



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume IV., No. 11

November, 1938



McDowell's

SPECIALISE

in Girls'

COLLEGE

WEAR

GIRLS NAVY "DOCTOR" FLANNEL BLAZERS

Bound Black Braid.

Sizes: 24, 26 28, 30, 32 34, 36 ins.

Prices: 12/11 13/11 14/11 16/11

GIRLS ALL WOOL NAVY SERGE TUNICS

Sizes: 24, 27, 30, 33

PRICES: 10/- 11/- 13/- 15/-

Sizes: 36, 39, 42, 44,

PRICES: 16/- 18/- 20/- 21/-

GIRLS ART SPUN DE CHENE BLOUSES

Sizes: 24 to 30 33 to 42

PRICES: 3/11 4/11

Cotton Blouses, All Sizes 2/11½
and 3/11

Embroidered Hatband 2/11

Girls College Ties 2/6

McDOWELLS
Will Serve You Best
KING & GEORGE STS
BOX 1184 H. H. G. P. O.



Young women desirous of pursuing a business career would do well to investigate the training that is provided at Stott's Business College.

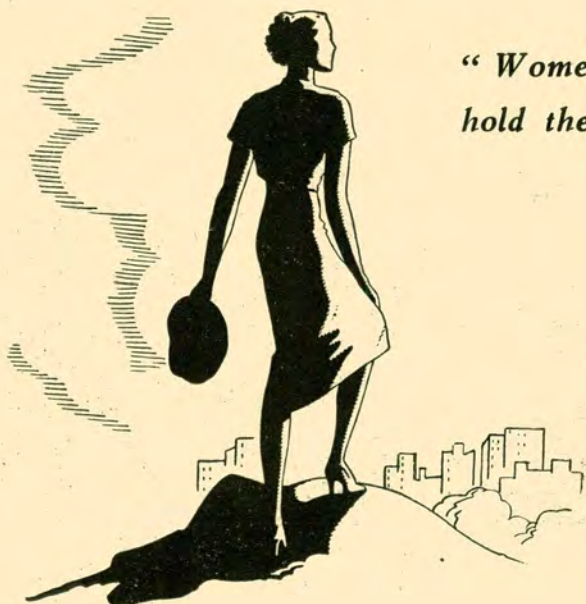
Students are given thorough tuition in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Business Principles, Banking and Secretarial Duties.

Graduates are placed in congenial and remunerative positions. Last year 4372 positions were placed at the disposal of the College Employment Department.

Parents may interview the Principal daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Stott's Business College

70 PITT STREET,
SYDNEY.



*“ Women too shall
hold the Heights ”*

**Commerce offers them high positions
*if they have the right kind of training ...***

In these days when women are reaching the top in all spheres of life, you who are ambitious and eager to achieve success in Commerce will require the right training by experts, which the Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute gives—a training which fits you for the splendid opportunities existing in business and professional offices.

You can discuss your prospects on secretarial work by calling on Miss E. Hadden, Headmistress of the M.G.S.I.

Write, 'phone, or call for free booklets.

Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute



6 DALLEY ST., SYDNEY ——— B 7921



THE MAGAZINE
of the
FORT STREET GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1938.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

The Staff

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

Deputy-Principal: MISS TURNER, B.A.

Department of English:

Miss TURNER, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss MOORE, B.A.
Miss BELL, B.A.	Miss SCHARDT, B.A.
Miss CAMPBELL, B.A. (on ex- change)	Miss E. SMITH, B.A.
Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.	Miss WICKS, B.A., B.Sc.
Miss CROXON, B.A.	Miss WINGROVE, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss LEWIS, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss SIMONS, B.A.
Miss PATE, B.A.	Miss E. SMITH, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

Miss LESSLIE, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss NICOL MURRAY, B.A.
Miss Cohen, M.A., B.Sc.	Miss NICHOL, B.A.
Miss FRASER, B.Sc.	Miss PIRANI, B.A.
Miss McCORMACK, B.Sc.	Miss WESTON, M.A.

Department of Science:

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

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss WEDDELL, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss B. SMITH, B.A.
Miss EDWARDS, B.A.	Miss E. SMITH, B.A.
Miss HADLEY, B.A.	Mrs. RYAN, Dip., Besancon Univ't.

Art: Miss TEARLE.

Music: Mrs. JAMES, Miss A. SMITH.

Needlework: Miss BURTON

Physical Culture: Miss ANDERSON.

Magazine Editor: Miss TURNER, B.A.

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

Captain, 1938: AUDREY JORDAN.



Dancing in the Assembly Hall on Farewell Day

FAREWELL DAY

Farewell Day, one of the gayest days in the school year, was celebrated on Friday, 28th October. But amidst the gaiety, there was a note of sadness, as the time had arrived for the Fifth Year girls to say "farewell" to the old school. We are sure that they left with a vivid picture of the five happy years spent at Fort Street, painted in their memory.

The Assembly Hall, and Room Seven which served as a Dining Hall, were attractively decorated with red and white streamers, and hung with clusters of multi-coloured balloons. On the table were vases of beautiful flowers, and the whole aspect was delightful.

Many distinguished visitors were present, including Miss Cruise, a former principal, whom we are always pleased to see, Miss Mouldale, Mrs. Whiting, and the former Captains, Mollie Thornhill (Mrs. Stuckey), Mary Howard (Mrs. Taylor), and Gwen Curran. The Old Girls' Union was represented by Miss Bourke (President) and Ethel Savage (Secretary). All regretted the absence of the School's first Principal, Miss Partridge, but were pleased to have a message from her.

After Miss Cohen had given an inspiring address in which she bade the girls keep open ears, open eyes,

an open mind and an open heart as they travelled along the road of life, the Investiture of the Captain and prefects for 1939 took place, and an excellent speech was made by Audrey Jordan, Captain 1938, and by Coral Lee, Captain-elect. Miss Cruise spoke charmingly to the girls, and then the Fifth and Third Year girls were "clapped" out in the traditional fashion.

When the proceedings in the Assembly Hall closed, Miss Cohen led the procession of the staff and visitors through the long avenue made by the Examination Candidates.

The delicious afternoon tea was a credit to the Fourth Years, and was enjoyed by all. After the honouring of the toast to the King, the Fifths, the Staff, and the School, all adjourned to the Assembly Hall for dancing.

The success of the party was due to the co-operation of many members of the staff, and the Fourth Years wish me to express their gratitude to them for this service.

In one of the speeches at afternoon tea it was mentioned that the school was entering on its ninetieth year in the service of the community, and we hope that it may continue for many years more, "the best school of all."

—GLORIA TURNER, 4A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL

Changes in the Staff

Early in the second term, Miss Campbell, a member of the English Staff went to Bishop Auckland, Durham, England on exchange, and Miss Schardt came from Singleton to fill the vacancy. Owing to Miss Campbell's activities, many Fort Street girls are corresponding with their contemporaries at Bishop Auckland.

The Intermediate Examination

This year, taking advantage of the Department of Education's new regulations, thirteen of our girls, who intend to proceed to the Leaving Certificate, are not sitting for the Intermediate Certificate Examination. Their work and record in the school are, of course, well up to the standard of that examination and included in the number are the three best girls in the year.

Under these circumstances the Mollie Thornhill Prize and the Emily Cruise Prize, with the consent of the donors, will be awarded on the results of the School Examinations; Margaret Weine, dux of Year III. being awarded the Molly Thornhill Prize and Lilljan Axford, winner of the History Certificate, the Emily Cruise Prize.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs. A. H. Nathan has again shown her interest in the School by presenting a lovely bronze to be awarded to the Class which excels at Ball Games. 4A is rewarded for its skill in this sphere of sport by being the first holders of this beautiful trophy. The Staff and pupils unite in expressing their thanks to Mrs. Nathan for this lovely gift.

* * *

Fairlie Lindsay, Rose Clarke, Joyce Conacher and Marjorie Teasdale, the Fortians on the staff of Broughton Hall, have again expressed their appreciation of the debt they owe to the School by presenting prizes to the value of thirty shillings to the girl in Second and in Fourth Year who has made the greatest improvement during the second half of the year. The Staff and pupils particularly appreciate this gift made by former pupils.

* * *

Melbra Lyons and Nellie Pope, (Captain and Senior Prefect of 1937) presented the School with a trophy case which is a decided ornament to the Library. This case

looks imposing, with its many cups and last but not least the beautiful Hellings Memorial Trophy. All Sports and non-Sports thank Melbra and Nellie.

* * *

We also wish to thank Miss Pirani for her very generous donation of seedlings for the Rockery Garden.

THE CAPTAIN AND PREFECTS FOR 1939

In October, the Fourth Years elected the Captain and Prefects for next year. The following were chosen to carry on the high tradition of former Captains and Prefects of Fort Street:

Coral Lee (Captain), Lois Sherwood (Senior Prefect), Joan Cook, Anne Dircks, Betty George, Eileen Hing, Nancy Maddocks, Ceres Martin, Diana Rees and Ruth Sullivan.

FIFTH YEAR'S PARTING GIFT

On Farewell Day, Audrey Jordan, Captain of the School, on behalf of the girls who are sitting for the Leaving Certificate Examination, asked Miss Cohen to accept on behalf of the School a Grandfather Clock to stand in the Entrance Hall.

This clock is the outward symbol of the affection and gratitude these girls feel for the School that has done so much for them.

Miss Cohen, when thanking them for the gift, said she was delighted to accept the clock, for it was the fulfilment of one of her wishes.

EMPIRE DAY, 1938

On May 24th, which happened to be the first day of the new term, the school gathered in the Assembly Hall to celebrate Empire Day. Mr. Drummond, the Minister for Edu-

cation very kindly took the chair and we were also honoured by the presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. Nock, Mr. Clyne, Miss Clyne and Mrs. Bradfield.

Mr. Drummond delivered an excellent address on good will and the necessity for the future men and women of the world to try to understand each other and so build up a spirit of good will among the nations.

The Lord Mayor gave a most interesting talk about different parts of the Empire, and drew a delightful word-picture of Canada. He also mentioned that his brothers had been educated at Fort Street and that he was continually being told of its virtues.

The Good-Will Message from the children of New South Wales to the children of all nations, which was

written and broadcast by Irene Ives, was read by Audrey Jordan.

The Inauguration of the Commonwealth and the work of Pioneer Women were the subject of talks by Peggy Weine and Thelma McKeon, two of our prefects.

During the proceedings the choir rendered many appropriate songs, including "Supplication," "O Peaceful England," "Bless This House," and "Hail Australia," which were much appreciated.

The school celebrations for Empire Day closed with the singing of the Recessional and the National Anthem by all present.

NANCY MADDOCKS, 4A

EMPIRE DAY AT ULTIMO

On Empire Day Norma Regan and I went to Ultimo Public School to address the children. We were welcomed by the Headmaster, and then conducted to a very large room where about one hundred and twenty children were gathered. Norma chose William Charles Wentworth as her subject, and I spoke on "Australia Day." Two prefects from Fort Street Boys' High School also addressed the children, their subjects respectively being "Empire Builders" and "The Meaning of the Union Jack." The speeches were very well received by the children, who applauded enthusiastically. Between speeches, patriotic songs were rendered by the children. The morning concluded with an excellent address to the children by their Headmaster.

PHYLLIS WIGHTMAN, 5B.

EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS

The Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays were awarded to Del Harrison (Senior) and Mavis Holman (Junior). The subject for

the Seniors was "What Contribution has Australia, in the one hundred and fifty years of her existence, made to the Empire?", while the Juniors were asked to write about "A Great Australian."

GOOD-WILL BROADCAST

On Empire Day, Irene Ives had the honour of broadcasting to the children of the world a message of good-will which she had written on behalf of the girls of the State Secondary Schools.

The following is her message:—

GIRLS AND BOYS OF ALL NATIONS

As we, the girls and boys of New South Wales, are once again afforded the opportunity of sending greetings to the girls and boys of the world, we do not desire that they be merely formal but rather loving, bearing our earnest plea for a better understanding between the na-

tions, so that each may work for the good of all.

We, the children of to-day, the men and the women of to-morrow, live in a turbulent world, therefore it behoves us to carry with us into the future the standard of peace and to hold it high, so that, waving imperiously, it may attract all to follow it.

By means of wireless communication, science has made it possible for us all to come into closer touch, and enjoy a more personal contact with each other, than did the children of past generations. So, let us use this valuable aid to bring about a better understanding between our nations.

Perhaps we, who in this vast continent are further removed from the turmoil of the world, are best qualified to extol the power and blessings of peace, for in the one hundred and fifty years of our existence peace has given our pioneers, explorers and statesmen the opportunity to develop the country and make possible the life we enjoy to-day.

Having experienced this great benefit, we are all the more ready to stretch out the hand of friendship to you and make some definite plans for the furtherance of peace and good-will among the nations.

We can never really achieve this ideal till we know each other better. Everyone of us can seek to gain a better understanding of the problems and conditions of the others. Let us be practical and use the means at our disposal. By correspondence we can learn your likes and dislikes or views and ideas. By means of wireless we can hear your views explained to us by representatives of your nations; and by reading history and geography we can gain a knowledge of your countries and conditions. If we use these means wisely, there is no doubt that we will become more and more united in the common bond of peace.

During our celebrations this year, warships of other nations sailed into our harbour and remained there for some days—a fine symbol of friendship and a gesture of goodwill on the part of the governments and peoples concerned. Here we have the true seed of peace and goodwill, which we hope will grow into a tree of friendship, beneath whose branches all the nations of the world shall dwell in perfect love and harmony.

