

# THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

## GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

### FORT STREET.



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VOL III.—No. 10. NOVEMBER, 1932. : Price One Shilling

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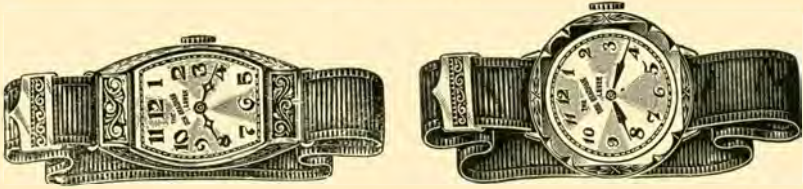
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# THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

## FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1932.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

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**Needlework:** Miss COUSINS.

**Music:** Mrs. JAMES.

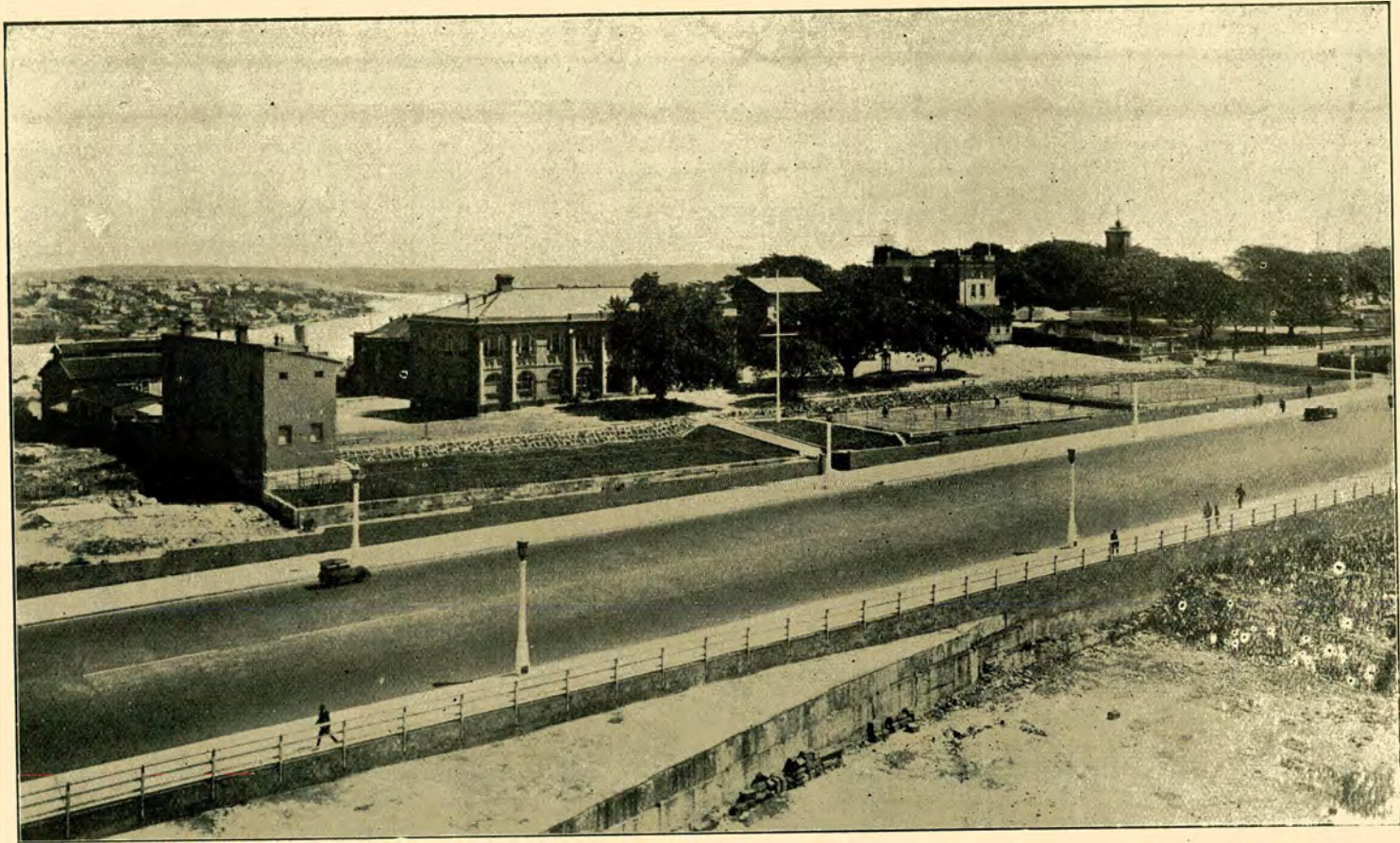
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**Magazine Business Manager:** Miss MOULSDALE, M.A.

**Captain, 1932:** BERYL LAMBLE.



FOR STREET GIRLS' HIGH, 1932.  
(By courtesy of The Government Printer).



## THE OPENING OF THE TENNIS COURTS.

On the morning of Wednesday, August 31st, the spirits of every Fortian rose with the sun. With eager expectation we had awaited the great event. Not a cloud marred the beauty of the blue sky, and on this sunny morning we enjoyed all the satisfaction of realised ambitions.

All the morning we hurried to and fro like busy ants, dusting, polishing, decorating, till everything was spick and span and all the hidden beauty of the grand old school was brought into evidence.

At last the longed for afternoon arrived, and, with the kindly sun beaming down upon us, and the school flag fluttering gaily in the breeze, we listened to the performance of the orchestra, which, heard through the loud speakers, sounded quite professional.

Then the visitors arrived and when all were comfortably seated and the atmosphere tense with excitement, the ceremony opened with the singing of the National Anthem. This was followed by a short address by Mr. G. R. Thomas, the Director of Education, who acted as chairman. Mr. Thomas spoke in appreciative terms of the wonderful efforts of all who had helped in transforming the ugly, broken strip of land into the beautiful vista which spreads before us to-day.

Miss Cohen then read in a clear voice the report and balance sheet, and we listened to the story of the realisation of our cherished hopes. Triumphantly Miss Cohen announced that we had a small balance in hand whilst every detail of Mr. Dellit's delightful plan had been carried out. The report made us realise what a tremendous amount of work had had to be done to produce the fine tennis courts in the place of the ugly boulders over which so many people trod during the Harbour Bridge celebrations.

The Chairman then read the apologies of many friends who found it impossible to attend the function. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. S. Walder, deeply regretted their inability to be present on account of important business which, at the last moment, demanded their attention.

We then listened to the familiar voice of our old friend, Dr. Bradfield, who has so often shown his friendship in a practical way. Dr. Bradfield declared that he was delighted to assist us and that all that he and his staff had done was due to Miss Cohen's encouragement. Dr. Bradfield concluded his speech amid hearty acclamation, which betokened our sincere appreciation of his invaluable assistance.

Next we heard issuing from the loud speakers a clear young voice which spoke earnestly of Dr. Bradfield's aid, and Beryl Lamble presented him with a small token of our esteem and appreciation.

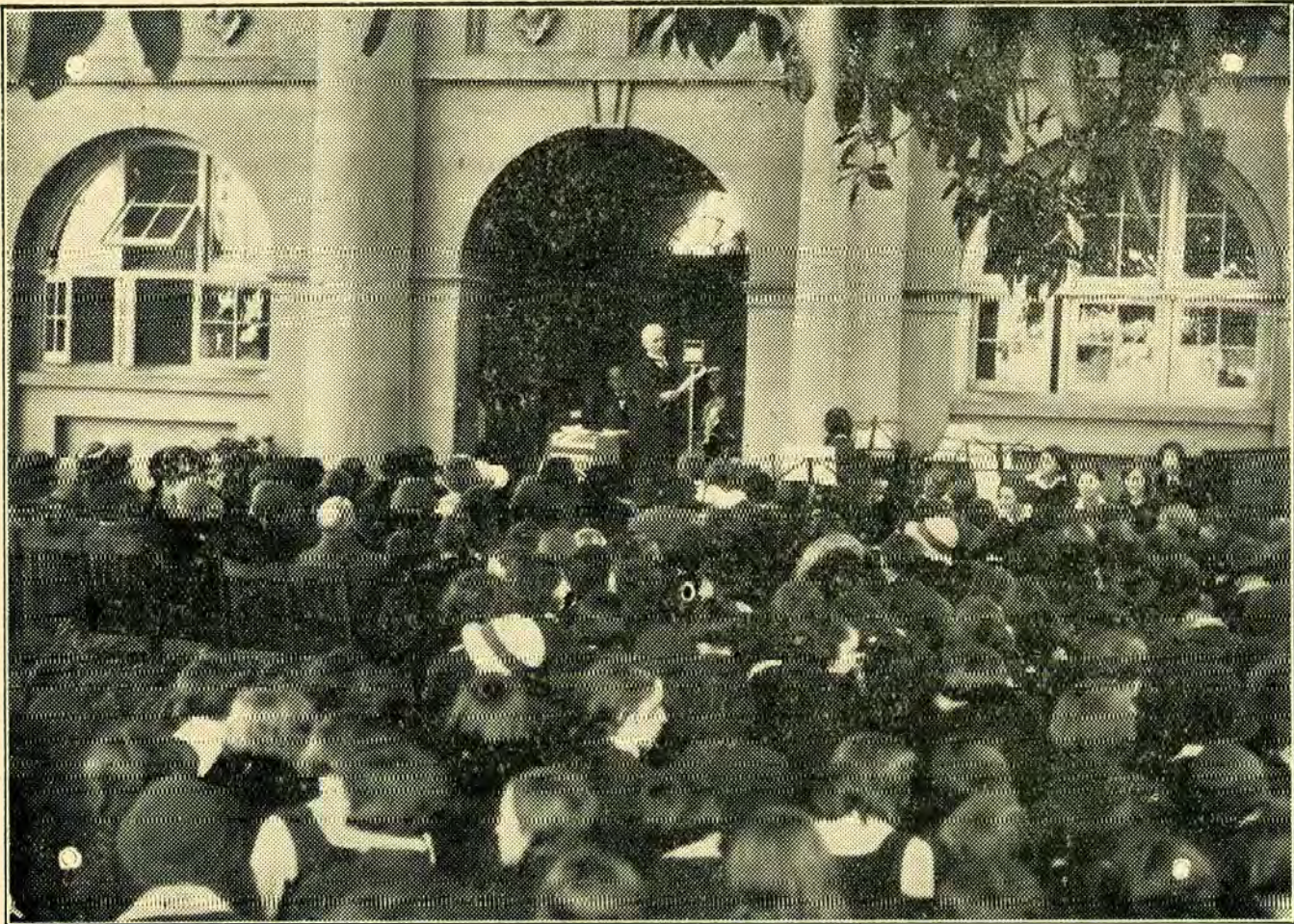
Winnie Cutler then spoke in her charming way of the happiness yet to be derived from the courts, and expressed the school's thanks to the other gentlemen to whom we owe so much, Messrs. Dellit, Carroll and Wallace, who received small mementoes of our appreciation.

In an interesting address, Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., spoke of the benefit of sport which must, of necessity, be combined with study and he wished us many happy hours on the new courts.

Miss Blume then expressed in words the sentiment which was glowing within us all—that of deep gratitude to Miss Cohen for her untiring interest in the beautification scheme.

\* \* \* \*

The scene now moves to the gates of the tennis courts, resplendent with red and white ribbon. "And now sits Expectation in the air," a snip of the scissors and Dr. Bradfield has, at one and the same moment, opened the courts and unveiled the tablet set in the wall of the courts, commemorating the work of the pupils, parents, friends, staff, ex-pupils, the Education Department and the Sydney Harbour Bridge staff.



Dr. Bradfield Addressing the Pupils on the occasion of the Opening of the Tennis Courts.  
(By courtesy of The Sydney Morning Herald).

After partaking of refreshments, the visitors were shown over the school, and many a heart swelled with pride when exhibiting "the glory that is Fort Street." The day ended, and a peaceful happiness pervaded us—"Finis coronat opus."

—Enid Smith (4A).

The Editors have much pleasure in printing the full text of Dr. Bradfield's speech and the Report and Balance Sheet presented by Miss Cohen, on August 31st.

— :: —

### Dr. Bradfield's Address.

Mr. Ross Thomas, Miss Cohen, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Girls of the Fort Street High School, the bevy of brains and beauty who adorn the Bridge Highway:

The story of each one of us is an adventure, great or small, as we set out on our life's journey to discover ourselves and the secret of our personality, the character in us which does and dares as it leads us forward in our attempts to overcome our limitations and attain our ideals which I endeavoured to weave in the design of the Bridge and its approaches, simplicity, beauty, service, are surely exemplified by these tennis courts and garden dreamed of by me some twenty years ago, when locating the Bridge Avenue on the high ground along Princes Street. What was then more or less a slum area has been transformed into a beautiful highway with this historic building, with these courts and garden, and with the pupils of the school adding charm and interest thereto.

Bradfield, in England, especially its school, is widely known; my wife has hopes that a similar school may be established in the Northern Suburb called after us. Bradfield Highway, linking the City with the Northern Suburbs, has Fort Street School on the City side and various private and public schools associated with it on the northern side. I have preserved the amenities of these schools, taking care that the Bridge and its approaches would be no disfigurement in the landscape, and by systems of subways under the roadways on the Northern and Southern Approaches, have provided safe access for the school pupils.

