



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 2

May, 1934

For the Smart Miss!



A style  
from the  
**TYROL**

The fashion is a charming one — gay and dashing with high creased crown and "over the eye" tilt! Moulded in the new stitched Zibeline Felts — Angora or plain finish. Six different styles to select from — all individually trimmed. All head sizes available. Price,

**15<sup>6</sup>**

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JONES'**

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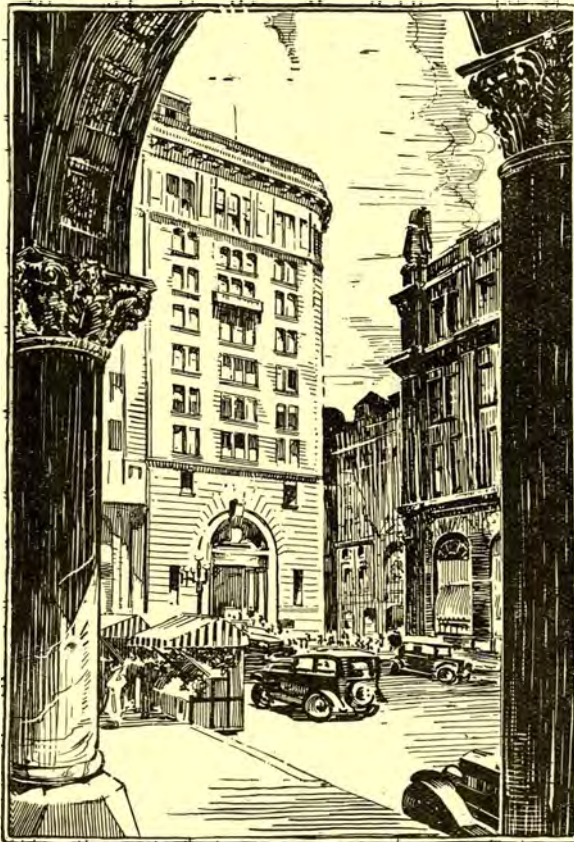


# MACQUARIE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

The Macquarie Secretarial School has been established in the beautiful building recently erected as its head office by the Bank of New South Wales. Standing at the corner of George and Wynyard Streets and facing Martin Place, it is the centre of the commercial life of the city. The interior plan of the building is so nearly perfect that ideal conditions have been created under which students pursue their Secretarial training.

The classrooms are splendidly ventilated and furnished in a manner befitting the most modern Secretarial School. An atmosphere of dignity and efficiency has been provided; an atmosphere that must have a stimulating influence upon the young women who enter the school.

The studies at the Macquarie Secretarial School have been designed to give a training that will make efficient secretaries of well-educated young women. Enrolments are restricted to 100 students of Matriculation standard of education.



*The School is located on the Sixth and Seventh Floors of the Bank of New South Wales Building.*

There will be no difficulty in finding suitable positions for all graduates of the School. The placement department of Stott & Underwood Ltd. is available to all graduates free of charge.

No Postal or Evening Instruction.

## Macquarie Secretarial School

Bank of New South Wales Building  
George Street, opp. Martin Place

### PROGRAMME OF STUDIES.

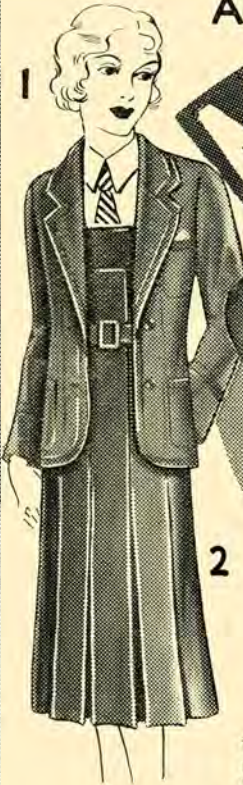
1. *English Literature,*
2. *The Writing of English,*
3. *Business Correspondence,*
4. *Stenography and Typewriting,*
5. *Précis Writing,*
6. *Office Management, Economics,*
7. *Business Principles and Book-keeping,*
8. *Business Law and Banking,*
9. *Finance and Investment,*
10. *Advertising and Publicity Methods,*
11. *Filing and Indexing,*
12. *Secretarial Duties.*



# Girls' College Wear

AT

## McDOWELLS



### No. 3 — GIRL'S COLLEGE HAT.

Velour finished Felt in popular all round shape, with Shallow Crown. Also smaller drooped shapes with cut away backs. Head sizes 19½ to 22 ins  
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Well tailored; bound flat braid.  
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 Sizes, ins. 33 36 39 42  
**SPECIAL PRICES, 19/11 21/11 23/11 25/11**  
 Size, ins., 44. **SPECIAL PRICE, 26/11**

### FUJI DE LUXE BLOUSES.

Sizes, ins. 24 to 30 33 to 42  
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### GIRLS' GOOD QUALITY REVERSIBLE BLACK RUBBER SERVICE COATS.

Finished all round belt. Sizes, ins.  
 24 26 and 28  
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 Sizes, ins.  
 30 32 and 34  
 14/11 15/11  
 Sizes, ins.  
 36 and 38 40 and 42  
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 Sizes, ins. 44 and 46  
 21/-

**McDOWELLS** "WILL SERVE YOU BEST"  
 KING & GEORGE STS





THE MAGAZINE  
*of the*  
**FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL**

MAY, 1934

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FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

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**The Staff.**

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

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

**Department of English.**

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss PURCELL, B.A.

Miss BENNETT, B.A.

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

Miss MOORE, B.A.

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

**Department of Classics.**

Miss HEWITT, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss PATE, B.A.

Miss SIMONS, B.A.

**Department of Mathematics.**

Miss WEST, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss GRAHAM, B.A.

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

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss CULEY, B.A.

Miss PORTER, B.Sc.

Miss WESTON, M.A.

**Department of Science.**

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Miss COWIE, B.Sc.

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Miss PORTER, B.Sc.

**Department of Modern Languages.**

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Miss HARDERS.

Miss COLLINS, B.A.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

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

**Art:** Miss TEARLE.

**Needlework:** Miss DUNLOP.

**Music:** Mrs. JAMES.

**Physical Culture:** Miss ANDERSON.

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

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

**Captain, 1934:** HELEN PONTEY.



*THE CAPTAIN AND THE PREFECTS OF 1934.*

*Front row: Marjorie Baldock, Marion Cockburn (Senior Prefect), Helen Pontey (Captain), Betty Condon, Joyce Irons.*

*Back row: Gwen Walsh, Joanne Porter, Jean Long, Beryl Kent, Lucy Sherring.*



## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL

Once more we stand on the threshold of a New Year, determined to do our utmost in 1934 to maintain the honour of the "best School of all" and to add further laurels to her name "in school-room and in field." But

"We cannot all be heroes and thrill a hemisphere

With some great daring venture,  
Some deed that mocks at fear."

Yet we may each individually add lustre to her name by "duty nobly

done" and by our behaviour in public.

To-day our School stands high above the city, on the Bradfield Highway, an imposing guardian at the entrance of one of the world's greatest bridges. It is our responsibility, into whose care Fort Street is now entrusted, to safeguard her through the coming year.

We should like to extend a hearty welcome to the First Years and new Fourth Years and hope that their time at Fort Street will be as happy as ours has been.

## MISS CRUISE

Miss Cruise, our former Head Mistress, who has recently returned from an extended tour of the British Isles, visited the School at the beginning of March and received a very cordial welcome from the members of the Staff and the pupils of the School.

Miss Cruise has spent a most enjoyable time, visiting many spots of his-

torical interest and revelling in the beauty of rural England, Scotland and Wales.

Her interest in the School was manifested by the presentation of the beautiful etching of Canterbury Cathedral which is hanging in the Library. The School is very grateful to Miss Cruise for her gift.

## ROUND THE SCHOOL

### THE STAFF

There have been several changes in the Staff: the Misses Harris, Austin, Atkins and McNeill were transferred to other schools, and we wish them happiness and success in their new spheres.

Mrs. Griffin, who had been in charge of the Physical Culture for many years, and who had been most successful in the training of many good swimmers and athletes, resigned at the end of the year. The School has always appreciated Mrs. Griffin's efficiency and organising ability, and wishes her every happiness in her retirement.

We extend a welcome to the Misses Anderson, Porter, Bennett and Graham, the new members of the Staff, the last-named being a former pupil of the School.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Simons on her return from a twelve-months' tour of Europe. And we wish Miss Mackay, who resigned in March to live in England, an enjoyable voyage and a happy settling in the country of her adoption.

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

**The Mollie Thornhill Prize**, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Certificate Examination, was won by Joyce McCredie.

**The Emily Cruise Prize**, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate in History at the Intermediate Certificate Examination, was won by Maria Boldini.

**The Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle** decided at their annual meeting to give a prize (books to the value of a guinea) to the "Fortian" who secured the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination. Enid Smith is the successful candidate.

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

**English.**—First Class: Enid Smith and Lesbia Wright.

Second Class: Joyce Shaw.

**Latin.**—First Class: Lily Tenzer.

Second Class: Enid Smith and Lesbia Wright.

**French.**—Second Class: Doreen Musgrave and Enid Smith.

**German.**—Second Class: Olga Parker.

**Modern History.**—First Class: Enid Smith (4th place) and Phyllis Jones.

Second Class: Irene Hallett.

**Chemistry.**—Second Class: Margaret McKay, Doreen Musgrave and Lesbia Wright.

**Botany.**—Second Class: Sylvia Browne and Kathleen Carr.

**Geology.**—First Class: Phyllis Jones and Joyce Rogers.



**University Exhibitions** in the Faculty of Arts were awarded to Phyllis Jones, Loraine Thompson and Enid Smith; in the Faculty of Science to Frances McLean and Lesbia Wright; and Doreen Musgrave gained one in the Faculty of Dentistry.

**Training College Scholarships** were awarded, on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, to Dorothy Irvine, Margaret McKay, Doreen Musgrave, Lily Tenzer, Loraine Thompson and Lesbia Wright.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I, 6 Mathematics II, 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 16 Lower Standard Mathematics, 17 Economics, 18 Music, 22 Dressmaking. The letters "H1" signify first-class honours; "H2," second-class honours; "A," first-class pass; "B," second-class pass; and "L," a pass at the lower standard; the sign "o," those who have passed in the oral tests in French or German.

Adderton, D. I. O., 1B 2B 3B(o) 8B 12B 16pass 17B.  
 Armstrong, Helen G., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 13A 14A.  
 Barrett, Betty Roslyn, 1A 2B 3B 8B 12B 17B.  
 Bembrick, Lynette, 1B 13B 14A 15B 16pass 22A.  
 Binns, Marjorie Ailsa, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 12A 17B.  
 Boston, Daphne Pearl, 1A 3B 5B 8A 12A 15A 17B 22A.  
 Branch, Estelle Patricia, 1B 13B 14B 15A 16pass 22B.  
 Browne, Sylvia Jane L., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 12H2.  
 Carr, K. G., 1B 3L 8B 12A 15B 16pass 17B 22B.  
 Chapman, G. F., 1B 3B 8B 12B 15B 16pass 22B.  
 Dircks, Margaret, 1B 2A 3B 5B 6B 8B 11A.  
 Eden, Irene, 1B 2B 3B 8B 16pass 17B.  
 Fraser, Sybil Merle, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 12A 17B.  
 Gatley, Mollie, 1B 2B 3B 13B 14B 16pass.  
 Gillespie, Marjorie M., 1B 3B 12B 15B 16pass 22B.  
 Glanville, Rita Huntley, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 11B.  
 Hallett, Irene F., 1A 2B 3B 8H2 13B 14B 16pass.  
 Hammer, Joyce Annetta, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 11B.  
 Harris, Ruth Margaret, 1B 13B 14L 15A 16pass 22B.  
 Irvine, Dorothy Beatrice, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 11A.  
 Jones, Phyllis R., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8H1 13H1 14B.  
 Lane, Jean Margaret, 1B 3B 5B 8B.  
 Mackenna, Norah K., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8A 9B 12B.  
 McGauran, Patricia, 1B 3B 5B 13B.  
 McIntosh, Joan Ivy, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 12B 17B.  
 McKay, Margaret L., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A 11H2.  
 McLean, Frances Mary, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 11A.  
 McPherson, Jean B., 8B 13B 14B 15B 16pass.  
 Miles, Jean Arnold, 1B 3B 5B 8B 12B.  
 Morris, Bella, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.  
 Munro, Blanche, 1B 2L 3B 8B 12B 16pass 17B.  
 Musgrave, Doreen, 1A 2A 3H2(o) 5B 6A 8B 11H2.  
 Nairn, Alice Stuckey, 1B 3B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Parker, Olga Patricia, 1B 2A 3A(o) 4H2(o) 5A 6A.  
 Pemell, Joan Amelia, 1B 8B 13B 16pass 22B.  
 Polkinghorne, Agnes J., 2B 3B 8A 12B 16pass.  
 Porter, J. L., 1A 2B 3B 8B 12A 16pass 17B.  
 Riddell, Mary F., 1B 2B 3B 8A 13A 14A 16pass.  
 Roberts, Margaret Hanna, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 7B 11B.  
 Robertson, Merle R., 1B 3B 8B 12L 16pass 17B.  
 Rogers, Joyce Hilda, 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 9A 13H1.  
 Rogers, Marion, 1A 3B 5B 8B 12A 17B.  
 Shaw, Joyce Eleanor, 1H2 2A 3B 5B 8A 12A 17B.  
 Smith, Enid Kitty M., 1H1 2H2 3H2(o) 5B 6B 8H1.  
 Smith, Hazel Mildred, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 11A.  
 Smith, Roya A., 1B 8B 13B 14B 15B 16pass 22B.  
 Snape, Lilian, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 11A.  
 Stanger, Kathleen M., 1B 12A 15B 16pass 17B 22B.  
 Stevens, Dorothy Ethel, 1B 5B 8B 13B 15B 22A.  
 Stronach, Jessie A., 1B 3B 5B 8B 13B 14B 18B 22B.  
 Tenzer, Lilian Dorothy, 1A 2H1 3A 5B 8A 9A 12B.



Thompson, Loraine, 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 7B 11A.  
 Fuck, Dorothy Grace, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.  
 Watt, Jean May, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12B.  
 White, Betty Jean, 1B 3L 5B 12L 15B 22B.  
 Whitehead, Enid Evelyn, 1A 2B 3B 5B 12A.  
 Willis, Joyce, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Wright, Lesbia E. A., 1H1 2H2 3A 5B 6B 11H2.  
 Yeo, Marjorie Alberta, 1B 2B 3B 13B 14B 16pass.

### INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

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

(o) denotes an oral pass in French or German.  
 Baker, Edna M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Barrington, Myra M., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7B 8B.  
 Barton, Gweneth M., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Bates, Verena, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A.  
 Boaden, Beryl S., 1A 2A 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Boldini, Maria C., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Boon, Nita F., 1B 2A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o).  
 Brabyn, Lois A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11A.  
 Broadfoot, Mabel, 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Brown, Margaret E., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o).  
 Brown, Mavis J., 1B 2A 3B 11B 22A.  
 Russell, Beryl C., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B.  
 Coleman, Patricia H., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Collins, Irene M., 1B 4B 7B 11B.  
 Coogan, Dulcie E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 20B 22B.  
 Corner, Phyllis M., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Curtis, Jean E., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o).  
 Davies, Daphne M., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Davies, Rhondda M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 20A.  
 Deall, Alison, 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o).  
 Direks, Helen M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Dixon, Viva M., 1B 2B 3B 11B 22A.  
 Dunlop, Enid H., 1A 5B 6B 7A(o) 8B.  
 Dyer, Ella E., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11A.  
 Edmonds, Joan M., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 22B.  
 Edwards, Olwyn J., 1B 4B 11B 20B 22B.  
 Elphinstone, Jean A., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Farlow, Gladys D., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Fetherston, Cocee E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Finnan, Elizabeth J., 3B 4B 5B 11B 20B 22A.  
 Fletcher, Aileen, 1B 4B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Ford, Phillippa J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Forrester, Audrey, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.  
 Freeman, Joyce M., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Frew, Jean M., 1B 2B 4B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Gander, Elva F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Garrard, Winifred G., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A 11A.  
 Gilies, Dorothy K., 1B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A 21B 22A.  
 Griffiths, Dulcie E., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8B.  
 Guard, Marjory J., 1B 2B 6B 7A(o) 11A.  
 Hamilton, Clarice E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Harris, Bessie, 1A 2B 6B 7B 8B.  
 Harris, Clare, 1B 2B 3B 11B 21A 22B.  
 Harvey, Betty F., 1B 2B 5A 6B 7B.  
 Harvey, Joan G., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o).  
 Hood, Betty V., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A 11A 21A.  
 Howell, Valerie A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11B.  
 Hunter, Jill L., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Jacobs, Ethel W., 1B 2B 7B 11B 22B.  
 Jarrett, Elizabeth F., 1B 2B 3B 11B 21B 22B.  
 Jeffreys, Frances D., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11A 22B.  
 Johnson, Hazel M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 22A.  
 Jose, Mary Z., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 20A 22A.  
 Kerr, Jean, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A 11A.