The Hon. D. H. Drummond, Minister for Education, who was present in the Broadcasting Studio on this occasion, wrote to Irene complimenting her on the message and the way in which it was delivered.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION DEBATE

On Wednesday, August 3rd, the final debate of the Inter-High School Competition arranged by the English Speaking Union was held in the Lecture Hall of the Royal Empire Society's Rooms in Bligh Street. The competing teams were from North Sydney and Sydney High

Schools, and the subject for discussion was "Australian Immigration should be restricted to English Speaking Peoples." There was very great interest taken in this debate, for the Hall was crowded with representatives from all the Girls' High Schools of the Metropolitan

area, and members of the English Speaking Union.

The debaters spoke excellently, and there was evidence of good team work. The members of the English Speaking Union, who are not so accustomed to hearing school girls debate as we are, were astonished at the poise and skill of the

debaters, as well as their command of language.

The adjudicators unanimously declared the Sydney High team the winner, and accordingly its leader on behalf of the School received the handsome trophy, donated by the English Speaking Union, amidst the congratulations of all.

GLORIA TURNER, 4A.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Since the last report the most important debates of the year have been held—namely, the Annual Inter-High School Debate, and the two debates with Fort Street Boys' High School.

The first round of the Inter-High School Debate, conducted under the auspices of the English Speaking Union, was held at Fort Street on June 1st, between a Fourth Year team consisting of Del Harrison (leader), Hazel Mansell and Helen Robertson, and a team of Hornsby girls. The subject discussed was: "The pen is mightier than the tongue," the Fort Street girls upholding this statement. Mr. Windeyer, K.C., very kindly adjudicated on this occasion.

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

On the 8th July, representatives of Fort Street Boys' High School visited us for the Fifteenth Annual Debate between the two schools.

The subject under discussion was: "Woman is at least the equal of man," the girls' team, consisting of Bessie McVicar (leader), Judith Henderson and Gwen Smith, surprisingly chose to oppose the motion.

Everyone present enjoyed the debate immensely and at its conclusion, Mr. McCallum, who kindly ad-

judicated, gave his decision in favour of the Boys' team.

The Return Debate was held at the Boys' School on the 22nd July, when the same teams debated on the subject: "The progress of modern science has not benefited the world." On this occasion the girls upheld the Government. Uncle Frank of 2GB adjudicated, the boys again being victorious.

The ordinary debates held throughout the half year have been most interesting and a wide range of subjects has been discussed. Fourth Year debated in an interesting and capable manner the subject: "In the literary world men are superior to women," and have taken part in several other debates. Second Years and Third Years have also taken an active part in the work of the Society and some of the Second Years show great promise.

The subject of one of the most recent debates was that "Money is the root of all evil," and on this occasion the Fourth Years supplied the leaders, the Second Years the supporting speakers, while the Third Years acted as whips.

One afternoon was devoted to impromptu speeches, the subjects of which took the form of questions, each speaker giving her own opinion and her reasons for it. Some of the subjects were: "Should the age for leaving school be raised to sixteen?,"

"Does the modern girl have too much freedom?" and "Should women sit on juries?"

The opinions put forward were most interesting and the subjects were afterwards discussed by the whole Society.

All the meetings of the Society this year have been very enjoyable, but larger attendances are desirable. Everyone who is interested in de-

bating is invited to join the Society, and we hope that next year the membership will increase considerably.

The debaters are all very keen, and we trust that the efforts of our team in the competition in 1939 will be crowned with success.

LOIS ISHERWOOD,
Secretary.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

As librarians, we are pleased to say that many senior girls have used the Reference Library this year, finding in it books both for work and leisure. We would like the fourth year girls of 1939 to know that the Reference Library is open all day and after school for reading and that books may be borrowed on Tuesday and Friday at morning recess.

Among the recent additions to the library are: "The Rum Rebellion" (Evatt), "The Life of Ludwig Leichhardt" (Cotton), "Insanity Fair" (Reed), "Some Australian Poets" (Coombs), "Twenty-five One-Act Plays," "Then and Now" (Valentine), "The Historical Romances of Conan Doyle," "Across the Frontiers" (Gibbs) and "Queen Victoria" (Strachey). Those who have been unfortunate, or rather careless enough to be fined for keeping books out too long will be pleased to hear that a book has been bought with these fines, "Promenade" (G. B. Lancaster), so they were, after all, suffering in a good cause!

Librarians: Del Harrison, Jean Cliff, Hazel Mansell, Joan Cook.

THE FICTION LIBRARY

Throughout the year the fiction library in Room 9 has been a favourite resort of First and Second Year Girls, for the library books are eminently suited to the tastes of the younger girls, but unfortunately, there are not many of interest to Fourth Years. The School Association, however, has recently made us a grant of five pounds to be spent on books suitable for the older girls.

Librarians: J. Austin, A. Jockel,
G. Patterson, K. Collins.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

Examination Results

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

GRADE II.—Reading, First Prize, Peggy Weine. Dictation, Second Prize, Zara Segal.

GRADE II.—Certificates: Joan Kelly Bessie McVicar, Zara Segal, Peggy Weine.

GRADE III.—Certificates: Margaret Ford, Maxine James, Enid Knott, Dora Marshall, Horatia Smith, Joan Softly, Elaine Tout, Joan Tregear.

GRADE IV.—Dorothy Fitzpatrick.

FIRST TERM PLAY DAY

This year, contrary to the usual custom we have had a Play Day on the last day of each term. The first term programme consisted entirely of plays presented by Second Year girls.

A Scotch play entitled "Wee Macgregor" was presented by 2A. It was amusing and well-acted and most of the players managed to acquire a very good Scotch accent. The leading part in "Wee Macgregor" was well played by Hilary Betts.

2B's play, "The Knave of Hearts" was a slightly altered version of the nursery rhyme "The Queen of Hearts." Margaret Andrews was good as the Queen and Peggy Wallis as the King. The Queen had to cook the King's favourite tarts before he would marry her. As the prospective Queen could not cook the Knave obligingly supplied some of his wife's excellent tarts. So the play ended happily.

"The Little Pink Lady," a Quaker Play given by 2C was very interesting. It concerned five little Quaker maids who had sailed from England to settle in America, one of whom found her lost estate through the aid of the "Little Pink Lady."

In 2D's play "Roast Pig," the actors were all very convincing, especially Marie Glassey as "Bo-bo." This was a Chinese play about the discovery of roast pig and the griller on which to cook it.

The last play "Silly Willy" was a humorous sketch given by 2E, in which Peggy Martin, as the dog, very cleverly amused the audience.

The afternoon was a great success and reached the high standard that we usually attain in all our Play Days. Congratulations are extended to both the teachers who produced the plays and the girls who so ably played their parts.

BARBARA McCALLUM, 2A.

OUR HOSPITAL FUND

This year, the school in classes was asked to provide the money for the Annual donation to the Hospital. In former years that money had been raised by means of a concert or play. The response by the pupils and staff was immediate and generous, and many and varied were the means adopted by the different classes.

The Fifth Years provided an entertainment and allowed the audience to indulge in community singing, in return for a small admission fee and the Fifth Year Chemists, with the help of Miss Whiteoak, conducted a "Chemical Magic" demonstration.

The whole of Fourth Year and 3A, 3B and 3D preferred direct giving, with excellent results.

Many competitions were held, including a photo guessing competition by 3C.

The Second Year Classes combined direct giving with competitions of various kinds, sales of articles from mandarins to kewpies dressed in the school colours to be worn as favours at the Sports. 2E was fortunate enough, through the kindness of Miss Lesslie, to be able to supply a travel talk for a small consideration.

The First Years worked very hard, and their efforts were crowned with success for they raised the largest sum of money. Market days, cash contributions and a cross-word competition arranged by Miss Turner were included in their efforts.

The concert arranged by Mrs. James added four pounds ten shillings to the collection. The total amounted to the large sum of £32/11/10 and the girls and staff are to be congratulated on the result.

J. BOLTON, D. MARSHALL, 3A.

The School Association allocated the money as follows: The Preven-

torium, ten guineas; The Sydney Hospital, The Rachel Forster Hospital, The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, four guineas each; The Ambulance and the R.S.P.C.A., two guineas each, and

the Egg Day Appeal for Sydney Hospital, the balance, with the exception of two guineas to be paid to the Bush Aid Society in memory of Bishop Kirkby on Armistice Day.

THE FIRST YEARS' PLAY DAY

On Thursday, August 25th, an enjoyable afternoon was spent by Second and First Years, and the girls who were unfortunate enough to be absent have our sympathy. Long before the time when the entertainment was due to commence, girls were filing into the hall, to obtain the best seats possible.

The entertainment was provided by the First Years; remarkable talent was displayed and great credit was reflected on the teachers who produced the plays. These plays would have to be seen three times at least for the acting, the preparation, and the work entailed, to be appreciated thoroughly. All the girls seemed to live their parts, and were practically word perfect.

"The Three Spinners," 1A's effort, met with general appreciation. The girls who took the parts of the title role, were Pauline Feughelman Betty Knight and Joan Meredith, while the parts of the Prince, the Princess, the Mother, and the Queen were very well acted.

A dramatic version of a well-known story, namely, "The Pied Piper," was presented by 1B. June Jenkins had the title role, and interpreted it well. Nancy Dale and Shirley Fawcner lived their parts, and the rats were life-like.

1C's play, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," was based on an old nursery rhyme and was much applauded. Gloria Willis, Mavis Phillips, Pat Whipp and Cecily Warren credit-

ably played the most important parts.

Two short plays were given by 1D, "Faithless Sally Brown," which took the form of a recitation by Marjorie Wood accompanied by the actions of a group illustrating the story was 1D's first contribution. Betty Hopkins played the part of Faithless Sally Brown and Elaine Pilmer the Sailor.

Their other play was "The Swineherd," otherwise known as "Twenty Kisses." The principal part was taken by Lois Terrill, who must be complimented on her splendid performance, because at very short notice, owing to the illness of another girl she took her part. The title role was taken by Shirley Taylor, and the king by Eileen White-man.

When a person wishes to find out what kind of weather it will be, her thoughts go to "Darby and Joan," who were well portrayed by Bonnie Gannon and Betty Goodman in a play of that name, produced by 1E.

After the plays, the audience joined in community singing, for which the piano accompaniment was played by Jocelyn Thompson, a first year pupil.

In closing, I must pay a tribute to the girls' mothers, who did splendid work in preparing the costumes, which were much admired by the audience.

JESSIE SEAGRAVE, 2A.

THE VISIT OF MURIEL HOWLETT



MURIEL HOWLETT
British Broadcasting Corporation

-By courtesy of "The Sydney Morning Herald"

One Wednesday in July the staff and pupils were delighted to welcome back to her old school, Muriel Howlett, who had travelled from Southampton to Sydney in the first flying-boat flight. As the representative of the B.B.C. she was required to broadcast a running commentary of the trip. This was her first flight and as she told us in her clear pleasant voice of her excitement on hearing that she was to return to Australia in this novel way, and of her adventures en-route, we were thrilled indeed. Her address was short—all too short, but it was full of interest as she told us something of her work and hopes since leaving Sydney a few years before.

We were all proud of our distinguished fellow Fortian, and Audrey Jordan on behalf of us all wished her a safe return to England and thanked her for sparing some of the short time she had in Sydney for a visit to her old school.

GLORIA TURNER, 4A.

 DRAMATIC READINGS

The Dramatic Reading Circle has been meeting every month and under Miss Croxon's supervision, the readings have been a great success and have been attended by many girls.

In March, the first reading was given by Fifth Year girls, who presented a scene from "The Queen's Progress" by Laurence Housman. Later in the month Fourth Years entertained us with "Brother Wolf" by the same author. In May, Third

Years read "The Little Pink Lady." Second Years chose as their contribution "A Tale of Two Cities" and First Years, an Italian story, "Princess Felice and the Kingdom of Cats," an amusing play which was well read.

Fifth Years will entertain us in the near future followed by Fourth Years, and we are looking forward to pleasant and instructive meetings.

DOROTHY COLLETT,
Secretary.

STATE CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

We congratulate the following girls on securing a pass in the Higher Grade Music Paper and Grade II Advanced Harmony and Counter Point, M. Best, A. L. Doust, A. R. Murray, A. M. Nutt, A. M. Sausey, A. J. Canney, B.

Twelve girls sat for Grade III Harmony and Counter point Paper, and all were successful; the following gained "A" passes: L. Axford, G. Bucksath, N. Dallow, O. Ford, D. Jakeman, J. Parkin, E. Tweeddale and the rest "B" passes: B. Barrow, L. Booth, L. Foord, J. Mackey and J. Young.

ORCHESTRA AND VIOLIN CLASS

This year, eight new members have joined the school orchestra. These girls all belong to the 2nd Year violin class, and, under the capable tuition of Mrs. James, are progressing splendidly; for already they can play twelve pieces.

Mary Best, a 5th Year girl, who commenced her violin work at school, is this year sitting for the Grade II Examination at the Conservatorium of Music.

At the recent school broadcast over Station 2GB, the orchestra rendered three items. "La Cinquantaine," "The Playful Rondo," and the "Tres Jolie" Waltz. Two ex-Fortians, one a flautist, the other a 'cellist, kindly assisted the orchestra, both at the broadcast and at the musical afternoon at the school, which was arranged by Mrs. James to raise money for the Hospital Fund.

A cordial invitation is extended to any girl desirous of joining the orchestra.

THELMA McKEON, 5A.

CHOIR BROADCASTS

The School Choir gave its annual broadcast on the morning of August 20th from Station 2GB for Uncle Frank's usual "Cheer Up" Session. Generally, at these sessions the Choirs sing for only half an hour, the remaining half-hour being given to recorded items, but our Choir was given the honour of providing a full hour programme.