In carrying out the work on the northern side, I was always thankful when the holidays were over because when we were blasting, notwithstanding the heavy rope mats placed over the area, small fragments would soar skywards and the children, although kept out of the danger zone, would endeavour to catch the fragments as they fell, and the girls outvied the boys. Fortunately, none of them were hurt, and they did thrill to a new game of "catchers."

The foresight of Miss Cohen, the assistance of your parents, teachers, friends, and the Education Department, likewise the desire of the Bridge Staff to make some amends for the inconvenience of access which had to be caused to the school for several years, have brought these courts and the beautification of the school grounds to fruition.

I know of no school which has a more convenient or beautiful setting than Fort Street. The tennis and basket ball courts will add zest to your studies, on them, you girls of Fort Street and the ones who will succeed you, will learn to play the game of life, and in your work and in your play will spin this old wheel of earth about, assisting in the development of Australia with all the potential power for good which an educated and enlightened womanhood can exercise when journeying along the Road of Life.

A poem, "The Road of Life," written by Phyllis Gurney Wright, was published in the Saturday literary page of the "Sydney Morning Herald" some years ago—

"Follow we must that long, lone road,  
Where Fate has set our feet;  
And each of us has a separate path,  
Though often the pathways meet.

"Follow we must the winding road,  
 With courage in our eyes;  
 While we hear the beat of a million feet  
 On the path where duty lies.

"Nearing the end of the long white road,  
 We walk at a slower pace;  
 But with weary eyes on the brightening skies,  
 We watch for our Master's face."

And thus the end crowns the work, and it is the work that matters, not the men or women who do it! When to-day is but a memory, these courts and school grounds will be a source of pleasure to the multitude who pass along the Highway, and, then as now, the girls of Fort Street will humanise and add lustre to the picture.

It has given my wife, my daughter, and myself a sincere pleasure to be here to-day at the opening of these courts—my wife's favourite flower, the nasturtium, has found a place in the garden.

It is now my privilege to cut the ribbon and declare the courts open for play, and to unveil the tablet which commemorates their establishment. May these playing grounds be the pride, and ever afford pleasure to the girls of the Fort Street High School.

---

### Miss Cohen's Report and Balance Sheet.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and Girls:

I have much pleasure in presenting to you a report on the work which has been done on the land, which was recently handed over to the Department of Education by the Harbour Bridge authorities. To review the position chronologically, the land was promised some years ago to the Education Department for the use of the High School in exchange for an area which was resumed and now is part of Bradfield Highway.

For several years the work in connection with the Bridge Approaches caused us great inconvenience, but now we are reaping a rich reward—for the wonderful frontage that the school possesses makes its position second to none in the State. When we returned to school at the beginning of 1932 we found the new area of land on one side of the entrance, roughly levelled, as it was the intention to erect two tennis courts thereon.

The plans for these courts were prepared by the Government Architects' Department, and on April 6th I received a letter from the Chief Inspector of Schools enclosing the plans, stating that the proposed work would cost £961 and that no money was available for this purpose. Mr. Davies, who was at that time Minister for Education, had previously visited the school, had given me permission to collect money if possible from the girls and their parents, and had promised to set aside a certain sum of money for doing up the play ground. It was difficult to know where to start, as obviously it would be no easy task to raise the necessary money.

It was at this time that I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Bruce Dellit, who was much struck with the possibilities of the situation, and realised that with a proper scheme the frontage could be made a beauty spot such as was needed for a school so conspicuously situated. I could never adequately express to Mr. Dellit my gratitude and that of the girls for the interest he took in the work, and for the beautification scheme which he drew up for me. His water colour plan, with its trees, shrubs and lawns was a glorious surprise, and charmed all those who saw it. It gripped the imagination and made one feel the absolute necessity of doing all that was in one's power to convert it into a reality. I am pleased to say that the scheme has been carried out in its entirety and in a few years, when the trees have grown, our grounds should look something like Mr. Dellit's beautiful plan.

I am sure that Dr. Bradfield was captivated by the plan for shortly after he saw it he authorised that work should be commenced on the retaining walls. The men started on the wall between the two tennis courts on April 28th, 1932, and when this was finished it seemed as if one side could be put in order, for by this time, the fund which had been opened, was growing and there was sufficient money to proceed.

The water service was the next consideration, and a suggestion was made by the father of one of the girls that possibly some men would give their labour, and thus effect a considerable reduction in expenditure.

Mr. Wallace, one of the Supervising Architects of the Public Works Department, who had been responsible for the plans already drawn was anxious that something should be done in this way, as the condition of the grounds was a disgrace to the City. He said that he would be willing to draw up the specifications and supervise the work if some of the parents would come on a few Saturdays and erect the wire netting round the courts. A dozen men volunteered, and I am sure when you inspect the courts, you will say that the work is a credit to them and to Mr. Wallace. We worked for eight Saturdays altogether, and we all have pleasant memories of those days. It is a pleasure to deal with people who take pride in work well done, and I am sure these volunteers felt the greatest satisfaction in doing that which would stand for many years, which would give pleasure to succeeding generations of girls, and also would repay to the school in some way all that the school was giving to their children.

I cannot estimate the value of the work that was done by these men, as I am sure their unselfishness in giving up their Saturdays was an incentive to others to do their share in other ways. In connection with this work, I would like you to notice the ingenious plumbing scheme. Instead of running the pipes underground we used the bottom rail of the surrounds to the courts for the water, and thus saved 800ft. of piping as well as the additional labour. This was Mr. Carroll's idea. Mr. Carroll was Supervising Engineer in charge of the work on the Southern Approach to the Bridge, and therefore responsible for the work in our grounds, and his technical knowledge and skill were in constant demand. It was very fortunate for us that he and Mr. Wallace were so interested in the scheme and so generous in their help. The work of necessity was splendidly done with such men as these to supervise it.

The levelling of the ground on the left hand side of the entrance was next authorised by Dr. Bradfield and for some weeks we cheerfully endured the noise of the jack hammers cutting out the rock as we realised the wonderful advantages we would soon enjoy. This court has been turfed, and the girls are eagerly looking forward to playing basket ball on it next season.

The draining of the tennis and basket ball courts was a serious problem, as the school fund, by this time, was considerably depleted. We are most grateful to the Department of Education for coming to the rescue at this juncture. An agricultural drain was laid all round the courts. The front playground has been done up, the gardening staff have worked for many days and part of the cost of the rockery was defrayed by the Education Department. We are extremely grateful for such help, especially when it was understood from the outset, that owing to the expense involved in the alterations to the Assembly Hall, no further money was available.

The 400 feet of rockery adjoining the courts should look beautiful in a few months. We are greatly indebted to the Director of the Botanic Gardens for supplying us with plants for the rockeries as well as trees for the front garden. In this avenue we have planted *Lagunaria Patersoni* alternately with Oleanders, and at the end of the basket ball court are two *Tristania Conferta*, which were planted on Arbor Day by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Walder).

Strange to say the work which was started first was not finished till last—viz.: the surface of the tennis courts. After much consideration, it was decided to wait to see a new court which was being laid at the White City by the W. R. Carr Construction Company. A very favourable report was given about this court, so the order was given to this firm, and the surface seems to be all that was claimed for it. We have a five years' maintenance guarantee, so

our tennis wants should be more than satisfactory. Most hard courts need constant rolling and watering. This elastomastic paving needs no such care and, being waterproof, the courts can be played on immediately after rain.

Meanwhile it was necessary to have money to finance these schemes, and it was very pleasing to have such a splendid response to the appeal made last March. The principle of direct giving proved most successful and £100 was raised by this means. I will read the balance sheet showing how the money was collected and expended.

### BALANCE SHEET SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT FUND

August 31st, 1932

Receipts		£	s	d	Expenditure		£	s	d
To Donations—					Standards and Rails				
Pupils ..	45	15	0		for courts, taps,				
Ex-Pupils	24	10	3		etc. . . . .	105	15	3	
Staff ..	20	12	6		Wire Netting .	21	9	5	
Friends .	9	3	4		Fittings for				
				100	1	1			
Competitions—					Standards and				
Per Schools'					Rails .. ..	13	7	6	
Uniforms					Gates for tennis				
Ltd. . . . .	4	9	6		courts . . . .	1	16	0	
Per Mrs. War-							142	8	2
ren .. . . .	2	13	0		Sand and Cement .. . .		3	8	9
Per Mrs.					Fittings for tennis nets ..		1	1	0
Howse .. . .	1	18	6		Timber for posts, seats,				
Per Mrs. Bar-					etc. . . . .		4	2	3
ton .. . . .	0	12	6		Rockery .. . . . . . . . .		45	0	0
Per Mr.					Surface of tennis courts	110	0	0	
Davies .. . .	3	17	9		Paths around tennis courts	15	0	0	
Per Mary					Turfing basket ball court				
Howard . . . .	0	10	0		and lawns .. . . . . . .		50	0	0
				14	1	3			
Sale of Sweets, etc. . . . .				16	3	0			
• Play—School Dramatic									
Society . . . . .				13	3	3			
Concert, per Miss Simmons									
and Mrs. Corner .. . . .				14	8	5			
Waxworks Exhibition (2D)				1	12	9			
Historical Exhibition (1D)				1	0	0			
Mid-day Dances, per Year									
V. . . . .				2	15	8			
Excursion, per Mrs. Cor-									
ner .. . . . . . . . . .				0	18	0			
School Association Fund									
previous to 1930 .. . . .				106	0	0			
School Association Fund									
1930-1931 .. . . . . . . .				112	0	0			
				£382	3	5			
				£382	3	5			

F. COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.,  
Principal.

It is most gratifying to realise that all the accounts have been paid and that we do not owe a penny in connection with this work. But we do owe our grateful thanks to very many people. Firstly, to Dr. Bradfield, for without his interest and influence practically nothing could have been done. The foundations and retaining walls were a necessity and would certainly have cost more than it was possible for us to collect. I will never forget my relief and the general excitement when we arrived at school on April 28th to find that his men had really commenced work. I had had several interviews with Dr. Bradfield before this; sometimes pleasant, but at other times rather depressing.

ones. I think he eventually realised that we were helpless without him, and that as the parents and pupils were willing and anxious to do their best: the most would be made of whatever help he could give us.

The spirit of co-operation and goodwill that has been evoked throughout is not the least pleasing feature. Everyone connected with the job has been interested the workmen, not the least of all, and to them we are grateful for work well done. The materials bought have been of the best, and substantial discounts were given to us by the various firms concerned.

I find it difficult to express in words my gratitude and appreciation of all the wonderful help we have had from so many people. Messrs. Dellit, Wallace and Carroll, as I have already stated, have rendered most valuable service—as also have the parents who erected the surrounds to the courts—the mothers who knitted jumpers, dressing jackets, etc., for prizes for competitions; the City Council which supplied filling for the courts; Mr. Symonds of



WASHING UP AFTER THE PARTY, AUGUST 31st.

(By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph).

the Commonwealth Portland Cement Co., who donated half a ton of cement; the ex-pupils, staff, parents and pupils who responded so generously to all appeals; and the Education Department. The courts represent much more than playing fields. They stand for all time as a memorable example of co-operation, goodwill, kindness, loyalty, generosity, and that wonderful spirit which is Fort Street.

No one thought that in four short months the dream of years would be realised, and that tennis courts, gardens, lawns and rockeries would so soon be actual facts.

As Principal of the school, I desire to place on record the gratitude of the pupils, to all those who have so generously helped and my thanks to the girls for the splendid way they responded to all my appeals. The enthusiastic support and kindness shown by so many people have really been remarkable, and I will always look back on these few months with happy recollections owing to the wonderful kindness and generous help that I have received from one and all.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE TENNIS COURT FUND.

