



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 4

May, 1935

St. James' Shoes

PERFORATIONS AND PINTUCKS
are the Season's leading Features



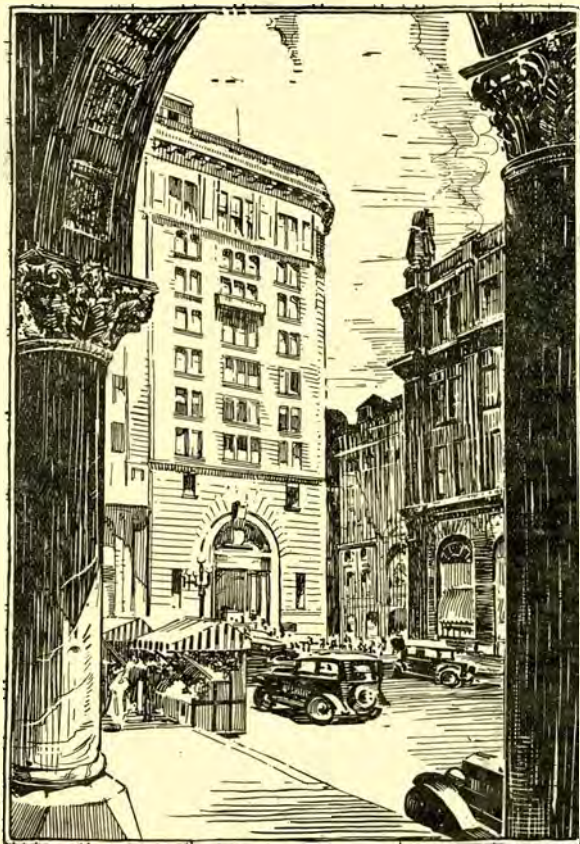
23/6

These St. James' Shoes are so new and different looking they make your others look old and stodgy! We've drawn four of the most popular . . . a Pin-tucked Court and Tie in black, brown, and white . . . a cool Perforated Court and In-step Tie, in white, brown, and black. All sizes. Price 23/6

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GIRLS' UNTRIMMED COLLEGE HATS.

Velour-finished Felts in large all round or smaller drooped shapes. Crowns are shallow and comfortable. Head sizes, 19 to 22 inches. Usually 6/9.

SPECIAL PRICE ... 4/11
(Boxing and Postage 1/9 Extra.)

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GOOD QUALITY REVERSIBLE BLACK RUBBER & NAVY GABARDINE RAINCOATS.

Finished all round belt.

Sizes, ins.: 22 & 24, 26 & 28, 30 & 32

SPECIAL PRICES: 12/11 13/11 14/11

Sizes, ins.: 34 & 36, 38 & 40, 42 & 44

SPECIAL PRICES: 15/11 16/11 17/11

Sizes, ins.: 46 & 48

SPECIAL PRICE: 19/11

FUJI DE LUXE BLOUSES.

Sizes, ins.: 24 to 30, 33 to 42

SPECIAL PRICES: 3/11 4/11

TIES 1/11 and 2/11

GOOD QUALITY NAVY ELASTIC KNIT ALL-WOOL PULLOVERS.

FROM 6/11 to 12/6

GIRLS' NAVY "DOCTOR" FLANNEL BLAZERS.

Well tailored. Bound FLAT BLACK braid.

Sizes, ins.: 24 to 26, 28 to 32, 34 to 36

SPECIAL PRICES: 10/6 12/1 14/11

GIRLS' NAVY SERGE TUNICS.

In fine quality; well cut.

Sizes, ins.: 22 24 27

SPECIAL PRICES: 10/9 12/11 13/11

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KING & GEORGE STS



THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

MAY, 1935

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

The Staff.

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

Deputy Principal: Miss WEST, B.A.

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Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress).

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Miss CROXON, B.A.

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

Miss MOORE, B.A.

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics.

Miss HEWITT, B.A. (Mistress).

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Department of Modern Languages.

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Miss HARDERS.

Miss COLLINS, B.A.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ.

Miss MURRAY, B.A., Les 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, 1935: CLARICE HAMILTON.

MISS COHEN'S APPOINTMENT TO THE SENATE OF SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

It was with much pleasure and pride that the staff and pupils of this School received the news that the Hon. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., Minister for Education, had appointed Miss Cohen to the University Senate. Congratulations on behalf of the Staff were conveyed by Miss West, the Deputy Principal, and from the pupils by Clarice Hamilton, Captain elect, at a School Assembly.

Miss Cohen is indeed worthy of the honour conferred upon her, for she has distinguished herself, both academically and professionally.

Miss Cohen passed the Senior Examination with First Class Honours in Mathematics and French, and Third Class Honours in Latin, the medals for French and Algebra and proxime accessit for the Medal for Arithmetic. After a brilliant course at the University, she graduated M.A., B.Sc., with First Class Honours in Mathematics, Geology,

Palæontology and Mineralogy the University Medal for Geology, and the John Coutts Scholarship.

Miss Cohen, after lecturing and demonstrating in the Geology Department at the University, was awarded the Barker Travelling Scholarship for Applied Mathematics, being the first woman student of Sydney University to win a travelling scholarship.

After attending lectures at Cambridge University, Miss Cohen was appointed as Assistant Mistress of Mathematics at this school. Some years later in the course of promotion, Miss Cohen returned to this School as Principal, and for the past five years has carried out the duties of that position with honour to herself and the School.

Miss Cohen has been congratulated on her appointment on all sides, for she is the first teacher actively engaged in her profession to be honoured in this way.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

THE STAFF.

There have been several changes in the Staff. Miss Cheetham has gone to England for six months, and the Misses Bennett, Culey, Graham, and Hayes have been transferred to other schools. We wish them all happiness and success in their new surroundings.

We extend a welcome to the new members of the Staff—Miss Lea—a former pupil of the school—and the Misses Croxon, Lewis, Pirani and Russell.

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

The Mollie Thornhill Prize, which is awarded to the best

"Fortian" candidate at the Intermediate Certificate Examination, was won by Marjorie McKechnie.

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

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

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

English.—First Class: Irene



MISS COHEN, M.A., B.S.



Hallett. Second Class: Heather Bradshaw and Mary Robinson.

German.—Second Class: Joan Fraser.

French.—First Class: Joan Fraser. Only girl in State (second place).

Mathematics: Second Class: Marie Jackson and Phyllis Whitbread.

Modern History.—First Class Irene Hallett and Dolly Hancock. Second Class: Mary Robinson.

Chemistry.—First Class: Joyce Willis. Only girl in State. Second Class: Doreen Simms.

Botany.—Second Class: Dorothy Adderton, Jean Allan.

Geo'ogy.—First Class: Irene Hallett.

Second Class: Beryl Kent.

University Exhibitions in the Faculty of Arts were gained by Joan Fraser, Irene Hallett and Mary Stewart, and in the Faculty of Science by Marie Jackson.

Training College Scholarships were awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination to Jean Allan, Heather Bradshaw, Marion Cockburn, Irene Hallett, Dolly Hancock, Joyce Ircns, Marie Jackson, Beryl Kent, Joyce Nyman, Helen Pontey, Lucy Sherring, Doreen Simms, Mary Stewart, Gwen Walsh and Phyllis Whitbread.

At the Matriculation Examination in March, Dolly Hancock was a successful candidate.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1935.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1935 were elected early in the year, the results being as follows:—

Year Representatives: Maria Boldini and Nancy Light. Year V.: Ethel Savage. Year IV. Beverley Barnett. Year III. Peggy Weine. Year II.: Dorothy Busted. Year I.: Secretary

Phyllis Wiles. Year IV. Clarice Hamilton, the Captain of the School, is, ex-officio, a member of the Committee.

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

P. WILES,
Secretary.



The platform on Speech Day, Conservatorium Hall.
By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

SPEECH DAY.

The Hall of the Conservatorium of Music took on a gayer aspect than usual on the morning of 12th December, when the Fort Street girls held their annual Speech Day.

Early in the morning groups of girls in white frocks were to be seen wending their way through the gardens or standing outside

filled the position of Chairman; Mrs. Harkness, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Parker, the Lady Mayoress, Bishop Kirkby, Miss Partridge, Miss Cruise, and Mr. D. Clyne.

Mr. Harkness as usual made a very fine speech, in which he took the opportunity to congratulate Miss Cohen on her appointment to



SOME OF THE PRIZEWINNERS.

From left: Nancy Burke, Dorothy Dodd, Gene Seale, Peggy Weine, Clarice Hamilton (School Captain), Joan Fraser, Irene Hallett, Joyce McCredie, Maria Boldini.

By courtesy of the "Sun."

the building. The grey skies drew many an anxious glance, but old King Sol was evidently in a gracious mood, for he came from behind the clouds and brightened up the scene with his cheerful rays.

When the doors were thrown open, the hall was soon filled, the prize-winners and choir being seated on the platform, and the visitors and girls in the body of the hall.

There were many old friends of the School on the platform, including Mr. Harkness, Chief Inspector of Schools, who ably

the Senate of the University, and I am sure that everyone present echoed his sentiments.

Miss Cohen, our beloved Head-mistress, then read her report on the activities of the school during the year, and the heart of every "Fortian" present swelled with pride to hear of the successes of the old "school on the hill." Under Mrs. James' able baton, the School choir and orchestra won first prizes in two, and second prizes in two sections of the Sydney Eisteddfod. The School was also successful in the Junior Theatre League Competi-

tion, again carrying off the J. C. Williamson Mask, and winning the prize for the play in which all the actors were girls; these successes being due to the untiring interest of Miss Collins.

In both the public examinations, the passes were of a high standard.

Miss Cohen also mentioned the various sporting and social activities of the year.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman Parker, congratulated Miss Cohen, the Staff, and the girls on the excellent report, and fired us with enthusiasm to make it even better this year.

An excellent speech was also made by Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., and then came the most important

event of the day, the presentation of the prizes by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Parker, who also graciously invested the Captain and Prefects with their badges of office.

When the prizes had been presented, Helen Pontey, Captain of 1934, and Clarice Hamilton, Captain-elect for 1935, proposed votes of thanks to the chairman, the Lady Mayoress, and the speakers.

The choir and orchestra demonstrated the high standard they had reached by rendering several items.

The stirring strains of the School song "Come Fortians All" rang through the hall, and another memorable Speech Day was brought to a close.

PHYLLIS WILES, 4A.



Joan Fraser (left) and Irene Hallett. Equal for Dux.
By courtesy of the "Sun."

The following is the list of prize-winners:

Captain: Clarice Hamilton.

Senior Prefect: Jean Livingston.

Prefects: Maria Boldini, Phyllis Corner, Winnie Garrard, Kathleen Gillies, Bessie Harris, Nancy Light, Betty Logan and Ellen Swann.

Dux of School: Irene Hallett and Joan Fraser, equal.

Dux of Year IV.: Joyce McCredie.

Second Proficiency Prize: Phyllis Corner.

Dux of Year III.: Lucy Graham.

Second Proficiency Prize: Marjorie McKechnie.

Dux of Year II.: Joyce Nelson.

Second Proficiency Prize: Dorothy Norman and Edna Maye, equal.

Dux of Year I.: Gene Seale.

Second Proficiency Prize: Peggy Weine.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize: Lesbia Wright.

Mollie Thornhill Prize: Joyce McCredie.

Emily Cruise Prize: Maria Boldini.

The Lord Mayor's Prizes—

Year V., English and History: Irene Hallett.

Year IV., French and German: Maria Boldini.

Year III., Mathematics: Dorothy Allen.

Year II., Science: Joyce Nelson.

Year I., Latin: Nancy Burke and Zara Segal, equal.

Mrs. James' Special Prizes for Music: Beth Williams (Practical Work), Gwenyth Rowe (Harmony).

Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays: Senior, Joyce McCredie. Junior, Margaret Beaver.

Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize: Enid Smith.

Prizes awarded by L'Alliance Francaise:

Grade III. :—

First Prize: Dulcie Warren.

Reading: First Prize, Dulcie Warren.

Conversation: First Prize, Joyce McCredie, Dulcie Warren.

Grade IV. :—

Second Prize: Dorothy Dodd, Nina Whiting.

Reading: Joyce Nelson, Dorothy Dodd.

SCRIPTURE PRIZES.

Presbyterian: Jean Allan, Marjorie Tuke, Nancy Alexander.

Methodist: First Prize, Beryl Smith; Second Prize, Joyce Nelson.

CERTIFICATES.**Year V.**

English: Mary Robinson.
 Modern History: Irene Hallett.
 Ancient History: Joan Fraser.
 Latin: Mary Stewart.
 French: Joan Fraser.
 German: Joan Fraser.
 Mathematics: Marie Jackson.
 Mechanics: Marie Jackson,
 prox. acc. Jean Allan.
 Chemistry: Joyce Willis.
 Botany: Dorothy Adderton,
 prox acc. Jean Allan.
 Geology: Beryl Kent.
 Geography: Beryl Kent, prox.
 acc. Irene Hallett.
 Economics: Joyce Irons.
 Art: Fairlie Lindsay.
 Music: Beth Williams.
 Needlework: Ruth Harris.
 Physical Culture: Gwen Gillies.

Year IV.

English: Jean Curtis.
 Modern History: Joyce McCredie.
 Latin: Jean Curtis.
 French: Joyce McCredie.

German: Maria Boldini.
 Mathematics: Phyllis Corner.
 Mechanics: Phyllis Corner.
 Chemistry: Ellen Swann.
 Botany: Maria Boldini.
 Economics: Gwen Dawson,
 prox. acc. Margaret Brodbeck.
 Needlework: Muriel Hawkins
 and Lorna Stelzer, equal.
 Art: Valerie Howell.
 Physical Culture: Clarice
 Hamilton.

Year III.

English: Muriel Finch.
 History: Phyllis Wiles.
 Latin: Lucy Graham, prox acc.
 Irene Cook.
 French: Rose Clarke.
 German: Marjorie McKechnie.
 Mathematics I.: Dorothy Allen.
 Mathematics II.: Dorothy Allen
 and Beryl Hammer, equal
 Elementary Science: Marjorie
 McKechnie.
 Geography: Gwenyth Rowe.
 Music: Gwenyth Rowe, prox.
 acc. Dorothy James.

