



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine

of the

Fort Street Girls' High School

JULY, 1947.

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 MARTIN, B.A.
Miss BOWE, B.A.	Miss RISHWORTH, B.A.
Miss CROXON, B.A.	Miss RUSH, B.A.
Miss DEAR, M.A.	Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss DEAR, M.A.	Miss RISHWORTH, B.A.
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Department of Mathematics:

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

Department of Science:

Miss WHITEOAK, B.Sc. (Mistress)	Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc.
Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.	Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc.
Miss CRAWFORD, B.A.	Miss WATKINS, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages:

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

Art: Miss ELLIS, A.T.D.

Needlework: Miss BURTON.

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

School Counsellor:

Miss NAUGHTON, B.A.

Physical Training:

Miss ANDERSON, Miss BROWN,
Dip. Phys. Ed

Magazine Editor: Miss CAMPBELL, B.A.

Magazine Sub-Editors: Miss MARTIN, B.A.

Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Captain, 1947: LORIS QUELCH.



Standing: Ann Gilchrist June Lawson, Merle Simons, Margaret Underwood, Pamela Bonney.
Seated: Jill Fleming, Margaret Jarvie, Lor's Quelch, Francis Eottomley, Sheila Bishop.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE TO THE SCHOOL.

The time has come, now that our thoughts are not so immediately concerned with war to turn our minds to matters more directly associated with school and its various activities.

We are indeed fortunate in being pupils of a school of such high standards and principles as Fort Street. In far off corners of the world as well as in our own country, Fortians have ever distinguished themselves in all fields, whether they be scientific, sporting or histrionic. And it is expected of the Fortians of to-day and to-morrow, that they, too, will maintain the great traditions that have been built about the name of Fort Street.

During our school days, the foundations of our future lives are laid to a great extent, so we believe that the development of character during these years is most important.

This moulding of fine character is the most important achievement to be derived from our school life; preceding even the fame we may gain from study.

This year, Princess Elizabeth came of age, and in her speech to the youth of the Empire called upon us all to co-operate and pull together to help readjust ourselves and the world in which we live. She told us "we must not be daunted by the anxieties and hardships war left behind" and called upon us to "see our difficulties in the light I see them, as a great opportunity for you and me."

As yet we are too young to play an active part in our nation's policy, but we are not too young to realise our responsibility to make ourselves good citizens. We can retain our interest in our country's problems and world affairs by reading magazines and newspapers describing world events, listening to discussions and broadcasts and trying to keep an unbiased view all the time. When we eventually leave school we must realise not only that every man is the maker of his own fortune, but that every man must do his part as a maker of his nation's fortune.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

Miss Payn, B.A., Mistress of Classics at Fort Street 1940-46, has been transferred to Marrickville Girls' Intermediate High School, as Mistress in Charge of the Secondary Department. As this position is a promotion, we offer to her sincere good wishes and hearty congratulations.

Miss Gay, B.Sc., has been transferred to Sydney Girls' High School,

Mrs. Davidson, M.Sc. (Q.) has resigned.

Miss R. Meadows, B. Sc., has been transferred to Gosford High School.

Miss M. Taylor, M.A. (N.Z.), who replaced Miss McMullen while she was ill, has been transferred to William Street Girls' Intermediate High School,

The Misses Rishworth and Watkins 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.

PRIZEWINNERS.

The Bowman-Cameron Scholarship (tenable in the Faculty of Arts) awarded for general proficiency to the candidate obtaining the highest total of marks at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was won by Betty Pritchard.

The Fairfax Prize, awarded for general proficiency among female candidates of the State at the Leaving Certificate Examination was also won by Betty Pritchard.

As Betty gained First Class in English (First place in the State), and First Class Honours in History (Third Place in the State), and First Class Honours in Music (First Place in the State) she wins the **Ada Partridge Prize**, the **Annie E. Turner Prize**, the **Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize**; prizes awarded annually to the "Fortian" candidate in the Leaving Certificate Examination, gaining the best pass in all subjects, the best pass in English and History, the best pass in English, respectively.

We congratulate Betty on her outstanding achievement and hope that her work at the University will be equally successful.

The Weston Memorial Prize, awarded annually to the Candidate gaining the best pass in Mathematics, Leaving Certificate Examination, was won by Margaret Grant.

Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1946, were gained as follows:—

English: First-Class: Betty Pritchard (First Place in the State).

Beryl Alexander.

Second Class: Zena Campbell.

Latin: First Class: Jill Jefferson, Nancy Vining.

Second Class: Joan Charlwood, Annie Harris.

French: First Class: Margaret Murch; **Second Class:** Anne Harris, Nancy Vining.

Mathematics: First Class: Judith Bodkin, Margaret Grant, Elizabeth Hanlon.

Mathematics 1: Lucy Darnell

History: First Class: Betty Pritchard (Third Place in the State), June Totolos.

Second Class: Barbara McClure

Chemistry: First Class: Margaret Miller; **Second Class:** Betty Alexander, Joan Charlwood, Jill Jefferson, Lizette Potts.

Botany: First Class: Marion Bowie; **Second Class:** Elizabeth Hanlon.

Music: First Class: Betty Pritchard (First Place in the State); **Second Class:** June Barber. **Ten University Exhibitions** were gained:

Faculty of Arts: Anne Harris, Betty Pritchard, Nancy Vining.

Faculty of Medicine: Lizette Potts.

Faculty of Science: Judith Bodkin, Joan Charwood, Margaret Grant, Elizabeth Hanlon, Jill Jefferson, Margaret Miller.

Bursaries awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, and tenable at the University were gained by: B. Pritchard, A. Harris

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Faculty of Arts: T. Ashton, V. Chidgey, P. Eddington, B. Everingham, A. Harris, A. Holt, P. McGee, L. Paddison, M. Palmer, B. Pritchard, L. Smith, J. Totos, J. Teasel, N. Vining.

Faculty of Science: J. Bodkin, M. Grant, E. Hanlon, J. Jefferson, B. Murphy, A. Trinick, J. Charwood.

Faculty of Dentistry: B. Sengelmann.

Faculty of Medicine: M. Bowie, L. Potts.

Faculty of Architecture: N. Murch.

Faculty of Agriculture: R. Christian.

Teachers' Training Scholarships were won by:—B. Alexander, Y. Carey, M. Collins, B. Dawson, J. Dewar, T. Frizelle, O. Grace, C. Graham, B. Guest, A. Harrison, R. Jackman, J. Jones, N. Lenton, V. McAlister, B. McClure, E. McCulloch, G. Maston, L. Matthews, S. Membrey, M. Miller, D. Riddell, N. Swatridge.

Bursaries awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination, 1946, were gained by:—L. Bryant, P. Clark, L. Cunningham, S. Lewis, V. Ruth-erford, P. Sharpe, R. Sieley.

CONGRATULATIONS:—

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 1946, by Lorna Cunningham.

The F. A. Mac Tier Prize for the essay "The Explorations of Sir Thomas Mitchell, 1831-1846" (pupils under fourteen years of age): Heather McKay.

Heather McKay also won First prize in **Dental Essay Competition** Pre Intermediate Certificate Standard "The Three Golden Rules of Dental Health. What do they mean to you?"

Joan Watson gained a Certificate of Merit in the Pre-Leaving Certificate Standard, "The Rela-

tion of Healthy Mouths to Healthy Bodies."

Ann Gilchrist, in 1946, gained Sixth Place in the Public Speaking Competition under the auspices of The Royal Empire Society. Margaret Watts and June Morris gained Third Place and Sixth Place respectively in 1947. (Girls under sixteen years of age)

Shirley Simms won a prize for an essay on "The Last Chance" (The prize was given by the Management of the Liberty Theatre), and she also won Third Prize (girls under seventeen years of age) New South Wales Police Essay Competition.

Celia Boore has recorded in an artistic design the names of the winners of the Special Prizes in English and History in the Intermediate Certificate Examinations, 1931-46.

SPEECH DAY 1946.

The Fort Street Girls' High School Annual Speech Day was a great success, having as its principal guests: His Excellency Lieutenant General Northcott, C. B., M. V. O., the Governor of New South Wales, and his charming daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott.

The one disappointment of the day was the calling away early, to Parliamentary duties, of the Hon. D. Clyne, M.L.A., Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and the Attorney General of New South Wales, the Hon. C. E. Martin, M. E., L.L.B., M.L.A.

The Chairman's address was, therefore, limited; the Governor's address, which was most interesting, and which was enthusiastically received, was delivered ahead of Miss Cohen's Annual Report. This, we felt was a pity, for the report was a good one, embracing the triumphs of the School Choir, the achievements of the Literary spirits, the athletic achievements of the school, and the intellectual

triumphs of the girls who sat for the Leaving Certificate Examinations in 1945.

The address of the Attorney-General, in which he proposed a vote of thanks to His Excellency the Governor, was, although shortened, nevertheless a comprehensive statement of our pleasure at the attendance of the Governor.

The addresses were alternated with singing by the Choir, who rendered the four songs: "The Graceful Swaying Wattle," "The Fairy Ball," "Prince Finikin," "The Little Bird," which were so successful at the Eisteddfod, and two extra items for good measure.

The presentation of prizes by Miss Northcott then took place.

Votes of thanks were moved by Jill Jefferson, Captain 1946, and by Loris Quelch, Captain-elect 1947.

The School Song and the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a happy close.

Prize List—Speech Day, 1946.

PRIZES.

Dux of the School—Margaret Murch.
 Secondary Proficiency Prizes: Judith Bodkin, Margaret Grant (equal).
 Dux of Year IV—Margaret McKinney.
 Second Proficiency Prize—Joan Watson.
 Dux of Year III—Sylvia McCrow (Molly Thornhill Prize).
 Second Proficiency Prize—Dorothy Hamilton.
 Dux of Year II—Laurel Thomas.
 Second Proficiency Prize—Barbara Healy.
 Dux of Year I—Christina Borland.
 Second Proficiency Prize—Elizabeth Cayzer.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L. C. Examination 1945)—Alwyne Coster.
 Weston Memorial Prize (best pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination 1945)—June, McDevitt.
 Annie E. Turner Prize (best pass in English and History, L.C. Examination, 1945) Jennifer Woods.
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1945)—Lilian Bennett.
 Emily Cruise Prize, History, Year III—Sylvia McCrow.
 Miss Mouldsdales' Prize, Science, Year III—Laurel Bryant.

- Renee Gombert Prize, French and Latin, Year IV—Margaret Alford.
 Bishop Kirby Memorial Prize, Australian History, Year II—Barbara Healy.
 Victory Loan Special Prize, Mathematics, Year IV—Joan Watson.
 Victory Loan Special Prize, Mathematics, Year I—Christina Borland.
 Special Prize donated by Coral Lea, Latin, Year II—Lorraine Lyons.
 Special Prize, donated by Coral Lea, German, Year II—Hanna Small.
 Special Prize, donated by Wendy and Barbara Gibb, Latin Year V—Jill Jefferson.
 Special Prize, donated by Wendy and Barbara Gibb, Latin and French, Year III—Dorothy Cunningham.
 Special Prize, donated by Yvonne Wooster and Phyllis Wightman, Third Proficiency, Year I—Delys Warren.
 Prefects' Prizes, Empire Day Essays:
 Senior Grade—Bessie Everingham.
 Junior Grade—Marie Heatley.
 Special Prize—Short Story Competition—Margaret Murch.
 Special Prizes, donated by Mrs. Hodgkins—Play Writing:
 Senior Grade—Merle Wilson.
 Junior Grade—Miriam Jolson.
 Consolation Prize—Shirley Smith.
 The Shakespeare Prize, awarded annually by the Shakespeare Society of New South Wales (best pass in Shakespeare Section I.C. Examination, 1945)—Heather Johnstone.
 Dental Essay Competition, 1946 (conducted by Australian Dental Association). Junior Division, First Prize—Heather McKay.
 New South Wales Police Essay Competition 1946 (Girls under 17 years of age). Third Prize—Shirley Simms.
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize, English and History, Year IV—Margaret Alford.
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize, English and History, Year I—Elizabeth Cayzer.
 Presbyterian Scripture Prizes (donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson)—
 Heather Johnstone, Jean Keir (equal).
 Junior (donated by Mrs. Baillie):
 First Prize—Ann Benson.
 Second Prize—Laurel Thomas.
 Old Girls' Union Life Membership—
 Jill Jefferson.
 Eisteddfod Shield, Senior Schools' Championship Choir—Fort St. Girls' High School.

CERTIFICATES:

YEAR V.

English—Betty Pritchard.
 History—June Totolos.
 French—Margaret Murch.
 Mathematics—Margaret Grant, Elizabeth Hanlon (equal).
 Chemistry and Physics—Anne Harris.
 Chemistry—Margaret Miller.
 Botany—Margaret Bowie.
 Geography—Margaret Miller.
 Art—Barbara Welch.
 Music—Joan Barber.
 Needlework—Evelyn Yabsley.
 Physical Training—Margaret Miller.

YEAR IV.

English—Jean McGrady.
 History—Margaret Alford.
 Latin—Margot McKinney.
 French—Margaret Alford, Heather Johnstone (Prox. Acc.)
 Mathematics—Enid Lewis (prox. acc.)
 Chemistry—Margot McKinney, Joan Watson (equal).
 Botany—Joy Levido.
 Geography—Betty Lewer.
 Art—Margaret Patino.
 Music—Barbara Saunders.
 Needlework—Marie Ritchie.
 Physical Training—Shirley Cooper.

YEAR III.

English—Marie Heatley.
 Latin—Dorothy Cunningham.
 French—Marie Heatley.
 German—Marie Heatley.
 Mathematics I—Sylvia McCrow.
 Mathematics II—Barbara Weine.
 Geography—Shirley Bryant, Pat Sharpe (prox acc).
 Art—Marjorie Clarke, Margaret Woodrough (equal).
 Music—Betty Engert.
 Needlework—Beryl Emslie.
 Physical Training—Margaret Duckworth.

YEAR II.