Miss Cohen gratefully acknowledges the following subscriptions which she has received since April 20th. This list includes donations received since the completion of the balance sheet, and the furthers sums of money have been expended on a lawn mower, hoses and other gardening necessities.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Amount previously acknowledged . . . . .	43	5	5	Mrs. Merrick . . . . .	0	10	6
Mr. E. Parker . . . . .	0	10	0	Mrs. A. C. Frith . . . . .	0	3	0
Mr. A. D. Shaw . . . . .	0	5	0	Mr. H. J. Meldrum . . . . .	0	10	0
Dr. E. B. Durie . . . . .	0	10	6	Miss N. Parsons . . . . .	1	1	0
Miss M. Barkl . . . . .	0	10	0	Concert, per Mrs Corner and Miss Simmons, A.T.C.L.	14	8	5
Miss H. Jamieson . . . . .	0	10	0	Mrs. Howse (Competition)	1	18	6
Additional Sale of Sweets,				Debating Society . . . . .	0	17	5
Year I . . . . .	0	6	8	Gwen Curran (Tennis Tournament) . . . . .	0	14	0
Mr. T. W. Hood . . . . .	0	5	0	Joan Warren (Competition)	2	13	0
Mrs. Stelzer . . . . .	0	5	0	Year V (Sale of Sweets)	0	18	8
Miss M. Delaney . . . . .	0	5	0	Mr. H. E. Brodie . . . . .	0	6	0
Miss H. Bourne . . . . .	0	5	0	B. Lambie and H. Rose (Tennis Party) . . . . .	0	11	0
Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Nathan	2	0	0	Miss S. Stronach . . . . .	0	5	0
Mr. Inspector Davies . . . . .	0	10	0	Miss D. Derrin . . . . .	0	5	0
Mr. D. Mackinnon . . . . .	0	2	6	Year V, Dances . . . . .	2	15	8
Mrs. Jacobs . . . . .	0	4	0	Years V and IV (Sale of Sweets) . . . . .	1	5	0
Miss J. Arnott . . . . .	0	5	0	Mrs. Curran (Euchre Party)	0	17	6
Mr. T. W. Clarke . . . . .	0	5	0	Special Collection—Freegiving Week . . . . .	7	5	0
Mrs. Cole . . . . .	1	10	0	1D Historical Exhibition	1	0	0
Dr. N. Gors . . . . .	0	5	0	Competition (Mary Howard)	0	10	0
Miss N. Caldwell & friends	0	4	6	School Uniforms Ltd. (Competition) . . . . .	4	9	6
Miss W. Johnson . . . . .	0	10	0	Mr. H. A. Sergel . . . . .	0	5	0
Year II, Additional Sale of Sweets . . . . .	0	10	0	Miss M. Turner . . . . .	1	0	0
Miss F. Cohen (Bridge Party) . . . . .	6	0	0	Competitions, per Mr. Davies . . . . .	3	17	9
Year IV, Sale of Sweets, &c.	2	7	11	O.G.U. Musical Society . . . . .	0	7	3
Anonymous . . . . .	1	8	4	Mrs. Appel . . . . .	0	10	0
Miss M. Rivett . . . . .	1	1	0	Joan Brodie . . . . .	0	10	0
Una Gibson (tennis party)	1	7	0	Miss M. Golding (Picture Show) . . . . .	5	14	0
Mrs. Coogan . . . . .	0	2	6	Excursions . . . . .	3	6	0
Mrs. A. E. Phillips . . . . .	5	5	0	2D Waxworks . . . . .	1	12	9
Mrs. Shiels . . . . .	0	10	0	Mr. Branch . . . . .	0	10	0
Dr. I. Brown . . . . .	0	10	0	Donations from the Staff	12	16	6
4A Tennis Party . . . . .	0	5	7	Mrs. Savage (Competition)	0	7	0
Miss C. Saunders . . . . .	0	2	6	Dr. M. Bentivoglio . . . . .	0	10	0
Year III, Sale of Sweets	1	19	10	Sale of Ribbon . . . . .	0	14	6
Miss E. Fountain (Bridge Party) . . . . .	2	2	6	Miss Chapman . . . . .	1	0	0
Dorothy Tuck (Social Afternoon) . . . . .	0	10	6	School Concert . . . . .	12	0	0
Miss G. Stayte . . . . .	0	5	0	Professor M. Clarke . . . . .	1	1	0
Manly Girls, per M. McVicar	0	6	6				
Miss D. Symons . . . . .	0	2	6				
Mrs. A. E. Jones . . . . .	1	10	0				
Mrs. Barton (Competition)	0	12	6				
Dramatic Society Play . . . . .	13	3	3				
Miss M. Nowell . . . . .	0	10	0				
Miss E. Thearle . . . . .	0	5	0				
					£183	17	11



## AROUND THE SCHOOL.

**The Staff:**—We are very pleased to welcome Miss Mackay to the Staff. Miss Mackay came to us in July as a relieving teacher and has remained with us ever since.

### THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Under the presidency of Norah MacKenna the members of the Debating Society have discussed many interesting subjects this half year.

The subjects of the five debates, which have been held, were: "That the greater opportunities offered to the woman of to-day have not brought her greater happiness"; "Should Australia support seven Parliaments?"; "Machinery is an enemy to mankind"; "As civilization advances happiness decreases"; and "The power of the Navy is greater than that of the Army in War."

The ninth annual debate with Fort Street Boys' High School took place in the Assembly Hall, on Friday, June 24th. The subject debated was—"That a Capitalistic State is preferable to a Socialistic State." The Government was supported by the girls' team—Cathie Sykes, Nancy Stuart and Winnie Cutler. The boys were represented by Messrs. Sundstrom, Jacobs and Sharp. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., very kindly adjudicated, and at the close of the debate announced that the girls' team was victorious, having gained 239 points to the Opposition's 250. The debate was attended by Mr. Rose, the captain and prefects of Fort Street Boys' High School, Fifth-year girls, members of our Debating Society and as many members of the Staff as could be present. The visitors were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by the prefects and senior representatives of the Society and were then shown over the school.

The return debate was held on Friday, July 15th, at the Boys' School, Petersham. The subject for debate was "That country life is far preferable to city life." The girls were represented by the same team, while the Opposition was upheld by Messrs. Sharp, Sundstrom, and Jacobs. To our great delight the girls, won by 2 points. Mr. Solomons, M.L.C., adjudicated, and said that the debate was of a very high standard. After the debate our opponents entertained us at afternoon tea and then showed us their school, thus bringing to a close a very enjoyable afternoon.

In conclusion, on behalf of the members of the Debating Society, I would like to thank Miss Turner for the untiring interest she takes in all our activities.

—ENID SMITH, Secretary.

### BASKET BALL.

This year Fort Street is proud to hold the "A" Grade Basket Ball Shield for the first time, winning it from North Sydney and Sydney High Schools, who together held it for 1930. (There were no competitions in 1931).

The "A" team showed good form throughout the term and won every match. "B" grade players also played very well, winning the first two matches and being beaten only by one point in the others.

The teams cannot sufficiently thank Mrs. Griffin, who is responsible for their training and for arousing the enthusiasm of the girls.

Another interesting match was a sack match, played at Centennial Park, between the "A" and "B" teams.

Now that we have the new turf court we expect great things from the teams of 1933.

—BERYL LAMBLE (Captain)

### HOCKEY.

Hockey still proves to be a very popular winter sport. Once again, I regret to say, our attempts to gain the shields have not been crowned with success. However, both teams have played enjoyable games, although the joy of victory has not been ours.

The school is fortunate in possessing a number of promising juniors who should, in the near future; become strong and reliable players. Thus it is with great confidence that we wish the team the very best of luck through the season of 1933.

On behalf of the girls I should like to thank Miss Wicks and Miss Weston for their very valuable help in coaching us.

—WINNIE CUTLER, Captain.

### TENNIS.

The opening of the new tennis courts has given us a splendid opportunity of becoming efficient exponents of the game. During the past years Fort Street girls have been at a disadvantage because of the lack of practice, but now the courts are completed we should produce many champion players.

We regret to say that this year we have been unsuccessful in our attempt to win the shield, but our teams have nevertheless played good games, and next year we should be serious rivals of Sydney High School—the winners of the shield for the past few years.

I would like to thank Miss Swan and Miss Moore for the great interest they have taken in the two teams; and I wish the future teams the best of good luck and hope that very soon both tennis shields will adorn the walls of Fort Street.

—MARIE BARNETT, Captain.

### ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION.

The following girls were successful in gaining prizes and diplomas.

#### PRIZES—

**2nd Grade:**—2nd Prize: Rose Druker. Conversation: Rose Druker.

**3rd Grade:** 2nd Prize: Joan Fraser. Conversation: Maria Boldini.

#### DIPLOMAS—

**2nd Grade:** Eve Bornstein, Rose Druker, Joan Jennings, Vera Pausey, Betty Scott and Catherine Sykes.

**3rd Grade:**—Dorothy Bieri, Maria Boldini, Joan Fraser, Clarice Hamilton, Phyllis Jones, Gwen Morris, Gwen Pittendrigh, Hilda Sands, Veronica Thornbury and Nance Scott.

**4th Grade:** Eva Karpin and Mary Murray.

### THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The Reference Library is open every Tuesday and Friday at the eleven o'clock recess, for the purpose of lending books to the knowledge-seekers of Fort Street. It is noticeable that the girls who are eager to avail themselves of the splendid interesting books in the Library, mostly belong to the Upper School.

So many volumes, dealing with all subjects, have been added to the shelves—and there are yet more to be catalogued—that Fort Street will soon have to enlarge the accommodation for the books!

We should like to draw the attention of the Senior Geography classes to the fact that many excellent geography books have been included in the additions.

Our thanks for these additional books are due to Mr. Cramp for his brochure on "William Charles Wentworth," which the Intermediate classes will appreciate; to Mr. S. Davies for the Aldine edition of "The Faerie Queene" in five volumes; to Miss Blume for "Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith"; to Miss Tearle for "Harmsworth's History of the World" The following have been added by the School Association—Year Book of Australia; Hardy's Dynasts; Lawson and his Mates; "Shall we Join the Ladies" (Barrie) "Caval-

cade" by Noel Coward; "English Costume" by Calthorp; "If I May" by Milne; "The Travels and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague"; "The Lure of London Town" by Sophie Cole; "Erewhon" by Butler; and finally "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin" by Robert Louis Stevenson.

B. KENT, )  
J. SHAW, ) Librarians.  
P. DIRCKS, )  
F. McLEAN )

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### THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The school branch of the Christian Union has, throughout the year, been carrying on the good work of the Movement under the able leadership of Miss Lesslie and Miss Spencer.

On three occasions we have been fortunate in having such speakers as Miss Rivett, Principal of the London Missionary Society's High School in Calcutta, Miss Joyce, a travelling secretary of the A.S.C.M., and Miss Docker of the Sydney University Women's Settlement in Redfern, to address our meetings.

As a result of Miss Docker's visit seven of our members, accompanied by Miss Lesslie and Miss Spencer took fifteen little girls from the Settlement to the Zoo, where they spent a very happy time.

Our members are most enthusiastic in providing clothes for little June Harwick of the Havilah Home, whom our branch has adopted.

JOYCE WHATMORE (4C).

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### VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION.

The successful competitors at the recent Verse Speaking Competition held under the auspices of the Teachers' Training College were the following:—

**Grade I:** M Pound and W Garrard, highly commended.

**Grade II:** H. Sands and E. Hunt, highly commended.

**Grade III:** Ruth Watts, second prize; Enid Smith, very highly commended.

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### EMPIRE DAY.

On May 9th the school assembled in the new Assembly Hall to celebrate Empire Day and Foundation Day. Mr. Cramp, M.A., Secondary School Inspector, presided at a very pleasant function, at which excellent speeches were made by Miss Radford, Head of Training of the Girl Guide Movement, and Mr. Clyne, the Member for the district.

The speeches made by Cathie Sykes and Beryl Lambie on the subjects of "Women's Part in the Empire" and "Goodwill among Nations" respectively, reflected the greatest credit on themselves and the school.

Following the time-honoured custom, the Prefects of 1932 offered prizes for the best essays written on Empire Day. The subject set for the Lower School was "The Sun Never Sets on the British Empire", and Mary Robinson (3B), was the successful competitor. "The Bonds of Empire" was the subject set for the Upper School, and Joyce Shaw (4A) won the prize.

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### THE FICTION LIBRARY.

The report of the Fiction Library is extremely satisfactory. The School Association granted five pounds for the purchase of books, and this sum was the means of securing a fine collection of thirty-three new novels, including—"A Lantern in Her Hand" with its sequel, "A White Bird Flying" by Bess Aldrich; Sabatini's 'Bardlys the Magnificent' and "Scaramouche" tales of romantic France; a recent work by Ian Idriess, "Flynn of the Inland"; Priestley's "Good Companions" and the beautiful romance of Don Byrne "Messer Marco Polo". Among the rest are the works of many popular authors, including—Jeffery Farnol, Peter B. Kyne, Georgette Heyer, L. J. Miln and Baroness Orczy.

The girls, too, have been generous and have donated many books in order that the library, which they have patronised throughout the year, may be increased. But no Fiction Library can ever be too big, so we hope that through the coming year the contributions will be as many as in 1932.

I. BARNETT,	)	
G. HANNAFORD,	)	
D. BOSTON,	)	
B. MORRIS	)	Librarians.
M. GILLIES,	)	
V. STOCKTON	)	

### GIFTS.

Barbara Hinton, who passed the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1928, has presented the School with an etching of the gates and the fountain in its former position outside the school ground. Such a gift is much appreciated, especially as it is Barbara's own work—and it is now hanging in the Library.

Mr. Ruthven, Manager of the Resumed Properties Department, has shown his interest in the School in a very practical way, by the donation of a valuable picture of the School as it appeared in 1871.

Beryl Lamble wrote a letter expressing the thanks of the School, but we take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Ruthven for the gift of this historic picture.

To Mr. Ruthven we are also greatly indebted for a plan of the present alignment of the streets in this district from King Street to the Harbour Bridge with a sketch of the former alignment super-imposed. This is a valuable gift from an historical point of view, and the School appreciates Mr. Ruthven's thought and gift.

### THE PARLE CUP.

The Parle Cup awarded annually to the girl who is successful in the skiing race of 1½ miles at Koscuisko, was won this year by Beryl Lamble, and Mr. Parle made the presentation at a School Assembly.

### AN ENTERTAINMENT.

To obtain funds for the purchase of garden tools and a lawn-mower (for we now have a turfed basket-ball court, of which we are very proud) Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. James organised an evening's entertainment in the School Assembly Hall.

