



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 8.

May, 1937

FOR THE NEW SEASON!



**Three new
styles . . .**

Guinea Handbags

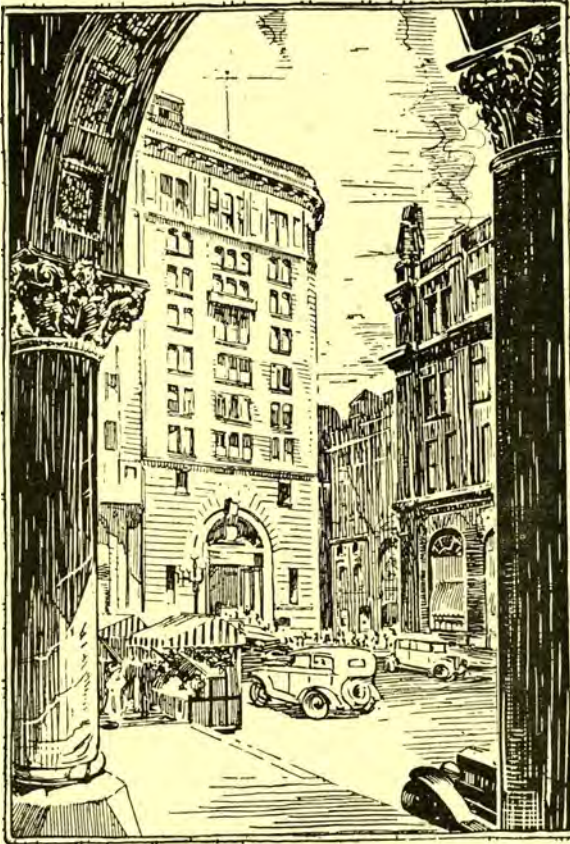
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Parents may interview the Principal, Miss Helen Terret, by appointment. Telephone B 1524.

NO EVENING CLASSES — NO POSTAL INSTRUCTION

MACQUARIE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Bank of New South Wales,
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When nuts are plentiful (and nuts are the riches of the squirrel world) the wise animal eats what he needs. But, little by little, he builds up a store of food against the lean future.

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IF . . .

you have loved the flowers and found new worlds of interest opened to you in the study of botany, your mind may dwell longingly on a lifetime spent among growing things. But you know that will mean study, perhaps a University course, hard work which will nevertheless not be hard to you because it is your choice and your absorbing interest.

IF—you have loved the sound of words and felt the fire of poetry burning within you, your dreams for the future will lie among the great literatures of the world, and you will plan to study so that you may lead others to what you have found good and lovely.

IF—you have wondered at the intricacies of vein and artery, nerves and muscles that form the miracle of the human body, you will be prepared to spend long years in learning how to serve your fellow men by healing broken bodies.

IF—you have been fascinated by the big machine of business, the precision and order which keeps clear and untangled all the confused and varied operations of an office, if your mind is keen and sharp to notice the seemingly unimportant detail, you will want to learn all you can so that you will be able to take a responsible place in the world of commerce.

There is much to learn before you can find yourself one of the important niches in business life. You must have a careful and accurate knowledge of shorthand, typing and bookkeeping, but that is not enough. You must learn to think for yourself, to be reliable, to be able to handle problems with commonsense and efficiency, to recognise them when they come and know what to do.

That is what the Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute is for. The M.G.S.I. is a college where girls who want to do more than the usual routine work can learn to fit themselves for better posts. There is no other course in Sydney quite like it, and employers are asking for more and more girls from the M.G.S.I., because their standard of work is so far above the average. There is no good work achieved in the world without care and preparation. To be content with half-way measures and surface knowledge will mean your whole lifetime spent in the rut, no matter what vocation you follow. It is the trained mind, the educated intelligence, the courteous and capable girl who has followed M.G.S.I. standards for whom employers are waiting to-day.

That girl can be you—IF you will.

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Founded by Metropolitan Business College



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G. P. LANE (N.S.W. Premier Coach)

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SPECIAL CLASS PLAY UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION EACH
SATURDAY, 9.30 — 12.30.

Lane's School of Tennis (est. 12 years) is recognised as the premier coaching establishment of New South Wales.

Lane's methods have proved themselves thorough. He gives his pupils mastery of the game. A little good advice may mean a heap of improvement. Consult only a specialist, who has proved his ability, having coached such players as above-mentioned.

A very comprehensive class for juniors is featured on Saturday morning at a moderate fee.

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND FULL PARTICULARS:—

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Macleay Street, Potts Point

'Phone: FL 1742

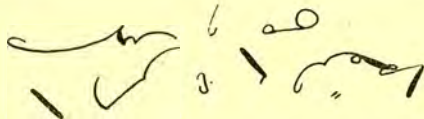
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16" GLOBITE ATTACHE CASE

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OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES



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Modern Secretarial Day Course includes Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Office Practice, Business English and Arithmetic, Filing Systems, Adding, Billing and Duplicating Machines, Telephone Switchboards, etc. Tuition is one hundred per cent. "Individual," and all qualified students are placed through the College Employment Department.

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SCHOOL
WEAR**

*For
Girls*



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FUJI DE
LUXE**

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Special
Price, 2/11½

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ALL-WOOL "DOCTOR"
FLANNEL BLAZERS!**

Well tailored and bound
black, flat or narrow
Braid.

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Special Price, 13/11

Size, 32 inches.

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Sizes, 34 to 36 inches.

Special Price, 15/11

**GIRLS' BLACK
REVERSIBLE
RAINCOATS!**

Lengths,
24-in. to 46-in.
Prices ranging
from:

11/9 to 19/11

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ALL-WOOL
NAVY ELASTIC
KNIT JUMPER!**

With colored Collage
Stripes. Size, 26 inches.
Special Price, 6/6

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26-in.	28-in.
7/6	8/6
30-in.	
9/6	
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10/6	11/6
36-in.	
12/6	

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NAVY SERGE
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In fine quality. Well
cut. Length, 22 ins.
SPECIAL PRICES,

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24-in.	27-in.	30-in.
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16/11	17/11	19/11
42-in.	44-in.	
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Finest quality trimmings
Navy Felt. Choose from
two popular shapes. Large
all-round brims and slight
droop with cutaway back.
Comfortable shallow
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Special Price, 4/9.

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THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH
SCHOOL

MAY, 1937.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

The Staff:

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

Deputy-Principal: Miss TURNER, B.A.

Department of English:

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss BELL, B.A.

Miss CAMPBELL, B.A.

Miss CROXON, B.A.

Miss FRENCH, B.A.

Miss MOORE, B.A.

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

Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss HEWITT, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss PATE, B.A.

Miss SIMONS, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

Miss LESSLIE, B.A. (Mistress) (Absent on leave).

Miss McGEORGE, B.A.

Miss NICOL-MURRAY, B.A.

Miss PATE, B.A.

Miss PIRANI, B.A.

Miss TAYLOR, B.A.

Miss WADDINGTON, B.Sc.

Miss WESTON, M.A.

Department of Science:

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress)

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc.

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc.

Miss WADDINGTON, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss COLLINS, B.A.

Miss EDWARDS, B.A.

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Music: Mrs. JAMES, Miss SHAW.

Miss FRENCH, B.A.

Miss HARDERS.

Mrs. RYAN, Dip., Bescancon Univ.

Needlework: Miss BURTON.

Physical Culture: Miss ANDERSON.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Captain, 1937: MELBRA LYONS.



THE CAPTAIN AND THE PREFECTS, 1937.
Front Row: Dorothy Harvey, Nellie Pope (Senior Prefect), Melbra Lyons (Captain), Dorothy Dodd, Joyce Nelson.
Back Row: Jean Spence, Nina Whiting, Margaret Montieth, Revvie Wallace, Shirley Rees.

THE PREFECTS MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL

"Time marches on" is the modern phrase which expresses so well the ordered haste of modern progress. And, whilst endeavouring to keep in step most mortals find little opportunity to reminisce, nay, sometimes even to reflect. To this rule we Fortians are no exception as all "old girls" will readily remind you.

We begin our high school careers full of the eagerness of youth; gradually we merge into our new environment; the years slip by—and lo! we are on the threshold of a new sphere of life. Small wonder, then, that most departing seniors gasp involuntarily when they look back over the years that have changed them from "new" to "old" girls—five happy years, that will remain, despite their seeming brevity, for ever in the memory of all.

But to every true Fortian, however dazed she may be, by the rapid passing of her school days, comes vividly the realisation that the course she has steered has not been one of her own calculation alone. Deep in her heart lies due gratitude to and respect for those who have gone before her, who by their enterprise and enthusiasm have helped to formulate the chart which has guided her so faithfully, and to which she, too, can add her little bit, for the benefit of those who are to follow.

Let this sentiment, then, strike the keynote of our message to the school. Fortians, forget not your predecessors; bear in mind the worthy traditions they have handed down, the "great deeds" they have

wrought, that form the imperishable foundations of this great institution—and finally remember that your duty lies not in gratitude alone, but in emulation.

ROUND THE SCHOOL THE STAFF

There were several changes in the staff at the beginning of the year. The Misses Dunlop and Russell were transferred to Bowral and Coff's Harbour respectively and we wish them happiness in their new surroundings. To Miss Lesslie and Dr. Murray, who set out on tours abroad, we wish "bon voyage" and to the new members of the Staff—the Misses Bell, Burton, Edwards, French, McGeorge, Shaw (a former pupil) and Waddington (a former captain) we extend a hearty welcome.

MATRICULATION SCHOLARSHIPS

The school is delighted with the success of Joyce McCredie who has won the James Aitken Scholarship, the John West Medal and Grahame Prize Medal for General Proficiency, and the Fairfax Prize for General Proficiency amongst female candidates, and shared the Lithgow Scholarship No. 1 for French and German.

Training College Scholarships were gained by Norma Abernethy (Music), Nancy Alexander, Jean Clutterbuck (Music), Ella Dyer, Valerie Hands, Joyce McCredie, Ina McDonald, Ethe Pierce, Margaret Potter, Peggy Propert, Joy Putland, Gwenyth Rowe, (Music), Doris Sutton and Joyce Thompson.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT PRIZES

Joyce McCredie was awarded one of the prizes given by the French Government to the best three candidates to pass Paper II., who also passed the oral tests at the Leaving Certificate Examination.

Jocelyn McCall was awarded the Medal for the best paper in French at the Intermediate Certificate Examination.

Bursaries on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination were gained by Gwen Smith, Zara Segal, Thelma McKeon, and Bessie McVicar.

Scholarships tenable at the Technical College for four years were awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination to Mavis Blackman and Beryl Ezold in Art and Yvonne Clutton and Elsie Thomas in Needlework.

The Ada Partridge Prize, which is awarded to the best "Fortian" candidate at the Leaving Certificate Examination was won by Joyce McCredie.

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

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

The Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize, which is awarded to the "Fortian" who secures the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was won by Dorothy Hamilton.

The Brendan Lane Mullins Memorial Gold Medal, and the C. J. Loewenthal Prize, were

won by Joyce McCredie, the best candidate in the Australian History Honours section of the Leaving Certificate Examination. As Joyce had won these prizes in 1936 also, she was not able to hold them.

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

English.—First Class: Dorothy Hamilton.

French.—First Class: Joyce McCredie (third place) and Rose Clarke. Second Class: Marjorie McKechnie.

German.—First Class: Joyce McCredie and Marjorie McKechnie (first place, two equal). Second Class: Rose Clarke.

History.—First Class: Joyce McCredie, Second Class: Beth Boaden and Dorothy Hamilton.