Knott, Margery N., 1B 2B 4B 5A 7B 11B.  
 Lakin, Barbara C., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Lawson, Blanche G., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o).  
 Lee, Athalie J., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22B.  
 Lewis, Irene M., 1B 2B 6B 7A 11B.  
 Light, Nancy M., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A(o) 11A.  
 Lister, Roberta G., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7A(o) 21A.  
 Livingston, Jean F., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.  
 Logan, Lila B., 1A 2A 4B 6A 7A(o) 11B.  
 Lucas, Lorraine E., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B.  
 Mackinnon, Margaret F., 1A 2A 4B 6A 7A(o) 11B 21A.  
 Maclure, Heather R., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B(o) 11B.  
 Madsen, Joan M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B 21A.



By courtesy of  
the "Sun."

*The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. C. HAGON, presenting the "Dux" Prize to  
ENID SMITH.*

Makin, Margery D., 1B 7B 21A 22B.  
 Martin, Muriel G., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o).  
 Mason, Lorna, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B.  
 McConville, Nancy, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22A.  
 McCredie, Joyce, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o).  
 Montgomery, Norma, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o).  
 Moore, Margaret J., 2B 3B 7B 11B 20B 22B.  
 Morgan, Iris J., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A.  
 Morris, Enid E., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 11A.  
 Morrison, Iris, 1B 2B 7B 22B.  
 Morton, Dorothy I., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22B.  
 Munro, Kathleen, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 8B.  
 Murray, Mary G., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 8B(o).  
 Musgrave, Meta, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.  
 Nesbit, Molly J., 1B 2B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Paull, Dorothy R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B(o) 11B 20B 22B.  
 Pearce, Susan B., 1B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11B 20A 22B.  
 Pemell, Leigha E., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B.  
 Perry, Jeanne D., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Perry, Nancy B., 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22B.  
 Phillips, Estelle A., 1B 2B 6B 7B.  
 Piercey, Mary M., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11A 21A 22A.



Pittendrigh, Gwenda M., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Plumb, Sylvia E., 1B 2B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B.  
 Pound, Melva, 1B 2B 5B 6A 7A 11B 21A.  
 Read, Tessie, 1E 7B 11B 20B 22B.  
 Rocavert, Vera, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 8B.  
 Rooke, Beryl P., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 21A.  
 Rosenfeld, Valerie, 1B 2B 6A 7B.  
 Sagers, Edna, 1B 2A 3B 11B 21B 22B.  
 Sergel, Rona J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 8A(o) 21A.  
 Shade, Winifred M., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.  
 Sinclair, Ruth E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11A 21A 22B.  
 Smith, Florence M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Steele, Edyth W., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.  
 Stelzer, Lorna B., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.  
 Stephens, Helen M., 1B 7B 20B 22A.  
 Swann, Ellen G., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.  
 Thompson, Joyce J., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Thornbury, Veronica E., 1B 2B 6B 7A(o) 11B.  
 Tilly, Dorothy I., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.  
 Townsead, Joyce S., 1B 2B 5B 6A 7A 11A.  
 Waghorn, Rosaline A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11A 20B 22B.  
 Ward, Joyce E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.  
 White, Margery P., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22A.

### SPEECH DAY

At the Annual Speech Day, which was held on December 14th, 1933, at the Conservatorium, there were present many valued friends of the School, including the Hon. D. H. Drummond,



EN. D. SMITH,  
 Captain and Dux, 1933.

By courtesy of the "Sun."

M.L.A., Minister for Education; the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman R. C. Hagon and Mrs. Hagon; Bishop Kirkby, Mr. Clyne, M.L.A. We were very

pleased to see Miss Partridge, a former Principal of the School, who is known to the present generation of Fortians by her speeches on "Farewell Day."

Mr. Hicks, the Assistant Director of Education, ably fulfilled the duties of Chairman, and we owe him our most grateful thanks for so doing.

After the chairman had opened the proceedings with an interesting speech, Miss Cohen read the Annual Report of the School, recording our successes both in study and in sport. Betty Scott and Vera Pausey were the most successful candidates at the Leaving Certificate, and for the first time the Ada Partridge Prize was shared. The Intermediate passes were also of a high standard, three pupils gaining seven "A's."

In the field of sport, our champion runner, Ruth Harris, gained glory for the School by again winning the Championship of High Schools—the third time in succession—a record unequalled by any other High School pupil.

Reference was also made to the many School activities and to the social service work of the pupils.

After inspiring and congratulatory speeches made by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Clyne, Mrs. Hagon graciously presented the prizes to the successful pupils and invested the Captain and the Prefects with their badges of office.

Mr. Drummond announced that in future a certain number of places in the School would be reserved for the daughters of ex-Fortians, irrespective of residential qualifications, provided that the pupil had gained an entrance to a full high school. This concession granted by



the Minister for Education was much appreciated by the audience. The Captain for 1933 (Enid Smith) and the Captain-elect for 1934 (Helen Pontey), on behalf of the School, thanked Mrs. Hagon and the speakers for their interest in the School and their kindness in taking part in the proceedings. Mr. Hicks, on returning thanks, complimented the two girls on their eloquence and fluency.

Everyone enjoyed the items rendered by the School Choir and the School Orchestra under the baton of Mrs. James.

This interesting function was brought to a conclusion by the singing of "Come! Fortians, Fortians All," and of the National Anthem.

Joan Fraser, 5A.

## PRIZE LIST

**Dux of School.**—Enid Smith.  
**Second Proficiency Prize.**—Lesbia Wright.  
**Dux of Year IV.**—Jean Allan.  
**Second Proficiency Prize.**—Joyce Irons.  
**Dux of Year III.**—Joyce McCredie.  
**Second Proficiency Prize.**—Maria Boldini and Phyllis Corner, equal.  
**Dux of Year II.**—Lucy Graham.  
**Second Proficiency Prize.**—Marjorie McKechnie.  
**Dux of Year I.**—Joyce Nelson.  
**Second Proficiency Prize.**—Nellie Pope.

### SPECIAL PRIZES

**Ada Partridge Prize.**—Betty Scott and Vera Pausey, equal.  
**Mollie Thornhill Prize.**—Joan Fraser.  
**Emily Cruise Prize.**—Heather Addison.  
**The Lord Mayor's Prize.**—Lorraine Thompson.  
**Poetry Prize.**—Marjorie Yeo and Joan Fraser, equal.  
**Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize.**—Mona Ravenscroft.  
**Mrs. James' Prize for Music.**—Ruth Sinclair.  
**Scripture Prizes (Presbyterian).**—Frances McLean and Marjorie Tuke, equal (1); Alice Nairn (2); Heather Stewart (3).  
**Prizes awarded by L'Alliance Française.**—First Prize—Third Grade: Rona Sergel. Reading: Rona Sergel.

### CERTIFICATES

#### Year V.

English.—Enid Smith; Lesbia Wright, prox. acc.  
 History.—Enid Smith.  
 Latin.—Enid Smith; Lesbia Wright, prox. acc.  
 French.—Lesbia Wright; Enid Smith, prox. acc.  
 Mathematics I.—Sylvia Browne.  
 Mathematics II.—Lorraine Thompson.

Mechanics.—Margaret Roberts.  
 Chemistry.—Lesbia Wright; Margaret McKay, prox. acc.  
 Botany.—Sylvia Browne.  
 Geology.—Joyce Rogers.  
 Economics.—Marion Rogers.  
 Geography.—Jessie Stronach.  
 Ancient History.—Joyce Rogers.  
 Dressmaking.—Jessie Stronach.  
 Art.—Patricia Branch.  
 Physical Culture.—Lorraine Thompson.

#### Year IV.

English.—Heather Bradshaw.  
 Modern History.—Mary Robinson.  
 Latin.—Joan Fraser.  
 Ancient History.—Mary Robinson; Mary Connolly, prox. acc.  
 French.—Joan Fraser.  
 German.—Joanne Porter; Joan Fraser, prox. acc.  
 Mathematics.—Phyllis Whitbread.  
 Mechanics.—Phyllis Whitbread.  
 Chemistry.—Hilda Maddocks.  
 Botany.—Jean Allan.  
 Geology.—Jean Rennie.  
 Geography.—Gwenyth Gillies.  
 Economics.—Betty Condon; Joyce Irons, prox. acc.  
 Needlework.—Mabel Geoghegan.  
 Music.—Marjorie Tuke.  
 Art.—Fairlie Lindsay.  
 Physical Culture.—Betty Condon.

#### Year III.

English.—Maria Boldini.  
 History.—Maria Boldini.  
 Latin.—Joyce McCredie.  
 French.—Joyce McCredie.  
 German.—Maria Boldini; Clarice Hamilton, prox. acc.  
 Mathematics I.—Joyce McCredie.  
 Mathematics II.—Iris Morgan; Ellen Swann, equal.  
 Elementary Science.—Ellen Swann.  
 Geography.—Nancy McConville; Margaret Moore and Betty Jarrett, prox. acc.  
 Art.—Athalie Lee.  
 Music.—Clare Harris.  
 Needlework.—Nancy McConville.  
 Physical Culture.—Clarice Hamilton.

#### Year II.

English.—Marjorie McKechnie; Lucy Graham, prox. acc.  
 History.—Phyllis Wiles.  
 French.—Rose Clarke; Marjorie



McKechnie, prox. acc.  
 Latin.—Irene Cooke and Marjorie McKechnie, equal.  
 Mathematics I. — Peggy Vernon; Dorothy Allen, prox. acc.  
 Mathematics II.—Dorothy Allen.  
 Elementary Science.—Nathalie Wright.  
 Geography.—Gwenyth Rowe.  
 Needlework.—Phyllis Wells; Ena Bruce and Amy Brenton, equal, prox. acc.  
 Music.—Gwenyth Rowe.  
 Art.—Muriel Angel and Laurie Smith, equal.  
 Physical Culture.—Audrey Sinclair and Dorothy Woodrow, equal.

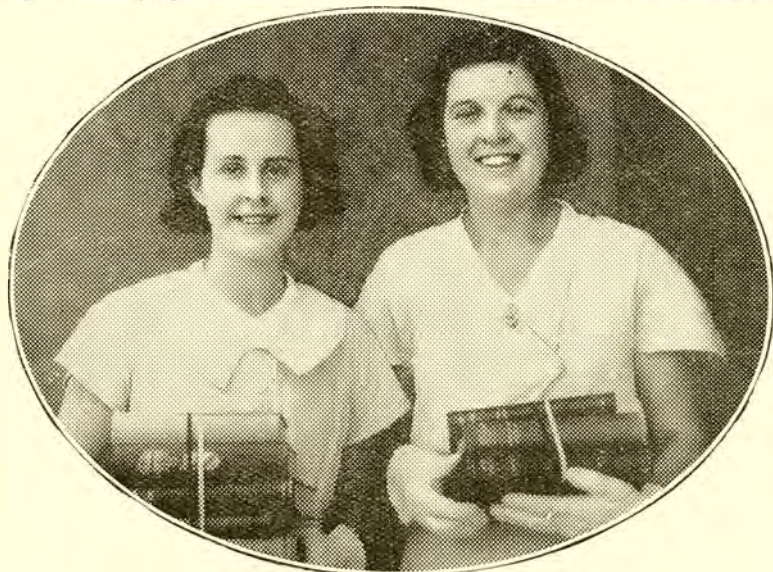
### YOUNG AUTHORS

#### Fort Street Girls Have Fine Magazine

Literary aspirations, such as fire every high school student, have been expressed by those of the Fort Street Girls' High School through a variety of mediums in the current issue of the school magazine.

Verse, sketches, little stories and essays fill a publication of respectable size.

Subjects chosen trend towards the serious and, not infrequently, the ambitious. "Moonlight on the Mountains," "An Australian Sunset," "The Majesty of Liszt," and a rather tragic little story



VERA PAUSEY and BETTY SCOTT shared the "Aaa Partridge" Prize for best Fortian pass at the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1932. By courtesy of the "Sun."

#### Year I.

English.—Beryl Orr; Dorothy Norman and Dulcie Warren, prox. acc.  
 History.—Joyce Nelson.  
 French.—Joyce Nelson; Cecily Robinson, prox. acc.  
 Latin.—Cecily Robinson.  
 Mathematics I.—Dulcie Warren; Joyce Nelson, prox. acc.  
 Mathematics II.—Joyce Nelson.  
 Elementary Science.—Joyce Nelson; Norma Murray, prox. acc.  
 Geography.—Dorothy Norman; Nellie Pope, prox. acc.  
 Needlework.—Edna Maye.  
 Physical Culture.—Jean Krust.

entitled "Victory," give their young authors the widest scope.

The publication is well handled and decidedly attractive to those who are, or have been, in the School, and even to some outside it.

#### THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society held its annual meeting on Tuesday, 14th February, in the Assembly Hall, when the office-bearers for 1934 were elected. The results are as follow: Hilda Maddocks, President; Nancy Light, Secretary; Year Representatives, Jean Livingston (4th Year); Phyllis Wiles (3rd Year); Hazel Keavney (2nd Year). No representative was elected for Year I. as First Year sport is held on Thursday afternoons.

The first debate took place after school on Thursday, 1st March. The subject was—"That the Building of the Harbour Bridge is Premature." The Govern-

#### AN APPRECIATION

The Editors thought that the following appreciative notice which appeared in the Sydney "Sun" on December 14th, 1933, would be of interest to the readers of the Magazine:—



ment was upheld by Helen Pontey (leader), Marjorie Baldock and Mavis Porter, while Enid Smith (leader) Marion Cockburn and Gwen Simmons supported the Opposition.

The debate was very interesting, the Opposition winning by 3 points.

Nancy Light, Secretary.

#### THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

As librarians of the Reference Library we are very pleased to note the increasing number of senior girls who are using the Library for reference purposes this year.

We hope that in future the Third Year girls will avail themselves of the many benefits derived from reading these books.

Any offers of flowers for the purpose of decorating the Library will be thankfully received by us.

The Library is open at recess on Tuesdays and Fridays, when books may be taken out and returned.

Among the new books recently added to the Library are "A Descriptive Geography," by Professor Macdonald Holmes; "France and the French," by Sisley Huddleston; "The Post-Victorians"; "A Biographical Dictionary of Foreign Literature"; "Selections from Evelyn's Diary"; "I Look Back," by A. Compton-Rickett; "Selections from Oliver Goldsmith"; "The Face of London," by Clunn; "Moreover," by Walter Murdoch; "The Image and Other Plays," by Lady Gregory (the last-named kindly donated by Jean Livingston); "The Albatross Book of Living Verse," and "Fowler's Modern English Usage."

C. Hamilton, B. Lakin, P. Corner, M. Boldini, J. McCredie, Librarians.

#### THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1934

The officers of the School Association for 1933 were elected early in the year, the results being as follow: Year Representatives, Marion Cockburn and Lucy Sherring, Year V.; Clarice Hamilton, Year IV.; Joan Sumner, Year III.; Dulcie Warren, Year II.; Peggy Weine, Year I.; Secretary, Nancy Light, Year IV.

Helen Pontey, the Captain of the School, is, ex-officio, a member of the Committee.

The Staff members are Miss Chen, Principal, Misses West, Turner, Cowie, Anderson and Weston (Treasurer).

N. Light, Secretary.

#### THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union meets every Monday afternoon after school in the Assembly Hall, and any senior girls will be welcomed by our leader, Miss Culey, and the members.

During the Christmas holidays ten of the members of our Union attended the Schoolgirls' Camp held at Bowral under the auspices of the Australian Student Christian Movement, and spent an interesting and enjoyable time there.

The practical side of our work is the clothing of a little girl (four years old) at the Havilah Homes and the regular visiting of her by members.

K. Gillies, Secretary.

#### LIFE-SAVING AWARDS

The following awards have been won during the present season:—

**Award of Merit.**—Gwen Maddocks, Hilda Maddocks, Mavis Porter, Marion Cockburn.



MAVIS PORTER in the *Helix Race*.

