

●

THE MAGAZINE OF THE FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. III.—No. 11. MAY, 1933. Price: One Shilling.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Round the School.

A Page for Guides.

News of the Old Girls.

Examination Results

VERSE

Wind in the Pines.

Happiness.

The Cricket Match.

Mermaids.

Out in the Rain.

The Stars.

Yesterday.

The Mouse.

Miss Parkridge's Reminiscences.

Photograph of the Prefects.

Photograph of Speech Day.

Photograph of Jean Shonfield.

Photograph of Fort Street School, 1849.

PROSE

London Calling!

Vanity Fair.

The Festivals (Part II.).

The Unknown Soldier.

Ships.

Set Free.

Just Memories.

The Cry of Autumn.

Old China.

When The River and the Bushland Call.

On Hearing Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring."

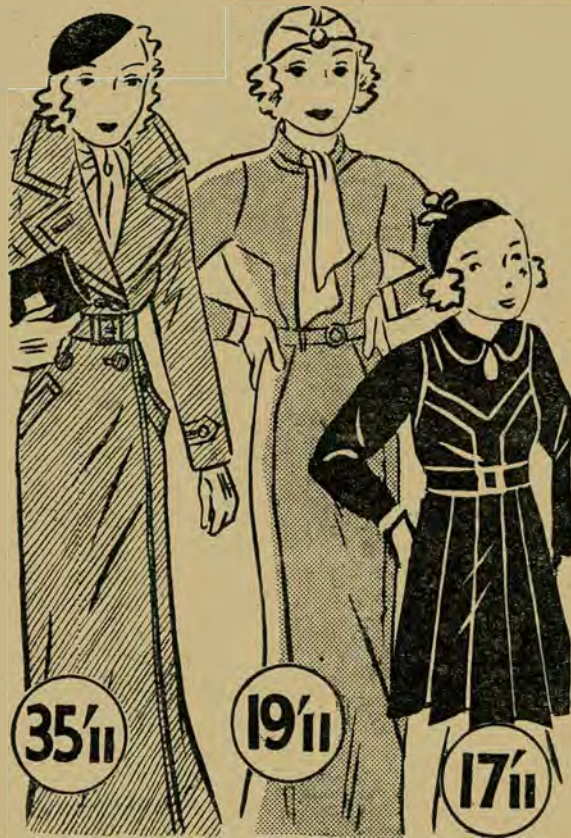
A Modern Version of the Spectator's
Lodgings.

A Visit to the Museum.

Boorunda.

Aunt Gwen at the Cricket Match.

WINTER STYLES



Maid's Camotex Coats 35/11

The popular Camotex Coats in beige and blue, also newest Velour Coats in blue, red, green, and beige. Military types—4 different styles. Splendid value, 35/11

Maid's Jersey Frocks 19/11

Super value! Suede Jersey Frocks for Maids in six delightful styles. New high necklines a feature. New colors. Many trimmed contrasts. Correct lengths. 19/11

Girls' Jersey Frocks 17/11

Five youthful styles in Suede Jersey Frocks. Latest colors. Lengths 28 to 39in. Amazingly low price at 17/11

On the Third Floor

DAVID JONES'

For Service and Quality

“YOU DO NOT HAVE TO WAIT!”

IMP **DRIES INSTANTLY**

IMPROVED PAVING PAINT.

TWO NEEDS SUPPLIED AT LAST . . .
A PAVING PAINT AND A
FLOOR STAIN WHICH
DRY INSTANTLY
AND ARE MORE DURABLE THAN EVER

THE MODERN VARNISH STAIN

IFS **DRIES INSTANTLY**

IMPROVED FLOOR STAIN. **DOES NOT CHIP.**

— R E M E M B E R —

THESE NEW PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
STERLING HOME PAINT
AND
SEVAC BRUSHING LACQUER
AN 100% AUSTRALIAN COMPANY



MCDOWELLS

for GIRLS' SCHOOLWEAR

at
**KEENEST
PRICES**



COLLEGE HATS
Extra good quality felt. Newest shapes featuring shallow crown, bound and unbound edges. Assorted headfittings. Sizes, 19½ to 22 inches. Colours: Navy, Brown and Black. Usually 7/11.
SPECIAL PRICE 5/11

GIRLS WELL CUT NAVY TAILORED "DOCTOR" FLANNEL BLAZERS
Bound flat Black or coloured narrow bindings. Sizes 24 to 26ins. 28 to 32ins. 34 to 36ins.
PRICE 10/6 12/11 14/11

GIRLS KANEBO FUJI SILK BLOUSES
Tailored shirt or open neck; band at waist. Sizes 22ins. 24 to 30ins. 33 to 42ins.
Price 6/11 7/11 9/11

FUJI DE LUXE BLOUSES FROM
2/11½

COLLEGE TIES
2/3 and 2/6

GIRLS FINE QUALITY NAVY SERGE TUNICS
Good wearing quality.

Lengths ins.	22	24	27	30	33
PRICE	12/11	13/11	15/11	17/11	18/11
Lengths ins.	36	39	42	44	
PRICE	19/11	21/11	24/11	27/6	

HEAVIER QUALITY TAILORING SERGE FROM 15/11
GIRLS' FINE ELASTIC KNIT ALL WOOL NAVY PULLOVERS. College Stripes.

Sizes, inches	24	26	28	30	32	34
NOW	6/11	7/11	8/11	9/11	10/11	12/11



MCDOWELLS Will Serve You Best
KING & GEORGETS

THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
MAY, 1933.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

The Staff.

Principal : Miss COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

Deputy Principal : Miss West, B.A.

Department of English.

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss PURCELL, B.A.

Miss MACKAY, M.A.

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

Miss MOORE, B.A.

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics.

Miss Hewitt, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss AUSTIN, B.A.

Miss PATE, B.A.

Department of Mathematics.

Miss WEST, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss HARRIS, B.A.

Miss COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss CULEY, B.A.

Miss WESTON, M.A.

Department of Science.

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress)

Miss COWIE, B.Sc.

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages.

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress)

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

Miss COLLINS, B.A.

Miss MURRAY, B.A. Les L., Dr.

Miss HARDERS.

Phil.

Art : Miss TEARLE.

Needlework : Miss DUNLOP.

Music : Mrs. JAMES.

Physical Culture : Mrs. GRIFFIN.

Magazine Editor : Miss Turner, B.A.

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

Captain, 1933 : Enid Smith.



THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS OF 1933

*Back Row : Blanche Munro, Frances McLean, Lesbia Wright, Dorothy Irvine, Aista Binns, Loraine Thompson, Florence Riddell.
Front Row : Ruth Harris, Enid Smith (Captain), Peggy Dircks (Senior Prefect).*

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL

ON Observatory Hill there stands an old building, which year by year becomes widely known and recognised as the "Grand Old School." This historic brown edifice, dignified and stately mid the busy hum of traffic is now a landmark and one of the beauty spots of Sydney.

But the glory of the name of Fort Street does not depend on the beauties of her surroundings. Her honour cannot be kept brilliant by "deeds from out her storied past." Those who have

the privilege of attending the school to-day have the responsibility also of guarding her fair name "in school-room and in field."

It does not fall to all of us to shine upon the sports field or to head the list of examination results, but we can, by our behaviour in public, and on all occasions bring honour to our Alma Mater—

"That, still brighter fame to bring,
Through the centuries shall ring."

ROUND THE SCHOOL

The Staff.—We wish to congratulate successful candidate.

Miss Blume, our former Deputy, on her promotion to the Head Mistress-ship of William Street Junior High School. Miss Blume was a valued member of the staff of this school for more than twenty years, and she goes with our best wishes for her success and happiness to her new position.

Miss West, who succeeds Miss Blume as Deputy Principal, was a member of this staff from 1912 to 1920 and we welcome her on her return to the Old School.

We wish Mrs. Robertson, and the Misses Reeve and Simons, who are on leave, very happy and enjoyable trips to Europe.

We congratulate Miss Crawford on her promotion to the position of Science Mistress at Newcastle Girls High School.

The Misses Lesslie, Cousins, Mouldale, Spencer and Swan were transferred to other High Schools at the end of the year.

To Miss Whiteoak, our new Science Mistress, Miss Collins, a former pupil of the School, Miss Dunlop and Miss Culey, we extend a hearty welcome.

The Ada Partridge Prize which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination was divided this year between Betty Scott and Vera Pausey (equal).

The Mollie Thornhill Prize which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Examination was won this year by Joan Fraser.

The Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle decided at their Annual Meeting to give a prize (books to the value of a guinea) for the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination. Mona Ravenscroft is the

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

English—First Class: Mona Ravenscroft and Dorothy Vernon.

Latin—Second Class: Vera Pausey and Betty Scott.

Greek—First Class: Vera Pausey (first place in State) and Margaret McVicar (fourth).

Second Class: Betty Scott.

French—Second Class: Nancy Thompson.

Mathematics—Second Class: Betty Armstrong.

Modern History—First Class: Jean Smith.

Second Class: Hazel Rose, Dorothy Vernon and Phyllis Weir.

Botany—First Class: Jessie Leask.

Geology—Second Class: Olive Shaw and Jean Smith.

University Exhibitions in the Faculty of Arts were awarded to Margaret McVicar, Vera Pausey, Betty Scott, Olive Shaw, and Nancy Thompson and Betty Armstrong gained one in the Faculty of Science.

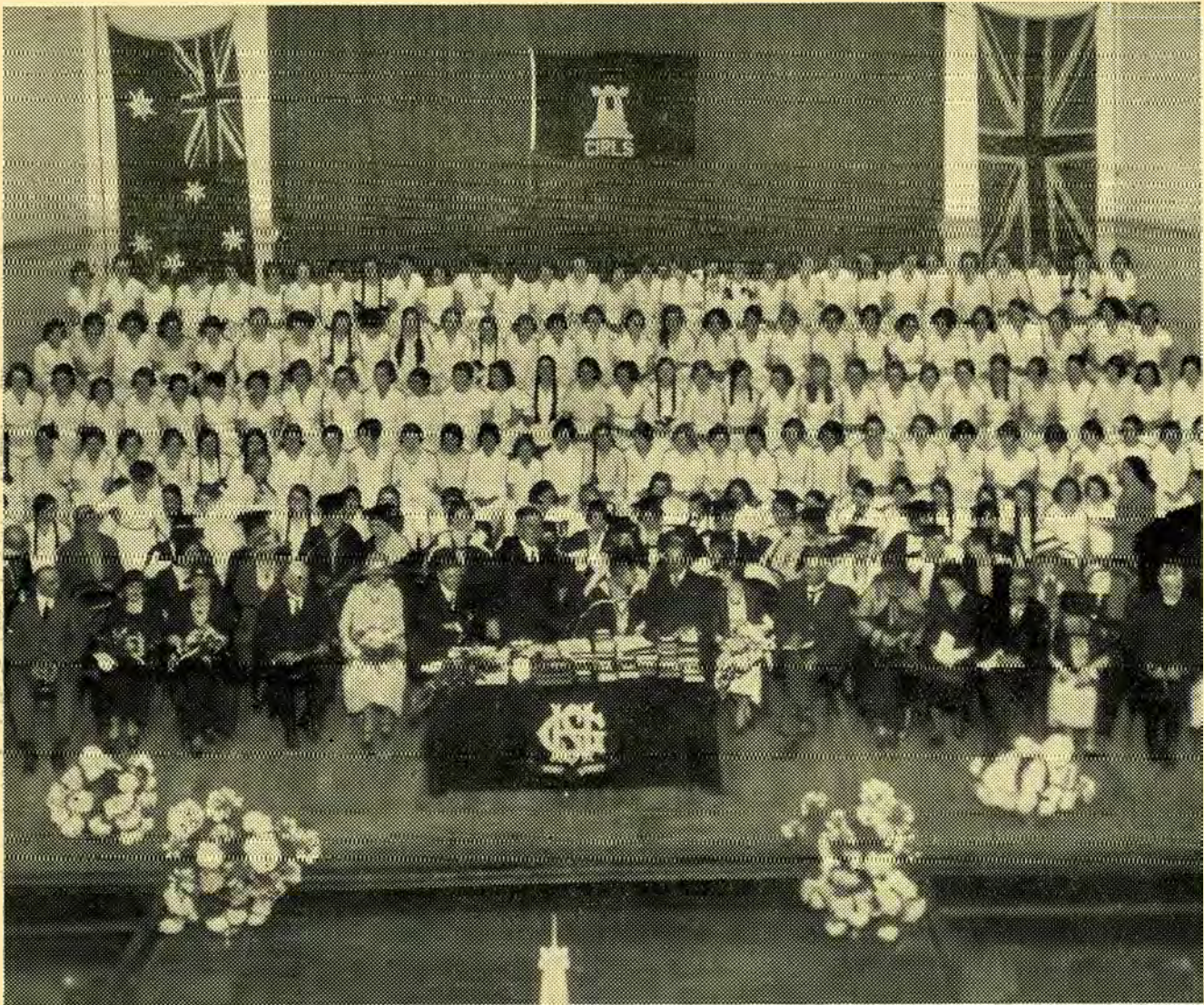
Betty Armstrong and Margaret McVicar were each awarded half of a private University Bursary.

The Matriculation Examination held in March of this year was passed by Beryl Lamble, Eva O'Keefe and Mona Ravenscroft.

Training College Scholarships.

On the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination the following pupils were awarded Scholarships at the Teachers' Training College, Sydney: Betty Armstrong, Eve Bornstein, Peggy Browne, Winnie Cutler, Margaret McVicar, Vera Pausey, Hazel Rose, Betty Scott, Olive Shaw, Jean Smith, Cathie Sykes, Nancy Thompson and Phyllis Weir.

Speech Day at the Conservatorium, 1932



SPEECH DAY

The large hall of the State Conservatorium of Music presented an animated scene on December 14th, 1932, when Fort Street Girls held their Annual Speech Day. Although this is always a very happy and eventful occasion, yet everyone present felt that the Speech Day of 1932 somehow stood out with greater significance than any previous Day in the history of the School. For had not the latter part of the year brought to reality the dreams of so many months, during which so many planned, worked and gave all they could to make the school grounds beautiful?

Among the visitors on the platform were Mr. B. C. Harkness, M.A. Chief Inspector of Schools who acted as chairman, the Hon. M. T. Bruxner, M.L.A., Deputy Premier and Minister for Transport, Mr. S. Walder Lord Mayor of Sydney and Mrs. Walder, Dr. and Mrs. Bradfield, Mr. D. Clyne M.L.A. and Miss Clyne, Miss Partridge first Principal of the School, Mr. Senior Inspector and Mrs. Cramp, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and the Right Rev. Bishop Kirkby and Miss Kirkby.

Mr. Harkness expressed his pleasure at being present and offered many points of advice to students, particularly to those who were about to enter life's wider sphere.

Mr. Clyne made his usually fine speech, in which he reminded the young people of their great responsibilities and duties as citizens of Sydney.

A complimentary speech was also made by Mr. Walder, who stated that our School, occupied so wonderful a position on Bradfield Highway, was at last in harmony with its fine surroundings, and the cynosure of the eyes of all who passed.

The School's very staunch friend, Dr. Bradfield, who is always welcomed very warmly by the students as one who helped very materially with the improvement scheme, also voiced his admiration of the grounds and reminded the students of the traditions to be upheld.

Fort Street's loved and respected Principal, Miss Cohen, read the report for 1932, during the course of which every Fortian's heart thrilled with pride and pleasure on hearing of the success of Doris Roy in the Leaving and Lesbia Wright in the Intermediate Examinations. Doris won the Bowman-Cameron Scholarship, the John West Medal and the Grahame Prize Medal for General Proficiency, the Fairfax Prize for the best female

candidate and the Queen Victoria Scholarship, being the best Matriculant of 1932. Lesbia was the best female candidate at the Intermediate Examination, gaining 7 A's and the Suttor Prize for Australian History.

Miss Cohen commented on the vast improvement made to the appearance of the school by the completion of the new playing courts, and the beautiful rockeries. The report of this part of the year's activities made everyone realise the great amount of work done by the very enthusiastic friends of the School. We also realised how hard Miss Cohen had worked for the beautification of the grounds. Thinking, planning, hoping always for the best that she could possibly have for the School, Miss Cohen had stood in the midst of so much bustle and hurry always calm and ready for any problem that might arise. Mention was made in the report of a proposed swimming pool, which caused much jubilation among the pupils. Mr. Bruxner, in whose control the land mentioned lies, stated that he would "consider the matter."

Midst the happiness of the occasion however, a poignant touch was added by the fact that we were to lose our beloved deputy-headmistress, Miss Blume, who, having been with us for so many years, was considered a necessary part of the school and its daily routine. Miss Blume, in a farewell address, said how happy she had been in her association with Fort Street.

The School Songs were sung, and under Mrs. James' able baton, the Special Choir and Orchestra rendered very enjoyable items.

The Captain for 1932, and the newly elected Captain for 1933, in very delightful speeches, thanked the visitors for the help rendered during the occasion, especially Mrs. Walder in whose hands the most important duty lay, that of presenting the prizes and certificates.

So another Speech Day closed with a happy thought that once more "the Best School of All" had upheld the worthy traditions of past years.

Ruth Courtland, 4A

PRIZE LIST

Dux of School: Vera Pausey.

Second Proficiency Prize: Betty Armstrong and Betty Scott, equal.

Dux of Year IV: Enid Smith.

Second Proficiency Prize; Loraine Thompson.

Dux of Year III: Joan Fraser.

Second Proficiency Prize: Gwendoline Morris.

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

Dux of Year I: Peggy Vernon.
Second Proficiency Prize: Lucy Graham and Marjorie McKechnie, equal.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize: Doris Roy.
Mollie Thornbill Prize: Lesbia Wright.

Emily Cruise Prize: Lesbia Wright.
Mary Corringham Prize for Short Story: Joan Fraser.

SCRIPTURE PRIZES

Presbyterian: Phyllis Weir, Betty Armstrong, Betty Scott, Hazel Davidson.

Prizes Awarded by L'Alliance Francaise: Rose Druker, Joan Fraser, Maria Boldini.

CERTIFICATES

YEAR V.

English: Phyllis Weir.
Latin: Vera Pausey.
Greek: Vera Pausey.
French: Vera Pausey. (prox. acc.)
 Rose Druker.

Mathematics I and II: Margaret McVicar.

Mathematics I: Betty Scott.
Mechanics: Margaret Balmain.
Modern History: Cathie Sykes.
 (prox. acc.) Dorothy Vernon.

Ancient History: Vera Pausey.
 (prox. acc.) Cathie Sykes.