The various items were heartily applauded by the parents and friends present, but the most popular were the excellent dances by Fourth Years,

the Second Minuet, in which J. Bell, J. McPherson, M. Angel and P. Booth danced so well, the Gavotte in which D. Woodrow, E. Pearce, G. O'Dea and G. Sim posed so charmingly, under Mrs. Griffin's capable direction, and the Sextette of Violins in "La Serenata" and "A Reverie" trained by Mrs. James.

The Orchestra also afforded much pleasure by its varied items, and when we remember that it was only organised by Mrs. James in April of this year, we congratulate the performers on their achievement.

This was not their first appearance, for they had assisted at a concert in June, and had provided the musical part of the function at the Opening of the Tennis Courts.

### THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL SPORTS.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Instead of holding our sports on two afternoons as formerly, we spent the whole of Friday, 19th August, at the Sydney Sports Ground. It was a glorious day and everyone was delighted with the new arrangement.

The School would like to take this opportunity of offering its thanks to the officials, Messrs. Sneyerd, Heddings, Grimths; Kent and Carroll; and also to the members of the staff who helped to make the sports such a success.

Races which proved very popular were the new novelty races, the obstacle race, skin-the-snake and the crow hop, and everyone was delighted when girls became ensnared in the net, one of the "obstacles," and struggled in vain to free themselves. How heartless we sometimes are!

The Senior and Junior Championships were very exciting races this year, the runners-up coming very close to the winners. Miss Cohen presented the Senior Cup to Ruth Harris and the Junior Cup to Marjorie Baldock.

4A was overjoyed at winning all the ball games, it being a very unusual occurrence for one class to carry off this triple victory.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Griffin, who worked so hard in connection with the sports, and to Clarice Kennedy who spent so much time training the runners.

Following are the results:—

School Championship (100 yards): R. Harris 1, P. Smith 2, J. Foley 3.  
Time, 12 1/5secs.

Junior Championship (75 yards): M. Baldock 1, J. Irons 2, R. Davies 3.  
Time, 9 4/5secs.

17 Years Championship (75 yards): J. Foley 1, M. Ravenscroft 2. Time, 9secs.

16 Years Championship (75 yards): R. Harris 1, J. Stronach 2. Time, 9secs.

15 Years Championship (75 yards): P. Smith 1, P. Dircks 2. Time, 9 1/5secs.

14 Years Championship (75 yards): J. Irons 1, M. Baldock 2. R. Davies 3. Time, 9 4/5secs.

13 Years Championship (50 yards): I. Fallshaw 1, H. Odman 2. Time, 7 1/5secs.

12 Years Championship (50 yards): V. Hands 1, M. Love 2. Time, 7 1/5secs.

Old Girls' Race (75 yards): C. Kennedy 1, J. Utting 2, P. Graff 3. Time, 9secs.

Upper School Relay (400 yards): 3B. Time, 55 2/5secs.

Lower School Relay (300 yards): 2B. Time, 42 3/5secs.

Tunnel Ball: 4A. Time, 31 4/5secs.

Overhead Ball: 4A. Time, 35 2/5secs.

Under and Over Ball: 4A. Time, 50 2/5secs.

Skipping Race: P. Smith. Time 13 1/5secs.

Junior Skipping Race: I. Fallshaw 1, M. Baldock 2, N. Kidd 3. Time, 7 1/2secs.

Orange Race: J. King 1, M. Barnett 2, J. Foley 3.

Junior Orange Race: E. Davies 1, J. Kelly 2. Time, 22 4/5secs.

Sack Race: M. McVicar, V. Dawson 1, J. Stronach 2. Time, 6 4/5secs.

Junior Sack Race: J. Madsen 1, D. Davies 2. Time, 6 2/5secs.

Skin-the-Snake: 1B.

Crow Hop: W. Beattie

Obstacle Race: J. Foley 1, R. Harris 2, P. Dircks 3.

On the following Monday 3B was delighted to receive the Point Score Shield, which had been won by the hard work of the runners in that class.

—L. T., (1A.)



Miss Cohen presented the Cups to M. Baldock (Junior, Champion) and R. Harris (Senior Champion) on Sports Day.)  
(By courtesy of The Sydney Morning Herald).

### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society generally meets on Thursdays, but since other important events took place on many Thursdays last term including the visit of Fraulein Beinhorn, we were able to have only one meeting, where Fifth and Fourth Years entertained us by continuing to read Sheridan's play, "The Rivals".

This term, however, Second Years showed their skill at dramatising by reading Lady Gregory's short play, "The Pot of Broth."

The plays were read in the Assembly Hall, which has proved to be very useful as the position of the stage provides experience for the readers, while the size of the hall is a good test for their voices.

On behalf of the Society Miss Purcell produced "Milestones" for the girls on the last day of the term, ending in May. On the first Tuesday after the holidays, it was repeated in the evening for the parents. An account of the performance appears elsewhere.

Although the Society has many members, newcomers are always welcome.  
—KATHLEEN CARR, Secretary.

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### ARBOR DAY.

Friday, July 29th, 1932, was the first Arbor Day celebrated at Fort Street within the memory of the present pupils. We were very fortunate to have with us on that occasion Alderman and Mrs. Walder, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Sydney.

After a short ceremony in the Assembly Hall, at which Mr. Hicks, the Assistant Director of Education presided, and speeches were made by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Clyne, (with a few remarks by Dr. Bradfield) and Beryl Lamble, the most important part of the function began, for trees were planted by the distinguished people mentioned above, and by Mrs. Bradfield.

Fort Street girls will not soon forget that delightful day and the honour done to their school by such distinguished citizens.

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### MILESTONES.

The play "Milestones" written by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, produced at the end of the last term under the capable direction of Miss Purcell reflected great credit on the actors and producer alike. All the players appeared to live their parts, acting with the greatest expression and depth of feeling.

The cast was well selected. Yvonne Spiegel in the difficult role of Gertrude was really splendid, Irene Hallet taking the part of the old lady, Mrs. Rhead played extremely well, Loraine Thompson as Emily was most convincing with her natural simplicity of manner and speech. Rose portrayed by Hope Downes was a charming character, both as the young girl and later as the old mother. Joan Russ made a very good appearance as Sam Sibley.

Kathleen Carr, who successfully undertook the part of John Ithead, at first the enthusiastic young lover, then the enterprising experimenter, and later the irritable and conservative old father, was perhaps the leading figure in the play; while Winnie Cutler as Ned Pym kept the audience in fits of laughter. The other players also deserve hearty congratulations for so well sustaining their parts.

Our special thanks are due to the efficient stage managers, Lesbia Wright, Daphne Boston and Helen Armstrong, who behind the scenes did all that was necessary and to May Hooker and Marjorie Balmain who were in charge of the lights.

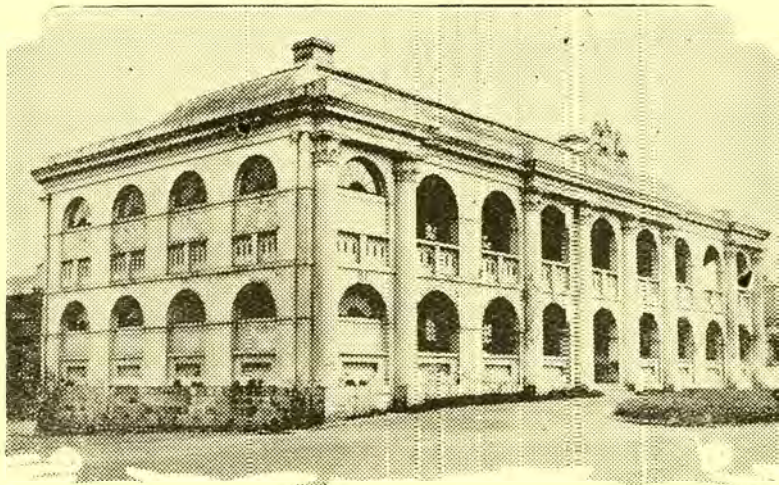


THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS, 1932.

Front: O. Shaw, B. Lamble (Captain), W. Cutler (Senior Prefect).

Back Row: C. Sykes, W. Beattie, E. Borstein, S. Browne, B. Scott, N. Harvey, M. McVicar.





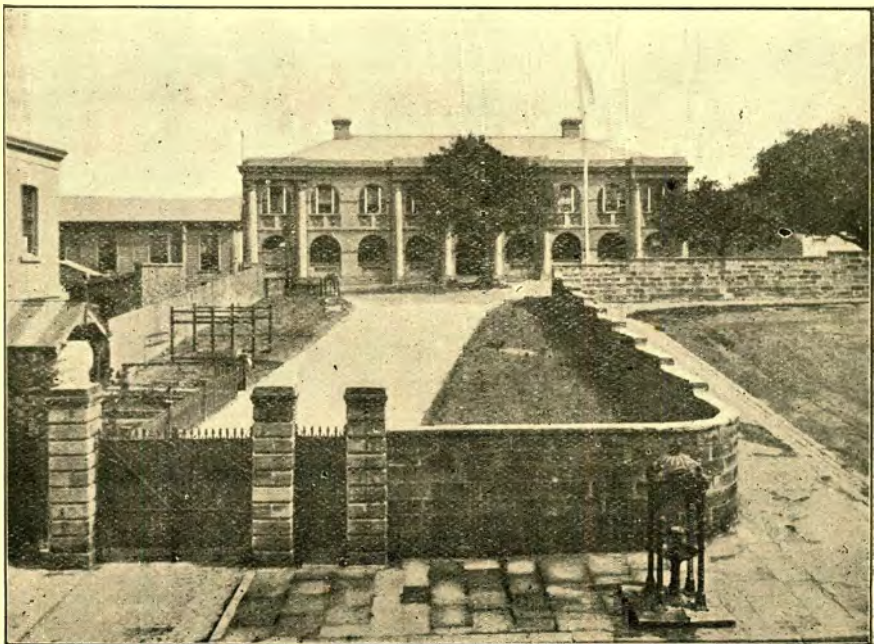
FORT STREET PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1871.

(By courtesy of The Sydney Sun)

It is interesting to note on comparing the above photographs with the one appearing on page 6 of this Magazine that the greatest change is to be observed in the grounds.

The building erected in 1815 to serve as a Military Hospital was handed over to the Educational Authorities in 1849 and has been used as a school ever since. One of the two open colonnades in 1871 has been closed in by 1901, and both have disappeared in 1932.

A sad blow is dealt to tradition by the fact that the fig tree in the front of the school does not appear in the photograph of 1871.



FORT STREET MODEL PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1901.

(By courtesy of The Government Printer).

Shirley Coombe and Peggy Dunbar sang "Juanita" in a very pleasing manner, and Margaret Meldrum played the incidental music.

In addition to being an artistic success, "Milestones" was also a financial success, for the proceeds from the evening performance amounted to £13.

—F.R., (4A).

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### THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1933.

On October 31st, the Fourth Years elected the Captain and Prefects for 1933. The following were chosen to carry on the high tradition of Fort Street: Enid Smith (Captain), Meg Kelk (Senior Prefect), Aisla Binns, Peggy Dircks, Ruth Harris, Dorothy Irvine, Frances McLean, Blanche Munro, Loraine Thompson, and Lesbia Wright.

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### FIFTH YEAR'S PARTING GIFT.

The Fifth Years in order to mark their appreciation of their happy and busy days at school, donated framed enlarged photographs of the school in 1901 and 1932. Such gifts are much appreciated by the members of the staff and the pupils of the school.

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### THE MARY CORRINGHAM PRIZE.

Mary Corringham at the beginning of the year, offered a copy of "A Century of Journalism" as a prize for the best story written by a Fortian. Joan Fraser (3A) was the successful competitor, and her story, "Destiny's Door" appears below.

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### DESTINY'S DOOR.

She could not have told you why the key attracted her. It had always been a thing apart from her other possessions—something to be kept and fondled and admired. When she played at stories it always had a prominent part. To her, it opened the gate of that dear dreamland of which it was a part, and it appeared in a thousand, thousand stories of gallant knights and fair ladies, of romance and adventure, until at last she came to forget altogether its humble origin as the key of a broken bureau, and to connect it permanently with the storm-beaten castles of her Neverland.

After a time, she tired of knights and ladies, but the key still held first place in her affections. Ever in her dreams, great doors loomed up before her, bolted and barred, and almost frightening in their gloomy splendour. The key was clutched in her hand. She turned it in the lock, heard a grating, grinding sound, curiously faint and far-away, and knew that the doors were opening. But further than that she never knew, or saw for a moment, and did not remember. Of course, she wondered about it, and to her it seemed that behind those doors lay her future. She went even further and wondered whether she would ever find the door that the key fitted.

She looked to left and right as she went along the quiet suburban street, scrutinising the doors—commonplace doors, each the same as its neighbour—these she passed quickly by—quaint little doors set deep in great stone walls—these she regarded with more favour. Surely her "Door of Destiny" was like those, she thought, for the key was so small, and the future so vast, so mysterious! But as she entered the city, this occupation seemed less fascinat-

ing. Not that she thought any the less of her dream-door, but she felt that this bustling city of the tall buildings and blue waters was laughing at her and her dreams. Here the great signs about the doorways laughed to scorn the idea of a mysterious future. "Life is what you make it," they grinned at her, these fantastic signs—she heard it in the clatter of the horses' hoofs, she saw it in the glinting of the harbour about the busy wharves—and she began to hate Sydney, with a fierce, unreasoning hate.

