



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 3

November, 1934

# New "GRIP" Design HOCKEY SHOE



●  
Sturdy Rubber  
Soles with speci-  
ally designed  
grips.

●  
Double texture  
Canvas uppers  
with specially  
laced uppers.

● BLACK ● BROWN ● WHITE

At last! A really dependable Hockey Shoe with specially designed grips on the sole. This type of shoe is very popular with Overseas players, and is made with double texture canvas uppers for extra wear. Its sturdy rubber soles and special lacing on the vamp make them extremely popular Shoes. In sizes 2 to 6. They're exceptional value at, Pair .....

8'11

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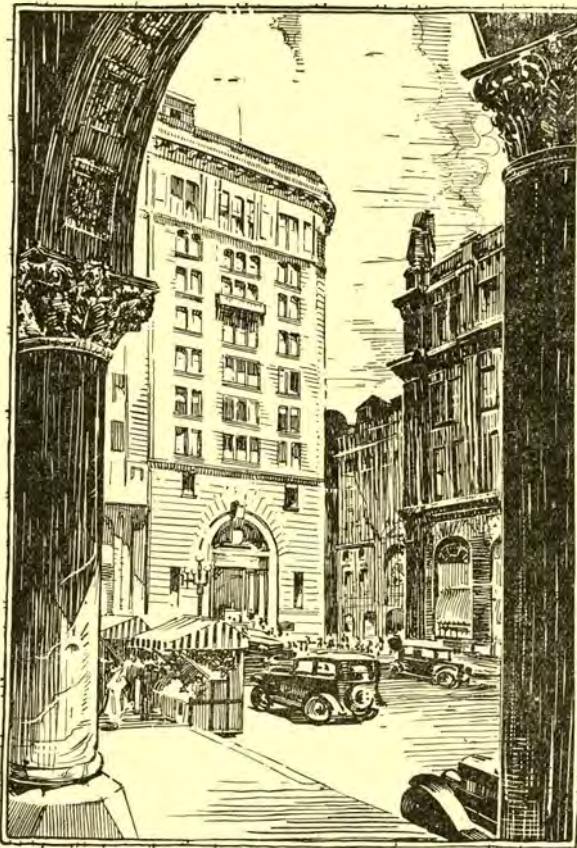
*Remember—David Jones' for Service*



# 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. 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.



## PROGRAMME OF STUDIES

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

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

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The British fadeless fabric. Stitched box pleats to waist.

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



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

NOVEMBER, 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 HAYES.

Miss CULEY, B.A.

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss WESTON, M.A.

**Department of Science.**

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress).

Miss COWIE, B.Sc.

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

**Department of Modern Languages.**

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress).

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.

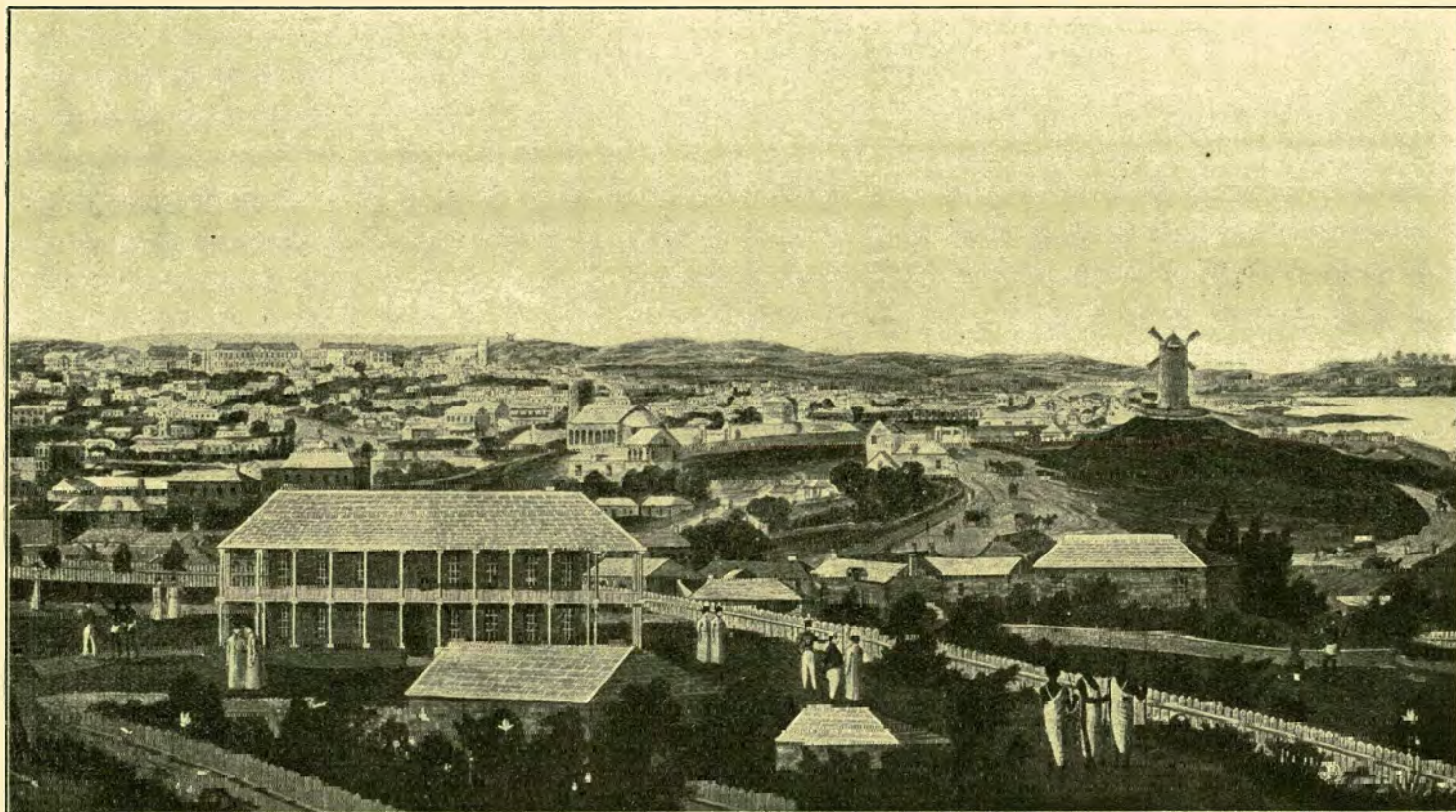
**Physical Culture:** Miss ANDERSON.

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

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

**Captain, 1934:** HELEN PONTEY,





**FORT STREET SCHOOL**

*The picture is one of what were known as Major Taylor's "Views of Sydney," which were drawn about 1822. The main part of the School was erected by Governor Macquarie, in 1815, as a military hospital and as the illustration shows, was originally surrounded by a paling fence. This picture was prepared from the photograph kindly given to the School by Mr. Donnelley.*



## ROUND THE SCHOOL

### THE STAFF

Miss Porter, who had been a member of the Staff for about a year was transferred to Nowra High School during this term, and Miss Hayes, from Peter-sham, has taken her place. We hope both of them will have happy thoughts of Fort Street.

### GIFTS

The School has been exceptionally fortunate during the past six months, for many gifts have been received from friends of Fort Street.

To Mrs. Hagon, Lady Mayoress of Sydney, 1933, we are indebted for a framed picture of historical value, by W. Macleod. The subject is Captain Cook's Statue in Hyde Park.

Mrs. James, the Mistress in Charge of Music in the School, presented us with a pencil sketch of the "Fountain." This is specially prized as it is the work of Mrs. James herself.

Mrs. Tuson kindly presented the School with the three fine historical olographs which now adorn the walls of Room 8.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman A. L. Parker, generously donated prizes to the value of £5. They are to be awarded to the best pupil in English and History in Year V, in Modern Languages in Year IV, in Mathematics in Year III, in Science in Year II, and in Latin in Year I.

Mr. Donnelley, father of Marie Donnelley in 2B, very thoughtfully sent us a photograph of the building, as it appeared in Major Taylor's "Views of Sydney," which were drawn about 1822, to add to our collection of pictures of the School. We are especially grateful to Mr. Donnelley for this, the earliest picture of the building.

Miss Dorothy Tremlett, B.A., Secretary, Alliance Francaise (Sydney Branch), kindly presented us with six recently published maps of France, by Professor Vidal-Lablache, of the University of Paris. They show with remarkable clearness Cours d'Eau, Departements and Provinces, and will be most useful in the teaching of both French and Geography.

The Old Girls' Union have again shown their loyalty to the School in a very practical way. A beautiful stained glass window bearing the School Crest and Motto now lights the staircase in the main entrance hall, and is admired by all the visitors to the School as well as by the pupils who are very proud of it.

Miss Weston, a member of the Staff and a Fortian, presented the School with a handsome Visitors' Book bound by herself. This gift is much appreciated as it is the donor's own work.

To Miss Effie Mackintosh the School is very grateful for the donation of a large number of useful books.

Mr. Percy Marks recently presented the School with a very valuable collection of opals including eight black ones of remarkable beauty. Each stone sits in a mother-of-pearl cup on a low stand and thus is shown to the greatest advantage. The girls, especially those studying geology, are very grateful indeed to Mr. Marks for his handsome gift.

The librarians would like to thank the "Sun" for the well-bound copy of "The Children's Treasury of Great Stories."

For all these gifts the Staff and School return grateful thanks to their kind friends.

### INTERMEDIATE SUCCESSES

Maria Boldini, Iris Morgan and Clarice Hamilton were awarded bursaries on their results in the Intermediate Certificate Examination, while Athalie Lee gained an Art Scholarship tenable at the East Sydney Technical College for four years on the results of the same examination.

### SOCIAL SERVICE

During the year we have sent bundles of warm clothing to Ultimo, knitted comforts to the old women at Newington and forty-seven dozen eggs to Sydney Hospital.

Monetary donations include five guineas to the Preventorium, three guineas each to Sydney Hospital, the Rachel Forster Hospital and the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children and a guinea to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.





*OUR VISITORS ON EMPIRE DAY.*

By courtesy of the "Sun."

#### EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS

On the morning of May 2nd the Staff and pupils occupied the Assembly Hall to celebrate Empire Day. Mr. B. C. Harkness, M.A., Chief Inspector of Schools, presided, and among the visitors were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Alderman A. L. Parker and Mrs. Parker), Bishop Kirkby and Mrs. Kirkby, Mr. Inspector Farrell of Queensland, Mrs. Bradfield, Mrs. Mather and Mr. Clyne, M.L.A.

Mr. Harkness opened the proceedings with a short speech on the meaning of the day. The Lord Mayor's speech was both interesting and inspiring, and we were pleased to learn from him that he had been a pupil of this School. We were also proud to hear the excellent speeches made by Beryl Kent and Gwen Walsh, who took as their subjects, "Goodwill among the Nations" and "Commonwealth Day" respectively. Mr. Clyne, who is always present on the important occasions of our School life, gave a very interesting speech on Empire-builders.

The Choir rendered two delightful and appropriate items, "May the Brave Flag Fly" and "Comrades of Mine."

Marion Cockburn, the Senior Prefect, read the Goodwill Message that she was to broadcast on behalf of the girls of

the State Secondary Schools, and Helen Pontey proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the speakers.

The proceedings closed with the singing of the "Recessional" and the "National Anthem."

M. Boldini, 4A.

Mr. Martin, of the Ultimo Public School, again asked for the School to supply two speakers for his Empire Day Celebration. Lucy Sherring and Marjorie Baldock acquitted themselves well on this occasion, speaking on the subjects of "Commonwealth Day" and "Goodwill among the Nations."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary Robinson, winner of the Prefects' Prize for the Empire Essay in 1933, wrote a letter to be read at the Empire Day Celebrations at the Noreot Council School, Tilehurst, Reading. This message was sent in response to an invitation extended by Mr. F. G. Eyles, the Headmaster of the School. An appreciative letter, written by a pupil, was received by Mary later in the year.

#### EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS

The Prefects of 1934, following in the tradition set by their predecessors,



awarded two prizes for essays written on Empire Day. The Senior Prize was won by Joyce McCredie on the subject, "Why we celebrate Empire Day," while Margaret Beaver won the Junior Prize, the subject being "The sun never sets on the British Empire."

#### GOODWILL DAY

This year a Fort Street girl had the

honour of being one of four representative pupils from the private and State Secondary Schools to broadcast a goodwill message to the children of the world.

Marion Cockburn, Senior Prefect, was chosen to represent the School on this occasion, and her message is printed on the next page



THE GIRLS IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL ON EMPIRE DAY.

By courtesy of the "Sun."



## INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL MESSAGE FROM THE GIRLS OF THE STATE HIGH SCHOOLS OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Girls and boys of all nations, we, the children of New South Wales, once again warmly greet you on this thirtieth anniversary of Goodwill Day, for the object of this broadcast is to promote a feeling of goodwill throughout the world.

Those who begin the day brimful of genuine goodwill for others, and who steadfastly refuse to look at humanity from any other angle, help not only themselves but others whom they meet during the day. In my opinion, it is essential for each of us to endeavour to root out from our own hearts and minds any thoughts of dislike, jealousy, or intolerance, and the inclination to disparage rather than to praise. Until we have trained ourselves to do this, we cannot possibly help the world at large to get rid of its present difficulties. Everyone can do something in her daily life to help make the world the happy, healthy place we all long for it to be.

To be sincerely anxious for the welfare and happiness of others, to work hard for the sake of working, to show respect for the elderly, to subordinate our desires to those of others, to determine to do the very best we can at all costs; all this calls for character, courage, will-power, and that intangible attribute we call vision.

### ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION

The following girls were successful in gaining prizes and certificates.

#### Prizes.

**Grade III.**—1st prize: Dulcie Warren. 1st prize for Reading: Dulcie Warren. 1st prize for Conversation: Joyce McCredie and Dulcie Warren.

**Grade IV.**—2nd prize: Dorothy Dodd and Nina Whiting. 1st prize for Reading: Joyce Nelson and Dorothy Dodd.

#### Certificates.

**Grade II.**—Joan Fraser.

**Grade III.**—Nancy Alexander, Irene Cooke, Joyce Crank, Dorothy Dean, Muriel Finch, Lucy Graham, Valerie Hands, Marjorie Hickton, Gwen Holley, Joyce McCredie, Beryl McKeon, Kathleen Newman, Dorothy Norman, Gwen O'Dea, Irma Simon, Peggy Vernon, Dulcie Warren, Dorothy Woodrow.

**Grade IV.**—Dorothy Dodd, Joyce Nelson, Margaret Stephenson, Nina Whiting.

### THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Regular meetings of the Association have been held throughout the year

These are the qualities that are essential, not only in ordinary citizens, but in those who have the responsibility of moulding the destinies of the various countries of the world. None of us can put the world straight, but we can each help to tidy up our own little corner.

It seems far fetched to connect the renewing of mankind with such seemingly trivial things as courtesy, kindness, patience and forbearance towards those we meet in our daily life, nevertheless, it is on such trivialities that the very foundation of the character of nations rests. Moreover, international sport tends to promote a feeling of goodwill throughout the world. The Olympic Games and the Davis Cup Competitions unite sportsmen from nearly every corner of the globe, and, as a consequence, the teams go back to their own countries having learnt to understand the people of other nations.

It is to our generation that the world looks for that spread of international feeling, which will make us all realise that we are not individuals, or Australians, but citizens of the world.

Let us therefore make it our duty to be as well informed as possible about the difficulties of all nations, so that we can cultivate the right attitude of mind and a spirit of sympathy which will make the whole world kin.

and have been well attended by the Staff and Year Representatives.

The main business of the term was the proposal to change the form of prize awarded at the Annual School Swimming Carnival and Athletic Meeting.

It was decided that instead of the plain and oval badges hitherto presented, china cups and saucers and plates bearing the School crest should be awarded to the successful competitors. An order for this china has accordingly been placed.

It was also decided to award a trophy in the form of a clock to the class which gained the greatest number of points for life-saving awards.

Nancy Light (Secretary).

### THE JUNIOR THEATRE LEAGUE COMPETITION

Once again we have to congratulate Miss Collins on her success in this competition.

