



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 1

November, 1933

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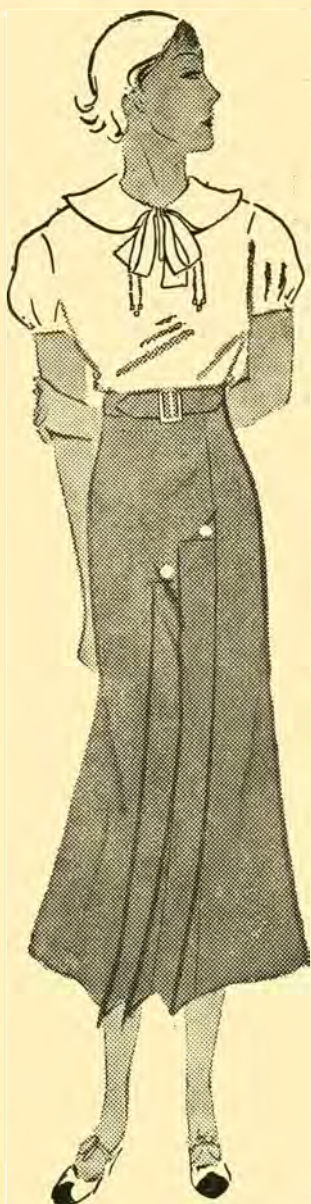
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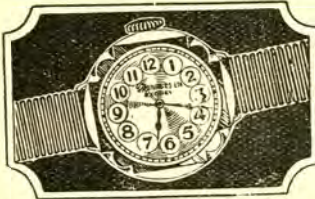
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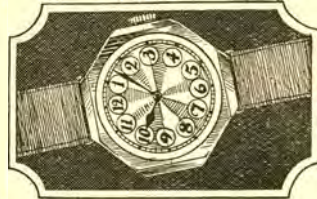
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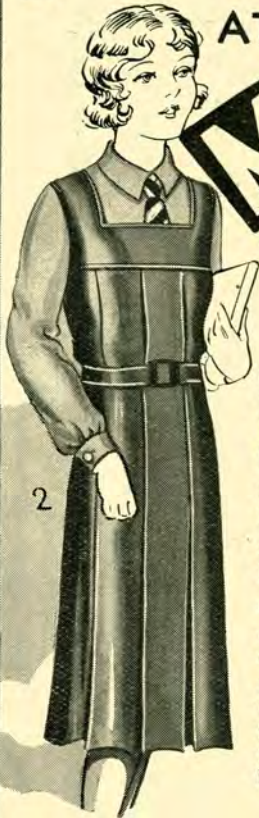
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THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1933

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

The Staff.

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Deputy Principal: Miss WEST, B.A.

Department of English.

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss MACKAY, M.A.

Miss MOORE, B.A.

Miss PURCELL, B.A.

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

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics.

Miss HEWITT, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss AUSTIN, B.A.

Miss PATE, B.A.

Department of Mathematics.

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Department of Science.

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress).

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

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Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages.

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss COLLINS, B.A.

Miss HARDERS.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

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

Miss ATKINS, B.A.

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Needlework: Miss DUNLOP.

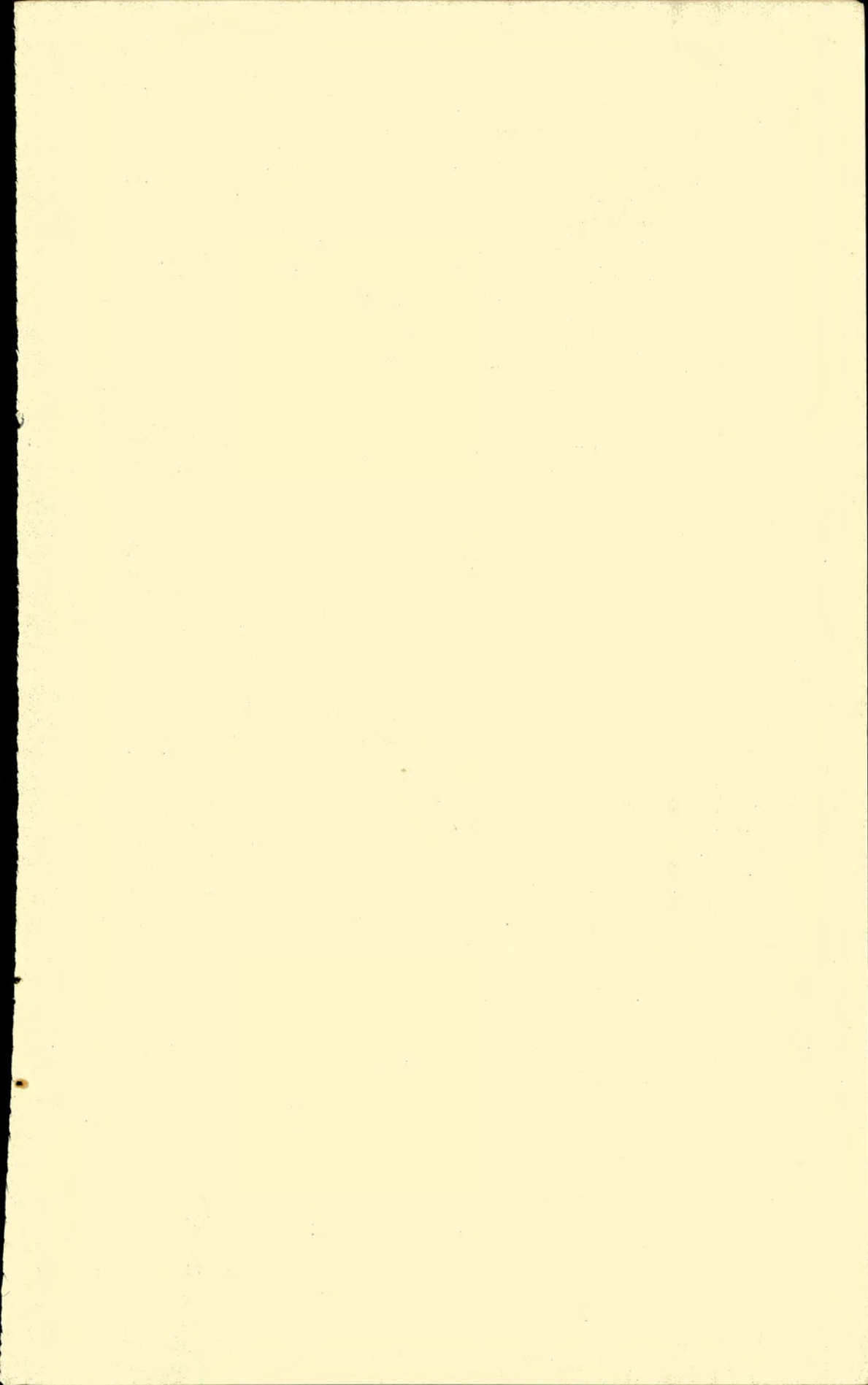
Music: Mrs. JAMES.

Physical Culture: Mrs. GRIFFIN.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Captain, 1933: ENID SMITH.



CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. CRAMP, O.B.E., B.A.

ENID SMITH, Captain, on behalf of the School, sent a congratulatory letter to Mr. Cramp on the occasion of his being honoured by His Majesty the King with the distinction O.B.E.

THE EMILY CRUISE PRIZE
Miss Cruise, who is still in England

enjoying her visits to spots of historical interest, has again donated a prize of a guinea to the Fortian who obtained the highest marks in History at the Intermediate Examination. Heather Addison (III.B) wins this prize by her pass in the last Intermediate Examination.

ROUND THE SCHOOL

THE STAFF

We offer a belated, but none the less sincere, welcome to Miss Austin of the Classics Staff, whose name was inadvertently omitted from the last issue of the Magazine, owing to a printer's error.

We extend a welcome to the latest arrivals on our staff, Miss Atkins, who is teaching English, French and Geography, and Miss McNeill, whose subject is Mathematics.

GIFTS

Mrs. James, mistress in charge of the music in the School, very kindly gave us copies of the two School songs, "The Best School of All" and "Come, Fortians All!" words and music, printed by herself. They have been framed and are hanging in Room 8, where they are much admired.

In that room also is a large oleograph of Lady Jane Grey pleading with Queen Mary for her life. This picture was presented by Mrs. Lucas, mother of Elva Lucas, 1A.

On Empire Day Mr. Cyril Guest, brother of Mrs. James, presented to the School two flags—a Union Jack and an Australian flag—in memory of his brother, Alfred, who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War.

Mrs. Cowan (Hazel McEachen) very kindly sent us a number of books for the Fiction Library.

THE LORD MAYOR'S PRIZE

On Empire Day Alderman R. C. Hagon expressed his intention of giving a prize to the School, on conditions to be drawn up by the Principal.

It was decided that the prize should be awarded to the girl who had done most for the School, taking into consideration scholarship, participation in sport, and active interest in the general activities of the School.

Lorraine Thompson was awarded this prize by the votes of Fifth Year girls.

MR. PARLE'S PRIZE

Mr. Parle, the donor of the Parle Cup, which is annually competed for by the girls who visit Kosciusko, this year gave a prize of a trip to Kosciusko to the Senior Champion at our Athletic Carnival. Ruth Harris was the fortunate winner of this prize and thoroughly enjoyed her stay at Mt. Kosciusko.

The "Globite" case so generously donated by Ford Sherrington, was won at the Athletic Carnival by Marjorie Hickton, the Junior Champion of the School.

The School wishes to thank Messrs. Turner and Henderson for their generous donation of tickets for the August Concert.

To all these good friends of the School, the staff and pupils take this opportunity of publicly expressing their gratitude for the kindly thoughts and interest displayed.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE RESULTS, 1933

We congratulate the following girls on their success in the examinations recently held by the above organisation.

Prizes.

Third Grade.—1st prize: Rona Sergel.
Third Grade (Reading). — Rona Sergel.

Certificates.

Second Grade.—Olga Parker, Enid Smith, Lorraine Thompson, Lesbia Wright.

Third Grade.—Verena Bates, Madge Black, Rose Clarke, Phyllis Corner, Gwendoline Curran, Jean Curtis, Joyce Freeman, Margaret MacKinnon, Meta Musgrave, Joan Readford, Rona Sergel, Winifred Shade, Joyce Thompson, Joyce Ward.

Fourth Grade.—Alison Sinclair.

THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD

I awoke with a feeling of excitement—the "Great Day" had dawned, when all our weeks of training were to be put to the test—and I wondered if the other ninety-nine were experiencing the same thrill as myself.

The day passed much too quickly and twenty minutes past seven found us outside the Town Hall, all filled with the desire to show what we could do, all filled with the determination to see the name of our dear old School heading the others.

At last we were actually going up the steps to the entrance in order to take our seats in the hall.

The hall was a wonderful sight, the great place being packed to its utmost capacity with people who had come to hear the opening ceremony.

At last the speeches were concluded, and Elizabeth Jarrett, who is the secretary of the Glee Club, went to draw our position. Great was our disappointment when we learned that she had drawn first place, and we were to lead the five competing choirs. We filed to the steps leading to the platform, and suddenly a feeling of doubt assailed us, but it was immediately dispelled when we heard the strains of our special march ringing through the hall, and most ably played by Clare Harris, our official accompaniste. With spirits soaring high and to the deafening ovation which greeted us, we stepped on to that platform which has held world-famous choirs and which now held ours. Line after line of girls came up the steps, swinging out in good Fortian style, and as each row came to its place the applause seemed to increase, until at length we could hardly hear the music.

The girls sang as they never had sung before, every eye glued on Mrs. James. Every little detail seemed to be remembered, although we thought we would never be able to sing a note when faced with such an audience. At last the ordeal, for such it was, was over, and before we knew or realised much we were down in the hall again, hearing the others do their best.

After all the choirs competing in this section had sung, the adjudicators took a long time to come to their final decision, but at last the announcement was made that "The choir winning third place would be told first, and the winning choir last."—"Of course, there is no doubt who has won," said Mr. Roland Foster. First there came third, then second and then—at last "and Fort Street Girls' High School, with 182 points, is first." We were wild with

delight, clapping and cheering until we were hoarse, quite a number of the audience of more respectable years following our example.

Mr. Ross Thomas, Director of Education, who was present, congratulated Mrs. James and paid us a high tribute—that our appearance on the stage would be a sight he would never forget.

Before ending I would like to say a word about the First Years in the Choir—they worked wonderfully, sang beautifully and we expect good things from them next year.

On behalf of the girls, I would like to thank Mrs. James for the way she worked with us.

And, girls, please see at next Eisteddfod that we are still "The Best School of All!"

"A Chorister," 3D.

The special march referred to in this article is "The March of the Fortians," composed by the Third Year Music Class in Music Week. Mr. Treharne, the Superintendent of Music, complimented the girls on this work and told them that it was an excellent march.

* * * * *

The prize won by the Choir at the Eisteddfod was a beautiful shield, awarded to the Juvenile Choral Champion State School Choir, and a money prize of five guineas, which the members of the Choir have donated to the School for the purchase of a hanging light in the entrance hall.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The girls have collected clothing in response to various appeals.

On Egg Day they sent 340 eggs to Sydney Hospital.

Cheques have also been sent to Sydney Hospital, the Rachel Forster Hospital, and the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION

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

Grade I.—Dorothy Woodrow, Second Prize; G. Ferrett and J. Huntley, Very Highly Commended; D. Gregory, Highly Commended.

Grade II.—Melva Pound, First Prize; V. Dixon, B. Lister and J. Livingston, Very Highly Commended.

Grade III.—Joyce Easton, Very Highly Commended; Doreen Musgrave, Highly Commended.

POETRY PRIZE

A Poetry Prize of half a guinea, given anonymously to the School, resulted in a competition in which all years but Third were represented. M. R. G.

Henderson, M.A., Examiner to the Department of Education, again kindly acted as adjudicator. He awarded the prize to Marjorie Yeo and Joan Fraser, the writers of the poems, "God's Bounty" and "Blessing" printed below.

GOD'S BOUNTY

A gentle breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
The music of wind in tree-tops playing,
The heaving sea in the light of the moon,
The dazzling sun in the sky at noon,
The green of grass upon the hill,
A wild bird's glad some little trill,
The fragrance of each lovely flower,
The coolness of a woodland bower,
The soft blue distance and the mountains.
The laughing, tinkling, wildwood fountains.
Each lovely floweret that doth nod—
For all these, thanks be unto God.

Marjorie Yeo, 5B.

BLESSING

I thank you, tree, for your kind shade;
You helped me, like a quiet friend,
When I was lonely and afraid.
For this sad heart you helped to mend,
For the lost faith restored to me,
God send a blessing on you, tree.

I would not have you thrill with song
Of happy birds upon your breast;
But may your quiet strength belong
To little tired ones, for rest.
For the kind shelter offered me,
God send this blessing on you, tree.

Joan Fraser, 4A.



*HELEN FONTHEY,
Captain-Elect, 1934.*

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

THE ELECTION OF CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1934

On October 19th the Fourth Years elected the Captain and Prefects for 1934. The following were chosen to carry on the high traditions of Fort Street:—Helen Pontey (Captain), Marion Cockburn (Senior Prefect), Marjorie Baldock, Betty Condon, Joyce Irons, Beryl Kent, Jean Long, Joanne Porter, Lucy Sherring, and Gwen Walsh.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Owing to the fact that Edith Cook and Heather Soutar, the Secretary and Fourth Year Representative left School at the end of first term, another election of officers was held, resulting in the appointment of Marion Cockburn as Secretary and Marjorie Baldock as Representative.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Fort Street Girls' Debating Society is by no means a newly established movement, but was first formed in 1917, under the patronage of Miss Partridge. Our present Mistress of English, Miss Turner, was then one of the Vice-Presidents.

Since then the Society has never looked back, but has progressed steadily till this year when, under the able presidency of Enid Smith, it has an enrolment of 130, and has held many successful debates.

Since May there have been five debates, the subjects being "That the courage of woman is greater than that of man," "That the women of to-day are happier than the women of yesterday," "That there should be equal pay for equal work regardless of sex," and "That country life is preferable to city life."

At the meeting on August 3rd, when Miss Cohen attended, impromptu speeches were the order of the day. By vote it was decided that Enid Smith (Year IV.) had made the best speech. Subjects such as "Who is the greatest man in the world to-day?" and "What is the most important subject in a girl's education?" led to much discussion.

The annual debate with Fort Street Boys' High School was held in the Assembly Hall on Friday afternoon, July 27th, when the subject discussed was "That the introduction of the Labour Party into politics has been beneficial to the community." The Government was upheld by Misses Smith, Riddell and Wright, while the Opposition was supported by Messrs. Shuttleworth, Riley and Norrie.

Colonel Bruxner, the Deputy Premier, honoured us by acting as adjudicator, and at the close of the debate announced that the girls' team was victorious, having gained 217 points to the Opposition's 197.