English—Laurel Thomas.
 History—Shirley Joynson.
 French—Laurel Thomas.
 Mathematics I—Barbara Healy.
 Mathematics II—Laurel Thomas.
 Combined Chemistry and Physics—
 Beverley Lawrence, Laurel Thomas (prox. acc.)
 Geography—Norma Stevenson, Judith Walsh (prox. acc.)
 Art—Rhonda Gregory, Margaret Ramage (prox. acc.)
 Music—Valerie Traversi.
 Needlework—Shirley Knopp, Valerie Bates (equal).
 Physical Training—Wendy Sellars.

YEAR : I

English—Elizabeth Cayzer, Gwen Wark (prox. acc.)
 History—Elizabeth Cayzer
 French—Gwen Downton.
 Mathematics I—Christina Borland.
 Mathematics II—Kathleen Hart.
 Combined Chemistry and Physics—
 Shirley Burton, Elizabeth Cayzer (prox. acc.)
 Geography—Christina Borland.
 Art—Dagma Dawson.
 Needlework—Beryl Anderson.
 Physical Training—Helen Roberts.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS 1946.

Award of Merit Bar—Merle Simons.
 Award of Merit—Dorothy McDermott, Phyllis Eddington, Celia Boore, Lynette Matthews.
 Australian Bronze Cross—Marie Merrikin, Joy McGee, Eleanor Gordon, Heather Johnstone, Shirley Cooper, Yvonne McKenna, Loris Quelch, Pamela Bonney, June Lawson, Margaret Underwood, Jessie Hay.
 First-Class Instructor—Joy McGee, Eleanor Gordon, Heather Johnstone, Betty Hammond, Celia Boore, Shirley Cooper, Annette Trinick, Marie Merrikin.

THE LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

RESULTS 1946.

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed in accordance with the following statements:

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Lower Standard Pass in Mathematics (conceded); 10, Modern History; 13, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 15, Chemistry; 16, Botany; 19, Geography; 21, Theory of Music; 22, Theory and Practice of Music; 23, Art; 24, 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, an asterisk those who have shown merit in two papers and one honours paper. The sign "o" denotes those who have gained a pass in the oral tests in French or German.

Alexander, B. J., 1H1 2A 3A (o) 5B 6B 15H2.
 Ashton, T. E., 1A 3A (o) 7A 10A 16A.
 Barber, J. M., 1A 3B 7B 10B 16B 22H2.
 Bodkin, J. K., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5A 6A(x1) 15B.
 Bowie, M. L., 1A 2A 3A 7A 10A 16H1.
 Bowden, M. H., 1A 2B 3A 7B 22B.
 Bragg, E. L., 1A 3B 10B 19B 21B.
 Campbell, Z. F., 1H2 2B 3A(o) 7B 10B.
 Carey, Y. H., 1B 2B 3A 7A 10B 16B.
 Charlwood, J. M., 1A 2H2 3A(o) 5B 6A 15H2.
 Chidgey, V. J., 1A 2A 3A 7B 10A 16A.
 Christian, R., 1A 3A 10A 15B 19B 22A.
 Collins, M. M., 1B 3B 10B 16B 19B 21B.
 Coote, J. A., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10A 15B.
 Costin, N. J., 1A 2A 3A(o) 5B 6A.
 Darnell, L. D., 1A 3A(o) 5A* 6A 15A 19B.
 Dawson, B. M., 1B 3B 7B 10B 16B 23A.
 Dewar, J. B., 1B 3A 7B 10L 16B 19B.
 Eddington, P. M., 1A 2A 3A(o) 7A 10B 13A.
 Everingham, B. E., 1A 2A 3A(o) 7A 10B 16B.
 Frizelle, T. M., 1A 2A 3B 5A 6A 13B.
 Gittoes, V. F., 1A 3B 7B 10B.
 Grace, I. O. A., 1B 2B 3A 7B 10B 16B.
 Graham, C. M., 1A 3A 10B 19A 23B.
 Grant, M., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A(x1) 15A.
 Guest, B. M., 1A 2A 3A 7B 10B 16A.
 Hammond, E., 1B 3B 7A 10L 13B 23B.

Hanlon, E., 1A 3B 5A 6A(x1) 16H2.
 Harris, A., 1A 2H2 3H2(o) 7A 10A 13A.
 Harrison, A. J., 1A 3A(o) 7B 10B 16A 24B.
 Henson, R., 1B 3B 7B 10B 16B 19B.
 Hoctor, T., 1A 3B 7A 16L 23B.
 Holt, A., 1A 3A 5A 6A 13A 22A.
 Jackman, R., 1A 3B 10B 16A 19A 23B.
 Jefferson, J. S., 1A 2H1 3A(o) 5A 6A 15H2.
 Jones, J. P., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 15A.
 Lenton, N. M., 1A 2A 3A(o) 7A 10A 16A.
 McAlister, V., 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6A 15B.
 McClure, B., 1A 2A 3B 7B 10H2.
 McCulloch, E., 1A 2B 3A 10B 16L 19B.
 McDermott, D. A., 1B 3L 6L 10B 16L 24B.
 McGee, P. J., 1A 2B 3B 7B 10A.
 Maston, G. D., 1A 2B 3A 7A 10A 13B.
 Matthews, L., 1A 2B 3L 7A 10B 13B.
 Maurer, K. F., 1A 3A 5B 6B 15B 22A.
 Membrey, S., 1A 3B 5B 6A 15B 22B.
 Miller, M. W., 1A 3A 5A 6A 15H1 19B.
 Murch, M., 1A 2A 3H1(o) 5B 6B 16A.
 Murphy, B. I., 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 13B.
 O'Brien, A. M., 1A 2A 3A 5B NB 13B.
 Paddison, L. I., 1A 2A 3B 7B 10B 13B.
 Palmer, N. J., 1A 2A 3A 7A 15A 22A.
 Peatleld, R. J., 1B 3B 7A 13B 19B.
 Potts, L. G., 1A 2A 3A 5A 6A 15H2.
 Pritchard, B., 1H1 2A 3A(o) 10H1 22H1.
 Riddell, D., 1A 3A 10A 16A 24B.
 Roberts, H. M. F., 1A 3B 7B 10B 16B 19B.
 Roulston, D. M., 1A 2B 3A 5B 6B 15A.
 Sengelman, B. M., 1A 3A 5B 6B 13A 19B.
 Smith, L. J., 1A 2A 3B 7A 10B 13B.
 Smith, S. M., 1A 3B 10B 16L.
 Swatridge, N. J., 1A 2A 3A 7B 10A 16A.
 Teasel, J. I., 1B 3B 10B 16B 19B 23B.
 Thornton, E. M., 1B 3L 5A 6B 15A 19B.
 Totolos, J. M., 1A 2A 3B 7A 10H1 13B.
 Trinick, A., 1A 2B 3A 5B 6A 15A.
 Vining, N. I., 1A 2H1 3H2(o) 7A 10A 13B.
 Welch, B. S., 1A 3A 10B 16B 19B 23B.
 White, Y. A., 1A 3B 1B 10B 13B.
 Wohlstein, G., 1B 3B 4B(o) 7B.
 Yabsley, E. J., 1B 3B 10B 16L 19B 24B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS 1946.

The Intermediate Certificate, 1946, was awarded under condition, 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 a list of successful candidates:—

Andreoni, Beth L.; Andrews, Gabrielle M.; Arnold, Merle; Artis, Marie E.

Barnes, Barbara A.; Barrett, Elaine J.; Bedford, Marcia J.; Booth, Margaret A.; Bryant, Bernice J.; Bryant, June R.; Bryant, Laurel E.; Bryant, Shirley L.; Bullock, Valeria M.; Eurt, Patricia M.

Campbell, Inez E.; Canty, Judith L.; Carter, Iris; Casserly, Joan; Christian, Morna B.; Clark, Patricia; Clarke, Marjorie I.; Cook, Edith

L.; Cook, Eileen M.; Cox, Marie O.; Crammond, Esma C.; Crane Alison F.; Creber, Elizabeth J.; Croft, Joan; Cunningham, Dorothy E.; Cunningham, Lorna R.,

Daggett, Maud I.; Davies, Helen E.; Davies, Jean N.; Deane Joyce M.; Debenham, Elizabeth J.; Dixon, Faith H.; Dobson, Shirley M.; Duckworth, Margaret L.; Dunloy, Judith A.

Emslie, Beryl J.; Engert, Betty M.

Ferguson, Margaret J.; Ferguson, Moira K.; Fitch, Zelma J.; Flannery, Dorothy M.; Ford, Elaine D.; Gray, Bernice M.; Gray Ruth E.; Gumbrill, Joan; Guy, Edith M.; Hamilton, Dorothy G.; Harris Lexie; Heatley, Marie L.; Helsen, Margaret B.; Hobbs, Barabara H.; Hodgkins, Patricia F.; Hosking, Beryl J.; Humphreys, Hilary F.;

Joiner, Patricia B.;

Keen, Lesley E.; Keir, Alice J.; Kilner, Dawn F.; Kirwan, Eva M.;

Lance, Elaine M.; Lawrence, Gwynneth J.; Lewis, Shirley M.;

Little, Patricia; Luckie, Patricia.

McCrow, Sylvia; McLachlan, Margaret I.; Marrett, Marguerite J.; Menchlin, Beryl I.; Miller, Gwendolyne A.; Montagne, Yvonne C.; Morgan, Joan I.; Myles, Joyce J.;

Naccachian, Karma; Norman, Barbara J.

O'Brien, Christina M.

Quinn, Patricia M.;

Ray, Janet E.; Reilly, Valerie J.; Richards, Dorothy R.; Rodionov, Irene; Roulston, Phyllis M.; Royle, Marjorie; Rutherford, Valda M.;

Saul, Beverlæe J.; Sharpe, Patricia; Shaw, Beryl; Shields, Dorothy G.; Siely, Ruth; Small, Helen M.; Smallwood, Edith J.; Smith, Pamela; Spenser, Joyce V.; Stuart, Lillian B.;

Taylor, Patricia M.; Thompson, Rae L.; Tibbits, Barbara E.; Tikmann, Elvy; Trench, Phyllis J.;

Venables, Edna J.; Vernon, Diana E.;

Walker, Beverley E.; Weine, Barbara J.; Wells, Betty M.; Westlake, Patricia A.; White, Myra G.; Whitehead, Pamela; Williamson Olive E.; Wilson, Rosemary H.; Woolnough, Margaret N.; Wray, Elizabeth A.; Yates, Netta.

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

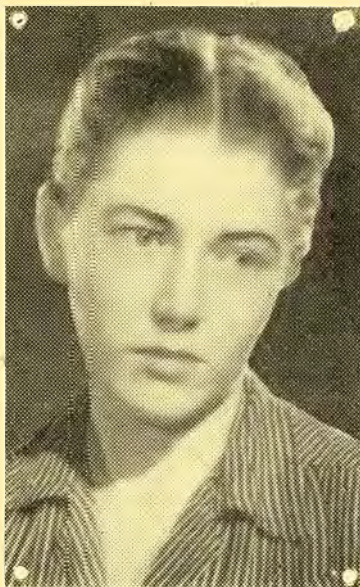
Seventy-one candidates (100 per cent.) passed in the Leaving Certificate Examination; and one hundred and fifteen candidates out of one hundred and sixteen candidates won their Intermediate Certificates.

THE BOWMAN-CAMERON SCHOLARSHIP AGAIN

On Thursday, 28th February, 1947, it was announced that once again the old school had done it—Betty Pritchard had won the Bowman-Cameron Scholarship and the Fairfax Prize at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1946. Of

course the occasion had to be celebrated and, at 1.30 p.m., we gathered in the Assembly Hall to do honour to this great event.

Betty was congratulated by Miss Cohen, and cheered by the girls, then the congratulatory tel



WENDY BRUNTON GIBB.
(By Courtesy "Sydney Morning Herald.")

ograms were read out. Unfortunately the guest of honour was not able to remain the whole afternoon, but we were not left lacking for other exciting visitors.

Wendy Brunton-Gibb, who has just completed a brilliant Course in Arts, and is, we hope, commencing an equally brilliant film career, was presented to us. We had the pleasure of hearing her speak, and the promise of a visit from Michael Payton, male star of "Sons of Matthew," who is himself an old Fortian.

We met also Betty Mackinnon who began her now outstanding athletic career on the playing fields (!) of Fort Street. She was introduced to our two rising junior athletes, Judy Canty and Laurel Bryant.

It was a gathering of celebrities indeed. After their departure the School settled down to an impromptu concert, which left us with fine hopes of more celebrities in the future.

THE EDUCATION GAZETTE, JULY, 1947.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1946.

EXAMINEE'S REPORT.

HISTORY OF MUSIC HONOURS.

"The best paper was an amazing one in every way, not content with a vast amount of erudition but containing much original and very sound thought, and even including many quotations with

complete harmony from Bach's choral works and Beethoven's Symphonies."

(Betty Pritchard, Music, First Class Honours. First Place in the State.)

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1947.

The Office-bearers of the School Association for 1947 were elected at the beginning of the First Term. They are: Loris Quelch (Captain), Frances Bottomley (Year V), Anne Westlake (Year IV), Elsie Cousens (Year III), Maureen Kelly (Year II), Molly Firth

IV), Secretary.

The Staff members of the Association are: Miss Cohen, Miss Whiteoak, Miss Green (Treas.), Miss Campbell, Miss Weston, and Miss Anderson.

(Year I), and Diana Vernon (Year

"Summer Uniform" has been the main item under discussion since the latter part of last year and is still being debated.

The "Food for Britain Fund"

and the collection of both tinned food and coupons have been the main concerns of the association this year.

Diana Vernon (Year IV)

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, 1946-47.

