



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 6

May, 1936



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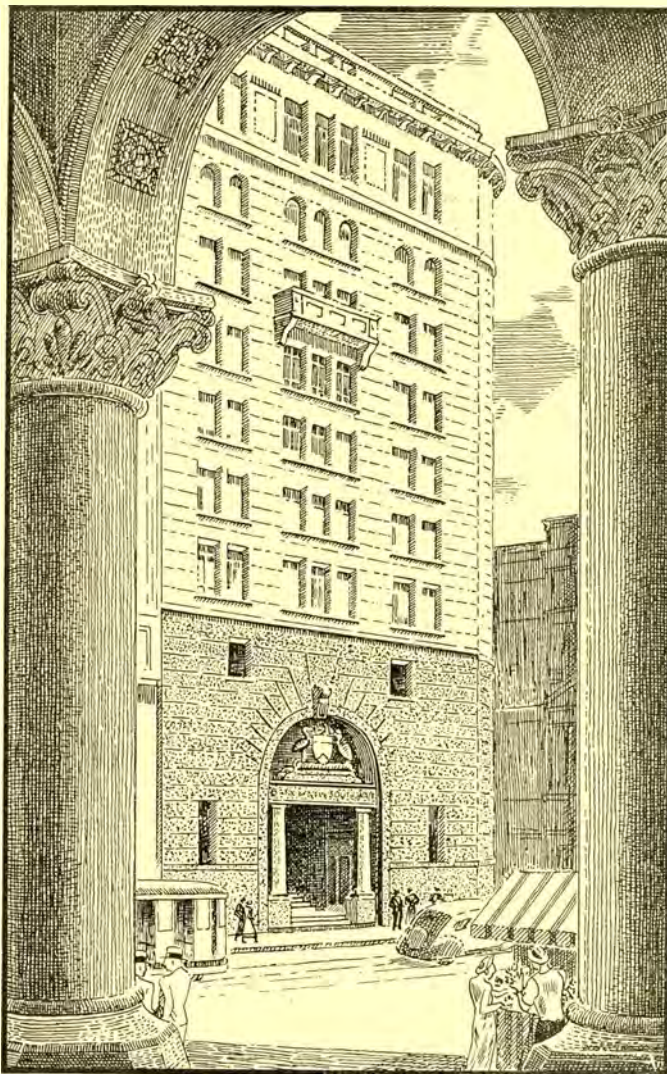
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The Fort Street Girls' High School Magazine

1

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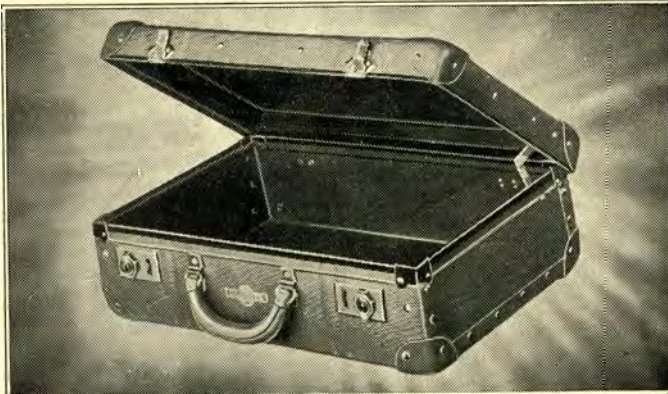
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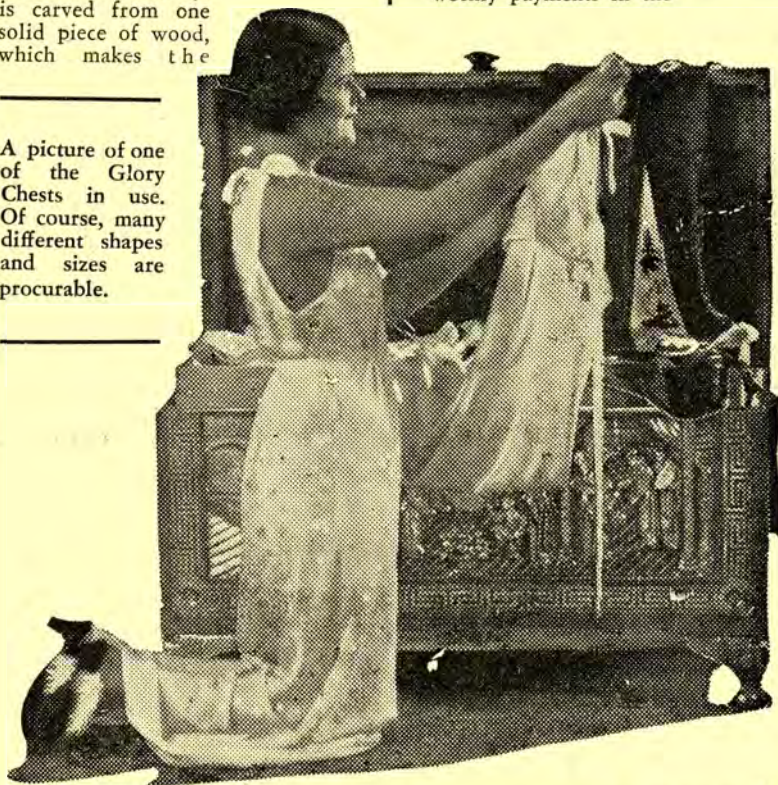
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These genuine Chinese hand-made camphor-wood chests come to you direct from China. The exquisite carvings portray a story and legend, typical stories, which tell you the history of China over thousands of years. The carving on each chest is an art in itself, and has been handed down from father to son for generations. Each panel, incidentally, is carved from one solid piece of wood, which makes the

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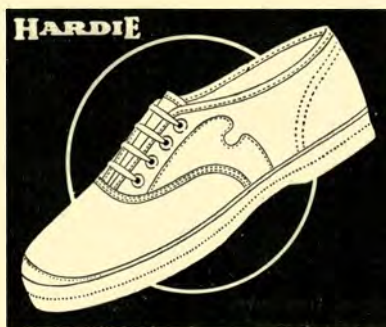
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THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH
SCHOOL

MAY, 1936.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

The Staff.

Principal: Miss COHEN, M.A., B.Sc. (absent on leave).
Acting Principal: Miss TURNER, B.A.
Acting Deputy-Principal: Miss WEDDELL, B.A.

Department of English.

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| Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress). | Miss MOORE, B.A. |
| Miss CAMPBELL, B.A. | Miss PAYNE SCOTT, B.A. |
| Miss E. CHEETHAM, B.A. | Miss WICKS, B.A., B.Ec. |
| Miss CROXON, B.A. | Miss WINGROVE, B.A. |

Department of Classics.

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| | Miss SIMONS, B.A. |

Department of Mathematics.

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| Miss LESSLIE, B.A. (Mistress). | Miss RUSSELL, B.Sc. |
| Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A. | Miss TAYLOR, B.A. |
| Miss PIRANI, B.A. | Miss WESTON, M.A. |

Department of Science.

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| Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress). | Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc. |
| Miss CHEETHAM, B.A. | Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc. |

Department of Modern Languages.

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| Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress). | Miss HARDERS. |
| Miss COLLINS, B.A. | Miss RYAN, Dip. Besancon Univ. |
| Miss MURRAY, B.A., L.es L., Dr. Phil. | |

Art: Miss TEARLE.
Music: Mrs. JAMES.

Needlework: Miss DUNLOP.
Physical Culture: Miss ANDERSON.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.
Magazine Sub-Editor: Miss WINGROVE, B.A.
Captain, 1936: GWEN CURRAN.



THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS, 1936.

Front row: Ina MacDonald, Joyce Thompson (Senior Prefect), Gwen Curran (Captain), Valerie Hands, Sonia Sark.
Back row: Beth Boaden, Margaret Potter, Audrey Spence, Jean Barnett, Ethel Savage.

MISS COHEN

Miss Cohen left for England via America by the Monterey on April 1st. This is mainly a pleasure trip, but while abroad Miss Cohen hopes to visit some of the Secondary Schools in those countries. The

members of the staff and the pupils unite in wishing her a very pleasant trip and a safe return. Miss Turner, who was appointed to be Deputy at the beginning of the year, is Acting-Principal, and Miss Weddell, Mistress of Modern Languages, is Acting Deputy Principal.

PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL

Only we who are on the threshold of our last year at school realise how quickly our time has passed at Fort Street, and how many things we might have done.

You First and Second Years, who still have a long time to go, we advise to make the most of your days at Fort Street; they will end all too soon.

We are sure every girl has realised by now how fortunate we are to have such a principal and staff, who are so interested in us and help

us to obtain the high standard of passes which appear in Fort Street examination results.

Well, you can show your appreciation of their work by doing them little courtesies and by brightening up your class-rooms, thereby giving them a more pleasant atmosphere to work in.

Fortians, let us, during our beloved Principal's absence, live up to the best Fortian traditions and look forward to her return at the end of the year.

ROUND THE SCHOOL

The Staff: There were many changes in the staff at the beginning of the year. Miss West, our highly-esteemed Deputy, was transferred to Sydney Girls' High School to act in the same capacity. Miss Cowie was promoted to the position of Science Mistress at Newcastle Girls' High School. The Misses Lea and Lewis were transferred to North Sydney and Hornsby respectively. Miss Stuart, who had been a temporary teacher on the staff, resigned to be married. We wish all of them happiness in their new surroundings. To Miss Purcell, who had been a valued member of the staff since 1922, we wish happiness and health in her retirement. We extend a welcome to Miss Cheetham on her return from Europe, and to the new members of the staff—the Misses Campbell, E. Cheetham, McMullen, Taylor and Payne Scott.

The Ada Partridge Prize, which is

awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was won by Maria Boldini.

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

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

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

The Brendan Lane Mullins Memorial Gold Medal and the C. J. Loe-

wenthal Prize were awarded to Joyce McCredie, the best candidate in the Australian History Honours section of the Leaving Certificate Examination.

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

English.—First Class: Maria Boldini and Jean Curtis. Second Class: Phyllis Corner and Beryl Smith.

Latin.—First Class: Jean Curtis.

French.—Second Class: Maria Boldini and Phyllis Corner.

German.—Second Class: Maria Boldini, Phyllis Corner and Clarice Hamilton.

Modern History.—First Class: Jean Livingston and Joyce McCredie.

Chemistry.—Beryl Smith and Ellen Swann.

University Exhibitions were gained by Maria Boldini and Jean Curtis in the Faculty of Arts; Beryl Smith in the Faculty of Science, and Phyllis Corner in the Faculty of Economics.

University Bursaries also were gained by Maria Boldini and Phyllis Corner.

Training College Scholarships were awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination to Gwen Allan, Maria Boldini, Jean Curtis, Phyllis Corner, Kathleen Gillies, Amy Jackson, Nancy Light, Enid Morris, Beryl Smith, and Joyce Stewart.

Post-Graduate Training College Scholarships were won by Betty Armstrong and Nancy Wayland.

On the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination Barbara Billing was awarded a four years' Technical Scholarship for Needlework.

Dorothy Dodd was awarded a bursary on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination, having gained "A" passes in English, History, Mathematics I, Latin, French, Elementary Science, and Music and a "B" pass in Mathematics II.

SPEECH DAY

Early in the morning of 12th December, the Annual Speech Day of the Fort Street Girls' High School, the skies were grey, but long before 2 p.m. the sun shone forth.

As soon as the doors were opened the body of the hall at the Conservatorium was filled with pupils and their parents. On the platform were seated the members of the staff, prize-winners and choir girls. Also on the platform were many friends of the school, including the Hon. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., Minister for Education, who very ably filled the position of chairman; Dame Constance D'Arcy, Mrs. B. S. Stevens, Mr. D. Clyne, M.L.A., Mr. Senior Inspector and Mrs. Cramp, and the two former headmistresses, Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise.

After Mr. Drummond had made a very fine speech, our respected Principal, Miss Cohen, read the report for 1935. Every Fortian present was delighted to hear of the school's successes, in both work and sport.

In the Leaving Certificate Examination, Irene Hallett and Joan Fraser tied for the Ada Partridge Prize; in the Intermediate Examination, Marjorie McKechnie and Dorothy Allen both gained 7 "A's," and the passes in both examinations were of a very high standard, the average pass in the Intermediate being 2.3 "A's" and 4.3 "B's."

In Sport, Fort Street also distinguished herself by winning the Junior and Senior Point Score Shields, the Junior Relay and the Junior Championship Cup. Jean Coleman, our School Champion, also won the 100 Yds. Championship of High Schools at the Athletics Meeting.

The Choir and Orchestra had won fresh laurels in the Sydney Eisteddfod, and the School, under the able direction of Miss Collins, had won, for the third time in succession, the

J. C. Williamson Mask in the Junior Theatre League Competition.

On this occasion we could not but remember two former valued friends of the School, the late Bishop Kirkby and the late Sir Alfred Parker.

After excellent and inspiring speeches had been delivered by Dame Constance D'Arcy and Mr. D. Clyne, M.L.A., Mrs. B. S. Stevens, who is herself an old Fort Street girl, graciously presented the prizes, and also invested the Captain and Prefects for 1936 with their badges of office.

The School Choir and Orchestra, as usual, rendered several very enjoyable items under the baton of Mrs. James.

Clarice Hamilton, the Captain for 1935, thanked Mr. Drummond and Mrs. Stevens for their kindness in helping to make Speech Day a success; and Gwen Curran, the Captain elect for 1936, congratulated Dame Constance D'Arcy on the honour conferred on her by His Majesty King George, while thanking her and Mr. Clyne for their speeches, which all would remember.

Another memorable Speech Day closed with the singing of the School song, "Come Fortians All," and the National Anthem.

—S. Austin, 4A.

The following is the list of prize-winners:

Prizes.

Dux of the School: Phyllis Corner and Joyce McCredie (equal).

Dux of Year IV: Marjorie McKechnie.

Secondary Proficiency Prize: Lucy Graham.

Dux of Year III: Joyce Nelson.

Second Proficiency Prize: Dulcie Warren.

Dux of Year II: Gene Seale and Peggy Weine (equal).

Dux of Year I: Dorothy Hollier.

Second Proficiency Prize: Lois Isherwood.

Special Prizes.

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L.C. Examination, 1934): Irene Hallett.

Molly Thornhill Prize (best pass in I.C. Examination, 1934): Marjorie McKechnie.

Emily Cruise Prize (best pass in History, I.C. Examination, 1934): Beth. Boaden.

Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English at L.C. Examination, 1934): Irene Hallett.

Miss Cohen's Special Prize for Mathematics (Year V.): Nancy Light.

Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays. — Senior: Jean Barnett. Junior: Hazel Keavney.

Paling's Special Prize for Instrumental Music: Margaret Dunlop.

Mrs. James's Special Prize for best pass at the Conservatorium: Kathleen Gillies.

Mrs. James's Special Prize for Accompanist: Elsie Edwards.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes (donated by Mrs. Thompson): Muriel Hawkins and Jean Spence equal, First Prize; Heather Stewart, Second Prize.

Certificates.

Year V.

English: Jean Curtis.

Modern History: Joyce McCredie.

Latin: Jean Curtis.

French: Phyllis Corner.

German: Maria Boldini.

Mathematics: Nancy Light.

Mechanics: Phyllis Corner.

Chemistry: Beryl Smith.

Economics: Gwen Dawson.