The debate was attended by Mr. Rose, the Captain and Prefects of the Fort Street Boys' High School, the members of the Girls' Debating Society and as many members of the staff as could be present.

Mrs. Bruxner and visitors were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by the Prefects and representatives of the Society, and were then shown over the School.

The return debate with the Fort Street boys was held on Friday, September 28th, at their School, when the subject for discussion was "That a classical education is more beneficial than a scientific one." The Government was supported by Misses Smith, Riddell and Wright, while the Opposition was upheld by Messrs. Shuttleworth, Riley and Norrie. Mr. Clunies Ross adjudicated and the debate resulted in a win for the Opposition, who gained 84 points to the Government's 77. Miss Wicks, the Prefects, the committee of the Debating Society and certain of the Fifth Year members attended the debate, after which the boys showed us round their School and entertained us at afternoon tea.

Too much cannot be said of the untiring interest that Miss Turner and Miss Mackay have taken in this Society and I am sure we all thoroughly appreciate their work.

Hilda Maddocks, Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union has had a very successful year with Miss Culey as its leader, for its membership has increased and its meetings have been enjoyed.

In June a number of the girls attended Schools' Day, held at Thornleigh, where we spent a very happy time with girls representing other schools. During the course of the day June Hartwire, a little girl at the Havilah Homes in whom we are interested, was visited and given a fine parcel of winter clothes made by Fort Street girls.

Fort Street was well represented at a Sports Night held in the Gymnasium of the Y.W.C.A. during October.

Next January the Annual School Girls' Camp is to be held at Bowral, and a general invitation is extended to all who wish to spend a week of their holidays in these pleasant surroundings.

Frances McLean.

HOCKEY

The hockey season has drawn to a close and although their attempts to gain the shields were not crowned with success, both teams played very enjoyable matches and suffered one defeat each at the hands of the splendid teams from Parramatta.

Another interesting game was a basket ball match between the basket ball and hockey teams.

The following are the results of the A and B matches:—

A Grade.

Fort Street v. Hornsby, 3-1.
Fort Street v. Sydney, 4-2.
Fort Street v. Parramatta, 0-3.
Fort Street v. St. George, 1-1.

The match with North Sydney was not played.

B Grade.

Fort Street v. Hornsby, 6-1.
Fort Street v. Sydney, 4-1.
Fort Street v. Parramatta, 0-6.
Fort Street v. St. George, 1-0.

In this grade also the match with North Sydney was not played.

The teams at present are greatly handicapped by the lack of practice fields, but now the land adjoining Bradfield Highway, at the southern end of the School, is Fort Street's possession, we hope soon to have the playing fields required.

On behalf of the A and B teams I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Puxley, Miss Weston and Mrs. Griffin for the invaluable help and encouragement they have given us.

Ruth Harris, Captain.

TENNIS

It is with the greatest sincerity that I say that this season's tennis has been most interesting. Both teams, although unsuccessful in their efforts to win the coveted shields, have nevertheless played good games. There seems every hope of a brilliant future for Fort Street's tennis teams. At the present time we possess tennis players who are not only young, but show every sign of becoming strong, reliable players. Moreover, our tennis courts will afford untold opportunities for practice, so we may wish the future teams the best of luck, feeling confident of their success.

On behalf of the girls I would like to thank Miss Dunlop and Miss Moore for the great interest they have taken in the two teams.

Joan McIntosh, Captain.

BASKET BALL

Once again we were successful in winning the A Grade Basket Ball Shield and tying with Sydney High for the B Grade Shield.

The members of both teams were in excellent form and played very well throughout the whole season.

At the end of the season the A and B teams met the A and B hockey teams in two very exciting matches. Although the two basket ball teams won both matches the hockey girls played very good games. The A team fought very hard to take the victory from us, and the score of 2-1 in the B team game proves that both these teams were evenly matched.

The basket ball girls will have to look to their laurels or the hockey girls will be stepping into their positions.

On behalf of the members of both teams I would like to thank Mrs. Griffin for her valuable coaching. The success of the teams is largely due to her untiring efforts and she has been ever ready to advise and encourage us.

There will be many new members in the teams next year and those of us who are leaving wish the teams of next year the very best of luck, and we confidently expect to see the shields for both A and B grade competitions adorning our School walls next year.

Aisla Binns, Captain.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The librarians consider that the Reference Library has had a very satisfactory year as far as patronage is concerned. Many books have been borrowed for general reading purposes, and the encyclopædias and other reference books still prove invaluable to those seeking information on special subjects.

Volumes recently added include "Napoleon, the Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery; "Great Lives: "Shakespeare," by Drinkwater; "Queen Victoria," by Arthur Ponsonby; "Wesley," by Dobrèe; "Rhodes," by Loekhart; "Gladstone," by Francis Birrell; "George Eliot," by Anne Freemantle, and "The Brontes," by Irene Willis; "Walks in London," "Richard of Bordeaux," by Daviot, "The Brooks of Morning," by Macdonald, Leacock's "Behind the Footlights," "Australia Since 1066," by Portus, "Great English Schools," by Wilkins, "Romance of Empire," by Philip Gibbs, "The Rise and Decline of Socialism in Great Britain," "The Oxford Companion to English Literature," "Poetry and the Poets," Brimsley Johnson, "History of the Drama."

We particularly wish to thank Miss Tearle for her handsome donation of Harmsworth's "History of the World," in eight volumes.

Heather Bradshaw, Mavis Porter, Mary Robinson, Barbara Mackenzie, Joan Fraser, Librarians.



"THE BOY COMES HOME."

V. Sundstrom (Uncle).

P. Pope (Aunt Emily).

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The members of the society gave their first public performance this year on the last day of the first term. Pinero's "School Mistress" was ably produced by Miss Purcell, and an account of the successful performance is given in another part of the Magazine.

At the third meeting of the society, held in July, "The Discovery" was read extremely well by the Third Year members of the society.

In September a very good attendance of 98 members spent a very delightful half hour in which they were entertained by the Second Year members reading "Robin Hood."

Among the many items of interest in the Term Concert on Wednesday, August 30th, the dramatic performances took a prominent place.

The first play was the "Toy Shop," produced with great attention to detail and effect by Miss Collins; an account of this play is given in another column.

I should mention here that this concert was the first occasion on which

the stage curtains, given to the School by the Old Girls' Union, and made and erected by Miss Collins, were used. Everyone was very pleased with their effectiveness and congratulated Miss Collins on her work.

The second play, "The Boy Comes Home," was a great success, and very popular with the audience that overflowed the Assembly Hall. Miss Purcell once again proved herself an able producer, and deserves great credit for her success with this play.

Doreen Musgrave was attractive in the part of Philip and her facial expression, together with her elocution, produced the required effect. Viola Sundstrom undertook the rôle of the domineering uncle who did not realise that his nephew had become, through his experience in the war, a young man able to make up his own mind. Her general make-up, together with her delivery and fine acting, was excellent. Peggy Pope, as Aunt Emily was most convincing with her natural simplicity of manner and speech. Aisla Binns played most effectively, at short notice, the part of the over-bearing and blustering cook, Mrs. Higgins, who was quite relieved to find her "notice" was not taken. Mabel Geoghegan was successful in the part of Emily.

The efficient stage managers, H. Armstrong, L. Bembrick, G. Simmonds and M. Teare, are to be congratulated on their work, and thanks are due to M. Bismire, L. Jamieson and M. Porter for typing the programmes.

M. Cockburn, Secretary.

EMPIRE DAY

On May 3rd the School gathered in the Assembly Hall to celebrate Empire Day. The chair was taken by Mr. A. Hicks, Assistant Under-Secretary of Education, and we were also honoured by the attendance of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Alderman R. C. and Mrs. Hagon, Bishop Kirkby, Miss Kirkby, Mr. Newell and Mr. Bird.

The Lord Mayor and the Bishop made very stirring speeches which caused us to realise more deeply than ever what a wonderful Empire is ours, and what we owe to it.

Enid Smith (Captain) and Lesbia Wright (Prefect), speaking on "Good Will Among the Nations" and "The Women of the Empire" respectively, helped us to realise the part we might play in the work of the Empire.

The Senior Prefect, Peggy Direks, ably proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers.

The special choir, under the baton of Mrs. James, rendered several patriotic songs, including "There's Only One England," in which the soloists were Margery Makin and Edna Sagers, and "There's a Land."

The singing of the "Recessional" and the National Anthem closed the proceedings, and every Fortian left the hall with the ideals of service planted in her heart.

The Lord Mayor, before he left the School, intimated that he would like to donate a special prize, and that the conditions for its award were to be decided by Miss Cohen.

At the request of the Headmaster of Pymont School, two of our Prefects took part in the Empire celebrations held there. Aisla Binns and Florence Riddell gave an interesting address to the pupils on "Pioneers" and "Proclamation Day" respectively.

M. Robinson, 4A.

"THE SCHOOL MISTRESS"

On Wednesday, May 10th, the Dramatic Society, under the able direction of Miss Pureell, presented A. W. Pinero's humorous play, "The School Mistress."

The acting was excellent, each member of the cast portraying admirably her particular character. Especially praiseworthy were the performances of the three principals, who played long and difficult parts most convincingly. Joyce Easton was very fine as Peggy Hesslerigge, and Viola Sundstrom, in the part of the Hon. Vere Queckett, drew much laughter from the audience, while Doreen Musgrave played Miss Dyott, Principal of Volumnia College, very cleverly. Also taking part, and acting very creditably, were H. Soutar, F. Lindsay, H. McColl, G. Simmonds, D. Woodrow, P. Vernon, B. McPhail, J. Redmond, M. Cockburn, J. Laing, P. Wiles, H. Maddocks, and M. Feilberg.

The play, which was throughout entertaining and amusing, was in many places very exciting, as, for example, the interruption of the gay dance scene by the alarming news that the house had been set on fire.

At the conclusion, Miss Pureell, to whom is due the greatest of credit for the success of the production, was called on to the stage, and, amid great applause, was presented with a very beautiful sheaf of red roses.

A large audience attended the performance and keenly appreciated both the play and the incidental music, rendered by the School Orchestra under the baton of Mrs. James.

Our thanks are due to Helen Armstrong, who acted as stage manager,

and to Marie Bismire, Rosemary Stepto and Jean Livingston for typing the programmes.

Mary Connolly, 4A.

PRIZE ESSAY

The publishers of "Britain's Story" (told in pictures) offered a prize of three pounds for the best essay written on the subject of any picture in the book.

The following essay was written by Barbara Mackenzie and awarded first prize in its section:—

THE LONDON CENOTAPH

A stately monument, noble in its simplicity—a nation's shrine, before which, every day, thousands pay homage to the "Glorious Dead." Such is the London Cenotaph, which is thought of with reverence all over the world.

Its dignity, calm and eloquence express "thoughts that lie too deep for words."

It was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens and was unveiled by King George on November 11th, 1920.

Its simplicity is typical of the tastes of the British people, who do not indulge in outward show, but prefer something simple and plain, yet dignified.

One writer, in comparing it with the National War Shrine in Edinburgh, said that "One was Saxon and inarticulate, and the other was Celtic and articulate. Grief locks the English heart, but it opens the Scottish."

It is a wonderful sight to stand in Whitehall, near the Cenotaph, and watch all the men who pass by raise their hats in respect to their fellow-comrades who sacrificed everything to save their country; it is a pity all cities of the world do not follow London's example.

When standing before the Cenotaph one is awe-stricken by its majesty and dignity. It helps to bring home to us, only too clearly, the horrors of war.

"In Memory of Britain's Glorious Dead." What mingled emotions that phrase creates! On the one hand, there is a feeling of pride that we belong to a race so loyal as the British—so full of sacrifice . . . On the other, we think of those who were killed—the very flower of the nation. What brave young hearts those heroes had.

"Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;

At the going down of the sun and in the morning,

We will remember them."

To be at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day is a sight never to be forgotten.

From the air, the people look like one dark mass out of the centre of which rises this glorious monument, awe-inspiring in its majesty.

It seems to create all around it an air of profound calm and reverence. It is indeed a monument worthy of the veneration and affection of the British people, and is, and always will be, the centre of the most profound emotions of all the peoples of the Empire, for it symbolises the heroic dead of that Empire, who died that she might live.

* * * * *

Phyllis Corner (3A) was awarded a book prize in the same competition.

FICTION LIBRARY

The Fiction Library has had a good attendance of keen borrowers during 1933, due, however, to the splendid interest displayed by the First Years rather than to that of the upper years in the School.

The library contains excellent works and we are certain that those who love books and have read some of those from the library will have benefited greatly by doing so.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the following donors for their generous gifts to the library:—Miss Cowie, J. Stevens, M. Heckenberg, J. McCarthy, M. Glossop, J. Hunter, L. Snape and Mrs. Cowan.

At present the library is in excellent condition, due to the zealous attention of former librarians, and we hope that those of next year will find the duty of librarian to the Fiction Library one of pleasure derived from the knowledge that they are doing something for the "dear old School."

Joyce Pettit, Enid Smith, Norma Saunders, Fairlie Lindsay, Joyce Conacher, Librarians.

THE FIFTH YEARS' PARTING GIFTS

On Farewell Day Enid Smith presented the School, on behalf of Fifth Years, with tokens of their gratitude. They combined the utilitarian with the beautiful, viz., a large coir mat with the School monogram for the Entrance Hall, and three beautiful pottery vases for the Fifth Year rooms.

THE J. C. WILLIAMSON MASK

Towards the end of August the School became the proud possessor of the coveted J. C. Williamson Mask, which is awarded annually to the best school group, consisting of not more than 14 players, presenting a play in the competition arranged by the Junior Theatre League. This trophy was



THE TOY SHOP.

The Drum, D. Woodrow.

The Rag Doll, S. Nolan.

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

awarded for the first time last year, and on that occasion, as well as in 1933, Miss Rosalie Collins, a Fortian, produced the winning play, and we heartily congratulate her on her success.

"The Toy Shop," the successful play, was performed by a well-selected cast. June Huntley, as "Bobby," was the little boy of the evening and acted splendidly. "Betty," skilfully and tenderly portrayed by Selina Wood, was a charming character. Monnie Buick was splendid, not only as the "Masked Doll," but as the "Mother." Doreen Gregory deserves great credit, both as "Pierrot" and the "Father." Grace Tucker proved a very natural "dog," even snapping at the flies that worried her and keeping the audience in fits of laughter. The "Rag Doll," Sheila Nolan, also helped to produce this result. Valerie Simpson made an excellent French doll, while Margaret Potter, who undertook the part of the "Jack in the Box," though "exclusive," as the "French Doll" remarked, was greatly loved by all those present at the performance. Grace Ferrett made an excellent soldier, and a fine policeman, while Muriel Finch was a sailor. The other players also deserve hearty congratulations.

This play was produced three times, once during the competition, later at St. James' Hall, as one of the successful plays, and finally at the School Concert.

M. Cockburn.



THE TOY SHOP.

Back row: Grace Ferrett (Soldier), Muriel Finch (Sailor), Audrey Sorrell (Soldier).
Jack in the Box: Margaret Potter.

Front row: Selina Wood (Betty), June Huntley (Bobby).

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

MY LETTER FROM
WALTER DE LA MARE

While reading a poem, "The Listeners," in class, we discussed a part of it, but could not come to any decision with regard to its true meaning. Thereupon our English teacher suggested that we should write to Mr. Walter de la Mare, the author, asking him to enlighten us as to the true meaning of the poem, and in due course I received the following reply:—

"Hill House,
"Taplow,
"Buckinghamshire.
"March 31, 1933.

"Dear Miss Pickup,

"Mr. de la Mare has asked me to thank you for your very kind letter. He has

often been asked to explain 'The Listeners,' but in general he feels that if he himself suggests a meaning this may destroy any meaning the poem may have for any particular reader of it. He recently came across this in one of Lewis Carroll's letters in reply to a similar question about 'The Hunting of the Snark':—"I am very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense. But since words mean more than we mean to express when we use them . . . whatever good meanings are in the book, I am very glad to accept as the meaning of the book.'

"Yours truly,
"(Signed) Olive C. Jones,
"Secretary."

Bonnie Pickup, 1D.

A PEEP INSIDE A FILM STUDIO

Such excitement I experienced when I received the news that I was to make my first "Ada-Talk." I felt like standing on my head and waving my heels in the air. But this feeling wore off as I became used to the idea and I began to think more collectedly.

What would it be like? I wondered. Would I have to speak loudly or softly? Would I come out well in the picture? Such were the questions that ran through my mind as I walked down the steps of the Cinesound Studio.

But such a surprise I received when I finally arrived inside. The place was unbearably hot, owing to an extensive iron roof, the floors were very dusty and odds and ends of scenery were littered everywhere. My surprise did not end there, however, for almost immediately my roving eyes fell on what seemed to be a huge padded room, right in the centre of the building. This I imagined was the "Set."