Chemistry: Joan Barden.
Geology: Jean Smith.
Botany: Jessie Leask.
Geography: Pearl Fox. (prox. acc.)
 Margaret Kidd.

Economics: Nancy Stuart and Winnie Cutler, equal.

Music: Jessie Stronarch.
Art: Gwenda Porter.
Needlework: Pearl Fox. (prox. acc.)
 Pat Branch, Gwenda Porter equal.
Physical Culture: Margaret McVicar.

YEAR IV.

English: Enid Smith.
Latin: Doris Odgers. (prox. acc.)
 Grace Hancock.

French: Enid Smith and Lesbia Wright equal. (prox. acc.)
 Loraine Thompson.

German: Olga Parker.
Mathematics: Loraine Thompson.
Mechanics: Frances McLean.
Modern History: Phyllis Jones.
Chemistry: Lesbia Wright.
Geology: Phyllis Jones.
Botany: Doreen James.

Geography: Phyllis Jones.
Economics: Marion Rogers.
Art: Fairlie Lindsay.
Needlework: Lynette Bembrick.
Physical Culture: Betty Condon.

YEAR III.

English: Joan Fraser.
Latin: Gwendoline Morris.
French: Joan Fraser.
German: Betty Roberts.
Mathematics I: Phyllis Whitbread.
Mathematics II: Phyllis Whitbread.
History: Joyce Nyman.
Chemistry: Joan Fraser and Margaret Chapman equal.

Geography: Jessie Duncan.
Music: Helen Rankin and Norma Rayner, equal.

Art: Enid Pinkney.
Needlework: Roma Laurie.
Physical Culture: Novia Pogson and Jean Leavers, equal.

YEAR II.

English: Maria Boldini. (prox. acc.)
 Cooe Fetherston.

Latin: Joyce McCredie.
French: Phyllis Corner and Joyce McCredie, equal.

German: Maria Boldini. (prox. acc.)
 Clarice Hamilton.

Mathematics I: Nancy Light.
Mathematics II: Nancy Light.
History: Betty Logan. (prox. acc.)
 Maria Boldini.

Elementary Science: Ellen Swann.
Geography: Mollie Jose.
Music: Clare Harris.
Art: Athalie Lee.
Needlework: Betty Finnen.
Physical Culture: Clarice Hamilton.

YEAR I.

English: Lucy Graham and Irene Cook, equal.

Latin: Rose Clark. (prox. acc.)
 Joan Guilfoyle and Peggy Vernon.

French: Rose Clarke.
German: Lucy Graham. (prox. acc.)
 Rose Clarke.

Mathematics I: Esma Curran. (prox. acc.)
 Dorothy Allen.

Mathematics II: Phyllis Wiles.
 (prox. acc.) Gladys Horsfield.

History: Dulcie Collins. (prox. acc.)
 Lucy Graham.

Elementary Science: Betty Dutch
 (prox. acc.) Peggy Vernon.

Geography: Joan Readford.
Needlework: Heather Odman. (prox. acc.)
 Maude Jeffrey.

Phyllis Culture: Dorothy Woodrow.

Leaving Certificate Examination Results

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statement: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I., 6 Mathematics II., 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 16 Lower Standard Mathematics, 17 Economics, 18 Music, 21 Greek, 22 Dressmaking.

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

Armstrong, Betty I., 1A 2B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 11B.
 Balmain, Margaret A., 2B 5A 6A 7B 11B.
 Barden, Joan, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Barnett, Marie K., 1B 2B 5B 8B 13B.
 Beattie, W. S. McC., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 13B 17E.
 Bond, Dorothy M., 1B 8B 12A 16pass 17B.
 Bornstein, Eve Marie., 1A 2B 3A 9B 16pass 21A.
 Branch, Estelle P., 13B 14B 15A 16pass 22A.
 Browne, Blanche M., 1B 3B 5B 8B 15A 17A 22B.
 Browne, Sylvia Jane L., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 12A.
 Buchan, Elizabeth K., 1B 3L 8B 9B 12L 16pass.
 Cates, Mollie E., 1B 2B 3L 5B 6B 8B 11L.
 Cowper, Mary Alison, 1A 5B 8B 13B 14B 18B 22B.
 Crawley, Lucy M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12B.
 Crowhurst, Lillian May, 1B 2B 3L 5B 8B 12A 17B.
 Cutler, Winifred Edith, 1B 3B 5A 8A 12A 17B 22B.
 Davis, Lola June, 1A 8B 13B 14B 15B 16pass.
 Dawson, Valerie Emily, 1B 3B 5A 8B 12B 15A 22L.
 Druker, Rose, 1B 2A 3A 8B 12B 16pass.
 Durst, Sylvia G., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 11B.
 Fitzgerald, Jean E., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 9B 12A.
 Fox, Pearl Louise, 1B 8B 13A 14A 15A 16pass 22B.
 Harvey, Nola Mary, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B.
 Hayson, Edna Jean, 1A 8B 13B 14B 16pass.
 Hughes, Constance O., 1B 13B 14B 15A 22B.
 Jennings, Joan Monica, 1B 2B 3A 5B 21B.
 Jones, Joan O. T., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 9B 12B.
 Karling, Linnea G., 1B 3L 5B 8B 11B 18B 22B.
 Kidd, Margaret B., 1B 5B 6B 8B 13A 14B.
 Kingham, Lillian I., 1B 13B 14B 15A 22B.
 Laidlaw, Sheila M., 1B 2B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Lamble, Beryl J., 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B.
 Leask, Jessie May, 1A 5B 8A 12H1 15A 22B.
 Loundar, Grace Irene, 1B 5B 8B 12B 15A 17B 22B.
 McVicar, Margaret I., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 9A 21H1.
 Moroney, Eileen H., 1B 5B 9B 12B.
 Noble, Mavis Annie, 1B 5B 13B 14L 18B 22B.
 Pausey, Vera Millicent, 1B 2H2 3A 5B 9A 21H1.
 Platt, Alice, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 9B 12B.
 Porter, Gwenda M., 1B 8B 13B 14A 15A 16pass 22B.
 Ravenscroft, Mona T., 1H1 3L 5B 8B 11B 17B.
 Rhind, Doris Irene E., 1B 8B 12B 15A 17B 22B.
 Rose, Hazel Beatrice, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H2 12L.
 Rowe, Esme Olive, 1A 5B 12B 17B.
 Scott, Elizabeth, 1A 2H2 3A 5A 9B 21H2.
 Shaw, Olive L., 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A 8A 13H2.
 Smith, Jean Isabel, 1A 5B 8H1 9A 13H2 14A.
 Stronach, J. A., 1B 3B 8B 13B 14B 16pass 18A 22B.
 Stuart, Nancy J., 1B 8B 13A 15B 16pass 17B 22B.
 Sykes, Catherine M., 1A 2B 3A 5A 8B 9A 21A.
 Tenzer, Lillian D., 1A 2A 3B 8B 9B 12B 16pass.
 Thompson, Nancy H., 1B 2B 3H2(o) 5A 6A 8A 13B.
 Tipping, Neta E., 2L 3B 5B 8B 13B 17B.

Vernon, Dorothy, 1H1 8H2 16pass 17B 22B.
 Walter, Lorraine F., 1B 3B 4B(o) 8B 12B 17B.
 Watt, Jean May, 1A 5B 6A 8B 12B.
 Weir, Phyllis M., 1B 2B 3B 5A 8H2 12A.
 Whitworth, Ella, 1B 3B 8B 17B.
 Wilson, Lucy May, 1B 2L 5A 6A 8B 11B.

Intermediate Certificate Examination Results

In the list of passes the numbers refer to the following subjects: 1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Mathematics I., 5 Mathematics II., 6 Latin, 7 French, 8 German, 11 Elementary Science, 12 Botany, 20 Art, 21 Music, 22 Needlework, "o" denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German. In each subject there are two grades of pass, "A" and "B", the "A" pass being the higher.

Addison, Nina H., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Allen, Florence M., 2B 3B 4B 11B 20B 22B.
 Baldock, Marjorie L., 1A 4B 7B 11B 22B.
 Bieri, Dorothy, 1A 2A 4B 6B 7A(o).
 Blair, Annie M., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Born, Frances M. E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Boyce, Peggy O., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Bradshaw, Heather E., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Bray, Lallie J., 1A 2B 5A 7B 11B.
 Buckland, Bettina M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 20B 22B.
 Carroll, Joan N. E., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Carswell, Margaret K., 1A 4A 5B 6B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Chandler, Dorothy L., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Chapman, Margaret, 1A 4B 5A 6B 7A 8A(o) 11A.
 Clarke, Florence L., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7A(o).
 Clegg, Ellaline J., 1B 2B 5B 7B.
 Cliff, Nell I., 1A 2A 4B 7B.
 Conacher, Joyce B., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7B 11B.
 Cook, Edith H., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Copson, Inez A., 1B 2B 4B 21B 22A.
 Courtland, Ruth, 1A 5B 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Craig, Edna M., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 21B 22B.
 Croome, Elsie M., 1B 2A 3B 22B.
 Culf, Elva C., 1B 2B 4B 7B 21B 22A.
 Dickinson, Almena E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o).
 Driscoll, Marjorie W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Dunbar, Phyllis P. C., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o).
 Duncan, Jessie V., 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 20B 22A.
 Evans, Elva E., 1B 2B 4B 5B.
 Evans, Ivy Jean, 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 22B.
 Farley, Frances E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Finney, Joan, 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Fletcher, Joan M., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Flint, Ethel, 1A 4A 5B 6B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Flood, Dorothy C., 1B 4B 7B 21B 22A.
 Foley, Jean, 1B 2B 7B 22B.
 Fooke, Valerie H., 1B 11B 20B 22B.
 Fraser, Joan A., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Giulieno, Elena, 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Hall, Marjorie I., 1A 6B 7B 11B.
 Hancock, Elizabeth, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Hansen, Grace M., 1B 2B 5B 20B 22A.
 Herron, Marguerite R., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Hodge, Isabel A., 1B 2B 7B 20B 22B.
 Howell, Edith E., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A.
 Hutchison, Elizabeth G., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Irons, Eileen J., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 12A.
 Jeffery, Joyce H., 1A 2B 5B 7B 11A.
 Jones, Marion A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 20B 22B.
 Kendrick, Muriel, 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 21B 22A.

King, Joyce E., 1B 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.
Kirwan, Marie S., 1A 2B 7B 11B 22B.
Laurie, Roma E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11A 20B 22A.
Leavers, Jean, 1B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
Lennox, Etta R., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
Lloyd, Olive B., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Long, Kathleen J., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
Luke, Gladys J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 11A.
Mackenzie, Barbara, 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
Macleod, Jean C., 1B 2B 20B 22B.
Maddocks, Gwennyth M., 1B 2A 6B 7B 11B.
Maddocks, Hilda, 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
Martyn, Janet E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 21B 22B.
McAlister, Pauline, 1A 2B 3B 7B 21B 22B.
McCull, Helen A., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
McFarlane, Merle O., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
McLean, Mary G., 1A 4B 5A 6B 7A 8B(o) 11A.
McLelland, Helen M., 1B 2B 5B 7B.
McPhail, Elizabeth A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A.
McVicar, Barbara M., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Meldrum, Margaret E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 21A.
Moloney, Molly, 1B 2B 6B 7B.
Morris, Gwen E., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Mutch, Edna M., 1B 7B 11B 22B.
Myers, Joyce, 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 8B(o) 11A.
Newson, Olga L., 1B 2B 11B 22B.
Nyman, Joyce, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
Oldfield, Olive M., 2B 7B 11A 22A.
O'Neill, Blanche N., 1B 4B 11A 21B 22B.
Oxspring, Beryl I., 1B 4B 5B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
Pfafflin, Helene, 1A 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
Pinkney, Mary E., 1A 2B 11B 20B 22A.
Pogson, Novia C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 21A.
Porter, J. A., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Porter, Mavis N., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B.
Powditch, Frances E., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
Powell, Elizabeth, 1B 2B 7B 11B.
Rafferty, D. M., 1A 4A 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B 21A.
Rankin, Helen J., 1B 11B 21B 22B.
Rayner, Norma A., 1B 4A 5B 7B 11B 21A 22A.
Rigg, Beryl R., 1A 2B 4B 5B.
Roberts, Yvonne F., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A 11A.
Robinson, Mary E., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
Robson, Lois C., 1B 2A 3B 21B 22B.
Sands, Hilda J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 7B(o) 11B.
Saunders, Norma E., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
Scott, Nance C., 1B 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Sherring, Lucy, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A.
Smith, Phyllis G. I., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
Smith, Ruby M., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Soutar, Heather J., 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 8A 11A.
Stevens, Joan D., 1A 2B 4B 5A 7B 11A 21A.
Still, Joyce I., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o).
Straughon, Enid R., 1A 4B 5B 7B(o) 11B.
Stubbs, Doris B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o).
Swinbourne, Dorothy, 1A 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
Tagg, Edna, 1B 5B 6B 7B.
Teare, Muriel H., 1B 4B 20B 22A.
Thomas, Lillian H., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
Wailles, Esma B., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
Warren, Joan, 1A 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11B.
Weston, Necia, 1A 2B 4B 11B 21B 22B.
Whitbread, Phyllis V., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A.
Whitney, Barbara, 1A 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
Whyte, Jessie F., 1A 4B 6B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11A.
Wiley, Estella Z., 1A 2B 7B 20B 21A 22B.

Wilks, Audrey P., 1B 4B 6B 7A 8B 11B.
 Wilson, Evelyn J., 1B 4B 7B 22A.
 Woodger, Beryl A., 1B 2B 11B 20B 22B.
 Young, Betty J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.

Joan Fraser was not only the best candidate from Fort Street, but was also the best female Intermediate candidate in the State.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY, 1933

At the first general meeting of the School Debating Society held early in the year, the following officers were elected for 1933: President, Enid Smith; Secretary, Edith Cook; Year Representatives: Year V., Norah MacKenna; Year IV., Barbara Mackenzie; Year III., Kathleen Munro; Year II., Phyllis Wells.

No representative was elected for Year I., as First Year sport is held on Thursday afternoons.

At the first meeting of the Society, held in March, we were greatly honoured in having Mr. Cramp with us. He addressed the girls at the conclusion of the debate, and complimented the members of the team on their fine debating skill. The subject was: "That debating encourages verbosity, combativeness and insincerity," the Government being upheld by Aisla Binns (leader), Meg Kelk and Kathleen Carr; while the supporters of the Opposition were Florence Riddell (leader), Enid Smith and Lesbia Wright. The Opposition won the debate.

At the second meeting of the Society, held in April, the subject: "That the pen is mightier than the sword" was debated keenly. The members of the Government were Blanche Munro (leader), Frances McLean and Bella Morris, while the speakers for the Opposition were Beryl Kent (leader), Doreen Musgrave and Joyce Shaw. The debate resulted in a win for the Government by 45 points to 44.

E. Cook, Secretary.

MARY CORRINGHAM

Mary Corringham, who has been in charge of the Women's Pages in the Sydney Mail for some time, sailed in the Tarakan for London to try her fortune in Fleet Street. The good wishes of the staff and pupils go with Mary who has proved herself so interested in her school by giving prizes for short stories.

THE ELSA HALE PRIZE

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

THE MODEL BUSINESS COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Model Business College offered a whole scholarship and a half scholarship to pupils of this school who had passed the Leaving Certificate Examination and wished to take up Commercial Work. Rose Druker was awarded the full scholarship and Oliven Jones the half scholarship.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The Reference Library, which is open for borrowing purposes during the morning recess of Tuesdays and Fridays, and for reference purposes before and after school and during the morning and midday recess each day, has progressed favourably during the past half year.

The girls of the upper school seem to have realised the usefulness of the books in respect to their studies and it is gratifying to find so many anxious to avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from a well equipped reference library at school.

Many volumes have been added and we must thank Mrs. Corner and Valerie Rosenfeld for their gifts of reference books. Recent purchases include the fifteen volumes of the "Cambridge History of Literature," "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" by Stevenson, "A Tale of Troy" by Marsefield, Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy" a volume of Australian Short Stories, "Men of Letters" and "The Second Empire" by Guedalla, "Critical Essays of To-day," a volume of Selected Short Stories edited by Lyall and "The Animals

Noah Forgot" by Banjo Paterson.

Heather Bradshaw, Mavis Porter, Joan Fraser, Mary Robertson, Barbara McKenzie, Doris Stubbs, librarians.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society held its first meeting of the year on Thursday, March 23rd, when the Fifth Years entertained us by reading "The Man in the Bowler Hat," written by A. A. Milne. The Fourth eYars successfully read in April "The Grand Cham's Diamond."

Miss Wicks has charge of the reading circles which meet on the third Thursday in the month at 3.30 p.m. in the Assembly Hall. All members ought to keep a free hour for these readings as they are a splendid entertainment.

Pinero's play "The Schoolmistress" is being rehearsed and will be produced at the end of the term under the capable direction of Miss Purcell.

Marion Cockburn, Secretary.

THE FICTION LIBRARY

The Fiction Library was opened at the commencement of 1933 with a fine collection of books including popular novels by such well-known writers as Georgette Heyer, Sabatini, Baroness Orczy, Peter B. Kyne and Doun Byrne. Many girls are taking advantage of borrowing these books.

Early in the year Mrs. Corner was kind enough to send us a number of books and we take this opportunity of thanking her.

The First Years in particular are showing great enthusiasm this year and girls from other years are also keen. We feel sure that those girls who do not belong are not aware of the pleasure to be derived from reading such excellent works as the library contains.

The Fiction Library is open in Room Nine on Mondays and Tuesdays to First Years, on Thursdays to Thirds, Fourth and Fifths, and on Fridays to Second Years.

J. Conacher, F. Lindsay, J. Stevens, Librarians.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

This Union meets every Monday afternoon after school and any senior girls will be welcomed as members.

We were very sorry to lose our leader, Miss Lesslie, who was transferred to Sydney High School, as Miss Lesslie had the interests of the Union at heart. Miss Culey very kindly consented to take over the leadership and the mem-

bers of the Union appreciate her interest in them.

Our first meeting was addressed by Mr. J. B. Nicholson who gave us a very interesting talk. The practical side of our work is the clothing of a little girl (3 years old) at the Havilah Homes, whom the members of the Union visit regularly.

F. McLean, Secretary.

ELECTION OF A PREFECT

Owing to the fact that Meg Kelk, the Senior Prefect, left school at the beginning of the year, another Prefect had to be elected to fill the extraordinary vacancy. Florence Riddell was elected to the honourable position and Peggy Dircks became Senior Prefect.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Fort Street girls do not forget to help others who are less fortunate than themselves. Last year cheques were sent to Sydney Hospital, the Rachel Forster Hospital, the Preventorium, and the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. A donation was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital and the Central District Ambulance for services rendered to girls injured at the Annual School Sports.