Needlework: Kathleen Gillies, Jean Stewart (equal).

Art: Valerie Howell.

Physical Culture: Clarice Hamilton.

Year IV.

English: Phyllis Wiles, Margaret Lee (equal).

Modern History: Beth. Boaden.

Latin: Marjorie McKechnie.

French: Rose Clarke.

German: Marjorie McKechnie;
 prox. acc., Rose Clarke.
 Mathematics: Lucy Graham.
 Economics: Beth. Boaden.
 Botany: Jean Barnett.
 Chemistry: Marjorie McKechnie.
 Art: Gwenyth Bray.
 Music: Sylvia Rottenbury.
 Needlework: Esme Curran.
 Physical Culture: Dorothy Wood-
 row.

Year III.

English: Hazel Keavney; prox.
 acc., Joyce Nelson.
 History: Joyce Nelson; prox. acc.,
 Hazel Keavney.
 Latin: Joyce Nelson; prox. acc.,
 Cecily Robinson.
 French: Dorothy Dodd; prox.
 acc., Joyce Nelson.
 Mathematics I: Nina Whiting.
 Mathematics II: Nina Whiting,
 Joyce Nelson (equal).
 Elementary Science: Joyce Nelson,
 Edna Maye, Melbra Lyons (equal).
 Geography: Iris Parkes.
 Needlework: Winifred Smith,
 Betty Chudleigh (equal).
 Music: Beverley Barnett.
 Art: Jean Wylie.
 Physical Culture: Dawn Town-
 son.

Year II.

English: Gene Seale.
 History: Rita Cochran; prox. acc.,
 Gwen Smith.
 Latin: Peggy Weine; prox. acc.,
 Doreen Bohn.
 French: Joan Kelly.
 German: Gene Seale; prox. acc.,
 Zara Segal.
 Mathematics I: Thelma McKeon;
 prox. acc., Gene Seale.
 Mathematics II: Peggy Weine.
 Elementary Science: Peggy Weine;
 prox. acc., Gene Seale and Zara Segal
 (equal).
 Geography: Rita Cochran; prox.
 acc., Betty Fletcher.
 Needlework: Betty Nesbitt.
 Music: Jean Taylor.
 Violin: Mary Best.

Art: Ruth Northby.
 Physical Culture: Judith Hender-
 son.

Year I.

English: Joyce Pye; prox. acc.,
 Del Harrison and Lois Isherwood
 (equal).
 History: Joyce Pye; prox. acc.,
 Joan Cook.
 Latin: Joan Cook.
 French: Lois Isherwood.
 Mathematics I: Nancy Bromley
 and Dorothy Hollier (equal); prox.
 acc., Joyce Carling.
 Mathematics II: Nancy Bromley.
 Elementary Science: Dorothy Hol-
 lier.
 Geography: Joyce Pye.
 Needlework: Joyce Pye; prox.
 acc., Ruth Hatton.
 Physical Culture: Anne Dircks.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PHILLIP'S CHURCH

On the occasion of the funeral of the late King George V, beloved monarch and ruler of the mighty British Empire, a memorial service was fittingly held in the historic church of St. Phillip's, Sydney. As the minute bells tolled the seventy years of the King's life, the pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School filed reverently into the church.

Quietly, yet impressively, Archdeacon Charlon spoke of the good qualities of the late King, exhorted the congregation to foster the Christian ideals that the King had cherished, and repeated Longfellow's immortal lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us,
 Footsterns on the sands of time."

The Archdeacon also expressed the sympathy with the Royal family that filled the hearts of all who were present at the service and pledged their loyalty to King Edward VIII.

The service concluded with the rendering of "The Dead March in

Sau," and as the procession returned to the west door of the church the strains of the "Marche Funebre" echoed in every heart.

—Mavis Heckenberg, 4A.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SCOTS CHURCH

Tuesday, January 28th, was a day of sorrow for every person in the British Empire, for it was the day of the interment of our late beloved King, George V, and the Presbyterian pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School attended the service held in his memory at Scots Church.

The scene was an impressive one as the many mourners who filled the church listened, deeply moved, to the story of one of the greatest and noblest lives in English history, told simply but well by the speakers.

Shortly before noon everyone in the church rose as a piper played "The Flowers o' the Forest." As the last note of the beautiful old Scottish lament wailed into silence, every head was bowed and two minutes' unbroken silence ensued; a nation was paying its last loyal tribute to a great and good King; an Empire was mourning the loss of a well-loved father.

"He was a good King."

—H. Stewart, 4A.

ARMISTICE SERVICE

The Venerable Archdeacon Charlton held a special Armistice Day Service for the staff and pupils of this School on Monday, November 11th, when an inspiring sermon was preached by the Rev. F. G. Standen. Earlier in the morning the grave of Bishop Kirkby was covered with lovely flowers, including a beautiful cross of scarlet geraniums and white daisies made by Betty Austin of 2D. The pupils thus showed their appreciation of the Bishop's friendship with them.

* * *

An appreciative letter has been

received by the Principal, acknowledging the girls' contribution of five guineas toward the Bishop Kirkby Memorial.

* * *

THE FICTION LIBRARY

The Fiction Library in Room 9 is as usual chiefly patronised by First Years. School stories and works by Ethel Turner, Montgomery, and Mary Grant Bruce, are in great demand. We should be pleased to accept books by such authors from older girls who have developed new tastes in reading.

Our librarians this year are: B. Dabinett, P. Evans, R. Humphreys, S. Rees, H. Stewart.

* * *

We wish to congratulate Jean Coleman on winning the Junior State Championship (100 yards) in the record time of 11 2/5 seconds.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS

Award of Merit: P. Propert, B. Barnett.

Bronze Cross: J. Henderson, G. Bell, J. Clutterbuck, E. Savage, B. Moffitt, J. Board, P. Mitchell, W. Woodger, A. Tetley.

First Class Instructor: B. Barnett.

Second Class Instructor: P. Miles, J. Reid, J. Henderson.

Bronze Medallion: A. Tetley, W. Smith, B. Moffitt, E. Denning, K. Robinson, Y. Henderson, B. Orr, J. Nelson, J. Board, R. Wallace, M. Eyles, M. Williamson, M. Donnelley, B. McVicar, M. Wombey, H. Doust, J. Brown, M. Monteith, M. Mitchell, A. Bragg, B. Allum, M. Glasson, R. Stinson.

Bronze Bar: M. Kinsella.

Intermediate Certificate: E. Denning, K. Robinson, Y. Henderson, B. Orr, J. Nelson, J. Board, R. Wallace, M. Eyles, M. Williamson, M. Donnelley, B. McVicar, M. Wombey, H. Doust, J. Brown, M. Monteith, M. Mitchell, L. Stott, Gwen Smith, Gwenyth Smith, A. Shuttleworth, A. Bragg.



YVONNE DRAKE, winning the Junior Backstroke Championship.

—By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

Elementary and Resuscitation Certificates.—K. Robinson, Y. Henderson, B. Orr, J. Nelson, J. Board, R. Wallace, M. Eyles, M. Williamson, M. Donnelley, B. McVicar, M. Wombey, H. Doust, J. Brown, M. Monteith, M. Mitchell, L. Stott, Gwen Smith, Gwenyth Smith, A. Shuttleworth, A. Bragg.

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

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1936.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1936 were elected early in the year, the results being as follows:—

Year Representatives: Norma Abernethy and Joyce Thompson, Year V; Melbra Lyons, Year IV; Peggy Weine, Year III; Dorothy Busted, Year II; Pamela Croxon, Year I, and June Huntley, Secretary. Gwen Curran, the Captain of the School is ex officio, a member of the Committee. The staff members are Miss Turner, Acting Principal; Misses Weddell, Moore, Anderson, and Weston (Treasurer).

—J. Huntley, Secretary.

A NEW PREFECT

Owing to the vacancy caused by Lucy Graham's leaving school, an election was held, with the result that Ethel Savage is now a Prefect.

ANNUAL SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Despite the attempts made by the weather to prevent the holding of our School Swimming Carnival, on Monday, March 2nd, the 39th Annual Carnival was held at the Coogee Aquarium Baths.

Peggy Probert distinguished herself by winning the School Championship in fine style, with Peggy Mitchell finishing a good second. Marjorie Williamson won the Junior



Peggy Probert (left), winner of the School and Sixteen Years' Championships, and Marjorie Williamson, winner of the Junior Championship.

—By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

Championship, Edna Smith taking second place. The usual keen rivalry was exhibited, each class striving to gain the shield awarded to the class gaining the highest number of points. This year the coveted trophy was won by 5A class, and 4A and 4C shared the honour of second place.

The school appreciates the fact that Mr. Hellings and Mr. Griffiths showed their continued interest in the school by acting as judges in such inclement weather.

The girls wish to congratulate Miss Anderson on her splendid organisation of the carnival, which defied even the weather.

School Championship (100 yds.): P. Probert 1, P. Mitchell 2, B. Barnett 3.



PEGGY MITCHELL, winner of the Diving, Backstroke and Fifteen Years Championships.

—By courtesy of the "Telegraph."

Junior Championship (50 yds.):
M. Williamson 1, E. Smith 2, B. Moffitt 3.

17 Years Championship: J. Clutterbuck 1, A. Spencer 2, G. Curran 3.

16 Years Championship: P. Probert 1, B. Barnett 2.

15 Years Championship: P. Mitchell 1, P. Miles 2, J. Henderson 3.

14 Years Championship: B. Moffitt 1, M. Williamson 2, P. Orr 3.

13 Years Championship: E. Smith 1, Y. Drake 2, W. Schmidt 3.

12 Years Championship: B. Levot 1, J. Lascelles 2, S. King 3.

11 Years Championship: P. Coxon 1, L. Andrews 2, F. Elphick 3.

Junior Breaststroke Championship:
B. Probert 1, P. Coxon 2, D. Harrison 3.

Breaststroke Championship: J. Henderson 1, P. Probert 2, E. Savage 3.

Backstroke Championship: P. Mitchell 1, B. Barnett 2, P. Probert 3.

Junior Backstroke Championship:
Y. Drake 1, W. Schmidt 2, B. Moffitt 3.

Diving Championship: P. Mit-



BESSIE LEVOT

Winner of the Twelve Years' Championship.

—By courtesy "Labour Daily."

chell 1, M. Brown 2, P. Miles 3.

Junior Driving Championship: B. Propert 1, J. Gillies 2, P. Coxon 3.

Year Relay.—4th Year (B. Barnett, M. Williamson, P. Miles, P. Mitchell), 1; 2nd Year (E. Smith, W. Schmidt, J. Mozzeral, N. Kendrick), 2; 5th Year (P. Propert, A. Spencer, J. Clutterbuck, J. Board), 3.

Rescue Race: D. Harvey and P. Miles 1, P. Propert and J. Board 2, E. Savage and G. Curran 3.

Junior Rescue Race: M. Lyons and M. Glasson 1, A. Bragg and G. Tomplin 2, M. Le Neuf and B. Stinson 3.

Six Oar Race: M. Glasson, M. Lyons, B. Moffitt, 1; P. Miles, B. Barnett, P. Propert, 2; J. Henderson, J. Reid, P. Mitchell, 3.

Senior 33 Yards: D. Harvey 1, G. Curran 2, J. Board 3.

Junior 33 Yards: M. Lyons 1, M. Glasson 2, L. Andrews 3.

—D. Dodd, 4A.

GIFTS

The Principal is always receiving evidence of the appreciation that parents and pupils alike feel of the work done in the School in moulding character and preparing girls for life, so there are many gifts for which the School wishes to thank the donors through the Magazine.

Mrs. Newell very generously gave a cheque for two guineas, which is to be awarded as two prizes—one for English and History in the upper school, and one for French and Latin in the lower school.



Top row (left to right): Marjorie Williamson, Edna Smith and Betty Moffat, who filled the places in the Junior Championship.

Bottom row (left to right): Peggy Propert, Peggy Mitchell and Beverley Barnett, who filled the places in the Senior Championship.

—By courtesy of the "Labor Daily."

A Fifth Year of 1935 who wishes to remain anonymous has presented a prize to the value of a guinea for the girl in Second Year who makes the greatest improvement between the May and November examinations.

Phyllis Corner, Leaving Certificate, 1935, presented the School with a bronze vase, and Clarice Hamilton, a pottery bowl.

Mr. Osbaldeston, the father of Marjory (I.C., 1935), generously gave a cheque to be spent on the Library, and with this, Walpole's Herries Saga has been purchased.

Nancy Light (L.C., 1935), has also promised a book for the Reference Library.

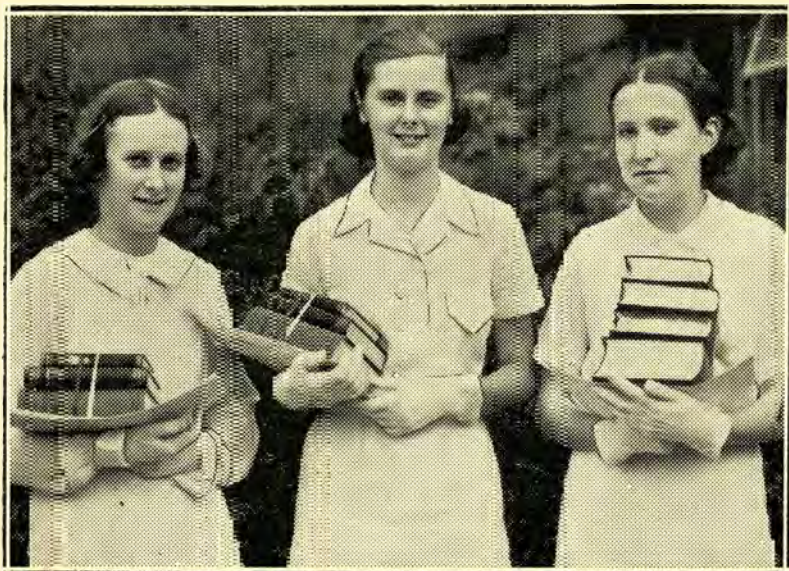
The School has also received a flagpole with silk tasseled cords attached, for use at Assemblies. It is the gift of Miss Weston, a member of the staff and an old pupil of the School.

Miss Tremlett (Secretary, Alliance Francaise) presented to the French library a bundle of very interesting and useful French magazines.

Miss Ethel Bowie, a former member of the staff, has presented the School with two well-executed pencil drawings of plaster casts made by her mother when a pupil of the School. They are signed "A. Woodford, Fort Street, 1866," so we see that Mrs Bowie was one of the very early pupils of the School.

FIFTH YEAR'S PARTING GIFT

The Fifth Year's gift of appreciation for all the School had done for them took a very practical form, viz., hose winders, which have earned for them the thanks of all the school gardeners. The aesthetic side was not forgotten, for they also provided the Library with a beautiful pottery vase.



From left to right: Peggy Weine and Gene Seale, equal for Dux, Year II; Marjorie McKechnie, Dux, Year IV.

—By courtesy of the "Labor Daily."

CHRISTIAN UNION

The Fort Street Branch of the Australian Christian Students' Movement meets on Monday afternoons at 3.35 in Room 24. We are pleased to report an increase in membership and take this opportunity to extend a cordial invitation to any girl of the school to join us.

We are most fortunate in having Miss Lesslie with us again as a circle leader for the Fifths, and some of the Fourths. Miss Pirani has the remaining Fourths and the Juniors. Both circles have been studying "Women of the Bible,"

and have found the discussions very interesting.

