



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine  
of the  
**Fort Street Girls' High School**

JULY, 1948.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

**THE STAFF:**

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

Deputy Principal: Miss SMITH, B.A.

Department of English:

Miss DEY, M.A. (Mistress).

Miss BOWE, B.A.

Miss CROXON, B.A.

Miss DEAR, M.A.

Miss MARTIN, B.A.

Miss RISHWORTH, B.A.

Miss RUSH, B.A.

Miss TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss DEAR, M.A.

Miss RISHWORTH, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

Miss KERR, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss BONNETTE, B.Sc.

Miss CONNOLLY, B.Sc.

Mrs. EASTMAN, B.A. (Relieving).

Miss GREEN, B.A.

Miss HAMILTON, B.Sc.

Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc.

Department of Science:

Miss PUXLEY, B.Sc. (Mistress).

Miss CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss CRAWFORD, B.A.

Miss LLEWELLYN, B.Sc.

Miss McMULLEN, B.Sc.

Miss WATKINS, B.Sc.

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss SMITH, B.A. (Mistress)

Miss ARTER, B.A.

Miss HALES, B.A.

Miss KENT-HUGHES, M.A. (Vic.)

Mrs. PATERSON, B.A.

Art: Miss ELLIS, A.T.D.

Needlework: Miss BURTON

Music: Mrs. MURRAY, A.Mus.A., T.D.S.C.M.

Physical Training: Miss ANDERSON, Miss BARKER, Dip. Phys. Ed.

Magazine Editor: Miss DEY, M.A.

Sub-Editor: Miss MARTIN, B.A.

Business Manager: Miss RUSH, B.A.

School Captain: DIANA VERNON





**PREFECTS, 1948**

Standing: Lorna Cunningham, Helen Davies, Margaret O'Brien, Shirley Lewis, Lexie Harris.  
Sitting: Iris Carter, Judith Canty, Diana Vernon (captain), Marie Heatley, Anne Westlake.

## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE

It is with a certain amount of sadness that we write our message to the school, for we feel that our own schooldays are drawing to a close. We shall leave Fort Street, however, knowing that the training we have received will be of great value to us all our lives, and that the school principles and traditions will always be dear to us.

During the five years we have spent at Fort Street we have seen many changes. We remember our pride in the valuable contribution the school was able to make towards the national war effort, sending money raised by collections, concerts and market-days. We remember, too, that even during these unsettled years, For-

tians distinguished themselves and maintained a particularly high standard of scholastic achievement. We shall remember with pride that one of the 1948 Prefects made history by representing Australia at the Olympic Games.

Next year will be an important one for Fortians, who will celebrate the school's hundredth year. We leave her at the beginning of a new century of triumphs. Our years here have been happy ones. We have learnt much, and there is one lesson we shall never forget—that the greater the effort we make, the greater the benefit we receive from education. We extend to the school our best wishes for success and prosperity.

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## ROUND THE SCHOOL

### CHANGES IN THE STAFF

Miss Whiteoak, our Deputy-Headmistress, was transferred to Newcastle as Principal of the Home Science High School. We send congratulations and best wishes to her, and to Miss Weston, who went to Neutral Bay Junior High School as Deputy-Headmistress; and to Miss Campbell, now Deputy-Headmistress of Dover Heights Home Science High School.

Miss Dwight, Mistress of Modern Languages, left us in November to be married.

Miss Taylor was transferred to Wollongong, and Miss Brown to Wagga Teachers' Training College.

Three old friends returned to new positions: Miss B. Smith is once more with us, this time as Deputy-Head; Miss Kerr is Mathematics Mistress, and Miss Puxley Science Mistress.

Miss Dey took Miss Campbell's place as English Mistress. Mrs. Murray is our new Music Mistress, and Miss D. Barker the Junior Physical Training Instructress.



## PRIZEWINNERS, 1947

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1947—

**The Ada Partridge Prize** for the best Fort Street candidate: Judith Bentzen.

**The Annie E. Turner Prize** and the Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize for the best passes in English and History: Joan Lesslie.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** for the best pass in Mathematics: Judith Bentzen.

**Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1947—**

**English, Class I.** (3rd Place): Joan Lesslie, Jean McGrady, Merle Wilson.

**Class II.:** Anne Gilchrist.

**Latin, Class II.:** Judith Bentzen, Margot McKinney, Margaret Fraser.

**Mathematics, Class I.:** Judith Bentzen, Joan Watson.

**Mathematics I.:** Shirley Cooper, Enid Lewis.

**History, Class I.:** Joan Lesslie.

**Class II.:** Margaret Alford, Merle Wilson.

**Chemistry, Class I.:** Joan Watson.

**Music, Class II.:** Barbara Saunders.

**A University Bursary** was gained by Joan Watson.

**Six University Exhibitions** were gained—

**Faculty of Arts:** Joan Lesslie, Merle Wilson.

**Faculty of Medicine:** Alwyne Tomlin.

**Faculty of Science:** Judith Bentzen, Joan Watson.

**Faculty of Veterinary Science:** Margot McKinney.

**Training College Scholarships—**

A Training College Scholarship, tenable at the University, was gained by Merle Wilson.

A Music Scholarship, tenable at the Conservatorium, was awarded to Barbara Saunders.

Teachers' College Scholarships were gained by: Celia Boore, Pauline Brown, Frances Bottomley, June Dowling, Margaret Fraser, Eleanor Gordon, Betty Lewer, Jean McGrady, Ailsa Palmer, Margaret Patino, Loris Quelch, Marie Ritchie, Pamela Setchfield, Rae Symes.

**Intermediate Bursaries—**

Nine Bursaries, awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate Examination, 1947, were gained by: Gloria Currin, Josephine Geary, Gwyneth James, Margaret McGrady, Heather McKay, Ruth Murdoch, Judith Patterson, Patricia Peddie, Shirley Saunders.

## FIRST YEAR STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Sixteen girls are attending First Year courses at the University—

**Arts:** R. Bing-See, S. Bishop, H. Brolly, A. Gilchrist, B. Hay, J. Lesslie, P. Ringwood, J. Rook, M. Simons, B. Smith, M. Wilson.

**Medicine:** A. Tomlin.

**Science:** J. Hon, E. Lewis, J. Watson.

**Veterinary Science:** M. McKinney.

## SPEECH DAY, 1947

With examinations in the background and the freedom of the long vacation just ahead, the school approached Speech Day with the usual mounting excitement and mixed feelings. For the First Year girls it was a new and wonderful experience—their first Speech Day at a big High School; for the middle grades it was another landmark; for the Fifth Year girls it marked the closing of an important era in their lives—the end of schooldays; for many of the staff it meant changes and the severing of old associations.

But we must put away this reflective mood and record the happenings which made December 17, 1947, another big event in the history of the "best school of all."

The Conservatorium was a dignified setting, and, as in past years, the floral decorations, designed by Miss Briggs, were outstanding. A floral carpet of hydrangeas, shading through purples, mauves, blues and pinks, had, as a centre-piece, masses of roses and gladioli, and, as the crowning glory, a floral harp, a tribute to the Eisteddfod Choir.

The programme opened with the Hallelujah Chorus, beautifully sung by the Choir under the baton of Miss Taylor. The chairman, the Hon. D. Clyne, M.L.A., then expressed his pleasure at being present once again, and, after a short address, invited Miss Cohen to read her annual report, which proved that Fort Street had lived up to its tradition in scholarship, music and sport.

On the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1946, the Bowman-Cameron Scholarship and the Fairfax Prize had both

come to Fort Street. The School Choir had gained double honours in the 1947 City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Miss Cohen suggested that, as 1948 was the Centenary of State School Education in N.S.W., and 1949 the Centenary of Fort Street, it was an appropriate time for the Government to improve the conditions of the grounds and buildings.

The Minister for Education, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., made reference in his address to the tremendous extension of State Education, upon which the Government intended to spend vast sums during 1947 and 1948.

Our guest speaker was Professor Trendall, M.A. In a delightful address, stimulating and subtly humorous, he chose as his subject "Glamour of the Mind." He deplored the amount of time and money spent in glamourising the body in comparison with that spent in cultivating the mind. He deprecated such actions as the recent reduction of Dickens to comic strip form, for if such treatment continued, people would cease to think and read. He rightly insisted that it was only through training the mind that difficulties could be overcome and civilisation safeguarded.

The presentation of prizes was made by Mrs. R. J. Heffron.

Votes of thanks were moved by the Captain, Loris Quelch, and the Captain-Elect, Diana Vernon.

Many parents in the audience—old Fortians—could not resist the opportunity to join in singing the school song, "Come Fortians All," after which the National Anthem marked the close of yet another never-to-be-forgotten Speech Day.

Heather McKay, 4A.



## Prize List—Speech Day, 1947

## PRIZES

Dux of School: Judith Bentzen.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Joan Watson.  
 Dux of Year IV: Dorothy Cunningham.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Helen Davies.  
 Dux of Year III (Molly Thornhill Prize): Laurel Thomas.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Heather McKay.  
 Dux of Year II: Christina Borland.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Dux of Year I: Lesley Hanks.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Jeanette Parkin.

## SPECIAL PRIZES

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L.C. Examination, 1946): Betty Pritchard.  
 Annie E. Turner Prize (best pass in English and History L.C. Examination, 1946): Betty Pritchard.  
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English L.C. Examination, 1946): Betty Pritchard.  
 Weston Memorial Prize (best pass in Mathematics L.C. Examination, 1946): Margaret Grant.  
 Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year III): Heather McKay.  
 Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Science, Year III): Laurel Thomas.  
 Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV): Marie Heatley.  
 Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize (Australian History, Year II): Jacqueline Heraghty.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize (English and History, Year IV): Marie Heatley.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize (English and History, Year I): Lesley Hanks.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year IV): Mary Guy.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year I): Jean Wolrige.  
 Special Prize, donated by Miss Whiteoak (Chemistry IV): Dorothy Shields.  
 L'Alliance Francaise Prizes—Grade IV: First prize, Dorothy Hamilton; third prize, Beverley Bentley. Grade V: Second prize, Lesley Hanks.

Special Prize, donated by Coral Lea (Latin, Year II): Jacqueline Heraghty.

Special Prize, donated by Coral Lea (German, Year II): Christina Borland.

Special Prize, donated by Wendy and Barbara Gibb (Latin, Year V): Judith Bentzen.

Special Prize, donated by Wendy and Barbara Gibb (Latin and French, Year III): Heather McKay.

Special Prize, donated by Yvonne Wooster and Phyllis Wightman (Third Proficiency, Year I): Pamela Mills.

Special Prize, donated by Mrs. English (French, Year V): Margaret Fraser.

Special Prize, donated by Mrs. English (French, Year I): Lesley Hanks.

Prefects' Prize, Empire Day Essays—Senior School: Rosemary Bing-See  
 Junior School: Laurel Thomas.

Special Prizes for Best Contributions to School Magazine—Senior School (Prose): Frances Bottomley. Junior School (Poetry): Margaret Watts.

Special Prizes, donated by Mrs. Hodgkins, Play Writing—Senior School: Merle Wilson. Junior School: Elizabeth Cayzer.

The Shakespeare Prize, awarded annually by the Shakespeare Society of New South Wales (best pass in Shakespeare Section, L.C. Examination, 1946): Lorna Cunningham.