	£	s	d				
Totally Disabled Soldiers' Fund (Buttons)	1	0	0	Poppy Day (Buttons)	6	9	3
Legacy (Buttons)	22	3	0	Hospital Saturday Fund (Buttons)	5	7	6
Food Parcels to Old Girls	5	7	11	Tin Hat Day (Buttons)	6	9	0
University Settlement	1	11	6	Red Cross Flood Relief Appeal	43	3	0
Royal Alexandra Hospital	3	3	0	Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute	1	14	0
Stewart House	5	5	0	Food for Britain Fund	80	10	3
Sydney Hospital	3	3	0				
Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	1	1	0		£197	5	6
Rachel Forster Hospital	3	3	0	During this year pupils have collected 275 tins for the Red Cross Flood Relief Appeal, and 800 meat coupons for the "Food for Britain" Fund.			
Bush Church Aid Society	2	2	0				
Spastic Centre	5	12	10				

DEBATES, 1947.

On Monday, May 5th, 1947, the Prefects and Debating Team of Fort Street Boys' High School were welcomed to the School on the occasion of the first of our Annual Inter-Fortian Debates.

The subject of the Debate was that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and our team, consisting of Marie Merrikin, leader; Joy McGee, second speaker; and Frances Bottomley, whip, successfully affirmed this motion.

The School would like to express its gratitude to Superinten-

dent W. P. Lawrence, whose remarks, as Adjudicator, were helpful and interesting.

The return debate to be held at Fort Street Boys' High School, Petersham, will take place on August 18th, and the school wishes both teams the very best of luck.

Although, naturally, we should like once again to win the debate, the boys certainly deserve success.

—Joy McGee, 5B.

(And achieved it. Congratulations.—Ed.)

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

As a result of a long-felt need in the Senior School for some study of Dramatic Art, the Fort Street Society was inaugurated under the supervision of Miss Rush.

The idea of the Society is to give dramatic talent an opportunity of being both proved and improved, as well as to add cultural interest to the normal activities of school life.

Weekly Friday meetings are held and, after the general discussion at each, a play, selected by the President, or requested by any member of the Society, is read.

Last year, Act I "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, was presented for the school.

As a result of Miss Rush's interest and careful training, and

the willing co-operation of the girls, the play was a success.

Now that the Society has grown to include members of Years IV and V, plays suitable to each of these years, will be produced for the December Concert.

In addition to these activities, theatre parties to attend Saturday performances at the various city theatres, are formed by members of the Society.

The Fort Street Dramatic Society is yet in its infancy, its present members hope it will prove a lasting interest for the School, and that it may have unlimited success.

Frances Bottomley
Margot McKinney 5A

THE MUSIC CLUB.

Early this year, Miss Taylor proposed that we should form a club, so that anyone interested in music could listen to records and participate in discussions about them. The idea was enthusiastically received and we went ahead with the scheme, selecting and classifying lists of records owned by girls in the school. Two girls from each year were appointed to act as committee members, and decided to meet every Wednesday

to select programmes for the following Friday.

At first there was some confusion, as we were not at all sure how long each record would take, and sometimes the programme would end abruptly with twenty minutes to spare; but soon things were going more smoothly and we have had many enjoyable meetings.

—Marie Heatley, 4A

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB.

Recently, Mr. Robertson, from Kodak Pty Ltd, came to conduct the first of the meetings of the Photography Club. This Club meets in Room 9 after school, once

every third Tuesday. So far only two meetings have been held, but all who attended have found them very interesting.

Mr. Robertson gave a brief outline of the lectures to be presented in series, and also showed the members how to make a time-exposure. A series of slides giving the history of photography, and another showing some of the mistakes commonly made by most be-

ginners in the art of photography were also presented.

This Club is interesting and educational. In time, if the members of the Club follow the instructions given, Fort Street should have a number of very efficient photographers.

Luen Cook, 4A.

THE LIBRARY.

The use made of the Library during the past year has been very satisfactory, but Juniors continue to be the most regular patrons. Fourth Year students, especially could find opportunities for entertainment and instruction by borrowing more freely from the Reference and Fiction Sections, as well as making more use of the Magazines.

All students should remember that prompt return of books is a benefit to others, and a saving for their own pockets.

Many new books have been added to the Library, both by donation and purchases, and it is pleasing to see the interest taken in the new acquisitions. Girls are again reminded that all contributions of books will be thankfully received, especially of fiction that they have outgrown. Books by Mary Grant Bruce, Ethel Turner, Baroness Orczy, L. M. Montgomery, "Pollyanna" books and others are in great demand, but are practically unprocurable in shops.

It was gratifying to receive at the end of 1946, gifts of books from 3rd and 5th year students, as a mark of their interest in the School—a generous gesture to be commended to others.

Music for Millions, A Complete Opera Book, At Home With Music, Beatrix Potter's Biography, A Set of Encyclopaedias, and a Set of

History of the Nations were amongst the donations which are valued highly.

Recent purchases cover a wide range of subjects and include What Bird is That, Great Barrier Reef, Central Australia, Theatre Through the Ages, Men of Art, Book of Modern Paintings, Displaying Australia, From Kosciuszko to the Sea, Stories from Gilbert & Sullivan, Sherlock Holmes Stories, Madame Curie, as well as works of History, Biography and Fiction.

Willing and efficient service has been given by the librarians in their recess and lunch periods, and this adds considerably to the smooth running of the Library.

Librarians for 1947 are:— L. Bryant, P. Burt, S. Butterfield, I. Carter, E. Cook, J. Croft, J. Davies, J. Deane, M. Ferguson, F. Gregory, L. Harris, J. Lackey, S. Lswie, B. Nation, M. O'Brien, F. Quigg, J. Ray, I. Rodionov, R. Saul, P. Sharpe, B. Shaw, N. Shields, H. Small, J. Spenser, R. Thompson, M. White.

From an Oxford graduate living in Wantage, Berkshire, England, has come for the Library: "Early Britain" by Jacquetta Hawkes, as a mark of appreciation of the ideas expressed by the girls of II B in their preparation of the speech "Mr. Briton Sees It Through," March, 1947.

THE SECOND YEAR CONCERT MAY, 1947

The prevailing spirit throughout this function was one of reluctance, the First Years being, of course, reluctant to take precedence over the Fifth in the seating accommodation of the Hall, and the Fifths being reluctant to let them.

The Concert, rendered entirely by Second Years, was excellent, but it was not generally known until several days later that it was not a Mime. The only words which reached the back of the Hall were German, of which language many of us are distressingly ignorant.

On the termination of proceedings, considerable confusion resulted at the doors, when every

girl insisted on standing back to allow her neighbour to go first. This state of affairs is by no means an uncommon one in our community, where the only means of coping with the peculiar courtesy in such matters would seem to be the removal of the entire wall of the Assembly Hall.

At the very last the prospect of separation from the school for the exceptionally lengthy week of term holidays became too much for several of the more emotional First Years, and it is rumoured that they bound themselves up inextricably in the stage curtains, resolved never to leave. Under existing circumstances they probably never will.

Joan Lesslie, 5A.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

On the 21st April, 1947, Second Year went to an Orchestral Concert at the Sydney Town Hall. The Conductor, Joseph Post, described the items on the programme in a very interesting way, besides conducting extremely well.

The first item was an overture by Mendelssohn, "Ruy Blas," which everyone enjoyed. The school children joined in the next item and sang "All Through the Night."

"Konzertstück" for Piano and Orchestra by Weber, with Geoffrey Parsons as soloist, was very pleasing to hear.

The enchanting "Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas was a contrast to the preceding romantic item, and the story was very clearly portrayed by the orchestra. After this, another school song "Land of Hope and Glory" was sung with much enthusiasm.

The last item was made up of three English Dances from "Nell Gwynn" by Edward German, "Country Dance," "Pastoral Dance" and "Merry Makers' Dance."

Altogether a very delightful afternoon was enjoyed by all.

Elizabeth Cayzer, 2B.

EMPIRE DAY.

On the 23rd May, 1947, the whole school gathered in the Assembly Hall, to celebrate the historic occasion of Empire Day. This

proud day, recalling as it does, the strength and spiritual ties of our glorious Empire, is celebrated each year by pupils past and present, and the good friends of Fort Street Girls' High School.

This year we were happy to welcome, as usual, one of our oldest and staunchest supporters, Mr. D. Clyne, M.L.A., who took the chair. After his brief opening speech the choir presented a bracket of songs "The Changing of the Guard" and "England All the Way," which were greatly appreciated.

A most entertaining address by Mr. W. J. Weeden, M.A., followed, in which he told us of his trip to England for U.N.E.S.C.O., and gave us a description of the dreadful handicaps under which children in Europe are being educated.

The Choir sang "Land of Hope and Glory," followed by two unusual and inspiring features Merle Simons recited Princess

Elizabeth's Birthday Speech and Ann Gilchrist gave her Empire Society Speech "Mr. Briton Sees It Through."

In conclusion the School Captain passed a vote of thanks to the guests for their kindness in attending and addressing us.

The Ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Pat Hodgkins, 4B.

THE PREFECTS' PRIZES FOR EMPIRE DAY ESSAYS FOR 1947 have been won by Rosemary Bing See, 5B, and Laurel Thomas 3B.

The girls of Years V and IV wrote on "What are the Outstanding Achievements of the British Empire from the Twenty-first Birthday of Queen Victoria to the Twenty-first Birthday of Princess Elizabeth?"

The girls of Year III, II and I wrote on "Why do we Celebrate Empire Day?"

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY EXTENSION BOARD

On Monday, September 29th, 1946, the school was honoured by a visit from Mr. J. A. Passmore, M. A., of Sydney University, who gave a delightful and most instructive talk, entitled "Propaganda."

We were all very amused at his examples of political and commercial propaganda, but, as Mr. Passmore, pointed out, although

many of its manifestations are laughable, propaganda itself is hardly humorous. Indeed it is a serious danger to clear thinking.

Mr. Passmore certainly gave us a clearer understanding of the devices and dangers of propaganda.

Jean McGrady, 5A.

Merle Wilson, 5A.

THE SCHOOL FAREWELLS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

On Thursday, February 6th, 1947, the whole school had the pleasurable experience of giving

a final farewell to the Duchess of Gloucester and the two Princesses. The Duchess and her party were

to pass the school at three o'clock, so the footpath was lined from the Bridge to the subway steps by the girls of Fort Street Girls' High School.

It was not a public farewell, but the Duchess kindly ordered the car to slow down as it approached the cheering line of girls. The Duchess looked charming in a blue-grey frock; she smiled and waved to us, while the two princes, who were with her, had

big smiles and a wave for ever; one after the first shock of seeing a seemingly never-ending line of waving girls.

Our School Captain, Loris Quelch, had obtained permission from Miss Cohen for the school to bid "au revoir" to the Royal Party, and we girls were very grateful for the opportunity.

Elaine Peterson,
Joan Nathaniel, 2B.

THE ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL. MONDAY, 10th MARCH, 1947.

The weather for the School Swimming Carnival was perfect and most of the non-competitors looked enviously at the competitors, who, for the most part, remained cool.

The Junior events were watched with particular interest, because it is in the hands of these younger swimmers that the aquatic future of the school rests, and, if the general results are to be taken as an indication, we need have no fears for it.

The results of the Senior Events too, made us feel hopeful of some success at the Combined Girls' High Schools' Carnival.

The winners of races were later presented with cups, saucers and plates, according to merit, and, judging by the load of crockery carried off by a few, they should be able to build up a tea set.

Altogether, the occasion was a most satisfying one, promising much for the athletic careers of many of the competitors.

The results are as follows:—

School Championship — Celia Boore.
Junior Championship—Margaret McKellar.
16 Years and Over Championship —Celia Boore.

15 Years Championship—Margaret Underwood.
14 Years Championship—Gloria Thompson.
13 Years Championship—Dagma Dawson.
12 Years Championship—Margaret McKellar.
11 Years and under Championship—Kay Millthorpe.
Breast Stroke Championship—Celia Boore.
Junior Breast Stroke—Wendy Sellars.
Back Stroke Championship—Celia Boore.
Junior Back Stroke—Suneve Lee.
Diving—Joy McGee.
Junior Diving—Peggy McLachlan.
Rescue Race—Merle Simons and Celia Boore.
Junior Rescue Race—Wendy Sellars and Gloria Thompson.
Upper School House Relay (Bradfield)—Loris Quelch, Merle Simons, Joy McGee and Marie Merrikin.
Lower School Relay (York)—Barbara Garrity, Pat Duesbury, Jean Wolridge, Barbara Scott.
Six Oar Race—P. Bonney, M. Underwood, L. Quelch.
Point Score—Kent 1st; Bradfield 2nd; York 3rd.

THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

28th MARCH, 1947.

The morning of Friday, 28th dawned bright and sunny and both competitors and spectators were glad that these conditions prevailed throughout the day.

Congratulations to Sydney Girls High School and West Maitland Girls' High School for their respective successes in winning the Senior and Junior Trophies, and especially Pamela Kinsella, of Sydney, for her brilliant victories in the Championship of High Schools and the Breast Stroke Championship.

Our visitors from Tamworth High School distinguished themselves in many events and carried off the Country High Schools' Shield. We were all thrilled at the three faultless dives which won for Lexie Stanch the Junior Diving Championship.

Mr. J. Back, Superintendent of Secondary Schools, attended the Carnival. Mrs. Back presented

the trophies to the successful competitors.

We were very disappointed that Fort Street did not secure a first place in any final event, and we hope that the day will soon come when Fort Street is the acknowledged "best school of all" in the field of sport, as well as in scholastic achievements.

Congratulations to these successful swimmers:—

Breast Stroke Championship—
3rd, Celia Boore (York).

Rescue Race—3rd Celia Boore and
Eleanor Gordon (Gloucester)

11 Years Championship—3rd, Kay
Millthorpe (Kent).

Meek's Cup for Swimming—
(awarded for highest number
of points given to the one
competitor, excluding school
and inter-school champion-
ships—Celia Boore (York);
2nd, Shirley Lewis, 4A.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, DECEMBER 1946 -MARCH 1947.

Award of Merit Bar—Merle Simons.

Award of Merit—Phyllis Eddington, Lynette Matthews, Celia Boore.