Our little "adopted" girl, June Hartmire, of the Havilah Homes, is about nine years of age, and though her needs are greater now that she is attending school, we still endeavour to make most of her clothes.

At the present time we are busy knitting for the "Sunbeam" Kindergarten.

R. H. Pirani, President.

Joyce Thompson, Secretary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Debating Society, held in the Assembly Hall on February 7th, the following girls were elected as year representatives for 1936:

- Year V: Joyce Thompson.
- Year IV: June Huntley.
- Year III: Rita Cochran.
- Year II: Betty George.

Hazel Keavney was elected Secretary.

At the last meeting of 1935, Jean Palmer was elected President.

On March 5th, a very interesting debate was held on the subject that "Modern Inventions are not Conducive to Long Life." The Ministry was upheld by Marjorie McKechnie (leader), Lucy Graham and Gwen Curran, while Jean Palmer (leader), Joyce McCredie and Joyce Thompson spoke for the Opposition. This

debate resulted in favour of the Opposition.

Miss Campbell has very kindly consented to adjudicate at the debates held by the Society, which will, we are sure, maintain the high standard of previous years, under her supervision.

—Hazel Keavney, Sec.

Before the Magazine is published the first round of the debates held under the auspices of the English Speaking Union will be concluded. In that round Fort Street girls meets Sydney Girls' High School; our team being Hazel Keavney, June Huntley and Nina Whiting, with Joyce Nelson and Peggy Roberts as emergencies. The subject of the debate is "That a Nation's Culture is of more value than her Commerce."

DRAMATIC WORK

The Dramatic Reading Class is looking forward to its first meeting, on Tuesday, April 7th, when Fifth Year students will give a reading from Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

Miss Collins, with her special band of players is preparing a three act play for performance in the School Assembly Hall on the occasion of the Annual School Concert in August.

WELCOME TO FIRST YEARS

At the party held on Friday, 8th February, the new First and Fourth Year pupils were welcomed by the Fifth Year girls. The function was held in the Assembly Hall during the last two periods of the afternoon. To the strains of "For they are Jolly Good Fellows," the new girls were clapped in by their hostesses. The Fifth Year girls then sang the school songs, "Come Fortians, Fortians All" and "The Best School of All." A competition was held to see who could obtain the greatest number of Fifth Year girls' signatures; this was followed by another competition, and in this we had to try to guess the identity of the prefects from photos taken when they were infants.

The hostesses supplied cakes and

drinks for their guests, all of whom, I am sure, enjoyed the refreshment immensely. One of the entertainers played a few bars of various songs and we wrote down the titles of as many as we recognised. By this time it was nearing the 3.30 p.m. siren, so after singing "For they are Jolly Good Fellows," the company left the hall.

I am sure everyone had a pleasant afternoon, and I know none of the First Years will ever forget it. The hostesses were all very pleasant and I think they enjoyed themselves as much as did their guests. We all appreciated the welcome very much, as no girl could feel strange after the marvellous time we were all given.

—Horatia Smith, 1A.

THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

We have formed our new Special Choir for 1936, with an enrolment of 130, and are busy preparing an interesting programme for Empire Day, which includes two new songs, "God Make Me Kind" and "Bless This House," also a delightful Australian song "God Bless Australia."

We intend dividing our big choir into two sections, A and B, and we are all eagerly awaiting the Eisteddfod Syllabus for 1936. We have some very good voices in Fourth Year Music Class, and some little girls in First Year are showing music sense and are keen workers.

The orchestra has started on new work, one lively little music picture being "A Frog's Dance," which is very much enjoyed during practice. Mrs. James is very pleased with the new violin class, all beginners, and she is sure that some of these girls will do very well this year. Several of these girls have begun to work for a Conservatorium Violin Ex-

amination to be held at the end of the year.

The piano students, consisting of girls from Fourth and Fifth Year Special Music Classes, have commenced to work hard for the Piano-forte Examinations at the end of the year.

We hope that these girls will be successful as the girls of last year who gained Honours and Credits.

—Gwenyth Rowe, 5A.

TENNIS

This year all our energies have been taken up in playing off a tournament to choose the teams to represent the School.

The probables for the "A" grade team are: Joyce McCredie, Ina MacDonald, Esma Curran, and Gwen Curran.

The "B" grade team has not yet been chosen, as there is keen competition for a place in it.

—G. Curran.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The Reference Library is open on Tuesday and Friday mornings at recess, when books may be taken out or returned. For reference purposes it is available before and after school, also during the midday and morning recess.

As librarians, we are pleased with the way girls from the upper school are using the library, but we would like to see still more use it, for we are sure that they would gain much by reading some of the books contained therein.

Amongst the books recently added are: "The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy," Marriott's "Theatre," "Goodbye for the Present" (Eleanor Acland), Agate's "Short View of the English Stage," "Seven Novelists" (Braybrooke), Masefield's "Box of Delights," "Macleod of the Bulletin," Martet's "Clemenceau," "Emily Davies" (Stephen), "The Poems of Alfred Noyes," "The Old Wives Tale," and "Riceyman's Steps" by Arnold Bennett, "Vanity Fair."

Librarians: J. Spence, J. Nelson, P. Nixon, D. Harvey.

THE OLD ENGLISH CHURCH

Nestled in a hollow in one of the oldest towns in England stands an old, grey, weatherbeaten church. For eight hundred long years this church has been dedicated to the service of God. Built in the time of the Normans, the south wall of the church bears deep crevices where the Norman warriors sharpened their spears; in the walls there are slits where lepers might come and see the service. The chief beauties of the building are the castellated Norman tower and the roof supported by great Norman pillars. In the inner walls are niches, now empty and white-washed, which once held statuettes of the Virgin Mary and of Christ, but which were removed during the Reformation. The step by the church door is concave by reason of the thousands of feet that have stepped across it into the church. The old walls and ceiling breathe such an air of sanctity that one is unable to worship there without feeling a reverence for the beautiful old church.

—Shirley Rees, 4B.

FORT STREET GUIDES

At the beginning of this year we unfortunately lost our captain, Miss Mattick. For the past few weeks we have been managing without a captain under the guidance of Ethel Pierce. Miss Weston has very kindly consented to take charge of the company for a month until Mrs. Little, our District Commissioner, is able to find us another permanent captain.

This year we have several new recruits, who are working hard for their Tenderfoots and whom we hope to have enrolled very shortly.

Towards the end of last year we

sent several parcels of clothing and toys to the children at the Chippendale Free Kindergarten. We hope to send them warm clothing for the winter.

The Harbour District Guides held a display late last year at Leichhardt Park, at which Fort Street Guides won the Tunnel Ball and gained second place in the Overhead and Over and Under games.

Our meetings are held on Friday afternoons at 3.30, and we would welcome any girls wishing to join the great "Sisterhood of Guides."

—Marie Donnelley, 4C.



CLARICE KENNEDY

—By courtesy "Sydney Morning Herald."

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION LITERARY CIRCLE

During the year, between March and October, the Club has held twelve meetings at the Women's Club and one at Fort Street. At the first meeting of the year the following office-bearers were elected:—President, Miss Turner; Vice-President, Miss Duhig; Hon. Secretary, Miss Bannan; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Farrell; Representative to the O.G.U., Miss Hedderman.

During the year, the work of the Circle has been divided into two parts. In the first half of the year the subject for study was the Celtic Revival, and interesting papers were read on the work of Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge and other writers of the Irish Movement; in the second half of the year we studied the Repertory Movement in England, and

members contributed papers on the work of Drinkwater, Cannan, Brighthouse, Monkhouse and others. In March, a play-reading of "Hyacinth Halvey" was given, and throughout the year impromptu readings were given in connection with the papers.

This year, as usual, the Circle awarded a prize to the girl obtaining the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination, and this was won by one of our new members, Irene Hallett.

Nineteen thirty-five marked the tenth anniversary of the formation of the Circle, and the members felt that a special effort should be made to celebrate this. It was finally decided to hold a birthday party at Fort Street, and follow this by the performance of two one-act plays. The date for this was fixed by 24th October, and then postponed till 6th December, when Miss Cohen allowed us to use the Assembly Hall at School. Under Miss Turner's direction some of the Fifth Years arranged the tables and they looked very beautiful. We had with us as guests of honour Miss Cohen and Miss Cruise; thirty members and former members of the Circle were present at the tea, and many more came along to the performance of the plays. It was a true birthday party too, complete even to the birthday cake of ten candles (presented by Edna Kerrison). We think everyone enjoyed the birthday tea; the speeches were beautifully informal, and the only really serious moment was when the members presented a book and a basket of flowers to Miss Turner, our President, who has been so largely responsible for the success and continuance of the Circle meetings.

The two plays presented were: "She Was No Lady," produced by Miss Farrell, and "The Folly of Faith," produced by Miss Rea. The

thanks of the Circle are due to Miss Collins, who very kindly helped with the stage-settings and the making up of the actors.

As far as we know, the Circle's record of ten years' unbroken work has not been equalled by any other Ex-Students' Literary Circle, and, indeed, can challenge comparison with that of any other Literary Association in Sydney. The members of the Circle feel that this is largely due to the work of Miss Morley, the first President, Miss Santos and Miss

Duhig, and our President, Miss Turner, who has given us never-failing sympathy and help. We all hope that the Circle will be even more flourishing at the end of its second decade of existence than it is now at the end of its first one.

Bess Bannan, Hon. Secretary.

The subject for discussion this year is Australian Literature, and further information may be obtained from the new Secretary—Irene Hallett, c/- Fort Street Girls' High School.

MARTIN PLACE AND MEMORIES

The grinding of brakes, the shout of a newspaper boy, the quick tread of many feet, the chimes of a clock marking the swift passage of time—Martin Place. I walked down George Street at 4.30 p.m. one summer afternoon, and as I turned into Martin Place the varied sounds of a great commercial city fell upon my ear. Only 4.30, an hour to wait . . .

I glanced up at the G.P.O. clock once more just to make sure that it was half-past four, and at the sight of the tower rising high and imposing above the drab city streets I recalled a very pleasant memory. It happened not so very long ago—two years ago or perhaps three—the desire to climb the G.P.O. tower had always been with me even before I began to attend school in the city, about six years ago. Then came the momentous hour. A jovial red-faced lift-driver took us up to the highest floor of the post office and, with a warning, "Now, remember, missies, you've got a half-hour only," left us to climb dimly-lit winding staircases, which became ever steeper as we neared our goal. And then at last we stood spell-bound just under the clock, and joy of joys! it was about to strike the hour. We waited in pleasant expectation for the sweet chimes, which we were so accustomed to listen to in the quiet

seclusion of the school playground, but at the first stroke of the hour we jumped, clapped our hands to our ears, and wanted to run away, to escape from the terrific din. Sweet chimes, indeed! Rather, deafening, maddening. Then as the last stroke was heard, and the platform on which we were standing ceased its frantic vibrations, we looked down on the city at our feet—the blue harbour, Government House, the Gardens, Hyde Park, and last but certainly not least, "The best school of all."

Three years ago, and yet it seems only yesterday.

I walked past various steamship offices, and idly glanced at the inviting pamphlets, illustrating the pleasures of Pacific cruises. I came to the offices of the Government Tourist Bureau—and I stopped. There in the window was a photograph with the following inscription: "Scene, Mt. Kosciusko."

Three words, three simple words, but memories of the fascination which that photograph of Mt. Kosciusko had always had for me, came to my mind.

Four years ago I obtained two foreign correspondents—a French and a German, and four years ago three timid schoolgirls looked at the pamphlets and photographs so

invitingly displayed in that very window, and longed for just one each to send to France or Germany. And then, one bolder than the others (I may as well confess that it was not I) crossed the sacred threshold, and in a shaking voice begged a pamphlet. Perhaps the clerk had daughters of his own; I don't know, but he gave us each three or four different pamphlets, and told us that he hoped our correspondents would appreciate them. Did our stammered words of thanks convey our gratitude? I defy any author or even a poet to describe fully the gratitude and joy, which filled our hearts.

But another photograph attracts my attention: "Grand Arch, Jenolan Caves."

Yes, I remember how I used to gaze at that picture too, and wish and wish, but the wish seemed too fantastic ever to come true, and then last year it was granted. Two charabancs laden with happy, laughing boys and girls swept under that very arch and pulled up before the Caves House. I can still recall the joys of that summer day last January—the blue lagoon, the rock-wallabies, the stalactites and stalagmites, the Cathedral in the Lucas Cave, and, of course, the two ice-creams, which tasted more delicious than any I had ever enjoyed before. Now there is only the picture in the window of the Government Tourist Bureau to refresh my tired memory.

The odour of dying flowers filled the air. I paused, and then crossed the road and stopped before the Cenotaph, where a few wreaths rested as tributes to the dead, now

forgotten in the throb of the daily life of the city, forgotten until next Anzac Day. April 25th, 1915. I was not born then, but I have memories of other Anzac Days, of the sad faces, the hand-clasps, and the glistening tears for some loved one who had paid the price "pro patria." "Lead Kindly Light," that was the hymn they sang in the grey dawn of another 25th April. Ugh, it was cold, sitting there beside the wireless in dressing-gown and slippers, but I thought of a Bruce who had given his life for the men, whom he commanded over there—and the cold was as nothing.

Under the warm blankets in his cot was sleeping another curly-headed Bruce, a baby who bore the name of his dead kinsman. What if in another war he should be killed, mercilessly trodden down, too? God grant that he would possess the courage of Major Bruce B——, who died for us, for him.

Then I crossed to the other side of the street, and saw the bunches of pink boronia in their tin receptacles on the flower stalls. I thought of the Hawkesbury River, of its beauty and peace in the morning, and in the entrancing moonlight nights. How I longed for its peace, rest for a weary soul! Some day, just a vague some day, I would go back again and know no unhappiness more . . .

Above me I heard the clock strike the half-hour—a voice behind me: "Well, here you are. I never thought I'd arrive in time." It was my friend. So much for Martin Place and its memories!

—Joyce McCredie, 5A.

TRIAL BY SCHOOL CASE

Homework finished — geometry, history, French and science! After several unsuccessful attempts to close my case, I exerted most of my weight on the lid and heard the

desired "click," although the sides and top bulged ominously.

Hours later, I was awakened by strange voices in my bedroom, and there, under the window, I saw, by

the light of the moon, the lid of my case open and all the books gesticulating and loudly lamenting.

"Mr. History should take the chair," said Mr. Science; "he is so much older and bigger than any of us."

A meeting of my school books! Breathless, I sat up, and listened.

The chairman, perched precariously on top of the pencil case, began: "Gentlemen, we have met to-night to discuss our grievances against the owner of this school case. It is time something was done to relieve our sufferings. Such ill-treatment and disrespect cannot be borne much longer. Why, only to-night we were huddled and jammed most shamefully. The Black Hole of Calcutta could not have been worse. Our lives are being shortened and our sphere of usefulness limited. And this lack of respect quite pains me. I'm sure you all heard her wish to-night that my dates were stuffed ones so that she could eat them and make an end of the whole tiresome business."

Whereupon a great commotion arose and I saw Mr. Geometry excitedly twirling a circle in one hand and a tangent AB in the other. His shrill voice rose above the din:

"Mr. Chairman, did you hear what she said to me a few hours ago? She had been studying the theorems about circles and tangents, and after slamming me shut, muttered in a voice of withering scorn and hate: 'It's worse than a dose of medicine.'"