This year the girls have already sent a subscription to the Preventorium and to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In response to appeals, eggs and bundles of newspapers were supplied to Sydney Hospital. At the present time, the girls are knitting winter comforts for the old ladies at Newington Asylum.

THE ORCHESTRA

Mrs. James must be very pleased with the School Orchestra, as at the Ashfield Eisteddfod it won the first prize for a School Orchestra. At the same competition the choir won the Musical Association's Shield for a two-part choir.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1933

The officers of the School Association for 1933 were elected early in the year, the results being as follows: Year Representatives: P. Dircks and F. Riddell (Year V.), H. Soutar (Year IV.), N. Light (Year III.), L. Higginbotham (Year II.), E. Dening (Year I.); Secretary, E. Cook, Year IV.

Enid Smith, the Captain of the school is ex-officio a member of the Committee.

The Staff members are Miss Cohen, Principal, Miss West, Deputy Principal, Misses Turner, Cowie and Weston (Treasurer), and Mrs. Griffin.

E. Cook, Secretary.

OUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL

With Illustration

The 36th Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Coogee Aquarium Baths on March 20th. The day, contrary to the eager expectations of all Fortians, was dull and overcast. However, the assembly made a brave show with flying colours and enthusiastic cheering. Thirty-one events were included in the programme, which provided a very full afternoon and gave opportunity for keen competition. There were great hopes that the races would be keenly contested and that records would be broken since Fort Street is very proud of its swimming reputation. Keen class rivalry was shown and their different representatives vied with one another. Points were awarded for first, second and third places in the events and in the final result 3B girls gained the point-score shield.

The outstanding swimmers of the day were Marion Cockburn and Jean Shonfield. Marion won the School Championship for the second time in easy fashion and also annexed the Sixteen Years Championship and the Backstroke race. Swimming in her effortless style she helped Fourth Year to win the relay. Congratulations Marion!

Jean Shonfield won the Junior Championship in addition to the Fourteen Years Championship, the Backstroke, the Junior Breaststroke races and the Diving. Nor must it be forgotten that many eager Fortians contested each race and those who did not win, showed fine sporting spirit.

The organisation of the carnival was extremely good and the events were carried through without any delay. The girls owe their thanks for this to Mrs. Griffin who, for years past, has been bent upon success in these carnivals. The swimmers have all benefited as a result of her coaching and this proficiency, combined with school spirit, has turned Fort Street into the best swimming school in the State. Thanks are also due to the members of the Staff, who assisted her.

On the whole, a very pleasant afternoon was spent. Some of the races

were fought out to the end and there were some good finishes. The school's mermaids showed themselves to be skilled in all branches of the sport and so proved that girls can become proficient swimmers.

The following are the results:

School Championship (100yds.): M. Cockburn 1, L. Snape 2, B. Condon 3. Time 1.10 4-5 secs.

Junior Championship (50yds.): J. Shonfield 1, D. Tilley 2, H. Bell 3. Time 34 4-5 secs.

17 Years Championship (50yds.): L. Snape 1, B. Condon 2. Time 34 1-10 secs.

16 Years Championship (50yds.): M. Cockburn 1, M. Gately 2, H. Soutar 3. Time 31 secs.

15 Years Championship (50yds.): D. Wilson 1, V. Ford 2. Time 33 secs.

14 Years Championship (50yds.): J. Shonfield 1, W. Shade 2, H. Dircks 3. Time 36 4-5 secs.

13 Years Championship (33yds.): L. Drake 1, B. Barnett 2, W. Garrard 3. Time 22 3-5 secs.

12 Years Championship (33yds.): J. Walsh 1, J. Barlow 2, M. Brown 3. Time 22 3-10 secs.

11 Years Championship (33yds.): P. Moffit 1, A. Sinclair 2, E. Lucas 3. Time 23 4-5 secs.

Senior Championship (33yds.): M. Makin 1, M. Porter 2, J. Miles 3. Time 25 2-5 secs.

Junior Championship (33yds.): M. Nesbitt 1, R. Sinclair 2, L. Stelzer 3. Time 23 1-5 secs.

Breaststroke Championship (50yds.): N. Light 1, R. Davies 2, D. Bieri 3. Time 43 2-5 secs.

Junior Breaststroke Championship (33yds.): J. Shonfield 1, M. Nesbitt 2, H. Bell 3. Time 30 secs.

Backstroke Championship (50yds.): M. Cockburn 1, B. Condon 2. Time 39 4-5 secs.

Junior Backstroke Championship (33yds.): J. Shonfield 1, D. Tilley 2, L. Drake 3. Time 27 4-5 secs.

Diving Championship: J. Shonfield 1, N. Light 2, V. Ford 3.

Junior Diving Championship: D. Tilley 1, J. Shonfield 2, D. Martin 3.

Rescue Race: K. Gillies and R. Davies.

Junior Rescue Race: M. Nesbitt and P. Medcalf.

Six-oar Race: V. Ford, D. Wilson and B. Barrett.

Year Relay (200yds.): Year IV. 1. Year III. 2, Year V. 3. Time 2.31 secs.

Balloon Race: N. Light 1, J. Howse 2, D. George 3.

Dolly Hancock, 4A.



Jean Shonfic'd

WIND IN THE PINES

There is no sound
In all nature
To equal the mystery of wind in the
pines.

Sometimes like swish
Of silken gowns
Rustling mysteriously down through
the years.

Sometimes 'tis like
A sighing moan
As one in the depths of a hopeless des-
pair.

When wind is strong
'Tis like the roar
Of seas that are breaking on far-dis-
tant shores.

But when it storms,
In furious rage
The tall swaying pines then lash at
the wind,

And shriek and rear
And wildly sway,
And utter loud, frenzied, tempestuous
cries.

Marjorie Yeo, 5B.

HAPPINESS

They borrowed the gold of the butter-
cup
The peace of a twilight hour
They stole the wild bees' busy hum
And the scent of a wayside flow'r.

They stole the sunset's brightest gold,
The fair moon's loveliest ray,
They took the blue sky's azure hue,
The brooklet's songs so gay.

They stirred it up so tenderly,
All helped with trembling hand,
And, when 'twas done, peered o'er the
rim
The elves of Fairyland.

It was their gift to young and old,
Its name you cannot guess,
It goes with a song, a laugh and a
smile,
Its name is Happiness.

"Hiawatha," 2A.

MERMAIDS

Swimming far, swimming near,
In the waters cool and clear,
Splashing over rocks and sands,
Swishing tails and joining hands,

Now and then a race they swim,
And it's quite a battle grim.
Then to caverns cool they fare,
Where they comb their golden hair.

You must look down very deep,
With no sound and take a peep,
Then you'll hear a great big splash
As they through the waters flash.

Perhaps you may not be quite sure,
When you look through waters pure,
That you see a mermaid true
But it's right—you really do!

Hazel Shute, 1A.

"OUT IN THE RAIN"

The joyous thrill of being "out-in-the-
rain,"
Drifted towards me as I ran down the
lane,
I danced through the puddles and all
round the street,
I climbed trees and fences and the old
garden seat.

But then I saw Aunt, with a look stern
and grim,
And I shivered and shook in every
limb,
"To bed without tea," was Aunt's ver-
dict you know,
My "out-in-the-rain" joy had ended in
woe.

Jean Curtis, 3B.

THE CRICKET MATCH

The day was bright, the sky was clear,
People flocked from far and near,
From town and countryside they came
To see the famed ones play a game.

Queen Liz, and her ten maidens fair
With heads held proudly in the air,
Challenged Nap to play them cricket,
And sent the Ironsides to make a wicket.

Now, when the ladies came to bat,
Sir Walter Raleigh raised his hat,
But Captain Nap, his eyes a-rolling,
Set poor Walter to open bowling.

Queen Lizzie watched the coming ball,
She heard a shout and saw them fall;
Yes, she was out, clean bowled by
Walter.

She left the field without a falter.

Then Pitt, the keeper, gave a shout,
"Don't bowl too fast, I have the gout!"
Then Joan of Arc shaped up to more,
And with her long lance hit a four.

Now Anne Boleyn, without a look,
Snicked a ball to Captain Cook;
Though he was watching the setting
sun,
He held out his hand and the deed
was done.

We must soon get this French maid
out
Or she will score without a doubt.
"Leg theory then," said Drake with a
sigh.
But Walpole shouted, "Let sleeping
dogs lie."

With telescope to his blind eye,
Lord Nelson gave a joyful cry,
For from a ball by Thomas More
Poor Joan was out, bowled leg before.

Others came in, but soon went out.
King John began to laugh and shout,
But Nap grew frightened more and
more—
He knew they never would reach the
score.

So with his men he left the wicket,
And vowed he'd never again play
cricket;
The scoreboard read: "The ladies, 11."
He knew his men could never score
seven.

Queen Liz and her ten maidens fair,
With heads held proudly in the air,
Deserted Nap and the game of cricket,
And sent the Ironsides to clear the
wicket.

Kathleen Munro, 3A.

THE STARS

I like the little friendly stars,
With faces small and bright,
Who look into my nursery,
And watch me through the night.

For when I waken in the dark,
How lonesome it would be
If their kind faces were not there,
To smile and blink at me!

Daphne Crawford, 2A.

YESTERDAY

My window looks on Yesterday
On the old homes (they seem as still
As their dim, dreaming shapes that fill
The quiet-coloured deeps below),
On bridges that, in memory,
Ring with the steps of used-to-be,
Of used-to-love, of used-to-know.

My dear love lives in Yesterday—
The old roads know her footsteps well,
She comes to hear the City bell
Toll its sad parting with the night,
And dawn, that creeps with rosy gown,
Behind the spires of the dim town,
Dawn is my dear love's dear delight.

Laugh on, to-day!
Laugh loud, laugh gay!
(My window looks on Yesterday).

Joan Fraser, 4A.

THE MOUSE

It was only a mouse that came into school,
 Only a small mouse, but oh! what a fool,
 To have frightened those females, the girls, and poor teachers,
 It came from a church where it frightened the preachers.

The French teacher saw it, she was only "tre's" new,
 And all she could gasp was, "Une souris j'ai vue,"
 And the Maths teacher said, "If a mouse came in here
 I am sure I'd forget how to do logs. through fear."

The Science teacher thought of a problem, and said,
 "If a mouse was put into a jar on its head,
 And then acid was placed—," but she gave a loud shriek,
 And leapt on to a stool, for she'd heard a small squeak.

And so through the day these loud screamings and squeals
 Continued. The mouse said, "My poor right ear feels
 Quite deaf, and methinks 'twould be better to go."
 But 'twas caught by the gard'ner and killed with his hoe.

Joyce Thompson, 3B.

LONDON CALLING!

"O voice, thy accents come,
 Like wanderers from the world's ex-
 tremity!"—Matthew Arnold.

"Would you like to speak to Lon-
 don? It will be coming through in
 about half an hour!"

Accompanied by friends I had been
 investigating the wonders of the Radio
 Exhibition when these magical and
 most unexpected words disturbed for
 the moment my equilibrium. I had
 already, earlier in the afternoon, chat-
 ted about earthquakes and boasted of
 the Exhibition to a radio operator in
 Wellington, New Zealand, but this new
 prospect seemed dazzling in compari-
 son.

"Oh! yes!" I replied, for only a long-
 drawn out "oh" could sufficiently ex-
 press my mingled feelings of delight
 and excited anticipation. And then I
 was given, like my friends to whom
 the question had also been put, a small
 white card, on which were hastily
 scribbled my name and other particu-
 lars.

The next half hour seemed like a
 hurried five minutes. We collected
 pieces of Canadian cables, which an
 ingenious little invention was emitting
 in long ribbons and received telegrams
 sent by teletype, an extraordinary
 series of contrivances in which the
 message was tapped on typewriter
 keys and emerged at the other end
 printed on paper ready for delivery.
 We walked in front of the Electric
 Eye and were smartly saluted by a
 mechanical hand. We examined auto-
 matic distress signal-boxes for small
 steamers, the organ from the State

Theatre, and amateur wireless trans-
 mitters. We poked our heads into
 electric refrigerators and criticised the
 grain and colour of timbers used in
 making wireless cabinets. Then we
 threaded our way back to the Radio
 'Phone.

London was not very punctual in
 coming through, and each minute our
 excitement increased. Already an
 eager crowd had collected round the
 stand for "now sits Expectation in the
 air." Suddenly the operator's face in
 the box brightened and he proceeded
 to speak. The conversation was amp-
 lified throughout the Town Hall by
 means of huge speakers, but I was
 greatly relieved, for, owing to the din,
 it was only occasionally intelligible.
 We squeezed each other's arms and
 then the operator popped his head out
 of the box and called for number one
 to come forward to speak, and a lady
 stepped into the little box, for all the
 world like an ordinary public tele-
 phone box on a street corner, except
 that hanging on the door was a small
 placard bearing these words: "Dem-
 onstration call to London now in pro-
 gress." London, 10,000 miles away,
 nine times as great as the distance
 from Sydney to Wellington! We had
 deemed it prudent not to mention Test
 Cricket, lest it offend the susceptibili-
 ties of the person at the other end. I
 watched my friends in turn step into
 the box and vainly tried to follow the
 conversation. And then I found my-
 self within its blue sound-proof walls.
 The atmosphere was stifling, and I
 noticed beads of perspiration on the

operator's brow as he placed the light headphones on my head (much more convenient than the receiver in a public telephone).

"Where's your card," he asked in a low voice. I rummaged frantically in my pockets amongst the scraps of cable and odds and ends, producing it after what seemed an eternity. In a clear voice he announced my name into the little silver microphone and introduced me to Mr. Thoroughgood, an official in the London General Post Office.

"Good morning, Mr. Thoroughgood!" And a far-away, yet distinct voice returned my greeting in crisp tones. I then enquired of the weather, for it was one of the very rare occasions when the tedious weather formula has any significance, and received an excellent description of London on a sunny morning at 9 o'clock as he saw it from his office window.

Then the voice faded away and became blurred by static. I begged his pardon till I blushed, and looked despairingly at the operator, whilst the atmosphere was growing even more stifling. When the voice came back it was enquiring of the weather in Sydney, and I described the uncertain weather, and then wandered on to a description of Sydney. Nowadays, when speaking of Sydney, one usually

mentions the Harbour Bridge and from this our conversation changed to bridges in general, and we discussed the merits of the principal bridges of England and Australia.

"Naturally, we Londoners think London is the best city in the world," and then my English friend proceeded to give a panegyric of London and England, for he seemed determined to impress his far-away listener. Architecture then became the topic, and in this I confess I was treading on uncertain ground. My friend was not a whit disturbed by my vague replies and I was content to allow him to proceed at length on a subject in which he seemed very well informed, and which proved to be very enlightening. Then talk changed quickly from one topic to another, for when speaking to a stranger whom one has never even seen, one enjoys tremendous advantages. Opinions may be freely expressed without offending the listener, and one is not hurt or annoyed by good-natured criticism.

Then the operator signalled me to close the conversation, and I bade good-bye with regrets.

I stepped forth into the din, feeling as if I were treading on air and that the gods for once had smiled on me.

Lesbia Wright, 5A.

VANITY FAIR

Everyone, to the oldest inhabitant, knew that Vanity Fair was the maddest, merriest, happiest time, the goodly folk of the Thames valley ever experienced.

For was not good Queen Mary, beloved daughter of Henry VIII. crowned at last? That was why the people celebrated with a happy day at the Fair.

Such a gay crowd was never seen before. Here is a London gentleman, pompous and dignified, in dark purple doublet and hose, with scarlet mantle and velvet cap. Beside him his "ladye fayre" trips along right merrily, her damask kirtle held well above her high-heeled shoes, and her flowered panniers looped in the latest style. Here and there are merchants, more soberly attired, praising and discussing the silver cutlery lately shipped from Spain.

Then the dames and maidens with their puffed panniers of blue or vivid scarlet, move swiftly from stall to stall,

chattering and babbling like gaily-feathered birds.

Of course, there were the 'prentices. They had no money to spend, save a copper or two, but nevertheless they contrived to enjoy themselves. Hundreds of them were out to the fair this afternoon, buzzing like so many insects, seeking whom they can annoy.

Sometimes a row of about half a dozen of them, charge the crowd with hoot and yell, scattering people right and left. Then again they charge at the confectionery stall, much to the distraction of the vendors of honey-cakes, whilst the 'prentices steal sugar plums and sweetmeats, fighting, quarrelling, screeching and kicking with their thin legs, their jerkins loose, their shirt sleeves flapping in the wind.

Just beyond this noisy scene a number of buxom country wenches, with round, bare arms and laughing eyes, are gaping at the mighty display of pullets, hares and pigeons, sides of roebuck and haunches of wild boar.

"This way, mistress, this way!" shouts the seller of these appetising wares.

"This way, my masters," comes in loud cries from a neighbouring booth, "this way for Peter the Juggler."

"This way, I pray you, worthy sirs," from yet another place of entertainment. And thus the air was filled with the mingled cries of the vendors, accompanied by the loud "bang, bang" of the big drums trying to attract attention, each playing against the

other, each trying to drown the other, and that mingled with the yells of the 'prentices and the babble of the women, made a huge volume of ear-splitting noise which must have been heard from one end of the country to the other.

All was merriment and enjoyment, and it was not until the brilliant sun was well down that the good folk retired after a very strenuous day at Vanity Fair.

Edna Sagers, 3D.

THE FESTIVALS—Part II.

And then Passover made its appearance, Passover so different from the other festivities.

The whole house had been white-washed and on the night before the seder I remember following Mother curiously from room to room holding a candle for her, while she would look most diligently for any crumb of bread that might have remained in the corners, for during Passover we must abstain from leavened bread. Of course none were ever found, but it was a delightful custom.

For days before we would have our meals in the open kitchen for fear of making the place "chumatzei" and when at last the eve of Passover came and I had climbed up to the garret to fetch down the special crockery—crockery that had not been used the whole year—I would feel that at last Passover had come.

And then I would help Mother set the table for the "seder." First came the white tablecloth—a symbol of purity—and three lighted candles. A part of the bone of the lamb in memory of the lamb slain by the Hebrews on their escape from Egypt followed, then the three motzot or unleavened bread—the symbol of faith in God who commanded the Israelites to prepare it for their journey across the desert; in their hurry to escape they would not have been able to prepare the leavened bread, then a roasted egg to symbolise the ancient Passover offering in the Temple and the maror or bitter-herb to symbolise the bitterness of their life as slaves from Egypt—the escape from which Passover commemorates. A bottle of sparkling wine and glasses for each member of the family would also be placed on the table—and an extra big one filled to the brim for Aloui Anavi, the prophet. On that night he was astir, leaving

goodwill wherever he went and the same implicit faith that Christian children have in Father Christmas, I had in Aloui Anavi. The door would be open to give welcome to any stranger but I would open the door especially wide to make certain that the prophet would enter. I always fell asleep, however, too early to see him and I was always assured that he paid us a visit. The cup next morning was always empty.