I was not allowed to speculate long before I found myself bustled about twenty feet up an iron ladder, which led to the dressing room. "Dear me, where are we now?" I wondered as I followed the guide through a maze of short passages and finally arrived in a small mirror-lined room where I was to be made up. Such strange make up, too! First water was patted on my face and neck—very cooling after my hot experience below. Then some very thick orange-coloured grease was put on, making me as hot as I had been cool, and finally water was again applied. That ended my make up, and I was again led through the maze of passages to my dressing room.

I was soon ready, and I made my way down that perilous iron ladder to the ground floor. Then I found time to examine the set. It was large and thickly padded with sand bags to keep out all sound. Inside it was unbearably hot and looked very much like the back of a screen of an ordinary theatre.

When I arrived at the door I was greeted by strange sights and sounds, by a terrible clamour of men's voices and rattling apparatus being moved here and there, dazzling lights switched on and off to test their power, and there, in the midst of it all, was the producer shouting

to everyone within hearing, rushing here and there to help men fix everything up. At last all was ready and I settled myself to watch some other people being taken.

I was rather surprised to find how monotonous everything was after things had settled down. Every few words had to be rehearsed at least a dozen times. I soon grew tired of this, and suddenly my eyes alighted on a chest of doll's furniture. On inquiring about it, I was very amused to find that the beautiful furniture and thick plush curtains which we often admire on the screen are really only these miniature affairs that will fit in a doll's house.

A little later my turn to act came. I went over the part time after time, until I felt as though I should forget what to do, having rehearsed it so many times. Then the lights shone around me in dazzling brilliance. There I stood for about a quarter of an hour, while the camera men found the proper tilt of my head, and while men with lights fixed them into the best position.

"Patience, indeed, is a virtue," I thought as I stood there waiting. At last I felt a little thrill of excitement as the producer stood in the middle of the set and shouted "Camera," clapped two pieces of wood which he held in his hands and then dashed off the set as quickly as possible. I then did my part, and strangely enough I felt quite composed and not a scrap nervous. The minute I finished my lines the producer ran into the set, clapped the two pieces of wood and cried "Cut" at the top of his voice. At last I was finished and I ran to get dressed, thinking of what an unusual experience I had had, in my peep inside a film studio.

Dorothy Woodrow, 2A.

A PEN PICTURE

How many of you have awakened one morning and looked out of your window to see a great white world? You regard it, not with curiosity, but with wonder. Before you is a world of immaculate purity. The earth is covered with a soft white mantle which resembles a great fluffy cloud wandering aimlessly across the sky, the trees are laden with snow, piled as high as each tiny twig will hold, and you, in your amazement, think it is a stately apple tree in blossom. There is no breeze to sway the branches, and our little feathered friends have betaken themselves to their nests.

It is a majestic picture in its whiteness, impassively sublime in its wonderful stillness.

And, perhaps, if you wait a little while longer at your window the sun will rise slowly above the wavering distances, and each tiny crystal will glow and flash like so many wee fairies dancing over the branches. This world is not white now. The sun glints on the snow-covered ground and you imagine yourself in a palace of gems, wishing to grasp the diamonds and rubies—and yet you are held spellbound by the splendour.

And when you turn away from your window the branches sway and crystal drops of water fall to the earth, and you have to hurry out of bed to inhabit your fairyland, which is fast disappearing.

Marguerite Herron, 4A.

FAIRY TRAVELS

One day I found a fairy diary. It belonged to Flannel Flower, a tiny fairy clothed in white velvet. I shall tell you what I saw there.

Flannel Flower was invited on Monday to spend the day with her friend, the Snow Fairy, at Mount Kosciusko. As her chariot, drawn by white and green butterflies, stopped near the Hotel Kosciusko, her friend came to meet her. They had luncheon in a secluded cave and then fluttered round the countryside, watching the visitors of the hotel.

As they saw the people ski-ing down the slopes, Flannel Flower praised the Snow Fairy for her wonderful work, for the snowy hills looked beautiful, dotted with gaily clothed mortals, while little waterfalls and rivulets of melted snow tinkled musically over the rocks, the falling snow settled softly on the trees like white powder-puffs, and the breeze rocked the bowed trees gently, scattering the snow like soft white powder.

The Snow Fairy told Flannel Flower all about the people and the things that happened. She had noticed one group, a party of Fort Street girls. These lasses energetically travelled over the countryside for miles, seeking the joys of ski-ing. They tobogganed, fell over, slid into pools of water and once they had an enormous collision.

They danced at night, and were gay and happy all the time. At their fancy dress ball there was "The White Sheik" and "Greased Lightning," his ass (coaxed along by a carrot), a "Doll in a Box," some "Old-fashioned Ladies," a "Dutch Girl," a "Cave Woman," "Gypsies," and "Pirates" and many charming and original characters.

Flannel Flower's visit happened to be the last day of the girls' holiday, and all were very sad. They packed before breakfast, and later went for their last frolic in the snow. After luncheon they were all busy with autograph books, as the two fairies peeped in through the window. Then they scrambled into the buses and were off, singing, "We don't want to go home," to the tune of "I don't want to go to bed."

Whilst they wended their way down the snowy mountain-side, Flannel Flower said good-bye to her friend and set off for home. A few hours later she saw the party arriving at Cooma. After tea they boarded their train and sadly gave a last glance at the very distant Kosciusko. Flannel Flower thought as she flew on of the sad and sleepy people that would arrive at

Central Station at 4.50 a.m. on Tuesday, 12th September, 1933. (Would any go to School that day?)

On Tuesday Flannel Flower went to help her friend Wattle on the distant Western Plains. Wattle intended to cover the wattle trees near "Billabong," a cattle station, where the owners were very considerate. They were careful of the trees and flowers, and Wattle had decided to clothe her children longer than usual this year, for these people loved this pretty flower.

As the fairies hung the fluffy balls of gold on the trees, they saw the squatter's men mustering in a paddock near the river. The fat, lazy cattle strolled in and out the trees, only jog-trotting when a stockwhip cracked near them or when a fine horse raced by.

They saw the homestead nestling in a clump of majestic gum trees, surrounded by lawns and flowers. The trees in the orchard were bursting into colour and a handsome collie chased the gay little birds on the lawn.

And so the day went on till the sun slowly climbed down from his lofty perch and lowered himself down beyond the horizon and the station-hands trotted home, singing lustily in the twilight.

Flannel Flower jumped into her chariot, saying that it was well that fairies had the power of moving with great swiftness.

She remained at home the next day, and at nightfall set off for the Blue Mountains. This night the Native Rose Fairy was to wed the Elf of the Gum Trees. By the side of a grand waterfall unknown to mortals the wedding was to take place. Soon after Flannel Flower arrived the bride and bridegroom stood together beneath a magnificent tree fern in the bright moonlight and a willy wagtail performed the ceremony in his black and white suit.

Then they trooped along a mossy path, bordered by maiden hair fern, to a large cave where a feast was laid out. The tables were laden with honey-dew and every other fairy delicacy imaginable, and they sat down in the flickering light of glow worms; there they passed a happy time. At last they flew off home in the early hours of Thursday morning. The rest of this day Flannel Flower spent at home.

On Saturday she wandered up and down the seaside. In the morning the sun shone brightly on the gleaming, golden sands. The sun-kissed waves danced merrily, and swooping seagulls

glided gracefully over the breakers. Slowly, a gentle breeze sprang up, ruffling the surface of the pools in the rocks. Slowly soft, fluffy clouds floated across the blue sky, and after some time the wind grew stronger and the clouds darker and thicker. At last the sun was hidden from sight, and the waves raced madly to and fro, and the mermaids dived beneath to their peaceful caverns on the ocean's bed. Gradually the wind and waves worked themselves into a fury, and as the clouds lowered, the roar of the angry

breakers resounded as they dashed themselves into feathery spray on the rocks, and as the dull light of the afternoon deepened into the darkness of night, the waves and wind roared their fury beneath a stormy sky.

The next night, Sunday night, all the fairies and elves went to Jenolan Caves and held a church service in the famous Cathedral Cave.

I do not remember any more and I have returned the diary to dainty little Flannel Flower.

Gwen Barton, 3B.

MR. JOHN BRANCH

Early in the morning of Tuesday, 10th October, the death occurred of Mr. John E. Branch, who had been Superintendent of Art since April, 1903, after 30 years' continuous service to the State in the Education Department.

During that time he introduced many interesting branches of Art hitherto unknown to both teachers and pupils. He came into personal contact with hundreds of teachers and thousands of children, never wearying of guiding and encouraging them in their work. He was recognised as a true gentleman, an indefatigable worker, and his passing will be regretted by many.

During his busy career he found time to write and publish several books on Art and Architecture for the guidance of teachers and senior pupils.

He held his Evening Classes in Art for the instruction of young teachers in Room 8 of our School, and many nights during the week he climbed the old hill to carry out this task after a busy day's work.

Six of his daughters have been pupils at Fort Street, at various times, four of whom became teachers, one of them being champion swimmer of the school in her day.

So we indeed feel we have lost a personal friend, and we extend our sympathy to Mrs. Branch and the girls.

We regret that Mr. Branch did not live to complete his work and enjoy a well-earned rest on retirement.

In memory of Mr. Branch, girls in the Art Classes are decorating with poker work a wooden screen to be used in the Fifth Year Room.

B. E. Tearle.

THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR

In the fifteenth century a beautiful, though small, chapel was built in Edinburgh by a member of the St. Clair family, who gave it the name of Roslyn Chapel. It is built in florid Gothic style, and has thirteen different kinds of arches.

In the interior, which is exquisitely decorated, there are two pillars more beautiful than the rest, and to these two pillars an interesting legend is attached. It is said that the master architect obtained the design of a beautiful pillar, the original of which was at Rome. When he was building the chapel he decided to copy this pillar, but considered the work too delicate to carve with only a picture to guide him, so he made a journey to Rome to study the pillar.

During the master's absence the youngest of his apprentices saw the design and tried to carve it on the pillar in the chapel. He succeeded beyond his highest expectations, and had nearly finished the work when the master unexpectedly came home.

Finding his apprentice successful in the work which he had been afraid to attempt, he was so overcome with rage and jealousy that he struck the lad dead on the spot.

The master afterwards carved another pillar, which is called "The Master's Pillar," while the first is known as the "'Prentice Pillar."

"Marguerite," 3A.

NOCTURNE

Dust and noise, noise and dust! I had spent a long, long day of hard work, doing the most prosaic things—travelling in trams filled with people who all looked pinched and tired—hearing the screeching, discordant blasts of factory whistles, and seeing nothing but leafless trees and withered flowers.

Where was hope? What was the end of all this mad stampeding, each one trampling on the other in the breathless scramble for existence? Where was poetry in the age of machinery?

Thus wearied, and with a mind as heavy as lead, I had undressed, and was sitting on the edge of my bed. Suddenly, through the window came a moonbeam, a belated traveller, the little sprite that kissed away Pandora's care. I opened the window and looked up at that "ghostly galleon," surrounded by black clouds outlined with gold. The air was cold against my cheeks and made my ears tingle.

The beauty of the night made me ache. From such feelings, I believe, spring poetry, art, music, but in my wretched weakness I could only humbly remember Keats—

"My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains my sense,
As though of hemlock I had drunk."

Then there came softly, carried on that moonbeam, Chopin's celebrated "Nocturne," played on a violin, the only instrument equal to its beauty. Delicate as a silkworm's silk, beautiful as dew on a cobweb, it seemed unreal, with a mysterious charm—elfin music!

This was the answer to my pessimism. Here was poetry! Here was beauty! Not in the screech of whistles, or the glare of electric light, but in Chopin's music, and in the night, wrapped "in a mantle grey, star-inwrought."

"E.S.," 5A.

OUR ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

The 23rd Annual Athletic Carnival was held at the Sydney Sports Ground on August 18th. The weather for the greater part of the day was fine, and the oval provided an excellent setting for a scene of youthful grace and enthusiasm that would have delighted the hearts of the ancient Greeks.

Forty-one events — championships, novelty races and team competitions—were included in the programme, which provided a very full day and gave opportunity for keen competition. There were great hopes that races would be keenly contested and that records would be broken, since Fort Street is very proud of its reputation in athletics.

Keen class rivalry was shown as the different representatives vied with one another. Points were awarded the classes for first, second and third places in the events, and in the final result 1A girls were the premiers for 1933, thus gaining the coveted rose bowl.

The outstanding athletes of the day were Ruth Harris and Marjorie Hickton. Ruth won the School Championship for the third time, and also annexed the Seventeen Years Championship and the Skipping Race. Running in her easy fashion she helped 5C to win the Senior Relay Race. Her ability as a runner is equalled only by the amount of school spirit which she always shows. Our heartiest congratulations, Ruth!

Marjorie Hickton won the Junior and Thirteen Years Championships in

addition to helping 1A to win the Junior Relay Race.

Nor must it be forgotten that many eager Fortians contested each race, and those who did not win showed fine sporting spirit. It must also be remembered that it was their numerous entries which justified hopes of a really good carnival.

The organisation of the carnival was extremely efficient, and had it not been for a shower of rain in the afternoon a long programme would have been carried through without any delay. Our thanks for this are due to Miss Cohen, Mrs. Griffin, and the members of the staff.

We were particularly pleased to see our old friend Mr. Hellings, and to know that his health was improving.

We also wish to thank Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Gilholme (Fort Street), who kindly acted as judges.

On the whole a very pleasant day was spent. Some of the races were fought out to the end, and there were some good finishes. Our "Atalantas" showed themselves to be skilled in all branches of the sport, and proved that girls can become proficient athletes.

The following are the results:—

Championships.

100 Yards Senior:—R. Harris, 1; D. Hancock, 2; P. Dircks, 3. Time, 11½ secs.



SCHOOL CHAMPIONS, 1933.

R. HARRIS
(Senior).

M. HICKTON
(Junior).

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

17 Years (75 Yards):—R. Harris, 1; G. Gillies, 2; N. Mackenna, 3. Time, 9 secs.

16 Years (75 Yards):—D. Hancock, 1; P. Dircks, 2; M. Stanger, 3. Time, 9 secs.

15 Years (75 Yards):—M. Baldock, 1; R. Davies, 2; I. Collins, 3. Time, 9 secs.

Junior (75 Yards):—M. Hickton, 1; V. Hands, 2; J. Elphinston, 3. Time, 9½ secs.

14 Years (75 Yards):—J. Elphinston, 1; B. Watson, 2; H. Odman, 3. Time, 10½ secs.

13 Years (50 Yards):—M. Hickton, 1; V. Hands, 2; D. Dean, 3. Time, 7 secs.

12 Years (50 Yards):—J. Krust, 1; M. Williamson, 2; J. Barlow, 3. Time, 7¼ secs.

Senior Relay Race (400 Yards):—5C (R. Harris, M. Stanger, P. McGauran, B. White), 1; 4C, 2; 5A, 3.

Junior Relay Race (300 Yards):—1A (M. Hickton, J. Krust, N. Pope, R. Tierney), 1; 2A, 2; 2B, 3.

Senior Orange Race:—M. Stanger.

Junior Orange Race:—D. Davies.

Senior Skipping Race:—R. Harris.

Junior Skipping Race:—J. Elphinston.

Senior Sack Race:—G. Gillies.

Junior Sack Race:—B. Orr.

Obstacle Race:—R. Davies, 1; R. Harris, 2.

Tunnel Ball:—5A, 1; 1E, 2.

Overhead Ball:—5A, 1; 3B, 2.

Under and Over Ball:—5A, 1; 3B, 2.

Dolly Hancock, 4A.

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
VIOLET BROWN
who departed this life
MAY 6th, 1933.
Aged 14 years.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Sydney Teachers' College,
University,
Sydney.
13/10/'33.

Dear Fortians,

Our year is drawing to a close, and the Library is crowded with the feckless students who are wondering if they should commence to do some "swothing." For, though not one day of our terms has been wasted, we have had many activities other than study to employ us.

First there was the College Ball—a very stately, formal affair, with all the students looking very charming in their evening dresses. The ball was held on a Monday night in July, and there were many sleepy-heads at the nine o'clock lecture on the following day.

Then we had a joyous three days of sport, when Armidale College sent sixty keen athletes and representative teams to take home again the Harbison Trophy. But they had to leave it in Sydney this time. We won the hockey, tennis, basket ball, athletics, and drew with the brawny football team. Still every match was closely contested, and the weather was glorious, so everybody had a good time. We sang our College songs on the slightest provocation, and the usually quiet precincts of the University re-echoed to many blood-curdling war-cries.

Our team won the debate, too, by the narrowest of margins—and that after the night of the Inter-Collegiate Ball!

This event was universally acclaimed as the greatest social success of the year. The footballers forgot their iodine-painted bruises, the hockey players their sore shins, and the athletes their stiffness. And girls who, during the day had been the personification of outdoor sport, in their abbreviated

black and blue gym. tunics, now looked demure, or sophisticated, in their trailing gowns. Twelve o'clock came all too soon, and, like Cinderella, we all had to depart homewards, but not quite so hurriedly (unless our last train left Central at 12.15).