The F. A. MacTier Prize for the essay, "The Explorations of Sir Thomas Mitchell, 1831-1846" (pupils under 14 years of age): Heather McKay.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes, donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson—First Prize: Marie Heatley. Second Prize: Laurel Thomas. Third Prize: Rosemary Scott.

Old Girls' Union Life Membership  
 Loris Quelch.

Eisteddfod Cup—Senior School  
 Championship Choir (16 and under): Fort Street Girls' High 1.

Eisteddfod Cup—State Juvenile Choral  
 (age limit 16): Fort Street Girls' High School.

## CERTIFICATES:

## YEAR V.

English: Joan Lesslie.  
 History: Joan Lesslie.  
 Mathematics: Judith Bentzen.  
 Chemistry: Joan Watson.  
 Botany: Merle Simons.  
 Geography: Merle Simons.

Art: Margaret Patino.  
 Music: Pamela Setchfield.  
 Needlework: Pat Robertson.  
 Physical Training: Shirley Cooper.

## YEAR IV.

Latin: Dorothy Cunningham.  
 French: Dorothy Cunningham (prox. acc.).



Combined Chemistry and Physics: Marie Heatley.  
 Botany: Fay Gregory.  
 Geography: Wendy Sturgeon.  
 Art: Pamela Higgins.  
 Music: Margaret O'Brien.  
 Needlework: Helen Small.  
 Physical Training: Judith Canty.

YEAR III.

English: Laurel Thomas.  
 Latin: Heather McKay, Rosemary Weeden (equal).  
 French: Laurel Thomas.  
 German: Laurel Thomas.  
 Mathematics I: Beverley Bentley.  
 Mathematics II: Beverley Bentley, Laurel Thomas (prox. acc.).  
 Geography: Dorothy Tattersall, Colleen Moore (prox. acc.).  
 Art: Judith Walsh.  
 Music: Valerie Traversi.  
 Needlework: Shirley Knopp.  
 Physical Training: Margaret Ramage.

YEAR II.

English: Pamela Edwards.  
 History: Christina Borland, Elizabeth Cayzer, Gwen Round (three equal).  
 French: Christina Borland.  
 Mathematics I: Margaret George, Christina Borland (equal).  
 Mathematics II: Elizabeth Cayzer and Christina Borland (equal).  
 Combined Chemistry and Physics: Christina Borland and Joan Price (equal).

Biology: Joan Puckeridge.  
 Geography: Heather Tate.  
 Art: Dagma Dawson.  
 Music: Jill Livingstone.  
 Needlework: Ruth Jacobs.  
 Physical Training: Joan Price.

YEAR I.

English: Lesley Hanks.  
 History: Pamela Mills.  
 Mathematics I: Jean Wolrige.  
 Mathematics II: Lesley Hanks.  
 Combined Chemistry and Physics: Les Hanks and Jeanette Parkin (prox. acc.).  
 Art: Jeanette Parkin, Rosemary Randall (equal).  
 Geography: Jeanette Parkin.  
 Needlework: Angela Hooper.  
 Physical Training: Marie Neale.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1947.

Australian Bronze Cross: Elaine Whitehouse, Valerie Westbrook, Mary Heron, Margaret Ferguson, Pauline Brown, Gloria Thompson, Beverlee Saul, Patricia Luckie, Barbara Weine, Suneve Lee, Patricia Quinn, Wendy Sellars, Pamela Setchfield, Barbara Firth, Joyce Spencer, Marie Heatley, Laurel Bryant.  
 Instructor's Certificate: Pauline Brown, Mary Heron, June Lawson, Yvonne McKenna.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1947

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; 3, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 14, Chemistry; 15, Botany; 18, Geography; 21, Music; 22, Art; 23, Needlecraft and Garment Construction.

The letters "H1" signify first-class honours, "H2" second-class honours, "A" first-class pass, "B" second-class pass. 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 passed in the oral test in French or German.

Alford, Margaret E.: 1A 2A 3A(o) 7B 9H2 14B.  
 Allan, Betty: 1B 7B 9B 14B 22B.  
 Bentzen, Judith A.: 1A 2H2 3A 5A 6A(x1).  
 Bing See, Rosemary D.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 4A(o) 7B 9B.  
 Bishop, Sheila C.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7A 9B 14B.  
 Black, Nona M.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 7B 9A 15B.  
 Boore, Celia J.: 1B 9B 15A 18B 22B.  
 Bottomley, Frances E.: 1B 7B 9A 15A 18B.  
 Brolly, E. Helen: 1A 2B 3B 9B 15B 18B.  
 Brown, Pauline J.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 7A 9A 15B.  
 Brownfield, Zoe: 1B 2B 3A(o) 7B.  
 Burrows, Judith A.: 1B 2B 3B 7A 9B 14B.  
 Cabrera, Leslie G.: 1B 2A 3B(o) 5B 6B 14A.  
 Cooper, Shirley A.: 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A\* 6B 14B.



Cusack, Margaret E.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 9A 15A 18A.  
 Dowling, June E.: 1B 7B 9B 23B.  
 Firth, Barbara M.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 7A 9B 15A.  
 Fraser, Margaret J.: 1B 2H2 3A(o) 5B 6B 14B.  
 Garside, H. Dorothy: 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 15A.  
 Gibbs, Dorothy G.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 14B 18B.  
 Gilchrist, Anne C.: 1H2 2A 3A(o) 7B 9B 14B.  
 Gordon, Eleanor D.: 1A 2B 3B 7A 9B 14B.  
 Haswell, Elaine M.: 1B 3B 5B 6B 14B.  
 Hay, Barbara A.: 1B 3B 5B 6A 14A 18B.  
 Heron, Mary E.: 1A 3B 7B 15B 18B.  
 Hon, Jill W. G.: 1A 3B 5B 6B 14A.  
 Jarvie, Margaret L. S.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 14A.  
 Johnstone, Heather B.: 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 14B.  
 Jordan, Pamela D.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7B 9B 15A.  
 Kennedy, Mary M.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7A 9B 14B.  
 King, Dorothy J. M.: 1A 9B 15B 22B.  
 Knight, Sylvia M.: 1B 2B 3B 7B 9B 14A.  
 Lawson, M. June: 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 14B.  
 Lesslie, F. Joan: 1H1 2B 3A(o) 9H1, 15B 18B.  
 Lewer, Elizabeth: 1A 3B 7B 9B 14B 18A.  
 Lewis, Enid: 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A\* 6A 14A.  
 McGee, Joy V.: 1A 2B 3B 9A 15A 18A.  
 McGrady, Jean M.: 1H1 2A 3A(o) 7A 9A 14B.  
 McKinney, Margot A.: 1A 2H2 3A(o) 5B 6A 14A.  
 Maver, Margaret J.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 9A 15B 18B.  
 Merrikin, Marie E.: 1A 7B 9A 14B 18B.  
 Miller, Joan I.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7B 9B 15A.  
 Palmer, Ailsa M.: 1A 3B 7A 9B 14B.  
 Patino, Margaret E.: 1B 5B 6A 14B 22B.  
 Quelch, Loris E.: 1A 3A 9A 15A 18B 22B.  
 Ringwood, Pamela E.: 1A 3B 7A 9A 15A 18B.  
 Ritchie, Marie A.: 1B 7A 9B 14B 23A.  
 Robertson, Patricia I.: 1B 3B 7B 9A 14A 23A.  
 Rooke, Judith M.: 1B 3B 9B 15B 18B.  
 Saunders, Barbara L.: 1A 5B 6B 14A 21H2.  
 Scott, Rosemary F.: 1A 2B 3B 7B 9B 15B.  
 Seagrim, Pamela R.: 1B 2B 3B 7A 9B 14B.  
 Setchfield, Pamela J.: 1A 7B 9B 14B 21B.  
 Simms, Shirley E.: 1B 2B 3B(o) 7B 9B.  
 Simons, Merle W.: 1B 3B 9A 15B 18B 23A.  
 Smith, Beth: 1B 2B 3A(o) 7B 9B 14B.  
 Spies, Joan: 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A\* 6B 14A.  
 Symes, Ray A.: 1A 2B 3B 9B 15B.  
 Tomlin, Alwynne D.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 5A\* 6A 14A.  
 Underwood, Margaret M.: 1B 7B 9B 15B 21B.  
 Watson, Joan A.: 1A 3A(o) 5A 6A (x1) 14H1.  
 Westbrook, Valerie J.: 1B 3B 9B 18B 21B.  
 White, Jean G.: 1A 2A 3A(o) 7A 9A 14B.  
 Wilson, Merle E.: 1H1 2B 3A(o) 7A 9H2.  
 Wilton, Patricia: 1B 3B 7A 14B 21A.

## INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1947

### SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

Aiken, Gay S.; Alexander, Audrey P.; Allison, Myra.  
 Baker, Annette L.; Ballard, Patricia B.; Bates, Valerie B.; Bentley,  
 Beverley; Betteridge, Beverley J.; Brown, Beryl I.; Brown, Ruth M.;  
 Browse, Margaret J.; Butler, Prunella G.; Bygrave, Marie E.  
 Cameron, Beryl M.; Carr, Dorothy M.; Carroll, Patricia M.; Chaney,  
 Joy A.; Clough, Sybil R.; Coote, Dorothea J.; Copley, Heather S.;  
 Cousens, Elsie J.; Creswick, Wendy M.; Currin, Gloria L.  
 Davis, Helen F.; Dennett, Lois A.; Di Benedetto, Valma P.; Dix,  
 Joan H.; Dunn, Ruth P.

Elliott, Ruth S.; Engert, Pamela M.

Firth, Robin J.

Gatward, Helen P.; Geary, Josephine M.; Gibson, Joan D.; Gregory, Rhonda I.

Hair, Lola J.; Hall, Dorothy A.; Hamilton, Wendy; Hannan, Pamela R.; Hardisty, Sylvia O.; Healy, Barbara E.; Henderson, Shirley E.; Henricksen, Jean E.; Hesketh, Nancy B.; Hill, Fay M.; Hodgkins, Marjorie J.; Hudson, Joyce M.

James, Gwyneth L.; Jolson, Miriam V.; Janes, Valerie M.; Joynson, Shirley R.

Knopp, Shirley.

Lawrence, Beverley M.; Leach, Margaret A.; Lee, Suneve D.; Levett, Gwendoline; Ludwig, Anne R.; Lyons, Dorothy J.; Lyons, Lorraine P.

McGrady, Margaret C.; McKay, Heather J.; Moore, Colleen; Morgan, Barbara R.; Morgan, Gloria E.; Morrison, Audrey E.; Murdoch, Ruth M.

Nicholson, Pamela M.; Nye, Patricia J.

Olsen, Jill.

Patterson, Judith; Peddie, Patricia E.; Phelps, Ruth A.; Pope, Betty M.; Pratt, Genevieve M.

Ralston, Isobel J.; Ramage, Margaret A.; Randall, Annette; Readhead, Valmai; Reeves, Carmen M.; Ridgley, Pamela F.; Robertson, Kathleen R.; Robinson, Jean L.; Rourke, Ona E.; Ryan, Joan E.