From the homes nearby you would hear recited the Hagada or the story of deliverance of the Jews from Egypt. Now and then some patriarch would burst forth into melodious folk-songs that would cause much delight and mirth. As I was the youngest I would confidently stand up, for I could see Mother proudly looking at me and ready to prompt me should I forget, to recite the "fild kashas" or "four questions," the eternal "whys" of children; Why is this night different from all other nights? Why on this night do we eat unleavened bread when on all other nights we eat leavened bread? Why? Why? Why? And Father would patiently explain all, reading from the Hagada. I never used to remember much after this, for I had tasted some of the wine and had become drowsy and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of cruel Egyptians, of new crockery, of Aloui Anavi.

On the eighth day after Passover we would stay on the square and watch the Arabs carry "sinias" on their heads to the various Jewish friends for whom they worked. And as soon as I would see Fatima I would rush inside. These "sinias" were composed of the most delicious Arabic foods—labania, pittas, green oboes, and green juicy almonds.

Seven complete weeks after the Passover, Succoth or the Feast of

Weeks came to commemorate the day on which God gave to the people of Israel the Ten Commandments on Mt. Sinai. It came with the harvest so that the square would be filled with Arabs selling greens and flowers. All the homes, the synagogues and even the streets were decorated, perhaps to remind us of the Israelites offering part of their harvest in the Temple.

There were other holy days—those were minor fast days to mark Jewish national calamities. On the 15th Shevat I would roast chestnuts and green walnuts and would warm myself by the "reba" for although early spring had come bringing with it new fruits and flowers, it was still bitterly cold. Then there was L'ag Bohomar or the "Scholars' Day" when school would be closed for half a day and we would all—the boys with bows and arrows—go out in the fields to admire the works of God. For this day commemorated the time when children brought back to the Jewish people the love of God when they had forgotten it. Donkeys and horses—there is now a road for motor cars—would stand ready on the "barg" with their Arab owners and would be hired by people wishing to visit Moron, the place where Rabbi Sheman bar Ychou was buried. The

whole township would be alive with excitement, for people from all over Palestine would come to pay homage to this simple great man whose death coincided with L'ag Bohomar.

I was there only once. How well I remember the exciting journey! I was placed on a donkey and as the country about Safed is very hilly and that donkey, like all other donkeys until they become obstinate, was very frisky. The memory has always stayed with me. I remember as in a dream the crowds mingled there, the "chalutzim," the heroes of Palestine and those holy men, the Zaddicim, old and young, men holding their little sons on their shoulders and dancing wild with joy in the great space enclosed with bonfires.

These are only impressions—impressions of a young child—but how dear they are to me! As I think of the happy days spent in the "land of milk and honey," the Holy Land, I wish more than ever to be back there, to be once again a child, to forget that there are other strange lands. Here too, we keep Passover and Succoth and Purim, and Chanukka, but the setting is missing, the glamour is gone.

B. Morris, 5A.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(By LAMBERT)

When I saw the statue of the Unknown Soldier, sculptured by George Lambert, I was greatly impressed by its wonderful beauty. Beauty of form is a prominent note in this masterpiece, shaped by a master hand.

The statue is made more beautiful by the peaceful surroundings, in the dim, religious light of the Cathedral. The soldier lies on the rough soil of the battlefield, a calm, peaceful smile overspreading his face. Perhaps, when he had been fighting for his country, he had undergone many hardships, but in death these were all swept away. He may have been thinking of loved ones over the sea and this, perhaps, had caused him to smile at death.

The statue depicts death in all its grandeur. The soldier's death was noble, for he was defending his

country. His gun lies beside him, just as it would have fallen, when he was shot down. His ammunition pouches have fallen across his chest with the force of his fall. The heavy boots, of the kind worn by all soldiers, are covered with mud from many days of tramping and living in muddy trenches.

But the figure brought to my mind all the horrors of war. And, after all, what is war? It is a wicked waste of men and money. It may (or may not) satisfy the greed or revenge of a country, but it creates death and misery. War is not worth the sacrifice. Many still weep over their dead ones, who were killed in the Great War. Let us hope that never again will such a menace as war spread over the world.

Irene Cook, 2A.

SHIPS

Our Sydney Harbour is said to be the most beautiful in the world, and all those who have seen its blue waves dancing and sparkling beneath the sun's glittering rays on a summer day cannot doubt this statement.

But on Saturday afternoons its beauty is enhanced by the host of yachts which sweep gracefully over its rippling surface, with white sails billowed out by a favourable nor'-easter. However, about a month ago, a strange craft sailed into our harbour. She was the "Magdalene Vinnen," a German barque, and even the loveliness of our yachts paled before her magnificence.

Once every ship that sailed any one of the Seven Seas had sails of snowy canvas and fled before the wind's angry blast or else held proudly and

defiantly to her course. But now our ships are made of iron and steel and easily withstand tempests and angry seas, and most people have forgotten the days when steamers were unheard of and one was regarded askance if one ventured to prophesy that one day iron would float. But the sight of the "Magdalene," skimming lightly over the ocean waves, laden with our wool, on her way to Falmouth, must have brought back old memories and caused a feeling of regret that we have advanced so far as to lose in massive steel work that exquisite grace and delicacy which is to be found in sailing ships of all descriptions.

Thus does beauty give place to utility.

Dorothy Bieri, 4C.

"SET FREE"

Bim's face still bore that distorted appearance most often seen on the faces of those who have just swallowed a dose of castor oil—a largish one; but his general mien was decidedly much more cheerful.

"I've done my bit," he announced nobly—I could almost see the aureole about his head—"Can't you do yours? You'd feel much better." He wobbled over from the rail of the ship to me, lying prostrate on the deck. I moaned feebly and shook my head negatively.

"Must have been the smell of those prawns," suggested Bim sunnily. (His agony was relieved.) "You know that bait certainly was rather high. Bought it yesterday, anyway."

I regarded him mutely.

"Not—prawns—" I managed to gulp. "—Jus'—sea. Too—bumpy."

There followed a violent bump, and the ship lurched crazily. Bim, tripping over his feet, crashed upon the deck, made a wild grab for support, then sat up dazedly with his hair awry.

"I'll say," he consented with fervour.

I turned my gaze upon the water. In places it was kissing the sky, but I noticed more particularly that it was pounding against the sides of our steamer with roar and crash.

I wished that I might be sick—like Bim. Lucky Bim!

"Sick," I thought, painfully. "I wish I could be sick. I'd feel better. Wish I could be sick. Wish—"

Then Bim made his bright sugges-

tion.

"Maybe," he began hopefully, "if you drank a little sea-water—"

"Lift—me—up," I whispered from between clenched teeth, as one who sees the light dawning in all its splendour.

It was a horrid thought, nevertheless.

"No matter how it tastes, must do't. Make me sick. Feel better," I mumbled dully.

I took the cup from Bim's unsteady hand. His face resembled the hue of those prawns—those greasy, yellow, slippery prawns. I squirmed uneasily. Bim, mistaking me, turned away in pity.

But I drank the ghastly contents of that cup!

* * * * *

Bim supported me with one arm, regarding me anxiously. I waited uncertainly, rocking on my toes. Everything was in a seething state of upheaval—and not only the sea, may I state.

Then with a violent rush I fell upon the rail. A mist shrouded me.

But when it cleared away I stood revealed, all bathed in glory. No longer did the sea resemble a violent rocking-horse, no longer was everything grey and tortured-looking.

I flung my arms to heaven in my joy.

"Set free!" I babbled gleefully; "set free!" Then I looked at Bim.

"Hero!" said I, fondly.

Mickie M., 5A.

JUST MEMORIES

If anybody had asked me what I loved best in all the world, I would have answered, "My attic." Yes, you think it extraordinary that "a modern miss" should adore a commonplace, dirty, musty, attic, but in that attic half-hidden with cobwebs, was the subject of all my girlish dreams, an old sedan chair.

Although dusty and dirty, it possessed an air of stately grandeur. Its soft blue paint and its brass furnishings had once been polished till they shone almost as bright as the sun itself, but now nought but faded memories remained.

Not once, but many times, the old sedan chair had stood outside the great hall door waiting to take "my lady" to the balls at the Court.

With stately step, yet gay, "my lady" descends the steps in front of her beautiful house and stops to admire her sedan chair. She gazes proudly upon her bearers, who stand motionless, resplendent in their powder-blue liveries, trimmed with gold. How proudly they hold their heads, for are not they bearing "the most beautiful and the kindest in all Britain" to the Court of their beloved Sovereign? As she turns to enter the chair, the moonlight plays on her pale blue satin dress and on her pale blue slippers, peeping out from under her beautiful dress. In contrast stand out her golden hair and tiny golden fan.

However, she enters the chair and

is borne away by her proud attendants. Sitting proudly against the cushions and looking out through tiny windows, of what does she dream? Yes, she dreams of merry balls, attendant courtiers, great lords and beautiful ladies, for she is young and life holds many charms.

* * * *

Fifty years have passed. The old sedan chair has remained the same, yet the one-time care-free, joyous maiden has now become an old lady. Her once golden curls are now snowy-white, and her brow is wrinkled, but her face is still calm, sweet and beautiful as of yore. She pauses on the top of the stairs then descends slowly, for her heart as well as her body is weary, weary of the hurry and bustle of this great world. At the foot of the stairs there stands the same old chair, but two different bearers. As she turns to enter it, once more the moonlight falls on her white hair, but instead of the beautiful blue gown she wears a plain black one. She no longer steps gaily into the chair, but is helped to enter by her attendants, and is borne away into the dark and mysterious night . . .

Alas, old sedan chair, you now have only memories, beautiful dreams hidden away in an attic! May God keep undisturbed your dreams, and may you live to tell other dreamers the beautiful memories of your mistress of olden times!

"Rippling Brook," 3A.

THE CRY OF AUTUMN

A dog lies at my feet on the rug before the fire; red flowers and autumn leaves glow darkly against a shadowy background, strange reflections of leaping firelight move weirdly on the walls; save for the crackling of the fire there is silence in the room.

The warmth of a fire will flow over us, sinking into our bodies till it reaches our souls. It dulls the mind and plays strange tricks with us; makes us dream of things that could not be; intermingles past with present, present with future, till we dream we know not what. It sweeps away the space between past years and present, and brings closer future years till, scarcely realising it, we come upon some obscure truth that seems half-imaginary. So now the drowsy warmth

reaches my soul and tricks me into dreaming.

Now is the time overseas when scarcely-visible buds swell into brown plumpness, and when, at rare intervals, an early blossom hangs light as snow; and when the birds begin to come again to add more glory to the clear skies of the approaching spring. And overseas there is a place where poppies soon will bloom to light up those grey crosses which are our sorrow and pride. There, under soft spring heavens of white clouds, new life will come into being, and the world will be as new.

Here, it is Autumn. The leaves are falling—red leaves and yellow and poor brown leaves, all to lie in a common grave.

Autumn is a sorrowful time, for sorrow and Autumn go hand in hand. Death is among us then, and rains fall slowly, ceaselessly—tears of the world. The dead leaves rot, the rains wash them into burial, the earth is nourished, and sends forth a clean, cool odour. The trees, naked in the winds, shriek and moan pitifully.

A coal falls, and the dog in sleepy laziness shows for a moment his fine brown eyes. The flame that leaps from the startled fire lights up a heavily-framed oil painting. It is one of chrysanthemums, flaring in autumnal majesty. They seem to have been painted during a sunset's zenith, for their curled loveliness has in them a sunset light—and the fire-warmth is almost as velvet now.

The sadness of Autumn vanishes.

There is no other season that can give a day such a mellow parting; no other season can find at sundown clouds enough to catch all the light of a fading sun, but rather must they let

it go in the pale yellowness of a cloudless sky. It is as if a great man went away and no applause went with him nor yet even a little praise.

I can remember one sunset of Autumn when all clouds were dark, save one. It hung above the black-lowering of the others; a brilliant gold-red. As I gazed at it I could hear around me leaves dropping and fluttering and whispering. Like ghosts they were. They added to the impressiveness of the sunset.

I can hear bells ringing the solemn call to worship. I remember that it is Easter. We have a sad time for our mourning, indeed. An autumn leaf drops from the vase. The bells call me to the window and the air is vibrating with their sound. There seems to be a cry—telling the greatest tragedy of the world, the noblest, the finest—it comes faintly from far away, full of bodily pain: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Caesar, 5C.

OLD CHINA

I am going to make a confession. It is not often that I will acknowledge my faults, but at present I feel as though it would do me good to think over some of the many bad things I have done; and resolve to be better in the future.

One day I told a lie. Yes! It was very wicked of me, but we all are imperfect beings, and besides, on thinking it over, I feel that I was, in some degree justified. I was staying at a seaside resort, and being fond of the surf and the busy hotel life, I was rather annoyed when a gentleman to whom I had been introduced, began to talk of china, and the collection he was making. He was enthusiastic about the subject, describing some of his "little gems of the Old World," and concluded by inviting me to spend an evening in inspecting his collection. A hasty refusal sprang to my lips, but it was never uttered, for when I looked into the pale blue eyes, all aglow with a fervour which transformed his lined face, and saw his bent, tired shoulders, unconsciously straighten, I knew I could not refuse him. Nor could I give a half-hearted assent, for I realised he would be bitterly disappointed. So, although I could never understand how people developed a passion for china-hunting, I said, "Oh! I shall be de-

lighted. I love looking at old china." A time for my visit was fixed, and when the old man had taken his leave, I subsided into an armchair, and thought what a fool I had been to give up a whole evening to looking at china, in which I had no interest at all.

When the evening came, I set out in no very pleasant state of mind, and arriving at my destination, I could not help thinking of my friends, who had passed me on their way to the theatre. How I wished to be one of their merry party! But—how different were my thoughts when I left his house! Later, when thinking over the events of the evening, it seemed incredible to me that I had changed my views so rapidly.

I was conducted through a dimly-lighted, heavily-carpeted lounge, where I was conscious of the faint, fragrant perfume of the Orient, to a cosy drawing-room, where my host received me with a charming grace, savouring of the eighteenth century. He indicated an armchair drawn near the fire, and when he saw I was comfortably seated, began to tell me the story of his collection. It was an interesting story— one of hardship and struggle in the early part of his life, when he had been just a clerk in a busy city firm, and could only afford to buy a piece of

china after a long period of careful saving. Later, he had been promoted, and eventually became a partner in the firm. Then it was easier for him to add to his collection. In spite of myself I became interested, and when my host rose to conduct me to his china-room, I went eagerly.

When the door swung open I received a slight shock. I must confess that I knew nothing of china, or the way it should be arranged, but I did expect to see dishes, cups, vases, and other such things, arranged on little tables, or at least in glass-fronted cupboards. But no! It was a very large room, dimly lighted like the lounge, with a highly-polished parquetry floor. It was most irregular in shape, and in each of its many corners stood some kind of statue, generally of Eastern type. Here, again, I was conscious of the fragrance of the Orient, and discovered that it came from the right-hand side of the room, where incense was burning on a little brass altar before a Chinese god.

I turned at a light touch on my arm, to see my host standing before a panel in the wall, which opened at his touch upon a spring, disclosing a recess, in which were arranged most delicately-cut vases of all descriptions. They ranged from tiny things about two inches high, to great but beautiful Venetian vases, fully three feet in height. All were tinted with shades of pink, while hidden lights cast a soft pink glow over them all. Never before had I seen so many beautiful vases together. They were of all types, and they came from all parts of the world, and I found myself trying to guess from which country each came. I must confess I was not very successful, but my kind host supplied all the information I needed.

When I had seen each vase, my host moved slowly down the room, stopped in front of a carved oak panel, touched

two springs simultaneously, and stepped aside. The effect was wonderful. Instead of the pale pink lighting was a brilliant white light, dazzling in its intensity, showing up in a wonderful way the navy, orange, and gold bowls, dishes, cups, and saucers, which were placed on the shelves. They were all from Italy, and showed the delicate workmanship in which the Italian excels. Dainty orange and navy flowers, with gold worked in here and there, seemed to be strewn over the surface of the china. One or two bold designs caught my eye—a mosaic pattern strikingly painted on a bowl or plate, or a bright orange cup with no ornament but a few dark navy leaves or flowers.

The next compartment was quite different from the others. A little stream (made of glass) flowed across the scene, while along the banks artificial willows drooped their leaves into the water. In the centre was a small brown table around which several tiny chairs were arranged. Coming towards it were little Chinese figures dressed in full Chinese costume. The table was spread for afternoon tea, with miniature, willow-patterned china ware, perfect in every detail.

There were many other compartments, each holding some lovely treasure, each more beautiful than the last. When I had seen everything, I stood in the centre of the room and looked around me slowly. It was a sight I could never forget, and the sight of each glowing compartment will be forever impressed on my mind.

When I left the house it was with the feeling of leaving fairyland behind me—a fairyland to which almost every nation had contributed—a fairyland into which I had never before ventured—a veritable garden of enchantment into which I hope to make many more journeys.

Jessie Stronach, 5A.



THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

April 10th, the day appointed for the postponed Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival, dawned bright and clear, and everyone having memories of the heavy rain of the previous week was overjoyed to have such a lovely sunny day, ideal for swimming.

Many Fortians found "yon well-known hill" less steep that morning, and York Street was bedecked with the gay colours of red and white, worn by our girls coming from Wynyard. Lessons seemed less interesting than usual and it seemed as though the time for departure would never draw near, but, at last, after a somewhat hurried lunch, we commenced our walk to the Domain Baths, preceded by a stalwart officer of the Police Force.

Everyone was agog with excitement when, at a quarter to two, the Championship of High Schools was swam, and Marian Cockburn gained third place. Fort Street won the last heat of the Solomon Shield Relay, the swimmers being D. Wilson, L. Snape, J. Ford and M. Cockburn; and so the Solomon Shield will decorate the Hall of our School for at least one more year. Everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and the excitement was intense when the results for the Point Score Shield were announced. Fort Street gained 50 points, having been beaten for first place by three points.

Heartiest congratulations must be given to our swimmers who put up such excellent performances, and a vote of thanks to Mrs. Griffin, who had trained the competitors so well. Fort Street gained the following places:—

Championship of High Schools: M. Cockburn, 3.