But one day they moved—not to another laughing, jeering city, but right into the country, for they were going to take over a farm. It was with a thrill of excitement that she packed in readiness for the removal—and with her she took the key.

The new house was white—a glaring, pitiless colour, like the white of the dusty road and of the few clouds in the blue sky. And suddenly, as she looked at it, she saw in memory the signs of Sydney—crude white, metallic blue, harsh and unsympathetic as this heat-scorched countryside. The thought disturbed her a little, in spite of her hopes. Once in the house, the family commenced to prepare a rough-and-ready meal, for they were all of them hungry, but she stole off alone with the key in her hand.

She passed up the staircase, hardly noticing that it creaked beneath her weight; past the plain brown doors of the second floor rooms, as yet unlocked, for although this was, she told herself, a "voyage of discovery," she did not look to left or right. She was hardly aware of the shadows in the corridor, the glimpse of blue and white as she passed a window, three steep narrow steps at the passage-end—and then she paused. Opposite her was a tiny red door, old and broken and sagging on its hinges, yet curiously, undeniably attractive. Almost mechanically she inserted the key in the lock. She turned it, and after a little pushing and scraping, the door opened. She took out the key and went in.

In her dreams, the finding of the door had been the end of everything. But now that she had found it, life, rather bewilderingly, went on, leaving her puzzled and helpless. One thing she knew she must do, and she did it: she clung desperately to the little room upstairs—without reason or excuse, simply knowing that nobody must enter it—nobody but herself. After a while, they let her be, though the room was always something of a mystery. Perhaps they thought that she would forget the silly whim, and leave the little room neglected, but, if so, they judged wrongly, for far from tiring of it, she spent more and more time in the little room.

Her marriage, even the birth of her little twin sons, failed to turn her attention from her secret. They often remembered with dull resentment, that she had not been there to wish them good-bye, long years afterwards, when they rode away to the war, three of them, husband and sons—had not even been at the gate when the one came back—alone. Her life was dominated by the little room which nobody dared to enter.

Some thought that she had money hoarded there, and sometimes hinted as much to her. She did not deny it—she simply smiled a little wearily and made no remark. And so the rumour grew, until all believed it—all, that is, except Olivia.

Olivia was Jim's daughter—Jim, who had come back down the road alone, to tell of a father and a brother left "somewhere in France." She was not beautiful, but there was a vague charm about her eyes, something sweet and elusive, like music in the night, that made her face an attractive one. Olivia was curiously fond of her grandmother, and she felt that the little room contained no worldly treasure. And she herself loved Olivia more than anyone else in the family. She felt vaguely that, in her place, Olivia would have done as she had done, that Olivia sympathised with her, though she had never heard of the key.

Then one day she fell ill, and before evening she was dead. It looked as though the mystery of the room was to be solved at last. It was Jim who took the key from her table, and went upstairs to the little room, followed by the rest. Olivia went, too, though she hated the thought of prying, as it were, on somebody else's secret.

In front of the door they paused, as she had done so long ago, and Jim unlocked the door. They pushed it open and crowded in—and then stopped astonished, for the room was empty. No, not empty—an old chair stood by the little window opposite the door, but that was all.

An angry murmur arose from the group at the door. She had been deceiving them, then, with her hints at treasure, laughing at them all. The little room was nothing but a hoax.

One by one they went away. Olivia could hear them tramping down the narrow stairs. And when the last one had gone, she crossed to the window. Below her stretched the road, dusty white between the trees. Olivia stared down at it. Was this connected with the secret of the little room? Then, as if in answer to her question, a mocking laugh came to her from the road. She started, for below her she saw a man on horseback, riding towards the house. He was a stranger, yet he seemed familiar, for his hair was straight and black, and his eyes large and dark, like Olivia's own. Then suddenly the faint trot, trot of his horse's hoofs died away altogether, and he disappeared. Below the window rode three men in khaki—one with his black hair streaked with grey, the others only boys.

As one of the younger men slowly past, Olivia recognised her father. Then they too disappeared, and a man came riding alone along the darkened road. Olivia recognised Jim again, but older and sadder than the boy who had gone away with his father and his brother—and, in a flash, she understood. The sound of the horse's hoofs grew clearer as the man passed by, and came to a stop, she thought, outside the door of the house.

Olivia turned away with a sigh. Dusk was falling on the road.

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## CHANGE.

The shade of Convict No. 117, who had been transported to Australia for stealing a leg of mutton, had just returned to Shadowland, after having visited Sydney for the time since 1815. "Yes," said he to his fellow shades, "things have altered. You should just see the trams and cars in the streets of Sydney to-day! And to think that when I lived there, it was only a desolate spot with the Tank Stream running through the middle of it! Well, after I had roamed about a little, I thought I would go to have a look at a certain stone wall I helped to build. Macquarie, who was Governor at that time of course declared that it would stand forever. And so I made my way to the site of the wall. But it wasn't there! Not a vestige of that stout wall could I see! That didn't surprise me much, for I never did believe Macquarie's statement concerning its durability, but it was what I saw in its place that amazed me.

"Stretched out in front of me lay three large pieces of cleared land. On two of these some girls were playing tennis, and when I saw them, I realized that the spaces were tennis courts. But those girls! You should have seen the energetic way they dashed about. In my day, when girls played battle-dore and shuttlecock it was a very languid game, but there . . . . However, to return to my story. Behind these courts, I saw a great stretch of rockery, full of flowers and plants. I stood stock still, staring dazedly at the scene, for, as you might expect, it was rather a shock to me to see that scene of beauty when I had been looking for an old stone wall. Just then, a boy came by, and as he could not see me, of course as I was invisible, being a shade, he walked right through me! That was the last straw, and I returned as quickly as I could to Shadowland."

—DOROTHY BIERI (3C).

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## HIDDEN TREASURE.

Men often speak of the Seven Wonders of the World—the Ancient World; in modern times there are seventy times seven, and seventy times seven again. Yet all the power of Khufu the Egyptian and skill of Phidias the Greek cannot compare with that of a drop of water. Nature, the master-builder, has reared upon the earth great monuments of such majesty that the Pyramids of Gizeh are as atoms beside them; she has filled them with passages more baffling than those of the Pyramids; she has fashioned in them sculpture more magnificent than anything wrought by the hand of Phidias. And this eighth wonder of the Ancient World, for it is very, very old, is Jenolan. Jenolan Caves! The name suggests a picture entirely alien to anything Australian, as we usually know it. We are transported beyond this world to one of darkness, mystery and silence, where a million stars flash out at will in dazzling beauty.

The trip to Jenolan is one of excitement all the way. Our route takes us into the mountains where we find the acme of Australian highland scenery—wild, rugged, impressive, immense. The train takes us as far as Mount Victoria, and then follows a thirty-six mile drive to Jenolan—the drive of a thousand curves. The last few miles are the most exciting of all. From Inspiration Point we see the road, a yellow ribbon, falling recklessly down the mountain-side, and in a little while we find that we have descended the road, even more recklessly still. A sharp corner, a swift rush, and we dash past the Blue Lake under the Grand Arch. The thrill of first entering the Grand Arch is almost indescribable. One moment we are in the cool darkness, the next in the warm light where the Caves House nestles in a sun-bathed space completely surrounded by high rocky walls. It gave me the impression of tossing through the rapids of a river and then floating into the sweet serenity of a calm pool beyond.

The Grand Arch hides the entrances to the caves—such intriguing names as the River Cave, the Temple of Baal and the Orient are on the notices there. Near by is the Devil's Coach House, another tunnel-like cavern of majestic proportions. The floor is littered with huge boulders, as if his Plutonic Majesty had showered them there in rage. From the Caves House a short walk up the hill-side leads us to the graceful Carlotta Arch, a square-topped opening in the limestone wall, through which we can see the Blue Lake with its weeping willows, the winding road until it rounds a spur, and part of the rugged valley clothed in woolly foliage—a perfect picture in an unique frame.

Our first caves inspection, we are told, is at night. O the wonder of it! To set out down the road beneath the star-spangled sky, to race through the Grand Arch where a cold wind surges up to meet us, and to arrive at the door of another world, with an unknown path before us!

For the most part, the Caves are formed of grottoes joined by passages and steps, and more steps. The caves are like stories in a house; there are three or four floor levels which have been relinquished by the river until it reached its present position in the River Cave. Always we are reminded of this wonder-working power by the lines of mud, marking former levels.

The contrast of stepping from the dear untidy Australian bushland to a kingdom of crystal surprises is overwhelming. We troop along a narrow passage, an iron-barred door confronts us—solemnly we pass through and its clang echoes eerily behind us; the mortal world is no more! Then to begin.

No impression is so vivid as the first. We are led into a grotto in pitch darkness, then it is flooded with light which plays upon the scintillating walls and deepens the mysterious shadows. It must be seen to be understood, for I have scant power to describe it. Nature is as moody as any temperamental artist, for beside a work of imposing beauty there may be a stalagmite resembling a monkey or a rooster. She plays many tricks with those stalagmites. It is fascinating to pick out figures among them. But many of them are very definite, such as the Madonna and Child, the Three Sisters and the Dutch Village.

Thousands of stalactites cover the roof and stalagmites raise their tiered forms from the floor. From slanting ceilings showers of shawls hang down, draped in folds softer than the finest silk. Some are snow white, others daintily pink, and others have regular bands of deep colour. On a sloping

wall great cascades make their immobile way to the floor. From a dark opening, canopies drip dainty stalactites over the ledge. And all of these are formed of pure crystal, brilliant, sparkling, ethereal. And last, but not least, of the principal formations are the mysteries (a scientist would call them helictites) mysteries in the true sense of the word. Why do they assume such fantastic shapes? Why must they begin life as a perfectly normal pendent formation and then deliberately turn round and go back again, Why are they always pure white even though growing from a red mud bank? It seems that these questions will never be fathomed.

Several of the caverns are remarkable for their size. One is the awe-inspiring Cathedral of the Lucas Cave. The lights here are not very bright, in keeping with the nature of the place. On the left is the immense "choir" and the "pulpit." The guide allows us to climb up to the choir and when the lights are put out, the age-old chamber resounds with the song of clear young voices. "Now, watch!" says the guide, and suddenly before us, outlined in twinkling lights—the Gothic Cathedral windows, reaching from floor to ceiling.

Then there is the River Cave where the clear green waters flow seeming very shallow, but in some places forty to sixty feet deep. What stories its guardian spirit could tell! Tales of feverish flood-time, of ceaseless labour! We are amazed by the miraculous reflections in the water, at one end the superb Shamrock reflection, half in the rock and half reflected in the water.

We are enchanted by the Temple of Baal, a huge chamber of Oriental splendour. Two great altars spread their massive proportions in the centre, one white, one red, upon the wall the "Angel's Wing", in the roof a dome which is the sanctuary of Baal himself, a brown stalactite peering into the depths below.

We hear the guide nonchalantly pointing out far-famed structures—the Broken Column, the Giant *Shawl*, the minaret, delicate pink, made all the more striking by its background of dark mud, and we pass on to more marvels. Before we have finishing gasping at one, we are led on to another, so that by the time we leave the cave we are limp with stupefaction. Such transient glories, stimulative of such awe and emotion, are inconceivable; yet they exist. Truly it is here that we find . . . . .

" . . . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

—JOYCE ROGERS (5B).

## KEW GARDENS.

Kew Gardens, situated on the river Thames in London and in the county of Surrey, are beautiful and interesting. They are beautiful in lilac time, as Alfred Noyes, the poet, tell us. But his call, "Come down to Kew in lilac time, it isn't far from London" has not the same signification now, as Kew Gardens are now London—Greater London—having been absorbed under the Greater London Scheme.

There is also another admirable season—bluebell time, and the magnificent sight that the bluebells made when in flower will never be erased from my memory, although it is five years since I left my home at Acton, near Kew Gardens. Under the big leafy trees and up through the moss-covered and damp ground, the bluebells force their way in the early Spring and make a picture that is charming.

In Kew Gardens are to be found trees from almost every country in the world, and the name of the tree and its country or origin, are attached either to the tree itself or to a small board near by.

Mention must be made of the flowering shrubs—the lilac, the laburnum, which has a drooping yellow flower, and the rhododendron which is similar to the azalea, except that the shrub grows about ten or twelve feet high and the flower is larger.

Although Kew Gardens are laid out so well and kept so trim, there are places where children can romp and where parties can picnic to their hearts' content. Here the children romp in the new-mown hay, and feed the young ducks and goslings on the lake, as the children do in Centennial Park.

In some big trees in the Gardens there are a few brown squirrels, which are almost tame, and will come out of their hiding-places and take peanuts out of the hand of a visitor if everything is quiet. They are pretty little animals with their brown fur and bushy tails, and much more beautiful than the silver-grey squirrel imported into England from America and found in hundreds in the trees of Richmond Park and the adjacent Commons.