In the "All Girls' Section" Miss Collins carried off first prize by her presentation of "Reverie" with the following cast:—





“REVERIE.”

*J. Livingston, D. Murton, J. McCredie, M. Wombey, B. Austin, J. Dircks, M. Turnley,  
G. Smith, V. Slade, M. Brackpool, M. Cockburn, M. Buik.*



**The Characters**

Butler .....	Norma Abernethy
Grandmother Harkness	Jean Livingston
Ex-Governor Harkness	Joyce McCredie
Richard Harkness, Junior	Marion Cockburn
Mrs. Harkness, Junior ..	Monnie Buik
Richard the Third ...	Dorothy Murton

**The Memories:**

The Boy .....	Dorothy Murton
Bess .....	Betty Austin
Sarah .....	Margaret Brackpool
Nell .....	Gwen Smith
Anna .....	Margaret Turnley
Tom, the Barefoot Lad	Maisie Wombey
Jim .....	Vera Slade
Charles .....	Joyce Prance
Jack .....	Janet Direks

In the "Schools' Section" Miss Collins won the J. C. Williamson Mask for the best play. This is the third occasion on which she has won this coveted prize and the second occasion on which Fort Street girls have been successful.

"Kings in Nomania," the winning play, was acted by the following girls: The Herald ..... Clarice Hamilton  
The Gendarme ..... Winnie Garrard  
Yancu, the Bootblack .. June Huntley  
Members of his Gang—

Osnie .....	Jean Baker
Borlo .....	Bessie McVicar
Urridu .....	Gloria Hill
Tomi .....	Dulcie Warren
Tiana .....	Lilwyn Stoker
Marfa, the Mother of Yancu	Monnie Buik

Snigram, the Miser .... Phyllis Corner  
The Marquis of Ettare Beryl Lockhart  
The Count Luz ..... Selina Wood  
Zoril II, King of Nomania

Clarice Laraghy  
The Stage Hand ..... Bessie Dodd

**BOOK MARKS AND CALENDARS**

In the first term of the year the pupils of the School were very proud to own book marks bearing the School crest and motto. Now they are looking forward with pleasure to sending their Christmas greetings on calendars with the same adornment.

**THE REFERENCE LIBRARY**

The library is used mostly by the senior girls, but we would like to see more of the juniors enjoying the wide range of history books.

The library is open for research purposes every lunch hour and every afternoon after School.

We would like to thank Miss Mackintosh for an extremely generous gift of interesting and useful books. Such donations are always very welcome and much appreciated.

Since our last report many new books have been added to the library, including "The Theatre in My Time," (St. John Irvine), "Six One-Act Plays," "Six More One-Act Plays" (Ella Adkins), "Synopsis of English Fiction," Shaw's "Too True to be Good," "Myths of Australia," "Legends of Australia," "The English Novel" (Priestley), Hudson's "Literature of the Twentieth Century," "Garibaldi," Raymond's "Through Literature to Life."

Librarians: M. Boldini, J. McCredie, A. Hamilton, P. Corner, C. Hamilton.

**THE DEBATING SOCIETY**

Our Debating Society, which was established in 1917 while Miss Partridge was Head Mistress, has forged steadily ahead until this year, when under the able presidency of Hilda Maddocks, it has an enrolment of one hundred and thirty-six girls.

Many interesting debates have been held during the last six months. The first of these, on April 5th, was "That the invention of machinery is an evil to mankind," which was upheld by Joyce McCredie (leader), Norma Abernethy, and Maria Boldini, while Jean Livingston (leader), Anne Murray, and Phyllis Corner supported the Opposition. The debate resulted in a victory for the Opposition.

The subject, "Universal suffrage is beneficial to the community," was well contested on May 3rd by Dorothy Adderton, Irene Hallet, and Lilian Clint, who, supporting the Government's contention, were victorious over Joan Fraser (leader), Mary Robinson, and Mary Stewart, who spoke for the Opposition.

On June 7th the subject, "Peace has its victories no less renowned than war," was discussed. The Government consisted of Lucy Sherring, Jean Allan and Norma Saunders, while Mary Weston, Marie Jackson and Margaret Raphael formed the Opposition, who were defeated by a small margin.

Our yearly debates against our brother school were held on June 23rd and July 13th.

The subject of the first debate was "Dictatorships are more beneficial than democracies." The girls were represented by Lucy Sherring, Joan Fraser and Mavis Porter, who formed the Government. The members of the Opposition were Messrs. Ferguson, Webber and McAulay. Mr. R. G. Henderson, M.A., kindly adjudicated, and at the close of the debate announced the girls to be the victors. The Prefects and office-bearers afterwards entertained our opponents at afternoon tea.



The return debate was held at the Boys' School, Petersham, and once more the girls were victorious. The subject for discussion was "That science has surpassed the arts in its benefits to mankind." The girls' team was composed of Lucy Sherring, Joan Fraser and Enid Smith, while the boys were represented by Messrs. Ferguson, McAulay and Marchant. Mr. Grose, known to all radio listeners as Uncle Frank of 2GB, kindly adjudicated.

After the debate our opponents entertained us at afternoon tea and then showed us their school, thus concluding a most enjoyable afternoon.

On 5th July the subject, "State enterprise is more beneficial to the community than private enterprise," was keenly contested by Rose Clark, Marie Bismire and Dorothy Hamilton, who supported the Government, Phyllis Wells, Dorothy Norman and Joyce Thompson upholding the Opposition. The debate was won by the Government.

On 13th September Muriel Finch gave an interesting address on the Douglas Credit System, and the remainder of the meeting was devoted to impromptu speeches. Joan Sumner, speaking on the subject "Should examinations be abolished," made the best speech of the afternoon.

Nancy Light, Secretary.

### THE SCHOOL CONCERT

One of the most exciting events in last term was the School Concert, held in the Assembly Hall on August 27th and 28th. The interest of both the parents and friends of the pupils was plainly shown by the crowded hall on both nights. From the opening item given by the orchestra, the success of the concert was assured.

The main feature of the evening was the clever acting in the two plays written by Percival Wilde, and produced by Miss Collins. "Reverie," which was acted in the first half of the programme, was a delightful fantasy, recalling in a dream, to an old man hardened with worldly ideas, the memories and friendships of his childhood. Nine little girls and boys, dressed in quaint old-fashioned costume, represented his childhood acquaintances. Joyce McCredie and Jean Livingston made a typical old-fashioned pair as ex-Governor and Grandmother Harkness. Grandmother Harkness, with her old-world dignity and charm, was endeavouring to bring some of the spirit of Christmas back into the old home, but her husband, who seemed to have grown too old for the excitement of Christmas and Christmas-trees, reproved her for doing it. In his dream, however, he realised that Christmas would not be Christmas unless there was some ceremony. The play ended happily, when



THE DUTCH DANCE.

B. Condon, L. Thomas, K. Harris, J. Easton.



Richard Harkness Junior, his wife, and son, Richard the Third (who played a prominent part in his grandfather's dream), came home for the Christmas festivities.

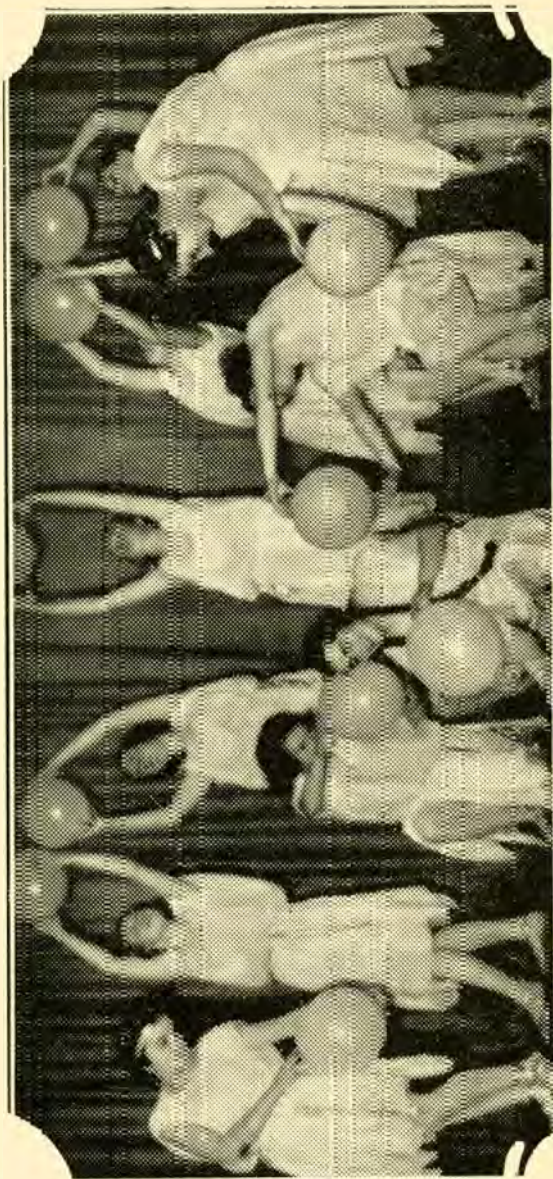
Choir items, folk dances, gymnastic exercises and orchestral items followed. The girls in the choirs, under the capable baton of Mrs. James, sang beautifully. Every word could be clearly and distinctly heard from the back of the hall.

The Dutch dance, given by four Fifth Year girls, was very well received by

the audience. This dance made a striking contrast with the balloon dance which followed it. The balloon dance, given by 4A girls, was one of the faintest and most delightful items.

The mazel and exercises given by the younger girls showed evidence of careful training by Miss Anderson.

June Huntley was the hero in the second play. She portrayed Yancu, a bootblack. By polishing people's boots, Yancu was able to gain a meagre living, hardly enough to buy shelter for his mother and himself from the biting



THE BALLOON DANCE.

Front Row: M. Boldini, C. Hamilton, J. Livingston.

Second Row: P. Corner, E. Swann.

Back Row: P. Coleman, G. Allan, D. Hamilton, M. Barrington, B. Harris.

By courtesy of the "Sun."



cold at nights. Snigram (Phyllis Corner) was the old miser to whom Yancu and his mother went to buy shelter. One of the members of Yancu's gang, for he had a gang of five followers, had given him, as a judge's fee, a green stone in which fires seemed to gleam. Yancu, ignorant of the value of this stone, offered it to Snigram to help to pay for his shelter, but Snigram, with his keen eyes, discovered that this was the very stone which King Zoril had lost, and for the recovery of which he had offered a great reward. Snigram seized the opportunity of having Yancu imprisoned. The King, however, whom one would have expected to have been very regal and pompous, and who was a little boy, who rode on to the stage on a tricycle, believed Yancu's story of his innocence and was only too ready to pardon him.

The girls all played their parts excellently, and we would here join in congratulating all who took part on their splendid performance.

Beth Crago, 4B.

## OUR ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING

Although the weather in the morning was threatening, the sun decided to shine on the merry throng of Fortians, past and present, assembled at the Sports Ground to participate in their twenty-fourth Annual Sports Meeting on August 17th.

Despite the numerous heats and races, thanks to Miss Anderson and other members of the Staff, there was no hitch in the programme.

Many novelty events caused hilarity among the spectators, and the close finishes added excitement to the proceedings.

The success of Ruth Harris in the School Championship was pleasing to everyone, as this is the fourth time in succession that she has carried off this event. Ruth also won the Seventeen Years Championship and the Skipping Race, and we extend to her our heartiest congratulations.

We congratulate also Marjory Hickton, a promising junior, who won the Junior Championship for the second time, and also carried off the Fourteen Years Championship and the Junior Skipping Race.

Keen rivalry was exhibited by the girls striving for points in an endeavour to obtain the shield which is annually awarded to the class gaining the highest number of points. The victors this year were 2A.

We are sure that everyone was satisfied with a day well spent. Even spec-

tators, who with flourish of ribbons and other signs of loyalty to their classes, barracked frantically for their comrades, enjoyed the thrill of well-matched contest.

Our champions were:—

School (100 yds.).—Ruth Harris, 5B.  
 Junior (75 yds.).—M. Hickton, 2A.  
 17 Years (75 yds.).—R. Harris, 5B.  
 16 Years (75 yds.).—J. Irons, 5A.  
 15 Years (75 yds.).—M. Brodbeck, 4B.  
 14 Years (50 yds.).—M. Hickton, 2A.  
 13 Years (50 yds.).—B. Fleteher, 1D.  
 12 Years (50 yds.).—E. Pinkney, 1D.  
 11 Years and under (50 yds.).—A. Shuttleworth, 1D.

The Senior School Relay was won by 5C, and the Junior by 2C.

The winners of the novelty races were:—

Skipping.—Ruth Harris, 5B.  
 Junior Skipping.—M. Hickton, 2A.  
 Orange Race.—M. Brodbeck, 4B.  
 Junior Orange Race.—M. Lyons, 2A.  
 Sack Race.—G. Gillies, M. Hawkins, æq.  
 Junior Sack Race.—Gwen O'Dea, 3B.

The results of the team games were as follows:—

Tunnel Ball.—1A.  
 Overhead Ball.—2B.  
 Under and Over Ball.—2A.  
 Skin the Snake.—1D.  
 Crocodile.—1A.

Norah McKenna and Peggy Direks tied for first place in the Old Girls' Race.

N. E. M. Cross, 4B.

## THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD

The library has been enriched by two handsome silver cups and a very fine shield during the last year. These trophies are the results of a year's hard work by the Choir which more than upheld the honour of Fort Street at the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

This year Mrs. James entered for four sections of the Eisteddfod, three being choral and one orchestral, and we are proud of the fact that we gained first place in two and second in two.

When 29th August, the night set aside for the Championship of School Choirs, arrived, hundreds of school





*Mrs. James and our successful Choir.*



children took their seats in the Presbyterian Assembly Hall. The first section was devoted to amateur orchestras, and three schools played their test pieces beautifully. Then came the choral section and at last the audience was stirred by "The Fortians' March," and ninety-eight girls, neatly dressed, marched smartly on to the stage amidst much applause. The test pieces were Mendelssohn's "Hum of the Bees" and Brahms' "Cradle Song," and the girls rendered them extremely well.

The girls had not been seated very long when a telegram arrived from Miss Cohen to tell them that the songs came over the wireless clearly. This inspired them with new hope and when the adjudicators came forward to give their decision, the air was full of expectancy. The results of the orchestral section were given first, and the judges praised the high standard of the playing and regretted that they had to place Fort Street second—by one point! Then came the results of the choral section. Again the adjudicators praised the work of the choirs and this time they gave their decision in favour of Fort Street. The girls were unable to restrain their joy any longer, and the hall was filled with laughter and cheers.

On the following afternoon, forty girls representing Fort Street again marched into the Assembly Hall. This time they were to sing in the Championship of Girls' Choirs, and the Championship of Junior Choirs. In the former section the girls sang the test pieces, Dr. Arne's "Where the Bee Sucks" (arranged by Roland Foster), and Schubert's "To Music," very well. But Moss Vale Priory also sang wonderfully, and the Fortians realised that they would prove very hard to beat. However, both Moss Vale Priory and Fort Street were announced as finalists to sing again that night. The other section was put off till the night session also.

The girls returned again, and, in due course, they sang the other two test pieces, "Piping Down the Valleys Wild," by Dulcie Cohen, and "Wake Up," by Victor Massey. This section was at last closed and the two finalists had to sing for the Championship of Girls' Choirs. Once again the Fortians mounted the stage, and this time they put all their strength into their singing. Moss Vale Priory then sang again, and the adjudicators once again came forward to give their decision. In the Junior Championship of the State the singing was praised and Fort Street was pronounced the winner. Then came the other adjudicators, and they said that although the choirs were only junior, their singing was up to the

standard of senior choirs. Moss Vale came first, and Fort Street second by two points. So ended an Eisteddfod in which Fort Street won more than its share of laurels.

We must attribute a great deal of the praise to Mrs. James, whose untiring energy always urged the girls on, and we only hope that next year she will lead her choir to victory again.

