



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 9

November, 1937

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THE MAGAZINE
Of the
FORT STREET GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1937.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

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Captain, 1937: MELBRA LYONS.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL ON EMPIRE DAY.
(By courtesy of the "Sydney Morning Herald.")

**THE CAPTAIN, MELBRA LYONS, READING
THE GOOD-WILL MESSAGE.**

EMPIRE DAY, 1937.

Empire Day has always been of great importance to Fortians, but this year we all feel it is especially worthy of a place in our memory as well as an article in our Magazine.

The Lord Mayor of Sydney, (Alderman Howie) and the Director of Education (Mr. Ross Thomas) were kind enough to come to address the school. Alderman Howie, an old Fortian himself, made a suggestion which appeared at the time to have the unanimous support of all present, but which has since been the subject of much controversy. The proposal was to re-build Fort Street on the same site. This has no doubt been the unexpressed desire of many people genuinely interested in the "Best School of All." Also, many girls were in favour of re-building the school, with the exception of the main front building (the Macquarie building), which they consider essential to the real Fort Street, with its sentiments and firmly grounded traditions. However, we all agree with Alderman Howie, that the building commonly known as "Siberia," is indeed an eyesore without which we could manage very well.

Mr. Thomas, of course, was unable to make any promises, with regard to immediate action, but assured us that he would give the matter the attention it merited. Not many of us now attending

Fort Street entertain hopes of seeing anything concrete being achieved while we are here.

Melbra Lyons, well known to us all, read the message of goodwill from the children of Wales, and the choir rendered several very beautiful items. Two of our Prefects, Nina Whiting and Doothy Dodd, delivered short addresses. Nina gave an especially fine talk on "Women of the Empire," which, no doubt, was a revelation to many present. Dorothy's subject was "Commonwealth Day." Several eulogistic comments were made by our visitors upon the splendid manner in which these two addresses were given.

B. McCLELLAND,
Year IV.

* * * *

On the same day two prefects, Joyce Nelson and Margaret Monteath, by request, addressed the pupils of the Ultimo School; the former on "Rhodes as an Empire-builder," and the latter on "Our Heritage." Both speeches were well received and applauded.

* * * *

The Prefects, as usual, offered a prize for the best essay written by the girls of the Upper School on "The Recessional and Its Meaning," and one for the Lower School on the subject, "The Union Jack and What It Stands For." Hazel Keavney won the senior prize and Kathleen Collins (3B) the junior prize.

CORONATION DAY.

To celebrate the Coronation of King George VI., the School Children's Observance of Coronation Day was held on the 11th May at the Sydney Showground. By the courtesy of the Government, free transport and lunch were provided. At 12.45 p.m. His Excellency the Governor (Lord Wake-

hurst) and the official party arrived.

The unfurling and pledging of the Flag were carried out, after which came the rendering of the "Coronation Song," which was especially written for the occasion. Its loyal and stirring words were sung sincerely by ten thousand children.

Interesting speeches were then made by Lord Wakehurst, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens (Premier of New South Wales), the Hon. D. H. Drummond (Minister for Education), and the Hon. J. M. Dunningham (the Minister in charge of the Coronation Celebrations). Then the Coronation Message of the children of New South Wales was broadcast by Miss Jean Levido, of Hornsby Girls' High School.

After these speeches came the grand march past of representatives of the New South Wales Police, Firemen, Scouts and Girl Guides. All the demonstrations were watched by a thrilled and admiring audience. The physical culture displays by the police and police cadets, the daring feats of the firemen and the skill of the police dogs and horses were fully appreciated by all.

But the star turn of the day was "The March of the Wooden Soldiers." Every movement was stiff, even to the movements of the general falling off his horse, and the sentries marching throughout the performance, and the soldiers falling down. It was a clever and interesting performance, and the police must be congratulated on it.

When the programme was ended the school children present left, never to forget either Coronation Day or the celebration of it.

GLORIA HILL.

4A.

CORONATION DAY SPORTS.

On Coronation Day, May 11th, a certain number of our girls were chosen to represent the school at the official function at the Show Ground.

We others, the big majority might have been filled with envy had not Miss Cohen suggested to Miss Campbell, the Principal of

Sydney Girls' High School, that the two schools should hold a combined sports gathering.

As it was, we looked forward eagerly to these less formal celebrations.

The weather favoured us, for it was a typical bright winter morning when we left school and went by special trams to the Sports Ground at Moore Park. A splendid programme had been arranged, including races for the different years, and also many novelty races. The girls of both schools entered whole-heartedly into the fun, and were delighted with the Coronation souvenirs presented to the successful competitors. All were ready for lunch when a halt was called for that purpose, but returned to the final events with renewed enthusiasm.

The time passed all too quickly, and as we made our way homewards we were all agreed that our Coronation Sports Day had been very enjoyable and would not easily be forgotten.

JOAN KELLY, 4A.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

On August 5, a merry throng of be-ribboned Fortians assembled at the Sydney Sports Ground on the eagerly-awaited occasion of our twenty-seventh Annual Athletic Carnival.

Although the wind was strong and cold, it had no effect on the competitors, and the keen, but friendly sporting spirit, for which Fort Street has always been well-known, was evident in each of the numerous events.

Our congratulations must be offered to Miss Anderson and the members of the staff who assisted

her, for the efficient manner in which the long programme was carried out. We also wish to thank Mr. Hellings, Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Worth, our well-known friends, who acted as judges during the events of the day.



ENID MELVILLE,
Junior Champion

(By courtesy of "The Labour Daily.")

We must congratulate also Melbra Lyons and Enid Melville.

At the close of the day's events, Miss Cohen presented Melbra with the School Championship Cup, and Enid, for the second time, carried off the Junior Cup.

Melbra also distinguished herself by winning the Sixteen Years' Championship, the Skipping Race, the Orange Race, and, with Nellie

Pope, the Siamese Race, while Enid also won the Fourteen Years' Championship.

It was evident that everyone was satisfied that the day had been well spent, for the spectators, who, with flourish of ribbons and other signs of loyalty to class and friend, had barracked enthusiastically, enjoyed it as much as those competing.

The successful competitors were:—

School Championship (100 yds.): Melbra Lyons.

Junior Championship (75 yds.): Enid Melville.

17 Years' Championship: Nellie Pope.

16 Years' Championship: Melbra Lyons.

15 Years' Championship: Beryl Propert.

14 Years' Championship: Enid Melville.

13 Years' Championship: Una Hogan.

12 Years' Championship: Dorothy Maye.

11 Years' Championship: Morna Jenner.

Skipping Race: Melbra Lyons.

Junior Skipping: Joan Bosward.

Sack Race: Beverley Barnett.

Junior Sack: Audrey Clibbins.

Orange Race: Melbra Lyons.

Junior Orange: Dorothy Maye.

Siamese Race: Melbra Lyons and Nellie Pope.

Obstacle Race: Joyce Travers.

Obstacle Race: Joyce Travers, Betty Spence (equal).



OVERHEAD BALL, 5A

(By courtesy of "The Labour Daily.")

Upper School Relay: 3D: J. Bosward, U. Hagan, J. Direks, T. Lindner.

Lower School Relay: 2E: J. Allen, J. Lennartz, R. Wheeler, E. Tweedale.

The point score trophy was won by 5A with 48½ points and 3D

was second with 38 points.

It is very interesting to note that the point score trophy had been held by these girls first as 1A, then as 2A, 3A, 4A and, finally as 5A—surely a record!

JUDITH HENDERSON IV.A.

THE MUSICAL AFTERNOON.

It was due to the untiring work of Mrs. James as well as of both Junior and Senior choirs that a most successful musical afternoon was held in the School Assembly Hall on September 22nd.

The success of the choir in the City of Sydney Eisteddfodd for the last four years reflects the greatest credit on the girls and their excellent conductress, and some of the charming songs sung in the 1935 Eisteddfodd were heard on this occasion.

The concert opened with the unaccompanied singing of Men-

delsohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" and this was followed by "Supplication."

The choral items were interspersed with vocal and piano-forte solos, Pat. Graham playing Beethoven's "Happy Sonata" and Ruby Murray and Mary Sansey rendering "Danse Creole" and "La Fileuse."

The beautiful "Queen of the Night", Wagner's "Spinning Chorus," the "Lullaby" of Brahms, and Mozart's "Cradle

Song" were sung by the choir and later on in the programme the girls interpreted the feeling of "Beautiful Lady Moon," Brahms' "Hungarian Dance" and the charming "Rillaby Rill."

June Huntley, one of the vocal soloists sang Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," Lesly Herron sang, "Bid me Discourse," and Nina Whiting chose, "A Song Down Every Roadway," while "Serenade" was rendered by Melba Snodgrass.

The singing of the junior choir specially merited praise. A bracket of four songs, "The Owlets," "Two Frogs," "Minuet" from "Don Giovanni" and Beethoven's, "When Twilight Weaves" were keenly appreciated by the interested audience.

As a fitting close to an excellent programme, the "Creation Hymn" was sung by the entire choir, one hundred and fifty voices in all.

Mr. Harkness, Chief Inspector of Schools, who was present at this delightful entertainment later expressed, in a letter to Miss Cohen, the pleasure that the afternoon had given him. Indeed the work of Mrs. James and the choir was truly rewarded by the appreciation and applause of all the listeners.

SHIRLEY REES, 5C.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS' DAY.

This year, Wednesday, August 25th, was the day chosen to commemorate the League of Nations in the schools. Thirds, Fourths and Fifths assembled in the Hall and very interesting and educative speeches were given by Irene Ives, Marie Kinsella, Moira Mace and Joy Bruce. Their subjects were: "Public Opinion on the League of Nations," "The Work the League has Done as regards

War," "The Promotion of Co-operation," and "What we Can do to Help the League?"

Peggy Weine presided, and at the conclusion of the speeches, Nellie Pope proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, which was readily supported by the audience.

GWEN SMITH, 4A.

HOCKEY.

Another hockey season has closed and it is with happy memories that we review the matches played during the competition. Unfortunately we cannot say that we won either the "A" or "B" shield but we did our best to uphold the honour of Fort Street.

All our thanks go to Miss Taylor for her excellent coaching and encouragement, and we are extremely disappointed that we cannot show better results. Much of our failure is due, however, to the lack of a ground for practice and we earnestly hope that in the near future a convenient hockey-field may be provided so that Fort Street may have a chance of winning the shield.

However, that is for future years to decide and we can only hope that "next year" Fort Street may attain the position of premiers.

MELBRA LYONS, Captain.

MUSIC.

Instrumental Classes.

The new violin class formed in Second Year this year has had many interruptions owing to the number of wet sport afternoons, but the girls are doing very good work. One of the new members is Joan Knight who is a very promising student. The leader of the first violins is Thelma McKeon, while Mary Best is leader of the second violins.

PIANOFORTE.

In this section the girls are doing splendid work. Patti Graham competed in the Open Championship section at the Illawarra District Eisteddfod and gained first prize (£2/2/-) and a valuable cup.

Mrs. James is busy preparing the following girls for the A.M.E.B. (State Conservatorium of Music) Examination to be held on November 13.

Grade II: Patti Graham, Joyce Smyth and Jean McGilchrist.

Grade III: Muriel Harding, Hope Davidge, Jean Adams, Merle Clarke and Jean Cairns.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

In Third, Fourth and Fifth Years', Harmony, Counterpoint, Melody Writing and Composition classes the girls have developed the love of writing the language of music. There is a great charm in writing our own tunes and harmonizing them. To write a march, a waltz, a chorale or a descriptive piece (adjective music), is quite a fascinating task.

We girls, in particular the soon-departing Fifths are deeply grateful to Mrs. James for what she has done for us and for music.

PAT. GRAHAM, V.

PALINGS'S PRIZES FOR MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

At the beginning of the year, Palings offered prizes for the best march composed by a Fortian. There were eight entries and the first, second and third prizes were won by P. Graham (Year V.) for "Merrimanga," Merle Clarke (3D) with "Step Along" and Marie Sansey (Year 4) with "Highway" respectively.