Cowering and shamed, I imagined he was going to hurl the tangent at my head as though it were a dart and expected the next moment to find the circle around my throat like a quoit on a peg. An awful moment.

Next to voice his grievance was Mr. French. He looked so diminutive beside the chairman, but withal so spruce.

"Mr. Chairman, it is I that am so sad to-night. Did she not say that she wished English was the only language spoken on the earth, because she hated my irregular verbs? I am disconsolate indeed."

A lump came into my throat as I saw a tear glisten in the eye of the lonely little alien and saw his lips frame the words "Vive la France."

It was now Mr. Science's turn, and very dark and dismal he looked as he turned to the chairman:

"I think my plight is worse than all of yours put together. I have lost my reputation for ever, at least, in this house. A terrible calamity befell me to-night. While drawing diagrams, my owner carelessly pushed me and over went the bottle of Indian ink on to a white linen cloth.

He wiped his perspiring forehead and groaned. "I dare not think of it. If only it had been ordinary ink—but Indian ink!"

Mr. Latin next arose, and in stentorian tones began:

"Gentlemen, lend me your ears! Who so slighted, scorned and hated as I? But only yesterday did she not say, 'I like Latin much better now?'"

I was heartened, but mystified at the silence of Mr. English. Surely he might have said a word in my favour!

A rustling of paper drew my attention—The Petition. I heard the clear, modulated tones of Mr. Grammar:

"We, the most humble representatives of our great master called 'Knowledge,' do protest—"

Here another voice interrupted the proceedings with: "Seven o'clock! I've just put 'Treasure Island' in your case—left as usual on the piano. And what a hopeless jumble of books you've got in this case!"

—Marion Thomas, 3B.

SNUGGLE'S HAPPY WANDERING

Snuggle-down-close was lost! Snuggle (as he is usually called) was a chubby and small Gumnut. His skin was a delicate pink and he wore a little cap made from gum tips. He and his family had gone to the willows for a picnic and Snuggle had wandered off by himself down to the creek.

This creek region was inhabited by the tree blossoms and, as Snuggle was lost they took care of him until he found his way home.

As it happened, the little blossoms were having a concert near the creek and all the bush folk were to

attend it. This made Snuggle happy, because he thought he would be able to find his beloved mother, for surely she would come to the Annual Spring Concert!

—Snuggle had a very busy time hunting for leaves on which the programmes were to be written. There were also seats to be got ready, the stage was to be fixed, and honey and dew cakes had to be made.

Not only the blossoms were taking part in the concert, but also some of the Bush Folk.

The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME

- 1—Song, "The Welcome of Spring" Bush Choir
- 2—Dance Jenny of the Wattle Blossoms
- 3—Recitation, "The Bush" Johnny Warbler
- 4—Song, "Old Winter Hath Gone" Tree Blossoms

INTERVAL AND DANCING

- 5—Song Lyre Bird
- 6—Folk Dancing Gumnuts and Orange Blossoms
- 7—Song, "The Birds Are At Play" T. Snuggle-Down-Close
- 8—Chorus, "Now 'Tis Spring" The Bush Folk

The time had arrived for the concert to start. Every seat was occupied, and the members of the audience were even sitting on the boughs of trees. When one dear old Gumnut read the programme she jumped from her seat and hurried round to where the artists were, and when she saw Snuggle, she cried out, "My own dear Snuggle!" For, you see, she was Snuggle's mother.

She went back to her seat and the

concert began. It was a great success and Snuggle won the prize for singing—a lovely book entitled "Gumnut Town." Snuggle's mother and father presented the Tree Blossoms with a basket overflowing with wild clematis and gum-tips for looking after their little Snuggle-down-close, who never again wandered away from his family.

—Joyce Watson.

A STRANGE PET

The first shower of the monsoon was just over when the small party of Europeans, accompanied by a few Indians, halted near a stream which wound its way in and out of the tangled undergrowth of the dense jungle. They had been out for the day gathering some rare plants which the botanist of the party wished to collect, but, the monsoonal rainfall coming a little before its time, had hurried them towards home. The stream by which they had stopped was swollen by the sudden, heavy downpour, and as Lady Rivers sat down on the bank, she wondered what the stream would be like when the monsoon had begun in earnest. As she sat there, looking across the brown foaming water, she noticed something struggling in the miniature torrent. Calling her husband, she asked him what it was, and he, after looking for a moment, replied that it was a small tiger cub. Seeing that the little animal was fighting a losing battle, she asked one of the natives to rescue it. A minute or two later, the Indian had the wet, struggling little cub in his hand. Lord Rivers took the fighting little cat, and as he stroked its head, it ceased to spit and scratch, and became quiet. The lady asked for it, and it was put in her lap.

"It would be better to kill it now," said Lord Rivers. "It will only come to that in the end." But his wife protested. "I want it," she said, and the subject was dropped.

When the party moved off again, a warm, dry, well-fed little tiger purred contentedly in her arms.

Lady Rivers brought it into the family like a kitten, and from then on little "Tiger," as he was called, became one of the household.

A few months later, "Tiger" had grown sturdy and strong, but he

still loved the lady as much as if he were a kitten. Often, the men of the house would watch "Tiger" as he prowled about the place, and wonder how long peace would last.

* * *

"I really don't think he's dangerous, but, after all, it is natural that some of a tiger's ways must show out in him. I don't believe he could have killed Ranji last night."

Lady Rivers stood looking at her husband with a worried expression on her face. One of the Indian servants had been mauled and killed in the grounds the night before, and all evidence pointed to "Tiger" as the culprit.

Lord Rivers said: "I'm not sure, but we'll see." He then went outside, and a few minutes later came face to face with "Tiger" himself. The man thought that if "Tiger" had killed "Ranji," there would be some marks on his paws, so he spoke to him, and bent down to raise one of the strong, velvety, padded paws. As he did so he heard a low, rumbling growl in "Tiger's" throat, and stood up quickly. The soft ears were laid flat back on the silky head, the eyes were narrow, fierce-looking slits, and the mouth, was slightly open, showing the long, white, grooved fangs. Evidently "Tiger" did not want to be interfered with.

Lord Rivers strolled away, and his mind went back to the day three years before, when the tiny, struggling cub was lifted out of the rushing water.

No one could deny that "Tiger" was now a handsome animal. He had grown big and strong, with a glossy, beautifully marked coat. He still preferred Lady Rivers to anyone else, and was quite content to lie beside her while she stroked his large, handsome head, when he

would purr as happily as he had done when he was rescued and carried home three years previously.

* * *

That night an Indian was awakened in the small village by the fierce roar of a tiger. He went to the door of his hut and looked out into the clear moonlight. In one of the fields he saw a man standing with a rifle to his shoulder and peering into the scrub nearby. Suddenly a long, dark shape, shining like silver in the wan light of the moon, shot from the bushes with a magnificent spring, and clung to the man's back. The rifle was thrown a short way off, and the man was left defenceless at the mercy of a tiger's claws. The Indian snatched up a weapon and, calling to his neighbours, ran quickly to where the unequal fight was fast drawing to a close.

The tiger saw people coming, and after one majestic glance around, sprang away and was soon lost in the jungle. The man lay still on the ground and the rescuers found that he was dead.

Next morning Lady Rivers could not find "Tiger" anywhere, but her husband had his own ideas where the animal was.

Early in the day, he and a large

party of Indians followed the marks of padded paws made by the tiger in the damp ground the night before.

About midday they came to a cave into which the spoor led. After a whispered decision, a man warily approached the mouth of the cave and threw a piece of rock into the interior, while everyone stood or crouched well to either side. There was no echo, and they wondered if by any chance the stone had hit the tiger. Suddenly there was a terrific roar, and a huge yellow and black body rushed in the sunlight. A dozen rifles barked, and the great animal jerked back in the air, its glossy throat shining, its claws distended, its ears back and a snarl revealing the snow-white fangs. It lay there, rolling, clawing, struggling in the dust.

* * *

"Yes, it is 'Tiger.'" Lady Rivers looked sadly down at the tawny body stretched out before her. She was thinking of that day three years ago.

"It would have been better to have killed it then," said Lord Rivers; "better for the people, and better for 'Tiger' too."

"Te Huia," 4B.

KING DICK

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Proudly he stood, his head thrown back, his stiff, blood-red comb contrasting prettily with the white of his plumage. As the soft morning breeze swayed his gently arching tail, he once more drew himself erect, and with a last glance at the appreciatively clucking hens, threw back his head and gave vent to his feelings in a long drawn-out crow. Was he not monarch of all he surveyed?

This rooster had been bred by my father from pedigree stock. Having reached maturity, Dick, for so he was called, was given a small flock to rule over, but this he did rather

too well. As soon as anyone entered the yard, Dick would fly at him, using beak and spurs to the best of his ability. At such times his whole frame quivered with excitement and his red-brown eyes seemed lighted with the fire of insanity.

But alas! This could not go on, and one sorrowful day my father decided to sell our pugnacious rooster.

In the saleyard we heard his last proud crow, for he was soon sold for a few shillings to a poultry fancier who was delighted to get this fine type of bird.

—A. Shuttleworth, 2D.

THE LAND OF LOST TOYS

Peter and Sylvia were walking through the park one evening, just before sunset, when suddenly Sylvia clutched Peter's arm:

"Look, Peter," she whispered, "a real, live brownie!"

"Where?" asked Peter in the same awed voice.

"Sitting over there on the stone," Sylvia pointed. "And he has something in his hand. It looks like an envelope. I wonder if it is for us?"

As they approached him, the brownie stood up, and, with a sweeping bow, presented the envelope to the children, and then immediately vanished. The children opened it excitedly. In it there was a sheet of paper the same colour as the envelope (orange, because the fairyfolk always have orange paper and envelopes) and on this sheet was written:

"The Chief Brownie has much pleasure in inviting Peter and Sylvia to an inspection of 'The Land of Lost Toys.'"

And underneath it had:

"Please be at the big oak in your garden at midnight."

Peter and Sylvia were so excited that they could hardly eat their tea. When tea was over they went to bed as quickly as they could. But though they were so excited, it was not long before they were both asleep.

It was Peter who awoke first. He slipped out of bed and went over to see the time by the nursery clock. Tip-toeing back to Sylvia's bed he gently tapped her on the shoulder.

"It's five minutes to twelve," he whispered. "You'd better hurry."

Sylvia sat up in bed wondering what it was all about; then she saw the orange envelope in Peter's hand, and then she understood.

"Very well," she answered, "I'm

coming." And picking up her favourite doll, Mary Jane, she crept after Peter, down the stairs, through the back door and out into the warm night air. It was only when they were clear of the house that she dared to whisper: "I wonder if the brownie speaks? He didn't, this afternoon."

"I hope so," muttered Peter. "Look, we are nearly there." And he held high the candle he had brought. "And there's our little brownie-man sitting on a stone."

"Hullo," said the brownie, standing up, "you're just on time. I think you'd better give me the candle so that we can see." As he said this, he took Peter's candle and pressed one of the roots of the oak tree. Suddenly the side of the tree opened. They stepped in and walked down the staircase which they saw inside. It would have been very dark inside the tree but for the light of the candle.

But at last the stairs stopped and the children found themselves in a big, well-lighted room in which there seemed to be hundreds of brownies. Some were painting and some were sawing or hammering, but all were very busy. Presently one, taller than the rest, came forward. This was the Brownie Chief. He thanked the children's guide, who scampered away and soon could not be seen among the other workers.

The Chief took them round, explaining to them what all the brownies were doing. "These are the gluers; and these are the paint mixers; and these the carpenters who mend any of the lost toys which are broken. They all come here when they're lost. Broken or not. Old or new. By-the-bye, have you ever lost any toy?"

"Yes," answered the children together, "we lost our toy horse, Pran-

cer, and we would like to have him back."

"Let's see what we can do," said the brownie; "he's sure to be here."

He called one of the workers over to him and said something to him, and, a few minutes later, Peter and Sylvia saw the little brownies leading a lovely newly-painted Prancer.

"Our Prancer," cried the two, "and he has a new tail!"

"Well, children," said the Chief, when they had finished patting the horse, "I think you'd better be going home. Hop on Prancer and we'll take you back."

They did not go up the stairs in-

side the tree, but along a dark passage. Four or five brownies came with them to push or pull the horse along, while the Brownie Chief ran alongside with the candle. The horse, at the Chief's command, flew through the window and dropped the children gently into bed, the brownies all jumping on to bats' backs and flying back after saying "Good night" to the children.

In the morning Peter and Sylvia wondered if it was true. "It must be," said Peter, "'cos there's Prancer in the corner, and he wasn't there before."

—Judith Henderson, 3A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,

March 24, 1936.

Dear Fortians,—After a very long vacation we are now trying to settle down to steady work at the University. Among the throng of Freshers we noticed many Fortians, including Maria Boldini, Nancy Light, Beryl Smith and Jean Livingston. They have now ceased to stare at the quaint little gargoyles and have learnt NOT to walk on the grass in the quadrangle. They no longer address the Professors as "Mr." They have also grown accustomed to the tone of the weekly newspaper, "Honi Soit," and have filled in the "undertaking" forms which entitle them to use the Fisher Library.

The other Fortians have decided to commence work at the beginning of third term instead of at the end of it this year, so that just now they indulge in a little gossip in the rose garden at Manning House or on the sunny quad.

All the Honours results are not yet published, but occupying prominent positions on the lists already posted we noticed the names of many old Fortians. Vera Pausey and

Margaret McVicar gained honours in Greek; Phyllis Jones, a distinction in Geology; and Doreen Musgrave, a credit in Dentistry (Doreen has the honour of being the only girl in her year in that Faculty).

Many others have graduated. Corrie Saunders has finished Final Med. and is now a Junior Resident Medical Officer at Sydney Hospital. Beryl Lamble is a proud B.Sc., whilst Vera Pausey, Betty Scott and Margaret McVicar are entitled to wear a white fur hood over their gowns, signifying that they are Bachelors of Arts.

In the realms of Sport also, Fortians are keeping the flag flying. Olive Lamble carries off all the honours of the Ski Club, and Marion Cockburn, a massage student, and Lilian Snape, from Science, are winning fame in the Swimming Club. Lilian has just sailed for England, and, a little bird whispers, she is to attend Cambridge.

Wishing the old school on the hill success in everything she undertakes.

—Enid Smith, Arts III.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE

When my hostess tentatively suggested that I should spend the afternoon aboard the S.S. "Bimbi," the famous pilot-ship, I accepted readily and with the utmost delight. Conscious of the importance of the occasion, I arrayed myself in the modest finery of my holiday wardrobe and fell into step beside Captain Wilding, laughing scornfully at the parting injunction, "Don't be sea-sick!" Imagine it, I—sea-sick!

The Captain strode along, making nautical observations, and I did my poor best to hold my own in the matter, both of conversation and moving over the earth's surface. Forging along at the pace of an energetic greyhound, we soon reached the dock, and I caught my first glimpse of the famous old ship. It was very pleasant to meet the tall, sunburnt seamen whom my host introduced. They were fine, strong men, all of them (witness the crushed state of my hand after the introductions). Their ladies were very charming, too, and I looked forward to a pleasant—save the mark—afternoon. The boat got up steam slowly and we headed for the open sea, our mission being to pilot a Norwegian oil-tanker safely to port. Very commendable, as you can see.

