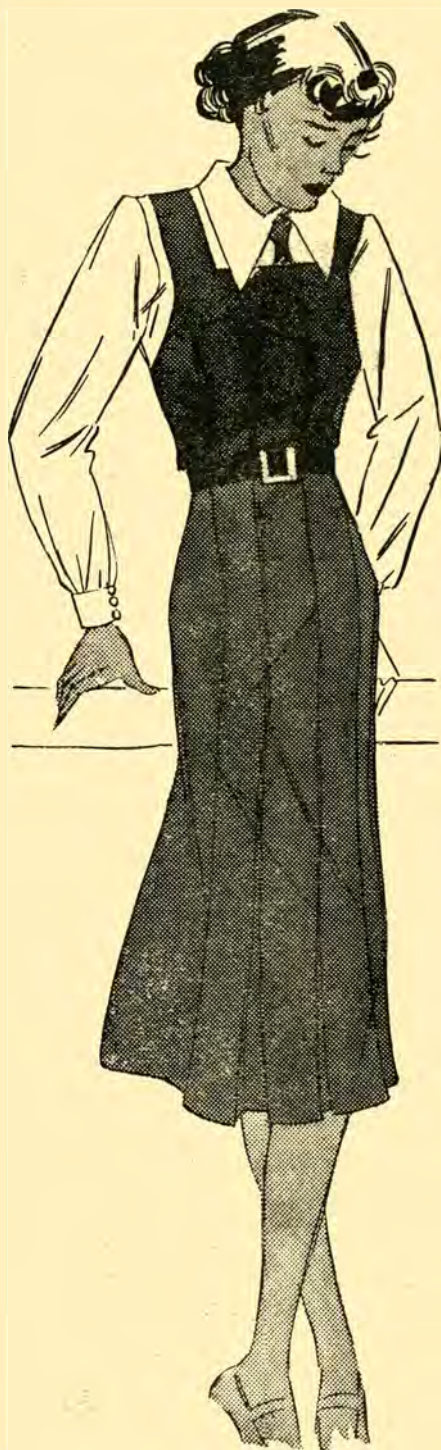




THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 7

November, 1936



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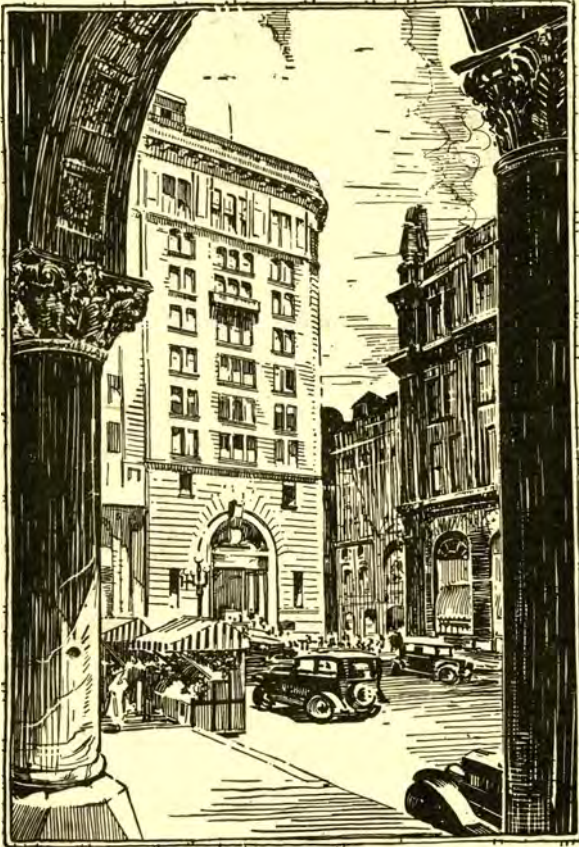
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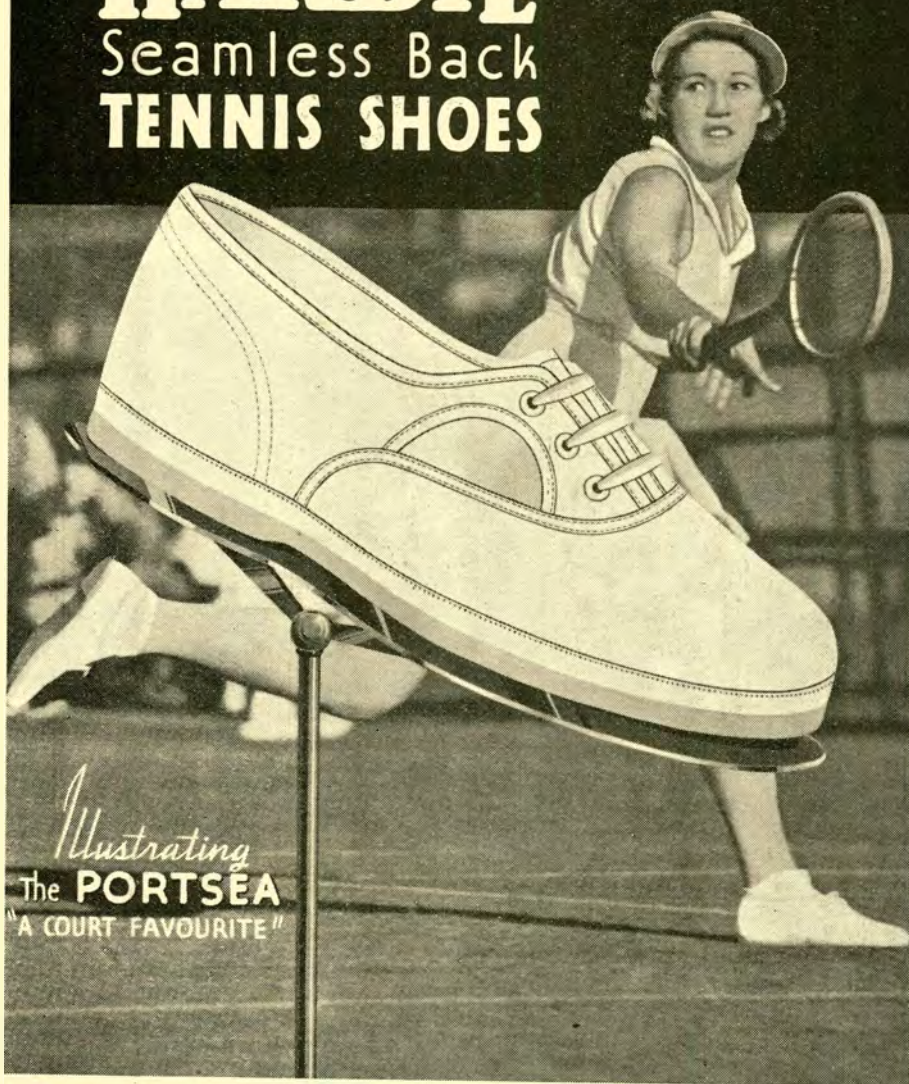
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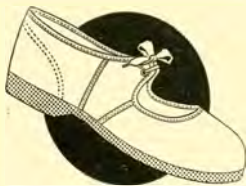
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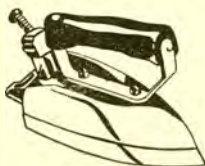
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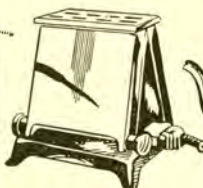
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THE MAGAZINE of the FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1936

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

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Music: Mrs. JAMES.

Physical Culture: Miss ANDERSON.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Captain, 1936: GWEN CURRAN.

THE FINAL WINNERS OF THE PEEL SHIELD COMPETITION, 1927-1936



[By courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph"]

Back Row (from the left): Margaret Stephenson, Betty Fletcher, Jean Coleman, Dorothy Harvey, and Mavis Heckenberg.

Front Row: Jean Adams, Nellie Pope, Marjorie Williamson and Beverley Barnett.

Seated from the left: Enid Melville, Marjorie Glasson, June Rocks, Melbra Lyons and Una Hagan.

THE PEEL SHIELD

In June, 1927, representatives of Fort Street went, for the first time, to Taree, to compete for the Peel Shield. Mr. Peel, who generously gave the Shield, is a prominent Taree townsman. In 1927, he decided that the trophy should be contested for in athletics at Taree, and should become the property of the school which was victorious over a period of ten years. The trophy consists of a large shield in the centre, on which is engraved a picture of Taree High School, surrounded by ten smaller shields, bearing the names of the schools victorious each year.

In the first year of the contest, four city schools—Sydney, St. George, Parramatta, and Fort Street—were represented, but this year, 1936, Fort Street was the only city school present at the Taree meeting. Besides the four city schools in 1927, there were representatives of Lismore, Kempsey, and Taree High Schools.

Fort Street was represented by N. Brettell, P. Garling, C. Kennedy, M. Mort, M. Rigby, D. York, J. Eades, T. Drury, N. Healy, M. Mullis, A. Carpenter, B. Hart, and C. Frith, who were chaperoned by Mrs. Griffin. Our most outstanding sprinters were Clarice Kennedy and Phyllis Garling, and in the team games the girls gained second place in the tunnel ball and first in the relay. The team was successful in winning the Shield, which they triumphantly carried back to Fort Street.

There was much disappointment on 14th June, 1928, when Mrs. Griffin received a telegram, saying that Taree was under water. The trip was postponed, and the girls had to troop back to school from Central Station, where they had

all been waiting expectantly under the clock.

On the 12th July, however, after Taree's flood had subsided, the girls set out happily to uphold Fort Street's reputation. They were successful in gaining first place in both the tunnel and overhead ball, and second in the relay, and once more Clarice Kennedy was the outstanding sprinter of the team. Again the Peel Shield was triumphantly borne back to Fort Street!

The next year of the competition was Clarice Kennedy's last year at Fort Street, and she made known her intention of donating a cup for the highest aggregate at Taree in the succeeding years. This news was received with great enthusiasm, and the race for the Clarice Kennedy Cup has been very keenly contested ever since. 1929 was another successful year for Fort Street, the team girls filling second place in under-and-over ball and first in the relay. Clarice Kennedy ran exceptionally well, and Mrs. Griffin and her girls once more carried off the Peel Shield.

The girls, in 1930, again very well trained by Mrs. Griffin, secured first position in the tunnel and under-and-over ball, third in the overhead, and first in the relay. The outstanding runners were Ruth Harris and Agnes Sims, and for the fourth time Fort Street won the Shield.

In 1931, the girls set out once again, with Mrs. Griffin, hoping for a fifth victory, so that the ultimate ownership of the Shield would be assured to Fort Street. Ruth Harris was at the top of her form, and again Mr. Peel presented the Shield to the Fort Street representatives.

However, our girls were unsuccessful in 1932, and Taree won the trophy for the first time. The



FIRST WINNERS OF THE PEEL SHIELD, 1927.

Front Row (left to right): N. Brettell, P. Garling, M. Griffin (Sports Mistress), C. Kennedy, M. Mort.

Back Row: M. Rigby, D. York, J. Eades, T. Drury, N. Healy, M. Mullis, A. Carpenter, B. Hart, C. Frith.

outstanding competitor of the day was Madge Woodward, of Taree, and she and Ruth Harris fought very hard for their respective schools. Mrs. Griffin again chaperoned the girls, and although defeated, they all thoroughly enjoyed their trip.

Taree again carried off the Shield in 1933. Although Fort Street gained several places in the various championships, owing to the exertions of Ruth Harris, first in tunnel ball, second in overhead and under-and-over, and second in the relay, Taree were the victors.

Mr. Peel, when presenting the Shield, congratulated both victors and losers on the fine sporting spirit they had displayed, and the Fortians returned with this thought in mind:—

“It is better to have fought and lost and to have shown good

sportsmanship, than not to have fought at all.”

The all-round ability of the Taree girls once more won the coveted Shield for them in 1934. The Fort Street representatives this year were accompanied by Miss Anderson, the new Sports Mistress, who was as untiring in her efforts in training the girls as Mrs. Griffin had been. Our girls gained only third place in the competition, but hoped for better results in 1935.

The outstanding Fortian in 1935 was Jean Coleman, who secured places in the various championships. The team-girls gained third position in under-and-over ball, and second in the relay, tunnel, and overhead. Taree, however, was victorious for the fourth time, and the competition was to become even keener than before. Both Taree and Fort

Street girls said, "We MUST win next year!"

Thus the position was critical when we set out this year. Everyone was agog with excitement when the sports commenced on the 19th June. The heats were run in the morning, and then, after lunch the all-important finals. As the afternoon wore on Jean Coleman, who was at the top of her form, ran splendidly to win the 220 yards championship and the 75 yards championship, and to gain second place in the 100 yards championship, and third in the skipping race. Unfortunately, the team-girls were disqualified in the under-and-over ball, but won the tunnel ball, and gained third place in the over-head.

All the spectators were tense with excitement as the girls for the last event, the relay, took up their positions on the field. The points were: Fort Street $19\frac{1}{2}$, Newcastle 17, and Taree $13\frac{1}{2}$. "On your mark; get set; bang!" The starters were flying down the field to pass the baton to their fellow - representatives. They dashed up again, and now the third runners were straining for supremacy. Newcastle was first, Taree third, Fort Street fourth. With what little voice we had left, we urged on the final runner. Now she was third—now running abreast of the Taree representative—now second. Would she hold that position? Yes—no—oh—yes! Newcastle first, Fort Street second, Taree third! We had won the Shield by half a point from Newcastle, $23\frac{1}{2}$ points to 23. We danced and pranced about, and all laughed and talked together. Never had we been so elated!

At the social held in the evening, Mr. Peel presented the Fort Street representatives with the Shield, and Jean Coleman with

the coveted Clarice Kennedy Cup.

After Mr. Peel had spoken, the Mayor of Taree made a short speech, congratulating Fort Street, and Jean Coleman responded on our behalf.

I would like to take this opportunity of heartily congratulating Miss Anderson. We feel that our success this year was due to her untiring efforts on our behalf and her enthusiasm in maintaining Fort Street's reputation.

It is very hard to realise that the Peel Shield Competition is over, and that we own the Shield—for ever. For ten years representatives of Fort Street travelled to Taree with varying success, and the Shield at last has a permanent place on the wall of "The School on the Hill."

—Nellie Pope, 4A.

MISS COHEN

We are looking forward to the return of Miss Cohen at the beginning of December. Miss Cohen has had a wonderful trip, and we hope she will return with restored health and energy.

Miss Cohen, besides enjoying the operas, plays, ballets and all the excitements of the London season, had the unique experience of being the only woman delegate from British Universities overseas at the Centenary celebrations of the London University, taking part in the thanksgiving service held at St. Paul's Cathedral and being entertained by the Lord Mayor of London, His Majesty's Government, and the Worshipful Company of Drapers.

