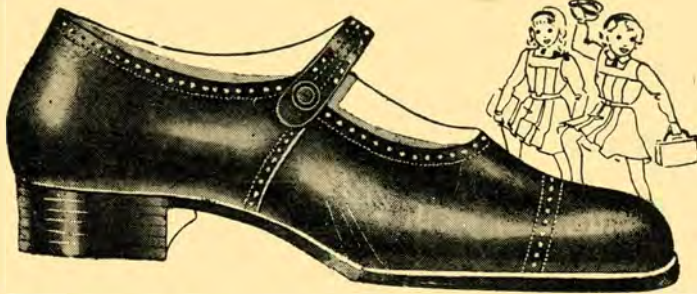




THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 5

November, 1935



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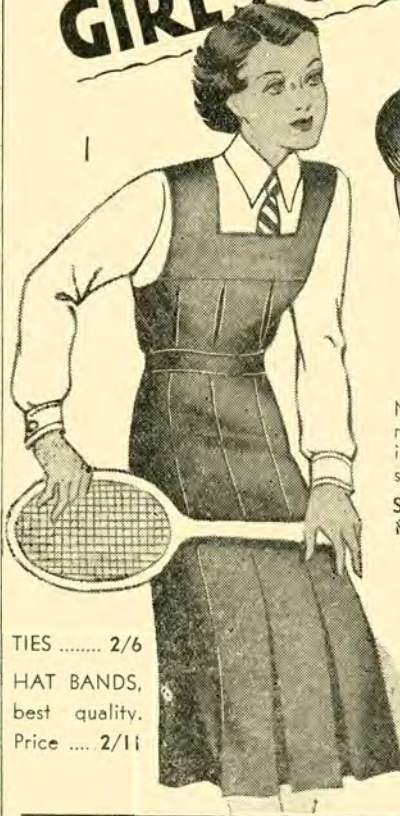
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THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
NOVEMBER, 1935

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

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Captain, 1935: CLARICE HAMILTON.



SPEAKERS ON EMPIRE DAY, 1935.
Phyllis Corner, Clarice Hamilton, Sir Mungo MacCallum (Chancellor of the University), Bessie Harris.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

When on the morning of 24th May, the girls of the Fort Street Girls' High School assembled to celebrate Empire Day, it was with a renewed sense of loyalty to the Throne. For this year they celebrated not only the birthday of Queen Victoria, but also the Silver Jubilee of the ruling King.

Among the many visitors to the school were Sir Mungo and Lady MacCallum, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Drummond, the Minister for Education, Mr. Clyne, Mrs. Little, the District Guide Commissioner, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell.

Mr. Drummond, who took the chair, made an impressive speech, setting before us the beautiful example of Queen Victoria, both in her home life and as Queen and Empress.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman Parker, who is an old Fortian, and always a welcome visitor, gave a brief account of the life and reign of Queen Victoria.

Sir Mungo MacCallum, the Chancellor of the University, in an eloquent speech, quoted the King's message to the Youth of the Empire. He stressed the importance of double loyalty—loyalty to King and Empire, and loyalty to one's own native land. In comparing the British Empire with the Empires of old, he said that it was not so much power, extent of colonies, or vastness of resources that

would make it endure to conquer new worlds where others had failed, but the spirit of goodwill.

Bessie Harris and Phyllis Corner (prefects) gave very interesting addresses on "Goodwill among the Nations," and "Commonwealth Day" respectively.

The choir, ably conducted by Mrs. James, rendered two Empire songs, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the "Recessional" and the National Anthem.

M. McKechnie, 4A.

o o o o

At the invitation of Mr. Carne, Head Master of Ultimo School, two of the prefects addressed the pupils there. Ellen Swann spoke of the "Pioneers" and their work as empire-builders, while Jean Livingston chose as her subject. "Foundation Day."

Mr. Carne wrote to Miss Cohen a letter appreciating these girls' carefully thought-out and well-delivered addresses.

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THE PREFECTS' PRIZES.

Once again the Prefects awarded prizes for the best essays written on Empire Day. J. Barnett won the Senior Prize, the subject being "What has King George's Reign Meant to the Empire?" and H. Keavney wrote the best essay in the Junior School on "The Work of King George in the Empire."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS DAY.

For years it has been a custom of the school for two girls from Fourth Year to deliver addresses on the League of Nations. This year, Jean Palmer and Alva Moreton had the honour of being chosen for the task.

The subject matter was divided into two parts. Jean Palmer dealt with the League as regards the question of war, and spoke of the wonders that the League has accomplished in this field, and of the

various societies formed to help in the prevention of war. Alva Moreton dealt with the League as a social body, mentioning the organizations formed both in the interests of peace and for the general good of the people of the world.

Both girls made their subject so interesting, and delivered their lectures so well, that the audience could not fail to be interested to the very end. Joy Putland, 4A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The monthly debates have been marked by great enthusiasm, and have proved very interesting. A wide range of subjects has been discussed, including "The Accomplishments of the Post-war Generation are as high as those of the Victorian Era," in which representatives of Fifth Year upheld the Government and three Fourth Years formed the Opposition; "The benefits that the world has received from the League of Nations justify its existence"—in this case, both sides were supported by Fifth Year girls; and "The present-day system of education is not in the best interests of the pupils," in which the Government and Opposition were each upheld by a representative of Fourth, Third and Second Year.

Since the last report the most important debates of the year have been held—namely those between our brother school (Fort Street Boys' High School), and our own.

On the twenty-first of June, the boys visited us and the subject debated was "A Dictatorship is preferable to a Democracy." The Government was strongly supported by Messrs. Jones, Ross and Ward, and the Opposition comprised Misses Phyllis Corner, Jean Livingston and Maria Boldini.

Everyone present enjoyed the afternoon immensely, and we would like to take this opportunity to thank Professor Wallace, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, for adjudicating on this occasion, and to tell him how much we appreciated the honour he con-

ferred on the School by his presence.

The return debate was held at the Boys' School on the fifth of July. The same teams debated the subject, "The Press is mightier than the Pulpit," the girls again forming the Opposition. All Fortians will be glad to hear that the girls were successful on both occasions. Mr. Alan Clunies Ross, who kindly adjudicated this debate, gave the teams some very good hints.

This year, a new series of debates has been instituted. These were sponsored by the English-Speaking Union, and consisted of three rounds of debates in which the eight Girls' High Schools took part. The teams were confined to Fourth Year girls, and Fort Street's team, consisting of Valerie Hands, Phyllis Wiles and Natalie Wright, debated with Sydney, North Sydney and Newcastle High Schools. Our team was successful in the first two rounds, but in the final debate, held at the English-Speaking Union's Rooms, our girls were defeated by representatives from Newcastle by a narrow margin of points. We congratulate the girls on their splendid work on all three occasions. The debates, as the adjudicators remarked, were of an unusually high standard.

We trust that the enthusiasm which has characterised the Society's activities during this year will be maintained in the ensuing year, and that our efforts in the competition will be crowned with success.

Jean Palmer, Fourth Year Representative.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

The school concert, always a very pleasant occasion, was held in the Assembly Hall on August 19th and 20th. The hall was crowded on both occasions, many of the girls' parents and friends being present. The school was also honoured by the presence of several distinguished guests, including Lady Parker, the Lady Mayor-ess, and the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, the Premier.

The concert was opened by the school orchestra, which rendered selections from "The Merry Widow," and also "Il Bacio."

Miss Collins' first play, "The Enchanted Christmas Tree," was then presented. This was the story of an old gentleman and his wife who did not like children, and had not the spirit of Christmas in their hearts. They had, however, a very kind maid who was fond of children. These parts were ably and amusingly acted by Jean Baker, Dorothy Haines and Helen Robertson respectively. The bringing of an enchanted Christmas tree to the house instead of placards intended to keep strangers away from it had a pretty and amusing result. When the old gentleman and his wife finally realised that both of them had only pretended to dislike children, thinking that by so doing they were pleasing each other. So the play ended happily with the old couple's realisation of what Christmas means.

Then "The Weaving Dance" was cleverly given by Year III., after which "Short Rods" and "Mazurka" were performed by Year V. and Year IV. respectively. Later in the evening, exercises and an-

imal walks were given by Year II., and Year I. daintily danced their "Frolic." In all these items could be seen Miss Anderson's careful training.

Next the choir, ably conducted by Mrs. James, sang clearly their three songs, and this completed the first half of the programme.

During the interval, Miss Cohen introduced the Premier, Mr. Stevens, who made a short but interesting speech.

The orchestra again opened the second half of the programme with two beautifully rendered items.

After these, the second play was performed. This was called "The Heir to the Throne of Wu," and told how the second wife (Joyce Board) of Wu Sin Yin the Great, played by Gloria Delofski, because of the wicked promptings of her maid, became jealous of Wu Sin Yin's first wife (Dorothy Woodrow). So it was ordered that the first wife and her baby son were to be killed. However, the mother died and her son was rescued by a farmer and his wife, and was brought up by them. When the son of Wu Hoo Git, played by Jean Palmer, grew up, he began to search for his real mother, and in doing this, he met Plum Blossom (Bessie McVicar), with whom he fell in love. Finally he became Emperor, and made Plum Blossom his wife.

Both of the plays were well acted by all the characters, and their creditable performances, we feel sure, were greatly due to Miss Collins' untiring efforts on their behalf.

Three items, well sung by the choir, and well conducted by Mrs. James, concluded the programme, which everyone greatly enjoyed.

Lucy Graham, 4A.

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Fort Street Girls Singing at the Town Hall.

By courtesy of the "Telegraph"

CHORAL WORK.

This year we choir girls, as usual, have worked very hard and have added numerous choral items to our repertoire.

We commenced our work with the Eisteddfod in view, and the thought of again winning the shield, which we have won for the last two years, spurred us on. Many of the selected songs were extremely difficult, but under the tuition of Mrs. James we mastered each one. The first year girls, who have worked exceptionally well, are to be congratulated; open mouths, round tone and expression have been mastered.

The Eisteddfod opened with the Hymn Section. Unfortunately we did not succeed, but were awarded 175 marks out of a possible 200.

At the second concert, which took place at the Town Hall, our orchestra competed in the Orchestral Section, gaining 80 marks—3rd place.

In the Champion Junior Section we again took second place. In the Champion State School Section, which was indeed difficult, we were awarded the champion marks—93 for one song and 91 for the other, so gaining the much desired shield. Ninety-one and 90 marks were awarded to us for the Champion Girls' Choir, and in this section we gained second place.

This success in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod is entirely due to Mrs. James' untiring work and devotion to her choir.

Norma Abernethy,
Fourth Year Music Class.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC CLASSES.

The thirty-three girls in the violin classes drawn from Second and Third Years have just completed their first year of work. Mrs. James, who has made the lessons most interesting, is very pleased with their progress. Besides acquiring technique, each girl is able to play about twelve pieces, in fact, some of the girls have performed at concerts in their own suburbs. Muriel Angel and Margaret Dunlop, of Third Year, and Mary Best and Thelma McKeon, of

Second Year, have made remarkable progress.

In the Orchestral Section at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, the School Orchestra was awarded 80 marks for their performance of a fairly difficult piece "Loin du Bal." At the recent school concert they played "Loin du Bal," "Glow Worm," "Il Bacio," and "The Merry Widow Waltz."

Mrs. James hopes to form a new violin class of First Year girls this month.

PIANOFORTE CLASS.

There are four girls in this class, and Mrs. James has entered all four for the State Conservatorium Examinations.

Kathleen Gillies, of Fifth Year, is taking Grade II. as a Leaving Certificate Examination subject, while Gwenyth Rowe and Jean Clutterbuck, of Fourth Year Music Class, are preparing for Grade III., and Dorothy James, from the same

class, Grade V. pianoforte.

The girls are very grateful to Mrs. James, whose untiring enthusiasm has given them a love for beautiful music and an opportunity of correctly studying the queen of instruments—the piano.

All these girls are to sit for their examinations on November 9th, and the school wishes them success.

Betty Sangster, 4C.

THE BROADCAST.

On Saturday morning, 21st September, our School Choir broadcast once again from Station 2GB, when we sang at Uncle Frank's "Cheer-up Session." As a rule at this session the choirs sing for only half an hour, the remaining half-hour being given over to recorded orchestral items, but our school was given the honour of providing the whole programme.

The choir rendered a number of items under the able baton of Mrs. James, including the test pieces of the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Uncle Frank was so delighted with "Keep on Hoping" and "Gogy-O-Gay," that he asked for them to be repeated, but unfortunately there was only time to sing the former.

Our School Orchestra also performed several pieces including "Loin du Bal," the item selected for the Eisteddfod.

One of our First Year girls, Leslie Herron, who obtained third place in the "under fourteen years" section, sang "Nymphs and Shepherds" very sweetly.

The School captain, Clarice Hamilton, on the invitation of Uncle Frank to say a few words, made a very creditable short speech about the School.

Since the broadcast, Miss Cohen and Mrs. James have received several letters from listeners expressing their appreciation of our programme. Gwenth Rowe, 4A.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE DIPLOMAS, 1935.

The following girls are to be congratulated on their success in the above examination:—

Grade II.: Maria Boldini, Phyllis Corner, Clarice Hamilton.

Grade III.: Sybil Austin, Phyllis Evans, Marjorie Glasson, Mavis Heckenberg, Helen Henderson, Hazel Keavney, Joan Kelly, Marie Le Neuf, Melbra Lyons, Edna Maye, Patricia Miller, Betty Moffitt, Norma Murray, Pamela Nixon,

Jean Palmer, Joan Petterson, Cecily Robinson, Alison Sinclair, Heather Stewart, Audrie Tetley, Peggy Weine.

Grade IV.: Shirley Huxley, Judith Parks, Joyce Travers.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The librarians are pleased to record a busy term, with many girls using the library.