At present we are all engaged in rehearsing items for Students' Fort-night at the end of the year. The Choir, which recently gave a very successful concert, is learning several new numbers, including interesting Hungarian folk songs, ancient Church music, and negro spirituals. The Dramatic Club is presenting a second series of five modern one-act plays. In the same week the finals will be held of the One-Act Play Competition, in which our Section hopes to compete—and shine! We are also putting on "Trial by Jury." The unfortunate lecturers are only too well acquainted with this fact, for the whole College is ringing with the catchy choruses and tuneful ditties. Other Gilbert and Sullivan numbers will also be presented, and would-be playwrights will show their skill in a series of sketches.

During this time various exhibitions will be held. Then we shall discover all our artists, and see the marvels of industry and neatness produced by the handwork section. The Educational Museum will display various aids to teaching, made by the students themselves.

But before this time, come three weeks of practice teaching, and already the urchins of the neighbourhood are saying "Stewed ants!" and smiling in blissful anticipation. Oh, well, we all have our trials!

By the time this reaches print the Third and Fifth Years will be past the ordeals of examinations. I hope the examiners will be saying, "Another

seven A's from Fort Street! This is getting monotonous." "Four first-class honours! Of course, she is a Fort Street girl. Let's give her a bursary, an

exhibition, or a scholarship, to show our appreciation!" We all sincerely wish our old School great success.

Adele Bieri.

TAREE, 1933

Week after week passed as the girls practised for the annual Taree sports, hoping to win again the coveted Peel Shield, and so keep it within our portals for all time.

At last the day of our departure arrived, and as the girls met at Central Station with rugs, bags, numerous mascots and ribbons, many were the curious glances cast at us. None glanced more keenly than Mrs. Griffin, who regarded the neatly wrapped parcels carried by some of the girls with an air of suspicion. Incidentally these parcels contained chocolates, which were a forbidden luxury to "the runners."

At last the whistle blew and the train moved off. Much laughter and merriment prevailed in the two carriages during the journey, which was uneventful until we arrived at Newcastle, where the Newcastle team boarded the train. At Maitland we were joined by the Maitland girls, and the train proceeded on its journey.

When we arrived at Taree we were all very tired, and as there were no official arrangements for that night most of the team retired early.

The next day (Friday) the sports were held and the following results were gained by Fort Street:—

100 Yards Championship: 2nd.
75 Yards Championship: 2nd.
75 Yards Skipping: 3rd.
Relay: 2nd.
Tunnel Ball: 1st.
Overhead Ball: 2nd.
Under and Over Ball: 2nd.

That night, at a social in the school assembly hall, the shield was presented to Taree's team by the donor, Mr. Peel, who congratulated victors and losers on the fine sporting spirit that had characterised the meeting.

Waving good-bye to our Taree friends, we set off for Sydney early on Saturday morning.

The return journey was even merrier than that to Taree, although the joy of victory had not been ours.

The success of the team is due to Mrs. Griffin's untiring efforts in coaching and encouraging it.

I wish future Peel Shield teams the very best of luck in upholding the School's fine prestige.

Remember—"It is better to have fought and lost and to have shown good sportsmanship than not to have fought at all."

Ruth Harris, 5C.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS SPORTS

Although August 25th was dreary and the sky full of clouds, nevertheless our spirits were not dampened as we hurried to the Cricket Ground to secure an advantageous position from which we could encourage our competitors. The Cricket Ground was a blaze of colour, with ribbons of diverse hues resembling a rainbow.

The honour of Fort Street was upheld during the morning, for had not our sturdy champion, Ruth Harris, been victorious in her heats of the 100 Yards 17 Years Championship and the Senior Skipping? Many minor places had been filled by our girls, and, although they were eliminated in the finals, they came off the field wearing a smile on their faces.

After lunch came the all important race of the day—the 100 Yards Championship of High Schools. Imagine

our joy when our fleet-footed Senior, Ruth Harris, was the first to reach the tape. This is the third time that Ruth has been Champion of High Schools, and it is a feat which no other girl has ever accomplished. Congratulations, Ruth!

Peggy Direks won the 16 Years Championship in grand style, and Marjorie Hickton gained 3rd place in the 13 Years. The Tunnel Ball, the Under and Over, and the Overhead Ball teams were successful, each securing 3rd place. These teams well deserved their victories, for they had done tireless training in the last few months.

The honours of the day were carried off by Taree, and we offer our congratulations to them. Hornsby gained 2nd place, while Fort Street was 3rd.

Much of the success we owe to Mrs. Griffin, who gave up her time to

training the girls, and we are grateful to all competitors, whether victors or vanquished, for striving to bring honour to "the best School of all."

Results:—

Championship of High Schools: Ruth Harris, 1st.

Championship, 17 Years and Over: Ruth Harris, 1st.

Senior Skipping Race: Ruth Harris, 2nd.

16 Years Championship: Peggy Direks, 1st.

13 Years Championship: Marjorie Hickton, 3rd.

Tunnel Ball: Fort Street, 3rd.

Overhead Ball: Fort Street, 3rd.

Under and Over Ball: Fort Street, 3rd.

Joyce Irons, 4A.

A HOLIDAY AT MT. KOSCIUSKO

On the evening of September 5th many Fortians could be seen making their way to Sydney Railway Station, for the long-awaited time when Miss Dunlop and a party of twenty-three girls were to leave for a holiday at Mt. Kosciusko had at last arrived. We were delighted to find ourselves on the way to a happy and exciting week among the snows "on the roof of Australia."

Arriving at Cooma the next morning, we embarked in charabancs and set out for the Hotel Kosciusko, about 50 miles away. Imagine our excitement when we caught our first glimpse of snow-covered mountains in the distance! And we were even more excited when we arrived at the hotel. Many of us had never tried to ski before, and so we were shown how to fit on and manipulate our skis, and then we went out to put what we had learned into practice. But it was easier said than done, and how the novices envied those who could, with the utmost grace and ease, speed down the snow-clad slopes of "The Kerry," whilst they struggled awkwardly with their skis, and, sliding downhill in a vain effort to keep their balance, found themselves lying in the snow. However, our skiing improved every day, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely, especially since it began to snow soon after our arrival, and there

were some quite good falls before we returned home.

A fancy dress ball was held one evening, and prizes were generously given for many beautiful costumes, and also for ones showing great originality. Among the latter were "An Arabian Knight and his Faithful Charger," "White Sheik and Greased Lightning"—who caused great amusement.

On the last day Fort Street party's ski-ing sports were held, and the following were prize-winners:—

Senior Race: M. Gately, 1; R. Harris, 2.

Junior Race: G. Maddocks, 1; H. Johnson, 2.

Consolation Race: L. Snape, 1; G. Gillies, 2.

Cross Country Race: M. Gately, 1; L. Snape, 2.

A special prize given to the one who had made most improvement in ski-ing was won by G. Maddocks.

When the time to depart came, we said our final good-byes regretfully, for our holiday had been most enjoyable, a fact greatly due to Miss Dunlop's happy leadership, and we were all sorry to leave our fairyland of glistening white for the work-a-day world of Sydney.

Peggy Direks, 5C.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD GIRLS' UNION

Dear Fortians,

The Old Girls have been having a very happy time at their various reunions since last you heard from them; and, keeping the needs of the School in view, have been steadily adding to your funds.

Perhaps you would like a somewhat detailed account of our doings, just to show you to what you may look forward when you, too, are Old Girls—very soon now for some of you.

In April a most enjoyable day was spent hiking from Kuringai to Berowra. Unfortunately an early shower made

some of the wary decide to abandon the outing, but those braves who dared the elements were rewarded by perfect weather. You should have heard the School yarns that were told round the fire while the billy boiled and the chops sizzled on the ends of sticks!

The following month saw us, in conjunction with the Old Boys, meeting for an informal dance in the Boys' Assembly Hall. The Dramatic Society entertained us for half an hour with an exceedingly clever and well-played little sketch, which we all enjoyed; after which we tripped it "on the light fantastic toe."

June was a most important month, for then the Old Girls and Boys held the Annual Ball at Hordern Bros. We had a delightful time socially, and incidentally made quite a lot of money for the School, which, I believe, is to be used in helping to defray the cost of panelling in maple the School Entrance Hall. What an improvement that will be! Those hat-pegs and greeny-blue walls have been eyesores for such a long, long time.

On Tuesday, July 25th, "There was a sound of revelry by night"—the old School rang with peals of merry laughter, for Old Girls, clad in uniforms, had gone back to School; and you should have seen how they behaved themselves! Or, perhaps I should say, "Misbehaved." They actually ate in School, juicy, red apples-on-sticks which had been given as prizes to the successful teams in Year Tunnel Ball competitions. Many of them, whilst sitting on the Assembly Hall floor in groups, ate their supper, and all, I think, were guilty of talking with their mouths full. Perhaps, on such an occasion they may be forgiven. I heard, too, that Miss Cowie, our indefatigable President, cooked a most appetising dinner for Miss Cohen, Miss West and herself whilst they were awaiting our arrival.

The Horseshoe Café was chosen for a card party in August, in aid of the Rachel Forster Hospital. This function was followed in September by the Dramatic Society's production of "Mrs. Moonlight" at the Savoy Theatre. Perhaps some of you were fortunate enough to help make up the appreciative audiences which lauded our clever girls and boys. I hope that those of you who are dramatically inclined will join this Society when you leave School.

Our most recent function was the Dinner held this month at the Women's Club. The dining hall and lounge room were sweet with the perfume of red

roses, many of which you kindly donated, and the Union thanks you for your help and interest. There were 90 Old Girls present, young Old Girls, like Beryl Lamble, who was your Captain last year, and much older Old Girls; in fact, one dear old lady who came along but did not stay for dinner, confided to us that she was eighty years of age. What a School, and what traditions to uphold! How we must revere the School spirit which could keep green an interest through so many years as that! Miss Cohen, whilst making her dinner speech, said that other schools might think with pride of their wonderful buildings, "but they haven't got 1815 over the door."

So you see, girls, what a live body the Old Girls' Union really is. We are sure you are all looking forward to the time when you will be members. You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that one of our financial members lives in North Queensland, and two as far away as California. One of the latter wrote me only last week, asking if the large fig tree round which she and her classmates used to dance and sing is still standing. She had heard of great alterations, and she feared for the safety of the dear old tree.

In conclusion, on behalf of the Union, I wish to congratulate Helen Pontey and her bodyguard of Prefects on the great honour which has just been conferred on them; to wish to all girls, especially the Fifth and Third Years, who are about to sit for examinations, good luck and splendid results, and to say how we Old Girls are looking forward to welcoming into the Union all those who are soon to leave School and yet mean never to lose touch.

Again wishing you every success.

Yours sincerely,

Maisie Golding,

Joint Hon. Secretary.

21/10/'33.

CANOEING

Over the waters I love to go,
Paddling slowly to and fro,
Over the waters of clearest hue,
'Neath a sky of brightest blue.

And oft when the wind begins to blow,
No longer do I need to row—
As down the river I quietly glide,
Waters rippling by my side.

Sometimes a bird goes floating by,
Winging slowly 'cross the sky,
And oft it utters a joyful cry,
While on the river we're floating by,
Alone, my little canoe and I.

"Green Eyes," Class 5C.

CONTENTMENT

'Tis my delight to spend the livelong day,
 When finished work has given place to play,
 Among the garden's sweet and fragrant flowers,
 And there to pass the happy, sunny hours,
 And watch the nodding poppies slow unfold
 Their petals coral pink and white and gold;
 And throwing back their hoods of downy green,
 They show the loveliest jewel in between,
 A jade green gem within a circlet set
 Of richest gold—a tiny amulet.
 And in the drowsy murmur of the bees
 That seek such golden treasures as are these,
 And in the meditation of a rose
 Does nature give her softest, sweet repose.

“(Enone,” 5B.

THE STREAM

I only heard your little quiet laughter
 By the grey stone,
 And there, on the dark hill, hush'd with its strangeness,
 I stood alone.

The flowers there were half afraid to listen,
 And wonder-drowned,
 The winds stopped dead, and little curious breezes
 Whispered around.

I did not see the smile of your dark water
 Among the fern,
 And my sad heart was soothed with the sweet magic
 That children learn.

All the grey air was solemn with the odour
 Of the dank sods,
 And so I thought perhaps old Puck was laughing
 With the hill-gods.

Joan Fraser, 4A.

EXPLORING

The light is burning brightly in the parlour where we play,
 The fire is dancing gaily in a warm and pleasant way;
 There's a cosy coloured carpet and a hassock on the rug,
 And a big, big chair to curl in that is very, very snug.

But peep into the passage, where the shadows, cold and grim,
 Are hiding in the corners, while the light is burning dim.
 I will be a brave explorer, and the gloomy pathway tread
 To where the clock's slow pendulum is swinging overhead.

How solemnly it ticks at me in a low and warning tone,
 “Beware, beware the mountain stair! And don't go up alone.”
 But who's afraid! Not I, indeed! I'll scale each frowning crag,
 And on the second landing-place will plant my gallant flag.

'Tis done. The darkness was extreme. The chilly winds did blow.
 I saw the yawning passage-gulf a dizzy depth below;
 I left the flag upon the height, that other men may learn
 How far an Englishman will go in spite of dangers stern.

And now I take the homeward way; descend the mountain-side,
 To where, within the valley deep, the lurking shadows hide.
 The clock is passed. Its solemn voice grows fainter in the gloom,
 And now I see the parlour door with happy thoughts of home.

Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm back again! How nice it is to see
 The warm fire leap in laughing flames as though to welcome me;
 And now within this comfy chair I'm warm and snugly rolled,
 To dream about the journey through the shadows and the cold.

B. Kent, 4A.

TO THE LARK

Rise up, rise up, O herald of the day,
Rise up, rise up and sing thy sacred lay;
Thy wing is fleet, thy dwelling everywhere,
Rise up and fill with gladness all the air.

Sing on, sing on, O warbler of the morn,
With pinions stretched on high at break of dawn,
Sing on, sing on and let who will be glad,
And cheer the hearts of many who are sad.

Annie Belfield, 1A.

STORM FANCIES

The wind is a witch on a dashing black steed,
Moaning's her song, and fury her creed!
Her scrawny black horse in the storm's never mild;
Showing the whites of his eyes, with his mane tossing wild,
He's plunging and snorting, impatient to go,
To scream and to fight with the wild waves below;
While his rider is yelling her terrible cries,
Snatching at branches, at all that she spies.
Her long, bony fingers that grasp at the skies,
Seem terrible shadows to all mortal eyes.
From the hoofs of her steed the sparks are sent flying,
Lighting the heavens one second—then dying.
Together they're chasing the dark clouds ahead,
Awakening the moon from her terrified bed.
Mortals don't know that, on the storm's wings,
In the black night she rides, and madly she sings;
Screeching and screaming she rides o'er the sky,
Fighting, destroying she flies, howling by.

"Katere," 1A.

AUSTRALIANS!

We read of things Australian and are told to patronise
The products of the country, but there's one we'll never prize;
Tho' I guess a man will never find, no matter how he tries,
A thing that's more Australian than Australia's myriad flies.

They've no respect for persons, be they clerics grave of mien,
Or doctors smiling blandly, or the lawyers sharp and keen;
From the supercilious dandy (they'll be friends with whom they will)
To the poor old "down-and-outer" who goes limping down Church Hill.

From the unwashed to the cleanly, you will find it quite the rule,
E'en the Ministerial party finds them following to the school.
And we've never found the fellow, no matter how he tries,
Who has managed yet to snub them, those most persistent flies!

L. Bembrick, 5C.

THE ELFIN MEN

"Whither away, good elfin men, with slow and stately tread?
The lamp-flowers of the chestnut trees burn palely overhead,
The lilac in the charmed dusk sways when the breezes pass
To stir to gentle melody the quiet, sleeping grass."

"Since dark of day, dear child, we've roamed, and travelled far and fleet;
In homage we bring golden gifts to lay at summer's feet."
"Undo your corded bales, good men, your journey's end's in sight,
And spread your magic treasure store beneath the round moon's light."

"We'll hang our gold on gorse and broom, for summer's fair renown,
And from the tall laburnum trees gold showers will fall adown;
Gold cups we'll leave in meadow-land, gold pansies by the lawn,
And then, 'good speed,' for we must haste to elfin-land at dawn."

B. Kent, 4A.

THOUGHTS ON SPACE

Beyond the void, so infinite—
 A galaxy of stars—
 A whirling mass of nebulae
 Befecked with ebon bars.

Beyond the waste of ether—
 A numbing, freezing cold—
 A feeling of God's majesty
 That earth could never hold.

A mass of flaming gases,
 A universe to form—
 The myriad, myriad, myriad miles
 Of silence dread or storm.

And though our unimportant globe,
 These wonders great surround,
 The One who made this endless space
 Has love for us profound.

"Eddie," 3D.

WATER LILIES

In the breathless hush of night,
 Float the lilies, pink and white,
 Floating onward, ever on.
 Water lilies, fairy flowers,
 Nod all thro' the sunny hours,
 Nodding onward, ever on.