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."



**Bronze Cross.**—Dorothy Paull, Rhondda Davies, Mabel Geoghegan, Rita Tocovenko, Lily Jamieson, Ruth Stevens, Helen Direks, Kathleen Gillies, Daphne Davies, Dulcie Coogan.

**First-Class Instructor's Certificate.**—Beryl Kent.

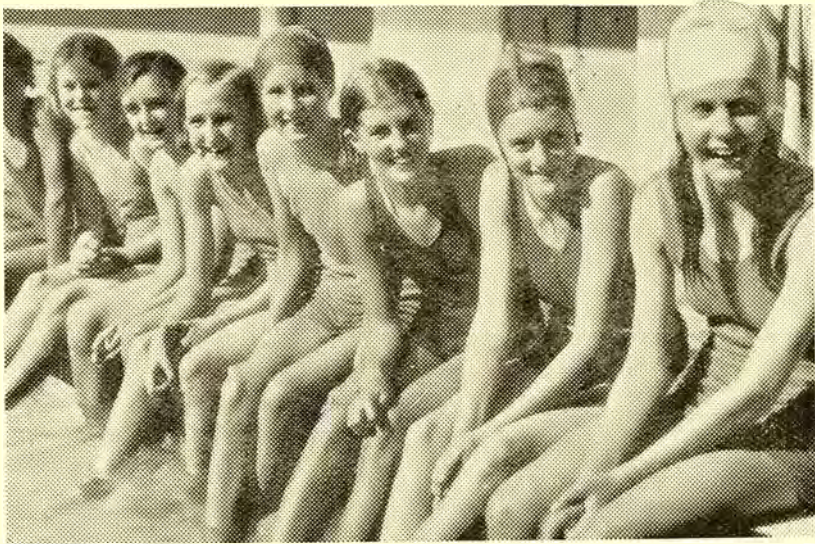
**Bronze Bar.**—Jean Allan.

**Bronze Medallion.**—Joyce Pettitt, Heather Odman, Beverley Barnett, Clare Jacobs, Joyce Easton.

**Proficiency Certificate.**—Ruth Courtland, Joan Steele, Joyce Roberts, Joyce Easton, Beverley Barnett.

We extend our thanks to Miss Anderson, who had only been at Fort Street for three weeks, for the perfect arrangement of the races. We also thank those members of the Staff who, before Miss Anderson's arrival, assisted in the preparation of the swimmers.

The whole afternoon was spent most enjoyably amid the barracking of the onlookers, garlanded with streamers of gaily-coloured ribbon, and now we are anxiously looking forward to next year's carnival, when our champions will again show their skill.



*SOME COMPETITORS.*

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

**OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL**

Even an excessively hot day could not depress our spirits on the occasion of the 37th Annual Swimming Carnival, which was held at the Coogee Aquarium Baths on Monday, 5th March. In spite of the heat, we all enjoyed ourselves in watching the keen rivalry exhibited, each class vying with the others to gain the shield which is awarded annually to the class gaining the highest number of points. This distinction was gained by 5C, with 2E as runner-up.

Our school mermaids showed themselves in very fine form, the most outstanding of them being Marion Cockburn and B. Barnett. Marion has now won the School Championship for three years in succession, and we must offer her our heartiest congratulations. Marion is to receive a small replica of the Championship Cup, which will remind her of this continued success.

The successful competitors were:—

School Championship (100 yards).—Marion Cockburn, 1; Betty Condon, 2; Winifred Shade, 3. Time, 1 min. 10½ secs.

Junior Championship (50 yards).—B. Barnett, 1; J. Barlow, 2; J. Pythian, 3. Time, 35 secs.

17 Years Championship.—M. Cockburn, 1; B. Condon, 2; M. Porter, 3. Time, 32½ secs.

15 Years Championship.—D. Tilley, 1; W. Shade, 2; M. Geoghegan, 3. Time, 36½ secs.

14 Years Championship.—B. Barnett, 1; L. Drake, 2; C. Jacobs, 3. Time, 34 secs.

13 Years Championship.—J. Barlow, 1; J. Walsh, 2; J. Pythian, 3. Time, 20½ secs.

12 Years Championship.—B. Moffett, 1; M. Williamson, 2; B. Boon, 3. Time, 22½ secs.

11 Years Championship.—Y. Drake, 1; E. Smith, 2; J. Direks, 3. Time, 23 secs.



Senior 33 Yards.—J. Long, 1; H. Maddocks, 2; L. Stelzer, 3. Time, 22½ secs.

Junior 33 Yards.—Y. Drake, 1; J. Grieve, 2; P. Medcalf, 3. Time, 23½ secs.

Breast Stroke Championship.—N. Light, 1; G. Gillies, 2; J. Pettitt, 3. Time, 44 secs.

Junior Breast Stroke Championship.—

Gillies, 3. Time, 1 min. 15½ secs.

Six Oar Race.—B. Condon-G. Gillies-M. Cockburn, 1.

Balloon Race.—R. Stinson, 1; N. Light, 2; M. Lyons, M. Bell, aeq., 3.

Diving for Objects.—J. Easton (10), 1.

Old Girls' Race.—J. Shonfield, 1; P. Dircks, 2; A. Binns, E. Smith, 3.

G. Allan, 4A.



MARION COCKBURN, School Champion.

J. Walsh, 1; P. Medcalf, 2; J. Henderson, 3. Time, 30 secs.

Diving Championship.—N. Light, 1; D. Tilley, 2; G. Gillies, 3.

Junior Diving Championship.—L. Drake, 1; P. Miles, 2; L. Hermes, 3.

Back Stroke Championship.—M. Cockburn, 1; B. Condon, 2; D. Tilley, 3. Time, 37 secs.

Junior Back Stroke Championship.—L. Drake, 1; Y. Drake, 2; P. Pyne, 3. Time, 24½ secs.

Year Relay.—2nd Year, 1; 5th Year, 2; 4th Year, 3.

Rescue Race.—N. Light-K. Gillies, 1; M. Porter-G. Maddocks, 2; L. Long-G.

#### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At the general meeting of the Dramatic Society Jean Livingston was elected Secretary for 1934.

Miss Purcell has charge of the Dramatic Readings, which are held on the third Thursday in the month and are very interesting.

Miss Collins has two one-act plays in hand in preparation for the Junior Theatre League Competition, which takes place in June.

We wish her plays success, and hope that Fort Street will again win the J. C. Williamson Mask.

J. Livingston, Secretary.





*Miss OLGA SANGWELL, B.A., LL.B.*

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

Olga Sangwell, who gained the Ada Partridge Prize as the best Fortian candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1927, has recently graduated in Law with Second-Class Honours, and the Rose Scott Prize for the best woman student in Private International Law. Olga has the distinction of being the first woman to graduate with honours in Law.

### THE SPECIAL CHOIR

The Special Choir this year has an enrolment of more than a hundred voices. Parts have been allotted and the girls are interested in their work.

We have had a little trouble in finding an accompanist to take the place of Claire Harris, but two girls have undertaken to practise the art of accompanying, and already they are doing good work.

Our new songs are pretty and light, "Humoresque," "Night-Fall" and "Happy Birds" being the most popular.

Choir practice is held every Tuesday and Friday afternoons. We would like more Fourth and Fifth Year girls to join us.

Athalie Lee, Secretary.

### THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This year I am pleased to report that we have three additional violins, making our number of performers fifteen. We have commenced some new work, "Good-bye" and "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" being bright, attractive numbers. Beethoven's "Minuet in G" and one of Mozart's Minuets are among the classical works we are studying.

We would like new girls who understand stringed instruments to join our Orchestra.

Athalie Lee, Secretary.

### THE FICTION LIBRARY

The Fiction Library this year seems to have but small attraction for the older girls, who are probably too engrossed in their studies to indulge in light reading.

The First and Second Year girls, on the other hand, are most constant in attendance, and our stock of suitable books is hardly sufficient to meet their demands.

Several girls—Jean Livingston and Lorna Stelzer in particular—have brought books which they have outgrown, and which the Juniors greatly appreciate. If other girls would do the same the Librarians would be very grateful.

M. Baker, B. Hood, J. Livingston,  
J. Townsend, Librarians.

### THE ELSA HALE PRIZE

This prize of a year's training, so generously offered by Miss Hale, of the Model Business College, to a pupil of this School showing aptitude for English and Commercial Work, was won by Marion Rogers.

### THE METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Metropolitan Business College offered a whole scholarship and a half scholarship to pupils of this School. The former was won by Verena Bates and the latter by Gwen Chapman.

### A GIFT TO THE SCHOOL

Mr. Smith, father of last year's Captain, presented the School at the end of last year with a framed copy of "The Immortal Shrine" painted by Will Longstaff as a slight acknowledgment of what the School had done for his daughter, Enid. Such evidence of parents' appreciation is very pleasing.

The companion picture, "Midnight at Menin Gate," painted by the same artist, was already hanging in the School.

### UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES

The following successes have been gained at the recent examinations in the Faculty of Arts:—

**Honours at Graduation (B.A.).—**  
Wilga Johnson, First-Class, Latin;  
Maurine Deer, Third-Class, Latin.  
Marion Dallison, Distinction, Anthropology.

**Second Year Arts.**—Nellie Emmett, Distinction, English; Iris Tate, Credit, German.

**First Year Arts.**—Vera Pausey, High Distinction, Greek (1st place); Margaret McVicar, High Distinction, Greek (3rd place); Betty Scott, Distinction, Greek; Betty Armstrong, Distinction, Mathematics.

### TENNIS

The Tennis season is fast approaching, and we are looking forward to it with great hopes. There are six players who have been members of teams still at school, and the outlook is further brightened by the fact that there are many promising players who improved during last season.

The six members of last year's teams have for the past four weeks been coached by Mr. J. O. Anderson, representing Palmers' Sports Depot, and they are very grateful for this opportunity of improvement afforded them by Palmers'.

Joan McIntosh, Captain.

### ARMISTICE DAY, 1933

The School commemorated Armistice Day by attending a service held in St. Phillip's Church, at which the preacher was the Bishop-Administrator of Sydney, Bishop Kirkby. It was the first time in the history of the School that such a service had been held, and to all who were present it was a most inspiring occasion.

The greater number of us present at the service had no memories of the Great War, nor of the Armistice, when, we are told, the world seemed to become crazed with joy, and so, without any remembrance of those perilous days, and surrounded by the deep calm within the historic walls of the beautiful church on the hill, we were able to feel very deeply the spirit of true peace for which Armistice Day stands.



Following the beautiful prayer and appropriate Scripture reading by the Rev. F. G. Standen, the assistant Minister, the Bishop preached a splendid sermon.

In welcoming us to St. Phillip's, the Bishop spoke of the bond between Fort Street, whence shines forth the lamp of learning, and the church, where is kept shining the lamp of religion.

As the citizens of the future, Bishop Kirkby reminded us of the significance of Armistice Day, the day of the cessation of the "War to end War," and we were urged to do all in our power to prevent another war. He stressed the utter futility of war and its terrible effect on humanity. "War," said the Bishop,

"cannot settle moral issues," and the surest means of averting future wars is to foster the spirit of fraternity amongst the nations, to think of the peoples of other nationalities and ourselves as one united race—indeed, as one person. And this ideal is embodied in a passage which the Bishop quoted from the Scriptures: "There is neither Greek nor Jew; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

The service closed with the pronouncing of the Benediction and the singing of the National Anthem. The Hallelujah Chorus was played as a recessional.

Heather Bradshaw, 5A.

### THE OLDEST "OLD GIRL" OF FORT STREET

Mrs. Terry, of Cardigan Street, Auburn, 88 years of age, wonders if she can claim to be the oldest "Old Girl" of Fort Street. This is her record:—

"I came out to this colony in 1854 at the age of nine. The following year I was sent to Fort Street. That part of the town was then a fine residential quarter and, as my parents lived in Margaret Street, Fort Street was my nearest school.

"A few years previously the New South Wales Government had adopted the plan of undenominational schools and Fort Street had been converted from a military hospital into a government school. In 1855 the Macquarie portion was the only part used for the School. The ground floor had a long stone-paved corridor in the front with open arches, which, I believe, are now glassed in. In this corridor we used to deposit our lunch bags, old-fashioned receptacles made of print, which we retrieved at lunch time.

"A long avenue led down to the street, and the shady fig trees lining it, which so many Old Fortians remember, were then in their infancy. On reaching the top of this avenue the girls turned to the right to the Flagstaff side of the building, while the boys went to the left.

"There were not many teachers on the girls' side from what I can remember. The Principal was Miss McDonagh, a tall, dark teacher, who occasionally took us for lessons. We seldom saw any of the boys or their teachers except the Headmaster—an important looking person who always wore a frock coat and who always appeared at breaking-up time.

"We were just turned loose after school and went helter-skelter down the avenue and out through the tall iron gates. I am told those gates are gone now. I wonder where they are!

"Essex Street was not dignified by a name. It was still called Gallows Hill, and gruesome tales we told each other of the hangings that had taken place on

the brow of the hill in the very early days.

"In Upper Fort Street stood the residences of wealthy merchants. I remember the home of Robert Campbell, a shipping man who owned Campbell's Wharf. These have all been swept away to make room for Bradfield Highway.

"Wynyard Square, which was a pleasant, well-kept square before the City Railway building began, was, in my school-days, an unfenced piece of waste ground on which drays were parked. The present church of St. Phillip's was being built, and the remains of the older church stood on the land opposite. There the ruins stayed for many years until the site was cleared and a small park called the 'Triangle' was made.

"I was only a year at Fort Street School. The undenominational schools were new to the country, and it was considered not quite the thing to go to them, so later I attended St. Andrew's Church of England School, which was near the site of the Town Hall. I well remember playing 'Jacks' on the old flat tombstones of the graveyard that stretched where the Cathedral and Town Hall now stand.

"I have always been intensely interested in the historic old School and the changes it has passed through. As the Model School it numbered among its pupils children who travelled from places as far off as Parramatta and Penrith. Later it became a high school, and then came the severance between the Boys' and Girls' Departments when the boys were transferred to Petersham.

"I am told that the old School is very altered now—avenue, trees, gates, fountain,\* all are gone. I don't think I care to see it as it is now; in fact, I'm sure I wouldn't know it though I am assured that the new aspect of the old place is an extremely pleasant one."



\* The fountain was moved into the school grounds when Princes Street was resumed by the Harbour Bridge authori-

ties.—The Editor.

The Editor wonders if there is any "Old Girl" who can beat this record.

## EASTER CUSTOMS

Easter means hope and joy after the sorrow of the week preceding it. We get the name from the old Anglo-Saxon Goddess of Spring (Eastre or Eostre), in whose honour a festival was held every year in April: but Easter has been celebrated as a church festival from the early days of Christianity, and it is strange to think that the name of an old pagan festival should now represent for Christians a time of spiritual rejoicing in honour of the Resurrection of Christ.

Easter is a movable feast, and although a bill was passed by the British Parliament to allow a fixed date to be arranged for Easter, the churches have come to no decision about the matter, and we still keep to the time suggested by the Church Council at Nicaea (Asia Minor) in A.D. 325, by which Easter is to be celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon after March 21st. So Easter cannot fall earlier than March 22nd or later than April 25th.

Many strange customs are connected with the Easter egg, which was, in earlier times, the symbol of creation—the renewal of life. In the northern hemisphere Easter is in the spring, when fields and gardens are bright with flowers. The eggs are often of many colours to tone with the hues of Nature, and friends exchange the eggs just as we do Christmas gifts. The Persians exchanged eggs in this way in their "Feast of the Eggs."

In Germany, ordinary eggs are boiled and something is put in the water into which they are placed, which colours their shells. They are then planted in the ground and, when Easter Sunday comes, the children are allowed to dig and hunt for the eggs. There is a notion among these little folk that the eggs are laid

by the Easter hare, which they are always eager to see.

"Egg-rolling" was a great game with English children, who used the same kind of coloured eggs with mottoes written on them as the German children use. The children used to meet and roll their eggs down a grassy slope, and the child who owned the last unbroken egg was the winner and could claim all the unbroken eggs if he or she wished.

The custom of eating "hot cross-buns" on Good Friday has come to us from the sixteenth century before the Christian era, and came from the idea of offering cakes to heathen gods and goddesses. The "cross" appears to have had its origin in Greece, for we read that Cærops, King of Greece, offered up a "sacred cross bread or bun" made of fine flour and honey. But Cærops was an Egyptian by birth, so the "bun" may have been used in Egyptian religious ceremonies before we hear of it in Europe. The cross was probably made so that the worshippers could break the bun into four parts and share it with those who had none to offer to the gods.