Under Mrs. James's able direction the Choir rendered a beautiful and interesting group of songs, among the most appreciated being "The Winds are Sighing Softly," "The Sleigh" and "The Green-Eyed Dragon." The Junior Choir also sang delightfully, "The Fairy Gavotte," and "The Fairy Ball." It is interesting to note that some of the songs on this occasion were sung for the first time in Australia.

The Choir programme was supplemented by Melbra Snodgrass, soloist, who sang "Garden of Happiness," and by the School Orchestra composed of seven violins, a cello, and a flute, and led by Thelma McKeon. The Choir and Orchestra were accompanied by Robina Murray, Olive Harborne and Patti Graham.

The Choir has been invited by Mr. Treharne to give a special broadcast of Christmas carols and songs from Station 2FC on Tuesday, December 6th. The Choir is therefore busy preparing for this and also for the choral programme for Speech Night.

JUDITH HENDERSON, 5B.

TWO CONCERTS

On the afternoon of Wednesday, August 24th, a concert was given in the School Assembly Hall, under the direction of Mrs. James and

the proceeds helped to swell the Hospital Fund.

A good programme had been ar-

ranged and was much appreciated by the audience which consisted of girls and parents who welcomed another opportunity of hearing the choir and the orchestra.

The choral items, including songs new and old to the Fort Street repertoire, were well rendered and reflected great credit on Mrs. James, as also did the singing of the First Years and of the Second Years.

The orchestra excelled itself in rendering "Playful Rondo," "Tres Jolie Waltz," and "La Cenquantaine," a flute and 'cello adding tone and variety.

Everyone enjoyed the pianoforte solos, so well played by Robina Murray (Mozart's "Alla Lurca") and by Marie Sansey (Alfred Hill's "Doves").

The soloists were Melba Snodgrass, a former pupil, and Margaret Melville, a present pupil of the School. The choir is very proud of Melba, as she received all her voice training as a member of the School Choir.

One and all thanked Mrs. James for producing such a delightful concert.

The School Choir also took part in the Concert held under the auspices of the Gould League of Bird Lovers in the Assembly Hall, Margaret Street on the evening of Friday, September 23rd.

During the opening organ solo the girls took their places on the stage and when the curtains were drawn apart, they received a great ovation from the large audience present, and realised that they had the good reputation enjoyed by Fort Street Choir to maintain.

As a first group the choir sang "Cheer Up! Do!", "The Oak" and "Night Bells." During the second half of the programme they provided two groups, which consisted of "The Tap of the Drum," "The Green Eyed Dragon," "The Sleigh," "Where the Bee Sucks," "The Winds are Sighing Softly" and "The Shepherdess." As an encore "The Sleigh," a difficult Russian song was repeated.

The choir received great applause and Mrs. James many compliments.

S. CAREY, 5A.

OUR ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

Amid much cheering and laughter the gates of the Sydney Sports Ground opened on Friday morning, August 12th, to admit a crowd of happy schoolgirls. Our Annual Sports Day had come round again. The grounds were soon thronged with girls, with their ribbons flying gaily. The weather, cool and fine, was ideal for athletics, and everyone was prepared to have a good time.

The programme was a long one, but, thanks to the efficient organisation of Miss Anderson and the competence of the officials, all the events went like clockwork. The girls extend their heartiest thanks to Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Worth and Mr. Johnson who so kindly acted as judges and starter respectively, and

to all those who helped to make the day such a success.

Una Hagan had the unique honour of winning both the Junior and Senior Cups and received the hearty congratulations of all. The Senior Relay was won by 4A, and the junior by 1A, while the much-coveted Point Score Trophy went to 4B.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end, and our Sports Day proved all too short.

The following is a list of the successful competitors:—

School Championship: Una Hagan.
14 Years' Championship: Una Hagan.

Junior Skipping: Una Hagan.
Junior Championship: Una Hagan.

- 17 Years' Championship: Marie Sansey.
 16 Years' Championship: Joan Allen.
 15 Years' Championship: Pat Heery.
 13 Years' Championship: Betty McKinnon.
 12 Years' Championship: Ann Lownds.
 11 Years' Championship: Audrey Cameron.
 Skipping: Joan Allen.
 Sack Race: Audrey Clibbens.
 Junior Sack Race: Ruth Wills.
 Orange Race: Gwen Jamieson.
- Junior Orange Race: Dorothy McKinnon.
 Siamese Race: Zita Robinson and Joan Fleming.
 Obstacle Race: Pat Penney.
 Upper School Relay: 4A, E. Smith, J. McKenzie, F. Elphick and H. Schomberg.
 Lower School Relay: 1A, L. Irvine, Y. True, A. Cameron and B. McKinnon.
 Point Score: 4B, 1st—39½ points; 4A, 2nd—35 points.

KATH COLLINS, 4A

TENNIS

The second round for the Tennis Trophy, presented to the School last year by Miss Cohen on her return from Europe, has not yet been completed. It is pleasing to see so much enthusiasm shown in the tournament, for which 56 entries were received.

The tennis season has once again drawn to a close. The "A" team comprising Gwen Jamieson, Pat Penny, Pam Coxon and Bessie McVicar, although not successful in their competition played very enjoyable games with the teams of other schools.

The "B" team comprising Janet Dircks, Ceres Martin, Eleanor Haffner and Anne Dircks, won matches against North Sydney and Parramatta and played some splendid games. With promising players in Third and Fourth Years, Fort Street should have a good chance of winning at least one of the coveted shields next year.

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

BESSIE McVICAR.

HOCKEY

Another most enjoyable hockey season has drawn to a close. Success did not crown our efforts this year, but great enthusiasm was shown by both teams; and our congratulations are especially due to the "B" team who had a remarkably successful season.

Both teams are greatly indebted to Miss McMullen and Miss Puxley who spent a great deal of energy in coaching our teams. But a certain percentage of our failure is due, as has been said before, to the lack of grounds for practice, and as there are many promising juniors to fill the vacant places in the teams, it is our earnest hope that next year a more convenient hockey-field will be obtainable so that our teams may benefit by more practice and may attain the coveted position of premiers.

JUDITH HENDERSON, Captain.

BASKET BALL

Although this year neither the A grade nor the B grade players were successful in winning shields, both teams played good basket-ball throughout the season. We feel sure that the B Grade players will form an excellent team next season and win back the A Grade shield.

The teams wish to thank Miss

Anderson for the excellent coaching she has given them during the season.

Congratulations are extended to

the St. George Girls' High School teams who won both the A grade and B grade shields.

ZARA SEGAL, Captain.

A VISIT TO THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES EXPOSITION

On Wednesday, 28th September, a party of girls from the Fourth and Fifth Year Chemistry classes visited the Chemical Industries Exposition at the Town Hall and found the exhibits very interesting. The most attractive, however, was the liquid air demonstration given by the Sydney University Chemical Society. The demonstrator placed an ordinary rubber ball in the wonder liquid, then brought it out and smashed it with a wooden hammer. In addition he demonstrated the effect of liquid air on cotton wool, flowers and other objects.

Another very attractive exhibit was the glass-blowing. All the on-lookers jumped when the demonstrator blew a large bubble and flicked it with his finger, for there was a sudden, sharp report.

The crystal-cutting, pottery-mak-

ing and the oxy-acetylene flame were the other most interesting exhibits in the Lower Hall; and all the girls compared the Alchemist's Cave with the modern laboratory.

A model of a modern petroleum distillation plant was explained to them and the products of petroleum were exhibited in the form of a tree at two stands.

A number of girls listened attentively to "Chemistry in Food," a lecturette given by Professor C. E. Fawsitt of Sydney University.

The chemical symbolical posters and limericks were amusing. A number of the girls visited the cinema where films, demonstrating some of the more interesting phases of industrial development in Australia and abroad, were shown.

HAZEL MANSELL, 4A.

WHAT NEXT?

The world is cloaked in a soft grey darkness, so that I can hardly distinguish the dark gloomy outline of the trees against the sky. All is still. Neither the majesty of the great silent earth nor the grandeur of the heavens above is disturbed by any sound. A perfect calm, an unbroken peace reigns, such as one can never experience save in the heart of a forest or by a vast and lonely sea.

An idle breeze is wafting to me through the darkness, the sweet salt smell of the ocean and the keen virile scent of the great rugged gums which stand guardians of a sleeping land. But now the sky grows

brighter, the twinkling stars peer down less brightly from out the "ebon bars," on the dim, distant horizon I see the scattered clouds floating upwards for the—

"Moon of my delight that knows
no wane,

The Queen of Heaven is rising once
again."

I see her gentle beams caressing the shining waves of that silent sea, and I wonder how often have I failed to be deeply impressed by the real beauty which has lain around me, how often have I failed to appreciate what I have enjoyed until I realized, as I do to-night,

how soon I must leave it all behind me.

Yes the moon is rising through the clouds, I see her pure clear face, and I am overwhelmed by a longing

to rise with her from a dark and saddened world to a place where all is pure and beautiful.

UN PASSANT.

PERCY

The name of "Percy," a common English surname, originated in 1093.

Malcolm III. of Scotland, seeing that William II. of England was neither liked nor respected in his realm and supposing that this disaffection for William Rufus would gain him (Malcolm) many allies in England, crossed the Border at the head of raiding bands of fierce Scots. He took the Castle of Anwick in the north of England and the people of the town agreed to

surrender on the condition that King Malcolm himself should come to receive the keys of the city gates. The Governor of the city tendered the keys to Malcolm on the end of a spear and when the King was close enough, the governor drove the spear into his eye. The Scots were forced to retreat and the town was saved. The governor was nicknamed "Pierce-eye" and this soon changed to "Percy" and Percy it is to-day.

"ERIN," 5B.

WATTLE

Spring in Australia is heralded by the fragile blossoms of Australia's emblem "the wattle." The grey bush is now splashed with colour as masses and masses of fluffy balls form a fretwork of gold.

As the soft Spring zephyrs breathe through the bushland, its supple stems sway before them and "it seems to be a fairy tree that dances to a melody." However the wattle has hidden strength and endurance, for when a strong wind rages, the graceful wattle bends low before the Storm King's fury. But after the storm, it uplifts its feathery boughs and once again the sunbeams shine through them.

The wattle is Nature's most exquisite child, clad in green and burnished gold. She is born be-

neath the beautiful blue sky of our "sun-burnt" country and when Winter has passed she bursts forth to cheer the world with her beauty. The first appearance of wattle fills all with gladness, for then warm days filled with delight and loveliness are anticipated. Every valley, every hillside and even city gardens are aglow with the glorious emblem of our own "Southern Land."

This Spring, tourists travelling along the Hume Highway to see the blossoms at Canberra, saw dense clumps of these lovely trees growing in their natural state and on arrival at the Garden City were charmed with the wattles, which had been planted there, and were flowering in all their glory.

MARY SHERLOCK, 2D.

A PORTRAIT

I often used to notice him as I wandered across the shingle to where the weather-beaten rocks began in a straggling group along the

side of the beach. After a time, we came to expect one another there, and a brief exchange of words was added to the friendly

nod and smile to which we had been accustomed for so long. Finally, throughout the fresh, brisk spring afternoons, we became inseparable, and many were the subjects we discussed.

He had the wealth of experience of sixty-five summers behind him, though he revealed it to few. A casual observer would probably see a lone fisherman toiling at his nets, firmly clenching the bowl of a pipe as ancient-looking as himself, and occasionally making remarks about nothing in particular to the nondescript dog by his side.

To me, however, he presented another picture. We were great pals, he and I, notwithstanding the great gap in our ages—he was nearly seventy, and I in my early teens—and many were the yarns he used to spin me, and great the sea-lore he used to teach me.

To me he was the personification of King Neptune himself, and I often used to wonder where he had hidden his trident. Somehow I never dared ask. But in all else he fitted in perfectly with my idea of the King of the Sea, for he made a picturesque figure enough with his flowing white beard and hair, of which he was justly proud, and eyes bluer than the sea he loved so well. His face was crossed and re-crossed with a lattice-work of wrinkles; but his "smile-lines," as I called them, were flanked about the corners of his mouth, and under his eyes. The stretch of clear high-sloping forehead, however, was quite free from "frown-lines." His face was not made for both frowns and smiles; it could only hold the one, and he preferred the smiles.

He was surprisingly upright for his age, being strong, rugged and well-built. But then that was due to the open-air life he led. He was a curious mixture of a dignified, educated old patriarch, and of a carefree, philosophical old fisherman. He was really a little of both.

And his clothes? Well they were just what an old patriarch's clothes might have been—clean and neat and well-fitting. But they were also those of the fisherman, being green and shabby with age. (I thought this quite in keeping, coinciding as it did with his role of King Neptune. Was not the sea green as often as it was blue?).

I never knew his name. "Captain," I always called him since he had told me that that had always been his position while engaged in sailing the seven seas. Now, in my sadder and wiser days of enlightenment, I find this fact rather open to doubt. However, "Captain" he was, and "Captain" he remained.

Sometimes as we sat for hours on end in the flat-bottomed boat with "The Cook"—that was the mongrel dog—between us, he would tell me how he had given up the idea of becoming a great surgeon (I had noted the supple, sensitive hands before) even though he had obtained his Ch. M. degree, to sail the seas. I often wonder now if he had suffered great hardships when he worked his passage out to Australia.

But when I heard this tale, I would agree with the Captain that he had taken the only possible course when he had stubbornly refused to continue his studies. I can see him now, anxiously asking his companion her views on the subject, and appearing comforted when she agreed with him, and did not condemn him for that rash act of so many years ago.