Lily Thomas, 5B.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Dulcie Cohen, who won the prize in the Australian Broadcasting Competition of 1933 for her setting to music of one of the songs sung by the Choir, sent the following letter to the Principal of the School:—

"135 Macquarie Street,  
"Sydney.

"28th September, 1934.

"My dear Miss Cohen,—

"I would like you to know how delighted I was with the performance of my 'Piping Down the Valleys Wild' which your girls gave at a session of the recent Eisteddfod.

"Though in effect rather simple, the part-song is full of pitfalls and little difficulties of interpretation. These were all met beautifully, and that I know was only possible after much hard work and enthusiasm on the part of the girls and because of good and wise training by their conductor.

"The happy combination of a truly excellent performance with the fresh and youthful sweetness of the voices gave much pleasure not only to myself but to everybody present at the session, and the awarding of the trophy to this particular choir was a decision which met with the unanimous approval of the audience.

"May I offer to you, to the girls and to Mrs. James my hearty congratulations and my warm thanks.

"Sincerely yours,

"Dulcie M. Cohen."

### THE BROADCASTS

On Saturday morning, 15th September, and again on the 29th of that month our School Choir was broadcast from Station 2GB. It is an exceptional thing for the same school choir to broadcast twice in one year from this studio, but so many letters of appreciation, from all over Australia, had been written to express enjoyment of the programme provided by Fort Street Choir that when a day fell vacant Fort Street Choir was immediately asked if it would repeat its previous programme.



The Choir, under the efficient baton of its conductress, Mrs. James, rendered several choral items. These included test pieces set for the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod, by the rendition of which Fort Street Choir was adjudicated the Champion School Choir in the State, while piano, vocal, and violin solos, together with orchestral numbers, provided a pleasing variety.

Enid Smith, 5B.

### MUSIC REPORT

This year we have a Fifth Year girl, Beth Williams, taking Instrumental Music (Pianoforte) for the Leaving Certificate Examination. Beth will be the first candidate in N.S.W. to take Instrumental Music as an examination subject from a State High School. This study includes works of Bach, Beethoven, Cramer and Chopin, a full course in scales, arpeggios and technical studies, sight reading, aural tests and analysis of the works performed.

Joan Steele, who this year learned to play the xylophone at School under the tuition of Mrs. James, was awarded special mention by the Adjudicators in the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

### OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW

One of the most important events in our School life this year was the con-

struction of the stained glass window in the front hall, the first step towards the general improvement there, and we hope that soon the rest of the hall will be made to form a suitable setting for this beautiful piece of work.

Its importance for us lies not only in its beauty but in what it symbolizes—the wonderful school spirit of the Old Girls' Union, which finds expression in the many gifts made by its members to their old School.

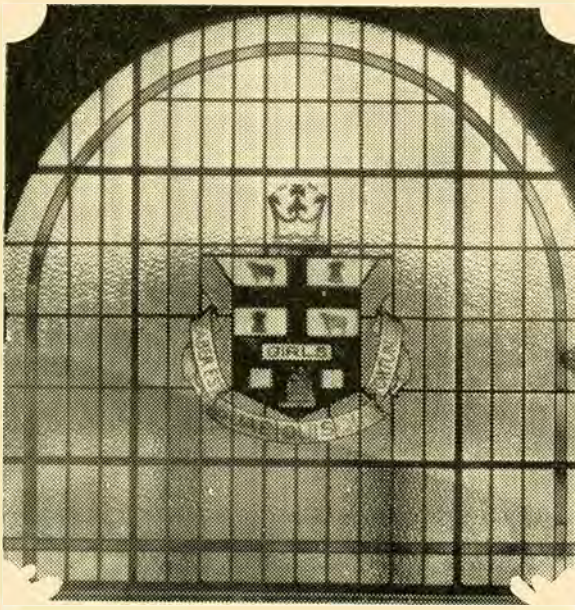
When the plan was mentioned at one of their meetings in the middle of March, it was enthusiastically supported and it is characteristic of the Old Girls' usual readiness and generosity that they promised us half the necessary money straight away so that the work might go ahead at once, and within two months they were able to give us the rest of the money.

When we returned after the Autumn holidays the first thing that every girl did was to see if the window had been put in, and our expectations were fulfilled. Although the novelty has worn off now, we cannot help gazing at it as we walk upstairs, for we are very proud of it, and the fact that our School crest and motto are on it makes it even more dear to us.

The main part of the window is of Flemish glass with a border of azure and in the centre is our crest with our motto beneath. Its simplicity is its greatest charm; it is the admiration of all who see it.

Many of our parents had an opportunity of seeing it on the nights of our concert, when it presented an especially striking picture, for the moon was behind it and it looked coldly beautiful—like transparent silver. It is also very beautiful when the sun shines on it, for the colours take on a deeper, richer hue.

We are all grateful to Miss Cohen, who with her untiring energy has brought about this as well as many other improvements in the School, and also to the Old Girls for their generosity.



THE WINDOW BEARING THE SCHOOL CREST AND MOTTO PRESENTED BY THE OLD GIRLS' UNION, 1934.

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

Maria Boldini, 4A.



### A VISIT TO THE TRAINING COLLEGE

A party of Fifth Years recently spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Teachers' Training College. We had been invited by the Principal, Professor Mackie, to hear some Verse Speaking, and to many of us the performance was an immense surprise, for the Verse Speaking Choir, under the direction of Miss Barnes, gave a delightful presentation of some scenes from Shakespeare. There were two scenes from "Antony and Cleopatra," two from "Romeo and Juliet," and the Clown Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The simple yet effective costumes worn by the girls in the Choir greatly added to the charm with which the scenes were rendered. It was hard to realise that the same girl acted the part of the vivacious Juliet in the Garden Scene with just as much truth as the part of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. We were all familiar with the Clown Scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but somehow unexpected humour was revealed to us by the clever acting of the Choir. To most of us the entertainment was a complete revelation of the beauty of Shakespeare's plays.

After the dramatic performance, some of the Old Fortians, who are now at the College, showed us over the building. This was greatly appreciated by those of us who hope to be there next year. We saw the Reference Library, one of the best in the Southern Hemisphere. There were rows and rows of books of all descriptions, and it was hard to imagine anyone finding a book in that amazing library. Some of the lecture rooms were visited, and we were introduced to a human skeleton, which, we were told, we too would study if we took physiology. The gymnasium is an enormous room with a spring floor, and the lucky students are able to have a shower after gym. The prospects of a cold shower should make gym. all the more delightful.

It was a very regretful party of girls who left with Miss Wicks at 5 p.m., for we would have liked to have stayed longer to see more. We had had a pleasant time, and perhaps some of us will see more of the College next year. We hope so!

Gwen Walsh, 5B.

### CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union meets every Monday afternoon at 3.30 p.m.

The meetings this term were ably conducted by Miss Porter until her transfer to Nowra Intermediate High School. We miss her very much and

hope she will be happy in her new sphere of work.

All the members are eagerly looking forward to the Annual Schoolgirls' Camp to be held during the Christmas holidays under the auspices of the Australasian Students' Christian Movement.

Before closing I would like to thank Miss Culey on behalf of the members for taking our meetings since Miss Porter's departure.

Kathleen Gillies, Secretary.

### THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1934

On October 9th the Fourth Years elected the Captain and Prefects for next year. The following were chosen to be guardians of the high traditions of Fort Street: Clarice Hamilton (Captain), Jean Livingston (Senior Prefect), Maria Boldini, Phyllis Corner, Winnie Garrard, Kathleen Gillies, Bessie Harris, Nancy Light, Betty Logan and Ellen Swann. We congratulate these girls on the honour paid them by their schoolfellows.

### FIFTH YEARS' PARTING PART

This year the Fifth Years intend to give to the School a settle for the landing outside the Office to mark their appreciation of all that the School has done for them.

### FAREWELL DAY

Perhaps the most memorable occasion in the School year is Farewell Day. It is one of the happiest days and yet there is always an undercurrent of sadness running through the ceremony. For it is on this day that the Fifth Years bid adieu to "the best school of all" as the gates of Fort Street close behind them as pupils for the last time and they enter into "the glorious adventure of life" fired with the highest ideals and with determination to honour the name which Fortians have won for her in the past.

And so with a feeling of regret as they realised that the time had come to say farewell to yet another Fifth Year, the girls assembled on Friday, 19th October.

We were delighted to have with us two of our former headmistresses, Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise, for whom there is always a warm welcome at the School, Miss Watts, a former music teacher, who charmed us with her beautiful singing, and several of our former captains.

The proceedings opened with "The March of the Fortians," after which Miss Cohen delivered an impressive address in which she stressed the import-



ance of service for others in the wider school of life. She added that this Farewell Day held a special significance for her, as it was five years since she returned to Fort Street as Principal when the departing Fifth Years had been First Years.

We were extremely sorry that Mrs. Macartney was unable to be present, but we hope that she will delight us with "Katy's Letter" next year.

The School songs and the addresses of Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise were very much enjoyed. Both wished the Fifths and Thirds the best of luck in the forthcoming examinations, and all of us happy holidays.

Then came the investiture of the Captain and Prefects elect for 1935, after which Helen Pontey, the retiring Captain, gave an amusing address. Clarice Hamilton, Captain elect for 1935, and Jean Livingston, Senior Prefect for 1935, also spoke. Three Prefects addressed a few words to their respective Years, after which came the time-honoured custom of clapping the Thirds and Fifths across the stage.

During the party which followed, the health of the King, the Fifths and teachers were drunk and a vote of thanks was proposed to the Fourth Years, and appreciative reference was made to Myra Barrington, who had made the wonderful cake.

After the party the girls adjourned to the Assembly Hall where the rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing. The party closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

Thus another Farewell Day had been added to the record.

B.L., 4A.

### HOCKEY

Hockey this year has remained as popular a sport as ever and many Fortians feel sorry that six months must pass before another game can be played. Success did not crown our efforts this year, but very great enthusiasm was shown by both teams. Two matches were played against Sydney High and, although in both we were defeated, the games were especially enjoyable and exciting. Among the juniors there are many fine players who, next year, will fill the vacant positions in the teams and help Fort Street to gain first place, we hope, in the competition. The teams wish to thank Miss Bennett and Miss Weston for the coaching they have given during the season.

Ruth Harris, Captain.

### BASKET BALL

The B Grade players were the fortunate winners of the B Grade shield this year, and well they deserved it for, throughout the season, they played excellent basket ball. The A team was less fortunate, although its efforts were also good.

The results are mainly due to the untiring efforts of Miss Anderson, and although the teams consisted for the most part of new players her coaching found its reward.

We expect the B Grade players to form an excellent team next season and win back the A shield.

Congratulations are extended to Sydney and Parramatta who shared the A Grade shield.

Betty Condon, Captain.

### TENNIS

It is with the greatest sincerity that I say that this season's tennis has been the most interesting for many years. It is the first time that Fort Street A Grade team has been runner-up for the Tennis Shield. The B team also gave evidence of great improvement by running third in its division.

This competition produced some exceptionally good tennis at times, as the scores indicated, and this was due to the way the girls practised on the tennis courts. They are all enthusiastic young players and good results may be expected from them in the future.

On behalf of the girls I would like to thank Miss Nicol-Murray and Miss Cowie for the great interest they have taken in both teams and the encouragement they gave the girls.

Mabel Geoghegan.

### DRAMATIC READINGS

The Dramatic Readings have, under Miss Purcell's supervision, proved very interesting.

The Fourth Years gave a reading of a delightful play, "The Spinsters of Lushe," while Third Years have recently distinguished themselves in the reading of "The Little Man." We are now looking forward to the reading of a play which Second Years have in hand.

Although many girls are interested in the Dramatic Readings more would be welcome at our meetings in the Assembly Hall on the third Thursday of the month.

Jean Livingston, Secretary.



### THE FICTION LIBRARY

The School Fiction Library is still very popular amongst the girls, both senior and junior. This popularity has been increased by the addition of many new books, bought with the ten pounds granted to us by the School Association.

These books include a number of historical novels, by such authors as D. K. Broster, Georgette Heyer, Alexandre Dumas and Baroness Orczy. These are popular with the senior girls, who also appreciate the new books by Raymond,

M. Baker, J. Harvey, B. Hood, J. Livingston, B. Logan, L. Pemell, Librarians.

### DR. IDA BROWN

Dr. Ida Brown, a distinguished Fortian, had the honour, last July, of being the first woman to address the Royal Society of New South Wales. This scientific Society—an offshoot of the one founded by Charles II—has been in existence for over a century. Dr. Brown spoke on the relation of certain geological formations on the coast to plant growth and animal health.

### PHYLLIS KABERRY

Phyllis Kaberry, the winner of the Ada Partridge Prize, 1928, has gained fresh laurels for herself and her School. After a distinguished University course she graduated in Arts in 1933, with distinction in Psychology, and gained the Frank Albert Medal in Anthropology.

Continuing her studies in this subject Phyllis qualified for her M.A. degree, gaining first-class honours in Anthropology, this being the first occasion on which this distinction has been gained by a woman graduate of Sydney University. As a result of this she was awarded a grant by the Australian National Research Council and has spent the greater part of this year carrying on investigations among the aborigines of the Forest River district in the North-west of Australia.

Phyllis also won the Wentworth Medal for an essay on English literature.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dilys Williams, who in 1933, applied to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for admission to the Theological Hall in Sydney, and was denied, is now taking her course in Divinity at Glasgow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Persia Campbell (Mrs. Rice), a distinguished Fortian who won a Rockefeller Foundation Scholarship to pursue her studies in the United States, returned to Sydney on a short visit. She is now married and settled in New York. During her stay she sent the following letter for inclusion in the Magazine:—

Beecroft.

Dear Miss Cohen,

Many years have passed since I climbed the well-known hill when I went again to the School a few days ago. Now all was changed except that the School is still set on the hill, but set there more openly and more attrac-



MISS PHYLLIS KABERRY, B.A.,  
*Anthropologist.*

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

Peter B. Kyne, Milne, Donn Byrne and Zane Grey. In addition we acquired a small collection of recent Australian novels, including "Hemp," "Lassetter's Last Ride," "Man Shy," "Sheep Mates," and Myrtle White's two books.

For the juniors, although the older girls enjoy them too, we bought among others the very latest books by Mary Grant Bruce, L. M. Montgomery, and Ethel Turner, and Anthony Hope's two romances.

Although our catalogue has been lengthened considerably by the addition of these books, we are still grateful for gifts of books for the juniors. If you have any books which you no longer use, the librarians will be very pleased to receive them.



tively. As I came up the highway, my first sight was of green lawns and gay rock gardens, and girls playing tennis under a wide sky—more spacious days for youth! These girls will leave as we left, and others come, but behind them were the old figtrees and familiar buildings of the School that lasts. As you took me round the buildings, the old rooms with their vague but pleasant memories, the new old rooms that were closed to our curiosity because sacred to the boys, the assembly hall with its stage equipped for the plays that have brought such well-deserved renown—as we made the tour, the impression of more spacious days deepened and gave me increasing satisfaction. In a new country we tend to think of tradition in terms of the future, the responsibility of the present generation to hand on the torch of learning with a brighter flame. But there is a joy in thinking back into a past that has expanded amply, with all the visible evidences of expansion about us; a sense of security in knowing that the soil in which we were rooted was

good soil, capable of strong growth. And I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude not only to the teachers who tended the sprouting of my generation, but to those also who have gone on cultivating the garden on the hill.

Yours very truly,  
Persia Campbell.

\* \* \* \* \*

### NANCY WILLIAMS

The many friends of Mrs. Cecil Thompson (Nancy Williams) were shocked to hear of her recent death at her home in Fauldhouse, Scotland, following the birth of a son. Her friends (Fortians and others) are going to perpetuate her memory by placing a memorial tablet in the Nurses' Chapel at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, the Hospital where Nancy was trained, and by giving a hospital desk and chair to the Manly Hospital.

Mrs. G. P. Stuckey, Kenneth Street, Longueville, will be pleased to give any further information on this matter.

## TO THE PRINTER

Sir,

I am the same unfortunate lady who troubled you some days ago. There is no one to whom I can complain but you, for my husband is a very perverse man, and does not care to listen to me in my misfortune.