These marches were first played in public on "Farewell Day."

BASKETBALL.

Although this year I cannot report that the "A" grade basketball shield is ours, still we had some success in that, losing only one match, we tied with Sydney and St. George for the coveted shield.

The "B" grade team was less fortunate in that it lost only one match but drew one other, and so were eliminated from being the premiers.

We would like to thank Miss Anderson, who so very ably trained the teams, for her enthusiasm and unwavering confidence in us were stimulating from the beginning.

Congratulations are extended to Sydney and St. George, and to the "B" grade premiers in the competitions this season.

NELLIE POPE,
Captain.

TENNIS.

The tennis season this year has been particularly enjoyable, for as well as the inter-schools competition, there has been the added interest of the tournament for the cup Miss Cohen presented to the school. On behalf of the girls I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Cohen for this trophy, which is very beautiful and which has made all years more enthusiastic than ever about tennis. Competitors from every year entered with true Fortian enthusiasm and sportsmanship. It is especially pleasing to note the interest and ability displayed by the lower school. Ina MacDonald won the cup this year, with Gwen Jamieson and B. Lockhart runners-up.

The "A" team this season, consisting of B. Lockhart, M. Harding, D. Williams and I. MacDonald, was victorious till the last

match, when they were defeated by St. George. Fort Street thus ties with St. George and Parramatta for the shield, and is eligible to compete for the Stuart Cup at the end of the year. We regret the loss of D. Williams, who has left, and so will be unable to represent the school in the Stuart Cup. I know the team will do its best to win this coveted honour for Fort Street.

The "B" team, consisting of D. Dodd (Captain), B. Propert, B. Richardson and G. Jamieson, also ties for their shield, with North Sydney.

Several Fort Street girls played in the Schools' Tournament at White City in the May and September holidays. In May, B. Lockhart and I. MacDonald reached the finals of the "B" Grade Girls' Doubles, and in September D. Dodd and partner won the "C" Grade Doubles, while P. Penny and partner reached the quarter finals of the "C" Grade Doubles.

Each year more interest is being shown in tennis and we hope that before long Fort Street will be the holder of both shields.

On behalf of the members of the teams I would like to thank Miss Simons, Miss Anderson, Miss Croxon, Miss Campbell and Miss Nicol-Murray, for umpiring at the matches and for the interest they have taken in our play.

INA MACDONALD, Year V.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Study circles, under the supervision of Miss Campbell and Miss Pirani, meet each Thursday at 10.30. There has been an average attendance of about thirty.

The study of Henry Drummond's, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been both valuable and interesting to Miss

Campbell's group, while St. John's Gospel has been the topic of interesting discussion in Miss Pirani's group.

The girls painted cotton reels, and brought pictures, which were sent to the Harold Wheen Kindergarten, where they were gratefully received. We hope that as our fifth and third year members leave, others will come forward to take their places.

BESSIE BLACKET,
President.

FIFTH YEAR'S PARTING GIFTS.

This year the girls sitting for the Leaving Certificate Examination as tokens of their appreciation of the training which they had received during their course, presented Miss Cohen on Farewell Day with a bronze plate bearing the School's name to be affixed to the pillar at the front gate and four beautiful pottery vases.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1938.

In October the Fourth Years elected the Captain and Prefects for 1938. The following were chosen to carry on the high traditions of Fort Street, Audrey Jordan (Captain), Bennette McClelland (Senior Prefect), Irene Ives, Thelma McKeon, Bessie McVicar Norma Regan, Zara Segal, Peggy Weine, Phyllis Wightman and Yvonne Wooster.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL.

Mrs. Nathan, who some years ago, presented the School with a clock for a "Uniform" Prize, has again shown her interest by offering two prizes of a guinea each to be awarded to the girls who gain first place in Science and Mathematics in Years I. and II.

Peggy Browne, who is teaching at Condobolin, kindly presented the Reference Library, with a copy of Chesterton's Biography.

* * * *

Hazel Cowan (née McEachen), a Fortian very interested in her old school has offered two prizes of half a guinea each for the First Years, who gain first place in English and French, and in History and Geography, respectively.

* * * *

Fay Taylor, who gained one of the Training College Scholarships awarded in August, presented the Reference Library with a volume of the Dictionary of National Biography (1912-21), and Guerber's "Book of the Epic," in appreciation of her debt to the School.

* * * *

Beryl Bayley, IA very kindly presented a copy of "Little Dorrit" by Dickens.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION RESULTS.

We congratulate the following girls on their success in the examinations recently held by the above organisation.

Grade III.: Second Prize, Lois Isherwood; Reading, Lois Isherwood.

Grade II. Certificates: Sybil Austin, Phyllis Evans, Hazel Keavney.

Grade III. Certificates: Doris Badman, Jean Cliff, Dorothy Collett, Kathleen Collins, Coralie Corner, Betty George, Del Harrison, Ruth Hatton, Lois Isherwood, Coral Lee, Nancy Lee, Hazel Mansell, Daphne Nicol, Vera Rawling, Annie Segal, Marjorie Small, Gwen Smith, Hilda Steelsmith, Rosemary Street, Ruth Sullivan, Gloria Turner, Alison Walter, Joyce Watson, Margot Weine, June Williams.

Grade IV. Certificates: Laurel Andrews, Patricia Dalzell, Joan Knight, Dorothy Maye, and Elizabeth Stewart.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Annual Debate sponsored by the English Speaking Union was held at Fort Street, between a Fort Street team consisting of Bessie McVicar (leader) Judith Henderson and Gwen Smith, and a team of West Maitland girls. The subject discussed was: "The Granting of Self-Government to India is Premature." On this occasion our team was successful. In the second round of these series of debates, the same team debated with a team of Sydney High School girls, the subject under discussion being: "A Parliamentary Form of Government, is a more Effective Form of Government than a Dictatorship."

Both these debates were attended by all the Fourth Year girls, who have taken great interest in debating during the year. The Fort Street team on this occasion, however, was defeated by the representatives from Sydney High School, who then took part in the final debate.

On the 18th June, the Fourteenth Annual Debate between the girls and the representatives of the Fort Street Boys' High School was held, the subject discussed being: "The League of Nations has Outlived its Usefulness."

Misses Hazel Keavney (leader), June Huntley and Nina Whiting

upheld this statement, and the Opposition comprised Messrs. Ast-ridge, Smythe and Appleby.

The return debate was held on July 16th, at Fort Street Boys' High School. The subject for debate was:

"The Age of Chivalry is Gone."

The girls once more upheld the statement, which was strongly opposed by the representatives of the Boys' School.

Mr. Henderson kindly adjudicated at the first debate, when the result was a tie. Uncle Frank of 2GB adjudicated at the return debate, when the boys were victorious.

The monthly debates during the year have proved very interesting, and a wide range of subjects has been discussed. One afternoon was

devoted to impromptu speeches, and the talks on the various subjects chosen, including: "Homework should be Abolished in the Week-end," and "Co-education should be Allowed," proved very interesting.

Two enjoyable debates since the last report were by Second and Third Years. The Second Years debated on the subject.

"The Written Word is more Effective than the Spoken Word," and the Third Year Girls chose, "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

The debaters of Second and Third Year show great promise, and we hope that they will bring success to us next year.

BESSIE McVICAR.
Secretary.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

A spirit of intense excitement pervaded the school on Monday, August 3rd, for this was to be the night of nights. Many long hours of patient labour had been spent to make this night a success and those who witnessed the play know that this work was worthwhile. We tender our sincerest congratulations to Miss Rosalie Collins, who produced in her inimitable manner, that very beautiful play, "The Blue Bird." The girls' interpretation of this delicately lovely play by Maurice Maeterlinck was delightful.

The story is that of two poor little children, Tytyl (played by Lesley McEvoy) and his sister Mytyl (Thelma McFarlane), who went in search of the Blue Bird (symbol of happiness) to help a little sick neighbour (Helen Shiels). They were first directed to the Land of Memory and accompanied to its borders by Bread (Judith Henderson), Cat (Betty Hannam), Dog (Peggy Martin), Fire (Caroline Arkinstall), Light (Belle Curtis), Milk (Heather Paton), Sugar (Nancy Langford),

and Water (Rita Freeder). But the Blue Bird they sought was not there. They next went to the Palace of Night (played by Jessie Macaulay, but, after seeing many wonderful and terrifying things, they left without the Blue Bird. From here they journeyed to the Kingdom of Happiness, but even here the Blue Bird was not to be found, so they set out for the Kingdom of the Future. Not here, however, was the Blue Bird, and at last they returned home, where they found the Blue Bird and gave her to the little sick girl. But the essence of happiness depends on its transience and the Blue Bird soon disappeared again.

Musical items by the School Orchestra (under the able direction of Mrs. James) and by Dorothy Dodd, greatly enriched the evening. Miss Anderson is to be congratulated on the fine work her dancers did. Indeed, the whole performance was so successful that we feel sure, on that night at least, the Blue Bird of Happiness, was really amongst us.

M. KNUCKEY, 4A.

FICTION LIBRARY.

This year the fiction library has had greater patronage from the First and Second Years than last year, but we would be pleased if the Fourth Year girls took greater interest.

The fines imposed for overdue books have enabled us to buy new books, including some by Baroness Orczy and Wells. These should prove to be of universal interest. Several books have also been gratefully received from members of the school.

The librarians for this year are: O. Fooke, M. Kinsella, M. Le Neuf, D. Renwick, G. Tamplin, N. Wickham, and P. Wightman.

TRAINING COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Amongst the students who gained scholarships at the Training College for the additional course, which began in September, are Nora McKenna, Sybil Frazer, Fay Taylor, Lilian Clint, and Alice Platt.

FAREWELL DAY.

This year's "Farewell Day," as of yore, was a day of mixed feelings of joy and sadness.

Miss Cohen began the proceedings by welcoming the visitors, especially Miss Partridge and former captains of the School, and by reading good wishes for the examinees from past pupils and teachers, including Joyce McCredie, Marjorie McKechnie, Ellen Swann, Lily Preston (travelling in England), Miss Dunlop and Miss Lesslie.

After the school songs had been sung, Miss Cohen addressed the girls, giving them some very good advice, and adding that she and the staff would be only too pleased to do anything in their power for any Fortian.

After the playing of the three prize-winning marches the Captain-elect and her prefects were invested with their badges of office by the outgoing Captain and her band, in time-honoured fashion.

Melbra Lyons then, on behalf of the Fifth Years, presented the School with four beautiful vases, but the principal gift, the bronze plate for the gate, was not ready for presentation.

A pleasant incident was the presentation by Miss Cohen of small pictures drawn by Mrs. James, to five girls who throughout the five years of their school career had never missed a choir practice, concert or broadcast. Then at Miss Cohen's request, the choir sang, "The Vesper Hymn," "Queen of the Night" and "Cradle Song," all of which were rendered with great feeling.

Miss Partridge expressed her pleasure at being present and her interest in us all; wishing us all a good pass in the forthcoming examinations.

Mrs. Stuckey's address was amusing and interesting, recalling her days at the school, and pointing out to the girls leaving school that they would not lose contact with it altogether if they joined the Old Girls' Union.

After two more School Songs had been sung, another "Farewell Day" closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

JEAN GREIG, 3D.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

Amongst the comforts sent to the women of Newington by the girls of the School were sixty-two pairs of bed-socks, nine woollen bed-spreads, four bed-jackets, forty-seven scarves, fifty pairs of cuffs, twenty pairs of knee caps, three shawls, three vests, and five boxes of sweets.

Recently the School Association on behalf of the girls sent the Preventorium ten guineas, the Sydney Hospital, Rachel Forster Hospital and the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children three guineas each, and the St. John's Ambulance and the R.S.P.C.A. one guinea each.

On Egg Day 366 eggs and five shillings were sent to Sydney Hospital and later, large quantities of newspapers were collected for the Preventorium.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The Reference Library has proved a great help and pleasure to the senior girls this year, but we would like to see some of the younger girls borrowing books. Besides books of reference, there are many books of short stories, legends, poetry and plays, as well as classics, which the younger girls would find very interesting.