Art: Heather Odman.
 Needlework: Amy Brenton,
 prox. acc. Gwenyth Rowe.
 Physical Culture: Ethel Pierce.

Year II.

English: Dorothy Norman.
 History: Joyce Nelson.
 Latin: Joyce Nelson, prox. acc.
 Cecily Robinson.
 French: Joyce Nelson.
 Mathematics I.: Jean Spence.
 Mathematics II.: Nellie Pope.
 Elementary Science: Joyce
 Nelson.
 Geography: Charlotte Parker.
 Art: Jean Wylie.
 Needlework: Barbara Billing.
 Music: Elsie Edwards.
 Physical Culture: Melbra
 Lyons.

Year I.

English: Gene Seale, prox. acc.
 Joyce McColl.
 History: Margaret Turnley.
 Latin: Nancy Burke and Zara
 Segal, equal; prox. acc. Dorothy
 Renwick.
 French: Zara Segal.
 Mathematics I.: Gwen Smith,
 prox. acc. Peggy Weine and Edna
 Tyne.
 Mathematics II.: Gene Seale,
 prox. acc. Peggy Weine.
 Elementary Science: Nancy
 Burke, prox. acc. Gwen Smith and
 Peggy Weine.
 Geography: Peggy Weine.
 Needlework: Isabel Keats and
 Mina Swankie, equal.
 Physical Culture: Mavis Brown.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I, 6 Mathematics II, 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 9 Ancient History, 11 Chemistry, 12 Botany, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 16 Lower Standard Mathematics, 17 Economics, 18 Music, 22 Dressmaking. The letters "H1" signify first-class honours; "H2" second-class honours; "X2" second-class honours in Mathematics; "A" first-class pass; "B" second-class pass, and "L" a pass at the lower standard; the sign "(O)" those who passed in the oral tests in French or German.

Adderton, D., 1B 2B 3B(o) 5B 8B 12H2 17B.
 Allan, J. L., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A 6B 7B 12H2.
 Baldock, M. L., 1B 13B 14A 15A 16pass 22B.
 Bradshaw, H. E., 1H2, 2B 3L 5B 8A 11B 17B.
 Clint, L. L., 1B 2B 8B 13B 16pass 17B.
 Cockburn, M. H. C., 1B 5B 8B 13B 14A 15A 22A.
 Conacher, J. B., 1A 2B 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Davies, M. M., 1A 2B 3B 8B 12L 16pass 17B.
 Easton, J. M., 3B 5B 12B 17B.
 Farley, F. E. 1A 2B 3B 8A 13A 14B 16pass.
 Fraser, J. A., 1B 2B 3H1(o) 4H2(o) 5B 9B.
 Geoghegan, M. I., 13B 14A 15A 22A.
 Gillies, G. J., 13B 14B 15A 16pass 22A.
 Hallett, I. F., 1H1 2B 3L 5B 8H1 13H1 14A.
 Hancock, E., 1A 3B 8H1 13B 14B 16pass.
 Hancock, M. E., 1A 2B 3A 8A 12A 17B.
 Harris, R. M., 1B 13B 14B 15A 16pass 22A.
 Herron, M. R., 1A 2B 8B 11B 16pass.
 Irons, J. E., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12B 17B.
 Jackson, M. W., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A(x2) 7B 12A.
 Kent, B. E., 1A 2B 5B 8A 13H2 14B.
 Laing, J. M., 1A 2B 3B 8A 12B 16pass.
 Lindsay, F. J., 1A 3L 8B 13A 15A 16pass 22B.
 Logan, L., 1B 5B 8B 12A 17B.
 Long, K. J., 1B 2B 4B(o) 11B 16pass.
 Luke, G. J., 1B 2B 3B 8B 11A 16pass.
 Maddocks, G., 1B 2B 3L 8A 12B 16pass 17B.
 Maddocks, H., 1B 2B 3L 5B 8A 11B.
 McPhail, E. A., 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B 17B.

Nyman, J., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11A 17B.
 Pettitt, J. H., 1B 2B 3L 5B 13B.
 Pontey, H. S., 1B 2A 3B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Porter, J. A., 1B 2B 3A(o) 4A(o) 9A 16pass.
 Porter, M. N., 1B 2B 8B 9B 16pass 17B.
 Raphael, M. B., 1B 2L 3B 5B 8A 12B.
 Rennie, J. D. F., 1B 2L 8B 13B 16pass.
 Robinson, M. B., 1H2 2B 3L 8H2 9A 16pass.
 Saunders, N. E., 1B 2B 3B 4L(o) 9B 16pass 17B.
 Sherring, L., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 11B.
 Simmonds, G. M., 1B 2B 3B 8B 16pass 17B.
 Simms, D. S., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 7B 11H2.
 Smith, E. S., 1A 2B 3B 8A 9B 17B.
 Stewart, J. G., 1B 3B 5B 12A 15B 17B 22B.
 Stewart, M. S., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6B 8A 11B.
 Teasdale, M. B., 1B 3B 5B 8B.
 Thomas, L. M., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 11B.
 Tuke, M. R., 1B 3L 8B 13B 18B.
 Turner, A. V. F., 1B 3B 8B 12L 15B 16pass 17B 22B.
 Walsh, G. A., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12A.
 Weston, M. L., 1A 2B 3B 8A 11B 16pass.
 Whitbread, P. V., 1B 3L 5A 6A(x2) 7B 11B.
 Whitney, B., 1A 2L 3B 4B(o) 5B 17B.
 Willis, J., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A 6B 7B 11H1.
 Young, D. I., 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 12L 17B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

In the subjoined list of passes the numbers refer to the following subjects: 1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Mathematics I., 5 Mathematics II., 6 Latin, 7 French, 8 German, 11 Elementary Science, 20 Art, 21 Music, 22 Dressmaking. (o) denotes an oral pass in French or German.

Alexander, Nancy J., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Allen, Dorothy Ethel, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Anderson, Christina A., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Bates, Elsie May, 4B 7B 11B 20A.
 Black, Madge Violet, 6B 7B 8B(o) 11B.
 Boaden, Beth, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Booth, Phyllis Joan, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Bray, Gwenyth Evelyn, 1B 2B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Brenton, Amy J., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 21B 22B.
 Clark, Mabel Bonnie, 1B 2B 6B 7B 11B.
 Clarke, Rose Elyse, 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Cochran, Loris Irene, 1B 2A 3B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Cooke, Irene, 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Cottee, Myra Ruth, 3B 5B 7B 11A 20A 22A.
 Crawford, Daphne S., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Cunningham, Eileen May, 1B 11B 20A 22B.
 Curran, Esma Mildred, 5B 7B 11B 20B 22A.
 Curran, G. O., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Dean, Dorothy, 1B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Ehlefeldt, Edith Moya, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11A 22B.
 Fallding, Doris, 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Farley, Annie Ethel, 1B 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Ferrett, Grace Rosaline, 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Finch, Muriel Enid, 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Gardiner, Grace Monica, 1B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Gemmell, Kathleen Jean, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11A 22A.
 George, Daphne, 1B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Graham, L. J. G., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Grimwade, Erica F., 1B 2A 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Gulliver, Jean L., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7A 11B 20A 22B.
 Hammer, Beryl Alberta, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Hands, Valerie Harrison, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Hazelton, Doreen Olga, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Holley, Marie Gwendoline, 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Howse, Jean E., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A 21A.
 Jackson, Marie Joy, 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B 20A 22A.

Jacobs, Clara Elizabeth, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 James, Dorothy, 1B 3B 4B 7B 11B 21A 22B.
 Johnston, Phyllis Mary, 1B 3B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Jones, Addie, 1B 2B 6B 7A 11B.
 Jones, Beryl V., 1B 2A 3B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Lee, Margaret Ellen, 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 22B.
 Macpherson, Joan Ivy, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11A 21B 22A.
 McKeachie, Marjorie, 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 McKeon, Beryl Mavis, 1B 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Medcalf, Marguerite P., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Monks, Minnie Ethel, 1B 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Morrison, Elaine Jessie, 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Newman, K. J., 1B 4A 5B 6B 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Nolan, Sheila, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 O'Dea, Gwen Mary, 1B 6B 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Odman, Heather Mary, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Fierce, Ethel, 1E 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Plumb, Edith, 1E 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 22B.
 Potter, M. C., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Powis, Barbara, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Putland, Joyce Lynette, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A.
 Pyne, Patricia Clare, 1B 2B 4B 6A 7B 11B 21B.
 Readford, Joan Alistair, 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Roberts, Joyce Eva, 1B 3B 5B 11B 20A 22A.
 Roulston, Gwennyth L., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Rowe, Gwennyth I., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11A 21A 22A.
 Savage, Ethel Watkin, 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Simon, Irma Mary F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Simpson, Mary Patricia, 1B 4B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
 Sinclair, Alison N., 1A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Skellett, Joan P., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Smallwood, Christina E., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Smith, Dorothy May Peace, 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.



Clarice Hamilton, Captain of the School.

By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

Smith, Laurie M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11A 20A 22B.
 Snow, Grace Lillian, 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 22B.
 Spence, Lorraine H., 1B 2B 4A 5B 7B 11A 21B 22B.
 Steele, Joan Evelyn, 1B 2B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Stepto, Rosemary, 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 Sumner, Joan Mildred, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Taylor, Alice P., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 20B 22B.
 Taylor, Rosemary Fay, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 21A.
 Thompson, Thora R., 2B 3B 7B 21B 22B.
 Tuck, Elizabeth A. B., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A 8B(o) 11B.
 Turnbull, Margaret Joan, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Vernon, Peggy, 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Wells, Jean Lyle, 1A 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 White, Betty Margaret, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Wiles, Phyllis Dorothy, 1B 2A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Williams, Phyllis M., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Wilson, Marjorie Aileen, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Woodrow, Dorothy H., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Wright, Natalie E. E., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Former pupils visiting the School exclaim with delight when they enter the hall, so great is the change in its appearance. The walls of deep ivory set off the handsome honour boards to advantage, while the stained glass window with the School Crest stirs the hearts of all true "Fortians." The hall, the stairs and the landing have been covered with rubber laid in tiles, which has been much admired.

The Minister for Education, the Hon. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., formally opened the hall on December 10th. As the weather was too wet to permit of an assembly of the School to wit-

ness the ceremony, Mr. Drummond came to the Assembly Hall and spoke very impressively to the girls on the significance of their motto, "*Faber est suae quisque fortunae.*"

Then he further delighted them by telling them that plans were being drawn for a building to be erected on the southern side of the main building.

The beautiful and unique ceiling light in the hall is the gift of the members of the School Choir of 1933, it being purchased with the money prize won by them at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, 1933.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Debating Society this year was held in the Assembly Hall on 11th February. The following girls were elected as office bearers: Secretary, Phyllis Wiles; Year Representatives, Year V., Nancy Light; Year IV., Jean Palmer; Year III., Dorothy Norman. At the last meeting of 1934 Maria Boldini had been elected president.

The first debate was held on 7th March, the subject for discussion being "The Cinematograph is

of Educational Value." The Government was upheld by Jean Livingston, Phyllis Corner and Dorothy Hamilton, while Maria Boldini, Alison Tindale and Joyce McCredie formed the Opposition. The decision was given in favour of the Government.

We are very pleased to hear that Miss Croxon has agreed to take over the Debating Society, we feel sure that under her guidance the Society will maintain its high standard of debate.

PHYLLIS WILES, Sec.

OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

On Monday, March 4th, the Coogee Aquarium Baths were again the scene of our Annual Swimming Carnival. Although the day was overcast and the conditions were not quite ideal, all the competitors entered into the spirit of the sport, and some fine efforts were put forward to win the shield, which is awarded annually to the class scoring the greatest number of points. 3C won the point score shield, with 5A as runner-up.

The former's success was mainly due to Jean Walsh's swimming prowess. In her free, easy style,

Nancy Light was one of the successful senior swimmers, and again won the Breast Stroke Championship and Diving Championship.

For the first time, the beautiful china, ornamented with the School crest was awarded to many of the successful competitors, and was much admired.

Great credit is due to Miss Anderson for the excellent programme, and we highly appreciate her organizing ability, and the work of those members of the staff who assisted her to make the Carnival such a success.



MARION COCKBURN,

The State 220 Yards Champion. The State 440 Yards Champion.

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

she won every event in which she competed, including the School Championships, both Senior and Junior, the Junior Back Stroke, the Junior Breast Stroke, and 14 years championship. We offer Jean our heartiest congratulations on her remarkable success. She is indeed a very promising champion, and will surely do credit to herself and her School in the Combined High School Carnival.

We would also like to thank Messrs. Hellings, Askey and McDonald who acted as judges, and who thus showed their interest in the School in a very practical way.

The following are the results:—
School Championship: J. Walsh, 1; P. Propert, 2; J. Freeman, 3. Time, 1 min 12 2/5th secs.

Junior Championship: J. Walsh, 1; H. Bell, 2; E. Smith, 3. Time, 31 2/5th secs.

17 Years Championship: N. Light, 1; N. Patterson, 2. Time, 44 1/5th secs.

16 Years Championship: J. Freeman, 1; J. Livingston, 2; L. Stelzer, 3. Time, 37 1/5th secs.

15 Years Championship: P. Propert, 1; W. Garrard, 2; R. Hayes, 3. Time, 35 3/5th secs.

14 Years Championship: J. Walsh, 1; H. Bell, 2; P. Miles, 3. Time, 30 3/5th secs.

13 Years Championship: M. Williamson, 1; M. Lyons, 2; B. Propert, 3. Time, 22 1/5th secs.

12 Years Championship: Y. Drake, 1; G. Smith, 2; W. Schmidt, 3. Time, 21 4/5th secs.

11 Years Championship: M. Small, 1; A. Dirks, 2; R. Sullivan, 3. Time, 28 secs.

Senior, 33 Yards: J. Livingston, 1; M. Brodbeck, 2; K. Gillies, 3.

Junior, 33 Yards: M. Brown, 1; B. Boon, 2; M. Curtis, 3.

Breast Stroke Championship: N. Light, 1; P. Propert, 2; L. Stelzer, 3. Time, 46 secs.

