, Peggy B., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B(o) 8B(o).
Thomas, Thelma M., 1B 2B 3B 7B 12B 20A 22A.
Thompson, L. C., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A 21B.
Thorpe, Helen J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
Tuck, Dorothy G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
Turner, Ada Z., 1B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11A.
Walker, Enid D., 1B 2B 6B 12B.
Walker, Joyce I., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
Walsh, Irene M., 1B 2B 5B 7B(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Walsh, Mary J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B(o) 8B 11B.
Watson, P. J., 1B 3B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11B 21B 22A.
Watts, Ruth C. A., 1B 2B 3B 7B 12B 20B 22A.
Whatmore, Joyce E., 1B 3B 4B 11B 20A 22A.
White, Margaret I., 1B 2B 5B 6B 12B.
Williams, Heather O., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
Willis, Joyce, 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
Wilson, Dorothy G., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
Wilson, Esme M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
Wilson, Jean M., 1B 2A 6B 12B.
Wordsworth, Marjorie E., 1B 4B 5B 7B(o) 8B 11B.
Wright, Lesbia, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
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FIFTH YEARS' PARTING GIFTS.

The Fifth Year Girls of 1931 presented the school with a very handsome blue table cloth, on which were embroidered in the school colours, the monogram and motto. This cloth was very much admired on Speech Day, when it adorned the table on which the prizes were displayed. Their parting gift to the Reference Library was a copy of that valuable work, "A Century of Journalism." These gifts were presented on Farewell Day by Margaret McCandless, and were much appreciated by the staff and pupils.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1932.

On November 2nd, 1931, the election of captain and prefects for 1932 took place. The following were elected: Beryl Lamble (Captain), Winnie Cutler (Senior Prefect), Winsome Beattie, Sylvia Browne, Flora Carroll, Nola Harvey, Margaret McVicar, Betty Scott, Olive Shaw and Cathie Sykes.

On Farewell Day, they were invested with their badges of office, and on Speech Day were presented to Mrs. Elliott.

Owing to the fact that Flora Carroll left school at the end of 1931, an election was held early this year to fill the vacancy, and Eve Bornstein was elected.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS.

The Prefects as usual offered prizes for the best essays written on Empire Day. The subject for the Senior School was "That women have played an important part in the development of the Empire", and the best essay in that section was written by Sophie Stronach (5B). Joyce Shaw (3A), won the prize in the Junior School, the subject being "Tell the story of two women who helped to build the Empire."

THE ELSA HALE PRIZE.

Miss Elsa Hale, Principal of the Model Business College very generously offered an annual prize of a year's training to a pupil of this school who had passed the Leaving Certificate Examination, and showed aptitude for English and Commercial Work.

We congratulate Doris Pamplin on being the successful applicant, and we gratefully thank Miss Hale for her interest in the school.

STOTT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP.

The School wishes to thank Stott's Business College for the scholarship so generously offered to a Fort Street girl who had passed the Intermediate, and we congratulate Lilian Grimsley on winning it.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The dates of the debates between representatives of Fort Street Girls' High School and our brother school last year, were April 20th and July 24th.

The subject for the first debate was "State enterprise should be encouraged." The girls were represented by Verna Cann, Doris Roy and Sylvia Dalton, who supported the Government. The members of the Opposition were: Messrs. Cooper, Brereton and Sullivan. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., kindly adjudicated.

Our visitors gained a victory by 514 points to 494. The prefects and office-bearers of the society afterwards entertained our opponents at afternoon tea.

The return debate was held at the Boys' School, Petersham. The subject for debate was: "Literature is more beneficial to education than travel." Our team was composed of Doris Roy, Verna Cann and Sylvia Dalton. The boys were represented by Messrs Cooper, Kerr and Sullivan.

Mrs. Mary Gilmore, the well-known Australian poet, acted as adjudicator, and great was our disappointment when she decided that our rivals were victorious—by one point!

Mrs. Gilmore presented to the Girls and Boys of Fort Street, a copy of her book "The Passionate Heart", which contains the autographs of many famous people.

The challengers afterwards entertained their rivals and an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society in 1931, Norah McKenna was elected to fill the position of President rendered vacant by the resignation of Flora Carroll who left school at the end of the year.

The first debate of 1932 was held in Room 8, on Thursday, March 3rd, after school. The subject was "The Harbour Bridge is an Extravagance." The Government was upheld by Cathie Sykes, Margaret McVicar and Rose Druker. The members of the

Opposition were Winnie Cutler, Beryl Lamble and Marie Barnett. The debate resulted in a victory by three points for the Government.

We were very pleased to welcome Iris Clarke, a prominent speaker in the successful debating team in 1930, who, with Dorothy Coleman kindly adjudicated.

Our second debate was held in the recently completed Assembly Hall. The subject was "Reading is more beneficial to education than travel."

The speakers for the Government were: N. Stuart, E. Moroney and E. Bornstein. Those supporting the Opposition were: S. Browne, B. Scott and J. Fitzgerald. This resulted in a win for the Government.

ENID SMITH,
Secretary.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Many new girls, not only from first year, but from all other years, have joined the Dramatic Society this year.

Mrs. Robertson has charge of the reading circle, and at the first meeting Fifth Years entertained us by reading "The Rivals" that interesting play of 18th century manners, written by Sheridan.

Rehearsals are taking place for "Milestones" written by A. Bennett and E. Knoblock, and it will be produced at the end of the term.

In May, 1931, at the end of the term, Miss Purcell produced A. A. Milne's play "Mr. Pym Passes By." On Saturday, June 6th, parents were invited, with the hope that the money paid for admission would supply a bursary for a deserving girl in Third Year. So good was the attendance that two bursaries were provided. The acting was especially good; the part of Mr. Pym being taken by Rose Druker, Eve Bornstein made a charming Dinah, Joyce Stenhouse as Bryan, took the part of a young man excellently, Sylvia Dalton acted the part of Dinah's uncle and guardian particularly well, while Sophie Stronach was the interfering Lady Mardon and Grace Terry, Ann the Maid.

The appearance of the stage was a credit to the stage managers, Margaret McVicar and Nora McKenna.

KATHLEEN CARR,
Secretary.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The Reference Library is open for borrowing purposes at eleven o'clock recess on Tuesdays and Fridays. We have received a gift of English, History and Geography books, which will be placed on the shelves as soon as they have been filed and catalogued. Among the new books added to the library are:— "A Century of Journalism" donated by last year's Fifties; also Professor Murdoch's essays "Speaking Personally" and "Saturday Mornings".

The Library has been well patronised by the girls of the Upper School, but we would like those of the Lower School to make more frequent use of it.

The Librarians would like to thank their immediate predecessors for the excellent order in which they found everything when they commenced their duties at the beginning of the year.

B. Kent,
J. Shaw,
P. Dircks,
H. Campbell,

Librarians.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

During the past year the Special Choir has been revising old songs and learning new ones. "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust" (Gounod), "I waited for the Lord" (Mendelssohn), "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," "O Peaceful Night" (German), and "Old Mother Hubbard," are the new songs we have added to our large repertoire.

Last year, on 6th June, a dramatic performance was given at the school. During the afternoon, the Special Choir sang several songs, including "The Woodland Croon Song" (Clutsum), the solo being taken by Novia Pagson.

Later in the term the choir provided a Musical Afternoon in honour of Mrs. Elliott, who has always shown a warm interest in the singing, and whose presence at school functions has been greatly appreciated by the girls.

As usual, the Choir, under the able baton of Miss Watts, rendered several songs on Speech Day.

At the beginning of this year, we came back to school to find many changes. The one which concerned the Special Choir, was that although

our Assembly Hall was not finished, what remained of the old gymnasium, the meeting-place of the choir for many years, lay in neatly stacked piles of wood against the fence. However, being true Fortians, we were not down-hearted, and held our practices in room 9 every Tuesday, although the piano was sadly missed.

When our new Assembly Hall was opened by Mr. Hicks on 11th March, every member of the choir sang lustily, when she realized that no longer would she have to sit three in a seat in room 9, and that the second year girls would now be able to join the choir.

Much of the pleasure we would ordinarily have in our new meeting-place has been lost, as Miss Watts, who first formed the choir, and who has worked energetically and patiently with us for many years, has resigned from the service of the Department. Words fail to express how much we appreciate what she has done for us, and how we shall miss her, for never was she asked to help with musical items required for school functions, but she gave whole-heartedly of her best.

With happy memories, we say to her, vale.

Jessie Stronach, 5B.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

The Librarians wish to convey their thanks to those who donated books to the library last year, and are pleased to have opened the library on Friday, April 1st.

Fifths, Fourths and Thirds who wish to borrow books may do so on Fridays at 1.5 p.m., while the library will be open for Seconds and Firsts on Tuesdays at the same time.

Any contribution of suitable books would be gratefully received.

D. Boston,
G. Hannaford,
M. Hooker,
I. Barnett,

Librarians

OUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

On Monday, 22nd February, Fortians seemed to find "yon well-known hill" a little less steep and Essex-street looked very gay as the sun shone down on groups of happy chattering girls who displayed yards of brightly-hued ribbons.

Many a gallant heroine applied her mind to Mathematics, but hers was no easy task, for excitement and expectation reigned supreme as she pondered and speculated as to who would fill the places of Jean McDonald and Joan Notting, our former champions, at this long awaited swimming carnival.

But "Virtue is its own reward" and those who had diligently applied their minds to lessons found that at last they could pack their troubles into their lockers and set out with a clear conscience for Coogee Aquarium.

Our excitement knew no bounds when we saw the wonderful performances of Marion Cockburn, who won the Senior Cup, and of Dorothy Wilson, our sturdy Fourth-year who carried off the Junior Cup. We were especially pleased also to see Norma Scott's familiar stroke and to welcome Clarice Kennedy who gave us a delightful exhibition of diving.

Mrs. Griffin deserves great credit for her organisation of the carnival and for the coaching of the girls, and we are indebted also to Messrs. Griffiths and Hellings for their invaluable help.

The successful competitors were:—

School Championship (100yds.): M. Cockburn, 1; N. Scott, 2; L. Kingham, 3. Time, 1.13 3/5secs.

Junior Championship (50yds.): D. Wilson, 1; J. Shonfield, 2. Time, 35 secs.

16 Years Championship: P. Branch, 1; L. Kingham, 2; M. Notting, 3. Time, 33 2/5secs.

15 Years Championship: M. Cockburn, 1; N. Scott, 2; E. Paull, 3. Time, 32 1/5secs.

14 Years Championship: D. Wilson, 1; G. Massie, 2; L. Robson and H. Soutar, 3. Time, 34 1/5secs.

13 Years Championship: B. McVicar, 1; J. Shonfield, 2; W. Shade, 3. Time, 22 1/5secs.

12 Years Championship: L. Drake, 1; J. Phythian, 2; D. Hall, 3. Time, 23 1/5secs.

Senior Championship (33yds.): M. Balmain, 1; J. Miles, 2; J. Long and J. Chapman, 3. Time, 24secs.

Junior Championship (33yds.): M. Makin, 1; M. Nesbitt, 2; J. Irons, 3. Time, 24secs.

Breast Stroke Championship: N. Light, 1; M. Balmain, 2; C. Parkinson, 3. Time, 41 4/5secs.

Junior Breast Stroke Championship: J. Bray, 1; Y. Roberts, 2; J. Shonfield, 3; Time, 28 2/5secs.

Back Stroke Championship: M. Cockburn, 1; J. Smith, 2; L. Davis, 3. Time, 40 2/5secs.

Junior Back Stroke: D. Tilly, 1; E. Paull, 2; A. Miles, 3. Time, 28 4/5secs

Diving Championship: N. Light, 1; A. Miles, 2; C. Parkinson, 3.

Junior Diving Championship: A. Miles, 1; J. Jeffreys, 2; D. Paull, 3.

Object Diving: K. Gillies.

Rescue Race: J. Russ and M. Balmain, 1.