Cross-buns were found in the excavations at Herculaneum and in the baking-houses in Pompeii, so that cross-buns must have been used in Italy before the eruption of Vesuvius (A.D. 79).

In the early days of Christianity, the cross on the bun had a higher meaning. On the anniversary of the Crucifixion the consecrated bread used at the celebration of Holy Communion was marked with a cross and given to the congregation, so the "Hot Cross-bun" should be a symbol of our faith.

Clarice Hamilton, 4A.

## THE PEDLAR OF DREAMS

The great marble city lay still and silent under the spell of sleep. The tall buildings, with their turrets and spires clear-cut against the blazing stars, were steeped in purple shadow. As I stood inside the bronze gates, looking out over the hills, I seemed to be the only person on the earth. Suddenly I heard the pad of footsteps, and into the open square came the bent figure of some chance pedlar hurrying home.

"The Pedlars of Romance have gone," I thought as I watched the slight form, with its heavy burden of shining pots and

pans, disappear again into the gloom. "The Civilization of To-day has no time for the Pedlars of Yesterday."

But even as I thought a marvellous change came over the city. The streets were filled with merry voices, and laughing children came running from the open doors, their bare feet going pit-a-patter on the worn cobbles. Candles lit up even the darkest shadows, and soon the city looked like some enchanted palace in the realms of fairy land.

Out over the rolling hills there were lights, too, magic yellow lanterns, danc-



ing like will o' the wisps. Strange elfin shapes flitted by and the Wind went laughing lightly through the fields, scattering the dewdrops with the trailing hem of her silken gown.

Above the happy singing of the children I heard the deep, mellow notes of the city bell, and suddenly a figure appeared at the top of the main street. He was tall and thin, with a huge yellow patchwork cloak fluttering behind him as he walked. A pair of deep blue eyes looked out from under his scarlet cap, and at each toll of the bell he called out:

"What do ye lack? What do ye lack?  
I am the Pedlar of Dreams!"

The children gathered round him in a moment, chattering gaily, and, one by one, with eager, excited faces, they dipped into his strange, mysterious pack.

There were cries of joy and excited whisperings when the parcels were undone. One had a necklace of stars, another a crown of sunny buttercups.

Far into the night the pedlar stood there by the fountain while the children danced around him, but the air was growing chill, and slowly, with many backward glances, they went creeping back to bed to the magic Land of Dreams. At last the pedlar was alone and, with a sad smile, he picked up his bag and wandered off down the deserted streets with the bell ringing softly in the distance. So the night waned and the pedlar's voice grew fainter and fainter as he climbed the winding pathway to the stars:

"What do ye lack? What do ye lack?  
I am the Pedlar of Dreams!"

"X," 3A.

## A VISIT TO ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

On a recent afternoon Miss Tearle took a party of us walking, our destination being St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in Phillip Street. Entering the building, we were met by Mr. Clark, the Church Treasurer, who very kindly accompanied us on our tour of inspection and told us some of the history of the church.

Although St. Stephen's is by no means a striking example of architecture, there are many features in the building which are worthy of mention. Most of us were greatly impressed by the beautiful stained-glass memorial windows, each representing a scene from the Scriptures, which are soon to be removed and taken to the new St. Stephen's now under course of construction in Macquarie Street. Another feature of interest was the two fine paintings, one representing the Stoning of St. Stephen, and the other the Sermon on the Mount.

We then went to the gallery, which occupies two sides and the back portion of the building. The pipe organ is placed upstairs in the gallery, and the installation of this organ was an event in the history of the church. Many of us were surprised to hear that the organ had only been in the building since 1890, although the church was built in 1857. The elders in those times did not favour instrumental music, and hymn books were not used at first, the congregation singing the psalms unaccompanied, led by a competent musician, who was known as a precentor, his duty being to set the pitch and tempo of the psalm being sung. Another striking difference in the service was that the congregation sat down for the singing and stood up during the prayers. In 1875, after consideration and, no doubt, much controversy, the order was reversed and the worshippers stood during the singing and either sat



St. Stephen's Church, Phillip Street.



or knelt while praying. Mr. Clark called this "a blessed innovation," since he himself had had the experience of standing to pray for over three-quarters of an hour in a church at Inverness.

The church was built in 1857, but it was not until 1865 that it came to be called St. Stephen's. It was given the name after the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales was made one body. Thenceforth the members of St. Stephen's consisted of people from two churches—those from the original church in Phillip Street and those from the Iron Church in Macquarie Street. It seems hard to believe that a church could have been built of galvanised iron, but Mr. Clark assured us that this was the case. This church was opened in 1855 and was constructed of iron in Scotland, and sent out to Australia in sections because, owing to the gold fever which was then raging in New South Wales, skilled labour was both costly and scarce. The iron church has long since disappeared, but portion of it has been used in the building of the reading room at the Lidcombe Old Men's Home. Before its demolition, however, it was for many years in use as the Free Public Library of Sydney.

Mr. Clark also took us into the vestry, where the walls were literally covered

with photographs. These were the portraits of various Ministers and members of the church, and Mr. Clark recalled many interesting facts regarding their work and service. One portrait was that of Sir George Reid, a former Premier of New South Wales, who, so Miss Tearle told us, was an old Fort Street boy. Sir George was a member of the church, and it was in St. Stephen's Debating Club that he learnt to speak in public.

From 1865 until 1931 St. Stephen's was the centre of Presbyterianism in New South Wales, and each year the General Assembly held its meeting there. Occupying a prominent place near the pulpit was a Communion Chair, which, we were told, was presented to the church for use at the first General Assembly.

St. Stephen's may be regarded as the "Presbyterian Cathedral" of Sydney, and to the general public, particularly the church-going portion, it is well known. It is gratifying to know that, although this historic building is soon to be demolished, the church itself will continue in Macquarie Street close to the site of the Iron Church, many of whose members became foundation members of St. Stephen's Church.

Gwen Walsh, 5B.

## THE TANK STREAM

"The spot chosen for this purpose was at the head of the cove near a run of fresh water, which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since creation, been interrupted by the rude sound of the labourer's axe and the downfall of its ancient inhabitants."

The above quotation is from Judge Advocate Collins' account of Sydney, where he arrived with the First Fleet in 1788.

The history of Sydney began when Governor Phillip, realising that the swamps around Botany Bay would not be suitable for his settlement, sailed round to Port Jackson, previously named, but not entered, by Captain Cook, and, coming into the little cove, discovered the abovementioned stream flowing down to the harbour. It was upon its banks that Sydney was built. Captain Phillip, in his first despatch from the new settlement, wrote: "I fixed on the one that had the finest spring of water and in which the ships can anchor so close to the shore that, at a very small expense, quays may be constructed at which the largest ships may unload."

The Tank Stream originally started in the vicinity of Hyde Park, flowing through a densely wooded area to where the General Post Office now stands, under

Martin Place, to Hunter Street, then along Hamilton Street to Bridge Street (which street was so named because the stream was there crossed by a bridge), then to Macquarie Place and so into Sydney Cove. If a map is carefully studied, it will be seen that Macquarie Place was the shore line of Sydney Cove, now Circular Quay.

So we see that where some of our busy streets now run there were once pretty valleys in which shrubs and trees of all sorts, as well as many kinds of ferns, grew, and running in and out of these was the Tank Stream.

Sydney's first water supply was obtained from this stream. In fact, it supplied Sydney with water for about half a century, but in 1827 and 1828 it became, instead of their water supply, a sewer.

It will help us to see how much Sydney has grown, and the cove extended, if we reflect that high tide used to come up to within twelve feet of what is now Bridge Street.

Along the banks of the Tank Stream cabbagepalms grew. These were promptly cut down and their wood used for building purposes. Very soon no vestige of cabbage palms was left there.

So we see that the pretty valley soon gave place to a city. All its trees were



cut down, its ferny dells disappeared and once again the material conquered the spiritual, for utility overcame natural beauty.

In the corridor leading to Room I. there is an engraving of Skinner Prout's picture of the Tank Stream. This was given to the School by the Fifth Year girls of 1928.

The blocks at Circular Quay are always

being replaced owing to the fact that the wood swells when it comes in contact with the Tank Stream, which flows underneath.

It is murmured that the cellars of the Customs House are damp because of their proximity to the Tank Stream.

The water at Circular Quay is never still because the Tank Stream flows into the harbour there.

Alison Sinclair, 3A.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE EEL

How many of us know the life story of the common eel? Many people have often seen eels in fishmongers' windows, but have passed them by, never giving a thought to the romance of an eel's life, or to the eel itself.

It has taken scientists many years to obtain the real facts of this wonderful story.

The eel is a well-known fresh-water fish, but it is almost impossible to believe that all eels in the northern hemisphere are born in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, hundreds of miles from England and half a mile below the surface of the ocean, where the pressure is great enough to flatten a locomotive.

No eggs or spawn of this snake-like fish have ever been found in rivers, lakes or ponds, but it has been discovered that, in a certain season of the year, eels desire to become parents. They become restless and soon leave their recent fresh-water homes and make their way from here (wherever it may be, in an inland lake, or swiftly flowing river) to the Atlantic Ocean. They swim across the latter, and it is hardly credible that they all make their way to the same spot in the vicinity of the Bermuda Islands. Even if eels are kept in a private pond the owner of the pond would find at this time that the eels have crept out of their home in order that they may follow their fellows.

When the "elvers," as the young are called, are hatched, they are flat, but gradually they rise to the surface and slowly make their way to Europe.

About two years later they reach the mouths of European rivers, but by this

time they have changed their form and resemble a miniature eel. Fishermen await their arrival, for the eel is a great delicacy, and they catch them in their nets by the hundred thousand. Those eels that escape being caught travel up the rivers into tributaries, and, strange to say, some eels have very often been found in Swiss lakes far above sea-level.

The female species is bigger and a great deal greedier and fiercer than the male, which rarely exceeds three feet in length. On the other hand female eels have been known to weigh twenty-five pounds.

The food of the eel is mostly frogs, but when hibernating on the bed of a pond it sometimes drags down ducklings floating on the surface to devour them.

Most people say eels have no scales compared with other fish, but they are wrong, for the scales are buried beneath their slimy skin. The handicap of scales to eels would be great, for they would hamper them when wriggling their way through reed beds and mud.

The eel has formed a table delicacy from the time of the Greeks. Then the Romans made it a divinity, speaking of it as "those natives of the stream, holy eels."

Before the Great War the young "elvers" were caught by the million as they entered English rivers, then packed and shipped to Germany.

The popularity of the eel is shown by the fact that many places are named after it; for instance, the city of Ely and Elmore on the Severn River.

"Piscis," 2A.

## THE OLD MILL

It was a close, dark evening towards the beginning of November, 1792, and several peasants sat talking together in a cottage some distance out of the little village of Vigny. Like most of the small dwellings in the district, it had no windows, and the light was only admitted through the door. Men and animals shared this large room, and five little children played happily on the steps.

The four people in the cabin were

Desmoulin, the owner, his stout little wife, Marcelle, old Jeanne, his mother, and the tax-collector of Vigny, who was the local doctor as well. On the table in the middle of the room a large tureen of cabbage soup was steaming. Beside it, spread on the table itself, was a thick porridge made of black bread and butter-milk. A jug of water, some earthenware porridge bowls and pewter spoons were laid in readiness for the meal.



"Are you waiting for anyone else, Mère Marcelle?" asked the tax-collector, casting a hungry glance at the table.

"No, monsieur; our number is complete and we shall have supper as soon as my husband has finished cleaning his gun."

"In times like these we may expect to be called on any moment to serve our country, so I always keep my gun loaded," answered her husband quietly, "but it is finished now and we may have supper whenever you are ready, wife."

Without further delay the good woman called in her children, and four boys and one girl obeyed her summons. The whole party sat down to table and began eating with the healthy appetites of hard-working people living much in the open air, but the little girl, who was about twelve years old, seemed to be only nibbling at her food. The grandmother noticed this and asked, "Are you ill, Marie?"

"No, Grandmother," the child answered briefly.

"Then why don't you eat?"

"I'm not hungry, Grandmother," was the shy reply.

"You're a sneak, Marie!" cried Paul, her youngest brother.

"Why do you call your sister a sneak, Paul?" asked his father in surprise.

"Because she pretends not to be hungry at table and then goes to eat her supper by herself in the old mill over yonder in the château grounds," Paul answered promptly. "I saw her do it in the moonlight last night."

Marie, who was generally very pale, flushed crimson and repeated stupidly, "You saw me?"

"Yes, I saw you. You said, 'I'm not hungry,' and as soon as Mother had turned her back you took up your porridge bowl and ran away as fast as your legs could carry you. I wanted to follow you, but when I saw you were going to the old mill where spirits are said to walk at night I was too frightened. I waited for you half-way, and you soon came back with your bowl empty. There, now, isn't that true, Marie?"

Marie had lifted her head slowly as her brother told his story and answered readily, "Well, what harm is there in eating my supper near the mill?"

"The old mill?" said the tax-collector, who seemed deeply interested in Paul's tale. "I have been a month in the village, but I never heard of it before."

Desmoulins laughed and answered instantly, "It is situated by a creek—an eerie, creeper-covered, broken-down mill. Spirits appear there, some say—I don't know exactly what. Marie could tell you if she wished, but the dear child has probably vowed to keep silence. See how pale she is!"

"Please explain yourself more clearly, my good fellow," asked the tax-collector,

looking from Desmoulins to his daughter and beginning to scent a mystery.

"Yes, Pierre, tell us exactly what you mean," pleaded Marcelle with fear in her eyes. "Is it Marie you are afraid of? Why did you not tell me of this before? I put her pallor down to want of appetite."

"Really, Mother, I have never seen a ghost in my life," Marie said quietly, though she smiled strangely.

"Don't tell stories, Marie," put in Paul severely. "One evening, at the end of last winter, there was a very thick fog and I couldn't even see the tip of my nose. Mother sent me to find you. As I came near the mill I heard your voice quite plainly, and someone answered you in a queer, stifled tone. Then a shadow seemed to pass in front of me and I was terrified. I screamed, and you came running up to ask what had frightened me. I told you what I had seen, and you answered in a shaky, strange voice, 'Don't talk about what you saw or heard to anyone, Paul; I was only speaking to a ghost.' Isn't this true, Marie?"

"Yes, but I was only making fun of you," said his sister.

Just then the watch-dog began to bark loudly and put a stop to further discussion. The little party grew alarmed, for every sound might spell danger in those troubled times. The father went to find out the cause of the disturbance and saw several men in uniform coming up to the door. Having posted a sentinel outside, the officer in command explained the reason of the visit.

"Citizen, we have grounds for believing that the former owner of the castle is hidden in these parts. We have searched all the dwellings except this cottage, so you will please allow us to do our duty here, good people."

"Certainly, citizen," answered the peasant respectfully.

In the confusion caused by the soldiers' entrance Marie got up, took her porridge in her hand and went to the door.

"Where are you going, my little maid?" asked the sentinel when he saw the child trying to pass.

"Can't you see? I want to eat my supper out-of-doors," replied Marie in surprise.

"No one is to leave the cabin now," said the sentinel as he barred the passage, so poor Marie had to stay indoors.

As soon as it was light next morning, little Marie got up before anyone was stirring and, taking her untasted supper with her, peeped cautiously out of the door. Seeing the sentinel was no longer at his post, the child closed the door very gently and ran quickly across the field to the over-grown path which led to the old mill. When she reached it she stopped, looked around anxiously, and entered.



Then she opened a cupboard door—and there a flight of steps led down into a grotto. Marie slipped very quietly into the aperture and clambered down. In a few seconds she stood in the cavern and a young lady hurried forward eagerly to meet her, saying, "I was afraid you were never coming." It was the Marquise. Her beautiful face showed wan in the uncertain light which flickered in that gloomy cave. The young Marquis, her husband, had been slain, and she owed her life to this loyal peasant child, to whom she had always been kind and friendly on account of Marie's strange likeness to the unfortunate aristocrat's daughter, who had died while still a tiny child.

Marie replied, "I couldn't come last night, Madame, because the Cockades were searching our cabin and the sentry would not let me pass. I am very sorry that the soup is cold."

"But tell me, dear child," asked the fugitive, when she had partaken of a little of the soup, "how you first learned the secret of this grotto."

"Quite by chance, Madame," answered Marie. "Two months ago I was playing in the room overhead when, to my surprise, I saw the cupboard door open. Then I saw our old curé, whom we all believed dead, walk out. When he noticed me he cried in horror, 'It is all up with me now!' Then he told me that he was hiding there, because he would be killed if the Cockades found him, for he had spoken against the attack on the Tuileries.