Chemistry.—Second Class: Marjorie McKechnie.

Botany.—Second Class: Dorothy Hamilton.

University Exhibitions in the Faculty of Arts were gained by Dorothy Hamilton and Joyce McCredie.

University Bursaries were gained by Dorothy Hamilton and Joyce McCredie.

SPEECH DAY

On the morning of December 16th 1936 when Fort Street Girls' High School held its Annual Speech Day, the hall of the Conservatorium of Music took on a gayer appearance than usual, for it was beautifully decorated with huge baskets of hydrangeas, while outside groups of girls in white frocks on their way to the hall made a pleasing contrast with the green grass.

It was a perfect day and the old sun shone its brightest as it

looked upon this scene.

All is quiet and still within. But look!—the doors are opening. Now let us have one more peep inside. What a spectacle. There on the platform are seated many valued friends of the school including Mr. J. G. McKenzie, B.A., B.Ec. (Deputy Chief Inspector of Schools), Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Steel, Mr. Clyne, M.L.A., Miss Partridge, and Miss Cruise, former principals, the Staff of the school, prize winners and the choir. The Visitors and the girls are in the body of the hall.

The proceedings were opened with the school song "The Best School of All" after which the Chairman, Mr. McKenzie, gave an interesting speech on education and referred to the pleasure we all had in welcoming our headmistress, Miss Cohen, after her tour abroad.

Miss Cohen then read the Annual Report of the school, recording our successes both in study and in sport. Reference was also made to the many school activities and to the social work of the pupils. Under Mrs. James's able baton, the choir had scored many successes in the Sydney Eisteddfod. The success of the play "A Kiss for Cinderella," was due to the excellent work done by Miss Collins.

Everyone present enjoyed the items rendered by the school choir and the clever interesting address given by Miss Steel.

Mr. Clyne, who attends regularly each year delivered a speech which made us all think of our opportunities and responsibilities.

Then came the most important item of the programme—the presentation of the prizes by Mrs. McKenzie and the investi-

ture of the captain and prefects.

The Captain for 1936 (Gwen Curran) and the Captain-elect for 1937 (Melbra Lyons) on behalf of the school thanked Mrs. McKenzie and the speakers for their interest in the school and their kindness in taking part in the proceedings.

"Come! Fortians All" and the National Anthem brought another memorable Speech Day to a close.

LUCY MEEHAN,
4B.

The following is a list of the prize and Certificate winners.

PRIZES

Dux of the School: Joyce McCredie.
Second Proficiency Prize: Marjorie McKechnie.

Dux of Year IV: Joyce Nelson.
Second Proficiency Prize: Jean Spence.

Dux of Year III: Peggy Weine.
Second Proficiency Prize: Gene Seale.
Dux of Year II: Joan Cook.

Second Proficiency Prize: Lois Isherwood and Clarice Laraghy (equal).

Dux of Year I: Dora Marshall and Pamela Burden (Equal).
Second Proficiency Prize: Joan Softly.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L.C. Examination, 1935): Maria Boldini.

Molly Thornhill Prize (best pass in I.C. Examination, 1935): Joyce Nelson.

Emily Cruise Prize (best pass in History I.C. Examination, 1935): Joyce Nelson.

Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English L.C. Examination, 1935): Maria Boldini.

Prefects' Prize for Empire Day Essays: Senior: Hazel Keavney; Junior: Gene Seale.

Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize for Australian History, Year II.: Elizabeth Swann.

Mrs. Newell's Prize for English and History, Year V.: Dorothy Hamilton.

Mrs. Newell's Prize for French and

Latin, Year III.: Peggy Weine.

Paling's Special Prize for Instrumental Music: Mary Best.

Mrs. James's Special Prize for best pass at the Conservatorium: Lois Kerkin.

Mrs. James's Special Prize for Accompaniste: Robina Murray.

Prize donated anonymously by L.C. candidate, 1933, for girl making greatest improvement in Year II.: K. Collins.

Prize donated by School Guides for girl making greatest improvement in Year I.: H. Lyons.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes (donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson): Margaret Montrose and Gwen Smith equal, First Prize; Jean Spence and Betty Spence equal, Second Prize.

L'Alliance Francaise Prizes.—Grade II., First Prize: Rose Clarke. **Prize for Reading:** Rose Clarke. **Grade III: Prizes for Conversation:** Marian Anderson and Zara Segal.

CERTIFICATES

Year V.

English: Dorothy Hamilton.

Modern History: Joyce McCredie.

Latin: Joyce McCredie, Marjorie McKechnie.

French: Joyce McCredie.

German: Joyce McCredie.

Mathematics: Dorothy Hamilton.

Chemistry: Marjorie McKechnie.

Botany: Dorothy Hamilton.

Economics: Jean Barnett.

Music: Fay Taylor.

Needlework: Esma Curran.

Art: Jean Clutterbuck.

Physical Culture: Jean Palmer.

Year IV.

English: Hazel Keavney.

Modern History: Hazel Keavney.

Latin: Joyce Nelson: prox. acc., Nellie Pope.

French: Mavis Heckenberg and Joyce Nelson (equal).

Mathematics: Jean Spence.

Chemistry: Joyce Nelson and Jean Spence (equal).

Botany: Jean Adams.

Geology: Hazel Keavney.

Geography: Marjorie Glasson.

Economics: Heather Stewart.

Art: Joan Mathers: prox. acc., Beverley Barnett.

Music: Joan Mathers.

Needlework: Winsome Woodger.

Physical Culture: Heather Stewart.

Year III.

English: Gene Seale: prox. acc., Peggy Weine.

History: Irene Ives.

Latin: Peggy Weine.

French: Peggy Weine: prox. acc., Gene Seale.

German: Zara Segal.

Mathematics I.: Peggy Weine.

Mathematics II.: Thelma McKeon.

Elementary Science: Peggy Weine.

Geography: Jean Smart: prox. acc., Robina Murray.

Needlework: Mary Craig.

Music: Elsie Thomas.

Art: Beryl Ezold.

Physical Culture: Betty Sime.

Year II

English: Clarice Laraghy.

History: Clarice Laraghy.

Latin: Joan Cook.

French: Clarice Laraghy: prox. acc., Ruth Sullivan.

German: Joan Cook: prox. acc., Coralie Corner.

Mathematics I.: Joan Cook and Clarice Laraghy (equal): prox. acc., Daphne Heffernan.

Mathematics II.: Marjorie Small and Elizabeth Swann (equal).

Elementary Science: Clarice Laraghy.

Geography: Gwenda Barrett: prox. acc., Gwendoline Macnaught.

Needlework: Lesly Herron and Elizabeth Pearse (equal).

Music: Lesly Herron.

Art: Dorothy Shade.

Physical Culture: Anne Dircks.

Year I.

English: Jean Softly.

History: Joan Softly.

Latin: Elaine Tout.

French: Pamela Burden and Joan Tregear (equal).

Mathematics I.: Joyce Kirby.

Mathematics II.: Joan Tregear: prox. acc., Pamela Burden.

Elementary Science: Heather Lovering.

Geography: Dora Marshall: prox. acc., Joyce Kirby.

Needlework: Joan Softly and Lesly McEvay (equal).

Physical Culture: Pat Dalzell.

THE LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statement:—1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 8, Modern History; 11, Chemistry; 12, Botany; 15, Art; 16, Lower Standard Mathematics; 17, Economics; 18, Music; 22, Dressmaking.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours, "H2" second-class honours, "A" first-class pass, "B" second-class pass, and "L" a pass at the lower standard; the sign (o) those who passed in the oral tests in French and German.

Abernethy, Norma Elizabeth, 1B 3B 5A 8B 12B 15B 18B
 Alexander, Nancy Joyce, 1B 2B 3B 4B(o) 5B 17B.
 Barnett, Frances Jean, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12A 17B.
 Boaden, Beth, 1A 2A 3B 5B 8H2 11A 17B.
 Board, Joyce Isabel, 1A 2B 3B 5B.
 Clarke, Rose Elyse, 1B 2B 3H1(o) 4H2(o) 5B 12B.
 Clutterbuck, Jean Kathleen, 1A 3L 5B 8B 12B 15B 18A.
 Curran, Esma Mildred, 1B 3B 5B 6B 11L 15B 22B.
 Curran, Gwendoline Olive, 1A 2B 3B(o) 4B 5B 6B.
 Dyer, Ella Elizabeth, 1A 3L 5B 8B 15B 17B 22B.
 Hamilton, Dorothy Clare, 1H1 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 8H2 12H2.
 Hands, Valerie Harrison, 1A 2B 3A 5A 6B 8B 11A.
 Judd, Noreen, 1B 3B 5B 12L 17B.
 Lee, Margaret Ellen, 1A 3B 8B 15B 17B.
 Macdonald, Catherine, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8B 12L.
 McCredie, Joyce, 1A 2A 3H1(o) 4H1(o) 5A 6A 8H1.
 McKechnie, Marjorie, 1A 2A 3H2(o) 4H1(o) 5A 6B 11H2.
 Palmer, Alice Jean, 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 8A 12B.
 Pierce, Ethel, 1B 3B 4L 5B 11B 17B.
 Potter, Margaret C., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 11B.
 Proctor, Frances Louise, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A.
 Propert, Peggy Veronica, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 12L 17B.
 Putland, Joy Lynette, 1A 2B 3B 5B 8B 15B.
 Rottenbury, Sylvia Sarah, 1B 5B 12L 18B.
 Rowe, Gwenyth Isabella, 1A 3B 5B 8B 12A 15B 18A.
 Savage, Ethel Watkin, 1B 3B 5B 15B 22B.
 Sork, Sonia, 1A 3B 5B 8B.
 Southwell, Lillian Vera, 1B 3B 5B 17B 22B.
 Spencer, Audrey S., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5B 6B 8B 11A.
 Sutton, Helen Doris, 1B 5B 12B 22B.
 Taylor, Rosemary Fay, 1A 3B 5B 8B 15B 18B.
 Thompson, Joyce Josephine, 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 8B 15B.
 Wilkinson, Della Grace, 1B 3B 12L 15B 16 pass.

THE INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS

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

Anderson, Agnes, 1B 2A 4B 6A 7B.
 Anderson, M. M., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Atkins, Helen Edith, 1B 2A 3B 7A 20B 22B.
 Austin, Betty M., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 11B 20B 22A.
 Baker, Jean F., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Barnett, Lylie E., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5A 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Barrett, Margaret F., 1B 2A 3B 7B 21A 22B.
 Beaver, Margaret C., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Bell, Jean, 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 21B 22A.
 Best, Mary, 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A.
 Blackman, Mavis, 1A 2A 7B 20A 22B.
 Bohn, Doreen M., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Borthwick, Mollie, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A 11B.
 Brackpool, M. D., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Bragg, Audrey M., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6B 7B(o) 11B.