Junior Rescue Race: H. Soutar and G. Massie, 1.

Six-Oar Race: P. Branch, N. Scott, L. Kingham, 1.

Inter-Year Relay: Year IV, 1; Year V, 2; Year III, 3.

Old Girls' Race: C. Kennedy, 1; J. Notting, 2. Time, 30 3/5secs.

Balloon Race: M. Gately, 1; P. Chapman, 2; J. Miles, 3.

Enid Smith, 4A.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

Season 1931-1932.

Bronze Cross: Mollie Gately, Eileen Paull, Norma Scott, Margery Makin, Lola Davis, Florence Patterson, Joan Champion.

Instructor's Certificate: Marjorie Balmain, Joan Russ, Joyce Stenhouse, Dorothy Chandler, Enid Straughan.

Bronze Bar: Norah MacKenna, Nola Harvey, Jean Miles, Joan Barden, Marjorie Balmain, Enid Straughan, Betty Armstrong, Nancy Thompson.

Bronze Medallion: Nancy Light, Joan Bray, Yvonne Roberts, Gwennyth Massie, Valerie Dawson, Violet Ford, Audrey Miles, Mollie Cates, Margaret Dircks, Betty Scott, Margaret McVicar, Joan Champion, Gwen Maddocks, Mavis Porter, Beryl Kent, Joan Fletcher, Nell Cliff, Hilda Maddocks, Nancy Scott, Cathie Sykes, Dorothy Bieri, Dicksie Glanville, Frances Fowditch, Loraine Thompson, Helen Armstrong, Mollie Gillies, Jean Paine, Jean Long, Joyce King, Aisla Blans.

Proficiency Label: Dorothy Paull, Ruth Bonthorne, Lily Jamieson.

Proficiency Certificate: Loaline Lancaster, Irene Troy, Edna Massey, Hazel Johnson, Dulcie Coogan, Winnie Shade, Molly Nesbitt, Joyce Freeman, Nancy Blair, Nancy McConville, Hilda Sands, Jean Shonfield, Laurie Caddow, Marie Jackson, Daphne Davies, Helen

Dircks, Winnie Garrard, Nancy Perry, Joyce Phythian, Lorna Stelzer, Betty Bown, Gladys Sim, Joan Madsen, Lois Brabyn, Dorothy Hall, Ethel Savage, Ruth Stevens, Jean Frew.

Elementary Certificate: Lorna Stelzer, Marie Jackson, Winnie Garrard, Nancy Perry, Lois Brabyn, Ruth Stevens.

We congratulate Mrs. Griffin and the successful candidates on such a splendid record.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION, 1931.

The following girls were successful in passing this examination.

Second Grade—

Diplomas: Ivy Beadle, Adele Bieri.

Third Grade—

Third Prize: Dorothy Irvine.

Diplomas: Peggy Dircks, Eveline Easton, Joan Forster, Dicksie Glanville, Winnie Hamerton, Beryl Kent, Bobbie Lister, Beryl Oxspring, Eileen Paull, Dulcie Penfold, Betty Roberts, Nancy Sime, Heather Soutar, Dorothy Wilson.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The Staff Representatives on the Committee for 1932 are: Miss Cohen (Principal), Misses Blume, Turner, Weston (Treasurer); Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Robertson.

The following girls were elected as members of the Committee. Fifth Year Representatives: Winnie Cutler, Nola Harvey; Fourth Year Representative: Enid Smith; Third Year Representative: Edith Cook; Second Year Representative: Audrey Forrester; First Year Representative: Peggy Vernon. Marjorie Balmain was elected Secretary, and Beryl Lambie, the Captain of the School, is ex officio, a member.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE TENNIS COURT FUND.

Miss Cohen gratefully acknowledges the following subscriptions which she has received in response to the appeal sent out at the beginning of March to the parents of the pupils. This list does not include any subscriptions received after April 20th—they will be acknowledged in the November issue of the Magazine.

DONATIONS.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Mrs. Herd	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Campbell	0	4	0
Mr. W. Nyman	1	1	0	Mr. A. C. Grieve	0	10	0
Mr. W. Sinclair	1	0	0	Mr. A. Laws	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Finney	0	10	0	Mr. W. Barton	0	7	6
Mr. C. W. Corner	0	5	0	Mr. & Mrs. S. Wright	1	0	0
Mrs. E. White	0	2	0	Mr. & Mrs. A. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Stepto	0	2	0	Mrs. M. Noble	0	2	0
Mrs. J. Walter	0	2	0	Miss M. Cowie	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Bell	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Bray	0	2	0
Mr. B. Gerber	0	3	0	Year V (Surplus from 1st Year Party)	0	5	0
Mr. P. Jackson	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Dyer	0	5	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	2	0	Mr. A. Nairn	0	10	0
Mr. L. Irving	0	2	0	Mrs. L. McLean	0	3	0
Mrs. F. Don	0	0	5	Mr. O. Howard	0	10	6
Mr. H. Croome	0	7	6	Mr. W. G. Kent	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Emanuel	0	3	0	Mr. J. White	0	4	0
Mr. P. Tocovenko	0	3	0	Tennis Party (O. and B. Lamble, H. Rose)	0	10	6
Mr. J. Porter	0	5	0	Mr. S. Courtland	0	5	0
Mr. J. Moloney	0	3	6	Mrs. G. Hamilton	0	5	0
Mr. A. Luke	0	5	0	Mr. G. Cockburn	0	5	0
Mr. E. Bink	0	6	0	Mrs. C. H. Cheetham	0	10	0
Mr. A. Myers	0	5	0	Mrs. E. O'Keefe	0	10	6
Mrs. C. James	0	2	0	Mr. H. J. Lamble	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Mackenzie	0	10	0	Mrs. B. Taylor	0	3	0
Mrs. R. Collins	0	2	0	Margaret Kidd	0	10	0
Mrs. D. Gilchrist	0	2	0	Mrs. T. H. Stubbs	0	2	0
Mr. M. Hannigan	1	1	0	Mrs. F. Hallett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Warren	0	5	0	Mr. F. W. Stevens	0	5	0
Mr. S. Guilfoyle	0	5	0	Mrs. L. M. James	0	4	0
Mrs. R. George	0	5	0	Mr. G. Kum Sing	0	10	0
Mr. W. Russ	0	5	0	Mr. L. Harvey	0	10	0
Mrs. V. Hooker	0	2	0	Mrs. I. Pogson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Gulliver	0	2	6	Mr. A. Sime	0	5	0
Mr. Jacobs	0	2	0	Year I, Sale of Sweets, &c.	4	10	4
Mrs. A. Logan	0	10	0	Mr. C. R. Glanville	0	5	0
Mr. A. Skillett	0	7	6	Mrs. M. McCredie	0	4	0
Mr. H. Dircks	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Polkinghorne	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Smith	0	2	0	Year II, Sale of Sweets, &c.	4	8	1
Mrs. A. Porter	0	5	0				
Mrs. M. Pittendrigh	0	5	0				
Mr. & Mrs. H. Thompson	1	0	0				
Mrs. E. McPhail	0	10	0				
Mrs. J. Gibson	0	2	0				
Mr. R. Parkes	0	5	0				
Mr. W. Fulton	0	2	0				
Mrs. E. Savage	0	5	0				
Mr. A. Graham	0	5	0				
Mrs. K. Bradshaw	0	5	0				
Mr. J. Bieri	0	5	0				
Mr. M. Kelk	0	5	0				
Mr. H. Pierce	0	5	0				
Mr. J. Burns	1	1	0				
Mrs. L. Kirchin	0	2	6				
Mr. H. Grimwade	0	2	0				
Mr. L. A. Lister	1	1	0				
Mr. H. Sykes	0	5	0				
Mrs. A. McGauran	0	5	0				
Miss B. Pontey	0	5	0				
Mrs. E. Paull	0	4	0				
Mrs. M. Emmett	1	0	0				
Mrs. H. Kinsella	0	3	0				
Mr. A. Jackson	0	10	0				
Mr. W. Bannan	1	1	0				
				Total	£43	5	5

COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS'
SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Old King Sol was late in showing himself on March 9th, but he shone in all his glory in the afternoon, and made the water sparkle at the Domain Baths, on the occasion of the Combined Girls' High Schools' Swimming Carnival.

As usual, Fortians were there in great numbers, and after a hasty lunch they walked through the Domain to the scene of the contest, full of excitement and enthusiasm.

At 1.45 p.m. the first event took place, in which Marion Cockburn, a new Fourth Year, upheld the reputation of the School and gained third

place. After a strenuous race, Fort Street won the last heat of the Senior Relay, thus retaining for us the coveted Solomon Shield. Our four swimmers were Marion Cockburn, Patricia Branch, Violet Ford and Lillie Kingham.

After a very exciting afternoon Fort Street won the Senior Point Score Shield, the Solomon Shield, and last but not least, the rose-bowl that was presented for the first time to the Junior Champion of all High Schools. We congratulate "Jacky" Ford on winning the last-named trophy, and also all the girls who helped to win the shields for Fort Street.

I am sure every Fortian was pleased at William Street's success in the junior events, and we congratulate them on their wonderful performance.

The results are as follows:—

Championship of High Schools: M. Cockburn, 3rd.

Senior Relay: Fort Street, 1st.

Junior Championship: Violet Ford, 1st.

17 Years Championship: Patricia Branch, 1st.

15 Years Championship: Marion Cockburn, 1st.

12 Years Championship: Joyce Phythian, 3rd.

Junior Relay: Fort Street, 2nd.

Breast Stroke: Nancy Light, 1st; Marjorie Balmain, 3rd.

Junior Breast Stroke: Joan Bray, 2nd.

Back Stroke: Marion Cockburn, 2nd

Junior Back Stroke: Dorothy Tilly, 3rd.

Junior Diving: Audrey Miles, 1st.

Six Oar Race: Fort Street, 1st; Fort Street, 2nd.

Old Girls' Race: Joan Notting, 1st; C. Kennedy, 2nd.

—Linnea Karling, 5C.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

Friday, March 11th, 1932, will ever be remembered as a day of special significance to Fortians in that it marked the opening of a much needed Assembly Hall and the announcement of the success of Doris Roy, one of the most brilliant students who have ever passed through the school.

For many years the need of an Assembly Hall urgently presented itself on various occasions throughout the school year. The increase in the number of pupils brought disadvantages in the fact, that except in the

open air, an assembly of the entire school was impossible owing to the limited accommodation, which also necessitated the repetition of dramatic performances at the end of each term and on occasions when this was impossible the lower school unfortunately did not have the opportunity to enjoy the excellent productions of the Dramatic Society. For the same reason many of the younger girls could not attend the "Farewell" given each year to the Fifth Years.

Thanks to the keen interest in the school displayed by Mr. Hicks, Assistant Under-Secretary for Education, we were able to secure an extension of the gymnasium, providing sufficient standing room for the entire school. It is a fine airy structure, complete with sloping stage and dressing rooms, and judging by the way in which the girls watched the progress of its construction the school thoroughly appreciated its conveniences.

Miss Cohen very appropriately invited Mr. Hicks to perform the opening ceremony and we held our first assembly in the new room on Friday, March 11th.

Miss Cohen assured Mr. Hicks of our gratitude to him for his efforts on our behalf, and Mr. Hicks in response, related between formalities, several humorous anecdotes which were heartily enjoyed both by the staff and the girls, and informed us that our thanks were also due to the Hon. W. Davies, Minister for Education, who had made available the money necessary to provide us with such a fine room. Our captain, Beryl Lamble, charmingly thanked Mr. Hicks on our behalf, and proposed that we should show our appreciation by acclamation.

The other event of that day was, from a scholastic point of view, far more important. The name "Doris Roy" will ever live in the annals of Fort Street Girls' High School which never forgets its distinguished scholars and watches their progress in after life with maternal affection.

Doris, though a quite unassuming girl, displayed a keen interest in the school and its activities. She was an ardent debater, an accomplished pianist, and the Special Choir will miss her familiar face. Doris was a conscientious student and has a brilliant future before her, and will undoubtedly meet with further success during her University career.