Well, for an hour or so, it was lovely—the sun dancing on the foam-flecked waves, the blue dome of heaven relieved at intervals by fluffy white clouds. I removed my hat and allowed the wind to play havoc with my hair. All was right with the

world! About ten miles out, that jovial hand-crusher, Captain Scott, had the anchor dropped. Very nice, I thought, secure in my blissful ignorance. We rolled and rolled for a while, when a white-coated steward appeared at our collective elbow and suggested afternoon-tea in the officers' cabin. The officers, their wives and myself gladly trooped downstairs to a nicely-prepared meal of dainty biscuits and coffee.

Down below, to use the nautical term was definitely—er—down below. There, naturally, the swell was greater. After about five minutes, the chief engineer's wife, with an ashen countenance and tremulous voice, excused herself, and she was followed after a short interval by Mrs. Scott. Ten minutes later, I was enjoying—did I say enjoying?—the repast in solitary splendour. For I was filled with a terrible determination to save my pride; I, who had laughed at the very thought of—I would sit, sit, there if it killed me! And, believe me, it very nearly did. Having gulped the last drop of my coffee, I tottered weakly on deck, with my face livid, and a distinctly upsetting sensation. Carefully selecting a quiet spot, I lay down with my face to the wall and prepared to die. When next I became conscious of this foolish world, I was being gently assisted off the boat, while saying as firmly as my shaky voice would permit, "Never again!"

—Hazel Keavney, 4A.

THE PUNISHMENT

'Twas a dark, dismal autumn night, a night when evil spirits roamed on the earth and good people were indoors long before the curfew rang. The sky above was overcast with dark lowering clouds, through which the feeble rays of the watery moon struggled from time to

time, lighting up the sombre landscape of the valley below, lying between two craggy mountains which towered high on either side of it. Through this valley moaned the wind giant, his grey voluminous cloak fluttering behind him, and the trees in his wake tossed their gaunt

arms towards the frowning heavens.

Among the roots of the trees and flying low between the sky and the earth were mysterious little beings. These were the elves, and the beautiful yet terrifying spirit in their midst, his garments fluttering like the falling of dead leaves, was their king, known to mortals as the Erl King. Once more he and his elves were wandering through the night in their pursuit of a human soul.

Suddenly the hollow clang of hoofs rang above the moaning of the wind and along the winding road galloped a lone rider. As he rushed through the night he continually glanced behind him and beads of perspiration bedewed his pale face, his eyes were dilated with terror, and his nostrils quivered even as did those of his horse. Rending sobs tore from between his lips as, from the dark shadows of the trees, the cold fixed face of the man from whom he was fleeing, rose before him. It was the face of the man he had murdered, the man he had left behind cold and still on the damp earth, the man he had killed to save the honour of his family. And now the murdered man's ghost haunted him, he could not escape from him, and the miles between the slain and the slayer were of no avail.

Even the goblins and gnomes appeared to know of his crime, for their hideous, distorted faces leered at him from the entwined branches of the trees and the fury of the wind heightened, and the black clouds completely blotted out the moon.

At last he clattered up to the door of his home and running to the room where his motherless son lay sleeping, he caught him up and ran back to his horse, for he knew that there was no rest for him in his own land, that he must flee to another.

On, on through the dark night they rode, when suddenly before them stood the Erl King and his train.

The boy struggled from his father's arms and ran to the side of the Erl King who stood there, strong-willed and compelling. The King of the Elves quickly grasped the child, and he, his train, and the child faded into the blackness of the night.

The elves had found a human soul! The father had escaped from the law of his land, but fate intervened and his punishment was greater than any ever conceived by mortals.

—"Sir Percy," 3A.

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On March 20, the Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival was held at the Domain Baths. There were six special buses to take our girls to the Domain Baths from the school gates, and we were all very pleased with this innovation in the programme. A very pleasant afternoon was spent by all, and the array of brightly coloured ribbons stream-

ing from the girls' blazers made a striking picture.

There was an air of suppressed excitement as the starter shouted, "Face the water—Go!" for the first event, which took place at 1 p.m.

Fort Street was very well represented and the whole team swam splendidly, gaining 2nd place in both Senior and Junior Point Score

Shields. The outstanding Fortians of the day were Edna Smith, Peggy Propert and Beryl Propert, who swam exceptionally well. We would like to congratulate Crown St. and Sydney High on their success in winning the Junior and Senior Shields respectively, and Sydney High on gaining 3rd place in the Junior, and Crown St. in the Senior.

A wonderful thrill was experienced by everyone when Pat Norton, of Sydney High, broke the record for the 100 yds. Championship, swimming the distance in 1m. 2s., and we Fortians all congratulate her and wish her the best of luck when she goes to represent Australia at the Olympic Games, to be held in Berlin this year. The successful Fortians on this occasion were:—

Championship of High Schools: P. Propert 3.

Senior Relay: Fort St. (P. Miles, P. Mitchell, B. Barnett, P. Propert), 3.

Senior Breaststroke Championship: B. Propert 2.

16 Years Championship: P. Propert 2, B. Barnett 3.

15 Years Championship: P. Mitchell 3.

14 Years Championship: Marjorie Williamson 2.

13 Years Championship: Edna Smith 1.

11 Years Championship: Pam Coxon 3.

Junior Championship: E. Smith 2.

Junior Relay: Fort St. (B. Moffit, Y. Drake, E. Smith, M. Williamson) 2.

Junior Breaststroke Championship: B. Propert 2.

—Nellie Pope, 4A.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS

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

Allan, G. Ruth, 1B 2A 3A(o) 8B 12B 16 pass, 17B.
 Boldini, Maria C., 1H1 2A 3H2(o) 4H2(o) 5A 6A 12B.
 Brodbeck, Margaret Elizabeth, 1B 3L 8B 12B 17B.
 Coleman, Patricia H., 1B 2L 3B 5B 8A 11B 17B.
 Corner, Phyllis M., 1H2 2A 3H2(o) 4H2(o) 5A 6A 7B.
 Cross, Nancy Estelle M., 1A 2B 3B 8B 17B.
 Curtis, Jean Elizabeth, 1H1 2H1 3A(o) 5B 8B 12B.
 Dawson, Gwendolyn M., 1A 3B 8B 12B 15B 17B 22B.
 Ford, Philippa J. R., 1B 2B 5B 8B 12B 17B.
 Freeman, Joyce Margaret, 1B 2B 3B 8B.
 Garrard, Winifred Grace, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 17B.
 Gillies, Kathleen D., 1B 3L 5A 6B 7B 11B 18A 22A.
 Hamilton, Clarice Elsie, 1A 2A 3A(o) 4H2(o) 6B 8B.
 Harris, Bessie, 1B 3B 8B 22B.
 Harvey, Betty Farrell, 1B 2L 3B 5B 22B.
 Harvey, Joan Gladys, 1B 3B 5B 22B.
 Hawkins, Muriel Joan, 1A 2B 3B 12B 22B.

Hood, Betty Vernon, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 11B 17B.
 Howell, Valerie Anne, 1B 3B 5B 8B 12B 15A 22B.
 Jackson, Amy, 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 8B 12B.
 Light, Nancy Maude, 1B 3B 5A 6A 7A 11L.
 Livingston, Jean Flora, 1B 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 8H1 11B.
 Logan, Betty Lila, 1B 2B 3B 8A 11B 16 pass 17B.
 McCredie, Joyce, 1A 2A 3A(o) 4A(o) 5A 6A 8H1.
 Morris, Enid Emma, 1B 3B 5B 6A 7B 11L.
 Musgrave, Meta, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B.
 Richardson, Frances Amy, 1B 3B 5B 8B 22B.
 Smith, Queenie Lauriet L., 1B 3B 5A 6A 7B 12A.
 Stelzer, Lorna Rosalind A., 1B 2B 11B 16 pass 22B.
 Stewart, Joyce G., 1B 3B 5B 8B 12B 15A 17B 22B.
 Swann, Ellen Rebecca, 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 7B 11H2.
 Tindale, Gwenyth Alison, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12B 15A.
 Wasson, Joyce Isobel, 1B 3B 12B 16 pass 17B.
 Young, Doris Irene, 1B 2B 3B 5B 8B 12B 17B.
 Smith, Beryl Smes, 1H2 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B 11H2.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS

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

Angel, Muriel, 1A 2A 3B 5B 7B(o) 11B 20A 22A.
 Austin, Sybil E., 1A 2A 4B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Barlow, Joan, 1A 2A 6B 7A(o).
 Barnett, Beverley J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 21A 22B.
 Batchelor, Dorothy M., 1A 2A 6B 7B 11B.
 Bell, Hazel M., 1B 2A 3B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Bell, Heather, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Bennett, Norma M., 1A 2B 7B 11B.
 Bentley, Madge E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B 21A.
 Berry, Margaret R., 1A 2A 3B 7B.
 Best, Gwendoline S., 1B 2B 3B 7B 20A 22B.
 Billing, Barbara J., 1A 2B 7B 21B 22A.
 Bolin, Joyce, 1A 2A 3B 5B 7B 20B 22A.
 Brown, Betty J., 1B 2B 3B 7B 20B 22A.
 Buik, Monnie A., 1B 2B 6B 7B(o).
 Burls, Amy K., 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Butterfield, Constance, 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 20A 22B.
 Carlisle, Jeanne R., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Carter, Beryl A., 1A 2B 7B 11B 21A 22B.
 Cash, Ruby L., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Chudleigh, Bettie M., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Cox, Billie, 1A 2A 3B 4B 7B 11B 20A 22A.
 Cox, Marjorie A., 1 A2B 4B 6A 7A 11B.
 Crank, Joyce McK., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Dabinett, Beryl G., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Davidge, Beatrice H., 2B 3B 7B 11B 21B.
 Dening, Edna, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

Dodd, Elizabeth G., 1A 2B 6B 7B.
 Dodd, Dorothy E., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A 21A.
 Donnelley, Marie N., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Drake, Lesley J., 1B 2B 6B 7B(o).
 Dunlop, Margaret C., 1B 2B 7B 11B 21A 22B.
 Elliott, Joan O., 1B 2B 7B 22A.
 Evans, Phyllis M., 1A 2B 4B 6A 7A 11B.
 Eyles, Mavis M., 1A 2B 6B 7B(o).
 Ford, Joyce M., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 22B.
 Francisco, E., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 21A 22A.
 Fry, Joy C., 1B 2B 11B 21A 22B.
 Fulton, Isla M., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B(o) 11B.
 George, Betty S., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Gibson, Agnes M., 1A 4B 5B 7B 20B 22A.
 Glasson, M. D., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B(o) 20B 22B.
 Harvey, Dorothy E., 1B 2A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Heckenberg, Mavis O., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Henderson, Helen F., 1B 2B 6A 7A(o).
 Henderson, Yvonne J., 1B 2B 6B 7A.
 Hermes, Loris Y., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Hickton, Marjorie G., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Humphreys, Rita, 1B 2A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Huntley, June, 1B 2B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Ironside, Marie J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Jacobs, Beryl M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 22B.
 Jacobsen, Barbara M., 1B 2B 6B 7B.
 Jerrom, Norma C., 1B 4B 5B 11B 20B 22B.
 Johnston, Margaret B., 1A 2B 3B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Keavney, Hazel, 1A 2A 6A 7A 11B.
 Laney, Beryl P., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 List, Dorothy A., 1B 2B 3B 7B 20B 22B.
 Lyall, Joyce, 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 21B 22A.
 Lyons, Melbra T., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Mackenzie, Joy, 1B 3B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Maye, Edna A., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 McClelland, K., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A(o) 11A 20B.
 Miles, Peggy A., 1B 2A 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Mitchell, Betty M., 1A 2A 3B 7B 20B 22B.
 Moffitt, Betty H., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Monteath, Margaret, 1B 2A 3B 5B 7B 11B 21B 22A.
 Moore, Doreen M., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 21B 22A.
 Morrill, Betty, 1B 2B 3B 11B 21B 22B.
 Mossman, Eunice P., 1A 2B 4B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
 Murray, Norma J., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Nelson, Joyce L., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Nicholas, Pearl L., 1B 2A 3B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Nicholson, June M., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7A(o).
 Nixon, Pamela H., 1A 5B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
 Norman, Dorothy, 1A 2A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Notting, Joan E., 1B 7B 20B 22B.
 O'Donnell, Mary T., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Orr, Beryl C., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Osbaldeston, Marjory C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B 21B 22A.

Osborne, Joan M., 1B 2A 7B 21B 22B.
 Parkes, I. L., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20A 21A 22A.
 Parkes, Stella V., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Petterson, Joan I., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Pope, Nellie M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Riedy, Clare, 1B 2B 3A 11B 21B 22B.
 Robbins, Norma M., 1B 2B 6B 7B 11B.
 Robinson, Cecily J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Robinson, Karma C., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Ross, Laura M., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 20B.
 Rowles, Gwendoline L., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Sinclair, D. T., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B 21A.
 Smith, Beryl S., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
 Smith, Winifred B., 1A 2A 3B 4B 7B 11B 20B 22A.
 Sorrell, Audrey J., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Spence, Jean C., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Sporne, Alexina, 1B 2A 3B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Stening, Betty F., 1B 2B 3B 7B 20B 22B.
 Stephenson, Margaret, 1A 2A 4A 6A 7A(o) 11A 21A.
 Stewart, Heather G., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Stubbs, Lilly M., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 20B 22A.
 Tetley, Audrie R., 1A 4B 7A 11B 20A 22A.
 Thrush, Norma Aileen, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Townson, Dawn T., 1B 2A 3B 7B 20A 22B.
 Troy, Helen L., 1A 2B 3B 7B(o) 11B 20A 22B.
 Wallace, Revvie J., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Walsh, Jean A., 1B 2B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Warren, Dulcie W., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Whiting, Nina, 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Willard, Marie J., 1B 2B 3B 7B(o) 20A 22A.
 Williams, Jean I., 1B 2B 11B 21B 22B.
 Williamson, Marjorie V., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
 Woodger, Winsome J., 1B 4B 5B 7B 20B 22B.
 Woodley, Dorothy M., 1B 2B 3B 7B 22B.
 Wylie, Jean L., 1B 2B 3B 7B 11B 20A 22B.
 Yates, Beryl, 1A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT IN ENGLAND

In England now, it's Springtime
 And in the hazel copse,
 The swallows will be mating
 In the tall tree-tops.
 In England now, it's Maytime,
 And in the woodland dells,
 The wind will move the blossoms
 Like a thousand fairy bells,
 And in the gentle twilight,
 As evening softly falls,
 We hear the tinkling of the sheep bells,
 And the sweet bird calls.
 The birches are a-quivering,
 And the skylarks sing,
 The apple blossoms falling—
 In England in the Spring.

—Shirley Rees, 4B.

THE CALL OF THE BUSH

Can't you hear their gentle voices calling from the creek below?
Can't you hear them softly, sweetly, singing songs so faint and low?
Can't you hear the breezes whispering, laughing with them at their play?
I can hear, for they are calling, calling me to come away.

I can hear the gurgling waters ripple over mossy stones;
Surely you can hear the blackbird's ringing, clear, melodious tones,
Hear the timid, wild wood-creatures, darting in and out the trees,
Hear the blue-bells faintly tinkling, while they're swaying in the breeze.