Australian Bronze Cross—June Lawson, Loris Quelch, Pamela Bonney, Margaret Underwood, Jessie Hay, Shirley Cooper, Eleanor Gordon, Yvonne McKenna, Marie Merrikin, Joy McGee, Heather Johnstone, Elaine Whitehouse, Valerie Westbrook, Mary Heron, Suneve Lee,

Pauline Brown, Patricia Luckie, Barbara Weine, Margaret Ferguson, Patricia Quinn, Gloria Thompson, Wendy Sellars, Pamela Setchfield, Barbara Firth, Joyce Spencer, Marie Heatley, Laurel Bryant Beverlee Saul.

Instructor's Certificate — Celia Boore, Shirley Cooper, Joy McGee, Eleanor Gordon, Betty Hammond, Annette Trinick, Marie Merrikin, Heather Johnstone, Pauline Brown, Mary Heron, June Lawson, Yvonne McKenna.

Bronze Medallion, Intermediate, Elementary and Resuscitation Certificates—Elaine Whitehouse, Marie Ritchie, Barbara Firth, Patricia Quinn, Margaret Woolnough, Laurel Bryant, Marie Heatley, Gwynneth Lawrence, Valda Rutherford, Margaret Duckworth, Phyllis Trench, Barbara Weine, Gwen Maston, Barbara McClure, Margaret Ferguson, Patricia Luckie, Beryl Hosking, Joyce Spender, Daphne Johnson, Bevellee Saul, Robin Richards, Barbara Tibbetts, Anne Wray, Suneve Lee, Wendy Sellars, Margaret McKellar,

Gloria Currin, Yvonne Cary, Roderica Mostyn, Joy Carmichael, Christina Borland, Joan Voyce, Judith Lackey, Annette Randall, Helen Roberts, Rhonda Turner, Janice Greenberg, Barbara Garrity, Elizabeth Makin, Pamela Mackie, June Morris, Pamela Engert, Pamela Higgins, Eva Pataky.

Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate — Gloria Thompson, Margaret Booth, Gloria Rickerby, Heather Copley.

Bronze Medallion — Valerie Westbrook.

OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY AND FETE

Usually these two events are combined under the one date, but, this year Dame Nature was cantankerous and sent such a deluge before the 6th, that the Field Day was postponed to the following Tuesday, 10th June.

However, on Friday, 6th June, the Fete was held in the school grounds. Although the festive air was not quite so great, the substitution of the school grounds and school work for a day's outing being slightly mundane, the teachers at the various stalls had much less work. As well, the runners and fieldswomen were able to gorge themselves on sticky toffee, "Tutti Frutti" and such. The profits amounting to £28 were quite good considering the support of parents (directly), "old girls and friends was absent.

The weather over the next few days was dull and, the sun rose on the Tuesday shrouded in heavy black clouds, which, however, by half past nine, were only a memory. As we had the Oval for only the morning, the events were held in quick well-organised succes-

sion, and all teachers concerned deserve our sincere thanks. This year, for the first time, some members of the Staff, previously working on stalls, were able to sit, watch and enjoy the events, to prove "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Judy Canty, who won the State Broad Jump, and Laurel Bryant, second in the State Champion High Jump, gave an exhibition of Broad-jumping at the end of the morning.

As before, the House system received enthusiastic support, each House proudly displaying its colours, and the girls of each House staunchly supporting House representatives. York, having many seasoned runners, carried off the honours of the day, with Bradfield second, Kent third and Gloucester fourth.

The results were as follows:—
School Championship—Judy Canty.

Junior Championship — Morna Christian.

16 Years Championship — Nona Black.



JUDITH
CANTY
(School
Champion).

- 15 Years Championship — Judy Canty.
 - 14 Years Championship— Morna Christian.
 - 13 Years Championship—Margaret McGrady.
 - 12 Years Championship—Marlene Matthews.
 - 11 Years Championship—Iris Brown.
- Skipping—Pat Clark.
 - Junior Skipping—Jill Russom.
 - Orange Race—Shirley Cooper.
 - Junior Orange Race—Joy Hudson
 - Sack Race—Ruth Elliott.
 - Junior Sack Race—Suneve Lee.
 - House Relay (Upper)—York (J. Canty, L. Bryant, P. Bonney, N. Black.)



Year V TUNNEL BALL TEAM. By courtesy of "The Sun"

- House Relay (Lower)—York (B. Garrity, M. Bellamy, P. Duesbury, B. Johnson).
- Tunnel Ball (Upper)—York.
- Under and Over Ball (Upper)—York.
- Captain Ball (Upper)—York.
- Tunnel Ball (Lower) — Gloucester.
- Captain Ball (Lower)—Bradfield.
- Siamese Race—N. Black and P. Bonney.
- Egg and Spoon—Y. Russell.
- Point Score—York, 109. Bradfield, 90. Kent, 62. Gloucester, 36. Beverley Saul, 4B.

THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' FIELD DAY.

Friday, 27th June, the day impatiently anticipated by spectators, and competitors, was cold but fine.

Girls from all schools came with colours flying, fully prepared to shout themselves hoarse. There was much competition to see which school could display the longest ribbons or the most conspicuous pennants.

Apart from slight difficulties with the starting gun, the events were run off without mishaps; this was due to the fine efforts of the officials, to whom we offer our thanks for making the day a success.

Fort Street began well in the heats, but the finals were, to say the least, most disappointing. One exception to this was the 11 years Championship, won by Iris Brown, the only Fortian to gain a first place.

We congratulate Sydney Girls' High School on winning the London Trophy; Katoomba High School for gaining the Junior Cup and the Country High Schools' Trophy; and St. George Girls' High School for winning the Ball Games' Shield once more.

In the final point score, Sydney gained 57 points, St. George 34, and Fort Street once again was third with 31.

Mr. Heffron, Minister for Education, gave a short address and Mrs. Heffron presented the trophies.

July 4th, thanks to Mr. Heffron, was made a half holiday, so even the not-so-successful competitors received some consolation.

The results were as follows:—

- 11 years Championship—1st, Iris Brown.
- 12 years Championship — 3rd, Marlene Matthews.
- 14 Years Championship — 3rd, Gloria Thompson.
- Junior Championship —3rd, Pat Vincer.
- Inter High Schools' Relay Race
2nd, Judith Canty, Laurel Bryant, Nona Black, Pam Bonney.
- Junior Relay—2nd, Pat Vincer, Gloria Thompson, Marlene Mitchell, Margaret McGrady
- Skipping—3rd, Beverlee Saul.
- Junior Skipping—3rd, Jill Russom
- Under and Over Ball—2nd.
- Captain Ball—3rd.

HONOURS GAINED BY THE OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY: DECEMBER, 1946

Faculty of Arts:

Year I—

Jennifer Woods: Credit, Psychology I.

Margaret Roscoe: Credit, Geography I.

Year II—

Helen Roberts: Distinction, Latin II; Credit, Philosophy I;

Helen Munro—Credit, English II.

Year III—

Leila Giles: Garton Scholarship, No. VI; German III.

High Distinction, German III

Distinction, History III.

Marie Fowler: Credit, History III.

Patricia Hallinan: Distinction,
English III and History III.
Jean Wright: Credit, Psychol-
ogy III.

Year IV—

Joan Meredith: Class I Hon-
ours at Graduation, English
IV.

Class II Honours at Gradua-
tion, Philosophy IV (Logic
and Metaphysics).

Dorothy Fitzpatrick:

Class I Honours at Graduation;
German IV.

Helen Brooks: Distinction, Ital-
ian II.

Faculty of Economics—

Gloria Byrne: Credit, Account-
ancy IA; Accountancy IB.
Credit Commercial and Indust-
rial Law, Part II.

Faculty of Medicine—

Year I:

Alwyne Coster: High Distinc-
tion Chemistry, Zoology, Hu-
man Anatomy; Credit, Phy-
sics; Distinction, Botany.

Noelene Hardwicke: Credit,
Chemistry, Botany, Zoology.

Marion Ralston: Credit, Chem-
istry, Zoology

Faculty of Science—

Year I:

Maisie Dwyer: Credit, Zoology.
Joan Kennedy: Distinction,
Zoology.

June McDevitt: Credit, Zoology
Marjorie McKechnie, B.A.:

Credit, Physics (Junior Stan-
dard).

Year II—

Jill Waterer: Credit, Chemis-
try, Bio-Chemistry.

Florence Scholley: Credit, Zoo-
logy.

Year III:

Elaine Bridges: High Distinc-
tion, Mathematics III.

Pat Ohlsson: Credit, Mathemat-
ics III.

Year IV:

Audrey Cameron: Class II Hon-
ours at Graduation; Chemis-
try IV.

Naida Gill: Class II Honours at
Graduation; Chemistry IV.

Board of Social Studies—

First Year Examination:

Valerie Hands: High Distinc-
tion Psychology A.

Credit, Social Economics;
Principles and Practice of
Social Case Work I.

Lorna Davey: Distinction, Prin-
ciples and Practices of Social
Case Work I.

Antoinette Jeans: Credit, Nu-
trition and Family Budgeting

Diploma of Education was gained
by:—

Adele Alexander, B.A.

Norma Andrews, B.A.

Norma Howell, B.A.

June Kirkland, B. A.

Pat Knight, B.A.

Nita Wallace, B.A.

Congratulations:—

June Lascelles, M. Sc.

SCHOLARSHIP FOR SYDNEY
GIRL.

London, July 16 (A.A.P.)—
Miss June Lascelles, of Sydney,
was to-day awarded an Exhibition
of 1851 Scholarship to enable her
to continue bio-chemical research
at Oxford University.

(Miss June Lascelles, of Jack-
son Street, Balgowlah, graduated
at Sydney University in 1944 with
first-class honours in bio-chemis-
try. She was awarded a Univer-
sity research scholarship for one
year, and for the last two years
has been a Linnean Research Fel-
low. She is now working on the
bio-chemistry of bacteria.)

THE SPELLING BEE.

"Do you spell "kleptoman-iac" with a 'c' or a 'k'?"

"I hope I don't get anything harder than "cat."

General Fifth Year chant: "a-double c-o-double m-o-d-a-t-i-o-n."

Such was the atmosphere pervading the school in the early days of June, brought about by the all-embarrassing Spelling Bee in aid of the Food for Britain Fund. From the financial standpoint it was threepence to enter and a shilling to stay out, but any indulgence in the latter extravagance was sternly crushed.

Little stir was caused by the first elimination round, when class representatives were chosen, but gradually enthusiasm increased when we heard the Gymnasium resounding to the wild cheers of the First Years, as their finalists were chosen.

To Fifth Years, in the throes of mathematical contortions, came the realisation that maybe their honour was at stake. From the depths, mutters could be vaguely distinguished reproaching their kindergarten teachers for failing in their duty of correctly training the child mind in the alphabet, because "I know how to spell it but I seem to say the wrong letter," while grumblers complained that First Years had a decided advantage owing to their more recent pilgrimage into the vagaries of the English language.

Fears concerning the First Years, however, proved groundless, because as it turned out, it was a Second Year girl, Rosalie Stevenson, who very nearly triumphed over our Olympiad, Rosemary Bing-See.

The grand finale on June 6th was a substitute for the cancelled Sports' Day Carnival, and many a worse substitute could have been found. The finalists were well-matched, but gradually drifted off to the "tinkle" of that fatal bell, carrying with them the dashed hopes of their supporters, until, after a prolonged struggle, Rosemary reigned supreme. It is surprising how interesting it can be listening to other people spell!

Our thanks are due to Miss Bowe for the organisation of the Bee, and to the members of the Staff who adjudicated, particularly Miss Llewellyn. Miss Cohen presented a token of appreciation to each of the year finalists and a special prize for the winner, while the "Food for Britain" Fund benefitted by £11/10--.

I forgot to mention the added value of improving the Fortian mind and thus, of course, the community!

First Year:

Finalist, Judith Swales; Runner-up, Joan Keller..

Second Year:

Finalist, Denise Warren; Runner-up, Rosalie Stevenson.

Third Year:

Finalist, Betty Pope; Runner-up Gwynneth James.

Fourth Year:

Finalist, Helen Davies; Runner-up, Jill Venables.

Fifth Year:

Finalist, Pam Ringwood; Runner-up, Rosemary Bing See.

Finalists: Winner, Rosemary Bing See; Runner-up, Rosalie Stevenson.

—Heather Johnstone, 5B.

THE FIRST YEAR PARTY.

This great event, the first of the year, passed off most successfully, and the new girls, both Fourths and Firsts, were given a right royal welcome. As Frances, the Senior Prefect, who was also Master of Ceremonies, remarked, it was one of the rare occasions when we are given two whole periods gratis to enjoy ourselves!

The parcel was passed around first, eliciting, among other things, a request for "a pair of clean shoes," "a set of plaits of fabulous length," "an athletic type," "a pin-up girl," "a very blonde coiffure," and "a pair of Betty Grable legs," then, in quick succession, "a studious girl for whom we hold great hopes," and then

"for an astonishing set of dimples," which are a singular asset to anyone, hopeful or not.

The Fifths then repaired to the playground where, for once in their lives, they were besieged by autograph hunters.

While the Firsts were counting their tallies, cakes and cordials were passed round, for by this time everyone was in great need of refreshment.

The School Song was then sung, to the lively interest of the Firsts and we then all dispersed into the playground to finalise proceedings with a rendering of the School War Cry.

—Joan Lesslie, 5A.

FAREWELL DAY, 1946.

When November 1st, 1946, broke clear and warm, there was great relief, for once again the School was giving the departing Fifths all best wishes in their coming examination and in after life, with the usual Farewell Day Party.

Farewell Day has always possessed an enthralling sound, and for us, who have merely looked on for three years, to take part in the activities of the day was, in itself, a realisation of long-cherished hopes. Weeks of industrious preparations were made to fit in with the feverish studying for the examination which would make or mar our hopes of becoming "Fifths."

Needless to remark the occupations of all the morning were many and varied, as all the Fourth's prepared for the events of the afternoon which was to give the girls leaving, lasting

memories of the end of their school life. Energetic work in the vicinity of the hall and science rooms effected amazing transformations. Mrs. Simms' school crests and mottoes and "Good Luck" scrolls adding much to the decorations. Tables were set; inviting food appeared from all directions; flowers were arranged and sudden meetings held in every odd corner to perfect last-minute details.