- Breaden, Margaret I., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 22A.
 Bridgen, Enid M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Bruce, Joy M., 1A 2A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Burke, Nancy V., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Canney, Joyce M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 21A 22B.
 Cary, Shirley W., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Clutton, Yvonne, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 20B 22A.
 Cochran, Rita E., 1A 2A 3B 7B 11B 21A 22B.
 Cole, Shirley E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Craig, M. M. C., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Curtis, Mary J., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 20A.
 Dalton, Mary F., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11A.
 Davies, Marjorie G., 1B 2A 3B 4B 7B 21B 22B.
 Drake, Yvonne J., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11A.
 Edwards, Beryl A., 1A 2B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Eichler, Jessie E., 1B 2B 3A 4B 20B 22B.
 Evans, Bernice, 1B 2B 3B 5B 7A 20B 22A.
 Ezold, Beryl E., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11B 20A 22A.
 Fletcher, Elizabeth, 1A 2A 3A 4B 7B 20B 22B.
 Fooke, Olive, 1A 2B 4B 5B 7A 11B.
 Gardner, Dorothy E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Goodge, Nessie G., 1A 2B 3B 4B 7B 22B.
 Gow, Dorothy G., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 22B.
 Griffiths, Muriel, 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Guthrie, Rita H., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Hadlington, Florence I., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Hatcher, Thelma E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Henderson, Judith V., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Hill, Gloria M., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7B 11A.
 Hodgson, Myrtle D., 1A 2B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Hollier, G. M., 1A 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A 21A.
 Ives, Irene M., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Jordan, Audrey E., 1A 2B 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Judd, Marguerite N., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
 Kelly, Cressy J., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A 21A.
 Kerkin, L. J., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5B 7A(o) 11A 21A 22B.
 King, Rhona, 1B 2A 3A 7B 22B.
 Kinsella, Marie P., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Knuckey, Marie E., 1A 2A 3B 4B 7A(o) 11B 20B.
 Krust, Jean E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
 Lamotte, Marjorie J., 1B 2A 3A 5B 11B 20B 22B.
 Le Neuf, Marie, 1A 4A 5A 6B 7A 11B.
 Lewis, Grace U., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Macrae, Bessie P., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Maley, Betty P., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B.
 May, Beatrice C., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7A 11B 20B 22B.
 Mave, Marjorie L., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11B.
 McClelland, Bennette R., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 McColl, Joycelyn E., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 McKeon, Thelma J., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 McKinnon, Joan C., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 McVicar, C. B., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Montrose, Winifred M., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
 Murray, Robina H., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7A 21A 22A.
 Murton, Dorothy J., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Nelson, Lorna D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 20B 22B.
 Nesbitt, Betty, 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 20B 22A.
 O'Malley, Nari J., 1B 2B 3A 4B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Pallier, Joan M., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B.
 Parks, Judith, 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Peach, Constance, 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Pearson, Florence, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Pickette, Lorna M., 1A 2B 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Prance, Joyce W., 1B 2B 4B 6B 7B 21B.
 Prutt, Betty J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Quigg, Marion E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Raffin, Patricia A., 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.

Ralph, Nancy M., 1A 2B 4B 6A 7B 11B.
 Randall, Francis I., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 7B 20B 22A.
 Reid, Joan, 1A 2A 3B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Renwick, Dorothy E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B 21A.
 Roberts, Gwyneth E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Robson, Norma P., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 20B 22B.
 Rock, Joyce M., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 20A 22B.
 Roper, Cecily M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7B.
 Royston, Enid R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Rushbrooke, Betty L., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
 Seale, Gene O., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A(o) 8B(o) 11A.
 Segal, Zara, 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Shuttleworth, A., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Sime, Betty F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 21B.
 Slinn, Grace E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 7B.
 Smart, Jean, 1A 2B 3A 4A 5B 7B 11B 20B 22B.
 Smith, Gwen N., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11A.
 Smith, Pamela M., 1A 2A 4B 5A 6B 7A(o).
 Stewart, Joan, 1B 2B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Stinson, Roberta, 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B.
 Stoker, Lilwyn, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Stoneham, Vivienne J., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A 11B.
 Stott, Lesley E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 7B 11B.
 Sullivan, Betty M., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 7B 20B 22B.
 Swankie, Mina L., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B 21B 22B.
 Tamplin, Gwyneth A., 1B 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
 Thomas, Elsie M., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11B 21A 22A.
 Thomas, Marion F., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A.
 Travers, Joyce T., 1B 2B 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Tyne, Edna V., 1A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B 20B 22A.
 Underhill, Lillian M., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A.
 Vowles, Winifred J., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 11B.
 Weine, Peggy M., 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11A.
 Wickham, Nancy, 1B 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Wightman, Phyllis J., 1A 2A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o).
 Wignell, Jean L., 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7B 11B.
 Williams, Lillian D., 1B 4B 5B 6A 7B 11B.
 Wombey, Maisie E., 1A 4A 5B 6A 7A(o) 8A(o) 11B.
 Wooster, Yvonne E., 1A 2A 4B 5B 6A 7B 11A.
 Zschille, Shirley L., 1B 2B 4B 5B 11B 20B 22B.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION. 1937

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1937 were elected early in the year, the results being as follows:—

Year Representatives: June Huntley and Nellie Pope, Year V.; Olive Fooke, Year IV., Lorna Woodward, Year III.; June Lascelles, Year II.; Margarita Hills, Year I. and Peggy Weine, Year IV. Secretary. Melbra Lyons, the Captain of the School is ex officio a member of the Committee, The Staff Members are Miss Cohen, Principal, Misses Turner, Moore, Anderson and Weston (Treasurer).

FIFTH YEARS' PARTING GIFTS

On Miss Cohen's return from her trip abroad, the Fifth Years of 1936 entertained her at tea and presented her with a sundial to be erected in the School Grounds.

Some of these girls have also given personal gifts in appreciation of the training they received at the School, and we have to thank:

Marjorie McKechnie for a framed etching of St. Phillip's Church, Joyce McCredie for a prize of one pound (to be known as the Blackwood Memorial Prize), for the best Short

Story written for the November issue of the Magazine, Gwen Curran for a Clock for the Library. Beth Boaden for a Clock for the Assembly Hall, and Ethel Pierce, Margaret Potter, Joy Putland, and Ethel Savage, for books for the Reference Library.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mr. E. S. Davies, Inspector of Modern Languages has given the School a full set of Goethe's Works for the German Library.

Miss Ethel Bowie, a former member of the Staff has presented the School with a beautiful framed print of Van Gogh's picture, "The Woman Peeling Apples." This was given in memory of her Mother, who was a pupil of the School in 1866, and, two of whose drawings hang in the Art Room.

The ex-Fortians on the Staff at Broughton Hall have given a prize, books to the value of thirty shillings, for the girl in Fourth Year who makes the greatest improvement between the two half yearly examinations.

Mrs. Kirkby, has given a prize for Australian History in Second Year, in memory of the late Bishop Kirkby, who was so interested in this School. Bessie Swann, 2A (1936) was the first winner of this prize.

Mrs. Newell has again kindly offered a prize for English and History in Year V. and one for French and Latin in Year III.

Mrs. Hines, mother of Evelyn Hines, 3C Music Class, kindly

presented the Music Classes with a gramophone, and others including Mrs. James, have given some good records.

Palings and Co. Ltd., have again very kindly lent the School a piano.

For all these evidences of interest in the School, the Staff and Pupils are very grateful.

TENNIS

Miss Cohen on her return from Europe, presented the School with a beautiful silver cup for a tennis Trophy.

This gift was much appreciated and much enthusiasm is being shown in the Competition for it. There were 48 entries for the tournament, which is in progress and soon the Championship of the School will be decided.

ARMISTICE DAY COMMEMORATION

Once again, following the practice instituted by the late Very Reverend S. J. Kirkby, Bishop Coadjutor of Sydney, the pupils accompanied by their teachers attended St. Phillip's Church for the Armistice Day Service. In the congregation was Mr. G. R. Thomas, the Director of Education.

The girls had covered the grave of the late Bishop in the Church-grounds with beautiful flowers, and the Rev. T. C. Hammond, Rector of the Parish, expressed his appreciation of this kind and thoughtful act, and said that such acts were incentive to others to perform some kind deed. In his sermon, Mr. Hammond spoke of the inevitability of war considering human nature, but while war was not to be glorified, those

who gave their lives and services to the nation in time of war really deserved a crown of glory. The service which had begun with the singing of the National Anthem and the hymn "God of Our Fatherland", closed with Kipling's "Recessional" and the Benediction.

—Thelma Bowie, 4B.

SOCIAL SERVICE

At present the pupils are busy collecting warm clothing for needy children in Pymont and are knitting comforts for the old ladies at Newington.

THE CHORAL CONCERT

For the last four years, the Fort Street Choir has, under the instruction of Mrs. James, achieved excellent results in the annual Sydney Eisteddfod, and the reason for these successes was realized, when the Choral Concert, for which both junior and senior choirs and the violin class had been preparing assiduously, was given at the Conservatorium, December 10th, 1936. Great appreciation was shown by the large audience of the artistic rendering of the classics, and the co-ordination of the programme was remarkable.

An appropriate opening for the concert was accomplished by the full choir of one hundred and fifty voices, when Beethoven's Vesper Hymn was sung unaccompanied, this beautiful chorus being suitably followed by "Queen of the Night."

One of the most original and pleasing features of the concert was the use of period costumes by the soloists, thus adding greatly to the charm of their songs. Lesly Herron sang two

of Mendelssohn's most delightful melodies, and June Huntley dressed in beautiful brocade, followed with two Mozart selections, accompanied by Robina Murray on a dulcimer. The songs of Haydn and Schubert were rendered by Melva Snodgrass and Lena Whiting, their appearance in period costume being as charming as their singing.

Those who deserved special praise were the Junior Choir girls, whose songs rendered with remarkable grace were warmly encored by an appreciative audience; likewise the violin class excelled itself in two gavottes by Gluck and Czibulka.

At the end of each section of the programme, the choir accompanied the dancing arranged artistically by Miss Anderson, in the "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms, and the "Liebestraume" by Liszt, in which beautiful lighting effects were skilfully used and striking results achieved.

Throughout the concert, the interest of the audience did not once flag, and the solos and dancing proved to be the high lights of the evening. The work of Mrs. James, Miss Anderson and the girls was rewarded by the praise and applause of all who heard and saw it.

—Chorister, 5A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Debating Society this year was held in the Assembly Hall, on February 9th. At this meeting June Huntley was elected President, Bessie McVicar, Secretary, and the following girls are the Year Representatives for 1937:

Year V.: Nina Whiting, Year

IV.: Gwen Smith; Year III.: Betty George; Year II.: Winnie Kenyon.

The first debate was held on March 11th, when the subject discussed was, "The Race for Armaments is necessary." The Government was upheld by Hazel Heavney (leader), Revvie Wallace and Dorothy Dodd while Gabrielle O'Donnell (leader), Joyce Nelson and Shirley Rees formed the Opposition. The decision was given in favour of the Government.

The subject for the second debate, held on April 1st, was "Success is detrimental to Character." This debate by Fourth Years, was very interesting.

Helen Pierce, Judith Henderson and Betty Bell upheld the Government. Norma Regan, Marion Quigg and Gwen Smith formed the Opposition, which was successful in this occasion.

Miss Campbell adjudicates at the debates and we hope to hold many interesting ones, and maintain the high standard, set by members of our Debating Society in previous years.

—Bessie McVicar,
Secretary.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES

At the time of going to press, the following successes of Fortians at the University had been published:

In Arts: Joan Fraser and Mary Robinson, Credit in English II.; Joan Fraser, Credit in French II.; Maria Boldini, Distinction in German I.

In Science: Phyllis Jones, High Distinction Geology III.; Lesbia Wright, Credit in Organic and Inorganic Chemistry.

Peggy Dircks graduated in Pharmaceutical Science and Foods and Drugs Analysis and Chemistry.

In Medicine: Jean Livingston, Credit Year I.

