



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine
of the
Fort Street Girls' High School

JULY, 1946.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

THE STAFF.

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

Deputy Principal: Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

Department of English:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Miss CAMPBELL, B.A. (Mistress). | Miss KENT-HUGHES, M.A. (V.) |
| Miss BOWE, B.A. | Miss MARTIN, B.A. |
| Miss CROXON, B.A. | Miss RUSH, B.A. |
| Miss DEAR, M.A. | Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A. |
| Miss GREEN, B.A. | |

Department of Classics:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Miss PAYN, B.A. (Mistress). | Miss DEAR, M.A. |
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Department of Mathematics:

| | |
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| Miss WESTON, M.A. (Mistress) | Miss GREEN, B.A. |
| Miss BONNETTE, B.Sc. | Miss HAMILTON, B.Sc. |
| Miss CONNOLLY, B.Sc. | Miss GAY, B.Sc. |

Department of Science:

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress) | Mrs. DAVIDSON, M.Sc. (Q.) |
| Miss CHEETHAM, B.A. | Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc. |
| Miss CRAWFORD, B.A. | Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc. |

Department of Modern Languages:

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Miss DWIGHT, B.A. (Mistress) | Miss KENT HUGHES, M.A. |
| Miss ARTER, B.A. | Mrs. PATTERSON, B.A. |
| Miss HALES, B.A. | |

Art: Miss ELLIS, A.T.D.

Needlework: Miss BURTON.

Music: Miss M. TAYLOR, L.Mus.A.

School Counsellor:

Physical Training:

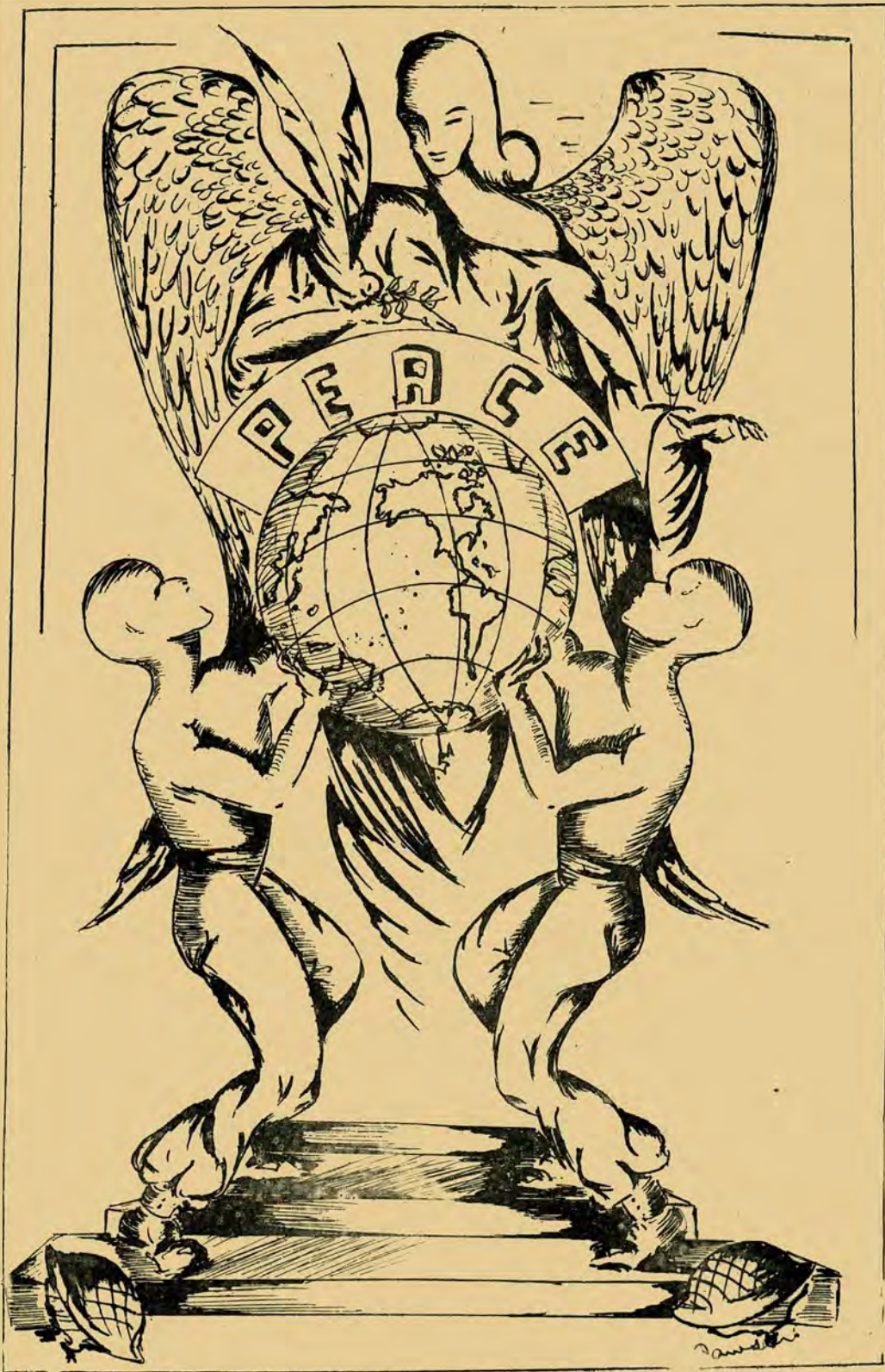
Miss NAUGHTON, B.A.

Miss BROWN, Dip.Phys.Ed.
Miss ANDERSON

Magazine Editor: Miss CAMPBELL, B.A.

Magazine Sub-Editor: Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Captain 1946: JILL JEFFERSON.



PEACE!

Grass drenched with rain; sweet smell of crumbling loam;
 Sunlight, hot on the tall gum's bark that lifts
 In curling strips; and the dry grown leafy drifts;
 A headland, and a strong clean wind; laced foam;
 White cloud wisps, slow dissolving; and the long
 Hills folding forest valleys; wide brown plains
 Flung down from a pinnacle. Here glad Peace reigns
 Whose joy uplifts the thousand birds to song.
 It's all a dream. Each cold wave of the sea
 Brings waste and wreckage up the sandy bay,
 And pauses, sighs, and slowly sinks away.
 On the hill at dawn the wind moans hopelessly,
 Groping for light that shows each stone a friend,
 For morning, peace When will the waiting end?
Bessie Everingham, 5A.

PEACE!

He is sleeping in the dawning, so tread softly, oh, my brothers!
 The eastern skies are luminous with promises of light
 But the hill-crest humps its shoulder and looms up against the
 promise.
 And he is sleeping soundly in the shadows of the night
 The sleep of youth—and he is young—is warm, with living breath
 But his outflung hands are frozen, and his cheek is cold with death.
 The sunrise heart is leaping, and the blood-lit opal fires
 Stretch their slender shadow-fingers to his crimson, quiet breast.
 Pause a moment in your singing or your weeping, oh, my brothers!
 For the victor and the vanquished know alike a common rest
 And perhaps the sleeper triumphed, or perhaps death brought release
 But the victor and the vanquished pay a common price for peace.
—Joan Lesslie, 4A.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

VICTORY IS OURS, NOW WIN THE PEACE.

By us, the youth of the nation, must this challenge be met. It is to us, that those who brought us the victory by their sacrifice hand on the torch.

And we, as Fortians, must prove that the conflict was not in vain; we MUST strive to maintain the peace. This can only be achieved if we avail ourselves of all our opportunities and work to maintain PEACE and PROSPERITY.

In 1949, Fort Street School will celebrate its centenary. Let us by our earnest endeavours seek to uphold the glorious traditions of our school and work to make the next three years the greatest in the history of the School, always remembering:

“Faber est suae quisque fortunae.”



THE CAPTAIN — (Back Row: June Dewar, Barbara McClure, Alberta Holt, Annette Trinick, Anne O'Brien.
AND PREFECTS, 1946. (Front Row: Joan Spies, Gwen Maston, Jill Jefferson, June Totolos, Thelma Frizelle.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

Miss Saunders, B.A., Mistress of English, 1939-1945 has been transferred to William Street Girls' Junior High School.

As this position is a promotion, to that of Deputy-Principal, we offer to her sincere good wishes and hearty congratulation.

Miss Smith, B.A., Mistress of Modern Languages, has also received promotion to that of Deputy Principal in the transfer to Newcastle Girls' High School. All good wishes and hearty congratulations are extended to her.

Miss Taylor, B.A., Mistress of Mathematics, has been transferred to St. George Girls' High School, Kogarah.

Miss Kerr, B.A., has been promoted to the position of Mistress of Mathematics at Girls' High School, West Maitland.

In place of Miss Saunders we have Miss Campbell as Mistress of English.

Miss O. Dwight, B.A., an ex-Fortian, is Mistress of Modern Languages

Miss Weston, M.A., an ex-Fortian, is Mistress of Mathematics.

Mrs. English and Mrs. Jones of the Department of Modern Languages have resigned; Miss Adlem and Miss McNeill have been transferred to other Schools.

The Misses Brown, Connolly, Gay, Hales, Kent Hughes have been appointed to Fort Street.

We welcome the new members of Staff and wish happiness to those who have been transferred to new spheres.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following prizes were won by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1945:—

The Ada Partridge Prize awarded annually to the best "Fortian" candidate, was won by Alwyne Coster.

The Annie E. Turner Prize, awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in English and History, was won by Jennifer Woods.

The Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in English, was won by Lilian Bennett.

The Weston Memorial Prize, awarded annually to the candidate gaining the best pass in

Mathematics, was won by June McDevitt.

Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1945, were gained as follows:—

English: First Class: Lilian Bennett, Jennifer Woods; **Second Class:** Pat Keller.

Latin: First Class: Alwyne Coster (First Place in the State); **Second Class:** Margaret Brolly.

French: Second Class: Fenette Porteous.

German: First Class: Miriam Auerbach (First Place in State—two equal), Ilse Jeanette Reinsberg.

Mathematics I, II: First Class: June McDevitt.

History: First Class: Noelene Hardwicke, Virgil Homer, Jennifer Woods; **Second Class:** Barbara Belmont, Pat Keller.

Chemistry: First Class: Alwyne Coster; **Second Class:** Noelene Hardwicke, Jean Hicks, Joan Kennedy, June McDevitt.

Bctany: Second Class: Marion Bowie.

Music: Second Class: Elizabeth Robertson.

Four University Exhibitions were gained:

Faculty of Arts: Jennifer Woods.

Faculty of Science: June McDevitt.

Faculty of Medicine: Alwyne Coster, Noelene Hardwicke.

Training College Scholarships awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1945, were won by:

Janice Butler, Irene Johnson, Joyce Lippiatt, Joyce Smith, Rona Smith, Elaine Stansfield, Pat Tamplin, Winsome Whitmore.

Frances McCauley (1944 Leaving Certificate Examination).

In addition, Barbara Belmont and Mary McMurchie who are taking the Arts course at the University, won scholarships.

Elizabeth Robertson won a scholarship for the Music course.

Eva Turner won a scholarship for the Physical Education course.

Bursaries, awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination, 1945, were gained by Margaret Alford, Dorothy Gibbs, Eleanor Gordon, Jean McGrady, Alwyne Tomlin.

Valmai Donaldson won a Bursary to the Technical College (Commercial Course).

We would like to congratulate the following prize-winners of 1945:—

The Shakespeare Prize awarded annually by the Shakespeare Society of New South Wales to the candidate gaining the highest marks in the Shakespeare Section of the English Paper, Intermediate Certificate Examination was won in 1945 by Heather Johnstone.

Judith Coote won First Prize (£3) in **Dental Essay Competition**, Pre-Leaving Standard. "Dental Disease comes from Civilization."

Beryl Alexander gained a Certificate of Merit (First Place) in the same division.

Margaret Alford won First Prize (£2), Pre-Intermediate Standard "The Mouth is the Gateway to Health."

Merle Wilson gained a Certificate of Merit (First Place) in the same division.

Jacqueline Swanson won Second Prize in the Senior Division of **The Australian-American Cooperation Movement Essay Competition for 1945**. The subject of the essay was: "The Significance of the Work of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Alliance Francaise Prizes, 1945: All candidates in the Alliance Francaise examinations were successful.

In Grade III, First Prize was awarded to Leah Baker, Joan Charlwood, Alwyne Coster, Margaret Morgan, Fenette Porteous.

Second Prize was awarded to: Judith Esdaille and Nancye Hart.

In Grade IV., First Prize was awarded to: Zoe Brownfield and Merle Wilson.

SPEECH DAY, 1945.

The day to which we look forward throughout the year came at last—Speech Day, our first “peace time” Speech Day for many years, and in spite of the fact that the Conservatorium was unlighted owing to electricity restrictions, the hydrangeas, so decoratively arranged by Miss Briggs, blended with the white frocks of the choir to give the stage a festive appearance.

A fitting opening to the proceedings was the rendition of Handel's inspiring “Hallelujah Chorus” by the Choir, which did justice to Miss Taylor's careful training and conducting, while Miss McNeill accompanied at the piano.

The Director-General of Education, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, B.A., B.Ec., in his address that followed, expressed his pleasure at being able to be present once again at a Fort Street Speech Day and told some of his experiences as one of the committee selecting “Miss Australia.” As chairman he apologised for those guests who were unable to be present, including, for the first time for many years, The Hon. D. Clyne, Speaker, Legislative Assembly, so warmly welcomed at all Fort Street functions.

Miss Cohen, in her report, outlined the school's activities and progress during the past year, and named many ex-Fortians who are at present achieving distinction in the spheres of literature, art and science.

The Minister for Education, The Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., though unable to speak for as long as he wished as he had to leave early, in a short speech stressed the need to educate the younger generation.