Junior Breast Stroke Champion-

ship: J. Walsh, 1; B. Propert, 2; J. Henderson, 3. Time, 26 1/5th secs.

Diving Championship: N. Light, 1; W. Garrard, 2; L. Drake, 3.

Junior Diving Championship: M. Brown, 1; M. Eyles, 2; D. Townshend, 3.

Back Stroke Championship: L. Drake, 1; M. Brodbeck, 2. Time, 41 2/5th secs.

Junior Back Stroke Championship: J. Walsh, 1; Y. Drake, 2; B. Propert, 3. Time, 25 4/5th secs.

Year Relay: 3rd year, 1; 1st year, 2; 5th year, 3. Time, 2 min. 26 2/5th secs.

Rescue Race: N. Light and K. Gillies, 1.

Junior Rescue Race: M. Lyons and M. Glasson, 1.

Six-Oar Race: J. Livingston, P. Propert, and V. Howell, 1.

Balloon Race: M. Lyons, 1.

Diving for Objects: K. Gillies and P. Miles, aeq., 1.

BETH BOADEN, 4A.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

Award of Merit: Mabel Geoghegan.

Bronze Cross: Lorna Stelzer, Claire Jacobs, Beverly Barnett, Kathleen Gillies, Jean Livingston, Pat Coleman, Lesley Drake, Maria Boldini, Peggy Miles, Winnie Garrard, and Joan Reid.

First Class Instructor's Badge: Maria Boldini, Mavis Porter, Pat Coleman, Jean Livingston, Ethel Savage.

Second Class Instructor's Badge: Kathleen Gillies, Beverly Barnett.

Bronze Medallion: Peggy Miles, Winnie Garrard, Beryl Lockhart, Joan Grieve, Violet Parkes, Lesley Drake, Heather Bell, Winsome Woodger, Joyce Wasson, Margaret Brodbeck, Maria Boldini, Jean Livingston, Pat Coleman, Valerie Howell, Philippa Ford, Muriel Finch, Clarice Hamilton, Joyce Freeman, Nancy Cross,

Bessie Harris, Valerie Hands, Gwen Curran, Phyllis Wiles, Ruth Hayes, Betty Twynam-Perkins, Joan Reid, Esme Curran, Jean Clutterbuck, Monica Gardiner, Peggy Propert, Greta Bell, Loris Hermes, Dawn Townsend, Betty Mitchell, Joy McKenzie, Judith Henderson, Mavis Brown.

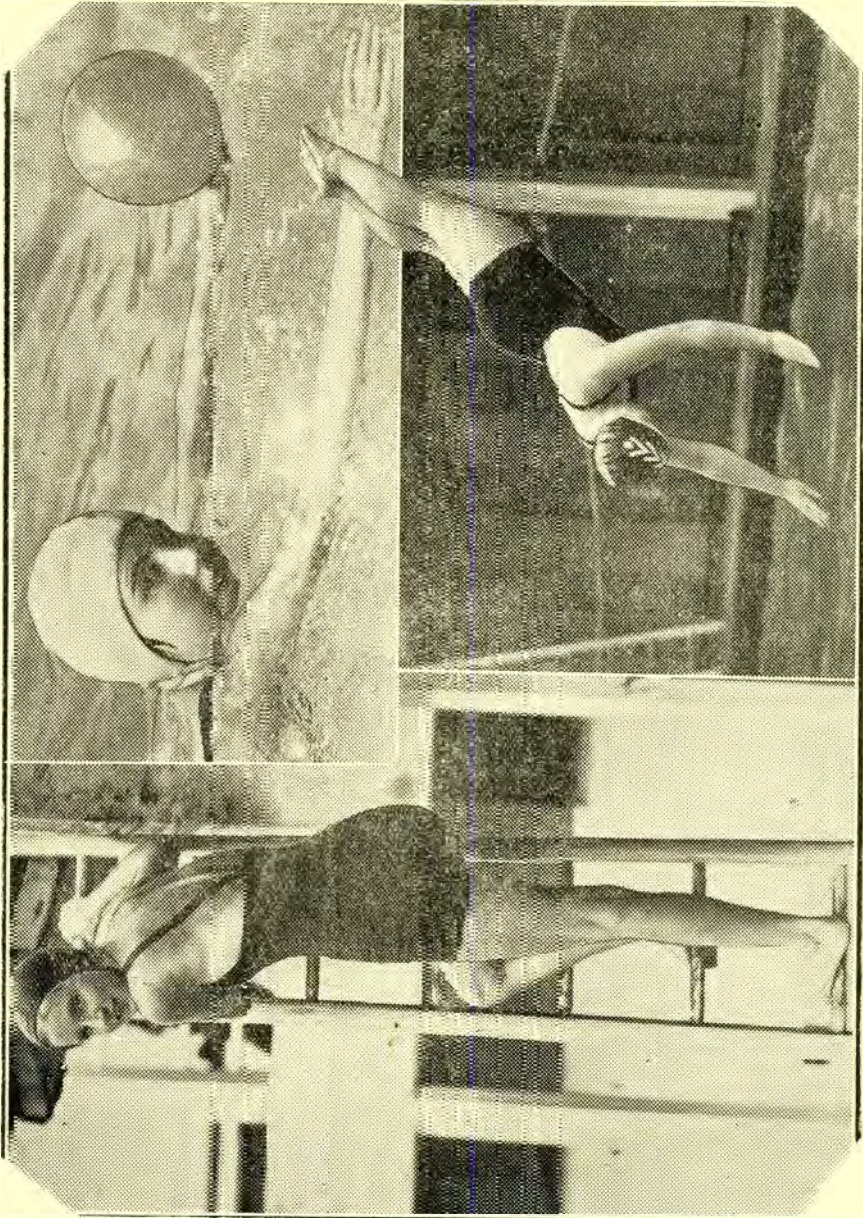
Intermediate, Elementary, and Resuscitation Certificates: Clarice Hamilton, Nancy Cross, Bessie Harris, Valerie Hands, Gwen Curran, Phyllis Wiles, Betty Twynam-Perkins, Esme Curran, Jean Clutterbuck, Monica Gardiner, Peggy Propert, Greta Bell, Marjorie Glasson, Mebra Lyons, Joy McKenzie, Lesley Drake, Judith Henderson, Heather Bell, Winsome Woodger, Joyce Wasson, Margaret Brodbeck, Maria Boldini, Jean Livingston, Pat Coleman, Valerie Howell, Philippa Ford, Muriel Finch, Winifred

Smith, Betty Chudleigh, Joyce Ford, Loris Hermes, Audrey Tetley, Edna Smith, Nari O'Malley, Yvonne Drake, Mavis Brown, Bonnie Boon, Bobby Stinson, Betty Mitchell, Norma Rolson.

Elementary and Resuscitation Certificates: Audrey Bragg, Edna Denning, Betty Nesbitt.

Intermediate Certificate: Joan Reid.

Miss Anderson and the life-savers are to be congratulated on these excellent results.



Mavis Brown, winner of the Junior Diving Championship on the steps.
R. Stinson, winner of the first heat in the Balloon Race.
Peggy Miles, diving. By courtesy of the "Labor Daily."

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Friday, March 29th, dawned fine and bright, to the joy of all "Fortians," for it was Carnival Day.

After a hurried lunch, four hundred girls streamed out of the gates on their way to the Domain Baths, their faces bright and smiling, their red and white ribbons flying about them.

The competitors all gave creditable performances, in fact they surpassed expectations, especially Jean Walsh, who won the Junior Championship.

It was pleasant to see so many country schools competing. Wollongong came first with 18 points, and Telopea Park second with 12 points. Fort Street Junior Relay team broke the record, 2 mins. 18 2/5ths secs., for that race, doing the two hundred yards in 2 mins. 17 secs.

The excitement of "Fortians," when it was announced that the School had won the Point Score Shield by one point from Sydney High, and the Junior Point Score Shield by 6 points from Crown Street, may well be imagined.

Towards the end of the afternoon, Mr. Thomas, the Director of Education, congratulated the successful competitors, and expressed

his pleasure at meeting the champions, Pat Norton, Jean Walsh and Marion Cockburn. The prizes were then presented by Mrs. Thomas.

The successful "Fortians" were:
Championship of High Schools:
B. Barnett, 3.

Senior Relay: Fort Street (B. Barnett, L. Drake, P. Probert, J. Freeman), 2.

Senior Rescue Race: Fort Street (N. Light and K. Gillies), 1.

Senior Breast Stroke Championship: N. Light, 1.

17 Years' Championship: N. Light, 2 (tie with St. George).

15 Years' Championship: P. Probert, 2.

14 Years' Championship: Jean Walsh, 1. (tie with Crown Street).

12 Years' Championship: Y. Drake, 2.

Junior Championship: J. Walsh, 1.

Junior Breast Stroke: J. Walsh, 1; P. Probert, 2 (tie with Sydney).

Junior Relay: Fort Street (J. Walsh, M. Williamson, H. Bell, J. Barlow, P. Miles), 1 (record).

Junior Rescue Race: Fort Street (M. Lyons and B. Mitchell) 1.

Junior Back Stroke Championship: Y. Drake, 2.

Old Girls' Race: M. Cockburn, 1.



Back Row: J. Freeman, L. Drake, P. Miles, H. Bell, N. Light, B. Mitchell,
Y. Drake, M. Lyons, J. Barlow.
Front Row: M. Williamson, K. Gillies, B. Barnett, J. Walsh, P. Probert,
B. Probert.

—By courtesy of "The Sun."

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.

We congratulate the following "Fortians" on successes gained in the recent examinations.

Faculty of Arts.

English III., 2nd Class Honours: Nellie Emmett.

German III., Credit: Iris Tate.

Greek II., High Distinction: Vera Pausey.

Credit: Margaret McVicar.

Credit: Elizabeth Scott.

Geology I., Distinction: Phyllis Jones.

English I., Distinction: Enid Smith.

Faculty of Science.

Geology II., Distinction: Betty Armstrong.

Mathematics II., Distinction: Betty Armstrong.

Chemistry I., Credit: Lesbia Wright.

Physics I., Credit, Lesbia Wright.

Geology I., Credit: Margaret Direks.

Mathematics I., Credit: Frances McLean.

Botany I., Credit: Lesbia Wright.

Zoology I., Distinction: Lesbia Wright.

Faculty of Dentistry.

Chemistry I., Credit: Doreen Musgrave.

ARMISTICE SERVICE.

Bishop Kirkby very graciously invited the Staff and Pupils of the School, and their parents, to the evening service at St. Phillip's Church on Armistice Day, Sunday, November 11th. Although it was a wet night, there were many "Fortians" with their parents, and ex-Fortians in the congregation, proving that Bishop Kirkby's thought was much appreciated.

GIFTS.

Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, a distinguished "Fortian," presented the School, through the Old Girls' Union, with two beautiful aquatints of Italian Subjects. They have been suitably framed, and are now hanging in the Principal's office.

Mavis Porter, one of the successful Leaving Certificate Candidates, gave to the Reference Library a copy of "Essays of all Nations."

Mr. Cockburn, father of Marion Cockburn, Senior Prefect, 1934, very kindly sent a cheque for two guineas for the library as an expression of his appreciation for

what the School had done for Marion.

Mr. Thirlaway, father of Margaret Thirlaway in 1A, very kindly presented the School with a large Union Jack, to replace the tattered and torn one which has been in use for so many years.

For these gifts the Staff and the Pupils of the School are very grateful.

Towards the end of 1934, the Second Year Needlework Classes fitted out a work-box with needles, pins, scissors, thimbles, darning cottons, etc., for the use of the Staff.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The members of the Christian Union meet every Monday afternoon in the Assembly Hall at 3.40 p.m., and study the various aspects of the character of Christ.

The Union was very sorry to lose Miss Culey, the leader of the Circle, but Miss Pirani has consented to take her place.

The members would welcome to the Circle any senior pupil of the School.

KATHLEEN GILLIES,
Hon. Secretary.

TENNIS.

With the close of the swimming season, our thoughts turn once more to winter sport. Although we have had the advantage of possessing our own tennis courts only for a few years, our results in the last tennis competition show that we have appreciated them and used them regularly.

Our A. Grade team, being the runner-up for the Tennis Shield, competed for the Stuart Cup at the White City. It defeated the Homebush Intermediate High School team, but was defeated by the team from Parramatta Convent. Mabel Geoghegan and

Clarice Hamilton were successful in reaching the semi-finals in the Singles and Special Singles respectively.

I invite all girls wishing to try for a place in the teams to enter the Tennis Tournament, which will commence shortly.

I sincerely hope that both teams will be even more successful than in former years, and that at the close of this tennis season they will bring back both shields to adorn the walls of the "Best School of All."

CLARICE HAMILTON, 5A.

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

Great appreciation of this library has been shown by the junior girls.

Beryl Jones gave us two books, and Pat Watson half-a-dozen, and these gifts are much appreciated by the librarians and the borrowers.

Although the number of books has greatly increased, we would welcome the gift of some books (old or new), written by Ethel Turner, Mary Grant Bruce, L. M. Montgomery, and Lilian Turner.

Librarians: M. Gardiner, P. Probert, M. Lee, F. Taylor.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

This year has brought with it several new members for the orchestra, and violin classes in each year in the Junior School. Moreover, we have two new xylophonists who, with amazing rapidity, are learning to play that difficult instrument.

Already this term the members of the orchestra have learned new

pieces, which are sure to delight the ears of their audiences, the names of the principal ones being "Sunshine," "Loin du Bal," and the "Sundial."

The orchestra hopes to do well at the next City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and is practising enthusiastically.

G. ALLAN, 5A.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR.

The Special Choir is already doing some very good work, for Mrs. James has prepared a group of new and interesting songs for Empire Day, as well as teaching us Liszt's "Nightfall."

Many of the new girls in First and Fourth Years have joined the Choir, the former hoping to compete in the Junior Section of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

The Special Choir intend to

compete this year in the "Open Championship," "Schools' Championship" and "Girls' Championship" sections. Should we win the Shield for the Junior Choral Championship this year, the School retains it.

Elsie Edwards is the new accompanist, and her work is much appreciated by the members of the Choir.

GWENYTH ROWE, 4A.

DRAMATIC READINGS.

The Dramatic Society is very pleased to know that Miss Purcell is again taking an interest in its activities.