We wish to thank Miss Weston for a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Rosemary Stepto for Morton's book, "In the Steps of the Master." Other new books added to the library are:—"Modern Poets" (Macmillan), "Great Contemporaries," "Landtakers," "The King's Grace," a Chesterton Omnibus "Father Brown Stories," Gibbs' "European Journey," Walpole's "Jeremy," Priestley's "Figures in Modern Literature," Recent Prose by Masefield, "Our Neighbours," "A Modern History of Europe," 1046-1918; Laurence Housman's "Queen's Progress," "Mayflower Men," "The Post War World," by Hampden Jackson, Riegel's "Industrial Chemistry," Sherwood Taylor's "Chemistry."

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

THE FICTION LIBRARY.

The library still retains its popularity, especially with First Year girls. We are pleased to report that the number of books available has been increased by about 130, chiefly school stories, acquired during the Book Drive held at the end of last term. The success of the drive was chiefly due to the efforts of 2B and 2A, who brought many books to add to the number. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who helped us by bringing books.

We regret the loss of our chief librarian, Monica Gardiner, who has left to take up other work.

M. Lee, P. Propert, and F. Taylor, Librarians.

THE JUNIOR THEATRE LEAGUE.

Again Miss Collins is to be congratulated on winning the J. C. Williamson Masque, awarded annually to the school presenting the best play at the competition held under the auspices of the above League. This is the third occasion on which Miss Collins has been awarded the trophy with a band of players from this School. The successful play, "The Heir to the Throne of Wu," was written and most artistically staged by Miss Collins. The girls taking part were Norma Abernethy, Betty Haley, Gloria Delofski, Joyce Board, Lil-

wyn Stoker, Joyce Putland, Margaret Potter, Dorothy Woodrow, Gloria Hill, Jean Palmer, Bessie McVicar, Alva Moreton, Gloria Turner and Della Wilkinson. The orchestra consisted of Dorothy Dodd (piano), Sonia Sork, Marjorie Young and Dorothy Dodd. They all reflected the greatest credit on the producer of the play.

HEALTH WEEK.

The pupils of the School had the privilege of being addressed by Professor Harvey Sutton on the "Three Essentials of Beauty."

TENNIS.

Once more the tennis season has drawn to a close. The members of the B Grade team covered themselves with glory by winning the B Grade Shield for Secondary Schools, which was an excellent achievement. The girls of the A Grade team, although they did not succeed in winning the coveted shield, did themselves credit by coming third. With these promising players at school next year, Fort Street should have a good chance of winning both shields.

In the Schools' Holiday Tournament, held by the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association at the White City in September, J. McCredie and C. Hamilton, and E. Maye and I. Parkes reached the quarter and semi-finals respectively of the girls' C Grade doubles. C. Hamilton and J. McCredie were beaten in the finals of the B Grade Mixed Doubles by a narrow margin.

On behalf of the teams, I should like to thank Miss Nicol-Murray and Miss Anderson for the great interest they have taken in us, and to wish the future teams the best of good luck.

Clarice Hamilton, Captain.

BASKET BALL.

Having reached the close of the season, it is with happy memories that we review exciting contests fought for the "old school." Although some of us may never again engage in such struggles for the honour of Fort Street, still we leave it to those remaining at school to carry out the work of recovering both the "A" and "B" shields.

Although neither team was successful in winning the competition this year, yet both played splendidly, training vigorously and displaying the greatest enthusiasm, and the sportsmanlike spirit of all matches was worthy of Fortians.

The "A" team won three matches, but was beaten by St. George 4-3, and Sydney High, 14-8; and the "B" team won two matches and drew with Sydney High, 10-10.

We wish to express our heartiest congratulations to Sydney High upon their winning both "A" and "B" shields.

Much of the success of both teams is due to the energy and interest displayed by Miss Anderson, and we here take the opportunity of expressing our appreciation of all she has done for us.

Margaret Brodbeck, Captain.



*JEAN COLEMAN,
Winner of the School Championship.*

By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

OUR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The twenty-fifth Annual Athletic Sports were held this year on August 9th. Once again the Sydney Sports Ground resounded to shouting and happy laughter as gaily be-ribboned girls cheered on their representatives to victory. Fortunately, the weather for the greater part of the day was fine, and the programme was able to be carried out without much delay.

Of the forty-six events, the most keenly contested were the obstacle and orange races, but those

watched with most interest were the School Championship and the Ball Games. The 3A girls were overjoyed when their teams obtained first place in the Tunnel Ball and in the Under and Over Ball.

Jean Coleman and O. Knowles proved to be the most outstanding athletes of the day, and were presented with the Senior and Junior Cups respectively.

Much credit is due to Miss Anderson and those members of the

Staff who assisted her, for the efficient way in which the programme was arranged and carried out. We would also like to thank Mr. Helling, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Johnson, who acted as judges, and Mr. Gelholme, who was the starter, and thus showed their interest in the school in a very practical way once more.

The competitors in each race eagerly contested the various events, making manifest the true sporting spirit which is expected of every Fortian.

When the last event on the programme had been carried out and all were setting out on the homeward journey, the talking and laughter, as amusing incidents of the day were recalled, showed that a very pleasant day had been spent by everyone.

The following are the results:—

School Championship (100 yds.): J. Coleman, 1; O. Knowles, 2; B. Fletcher, 3. Time, 12secs.

Junior Championship (75 yds.): O. Knowles, 1; B. Fletcher, 2; B. Probert, 3. Time, 9½secs.

17 Years Championship (75 yds.): N. Light, 1; E. Swann, 2; J. Livingstone, 3. Time, 10½secs.

16 Years Championship (75 yds.): J. Coleman, 1; M. Brodbeck, 2; J. Grieve, 3. Time, 9½secs.

15 Years Championship (75 yds.): M. Hickton, 1; V. Hands, 2; N. Pope, 3. Time, 9½secs.

14 Years Championship (75 yds.): O. Knowles, 1; B. Fletcher, 2; M. Williamson, 3. Time, 9½secs.

13 Years Championship (50 yds.): B. Probert, 1; Z. Segal, 2; J. Dircks, 3. Time, 7secs.

12 Years Championship (50 yds.): E. Melville, 1; M. Schuback, 2; A. Shuttleworth, 3. Time, 7½secs.

11 Years Championship (50 yds.): U. Hagan, 1; A. Dircks, 2; F. Elphick, 3. Time, 8secs.

Upper School Relay (400 yds.): 3A, 1; 3C, 2; 4C, 3.

Lower School Relay (300 yds.): 2D, 1; 2C, 2; 2E, 3.

Skipping Race (75 yds.): J. Coleman, 1; M. Hickton, 2; V. Hands, 3. Time, 9½secs.

Junior Skipping Race (50 yds.): O. Knowles, 1; B. Probert, 2; H. Stewart, 3. Time, 7½secs.

Sack Race (25 yds.): G. Bell, 1; G. O'Dea, 2; M. Boldini, 3. Time, 7secs.

Junior Sack Race (25 yds.): C. Butterfield, 1; D. Gardiner, 2; A. Clibbens, 3. Time, 7secs.

Orange Race (20 yds.): J. Coleman, 1; V. Parkes, 2; B. Laney, 3. Time, 18½secs.

Junior Orange Race (20 yds.): M. Lyons, 1; J. Beaver, 2; J. Stewart, 3. Time, 19secs.

Tunnel Ball: 3A, 1; 3B, 2; 2D, 3. Overhead Ball: 5A, 1; 2A, 2; 3A, 3. Under and Over Ball: 3A, 1; 2A, 2; 4B, 3.

Obstacle Race (120 yds.): G. Smith, 1; M. Lyons, 2; N. Robbins, 3.

Margaret Potter, 4A.

HOCKEY.

Although we are disappointed that neither hockey team succeeded in winning the competitions this season, we all agree that we thoroughly enjoyed our matches with the teams of the other schools.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Weston for her encouragement, and feel that it was due to her

coaching that the "A" team was successful in the match against Hornsby.

We offer our congratulations to the Parramatta teams which again hold the hockey shields, and hope that next year the Fort Street teams may attain the coveted position of premiers.

Jean Livingston, Captain.

JOTTINGS ABOUT "OLD GIRLS."

Una Gibson, who is in London, where she is studying the piano and the harp at the Royal College of Music, sends her congratulations to Mrs. James and the Orchestra on their success in the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and her best wishes to the Fifths and Thirds for their success in the public examinations.

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Hilda Gerber, in an interesting letter written from Schoenberg, Fribourg, Switzerland, tells of her life at school there.

"On May 1st, I started at the Ecole Ménagère. All speak French here. I have to board at the school, for they will not take day students. Here I learn cooking and other subjects in French for six months. I remember quite a lot of the French vocabulary which I had in Australia, and my father is always being told I am doing very well, and progressing in my French rapidly. The girls often laugh at my sentences, because I start in French, and if I can't think of the rest in French, I say it in German or English. Although I have never learnt any German, I have picked up quite a lot from the people, and always seem to make myself understood. It is really very difficult learning new sub-

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union meets every Monday after school. This term we have been studying "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," and have had some very interesting discussions. We would like to see a larger attendance of Third and Fourth Year girls.

Besides continuing to clothe our little girl at the Havilah Homes, we have sent a parcel of knitted baby clothes to the Scarba Homes.

We are all very grateful to Miss Pirani for the interest she takes in the circle.

Kathleen Gillies, Secretary.

jects in a different language to one's own.

"I did love Fort Street so much. I often sing the two School songs I know to the girls here, and my hat bands I have made into book-marks. The girls think the hat-bands are so pretty. You see, there is part of Fort Street in Switzerland, too."

Hilda expects to go to London at the end of the year, and after spending a year or so there, to return to Australia.

Marjorie Hyder was married in London in July to Stewart Cousin.

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We wish to congratulate Dr. Ida Brown on being one of the first women to be admitted to the Membership of the Royal Society of N.S.W.

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It is with much regret we record the death of Margaret Brassil (nee Swan), at Wyalong, on August 26th.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

During the term the girls have sent subscriptions to the following institutions: — Sydney Hospital, three guineas; The Rachel Forster Hospital, three guineas; Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, three guineas; and the St. John's Ambulance, one guinea. On Egg Day, 400 eggs were collected for Sydney Hospital.

DRAMATIC READINGS.

Some time ago, Third Year entertained us with a very amusing little play entitled "The Distant Relative"; Betty Francisco, Barbara Billing, June Huntley, Nina Whiting and Margaret Dunlop read the various parts very well.

Second Year girls are going to entertain us in the near future.

On behalf of the Dramatic Society I would like to thank Miss Purcell for her interest in our work.

Joyce Thompson, Secretary.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION.

Dear Fortians,

The Old Girls' Union has had a very successful year, and we have been glad to welcome many of the girls whom you knew as Fifth Years last year. We met them first at the General Meeting in March. This was held at the Pickwick Club, and there was a wonderful attendance.

Elections occupied the first part of the evening, and then Nancie Wicks, who had been re-elected President, called for suggestions for the year's functions.

One of these took shape in a basket ball and tennis afternoon, held at the school in April. Perhaps some of you are feeling that when you leave school you will lose much of the fun and comradeship that come to you in school sport. If so, the Old Girls' Union wants to help you, and if you let us know your names at the General Meeting, we feel sure we can arrange Old Girls' teams for you.

In April the members of the Union were invited to a Mystery Night at school. They came—with questions in their eyes, torches in their hand, and lunches tucked under their arms. We don't think they were disappointed. Can you imagine a treasure hunt at school with cryptic clues in verse? The rockeries were forbidden ground, but nothing else was sacred to the eager torches of the invaders, and they swarmed everywhere—in the washrooms, up to the Tuckshop, down to Siberia (do you still call it that?), round the roots of the old figtrees, even on the seats of the staffroom. The final clue sent everyone to the gymnasium and there was a feverish search for quite a time before the treasure itself was discovered hidden in Miss West's hand.

The Ball was the next big event, and as usual we combined with the Old Boys' Union. Four hundred and twenty-two dancers thronged

the New State Ballroom, and everyone seemed to have a wonderful time; they certainly sang "Come Fortians, Fortians All" heartily enough. The Old Girls' share of the proceeds was £22, and this is to be used for equipment in the new building.

In August we had a Crazy Bridge Party at the Secondary Schools' Club. Have you ever played Crazy Bridge? We hadn't and we were not quite sure what was going to happen—but it was fun! We'll just tell you one thing—some of the hands were played with all the cards back to front, and you can imagine the confusion and the laughter! The profits of the evening went towards our donation of three guineas to the Rachel Forster Hospital.

Each year in October we look forward to the Annual Dinner, and this year's was a great success. We held it in the New State Ballroom, and one hundred and fourteen Old Girls came along. Our very first captain proposed the toast of the School, our very last captain responded, and Fortians from all the years in between echoed everything they said.

The guest of honour was Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, the wife of the Premier (also a Fortian), who proposed the toast of the "Old Girls' Union," and spoke of the happy days she had spent at Fort Street when a girl.

We were glad to have the opportunity of seeing Miss Cohen and Miss Cruise again, especially as Miss Cohen invited us up to school to see the flowers and the improvements. We are going this Saturday, and we're looking forward to it—just as you would look forward to it if you'd left school for a time. For it's good to keep in touch with Fort Street, with the old building itself, and with the friends you knew there; and that's what the Old Girls' Union

is for—to help you “keep in touch.” Do you remember how little and lonely you felt when you entered the gates for the first time? Well, you have something of the same feeling when you pass out through them after the last Farewell Day. But we don't want you to feel that you're leaving school entirely, we're wanting to meet you—all the Fifth and Third Years, who are leaving this December, and we hope that

you'll let us have the chance. Do you know that one of the members of the Committee must always be a new “Old Girl”—so please think out your nominations before the General Meeting.

In the meantime, we send to you all, and especially to the girls sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Examinations, our very best wishes.—Your sincerely,

Mary Cathels } Joint
Elizabeth Bannan } Hon. Secs.

MORNING FROM FORT STREET.