The Choir then entertained us all by singing beautifully “The

Green Heart of the Waters,” “Love is a Song” and, at the special request of Miss Cohen, the humorous “Humpty Dumpty.”

A most inspiring address was then given by Professor A. D. Trendall, M.A., a welcome visitor to Fort Street, on “The House of the Mind.” The furniture of this house he described as the knowledge we gain at school and throughout life, and he begged us not to cast out the beautiful and cultural furniture which might return us nothing materially, for the scientific and useful alone. The classics, he told us, are still necessary to complete education; culture should be an essential in the development of any community.

After this, Barbara Brunton Gibb gave an excellent recitation, “Footsteps in the Dawn.”

The most essential item in our Speech Day is the presentation of the prizes.

Mrs. R. J. Heffron, graciously presented the many prizes and certificates to the girls, then the Captain, the Senior Prefect and the eight Prefects-Elect were presented with their badges of office.

Eva Turner, the Captain for 1945, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, and all the visitors, and Jill Jefferson, Captain - elect, thanked Mr. Heffron and Professor Trendall for their addresses.

The news that Thursday would be a holiday for the school was greeted with cheers by the school.

The celebrations concluded with the singing of the school song “Come, Fortians, All” and the National Anthem.

Judith Bodkin, 5A.
Zena Campbell, 5A.

Prize List—Speech Day, 1945.

PRIZES.

Dux of the School: Alwyne Coster.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Noelene Hardwicke.
 Dux of Year IV.: Judith Bentzen.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Judith Bodkin.
 Dux of Year III.: Joan Watson (Molly Thornhill Prize).
 Second Proficiency Prize: Margaret Alford.
 Dux of Year II.: Helen Davies.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Sylvia McCrow.
 Dux of Year I.: Laurel Thomas and Joy Hudson, equal.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L.C. Examination, 1944): Helen Munro.
 Weston Memorial Prize (best pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1944): Heather Smith.
 Annie E. Turner Prize (best pass in English and History, L.C. Examination, 1944): Margaret Chivers.
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1940): Lenore Bate.
 Emily Cruise Prize, for History, Year III.: Margaret Alford and Enid Lewis, equal.
 Miss Mouldsdales' Prize, for Science, Year III.: Joan Watson.
 Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize, for History, Year II.: Marie Heatley.
 Renee Gombert Prize, for French and Latin, Year IV.: Nancy Vining.

Victory Loan Special Prize, for Mathematics, Year IV.: Judith Bentzen.

Victory Loan Special Prize for Mathematics, Year I.: Joy Hudson.

Special Prize, donated by Coral Lee for Latin, Year II.: Dorothy Cunningham.

Special Prize, donated by Coral Lee, for German, Year II.: Marie Heatley.

Special Prize, donated by Yvonne Wooster and Phyllis Wightman for Third Proficiency, Year I.: Barbara Healy.

Prefects' Prize for Empire Day Essays:

Junior Grade: Margaret Alford.

Senior Grade: Jennifer Woods.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes:

Senior (donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson): Nancy Lenton and Valerie McAlister, equal.

Junior (donated by Miss Sutherland): Year II.: Marie Cox.

Year I.: Laurel Thomas.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize for English and History, Year IV.: Anne Harris.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize for English and History, Year I.: Heather McKay.

Special Prize donated by Wendy and Barbara Gibb, for Latin V.: Alwyne Coster.

For French V.: Margaret Morgan.

For French and Latin III.: Margaret Alford.

CERTIFICATES.

YEAR V.

English: Jennifer Woods.
 History: Virgil Homer, Jennifer Woods, equal.
 Latin: Alwyne Coster
 French: Margaret Morgan.
 Mathematics: June McDevitt.
 Chemistry: Alwyne Coster.
 Botany: Joyce A. Smith.
 Geography: Janice Butler.
 Art: Winsome Whitmore.
 Music: Rhona Smith.
 Needlework: Nola Matthews.
 Physical Training: Pat Burrows.

YEAR IV.

English: Naree Palmer.
 History: Nancy Lenton, Barbara McClure (prox. acc.)
 Latin: Judith Bentzen.
 French: Nancy Vining.
 Chemistry: Anne O'Brien, Lizette Potts (prox. acc.)

Botany: Elizabeth Hanlon, Valerie Chidgey (prox. acc.)

Chemistry and Physics: Judith Bentzen.

Geography: Margaret Miller.

Art: Thelma Hocter.

Music: Joan Barber.

Needlework: Evelyn Yabsley.

Physical Training: Margaret Miller.

YEAR III.

English: Margaret Alford.
 Latin: Margaret McKinney.
 French: Shirley Cooper.
 Mathematics I.: Shirley Cooper.
 Mathematics II.: Shirley Cooper and Joan Watson, equal. Patricia Moloney (prox. acc.)
 Art: Jessie Turner and Margaret Patino, equal.

Geography: Norma Impey.

Music: Heather Cameron.

Needlework: Audrey Bellamy.

Physical Training: Marie Merrikin.

YEAR II.

English: Marie Heatley.
 French: Dorothy Cunningham.
 Mathematics I.: Sylvia McCrow.
 Mathematics II.: Helen Davies.
 Elementary Science: Mary Guy.
 Geography: Lesley Keen.
 Music: Margaret O'Brien.
 Art: Beryl Hoskiny.
 Needlework: Beryl Emslie.
 Physical Training: Judith Canty.

Elementary Science: Annette Baker.
 Geography: Laurel Thomas.
 Art: Laurel Thomas.
 Needlework: Shirley Knopp.
 Physical Training: Gloria Thompson.

SPORT.

LIFE-SAVING AWARDS.

First-Class Instructor: Merle Simons, Pamela McGee, Valda Gittoes, Eva Turner, Marjorie Payne, Pat Burrows, Elaine Stansfield, Jean Wilson.

Award of Merit: Annette Trinick, Merle Simons, Dorothy McDermott.

Australian Bronze Cross: Margaret Miller.

YEAR I.

English: Joy Hudson, Heather McKay, equal.
 History: Barbara Healy.
 French: Audrey Morrison, Laurel Thomas (prox. acc.)
 Mathematics I.: Jean Walker.
 Mathematics II.: Joy Hudson.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS,

1945.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, General Mathematics; 10, Modern History; 14, Chemistry; 15, Botany; 18, Geography; 20, Music (Theory); 21, Music (Theory and Practice); 22, Art; 23, Needlecraft and Garment Construction.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours; "H2" second-class honours; "A" first-class pass. "B" second-class pass; and "L" a pass at the lower standard. The sign "x" denotes those who have gained honours in Mathematics. The sign "o" denotes those who have gained a pass in the oral tests in French or German.

Ashton, T., 1A 3B 7A 10H2.
 Auerbach, M. M., 1A 4H1(o) 7B 10A 15B.
 Baker, L. O., 1B 2B 3B(o) 7A 14B.
 Beacham, D. H., 1A 3B 7B 10B 15B 23A.
 Beatson, R., 1A 3B 7B 14B.
 Belmont, B. M., 1A 2B 3B 7A 10H2 14A.
 Bennett, L. E., 1H1 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 14B.
 Bennetts, P. R., 1B 3B 15B 20B.
 Blackman, P. J., 1B 3B 7B 10B 15A 21B.
 Bowie, M. B. L., 1B 2B 3B 7A 10B 15H2.
 Brassil, R. M., 1B 3B 5A 6B 14A 21A.
 Brolly, M., 1A 2H2, 3B 7A 10B 15A.
 Burmester, B. H., 1B 3B 10B 15B.
 Burrows, P. M., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 14A.
 Butler, J. H. K., 1A 3B 10B 15B 18A 22B.
 Charlwood, J. M., 1A 2B 3A(a) 5B 6B 14A.
 Constance, B. E., 1B 3B 7A 10B, 15A.
 Coster, A. R., 1A 2H1 3A(o) 5A 6B 14H1.
 Cubitt, N., 1A 3B 7A 10A.
 Daniel, B. J., 1B 10B 15B 18B 22B.

Dwyer, M. T., 1A 2A 3B 5B 6B 14A.
 Esdaille, J. A., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6B 14A.
 Fairthorne, G., 1A 3B(o) 7A 10A 15A 23A.
 Firmin, N. R., 1A 2B 3A 5B 6B 14A.
 Firth, E. E., 1B 3B 7A 10B 14B 23B.
 Firth, V. F., 1A 2B 3B 7A 10B.
 Forsyth, S. P., 1A 7B 14B 21B.
 Franks, N. E., 1A 3B 7B 10B 15A 21B.
 Gallagher, H., 1B 3B 15A 18B 22B.
 Gavin, M. S., 1B 3B 7E 10B 15B.
 Hardman, M. C., 1B 3B 7B 10B 15A.
 Hardwicke, N. J., 1A 2A 3A 7A 10H1 14H2.
 Hart, N. I., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 14A.
 Hicks, J. S., 1B 3B(o) 5A 6B 14H2.
 Hines, B. J., 1B 2B 3A(o) 7B 10B 14B.
 Holt, G. M., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A 6B 14B.
 Homer, V. F., 1A 3B 7A 10H1 14A.
 Johnson, I. M., 1A 2B 3B 7B 15L.
 Johnstone, E. R., 1A 3L 10B 15B 18L.
 Keller, P. M., 1H2 2B 3B(o) 7B 10H2.
 Kennedy, J. H., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 14H2.
 Knight, B. E., 1B 2B 3B 15B.
 Leihn, W. D., 1B 3B 7A 14L.
 Lippiatt, J. E., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10B 14B.
 McDevitt, J. A., 1A 2A 5A 6A(x1) 14H2.
 McIlwraith, H. M., 1A 7A 10B 14B.
 McIntyre, E. D., 1B 3B 7A 15B.
 McMurchie, M. E., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10A 15A.
 McNiven, J. M., 1A 3B 7B 10B 15L 23A.
 McNiven, M. M., 1B 3B 7B 10B 23A.
 Marriott, T. D., 1B 2F 3B 7A 15B.
 Matthews, N. M., 1A 5B 7A 10B 14B 23A.
 Morris, V., 1B 3B 15A 21A.
 Neal, R. A., 1A 3B 7B 10B 15B 23B.
 Morgan, M. H., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 14A.
 Payne, M. C., 1A 2A 3A(o) 7A 10A 14B.
 Pedersen, M. D., 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6A 14A.
 Porteous, A. F., 1A 2B 3H2(o) 8L 10B 144B.
 Ralston, M. G., 1A 3B 5A 6B 14A.
 Rand, M. J., 1A 3B 7B 10B 15A 23A.
 Reinsberg, I. J., 1A 2B 4H1(o) 7B 10B 14B.
 Robertson, E. M., 1B 3B 10B 15B 18A 21H2.
 Smith, J. A., 1A 3B 15A 18B.
 Smith, R. A., 1A 3B 10B 15L 18B 21A.
 Smith, J. M., 1B 3B 7A 10B 14A 23B.
 Smith, S. J., 1B 3B 7A 10B 23B.
 Stansfield, E. W., 1A 5B 10B 15B 18B 22B.
 Swanton, V. K., 1B 3B 7A 10B 15A.
 Tamplin, P. H., 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B.
 Tatham, N. A., 1B 2F 3B 7A 10B 14A.
 Taylor, N. F., 1B 2A 3B 7A 10B.
 Thompson, N. A., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 14B.
 Toogood, J., 1B 2B 3E 7B 10B.
 Turner, E. A., 1B 3B 5B 6A 14B 21A.
 Walsh, G. M., 1A 3B 7A 10B 15B 22A.
 Wattleworth, J., 1A 2B 3B 7A 10B 14B.
 Watson, L. M., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 14B.
 Weine, B. M., 1A 2B 3B 7A 10A 15B.
 Whitmore, S. W., 1B 3B 7A 10B 15B 22A.
 Wilson, J. M., 1A 3B 7B 10B 14B.
 Woods, J. M., N. 1H1 2A 3A(o) 7A 10H1.

THE INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1945.

The Intermediate Certificate 1945, was awarded under conditions whereby candidates took some papers at an external examination and others at an internal school examination.

The individual subjects in which candidates have passed are no longer publicly announced.