Mr. Printer, I have been to-day to see the Duke of Gloucester, and the procession, and I hear it was a very wonderful sight. However, I and my children were unable to see the Duke as we were pushed behind some very badly-bred people, in fact, we were even unable to see the car the Duke was in. When I had, at length, gently pushed my way through the crowd of cheering ragamuffins, I was just in time to see the last car of the procession disappearing in the distance.

But, first of all, I must tell you about the terrible things which happened to cause us not to be there before all the badly-bred people whom I have mentioned. Needless to say, Mr. Printer, my husband decided to go to see the Duke with my neighbour's husband, so that he would not have to be bothered with Betty, Joan, Sydney, Archie, and little Chris (who, by the way, are all fine children of whom any father should be proud). I asked him last night whether he was going to take the children to see the procession, and he replied No, and said he thought he was sickening for the 'flu.

Of course, that meant that I should have to take the children myself which, Mr. Printer, I am sure you will agree, would be a very difficult undertaking. To conduct five young children through the dangerous, crowded city streets is a proceeding which is by no means enviable. What will you have on't? To the procession did I take Betty, Joan, Sidy, Archie, and little Chris.

So we started, bright and early, this morning, and after a great deal of bother, I managed to bundle the children into a tram. Now, this may be a diversion (Betty, who is thirteen, and VERY bright, has just informed me that this should be digression, but still I don't think it matters very much), but I think a little bit of physiology (or it may be philosophy, I am not quite sure, but never mind) is always good in a piece of literature, don't you? Well, the bit of physiology I have just mentioned is that the tramway people are not hurt by those things they know nothing about. Now, Mr. Printer, you must know that my Chris is five years old, but people have been known to take him for four sometimes, if I tell them he has been fed on Arnott's biscuits all his life. My argument is that it is quite all right for humble people like ourselves to try a little deception on the tramway people sometimes. Therefore (this word sounds so much more elegant than "so," I think, don't you?) when we got into the tram,



I said to the guard, who looked a little haughty, "One and four halves, please." (Betty only looks about twelve and still wears socks.)

"How old's this one?" asked the guard, pointing to Chris.

"Four," said I.

"Excuse me, Mummy," piped up Chris (you will observe how polite his manners are, I hope), "I'm five!"

Coldly I handed another penny to the guard, who walked away with quite an irritatingly pathetic look.

Siddy then delayed us by jumping off the tram before it had stopped. Of course, I had to chastise him for that, which kept us about five minutes. Then Archie stopped looking at some tovs in a window, and Joan had to be sent back to find him.

At last we arrived at the spot where the procession was to pass, and here we came in contact with the nasty people I told you about. They would not let us through to see the Duke, even though Siddy and Archie tried to bite two women to make them move. Archie told me afterwards that he saw a lovely silk hat that the Duke was waving, but that there weren't any rabbits in it. He was quite disappointed. Of course, my husband saw the whole Duke, silk hat and all.

Such is my story, Mr. Printer, and, what will you have on't? It only goes to show that a woman is a poor creature indeed.

I am, Sir,

Your distressed humble servant,  
Lily Eliza Muggs.  
M.S.S., 5B.

## NORTHWARD IN THE SPRINGTIME

Glad springtime is here!

Last Sunday we enjoyed lunch in the cool shade of some golden oaks, sitting on a thick carpet of millions of the tiny brown leaves that have fallen year after year from the parent trees along the first northern road (to Wiseman's Ferry). The road has just been reconditioned after lying almost unused for half a century.

"Hello, what is this?" I exclaimed as, after aimlessly scraping about under the leaves, I unearthed a large iron ring nine feet in diameter. It was rusted through in places but still recognisable by my mother as the rim of an old wheel from, we imagined, a bullock waggon, a relic of early pioneering days. It brought thoughts to my mind of the time long since gone when the bullock waggons, which were common then, had travelled over this old northern road built by convicts slaving under military guards over a century ago. Perhaps the bullock drivers may have rested under these very same trees!

What serene peace reigned! Over all, the pretty flowers blossomed everywhere, and bush birds chirped a greeting. The bush seemed gay with lovely deep blue orchids, pink boronia, stately waratahs and flowering shrubs of every hue. The green moss made a soft carpet on the rocks.

On the way back we see where the native bush has given way to cultivated orchards, some of the finest and oldest in Australia. Peach trees, laden with lovely pink blossoms, and citrus trees with magnificent ripe yellow balls, meet one at every turn.

Then looking west across a wide expanse of blue distance, divided only by a glimpse of the sparkling Hawkesbury River, we gazed in admiration at the golden sunset beyond the Kurrajong Mountain. Then comes night-time with a silver moon to guide us home. Truly Nature is wonderful in all her ways!

Joan Dowman, 1E.

## THE HILL

The old hill watched the years go by with that neglected, but proudly independent air common to unloved things. My father had cleared it once and built a shed, but having bought even better land on the other side of our farm, had ceased to use it. The shed leaned drunkenly. Saplings were springing up like mushrooms, and the grass was tall and thick; and in summer, when its seeds gave it a pearly sheen, it undulated beneath the wind like the

waves of a sea. But in spite of its fertility, the hill had a lonely, almost forsaken aspect. It was as though somebody had placed it there in the midst of plains and forgotten it.

In the evenings, when my younger brothers and sisters would play in the yard, or squabble over the puppies, and mother would scream at them through the kitchen window, I used to run to the hill. But I never considered it as a refuge. It was my palace.



How well I remember the last evening I spent there! Two cats inhabited the shed then and one of them, Joe, bounded over a log at my approach, while Mick poured himself through a crack in the wall. He was long and thin and black. His eyes burned golden; but Joe's were placid moons of self-satisfaction. Both pussies rubbed against my legs, purred, and rolled on their backs while I was spreading their supper—culled surreptitiously from our pantry—on the grass. They did not seem as hungry as usual, and I wondered how many birds they had eaten. Then I danced among the saplings, singing to myself a little and reaching up to touch their leaves. Down my hill I danced, down to the noisy farmhouse where my body dwelt. I was so happy that I had forgotten to bid my pussies good-night.

When I reached the gate Bill yelled: "Hey! D'you know what?"

"No."

Coming closer and lowering his voice, "Dad has sold the paddocks on the other side of the hill and the hill too."

"How d'you know?"

"Heard Dad telling Mum that the chap had got a good bargain."

"You shouldn't listen." I felt that I had to say something or the world would end.

"Baa!" said Bill. "I didn't listen anyway. I heard!"

Usually docile, that night I became quite intractable. Mother did nothing but scold. Her voice seemed to be cutting the air into shreds, and father, kindly and quiet, was the only endurable person in the room. And HE had sold my hill!

"You can do all the washing-up alone for being so cheeky," declared mother.

"I won't!"

"Where's that strap? Where's that strap?" She knew where the abomination was as well as we all did. "My word—"

"There, there, Mother, I think Nellie must be sickening for something," interrupted Daddy, coming to my rescue.

"Well, she'd better go to bed at once then!"

So I was sent to bed. But hours later when my two sisters were asleep, I crept through the window and ran away.

The fields scintillated as though they were covered with stars. But when I looked up I saw the stars were still in the sky, only paler than usual and farther apart, with a full moon in their midst. And I climbed towards them, and found the leaves of the hill trees shining like elfin lights and shadows dancing quietly and peace upon the land. I had come to say good-bye to my hill, and could not. It looked so lovely under the winter sky that I danced and sang—softly, for hills will never allow you to sing otherwise, unless the wind is high. And I learned that night that happiness is the only thing in the world that matters.

Of course, since anti-climax is most natural, I caught a cold which imprisoned me for a week. Father nodded and said:

"There now, Mother, I knew Nellie was sickening for something. You shouldn't have been so cross with her."

What a kind father he has always been! To-day, he grows older and frailer and comforts himself by grumbling into his beard and criticising modernity. He is all I have now, for the soul of the little hill fled long ago with the wind to a far place where there are hills without number.

Some day I shall go singing to that place.

"Nellie Swinton," 5B.

## THE AMUSEMENTS, SPORTS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

The indoor amusements during Queen Elizabeth's reign were cards, draughts, dice, and dancing. Cards were very extensively played in all ranks of society. The dances were of many kinds. The brawl was a joined hands' arrangement, the partners kissing each other. It is said that Elizabeth was fond of this dance. A few other dances were the pavin, or pavan, a grave and majestic dance, in which the gentlemen wore their caps, swords and mantles, and the ladies their long robes and trains. The dancers stepped round the

room and then crossed in the middle, trailing their garments on the ground. This motion was like that of a peacock's tail.

In the canary dance, the gentlemen led the ladies to the end of the hall, retreated, and then advanced. They then went to the other end and waited there while the ladies went through the same motions.

But the outdoor sports were more popular. Elizabeth herself loved bear-and-bull-baiting in public, and amused



herself with performing apes in private. Hawking with foreign birds, and hunting the deer were the week-day sports of noblemen. The lower classes played at football, held fairs, and altogether kept a most unholy Sabbath. Tilting at the ring was a popular amusement for those who rode horses.

Shooting at deer with a cross-bow was an amusement of great ladies. Great efforts were made by Elizabeth to preserve the use of the long-bow, but the people were becoming tired of archery, and so "bows were turned into bowls." Bowls was made an unlawful game, and commissioners were sent out to search for and punish those persons who played bowls, but without much effect.

The English of the Elizabethan period were a very unscientific people. The Royal Society had not yet been founded, and consequently there was no association at work to enlighten the popular superstitions. Nowadays we cannot think of some of those strange fancies without a smile. It was believed, even by the gentry, that each precious stone had some magical power which was transferred to the wearer. The sapphire was believed to

impart courage, the coral to preserve the wearer from enchantment, the topaz to cure madness, and the hyacinth to protect the wearer from lightning.

The common people believed a great deal in witchcraft; they thought it consisted of a mixture of good and evil, in which the evil predominated. An old woman who gathered herbs, or who had medical knowledge, was sure to be suspected, and shunned accordingly.

The person who had not seen a spirit was a very rare being. Fairies were supposed to dance at night round the oak on the village green. Ghost tales were told by the firelight in nearly every household. Thus young children learned about ghosts, witches, fairies, and other invisible beings from their earliest years.

London abounded in quacks who told fortunes, prepared love potions, sold all sorts of medicines, told where treasure lay hidden, and dealt in magic. These quacks taught that a large house spider, swallowed alive with treacle, would cure ague, and that by feeding on snakes an old person would become young again.

Sybil Austin, 2B.

## CARNIVAL

The laughing, happy throng jostled each other in a good-humoured hurry to see and take part in all the merriment of the hour. Here an ancient minstrel tuned his cardboard harp in a merry carnival tune, while beside him Pierrot and Pierrette exchanged rosebuds. The flower-decked carriages and cars made a lovely sight, surrounded as they were by the gaily-dressed crowds.

What flowers there were! The most sweetly-scented and brightest-hued blooms ever known were being tossed from one person to another; for indeed, was it not the Carnival of Flowers, that joyous time of gayest laughter and lightest hearts, when all were comrades in mirth and partakers of the wine of revelry? Yes, it was the time of the Carnival held before the Lenten season began; a time-honoured festival held each year more joyously than the year before.

Suddenly the sounds of bright laughter and merry chatter were hushed as the crowds of masqueraders drew aside leaving the centre of the street clear. Then came the flower-bedecked floats. Here a ship, a galleon of golden roses, manned by a maiden crew, passed by; then came a carriage drawn by grey ponies whose trappings were covered with snowy blooms. Out

of the masses of flowers peeped youthful masked faces, alight with excitement and pleasure. There was a chariot driven by a giant of strange and wonderful proportions, with a head of ridiculously large size, and painted in those bright colours of which the Italian peasants seem so fond. But now, the carriages having passed, there came weird figures waving long hideous arms and wearing those same grotesquely-grinning heads, capped by tousled hair or carnival cap. Swaying from side to side this procession passed amid showers of confetti, shouts of laughter and excitement, and squeals and shrieks of delight from the onlookers as more ribbon-bedecked and flower-covered vehicles passed over the carpet of blooms which had been thrown in their way.

Once more the men and women and boys and girls went merrily along. Flower girls, peasants, people dressed in costumes of every period and nationality, trooped together in the joy of the festival.

Above the street, on the balconies overhanging the roadway, were those who were not taking part in the revelry below. From windows draped in many a colour and style, with their flowers and confetti to throw into the gay



through below, these people, too, felt the happy spirit of Carnival.

As the evening drew on apace, there came the "moccoletto" vendors, who quickly sold their wares (which were tapers of all sizes) to the masqueraders who thronged the streets. As darkness fell every taper was lit. It was as though countless stars had suddenly gleamed out among the merry-makers. Now it was the aim of every man, woman and child to extinguish another's "moccoletto" and yet to keep his or her own burning. For about two hours this sport lasted, to the accompaniment of laughter, the streets being illuminated making them seem as bright as day while every passer-by entered into the spirit of the game.

### A VISIT TO THE "SUN" BUILDING

On Monday afternoon, August 20th, the girls of 4A, accompanied by Miss Moore, had the privilege and pleasure of visiting the "Sun" Building.

It was a very excited company who passed through the swing doors and entered the beautiful entrance hall. Beneath our feet was worked in colourful mosaics the symbol which heads every copy of the "Sun," Apollo, the charioteer and classical symbol of the sun. The rays of the sun itself spread through the design in lines of shining brass. The same design appears above the swing doors but there in stained-glass.

Our guide thoughtfully permitted us to leave our suitcases in the entrance hall, a fact which we greatly appreciated because as everyone knows a heavy suitcase is apt to damp one's interest.

We were then ushered into one of the swift and commodious elevators which, before a breathing space elapsed, had landed us on the highest floor. From the top of the building we had a magnificent view of Sydney and some of the surrounding suburbs. We were amazed when our guide informed us that on a clear day one could easily pick out the Blue Mountains. Looking towards the North we saw, against a background of green of the foreshores and sparkling blue of the harbour, that immense and beautiful structure, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and beneath it in the shade of the fig tree we recognised Fort Street.

While we were gazing in wonderment upon the sights our guide asked us to guess the circumference of the great golden ball which, when illuminated at night by floodlights, can be seen for a distance of many miles. We were

Suddenly a chime was heard. At the instant that this sound broke into the noises of revelry and sport, every "moccoletto" was extinguished as though a breath of some great being had passed over the city and blown each flame out. And as the crowds dispersed the great bell of St. Peters tolled out a slow and solemn note over the dark and quiet city. The Carnival was over, over for another year. Oh, happy time that it had been! New friends had been made, and old friendships renewed. What a glorious day this last day of the Festival of Flowers had been! But now only the blooms strewn over the streets were left to remind one of the three hilarious days of mirth and of—Carnival.

"Katere," 2A.

greatly astonished to hear that it was only forty-two feet in circumference, but plated with sixty-five pounds' worth of pure gold.

Our guide then conducted us to the spacious cafeteria of the employees, the large windows of which command a beautiful view of the Botanical Gardens.

By means of the speedy elevator we soon found ourselves in the process department where we became greatly absorbed in watching the pictures being made into blocks for production in the newspaper.

Passing down into the composing room we made our way among busy employees to the clicking of linotypes, and we watched with fascination the making of the type.

Then the machine room! We walked round gazing amazedly at the huge machines on which we saw the paper taking its shape. What insignificant, useles beings we were in this place of whirling, whirring, huge machines! Bells are ringing and indicators flashing. The papers disappear through the ceiling into the publishing room where they stack themselves and are thence carried to the waiting vans and conveyed to the various bookstalls and newsagencies.

Before leaving this floor we were presented with a piece of metal on which was typed our name.

Once more in the entrance hall we collected our suitcases and passed out into the street clutching a copy of the "Sun," a booklet on the "Sun" Building, and a typed name; souvenirs of a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten experience.

E. Swann, 4A.



## THE MID-VICTORIAN PAIR

In a little English seaport town where the wind from the sea often threatened to destroy it, was a humble little weatherboard cottage in which lived a young sailor, his wife and baby son.