Senior Relay: Fort Street, 1.

Championship (17 years): L. Snape, 2.

Championship (16 years): M. Cockburn, 3.

Championship (15 years): J. Ford, 1.

Junior Relay: Fort Street, 3.

Breast-stroke: N. Light, 1.

Junior Diving: J. Shonfield, 1.

Senior Diving: J. Shonfield, 2.

Six-Oar Race: Fort Street, 1.

Rescue Race: Fort Street, 1.

Old Girls' Race: J. Notting, 2.

Junior Breast-stroke: M. Nesbitt, 3.

Joyce Irons, 4A.

LIFE-SAVING AWARDS.

(Season 1932-1933).

Award of Merit: Mollie Gately.

First-class Instructor's Certificate: Norah MacKenna, Aisla Binns, Dicksie Glanville.

Bronze Cross: Betty Condon, Margery Makin, Heather Soutar, Mavis Porter, Margaret Chapman, Dorothy Bieri, Nancy Light, Jean Shonfield, Jean Miles, Gwen Gillies, Gwen Maddocks, Norah Mackenna, Jean Long, Hilda Maddocks.

Bronze Medallion Bar: P. Dircks, B. Kent, D. Adderton, J. Allen.

Bronze Medallion: M. Cockburn, D. Davies, H. Dircks, J. Madsen, I. Creary, D. Coogan, H. Johnson, J. Shonfield, H. McColl, R. Elworthy, L. Jamieson, D. Mackay, D. Paull, A. Brenton, L. Caddow, D. Hall, E. Savage, M. Moore, B. McPhail, R. Stevens, L. Stelzer, D. Tilley, A. Sinclair, K. Gillies.

Proficiency Certificate: L. Stelzer, R. Stevens, G. Pigram, E. Lee, A. Solomon, A. Jackson, D. Townsend, R. Tierney, P. Miles, E. Lucas.

We wish to congratulate Norah MacKenna on the very successful results of her life-saving squads. Mrs. Griffin must be proud of such excellent results, and of training such a successful instructor.

WHEN THE RIVER AND THE BUSHLAND CALL

"Come out, come out," cried the beautiful river, "come out and play with the breezes and the sunshine." The little waves danced daintily to the piping winds and threw sparkling

kisses to the glorious sun, which beamed down on the happy countryside.

We stepped from the grassy bank into the boat, where the willow dipped

its arms in cool waters and gazed at its reflection.

Floating dreamily along, we passed other little rowing-boats on the gleaming sands, where children laughed and played. Green, velvety fields spread themselves on both sides, while a few trees provided shelter for cattle. The smooth motion of the boat soothed the mind and the river wound its way like a ribbon of the prettiest blue, through a vast expanse of green. A wooded hill rose up upon the right. A rambling, tumble-down cottage nestled in a wild but beautiful garden, where roses of vivid hues climbed over arches on a path which led from the cottage to the water. A stone sundial stood in the centre of a mossy square. Wide-spreading trees twined loving arms protectingly around the little home.

Leaving this delightful spot behind, the boat wound its way up the stream. Gradually trees sprang up on the banks, the river narrowed, and hills appeared on either side. The stream flowed in and out between them. No longer could the field be seen. The air was less dreamy and very much cooler. Gently splashed the oars in an even rhythm, while the peal of an amused kookaburra rang out across the still water and awakened the echoes of the bush, for now the stream was very narrow, winding between tall, majestic hills, which were clothed with a wonderful display of foliage. The monarchs of the forest held hands over the clear crystal waters, almost excluding the friendly sun. The odour of gay bush flowers was never equalled. Graceful creepers twined themselves around the majestic trees, the dear flowers brightened the scene. Patches of white here, patches of pink there,

for the flowers had borrowed every colour of the rainbow to adorn themselves. So perfect were they that the fairies could never decide in which to make their homes, or where to rock their babies when the wind crooned a gentle lullaby.

The prettiest birds imaginable flew to and fro, building their homes in the tree-tops, filling the bushland with a continual melody.

As the winding brook clambered on, a tinkling sound of falling water could be heard, and suddenly a number of cascades became visible. Tall gums stood back where—

"Struggles the light that is love to the flowers."

The sun caught the rushing water, and it seemed as though a myriad of pearls and diamonds were flashing there. Leaving the boat we followed the track of the stream, where the water tumbled over glistening rocks, hurrying on its way towards the larger stream. Delicate little ferns peeped through every crevice, softening the sharp lines of the rocky pathway. Flowers bloomed in wild profusion. A splendid carpet of moss, studded with ferns covered the ground. Tall, graceful feathery fern-trees intermingled with gum trees. Fallen giants were strewn about, giving shelter to the dearest, furry 'possums. At last the end of the river was reached—a cool, fresh spring. There, away in the hills, surrounded by shy, wild violets and every other kind of beauty, began a river, which passed through the beauty of the bush and the fields, till it tumbled into the ocean. Who could resist nature's call in Australia?

3B.

ON HEARING STRAVINSKY'S "RITE OF SPRING"

Strange sounds rose with the dark grey dawn, primitive dirges which drifted across the gloomy barrens, where vast mountains swept in awful grandeur over the horizon. In the heart of the mountains a broad valley unfolded its sinuous length where a great earthen mound reared upward, its summit crowned by a huge monolith, an altar-stone, polished throughout the years to satin smoothness. Brooding over it were rough-hewn pillars of stone and posts of wood topped by the skins and heads of animals, grinning skulls to frighten away evil

spirits. Far below, the low murmur, mingled with a tuneless melody, still continued from the masses of worshipping young men and women; echo answered echo flung back from the remote recesses of the valley. The music swelled like the bud of a spring flower eager to be released, as the people rose and moved in long lines round the mound.

Suddenly they drew back as the music paused, and the withered form of an ancient sage appeared in their midst—this was no place for age, this was the festival of youth! Then the

quavering notes of his voice tottered through the air, solemnly pronouncing an incantation to the great Earth Mother, swearing that sacrifice would be made to induce her bounty.

He disappeared, and once more at the foot of the mound the music brightened with steady rhythmic beat in time to the tramping of primitive feet. The two groups moved forward in weird figures, with sibilant hisses, leaping and crouching, one arm extended in the manner of sowing grain. Quicker and quicker, advancing and retreating with agitated stamping and queer cries, each formed a phalanx, pushing one against another, rushing fiercely forward. A crash burst from the mysterious music as the two groups met and the very earth shook.

The intensity of the atmosphere was relieved, and a flute-like love call inspired them with the spirit of spring, and with graceful movements the girls glided past the mound. The music glowed with thrills that gradually melted into chords, now following each step of the dancers, and gay rejoicing replaced the solemn exultation which had filled their hearts. Now happy laughter and snatches of song rang out; the men engaged in friendly conflict and games; more and more came forward, still accompanied by music, now prattling of mellow sunshine and trees and song-birds. But alas, the sinister was never long absent, for at the height of the merry-making the sage returned, heralded by bold and pompous chords. A tremor of instinctive hesitation spread through the crowd like a breeze through waving corn; one of them noticed his presence and his moan electrified his companions, and seized with madness, all were swept into a maelstrom of whirling figures. But strengthened by some unknown force the sage's voice rose above the confusion: "Cease! This ill-timed revelry is sacrilege!"

At his words the mountains trembled as if beneath the martial tread of the war god striding over the ranges, and the echoes of his footsteps were picked up by the music. The cowed wind fled with a gasping murmur and all stood frozen with terror. A column of fire stood in the sky, tearing the heavens asunder, a deadly living thing flashing blindingly, one end poised on a huge monolith, the other shooting upwards, glorious in its affinity with space. It disappeared, and the monolith reeled uncertainly, an unseen hand

hurled its abacus afar, and it crashed down through the people, leaving a trail of destruction in its path, its thunder fading into the air muttering curses. Again the old sage spoke: "The Earth Mother demands her sacrifice!" And a dismal wail dragged itself across the sky as if the earth's warm heart was rent in twain.

A sudden silence, and the scene was changed. From the horizon crept a dull red glow, against which the mound and pillars were silhouetted, starkly black. The men were hidden in the shadows, but the sage and the girls were sitting motionless in a wide circle, plunged in saturnine thought, their white robes touched here and there by the mysterious light. One of them must dance as a sacrifice to the fruitfulness of the earth, dance till she falls dead! A deathly calm held them in silence, as, moved by a common instinct, they arose and danced an unearthly dance, their hearts filled with utter dread of the unknown, yet holding an intuition of impending joy. Quiet music led them on. They seemed to be pondering deeply. The music swelled imploringly, despairingly, a Cyprian melody wandering amid a soft rolling of drums. The dance went on, now stately in character, led by a subdued contralto voice with the beauty of a flute and the richness of a clarinet, when suddenly they were seized with inspiration and drew back, leaving one standing alone. She stood tall and straight, her face upturned, her eyes fixed on some unseen presence, a strange light around her. What must have been her emotions, when now about to make the supreme sacrifice!

Then with extended arms the others rushed towards her to glorify her in song and dance, but she remained silent, in a trance, amid the great sea of human motion. Immense chords announced the invocation to the Earth Mother, and a mighty chant rolled forth, wave upon wave, deluging the very stars. The men sprang forward at the sound of the heavy bass tones and joined the long line that advanced to pay homage to the chosen one. Then the music died to one note, which rose and fell like a benediction, and the chosen girl was left alone in the wide bare space. They fell prone, prostrated in adoration, filled with that depth of religious fervour that only barbarous tribes may know.

She began to dance, strangely, weirdly, silently, the others following her

every movement with their eyes. It was maddening in its slow rhythm, as she swayed and bent like a young sapling before the wind, with suppleness rippling through her body. Ghostly presences seemed to dance with her as her speed increased, and half-heard cries fell from space. Faint flashes of nebulous light leapt around her and sparks crackled in the air. Her dance became more impassioned, and she flung herself into a frenzied whirling, convulsed by the fracas working in and through her ecstasy. Again the music rose, a sudden crash broke the tension and she fell—dead.

One went towards her and lifted her, bathed in an aureole of eerie light. He made his way up the mound, holding her high above his head, and placed her gently upon the altar. A sigh of complacency broke from the depths of the earth and settled upon the waiting people. Then a star, her soul, fled across the sky; and overwhelmed by the impelling majesty of their ritual, the others turned and went from that sacred place, out of the terrible loneliness towards the sun, which rose upon a joyful, fecund land.

J. Rogers, 5B.

A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Teachers' College,
April, 1933.

Dear Fortians,

This year another band of Fortians have come into our midst. When we last saw them they were a group of tunic-clad schoolgirls; now they are young ladies of the world, just about to embark on that most enthralling of all careers—teaching. And the knowledge that those who top the lists in the examinations will obtain the first positions certainly is a very strong spur to help us prove that Fortians make a speciality of achieving this eminence.

Many of them feel strange at first. A girl of modest and retiring disposition, who has never used her voice for other than speaking, is suddenly called upon to stand up before twenty other young ladies and gentlemen, plus a singing teacher, and render the scale of D major. So, Fortians, make the most of your singing lessons, and join the choir. Here we have both a choir and a glee club, and we Fortians usually make a point of assisting one or both.

Again, we see a girl who has achieved wonderful results in the Leaving Certificate, striving her hardest to tap a metal plate four hundred times to the minute, or to send the handle of a dynamometer soaring above thirty kilometres. (This, oh uninitiated, in the name of Psychology II.)

For those who have artistic leanings there is only one thing to do. Come to College! There we attire ourselves in colourful smocks, looking quite capable of rivalling Michel Angelo or Rosa Bonheur. In the select

special art section this year there are two Fortians—Ruth Fearnside and Miriam Hughes—both doing splendid work. We wear our smocks for hand-work, too, when we make doll's house furniture from paper.

If ever you should see any eminent Fortian furtively stealing a piece of pepper-tree, do not think she has sadly forgotten the ideals of the School. She probably is a Teachers' College student who keeps voracious Emperor Gum moth caterpillars (for the purpose of nature study, not as pets, I might add).

We are well to the fore in sport also. The Sports Mistress fervently wishes that all schools turned out such proficient swimmers as Fort Street does. Mrs. Griffin will be pleased to know this, for thanks to her enthusiasm, nearly all Fortians at College have life-saving awards—an essential now for the teacher.

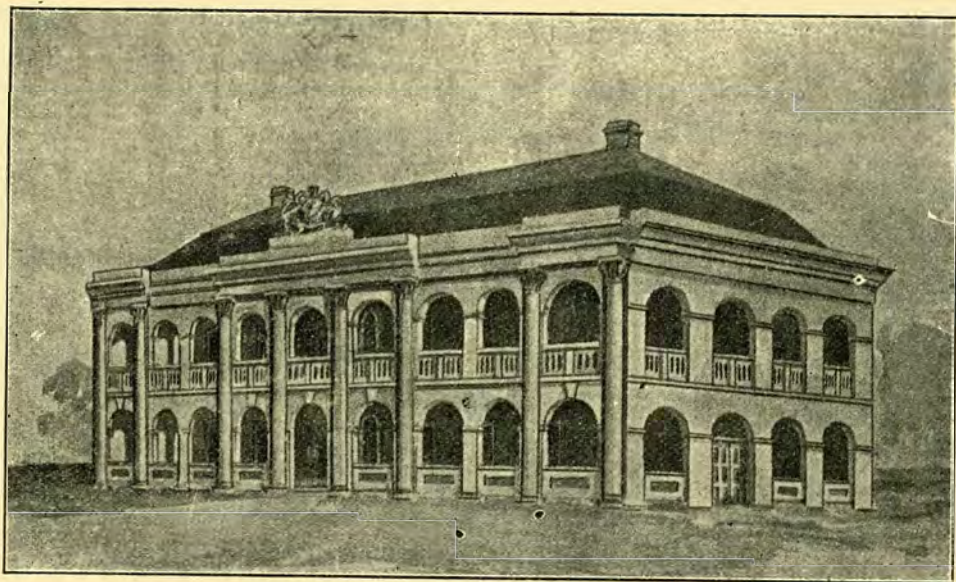
Recently the College has been divided into houses for sport, and if you look at the list of captains and vice-captains you will see more than one Fortian's name.

Best fun of all is the teaching. Whether you look upon it as a horrible ordeal or a glorious adventure, you must do it, and the girl who has had experience in debating or dramatic work has an advantage. So, Fortians, be kind to the unhappy students who visit you occasionally. Before long you may be in their shoes. Yet, despite everything, more than one Fortian has gained a first-class for her teaching, and the new first years will doubtlessly carry on the tradition.

Wishing the old School success in everything she undertakes.

Adele Bieri.

THE SCHOOL IN 1849

*Fort Street School, 1849*

The School was very fortunate in being presented with a picture of the building as it appeared in 1849. Mr. Albert Cousins had enlarged for us a copper-plate engraving which was made from a drawing by J. Fowles, and appeared in "Sydney in 1848." The School is very grateful to Mr. Cousins for his interesting gift.

FORT STREET, 1849-1912.

Miss Partridge, who was Head Mistress of Fort Street from 1895 to 1920 and whose first association with the School was as a pupil in 1876, has very kindly supplied us with the following interesting account of the School and its activities. Miss Partridge had the unique experience of teaching Fort Street girls in all stages from infants to High School students.

Fort Street, "the Grand Old Institution," with its wonderful memories, its dignity and its traditions, has ever been considered an important feature in the educational life of the Colony. Added to this, it has the distinct charm of historical association, having been linked up with a great part of the early history of this country.

The main portion of this building was originally used as a military hospital, and was erected in 1815, during Governor Macquarie's term of office. This massive building, with its distinctly beautiful architecture, and standing on such a commanding and lovely site, must have been greatly appreciated in its day. The district around, known as the "Rocks," has always been intensely interesting, also from the point of view of "Old Sydney." This massive old building stands to-day as a most fascinating landmark, and serves to recall the time when Sydney was a garrison town, sparsely populated, and when a comparatively few pioneers were patiently working and striving to develop a vast settlement.

The tuition of the children was also one of the very early problems, and much good work was then done by private and denominational, or Church, schools. Later on, many of these schools came under the jurisdiction of the Council of Education, and still later the Public Instruction Act, of 1880, made provision for the retention of the Church schools till December 31, 1882, subject to the provisions of the Act. After 1882, many of these

schools became, by arrangement, public schools of the State, under the Department of Public Instruction. Provision was also made for the retention of religious instruction (still in accordance with the Act). Scripture was taught both as a subject of the curriculum and also by visiting clergymen and others.

In 1844 agitation began for National Education, and some time later a Board of Control was appointed. Apparently it was difficult to find suitable accommodation in which to teach and train the young people, so in 1849 the military hospital was handed over to the Council to be used for educational purposes, and there **the first National School in the Colony was founded.** This great scholastic institution was, therefore, established some years before the introduction of Responsible Government, in the pioneer days, and when education was in its infancy. The foundation of our great Public School system was then laid. All honour to the great educationalists, the great men who founded this great system of education upon such a solid basis! From this beginning has grown and developed our present comprehensive and marvellous system of education, of which every Australian has the right to be justly proud.

When this new and wonderful school first opened its doors in 1849, the enrolment was 356 pupils (boys and girls), and only four teachers, with Mr. William Wilkins as its first Headmaster. Mr. Wilkins later on became Under-Secretary for Education, and did much to develop and improve conditions in the young country of his adoption. In the annals of early history and educational development must be placed also the honoured name of Mr. Frederick Bridges, who carried on, as Headmaster, the good work. Later he became Chief Inspector, and was responsible for many excellent schemes. The pupil teacher system was especially dear to him. Singularly enough, this grand old School has had comparatively few head-masters and less head-mistresses. Amongst the latter was Mrs. Allingham, of outstanding personality, who did much good work in the early days. She controlled the School for twenty-five years—1870-1895—and was succeeded by an old pupil, Miss Ada Partridge, who continued for another twenty-five years—1895-1920.

In those days Fort Street was considered one of the show places of the Colony. Its magnificent building, its

splendid architecture, its old-time setting, the massive stone wall (ivy covered), the large iron gates, the broad stone-flagged avenue (originally a carriage drive), at one time lined with magnificent Moreton Bay figs, the residence at the gate for the janitor, the imposing flag-staff (much taller in those days), and the old fountain at the entrance, all created much interest and attention. No prettier sight could be seen, on a hot day, than the stream of happy boys and girls winding their way under the delightful shade of the huge trees to the portals of learning, with probably the caretaker's parrot calling, "Oh! hurry up! hurry up! or you will be late." Relics of the old times remained for many years, such as the iron rings to which the horses were tethered. In addition, the School itself was considered to be rather the centre of the educational scheme, and during the many phases through which the School passed educationally much experimental work was done and many new ideas tested; e.g., ambidextral drawing was introduced and carried on for some time. There was a constant flow of visitors, officials and others, educationists from other parts of the world, and distinguished visitors interested in the practical application of the system. Throughout the life of the Model Public School, the courses of studies were very varied, interesting, and useful. Such courses as the following were included—general, industrial, domestic, commercial, technical, and later, professional.