The following is the list of successful candidates:—

Alford, M. E.; Allan, B.; Andrews, B. J.; Atkinson, P. N.
Ball, N. S.; Bain, S.; Barker, M. M.; Barrington, J. P.; Bell, M.; Bellamy, A. E.; Black, N. M.; Bodkin, A. L.; Bodnar, C.; Bonney P. J.; Booth, F.; Bottomley, F. E.; Boulton, E. F.; Boyle, E. B.; Broomfield, J. N.; Brown, P. J.; Brownfield, Z.; Buchanan, W. D. Burton, C. E.
Cabrera, L. G.; Cameron, H. J.; Canty, V. A. Coleman, P. C.; Cooper, S. A.; Cox, S. F.; Cunningham, S. M.
Donaldson, V. J.; Dowling, J. E.
Farthing, G. C.; Fleming, J. A.; Ford, P. M.; Fraser, P.; Fraser, M. J.; Freeman, N. C.
Gibbs, D. G.; Gilchrist, A. C.; Gillies, H. M.; Glasson, B. I.; Gordon, E. D.; Gordon, E. A.; Grant, M. I.
Haswell, E. M.; Hay, J. M.; Hayden, N. J.; Hayne, E. J.; Heron M. E.; Hughes, J. E.
Impey, A. J.; Isaacs, M. D.
Jarvie, M. L.; Jelfs, S. O.; Johnstone, H. B.; Jones, D. E.; Jordan, P. D.; Joseph, B. L.
King, D. J.; King, L. B.; Knight, S. M.
Lawrence, W. J.; Lawson, M. J.; Lesslie, F. J.; Lewer, M. E.; Lewis, E. G.; Lobb, D. J.; Lockhart, E. I.
McDevitt, L. M.; McGrady, J. M.; McKinney, M. A. McLean, E. J.; McMullen, E. W.; Machin, L.; Medis, A.; Merrikin, M. E.; Middlemiss, M. C.; Miller, J. I.; Moloney, P.; Murphy, M. C.
Olde, L. G.
Nancarrow, M. E. Nation, B.; Nichol, J. I.
Palmer, A. M.; Patino, M. E.; Pearson, J. F.; Pearson, L. M.; Perkins, D. M.; Pink, P. E.; Piper, V. L.; Pontifex, W. B.; Pryor, A. J.
Quelch, L. E.
Ringwood, E. Ritchie, M. A.; Roach, B. M.; Roberts, E. A.; Robertson, P. I.; Robinson, M. E.; Robson, B. J.; Rooke, J. M.
Sarina, B. D.; Saunders, B. L.; Scott, P. F.; Scott, R. F.; Seagrim, P. R. Setchfield, P. J.; Simms, S. E.; Sims, L. J.; Skinner, N.; Slarke, L. E.; Smith, B. B.; Still, B. S.; Sutherland, M. I.
Terbutt, B. M.; Tomlin, A. D.; Tubb, B. M.; Turner, J. B.
Underwood, M. M.
Vaughan, S. B.; Vial, G. J.
Ward, P. E.; Warner, M. S.; Watson, J. A.; Watson, J. E.; White, H.; White, J. G.; Wilson, M. E.; Wilton, P. N.

The results gained in both the Leaving and Intermediate Certificate Examinations were very gratifying to the School.

Eighty-one out of eighty-three candidates passed the Leaving

Certificate Examination, and all the candidates—one hundred and thirty-one—won their Intermediate Certificates.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1946.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1946 were elected early in First Term. They are Jill Jefferson (Captain), June Totolos (Year V.), Patricia Moloney (Year IV.), Diana Vernon (Year III.), Elsie Cousens (Year II), Ruth Maston (Year I), Loris Quelch (Year IV.—Secretary). Frances Bottomley now represents Year IV in place of Patricia Moloney who has left the school.

Members of the Staff, who attend the meetings are: Miss

Cohen, Miss Whiteoak, Miss Green (Treasurer), Miss Campbell, Miss Weston and Miss Anderson.

The School Association, has been mainly concerned this year, with the purchasing of sports' equipment, and gramophone records for use in sport and physical training lessons.

This year, too, text-books are being purchased with the money paid in annually by the girls.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, 1945-1946.

| | |
|--|--|
| Secondary Schools' Patriotic Fund£200 0 0 | War Orphans' Day .. 6 14 0 |
| Food for Britain (Staff and School) 120 12 0 | Australian Comforts Fund 6 10 0 |
| Tin Hat Day (two collections) 17 10 0 | Poppy Day 6 9 6 |
| Anti-T.B. Appeal .. 12 0 0 | Crown Street Women's Hospital Effort for Memorial to Nurses 4 19 1 |
| Red Cross Day (two collections) 11 9 0 | Red Cross Buttons .. 3 13 0 |
| Hospital Saturday Fund 7 13 6 | Total ..£397 10 1 |

The sale of War Savings Certificates and Stamps realised £53; in addition, the Staff bought War

Savings Certificates to the value of £51.

Pupils collected 1226 tins—Food for Britain.

NEW SOUTH WALES PUBLIC SCHOOLS' WAR SERVICE AUXILIARY.

FOOD FOR BRITAIN APPEAL.

On Wednesday, 26th June, the "Year" representatives and the Captain went to the Town Hall, Sydney, where Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Gloucester, received a cheque for £11,000 from the children of the Public Schools of New South Wales.

Margaret Horton, Captain of Girls' High School, Hornsby, made the presentation. Her Royal Highness, in thanking her, said the people of Britain would greatly appreciate the gift so generously given by the children of New South Wales.

The programme for the afternoon's ceremony was a very pleasant one, as there were items by the Secondary Schools' Orchestra and Choir and by individual children.

The function was the "grand finale" to the work of the New South Wales Public Schools' War Service Auxiliary.

—Jill Jefferson, 5A.

DEBATES, 1946.

On Monday, May 6th, 1946, the first of our annual inter-Fortian debates was held.

The subject of the debate was that "Women should retain their war jobs" and our team, consisting of June Totolos, leader, Lynette Matthews, second speaker, and Pamela McGee, whip, successfully affirmed this motion.

The School would like to express its gratitude to the adjudicator, the Attorney-General, the Hon. C. E. Martin, M. Ec., L.L.B. M.L.A.; his remarks to the de-

baters were helpful, wise and witty.

On Friday, July 21st, the return debate was held at Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham.

Our team opposed the motion that "The proposed British withdrawal from Egypt is prejudicial to the best interests of the British Empire." The boys' team won the debate; the adjudicator was the Rev. C. E. Hulley.

—Barbara McClure, 5B

THE LIBRARY.

This year the Library has been re-organised and the borrowing system extended; the Reference and Fiction sections have been amalgamated and housed in the Library proper to facilitate borrowing.

Both the junior and senior classes are given full opportunity to enjoy all its benefits; one day a week is allotted to each Year for exchanging books and, in addition to this, the reading room is open for reference work at lunch time and after school.

Good work is being done by the librarians who devote their leisure time one day a week to library duties.

The librarians for 1946 are: P. Wilton, F. Bottomley, S. Knight, J. McGrady, M. Wilson, Z. Brownfield, B. Smith, M. Ferguson, B. Nation, M. Heron, J. Rooke, L. Medis, W. Buchanan, B. Lewer, P. Setchfield, M. Alford, M. McKinney, J. Millar, S. Sims, P. Brown, R. Scott, A. Bodkin, P. Ringwood.

Books added to the Library this year include donations from Mrs. Hynes, Mrs. Macartney and Mr. Hutchens, members of the Staff and many of the pupils, amongst them a set of Scott's Waverley Novels (25 volumes), the Official History of the A.I.F., 1914-1918 (10 volumes), valuable Latin, science and geography books, as

well as other interesting works of fiction and reference.

Some recent purchases are: Archer Russell's *Bush Ways*, Davis' *The Earth and Man*, Breasted's *Ancient Times*, Schevill's *History of Europe*, Black and Davis' *Elementary Practical Physic*, Adams' *Innocent Merri-ment*, *The Story of Modern Art*,

Everyday Things and their Story, *Mankind Through the Ages*, *Living Biographies of Famous Men*.

Travel books and fiction have also been bought but as good fiction is expensive and difficult to procure, books for which pupils have no further need will be very welcome.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, December, 1945.

Award of Merit: A. Trinick, D. McDermott, M. Simons.

Australian Bronze Cross: E. Stansfield, M. Miller.

First-Class Instructor: V. Gittoes, P. McGee, M. Simons, E. Turner, P. Burrows, J. Wilson, E. mont, B. Hammond.

Bronze Bar: B. Hammond.

Bronze Medallion, Intermediate, Elementary and Resuscitation

Certificates: E. Thornton, B. Rid-
dell, R. Jackman, V. McAlister,
J. Swanson, Z. Campbell, P. Prit-
chard, J. Charlwood, N. Hart, J.
Lippiatt, P. Tamplin, P. Edding-
ton, E. Lockhart, P. Bonney, L.
Quelch, M. Underwood, M. Heron,
M. Merrikin, J. Fleming, H.
Johnstone, E. Gordon, S. Cooper,
J. Lawson, M. McKinney, M.
Patino, J. Barrington.

THE FIRST YEAR CONCERT.

First Term, 1946.

The First Year Concert was held on the last Wednesday afternoon of First Term, 1946.

Mothers, brothers, sisters, even a few fathers, arrived in full force, wondering what was in store for them.

Merrily did the concert begin under the very able baton of Miss Taylor with girls from 1A and 1C singing: "On Wings of Song", "The Skye Boat-song" and "The Bailiff's Daughter."

A song and play "La ronde des fleurs" followed.

Next 1D, gave a display of physical exercises and games. (I think the girls who performed must have elastic bodies).

An amusing little play was then enacted: "Le canif de Charles." The big bully demanded marbles in return for the pen-knife.

The fifth item was the acting of the old story of "The Three Spinners" who help the lovers to live happily.

Then the Choir of 1B and 1D sang "Barbara Allen," "To

People Who Have Gardens", "The Second Minuet."

The girls of 1A acted "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge."

Folk dancing in costume proved an attractive item. The dances were: "The Big Traal", "The Village Fair", "The Wedding Dance," "The Handkerchief Dance," "Waltz Country," "Bekedorfer."

The French play "Les Trois Ours" and the play by IC "The

Princess and the Woodcutters" ended the excellent programme.

The visitors were entertained at afternoon tea, and so concluded a very happy afternoon.

—Miriam Jolson, 2B.

The proceeds of this concert amounted to £18/18/0; "Food for Britain" Fund was thereby increased.

EMPIRE DAY, 1946.

On Friday, 24th May, the Staff and the girls gathered in the Assembly Hall to honour the greatest Empire the world has ever known; and our gathering was lent an even greater significance when we realised that it was the first Empire Day for six years which had seen the position of that Empire secure. To-day she is a victorious nation, and our hearts and prayers were so wholeheartedly hers that Friday, as ever they had been during the war years.

The ceremonies opened, of course, with the singing of the National Anthem; then the Hon. Mr. Clyne, Speaker, Legislative Assembly, who again made a point of being with the girls for whom he has done so much, opened with a short address, after which the Choir rendered a few items; and again we who were privileged to listen to what must surely be one of the loveliest school choirs in Sydney, felt that among those attributes of the school on which we pride ourselves, one of the chief is the beautiful outcome of Miss Taylor's care and patience.

Dr. Wyndham then gave one of what, surely, must have been the

most interesting and eagerly received talks—for he was firm in his protestations of "no-speechifying"—which the audience in the old "Gym." had ever heard; and in the simple, friendly fashion we found so appealing, he pointed out what changes and what new conditions had to be met with to-day; how we, young as we are, are important in to-day's scheme of things, and he illustrated his words with fascinating glimpses of his recent trip abroad.

Again, the Choir sang, and then the Captain and two prefects spoke, on behalf of the girls, of our pride in our Empire, and needless to add, in our school, and of our gratitude to those guests who had made our school celebration of Empire Day so successful.

The Day was completed in what, after all, must have been the happiest way to complete such a great occasion—a half-holiday.

—Joan Lesslie, 4A.

The Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays for 1946 have been won by Bessie Everingham, 5A and Marie Heatley 3B.

The girls of Years V and IV wrote on "The part the British Empire can play in retaining world peace."

The girls of Years III, II, and I wrote on "Why am I proud of belonging to the British Empire."

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY EXTENSION BOARD.

Under the auspices of the above, Professor Macdonald Holmes, delivered a lecture on "Boundaries in the South-West Pacific" on Monday, 4th March, 1946.

As he spoke about the different factors which must be considered in placing natural divisions between islands, he revealed the vast importance of the many intricacies of the subject.

We realised that we have everything to learn about the South-West Pacific.

On Monday, April 1st, a lecture on the "Short Story" was given by Mr. H. J. Oliver, M.A.

He divided the subject of short stories into two groups, those with the "surprise ending" and those, the more "subtle" type, telling the thoughts of a character at a crisis in his life.

The lecturer discussed the merits of both, reading extracts to emphasise these respective qualities.

—M. Wilson, 4A.

SCHOOL VISITORS.

On 18th March, Fort Street Girls' High School was honoured by a visit from Mr. Gregory Stroud, whom we all know from his distinguished career in Gilbert and Sullivan operas and musical comedy.

He talked to us about the famous writers of the Savoy operas which have given so much pleasure.

We heard of William Schwenck Gilbert (1836-1911), a barrister of the Inner Temple, who had all the advantages of wealth and was outwardly so sarcastic and facetious, yet in reality very kindly and sentimental and of Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) who wrote the music for W. S. Gilbert's verse and who was a striking con-

trast to him in character. He was of very humble birth and began his musical career at the Chapel Royal.

The two quarrelled and, but for the efforts of their business manager who realised the worth of their combined efforts, the operas would probably never have been written.

Mr. Stroud also related some anecdotes from his own thrilling stage experiences and concluded by singing for us:

"When Apples Grow on the Lilac Tree" and "A Bachelor Gay am I."

We all enjoyed his visit and look forward to another musical treat.

—Merle Wilson, 4A.

On Thursday, 21st March, the girls of Year I and Year II were delighted to listen to a lecture on Dental Health.

Miss J. Mawson, B.D.S., added interest to the talk by use of charts and models.

At the conclusion of the lecture very interesting questions from the girls showed their interest in the all-important subject of healthy mouths.

—Elsie Cousens, 2A.

THE ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Coogee Aquarium Baths once again re-echoed to the sound of Fortian laughter and cheering, when we held our Annual Swimming Carnival, on Monday, 11th March, 1946.

As usual we were fortunate in having a beautiful, sunny day, although the competitors were seen to shiver as they waited in the shade at the starting place.

The House System, now in its second year, has proved a great success; the spectators strained their lungs and the competitors their strength to win for their House the highest point score. Bradfield House is indeed fortunate in having such an outstanding swimmer as Beryl Hosking and her fellow Bradfieldites proudly flaunted their royal blue colours when that House was announced the winner of the point score trophy.

The Inter-House relay races excited the most cheering but it was with regret that we were informed that time, as usual, had flown and the Six Oar race must be omitted.