Besides the numerous trees from foreign countries found growing in Kew Gardens, there are also many flowers and plants from all parts of the world that would not thrive at all if not kept in an atmosphere similar in temperature to that of their native country. In one large glass-house, which is kept at the temperature of tropical Australia, are to be found almost every kind of plant that one would find growing in North Queensland. Here, bananas may be seen ripening, and flowering orchids, tree-ferns, palms and creepers are growing in rich profusion in a damp and warm atmosphere like that found in their native state. To English people, the atmosphere in this glass house is oppressive, and their stay in this place is very short.

At one side of the Gardens, and near to the rose gardens is a very tall Japanese pagoda, which is for ornament and not for use.

There is one very long lake in Kew Gardens which has many beautiful pure white swans on its surface which attract the people as much as the flowers do.

Admission to these beautiful gardens is one penny, consequently great crowds avail themselves of the great pleasure of going there. At sunset, no matter how late, the keeper rings a bell to call all the people out. And they come out feeling that they have been with—

"Love in Summer's wonderland  
And oh! so near to London!"

—MARY PIERCEY (2D).

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## HIKING BACK TO MAKE-BELIEVE.

One early spring morning not so long ago, I stepped out into my garden to see if the sun had yet risen. Of course it had, more than an hour previously, but it was a childish fancy of mine to try to wake early enough to see the sun rise. As I stood gazing sleepily at the sparkling grass and flowers that looked like fairy cups of wine, a strange little fear began to clutch at me; how much longer would it give me joy to waken early to see the sun rise, to feel the fresh morning air blow the sleepiness from my eyes, to nestle my bare feet in the cool wet grass?

I do not know if it was a natural stubbornness to which I had always been a victim, or if it was an earnest fear of the great wide world awaiting me, that made me shrink from the idea of growing up, and cling frantically to the earliest memories of my childhood and to my old ways, trying not to change or grow away from the idea of growing up, and cling frantically to the earliest memories of my childhood and to my old ways, trying not to change or grow away from them.

Suddenly I was aware of a great red rose nodding invitingly to me as the wind rustled through its leaves. Crossing the garden to the laughing rose, I found a leaf pinned to the bush by a thorn and on the leaf was the following notice:—

"If any mortal now hiking to the city of "Old Age" would care to hike back for one more glimpse of the village of "Make-believe," let him follow "Storyland Road" as far as "Humpty Dumpty's Wall" where he will find further directions."

I was very excited, for the notice seemed to have been put there especially for me. I hurriedly opened the gate and stepped out on to the country road and there to my right lay "Storyland Road." It was a strange little winding track running through fields and little woods. I had not followed it far before I came to a big wall, around an old house and there, high on the wall, sat Humpty Dumpty.

"Please sir," I said, "I am hiking back to Make Believe," would you tell me the way?"

Humpty Dumpty blinked down at me and directed me on to Miss Muffet's cottage, and there I would be directed further. I thanked him and continued my hike. Soon I entered a little wood, and following the track I found a little house built beneath a spreading tree. At the door I found little Miss Muffet eating her curds and whey. The charming little lady smiled at me and when I asked her the way to "Make-believe," she led me out of the wood and bade me to follow the track over the fields until I met Boy Blue.

So on I went through the fresh green fields until, rounding a bend, I found Boy Blue sitting under a haystack. He nodded drowsily when he saw me and waving his hand down the track, he told me to follow it until I found Bo-Peep. I was beginning to wonder how many more old friends I must meet before I reached "Make-believe," but still the track led me through pleasant fields, and although the way seemed long, yet I enjoyed the sunshine and the twittering of birds.

Suddenly, however, as as I mounted a little hill, there below me I saw Bo-Peep. She seemed pleased to see me and, chatting pleasantly, she led me through the valley and up the hill on the other side. Then pointing down into the next valley, she showed me the little village of "Make Believe", nestling quietly in a corner of it.

Thanking Bo-Peep, I said good-bye to her and wandering down the path, I reached "Make Believe." It was a pretty little village with crooked streets and tiny houses all set in immense gardens. So big were the gardens and small the houses, that the whole town resembled one large garden. I made my way to one end of the town, and found a certain little house in its own big garden. Somehow my heart beat a little faster as I opened the gate and walking up the path knocked at the door, and although I do not know how I knew, I just felt that this was my own little house.

In answer to my knock, a teddy bear opened the door and invited me in. Leading me into a hall, he went to seek his mistress and in a few moments a strange little girl was inviting me to sit down with her in the drawing room. We talked for a long time, this little girl and I . . . talked about other days and other little girls whom we both seemed to know, but soon I found that we did not hold quite the same opinions on matters and as I gazed at her little pink cheeks and shy eyes, I knew that it was too late to lament over "growing up" and to try to evade it, for already I could see the dreaded process had begun.

The shadows were falling as the little girl and I shook hands at the gate and I turned somewhat sadly homewards, looking back every few minutes to wave once more. I do not remember the hike home, but I reached there late at night and crept into bed without anyone knowing. Strange to say in the morning no one asked where I had been the day before!

—"Little Jack Horner" (3A).

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## MOMENTS WITH HANDEL.

Handel! The very name of "the proudest spirit that ever wrote music" suggests the majesty, dignity and peace which characterise the works of this great composer, loved most of all, perhaps by English people.

From childhood days, George Handel loved music, but his father did not sympathise with his ambition for a musical career, and so, in the middle of



the night the tiny boy would creep up to the attic, and there on the clavichord when the house was wrapped in slumber, he would play to his heart's content.

In order to please his father, Handel took a course in law and matriculated in 1702, but this could not satisfy him and shortly afterwards, already recognised as a musician of exceptional talent in his home town of Halle, he set out for one of the musical centres of Germany—Hamburg.

Although Handel is known as the great master of oratorio, he gained much success in the production of his operas; many were written in Germany, Italy and England. "Almira" and "Rodrigo" are prominent titles among these. In Italy Handel won many friends, not only through his wonderful music, but because of his frankness, sincerity and courtesy, because he was a gentleman.

Then in 1710, this famous man crossed the Channel to England, where life was at first a severe struggle for him; opera had been introduced into this country only a few years prior to his arrival, and the opera which Handel brought, being of a different character, met with great opposition. The leading literary men of the time, Addison and Steele, guiders of public opinion, attacked him and Pope could not understand his works. But Handel did not know what it was to be beaten, he continued with his productions and very soon, people began to appreciate his music. "Rinaldo" was accorded a hearty reception.

In even the smallest things Handel's will always prevailed. The famous Italian soprano, Francesca Cuzzoni, who was to play the leading part in one of Handel's operas, when she refused to render the opening song, found herself bodily seized by a wrathful man who threatened to throw her out of the window. Signora Cuzzoni consented to sing and won immediate and lasting fame.

It is interesting to learn that in St. Paul's, the famous Cathedral of London, it was Handel's practice to play upon the organ after the evening service. What an inspiration to steal into the shadows of the dimly-lit Cathedral and there to find solitude and the "peace which the world cannot give" while the great musician was expressing this peace and deep joy in the strains of his immortal "Largo."

Historical interest centres round the request that Handel should write an ode to celebrate Queen Anne's birthday and he composed his "Te Deum" to mark the signing of the Peace of Utrecht. When George I came to the throne Handel was not in royal favour, but his music played to the king, when pleasuring on the Thames, so charmed his ear, that he was reconciled to the composer. These works are known as the "Water Music."

And then Handel wrote the oratorio "Esther"—this was the first step on the road to immortal fame as the greatest of the writers of oratorio. Many other compositions followed, among which were: "Israel in Egypt", "Samson" "Saul" and "Judas Maccabeus". His works which derive their themes from the Bible, and portray the stirring characters of Jewish history are among the greatest treasures of church music.

Handel, too, was a man of moods and if performances did not please him, stormy scenes would ensue. The indicator of his temper was his wig, if it seemed to nod pleasantly, all was safe; but if not—all knew that a storm was imminent. Anyone who dared to offend at such a crisis would witness a cloudburst and some peacemaker would seek to pour oil on troubled waters, with "Hush, Handel is in a passion."

The great man, after many struggles and disappointments won the heart of England. The loftiness of the subject, the magnificence and dignity of the expression, appealed greatly to the people and the English learned to love Handel and his music.

By 1741 Handel had completed "The Messiah" which is the best known and the best loved of all his oratorios. Every year at Christmastide, English people eagerly look forward to "The Messiah."

Into this oratorio are woven many of the inspiring prophetic passages of Isaiah, a striking example is the solo, "He shall feed His flock." The music which accompanies this passage is very appealing, because of its simplicity and sincerity, and because like the words, it is so expressive of the love and tenderness of the Good Shepherd.

In direct contrast to passages such as these are those magnificent songs of thanksgiving—songs thrilling with triumphant joy and praise. With the grandest of all these, the "Hallelujah Chorus" the oratorio is brought to a close—a glorious ending significant not of despair but of hope, not of defeat but of victory.

Towards the end of his life, Handel's sight began to fail, and although attempts were made to save it, he became blind in 1753 when about 68 years old; but this did not rob him of his delight in his music. He continued to conduct performances, and one of his compositions written during his blindness "Sin now shall raise her head" (an addition to "Judas Maccabeus") is considered to be one of his best works.

Quite suddenly in 1759 the great composer passed away. He was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey—a last token of the esteem and deep regard of the people whose heart Handel had won by his immortal works.

—C. S., (5A) ..

### THE TRAMP.

I had scrambled up a hillside,  
I had tumbled down a valeside,  
I was tramping in the light of early  
morn;  
And my boots 'most had no sides in,  
I myself was all untidy;  
I was weary and forsaken and for-  
lorn.

I was walking, ever walking  
Always thinking, never talking;  
I was lonesome in the solitude of  
dawn;  
And I felt my gait grow heavy,  
I was hungry, too. Already  
I was spent, and needing rest, for  
I was worn.

And the birds that guessed my story,  
Whistled thoughtfully, "Oh glory!  
Here's a man who seems to treat us  
all with scorn!  
For, in the beauteous things in life,  
He seems to see nought else but  
strife;  
And he seems to wish he never had  
been born".

But on I trudged, unheeding,  
For, in sooth, I was sore needing  
The true comfort of a mate, in whom  
was born  
The fierce desire for wander-lust;  
A man in whom I well could trust  
A man, who dead, I could sincerely  
mourn.

But at last I stopped my dreaming;  
Stopped my scorning and my schem-  
ing,  
And remembered that I was a tramp,  
forlorn,  
In sore need of food and clothes, sir,  
So I plodded on, though grumbling  
through the morn.

PEGGY DUNBAR (3C).

THE COOING OF A DOVE.

The gentle cooing of a dove  
Transports me far, oh, far away,  
Unto wide, spacious gardens, where  
The children play with laughter gay;  
Where there are lawns of rolling green,  
And lovely flowers are everywhere;  
Where waterlilies softly dream,  
And quiet paths lead here and there;  
Where swans upon a lakelet glide,  
And birds sing ever, wild and free;  
Where fountains shed their crystal spray  
Upon white marble statuary;  
Where ancient trees give welcome shade;  
Where happiness reigns over all,  
And doves are cooing all the day  
In Gardens, by an old sea wall.

—MARJORIE YEO. (4B).

IN THE PARK.

When I am walking in the park  
I'm as happy as a lark;  
I laugh and dance and skip and sing,  
And play at ball and everything.

I feed the ducks with bits of bread—  
They like it so, the gardener said;  
The garden, decked with flowers gay,  
I look at almost every day.

"Squeak" (2B).

A NIGHTMARE.

I dreamt last night of a yellow tree,  
Which had red leaves, 'twas a sight to see,  
Beneath it sat a man of wood,  
Who was singing as loudly as ever he could,  
Of tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,  
Of a prince who went to a fancy-dress ball,  
And just as I was about to scream  
I awoke and found it was only a dream!

—"Squeak", (2B).

TOOLS.

The artist took his pencil. It was stubby as could be,  
But it traced a lovely picture that the world rejoined to see.  
The poet dipped his pen-nib—'twas a cheap, corroded thing,  
Yet it scratched a charming lyric that the world rejoiced to sing.  
The builder plied his trowel. It was far from being new,  
But it laid the bricks and mortar till a lordly mansion grew.  
Ah, pencil, pen and trowel! You have frequently displayed  
How will can win achievement with exceeding little aid.  
Yet in life's markets, in its playrooms and its schools,  
Folk grumble: "I could prosper if I had some better tools."

—B.K. (4A.)

## IF .

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

If you can do French proses without error,  
 And not be looking up the word for "cake"  
 If you can do Analysis and Parsing  
 Without a little, or a big mistake,  
 If you know what acid H.Cl. is,  
 And don't think that it's H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.  
 If you learn throughout your Hall and Stevens,  
 Till you simply can't know any more.  
 If you toil through Warner and through Martin,  
 And know each date and every single reign,  
 If you have heard of Frederick Barbarossa,  
 And don't go thinking he's the King of Spain.  
 If you understand Hillard and Botting,  
 And always get each Latin sentence right,  
 If you know your tenses and declensions,  
 And know what verb to use when you say "might."  
 If you go to your examinations  
 Without the slightest signs of panic fear,  
 If you can do your paper quite correctly  
 Without sad sighs of "What shall I put here?"  
 Then you should surely be in a museum  
 And tied to you a huge, white cardboard label,  
 "The girl who always knows all home and school work,  
 The only one, in all Fort Street, that's able."