The many new books we have acquired this year include: "The Heart of the Antaretic" by Shackleton; "Novelists We are Seven" (Braybrooke); "Women in Italy" (Boulting); "Emily Davies and Girton College" (Stephen); "Little Dorrit" (Dickens); "Peoples of the World in Pictures"; "An Empty Land" (Kirwan); "A Century of Nature Stories" (Scott); "The Book of Chivalry and Romance" (Stuart); "The Book of Epic Heroes" (Cruse); "The Book of Craftsmen" (Bruce); "The Book of Polar Explorations" (Elias); "The Peal of Bells" (Lynd); "From Anne to Victoria" (Dob-

rée); "Robbery Under Arms" (Rolf Boldrewood); "Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn" (Kingsley); "Autobiography" (G. K. Chesterton); "A Chronicle of English Literature" (M a i s); "Funny Pieces" (Leacock); "The Second Century of Humour"; "A Century of Historical Stories"; "Old Days, Old Way"; and "More Recollections" (Gilmore); "Freedom Farewell" (Bentley); "Australian Discovery," two volumes (Scott); "The Book of Invention" (Bridges); "Cavalcade of History" and Great Names in History" (Golding); "Georgiana's Journal" (McCrae); "The Book of the Epic" (Guerber); "Dictionary of National Biography" (1912-21); "Reminiscences of Early Queensland" (Petrie).

The Library is available for reference purposes at any time, and books may be borrowed or returned at Recess on Tuesdays and Fridays.

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

DRAMATIC READINGS.

The Dramatic Readings under Miss Croxon's supervision have proved very entertaining and we would welcome a larger attendance to enjoy them with us.

Since my last report the Third Years have presented. "The Grand Cham's Diamond," the First Years have given a delightful play, "The Beggars' Island," and the Fourths, the very amusing "Men and Women's Rights."

The Second Years will give a reading in the near future and that will conclude the Year's activities. MARGOT BRACKPOOL,
Secretary.

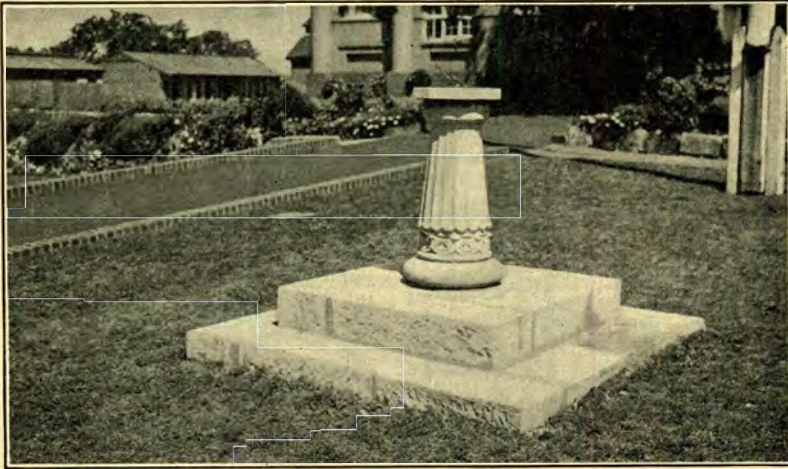
THE SUNDIAL.

Before leaving on her trip to England last year, Miss Cohen expressed a desire to have a sun-

dial in the school grounds. Accordingly the fifth year girls of 1936 determined to raise sufficient funds to purchase a sundial and present it to the school as a token of the appreciation and gratitude which they owe to Fort Street, and in memory of the happy years they had spent there. Largely through the diligent efforts of the captain, Gwen Curran, this object was fulfilled, and recently the sundial was placed in position in the centre of the lawn near the entrance gates, where anyone

entering the school could not fail to notice it. The girls of every year have shown great interest in it, so much so that at first the teachers had their time fully occupied in keeping the girls off the lawn and away from the sundial. However, despite the short time it has been there the sundial has become one of the integral parts of Fort Street—one of those things which endear the old school to everyone who is in any way associated with it.

JEAN PALMER, 5A.



THE SUNDIAL, Presented by Fifth Years of 1936.

THE NEW EDUCATION CONFERENCE.

The final examination of 1937 will stand out in my memory, not only as a taste of things to come, but by reason of the fact that the last dread week before the event was actually one of keen enjoyment! Indeed, I venture to say that my mind was occupied more by the distinguished educationalists from overseas than by the impending Trial Leaving! And if the gentlemen in question were at all interested in my reactions, they would take that as a very great compliment!

However, being well aware that such celebrated people are completely indifferent to my feelings, I shall not, I am sure, displease

them if I admit that no one captured my interest so well as Professor Debenham, of Cambridge. The reason is purely personal. To me the most fascinating of all those gay young heroes whose brave life and gallant death won for them a dwelling-place in Elysium is the glorious, noble Captain Oates. Surely it was of such as he that our Lord said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." The Professor apologised, I remember, for his inability to describe those brave men as he knew them. How I longed to say, "They live before us as you speak!" Perhaps then I should have con-

tinued, "And you yourself, *you* bear the hallmark of a hero. But I sat silently, drinking in his quiet words, lost in a land of everlasting ice.

However, I have always been taught to begin a tale at the beginning. To begin with, then, our first visitors were Professor Hart, from the University of California, and his charming wife. I suppose that most people share my interest in America? It seems a sister land, and very close to us. Shall we ever forget that tall bronzed man as he stood before us reading precisely why the youth of America liked teacher A, and detested teacher Z-ee? The Educational Conference seemed a very pleasant, interesting affair then. The more serious part of it—the internationally vital part—was stressed and eloquently explained by the learned Doctor Kandel, of Columbia University. After all, none can deny the force of education in a growing world. And the Educational Conference, composed of delegates from the great democracies was bent on reforming such an important factor in world peace.

A very benign, paternal gentleman was Doctor Boyd, of Glasgow, who told us much about his ideal school, interspersed with de-

lightful remarks about his beloved daughter. The two facts which I most vividly remember were rather startling. The first was that one need not worry about elementary spelling—it will develop. The second was that at the age at which most of us fifth year girls find ourselves, the most interesting thing in life is sex. I should like to debate both points with the Doctor—though I fear I shall never be given the opportunity.

And so, to reverse Master Pepys's famous observation, to the awakening. Indubitably, our educational system needs renovating. No senior girl, at least, will deny it! What better way could be discovered than by animated discussion among real experts? Which leads me to a suggestion of my own. We Fort Street girls were, I know, singular in the privilege of listening to these people. It seems a shame that others—that everybody—may not enjoy a like privilege in the future. We discovered in that short week how exhilarating, how edifying it is to come in contact with fresh ideas interestingly expressed. Is there not in this very fact the germ of a new idea for our education?

HAZEL KEAVNEY, 5A.

THE BLACKWOOD MEMORIAL PRIZE.

There were twelve entries in this competition for an original short story, the response being good throughout the school: two from Fifth Year, four from Fourth, two from Third, two from Second, and two from First Year.

Barbary Berry, 3C, was awarded the prize, and the following

DEFERRED REWARD.

Wearily, Ashburton dragged his long form up the last steep ledge. He found himself on a high plateau, from where most of the surrounding country was visible. With a sinking heart he saw ahead

stories are highly commended:—Connie Peach's fantasy, "The End of War," Hazel Keavney's "For France," and Marjorie Cox's, "A Paleface Triumph." Joyce Nelson submitted an excellent sketch.

Below is printed the story written by Barbara Berry.

of him the seemingly endless hills, rolling away towards the setting sun. He turned and looked in the direction he had come. He saw, far below, the silver sheen of the Nepean River, and beyond it a

wide stretch of flat country, partially cultivated. In the gathering dusk he could see the small settlements that were strung along the road he had furtively travelled the night before. The starting point of that road was Sydney, and he would be far better off there he bitterly reflected, in spite of the cruelty of his master than where he was, hopelessly lost in the Blue Mountains. To return now, even if he could, in his weakened state, would perhaps mean being transferred to Norfolk Island, that place of suffering and horror, for the rest of his life.

* * * *

Some days later, Ashburton, emaciated and unshaven, half-demented and incoherent, fell providentially into the hands of a tribe of natives. These primitive people, crude and uncivilised as they were, cared for him in a manner surprisingly different to the treatment he had received from people of his own race. Their solicitude for Ashburton, however, was due not to any humane motive, but to the effect produced by a piece of golden flecked quartz, which was clutched in his thin brown fingers when he was found, and to which he addressed frenzied speeches during his periods of delirium. His rescuers regarded that quartz with awe, religiously avoiding it, for they believed it to be a magic stone which would bring evil to all who handled it, save its rightful owner. How else explain the reverence with which the pale, sick stranger regarded his treasure?

For five weeks they nursed Ashburton. Was not the owner of such a magic stone entitled to their care? During the period of his convalescence, Ashburton had continually pleaded to be taken back to his own people, and at the end of the fifth week the

natives took and left him at a spot within easy walking distance of a settlement. Still clutching his precious stone, and with a joyous light of hope flickering in his eyes, Ashburton hurried expectantly towards the settlement.

* * * *

It was a Sunday morning when Ashburton staggered into Parramatta, the settlement near which the natives had left him. Several women, dressed in the full skirts and coal-scuttle bonnets of the period, who were sedately making their way to church, screamed at his haggard and unkempt appearance. Even men stopped and stared at him. He stumbled and arose, and a crowd began to cluster around him. A lieutenant, attached to the local military force, attracted by the crowd, swaggered across the road to ascertain the object of so much curiosity. He stood still, scrutinising Ashburton for a few minutes, then burst out:

“Begad! I’ve seen you before! You’re Halley’s assigned convict, who escaped from Sydney six weeks ago. Well, my lad, you had best follow me.”

Beckoning to Ashburton to follow him, the lieutenant turned sharply on his heels and led the way to the Military Barracks in George-street, where a number of soldiers were lounging at the gateway, their red coats standing out sharply against the grim walls of the massive stone building.

No speech had passed between the two as they had walked down George-street, past squat, brick houses with large square windows, and circular fanlights over the doors, but as they entered the barracks, Ashburton, eager to relate his adventures, and to disclose the reason for his return, broke into excited explanation.

- Producing the stone which had caused so much wonder among the natives, he informed the lieutenant that it contained gold, and that where it came from there was plenty more. He asked whether he would be granted a free pardon for his discovery. The officer did not reply immediately, but took the quartz and handled it with a look of astonishment. Finally the lieutenant said that all he could do would be to report what he had been told to the officer in command of the barracks, who would make the decision.

A few minutes later, the two men arrived outside the captain's door. The lieutenant, remarking that Ashburton looked as if he had not had a decent meal for some time, ordered a convict servant to provide him with food. Calling a soldier, the lieutenant commanded him to escort Ashburton to the kitchen. He then knocked on the captain's door, and, at a curt order, went inside.

After listening attentively to the lieutenant's report the captain deliberated in silence for some time, and finally said:

"So he wants a free pardon, eh! Absurd! If news of a gold discovery leaked out at this moment we couldn't keep order among the convicts. Still, that is a matter for the Governor. For the present, see that he is kept in solitary confinement in the gaol."

Meanwhile, Ashburton was sitting on a wooden bench devouring the food that the lieutenant's servant had brought him. He looked up expectantly at the sound of footsteps, and saw the lieutenant approaching. Briefly the latter told him the captain's decision, and, after issuing some commands to two soldiers on duty near by, turned and walked away.

The two soldiers approached Ashburton, and with one on each side of him he was marched out into the street. Red-coated sentries stood on guard at various points throughout the town, the population of which consisted mainly of convicts, soldiers and officials. As Ashburton passed St. John's Church he heard the voices of citizens and convicts alike, lifted in a hymn of praise. He gazed around him with interest; across the river he could see the Governor's residence, below which, around a horseshoe bend of the river was situated the Governor's orchard, one of the finest in New South Wales. In front of him he could see, beyond the cherry-tree gardens, the grim walls of the gaol, towards which he was now being led. On the ground in front of the gaol stood the stocks, in which some petty offender was sitting.