I can hear the woodland fairies—hear them piping faint but clear,
I can hear, for they are calling—but alas! you cannot hear.
Not for you the echoing valley, fern-fringed pools and mossy ways,
Dripping coves and rippling brooklets, haunts of dainty woodland fays.

From the town another voice is calling you to come away,
We must part—ah, sad the parting! but that voice you must obey.
I must take the bushland track now, that which knows not care nor strife,
So farewell, for I am going, going to a freer life.

—Joyce Thompson, 5A.

AN AUSTRALIAN HOMESTEAD

Softly breathes the Southern morning,
Warmth and balmy softness blent;
Clear the deep-hued sky is glowing
O'er a scene of pure content.

All around the shel't'ring mountains
Rise through misty bays of blue;
In the vale there peeps a verdure
To the savage wildness new.

See a tiny homestead standing,
Nestled 'mid the dark-leaved trees;
Rough, but rich with warmth and plenty,
Bright with love and quiet peace.

—Eunice Mossman, 4A.

DAWN LOVELINESS

Dawn music! My soul is lost,
In ecstasy born of a soft wind's kiss,
And slips through the silence of dew-wet dawn
With dreams that some silvery singer has tossed,
In a moment of exquisite, elfin bliss,
Thro' a jewelled cobweb of thoughts of morn.

—Eunone, 3B.

ECHOES

Softly, faintly in the distance comes the whip-bird's call,
Louder now as drawing closer, through the gum-trees tall;
Then an answer—softly, quickly, echoes make reply,
Through the gullies and the valleys, past the mountains high,
Ringing on the rocks and boulders, then they die away.
Once again the whip-bird's calling, whistling—blithe and gay,
And the echo, ever softly, answers it once more—
Every time the second echo's sweeter than before.
Replying to the joyful music of the whip-bird's call,
Through the gum-trees and the bushes, echoes rise and fall.

—Bessie Swann, 2A.

OUR DOG ROVER

Rover's eyes are big and brown,
 And oh, so very kind,
 And when we all go off to town
 And leave him home behind,
 He just looks up and seems to say,
 "Oh well, I do not mind."

But deep within his doggy heart,
 I know he'd love to go,
 And when we jump into the cart,
 And say to Rover "No,
 You stay and mind the farm this time,"
 His eyes are full of woe,

But when the ev'ning brings us back
 The first thing that is known
 Is Rover's bark along the track
 (He's tired of being alone),
 And as he runs beside, we're sure
 That Rover's glad we're home.

—Frances Chadwick, 1A.

MY HEART'S DESIRE

All of the stately mountains know
 My heart's desire;
 Yes, for the west wind whispers it low,
 My heart's desire !

Dawn has discovered the secret now—
 My heart's desire;
 Sunset has thrilled to my passionate vow,
 O heart's desire !

Life stretches dream-misted far and far;
 My heart's desire
 Shines as a wonderful silvery star,
 My heart's desire !

—(None, 313.

TREES

Trees are here,
 Trees are there,
 Trees are almost
 Everywhere.

Beside the lake,
 Around the bend,
 Lovely willows,
 Twist and twend.

Mountain ash,
 And friendly oak,
 Toss their boughs,
 O'er tender flowers.

I wish I were,
 A lovely tree,
 So all these thoughts,
 Might arise in me.

—Dorothy Fabry.

AN X-PLANATION !

A thing that's got me puzzled
 About my A.B.C.,
 Is the funny little letter
 That comes just after V.
 I once asked teacher what it was
 "Why, double-you!" she said
 "And then" (of all the silly things),
 There's X as well, wise-head!"
 This "X" has got me tangled up;
 It seems a kind of game.
 You write it sev'ral diff'rent ways,
 And yet it sounds the same,
 There's X for "ten," you vote X "Yes,"
 You travel by X-press;
 And some X-pence you must X-Q's
 But don't go to X-S.
 In X-tasy you spell it "ecs";
 Say Z in Xylophone.
 I know a place called S-X, too;
 X-seed is not unknown
 Could players do an X-act play?
 Or X-change an X-pound?
 In Algebra the letter X
 Is what's not yet been found.

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Teachers' College,
 University Grounds,
 12th March, 1936.

Dear Fortians,

A few days ago we wise and mature students of second year found ourselves submerged by the incoming tide of first years. Eagerly we waded in, searching for a familiar face or badge: Soon we found many—not dressed in blue tunics and wearing red and white ties — but they were still Fortians, as we and they, ever shall be.

Delight, eager anticipation, and bewilderment are the mingled emotions of the "fresher" on her first day. There seems a veritable maze of corridors and lecture rooms with endless stairs. However, there are many compensations that gradually lessen the strangeness she feels—that strangeness so reminiscent of her very first day at Fort Street so many years ago. Once more has she come from one social community to a much larger one. Firstly there is that exhilarating freedom of her

new student status; the glorious whirl of college social life; the splendid library, wherein it is a joy to browse among the excellent books; the attractive rest room and common room where women students delight in gathering and moreover where one hears the continual conversational buzz of happy girls. Last—but by no means least, there is the hour's gymnasium followed by a most invigorating cold shower.

College life is a pleasurable period—of course, there are some exams., which like all others simply must be worked for—but altogether Fortians may keenly look forward to happy college days.

On the threshold of this year, we anticipate many joys and sorrows. The joys are in the first and second team and are mainly social and sportive. There are basketball, hockey, cricket, swimming, athletic and tennis clubs—quite an attractive array for all comers. Also this year a college representative team

is to be selected and sent to Adelaide in addition to the usual Armidale team which competes for the Harbison Trophy—and you may be sure old Fortians are striving for inclusion in one or other of the teams. The sorrows are, of course, in third term and so far away we will not let them darken our bright horizon.

So very easily the days and weeks slip by and very soon schooldays seem far behind and while deep-seated affection for our school lingers on, another Alma Mater calls upon us to strive for her in lecture room and on the playing field. Then, as you become aware of the fact that those bizarre green and white doors mark the back and not the front door of the Teachers' College, which is really most gracefully imposing, reflected as it is in a pond on which float water-lilies

of many hues, you grow to realise and hold in esteem the beauties of the college itself, together with its restful surroundings such as the stately Gothic architecture of Fisher Library looming above the poplars through the early morning mist as you hurry to 9 o'clock lecture.

So, to you Fortians who are still at school we send our very best wishes and we know you will strive earnestly and "fight the good fight" most nobly throughout the year, for though there seems oceans of time at the beginning, those oceans will soon evaporate till but a few drops are left and then the final exams., are upon you. Then will you assuredly win fresh laurels for our school—the best school of all—and in doing so will please those who have helped you so, and will earn for yourself the right to enjoy College or University life.

—Beryl Kent.

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS

Corrie Saunders graduated in Medicine with credit in her final examination, and was appointed a Resident Medical Officer at Sydney Hospital at the beginning of this year.

Our graduates also include Erid Symons in the Faculty of Medicine; Eve Bornstein, Margaret McVicar with Second Class Honours in Greek, Vera Pausey with First Class Honours in Greek, and Betty Scott in the Faculty of Arts and Beryl Lambie in the Faculty of Science.

Dorothy Adderton and Margaret Raphael passed their First Year in Medicine.

In Arts I., Joan Fraser gained a Credit in French (Third in year), German and English, and Mary Robinson gained Distinction in English.

In Science II., Lesbia Wright gained a Credit in Chemistry.

Doreen Musgrave passed with credit, Dentistry, Year II., and Phyllis Jones with credit in Geology II.

Our "freshers" at the University are Maria Boldini (Arts), Betty Hood, Nancy Light and Beryl Smith (Science), and Jean Livingston (Medicine).

In the Third Biennial Australian Women's Amateur Athletic Championships at the Sydney Sports Ground Clarice Kennedy was the outstanding competitor, setting up an Australian record of 117ft. 7½in. in javelin throwing, thus beating her previous records of 104ft. 11in. and 112ft. 2in. On the same occasion, she won the Women's Hurdles Championship of Australia (90 yds.) in time equalling her own record of 12 2/5 seconds.

At the National Games, held in Adelaide, Clarice Kennedy represented N.S.W. and again broke re-

cords. The present staff and pupils sent her a congratulatory telegram and in her acknowledgment of it to Miss Cohen, Clarice wrote. "All my record-breaking achievements in the Australian National Games faded into insignificance when I had the honour to receive your telegram whilst in Adelaide . . . of course, it was wonderful to think that out of six National Championships, I was able to bring four to my home State, besides a third placing."

Gwen Bill has opened a kindergarten school at Vacluse.

Elsie Segært sailed for Europe in the "Esquilino", and is personally conducting a number of Australians through Central Europe. In July she is taking another company of tourists to Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

On Dec. 14th, in the Chapel of St. John's College, Sydney University, Kathleen McElroy the Ada

Partridge prize-winner of 1926, was married to Mr. Benning, M.A.

Mary Duhig was married on Boxing Day to Mr. Herbert Bellhouse, B.A., and they are now living in Parkes.

In the competition for plays recently held by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Joyce Starr with her play, "Sugar Susan", won one of the eight prizes awarded. We congratulate Joyce on her success as the number of competitors was so great—398 entries.

Nell Crawford was recently transferred from Newcastle to Sydney Girls' High School as Science Mistress.

Nancy Barrowcliff, who left in 1927, is one of the three women, who have qualified for the position of Local Government Clerk by examination.

Marie Aria, first winner of the Emily Cruise Prize, designed the advertisement of Snow's in this issue of the Magazine.

THE WRECK

The storm had been raging for twenty-four hours when I fought my way through the wild wind down to the sea. Night was falling and what a pitiful sight met my eyes as I reached the edge of the cliff! What had once been a graceful white yacht now lay stranded on the black, fearful rocks out on the Point. I climbed down the cliff along the rocks as near to the wreck as I could. The sight of her brought a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes. This thing of beauty, this creature of the wind and the waves: only a week before had I seen her skimming across the blue, shimmering waters, her dazzlingly white sails filled out by a playful breeze, and the warm dancing waves kissed her as she passed. But those self-same waves had proved her undo-

ing. The little breeze became a tearing, shrieking gale and had soon converted those rippling wavelets into raging merciless breakers.

The "Saucy Sal", eh? Well, she was saucy no longer, and never would be again. A broken anchor chain told its own story. Great holes, made by the jagged teeth of those cruel rocks, gaped in her sides. She could not last long under the terrible battery of the mountainous seas that were running. Mighty waves broke over her again and again, writhing in their fury, then receding angrily with a horrible sucking round, as though trying to draw the "Saucy Sal" down, down into those chill, dark waters. The sea was trying to reclaim its own, and the poor yacht was quite powerless to prevent it. She flopped help-

lessly from one side on to the other, as the waves beat her mercilessly. She had a hopeless air about her, too, as if she were too tired to fight any more, and, was giving in. I was praying that someone would come and save her, for it was dreadful just to stand there and watch her being murdered, unable to do anything to help her, when the conversation of some fishermen standing by caught my ear.

"Yes; the owner is leaving her here. She's not worth the pulling out. She was worth one thousand pounds if a penny, too."

I took one last look at the racing lowering clouds, at the wind-whip-

ped sea and at the poor, doomed "Saucy Sal," and then I wended my way home with the moaning of the wind through the pines in my ears, and the tragic sight which I had just left behind me in my thoughts. I shivered and drew my coat closer round me.

In the early morning, I once more climbed down the cliff. A broken spar or two, bits of frayed rope, innumerable pieces of driftwood, on one of which the words "Saucy Sal", were barely decipherable, littered the beach.

Out at sea the gulls wheeled and screamed in their flight.

—Margaret Frazer, 4B.

GOOD ENEMIES

He was one of the members of our little, diamond-seeking company of men. d'Estrees was his name, a Frenchman, hot-tempered, haughty and insolent. Somehow we irritated each other from our first encounter. I remember thinking, the first night we spent on the desert, that life would have been a great deal easier without his constant presence. I do not know why we could not agree. It seemed that his very look had the power to ruffle me. We were constantly quarrelling, constantly causing embarrassment to the others by our hot words. And as the discomforts that we endured grew daily worse, so did our quarrels. Before long, the other members of our little party became silent and dispirited. I used to vow that I would not quarrel with him again, when I saw the effect it had upon my friends, but it was of no use. Irritation, born of desert boredom was our doom.

I am an essentially bad-tempered man, and of a hasty disposition. I feel sick with remorse now when I think of the things I said to that

gallant man—the man who is responsible for my presence here on earth to-day.

The final blow to our little band was the bitter shattering of the rosy dream that had led us on this mad venture—the dream of finding the diamond mines rumored to exist in the country that stretched barren and uninviting at the other side of the desert we were crossing.

It was an incredibly foolish journey to undertake, lacking, as we did, the necessary equipment for such an expedition. We had all been down on our luck, "broke", as the saying is, and we clutched eagerly at the thought of so much wealth, chancing our all upon its discovery. Chancing our all! Poor fools! it was the last chance that any of us, except myself, ever took again. We were stunned when we found that our cherished diamond mines were a beautiful illusion, like the mirage of the desert that mocks the thirst—maddened traveller as he stumbles through the shifting sand stunned, and unutterably weary, as we turned our faces towards home.

Home! What mockery! a blizzard swept down upon us, tore us apart, altered the whole appearance of the landscape. When it was over, I was alone with d'Estrees.

Days passed when hardly a word was spoken between us, and daily our chance of reaching civilisation became less. Sometimes I caught him looking at me strangely, but I was too occupied with, and resentful of my plight and the torments of hunger and soul-deadening weariness, to notice much. Then we found we had only a day's supply of water left, and we did not know in what part of the country we were. We slept that night, not because we enjoyed it, but because our exhaustion compelled us. When I awoke—d'Estrees was gone. The desert, silent, inscrutable, brooding, stretched on all sides. Overhead, a vulture, wheeled, circled . . . an omen of death. A voice kept repeating in my tortured brain, "d'Estrees is gone—d'Estrees is gone . . . a slight breeze stirred a piece of paper twined around the handle of

his can of water. I twisted it slowly from its fastening. "Adieu, Sinclair. Make good use of the precious water. We have been—good enemies".

Somehow I got upon my shaking legs. Somehow I dragged myself on. I think I must have been going mad, for I saw d'Estrees in pyjamas, riding on a duck, d'Estrees drinking water in Paradise, d'Estrees, d'Estrees, always always d'Estrees . . . I was found, babbling the name, and carried away from that inferno of heat and misery.

I am writing this in cool, sweet-smelling, England, and outside the roses are clambering over the wall . . . There is a crumpled piece of paper lying on my desk. It fades for a moment, and in its place is the limitless desert, and the eyes of Jean d'Estrees gazing at me through the swirling sand. . . . "Adieu, Sinclair. Take good care of the precious water. We have been—good enemies. . . .

—"Prometheus," 5B.

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

The Committee of the Fort St., High School Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members, the sixteenth Annual Report for the year ending, March, 1936.

We note that there has been an increase in membership, the total number of members being 189; 170 Ordinary Members and 19 Life Members.

Last year at the General Meeting we asked for suggestions for the year's work. One of the members proposed that a basket ball and tennis afternoon should be held, and this suggestion was put into practice on April 6th, when a number of

members spent a very pleasant afternoon at the School.