A bluish haze lies over the city; it smooths the harsh outlines of the ugly grey buildings. The pale yellow of the sunbeams filters slowly through the leaves of a mighty Moreton Bay fig tree, and tosses golden patches through the window near the tree. A little wind goes whispering among the leaves, rattles ever so slightly the window, and in a burst of mischievous glee, skips through it, swirls a few papers on to the floor, perhaps puffs out its cheeks and blows over a vase, and then retires chuckling happily. On the shining highway, men and women come and go, walking in a purposeless manner, as though they have lost their way.

The people may seem insipid and characterless, but not so the roadway. It has a personality all its own. Luxurious limousines and sturdily democratic lorries jostle each other here. There is never a dull moment in its existence—an ambulance will race up to the toll gate, with its bells clanging, and then disappear still clamouring its message of warning in the stillness of the morning. Horses of all conditions clatter past continually, while the scarlet and gold, and the shrieking siren of a fire engine never fail to draw their quota of craned necks and eager queries. Overhead an occasional aeroplane hums far up in the blue sky, but

its subdued roar does not disturb the serenity which characterises this part of Sydney in the morning.

On the left is a blue stretch of the Harbour, and there a great white ocean-going liner lies dreaming in the sun. Close under the Bridge is an enticing jumble of masts and funnels, mysterious and alluring, that remind one of Conrad or Masefield, and bring before the mind's eye visions of “Noroway o'er the foam” and “far Cathay.”

As a fitting background, the buildings of Macquarie Street rear their stately height, and seem to have a secret joke with the lion and the unicorn over the entrance to Fort Street, for they stand high above the intervening buildings which huddle together to hide their grime from the morning “so cool, so calm, so bright.”

Phyllis M. Corner, 5A.

1885-1935.

One of the most interesting contributions to the “Memorabilia” of the School was recently made by Mr. A. Cousins. This is a menu card of the Golden Jubilee Reunion of the 1885-6 Session of Teachers trained at this School, and it bears a picture of the building as it was fifty years ago, and the autographs of the 14 members who took part in the celebration on July 5th, 1935.

A FIRST IMPRESSION OF AUSTRALIA.

It was dawn as the "Barrabool" came in sight of Australia. In the distance the sun was just rising, and the picture of Perth which I hold in my memory is painted against a glowing background of the vivid red and gold tints that no painter's brush can reproduce.

The sky was still dark, but the sea was darker still, and Perth was set like a jewel in the glorious setting of the morning.

On the hill above Fremantle was the Perth War Memorial, straight and white against the skyline, and from the moment I saw that morning picture, I loved the land of my new home.

Shirley Rees, 3B.

BISHOP KIRKBY.

By the death of the Right Reverend S. J. Kirkby, Bishop Coadjutor of Sydney, this School suffered a great loss. The Bishop, from the time he took up his residence at St. Phillip's Rectory, showed a keen interest in the School, even teaching the classes for religious instruction on occasion.

At our Armistice Commemoration in 1932, he addressed the girls in the Assembly Hall, and on Armistice Day, 1933 and 1934, he graciously arranged special services at St. Phillip's for the pupils of this School. Long will his Armistice address in 1933 be remembered by all who were privileged to hear it, and long will it be before his virile personality fades from our minds.

The staff and pupils feel that they have indeed lost a friend.

NIGHT

The lake was a mirror of pale moonlight,
And ever so tranquil and calm was the night,
And beneath the moon, on the shadowy lawn
The fairies danced till the coming of dawn.
And out at sea, the waves all slept,
And the beautiful stars with dewdrops wept,
While I sought a solace for trouble and care,
I stood by the side of the waters, there
Where the trees shed their shadows dark and long,
And the fairies filled the world with song.

Jean Curtis, 5A.

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND

There's a road with a carpet of grass as green
As the first new leaves in springtime seen,
It's a magic road, and it's hard to find,
No ordinary road, but a special kind.
There's many a twist and many a bend
Before you come to the very end,
And find yourself on the golden sand
Of the beautiful shores of Fairyland.

If you don't believe in elves and fays
You never will find those magic bays;
For only those who believe can go,
When the sun in the west is sinking low,
Thro' the land of dreams, in the realm of flow'rs
Where fairy sheep and cattle browse,
Where fruit trees grow on either hand
Of the road that leads to Fairyland.

Jean Curtis, 5A.

LIFE

To live, to love, to do a kindly deed;
 To give; above all, help a friend in need;
 To treat our fellow-men as brothers, friends;
 Courageously to smile when sorrow rends

The peace of daily life; to keep in touch
 With God, the loving Father, and in such
 A sweet communion live with Him that we
 May have bright hope and strength, and liberty.

To live, to love, and find our happiness
 In every walk of life—the strife and press
 Or calm content of quieter, lighter ways—
 This, and we live indeed these passing days.

Katère, 3A.

THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD

"Oh, let me die, dear Lord," I prayed, "Life is no longer sweet,
 "My dreams, my airy castles topple all around my feet."
 The goal seemed near—the prize seemed won, I ran with outstretched hand,
 And then—Life mocked me, turning all my crystal dreams to sand.

I thought then, as I stood there looking into lonely years,
 What is there in this empty life but laughter turned to tears?
 What but the bitter fruits of bitter disillusionment,
 And sweet success that lasts an hour, before our dreams are spent?

My soul was dark with unnamed fears that made my spirit bend,
 My utter failures mocked me, till Death seemed to me a friend.
 I prayed that her cool shadow might enfold me in her love,
 And peace come to my weary heart in holy realms above.

Despair urged that I end it, and my eyes with pain were wild,
 When from the street below, I heard the laughter of a child—
 It seemed to call me back to life, above the clouds to soar,
 It drew my bending spirit up, and Hope was born once more.

The Heavens opened to me—where celestial angels throng,
 I gazed within that splendour, and there came to me a song!
 I sang of Faith triumphant in a happy paean wild,
 While thanking God in Heaven for the laughter of a child!

Hazel Keavney, 3C.

"FORGET IT"

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
 In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day,
 Whose bringing to light or whose sudden display
 Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay;
 Then it's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you see a tall fellow, ahead of a crowd,
 Who is marching along, indeed, fearless and proud,
 And you know of a story whose telling aloud
 Would cause that brave head in shame to be bowed;
 Then it's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing which would darken the joy
 Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy;
 Which would wipe out a smile, or in the least way annoy
 A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
 Then it's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Bec, 2D.

DREAMS

Each night when snug in bed I lie,
I dream of distant lands
Of fertile plains, of barren wastes,
And hot and yellow sands;

Of regions where the sun pours down
Its radiance day by day,
And where the people of the farms,
Work hard to make the hay;

Of Egypt's Pyramids I dream,
The Nile and aged Sphinx also,
Of rocky tombs where Pharaohs be,
Though their number now is few;

Of England's fields and hedges,
And mountain scenery too,
Our great King George's palaces,
And buildings old and new;

Then on to quaintest Holland,
I go, and there I see
A row of elogs outside the door
As strange as strange can be.

Then back to dear Australia
My dreams soon carry me,
Where wattle, gums and other trees
In abundance I can see.

The birds are singing up above,
The streamlet trickles by,
The golden sun in glory
Shines in our bluest sky.

Una Hagan.

TO A GUM-TREE

So tall and lissom, you bend and sway
To the storm-wind's gloomy song,
Or rustle your glinting leaves in play
With the breezes all day long.

In your high haven, green and cool,
The feathered ones find rest,
And kindly refuge you have lent
To many a sweet-voiced guest.

Saskia, 3D.

THE CRY OF THE BLACKBERRY PICKERS

Scrambling and running from bush to bush,
Gath'ring with haste as we go,
Falling, and tearing our clothes on the thorns
We pick fruit as hard as we know.

Luscious and black, they peep through the leaves,
Just out of our reach, we know;
We strive to gain just that "whopping big one,"
And plump! in the bushes we go!

Up hill and down, on our blackberry tramp,
We think not of scratches, but sing,
And, filling our cans from the smallest wee bush,
Each one feels as good as a king.

But at last, when the night softly falls o'er the land,
And homewards we tramp, glad and merry,
We feel at our ease to know that, once more,
We have conquered the thorny blackberry.

Just Another.

HISTORY

Friends, Fifth Years, Fortians! lend me your ears,
 I come to speak of Hist'ry, not to praise it.
 The deeds that great men do live after them,
 Our interest oft is buried with their bones:
 So may it be with Hist'ry. Our worthy teachers
 Have told us that History is interesting.
 If this were so, 'twould be a welcome subject,
 And then we would not dread the coming of it.
 Here, under leave of pupils and the staff—
 For pupils all agree with me, and so
 Do certain of our well-respected teachers—
 Come I to speak upon this ancient subject.
 Our average for Hist'ry's never high,
 But our teachers say that it is interesting,
 And they are worthy connoisseurs of this.
 We learn of battles won in lands afar,
 And men who died on such and such a date—
 Does this in lesson time seem interesting?
 When that Napoleon died the class hath yawned,
 But interest should be held more firm than this.
 Yet our teachers say that it is interesting,
 And they are worthy connoisseurs of this.
 We all have learned that on July the 14th,
 The people living then in France, proclaimed
 Their liberty: now is this interesting?
 Yet our teachers say that it is interesting,
 And they are worthy connoisseurs of this.
 I speak not to disprove what they have spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 They all did hate it once—not without cause!
 What cause withholds them, then, to hate it now?
 O, judgment, thou art fled to youthful minds,
 And teachers have lost their reason! Bear with me,
 My sense is in the future with the Leaving,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

Joyce Stewart, 5B.

MELODY

I took the hum from the busy bees,
 The whisperings of the woodland trees,
 The fluttering of the butterflies' wings,
 The golden voice of the lark that sings,
 The ripple from the winding brook,
 The chattering of the wise old rook,
 The elfin tune in the fairy dell,
 The lilting peal of the village bell,
 The sweet, sad song of the nightingale,
 The tempest and the rain and hail,
 The rumbling of an angry sea,
 And there—I had sweet melody.

Molly O'Neill, 1A.

SONG OF THE STREAM

Laughing little streamlet splashing down the slope,
 Gurgling gaily onwards, your song so full of hope;
 Sparkling in the sunlight that filters through the fern,
 A leaflet on your waters and magic in each turn.
 Down beneath the tree ferns between each mossy bank,
 With forest giants around you and fragrance cool and dank.
 So gaily you pass onwards, to gentler flowing streams,
 And in your silver waters the trout or salmon gleams.
 Nodding midst the grasses, the king cups gaily grow,
 Swaying in the breezes to the murmur low
 Of you, sweet, silver streamlet, rippling on your way,
 To mingle with the river and end your happy play.

Katère, 3A.

MATHEMATICS IN FOURTH YEAR

(With abject apologies to Robert Browning).
 Room Thirteen's at Fort Street,
 In famous Sydney city,
 The shivering winds from far and wide
 Moan and blow from every side,
 An icier spot you never spied
 But, when begins my ditty,
 To present time from long ago,
 To see us scholars suffer so
 From Maths., it was a pity.

Maths!

We squared an X, we squared a Y,
 And made them equal ABC,
 And then we stopped to moan and sigh,
 And chew our pens and try to see
 Where STZ and RYA
 Had gone to when we looked away,
 And why we can't go out to play,
 To forget by our laughing
 And talking and chaffing,
 That $2R$ equals GTK .

At last we all in desperation
 To the Assembly Hall went flocking,
 "'Tis clear," we cried, "that this duration
 Of our Maths. lessons is quite shocking.
 We sit and study A and B,
 And what's the use we cannot see
 There is no sense in Theorem Three,
 And as for Theorem Sixty-two,
 And all those other theorems too,
 Our thoughts for them aren't fit repeating,
 We're sick of all this silly bleating
 Of X and Y—'tis only fleeting,
 In one ear and out the other,
 Maths. is just superfluous bother."

Two Maths. teachers then walked in,
 Upon us all a silence fell,
 They said, "What is this horrid din?
 Pray, must you scream and shout and yell?"
 Ah! Where was courage to be found?
 We shuffled out without a sound.
 And now we offer frantic prayers
 For Hamelin's Piper to pass by,
 To pipe away our burd'ning cares,
 To pipe away each X and Y.
 (Meanwhile we do our Maths. and sigh.)

$2X(\frac{1}{4}Y)$ —36—1983500 KGTNRS (which, being translated, means that we wish to point out that our aspersions are cast at the ignominious subject of Mathematics, and not at those, who, with everlasting patience, endeavour to instil into us some knowledge of the afore-mentioned repulsive subject).

J. Thompson, 4A.

A BABY GIRL

Little, rosy, chubby cheeks,
 Little eyes so blue,
 Darling little turned-up nose,
 And dimples one or two.
 Tiny, pink and chubby hands,
 A little, golden curl,
 What is this angel of the earth?
 A little baby girl.

Bessie Swann, 1A.

THE FAIRIES' PARTY

There's going to be a party,
At three o'clock to-day,
The fairy folk have planned it,
It will be fun, hooray!

And Peggy's been invited,
Winnie too, and Bess,
And on the cards is written,
"Please come in fancy dress."

The party's in the meadow,
For there, quite plain, you see,
Are lanterns waving gaily,
From every bush and tree.

The elfin folk are coming,
To help to decorate,
Lanterns, streamers, and balloons,
All make the scene a fête.

And if you're not invited,
Please do not take offence,
For there really isn't room
For all to play and dance.

"Barbara," 3B.

SEPTEMBER

Windy days and spring is here!
A thousand melodies
Are throbbing through the joyous air
From swaying hawthorn trees.

Windy is the world to-day
And ecstasy is mine!
Free me, winds, of wintry gloom,
And sing of love sublime.

Sing, oh winds, of dreamy days,
And silver flowing hours,
Till the snowy blossom falls
In sudden, lovely show'rs.

Dew-washed are the mornings now
Again in golden notes
Through the hushed and mystic hour,
Dawn music's rapture floats.

Slender poplars sing again
Of far-off starry seas;
Murmuring voices slip among
The swaying grass and trees.