Sage, Patricia H.; Saunders, Merla M.; Saunders, Shirley; Saxby, Helen T.; Scott, Joan M.; Sellars, Wendy H.; Small, Hanna; Smith, Joyce E.; Stevenson, Norma E.

Targett, Barbara F.; Tattersall, Dorothy J.; Thomas, Laurel P.; Thompson, Gloria R.; Trathen, Patricia F.; Traversi, Valerie A.

Vincent, Margaret J.; Vincer, Patricia A.

Wagner, Judith; Waik, Elvie I.; Walker, Pamela J.; Wall, Margaret E.; Walsh, Judith M.; Webber, Margaret C.; Weeden, June R.; Welsh, Patricia A.; Wilson, Margaret G.; Winterburn, Tresna A.; Wright, Elizabeth M.; Wyatt, Daphne M.

Yeoman, Narelle.

In the Leaving Certificate Examination, 65 out of 67 candidates passed; and in the Intermediate Certificate Examination, 100 per cent. were successful.

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## MISS M. NAUGHTON

On Thursday, June 3, the school was shocked to hear the sad news of the sudden death of Miss M. Naughton. It was hard to realise that someone, so full of life, who had been at work less than a week before, was no longer with us. As Miss Cohen said at the Assembly, when she told the school, we all felt that we had lost a wise councillor and a true friend. Although at most times of the year she came to us only once in the week, we felt she was one of us,

and a real part of the school. She showed us how important the work of a School Councillor can be, and was always ready to offer advice and co-operation in the solving of any problem which we wished to discuss with her. Meg always gave one the impression that Life was something to be enjoyed, and that work was a pleasure. We shall not forget her.

Our sympathies go out to the members of her family, and to her friends.



## MISS E. M. MOULSDALE

The announcement early in May of the death of Miss E. M. Mouldale came as a shock to many former students of Fort Street Girls' High School, and also to the present pupils.

Her name will always be associated with Fort Street, for her connection with it began as far back as 1904. There she stayed until her retirement in 1930, but even then her association with the school did not end, for she continued to give scripture lessons every week for some years after that. In addition, she kept

in touch with many old girls of the school, and never failed to attend the annual dinner of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union.

She has been described by a former colleague as the soul of integrity; and, indeed, that was the impression she made on all with whom she came in contact. Her keen sense of humour and kindness of heart inspired the affection of all her pupils. She will long be remembered by past and present students of Fort Street Girls' High School.

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## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY

### PLAY DAY, 1947

Under the guidance of Miss Rush, the Dramatic Society has forged ahead during the past 12 months. Two plays were presented at the end of last year. The Fourth Year girls produced 'Seven Women,' and the Fifth Year 'The House with the Twisty Windows.' The latter showed talent far above High School standard. This year, on the occasion of the Centenary, J. M. Barrie's play, 'What Every Woman Knows,' was produced by the combined efforts of both Fourth Year and Fifth Year.

The play maintained the high standard for which the society has become noted. Between productions, plays are read every Tuesday afternoon, and from these will be chosen the next production, which will be, you may be sure, as good as, if not better than, the previous ones.

Colleen Nugent.

For the first time since 1940, we of Fort Street held a Play Day on Thursday, 11th December. From early morn girls raced about, clad in costumes ranging from the bear-skins of the early Britons to the swim-suits of today.

Feeling very pleased that a whole day's lessons were to be sacrificed, the girls piled into the Gym., admiring, as they pushed and struggled for front-row seats, the new green curtains now adorning the stage. Unfortunately the same curtains caused quite a few contretemps in the productions, at one moment parting to reveal Mr. McCarthy on the step-ladder, but such mishaps merely added to the fun.

The First Year plays were "Sherwood Forest," a colourful performance by 1A; "Great-Aunt Martha," a well-acted story with a trick plot, by 1B; "The Golden Doom," an elaborate production by 1C; and "The Old Order Chan-

geth," in which the scenes ranged from the huts of the Ancient Britons to the air-raid shelters of modern times, by 1D.

2B presented with great skill a most ambitious production of scenes from "A Tale of Two Cities."

Although harassed by examinations, the girls of 3B, entering into the spirit of Play Day, with only three days' practice, presented "The Conspiracy," showing an ingenuity in costume which should prove valuable for future reference.

4A won the laurels for the most amusing play of the day with "The Spartan Girl," while 4D's "Mr. Punch" tickled the morbid fancy of most of the audience with dead bodies scattered about the stage like so many flies during most of the performance.

The Dramatic Society provided two plays—one by the Fourth Year members, the other by Fifth Year. An astonishingly sophisticated and polished performance of Barrie's "Seven Women" was staged by Fourth Year with professional attention to costumes and make-up. Acting honours for the day went, however, to Fifth Year Dramatic Group in "The House with the Twisty Windows," for a sincere and moving presentation.

All the First Year classes presented French plays, the most outstanding being "Snow White" by 1A.

Breaks throughout the day relieved the strain, for the majority, of having to sit still and quiet for so long a period. While the plays were being acted, teachers were appraising them and selecting the best for a repeat performance for parents on the following day. Those chosen were "The House with the Twisty Windows," "The Spartan Girl," "Sherwood

Forest," "The Old Order Changeth," and "Snow White."

Other features of the second day were items by the choir and tumbling by Second Year pupils.

Thus Fort Street successfully staged another Play Day.

Lorna Cunningham, 5A.

## VISITS TO THE THEATRE

During the year the pupils of our school have been most fortunate in that Miss Cohen was able to arrange for large numbers to go to a matinee performance of the Ballet, and, more recently, to three plays staged by the Old Vic. Company.

These outings were not only entertainments for the girls, but were of educational value in the true sense of the word. The girls greatly appreciated the privileges which they enjoyed, and are most grateful to Miss Cohen for the trouble she has taken.

## THE GIRL GUIDE CONCERT

In aid of the Princess of Youth Competition, the Girl Guides of the school organised a concert in the Assembly Hall on 21st August, 1947, the last day of the second term. The audience, seated as usual with utter disrespect for age and authority—that is, without providing the seniors with the best seats—was, nevertheless, enthusiastic about the performance. Nor were they disappointed, for it was presented as a radio programme with a variety of plays, recitations and vocal items. There was the inevitable dial-twisting episode, with its comic results, and a number of witty advertisements, read in sonorous tones.

The Guide Camp Fire Songs were sung in rollicking fashion, and after a gruesome, scream-



provoking play, presented, of course, by Fifth Year, the concert concluded. Then each Guide Company represented in the school enriched its coffers with ten and ninepence.

Beth Andreoni, 5A.

### INTER-SCHOOL DEBATE

On Monday, May 3rd, we welcomed the Prefects and Debating Team from Fort Street Boys' High School to the first of the 1948 inter-school debates. This year our team consisted of Marie Heatley, leader; Elaine Lance, second speaker; and Beverlee Saul, whip; and we successfully affirmed the motion that "The influence of the aristocracy on the British Empire has always been for the best." After the debate, the visitors were entertained at afternoon tea and taken on the traditional tour of the school.

We wish to express our gratitude to Dr. Mackaness, who acted as adjudicator, for his advice and constructive criticism, which, we feel, will benefit members of both teams. We are looking forward to the return debate at Fort Street Boys' High School in August, and wish our opponents the very best of luck.

Marie Heatley, 5A.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Photography Club has been revived this year, and, so far, two meetings have been conducted by Mr. Robertson, from Kodak Pty. Ltd. The club, to which all Fourths and Fifths interested in photography are invited, meets in Room 9 every third Tuesday.

This year the meetings will consist of a series of lectures on such subjects as developing, printing, colouring and mounting. Outlin-

ing this scheme at the first meeting, Mr. Robertson also told us of the wide variety of uses to which photography can be put, from duplicating ledgers in banks to the photography of molecules in chemical research.

At the second meeting, Mr. Robertson demonstrated, with the aid of two of the members, how to make a time exposure. The models were forced to remain perfectly still for several seconds but both survived the unaccustomed ordeal.

Now that films are easier to obtain, the members will be able to take a more active part in this very interesting and instructive hobby.

Mary Guy, 5A.

### THE LIBRARY

It is gratifying to see that the Library is becoming increasingly popular with both juniors and seniors. This year there has been a marked increase in the number of girls using the reading-room at lunch-time and recess, and finding entertainment as well as information.

A number of new books have been added, including books on Ballet, which were in great demand during the Ballet Rambert season; English and Australian literature, music, art, travel and biography sections have all been enlarged, and especially popular are books of topical interest, such as Princess Elizabeth Royal Wedding; Old Vic. Theatre Company. Donations of English and American magazines have been very welcome, but borrowers must realise that these require careful handling.

The smooth running of the library has been made possible only by the unselfish efforts of the librarians, who devote much of their free time to this work.



Librarians for 1948 are: J. Scott, E. Waik, J. Hankinson, J. Robinson, B. Cameron, J. Currin, J. Hodgkins, P. Engert, N. Hesketh, S. Joynson, S. Saunders, D. Wyatt, P. Nye, S. Clough, W. Creswick, J. Walsh, E. Cousens, A. Randall, M. Webber, V. Traversi, V. di Benedetto, Y. Flynn, F. Quigg, R. Browne, M. McGrady, M. Allison, R. Firth, P. Ballard, D. Tattersall.

The repairing of fiction books has been a heavy task, carried out by a willing team of "menders."

We gratefully acknowledge gifts to the library from Mrs. Buckland, the Old Girls' Union and librarians of 1947, as well as from members of the staff and some pupils.

**THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION**

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1948 were elected

at the beginning of First Term. They are: Diana Vernon (captain), Anne Westlake (Year V.), Elsie Cousens (Year IV.), Maureen Kelly (Year III.), Merriel Begg (Year II.), Patricia White (Year I.) and Annette Randall (Year IV.) secretary.

The Staff members of the Association are: Miss Cohen, Miss Smith, Miss Green (treasurer), Miss Dey and Miss Anderson.

The main topics discussed this year have been the question of the provision of special trams for the Ryde and Abbotsford girls, and the purchase of colours to distinguish the Houses at both the Swimming Carnival and Field Day.

During this term the problem of hour congestion at the Tuck Shop is being debated.

Annette Randall, Year IV.

**SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, 1947-48**

	£	s	d			
Rachel Forster Hospital . . . . .	3	3	0	Poppy Day (buttons)	5	2 0
Royal Alexandra Hospital . . . . .	3	3	0	Spastic Centre . . . . .	25	0 0
Sydney Hospital . . . . .	3	3	0	Legacy War Orphans' Fund . . . . .	36	3 9
Stewart House . . . . .	5	5	0	Legacy Appeal (buttons) . . . . .	5	0 0
Bush Church Aid Society . . . . .	2	2	0	Tin Hat Day (buttons)	5	10 0
T.B. Appeal . . . . .	9	3	4	Hospital Saturday (buttons) . . . . .	6	0 0
Totally Disabled Soldiers' Fund . . . . .	1	0	0	Food for Britain . . . . .	14	9 11
						<hr/>
						£124 5 0

**SCHOLARSHIPS**

The British Council awarded Scholarships to Miss Jean Arnot, who was in charge of the Country Section of the Public Library, to study developments in the United Kingdom, and to Miss Edith

Sims, librarian of the Technical Education Branch, to study in the United Kingdom and in the United States. We congratulate these two ex-Fortians on their success.