In Dentistry: Doreen Musgrove, Credit in Year III.

Graduates in Arts include Adele Bieri, Phyllis Jones, Mona Ravenscroft, Enid Smith.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

The School Choir is very interested in preparing a group of songs for Empire Day, under the tuition of Mrs. James. These include, "Peaceful England," "Gentlemen, The King!" "Australia for ever" and a new song, "The King," composed in honour of His Majesty, King George VI. Mrs. James thinks this will be the first occasion on which this song will be sung in public in Australia.

Early in April, the school Choir was heard through Station 2FC, rendering in their usual artistic manner, a group of Beethoven's songs.

The Choir has been invited to take part in the Coronation Concert to be held in the Town Hall on May 5 (Empire Night), and on that occasion the girls will sing "Beautiful Lady Moon" and "Rillaby Rill." Girls trained by Miss Anderson will interpret the Choir's rendering of Brahms's "Hungarian Dance."

The new violin class in Year II. has 20 members and the pianoforte classes has six members drawn from Fourth and Fifth Years. These girls are preparing for Grade III and II Conservatorium Examination (Piano).

THE FIFTH YEAR'S PARTY TO THE FIRST YEARS

Having been hold by a mistress that a surprise party, kindly given by the Fifth Year Girls to the First Years and new Fourth Year Girls was being held in the Assembly Hall that afternoon, the class was athrill with excitement. Immediately permission was received, 1A marched to the Hall where Miss Cohen gave an address to First Year. After the address which concerned the rules and etiquette of the school, we filed out to find an interesting game waiting to be played. Having pencil and paper in readiness we were told by the Captain of the School to obtain as many autographs from Fifth Year Girls as we could within a time limit of ten minutes. I think that able to write, very much more out hostesses would have been able to write very much more quickly if such a multitude of paper had not been flapping in front of their noses, but I am sure, because of the high total that the winner had, that they were writing very swiftly.

Following that game was an order to go inside which was very quickly obeyed by everyone. Plates piled with cakes were brought around by a few of the Fifth Year Girls and others followed with various coloured drinks. It certainly must have been rather a large order to cater for over three hundred girls.

After the refreshments there was a musical game in which the Captain read a story punctuated by many pauses. During these pauses an extract from some melody was played and the name of that melody fitted in

the story. For instance, in one part the story ran, "He said "Do you know how to play—?" The popular tune which was then played was "Knock—Knock." The successful competitors, of whom there were three had another trial, and the final winner received a badge. We newcomers had not heard the school songs and these were sung for us by the school prefects. Then the ever-popular community singing was commenced and such favourites as "Daisy," "San Francisco" and "Here We Are Again" were rendered. But the time had passed too quickly for the sound of the siren was heard and a chorus of groans rent the air.

I should like to take this opportunity to express our thanks to the Fifth Year Girls for their kind welcome to the insignificant (or so we previously thought) First Year Girls.

—Margarite Hills, 1A.

OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

"Say not that she did well or ill,

Only, she did her best."

Such is the Fort Street spirit and was plainly shown at the fortieth swimming carnival of Fort Street Girls' High School, which was held at the Coogee Aquarium Baths in glorious sunshine and under bright blue skies on February 22nd.

Amidst the loud encouragement of the onlookers, the places for the various events were eagerly striven for, with that spirit of keen, but friendly rivalry which was noticeable throughout the afternoon.

There were thirty events, all of which called for skill and practice and these ranged from

championship to novelty races; however all went off with a swing, thanks to Miss Anderson and other members of the staff, who so ably assisted her in the organisation of the carnival, and to Mr. Hellings, Mr. McDonald and Mr. Griffiths, who so kindly acted as judges and starter respectively.

3A won the coveted point score shield, with 4B a close second.

And so the afternoon wore on, filled with excitement, cheering and congratulations, until amid the hearty applause of all, Miss Cohen presented the Senior and the Junior Cups to Edna Smith who had won both.

The carnival was a huge success, and one point to be remembered is the spirit shown by both winners and losers—that spirit of which Fort Street is proud, and which it intends to maintain.

The results are as follows:—

100 Yards School Championship: E. Smith, 1; J. Lascelles, 2; B. Barnett, 3.

16 Years Championship: D. Griffith, 1; J. Garbett, 2; J. Brown, 3.

15 Years Championship: B. Propert, 1; J. Mazzerol, 2; E. Turner, 3.

14 Years Championship: E. Smith, 1; Y. Drake, 2; N. Kendrick, 3.

13 Years Championship: J. Lascelles, 1; P. Penny, 2; L. Loord, 3.

12 Years Championship: N. Drake, 1; P. Martin, 2; P. Coxon, 3.

11 Years Championship: S. Johnston, 1; L. Dennis, 2; H. McVicar, 3.

Junior Championship: E. Smith, 1; P. Martin, 2; J. Lascelles, 3.

Senior 33 Yards: D. Harvey, 1; C. Arkinstall, 2; L. Hermes, 3.

Junior 33 Yards: B. McVicar, 1; P. Greenwald, 2; D. Harrison, 3.

Breaststroke Championship: B. Propert, 1; J. Henderson, 2; J. Mazzerol, 3.

Backstroke Championship: Y. Drakes, 1; D. Griffith, 2; B. Barnett, 3.

Junior Breaststroke: P. Coxon, 1; G. Baseley, 2; P. Penny, M. Green, 3.

Junior Backstroke: P. Martin, 1; Y. Drake, 2; M. Melville, 3.

Diving: B. Propert, 1; P. Penny, 2; P. Coxon, 3.

Junior Diving: P. Martin, 1; P. Coxon, 2; P. Penny, 3.

Old Girls' Race: P. Propert, 1; P. Miles, 2; B. Moffett, 3.

Rescue Race: N. Kendrick and J. Mazzerol, 1; J. Nelson and L. Hermes, 2; J. Henderson and M. Le Neuf, 3.

Junior Rescue Race: M. Green and P. Atkinson, 1; M. Pittman and S. Tuckwell, 2; J. Pye and D. Harrison, 3.

Six Oar Race: W. Schmidt, J. Mazzerol, and B. Stewart, 1; M. Lyons, D. Harvey, and B. Barnett, 2; D. Griffith, B. Atkinson, and J. Brown, 3.

Year Relay: 3rd Year, 1; 2nd Year, 2; 5th Year, 3.

N.B.: The 17 Years Championship was declared "No Race."

—Maureen Bridle, 4B.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS

Season 1936-1937.

First Class Instructor: Marie Donnelley.

Second Class Instructor: Audrie Tetley.

Australian Bronze Cross: Roberta Stintson, Loris Hermes, Merle Mitchell, Marie Donnelley, Revvie Wallace, Jean Brown.

Bronze Medallion: Leslie Stott, Nancy Maddocks, Winnie Schmidt, Barbara Stewart, Gwen Tamplin, Joan Stewart, Yvonne Drake, Beryl Propert, Gwen Bazeley, Marie Le Neuf, Janet Dircks, Joyce Pye, Marcelle Goodfellow, Jose Mazzarol, Lesly Herron, Pat Coxon, Coral Lee, Joan Oag, Norma Kendrick, Dorothy Scott, Edna Smith.

Resuscitation, Elementary and Intermediate Certificate: Nancy Maddocks, Winnie Schmidt, Barbara Stewart, Gwen Tamplin, Joan Stewart, Yvonne Drake, Beryl Propert, Gwen Bazeley, Marie Le Neuf, Janet Dircks, Joyce Pye, Marcelle Goodfellow, Jose Mazzarol, Pat Coxon, Coral Lee, Joan Oag, Norma Kendrick, Dorothy Scott, Lillian Wallace, Pam Coxon, Molly Taylor, Valerie Wilson, Jean Cliff, Pattie Penney, Bessie Levot, Dorothy Stevenson, Shirley Tuckwell, Margaret Pitman, Anne Dircks, Helen Robertson, Mary Green, Pat Atkinson, Maxine James.

Miss Anderson and the above named girls are to be congratulated on their success.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The Reference Library is open at recess on Tuesdays and Fridays, when books may be taken out and returned. For reference purposes the library is open throughout the day and after school.

We would like to thank Ethel Pierce for a copy of "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe, Margaret Potter for "The Silver Jubilee Book," Ethel Savage for "In the Steps of St. Paul," by H. V. Morton, Joy Putland for "Gone Nomad,"

by Archer Russell and Maria Boldini for "Pageant," by G. B. Lancaster.

We must also thank Gwen Curran who generously presented the school with a clock for the Library.

Librarians: Joy, Bruce, Rita Guthrie, Frances Randall, Marion Thomas, Marie Knuckey.

FICTION LIBRARY

The Fiction Library this year is very popular with the First and Fourth Year Girls. We are able to satisfy the wants of the Lower School, but would like many more books of a type suitable for the Upper School. Books by such authors as Sabatini, Broster, Wren, Heyer, and historical novels in general, would be very acceptable.

Perhaps some of the old girls would care to present the library with books by the above authors.

O. Fooke, M. Le Neuf, W. Kinsella, D. Renwick, G. Tamplin, and P. Wightman—Librarians.

Since the above was written, Gwen Barton, a former pupil presented the Fiction Library with eleven story-books which were most gratefully received.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN UNION

We have been glad to welcome new members to the Student Christian Union this year, and we hope that they will continue to come regularly. Miss Campbell's circle will meet in Room 18 and Miss Pirani's circle in Room 24 from 10.30 to 11 a.m. on Thursdays.

The subjects for study this year are, "The Manhood of the Master" and "The Gospel of St.

John," which ought to prove very interesting.

Attractive writing pad covers, bright pictures and cotton reels are being collected for the kindergarten at Alexandria for these are much appreciated by the little children there.

—Bessie Blacket, President.

HUMANE POSTER COMPETITION

In the recent competition held by Farmer and Co., Pitt Street, during the "Be Kind to Animals Week," several old Fortians are noticed in the list of prize winners. In Group IV., Black and White Section, Molly O'Neill, 14 years, gained First Prize. In Group V., Black and White Section, Jean Wylie gained 2nd Prize. In Group V., Colour Section, Betty Sangster's work was highly commended. In Group VI. (Pets), Betty Sangster secured 3rd Prize, and in the same section, Joyce Smyth's work was highly commended. Joyce was the only present pupil to send in a drawing for the Competition.

DRAMATIC READINGS

At the first meeting this year Peggy Roberts was thanked for her services as Secretary to the Society last year and Margaret Brackpool was elected to fill that office.

Fifth Years opened this year's programme by reading a one-act farce entitled "The Sevres Teacups" and on March 23rd, Fourth Years entertained the members with A. A. Milne's play, "The Stepmother."

A programme has been drawn up and Third Years will provide

the programme at the next meeting.

Margaret Brackpool,
Secretary.

THE TIDE OF LIFE

Old Tom Radcliffe slowly let the anchor clatter over-board and turned his eyes, dimmed with age and now clouded with pain and tears, on the terrible floods. He was safe, there in the old dinghy. Safe—the thought brought him nothing but pain. The old eyes turned again. The waters were mounting ever higher—already the boiling silver demons were licking greedily at the foundations of his home. His home! The old man choked.

As he sat there in the tossing boat, the vista of his life passed before him. He saw himself, young, gay and ambitious— anxious to rise above his position as a clerk in Soame and Company, anxious to win and be worthy of the slim, golden-haired girl whose eyes became starry when she saw him. Elizabeth, with her faith, her courage—her clean, sweet loveliness. He saw again that wonderful day in the tiny red church which somehow seemed finer than a Cathedral—his dear little wife in misty satin and foaming veil, her lovely face brighter and sweeter than the clematis she carried. Again his heart swelled with almost unbearable joy as he spoke those glorious words, "Elizabeth, this is Our House!" He heard her choking little sigh, again he felt that leaden weight of disappointment as she burst into tears.