Enone, 2D.

A TRAMP'S REWARD

The traveller tramped along a dusty road,
And as he walked the heavier grew his load;
His heart was sad and weary—grave his face;
On it the lines of hunger one could trace.
His step, a year ago, so light and gay,
Now sadly dragged upon his listless way.

A modest country dwelling rose to view,
With dainty winding paths, and gardens, too.
His heart within him leapt, as then he saw
Two happy children playing near the door.
There came to him the mem'ry of a life,
With two such children and a kindly wife.

And blotting out the present, down he lay,
 And dreamed about the past—his better day;
 He saw again his daughters, and his love,
 And brighter months before he 'gan to rove.
 And then a kind death-angel God did send;
 He met her in a sleep that knows no end.

They found him lying cold and dead that night.
 His feet were blistered—but his face was bright;
 He had not died a tramp fore'er a-ream,
 He'd died a father in his own "sweet home."
 And now his happy face turned heavenward,
 For earthly trials he'd gained a rich reward.

D. Warren, 3A.

A CHRISTMAS REBUKE

A maiden, slender, young and fair,
 One winter day
 Selected Christmas cards with care
 To send away.

"This one," she said, "with mistletoe—
 'Twill please Aunt Bee—
 And Jim will like these ships, I know
 He loves the sea."

A snowy landscape card she chose,
 For on it grew,
 Despite the cold, a blooming rose—
 They always do!

When Christmas Day dawned clear and bright,
 This maiden found
 A host of cards to her delight,
 And then she frowned.

Her vanity was slightly jarred—
 That careless Jim
 Had sent her back the very card
 She'd posted him!

Grace Slinn, 2B.

SIR ALFRED PARKER.

It is with regret we record the death of Sir Alfred Parker, Lord Mayor of Sydney. This gentleman, educated at Fort Street, identified himself with this School during the past two years and was a popular speaker on Empire Days and Speech Days. Sir Alfred Parker will long be remembered as a generous and sincere friend of the School.

LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Dear Girls,—

How quickly the time has passed since the beginning of term this year! Yet how full our days have been, leaving us much that we could talk of together.

We are so pleased to know of your splendid successes in swimming, tennis, athletics, choral and orchestral work. Please accept our hearty congratulations. After all, whether we win the race or not, the one thing that counts is to have willingly given of our very best.

Life at the 'Varsity this year has offered its many and varied interests. You would fully appreciate this if you were to read "Honi Soit," the weekly newspaper edited by students, which keeps us in touch with the ideas and activities of other members of the 'Varsity. "Honi Soit," besides being the common meeting ground of University thought, records the sporting achievements and social activities of students. Here also you see the evidence of many active societies which make

available to us lectures and discussions of every description, some of these being particularly attractive, as they enable us to hear prominent men of different countries.

Our studies are becoming more and more intense as November, with its dread associations, draws near. For some of us success at the close of this year will mean that our 'Varsity life has been completed. We shall stand on the threshold of other work of a more specific kind, according to the goal for which we are striving. We Fortians know that our School life was not in vain, and we hope that the training here will prove just as valuable in the coming days.

Every Fortian here joins in sending greetings to you all. We want you to know that you have our best wishes for the examinations, especially remembering the Third and Fifth Years. May each one find a sphere in life which will bring contentment and true happiness.

Catherine Sykes (Arts III).

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

The Literary Circle has met regularly throughout the year at the Women's Club, Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street. The subjects for study were "The Celtic Revival" and "The English Repertory Movement." In the first part of the year some excellent papers were contributed on the works of Lady Gregory, Synge, Yeats, Joyce and others, whilst the discussions since June have been interspersed with readings from the plays of Monkhouse, Drinkwater, Brighouse, Cannan and other leading writers of the Repertory Group.

The Circle this year is celebrating its tenth birthday, and so the last meeting of the year is to take

the form of a birthday party, followed by the performance of two plays. We believe that this longevity constitutes something of a record for a school literary circle, and we are very proud of it. The members feel that the credit for this, and also for much of the enjoyment the Circle has given them, is due to the untiring efforts of Miss Turner, our President, to whom we offer our very sincere thanks.

The Circle meets at seven o'clock on the second and fourth Thursdays in each month, from March to October, and we should be glad to welcome any new members.

E. Bannan,
Hon. Secretary.

FOUR SECONDS.

There were four seconds allowed for the adjustment of these gas-masks, weren't there? Yes, that was right—four seconds. Not very long when one came to think of it. Four seconds to adjust a gas-mask, that meant two gas-masks in her case—one for herself and one for little Jim. Her clasp of the little fellow's hand tightened. It was such an unnerving responsibility to undertake—to save herself and him too. Well, she must just hope for the best, that was all. Surely no messages of hideous death would come hurtling from that glorious blue above on a day like this!

And yet, if she were to die, she would prefer to go on such a day, so that her last sight of the world would be one of beauty and sunshiny happiness. Why did her thoughts keep returning to gas-masks? They were preying on her mind.

One died, it was said, if longer than four seconds elapsed before one received the protection of the gas-masks. The gas would have done its work—and you would be a distorted body on the ground—curled up as insects curl up when poison is sprayed upon them.

That was what might happen to her—and little Jim—any day now. Why was it that she could not contemplate death for little Jim—little Jim with his thatch of golden curls and great, wondering blue eyes? Other little children had died—just like that. Other mothers, sisters, had broken their hearts, and the world rolled on. Yet her mind kept returning to the one point—that must not happen to little Jim. . . .

Sirens shrieking, screaming out their terrible warning . . . sirens . . . that meant an air attack. No! Oh no! It could not be! It must not be! . . . Yes—it was. Look at the people scurrying, and pushing and screaming—running like rats

to their holes! Oh, it was so amusing—so bitterly, cruelly amusing! Did they hope to escape like that? Did they hope to escape the relentless destroyer that was even now being loosed upon them? Fools! Utter fools! Run, fools! Run, little rats! Run! Run! Run! . . . A mad paroxysm of laughter shook her. Run! . . .

The gas-masks—where were they? People were crumpling up on the street—she knew what that meant—here they were—little Jim's first—he was looking at her with wide, affrighted eyes. . . . Don't hurry . . . keep perfectly calm . . . four seconds . . . four seconds . . . were they gone yet? . . . Never mind, it was nearly on . . . there, fixed at last . . .! Her feverishly trembling hands drew the little boy to her, held him tight. At least he would have a chance. He must not die—he must not! She would fight like a wildcat at bay before they or their demoniacal inventions touched him! Dear little Jim . . . dear little baby Jim. . . .

What was this fierce, scourging pain that was sweeping through her? Her gas-mask—where was it? Her fingers groped blindly, uselessly—she was choking. It was too late. But she did not care. The boy was safe. They would never get him! Never! never! never!

A gasping sound broke from her lips. It might once have been an exultant laugh. . . .

The feel of the dear little body in her arms was weakening . . . fading away. A sob choked in her throat. No, little Jim, don't go away! Stop here, little Jim, who was too tiny to fix his own gas-mask! Stop here! . . . Her arms fell away from him. What frightful pain she was enduring! Was she crying out, she wondered? All the world seemed full of sound

—agonizing, terror-stricken sound . . . she was choking . . . choking . . . "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." . . . Swirling masses of hideous blackness that

swayed, and rolled, and heaved into one sickening surge . . . "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." . . . Choking . . . choking . . . choking . . .

"Prometheus."

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS SPORTS.

This sports meeting was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground on Friday, August 16th. The weather was beautiful, and the city schools turned out in full force, while the country schools were well represented.

Fort Street gained the second highest number of points for the Senior Point Score Shield. The most exciting race of the day was the Championship, which was won by Jean Coleman in good style.

The events won by Fort Street are as follows:—

16 Years Championship: J. Coleman, 1.

14 Years Championship: O. Knowles, 2.

11 Years Championship: U. Hagan, 2.

Skipping (75 yards): J. Coleman, 1, record, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

Orange Race: B. Laney, 2.

Under and Over Ball: Fort Street, 1, record, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

Tunnel Ball: Fort Street, 3 (tied with St. George).

V. Hands, 4A.

THE GUIDES.

Fort Street Guides have been very pleased to welcome a large number of recruits into the Company during 1935, and already most of these have passed their tests and been enrolled.

On 19th October, the Guides are going to Glengarry for the day, and intend to take with them the Blind Guides, who, we hope, will enjoy the outing.

The Guides are looking forward to a very exciting week after Christmas to be spent in an indoor camp at Glengarry. Already they have begun to make toys to help brighten Christmas Day for some of the poorer children of Sydney.

On 22nd September a display was held at Leichhardt Park to say "Good-bye" officially to Mrs. Mather, our former District Commissioner, and to welcome Mrs.

Little, who has taken her place. Fort Street Guides were very pleased when they won the tunnel ball competition and ran second in the overhead and under-and-over games.

The Guides were all very pleased when Miss Mattick, who had previously been acting as their Lieutenant, was appointed their Captain, and they wish her happiness and success in her new position.

Ethel Pierce.

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RANGERS' NEWS.

During 1935 two more recruits have joined the Company, and very soon more will be coming to us from the Guides. However, we feel sure that other girls in the School, who are sixteen years or over, would like to take an active

part in Rangers, and to these girls we extend a very warm welcome.

We have visited our Guide reserve, "Glengarry," at Turramurra, several times this year, and were rather distressed on Eight-Hour Day when we found that a fire was sweeping through the next gully and would most likely devastate ours also. About sunset the fire seemed to break into smaller fires, which were not nearly so fierce, and by beating a number of these out we saved some of the surrounding beautiful bushland.

On October 18th, on the occasion of the visit of Miss Pitt, the

Acting State Ranger Commissioner, our three latest recruits were officially enrolled into the great sisterhood of Guides.

Once again we are indebted to Miss Weston for the way in which she has helped us in passing tests. Without her help we would find it very difficult to carry on.

Many of our Company are arriving at the conclusion of their school career, but although we shall miss these girls, who are going to continue Guiding in other spheres, we feel that the standard of the Company will still be maintained by the Fortians who are advancing through the School.

Ethel Savage, 4C.

THE WHITE RABBIT'S BELL.

Have you ever heard the tinkling of bells when you are about to go to sleep? I have, and have often wondered what it was that made the sound.

It was just a few nights ago when I looked out of my bedroom window and saw the most wonderful sight—fairies! Dancing on the lawn was a band of fairy elves, all dressed in light green pointed caps and shoes and dark green coat and trousers. Then came a silvery coach, drawn by a white rabbit with pink ears and eyes, and around its neck was a bell that was tinkling softly. Suddenly the coachman alighted from his seat and held open the door of the carriage and out stepped the Fairy Queen. How beautiful she looked! She was dressed in the palest of pink rose petals and around her shoulders was drawn a cape of fine gossamer. Entwined in her hair was a garland of pink and white rosebuds. Behind her came other fairies dressed as buttercups and fuchsias, who were holding up the queen's train.

When the moon had risen above the mountain, the fairies began to get ready for their midnight party, the elves hurriedly collecting acorns for cups for fairy wine

and wild honey. Just before the queen sat on the largest mushroom, which had placed on it the cushion of honour, made from flannel flowers trimmed with wattle, one of the elves blew a trumpet and all the neighbouring rabbits, opossums and native bears came scampering through the bush.

After the party was over and their work was finished, and everyone was rested, the fairy orchestra began to play, and each fairy took a partner and danced. There was a great commotion when the Queen chose as her partner an elf named Robin True Heart. "I choose him," the Queen said, "because he is the bravest of all elves in Fairyland."

When the moon's light was failing the fairies bade each other good-bye and went to their homes in the mushrooms. The Fairy Queen's attendants went back to the palace with the Queen and the white rabbit, all unaware that I had been watching them.

To-morrow night, if you listen for the white rabbit's bell tinkling you'll know that it is the Fairy Queen coming.

Joyce Watson, 1E.

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE.

Dear Fortians,—

First of all hearty congratulations to the newly elected captain, senior prefect and prefects for 1936. These election times are very exciting, aren't they?—even to us Old Fortians, who still conjecture as to the probable captain and prefects months before the elections and become vitally interested when at length they are chosen. **Then** we begin to wonder who will be captain the year after next. It can become quite an absorbing topic, can't it?

The College year has melted away like the snows of the morning, and those who didn't realise how quickly it was melting are now working at top pressure for the exams., which commence on November 11th—so present Fortians and College Fortians will be in the throes of examination at the same time. I suppose there will be the usual weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of the not-so-industrious mingled with the exultant looks and comments of the very studious when exams. are really upon us. Anyway, here's luck to all of you—even the not-so-industrious.

During last term, when winter sports were in full swing, our "A" basket-ball team played a very exhilarating match against a team of College men, most of whom were brawny football stars. Their knowledge of the rules was conspicuous by its absence, but what they lacked in knowledge they made up in enthusiasm and weight (with a capital W). I regret to have to inform you that the fairer sex were defeated at the hands, etc., of the men, who suffered from super-superiority complexes for the rest of the term. The spectators seemed to enjoy the game as much as the players. It was certainly full of fun.

Last term concluded with the Armidale College's visit, which was a great success—but, among ourselves, not as enjoyable as the Sydney College's visit to Armidale last year (or so say all of us who were lucky enough to go). Sydney won back the Harbison Trophy from Armidale by reason of its victories in tennis, basketball, women's hockey and athletics. Armidale "showed us how" in men's hockey and Rugby Union football. The debate (which does not count towards the trophy) was won by Sydney.

One of the highlights of the visit was the Inter-Collegiate Ball, which was held in the Assembly Hall, the Gym., and the Women's Common Room, all filled with gay young people. As one of the throng I can vouch for the good time we had.

After exams. we have two weeks' practice-teaching, beginning on November 25th. Nobody looks forward to this time, except those fortunates who are going to the College Camp at Castlereagh on the Nepean. Great tales are told of the wonderful times passed there at previous practice-camps. The opening morning exercise is a swim in the river—which sounds very inviting to suburbanites.