If I unconsciously freed him from self-reproach in this way, he repaid me by adding to my youthful philosophy his maturer one. And how much more of the natural history of the place, and of the varying moods of the great ocean itself, did I learn, than I would have, had I been wandering aimlessly over pebbly sand and moist rocks, or perhaps on mischief bent!

Then, one blue-grey afternoon, my friend was not at the appointed meeting-place. And where was "The Cook"? With growing fear—for the Captain never failed me—I hastily retraced my steps, till I came to the little hut, with its two sides of natural rock. Here, where the Captain and his fellow-fishermen stored their nets and general equipment, I found two or three of his acquaintances.

"He's gone away—went this morning. I don't think he'll be back for a long while," one of them said kindly—was it pityingly?—in response to my hurried query.

I knew what he meant. The Captain had not been well for the last few days—"feeling a bit off-colour," as he himself had said. And now he had gone—never to

return. The last thing I saw was the mournful eyes of the faithful old "Cook," as he stood beside his former master's belongings. I vowed I would never go that way again.

And yet only yesterday I broke that vow, and for the first time in years, wandered over that well-remembered strand, and thought I saw again the old Captain, puffing contentedly at his pipe, and concocting tales faster than I could take them in. In memory, I again saw "The Cook," sharing with me the confidence of his master again—

But it is only memory. The reality is no more. Never will that dear friend be seen again, other than in fancy. But there he will live forever.

PICCANINNY, 4A.

THE LEGEND OF THE WILD ROSE

Rosa, a beautiful maiden who dwelt on a small island near Greece, fell in love with the god Nata. The young lovers were very happy in spite of the fact that Rosa's father, Aurius, was opposed to their marriage. Aurius wished his daughter to marry Ignavius, a wealthy old merchant, for although he himself was poor, he was determined that Rosa should be rich.

Aurius had also borrowed a large sum of money from Ignavius, and although he had sold all his sheep and cattle, he had been unable to raise the required sum. Ignavius had threatened to throw him into prison if the money were not forthcoming by noon of a certain day, but having fallen in love with Rosa, he said that the debt would be liquidated if he could gain her hand in marriage.

Aurius pleaded with his daughter to save him the degradation of a debtors' prison, and soon, melted by the old man's pleadings and tears, she consented to marry the merchant. Rosa knew that she would go

away with Nata as soon as the ceremony was over, for her father would be safe.

In due time, the marriage took place and Rosa became the wife of Ignavius. Late one night, when all the servants were asleep, she crept out into the courtyard. There she met Nata, and immediately they set out on foot for the coast.

But they never arrived there, for Ignavius, having awakened to find his wife gone, set out in pursuit of the lovers. Although Nata, aided by his divine power, put up a gallant fight, he was no match for the wily merchant, and soon he lay dead on the ground. Triumphant, Ignavius turned to snatch his wife into his arms, but instead he saw a beautiful rose bush blooming on the spot where she had been standing. Rosa had taken her life with her lover's sword, which had broken into thousands of little thorns in order to protect her.

And that is how the wild rose first began to bloom.

B. GIBBETT, 3A.

THE STUDY OF ANTHRO- POLOGY

The following article has been written by Mona Ravenscroft, a former pupil of the School, who has done a brilliant course in this subject and is now acting as Lecturer at the University.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE UNIVERSITY

Before students come to the University they know very little about Anthropology and its place as the newest science amongst the many interesting subjects we lecture upon here.

More than any other, this study of the peoples of all races throughout the world, has the power to increase our understanding, not only of coloured peoples and little known races, but of ourselves, and our relationships with France, Germany, Italy and Japan. Thereby, surely, were we ALL to study Anthropology, cruel war and bitter quarrels would never happen in the future?

Anthropology, however, is not a new thing under the sun. Although it is a recent science, it is a very old subject. Even in the days of the Renaissance, English people, living in isolation on their little island, would eagerly welcome back the hardy traveller from adventuring on the high seas in a frail craft, or over the empty spaces of Asia in caravans. How they would thrill to the strange tales which were told of peoples in other climes; of the Blackman of Africa with wide, flapping ears on his shoulders, and monstrous eyes in his forehead; of the Yellowman in the East, possessor of vast treasures of gold, pearls



MONA RAVENSCROFT

Lecturer in Anthropology, Sydney University
—By courtesy of "The Sydney Morning Herald"

and emeralds; or, of the Redman in the West, who could endure great pain without flinching, and send deadly streaks of light from his eyes!

Many were the tales told by the travellers, and very few indeed were truthful! But in these tales Anthropology had its beginning, and has gradually grown from a collection of weird and strange stories, to a truthful study of peoples AS

THEY ARE. That is why we can nowadays safely call Anthropology a great and new science.

At the Sydney University we have a school of Anthropology and a museum full of the material objects made and used by such peoples as the Eskimo, the Indian, the Australian Aborigines, the peoples of the Pacific and the Afrikanders. Of particular interest is the section on native money, which measures yards in length, and is made of tiny shells; or the beautiful churinga* with red-ochre designs upon them, used by the Aborigines in their sacred ceremonies; or the dancing-masks worn by the islanders during feasts and rituals.

Besides collecting this wide array of interesting native implements of war and domesticity, the School of Anthropology from time to time, sends out field-workers to live with the people themselves, in order to understand every little detail of their lives. This type of study on the simpler societies has had some very surprising and wonderful results. Not only have we learnt of the many DIFFERENT ways primitive peoples live, of their varied marriage customs, economic systems and religious beliefs, but by comparing them with our own ways we realise with a shock that some of their ideas and customs are happier in the outcome than ours, and that we are not so "superior" and "civilised" after all!

This training of looking at ourselves, of gaining insight into our own social values and conventions, is the greatest gift Anthropology has to offer the student, and the reason why it is closely allied to Psychology in the Bachelor of Arts course. Although it is an important

fact that Anthropology as a training can help provide a good position for those aspiring to careers, a more important fact is—that it can build up the student's character, make her aware of her fellowmen's sufferings and needs, and equip her to help them.

One need not go amongst native peoples only to be considered an Anthropologist! One can do the same useful, scientific work here in Sydney, or in one's own suburb. The Board of Social Study and Training has been giving preference to graduates and University students who are planning a career in social work and reform in the poor areas. For those who come to the University and intend on leaving to do this type of fine and useful work, surely Anthropology as a previous training would provide many splendid advantages?

Anthropology, more than any other science, teaches the highest cultural standards to those who come humbly to study it. It demands that each of us grow, in tolerance and understanding of each other, as well as of the people belonging to the down-trodden races. Truly it demands a great deal when it asks us to open our minds in this way, never to condemn or judge, but only help. Yet it is not too high an ideal, because thus is the only way to permanent social and world happiness.

MONA RAVENSCROFT,

University of Sydney.

* A small wooden object, thought to contain the immortal power of the ancient heroes, and therefore feared and revered by the natives.



Our Fountain

NIGHT

The sun is sinking in the west,
Birds are hurrying to their nest,
Weary children no longer play,
For 'tis the end of a tiring day.

And as the sun fades out of sight
Stars appear, heralding night,
Each one with its dazzling glow
Shines on the peaceful world below.

The silvery moon far up the sky
Shines on earth from her throne on high,
Then through the night she wends her way
To meet the dawn of another day.

P.A.R., 2A.

MOONLIGHT REVELRY

The eerie stillness of the night, is broken by a note,
A note of crystal clearness, as from a lyre-bird's throat,
For 'tis the bluebells that have rung, to chime the hour of one,
And also tell the fairy folk, their party has begun.

From out among the grass and ferns, the fairies lightly tread,
Robed in their dainty dresses, with flowers upon their head.
Then pixies hurry to their sides, to ask to dance with them
And so they dance and leap and sway, as flowers on their stem.

And on they dance until the dawn, when 'way off home they fly,
Before the sun has risen above the rosy sky,
And now the spot is left alone, till stars appear again,
And fairies come once more to dance till morning in the glen.

LORNA DAVEY, 1A.

FAREWELL, OLD SCHOOL

Farewell, old School, your oft heard sirens call,
 And summon us to classroom or to hall,
 To studies that are difficult and dry,
 Vast stores of knowledge into which we pry.

For many moons our lives you've truly moulded,
 So that the coming years shall see unfolded,
 The talent that now in us dormant lies,
 Revealing thoughts where new ideals may rise.

You've played your part through many strenuous days,
 Till we stand at the parting of the ways,
 Resolved through life whatever may befall,
 To honour the proud name of "Fortians All."

"GLOBITE," 3A.

LONELY IS THE WAY

Life in the valleys is still and slow,
 Laughter and peace dwell there;
 Lonely and bare are the mountain heights,
 Clearer the cold, keen air.

Down in the valleys, contented, throng
 Those with a vision small—
 High in the mountains there dwells a man
 Watching a Will shape all.

Life in the vales is a slow, soft song
 Born of the dreamless sod;
 Life in the heights is the strong, clear call
 Of a soul that is seeking God.

OENONE, 5A.

THE OCEAN

The crash of breakers on the rocky cliffs,
 The wind-tossed waves which roll towards the shore,
 The wild shrieks of the wheeling ocean birds,
 And then the waters' deep and angry roar.

The sharp sting of the salty ocean air,
 The o'ercast sky, the dark and ominous clouds,
 The howling wind which blows the spray afar,
 The sea—it forms for many men their shrouds.

And then comes peace—an awe-inspiring peace,
 And seagulls cry, a strange and solemn sound,
 The blue waves gently lap the golden sands,
 And all is peace and solitude around.

WENDY GIBB, 2C.

SPRING

How I long for the bush, when spring is nigh,
 And all the bush flowers are raised on high,
 When birds are seen, of every hue,
 And the sky its brightest, azure blue,
 When fairies dance o'er the meadow green,
 And on the stately trees are seen
 Young tender leaves: and flowers in bud;
 And bright sunshine dries the mud
 Left by unpleasant winter rains;
 When small elves taking the greatest pains
 Have painted the leaves a delicate green,
 And myriad colours may be seen,
 That's where I would like to rest,
 At peace with the world, and by Heaven blest.

BETTY KNIGHT, 1A.

FANCIES

On a warm, starry night 'twould be lovely to be,
 In a pretty, wee boat, gently rocked by the sea,
 When the mermaids would come and invite me to play,
 Before the sun rose to welcome the day.

Of course there'd be fishes most fearsome to see,
 But I wouldn't mind them at all in my glee,
 And maybe the whales would give me a ride,
 As through the waters they'd gently glide,
 But maybe 'twere safer to be home in bed,
 Where upon a soft pillow I'd rest my fair head.

JOAN KILMINSTER, 2A.

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

I went to bed the other night, it wasn't very late . . .
 Now I come to think of it, 'twas on the tick of eight.
 Mummy came and tucked me in, said with a kiss "Good-night."
 Then as she went out again, I heard her click the light.
 And just as I was lying there, keeping Oh! so still!
 I heard the sweetest little cry come from the window-sill;
 I sat up in my bed, at once, and rubbed my sleepy eyes,
 And just as I was sitting up, again I heard the cries.
 I looked, and 'twas a fairy dressed in palest blue.
 "Hulloa little girl," she said, "aren't you coming too."
 "Coming where?" I asked her, "I'd really like to go."
 "But won't you tell me where you mean, I'd really like to know?"
 "Of course I'll tell you," said the fairy, as she took my little hand,
 "If you think you'd like to come, we'll go to Fairyland."
 "To Fairyland?" I asked her, "Oh surely you don't mean,"
 "That you'd take me up to Fairyland and let me see the queen?"
 I heard her little laugh, clear as a tinkling bell;
 And next I knew she'd cast on me, a truly magic spell.
 I felt myself grow smaller, I was dressed in sparkling gold;
 And we flew out the window, into the night so cold.
 Up, and up, and up we flew, till I thought we'd hit the sky.
 When suddenly I realized, no star shone up on high.
 "Oh! tell me, little fairy, where have the bright stars gone?"
 "Oh! they're at their annual party, but they'll be back, anon."
 "But Fairy Bluebell," (for she told me 'twas her name.)
 "To leave the big moon all alone, it seems to me a shame."
 "Why didn't they take him with them, to the party, just to-night?"
 "Because if they had, my little one, the earth would have no light."
 "Oh! but often no light have we, when the storms begin to brew."
 "Why even then, my little one, the moon is shining too."
 And still we kept on flying, till at last, both hand in hand,
 We flew through the golden gates that led to Fairyland.
 We passed a set of fairies, who were dancing on the way
 Then outside the sweetest little house, I heard the fairy say:
 "You must be very neat, when you meet the Fairy Queen . . .
 "Now let me see, would you like to wear a pink dress or a green?"
 "I think I'd like the pink one," I said a shade perplexed.
 "Well hurry, we must not be late, 'twould make the Queen so vexed."
 "I won't be late," I told her, "I'll be dressed in a minute or two."
 "Then I will go and change my frock, and I'll call back for you."
 I put the pretty pink dress on, it fitted me just right.
 I brushed my hair, and once again stepped into the stilly night.
 And there was Fairy Bluebell, waiting on the green,
 She was by far the prettiest thing that I had ever seen;
 Her dress was made of moonbeams, her wand was in her hand,
 In her hair a coronet of dewdrops, spun on a cobweb strand.
 I saw her dainty slippers, peeping beneath her gown,
 And her hair which fell around her, was a glorious golden brown.
 Then as we danced along together, to me 'twas like a dream,
 That I was really on my way to meet the Fairy Queen.
 Then suddenly we stopped: and I could dream no more,
 For at that moment I awoke, and found me on the floor.

MARGARET MELVILLE, 3C.