The first reading of the year which was given by Fourth Year on Monday, 18th March, proved very delightful. The choice of the play—"The Bathroom Door," and the effective way in which it was carried out, spoke very well for the capabilities of Joyce Thompson, who has been elected secretary for 1935.

Henceforth, meetings will be

held on the third Thursday of the month. All girls who are interested will be welcome at these meetings, and they will be given ample opportunities of displaying their ability for dramatic work.

JEAN LIVINGSTON,
Secretary.

Miss Collins is already preparing plays for the competition held under the auspices of the Junior Theatre League, and we hope she will again be successful.

A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Teachers' College,
University Grounds,
18th March, 1935.

Dear "Fortians,"

Here we are back at College again after a very long vacation, very glad to see so many "Fortians" among the First Year arrivals. For the Second Years, however, work began two weeks before College opened, as we had to do a fortnight's practice-teaching, which is the bane of all College students. However, this period of practice was not as bad as the other periods during the year, for it was an unsupervised practice. Our first supervised practice is still several weeks off, and then the First Years will know that awful sinking feeling that invariably comes when giving the very first lesson in front of a supervisor.

College life, on the whole, is most enjoyable, providing a splendid variety of interests and activities. The spiritual, social, sporting and academic sides of life are all provided for by various clubs and societies. There is a branch of the Students' Christian Movement which regularly holds meetings, special speakers often being invited to address the members.

The Dance Club holds dances

every Friday night in the gym., so if one is a devotee of the Terp-sichorean art one usually contrives to have a good time on Friday night. The Welcome Dance to First Years, the End-of-Term Dances and the Inter-Collegiate Ball (**THE** Ball of the year) are held in the Assembly Hall. The Welcome Dance is to take place next Friday, and of course, all and sundry are looking forward to a very successful evening.

Are you a hiking enthusiast? Do you cut a dashing figure in the skating rink? Are you fond of theatre parties? If so, you would delight in the Social Club, which organises such functions throughout the year.

Nor must I forget the Dramatic and Debating Clubs of the College. The former produces many excellent plays during the year, helped by having the advantage of a splendid stage and hall. And some of the debates are really startling and quite different from school debates. I wish you could hear some of them.

Perhaps the Union which has the greatest number of members is the Sports Union, which incorporates all the sporting clubs of the College. Those who are interested in sport and physical

training (P.T) have great opportunities here. The only thing the College lacks is our own swimming pool—all the necessary courts and playing areas are right at the College. There is a big gymnasium with a good spring floor, and dressing rooms (with several showers) adjoin the gym. After P.T. there is a rush for the scales, for everyone is very interested in her avoirdupois. Sandshoes and anything else which can easily be taken off are thrown aside in order to reduce the total number of pounds and ounces.

At the end of the second term the Inter-Collegiate contests take place. This year Armidale is visiting Sydney and everyone is anticipating the visit very eagerly. There is a possibility that this year may see the resumption of the triangular contests with Melbourne and Adelaide Colleges, and if this is arranged, a team

will be visiting Melbourne. Naturally there is great excitement at the possibility, which is at present the main topic of conversation.

I won't be allowed the space to tell you all I would like to about our College—about the large airy lecture-rooms, common-rooms, rest room and splendid library with its reading rooms and browsing-room and enormous number of books, which are catalogued under the Dewey system, and the popular and lively (at certain hours) dining-room.

College sounds like Paradise, doesn't it, "Fortians"? But here is the rub. There is a lot of work to be done too, and if one spends all one's time with the many clubs one has to pay the penalty at the end of the year. However, we won't talk about that!

All the "Fortians" at College wish you "Fortians" at school the best of luck throughout the year.

LORAIN THOMPSON.

DEE WHY

The sky is blue, the sea is blue, the sands are golden. Everything seems beautiful and lazy. Out to sea, a seagull wheels, shrieking in its flight. The day is hot, and the warm sand almost scorches my feet as I walk across the beach. I throw myself onto the sand and lie dreaming, while the sun's rays warm me through and through. At last I rise and make my way down to the water's edge, as the surf looks so inviting. There seem to be some good shoots, and as I walk

"Down to a beach where the slow waves thunder,
The green curls over and the white falls under,"

I take a header into the briny and find the water delightfully cool after the hot beach. As I expected, the shoots are very good, and I spend a delightful two hours in the surf, shooting, swimming and surfoplaning. At last I come out and again throw myself

down on the beach to sunbake. It is very peaceful lying there and watching the moving kaleidoscope of colours formed by the people on the beach.

After a while I get up and walk round to the rocks with their fascinating little pink and green rock pools, which, when explored, bring to light strange little things—starfish, periwinkles, crabs, sea anemones, and many other beautiful little sea-creatures.

I find it hard to tear myself away from these pools, and when at last I get back to the beach, it is five o'clock. I decide to go for another swim, and I spend an hour in the surf again. The beach is now nearly deserted, and the shadows are lengthening in the little dips and hollows in the sand, so I pick up my towel and set off for home.

Overhead, some black swans come flying home in V-shaped formation to rest for the night on the lagoon.
P.A.M., 3B.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,
Sydney University,
19th March, 1935.

Dear Girls,

The very day on which this letter is penned to you is the beginning of another chapter in the lives of fellow "Fortians" at the 'Varsity. After more than three months' vacation, we once again made our way to the lecture rooms and took a few pages of notes, the first pages of many hundreds that, we expect, will be filled during the year.

But work has by no means wholly occupied our attention. We have been able to renew old friendships, and we are very pleased to welcome from last year's "Fifths" some new recruits, for whom we wish every success and joy in University life.

At the same time we have to say "Good-bye" to Joyce Bannan, Jessie Bates, Mollie Burns, Nellie Emmett, Portia Hickey, Grace Kirkland, Nancy Leavers and Doris Roy, old girls, whom some of you, I know, remember well. We have every reason to be proud of these "Fortians" who have completed their courses and are looking forward to the graduation ceremony, held in the Great Hall, at which the degrees will be conferred. What a wonderful day it will be for them! We do offer our sincere congratulations, and hope that we too shall one day receive for our labours that coveted reward.

Last year, old girls distinguished themselves in more than one faculty. By reading the list of honours, distinctions, and credits gained, you will realise how steadily and thoroughly these girls have done their work.

There are however, other interests than those directly connected with our courses. Apart from the Sports' Union, which arranges sports to suit every taste, there are in existence many,

I might almost say innumerable, societies which help to broaden our outlook and which foster friendship and goodwill among 'Varsity folk.

I have referred to the Great Hall, which in its dignity and grandeur is an emblem of the University myself, and I feel that I should make mention of the Fisher Library, the beautiful stone edifice of Gothic architecture, where a great part of our time is spent. The entrance, flanked by two lions sculptured in stone, is most imposing; from this the way leads up a stone staircase which receives light from beautiful stained-glass windows. Having reached the top one is but a few steps from "Fisher." Perhaps what is most impressive, is the height of the room; very small you feel as you gaze up at the massive carved rafters, at either end of which are fierce lion heads, their mouths open to support the chains of the hanging lamps. However, solemnity is not always the prevailing spirit in "Fisher," and the authorities have evidently deemed it necessary to place in prominent positions, notices bearing the word "Silence" in big black letters.

Perhaps you are wondering about the address of this letter. What is Manning House? It is an absolutely indispensable second home to women students. Situated near the Fisher Library, but isolated from all buildings, "Manning" is a well-planned, shall I say, club-house, around which there is a garden where we can spend blissful moments with King Sol. It is at "Manning" we have our lockers and receive our mail. Here in the dining-room, with its refreshing colour scheme of green and cream, we enjoy our meals at tables of different sizes to suit various parties. The verandah-room and common room are excellent meeting-places for those who

have a few idle moments, while upstairs there is a carpeted reading-room, amply furnished with tables, padded chairs and easy chairs, a spot where silence is assured, and conditions are ideal for study.

Congenial and interesting as our life is here, we still cherish

memories of happy school-days at Fort Street. To each one privileged to attend the dear old School we would like as fellow "Fortians" to express best wishes for a successful and happy year.

CATHERINE SYKES,
Arts III.

NANCY WILLIAMS.

Friends of the late Nancy Jamieson Williams (Mrs. Grove Thompson, of Scotland), will be pleased to hear that the suggestion to place a memorial to her in either Prince Alfred or Manly Hospitals met with such a response that both hospitals were the recipients of gifts in her memory.

A metal hospital desk and chair were presented to Manly Hospital, and to Prince Alfred Hospital, a writing bureau, which is used in the sickroom reserved for extraneous of the hospital and other nurses in need of hospital atten-

tion. Both gifts bear tablets suitably inscribed.

A small sum left after these purchases was used to buy a paper weight for the writing bureau and a late donation from "Fortians" now in training at P.A. has provided an ink stand.

The committee here wishes to thank all those who helped so generously, and to pass on the invitations to view the gifts, graciously extended by the Matrons of both hospitals.

MOLLIE STUCKEY.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

A great number of the girls are busily engaged in knitting woollen comforts for the old women at Newington Asylum, and every girl in First Year is knitting at least one square for the woollen coverlets that are being made as a contribution from their year.

Warm clothing is being collected for children needing it in the poorer parts of the city.

A cheque for one guinea was sent to the R.S.P.C.A. during Be Kind to Animals Week, one for ten guineas to the Maternal and Infant Welfare Fund being raised to commemorate the Jubilee of His Majesty, King George V. and a donation of sixty-five shillings to the "Sun's" Hospital Fund.

MARION COCKBURN.

We are very proud of Marion's swimming feats, and offer her our hearty congratulations on her success.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

This Library is open for the borrowing of books on Tuesday and Friday mornings at recess. The senior girls use it for reference work throughout the day and every afternoon after school.

It is with pleasure we record the gift of a copy of "Essays of All Nations" from Mavis Porter. Some of the books recently added to the Library are:—Noel Coward's "Play Parade," the Laurence Binyon Anthology, "The Modern Muse," The Complete Edition of Kipling's Verse, 1885-1926, "The Use of English" (Cowling) "Australian Essays," Belloc's "French Revolution," Biographies of Byron, Charles Lamb, Edward VII., Napoleon III., and Keats, and "Seven Roman Statesmen."

Librarians: V. Hands, M. Potter, E. Pierce, J. Putland, E. Savage.

A VISIT TO ENGLISH LAND.

The chair was hard, the fire was hot, the book was uninteresting, and I was lazy. On my lap was an English book with red marks all through its pages. I was trying it; but, as I said before, I was lazy. A spark flew out of the fire and burnt my leg. I jumped, "Half past ten! Good heavens!" I gasped, "I must be going."

"Going where?" thundered a voice in my ear.

"To bed, of course," I answered, looking round wildly.

"No, you're not! Oh, no! You're not! You're going to learn me first," said the voice, and, on looking up I perceived a little man, dressed in words, which I recognised as English, standing on the arm of my chair.

"But I—," I began.

"No 'buts'," he interrupted; "Quick march!" So I found myself being hurried along a dark passage by my new guard-and-guide combination. After passing two doors marked "Latin" and "French" respectively, we stopped at a third marked "English." Mr. English, my guide, said, "Open Sesame!" and the door swung slowly open, to reveal a large room, carpeted with ridiculous and senseless words.

It seemed to be furnished with dozens of doll's houses, each marked with a different name, and in one corner of the room stood a very large doll's house marked "Hospital."

My guide took me on a round of introductions, and first we came to Mrs. Noun's house. Mrs. Noun was a stout lady with three children, whom she introduced to me as Master Proper Noun, the eldest, Miss Abstract Noun, the youngest, and Miss Common Noun. We did not stay here very long, but hurried on to a house marked "V."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Verb lived, together with their servants, who

were nicknamed "to be" and "to have." The family was feeling very depressed to-day, as they were in the past tense, and so we hurried on again.

The next house was marked "A," and when Mr. English pressed a button, the door opened to reveal a room handsomely furnished with a table, two chairs, a stool and a fireplace. My guide called, and a tall, thin person sprang into view. He was dressed in multi-coloured clothes, and seemed to be continually changing his shape. He introduced himself to me as Mr. Adjective, and called in his children, Master Proper Adjective, and Miss Distinguishing Adjective, who were to be married to Miss and Master Noun respectively, and the baby twins, who were both called Numeral Adjective. We stopped for a chat and then entered the next house called "C."

This is where the Clauses live. I suppose, thought I, and for once I was right. Mrs. Principal Clause met us at the door, and pointed out her daughter, Miss Adverbial, and told us that her son, Master Adjectival, was out at the moment. So we went to the next house called "P." Here we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Relative Pronoun, who introduced Master Adjectival Clause to us. They also showed us their children, Possessive, Personal, Emphatic and Reflexive Pronoun, and told us of the sad fate which had befallen their eldest son, Interrogative.

This visit being over, we continued on our way to the hospital. Here we found all the poor worn-out phrases having a rest. Approaching me was a man dressed in a big white smock (he was evidently a doctor). But this did not completely hide his queerly-shaped body. I thought from his appearance that his name ought to be Dr. Punctuation, and, from

what some of his patients called him, I gathered that I was right.

His head seemed to be screwed on sideways, and started the question mark, which the rest of his body formed. His eyes, well set and close together, and his thin nose which just fitted in between, seemed to form :—, and his mouth was the stroke of an exclamation mark, while a dimple at the side was the dot underneath. As for his toes, they turned up so much

that they made splendid commas.

As he was passing, he carelessly dropped an exclamation mark, which fell on to my leg.

"Ow!" I cried, and jumped. That sharp prick of the exclamation mark brought me back to earth, and I awoke to find my leg still smarting.

Next day I was kept in for not knowing my English, but—can you wonder!

A. S., 2A.

EDITH.

I was alone, and lonely, so I went upstairs and opened an old trunk, the contents of which had not seen the light of day for over forty years. Such treasures as it held! I lifted from its layers of paper a silken scarf exquisitely embroidered with gold thread. I laid it carefully aside, wondering what this dark stain was at one side of it. My hand touched a pair of little, high-heeled slippers of silvery silk sewn with tiny pearls. What light feet had trodden old measures in these tiny shoes?