Ashburton underwent his punishment stoically. In addition to being flogged on a charge of having stolen the gold, his ticket of leave was cancelled. The punishment was unfair, but Ashburton had suffered so many injustices at the hands of his gaolers that he had learned to accept such treatment philosophically. Why further antagonise with petitions and protestations the powerful military clique that despotically ruled the colony? The knowledge that the Governor had actually suppressed the news of his gold discovery had amazed Ashburton at first, but so many surprising things happened daily in the infant colony that his amazement was short-lived.

* * * *

Shortly afterwards Ashburton was to enjoy a change of fortune, for he was transferred from government labour—to which he had been returned when his ticket of leave was cancelled—to an easy-

tempered farmer who owned property near Parramatta. His main duties consisted of personal service with occasional outside work on the farm. Six tranquil months passed, during which Ashburton regained much of his lost vigour and self-respect, and attained a more cheerful outlook on life.

One evening he was riding through the scrub near Parramatta. He had been sent with a message to a neighbouring farmer, and was returning just as dusk was approaching. Suddenly his horse pricked up its ears and neighed shrilly. Ashburton, who had been dreaming of his former life in England, was rudely startled by his horse's strange behaviour. Listening carefully, he soon discovered the cause of the animal's alarm. Faintly through the trees came the booming of drums announcing that a meeting of natives was in progress. Realising that the natives were stirred up to fever pitch owing to the slaughtering of many of their number by the white settlers, and were probably planning a wholesale massacre as a revenge, Ashburton pressed his horse forward in the direction of the farm.

The only way he could take, led past the spot where the corroboree was being held. As he rode his agitated horse as quietly as possible along the track he listened apprehensively to the strange, chanting sound, and inwardly cursed those who had by unnecessary cruelty changed a peace-loving tribe into murderers thirsting for vengeance.

So far he had not seen any natives, but he fully realised that this did not mean that none had seen him. Nor was he wrong in this last surmise. A wild yell caused his already frightened horse to break into a gallop, Ashburton was thrown, and six natives, practically naked, be-

feathered, and fantastically daubed with clay, who had been watching him closely for the past few minutes, rushed out from their shelter and surrounded him.

After a moment of stunned silence, Ashburton recognised them as members of the tribe which had befriended him when he had attempted to escape across the mountains. He spoke to them by name, and they seemed not displeased to see him. They marched him away from the track, for what purpose Ashburton racked his mind in bewilderment. After they had proceeded for some little distance they stopped and began to talk excitedly to each other, and Ashburton took advantage of the pause to watch the corroboree, which he could dimly discern by craning his neck and peering through the trees.

The drums were still making their stange music, warning women and children to keep away. In the firelight, warriors with weirdly painted bodies stamped aggressively back and forth to the wild music. Ashburton noticed, lying in the centre of a group of horribly-scarred, wizened wise men of the tribe, the inert form of a red-coated soldier. By this time his captors had finished their argument, and led him forth into the red glow of the fires.

At his approach the soldier raised his head. Ashburton saw flitter across the soldier's face a look of hope which was quickly replaced by one of despair at the realisation that Ashburton was alone, and was also virtually a prisoner. With a start, Ashburton recognised the man on the ground as Lieutenant Grainor, the young officer who had arrested him on his return to Parramatta.

The remainder of the tribe seemed pleased to see Ashburton again, and began to question him as to what had befallen him since

he had left them. As soon as it was politic, Ashburton inquired what they intended to do with Grainor. They explained, with much demonstration, that they proposed to torture the soldier. Horrified, Ashburton endeavoured to dissuade them from this course. His pleading brought him under suspicion as an accomplice of the hated military. It was suggested by some of the younger men of the tribe that Ashburton should also be tortured, but this was met with shrill cries of protest from the elders.

Ashburton attempted to reason with them afresh. He pointed out that if an officer was murdered the soldiers and settlers would not rest until they had exterminated the tribe responsible, and probably several other tribes as well. But the natives ignored this argument. They were indifferent to the possible fate of the other tribes, and they themselves could always withdraw to the mountains where they would be quite safe. Ashburton then told them that Grainor had helped him on many occasions; that when he had been one of Halley's convict-labourers, Grainor had several times intervened and saved him from being ill treated, and that it was through Grainor's influence that he had been assigned to an easy-going master. Because of these kindnesses shown to himself, he was asking them to let Grainor go on his way unharmed. Many of the tribesmen were won over, and Ashburton was cleared of any suspicion of being in league with the soldiers, as he was now regarded as having defended the officer merely out of gratitude. But to a large number of them the red coat that Grainor wore could not be overlooked. It signified that he belonged to a regiment, one of whose soldiers had ruthlessly destroyed many of their numbers. He must be punished to

avenge those who had perished. But when Ashburton told them that the lieutenant had had nothing to do with the killings, as he had not been in Parramatta at the time, they changed their opinions, and all agreed to allow Grainor to leave the camp un molested. Ashburton, after expressing his thanks to the natives, bade them farewell and assisted the weakened Grainor from the camp. He had no difficulty in finding his horse, for it had returned to the spot where it had thrown him, and as the lieutenant's horse had been tethered to a sapling near by, they were soon riding towards the farm together.

* * * *

Some months later, Ashburton was standing in the bows of the "Royal George," smoking his pipe waiting for the English coastline to come into sight. As he smoked he thought of the events which had occurred during the past year. He had been granted a free pardon for his "outstanding bravery in facing a tribe of murderous natives and saving an officer's life." In addition he was given a small sum of money with which he could pay his passage back to England, or buy a small farm. But Ashburton spent the money in buying the necessary equipment and provision for a trip to his goldmine in the mountains. There he found sufficient gold to keep him for the rest of his days. The gold he had sold privately to traders, and he had bought his passage back to his homeland. Suddenly remembering that he had come out on deck in order to catch the first glimpse of England, he lifted his eyes and saw that while he had been lost in his dreams the ship had drawn quite near to the coast, and that in front of him, shrouded in a light mist, were the famous white cliffs of Dover, which he had not seen for six years.

NIGHT.

The moon is climbing the sleeping skies,
 And the winds are loose o'er the sea,
 The night-clad earth is cold and bare,
 But the ice-blue stars are glimmering there
 Above the fathomless sea.

The waning light of the golden moon
 Shines bright on the earth below;
 A ragged cloud strays across the sky,
 I hear the sound of the night-owl's cry;
 And the fleeting breezes blow.

—B. Swann, 3A.

REVERIE.

Cool wet sands in the silvr'y light,
 Breakers shining in bright moonlight;
 With a curl of their crests and a sullen roar
 They crash on the beach for ever more.
 Then with a sweep and a mighty swirl,
 They rush back into the ocean's whirl,
 To mount again with a foamy crest,
 A moving picture of great unrest!

But lo! In the sky is a faint pink flush,
 And out of the sea the sun doth rush,
 The sea birds scream as they soar on high
 Or on the waves go sailing by,
 The blue sea moves with a lazy swell,
 And murmurs its secrets to those who can tell.
 The people lie on the warm gold sand,
 And on the promenade plays a band.

But, when the sun has dipped to rest,
 And the seabird flown to his lofty nest,
 And the people have slowly gone away,
 And the band on the promenade ceases to play,
 Then up comes the beautiful Queen of the Night,
 And sheds over all her radiant light,
 And peace and calm supreme do reign
 Till up comes the fiery sun again.

—E. F., 2E.

GRANDMA'S DANCING LESSON.

When Grandma learnt to dance
 She curtsied low,
 With pointed toe,
 And no one dared to prance.

With mittened hands, her dress
 So daintily was held.
 A prettier sight one ne'er beheld—
 A vanished grace, I must confess.

Little boys in velvet suits
 And dainty lace,
 With utmost grace
 Danced to the music of the flutes.

No more we dance and curtsy low,
 Sliding to the right
 With little faces smiling bright
 As was the fashion long ago.

— Sheila Russell, 2C.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

I'm trying my hardest to think of a poem,
I've tried one on "Sunrise," on "Sunset," and "Home,"
But now I have found why it's taking so long,
When the rhyming is right it's the rhythm that's wrong.

I've tried one on "Spring," and I've tried one on "May,"
I've even tried one on "The Close of the Day."
I've ideas from Shelley and ideas from Light,
But still I can't think what I'm going to write.

I'll try one on "Flowers" and try one on "Bees,"
Then if they're not right, I will try one on "Trees."
And if I still find that my writing's in vain
I'll think of the motto that says "Try *Again*."

—"Jeanet," 2C.

THE CIRCUS.

Riding through the streets so wide
Drawing crowds on every side
Comes the circus!

Tawny lions and tigers cruel
Ruled by tamers calm and cool
At the circus!

Skilful riders, horses fine,
With glossy coats that gleam and shine
In the circus!

Hurry up, or you'll be late
And we out here don't want to wait.
For the circus!

—P. Israel, 2C.

BACK TO SCHOOL.

Bags are here,
Bags are there,

Bags are really everywhere!
Carried on by schoolgirl hands,
Marching to their school in bands,
Out from Wynyard Station comes
The endless stream with sound as drums,

Some recounting joyful tales,
Some with many woeful wails,
Back to school the scholar comes,
Back to History, French and Sums,
Through the gates to join the throng
Of joyful girls they mix among.
Back to work, all bright and fair,
Bags are really everywhere!

—Dorothy Fitzpatrick, 1A.

TREES.

To me trees seem such silly things,
'Cause when its fine and hot,
They waken up and dress themselves
In everything they've got.
But when "Old Jack Frost" returns
They throw about the ground
Their clothes, and stand upright and bare
When the cold is all around.

—Shirley King, 2E.

THE CAPTIVE DINGO.

What are you saying, poor dingo,
 Howling away in your cage,
 Racing around in your prison,
 Tearing the bars in your rage?
 Why don't you live in contentment,
 When you have plenty to eat,
 Never a lesson to study,
 Sheltered from cold and from heat?

How can you ask me, oh children,
 You who can wander at will?
 Dingoes can only be happy
 Bounding o'er gully and hill.
 How can I live in contentment,
 Chained within close prison walls?
 Rather I'd perish of hunger,
 Out where the mountain bird calls.

—B. Richards, 2E.

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis soft and sweet as fairy's kiss
 On new-born rose,
 'Tis steeped in all the heav'nly bliss
 A poet knows.

'Tis decked in purer, richer gems
 Than twinkling night,
 'Tis true and firm as slender stem
 Of flow'ret bright,

'Tis staunch as rock in deepest sea,
 When tempests blow,
 'Tis gracious, fair; 'tis warm and free
 As sunset's glow.

'Twas born of God 'midst angel host
 In heav'n above,
 'Tis mankind's purest, greatest boast,
 'Tis child of love.

—Gwen Smith, 4A.

THE DREAM SPINNER.

The dream fairy sits for ever,
 Dream-spinning through the years,
 She spins the dreams of laughter,
 She weaves them through with tears.

She binds them all with moonbeams,
 With dewdrops, glistening bright,
 And sends them off, fast-speeding
 Into the dreamy night.

—"Weeping Willow."

THANKSGIVING.

I want to thank God for the sun and the trees,
 The birds in the heavens, the bright, gentle breeze,
 The laugh of a river, the grandeur of song,
 The depths of the ocean, the cheer of a throng,
 The ripple of laughter, the stir of the leaves,
 The joy of a triumph, the foam of the seas,
 The scent of the flowers, the sky up above,
 I want to thank God for the wealth of his love.

—Gwen Smith, 4A.

POPLARS.

I walked down an avenue
 Stretched taut to the sky, proudly deigning
 To address the soft white clouds and azure blue
 Of God's own eminence, implying
 The path which He would that we should lead,
 Straight and firm, serenely splendid—
 Thus they are,
 The poplars.