The real business of the day commenced at about two o'clock when the school assembled in the Hall for the official farewell.

Among the visitors we were happy to notice several old friends including Miss Turner, Miss Gombert, Miss Briggs, Miss Mouldsdale, Miss Farrell of the Old Girls' Union, and three captains of the school in previous years.

Miss Cohen opened the proceedings by reading telegrams of good

wishes to the Third and Fifth Years. Many apologies were received from those who were unable to attend, but who had not forgotten their school on Farewell Day.

The Choir, strongly supported by the rest of the school, rendered two old favourites, "The Best School of All," and "Five Short Years."

Miss Cohen then spoke to the Fifths. We all felt rather sad, but, as Miss Cohen expressed it, it was not a case of good-bye, but simply of "au revoir."

Next came the ceremony in which we were all particularly interested. The time had arrived for the retiring captain and prefects to pass on the brooches for which they had worked so well. As she heard the speeches and promises of the new office-bearers, each girl was confident of the success and happiness of Fort Street in 1947, and resolved to play an active part in the "Best School of All."

When the Choir had entertained once more, Miss Farrell urged the girls to join the Old Girls' Union and keep the ties which had

bound them in their five years at Fort Street.

After Jill Jefferson, School Captain for 1946, had presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £10 on behalf of the Fifths for the express purpose of improvements to the Hall, the ceremony in the Hall was concluded with "Here Now We Have Examinations" and the School Song, "Come Fortians, Fortians All."

After the National Anthem, the Fifth and Third Years crossed the stage in our well-known "clap out." They then formed a cheering avenue to the science room—the guard of honour for the Staff to whom they owed so much.

After a royal feast in the subtly disguised science room, together with toasts to the Fifths, the Staff and the School, the girls adjourned once more to the hall where dancing and games were quickly in full swing.

At length, weary but happy, after the events of such a wonderful day, the gathering broke up, the Fourths to look forward to next year with a certain wistful expectation, the Fifths always to remember their last Farewell Day.

Margot McKinney,
Margaret Alford, 4A.

WHAT'S IN AN ESSAY?

It is one thing to be asked to write a prose contribution for the Magazine, to be handed in to-morrow, and quite another to sit shivering in the kitchen at 10.10 p.m. waiting earnestly for an inspiration. The circumstances are not conducive to the production of a literary gem, to say the least. My simple mind is still reeling from geometrical excesses—I dare not say successes—flavoured

slightly with *Puccinia graminis*—my apologies to the chemistry students—while behind me is an ominous ticking, beside me a pleading mother, and straight before me stand witches that make "Macbeth" child's play; I allude, of course, to Atmosphere, Sentence Construction, and Metaphorical Language.

Having dismissed adventure, romance, mystery, and dogs as

possible topics, I am forced, at 10.35 p.m., to be gay and light-hearted. After all what's an essay test on Russia to me? I must attack, always we are told the best form of defence, a "General Subject."

Now, in the course of one's school life, much is heard, if not absorbed, on the subject of the General Topic. Firstly, from all accounts, I gather that, despite the aforesaid distractions, I must build up an atmosphere. One moment please while I assure my harassed parent that I will turn off the gas, open the kitchen window, take the key out of the door, and hurry through one French prose, two maps of Sydney, and a Mathematics paper.

As I was saying—the atmosphere. This must be considered from several angles; would a simple, compound, complex, loose, periodic, or topic sentence best establish this for me? After deep consideration I think that I could

perhaps leave the History and chance learning it at lunch-time.

Now, shall I be terse and epigrammatic, or do you think gently mocking, never soiling nor hurting, perhaps whimsical, or could I give myself up to rhetorical outbursts?

All this indecision is the result of circumstances beyond my control; as I haven't a copy of last year's magazine, here I am (10.55 p.m.) without the vaguest notion of the 'approved style.'

Who was it said "Hope dies hard"? That's putting it mildly in my opinion. Like poor Koekritz I, too, am "torn and broken, but at last beyond defeat." I see myself floating through space with three blank pages in my hand, a puzzled frown on my face, and murder in my heart.

Frances Bottomley, 5A.
(Winner of Prose Competition—
Senior School.)

THE SCHOOL TUCKSHOP.

The opinions of my readers may vary considerably upon this subject but, as I have very definite ideas, you are the unfortunate victims destined to live in misery for a few brief minutes hearing my tale of woe.

My watch proclaims the time to be nine minutes past eleven. My interior warms at the thought of the so-called "hot-dog," but immediately cools when my mind recollects a long, long queue awinding past the glass window and extending in bedraggled formation up the playground.

Ten minutes past eleven, and the violent wail of the siren, like some animal in pain, pierces the

surrounding atmosphere. The lesson comes to a close—oh, joy!—and with a wild dash for the door I career madly down the front stairs, conscious of a frowning face glaring at my retreating figure.

My heart gleeful and my steps light, I gambol, as if a frisky lamb, past the Fifth Year "wash," to be faced—oh, horrors!—with the expected line of patient beings, holding their fourpences, an air of resignation clearly shown upon their much troubled faces.

The Fourth Year doorkeeper, if there is one, grimly allows the herd to pass singly within the welcoming doors. Then come the

Menaces, and I frankly accuse the simple Firsts of this crime. A small creature may sidle up to an unsuspecting Senior, sweetly announce "You know me, don't you?" and hop in behind. Near the door the crush is greater and the scene appears to be more like a Rugby scrum than a group of students forming a queue in a ladylike and orderly fashion. Chaos reigns supreme and I find the formation extending backwards instead of progressing in the desired direction. I scowl, and swear, in my wrath, to destroy these miserable, squirming creatures, like lepers of old, unfit for the community.

The time is twenty minutes past, but now I am as far as the window. I press my nose flat against it in order to reassure my numbed brain that Frankfurt

rolls lie within, and my frozen interior rejoices. I endeavour to press a little more forward, but black looks are my only reward.

For five minutes I remain thus, my destination within my grasp, but cruel fate predicts otherwise. The rustling wind gently wafts up my skirt, down my stockings and finishes by giving me shivers down my back. Scientists say it is cool at the South Pole, do they? It must be like a furnace compared with this spot.

I am nearer now. The strong odour of tomato sauce, pungent and distasteful to my senses, gives a ray of hope, to be quenched "tout de suite." The siren shrieks. I return famished and frozen.

Zoe Robb, 4D.

LIFE AND DEATH.

There was a sudden screech of brakes and a volley of staccato yelps, shrill with agony; a man's cursing rose above the shuddering of the great still car, and was cut through by a weird, long wail; then silence fell like a thunder clap.

Suddenly, from the group of little slum urchins on the foot-path, one hurtled across the road, his rough boots ringing on that dead-silent air and dropping still as he knelt and clutched at the white little wreck near the wheel of the car. With some difficulty he wrenched it away, lifting that hideous little mangled corpse in his arms and cradling it like a baby on his own rough-jerked bosom. One hind leg hung queerly down, twisted back to front; the little white head with its ludicrously lolling tongue and staring eyes, dropped back over his

skinny bare arm, one tiny perfect velvet ear dangling forlornly; blood from its crushed white throat welled over his drab coat and ran down one ragged trouser leg; ran in a crimson trickle over his bare, brown knee and swelled in a horrible thick pool on the ground.

Still not a thing stirred, not a sound broke that awful quiet. The tableau seemed painted on the sunny day; the narrow street with its crowded, stark tenements, the little huddle of meagre, ragged children, the great gleaming car quivering at attention, the quiet little boy kneeling with his square red head bowed over the dead dog in his arms.

Suddenly, the door of the car flung open and a man levered himself out and hurried round to the kneeling boy. He was a big, bluff fellow, swollen with good food

and good nature; but his voice was very quiet when he asked:

"Is he dead?"

There was a nod from the silent red head and he clutched the bleeding ruin closer.

Then a woman thrust her head from the window of the car. It was a careful, silver head, with a crest of black and pink plumes nodding over a long white face and a long white nose; when she cried out in that stillness it was as if an ass brayed in a graveyard:

"For heaven's sake, Harry, give him something and let's go on!"

The boy jerked to his feet as if by a string; he flung around on her as if to cry back; but he checked and half-turned to go. The man thrust his hand into his pocket and fished up a crumpled green note, proffering it silently. The boy scarcely glanced at it; his voice was thick as he mumbled:

"Thanks, Mister, but I ain't sellin' Tige."

"Struth!" gasped one of his companions.

He turned across the street, walking slowly, his narrow shoulders dropped and his bright head bent, and the quiescent little carcase pressed close to him; he stumbled across the footpath in the sunlight and was engulfed in the yawn of a black narrow alley.

As if freed from a trance the slum urchins began to jabber among themselves; the man squeezed back into the car and slammed the door; there was a whirr from the engine and a roar and it leapt off, whirling down the street and screeching round the corner.

Somewhere in the darkness the little fellow crouched over his dead; but outside the sunlight and the noise crowded thicker than ever, and Life struggled and squabbled on, splashing its feet in the darkening red pool on the road.

Joan Lesslie, 5A.

GOING TO BED ON COLD EVENINGS.

There comes a time on every chilly evening when you realise that between the cheery fireside and the beckoning bed lies a vast expanse of cold linoleum flooring. Of course this frigid distance may be traversed by means of warm slippers but, as they are not usually at hand, having been removed by the dog or the baby to the furthest corner of the room, one must find other means to reach the bed.

This having been reached by leaps and bounds across the icy floor, the next thing is to change into pyjamas. If you have been lucky enough to secure a hot-wat-

er bottle and if you have remembered to place it in the bed beforehand, it will be found that the pyjamas are warm and that the change from day to night wear can be accomplished with the minimum amount of shivering. But, since, in these times of stress, hot-water bottles do not exist, frozen pyjamas are dragged from beneath the bed clothes and the change is made with great difficulty owing to fingers which have suddenly turned to thumbs and toes which have become blocks of ice.

Then as you turn back the blankets carefully you can dwell

on the pleasures ahead — that soothing warmth which starts at the toes and surges up and around until it completely envelops you — those misty dreams that weave at the looms of night with exquisite colour and mystic melody forming patterns that never exist in the bustling time that is the day.

Then a cruel fact strikes your shrinking body; houses built in 1882 have no hot water system and it is necessary to wash in cold water. With lagging steps the bathroom is reached and the irksome deed is done. Tingling face and hands lead to a rush for the bed, to that protecting warmth which will soon appear.

As quickly as possible you tuck in the bed clothes, add a rug or

two, just in case, put a chair against the bed, and with a hop, skip and jump, reach the light switch. There is a click, utter darkness, a furtive scurry across the floor, several bumps, and a deep silence, broken only by protesting squeaks from the bed springs as you nestle into bed.

There is a further silence, punctuated by gasps as icy toe meets warm leg, and soon the inky blackness settles on everything. Old Nod looks down from above, smiles gently and summons his sleepy sheep, who willingly jump the fence into the Land of Make Believe.

One—two—three—

You sleep.

Barbara Barnes, 4C.

TRIFLING TRANSPORT TRIALS.

The numbers of persons that can be jammed in the city's tired-out transport during peak hours have never yet failed to fill me with amazement. Daily I observe men, women and students, packed together as were the proverbial sardines, so that if anyone is so unthinking as to attempt to inhale any air—pouf! the person nearest the door quits the company in a manner rapid but hardly dignified.

To travel by omnibus is, to me, a far more hazardous journey in this Year of Grace, A.D. 1947, than any undertaken by Drake or his contemporaries; there is always the chance that one's eyes may pop out and stay there when the poor old "Shiver-Me-Timbers" goes over a bump with one standing, feet braced on a square inch of flooring and one's head pressed firmly against the low-hanging

eaves, in a somewhat vain attempt to maintain one's balance and dignity at the same time. That is, of course, there always would be such a chance were it not for the fact that, owing to the modern trend in headgear, there is never room for one eye, let alone two.

One of my much-travelled friends tells me that, at an important omnibus terminus in this fair city, one may observe these overcrowded suicide-steeds careering round corners on two wheels, after the style of the Manly Ferry when all aboard rush to one side in order to wave to the man who came too late. Furthermore, my informant tells me, while these omnibus, ae, i, es, perform these wonders, a dozen or so young men stand precariously on the back platform or hang out behind in the celebrated manner of Dagwood.

Even so, those who travel by omnibus, sit or stand, in the lap of luxury in comparison with those tramway addicts whose skill in retaining a hold on some far-distant bar, placed there for their inconvenience, never fails to arouse my admiration.

To see a tram meandering along George Street invariably reminds me of Mr. William Shakespeare's second age of man,

"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school." and stopping every few yards to rest its smoking axles, forsooth.

My friend, by the way, who always just misses being late owing to the appalling inefficiency of the Transport Department, is one of those abovementioned tram addicts who insist on travelling in this antiquated fashion because "trains are too fast." Trains! Fast! Oh, would that I might see that train to which she refers! She claims that, if one cannot, by fair means or foul, reach the exit

in time to alight from the tram at the required stop, one can always descend at the next stop and walk back. She does not seem to realise that, if one cannot fight one's way into the train, one can always be fairly sure of procuring a seat on the roof, and the view from there is, so I am told, far more beautiful than that seen through the pea soup fog of cigarette fumes which is invariably synonymous with the modern railway carriage.

"O tempora, O mores!"

Someday, some lucky people, perhaps our children's children, will see before they die new and adequate transport facilities. In the meantime, I shall continue to watch and wonder at those herds of humanity that flock each day to and from this metropolis, and hope that the Transport Department will someday have its hair brushed out of its eyes and see, at last, the dangers entangled in its flowing, red-tape beard.

Beth Smith, 5A.

THE SEA.

The sea, like the wind and the clouds, is a being of fleeting moods and sudden changes. Now raging, now sighing and moaning, but ever changing, she mirrors the whims and fancies of Nature herself.