The Bowman-Cameron Scholarship, the John West Medal and the Grahame Prize Medal definitely place her as the best candidate in the State at the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1931. This is the fourth occasion on which a Fortian has won this much coveted distinction. Trixie Durie in 1915 was the first girl in the State to achieve this honour. Zelig Bristow secured it for us in 1919 and in 1922 Alma Hamilton was the successful candidate. Doris also won the Queen Victoria Scholarship and the Fairfax Prize which is awarded to the best female candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination.

It was a day of reminiscence and our thoughts went back to other pupils who had brought distinction to our

school—Ella Martin who first won for us the Fairfax Prize and the Lithgow Scholarship for Modern Languages, Peggy Clarke (now in Western Australia) who also gained these two great honours, Muriel Nowell who was prox. acc. to the Lithgow Scholarship winner and the winners of the Barker Scholarship for Mathematics, Trixie Durie, Zelig Bristow and Alice Sandon with Mary Bingham, prox. acc.

We know that Doris will uphold the traditions of this grand old school and we sincerely wish her:—

"Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence which most doth please
with meditation."

Lesbia Wright, 4A.

THE MARY CORRINGHAM PRIZES.

The prizes for short stories so generously given by Mary Corringham were won by Nancy Service in June and Peggy Browne in December. In the December competition the story submitted by Mary McLean (2A), was highly commended.

As we did not publish a Magazine at the end of 1931 owing to the fact that

the School Funds were locked up in the Government Savings Bank, both the prize stories are published below.

This year Mary Corringham has offered a copy of "A Century of Journalism" for the best short story written by a Fortian. The staff and pupils deeply appreciate such interest in the school.

A LUMP OF YELLOW METAL

There are many versions of the fate of Tim's nugget in the Cudgegong district, but beyond the fact that the nugget really existed, and exists perhaps even now, little is really known of it. The hillside near Cudgegong is scarred with the efforts of enthusiastic searchers, relying on the only directions as to the whereabouts of the nugget. Tim said he could see the Cudgegong church from the spot where the nugget was buried, but all searches have proved fruitless.

Some assert there never was a church built in sight of the Hill; others believe Tim was not an aboriginal, but a convict working as a drover for one of the settlers. I do not pretend to relate the authentic version, but merely to put down the story as told me by an old inhabitant of the district.

* * * *

There was a tribe of aboriginals living round the Cudgegong district,

peaceable people, and lazy, as are most of our native races. The advent of the settler did not disturb their daily routine to any great extent, except that they gradually began to depend on the white men's sheep for food. It was much simpler to steal a sheep than to lie in wait for kangaroos, or spend the morning trapping "yabbies."

The settlers complained of the constant thieving, and finally the sergeant decided the best thing would be to send the tribe down to Botany Bay Government Settlement. He explained to the leader of the tribe that they were to be taken to a place where they would be given as much food as they could eat, without their having to catch it themselves. "They should be lilies of the field—toil not, neither should they spin," as my story-teller said.

The prospect was a pleasant one, and the chief spent the morning describing the joys of this paradise to the members of the tribe, who, doubtful at first, became almost enthusiastic when persuaded that this life of leisure was specially adapted to their mode of living.

But the chieftain was worried. He sat apart from the tribe, and thought deeply for some time, forming some idea in his mind. Finally, having decided upon his plan of action, he sent a messenger to his son, generally known as Tim at the Macpherson Station, where he worked. Tim was the only member of the tribe in the constant employ of the white people, and he was to be left behind in his position.

The old chief spoke solemnly and in a low tone to his son, who did not seem very impressed or interested. But he spent the night in the camp, and before dawn rose and went with his father towards the hills.

They came to a hollow tree-trunk which the old man skilfully removed, and began to grovel in the earth. His son stood by and watched him indifferently, and even when the old man with great difficulty pulled out a lump of yellow metal as big as his head, his interest was not aroused. "Never show this to the white man," said the chief impressively. "It is worth more than you or I could ever imagine. No amount of tobacco could buy it. Remember, my son." Tim nodded indifferently, but noted the whereabouts of the nugget.

In three days the tribe had been transferred to their new home, and Tim almost forgot about the yellow metal, until, lounging in the bar one day, he saw three miners come in. One of them called for drinks, and tossed a small piece of yellow metal on the counter in payment. Tim sat up, and noted with amazement that the publican plied them with more drink, and even gave them some tobacco. If the man would give them so much for a little piece of yellow metal, what would he not be able to buy with his own piece?

The next day he went to Mr. Macpherson, the squatter, and told him he was tired of working, and meant to leave the station. This news was received with disappointment, for the squatter thought he had secured an aboriginal who would work constantly, despite the reputation of his

people. But Tim was firm, and packing all his worldly belongings, he left the station forever.

Before he left, however, he borrowed a chisel when the men were not there, and set out for the spot where the nugget was hidden. He carefully chiselled a piece off, larger than that of the men, but not, as he thought, big enough to arouse suspicion.

Returning to the town he carelessly threw the piece on the counter of the bar and demanded drink. The publican eagerly seized the gold, and taking it to the window, noticed the chisel marks on it. There must be more where this came from! So he filled Tim's glass again and again, and stuffed his pockets with more tobacco than Tim had ever seen in his life.

The drink began to have the desired effect, and Tim regarded his benefactor with a kindly glow in his eyes. The latter offered to give Tim the whole saloon if he would take him to the spot where he had hidden the rest of the pretty yellow metal. This seemed fair, and promising to show his friend the spot in the morning, Tim sagged in his chair and was soon sleeping heavily.

He was awakened in the morning by the publican smiting him on the head, and urging him to hurry. Feeling rather aggrieved, he stirred himself, and the two set out in the chill grey hour that precedes the dawn. As they walked, Tim began to wonder whether he had been wise to tell this man of his treasure, and finally decided it had been a foolish action. Why should he give this man, who woke him early on a cold morning, and hit him on the head, the yellow metal?

His native cunning came uppermost, and although he continued towards the hillside, he had determined not to reveal the whereabouts of the metal. Fearing the publican's anger, however, he went steadily on until they came to the slope. Up they went, and Tim suddenly knelt and began digging with his hands.

A shot rang out, and throwing up his arms, Tim sprawled on the ground, a red stain darkening his shirt. The publican ran up, rolled the body aside, and began digging feverishly with his fingers. Deeper and deeper he went, his breath coming fast, but still no gold. A cry of rage burst from the

murderer's lips. He was digging virgin soil, and the cursed abo. had tricked him.

So the hillside still conceals the nugget, unless someone has found it, and quietly disposed of it; which is not probable.

Nancy Service, 5A.

THE THOUSANDTH MAN.

A fresh, pleasant breeze is wafted through my window, conveying the fragrance of the spring flowers, the merry, rippling note of some distant bird and thoughts of all that is pure and beautiful in life. It fills the poet with rapture, inspires the musician, cheers the cynic, shames the unworthy and rouses the love of man in man. Beautiful breeze, how I adore thee! For me, you bring memories, memories of my beloved Australia and reminiscences of my boyhood. The fields of daffodils, which I now gaze upon, are transformed into paddocks of golden-brown wheat, whilst the soft warble of the thrush sounds to my ear as the shrill laughter of the kookaburra. And this breeze—this pure, delightful breeze, so unusual in the Motherland, but how usual in the land of my boyhood.

As I feel the breeze upon my cheeks, I recall the happenings of my school-days. How joyously I trudged to school, one of the best that the land could offer. But, I no sooner recall that school, or reflect upon Australia, than the memory of an event, with which are mingled doubt, fear and ambition, arises within me. I can reveal to nobody my feelings as I recall that occurrence, for the soul speaks not in words and it is but an unjust and sarcastic world. Yet, that memory has filled me with an ardent longing—so strong that I would sacrifice ambition, and readily my poor, nerve-wracked self, only that, there is a cherished hope that in my quest for health I may have that longing fulfilled.

* * * *

There was such honesty revealed in the keen, brown eyes of Ralph Dunstan that I admired him the first moment I saw him. His face wore an expression indicative of a clean, upright character and his manner was so frank and winning that he at once became beloved by the whole school. Not only did he possess a delightful personality, but he was clever—aye, more than that. To him, learning

was a pleasure; in fact, he created the general impression, "Ralph has only to read through his work and he knows it better than any of us." How well justified was this impression! Thoughtfully and slowly he would attempt each question and how successfully he would accomplish its answer. When he tackled a problem, there was no frowning, no wrinkling of the forehead, so common to the rest of us, but placidity and thoughtfulness.

It was this characteristic of Dunstan that first developed within me certain feelings, which I have long resented and the detestation of these no words can express. At the time, I was selfish and ambitious and there being but one scholarship from my school to the University, I was determined to win it. However, with the coming of Dunstan my hopes dwindled. His parents were prosperous, while mine were not and I at once felt that he had no obvious claim to that scholarship. Yet, it was the accepted opinion, that already the prize lay in Dunstan's hands. For me there was but one way—work! I must work as I had never worked before, sacrifice recreation, social intercourse, yes every material joy pertaining to youth and surely, I would eventually be rewarded.

For days and nights I remained in seclusion, devoting myself entirely to study. My mind dwelled apart from sport, friends—from everything except my lessons. During the rainy, wintry evenings, I would lock myself in my cold room away from the warmth of the dining-room. Sleep, I detested as it held no rest, but merely anxiety that through it a part of my lessons might remain unlearned. Little wonder that I became peevish, irritable and utterly unsociable. Meanwhile, Dunstan went about in his usual agreeable manner, occasionally spending a few extra minutes reading or asking the masters certain questions, but always a noteworthy figure upon the sports' fields and a frequent visitor at the school's parties.

At last the examination took place. Dunstan would take a casual look at his books before each subject like the idlers, for whom the results held no fulfilment of desire nor prospects of further achievements. Yet in spite of his indifference, doubtless Dunstan knew his work, for he was undeniably talented. How different it was for me! I had studied for three months and could not bear to take those "last glances" at my books. The examination papers were the most difficult the masters had set for many years. Dunstan cheerfully confessed that he had little hope of even passing and when in a brotherly way he questioned me as to my opinion of them, my only answer was a dissatisfied grunt. I had become moody, dejected and cynical, my only hope being that surely I would be rewarded for my untiring work.

I attempted each subject despondent until the Mathematics, upon which the attainment of the scholarship depended mostly, came. What happened to me during that examination I now find difficult to relate. Truly, my brain worked automatically. All that I had learned beforehand I wrote down unhesitatingly, but a question, which required deep thinking, I found it impossible to attempt. Dejectedly, I tied up my papers and sat back, the results of over-work now upon me.

A few days later a part of the results were published, those subjects upon which the University Scholarship was awarded. Although those results meant a great deal to me, I could not bear to look at them. But what did it matter? Dunstan had won the scholarship, for were they not already clustering around me, showering congratulations upon me for having come second. But, to my ears these friendly remarks seemed to be used in derision. Somehow, I managed to reach Dunstan and shake his hand, whilst he smiled cheerfully and congratulated me also. I have but a vague memory of what occurred immediately after that—a doctor, a nurse, fond hands, shattered health, nerves, a complete rest. Thus were the results of my strenuous work—no scholarship—no prospects of a brilliant University career.

Seated one sunny day, in the shade of a golden-wattle tree in my parents' garden, idling away the hours with the family portrait album, I happened to see one of my old school friends

passing by. I beckoned to him and smilingly, he came in. After shaking my hand and inquiring after my health he flung himself upon the grass beside me. Naturally the discussion turned to school. I made enquiries about masters, friends, cricket-matches and swimming shields, everything, excepting . . .

"Then," he said, sucking a piece of grass, "you have not heard?"

I felt surprised and replied I had not. The boy picked up his cap and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Well, the day they carried you away, Dunstan . . ." he stopped, still screwing up his cap.

"Go on," I murmured, "what happened?"