## FAREWELL DAY

On October 31st we bade farewell to the 1947 Fifths. Although the day was cloudy and cool, the bright new-look frocks of the Fourths and Fifths, and the beauty of the masses of flowers, made up for any gloom in the weather. The Fourths spent a busy morning camouflaging the Gym and the Science Rooms, and preparing most delicious food for the afternoon party.

Early in the afternoon, the whole school assembled in the Hall, and we were happy to see the faces of many old friends among the visitors, and to hear messages of good cheer and good wishes from absent ones. On Farewell Day, even more than on any other, thoughts of the old school seem to dwell in the hearts of Fortians.

Miss Cohen's formal message of farewell and God-speed on behalf of the school opened proceedings, then the Choir delighted us all by singing its Eisteddfod-winning songs, "Linden Lea" and "Beautiful Lady Moon." Lenore Bate, as secretary of the Old Girls' Union, invited all girls leaving school to join the Association.

Investiture of the new prefects followed, and Lois Quelch (captain) and Diana Vernon (captain-elect) addressed the school as a whole, while Marie Heatley spoke to Year V., Anne Westlake to Year IV., Shirley Lewis to Year III., and Margaret O'Brien to Year II. Loris later presented Miss Cohen with a cheque for £11/14/6 as a gift from the 1947 Fifths.

After the singing of "The Best School of All," "Come Fortians All," and the National Anthem, the traditional clap-out of the Fifths and Thirds took place, and a guard of honour to the Science Rooms for Staff and visitors was formed.

The Fifths were then royally entertained, and toasts to the School and Staff were proposed by Lexie Harris and Judith Canty respectively. The girls returned to the Hall after the party, and dancing and games were soon in progress. It was a day to remember for both Fourths and Fifths, and a wonderful farewell to the "Best School of All."

Shirley Lewis, 4A. 1947.

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## HEARD MELODIES

I hear  
 The neighing of horses, the barking of dogs,  
 The call of my Joey, the rolling of logs,  
 The ring of a 'phone bell, the croaking of frogs.

I hear  
 The cry of wild ducks, the rattle of trams,  
 The lowing of cows, the squeaking of prams,  
 The "miaou" of our cat, the bleating of lambs.  
 I hear and rejoice.

Perry Jacobs, 1B.

# CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

## Cricket Ground Display—April 21st, 1948

Perhaps the highlight for most children in the Centenary of Public Education Week was the display at the Cricket Ground. Fortunately, the weather was ideal, and there was an extremely large attendance, most gratifying to those who had taken part in the complicated and arduous task of organisation. Both teachers and pupils had worked early and late to make the display well worth watching.

The programme commenced at 1 p.m., and the first item was the formation of a gigantic tableau, composed of thousands of school-children, who were arranged to spell out:

1848 - 1948  
The Centenary of Public  
Education  
N.S.W.

The effect from the air was seen later in newspaper photographs and newsreels, and even from ground level the display was most spectacular. The squad of twenty-four folk-dancers from Fort Street helped to form the "I" in "Education."

The National Anthem and "Song of Australia" were sung, and Mr. Heffron made a short speech, in which he stressed the greatness of the occasion, and thanked those who had made the display possible. He also hinted at a holiday, which took place on the following Tuesday, and was wildly applauded in consequence.

With an earnestness and precision not to be surpassed, the Primary Boys gave a flag-drill display. The raising and lowering of the green and gold flags was very effective, and was enjoyed by all.

The Primary Girls then tripped on to the field, and skipped and danced, threw and caught balls in a manner very creditable to both them and their long-suffering teachers.

The Secondary Boys' Physical Culture Display was also a splendid one, as were the gymnastics which took place between the larger items at various positions round the sides of the field.

Then we had the Secondary Girls' Folk-Dancing, consisting of three dances, "Newcastle," "The Old Mole" and "D'Argoson," which, I must modestly remark, was very good.

The Army and Air Force Cadets' Review was next, and the lads marched on to the field with all the aplomb and faultlessness characteristic of the Australian Defence Forces.

This brought to a close an afternoon of great enjoyment for both spectators and performers. I think particularly of the mothers. For them the sight of Billy doing flag drill, and of Betty in "Newcastle," was a thrill worth all the effort and tedious training.

Pam Edwards, 3B.

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## Centenary Celebrations at School

On Tuesday, 20th April, 1948, we of Fort Street gave a concert for our parents in connection with

the celebration of the Centenary of Education in Australia. The original idea was that parents



would see us at work in school, but Miss Cohen decided that it would be much more interesting for both parents and children if we had a play day. We also decided to provide lunch for the visitors, and for many days ahead we made preparations for it and for the concert.

When the day came, many mothers, a few fathers and children arrived. The children were taken care of by some of the girls while the parents went into the Gym. to enjoy the programme.

The first item was the opening scene of "The Gondoliers," presented by the Senior Music Hobbies Group, and the singing of the very enjoyable song, "Roses White and Roses Red," by girls, dressed in peasant skirts and holding red and white roses, was delightful. Another scene from "The Gondoliers" followed. This time 1B performed the "Cachuca" a song and dance item.

There followed a group of plays. 3A capably performed 'The Scarecrow' and 1C 'L'Arche de Noe,' the antics of the ingeniously garbed animals arousing roars of laughter. Fourth Year Girls followed with an amusing skit, 'The New Wing at Elsinore,' an alleged sequel to 'Hamlet.' Ghosts and more ghosts appeared, the whole effect being most gruesome and blood-curdling.

To restore our sanity, 1A presented 'The Three Pigs' in

French, with impeccable acting and accents. The last play before the luncheon adjournment was 'The Happy Man,' presented in spirited fashion by 1D.

On this happy note the parents went out to enjoy lunch and to watch a demonstration of ball-games and folk-dancing on the lawn.

The second half of the programme opened with two songs by the Choir: 'Sing! Gaily Sing!' by Treharne, and 'The Gloria' by Mozart. The Senior Dramatic Club then presented, with acting of a very high standard, two scenes from Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows.' Next came a French mystery thriller, 'Who Killed Monsieur Poirot,' acted with verve and fluency by 2A.

1B, in 'The Weather Clerk,' harassed the overworked weather man for fine weather for Fort Street's functions, and our versatility was further demonstrated by a charming performance by Fourth Year of 'Hansel and Gretel' in German.

Fourth Year Hobbies Group presented 'A Room in the Tower,' in which a delicate and sensitive portrayal of Lady Jane Grey enthralled the audience.

So the programme came to an end, and the parents went home saying, "My, hasn't education changed since our day!"

Pat Allison, 3B.

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## Open School Day

During the week in which we celebrated the Centenary of Public Education in New South Wales the day which impressed itself most clearly in my mind was the one on which parents and friends accepted the school's invitation to

attend a full Play Day and luncheon. My story, however, deals not with the Play Day and luncheon themselves, but with what went on behind the scenes. From the earliest hour of the morning a steady stream of lettuce, toma-



toes, beetroot, eggs and potatoes arrived, until Room 16 looked like a greengrocery store. It was then our task to convert these raw materials into a salad of surpassing succulence.

First, the plates were set out, and gradually grated carrot, lettuce leaves, sliced egg, cheese, tomato and all the other ingredients had the goodness to combine nicely to form an appetising meal.

That proved to be merely the preliminary skirmish of our day. There were flowers to be arranged, tables to be set and decorated. Eventually, from coils of red and white paper emerged a number of well-decorated tables, which were to bring forth praises from a number of delighted parents.

What had been done had yet to be undone and, following the luncheon adjournment, the tables

were cleared in a much less graceful manner. Washing up, a polite term applied to the scramble which followed, was undertaken by various eager washers and wipers. Water dripped freely over the floor while the volunteers fought each other for the prize of a dry tea-towel. Another battle occurred during the search among the debris for missing spoons and forks. Rubbish was dispersed right and left, but various small left-overs in the food department found a different destiny.

At last, leaving a spotless room behind them, the temporary waitresses, cooks and washer-uppers dragged their shattered remains away to be consoled by the rapt faces of parents who had enjoyed their day. Education, indeed! Well, we might make good housewives.

Rosemary Weeden, 4A.

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### EMPIRE DAY, 1948

Empire Day was celebrated on May 24th with the usual simple but impressive ceremony. The chairman was our old friend, the Hon. D. Clyne, M.L.A., and the guest of honour Mr. J. G. McKenzie, Director of Education.

Mr. Clyne opened proceedings with a short speech, after which the Choir sang the "Gloria." Mr. McKenzie then spoke briefly, his assurances of improvements to the school being received with a storm of applause. Delightful addresses were given by two of the prefects, Shirley Lewis, whose

subject was "Australia's Empire Obligations," and Lorna Cunningham, who spoke on "Australia's Imperial Ties." Their ease and fluency aroused awe and admiration in the rest of the school.

After some patriotic songs by the Choir, votes of thanks to the visitors were proposed by our captain, Diana Vernon, and carried by acclamation. The ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem, and the school was dismissed for the usual half-holiday.

Shirley Dobson, 5A.

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### Empire Day Essays

Prefects' prizes for Empire Day essays have been won by Heather McKay, 4A, who wrote on the subject of "Britain as a Peace-

maker Since 1945," and June Wilson, 3A, who wrote on the subject of "Cecil Rhodes, a Great Imperialist."



## FIRST YEAR PARTY

It is a school tradition for the Fifths to welcome the "freshers" of First and Fourth Years at a surprise party. How successfully the secret was kept this year is not known, but even if the guests were not surprised they appeared to have fun.

After marching into the Gym. to the strains of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," together with much clapping from Fifth Year en masse, our guests were entertained by a series of games,

capably compered by Pat Burt. The star feature of the afternoon was the autograph hunt, which proved easily the most popular game. Afternoon tea followed and then the seniors performed the war cry, with much gusto, in the quadrangle. We were afraid the Gym. might not stand the strain.

We hope you enjoyed the party, Firsts and Fourths. We of Fifth Year certainly did.

Elaine Lance, 5A.

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## LECTURES

### Professor Trendall's Lecture

On Monday, September 29th, 1947, Third, Fourth and Fifth Years attended in the Assembly Hall, a most enjoyable lecture, given by Professor Trendall on the subject of Ancient Rome. Using lantern slides, the Professor

made the topic most fascinating. His polished diction and subtle wit were, as always, a delight, and we look forward to having more visits from him.

Dorothy Cunningham, }  
Phyllis Trench. } 4A, 1947.

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## DIETETICS

On Wednesday, 10th December, the Fourth Years were privileged to see a number of excellent short films on the subject of food and general health. These films were made in Canada and the U.S.A. especially for school-children. In them the functions of the body and food, and the value of vaccination, were shown in a most entertaining way. In the first film the body was compared with an aeroplane, and it was shown how a body lacking certain necessities and receiving little good food will soon become too weak to resist

disease. The film on vaccination, a Walt Disney production, was most amusing, as well as being educational, for the corpuscles of the blood took the form of little red men, while the invading germs were small black spider-like creatures.

After the show Diana Vernon thanked Miss Wilson for giving us the opportunity of learning more about that important subject, the working of our bodies and the care necessary for retaining healthy ones.

Shirley Lewis, 4A, 1947.

## ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

In October, 1947, the Second Year Girls were privileged to attend an Orchestral Concert conducted by Joseph Post. The programme was a delightful selection of well-known favourites, which, Mr. Post explained, he had chosen in order that we might see familiar pieces come to life.

The first item was the overture from Weber's 'Der Freischütz.' Most popular with the audience were selections from Tchaikovsky's 'Nutcracker Suite,' including the 'Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies,' the Arab and Chinese dances, the 'Dance of the Flutes' and the 'Waltz of the Flowers,' with its glittering opening harp cadenza. Percy Grainger's 'Country Gardens,' Londonderry Air and 'Shepherd's Hey' completed the programme.

On April 28th the Fourth and Fifth Year Music Girls attended

a concert, the orchestra again being conducted by Joseph Post, who first presented what Professor Heinze calls 'A Walk through the Orchestra.'

Some extremely interesting and varied compositions were played, including Schubert's 'Rosamunde' Overture, Mendelssohn's Nocturne and Scherzo from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and two Hungarian Dances by Brahms. Perhaps the most enjoyable item was the presentation by the orchestra, with Geoffrey Parsons as soloist, of the first and second movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 25, for orchestra and piano.

The audience of schoolchildren took part in the concert by singing lustily 'The Ash Grove' and 'John Brown's Body.'

E. Peterson, 3B.

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## EILEEN JOYCE CONCERT—30th APRIL, 1948

Here in Australia, Miss Joyce is known mostly through her recordings, for she has visited this country only twice since she went abroad to study. She has always shown an interest in the future of young musicians, and schoolchildren this year were very fortunate, indeed, to be able to see and hear her play.

Before her recital, Miss Joyce reminded her audience of the skill required to play the piano, and of the fact that many people are apt to forget the hard work which lies beyond the actual playing.

The first selection was the 'Impromptu' in E flat, by Schubert. Everyone marvelled at her quick, nimble fingers as they seemed to dance up and down the piano, producing perfect harmony. This

was true also of Miss Joyce's next item, Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Capriccioso,' in which she transported us to 'a world of fairies, forests, spells and enchantments.'

Then we were recalled from this faraway world by the vigorous Prelude in G Minor of Rachmaninoff. Best of all was Miss Joyce's Chopin. Many critics hold that, of all pianists, she can best render his works as they should be rendered. She has just that light and emotional touch that his waltzes require. Her playing of the 'Polonaise' in A flat was a delight.

It was a memorable experience for us. We are deeply grateful to Miss Joyce for playing to us, and to Miss Cohen for giving us the opportunity of hearing her.

Pamela Hall.



## THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD

On the morning of 23rd September, 1947, a strange sight was to be seen in the playground. Sixty Fortians, of all shapes and sizes, were scattered in various corners, solemnly munching lettuce, pineapples, tomatoes and oranges, instead of the usual bulging sandwiches. All of us were conscious of a strange silence among those sixty solemn schoolchildren. It was intended, we were told, to preserve their voices for the great ordeal of competing in the State Juvenile Championship of High Schools in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

We Choir members left school early, rested during the afternoon, then decked ourselves in spotless blouses and carefully pressed tunics and sallied forth.

After hearing the excellent performance of the rival choirs, especially of Katoomba High School, our hopes sank somewhat; but, when the adjudicator's bell sounded, we took several deep breaths and rose to the occasion. Fully confident in Miss Taylor's ability to bring out the best in our voices, and so reward long weeks of hard training. In awarding our choir first prize, the adjudicator, Mr. Dan Hardy, said that its performance was some of the finest choral singing he had ever heard. The singing of

Bridge's 'Lullaby' he described as 'little short of exquisite,' and the mood and atmosphere of Scarlatti's 'The Violet' as truly and vividly portrayed.

Next morning at the Conservatorium, in the Senior Schools' Championship Choir Contest, we were feeling more confident after our success of the previous night, but the sight of the hall, full of people, and the sound of the adjudicator's bell, still had power to make us quake. Our songs were 'Deirdre's Farewell,' unaccompanied, and 'Linden Lea.' The other choirs sang beautifully, and we were almost ready to resign the cup which we won last year.

Mr. Hardy again gave us the honours, and said that the quality and tone of our choir was very rich and mature. We gained 191 marks out of the possible 200.

Our double success was crowned by a triumphal return to school and an invitation to sing the prize-winning songs at the Theatre Royal prize-winners' performance. A few days later the choir was signally honoured by a visit from that distinguished musician, Dr. Lloyd.

Later, we had the interesting experience of visiting Columbia Studios to make records of all the songs.

D. Hamilton, 5A.

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## THE CANDY MOP

Skip, skip, skip

To the candy shop;

My favourite candy

Is a candy-striped mop.

The candy mops are four for threepence.

I said to the man:

"If they are four for threepence,

They are three for twopence,

Two for a penny and one for nothing.

I'll have the candy;

That is one for nothing."

S. Flockhart, 1D.

# HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY

1947

## FACULTY OF ARTS

Year IV.

Leila Giles: Honours at Graduation in German. Class I.

Patricia Hallinan: Honours at Graduation in English, Class II.

Year III.

Helen Munro: Credit, English III. Year II.

Jennifer Woods: High Distinction and First Place, with the Frank Abbot Prize, Anthropology I.

Year I.

Betty Pritchard: Credit, English, History, Philosophy.

Valerie Chidgey: High Distinction, Botany I.; Credit, Psychology I.

Nancy Vining: Credit, Latin I.

June Totolos: Credit, English I.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE

Year II.

Alwyne Coster: High Distinction, 1st Place, Anatomy, Embryology and Histology; Distinction, Physiology; Credit, Bio-Chemistry.

Noelene Hardwicke: Credit, Anatomy.

Year I.

Lizette Potts: Distinction, Chemistry I.; Credit, Physics I., Zoology I., Botany I.

Miriam Auerbach: Credit, Chemistry I.

## FACULTY OF SCIENCE

Master of Science Degrees were gained by—

Patricia Stubbin, B.Sc., School of Chemistry.

Naida Gill, B.Sc., School of Organic Chemistry.

Year IV.

Elaine Bridges: Honours at Graduation, Mathematics, Class I.

Year II.

June McDevitt: Credit, Chemistry II., Bio-Chemistry I.

Joan Kennedy: Credit, Chemistry, Genetics.

Maisie Dwyer: Credit, Zoology II., Physiology I.

Year I.

Jill Jefferson: High Distinction, Geology I.; Credit, Chemistry I.

Margaret Miller: High Distinction, Geology; Credit, Chemistry.

Margaret Grant: Credit, Chemistry, Geology.

Annette Trinick: Distinction, Geology.

Elizabeth Hanlon: Distinction, Mathematics I.

Rose Brassil: Credit, Chemistry I.

Joan Charlwood: Credit, Chemistry I.

Pharmacy

Margaret Morgan: Credit, Botany I.

## BOARD OF SOCIAL STUDIES

Year I.

Mavis Heath: Credit, Biology and Social Hygiene.

Patricia Hallinan: Credit, Biology and Social Hygiene.

Year II.

Valerie Hands: Credit, Psychology B., Social Casework.

Lorna Davey, P.A.: Credit, Social Hygiene.



## THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION

The committee of the Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members the report for the year ending March, 1948.

The present membership of the Union totals 177, comprising 133 ordinary members and 44 life members.

This year a further step was taken towards the normality of pre-war days with a round of both social and formal events, which will culminate in our Centenary Year in 1949.

The enthusiastic 370 who attended the combined Old Girls and Old Boys' Annual Ball at Petersham Town Hall on June 19th voted it a great success, and the presentation of eight charming debutantes added an additional fillip to the occasion. Sir Bertram and Lady Stevens, both ex-students of the school, received the debutantes. Each union benefited socially, as well as financially—financially to the sum of £19/9/3.

In May, September and December, dances were held at Fort Street Boys' High School, and these proved very popular. On July 26th a picnic hike to Fuller's Bridge was undertaken, and was most enjoyable, in spite of the unsettled weather.

The theatre party in August was attended by 30 Old Girls and their friends, and proceeds totalled £2/12/6. On September 30th a "Mask Evening" at the school was particularly enjoyed by the "old" Old Girls.

October brought with it the Annual Dinner, which proved an outstanding success. There were 106 Old Girls present, and all were thrilled by the wonderful flowers sent by the present pupils. A small gift was sent to Miss Cruise with a letter telling her of the arrangements for the dinner. The Rachel Forster box was passed round, and the collection was included in the donation of three guineas sent to the hospital from the general fund. A donation of two guineas was sent to the Spastic Centre.

To conclude the social activities for the year, a Christmas Party was held at the school to welcome the new Old Girls. At this function Mrs. Mackey, who was Enid Elphinstone, our wartime President, was presented with a wedding gift with best wishes from the Union.

At the Annual Ball for 1948, held on April 1st, Miss Cohen, assisted by the Mayor of Petersham, received the seven debutantes. We received £52 as our share of the profits of that most enjoyable function.

The Committee retired after this successful effort, wishing the incoming committee the same enthusiasm and co-operation from the Old Girls as had made their tenure of office so stimulating and successful.

L. Bate and S. Kerr,  
Joint Secretaries.

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## TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle had a very satisfactory year. Nine meetings were held in the Botanic Gardens with an average attendance of



eight members. We were pleased to welcome Tory Wicks back in March. It was unfortunate that our vice-president and treasurer were not able to be with us regularly, and their presence was missed.

The Syllabus, Notable Diaries, was enjoyed by all, and the members who undertook to prepare the subjects gave interesting talks.

The Circle's representative, Mrs. Kerrison, attended committee meetings regularly, and kept us well-informed of Union matters. We were well represented at the Union Dinner.

The final meeting for the year took place at Gwen Caine's home, and took the form of a social af-

ternoon, and we thank her for her kindness.

The Syllabus for 1948 is Letters of Famous People, and an excellent choice has been made. New members will be very welcome on the third Sunday of the month in the Gardens at 2 p.m.

The Literary Circle's annual prize for the best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate in 1947 was won by Joan Lesslie.

That the Circle has been able to function so successfully for so many years is due to the keen interest taken by our president, Miss Turner, and we thank her for her valuable help.

Hilda Bourne,  
Hon. Secretary.

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## A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Balmain Teachers' College, roundings, but the inhabitants  
21st May, 1948.

Dear Fortians,

I believe this is the first time an ex-Fortian has written to you from Balmain Teachers' College, so I am faced with rather a weighty task in telling you of this "baby" in tertiary education.

This college was formed in 1946 as a temporary measure to cope with the overflow from Sydney College, which is still hopelessly overcrowded.

The college building is an old school. It is, consequently, a very unglamorous habitation, but to all ex-Fortians it is really a home away from home. We still have the same old drab asphalt playground, too small hall and inadequate gymnasium. The soot so familiar to all Fortians lingers here also; while the waterfront harmonies, like the poor, are always with us. Here, however, as at Fort Street, it is not the sur-

roundings, but the inhabitants who give the building life.

As the college is so young it is lacking in much of the tradition which clings to Fort Street after a century of school life. The responsibility thus falls on us to uphold those traditions which the college has acquired already, and to create new ones.