At the Trooping of the Colour and on the occasion of His Majesty's Presentation of Colours to some regiments of Guards, Miss Cohen had the pleasure of

seeing His Majesty, King Edward VIII.

Miss Cohen, with Miss Bowie, in August motored three thousand miles through England, Scotland and Wales. The latest news comes from London, on her return from a delightful trip to Cologne, Salzburg, Buda Pesth, and Vienna.

Miss Cohen sailed from England in the "Queen Mary" on October 14th for New York, whence she went by the Panama Canal to Los Angeles, where she will join the "Mariposa," which arrives in Sydney on November 30th.

P.S.—Owing to the strike which prevented the sailing of the "Mariposa," Miss Cohen is a passenger on the "Makura," which arrives on December 12th.

ROUND THE SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

Speech Day will be held in the Conservatorium on Wednesday, December 16th, at 10.30 a.m.

Mrs. Stevens, an ex-Fortian, has kindly consented to present the prizes.

Changes in the Staff: At the end of October, Miss Payne Scott, who had been a member of the staff for about eight months, retired from the Department's service. We wish Miss Payne Scott happiness and health in her retirement, and we welcome Miss Glanville, B.A., in her place.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION

On May 22nd (the nearest school day to May 24th) Empire Day was celebrated by a ceremony in the Assembly Hall, a

ceremony differing from the usual procedure, in that the Captain of the School, Gwen Curran, presided, and speeches were made only by prefects, whereas usually Fort Street has invited some distinguished visitors, as well as the prefects, to address the school.

The first speaker was Ethel Savage, who took for her subject Rudyard Kipling as an Empire Builder, and in the course of her interesting address, quoted freely from that poet.

Margaret Potter then gave a very interesting and instructive address on Foundation Day, and was followed by Valerie Hands, who dealt exhaustively with her subject, the Great Women of the Empire, mentioning such women as Florence Nightingale, Queen Victoria, and "the Women of the West."

The last speech was delivered by Beth Boaden, and was the most outstanding of all. Despite the difficult subject, "Goodwill among the Nations," Beth made her address extremely interesting, capturing the attention of the girls by her very able speech.

Votes of thanks to the four prefects were proposed by Audrey Spencer, and seconded by Sonia Sark. They made excellent speeches, which voiced the opinions of all.

During the assembly, the choir and the school, conducted by Mrs. James, rendered several patriotic songs, and the celebration concluded with the singing of "The Recessional" and "The National Anthem."

The two prefects, who had the honour to represent Fort Street by invitation at the Ultimo celebration this year, were Joyce Thompson and Ina Macdonald, who spoke, respectively, on "Rudyard Kipling" and "Foundation Day."

—Loris Hermes, 4A.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS

The prefects, according to time-honoured custom, offered two prizes for essays written in school on Empire Day. The subject for the upper school was "The British Empire is held together by its Monarchy," and for the lower school "King George's reign was one of the most eventful in history." Hazel Keavney won the senior prize, while Gene Seale won the junior.

THE FICTION LIBRARY

The library has been steadily patronised throughout the year, especially by the First Year

classes. In September the School Guides presented the library with the welcome gift of seven books of especial interest to Guides, "All About a Brownie," "Peg's Patrol," "Peg, the Ranger," "Peg, Lieutenant," "Captain Peg," "Peg's Babies," and "Rhoda, the Rebel." We are pleased that the library affords so much pleasure to the girls, and we hope that through such gifts as those of the Guides we may be able to present the members of the Fiction Library with a greater variety of books.

The librarians for 1936 have been Beryl Dabinett, Phyllis Evans, Rita Humphreys, Marie Kinsella, Shirley Rees, Heather Stewart, and Marion Thomas.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATIONS, 1936

The following girls are to be congratulated on winning prizes in the examinations held by the above-named organisation:—

Grade II.: First prize, Rose Clarke; Reading, Rose Clarke.

Grade III.: Conversation, Marion Anderson; Conversation, Zara Segal.

Certificates were awarded to the following:—

Grade II.: Nancy Alexander, Rose Clarke, Margaret Potter, Joyce Putland, and Joyce Thompson.

Grade III.: Marion Anderson,

Jean Baker, Doreen Bohn, Shirley Cole, Dorothy Dodd, Muriel Dorman, Clarice Laraghy, Joyce McColl, Bessie McVicar, Dorothy Murton, Joyce Nelson, Kathleen Ollis, Judith Parks, Constance Peach, Florence Pearson, Joyce Pye, Betty Rushbrooke, Gene Seale, Zara Segal, Pamela Smith, Margaret Stephenson, Vivienne Stoneham, Amelie Tuband, Nina Whiting, and Marjorie Young.

Grade IV.: Anne Dircks.

As a result of winning the first prize, Rose Clarke was made an honorary member of the Alliance for a year.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The annual debate conducted under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union was held at Fort Street, between a Fourth Year team consisting of Hazel Keavney

(leader), June Huntley and Nina Whiting, and a team of Sydney High School girls. The subject under discussion was that "A nation's culture is of greater

value than its commerce."

The visitors were successful, and were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by the school team.

At the annual debate held at our school between the girls and the representatives of the Fort Street Boys' High School, Marjorie McKechnie (leader), Valerie Hands, and Joyce McCredie upheld the opposition to the statement that "It is in the best interest of Australia that the immigration of white races be encouraged."

The return debate was held at the Boys' School, when the subject was "Peace has her victories, no less renowned than war."

Two old friends of the pupils of Fort Street kindly adjudicated the debates. Mr. Henderson

awarded the boys 296 points and the girls 293 at the final debate.

Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., who was present on that occasion, remarked on the knowledge of the subject displayed by both boys and girls, and their clarity of thought and expression.

Uncle Frank, of 2GB, adjudicated at the return debate, when again the boys were victorious.

Throughout the half-year monthly debates have been held, when many interesting subjects have been discussed. One of particular interest to all girls was a Fourth Year debate, "All professions should be open to women," which, surprisingly, was won by the opposition. Second Years and Third Years show great promise, and we have hopes of the success of the teams next year.

—Hazel Keavney, Secretary.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC CLASSES

The girls in the instrumental music classes have done exceptionally well.

This year, several of our girls have been prepared by Mrs. James for the State Conservatorium of Music examinations in instrumental work (piano and violin).

Two girls from Fifth Year are sitting for Grade II., advanced piano; five from Fourth Year for Grade III., intermediate grade, one for Grade V., and one for Grade VI., elementary grade. There are also two violin students prepared for Grade V. examination.

Several of the girls from Third Year music class sat for the Conservatorium Grade III. harmony,

and Fifth Year music girls sat for Grade II., advanced harmony and counterpoint. These examinations are of a higher standard than those set for the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate music examinations, respectively.

Mrs. James hopes to form a new violin class for beginners next month.

—Betty Sangster.

Of the sixteen girls who sat for Grade III. harmony, two gained honours, three credits, two "A" passes, and nine "B" passes, all being successful.

Six girls sat for Grade II. and counterpoint, two gaining "A" passes and two gaining "B" passes.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS DAY

Wednesday, August 19th, was the day chosen for the celebration of League of Nations Day in the schools.

In all first and second classes pupils made reference to the day, and gave interesting talks on the work of the League.

To an assembly of Thirds, Fourths and Fifths, Beryl Dabinett (4B), Peggy Roberts (4C), and Melbra Lyons (4A)

made interesting and instructive speeches, respectively, on "The Foundation and Organisation of the League," "The Aims and Achievements of the League," and "The Need for Organisation for the Preservation of Peace To-day." Jean Spence presided, and at the conclusion Gwen Curran proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, and was supported by Valerie Hands.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The reference librarians are pleased to announce that they have had a successful year so far as patronage of the library is concerned. The Fourth and Fifth Year girls seemed to have realised the invaluable information that can be gained from the encyclopaedias and other reference books, and to have enjoyed reading a few of the works of the great masters of English literature.

We would like to thank Miss Weston for her kindness in re-binding "Brewer's Readers' Handbook." It was in a very dilapidated condition owing to long and constant usage. Among volumes added to the library since the last issue of the magazine are: "Continental Statesman," by George Glasgow; "The Romance of Modern Exploration and Discovery" (Macmillan); "The Renaissance in Italy" (Symonds); "The Crusades, the Flame of Islam," by Harold

Lamb; "The Foundation of Culture in Australia," by P. R. Stephenson; "The Phantom Paradise," by J. H. Niau; "The Cattle King," by Ion L. Idriess; "The Huskisson Papers (1792-1830)," by Lewis Melville; "The Glasshouse," by M. Barnard Eldershaw; "The Victorians and Their Books," by Amy Cruse; "The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction," by Alfred Tresidder Shepard; "My Shakespeare Rise," by C. Longworth Di Chambrun; "The Arnold Bennett Omnibus Book"; "An Anthology of World Poetry"; "The A.B.C. of English Usage" (Treble and Wallis); "Girl of the West, and Other Verses," by Hubert H. Parry; "Macleod of the Bulletin"; "The Bulletin Short Story Book"; "The Emancipist"; Peel's "Stream of Time"; Nina Murdoch's "She Travelled Alone in Spain."

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

TENNIS

The "A" team, comprising Gwen Curran (captain), Ina Macdonald, Joyce McCredie, and Esma Curran, were successful in gaining second place in the competition, losing only one match. This result makes the team eligible to compete for the Stuart Cup at the end of the year, and I know that they intend doing their very best to win that coveted cup for Fort Street.

The "B" team, comprising Doris Sutton (captain), Beth Boaden, Margaret Brendon, and Muriel Harding, although not very successful in their competition, played enjoyable games.

Members of the tennis teams also competed in the Schools' tournament at White City during the May and September holidays.

In May, Joyce McCredie and partner were successful in winning the "C" Grade Mixed Doubles; Esma Curran and Beth Boaden reached the quarter-finals of the Girls' "C" Grade

Doubles; and Esma Curran and partner reached the semi-finals of the "C" Grade Mixed Doubles.

In September, Ina Macdonald and Gwen Curran won the Girls' "C" Grade Doubles, Esma Curran and Beth Boaden reaching the quarter-final of this event also. Joyce McCredie and partner reached the semi-final of the "B" Grade Mixed Doubles, and Beth Boaden and partner the quarter-final of the "C" Grade Mixed Doubles.

So it is evident that the standard of tennis is improving, and each year we are coming closer to winning the "A" Shield, which has not as yet graced the walls of Fort Street.

On behalf of the members of the teams, I would like to express our sincere thanks to Miss Nicol Murray, Miss Campbell, and Miss Dunlop, who have umpired for the matches and taken so much interest in them.

—Gwen Curran, Captain.

BASKET BALL

Although we were not successful in winning either the "A" or "B" Grade shields this year, the "A" team came very close to being victorious, losing only two matches, one to North Sydney, and the other to Sydney.

Miss Anderson very ably trained the teams, and we hope next year to have better results to show for her zealous coaching. The teams consisted mainly of new players, and we hope to have most of them with us again next year.

Congratulations are extended to Sydney and North Sydney, who

won the "A" and "B" Grade shields, respectively, in the competitions this season.

—Nellie Pope, Captain.

"A" HOCKEY

The "A" hockey team this year has not been as successful as in past years, but the members of the team had a very enjoyable season, and played many splendid matches.

We would like to thank Miss McMullen, under whose able direction the team has improved greatly, for her interest and help.

and we hope to be able to obtain better results next year.

The matches played were:—

| | Goals |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Hornsby | 6 — 0 |
| North Sydney | 9 — 2 |
| Parramatta | 6 — 2 |
| St. George | 6 — 1 |
| Sydney High | 1 — 1 |

—M. Monteath.

We wish to congratulate the following:—

Dulcie Warren, who was awarded the Modern Languages Association's Prize for the best

paper in French at the last Intermediate Examination.

Hazel Keavney, who won the First Prize in an essay competition held under the auspices of the Haberfield-Five Dock-Abbotsford Sub-Branch of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, and open to all school children residing in those suburbs.

Audrey Jordan, who won First Prize (two guineas) for baby's knitted set (bonnet, pilchers, booties, singlet and coat) in Grace Bros.' competition.

OUR ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

The twenty-sixth annual athletic carnival was held this year at the Sports Ground on August 7th. The weather was perfect throughout the whole day, and the grounds provided a delightful setting for the crowds of happy and excited girls who thronged them.

Forty-eight events—championships, novelty races, and team competitions—were included in the programme, which provided a full day, and gave opportunity for keen competition. For the efficient way in which this programme was arranged and carried out, we must offer our congratulations to Miss Anderson and the other members of the staff who so ably assisted her. Our thanks are also due to our old friends, Mr. Hellings, Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Stanley, who acted as judges in the various events.

All the races were keenly contested—especially the ball games and the relays—and the fine sporting spirit for which Fort Street is so well-known, was evident in every event. The coveted Point Score Trophy was won by

4A this year, with 4C as very close runners-up.

The outstanding athletes of the



ENID MELVILLE,
Winner of the Junior Championship.

[By courtesy of "The Labor Daily"]



THE OBSTACLE RACE.

[By courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph"]

day were Jean Coleman, who won the School Championship for the second time, and who was also successful in the Seventeen Years' Championship and the Skipping Race; and Enid Melville, who was the Junior Champion, and who also annexed the Thirteen Years' Championship. Congratulations to them both!

At the conclusion of the programme, Miss Turner presented the champions with their trophies, amid the hearty applause of the girls. The day had been a success in every way, and we are particularly proud of the splendid spirit shown by both winners and losers.

The results are as follows:—

100 Yards School Championship: J. Coleman, 1; B. Fletcher, 2; J. Rocks, 3. Time, 13 secs.

17 Years' Championship: J. Coleman, 1; G. Rowe, 2; G. Curran, 3.

16 Years' Championship: N. Pope, 1; V. Hands, 2; P. Mitchell, 3.

15 Years' Championship: B. Fletcher, 1; M. Williamson, 2; M. Heckenberg, 3.

Junior Championship: E. Melville, 1; B. Propert, 2; J. Rocks, 3.

14 Years' Championship: J. Rocks, 1; A. Tetley, 2; B. Propert, 3.

13 Years' Championship: E. Melville, 1; A. Willis, 2; E. Tweedale, 3.

12 Years' Championship: U. Hagan, 1; Z. Robinson, 2; J. Fleming, 3.

11 Years' Championship: P. Dalzell, 1; D. Moye, 2; H. Smith, 3.

Senior Relay (400 yards): 4A, 1; 4B, 2; 4C, 3.

Junior Relay (300 yards): 2D, 1; 1C, 2; 1D, 3.

Senior Skipping Race: J. Coleman.

Junior Skipping Race: J. Rocks.
 Senior Orange Race: M. Lyons.
 Junior Orange Race: E. Smith.
 Senior Sack Race: B. Barnett.
 Junior Sack Race: J. Adams.
 Siamese Race: J. Coleman and N. Pope.

Obstacle Race: E. Mossman.
 Tunnel Ball: 4A, 1; 3A, 2; 4C, 3.