After breakfast the students are driven to the various schools (mostly two-teacher schools) to which they are allotted for teaching practice. An hour's preparation follows tea, and then everyone adjourns to the big verandah for dancing from about 7.30 to 9.30. They also have sing-songs, and a fancy dress ball, the fancy costumes being concocted the afternoon preceding the ball. Doesn't it sound fun, Fortians? And do you wonder at the camp-goers' looking forward to the fortnight's practice-teaching when the

rest of the Collegians are very apathetic about it? Joy fills the hearts of the former; envy the hearts of the latter—I have high hopes of a joyous heart.

When practice-teaching is over, we return to College for Students' Week (or Fortnight—no one is quite certain). Of course by then all work is behind us and we sit back and enjoy plays, verse speaking, singing, physical culture displays and the like, which the various sections produce. We finish the year with the Farewell Dance, and then many of us will bid good-bye very, very regretfully to the College where we have had such a splendid training and enjoyable time.

However, these joyous times are still in the future, and we are more immediately concerned with examinations. Second year students have all gone "economical." As there are only about six

copies of the economics book prescribed for the examination in the library to serve over a hundred students, you can imagine the state we are in. Many resort to the subterfuge of "planting" a book, once acquired, in out-of-the-way places for reference when lectures are over for the day. Others, however, have been known to ferret out the carefully hidden volumes, much to the disgust of the "planters." But all's fair in love, war and the swotting game.

We Fortians at the College would like to send to the Leaving and Intermediate candidates the best of good luck for their examinations, and we hope the weather is not too hot and tiring, because that makes a tremendous difference at examinations, doesn't it? Your efforts should bring further honour to the Old School. Best wishes.

Lorraine Thompson.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CROONER.

The great day had at last arrived when I was to make my first appearance on the air as the greatest living impersonator of the world-famous crooner, Bing Crosby. After taking a cold bath and spraying my throat, I made my way to the radio station where I was scheduled to broadcast.

"Have you insured your life?" asked the manager, as I smilingly entered his office.

"Why do you ask that?" I asked suspiciously. "Surely I am in no danger!"

"Well, it's always best to be on the safe side," he replied airily. "I would, if I were you."

To please the wretched man I consented, and took a taxi to the Life Insurance Company, where I was to receive the most staggering and insulting blow of my musical career.

"We are sorry," I was told, "but the company feels it too great a risk to insure your life. It would

be throwing away good money. The door is to your right, sir!"

Heavy of heart I returned to the studio and was ushered into a bullet-proof room, with three armed sentries on guard outside. On inquiring the reason for these precautions I was informed that nine of my kind had already been murdered by an infuriated crowd of listeners-in and that the station was taking no chances.

Shaking like a jelly-fish, I stood before the microphone, and in a voice as unlike a crooner's as I could possibly make it, moaned "The Last Round-up." Hardly had I finished the chorus when a sentry rushed in, seized me by the arm, shouted, "Quick, for your life," and dragged me outside to an armoured car into which I was hastily shoved.

As the car moved forward a shower of bricks, bottles and bullets came crashing through the window and fell into my lap. The

public's acknowledgment of my musical efforts!

For two hours we fought our way through crowds of infuriated people gathered in the city streets, but at last reached the suburb in which my musical quarters were situated. One of my guards conducted me inside, advising me not to venture out alone for some weeks, and never to reveal to anyone that I had once appeared as a

crooner over Station 99OK. After the departure of the armoured car I sat gloomily in my study pondering on this hard world, when I noticed a copy of Webster's Dictionary on the desk. Out of curiosity I opened the volume to find the definition of "crooning," and imagine my horror and disgust when I read these words:

"CROON—to moan as cattle in pain!"

Jean Baker, 2A.

REVERIE.

Rain, rain, rain! The last hope of an afternoon's sport is washed away with the heavy drops. An idle hour to spend with no immediate need of study to overshadow my peace of mind stretches before me. How can I while away the lagging moments? Room 8 contains many such as I on this dreary afternoon. I seem to know every inch of these walls—but wait! That picture! I have not noticed it so much before. What an arresting face! By her dress the subject of the picture seems to be a maid of ancient Greece. I wonder what has caused that startled look of agitation? Oh maiden! will you not tell me what lies behind those horror-stricken eyes? But I know that you cannot, so let me try to imagine your story for myself.

Once in the days of long ago in the city of Athens, Diana, the only daughter of a far-famed Grecian general, sat winding her thread and wondering what the future held in store for her, dreaming of the time when her lover, Janus, would return from the wars in which he had gained so much

honour and glory. There only remained now for him to overcome his last great enemy, and then—! The road to happiness seemed to stretch ahead of Diana without a bend or a shadow. But a small frown puckered her pretty brow; she had had no news of him for more than a week. Anything might have happened. The battle might have been fought and won—or lost. But no, that was impossible! With Janus to lead it, what army could suffer defeat? But wait, what was that? The sound of tramping feet? Yes, a body of men was marching up the main street of the city, but—they were not Athenians! Could it be that Janus had failed? Diana leaped from her stool, her thread becoming entangled about her feet, her face distraught. (It is thus that we see her.) She rushed to the window to look closer and the relief which surged up in her heart threatened to overcome her, for she saw that the marching men were bound—prisoners—and riding proudly at their head, resembling one of their own Grecian gods, was Janus, his eager eyes fixed upon the window for the sight of her beautiful face.

What is that? Oh—the siren! Good-bye, little maid, and many thanks for brightening a dull afternoon.

B. Smith, 3C.

THE STORY OF KO-KIKU AND LING LEE.

It was in the Land of the Peach blossom, in the garden of Lu Sin, the great Shogun. Ko-Kiku, the daughter of the great Lu Sin, sat near the lake beneath the peach trees. Now and then she would pluck a blossom from the tree above and, dropping it into the lake, she would watch it float, a tiny boat on a huge sea. As she looked upon the lake with its hundreds of little pink boats, she laughed, and her laugh was like the tinkling of a bell, so sweet that the great Lu Sin and his young friend, Ling Lee, as they crossed the green lawns to the lake, paused to listen to it. Ling Lee thought he had never heard anything half so sweet, and longed to meet her.

As Lu Sin and Ling Lee approached, the beautiful Ko-Kiku turned to face them, smiling so as to show little white teeth, set in lips which resembled nothing so much as dark red rose petals. She smiled at her father, the great Lu Sin, and she smiled at the handsome young stranger.

"This gentleman, my daughter," said the Shogun, "is Ling Lee. As the gods have not seen fit that I, Lu Sin, should be blessed with a son, I will take this son of a father who now rests in the Gardens of the Gods. This son, my precious Ko-Kiku, shalt thou reverence as a brother."

So the great Shogun left Ling Lee and Ko-Kiku together, and they talked of many things. Day by day they met by the lake, and Ko-Kiku let her pink boats float down the stream. Each day they went up to the temple in the garden and prayed together, prayed to the gods whom they loved. Ko-Kiku called him "my brother," but Ling Lee called her "my Princess." Many days passed, and the princess grew to love her "brother" more and more, and the wise Lu Sin looked on from afar and smiled a smile of great wisdom.

But one day the drums beat in the city of Lu Sin, the people hurried away, and then returned to tell of the rumours which filled the neighbouring districts. That night, a messenger rode up to the mansion of the great Lu Sin and, while his daughter sat dreaming by the lake, he heard the dread news. Fang Wong, the Shogun of the neighbouring province, had mustered his forces and was marching against Lu Sin. Even now the hoofs of the invader drummed over the fertile plains—leaving in their wake fire and destruction. The city had to be defended! The wise Lu Sin held a council meeting, and the drums of the city beat the call to arms. They echoed in the garden of the great Shogun, but Ko-Kiku heard them not—she was dreaming of her "brother," Ling Lee. There, when the golden moon cast its bridal train upon the blue waters of the lake, Ling Lee came to Ko-Kiku and told her the secret of his love.

Ko-Kiku heard, and gave her heart to the "brother" she had learned to love. As the moon rose higher in the sky Ling Lee filled his arms with sprays of the fragrant peach blossom and laid them in Ko-Kiku's lap. He asked her to float them on the lake, as gifts to the gods, and he begged her to laugh just as he had heard her when first he walked across the lawns with her father. As the blossoms one by one drifted away, he told Ko-Kiku that he would have to leave her, to go to the wars. He heeded not the cry of despair, but told her that his duty to the great Lu Sin, and his love of Ko-Kiku, bade him go forth to defend her home. As he stooped to kiss her in farewell he made one plea, "My precious Ko-Kiku, my little sweetheart, every evening at the sunset wilt thou pluck the peach blossom and float it away on the silent, lapping

waves? Then, O Ko-Kiku, wilt thou think of thy lover?"

She promised. He then ran quickly across the lawns to the mansion of the great and wise Lu Sin, for he could not bear to see the anguish in her eyes. On the morrow the troops left for the war; Ling Lee was ever at the side of the great Shogun when they fought in the valley, where on either side the purple hills rise to meet the snowy clouds. There, when a sword would have penetrated the breast of the great Lu Sin, Ling Lee flung himself before him and took the thrust—there he fell.

Many years passed. Ko-Kiku lived alone in the old mansion of her father. She never married, and seldom left her beautiful garden.

There by the lake, at the setting of the sun one evening, my grandfather found Ko-Kiku as she plucked the sprays of fragrant peach blossom and watched the

tiny boats drift away on the lake, red with the blood of the dying sun. There she told him her story.

He painted her as she sat by the lake at sunset. He brought his painting home, and because he remembered the beauty of Ko-Kiku's face as she sat by the lake, dreaming of the day when she would rejoin her lost lover, he painted a tea-set telling the beautiful story of Ko-Kiku and Ling Lee.

On one plate he painted Ko-Kiku just as he saw her that night, faithful to the memory of Ling Lee—faithful to his plea to let the peach blossom boats drift on the lake, at the setting of the sun. To me he gave that plate, the plate I now hold in my hand.

People in all parts of the world have a piece of the tea-set, and they know the story of Ko-Kiku and Ling Lee. People of all nations treasure the knowledge and tell, as I tell you, my friends, the love story of Ko-Kiku and Ling Lee.

"Joybell," 5A.

AN OLD SUNDOWNER.

With his old dog behind him and his knapsack on his back, he trudges cheerfully along, always with a smile on his lips, and often humming a long-forgotten tune.

If asked why he trudged the roads he would reply: "Because I love doing it." People would laugh at his reply, but he would smile and continue on his way.

As the sun sinks to rest you will find him lighting his fire and filling his billy at a nearby creek. After he has eaten his evening meal and fed his dog, he will roll himself in a blanket and watch the glowing embers of his fire until he falls asleep.

He gets up with the sun, bathes in the creek, fills his billy and prepares his meal. When he has eaten his meal he will pack his knapsack and, calling his dog, continue on the way that leads to anywhere.

Ruth Geercke, 1E.

A DOGS' GRAVEYARD.

If one could travel around the world one would see many beautiful and interesting places, both splendid and wonderful, and also quaint and unique. One of the latter is the Dogs' Graveyard at Edinburgh Castle. It is a tiny cemetery for soldiers' dogs, which is situated on the northern side of Castle Rock. Here are buried about a score of favourite dogs, once pets of different regiments quartered at this castle in Scotland. The little graves are set in neat rows and sheltered by a wall. Little memorial stones have been set to the memory of these dogs and simple inscriptions carved thereon.

The only touch of "graveyard humour" is found on a stone which, in addition to the name and the date of the dog's death, bears the line: "Let sleeping dogs lie."

J.M.C., 3A.

STREET MUSICIANS.

An old man stands at the corner of a busy city street, trying with all his heart to rouse a tune from an old, cracked fiddle. At his feet is a very much battered hat in which are contained a few pennies, dropped by the passers-by. Now and then some person with a kind heart drops in threepence. This cheers the old man considerably, and after a humble "thanks" he strikes up the tune of "Annie Laurie" or some such song.

What a contrast there is between this old man and the younger one outside a well-known shop! This young man stands on one leg playing a ukulele, of which one or two strings are missing, and on it he plays, not a song of the "good old days," but one of the latest jazz tunes. He, like the old man, has a hat at his feet. But are there only a few pennies inside? No—more frequently silver coins are thrown in. Is it because he stands where all the shoppers are, and the old fiddler stands further away, or is it because the people take pity on the younger unemployed one, who plays so feebly the same, dreary jazz tunes? Perhaps the majority of pedestrians are tired of hearing the sweet old

strains of real music from a battered violin and prefer the monotonous, so-called music played on an almost stringless ukulele.

In one of the arcades, a small crowd is gathered. After pushing one's way in, one finds a trio of men playing violin, mandolin and accordion. Although the tunes they play are jazz tunes, they are a pleasure to listen to, for their instruments are well-tuned and in good order. They are dressed much better than the fiddler and the ukulele player. Instead of the usual hat at their feet is a small box. Several of the spectators, thinking that the musicians are fairly prosperous to be able to afford boxes to sit on and a box to hold the few coins they earn, do not give the smallest sum to the musicians, although they quite enjoy listening to the music.

In addition to these street musicians I have mentioned, there are the singers who, standing on the edge of the pavement gripping a hat, watch its contents out of the corner of their eye.

However, with all their faults, what would the city be like without her street musicians?

Doreen Browne, 1E.

AN ENGLISH "HARVEST THANKSGIVING."

The lamp burning above the doorway of the old Norman Church welcomes the worshippers, as does also the bell ringing out through the still, autumn evening. It is dark without, but inside the church all is light as the old verger goes down the aisle and lights the candles.

The pulpit is decorated with red and golden brown autumn leaves and grapes fresh from the vines. In the windows, great sheaves of corn and wheat, apples, nuts and long narrows are clustered, while

on the altar are golden chrysanthemums. In the choir the chubby-faced boys sing the old, sweet, harvest hymns.

The worshippers rise to their feet, and all join together to thank their Maker that:—

"All is safely gathered in,
E're the winter storms begin."