In the sultriest of days,
 Under King Sol's hottest rays,
 Drifting onward, ever on,
 When the stars begin to peep,
 Still the water lilies creep,
 Creeping onward, ever on.

In each flower a fairy dwells,
 In the heart of fairy bells,
 Ringing onward, ever on.
 Drifting onward, down the stream,
 Lingering on as in a dream,
 Drifting onward, ever on.

Jean Curtis, 3B.

THE OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

During the year the Literary Circle has held thirteen meetings, between March and October, at The Women's Club.

The work of the Circle has been divided into three parts:—(1) A study of Czech short stories and modern Czech poetry; (2) American writers—Mary Borden, Cabel, Willa Cather, Dreiser; and (3) Modern Spanish prose, as illustrated by the works of Perez de Ayala and Guzman.

Very interesting and entertaining papers have been read, and considerable discussion has usually followed the reading of each. A play reading was given of Shirland Quin's "Dragon's Teeth."

We regret that the meetings held during the latter part of the year have

not been very well attended. This is due to many unavoidable reasons, and the departure from the city of several members.

Since the Circle had a favourable balance to its credit from last year, a prize of one guinea was voted for the L.C. candidate gaining the highest pass in English at the 1932 examination. This was won by Mona Ravenscroft.

During the year there have been five resignations from membership and eight new members enrolled, leaving a total membership of 32. New members to the Circle will be heartily welcomed.

We desire to thank our President, Miss Turner, for her unfailing interest in the work of the Circle.

Eva Duhig, Hon. Secretary.

VICTORY!

Miserable creatures, men, scuttling to their holes: she laughed dispiritedly as she watched the hurrying crowds in the greying light. From her high position they looked like so many ants rushing, God knows where.

They hadn't liked her work lately. Too cynical and bitter, they said. Well, life was bitter—hers was.

She coughed gaspingly. A singing in her ears, which became a roar, seemed to whirl her round, her head throbbled heavily, and she sank down on to her bed. Death swept gloatingly near in his swift chariot. She lay with dread in her heart, dread of the great beyond. Now that it was so near, it was no longer a Great Adventure, but an awesome pilgrimage. She struggled madly to throw off the snake-like thongs that gripped her throat, madly and—despairingly, for she seemed to feel the life-blood being crushed from her. She wanted to fling out her arms and clutch back the speeding minutes that were fleeing before Death's icy breath. How often in other days she would have welcomed Death, pale in the white robes of a maiden. But now it was a thing of blackness, and bones, and rags.

Darkness was closing in on her, and her mazed senses led her up and up a vast stairway. She could not see its limits; whichever way she looked—only wide steps gleaming whitely. She climbed for hours, it seemed, until before her was a great hall roofed by the sky.

A sigh brushed past her. She could not understand the vague sadness that filled the place. She heard a low murmur of music, and uneasiness crept upon her, for a long line of figures clad in Sorrow's gloomy habit was slowly approaching her. A dirge rose from the lips of those who, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, were carrying a bier. The girl looked towards it, and there lay the still form of a youth with the chill calm of death on his brow. He looked so white and fair, so strong, so gentle. His straight limbs were firmly moulded; he might have been carved from alabaster. His forehead was nobly high, his full lips smiling sadly; his nostrils seemed to quiver ever so slightly, as if . . . as if . . . but no, life had gone from him.

Hope and Joy, unkempt and forgotten, walked by his side. They looked appealingly at the girl, but drew back when they met her fixed expression. Three sonorous notes tolled a death-knell—the music increased with the sad remembrance of tender passion, the fierce fight of emotions, the last grand

crash of conflicting forces—a song of joy, sorrow, defiance, hate! The tolling bells ceased, and softened echoes, half-heard, continued the song. All the stars cried out in anguish and wept. "Love, Love is dead!" Dead! The wind sighed and carried the cry around the circle of heaven.

A black-robed figure stopped before her and pointed to the far end of the hall. The girl followed her silent guide towards a window, heavily shrouded. Her guide swept aside the purple veil of wisdom and she looked upon the window of the world. It was a dazzling, terrifying spectacle, there where a myriad suns whirled away the years. They spun giddily, drunkenly. Even as she watched, one fiery ball lurched across the path of another. They came dangerously near; she could hear the roar of their sky-sweeping flames. A fire-breathed wind seared her cheek, and she screamed in terror, for it seemed that they would overwhelm her. They met, they crashed, and the thunder-crazed heavens were showered with flaming masses which plunged down, down into the cavernous jaws of space.

"The world is all awry," the spirit said; "the guiding hand is lost. Weep, O weep for Love! One sorrowing mortal heart would save him!"

"Love is dead," the girl said harshly. "Look!"—she pointed to the million cities that cling upon the earth—"There is no place for Love there."

The spirit nodded hopelessly—"Yet look!" and pointed to the snowy clouds, the Oread-haunted mountain peaks, the tree-lined lakes, the halcyon valleys, "who made those, but Love? Aye, Love no longer rules the world. Hate is creation's mistress."

And before their vision rose a temple, where a massive pedestal supported the great god Mammon, a fat, grinning figure. Upon his altar was a skull, a bone, a drop of blood—mute testimony of the futility of the lives of some. Before him, bowing low, a woman robed in blue, the blue of cruelty and despair. The watchers saw her face shining with a curious blue light. It was subtly attractive, yet repellent; there was something piteous there which had been crushed beneath cruder elements. Her voice was low and sensual. "It will not be long now, O Mammon," she crooned, "not long." She, too, looked upon the world and laughed. "Yours and mine, all of it." And she wept for the folly of man; false tears, which turned to pearls, but vanished ere they could be gathered.

O Sun, O Life, O Time! Weep! for the world will not. O Heavens, do you not feel? O Earth, do you not see? O wild voices of the sky, cry out in sadness!

The spirit turned to the girl almost fiercely. "You hold the balance in your hands. A sacredness shall go from the early dawn, and something shall be lacking in the evening quiet. Let not the soul of existence be torn from the world!"

She was silent, her face a white shadow in the dim starlight, but within, a cataclysm rent her soul. Her whole mind, her thoughts, all must change. She felt the keen night air strike her face and draw a film of tears across her eyes.

The spirit looked at her tenderly. "Love is not dead. He lives!"

A quiver rippled through the body of the youth, his breast heaved, and as he rose, he laughed, lightly. He seemed to be looking idly past them at the misty shadow that had been the temple of Hate. Then he turned, and smiling brilliantly upon the girl, kissed her softly.

A dark figure bent over the bed where a girl lay dead. The doctor spoke. "I could have saved her had I been called earlier. A pity."

A pity? O God, 'twas victory!

Joyce Rogers, 5B.

MOONLIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS

It was dusk. Phoebus had driven his chariot across the heavens, and was slowly disappearing behind the horizon to a bed of fleecy clouds. The birds were twittering their last songs for the day, and a gentle breeze set the leaves whispering their woodland secrets.

Slowly and gradually the dusk merged into night, and the goddess of night spread her dark velvet coat over all. One by one the friendly little stars peeped out, and were peering down at us with their bright, twinkling eyes.

The moon,

"Like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven,"

was sailing pensively across that sea of perfect azure. Yet, as she looked down at the earth, she appeared so cold, so distant and remote.

Nothing moved, even the wind respected the serenity of the night.

But, in the distance, the noisy waterfall could be heard tumbling over the smooth rocks in its noisy, ever-restless fashion.

And then a beautiful sight met our gaze. It was like the outspread wing

of a fairy—studded with diamonds—but in reality, it was the moonbeams dancing on the spray of the waterfall, as it seemed to linger on the edge of the cliff, as if unwilling to leave this world of beauty, and go down to the dark, eerie gullies below.

The dark tops of the stately pines were bathed in silver moonlight, and the dew on the ferns glittered like a thousand diamonds.

Oh, the peace, the beauty and the fascination of a moonlight night when all nature is slumbering!

But all this beauty seemed to its admirers so short—like an illusion—like a flash—like a sigh—and it was gone.

The moon was fading, and the world, a few minutes ago so charming, so heavenly, was changed into one of inky blackness.

We, poor mortals, witnesses of this heavenly sight, are left to regret, and to marvel at the wonderful sight of moonlight on the mountains.

Melva Pound, 3B.

SUNSET

In Australia I think we have three totally different sunsets, each equally beautiful in its own particular way.

Firstly there is the sunset on the plains; the fiery sun is nearing the horizon, tinting the waters of the Darling River with a thousand dancing colours, colours blending better than any picture ever painted, colours that no artist could paint, so beautiful are they. The shadows from the trees along the river lengthen, and take flickering shapes like elfin sprites dancing in a

shady glen. The sky, like the river, is tinted in shades of red, orange, yellow, and purple, and at last the sun can no longer be seen, only the beautiful sky telling the wondrous story of the sunset that has gone. Then the moon appears, and darkness falls as she majestically sails across the dark sky; the scene of two hours before has vanished, but its influence remains in our hearts forever.

Next we have sunset on the mountains; the dark ranges, bathed in the sun's last rays, are surrounding us,

and before us is a picture such as only the hand of God could paint. The trees, making a rough horizon, are shown in their full splendour. At last, only half the sun can be seen, and the sky is tinted even more beautifully than on the plains; here we have no river to reflect the colours, but that does not make it less beautiful. Now, if we look back we can see the stately moon beginning its journey across the darkened sky, and so our second sunset passes away.

Now last, but by no means less beautiful, we have the sunset over the ocean. As we sit on the golden sands and look over the jewelled sea, we can watch a wonderful sunset. The waters are bridged with a shining pathway, which seems to be inviting us to leave

all our troubles and cross into another world, while

"The broad sun is sinking down in its tranquillity,
And the gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea."

No sound disturbs our meditation save the gentle lapping of the waves on the shore. Bit by bit, the sun sinks down, until only the sky is reflected in the silvery waters, and the moon slowly rises to tell us that it is night, and the curtains of day have been drawn.

Always when I see the sun sinking down I think of it as being the final chorus of a beautiful play, and the curtain is being drawn across, as the audience, awed and inspired, return to their homes.

Peter Pan, 1A.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

I had spent a very pleasant afternoon at Colonel ——'s house, and had returned home, the unexpected possessor of a crystal with a quaint history. A gipsy had given it to his sister Anne, when she was travelling on the Continent, so the old Colonel informed me as he presented it to me. Of course, in his opinion, the thing was a fraud. One couldn't trust foreigners. He'd spent hours gazing into the thing by moonlight and had not seen so much as a brass button.

I took it home and determined to use it to amuse my friends. I thought a little practice beforehand would not be out of place, so I drew up the window blinds, allowing the silvery radiance of the moonlight to filter in through the curtains. It touched various objects in the room, causing them to throw black shadows on the floor. I placed the crystal on the table, opposite to the sideboard, and there I rehearsed for fully ten minutes, with my head cupped in my hands and with one eye on the mirror.

Then I decided to test my powers of concentration, and gazed steadily at the crystal. I was dimly aware that the moonlight was growing fainter as the moon passed behind some clouds scurrying across the zenith; but the crystal retained its clear, pale light, like a blue moonstone. Near the centre it grew dark and a faint mist, like a thin spiral of smoke rising at dusk from a hamlet, curled lazily within the clear globe. The mist grew dense and dark, and then began to disappear softly and slowly. Beautiful colours came, and gradually began to assume definite shapes. I found myself gaz-

ing upon a familiar scene, familiar, yet strangely different. Between slim, feathery poplar trees I could see a broad stretch of emerald-green lawn, closed in on one side by a bank of flowers in vivid and colourful profusion. Somehow the trees obscured my view—they had not been there before—there were no trees in the foreground then. But the lawn was the same, nothing spoiling the smoothness of its velvet pile. It was only used on rare occasions, even by the Nymphs themselves. I knew the trees in the background and the old brown pile rising above the foliage against the azure sky. They stirred a flood of memories in my subconscious mind.

Where were the Nymphs? Surely they would not be absent on such a glorious summer's afternoon!

And as if in answer to my question, the mist rose slowly and covered the whole scene with seething clouds of dense white vapour.

Once more the moon was filling the room with soft, pale light, but I kept my eyes fixed steadily on the crystal. And now the vapours were dissipating, and through the thinner parts I could see sloping terraces, stretching away from my feet; and nestling amid the trees was the Nymphs' fountain, and there were the Nymphs themselves, bathing in its cool waters, clear and green as jade. They sported in ecstasy on its clear surface, sending showers of diamonds into the air, so that it was filled with drops of living fire. They dived down into its limpid depths, where faint green light shone on their floating hair. Or they basked their

slender bodies on the grass, dreaming of Olympus. O, happy Nymphs!

I closed my eyes to keep the scene forever in my mind.

Who knows—perhaps the time is not

far distant when it will be a reality.

When I opened my eyes the crystal was clear again, and the room filled with moonlight.

Lesbia Wright, 5A.

THE MAJESTY OF LISZT

Hungary has had no king whose influence within and beyond the land of Magyar has equalled that of Franz Liszt. The dominion of Liszt was that of the master pianist and composer. His magic influence extended beyond the borders of his native land, and, even to-day, forty-seven years after his death, there is no figure in the history of the piano that equals in prestige that of Liszt.

Born in Raiding (near Odenburg) in 1811, his long life terminated at the shrine of his great son-in-law, Richard Wagner, at Bayreuth, in 1886. His father was a man of culture, who played the piano exceedingly well, and who gave his son his first lessons. In 1821 the little Franz was taken to Czerny, in Vienna, and began to play in public in his eleventh year. The

greater part of his life thereafter was spent, not in Hungary, but in Paris, Weimar and Rome. True, he did go to Budapest some eleven years before his death, to take the presidency of the magnificent "Hungarian Academy of Music," but, all in all, he was "a citizen of the world." The great school of Budapest is known as the "Franz Liszt College of Music."

Some of his great works are, "Symphonic Poems" and "Rhapsodie Espagnole."

When he played he and the piano became one, and he introduced a great number of Hungarian melodies into his music, which makes it all the more beautiful. In front of the "Franz Liszt College of Music" is a statue of this master, seated in a huge chair.

Phyllis Williams, 2A.

FLOWERS OF YOUTH

Childhood's way is strewn with flowers. I have no memory of my youth that is not associated with some fair product of Nature's sweet indulgence. The very sight of blue and distant mountains brings a deeper, truer sight to the inward eye of clematis growing luxuriantly in precipitous places, and I can almost smell the mountain musk and lavender that once I loved so well.

And in my own garden—what flowers grew there! In September there was a riot of daffodils and flag lilies and an overpowering scent of hyacinths and jonquils, while tiny white violets seemed to grow only for the pleasure of a childish heart, wee white violets like a baby's soul. Then, below my window, the purest, white lilac grew, lilac that burned the heart with the very coolness of its odour. I can still see its cone-like florescence in soft sunlight heavy with spring rain. I can still hear the pines that whispered sighingly above.

October used to come in the flaring glory of red roses, and white roses

flowered that their pale beauty might offset their sisters' brilliance. And in November the Madonna lilies bloomed!

What nights did summer bring! Evenings that at certain times were glorified by a huge mellow moon behind that dear church of stone, which was a rival to Gray's "ivy-mantled tower" in its pure simplicity and beauty.

Yes, youth and flowers, sweet companions, go hand in hand, and together they fade away—

"Like to the summer's rain
Or pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to return again."

Yet, there is no greater joy given us than a childhood lived in happy days filled with delight and wonder at the revelation—so clear to the young—of the great Creator in his manifold beauties. I never was so near to God as when, a child, I saw a snowdrop droop in its whiteness among its shafts of green foliage.

Caesar, 5C.

A HUMBLE MUSCOVY GETS EXALTED NOTIONS

No one would have to consult Cayley's "What Bird is That?" to identify the central figure in this little narrative.

A staid, sedate, solid, sober old Muscovy duck was she; in colour mostly black with splashes of white; the base

of her bill was adorned with heavy red wattle, which also encircled her eyes. She used to waddle round the barnyard thinking sensibly of her food, not worrying as to the slimness of her waist, or the height of her heels, and, as she waddled along, she would sway from side to side like the pendulum of a clock. Always did she have the same programme, the same food, and the same placid temper.

But one day her contentment was badly shaken. Above her, perched on the branches of a blue gum, were two young magpies, and, do you know, they were talking about her! It was horribly rude of them, but all the same they were. "Look at her," said one, "waddling round, doing nothing, thinking nothing, and getting lazier and fatter every day."

"Fancy living down there," said the other, "why I'd choke in that low atmosphere; oh I'm glad I'm not old mother duck. I'm free, free! and I'm glad." And with that last taunt the two mischief-makers flew away.

Of course, the sensible creature knew that although the magpies' feathers were the same colour as her own, they were young, foolish, and flighty, lacking even the most ordinary manners. Still the words rankled. She stopped grubbing after scraps and sat down thinking deeply.