Overhead Ball: 4A, 1; 3A, 2; 2D, 3.

Under-and-Over Ball: 2D, 1; 4C, 2; 3A, 3.

—Joyce Nelson, 4A.



JEAN COLEMAN, School Champion.
 —By courtesy of "The Sydney Morning Herald"

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

It is pleasing to be able to report that quite a number of Thirds and Fourths have recently joined the "Circle," which meets every Monday afternoon in Room 24.

Last term, Miss Steele visited us on two occasions, and her talks on "The Great Adventure" were very enjoyable.

The Inter-State Schoolgirls' Camp is to be held at Canberra from January 19th to 26th, 1937. Application forms may be obtained from Miss Pirani.

If you are not a member of the C.U., come to Room 24 any Monday afternoon; a hearty welcome awaits you.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1937

We wish to congratulate the following girls who were elected by the Fourth Year Girls on October 13th to the honourable positions of Captain and Prefects for 1937:—

Captain: Melbra Lyons.

Prefects: Nellie Pope (Senior), Dorothy Dodd, Dorothy Harvey, Margaret Monteath, Joyce Nelson, Shirley Rees, Jean Spence, Revvie Wallace, and Nina Whiting.

FIFTH YEARS' PARTING GIFT

The Fifth Year Girls announced, through Gwen Curran, their Captain, on Farewell Day, that they were giving to the school a sundial, as a slight token of their appreciation of all that the school had done for them. Their gift took this form because Miss Cohen had expressed a wish for one.



BETTY FLETCHER.

[By courtesy of "The Labor Daily"]

SOCIAL SERVICE

Since the last issue of the Magazine the girls have provided comforts for the old women at Newington, and more than two hundred story and picture books for the Infants and Girls' Schools at Bourke Street.

Their contributions to the hospitals and other deserving objects are: Three guineas to the Sydney Hospital, three guineas to the Rachel Forster Hospital, three guineas to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, five guineas to the Preventorium, one guinea to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and one guinea to the Civil Ambulance.

On Egg Day they sent 535 eggs to Sydney Hospital and a cheque for one guinea, representing 252 eggs.

GREETING CARDS

The greeting cards this year take the form of a folder with the School Crest on the outside and a calendar for 1937 inside.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

The members of the Old Girls' Union made a wonderful contribution to the efficiency of Assemblies by presenting to the school a microphone, amplifier and speaker, which are used in the Assembly Hall every week. This scientific device ensures every girl hearing all that is said at Assembly and on such important occasions as Empire Day and Farewell Day.

This is a gift which has directly benefited every girl in the school, and every girl appreciates this further evidence of the Old Girls' interest in their school.

* * *

The Guides at Fort Street have donated a prize to be awarded to

the girl in First Year who has made the greatest improvement between the May and November examinations.

* * *

Elsie Segaeert, one of the girls who sat for the first Intermediate Examination, has given to the school a valuable collection of geological specimens.

* * *

Phyllis Wells, who passed the Intermediate of 1934 and is now on holidays in Sydney, after living twenty-one months in Nauru, gave the school some specimens of rock phosphate, commercial phosphate, and a fossil shell from that island.

* * *

Palings Ltd. made a handsome contribution of tickets and programmes.

* * *

All these gifts are much appreciated by the Staff and Pupils.

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"

At last! The night for which a handful of girls had been feverishly rehearsing for months! We had actually achieved the impossible—we, mere school girls, had produced a three-act Barrie play. But here we pause in our jubilation to pay tribute to the wonderful work and stage craftsmanship of the one to whom we owe everything, Miss Rosalie Collins. It had been hard, uphill work for her, and us, but somehow it all seemed worth while on that night of nights—August 19th. Somewhere out there in that sea of upturned faces, that indistinct

blur, sat our mother, our father—some loved one. Though our acting might not be brilliant, on those dear faces would be a smile of pride for us.

We knew our play, and loved it, the pathetic little tale of a poor Cockney lass, a mere maid-of-all work, in whose soul dwelt a nobility that transcended her environment. Her miserable existence was coloured by the weavings of her own vivid imagination. Her kind old master, Mr. Bodie, a not-too-talented artist, had chanced to call her Cinderella, and straightway, she, the

drudge, became a princess in disguise, only waiting and living for her ball. Mr. Bodie, puzzled by her actions, told her story to a policeman, who subsequently discovered that she was hiding and supporting several little children, whose fathers were fighting in the Great War. The stolid policeman was charmed by the child, who confided to him that that very night the ball was to be held! Waiting out in the cold London night, she dreamed that her fairy godmother promised her three wishes—to go to her ball, to nurse the wounded, and to be loved by the man of her choice. Then there burst in a flood on her soul all the glamour of royalty, and the supercilious young prince (who bore a startling resemblance to our policeman) was at her feet. And then—the clock struck twelve, and the dream ended. We next saw our poor Cinderella in a nursing home owned by Mr. Bodie's sister, where she received her other two wishes—she helped to nurse the wounded, and our worthy arm of the law, that symbol of the majesty of justice, the policeman, became sufficiently romantic to present his Cinderella with a pair of glass slippers. But his smile was sad as he embraced her, for he knew that she, poor little piece of driftwood on the sea of life, was to die, struck down by the dread pneumonia.

In the hands of Helen Robertson, Cinderella lived, while June Huntley handled an extremely difficult part with brilliance. Hazel Keavney played Mr. Bodie; Belle Curtis, his sister; Joyce Dunkley, a romantic young plumber who dares to love the Lady Charlotte, played by Marcia Maxwell. The lovely ball scene required many actors, among them Pat Graham, Beverley Barnett, Mavis Heckenberg, Shirley Rees, and Pamela Nixon.

We, who endeavoured to present a cameo of one short period of life in the dread war years, venture to hope that "A Kiss for Cinderella" made the annual concert of 19th and 20th August, 1936, a great success.

Hazel Keavney, 4A.

MUSIC WEEK

Our notable successes at the recent Sydney Eisteddfod leave no doubt that the appreciation of good music is assiduously cultivated among our scholars, so that even those among us who are not members of the choir or orchestra can keenly appreciate the charm of music, and we are grateful to our teachers for granting us the opportunity of hearing, from time to time, such an enjoyable programme as we did on Wednesday, 7th October, when Mr. Clement Williams, Miss Enid Conley and Madame Heineken visited the school.

On this occasion, during Music Week, we heard a few delightful selections from the works of Franz Schubert, and also from Chopin. The popularity of the well-known songs, "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, Hark the Lark," was evident from the loud and spontaneous applause, and the number of encores which the girls demanded from Mr. Williams.

In these days when the popular taste in music seems, unfortunately, to have taken a downward trend, it is refreshing to listen to a programme of such a high standard, and we earnestly hope that in the coming year we will be privileged to hear further concerts of this type.

We would like to thank the visiting artists for giving us such a musical treat.

—Iris Astley, 4A.

DRAMATIC READINGS

The Dramatic Reading Society has been meeting regularly on the first Tuesday in the month, and, thanks to Miss Croxon's untiring enthusiasm, the readings have been a great success.

The first reading was given by Fifth Years in April, when they presented Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," and in the next month Fourth Years entertained us with a reading of Barrie's "Quality Street." Another of his plays, "The Admirable Crichton," was presented by Third Years in June. Then followed the Second Years' comedy, "Our Aunt From California"; and Ella Adkins' play, "The End of the Story" (Fourth Years' second choice).

Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon," considered one of the best short plays ever written, was read by Third Years in September, and the Fifths' final reading was A. A. Milne's "Man in the Bowler Hat."

"Seconds" and "Fourths" will entertain us in November and December, respectively.

—P. Roberts, 4C.,
Secretary.

FAREWELL DAY

A day of mixed feelings and memories was Friday, October 23rd, the Fifths' last day at school. It was Farewell Day—a day, not only for the Fifths, but also for many former Fortians to recall what had happened in past years at Fort Street.

It afforded the girls great pleasure to see on the platform two former Headmistresses, Miss Partridge and Miss Cruise; Mrs. Macartney, Miss Chapman, and several former Captains of the school.

Miss Turner made a delightful speech, giving some sound advice to the Fifths and Thirds, and stating that Miss Cohen's wish for a sundial had been granted by the departing Fifths, as their farewell gift to the school.

The investiture of the Captain and Prefects for 1937 followed, Gwen Curran, the retiring Captain, addressing the school and expressing the feelings of the Fifths in a very sincere speech. Then the Captain elect, Melbra Lyons, the Senior Prefect elect, Nellie Pope, and three other Prefects addressed the school in a few words.

Concluding the function in the Assembly Hall with the National Anthem, the traditional "clapping-out" of the Fifths and Thirds followed.

Toasts to the King, the Fifths and the Staff and the School were proposed during afternoon tea, and the Fourths were complimented on the party and the cake.

The party then adjourned to the Assembly Hall, where the hostesses and their guests enjoyed dancing and games.

The function came to an end with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem. The Fifths said their final good-byes, storing away the memory of their Farewell Day.

—Melbra Lyons, 4A.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE OLD GIRLS

Joyce Willis won the First Prize in Stage I. of the Science Diploma Course at the Technical College, and we congratulate her on being the best student (male or female) in her year.

* * *

The latest news of Una Gibson is that she gained the degree of

A.R.C.M. in Solo Performance Piano, playing Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat Major, Beethoven's Sonata in E Minor Opus 90, and Capriccio in F Minor, by Dohnanyi. She is hoping to gain also an Open Scholarship for the harp at the Royal Academy.

* * *

Marjorie Doherty left by the Ormonde on October 10th, and on her arrival in England is to be married to Dr. Warwick Bailey. Marjorie expects to return to Sydney after twelve months' stay in England.

* * *

Lesley Arnold has been appointed a visiting teacher of shorthand in the Domestic Science Schools at Kogarah and Mosman, and at the Boys' Intermediate High School, Crow's Nest.

* * *

Mary Corringham, who for many years presented a prize for the best short story in the Magazine, was married in Melbourne to Dr. Martin Koltzsch, of Dresden, German Consul for Victoria and Tasmania. Mary was for some years on the literary staff of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and later had charge of the women's pages in the "Sydney Mail." Dr. and Mrs. Koltzsch are travelling to Germany via the United States of America.

* * *

Dilys Williams has obtained her degree in Divinity at Glasgow University, and is now in charge of a Mission School in Alexandria.

* * *

Dr. Enid Simons is on the staff of the Royal North Shore Hospital.

Glynne Stayte, who has been teaching Latin for some years at the Methodist Ladies' College, was married at St. Phillip's Church in September to Mr. Phil Palmer, and is going to live at Fanning Island.

* * *

Bessie Bannan has been appointed a special lecturer in English at the Teachers' Training College.

* * *

Phyllis Kaberry has been awarded a Travelling Scholarship, and has gone to England to pursue her studies in anthropology.

* * *

A number of ex-Fortians are engaged in nursing. Margaret McCandless, at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital; Jean Allan, Kathleen Gillies, and Joyce Wasson, at the Western Suburbs Hospital; Marjorie Burton, at Sydney Hospital; and Betty and Mary Pontey, at the Royal North Shore Hospital.

* * *

Nancy Caldwell was married to Mr. John Capper, of West Maitland, and they are living at Cessnock, where they recently entertained Miss Cruise.

* * *

Agnes Brewster is also living in Cessnock, having been married to Mr. Frank Evans.

* * *

Mollie Scutt is a demonstration teacher at Armidale Practice School.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EISTEDDFOD

Having sharpened a pencil to a careful point, one begins to look around. It is not yet 9 o'clock, but already the hall is almost full. Little girls with Shirley Temple curls and much befrilled dresses are swarming around the stage manager. A few little boys stand shyly apart or wriggle impatiently as fond mothers impart a last brush to the sleek hair.

The adjudicator arrives, and the real work begins. One by one the competitors mount the steps and recite their pieces—some falteringly and unimpressively, others showing remarkable talent, considering their age. The adjudicator draws triangles on her blotting paper, and every now and then makes some comment, which is quickly noted. How one envies that cool English voice! There are still sixty-five to be heard before lunch. Suddenly a terrific hammering begins overhead and drowns every word that is said. There is no one in the committee office. Up a flight of stone steps, along a narrow passage, open to the sky, the stage door of the theatre is reached—no help here—the theatre is being repaired under contract—the caretaker, perhaps? One takes the lift, and wishes one hadn't—it crawls. The seventh floor at last! The caretaker ruffles his hair and says he'll see. Downstairs again—the hall in an indignant buzz—mothers and teachers glare at the harassed stage manager, who tries to look calm, but does not succeed. Ah! the noise has stopped at last. The bell rings for the next competitor, and so it goes on. By the end of the morning one feels one could do justice to the poem oneself. "Isn't Sydney hot?" murmurs the adjudicator—

that remark almost goes down on the report sheet, too.

At last the names of the prize-winners are read out, the comments given. The first section is finished. Out in the street there is sunshine with a cool breeze. Cars speed past silently, gracefully, over the smooth road. It is scarcely eleven, and it seemed like hours. There are three long hours before the next section begins.

A few minutes' walk takes us to No. 3 Assembly Hall. There is a tense stillness in the room; the light falls clear through the yellow glass windows. A girl with soft, fluffy hair mourns the flight of Spring in a voice like the ripple of a brook. Or perhaps it is the flute-like notes of Tschaikowsky's "Lark's Song" that greet us as the swing doors open on the silent corridor. Tiny tots, these, who have to be lifted onto the piano stool. One is struck by the friendly atmosphere while waiting for the next competitor. Everyone talks animatedly to everyone else. The adjudicator sips a cup of tea, and his secretary nibbles a biscuit absentmindedly.

Then there is the Great Assembly Hall itself. A newspaper reporter (one gets to know them by the gleam in the eye and the ever-present pencil and pad) prowls alertly in the background. The stage manager, very red in the face, rapidly cons his programme and shouts, "No. 6 choir, please." Unfortunately for his peace of mind, there is no response, and No. 7 files onto the platform instead. The stage manager smiles nervously and subsides into a corner.

Then indeed the prosaic world is forgotten, as on to the still hushed air of the waiting hall

breathe the first words of Masefield's "Galley Rowers." The hiss of the spray and the unearthly song of the wind rise exultant to the vaulted roof.

"Don't hang on to the vowel sounds for effect!" whispers the adjudicator, tersely, and the rest of the poem is blotted out in a flurry of carbon sheets and the hasty scrawl of a pen.

In the middle of an important section the stage manager discovers that the head office has sent down the wrong report sheets. There follows an exciting chase up to the office and back by a distracted secretary, who begins to feel like trying for an Olympic sprint championship.

The rest of the afternoon passes in a manner, if less exciting, certainly no less interesting. In the older sections there is a refreshing absence of curls, and character is more evident in expression and

tone of voice. It is fascinating to wonder who is that girl with the long, fair hair and dimpled chin, and why she laughs so much, to conjecture as to what that girl reading a comic really thinks of Walter de la Mare, whose "Sunken Garden" she has just recited.