He ended by saying, 'But it is folly to think that a child of your age could keep such a secret.' I said, 'I am going to show you that I can keep a secret, Monsieur le Curé.' And I kept my word. He stayed hidden here for three weeks, and I grew as thin as a whipping-post."

"Because you found it such hard work to keep the secret," said the aristocrat, smiling.

"No, because I brought him my supper every evening," Marie replied simply.

The gentle lady fixed her eyes on the child's face and saw in her pallor the generosity of a brave nature. Then she spoke to little Marie as gravely as she might have done to the girl's mother.

"Marie, I must stay another twenty-four hours hidden here, but to-morrow I shall be free to leave. Eight days later I shall be far away from here. If you come to the grotto then you will find gold enough to buy out your little farm, in a bag under the large stone over there. You will take the money to your father and tell him how you came by it. But you must wait for a week after I've left—you quite understand—a full week."

"Yes, Madame, I will do exactly as you wish, and I must say good-bye now. My mother will miss me and may send someone to look for me."

The Marquise kissed the child fondly and watched her with loving eyes as she went away.

The soldiers searched and searched, but never did they find the aristocrat.

Beryl Kent, 5A.

## MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE AERODROME AT MASCOT

I was wildly excited when I arrived at Mascot Aerodrome to have my first trip in an aeroplane. There were aeroplanes everywhere. Planes of all descriptions took off and landed with much bumping over the uneven ground. I gasped as one came to a stop only a few feet away, and the next moment found myself in the arms of an obliging gentleman, whither the wind from the aeroplane's propeller had blown me.

I decided to look around the aerodrome before taking my flight, and wandered through sheds filled with odd pieces of aeroplanes, and learned much about their construction. The body of the machine is made of metal, but the wings and tail are made of very fine linen shrunk to the last possible degree and then varnished and painted. The older style of aeroplanes have engines that rotate with the propeller, but in the newer ones the engines are stationary. The pilot's seat is at the back in most planes, and those that have a red flag at their tails notify all others that they are being handled by

a pupil and must have a free passage.

When I returned to my friends at the Ambulance Station I had afternoon tea, and met Mr. Bridgland, of the Aero Club. I could scarcely keep still while he adjusted my cap and goggles, and at last I scrambled awkwardly into the seat. The aeroplane ran bumping over the grass, while I held my breath, wondering when we would glide upward into the air. Even when we did, I did not know it and received quite a shock when I looked over the side and saw the ground receding rapidly.

Then we were soaring away over Botany Bay, the sky-blue water glinting in the sunlight. During the first few minutes I was bobbing from one side to the other gazing down upon the scene below me. I thrilled as I thought how far I was from the ground, and looked out at the instrument on the wing to see how fast we were travelling. Eighty miles an hour! In my excitement I didn't give a thought to the possible danger of crashing, of which one is so



apt to think on one's first flight aloft.

Gradually I settled down and became used to the roar and vibration of the engine. It was very much like driving in a motor car. There was no great whirl or rush of wind such as one feels when in a train. Finally I reached the ground again and began a further inspection of the 'drome.

I peeped at the huge aeroplanes stationed in the shed of the New England Airways that take passengers to Brisbane. A tall pole attached to a small building attracted my attention, and, on inspecting it, I saw a fountain pen recording the force and variations of the wind every minute of the day from ten o'clock one morning to ten o'clock the next, so that the truth of a pilot's statement concerning a crash or accident may

be verified. This, I learned, was called an Anemo Biograph.

I was then introduced to Kingsford Smith's brother, and he asked Mr. Lennan, Sir Charles' engineer, to allow me to inspect the "Miss Southern Cross," or, as it is more frequently called, the Percival Gull, in which he made his last record flight from England to Australia. I was thrilled, and when the Gull came gliding back to earth I climbed into the pilot's seat and Mr. Lennan explained all the instruments to me and showed how the ailerons on the wings could be moved by means of the joystick and rudder.

When I left the aerodrome that day I had determined to fly my own aeroplane, and I still have that ambition.

Dorothy Woodrow, 3A.

## ROSES

Roses of every fragrance and hue,  
Grew in a garden bed;  
Roses of love, they were for you—  
Pink, and white, and red.

Roses dancing in the breeze,  
Happy and free of care;  
Roses whispering to the trees  
In the fragrant summer air.

Roses drooping in the sun,  
Dying for want of rain;  
Roses dropping one by one—  
Never to bloom again.

Roses of every fragrance and hue,  
Grew in a garden bed;  
Roses of love, they were for you—  
But now they all are dead.

"Elizabeth," 2B.

## GAUDE

O come, my friend, and linger here awhile,  
Where melody and perfume fill the air,  
Where we may drink in joy, and laugh, and smile,  
Where happiness and love are everywhere.  
I know that you are grieved at heart, and sad,  
But leave behind the cares of yesterday,  
Bring with you all the joys you ever had  
And let them live, each one, another day.  
For life is lonesome for one sad at heart,  
And sad one is, to leave all one holds dear,  
But Fate decrees that all true friends should part—  
And yet there still are love and friendship here.  
Come, friend of mine, laugh all your cares away,  
Give Life its reins—we have not long to stay!

Mary Stewart, 5B.



### STARS

A wind sprang up one sunny day,  
And a mischievous wind was he;  
And the creamy, starred clematis vine  
Was the first thing he could see.

With a gentle puff, and a bigger puff,  
He blew, till he blew a gale,  
And up to the bright blue summer sky  
He blew all the blossoms frail.

Stripped of her creamy, velvet gown,  
The vine felt cold and bare;  
And now the thoughtless wind was shamed  
To have spoilt such beauty rare.

But when the silver moon at last  
Robbed the sun of his throne on high,  
The clematis flow'rs with a lustre bright,  
Glowed in the velvet sky.

Muriel Finch, 3A.

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### IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE STREET

Does she live here, oh, little street?  
I do not wish it, yet I do entreat.  
Tell me if this is where she stays,  
That I may dream of it in coming days.

This is the street? Oh, really this  
Is not the place that I would wish  
For her, to live and sleep and wake.  
Oh, surely there is some mistake.

Yet if it is, then I do think  
That her dear presence here must surely link  
This little street with heaven above;  
This little street, which God must love.

M. Buik, 2B.

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### THE MEADOW

She is sitting alone in the meadow,  
Watching the poppies play,  
Watching the wild, white daisies,  
Smile to the sweet spring day.

And her eyes are filled with gladness,  
And a beauty rich and rare,  
But her heart has a tinge of sadness.  
What happiness is there?

For her life has been one of sadness,  
Sorrow and trouble and pain,  
And here is joy in contrast;  
In the meadow off the lane.

For here in God's own garden,  
Where buttercups nod aloof,  
All is joy and happiness,  
Under God's azure roof.

"Secrets," 2E.



**CYCLING**

Over hill and over dale,  
 Past the farmers as they sow;  
 Away towards a green-clad vale,  
 Cycling we will go!

Ride, ride, pedalling lightly,  
 Faster, faster goes the wheel;  
 Ever joyous, ever sprightly  
 Cycling makes you feel!

Riding quickly, deft hand guiding,  
 Halting now and then for rest;  
 There's many a way of riding,  
 But cycling is the best!

Margaret Turnley, 1A.

**THE WANDERERS**

Now come, my Sorrow, we shall walk together  
 Down evening roads, and hear the wild sea-song;  
 Hear the hills whisper through the night, "Be tranquil!"  
 Hear the winds murmur over us, "Be strong!"

Now come, my Sorrow, in the after-twilight  
 We shall find friends. Beauty and quiet sleep  
 Will go beside us. In the peopled silence  
 We shall forget to weep.

Joan Fraser, 5A.

**THE FAIRY**

I saw a little fairy,  
 Dressed up in gold and blue,  
 With hair so light and airy,  
 And dainty satin shoe.

Her wings were made of gossamer,  
 She had a magic wand,  
 She waved it o'er a cosmos,  
 As she sang a little song.

Gwen Smith, 1A.

**THE SPOT I LOVE**

The dim and misty mountains,  
 With the kookaburra's call,  
 The graceful, swaying gumtrees,  
 And the rippling waterfall.  
 The pretty little cottages,  
 The clear blue sky above,  
 And winding stony roadway—  
 This is the spot I love.

Gwen Smith, 1A.

**SUMMER-TIME**

Sing a song of summer-time,  
 With buttercups of gold,  
 Roses and forget-me-nots  
 And dandelions bold.

Dahlias in the garden plot,  
 Yellow, red and white,  
 Daisies and chrysanthemums,  
 Blooming gay and bright.

Blackberries are peeping out  
 From bushes down the road,  
 Oh sing a song of happiness,  
 For summer's here again.

Joyce Rogers, 1E.



### TRAVELLERS

(With apologies to Masefield)

Chariot so gay of ancient Italy,  
Driving home at dawn to beautiful Rome,  
With a noble Prince and Princess  
With robes of scarlet,  
And crowns of diamond and gold.

Ancient Elizabethan coach of Merrie England,  
Driving through the narrow streets to the palace so grand,  
With Her Majesty the Queen  
And William Shakespeare, the poet,  
And Francis Drake so game.

The modern motor-car from Australia,  
Dashing through the busy streets of Sydney,  
With a car load of tourists  
To view our Sydney Harbour Bridge  
Of world-wide fame.

Joyce Rogers, 1E.

### "THE TEACHER"

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes' "Highwayman")

The class was shrieking and yelling, and breaking each single rule,  
The floor was littered with papers, and of ink there was many a pool.  
The board it was chalked all over, and its black could be seen no more;  
And the teacher, she came creeping, creeping, creeping,  
The teacher she came creeping up to the classroom door.

She had rubber tacked on her shoe-heels, and Kromhyd upon her feet,  
A bundle of papers on one arm, and a ruler tucked under neat.  
As she visioned her victims' sorrow, a smile of triumph she bore,  
And the teacher, she came creeping, creeping, creeping,  
The teacher she came creeping up to the classroom door.

She banged on the door with the ruler, and then she flung it wide,  
There were thirty-five of them in there, and most of them nearly died.  
She cried in a voice of thunder, "Silence!" and silence soon did reign,  
And the teacher started scolding, scolding, scolding,  
The teacher started scolding, with all her might and main.

And she didn't finish till tea-time, and all that were left alive,  
All that were left of her victims, were a poor little wretched five.  
And she gave them lines for detention, and she gave them out with a will,  
And the victims they are writing, writing, writing,  
The victims they are writing those long, long impots. still.

Joyce Thompson.

### CATS

There are grey, brown, black cats,  
Yellow cats and white;  
There are cats that walk at daylight,  
And cats that walk at night;  
There are cats that seem to sleep all day,  
And cats that like to fight,  
With eyes of green, or silver,  
Or yellow gleaming bright.

There are cats that sit before the fire,  
And purr and rub and sleep;  
And cats that walk at grey-blue dusk—  
They are so sly and deep.  
Then kitten-cats most curious  
That round the corners peep,  
And there are straying, thin cats  
That in the moonlight weep.



There are wild cats and tame cats,  
 O, cats are never rare!  
 In any place to which you go  
 You're sure to find them there.  
 Their eyes in darkness gleaming,  
 With a strange and crafty stare,  
 With their long tails waving—  
 Cats are everywhere.

"Katère," 2A.

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### TOP O' THE TREE

There's a motto that's good for each lassie and lad  
 Who would wish for a place in the sun,  
 And those who don't heed it will wish that they had  
 Long before their life's journey is done.  
 It is this: when you're starting on work or on play,  
 Just resolve your position shall be,  
 Whatsoever the obstacles set in your way,  
 Not below, but at Top o' the Tree!

It's a jolly hard task, as you'll all of you find,  
 To keep pace with the others that run!  
 And you soon will perceive you are falling behind  
 If you slacken before you have won.  
 You must brace yourselves up as you make for the goal  
 And, never faltering, shake yourselves free;  
 For you never, if laziness gets the control,  
 Will arrive at the Top o' the Tree!

So all lassies and lads who decidedly feel  
 That they'd like a nice place in the sun,  
 Should be putting their shoulders right well to the wheel  
 And make sure it is kept on the run.  
 Oh, for sure! A back seat is a poor sort of post  
 From the which life's surroundings to see,  
 And it's up to your own commonsense to know most  
 Of good fruit's at the Top o' the Tree.

Beryl Kent, 5A.

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### IN SUMMER

The country-side is pink and white,  
 With roses everywhere,  
 And every field is gay and bright  
 With daisies sweet and fair.

The fairies dance the whole night through  
 Beneath the roses gay,  
 And every daisy dances, too,  
 Until the dawn of day.

Joyce Rogers, 1E.

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### THE SEA

I love the sea, with its changing charms,  
 Its ocean body, its harbour arms,  
 Its Arctic head, Antarctic feet,  
 Its giant strength, its form complete,  
 The mother of life, for the dead, a grave,  
 The terror of cowards, the friend of the brave.

Joyce Carling, 1B.



## THE WIND'S GIFT

The wingéd nymph of autumn skies  
Is on the hill,  
Dancing, when all the world is sleeping  
And darkly still.

She is a Reaper of Happiness,  
Beauteous things,  
The magic of night and the witchery  
Of fairy rings.

She pauses, amid the tawny fire  
Of leaves that fall,  
Shaking the paleness of misty rain  
From grasses tall.

She plucks the dewdrops from the flowers,  
So wondrous bright,  
And steals the song of rippling streams,  
That fills the night.

And when the golden dawn flames forth  
And darkness lifts,  
She'll bring them with my love to you—  
As Birthday gifts.

"Patuffska," 3A.

## "TRUTH IS AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL"

A man who could find no happiness in power nor in wealth, who was, in fact, so miserable that he was willing to learn to be happy, set out to find what happiness really was. Had he not heard that "Truth is at the bottom of a well"? He would try to find that well, and, with only this vague and shadowy guide, he wandered aimlessly, he knew not how far nor for how long. He saw in the distance a child, a beautiful child, who sat on a stone reading. As he came quite close to her he saw that her beauty was not mere perfection of features—it lay in the expression of her face—it made her eyes shine and her lips smile. "Surely," he thought, "she is happy." So he asked her to tell him what happiness was. "Happiness," she said, "lies in reading books; in dreaming of fairies; in loving our pets; in playing with our friends, our brothers, and our sisters; in gathering flowers; in listening to the birds; in singing." This he only half-believed, and he asked, "Did you find this answer at the bottom of a well?" "No," was all she answered.

Dissatisfied, he went on his way. He came upon a young man who sat gazing into a stream and who idly plucked grass and threw it away. He was unaware of the presence of the wanderer, who looked down at his reflection and wondered at what he saw. Mirrored in the crystal water was a face with restless, but glowing, eyes—a face that had an expression

at once tortured and happy. The youth by the stream saw the wanderer's reflection, looked up and smiled, and the wanderer knew that he was happy. He asked again what happiness was, and came the answer, "Happiness is being in the presence of the one we love; in cherishing the memories of past moments spent with her; in anticipating those that we shall still have together; in doting on her perfection; in seeing her in every flower, hearing her in every song."

Again dissatisfied and only half-believing what he had heard, the wanderer asked, "Did you find this answer at the bottom of a well?" Again came the answer, "No." So he went on his way.

A little cottage with a lawn in front at last came into view. He approached and stood at the gate watching. A woman was very slowly moving backwards, her body slightly bent and her arms held out to a baby, inviting it to follow. She picked it up when it fell, kissed away its tears, and once more held out her arms—she was teaching it to walk. So intent was she on her child that she did not notice the intruder until he was quite close to her and as she looked up he caught the expression of radiant happiness that can be found nowhere but in a mother's eyes. To his question, "Will you tell me what happiness is?" she replied, "Happiness is in loving our children, in protecting them, in making



their life easy, picking them up, should they fall, in teaching them and watching them learn." The wanderer again asked, "Did you find this answer at the bottom of a well?" and she replied, "Oh, no."

He was again dissatisfied and still went on. He met an artist, a poet, a naturalist. All three told him that happiness lay in loving the trees, the flowers, the birds, and in seeing good in everyone and everything. All three told him too that they had not found this at the bottom of a well; so, still disbelieving, he went on.

The next person whom he met was a priest. To the old, old question, the priest replied: "Happiness is in heaven, and to be in heaven is to think good thoughts, to see good in everything, to love God." Once more the wanderer disbelieved and went on.

At last he came to the philosopher who struck him as being very white. His hair was white, his long beard was white, his skin was white, even the robes he wore were white. His eyes were not dim, but were softened by something within him—was it happiness or was it knowledge? The wanderer asked the philosopher to tell him what true happiness was, and he replied, "Happiness is love—of God—of nature—of life and what life offers." At last he had found his answer! The beautiful child, the lover, the mother, the poet, the artist and the priest had all told him; he had not understood. Never again would he seek truth and happiness in a well, for he knew that the well where is found everything true and beautiful is life.