As a result of this strenuous mental exertion she stood up, stretched her wide black wings with white flights, gave a push off with her feet, and lo and behold! she found herself flying. Flying! Had she had the magpies' melodious power of voice she also would have sung aloud at the joy of being in the air, but, as it was, she could only express her emotion by several loud "quack-quacks." She encircled the farmyard a few times and finally flew to a lofty box tree near the ploughed fields. She seemed to be guided to a natural nest that needed but the slightest shaping to serve her purpose. This nest was some seventy feet above the ground. Her plan was made, and she laid her first egg therein. She repeated the process during the course of the next three weeks till there were the fifteen eggs. From time to time

she used to return to the barnyard, but at length there came the days when she was seen there very rarely, for now her big job was on.

The barnyard inhabitants appeared quite lost without the slow solid figure of the sensible duck, for she had not honoured the place with a visit for several days, and they missed that "feast of wisdom and flow of soul" that characterised the old Muscovy.

But oh, she had been busy! In the box tree sitting happily on her eggs was the old duck. Soon there came the time when those fifteen smooth, white, oval eggs became fifteen darling, downy ducklings. With the advent of the little ones, however, came a new worry for the mother. How could they live, grow, and be fed high up in the tree? It was impossible! So there was nothing for it—they must be brought down to the safer bosom of Mother Earth.

It was a very hot day. The farmer was walking sleepily beside his team. The horses were lazily flicking their tails to and fro as they dragged the heavy plough over the rough ground. The farmer was trying to hazard a guess as to how many more times he would have to traverse the field before he finished it. An unusual thing attracted his attention. "Hulloa! what's that?" he said. He was a few yards from the box tree and, at that moment, the old duck had flown down bearing one of her offspring in her bill. Up she went again, and down she came with another and so on till the whole fifteen were safe and sound, snuggling up to one another on the soft grass. The old bird brooded over them for a while and then starting off proudly she led the little ones to the barnyard. "Well, I'm blessed!" was the uncouth exclamation of the farmer as he resumed his ploughing.

It was feeding time again, and the old duck was glad, even though it had been very comfortable up the tree, to get back to pollard and philosophy. "It was slightly draughty up in the calabash," she said.

Next time those impertinent magpies came, the wise old Muscovy said loudly, "Quack-quack."

Enid Smith, 4C.

A SPRING-TIME IDYLL

The Gardens were crowded with flowers. Everywhere the little fairies that lurked in them looked up and smiled, and showed the people who passed by the wonderful dresses that God had given them. The poppies, with their hues of orange, and the azaleas, with their red, white and pink, made such a beautiful sight that many a person wished that he had them growing in his own garden.

The wistaria, too, grew in delightful clusters of purple and white, and climbed the arches in such a pretty way that we were almost tempted to cut a little spray.

Up amongst the branches of the trees the birds sang their everlasting songs. Some of these feathery friends were building nests, others feeding their young and teaching them to fly.



THE FIG TREE.

By courtesy of the "Sun."

In the centre of the Gardens was a large pool. The little ducklings swam round and round the pool, and often picked up tit-bits that the children had thrown into the water. A huge, white swan chased many of the ducks out of the water, but they just walked round to the other side of the pool and dived in again, so that they would not be cheated out of their swim.

Many people, young and old, were picnicking on the green grass. Laughter rang on the breeze, and often the tinkling of glasses came to one's ears.

The Gardens overlooked the Harbour, and a more beautiful sight was never

seen than that of the sun reflected on the sea. Ferry-boats were gliding here and there, and, to crown all, the great Harbour Bridge loomed up against the skyline, testifying to the skill of man.

Spring is a very beautiful season, but nowhere can it be appreciated more than in the wonderful Spring Walk of our Botanic Gardens. We were sorry to leave all this beauty behind us, but as the sun sank lower in the west, we had to say farewell to all these beautiful flowering shrubs and magnificent trees.

Beryl Orr, 1B.

BUSHLAND NIGHT

There is such a strange, weird wildness in the bush at night. The moon rises, red and full, from behind the gaunt gum trees. Strange shadows play beneath the branches of the leafy saplings and the dead limbs of some proud eucalyptus trees. It is still and eerie. The death-like silence perhaps is broken by the mournful wail of a curlew or the monotonously repeated "more-pork-more-pork" of the mopoke.

Sometimes, from the black depths of a fern-surrounded pool, a solemn "croak, croak" arises, or a "plonk-plash" is heard when the frogs begin their moonlight chorus.

A lonely owl goes flapping by, and a mother-bird settles her wings and "peeps" softly to her babes. Long, trailing willow branches sway gently in the little, sighing breezes, where the river gleams silver in the moonlight.

The stars twinkle in silence, and a fleecy cloud covers the face of the moon. The world sleeps on in deep peace.

Slowly, night, with her veil of darkness and calm, passes on, and morning dawns clear and bright.

Kathleen McClelland, 1E.

AN AUSTRALIAN DAWN

I awakened very early when everything was cold-looking in the grey light of morning. Everywhere there brooded an intense silence, and not even one little bird cheeped his morning message. All the cattle in the paddock further down the creek were still lying on the ground asleep. The creek gurgled and splashed along as always, but it did not seem to be as joyous as usual.

Then somewhere at the back of the house a rooster crowed, and I knew that soon everything would stir to life again. Looking at the trees I saw them lit up by a rosy glow and the leaves rustled as if they were influenced by the warmth. I saw that the grass, which before had looked just green and in some places brown, was now weighed down with heavy dew. On it the sunlight shone and transformed the dew into myriads of beautiful, sparkling diamonds. An old duck and her family quacked as they waddled along through the paddock and shook the dew-drops off the grass whence they fell again in a miniature shower.

By this time all the birds had awakened and were twittering their morning hymn of praise to Him Who created this won-

derful world. Round at the tank they bathed in the pools of cool water under the tap. Away in the hills the kookaburras began to chuckle, then their rollicking laughter sounded out over the countryside. When they ceased, the echoes came back faintly from the hills, and it seemed as if the fairies were imitating them.

Down at the creek, a snake was sunbaking on a rock and blinked stupidly when the cattle approached, lowing and snorting, for their morning drink. But when he saw the dog come racing after them he quickly slid beneath a blackberry vine and glided out of danger.

I turned my gaze to the orchard where the fruit trees were in flower, and saw a most wonderful sight. The sunlight was playing among the trees on the delicately-tinted apple blossoms and the pink, white, and red flowers of the other fruit trees. I have seen many pictures of blossoming trees, but no artist could ever capture the real beauty of an orchard in flower or the wonder and splendour of an Australian dawn.

B. Harris, 3A.

EVENING

It was that strange and magic hour between daylight and dark. The sun had just dipped behind the hill by which fleecy clouds, flushed with softest pink, scurried. Little breezes whispered tenderly to the young leaves, and sweet calm was over all.

Eastward, the blue sea rippled gently along the golden sand, and soft, low murmurings were heard as though the mermaids, deep, deep down, were lulling their babes to sleep.

Then, in the purpling dusk, bright stars began to twinkle, and night spread her veil of velvet blackness over the land. A gentle dipping of oars was heard and the fishing boats glided up to the shore. The tall, strong fishermen, weary with the day's work, unloaded the catch and tramped up to their cottages. There the lamps were lit and beamed a friendly welcome, and the sound of merry laughter fell upon their ears and cheered them.

Then the moon rose above the tranquil waters a great, golden ball of light,

slowly gliding up in the sky. The sea sparkled, and the great, gaunt cliffs threw long shadows to hide the rugged rocks below.

It was the close of a day of toil and worry for many, a sweet, calm spring night that breathed nought but peace and happiness.

Kathleen McClelland, 1E.

FROM MY WINDOW

The poet John Drinkwater said of a town window:

"Beyond my window in the night,
Is but a drab inglorious street."

My window looks on to a different scene.

It is a bright summer day. Rain has fallen, and the sun illuminates the wet leaves and grasses upon which sparkle the raindrops like rare jewels. It is a peaceful woodland scene; the green and yellow fields stretch away to the hills, and here and there are dotted little farm houses about which there is seldom sign of human habitation. The cows, black, white, and tan, graze undisturbed by the barking cattle dogs. Far away to the right is a clump of gum saplings, tall and straight, sentinels of the surrounding countryside. On the distant horizon is a low line of hills, hazy-blue and alluring. On one of these hills is a great green patch, bare of trees and bushes. Matter-of-fact people would account for this with some prosaic reason such as geological formation, lack of nourishment in

the soil for the trees, or such like; but ah! what fancies can the imaginative weave about this—a fairy ballroom or a spot where rainbow gold fell; that place, where in the centuries long gone by, the Little People assembled for their councils, or where the witches made their enchantments and worked their spells.

A swallow flashes past, startling me back to realities. The gay twittering of the cheeky sparrows, the loud call of the lapwing and the sounds of a hundred other birds have ceased. The sun is setting behind a black cloud. Grey clouds which presage the coming storm scurry across the sky before a cold and dreary wind. The scene has changed; it is no longer one of lazy contentment, but ominous, grey and lowering.

I sigh and close the window, pulling down the blind to shut out the scene, for

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun."

Phyllis Corner, 3A.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RABBIT

Well, folks, to begin with, I must introduce myself. Allow me. I am Thomas Big Ears, Esq. As may be surmised, I am a rabbit—not an every day rabbit by any means—but one of high parentage, and I am renowned throughout the rabbit world for my ears—long, grey ones, lined with the most exquisite pink.

Now, after that introduction, I suppose you would enjoy hearing my life story. From what my father (Sir William Lap Ears) and my mother have told me, I was brought into this world just fifty hops from Farmer Grey's lettuce patch. Well, I grew to be a very fine rabbit when a great grief blurred my life (I cannot help the tears, but it hurts me so to think of it). It—it was my poor mother's death. After this I decided to take up the profession of a doctor.

My extensive education enabled me to cure my many patients from what were previously considered fatal diseases.

One disease, carrot fever, required certain ointments containing certain chemicals to cure it. Well, I dispensed this ointment myself, but I will never forget the experience the gathering of the chemicals brought about.

A patient of mine, Rosie Bobtail, was suffering very seriously from the fever,

and I felt I must make haste to gather the ingredients for the ointment. I set out towards the spot where they grew, ten hops from the brambles. Having arrived and filled my bag, I began to retrace my steps, but had no sooner gone ten hops than I was confronted by Brer Fox. My heart was in my ears, I dropped my basket and fled. And where did I rush to? Right into the bramble patch.

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Brer Fox. "You little scamp. Now I've got you."

But I had spied a small passage leading through those terrible brambles, and I cunningly scampered down it. When at length I came to where the track terminated, I found myself just in front of my own burrow! Yes, it was my own, for I saw the notice—"Dr. Thos. Big Ears."

The grunts and growls of Mr. Fox could be heard faintly (I suppose because he had been beaten again), but they did not worry me, and I thankfully popped into my burrow.

That night, after recovering from my miraculous escape, I proceeded with my dispensing. And folks, I have proceeded with it ever since, even unto this very day.

"N.M.," 1A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,
Sydney University.
October, 1933.

Dear Girls,

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more." In other words, exams, are close upon us once again, and for some of us, happy beings, they are to be the last. We handed in our applications for permission to sit for the annual examinations and filled in our degree forms about a fortnight ago. It has always seemed to me most unjust to make us fill in applications, as once they are completed one can no longer spend pleasant hours in the sun in the Quad. or in Manning garden with a clear conscience. Just now there is an enquiry into the examination system; alas, we were born too late!

Last term we played hockey; most of us graced third grade teams, but Phyllis Twynam, who was also secretary of the Christian Union, was in the first grade team and played in the Inter-'Varsity matches in Brisbane. Alma Lassman is one of the Lady Cub Masters at the Settlement, and several others have helped at the Settlement. Marion Dallison has excelled, as usual, at the members' evening dramatics. We all feel that the success of the recent Musical Society concert was in no small part due to the large number of Fortians in the choir.

The University is looking lovely at present. Professor Waterhouse has been planning and laying down gardens for the last ten years, and the result is that in the spring the University is one of the prettiest places in Sydney. There is one charming spot bearing the honorific title of the Vice-Chancellor's Quadrangle, but usually known as the "Stinks Quad," on account of the chemistry laboratories, that has been glorious with camellia, azalea, and flowering plum. Everywhere the poplars and Virginia creeper are coming into leaf, and there is a feeling of spring that one misses with evergreen trees. There is an oak just outside Manning; all winter it is black and gaunt, but now it is the most beautiful fresh green.

The spring has changed other things, too. Fisher is much more popular, and the rule about silence is almost kept, as everyone tries to cram into four weeks or so the work of a year. The playing fields are deserted, except the tennis courts, which are occasionally used by the lecturers.

We are having English lectures in the Great Hall this year as the class is too large to be housed elsewhere. It is a very good scheme, for the Hall is a beautiful piece of architecture, and the stained glass windows and portraits of benefactors are very interesting to look at when one is overwhelmed by lofty and high-sounding periods concerning Hobbes' "Leviathan," which is the bane of our existence at present.

As we approach the end of our Arts course, we realise that our education is not nearly completed and never will be. The University has been different from school, and our affection for it is different, too. We are left to work by ourselves, and provided that we hand in our essays to time, no one concerns himself what we do. As a result, most "First Years" have an enormous amount of work to do in that hateful week, dubbed "Stew Vac." which immediately precedes the examination. The mistake is not repeated, at least, not to the same extent. We have learnt that "French Without Tears" is impossible to all except the strong-minded; that Cicero, for all his conceit and pomposness, was quite a human character, and many other things that we never dreamt of at school.

Practically every week there is some interesting speaker lecturing on foreign affairs in the Union Hall. We hear Russia explained by Russians; the German treatment of Jews passionately denounced by a Zionist; and European affairs discussed by men who have recently returned from Europe. So that our education is not limited to lecture rooms.

We wish you all as nice papers in your examinations as we hope to have in ours, and we expect to see quite a number of the present Fifties up here next year.

Yours sincerely,
Maurine Deer.

JUST IMAGINE!

When reading this story, the reader must keep in mind the fact that it is a radiogram sent from India by a reporter for an important international broadcasting station, who is travelling to Thibet. Most important is the fact that the story is written as an adventure in the year 2033.

The Manager,
International Broadcasting Station,
London.

Sir,

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time, but by accident I have stumbled upon a wonderful story which will amaze the world when it is broadcast.

Unfortunately my 'plane crashed in Mooltan and my leg was slightly injured. I dragged myself, however, to the banks of the Indus, which was near by, and refreshed myself. But that strange Indian atmosphere seemed to grip me, and I sensed the proximity of human beings. I evidently became unconscious then, for my leg was giving me a great deal of pain. The next thing I remembered was that I was lying in a camp with three men sitting round a fire. These men were English, and they told me that they had carried me to their camp. They treated me most hospitably and were exceedingly kind. I told them I was a reporter for your radio broadcaster, and they seemed quite elated at this news. When I enquired the reason, they unfolded their plans to me in the hope that if their enterprise was a success the world would soon hear of it through your broadcasting station. Hence I was asked to join their party.

Their plan was a daring one. They were three distinguished professors from a well-known university, and they were going to make an experiment which, if successful, would bring the planet Venus nearer to us, for although our inter-planetary radio is good and we can hear the Venusians, we cannot yet see them. So the professors were experimenting so that the Venusians would be brought before our eyes by television.

Now, as you remember, several years ago, people of our planet were extremely worried about the frightful plague of insects which ravaged the world. Those insects intended fighting for supremacy, but we succeeded in destroying those pests. It is believed, however, that in aeons to come the insect will eventually overpower man.

Upon hearing of our success in overcoming those enemies, urgent messages were received from Venus saying that they too were being menaced by a plague of insects. They asked if we could not experiment with our television so we could demonstrate to them the methods we used in destroying our pests. These three professors had been chosen to make the experiment, and they had great hopes of its success.

As I was yet unable to walk owing to

my injuries, I remained in camp whilst they erected a temporary observatory. Within three weeks everything was in readiness for the great event. An enormous silver screen was erected, down which mercury was constantly flowing. Behind was the transmitter and Stentor was the operator.

Wednesday was the night chosen for the great trial. They carried me into the rudely built observatory and we sat patiently waiting whilst Stentor was busy with the apparatus. Slowly there appeared on the screen a blur—the machine was not focused properly. Then the scene became clearer and a gasp of horror broke from our lips, sweat stood out in beads on my forehead, and I could feel the hair bristle at the back of my neck, for confronting us on the screen was a huge six-legged beetle, not quite identical with our enemies. Evidently it could not see us for the "thing" began to speak. Stentor could scarcely believe his ears, for it was the voice of the Venusian announcer. It was saying that at last we could see them, but their apparatus had failed and they could not see us. But if they showed us a type of the insects which were troubling them we might be able to broadcast our methods of exterminating them; otherwise the Venusians would be overcome. Suddenly the Venusian was joined by a colossal ant which bore some creature in its fore-legs.