I walked beneath their boughs,
 Beneath those tinted messengers of season, showing
 Now the warning breath of Autumn on their brows,
 Brown and gold, soft golds a-glinting,
 Softer browns a-showing 'neath this warmth.
 How clean and pure is their sweet breath!
 Thus they are,
 The poplars.

I still shall seek,
 Till I come to the distant end, where wandering,
 Stand a boy and girl. See, he would speak,
 Of their tallness and their straightness, but whispering,
 "Hush, dear David," she gently forbids him
 Instead, slipping her hand in his—
 Thus they are,
 The poplars.

—Bellina, 2A.

A WATERFALL.

A thousand thousand sparkling lights that fall
 To lilting music, softly gurgling strain:
 A mystic, soft, majestic column tall
 Of gushing water, cataracting rain.

A bridal veil of glist'ning, shimm'ring spray,
 Caressing fern as 'twere a fair bride's locks.
 A million water sprites that leap and play,
 And hurtle joyously down shining rocks.

Oh! happy, free, fantastic waterfall—
 You dash away in rivulets that sing.
 Your dancing waters to the mountains call,
 And in reply the flying echoes ring!

Soft wattle-blooms that in your eddies play,
 Spread Spring's supernal message on your way.

—"Tanzo," 4A.

BLINDNESS.

I did not think that Poesy
 In grey old cities dwelt,
 Or that the magic of her touch
 Could ever there be felt;
 But yesterday a red, red rose
 Its shattered loveliness
 Had flung in fragrant petal-heaps
 Of dusky velvetness.

And heedless people passed along
 The greyest Sydney street,
 Where Beauty lay, in frail flower-leaves,
 Beneath their careless feet!

—"Ænone," 4A.

OFF TO SCHOOL.

On winter mornings dark and drear
 I dread the shrill alarm to hear;
 It breaks into my pleasant dreams
 And wakes me all too soon, it seems.

I stretch, I yawn, I scramble out,
 How time does fly, without a doubt!
 A bath, my teeth and hair to brush,
 I dress, then, out to breakfast rush.

Oh dear, my family does fuss—
 They'd hate to see me miss my 'bus.
 I pack my books in ones and twos,
 And, please, will some one clean my shoes?

At last I'm ready. From the hall
 A quick good-bye to all I call;
 My doggie sees me to the gate—
 His small tail wags at such a rate.

The 'bus, I hope, will be on time,
 For I must be at school by nine,
 Ah! here it comes, the five past eight,
 And now I know I'll not be late.

—"Inkblot," 2A.

AUTUMN BREEZE.

Softly sighing in the trees,
 Blows the gentle evening breeze;
 Stirring flowers, trees and leaves,
 Blows the gentle Autumn breeze.

Cooing doves have gone to rest
 In their softly swaying nest;
 The sun is sinking now to rest
 In the glory of the west.

Bunnies scurry here and there,
 Squirrels chatter o'er their fare,
 Sparrows flitter in the air,
 The Autumn breeze is everywhere.

—Bellina, 2A.

THE ROSE.

In the cold, bleak dawn
Of a July morn,
I stood by the rose-bush bare.
With its deadened bark,
So dry and stark,
Not a sign of a leaf was there.

On an August day,
In the sunlight's ray,
I watched the red leaves so few,
And pondered an hour,
On the wondrous power,
That life in that bush could renew.

And now there grows,
A full-blown rose,
Where never a leaf was seen:
And foliage gay,
Charms my senses today—
Blossoms, and leaves so green. —"Pam-Bur," 2A.

AUTUMN.

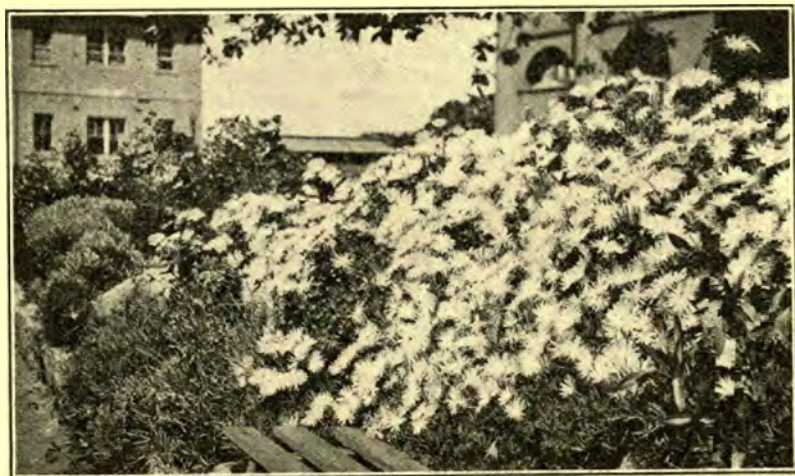
The Autumn is here in her brown velvet gown,
And softer than dew are the leaves falling down,
The brown earth doth laugh as they kiss her—and, lo,
Here's Mr. Wind, and a-scamper they go!

He twists them and twirls them, then lays them to rest
On warm Mother Earth—she who always knows best
How to care for her children; and peaceful they sleep,
And the flowers of the Spring-time their harvest will reap.

The baby winds play with each other all day,
They waft with their presence the smell of fresh hay;
The frailest white clouds deck the shining blue sky,
Against the blue whiteness grey wings flying by.

The treetops are waving; the tall grasses bend
And toss their heads gaily, so eager to lend
Each one its small effort, joining birds, trees and all,
To make this bright Autumn a Spring-time in Fall.

—Nancy Hugh, 2C.



A CORNER OF THE ROSEERY

A HOLIDAY AT PHILLIP ISLAND.

As the Melbourne Express left Sydney on Friday night, May 14th, about twenty excited girls and boys, from different Sydney schools could be seen waving final farewells to their parents and friends, who had come to see them off on their trip to Phillip Island.

Soon after leaving Sydney, having made ourselves as comfortable as possible, we tried to sleep to the accompaniment of community singing from the compartments on either side of us. However, our attempts to sleep were for the most unsuccessful, and after a most uncomfortable and what seemed endless night, day broke and not long afterwards we reached Albury, where we had breakfast.

Here too we had to transfer to the Victorian train, in which we continued our journey until mid-day, when we reached Melbourne. Leaving our luggage at the station we walked to the Fitzroy Gardens, where we met the party of schoolchildren from Adelaide, and together we went to "The Palms", where we had lunch. A little later we entrained for Stony Point, a township on the Bay about forty-five miles from Melbourne. There we boarded a boat and arrived at our destination, Cowes, about five o'clock.

The next day, Sunday, we spent as we pleased and in the evening attended a lantern lecture in the Parish Hall and afterwards with the aid of torches looked for Koala bears. It was the Koalas perhaps, that afforded us the greatest pleasure during our spare time, for these attractive little animals, so rare in New South Wales, are to be found in great numbers in their wild state in the gum trees near Cowes.

However, it certainly cannot be said that we had an excess of spare time for each of the four days spent on the island had been so well planned that scarcely an idle minute was left us.

On Monday afternoon, we went by boat to San Remo on the mainland, while on Tuesday, we went for a trip by car to the "Nobbies" one of the island's greatest attractions for sight-seers. We spent a most enjoyable morning climbing about the rocks, and to our delight found two baby penguins. In the distance we could see "Seal Rocks," but they were too far away for us to see the seals that frequent them in large numbers.

The next morning, we went for a trip by car to the "Forrest Caves"; natural rock formations, near to the sea beach, and although the mutton bird rookeries were close by, we were not fortunate enough to see any mutton birds, for it was not nesting season.

In the afternoon, the weather, which had previously been so beautiful, became dull, and there was every indication of rain. However, a basket-ball match was arranged, between the Sydney and Adelaide parties, the St. George girls representing Sydney. Sydney, however, was defeated, but all wonder at the severity of this defeat vanished when we heard that the Adelaide team included some interstate players. On Thursday morning we had to leave on our return journey. When we awoke, there was a gale blowing and the sky was overcast, but as the boat was flat-bottomed, no one was sea-sick.

When we arrived in Melbourne we went to Carlyon's Hotel, where we were shown our rooms, and after lunch, the weather having

cleared, we were taken round Melbourne in tourist cars.

We first visited the House of Parliament, where the Speaker told us of the proceedings of the House when in session, and of the significance of the mace. We were then shown through the whole building and found the library especially interesting. We then drove through the Fitzroy Gardens, and passed Captain Cook's cottage, transplanted from England, but as we had spent so much time at Parliament House we could not go inside it. Next

we visited the Melbourne War Memorial and drove through St. Kilda and other beautiful suburbs of Melbourne.

The next morning we visited some of the principal shops and in the afternoon attended a thrilling display given by the members of the Melbourne Fire Brigade. At four o'clock, however, we were due at Flinders' Street Station, from which we made an uneventful journey home, having thoroughly enjoyed our visit to Phillip Island.

JOYCE PYE, 3A.

THE CRADLE OF A NATION.

Our School stands among most interesting historical surroundings; the place from which Australia grew up.

Macquarie Place was the site of the landing of Australia's first Governor. On that spot, a flag-pole was erected and from there all roads in New South Wales are measured. In the square in Macquarie Place, the anchor and guns of the Sirius stand.

Bridge Street was so called because there was there a bridge over the Tank Stream, from which all Sydney drew its water supply. This stream now runs under Hamilton Street, and is used as a drain.

The first boat built in Australia was launched in Hunter Street, near where the Herald Office stands to-day. All the land between there and Circular Quay was filled in, in years gone by.

On both sides of Grosvenor Street, stood barracks; convict barracks on the side nearest Wynyard Station and military barracks opposite.

However, a very determined convict could escape from the barracks, so, any really bad character was confined in a building which stood at the junction of York and Essex Streets. Ten years ago, or even less, this building was used as a butcher's shop. In his cold store were rings in the walls, and chains hanging. These were used to chain convicts in the early days of Australia's history, but later the worthy butcher hung his chilled meat by them.

The last public execution of a convict in Australia took place at the junction of Essex and George Streets.

Our own school itself was, as you all know, the military hospital built by Governor Macquarie in 1815.

Indeed, Fort Street School has seen many remarkable changes during the eighty odd years it has stood quietly on the hill, watching.

DOROTHIE GRIFFITHS, 4B.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SPORTS CARNIVAL.

On the morning of the 20th August, the Sydney Cricket Ground presented a gayer aspect than usual, for the Combined High

Schools' Sport Carnival was being held there that day. In the morning the weather was very pleasant, but as the day progressed,

dark rain clouds gathered in the sky. The rain, however, kept off until the end of the day.

The grandstands were filled with excited schoolgirls who had come to cheer their champions on to victory. Fort Street, had a large number of supporters who felt confident that their faith in their schoolfellows would be fully justified.

Among the girls who were representing Fort Street, were some very fine athletes, especially among the juniors, and the ball teams after several months of hard training were at the top of their form.

As usual all heats were run in the morning. The School did well in the heats, especially in the junior events, and the ball games. We were hoping to win the Ball Games Shield for the second time, and also to win the long-coveted Junior Cup. Nor were we disappointed, for we won the Ball Games Shield, with fifteen points out of a possible eighteen to our credit. Fort Street also found herself the proud possessor of the Junior Cup, winning it from Hornsby by two points. Besides

these victories, the School did well in the Caro Cup, gaining forty-five points and only being beaten by the winners: Hornsby with fifty points, and St. George with forty-seven.

The Under-and-Over team excelled themselves again this year by breaking their last year's record of 38 4-5 secs. by three seconds.

The list of Fort Street successes is as follows:—

Junior Championship: Enid Melville, 2.

16 Years' Championship: Melbra Lyons, 2.

14 Years' Championship: Enid Melville, 1.

13 Years' Championship: Una Hagan, 1.

Junior Sack Race: Audrey Clibbens, 1.

Sack Race: Audrey Clibbens, 3.

Under-and-Over: Fort Street, 1.

Overhead Ball: Fort Street, 1.

Tunnel Ball: Fort Street, 2, tie with North Sydney.

Junior Relay: Fort Street, 2.

MARION ANDERSON, 4A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,
University,
20-10-'37.