On entering this little home, one of the first things which caught one's eye was two tiny statuettes, one a lady of the Mid-Victorian days, the other a gentleman of the same time. These two guarded the mantelpiece and many an offer had been made for these, but the sailor's young wife would never part with them.

The two little figures loved the sailor's wife in their own way and she loved them.

One day, after the mother had sung her baby to sleep, she remained in her rocking chair deep in thought. Presently she imagined that she could hear someone speaking.

It was the two statuettes. She listened. Yes, it was true. They were speaking:

"Do you recall, Charles," came the low, dignified tones of the little Mid-Victorian, "when we first came into society?"

"I do," replied the other in similar tones.

"It was exceedingly interesting, was it not, when we were taken out of that cardboard box and placed on the oak mantelpiece of Greystoke House? They were the good times! It was a magnificent home. I quite forget the number of rooms it contained. The furniture was of mahogany; beautiful embroidery covered this furniture in places; sweet music came from the piano and harp that Sir Richard and Lady Josephine played; and the mere thought of the value of the Persian carpets and the glittering cut glass made my poor head ache.

"How exquisite were the grounds I could see through the glass door and windows! Fountains playing in the sunshine, statues, sweetly-scented roses, lawns like emeralds set in a cluster of diamonds, shady trees in which the little twittering birds built their nests, ponds covered with delicate waterlilies and containing goldfish which shone with the brilliance of rubies when the sun's rays caught them, and gravel walks, these were always within my view until—" The little speaker hesitated, stopped and puckered up her usually smooth brow. "Why," she asked of the gentleman, "why did it all stop? Why did we never see Sir Richard again? Why was all that

bustle? Why did Lady Josephine look so sad and anxious?"

"Now, my dear Elizabeth," said the little man reprovingly, "how do you expect a man of my years to answer all those questions? However, I shall do my best."

He cleared his throat and then began.

"I owe my knowledge to the Lady herself and her daughter, Margaret. It happened one day that the two were speaking together in our room, and as you had a headache you did not hear what passed between them.

"It appeared that Sir Richard had died greatly in debt. Therefore, the two ladies' valuable belongings, their home, almost everything they possessed were to be sold the following day by auction.

"Oh, what a terrible, unforgettable day it was! The serenity of Greystoke House was rudely disturbed by the crunch of many feet on the gravel paths, by ill-bred dogs fighting each other and barking, by riotous children climbing trees, and by rough, bearded men talking loudly, especially one who cried out: 'Going—going—gone!'

"Clumsy, careless hands handled Lady Josephine's former treasures while she looked on in sorrowful silence, and here she remained until that beautiful mansion was bare of all furniture. It was only a lonely mother-of-pearl shell then," concluded the gentleman.

"It was pleasant to find that Lady Josephine had kept us," was the little Mid-Victorian lady's smiling rejoinder, "for after being packed in one of those abominable boxes again and left for years, we found ourselves in this house with Margaret (poor, beautiful lady, how she had aged in those few years!). However, she had two great joys and they were, firstly, that she had married a man whom, though he was poor, she loved dearly, and secondly, that God had given her a little daughter."

Here the little statuette nodded towards the lady who sat motionless listening attentively to their conversation.

"You, my dear, are the daughter of Margaret," smiled the little Mid-Victorian.

The smile faded, the lips closed, the head turned back to its usual posture, and the eyes merely gave a stony stare. The features of the little gentleman did likewise.

Their story was told.

Flashlight, 1E.



## DRAGON FLIES

A mile out of the little township of Mount Victoria, in a secluded valley, there is a beauty spot known as the Fairy Dell. Because of the difficulty in approaching it, the Dell is rarely visited by trippers or tourists, and this perhaps explains the fact that its wonderful natural beauty remains undisturbed.

In the Dell there are two miniature lakes, one quite a large stretch of water, the other smaller on a lower level and hidden by the overhanging ferns. This lower valley has received the name, "Fairy Dell," but the larger one is quite as beautiful, and infinitely more interesting.

It is approached quite suddenly. One minute the walker is scrambling down the rocky track to the Dell, the next the beautiful stretch of water confronts him. On one side are piles of grey weather-worn rocks, on the other gum-trees, wattle trees and ti-trees overhang and are reflected in the water. Flannelflowers abound, while butterflies of all colours and shapes flit lazily by. But though Nature has shown herself gracious to the Dell in these ways, its most beautiful and wonderful feature is found in the thousands of dragon flies that frequent its waters.

In mid-summer they are always there, always different, but always wonderful and full of colour. Some dart past, flashing silver and peacock blue, some have ruby lights, while some gleam gold or green. They seem never to rest. Some with a flash of their beautiful wings dart hither and thither, and some great brown insects cruise slowly and majestically along. Few are of the same size. Some have a magnificent wing-spread of about six inches, while others, damsel flies, with tiny fragile bodies, scarcely attain an inch. But if we have one of these exquisite insects in our hands, another feature is revealed. Their beautiful bodies are often striped with contrasting colours, what seems blue is really blue alternating

with gold, what seems brown has crimson bands, and the delicate venation of the wings cannot be appreciated fully till looked at closely.

All day long these jewel-like insects fly from reed to reed, tree to tree, or circle drowsily over the waters.

But dragon flies may be found at every stage in the Dell. The nature-lover can find the larvæ of the dragon flies, can trace the shrimp-like nymphs, and can, if he looks closely, see the final moult of the nymph, see it on a rock, a reed or a tree, or any other place to which it has crawled from the water to cast its old skin for the last time. The nymph casts its skin some fifteen times before the dragon fly is developed. But at length the little creature tires of the water, and then its casing splits just as the case of the locust does. The dragon fly slowly emerges from its old skin, then grows very rapidly, and within half an hour its body stiffens and receives its brilliant markings, its wings attain their full stretch, and the insect is ready to begin its larger life. It takes to the air, and skims over the water in the glorious sunlight, resuming the serious business of mosquito destruction. In this respect, the dragon fly is very useful to mankind. Tillyard, in his "Biology of Dragon Flies," tells of catching a dragon fly with a hundred mosquitoes packed in a black mass in its mouth.

People often make the mistake of thinking that dragon flies, which they call "horse stingers," sting or bite. But these insects cannot sting or bite human beings because of their mouth formation.

So it may be seen that the lovely insects which find a haven in the Dell are not only creatures of beauty, delighting the eye of mankind, but also contribute to his well-being by killing myriads of mosquitoes.

Enid Smith, 5B.

## BLIGH'S OAKS

On the hills overlooking Pitt Town and the Hawkesbury River are five lovely old oak trees known as Bligh's Oaks. These oak trees have been standing about a hundred years and were planted by Governor Bligh to commemorate the opening of Pitt Town as a settlement.

Seating myself comfortably under the inviting shade of one of these oak trees I gazed upon the river winding in and

out of the fertile valley. Looking towards the opposite bank I saw a peaceful farm, an old draught horse steadily working backwards and forwards ploughing the land, some cows peacefully grazing in the meadow, and the corn waving in the breeze. On the left side of the farm I could see a wonderful melon plot which seemed to be dotted here and there with pale green spots.



The weeping willows hung gracefully in the water and the glorious reflections looked like dainty fairy pools. In the shelter of an oak tree sat a landscape artist who was busily sketching that loveliness before the sun set, when the whole sky seemed delicately coloured with Nature's wondrous tints. Even the river seemed to catch the reflection of the sunset, and the deep shadows of the overhanging willows. The gleaming of the silver mullet jumping in and out added to the peace and loveliness of the stream.

"The little creek takes colour  
From summer skies above;  
Now blue, now gold,  
Its waters fold  
The clouds in closest love."

Forty years ago, a punt crossed the river from Pitt Town to Wilberforce, but the old punt is now gone and only the weather-and-water-worn piers remain. Near these piers many people enjoy swimming.

Leaving Bligh's Oaks, I visited the little township of Ebenezer where there is a quaint old-fashioned stone church which was built more than a century ago. This church is the oldest Presbyterian church in Australia, and many old pioneers have found their last resting-place in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Driving home at night, I called to my mind the beauty of Nature that lies in the valley for all who care to see and admire.

Joan Dowman, 1E.

## NIGHT

As the fiery ball of golden beauty sinks away in the west, night creeps o'er the land, bringing with her glories untold. When the last rays of the setting sun are lost in the deepening shadows a subtle stillness envelops the land. Night has come at last after the toil of a hard day, and peace and rest are welcome guests arriving from the Land of Silence.

Slowly Lady Moon raises her lamp on high, and once more rides across the sky in her chariot of dazzling light. Tiny twinkling stars peep from behind white fleecy clouds, making a picture of beauty against the velvet blue of the sky. Deep purple shadows cover the land making it seem dark and desolate till the moon's silver beams lighten the darkest corners of the land revealing Nature's beauty at its loveliest.

Moonlight on the water is a dazzling sight to behold. Blue and placid waters are transformed into mirrors of shining silver when the moon is reflected in the limpid waters. Gurgling, gushing mountain streams seem as silver ribbons dropped from a careless giant's hand in the moonlight.

Glistening in the beams of the royal Lady of the Night is the dew on the velvet petals of nodding flowers and bright young leaves. These tiny drops of water seem as jewels that God's hand has placed there, to enrich the myriad-hued flowers and the green trees.

The moon next looks into a tiny glen surrounded by gigantic trees while, forming a bower over a tiny throne of fern fronds, are many delicately-formed flowers of richest hue and perfume. This is the valley beloved by Her Majesty, Queen of Night, and this is the glade where the fairies dance at the witching hour of midnight. Now they come—daintily-clad sprites of small stature—and dance "neath the moon's gentle beams."

Higher and higher into the sky the moon climbs in her jewelled chariot, and soon she must disappear and make way for her cousin—the sun.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the moon bids farewell to a sleeping world leaving behind memories of beauties that seem incredible in their radiance and splendour.

Bessie Dodd, 2B.

## PETER

Can you imagine my terrified scream and the dreadful horror that seemed to paralyse my heart when, as a tiny girl of only four years, I arrived at my uncle's cattle station in Central Queensland, to be confronted by the awful spectacle of the writhing, coiling body of a snake right on the doorstep and barring my entrance?

Of course, my aunt tried hard to calm me and make me understand that

Peter was only a pet carpet snake found when quite a baby by my uncle and reared at the homestead to keep the house free from rats and to scare off all possible intruders; but for weeks afterwards my nights were haunted by terrible dreams of wriggling, writhing insects and reptiles.

However, in time I overcame my fear, and became friendly with Peter who, my uncle said, was the most in-



telligent snake of his knowledge. When called by name Peter would come wriggling through the grass at an amazing speed, and more quickly still if the call was accompanied by the clanking of a pannikin, for he knew that this meant milk, which he loved.

When a stranger entered the door he would immediately raise his head and fix him with a cold stare until his mistress gave the reassuring cry of "A friend, Peter!" Whereupon he would calmly curl up again and go to sleep with one eye on the door and the other eye serenely closed.

Many were the enjoyable tramps taken into the nearby scrub by myself with Peter as escort. Never once did

I lose my way when guided by Peter. He always seemed to know the home track by some instinct, and my aunt was never afraid of any danger when I was accompanied by him.

Peter was the strangest pet I have ever seen and one of the most faithful. He had been with my uncle for five years when, to everyone's sorrow, he was found in a bed of thistles where he had dragged himself after being cruelly mauled by a strange dog. He now occupies a shady spot under the tallest gum tree in the home paddock on which is inscribed his name. His memory is kept as that of a friend and a faithful servant.

Beryl Smith, 2B.

### DAWN

Slowly and softly dawn advances revealing the guarded secrets of the lustrous blackness.

As the mystic shadows of darkness flee before the awakening day, the rhythmic sweep of oars is heard as a little skiff rises buoyantly on the crest of one foaming billow and slips gently down the other side. Nearer and still nearer the boat skims across the shining waters towards the shore. The fisherman steers his fragile craft away from the dark, sheer face of a cliff, wet with the flung spray shooting up from the jagged rocks below. As the boat is swept on to the sand by the perpetual lashing of the water, the boatman's face lights with a contented smile as he thinks of the joy his homecoming will cause.

Hundreds of miles inland from the blessings of the blue Pacific a farmer, rising early, harnesses his team of still-tired horses. Black forebodings of despair creep into his tortured mind. His gaze roves sadly over the brown waste of dry cracked ground around him. The cloudless, hard blue of the sky promises nothing. No full-throated songs of his beloved birds greet his straining ears to fill the morning with

music. Overwhelming feelings of despair assail him as he sets out for another day's thankless work.

In a quiet suburban house a wealthy merchant is rising and dressing, his heart full of hope and anticipation. His thoughts are full of the adventure before him, his treasured plan which is to make or mar him being foremost in his thoughts.

Far out at sea near the world-famed Barrier Reef a vessel, deceived by the treacherous light of half-dawn, founders and, with a sickening crash, is dashed to its doom. The cruel, hungry waves stretch swirling, booming arms to claim their helpless victim. Many men meet a terrible death on the shaggy, brown rocks as, clutched in the arms of the merciless waves, they are thrown on to the barren reef.

As faint streaks of delicate salmon and pink fleck the clear azure sky, an artist, absorbed entirely in his work, creates his masterpiece.

Dawn, the mystic hour between night and morning, fills many hearts with radiance and hope; others it tortures with apprehension and despair.

Bennette McClelland, 1A.

### SYDNEY UNDER MOONLIGHT

A beautiful view of the city of Sydney may be had from my window, where I spend many an hour in silent contemplation of man's constructive genius and Nature's effect upon his work.

Upon a moonless night, the silhouetted outlines of the buildings—"towers, domes, theatres and temples"—which stand out against a background of sky but a few shades lighter than their own dark selves, afford the ob-

server a wonderful picture. The lights, which are dotted throughout the city, shed a faint phosphorescence upon its buildings, giving it the appearance of a vast, dark cave, upon whose walls the flickering lights of fire-flies are reflected from the restless waters which fill its depths.

When, however, the city is bathed in moonlight, this wonderful scene is changed to one of startling beauty.



The dark piles of architecture are transformed by one sweep of Diana's brush into enchanted palaces, which gleam and glisten in her soft radiance. The sky is deep blue, and the luminous orb of the moon, surrounded by myriads of clear, white stars, hangs low like a great silver ball.

One expects a magic carpet, bearing upon it magnificently-robed caliphs and their attendants, to come flying through the air and to alight on the rooftops of these mystic castles, so enchanted and Arabian in their aspect. The precious stones of Oriental temples

are provided by the mild suffusion of the harsh green and red lights of the city, which glare their messages across the sky, with the mellow gleams of the moon.

In this atmosphere of mystery and romance, what feats of imagination may be accomplished, what thrilling images conceived, and what triumphs won!

Then, through the clear air, a clock begins to strike the hour, the silence is shattered, and the "mournful magic" of the chimes recalls me regretfully to reality.

Mary Stewart, 5B.

## THE WIND

I love the wind, the living, throbbing wind, that sighs and laughs, moans in sorrow and whistles in merry delight. Men glory in the radiance of the moon, her majesty and splendour, but after all, she is cold and still and passionless. The stars, twinkling in the fathomless blue heaven, they, too, are all motionless, dead.

But the wind, it is alive, human, in its passion, its desires and its wondrous tenderness.

The angry wind howling through the forest uproots trees in its fury, lashes the sea into a cauldron of seething white foam, and drives the hail cruelly, passionately, down upon the fragile, defenceless flower in the field.

A little breeze of spring that whispers tender things to the crimson rosebud, croons a low song to the sea. Warm and sweet, it is scented with blossoms and throbbing with the ecstasy of life and the love of the new birth of the world.

The boisterous, merry wind, intent on mischief, scurries down the street, grasps the child's hat in its laughing embrace and hurls it far away with a triumphant laugh. Over the town it races, through the meadows, whisking away the man's newspaper, flicking the cow's tail and shaking the branches of

the staid and stately eucalyptus in its happy school-boy frolic.