Then I came upon a lace handkerchief, in which still lingered some fragrance of lavender; but it, too, was stained with this brown stain, which now had made me very curious. So I delved deeper, yet with reverent fingers, for I felt that there was some treasured memory of a long-dead person in these things. A worn little limp-covered book lay next, and on opening it I saw written across the fly-leaf: "To Edith from Peter." It was a book of poems; not very good poems, indeed, but on almost every page lines were marked, and from between the leaves came the fragrance of long-dead flowers. I laid it very carefully on the floor beside the other things, now knowing nothing would satisfy me unless I knew to whom these things had belonged.

I drew out a crumbling silken hair ribbon, then a number of posies of flowers, which crumbled

to dust when I touched them. Beneath all this lay, in fold upon fold of paper, a white satin gown, a glorious thing, brocaded, frilled, laced—a foam of shimmering white. With fingers that trembled slightly I lifted the gown from its wrappings and held it against me. Then I dropped it with a little cry, for I caught the reflection of it in an old mirror opposite me, and saw in the side a long tear, and the deep stain. I lay it back in its papers, and drew out a pair of sheerest white stockings of silk, and beneath them found an ivory fan. Beside it lay a pair of long gloves, deeply stained with the same brown; but I put them aside when I saw the book, and picked it up, feeling in some strange way that now I would know the story of her who wore and used those things so long ago.

"This is the diary of Martha Sydenham," I read, "born 1861." Why, Martha Sydenham was my own great-aunt, whom I dimly remembered as a very austere old lady, whom I had never liked very much. The first entry was made when she had been only a child, and even then it spoke of Edith, lovely, auburn-haired, blue-eyed Edith, who was always so full of laughter. The diary was written in a wonderful manner, and as I read eagerly on I loved Edith almost as Martha, who seemed to have worshipped her. Then suddenly, when Edith was about twenty years old, there were no

more entries for over ten months. Then came one more, the last. It was the writing out of a bitter woman's heart. She poured out all she had felt since the terrible night which had taken Edith from her—her bitterness towards God, her unjust hatred of Peter, and her terrible grief, all were written here.

Peter was beautiful Edith's lover, and she was soon to marry him. There was a ball at which their engagement was announced, and she had a new gown; she was so gay and sweet that night. After the ball Peter drove her home in his carriage; and it was then the terrible thing happened. It was very late, and suddenly, from round a corner swung another carriage driven at a great speed. The collision was unavoidable, and both vehicles were flung over. Peter was unhurt, and he rushed at once to Edith. But she, now

pale and bereft of all her laughter, lay beneath the carriage, her gown red-stained and her little gloved hands pressing a lace handkerchief to her side. She was fatally hurt, and died, with one last little smile, in Peter's arms.

The story of it was graphically told, and I lay the book aside with a great sadness. I replaced the things in the trunk very carefully and reverently; but the book I kept, for it has given me Edith, and I love her very dearly. She is the person of a dream; but more real and dear to me than many people. When I came back to the world there were others in the house, and it was no longer lonely. And it never can be lonely again, for I have Edith, the re-creation of a girl of a faded old diary, but, oh, a person so very dear, even though she is but a dream, after all.

"KATERE," 3A.

FLASH OF SCARLET.

For weeks the rain had fallen, gently, monotonously, as though it had not even the energy to stop. The ground was soaked and the earth could absorb no more; the drops fell and ran together in pools, till these pools overflowed and the water trickled away to a new resting-place. The flowers had a dispirited look, as though the hope of gay sunshine had long since deserted them, and they submitted wearily to the persistent dripping from a dull unknown sky. The water in the gutters ran noisily and roared angrily away down the drains. Even the small engineers equipped with mud and stones, who dared all tempests to build their dams, were daunted. No street echoed with the shrill joy of shoeless, sockless barrackers at a gutter regatta. The trees had surrendered to the persistent enemy and allowed it to enter their guard; it now marched steadily and never ceasingly through their foliage and on to its

ultimate goal. Windows were closed and locked, for a penetrating cold was in the air, a cold that numbed the fingers and the brain.

Business people crept from their houses enveloped in coats and goloshes, umbrellas and thick gloves; school children scurried round corners and away to chilly schoolrooms like autumn leaves swirled before a gust of wind. There was none of the happy laughter and chatter of a sunny morning, none of that indefinable something called contentment abroad in the land; the birds were silent—not a twitter from the trees, nor even from a cheeky sparrow under the eaves. Rain!

In a train bound for the metropolis, the people were crowded; they stood in the passages and on the platforms; they leaned against seats that were occupied, and prayed that someone might alight at the next station. All the windows were tightly shut, and the bolts of the doors pushed home;

there was a film on every window, and here and there an ugly smear where someone had rubbed a hot hand to make an opening in that stifling mist. A faulty window at one end of the carriage was gradually opening and letting in a draught of cold, clean air: an irascible old man was trying to screw the window down, for the rain was blowing in on his paper. A glass cover had come loose and banged irritatingly with the motion of the train; no one shut it. Through a haze the rain could be seen blowing obliquely across the thick glass of the windows.

The train slowed up and jerked to a standstill. The pattering of the rain on the carriage roof was depressing. The train started

again and moved slowly on, it gathered speed and soon it was rushing on again. Drab houses, untidy backyards, smoky gardens a flash of brilliant scarlet and gold and green. The whole carriage saw it and stiffened with interest. A poinsettia tree, lovely as a summer sunset, "flamed and flashed and passed away." Surrounded by rows of sordid houses stretching as far as the eye could see, it flaunted its beauty, dauntlessly carrying its message of hope like a prophet of old.

It had done its work; the people forgot their wet feet and the dreary round of daily life. For a fleeting instant they had had a vision.

PHYLLIS CORNER, 5A.

THE OLD GUM TREE'S STORY.

At the head of the mountain valley stood a grand, gnarled old gum-tree, with its branches outflung to the clear, blue sky. The grey-green foliage made a pleasing contrast with the azure vault of heaven. From a distance, it appeared a solitary sentinel guarding the entrance to a fern-clad vale, where the murmur of a woodland stream broke the brooding silence of the surrounding hills. On closer approach, however, the old tree was seen to be surrounded by a tiny colony of young gum saplings—a patriarch amid a new generation.

Whence came that old tree? The brook knew all the secrets of that valley, and this was the tale it unfolded to every understanding heart.

In the far-off days, long before a white man trod this land, a tiny gum-nut was borne away on the wings of a capricious little wind, until it came to rest in a sheltered valley near the waters of a winding creek.

Ere long, the gum-nut germinated in the rich, moist soil, and a

sturdy sapling developed—growing, ever growing. The mountain stream lovingly tended the youthful tree, and gave freely of its waters during the thirsty summer.

After the lapse of years, our tree reached maturity, standing solitary yet stately and grand with its dome of massed foliage, a nesting-place for birds, and its shade below, a shelter for weary travellers.

Each morn carressed the splendid tree, for the "pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb," leaving it all a-sparkle with nature's diamonds. Autumn, too, transformed the old gum tree into a blaze of beauty, the glorious red tufts of flowers making the tree appear scarlet-capped with numerous fluffy tam-o-shanters.

Through the years, other little gum-nut babies have been cradled in the soil nearby the old giant tree, and in time have grown into tender gum saplings, each trying to grow as fine and sturdy as its majestic parent.

MARION THOMAS, 2B.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

Fellow "Fortians"!

We stand on the threshold of another year with bright hopes for success in the future, both in the schoolroom and in the playing field. We, who have been entrusted with the upholding of the honour and tradition of our Alma Mater, would urge you to live up to the splendid motto of the School—a motto which has inspired so many "Fortians" in former years. When so many opportunities are afforded us we should bear in mind "*Faber*

est suae quisque fortunae" and avail ourselves of these opportunities.

We want you to feel that you are an integral part of the School, and that each one of you may play an important part in ensuring a worthy future for Fort Street. By your active interest in the various School societies, you will realize how numerous are the aspects of life to which your education introduces you and how indebted you are to your school.

THE RANGER CORNER.

During 1935 we have been pleased to welcome a number of new recruits, including one from the School Guides, Margaret Brodbeck. We hope that more of our Guides will take the further step in the Movement and become Rangers or Cadets, and we offer a hearty welcome to any "Fortians," sixteen years or over who would like to join us.

During the Christmas holidays we stayed at "Glengarry," our Guide Home at Turramurra, for a few days, and had a splendid time there with Miss Weston.

On returning to School, after happy holidays, we were all delighted with the prospect of seeing our chief, Lady Baden-Powell, at a camp fire which was held in Centennial Park on Wednesday, 30th January. There were hundreds of Brownies, Guides and Rangers present, and the Chief was very impressed by our real "Australian Welcome," the Kookaburra laugh.

Once more Miss Weston came to our aid and on Saturday, 16th March, took us to Thornleigh for the day, where we all enjoyed ourselves very much. We find it very difficult to thank Miss Weston adequately for all the time she devotes to our Ranger work.

NANCY LIGHT.

SYDNEY BY NIGHT.

Sydney by night! Anyone with the least imagination could, surely, feel a thrill of romance run through her at the thought of a great city, situated on a beautiful harbour on a magnificent moonlight night!

Let us take an imaginary walk along one of the main streets of Sydney, on a busy Friday night. Lights are everywhere! Red lights! Green lights! Rows of lights! Flickering lights! Everywhere we look, our eyes are dazzled by the glamour of the scene.

The illuminations show us thousands of people in the street; some are walking rapidly, some are loitering in a carefree way; while others are running for trains, trams and buses.

But now, in our imaginary walk, let us roam down by the harbour, along one of the paths of the Botanical Gardens. On one side, we have a beautiful garden, with tall trees, which stretch long weird shadows across our path, and on the other side is the tranquil water with the reflection of a silvery moon.

What a contrast to the hurry and bustle of the city street, is this quiet solitude; yet it is within walking distance of the heart of the city.

BETTY AUSTIN, 2D.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Committee of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members, the fifteenth Annual Report for the year ending, March, 1935.

Membership totals 167; 149 Ordinary Members and 18 Life Members. We note with pleasure that quite a number of the older, Old "Fortians" are again becoming active members.

Functions for the year have been varied, and on the whole, well attended.

Perhaps the Union's most important work was the raising of £33 to defray the cost of purchasing and erecting in the entrance hall of the School, a stained-glass window with School-crest inset, which members promised to Miss Cohen at the General Meeting in March. Members were circularised for subscriptions, and a Play-Night was held in May, on which occasion, a cheque for the required sum was handed over. Our thanks are due especially to the Misses Enid Elphinston, Cora Dunphy, Violet Mathieson and Mrs. James for their help and enthusiasm in making this entertainment so enjoyable and lucrative.

The Old Fortians' Ball held in conjunction with the Old Boys in June at the "Pompadour," though financially and socially a success was disappointing as regards numbers. The Committee feels that its efforts should have met with more response from members.

The "Back-to-School Night," which is fast establishing itself as an annual event, was held in July, and was attended mostly by our "Juveniles." Mrs. Griffin ably organised the games, and Miss Watts delighted members by singing and conducting choir items with her old girls. Truly a most enjoyable and happy function!

A Picture-Night held in September realised £3/3/-, a cheque for which amount was sent to the Rachel Forster Hospital. The Secretary, in a letter expressing her thanks, extended an invitation to our Committee members to view the hospital.

The Dinner, always a most delightful function, attracted 93 Old "Fortians" to the Women's Club, in October. Red roses, again the gift of the Present Day Girls, and white table-cloths, supplied the "Fortian" colour-scheme. Regret was expressed at the absence, through illness, of our Patron, Miss Partridge.

The Welcome-in-to-Freshers held at the School in December was a bright affair. Our guests were entertained by a debate: "Men Are Superior to Women," between the Old Girls and Present Day Girls, and refreshed by a buffet afternoon-tea. An opportunity was afforded those present of viewing the remodelled entrance hall and the stained-glass window.

We note, with pride, that our only Sub-Club, the Literary Circle, has just successfully completed its ninth year under the capable leadership of Miss Turner. Long may it prosper.

A Record Book has been presented to the Union by Miss Mary Cowie. In this we intend to keep the names of Committee Members and the past, present and future history of the Union's activities. Miss Anne Weston bound the volume in red morocco, and Miss Cowie is now busily engaged in writing up the records since the inception of the Union in 1919.

Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, one of our Distinguished Fortians, before leaving for America last



THE CAPTAIN AND THE PREFECTS, 1935.
Front Row: Phyllis Corner, Jean Livingston (Senior Prefect), Clarice Hamilton (Captain), Maria Boldini, Kathleen Gillies.
Back Row: Ellen Swann, Bessie Harris, Winnie Garrard, Nancy Light, Betty Logan.

February, gave two very fine coloured etchings to the School. We wish her a very successful year in Chicago.

Our Committee deeply regrets the tragic death of Mr. Baxendale, former English Master of the Fort Street Boys' High School, and has forwarded £1/1/- to the Memorial Fund.

To Miss Cohen, we extend our heartiest congratulations on her election to the Senate of Sydney University, and thank her for the invaluable support she has given

the Union throughout the year. We are grateful too, to those members of the staff who have taken part in the Union's activities and who, by their kindly assistance, have made our efforts so much easier and, at the same time, more successful.

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

KATHLEEN BANNAN,
MAISIE GOLDING.

Joint Hon. Secs.

THE OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

On Wednesday, March 14th, the members of the Circle met at the Women's Club, to hold their annual business meeting and to begin their year's work. After the satisfactory report and balance sheet had been read, and a prize of one guinea awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at English at the Leaving Certificate of 1934, the members entertained

their guests with the reading of Lady Gregory's play, "Hyacinth Halvey." The Circle was honoured by the presence of Miss Cohen and Miss Cruise on this occasion.

Meetings are held at the Women's Club on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month, and intending members and visitors are welcome.

B. BANNAN, Hon. Secretary.

DRAKE AT CADIZ.

A strong west wind was blowing, on a blue and flowing brine,
There was every stitch of canvas on the masts,
And Drake stood on the poop-deck with his first mate by his side,
"We'll soon be there," he said, "if this breeze lasts."

An opening in the coastline showed smooth waters on ahead
The harbour of Cadiz, a Spanish port
And on its sparkling waters, floated galleons by the score,
It was these huge vessels that the captain sought.