Maria Boldini, 4A.

### ELFIN LAUGHTER.

Listen! In the grey-blue twilight, as the first beams of the moon like silver shafts are piercing the gloaming, can you not hear the light, mocking laughter sounding through the rose-scented air? It steals upon one's senses like some echo of a time when the world was young. It brings to the mind a thought of some sylph-like maiden, some soft-footed dryad playing with water-sprites in the far-off days of dream.

Elfin laughter! Low and soft it plays among the trees. There, don't you see a laughing, pixie face peeping through the branches of the old fir over there? A peaked brown face, merry smile and laughing, golden eyes reflecting the early stars of the dusk?

Hark! The sound is there again. Ah, what was that! A whirl of wings, and something brushes by.

Why, it was the laughter of an owl!  
"Bijou," 2A.

### AUSTRALIA FELIX

Let us give imagination supreme reign over our thoughts for a few minutes.

I would like to sit and ponder for a while as to the way in which I would best like to spend the coming Christmas holidays. If I were asked for my choice of a perfect holiday I would at once answer in favour of a camping tour in a comfortable car fitted out with a camping body and trailer conveying the necessary equipment.

As to direction I would not care very much, but I think the way that I would prefer would be along the South Coast, with its many beauties and health-giving climate; and then over the Dividing Range, and into the Federal Territory, for I would like to visit Canberra on our trip; along the Murrumbidgee to the orange district of Yanco; then further out into the country where no one seems to care what you do, when you come, or where you go; where the air is heavy with bushland scents, and the townships scattered and small.

We would go on and on not caring for time—no set time for meals, no home duties, no cares, just touring along at an easy pace—camping when night overtakes us—stopping now and then for a rest and a cup of tea—good "billy" tea that refreshes tired limbs and tastes of the bush itself.

Then northward to Orange, that "Flower City of the West," where, at this time the cherries would be ripe, transforming the country into a crimson mass where the trees stretch in cultivated rows.

Down through Bathurst we would go, where the lazy old Macquarie wends its way in a slow, not-caring fashion over the plains into the far horizon.

Again across the Range with its fine scenery and invigorating air, which would invite us to stop and camp for a few days and enjoy the cool shade of the valleys after the broiling sun of the plains.

While staying here I would like to visit the far-famed Jenolan Caves and the wonderful Jamieson Valley. It would be delightful just to wander down past the Cascades and Weeping Rock, over the great Wentworth Falls, and around the National Pass with all its shady fern groves and its "look-outs" perched perilously on overhanging rocks, from which the massive trees at the bottom of the valley appear as mere shrubs.

To come home at nightfall to the car and drink that "billy" tea before a crackling fire; all this makes one sure that camp life is ideal for a holiday.

Beryl Smith, 2B.



### THE TEACHING STAFF IN 1871

Mr. B. C. Harkness, M.A., Chief Inspector of Schools, recently gave to the School a photograph of great historic interest, and we are very grateful to him

for his gift and for his thoughtfulness. It is the photograph of the Staff of Fort Street School in 1871.



*Back row: J. MacCormack, John Dart, F. Bridges, T. Dwyer, James Conway.  
Second row: Miss Annie L. Finigan, Miss Harriet Woodford, Miss Kate McDonough,  
Miss Bessie MacSweeney, Mrs. McTaggart, Miss Margaret Wright (Mrs. Smail).  
Front row: Miss Barbara Foster, Miss Mary Pyne (Mrs. Smith), Mrs. M. Allingham,  
Miss Annie B. Brand (Mrs. Dudley), Miss Mary Smith (Mrs. Adrian.)*

Mrs. Allingham was Head Mistress of the School when Miss Partridge, a pupil of hers, passed the Entrance Examination for Pupil Teachers, 1876, and was succeeded as Head Mistress in 1895 by her former pupil.

In 1883 Miss Partridge had been

appointed First Assistant in the Infants' School under Miss McDonagh, who is also mentioned in Mrs. Terry's Reminiscences of the School in this issue.

Mr. Bridges later rose to the position of Under-Secretary for Education.

### THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On Friday, March 16th, Fort Street School echoed to the merry chatter and laughter of the girls, who seemed to be especially happy on this day of days. "Carnival" was written large on every face and manifested itself in the yards and yards of ribbon with which the girls were decked.

After a hurried lunch the girls swung out of the gates with streaming colours and smiling faces, preceded by a burly policeman, who escorted them through the city and made sure that they did not "Jay" walk.

All the competitors gave a creditable

performance, especially Marion Cockburn, who swam splendidly in the Championship of Schools, and also came second in the 17 Years Championship.

We were thrilled to know that we had won the Senior Point Score Shield with 47 points, leading by 7 points. We were excited about the Junior Point Score, in which we came second with 26 points, although we would have liked to come first in that too.

The results obtained by Fort Street were:—Championship of High Schools: M. Cockburn, 2. Relay Race: Fort Street, 2. Breast Stroke Championship: N. Light,



3. Diving Championship: N. Light, 3.  
 Junior Relay Race: Fort Street, 2. Junior  
 Backstroke Championship: L. Drake, 2.  
 12 Years Championship: B. Moffat, 2.  
 14 Years Championship: B. Barnett, 1.

17 Years Championship: M. Cockburn, 2.  
 Six-Oar Race: Fort Street, 3. Junior  
 Championship: J. Barlow, 3. Junior  
 Breast Stroke Championship: J. Walsh, 3.  
 13 Years Championship: J. Barlow, 2.  
 B. Harris, 4A.

## FLOSS

Floss was dead.

They had just told her.

She remembered the sympathetic look on the doctor's face, the pitying glances of those around her, for they all knew how she had loved Floss. Floss had been her constant companion, her only playmate, on the big sheep station, and she had grown to regard him more as a human being than a dog, and had talked to him, and had gone for walks in the great, silent bush with him—and now he was dead.

She remembered the great bush fire, the scorching heat, the tall gum trees blazing and falling, the flight of the terrified animals, and her own horror as she found herself alone, separated from the rest of the family.

They had all been fighting desperately, uselessly, to keep back the fire, and she, running here and there, frantically beating out the flames, had gradually got further and further away from them. Oh! how her head ached! If only she could forget! But she could not forget, for there was Floss.

Floss had been there and when he

missed her, had gone to find her. He had found her lying on the ground, stupefied by the heat and smoke, and after vainly licking her face, had raced back to fetch help. She had not been very far away, yet Floss never got back. A falling limb of a tree had crashed down upon him, pinning his faithful little body to the ground, and stopping his loving, loyal little heart for ever.

They had missed her then, and come to look for her. They had found her—and also Floss. She was now gradually recovering, and life, so narrowly snatched away from death, was opening up again for her. But it was a life without—Floss.

She would never see Floss again, never feel his small, soft body squirming up against her, never go again with him for walks in the bush.

The bush! She hated the bush! The bush had taken Floss from her.

She turned her face into the pillow and closed her eyes. Two, hot, scalding tears trickled down her cheeks.

Floss was dead.

“Flannel Flower,” 3C.

## NEWS OF THE GUIDES

Every Fort Street Guide worthy of the name returned to School this year with a firm resolution to work harder than ever to maintain her company's reputation; and so far the Guides have remained true to their resolutions and all are working hard for second-class or tenderfoot badges.

Miss Weston has consented to take us for a field day in the near future, much to our delight. At this eagerly-anticipated outing we hope that those who have not won their second-class badges at present will be able to receive them and that the recruits will be enrolled.

It is difficult to express adequately in words our appreciation of all Miss Weston has done for us, but we do thank her very sincerely for the time she has cheerfully given up in examining us and taking us for field days.

Since the holidays we have had a “Sweets Day” in order to raise funds for our social work. This sale was successful and in the near future Guides will be seen diligently stitching at little winter garments for the children of the

Chippendale Free Kindergarten. The Guides were able to send to the children at the beginning of last winter a large bundle of knitted garments, and later on a parcel of warm frocks.

Just before the Christmas holidays a party visited the Kindergarten, and, lo and behold! a few of the children were still wearing their winter frocks. We were delighted with the charming decorations which were being made for the Christmas Party, and we left dozens of toys which had been made, for the most part, by the Guides. We came away glad that we were able to help the teachers in the splendid work which they are doing in teaching the children to be clean, healthy and helpful citizens.

At the end of last year we had a field day with Miss Weston at Northbridge. As it was but a few days after the “Inter.” had ended, and as the company included a number of Third Years, the outing was very much appreciated by those hard working members. On that field day many second-class tests were passed, so that altogether a very enjoyable and profitable day was spent.



We congratulate Miss Thea Drury, a former captain of our company, on her appointment to Broken Hill High School, and hope that she will enjoy her stay in that town in spite of its climate and the

distance from Sydney.

The Guides have not a captain at present, but under the leadership of Mary McLean they are forging steadily ahead.  
Betty Logan, 4A.

### 1st FORT STREET CADET RANGERS

For two years we have been doing our best to keep the Fort Street Cadets together, for during that period we have been without a captain, and find it rather difficult to carry on. Miss Weston, however, gives us considerable help, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking her.

We are all looking forward to a "hike" in the near future, and to the Annual Cadet Camp, held during King's

Birthday week-end.

At present there are only a few Cadets, and we feel sure this is due to the fact that girls do not know that they can become Cadet Rangers without the preliminary training as Guides. Anyone may become a Cadet providing she is over 16 years of age and is prepared to take the Cadet promise, "To train for service in the Guide movement."

Nancy Light.

### THE FOLK IN THE DOLL CUPBOARD

Ding-ing-ing! The last chime of twelve o'clock, midnight, of the old nursery clock died away into the still night.

Suddenly a low whistle was heard. It seemed to come from outside the cupboard. It was a signal for all the doll folk to come to life and gather around Mister Teddy Bear, who was the chairman.

"Ahem," he commenced, when all were seated, "I told Soldier Sam to whistle a meeting in order that we might discuss the doings of Eliza Jane, our mistress, as she has been ill-treating us all lately. Well, who has the first complaint?"

Just as he announced this, a small, white form, which was lying on the bed, suddenly sat up. It was Eliza Jane! "Goodness me!" she gasped, "they are speaking about me. I will listen."

The over-painted rag-doll stood up. "She did not give me my breakfast or dinner to-day, and I am so hungry. If it goes on much longer I shall die of starvation," she wailed.

"And I, and I," chorused the hideous golliwog, the dimpled baby doll, and the trim Dutch doll, all at once.

"Sh!" silenced the clockwork mouse. "You will be heard."

"Ahem," sighed the Teddy Bear. "Dear, dear; well, if she does it once more we will fill her cheese-dish with soap, as I know she has cheese each day. Any more complaints?"

["Oh, have I been so bad as to neglect my poor children?" wondered Eliza Jane.]

The baby doll stood up. "Please," she squeaked in her babyish way, "she does make my frocks so uncomfortably, and she uses such big stitches that I feel ashamed to play with my friends," she sobbed. "There, there," soothed the Mama doll.

"Ahem," grunted the Teddy Bear. "Well, if she does that once more we will sew her school dress up so that she will be late for school."

"Oh!" cried Eliza Jane loudly. "Forgive me, I will always try my best to make you happy." The dolls vanished. "Oh!" Eliza Jane was startled. "Was it a dream?"

Whether a dream or not, Eliza Jane, needless to say, was a perfect mother from then on.

Mavis Brown, 1E.

### THE SWAGMAN

While out walking one day I met a swagman. He smiled, and as he was so friendly, I returned the smile, and inquired his destination.

"Oh, I don't know. Anywhere will do—every place is just the same to me when I've got my dog." He whistled shrilly, and a thin, miserable dog answered his call by wagging his stumpy tail and barking loudly. Then, with his dog, and a cheery "Good-'ay," he continued on his way.

My thoughts that day were of this mysterious stranger, who cared not where he went, and only wished for his dog for company. Who was he? Why was he now a swagman? He was young, with a pleasant, sunburnt face and cheery smile. He carried an old black and battered billy-can, and under his swag I saw blankets and canvas. His clothes were old and torn, and were too large in places. His antiquated-looking hat was tilted over one eye, and his big, muddy boots



slipped over his feet, and were laced with string.

Was he unemployed? Why, that was hardly possible, for he was so young and strong and active. Perhaps he was a lover of nature, who preferred the beauti-

ful bush to the bustle of the city. I do not know who he was, or from where he came, but I shall always remember him as the cheery, whistling, care-free Australian.

Phyllis Wightman, 1A.

### A SILKY OAK TREE

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, flowers appear on the earth."

Summer has indeed come. On every hand the exquisite blossoms of multi-coloured flowers proclaim this to be so. But in a northern township people look to the Silky Oak tree, and when the golden blossom—faint at first, but gradually gaining in richness and depth—appears, then they say, "Summer is here."

All these trees are beautiful, but there is one which, in full bloom, seems to be made of sunbeams which forget to depart when day is done. In itself it is a noble tree, fully sixty feet in height, with well-formed, wide-spreading branches extending some forty-five feet in width. Its perfect symmetry and graceful strength make it outstanding. It reveals the sturdiness of the Oak and the beauty of the Rhododendron.

At first only the tips of the silver green branches are tinted. A few days later the whole branch shows golden against the background of blue sky; till at length the tree is clothed in a garment of glowing gold. Then for a few days its exquisite beauty gladdens the eye of every beholder,

"and the time of the singing of birds is come."

The blossoming of this tree invites the coming of birds. Two leather-heads have built their nests there, and, year by year, they, or their descendants, return to their golden treasure. They banquet on the sweetness of the tree from morning till night.

In the morning their shrill, excited note as they greedily feast, and angrily ward off possible invaders, is the first waking sound, while in the evening, a sudden rush of wings, and more excited bird notes, indicate that defence is still active.

There are some who say that God adopted fire as His emblem, and this tree, a pillar of golden flame, seems in its regal beauty, to be an expression of the very Spirit of God.

"I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree that looks at God all day

And spreads its leafy arms to pray."

Such a tree is this Silky Oak in full flower.

Enid Simes Smith.

### LOOKING OVER NEPEAN DAM

The Nepean Dam was commenced about two years ago in order to supply Sydney with additional water, but owing to lack of funds the scheme was abandoned and it was not until the beginning of last year that it was realised what a waste of time and money it was to let the plant lie idle for such a long time, and so the work was recommenced early in July.

Having obtained a special entrance permit from the Head Office of the Water and Sewerage Board, we set out on a Saturday with three hours' driving ahead of us.

Travelling along the Main Southern Road, we crossed the well-known Razor-back Mountain, passed through Pieton, which is at the foot of this mountain, and went on to Bargo, where we learned that if we turned off at a road five miles out of Bargo and journeyed three miles along it we would be sure to reach the dam.

We turned off at the spot as directed, but as this road (so-called) was little

else than a bush track, very rough and stony, progress was extremely slow.

However, eventually we came upon an asphalt road, and looking up we saw a sign which read as follows:—

"To Nepean Dam.

No entrance except with permit.

Under construction."

We followed this road for about two miles and on either side we saw little houses, laid out in streets, which had numbers instead of names.

The public buildings consist of the head office, employers' building, employees' building, library, literary and reading circle room, and restaurant and café.

We passed through this town and along a little road which ended abruptly. We found ourselves confronted by a man who demanded to see our entrance permit, after which he proceeded to show us over the dam.

The first things we noticed were the big cables suspended across the gorge to support the flying-foxes, which carry the



men to the spillway where the road is being built. The wall was then two hundred and eighty feet high, and was far from being completed. A suspension bridge is constructed across the gorge to take the men from one side of the gorge to the other.

The wall is yet but a quarter finished, and above it there are quarries being hollowed, the stone from which is being used to mix with the cement to build the walls. As the flood-gates are not yet completed it is possible to hear the water running in cascades round the bend in the gorge, which has to be straightened out for the purpose of the dam.

The side of the gorge remote from Sydney is very steep and uneven. In order to climb up it, there are steps hollowed out in the rock. In some places where it is not possible to put steps there

are flying-foxes attached to the big cable above.

The electricity which supplies this plant is brought from Port Kembla, through the bush for thirty-eight miles, across the gorge, and extends two miles out of the town. Not only is this very convenient for the workmen now, but may easily be made so for the people in the towns not far from the present plant.

After we had explored as much as possible in a short time and had had afternoon tea, we seated ourselves in the car and prepared for the long journey home. With some haste we reached our destination in a little over two hours.