Thankfulness lends strength to their voices, for the good yield just garnered into the barns means a safe winter for many homes.

Shirley Rees, 3B.

THE WAY TO THE LAND WHERE DREAMS ARE BORN.

Bo-Bo, a little bird, was sitting on the window-sill happily caroling his matin song, when Margery-girl opened her eyes and came back from the realms of sleep with a happy little sigh. Jumping out of bed she ran to her window and said, "Oh, Bo-Bo, I have had such a lovely dream. I dreamt I was with mother among the angels. I wish Bunny-boy could dream it too. Bo-Bo, do you think the Man o' Dreams would send Bunny-boy that dream if I asked him?"

"Well, you might try," replied Bo-Bo, "but the only one who can tell you about the land where dreams are made is Grandmother Time, so you will have to ask her."

You see, Bo-Bo knew all about these things because, unknown to Margery-girl, he was the favourite steed of the King of Elf-land.

You might like to know who Grandmother Time was? Well, long, long ago she was known as Mother Time, but when her son was born she decided to let her son be Father Time, and as Father Time is very, very old, you can imagine how aged Grandmother Time was, even at the time this story took place. Why, men say she knew who the first man was who discovered that you could catch a bird by putting salt on its tail!

Now, when Margery-girl visited her one night, she took her out into the fields and, pointing to the heavens, she said in her withered, faded voice, "That grey, soft mass of clouds clustered under that bright star is in reality the land where dreams are made, but you must go there at night, for in the daytime it vanishes."

So Margery-girl set out for the mystic, beautiful land where the Man o' Dreams reigned. She wended her way towards the east, passing through green meadows covered with carpets of golden

buttercups and pure white daisies, and on the balmy breezes was wafted the perfume of lilac and honey-suckle, which clustered on the walls of quaint old cottages. One morning, very early, she came to a high mountain which she thought must be the one behind which the sun rested every night. Climbing its verdant sides she at last reached the summit and, looking over, she saw the sun sleeping peacefully in his bed of fluffy clouds, which were as soft and downy as swansdown. As she lay peeping over, a little herald of the sun, clad in a flaky, filmy mass of cloudlets tinted a delicate pink by the blushes of Aurora, came sailing by her.

"Excuse me," said Margery-girl, timidly, "could you tell me how to get to the land where dreams are made before night?"

"Why, the land you speak of is on the other side of the world," replied the herald, "but jump on my back and I will take you there, for I am going across the sky with my master, the sun."

All through that day Margery-girl and the herald floated through the blue meadows of the sky, sometimes going slowly and grandly, and at other times gambolling with the white sheep that grazed there or playing hide-and-seek with the other heralds of the sun. Old Sol was not in a very good temper that day, and when his servants all crowded together, so that the people on the earth thought it was going to rain, he would give an angry bellow and rush in among them, scattering them to left and right. At last, however, he reached the end of his journey, which it is necessary he should make every day, and the herald who had befriended Margery-girl told her that if she stayed on the bank of white clouds which were floating just above the

western horizon, she would soon be in the land where dreams are born.

After the sun had sunk behind the nearby hills, Margery-girl was surprised to find that the mass of clouds on which she was sitting was turning a soft, misty grey, but as the sky grew darker and the stars began to peep from the velvety darkness, she realised that she was at last in the land of the Man o' Dreams, for quaint little men dressed in grey were flying from the clouds to the earth below, carrying small bundles under their arms. Margery-girl had yet to learn that these bundles were dreams to be dispersed about the sleeping countryside. Soon an old man with a flowing grey beard and a beautiful face beaming with kindness and sympathy stood be-

fore her, and gently asked her what she desired. Margery-girl stated her wish and, to her delight, the old man handed a little grey packet to one of the little men and told him to take it to Bunny-boy.

"There, child," he said, "that is the dream that will take your brother to be with his mother for a short time among the angels."

He led her to the edge of the misty land of dreams and Margery-girl, after thanking him, stepped on to a silvery beam from the moon and gently glided down into her own bed.

As she lay gazing up at the beautiful stars, she saw a little grey shape float, empty-handed, out of her brother's window, and she knew that Bunny-boy was dreaming of their beloved mother among the angels.

Gene Seale, 2A.

SPARROW.

The sun rose hesitantly, like a creature afraid of its own temerity in facing such a dreary, rain-soaked world.

All the little hedge creatures woke quietly, for they saw no advantage in frightening the sun away with their loud trills and chirrups. A small brown sparrow, with feathers a little tattered at the edges and bedraggled with last night's rain, hopped out hopefully and gently chirped into the clear, rain-washed air.

Gathering courage as the sun gained in strength and finally burst through the clouds, he whistled gaily, made cheeky remarks about other people, and carelessly scratched about for worms, until his stomach sent out distress signals.

Gradually his merriment subsided as his search proved fruitless, or rather wormless, till only a mournful "cheep," and a pair of hopefully searching bright beady eyes remained to draw attention to him.

At last his hunger became so insistent that he could only sit on the fence and dart eager glances about for a stray worm, or even a stray half-a-worm, but, alas, all in vain did he look.

Presently, overcome by hunger and self-pity, he tucked his head under his wing and dropped off to sleep in his little nest in the hedge.

Awakening with a start and a shrill "Twee-eek!" he indignantly chattered a stream of abuse at the rude creature who had dared to rock his home so roughly. Some children laughed at his protests and drove him off, and, after the cruel manner of children, settled down to eat their lunches in the shade of the hedge so as to prevent his returning home.

Hovering over the schoolroom roof, a little way off, he watched and waited, and then, when they had gone with their laughter and gay talk back to the schoolroom, he darted once again into his hedge and huddled there, at least

able to say that he was safe at home.

Later, his hunger returning, he regained confidence and ventured out, first to the side of the nest, then to the outside of the hedge, and then, his heart beating quickly, on to the ground. Opening his eyes, which he had closed in his fright, he beheld the great wholesome crumbs which the children had dropped from their lunches.

Hastily gobbling these, he executed a little hoppity-hop of delight and flew onto the fence, from which vantage point he

"cheeked" his neighbours till he tired of this sport and returned to his nest, a very tired little sparrow.

The sun sank slowly, majestic in its robes of purple and gold and its streamers of pale cream cloud.

But this splendour did not trouble the little sparrow, for he was quite used to it, and besides he was tired, so, as the splendid golden ball threw its rays for just a moment on the sleepy little sparrow, as if saying "adieu" for the day, he drowsily murmured "cheep" in reply.

Margaret Johnston, 3B.

A FANTASY.

Sybil and I had been playing on the seashore for hours. What wonders there are to be seen there! The rock pools were our chief delight. Little Sybil was enchanted with the brilliant hues of the shells and sea anemones, which we fed with shrimps from a nearby pool.

Presently Sybil decided to make a sand palace and began gathering shells and glass for windows and doors and small pieces of bush for the garden.

Not being interested in this castle, I lay down on the warm, clean beach. Above me was the pale blue sky, speckled here and there with soft, downy clouds. My eyes wandered from the sky and watched the foaming waves curling, twisting and turning as they rippled along the shore. This was the only sound that broke the silence, as we had the beach to ourselves.

Gazing into the fathomless depths of the cool, green sea, and wondering what was happening there, I found myself helplessly drifting off to sleep, and even if it was only a dream it is still a very pleasant memory.

I was sitting on the beach when from a wave rose two sleek dolphins drawing a chariot made of

a beautiful shell. Behind the chariot were two giant sea horses, and, sitting on the mother-of-pearl seat, was the most beautiful mermaid ever seen. She had long green hair which flowed behind her and which was ornamented with a dainty coronet of pearls set in coral. Also around her neck was a priceless pearl necklace. She beckoned to me and I found myself walking towards her, and, as I reached the edge of the sea, I found that I had a long, scaly tail as all mer-people have. As I sat down she touched the long silken reins and away the dolphins swam, drawing the carriage behind them. They dived into the next breaker's curling top and down, down, we went, right to the bottom of the sea.

I found it was quite easy to breathe, and was not at all uncomfortable in my new shape. I gazed in wonderment at the things to be seen. Great brightly-coloured sea-plants clung to the sides of rocks, and fish, all colours of the rainbow, darted in and out among their strange forms.

The mermaid, who had not spoken before, now turned to me and said, "You had better know my name so that we will be able to talk to each other. My name is

Melisande." She then explained to me where and what all the fish and plants were, and when we passed an old ship, Melisande told me what country it had come from and how long it had been there. I am sure that she must have lived for hundreds of years, because most of the ships were galleons, and contained, I was told, chests of treasure.

We now neared an enclosure. Suddenly the chariot stopped; we alighted, and I noticed that we were outside a large palace, the walls of which were made of marble inlaid with pearls and beautiful and rare sea shells.

I was led into a great hall, at the end of which was a magnificent throne, and seated on this was Neptune, the Sea-King, Melisande's father, who was attended by numerous dolphins, lobsters and crabs. Seated around the hall were a number of other mermen and mermaids, who were characteristically combing their hair and singing sweet songs which, though different, harmonised wonderfully.

Melisande led me to her father, Neptune, and presented me to him, saying that I was the human being to whom they had decided to show their deep-sea wonders.

Neptune spoke to me kindly and told me not to be afraid. If anything frightened me I was to twist the ring which he gave me three times round my little finger.

Melisande then escorted me over

the palace, which was too wonderful to describe, and then, because she had received a message that her father wanted her, she took me into the beautiful garden and told me to wander around. Pretty fish were swimming carelessly around, so I was not lonely.

Somehow I wandered out of the garden and, turning a corner, I came face to face with a huge shark. I was so afraid that I tried to hide behind one of the sea-plants. Catching hold of the branches, I hid myself, and the shark swam by without finding me. I tried to find my way back to the garden, but I could not. Fortunately I remembered the ring which had been given to me by Neptune. I hastily turned it three times and found myself floating back to the land.

A cool breeze was blowing and the spray was wetting my face. I looked down and saw that I had no longer a scaly tail, but my own feet. The spray became unbearable and I tried to brush it away, when my hand came in contact with something warm and soft. I opened my eyes and saw it was Ross, my dog, who was waking me up to tell me that it was time to go home.

I got up, brushed the sand off, and followed Ross and Sybil home, finding it difficult to believe that I was on terra firma and not still under the sea.

Judith Henderson, 2A.

THE QUARREL.

Venus and the Moon were quarrelling. Venus, her golden loveliness flushed with anger, tossed her dainty head.

"I don't consider that you should have won that beauty contest," she said sharply.

Diana, the huntress, the Goddess of the Moon, Diana the chaste, the cold, smiled her superior smile, the smile that suited so well the

pale wanness of her home, the Moon.

"But, my dear Venus, you were not one of the judges, and therefore your opinion carries no weight," her taunting voice replied.

"It should have carried weight!" cried the furious golden beauty, and she stamped her little foot in

impotent rage. Her pride and vanity were sorely wounded.

"It should have carried weight," she cried again. "I am the Goddess of Love. I am Venus. My word should be respected."

"I presume you did not inform the judges that you wished your word to be final, and so ensure your winning of the competition at all costs?" came that distant, detached, mocking voice again, the voice that infuriated her rival so much.

Venus positively ground her little white teeth.

"Oh, how I hate you!" she panted furiously. "You horrible, cold—thing! You're like a—a—a piece of ice! All you care about is your hunting, your silly—silly—silly—hunting!" Each repetition of the word was accompanied by a tempestuous little stamp that caused grave old Mars to glance at her reprovingly.

Still no spark of anger, no sign of feeling from the beautiful, haughty Diana, still only that pale smile.

Venus felt a flare of wild anger pass through her. If only, oh, oh,

if only she could make that—that cat (as she mentally designated Diana), if only she could make her fly into a temper—anything so long as she caused that infuriating smile to vanish from her face.

"I expect you only vow you will never marry, and will be the patroness of unmarried maidens, because you know nobody would want to marry you!" she said spitefully.

Still no alteration in Diana's attitude. Still no sign that would indicate anger.

Perhaps the chilling coldness of her smile deepened a little, but that was all. Venus gasped with exasperation. Uttering a little cry, she dashed at Diana, forgot the law that kept them in their place, and pushed her angrily out of her position.

Chaos! Frightful, fear-inspiring, mad chaos! The terror-stricken cries of the helpless puppets of human beings floating through the universe was Venus' punishment.

And the Earth went spinning, spinning, blindly, madly, sickeningly, through the blackness on its way to destruction . . .

"Othello," 4C.

HISTORIC VAUCLUSE HOUSE.

A long sweep of drive beside a velvet lawn and a sparkling fountain; a bed of stocks sending their heavy perfume floating over the garden; great trees clothed in their spring green, and then the house itself, with its misty, mauve veil of fragrant wistaria, a grey pile rising above the trees, the one-time home of one of the greatest Australian statesmen, William Charles Wentworth. It is indeed fitting that the Government should have taken over this home and thrown it open for public inspection so that the Australians of to-day may be inspired by some of the spirit of the great Australian whose home it was.

The life of Wentworth is well known, but perhaps we have not

all had time to explore this house and examine its treasures as we would wish. The first room we enter is a room containing papers written in Wentworth's own hand, books he owned, papers in which his articles were printed, while the walls are hung with portraits of Australia's great men, Macquarie, Phillip, Macarthur and Sir Henry Parkes. From this very interesting place we pass into the drawing-room, a very large room containing ornaments which decorated the house when the Wentworths lived there—mosaic tables, two great china jardinières, and the Wentworth coat-of-arms, to mention but a few. On the walls there are a number of valuable pictures, but the most remarkable

feature is the tapestry which is hung over the fire-place. This is an historic group portraying two prelates and ladies of the court, the rich colours being very beautiful. But it is not the subject which is chiefly interesting, but the fact that it was thus exquisitely worked in 1867 by a girl of fifteen who was attending Fort Street School.