Soon the work is finished for the day—in other halls it is finished, too; the last tenuous notes of "Caprice" have lingered into silence, the last violin has been put carefully away. Tired little Pavlovas thankfully forsake the glamour of the footlights.

We rattle homewards in the tram, tired, too, but feeling that it is worth tiredness to have played some part, however small, in the work of the Eisteddfod, to have been one of those behind the scenes, and to have realised what the Eisteddfod really means.

—"X," 5A.

A COBWEB

Bespangl'd at morning with glittering dewdrops,
And glistening and glinting throughout all the day,
A cobweb is swaying ('neath clusters of fern leaves),
So prettily woven, so silvery-grey.

With soft silken pieces the spider has spun it,
And touched it with silver to give it a gleam,
And hung it up high 'tween two dainty fern leaves,
And thus built his home near a chattering stream.

Up there is awaiting (so cunning, so lovely)
A trap for the careless who wander this way,
For there 'midst the fern leaves the spider is weaving
Is a cobweb so dainty and silvery-grey.

—Bessie Swann, 2A.

TO MUSIC

To music, which in times bereft
Of all I had, has held me high
Above all things, I give my world
My life, with no regretting sigh.

How often, in the years gone by,
The world was dull, my days were dead,
When joy came sweetly to my soul,
And happiness by thee was spread.

My heart is open to your tunes,
 Nor can e'er be filled, until I die,
 With sweetest songs; for lovely, low,
 And distant notes, my senses cry.

—P. Nixon, 4B.

AWAKENING

Out of the mists of a dream-built land
 There shines a star all silver-clear;
 That is the star of a lovely thought
 That filled my heart with sudden fear.

Too long have I lingered in lowlands here—
 Soul, have you lost your power to soar?
 O, have I lost all my high desires,
 Shall s arry heights be mine no more?

Soul, you are steeped in a self-content,
 Awaken! Live! be free again!
 Strive with the winds and wrest a song
 From the star-world's magic strain.

Oenone, 3B.

THE FOUNDING OF MANLY

The gentle lapping ripple of blue water on the beach
 Intermingles with the shriek of ocean fowl,
 And a sullen group of natives, with a spear and nulla each,
 Stands at bay, while on their faces is a scowl.

The dinghy's keel grates slowly on the shining, golden sand,
 The sailors ship the oars and grasp their guns;
 A cry comes from the natives as they watch the Governor land,
 And a stone is hurled—an officer it stuns.

The muskets then are fired at the wild, aggressive blacks,
 And a few, in terror, scatter to the bush;
 But a shower of spears and nullas stop the white men in their tracks,
 And further up the beach they dare not push.

"They're a crowd of manly fellows," muttered Phillip, from the boat.
 As the seamen pushed it off the golden sand.

"They have shown 'hey do not fear us, they are truly men of note,
 "So I'll give the name of Manly to this land."

—Jean Baker, 3A.

RAIN

Pitter-patter down the pane,
 Comes the swiftly-falling rain,
 From the dark clouds hanging low,
 To the thirsty earth below.
 Flowers lift their drooping heads,
 From their parched and dusty beds,
 Drinking in the heavenly shower,
 Gaining thus new life and power.

—Pat Israel, 1A.

THE QUEEN OF THE STORM

She comes from the eastwards,
And brings in her train
The thunder and lightning,
The dark clouds and rain.

Oh, see her, o'er the hilltop,
With black tresses thrown
From her brow; and eyes flashing
And long, sable gown—

Oh, see her! She cometh
Far over the hill—
She bringeth the rain clouds,
And all, all, is still.

The rain clouds are gathering
Thick, dark, without form—
She cometh, she cometh,
The Queen of the Storm!

—S. Rees, 4B.

ECSTASY

Lo, I have risen from langour-steeped vales
To glorious heights where ecstasy dwells.
I have battled with words and striven with thoughts
That struggled for utterance here in my poems;
I have captured earth's sounds to weave into words,
And written a song of the world and of men;
I have battled with passion and strengthened myself,
And have felt that my soul was one with the dawn's;
I have become as the sound-shaken air,
Have flamed with the meteors, flashed with the stars,
Soared with the eagle, sung with the gods—
Ecstasy, thou art mine!

Oenone, 3B.

THE BUSH CONCERT

"Wake up, wake up," said the cock to the crow,
"Down to the hollow we ought to go.
"A concert is being held there to-night—
"So let us haste while the moon is bright."
So down to the hollow the old crow went,
Just to see what the old cock meant.

The hollow was lit by the silvery moon,
Said Mr. Cock, "Twill be starting soon."
Out walked the announcer in grand uniform,
Just as though he was about to perform.
"Good evening," he said; "the first item will be
"The Midnight Minstrels, whom you'll presently see."

Out walked the troupe and began a-playing;
Said the Owl, "I'm not staying!"
The troupe played on amid such a row.
Said the Snake, "I'm going now!"
One by one the animals parted,
Though the concert had only just started!

—Peggy Wallis, 1D.

AN AUTUMN LEAF

Oh, why, little leaf, don't you flutter away,
 Down with your brothers, this bright Autumn day?
 Small cloudlets are floating, the sky is still blue,
 And I think that the sunset is stolen from you.
 The breezes are whispering, the Winter draws nigh,
 And still you are dancing and flutt'ring on high.
 The rivulet ripples its song to the world,
 The long, waving grasses are brightly dew-pearled;
 The Winter rain's coming, and loud the drops fall,
 And rustle to earth through the gumtrees so tall.
 Oh, why, little leaf, don't you flutter away,
 Down with your brothers, this bright Autumn day?

—Bessie Swann, 2A.

LIFE

To hear the breeze when it's softly singing,
 To watch the birds when they go a-wing'ing,
 To list to winds croon soft and low,
 To watch the flowers as they slowly grow,
 To hear the waves as they crash on shore,
 To learn the faries' magic lore,
 To watch the leaves when they flutter and quiver,
 To catch the song of a rippling river—
 Oh! what a joy to be free, young and living
 In a land that is bright, that is loving and giving.

To view the rain and the sun and lightning,
 To feel the night, with its magic, fright'ning,
 To hear the ocean's endless moan,
 To see it capp'd with the frothing foam,
 To help another in that one's need,
 To sow afar love's wondrous seed,
 To make a friend who will stay with us ever
 And make us bright, whatever the weather—
 Oh! that we all may be loving and giving,
 That we 'ruly may know what is meant by just "living."

—Gwen Smith, 3A.

THE BUD

A little bud opened his eyes,
 The world was new and full of surprise.
 He knew not its secrets,
 Its strength, nor its weakness.
 All he saw
 Was the Earth and the Sky.
 He s'retched in the welcome rays of the sun,
 His brothers awakened one by one;
 He flashed each a knowing smile,
 Winking slyly all the while.

The day dragged on, the sun grew hot,
 The bud was drooping—sad was his lot.
 The world was not cheerful,
 The sun was most fearful—
 The little bud withered and drooped.
 The rain was nearing,
 Flowers were cheering;
 The little bud lifted his head,
 As the rain sprinkled down on his bed,
 Now so soft and downy and fresh,
 And the little flower flashed his brothers a smile,
 Winking knowingly all the while.

—Mavis Holman, 1A.

THE POI DANCER

She sways in perfect rhythm with
 The tom-tom's dreary noise,
 Her arms outspread, her arched feet
 In dainty, graceful poise.
 Oh, see her twist her body brown,
 Her dark hair like a cloud,
 And ever beats that Maori drum—
 Soft, loud—yet still more loud!
 She dances near to where we stand,
 Smiles, sways—and then is gone—
 Crescendo from the drums, and she
 Sinks low, a dying swan.

—Hazel Keavney.

THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD

The School Choir competed in several sections this year in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. The songs were difficult, but beautiful, and with Mrs. James as conductor and teacher, we loved them all. We competed in four choral sections—Senior Schools' Championship, Junior Schools' Championship, Girls' Choral Championship, and Open State Juvenile Championship. We won first prize in three sections, and second prize in the Open State Championship.

Mr. G. Ross Thomas, Director of Education, in a letter to Mrs. James, wrote: "I should say that you have established a record for choral singing in any Eisteddfod held at any time in New South Wales."

We commenced with Section 15, the Senior Schools' Championship,

on the morning of 19th August, and when we were announced as winners, with 181 points out of a possible 200, the shout of joy from all Fortians was something to be remembered. We hastened back to school in record time to convey the good news to Miss Turner.

Our excitement grew, and we sallied forth for the afternoon session, when we had to sing in two sections, the Junior Schools' Championship and the Girls' Choral Championship. I was privileged to hear the Juniors, and was assured of victory before the adjudicator announced it with the following remark: "Both performances were marked by fine rhythmic vitality and ensemble, and show excellent musical quality in all aspects." The Juniors had won

with an aggregate of 189 points.

We were almost at fever heat when the Girls' Choral Championship section was announced. Before we began to sing, Mrs. James gave us a whispered message to this effect: "Girls, sing for the honour of the Old School. Sing as I want every note." And we did. Once again we were victorious, having scored 190 points.

To describe our feelings is beyond me, suffice it to say we hastened back to school, formed a guard of honour, and greeted Mrs. James on her arrival with "She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

After resting, we returned for the evening competitions, when we were to sing in the Open State Juvenile Championship, and our orchestra was to play. The first section in this session was the School Orchestra, and our orchestra came second.

After a long wait, and after hearing many choirs sing, we took our places again on the platform. We were beaten for first place by the Christian Brothers' College, Waverley, and we were awarded second prize. The adjudicator said we were the two outstanding choirs, and that he had great difficulty in separating us. He remarked on the "very good attack and release, excellent enunciation and vowel sounds, and the nice feeling for rhythmic movement and continuity throughout a very effective performance."

At the evening session, Mr.

Lindsay Biggins, the adjudicator, summed up the singing which he had judged during the afternoon session. He said that the singing which he had heard from the winning choir in the Girls' Choral Championship was of the highest quality. "The choir," he said, "was outstanding, and one which knew, as a single person, what the conductor wanted, and what is more, did it."

—Audrey Spencer, 5A.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' CHOIR

Any girls leaving school this year, or any old Fortians who are anxious to keep up their choral work, will have an opportunity of doing so, if numbers warrant it, next year.

Mrs. James has very kindly offered to give up one evening per week for practice. And any further information regarding this scheme may be obtained from her.

—Audrey Spencer, 5A.

A CHORAL CONCERT

In order to give parents and friends an opportunity of hearing the singing of the School Choirs that were successful in the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Mrs. James has prepared a choral concert, to be given at the Conservatorium on Thursday, December 10th, at 8 p.m. sharp. Seats may be reserved at the school.

A LETTER FROM "THE OLD GIRLS' UNION"

Dear Fortians.—

On the night of our general meeting (March 18th) it teemed with rain, and we were afraid that very few would brave the storm, but the Fortian spirit was undampened, and about one

hundred members were present when the meeting began.

But that wasn't until after the impromptu tea—and a very jolly affair it was, too. It seems to us that the Old Girls enjoy these informal functions at school most

of all, perhaps because they are so like the things that they did when they were there.

At the general meeting, Mrs. N. V. Conon was elected President, and a keen discussion took place as to what use could be made of the proceeds of last year's dance. It was at this meeting that the idea was mooted that the Old Girls' Union should equip the Assembly Hall with a microphone, speaker and amplifier. The meeting decided to wait until after this year's dance, to see if this gift could be afforded.

In May, members were mystified to receive an invitation to a "Wog Party." When they arrived at the "Green Lantern" they were still more mystified to see the tables equipped with paper, pencils, and, of all things—dice! We hasten to add that the party was entirely respectable, even though appearances and the noise we made seemed to suggest the contrary. What is more to the point, we discovered unexpected genius in some of the members. People who we thought could not draw at all, blossomed forth as artists. We had an hilarious night, but calmed down at supper long enough to give our best wishes to Glynn Stayte, who has helped the Union ever since she left school, and now is leaving us to go as a bride to Rabaul. We were quite pleased with the evening, partly because we were able, with the profits, to swell the cheque, which we sent to the Rachel Forster Hospital, and partly because so many Fortians asked us to have another party in the near future.

And then came the dance! This was in June. A special dance committee had been elected at the general meeting and, as usual, we joined forces with the Old Boys' Union. We looked forward to it for weeks, and once

again the weather proved unfavourable, but the rain did not deter us, and in spite of the weather, Hordern's Florentine Ballroom looked very gay. The decorations were, of course, red and white, and the school pennant formed a very effective background to the official table.

After supper we sang the school songs, and the Old Boys gave the old Fortian war cry.

The Girls' share of the profit, £13, together with last year's dance proceeds, enabled us to realise our wish to present the school with an amplifier.

The Red Cross tea-rooms were the scene of the successful crazy bridge party, which was held in July, and our August meeting took the form of another visit to the school to see your play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," which we thought was splendid, and which we enjoyed immensely.

Now, we must thank you once more, girls, for the glorious roses which you sent to decorate the State Ballroom for our dinner, in October. Everyone commented on their beauty, and most people, when they went away, carried a bud or two with them, as a souvenir of the dinner. There were over one hundred Old Girls present, and they were glad to welcome as their guests Miss Turner and Miss West. Miss Turner gave a message from Miss Cohen, and told us some interesting details of Miss Cohen's trip.

After dinner, we were entertained by a musical programme. Gwyneth Lascelles and Edna Saggars sang, and Enid Elphinstone recited. These items were most enjoyable, and were enthusiastically encored.

And now to turn from ourselves to yourselves. We wish you every success in this year's examinations, and look forward to seeing Fortian names well up

on the honours list. To those of you who are leaving school, we would say this—there is no need to feel that you have left the school quite behind you. The actual school days are gone, but you can keep their spirit and friendships by joining the Old Girls' Union. We are waiting for the chance to welcome you.

Mary E. Cathels,
Joyce Bannan,
Hon. Secretaries.

THE BROADCAST

"Come, Fortians, Fortians All . . ." was a fitting strain to open the broadcast at 2GB, on Saturday, September 26th.

Before the choir and orchestra began their programme, Audrey Spencer, a Prefect of the school, said a few words to Fortians and friends, especially those scattered abroad.

The choir, under the efficient baton of Mrs. James, rendered many delightful items, including the pieces set for the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Among these were that delightful "Spinning Chorus," from Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman," and a more modern piece, "Beautiful Lady Moon," by Coates.

Ruby Murray, one of our Third Year girls, played a delightful pianoforte solo, "Poppies," while another of our young soloists, Lesly Herron, sang "The First Violet."

Several items were well played by the School Orchestra, in which are many young violinists who have only begun to learn to play the violin this year. I may add that two of these girls are sitting for the violin examination at the Conservatorium of Music next month.