As a result of our excursion we learnt much about the construction of a dam, and covered about one hundred and eighty miles in less than seven hours.

“Penguin,” 3A.

### BY-WAY

A mellow afternoon sun, whose rays reveal the golden dust particles slowly rising, filters down between the tall buildings, casting long shadows on a Sydney street. I cross the busy thoroughfare where rattling trams are bumping along and screaming motor cars constantly darting past, and enter a little sloping lane with an imposing building on either side; I walk down its narrow little footpath. On a level with my feet are barred windows with electric lights shining behind them, and through these I see watchmakers crouched over their benches or oil-blackened mechanics tinkering with ears and giving no thought to the vast crowd which daily passes by staring inquisitively. A cool, fleeting breath comes up to meet me as I pass a door leading down to one of these workshops. It is difficult to walk upon the pavement, for it is little more than a kerb, along which are parked wide, serviceable lorries and smart automobiles.

The lane narrows and diverges. Two streets branch off it, one leading through to another great thoroughfare and the other a mere little cul-de-sac. But the latter holds more fascination for me than any other city street. It is cobbled, and one receives a fragrant welcome on entering it, for the first low building is a coffee restaurant, whence issue delicious odours. The next building is a sombre one. It has but one small shop window giving upon the street, and this has always a secretive, sinister appearance, for across it brown curtains are drawn. A stout padlocked door, and an enormous roller shutter complete its frontage. On the curtains the electric light throws the distorted shapes of people moving within. A subterranean rumble can be heard from down behind the great shuttered door, and sometimes a bitter smell assails the

nostrils. The clue lies in the small name printed in gold upon the glass—the name of famous wine distillers. Further along the street is my destination, an old, old building, wherein are many studios. I enter it and go into the quaint, hand-worked little lift, which moves in a laboured fashion. As I slowly ascend a gust of music envelops me and is still again. I step out of the lift and walk along the weirdly echoing, badly illuminated, stone passage. On either hand are doors all carefully locked, and above these are the names of those who occupy the studio behind them. I have now to wait for some time before I can gain admittance into a certain one of these studios, so I seat myself upon an old chair. I am on a landing of the staircase; above and below me are steps, which I count to amuse myself. It is a wide landing for two passages lead on to it.

All is still, but soon the silence is broken. Somebody is ascending the stairs—stone, like the corridors. Far away above me a woman's voice commences to sing to the soft accompaniment of a piano. The music sounds strangely ethereal as it floats to me. The steps upon the stairs die away. But other sounds are heard to the deepest recesses of the building. Two or three people are farewelling each other on the landing below; a tenor is singing; an organ playing softly and vaguely; and a supple hand is trilling rapidly up and down a piano. And all this comes from behind those reserved, felt-covered doors, where professionals—famous and otherwise—give lessons in the gentle arts. My musings are cut short by the abrupt signal for me to enter one of these studios. When I have finished, I pass out, giving way to an incoming pupil. Along the corridor a stout and voluble old



German, instructor in French and German conversation, is telling a pretty student when she is to come again. From the floor above comes the strident voice of a dancing teacher giving the crisp command, "Heads back!" and, losing patience, "For heaven's sake stand up straight!" I long to linger, assimilating the strange sounds, but the golden voice of a great city clock warns me that time is flying and turns my thoughts to the prosaic—trains, homework. I decide to descend by the stairs, that I may prolong my visit to this mysterious self-contained haven. Donning my gloves in

the dingy little entrance hall, I can hear a choir practising upon the highest floor, but once out of hearing of these elusive sounds the spell is broken.

A raucous motor-bicycle starts in the little street and drowns all sound. I hasten away, trying to recapture the magic of that intriguing half-hour in hallowed portals, but it is lost. The homing business folk, the surly tram conductors, the stentorian-voiced newsboys, are all entirely opposed to the haunting charm of that little street.

"The Gleam," 4A.

### THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION

The Committee of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members the Fourteenth Annual Report.

We very much regretted the enforced resignation, owing to ill-health, of the President, Miss Jean Jacobs. Her place was taken by Miss Cowie, who had held the chair for only one year, and so was eligible for the position. She was appointed by the Committee as it has the right to fill any vacancies that may occur.

This year we have linked up with many Old Fortians who have long since left School, and our Secretaries now send notices to such places as Bodalla, Mullumbimby, Broken Hill, North Queensland, and California.

Life Membership has been introduced, the fee being £2 2s. This entitles members to wear a most attractive Old Girls' badge. Of the £2 2s. subscribed £1 is placed in a reserve fund. When this fund shall have reached £50 it will be invested and the interest given as an annual prize to the School. Already there are six Life Members.

Our functions this year were arranged to cater for the varied tastes of our members; hence their diversity:—a hike, an informal dance, a bridge party, a "Back-to-School" Night, the Annual Ball and Dinner, and a Christmas Party. These all proved highly enjoyable, and with the exception of the Bridge Party were well attended.

The proceeds of the 1933 and 1934 Balls (£26 18s. 7d.) were handed over to the School for stage furnishings. We are grateful to Miss Collins, whose ingenuity in stage-craft enabled this money to be put to such good use, that it not only paid for the complete furnishing of the stage, but left a considerable reserve to pay for a section of the panelling in the School Entrance Hall.

In conjunction with the Welcome-in-to-Fifth Years we held a Christmas Party for the children of Old Fortians. Despite boisterous weather, forty children

and eighty adults spent a delightful afternoon at School. Toys were distributed to the happy youngsters whom later we hope to have as members of the Union.

This has been made even more possible by the graciousness of the Minister for Education, Mr. Drummond, who has reserved twenty-five seats at Fort Street for the children of Old Fortians who have the necessary scholastic attainments, but reside outside the prescribed area for admission to our High School.

A Christmas gift of £3 3s. forwarded to the Rachel Forster Hospital was gratefully acknowledged by the Hospital Secretary, who hopes for our continued support.

The three sub-clubs of our Union have submitted their annual reports.

The Literary Circle held thirteen meetings at the Women's Club between March and October. A study was made of Czeck short stories and modern Czeck poetry; American writers—Mary Borden, Cabell, Cather and Dreiser; and modern Spanish prose as illustrated by the works of Perez, de Ayrea, and Guzman and Bereovicci. A play reading was given of Shirland Quinn's "Dragon's Teeth." The Club generously donated a prize of one guinea for the Leaving Certificate candidate gaining the highest pass in English at the 1932 examination. This was won by Mona Ravenscroft. There were eight new members during the year, making a very satisfactory total of thirty-two. New members to the Circle will be heartily welcomed. The Club is very grateful to Miss Turner, its President, for her untiring interest and enthusiasm in its welfare.

The Combined Old Boys' and Old Girls' Dramatic Society finds itself in a very low financial condition. In September "Mrs. Moonlight" was produced at The Savoy Theatre under the able leadership of Mr. Moss. There were two well-performed productions which were highly commended by the press but which, un-



fortunately, were run at a loss of £5 approximately. A competition for one-act plays received no entries, and, after two attempts, play readings were abandoned through lack of interest. So far, no definite movement to disband has been made, though the condition of the Club seems to point in that direction.

The Old Girls' Tennis Club has been playing on one of the School courts on Saturday afternoons throughout the year. Its eight members report enjoyable times and hope for an increased membership for 1934.

The Committee members of the Union greatly appreciate the interest Miss Cohen and members of the School staff have shown in the Union's activities. We thank them heartily, because we realise that a great deal of the success of our functions is due to their co-operation.

In conclusion, the retiring Committee welcomes the incoming officers and wishes them a very successful year.

Kathleen Bannan, Maisie Golding,

Joint Hon. Secs.

## A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE

Teachers' Training College,  
University Grounds,  
19th March, 1934.

Dear Fortians,—

We have entered upon another year, which, for some of us, will be our last year of formal study. For this reason we have decided to make it a memorable one.

Quite a number of Fortians have joined our happy ranks, and we hope that they will enjoy their stay at College as we have done and are doing. But in a very short time they will realise that College has its *bête noire* too—practice-teaching.

Although the girls who completed their College course last year have not been appointed, we are delighted to hear that the Fortians are maintaining the honour of their old School by going out to conquer fresh fields. Some of them have gained appointments in private schools, while Jean Wright and Thora Bowen have gone to pastures new to seek their fortunes—namely, Dubbo and Hay. Good luck to you, Fortians!

Fortians are to be found taking part in all College activities, such as the Choir, Debating Society and the Dramatic Society. They also take an interest in all types of sport. On the College Council last year we had two representatives—Thora Bowen for Second Year and Winnie Cutler for First Year.

This year our College will visit the Armidale College, and I am quite sure that Fort Street will be well represented in the teams which go forth to do battle with the Armidale-ites. May we win the cup again this year as we did last year!

We were very proud to see the excellent results gained by our girls in the examinations at the end of the year. Many have passed on to the University, and we wish them every success in their new sphere. We congratulate Lesbia Wright on winning the Ada Partridge Prize.

We extend best wishes for a happy and successful year to all Fortians.

Phyllis Weir.

## A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

I had been walking down a long, shady, country lane when I came to the wall which surrounded the beautiful garden of which I had heard so much. Knowing that the old lady who lived in the house beyond this garden did not mind if any passer-by halted to look through it, I decided to see if the stories of its beauty were exaggerated or not.

When I opened the gate I at first saw only fruit trees, which were laden with apples, pears, apricots and peaches. This, I thought, was not like the garden which had been described to me. However, going a short way down the little path between the fruit trees, I gasped at the beautiful scene before me. The garden was a riot of bright colours—a mass of gorgeous flowers.

Immediately in front of me was a bed of beautiful orange-coloured marigolds, with a few golden flowers at one end.

These were all in their full glory, forming, themselves, a wonderful sight. But beyond these was a bed of bright-coloured dahlias, which, if possible, surpassed the beauty of the marigolds. Then came a bed of asters, of more subdued colours than the marigolds or dahlias.

I found it difficult to believe that there was any person living who did not love flowers. This feeling was increased when I saw the beds of fragrant mignonette, which seemed to recall past and forgotten incidents. However, it was now nearing sunset and I could not waste more time in thinking of the past when there was so much beauty around me, for there were even more flowers yet to be seen. Carnations and bright sunflowers added their loveliness to that of the flowers I had just passed.

Then, last of all, were the roses. These grew in wild profusion over the garden



wall. Their colours ranged from purest white to deepest red. I could not decide whether I preferred the pale pink or the velvety red ones. But when I saw those which were golden at the centre and deepened to pink at the edges, I thought that I had never seen anything more exquisitely beautiful.

I turned away regretfully, for the sun was just setting, and this reminded me

that it was growing late. Just as I closed the gate the sky began to turn pink and golden, and this, with the great fiery ball slipping behind the distant mountains, completed a picture that I shall never forget, and reminded me that—

“We are nearer to God in a garden than anywhere else on earth.”

Lucy Graham, 3A.

## THE OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle held its annual meeting and the election of officers on March 8th, when members also read Clemence Dane's play, “Wild Decembers.”

The subject for this year's course of study is “Women Novelists.” The Circle meets at the Women's Club, Beaumont

House, Elizabeth Street, at 7 p.m. on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month, and any ex-Fortian interested in literature is welcome.

N.B.—There will be no meetings in May owing to the school vacation, but the Circle will resume on June 14th.

Bessie Bannan, Hon. Secretary.

## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Sydney University,  
March, 1934.

Dear Fortians,—

A few weeks ago some not so very ex-Fortians climbed a hill, yet their destination was not an old Colonial building, but a pile of Gothic architecture. For they were undergraduates of the Sydney University about to be initiated into the mysteries and delights of tertiary education.

It was rather bewildering at first—the aloof, impersonal, yet kindly, lecturers, who were so very wise; the lectures to which no pealing bell or wailing siren summoned you; the lofty, bare rooms and the intriguing new subjects—psychology and philosophy.

More experienced Old Fortians were very helpful, but there were others who were grinning maliciously at the surprises and discomforts of the Freshers. These were the gargoyles, those wicked, ugly, fascinating little creatures that peep down at you from the most unexpected nooks and crannies. You pause to admire the mediæval beauty of the Fisher Library in the glory of an autumn afternoon, and your dreams are broken by a hundred little horrors whose grimaces would affright even the most hardy. You climb the inside stairs to that holy of holies, the Library itself. And there, on guard before the door, sits a doggy monster, whose leer says plainly: “Ha! The good little Fresher is going to work hard and never talk in the Library! I wonder . . .” And you wish that you could drape a tasteful veil over that nasty smile.

The students have their vengeance, however, for the Musical Society, with its large number of Old Fortians, practises in the vicinity of these creatures. As the sopranos swing up to a top G in one of Brahms' gypsy songs, professors have been known to pat a trembling little gargoyle on the head and say, “Never mind, puppy” (or “piggy” or “pussy,” according to the gargoyle's most recognizable characteristics).

There are some visions that even these unexpected creatures cannot mar. The glimpse of a green quad, with students walking through a stone door along the cobbled paths on a misty morning; the serene beauty of the sunny cloisters; the reading room at Manning House, with its masses of roses, thick carpet, beautiful, comfortable chairs, lovely pictures, and as for books! What a veritable paradise! From the window the playing fields stretch away green in the sunlight to the white southern building that is the Physics School. Surely this University of ours would be a dream of delight for artists.

Yet if a Fresher were lonely, these scenes would lose much of their charm. That is why Fortians are so fortunate, for, wherever you go there is somebody who was at School before you, and is always pleased to see you, and keen to know your opinion of this new place. But in return she will want to hear about the latest happenings at the old School, and even the fact that she herself has just obtained a distinction will not detract from her joy at Fort Street's victory at the Combined Swimming Carnival.

Adele Bieri, Arts I.



## AN OLD FIDDLE

A violin. What a magic name it is to me! Do you, reader, see only an old, dust-covered instrument with four strings and beside it a bow, or do you see an instrument possessing the magic power of carrying one away from present scenes? Ah, but see the old fiddler! Though his hair be white now, his blue eyes are still bright with the love of his music. Tenderly he lifts the instrument, and, after dusting it carefully, he tucks it lovingly under his chin. Softly he draws the bow across the strings, playing that lilting melody to which so many feet have stepped in the sway of the dance. His music carries us back. Lo! here is Grandpapa, then a gay young man, leading Grandmamma, the blushing belle of the ball, in the steps of a stately minuet.

Then the rhythmical, plaintive strain changes to a sobbing wail. It is a cry for bygone days—days when the fiddler was young; days when he, too, danced to a violin, or played for lads and lasses young with him. And nights—nights when he played in the starlight a magic love-song to his dear one.

Then suddenly we come back to reality. He has paused in his playing and he fondles his old fiddle, the only link with the past, the only relic of his lost youth and love. Oh, but it remembers, and responds to his touch like a living thing as once more he plays a breeze-song to the dryad of yon silver birch. And the music of the violin follows us as we leave the master in the twilight, holding a tryst with memories of long ago.

Katère, 2A.

## THE MYSTERY MAN

The old man, sitting alone in his cold, cheerless hut, pulled his tattered coat closer around him. He stirred the dying fire and drew the box, which served as a chair, closer to the fire. He had eaten what little food he had possessed some hours before and was now suffering the pangs of hunger.

He had not always lived in this hut, for he had once been a prosperous, but hard, business man in the Canadian capital. But he had failed, and for nearly ten years he had lived in his little hovel, earning barely enough money to keep himself alive.

To his neighbours he was a complete mystery. Some thought he was a murderer endeavouring to elude the arm of the law. To the sympathetic soul he was a pitiful picture. He was small, grey-haired and thin. His wizened face constantly wore a wistful, far-away expression as if he were oblivious to his present surroundings.

Nobody thought him romantic; nobody ever dreamed such a thing. But yes, there had been a romance in his life. Years ago he had loved and lost. He had been proud and angry then, had gone to Canada and built up a business that he might forget the past.

The years had softened his chagrin, and now, as he gazed dreamily into the

fire, he wondered if she ever had thought of him since he went away. Ah! if only she could have seen him now—old, broken, sad—she would have been sorry. But she was dead—he had learned that years ago.

Outside, the bells began to ring, for it was Easter. It had been Easter when—but no! he would not think of that. It made him sad.

Gradually the warmth of the fire soothed him and he fell into a deep, calm sleep.

Two days had passed since the old man who lived in the little hut had been seen. For two days he had not taken his usual slow walk round the town in the morning. The neighbours began to wonder if the supposed murderer had been arrested.

One man, more daring than the rest, knocked at the old door. There was no answer. He knocked and knocked more loudly, but as there was no response he burst open the door and entered. Everything inside was gloomy, but as he became accustomed to the dark he discerned a form huddled beside the dead ashes of the fire. The old man had at last departed from the world which held no love, no sympathy for the poor outcast.