The gentle wind of Autumn comes sighing through the trees. Somehow, this is the strangest wind of all. It is filled with the sorrow of the dying flowers and falling leaves, yet full of peace and quietness, bringing the long, sweet sleep till Spring. By the river it comes shaking the slender, yellowed leaves of the weeping willow into the water below, watching them drift slowly away. Then on it hurries to the orchard. Here, the leaves are brown and gold, red and yellow, but they must go, too. The passing wind sighs as it softly shakes them to the brown earth below, then with a low sob goes by to where the last roses are standing faded, dying.

To-night, the wind is low and sweet and soothing. From across the vast ocean it comes, full of the salt-sea tang, of the mystery of strange far-away lands. The glowing suns of India, aromatic woods of Persia, the warm brown sands of Africa; it breathes the beauty of snow-capped Fujiyama.

The wind is a living, exultant thing, pulsating with life and the love of life. It breathes a song to the tall grass and lightly kisses the shadowed fern in the valley. The wind is a wonderful thing.

Kathleen McClelland, 2A.

## THE ADVENTURES OF FAIRY MOONBEAM

It was July, 1914.

Fairy Moonbeam sat on a stone and pouted discontentedly. She was tired of being a fairy, she wanted to be a human. Unconsciously, she spoke her thoughts aloud. "Humans are so big and powerful, they are afraid of nobody, and although we are supposed to possess magic powers we don't make

much use of them! How I should like to be human," and she sighed longingly. "Fairies never have any fun; at least, only the dances and things, and they get so uninteresting after a while. Now, if I were a human—"

"Well, if you feel like that," said a voice, "why not turn yourself into one?" And Fairy Moonbeam saw a little man



dressed all in white, standing looking at her.

"Oh, how can I do that?" she retorted irritably, "I don't know how!"

"H'm," remarked the little man dryly, "evidently you don't know much. Well, I can help you. Just wait a minute!" and he disappeared to return with a small glass goblet full of a beautiful green liquid that gleamed and sparkled with an eerie radiance.

"Sip this," he ordered, and Fairy Moonbeam, greatly intrigued, did so. At once she felt a queer exhilarating sensation that lifted her up and up—and then she was falling—falling. She could hear the wind whistling in her ears as it rushed past.

Instinctively, she closed her eyes, only to open them again as she ceased falling and felt a dull, jarring sensation in her feet.

She looked around her vaguely and found that she was in a place she had never seen before, a room with several girls in it, typing. As her vision became clearer she knew, though how she could not tell, that she was one of those girls, and that her name was Molly! Yet, how strange and how nice it was to be able to stand aloof and look at herself!

The girls were talking in low tones amongst themselves and there was one subject which appeared to interest them greatly, and that was—"War." The word had an ominous sound, though Fairy Moonbeam had never heard it before. But she soon learned its meaning, and a dread meaning it proved to be!

Every morning, as Molly, she made her way to the office with a heart heavy

with despair. Life seemed a nightmare from which she struggled to awaken—only to find that it was no nightmare but dreadful reality.

All at once she thought of her life as a fairy. How quiet and secluded and free from care it had been! She had dined on honey and nectar, she had slept in fragrant blossoms, she had idled away the long, happy day in the glorious sunshine and hidden in her cosy nest in a flower when storms came.

Now, she dined on whatever the Government allowed, she slept fitfully, and she scarcely knew if the sun shone or not.

Her life as a fairy seemed far, far away, like a beautiful dream! How foolish she had been ever to wish to be a human!

She put her head on the table and began to cry.

Then a voice said: "Well, do you still wish to be a human?" and there stood the little man.

"No, no!" she cried, "I want to be a fairy once again. I do not like the lives that humans lead. They are such unhappy beings sometimes!"

"Are you sure you will not change your mind?" queried the little man.

"Yes, yes!" she replied eagerly.

"Then drink this," he said, and there in his hand was a little glass goblet, this time containing a liquid the colour of moonshine!

She drank quickly and—lo! she was once more Fairy Moonbeam, supremely happy in her little kingdom, going to find a pretty flower in which to sleep.

Kinkajou, 3C.

## FRIDAY, 13th

"Cuthbert is a very naughty, disobedient boy," said his mother.

"Cuthbert should be spanked," said his father.

"In my time such things were thought to be crimes," said his horrified aunt.

These were some of the remarks passed about Cuthbert.

But Cuthbert did not care!

Now Cuthbert was a merry-faced, bright-looking boy of ten years who was in Fourth Class at school. In the last exam. Cuthbert had come twenty-fifth in his class. When Cuthbert's father, Mr. Jones, heard this he gave his clever son sixpence. Little did Mr. Jones know that there were only twenty-five in the class!

On the morning of Friday, 13th, Cuthbert set out for school at twenty-five past nine, minus his hat and homework. Seeing some younger boys playing marbles, he at last succeeded in finding some in his pocket amongst a collection of fish-hooks, penknives, pencils and other different things which delight the hearts of boys.

Continuing on his way to school, after losing two of his best marbles, Cuthbert came to a fruit and sweet shop. Cuthbert's mouth watered, and there and then he made up his mind to have some apples or lollipops.

Stepping into the shop, Cuthbert asked for a pennyworth of peanuts, for he knew that they were kept at the



back of the shop. After the man had gone to get them, Cuthbert walked softly up to the apples, then the warning voice of Mr. Jones was heard!

Poor Cuthbert was led home, protesting loudly and we may judge what

happened to him by the shrieks and cries which rent the air.

Mrs. Jones smiled approvingly, but Aunt Jemima sat very still, in a dignified silence.

Audrey Jordan, 1A.

### THE PASSING

There is a window by the harbour side,  
Where I have stayed long hours to sate my brain;  
With looking on the grey and keel-marked sea,  
Or dim ships shadow-like behind the rain.

Old barques contented in the afternoon,  
Or wharves outsprawling in their ugliness;  
To share unshrinking with the lovely isles,  
The laughing glory of the sun's caress.

To these is given a longer life than mine,  
Night will come still upon the silent sea,  
And there upon the dark the pilgrim lights  
Will go about men's errands constantly.

Long after I am dead, and when I lie  
With eyes that see no longer, and closed lips,  
Others may look from there, although none love,  
As I have loved, the window and the ships.

Yet is there triumph in the passing flesh—  
When these lie useless for the years to dull;  
The shadow-ships that linger in my mind  
Will make some sea of Heaven beautiful.

Joan Fraser, 5A.

### CONQUEST OF THE STORM

Swirl of dying leaves, monotony of rain,  
Sobbing of the Autumn gale;  
Gaunt, half-denuded trees, their ghostly branches strain,  
Thro' ragged clouds the moon is gleaming pale.

The night-rack scuds before the wild, the mad, black wind,  
The darkness closes deeper, presses near;  
A devil of the storm, a lost soul trying to find  
The haven of God's heaven, screams in fear.

The dead arise to laugh with hollow, mocking cries,  
To dance in ghastly fury with the storm;  
You hear their fiendish yell, as the gale a moment dies,  
Thro' the shadows glimpse a writhing form.

A low, tempestuous sound—the thunder splits the air  
In vivid, blue-white flash the scene is lit;  
The darkness close is rent with a white and blinding glare,  
Then a tree, a gaunt, grey ghost, in fire is split.

From its heart there flees a sprite, white, with streaming hair  
But the storm fiends hold her struggling in their arms,  
They bear her, wailing wild, to their subterranean lair,  
And her wailing to a sobbing murmur calms.

A sudden, madder sweep of the storm wind through the night,  
And just one last high mocking devil's yell;  
They are gone—the storm dies down, the moon sheds feeble light,  
For they have stolen one more soul unto their Hell.

Katere, 2A.



### NYPH OF THE WOODS

She knows not mortal soul, and yet  
The gentle wood sprites all adore her;  
Her gleaming hair is black as jet,  
And Pan weaves garlands for her.

He brings her flow'rs all dewy-sweet,  
And pipes his gay songs to her;  
The grasses kiss her nimble feet,  
The stars lean down to woo her.

She dances with a careless grace,  
The breezes soft caress her;  
The sunbeams kiss her rosy face,  
And all the woodlands bless her.

"Columbine," 3A.

### IF YOU WERE THE WIND?

Boy:

"If you were the wind, oh, say, where would you blow to?"

Girl:

"Where those I love best are, you know I would go to."

Boy:

"If they didn't like buffeting, what would you do?"

Girl:

"I should steal to them gently, and whisper adieu,  
Then I'd weep o'er the flowers and bend each bright head,  
Till the air should be sweet with the fragrance they shed;  
Then back to my loved one I'd hasten and say:  
'Oh! is not poor Zephyr more welcome to-day?'"

Boy:

"If I were the wind, to the desert I'd rush  
Where only my voice could disturb the deep hush;  
I would whirl up the sand till it darkened the sun,  
I would howl to myself, and then laugh at the fun."

Girl:

"If I were the wind, to the sea I would fly,  
And would sweep the dark clouds from the face of the sky;  
Then strongly and steadily on I would blow,  
Speeding navies and fleets on the way they would go.  
'A good, useful trade-wind' I then should be called,  
And gladly they'd welcome me all round the world."

Beryl Kent, 5A.

### SONNET

The night creeps softly into pearly dawn,  
The sun smiles out on to a world of rose;  
The last dark shade of night-time swiftly goes,  
And leaves the world to bright and radiant morn.  
A tiny rose-bud to the world new-born,  
Sways in the fragrant breeze which softly blows;  
The brightening day each second does disclose  
New beauty which as yet no day has worn.  
Oh day, oh dawn, with you fresh joys you bring  
New light, new life, with which the world to bless;  
You make once more the merry joy-bells ring,  
To tell the earth of love and cheerfulness.  
Fair morn, you are the bright day's glad some spring,  
And with you all our joy and gladness bring.

L.E.S.P.



## A TRIOLET

Shrilly squealed three little pigs,  
 And loudly laughed the wolf,  
 When he broke the house of twigs,  
 Shrilly squealed three little pigs.  
 Number two was fond of jigs,  
 And when they met the wolf,  
 Shrilly squealed three little pigs,  
 And loudly laughed the wolf.

J. Carlisle, 2A.

## LULLABY

Now when breezes softly whisper,  
 Little eyes should close up tight,  
 Little feet should go to dreamland,  
 With the coming of the night.

List! my little carefree fairy,  
 Winkie's knocking at the door,  
 And the sandman's just behind him,  
 Waiting to come in once more.

Now your head upon the pillow  
 Wanders in a land so bright,  
 I will leave you now, my darling,  
 With a gentle, sweet, good-night.

Gwen Smith, 1A.

## A TRIOLET

Gently waved the golden corn  
 As the birds flew home to rest,  
 And a hunter wound his horn,  
 Gently waved the golden corn.  
 As the hunter chased the fawn,  
 And the sun sank in the west,  
 Gently waved the golden corn  
 As the birds flew home to rest.

H. Stewart, 2A.

## BABY

Baby's eyes peeped shyly from beneath dark lashes long,  
 Baby's laughter rippled like a really magic song,  
 Baby was so happy all the livelong day:  
 Her laughter mended broken hearts, and made folk glad and gay.

Baby told us stories, in her broken baby talk,  
 Baby oft amused us teaching dolly how to walk,  
 Baby made life's burdens really seem worth while,  
 When she mended broken hearts and soothed them with her smile.

Jean Curtis, 4A.



### A QUIET SPOT

Down in the valleys under the trees,  
 Where all the birds twitter sweet melodies,  
 Where no one has been—  
 Pretty flowers are seen  
 Bending their tall and graceful heads  
 As the bees visit their fragrant beds;  
 And the breeze dances on,  
 With a murmuring song,  
 Where the waterfall flows and ripples all day,  
 And the butterflies stop to rest from their play;  
 Where the sky's always blue,  
 And the sun shining, too—  
 The soft, mossy banks, so green and so cool,  
 Surround a refreshing and sparkling pool.  
 And the waterlilies, of yellow and white,  
 Help beautify this picturesque sight.  
 But there are prettier things one really sees—  
 Down in the valley under the trees.

Evelyn Robinson, 1A.

### THE LITTLE THINGS

Life is worth while,  
 If the bees hum,  
 If we can smile  
 When troubles come;  
 If there are flowers,  
 Blue sky and sea,  
 Light summer showers—  
 Then laugh with me,  
 For life's sweet joys  
 Are borne on angels' wings,  
 And many of those joys  
 God shows in little things.

Life is worth while  
 If children's eyes  
 Blue-shadow'd smile  
 In sweet surprise.  
 If, at the dawn,  
 A joyous throng  
 Of wild bush birds  
 Bursts into song.  
 For life's sweet joys  
 Are borne on angels' wings,  
 And many of those joys  
 God shows in little things.

M. Buik, 2B.

### SUNSET

The setting sun adorns the west  
 Beyond the farthest distant hill;  
 Each bird goes forth to seek its nest  
 With many a song, and chirp and trill.

The fairest flowers that smiled to-day  
 Are now wrapt up once more in sleep;  
 No longer chirp, nor chat nor play,  
 The birds 'midst forest still and deep.

The western breezes softly blow  
 And murmur 'mid the silent trees,  
 While moonbeams with a gentle glow  
 Are flitt'ring 'midst the dark-green leaves.

Mary Murray, 1E.



### EVENING

The night wind is caressing,  
The stars are silvery white,  
And the dew is falling softly  
On a pathway of delight.

Down the pathway drifts the fragrance  
Of violets wet with dew,  
And the scent of red, red roses,  
And forget-me-nots of blue.

Songs of wondrous beauty  
Are borne upon the breeze,  
As it stirs the slumb'ring flowers  
And rustles through the trees.

For far up 'midst the blue,  
The skylark wings his way,  
And sings his song of triumph  
At the closing of the day.

The night wind is caressing,  
The stars are silvery white,  
And the dew falls slowly, softly,  
On that pathway of delight.

Joyce McColl, 1A.

### THE LITTLE OLD MAN

A little old man dwelt alone on a hill;  
His clothes were all patches, he hadn't a shoe;  
His features were shrivelled, yet in his eyes still  
A light shone of blue.

The little old man had little to eat—  
A very small salad, and a slice of stale bread,  
A handful of beans now and then for a treat—  
No better he fed.

Janet Dirks, 1A.

### THE TIFF

The white rose said to the red,  
"I do not like your head."  
The red rose said to the white,  
"Your petals are too light."

A tear from the red fell down,  
The white rose shook and frowned;  
"Oh, dear," said the little red rose,  
"You're treading on my toes."

The honey bee rose in the air,  
"Adieu, my ladies fair,  
I'll stay down in the clover  
Until the storm is over."

Said the robin in the tree,  
"Red is the rose for me."  
"I think," said the butterfly bright,  
"All roses should be white."

Then a girl ran by and said,  
"You both have pretty heads."  
She gave them kisses, one—two—three,  
And all were as happy as happy could be.

"Pixie," 2B.



## JUMBO

When we meet the Jumbo at the Zoo,  
 Guess what we all are going to do?  
 Why, climb right up upon his back,  
 And ride twice 'round the long, long track.

'Twill only cost us each a penny,  
 That's threepence for Joyce, and me, and Benny.

Nancy Burke, 1A.

## THREE LITTLE MAIDS

Three little maids from Holland  
 To Bonnie Scotland came.  
 "We'd love to see," cried all the three,  
 "A Scottish lassie's 'hame.'"

Three little maids from Holland  
 Set out to climb a hill;  
 They stopped to rest, and all confessed,  
 That climbing made them ill.

"We're glad that we aren't Scottish,"  
 The little maidens cried,  
 "It's better much when you are Dutch  
 To walk downhill, or ride.

"There's no land like the Lowlands  
 For walking out with ease.  
 Scotland's sweet, O, quite a treat—  
 On picture postcards, please!"

Marie Donnelley, 2B.

## THE SEAGULL

Perfect thing of rhythmic flight,  
 Skimming o'er the sea;  
 Silver wing and breast so white.  
 Perfect thing of rhythmic flight,  
 In each movement I delight,  
 Seagull flying free,  
 Perfect thing of rhythmic flight,  
 Skimming o'er the sea.

"Katère," 2A.

## FORT STREET

It is only a simple title,  
 It is only a little name;  
 But so much stands as our duty—  
 To keep it free from stain.

It is only a few little letters,  
 It is ever so brief and plain;  
 But now is our chance to be loyal—  
 And help in upholding the name.