His ship sailed through the entrance, and Drake seized his trusty sword,
"Each man stand at his post," the sea-dog cried,
"Our goal is drawing nearer, swift as lightning we must be,
"We are in, and must be out upon the tide."

The gunners lit their torches, and the others grasped their swords,
The distance 'tween them and their goal drew less,
And as Drake gave the signal, into battle went his crew,
With the lusty cry "For God and good Queen Bess!"

For two long hours they plundered, and the many ships of Spain
Which soon had sailed 'gainst England, with their might,
Were sunk, or fired, or shattered like a lot of helpless dogs,
And vanished 'neath the ocean's wave from sight.

And Drake, he left the harbour, almost every man unhurt,
And by every Spaniard hated, cursed and feared,
"The King of Spain will curse me," laughed the daring Englishman,
"By good Queen Bess, I've cut and singed his beard."

Jean Baker, 2A.

FAIRY DAYS.

The wattle trees are blooming in the meadow where I play,
 The stream is rippling onward in a jolly kind of way,
 The sun is shining brightly, and the world is oh, so gay!
 And I've a magic feeling that is a fairy day.
 Now fairy days are seldom, and you must remember too,
 The fairies have such heaps of work they simply have to do
 That 't isn't very often they can come and play with you.
 The grown-up people look and look, but never do they see
 The magic, magic secrets that the fairies show to me;
 They don't believe an acorn is a cup so small and wee,
 Or that the fairies often have a 'rose-and-violet' tea.
 And oh, you children who believe that fairies don't exist,
 You cannot know the happiness that from your lives you've missed,
 If you've not seen a dainty fay upon a rose sun-kissed.

Jean Curtis, 5A.

LA NAISSANCE DE L'AMOUR.

Two fairies named Beauty and Charm said one night,
 As they sat 'neath the stars with their Queen,
 "We're going to make the most handsome young man
 That ever on earth has been seen."
 So they stole the bright gold of the sun as it shone,
 And the glorious laughter of Spring.
 They took, too, the nightingale's musical note,
 And the glorious laughter of Spring.
 They stole the shy charm of the dove on the wing
 And its sorrow, its mirth, through them ran.
 From the sun and the stars, from the thrush and the lark,
 From these, they created a man.
 They caught the star-dust and they made his dark eye
 And his smile was the bright sun above.
 His lips were the blush from the rose as it bloomed,
 His charm was the spirit of Love.
 They gave him each beauty of soul and of form—
 Every movement of his breathed with grace.
 He spoke—merry bells seemed to tinkle aloud,
 And the sun seemed to glow in his face.
 Each flower lent its perfume to add to his charm,
 And he stood there, as straight as a rod.
 The Angel of Truth sent a lily-white flower
 She'd plucked in the Garden of God.
 From the sky flew Adonis with gold-burnish'd wings
 To the earth, from the bright realms above.
 You know him, and I—for thus seems every man
 In the eyes of a maiden in love.

Hazel Keavney, 3C.

THE SONG OF SPRING.

The splendour of the sunrise,
 The cool fresh morning breeze,
 The kookaburra's happy call
 Which echoes through the trees,
 The fragrance of the wattle,
 The humming of the bee,
 The songs of all the little birds
 Upon the old gum tree,
 'Tis all the Song of Spring.

Joan Cook, 1A.

THE RAINBOW.

They gather'd the gold from the babe's silken curls,
 And the blue from his laughing eyes,
 Some gleaming white from his teeth like pearls,
 And threw them into the skies.

They garner'd the silver from grandmother's hair,
 And some brown from the Earth's sweet breast,
 Some rose from the cheeks of children fair,
 And the green from a tree's proud crest.

These colours they bore on the wings of the wind,
 Where the clouds went sailing by,
 With ropes of silver stars to bind—
 Lo, a rainbow hung in the sky!

Kathleen McClelland, 3A.

SYDNEY HARBOUR.

As the golden glow of sunset sinks slowly in the west,
 Her water it enriches and paints her foamy crest,
 Then as the last rays vanish and sunset's glory dies,
 The velvet black of night-fall steals softly o'er the skies,
 Her myriad, twinkling lanterns shine on her waters blue,
 And with their gleaming brightness, make light her sombre hue.
 The great lamps of the city, with all their flash and flare,
 Are like a thousand diamonds a-twinkling in her hair.
 Oh! gracious Sydney Harbour, your beauty is so rare,
 And I for one shall love you for ever, yea, for ever.

Gwen Smith, 2A.

TO

Wandering through the woodlands in the pale white dawn
 Mist down in the valley, rain upon the hill,
 Little winds that whisper, winds so cold and chill.
 I saw you lightly dancing swift and graceful as a fawn.

Dreaming by the shadowed pool, silver grey with sedge,
 Poplars tall and slender, dew upon the grass,
 Flowers wild that shiver as the soft winds pass,
 I saw you standing silently beside the water's edge.

Stealing through the dusklight—star gems o'er the bay,
 Roses sweetly fragrant, flutter of moth's wings,
 Murmur of the fountain that in the darkness sings,
 I found the old dear magic in your elfin laughter gay.

'C.E.F., 4A.

FAIRIES.

Fairies in the moonlight air,
 Fairies flitter everywhere,
 Silvery wings and silvery frocks,
 Dainty hands and golden locks—
 Riding on the butterflies
 Up into the dark blue skies—
 Dancing, dancing on the lawn,
 Until it's time to go at dawn.

Joyce Travers, 2B.

WANDERLUST.

It passes along on its magic way,
 Holding the hearts of men in its sway
 And they watch, and they listen, with sparkling eye,
 Their cares and their memories, they now defy.
 And they drop their tasks, and they bid farewell,
 Their thoughts ever under the enchanter's spell.

Heather Bell, 3B.

A NEW "BELLE DAME SANS MERCI."

(With apologies to Keats.)

"Oh, what can ail thee, wretched girl,
Alone and palely loitering?
The others all have gone from school,
And no bells ring.

"Oh, what can ail thee, wretched girl,
So haggard and so woebegone?
The cleaner's cleaning all the rooms,
The siren's hushed its tone.

"I see some ink upon thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew
And oh, thy hand! Thy clammy hand
Fast blackneth too."

"I met a Lady in this room,
Full furious, a teacher riled
Her face was stern, her voice was hard,
And her eyes were wild.

"And in her lesson I did talk,
And eat some sweets and buttered scone.
She looked at me as she did hate,
And made sad moan.

"She set me out upon the floor,
And asked me questions all day long.
And forward would she bend, and yell
That I was wrong.

"She made me read some horrid books,
And gave me more detentions too.
And sure in language strange she said,
'I hate thee true.'

"She said to stay in after school,
And so I wept and sighed full sore.
She merely matched my many tears
With lines galore.

"And here I fell me fast asleep,
And here I dreamed. Ah, woe betide?
The latest dream I ever dreamt
In class-room wide.

"I saw pale girls that once came here.
Pale scholars, death-pale were they all.
They cried 'Le Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall.

"They told how she would keep them in.
Yea, even if they tried and tried
And I awoke and found me here
In class-room wide.

"So this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the others all have gone from school,
And no bells ring."

O teachers, read this rhyme, and see
How cruel sometimes you can be.
But should you think I e'er meant you,
Please don't my poem thus construe.
The teacher in this little rhyme,
Did NOT exist at any time.

"THE HOUSE-OF-DREAMS-COME-TRUE."

It's a long, long way to the House-of-Dreams,
To the "House-of-Dreams-Come-True;"
There's many a twist and many a turn,
And many a thing one must need to learn,
Before one reaches or comes in sight
Of the "House-of-Dreams-Come-True."

It's a dull, dull path to the House-of-Dreams
To the "House-of-Dreams-Come-True,"
It's dull and dreary and up-hill work
But you will reach it if you don't shirk
The obstacles, on your path that lurk,
On the path to the House-of-Dreams.

For there is a way to the House-of-Dreams,
To the "House-of-Dreams-Come-True,"
Though its pathways are steep and its valleys are deep,
And flowing through them are the tears you weep;
But come fine, come wet, we shall find it yet;
The "House-of-Dreams-Come-True."

B. Cochran, 2D.

THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD.

Clearer than the bells of Elf-land ringing through the moonlight clear,
Joyous as the song the birds sing when they know that Spring is here,
Filled with music as the streamlet running through the bushland wild,
Oh, what magic spells are woven by the laughter of a child!

Banishing all care and sorrow, hark! it takes us far away
To the land where we as children in our happiness did play;
And though the years their toll have taken, though our tempers are
not mild,
Still to Fairyland we're wafted by the laughter of a child

Jean Curtis, 5A.

THE SONG.

This is the song that once was sung
Under the world's first moon.
For the words are old and the rhythm is old
And ever so old its tune.

Just as the wind passed down the sky,
Over the sighing trees.
A piper came with a silver flute
Up from the yearning seas.

And he piped a song on the mountain side
Where the foaming falls go down.
And it echoed over the hills above
And over the sleeping town.

Only a man in an attic drear
Lit by the candlelight
Caught the sound of the piper's flute
Out of the moonlit night.

And that was the song you sang to me
Under the sleeping moon
For the words are old and the rhythm is old
And ever so old it's tune.

Grace Slinn, 2B.

WALLABY ROCK.

It is January, the thermometer on the shady verandah is showing 103°—no wonder we are feeling lazy and disinclined for strenuous exercise. A cooler and more enticing spot, however, awaits us, and the evening breeze will soon relieve the tension felt ever since the red orb of the sun rose over the pines and shed its crimson glow over the homestead of "Bromley."

As we pass down the sun-baked cattle track we are met by plaintive bleats, whines, cackles, and the moo-oo of the calves, as the pets of "Bromley" ask for our explanation of the terrible heat. The homestead becomes smaller behind us as we walk into the sunset, and the fences further apart, until at last we are out in the open. The dogs, which have lazily followed us in the hope of a rabbit supper, are watching a certain log closely, and—yes, there goes a little brown "bobtail." The dogs are off like a shot, the big kangaroo dog leading, with his three companions on his heels. He is gaining on the bounding shape before him—he is nearly level with it—and now the rabbit is rolled over by a knock of the dog's paw; he is up again but he has no chance of escape for the other dogs have come up panting to "be in at the kill."

We resume our walk up rocky ledges, down grassy slopes, at times following narrow sheep tracks, at others taking our course from the creek, which runs slowly along until it comes to our destination—Wallaby Rock.

A long hard climb ends abruptly at the edge of a deep gorge, approximately a thousand feet deep, with steep boulder-strewn sides, covered with sparse dry grass and thirsty-looking bushes and withered rock-flowers. Towering above all, like a mighty monarch is the giant granite formation—Wallaby Rock. Surrounding the summit of the rock

are many loose boulders and smaller stones, and, as we set one of the smaller ones rolling, it bounds its way down the steep descent, leaping from ledge to ledge, gaining speed at every inch, dislodging other stones on its way, and knocking from its path anything with which it comes in contact, and at last finding a resting-place in the miniature rapids at the base. Hundreds of its brethren have already found a similar bed, dislodged either by the hand of Nature or man, and the newcomer arrives in their midst without invitation or dignity, and announces its coming by the splash and the refreshing shower of spray which it sends up to the undergrowth on the banks.

Turning from the sunset, and leaving behind the rolling flats that stretch away towards the Wedd'in Ranges, we turn our steps homeward, taking a circuitous route which leads us over a hill honeycombed with prospectors' holes and old mine shafts. In olden days this country had been rushed by the eager fossickers, and several veins of rich gold had been found. Just at present another "find" having been made, several eager fortune-hunters are making another search and great hopes of luck are entertained.

The slanting rays of the sun lend enchantment to the peaceful scene. The birds are warbling their evening lullabies, and the rabbits are allowed to play in peace by the tired dogs, who have provided themselves with an ample supper, and are content to follow at our heels.

As the homestead is approached the cows are seen straggling in to be milked, and in one of the paddocks near by a cloud of dust rises. The paddock is a sea of gold in the last rays of the sun, and the grain it contains is swaying idly in the breeze. The stripper (in the cloud of dust previously seen) approaches the gate as it

ends its day's work. As the sun drops lower, we notice that half of the paddock has a queer shorn appearance where the ears of wheat have been cut straight off, and these, by the help of some mysterious machinery inside the stripper, are at present in a container ready to be bagged. The weary horses are watered and set free to roll on the dry grass. The day's work is done.

In the homestead a substantial meal being finished, the weary workers adjourn to the coolest spot on the verandah to enjoy the soft evening breeze with its scents of the harvest.

It is October. The wind is still very chilly in the morning, although at noon the sun is quite warm.

Spring is here, and it makes its appearance in the fresh green of the grass, the colourful beauty of the wild flowers, the marvellous gold of the wattle, and the general air of liveliness of the birds and animals.

Once more we set out for Wallaby Rock, but now, instead of our footsteps dragging, instead of that feeling of hot restlessness, we are full of the joy of living, glad to be free to tramp at will over the rejoicing countryside. Such beauty as now surrounds us would be hard to find anywhere else, with the trees washed clean and very bright and new-looking after the Snow Queen's visit, the new grass spreading like a thick carpet over the earth, and the cloudless blue of the smiling skies. Such is the beauty about us as we go, but mere words cannot possibly describe the scene which meets our gaze as we arrive at the edge of what is a very bower of loveliness.

On the opposite side of the gorge the green foliage mingles with the varying tones of the golden wattle, interspersed with streams of silver where the water has found its way from the near-

by hills to join in the Spring gladness of the valley and exhibiting the marvellous art of Mother Nature and the indescribable beauty of such of her masterpieces. Each bank is an exact replica of the other; and yet, how different, for no two pieces of nature's handiwork can ever be called the same.

Between the two banks, in the place of the quiet little creek bubbling gently over the rocks is a raging torrent dashing against the boulders, hurling clouds of mist-like spray into the air, transforming the background of gold and green into a thousand sparkling colours, and forming rainbows as the Spring sunshine glitters in the midst of the spray. Apart from its beauty, the creek is now of great strength. The mighty rush of water would generate sufficient electricity for the use of a vast city, but no such use is found for it. It spends its energy in creating the beauty that is seen by so few.