"This," said the beetle, "is our worry, an insect of very minute proportions, but exceedingly dangerous." As the insect was recognised we had our second shock, for the "insect" was a primitive man.

At this stage Stentor cut off the television and the scene faded away. We were dumbfounded by the amazing fact that by some freak of nature, circumstances in Venus are absolutely different from ours. Alas for the Venusians! I fear they will fight their plague without our help, and it will be a losing fight.

Soon all this information will be broadcast, but your station will be the first in the field. So if you accept my story it will be sufficient reward for my labours.

Yours faithfully,

Reporter X23.

Edna Sagers, 3D.

A PAGE FOR GUIDES

Since last magazine, a captain for Fort Street company has not been found, but we have been steadily forging ahead. Joan Bonamy, an old Fortian, comes up regularly every Wednesday afternoon to take our meetings. Under the leadership of Joan, and Mary McLean, we have had many happy meetings, while an afternoon of games and songs conducted by Miss

Weston was very much enjoyed, especially by the energetic young First Years of the company.

During the May holidays the Girl Guide Badge Display was held at Mark Foy's and lasted for three days. The exhibition was a great success financially; but the main object was not to make money but to stimulate the interest of

the public. The exhibition was followed by a Pageant of Dancing and Singing throughout the ages. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed it, and when it was repeated at the Y.W.C.A. in aid of charity, there was a good attendance of the public. Fort Street participated in both the Exhibition and the Pageant, although not to the extent we would have wished, but we found it impossible to do more than we did. Several of the older Guides made themselves useful by running messages, selling programmes, etc., in fact, Mark Foy's shop seemed to be overrun with Guides in their neat uniforms dashing hither and thither.

During the Pageant we combined with the Roseville Guides in humming the tunes for the first scene which represented the sacrificial ceremonies of the Druids.

On Saturday, September 16th, at 9.15 a.m., an excited band of Fort Street Guides, clustered round Miss Thea Drury, could be seen at Wynyard. This was to be our second field day of the year—mark that, if there are any grumblers belonging to another company, reading. I am sure that only those who go for such hikes can possibly appreciate our excitement and anticipation. We were pleased to have with us some old Fortian Guides—it seemed quite like old times to have Miss Drury and them with us. After some delay at the ticket office, we started off on our journey to Turramurra. The weather was beautiful, though rather hot, as we set off bravely to walk to the Glangarry camp site. The small Guides bore up well, but we were all glad when we

arrived at the cottage. Down in the valley, surrounded by mountains and beautiful trees, we built our fires and cooked our dinners. The spot simply abounds in wild flowers and ferns, and one seems quite isolated from the worries and troubles of everyday life. After dinner we further explored the beauties of the Australian bush, paddling in the cool creeks and awakening the echoes with our happy shouts. We climbed the mountain to the Mary Everard camp site, where we had tea and camp fire.

We were extremely grateful to Miss Thea Drury for taking us, and as she declared that she enjoyed herself as much as we appeared to do, there can be no doubt as to her feelings on the matter.

The Cadets are still progressing and are very grateful to Miss Weston for the help she has given them. They are in the same predicament as the Guides, being without a Captain.

Four of the Cadets represented Fort Street at the recent Ranger camp and enjoyed themselves very much.

During the exhibition, the Cadets made themselves useful by helping with the selling of the sweets.

There are no Captains in view at present either for the Cadets or the Guides, but meanwhile 1st Fort Street Company is endeavouring to live up to its former reputation, with the idea ever before us that good Guiding and the upholding of the traditions of Fort Street are practically one and the same thing.

B. Logan, 3B.

A GARDEN OF MEMORIES

It was autumn. A tepid breeze fluttered through the massed leaves and flowers until they sweetly protested, for they wanted to sleep—to sleep while the glow of the early evening deepened into dusk.

There was an intermingling of many perfumes in the old garden; the perfume of gloriously-coloured roses, the perfume of fair dignified lilies entangled with sweetly-scented violets, and the heavy perfume of gaudy, tropical plants.

In the centre of this array of flowers was a sundial, around the foot of which nestled huge, ball-like cacti, and around its pedestal climbed red roses.

The garden was a thing of witchery and charm—lovely, tranquil, full of dreams and memories. Its soft loveliness cast a spell on all who entered.

In the midst of this beautiful scene came a beautiful, old-world lady. She sat down on one of the rustic seats beside the hawthorn bush and surrendered herself to the spell of dreams and memories. Before her a tiny fountain tinkled a song

to the roses. But in this wild, beautiful dream-garden little, narrow gravel paths wound dreamily through the trees to the lake. Oh, how beautiful it was! Tiny, conceited, vine-wreathed Cupids peeped at their reflections, while the stately lilies posed as though before a mirror.

The little sandstone figures stood out in blank whiteness against the glorious russet background, and made the garden more fairy-like than ever. Vines had been allowed to trail around some of them until sometimes nothing but a face could be seen between the green leaves, and this gave the Lady of the Garden an eerie feeling of being spied upon.

It was now twilight. The Lady still dreamed on her rustic seat; but no! Now she rises! She was drawn by she knew not what until she found herself dabbling her fingers in the tinkling, sparkling fountain with its laughing, bronze Cupid.

She gathered up her long skirt so that it would not catch on the vines, or touch the grass already diamond-studded with dew, and stepped softly down the little paths that led to the lake.

Somewhere in the grass a cricket sang, and the monotonous chirping finally took the sound of definite words, "He will come, he will come!"

And the tinkling water of the little fountain echoed, "He will come!" until the Cupid joined in, "He will come!"

The soft autumn night breeze rustled the leaves until they breathed to the vine-wreathed shepherdess near the Lady, "He will come!"

But the Lady of the Garden shook her head. He would not come. She had met him first in this garden and had seen him

last and said farewell to him here—she could picture him yet—but a spirit, greater than love, had claimed him, never to let him return.

Then, with a sob, as she thought of what might have been, she turned and ran to the house hidden by huge oaks which lent cool shadows to the grounds, and now, on this warm autumn night, their leaves turned slightly to russet and gold—and the garden looked singularly poetic and peaceful in the pale moonlight.

Selina Wood, 1B.

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A Broadcast Talk

The great prosperity that came to the middle classes in the 18th Century through the development of trade and the extension of the Empire made the towns of England more important than they had ever been before.

London, where one-tenth of the whole population of England and Wales lived, was the most important of them all. So London in the 18th Century is the subject of my talk this afternoon.

You all know various days when important events happened in London during that period: such as that day in 1739, when the church bells rang for joy because England had declared war against Spain; that black day of panic in 1745, when the Londoners heard that Bonnie Prince Charlie was marching on their city and rushed to the Bank of England to withdraw their deposits, the directors adopting the device of paying out in shillings and sixpences to gain time; that exciting day in 1763 when No. 45 of John Wilkes' newspaper, the "North Briton" was burned at the Royal Exchange; and the days of terror in June, 1780, when the Gordon riots were raging in the city.

What kind of a city was this in which such events happened? It was a newly built city, because much of London had been destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. The greatest living architect, Sir Christopher Wren, had been commissioned to draw up a systematic plan for the rebuilding of the city, but his plan, which may still be seen, was not adopted. Wren, however, was responsible for many London churches rebuilt at this time. Especially is he known for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral. The first stone was laid in Wren's presence on June 21st, 1675, and the highest stone of the lantern in the dome was set by his son in his presence in 1710. The total cost was £747,661/10/5, and, as subscriptions came in slowly, some of the cost was defrayed from the duty on coal.

After the completion of the Cathedral, Parliament ordered the building of fifty new churches, and authorised part of the duty on coal to be used for that purpose. Some of these churches were also designed by Wren, whose work is known by its beautiful towers and spires.

Other churches built in this century, but not designed by Wren, include St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, situated in the centre of an artistic neighbourhood. Many painters are buried there, and because George II. was one of its churchwardens, the royal coat of arms is engraved on its pediment. Hawksmoor, one of Wren's pupils, designed St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where, strange to say, the figure of a king and not a saint surmounts the steeple. William Hucks, M.P., a rich brewer, provided the money for this statue of George I. St. George's, Hanover Square, is another of the fifty churches ordered to be built in Anne's reign, and as it has always been a fashionable church for marriages, its register is so full of illustrious names that it is really a commentary on the social life of London. Before leaving the subject of churches, I would like to tell you that many of them had, in addition to the usual high-backed pews and gallery, a three-decker pulpit occupied by the parson, the curate, and the parish clerk, respectively, in order of descent.

During this century the Lord Mayor of London had for the first time an official residence where he could entertain the distinguished visitors to the city. Formerly the Lord Mayor had entertained either in his own home or in the hall of his guild. Dance, the Architect to the City of London at this time, was responsible for the design of the Mansion House. Its foundation stone was laid on October 25th, 1739, and the building took thirteen years to complete.

The Bank of England was the only joint stock bank in London in this century, all the others being private banks. It had

been founded in 1694 and was moved to its present site of four acres in 1734. The building presented to the street a low triangular wall without any windows as a protection against rioters. No doubt, you have read in the newspaper the great changes recently effected in this historic building known to Londoners of so many generations as the "Old Lady of Thread-needle Street."

The Royal Exchange—the commercial centre of the city—may indeed be said by this time to have become the centre of the commerce of the world. You remember it was originally built by Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Elizabeth: it was rebuilt after the fire, but was repaired and extended in 1769.

Joseph Addison, from whom we learn so much about London at this time, thus refers to the Exchange in his periodical, the "Spectator."

"There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratifies my vanity as I am an Englishman to see so rich an assembly of my countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind and making this Metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London—or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy."

In this century several hospitals were built—such as the celebrated Guy's Hospital, founded by a bookseller of that name, who made a fortune by selling Bibles. Guy contributed about a quarter of a million pounds for its erection and endowment, but unfortunately did not live to see the hospital occupied, for he died about three weeks before it received its first patient on January 6th, 1724. St. George's Hospital, which housed some of our own A.I.F. sick and wounded soldiers during the Great War, was founded in 1733, and London Hospital seven years later.

All the gentry who could afford it came to live in London for a portion of the year—the "season" as it was called, and the city began to extend to the West End. The houses built during the reigns of Anne and the Georges have plain and austere exteriors. Over the main front door in the houses, where well-to-do people lived, beautiful details were added to the main frontage—wrought-iron holders for lamps, and sometimes whole gateways of ironwork, were erected, as well as extinguishers for torches. The win-

dows were heavily shuttered with hinged oak panels and barred across with iron. Inside were beautifully carved staircases and doorways.

On June 1st, 1717, the "Weekly Journal" announced that "the new buildings between Bond Street and Marylebone go on with all possible diligence and the houses even let and sell before they are built."

The streets were in the early years of the century made of cobble stones, but the use of squared granite blocks with raised pathways was introduced by Acts of Parliament for Westminster in 1761, and for the city in 1769.

Every householder was required to keep in repair the pavement in front of his house as far as the gutter, and to do his share of lighting the street between the hours of 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. in winter by hanging out a lantern. Street lighting was not satisfactory, any lighting there was, being by means of oil lamps, since gas was not used till 1807, and then only along one side of Pall Mall. Persons in the streets at night had to secure the services of link-men or boys who lighted them home at fixed rates. Steele informs us that he generously gave a link-man sixpence instead of a third part of that sum, which was the usual charge.

Internally the houses were lighted by candles in gleaming brass candlesticks. Perhaps some of you have seen these old-fashioned brass candlesticks and the snuffers with which the lights were extinguished.

At the beginning of this period there was only one bridge across the Thames, viz., London Bridge, which had stood for many centuries and survived several fires, though some of the houses on it had been destroyed by the fire of 1666.

Westminster Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches and containing, according to the architect's report, twice the amount of stone used in St. Paul's Cathedral, was opened in 1750.

Ten years later, the foundation stone of Blackfriars Bridge, or Pitt Bridge as it was originally called, was laid. This bridge took ten years to build, and on its completion, toll to the amount of one halfpenny per foot passenger on week days and one penny on Sundays was at first levied, but the toll was abolished in 1785.

Both these bridges have since been replaced by more modern structures. Meanwhile, the remaining houses on London Bridge had been demolished in 1758, and two years later the city gates were pulled down and most of the wall.

In those days both ladies and gentlemen dressed picturesquely. In the early part of the century the ladies wore dainty, flowered silk bodices, cream coloured skirts, and straw hats trimmed

with flowers. No frock was complete without some beautiful lace. Then hooped skirts became fashionable, and later on, short waisted and tight gowns were worn. When hoops were the fashion, ladies' heads were dressed to appear as small as possible, but later on, hair-dressing was a remarkable and expensive part of a lady's toilet—for the hair was dressed over a huge structure of horse hair, two or three feet high and decorated with flowers, feathers, ribbons and lace. Queen Charlotte forbade plume-headed ladies to appear at court—but to no avail. David Garrick, the great actor of the day, however, is said to have killed this fashion by appearing on the stage wearing one of these head-dresses which he decorated with carrots and vegetables. Small circular patches were worn on the face to enhance one's beauty and to denote one's political party.

The gentleman's attire was colourful, consisting of a white or coloured satin coat, a long flowered silk waistcoat, reaching to the knees in the case of the leaders of fashion, coloured silk knee breeches, ruffles, and a beautiful lace frill—not to mention the silk stockings and the gold or silver buckles on the red heeled shoes. His wig was powdered. You remember Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival, used blue powder on his wig, but before the end of the century, owing to a tax on hair powder proposed by Pitt and imposed in 1795, and a scarcity of flour, men ceased to wear powdered wigs. A gentleman still wore a sword hung from a pretty, coloured sword knot, and in one hand he would carry an amber-headed cane, and in the other a snuff box. His watch he carried in his breeches pocket with a seal and a ribbon hanging out from it. The broad brim of his black hat was generally looped up into a triangular shape. No gentleman appeared in public without his spectacles or spying glass. The gay young men of fashion were known as beaux, dandies, bucks and macaronis or swells. All these terms are interesting, but I shall refer in detail to only one. The macaronis had travelled in Italy and formed a club in London in 1772, and led by Fox, began the rage for eccentricity. The name was adopted in contra-distinction to a Beef Steak Club which was limited to twenty-four members who met every Saturday in a room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre. They increased their number in 1785 to 25 in order to admit the Prince of Wales as a member.

The middle classes did not dress extravagantly but used good material of the sombre hues favoured by the Puritans. One could still distinguish as he walked along the street a person's class or occupation by his dress, e.g., the clergyman wore his gown, the lawyer a

black suit and his peculiar wig, the doctor carried a cane with a knob which contained a disinfectant which he sniffed when calling on his patient. One could tell a working man's trade by the particular kind of apron or hat he wore. According to one authority, ready-made clothes for ordinary men could be bought at the following prices: Greatcoats (that is top coats or overcoats), 13/-; stout breeches for 8/9; and strong shoes, 7/- per pair.

The third edition of the "London Tradesman," published in 1757, tells us that apprenticeship fees were high for boys who wished to become merchants, woollen drapers, mercers and wool-staplers, but that in many crafts such as those of printer, potter, cutler, they amounted to no more than £5. All craftsmen, such as cabinet makers, paper makers, joiners, metal carvers, worked long hours, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and many tradesmen worked till 8 or 9 p.m. Much beautiful furniture and plate made in London in those days command a very high price to-day. You have all heard of Chippendale and Sheraton furniture. Well, those two master craftsmen had their workshops in London at that time.

In the streets one would hear the cries of itinerant sellers: fishwives, orange women, broom sellers, costard mongers (costard was an apple), sausage women, sellers of radishes and lettuces, of ink and pens, of herrings and of hot mutton pies, not to mention the chimney sweeps. There were also many beggars in the streets who could tell heart-moving stories, and the ballad singers who told political news or false rumours were regarded as a common nuisance. Gay's poem "Trivia" gives a wonderful picture of London streets.

One would also see the common means of transport, sedan chairs and hackney coaches. The former was a portable chair or covered vehicle with side windows and an entrance through a hinged doorway at the front. It was borne on poles by two men and had been introduced in the previous century from France. There were many hackney coaches for hire on the rank and for fixed charges. The money derived from their licenses was used to keep the streets in repair. In 1715 the number of these vehicles was limited to 800.

The drivers of hackney coaches were not at all pleased when they saw a man making a practice of carrying an umbrella, the first to be seen in the streets of London. It is reported that they even hooted this man, Jonas Hanway by name, who every day for the last thirty years of his life carried an umbrella. This man also had the temerity to attack what he termed "the pernicious habit of tea-drinking."