But enough of such solemnities! You are, I am sure, more interested in the actual life at college. We still find that home study is a necessary evil. We still have eight forty-minute periods a day, but we no longer have mere lessons. The lecturers (no longer teachers) lecture us, playtime is now recess, and we do not have homework, but assignments.

There is, of course, less compulsion, but the old exam bogey soon rears his ugly head and makes work a vital necessity. So you see that the actual routine differs little from that of school.



The curriculum is much wider, with such unfamiliar subjects as biology, psychology, teaching method and speech. The girls also take sewing, and we have to go back and do all the third, fourth, fifth and sixth class sewing.

This was quite a blow to the language girls, most of whom get quite a thrill out of equalling third class work. Writing also comes into our work, and after five years of developing an individual scrawl, the resumption of the letters taught in Primary School requires much self-conscious practice.

Naturally, the social aspect of life is more accented at college, and clubs of all types are actively encouraged. The idea of co-education causes some doubt among city girls, used to a cloistered life, at first; but eventually they learn to mingle naturally and freely with the opposite sex, finding them very useful at times, particularly at the fortnightly dances.

In June the whole college sets out for three weeks' practice teaching, and you know what it means for a class of unprincipled primary school children to get us in their clutches. First Year is absolutely petrified by the mournful tales of Second Year, and much practising of long division, etc., is carried on by all and sundry. The trouble with teaching arithmetic is that we are expected to keep one leap ahead of the pupils—a difficult matter for many of us.

These are, however, only minor worries. Meanwhile, life presents many novelties as we blithely set about learning that delightful song, "Bun, Bun, Buffy," or as we learn how to keep control without the use of a heavy whip.

Now I must wish good luck to all the school during this year, especially to the Thirds and Fifths, and send affectionate regards to the girls, the staff and Miss Cohen from all the ex-Fortians at B.T.C.

Jean McGrady.

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## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

The University,  
Sydney,  
May, 1948.

Dear Fortians,

On behalf of those of us who are now in the University, I am writing to assure you we are not lost, but gone before. At least, that is what we are hoping, for next year some of this year's Fifths should catch up with us again, and be only the vanguard of many of you reading this.

You will find, as we did, that life and work are both harder and more interesting, although the loss of the more extensive companionship of schoolmates and

the more intensive assistance of teachers is a deep one, and one which leaves you rather lost and lonely in the beginning. But with dramatics and debating, and dancing and sport, and all manner of clubs and societies to select from, settling down to being both busy and sociable is made as pleasant as possible. And to those of you who are seriously interested in subjects which you intend to carry on here, we can describe no interest like that of studying them at the much more intensive standards of the University—and the few difficulties of shortages and crowding can be



overcome with a little ingenuity and a lot of extra study in libraries.

We are hoping that the Fifths will persuade one of the teachers to bring some of them up to look over the place. Miss Dear brought a few of us two years ago, and the familiarity of the few vantage points we saw then proved

invaluable when we were beginning here amongst so much that was entirely new.

So until we see you again, let us wish you all the success in the forthcoming exams. which you and the teachers and the old school deserve.

Your Old Fifths,  
per Joan Lesslie.

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## LIFE AT OXFORD

It is rather difficult to sort out one's impressions of Oxford. It is a mixture of the ancient and the modern—the modern being represented by Lord Nuffield's motor works at Cowley, just a few miles from the town. It is also a mixture of University and Town; undergraduates in their caps and gowns jostle with the ordinary citizens on the overcrowded, narrow pavements. . . . There is no definite section which can be labelled "University," as in Sydney. The colleges are scattered over quite a wide radius, and these are what constitute the University.

The system is very strange to a newcomer—it has taken me a full ten months to understand it. Firstly, to obtain any degree here, one must be a member of a college. However, this does not mean that we all live in our respective colleges. Most of the undergraduates spend part of their three or four years here in licensed 'digs,' which are run by landladies, who are the butt of many jokes. However, I feel that these women have much to suffer!

Secondly, most of the teaching is done by college tutors; each student is allocated to a tutor, who is responsible for bringing the undergraduate to examination

standard, and also for his general behaviour and welfare.

During term in Oxford life is very full. On the academic side, there are the formal lectures, essays for one's tutor, and library work. Also, there are odd lectures in the evenings from all sorts of famous figures—leading politicians, authors and scientists. There are numerous concerts and plays. However, the body, as well as the mind, is adequately exercised, especially in the summer term, the highlight of which is "Eights Week." Each college has several rowing crews, who train industriously throughout April and May, for these races on the river "Isis." It is a grand sight to see the banks lined with people wearing gaudy college rowing caps and blazers. Each college has a barge, gaily painted and crammed to the point of capacity with undergraduates, cheering on their boats (and making rude comments on the boats of the other colleges).

The country around Oxford is magnificent, but so strange to Australian eyes. It is quite flat, and is arranged with mathematical precision. Each field is bounded by perfectly straight hedges; the trees are in perfectly straight lines; but I must say that I prefer this neatness to the straggling



Australian bush. However, many of my compatriots here regard this as a traitorous sentiment!

My laboratory looks directly on to the University Parks, which are at their best now, with rich green grass, trees of various colours—purple, copper, and every shade of green. These parks extend down to the "Isis," where I have spent many an hour punting. This is not as easy as it looks, the major difficulty being to prevent oneself from clinging to the pole and leaving the punt to shoot on without one.

My flat faces Merton College,

one of Oxford's most ancient foundations, and really very beautiful. However, there is one drawback—Merton possesses a loud bell, which rings persistently every morning very early.

I do feel that this is a most inadequate picture of Oxford, but my impressions are so muddled and varied that it is very hard to select the most important ones. One must live here to be able to understand the feelings, and the hold that it has on Oxonians.

June Lascelles,  
Somerville College,  
Oxford, 22-6/48.

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## BASKETBALL MATCH

### *Extra! Extra!! Sensational Battle Near Fort*

#### Eye-Witness Report

Publicus Vergilius sings in his 'Aeneid' of 'arms and the man'; let us to-day sing of arms and the women who first braved the basketball field in the face of all Fifth Year. Tuesday, 21st October, 1947, must go down to posterity as one of the most auspicious in the history of democracy. Never in the annals of education has such sorority between teacher and pupil been paralleled.

On this beautiful spring day, the staff of this venerable seat of learning had consented to meet their elder pupils in contest on the basketball field. The team was, however, kept a close secret until all juniors had departed; although, when interviewed by special correspondents, Miss Watkins admitted that Miss Rush was to be the goal post, while she herself was to be the ball. Miss Rishworth, when interviewed, said that time would tell.

Amid enthusiastic cheers from supporters, the staff team—re-

serves inclusive—marched on to the field, and it was at last revealed that the team was to be thus constructed:—Goalie, Miss Rush; assistant goalie, Miss Hales; attack wing, Miss Brown; centre, Miss Martin; defence wing, Miss Taylor; assistant defence, Miss Hamilton; defence, Miss Llewellyn.

The Fifth Year team included: Goalie, Shirley Cooper; assistant goalie, Enid Lewis; attack wing, Lesley Cabrera; centre, Alwyne Tomlin; defence wing, Pamela Bonney; assistant defence, M. Underwood; defence, June Lawson.

Miss Anderson very kindly acted as umpire.

Fifth Year, winning the toss, elected to have first pass, so the staff decided to use the easterly goal. From the outset Misses Llewellyn and Hamilton showed the deep affection that had grown over the years between them and Shirley and Enid by constantly hugging these young ladies round

the waist. Miss Hamilton, obviously heart-broken at the thought of Enid's impending departure, clung to her shorts, trailing behind her wherever she went.

Press cameras clicked as Miss Rush mounted a chair to throw a goal, and loud groans were heard as the ball, hovering for a moment on the ring, fell down outside. The game was played, of course, in accordance with Fort Street Staff Rules, the pupil team being under a slight disadvantage, as they had never played in this way before.

At half-time the score stood—

Staff: Goals, 0; tries, 5.

Fifth Year: Goals, 5; tries, 3.

At the resumption of play it was found that Misses Rush, Hales, Martin, Hamilton and Llewellyn had retired from the fray, but remained to cheer on their successors: Miss Watkins, goalie; Miss Dear, assistant goalie; Miss Kent-Hughes, attack wing; Miss Green, centre; Miss Bonnette, assistant defence. Miss Taylor valiantly maintained her position as defence wing.

During this period of play some of the spectators were heard to express doubts as to the impartiality of the umpire. They, themselves, however, showed slight prejudice by catching the ball as it passed to the side-line and throwing it to the nearest teacher.

At refreshment time the score was—

Staff: Goals, 3 (thrown by the umpire); tries, 5.

Fifth Year: Goals, 3; tries, 3.

As the bell rang for the third round, the staff team had again changed, Miss Hales replacing Miss Dear; Misses Llewellyn, Rishworth, Hamilton replacing Misses Kent-Hughes, Green and Bonnette.

This round saw some excellent work in the goal circle by Miss Llewellyn, and in the centre by Miss Rishworth. Misses Brown and Hamilton danced round the Fifth Year goal post in such a manner that it was observed to oscillate rapidly whenever Shirley or Enid prepared to aim at goal.

The score for this period was—

Staff: Goals, 2; tries, 23.

Fifth Year: Goals, 3; tries, 5.

Hence, by addition, the score at the close of play was—

Staff: Goals, 5; tries, 36.

Fifth Year: Goals, 11; tries, 11.

From these results it may be considered by the uninitiated that Fifth Year won the match. To these we say with the poet:

'Procul, O procul, est profani!' for, as it takes more hard work by far more people to gain thirty-six tries and five goals than to gain eleven tries and eleven goals, it is thought by the authorities that to the mistresses should be the honour and the praise for daring feats of strength.

Beth Smith, 5A. 1947.

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## OUR OLYMPIANS

A new chapter has been added to the school's history with the selection of our prefect, Judy Canty, as Olympic representative in broad jumping. The news set the school agog with excitement,

and pride mounted still higher when, money having been raised to send additional competitors, two old girls, Betty McKinnon and June Maston, were included as members of the relay team.





**Miss Betty McKinnon**

—By courtesy of the "Sydney Sun"

On Friday, June 4th, the three girls were invited to pay us a farewell visit, to receive our good wishes and a present from Fort Street. Miss Cohen wished the girls success, and Diana made the presentations. Judy's gifts were two lovely suitcases, one containing a rug, monogrammed handkerchiefs and nylon stockings, which evoked cries of envy and admiration from the rest of the school. The presents for June and Betty were suitcases, stockings, handkerchiefs, and an overnight bag for June. These gifts were purchased with money from a fund to which the girls, the Old Girls' Union, parents and friends contributed.

Judy, June and Betty all assured us that they would do their best for Fort Street and Australia and warmly thanked the contributors for their lovely gifts, which they said would remind them of Fort Street, ready to help and support them in every way.



**Two Fortians in England**

—By courtesy of the "S.M. Herald"

The girls are leaving by air this month and they will carry with them the best wishes of every Fortian past and present.

Colleen Nugent, 5A.

## SPORT

### ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held this year at Coogee Aquarium, on Monday, 8th March. The races took place in brilliant sunshine, and the Coca-Colo sold later in the afternoon was much in demand among the non-competitors.