"Well, Dunstan confessed everything. Told the 'beaks' that he had accidentally seen the papers on the master's desk one day when he had been sent there to get something or other. I don't blame him, myself. But you know what the heads are, when they come to discuss a chap. They were downright furious, because he had not confessed earlier. They did not expel him, however, since they were too fond of him and, of course, it would have broken his mother's heart."

I felt the blood rushing to my face, as I clutched the sides of my chair. Had not the doctor's orders been otherwise I would have risen and struck the boy. However, I restrained myself and he, noticing my discomposure, remarked as he began to walk away.

"Oh, don't be upset, Dunstan is too easy-going and quick-witted to take that to heart. Besides, his people have plenty of money and as soon as he returns from his cruise around the islands, he is going to enter the University. Anyway, the honour goes to you, even though you will not be well enough to accept the prize."

* * * *

A fresh breeze was blowing. One that the novelist would term "typically Australian." It delighted me by cooling my heated cheeks and soothing my weary eyelids. After two years of travel in a fruitless search for health, I had returned to my native land, for a brief stay, intending to travel again. As I stood on the Manly wharf, I drank in the pleasant sea breeze and listened to the gay music from the Corso. Soon a big ferry

boat came in and I stood aside, watching the people as they disembarked. One young man, dressed in a brown suit, crossed the gangway, halted, went a few paces, gazed about him and then noticing me, gave a start. I, who had been regarding him indifferently, also received a shock. Those unmistakable brown eyes, that fine, honest face! A hundred thoughts rushed through my brain as to what I should do.

Ralph Dunstan, however, was too gentlemanly to rush away without a word of greeting and his look of surprise changed to one of friendly recognition. I was still the inconsiderate jealous fool I had been in my younger days and yet was overwhelmed with an impulse to thank the man for all he had done.

"Ralph," I exclaimed, as I grabbed his hand. "Why did you do it? You must have known that I had seen those examination papers before the examination. You know how worried I was about it and how I had studied. It was during the mathe-

matics examination, the questions of which I had seen before, that my nerves gave way. Even if I had tried those questions before the examination, I would not have been able to re-attempt them, for my nerves were too shattered to enable me to think. And yet, you took pity on me and told a deliberate lie so that I might gain the scholarship. The most the masters would do, when I told them everything was to mark the scholarship unawarded. But, Ralph, why did you do it?"

"God knows. You deserved it!" And Dunstan was gone. His retreating figure was soon lost in the crowd.

For twenty-five years I have travelled from place to place in search of the health, that will never be mine and also in search of the man, whose friendship I crave. And to-day, the typical Australian breeze brings back reminiscences of my boyhood and the noble Ralph Dunstan—Kipling's "one man in a thousand."

—Peggy Browne, 4A.

THE JOYCE KOLTS' PRIZE.

The School is very grateful to Mrs. Hodgkins (nee Kolts) for her continued interest shown by her offering a prize for the best set of five poems composed by a Fortian in 1931.

Adele Bieri (5A) the winner of the

Joyce Kolts' Prize (1930) was again successful, while Joan Fraser (2A) received very honourable mention. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., Examiner, Department of Education, again very kindly acted as adjudicator.

THE CITY DWELLER.

From my window in the dawn
I can see a fairy town,
Tinted rose and gleaming gold
'Neath a roof of light-drenched
blue,
Misty domes and turrets bold—
Morning putting on her gown—

From my window in the dawn.
From my window in the dusk
I can see a dreamy town,
Purple shades and silhouettes,
Moon half-veiled with black clouds,
Twinkling stars o'er minarets—
Evening putting on her gown—
From my window in the dusk.

NINE O'CLOCK THOUGHTS.

Nut-brown locks and golden head,
Lucy's curled up like a kitten, smiling
Marigold's a little saint-child, folded
Yet no saint could have such lashes,
Why! She's lying on her Teddy! Poor
See! A golden curl is straying into
Waking up? 'Tis only Mother come
Goldilocks and Marigold,

'Gainst the whiteness of the bed;
at some dreamy jest,
hands upon her breast,
curving on a sunburned cheek;
old bear, long suffering, meek.
Lucy's rosy ear!
to tuck you in, my dear.
May your dreams bring joys untold!

THE GIFT.

Little fairy workmen went flitting through the garden,
They stole the fragile blossom of a white sweetpea,
And they dipped it in a dew pond, a bowl of tranquil moonlight,
That lay beyond the garden, with its molten moonlight,
Then they hung it up to dry upon a hawthorn tree.

They caught the falling spray of a little leaping fountain
In a water-lily cup of the palest blue,
And they mixed it with the fragrance of a summer noontide,
The fragrance of a garden in the golden noontide,
Then they stitched it to the blossom as a handkerchief for you!

CENTENNIAL PARK, 5 A.M.

Drumming o'er the green turf,
Scattering the diamonds,
Burnished hooves flash by,
Ruddy chestnut, sleek bay,
Proud Arab, dashing grey,
Lovely heads held high;
Fiery steeds champ and prance,

Fairy chargers of romance;
Silken ears, flowing mane,
Soft eyes, drifting tail;
See them fly o'er the rail,
Canter down the leafy lane.
Home they trot o'er the turf,
Scattering the diamonds.

CANARIES.

The queen's fair palace stands on a hill,
Its rosy pillars are kissed by the sun,
And gurgling fountains leap in the courts,
Their song drifts through to the cool, high hall,
And a golden bird in a golden cage
Chirrup and trills for the lovely queen
A hymn to the sun and the morning breeze;
And she sighs, and looks out to the hills.

The streets are dusty below in the town,
But the sun peeps through in the noon of the day,
The houses are old and tall and dark,
And a gay little bird sings a joyous paean
To the light; and its mistress comes to the cage.
Tiptoe, she looks through the bars of wood,
And a fragrant breath of the dewy flowers
Is borne on the song, and she smiles.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Some of the most precious musical treasures of mankind are the songs and melodies of Franz Schubert, one of the greatest composers the world has ever known; and the story of his life with its endless struggle against poverty is perhaps the saddest in the history of music.

Schubert was born in 1797 in Vienna, and from childhood days he was devoted to music, the only luxury of his poor family. Endowed with a beautiful voice, he sang first in the parish choir and later in that of the Imperial Chapel where he was taught to sing and to play the violin.

He wrote his first composition when thirteen years old and from the age of sixteen till his early death in 1828, composition was the main object of his life. His works, over eleven hundred in all may be classified under nearly every head of musical art. He composed over seven hundred songs, six masses, many dramatic works, piano-sonatas, string-quartets, symphonies and numerous smaller pieces—impromptus, marches and dances. Schubert himself did not realise the worth of his beautiful music; he wrote because he loved his beautiful music; he wrote because he loved his work.

I have placed his songs first because these are his masterpieces. Schubert loved poetry and it inspired him with musical interpretations of the thoughts of the poet. Without doubt he was the greatest of song writers, but his "lieder" were received with little enthusiasm, and his other works were not appreciated by the people, during his life time.

Schubert's songs do not express his own feelings, but rather are they the expression of the spirit of the poetry Goethe, Schiller, Muller and those other poets whose works he set to music.

His songs appeal because of their simplicity and sincerity some because of their delicate feeling and tender pathos, others because of their brisk, sparkling melody. The tranquillity of the style is in accordance with the nature of this gentle man who, despite misfortune and bitter disappointment, ever showed a happy and contented disposition.

The most important of his songs are those in the group known as the "Winter Journey" while examples of unconnected songs are, "Hark, Hark the Lark" and "Who is Sylvia?"

Schubert linked poetry and music in a closer bond than had ever before existed; and he was an ardent supporter of the new romanticism which had entirely removed the narrow conventional limits in all branches of art.

Rarely did Schubert revise his compositions; he did not own a piano and this was a tremendous difficulty; he had to rely upon the kindness of a friend who allowed him to use his instrument. The arrangement was, that, by the position of blind at the window Schubert should know whether or no he could call to use the piano. If free to do so he was overjoyed; if not, he would turn sorrowfully away.

The most important of his operas are "Alfonso and Estrella" and "Furabras"; the greatest of his masses are those in Ab and Eb. The incidental music to "Rosamundi" is his work, and the overture to this drama, is the finest he composed.

Schubert was a profound admirer of Mozart and Beethoven; he ranks with them as one of the greatest composers, but had not such intimate acquaintance with the technical side of music and lacked dramatic technique; thus in his long compositions though they are never without interest, the work is weak, because he did not receive the correct training to enable him to give the best expression to his inspirations.

Schubert applied for the position of master of a music school in Laibach, but was unsuccessful; in 1820 he was given dramatic commissions but gained little success.

He was connected with the home of Count Esterhazy where he taught music to the Count's daughters. Schubert dearly loved one of them, but she did not return his love—poor Schubert! His only joy was his music by which he gave untold happiness to thousands. "You have life and love," he said, "I have my music."

We cannot help but love him for his beautiful, unselfish character, his shy, unobtrusive manner, his love of all

that is beautiful, his sympathy with others in their sorrow.

His character and the story of his love are beautifully portrayed in "Lilac Time," a play which is enhanced by some of Schubert's well-known compositions.

There were however some bright moments in the great composer's life. Visits to Tyrol and Gratz were a source of pleasure to him—then only could he rest from his fatiguing life and his endless struggle against poverty. In 1828, the year of his death, a public concert of his works was given—the first and the last for Schubert, who won but little recognition, certainly not sufficient to repay him for his magnificent achievements.

Lack of constant employment, the ridiculously small amounts received for his works, his indiscretion and

generosity caused perpetual poverty; his health began to suffer as a result of poor food and great mental and physical strain and Schubert passed away in 1828, unnoticed by the busy world which had never known him.

As was his express wish Schubert was buried near Beethoven whose works he had loved and admired so greatly.

Not until some years had passed did the world come to appreciate the music of Schubert, and only then did it realise what a great master he was, only then did it learn to love him.

The spirit of Schubert will never die, and his beautiful music will ever bring to the world, happiness and "a constant peace that ever will pass on."

—C.S., 5A.

AN ORCHESTRA.

A composer engaged on orchestration may be said to write for four groups of instruments, (1) the strings, (2) wind instruments of wood, (3) wind instruments of brass and (4) instruments of percussion. Each of the first three groups is divisible into several parts.

The strings comprise first violins, second violins, violas, violin-cellos (cellos) and double bass. The wood-wind consists of instruments of the flute variety, ranging in pitch from the shrill piccolets to the bassoon. The oboe and clarinet are also included in the wood-wind type of instrument. The brass instruments comprise horns, trumpets, trombones and tubes; while the "percussions" consist of harps, cymbals, kettle drums and triangle.

The players in the orchestra are generally placed so that the "strings" are grouped in the front on either side of the conductor, the first violins being usually on the left, while the second violins are on his right. The violas and cellos with the larger fiddles (double-bass) are further back. The wood-wind instruments (flute, clarinet) are placed in the centre of the orchestra. Behind these are the brass instruments, while at the rear come the drums and percussion instruments. If a harp is used it is placed in front near the violins.

The "strings" usually make up about three-fourths of a well-balanced orchestra.

"Harpo-piano" 4C.

PHANTASY.

The waning moon shines on the stately white house by the waterside, transforming it into a palace of dreams. So silver-white and lonely it is, surrounded by the glinting, silent waters, it seems to wait for its dream-princess to come and give it life again. Nor has it long to wait.

A limousine purrs up the road drawing up before the shining steps, and the whole house brightens as the

princess waves a gay good-bye to her friends, and runs out up to the great door.

The car moves on again, windows flash into light in the house, and the doors opens, Milady is home from the ball. Slowly, even reluctantly, she ascends the staircase and enters her room, thinking over the events of the evening as she goes.

A pretty picture she forms as she sits down before her table with its great mirror, her white satin skirts billowing around her. She smiles a little at the sight of a glowing ruby against the white of her frock. That old brooch had fitted in somehow, with her old-world dress—with the whole of the Fancy Dress Ball, indeed, with its gay crowds in quaint dress and their powder and patches.