I wish these girls the greatest of success. A great deal of credit must be given to Mrs. James for her work with the violin class.

Many good choir girls have been found among this year's First Year. They have been formed into the Junior Choir, which was awarded first place in the junior section of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. I congratulate these girls, and I hope they will continue in their splendid work. At the broadcast they rendered their test pieces, "Dusk" and "I Love Sixpence," as well as "A Good Little Jackass" and "Click Beetle," of which the last two were repeated by request from Uncle Frank.

Two of our other pianoforte soloists must be also praised, Patti Graham, of Fourth Year, and Merle Clarke, of Second Year, who played Rachmaninoff's Prelude and "The Feast of the Lanterns," respectively.

Uncle Frank, who conducts this Saturday morning session from 2GB, was especially delighted with "Bless This House" and "Keep On Hoping," both fitting songs for his "Cheer-up Session." He has expressed the desire of taking the Fortian Choir to the Cathedral Cave at Mount Victoria for a broadcast, one Sunday. Every choir girl is thrilled, and is hoping that it may be possible.

I take this opportunity of thanking Miss Muriel Edsall, better known to 2GB listeners as Cousin Muriel, for accompanying the choir on the piano.

Since the broadcast many letters have been received from listeners, expressing their appreciation. I thank these kind people, and I hope that they will enjoy our next broadcast.

—Norma Abernethy,
Fifth Year Music Class.

LECTURE BY DR. LANG ON CANADA

On Friday, June 26th, the school was honoured by the visit of Dr. David Lang, who gave a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on Canada. Our views of Canada as a land of ice and snow were greatly modified by the many attractive pictures of the diverse aspects of Canadian life, given by our distinguished visitor. We were agreeably impressed by the studies of beaver and seal life in their natural surroundings, as well as by the magnificent public buildings of several of the more important cities.

Dr. Lang also showed us a photograph of the Canadian Mounted Police, and related many anecdotes regarding their association with the Indians at the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We should like to take this opportunity of formally thanking Dr. Lang for his very interesting and instructive lecture, and of telling him how highly it was appreciated by us.

Gwen Curran, in thanking Dr. Lang, informed him that we were particularly interested in Canada, as our Principal, Miss Cohen, had just visited that part of the Empire.

—S. Austin, 4A.

HEART TO HEART

I wrote to Marguerite, who lives in France, complaining that I was practically heart-broken by my struggles to learn her irregular French verbs.

I did not exactly expect Marguerite to approach the authorities, in an effort to have the verbs simplified, but I did expect sympathy.

Instead, the French mail greeted me as follows:—

French verbs to you your teachers
teach—

They then say, "We have
taught";

At close of day your home you
reach—

Dost say, "My home I've
raught"?

Sweet blooms in florist-shop one
sells,

The blooms, you'll say, are sold.
A pretty miss the blossom smells,
Now, do you say 'tis smold?

When things go wrong and hope
fast sinks,

You then say it has sunk;
The young man doffs his hat and
winks—

Don't tell your friend he's wunk.
The bird'es on the wing will fly,

As they have always flown;
Will airmen in their air-planes try

As they have lately trown?
When on a cushioned seat you sit

You'll tell me you have sat;
When a nail's bright head you fail

to hit,
Alas! your thumb you've hat?

My little friend, to you I send
Best wishes that are sent,

I hope that now your heart will
mend,

If yet it is not ment.

—Joan Knight, 1A.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

A light breeze tiny white clouds
scudding o'er the blue heavens,
a broad bush track widening into
a level expanse of lawn, green
with that freshness that betokens
an early Spring and a house nest-
ling mid a sea of white plum
blossoms. I come down the
track, leap the little brown
bubbling stream, as it trickles
over the lawn, and with ecstasy
in my heart, approach the house
I love.

Stealthily I open the gate, hoping
to take the household by surprise.
A creak, as of a rusty hinge, be-

trays me (it always has as long as I can remember, and doubtless always will), I pause—awaiting the rush of footsteps, but none come. Miss L—, I conclude, must be in the front garden, but there is dear, good, darling Nana left. I can still surprise her. I creep up the four stone steps, tip-toe over the verandah, and stand looking into the kitchen. Yes, she is sitting in her chair beside the stove, a piece of knitting of a mysterious shape in her lap, her spectacles perched on her nose. She is counting her stitches half aloud. "Hullo, Nana, how are you?"

She rises from her chair (the plain, straight-backed, special, old kitchen-chair), and over her kind face comes a smile of welcome, of love, and of happiness.

"Where is L—?" I ask.

"Somewhere in the garden."

I speed down the steps, follow a path bordered by green hydrangea bushes, and turn the corner of the house. Three or four chicken coops, whence is heard a noisy chirping, serve as an ornament to the side lawn. There, bending over a bed of early Spring nasturtiums, is Miss L—, my little, fussy, somewhat corpulent, but lovable aunt. How glad she is to see me, what treats, what outings is she preparing in secret to glorify my week's holiday!

And that week, how heavenly it is! The dinners, composed of all my favourite dishes, the delicacies procured with endless trouble, the short excursions "up the town," the many meetings with old friends, the proud introductions to new—"Mrs. S—, let me present my little niece, Joyce."

For to them I shall ever be little, May's little girl, who once had such lovely long curls. Once—but yesterday it seems to them. To me it is years, ten years ago.

Every day, regularly at ten o'clock, comes a knock on the door, and a little boy, or perhaps two, in dirty, torn trousers, and a shirt which was once called "snowy white" by some fond mother, lifts up his timid voice, and says:—

"I want—I want a half-penny-worth of mandarins, please."

A bag is procured. If Miss L— is there, it is crammed with fifteen or twenty juicy yellow mandarins. Nana sees her, and on the departure of my little friends, gives utterance to her thoughts:—

"You give them too many. They'll be here to-morrow, bothering you."

And Miss L— always makes the same response:—

"Mandarins go to waste, if you don't give them away."

Nana is not satisfied. She grumbles a little to herself, then sits down by the stove and forgets the matter.

Next day I see her surreptitiously give the same little boys their fifteen or twenty mandarins—for a halfpenny. But at tea-time we hear her say:—"Those boys came again. I'm not as stupid as you are. I didn't give them many. I don't want them coming again to-morrow."

So the tale goes on—but the event of the week draws near—a visit to the Roxy Theatre, Parramatta. Miss L— and I set off together. Nana will not come. She "cannot understand why anyone should waste money on such silly new-fangled notions." Besides, there is the old obstacle. Someone must look after the house. Lottie and she "could not possibly both go out at the same time."

We hurry to the station, I trying in vain to reduce my long strides to suit her tiny steps, she toddling along beside me. We

arrive at the station. We are at least twenty minutes too early, but that is customary. Finally, the train appears, and a quarter of an hour later we find ourselves in Parramatta. What great pretence we make of buying as we saunter through the shops, how terrified she is that we will be run over as we cross the busy streets, how interested in the flower-shops and cakes (for icing cakes is her hobby, nay, her pride and delight).

At last we enter the theatre, and the performance begins. We live through every moment, and count every flying second of it precious, till at five o'clock, all the transient glory shed, we file out into the bright and busy streets. Perhaps we see the old Parramatta street tram, perhaps we look in at the noisy markets, certainly she tells me the story of the grapevine whose mighty stem climbs over the walls of the bank.

* * *

On Friday my cousin, D—, comes—we play and fight together all day. He insists on demonstrating a new wrestling hold

—unwilling to be deemed a "sissy," I agree—he hurts me—I cry out in pain—instantly he repents, and we "make it up."

That day we have pies for dinner (we have pies every time D— visits us, for it is his favourite dish). We giggle over dinner, he and I, and do foolish things. I remember once, as the result of a dare, a whole glass of water was poured over my pie, and 'mid much giggling, I informed the scandalised company, "I preferred pies that way."

So I could go on, and speak of all my joys and sorrows under that roof, but time is fleeting. School-doors will soon close upon me, the great battle of life lies before me, and I utter a prayer, "May God grant that I be worthy of all the love and care lavished on me by those two—the tiny, sweet, kind Miss L—, and the dear little lady from Glasgow whom I am proud to call my Nana. May He grant that both in word and deed I shall keep unsullied the tradition of that 'House of Love.'"

—Joyce McCredie, 5A.

DESERT LOVE

Ali Baba, the son of the snake-charmer, sat with a worried expression on his sun-tanned face, on a pile of camel skins in front of his dirty mud hovel, and thought and thought. Ah, me! it was indeed a most unhappy affair to be financially depressed! His aged sire had died from snake-bite two moons before, and the Baba larder was at its ebb. What was he to do?

An idea flashed across his troubled brain, but he tossed it aside as quickly as it came. The family camel! It could be sold, perhaps, for five hundred piastres!

But no, by Allah, the hairy-humped animal had been in the family for twenty-three years, and was almost one of them. Besides, he was greatly attached to that camel, and the animal doted devoutly on him. No, such a thing was impossible.

But what else could he do? There was nothing in the hovel he could sell! The cry of one of his hungry little brothers decided him. The camel had to go! With an air of determination, Ali Baba rose, and quickly made his way over the village rubbish heaps, to the stable where his hairy friend

dwelt. The camel gave a friendly bellow of welcome as his master entered his none-too-clean quarters, and Ali Baba felt a lump rise in his throat. He fondly took the animal's head in his hands, pressed his cheek close to its rough face, and whispered softly, "Oh, camel mine, forgive me! forgive this hateful wretch who is thy master. No more shall I cross the sand dunes of the Sahara on thy lovely hump, for I must sell thee; gentle friend, thou must go!"

And as the shades of night fell softly on the little Arab village, the two friends sobbed a tender farewell in the old, mud stable.

* * *

Next day, Ali Baba stood on the village auction block, with his camel, and addressed the disreputable crowd of Algerians and Egyptians who had gathered in the market-place.

"My Arab friends, this fine animal thou seest beside me is a family antique. I was offered ten thousand piastres for it by the Natural Museum of Cairo. Sentimentality alone prevented me from selling this valuable beast. But now, finding myself in financial difficulties, I am sacrificing him to you on the auction block. Now, what am I bid?"

"Five piastres!" shouted a voice from the crowd.

"What?" said Ali Baba, faintly, and gripped the rail to save himself from falling. Someone obliged with an aspirin.

All the while, the camel stood beside his master, weeping a little camel's weep. His hump shook with grief, and his heart was breaking.

"Going—going—"

"Ten piastres!"

"Ten piastres! Come, come, my friends! Going, going—gone!"

Sadly the unhappy Arab led his weeping beast to its new master,

an extremely obese Algerian, and, as he handed the reins to the man, the camel frothed at the mouth, gave a final heave of its hump, and fell to the ground, dead—dead of a broken heart!

"Oh, camel mine!" wailed Ali Baba. "Asleep, my love? What, dead, my love? Oh, camel sweet, arise!"

But the camel did not move so much as a whisker!

The Algerian was infuriated. "Thou snivelling son of a snake-charmer!" he roared. "Thou hast robbed me! Thou shalt avenge it!" and drawing his scimitar, he plunged it in our hero's body.

An hour later, when order had been restored by the French Foreign Legion, the market-place was empty but for a few snake-charmers, who mournfully played the Funeral March to their wriggling pets.

But out in the little cemetery by the oasis; in the middle of the great Sahara, Ali Baba and his camel lie side by side beneath the sand. And every night, when the moon beholds her silver visage in the oasis, the ghost of a camel and its rider glides swiftly o'er the desert, for even in death, true lovers cannot be parted.

—Jean Baker, 3A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Sydney University,
October, 1936.

Dear Fortians,—

It is very hard to believe that this year is almost over and exams. are upon us once more. It is harder still to realise that these are our second examinations since we left school. Those days seem very far away in many ways, and yet they are still dear to the heart of every Fortian at the 'Varsity. A very pleasant lunch

hour—and a very merry one—is occasionally spent when Fortians can gather together in Manning House and exchange reminiscences of school.

We were brought sharply to the realisation this week that our days are numbered with the posting of the examination timetable on the board outside the Great Hall. The Great Hall is a place of many memories to the Second and Third Year student—only too soon it will be so also for the First Year! Memories of hundreds of students, some calm and unmoved, others frantic and distressed (let us hope that Fortians always will be among the former), thronging round the same board to find their number, and moving out to the front of the University—waiting. The serenity and beauty of the scene which often solaced us on mornings when it was only lectures we are facing, is now ignored. Suddenly a door opens, an attendant calls us in, and with final agonised comments, we students hasten to our desks—and our fate. With trembling hands we pick up the paper, exchange sorrowful smiles with the person next to us, and then proceed to forget our comrades, our surroundings, and also a great deal else we would very much like to remember. for the next three hours. A fearsome memory! and one which sends us flying back to Fisher.

The first two terms having been spent (more or less!) in writing essays or doing prozes, and recovering from them, we have now suddenly realised that we have a book list in many a subject, and that it is imperative that these books be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. The

girls behind the counter at Fisher mechanically reply. "That book is in the room," as we ask resignedly for book after book, which we have as little hope of obtaining as, we begin to think, of getting through.

Yet even Fisher has its compensations. The grinning, ugly, fascinating gargoyles peeping at us from everywhere comfort us, and the beauty of the stained glass windows confronting us as wearily as we down the steps rarely fails to delight us and to remind us that our work is worth while. Even now, I cannot pass those windows without stopping. The glorious colours, the little surprises here and there, the calm face of the old saint, the fierce determination, the questing look in the faces of the old warriors and adventurers, the memories of the days when Britain built up her Empire, more especially our own part of it, the memories awakened of those who are "glad because they are at rest," and of those who made the supreme sacrifice for us not so very long ago, not only delight us, but make us think—think of life's possibilities, its glories, its dangers, its sorrows, and its joys; make us realise that our school and university life is only, after all, a training ground, and sends us forth, determined that when we, too, come to the "haven where we would be," we will be able to say that we have been worthy of our training, that we have "kept that which was committed to our trust."

May every Fortian, now and in the days to come, prove herself worthy of her trust.

—Mary Robinson, Arts II.

LECTURE BY DR. JOHN HUGHES DURING HEALTH WEEK

On Monday, 10th October, the minds of many girls were directed into channels hitherto undreamed of. The idea that we, healthy, happy young Australians, might be anything other than entirely immune from all diseases more serious than influenza, seemed preposterous. What had we tall, strong hockey players, and lithe young swimmers to worry about? The dread shadow of ill-health threw no gloom over our lives! And then—our eyes were opened by a quiet, unostentatious man who was the famous Dr. Hughes, who told us many things about that most terrible of all diseases—tuberculosis.

This was caused, he said, by a rod-shaped germ, known in medical circles as the tubercle bacillus. It attacked many organs of the body, but principally the lungs, which it ate away. Its most unpleasant habit was to infect young children and develop later, mostly between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Fortunately, the disease, when detected early, could be arrested, but in later life it gained a hold on the subject, which had its terrible end in decline and death.