The most exciting event was undoubtedly the House Relay, during which partisans from Kent House, adorned with gay red ribbons, hung over the railings and cheered their team on to victory.

Adrienne Kennard carried off several honours, including the School and Diving Championships, and Robin Hewitt, from the Junior School, also swam very well, these two girls securing many points for their houses. Bradfield, this year, won the coveted point score shield.

We greatly appreciated the work of organisation done by Miss Anderson, and extend our thanks to the visiting judges, Miss Matheson and Mr. Griffiths, who helped to make our carnival such a success.

—M. Heatley, 5A.

#### RESULTS.

School Championship: Adrienne Kennard. .

Junior Championship: Robin Hewitt.

16 Years and Over Championship: Shirley Bryant.

15 Years Championship: Adrienne Kennard.

14 Years Championship: Rosemary Lloyd-Owen.

13 Years Championship: Robin Hewitt.

12 Years Championship: Kay Millthorpe.

11 Years Championship: Coral Hewitt.

Breast Stroke Championship: Adrienne Kennard.

Junior Breast Stroke: Judith Anderson.

Back Stroke Championship: Suneve Lee.

Junior Back Stroke: Robin Hewitt.

Diving: Adrienne Kennard.

Junior Diving: Lois Joseph.

Rescue Race: Suneve Lee; Peggy McKellar.

Junior Rescue Race: Barbara Kay; Pat Heatley.

Six-Oar Race: Pat Little; Astrid Wagner; Diane Letcher.

House Relay (Senior): Kent House. .

House Relay (Junior): Bradfield House.

Point Score: 1, Bradfield; 2, York; 3, Kent; 4, Gloucester.

### THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS SWIMMING CARNIVAL

2nd APRIL, 1948.

On Friday, 2nd April, 1948, the Twenty-Eighth Annual Swimming Carnival was held at North Sydney Olympic Pool.

Sydney High again carried off the Shield and most of the Championships, while Tamworth, our guest country school, won the



Country High Schools' Shield and the Diving and Junior Championships.

As far as results were concerned, the day proved disappointing to Fort Street, as we were able to win only minor places.

Girls who scored places in heats were C. Hewitt, L. Buck, R. Hewitt and S. Lee.

The Minister for Education, Mr. Heffron, addressed the schools and trophies were presented by Mrs. Heffron.

## OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY

After four days of festivity during Centenary of Education Week, our School Sports took place on Friday, 23rd April, at Rushcutter's Bay Oval.

This year the main interest was centred on the Athletics, as the drink stall, the hot-dog stall and persistent peanut-sellers were the only distracting, though pleasant, features. There was no crowding for hot dogs as each girl clutched in her hot little hand one or several of the pink tickets which had been previously sold at school and which ensured that she receive one or several hot dogs. Congratulations to those who succeeded in removing the nagging question of former years from the minds of the girls at the end of the queue—"To get a hot-dog or not to get a hot-dog?"

Although the weather was dull and the traditional cold wind made its presence felt, the atmosphere was considerably brightened by the vivid house colour bands worn by the competitors and the huge bows and crepe paper "decorations" worn by our fair Fifths.

The Staff took great interest in this aspect of their pupils' education, especially in the prowess of our athletic star, Judy Canty, who retained the title of School Champion. Many thanks to the teachers who were in charge of recording, marshalling, and starting the events.

The barracking and cheering gladdened the hearts of Miss Arter and Miss Fischer, who saw their wares rapidly disappearing from the drink stall. The appetites of teachers, friends and "old girls" were catered for in the lunch-room at the back of the pavilion where Mrs. Patterson was in charge.

As the programme drew to a close the point score was awaited anxiously by every girl. The winning house was Bradfield (78) followed by Kent ( $62\frac{1}{2}$ ), Gloucester (47), and York ( $46\frac{1}{2}$ ). When the applause had ceased, we set off up the hill to the waiting trams, having spent an enjoyable day, one which we shall all remember.

D. Hamilton, 5A.

### RESULTS

- School Championship: Judy Canty.
- Junior Championship: Marlene Mathews.
- 16 Years Championship: Judy Canty.
- 15 Years Championship: Morna Christian.
- 14 Years Championship: Ruth Maston.
- 13 Years Championship: Marlene Mathews.
- 12 Years Championship: Beverley Allen.
- 11 Years Championship: Eve Holder.
- Skipping: Morna Christian.
- Junior Skipping: Marlene Mathews.

Orange Race: Lexie Harris.

Junior Orange Race: Ruth Maston.

Sack Race: Shirley Bryant.

Junior Sack Race: Elizabeth Cayzer.

House Relay (Upper): **Bradfield:** Ruth Maston, Valda Rutherford, Beverlee Saul, Jill Russon.

House Relay (Lower): **Kent:** Marlene, Mathews, Ngarito Blackler, Irene Sharp, Jacqueline Knibb.

Tunnel Ball (Upper): 1st: Kent; 2nd, Bradfield and Gloucester.

Tunnel Ball (Lower): 1st: Bradfield; 2nd: Kent; 3rd: York and Gloucester.

Circle Pass Ball (Upper): 1st: Kent; 2nd: Bradfield; 3rd: York and Gloucester.

Captain Ball (Lower): 1st: Bradfield; 2nd: Kent; 3rd: York and Gloucester.

Siamese Race: Margaret Woolnaugh.

Point Score: Bradfield, 78; Kent, 62½; Gloucester, 47; York, 46½.

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## COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS FIELD DAY

2nd July, 1948.

The Combined High Schools' Field Day was, for us, this year, a glorious day of sunshine and shouting and several triumphs. For the first time Fort Street Relay Team carried off the famous London Central Schools' Trophy which Miss Cohen brought back from London in 1936. The team members were L. Bryant, B. Saul, M. Christian and M. Mathews.

Marlene Mathews also collected more than half the 24 points we gained, by winning the Junior Championship and the Thirteen Years' Championship.

Lexie Harris won the Orange Race.

We congratulate St. George on winning the Caro Cup and Katoomba on winning the Country High Schools' Cup.

This year a new ball game, Circle Change Ball, was introduced, but though our team did well in the heats it was unsuccessful in the final.

Mrs. Gordon Young kindly presented the prizes and gave a short address.

E. Cousens, 4A.





## CONTRIBUTIONS

### THE "FIGHTING TEMERAIRE"

As long as the picture of the "Fighting Temeraire" remains to decorate the art galleries of the world, the British nation will have cause, not only to remember Joseph Mallord William Turner who painted it, but also the story of the mighty fighting ship which inspired him.

Turner was perhaps England's greatest colourist, and from his earliest years was a prodigy who was forever drawing and copying. When aged fifteen years, he entered the Royal Academy where he soon attained the distinction of showing his efforts in an Academy Exhibition. He loved nature and was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries in the medium of water colour. His genius lay in catching those elusive lights which enhance any atmospheric panorama. This reaches its finest expression in the "Fighting Temeraire". His skill in the handling of brilliant colour results in an art that is still unequalled by English artists, at least.

This famous battleship, the "Temeraire", played an historic part in the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. She was next in line to the Victory, upon which, everyone remembers, Nelson met his death. In the conflict against the French, the "Temeraire" fought gloriously and valiantly, maintaining the traditions of the Royal Navy. Besides being the inspiration of Turner's painting, Sir Henry Newbolt wrote a poem also called the "Fighting Temeraire". In this he refers to Turner's painting:

"Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
Temeraire! Temeraire!  
And she's fading down the river,  
Temeraire! Temeraire!  
Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
And she's fading down the river,  
But in England's song forever  
She's the Fighting Temeraire."

The painting shows the Temeraire approaching the docks where she is to be broken up; a somewhat inglorious end to such a valiant career.

As in all Turner's pictures and in this one particular the story is subordinate to the sunset scene. Turner has contrived to catch the atmosphere well. The colours glow under the magic of his brush. Their brilliance and soft, natural blending alone make the picture unforgettable. Yet the majesty of the old unconquered ship, the busyness of the sturdy, cheeky tug, and the almost ethereal calm are fittingly portrayed. For once, Nature seems in harmony with Mankind, as if the incomparable beauty of the sunset is a last tribute to man's creation, the "Fighting Temeraire".

Thus it is that in this picture, Turner has perhaps attained the zenith of his art. The "Fighting Temeraire" is a picture of both Art and History. It will always remind us that:

"We'll all be one in glory  
With the "Fighting Temeraire"  
As long as the picture keeps alive  
The memory of this great ship.

P. Butler, 4A.

## INTERNMENT CAMP — NORTH CHINA

"Have you ever known a school where study was important but not most important?"

You think, "Where ever could this be? I would love to know!"

"Sh! not so fast! You may change your mind."

The classroom was a dormitory, the desks a bed or hard wooden bench. In the winter we clustered around the stove in the centre of the room, but the only one who felt any warmth at all was the one who was almost sitting on the stove. The unlucky girls who could not get near the stove sat on beds with rugs and blankets round their legs and shoulders,

trying to take notes or working out maths problems, while their brain and fingers gradually froze.

Sometimes in the middle of a lesson the teacher's voice was drowned by a loud stamping noise—the class above had decided to jump up and down to keep warm. One junior class solved the problem by playing football—boys versus girls.

In the summer it was too hot for continual school, so we had two weeks' school, then two weeks' holiday throughout the "Great Heat."

And, of course we did not get any homework!

Catherine Warren, 5C.

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 THE NORTHERN APPROACH

There are several ways of approaching Fort Street Girls' High School, but the most attractive of them all is the approach by the road which sweeps around Observatory Hill, and leads to the side gate of the school.

The Observatory itself gives a dignity to the scene. From it down to the road sweep green lawns, still damp from the morning mist. Here they encounter a dark wall, covered by a creeper in all its autumn glory of bronze and red. The air here is fresh and clear, the sky bright and blue. Here is a refuge from the problems of Life itself; here Time seems to stand still, or, if it moves at all, one seems to step back into the early colonial days of old Sydney.

Towering old Moreton Bay fig trees throw thick, sombre shadows on the emerald green below.

Here and there gleams of sunlight filter through—bright shafts of gold. A fragment of a poem haunts me . . . "An isle of light—an isle of light—" How does the line go?

On my left is a high stone wall, beyond which I can hear the murmur of the traffic on the bridge. Strange as it may seem, the sound in the distance is subdued, rhythmical and melodious. In the distance the city is encircled by the receding mist, discoloured by smoke and dirt. Its tall buildings stand on the horizon—a city church, a warehouse, and in the foreground the solid strength of our century-old school.

I saunter slowly along the road, enjoying the scene of peace and tranquillity around me. How strange that this tiny corner should have survived within a stone's throw of one of the great arterial highways of our metropo-



lis! Presently the road meets the highway, and soon the school-gate comes into view. I realise that I have only a few minutes left before the day's work begins. Then the siren sounds, and I quicken my steps. At the last moment, as I look on the winding

road by which I have just come, the haunting line of poetry flashes through my mind:

"An isle of light embosom'd in  
the encircling gloom."

A lovely picture!

A. Randall, 4B.

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## K H A K I

When a soldier of to-day goes to battle against some enemy, he does not wear a uniform of conspicuous colour, wearing brigatly polished metal buttons, which provide an easy mark for enemy rifles.