"Darling, don't you like it," he had faltered. Then she had turned her clear eyes on him,

whispering, "I feel as if I'd come home."

God had blessed their union with a soft, tiny, wholly adorable baby, Barry—the hope and joy of his heart. He could see him now, the merry, pugnacious little rascal, always with a laugh on his lips. It was with a gay laugh that he had gone forth to the Great Adventure—tall, straight and manly in his uniform, he had answered the clarion call of King and Country. Tom and Elizabeth had stood at the gate of the beloved little house, and had seen him go striding past the river—the river which he had always loved. It was their last sight of him. A yellow scrap of paper, a harmless looking thing, had killed something in both their hearts. "Killed in Action"—the words floated before his eyes—He heard Elizabeth moan, and caught her as she swayed.

Six months later he had given her into God's keeping, his proud shoulders bowed. "Lay me to rest by the river," she had whispered. The river! Impotently, he gazed wildly at the dark waves which eddied and churned past the boat. He sobbed aloud, poor old man, as he watched its final work of destruction.

The gate crashed in. Relentlessly, the water flung themselves once more to the attack. The tall apple tree which Barry had climbed as a boy, cracked with a noise like a doomed soul wailing. After that it was only a matter of minutes. Tom turned his head away quickly as the old house broke up—as the roof crashed in on his house and his hopes and his very life.

Slowly he pulled up the anchor

and let the boat float aimlessly on, borne by the omnipotent tide of the river.

—Hazel Keavney, 5A.

IN MY GALLERY

Treading the pathway of life, we encounter many things; sorrow, gladness, love, pain, and beauty, each remaining with us, for an indefinite period, pre-eminent for a moment in our lives, but gradually growing dim and fading into oblivion. Yet there are some things which remain clear and fresh as on the day on which they were painted in living colours on the canvas of our minds, to be obliterated only by death.

These are vivid pictures on the leaves of Memory, imprinted there when at different times some hidden chord within us has been stirred by a scene of quaint loveliness or pathetic sadness, especially significant at the moment.

In my personal collection there are few of dramatic or magnificent beauty but rather are they simple scenes, which, for some unknown reason, have traced themselves indelibly on my memory to be recalled at leisure with joy, and, occasionally, regret.

As I write, I visualise, as if it were yesterday, a verdant slope, carpeted with myriads of tiny field daisies. A moment passes and into the field runs a bare-footed child carried unsteadily on his plump brown legs. A tuft of thistledown caresses his cheek, and, his brown eyes dancing merrily, he pursues it, one chubby hand outstretched to grasp the prize. He chuckles gleefully, a sound like elfin bells set ringing, as he triumphantly

displays on his extended palm a crushed wisp of down, his captive. The vision fades and with reluctance I allow it to escape. This picture I call Joy.

There is in my gallery, one other childhood portrait—Innocence. In the centre of grassy lawn stands a jacaranda tree, its spreading branches throwing welcome shade over a pretty white cradle. The birds in the tree twitter softly and the restless zephyrs play gently with the rustling leaves, fearing to disturb the sleeping child, as it seems. Suddenly a shaft of sunlight, escaping through the leaves, transforms the curly head to precious gold, and the child, as if he realises my pleasure, smiles happily. As swiftly as it came, the sunbeam vanishes, a sigh escapes the rosy lips and a golden leaf flutters to the ground, but in that second an impression was made that has remained with me for years and which I know will never leave me.

With regret I turn and find myself in a busy street of the busy metropolis. It is damp and miserable, for the fine drizzling rain has created a foggy atmosphere and everything is grey. Hustled along by the surging crowd, I am forced to pause for a moment near a jeweller's window wherein I see, as though scattered haphazardly on the black velvet by a careless hand, exquisite pieces of carved amber, their rich warm colours reminding one on this wintry day, of blazing fires, summer sunshine, the first daffodils in spring and the golden brown and red of the autumn leaves on the warm brown earth.

These pictures and many

others are the gems of my collection, which I cherish more than any millionaire his priceless paintings whether they are executed in oil or water colours, on canvas or on paper.

—Betty Corringham, 5B.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,
March, 1937.

Dear Girls,

One more long vacation has drawn to a close, and the University has awakened into new life. Work has commenced in real earnest and with memories of November and March fresh in our minds, we are resolving (surely not for the first time?) to start to work from the very beginning.

Some familiar faces are missing this year, Enid Smith, Phyllis Jones, Mona Ravenscroft and Adele Bieri can now call themselves B.A., and Peg Dorcks and Lesbia Wright, B.Sc. We are glad to see Phyllis occasionally as she is at the training College and Lesbia is still with us, working for her honours degree.

The swarms of Freshers are now beginning to sort themselves out. For a week or so, they do look so "new"—it is never a hard task to pick out a Fresher! But very soon everything falls into place. The maiden who was wondering if she would ever know her way round, suddenly realises that the place is no longer bewildering—She no longer wanders into the wrong rooms, or arrives ten minutes early at a lecture. She realises that the lecturers really are talking sense; she finds her own part in University life in

spheres other than work—before she knows it, she has become a part of the University.

Among the Freshers we are especially glad to welcome five Fortians. We are sure they will all bring honour upon the old school. We were all especially glad to hear of Joyce McCredie's fine achievements, and are glad that she has elected to come in quest of further learning.

For some of us, this is our last year at the University and our hearts are sad at the thought. Up here we have worked and played; in the lecture room and out of it, we have found many an interest and made many a friend.

Although our days, we feel are numbered, yet we will take with us, as we leave, a precious heritage, one we can never lose. We face this last year with the determination to put our very best into it. May we all, here and in the years that lie ahead, maintain the honour of our school and of our University.

Our best wishes to the "school on the hill," we wish you success in all you undertake this year.

—Mary Robinson, Arts III.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE OLD GIRLS

Margaret McCandless, a former Captain of the School and a trainee of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, supplied us with the following information about ex-Fortians who have taken up nursing as their profession.

Emily Broadhead, Nellie Jacobs, and Muriel Vautin have completed their training at Prince Alfred, and Ruby Walter, Lois Tottenham, Edna Hall and Sophie Stronach are in training there. Phyllis Henderson has

completed her four year's training at Balmain Hospital and Joan Pemell is at present in training there.

The ex-Fortians on the staff at Broughton Hall are Grace Hansen, Fairlie Lindsay, Joyce Conacher, Marjorie Teasdale, and Rose Clarke. Grace completed her training last year and Fairlie has come "top" of the State in each of her yearly examinations. These nurses have presented the School with a prize for a Fourth Year pupil.

Dr. Beatrix Durie, Pathologist and Dr. Corrie Saunders are both on the staff of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.



DR. CORRIE SAUNDERS

(By courtesy of "The Bulletin")

Muriel Campbell is teaching at Narooma, Maurine Deer at Temora, Lily Gray at Brush Farm, Doris Ray at Coonamble, and Peggy Brown at Condobolin.

Francis McLean acted as Demonstrator in Zoology at Sydney University last year, and Lesbia Wright is demonstrator in Organic Chemistry this year.

Joy Putland who passed the Leaving Certificate Examination last year is the first Fortian to enter the Faculty of Veterin-

Championship, breaking the Australian record by 3-10 sec. This was her first year as a senior in the N.S.W.A.A.A. and she followed up her success by gaining second place in the State 100 yds. Championship.

These two Fortians also provided one of the highlights of the State events this season,



Two Fortian Record-Breakers:
JEAN COLEMAN and CLARICE KENNEDY

(By courtesy of "Truth" and "Sportsman.")

ary Science at the University.

Two former Fortians, Clarice Kennedy and Jean Coleman, distinguished themselves in the State Athletic Championships this season.

Clarice won the 90 yards Hurdle Race for which she holds the national record and Jean was victorious in the 220 yards.

when they contested the 440 yds. Championship. Clarice held the title previously, as well as the record of 60 seconds, and Jean had had a particularly successful season. It was a very keen race, but Jean succeeded in wresting the title from her rival, although Clarice still holds the record for the distance.

THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' CHORAL SOCIETY

The inaugural meeting of this new development of the Old Girls Union was held at Mrs. James's home, Holden Street, Ashfield, on Monday, March 22nd, when the following office-bearers were elected:—

Patron, Miss Cohen; President, Mrs. James; Vice-President, Miss Turner; Secretary, Winnie Ronaldson; Treasurer, Muriel Cummins; Librarian, Gwenyth Rowe; Accompanist, Claire Harris.

About thirty girls signified their intention of becoming members and practices began on Wednesday, March 31st. These practices are to be held weekly at Mrs. James's home, on Wednesdays and Tuesdays alternately.

Any old girl wishing to join the choir should communicate with Mrs. James or Winnie Ronaldson.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle met regularly from March to October of 1936, at the Women's

Club, Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street.

The subject for discussion for the year was "Australian Literature," and excellent papers were read on the works of the various Australian poets, essayists and novelists. The study covered the growth of Australian Literature from earliest infancy to the literature of to-day, and has been greatly enjoyed by all members.

Much of the success of the Circle and the sustained interest of our meetings is due to the splendid support and co-operation given by the President, Miss Turner, and the Vice-President, Miss Duhig, and to them we offer our very sincere thanks.

The Circle meets at 7.15 p.m. on the second and fourth Thursdays in each month from March to October, the subject this year being Modern Essayists, and we extend a cordial invitation to any new members who care to link up with us.

Irene Hallett,

Hon. Secretary.



FERNS

Twining in and out each other, twisting, turning everywhere,
Fragile little ferns are growing, reaching here and reaching there.
Tender, tiny fronds are bending, softly curling all about,
Interlacing with the shadows, ferns are twisting in and out.

Now upon them birds are poising, swaying gently to and fro,
Now they're flitting in the sunshine, swift and dainty, there they go,
Leaving all the fern leaves swinging, waving slightly in the breeze,
Curving little ferns so fragile, growing 'neath the shady trees.

Like tiny baby hands they're clutching, reaching ever further out,
Grouped and cluster'd all together, bunched and cluster'd all about,
See them peeping from the shadows, see them dancing in the sunshine,
Delicate and softly tinted, little fragile ferns of mine.

BESSIE SWANN, 3A.

LOST IN THE FOREST

A soft passing zephyr stirred idly the leaves,
Where she slept in the shade of a tree;
The vague, purple mist of the twilight rose up,
And the sun sank to rest in the sea.

She sprang from the flow'rs, and her heart leapt with fear,
As she gazed through the dark trees on high,
Death lurked in the shadows, the wild rushing wind,
And the dim, starry mesh of the sky.

Around lay the forest, alive with strange shapes,
On a tree sat a squat, ghostly owl
That eerily called through the black of the night,
That murmur her fear made a howl.

Alone in the woods, with a million red eyes,
Alone! How the word chilled the soul
To die, with the sob of the wind in her ears,
And her body the prey of the ghoul.

For years, so it seemed, she ran on through the thorns,
In that night of a thousand dread fears;
Death won in the race—and she fell with a moan,
And the sob of the wind in her ears.

The pale, rosy fingers of dawn clutched the sky,
And bade all the grey ghosts to flee—
They carried her back through the green, leafy wood,
And they laid her to rest by the sea.

HAZEL KEAVNEY, 5A.



(By courtesy of "The Sun")

JOYCE McCREDIE

Winner of the James Aitken Scholarship, John West Medal and Grahame Prize Medal for General Proficiency.