In the early morning, when the sun rises and stretches out his warm arms to embrace the world, she awakens from her peaceful dreams or tossing nightmares, as her children, the happy, frisking wavelets, gambol and frolic over the dimpled hollows and hills of the sun-dappled ocean, while the sun's bright, warm, yellow rays sparkle on the shimmering, live water.

On the other mornings when she awakens, it is to a world shrouded in a blanket of misty grey rain. Then her mood is sullen but restless with the rest of the world, as the tiny droplets of dull, drizzling rain add their minute contributions to the sullen swells of the sulky, silent sea.

Whatever her mood, the wind always brings another change as he sends the tiny waves running tumbling and chasing each other like small puppies chasing their tails, then whips them up into the riding, charging, foaming "white horses" of the sea, till, finally, he is lashing the ocean into a frenzied fury of huge rushing, terrify-

ing mountains of wild water that eventually hurl themselves at the cliffs of the shore in a shower of cascading spray.

Such are the extreme contrasts of the sea's moods that, though at times she may rage and storm and be a thing of wild, savage beauty, on a moonlit night she may be a thing unsurpassed for tranquillity and still, undisturbed loveliness. Under the cold, pale, melancholy light of the moon the scene is one of mysterious beauty and romance as small sounds float across the

silent sea as she laps softly and gently on the cold, deserted shore.

This, then, is the sea, never a set or constant thing, but forever changing, sometimes playing happily in the brilliant sunshine, sometimes foaming, lashing and raging, sometimes softly sighing and moaning as her different moods decree, but always a thing of majesty and might, an unconquerable daughter of Nature, an endless, enduring thing that defies and ignores Time.

Joy Hudson, 3B.

RECIPE FOR A BIKE HIKE.

First buy a bicycle. Then find a bosom pal who has also bought a bicycle. Then learn to ride. Being a frail and cautious type by nature, I confined my efforts in that direction to falling off countless times in the privy of the back yard, with the aforementioned bosom pal. After about six weeks of disheartening practice, get the friend to conduct rider and bicycle to a steep hill, place the former protestingly on the latter and give a smart push. After the hospital expenses have been paid, purchase a large map, brilliantly marked with red curved lines which are found to be several thousand miles of road—so it seems. Choose some idle moment, and pore over this map with some salted peanuts and frowning concentration. One is then fired with enthusiasm and zeal. Before this fire is quenched, ring up the bosom pal and convey to her your staggering idea. A bike-hike! In the immortal words of Joe Gargery, "Wot larks!" The pal is dubious, but your exultation has convinced her. A bike-hike it will be.

This curious phrase is derived from the two words "bike" and

"hike," which refer to the fact that about one-third of the trip we bike down hills, and the other two-thirds we hike up hills.

Next, gather together a very motley assortment of articles. Start with a large waterproof haversack—waterproof because frequently gentle April showers come to refresh the weary cyclist. Alternately, a wire luggage-carrier may be purchased, but this is inadvisable as, when traversing bad roads, a curious rattling breaks out. The haversack is filled with articles which vary according to the length of the journey. Mostly it includes food, clothing and about three large rolls of sticking plaster for any blisters which may develop through the hiking or other causes. After these preparations have been completed, beg, borrow or steal one bell and one dynamo, or bicycle lamp. My choice would be a dynamo, because I bought a lamp. On rough roads a lamp has an annoying habit of flickering on and off, or even of extinguishing itself altogether. In this case, the only remedy is to address to it several insulting epithets, get off

and readjust the offending mechanism, or at peril of life and limb, lean forward over the handlebars and apply three hard blows at its base. This remedy is not usually adopted on roads which fall steeply away on either side.

The paraphernalia is now complete, and you fondly hope that your friend will not forget her toothbrush.

When observing the wonderful piece of mechanism, known as a bicycle, one sees a long tubular object directly in front of the rear mudguard. This is known in cycling as The Pump. On this instrument of torture depends the whole future of the bicycle. To have a flat, or not to have a flat? That is the question. The answer, in equally large capitals, is The Tyres. These two proper nouns combine to form a cyclist's nightmare.

The base of The Pump is grasped firmly in one hand, the top in the other, and the object is to make these two meet as often and as quickly as possible, and so inflate The Tyre. This is probably why young brothers were invented. The pumping finished, the bicycle must then be oiled thoroughly so that it will not squeak, creak, rust, burst, whistle, boil or leak. Several large rags and a maximum quantity of patience are required for this.

The bicycle, bright and shining, is now ready to go, and the only thing left to do is to await the arrival of the bosom pal, complete with an identical outfit.

The 'phone rings. It is the pal's mother. Your friend has measles. Sorry, some other time, perhaps. Goodbye!!

Dorothy Hamilton, 4A.

OF A PRINCE AND A PRINCESS

Dramatis Personae:

King Cyril of Parvaterra.
 Queen Megan of Parvaterra.
 Princess Alana of Parvaterra.
 Prince Eugene of Magnaterra.
 Mr. Williams, a reporter.
 James, the butler.

The scene is a large room in the palace of the King of Parvaterra. The furniture is unimportant, except, of course, that there must be a chair into which the characters may flop, exasperated, from time to time. The Princess Alana is pacing to and fro with unlady-like frequency. James enters.

James: Prince Eugene of Magnaterra. (portentously). Looking unusually languid, I might add. Beware your Highness. I smell something afoot.
 (Exit James with ominous precision. Enter Prince Eugene.)

Princess Alana: Genie, you're over the odds. Do you realise that you were supposed to propose to me an hour and a half ago?

Prince Eugene: Don't be ridiculous. I have decided to be a cynic, and from now on, I shall be late on principle.

Princess Alana: A very poor excuse. What has lateness to do with cynicism?

Prince Eugene: Everything. The time that flies from the commoner is the servant of the great man.

Princess Alana: All the more reason why YOU should have been early.

Prince Eugene: That wasn't even subtle. A blatant insult belittles our intelligence, but a subtle one sharpens our wits. Remember that.

Princess Alana: You just wait till we're married.

Prince Eugene: I haven't even proposed yet.

Princess Alana: Well, hurry up about it. I have to make an announcement before the papers go to press.

Prince Eugene: (drawing himself up to his full height) Princess Alana, I have decided that the acquisition of Parvaterra would be invaluable to Magnaterra. Will you marry me?

Princess Alana: Say, 'Please'.

Prince Eugene: It's against my principles.

Princess Alana: (pouting). I won't marry you, unless you say 'Please'.

Prince Eugene: Don't be idiotic. You know your father owes Daddy twice the National Debt.

Princess Alana: That's technically impossible.

Prince Eugene: O, no, it's not. He owes half of it in his own name; the pair of them played 'two-up' for hours last week.

Princess Alana: (sceptically). Father must have been frightfully unlucky.

Prince Eugene: Not a matter of luck. Daddy's the least dependent on the smiles of Fortuna of any gambler I know.

Princess Alana: (flopping into chair, pouting still more). I think you're horrible.

Prince Eugene: That has nothing to do with it.

Princess Alana: Let's compromise. You say 'please' and I'll say 'yes.'

Prince Eugene: (with bad grace). Please.

Princess (with even worst grace). Yes.

(After a moment's pause, in which they glare at each other, and the Princess rises to look more imposing, the latter pulls a bell-cord and James enters.)

You may tell the reporters to come in now.

(A man who is obviously a reporter strolls in, flashlight camera in hand and several papers under his arm).

James: (looking slightly scandalised at his presumption): Mr. Williams of the Calathumpia Evening Paper, your Highness.

Williams: (with the American accent essential to all really good reporters): Good evening, ma'am, I mean Your Highness, and good evening, sir.

Princess Alana: (frostily): You seem very much alone, Mr. Williams. I had expected that you would be accompanied by several of your-er-brothers of the pen.

Williams: You see ma'am, it was hardly necessary. The papers were on the street hours ago.

Princess Alana: I really think they might have waited to print such an important matter as—well virtually the joining of two kingdoms.

Williams: Oh, they had the type set up for that last night, ma'am.

Prince Eugene: Do I understand that news of our engagement has already been printed?

Williams: (surprised in his turn): Naturally, sir. As Her Royal Highness has said, this is an historic occasion, virtually the joining of two kingdoms. Why, it's stupendous.

Prince Eugene: Quite so, Mr. Williams, but may I see the papers, please?

Williams: Certainly, sir. I brought them in case you'd like to see the write-up.

Prince Eugene: (with increasing irony as he reads each headline): "Thrilling Royal Romance"; "Dramatic Love Story of the Future Rulers of our Nation"; "Glorious Climax to—"

(In eloquent silence, he places the papers across the arm of the chair and gazes intently at the reporter with a newly-awakened interest): They-er-certainly emphas-

ise the romantic side, don't they?

Williams: Rightly so, sir. I took the liberty of listening at the key-hole. Purely in the interests of furthering the Freedom of the Press, you understand, and, throughout my long years of experience, though I say it myself, I have never read a more telling description than my own of the proposal scene, sir.

Prince Eugene: Quite so. (he picks up one of the papers, glances at the article in question, shudders and replaces it neatly, one might almost say, reverently, on the pile):

Williams: If you don't mind, I'll have to be getting along. I have lots of work to do.

Princess Alana: (with a forced serenity): I'm sure you have, Mr. Williams. Thank you so much for your kindness.

Williams: Good-day, ma'am. Good-day, sir. I wish you every happiness.

Princess Alana and Prince Eugene: Good-bye, Mr. Williams.

(Exit Williams. The Prince and Princess burst out laughing. Suddenly Prince Eugene stops and maintains a slightly shocked silence.)

Princess Alana: What's wrong?

Prince Eugene: I laughed. Cynics never laugh.

Princess Alana: Logical conclusion—you are not a cynic.

Prince Eugene: Oh, but I am.

Princess Alana: I think it is most upsetting that I should have to marry a cynic who has lapses.

Prince Eugene: That's a very unkind way of putting it.

Princess Alana: It's true.

Prince Eugene: That is quite irrelevant.

Princess Alana: You're just being horrid.

Prince Eugene: Cynics are always horrid.

Princess Alana: I don't want to marry a horrid cynic, so there.

(A soft voice from outside): Oh, but you must, my dear.

Princess Alana: Mother, come in and stop eavesdropping.

(Enter Queen Megan).

Queen Megan: I'm sorry, Alana, but you absolutely must try to be agreeable to poor Prince Eugene.

Princess Alana: He's not a bit agreeable to me.

Queen Megan: That's because he has all the money, my dear.

Princess Alana: I don't believe in the power of money.

Queen Megan: No, my dear, but you live by it.

Princess Alana: I do not.

Queen Megan: Oh, yes you do. You are a princess. Why? Because your great-great-great-great grandfather had more money than anybody else. He broke the king who was then ruling and had himself elected instead, or something like that.

Princess Alana: But my father owes Eugene's father twice the National Debt and he's still king.

Queen Megan: He won't be for long if you don't marry the Prince.

Princess Alana: I'm going to, but I still don't think it's fair.

Prince Eugene: Of course it's fair.

Princess Alana: Why?

Prince Eugene: Because I'm madly in love with you.

Princess Alana: What on earth gave you that idea?

Prince Eugene: I read it in the papers.

(Princess Alana sinks weakly into the chair. The king of Parvattera enters. He is wearing his gardening clothes and a battered old hat. He carries a rose).

Prince Eugene: (bowing): King Cyril.

Princess: (in bored tones): Hullo, Dad.

Queen Megan: Cyril, it's most upsetting. Prince Eugene has become a cynic and Princess Alana

doesn't think it's fair that she has to marry him.

King Cyril: (sighing): If only I weren't so fond of 'Two-up.' Alana, dear, this is a prize rose. Would you like it?

Princess Alana: Thanks, Dad.

(She gives a little scream as she pricks her finger. Prince Eugene rushes forward with a huge white silk handkerchief and bandages the finger elaborately.)

King Cyril: I have solved the problem.

Queen Megan: Do tell.

King Cyril: Prince Eugene is not a cynic.

Prince Eugene: Oh! I am so.

King Cyril: (ignoring the interruption): Because cynics do not bandage fingers, and Princess Alana does really love him because she pricked her finger purposely to see what he'd do.

Queen Megan: And he must love her too, because he was really quite alarmed, wasn't he?

King Cyril: That's right.

Prince Eugene: I hate happy endings. I think I shall go and drown myself.

Merle Wilson, 5A.

(The prize-winning play of the 1946 Drama Competition.)

NIGHT.

The darkness closed around me, like a cape of purple mist,
And the raging torrent chanted, and the blue black water hissed;
The moon rose o'er the mountain, and the shining water kissed;
The night had cast a spell out, which I never could resist.

The twinkling stars peeped at me, and the moon to splendour grew;
And a cool night breeze around me, like a fairy softly blew,
While the song birds of the night time, all about began to coo,
And my wonder of the night, and of its marvels swiftly grew.

Margaret Watts, 2A.

(Winner of Poetry Competition—Junior School.)

THE POETS' COMPLAINT.

'Tis most unfair, oh, most unfair
To make us write in prose,
That we all are budding poets is
As plain as a drunkard's nose,
Poetic licence is to us
A wonderfully precious thing,
We like its easy-going style,
For youth must have its fling,
To the poet, sentence-structure
Is a thing almost unknown,
But the writer of prose 'most never knows
When a clause too many is sown,
A poet may be fanciful
And may or may not rhyme,
But the writer of prose in a dreary dose
May not at any time.
And we shall be poets Laureate
As any sooth-sayer knows.
I ask you, ladies, is it fair,
To make us write in prose?

Fifth Year.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

Praise to the victor! Rightful desecration
 For him who vanquished but unheeding lies!
 Here was a foe—thence take your consolation,
 The light is fled forever from his eyes,
 Yea, soundly sleep the dead; and yet, the dust
 Of victor and of vanquished ever one
 In common death shall moulder, ever must,
 In utmost unity, till all be done,
 Is this your victory—this your defeat?
 Were both not brave? And are not both now dead?
 Were both not young, beloved, both as fleet
 In life—and have not both lives fled?
 Better to suffer exile without name
 Than laud the victor to the vanquished's shame.