Leaving this Enchanted Valley, we return to the everyday affairs of life. Nearing the homestead another cloud of dust is seen. This time it is caused by thousands of sheep waiting to be shorn of their winter clothing to make next winter's supply for man. They are driven, protesting, up the narrow track to the waiting shears, and form, on their way, a highly indignant opinion of man, which is increased tenfold when mamma, having been relieved of her rich fleece, calls to her little son, only to be answered by a puzzled look and the reply, "You've got Mamma's voice, but you're not my Mamma. She always wears a dress."

BERYL SMITH, 3C.

EXCHANGES.

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

FROM SYDNEY TO ADELAIDE BY CAR.

After weeks of planning we set out at last to visit Adelaide, the "City of Churches," and the capital of South Australia.

Although it was fine and sunny when we left home, the sky soon became overcast, and, when we arrived at Bathurst large drops of rain were falling. While crossing the mountains everyone was forced to use headlights, as the mist was so dense that we could not see ten yards in front of us. However, as we neared Bathurst the blue sky re-appeared to promise many days of sunshine and summer ahead.

Bathurst, the "City of the Plains," was more flourishing than when we were there three years ago, but unfortunately we could not stay long, as night was coming on and we had to find a suitable camping ground. Meadow Flats, however, met all our needs, and the next day found us at Orange. Here we were amazed to see men sweeping oceans of water from the streets and shops, but learned that on the day before there had been a cloudburst, which resulted in ten feet of water in the garage where we were "filling-up," while one unfortunate man had his whole shop removed into the roadway.

Dubbo was our next "port-of-call," and we made our camp seven miles outside the town, at a large sandy flat, densely crowded with cassia and star thistles—not to mention ants. Next morning we were greeted by a few spots of rain, and our spirits fell, but in a few minutes the sky was bright and blue. We were travelling in wheat country, and in the stripped fields were to be seen bags of grain and here and there a reaper. Narromine, a busy little place was our next halt. This town is one of the principal wheat depots in N.S.W., and, as the mail train had just come in, everyone was running to and from the station.

Crested pigeons, galahs, apostles and magpies thronged the roadway, as we journeyed on, following the railway line all the way. We passed several experimental wheat farms, and at length reached Nyngan, the junction of the Main Western Highway, and the Barrier Highway. Nyngan is a dirty, hot, stuffy place, with scattered buildings. Following the Barrier Highway we set out for Cobar, a distance of about 87 miles, but as this was too much to do in an afternoon on such terrible roads, we camped at an old disused ballast mine. On the way we were delighted to see our first wild emu—we had seen a pet emu and kangaroo together near Molong. The country surrounding the camp was hilly and undulating, with patches of limestone on the red soil. The roads were a positive nightmare, miles of sharp loose metal, which is always hard on tyres, no matter how good they may be.

From the top of the old mine we obtained a beautiful view of the mountains on the left of Cobar. The azure of the sky formed a delightful background for the blue mist of the ranges, and the green and yellow of the plains, dotted here and there with white masses which represented the occasional flocks of sheep, while in the foreground was stretched out the red soil of the barren regions.

Just outside Cambelligo we saw a flock of sheep and goats, and stalking in the middle of them were two emus, which fled as soon as we approached. We reached Cobar about lunch-time, only to find that the whole place was closed for two hours for relaxation. At this end of the town are several mines, which are not working now, as Australia prefers to buy copper from South Africa rather than to use her own. Nevertheless, new machinery is being

installed in the gold mines to see if even a little profit can be realised.

Then came the long stretch—166 miles of barren deserted country, sometimes without a blade of grass for miles. Even the birds have deserted this part of the land, and the only people we met for almost two days—and then it was near Wilcannia—were a drover, a brander, and a tramp. En route we saw four kangaroos sitting together under a tree, and then, further along two others hopping away through the scrub. At Wilcannia, or rather at Murtee Station, eight miles from the town, we came upon the Darling River, and I, for one, was not favourably impressed by it, for the recent rains had made it a dirty muddy brown.

Wilcannia itself is as "dead as a door nail," because, being between Bourke and Broken Hill, it has very little traffic. It seemed strange to us to see the street lit by electricity, and yet, with goats ambling along as if nothing disturbed them. There is one main store there, a fine place built of brick, with large, spacious windows—a contrast to the dirty, grubby, cobwebby hovels we saw on the other side of the town.

We stayed a day and a half at the river, and then set out for Broken Hill. About forty miles from Wilcannia we saw two emus, and further on we saw two more, and this time were fortunate in getting some photos. That night we camped near Myalla Tank, one of the numerous Government tanks in the outback. The water at these places is soft and clear, and even on the hottest days, as cold as ice. The manager's wife gave us a large bottle of iced goat's milk, which tasted delicious after so strenuous a day.

Early next day we reached the "Hill," as it is commonly known. We crowded all our events into a few hours, and visited the Museum

and Art Gallery, and went over the North Mine. Broken Hill had been ravaged all that week by a dust storm, but nevertheless it appeared very bright and prosperous.

Outside the town, on the way to Cockburn, we experienced a series of amazing events. First we had a puncture, and when we were almost ready to go on, a man came past and inquired if everything was "O.K." Receiving an affirmative reply, he proceeded on his way, and a few minutes later he had a puncture. We stopped to help him and then drove on, but were unfortunate in having an old patch lift with the heat, so we stopped to blow up the tyre, and in the meantime he passed us. About a mile further on we saw him getting out to mend another puncture, but, by this time our tyre was as flat as a pancake, so we turned off the side of the road and camped in the sandy bed of a dry creek.

On Tuesday we crossed the South Australian border at Cockburn, and our journey from there to Clare was uneventful, except that we were caught in a heat wave and then in a dust storm. Our first impressions of South Australia were not very favourable—bad roads (worse than those of New South Wales—if that were possible!), barren country, little or no grass, sand and dust. In some places we had to cross creeks which, although dry then, would be raging torrents in wet weather; and (would you believe it?), we drove for nearly half a mile along the bed of one creek. Yet they said that it was a main road—all I ask is that if that was a main road, never let me travel on a side track!

The view from Clare of the surrounding country is absolutely beautiful. In the background are the blue and purple hills, bare of all trees, the rich dark red and black soil, fields of yellow wheat

and green lucerne, with the homestead nestling under a few pine trees near a stream of crystal water, while close to the roadway are the golden-brown haystacks and the cattle browsing in the shade. At last we began to see the real South Australia.

We followed the hayfields right into Adelaide, and about twenty miles from the city, a fox, with a most beautiful tail, ran right across the road in front of us. Imagine our surprise at seeing a fox less than twenty miles from a capital city! In the early hours of the day we reached our destination, and were amazed at the beauty of the city. Well laid-out parks and children's playgrounds adorn the streets, many of which are from two to three times the width of George Street. But the jay walking—well, the people of Sydney are no match for those of Adelaide!

We visited the Museum for a whole five minutes (they shut at 5 o'clock), but were too late to see the Art Gallery or the Zoological Gardens. The Torrens River, which flows right through Adelaide, is cool and fresh-looking, with willows growing on either bank, and black swans and grebe swimming in the shade. Two days and a half were spent in sight-seeing, and then—off again.

After passing through Gawler, Kapunda, Eudunda and Morgan, we camped at Overland Corner, a beautiful stretch of back-water from the Murray, abounding in duck and other game. This part of the country, which has been made famous by Newland's "Paving the Way," is mostly mallee with a few box trees here and there, and the soil is hard, red clay mixed with black loam.

Next day we regretfully left the water, but, on the road to the Boundary Fence, we were somewhat consoled by seeing first a single kangaroo and then a mother and her joey. Miles of sand

stretched out in front of us, but on we went till we reached the Boundary gate. The fence had been buried by sand four or five times since it was built, and new ones have been built over it; yet the old obelisk remains safe and sound. We proceeded two miles to Tareena, where we camped at the side of the lagoon. The level of the water has risen considerably owing to the numerous locks on both the Murray itself and Lake Victoria. That afternoon we unhitched the trailer and went shooting out at the creek, where we found hundreds of black swans, pelicans, cygnets, crane, ibis, ducks, grebe, water hen, and every other kind of aquatic birds.

Next morning we drove round to Lake Victoria, but, having taken the wrong turning, we missed the chance of a swim, but obtained a fine view of the lake itself—a broad stretch of water about twelve miles in diameter.

At last, after passing through Renmark, we reached Wentworth, a "dead" place; here we visited the Junction. The two rivers, the muddy-brown Darling, and the limpid-blue Murray, make a striking contrast as they "join forces," and on the bank, at the side of the lock is an obelisk, "erected to the memory of Captain Charles Sturt, who passed this spot 23rd January, 1830."

As there was no suitable camping ground, we went on till we reached the Abbotsford Bridge, over the Murray, about 17 miles from Mildura. The latter is an exceptionally fine town, laid out in American style, with palms and green lawns down the middle of each street, and vineyards on every hillside. The objects of interest for every tourist are the new futuristically-designed, red and white Methodist Church, the Chaffey Memorial, the Carnegie Institute, and the Grand Hotel.

Off we went again, through

mallee scrub and sandy roads, till we reached Euston, a town of goats, windmills, and cobwebs. On the other side of the river is the pretty little Victorian town of Robinvale, quite a contrast to Euston. Being now on good Victorian roads, we averaged 45 m.p.h., which was considered good as there was the heavy drag of the trailer behind us.

We soon made up for lost time, and the places seemed to fly past us—rivers, creeks, lignum and box flats, porcupine and mallee scrub, and whole plantations of callitris. Past Swan Hill we came to two of the most beautiful lakes we have ever seen—Lake Boga and Lake Charm. These two expansive stretches are covered with snowy "breakers," and form a strong contrast to the salt lakes on the other side of the road.

On to Kerang, Cohuna, Tur-rumberry, and then Echuca, a well-irrigated portion of Victoria, with canals of crystal-water running throughout the whole district, which is mostly taken up

with wheat farming and sheep and cattle raising. At last we got to Yarrawonga, one of the principal Murray towns, and on from there to Albury. We did not visit the Hume Weir this time, as we were anxious to be "making tracks" for home.

From Albury to Sydney took us a day and a half, and we reached home about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, after being away for exactly three weeks. Having done 2,453 miles in all, and having seen ten emus, eleven kangaroos, one fox, camel, and snake, we were not at all desirous of settling down to the monotonous life of the city. Nevertheless, we all have that bliss of solitude—

"So I might keep in the city and alleys

The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,

Charming to slumber the pain of my losses,

With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses."

G.R.A., 5A.

THE TAKING OF THE GRY.

Masefield's latest novel, "The Taking of the Gry" is a typical specimen of his work.

The scene is laid in the Eastern Spanish Main, the Tierra Firma, and the story deals with the Civil War between the Government and the Navy in Santa Ana and one of the Republics.

Charles Tarlton, one of those involved in the taking of the "Gry" tells the story, and begins by giving an account of the state of affairs in Santa Ana. The neighbouring Republic, Santa Barbara wishes to annex the former, and this project is likely to be successful owing to the fact that the President of Santa Ana favours it. He has the support of the Army, but the Navy is opposed to the scheme. Subsequently civil war breaks out between the State and the Navy.

Masefield deals with the following episode of the war:—

The "Gry," a Dutch steamer, is taken carrying a large consignment of rifles and ammunition for the rebel navy. Unless they can regain these weapons the rebels have little hope of success. Fortunately Tom Brown, or as he is called, Teniente Bronnay, with the aid of Tarlton his cousin, manages by an ingenious and hazardous strategy to tow the "Gry" out of the harbour of Santa Barbara in which it was moored. As the entrance to the harbour has been closed, the only way by which they are able to escape is by a dangerous channel through which Sir Francis Drake in days gone by entered the harbour.

Once the guns are conveyed to the rebels, the issue of the war is decided.

The story is told so vividly that it almost seems as if the reader is present himself. The fact that it is written in the first person enhances this effect, and Masefield omits no detail as being too trivial to interest us. It is one of Masefield's secrets, that he can provide the most exact details without ever boring us.

"Senora Grau carried a little despatch case; I had a hand-bag containing a lead-line with a seven-pound lead, and a Thompson's indicator."

Again, the story is made more interesting because we feel in reading the descriptions of the ships that the Poet Laureate is painting from personal observation, and that he knows and loves the sea. We feel that he believes what he is saying when he writes; "The sea is like rheumatism or marriage; it gets you before you know it: and it's hard to drop."

His pictures of the different types of seamen are also very striking, and we can see before us, with very little effort of the imagination, Captain Tollick, Harry, the "Roarer" and Senor Grau.

Masefield's style is intimate and winning. It seems as if he is standing before us telling us the story personally. He never uses long words or involved constructions, but he captures us all the more because of his simplicity.

We can see, quite easily, his admiration for that gallant sea-dog, Sir Frances Drake, and his contempt for "the fat cigar type of passenger."

His word pictures are very beautiful, and we can feel ourselves being transported to the scene which he is describing.

The elements of excitement and danger are also characteristics of the story, and our own hearts stand still as the ship is being piloted through the narrow and dangerous channel, where a false judgment would probably prove fatal.

I feel sure that it is permissible to say that in this, his latest novel, the Poet Laureate, had given to the world, a work which will obtain a place equal to that held by "The Bird of Dawning," the book that thrilled the literary world.

JEAN CURTIS, 5A.

MEDEA.

As she passed down the spacious lofty hall by her father's side, many were the admiring and fearful glances cast upon her. Tall and slender, her head flung back, she stepped with the air of a queen. Neither to the right nor left she glanced, but looked straight ahead, disdaining either to smile or frown as she gazed like a young seer, into the future. Her face was dark and haughty, and her raven hair hung in wild confusion half way down her back. Even the beauty of her full red lips could not conceal the lines of relentless cruelty about her mouth. But her eyes were the strangest, yet the most beautiful, feature of her face. All her wild lawless character shone

from their depths. None could say what colour they were, though thousands of tints flashed from them. When she was angry they blazed black; and red lights of fury shot forth from the cauldron of seething wrath which they held. When she was working some charm they were black too, but with the darkness of mystery. Generally they were brown, a deep and ever-changing brown, underneath which were pools of green and gold and ruby. Sometimes this cloak was drawn aside and then—woe to those who looked thereon!