What had one of the crowd said to her? She remembers it now—"I don't know how you can wear that valuable old ruby when there are so many clever thieves about." And another—"Why worry to-night? There aren't such things as clever thieves, or under-world gangs, or high-powered cars. We're hundreds of years back, remember!"

Then there had been some laughing talk of "resurrecting a highwayman for the occasion" and then the jewel was forgotten.

But she thinks of the world now, as she turns the trinket round and round in her fingers, watching it flash and sparkle into sudden fire.

But what have you done, milady? Has the magic of your thoughts wakened some old romance, some old tragedy? Do you really see a figure moving in the heart of that crimson fire? Spellbound, you watch the tiny speck, that every second grows clearer, until you can discern three figures—one, a girl, dressed even as you are dressed, midday, with the red glow of a ruby against her white frock—yes, even the same ruby! the two others, men, just as quaintly attired in the fashion of long ago.

You seem to hear voices, two of them, alternately angry and pleading, the third scornful, mocking. Then a white hand flies to the ruby, wrenching it from the dress, and a faint splash is heard as it meets the water

which ripples round the low wall. Then, a challenging laugh, a heavier splash, and terrifying silence.

The pictures fades and the jewel clatters through your fingers, its terrible fire hidden among the perfumes and powders on your table. But have you not recognised that scene? The wall—have you not stood by it, day after day, watching the sunlight on the water? And the brooch was your great-grandmother's. You shudder at the thought and push the shining thing away.

But your ordeal is not yet over. The diamonds on your fingers, the emeralds of that pendant which lies unused in your open jewel-case, the very gems that shine on the buckles of your little shoes—they are all gleaming strangely, and in their light, a thousand old ghosts are awakening, enacting again long-forgotten tragedies—here, a slave, selling his body and soul to gain what will be, to you, merely a plaything, there, a clutching hand, that closes over a hard and glittering object and, here and there, a familiar face, now smiling, now in anger, the comedies and tragedies, mysteries and romances of centuries conjured up before you.

But the clock strikes four, and the dream fades. Tired, you tear your gaze from the now quietly shining gems, and prepare for bed. Soon, the vision is forgotten, and you are asleep, while your bright stones lie, neglected on the table.

Sleep on, a thousand fairy princesses in your beds of down, and dream new dreams of Fairyland. Shine on, little eyes in the darkness, on a thousand dressing-tables, with your hidden stories of a hundred thousand lives—gods to some men, trifles to others, masters of the poor, and toys of the great, shine on!

—Joan Fraser (3A).

THE SABBATH DAY IN THE HOLY LAND.

(The impressions of a Young Child).

The Sabbath Day—and what memories does it not bring back to me. A day of holiness, of peace, of quiet enjoyment, a day so vastly different from the other days of the week with their noise and turmoil, that we children looked forward to it with that expectant joy only known to childhood.

All day Friday—and as early as 5 a.m., you would see the women working most diligently preparing for that day on which God bid us rest. Every part of the house is thoroughly cleaned; the stone floors—for in that little town of Saped, linoleum or carpet does not exist—have to be scrubbed; the

doorstep whitewashed, and part of the surrounding cobbled street swept so that the whole town has finally an air of cleanliness, and "cleanliness is next to Godliness." The housewife, however is busy, not only with the cleaning but with the cooking for the morrow, as cooking entails work and—the Sabbath is a day of rest. Friday therefore is the busiest day in the week, and I am sure if a stranger came into the town he would be impressed by all the happy families working for the Sabbath.

And in the shopping quarter there would be crowds in every kind of shop, such delightful crowds, mostly of women, all buying the necessaries for the morrow. The crowds at the fish shop, however, always fascinated me most. Only one fish shop existed in the town and the fish came from a neighbouring town, for Saped can boast only of grassy hills and not of a sea. People would crowd round the shop quite early, notwithstanding the fact that the fish did not arrive till quite late in the day and when it did arrive, it would be handed through the bars to the people, according to their social position.

We children, too, were made to feel the proximity of the Sabbath. In the morning at school we would study the Tanach or Scriptures, and then make for a neighbouring hill-side where we would sing under the canopy of the blue sky or play games, and at 12.30 p.m. we were sent home to help our mothers and get ourselves ready. I can even now recall the weekly task assigned to me and detested by me—it was the cleaning of the shoes of all the family.

When all the work had been performed, when the house, and the street too, looked ready to welcome in the Sabbath, when the pans and pots containing the Sabbath delicacies had been well stacked in the havonla or oven to be kept warm for the following day, the people, men and women alike, the former too having finished their day's work, would flock to the public baths. Everyone would then put on her Sabbath best, and I remember I was never so proud as when arrayed in my 'best' frock and shoes, with a shining face and hair brushed back and tied with a big bow of ribbon, I would run to see if my other little school friends looked as well as I did. The vanity of childhood!

Father would then go to the Synagogue and mother would set the table, which she covered with a white tablecloth to symbolise purity. Two loaves of bread, covered with a white cloth, a bottle of home-made wine would also be placed on the table as well as three extra candles in honour of the Sabbath, over which she would pray for the welfare of her beloved ones before ushering in the Sabbath at sunset.

And now that the Sabbath was here, everyone relaxed and a feeling of holiness prevailed. And when Father returned from the Synagogue to the greetings from all "a gitte shabbas a gitte shabbas" he would wash his hands, exchange his hat for a cap and take his place at the head of the table. He then made kiddish or a blessing over a glass of wine—wine to symbolise the grape, the first fruit after Noah's flood and the meal began, a meal that was different from any week day meal, in the number of courses and even in the bread, for instead of brown "week-day" bread, "chola" or white bread was used. When the dessert was finished and the table cleared, we would all sing grace, as would the other families in their homes, so that the singing of grace could be heard till quite late at night. How I loved listening to it and seeing the candles flicker at the windows, as I lay snug in my bed! How peaceful everything was!

In the morning we would get up in a world of sunshine, a world quite different to the world of yesterday. A sense of calmness and holiness would seize us—quietness reigned supreme. All the shops were closed, vehicles were not in motion, cigarette smoking was forbidden, and even tearing paper was a crime which we children never dreamt of committing. And while the whole community of "Olympians" were in the Synagogue, we would beguile the morning playing ball or hide and seek.

And coming home from the Synagogue, everyone would shake his head and wish each other "a gitte shabbas" and discuss the service. Soon after quite a heavy dinner the menfolk could generally be heard snoring whilst the womenfolk on their little chairs at their door fronts, would sit and gossip—the elderly ones would read their Bibles. We children would play away our time, enjoying ourselves

immensely, visiting grandmothers and aunts and great aunts, with the knowledge that we were sure to get some "shabbas oifus" (sweets of the Sabbath) such as fruit, nuts or lollies. Bees hummed and flies buzzed, and Saturday afternoon would pass slowly and lazily away. How I loved that part of the day when time was of no consequence!

In the evening, old and young, mothers and fathers, sweethearts and we children too, would be seen parading on that long winding road, known as the Soldiers' Parade, a truly beautiful country road, surrounded by hills on all sides, and on one side also by the public gardens. You think this practice, maybe, you think all I have told you odd, but as I think of it, I can see myself as a little girl of eight or nine, walking up and down with my school friends, and thinking myself equal to those "Olympians." Something else beside the romantic spirit

would grip you, a spirit of beauty, of peace. And thus the Sabbath was ushered out.

When the stars began to appear in the heavens, all would disperse to their homes, father would say 'Marad, the evening prayer and the Holy Day would come to a close to the chorus from all of "a gitte wack, a gitte wack" and the lighting of the lamp. Immediately the world would awake and become active again; shops would be opened; book, pen and ink would be diligently put into use again . . . To-morrow was Sunday and school.

Here, too in Sydney, we keep the Sabbath. Mother still makes all the preparations for the Holy Day on Friday and we go to the Synagogue on Saturday, but the spirit behind it is missing, the atmosphere, the peacefulness is not here, but in the Holy Land.

—B. Morris (4A).

THE MOST EXCITING DAY IN MY LIFE.

As we, Fort Street girls, set out to cross the Sydney Harbour Bridge, our hearts swelled with pride to think that it belonged to us, the people of the future. We were all excited I am sure, for though the day was dull and there was a continuous drizzle of rain, the thought that we were the first to cross it inspired us so much that the weather was of little account.

This structure is indeed gigantic, for as we marched on to the bridge itself, the grey pylons towered upwards, hundreds of feet into the air. The bridge is so large that I cannot think of it in any correct terms of height and strength. The grey girders and enormous lengths of steel made us breathless with wonder to think that it was actually built by man. The people of Sydney are justly proud of it.

Since our school is right on the southern approach, it has been very trying for the staff and pupils to hear the blasting and drilling for the past five years, but now that it is finished we, one and all, feel very proud of our position, and the magnificent view that we get from the grounds.

It was a long and tiring walk across, but it was worth it; for it is good to know that we were the first to cross the Bridge. And is it the largest one-span bridge in the world!

Many of us, I think, would have liked to climb to the top of the arch to see the lovely view of the harbour. But that of course could not happen. And even without that desire fulfilled the day was for us a thrilling one, one whose happy memories will live as long as life shall last.

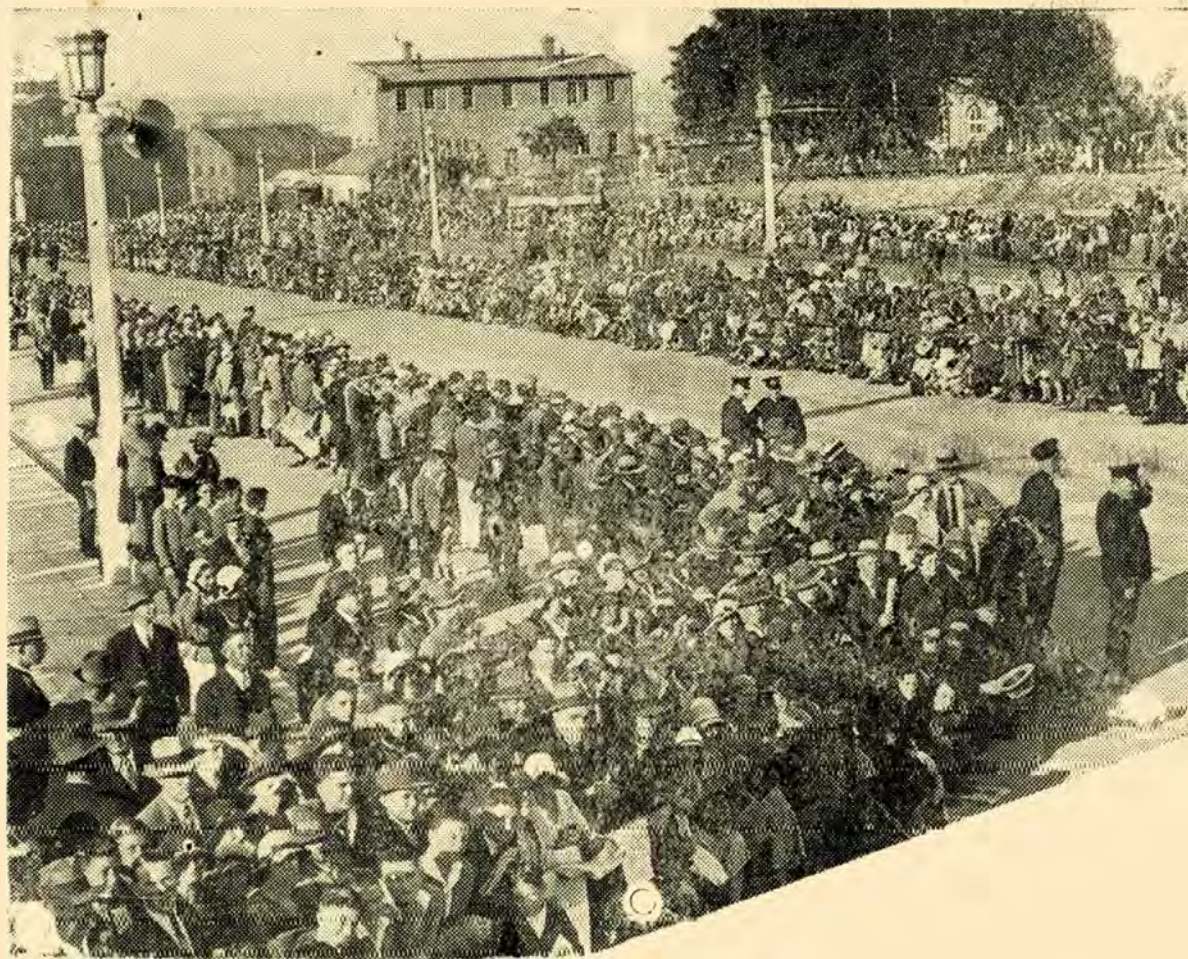
—Marjorie McKechnie (1A).