The doctor paid the pupils of the Fort Street High School a great compliment in enlisting

their aid in a great crusade against this agent of death—for, as he pointed out, they would help to mould the thought of later years. The principal thing was to trace the germ to its source, and there eradicate it. If a girl of eighteen showed signs of consumption, the logical source of infection would be her parents. It was, then, our duty as citizens of this great young country, to persuade them to submit to examination, including an X-ray. If she had other relatives, we must tackle them, too, so that their children might be saved from possible infection. And how could we girls help in this worthy cause? By endeavouring to persuade people who "guard the family honour" in this respect, to co-operate with the Government in this all-important matter.

We were astounded by the long list of our literary favourites who were attacked by this minute death-dealer—Moliere, Rousseau, Dostoevsky, Keats, Stevenson, Shelley, Elizabeth Browning—and if these immortals, whose souls were "like a star" were subject to this evil germ, is it likely that little Mary X of First Year would be immune?

—Hazel Keavney, 4A.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SPORTS CARNIVAL

Australians are essentially a sport-loving race, and nothing is better proof of this than the annual sports carnival held by the Combined Girls' High Schools. The competitors spend many hours beforehand in training and exercise, and each girl tries her

utmost to bring fresh laurels to her school.

Fort Street this year had some very fine athletes, including Jean Coleman, June Rocks and Betty Fletcher. These girls fully justified the School's faith in

them by their splendid results and sportsmanship.

Having spent a very happy day at Taree, we were very disappointed to learn that the girls of that school would not be attending the sports in Sydney this year. However, Quirindi Girls' School replaced Taree and the girls were billeted by pupils of the School.

The Cricket Ground was unusually gay, with the colours of the different schools forming bright streamers all over the ground, and in the stands each school was well represented with girls who had come to cheer their champions, and Fort Street supporters were by no means few in number.

As usual, all heats were run in the morning, including the ball games, which last year were decided straight away. The School did well in these heats, and promised great things for the afternoon. We were not disappointed in our hopes, for we at last succeeded in winning the long-coveted Ball Shield.

The Under-and-Over team were well satisfied with their efforts, having broken their last year's record of 39 4-5secs. by one second. We also broke the Over-head record, but St. George Girls broke it again. The Tunnel Ball team equalled their last year's record, and their final win dis-

pelled all doubts as to the destination of the Ball Shield.

The list of Fort Street successes is as follows:—17 Years' Championship: Jean Coleman, second.

Skipping Race: Jean Coleman, third.

15 Years' Championship: Betty Fletcher, third.

Junior Championship: June Rocks, second.

14 Years' Championship: June Rocks, third.

Junior Relay: Fort Street, second.

Junior Skipping: Audrie Tetley, first.

Orange Race: Melbra Lyons, first.

Sack Race: Audrey Clibbens, second.

Junior Sack Race: Audrey Clibbens, first.

Under-and-Over: Fort Street, first.

Tunnel Ball: Fort Street, first.

Overhead Ball: Fort Street, first.

—Marjorie Glasson, 4A.

Jean Coleman's successes since this carnival include winning the 100 yards, 50 yards, and skipping races at the Athletics Meeting held under the auspices of the N.S.W. Women's Vigoro Association, and the 440 yards at the Inter-Club Meeting of Sydney and South Sydney, and the Ferris Cup.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

I came into my club the other morning, expecting to enjoy my lunch in peace and quietness. But, immediately upon entering, whom should I perceive, to my extreme annoyance, but an irritating fellow by the name of Smithson, whom I dislike intensely. I was about to retire again, when he caught sight of

me, and, hastily crossing the room, proceeded to make a nuisance of himself to me.

"Well, well, well!" he boomed in my ear, "if it isn't old Rivesby himself! Come along, old fellow, and join the merry band, ha! ha! Yes, come along, now," as I began to protest, "I was just entertaining them with a little

story I'm sure you'd like to hear." (For my part, I was perfectly sure I shouldn't!). "The more the merrier, you know, so lead on, Macduff—Macbeth—er—yes, ha! ha! quite so! off we go!"

While uttering these senseless remarks, the fellow was propelling me across the room, causing me to look most undignified, for he is a large man, and I am very small. However, we reached the group of men he had left, quite safely, and he proceeded to rub his hands, and breathe heavily in that obnoxious manner of his which I can hardly bear.

"Well, well, here we are, at last." ("Yes, and no thanks to you, either," thought I.) "Merry little company, eh, what? Ah! Rivesby, you ought to hear the little tale I was recounting to these gentlemen! Touching little story. Love's young dream, and all that, don't you know! I was the fairy Godmother, or, should I say Godfather—well, well—"

"Er—pardon me"—I began hastily—

"Not going, surely, Rivesby?" he inquired, in a disappointed manner.

"Oh, er—yes—er—business—" I muttered, thickly, clutching at my collar.

"Business? At this time of the morning? Preposterous! My dear fellow, quite out of the question! I won't let you work so hard! You're so small and thin now, you'll be a mere shadow presently. Sit down, sit down, Rivesby! You look quite flustered."

I sat down. I glared at him from above my spectacles, but, since he bears a resemblance to a hippopotamus, both physically and mentally, it took no effect.

"Now, let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, my young niece had quarrelled with her fiance, a petty matter, you know, but these young

people, so hot-headed, need to have a bit of solid wisdom, the same as we old fogies have, eh, Rivesby? Ha! Ha! Quite so! Well, I knew neither of them was really angry with the other, so I thought I'd take a hand in the matter." ("Naturally," I thought.) "I went to Cynthia (my niece, you know), and told her the young man had met with an accident and was at death's door. My word, you should have seen her fly from that house. Ha! Ha! Didn't wait for a coat or hat, nor anything else—face as white as a sheet." ("Inhuman creature," I thought to myself.) "Ha! Ha! Quite so! Well, after that, even though she was a bit annoyed with me, everything was sunshine again. I pride myself upon that little matter. Not every man would have thought out such a plan." ("Fortunately," I thought.) "Ha! Ha! Quite so! A brilliant idea, don't you think, Rivesby?"

"Ha! Ha! Quite so! A very brilliant idea!" I replied.

My sarcasm was wasted.

"Yes. Wouldn't think of one as good yourself, eh, Rivesby? Things like that have to be left to men with imagination, like myself."

Great heavens, the fellow was insufferable! "Imagination is certainly a great asset," I remarked.

"Quite so. Of course, not everyone could think of a plan like that. Now, take yourself, for instance. That sort of thing would be quite beyond you—an old dry-as-dust Conservative, eh?"

"I think you are mistaken," I said, stiffly.

"Yes, quite so. Eh! What?"

"I think you are mistaken," I repeated, a trifle more stiffly, if possible.

"Nonsense! My dear fellow, you couldn't patch up an affair like that if you tried. Ha! Ha! Fancy old Rivesby getting himself tangled up in love affairs! Fancy old Rivesby acting as Cupid!"

This remark, in which I saw no humour whatsoever, appeared to amuse him greatly. He threw back his head and laughed so immoderately that my head ached with the noise. I sprang up.

"Keep quiet, you roaring Bull of Bashan!" I said, angrily.

"Eh, what? I say, Rivesby, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. It's what's the matter with you, that's the matter! You're always thinking there's something the matter with somebody else, but all the time it's you that's the matter. It's what's the matter with you, that's what it is! If somebody doesn't do something about the matter, we won't know whether it's you that's the matter or us, that's the matter with it!" Everybody except Smithson and myself was shaking with laughter. Smithson was sitting staring at me, open-mouthed. I realised that I was getting quite confused in my statements, so I ceased abruptly, and plunged out into the street. I clambered into my car and drove off in a furious temper. I was dry-as-dust, was I? How dare he? I'd show him! I'd do something really desperate yet! Yes, I would! I wrenched wildly at the wheel. Yes, something really desperate! I'd turn from Mr. Hyde into Dr. Jekyll! No, it was the other way round—Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde! Anyway, I'd do something!

After a little, I became some-

what calmer, but I was still determined to "do something." Fate favoured me that day. Coming along the side-walk I saw a very pretty young lady walking in front of a young man, whom I had always mentally termed "the beast." Not because of his character, or that he was really ugly, but because he was shy and awkward, and because, alongside of this young lady, his large, whimsical mouth and unruly fair hair appeared out of place. I knew him to be very much in love with her, and I also knew that something had caused a rift between them, for Beauty (as I termed the young lady) was walking ahead of the Beast, her little, independent-looking chin tilted high, her cheeks flushed, while behind her the young man walked slowly, looking thoroughly miserable, a bewildered look in his very blue eyes. Here was my chance; I seized it with both hands. Dry-as-dust, was I? As Beauty turned to cross the street I swung the car so that it almost knocked her down. I raced off, horrified at what I had done, her terrified scream echoing in my ears. What if I had not missed! I must have been mad!

I had caught a glimpse, from the corner of my eye, of the Beast, making one quick leap, of his long brown arm shooting out and catching Beauty, dragging her to safety. Not even that could console me, however.

I went home. I skulked in my rooms, afraid to go out, afraid to remain alone with my chaotic thoughts. I cast furtive glances at the maid, when she entered, but she appeared to notice nothing. Apparently I was unaltered, although I felt that surely I must,

in some way, have been punished for my rash act.

The next morning, however, my fears were banished, and I was rewarded fully. As I turned the corner, I saw, ahead of me, two young people, deep in conversation, not even aware that anyone was near.

It was Beauty and the Beast! Dry-as-dust, was I?

—Prometheus, 5B.

“THE RIVER”

The winding, twisting river looked like a piece of blue-green ribbon stretched out before me. The tiny wavelets, rushing and tumbling merrily on as though impatient to reach the great wide ocean and be free, seemed to turn and laugh up at me as I stood there, watching, wishing, oh, so very much, wishing that I could be a tiny, rippling wavelet dancing on to meet my big brothers in the great blue ocean.

The lovely green weeping-willows bent down to feel the cool water as it swayed their leaves to and fro. Then the sun came out from behind a cloud and played with its friends, the wavelets, until the river became a moving rainbow, and, reflecting the rays of the sun, the little wavelets danced for glee.

Thus the great river goes on forever from the lovely forest mountains until it reaches the deep blue sea, where the tiny river wavelets become the great foam-decked waves of the ocean.

—Francis Proctor, 5A.

NIGHT

Of all the wonderful gifts which God has given to the world, one of those which I deem the most beautiful is the night.

If the day has been long and

wearisome, there are always comfort and peace at night, when the moon shines down on this world of strife so tranquilly and serenely, and the myriad stars twinkle and shine in the soft, velvety darkness of the sky.

There is romance and beauty at night when the darkness envelops sordid, ugly objects and moulds them to another shape; when the harsh outlines of unsightly buildings assume an unwonted softness, and when the world seems full of mystic charm, and the haunting perfume of pale flowers drooping dreamily on their slender stems.

Cares are forgotten in the blessed sleep of night which gently closes tired eyelids and brings sweet forgetfulness to the unhappy.

Then, in the winter, there is the drumming of the rain at night on the leaves of the trees, and the sad, breathless little sighs from the branches, which never sound so mystical in the daylight as they do at night.

Lamps shining in the streets resemble fairy-lanterns, and the cars and trams passing swiftly through the night are like millions of glow-worms flashing through the darkness.

The days may be long, sunny and pleasant, and the sky a halcyon blue, but the days are not one's own to spend in dreaming, as are the nights which pass so quickly, bearing with them their fleeting treasures.

Sometimes I feel that I should like to sail away in a white-sailed vessel into darkness, where dreams come true and peace reigns supreme—where the strife of this world seems unreal and fantastic, and where the great calm moon beams benignly over all and gently whispers “Peace!”

—Joyce McColl, 3A.

HOLIDAYS AT KOSCIUSKO

The First Day.

Rain! At the first peep of dawn we looked from the train window, to find everything dull and wet. But our hopes soon revived as we perceived the rain turning to snow and the swampy fields giving place to white hills.

Eventually the train drew in at Cooma, a little "white" town.

After a beautiful breakfast of sausages that we could not eat, and milk, half water, at a cafe, we proceeded to sight-see. But, owing to the snow, we could not see more than a few yards in front of us.

The 'bus journey to the hotel was very interesting (at least, the race between the girls' and the boys' 'bus was). This trip lasted about three hours, and on arrival at Kosciusko we were very hungry. Lunch was our first thought, and lunch we did right heartily.

At about 2.30 p.m. we made our way along about half a mile of passages to the ski room, where our boots and skis were fitted. I was rather alarmed when I saw the boots into which I had to climb—more than a foot long, soles one inch thick, and reaching almost to my knees!

I carried my skis outside on to the snow at the bottom of the "Grand Slam," and carefully deposited them there. After talking to Midge for some time on the important matter of fastening skis, I looked down for them, but evidently they had become bored with the conversation, and had decided to go for a walk on their own account, for I saw them making off down the slope at a remarkable speed. I retrieved them and fastened them on. Knowing not the least thing about ski-ing,

I set off in my own sweet way, at least, my feet did, but the rest of me did not want to follow, so I fell back on my skis. All wood is hard, but the wood that skis are made from is particularly so. I picked myself up and started off, without warning, only to find I was being carried towards Marie, who screamed, but did not attempt to move, so, to avoid a collision, I had to sit down again.

In a few minutes everyone had landed on the flat, much against her will, but her skis **would** go, so naturally we had to go, too. We tried to go uphill, but it was impossible. We would carefully put one foot ahead of the other, and try to bring the other one up, but then our first foot would slip back.

At this stage, George Lamble, an instructor, came to our rescue by telling us how to climb uphill. "Turn the points of the skis well out, walk on the inner edges, lift the weight from one foot to the other, and you cannot slip back," he said.

Then he demonstrated, and it all seemed quite simple—until we tried it. Our skis slipped, and so did we, while George stood on the top of the hill, calling out instructions which we were supposed to follow.

After about half an hour, most of us had arrived at the top, and the following instructions for going down hills were delivered to us:—

"Push off with the stocks, bend the knees, lean forward, keep the skis parallel, look straight ahead where you are going, don't drag the stocks, and you will not fall over."

Try as we would to carry out these instructions, we still fell over. That night we counted up

our bruises, and averaged about fourteen per leg. But being the "Try, try, and try again" sort, we did not give up, and although we could hardly sit down that night, we resolved to be expert ski-ers by the time of our sports on the following Monday.

—A. Tetley, 4C.

A MIDNIGHT FEAST

All was still and dark at twelve o'clock on a certain important night. It was the birthday of Jessie the Elephant, and all the animals were giving her a midnight feast. Of course, it was a surprise party, and Jessie was very delighted with the whole affair.

She had been sleeping peacefully in her house when she was awakened by a sharp hiss and a gentle nudge, and she awoke to find Mrs. Snake and Miss Nanny-goat standing by her. These two friends told her that all the animals were expecting her to come to a party that they were giving. Jessie, being, of course, quite delighted with the proposal, did not need any urging, and went very willingly with them.