Marvellous eyes which reflected her lonely midnight vigils and magic communications with spirits! No man could look into

those eyes: no man dared: all eyes fell to the ground when Medea passed.

Jason alone gazed spellbound. Had it been anyone else, she would have slain him with a look, but not even a goddess is immune from love. The long, dark, silken lashes drooped for a second over those wonderful eyes, so fascinating and alluring. Just for a moment, however. Once again she swept the long hall with her exul-

tant glance. But now a gleam of doubt, of terror, mingled with its haughty triumph.

When Jason entered the fateful cage, none noticed Medea's long slender hands clasp and unclasp, or observed her lips tremble with suppressed agitation. At last the enchantress knew what it was to fear. For the first time she doubted her own power.

MARIE KNUCKEY, 3C.

WHERE THE WINDS ARE ALL ASLEEP.

One day little Peggy was lying on a rock watching the playful waves dashing against it and touching her with their cool, foamy spray. How happy she was, when, suddenly, a gust of wind came and blew her hat into the air. The wind was in a playful mood that day, for it kept on tossing her hat high up above the waves, and it would even come near the rock on which Peggy was, and she would lean up and try to catch it by the strings, but all in vain. Then, while standing up, she lost her balance and fell into the water below.

Down, down, down! Would she ever come to the bottom? Peggy thought to herself that she would not like to be a mermaid if she had to live among the queer fish that she saw. Thump! She was at the bottom, and about her were many startled and surprised mermaids. They thought she was a new playmate, and readily offered to let her join in their games. They played hide-and-seek with the star-fish, and they had a competition, and the mermaid who gathered most shells was put in charge of Peggy.

The mermaid who won the competition was small and fair, with long golden curls in which was entwined a garland of moss and sea-flowers, and her name was Blue Eyes.

With Blue Eyes, Peggy visited the homes of some of the mermaids, the star-fish, and the water nymphs. After a while they visited the queen's palace. This was very large and beautiful. It was made of pink pearl shell, and at the windows were curtains of silk, woven from some fine sea silk. The queen herself was very beautiful, and had on a gown of purplish brown petals from the iris, which grew on the river bank. Her crown was made of pearls and white pearl shell. She also had a silver locket adorning her white throat. She was very delighted to meet Peggy, and asked her to come to the "Sea-Folk's Ball."

Peggy went to the ball and sat next to the queen in the seat of honour. "What gay dresses they wear!" she thought. When the ball had ended, the queen announced that she was going to present Peggy with a gift. Can you think what it might be? I do not suppose you can, so I will tell you; it was Peggy's own hat! She thanked the queen and mermaids and the other fish for giving her her hat, and she changed her opinion about living among the fish, and wished that she could stop longer with the mermaids, but, of course, one can not always stay away from one's own home.

JOYCE WATSON, 1E.

THE WORLD JAMBOREE.

It was my pleasure during the Christmas vacation, 1934-1935, to attend the Victorian Centenary Girl Guide Rally as one of the two Guides selected from Fort Street.

The Girl Guide Rally was held in conjunction with the International Boy Scout Jamboree held at Frankston, Victoria, and since this latter function has attracted much world-wide publicity, I thought a short article on the subject might interest the readers of this magazine.

This was the sixth International Jamboree held by the Boy Scout Movement. The previous ones were Olympia, 1920; Wembley, 1924; Kopenhagen, 1928; Arrowe Park, England, 1929 (celebrating twenty-one years of scouting); Godollo, Hungary, 1933.

It is the firm belief of Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell that international goodwill can best be brought about by the youth of all countries of the world meeting in personal contact, so that in later life they will appreciate "the other fellow's point of view," e.g., the Arrowe Park Jamboree, which celebrated the Coming-of-Age of Scouting, saw representatives of no less than 45 different nation-

alities come together to proclaim the Founder of the movement as the World Chief Scout

The greatness of the distance restricted the Frankston Jamboree to 24 nationalities, representing every country in the Southern Hemisphere, together with contingents from England and the Continent.

The organisation necessary to bring 11,000 Scouts together for a period of ten days was no mean feat, and received great praise from Lord Baden-Powell, who said he had never attended a better organised Jamboree.

The site was one mile from one of Melbourne's best beaches, and covered three hundred and thirty acres of good bushland. The camp was properly sub-divided, and the well constructed roads were lit with electricity. The camp was equipped with a well-staffed hospital, which, fortunately, had no serious cases to attend.

The most important part of the camp to the general public was the arena where the most inspiring sight took place, when Scouts of all the world hailed their Chief.

ETHEL SAVAGE, 4C.

A DAY AT SINDAL WITH LADY BADEN-POWELL.

Anyone who walked along Douglas Street, Toorak, on the morning of that memorable Thursday must have wondered why sixty navy-clad forms ran so busily to and fro at "Glamorgan." The explanation, however, is simple enough. It was January 3rd, the day appointed for a picnic at Sindal with Lady Baden-Powell; moreover, the patrol leaders were to lunch with her.

At eleven o'clock a happy band set out from Glamorgan, a charming old school where we were billeted while in Melbourne. On arrival at Flinders Street Railway Station, we met many other

Guides, all bound for the same destination. We boarded one of the special trains awaiting us there, and after about half an hour's travelling we arrived at the quaint little wayside station of Sindal. A short distance away, we saw many Guides seated in the cool shade of the trees, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Lady Baden-Powell. Having selected a shady spot, we, too, sat down to wait. Soon, however, word was sent round that the patrol leaders were to take their lunch and cross the stream to a similar stretch of land, where the Chief Guide was expected presently. Just at that moment Lady Baden-Powell was

seen making her way down the opposite hill, in the midst of an excited crowd of Guides. She was in conversation with two or three of her companions, but as we joined the group she waved and smiled at us in a friendly manner. Making our way further down the stream, we again crossed it by means of a wooden bridge made by some of the Guides themselves. Lady Baden-Powell then sat down to luncheon with the leaders grouped about her.

After some little time, the leaders were sent back to tell their less fortunate sisters that the Chief Guide would soon be round to see them. Immediately the Guides began to pack their things together tidily, and were soon assembled in a large circle. On her arrival, the Chief was welcomed by loud cheering.

The Chief Guide then gave a short account of her own life and that of her husband and daughters, Heather and Betty, who are now secretaries to their father and mother respectively.

In 1910, while making a sea trip with her father, she met Baden-Powell, the distinguished hero of Mafeking, who told her many interesting things about Scouting, which he had introduced to the world two years previously. In a few days she had decided that he was the Only Man, and he had decided she was the Only Woman. Several years after their return to England, they were married, and since then the Chief Scout has had a very busy life of Scouting, his wife assisting him in his work, and also devoting much of her time to Guiding.

Both their charming daughters have worked their way through guiding, beginning as Brownies. Their mother said of them, "There was nothing outstanding about them as Brownies, they were just ordinary, not even good Brownies. In fact, they were bad Brownies. They then became ordinary

Guides, and from that position have risen to their present office."

When she had finished telling us of her home life, the Chief Guide told us some interesting facts about Guiding in general, and introduced us to Mrs. Storrow, who recently donated a Swiss Chalet to the movement. She then announced that she was willing to answer any questions we might like to ask her about guiding. Many questions were showered upon her, regarding our coloured sisters, the uniform of a certain rank, and the honour denoted by a certain badge.

Autographs were, of course, on this day, forbidden things, but snapshots were not, and having concluded her address, Lady Baden-Powell selected a sunny spot, where she stood, smiling charmingly, while hundreds of guides snapped their beloved Chief.

Waving and smiling, the Chief Guide returned to the roadway, where her car awaited her.

So ended an almost perfect day.

ETHEL PIERCE, 4A.

BARE ISLAND.

Bare Island! What a bare (hence its peculiar name), uninteresting place it seems on first sight — merely a tiny grass-covered island connected with the mainland by a very dilapidated and unsafe wooden bridge. Yet this was once the defence of Botany Bay, and the fort from which, up till 1910, the salute was fired on the anniversary of the landing of Captain Cook.

The fort, which was completed in 1885, after three years of building, is still of intense interest. For so small a place it is surprising what a maze of passages have been cut in the rock. Perhaps it is the more bewildering because the passages are so short and often lead round in circles.

There are still two guns left on the island, each of them weighing

about twenty tons. These and the remains of a gun and three useless shells which were thrown over on to the rocks are the only relics of the days when forty rank and file, and three officers inhabited the fort.

Now it is consigned to the use of war veterans, preferably those in military service before 1885. They have cultivated garden plots in all the look-outs, and given the fort quite a homely appearance. One of the first company of veterans in 1912 was Mr. Powell, treasurer for the Maoris in the Maori War, and instrumental in bringing about peace.

However, up till 1921 gunners and a non-commissioned officer were kept on the island, and in the olden days when there were few trams, and the country around La Perouse was very wild, an escort of two gunners and a non-commissioned officer used to meet the last tram at Botany and bring the ladies to their homes in safety.

SMALL BOYS.

Small boys! Do not the very words suggest grubby hands, snub noses and adorable dusky-brown eyes? On the whole, small boys are mischievous little fiends whose sole pleasure is in annoying and destroying. Of course, one must realize that there are exceptions, such as the coy little fellow, usually called Cuthbert. This immaculate little child is never seen with his nice silk socks around his ankles. Cuthbert plainly has a worshipping mamma. When he goes to town his hands are never dirty, as those of an ordinary small boy who yields to the temptation of such sticky lollies as "all-day-suckers."

Sometimes, very rarely in fact, one finds small boys thoughtful, studious and considerate. These peculiar and very uncommon boys are thin, pale and weak.

Nevertheless, small boys are

Beneath the bridge on the island one of the gunners of the fort built himself a stone hut, in which he still lives while superintending the fishing that is carried on about the island.

There is also a legend about a deep well in the fort, in which an octopus is said to reside. Every fine day at noon it is supposed to come up and stretch itself in the sun, but I have not yet met anyone who has actually seen it.

On the approach to the fort is a quaint old stone house which was the first Customs House in Australia, but is now the home of a snake-charmer and seven hundred snakes, which he has caught around Botany Bay.

Bare Island has not outlived its use, for it is now a pleasant home for old soldiers, many of whom have fought, not only in one war, but two.

DOROTHY WOODROW, 4A.

dear little chaps, even when they spill ink all over one's Science books, and tear one's History homework to shreds. Little men indeed, when they are able proudly to show their first trouser pocket.

There are also boys with sharp, thin features and piercingly bright eyes and very funny abrupt little ways. Many little boys like to indulge in all that is naughty. Boys will be boys, and so small boys will be small boys. What small boy has never been enticed over a fence to the apple tree of some neighbour? What boy has never been threatened with "The policeman will come and get you?"

BENNETTE McCLELLAND, 2A.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE LITTLE GREY LADY.

The little grey lady sat on the homestead verandah, gazing with her dim old eyes across the parched paddocks. There was little else to do but gaze, at least, for an old lady like her, she thought wistfully. Of course, for the men, there was always too much. Heartbreaking work, too, it must be, seeing the poor cattle and sheep dying under their very eyes.

Oh, the pathos of it! The little grey lady's heart ached.

It was a wonderful country, with beauty even in its ugliness, if one had only eyes to see. But its beauty was always so tragic, somehow—she could not express it, but she knew what she meant.

She found herself longing for the cool green, old, rural lanes near a little town in Sussex, a little town to which she had waved good-bye from the window of the fussy, noisy, little railway-train, forty years ago.

Then she had been a young girl, with softly waving brown hair, and grey, questioning eyes.

Now, she was what everybody called her, a grey little lady.

She had grey in her hair, and in her eyes; a slightly faded grey now, as if it, too, had grown exhausted in a fruitless struggle with the elements, and had succumbed patiently and listlessly to their ruthless force. Her outlook was a little grey, perhaps. Her life had not been very happy. This country was not for timid souls like her, she reflected. It was meant for strong, virile people, exulting in battle, dogged and persistent in spirit, people whose heart did not fail them at a succession of droughts and bush-fires, who were able to console themselves with the thought of the rain, and the compensations it would bring when it came. Ah, when? thought the little grey lady drearily. This time she did not believe it would ever rain again.

True, the sky was a mass of dark clouds, but how many times had that sight aroused hope in the hearts of the people on the land, hope that was only to be dashed, rudely and hopelessly, into nothingness?

She closed her eyes. She could see a little cottage, vine-embowered, redolent of lavender and old lace, a little garden, full of London pride, wallflower, stock, forget-me-not, blackthorn, hawthorn—oh, what memories they brought!

There was a girl in the garden, with a wide, shady hat, picking flowers. Now and then she would lift her face to laugh at a pert little sparrow on her shoulder. A terrible wave of longing bore the little grey lady on its wings, and set her heart beating violently to see that cottage in reality.

After all, Jack was twenty-nine, Janet twenty. They would not need her now. And she could go home, exulting in every mile disappearing behind her, exulting as she came nearer and ever nearer to the shores of the land she loved, loved passionately, with all the love of her tired heart.

She would walk in at the gate. . . . The cottage must still be there—oh, yes, it must be there, just—just till she saw it again. Yes, she would walk in at the gate, and the delicate, hauntingly sweet scent of the hawthorn would assail her—yes, yes, she would go home.—The clouds were deepening in the Australian sky. But the little grey lady heeded them not—yes, she would go home. She nodded her old head gently. A tender, reminiscent smile played around her lips. . . . The rain began to fall. . . . The little grey lady slept. . . . And the gentle raindrops pattered on the roof like a soothing benediction, as the soul of the little grey lady slipped out into the mist. . . .

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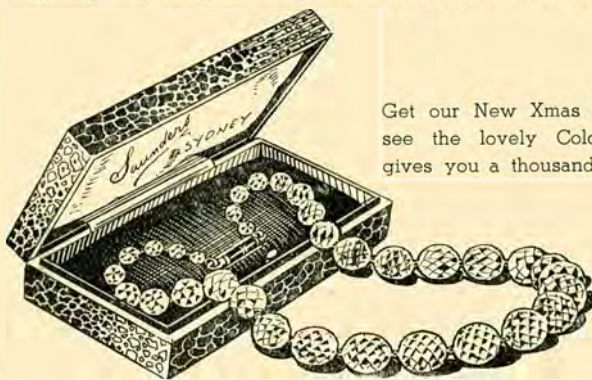
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