Fort Street Girls Making History, March 13th, 1932.

To Fort Street Girls fell the honour of leading the column of thousands of school children across the Harbour Bridge.

--By courtesy of the "World."



BRIDGE DAY. . .

BRADFIELD HIGHWAY, 7 a.m. MARCH 19th, 1932.
"Siberia" at one time known as "The New School" stands out well in the photograph.

—(By Courtesy of the "Sun")

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION

The Committee has pleasure in presenting the Report of the activities of the Union for the year ending March, 1932, a year which has proved very successful, considering the unfavourable financial circumstances that have prevailed. Many new names appeared on the membership list of 127, but the list was not as long as the one for the previous year. We hope that the 1932 list will include the names of all the Fifth Year girls of 1931.

The two Sub-Societies, the Tennis Club and the Literary Circle, reports of which will also be read, completed a successful year too, and the Union extends grateful thanks to the leaders of these two societies.

Perhaps the Union's most important work this year was the raising of money for the Bursary Fund. It was commenced in April, the Old Girls' Union aiming to collect enough to grant one or two bursaries to promising Fort Street school girls in need of financial help. So generous was the response and so much enthusiasm shown by members that the committee decided to increase the number of bursaries. The total amount raised was £37/17/10, enabling three fifth year girls and one third year girl to receive bursaries. In letters to the Secretaries these students expressed their great appreciation of the help given to them. The Annual Dance and the lectures given by Miss Mouldale helped to swell the Bursary Fund for the proceeds from these three entertainments were donated to it.

An afternoon tea party and bright re-union was held on Saturday, 2nd May, in the School Staff Room. The pleasure of this function was very much increased by a most interesting lecture given by Miss Mouldale on her travels abroad. The Staff Room was crowded, and those who were unable to come expressed so much regret that we asked Miss Mouldale to give a second lecture. This, in conjunction with one given by Mrs. Rogers who had just returned from Uganda, Africa, was also well attended on June 13th. To Miss Mouldale the Committee again expresses its sincere thanks for her bright lectures.

Hordern Bros.' Ballroom was chosen for the Dance on Tuesday, June 16th. The committee was sorry not to see a greater number of Old Fortian faces but the attendance was fair, and the £5/0/0 profit was donated to the Bursary Fund. Rosenthal's Orchestra and Hordern Bros.' catering were very good, while Miss Joan Balmain's dancing was very much appreciated by all present. This year complimentary tickets were not sent to the other High Schools' Unions for the committee was anxious to reduce expenses to swell the Bursary Fund. North Sydney High School Old Girls' Union, however, sent a donation and this friendly action on the part of our sister union was very much appreciated.

The second annual dance of the Combined High Schools' Old Girls' Union was held at Hordern Bros., on Tuesday, August 11th, and although the attendance was not equal to that at the first annual dance, Fort Street was well represented, and we were able to forward a donation of £14/8/0 to the Rachel Forster Hospital.

The Annual Dinner was replaced by a Supper Party at the Allora Cafe, which was held on Wednesday, September 16th. The Committee believed that a function of this type would prove just as successful and would be welcomed during these depressed times. A very happy evening was spent with a musical programme, the usual toasts and supper.

A walk through the bush in the Pymble district was arranged for a Saturday afternoon in September, but uncertain weather caused us to postpone our arrangements and the walk did not take place later in the year.

Two card parties were held during the year for members and their friends, the first being on August 6th and the second on November 5th. Both were well attended, prizes being given for Bridge and lucky numbers, and the "Horseshoe" Cafe was ideal for these functions. We hope that there will be many more social functions of this type.

The year's activities were completed by a Special General Meeting, follow-

ed by a debate held on Saturday, December 12th at the school. This meeting was convened in order that some necessary alterations be made to the Constitution. After the business part of the programme was completed we enjoyed a very keen debate between the Old Girls and the Fifth Years of 1931. The subject was "Men prefer sophistication in a woman to homely virtues," and resulted in a victory for the Fifth Years, who took the Opposition. Mrs. Cubis, Miss Catherine Farrell and Miss Nita Campbell spoke for the Old Girls, while the "homely virtues" were championed by Misses Doris Roy, Verna Cann and Syvilia Dalton. Miss Mouldsdales adjudicated for us. Later at afternoon tea a presentation was made to Miss Muriel Nicholls, the retiring secretary, in honour of her marriage.

During 1931 the Fort Street Old Boys' Union was revived, and arrangements are now in hand for the formation of an "Old Fortians' Dramatic Society" to include members of both Unions—boys and girls. It promises to be superior to any former attempts that were made to form a dramatic society and all interested are invited to join.

In conclusion the Committee would like to make the following recommen-

"That any amount up £20/0/0 of that donation to the incoming Committee which is at present in the bank be spent to benefit the school." It suggests curtains and fittings for the stage, in the new Assembly Hall, and would like these presented to the School from the 1931 Old Girls' Union Committee since this committee raised the money.

To Miss Cohen, the Principal of our old school, we express our deep gratitude for all she has done and we feel that because of her presence and direction the link that connects the Old and Present Girls is very much strengthened. Sincere thanks are also extended to the staff from whom we have gained much support.

The retiring committee welcomes the incoming officers and wishes them a prosperous and happy year with loyal support from all Old Fortians.

(Signed) M. CUMMINGS,

J. JACOBS,

Joint Hon. Secretaries

The School is delighted with the handsome curtains which Molly Stuckey, President for 1931, formally presented on April 23rd, and takes this opportunity of expressing its great appreciation of the continued interest of the Old Girls' Union.

CHRISTIAN UNION CAMP, 1932

9.30 on the morning of January 18th, saw an excited crowd of schoolgirls assembled under the big clock on the Sydney Railway Station. Girls were there from M.L.C. Burwood, P.L.C. Croydon, Hornsby High, Sydney High, St. George, Woodcourt, Ravenswood, Abbotsleigh, North Sydney and Fort Street, all armed with hockey sticks, tennis rackets, coats and rugs. They were bound for the Christian Union Camp at Bowral. In the train each girl was presented with a white disc suspended by a red cord, which bore her name and school. As the train proceeded on its journey we settled down to talk, but were soon interrupted by the strains of such classics as "Hurrah for Mary."

We reached Bowral shortly after lunch time, and made our way to Annesley. The College is set in lovely grounds, which afford great facilities for hockey, tennis and basket-

ball. We were welcomed by the Officer (Miss Gillespie) and Camp Mother (Mrs. Hamblin).

Dinner was served as soon as we arrived. After dinner we unpacked, and Miss Gillespie outlined to us the object of the Camp. The various duties were allotted and the choir and sports committees were chosen.

The College was divided into two houses, Annesley and Kingswood; Annesley was sub-divided into North and South verandahs, and there was much friendly rivalry between the three divisions. All the Fortian Campers with the exception of one, were on North verandah.

Meal time was most entertaining, as none had rarely time to eat, because each table had to do "stunts" at the request of another table. Such requests being—"Please sing for us the Marseillaise to the tune of Daisy,

Daisy" or "Please give us an appreciation of the dinner in verse," the latter being greeted by the reply—"Wait till we finish, it mightn't be an appreciation."

Each morning we were roused to life at 6.30 by the strains of a morning hymn from the choir, then there was a general rush for the bathrooms, in order to be downstairs in time for physical jerks, which served to give us an appetite for breakfast. One morning a few energetic ones arose early, while the others were still sleeping and played a hockey match.

After breakfast we tidied our rooms for this meal was followed by Room Inspection, and clothes protruding from wardrobes or towels over chairs drew forth much criticism from the officers who read the Room reports. An hour was then spent in Bible preparation, after which we divided into circles for study, the subject for discussion being "Friendship". After study circles the girls were free to do as they pleased till dinner time. Most of them seized this opportunity to take their rugs out under the trees and read.

After dinner "Rest Hour" was observed, and not a sound was heard throughout the whole hour. The afternoons were set aside for sport and recreation. This usually took the form of paper chases and walks, though sometimes, on account of the heat, we went into the Main Hall of the College and Camp Mother read to us the delightful works of A. A. Milne.

One afternoon some of us decided to climb the Gib. So we set out, equipped with apples and bottles of water. Oh you, who have in times past with the mercury at about 100 degrees grumbled at Essex St., have not seen a hill! We had to climb on all fours to prevent ourselves from slipping, and when descending we literally rolled down. The top of the Gib, so called because of its similarity in shape to Gibraltar, is a veritable forest with an undergrowth of golden everlasting daisies. There we "did" much geology, for on the side of the Gib is the trachyte quarry for which Bowral is famous.

On the Saturday afternoon a sports meeting was held. The point score was won by North Verandah, and we

Fortians felt proud of ourselves, because we helped to augment the winning total.

Some time after tea was devoted to stunts, for which we were divided into groups. Such time was passed in the acting of characters, back-to-childhood parties, and one evening we had a Book Evening, when each one had to represent a character from a book. Camp songs were also included in this period. Then we sang hymns and had an evening talk by one of the officers. Miss Rivett, from India, who has since been to school to address the Christian Union, stayed with us at Camp for a few days, and gave us several interesting talks on the work of Girls' Schools in India. Following these evening talks, if the weather permitted, we went for moonlight walks, into the country part of Bowral, and night presented to us its most beautiful aspect. As the country lay bathed in the silver moonlight, and the black roads glistened, a calm, almost reverent, stillness prevailed, and the sweet smell of the newly-mown hay wafted across the fields, inspired in each of us a deeper realization of the glories of nature, and the love of God Who has given us such beautiful things.

Supper awaited us on our return to Camp. After supper we trooped upstairs to our respective verandahs, generally to find that the enemy from Kingswood had been in first, and alas for the beautifully made beds that we thought awaited us! The mattresses were usually on the floor, the blankets, sheets and pillows, all in a jumbled heap in the middle of the verandah, and as there were twenty beds on our verandah you can well imagine the mess there was when one tried to redeem one's own blankets and sheets. Of course being such sweet-natured girls we never planned revenge!!

Lights out at 10 p.m. and silence till next morning.

We were all very sorry when Monday afternoon came, and we had to return home. Before we left, the "Camp Chronicle," composed by the girls, was read and Miss Gillespie spoke to the girls a farewell message.

Norah McKenna (5A).

THE MESSAGE OF GOODWILL.



Beryl Lamble and Winnie Cutler delivering the Message of Good Will to the Hon. W. Davies, Minister for Education, March 17th, 1932.

On March 19th, the School Children's message sent to The Hon. J. T. Lang, the Premier of N.S.W., from Tottenham in the heart of the State, by means of relays of pupils from 73 schools over a distance of 300 miles, was carried on its final stage from Fort Street Girls' High School, to the Governor, Sir Philip Game, on the official dais, by Ian Sharp and myself. We received it from Ken Tubman and Allan McKnight, who had run from the Department of Education on that morning.