Kindergarten was early introduced by Miss Banks, a lady brought from England for that purpose. A cookery school was established under Mrs. Storey and embraced (at least at some periods), cookery (theoretical and practical), laundry work, instruction in home management (choice and purchase of foods), and advanced courses of cookery. Music, Art and Needlework were also included in the curriculum. Music and Art were both under the supervision of specialists, and in connection with the former must be mentioned the names of Mr. Fischer and Herr Hugo Alpen, both of whom did much for the development of music both in the schools and in the public life of New South Wales.

A great far-reaching and advanced section of educational work carried out on the premises of Fort Street was the Teachers' Training College (co-education) which was held there prior to the opening of Blackfriars College and

Hereford House, and later on Hurlstone Training College for women.

The Training College was under the control and management of a Principal, acting-master, and assistant visiting teachers for such subjects as French, Art, Needlework and Physical Culture. The classes for students were held in the rooms upstairs (Room 5), and the needlework was taught in the Recess of the Girls' School (Recess outside Rooms 15 and 16). The Practice School was held in the old gymnasium (demolished in 1932). An outstanding name in connection with this Training College is that of Mr. John Wright, Principal, a wonderful man of striking personality and power, and one remembered by many teachers for his kindness and help. His residence was "The Cottage," later the cookery school, and now the staff room. The Training College was removed from Fort Street to Blackfriars, somewhere about the year 1883 or 1884.

Fort Street Model School days were also the days of the pupil teacher; all their examinations were held there, and classes for pupil teachers were conducted at Fort Street every Saturday morning. All applicants for admission to the service as pupil teachers also gave their test lessons in this School.

With the growth, changes and development of this wonderful system of education and the multitudinous and varied activities carried on at this "Grand Old Institution" can one wonder at the public interest created so early and carried on throughout the years? In early times, it appears that it was customary for each Governor, during his term of office, to pay a visit to Fort Street, and in accordance with this custom, Lord Carrington, with Lady Carrington and a number of distinguished people interested in the State Education Scheme, visited the School in 1890, and an illuminated address of welcome was presented to Lord Carrington on that occasion.*

Earl Beauchamp was also, at all times, keenly interested in educational development, the welfare of the country and the school, and honoured the teachers and pupils by paying Fort Street several visits of inspection.

One very pleasing, outstanding and interesting feature in the life of Fort Street Model School was the Jubilee Celebrations, 1899. Commemoration of the Jubilee of Fort Street was also the commemoration of the Jubilee of State Education. The celebrations lasted for

a week and included many marvellous functions, carried out on a most extensive and wonderful scale. And the event attracted much public attention and interest. All the events drew vast crowds of people, including many of the most distinguished men and women of the day (many of them old boys and girls). The Celebrations opened with a memorable concert, held in the Town Hall on August 31st, 1899, under Vice-Regal, Ministerial and Mayoral patronage.

● The Commemorative Ode was specially written by Mr. Frank Hutchinson, set to music by Herr Hugo Alpen, and sung by 1,000 voices, boys and girls (past and present), with leading artists, organ and artillery band. The bandmaster was Mr. W. F. Hutchinson and the conductor Mr. J. W. Turner, Headmaster. The platform had to be extended into the auditorium, with choir overflow in the galleries and on the ground floor. The Town Hall was crowded.

A monster picnic was organised by the Fort Street Old Girls' Union in conjunction with Miss Partridge and her staff. The picnic was held at Clifton Gardens and 2,000 people were present, mostly old boys and girls, teachers, past and present, and friends interested in the School. Then, as now, the parents, friends and ex-pupils were ever-generous, interested and ready to help, as is shown by the fact that, upon this occasion, Mr. Thompson, (himself an old boy) generously gave the Committee the use of the picnic grounds, free of charge. Another handsome donation came from Mr. Joubert (another old boy), whose commodious and comfortable steamers were unceasingly carrying picnickers to and from the grounds, also free of charge.

The celebrations ended with a Citizens' Banquet, held in the vestibule of the Town Hall on September 1st, 1899. Mr. John Turner, Headmaster, presided, and his Excellency the Governor, Earl Beauchamp, was present, as well as the Premier, Mr. G. H. Reid, the Minister for Public Instruction, Mr. Hogue, Judge Backhouse, Mr. Edmund Barton, and many prominent and distinguished guests.

In 1912 Fort Street became a High School.

Though the School has passed through so much, seen so many changes and improvements and worked under a far more advanced curriculum, through all its progress and with all its great successes Fort Street is still

and ever will remain the same dear old school, which holds such a special place in the hearts of all who have been associated with it. To those who knew the "Old School," however, with its old setting, its quaint charm, and its future in the making, there is added something more, the intangible something, all its own. This unique School seems to exercise a strange fascination for all who come under its influence. An excellent spirit has always prevailed throughout, and the bond of love for the School exists between all "Old Fortians." Ex-students are to be found in the most unlooked parts of the world, and it is the proud boast of many that one, two, or three generations have received at least part of their teaching and training in this great educational establishment.

All through the years the School has achieved much success, and can claim, as old pupils, many of the most distinguished men and women of to-day and other days, not to speak of thousands of good citizens who owe something of love and memory to their old School. Great numbers of officers of the Education Department, including under-secretaries, professors, lecturers, inspectors and teachers have at one time or another been associated with Fort Street.

* * * *

Marjorie Yeo (5B), who has presented the School with three framed geological pictures, is the great-great niece of Mr. Wilkins, referred to in Miss Partridge's article. Marjorie is proud of the facts that her great-

grandmother, Mrs. Friend (nee Bartlett) was the first teacher trained at Fort Street, and that her mother's name is on one of the Honour Boards. Two uncles are also ex-Fortians.

* * * *

*A copy of the cantata "Welcome," composed for the visit of Lord and Lady Carrington to Fort Street Model Public School on 25th July, 1890, is in the possession of the School.

The words were written by Mr. F. Hutchinson and the music was composed by Herr Hugo Alpen.

Song No. 1 is as follows:—
 Welcome, thrice welcome, though
 humble our greeting,
 The voices of children in simplest
 of lays;
 Believe, in our hearts this so long
 wish'd for meeting,
 Shall live as the greatest of great
 holidays.
 And oft when departed, all men are
 regretting
 The true friends that shared in their
 sorrows and joys;
 We'll think of the day when no kind-
 ness forgetting,
 You gladden'd the hearts of the girls
 and the boys.

Song No. 2 is addressed to Lord Carrington.
 Raising high our voices ringing
 With the gladness of the day;
 Strains of welcome we are singing,
 Strains in which we fond display
 Thanks for words of wisdom spoken,
 Deeds of kindness often done,
 Noble act and frequent token—
 Life not liv'd for self alone.

●The following is an extract from the Commemorative Ode. Mr. Gillies, father of Gwen Gillies, in Fourth Year, who took part in the Jubilee Concert, still has his copy of the Ode.

IN PRAISE OF THE FOUNDERS

(Sir Charles Nicholson, John Hubert Plunkett, W. S. Macleay).

Recitative:
 On this so glad and glorious day,
 Who first should lead our School's
 array?
 Who but the noble Founders three—
 Never forgot their names should be—
 Of whom the tale might well be told,
 As of the founders famed of old,
 "They builded well, not for a day,
 But for a time," so builded they.

Who in that distant day could see
 E'en then the larger days to be,
 And laid the firm foundations wide,
 Our grand old Fort Street's strength
 and pride.
 Still shall they stand as firm and fast,
 Her pride and strength, while time
 shall last,
 Nor shall she cease, thro' all her days,
 To sound her noble Founders' praise.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION

Although 1932 will be remembered as a very unsatisfactory year for quite a number of societies it proved one of the most successful in the life of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union, and the Committee has much pleasure in presenting the Thirteenth Annual Report.

We were very pleased to welcome so many of the 1931 Fifth Years to membership of the Old Girls' Union, and our list of financial members has increased from 129 to 169. Every meeting held during the year was a great success, and there was a very good attendance at each one. The number of sub-clubs has also been increased by one, a Dramatic Society having been formed in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union. These three clubs, namely, the Literary Circle, Tennis Club and Dramatic Society, reports of which will be read, all complete a successful year, and the Union extends its thanks to the leaders of these societies, also to Miss Watts, for her efforts to start an Old Girls' Choir, and which we all hope will be added to our list of sub-clubs at some future date.

Following on the recommendation of last year's committee that any amount up to £20 of the Union's funds should be spent on curtains and fittings for the stage in the new assembly hall and that these be given to the School as a gift from the 1931 Old Girls' Union Committee, the 1932 committee's first act was to purchase these curtains, and on April 28th, before an assembly of all the School, Mrs. Stuckey, our 1931 President, made the presentation. The cost of the curtains, fittings and erection amounted to £19. This donation was received with great pleasure by Miss Cohen, the staff and pupils, and Miss Beryl Lambie, the School captain, asked Mrs. Stuckey to convey to the Old Girls' Union the grateful thanks of the whole School for our gift.

The first function of the year was a very enjoyable Supper Party, given to Miss Watts on her retirement from the teaching staff of the School, and which was held at the Women's Club on Thursday, May 5th. The guest of honour was presented with a sheaf of flowers, and during the evening several very good musical and dramatic items

were given by Miss Watts and various members.

Having been approached by the newly-formed Fort Street High School Old Boys' Union to hold our annual dance in conjunction with their Union, and remembering the difficulty experienced the previous year in selling dance tickets, the committee decided to combine with the Old Boys, with a result that a most enjoyable and successful dance, both socially and financially, was held on Tuesday, June 16th, at Hordern Bros.' Cafe. Different tickets were printed for each Union, and as the profits were to be divided in the same proportion as the number of tickets sold by each Union, there was very keen competition to see which Union sold the greater number. Of the total number of 257 tickets sold we are pleased to report that the Old Girls disposed of 138, and the Union was therefore able to donate to the School towards completing the furnishing of the Assembly Hall stage the sum of £18/16/11.

On July 20th one of the happiest of our reunions was held. A "Back to School Night" was arranged, and once more we donned our old school uniforms and badges 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. An appeal was made on this evening for members to donate to the Union a cup and saucer to start a crockery collection for use at our various meetings, and we wish to thank all those who so readily responded, as 60 cups and saucers, two plates and two glasses were received.

Our August meeting took the form of a Card Party held at the Horseshoe Cafe, on Monday, August 15th. There was an attendance of eighty-one, and as a result we were able to forward a donation of £5/5/- 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. Again the Old Girls' Union was to the fore in the ticket-selling, and as there was a good attendance at each performance the profits of the play amount to £11/4/-.

This year we returned to our custom of holding an Annual Dinner, and this took place at the Women's Club on Wednesday, October 12th. There was an excellent attendance of Old Girls as well as past and present members of the teaching staff. Our beloved patron, Miss Partridge, was also present, and the general opinion was that it had been one of the most enjoyable dinners held by the Union.

On the evening of Tuesday, November 8th, a Travel Night was held in the Assembly Hall, when a number of interesting films pertaining to Canada and the West Indies were shown by Mr. G. F. Johnston, of the Canadian National Railways, and at the close of the evening a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Johnston for his kindness in displaying these films for our members.

During the year the Combined High School Old Girls' Union held two card parties at the Horseshoe Cafe, the first being on June 29th and the second on October 19th. The total profits, amounting to £7/7/- were forwarded to the Rachel Forster Hospital, and we are pleased to report that Fort Street was well represented at both these functions.

Our last function for the year was held on Saturday afternoon, December 10th, when a friendly tennis match took place between the Old Girls and

the 1932 Fifth Years. Misses Valerie Ball and Joyce Stenhouse also gave a dramatic sketch in the Assembly Hall, and at afternoon tea, which was served in the staff room, Miss Cowie welcomed the new-old girls to the Union.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Misses Watts, G. Johnston, G. Gillard, E. Elphinston, D. Spring, N. Finney, C. Cox, B. Jacobs and N. Service for contributing to the various musical and dramatic programmes.

The members of the Old Girls' Union greatly appreciate the interest taken in their activities by Miss Cohen and members of the School staff, and we wish to extend to them our heartfelt thanks as we fully realise that a great deal of the success of our functions is due to their hearty co-operation.

In conclusion the retiring Committee welcomes the incoming officers and wishes them every success in the coming year.

JEAN N. JACOBS,
GRACE HENDERSON,
Joint Hon. Secretaries.

THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION LITERARY CIRCLE.

The meetings this year will be held at the Women's Club, Elizabeth Street, at 7 p.m., on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. The programme provides for the study of Czech prose and poetry, the works of Mary Borden, Willa Cather, Dreiser and Cabell, and of the Spanish Guzman. Dia Daraja and Kanrad Dercavini. All ex-Fortians interested in literature are welcome.

Eva Duhig, Hon. Secretary.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

The University.

Dear Fortians,—

It seems but a little while since we left Fort Street, in search of further knowledge and, yet, already the cycle of University life is almost finished for many of us, and for many of us the unexplored path of teaching lies straight ahead. Fort Street is fairly well represented this year in the ranks of the graduates, with Eileen Cordingley, Gwen Marchant, Patty Watchorn, Margaret Hodnett, Kathleen Ferris, Phyllis Kaberry, and Elsie Howie graduating B.A., and Phyllis Wylie graduating B.Sc. Elsie Howie topped the list in Latin with first-class hon-

ours; Gwen Marchant and Kathleen Ferris achieved second-class honours in English, while Phyllis Kaberry carried off third-class honours in Psychology.

There is so much seething excitement, for the month of May brings with it our official graduation ceremony. This year the number of graduates is so large that our degrees will not be conferred with those of the other faculties; and although it is rather a distinction to be having a special day to ourselves, we shall miss the assemblage of motley colours which, in the past, has characterised this function.

Although we have finished our course, many of us are attempting to gain the Diploma of Education, and so still keep in touch with University life; and although we feel sad to think that the time is coming when the

quad., with its quaint and lovable gargoyles will know us no more, we realise that other Fortians are following on.

Kathleen Ferris.

THE EX-FORTIANS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY

This Society has entered upon its second year, and has drawn up the following syllabus of play readings, which are to be conducted in the waiting-room of the Department of Education on the first Wednesday of the month, at 7.30 p.m.:

April 5th: The Second Mrs Tanqueray (Pinero); Miss T. Sundstrom.

May 3rd: The Liars (Henry Jones); Elgar Treharne.

June 7th: The Importance of Being Earnest (Oscar Wilde); Miss S. Dalton.

July 5th: The Apple Cart (Shaw); Miss C. Dunphy.

August 2nd: The Pigeon (Galsworthy); E. Burley.

September 6th: A Bill of Divorcement (Clemence Dane); Miss J. Thirgood.

October 4th: To Have the Honour (A. A. Milne); M. S. Ruddock.

November 1st: The Man with a Load of Mischief (Ashley Dukes); J. D. Russell.

The subscription to the Society is 2/6 per annum, and anyone wishing to become a member should communicate with Mr. E. Burley (Secretary), Berlei House, or Miss Jean Thirgood (Treasurer), Taxation Department, Warwick Building.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES

Half-past three at last, and soon the cadets of First Fort Street were hurrying joyfully to the Quay—hurrying, for we were going to camp. We arrived in Manly without adventure, but there was no taxi waiting to convey us to Mona Vale—the camp site. However, at 6 o'clock, after catching the Narrabeen tram and then a 'bus, we were standing surrounded by bags, and rugs, and on a hill completely in the bush, wondering where the camp was situated. Finally, after exploring the neighbourhood in the dark for three hours, we arrived at the camp. That night we were far too weary to notice our surroundings, so as soon as tea was over, our palliasses filled and our beds on the turf constructed, we were soon asleep. Then the first morning came! The site was extremely beautiful, situated on a hill, which sloped down to meet the water. In the afternoon we suddenly noticed the absence of many of the guiders. Then a note was found saying that Mr. Smith's house had been burgled, they were pursuing the criminals, and we were to follow the criminals, and we were to follow the trail. We tracked them down—and lo! what a sight! One guider was dangling from a tree, suspended by a rope, another had collapsed from the effects of ruffianly

blows. Accordingly first aid was rendered, and restored, the guiders returned with us to camp. Do not take this literally, of course. It was only a very interesting tracking game.

Night came and with it camp-fire. It was glorious—only it rained, scattering us to our tents. The camp was a week-end training camp for cadets, and Mother Nature certainly provided opportunities for training. The first night was ideal, the second it teemed—down came the tent railings, and the third night it blew fiercely—up went the railings. That same night, by the way, one tent collapsed on its unfortunate occupants. Such is the fun of camp—and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

Both the Guides and the Cadets have lost their captains owing to unavoidable circumstances, and so our activities have been limited. Many enthusiastic girls have been recruited from the ranks of the First Years, and the patrol-leaders are training these girls, in whose hands rests the future of Fort Street's Company, to the best of their ability; and they are certainly making a gallant attempt.

On Saturday, March 26th of this year, a combined Scouts' and Guides' Own was held at the Sydney Sports Ground. Nothing could be more in-

spiring than the scene, with its thousands of uniformed Rangers, Rovers, Guides and Scouts. A huge horseshoe was formed, with the blue and green colours of every Guide and Scout company fluttering proudly and outlining the horseshoe.

Then the special visitors, preceded by the State Standards of the Guides and the Scouts, passed down the centre of the formation, which was lined with Union Jacks, to the platform. Then

the International flags, representative of every nation, were borne down the centre by a Ranger and a Rover alternately to where the Chief Scout, Sir Philip Game, saluted them.

After the service, when the captains had led their companies off the field, where a few minutes before the colours of the nations had been gaily flying, the Sports Ground was once more but a dark green, silent oval.

B. Kent, 5A.

A MODERN VERSION OF THE SPECTATOR'S LODGINGS

(With reference, and due apologies, to the late lamented Joseph Addison.)

On my arrival in this city, I spent many fruitless days in search of "quiet, respectable lodgings," for which I had advertised in the local paper. I induced the editor to underline the "quiet," as I had had sad and sorry experiences in a house where my landlady possessed a dozen or more young children, six or seven of whom had an extreme fondness for my ultra-Oxford bags, making them lose that razor-like crease, which is so essential to the man of the world to-day.

I personally inspected the most promising offers, and some of these encounters were nothing if not gruesome. I shall never forget the first.