The next room we come to is the marble dining-room with its unusual floor and the massive fifteenth century sideboard so exquisitely carved. On the other side of the room is a table made by an Australian out of Australian woods. It is inlaid in an intricate and beautiful pattern consisting of thousands of pieces of wood, all of which are very highly polished.

On the other side of the hallway is a sunny sitting-room containing a spinet and various ornaments and some of the original furnishings. From here we go upstairs, passing a marble mosaic of the Roman forum, to the bedrooms, with their heavy mahogany furnishings and great four-poster beds hung with rich curtains. The bathroom, seamstress's room and sitting-room have been demolished owing to the ravages of white ants

and for the same reason a number of the downstairs rooms are closed.

Downstairs once again, we pass along a passage to the kitchen, a great room, stone-floored, having in it copper cooking vessels used so many years ago, and the actual meat-safe and dresser which were first in the house are still there. Through the scullery we come to the bright, white-washed dairy, opposite which is the larder. Outside there are steps leading down into the dank-smelling wine cellars where were once rich wines to grace the tables where sat the men of whom we now read in history.

Across the yard are the stables, and back again through the kitchen we come to the family dining-room, with the original furniture, and the Constitution room next to it. There are also various pantries and storerooms which are now closed to the public.

Having crossed a flagged courtyard we find ourselves once more outside and entranced with the beauty of the wistaria. We leave, feeling that this is indeed a fitting place, with its glorious surroundings and grand interior, to have been the home of that great Australian, William Charles Wentworth.

"Katère," 3A.

ROMANI BARBAROS VICERUNT.

"More Latin homework," sighed Jill. "I wonder if I can finish it before ten o'clock. Goodness, I'm tired!" She bent over the book. "Now let me see—Julius Caesar . . ." Her head began to nod, but resolutely she shook it and turned again to the printed page. "Now where was I?" she murmured—"Romani barbaros vicerunt — The barbarians conquered the Romans!"

There was a blood-curdling shriek, and Jill felt a violent poke in the back, and on turning Jill saw two Roman centurions, both holding pikes. One seized her by

the scruff of the neck and, uttering a gruff "Veni," propelled her into the street.

It was, miraculously, noon, and the familiar street had changed. The scene was as Jill had always imagined Ancient Rome. They walked quickly, Jill being urged on by an occasional dig from a pike. Soon they left the city behind and came to an encampment, into one of the largest tents of which Jill was forced.

A man with a large Roman nose was seated at a table inside, writing on a wax tablet. A laurel wreath was hung on a hat peg on

one side of the tent and a suit of armour hung near it on a coat-hanger.

"Ave, Caesar," said Jill's heavy-handed guide.

"Wait a minute," said the man. "I am just writing up my diary on the invasion of Britain."

After a few minutes he put down his stylus. "Well?" he asked curtly.

"Imperator," said the centurion, bowing low, "this person is guilty of saying that 'Romani barbaros vicerunt' means 'The barbarians conquered the Romans!'"

"What!" howled Caesar, jumping to his feet, "Take her to the lions!" And, seizing his laurel wreath, he strode from the tent, followed by the centurions and the reluctant Jill, who was becoming hot and cold at the thought of becoming lions' food at the Colosseum.

A blood-curdling shriek came from the crowd which had gathered, "Take her to the lions!" Caesar then stepped forward, having adjusted his laurel wreath to hide his baldness. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," he began. "I come to bury this girl, not to praise her. She has transgressed the laws of our country. She must go——" "To the lions," screamed the crowd. "And the dogs," said Caesar. "Hear, hear," said a voice from the crowd.

"Who said that?" demanded Caesar. "The soothsayer," shouted the crowd.

"Tell him to hold his tongue," said Caesar.

"Caesar," cried the soothsayer in a high falsetto, "beware of too many ice-creams."

"Take him to the lions, too," roared Caesar. The crowd willingly complied. It wasn't every day they had a matinée performance, the cast including lions, at the Colosseum.

The soothsayer was apparently quite unconcerned and chatted

quite gaily with his captors. He hoped the lions were not as hungry as last time, because he had had great trouble in killing the lot, as they were rather desperate.

At this moment a licitor, who was holding a stop-watch in his hand, shouted "Time!" in a voice like a fog-horn. The soothsayer seized a trident and strode jauntily into the arena, facing a door on the opposite side. Jill's attention was attracted by a man with huge red hands standing in the arena near a large hole. The centurions told her that it was Tibeeffius Brutus, Rome's best butcher, waiting to lay in a stock of meat for the morrow.

The door was suddenly flung open and a shaggy lion rushed out. The soothsayer, with the ease born of long practice, speared it with his trident and flung it over his shoulder as though he were forking hay. It fell straight into Tibeeffius' hands, and he dropped it down the hole, while the crowd cheered to see that to-morrow would not be a meatless day. This was repeated about a dozen times and then the soothsayer came off, bowing to the plaudits of the crowd, and it was Jill's turn.

She seized a trident and, using the weapon as a hockey stick, scooped the first lion straight into Caesar's lap. The crowd roared with admiration as in turn Jill gave each of the nobles a lion apiece and also stopped a serious domestic argument between Caesar and his wife. It was like this:

Brutus was handing round ice-creams, and in his wanderings came upon Caesar, who was just finishing one, and offered him another. "Et tu, Brute," replied Caesar, holding up two fingers. "Julius," said Mrs. Caesar in a highly disgusted tone, "if you think——" She got no further, for at that moment the last of the lions landed in her lap, and so ter-

minated what might have been a long argument.

"Hooray, hooray," shouted the crowd.

Caesar, overcome with gratitude, took off his laurel wreath and, with a skill which betrayed how much he spent on "hoop-la" at the Olympic Games, neatly ringed Jill's head.

Jill, holding up her trident for silence, cried, "Lords, ladies, and plebs., listen! Romani barbaros

vicerunt—The Romans conquered the barbarians."

There was loud cheering, and a band, which seemed to have sprung up from nowhere, began to play "Rule Britannia."

Jill opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the page on which the words "Romani barbaros vicerunt" were inscribed. The wireless was playing "Rule Britannia."

"Good gracious!" said Jill. "I must have fallen asleep!"

P. Miller, 2B.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

"Grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf," ran the old song. Chris knew it well, for it had been sung to him by his nurse for four years now. Of course, she did not sing him to sleep any longer now. He was a man—that is, as much of a man as a four-year-old boy can be. But in Chris's own estimation he was a mighty warrior—something, in fact, between a cave man and a Knight of the Round Table, and it was a great sorrow to him that this harmless old song should cause him such trouble when night fell.

In the day-time Chris was a typical boy, blessed with the faculty for enjoying to pull girls' hair, and ride over them with his scooter, and push them into the duck-pond. But when night fell—ah! that was a different matter! As soon as the light had been switched off and he was safely in bed, with his head beneath the pillow, it would begin:

"Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock!

And it stopped short, never to go again,

When the old man died," said a deep, sepulchral voice, with a lingering fondness for drawing out the word "died."

And then it would begin all over again: "Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock! . . ." And there, all round

the bed, would be great clocks, some with waving arms and bow-legs, others with monocles and spats, and still others with glittering eyes and side-whiskers.

One night Chris went to bed, hiding his head under two pillows so that he might neither see nor hear his unwelcome visitors. But alas! to no avail! They even brought with them the big and expensive clock that ordinarily reposed in the front hall.

Chris determined to stand it no longer. Jumping out of bed, he seized a small axe that he kept in the corner for such nefarious purposes as chopping pieces out of the tree that grew outside his window, and rushed at the household clock with murder in his eye.

The clock, being a very canny one, turned and fled down the stairs. When it reached the hall, it placed its back to the wall, let its arms and other accessories it had acquired in its nocturnal prowlings disappear, and became once more the respectable household clock. But Chris was not deceived. He was thirsting for vengeance. "I'll fix it!" he yelled, and with one mighty swoop smashed the glass door to pieces.

When his father and mother arrived they were very much alarmed to find their one and only child frothing at the mouth and

muttering dire threats against all and any clocks that he happened to encounter.

"The poor dear child has been having nightmares!" said his mother. But Chris, in the superior-

ity of his man's mind, knew better.

He marched up to bed, hugging his useful axe tightly, and this time never even bothered to bury his head beneath the pillow.

("Pericles," 4C)

THE GAME OF CHESS. (A Modern Myth.)

The great red sun arose over the Indian Ocean. His warm rays kissed the Abyssinian Plateau, making rivers and lakes sparkle, and bringing soft, rosy tints to the mountain peaks. The Ethiopians were awake—awake and watching! Ever on the alert. Ever ready for attack.

In the enemy's camp all was astir.

As two nations of the earth prepared for war, two islands, which had not yet come to the surface, were engrossed in their own affairs.

The Conohutes, who inhabited one of the islands, were very dark-skinned, being conspicuous for their fiery-red eyes, while the Maragnas, the people of the other island, were huge creatures one hundred and fifty feet in height, having yellow skins and purple eyes. The national game of the Maragnas was chess.

The Conohutes had a switchboard controlling the tidal waves and volcanoes of the earth. The Maragnas, who were extremely jealous of the Conohutes possessing this switchboard, were always planning to influence the electric currents so that all the force of the tidal waves would react on the Conohutes. For this purpose the scientists of Maragna had discovered a wonderful substance that would turn any electric current in the opposite direction.

For some time previous to this legend the Maragnas had been experiencing queer conditions, and at last found that they could no longer swim straight along to

Conohute Island, but had to dive straight down. The reason for this change was that Maragna Island was getting ready to come up to the surface and had moved over the top of Conohute Island.

Now the scientists of Maragna thought this a wonderful chance to influence the electric currents, for they now came right on to their island. But these clever men little knew what would happen.

The King of the Conohutes had long been distressed because the button connecting with Stromboli would not work, so in desperation he gave one tremendous push, and the current, catching the island of Maragna before the scientists could act, blew large pieces of rock in all directions, sending the island with terrific force to the surface.

The poor inhabitants of Maragna, bewildered, found themselves next to Stromboli, in the Tyrrhenian Sea.

When they had recovered from the shock and become accustomed to their new surroundings, their first thought was the Chess Tournament.

The Annual Tournament to decide the Champion had been in full swing when the explosion occurred. The finalists, concentrating on their last game, were striving for the great honour when—Bang! Crash! Tables, chairs, chessmen, boards, everything went up in a confused mass.

The King ordered the game to be played again, but the two great players, Sanguineus and Dracuncululus, each declared that the game was finished and that he had won.

Neither one would listen to reason and at last they both became so quarrelsome that the King banished them.

Diving into the water, they had a great fight. Then, the quarrel over, they started on a voyage of exploration. Striding from island to island, they at last found themselves in Africa.

As they neared Abyssinia they saw troops, all spick and span, standing to attention, and, taking them for chess-men, proceeded to play with them.

The soldiers felt very queer being picked up by huge hands, hauled feet into the air, and

placed at different spots all over Africa.

Regardless of whether the troops were Italians or Ethiopians, these two played chess with them.

Of course this sudden interruption caused great consternation in the ranks of both armies. The Ethiopian General was placed on the edge of Lake Tsana, while the Chief of the Italian forces was set down in the centre of the Sahara.

Order and discipline being scattered to the winds, the whole military organization was destroyed.

There was no war, but there was a game of chess.

Connie Peach.

A HOLIDAY ON THE FARM.

Having lived near the city all my life, it had always been my longing to spend a holiday on a farm; I had read so many stories of the lovely times children had when they went to stay with their "Uncle on the farm." Imagine my delight when an uncle of mine gave me an invitation to visit him.

I went by train to Campbelltown and then by steam tram to Camden. On my arrival there I was met by my uncle and we drove in a sulky about six miles out of town.

When we came to the homestead I was just thrilled—there was the home on the top of the hill and running along at the foot was a river, not very big, but very pretty, with willows dipping their leaves in the cool water all along the banks; many times during my stay there did I lie in the shade of those willows with a book, but quite often forgetting my book because all was so peaceful and quiet, except for the croak of the frogs in the water and the twittering of the birds overhead. Many times, too, did my cousin and I wander along the banks picking maidenhair fern, dog roses and violets of all shades—blue, red, purple, mauve and white.

The remainder of the first day

was spent "exploring." We went and saw all the animals—cattle, horses, pigs and a few sheep. Then I was introduced to the pets—cats and dogs of all shapes, colours and sizes, fowls, geese and turkeys, birds, a calf, a white rabbit, and even a squirrel.

One of my chief delights was to romp on a haystack and lie among the sweet-smelling hay, or watch the cat trying to catch mice under it.

At evening my cousin would get on her pony to round up the cows for milking, and sometimes she would take me with her on the pony. This I much enjoyed.

Often we played hide-and-seek in the tall oats before they were cut down, and more than once, in the denseness of these oats, over an acre, did I find myself lost. Another frequent pastime was that of picking the fruit. With wide-brimmed hats to keep the sun out of our eyes, a step-ladder, a little lunch and a cold-water bag, we went off to the orchard to pluck the ripened fruit.

In the cooler times of the day we took a dog and went for rambles. The dog chased rabbits and we gathered wild flowers, or perhaps just strolled along, delighting in the scenery we saw.

"Flick."

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

Mahanita, the beautiful Indian maiden, stood upon the shores of the river Nahina like some wild and graceful dryad of the woods poised for flight. At her feet lay the long canoe which had been fashioned for her by the willing hand of the stalwart braves of her tribe. A gentle wind whispered its message through the trees and rustled the grasses at her feet. Mahanita awoke from her reverie and stepped into her boat, sending it out into the limpid waters of the river. It was late evening, and the shores were bathed in unearthly beauty as the rays of the setting sun cast their glowing colours across river and verdant countryside.

Everything spoke of beauty and happiness, but nothing lay in the heart of Mahanita but sorrow, for she had lost her father and her only brother in a dreadful battle with the hated "palefaces."

There was only one thing now that could bring her happiness—to go on the journey to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" that lay somewhere beyond the sunset. She lay back in her canoe with half-shut eyes and dreamed of the time when she was a child playing merrily in the great forest during the long, warm, indolent Indian summer days. Behind her was a brown-skinned, lithe and handsome boy pursuing her with the grace and speed of a deer.