Dear Fortians,

At the moment of writing this letter I am afraid I can think of little else than work! Doubtless many of you can understand the feeling. Perhaps you will be interested, however, to hear how your old Fortians are spending their time.

During the Education Conference that was held up here, it was a great pleasure to meet many of the teachers from the school; also

some of our old girls who are teaching. Conference was usually held with them at morning tea-time.

Our Freshers have been doing well. Joyce McCredie one usually finds among the dictionaries in Fisher—judging by her proses and compositions, we gather the time spent there is profitable. Dorothy Hamilton, when not occupied with Botany Prac. books, etc., evolves those English distinction essays which have won for her several A's, and third and second places on the list. Nancy

Alexander keeping them company in Arts, finds nine o'clock rather early for Latin lectures, and has to placate the staff for the stamping which always greet her entrance. Frances Proctor has been doing well with her essays as an Economics student. We hear, too that Joy Putland in Veterinary Science, has passed her Physics examination.

Maria Boldini is another who spends her time poring over French and German dictionaries. In her spare time she attends English lectures. As for us poor third year Arts students, Joan Fraser and I have been for the last six months trying to make up our minds whether the writers of the Romantic Revival did, or did not, squander their magnificent energy on many things besides literature! We haven't quite decided yet, but will be obliged to do so, for the benefit of the English staff, on or before Monday, November 1. Joan is another who spends her spare time among the dictionaries; while Mavis Porter spends hers in making queer experiments on children—and on us if she can persuade us—for the furtherance of her second year course in Psychology II. In the interests of Anthropology she and I have been making all sorts of interesting discoveries about primitive societies of to-day.

In medicine, we find Jean Livingston, in second year, in the dissecting room, while Dorothy Adderton and Margaret Raphael have reached the stage of attending lectures in the new Medical School, having completed their yearly exams. for Third Year. We didn't envy them six weeks ago—but we do now!

Amongst the scientifically-minded wandering round in chemistry overalls, are many Fortians—Lesbia Wright, of course, is doing her Honours Year and working

very hard. Frances McLean, who in the middle of winter was engaged in freezing ice, now bemoans the fact that she spends her time with furnaces and such like. For the sake of her biochemical studies Frances has had to keep account of everything she eats—some days eating nothing at all—in order to ascertain the effect upon her of the different foods.

In second year, Beryl Smith, Alice Nairn and Betty Hood are working hard, and from all accounts doing very well. Lucy Sherring and Bonnie Rennie are doing their Pharmacy exams. to-day.

There are quite a number of evening students, also. Mary Stuart, Beryl Kent, Phyllis Corner, and Joan McIntosh we see frequently at night.

Most of our number take their part in different University activities. Mavis and Maria debate occasionally, Maria being in the team which debated for the Women's Union against the Men's Union, and hers was, the adjudicator said, the best speech of the evening. Margaret Raphael represents us at the Women's College, Maria and Dorothy favour the Musical Society, while at the meetings of the Evangelical Union generally, I see Frances McLean, Alice Nairn, Mavis Porter, Dorothy Hamilton and Joyce McCredie. Beryl, Betty and Lesbia favour such things as Science Societies.

I do hope there will be a number of the girls coming up here next year. We have had a wonderful three years, and very much regret that they are almost over.

With best wishes to the Thirds and Fifths for their exams., and may the School on the Hill "keep its honour yet."

MARY ROBINSON, Arts III.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

Dear Fortians,

Now that exam. time is drawing so close again the thoughts of Old Girls turn back to the time when they sat for those exams. and all their sympathies and best wishes go out to you, and particularly to those of you who are sitting for those frightening Public Examinations—the Intermediate and the Leaving. We want to wish you all the very best of luck and success.

Will you do something for us? Really you'll be doing it for yourselves. Those of you who will be leaving school, will you promise us that you will attend just one of the functions arranged by the Old Girls during 1938? Make up your minds before you leave school that a party of you will arrange to go to the annual dance (it's always grand fun) or hold a reunion at the Dinner. As well as these more important functions we hold lots of friendly little functions where you may meet old friends and make many new ones—girls who have common interest, girls who went to the same school as yourselves and who were just as sorry to leave as you will be when you come to the end of the school-days.

But you were promising me that you would come to one of our functions—I suppose you'll be wanting to know what kind of functions we hold, so I'll give you a brief resume of this year's.

First of all we had the General Meeting in March at the Women's Club. We elected the new officers and heard the latest news of the school. By the way, every girl present was thrilled to hear of the School's marvellous success in the Leaving Certificate, and particularly so because of the winning of the General Proficiency Prize and the Lithgow Scholarship by Joyce McCredie.

After this we staged a Wog Party, because we'd all loved the one we'd had last year. It was a wet night, but that didn't dampen anyone's enthusiasm and a good crowd was present at Spindles, where the party was held.

This was followed by one of the events of the year, the Ball. As usual we combined with the Old Boys' Union, and everyone had a marvellous time. During the evening we had several novelty dances for which we were able to give really lovely prizes through the courtesy of three Sydney firms: Dymoocks donated presentation bridge cards, Chartres Bros. Ltd., an eversharp pencil in the school colours, and David Jones a water set in pale green glass. We want to thank the directors of these firms for their kindness.

The next important event was held last Wednesday at the State Ballroom. It was the Annual Dinner, the most popular function of the Old Girls' Union Year. You see it is to this that all the old girls make a special effort to come. This year it was particularly exciting because it was to mark positively the first public appearance of the Old Girls' Union Choir which had been practising during the past three months. The formation of the choir was possible only because of the generosity and interest of Mrs. James, but I am sure the appreciation shown by the last week's audience must be some recompense for her trouble. The girls sang beautifully, and we loved hearing them.

There were about one hundred Fortians at the dinner — and everyone admired the roses which the present girls had sent. We wish to thank Miss Cohen for telling you when our dinner was to be held and Miss Weston and Miss

Puxley for their kindness in organising the collection and packing of the flowers.

At the dinner we heard news of many Old Girls as well as the winning of the Peel Shield by the School. This was a particular thrill because the competition for it began while many of us were at school. I can remember the first team setting out and the excitement of its triumphant return.

It must be marvellous to know that the shield is yours forever. Congratulations, Fortians!

Yours sincerely,
JOYCE BANNAN.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' GERMAN CIRCLE.

As a result of a suggestion made at the annual meeting of the Fort Street, Old Girls' Union, a German Circle was formed. The first meeting of the year was held in May, and proved most successful. Since then meetings have been held regularly on the first Monday of every month—these taking the form of social evenings. Various interesting competitions have been arranged by the members and several readings of extracts from German plays have been given. During the Circle's efforts at community singing, Miss Amy Chicken has very ably presided at the piano, and with Miss L. Arter as conductress, has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of real German "Gemuetlichkeit."

The Circle would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Harders for her continued interest in its welfare.

It would give the Circle great pleasure to welcome as members, any students of German, who are leaving school this year. A knowledge of the German language is becoming every year of increasing

importance and interest, and so the Society extends a cordial invitation to all former pupils desirous of maintaining their interest in German.

The committee consists of Amy Chicken, Mollie Stuckey and B. Mitchell.

JOYCE McCREDIE,
Hon. Secretary.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

The members of the Literary Circle have met regularly during this year at the Women's Club, Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street, under the capable leadership of our President, Miss Turner.

The works of the Modern Essayists have been studied and animated discussions have frequently followed the reading of very interesting papers by members.

Social Evenings were held in March, June and October, which were greatly enjoyed by members and their friends.

Once again, the Circle has had great pleasure in donating a prize of one guinea to the best candidate in English at the Leaving Certificate, the successful Fortian this year being Dorothy Hamilton, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations.

For next year, a study of Biographies is proposed and a very interesting series of meetings should result. A very sincere invitation is extended to all ex-Fortians, particularly to those who are leaving school this year, to attend these meetings.

IRENE HALLETT,
Hon. Secretary.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' CHORAL SOCIETY.

Since its foundation in March, the Choral Society has met every other Tuesday and Wednesday, and considering its short life has quite a large repertoire.

At the Annual Dinner of the Old Girls' Union, the choir made its first public appearance, and with Pat. Graham as accompaniste rendered the following items: "Youth and a Day," "The Wandering Miller," "Happy Birds," "The Shepherdess," "Mozart's Cradle Song," Brahms's "Lullaby," "The Night Bells;" Beethoven's "May Song" and "Keep on Hoping."

Melba Snodgrass sang two solos: Gounod's "Serenade" and Schubert's "Rose Among the Heather," and Doreen James, "The Song of the Smuggler's Lass" and "Is Love a Dream."

The members wish to offer their sincere thanks to Mrs. James for her untiring efforts in conducting the choir, and for the many enjoyable evenings they have spent at her home. They wish to thank also, Pat Graham, who has acted as their accompaniste.

At present the membership is eighteen, but any new members would be very welcome.

In conclusion the members of the Choral Society send their best wishes for the success of those sitting for examinations, particularly the Fifts and Thirds.

I should be very pleased to supply any further particulars to anyone wishing to join us.

WINIFRED RONALDSON,
Hon. Secretary,
117 Chandos St.,
Haberfield.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE OLD GIRLS.

Our congratulations to Una Gibson, who received an ovation at Australia House, London, when she played on the harp the solos: Busser's "Prelude et Dance, and John Thomas's arrangement of "Watching the Wheat," on the occasion of the Coronation Concert given by young Australian artistes.

Betty Moffitt gained the highest place in the State in the Intermediate Section of the I.P.S.A. Shorthand Examination, held in the first half of this year (1937).

Zelie Appel (nee Bristow) is staying with her sister Dorrit (Mrs. Rawson) in Adelaide while Dr. Appel is pursuing his medical studies in England.

Kathleen O'Hanlon, a former captain of the School, after an enjoyable trip through England and Scotland, has gone to Casablanca in North Africa as Secretary to the Manager of Lever Bros.

We were recently pleased to note that Clare Harris had gained a Licentiate of the Royal College of Musicians.

Jessie Bates, Captain for 1929, was married on Farewell Day, and we wish her happiness in her new home at Aria Park.

Clarice Heyner (now Mrs. Morris), is living at Canberra, and her sister Joyce (Mrs. Lewis) is at Narrabri.

Dulcie Warren has obtained a position on the staff of Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris, in which her knowledge of French, both written and spoken, is proving very valuable.

A LETTER FROM FANNING ISLAND.

The following extracts from a letter received by me from Glynne Palmer (nee Stayte) will I am sure, prove very interesting, especially to the Old Girls.

A.E.T.

The island—or rather the three fragments which constitute the little dot that bears the name of Fanning on a map of the Pacific—is a true atoll, about thirty miles in circumference but nowhere wider than half-a-mile. This land formation, the highest point being a mere ten feet above sea level, encloses a lagoon, the most fascinating expanse of water, which, because it is mostly shallow, reveals the most marvellous hues of green, blue and yellow. There are three outlets to the sea, only one of which is navigable, and it is at this entrance, English Harbour, that our house is situated, commanding a glorious view of the lagoon, while about two hundred yards behind the house the surf thunders on the reef.

We have, on a few occasions, mostly dull days, seen green clouds above the lagoon, reflections from the water, and it is said—that years ago when schooners made frequent visits to the island, such clouds were often the means of locating the low atoll on days when the sun was concealed by clouds.

Fish abound both in the open sea and the lagoon and so there is sport for the experienced deep sea angler and for the novice like myself, who can sit on the low wall or bank in front of the house at almost any time and see the fish of many shapes and colours as they nibble at my bait. Later, when I become proficient, I hope to try yet another method of catching a rather delicious-eating fish called "rai." The native boys use a long bamboo rod with a

short line attached, at the end of which is a feather fastened to the hook. They move this quickly along the surface of the water, and as if by magic, a fish appears. It is all so quick and therein lies the knack, for the main object is to keep the feather fluttering.