We've only a short time together,  
 And then we must all pass along;  
 But we can uphold our traditions—  
 And keep them from all that is wrong.

"Tuffet," 2B.



## THE RIME OF THE ENGLISH TEACHER

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.)

N.B.—All characters are fictitious and have no relation to any living persons (especially teachers).

It is an English teacher,  
And she stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long grey hair and glitt'ring eyes,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The tuck-shop doors are open wide,  
My stomach is a void;  
Hold off! Unhand me, long-haired loon!  
Or I shall be annoyed.

"Hold off! Unhand me! Have I passed?"  
Eftsoons her hand drops she;  
She holds me with her glitt'ring eye.  
"There was a word," quoth she.

"There was a word in parsing  
Which you have parséd wrong,  
And you shall write it fifty times,  
And have detentions long."

Alas! Ah woe is me, alas!  
That this should ever be,  
My English marks, once eighty-five,  
Were down to thirty-three.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
At the bottom of the list,  
And never once did anyone  
From lecturing desist.

I looked upon the other girls,  
And they were victors all;  
In all my life I never once  
Did ever feel so small.

Exams., they are such dreadful things,  
They go from pole to pole.  
Oh, would that I had ne'er been born,  
To bear this contumely and scorn  
That's blighted all my soul.

Joyce Thompson, 4B

## BEFORE THE DAWN

The frozen brook gleams white between the spears  
Of blackened rushes, tall; no bird cries wake  
The eerie silence of a thousand years  
That broods upon the stillness of the lake,  
As I am dreaming of the days of yore,  
From out the pale and silver-frosted dawn,  
Among the quiet trees along the shore,  
I hear the echo of an elfin horn.  
But, with the melting of the mountain snows,  
Gay spring will soon her shimmering wings unfold.  
In fancy I can hear the wind that blows  
Within the summer woods, and see the gold  
Of Spring's first rose, on which cold Winter's breath  
Has left a show'r of pearls, the kiss of Death.

"Patoffska," 3A.



## SUNSET

The sun to rest is sinking  
 'Midst crimson clouds of evening,  
 Its golden rays the ocean blue  
 Into its depths is drinking;  
 The white-sailed ships at harbour lie,  
 And the lazy gulls go flitting by.

The hills are misty growing  
 In the waning light of evening,  
 The fir-trees tall are edged with gold,  
 The tide is inward flowing;  
 And on the shore a ceaseless song,  
 Its silver rippling notes prolong.

The sunset-rays are fading,  
 But shadows still are lingering,  
 And perfumes from a thousand flowers  
 Are on our senses stealing;  
 And airy waves of incense sweep  
 O'er earth and sea: and all things sleep.

B. Stening, 2B.

## THE DEATH OF SAINTE JEANNE

'Tis the hour of noon, the time has come,  
 The square of Rouen is thronged;  
 The pile is set, they have gone to get  
 The one they all have wronged.

The sun shines down from a cloudless sky  
 On the multitude below;  
 The kindler stands with torch in hand,  
 This day brings dread and woe.

She comes! the guards press back the crowd;  
 'Tis the saddest of all scenes,  
 For down the street, cruel death to meet,  
 Walks the humble Maid of Orleans.

Bound like a murderess evil and fierce,  
 As though from her bonds she would break.  
 There are many that know that this humble foe  
 Only fought for her country's sake.

The kindler is binding her to the post,  
 But there shows no fear in her eyes,  
 And she prays to the Lord, as they tighten the cord,  
 That her death may be marked by no cries.

As the torch is applied to the sticks and the brushwood,  
 A soldier more kind than the rest,  
 Takes two sticks from the heap as the flames upward leap  
 And presses a cross to her breast.

Oh! shame on ye Englishmen, cowardly knaves!  
 To burn this poor maid in the fire,  
 For witch she is not, and she'll ne'er be forgot,  
 Aux armes, ye French, and glut your ire!

Jean Baker, 1B.



## A LETTER FROM THE OLD GIRLS' UNION

Dear Fortians,

We have had such a number of jolly times since you last heard from us. Checked by the calendar, March is not so long ago, but judging by the number of meetings, the Old Girls have been very busy in the last few months.

Our year commenced with a General Meeting. This sounds a very dry affair because there is usually so much business to be done and some elections are such bores—but not ours.

Tea was the first item on the programme and everyone, feeling very hungry, lined up outside the Tuckshop. Alas! there was no opportunity to show that we still retained that fascinating wriggle that is guaranteed to get anyone from the back of a queue to the front in half a minute.

Then, with our plates clutched tightly in one hand, we regained the Assembly Hall at top speed and proceeded to enjoy ourselves thoroughly. It was such fun to see people from our year at School, and to hear news of others.

The business of the evening began. Elections! These were soon over and Nancy Wicks was our new president.

We were very thrilled to think that, at long last, the entrance hall was to be made presentable, and it was suggested that a stained-glass window would just complete the scheme. The question then arose as to how the money was to be raised and suggestions quickly poured in.

In May we held a play-night in the Assembly Hall. After enjoying the plays presented and laughing ourselves hoarse at dainty Delilah and superlative Samson in the burlesque, we were able to present Miss Cohen with a cheque covering the cost of the window.

June brought the Old Fortians' Ball. We held it in conjunction with the Old Boys at the Pompadour Ballroom. There were many happy reunions and, although many visitors were present, the School songs rang out as cheerily as ever.

July found most of us shaking moth-balls from our tunics and wondering vaguely if we could possibly wear them again or if our hockey or basket-ball tunics would do instead. Soon voices and music were to be heard from the Assembly Hall and then the fun started. It really was a "Back-to-School" night.

We played ball games until the victorious teams had claimed their just rewards—long sticks of barley-sugar. Then Miss Watts played and sang to us and we, in turn, extended our lungs and made the rafters ring with joyous airs and rollicking choruses. A pause—back again to more folk-dancing and games. Mrs. Griffin was the moving spirit here—in more ways than one.

Breathless, we again returned to the other end of the hall and listened to Miss Watts. Later, when recovered, we sang too, and finished by voting Mrs. Griffin and Miss Watts "jolly good fellows" for adding so much to the enjoyment of our evening.

Every year we try to raise funds for the Rachel Forster Hospital, so this year we held a picture-night in September. Having been told that the first picture was "perfectly awful," most of us went with mixed feelings, but to quote the Irishman, "Nothing's so bad that it can't be worse." We weathered the first picture and enjoyed "Voltaire," which followed.

We have just forwarded three guineas—the proceeds—to the Rachel Forster, so it was a profitable as well as a pleasant evening.

Old Fortians were thrilled and proud to hear of Fort Street's success at the Eisteddfod. We wish to congratulate Mrs. James and her choirs on this outstanding triumph.

The Dinner now attracts our attention. It is to be held on Wednesday, 17th October, and we are planning to make it even more successful than preceding ones.

Many of you will be leaving soon and we want you to realise that the Union is for everyone, from the oldest Old Girl to the very newest one. So do join up and keep in touch with your old friends and your School.

It does not matter whether you are seriously studious or frightfully frivolous—to us the important point is that you are a Fortian, and we look forward with pleasure to welcome you as one of us.

Wishing all the Fifths and Thirds the very best of luck in the coming exams.

Yours sincerely,  
 Kathleen Bannan,  
 Joint Hon. Secretary.



## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,  
Sydney University,  
Michaelmas Term.

Dear Fortians,

Michaelmas Term, in spite of its holiday name, is a time of hard work for the earnest undergrads. and of tribulations for the lotus-eaters. Yet this year both the diligent and the weary have distractions, as you will now learn.

Together with the rest of Australia the University and its surroundings are undergoing a beauty treatment; not a commonplace spring-cleaning but a thorough rejuvenation. Royalty seldom treads our precincts and we are sensible of the honour. Now one of the favourite forms of mental relaxation for the undergrad. is to watch the workmen repaving the quadrangle paths. The system adopted is that of the jigsaw puzzle—even a little plan of the completed path is provided. Outside Fisher is set up the mysterious factory where actual paving stones are compounded—and far distant are the lecture rooms where the sounds of hammer and workmen's lusty voices do not penetrate.

Not only does the uproar of baby car and motor bike make certain scholastic gentlemen sigh in despair, but an equally objectionable buzz is raised by the lawn mowers as they whirr over the quad. meadow-land. To add to the noise, the Carillon now chimes every quarter-hour, playing intriguing tunes which die away just as you begin to listen to them.

Outside Manning House what was once a grassy stretch of vernal green now resembles a scene of trench-warfare. Some students have misgivings that the effort to tidy up will prove too much for our gentle labourers, and the Royal visitor will have an interesting trip through No Man's Land.

Yet, in general, the students look with apathy on this changed aspect of Alma Mater. Weightier matters are heavy upon their consciences. Examinations do not stop with the Leaving Certificate—so the persevering study hard and the optimistic endeavour to find a gleam of hope in past examination papers. Alas! the perusal of these documents which have proved fatal to not a few fail to arouse in most cases anything save despair. Noticeboards appear to be plastered with dread dates. Lecturers draw up incredibly lengthy schemes, outlines of the work covered, and suggest that we shall find them helpful. This idea is greeted by sardonic chuckles or hollow groans. We open our Georgies and Virgil announces:

"Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempus!"

Of course, there are always the hopeful who murmur of Posts, but most look upon these as a prolongation of the torture. Imagine having the opportunity to sit for two Leaving Certificates!

If you would like to know how Fortians are going to come through this time of stress, I suggest you study the "Herald" one December morning. In the lists of successful candidates I hope you will see many familiar names in prominent positions. And remember that we ex-students shall be just as interested in your results. When you join us, Fifth Years, you will find that despite Alterations and Examinations, the 'Varsity is a wonderful place after all.

All Old Girls send good wishes to the School, and look forward with pride to see her past successes repeated again this year.

Adele Bieri,  
Arts I.

## THE OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

This year the Literary Circle has been studying the works of eminent women writers. The first meeting of the year took the form of a social evening and, at this, as an introduction to the year's programme, a reading was given of Clemence Dane's "Wild Decembers," an intensely interesting study of the Bronte family.

Between March and October 13 meetings have been held and the writings of Fanny Burney, Charlotte Bronte, Stella Benson, Sheila Kaye Smith, Clemence Dane and others have been studied. Some excellent papers have been read,

and in most cases the reading was followed by a very animated discussion. Probably the most interesting meeting of the year, however, was that held in June when we had the very great pleasure of seeing Miss Cruise again and hearing her impressions of the Bronte country which she had just been visiting.

A subscription of two guineas was made towards the Window Fund, and a prize offered for the best pass in English at the 1933 Leaving Certificate Examination. This was won by Enid Smith.



Much of the success of the Circle is due to Miss Turner, our President, whom we would like to thank for her ever-ready interest in our meetings, and for the many very enjoyable moments she has given us during the discussions.

Next year the subjects to be studied are the Celtic Revival and the Repertory Movement in England. The first meeting will be held at the Women's

Club on Thursday, March 14th, at 7.15 p.m.

We extend to all those girls leaving School this year a very sincere invitation to the Circle. If you have decided opinions about things literary, come along and argue with us. If you haven't, then come along and form some.

Bess. Bannan,  
Hon. Secretary.

## A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Teachers' College,  
2nd October, 1934.

Dear Fortians,

Another year is quickly drawing to its close and, for many of us, I am afraid, it is a time filled with bitter regrets of idle hours wasted and of many tasks still not done. The examinations will be upon us in less than a month and we can readily sympathise with the Third and Fifth Years. Our chief thought at present seems to be: "However shall I cover all the work?"

Fortians, I do wish you could see how different College is from Fort Street. It is a comparatively new building not yet mellowed by age which endears Fort Street to us all. There are three floors and a basement, so we have plenty of exercise rushing up and down to lectures. I do not believe that there has been one girl who has not been utterly bewildered on her first day at College trying to find an elusive lecture room which is invariably on the other side of the building or on the next floor.

There are many lecture rooms, numerous laboratories, art, manual and handicraft rooms, rest, "browse," and common rooms, and a really wonderful library furnished with Persian carpets and antiques. Many of you have visited our library and have seen the stacks of books in the fire-proof room. The walls of the library and corridors are literally covered with paintings and etchings.

Recently in our "Quad," that is, the Women's Quadrangle, there have been erected a fish pond and fountain. The fountain is in the form of a bronze statue of a woman with water trickling from shells in her hands. The very appropriate name for this study is

"Youth." Now, perhaps, you have a rough idea of the beautiful environment of our work.

Last week the Glee Club staged Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore," and everybody enjoyed the performances thoroughly. Had you seen the men students dressed in white, starched, sailor uniforms you would have thought that some of the future teachers of New South Wales had chosen the wrong career. The rollicking choruses were all sung with zest and for days afterwards the corridors were haunted by fleeting snatches from these popular melodies.

On Friday, Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, who has just returned from Alice Springs, is to deliver a lecture on "Central Australia," and we are all keenly looking forward to it. We have learned from experience how very interesting her lectures can be and this promises to be even more interesting than usual.

Although we know the following is not a strictly conventional toast we offer it to the Fortians sitting for their Intermediate and Leaving Certificates, hoping they will take the correct view of it:—

"Here's to the cram for the last exam.  
And learning's contest keen,  
And the comrade bonds that will not break  
Through all life's shifting sea."

The other Fortians at College join with me in wishing you every success in the examinations and hope that you will win fresh honours for yourself and the dear old School.

Phyllis Weir.

## THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SPORTS

Friday, 24th August, seemed to give no promise of pleasant weather for the holding of the Twenty-Fourth Annual Combined Athletic Sports Carnival. In spite of the threatening weather, the pupils of the various schools participat-

ing, bedecked with many gay streamers of their school colours, attended in great force determined to enjoy themselves and support their champions. Their determination was rewarded as the weather greatly improved during the



day. Among the twenty schools represented we were glad to see that the number of the country schools competing had greatly increased.

Owing to recent heavy rains the course did not warrant fast times, nevertheless the competitors did remarkably well. We are sorry to say that Fort Street did not succeed in gaining the Point Score Shield, but we hope for better success next year. Hornsby, by a most praiseworthy display, gained the coveted position of first place, with Newcastle a close runner-up.

Mr. Cramp, O.B.E., M.A., after addressing us in his usual pleasant manner, presented the prizes to the successful competitors. He congratulated Ruth

Harris on her remarkable achievement of having won a tea-set comprising six cups and saucers and six plates.

Fort Street girls were successful in gaining places in the following events:

Ball Games: 2nd, aeq. with Hornsby.

Senior Relay: 3rd.

100 yards Championship: Ruth Harris, 2nd.

17 years Championship: Ruth Harris, 1st.

Senior Skipping: Ruth Harris, 3rd.

Junior Skipping: Marjorie Hickton, 3rd.

D. Hamilton } 4A.  
M. Barrington }

### THE "MERRY PEASANT"

The "Merry Peasant" is one of the most expressive pieces ever written by Robert Schumann, the famous German composer and musical critic, who did much to help forward the advanced school of German music. He was the author of numerous fantasies, songs, and orchestral compositions, and attained a prominent position among the composers of his day. He lived in the Nineteenth Century and died at the age of forty-six.

The "Merry Peasant," as I have already said, is one of his compositions. It is a light, snappy piece which tells the story of a young shepherd boy.

This shepherd boy has obtained a position on a farm in the country and, when the piece opens, the composer shows him to us running and skipping across the meadows, whistling a tuneful little song. Before him his flock of sheep are ambling along very contentedly. Suddenly, he looks up and sees how dull the sky is. He ponders a moment and says aloud: "I think it's going to rain." We can hear him saying this in the eleventh bar of the music. In this bar, the piece changes its original key and takes up a very plaintive tone. Schumann had a very vivid imagination. This we also observe from the

eleventh bar, in which the shepherd speaks his thoughts aloud in a wistful voice. His thoughts, however, soon become carefree and cheerful once more, and he continues to whistle his happy little ditty. Once again he looks at the sky, and this time it appears black and menacing, and the whole atmosphere is oppressive and heavy. The shepherd lad becomes much concerned, not for himself, but for his sheep. So he begins to hurry his flock a little, and the music accelerates slightly. Soon the music grows very loud and we learn from this that the sky is becoming very black and threatening and a few drops of rain have fallen. Because of the rain he has to be quick in putting the sheep in their fold. The music again hastens a little, still very loud. Towards the end one plays the composition a little softer and a little softer yet, until it almost fades away; with the little shepherd lad safe at home, his sheep in the fold, and the door shut to keep out the wind, cold and rain.