A tear gathered and trembled for a moment on Mahanita's lashes. That was a poignantly painful memory. So, too, was the

memory of her father, a tall, bronzed giant with the keenest eyes in the tribe . . .

Gradually Mahanita sank into a deep sleep. And in her sleep she saw the "Happy Hunting Grounds." Ah! How beautiful they were! There were multitudes of people all supremely happy, all contented, there. And from among them her searching gaze picked out her brother. He seemed happy—yet lost. He appeared to long for one who was not there. Mahanita smiled in her sleep. It was she whom he wanted. So she had not done wrong in going on her journey! Suddenly he turned and his dark eyes dwelt on her for an instant before he beckoned—and again Mahanita smiled.

In her sleep she was conscious that she was cold. But a sudden glow of warmth again enveloped her as she saw a girl, whose face was her own, hovering on the edge of the "Happy Hunting Grounds" while she cast a farewell look on the earth she had left, before hurrying to meet the greater joy within . . .

The sun by now had gone, and black night had descended on the earth. The playful wind still whispered its secret through the grasses and among the scented pine boughs—the secret it has whispered since the beginning of the world and will whisper to the end. And the distant stars shone on, and the moon looked down on the earth in her solemn nightly vigil, as Mahanita and her canoe drifted silently on the waters of Nahina . . . "Christodule," 4C.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1936.

We wish to congratulate the following who were elected by the Fourth Year Girls on October 15th to the honourable positions of Captain and Prefects for 1936:
 Captain: Gordon Curran.

Prefects: Joyce Thompson (Senior), Jean Barnett, Beth Boaden, Lucy Graham, Valerie Hands, Catherine McDonald, Margaret Potter, Sonia Sork, Audrey Spenser.

TAMBOURINE MOUNTAIN.

The Tambourine Mountain is one of the prettiest mountains in Queensland. It is forty-nine miles out of Brisbane, and is about eight hundred feet above sea level.

To reach this mountain one travels part of the way on the road which leads to Southport, a very fine beach fifty miles out of Brisbane. This straight, tarred road is bordered on either side by a dense wood of very straight trees, some of which are of the flowering variety, such as bauhinias. These, with their pink, bell-like blooms, present a most fascinating picture, which makes it hard to realise that the Capital City of Queensland is just a few miles away.

The road continues for some distance, and then branches off on to a stoney one, on either side of which grow distinctly tropical plants; here vines are intermixed with shrubs. The scenery now suggests the very heart of a jungle.

Eagles' Heights, an attractive stretch of hills, now claims the attention. Climbing up hill for a short time one is able to look down on Cunundra Valley, which is noted for its timber industry, and from this position one can also see pineapple groves, which add to the tropical atmosphere.

Having arrived at Mount Tambourine and looking out to sea, one has a good view of Moreton and Bribie Islands, which are a short distance from the mainland. A long stretch of sand, which is Southport, is also visible from the same point.

Mount Tambourine is, above all, noted for its Palm Grove, consisting mainly of Queensland or Feather Palms, which greatly resemble Date Palms. Another prominent tree in this part is the Strangling Fig. This tree, growing round the trunk of another big one, squeezes all the sap out of it and leaves it gnarled and ugly, until it finally dies, only its hollow trunk, gripped by the trunk and branches of the Strangling Fig, being left. There are also two other prominent growths in this grove—the poisonous lily and the stinging plant. These two plants grow side by side. The former, if swallowed, causes the tongue to swell, and finally chokes the swallower; the latter stings any part of the body that it may touch, the stinging lasting for six months, and recurring whenever that part of the body becomes wet. If the juice of the lily, however, is rubbed on this sting it instantly disappears.

Another plant is the Lawyer Vine, so named because, by means of little prickles on the stalk, it clings very firmly to anything which it touches.

From this mountain one gazes down on the Macpherson Range in New South Wales, Mount Coottha, which is another beautiful mountain; and Point Danger, which is a very sharp promontory.

Mount Tambourine is a very picturesque mountain, and a resort very popular with tourists visiting Brisbane.

“OPTTEST,” 4B.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The School Association has held regular meetings which have been attended by the staff and year representatives.

The main business has been the question whether pockets should be awarded to girls winning Bronze Crosses for Life-Saving. After much discussion it has been

decided by the Association that in the future pockets will not be given for any Life-Saving awards.

The proposal that pockets should bear no inscriptions concerning sport has been referred to the Secondary Girls' Schools' Sports Association.

P. WILES, Secretary.

SPRING IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Was I gazing on an exquisite picture or a real scene as I stood midst the crowd of picnic-makers that had invaded the Botanical Gardens on this beautiful September day? Yes, it was a picture, only not one painted by a human hand but by that of nature.

The picture was one formed by the azaleas—beautiful blossoms clustered together, forming one huge mass of blazing colours. First came the boughs laden with bright pink, and I was amazed to find that one could not catch the faintest glimpse of green foliage amongst the pink mass. Passing on, I came to a rich mauve mass, and as before I could not see the foliage. Having admired this wonderful cluster of beauty, I next espied what seemed to be a shrub covered with flimsy white gossamer; but as one might surmise, it was really an azalea bush clothed in the purest of white blossoms. Its beauty held me entranced for a moment; then, fearing I might miss the loveliness of the other bushes, I hurried on to view the next. It happened to be another pink one, ablaze with the vividness of its blossoms. And so I wandered viewing these glorious creations of nature.

You may think at this point that the entire Gardens must be ablaze with these azaleas. But no! One may see any time in early Spring the marvellous Prunus trees; that is to say the flowering peaches and plums. On seeing their blossoms gave me the impression myself really thought so too; for these trees one would immediately think they were artificial, and I sion of being little feathers of

crinkly paper that had been attached to their branches. But then I realised that I was walking in the Botanical Gardens, and began to drink in the beauty of them. Over there a deep velvety pink bloomed, here a beautiful white one caught my eye, and next to it a pale pink splashed with a deeper shade. Then beyond these stretched a whole avenue of them, the brown earth beneath them clothed with fallen blossoms. As I strolled over a rustic bridge I gazed over its railing and there, beside the little stream, were two of these quaint trees, one pink and one white, growing so that their branches hung over the rivulet and seemed to clasp hands over the centre of it. Altogether it made an exquisite picture, reminding one of the East and Japan.

Japan! Yes, but where was the wistaria? Ah! What was that arch of mauve over there to the left? Yes, it was the wistaria, the beautiful creeper associated with Japan. It was like a purple mist enveloping the many pergolas set for it to trail over. Having walked amongst these wistaria creepers I suddenly espied another bush of this; but not one of mauve. It was a delicate, creamy shade, trailing so as to grow in the form of a bridal veil. It was beautiful, and would inspire any poet to write a beautiful verse:

“O, beautiful to see, and gay,
The flower foam breaking into
spray.

And down the gullies and on the
height,

September, dancing in delight.”

And so I left this grove of beauty with joy in my heart, with the determination to revisit it every Spring and enjoy again the marvellous works of Nature.

NORMA MURRAY, 3A.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

"Whooh," sobbed the wind, sighing through the trees and meaning around the eaves of the houses.

"Whoosh!" mocked the rain, as it pattered on the roofs like a crescendo of drums. The trees tossed their gaunt, sear branches in the wind, and the plants bowed their heads in humble obeisance. For many dark and dismal days the storm continued until, one night, Winter decided that he was growing old and tired so, wrapping his long grey cloak around him, he departed, and with him went his fellow-workers, Cold, Frost and Rain.

After the departure of Winter, the flowers and trees were busy preparing themselves for the coming of Spring to the country. The wattle spent her days gathering the gold from the sun's rays to make her spring attire of golden, fluffy balls for that joyous occasion. The sweet forget-me-nots stole the blue from the sky and softly whispered to the zephyr breezes, "Forget-me-not, forget-me-not." Modest violets shyly raised their heads and watched, from their secluded corners, a crimson rose, blushing, curtsy to the snap-dragon on the opposite side of the garden wall. Daffodils and primroses were also awakening from their soft, green cradles to grace the lawns and gardens during the visit of Spring.

As the clear streams bubbled and cascaded over rocks, or flowed tranquilly under the drooping tendrils of the weeping willows, they

softly tinkled, "Spring is coming, O, glorious Spring!"

Trees raised their drooping heads and grey branches and began to deck themselves in bright attire, and so unite in the rejoicing that filled all things. Bees sped through the air carrying the pollen from one flower to another, and butterflies, both of delicate and gaudy hues, hovered above the bursting buds of the fruit trees.

At night, when the darkness had fallen and the moonlight had shed its silvery radiance over the slumbering world, the crickets and frogs joined in their nocturnal song. In the tree-tops mating birds were busy building their tiny nests and, as the birds flew home from far-away lands, they twittered, "Spring is coming, Spring is coming!"

One morning after the rosy flush of dawn had faded from the sky, the golden sun peeped over the horizon, and what he saw filled his heart with rejoicing. Lady Spring had at last arrived, the sun saw her flowing, golden hair in the waving wattle trees, her blue eyes laughed at him from the forget-me-nots, in the peach blossoms was the pink blush of her cheeks, and her lips smiled at him from the crimson roses. Around her, in all her beauty, was spread a gown of fresh, tender green, and as the birds woke one by one, they joined in singing the praises of Spring in their clear, melodious voices.

GENE SEALE, 2A.

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND.

I wandered through the Australian bush on a sunny afternoon in Spring. The flowers, which grew abundantly around me, nodded their heads in the gentle breeze. Tall evergreens rose up high above my head in glorious splendour,

while gauzy butterflies flitted from flower to flower, seeming like happy fairies at play.

I wandered on, wondering at the grandeur of the scenes which stretched before me. Birds flew from bough to bough, trilling out

their joyous refrains as if they too could appreciate such beauty as was revealed to me.

As I looked up I saw the radiant sun shining in great glory in the sapphire blue sky above, which was broken here and there by a wandering cloud.

Nearing a tall majestic gum tree I heard the soft murmuring of a brook, and made my way to the place whence the sound came. The scene which was revealed to my gaze was one of extreme beauty. Beside the gurgling stream stretched a margin of Christmas bells, which were not yet in bloom. As a background tall, fluffy wattle trees grew, and although there were native roses, flannel flowers, waratah and boronia, the wattle

stood out above all. Birds added their cheery chirping, and the bush was alive with the many cries of native birds and animals.

By this time the sun, a golden orb, was setting in the west, and Diana, the Moon Goddess, was preparing to guard the evening sky while Apollo, the Sun God, visited the other side of the world beyond the darkening horizon.

As Apollo sank to rest in the glowing west, all was still, and a hush fell on the birds as the glow-worms lit the darkness with a golden light. As the moon and her attendants, the stars, peeped out from the blackness to perform their nightly duties, I was happy, and ever shall I remember that day.

U. HAGAN, 1E.

FAREWELL DAY.

Friday, October 25th, a day to be remembered by all present Fortians, was for the many old girls who attended a chance of reviving memories of their own schooldays. It was "Farewell Day," the greatest day of the year, and yet one through which ran an undercurrent of sadness, for it was the Fifths' last day at School.

The girls were delighted to see on the platform the two former Headmistresses, Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise, Mrs. Macartney, Miss Watts, former Captains of the School, and representatives of the Old Girls' Union.

Miss Cohen, in a very inspiring address, spoke of a surdial with the inscription "Think and Thank," and reminded the girls of the debt of gratitude they owed to those who had enabled them to have such an education as this School gives.

Then came the traditional investiture of the Captain and Prefects for 1936, after which Clarice Hamilton, the retiring Captain, Gwen Curran, Captain-elect, Jean Livingston and Joyce Thompson addressed the School. Three other

prefects spoke a few words to their respective years.

After the singing of the National Anthem came the time-honoured custom of "clapping out" the Fifths and Thirds.

During the afternoon tea which followed the healths of the King, the Fifths, the Staff and School were honoured and a vote of thanks carried to the Fourths for the delightful party they had provided.

Then an adjournment was made to the Assembly Hall, where the rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing and games.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem brought to a conclusion another "Farewell Day" to be added to the records of the past.

P. WILES, 4A.

EXCHANGES.

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

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The Employment Department of Stott & Underwood's Business College, week in and week out, receives more calls for stenographers than it can fill. Here are some interesting figures for September and October:—

POSITIONS OFFERED AND FILLED.

Week Ending	Positions Offered	Positions Filled
7/9/'35	62	48
14/9/'35	70	51
21/9/'35	65	37
28/9/'35	56	44
5/10/'35	51	40
12/10/'35	64	38
19/10/'35	72	42
26/10/'35	76	54
Total for 8 weeks	516	354

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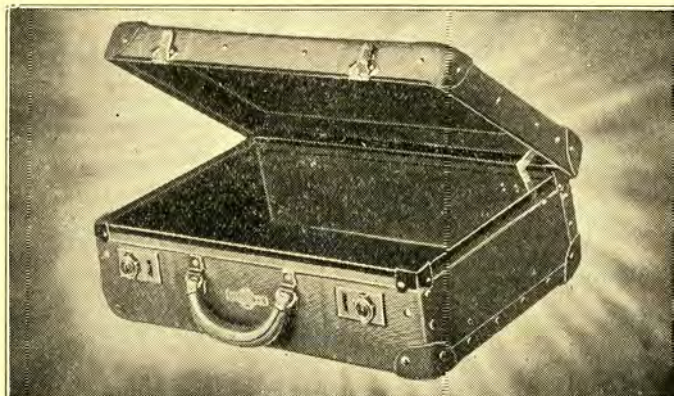
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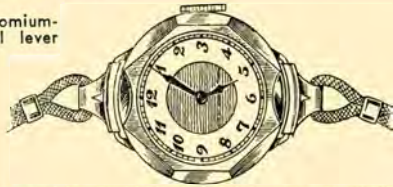


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