"FAREWELL DAY"

WINTER

'Tis winter,
I hear the wind howling,
The heavens are scowling,
The meadows look drear.

'Tis frosty,
The dead leaves are flying,
The elm tree is sighing;
With sorrow and fear.

'Tis chilly,
The bare oak does shiver,
The dark freezing river
Is gliding too near.

'Tis cheery,
The bright fire is glowing,
Outside the wind's blowing,
But warmth is in here.

GWEN SMITH, 5A.

WINTER AT SEA

Cold, drear, the winter's day,
Roaring gales blowing—
Some boats put out to sea,
North eastward going.

Dark, in an arctic fog,
Wild, grey waves lashing—
The small boat sails on its way,
Veering and splashing.

Fast, at her utmost speed,
Struggling on gamely—
At last, to port she steers,
Rolling so lamely.

Smiles o'er a crackling fire,
Fondled and kissed—
Some man with joy beholds,
Children he's missed.

"JEANNE," 2D.

A FAIRY WENT TO TOWN

A tiny fairy went to town,
Clad in a pale blue cobweb gown,
With sparkling dewdrops in her hair
She danced through the perfumed air,
And on her dainty little feet
Were crimson bells, so very neat.

She tripped through the market there
And bought fine silks for Sunday wear;
Then up against a massive wall
Where there stood a tiny stall,
She bought a fluffy little mouse
Who carried her parcels to her house.

And when she reached her tiny home
Where baby birds and butterflies roam:
She lay down upon her bed
Made from the petals of roses red
And curled up into a tiny heap
And slowly drifted off to sleep.

"ROBIN", 2D

BEAUTY

A fragile flower bathed in dew,
Cobwebs gently swaying;
The palest sunrise tinged with pink,
Breezes softly playing.

A rainbow arching in the sky,
Pearly raindrops falling;
A brooklet sparkling in the sun,
Lovely bell birds calling.

A valley filled with downy mist,
Fern leaves softly curling;
A snowflake drifting in the breeze.
Grey skies slowly pearling.

Beauty cast thy slender hand
Across this trembling sphere!
Smooth out ev'ry time-worn crease
Bring happiness and cheer!

DOROTHY MacKINNON, 3B.

A WISH

Oh, to be a bird and lightly fly
Through the great, and azure sky,
Soaring through the sunlit air
Without a fear, without a care!

Oh, to sail abreast the ungirt wind;
To leave the earth and enmity behind!
Man must falter, man must die,
But bird wings will forever fly.

Oh, to sound a note, so sweet or shrill
As dove-calls, or the whip-bird's joyful trill!
Then would life be framed in gold,
And all things happiness unfold.

JOYCE CARR, 3B.

DOWN BY THE SEA SHORE

The briny sea, with a booming roar,
Was crashing in foam on the rocky shore;
And above the cliff-tops a white gull flew,
And then swooped down to the ocean blue,
Dived gaily into the hissing spray,
And rose again in the sun's bright ray.

Lazily sprawled on the silver sands,
A fisherman brave, with skilful hands,
One of his nets was mending there,
And before him stretched his brown feet bare.
Strewn with shells was the beach around,
And sea-weed and rock-pools did abound.

The grim, sheer cliffs rose in majesty,
And frowned on the laughing, tossing sea,
But a pleasant breeze, with a salty tang,
A lilting song of brave sailors sang;
While on the horizon, far away,
A snow-white sail was bobbing gay.

JOAN MEREDITH, 1A.

THE CRISIS

'Tis the great day when peace or war
Shall fill the world with blinding awe.

Outside in silence, the people wait,
While soldiers are tramping with heavy gait.

The knob of the wireless is turned slowly round,
And families in trepidation await the sound.

The leaders sit in long debate,
One country soon must know her fate.

At last the powers made decision,
And mothers look back on that awful vision.

The news is out, the struggle o'er,
And peace, by nations acclaim'd once more.

JESSIE SEAGRAVE, 2A.

THE BUTTERFLY

It flutters down, a fairy fragment,
Flutters to the arms of earth,
Fragment fair of shattered beauty,
Clad in grace, as if to welcome
Not dark death, but glorious birth.
A butterfly, in gown of turquoise,
Stolen from the ocean's eyes.
When the sun has softly kissed them,
Steeped them in the gems of heaven
And the blue depths of the skies.
The wings are border'd with the shadow
Of the night, whose robe of jet
Lacks the lustre of the starlight
And the magic of the moonlight.
Dainty insect, prey of death!

Lo, it was yesterday you fluttered
Past each tree, from flow'r to flow'r,
Caught the secrets hidden deeply,
Kept within their golden bosom.
Washed in ev'ry dew-drop show'r.
You knew indeed the pearly lustre,
Found in dainty raindrop pure,
Glinting in the gold-clad sunbeams,
Hiding in it myriad rainbows,
To dry earth a heav'nly cure.
In peerless ecstasy you fluttered,
Light as fairy or an elf,
Fluttered past the flow'rs, the grasses,
Rainbows, leaves, the clouds and dewdrops,
Glories transient as yourself.

It lies at rest a fairy fragment,
Shelter'd on the earth's warm breast,
From the winds that seek to scatter
Its bright wings o'er earth and ocean,
Seek to break its peaceful rest.
So shelter there among the grasses,
Soft and green as radiant Spring,
Who, when sun caressed her tresses,
Gave them birth from winter's darkness,
Taught the birds their praise to sing.
O butterfly, perhaps to-morrow,
Will your beauty fair arise
In the radiance of the sunlight,
In the sparkle of the starlight,
In the depths of someone's eyes.

GWEN SMITH, 5A.

THE DROUGHT

"Water! Water!" cried the earth,
 "Water! come and prove your worth.
 Come and soak the parched dry ground,
 Let the grass once more abound!
 For the country round lies dry and bare
 And beasts' bones in the sunlight glare.
 With haggard hand he shades his eyes
 He vainly hopes and yet he tries
 As he has tried each eventide
 To see a cloud in the heavens wide.
 Again alas! no storm clouds these
 The farmer turns, his dead child sees,
 His wife with care and hunger worn,
 Was it for this that they were born?
 The dust storm sweeps across the plain
 Must they starve, or comes the rain?"

HELEN DUNLOP, 2C.

THE DAWN

It may have been a fairy pipe I heard,
 Perhaps the far-off call of lonely bird,
 But early in the morning when I awoke,
 It seemed that elfin voices to me spoke.
 Bidding me come and watch the exit of the night
 And see the morning come in wondrous light.

And as I watched the sky that lonely hour
 My soul was filled with some magnetic power.
 I saw translucent fingertips of light
 Illuminate the darkness of the night
 I watched the changing hue of every cloud,
 As to Aurora they all humbly bowed.

At last Apollo rode across the sky,
 The spell was broken, and I gave a sigh,
 The sun to myriad golden rays gave birth,
 These hurried down to kiss the sleeping earth,
 Soon people would be up, this lovely morn,
 But I clung to my memory of that dawn.

"VICTOR," 4E

IDLENESS

Lying on the veranda wall
 In the sun,
 Watching pink rose petals fall,
 One by one.

The grass stirs idly in the breeze,
 To and fro;
 A bird sings in the near-by trees,
 Soft and low.

The sweet rose-scent hangs heavily
 In the air,
 Bees are buzzing busily
 Everywhere.

Massed white clouds drift slowly by,
 Up above,
 And still the glad thrush sings on high,
 Of God's love.

KATH COLLINS, 4A.

EMPIRE

Long ago, in Egypt old,
Ruled the Pharaohs, proud and bold,
Kingly power they there did hold—
Empires rise . . . and wane.

Prouder peoples from the north
Rose, to teach mankind their work,
Then, great Babylon ruled the earth—
Empires rise . . . and wane.

From afar, from Syria's strand,
Prouder conquerors took the land,
Nineveh ruled empire grand—
Empires rise . . . and wane.

Grecian power and Grecian fame
Soon made art and culture's name,
Greece had Empire just the same,
Empires rise . . . and wane.

Rome arose when Athens fell.
Rome, who ruled her empire well,
Rome's dominions quickly swell—
Empire's rise . . . and wane.

Latest of the Empire bands,
And the greatest, Britain stands,
Great of prestige, as in lands—
Must all empires wane?

DOROTHY FITZPATRICK, 2A.

TO A ROSELLA IN CAPTIVITY SINCE BIRTH

Have you been here, e'er since you first saw day,
You stealer of the rainbow's brilliant hue?
You were not meant to linger life away
Within a cage, not bound by heaven blue,
Your radiance heralds forth a gayer life,
A life within the sunlight's golden zone,
Your home should be the bushland, green and bright,
Beneath the wak'ning kiss of Spring alone.
This is your heritage.

The green within your plumage tells of trees
'Midst which your happy whistle should be heard,
Your golden tells of sunlight's myriad beams,
Of which you are the offspring, captive bird.
Your glorious red should follow ev'ry eve
The beauty, kept within gay sunset's breast,
Whose magic garments, in their glitt'ring wave,
Show that in your bright scarlet she is dress'd.
This is your privilege.

Because you have been kept here since your birth,
You do not sigh for liberty as oft
As he, who having found the gifts of earth
And having through the heavens soared aloft,
Is captured. You have never felt the breeze
Sweep past you, as you wing your way through space,
Ne'er nestled in your nest, ne'er bathed in stream,
Ne'er joined the wind in mad, tumultuous race.
This is the tragedy.

GWEN SMITH, 5A.

A SPANISH MELODY

The afternoon sun was slanting through the orange groves, making the lovely ripe oranges glow in rich splendour against the dark green leaves. Beautiful dark-eyed girls, with baskets on their arms leaned from ladders and picked the wonderful fruit, while from a window overlooking the orange grove, strains of music played on a guitar floated down and mingled with the fragrant air.

Don Jose's orange grove gave employment to many young girls in the district. His was one of the largest orange groves in all Spain, and he had spared no money to procure the best tutors for his son, whose guitar was flooding the air with music on this beautiful afternoon.

The tones of the guitar seemed to inspire the pickers, who worked with renewed vigour as Alfio played, first scales, and exercises, then concertos, sonatas, folk-songs, dances, and, finally some of his own compositions.

Lola, one of the pickers, especially loved one of Alfio's compositions, which he invariably played last. She was so fond of this tune that she had composed a song to sing to it, and whenever Alfio played it, she would sing. Then Alfio would smile at her, and she would go to her rather squalid dwelling, feeling quite happy. But Don Jose would frown, for he did not like his son to smile at the orange pickers.

The Revolutionist army was advancing, destroying all before it and spreading misery over Spain. Oh! the horror of war! Great domes and palaces crashed in ruin, as the whirr of aeroplanes and the screech of shells were heard. Families were torn asunder and the wounded lay about the street, only to be buried by tumbling pillars and roofs. Men fought and became like beasts, while women and children wandered

about the streets to the accompaniment of the roar of guns, or crouched, terrorised, in cellars.

The hut which Lola had known as home was destroyed, and so was the beautiful home of Don Jose.

This devastation had been going on for two years. All the men, who could bear arms, were fighting, while the women were doing the men's work. The Revolutionists had repeatedly bombed Barcelona. So great was the number of sick and wounded that hospitals were improvised wherever possible. To one of these hospitals a number of wounded were taken, among them a young handsome man suffering from head wounds. A very skilful Spanish surgeon was in charge, aided by Australian nurses. The young man was operated on immediately, as the surgeon saw there was no time to lose. The operation was successful, and the young man improved from day to day, but he could remember nothing before the time that he was wounded. He did not even know who he was or where he had come from. His condition baffled the doctors and nurses, who did all that they could for him. He continued to improve physically, but his memory was completely lost, and as he lay on the bed listlessly one day, along the street came an orange seller with her little donkey cart, and as she came she sang.

The young man took little notice at first, but as the girl continued to sing, he became excited asking the nurse to bring him a guitar. Luckily there was one in the hospital, and Alfio (for he it was) seized the instrument and played the melody which the orange-seller was singing. He played with so much skill and expression that all in the hospital turned his way, and soon a crowd was outside in the street, listening. When the song

(Concluded on page 34)



"FAREWELL DAY"

(Continued from page 32)
 was finished, Alfio put down his guitar and, leaning out of the window, smiled, just as he had done in his own home when Lola sang. Suddenly his memory returned—he remembered who he was. There was a great commotion at the door. An old man was making enquiries for Alfio. It was Don Jose. He

had searched many hospitals in the hope of finding his son, and so great was his joy at finding him, that when he heard of Alfio's marvellous recovery he sent for Lola and blessed her, and gave his consent when his son said he was going to marry an orange-picker.

"TANZO."

OMENS :: *A Play in One Act*

Characters:

Mrs. Grandy (old and talkative).
 Mrs. Newmarket (Mrs. Grandy's daughter).
 John (the four-year-old son of Mrs. Newmarket.)
 Mr. Grandy.

Scene:

The large rambling garden of an old home. It is a fine summer morning, the birds are twittering in the trees, an aeroplane drones overhead, and the pleasant, comfortable murmur of confidential gossip comes from a sheltered nook in the garden where two women are seated; one is old, white-haired Mrs. Grandy, her knitting needles and tongue clicking busily, the other is her daughter, Mrs. Newmarket who has been reading aloud to her mother tidbits from the newspaper.

Mrs. N.: Oh, mother, Mrs. Stephen Summer's death is announced in the paper. Was she—

Mrs. G.: Yes, my dear she was. Poor dear Mary! Ah, me! She and I were girls together—and she the younger, too, by a month. (quaveringly. Ah, me! it's not much longer I'll be here in this wicked world, not much longer I'll be knitting Harry's socks for him. I'll be away in t'other place, a-playing my harp on the edge of a cloud and (sobbing and dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief) —and my poor old man here alone, without socks, too!