—JOYCE THOMPSON (2B) —

## THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.

The Combined Sports were held on Friday, August 26th, at the Sydney Cricket Ground. Fortians turned out in full force with cheerful hearts and an optimistic outlook. It was a dull, sultry day; blazers were discarded for the most part, so that everyone had quite a summery appearance. Many schools were represented and as a result the excitement was intense and party feeling ran high. We had been given permission to take our new banner, and this highly pleased every Fortian. For a banner large enough for everyone to see seems to give the barracker a strong moral support. It arrived in due course, and was draped over the edge of the grandstand.

The programme opened at 9.30 a.m., the first event being heat 1 of the orange race. This we won. The morning was spent in running off heats and Fort Street's name often appeared upon the blackboard. We owe a great deal of this to Clarice Kennedy, who gave up her time to train the girls for these events. The Inter School Relay was run just before lunch, Fort Street gaining second place.

After lunch, to our great joy, Ruth Harris won the Championship of the High Schools. A little later we won the overhead ball, and then Ruth won the 16 years championship in 9 seconds, thus equalling the record. When the last event was over the various schools were presented with their trophies. The Point Score Shield was won by Sydney High, Fort Street coming third. The Junior Shield was deservedly gained by Taree.

The shields gained by the schools in this year's competition for hockey, tennis and basketball were also presented, Fort Street, winning the "A" Basketball Shield, not having lost a match during the whole season.

Everyone then departed homewards feeling that the day had been well spent, the standard of barracking being high, and all events keenly contested.

Our results were as follows:—

Inter School Relay: Fort Street, 2.  
Championship of High Schools: Ruth Harris, 1.  
Overhead Ball: Fort Street, 1.  
17 Years Championship: Jean Foley, 2.  
16 Years Championship: Ruth Harris, 1 (equals record).  
15 Years Championship: Phyllis Smith, 1.  
Skipping Race: Phyllis Smith, 2.

JOYCE SHAW (4A).

## REPORT FROM THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The first six months of the year 1932 have proved very successful for the Old Girls' Union. The membership has increased from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and sixty-four, and each monthly meeting has been very well attended.

The first function of the year was a Supper Party held in honour of Miss Watts on May 5th at the Women's Club. A good musical programme had been arranged, Miss Watts also singing several songs, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. This was followed on June 16th, by the Annual Ball, held in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union, and this also proved a great success both socially and financially, and we were able to donate to the School towards completing the furnishing of the Assembly Hall stage, the sum of £18/16/11, our share of the profits.

Fort Street sent along six tables to the Combined High Schools' Card Party held at the Horseshoe Cafe on June 29th, and as a result of this evening, £4/5/3 was raised for a charity.

On July 20th one of the happiest of our re-unions was held. A "Back to School Night" was arranged, and once more we donned our old school uniforms and badges, let down our hair, and fell into line in the new Assembly Hall to partake of such games as tunnel and overhead ball, community singing, etc., followed by a picnic supper. There was a record attendance at this meeting, and it has been suggested that we endeavour to make this an annual function.

Our August meeting took the form of a Card Party held at the Horseshoe Cafe, on Monday, August 13th. There was an attendance of eighty-one, and as a result of the evening we were able to forward a donation of £5/5/0 to the Rachel Forster Hospital.

For September we concentrated on the first production of the Old Fortians' Dramatic Society, this being "The Young Idea" by Noel Coward and staged at St. James' Hall on September 20th and 21st. It was a very enjoyable play and members of the cast have to be congratulated on their very fine acting. The Old Girls' Union certainly did their fair share of ticket selling, and as there was a good attendance at each performance the Dramatic Society should have sufficient funds to carry them on until next year.

Our last function was the Annual Dinner, which was held on Wednesday, October 12th, at the Women's Club, and this, like our previous meetings, met with every success. There was an excellent attendance of Old Girls, as well as past and present members of the teaching staff, and the general opinion was that it had been one of the most enjoyable dinners ever held by our Union.

The members of the Old Girls' Union greatly appreciate the interest taken in their activities by Miss Cohen and members of the staff of their old school, and fully realise that a great deal of the success of these functions was due to their hearty co-operation.

We are certainly pleased with the results of the past six months, and hope at the Annual General Meeting in March to be able to report that the remaining half year has proved just as successful. We are also looking forward to next year welcoming all the girls who will be leaving Fort Street this

year as members of the Old Girls' Union, and as the Leaving Certificate Examination is drawing near we would like, through the medium of the magazine to wish Fifth Years the very best of luck.

JEAN N. JACOBS,  
Joint Hon. Secretary.

## LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

The University,  
13/10/32.

Dear Fortians,

Once more the year is drawing to its close and the cloud of examinations hangs over us. Everyone carries books and papers, and appears far more sober than at the time the last letter was written. However, in spite of our woes we still found time to enjoy thoroughly the Women's College Mask, in which Amy Carpenter presented a delightful picture as the handmaiden, Rumour, who summoned the great women of history from the Greek temple, set against a background of trees.

As each woman advanced across the lawn, her deeds were described by the "Sybil," whose black draperies formed a direct contrast to the simple white robes of Rumour.

The evening was particularly favourable, and gray-clad Greek maidens danced gracefully before the temple; the whole scene being illuminated by soft light.

Interest is being shown in cricket now that the hockey season is over, and Maurine Deer is becoming quite proficient in the art of bowling, to which she occasionally devotes an hour when French and Latin authors become too wearisome.

We Fortians all send our greetings to you and wish those sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Certificates every success, and have for them a strong fellow feeling.

—MARION DALLISON, Arts II.

## FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle held its meetings this year at the Chelsea Book Club. Twelve meetings were held between March 10th and October 27th. Following the usual procedure, the first and last meeting, took the form of a social evening. The Circle has a membership of 35. During the year 18 new members were enrolled, and 10 resigned. The average attendance at meetings was 16.9.

A consideration of the modern tendencies in prose and verse, illustrated by English and German writers formed the basis of the year's course of study. The following papers were read:—Aldous Huxley—Mrs. Williams; James Joyce—Miss E. Duhig; The Sitwells—Miss A. Bieri; Bridges, Flecker (A. E. Housman)—Miss Hamer; Thomas Mann—Miss Morley; Wassermann—Miss C. Farrell; Leonard Franck—Miss G. Santos; Feuchtvanger—Miss N. Crawford; Ludwig—Miss J. Thirgood. Very great interest was shown in the works of the authors selected for special study, and each paper was followed by a very lively and interesting discussion.

A play reading was given of N. Coward's "Cavalcade" by members of the Circle on July 14th.

A syllabus committee, consisting of Misses Turner, Morley, Farrell and Duhig has prepared a programme of work for next year. It is intended to study modern Czech, American and Italian literature.

The Circle has had a very successful year, showing an increase in membership and in the average attendance, upon last year's figures. Much of the credit for this must be attributed to the unflinching zeal of Miss Turner, the President, and Miss Morley, the Vice-President, to both of whom the Circle wishes to offer its appreciation for all they have done in furthering the interest and pleasure in the meetings.

—EVA DUHIG, Hon. Secretary.

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## A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Teachers' College,  
University Grounds,  
11th October, 1932.

Dear Fortians,

The year has almost passed and for many of us the end of two happy years at College is in sight. Unfortunately, we cannot remain at College indefinitely, and so we must prepare to make reluctant farewells and pass on to make room for other Fortians. I am quite sure that there are many Fortians who are experiencing the same regret at the thought of parting from the old school and from the friends who will remain there.

Our hearts are even more saddened by the thought of the approaching final examinations—a sadness also shared by present day Fortians. Having left most of the work to the last week, after the manner of students, there is an atmosphere of earnest concentration in the College, which is not to be found at the beginning of the term.

There are still some Fortians who have not been appointed to schools, but we do hope that good luck will favour them in the near future. Our own fates rest on the lap of the gods, but we are determined not to allow the unquenchable spirit of Fortians to be dampened.

Despite the uncertainty of the future we have had a very busy year. There have been numerous entertainments such as musical comedies, plays, concerts, in addition to the usual sporting activities, which included a visit to Armidale Teachers' College, and Fortians have shown a keen interest in these.

The Fifts and Thirds are putting on that final spurt for the coming examinations. We wish them every success, and we feel sure that they will do their best to uphold the name of the school.

Good luck to every Fortian.

—EUNICE V. BROWN.

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## GUIDE NOTES.

Great was the excitement of the Guides when they heard that arrangements were being made for a field day with Miss Drury in the spring vacation. The long looked-for Saturday arrived, and we spent the day at Cheltenham. Nature games were played before tea, and were enjoyed by all. A camp fire lighting ceremony was held and soon the flames were blazing merrily. We sang songs, and during the evening badges and service stars were presented.

Many of the Guides attended lectures for the sick nurse badge, and all managed to convince the examiner that they knew the difference between measles and chicken-pox and could recognise other complaints. While these lectures were in progress the Tenderfoots were busy with the knots, whistle-signals and tracking signs. They were eager to be enrolled, but circumstances postponed that great day till the first Saturday in October.

Northbridge, the scene of a previous hike, was our objective. As we made our way to our destination all eyes were on the wonders of nature for there was a competition, which was to be won by the patrol recognising the greatest number of birds and flowers. Wonderful to relate—the Tenderfoot Patrol topped the list.

Dinner was an exciting meal and many were the culinary failures of those who were not accustomed to the art of cooking without any "pots and pans." A clear stream wound its way to the ocean, but we soon made it muddy in our efforts to be tidy for the enrolment. Singing practice had just ended when Mrs. Mather arrived and the ceremony commenced. After eight Guides had made their three-fold promise, we listened to the account of a camp attended by Princess Mary and Guiders from every corner of the globe.

Tea was a great success, despite the fact that the fire was almost extinguished by the weeping of two fair maidens, caused by the smoke.

Sheer enjoyment was the keynote of the gathering round the camp fire that night. Miss Skillen told us an exciting story about the gods of old, and jolly songs, some accompanied by actions, were sung. We were all sorry when "Grant us Thy Peace" ended the day.

The Guides have been fortunate in having land given them at Turramurra for a camp site. A successful sweets day was held to help to swell the funds for the improvement of that site.

Our regular meetings have ended for this year, but we are to enjoy many hikes before Christmas, and thus carry on the interesting work, that unites the "League of Nations of to-morrow."

—JEAN SMITH (5B).

### THE OLD FORTIANS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Old Fortians' Dramatic Society which was formed at the end of March recently gave its first public performance.

The Society was fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. J. B. Moss, a member of the teaching staff at the Boys' School, to act as producer. Mr. Moss, in the face of considerable difficulties, was able to make the Society's production of the "Young Idea" on September 20th and 21st a most notable success.

As a mark of appreciation of Mr. Moss's help the cast of the "Young Idea" presented him with a silver cigarette case after the second performance of the play.

The Society is open to all Old Fortians who are interested in dramatic work and play readings are to be held at 8 p.m. on the third Wednesday in the month in the Waiting Room of the Department of Education, beginning on March 15th, 1933. New members will be most cordially welcomed.

L. LECK,

11 Stafford Street, Stanmore.

### KOSCIUSKO.

To the white-clad hills our flag was carried, and there beneath the Union Jack it flew proudly during Fort Street's sojourn at the famous hotel on "the roof of Australia."

It was splendid to see it unfurl in the morning and watch it stiffen in the cool breezes that swept down from "Kosciusko's side"; and it was still more splendid to be able to set out, and pass into a land of cream-like whiteness each morning.



Up the road, the gay laughing crowds would go, a motley band of bright, vivid colours; their voices rang out on the clear air as such spoils as rapier-like icicles were brandished, and delicate diamond formations, "wrought in the silence of the night," were found in little grottoes.

Ski-ing on, the Kerry would soon be passed and then lofty hills, pure slabs of whiteness against the perfect blue of the sky, stretched out on the right. Far, far above, small figures could be seen venturing up the snowy slopes and soon, on watching them, they could be seen flying down again, as though the magic skis had wings.

Truly it was a magic sport, for it combined the poetry of action and speed. There at Dayner's Gap the gentle slopes of soft snow were like white, billowing clouds, over which sped many Mercuries in silent, gliding motion. Further on, the Plains of Heaven offered a land of enchantment and poetic beauty.

There in that world of pure, unstained whiteness, the thrill of ski-ing awaited one. The swift glide down, topping each rise to go down the next with doubled speed, made the world wash by, and in one's heart there seemed to ring a veritable paean of joy. How tingling was the thrill of it, how exhilarating the keen air as it stung one's nostrils and brushed one's hair back from the temples!

Then tobogganing too was exciting; to lie flat and see the white glistening sparklets come dashing up at one's face, and the snow-clad world go reeling and rocking at a sickening pace about one—yes, that was thrilling too!

At the end of our short, sweet stay the sports were held at Dayner's Gap, in which all the school pupils participated. After various novice races, and relay races, the cross-country race was held in the afternoon in which the victor, Beryl Lamble, brought renown to our school again.

On that night, the last one at Kosciusko, parties, numbers one and two, held a fancy dress ball, and never before, many said, had costumes so brilliantly original, or humorously striking, been seen. Then, after changing to ordinary evening dress; the prizes for the ski-ing races were distributed and the management was extremely liberal.