The Fifth Years, as is their custom, had chosen this race to exhibit their prowess for the last time and were most disappointed that their talents should remain forever hidden.

It was noticed with pleasure that a number of Juniors are

showing great promise and we look forward to seeing Fort St. triumph in the Combined Girls' High Schools' Carnivals of the future.

We greatly appreciate the work of Miss Anderson and the other members of the Staff, who helped to make the Carnival such a success.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Miss Llewellyn who acted as Starter and Miss Matheson, Mrs. Davidson and Mr. Griffiths, who acted as Judges.

Point Score: Bradfield 106 points; Kent 49; Gloucester 38.

School Championship: Beryl Hosking (Bradfield).

Junior Championship: Beryl Hosking (Bradfield).

16 years and over: Anne O'Brien (Bradfield).

15 years: June Lawson (Bradfield).

14 years: Margaret Underwood (Kent).

13 years: Margaret Duckworth (Gloucester)

12 years: Wendy Sellars (Bradfield)

11 years and under: Margaret McKellar (Kent).

Breast Stroke: Beryl Hosking (Bradfield)

Junior Breast Stroke: Wendy Sellars (Bradfield)

Back Stroke: Merle Simons
(Bradfield)

Junior Back Stroke: Judith
Nelligan (Gloucester)

Diving: Dorothy McDermott
(Gloucester)

Junior Diving: Beryl Hosking
(Bradfield)

Rescue Race: Margaret Miller
and Shirley Membrey (Kent)

House Relay (Upper): Bradfield

House Relay (Lower): Brad-
field.

THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

29th MARCH, 1946.

The day chosen for the Combined Girls' High Schools' Swimming Carnival was warm and sunny and all those girls fortunate in securing tickets greatly enjoyed the day.

Our competitors distinguished themselves in several events and our champion swimmer, Beryl Hosking, delighted all with her prowess in the "Butterfly" Breaststroke which gained victories for us.

Our visitor, Barbara Higgins, Captain of Wagga High School, distinguished herself in her events much to our delight. The Country High Schools seem to produce the best swimmers usually, and this year Marie Stevenson of Newcastle certainly upheld this.

The Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A.,
The Minister for Education, and

Mrs. Heffron visited the Carnival and the latter graciously consented to present the trophies, to the delight of the successful competitors.

However it is time for Fort St. once again to carry off the trophies, so we look to our Juniors to achieve this. Come on, Fortians, we used to take away all the trophies and we can and will do so again!

Congratulations to these successful competitors:

Junior Championship: Beryl
Hosking, 3rd (Bradfield)

Junior Breast Stroke: Beryl
Hosking, 1st (Bradfield)

Rescue Race: Shirley Membrey
and Ceelia Boore, 1st (Record),
(York).

—Pamela McGee, 5A.

OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY AND FETE.

14th June, 1946.

Every Fortian will agree that the postponement of our annual Fete and Field Day from 7th June to 14th June, was to our advantage. Whereas the seventh

had been cold, wet and windy, the fourteenth dawned gloriously blue and sunny, and the change meant a delightfully short week of three days' school work.

Ruscutter's Bay Oval was gaily decorated with the sweet stall, cake stall, fancy goods stall, drink stall and food stall, while the Fifth Years added to the rainbow of colours by adorning themselves with huge paper bows in the colours of their Houses.

Events began punctually at nine-thirty and continued smoothly throughout the day.

We should like to congratulate and thank all teachers who were responsible for the mammoth task of organising and running events to schedule.

The House System also revealed its benefits on Field Day for the general enthusiasm displayed by the spectators as well as by the competitors can be attributed to its timely inauguration.

Ball games showed an efficiency and speed for which all honours must go to the House Captains and Vice-Captains for the spontaneous spirit in which they chose and trained their respective teams.

York House carried off the laurels of the day, with Bradfield House a very close second, while Kent House and Gloucester House though not quite so successful, contributed to the friendly competitive spirit which made the day a success.

The day was also profitable from the point of view of proceeds gained from the fete, for it was noticed that the food and drink stalls were patronised every minute of the day by girls eager to exchange their pocket money for things of more material benefit to the appetite.

"Food for Britain" Appeal benefited to the amount of £62/2/11.

We extend our thanks to all members of Staff whose co-operation and organisation gave such pleasure to their pupils.

Nothing marred the beauty and happiness of a day in the open air. School work was tackled the following week with a new enthusiasm which can only be attributed to successful completion of a Field Day surely, unsurpassed in the history of Fort Street Girls' High School.

The following are the results:

School Championship: Judith Canty.

Junior Championship: Laurel Bryant.

16 years and over: Joan Charwood.

15 years: June Lawson

14 years: Judith Canty and Laurel Bryant.

13 years: Pat Vincer.

12 years: Margaret McGrady.

11 years and under: Margaret McKellar.

Skipping: Morna Christian.

Junior Skipping: Morna Christian.

Orange Race: Shirley Cooper.

Junior Orange Race: Margaret Ramage.

Sack Race: Thelma Hctor.

Junior Sack Race: Ruth Elliott

House Relay (Senior): York House.

House Relay (Junior): Bradfield House.

Siamese Race: Margaret Miller and Shirley Membrey.

Egg and Spoon Race: Suneve Lee.

Ball Games (Senior):

Tunnel: York House

Captain: Bradfield House.

Under and Over: Kent House.

Ball Games (Junior):

Tunnel: Gloucester House

Ball Games: Point Score:

Kent House 21, Bradfield House

Captain: Bradfield House.

18, York House 15, Gloucester House 6.

Final Point Score:

York House 69, Bradfield House 66, Kent House 62, Gloucester House 43.

Thelma Ashton, 5A.

Marion Bowie, 5A.

The Combined Swimming Carnival was held on Friday, 29th March, 1946. The girls who remained at school assembled along Bradfield Highway about 11.45 a.m. to see Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten as they drove past on their way to Admiralty House.

In the afternoon a concert took place. Pat Taylor, of 3A, acting as compere. There were many humorous items, many of which the girls composed.

—Elsie Cousens, 2A.

THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS'

FIELD DAY.

28th June, 1946.

When the day for which we had been waiting so long, dawned dull and with a promise of showers during the day, our spirits were not dampened.

Undaunted, the girls of the schools arrived, the bright colours on the girls' uniforms relieving the dullness of the surroundings.

A new idea having been introduced, we were readily able to recognise the schools by the numbers sewn to the front and back of the blouses of competitors.

Fort Street girls were outstanding on the field in red caps and number 4.

The day began well for us, as we gained places in many heats but, unfortunately, we were beaten in the finals.

However, the Captain Ball team proved itself worthy of Fort Street by clipping nearly three seconds off the standing record.

The dust was not so trying as usual as the new green cement frontage in front of the grandstand relieved this nuisance.

At the conclusion of events, Mr. Price, Staff Inspector, congratulate the girls on the success of the day, paying special tribute to all organisers and helpers. He said he was very pleased to see such good performances from competitors of Country High Schools.

Mrs. Price graciously consented to present the trophies to successful competitors.

We wish to congratulate Sydney Girls' High School on its outstanding success; also St. George Girls' High School for winning the Junior Cup; Marrickville Girls' Intermediate High School for winning the much-coveted Ball Games' Shield; and Katoomba High School for their success in gaining Country High Schools' Trophy.

Winners and losers thoroughly enjoyed the day, because rain did not mar the events.

Our results were as follows:

Championship of High Schools: Judith Canty, 3rd.

Inter-High Schools' Relay: Judith Canty, Norma Christian, Laurel Bryant, Pam Bonney, 2nd.

Junior Relay: Judith Canty, Morna Christian, Laurel Bryant, Gloria Thompson, 3rd.

Junior Skipping: Morna Christian, 3rd.

Sack Race: Ruth Elliott, 3rd.

Junior Sack Race: Ruth Elliott 2nd.

Junior Orange Race: Margaret Ramage, 1st.

Captain Ball (Record 60 1/10 sec.), 1st.

Joan Charlwood, 5A.
Shirley Cooper, 4A.



HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

December, 1945.

Faculty of Arts.

Year I:

Helen Munro: Credit in English I.

Year II:

Leila Giles: High Distinction, German II, Garton Scholarship, No. 5 in German II, Distinction in History II.

Pat Hallinan: Distinction in English II, Sydney University Prize for a Woman Student for Women Graduates' Association English Essays, Distinction in History II.

Lorna Davey: Distinction in English II.

Marie Fowler: Credit in English II and History II.

Jean Wright: Credit in Psychology II.

Year III.

Joan Meredith: Distinction in Philosophy III, Francis Ander-

son Prize for Essays, Philosophy III, High Distinction in English III.

Wendy Brunton Gibb: High Distinction in English III and Italian II.

Helen Brooks: Credit in Italian I, Beatrice Annie Memorial Prize, Italian I.

Year IV.

Dorothy Fitzpatrick: Class I Honours at Graduation, French IV and Helen Simpson Prize.

Pat Knight: Class II Honours at Graduation, French IV.

Helen Shiels: Class I Honours at Graduation, Philosophy IV, Francis Anderson Prize for Philosophy Essays.

Nita Wallace: Credit in Anthropology II.

Faculty of Agriculture:

Year IV.

Elizabeth Meldrum: Credit in Agricultural Economics.

Anne Direks: Credit in Economic Entomology.

Faculty of Medicine.

Year I.:

Patricia Swift: Credit in Chemistry.

Year II.:

Betty Andrews: Credit in Histology and Embryology.

Beryl Ford: Credit in Histology and Embryology and Physiology.

Judith Hay: Credit in Biochemistry.

Norma Nelson: Credit in Histology and Embryology.

Keithley Ohlsson: Credit in Biochemistry.

Faculty of Science.

Year I.:

Jill Waterer: High Distinction in Chemistry, Credit in Botany.

Florence Schollay: Distinction in Botany and Zoology, Credit in Chemistry.

Audrey Graham: Credit in Chemistry and Zoology.

Lydia Grauaug: Credit in Botany.

Year II.:

Elaine Bridges: Distinction in Chemistry II. and Mathematics

II, Credit in Statistics (Long Course).

Pat Ohlsson: Distinction in Mathematics II.

Year IV.:

Pat Stubbin: Class II Honours at Graduation in General and Inorganic Chemistry.

Faculty of Veterinary Science.

Year IV.:

Helen McVicar: Prize, Year IV, Distinction in Veterinary Parasitology, Credit in Veterinary Bacteriology.

Pharmacy Course.

Year I.:

Joan Siebenthal: Credit in Chemistry I.

Nola Meaker: Credit in Chemistry I.

Board of Social Studies.

Year II.:

Gwen Ohlsson: Credit in Legal Aspects of Social Work, Credit in Social and Personal Hygiene.

Faculty of Science.

M.Sc. Examination, March, 1946: June Lascelles, B.Sc. (Biochemistry).

Diploma of Education was gained by Alison King, B.A., and Gwen Smith, B.A.

CONGRATULATIONS! EX-FORTIANS!

Sergeant Iris Parkes, A.W.A.S., an ex-Fortian, was one of three Servicewomen representing Australia at the Victory March in London, June 10th, 1946.

Award of the first of two W.A.A.A.F. Scholarships for Social Studies has been made to S/O Peggy Aileen Miles, an ex-Fortian.

Sydney Savage Club Scholarship—A Special Scholarship of £50 has been awarded to Wendy Brunton Gibb. She hopes to be able to travel abroad to further her theatrical studies. Her sister Barbara was "under study" to Joy Nicholls in "The Corn is Green" played at the Minerva Theatre, 1946. Wendy, Barbara and Joy are ex-Fortians.

February, 1946.—“Plum” of yesterday's meeting, the 100 yards open, resulted in a dead-heat—first in the history of N.S.W. Women's Athletic Championships—between Joy King and Betty McKinnon in 11 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

(Betty McKinnon, an ex-Fortian, 1939, won Championship of High Schools, the Junior Championship, and the 14 years' championship).

'Tis true:

Faber est suae quisque fortunae.

FIRST YEAR PARTY.

The annual and traditional First Year Party was given by Fifth Year on the 8th February, 1946. Those shy youngsters “creeping like snails unwillingly,” approached the Hall through the clapping guard of honour, but shyness overcome, rushed in eagerly at the last.

To start the ball rolling, we played “Pass the Parcel” by which various traits, some latent in the First Years, were brought to light by their friends.

After this, young brains set to work to derive as many words as possible from the letters in “Fort Street” and great was the mental strain involved. In the meantime, many Fifth Years willingly brought the refreshments from the Science rooms and longing eyes were cast at the delicacies decreed only for First Year. (This was not entirely carried out).

The even more traditional autograph-hunting followed the afternoon tea in which arms, tired with pen-pushing signed the papers of the hurrying but enthusiastic hunters.

Our gratitude is extended to Barbara McClure, the chief compere, who apart from mixing “Minnie Mouse” with “Minnie Peters” managed well with the aid of a stage-full of Fifth Years; also to Pam McGee who provided the prizes for the successful and lucky winners of games and competitions.

We offer our appreciation and thanks to Jill Jefferson who arranged and managed our annual and enjoyable party.

We all hope that it was a happy omen for the time the First Years will spend at Fort Street during the next five years.

FAREWELL DAY, 1945.

The day on which we all assemble in the Hall to wish good fortune to the Fifth and Third Year girls in their coming examinations came again on 2nd November this year.

Miss Cohen, accompanied by the visitors and captains of former years entered the Hall. She was presented with a charming bouquet of flowers by June Dewar and Thelma Frizelle, the new

prefects of First Year, and then the School sang “Here Now We Have Examinations” and “Five Short Years.”

Miss Cohen gave a short, yet inspiring address, to the leaving Fifth Years in which she emphasized the fact that there are two groups of fortunate people; those who, on leaving school, get what they want, and those who do not, yet are fortunate; and

that the great thing in life is to succeed by facing gravely the many difficulties which lie before us.