In those days coffee houses were great institutions where one could meet one's friends and enjoy a dish of coffee and the gossip of the town. It is estimated that there were about 3,000 of these in London. These coffee houses began to attract special kinds of visitors and filled the place of the modern clubs. Macaulay writes that "the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow." The most famous included Will's in Covent Garden, where men of letters or wits, as they were called, used to meet. Addison set up a rival court of wits at Button's Coffee House on the opposite side of the street. The clergy frequented Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and St. James was at one time the rendezvous of Swift, Gay, Addison and Steele, and later of Dr. Johnson, the compiler of the first English dictionary, Garrick, the actor, Burke, the orator, Reynolds, the painter, and Goldsmith, and it was there the dispute occurred that prompted Goldsmith to write his poem "Retaliation." The Cocoa Tree was in the same street and only last year closed its doors. Many famous people were associated with it, for it was once the Jacobite headquarters in London, with a secret tunnel leading under St. James's Street to a tavern in Piccadilly. Garraway's, where tea was first sold in London, was the haunt of merchants, and Jonathans' of stock jobbers. A coffee house founded by a man named Lloyd about 1688 became the meeting-place of underwriters who transacted marine business. Lloyd's name still designates the place where that kind of business is carried on. You all know the meaning of A.1 at Lloyd's.

The Londoners of those days had many amusements, the most popular being the gardens at Ranelagh and Vauxhall and the theatres. The following extract from Smollett's novel, "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," 1771, describes Vauxhall thus: "Imagine to yourself a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and cascades; porticoes, colonnades and rotundas; adorned with pillars, statues and painting; the whole illuminated with an infinite number of lamps disposed in different figures of suns, stars and constellations; the place crowded with the gayest company, ranging through those blissful shades, or supping in different lodges on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom and good humour, and animated by an excel-

lent band of music. Among the vocal performers I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs. Dash whose voice was so loud and so shrill that it made my head ache through excess of pleasure."

It is generally agreed that this was an age not of great drama but of great excellence in acting. Playgoers had the choice of four theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the King's house (now His Majesty's) and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

There was a craze for pantomimes, elaborate spectacles, dancing and acrobatics, but Shakespeare's plays were popular when altered and adapted to suit the taste of playgoers. "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to please the spectators were transformed into spectacular operas. Even Dr. Johnson approved of a happy ending to "King Lear." Garrick, who was the greatest actor of his day, did much to popularise Shakespeare, as he staged twenty-four of his plays and included seventeen Shakespearean parts in his repertoire. It was as "Richard III." that Garrick made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the presence of Pitt and Pope and a dozen dukes.

At the Haymarket Samuel Foote staged his own comedies which were mainly the vehicle for his marvellous imitations of well-known celebrities. The popularity of Italian opera was deplored or satirised by many writers.

Dr. Johnson was much attached to London, and according to his biographer, Boswell, once observed that "a man stored his mind better there than anywhere else."

Londoners certainly had many opportunities of improving their minds during that period. Newspapers began to appear and to play a great part in the life of the time. Towards the end of the century the "London Times," a great political and social force, was first published. Periodicals like the "Tatler," the "Spectator" and the "Rambler" not only entertained, but educated their readers. It has been said that "the 'Spectator' taught the 18th Century how it should and how it should not behave in public places from theatres to churches; what books it should like, and how it should like them."

Circulating libraries were established and the reading public could enjoy the novels of manners, the literary achievements of the century! Lackington, a bookseller, whose shop in Finsbury Square was known as the Temple of the Muses, and was one of the sights of London, tells us in his interesting memoirs, 1792, "that the sale of books in general has increased prodigiously within the last twenty years." Books collected by Sir

Robert Cotton and his son and grandson known as the Cottonian Library, also those that had been collected by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and purchased by the British Government, as well as those bequeathed to the nation by the celebrated physician and naturalist Sir Hans Sloane, were housed in one general repository provided by Act of Parliament. Thus the British Museum, that great storehouse of information, was provided for the seekers after knowledge. It is interesting to note that when the first trustees were appointed, they were granted the power to raise £300,000 by means of lotteries. In 1754 Montague House was purchased and five years later the reading room of the British Museum was opened to the public. In the meantime George II. had presented to the trustees the library collected by his predecessors.

A little later, a noted society leader, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, having grown tired of the empty fashionable amusements of the day, began inviting to her house a number of friends of literary tastes for intellectual discussions. Boswell, in the life of Dr. Johnson, 1781, makes the following reference to such gatherings: "About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated Blue Stocking Clubs, the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of these societies when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings,' and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a Blue Stocking Club in her 'Bas Bleu,' a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned."

Moreover, Londoners had the opportunity of seeing many beautiful pictures and works of art at the exhibitions held by the Royal Academy which was formed in 1768 under the patronage of George III. The King was so interested in the movement that he granted them apartments in old Somerset House and later in new Somerset House, to display their pictures. The interested visitor could see beautiful portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds—the first President of the Academy—who was knighted by George III. a few days before the opening of the first exhibition in 1769. Gains-

borough was another famous exhibitor, and he confessed that he painted portraits for money, landscapes for love. Romney also painted portraits, charging at first fifteen guineas for a head (life size), but he soon had so many commissions that he was able to raise his fees to eighty guineas for full length portraits. (These pictures now change hands for thousands of guineas.) William Hogarth sought his types in the grim world of the London streets, taverns, playhouses and jails, and produced humorous and satirical pictures of street scenes. In "The Talk of the Town," a set of engravings, he satirised the tendency of fashionable London to lionise foreign singers. Hogarth was an engraver as well as a painter, and was one of the first artists to devote his talent to providing art for the masses. People who could not afford to buy oil paintings could buy engravings, and so his work produced a love of art. John Boydell, a print seller and Lord Mayor of London in 1790, sold many of these; and he employed thirty-three painters and two sculptors to prepare a series of prints illustrating Shakespeare. After 172 prints were finished the French Revolution interfered with his foreign trade and he fell on bad times, and after obtaining permission from Parliament he disposed of his effects by means of a lottery.

For music lovers there were great treats in London at that time. Handel, who in 1711 achieved a great success with his opera "Rinaldo" at the Haymarket Theatre, decided to remain in London. Thirty years later he produced his masterpiece, the Oratorio — the Messiah. Some time later the Secretary of the London Foundling Hospital, then in its infancy, advertised a benefit performance of this work for the funds of the institution.

"George Frederick Handel, Esq., having presented this hospital with a very fine organ for the chapel and repeated his offer of assistance to promote this charity on Tuesday, the first day of May, 1750, at twelve o'clock at noon, Mr. Handel will open the said organ and the sacred oratorio called 'Messiah' will be performed under his direction. Tickets for this performance are ready to be delivered by the Steward at the Hospital, at Batson's Coffee House in Corn Hill, and White's Chocolate House in St. James's Street at half a guinea each. N.B. There will be no collection."

Many persons of distinction who came unprovided with tickets were admitted with the result that many ticket holders could not be accommodated. Consequently Handel repeated the performance a fortnight later. The first musical festival in memory of this composer was

commenced in Westminster Abbey on May 6th, 1784, and lasted five days. The second day's performance was held at the Pantheon—a newly erected theatre and public promenade, and the receipts amounted to 11,842 guineas.

In this century the music for "Rule Britannia" was composed by Arne, and the National Anthem became popular.

The London of that era is such an interesting topic that it is impossible

to touch on all its aspects in a talk of this length.

The Londoners of the 18th Century so loved their city that they wrote about it, and there is a great amount of information available in the dramas, poems, essays and novels of the time.

A. E. Turner.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS

According to time-honoured custom, the Prefects offered two prizes (Senior and Junior) for the best essays written on the subjects set. The Senior Prize was won by Mary Robinson, with an

essay on "The Spirit of Service is the Keystone of the British Empire," while Maria Boldini won the Junior Prize with her essay on "Why I Am Proud to Belong to the British Empire."

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE IS THE KEystone OF THE EMPIRE

"The spirit of service!" As I say the words softly to myself, my eyes gaze unseeingly upon the world. Nay, not altogether unseeingly. Then, what do they see? They see a little upper room, and twelve men gathered earnestly round another, and I hear the Greatest Teacher of all say, "But he that is chief among you, let him be as he that serveth."

He that serveth! I see a noble man, fighting for his country, and when he has won peace for her, working for her good. 'Tis Alfred the Great.

Now I see another room—on the continent. There is a scholar there, William Tyndale, and he is printing, what? It is the Bible, and the price he pays for enabling his fellow-countrymen to read the Bible is—what? I see—I see him again. What are those men doing to him? Ah! he, too, like his Master, has paid the price, and at the stake he is burned to ashes.

I come back to earth. This, then, I think, is how Englishmen of the past have obeyed this law, the law of service.

Now I see three men. They are Gilbert, Raleigh and Hakluyt, and they are endeavouring to plant colonies in different parts of the world. But why? I see one is writing and I look over his shoulder. These words catch my eye, ". . . to advance the honour of our country . . ." I read no more; it is enough.

Again the scene changes, and I am in Canada. It is the scene of a battle, and the English, for it is they who are fighting, are urged on by their leader. But, look! He falls! wounded, but not dead; he asks eagerly of the battle . . . They have won! And James Wolfe falls back to die, happy, for he too can say, "I have served." This time the vision fades more rapidly, and I go in quick succession to India, to Robert Clive; to Africa,

to David Livingstone—I see and admire his indomitable spirit. He walks till he can walk no longer, he rides till he can ride no longer, is carried till he can bear no longer to be carried, then he, too, lays down his life in the service of mankind.

I see a lonely grave upon the top of a hill—the name on it is Cecil Rhodes. I see Phillip in Australia, giving to her the best years of his life. I see General Gordon on the walls of Khartoum, straining his eyes for the relief which never came.

I go back in time—I see the Lady of the Lamp moving round the hospital at Scutari, smoothing a pillow here, giving a word of consolation there.

I see a maiden. What is she saying? "I will be good!" I see her in after life—how nobly *she* is serving. She has carried out her resolve. I see—I see, a narrow strip of beach. Hark! What is that awful sound. It is the sound of guns. Oh! why should they terrify me so? I have heard them before, they were not like that. I see, behind the beach, behind the Turk, a long hall filled with girls and boys. Why do they all wear those sprigs of rosemary? Ah, I know, "Rosemary, that's for remembrance." I return to earth. This is all, then, I think, the working of the motto, "I serve"—the spirit of Anzac—the spirit of service . . .

Once more I dream. I see the lives of thousands of men and women, girls and boys, of whom I have never heard, living in all ages and countries, living, in company with those great men and women, lives of service. "Little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

And I perceive that these are received with as much pleasure as the great ser-

vices—why, I wonder. But, “small service is true service while it lasts.” I return again to earth.

Once more I dream; this is the last time. I see a little island and it holds sway over four millions of souls; its empire is more than one hundred times its own size. How is this? I wonder! Ah, I remember, “The spirit of service.” All those people, serving one another and mankind, came from this small island. Why, then, if such a spirit can make such a small place so great it must constitute the divine law of life—and it does. I have learned something from my dream. I know now what I have so often wondered about, the reason why the British Empire is so great. It is the spirit of service alive in men’s hearts.

The root from which service springs is love. Without it patience will fail and the fine flower of sacrifice will not bloom. If it is true love it will find its issue in service. And the love of Mother England for her children is true love. Her children’s love for her was so true that they travelled to the ends of the earth to plant a little bit of home there—for her service—for the service of mankind—and having planted it, *she* does all she can to help and strengthen these far-off children. They have earned for her the title of Great Britain by their service to her—she keeps it by her service to them. And so the torch is handed on to us to keep alight—that torch which is the keystone of the British Empire—the spirit of service

Mary Robinson.

WHY I AM PROUD TO BELONG TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

As a subject of the British Empire I enjoy all the freedom and privileges that it brings to its subjects. I am proud to belong to this great union of nations because the Empire stands for so many honourable and worthy things. It teaches its subjects how to control a thing as great as our earth. The people on this earth who wish to be happy and prosperous can attain this state only by being unselfish and by being in harmony with the rest of the world. Only an Empire as vast and as great as the British Empire could teach these principles. The Empire is vast, as it has been built up by the sacrifices of men who saw the only way in which the world could be happy and united. It is great because it holds the nations together by a firm bond of companionship and not by force or fear. This bond will last as long as the subjects of the British Empire understand what it means to be really great.

I am proud to belong to this Empire, because it has taught me, as well as millions of others, what to aim at when I grow up. It has taught me that it needs both men and women to make an Empire. The men have done a great deal in building up our Empire by their bravery and resourcefulness; now, instead of letting the Empire stand as it is and

trusting that its vastness will preserve it, women must set to work to use the feelings and the passions that only women have to bind the nations together in that feeling of goodwill which alone will keep our Empire together.

The Empire has taught me that it is not enough to grow up and live only in one narrow sphere of life, thinking only of the things immediately around me, but to think of the freedom and the privileges I have and always shall have as a subject of the Empire and to put those privileges brought to me by the unselfishness of the thousands and thousands of men and women who have given their lives for their Empire to uses worthy of a free citizen of one of the Empire’s greatest nations, Australia.

I am proud to think that there is something in this world to guard the rights and privileges which are the birthright of myself and of every other individual man and woman, and also to know that, as I grow older, I shall learn more and more how to do my duty as one of God’s children in this world, for the world is controlled by every man and woman in it, not by one man or a few men alone.

Maria Boldini.

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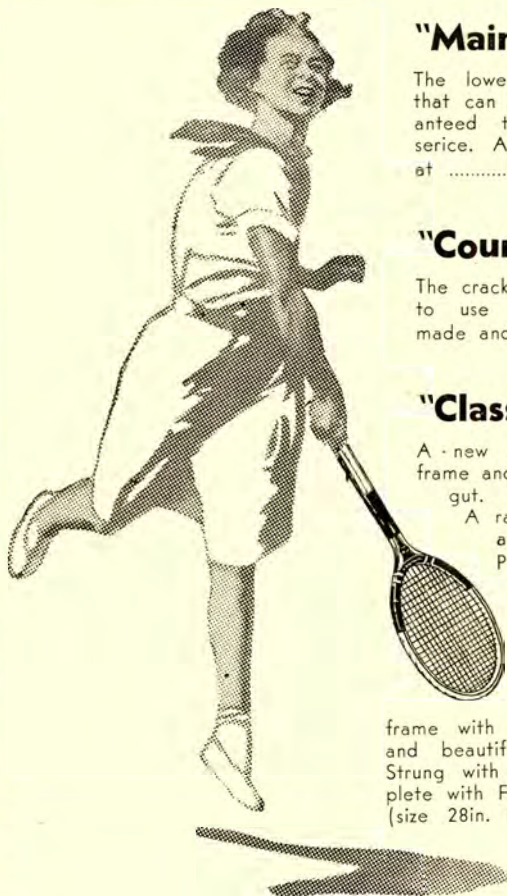
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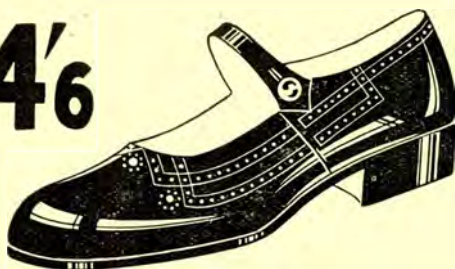
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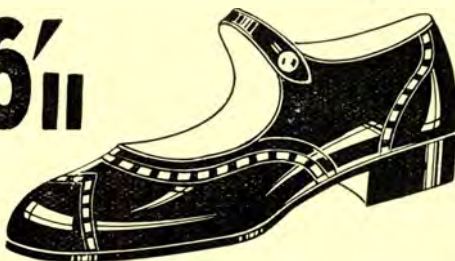


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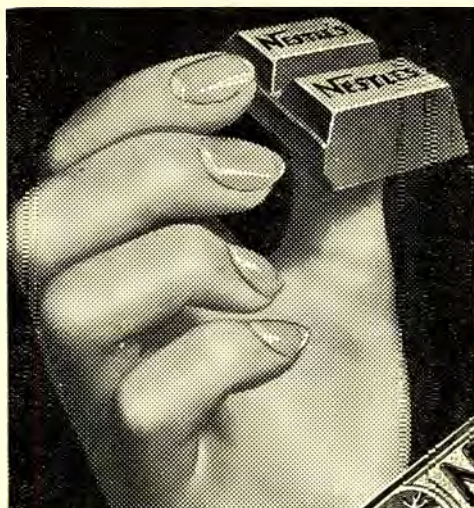
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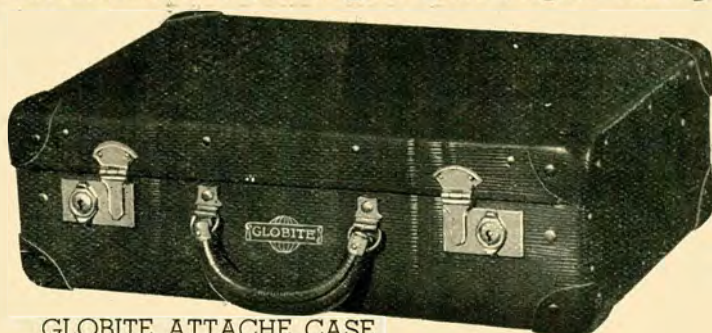
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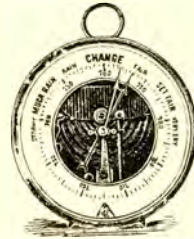
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