The morrow heralded our departure, and after much hasty autographing and snapshotting, we assembled in the touring cars for the journey back to Cooma. As the last "good-byes" and dusty ring of our war cries died away, we rapidly passed through the hotel gates, and soon, dear Kosciusko was hidden from our regretful gaze.

Thus passed all too quickly a charming holiday. But its memories of sportiness, youthfulness and fun will live for a long while. No matter how long we may stay at Kosciusko, in later years, it could never be as sweet as that short stay when we proudly took our flag and were pupils of Fort Street school.

—"Downski," (5A).

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## THE FESTIVALS.

### PART I.

With a shining face and hair combed tightly back I would run to display proudly my new clothes to Shoshanna and Rivka, and to see whether theirs were as pretty—the vanity of childhood! Everywhere around me, men and women—they too dressed for the occasion and going to the Synagogue—would be greeting each other, "L'shana tova!" "A Happy New Year!" Everybody would be happy and smiling. It was New Year's Eve. To-night the New Year would be ushered in; to-morrow the ram's horn would proclaim it—and I remember how we children would contrive to find room in the Synagogue for the important occasion, for it was too good to be missed.

Ten days passed—ten solemn days when neither feasting nor merriment was allowed. On the last of those days we would just finish an excellent meal when the sun was about to set. The whole township would be hushed and sad. All would be dressed in white and people, some weeping, others sad and contemplative, would be silently wending their way to the Synagogue, all earnestly seeking God's pardon for the sins of mankind. Now that I have grown older I realise that at least one day in the year must be set apart in this busy world of ours to meditate on all that we have done during the year, and to try to atone for the wrongs we have committed. Then I could not find a reason why we should fast. Was it merely to punish our bodies physically, or that we might with a cleared brain think more seriously so that we might be worthy to be called in "God's Book of Life." Yet as I listened to the "Koll Nidre" small as I was, and despite the fact that I was not allowed to fast, I realised how sad and solemn was this Yom Kippur—this Day of Atonement!

Another week past, a week spent in busy preparation and by the end of that time a beautiful Succoh or Tabernacle had been erected in the garden. How well I remember the preparation for it! An Arab would bring the greens, whilst we children vied with each other to see who could decorate hers best with balloons—home-made—a dirty job, which I thoroughly enjoyed—and the new season's fruits, for at this time of the year Palestine is a riot of beauty with the fruits and the blossoms. Moreover I have a dim recollection of little bottles filled with scent dangling from the roof. I remember seeing the palm branch, the citron, the willard and the myrtle branch used as decorations, or rather as symbols of our life, which must be "righteous like the palm, fragrant like the citron, protective like the willow and humble like the myrtle."

Here in the Succoh we would have our meals, and if good I would even be allowed to sleep there. A week of joy and freedom, when stories of the Israelites dwelling their tents or "Succoh" as they crossed the desert into the Land of their Fathers, would be recalled by the elder people and even by us children too.

The eighth day was Simcha Torah or the Rejoicing of the Law, a day of special joy, because the reading of the Pentateuch is on this day finished and commenced again. I remember how we children, proudly holding coloured "foonan", would watch with delight and joy sedate old men dancing and jigging with the laws of Moses, lovingly clasped in their arms—in God's place of worship. I would bend over and reverently kiss the scrolls, at the same time feeling quite grown up and important. A few more holy days and the season of festivity—the Pentecost—would be over. School would re-open and life would become ordinary again until some two months later. Chanukah or Dedication would come to commemorate the time when the Jews, led by Judas Maccabeus, having defeated the Greeks restored to the people the right to worship in the Temple.

At school we would be told the wonderful stories of Chanukah—how those brave heroes re-dedicated the Temple which their enemies had defiled and relit the sacred lamp, using a small flask of olive oil, of sacred and special preparation—how instead of only lasting a few hours, it had burnt by a miracle of God for eight whole days by which time more had been prepared. We would be taught special songs, sometimes sad and sometimes full of joy and praise. One song I remember distinctly, it told the story of brave "Chana and her seven sons", how they were all sacrificed, even the youngest, a child of six, because they were true to their faith and would not kneel to and acknowledge the idol which the cruel foreign king worshipped.

Every night would be seen at each window a chanukeo, consisting of eight candles—a candle for each night—twinkling brightly and full of hope. Mother would say a blessing over each candle, and I would watch her fascinated. Sometimes I would be lifted up and allowed to light one; that would always make me happy and contented. So the days would pass until the eight candles had all been lit; eight to symbolise the eight miraculous days.

Purim! Only those who have lived in Palestine will know the magic of that word. Everybody knows the story of Purim, how Queen Esther with the help of Mordecai, her uncle, saved the Jews from destruction when Haman drew "lots" (purim) in order to select a day for the execution of his plan to kill them. Everybody would rejoice and children would sound their "gragers" the whole town would again put on its festive attire and children, messengers of their parents, would be seen running from house to house carrying covered dishes, dishes full of sweetmeats and goodwill greetings. We would be handsomely rewarded, and perhaps it was because of that or because of the fact that I was helping in the gaiety and festivity that I used to love being a messenger.

At night an air of mystery pervaded the town; preparations had been made for weeks previous to Purim. Disguised completely in masks we "faishtelers" would visit friends and if we were not recognised and kept our mirth under control, we would again be handsomely rewarded, both materially and in praise, I remember how I always dressed in boys' clothes, and how I would do everything in my power to behave like one. My ambition was to be a boy that night. Nor were we children the only ones to enter into the jollity of the festival, the "grown ups" too would throw off their everyday serious garb and be merry.

—B. MORRIS (4A).

(To be continued).

## FAREWELL.

"Time flies! The swift hours hurry by and speed us on to untried ways." Alas! the time has come for us, yet another Fifth Year, to say farewell, for we realise that the inevitable hour is upon us and soon the gates of Fort Street will close behind us, as pupils, for the last time.

As we are leaving her to take our place in the world, with the future before us like an unopened book, we are fired with the highest ideals and an ever-deepening determination to uphold her traditions and to honour the name which Fortians have so gloriously won for her in the past, and we turn to the School and thank her that she has fitted us for the glorious adventure of Life—that she has given us a purpose in life, and the means of achieving our end, for we know that it is what we have learned at school that is going to carry us through the world. From her we have learned a spirit of "fellow feeling" and a desire to be of service to others. Above all she has given us the name of Fortians of which none can rob us, it is ours, and, going, we take it with us.

We feel that we have very much to thank Fort Street for, but mostly, perhaps, for the friendships that have been formed and cemented during our schooldays here—friendships that have been a great help to us in the past—friendships that are going to be a greater help to us in the future.

We have loved every moment of our school-life, the five gloriously happy years spent within her noble walls. Of course, we have made blunders—and regretted them—but we have learned to rise each time we fall. Some of us have never shone in classroom or on the sports field, but we have learned a great lesson, for Fort Street has taught us to "play the game" with true sportsmanship, which is better than victory. As we leave we take with us nothing that can dim the happy thought of our schooldays.

How we are going to miss her only those who are leaving and those who have left, know and understand? You who are remaining, you to whom we are handing on the dear old School, we hope that you may learn to love her as we have done, to live up to her traditions as we have tried to do—to give her the honour that is her due and to do your utmost to build up the future greatness of "the best school of all." Before we leave the school we would not forget our teachers who have played a very great part in making our school-life what it has been. Over and over again they have proved

themselves our friends, and to them we would say "Thank you!" As we go out into the world we will carry with us pleasant memories of our teachers and a desire to live up to the high standard that they have set for us.

With gratitude in our hearts we bow in homage to our Alma Mater, and say "Vale, Fort Street."

"Though long we'll miss the sight of her  
Our hearts will not forget."

—NORAH MACKENNA (5A).

### FLYING—A FANCY.

To the more adventurous and high-spirited person, flying is a wonderful dream, an ambition to cherish in our store of ideals. But do not let us sit and dream of this magic mode of travelling; but let us transfer ourselves to the swift-moving world of 2032 A.D.! Now our dream is realised! Who cares now if we miss the tram or are unable to catch our usual train, because we are detained at school? All we have to do, is take our pair of little wings, place them on our back and off we start. Up, up, into the sky! What freedom we enjoy! We do not envy the birds, who fly quite close, peeping with inquisitive faces at the gauzy-winged creatures, occupying their positions in the blue sky. On, on we glide, while below us great buildings almost stop our flight by looming up unexpectedly in the distance. It is a busy day to-day. Now the sky is becoming crowded with areoplanes and policemen and winged mothers propelling their perambulators, through the air, and hundreds of other flying folk. As we glide on, the crowds become thinner and now we are almost alone in that stretching expanse of blue.

Below us, the world is changed, and posted up on a huge sign is the 2,000A.D. As we fly on, day soon fades and now, with the approach of night, the stars above light up our way, while our own wings, lighted with two little lamps, warn people of our existence. In front, another sign shows clearly. It reads "1980". Swiftly we glide through the sky and soon the man at the switchboard in Venus turns out the lights in the sky. Frequently we come upon an early flier, while we propel ourselves through the now gaily-tinted sky. There! Another notice reading "1950!"

Our wings have somewhat changed. No longer do we fly easily along but have to put all our strength into keeping aloft. We must hurry. But where are we going? This thought has not entered our minds. There in front, is another sign marked "1940". Still we keep on flying, and so the day begins to wane and our wings are becoming heavy and painful. What is that notice far ahead? Can we keep up? We are nearing that impressive sign-board. Why! What does it say? Oh! Our wings are falling and we are descending to the earth. As we fall, however, we catch a glimpse of that sign-board. It says "1932". Oh! I had quite forgotten! We have only been pretending; and have flown back from that world of a hundred years to come.

—KATHLEEN MUNRO (IIA).

### THE MINUET.

"In a quaint old shadow garden stands a shepherdess of carven stone," were the words of that haunting old melody which were wafted sweetly through the air. Into the cool of the starry summer night a little fairy wandered dreamily to the sparkling fountain, whose dancing spray seemed to throw myriads of crystal-clear globules to the velvety heavens.

The song continued, but the fay no longer listened, for the moon had risen, mellow and golden. It filtered through the silent trees and on to the old stone terraces—there to shine upon the two marble figures standing motionless beneath a creeper wall.

The fay gazed on the scene in wonderment, and slowly the two statues moved. The gentleman carried the lady's white fingers to his lips and led her to the old sundial. Here they talked together for a long time, for this opportunity of living came but once a year.

The fay was conscious that somewhere a bird commenced to sing. At this both lovers moved to a little paved court yard, surrounded by rose gardens, and commenced to dance a stately minuet. As the clock chimed two, the dance ended. Swiftly and noiselessly the partners returned to their places and assumed their accustomed attitudes.

The fay slipped away in the darkness. The voice had ceased to sing and she remembered how like the bird's voice was to that of the singer's, who had told the plaintive story of the stolen tryst. Swiftly she realized that her vision of the lovers' dance had been but an idle dream.

Nevertheless, her imaginative mind made her heart ache for the two lovers keeping their endless vigil in the "quaint old shadow garden."

—P. CORNER (2A).

## THE IRONBARK.

One day a bird flew over the forest and as it flew it dropped a seed from its bill. Down to the earth floated the seed and was buried deeply. Then it began to grow and soon a small shoot appeared above the ground, and as the days passed it grew and grew.

Not long afterwards in that same place there was a proud young sapling trying to imitate the airy gracefulness of a bird by waving its limbs in the soft breezes. As it grew, older it expanded and was soon a straight, tall ironbark tree of unusual circumference. It had a hard, tough bark and under that bark was a harder and tougher wood.

In the summer, men came and awakened the echoes with their axes and saws. When they saw the proud ironbark standing a little apart from the other trees, they immediately decided that they must have it.

Fear clutched at the heart of the huge tree. Surely they would not take him away from his beloved forest! These men, however, did not know, nor would they have understood had they known, the feelings of this great ironbark.

They brought a saw and commenced to saw away at the mighty trunk of the handsome tree. Soon it fell, with a heartrending groan, to the ground. The whole forest seemed to be in sorrow and showed its sympathy at losing such a friend. The other trees and in their tree language they muttered dark threats at these men who were so unconcernedly chopping off the branches of the giant tree.

Very soon the ironbark, with several others, was loaded on a dray and firmly bound, but even this secure binding did not stop the trees from being jolted and bumped as they were dragged at a crawling pace along a none-too-wide track, riddled with ruts. Twice, the dray was bogged and the men were very vexed, saying many uncomplimentary things about the road. The trees were rubbed against each other despite the rope which bound them. It was, indeed, a very different sensation from that of swaying to and fro with the wind.

At length they arrived at a large paddock where there were a number of other trees. Here they were tossed roughly to the ground where they lay for about a week until men came to cut them into lengths. They were then put through some very unpleasant processes and emerged in slabs ready for railway sleepers. Men soon put them in a new railway line and made them secure.

Our friends, the ironbark, spent the rest of his life thus, and when a train roared over him he could only dream of the peace of his quiet forest home.

When he became useless in this capacity he was chopped into blocks for firewood. As the eager flames devoured him a soft little sigh went out into the night and the ironbark crumbled in ashes.

—B. HARRIS (2A).

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