The impressive ceremony of investing the Prefects followed, and it was with interest and enjoyment that we heard their addresses.

Eva Turner, the Captain, made a touching farewell speech, while the Captain-elect, Jill Jefferson, spoke in a general address to the school.

June Totolos, the new Senior Prefect, spoke to Year V, Annette Trinick to Year IV, Alberta Holt to Year III, and Barbara McClure to Year II.

We then listened with pleasure to the Choir's delightful rendering of "Love is a Song", "The Kerry Dance," and "Humpty Dumpty."

Our guest speaker, Gwen Ohlsson, a former Captain, gave an encouraging speech to the Fiftths, inviting them to join the Old Girls' Union, on leaving school, and share the pleasures afforded by it.

Jill Jefferson then presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £10, Fifth Years' parting gift, to be used to inspire enthusiasm in inter-house activities.

The school joined the choir in singing some traditional Farewell Day songs, "The Best School of All" and "Come, Fortians All"; followed by the National Anthem and the "Clap-out."

After the function in the Hall, the Fifth Year girls were entertained at a delightful party given by the Fourth.

The usual toasts were given, and later the girls adjourned to the Hall where enjoyable games and dancing were in progress.

NIGHT.

"Mummy!"

The shrill little voice rang through the house. She held her breath, waiting for Mummy to answer. Everything was black and silent; a thin stream of moonlight crept in and threw itself over the shiny edge of the floor, still and quiet, she thought, like the water in the cut glass bowl before the flowers were put in it.

But Mummy did not answer; she called again.

It was too silent. The house, seemed to hold its breath, too, waiting for Mummy to answer. A faint, friendly glimmer from the glass on the picture on the wall gazed down at her, and she looked at it and smiled, then rememb-

ered that Mummy had not answered.

She felt her eyes open wide, trying to see in the darkness, and her face screw up into the beginnings of a cry.

"Mummy! Where are you?"

The forlorn little voice lost itself in the loneliness of the night. Her breath caught, and she felt the tears at the back of her nose; tears were warm when they first came, but after they were cold and wet and miserable. She felt sick, not in her stomach, but just sick. The darkness was so quiet, and so very much everywhere, except on the silver streak of moonlight, but that was horrible—it seemed to point towards her. The walls seemed to be waiting, looking at her, to see what she would

do. The curtain hung there, still, with eerie wisps of moonlight through it. The big wardrobe loomed like a gigantic negro ghost in the corner. The door stood still, with the chair by it; they were watching, waiting, watching, waiting, just to see what she would do.

“Mummy!”

It was a screech this time; it sounded like a horrible goblin call, and she wasn't sure that she had made it. With perspiration over her face, and her hands clammy and stiff, she sat up and pulled back the bedclothes. Suddenly she jumped, jumped and fell in a heap on the floor. Her heart pounding, her little body shivering, she scrambled up and ran. The door knocked her and the little carpet outside it tried to trip her. She felt it running after her, with a big grinning face and little clawy bat's hands. The big patches of yellow glass in the front door took all the breath out of her; big, big, big yellow eyes, watching, and watching.

All in a heap, she leapt into the lounge chair by the lounge room window, and crumpled herself in its big, friendly corner. The two big, soft arms, and the great broad back, with their friendly fairy pattern of little coloured flecks like dust in sunlight, leaned round her, warmed her, seemed to say they were sorry, and that they loved her.

Later on, she put her head on one of the arms, not looking behind her, but straight towards the moonlight through the window. Suddenly, and without being able to help it, all her fears slipped out of her and left her happy. She could look round now. She exulted in the sense of superiority it gave her. As at old friends, she smiled at the piano, the bookcase, and the big, wide clock on the

mantel, and leaned over to touch a pretty rose. It was comfortable in the lounge chair, especially when everything looked like home again. She thought in a vague and detached sort of way of the ugly goblins, but did not push them right to the front of her thoughts because if she did they would frighten her.

Slowly, enjoying the luxury of the soft blanket of darkness and the light of the silver patch on the floor, she got down from the lounge chair, and still slowly and deliberately, walked to the window seat and knelt upon it, with her little arms in their wrapping of white flannelette under her chin on the window sill. She breathed in the grey air, and felt a little sigh go through her, like the pleasant feeling when you stop crying. Critically, she gazed at the moon. She had a new feeling; she was not wondering, she was just thinking. But it didn't last for long, because the moon was so beautiful. It did not seem to be all up in the sky, like the sun did, but seemed to have floated down all over everything, chilly and white like sheets in winter. The long black road stretched away across the earth, in between the houses and the glistening leaves of trees, free from any petrol-smelling cars and noisy people. Everything was sleeping but her. When she was asleep, was she as beautiful as that?

She wondered, now, why she felt so calm, for it was never like this in the daytime. She thought of the blue sky and the hot yellow sun, and Mummy dressed in old clothes and with wet sheets hanging all round her—and that reminded her, where was Mummy?

With a little catch in her throat she realised that all the calmness was slipping away from her, and the fears were slithering back.

The piano had taken on a different face, and was looming black there now. It was watching—no it wasn't, it wasn't watching; it wouldn't watch, it couldn't watch—it couldn't, it couldn't, it couldn't!

She was standing, now, with fear clutching at her poor little body. Where could Mummy be? Mummy should be home—Mummy wouldn't go out. Perhaps Mummy was different at night; perhaps she was cruel then. A sudden, sharp, and jarring picture presented itself before her numbed mind, a picture of Mummy, with thick black eyebrows, long fangs as in the picture of the tiger, and great black claws. Horrified, she felt her voice moving,

“No, Mummy! No, Mummy!” and she ran away to escape it.

She ran into her mother's room, and in the quietness of dread peered over the edge of the bed. It was flat, and smooth, and still. Perhaps Mummy was hiding under it, so she looked under, but it was only more night resting there.

All alone in the house! There was no one there, no one at all to be with her. She felt that there must be, and then remembered something they had told her in school. Something about a Father; she did not have a father. Mummy never mentioned a father, but there was a little leather photo-frame on the dressing table, with a picture of a man in it, and she knew that this picture was very important. Perhaps that was the Father they mentioned—but what could a photograph do? She went over to it, but it somehow made her unhappy to look at it, and she remembered Mummy's face when she looked at it. No, it could not be the photograph.

Carefully keeping her eyes away from the empty bed, she

went back to her chair in the lounge room. The tears were coming again now, but they were not frightened tears. Puzzled, she thought about the Father they had talked about; they had said he loved little children—but she was not little any more, because she went to school. Since she was not little, wasn't it rather babyish of her to have been so frightened? She glared defiantly at the furniture, and scornfully turned her eyes away. She saw the rose she had picked that afternoon; that was her rose, and she thought it would be wiser to look kindly on it, so she smiled.

At school they had sung about a little flower,

“Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings.”

She hummed it to herself. God had made that flower, and He had made her, too. The pretty rose was resting there so calmly; all the while she had been frightened it had just stayed there. If God had made her, too, He would be taking care of her, so why should she be frightened?

A sliver of moonlight shone on to her lounge chair. She twisted round a little, and saw all the moon, and the trees and house-tops and the long black street. She lifted up her little arms and smiled. That was God; that must be God. Who else could spread silver over everything, and bathe the earth in peace and quiet glory? They had sung about peace and glory in Church; this must be it now, because she had seen it nowhere else.

She took the rose from its vase, and scrambled up on to the window seat and held the pretty flower up to the moon.

“Isn't it beautiful, God?” she whispered.

A far-away bird chirped, and sent a shiver through her. Was that God answering? A little breeze just hushed among the trees; that must be God answering, too. She looked round, and saw more moonlight in the room—it was now covering her lounge chair, like a sheet from fairyland. Softly she turned again, and looked at the moon with her head on one side, like a robin. She had just remembered that they had said God was there all the time; if so, what happened in the day time when there was no moon? That could not be God, then, if He were there all the time.

Unhappy again, she went forlornly back to her armchair. How could God be there all the time? The sun and the moon changed; they had said that God did not change. What was there all the time? She was; she laughed a little at the idea, and thought perhaps it was the wrong thing to think. Her little faith was beginning to be shaken. How could anything be there—everywhere—all the time? She looked at the rose again; she had let it drop to the carpet, and gently she picked it up and held it cupped in her two little hands. It did not seem to mind; it did not seem to look unhappy; it was still as beautiful as ever. She felt that it was an object of God's particular care. "Perhaps if I take care of it too, He will take care of me," she thought.

Back in her lounge chair again, she pondered deeply on the question for a little while. The rose

was so beautiful, and had the moonlight on it now. The moonlight was on her, too, the same as the rose. She had a vague feeling that perhaps God was like the moonlight, not the moon, that His light rested on her, just as it did on the rose, and that He took care of her when she was alone just as He had taken care of the rose when it fell. She smiled at the dark and goblin-less corner, but could not comprehend that idea; and just let it stay in her mind without thinking of it.

It was still quiet and peaceful, now, a silent and silvery peacefulness which seemed to be asleep. The piano, looming large; seemed sleepy, too; the rose was still there. She touched it again with the tips of her fingers, and drew her hand back close to her little warm body, curled up in the lounge chair. Quiet, quiet, so quiet—sleepy and calm. Another little breeze stirred the tree-tops, and her eyelids closed to the lullaby of it. Sleep, sleep . . . it was warm and friendly . . . sleep . . . sleep . . . she sighed gently.

Eyelashes on little red cheeks, little legs curled up tight, little body cuddled against the soft and cosy arm of the lounge chair; clear and silver moonlight covering her with its fairy blanket; shadows, soft and dark, filling the rest of the room; and the pretty rose, still looking down, quiet and queen-like, in the night.

Margaret Mureh, 5A.

(Winner of Short Story Competition).

REMEDIES VARY.

Our baby brother John lay sick—nothing serious, but these things happen in the best-regulated families. He was staying in his cot that day, in obedience to orders from the powers-that-be,

and Stanley John Evans, our next-door neighbour, aged five years, came over to improve the shining hours by amusing him. In the intervals between baby's gleefully knocking down a high

tower of blocks, and Stanley's building them up again, baby could occasionally be heard to emit breath with a sudden convulsive spasm and noise, the inevitable accompaniment of —. In short, as Mr. Micawber would say in a burst of confidence, baby had a cold.

Now Stanley was well qualified to sympathise with anyone who was at all sick, for he had been in bed himself for one whole day the previous week, gastric 'flu his ailment. So a little worried by Johnnie's sneezings and coughs, he went off in search of our mother.

"Mrs. Lorr — — enee," his voice trailed off down the hall, through the dining-room, and reached her on the verandah.

"Yes."

"I say, Mrs. Lorrence," as he came towards her, "have you got any chocolate in the house?"

"I think I might find some. Why?"

"'Cos that 'ud fix Johnnie up straight away."

"Oh!"

"Yes, 'cos when I was sick, I was in bed, and Mrs. Lane was in like a shot with a bit o' chocolate, and I was better in a month," he finished triumphantly, having no more idea of what a month is, than a fish has.

Of course Peter and I laughed, rather condescendingly I fear, when we heard of Stan's remedy. For we were eight and nine years old respectively; we went to school; and we knew that to revive the apparently drowned, one applied artificial respiration in the approved manner, and that in case of snake bite a ligature should be tied above the wound in order to stop the poison from rushing to the heart.

Not many days afterwards the whole family was down on the beach: the adults, as was to be expected, immediately settled themselves in comfortable positions and refused to move; baby John was seated happily splashing in a pot-hole; Peter had lined up a dozen periwinkles for a grand race; and I was undecided whether to go in swimming, or help Peter to acclaim the periwinkle that won (i.e. if any of them reached the winning post—a doubtful point). Finally I did both.

Having persuaded ourselves that the competitors, if left unsupervised for an hour or more, would not travel far enough to get lost, we went into the surf. We were playing in the waves just near the shore, when suddenly Peter gave an unearthly yell and rushed out on to the beach. It was not unusual for him to act like a Red Indian on the war path, but now he seemed to be playing more the part of a wounded elephant than anything else. I was about to follow him to see if anything really were wrong, when I felt something touch my leg and twine around it. For an instant I thought it was seaweed, but then an agonising pain shot up my leg, and I bent down to brush off whatever it was. It was a bluebottle, and immediately my hand was stinging as much as my leg. Then a second wounded elephant joined the first on the beach.

Our parents were, on the whole, most unsympathetic. They suggested rubbing sand on the afflicted parts, but when that did no good, they sent us home to apply Reckitt's Blue to ease the pain. Off we went up the hill, sobbing quietly as the pain gradually pervaded the whole lower portion of our bodies; and we were crying, not only with pain, but with fright and the fear of drop-

ping dead at any minute. Unfortunately we had heard that blue-bottle stings have been known to prove fatal.

Home at last, we quarrelled over who should use the blue first. Peter, ignoring all the rules of "ladies before gentlemen" won, and by the time he had finished he far outshone the Britons who painted themselves with woad in Caesar. I completed the adornment of myself, and went inside to find Peter with "Every Woman's Home Doctor" open on his knees, hunting frantically through a formidable list of diphtheria, dysentery, dyspepsia, for a further remedy. I realised that neither "bluebottle" nor "sting" begins with "d", and felt that Stanley's recommendation of a piece of chocolate as a cure for all ills, might not be as silly as we had at first thought. Indeed we agreed that in the present crisis it might prove a distinct help. We went, therefore, a la Mother Hubbard to the most likely-looking cupboard, but unfortunately the sequel in our case was the same as in Mother Hubbard's—the cup-

board was bare. Oh, well! They would be sorry when they came home and found, stretched out on the floor, two pitiful little bodies, stiff and blue.