There was a great chatter when all the animals saw the guest, but the lioness quickly brought silence to the table when she made a short speech of welcome. After this, the feast commenced. There was pollard that the ducks had brought, fish that the seals had collected, fruit skins and peanuts that the monkeys had contributed, crumbs and bird seed that the birds of various species had sacrificed, meat and bones that the lions had saved, and last and not least, bananas that the apes and baboons had not thrown to the public.

Mrs. Koala Bear then proposed

a toast "To the Long Life of Jessie; Long May She Live at the Zoo," and all the guests drank heartily. After everyone had had enough, the entertainment began. The first item was a song sung by Madame Hawk, entitled "Baa - baa, Black Sheep." Next came a folk dance by the horses from the Round-About, followed by some brilliant flying by the parakeets.

The monkeys were warmly applauded for their acrobats, and everyone liked the Kookaburra Choir. The entertainment concluded with a play produced and acted by the Cockatoos, called "Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Higgs."

It was only when the sun was just showing its first rays in the sky that the guests went to their homes. The animals were very drowsy the next morning, and the keepers wondered why they were not hungry.

Do you wonder that Jessie was slower than ever that day, and that the Round-About ponies had dark circles under their eyes?

—Josie Crouch, 2B.

BULLI PASS

As I stood on a rock on the top of Bulli Pass about five o'clock last holidays, I could not help noticing the beauty of the sunset. In the dim west, the gallant soldiers of the sun seemed reluctantly to surrender their forts to the dark forces of the King of the Night. The clouds were a beautiful pale pink, with a deeper, but no less beautiful pink on the edge. The swaying, tall gum-trees were transformed into a deep rosy hue at the tips. The sea, far below me, roared and rumbled on the rocks, a cool, green, mysterious colour, with foam seemingly the reddish colour of red ink.

The sky was a perfect riot of colour, with the setting sun outlining the figure of a little red house on the hill. Red clouds suffused with yellow and orange were floating to the west in the wake of the great, glowing, glamorous, golden ball of sun. The horizon, a purplish-blue colour, contrasted with the bright, brilliant, boisterous sun.

The last rays of the sun seemed to catch and hold the foam-crested waves as they broke on the brown-green rocks. The road below me was also a reddish colour, and the lemons and oranges on the trees seemed to reflect the colours of the sky.

But, inch by inch, the sun was forced to give way to the dark nymphs of the Night Emperor, and, after making his last glorious stand, he surrendered, and retired under the rim of the earth, his radiant sun soldiers in his wake. As the night settled over the earth, the lights appeared in the town, the King Jewel gleamed on the black turban of advancing night, and I reluctantly left the point where I had watched the sunset, glad and happy I had stayed.

—Ellen Groves, 1B.

THE CASTLE OF MUSIC

I was walking the Continent. My own Russian snows were far, far up north behind me. The last village through which I had passed was now about ten miles away. I was not following a proper road, but a rough track made by the wheels of carts drawn by oxen. I wandered on, feeling rather lonely and wondering where this track would lead me, and how long it would take to do so, because it was then

nearly twelve noon, and I had only two chocolate biscuits and a flask half-filled with—by this time—nearly tepid water.

But it was not long before I saw in the distance what was either a large hill or a small mountain. From the track I was unable to discern which it was. But it was not the size of this hill (as it afterwards turned out to be) that imprinted itself on my memory, but the fact that it was devoid of trees. I have said that it was devoid of trees; well, that is not exactly correct. There was, on one side of the hill, a wide avenue of green and leafy trees. On the summit of the hill and at the end of the avenue was a large stone castle, a really magnificent structure.

This castle stood like a guardian of all the surrounding districts, and yet to all appearances it was quiet and peaceful, like one of those kindly English squires, who would not hurt the feelings of one of his cottages for all the money in the world.

Approaching closer, I perceived that the hill was smothered in a multitude of glorious flowers, all the colours of the rainbow, which had hitherto been hidden by the tall, fragrant, green grass. As I breasted the brow of the hill I was ascending, I noticed a small, but picturesque village at the base of the hill.

Upon sight of the village I heaved a sigh of relief, for I would certainly be able to obtain there a crust of bread and a draught of cool water to sustain my hunger and thirst; and even if I could not, there was the kindly castle on the hill.

When I entered the village I asked one of the men if I could obtain a meal. He smiled a friendly "Certainly," and, asking me if I had travelled far, told me

to follow him. As he led the way through the village, I told him from where I had come and how I was "walking the Continent."

He led me into a fair-sized thatched-roof cottage. All inside was clean and cool. He told his wife my needs, and soon there was before me the best dinner I have ever tasted.

When I had finished I asked him about the castle on the hill. It was, he said, the "Castle of Music." Everything and all people in it had something to do with that finest of arts. He asked me if I would like to see it, and so, soon after, he took me through the avenue of trees, up the side of the hill, and in through a small door.

From all directions came the sweetest sounds I have ever heard. I could hear many tunes, some familiar, and some I had never heard before, and though each was different, there was never a discord in the whole.

My guide conducted me to the door of a large hall. He opened the door, and inside I saw and heard a large orchestra, conducted by Mozart.

I was led from room to room. Each contained some wonderful composer, thought by the world to be dead.

There were sweet violins—here a grand organ, and there a beautifully-toned piano, while from one room came the sounds of a harp, expertly played.

All around was music. I have said MUSIC, because I do not mean the horrid, modern dance compositions and "film-hits" called by some sadly misled people "music."

My friend then led me to another part of the castle. In each room was a very young child. These, he explained, were the future geniuses of the world. The children had not then been born, but were here being instructed in their career. In the first room was a future prima donna of the singing world. In the next was a child destined to be a wonderful violinist. And so I was led in wonder through this marvellous castle.

I would fain have stayed wandering through this magnificent building, but I was told that the moment the sun went down all activities ceased, and the castle doors would be locked, so I reluctantly returned to the village, and there slept the night, dreaming wonderful dreams. After a hearty breakfast I announced my intention of leaving. My pack had been filled to the brim with food, milk and water, and though I begged and implored, my host would not take a halfpenny from me. He took me out of the village and put me on the road to a nearby town.

Alas! How often have I tried to find my way to that village and castle! But all my attempts have proved futile. There seems to be no one in the wide world who knows of the existence of this wonderful "Castle of Music," and certainly no one at all who knows of its whereabouts.

My friends have suggested a dream, but whence my filled pack? Ah! If I could only find it, I would remain in the village until my dying day and never wish to return to the outside, noisy world.

—Ivan, 3A.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL

The ideal school is majestically situated on a hill, but the scholars do not have to use their energy to reach it, as they are conveyed thither by escalators which run from the bottom of the hill to the top. Each schoolroom is luxuriously furnished with a pretty wallpaper on the walls, carpets on the floor, and divans where pupils may recline if they feel in the least tired. The girls do their lessons at small tables, and are provided with padded chairs. A bookcase stands in one corner, where interesting books are kept, and in another corner a wireless. This last-mentioned object is especially useful, because, if the lesson should become boring, the wireless is switched on to a station where lively music is being played.

When the girls wish to get their books ready for the day, they merely press a button, and the books slide to them. In the afternoon they again press a button, and the books slide into an adjoining room, where there are servants, who sort them and put them away in their respective lockers. Shakespeare, Caesar and Pythagoras are banished from the schoolroom, and interesting subjects are taught, such as Astronomy, Astrology, and Aviation, and modern languages, such as Abyssinian, American, and up-to-date English.

Tests are often given, and examinations are held twice a year. The girls do not dread these tests, as those who do not pass are detained in the afternoon. They are taken to a pretty detention room, where there are nicely-padded desks and a bookcase. They do their work until four o'clock, a bonus being given for

spelling mistakes, and a prize for other mistakes. At four o'clock books are put aside and refreshments are brought in. In Summer this consists of fruit salad and ice cream, and in Winter, of soup and plum pudding. While the girls partake of this refreshment, a teacher reads them a story. At half-past four the girls pack up and go home in taxis or aeroplanes, whichever they prefer. The girls who pass in tests are also given treats. They are taken for picnics in Summer to the beaches, and in Winter to the country.

Two whole afternoons each week are given up to sport, when the girls indulge in whatever kind they wish, the most popular being yachting, fishing, flying, and the taking of motion pictures.

A large cafeteria is also found in the school grounds. There, scholars can obtain hot or cold meals at any hour, free of cost. They merely walk in, sit down, call a waitress, order whatever they wish, have their meal, and then walk out.

There are two other important buildings in the grounds, namely, the Gymnasium and the Assembly Hall. The latter is so built that films may be shown, while the former has all kinds of apparatus, such as rope-ladders and slippery dips.

The girls at such a school are never found during the lunch hour poring over huge volumes with drawn, pallid faces, but are always happy and smiling, and a wrinkle on their foreheads is as rare as a night free from homework in these modern times.

—Halo-Hunter, 3A.

TWO LONELY CROSSES

While I was wandering by the sea one glorious Summer morning, my attention was attracted by the sight of two lonely crosses standing side by side near the cliff edge. Going closer to inspect, I observed that each was so weather-worn that the lettering had become completely obliterated. The graves (for doubtless they were such) were covered with rank, green grass, which obviously had not been cut for a long time. As I paused there, I wondered what had been the story of these two lonely graves, and so great was my determination to know about them, that I wended my way down the steep cliff path to the little fishing village which lay basking in the sunshine below. An old "salt" stood leaning against the railings on the jetty, as he watched the fishing-boats going out, their red sails like rubies against a sapphire sea. Approaching him, I asked, "Can you tell me what those two crosses on the cliff are for?" Turning round, he answered, in friendly tones, "Why, certainly, Missie. They're the graves of Miss Ellen and Miss Margaret. Everyone in the village knows their story."

"Then, would you mind telling it to me?" I asked. "No, not at all," he replied, and, seating himself on a nearby barrel, he puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few moments, then began.

"Miss Ellen and Miss Margaret were twin sisters, who lived with their father in this village, about fifty years ago. Though alike as two peas in appearance, they were entirely different in disposition. Both had the same wavy golden hair and blue eyes, but Miss Margaret was sweet and loving, and Miss Ellen wild and selfish. Miss Margaret loved her, in spite of

all her badness, and often shielded her from her father's wrath, a kindness for which she was never grateful.

"One day, Miss Ellen was in a very bad temper, and as Fate would have it, her father forbade her to go sailing. She was very rude to him, and flounced out of the house, declaring that she would go for a sail and no one should stop her. Running down to the quay, she leapt into the boat and cast off. Her father followed her, and was just in time to see her, as she sailed out, waving a mocking hand. Too late did she regret her impetuous action, for a strong current was running, and her boat was quickly carried out to sea. A storm was rolling up, too, and soon the rain would come pouring down in torrents. Desperately she strove to turn the boat round, but the current was too strong, and, with a moan, she sank back. Already, the waves were growing larger each moment, and the boat was shipping water.

"Meanwhile, Miss Margaret, who had heard of Ellen's action, came running down to the jetty, to see the boat being steadily carried out to sea. Brushing past the people standing there, she jumped into a near-by boat, and was going to the rescue of her sister before anyone could realise what she was doing. Then it was too late, and the watchers on the quay saw her boat, sailing steadily on towards the other tiny vessel, suddenly disappear behind one immense wave, only to come up again and plough its way onwards. Gradually it drew nearer, until at last it was alongside the other vessel. The onlookers could see Margaret jump into the other vessel and clasp the terrified Ellen to her. To their horror, a huge

wave was seen to tower above like an enormous wall, then suddenly crash upon them. The boat disappeared, and that was the last time the sisters were ever seen alive.

"The next day, the two bodies were washed up on the sands, clasped in each other's arms. They were buried upon the cliff, and those two crosses erected to their memory. Their father attended their graves until he died, but, after that, nobody ever bothered to look after them."

Suddenly the village clock struck five, and the sailor arose. "I'd better be going now," he said. "It's time for my tea. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I called after him, "and thanks for the story."

High up on the cliffs, dimly silhouetted against the sunset sky, I could still see the two crosses stand up like two strong sentinels of the night.

—Joan Softly, 1A.

AWAY FROM THE CITY

"Albury! Change here for Melbourne!" At last the train was in, but I was not "changing here for Melbourne." I had reached my destination. How familiar everything was, yet how excited and happy I felt as I found myself on that long platform. Yes, everything was the same; the book-stalls were in the same places; the porters had not changed; the clock was still slow; the platform was as long as ever.

How wonderful it was to be home! Soon we were motoring through the town, the "almost city" of Albury, past Monument Hill, on which stands the wonderful war memorial, and into the country, the real country, not that which you city people meet after a twenty-minutes' train trip.

Very soon we were in the district of Bungowannah, which, although it possesses no shops, boasts a tiny post-office. As I looked down from the high, winding road on to the Murray River and across miles upon miles of countryside with dark blue hills standing out in bold relief against

the paler blue of the sky, I breathed a sigh of relief. It was real! In Sydney, surrounded by thousands of tall buildings, and caught up in the rush and bustle of the great city, it was hard to believe that one had not dreamed of the rolling plains, the valleys and hills. Yet there they were, more beautiful than ever, for the Murray was in flood, and great sheets of shining water lay across the flats, completely submerging fences and stumps.

Standing out, white against green, on the higher, drier ground were sheep, peacefully grazing, while the tiny lambs frolicked in the sun. What a picture of contentment! Further over, cattle were peacefully munching the green lucerne.

Soon evening would draw near, and at last I would see a glorious sunset and watch the bright, golden ball drift below the hills, leaving a soft glow behind, until darkness drew its curtain over the sky.

—Frances Proctor, 5A.

THE BLACK DOG

On a rocky islet off the coast of England stand the ruins of an ancient castle and fortress which, in the days of Charles II., was garrisoned by British soldiers.

Just inside the huge iron-studded entrance-gate was the guard-room, connected by a long, dark passage, with the room occupied by the Captain of the Guard. Each evening the soldiers took it in turn to lock the castle gates and deliver the keys to the Captain, afterwards returning by the same dark passage to the guard-room.

One evening the soldiers, having completed their duties, were lolling in this room, some playing at dice, and many of them the worse for drink, when the door slowly opened, and a huge, curly-haired, black dog came slowly in. He made no sound, but gazed with fiery eyes from one noisy or obscene speaker to another, until a terrified silence fell on the room. Then he calmly moved closer to the fire burning on the hearth, and lay there until break of day, when he arose and disappeared down the passage.

Night after night, as soon as the candles were lit and the fire burning brightly, the door opened, and the black dog appeared. He made no sound, but lay by the fire with wide-open eyes, apparently oblivious of the men, except when anyone of them momentarily forgot and lapsed into the coarse language and quarrelsome manner, which had been habitual before the coming of the "Black Dog." Then the huge head would be raised and the offender cowed by a burning gaze from the fiery eyes.