The Fairfax Prize for General Proficiency amongst female candidates;

The Lithgow Scholarship (shared) for French and German;

The French Government Prize;

The Brendan Lane Mullins Memorial Medal and J. C. Loewenthal Prize for Australian History, and

The Shakespeare Society's Prize.

TWILIGHT

When the clouds are enriched with the colours
Of pink, and of orange and grey,
When the sun sinks below the green hilltops,
'Tis twilight, the end of the day.

Softly, the hush of the gloaming
Tells of the coming of night,
When the sky is beginning to darken,
And the first of the stars glimmers bright.

This is a time of reflection,
A rest from our toil and our play,
It helps us forget all the worries
And burdens that come with the day.

BELL CURTIS, 2B.

POETRY

Something that's woven in my very soul—
A strange and marvellous patterning;
Of music, thoughts, and sound-sweet words,
Entwined with rich imagining;
A sea of strange emotion in my soul,
Where all the ecstasy of life is caught;
A rich design embroidered on my life
With mystic threads of sound and thought.

OENONE, 4A.

IN SPRINGTIME

The wind sighs through the lofty trees,
The air is filled with the hum of bees,
The long grass rustles in the gentle breeze,
In springtime.

The rippling brooklet flows along,
The birds all sing a sweeter song,
The nights grow short, the days grow long,
In springtime.

The sky becomes a deeper blue,
The flow'rs take on a fairer hue,
The world is filled with all things new,
In springtime.

U. HAGAN, 3D

FAIRIES

The fairies are such dainty things,
With golden hair and silver wings,
They flutter round the glow-worms' light,
And only dance when all is night.

They dance amid the fairy ring,
And tell sweet tales about the spring;
They live inside small cups of flowers,
And dance away the happy hours.

If e'er a fairy you do see,
Try not to make the sweet thing flee,
For one is seldom seen or heard,
So, if you please, don't say a word.

"TWILIGHT TOES," 2D.

AT FULL MOON

Softly stealing through the grass,
See the dainty fairies pass,
They are skipping to the glade,
Where there'll be a grand parade.

There'll be frocks of many hues—
The daintiest one the Queen will choose;
The winner then will be led up
To the Queen for a golden cup.

Now the Queen will be driven away,
And that will end a perfect day.
We feel a thrill in every vein,
And hope that we can come again.

"JACKO," 2D.

SYDNEY HARBOUR

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

GWEN SMITH, 4A.

SEA GULLS

Flying low o'er the sea,
O'er a sea that the wind doth whip,
Uttering their shrill "Scree! Scree!"
White sea gulls soar and dip.

Gliding now in the air,
In the air that is fresh and free;
Diving quickly to tear
A fish from the surging sea.

Floating now on the crest
Of a wave that is clear and green;
Happily there to rest
On billow home, serene.

Unfettered they roam the seas,
Or strut on a beach in the bay;
What a happy life have these!
'Mid seaweed, and sand, and spray.

CONNIE PEACH, 4A.

NIGHT

The sun is sinking in the west,
The birds and flowers have gone to rest,
Fairies soon will dance and play
In the moonbeams' happy rays.

Little stars are peeping out,
Throwing starbeams all about,
Lighting up the dark-blue sky,
Giving light to passers-by.

ROMA WHEELER, 2E.

SYLVAN SONG

I am sitting on a rock in the middle of the creek,
And the laughing water's running swiftly by;
The thirsty Wonga Pigeon in the water dips his beak,
As the Kookaburra shouts his glee on high.

The camper in the valley sends a cheery coo-ee call,
Which is answered by the mournful Whip-poor-will,
The waters sing and gurgle as they leave the roaring fall,
And the Thrush breaks forth into his merry trill.

The poplar trees are sighing as they're kissed by the breeze,
The she-oaks are repining, 'cause they're not like other trees,
The gum tree's leaves turn edgeways, in homage to the sun,
The lizard babes come out to play, but, hearing me, they run.

DEIDRE MEI, 4A.

"THE REFERENDUM"

Came the fateful day for deciding
The country's latest plight,
And votes were cast by every one
From early morn till night.

The voters who were patiently waiting
Stood in an endless row,
They loudly were debating
On the answers "yes" or "no."

Top of the line was Mr. Black,
A man of noble station,
He said that he was voting "yes"
For the control of aviation.

About the middle was Farmer Brown,
A kind and friendly man,
"I fin' the yis vote is the bish
For thoos upon the lan'."

The queue was graced by Peter Smith,
A man of twenty-four,
He said, with all his worldly sense,
"I'm sure that 'no' will score."

They were goodly folk, yes, everyone,
Voting for the law,
But it seemed not one of them—dear souls—
Knew what the vote was for.

HELEN EDWARDS, 2A.

THE RIVERSIDE

Cool it is 'neath weeping willows,
 All along the riverside;
 There the moss is green and dripping,
 There the shy bush creatures hide.
 See the silver sunshine gleaming
 On the murmuring waters clear;
 See the little goldfish darting
 In and out—now here, now there.
 How they shimmer in the sunlight!
 See them through the waters peeping!
 Here I see a waterfall—
 Down the tiny cliff it's leaping;
 See, it showers all its waters
 Down into the stream below,
 Glistening, tiny drops are flying,
 Dancing through the air they go.
 Little humming birds, so dainty,
 Swoop and dart about and glide,
 Dipping down just near the waters,
 All along the riverside.

BESSIE SWANN, 3A.

PARSING

The teacher said to little Willy,
 "Parse this sentence, and don't be silly.
 Now listen, Willy, to what I say,
 'Mary milked the cow to-day.'"
 Now when Willy gets to "cow,"
 He brushes hard his furrowed brow;
 Then he says, "'Cow' is a pronoun,
 Stands for Mary, gender female."
 The teacher answers with a frown,
 Seeing thus her pupil fail,
 "'Cow' a pronoun, naughty Willy?
 'Stands for Mary?' Don't be silly!"
 Then doth Willy answer quickly,
 For he fears a dreadful row:
 "If the cow don't stand for Mary,
 How can Mary milk the cow?"

"ANNE," 2A.

SUMMER DAYS

Summer days are here again,
 The winter's cold is over;
 The birds seek out last season's nests,
 And bees hum in the clover.

 The flowers are out in fullest bloom,
 And leaves are on the willows,
 While at the beach it's time to surf,
 And dive among the billows.

M. HIBBERT, 2C.

THE GAP

Race on, wild, merciless demons,
 Vent fury on the rock,
 Send forth gleaming towers of spray,
 Recoiling from the shock.
 Churn the blackness into milk-white,
 Wild, raging, roaring sea,
 Your power is unlimited,
 Mightiest of the free.

PEGGY WALLIS, 1C.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

High on a hill,
 In the sunlight's gleam,
 We notice a rill,
 A mountain stream.

Over the boulders
 We see so high,
 It splashes our shoulders
 As we go by.

Down through the valleys,
 With their ferns so green,
 All swollen, it dallies,
 Or in silence is seen.

Then, lost in the torrents
 Of the river-bed,
 It's life is spent,
 Our stream is dead.

PAM-BUR, 2A.

"AUTUMN"

Golden leaves, and russet-brown,
 Orange and red, are sailing down,
 Each leaf full of glorious hue,
 Looking like an elf's canoe.

Waving meadows of satin-smooth grass,
 Over which sweet zephyrs pass,
 Are strewn with leaves of every shade,
 In every hollow and every glade.

V8, 2A.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A MINUTE

It doesn't take a minute
 To cheer up one who's dreary;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To help someone who's weary;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To make someone feel cheery.

It doesn't take a minute
 To cheer up one who's sighing;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To help someone who's trying;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To make someone stop crying.

It doesn't take a minute
 To help within the home;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To give a dog a bone;
 It doesn't take a minute
 To give thanks of your own.

"JACKO," 2D.

MOMENTS LIKE THESE

When you feel that your nose is frost-bitten,
 And your feet are beginning to freeze,
 And the icy blast pierces your mitten,
 Well—it's moments like these—
 You need humour.

When you feel your feet slip from beneath you,
 And you're literally down on your knees,
 And a gentleman asks, "Can I help you?"
 Well—it's moments like these—
 You need humour.

When you're asked for the first rule of grammar,
 And you're feeling far from at ease,
 And you answer, commencing to stammer,
 Well—it's moments like these—
 You need humour.

When you think that no-one will mind you,
 And you're doing just what you please,
 And the teacher comes up from behind you,
 Well—it's moments like these—
 You need humour.

"ARAMINTA," 2A.

THE BATTLE OF MOOKERBEYDE, 1574.

The subject of the following poem is the stand made by Count Louis of Nassau—known as "The Mirror of Christian Chivalry"—against the troops of Philip II during the struggle for freedom in the Netherlands. With the youthful Louis perished his brother, Count Henry, and his friend, Duke Christopher, son of the Elector of the Palatinate, whose bodies were never found.

The winter sunlight gleams on the two half-frozen streams
 That hem the little army on a strip of marsh and fen;
 And the three young princes wait, and steadfast know their fate,
 As the Spaniards press on brave Count Louis' men.

The sounding of alarms and the clash of battle arms
 Breaks a deathly silence like the striking of a lance;
 And each man's secret heart knows death must be his part,
 Yet each can meet his doom with fearless glance.

For the shouting Spanish hordes, screaming curses, waving swords,
 Are twenty times the number of the small and gallant band;
 And the tempered Spanish steel makes many a good man reel,
 And the charging horses churn the marshy land.

Then a dense wet river cloud wraps around them like a shroud,
 So that when they strike they know not if they fell a friend or foe;
 And when it lifts at last, the fatal die is cast,
 And the princes are alone upon the snow. . . .

At the fierce exultant shout, the three princes looked about
 On the forms of men and horses, trampled down into the mud;
 On their comrades, strewn around on the blood-soaked battle-ground,
 Or floating in a river red with blood.

Then the three said in one breath: "There is nothing left but death."
 And so they joined their hands, and, when each had bared his head,
 Charged together towards the foe—heads held high and muskets low—
 And of men were seen no more, alive or dead.

JULIANA, 3C.

MY IDEAL HOME

A little cobbled path
Leads to my ideal home;
It winds through fern-lined gullies,
The haunt of many a gnome.

At last we reach my small, white house,
White-washed, with quaint thatched roof;
Sweet roses climb its aged walls,
Inviting—not aloof!

We go into the kitchen,
And there upon the cloth
Are honey, eggs, and butter,
And bread, and steaming broth.

Back into the garden—
My little home's great charm—
Small fountains play and we birds flit—
They know not care, but calm.

Now we leave this tiny nest,
And go back to the town;
Away from this dear, peaceful scene,
To streets of dusty brown.

DOROTHY MCKINNON, 2B.

THE SEASONS

A Summer Evening

The still night air is calm and sweet,
A gentle breeze steals through the wheat,
The crickets sing, the sun sinks low,
The peasant workers homeward go.
What joy is this, mild summer eve,
What boundless blessings dost thou leave,
Ere you depart?

A Night in Winter

The blust'ring wind, the lightning's flash,
The teeming rain, the thunder-crash;
The muddy roads, the creaking groan
Of falling trees; the ocean's moan—
What misery and distress there'll be,
When thinking of those out at sea
In such a storm!

Autumn

The red-gold of Autumn leaves,
On the trees,
On the ground,
The frosty tang that's in the air,
Everywhere,
All around—
The fruit is hanging russet now,
And gold blooms load the wattle bough.

Spring.