Thus we come to the end of this delightful little fantasy feeling that if only everyone could interpret music to suit the wishes of the composer how wonderful it would be!

"Maritana," 2A.

### TAREE, 1934

In May a happy party of fourteen of our girls, accompanied by Miss Anderson, left Sydney for Taree to represent Fort Street in the contest held annually for the Peel Challenge Shield. On our arrival we were met by the girls who were to be our hostesses during our stay in the town.

The next day was ideal for the sports, although the ground was very soft, a

condition well known to Peel Shield Competitors. The early part of the morning was spent in visiting various points of interest in Taree and in the competitors having their photographs taken at the local High School.

In the afternoon the finals of the races were run, and the marvellous all-round ability of the Taree girls once more won the coveted Shield for their



school. Fort Street, this year, could only gain third place, but we hope next year decides the destiny of the Shield which is a testimony to the spirit of the people of Taree and of Mr. Peel, the donor, in particular.

The time for our departure came all too quickly, and we steamed out of

Taree taking with us happy recollections of our all too short sojourn there.

We are much indebted to Miss Anderson for her encouragement and coaching.

Ruth Harris, 5B.

## THE STORY OF WRITING

We are always apt to take an ordinary thing that we do every day as a mere matter of course, without pausing to think of its origin or development. For instance, you have, perhaps, never thought on any of the many daily occasions when you have been writing a letter at home or a lesson at school, how, when, or where the practice of putting ideas and impressions on paper began. Yet there is nothing more interesting or important in the history of the human race than the development of the art of writing.

The origin of writing, in fact, goes so far back into antiquity that it is quite impossible to describe it. As far as it is known the Egyptians were the first to express thoughts and facts in symbols for others to read, but it is very probable that they copied the art from some great race who came before them—perhaps the Chinese. The most ancient piece of writing still in existence is an inscription found in an Egyptian king's tomb and said by authorities to have been made about six thousand years before Christ.

Most of the writing of antiquity was, of course, made on stone, anything in the nature of paper not being known at that time. Gradually, however, men began to discover more convenient means of making inscriptions and began to use tablets, bricks, and cylinders fashioned out of clay on which symbols could be engraved with comparative ease by means of some hard metal instrument. The ancient Greeks went a step further by using wax tablets. In appearance these were like two school slates hinged together to open or close like a book, the hollow inside the wooden rim containing a thin layer of wax on which the impression was made by a pointed instrument. The two tablets were then closed face to face, securely fastened together and sent by messenger from one place to another in the manner of a modern letter.

It will be noticed that in all these earliest methods writing consisted in making an impression in, rather than on, the surface of the material used.

The next development was, naturally, to impose symbols instead of impress-

ing them on wooden tablets, pottery or shells. In Persia linen and leather were made use of for this purpose. All important records of very early times which have come down to us, however, were written on papyrus which was made from a certain kind of grass or reed found on the banks of the Nile. It is from this that both the name and character of our modern paper are derived. The reed necessary for the manufacture of papyrus was comparatively rare with the result that the process of making parchment or vellum from the skins of sheep, goats, calves and asses was developed. The production of vellum, however, was costly and limited and it was superseded by the introduction of paper. The actual origin of paper is ascribed to a Chinaman named Tsai-Lun, who, in the year 105 A.D., devised a means of making a writing surface from the fibres of certain plants beaten into a pulp and then rolled into sheets.

About the Eighth Century, it was found that the Arabs used linen and rags for producing paper pulp, and three hundred years later the art was brought to Europe by the Moors who made paper at Toledo and in Valencia. The craft soon spread to Italy, France and Germany. It is not known precisely when paper-making was introduced into England, but a book printed by the Caxton Printing Press in 1495 mentioned a paper mill in a village in Hertfordshire.

It has already been remarked that the ancient Greeks used a sharp-pointed instrument to scratch their words on waxen tablets. The Egyptians, like the Chinese and Japanese to-day, used a brush for writing. The quill pen came into use in the middle of the Fourteenth Century, swan quills being the most commonly used, and a crow's quill for fine writing. A man named Wise, who justified his name by his invention, first introduced steel nibs into this country about 1800, and the industry of steel pen making by machinery quickly assumed large proportions, Birmingham being its centre.

The history of writing is closely bound up with the story of the alphabet, which is too big a subject in itself



to deal with here. Suffice it to say that the earliest writing of which we have any knowledge took the form not of the alphabet but of what are known as hieroglyphics, meaning, literally, "sacred carvings," probably because the art of writing was confined to priests or to religious purposes. Hieroglyphics were little pictorial symbols which conveyed the idea of a thing without actually expressing its name. It is a remarkable fact that nobody was able to decipher this type of writing until the year 1799, when a large stone, known as the Rosetta Stone and now in the British Museum, was dug up in Egypt. This bears an inscription written in both hieroglyphics and Greek and the comparison of the two enabled scholars in the nineteenth century to solve the mystery of the system of hieroglyphic writing.

For the greater part of its history, writing was only practised by the most

learned men. Thus, in Roman days all writing was done by professional writers known as scribes of whom mention is made in the Bible. In the Middle Ages the monasteries were the great seats of learning, and practically no one, except a monk, was able to write. It is to the assiduous and careful work of the monks in transcribing ancient books that much of our modern knowledge is due. And it should be remarked that no handwriting was ever produced more perfect or more beautiful than that of the manuscripts on which monks are known to have spent their whole lives, always, when writing, working in absolute silence in order that nothing should distract their attention and cause them to make a mistake. On none of these mediæval manuscripts do we find the name of its writer, but we should ever remember the anonymous scribes with gratitude.

Beryl Kent, 5A.

## A HOLIDAY AT MOUNT KOSCIUSKO

On the evening of September 4th a familiar sight was to be seen at Central Railway Station, that of a party of girls and boys carrying rugs and large suitcases labelled "Kosciusko." Not everyone, however, knew that the girls were the Fort Street girls off to "the roof of Australia" for an exciting week among the snows.

Miss Anderson, our sports mistress and an experienced ski-er, was in charge of our party of twenty-seven girls.

We arrived at Cooma in time for breakfast and then travelled fifty miles to the hotel in charabanes, stopping on the way at Berridale and Jindabyne on the Snowy River. Imagine the excitement when we reached the first patches of snow; all the "oh's" and "ah's" from those who had never seen snow before.

The snow was very much deeper than it has been for years at this time, thus there were many ski-runs quite close to the hotel. The Kerry proved to be the favourite spot, however, although some of the girls paid visits to Dayner's Gap. One day Miss Anderson and one of the girls, with two ladies and George Lambie, went for a hike. They puffed up the Grand Slam, along the ridge at the top of the Kerry for about a mile and climbed to the "Plains of Heaven." Here there was a marvellous view; on one side the Monaro plateau could be seen, on the other were the snow-covered peaks on the way to the summit. After crossing the "Plains of Heaven" the party skied down two miles and rejoined the road at Dayner's Gap.

On Thursday night the Fancy Dress Ball was held, four parties taking part. Many beautiful and amusing costumes were to be seen. The "Three Little Pigs" of our party caused a great deal of amusement.

Our party held its Ski-ing Sports at Dayner's Gap the day before our departure. We had a very enjoyable morning for the shorter races, but during the Cross Country Race in the afternoon it began to snow and thus made travelling difficult.

The prizes for the Sports were presented by Mr. Speet before the pictures were shown on Sunday night. The following were the prize-winners:—

Open Championship: G. Gillies, 1; B. Williams, 2.

Junior Championship: J. Freeman, 1; D. Tilly, 2.

Cross Country Race: G. Gillies, 1; M. Boldini, 2.

Novice Race: I. Parkes, 1; J. Freeman, 2.

Brace Relay: G. Gillies and K. Crowley, 1.

Too soon the day of our departure arrived. Needless to say, we spent as much time as possible during the morning in ski-ing. After lunch we waved good-bye to the pals we had made amid the snows.

No one who went to Kosciusko with the Fort Street girls will ever forget the wonderful holiday she spent with Miss Anderson on Australia's winter playground.

Gwen Gillies, 5C.



## GUIDE NEWS

Under the direction of our new Captain, Miss Wayland, and Lieutenant, Miss Maddox, who have already won the love and respect of 1st Fort Street Company, the Guides are steadily working to further the Guide Movement, and put into practice the things they have already learnt within its ranks, and although the Company is not increasing in numbers, it seems that enthusiasm has grown.

Last term when we were still without a captain, Miss Weston took the Company for a field day at Bradley's Head where we were joined by Mary McLean, who has helped us so much. That afternoon many of the Guides completed the tests for their second-class badges, so as well as being very enjoyable it was a very profitable day. That night saw a weary, not-quite-as-spick-and-span-as-usual but happy band of Guides, with numerous frying pans and billies, on their way home.

A week or so later, at an enrolment, led by Miss Weston, at which Miss Cohen was present, the recruits were welcomed into the "great sisterhood of Guides." Mrs. Mather, the District Commissioner, expressed her pleasure at the fact that the Fort Street Company,

although it was without a captain, had lived up to its reputation and had made steady progress.

We were very sorry to lose the services of Mary McLean who had, for some time, undertaken the leadership of the Company. She was officially farewelled at Glengarry where we presented her with a small token of our appreciation for all that she had done for the Fort Street Company.

Betty Logan and Ellen Swann have joined the Cadets and are very much missed by the Guides.

The first field day with our new Captain was a great success. Glengarry, which many of the Guides had not visited before, was the scene of this very happy party.

Ethel Pierce and Ethel Savage, two members of our Company, have been chosen to represent the Harbour Division in the official party of Girl Guides which New South Wales is sending to Melbourne for the Centenary Celebrations.

We are always pleased to welcome any girl who would like to join our band.

Margaret Brodbeck, 4B.

## THE CADET CORNER

During the last six months we have been pleased to welcome a number of new recruits, including two from the School Guides—Betty Logan and Ellen Swann. We hope that more of our Guides will go one step further in the Movement and become Rangers or Cadets.

The Rangers' Conference was well attended, some of our Company being present.

In July, at an Enrolment in which we combined with the University Cadets,

Lady David, State Commissioner, Mrs. Mather, Divisional Commissioner, and Miss Meek, Commissioner for Rangers, were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

During the Bank Holiday week-end the Annual Cadet Camp was held and three of our Company were able to be present.

Miss Weston still proves a staunch friend to the Company and we find it difficult to thank her adequately.

Nancy Light.

## A WANDERING SEA BIRD

Along some parts of the shores of Australia, Tasmania, and Stewart Island, there dwells for part of the year, a species of sea-bird called the "Sooty Petrel" or "Mutton Bird."

From the middle of December to about the end of April these birds are busily engaged on shore making their nests in long, shallow burrows which they scoop out of sandy soil above high-water mark. The burrows very much resemble those made by rabbits. When the burrow is completed to their satisfaction, the birds line the extremity of

it with a few dead leaves and odd pieces of grass and weeds and in this nest the mother bird lays one egg upon which she and the male bird take turns in sitting. Whilst one bird remains on the nest the other flies out to sea and, being an expert diver and fisher, it returns in a few hours gorged with young sardines or other small, oily fish. It then relieves its mate on the nest and the mate in turn goes out to fish.

When the young chick is hatched each bird, on its return to the nest, takes the young one's beak in its own



and, with a pumping motion of its head and neck, transmits into the crop of its little one a large quantity of pure fish oil which the adult bird is able to extract from its food in such a manner that the oil only, and none of the solid food, is given to its young.

This goes on day and night for about four months during which time the young bird never leaves the burrow. In fact, it is so fat that it is not only unable to walk but even to crawl, and in appearance somewhat resembles a bloated duckling.

About the end of March the parent birds, which nest in colonies of several hundreds, and sometimes thousands, gather in large flocks on the beach and, as though at a given signal, rise into the air like a dense black cloud and fly out to sea on their long journey to the northern coast of Siberia where they remain until they return south again to clean out their old burrows and repeat the nesting and hatching again in the following December.

In the meantime the young birds, which they left in their nests in a state of helplessness from over-feeding, simply remain there living on their own

fat and growing feathers until, about the end of April when the strongest of the nestlings, having grown a pair of long and strong wings, begin to emerge from their underground homes after sun-down and stand on any little mound nearby and spend the night prancing around on their toes and flapping their wings until they feel equal to undertaking the long journey northward, as did their parents. Then they, too, form into flocks and set out to join their parents, returning with them the following year to mate and burrow homes for themselves adjoining the nests where they themselves were reared.

"Te Huia," 2D.

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### EXCHANGES

The Editor acknowledges with many thanks the copies of other School Magazines received since last issue.

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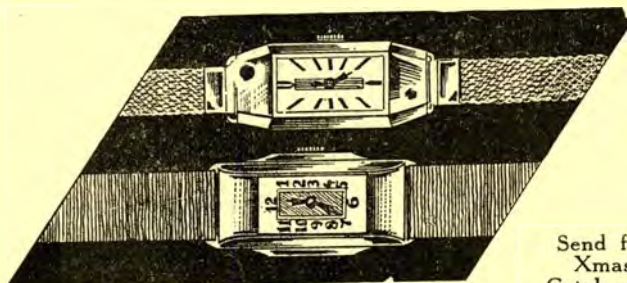
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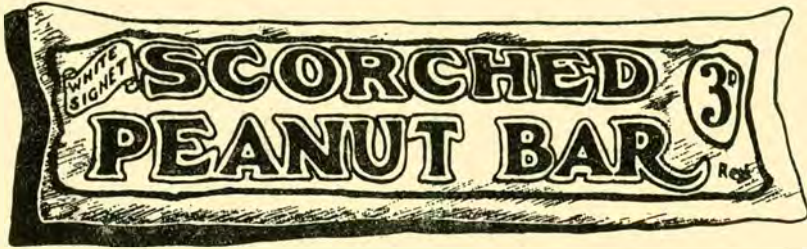
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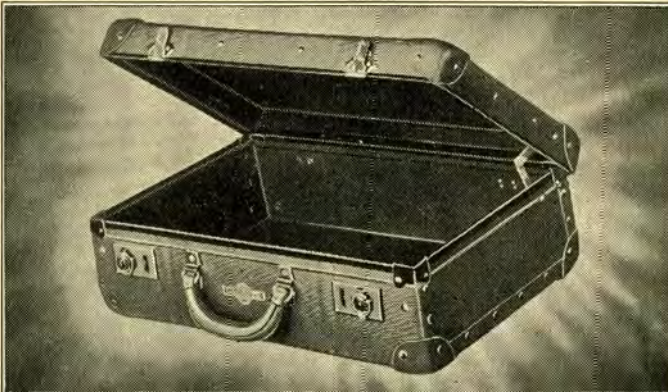
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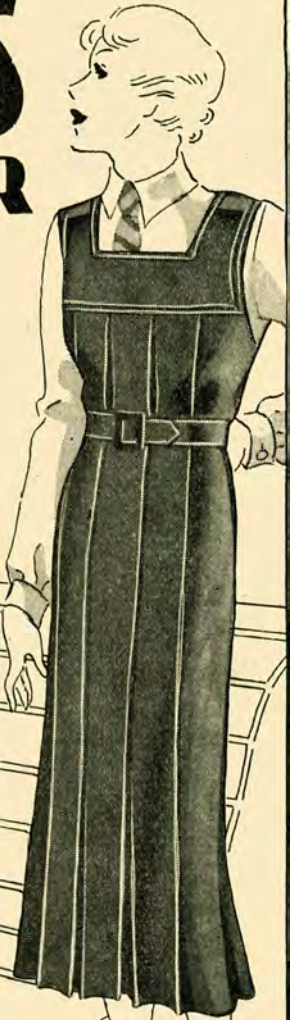
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