On pulling the bell a moaning wail echoed through the house, which brought the landlady to the door, the latter opening slowly, with many protesting squeaks, and allowing a thin sallow face to appear. A hand beckoned me in, and its owner appeared so sad that I felt as if I had been mistaken for the undertaker, but my fears on this score were removed by her asking me to come into the "droring-room," if I were the person who had advertised for lodging. I came, most unwillingly. The room was in that semi-darkness which always produces an atmosphere of heavy gloom, and I felt sure that the poor woman had lost some dear relative. When I inquired if this were the case, she informed me that this was the anniversary of the "death of Queen Victorey, w'ich 'ad cut me up somethink awful at the time"—this, in the year of grace, nineteen hundred and thirty-three! She added in sepulchral tones that, on the appropriate date each week, she mourned thus the death of some national figure. She told me with a melancholy pride,

dabbing sadly at her eyes at short intervals, that she kept the memory of fifty-two heroes alive in this way. I shuddered visibly, and left as soon as was humanly possible.

The next house at which I called had a glittering black gargoyle knocker, which I knocked rather timidly for my first nerve-racking experience. An elderly woman, tall, thin, and angular, after scrutinising me from head to foot, ordered me sharply to wipe my feet thoroughly before entering. I followed her into the parlour, over glassy floors, on which I had all I could do to keep my balance, feeling smaller than the proverbial fly. The dust-blinds were drawn (presumably to prevent the pale, wintry sun fading the carpet), dust-sheets and lace antimacassars shrouded the room, so that I had to perch most inelegantly and uncomfortably on the extreme end of a hard, horse-hair sofa. On the centre table, under a glass dome, was a spray of wax flowers, and beside it a huge volume of "Who's Who." The landlady demanded my name and also my maternal ancestry, in a frozen voice. I hesitantly informed her that neither would be found in Debrett, as my father was only a doctor and my mother the daughter of a barrister. The two dogs on the mantelpiece gazed at me with as much horror as the terrifying lady herself, one of whose ancestors gazed fiercely on me from the wall. I made my exit immediately, slithering madly to the door, and clutching my hat with a strength born of desperation.

It took some time to screw up the small remaining portion of my courage into a product large enough to carry me through my next interview. How-

ever, I made the plunge, and stood with my knees knocking together when the door opened, but the sight of my landlady-to-be was so reassuring that I smiled almost unconsciously. She was very short and very stout, so that she appeared almost square, and had a round jolly face with a line of double chins, which quivered excitedly as she spoke. She led me into a big cosy kitchen, where she regaled me with tea and scones, keeping up a running fire of conversation meanwhile, so that

even if I wanted to do so, I could not have got a word in edgeways.

I am still lodging with this very amiable landlady, as I felt that opportunity of freedom from such women as I first encountered was Heaven-sent and not to be disregarded, and although I sometimes find her volubility and marvellous command of language very fatiguing, and like "Tennyson's Brook," I am more comfortable here than I ever expected to be.

Marguerite Herron, 4A.

A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM

One of the most interesting experiences I have ever had was my visit, with my class-mates, to the great Australian Museum, which is situated near Hyde Park. This museum contains some of the wonders of Australia, and even of the world, and in it are found picturesque birds, quaint animals, and ancient relics of almost every country.

As we entered the building we beheld on either side of us huge carved gods, worshipped by the ancient Indians, and, to our left were stuffed animals of various kinds. Overhead hung a skeleton of a huge whale, species of which are now extinct. Not wishing to loiter, as our time was short, we quickly mounted the stairs to the second floor. Here we saw the most wonderful birds of brilliant and beautiful plumage, amongst them being some of our own native birds, such as the blue wren, the lyre bird, and the bower bird. But the section in which I was most interested was the glass case containing the many-hued Eastern birds. It seemed hardly credible that a bird, not much larger than one's thumb, could contain so many as one

hundred different colours. Farther on were the larger birds, but, having little time to view these properly, we hurried to the next floor.

As we reached the top of the stairs, we saw before us reptiles of all descriptions, and, farther on, were the fish. But it was on the next section that we lavished most of our attention. Here one could see the ancient Egyptian mummies, laid in beautifully carved coffins. It was very interesting, though rather awe-inspiring to look at the bodies of kings, who lived thousands of years ago. Not far away was a black basalt obelisk, and near by was a replica of the great Rosetta Stone, on which were carved the three important languages of the time.

Farther on we encountered the statues of our own aborigines, and the most wonderful stones were to be seen in huge glass cases.

Time would not allow us to see everything, but what we did see was both interesting and instructive, and we came home after having spent a very pleasant afternoon.

D. Warren, 1A.

BOORUNDA (The Black Swans)

This is the story of Boorunda, the Black Swans, told by one Kubbi, who lived in the land of the Turruwul, by the shores of the great sea.

Long, long ago, before the white man had ever seen the shores of Australia, the Turruwul were a mighty people and there was peace over all the land.

A level stretch of green, called in the native tongue "kumdool," reached down right to the edge of the low line of cliffs which fringed the blue sea. Behind "kumdool" was a thick forest

of gum-trees, where a big family of black crows had made their home.

All through the long, hot summer days they rested amongst the branches of the big gum trees, but when the sun began to slip behind the western hills they sent forth peals of merry laughter, and with much flapping of wings they mustered in full force on the grassy playground and sported in the cool of the evening, until the shining eye of "berai-berai"—which white men called Orion—warned them that it was time for sleep.

One evening came "mullion," the eagles. They flew down in the midst of the happy crows, uttering their fierce cry, "Kunoodigu!" which meant "We hate you! We hate you!"

But hark! There comes a sound as of a high wind rushing through the forest trees! Nearer and nearer it came, and suddenly two strange birds alighted on the clearing. Large birds they were, with feathers white as the sea-foam in the gap below them, beautiful in form, and graceful in motion, and with long necks, arched and shining, as the skin of Yapatai, king of the snakes. At once a battle began. Up and down the clearing they rushed. The eagles fought the strangers till the darkness came on, and still the battle raged as fiercely as ever. The stars sank in the sea, and the red light of day shot through the trees like fiery spears. But the end came with the dawn. Stretched on the ground lay the enemies of the crows. No more will their dreaded "Kunoodigu! Kunoodigu!" be heard on "kumdool." The dreaded eagles were dead.

But what of the great white birds? Naked were they, and their soft white feathers, torn from their bodies during

the fierce battle, lay scattered over the green.

"Guraga-a-a! Guraga-a-a!" wailed the crows.

But Dumbal, chief of the crows, plucking the glossy black feathers from his breast, gave them to his naked benefactors. Then came all the crows in the land of Turruwul, each one bearing in his beak the feathers plucked from his breast. Soon the swans were clothed in black, and after a long rest they moved away to a creek which carried the waters of a reedy lake down into the sea. Soon they reached the lake shore. "Farewell, Boorunda!" cried the chief of the crows. "Farewell, Boorunda!" cried all the crows.

Then the wind from the sea, catching up the white feathers, whirled them amongst the branches of the big gum trees—there to stay for all time. to lure the native bees and spread a delightful fragrance throughout the land. That is how the black swan and the gum-blossom originated, forever to stand as emblems of this fair land of ours.

"Eddie," 3D.

AUNT GWEN AND THE CRICKET MATCH

"Boys," said mother, "Aunt Gwendoline has written to say that she is coming over to spend the afternoon with us, and unfortunately I have an engagement I cannot postpone. Do you think you could entertain her for me? I shall be back by five o'clock."

Geoffrey looked at me thoughtfully. "What do you say, Rex, to taking her to the cricket match? Most of the fellows are bringing friends this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, she will enjoy that, mother," I answered cheerfully. "Don't you worry about her. She can have a glorious afternoon watching the game and we will bring her back in time for tea."

"I suppose she would like to go," said Geoff, with just a shade of doubt in his tone.

"Of course she would," I declared. "Aunt Betty was very keen on cricket last summer when she stayed here, and came to watch every match."

"Naturally, Aunt Gwen will be the same, because they are sisters," agreed Geoff, more hopefully, "though, of course, she is older and is not used to

romping with us like Aunt Betty, but even the boys' mothers enjoy watching the cricket."

Thus it was settled that Aunt Gwen should be taken to the cricket match. When we told her of the arrangements, soon after her arrival, she was quite willing to come with us. She did not tell us whether she knew anything about the game or not. Geoff and I felt quite proud as we escorted her to the field. She was daintily dressed, and we felt that none of the other fellows' sisters would outshine our Aunt Gwen.

We explained to her that our school was to play Westville College and that Geoff had been chosen to represent the school in the cricket eleven. Aunt Gwen was interested and said that she thought cricket was a much "nicer" game than football, which she described as horribly dangerous. She looked surprised when we told her that it was quite possible to be hurt at cricket, and observed nervously that she hoped no one would be injured that afternoon.

"Oh," said Geoff, in his lofty style. "we shall have to take our chance of that, naturally." Poor Aunt Gwen looked impressed, almost afraid.

The grandstand was crowded when we arrived. Geoff disappeared into the pavilion to change, and I pointed out several persons of note to my aunt, whom I had undertaken to "keep under my wing," as I was not playing in the match.

Presently Geoff reappeared with a number of his school companions, and as he passed, Aunt Gwen exclaimed. "Bless the dear boy, doesn't he look sweet, dressed in white!" Considering Geoff was sixteen it was not to be expected that he would enjoy being told he looked "sweet"—especially before the others. So I was not surprised when he went red and scowled.

We won the toss and went in. Rodgers was out first ball. I explained to Aunt Gwen that he had a "duck." She looked round the field in a bewildered way and said, "A duck, dear, where? I don't see one."

"I beg your pardon, it means that the first man is out for no runs," I explained, but I only made matters worse, for Aunt Gwen said in the same puzzled way: "A man, dear, where? I thought only boys were playing." This was hopeless. Fancy knowing nothing about cricket. Then someone shouted, "A maiden over!" And—would you believe it—Aunt Gwen clapped her hands and cried, "Oh, poor little thing! Where is she? Has anyone picked her up?" I turned to my aunt with an agonised expression on my face, for I had noticed Willoughby's sister nudging her companion and whispering directions for her to listen: and as for Hunter and one or two other fellows, they were grinning;

openly. I am afraid I felt rather annoyed.

"I thought you understood cricket, Aunt Gwen," I said, trying not to speak crossly, though I knew everybody was staring at us and waiting to hear what my aunt would say next.

"So I do, dear boy," said she. "[I often watch little boys playing in the fields near home; but you use such strange expressions. Still, that is like a schoolboy, I suppose."

I was just beginning to resign myself to my fate when the most awful thing happened. I shudder even now when I recall it.

Geoffrey was batting, and I had just turned to speak to Hunter, when a boy exclaimed: "A leg-break!"

"Oh, who? Surely not Geoffrey! Oh, my dear boy! Oh, Rex wasn't it cruel of that big boy to send such a hard ball?" wailed Aunt Gwen, and to my horror she made a dash out into the field towards Geoffrey. I sprang after her and clutched wildly at her frock, but not before she had thrown her arms around my indignant brother Geoff. You never heard such a hubbub as followed. Everyone crowded round to see what had happened, and retired convulsed with mirth. Aunt Gwen's feelings were calmed when one of the masters explained to her the real meaning of the term "leg-break." I suggested that we should go home but Aunt Gwen chose to remain to the bitter end.

Later I confided to Geoff that it was the worst afternoon I had spent. "But it was worse for me," groaned Geoff. "Oh, Rex, what a difference between Aunt Betty and Aunt Gwen!"

—B. Kent, 5A.

EXCHANGES

The Editor acknowledges with many thanks, copies of Magazines sent from other Schools.

"PINEAPPLE"

RENOWNED
4-FLAVOR.

BACON.

THE QUALITY
BACON.

HAMS & SAUSAGES

TRY "PINEAPPLE" CHEESE 8oz. CARTONS
LOOK FOR THE TWO BLUE STRIPE

PINEAPPLE HAM DELIGHT

GENUINE PINEAPPLE BRAND HAS 2 BLUE STRIPES ON THE SKIN



MISS ROWENA RONALD

The beautiful theatrical star uses and recommends stallax granules as the ideal hair shampoo.

The "ideal" shampoo is one that both cleanses and beautifies. Cleanses the scalp thoroughly, frees it of grease. Beautifies the hair, leaves it soft and shining, easy to manage. You can rely on stallax to do this. A teaspoonful of gentle stallax granules in clear, warm water makes the most luxurious shampoo in the world, fragrant, refreshing. Buy stallax to-day in original package at any chemist. Use it and enjoy the benefits of the "ideal" shampoo.

515



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

England's most beautiful actress writes: "It is with pleasure that I say I use mercolized wax, and think it splendid for clearing the skin and leaving it smooth and white."

What a tribute to mercolized wax! Use it daily. Clear your complexion of sunburn and blemishes. Refine its texture. Keep it lovely. Buy this remarkable beautifier in 2 6 or 5 6 packages at chemist or store today. It does not grow hair. It protects and beautifies the skin under all weather conditions.

504

EVERYTHING FOR THE
SCHOOLGIRL AT —

GRACE BROS.

Girls' School Wear at
Keenest Prices



GIRLS' NAVY SERGE REGULATION SCHOOL TUNICS

Girls' Regulation School Tunics in guaranteed dye Navy Serges. Well made with box pleats back and front in two qualities:

MEDIUM QUALITY—

Sizes	22	24	27	30	33ins.
	12/11	13/11	15/6	17/-	18/6
		36	39	42	44ins.
		19/11	21/9	23/6	25/6

BEST QUALITY—

Sizes	22	24	27	30	33ins.
	16/11	17/11	18/11	20/11	21/11
		36	39	42	44ins.
		23/11	25/11	27/11	29/6

ALSO IN LINFLAX, TOBRALCO AND FUJI SILK.
Prices on application.

GIRLS' ALL WOOL FLANNEL REGULATION SCHOOL BLAZERS

Girls' Best Quality All Wool Flannel Blazers. In Navy braided in flat Black braid. Reinforced fronts and pockets.

Lgths.	16	18	20	22ins.
	12/11	13/11	15/11	16/11
		24	26	28ins.
		17/6	18/3	18/11



THE POPULAR WINTER SCHOOL HAT —

GOOD QUALITY FELT



Girls' Good Quality Felt School Hat—the popular droop shape in Navy with bound edge, and trimmed Grosgrain ribbon band. Head sizes 19½ to 22in.

GRACE BROS. PRICE 6/6

GRACE BROS., LTD.

Phone: M 6506

Broadway, Sydney

Everything required in the
College Science Room can be obtained from

H. B. SELBY & COY. LTD.

LABORATORY GLASSWARE.
PHYSICAL APPARATUS.
MICROSCOPES.
THERMOMETERS.
BALANCES AND WEIGHTS.
STUDENTS' SETS.
PURE CHEMICALS, ETC.

Epidiascopes for projecting maps, pictures, slides, opaque
objects, etc. Moving picture projector can be attached.

BULLETIN PLACE, off 26 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Telephone : BW 1749 (2 lines)

AND AT MELBOURNE

TROPHIES

An important item now
the Season has begun.



Five Floors of Showrooms. Call and inspect
our large and varied stock of Trophies and
Gifts, or write for finely illustrated Catalogue
post free.

PROUDS LTD.

The Gift Store

Cnr. King & Pitt Streets, Sydney

"BETTER BUY
THE BEST"

B.A.L.M. Paints AND Duco Lacquers

No matter what you want to paint,
there is a "B.A.L.M." Product for
that purpose which will prove the
best you can use.

● B.A.L.M. PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME :

- "B.A.L.M." Pure Prepared Paint.
- "B.A.L.M." Flat Wall Finish.
- "B.A.L.M." Cement Paving Paint.
- "B.A.L.M." Silvasheen (Aluminium Enamel)
- "B.A.L.M." Oil Varnish Stain.
- "B.A.L.M." Kalsomine.
- "DUCO" Brushing Lacquer.
- "DUX" High Speed Enamel.

B.A.L.M. Products are obtainable in the City from the
undermentioned :

Williamson Croft & Co. Ltd.,
268 Castlereagh Street, also
Pitt and Rowe Streets.
J. T. Burrows & Sons Ltd.,
128 George Street, West.
Bennett & Wood Ltd.,
Pitt and Bathurst Streets.
Grace Bros. Ltd.,
Broadway, Glebe.
H. H. Groth & Co.,
51 York Street.

H. K. Hey & Co.,
118 Liverpool Street, Sydney.
David Jones Ltd.,
George and Barack Streets.
Mark Foy's Ltd.,
Castlereagh Street.
C. Morrison,
282 George Street.
James Sandy & Co. Ltd.,
268 George Street.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

BRITISH-AUSTRALIAN LEAD
MANUFACTURERS PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY — MELBOURNE — ADELAIDE



FORT STREET SCHOOL CREST

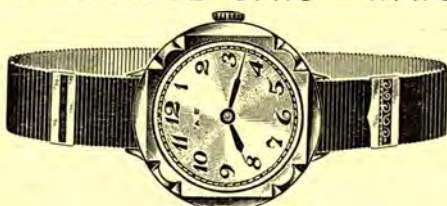
IN BEST QUALITY METAL
INLAID WITH CLEAR-COLOURED
IMPERISHABLE ENAMELS

2/-

Made by Angus & Coote

THE "SCHOOL DAYS" WATCH

21/-



21/-

A NEAT AND RELIABLE WATCH
complete with mounted moire ribbon band. The move-
ment is a jewelled lever, warranted to wear five years.

A Signed Guarantee With Every Watch.

ANGUS & COOTE LTD.

500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

BREAD FAMOUS FOR ITS QUALITY
CAN BE HAD FROM

Gartrell, White Ltd.

Ring Phones : L 2831, M 6008, X 1136, UL 1724

Vans Deliver in all Suburbs Daily.

Our Cakes and Pastry and Aeroplane Self
Raising Flour are as famous as our Bread

-AND SO
the twig
is bent!



Which most resembles YOU?

"As the twig is bent so the tree inclines," says the famous proverb. And no better application of this truism could be imagined than with regard to the posture of the growing girl.



Do you slump into the ungainly, unhealthy silhouette of the first figure? Then you are choosing ill health, unloveliness, and a depressed mental outlook in the years to come.

Would you achieve poise, grace, elegance—in manner and movement? Then you must be very, very careful to cultivate correct posture whilst young and supple.

Berlei Junior Foundations in dainty sets as illustrated help tremendously in encouraging correct posture. They are designed to give support without the least constriction or discomfort. But always ask for a Berlei!

BERLEI LIMITED

WHEN YOU BUY SPORTS SHOES

BUY REAL VALUE — DEMAND

OBTAINABLE
AT ALL



LEADING
STORES

FOR
HOCKEY
TENNIS
AND
LEISURE
HOURS



Made in
Australia
by
HARDIE
RUBBER
COY. LTD.