Green grass, blue sky, and pink peach bloom,
Golden noon,
And the coo
And tweet of birds the whole day long,
As their songs
They sing anew.
The Spring is here—the trees all take
New leaves—again the world's awake.

THE GHOSTS GO WEST

As I was sitting under the spreading branches of a tree endeavouring to learn some history, I heard swift footsteps, and, looking up, I perceived Sir Francis Drake seemingly in a very great hurry.

"Sir Francis," I called out, "where—?"

"Don't ask questions," muttered that gentleman crossly. "Can't you see I'm in a hurry?" Then he hastened onwards, and I, my curiosity aroused, stealthily followed him until we came to an enormous building. Above the arched doorway of this magnificent place was a brass plate on which was inscribed the legend:

SUPREME COURT OF ENGLAND.

This is extremely curious," thought I, as I followed Drake up the steps, through the entrance and along a spacious hall, at the end of which Sir Francis halted and disappeared through a doorway, carefully closing the door behind him. I crept up and peered through the keyhole, but as I could see nothing through that small space, I cautiously opened the door. What a strange and wonderful sight met my eyes! The room was crowded with people dressed in costumes of all styles and colours; some were clad in gay costumes with brightly coloured plumes in their hats—some wore steel armour—some, flowing robes, while others were enveloped in mantles. In fact, every type of costume imaginable could be seen there.

The noise was dreadful, for

many people were conversing loudly, some in foreign languages.

"Silence in the court!" yelled the court-crier. Immediately order was restored and everyone (including myself) sat down and listened attentively.

The judge took his place on the Bench, cleared his throat and began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—"

I then realised that a trial was about to be held. "Who's being tried?" I asked excitedly in a hoarse whisper.

Richard the Lion-hearted glowered at me but said nothing. However, William the Conqueror was more obliging.

"They're trying James I. for the execution of Raleigh," he explained.

My attention was now riveted on the unfortunate prisoner who stood surveying the crowd with an expression of contemptuous indifference on his haughty countenance. By now the judge had finished his lengthy speech and fixing his eye on James he said in a terrible voice.

"Prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not guilty?" That's for you to find out," drawled James nonchalantly. "Answer the question you are asked," the judge reproved him.

"Why should I?" replied the insolent prisoner.

The judge evidently thought it better not to waste his time so the first witness was called. A stately lady wearing a gold crown set with beautiful jewels in her lustrous red hair, and a richly ornamented brocade gown with an enormous ruffle entered the witness box. After swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but

the truth, she gave her evidence.

"I was patrolling the passage in my royal palace one evening, as it is the custom of the Tudor ghosts to do. My turn is on Monday, my father's on Tuesday—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the judge impatiently, "Continue please." Elizabeth regarded him icily for a moment and then went on; "I was walking, as I said, along the passage when I heard some people conversing in low tones. The sounds came from behind an oak-panelled door, so I bent down and listened at the keyhole and heard James giving orders for the execution of poor Sir Walter" she broke off and fumbled for her handkerchief.

"Have you any questions to ask the witness?" the judge enquired of the counsel for the defence.

"Yes, one," was the reply. "Elizabeth Tudor, do you confess that you, a queen, would stoop so low as to listen at keyholes?"

"I had to stoop low because the keyhole was only one or two feet from the ground," Elizabeth retorted quickly. This reply seemed to disconcert the learned counsel for the defence, and he subsided into a gloomy silence.

"What's his name?" I asked Queen Anne as the next witness entered the witness box. "Shhhh!" whispered my exasperated companion. I repeated the question to Henry VIII who was staring at the witness and trembling visibly.

"It's T-T-Thomas M-More, he stuttered and hastily made his exit. Meanwhile Sir Thomas was relating his story: "Fo

years, since I was killed, I have been searching for some books and one day I decided to examine the Tower of London. So one night I wandered up and down the passages and searched the rooms until I came to one which was occupied by a gentleman who was reading my works. "Pardon me, good sir," I said courteous "but I am the author of those books." The gentleman sprang to his feet and seemed somewhat perturbed at seeing my ghost so early in the evening but I reassured him and soon we were conversing like old friends. He told me that his name was Sir Walter Raleigh and that James had imprisoned him and was going to have him executed. Of course at the mention of executions I quickly faded away."

The counsel for the defence sprang to his feet: "By the laws of the Magna Carta." Here King John collapsed and while helping to carry him out and restore him, I missed the latter part of the trial. When I returned, the gentlemen were absent, considering their verdict. But they soon returned. Shakespeare stood up and on reply to the judge's question said that they found the prisoner guilty, but strongly recommended him to mercy.

The judge looked faintly surprised, "Why mercy?" Shakespeare sighed, "The quality of mercy is not strained." "Humph," interrupted the judge. "Prisoner at the bar I sentence —."

Even as he spoke, James made a desperate bound for freedom and was through the window before anyone could stop him. In dismay we rushed to the

window to see the King running towards the west as fast as his silk-stockings legs could carry him. As quickly as possible, the entire court filed through the door and were soon pursuing James. As we were running past a certain tree I noticed a dark object and, recognising it as my history book, I stopped to pick it up. When I looked up again James and his pursuers were out of sight so knowing that it would be of no use trying to catch up with them, I sat down underneath the tree to learn my lesson.

—Marianne, 2A.

NIGHT

The cool evening breeze gently rocks the flowers to sleep. Overhead the moon in all her glory rises higher and yet higher in the heavens, and shining down turns everything silvery-blue. Soon a cloud will pass over her, leaving the world enveloped in darkness, and soon the trees will assume eerie shapes and cast long ghost-like shadows.

From the heart of the bush a dingo howls, and, as if in answer an owl's hoot re-echo. Near-by a gate creaks on its rusty hinges as if some unknown hand is pushing it.

Then once more stillness reigns, only to be broken by the murmur of the wind rustling through the trees.

Somewhere in an ill-built cottage a mother sits peering into the dark, patiently praying and hoping that the day will come and with it dawn a brighter outlook for her family.

Away in a corner of the now sleeping city, a young man dreams by an unfinished manuscript, of fame and fortune

which will some day come knocking at his door.

But soon the owl will also be asleep, the flowers one by one awakened fresh with the dew of the dawn upon them and the trees will no longer look eerie. Those who are sorrow-laden will be inspired with fresh hope; perhaps the mother's prayer will be granted, and the young author will draw nearer his goal. Thus night gives place to a new day unsullied by sin or sorrow.

—Doreen Browne, 3D.

MONTAGUE MOUSE

A sleepy cat sits in a cosily furnished sitting-room in which a fire is burning brightly. The cat is lying on a thick rug in front of the fire. He is thinking how pleasant it is to live in such a comfortable home with a good little mistress and a cook who sees to regular meals for him.

Suddenly rousing, he demands in his pussy language, "Who tweaked my tail? If it is those impertinent mice, I will show them that I am not to be trifled with."

Then spying a mouse racing across the floor, he pursues the culprit until he corners him, and then roars, "You would make fun of me, eh? I'll show you to respect a cat!"

To this the young culprit trembling replies, "If you let me g-go this t-time, I will n-not show my f-face, n-nor my tail either, till my dying days."

Looking down sardonically over his pretty nose (of which he is very proud) this dignified feline scornfully says, "What! would you beg a pardon of me? Me, Cornelius Cat, deigning to bargain with a poor, miserable

grey mouse? Do you think I am mad?"

The young offender still trembling and quaking with fear, tearfully stammers, "I p-promise I shall never t-touch your t-tail again!"

Of course you won't; at least not after I have swallowed you," grimly responded the wrathful Cornelius.

This last remark was greeted with a storm of tears, and pussy relenting, said very kindly, "Well, as I am not hungry, I shall forgive you, but, remember, never again. Now off with you before I change my mind."

And before one could say "Knife," little Montague Mouse had scampered across the floor and disappeared down his hole, and never again did he go near a cat.

—Horith, 2A.

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' UNION 17th ANNUAL REPORT

The Committee of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union has pleasure in submitting its Annual Report.

We wish to express our happiness in having Miss Cohen back amongst us after her world tour and to extend to the School the congratulations of the Union on the outstanding successes in the recent Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Examinations and on the winning of the Peel Shield.

The Union has had a successful year, all of its functions being very well attended even though the membership was disappointing and dropped from 152 to 110 in 1936. We consider that this was in part due to bad weather on the night of the

General Meeting, as it is on that night that so many Old Girls join up.

This year the Annual Meeting was held, as usual, on the third Wednesday in March. On this occasion, Mrs. Coxon was elected President for the year. After the elections the question of providing the school with an amplifier with the profits from the 1935 and the possible profits from the 1936 Dance was discussed. The matter was left in the hands of the Committee and in August after the required funds had been raised the £22 from 1935 was added to £13 from 1936 and handed to Miss Turner for the purpose of providing the equipment. Although at first some doubts had been expressed as to the usefulness of this gift, it has already proved itself indispensable. The Annual Meeting was preceded by a tea to welcome in last year's Fifth Years.

A Wog Party held in May was accounted our most successful function not only in numbers but in the enjoyment of everyone who attended. The party was to raise funds for the Rachel Forster Hospital and £3/10/- was the amount realised for this cause. At this function the Union took the opportunity of bidding farewell to Miss Glynn Stayte prior to her marriage and departure for New Guinea.

At the General Meeting nominations had been received for a special dance committee and in May a dance committee constituted of members chosen from these nominations and members of the standing committee joined with the Old Boys' Committee to make arrangements for the annual dance

which was held in June. Hordern Bros. was chosen for the ball which was well attended. The Girls' share of the profits amounted to £14. As has already been mentioned this, together with the profits of the 1935 Dance was used to provide the amplifier.

The success of the Wog party and the repeated requests for a successor led to a Crazy Bridge Party being held in July at the Red Cross Tea Rooms. This was well attended.

Our August meeting took the form of a Play Night when the Old Girls purchased a block of seats for the play "A Kiss for Cinderella" which was so ably produced by Miss Rosalie Collins at the School Assembly Hall.

The Dinner which was held in October had an almost record attendance of one hundred and eight. It was held at the State Ballroom and was the scene of many happy reunions.

The last function of the year held in December at the Women's Club was a welcome home to Miss Cohen and a welcome in to the girls leaving school. This was attended by ninety Old Fortians and was a happy conclusion to the year's activities.

It has been the committee's desire to organize functions which will interest all types of Fortians. In a measure we feel that we have succeeded and the committee will at all times be grateful for suggestions from members as to future functions.

This year the committee has again been helped by the interest and assistance of Miss Cohen, Miss Turner and members of the School Staff particularly in connection with the dinner when

the school provided the decorations—exquisite crimson roses which looked very beautiful on the tables. We sincerely thank all concerned.

In conclusion the retiring committee welcomes the incoming officers and wishes them a very successful year.

Mary Cathels,
Joyce Bannan,
Joint Hon. Secs

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

At twelve o'clock on Friday, March 19th, three double-decker buses arrived at school to convey the Fort Street girls to the Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival, and within ten minutes, all with red and white ribbons streaming, were seated within them.

On arriving at the Domain Baths, the girls quickly occupied their positions. There was a momentary hush at one o'clock as the starter shouted, "Face the water—go!" then the cheering began.

Although Fort Street did not do as well as in previous years, the competitors acquitted themselves admirably against girls who, in winning their races, broke several records.

Two of Fort Street's most successful swimmers were P. Martin and F. Smith, whilst B. Barnett and B. Probert won a place as usual in their respective races.

We wish to congratulate Crown Street, winner of both the Senior and Junior Shields on its excellent performance.