Mrs. N.: (cheerfully, after a pause) And you and Mrs. Summer were girls together, well, well! What times you must—

Mrs. G.: (regaining composure) You may be sure we did. Ah, me! I mind the time we went to our first dance together—all frills and furbelows and smiles we were, and our hair done to just the perfect bang! (gazes blissfully into space, murmuring "Ah, me! Ah, me!" several times) And poor dear Mary, that's a blessed angel now, wouldn't speak to me for nearly two weeks after that night. You see (simpering. and patting her hair) handsome, dashing Jack Smith danced with me three times, just fancy, three times, my dear, and—

(Enter John, clattering down the path, sobbing, terrified, looking apprehensively over his shoulder, and finally tripping and crashing down at his grandmother's feet.)

Mrs. G.: Ah, God-a-mercy, what's the matter with the child? Has he taken a fit?

Mrs. N.: My boy; my darling boy! Tell mother, ah, tell mother!

John: (almost inarticulate with fright): Up there (sob) near the

swing (sob) a big (sob) a big, a big (sob)—and oh its (sob) its cha-asing me-e!

Mrs. N.: Good gracious, whatever can it be? Perhaps, darling its just a puppie and—

John: N-no, it has (sob) w-wings!

Mrs.: N: Wings!

John: And fla-aps (sob) all r-round (sob) me-e!

Mrs. G.: Ah, me! my heart, oh, my heart! Ah, me! (starting up and speaking sharply) Why don't you go and see what it is, Madge? Surely you are not afraid! And here's your poor old mother, with a heart, too.

Mrs. N.: (ignoring her) Perhaps it was a crow. Darling, did it say—

John: No. Oh, mother, please chase it away, I'm so frightened.

Mrs. G.: Here, Madge, take my stick in case it's fierce.

Mrs. N.: I-I-y-yes. Don't be silly mother. (firmly grasping the stick she goes away timorously, John clinging to her skirts).

Mrs. G.: Ah, me! Ah, me! such goings-on! In my time there weren't any of these winged-er-things to frighten children and make old ladies' hearts beat! (rocks to and fro muttering "Ah, me!")

(Mrs. N. and John return, Mrs. N. smiling rather nervously.)

Mrs. N.: Don't worry, mother, it was only a pigeon, only a pigeon—but a very large one, and—and it certainly does follow John persistently. It's uncanny, that's what it is.

Mrs. G.: (starting up in alarm) And following John? Only a A pigeon! A pigeon, did you say? Pigeon! Only a pigeon, indeed!

Mrs. N.: (nervously) Why, mother, what's the matter? Pigeons don't-er-bite!

Mrs. G.: Bite! Only a pigeon, she says! Ah, me! I knew that twinge of rheumatism I had this morning boded no good! Ah, me!

Mrs. N.: (still more nervously) Mother, quick! What is it?

Mrs. G.: (still rocking to and fro and moaning) It will frighten poor dear Madge, it will worry her, it will bring sorrow to my little girl! Yet I feel it is my duty to prepare her, yes to prepare her!

Mrs. N.: (becoming more and more agitated) What? Oh, what? Do tell me quickly, mother!

Mrs. G.: (in a loud stage-whisper) Death!

Mrs. N.: (white and shaking) Death? Whose death?

Mrs. G.: (in a slow, hollow voice) The death of someone who loves John. The death of someone whose spirit, in the form of a pigeon, has come to say its last farewell to its beloved.

Mrs. N.: Dick! And he is wearing his grey suit! The pigeon is grey! Oh, my poor Dick! John, my poor little fatherless boy, go back to the pigeon and talk to it, it is poor, poor Daddy.

John: (gazing at her with round startled eyes) N-no, I don't want to, mother. (whimpering) Th-that n-nasty bird d-doesn't look a b-bit (sob) like my Dad- (sob) dy.

(While all are weeping copiously Mr. Grandy appears, gazes at the mourners in surprise, and laughs heartily.)

Mr. G.: Ha! Ha! Ha! Come and cheer yourselves with a cup of tea. Come, Gran. John, run along inside and wash your hands and you will find an apple waiting for you on the kitchen table. (Exit John. A pause) Come Gran, dry your eyes, I'm sure there's no great call for tears on a nice fine day like this. (making a desperate attempt at cheerful conversation.) Well, now, you wouldn't call to-day windy would you now? Yet (raising his voice to make himself heard above the sobbing) that big picture in the breakfast room has fallen right off its hook and is lying in the middle—

Mrs. G.: (starting up) A picture fallen down?

Mr. G.: Why, yes, it was—

Mrs. G.: Not Dick's? Not that one of Dick holding John's favourite cat?

Mr. G.: So it was! Upon my soul—

Mrs. G.: Oh, my poor Madge! A widow and not yet forty! (Patting Mrs. N.'s bowed head) I fear me there's no doubt about his death now. Ah, me! Ah, me!

(Suddenly John runs up the path crying.)

John: Oh, mother, Daddy has come home and he—

Mrs. N.: Daddy?

Mrs. G.: Dick?

John: Yes, and he says—

Mrs. N.: John, are you sure?
(Dick's laughter is heard off-stage.)

Mrs. N.: (jumping up) Oh, there he is!

John: But mother, he says my little pussie has been run over—oh, mother! (Exeunt John and Mrs. N., the little boy running after his mother.)

Mrs. G.: Well, now, didn't I tell you? The rheumatic, the pigeon, and the picture were all right. I knew something would die.

Curtain.

DEL HARRISON, 4A.

THEIR OWN PLAY

It was a cool spring afternoon; school had just been dismissed and four happy children strolled along the highway up to a fine old stone house high on the hill. They included Dick and Diana Claybrooke, aged fourteen and twelve respectively; they were healthy, lively children living in the old stone house where their golden haired London cousin Lucy, aged fifteen, was visiting them. Also in the party was Jerry, the fifteen year-old son of a neighbour. They stopped for a few minutes under the great oak tree in front of the house, eagerly talking, then Jerry ran off, and the others went inside. Later they all met in an old barn at the rear of the house, and soon Dick's elder sister, Penelope (Penny for short) aged sixteen joined them. When they were all seated, Penny said, "Now that a meeting has been called, what is to be discussed Dick?"

"Oh, it's the best of news," he cried, "the Head told us to-day that we are to have a play-night at the end of the term, and the pupils are to write, produce and act the plays without any assistance from the teachers," — "And," chimed in Diana, "we have decided that we

will write our own play, and you can brush it up for us, and then help us to produce it properly. Remember, there is a prize of two guineas for the best play!"

"That's splendid!" said Penny, "but what will be the subject of your play?"

"Pirates!" proposed Dick.

"Oh no," said Diana, "ghosts."

"I think," said Lucy with hauteur, "it should be about a demoiselle in distress."

"Really!" put in Jerry, "I don't mind what it is about, as long as there is plenty of action."

"I can't see any solution to this problem," said Penny.

"My proposal," declared Diana, "is for us all to write our own parts. I will do the ghosts, Dick and Jerry, the pirates, and Lucy can supply the romantic touch."

Having agreed to this plan, the meeting was adjourned until the following Saturday, when the parts were read and combined to the satisfaction of all.

Briefly the play was about the adventures of a certain Lord Roland Roderick, a man, noble in nature, features and birth, who, in the course of his duty, killed a wick-

ed poacher, Evil Eric. Eric, resenting this, proceeded to haunt Roland, who in desperation hid himself in the deepest, darkest dungeon in his castle. Even there Eric haunted him, so at last he decided to go to sea, where he hoped to find relief from the attentions of the ghost. He told his lady-love, a very beautiful demoiselle, Lady Cordelia de Coverley, of his plight, and after a long tearful farewell, (ably supplied by the romantic Lucy) he departed. But Evil Eric also had loved a maiden, Clementina, who wanted to avenge her lover's death. Roland was captured by a most notorious pirate, Captain Kill-M-Quick, once a henchman of Evil Eric, and Clementina lured Cordelia on to a ship by means of a message purporting to come from Roland. Once on the high seas, Clementina ordered the Captain to sail direct for the island stronghold of the pirate chief.

Daily, the Captain and Clementina came to gloat over their captives, until one morning, Roland managed to escape from his prison, and he challenged the Captain to a duel. Of course Roland won, freed his Cordelia, captured the remaining pirates and set sail once more for England.

As there were several weeks before the end of the term, the company had plenty of time to rehearse its little play, under the able direction of Penny. As the great occasion drew near, the children became feverish with excitement. They were word perfect; they were absolutely sure of the success of the play. The three girls spent their time designing costumes, the boys making swords and moustaches.

At last the great night came! They were the first to arrive at the Assembly Hall, and they began to collect the necessary scenery. As theirs was to be the fourth play

on the programme, they enjoyed the efforts of the other scholars.

Then they were on! The ghost scenes, very ably produced by Dick, amused the audience very much, but the fun really started when Roland said farewell to Cordelia. When he was affectionately embracing her, one of his moustaches came loose, and stuck to Lucy's cheek. You can imagine the result!

After that lapse the play proceeded smoothly until the duel scene, when Roland (played by Jerry) and Captain Kill-M-Quick were energetically trying to kill each other. Suddenly Roland's wooden sword snapped in half: he had to kill the Captain with a broken sword! The manner in which he thrust his broken sword through the black heart of the wicked pirate again sent the audience into shrieks of laughter.

To their amazement, their play was more enthusiastically received by the audience than the preceding ones. Then, without a word of warning the curtain was raised again, and the five children were seen dancing about the stage congratulating each other. This raised another great shout of laughter from the audience, and to their embarrassment, the children had to stand on the stage until the Head Master signalled them to go off.

On Speech Day they were asked to repeat their performance, and were awarded the prize on which they had set their hearts.

GLORIA TURNER, 4A.

A TRIP TO BOWEN

As it was thought that an account of my trip from Sydney to Bowen, a town in Queensland, between Mackay and Townsville, would interest you, I shall endeavour to write it.

As passenger boats do not call

at Bowen, it was decided that I should go as far as Brisbane by a steamer called the "Canberra" and the rest of the way by a cargo-boat, the "Bingera." We left Sydney at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 13th September, the day on which the majority of you returned to school after the vacation. I enjoyed my send-off immensely as many friends, as well as my family were at the wharf to wish me a speedy restoration of health.

I anxiously waited for eight o'clock, though not without some qualms, as the longest sea-voyage I had undertaken up to that time was a pleasure cruise to the Hawkesbury River. At last we were off, streamers flew and a section of the crowd sang.

The "Canberra" is a fairly large inter-state steamer with a displacement of about 8,000 tons. It has five decks, the promenade deck (B) being especially nice. I was fortunate in having a three-berth cabin all to myself. For the first time in my life I saw much of the New South Wales coast and my geography has slightly improved as we had to study a map to find our exact whereabouts.

The weather was beautiful, the

sea a sparkling blue, though not as blue as I was to see it later. It was also extremely calm, so I was not sea-sick. As we travelled north the weather became perceptibly warmer and warmer, and soon everyone was wearing light frocks.

Of all the passengers on board, I shall mention only two whom I consider far more interesting than the others. The first was Billy Costello, more popularly known as "Pop-Eye the Sailor Man." To my disappointment he did not give an exhibition of his remarkably deep voice. Mrs. Costello and baby Edward Costello were also on board, the latter is only eight months old but has already a very deep voice and when they return to America little Edward is going to make a record.

The second passenger, whom I shall mention was an old gentleman, who although a German by birth had lived in Australia for several years. He ran away from home three times, the first being to sea when he was about seventeen years of age. He has travelled in seventy-four different countries, and all through Australia by air, by sea, by car, and by train. He has decided to live here as he thinks that Aus-



A Snap Shot of the Garden

tralia is the finest country in the world.

About 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon we reached Brisbane after a long but very interesting trip up the river. The Melbourne passengers were very envious of the Brisbane people to whom Nature has given such a beautiful river. Brisbane itself is a pretty city though not nearly as large as Sydney. I think the most outstanding building is the Town Hall which is surrounded by tropical plants and ferns. Its clock has the distinction of possessing the largest hands of any clock in Australia. From the tower one can see all over Brisbane including the Grey Street Bridge, Victoria Street Bridge and the new bridge which is being built under the supervision of Fort Street's friend, Dr. Bradfield.

Another interesting part of Brisbane is the War Memorial with the flame which is never extinguished. Unfortunately it has twice died out in a storm. On the Saturday afternoon before I sailed, a friend took me to Mt. Cootha or One Tree Hill, a few miles from the City. From there I had an extensive view of the city as well as the surrounding suburbs and mountain ranges. I could see for miles the Brisbane River twisting and turning till it finally disappeared in the distance.

On Saturday night at half past eleven began my trip on the "Bingera." I was one of eight passengers, though that ship can carry nine. The "Bingera" is very small but excellently equipped and before I arrived at Bowen I absolutely loved her. The weather on the first night was fairly rough and, as a consequence, all the passengers except a man and myself were confined to their cabins. However, after we entered Sandy Strait, the water became calm. There we stopped to fish, but the only catch was a rather small fish—too small for its weight or size to be recorded.

On Sunday night we reached Maryborough with its War Memorial and its new Hospital. On Monday afternoon a few passengers and myself visited Walker's Locomotive Works, the mainstay of the town, for it employs four hundred men, and there we saw such interesting things as a power house and a blast furnace.