After that, I abandoned the search for remedies, and deciding to let Fate take its course, I wandered off to revel in self-pity.

In due course the others returned, and asked where Peter was. I neither knew nor cared. It was not long before Mother went to her bedroom—it was in darkness. The blinds were down, the curtains drawn. A shapeless mass was piled on the sofa. For a moment she stopped in the doorway, and wondered who or what had been interfering in her room. Finally she tiptoed across to the sofa, and lifted the eiderdown—a hot summer's day and an eiderdown! Underneath she saw the huddled form of Peter, motionless, his eyes closed.

He was treating himself for shock.

Jill Jefferson, 5A.

BEES.

"Don't ever mention bees again to me! I've just about had enough—more than enough.

Wait a minute until I adjust myself a little more comfortably, now, I will begin.

It all started a month ago when I asked the boss for an extra week's holiday to go to an old friend's place. My friend, George, had served for five years in the Air Force and now had bought a farm in the country. He had asked me to come to his place for a holiday, and not having seen him for over four years I decided to accept his invitation.

I knew he was married, but had no idea he had any children, so when I arrived at George's farm which was about twenty miles from the station, and ten miles from the nearest neighbour, I found much to my astonishment that George had two young children. These weren't ordinary children, but twins!

They were two little girls, the very image of George with a bit of Eliza, George's wife, thrown in. Eliza was an ex-W.A.A.F., who had served on the same station as George somewhere up North.

The twins were called Edna and Elsie, and only Eliza could tell the difference between the two, and often George would call Elsie, Edna and vice versa. However, they attached themselves like chewing gum to me and followed me round until I used to run each time I saw their shadows.

One day I noticed George coming with an obvious shield used in baseball by the Americans, and thick gloves. Thinking he was doing this to please the twins I came up to him and said "Where did you get the cute little outfit?"

"Cute little outfit nothing. I'm off to get some honey for the twins."

"Honey?" I asked. "Don't tell me you keep bees?"

"You said it," replied George, "I'm scared stiff of the things!"

"Pooh—nothing to be scared of—I used to keep them when I was a child—nothing to it!" I boasted.

Just then the twins came round and hearing my words chimed in:

"Oh Daddy, let Peter get the honey, he likes bees, and Mummy is making pancakes for lunch and we haven't any honey."

My heart sank and I remembered bitterly and clearly how on the night of our term dance I had watched from the garden how everybody had enjoyed themselves, while I sat with a nose twice its original size—the result of meddling with those fiery-tempered little insects.

I looked at George and saw a look of pleading, I looked at the twins and saw amusement.

"Oh, all right," I gulped "show me their hives."

"Better take this shield," advised George.

"Oh, no I won't take a minute, I'll just drape some netting round my face and I'll be right," I said as cheerfully as I could.

The twins led me as far as the orchard and pointed,

"Oh, good, give me the dish."

"In there," said Elsie, or was it Edna?

"Will you be all right?"

"Yes . . . but—er . . . leave the gate open, in case, er—yes" I tried to laugh.

It wasn't such an easy task either, I was about a yard from the first hive when bees hurtled out in all directions.

I quickly dodged to the second one, and no sooner had I started to try Army manoeuvres than I retreated, my netting crawling with bees.

I managed to secure a fist full of honey. Suddenly a voice rang out, "Why don't you smoke the bees out?"

"Too late now, I've almost got it."

The third hive was no sooner touched, than my face, hands and neck were covered with bees. If ever anybody has seen a close up of a bee—I have!

I distinctly remember the wicked grin that last bee wore as he dug his sting into my tender nose.

I gave a yell and fled for my life, pursued by a black, angry, buzzing crowd.

I banged into Eliza carrying some lemonade for refreshments and drenched my face with this.

I flew into the bedroom and jumped into bed, burying my face in the pillow.

The bees soon dispersed and a worried four came in to look at what remained of myself.

"Get a doctor, a lawyer—the police, quick!" I shrieked.

"Sit on him, it's turned his brain," said Eliza.

George looked at Eliza and said "I guess we had better get Dr. Jones."

Dr. Jones was very understanding and sent me off to the

nearest hospital, and I'm here now in the third week. I don't mind it so much, my nose is almost normal again, but what I hate about it is every morning we have tea and toast, and there is no jam, so they serve toast with HONEY."

Ira Rodionov, 3D.

NOISE.

I like noise!
The sighing of wind, the lowing of herds.
Cows in a byre, the singing of birds,
The ripple of streamlets, that make themselves heard,
I like noise!

I like noise!
The shrill of a whistle, the ring of a bell,
The splash of a bucket that falls down a well,
The chime of a clock as the hour it does tell,
I like noise!

I like noise!
The roar of a lion, the cluck of a hen,
The bleating of sheep, when placed in a pen,
The growling of bears as they lie in their den,
I like noise!

Ruth Jacobs, 1D.

BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

When first the Great Divinity was wrath
And on the erring one his ire broke forth,
The judgment of the Lord was come on man,
His contest with the earth for life began.
And now where e'er before but blossoms blew,
The first rude thorn broke forth, and fought, and grew.
The fragile blooms were choked and thrust aside
The fair fruits vanished, and the thorn spread wide,
Man reached to break it..and lo! in a flood
Around its roots there fell man's crimson blood;
And in the west the sun had flamed and gone,
And, vested in the twi-light, night came on.
Bewildered, dazed, Man bowed his humbled head,
And in the darkness there, for mercy plead.
The Great God heard, and hearing, smiled,
And touched with gentle sleep his wayward child;
And swift the hours of darkness fled away,
The heavens burst asunder with the day.
Man rose, and turned to greet the first new morn
And saw, the richest blooms were on the thorn!
A thousand blood-red glories gemmed the dawn
And brimmed with fragrance, and the rose was born.

Joan Lesslie, 4A.

WHAT CARE I?

The king may sit in his palace,
 And count his gold by the pound,
 But what care I?
 The stars in the sky
 Are my wealth, and my purse is round.

The lover may sing in the courtyard,
 And toast his lady in wine,
 But sweethearts for me?
 Why, the fish of the sea,
 And the birds of the air are mine.

The minstrel may tell old stories,
 Fair damsels and knights by the score,
 But 'tis merely a spell,
 I stories can tell
 That would interest the audience more.

O! roses that bloom in October,
 The thrush coming out in the spring,
 Of gurgling streams,
 And rosebud dreams,
 And lullabies gay robins sing.

The knight may be boasting of glory
 Of fame gained in lands old and new,
 But what of that?
 I'd rather chat
 Of the morning sun on the dew.

Let the king in his castle be happy
 And the lover, be true to his lass,
 But not for me,
 For I am free,
 And an open heart is my pass.

Let the minstrel sing his ballads,
 And the knight tell of battles and fray,
 But never a word
 Of the sweetness he's heard,
 Or the beauty he's seen on the way.

Let the world go on striving and climbing,
 But just let me be on my own,
 With my home in a dell
 In the woodland fell
 In a place where the wind has blown.

Laurel Thomas, 2B.

BABY.

Little curly locks so fair,
 A small chubby nose,
 Two tiny feet so bare,
 With ten tiny toes.
 Two happy eyes of blue,
 Sparkling in the sun,
 Laughing in the morning light,
 Sad when day is done.

Cooing softly like a dove,
 Playing with a toy,
 He's always mother's little love,
 And sister's little joy.

Anne McComb, 2B.

DREAM FANCY.

When my courage doth forsake me,
Then I lay me down and take me
To realms of fairy visions pure and bright.
As through fairy woods I wander,
I look forward ever yonder
To day time, only day time, never night.

For in dreams I'm ever straying
Where a million fairies playing
And dancing in a fairy ring, rejoice.
And the pixies all are liltng
On their fairy-pipes a-tilting,
And piping for the fairies to give voice.

And the chimes of church bells ringing
Mingle sweetly with their singing,
And the tinkling of the brooklet running by.
Then my dream it starts a-fading
Into dark and misty shading,
And I waken, Oh! I waken, with a sigh.

Olwyn Thomas, 1A.

MORNING.

When the bush is wrapped in a misty gown,
Quite early in the morn,
The wild birds wake and start to chirp
To welcome in the dawn.

The kookaburra chuckles loud,
The bell-bird's note is heard,
The magpie warbles, rich and clear,
To mock the butcher-bird.

The 'possums quickly scurry home
To sleep the whole day through;
A screeching parrot flutters past,
On wings of bright green hue.

When dawn trips lightly o'er the hills
To wake the sleeping sun,
The wild bush folk are all at work,
For day has now begun.

Georgina Exton, 2C.

THE BROOK.

I sing of the wood and flower,
Of butterfly and bee,
I sing of the bird and bower,
For I am a streamlet free.

I sing of the stars at night-time,
And of the moon's pale glow;
I sing of the birds' awakening
As to the sea I flow.

I wander through field and by garden,
To me the day never seems long,
For the sea, the sea, is calling me.
'Tis there I shall end my song.

Margaret Webber, 2A.

TRUE KNIGHTS.

I love to read in History
 Of knights both brave and bold,
 Who helped to make our country
 In bygone days of old:
 The noble men of England,
 Who fought with gay, brave heart,
 And won their land far countries
 That made our Empire start.
 But best of all I love to read
 Of "Diggers" brave in deed,
 By that I mean our gallant men
 Who helped our country's need.

Joan Puckeridge, 1D.

THE NIGHT FAIRIES.

Every night, when all are asleep,
 I go to my window and cautiously peep
 At the moon and the stars, and the wide dark land;
 And soon I see a Fairy band—
 Come tinkling gaily down the street,
 Dressed in jewels from head to feet.
 They dance in the garden, and talk to the flowers,
 While I stand at the window and watch them for hours.
 But when the east begins to pale,
 They spread their wings, so light and frail
 And fly away down the street once more,
 Leaving the garden as still as before.

Valerie Jones, 2C.

TALE OF A TALE.

The West Wind whispered the word as he went
 Then gossipped it glibly to Glum,
 Hateful hissed it to Hamper,
 He wirelessly to Wonder,
 And then it was posted to Fun,
 She shed it to Shiftless,
 He passed it to Pleasure,
 And that's how the tale was begun.

Someone chatted to Chaff and he chanted it further,
 And Teasing now took up the Tale,
 He told it to Torment,
 Who 'phoned to Fine Feathers,
 So, over the hill and the dale,
 Telegraphed it to Teaching,
 He read it to Roving,
 And wrote it to Wisdom and Wail.

Mis'ry mournfully mumbled to Mischief and Mischief
 Then gabbled it gayly to Glee,
 She left it with Laughter,
 He sent it to Sorrow,
 So over the land and the sea
 Sorrow signalled to Sadness,
 Who mailed it to Music,
 And Music then mouthed it to ME!

Laurel Thomas, 2B.

THESE THINGS I LOVE.

Rain on the roof, the whisp'rings of leaves,
Swallows building beneath the eaves,
The lilting songs of other years,
The sound of breakers in my ears,
Bird calls echoing through the trees,
As they murm'ring, bow before the breeze;
Pictures built in the dying fire—
A witch's cauldron and Viking's pyre—
A friendly house in a bed of willows.
With roses climbing round stately pillars:
The strong hand-clasp of a friend who's true,
White clouds drifting 'cross azure blue,
A foundation playing in warm sunlight,
The Evening Star on the brow of Night,
A new moon hung in the galaxy
Upon a strange, dark world a-shining,
A rainbow tied o'er the eastern sea,
On a mantle of grey with a silver lining.

So many things I love.

Beth Smith, 4A.



SONG OF YOUTH.

Set not my dreams at nought! No whit care I!
Free are the winds and rain, the sea and sky!
Free is the sunlight; Age and Death are far
And golden are my dreams—serene my star.

Mock not ambition—nor shake thy hoary head;
Tell not my path is mist-bound and the future dread,
Life is my heritage and unbowed walk I
Free are the sweeping winds and free the sky.

Turn not to me and sigh, as sunset blaze
Consumes the memory of your early days;
For I am young; and you with age are worn
You face the evening—I embrace the dawn.

Untouched before me stretch the shining years
I' brook no hesitation, know no fears
My heart is joyful and my hope is strong
For thine is Disillusion, mine the song.

Gaze tenderly, oh greybeard, mock me not
The blood of Youth is ever fire-hot;
Let Memory silence when thou wouldst declaim;
I sing of Youth, the Vision and the Flame.

Joan Lesslie, 4A.



A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,
Sydney University,
June 14th, 1946

Dear Fortians,

Many of us, throughout our careers at school look to the University as a distant goal which may be reached only by a mixture of hard work and good fortune.

Then when the possibility of attaining the goal becomes more real we begin to wonder just exactly what the University will offer to us.

After the tears of Farewell Day and the excitement of the Leaving Results, those of us who reach the University are plunged into a whirl of existence totally different from the life we knew at school. The discipline of the classroom is gone; there are no more lessons; there is no more tiresome homework. This sounds fine when we are still at school groaning about the vast amount of work we have to do. We think, that, at last, when we reach the University, we will have won that independence for which we have been waiting so long, but we soon begin to realise the rather frightening responsibilities which this independence brings.

But never fear, Fortians! This feeling of being weighed down by dull care does not worry us for long, nor does it turn us into bookworms for the rest of our lives. After the first few chaotic weeks, when we are still finding out lecture times and hunting for some obscure lecture room, we begin to sort out the muddle and to view it intelligently. Instead of spending lunch-hour with a few select friends from school, we begin to investigate the doings of the various societies. We may be

swing fans—there is the Rhythm Club, we may go to the other extreme and warble with the Musical Society; we may wish to carry our religious ideals into our University life, and so become adherents of one of the several religious societies; we may air our political views at the Labour Club or Liberal Club meetings. Those of us who have dramatic talent have a good opportunity of developing it in S.U.D.S., and so the activities of the numerous societies go on.