Practically the whole of the land is planted with coconut palms yielding copra—the product when the meat of the nut is dried. The Cable Company owns a tiny section of land, just sufficient to accommodate their community of seventeen white adults, five children and twenty-three Chinese. Elsewhere there are a few groves of green trees other than coconuts and a couple of mud-flat areas. The waters mostly wash a coral shore, but here and there are small sandy beaches and we are fortunate in having one stretch of white soft sand almost in front of the house, where I bathe daily. Sharks abound too, as you will gather from the fact that we occasionally have a shark-spearing expedition, partly for fun and partly to extract the liver from which we can make a small quantity of oil. However, the sharks seem very disinterested in human flesh—fortunately—no doubt because there is more than ample food for them in the way of fish.

The climate is excellent for the tropics. Only on the rarest occasions do we lack a breeze and the south-east trade, blowing for most of the year is most refreshing. In our so-called "wet" season, it is usually replaced by a northerly wind, but even these few months are not unduly wet. We frequently have an afternoon squall but this is refreshing and saves my watering the garden.

We had expected only sand and coral stones, and were agreeably surprised to find bananas,

paw-paws, mangoes, lemons, figs, passionfruit flourishing. I have even picked some French beans and eschalots and have a few other vegetables progressing well, but most of these have to be grown in boxes, out of the way of large land crabs which choose to burrow in our lawn and garden beds. These are not edible, but I am afraid I find much delight in killing them because they make gardening so much more difficult. The coconut crab, a huge thing of tremendous strength, is good for eating, but, fortunately for the copra industry, we rarely see one. We have, however, caught quite a few lobsters.

The house is surrounded by lawns and shady trees, splashes of colour being provided by hibiscus blooms and crotons. Now I have a bed of zinnias too, and am very proud of them.

There are no indigenous natives but our company employs about sixty Gilbertese boys, some of them complete with wife and piccaninnies. They are a most likeable type, willing, polite and agreeable. I have a Gilbertese cook-boy, an excellent servant, and one of the women does my washing.

Apart from privately owned radios which mostly give us the news from Honolulu and stations in U.S.A. we receive Australian press news through the cable company. Our biggest disadvantage is lack of mails. We have a regular service four times a year but in the last three months have had one schooner and one warship to take away extra mails and look forward to the warship bringing an extra batch from Honolulu at the end of this month.

GLYNNE PALMER.

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

King Albertio was master of a great nation—the master of everything in that nation, except his own household. His wife, Queen Carina, might be termed a mild shrew, and to the sorrow of the King his only daughter looked like taking after her mother.

Whatever Queen Carina said was law in the royal household, and when she said that Princess Pandora must marry a wealthy, but weak-spirited youth, the princess, after valiantly protesting, was forced to agree.

One day the prince was led into her room, and the two were left alone, the prince having to propose to the best of his poor ability.

"Well, er—" he stuttered, "er—er isn't it—er—a lovely day?"

"Yes, isn't it?" replied the princess coldly.

She would have answered differ-

ently, but her mother had seen to that.

"Dearest, I love you," chanted Prince Ruperio, without any warmth of feeling. Evidently a courtier had written out the speech, and the prince had learnt it off by heart, "will you become my bride and live in my palace with me?"

At this the princess's anger, never long dormant, flared up, but restraining her wrath she answered, "I shall tell you my answer tomorrow. Pray leave me."

Now the king had been listening at the keyhole, and when he heard the princess's answer he stole away. He shared his daughter's opinion of the prince and wished her to marry, instead, the handsome son of the Lord High Chamberlain.

He thought and thought, and at last contrived a plan.

The princess was wandering alone in the garden the next evening, when suddenly, a hand was clapped over her mouth, and at the same time her arms were gripped. Dismayed and terrified, the princess fainted.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in a cave guarded by a brigand wearing a short dark-green skirt, a blue jacket and a red bandana. He was gripping a gun. How she had been smuggled out of the palace grounds she did not know, but suddenly horrible thoughts came to her. "I am a princess," she thought, "perhaps they will hold me for ransome, or they may even kill me."

These melancholy thoughts were abruptly stopped as two men entered and carried her outside to where a man, evidently their leader, was sitting.

"Daughter of a king," he began, "you have been kidnapped _____,"

But that was as far as he got, for at that moment another party, headed by a young man, burst in

and covered the surprised kidnapers.

"Princess——" began the leader of the rescue party, but the princess with a cry ran forward and clung to him.

"Save me," she gasped, and then, true to feminine nature she fainted.

When she revived, she was on her own bed in the palace with her mother and father bending over her.

"Ah, my jewel," said her father, "at last you have revived, and here is your gallant rescuer." He pointed to the Lord High Chamberlain's son. The princess instantly fell in love with him.

"I will marry him, and no other man," she declared firmly.

"But the prince——" protested her mother.

"I have spoken," interrupted the princess.

The princess and the Lord High Chamberlain's son were married, and after the wedding, the king secretly paid some men for their part in the comedy.

PEGGY WALLIS, IC.

MY FIRST TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE.

What a breath-taking experience!

First of all the great propellers begin to whirl round and the aeroplane to taxi along the ground, and, as the propellers gather pace, the aeroplane goes faster and begins gradually to leave the earth and to soar higher towards the skies. After circling once, it is a fair way from the ground and so it starts on its journey. What excitement! What thrills!

Then we feel ourselves speeding along in mid-air. Going on and on, up and up. What do we do then? We think we would like to look out over the side of the

'plan, just to see how far up we really are. And what do we see? Why, we see that everything below us appears to be quite flat. The houses are as dots to us, the huge trees are as newly planted seedlings. What a long way we are from the ground!

How strange it seems to be, moving along in the air, sailing along in the breeze, seated in a great bird of the air!

Now and again the 'plane rocks and we feel as though we are about to fall, but still on we go. What fun we are having as we go on, and on!

But sad to say, our joyous ride is coming to an end and we are beginning to glide downwards towards the landing-field; lower and lower we go and still lower, until the wheels of the aeroplane are almost touching the ground, while the great propellers are not turning quite so fast as before.

The wheels are spinning round now for we are running along the ground. Slower and slower we go

until the 'plane has almost come to a stand.

Jerk! We have stopped and our trip has come to an end. But we are all very happy after our flight, for it was our first experience up in an aeroplane.

Out we hop, one after the other, until we are all safely on the ground once more.

MARIE LITTLEJOHN, 3C.

"PATCH" AND HIS DOGGY DIARY.

Monday: "Oh dear! I wonder what all this hurry and bustle is about? Miss Jane, that is, my mistress, and her father, whom I call "Master," and her mother, and a woman who cooks things and gives me bones, are all rushing about, cleaning rooms, scrubbing floors and making the garden look exceptionally tidy. I suppose I shall have to run down to the butcher's and wait for a chance when his back is turned—Cook has forgotten to give me my bone.

Tuesday: To-day Master said to Miss Jane:—"You must be kind to Uncle Jim when he comes to stay with us, for he is very rich and may leave us all his money," so I expect I, too, will have to be nice to him when he comes, to please Master. *That* was why there was such a bustle yesterday!

Wednesday: Uncle Jim arrived to-day. He has a lot of fur which hangs down, on his chin, and some round bits of glass in front of his eyes. I thought I would welcome him, so I jumped up at him and wagged my tail. Although the round bits of glass fell down and broke, I feel sure Master was pleased because he sent me to Cook to get a bone. I left Uncle Jim alone while I ate this, so I expect he felt a bit dull.

I would have gone and had another word or two with him, only they chained me to my ken-

nel. I barked a lot, just to let him know I was still there, but that dreadful Cook came and spanked me. She was jealous, I suppose. We dogs have a lot to put up with sometimes.

Thursday: Aren't humans funny? Of course, they don't know it, but really, sometimes, they are enough to make a cat laugh; and *they* haven't much sense of humour, I can tell you—cats, I mean. To-day, when I saw Uncle Jim out in the garden reading the paper, I could see he was ready for a game, because he had such a tempting pair of loose-fitting, bright red slippers on. Of course, I caught hold of one, and raced round the garden with it, and we would have had such a fine game if Miss Jane had not come along and snatched it from me. She *does* spoil things sometimes.

But I determined I would not be discouraged by this lack of understanding, and so, while he was bending down putting on his slipper again, I picked up the paper and danced round the grass with it. I *love* to hear paper tear, it's a fine sound, but Uncle Jim must have been feeling a little bit cross, for he threw bits of earth at me, but he didn't hit me once. Then he went inside and banged the door, so I ran out of the gate and down the street, I can't go home yet—it's not quite dark

enough; so I suppose I'll have to trot down to the butcher's again. I hope he has some nice sausages hanging in his shop. Those he had on Monday were a bit too peppery for my liking.

Friday: I kept out of sight this morning and spent some time chasing the grey cat that lives next door. I almost caught her too, but the stupid thing dashed up a tree. So I just walked away with my nose in the air. Only cats and birds want to do a thing like that; we dogs certainly would not sit in a stupid tree. Where *did* I bury that bone off last month's veal chop?

Saturday: To-day something funny happened. I chanced to be on the bank of the river which runs past our garden, when what should I spy on the bank but that uncle man's clothes. I recognise them immediately, for with them were the red slippers that I was having fun with the other day before Miss Jane took them away.

"Patch, my lad," said I to myself, "this is queer, these should not be here. You must take them home and give them to Master!" So, picking them up in my teeth, I trotted home as fast as I could. You never saw such a fuss in all your life! Anyone would think I had done something wrong the way they all carried on. Master tied me up and then picked up the clothes and rushed out of the garden and towards the river.

A little later I saw Uncle Jim in the bathroom with his feet in hot water and wrapped in blankets. He shook his fist at me and I'm sure that if he had been able, just then he would have thrown a boot at me. I could see it in his face! I rushed off and just heard him say to Master. "Can't even bathe in

peace. There I was half-an-hour in the water." Enough to make anyone cross, all those females running about; still, I don't see why he had to look so crossly at *me*.

Sunday: It appears he has decided not to stay another day in the house—why I don't know. However, he is staying for breakfast, so I think I'll go in and comfort him.

What a pity! Just as I jumped up, he had a cup of hot tea in his hand. His waist-coat *does* look funny. I think I'll lap the tea up off the floor.

Dear me! They have chained me up again. Maybe I did something wrong! But I'm sure I didn't have mud on my paws. What *is* the matter with everybody?

I haven't been able to say, "good-bye" to Uncle Jim. He did look cross, though, so I suppose it's just as well I wasn't allowed to go near him. I wonder what made him cross? He may have lost his stud; that always makes Master cross, I know.

It's now getting dark and they haven't given me my tea yet. If they don't hurry up I'll go and dig up that bone that I saw Jock, the next-door dog, bury under the rose-tree yesterday. It looked rather nice and it'll be quite easy to break this stupid rope. I'll give them a few more minutes, though, so I think I'll have a bit of a nap while I'm waiting. Now I come to think of it, that funny uncle man didn't seem to like me *too* much, so I'm rather glad he's gone. It *was* a nuisance to have to amuse him all the time."

RITA GUTHRIE, 4A.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

It was August, 1806. The "Danger" was preparing to leave London for the new settlement on the shores of Sydney Cove.

"Yo ho, yo ho", chanted the seamen lustily as they slowly hauled up the anchor.

"Once more, my lads! and she'll be up," cried the boatswain. At last the anchor came to rest upon the deck, the sails caught the wind and the small craft quickly made her way towards the open sea.

Up the mast like monkeys, climbed the crew, unfurling the sails and the Union Jack, which flew from her main mast. The strong breeze caught her fairly as she set out on her adventurous voyage to "Terra Australis," the new land of whose flowers Sir Joseph Banks had spoken in such glowing terms. How excited and hopeful were those on board, thinking of the stories told about this new land.

Ah well! What a disappointment awaited them when they came in sight of this new country. Shores covered with strange trees and scrub down to the edge of the water, stony cliffs and scorching heat: summer at its worst. What expressions of disappointment were heard as the small ship's boats took the prospective settlers of the colony ashore. All they could see was a small stream flanked by a few low wooden buildings. Where would they find a suitable home?