"HARDIE" NORTH BRITISH HOCKEY SHOES

A BOON TO PARENTS

MAKE-UR-SELF TUNICS

We will cut and pleat the Serge Tunics in two qualities of serge at the following prices:—

	Cut and Pleated only	Made up
22in. length, No. 1 Serge	10/6	13/11
25in. " " "	11/6	14/11
27in. " " "	12/6	15/11
30in. " " "	13/6	16/11
33in. " " "	15/6	18/11
36in. " " "	16/11	19/11
39in. " " "	18/11	22/11
42in. " " "	19/11	23/11
45in. " " "	21/-	25/11
22in. length, No. 2 Serge	12/6	16/11
25in. " " "	13/6	17/11
27in. " " "	14/11	19/11
30in. " " "	15/11	21/6
33in. " " "	19/11	25/11
36in. " " "	21/6	26/11
39in. " " "	22/11	27/11
42in. " " "	24/11	28/11
45in. " " "	26/6	31/11

The made up prices are for ready-to-wear or completely made-to-order tunics. The cut and pleated prices are for the serge yoke cut-to-measure complete with linings, and the skirt hemmed and pleated. All you have to do is make up the yoke and attach skirt, and save the difference.

SCHOOL UNIFORMS STORE

(Opposite Soldiers' Memorial)

ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY. Phone: MA 2923

UNSURPASSED FOR
COMFORT, EASE AND
ELEGANCE

LADY RUTH
PRACTICAL FRONT

THE PATENTED INNER ELASTIC
VEST ASSURES THE COMFORT
WHICH IS ESSENTIAL TO
HEALTHFUL CORSETRY.

LADY RUTH PRACTICAL FRONTS
ARE MADE TO SUIT ALL FIGURES
AND CAN BE HAD AT ALL STORES.

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME
—INSIST ON A FITTING

MANLY

WHY NOT LIVE THERE

Warm in Winter Cool in Summer
Rents are Lower Living is Cheaper

Convenient to reach. Fast service of saloon steamers, equipped with first-class dining rooms, conveys you to and from Circular Quay. Ten minute intervals during business hours.

NO STOPPING - - - NO CHANGING

A Gent's Season Ticket costs less than 5d. per day.

A Lady's Season Ticket costs less than 3½d. per day.

A Child's Season Ticket costs less than 1½d. per day.

CHEAPEST TRAVELLING IN THE WORLD.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ENCLOSED
BATHING AREA IS AT MANLY

This glorious stretch of clear, calm water, equipped with Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, Diving Balls and Spring Boards, etc., is available to paddlers and swimmers FREE.

MR. CLUB SECRETARY - - - YOUR NEXT DANCE :

WHY NOT ON THE WATER . . . And add Charm and Novelty to It ?

Make Sure of Your Next Dance being a Success . . . Hold it Afloat !

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, APPLY

THE PORT JACKSON & MANLY STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.

No. 3 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY.

B 3221 TELEPHONES B 3783

For all you require in

Dependable Groceries

YOU CANNOT DO BETTER THAN AT

MORAN & CATO'S

MANY BRANCH STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

"THE SENIOR STORE"



School Wear—Third Floor—Freight paid to all seaports in the Commonwealth and railway stations in N.S.W.



Girls' School Pullover of fine quality Navy Wool. Narrow red stripes through the V neck, cuffs and hip basque.

Busts, inches	28	30	32	34
PRICES	13/11	14/11	15/11	16/11

Regulation School Blazer in Navy Flannel. Finished flat black braid. Busts, ins.

Busts, ins.	28	30	32	34	36
PRICES	13/11	13/11	13/11	14/11	14/11
Better Quality	19/11	21/-	22/6	25/-	27/6

All Wool Navy Serge School Tunics. Three Box pleats from yoke. Guaranteed fast dye.

Lengths, inches	32	34	36	38	40	42
PRICES	21/11	22/11	23/11	25/6	27/6	29/6

Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.

Box 2712C G.P.O.

SYDNEY

Phone : M 2401



SOME SINGERS

sing because they must,
The urge to sing is on them thrust—
By nature's gift and culture's plan
They sing sweet songs because they can.
But even such cannot, of course,
Sing at their best when ill and hoarse—

For clear-toned, soulful song assure
By taking **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

Precaution against Influenza infection,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

3d.



3d.

S'lovely

S'nice !

WHITE SIGNET

SCORCHED PEANUT BAR

DELICIOUS AND SATISFYING

Obtainable At All Confectioners



MCKENZIE'S Excelsior Coffee Essence

MAKES A CUP OF DELICIOUS COFFEE
INSTANTLY

IS ALSO SPLENDID FOR COFFEE ICINGS
AND FLAVOURS

Lackersteen & Co.

Delicious
Quality
Products

●
Try Our
TOMATO SAUCE
and our celebrated
SEVILLE ORANGE
MARMALADE

THE EASIEST WAY TO CLEAN ALUMINIUM



Rub it with a pad of Steelo . . . the fine steel wool which gets right to the surface of the metal and scours everything off in next-to-no-time. Steelo, too, polishes while it cleanses. Try it on a burnt pan. See how quickly and easily it acts.

Steelo is packed in cartons containing four pads and a cake of special soap . . . enough for a month. It's splendid for all kitchenware . . . and for getting rust stains off baths, basins and sinks. Steelo saves labour and doesn't scratch.

Steelo¹⁶

GIRLS . . .

Your TUCK SHOP stocks

Fresh Food' Ice Cream and Eskimo Pies

- They are the Best, so therefore patronise the shop that sells them.
- Also tell your parents that "FRESHFOOD" MILK, CREAM, BUTTER AND ICE are the best.

Ring M 2981 and the cart will call

THE N.S.W.

FRESH FOOD & ICE CO. LTD.

Head Office : 22-31 HARBOUR STREET SYDNEY



THE

BJELKE PETERSEN

Australia's Greatest School of
PHYSICAL CULTURE

Col. Bjelke Petersen
R. R. Turner

W. Bjelke Petersen
K. W. Allen

Private or Class Instruction for

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

In Physical Culture, Department, Breathing, Medical
Gymnastics, Dancing, Boxing, Wrestling, etc.

SPECIAL LADIES' PRIVATE DEPT.

for

FIGURE CULTURE, REDUCING, Etc.

Instructors to 100 Schools and 100 Clubs.

Special Features are our Young Ladies' Classes every
evening and Children's Classes on Saturday morning.

THE BJELKE PETERSEN SCHOOL

112 CASTLEREAGH STREET (Near David Jones')

Telephone - - M 6068-9

And Now
 A GYMNASIUM EXCLUSIVE
 for Women and Girls
 Private or Class Tuition
 PHYSICAL CULTURE, GRECIAN DANCING, EURHYTHMICS,
 BALLET and BALLROOM DANCING, AUSTRALIAN
 POSTURE CULTURE.
 AFTERNOON AND EVENING CLASSES
 FOR SCHOOL GIRLS
 MEDICAL GYMNASTICS AND MASSAGE
 BY APPOINTMENT
 Under Supervision of Qualified Matron

LANGRIDGE
SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.
 Women's Section : 254 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
 TELEPHONE — B. 4578.

Medical and Men's Section : 278 GEORGE ST.

Insist on

PEARSON'S
 CARBOLIC
 SAND SOAP

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST

GOOD FOR ALUMINIUM UTENSILS

FIVE
-DOUBLE
-ONE
HOSIERY



• AS SMART
AS A FRENCH MODEL
YET MODERATELY PRICED



Beauty does not compel extravagance, nor does service demand high price. Lustré Five-Double-One will meet every demand of fashion, meet every desire for long service, and fulfil the present need for personal economy.

Lustré Five-Double-One are fully-fashioned and are by far the smartest hose at this price.

See them . . . in all the latest shades, at all leading retail stores.

Lustré
FULLY FASHIONED
HOSIERY

LH.9.16,

ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS!

Beautiful in design—fashioned of Solid Gold—selected high grade movements, with 15 Jewels—such are Saunders' Watches. Choose your style! Saunders guarantee every watch. Hundreds of lovely designs.

Send for FREE 100 page Catalogue. See the Watch values!



Ladies' Solid 9ct. Gold Wrist Watch, 15 Jewel high grade lever movement. Free repair for one year. Guaranteed 10 years.

SAUNDERS' PRICE, 70/-



Ladies' Solid 9ct. Gold Wrist Watch, 15 Jewel high grade lever movement. Free repair for one year. Guaranteed 10 years.

SAUNDERS' PRICE, 60/-

WATCH REPAIRS . . .

Ladies' Wristlets from 10/-, includes thorough overhaul and clean, with a 12 months' guarantee. Gent's Wrist Watches from 10/-. Pocket Watches from 8/6. Springs only, 5/6 and 6/6.

SAUNDERS LTD.

Sydney's Leading Jewellers, Watchmakers, Silversmiths
(RAILWAY SQUARE) 805-13 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

For

SOFT DRINKS

Always Say

MERCHANT'S
Please

If you have a little FORESIGHT,
If you have a little PATIENCE,
If you will ——— THINK ———

N.Z. PERPETUAL FORESTS LIMITED

WILL EMPLOY YOUR SAVINGS TO BUILD AN INDUSTRY
FOR THE EMPIRE AND **BIG PROFITS** FOR YOU.

Three factors are required for successful investment :

(1) **SECURITY.**

N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd. offers you a foolproof contract with a covering SECURITY RESERVE FUND of £600,000.

(2) **ESSENTIAL GOODS.**

N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd. will create for YOU a supply of Absolutely ESSENTIAL PRODUCE—namely "PULPWOOD." Softwood trees are the RAW MATERIAL for the manufacture of NEWSPRINT, BOOK-PAPER, WRAPPING PAPER, ART SILK and CELLOPHANE . . . These products are used every day of every week of every year by YOU and every other civilised being.

(3) **SHORTAGE.**

N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd. will offer YOUR MATURED SOFTWOODS to a market where SUPPLY is DECREASING and DEMAND INCREASING. Even U.S.A., formerly EXPORTERS of PULPWOOD, are compelled to IMPORT half of their own requirements.

DO YOU WISH YOUR SAVINGS TO EARN
HIGHER INTEREST ?

For an interview without obligation ——— RING B 6006

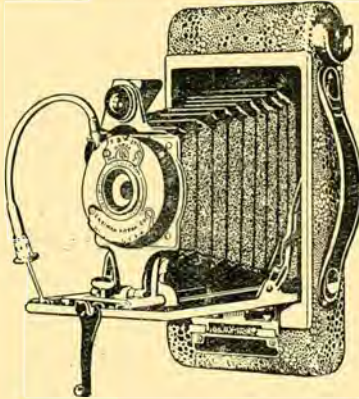
N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd.

58 Margaret Street, Sydney

Share Capital	£250,000
Bonds Subscribed	£3,700,000
Trust Reserve Exceeds	£500,000

THE COMPANY WHICH OFFERS ALL THREE FACTORS OF
SUCCESSFUL INVESTMENT TO

THE MAN WHO WILL ——— THINK!!



NEW COLORED KODAKS

These models feature all the dependability of the regular models and have the added charm of gay and attractive holiday colors. At left—"Model "B" Folding Rainbow Hawk-Eye, in pelican-grain artificial leather—Blue, Green, Brown and Old Rose. No. 2, Price £2/7/6; No. 2A, £2/12/6.

At right—Beau Brownie, with the distinctive modern touch. Very striking with its attractive etched front in nickel and enamel, and harmonising two-tone covering. In Blue, Brown and Black: fitted with the new Kodak Doublet Lens, with case. No. 2, for pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price, 30/-.



OF ALL KODAK DEALERS and
KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD.
379 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
AND ALL STATES

The thoughts of young ladies when their studies are over naturally turn, we presume, towards recreations—Tennis, Vigoro, Rowing, Swimming, etc., all of which are very excellent in their way, but how many consider the vital question of Cookery?

When you arrive home Mother has always something tempting for you. That is because she has learned to become a Cookist. Some day, we presume, you will own a Hubby of your own and he will need your loving attention, hence you should always bear in mind the injunction, that to retain a man's affection you must "feed the brute!" WHITE WINGS SELF RAISING FLOUR has not an equal for quality and never fails to give the best results. In addition, for breakfast, use WHITE WINGS XTC WHOLEWHEAT DELICIOUS FLAKES, and for dessert in the evening—WHITE WINGS PURE FRUIT JELLY CRYSTALS, "SNO-FOAM" and WHITE WINGS PURE EGG AND MILK CUSTARD!

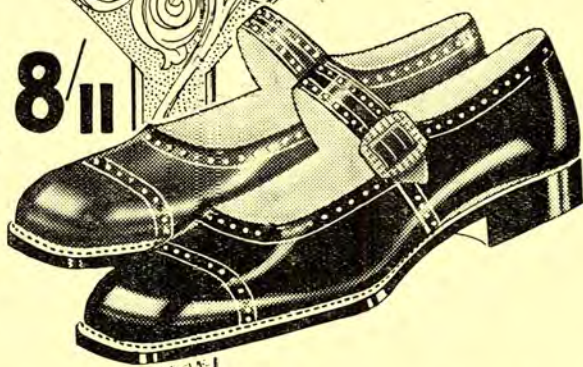
If you supply these to your loved ones, peace and joy will undoubtedly reign.

H. L. BUSSELL & CO.,
White Wings Mills, Sydney.

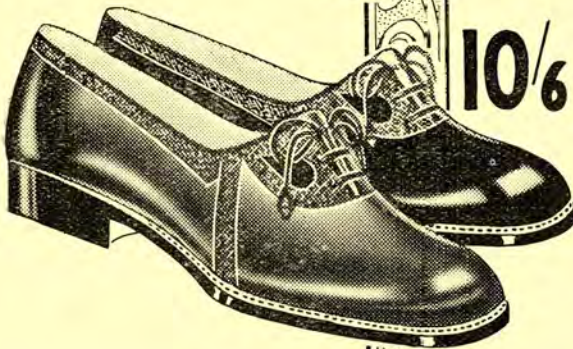
Girls
**HERE ARE STYLES YOU
 WILL LIKE - SMART AND
 SERVICEABLE - IDEAL
 COLLEGE SHOES**

KCP4.
*Popular Broad
 last College Shoe
 in BLACK PAT-
 ENT, or Brown or
 Black Calf. Square
 toe shape Low
 Leather heels. Gen.
 Weltd soles.*

8/11



10 s. 8/11
 11 to 1 9/11
 2 to 5 11/6



10/6

KCT 47.
BROWN CALF
*Oxford Tie. Brown
 Lizard Calf trims.
 Medium Round toe.
 Low Leather heels
 Gen. Weltd soles.
 Also in Black.*

9 to 10 10/6
 11 to 1 11/9
 2 to 4 12/11

Available at

FOSTARS

conveniently situated Shops throughout
NEWCASTLE • SYDNEY • PARRAMATTA



*Gives
Lasting
Whiteness
to your
Linen*

**RECKITT'S
BAG BLUE**

ON THE COURT - IN THE CLASS-ROOM



FOR EVERY OCCASION!

FARMER'S, COMPLETE GIRLS OUTFITTERS

The girl at left wears a regulation style blazer in all-wool navy flannel, trimmed with a neat lay-on braid. All sizes. Lay-By if desired. Price, **15/6**

The girl at right looks smart in a navy serge tunic. It's cut in regulation style, from fast-dyed material. Sizes from 30 to 45. Wonderful value at, from 16/6 to 25/- Similar tunics, in a better quality, all indigo dyed. Sizes from 30 to 46. 21/- to 35/-

Underneath the tunic is a neat shirt blouse in fuji-de-luxe. Sizes range from 24 to 36. Wonderful values. Lay-By if preferred. All sizes. **3/11**
Similar blouses, in Poplin de Luxe, in sizes 11 to 14½. All sizes. Price 4/11

FARMER'S

Pitt, Market & George Streets, Sydney

SNOWS for

Keenly Priced

SCHOOL WEAR



NAVY SERGE TUNICS of excellent quality cloth, well cut, with regulation three box pleats.

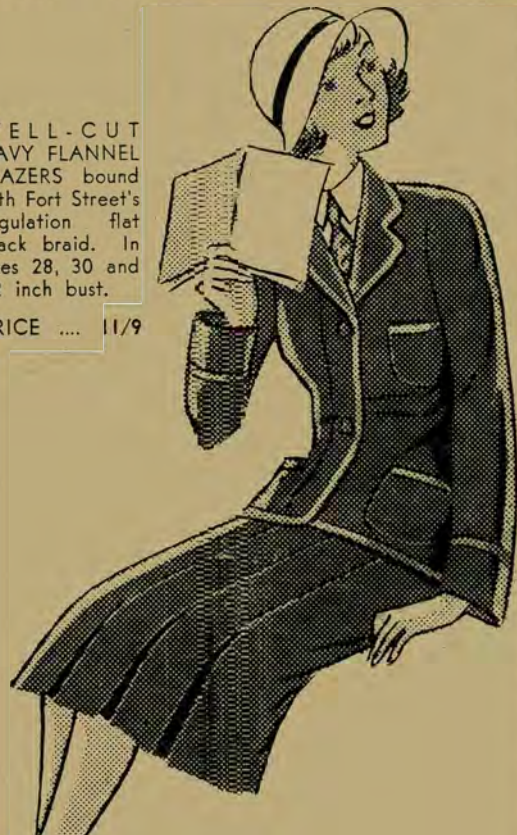
In Sizes 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in. 39in. 42in.
PRICES 16/11 17/11 19/6 21/- 22/11 24/11

REGULATION FUJI BLOUSES with high neck, and finished with band at waist.

In Sizes 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in. 39in. 42in.
PRICES 5/11 6/3 6/6 6/9 6/11 7/6

WELL-CUT NAVY FLANNEL BLAZERS bound with Fort Street's regulation flat black braid. In sizes 28, 30 and 32 inch bust.

PRICE 11/9



NAVY REGULATION TUNICS with three box pleats—built for the wear that schoolgirls expect of them.

In Sizes 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.
PRICES 21/- 21/11 23/6 25/6
39in., 26/11; 42in., 28/6.

KANEBO FUJI BLOUSES in a quality that can be depended on for long and faithful service. Finished with regulation neck and band at waist.

In Sizes, 27" 30" 33" 36" 39" 42"
PRICES 7/3 7/6 7/11 8/6 8/11 9/6

KEENLY PRICED SCHOOL-WEAR . . .

SYDNEY SNOW LTD.

PITT and LIVERPOOL STREETS

H. H. BOOTH & SON, LTD., Printers, 31 Bur-on St., Sydney.