J. Lesslie, 5A.

TO LUNA.

O palest moon, you shame the brazen sun
 To hide his flaming body 'neath the earth,
 And then, when night enshrouds the weary land,
 And chimney tops stand black against the sky,
 You rise from out the dim mysterious east,
 And clad in filmy gown and silver shoon
 You walk the velvet carpet of the night.
 You see the sleeping mortal on his bed,
 And smile to watch his futile earthly dreams,
 But pity stirs within your love'y breast,
 You kiss away the furrows from his brow,
 And when the eastern sky grows grey and pale,
 Still clad in filmy gown and silver shoon,
 You go to hold your revels with the stars.

Beth Andreoni, 4A.

THIS LAND OF MINE.

A land of contrasts, droughts and rains,
 Which sweep with force the Western Plains,
 Of ferny dell and bushland glade,
 And arid desert with no shade
 With which to shelter anyone,
 The daily torture of the sun,
 On Kosciusko's Peak, the snow
 Lends all the world a whitened glow,
 And skiers on the mountain side,
 Bring all the joy that Winter-tide
 Has come again with all its fun
 To cheer the hearts of everyone,
 But when the Summer-tide at last
 Rids Winter of its windy blast,
 There's fun for all among the waves
 Or in the rocky sea-side caves,
 A picnic day beside the sea
 Is fun indeed, for you and me.

This Land of Mine is still quite young,
 And songs to pioneers are sung,
 In homage to the debt we owe,
 To those whose work has made it so,
 And when I'll live in countries grand,
 My heart shall turn to this "Brown Land."

Rosemary Weedon, 3A.

CITY SUNSET.

"Stop!" I said to people, jostling on their way
 Through the crowded city, at the close of day.
 "Stop, and see the wonders that thy God has done
 With a smoky city and a setting sun,
 Haloes, rose and golden, shine around your hair,
 And the dingy city streets brighten everywhere.
 For at eve the city dons another dress
 Startling those who see her with her loveliness?"
 —But they would not heed me; said they could not stay
 To see the beauty God had wrought with the closing of the day.

Olwyn Thomas, 2A.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

The quiet of the bush, the blue of the sky,
 The postman's shout as his van skids by,
 The chatter of birds in the fern-clad glen,
 The clatter of the cups—it's half past ten—
 These are the things that I know and love—
 The sights and sounds of the bush.

The deep yellow twilight before the night,
 Great gaunt grey gums of power and might,
 The steadfast bush folk, wiry and tough,
 The distant blue hills, and the chasm's deep buff—
 These are the things more precious than gold,
 All these belong to the bush.

Pam Edwards, 2B.

IN MEMORY OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Who disturbs one's sleep with relentless groaning,
 Tears it to shreds with merciless moaning,
 Of course, 'tis a ghost
 But no, not a ghost,
 'Tis hosts
 And hosts
 And hosts
 Of ghosts.

They do gain no satisfaction
 Till they drive one to distraction
 With whispered reminders of homework undone,
 And ghost-like behaviour they do not shun,
 Such as ceaseless sighing,
 And craven crying
 And pointless prying,
 They think it's fun.

So when a thud is heard, preceding
 Shuffling footsteps, swift receding,
 Of course, 'tis a ghost,
 But no, not a ghost,
 'Tis hosts
 And hosts
 And hosts
 Of ghosts.

Eva Sommer, 1A.

TO THE SUN.

Celestial orb, fire of heaven's delight,
 Beneath thy light a thousand ages pass.
 No star, no silver nymph of night,
 Has e'er surpassed thy burnished majesty.
 Men toil; luxuriant earth is theirs;
 But thine, Apollo, is that vast blue dome,
 That sapphire zenith, that misted monarchy,
 Which all, save thee, approach in mighty fear.
 Thy chariot onward rolls, thy minions fall.
 In dread, the weary nightlings seek their cells,
 A golden phantom steals the silver moon,
 As, silent, stream thy myriad sprites of light.

A. Gilchrist, 5A.

OF STUDIES.

With Apologies to Roger Bacon.

The moon is shining on the lake
 The lanterns swing and gleam,
 And merrily the couples sway
 Like dancers in a dream.
 The party is a great success,
 The entertainment high:
 I sit beside my window, looking
 Down on it and sigh.
 My text books, lying at my feet,
 Deserted and forlorn,
 Will prove to you that study is
 Too cruel to be borne.
 The Latin primer in my hand
 Is still, as yet, ignored.
 Can it be any wonder that
 With lessons I am bored?
 Why, all my friends are dancing in
 The hall across the road,
 While I, poor thing, am sitting here
 Weighed under with a load—
 A load of learning, piling high,
 While drawing very near
 Examinations loom ahead,
 Their horrors stark and drear.
 Napoleon's a brutal man
 As far as I'm concerned
 His policies and victories—
 Oh, why must they be learned?
 Cooped up with Pitt and Palmerston,
 With Gladstone and the rest—
 I hate them, every one of them,
 The lowest and the best,
 Oh, who would be a student, who
 Would take my place for me,
 While I leave worries, lessons, books,
 And join the party's glee?
 Just for an hour, I beg you, then
 Again I shall return;
 I'LL sit among my lesson books
 And learn and learn and learn.

E. Lance, 4A.

A NEW ZEALAND SCHOOL.

Dunedin is a small city surrounded by hills, and the school of which I write, is perched high on one of these. It is a combined boarding and day school, comprising in all about two hundred girls, ranging in age from six to seventeen or eighteen years. The boarders come from all over the province of Otago, from sheep, dairy, and fruit farms, or from small country towns, and occupy a large, pretty stone building, which lies alongside the comparatively small, wooden school.

When the hills of Dunedin were being cleared of their vegetation, a belt of native bush was left. This runs round the hills about half way up and almost surrounds the city. Some day-girls live "above the belt" and some come from below. Those living "below the belt" reach school by small cable trams, which are unique in the number of passengers they carry, clinging precariously round the outside, in their ability to climb steep slopes and in the occasional terrifying accidents they have. The trams, no longer than twelve feet, ascend a slope of about 70 degrees, lunging now and again on to the horizontal stopping places. The nonchalant school girls alight at the top of the hill. Dunedin girls are used to slopes.

Length of periods, terms, and holidays, and types of lessons are the same as in most Australian schools, excepting that over the last two years the girls do not learn History and Geography separately, but combine them as Social Studies. Children go to school at the age of six, spend one or two years in the 'Infants', then enter the 'Standards.' After four years, they leave Standard IV and enter Form I. At the end of Form II, they much reach a cer-

tain level, termed 'Proficiency,' before they can go on to the Senior School. Having spent three years in the Senior School, the girls sit for an examination, held within the impressive walls of the University. Those who pass, obtain their 'School Certificate,' which acts as a standard upon which they are accepted for business or the Civil Service, which nowadays claims many employees in New Zealand. Those girls who wish to go to the University must spend a year at school after 'School Certificate,' and at the end of this, if satisfactory, they are accredited on their year's work with University Entrance. A £30 'Higher Learning' bursary may be obtained on the work for the year following University Entrance, and at the end of the same year or the next, girls may sit for a National Scholarship.

At this particular school, sport plays a large part in education, but it is not carried on during school hours. Tennis, hockey, and basketball, are all played after school. Visiting teams do not arrive until nearly four o'clock and play is carried on till towards five. Similarly, swimming, for which girls descend into the city and visit the closed-in tepid baths, is taken after school. Twice during the year, teams from a more northerly town spend the week-end at this school, and play tennis, basket-ball and hockey on the Saturday afternoon. The girls have fun entertaining their guests. The following year, they return the visit.

The school prefects hold a dance once a year in the winter or third term and invite all girls over fifteen, who ask partners from the various boys' schools in the city. The girls look forward to this event. They wear long frocks and have plenty of amusement

planning 'Hair-do's' and accessories. They invite also all prefects from boys' and girls' schools in Dunedin, and, in turn, the prefects are asked to all other school dances. This involves them in a round of social activities which they love.

This school is the product and pride of the Scottish South of New Zealand, and the winter uniform is kilts worn with a white blouse, black blazer, and black shoes and stockings. In summer, the girls wear cotton frocks of a simple pleated design, for which they may choose their own colour, though this must be plain.

There is at least one fall of snow in Dunedin each winter, and since the school is at the top of a hill, it gets its full share. Snow

is a delight to the girls, and, out of school hours, they collect all available tin trays, and really enjoy themselves on the conveniently sloping paths.

The winters can be very cold and Dunedin is inclined to be rather conservative, so that heating facilities are scarcely modern and rather inadequate. Coldness makes a forceful excuse for unwilling pupils, even though it is said to be invigorating. Yet school in midwinter can certainly be rather miserable.

These girls do not welcome the end of holidays, but, like the Australians, they are a happy group, who work well, though perhaps reluctantly, at times, and enter eagerly into all types of sport.

M. Taylor, M.A. (N.Z.)

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,
Sydney University,
June 25th, 1947

Dear Fortians,

I am proud indeed to have this opportunity of representing the Fortians now attending the oldest University in our country, and, on behalf of them, urging all those who are able to come up next year.

You all have some idea of University life, even if it is a rather superficial and, perhaps, exaggerated one, in which the well-known absent minded professor, the gay and slightly bohemian undergraduate, and the serious student who burns the midnight oil, figure largely.

I wish I could tell you of the feeling one has of approaching continually nearer a goal, worthier than anything else, the goal of learning. One cannot fail to be impressed by the surroundings and the quiet serenity of knowledge which pervades this home of learning. That phrase I know is

rather hackneyed—but the University is truly a home of learning in which we students are the children making our first attempts to win a place in the world of learning, guided by our wise parent, the University. By University I do not mean merely the buildings, beautiful as they are, but the professorial staff, the lecturers; and students who are the real University.

As one of the record number of "freshers" this year, I should like to reassure those who feel that the numbers are too great for proper instruction and accommodation. The efforts of the professors and entire teaching staff have been truly magnificent and have resulted in the accommodation of the seemingly impossible number of students. I am expressing the feeling of my fellow-students when I say that we are fortunate in being as comfortable as we are.

Our lecturers are never too busy to talk with us and to dis-

discuss our ideas and problems. Those students who must do practical work do suffer from the great numbers, and many have to do their work at night, but this year a spirit of comradeship pervades the souls of the students and complaints are rarely, and then cheerfully made. The numbers of ex-service men and women have, perhaps, made the general attitude of the students more serious, and there is an unmistakable feeling of determination to learn all one can. With a student body numbering 9000, who obviously must come from all walks of life, this has really become a University of the people.

You will appreciate the real privilege of attending, or rather, having attended a school such as Fort Street, whose name is honoured wherever scholastic attainments are highest. Those of us who do not achieve such brilliance are constantly aware of the friendship always felt by one Fortian for another, and the common pride we feel when yet an-

other Fortian leads the Honour Roll.

Our teachers would smile indeed to see us loafing blissfully through first term, continually congratulating ourselves on having banished forever the bogey of homework, and then, towards the end of second term, realising that perhaps a little work needs to be done. Then the old "November Panic" will seize us and we wish ourselves back at school, where our "dear teachers" would have warned us. Oh, the pitfalls in a world where no one bothers to force one to work, and, Oh, for the comforting security of the schoolroom.

On behalf of my fellow Fortians at the University, and myself, I should like to wish you all every success in your examinations, particularly the Thirds and Fifths, and we hope to see many of you Fifths, having successfully survived the gloom and despair of the Leaving, up here next year.

Pamela McGee, Arts I

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH 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-seventh Annual Report for the year ending March, 1947.

The present membership of the Union totals 372, comprising 332 ordinary members and 40 life members.

The Literary Circle, a sub-society of the Union, celebrated its 21st anniversary this year, and we wish the Circle many more happy years to come. The Circle will present its own report at this meeting.

After the strain of the war years, the executive has found this year, a step further along the road to normality and some very

enjoyable functions have been held.

Thursday, 4th July, 1946, marked the end of the curtailed activities of the war years, being the occasion of the Victory Ball, held in conjunction with the Fort Street High School Old Boys' Union. This was voted a great success and each Union benefited by the sum of £4/5/11.

On Wednesday, 23rd October, 1946, the Annual Dinner, attended by 112 members, was held at the State Ballroom. Once more this was voted a very happy evening by all who were present.

The Rachel Forster Hospital Box was passed around at the Dinner, and a collection of £3/6/0

was made. A cheque for £4 was sent to the hospital, the additional sum being drawn from funds.

In December a Christmas break up party, in the form of a Mad Hatters' Evening was held in the School Gymnasium. Between 80 and 90 members were present and the excellent array of hats would have delighted the eye of any milliner.

At the Annual Meeting last year, the Union presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £10/10/- for the School Improvement Fund.

Our patron, Miss Cruise, has been unable to attend any of our functions this year, but has followed our activities with much interest and was delighted to receive a small memento on the occasion of the Annual Dinner.

It was with much regret that we noted, during the year, the death of Mrs. Grey, formerly Miss Joyce Bannan, who was, at one

time, Secretary of the Union, and always a very keen worker on our behalf.

To Miss Cohen and her Staff, we offer our thanks for their co-operation during the past year, and our thanks and appreciation go to all who have helped in any way, however small, to make this a very happy year in the annals of the Union.

With our very warm welcome to the new "old girls" we wish them as happy a time as we old "Old Girls" have known, together with the opportunity to make new friendships and, above all, to retain old ones.

To the incoming officers, we hand the torch of office, knowing that they will uphold the honour of the Union in this ensuing year of bright hopes which is in their keeping.

Gwen Ohlsson,
Nancy Donohoo,

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS LITERARY CIRCLE

The Circle met on the third Sunday of each month, in the Botanical Gardens, and had interesting discussions on the following:

New Zealand Literature, Sonnets, "Joseph Furphy," Susannah Pritchard's "Patch and Colour," Kenneth Slessor's "One Hundred Poems, 1919-1939" and Douglas's "South Wind." In addition the members outlined the subjects of their recent readings.

The syllabus chosen for 1947 was "Notable Diaries."