We left Maryborough the next morning, and during the day several of the passengers went ashore in a life boat to Percy Island where we stayed about two hours. As it was the first time I had been on an island in the ocean I was very excited. A lady passenger and myself enjoyed a swim, although we did not venture too far out as we were afraid of sharks. We next made a tour of the island and saw thousands of butterflies, a flock of sheep, a goat and two kids. However, they all fled at our approach.

On Wednesday night we reached Mackay where we stayed a whole twenty-four hours. The "Bingera" is one of the few ships which can reach the town wharf. The majority have to remain at Flat Top and be boarded by means of lighters which go to and fro from the town. This is due to the tide, which rises and falls thirteen feet.

To illustrate how this affects shipping I shall tell you of the result to our own ship. When we reached Mackay there was quite a fair depth of water, yet by the following afternoon we were surrounded by sand.

Mackay is a very pretty but exceedingly sleepy town. The main export is sugar, which makes it a more prosperous town than Maryborough. The bridge over the river is very beautiful being lit up at night with pretty golden lights.

They are at present building a new harbour where all ships will be able to anchor. It was nearly completed a few months ago but was swept away by a cyclone. A

feature of all Queensland cities is the high built houses which seem to be on stilts. By this means the houses are kept cool during the hot weather. On Friday morning we reached Bowen, commonly called Sleepy Hollow. Of all the ports north of Brisbane I have seen so far it has the prettiest approach, as it has a really beautiful harbour

but it is not as prosperous or alive as the others as it lies within a very dry area.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my trip and am at present hoping that I shall not become the prey of the crocodiles which frequent this region of Queensland.

GWEN SMITH, 5A.

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,
October.

Dear Girls,

Once more the grim spectre haunts us. Between now and the joyous release which we all anticipate so eagerly in December we shall have to face our respective ordeals, the Intermediate, the Leaving and the end of term examinations. If only someone would invent a system by which New Year resolutions could be kept our troubles might be over. Every year with touching optimism we decide quite definitely we are going to work hard from the very beginning. Unfortunately we do not keep this resolution, and that is why, of course, we all have such a frantic rush at the end of the year.

In the first two terms of the year you can choose any seat you wish in Fisher which is always remarkably deserted. But now that we have arrived at the last term the plaintive cry that one young lad gave the other day is typical "Who has pinched all the seats?"

The university examination system is guaranteed to give you an outside attack in "nerves." Towards half past nine a very subdued crowd gathers outside two huge green doors, the entrance to the Great Hall! Then, horror of horrors, the doors open and we go to meet our doom!

The Arts students had a foretaste of this gruesome experience a few

weeks ago, when they sat for an English test. I am very glad to be able to tell you that all the Fortians were successful.

Of course our curriculum is very good (?) for us. For the fortnight before the commencement of examinations we have no lectures and this period has appropriately been called "stew vac" (this name naturally needs no explanation).

I do not know whether we University people are more fortunate than you or not. Our results are published fairly soon after the examinations so that we do not have to endure much suspense but then, as they usually appear just before December 25th, think of the marvellous Christmas present that means for some of us.

Of course all this is to be taken with a very large grain of salt. This diatribe on examinations is the result of a guilty conscience. The publication of the examination time-table makes those examinations seem perilously close and most of us are only too conscious of the work we have omitted to do. Really, we have all had a very happy year and those Fortians who were "Freshers" when I last wrote to you have settled down to the routine of undergraduate life quite successfully.

All the Fortians at the University join with me in wishing you every success in the forthcoming examinations and in hoping that those of

you who will be leaving school for a new life will enjoy every happiness. We are looking forward to welcoming many of you next year.

DOROTHY HAMILTON,
Arts II.

REPORT OF THE O.G.U.
CHORAL SOCIETY

The members of the choral society commenced work early this year with the Eisteddfod as their object and although they were not one of the winners they gained a Highly Commended Certificate.

In conjunction with the choir an orchestra has been formed consisting of six violins, cello and flute. The girls have spent many enjoyable evenings and play light music as well as classical, so that their repertoire is very varied. They are looking forward to seeing many of the girls who will leave school at the end of the year and who wish to continue their music with their school friends.

Both the choir and orchestra had the privilege of entertaining the guests at the Old Girls' Annual Dinner in October. As well as orchestral and choral items solos were sung by Doreen James and Marcia Smith. These two girls, are rapidly making very fine soloists and we are proud of them.

Unfortunately second and third parts in the choir are small in number and we should like to make an appeal to the girls leaving school to come and help us.

Once again we have to thank Mrs. James for the wonderful way she has worked for us—we feel that we will never be able to thank her enough many thanks also to Pat Graham, the accompanist for both orchestra and choir.

In conclusion we wish the girls sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving the best of luck and every success.

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



The Rockery near "Siberia."

A LETTER FROM THE OLD GIRLS' UNION

Dear Fortians,

Here is some news from your Old Girls' Union, which we hope you will all join when you leave school, for this is the easiest way you can keep in contact with it and hear the latest news.

In March we held our Annual Meeting at the Women's Club and were delighted to greet so many of the girls who had just left school. At this meeting it was unanimously decided that the Union should aim at buying for the School the apparatus for showing talking pictures. So, in the not very far distant future we hope your lessons will be illustrated by talking pictures.

The first function of the year was a very successful Bridge Party held at the Sydney Bridge Club, and this produced a nice contribution towards the picture apparatus or "Our Definite Object" as we like to call it.

Very soon after this the members were invited to a "Back to School Night." The girls arrived in tunics of all sizes and lengths, most of them not being a very good fit. Those who came late remembered to bring written excuses and many girls brought flowers to "the teacher" and presented them with a shy smile.

Next came the Annual Ball which was held at Hordern Brothers. As usual we combined with the Old Boys' Union and the result was a very happy function and our share of the profits went to swell the funds for the "Definite Object."

In July we held a "Salamagundi" evening. This really was not as fearsome as it sounds. The party was arranged something like progressive bridge except that at each table a different game was played—such as "Tiddley Winks" and "Darts." Judging by the excitement

and laughter we concluded that everyone enjoyed the evening.

The next function was a "Picture Night" at School. This took the form of "A Trip Round New Zealand" kindly supplied by Mr. Thompson the father of a First Year girl. As many of you came to this there is no need for me to tell you about it.

Our most recent event was the Annual Dinner. This was held at the Women's Club and no less than one hundred and fourteen Old Girls attended it. We were very pleased and honoured to entertain Mrs. B. S. Stevens, the wife of the Premier, (also an old Fortian) who proposed the toast of the Union and expressed a wish to become a member of the Union rather than be just a guest at its functions.

We must thank you, the present girls for your share of the success of the Dinner. The tables which were decorated with the red roses brought by you were admired by all. The combination of red and white on the tables created a real Fortian atmosphere. We thank you once more for your thoughtfulness.

We were very glad to have the opportunity of seeing Miss Cohen, Miss Turner and Miss Weddell again, but we are sorry that it was the last time that Miss Turner will attend one of our Dinners as the Deputy Head Mistress of the School. However, we hope that she will have a very enjoyable trip abroad and will renew her associations with the Union when she returns.

We send our best wishes to you all and we wish the Third and Fifth Year Girls every success in the Examinations and we hope that the girls leaving school will attend the Christmas Party of the Union to be held at School on the afternoon of Saturday, December 10th.

GWEN CURRAN,
ETHEL SAVAGE,

Joint Hon. Secretaries.

NEWS ABOUT THE OLD GIRLS

Nell Crawford, Science Mistress at the Girls' High School, Moore Park, has gone to England on exchange and is teaching at the Wallington County School for Girls at Carshalton, Surrey.

* * *

Eva Duhig, a member of the English Staff at the Girls' High School, Moore Park, is teaching in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and is the first Secondary Teacher to go on exchange to the Sister Dominion.

* * *

Margaret Burton is training as a nurse at the St. George District Hospital, and Merle Mitchell has began her training at Prince Henry Hospital.

* * *

We wish to congratulate Glynn Palmer (nee Stayte) on the birth of a daughter, Glynn Francis on June 7th at Fanning Island.

* * *

Una Gibson is to be congratulated on being awarded last April an A.R.C.M. for a harp solo performance. Una who is returning to Sydney via South Africa gave a Harp Recital in London on October 11th. This recital was arranged by the Royal College and attended by the Duke of Kent (President of the College) and the Duchess of Kent.

* * *

Our congratulations to Elsie Edwards who has distinguished herself by gaining the Licentiate of the Royal School of Music, London (Pianoforte) at the age of seventeen. On the recommendation of the examiner she was awarded the Sir William Vicars' Scholarship, which is given to the candidate in N.S.W. showing exceptional musical promise (any instrument). Elsie has also gained the L.T.C.L. and the A.T.C.L. of Trinity College, London.

We congratulate Jean Livingston who gained a Credit in Year II. Medicine, and has just completed her Third Year in that Faculty.

* * *

Margaret McVicar is teaching at Moree, Betty Armstrong at Katoomba and Maureen Deer at Temora.

* * *

Anna Hogg is lecturing in Education at the Teachers' College and Jean McKenzie is a temporary Lecturer in Education at the same Institution.

* * *

Fairlie Lindsay, Joyce Conacher and Marjorie Teasdale have finished their training at Broughton Hall, but are remaining on the Staff there. Rose Clarke will complete her training next year.

* * *

Dorothy Allen (S.C. 1934) is training at the War Memorial Hospital, Waverley.

* * *

Jean Smith who passed the Leaving Certificate in 1932 was married on September 12th at St. Matthew's Church, Manly, to Mr. Arthur Lymberry, and is now living at Nowra.

* * *

We congratulate Amy Jackson on gaining the Jones Memorial Medal, as the most distinguished of the women students, who completed the prescribed two years' course at the Teachers' College, Sydney, in December, 1937. This carries with it a prize of three guineas.

THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' GERMAN CIRCLE

This Circle meets on the first Monday of the month in the U.A.P. Women's Club Room, Ash Street.

This year the activities included reading from "Brush Up Your German," vocabulary competitions,

talks on German authors and musicians, etc., and community singing.

We try to cater for those with only a slight knowledge of the subject as well as for those who have studied it more deeply.

M. NOWELL, Hon. Sec.

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Dear Fortians,

It seems as though Third Term has only just begun, and yet here we are with examinations looming ominously on the horizon—up here at the moment everyone is rushing around with a worried look feverishly trying to "Swot" work she wish she had learnt earlier in the year; for believe it or not, even in this honoured home of light and learning (I didn't make that up—that comes from our College Anthem) there are some people who leave all their work till the last minute. Of course not all of us are rushing around—some of us are still thinking about all the work we have to do, and it's amazing just how exhausting even that can become.

The library is very much in demand just now—students are busy hunting up books the various lecturers advised them to consult months ago. The lecturers here have a nasty habit of handing out lengthy lists of books which "the student would be wise to consult" but which the student usually forgets about till thoughts of examinations send them flocking in their hundreds to the library. We're very proud of our library with its 40,000 books and its lovely pieces of fine glass-wave and tapestry, as well as the lounge, and the reading-room and the browsing-room which are all part of it. The Chief Librarian, Miss Irvine, is an old Fortian—but

that, unfortunately, does not make her any less severe towards those unhappy Fortians who are caught talking in the Library.

There are two pieces of advice we Fortians at College would send to you who are still at school, and the first one is "Don't while away the pleasant hours, day-dreaming in music lessons (as we used to do) but try to find out what it's all about, before you come up here. Everybody at College has to take music and if you have not listened carefully to your teacher at School, it is somewhat disturbing when the lecturer singles you out and says: 'Now, Miss So-and So, sing a harmonic minor for me'—whereupon you stand up, wondering what on earth a harmonic minor is and open your mouth hoping for the best.

And the second is like unto the first. Get your Bronze Medallion for Life-Saving while you are at school. "Gym" is an examination subject at College—thirty per cent. of the marks are given for the written paper and seventy per cent. for practical work—and in order to get a decent "prac" mark you must have your Bronze. Moreover, everyone must have it before she leaves College, or else pass the College Swimming Test. So, if you are contemplating joining us next year, practise swimming and win as many Life Saving Awards as you can. The "Gym" lecturers simply fall on the neck of anyone with an Instructor's Certificate, so if you are filled with a noble desire to render service to helpless humanity and have your Instructor's Certificate you will find dozens of would-be Life Savers crying out for your assistance. Fort Street girls are usually well to the fore in the swimming life of College—Peggy Propert is Secretary of the Swimming Club this year and at our last Carnival won the Championship of the Col-

lege (free style) and came second in both the Breast Stroke and Back Stroke.

The names of Fortians have been very much in evidence in all our sporting activities this year—Melbra Lyons is the holder of the College High Jump Record, and she and Nellie Pope both gained places in the running events at our Winter Sports. Nellie played in the Basketball team which defeated Armidale Teachers' College in the Inter-College Contest held at the end of last term; while Melbra was a member of our hockey team which was also successful against Armidale.

There are, however, many outlets for superfluous energy other than the Sports field. If you like discussing things and particularly are interested in the application of Christian teachings to complex modern living then you can join one of the study-circles of the Student Christian Movement and thrash the matter out there.

If, on the other hand, you are of an argumentative turn of mind the Debating Society will welcome you with open arms—here even occasionally, in fact quite often, the lecturers join in and help you settle such vital questions as "Is Poetry Punk?" (I didn't make that up either—I saw it on the notice-board last week).

And, of course, the Dramatic Society is always on the look-out for new talent. Our plays are quite one of the features of College life; there are several productions each term—mostly modern plays—and the loveliest part about them is that you don't have to pay to see them—it's a sort of "do-so-at-your-wish" idea. But usually they are good and well worth the small sum you pay if you want your seat reserved. Ethel Savage and Norma Abernethy are Fortians who are particularly keen on Dramatic Art up here and who often appear in plays.