The first big event of the year, however, was the mystery night in April, when the members were asked to bring supper and a torch, but were not told what form the entertainment was to take. The main attraction of the evening was a treasure hunt, and most people, even if they did not win prizes, enjoyed the sight of the school by night, with the lights of almost a hundred torches flitting about the grounds.

In June, as usual, we joined forces with the Old Boys' Union to hold our Annual Ball. With some

trepidation the Committee engaged the new State Ballroom for the night. We were just a little afraid that we might have some difficulty in securing the guaranteed number of dancers—we were delighted when their numbers began to swell — we were almost prostrate by the time we had finished packing four hundred and twenty of them in. Still, it was gratifying to see so many Fortians there and we are hoping that even more of them will make up parties for this year's dance. To those who were unable to gain admission we offer our very sincere regrets, and the assurance that we are booking a much larger hall this year, and are looking forward to seeing them there. Our Union's share of the 1935 dance profits was £22, and this has been given to Miss Cohen to hold in trust; when the profits of this year's dance are added, we should be able to donate some really fine piece of equipment to the school.

Our function for August was held at the Secondary Schools' Club and took the somewhat hilarious form of a Crazy Bridge Party. There was a very satisfactory attendance and the profits helped to swell the cheque for three guineas which we sent along to the Rachael Forster Hospital.

We held our Annual Dinner in the New State Ballroom in October with 114 Old Girls present. Miss Partridge was unable to be present, but sent us her best wishes, and we were glad to be able to welcome Miss Cohen and Miss Cruise. Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens proposed the toast of the School and in doing so expressed a desire to revisit Fort St., and see the improvements which have been made there. Miss Cohen

then very kindly invited the members to morning tea at the School on Saturday, October 19th. Quite a number accepted the invitation and, as the grounds were looking beautiful, we spent a very pleasant morning. The Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Cohen for her kindness on this, and many other occasions throughout the year.

We ended our year as we began it, with a treasure hunt in December. This time the weather was not so favourable, for we chose a day when the rain simply poured down. Quite a number of courageous souls arrived, however, and we had almost as enjoyable a time as if the sun had really shone. This function took the place of the welcome to the fifth years, which was transferred till to-night, so that we might be able to introduce them to all our older members at the General Meeting.

The members of the Union's sub-club, "The Literary Circle" have had a very successful year, celebrating their tenth anniversary, a record of which we think both Fort Street and they may well be proud.

In conclusion: the retiring committee wishes to offer their very sincere congratulations to Miss Turner on her appointment as Deputy Headmistress of Fort Street, and to welcome very heartily all the new members of the Union. To the incoming committee we leave our best wishes for a successful year and the hope that they may find as much comradeship in their task as we have done in 1935.

Elizabeth Bannan,
Mary E. Cathels,
Joint Hon. Secs.

THE EXHIBITION ROOM

Relics of the first days in the Australian colonies confront one, with such effect that the imagination wanders so far as to make the owner believe that it is not 1936 but away back in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Such an experience may happen to one in the Mitchell Library, which, itself has an interesting history. When David Scott Mitchell, a recluse of Darlinghurst, first turned his attention to book collecting, he did not specialise in Australiana, so that the collection is of value to the student of any subject. He was a great lover of literature, and his study, as well as other rooms in his house, was stacked with books of all kinds. The walls were lined with them and the first two books in his collection were written by the renowned Wordsworth and the immortal Milton. In 1898, he expressed his intention of handing over part of his collection to the trustees of the Public Library on the understanding that a building was to be erected to house it. It was not until 1906, however, that the foundation stone of the new library was laid, and yet by 1909, people were actually working in it, preparing and collecting various volumes. In 1910, the founder died, and many do not realise how much pleasure and profit they owe to this man.

In one portion of this famous Mitchell Library is a room—which is more than just a room—filled with treasures of the early days of our Continent. One sees Sydney as it was over one hundred years ago. One of the busiest parts of Sydney, that portion included in the eastern angle of Elizabeth and Cleveland Streets just beyond Surrey Hills, was known as Strawberry Hills and even up to the 'fifties was considered to be in the bush, and the settlers there supplied the city

with vegetable fruit and flowers. To the south was the sandy stretch now comprising Waterloo. Inhabitants of these regions, once complained to the corporation of the city about the drifts of sand which were covering everything and would eventually compel the people to leave their homes. Now, such an amount of sand would be extremely hard to find. The picture of this can be vividly etched in the imagination, by reading one of the many letters in that "room."

About the walls have been pinned notices (just as they might have been so many years ago), which were printed for the benefit of South Australian colonists." Dinner to-night for Captain Sturt," and "Meeting for the Discussion of the Land Question," while some were ordered by such men as Light, Gawler, Hindmarsh, Fisher and Strange-ways. Most of these notices were printed by the first printing-press, which was set up on the sandhills at Glenelg in December, 1836, on which date "the proclamation of the colony" was printed. After six months, the press was removed to Hindby Street, Adelaide. These notices seem to connect the threads which exist between the past and the present and make shorter the long distance between.

Amongst the very interesting books is the missing log of Matthew Flinders. This log, in three volumes, was amongst the papers seized by Decaen, the French Governor of Mauritius, when Flinders put into that port on his homeward voyage, not knowing that France and England were at war. During his imprisonment there, Decaen returned to Flinders, all the papers of the latter with the exception of the volume, which contains his reasons for calling at Mauritius. After Flinders returned to England, the

British Government made repeated applications for this volume but without avail.

Flinders died in 1814, on the eve of the publication of his "Voyage to Australia (which was written under exceedingly painful conditions), and the missing volume was not returned until 1825. After inspection by Captain P. P. King, who was then in London, it was placed in the Admiralty Library, without any mark of identification and was, many years later, catalogued as an anonymous log. Although at various times efforts were made by History students to locate the volume, it was not recognised until 1927. The recognition was quite accidental really, for Miss Leeson, the Principal Librarian of the Mitchell Library, one day chanced to be looking through the catalogues and noticed this "anonymous log." Glancing at the date, 1802, Miss Leeson thought that it might be something concerning Australia. She therefore, sent for it, while the authorities on the other side searched for it in vain. When it arrived, Miss Leeson, then discovered that it was the missing log. The first two volumes had already been presented to the Mitchell Library by Sir Flinders Petrie, the

famous archaeologist, and a photosat copy of the third volume was obtained from the Public Recording Office.

Around the walls hang pictures of famous and notorious men, connected with the history of our Continent—a history full of trials, of controversies, of triumphs, of success. The first copies of some famous Australian poems are encased there, whilst there is one verse, written by Camfield which gives us some idea of the stock of the leading pioneers. Camfield was a cousin of the Hentys, and was with them in order to settle in Tasmania.

"Come all you English lads who have a
mind to go;
Into a bonny, fairy country, I would have
you to know;
Come join along with Henty and all his
joyful crew,
For a set of better fellows in this world
you never knew."

So have our colonies struggled to success and learned by failure, and we may well be grateful to the persons who have kept for us the relics intact, which remind us of the desperate struggle for existence in a new country.

—Rita Cochran, 3D.

MATHS LAND

"Therefore the angle ABC = the angle BCA," I moaned; "No, that's wrong, it doesn't." For an hour I had been wrestling with that exercise. "Euclid should never have been born," I muttered, resting my poor, muddled head on the table. "What a terrible bother theorems are!"

"What!" cried a shrill little voice in my ear. "Did you say Euclid was a bother?" Looking around I was amazed to behold a little man shaped like a triangle.

"I'm Isosceles," he explained, "You will soon regret that you

spoke despairingly of Euclid—follow me."

Ridiculous as it may seem, I felt impelled to obey this peculiar little man.

Seizing my hand he pulled me rapidly along a road named "Tangent." This led to a circular enclosure through which I was hurried. At last we came to a house with a semicircular door.

In reply to Isosceles' knock, the door was opened by an old man whose shape branded him as an angle. He led us through a maze of corridors to a large room where

a number of Angles were busily hammering at a triangular contraption which looked painfully familiar in appearance. They are constructing "The Ass's Bridge," I said. "Prove it!" shouted the workmen.

The sound of trumpets saved me from a painful few minutes.

Bowing so low that they looked like straight lines, the Angles ushered in a train of men carrying a small golden throne on which sat a Theorem with a crown on his head.

"Bow to His Majesty," commanded my guide.

"I won't," I muttered. "I hate all Theorems — and anyhow he is only a lot of lines strung together with Angles."

"Hard lines for you," sneered an Angle, pushing me on my knees.

The guide then informed the King of my offence.

"I'm not a bother," declared the King hotly, "I'm King Theorem XV and I will torture you."

Turning to the assembled men he said, "Put her between the compasses until she can square the circle." For a few agonising seconds which seemed never-ending, the compasses pressed into my flesh. Eventually my screams of agony stirred a feeling of compassion in the heart of the king and he ordered his minions to release me.

I remained a prisoner in the Royal Gaol for some days, during which I was forced to read several books of Euclid. My release was only made on condition that I guaranteed to obtain 70 per cent. in future Geometry Tests.

If I disappear suddenly, you will know that I have been recaptured by the Geometrical King.

—Dido, 2C.

THE SPIRIT

The Spirit looked upon the world, and sighed.

Everywhere he saw hatred, distrust, jealousy, covetousness. The miserable, puny humans pitted their futile strength against each other, crushing, and jostling, and scheming in the mad chaotic whirl of their daily life.

And while some talked volubly of peace, others prepared feverishly for war; on all sides was the disgraceful spectacle of man terrorising man.

Pitiful hordes of starving humanity fled from their brutal foes. Force, and might, and oppression ruled the world, and Justice and Peace were forgotten.

Here and there across the face of the disturbed earth, disease and famine took their dreadful toll, and

they were but specks in the whole nightmarish panorama.

Roll on, old World, roll on! Keep on with your mercenary bickerings, keep on with your ceaseless struggle to obtain your cherished idol—gold! Clutch at it with your skinny fingers and press it to your sunken chests! It is going to bring you happiness and prosperity and social respectability, is it not? It is going to make you a master, where you were once a slave, is it not?

Keep on, I say, keep on! And heed not the words that foretold your doom, before you ever were born! Go on your way, heedless and uncaring, helping the world, though, you know it not, to its fixed ending!

And the Spirit looked upon the world, and sighed.

—Francesca, 5B.

THE SEA KING'S DINNER PARTY

Imagine our surprise, and delight, when my cousin, "Ann Chovy," and I were invited to the Sea King's dinner party.

Invitation cards, of gleaming, transparent, fish scales, artistically decorated in "water" colors were sent to all the eminent fishfolk. His Majesty "King" Fish, the Hon. John Dory, Lord and Lady Salmon, popular Mr. Schnapper, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Cod, the Mulletts, the Whitings, the Rev. Sardine, Mrs. Butterfish, and many other noble and distinguished families were among those invited to be present.

On arriving at the Ocean Palace we were met by His Majesty, the Sea King, and shown into the spacious reception cave of glittering rock, resplendent with tall sea flowers, fronds of exquisite coral, seaweed, and beautiful shells, while the floor was carpeted with green moss. Myriads of starfish provided the illumination, which was reflected in the water, while many gaily coloured fishes darted hither and thither, adding greatly to the spectacular

Some of the fish ladies wore frilly frocks, others, gorgeous gowns of black and gold stripes, or spots, all of them beautifully finished; that is, beautifully trimmed with fins.

Lady Salmon wore her famous

pearls; Mrs. Mullet her attractive seaweed scarf; the Misses Garfish looked delightfully slim in their silver grey gowns, and little Miss Herring was wearing a dainty coral necklace.

A profusion of lovely anemones of every conceivable colour decorated the polished dining-table, which groaned under the weight of good things.

Mock turtle soup was followed by oysters, prawns, jelly-fish, fishes' eggs, preserved seaweed in salt, sea lettuce, water cress, and sea cucumbers. The delicious sweets included sea grapes, and sea gooseberries in pearl shells. The cutlery was made of the finest pearl.

During dinner the orchestra, cunningly hidden by a screen of delicate coral, and consisting of the Trumpeters' Band, and a trio of Jewfish, with melodious Jew's harps made sweet harmony.

The Waves, the charming daughters of the Sea King, sang tuneful songs, and danced gracefully, assisted by the Flying Fishes' Ballet, for the entertainment of the guests.

After a glorious time we wished our host good-night, and were driven to our homes in luxurious shell carriages drawn by sea horses.

Maxine James, ID.

COCKY ON A PANTECHNICON

An amusing episode took place some days ago, which seems to prove that birds have considerable intelligence. While walking along a suburban street, I saw a large white cockatoo in a cage, along with odds and ends of household goods, on top of a large pantechnicon. I really felt sorry for cocky in his extremely lofty position for the day was extremely hot, and the unfortunate bird had no covering what-

ever over the top of his cage to protect him from the hot glare of the sun.

Cocky was moving, but whence or whither, I know not, but it was evident that he felt his position keenly, for when I glanced up at him, he ruffled his feathers, put his head through the bars of his cage, looked at me (I was the only person to be seen), and in a most scathing voice he shouted out: "Sticky-beak! Sticky-

beak! I instantly turned my head away so as not to embarrass him any further, for I could not refrain from laughter. A few seconds later, to my utter amazement, he called out in a much softer voice "Lady! Lady!" In answer to such a beseeching request, I looked up at him and smiled and then to cap his intelligence he said, firstly, in a very humble voice, "Sorry, lady, sorry!" and then, like one trying to get into one's good books again after being naughty he asked in a more cheerful

tone of voice: "Pretty cocky?" "Pretty cocky?"

I nodded to him in an approving manner, then he settled down to enjoy his ride on the top of a pan-technicon — perhaps. It sounded very, very funny; and all I can say is that the driver and his mate lost the companionship of a very clever, intelligent talker, by not giving cocky a box seat alongside of them, and— whoever owns such a clever, white cockatoo is indeed, fortunate.

—M. Blackman, 3B.

FROM THE AIR

There was great consternation on Venus. Zacho Seritzo, the great aviator, was missing.

Four days had elapsed since crowds had cheered Zacho as the "Viterrima" rose higher and higher into the sky. Four days is a long period on Venus. At any time it is terrible for a plane to be lost, for not only are the Veni skilled aviators, but they have instruments called "Gelici" by which they can see for millions of miles.

Zacho loved the air and had been "up" in many machines; but this one, his latest invention, gave him a thrill of thrills. Higher and higher he went, through curious vaporous masses and currents of air that made the "Viterrima" rock boisterously, but Zacho was young and enjoyed every minute of the flight.

On and on he went, through mist and fog till he came to huge boulders of ice. With great skill he steered his beautiful, blue, bird-like machine through this dangerous ice pass, and then the air grew constantly denser.

Zacho was now flying near the earth. The air seemed very thick to him, as he was used to a much

thinner atmosphere. The earth loomed up in front of him like a great grey boulder, and as he drew closer, he saw that he was flying straight into a swarm of small grey objects. However, Zacho's speed was far too great to allow of his pulling up within a few miles, and thinking these flying objects too small to hurt his machine, he flew straight on.

* * *

On this earth of ours there is a huge continent, lying in the southern hemisphere, which, so far, has not been invaded. The people on this continent are happy and care-free, enjoying the freedom of the Empire to which they belong. From time to time there has been talk of an "invader" of this fair land, but, although in a measure prepared, the inhabitants were first mystified, then horrified, when it was reported that there was a fleet of foreign aeroplanes flying towards the east coast of their land.