In November, the Twenty-First Birthday of the Literary Circle was celebrated at the School. Past and Present members had Tea together and the President, Miss

Turner, cut the Birthday Cake, donated by Edna Kerison. Later the party adjourned to the Assembly Hall.

The Annual Prize for the "Fortian" securing the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination, was won by Betty Pritchard.

The success of the Circle is due mainly to the interest taken by the President, Miss Turner.

Gwen Caines was unable to continue as Secretary, so we accepted her resignation with regret, and placed on record our appreciation of her services for many years.

H. Bourne, Hon. Secretary.

A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Teachers' Training College,
14th June, 1947.

Dear Fortians,

You have been told of College

life by Second or Third Year Students in other editions, but whether you intend doing Physical Education or General Primary, there

are a number of things you should know.

Your first experience of College will permanently blight your lives unless you come fully prepared for the event. As there are people planted at strategic intervals en route, specially directed to feign understanding and conceal its whereabouts, your finding of College is an achievement in itself. Once there you will need provisions for at least a day's strenuous climbing, a ball of string or a supply of breadcrumbs for use in retracing your way, and a rocket or two for attracting attention of search parties. You may be sceptical, but even now the only place I can really find without difficulty is the refectory (Cafeteria!).

On your first day at College you will fill in the first of an interminable supply of forms, for which the correct answer to most of the questions is usually "because I am very fond of little children," and which culminates in the solemn Signing of the Bond. No one has yet been known to understand what the writing on the bond is. Evidence has been found to support the idea that it is written in English, and it has been suggested that some sort of prize, increasing year by year, is offered to the first to interpret it.

Next you must become accustomed to being no longer "the girl in the back seat" and learn to respond, within five minutes, to a lecturer's "And what do you think, Miss Entwhistle?" without being prodded by the umbrellas of the row behind.

You will at first be puzzled by frequent references to a course in Education, in which you are apparently taught Everything. Apart from the fact that the language used in these lectures will resemble Greek for the first weeks, you will learn that you can't do History simply because your

emotional adjustment is all wrong, any any neurotic or schizophrenic tendencies you may harbour, will be revealed to the world.

One of the most surprising features of College life is the informality of examinations and assemblies. The one examination we have had was held in a hall partly furnished with lounge suites, comfortable chairs and no tables. We were not told to commence and, consequently, I sat virtuously awaiting orders, and frowning upon my unscrupulous neighbours who had half completed the paper, until I realised no instructions were to be given.

But that time of the year duly comes when First Years can be distinguished from others by their palsied tremblings and sweet murmurings of "Good Morning, Children. To-day we're going for a ride all the way to Melbourne. Not really, of course, but . . ." This is the time of practice teaching. You will be told that Second Years regard it as a holiday, lecturers will assure you no disciplinary problems arise if children are kept occupied, and being well versed in "Anne" books you will vow to teach them if not to say "I saw" at least that beauty and nobility of character are the most important things in life. So I have yet to understand why half my class fired ink-soaked pellets when I had enough Mathematics on the board to keep them occupied for some days. And although one child stroked my hand and assured me "I love you, teacher," that doesn't console me for the incredulity in another's voice when she asked if I had ever been a little girl.

However, I suppose I shall learn to accept gracefully the gifts brought to me on Mother's Day!

Still, for those who are not moved by these remembrances, there are weekly dances, Presentation-balls, clubs, choirs, house activ-

ities and camps. And what must be always of first consideration, you will be able to enjoy even more exciting folk dances than you had at school.

Beryl Alexander.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The soft, thick carpet which covered the stairs deadened the foot-falls of the man hurrying up them. In the semi-gloom it was hard to distinguish his features, but, as he passed the wall-lamps which glowed softly at intervals up the stairway, he was revealed as a short squarely-built man of about thirty-five years of age. His face, although rather attractive, was marred by a weak, irresolute chin. Just an ordinary man such as might be seen in any bus or train, yet, as he hastened up the stairs, he seemed to possess an almost furtive air, occasioned, perhaps, by the quick glances he threw behind him from time to time. He wore a frieze overcoat, and this he unbuttoned as he climbed. One of the large pockets sagged and bulged slightly, and he patted it now and then as if to assure himself that its contents were still there.

At one of the wall-lights he paused for an instant to glance

at his watch. Then, cursing softly, he continued his ascent with increased rapidity. As he neared the top of the stairs the murmur of voices, which had been audible for some time, grew louder, until the conversation became intelligible. A sinister voice was saying:

"We must get rid of him as soon as he arrives, before he can pass on any information."

The hastening man reached the landing and, passing to a curtained entrance, from behind which the voices came, he thrust his hand into his pocket and, drawing the heavy curtain aside, stepped past it.

A shot rang out.

x x x x x x x

Handing his pass-out to the usherette, the man hurried to the seat beside his wife, handed her the box of chocolates, and sat down.

J. Robinson, 3B.

A VISIT TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE 29th JULY, 1946.

By courtesy of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Right Honourable D. Clyne, a party of twenty-eight Third Year girls accompanied by Miss Campbell, visited Parliament House.

We were received by Mr. Weston, who accompanied us round the various rooms and explained their uses. First we were shown the Legislative Assembly Chamber where, comfortably ensconced on the well-upholstered benches, we listened to an explanation of the

intricacies of parliamentary procedure.

We learnt that the Government members were seated on the right hand of the Speaker's Chair and the Opposition at the left. The Country Party's Bench is immediately facing the chair, at the end of the Chamber. For members of the Press there are five galleries, four above and one below, immediately over the Speaker's Chair, that on the left being reserved for Hansard reporters, who take shorthand notes of all

speeches made in the House. These are later printed in Hansard so that a permanent record of all debates is kept.

The Chamber itself is richly furnished, the floor is carpeted and there are comfortable chairs for the members. The names of the Speakers of the Legislative Assembly are inscribed below the galleries. There are several excellent portraits in oil of such famous Australians as William Charles Wentworth, Sir Henry Parkes and John Macarthur, and a commemoration plaque to the two parliamentarians killed during World War I, inscribed, "In time of peace they worthily asserted the rights of citizenship; in time of war fearlessly protected them."

The light on the Speaker's Chair that gives warning of the time limit to a member debating, was operated for our benefit, and we were also shown the bell which summons members when a session is in progress.

We were then shown the Library and introduced to the Librarian, Mr. Watson, who showed us a book printed in 1615 and a copy of the "Sydney Morning Herald" one hundred and three years old, which announced the wonderful "new" invention of false teeth. Many of the 100,000 books in the Library are irreplace-

able and, during the war, they were stored at Berrima.

We passed through a smaller room into the Legislative Council Chamber, which was very like the Assembly Chamber, except that it was slightly smaller and was more richly furnished.

Each girl was allowed to sit in the chair reserved for royalty or the King's representative. To wish in the Chair is said to bring good luck, so we each wished.

Next we visited the dining-room upstairs, where we were shown the beautiful silver and lovely hand-painted china. Here there is a magnificent painting of the landing of Governor Phillip in 1788, but we unanimously decided the most fascinating painting was the "Mystery" portrait. This was discovered in the cellars of Parliament House and renovated. It is the portrait of a young man, and the most noticeable feature is the almost uncanny way the eyes appear to be gazing steadily at one's face. Unfortunately the name of the artist is unknown.

Back in the Legislative Assembly Chamber, Iris Carter proposed a vote of thanks, and we left resolving to return there some day—perhaps even as members.

Laurel Bryant,
Dorothy Shields, 3C
Joyce Spencer,

1946.

A LETTER FROM JOY NICHOLLS.

London,
July 2nd, 1947.

Dear Miss Cohen,

Just a note from a far flung "Fortian"—and not even a "good Algebra Fortian"—just a very mediocre mathematician. I hope you will be pleased to hear from me.

I think of the old school a lot, and always with such happy memories, and to-day, upon receiving

a little paragraph from the school magazine, mentioning my name, I just had to write to say "hello."

I certainly do feel cut off from everything familiar over here and at times in the past months, especially during the terrible winter, when I've been tempted to rush aboard the first ship headed for "Our Harbour," I said to myself quite a few times, our truly solid school motto. When I first was

able to translate it I thought it was true, then, but now I know it's a definite fact.

We (my brother and I) haven't had an easy time since arriving—we did not expect to and, now after heavy spade work, it does seem as if we are getting somewhere.

I suppose you know of my wonderful fortune in securing a B. B.C. contract. We did our first recording last Sunday. I comper the show and also have a "spot" to myself each week and, as B.B. C. over here means everything, it is really a big step in the right direction.

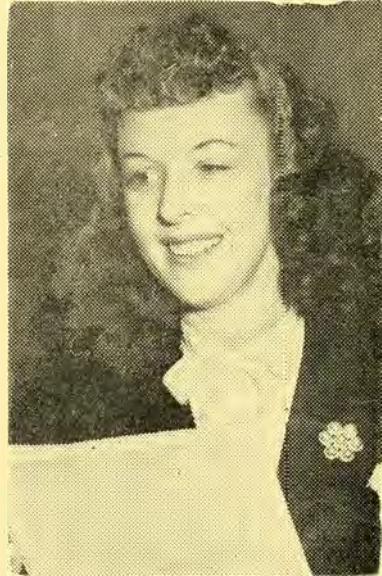
George, too is doing odd shows here and there and we are both making the most of our opportunities.

In the first show of "Navy Mixture" I had as my guest star Vic Oliver. He is extremely funny and, as you know, a top line performer. He commented on our "laughing American accent," but really it's not so much that I have acquired an American accent, but rather that my style of work is unlike the clipped, perfect speech of the average girl announcer here. Anyway, as long as they like the accent, they can call it what they will.

Do you still call Siberia, Siberia, and does Miss Anderson still have the gym class?

Please say 'hello' to all the teachers who had to put up with me.

Kindest regards to yourself.
Joy Nichols.



JOY NICHOLS.

By Courtesy of "The Daily Mirror."

EXCHANGES.

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

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Don't forget that our School Clothing Pool is still Open for the re-sale of Children's outgrown clothing. If the clothes are seasonable, clean and in good condition, bring them in to us and we'll sell them for you at your own price, provided it's reasonable. Unfortunately we cannot handle transactions by mail.

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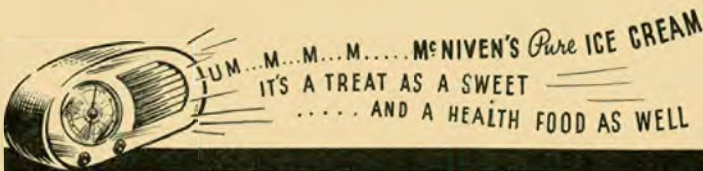


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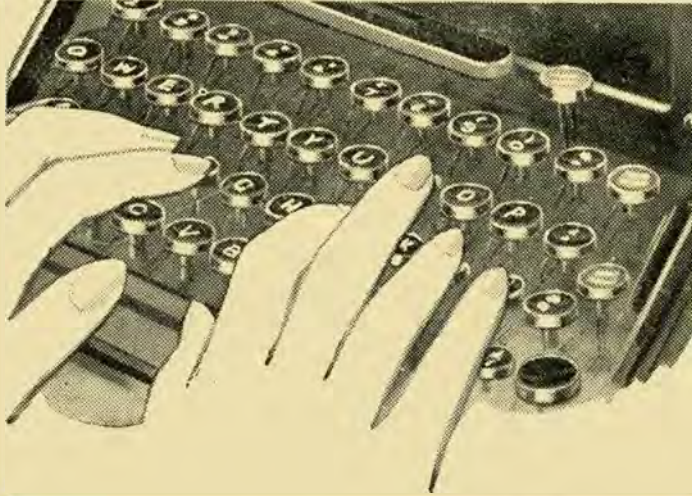
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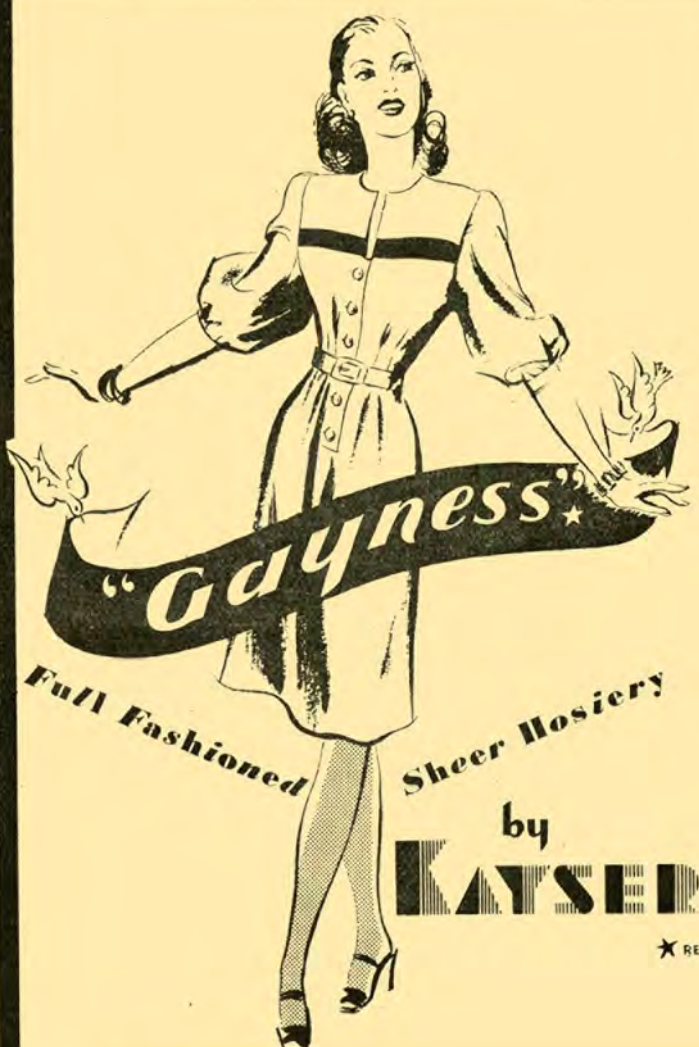
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