All these clubs are now coming out of their long wartime sleep. With the influx of new students, their membership is swelling; they are extending their activities socially with Balls and more dances; intellectually, with more meetings, more discussion groups and more noted speakers.

In addition, we may work off our superfluous energy in the various sporting societies, which have risen greatly in importance this year, because of the revival of interstate matches. Tennis teams are travelling to Adelaide in the vacations, an athletics carnival was recently held in Hobart, and these two events are only the first in a series. All our school sports are represented in the University—basket ball, tennis, hockey, swimming, as well as fencing and cricket.

To those Fortians who are coming up next year and in the following years, all this activity and excitement will be emphasised by the pressure of numbers in every faculty. Lecture rooms are crowded to capacity, students in technical faculties have to do their practical work at night, a freer and more active element has come to the University with the ex-service students whose eagerness gives an impetus to student life.

The scope of activity in the University is being widened, greater opportunities for entrance are now offered, so that we who have been here for three years expect to see more Fortians than usual

bringing honour to their school next year by carrying on its traditions in the University.

Patricia Hallinan,
Arts III.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union.

The committee of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members the twenty-sixth Annual Report for the year ending March 1946.

The present membership of the Union totals 270; comprising 234 ordinary members and 36 Life members.

The Literary Circle, a sub-society of the Union which celebrated its 20th anniversary this year (and we wish the Circle many happy returns) will present its own report at this General Meeting.

Although the past year was not an easy one for the executive, many functions were successfully held and the spirit of the Union maintained.

In April, a demonstration of cookery by electricity was arranged by the Sydney County Council in their Burwood show-rooms. An instructive and entertaining evening was enjoyed. There were 30 present, and the Union benefited in the amount of £3/18/-.

In July, a 'Back to School' evening was held at the School. There were well over fifty present, and judging by the noise and laughter which issued from the Assembly Hall, everyone enjoyed herself immensely. Though the

Uniform Parade would not have gladdened the heart of the mistresses, yet each girl managed to have at least one article of uniform clothing.

In August, a very pleasant afternoon was held at the home of Mrs. Hynes, Five Dock. Fifteen girls spent a happy afternoon together and the refreshments were so plentiful that when the residue was sold we had an extra £1/- to put into the funds.

On October 3rd, for the first time in four years, the Annual Dinner was held. It was the highlight of the year and proved an outstanding success. There was an all-time record of 186 present.

The Rachael Forster Hospital Box was passed round at the Dinner, and a collection of £3/14/9 was made. A cheque for £4/- was sent to the Hospital, the additional sum being drawn from general funds.

On December 6th, a dance was held in the Australian Hall. It was a successful evening even though held by candlelight owing to the lighting restrictions. There were about one hundred old girls present and the profit was £1/18/1.

In August last, the committee reverted to holding monthly meetings instead of quarterly, which had been instituted as a war-time measure.

The Union presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £5/5/- for the School Improvement Fund at the annual meeting last year.

Miss Cruise, our Patron, has been unable to attend any meetings or functions owing to ill-health, but has been kept informed of all our activities during the year.

In September, it was with much sadness that we learned of the death of Miss Bourke. For well over twenty years Miss Bourke had rendered outstanding service to the Union, and at one time held the office of President. She was a lady who loved life and by her

happy personality endeared herself to her associates. She will be sadly missed amongst us and ever affectionately remembered.

To all new members a warm welcome is extended, and we hope that their "Old Girl" days will be just as full and happy as those spent at school, and their friendships just as sincere.

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

(Signed):

G. Ohlsson,
(Mrs.) June Young,
Joint Hon. Secs.

The Twentieth Annual Report of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union Literary Circle.

Throughout the year the Circle continued to meet once a month in the Botanical Gardens on the 3rd Sunday in every month. Although these afternoon meetings were introduced as a war time measure, they have proved so popular that the members have decided to continue them.

The Office-bearers elected for 1945 were as follows:

President, Miss Turner; Vice-President, Eva Duhig; Treasurer, Catherine Farrell; Secretary, Gwen Caines; Representative to O.G.U., Joy Lovett.

The course for the year was, Fictional Biographies of Great English Writers, and included "William and Dorothy", "One Dagger for Two", "Aesop Dancing", "No Bed for Bacon" and "So Perish the Roses."

1945 marked the 20th year of the Circle's existence which was celebrated with a Birthday Party to which were invited all past

and present members, and friends of the Circle. A Dinner complete with Birthday Cake, donated by Edna Kerrison, was held in the Staff room at the School, and afterwards the party adjourned to the Assembly Hall where prizes for a competition and quiz were won by Enid Hynes and Edna Kerrison.

This function was voted among the most enjoyable the Circle has ever had.

The Annual Prize of one guinea which the Circle donates to the Fortian securing the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was awarded to Lenore Bate. The 1946 prize will go to Lilian Bennett with First Class Honours in English.

In conclusion we extend a cordial invitation to all new members of the Union to join the Circle.

President: A. E. Turner
Secretary: Gwen Caines

A LETTER FROM TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE.

Teachers' Training College,
3rd May, 1946.

Dear Fortians,

After studying former editions of the magazine, I see that those who have written to you from College, have been there either one or two years, so you may be interested to hear from a third year student of the Department of Physical Education.

I would like to welcome all "Fortians" to their new life at College and to wish them every success in their period of training which differs so much from school life in one aspect and yet is closely related to it.

For those who are still at school and who are thinking of becoming teachers, I wish every success.

We do not see as many "Fortians" at College this year, as a branch College has been formed at Balmain for students resident in Sydney, wishing to become Primary School teachers.

College is situated near the Annandale gate of the University facing the ground, familiarly known as "hockey square."

The Physical Education department will, one day, have its own building at the University.

In training now, are seventy students whose subjects for study include anatomy, physiology, English method, biology, biology method, psychology, education, chemistry, physics, hygiene, nutrition, tests and measurements, physiology of exercise, kinesiology, music appreciation, administration, principles and history of Physical Education.

These subjects have a bearing on our course and open up a wide field of study.

The practical side covers every kind of physical activity—gymnasium work, folk-dancing, rhythm, games, skating, swimming, athletics.

Third year is a hard year of passing examinations in coaching and umpiring for games, while Years I and II are spent in acquiring skill in subjects, theoretical and practical.

The general College activities are varied and designed to suit all. Once a week, club hour is held. There are clubs for debating, dramatic work, geography, naturalists, choir, recorded music, modern music, instrumental music, current affairs.

Sports' clubs cater for every game—hockey, tennis, basketball, athletics, swimming, soft ball, cricket.

Swimming and Athletic Carnivals cause much competition for the point score trophy among the four houses: Arunta, Bintomurra, Kamilaroi, Garu. (The four houses have been named after Aboriginal tribes of Central Australia).

The champion house for the year is the one gaining the highest number of points in all competitions, which include those in debating, one-act plays, choirs, concerts.

Dances are held every Friday night during term at the College in the gymnasium under the auspices of a Dance Club; the College Ball is held annually in the Assembly Hall.

Practice teaching is always interesting, particularly if one is chosen to go to "Camp" at Castlereagh midway between Penrith and Richmond. Here, practice teaching is carried on at various

schools in the vicinity of the "Camp."

This, Fortians, may give you some idea of College life.

In conclusion, I wish success to all girls in Years V and III in 1946.

Congratulations to all Fifts and Thirds of 1945. Their results were worthy of the Staff and pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School.

Brenda Gibbs.

OF FOLK DANCING.

The first and most surprising fact I have discovered about folk-dancing is that the Oxford Dictionary's conception is totally different from my own. The definition given there is admirably vague, involving words such as "traditional beliefs, study of these," and "dances of a race (plural, the singular being arch or dial)." A more fitting description, I think, would be "a series of consecutive convulsive movements of most parts of the anatomy, carried out simultaneously with complete abandon, and utter indifference to public safety. It is best accompanied by music, preferably executed by the performers themselves, or the instructress.

But perhaps you have had the good fortune never to folk dance (if you brought a note or something equally underhand). In this case here are some brief yet concise instructions.

Requirements:

A complete and efficient First Aid set. This should include a snake-bite outfit, a set of notes taken at a Doctor Pope "How to Bath a Baby" lecture, a stretcher, a bath chair, a string bag.

Directions:

First make sure you have filled in the space so thoughtfully provided in the front of that diary you got last Christmas, which proclaims:

In Case of Accident Please Notify.

Or, if you wish to take more adequate precautions, ring now and reserve your bed at Sydney Hospital.

At this stage I think it my duty to warn those (lest they become too enthusiastic and break down when later informed the strain would be too much for them) who suffer from weak hearts, weak minds, chilblains, hydrophobia, dandruff, etc., that this is not the recreation for them. Nay the best thing for them to do is to go and have a nice quiet game of football or soccer.

To proceed:

Divide the class into sets of any number between five and seven, making sure the number is odd. Now divide your sets into two. You should have one girl over. You haven't? Then assure one of the members that you have no personal grudge against her, in fact you admire her tremendously, but owing to circumstances beyond your control . . . and take her off to the sickroom. She will soon have company.

Now stand facing your partner, your neighbour, Bradfield Highway, the wall, the end of the gym., etc.

Turn half right.

By the way, the man always stands on THIS side of his partner, because if he didn't they might think you were both women (which would be disastrous)

and though both are, really, in folk-dancing one of you isn't because she's not a woman but a man—or something.

Now for the dance.

It is a pathetic little ditty called "Lot is Dead." It is heart-rending.

First Movement:

Form a circle. This should be done mournfully with tear-dimmed eyes and a visage pale with grief. A drooping white lily or a small bunch of wilting violets would also be most suitable. It is advisable not to go to the extent of becoming hysterical with sorrow as it is difficult to go on singing.

Now face your partner. (It is advisable to use great discretion in the selection of a partner, as you may have to stare mournfully into her face for some hours). If you are unfortunate enough to have a partner who does not exactly rival Heddy Lamarr, half close your eyes. This will effectively blur your vision and intensify the impression of grief.

Second Movement:

Your vision thus impaired and your progress hampered by your arm lily, take your partner's right hand.

Rest of the Movements:

Take four slow slides sideways into the centre. Glance round furtively and take seven quick jumps back. Dash forward two steps to your partner and stagger. Take three steps left, one back, two right, back one, slip one, drop one, make one, knit two together (mind the lily) and fall back fifty yards.

Get up off the floor.

Repeat this.

Bend slightly forward and run towards your partner with light

springing steps, kicking out the heels, with chest in and toes out.

Take the hands of another couple, run beneath your own arm and round your partner, under her arm, under the other couple's arm, back under own arm, while the others follow you. Clap hands and repeat the arm movement, finishing in the original position but in the opposite direction.

Now comes a figure movement. If any of your companions can be found after this, proceed thus.

Raise right foot off the floor. Place left hand on head. Raise left foot off the floor.

Forward a double, back a double, turn a single, set a double turn a double, turn a single, back a double. Do this backwards.

This is progressive.

Here are the words of "Lot is Dead." (I am afraid they are definitely callous).

"Lot is dead, Lot is dead.
But maybe he has really left me
something in his will,
There is sure to be lots of fun at
his funerill."

The music gives the best effect when played by a full symphony orchestra or on a flute.

Now do you wonder that the Oxford Dictionary had me puzzled. However I decided to brave an extremely reliable authority on the subject who paused for a moment between instructions, and this is what I discovered.

"Folk dancing is learnt primarily for enjoyment and amusement (sic!). It teaches co-ordination of movement and the art of moving all parts of the body rhythmically to music."

And so next time you are breathlessly dancing the "Eight-some Reel" or idly "Picking Up Sticks" remember not *Ars Gratia Artis* but *Folk Dancing Gratia Artis*.

Beryl Alexander, 5A.

TRIALS WITH A BAD MEMORY.

I sat down beside the fire with my book, and prepared for a quiet evening. Opening the book, I began searching for the place where I had left off. After some time I found it but when I had read only a few lines I discovered that the beginning of the story was completely gone from my mind and that I had lost track of the plot altogether.

"Dear me," I thought dismally, "I really will have to do something about this dreadful memory of mine." I thought vaguely of an advertisement I had seen in a magazine about a booklet on "How to Train Your Memory," but again my memory failed me and I hadn't the faintest idea where to look for the advertisement.

I began thinking back over a few of my latest lapses which had ended with disastrous results.

There was the day last week when I saw a familiar face in the crowd at the tram-stop. I pride myself, as do many others, on never forgetting a face, so I determined to keep this girl in sight until I had satisfied myself as to her identity. Fortunately for me she caught my tram, but seemed to have quite a way to go, as she opened a book and began reading. Meanwhile I was no nearer the solution of the problem I had set myself, and was finally forced to see if the girl herself could throw any light upon it. Leaning over, I said, with unaccustomed timidity, "Excuse me, but have we met before?"

She looked at me for a moment then replied, "I'm sorry, I think you must be mistaken."

Feeling very crestfallen, I reluctantly decided it was not much use pursuing the question further. As I was stepping off the tram, I

suddenly felt my mind clear, and over me in a flash came the answer I had been seeking. I had been sitting opposite the girl while drinking lemonade in a milk-bar.