Fort Street succeeded in gaining fourth place in the Senior and third place in the Junior

Shields Competitions.

Pat Norton of Sydney High School showed the value of her trip to the Olympic Games by winning the "Old Girls' Race" in the record-breaking time of twenty-nine seconds.

Fort Street's successes were as follows:—

Junior Championship: E. Smith, 3.

17 Years Championship: B. Barnett, 2.

14 Years Championship: E. Smith, 3.

12 Years Championship: P. Martin, 3.

Senior Breaststroke Championship: B. Propert, 1.

Senior Back Stroke Championship: P. Martin, 3.

Junior Back Stroke Championship: P. Martin, 2.

Junior Diving Championship: P. Martin, 2.

Six-Oar Race: Fort Street, 2.

Old Girls' Race: P. Mitchell, 3.

—A. Shuttleworth, 4B.

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Teachers' College,
March, 1937.

Dear Fortians,

It seems strange writing to you, as I have never known most of you, but nevertheless we all are and always will be Fortians, and that is all that matters.

There are many Fortians among the new first-years, and even yet, on catching sight of some familiar face, we exclaim "Oh, I didn't know you were here." You see how easy it is to hide away among this vast multitude of females. Not that anyone wants you to escape from notice. In fact, you can't very

well do it when, in the presence of twenty other highly-amused young ladies you are called upon to sing alone so that the lecturer may ascertain whether you are a lyric soprano or a bass (as if it mattered).

There are plenty of societies to which you may belong; You may join the Dramatic Society, the Debating Society, the Dance Club or the Sports Union, and you may even enter that holiest of holies called the Library. This latter is a remarkable place not so much as a whisper anywhere (when the librarian is on the warpath); there is a main room, where most of the "obtainable" books are kept, a quiet room for studious people, and a browsing room.

Then, if you have ultra-modern ideas, you may join one of the "free-thinking" movements at whose meetings "eminent" students address their fellow men.

We also have our magazine, "Drylight," which makes its distinguished appearance whenever funds will permit and it is edited and conducted entirely by the students.

You will realise, when you come to college, that this life is not so very much different from school life, except, of course, that we are much more "grown-up and dignified."

And now you will want to hear about the Fortians at the College. Several of last year's Fortians gained the coveted 2A certificate, and the present second-years hope to do the same this year. Fort Street was well-represented in the College sport teams that visited Adelaide and Armidale last year, and no doubt there will be just

as many this year.

Even here, dear Fortians, we must still remember that "every man is the maker of his own fortune," for there is no one constantly urging us to work. But if we do not succeed, who then will pay the penalty?

We send you every best wish for the future, and hope that you will keep on "playing the game" until the match of life is over.

From a Fortian not at Fort Street.

—Gwendolyn C. Allan.

MARY JANE PERFORMS MIRACLES

Oh! How unbearably boring was that history lesson! There were still twenty-three minutes and eighteen and a half seconds before the longed-for siren would joyfully inform Mary Jane that the time of torture was over for two whole days.

Mary Jane's eyes wandered to the open window when, without warning, she seemed to be bodily lifted from her seat and then gently placed down upon it again. She soon forgot the incident until she whispered softly to her neighbour. "I wish the teacher were in Halifax. Don't you?"

Before the naughty maiden could receive an answer, the history teacher had vanished before her startled eyes. "Oh," she ejaculated in surprise. "I must be a magician. I'll see if I can do another trick. I wish I had a dozen cream horns!" The required articles immediately appeared in Mary Jane's trembling hand, and her joyous chums helped her to devour them.

Her friends urged her to wish

that it was dinner time. The siren in accordance with her whim, instantly rang and the girls trooped merrily out into the playground. Mary Jane regarded the tuck shop with a contemptuous eye and wished that it were an airy, spacious place where one could sit at glass-topped tables and eat from shining golden plates. Of course, her wish was at once granted and she had a delightful meal.

Mary Jane performed miracles of this kind all day long, and soon the school was an ideal one where only the most pleasant teachers were allowed to stay. They had to be—

"Mary Jane! Repeat what I have been saying about Pedro Fernandez de Quiros," boomed the angry teacher.

"Oh!! Ah!! Who?" was all that the day-dreamer could say when a justly enraged teacher pursued her with questions.

—Toftwood, 2A.

THE BRITISH TRADES FAIR

On Wednesday, 10th March, a party of girls from Fifth Year, Fourth Year, 3A and 1A, accompanied by two members of the Staff paid a visit to the British Trades Fair. Our destination was a pleasant surprise to us, for we did not know until a few minutes before setting out, whither we were bound.

On arrival at the Fair, our guide took us up to the fourth floor to the Aviation department. Before examining the exhibits there, we were given a short lecture on aviation by our guide, who stated that they were trying to impress the youth of to-day and make them air-minded, as the further development of aviation depended upon

the youth of to-day losing their fear of the air. He told us the interesting fact that by 1941 it was hoped that the air route between Croydon and Australia would be extended across the Tasman to New Zealand, from there across the Pacific to Canada, and thence across the Atlantic back to Croydon, thus linking up the Empire by air. This would be a great advantage in case of war in the Mediterranean, as passengers and mails would be able to come by air to Australia via Canada and New Zealand.

At the conclusion of the address we commenced our tour of inspection, looking at photographs and models of aeroplanes and we even saw models of the interior of some of the planes belonging to Imperial Airways. There were several maps showing the air routes between different places and it was very interesting to watch how an aeroplane, which had lost its bearings and was flying above unbroken cloud off the coast of England, was directed by wireless from Croydon to the nearest aerodrome.

After spending some time examining the aeroplanes we went to the lecture hall, where we were shown several films in connection with British Industries. The first film was a car tour from Land's End to John O' Groat's. The pictures showed the south of England, Wales and Scotland and we were all greatly impressed by the beauty of the landscape, which is so different from our own loved Australian scenery.

The next film dealt with the manufacture of Ford machines. We saw how the different parts

of engines were made, how carefully they were checked, how they were assembled and finally the completed machines such as motor cars, lorries and agricultural machines.

The last film, was the most interesting of all in my opinion, as we observed different types of aeroplanes, how they landed and took off and how they received wireless messages. The 'planes appeared very comfortable inside, and I am sure many of us just longed to go up in them. We saw the flying boat "Heracles," which belongs to Imperial Airways and is the largest flying boat in the world. It has a carrying capacity of forty-two passengers and several tons of mail. We also learned that flying boats will very soon replace land aeroplanes.

The afternoon all too quickly drew to a close and many of us were reluctant to leave, as there were many more interesting things to see, but we were glad that we had inspected the aviation department, and not the less interesting ones of crockery and materials.

—Marion Anderson, 4A.

COLTAIN

Coltain is a pretty little bushland town in Victoria. Though it is not at all well known, I think it possesses some of the most charming and picturesque attributes that any little country town can have.

One day I decided to go for a walk, so following a beaten track, I became lost in contemplation of nature's bewitching work. The air was gloriously invigorating, while now and then the fragrant scent of the bush

was borne upon a cool breeze. The edges of the path were decked with summer's choicest flowers in all varieties of colours and names. I rounded a bend in the track and a gigantic gum tree confronted me and from the midst of its green branches a startled flock of gorgeously plumed birds flew heavenwards, uttering loud cries of annoyance, but returned to the cover of the tree when they found that I was harmless.

After a time the track widened and the sound of running water came to my ears, it was the murmuring of the river which flowed near-by. When I reached the river, and reposed upon the soft clover and moss that clothed its banks, I took off my walking shoes and plunged my hot feet into the river's refreshing depths.

Rhubinn River rises in a cool placid pool overhung by weeping willows and ferns and joins the Murrumbidgee. Frolicking over mossy pebbles, dashing against gleaming boulders, gurgling over water-falls, tumbling headlong over rocks, and then dancing joyously into cool damp-aired glens; such is the rollicking course of Rhubinn River.

On the occasion of my visit the jovial face of Old Sol peeped from a bank of fleecy white clouds, sending down his beaming smiles, which kissed the river with myriads of golden stars as it went on its merry way towards the purple mountains that were silhouetted against the blue of an azure sky.

Away to the right where the land is undulating a little homestead is built. Overhung with ivy and wisteria and built in the Tudor style, this old house with

its wilderness of flowers still retains much of its old fashioned atmosphere. The garden, as I remember it, was one of charm and glory.

I awoke from my reverie with a start and noted that the day was growing old. The sun was setting, now clothed in every changing hue, so I retraced my footsteps. Night had fallen when I reached my home and the moon, a silver orb, had silently crept into the purple velvet of the sky. One by one the stars twinkled into existence—Night now ruled the sleeping world.

—"South Breeze," 2D.

THE FAIRY BALL

"The perfect disc of the sacred moon, through still blue heaven serenely swims," flooding in silver the open fields, and streaming down through the tall green trees.

As it is full moon, the fairies, according to custom, are holding a special ball. Soon, above the sighing of the pine trees, faintly floats the enchanting music of the violins of "The Old Original Favourite Grand Grasshoppers' Green Herbarian Band," and now the ball has begun.

All the famed beauties of the fairy kingdom are present, and Oh, the gowns! Here is a dress made from woven moon-beams and decked with the sparkling of the waves; there is one made from the velvet of pansy petals, and another from the blue of the sky, trimmed with the silver of the clouds. The elves also make a fine show with their different coloured jerkins and and pointed shoes.

Quite suddenly, the music is

lost in a flourish of trumpets played by half-a-dozen small elves, to announce the arrival of their Majesties, the Fairy King and Queen,

At this juncture, there is a flutter in many a youthful heart, for to-night their Majesties are to select the Belle of the Ball. The fair entrants form two lines, down which the King and Queen pass and choose three from each as the finalists. Great is the joy of the one chosen from these six and she, blushing and happy receives a most magnificent pair of wings of all the colours imaginable.

After this comes an elaborate supper which has taken the fairy cooks many hours to prepare. Each of the tiny cakes has been made from the best fairy ingredients and with the utmost care. Just before supper commences, novelties are distributed among the guests.

Now that the supper is over, the dancing continues until the first signs of Dawn streak the Eastern sky and then all the guests wend their way home to dream, leaving the moon to fade out with the approach of the sun.

—Jack Point, 4A.

BIRD LIFE

As soon as the great sun lifts his sleepy head in the East, the

birds also awaken, refreshed after a good nap, and from the tall and stately gum trees, many beautiful calls may be heard. Have you ever paused to think how many of these tiny creatures live and thrive on the plants and insects of the Blue Mountains.

Among many varieties are Parrakeets of brilliant plumage, while others of a duller hue are known as "coo-ee" birds. Living in this natural fairyland, these bright, gay birds give calls of a joyous nature which can easily be distinguished from those of birds which are less cheerful.

During the weeks of Spring, which is mating time in the bird paradise, nests of all descriptions are discovered by the keen observer, carefully hidden in the plants and trees or craftily placed in the sand.

Taking life as it comes, these short-lived creatures are a pleasure to the ear and eye.

—Carmen Schiller, 2B.

EXCHANGES

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

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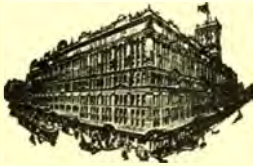
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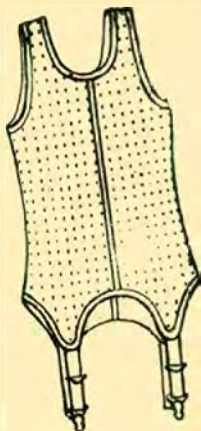
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