Ian carried the scroll in a brass container slung over his shoulder by a

leather strap. After we had been received on the dais by the Governor and the Premier, the scroll was unrolled and held by us, whilst Ian read the message in a very clear voice with excellent enunciation, and it was heard by the assembled multitude, and radio listeners throughout the State. Mr. Lang acknowledged the message in the following words—

"I am grateful to you and to all the children who have taken part in relaying this message. With you, I pray that God will bless Australia, that he will give her the greatest blessing that any country can have—a wide genera-

tion of bright-eyed, healthy children, reverencing the God Who made them and loving the country that bore them."

We then took our seats on the dais Mrs. Lang, in the pleasant conversation which followed recommended Ian to develop his talent for public speaking in the arena of politics, and she presented me with a bowl of rare orchids.

We felt it was a great honour and a thrilling experience for both of us to appear publicly on such an important occasion to represent the pupils, not only of Fort Street High Schools, but those of all the other schools in New South Wales. The Message of Goodwill runs as follows:—

"A message of goodwill and congratulation from the heart of New South Wales on the occasion of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

To the Honourable John T. Lang.

Premier of New South Wales.
Greeting:

This is a message of goodwill and congratulation to the citizens of Sydney and to the people of New South Wales on the occasion of the completion and opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. The message comes from the heart of New South Wales, and has been conveyed to you by relays of boys first from Tottenham near the centre of the State, and thence from school to school. The boys have travelled on foot, by pony, bicycle and car, and they have been cheered on their way by many thousands of children and their parents, who are with you to-day in spirit, and who join heartily with you in the earnest prayer—

"God Bless Our Fair Australia!"

THE ARCHIBALD MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

Last Saturday night we went to Hyde Park, to see the Archibald Memorial Fountain, the work of Francois Sicard, lit by floodlights.

There are four groups in this piece of work, Apollo, Diana with her bow and hounds, Theseus slaying the Minotaur and Pan, the Spirit of the Woods, who is caressing two sheep. A rising sun sprays water from behind Apollo and the glistening drops fall into the pool beneath. From the nostrils of the horses which are at either side of Apollo's stand, and from the dolphins

and the little flying turtles, pours a continuous flow of water.

In the day time this is a beautiful piece of work, but at night its beauty is enhanced by the coloured lights. The bases of pink granite on which the statues stand are lit by red lights, and these tint the water with a reddish glow. Everything is clothed in the misty spray of water and every night one can see groups of admiring people gathered round this glorious piece of work, which is an ornament to the city.

Dorothy Bieri (3C).

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Dear Fortians,

Another year has commenced and we are once more directing our energies to lectures and the various college activities. Some of us have been drafted into different sections and so separated from our friends, but we have a common bond in being Fortians and this cannot be broken.

Quite a number of Fortians have joined our ranks to spend two more happy years before passing out into the world of workers. Probably these new-comers have not yet realised just how delightful the College course can be. But those of us who know it can assure the present day Fortians that they have a treat in store for them

should they choose to enter the teaching profession.

Fortians are to be found in the various College clubs, such as the Choir, the Dramatic Society, the Chorus, the Debating Society, and in sport they also take an active part. We are proud to include in our number Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, a member of the College staff, and a most enthusiastic Fortian.

Owing to the prevailing depression the number of scholarships and also the numbers sent from the College to the University have been greatly reduced. Consequently there must be many disappointed Fortians for whom we all feel very sorry. Our sympathies are also extended to the Fortian ex-students—among them is included Jessie Bates, a former captain—who were not appointed to positions this year. This news was quite expected and has caused many of us to wonder if we are to meet with similar fates next year. For the present, however, we are making the

most of our opportunities here in this "honoured home of light and learning," in order to uphold the fame of "the best school of all."

Every Fortian was proud to hear of the excellent results obtained in the examinations at the end of last year. Doris Roy is to be especially congratulated and we wish her every success and happiness in her University career.

With the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, Fort Street comes under the public eye more than ever. The atmosphere of seclusion, so conducive to study, is now replaced by the busy hum of traffic. But however great the change in its outward appearance, the spirit of the school is the same—the spirit which inspires Fortians to "keep her honour yet" and to "uphold her fair fame."

Fortians of to-day, we wish you every happiness during this and the future years!

—Eunice V. Brown.

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

A paved pathway leading—where?
An alcove with a rustic chair,
Flowered walks whereon I tread,
Drooping branches brush my head.
A riot of roses in rich bloom
Trails o'er a trellis; their perfume
Fills all the air, while hollyhocks
Stand 'gainst the wall, and scented
stocks;
And bright-hued marigolds aglow,
And pink-tipped daisies in a row,
All the dear flowers of the old-fashion-
ed world,
Lilies pure and chaste and fair,
Daffodils, iris, flag-lilies unfurled;
Love-in-a-mist and heliotrope rare,
Sweet lavender and scented musk,
Lilac, and flowers that perfume the
dusk,
Pansies, violets, forget-me-nots blue—
Sweet little faces that smile at you.
Just round a bend and oh! the roses!
See what the vista there discloses!
Roses rioting here and there,
Growing and blossoming everywhere!
Perfume, pure as saintly prayer,
Stealing, drifting, through the air.
Filled with delight my way I wend,
Onward, questingly, round a bend.

There, in the midst of a wee little
path,

Where tulips gayly dance and laugh,
A sundial, old, imposing, grand,
Stands by itself on its marble stand,
Marking the hours off, day by day.
"Time waynes away as flowers de-
caye"

Is its wording old, and I pass on,
Through trees to where the sun has
shone

On the sparkling waters, crystal clear
For many a day and many a year
Of a laughing, dimpling, bubbling
stream,

With jewelled fish, a place to dream—
And ferns all drenched with showery
spray,

Gurgling and splashing and swirling
away.

I cross green lawns, well-kept and
trim,

Edged with borders, small and prim,
Up terrace steps all bright with
flowers,

Past marble statues and fern-lined
bowers,

Unto a high, old garden wall
Backed by spruces, slender, tall,
Through a postern door that is painted
grey—

Back to the life of everyday.
But in fanciful dreams I go each night
Back to this garden of pure delight.

—Marjorie Yeó (4B).

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

The bright moon shed its silver light;
The bushland was asleep,
The sky, a canopy of blue,
Through which the stars did peep.

The leafless trees, like stark, black
ghosts,
Stood out against the sky,
And through the bushland echoing
There came a night bird's cry.

And in the dim veiled moonlight there
The true Australian bush,
I saw, I felt its mystic spell,
Its silence and its hush.

Into the deep blue darkness then,
There came a hint of light—
The pearly grey of morning's joy—
The skies above grew bright.

Then on the far horizon dim, &
I saw the break of dawn,
I saw the beauty, colour, glow,
The glory of the morn.

The wild life of the forest-day
Stirred like a breath of breeze,
That sighing through the gully's
depths,
Did stir the tops of trees.

And as some beauteous maiden wakes,
Wakes from her happy dream,
The bushland woke with morning
light,
Woke with the sun's first gleam.

Australia! Happy land thou art,
With riches, freedom, love,
From riverside and gully deep,
To mountain peaks above.
—Marguerite (5A).

THE FAIRY BARQUE

Above the hills so gaunt and bold,
Rises the moon in her dress of gold,
Through starlit sky she wends her way
Lighting the world with a silv'ry
ray.

No famous Spanish galleon bright,
Compares in the calm of a summer's
night,
With the glorious golden fairy boat,
High over the world in the sky
afloat.

Her crew are fairy fishermen gay,
Who work at night and rest all day;
With silver nets cast into the sea
They catch the star fish three and
three.

And humans in the world below
Point upward as they see her go
Merrily sailing on her way,
Lighting the world with a silv'ry
ray.

—Kathleen Munro (2A).

NATURE'S MAGIC.

I stole across the fields at early dawn-
light,

The songbirds were just waking,
The sky was palest red—
I stole across the fields in early
mornlight,

The new day was just breaking,
The darkness had now fled.

The dewdrops glittered on the tiny
grass blades,
The soft wind whispered to the sway-
ing leaves,

And in these things,
I saw that one thing—
Nature.

I stole beneath the trees at dusky
twilight,

The stars were shyly peeping,
The sun had gone to bed—
I stole across the fields in dark'ning
night-light,

The flowers were all sleeping,
The sunshine had quite fled.

The songbirds nestled in the tangled
branches,
The pale moon climbed into the velvet
sky,

And in these things,
I saw that one thing—
Nature.

—Barbara Whitney (3A).

"MY SHIP."

Over the heaving waters, the green waves tooped with foam,

With rise and dip, my gallant ship comes sailing swiftly home.

O! many a storm's been weathered and many a sunk reef's past,

But blithely now her great white prow is turned towards home at last.

From past the far horizon, from out of the setting sun.

With sails agleam, she strains each throws a path of gold;

Over the dancing waters, the sun beam, before the wind to run.

With a treasure load down that gleaming road come delights for young and old.

Amid the fading sunbeams, her snowv decks gleam wide;

With rise and dip, my gallant ship in harbour safe doth ride.

O! many a storm's been weathered, and many a sunk reef's past,

But storm's are o'er and reefs no more, for my ship is anchored at last

—Joan Pemell (4A).

AUSTRALIA.

Who seeks far lands? I? Nay;

Australia fair, I'd rather have,

Than any you could say.

Who craves for wealth? instead,

Give me a happy Austrál home;

With blue skies overhead.

Who envies, fame? Far more

I'd rather be an "Aussie" proud,

Contentment at my door.

—Mignon (4C).

PETER PAN.

Peter stood in a garden bed,

Rosy petals ablowing free,

And the fairies would make him a
crown, but he said,

With a shake of his curly, wind-
blown head,

"No crown of roses for me!"

Peter danced through the garden fair,

Fragrant flowers ablowing free

In the carefully tended garden-plots,

"Lovely indeed are forget-me-nots,
But none of them for me!"

Peter danced o'er the garden path

To a beautiful wattle tree,

And he bade the fairies crown him
there,

While he said, as they wraighed his
nut-brown hair,

"A sunny, gold crown for me!"

—'Candle-Light,' (IIIA).

"ROSE BUDS."

I picked a blushing rose this morn,
 'Twas dewy—crystal clear;
 The drops were glitt'ring on the bud,
 And glistening like a tear.

A sighing zephyr tossed the blooms
 Into the fragrant air;
 I watched the petals waft away—
 So delicate and fair.

But yet I have that precious bud,
 'Tis fading—slowly dying;
 I'm sure it was a tear I saw—
 The passionate heart is crying,

And yearning for those bygone days,
 When gladsome, sunny hours;
 Were crowned with blossoms on the
 breeze,
 And roses—Love's own flow'rs.

—'Jacqueline,' (3B).

THE BRIDGE.

What a magnificent structure! The Sydney Harbour Bridge! This steel wonder, with its gigantic dimensions impresses all who behold it, with awe. A landmark in Australia's history, an unparalleled engineering feat, an inestimable public benefit, there it stands majestically uniting the headlands separated for millions of ages by our fine harbour. Truly Science has become the handmaid of man!

My pathway is spanned by a silvery, silken thread, the dancing dewdrops

upon it glistening in the warm rays of the morning sunlight and rousing within me an ardent love for the aesthetic—a spider's web, representing the beauty of the simplicity of the natural things in life, yet more pleasing to man's real spirit than any immense steel structure that his ever-increasing knowledge may plan and his bodily strength fashion. Man cannot surpass the works of Nature!

—Peggy Browne (5A).

THE MOONSTONE PRELUDE.

The moonstone burned with a cold blue flame, a light in a world of gloom. From the silver blue depths formless shadows moved in aimless vastness which rolled on in unbroken darkness on either side. And the world was clothed in a vague magic of misty light, whose shadows harboured phantom forms, which restlessly moved backward and forward. In their movement they seemed to draw with them a clearer light, which revealed to them a thousand silver columns soaring upwards from the pearly floor of a great hall—the Temple of Time, where the Jewel of Life glowed with eternal light.