Then there was the case of the missing homework. When the work was called for in morning-school, mine was not to be found. I was sure, practically sure, that is, that I had done it, but frantic searches at home revealed nothing, in fact I only succeeded in using up so much time that I had none left in which to do the imposition meted out to me for carelessness. This went on for three nights and each time the imposition was doubled. By this time I was determined to find it, and on the fourth night fortune favoured me. While doing the round of the dining-room floor on my hands and knees, still searching, of course, I bumped my head with so much force on the leg of the table that it was pushed off the folded-up piece of paper placed there to make the legs equal. From idle curiosity I opened the paper and found there—the missing homework. Of course, it all came back then—how the rocky table had irritated me and I had absentmindedly seized the nearest scrap of paper, screwed it into a ball and pushed it under the offending leg.

Little had I guessed then the trouble into which I would be led by this thoughtless action.

The next unfortunate lapse of memory has been an endless source of amusement to the family and chagrin to myself ever since it happened.

The time for my baby sister's birthday was drawing near, so one morning I set out to shop. The shops were busy, and as Christ-

mas was not far off, goods were in fair supply, so as I wandered round I found much to interest me. After some time, I awoke to the fact that I had set out to buy something. Of course, being me, I immediately began wondering what it was. After another lapse of time and by what I considered was the "process of elimination" I came to the conclusion that Father's Day must be the cause of my trip and thus it was that I

arrived home bearing a complete set of shaving gear.

I was startled out of these reflections by the voice of my sister saying "Penny for your thoughts."

"Oh," I said startled, "nothing very interesting. I was just thinking . . . just thinking about . . . Well, blow-me-down, what was I thinking?"

Heather Johnstone, 4A.

A FRIEND—MY DOG.

My dog looked up pitifully at me. He knew that he was going "to be taken away." An ominous phrase and one that breaks my heart to think upon. For some weeks now we had been postponing the fateful day when Rajah would be taken out of my life forever.

We were such pals, Rajah and I; we had shared so many wonderful and splendid adventures together—now all that had to cease, after to-day his faithful doggy eyes would never again look into mine.

I remember when Rajah was first brought home, a big-footed clumsy puppy of a tender six weeks. We had a brush and comb especially bought for him and later he had his own special dishes for eating and drinking. Oh, how we spoilt him during his puppyhood. He made me laugh when he fell over his own paws and when his over-sized ears fell into his food—and the way he would chase his tail round and round and round until I was amazed that he could still remain standing; all these things I now remember. I remember too his first illness and the veterinary surgeon came every day for over a week and we were so frightened that we might lose

him. But he recovered and was soon as frisky and as playful as ever. I was never afraid of being left alone in the house at night for Rajah was always near at hand.

I suppose what made me love Rajah so much was because he was essentially my dog. Although he served my parents faithfully, it was always to me he showed his greatest affection. When I was away he was lonely and unhappy and it was all Mother could do to get him to drink some milk. And oh, his ecstasy when I returned! He would leap into the air, roll over and over on the ground and "dog" my footsteps for days to make certain I should not leave him to be miserable again.

Rajah had always been such a healthy, lively dog until a few weeks ago and now it is an effort for him to raise his head. When I first heard that nothing could be done for him and he would have to go I prayed that he would make a rapid recovery or else die amongst those who loved him. I prayed every night earnestly that he would recover or die here with us. But he was a little thinner, a little less lively every day until I realised that he would have to go. So now Rajah is lying at my

feet waiting for the signal to go. How knowing and intelligent dogs are!

I hear the sound of a motor drawing up outside the door and I rush to the window—yes, they have come to get him. As I turn slowly round to Rajah I realise he has gone to sleep, but as I bend

over him I realise it is not mere slumber but the sleep of death. My prayers have been answered and Rajah has died happily and at peace amongst the people who love him and will cherish his memory forever.

June Lawson, 4A.

SWEETS FOR THE SWEET.

Every year a member of the Staff waltzes hopefully into the room with the announcement that sweets are needed for our annual Field Day, adding that if we wish to devour luscious lollipops we must first make them.

This attack having been launched, she demands the names of the prospective confectioners; the only reply to this being a chorus of "I can't cook." Although each girl knows in her own heart that it is the fear of her mother's wrath which keep her on the straight and narrow path, for it seems only yesterday that Mother grimly gave out the edict that never again could I enter the sacred precincts of her kitchen.

However, the undaunted teacher, who is fully prepared for this emergency, showers us with sugar and recipes assuring us that there has to be a first time for everything.

So home we go, resignedly thinking of the scene, when Mother is told that we shall have to invade her kitchen once more.

After a stormy interview in which we use tears, cajoling smiles and fervent promises to

tidy after our "experiment" we are given permission to use the kitchen provided we leave it spotlessly clean.

Then, just as everything is set out in readiness, in strolls Daddy and with a reminiscent sigh he takes over, pouring the various ingredients into the saucepan, stirring vigorously in the meantime.

After some time which Margaret and I pass in a daze, for this is one side of Daddy of which we have been ignorant, he informs us all is ready and after a last-minute dash for the grease-paper the concoction is poured out amid loud acclamations by the family, who by this time "have gathered to the fray."

On cooling, the toffee is cut and each one takes a piece to see that it is "just right" and so difficult is it to tell, all must have another piece. When we are all decided that Daddy has made some excellent toffee we find, alas! and alack; that very little of the toffee remains and so

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."

Jean McGrady, 4A.

EXCHANGES.

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

DOOR KNOCKERS OR RAP TAPS.

Door Knockers! What stories could be told by them! How much variety and character there is in a door knocker!

The aristocrats of door-knockers, of brass and copper, have generations of care and tradition behind them. The brass door knocker polished by careful maids or by continual handling: then, of course there is the every day one, found on the houses of the middle and poorer classes. It is rather dull being made of cast iron or such like. But indeed these would know probably more of the human side of life than the aristocrats who know only the striking romantic events of it.

There is no door-knocker that, if it could only speak, would not have tales of the fears, hopes, tragedies and joy, to tell, of the person who raised it expectantly.

The petitioner timidly seeking health or relief, the agent collecting the rent, the lover calling his

fiancee, the visitor wondering if the person he seeks lives here, or if that person is absent, are but a few.

No door-knocker can claim exemption from some of these experiences, be it polished brass or lowly cast iron, and the greatest dramas have been started by the knocking of one of the most innocent looking door-knockers, and the greatest happiness may be connected with one of the most commonplace ones.

Alas, door-knockers have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. Those of the old world have been relegated to the melting pot to re-appear again in the hideous form of rockets and "doodlebugs."

Still let us pause for a moment and think when we are confronted by an old knocker on an old house.

Myra White, 3A.

MY MOTHER.

The lounge-room door was partly opened revealing my mother sitting on the lounge; a striking picture of profound thought. Her hair is a golden brown and slightly waved in the front. She has beautiful hazel eyes with long-fringed lashes and slightly arched eye-brows; and her eyes twinkle and shine like stars on a moonlight night. She is tall and slim and carries herself very well.

When she is on her own and goes into the kitchen to prepare a meal she always begins to sing. I do not think she is so very fond

of cooking, but perhaps she finds singing helps her with her task.

Mother has a sweet, gentle disposition and rarely has a nasty word to say to anyone. She will join in any sport and is very fond of swimming and tennis. She is very good at sewing and knitting and most of her spare time is spent in making clothes for the family.

She is honest, conscientious, very thorough and has a good sense of humour. In an emergency she displays great presence of mind. One day while my grandmother was ironing, the draught

from an open window blew the flame from the petrol iron and caught alight my auntie's hair. Mother caught up some blankets which happened to be near and smothered the flames, thus saving my auntie from a serious injury.

"Procrastination is the thief of time" is one of her mottoes and a very good one for it ensures a well-run home.

Joan Dix, 2A.

THE NAMING OF PORT JACKSON.

Do any of you know after whom Port Jackson was named?

This little story, which is a true one, shows how most of us take the names of places for granted without ever enquiring about their origin.

An English visitor, here for only a short time, was taken sailing on Sydney Harbour by some of his Australian business acquaintances. He asked the question regarding the identity of the person after whom Port Jackson was named. No one could give him an answer.

Among the places of importance which he had visited since his arrival in Sydney was the Mitchell Library; so now he called there again to find the answer to his question.

Here he received the complete answer. Details concerning the naming of Port Jackson were to be found in Captain Cook's Diary in which it was stated that Port Jackson was named after Sir George Jackson, afterwards Judge Advocate of the Fleet.

Another reference showed that there is an inscription on a monument in the ancient church at Bishop-Stortforl in England which reads:

"In memory of Sir George Jackson, Judge Advocate of the Fleet, after whom Captain Cook named Point Jackson in New Zealand and Port Jackson in New South Wales."

Heather McKay, 2A.

A DRAMA OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

THE CLOCK.

Mr. Johnson sat in his shop watching the hurly-burly of traffic pass along the street outside. The busy hooting of taxis, and the screeching brakes of the buses were music to his urban ears; the slight trembling from the underground railway, lulling him into a fitful slumber. Outside, the sun glinted on the three shiny brass balls over his door, and reflected the surroundings in

miniature. Black smoke-stacks on the nearby factories made a weird pattern against the brazen blue of the sky.

"Half past eight," said Mr. Johnson, aroused from his dreaming. "Time to get busy"; and he pulled up the dingy blinds to let the morning sun into his shop. By the light of day the little establishment was revealed as a place

of spotless neatness and order. Although, obviously, the owner was very poor, everything was tidy and well-kept, and the shelves were a model of arrangement and art.

Picking up a duster from the counter, Mr. Johnson commenced his daily round of the shop, removing every offending particle from shelves, counter, and window panes. He paused in front of a white marble clock, which stood on a pedestal in solitary splendour. This was the only article in the shop which belonged to him. When business was slow, he liked to sit and watch its friendly face—the gold hands moving slowly round, tracing out every second, minute, and hour; the ornate figures on the white shiny face; and the heavy pendulum, unvarying in its journey backwards and forwards. It held a fascination for him—this lifeless object ticking off the span of a man's years.

He moved over to the window, and his eyes turned to a large painting, standing in the corner. It was a landscape in oils, a vivid thing of green and gold and brown, with the bright clear blue of the sky behind. Wistfully, he turned away. He had never seen beauty like that; he had been born and bred, as his father before him, in the city, where there were no sunny hills or verdant valleys, and where the sky was always obscured by a film of grey haze.

Behind a leather-bound volume of Longfellow, sat a brown china dog, with one paw upheld and one ear cocked. This was another of Mr. Johnson's favourites, for it reminded him of Rover, the little brown pup which he had found outside his shop two years ago. Rover had been his best friend, until the day when one of those mammoth buses had not seen the tiny helpless dog in front of it.

Mr. Johnson wiped his eyes with the back of his sleeve, and crossed over to the counter.

The steel bars of the grille were shiny and straight, and the duster flicked over them with careless abandon. The chrome inkstand was visited next, and here Mr. Johnson paused to let his mind fly back to the day when his Headmaster had stood on the stage and called his name: "Robert Johnson, for good conduct;" had shaken hands, and had given him the inkstand. He remembered well the applause and his nervous, "Thank you, Sir." But best of all, he remembered his mother's proud face, and her praise afterwards: "Well done, my boy!"

Mr. Johnson smiled, took up his pen and wrote in the black cash book: "March 25. Deposited—one (1) silver vase. Payment—35/-." Then he looked at the name and address of the depositor, and recognition dawned on his face. Of course, he should have known the young man who pawned the vase, as the son of Bill Matthews—he had the same clear blue eyes and firm chin as his father before him. He must drop in and see Bill when he was round that way, and talk over old times at college. Then his face clouded over when he read the address again. It was in a poor squalid area near the docks. Why would Bill be living in that vicinity, and come to think of it, why would he need to pawn anything. For of late years, "William Matthews Solicitor" had been a name respected by all. What trick of fate had forced Bill into the state when he needed a paltry 35/-? Mr. Johnson sighed and shook his head.

The little bell on the door tinkled, and a frail woman in black with a dishevelled little boy entered the shop. She walked slowly

over to the counter, swiftly drew a plain gold wedding-ring off her finger, and put it gently in Mr. Johnson's hand. His face was sympathetic as he went through the familiar routine, and handed £2 across the counter. The woman grabbed the money eagerly, and after a last look at her ring, hurried out of the shop. That must be Mrs. Gardner, he thought. Yes, that was right. Her husband, a bus-driver, had been killed in the accident outside his shop last week. Poor woman, she would have a hard time of it.

From the factory three blocks away, came the wail of the one

o'clock whistle. Mr. Johnson laid down his pen and took off his shabby coat. "Time for lunch," he said quietly, and locked the door of his shop. Then he sat down opposite the window, brought a packet of sandwiches out of his pocket and began to eat. The warm sun streamed through the window, and a wandering bee buzzed round the clock. Its white, shiny face seemed to smile pleasantly at Mr. Johnson, and he began to nod . . .

It held a fascination for him; this lifeless object ticking off the span of a man's years.

Dorothy Hamilton, 3B.

THANKSGIVING, 1946.

Across the wild and roaming heath,
Across the meadows washed by Spring,
Beneath an azure, cloudless sky,
There Britain's bells triumphant ring.

'Midst rolling prairies, waving wheat,
'Midst rocky gorges, gaunt and grim,
Where stands the maple, staunch and true,
Canada's bells peal a welcome hymn.

And in the squalid brown bazaars,
Where teeming millions live and die
And hope, or in a princely home,
Hear India's bells 'neath burning sky.

And on the sun-drenched, withered veldt,
Or on the misty mounts sublime
Where flaming sunset rules the Heav'n,
Africa's bells victorious chime.

'Neath cloudless sky of azure blue,
Where echo notes of bushbirds singing,
Or 'midst the watt'e, fern and gum,
Australia's bells are joyous ringing.

And so the dark past fades away,
The Empire's bells in gladness ring,
The world is free to live and breathe,
The Dove of Peace is on the wing.

Jill Fleming, 4A.

Peace Hath Her Victories
No Less Renowned Than War.