For the musically-inclined there are the College Choir and Orchestra—here again Fort Street is always well represented—Pat Graham plays the piano for the Orchestra and is a member of the choir, as are also Joyce Smythe, Margaret Simpson, Gwen Rowe, Norma Abernethy and Jean Clutterbuck.

If you are a tripper on the light fantastic toe then you'll find lots of other people to trip with you at the dances held every Friday night in the Gym by the Dance Club. On State occasions and bon-fire nights we dance in the more exalted atmosphere of the College Assembly Hall, though there are some ungrateful people who prefer the spring floor of the lowly Gym.

Professor Mackie, our Principal, wishes to enlighten our minds by contact with the big, outside world, and he succeeds in getting some of the most delightful and interesting people to address us. We never know that these addresses are coming off till we see a big notice reading "All Students are requested to attend in the Assembly Hall at 11 a.m."—whereupon all students let out whoops of delight because that means lectures are suspended (not that we don't love our lectures, of course . . .) and because the Professor usually gets people well worth hearing. Recently we were most fortunate in having addresses from several of the delegates to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference at Lapstone Hill.

By this you've probably reached the conclusion that College life is all play and no work—let me hasten to disillusion you. As soon as the exams are over practice teaching begins, and that, dear reader, is one of the joys of life (!). Oh, Fortians, be kind to your poor students, and treat them gently; for some day you'll know the ghastly feeling of standing up in front of a class for the first time and trying to teach

them, with a supervisor and a class teacher watching the performance.

Still, if you're a good Fortian you don't let little things like that put you off—and those of you who are coming up to College some day will find, as we have found, that despite these little difficulties which occasionally bring you down to earth, College Life can be, if not quite one grand sweet song, then something rather close to it.

All the Fortians at College—Staff as well as students, for we have

quite a few Fortians on the Staff—send their very best wishes to you all at school—especially to the Fifths and Thirds; we hope you cover yourselves with honour and glory in your exams. We're looking forward to welcoming many more Fortians up here next year, so, if you felt after Farewell Day that Life wasn't worth living let me hasten to assure you that once you come to College you'll agree most decidedly that it is.

NORAH MacKENNA.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

During 1938 the Circle has met as usual at the Women's Club, Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street. This year we have been studying Biographies, which have proved extremely interesting. Some very enjoyable papers were contributed by members on the lives of Wellington, Victoria, Napoleon, The Brownings, Governor Phillip, Hitler, Carson, Vera Brittain and the Carlyles.

At the social meeting held in July, Miss Turner, on behalf of the Circle, made a presentation to our vice-president, Eva Duhig, who was leaving on exchange for America and who had been a staunch supporter of the Literary Circle for some years and had occupied the positions of Secretary and Vice-President.

Then at our social meeting in October we said "bon voyage" to Miss Turner. Both past and present members of the Circle expressed

their appreciation of the work done by Miss Turner as President, and the Secretary, on their behalf, made a presentation to her as a token of their gratitude.

Also at this meeting a prize, donated by Edna Kerrison, was presented to Wilga Johnson for her paper on Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth."

This meeting concluded the thirteenth year of the Circle's existence. Bessie Bannan, a former Secretary of the Circle, is going to act as President next year and we are looking forward to an interesting course on the English Drama of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.

We hope that we shall have a good attendance during 1939 and that many ex-Fortians, especially those leaving School, will join us.

GWEN CURRAN,

Hon. Secretary.

EXCHANGES

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

Read the advertisements and patronise the firms which help Fort Street.

Your Future Career Founded here



M.B.C. Building, 6 Dalley St.

- SHORTHAND
- TYPEWRITING
- BOOKKEEPING
- BUSINESS PRINCIPLES
- OFFICE ROUTINE
- BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
- COMMERCIAL LAW
- SECRETARIAL COURSE
- ADDING & CALCULATING MACHINES
- MATRICULATION
- ACCOUNTANCY
- JOURNALISM

If you have left, or intend leaving school this year, don't rush headlong into a **poor position** which offers no guarantee of future security and happiness.

Secure a sound and practical business training which allows you to step into a **good position**—a business training by which you can demonstrate to employers your knowledge of modern business and thus pave the way to advancement.

There are numerous opportunities in business to-day for the well-trained young woman; prepare for **your opportunity** at the M.B.C.—where success is certain.

4,280 Positions filled in past 2 Years
85 Firsts in Public Exams. in 1938

.....
for particulars of any subject, write, phone, or call . . .

METROPOLITAN Business College

6 DALLEY STREET, SYDNEY

Phone: B7921

"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING"

"THE SENIOR STORE"

Anthony Horder's

FAMOUS LOW PRICES



A dainty frock for the school girl. Made of British Floral Batiste and trimmed contrasting binding on skirt and the neck is finished jaunty little bows. At Anthony Horder's.

Lentgh, ins.	27	30	33	36
Prices	9/11	10/6	10/11	10/11

A frock that will look cool and it is cool. Made of Fergotex Linen in delightful floral designs. Full pleats in skirt. Finished buttons to tone. At Anthony Horder's.

Lengths, ins.	27	30	33	36	39	42
Prices	9/6	9/11	10/6	10/11	12/6	12/6

● Maids' Wear—No. 2 Floor, Pitt Street. Freight paid to all railway stations in N.S.W. and seaports in the Commonwealth.

"GLOBITE" CASES



16" Globite Attache Case.

Carried by most students in all High Schools throughout Australia.

Light and Strong — Neat and Attractive.

OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

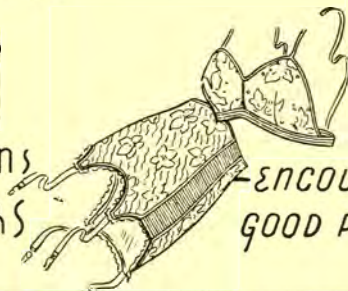
Support and comfortfor growing figures

Berlei Junior foundations encourage good posture, support the growing figure naturally, and are dainty and comfortable to wear. Ask to see them at your usual Store. Easily laundered and beautifully shaped, they wear for ages!



Berlei

FOUNDATIONS
for JUNIORS



ENCOURAGE
GOOD POSTURE



Girls 2-18 go to
 "Youth Centre"
 at
David Jones'
 to be outfitted!

A BRAND new floor, a floor for young people. Mothers will appreciate it for the new comfort of having to shop on one floor only, of having everything for children assembled together. Everything for daughter you'll find there . . . shoes, frocks . . . all on this one big floor!

— on the new Fifth Floor.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd.

Educational and General Booksellers and Publishers

The Best Bookshop in Sydney.

Text Books of every description
 for Primary, Secondary and University Examinations.

Special Text Books for Intermediate and Leaving
 Certificate Exams. always available.

Books for School Reference Libraries.

Books on all Sport. The Latest Fiction.
 Any Books ordered from Dymock's Railway Bookstalls
 procured and delivered same day.

Circulating Library.

The Latest Books and Magazines added by every Mail.
 Scholastic Material.

Commercial and General Stationery Requisites.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd.

424-426 George Street, Sydney.

"AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER SPORTS ORGANISATION"



• Featuring an Unrivalled Range of Rackets for Schoolgirl Players

LONDON RACKET CO'S. "PERFECT" 18/6
 English Ash Frame, strongly constructed, attractively finished blue on white. Fitted with mock cane handle and leather grip, and strung with dependable gut.

LONDON RACKET CO'S. "COURTCRAFT" 21/-
 Laminated Ash frame. Handle is fitted with Black Leather Grip. Strung with genuine gut.

"ROYAL ENSIGN" JUNIOR 21/-
 A Tennis Racket designed for the junior player. Laminated Ash frame, finished in White Walnut relief and blue bindings. Fitted with Leather grip and strung with dependable gut.

TENNIS SUNDRIES

"Personality" Leather Eyeshades, in white and all colours 2/6 each
 Superior Celluloid Eyeshades 1/9 "
 " " " with Terry Towelling Headband 1/3 "
 " " " white or green opaque 1/- "

"Zipp-ee" Tennis Opponent—A self tennis tutor of incalculable value to beginner or experienced player 5/11

USE MICK SIMMONS' "EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM"

MICK SIMMONS LTD.

712-722 GEORGE STREET, HAYMARKET, SYDNEY.

Branches: City, Suburbs and Newcastle.

SNOWS have everything you need for the BEACH



1.

1. Girls' All Wool Bathers

in attractive fancy rib knit. The shoulder straps can be tied in three completely different ways. Swan motif on skirt. In Green, Red, Maize, Royal. Chest measurements: 28", 30". Should be 9/11.

NOW - - - - **8/11**

Also 32", 34", 10/11.
Now, 9/11.



You will find many more exciting fashions for girls in our new enlarged department on the 3rd floor.

2. Girls' Floral Dirndls

in bright, gay cottons with contrasting braid bands. Very full skirt shirred at the waist. In Blue, Green or Pink. 33", 36", 39". Should be 9/11.

NOW - - - **7/11**



2.



3.

3. Girls' Floral Linen Play Suit

very smartly cut. You cannot be without one of these Play Suits this summer. Wear them to tennis, to the beach, boating or picnicking. In Green, Pink, Blue or Orange. Lengths: 28", 30". Should be 7/11.

NOW - - - - **6/11**

Also 32", 34", 8/11.
Now, 7/11.

SYDNEY SNOW PTY. LTD., PITT & LIVERPOOL STS. M 4408



Macquarie Secretarial School



The School is usually full by the end of February each year. Places for 1939 will be allotted strictly in rotation.

The Principal Miss Ellen Terrett may be interviewed by appointment.

Telephone B 1524



Macquarie Secretarial School

Bank of New South Wales

George Street (Facing Martin Place) Sydney



FARMER'S knows your needs
in regulation high school shoes

For their smart and sleek appearance, buoyant comfort and sturdy wear you'll like your regulation shoes from Farmer's Black calf, welted soles. Halfs, 11 to 1, **19/9**; 2 to 7, **21/-**

Girls' Shoes, Third Floor

"WHITE SIGNET"

SCORCHED

PEANUT

3d. BARS 3d.

Made Carefully to Keep Crisp

Young Ladies ———

WHEN LEAVING, WHY NOT TAKE A COURSE OF
DRESSMAKING

Learn to Make Your Own Clothes

— ALSO —

LEARN HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN THIS FASCINATING
PROFESSION

The "SIMPLEX" Course is an individual one and you are Coached
by Experts

THE TERMS ARE VERY REASONABLE.

MONTHS of Tuition Replace YEARS of Apprenticeship.

Write for Illustrated Brochure Post Free.

Simplex School of Dressmaking

507 CULWULLA CHAMBERS, CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY

'Phone: MA 4578

::

'Phone: MA 4578

Sporting Xmas Gifts



TENNIS

- The Arlington Racket, well strung 22/6
- The High School Racket, Ideal 19/6
- Eyeshades, Xmas Packages 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6
- Covers—All Colours 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6
- Tennis Balls, Xmas Packages 3 for 4/6

GOLF

- Golf Bags, Canvas and Leather, from 10/6
- Golf Holdalls, Leather, Hangs over shoulder 12/6
- Golf Balls, Xmas Packages, Boxes of 3 4/6, 6/-,
7/6, 9/-
- Golf Head Covers, Leather 1/6 and 2/6

CRICKET

- Bert Oldfield Autograph Bats, Size 6 10/6, 15/-, 17/6
- Boys' Pads from 3/11 per pair to 15/-
- Batting Gloves, Boys and Youths, from 4/6 pair
- Cricket Balls, Compos. 9d., 1/-, 1/6, 2/-
- Cricket Sets, complete 14/6, 16/11, 19/6

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM

W. A. OLDFIELD Pty. Ltd.

54 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

'Phone: BW4257-8

GENERAL

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE
CORPORATION LTD.

GENERAL BUILDINGS, 105 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Telephone: B 6588-9.

Assets Exceed - - £19,000,000

Claims Paid, over - - £85,000,000

Special Terms to Members of the Public Service.



MANLY BEACH 7 MILES — —

AND EVERY MILE
WELL WORTH WHILE



Abounding in natural beauty, rich in scenic loveliness, Manly is undoubtedly the queen of Holiday Resorts.

MANLY'S FREE WONDER POOL—the largest enclosed free bathing pool in Australia—affords endless fun and enjoyment. Water wheels, slippery dips, diving towers, spring boards, crazy floats, rolling logs and horses—and many other aquatic novelties—are in the WONDER POOL.

FAST SALOON STEAMERS run from No. 2 Jetty, Circular Quay, at frequent intervals, day and night.

FARES: Adults 6d., children up to 14 years 1d. (5 years and under are FREE.)

The Port Jackson & Manly Steamship Co. Ltd.

No. 2 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY, Sydney.

'Phone B 3221.



"Safety First"

LEARN TO DRIVE
THE RIGHT WAY

Receive your tuition from Expert Teachers and benefit by instruction which is the result of many years' teaching experience.

Know Your Car !

Avoid vexatious delays and excessive repair bills. Take our Car Maintenance Course. Practical Tuition—Day or Night.

MODERATE FEES.

Efficiency Motor School

Corner HAY and CASTLEREAGH STREETS — MA 3951
(Next New Tivoli, late Grand Opera House)

THE PINNACLE OF ATTAINMENT
IN THE ART OF
THE CHOCOLATIER

MacRobertson's

"EXTRA CREAM"

**Plain Milk and Nut Milk
Chocolate**

•

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CONFECTIONERS

in

3d. and 6d. CARTONS
¼lb., 1/- and ½lb. BLOCKS

•

"You can taste the Extra Cream"