The scene became more animated as a myriad speeding forms poured into the boundless space in silent ecstasy. Dim shapes passed to and fro amid the silver shafts—shapes which whirled and twisted, advanced and retired in bewildering figures. Shadows, which cast their chequered patterns across

the uncertain light, emerged to be lost in the darkness above. With them spirits of unrealised hopes and wraiths of uncaptured dreams rose in one wildly circling mass. Now high, now low, all were seized with a maddening passion. Their centre was the moonstone, which seemed to dilate and contract in its sombre setting.

Then a burst of silver trumpets shattered the profound silence and the echoes, caught in the maze of columns, sounded and resounded. The ghostly forms, stilled into tense expectancy, whispered "It is Time!" The whisper rose to a moaning cry—Time! The echoes answered—Time!

In stately measure and with sonorous sound a solemn army of shining trumpeters heralded their virgin goddess. Her queenly figure appeared near the Jewel, the light concentrated upon her and gradually the waiting forms resumed their course. She stood, the one still figure in a maelstrom of

rapid movement, in perfect poise, tall and shapely. Her hair was as black as darkest night, her skin as white, as gleaming, as the moon. The cold disinterest of the stars was reflected in her eyes, the void of the midnight sky was in her heart. All tenderness, all emotion had been crushed by the bitter grindstone of forgotten ages, for she was Time.

All the world was held in the vice of terrifying silence, but now a muffled medley of eerie noises rose and fell, snatches of wild laughter filled the dizzy heights, and amid the mingled sounds, the thronging figures swept past in endless lines to pay her homage. She touched the Jewel, the blue flames leapt up anew, and the flying figures increased their pace. Then her hand left it, the Jewel dimmed and the spirits drooped accordingly in mournful wise.

Then she spoke, and the magic, the subtlety of her voice arrested all in their flight—"I am Time—the eternal, unrelenting! I wait not for the fallen, I stay not for the golden trifles which strew my path. My path is onward,

ever on! Where I lead, so do you follow; when I command, do you obey? I am Time!"

She bent over the Jewel and breathed her icy breath upon it, and the shadows which were hidden there grew more clearly defined. Dull sounds which changed to a paean or rejoicing accompanied the glorious light that poured from the Jewel. Blue flames enveloped her and the attendant figures knelt with outflung arms. And their voices rose in exultation and the universe shook with passionate tremors as the crashing cadences burst from a million throats. The spirits stood aghast. A great cry rang out, terrible in its loneliness, the dazzling fire of the Jewel was unbearable, the roar of . . .

The moonstone burned with a cold blue flame, a strange misty light in a world of gloom. It moved as the sleeping figure of a woman started from a dream in the darkness. Then the hard glare of electric light flooded the room and found it glowing at her throat.

—Joyce Rogers (5B)..

IN THE LIBRARY.

There are some persons to whom the word, "library" suggests a peaceful sanctuary where they may repair, not to carry on research, but merely to escape, even for a moment, from the humdrum existence of the outside world. Such was my frame of mind on entering one of Sydney's finest libraries. My object was to provide myself with a book and settle down not to study, but to amuse myself by glancing through its pages.

Soon, however, I became conscious of the fact that the frequenters of the library were as interesting as the books with which its shelves were crammed. I had never before encountered such diverse characters. Beside me sat a youth, pondering upon a history of Rome, whilst opposite was a grey-haired, old man, who, it seemed to me, was not an infrequent visitor to these beloved book-shelves, and who at the time, was deeply interested in a religious work. At the same table was seated a University student with several volumes upon English liter-

ature around her. Next to her, was seated another woman, busily copying from a book, the title of which I endeavoured in vain to guess, until on the page being turned I noticed the words, "good and tried recipes for the housewife" Lastly, there was a middle-aged man, with bristling hair and beetling eyebrows, whose hand shook nervously as he wrote. Was he a professor or merely a thinker, of whom these works on philosophy meant more than anybody, other than himself, could realise?

Never since, have I heard the word, "library" or even "reading-room" but I see a group of studious, book-loving people. Here, indeed Dickens would find ecstasy, for he would have before him such characters as only his pen could portray—real, living, thinking people, serving as types of the human race, showing man that he lives in a world more interesting and more delightful than the world of fiction, if he could but realise it!

—Peggy Browne (5A)..

THE SONG OF A SAFETY PIN.

A safety pin's a useful thing
 To mend a rent or tear;
 It's better than a piece of string—
 Just use it anywhere.

When hooks or buttons have come
 loose,
 And you've not time to stay—
 A safety pin will make you spruce—
 Until some other day.

Perhaps a skirt hangs just too low,
 And needs a tuck run in,
 How weary then it is to sew—
 Just get a safety pin.

A precious thing, this shining tin,
 When you don't wish to sew;
 Be sure you take a safety pin,
 Wherever you may go.
 —Jean Livingston (2B).

GUIDE NOTES.

Camp! Who can resist this alluring word? Surely not 1st Fort Street Guides. Christmas Day was made much more interesting by the fact that we, the advance party, were to go to camp on the next day. When the others arrived on Monday, the scene had been transformed and white canvas tents clothed the site. Thorough enjoyment of unusual things was the dominant note that day and remained so for the whole wonderful week.

Six o'clock in the morning found the swimmers ready for a swim in the Nepean River. Others went birding and many were the birds observed by them. This was the beginning of days in which there was not a moment that lacked interest. Perhaps camp fire was the most enjoyable time, when one sat in the fire-lit circle and joined in the songs and listened to stories before winding one's way to bed at 9 o'clock. Wednesday found us all on a lorry bound for Cobbity where we saw the old church.

On New Year's Eve the Guides were invited to the Scouts' Camp Fire. On arriving at the scene we could scarcely believe our eyes for the set fire was 20 feet high. Our two youngest Guides were asked to light the fire which was soon blazing merrily. Although we went to bed at a quarter to twelve, most of us were too tired to keep awake and see the New Year in.

Visitors' Day fell on Friday, and on Saturday, Mrs. Mather, Miss Cohen and Miss Weston spent the day at the camp.

Sunday was a memorable day as we went to Mrs. Macarthur Onslow's estate and roamed around the grounds and the forest planted with English trees. We were very sorry when this visit came to an end, as every minute had been very enjoyable.

After much excitement, packing up and clearing the camp site, we at last found ourselves in the homeward-bound train, with very happy memories of the week spent under canvas.

Little did we dream that that would be the last time that Miss Drury would act as Commandant of 1st Fort Street Company. For many years she has been an indefatigable worker with the Guides at Fort Street and has shown us the real spirit of guiding. Great indeed is our loss, but we hope that she will be happy in her new sphere of work at Dubbo.

At present her sister, Thea Drury, and Lily Gray, both formerly members of the Company are carrying on the work; while Miss Millard has charge of the Rangers.

A few weeks ago we went to Cheltenham for a Field Day. Many woodcraft games were played before dinner, which was a very exciting meal, many chops, etc., finding their way accidentally into the fire.

The afternoon passed happily with signalling and Nature games, and after tea, we sat singing around the Camp Fire, carrying from there sweet memories of a day well spent in the open.

—Jean Smith (5B).

THE OLD GIRLS' MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Miss Watts, on her retirement, very kindly offered to conduct a choir of old girls. This offer was so much appreciated that an Old Girls' Musical Society was formed on April 4th, with Margaret Cox as secretary, and Jessie Bates as treasurer. The Society will meet in the New Assembly Hall at

School at 7.30 p.m. on Monday evenings from May to October, beginning on May 2nd. We know that many Fortians will be delighted to hear of this movement and will be eager to renew their happy relationships with Miss Watts by joining the Society.

THE OLD FORTIANS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Old Fortians' Dramatic Society.

Any Fortians who are interested in dramatic work are invited to join the Society recently formed by old pupils of both schools. The Secretary is L. Leck representing the Fort Street Old Boys Union and the Treasurer is Mavis Swyny representing the Old Girls' Union.

The Society was formed on March 9th, and its first ordinary meeting was held on April 20th at the Blue Tea Room, where two one-act plays were

presented, under the capable direction of Thelma Sundstrom and Wilbur Sawkins and a social evening was spent.

During the year the Literary Circle continued to meet at the Women's Club, and thirteen meetings in all were held from March to October. The year's activities commenced 26th March, with the Annual General Meeting, at which the following office-bearers were elected:—

President, Miss Turner.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

Sixth Annual Report, 1932.

Vice-President, Miss Morley.

Hon. Secretary, Miss Duhig.

Hon. Treasurer, Miss Farrell.

Magazine Editress, Miss Dorrington.

Rep. to O.G.U. Committee, Miss Crawford.

Librarian, Miss Doherty.

During the year seven new members were enrolled, and eight resigned. The average attendance was 15.9.

The following papers were read for the Circle:

Arabian Literature—The Arabian Nights, Miss Duhig.

Persian Literature—Omar Khayyam, Miss Santos.

Indian Literature—The Great Epics, Miss Turner.

The work of Tagore, Mrs. Bluhdorn.

Chinese Literature—Miss Dorrington
Japanese Literature, the drama, Miss Farrell.

Development of modern novel in Scandinavian literature, and works of Bojer, Miss Crawford.

Knut Hamsun—Miss Doherty.

Selma Lagerlof—Miss Hamer.

Sigrid Undset—Mrs. Cubis.

Very keen interest was taken in all these papers, and specially exhibited in the lively discussions which followed. The section devoted to Scand-

avian literature aroused the greatest interest.

Two play readings by members of the Circle were enjoyed. They were Somerset Maugham's "Loaves and Fishes", read 9th July, and Ferris "Death takes a Holiday", read 8th October.

A social evening marked the opening and closing of the year's work and was greatly enjoyed.

On 23rd July the members had the privilege of hearing Miss Eldershaw's address to the Women Graduates' Association, on "Contemporary Women Novelists." Since Miss Eldershaw dealt at large with the Richard Mahoney Trilogy, the Circle was greatly interested, as this work had been studied previously in the Circle.

As a result of the collections taken up at several of the meetings, £3 was realised towards the Bursary Funds, of £10 each, established for one year, by the O.G.U. for 5th year pupils.

The Syllabus Committee, consisting of Misses Turner, Morley, Farrell and Duhig, prepared a programme of work for 1932. It consists of consideration of modern tendencies in literature—prose and verse, illustrated by the works of Aldous Huxley, James Joyce,

the Sitwells, Thomas Mann, Wasserman, Franck and Feuchtwanger.

I should like to record the Circle's grateful appreciation to Miss Turner for much of the success of the year's

work and the pleasure derived from the meetings are due to her unflinching interest in our doings.

Eva Duhig,
Hon. Secretary.

Sydney University,
6th April, 1932.

Dear Girls,

The year has commenced once more at the University, bringing with it many familiar faces, some of which are seen here for the first time.

Fortians at the University are very proud of Doris Roy's achievements at the Leaving Certificate, and all feel that she will continue to win even further laurels during her career.

Fort Street is well represented in the field of Latin, as Elsie Howie gained first place on the High Distinction list in Latin II, while in Latin I, Wilga Johnson obtained High Distinction and Maurine Deer, Credit. Wilga also obtained a Credit in French I, and Gwen Marchant a Distinction in English II.

Many Fortians who were with us last year have passed on to the sober respected rank of graduates. Among this happy band are Clarice Heyner, Dorothea Drury, Amy Carpenter and Sheila Smith in Arts; Grace Walker and Dorothy York in Science.

Lent term activities have scarcely begun yet, but as soon as the weather becomes cooler, cheerful muddled souls will be seen wildly chasing white balls across the hockey square, the light blue of the tunics in harmony with the green of the grass and the mellowed tints of the older buildings which brood from afar over the animated scene.

Fortians at the University were very sorry to learn that you had lost Miss Watts, and realise how much she will be missed, but we have one consolation in that we may join the Old Girls' Musical Society, of which she is going to be President.

The Fifts and Thirds are doubtlessly hard at work with the shadows of examinations already hanging over them, and we wish them every good fortune throughout the year, and hope that you will all enjoy your school life as much as we did, who have passed on, who keep fresh the memory of the many happy years spent together at the school on the hill.

—Marion Dallison,
Arts II.

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