Irene Cook, 3A.

## THE RUINED CASTLE

Perhaps you may have seen, while standing on Echo Point (Katoomba), a group of old rocks, which have the appearance of the ruins of an ancient castle, standing near Mount Solitary. Very few people visit them, but I think that if a path were made from the Federal Pass

to the Ruined Castle it would be well patronised. As it is, one has to have a man, experienced in bushcraft, to guide one there. We happened to know someone who had hiked there several times and who offered to take us. Of course, we accepted this kind offer as we had



often looked upon the ruins and wondered what secrets they concealed and what were the tales they could tell.

The appointed morning dawned fresh and clear, as only it can be on the Mountains. First of all we had to follow the road past the top of Katoomba Falls, by the colliery, and thence to a narrow neck of land. Proceeding along this thin strip, which links the two great mountains, we turned many times to look at Dogface Rock, where, as you all know, there was a great landslide a little time ago. Millions of tons of loose earth and chipped stone were piled up in the valley. A deep feeling of awe came over me as I gazed at the face of the mountain. Instead of being a dull, greyish green like its neighbours, it was of differently coloured rock strata. Looking to the right we could see part of O'Sullivan's Folly. This was an old road which was commenced, but never finished, by a man called O'Sullivan. His idea was to make a road from Narrow Neck to Megalong Valley, but, after reaching a certain point, he could go no further as a tunnel would have had to be cut through the mountain-side, and this was too great an undertaking in the early days.

Then, again going forward, we proceeded along the rough and stony mountain-top for some distance, turned to the right, and followed a narrow path down the mountain. It was just an ordinary little path lined on either side by tall trees and stunted undergrowth, but memories of it will always remain with those who walk along it. We were just beginning to think that the walk was not quite so bad as people had led us to believe when, upon rounding a bend, the sight before us made our hearts leap. The path wound round the cliffs, and a little way ahead there was a gap of ten feet spanned by a rickety ladder. There were no railings on either side, just the cliff face about one foot to the right. Hundreds of feet below tree-ferns, like pin-heads, grew in the valley. Gradually, one by one, our party succeeded in crossing, some crawling, some sliding, but all eventually reaching the other side. The next obstacle was a sheer drop of five feet in the cliff face. A ladder, consisting of two lengths of wire, which swayed precariously as one descended, was the only means of descent.

The track continued then as before, and at length, when we reached the base of the mountain, we turned to the right and followed a railway track. Many people remember having heard about the shale mine which was once worked at Mount Solitary, but which, owing to difficulties, had to be abandoned and was never re-opened. The shale was conveyed to the town by trucks, which ran along this railway track. The railway lines and sleepers are missing in many places, and

grass and small plants grow in their places. After about two miles' journey we came to Half-way House, a little glade where there was a crystal pool fed by an ever-running spring that has been known ever since the mine first opened. Presently we came upon a beauty spot where the growth was unusually thick, and our guide told us that if we could spare the time he would take us into a part which we would ever remember. We agreed, and he took us a little way to the left. Then I forgot that I was at Katoomba and imagined myself in the midst of the Amazonian jungle. The ground was a deep brown and, owing to its sodden condition, my feet sank down into it as into one of the very best Persian carpets. Gigantic tree-ferns rose to the height of fair-sized trees as they sought to catch some stray sunbeams. Moss-covered logs were everywhere, and hark! from the distance there came the silvery notes of the lyre-bird mimicking the whip-bird. Its notes echoed and re-echoed in the forest silence and faded away in the distance. We remained in the midst of this beauty, forgetting time, until the guide reminded us that we would have to go if we wanted to reach the Ruined Castle. Again we went on for several minutes, passing a mine entrance in the mountain-side—a black hole nearly overgrown with bracken. Then, again we left the track and climbed the steep mountain-side. On reaching the top we found that the Ruined Castle towered above us. We hastily climbed up and sat on top of the world—a flat stone about four square feet in area, which rocked when anyone moved quickly. We experienced great difficulty in clambering down; however, we reached the base eventually and then, like boys who had just been let out of school, we charged down the mountain. Loose stones flew in all directions, bracken ferns were trodden down underfoot, some members of the party ran into trees to stop their wild rush—and all this commotion because a picnic hamper and a billy of real bush tea flavoured by gum leaves awaited us!

However, we reached home late that night, thoroughly tired and with all that "ready-for-bed" feeling after our eighteen miles' hike. But everyone unanimously agreed that it was well worth while. "The Hiker."

## EXCHANGES

The Editor acknowledges with many thanks the copies of other school magazines received since last issue.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Read the advertisements and patronise the firms which help Fort Street.



## THE OLD GIRLS' UNION TENNIS CLUB

During the past year the activities of the Tennis Club were restricted by lack of members, but we hope that more of the Old Girls will join up this year, and we extend a hearty welcome to the Fifths and Thirds who left School last year.

A most enjoyable Tennis Party was held on September 2nd, when members brought along their friends. Another pleasant function was planned for No-

vember 18th, but rain forced us to leave the courts early in the afternoon.

We are looking forward to seeing some new members in the Club, and hope you will not disappoint us. Joining the Tennis Club is a splendid means of keeping in touch with the School.

W. Ronaldson, Hon. Secretary.

117 Chandos Street, Haberfield.

## THE GREATEST SUNSET OF ALL.

Many times have I watched the sun sinking in the West, and always from the same familiar seat in my cottage garden. Always, too, have I stood enraptured as I saw the fiery chariot slowly sink from view over the opposite mountain-top, but I witnessed the greatest sunset of all one evening in August, 1914, for wrapped up and hidden in the glowing colours were the hate and triumph of nation over nation, and that evening the sun burned as it had never burned before in the history of mankind; it was an eternal flame, the glowing heartless flame of sacrifice. However, let me describe for you that sunset, which came to warn the world of the horrors to follow.

I saw Apollo sink in the West and finally disappear. He was a triumphant figure, irresistible, beckoning onward after him, as it were, an invisible human stream of men, who were to suffer bodily injuries, and of women who were to suffer deeply and silently in their hearts. But as he sank, as an additional charm, he cast behind him a cloak of many colours, and there it lay, in the tranquil sky, blue, pink, orange, golden and purple. And the form in which the cloak had fallen was a cross, a glittering, shining cross of sacrifice, of life freely given and of incomparable suffering, all because of one country's insatiable ambition to gain power.

High above it all floated a host of tiny white clouds untouched by that red glare, waiting, as it were, for the redness to fade and the clouds and sky

below to rise and let themselves be transformed to innocent and pure whiteness by the clouds above.

As I gazed, over the hill came the figure of a lad, a typical Australian lad. He paused on the summit with the red cross behind him, and facing my hill-top he took from his pocket a flute and played. He played . . . and instinctively I shivered at the wild, mocking note of his music. Again and again I thought:

"It must stop. It cannot go on always. It will not be long now till it stops," or "Surely the tune will change."

But no! On and on the flute played till I was clutched by the darkest despair and had almost lost all hope. Then suddenly God heard my prayer and the dreaded strains ceased and the piper began to walk slowly down the hill, and as he walked he played triumphantly the chorus of "Rule Britannia." Its echoes lingered a while, and then were heard no more.

As the last note of his anthem rang out on the still evening air and he passed from view into the calm and peaceful valley below, the red in the sky above faded and became white and the hitherto troubled scene was transformed into one of peace, glorious and magnificent, as calm and refreshing as soft green grass when the morning dew lies still on it. Then to my troubled soul came the Angel of Peace, enveloping me in her kindly veil, and I was refreshed as if touched by the Saviour's own comforting hands.

Joyce McCredie, 4A.



## MODERN NEWSPAPER PRODUCTION.

Have you ever thought how wonderful it is to sit at the breakfast table and read of things which happened only a few hours ago? This news is brought to you from all over the world through the daily newspapers.

Let us see how these papers are produced.

The paper itself is made from trees which are grown in Northern Europe, Canada or Newfoundland. The printing of the paper entails a great deal of work.

The news is brought in by reporters or sent by telegram and taken to the reporters' assembly room where each reporter tries to reach the news-editor first. The news-editor scores out what he considers unnecessary and then sends the item to the sub-editor, who, in his turn, shortens it and supplies a suitable heading for the piece of news.

Having passed the editorial department the "copy" is taken to the composing room and from there is sent to the linotype machine. This machine has a keyboard like a typewriter at which the operator sits and as a key is struck the letter falls down and when the line is completed the metal strips on which the letters are engraved are pressed together to form the type.

When it comes from the machine the type is placed together in columns to

form the page, and when it is completed the forme, i.e., the collection of type, is taken to the stereo room, where it is brushed and the pictures placed in position.

A sheet of soft blotting paper is placed over the type and an impression of it made on the blotting paper, which is called the "matrix." This is then taken to the stereo casting section.

Here the "mat" is dried and placed in a machine where molten metal is poured onto it. When the metal has had time to set, the machine is opened and a casting in the shape of a half-circle is taken out. On the face of this is the impression of the news and pictures for the paper.

This is then placed on the rollers of the machines. Ink is passed over each roller and the paper fixed in position. When the last page is in the machines, a button is pressed, and when the machines have reached their full speed they bring out papers at the rate of forty-eight thousand per hour.

These papers are then taken to the different newsagents, who deliver them to our homes before we are up—and our newspaper is in time for us to read it at breakfast.

Beth Brown, 4B.

## DAY'S DEPARTURE.

It is late afternoon as we walk along the red road towards the sunset. The eastern sky is covered with a lacy veil of grey clouds, which are pink-lined. Overhead the sky is still day's bright azure, but in the west it is flecked with soft, white cloudlets, which appear as waves in a blue sea. Slowly their whiteness turns to pearly-grey, and then to golden, rosy softness. The eastern sky has changed to purple now, and on the silver-blue sea behind us there is a white sail coming closer, to find a haven for the fast-approaching night. The great golden sun has sunk behind the crimson and purple clouds, sending shafts of thick, gold sunlight through the rifts in them.

Then, as we round a turn in the road, we catch one last glimpse of the Monarch of Day, and see his last rays making a shimmering path o'er the still water; and then he sinks behind the red clouds, and behind the dark hill, the colours lingering, gently bidding day good-bye.

Cool is the evening breeze, now, and suddenly the western sky's golds and reds and purples are all changed to grey. Shivering slightly, we feel that it is evening, and we retrace our steps, walking towards the still-purple west; and, as we turn in out of the twilight, the Evening Star gleams out over the rustling pines.

"Katère," 2A.

## BOOKS.

Books are wonderful companions for everyone—from the tiniest child to old grandma, sitting in her rocking-chair. Who of us do not remember how, as babies, we loved to look at pictures of fairy-folks? And who of us have not

seen pictures of dear old ladies sitting by the fireside, quietly knitting and reading a book?

And what varieties of books there are to choose from—books about adventures of white men in the deep, unexplored



jungles of India, Africa, and South America; books of travel in the mystic East; life in all the glamour and glow of Spain; the pranks of schoolgirls in a famous school; and many other topics. I think that the reason for books being universal favourites is because they transport the reader from the present life into a fairyland of joy and mystery.

When we think of men like Shakespeare, who were able to write pages of the world's best literature in a few hours, we realise that they must have been inspired by some divine power. Then we think of Dickens, who wrote many novels of great value, which appealed to the richer class to try to relieve the starving people who lived in the slums of London. For books can rouse the inner interests of men to do something practical. If we did not have books what a different world it would be! The sick would have to spend long days without book companions, and other people would miss not having something to read

while on the 'bus or tram. The daily papers, too, are a type of book, and they let us know just how our own particular land and the world in general stand in political and social life.

In the earliest days they did not have books, but minstrels sang songs to the people of the deeds of heroes, for the people felt that they must have something to divert their attention from their own affairs, and make them think of others. Then, in the Middle Ages, only the richer class was able to buy books, and I am sure that if the poorer class had been able to read about higher things many crimes and outrages would not have been committed. But in our time all people are in the position to buy books, for books of high literary value may be obtained for a small sum.

The romance of books is a fascinating one, and shows how, throughout all ages, books played an important part in the history of the great, wide world.

"Bookworm."

### "IGWANA."

Igwana was not always very good, but we must make some allowances, for he was a piccaninny of the Rufus Creek tribe. Sometimes, while his mother was grinding flour or cooking the dinner, he would steal away to the lagoon, to watch the ducks swimming. When it was very hot, perhaps, he would jump into the cool running water and lie there until he heard his mother calling, "Igwana, Igwana."

But one day Igwana saw a pretty, blue-black butterfly, and immediately leaving his comrades he began to chase it, until he was far from the camp. Strange sounds made him pause in his laughter, and creeping through the wild lantana bushes, he beheld several men squatting in front of a fire. They were the dreaded white men, about whom he had heard so much.

Quivering with fright, Igwana slipped around the trees, and saw that there were many of these strange men, almost thirty of them. As fast as his fat little legs could carry him, the piccaninny ran back to the camp which was almost deserted. Throwing himself into Wanda's arms, he breathlessly told his story, and the mother, knowing how quick she must be, called Igwana's elder sister.

"Go, Muala," she said, "find the brave warriors who hunt the emu and the kangaroo. Tell them what our little Igwana has seen, and bid them hurry."

In less than half an hour the warriors, led by the chief Kundulla, Igwana's

father, were back at the camp. Chanting their war-songs, they painted themselves in hideous colours, and stuck feathers in the wet paint and in their woolly hair, until finally they were ready for battle.

At last, after long hours of waiting, the warriors heard the steady tramp, tramp of the white men, and, joyfully they took up their weapons, the spear, the nulla and the boomerang. A long and terrible fight ensued, while the harsh, guttural sounds of the warriors, and the shrill wailing of the women filled the night.

Terrified, Igwana hid himself in the protective cover of the lignum bushes, which surrounded the lagoon. He did not waken until the birds were singing high up in the trees. Rising, he crept towards the camp, but what a sight met his eyes. Everywhere was destruction, and not a living soul could be seen. But, following the blood-stained track which led from the camp, he came across the dead bodies of his parents and tribesmen, heaped together at the edge of the lagoon.

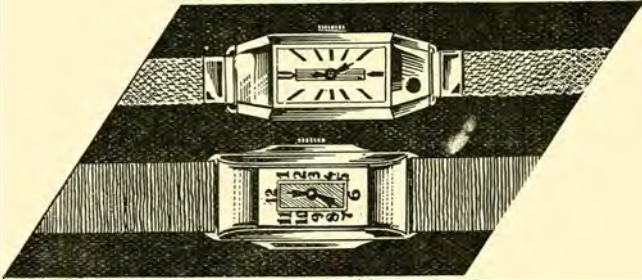
Screaming with fright, poor little Igwana ran through the bush, clutching his pet koala. On and on he went until, exhausted, he fell on the dry grass, almost dead from thirst. Again he rose and stumbled on until dark, when he lay down with his little black cheek resting on his "teddy-bear."

Several days later the leader of the white party found a little, cold, stiff body, the last of the Rufus Creek tribe.

"Miola," 4A.



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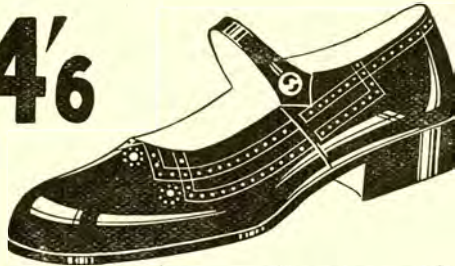
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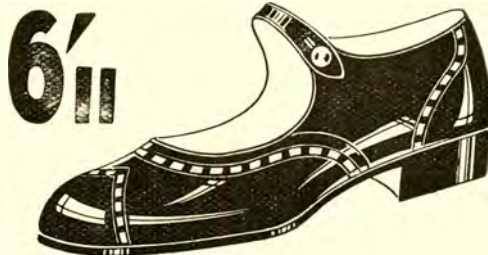
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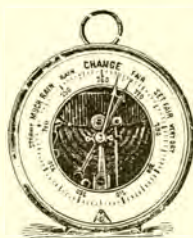
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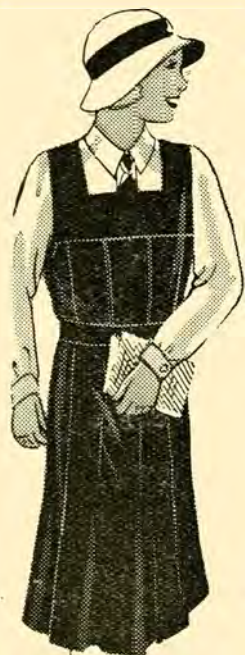
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