After a time, the men became accustomed to the uncanny

creature, and lost some of their fear, although they still looked upon him as supernatural; hence, while he was present, they were quiet and sober, and when the hour came to lock the gate and take the keys to the Captain, two always went together—no man would venture down the passage alone.

Then came the crisis. A soldier who had been drinking heavily began to swear and boast that he was afraid of no dog. He insisted that he, and he alone, would take the keys to the Captain. He dared the dog to follow him, laughing derisively and shouting, "Let him come! I'll see whether he be dog or devil!"

His terrified friends attempted to restrain him, but, wrenching himself free, he went off with the keys. The Black Dog slowly arose and followed him, and for some minutes no sound was heard, save the dashing of the waves on the steep rocks of the islet. Then the silence was rent by a most unearthly shriek, and awful howls. The soldiers stood as though petrified, not daring to move, gazing at each other in horror. Presently they heard steps, and the rash fellow came back into the room. His face was ghastly pale and twisted with fear. He spoke not a word, then or afterwards, and in three days he was dead, and nobody ever knew what happened to him on that awful night.

The Black Dog never appeared again, but the experience so upset the guards that they refused to enter the room. The doorway was therefore blocked up, and an entirely new guard-room built.

"Moby Dick."

Teachers' College,
University Grounds,
22/10/36.

Dear Fortians,—

The months and weeks have so quickly slipped behind us since I last wrote to you, that it seems difficult to realise the end of another school year is bearing down fast upon us. It has certainly been an eventful year. In the field of sport you have kept our beloved school's name well to the fore. I can assure you, no one was more joyful than I when I learnt that the Peel Shield was at last to remain with us forever. Well done, girls! And three cheers for Miss Anderson!

Yet, the sterner battle has yet to be won, for the honour of our school depends even more upon laurels gained in the examination room. So, while only too mindful of the dependence of your desired career upon success in the forthcoming Leaving or Intermediate, we Old Girls wish every present Fortian the very best of luck—not wishing you so much easy papers as fluent pens with which to answer them.

Farewell Day has come round once more—that day of mingled joy and sorrow, so poignantly fresh in our memories. We former Fortians heartily congratulate the Captain and Prefects elect, who, on Friday, take up the cloak of office which has slipped from the shoulders of those saying farewell. It is not a heavy, arduous cloak, but a light, pleasurable one, which you will, I hope, enjoy to the full, while bearing in mind the dignity and responsibility it represents.

Before mentioning events at College, I must say how very sorry we all were to hear of Miss Cohen's ill-health, and we are looking forward to seeing her completely restored to health.

Of course, as is universally the

case in the educational world at this time of the year, at College we are pre-occupied with thoughts of the examinations. In fact, in my two years of College, never have I seen the library so frequented (or, should I say, haunted?) as at present. It is difficult to find a seat, let alone the book you desire so urgently. However, having found a seat somewhere, into those airy nothings that are our thoughts intrude, as we wrestle with the theory of price-levels or the educational tenets of Courenius, or the problem of Japan's industrialisation, visions of those happy days of second term. First, the excitement in the air when the teams for Adelaide and Armidale were being chosen; then the mad whirl of preparation, crowned with the farewells of the student body to their representatives.

As we stood in the Assembly Hall singing our College Anthem, I thought of another farewell—only at this one I was in a uniform standing near old stone steps and singing "Come, Fortians All." Well, next came the train journey—Winnie Garrard and I were companions on the trip. Both of us were fortunate in being selected for the "A" tennis team. The story of our Armidale visit is too long to be told in detail, but it will long remain in our memory. Such hospitality as the Armidale students extended to us, or such sheer enjoyment as we participated in, would be hard to equal. So Fortians leaving school, be not downhearted—fun does not end with school days, though you may think so on Farewell Day. The skies soon brighten, and I am sure you also will find life to be very interesting.

Good-bye, Fortians, and best wishes to you all.

—Beryl Kent.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The members of the Circle have met regularly at the Women's Club generally, with Eva Duhig, the vice-president, in the chair, to discuss Australian literature; and many excellent papers have been read, and followed by general discussion. Next year, the Circle proposes to study Russian literature. At the social evening held at the conclusion of the year's work in October, Miss Turner and the members of the Circle read the new Australian play, "The Emancipist," written round that interesting figure, Dr. Redfern. On that occasion Miss Cruise, Miss Weddell and Miss Evans (England) were the guests of the Circle.

—Irene Hallett,
Hon. Secretary.

THE SCHOOL GUIDES

The School Company of Guides has a year of progress to report. As no Captain has yet been appointed, Miss Weston has been in charge as Acting Captain during the year.

On 9th October, Miss Drury, the Commissioner for Camping, who was the first Captain of the School Company, enrolled nine new Guides. Miss Turner was a visitor at that ceremony.

Two very successful outings have been held, one at Bradley's Head, when the whole company attended and enjoyed themselves very much, and the other of eight selected Guides, who went to Glengarry to help with the entertainment of the Country Guides in camp there.

The patrols have engaged in various forms of service.

Our meetings are held on

Friday afternoons at 3.30 p.m., and we would like those wishing to join to communicate with Miss Weston.

—Marie Donnelley.

A VISIT TO THE FRESH FOOD & ICE COMPANY'S WORKS

On Wednesday, 21st October, the Fourth Year Economics class, accompanied by Miss Wicks, set out to inspect the Fresh Food & Ice Company's works in Harbour Street. This expedition, to which we had been looking forward for weeks, was made possible by the kindness of the Manager, Mr. Dalton, who invited us to go over the factory and learn at first-hand something of modern industry.

Our guide commenced our tour of inspection by taking us to see the machine which divides, wraps and delivers to the packer the bulk butter; he then showed us the room in which the milk is pasteurised. This is done by a system of scientific heating and cooling, and the intricate mechanism is entirely controlled by an electric clock.

After the pasteurising process, the milk goes to the bottling machine, which fills the bottles and affixes the caps. We were greatly impressed by the scrupulous cleanliness of all the machines and surroundings, and the ever-increasing attention which employers are paying to the conditions under which their employees work.

We spent an interesting hour in the laboratory, where we had explained to us the various tests for the purity of the milk, both as regards quality and freedom from disease. Few people realise how carefully science guards their health in this respect. From the

laboratory we were taken to the freezing room, where we were amazed at the degree to which the carcasses in cold storage there were frozen.

We were not sorry to escape from this frigid atmosphere, and we were unfeignedly glad when we were ushered into a pleasant

room, where a delightful afternoon tea had been provided for us, with rich milk and ice cream in abundance.

In all, we had spent a very pleasant and instructive afternoon, and we are looking forward to similar excursions in the future.

—Iris Astley, 4A.

THE EISTEDDFOD TRAGEDY

The choral section of the Sydney Eisteddfod was about to be heard. The adjudicator leaned back and waited. There was a clearing of throats, a shuffling of feet from the first choir to sing. The conductor mounted the platform. The choir began.

The adjudicator listened intently, carefully allotting marks for the various points. Very soon, however, he began to fidget, and to squirm, and to let his mind wander, as choir after choir sang the same song. "Old Meg, She Was a Gypsy," dinned in the adjudicator's ears until he was nearly frantic. He began to make trailing curves along the arm of his chair with a small penknife which he had rummaged from the depths of an inner pocket.

The choir finished. The adjudicator breathed a sigh of heartfelt relief, and ceased to mutilate the long-suffering chair. But, alas! His sorrows were not yet ended. Another choir began—"Old Meg, She Was a Gypsy." The adjudicator hacked and sawed, and cut, until the chair was a pitiful and a sorry sight—"and stead of supper she would stare full hard against the moon."

The chair was now beyond description. The adjudicator conceived a violent and unreasonable dislike for the inoffensive Meg.

What right had she to do such a thing? Staring at the moon, indeed? Meg loomed up in his mind as an ill-omened witch, a nasty person who should be kept in her place. What right had she to wander into a peaceful, law-abiding adjudicator's life and harass him so? It wasn't right! It wasn't fair! He was going to protest! He sprang to his feet, leaving the shameful and disastrous results of his experiment in carving, reposing on the hitherto spotless floor.

First he must find Meg. Where was she? He must stop her staring at that moon. He began a systematic search behind chairs and tables, looked behind doors. So she was hiding, was she? He crept stealthily down the passage between the seats. She mustn't hear him coming! Her capture became an obsession with him. Perhaps if he wasn't so high up she would think he was gone and would come out. He dropped on all fours and ambled crookedly on. The choir had stopped singing, their mouths agape with astonishment. The other adjudicators and the various conductors rushed to the poor man, where he crawled slowly, stopping now and then to listen intently. When he saw them and heard the noise they were making, he cautiously

raised his finger to his lips and said, "Shush!"

"Shush?" repeated the adjudicators stupidly.

"Shush!"

"Shush?"

"Shush!" He was becoming irritated. How stupid they were to-day! Didn't they understand when a fellow only wanted them to "shush"?

"Shush! Shush! Shush!" he repeated, to impress it on their minds.

"My dear man," said one, taking him by the arm and endeavouring to raise him, "why do you say 'shush'?"

"Shush!" the adjudicator repeated, in a piercing whisper, "I'm looking for her."

"Who?"

"Her."

"Her?" one of the other adjudicators said, waving his hand slightly. It was meant to be a gesture of bewilderment, but the mad adjudicator misunderstood, and glanced in that direction.

"Who?" he said, eagerly.

"What?"

There was a blank silence. One of them tried again—"Whom are you looking for?"

"Her."

"Who?"

"What?" Really, were they going to start this all over again? thought the adjudicator, wearily. He decided on another course of action. Rising carefully to his feet, he tip-toed a few paces, and then cried, in a loud voice:

"I see you, Meg. Come out of there at once. Stop staring at that moon."

"Moon? Where?" asked one of the adjudicators, staring blankly.

"What?" snapped the mad adjudicator, who, in addition to being mad, was now becoming extremely angry.

"The moon. Where is it?" replied the other.

"There!" the crazed man said, waving his hand aimlessly.

"He's mad," they whispered among themselves. As one man, they rushed to him and attempted to draw him away by speaking to him in soothing tones. "Come away, my poor fellow, come away!"

"No! No! I must find Meg. Where is she?"

"Er—well—er, she's gone home!" said one, hoping by this means to appease him.

"Oh, no!" the adjudicator smiled cunningly, rubbing his hands together and licking his lips. "I would have seen her if she had. No, she's here!"

Suddenly, he glanced through a window. Outside in the street he could see an old lady walking home with her purchases. It was Meg! He was perfectly sure it was Meg! With a ferocious cry, he leapt out of the window into the street. Uttering blood-chilling whoops, he raced madly towards her. The old lady looked round in time to see a maniacal-looking man with a sharp little penknife almost upon her. With a terrified squeal, she dropped her parcels and ran for dear life. The adjudicators crowded to the window. The last they saw of him was his flying form disappearing into the distance, in pursuit of the old lady.

Nothing more of any definite nature has been heard about either the adjudicator or the old lady, but if rumours can be believed, he is chasing her still.

—"Prometheus," 5B.

BUSH FIRES

The sky was unnaturally overcast, the sun was a sphere of orange fire. Towards the horizon dense black clouds of smoke were visible. In the heavy air hung the smell of burning gum leaves. Down the gullies, out on the range—everywhere, the crackling, roaring, rushing fires could be heard destroying everything in their path. Nearer they loomed larger against the light of the waning Summer day. Nearer they rushed, hissing through the dense undergrowth which had not been disturbed for years.

Occasionally, with a boom as of thunder, notice was given that another of Nature's masterpieces among the tall timber had fallen. It seemed as though the fires would destroy the entire district. Men grew anxious about their crops which, in some cases, were surrounded by dense bush. If, however, any property was in any danger, everybody rallied round, the men carefully watching and fighting, and the women anxiously supplying beverages to quench dry throats. Fire was here, there, and everywhere! Tanks were empty, wells were low, creeks were dry—everywhere the drought-stricken country lay at the mercy of the fiery sun. Everything previously green and fresh now lay scorched and withered.

As the day was nearing completion the sound of galloping hoofs was distinguished from the roar of the fire. A horseman hove in sight, crying exhaustedly, "To Ross's farm! To Ross's farm!"

His efforts were not in vain, for from several directions men hurried to the assistance of their unfortunate fellow-farmer, whose crops and homestead were threatened.

Fire-breaks were hastily lit, but it seemed as though at any moment the Great Destroyer would dash on, mercilessly sweeping before it the farm and its defenders. The men, intent on their job, did not notice rain clouds creeping upon them from the rear, and at the moment when the fight appeared to be lost, big drops of rain began to fall, developing into a steady downpour. The direction of the wind also changed, thus repelling the onslaught of the fire and preventing any real damage. Sighs of relief escaped the gallant defenders, who, thankful that at last their task was over, hastily sought shelter.

How changed in appearance the Spring found that district! Instead of wide expanses of blackened giants, fresh, green undergrowth was seen to shoot up everywhere.

—Mary Best, 3B.

EXCHANGES

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

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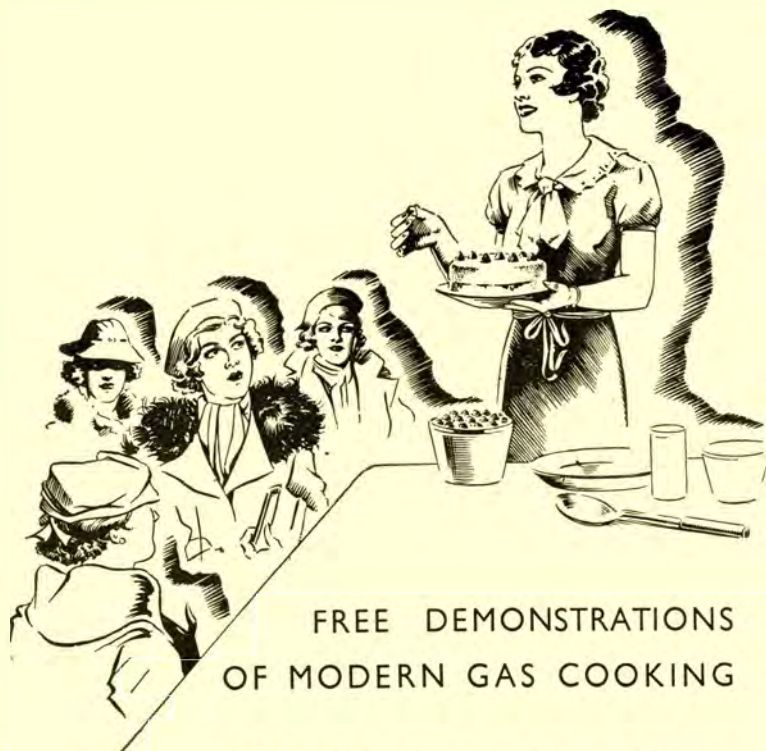
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