Business was suspended. People gathered in groups. The military authorities gave commands rapidly. Guns were mounted and all was made ready for an attack.

But, more astonishing still, just as the hostile craft neared the coast line, a huge 'plane, of shimmering blue, swept through the air. It sparkled as the sun's rays gently broke on its beautiful wings, resembling a great, heavenly bird.

The "Viterrima" swept swiftly through the fleet of hostile 'planes, many falling into the sea and some catching on the wings and different parts of Zacho's 'plane. This upset the balance of the "Viterrima" and Zacho, seeing a long stretch of sand, cleverly landed his huge electric machine.

News of the "Viterrima" spread

quickly, and very soon scientists from all over the world were preparing to visit the southern continent and meet Zacho.

The strange aviator managed to convey by signs that he would come again to the Earth, as the "Viterima" slowly and majestically ascended, and the people are hoping that he will take all the surplus population to Venus.

In time there may be a fleet of "Viterimmas" trading between Venus and the Earth, giving new ideas to scientists and solving the economic problem from the air.

—Connie Peach, 3A.

WHY THE KANGAROO BOUNDS

Many thousands of years before Captain Cook sailed along the East coast of Australia, there dwelt on the banks of the Lachlan River a tribe of aborigines known as the Wakitas. The chief of the tribe, Onaka, had a very beautiful daughter named 'Roo, whom every young warrior for miles around admired, and wished to make his lubra. The most fervent of these admirers were Bunga, son of the tribal witch-doctor, and Kanga, son of the camp's official fire-maker. The former was a spiteful disagreeable native, upon whom Roo was forced to smile, only because her father feared the witch-doctor might otherwise wreak his vengeance upon him. Kanga, on the other hand, was a handsome young warrior, kind, brave and an enthusiastic admirer of Roo, who loved him with all her heart.

The one feature the two rivals had in common was that each was an expert long-distance jumper, and it was here that Onaka got the idea of giving his daughter to the one who won a leaping contest to be

held at the next corroboree.

Three days before the decisive event, the witch-doctor secretly summoned Kanga to his gunyah and conferred with him.

"Unless you let Bunga win the contest," he said craftily, "I will change you into a wild animal."

The next two days Kanga spent in worrying over what he should do, for he was torn between his love for Roo, and his superstitious fear of the cunning old witchdoctor. However, as he stood waiting to commence the contest on the fateful day, he noticed the beautiful girl smile at him, and Kanga knew he must win for her sake.

For many hours, the two rivals performed wonderful feats of athletics, but when the judges gave the verdict, it was Kanga who had won — by just two points. The old witch-doctor's rage knew no bounds! He threw his hairy arms to the sky, calling to the devil-devils to trans-

form the hateful Kanga into some wild animal, and suddenly, before the startled eyes of the tribe, the young warrior's body began to change.

Roo threw herself before the wizard, begging him to spare her lover, but to no avail—Kanga was transformed into a great, grey animal with a long tail. Then, before the powerless watchers could move,

it had bounded off in great leaps into the bush!

For many weeks it sulked and wept in a mountain cave, but at last became reconciled to its animal state, and its descendants, known as kangaroos, are found in Australia to this day—still bounding, as their ancestor did in the days of long ago.

—J. Baker, 3A.

TROUBLE IN FAIRYLAND

Pretty Princess Tulip had upset her tiny glass of dew over little Princess Buttercup's frock. "Oh, you clumsy child! Look at my beautiful golden gown! Spoilt! Ruined! And all because of your clumsiness! Oh dear, I cannot go to the Fairy Queen's wonderful ball, now!" wailed Buttercup.

"Dear, oh dear, why all this fuss?" asked lazy Princess Violet, "surely a little accident is not the cause of such a frown, Buttercup?"

Two little gnomes, prisoners in Fairyland, who had heard the voices quarrelling, began to laugh, which enraged Buttercup still more, and she stamped her dainty little foot again and again at Princess Tulip, who in her turn, said some very nasty things (for a fairy) to Princess Buttercup, and said she was glad she had done it, now!

The noise reached the ears of the beautiful Fairy Queen, who sent some of her swift little messengers

to see what was the matter. "My subjects quarrelling on the day of my ball? Bring me the culprits!"

Princess Buttercup, quite ashamed of herself by now, and Princess Tulip advanced towards the magnificent throne, where Queen Rose awaited them.

"Explain your actions!" said she sternly, for she did not like to see her subjects quarrelling, when they ought to be doing good deeds and helping others. Both the little Princesses hung their heads and did not reply.

"Must I ask again for an explanation?" she asked again.

"We were both in the wrong, and we beg your forgiveness, Your Majesty!" said Buttercup. "It is granted willingly. Away with you! and let the rest of the day be spent in doing good deeds and thinking kind thoughts, and tonight let us forget all quarrels and be joyous in the revels of Fairyland!"

—Peggy Weine, 3A.

PIRATES BOLD

It is sunset, and the scene is a green isle set like a gem in that blue expanse of sparkling water known as the Celebes Sea. There is a

small bay to the leeward of the isle, and lying at anchor in this little inlet is a ship, an old sailing vessel of the seventeenth century with

three masts, a high poop and ugly cannon protruding from holes in the side of the deck.

It is a pleasant scene, one that is rich to the eye, but on looking at the flag that flutters at the mast-head, a shiver creeps down the spine, for the black rag that waves there is the Jolly Roger, the emblem of those bands of ferocious cut-throats that haunt the Seven Seas, that is, pirates!

Standing on the bridge, shouting orders to his men to lower a boat, is Captain Flint. He is a giant fellow, with a skull-cap cocked over his sightless right eye, and a cutlass and pair of pistols at his belt. He stands six feet high in his long sea-boots, does Captain Flint.

At one side of the vessel are clustered a number of his crew, all as fierce and ugly as himself. They have just lifted three heavy chests into a dinghy, and are now beginning to lower it into the brine be-

low. As the boat hits the water, Flint descends from the bridge, and follows his men down a rope ladder into the tiny vessel, where he takes his seat at the stern, and tells the crew to push off to the land.

Some minutes later the yellow beach is reached, and, as the keel grates on the shingle, Flint leaps on to the shore, and gives orders for the chests to be lifted out. The men hasten to obey, and soon the band is struggling up the beach, and into the jungle that fringes the golden sands.

For a while they make their way through the tangle of dense undergrowth, and then Flint commands a halt. The chests are lowered, and the pirate captain gives the word to begin digging, and as the last rays of the sun steal across the horizon, Captain Flint's treasure is consigned to the strong-room of Mother Earth.

—Jean Baker, 3A.

THE GRUBBY GARDENER

The Princess Isabella was in a very bad mood that morning. The jovial King, her father, and the amiable Queen, her mother, looked at each other in dismay. "But my dear", they both began at once. "I won't, I won't, and I won't," shrilled the Princess before they could continue, "marry this silly Prince you're bringing to see me! So there!" "But, Princess," said the court jester, who, being a very old friend, was sometimes allowed to take liberties, "the Prince—" "Off with his head!" shrilled the Princess, much in the manner of the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland".

"But my dear," said the King, "No one takes off people's heads nowadays, it isn't done."

"That's what I like to do—what

isn't done!" snapped the Princess irritably.

"But my dear," protested the Queen, who was rather feeble-minded, "How can you do what isn't done—I mean to say, you can't do what isn't done—how can you?"

"No! no; no!" screamed the Princess, taking absolutely no notice of her mother.

"I'm glad you agree with me, my dear," said the Queen happily. It was so seldom, indeed, that the Princess did agree with her, that the poor lady felt quite pleased.

But the Princess (who, as you will have realised by this time, was a very spoiled princess indeed), stamped her feet in their royal slippers on the floor and flew out into the rose garden. The King was used

to these tantrums, so he went philosophically on with his breakfast, but the poor Queen was quite upset, and could eat no more.

"My dear," she said fretfully, "we really must find a way to cure Isabella of her terrible temper."

"Humph," answered the King, and went on eating his boiled egg.

"But we must, my dear," insisted the Queen.

"Humph," said the King again.

But he sat long, that night, in his royal nightcap, thinking deeply. And at last he arrived at a plan, and went to bed chuckling.

A few days later the Princess was once more in the rose garden. Suddenly she noticed someone bending over a garden bed, weeding. Her curiosity was aroused. She had not known that her father had engaged a new gardener. Why hadn't she been informed? She grew angry.

"You there," she said peremptorily, "when did you come here, pray?"

There was no answer. The figure went on steadily weeding.

"Well!" gasped the Princess. To be ignored by a common gardener! She picked up a large stick and proceeded to prod him energetically with it. Then she was noticed in no uncertain manner.

"By my halidome!" said a voice. "Do that again and I'll give you a good hard spanking."

"What!" said the Princess, amazed beyond measure.

"I'll give you a good, hard spanking!" repeated the young man into whose face she was now looking.

"A gardener—and a grubby one at that—look at his face all covered with soil—to speak to me in that fashion!" thought the flabbergasted Princess. "How dare you!" she said aloud.

"How dare you!" said the young man.

"How dare I?" choked Princess Isabella. "How dare I? How dare you? A common gardener to speak to me like that?"

"And who are you, pray?" said the young man coolly.

"Me?" said the Princess ungrammatically. "Do you mean to say you don't know who I am?"

"No, I don't," snapped the young man; "and what's more, I don't want to. You don't look very important!" and he turned back to his work again.

The Princess nearly choked with rage. "I'm the Princess!" she shouted angrily. "The Princess! The Princess! The Princess!"

"No, you're not," said the young man, turning round again with startling suddenness. "You're the girl who escaped from the asylum yesterday. You had better go back before you do any more mischief." He dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

The Princess glared at his broad back and tried to speak, but the words tumbled over one another, and the result was—well, a very strange result.

"There you are, you gibber," he said. "Only lunatics gibber; you're a lunatic."

"I'm the Princess Isabella!" she screamed. "Ask one of the other gardeners—ask anyone."

"Of course I shan't," he said. "Only lunatics say they are princesses; therefore you're a lunatic, as I told you before." And once more he turned his back on her.

The poor Princess was so overcome that she flew into her room and burst into angry tears. But when she looked in the mirror and saw

what havoc they had wrought she ceased crying immediately and decided it was beneath her royal dignity to notice him or to pay any heed to his words. At first she thought she would speak to her father and have the rude fellow dismissed, but decided that perhaps it was he who was mad after all, and that it would suit her better to be magnanimous and forgive him.

Nevertheless, in spite of her quite natural contempt for such a common and garden person, the Princess was often to be seen walking in the rose garden and stealing furtive glances at the "grubby gardener," as she mentally called him. Each time, however, that she ventured to speak, she was answered very curtly, and each time he alluded to her imaginary malady.

The Princess became furiously angry at times, and all the more so because he was rather handsome, and interested her. But still she could not bring herself to ask her father to dismiss him.

Then one day, who should visit the palace but the hated Prince whom she had declared she would not marry. He was in the room be-

fore she could escape, and oh, he was so very ugly!

The Princess flew into a temper. "Go away!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I won't marry you!"

"But you will marry me," said the ugly Prince. "I'm going to make you. You've had your own way long enough. I wouldn't marry you if I thought you loved someone else, but as you don't love anybody but yourself you must marry me."

"But I do love someone else!" wailed the Princess, as the horrible truth burst upon her. "I love the 'grubby gardener.'"

"What!" ejaculated the Prince. Then suddenly he put his hand to his ugly face and whipped it off. And there stood—the "grubby gardener," only this time he was clean. "A mask," he explained, smiling.

"Oh," exclaimed the Princess faintly, and sank upon the couch.

"The 'grubby gardener' and Prince Charming were one and the same, you see," said the Prince. "But your father thought of that little plot to see if you would like anyone who was always nasty to you."

"Oh," said the Princess again, but this time she sounded very happy.

"Prometheus," 5B.

ROSS BOTTLES

About three miles out of the seaside village of Cronulla there is a very interesting place called Ross Bottles. This name was obtained from the combination of the owner's name, Mr. Ross, and his trade, which was glass and bottle-making.

Ross Bottles is surrounded on one side by picturesque Gunnamatta Bay, and on the other three sides by a stone wall, in which are embedded

bottles and pieces of glass of many different shapes and sizes. At various intervals along the wall and on the pillars on either side of the gate there are large moulds, in which Mr. Ross first made glass.

There are a few houses at Ross Bottles, and these are adorned with bottles, which are standing on the roofs and hanging over the doorways and on the walls.

Along the paths, which lead to the houses, instead of flower beds, there are beds of glass. Some of them have a white background with such designs as the King's head, a crown, a Union Jack, and the name "Ross Bottles" in blue, while others have coloured backgrounds with the designs in white. These beds are bordered by bottles, which are turned upside down and half buried in the ground.

Holiday-makers make a special point of visiting these sights of old-fashioned Cronulla, and then so surprised are they by the unusual appearance that for many years they carry a mental picture of them, and undoubtedly tell their friends of them, and so add to the number of interested admirers.

—Lesley Stott, 3B.

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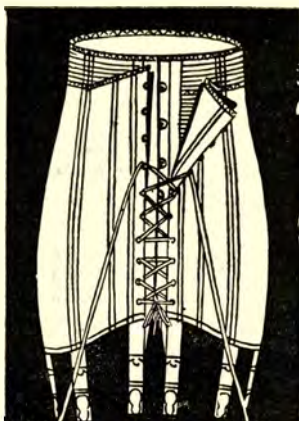


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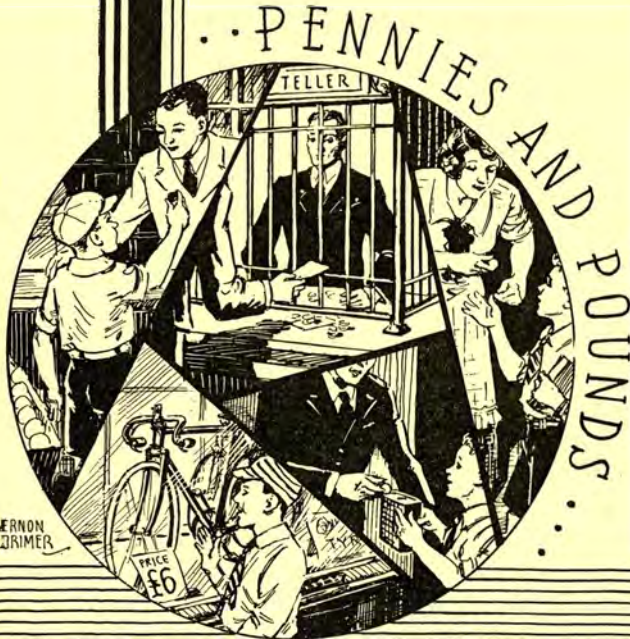
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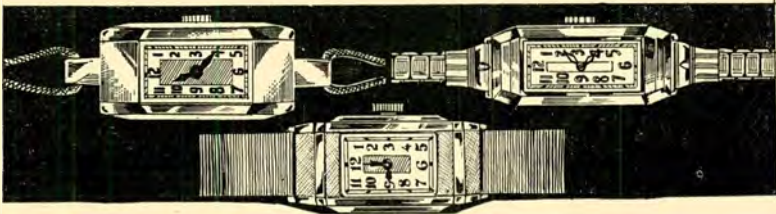
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