The world is a sad place for us when we are disappointed, but it was especially sad for one small party which had just landed. It was a somewhat strange group, consisting, as it did, of a lady, about thirty-five years of age, dressed in expensive clothes, who was applying her small lace lavender-scented handkerchief to her nose at intervals, a tired-eyed man

who was patiently trying to calm her, an elderly erect lady, who was loudly declaring her intention of dealing with those who had attracted her, Millicent Brow, to this miserable sun-baked place, where they had promised her a life of ease and comfort, and two young boys—twins who were grimacing at their melancholy sister, sobbing. "Mamma! Oh mamma!"

* * * *

One day Miss Brow with her two nephews was walking towards the Cove, when Denis said, "Aunt Millicent, don't you like this place? I do. It is so exciting, you never know when a tribe of those blacks will attack you."

"Denis! stop talking nonsense," was his Aunt's reply.

"Aren't we going to stay here, Aunt Millicent? I heard father telling mother that he knew before we started the voyage that you would never be able to live in a strange country, especially one, where you could not live in a comfortable house with the conveniences of London," said Peter.

"Oh, he did!, did he? Well he will see whether I can live anywhere but in a comfortable house in London." So saying, Aunt Millicent stalked off towards Government House.

"Where are you going, Aunt Millicent?" cried her nephews, greatly alarmed.

"To see Governor Bligh," she said, with determination in her voice.

"To see Governor Bligh."

"Yes, to see Governor Bligh."

Thus Millicent obtained fifty acres of the best farming land at Strawberry Hills, where with the aid of the convicts she grew fruit and vegetables for the Sydney markets.

It was the year 1812, when her nephews were sent to England to be educated. Her brother and sister-in-law (the children's parents, had been drowned while fishing in Farm Cove. So she had only the company of her niece.

In 1817 the young lady married one of the army officers, who had come to the Colony with Governor Macquarie.

* * * *

1820! Oh how happy was Millicent Brow for Denis and Peter were returning to her. What a different welcome was awaiting them this time on their arrival! They were youths of twenty years of age, both tall and dark and still very boyish. The changes in the homestead delighted them but not the change in their Aunt, for she had grown old before her time and work-weary.

One evening they were sitting on the spacious verandah, talking of old times when the old lady turning suddenly to Peter, said, "Do you remember the day I de-

cidcd to apply for a grant of land."

"No, Aunt, I don't remember."

She sighed, "It was just some words you said. I know you both love the land, and that after my death, you will work to make it prosperous. Denis, I am going to leave you in charge while Peter takes me to England in a month's time. Don't fail me."

The black clouds of sorrow descended upon the Brow homestead for the ship in which Aunt Millicent and Peter were travelling to England was wrecked in Bass Strait and the bodies of these two were washed ashore. So they remained forever in the country they had grown to love.

Denis, when he heard the news was watching the sun sink slowly behind the hills. He realised, he was the last of the Browns, and that he had a wonderful future in this great brown land. Conditions would improve and perhaps in years to come . . . but leave that to the future.

FORTUNE, 3C.

ANOTHER DAWN.

On she rushed, her face pale and stricken with something akin to terror. Every bush seemed some dark figure with long, clutching fingers, pulling at her dress, while from behind each one, grotesque faces leered out at her. Down in the valley a mopoke called its mournful, "Mo-poke! mo-poke," a cry that was taken up by the echoes and resounded throughout the valley, until from every corner mysterious figures seemed to be coming towards her, all shrieking "mo-poke, mo-poke!" Up above, in the gum tree something rustled through the branches, sending a shower of silvery gum leaves fluttering down upon her; looking up with startled eyes, she saw that it was

nothing more than a harmless koala hopping from branch to branch. Suddenly the moon passed behind a cloud, plunging everything into deep gloom; she stumbled over some dark object and with a cry of pain sank down, one foot doubled under her, the pain was too much to bear when she tried to rise, so with a low moan she rested in the soft grass at the foot of a tall gum, to watch and to wait. Her thoughts were in a tumult, "Would they find her? If she were not found, she might stay there helpless for hours, perhaps days; no one would know, she . . .

* * * *

Day was just breaking over the distant mountain range when she

woke. The beauty of the sunrise held her, enthralled her. Already a magical shimmer of pink was stealing over the early morning landscape, a pink which gradually deepened into orange, then the sun burst through into a glorious blaze of saffron and gold. Objects which had taken fearsome and grotesque shapes by night, now appeared as no more than harmless bushes and logs. Faintly through the crisp morning air was wafted the gurgle of the kookaburra; all the air seemed to be alive with the dawning of a new day. The soft musical tinkle of a near-by waterfall could be heard and the sun shining on the water converted it into a gleaming silvery mirror. With dragging footsteps she managed to stumble over, until she had reached the cool, crystal water. Having quenched her thirst she leaned back and contemplated the scene

before her. A little way up a small stream cascaded over the jagged rocks, like some misty tulle veil. The clear water had formed into a quiet pool overhung with wild maiden-hair fern and tall she-oaks. Near the bank, hidden by ferns, a patch of dew-bespangled violets grew, shyly peeping out through their heart-shaped leaves. Altogether the bush in the early morning presented quite a different aspect from that in the evening. She wondered how she ever could have been frightened.

Suddenly a familiar "coo-ee" rang out. Her heart beating wildly, she returned the call and a few moments later was delivered into waiting arms. But, still, as she said afterwards, it was worth being lost in the bush to see all the beauties that only Nature can create.

"MAGNOLIA," 2A.

FLADABESTER.

"Fladabester" stood alone at the end of a street of modern bungalows and several blocks of flats. It was almost screened from the road by tall trees, and as it was situated on a cliff above the river, no fence bordered the garden. In this small suburb of Sydney the inhabitants knew everyone and as much as possible about them, so both versions of the story of "Fladabester" were well known. Some said the owner had gone bankrupt, others hinted darkly at a scandal—"I heard . . ." but don't tell a soul, my dear."

For several years the old house was left to fall into ruin. Small boys smashed every possible window, and defaced the walls. Weeds over-ran the garden where so many glorious flowers had grown. Then suddenly, the land was cleared, bright tiles replaced the old shingles, and other repairs were made. "Fladabester" was to be

occupied! The small community showed no little interest in the new occupants, a widow and her only son. For several weeks "Fladabester" was unusually gay with young people, whom the widow was entertaining for her adored son's pleasure, for they found their new home rather lonely. Then, one wet night, while driving home, the son's car skidded and finally overturned.

* * * *

Once more the rambling old grey house was empty. During the winter months it remained cold and uninhabited until a family from the country purchased it in the spring. One afternoon the garden was filled with the laughter of the happy bride, her excited maids and the happy guests. A wedding at "Fladabester!" For once the spirit of gloom usually surrounding the strange house, had vanished.

The family returned to the country, but the happy young couple remained in the suburban home. According to rumour the bride was a "quiet little thing," who was always in bad health. Gradually she became more frail, and would only sit peacefully in the sunshine in the garden, until a dreadful fit of coughing would

seize her, leaving her weak and shaking. About a year later she died, and from that day, "Fladabester" has had no occupants. It stands on the headland alone, in a pitiful state of ruin, this strange house in which no happiness can dwell.

"PAUL," 4A.

HUNTED.

Through the matted jungle growth, the light filtered in wavering shadows, and the secretive tread of feet was muffled by the thickness underneath. The bushes stirred, and looking carefully about him to be sure no one was watching, a negro darted out of the cover of one of the bushes into the darkness of another. This might seem strange to an onlooker, but not to this negro. He was Juan, the negro man-killer, a fugitive from the law. Every few hundred feet or so, he lay on the ground and listened attentively. Everything was quiet for a while, then he detected the steady tramp of men—soldiers! They were already on his trail.

Instantly he seemed to be possessed of a devil. His dark eyes were bloodshot with terror. He darted madly away from the sound of those feet! Dashing through the jungle growth he ran and ran, making a terrific noise as he did so.

The men had sighted him! Bullets whistled all around him. But he kept on running. His sides

ached and his breath came in heavy pants, his head felt dizzy, his legs and body had a curious light feeling. But he still ran blindly on.

More than once he tripped, but that was nothing; he was at once up and on his feet again, and running. He could sense that the soldiers were nearing him. They would catch him and they would kill him straight away. Not even a decent burial would they give him. He would be left for the crows and such birds for food. They, the birds, would eat him, bit by bit, and some of them would eat his black and sinful heart. No! No! That must not be so!

Juan came to a deep and glistening waterfall. He flung himself into the swirling current, and as he was being swallowed up, he was thinking, peacefully, that although he was dying a frightful death, the kind river would not give his body to the crows.

CELIA HUTCHINSON, 1C.

EXCHANGES.

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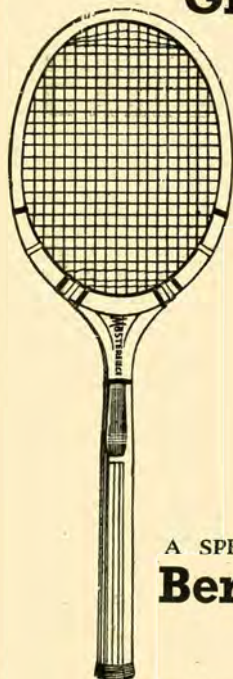
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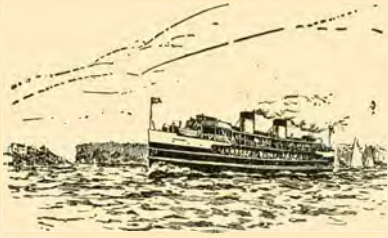
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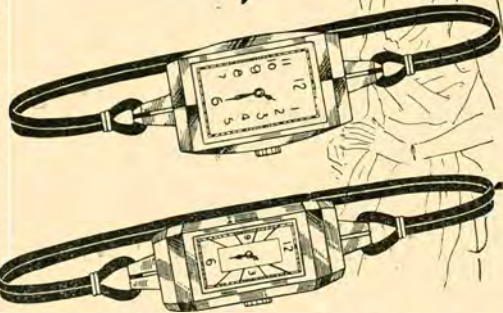
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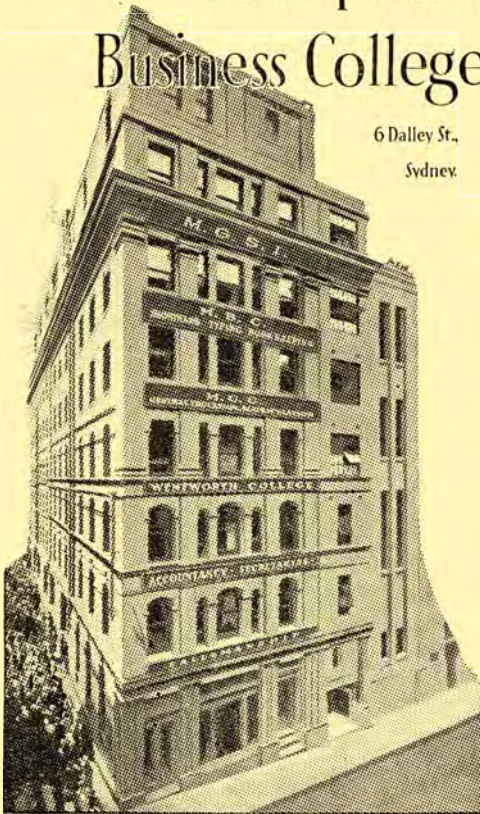
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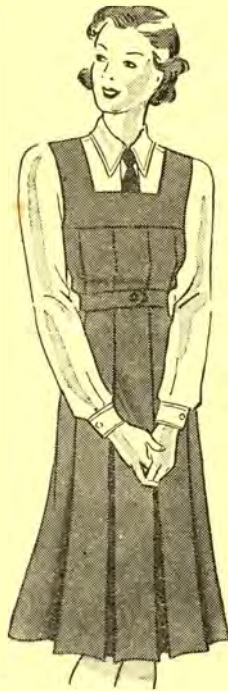
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