Instead, he wears a uniform of a dull colour, called "Khaki," while the shine on his buttons and badges is dulled effectively by a touch of some paint solution. Few people, although they realise what a saving of life the adoption of this colour for military equipment means, stop to think about the fact, or to wonder when this colour was first used by armies.

During the Boer War of 1899, the British War Office, wishing to do all in its power to provide for the safety of those men who were so gallantly defending the Em-

pire, furnished the men with clothing of a colour resembling the vegetation in South Africa so that they could not be distinguished easily from their surroundings. This new colour was called khaki.

The men even dyed their horses this new colour by means of a mixture of permanganate of potash and water, so that Boer sharpshooters could not distinguish them from the veldt on which they stood. Barrels of paint were used, too, to make shiny swords, scabbards, lances, buttons and accoutrements dull and hard to distinguish from their surroundings.

The ruse of adopting this colour saved many lives in the Boer Wars, and has always been used since as a means of protecting our soldiers from enemy attack.

Bernice Gray, 5A.

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## CHRISTMAS EVE

Every Christmas Eve it's the same. We get no letters. Invariably Dad and I stand outside our gate waiting for the postman. It's heart-rending work. Always Dad has two shillings in his hand to give the postman just in case he reaches us. This is what happens:

Of course, we never expect him before seven o'clock. That is quite

impossible. We stand waiting in the twilight, and after a few attempts to go inside and give it all up, we finally hear a whistle with a curious tone, as if one had gulped for air in the middle of blowing.

"That," says Dad with superior knowledge, "is the hiccough."

At last the postman staggers into view and disappears into the next house with that peculiar blow, hiccough and whistle.

"That's the last of him," remarks Dad sadly, and suggests that we divert ourselves inside. But he knows, and I know, that we cannot tear ourselves away from the scene because it holds a wonderful fascination for us. This time, however, Dad is wrong; and after half an hour a dim figure is seen shuffling across the road and bursting into a rollicking song which we think must be a relation of the whistle. We wait again, but in vain. We turn sadly away, and feel even before Christmas Day has begun that the pudding will disappear and so make the day a failure.

To-night, Christmas Eve, we are here once more. After waiting a short time we hear a long steady whistle. I clutch Dad's arm. Something is definitely wrong. Before long we see for ourselves. The

postman goes into the first house.

We sigh, but wait; he is out again in five minutes.

"You don't think—," you say.

"He might reach—," says Dad.

We wait breathlessly. Another five minutes pass, and there, to our delight, we see the postman coming towards us. As he gets nearer, our eyes cannot move, for they are fixed on him. At last, Dad, recollecting the two shillings, murmurs:

"Would you like—?" The postman gives a long, suffering sigh. "Would you like—?" begins Dad again, then, with a look of inspiration coming into his eyes, "a nice strong cup of coffee?"

The postman breaks out into a grin.

"I'd love it," he declares.

Without hesitating, Dad grabs him and propels him towards our gate. It is a great moment!

Patricia Allison, 3B.

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## WORDS

"... Hoist with his own petard," came the dulcet tones of the radio announcer. A gong clanged derisively, signifying the failure of the hapless aspirant in the radio quiz. Piqued by my own ignorance, I unobtrusively left the room, sought the aid of a dictionary, and found that a petard was "a small engine of war used to blow in a door or a gate, or to make a breach in a wall."

The French origin of this word led me to think of the many French phrases which have crept into the language. These have always held a peculiar fascination for me, but, alas, the opportunities I find to use them are extremely rare. My attempts to

experiment with them are regarded with suspicion by friends and acquaintances alike. My especial favourite, "a propos," lies languishing in the nether region of my mind. The only way I find I can possibly use it is "a propos of nothing," particularly when writing this essay.

Unusual words have a fascination all their own, though it is difficult, and sometimes even dangerous, to introduce them into polite conversation. Consider the difficulty of conversing in a crowded room with an old and rather deaf lady on "the multiloquence of the milling multitude." I am quite sure her mouth would "mimp." Enough of "m's."



The letter "s" is a veritable treasure trove for the connoisseur of words. "Skulker" should, I think, replace the new slang word "spiv," as it has so many more unpleasant associations. Webster defines "skulduggery" as "contemptible actions," and a person indulging in such low practices could only be termed as a "slubberdegulleon," or, in simpler terms, "a mean, dirty, sorry wretch."

As well as words which have a vigour of expression by virtue of their associations, and which give colour to the language, there are others which, by the beauty of their sound, as well as meaning, compel us to use them. Words such as the "translucent" green of

the swelling sea, the "lush" green years, the "limpid" depths of a cool, deep pool, conjure up startlingly vivid pictures.

The English language is extraordinarily rich in "lovely, liquid 'l's". For a voice to be described as "mellifluent" is, I think, the highest possible praise. And who could fail to hear mentally "laughter" or a "tinkling bell?"

The infinite variety and extraordinary power of English awakens a feeling of deep veneration. Language, our chief means of expression, and our only means of communication, is one of the strongest ties, binding together Man and Man.

L. Bryant, 5A.

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## COREEN VALE SCHOOL

I attended, during the war, a small country school at Coreen Vale. The school was situated in a corner of a large wheat paddock. The fourteen pupils walked distances varying from a half to two and a half miles. The route I travelled was long, but first led through a scrub, offering welcome shade in summer and a little shelter in winter. This bush track led us beside the wheat paddocks, at the time lying fallow. As it was a drought year we encountered many pitiful sights alongside the road: sheep that had unsuccessfully searched for food in the scorched pasturelands, dying birds, and starving cattle.

The school was a small pisé building. Five benches served as different classrooms. Along the benches grooves were carved to hold pens, pencils and three ink-wells. Kerosene tins, shared by two pupils, held the required books, and backless forms served as seats. A large press almost ob-

scured one wall, and a small cupboard stood beside the teacher's table. This held the sewing for the girls and the new exercise books. A large wooden table outside in the porch served as a carpenter's bench for the boys, and the pegs above it held the hats and school-bags of the entire school. The drinking tank stood behind the building, and water was very sparingly used.

The pupils comprised seven boys and seven girls. It was more or less a family gathering as all were cousins, brothers or sisters. At one time an aunt taught her nieces and nephews at this school. Most teachers board with the relatives of the children.

The standard of the school work was surprisingly high, considering that the teacher had seven classes to cope with; and while the first and second classes were dramatising nursery rhymes the higher classes were struggling with algebra problems. School

opened every morning with the singing of two songs, the favourite being "Waltzing Matilda," and reciting the Pledge.

On Friday afternoons the school assembled outside to have sport. The games played were mostly relays, releasings and cockolorum, as the pupils were fond of run-

ning, and certainly excelled in it. A chip court was used by the seniors during these afternoons, and by the parents during the week-ends.

This school life was very pleasant, and I often look back at the wonderful time I experienced there.

Dawn Davies, 2A.

## PLAY-WRITING COMPETITION

Mrs. Hodgekins, a well-known Fort Street Old Girl, again donated prizes for a Senior and Junior Play-Writing Competition. We are very grateful to her for her efforts to foster original and creative work, and to encourage budding authors among us.

The results of the 1947 Competition were as follows:—

### SENIOR SCHOOL

First Prize: Merle Wilson, 5A, 1947, "Not the Ghost of a Chance."

Very Highly Commended: Marie Heatley, 4A.

Highly Commended: Dorothy

Hamilton, 4A; Barbara Nation, 4A; Joy Ada, 4D.

Commended: Merle Wilson, 5A (Second Play); Catherine Warren, 4A.

### JUNIOR SCHOOL

First Prize: Elizabeth Cayzer, 2B, "Let's Ski, or is it Skate?"  
Special Mention: Laurel Thomas, 3B.

Very Highly Commended: Jean Robinson, 3B; Margaret Giles, 2B.

Highly Commended: June Wilson, 2A; Pam Edwards, 2B; Peggy Lees, 2B; Barbara Whyte, 2B; Jill Russom, 2D; Elaine Ruth-erford, 1A; Cynthia Davis, 1B.

## 'LET'S SKI! — OR IS IT SKATE?'

### A One-Act Play

#### Characters:

Pam Kingsley: A newly-married girl of about twenty-two on her honeymoon.

Max Kingsley: Pam's husband, one year older than herself.

Mrs. Boyd: A wealthy widow.

Her Schmidt: A quiet, middle-aged German.

Mr. Cunningham: An English gentleman.

John and Jean Davis: Twins of fifteen.

The scene is a quaint dining-room of an old boarding-house in Switzerland. Herr Schmidt is reading the paper before a blazing fire. The door opens slowly and Pam's head appears around it.

Pam: Oh, darling, why didn't you tell me you were down here? I thought you were still in your pyjamas.

Herr Schmidt: Fraulein, I am not your darling, nor do I walk round in my er—er—piejamass!



Pam: Neither am I your frau-  
lein, but I am sorry. I thought  
you were Max, my husband. Have  
you seen him?

Herr Schmidt: Ach, he fell over  
der cliff.

Pam: What? Oh, no; n-ot Max.

Herr Schmidt: Nein, nein, de  
man in diss paper; vill you keep  
quiet?

Pam: Herr Schmidt, Max has  
never left me before. He might  
have been kidnapped!

(Mrs. Boyd enters).

Mrs. Boyd: What's this, a kid-  
napping? How exciting! Why,  
my dear Mrs. Kingsley, are you  
ill? No, it's frost-bite, you poor  
little pet.

Pam: No, no; it's Max—

Mrs. Boyd: Young Mr. Kings-  
ley, is it? Never mind, but he  
won't be as easy to rub snow on  
as you would.

Pam: Mrs. Boyd, you don't un-  
derstand; he is in his pyjamas.

Mrs. Boyd: Pyjamas? Well, he  
can go straight to bed and—

Pam: But he's gone!

Mrs. Boyd: Don't interrupt me.  
Where is your husband now?

Pam: He isn't, I mean, oh, he's  
gone! He is sleep-walking in his  
pyjamas out in the cold snow.

(Herr Schmidt blows his nose  
uncomfortably).

Mrs. Boyd: My dear I didn't  
realise; and he will be terribly  
frost-bitten out there.

Herr Schmidt (over his paper).  
I think it would be best iff you  
vent and made sure that he is in  
his py—er—er pyjamies!

Mrs. Boyd. That's the very  
thing, Mrs. Kingsley. I wouldn't  
be so sure that he is sleep-walking  
either; not the healthy man that  
he is.

(Pam leaves the room, almost  
bumping into John and Jean,  
who are dressed and ready for a  
ski).

John: Hullo, Mrs. Boyd and  
Herr Schmidt. Isn't it a wonder-  
ful day?

Mrs. Boyd: I wouldn't say so,  
young man. Mr. Kingsley is lying  
dead in the snow somewhere out  
there. (Waves her hand towards  
the window). Yes, and you two  
are going to skate in the snow.

Jean: Ski, Mrs. Boyd.

Mrs. Boyd: Don't interrupt! If  
you happen to come across a dead  
body while you're skating.

John and Jean: SKI-ING!

Mrs. Boyd: SKATING! If you  
do happen to come across a dead  
body it will be Max Kingsley.

John: My hat, you are cheer-  
ful! We don't intend to go look-  
ing for dead bodies, and, Mrs.  
Boyd, you skate on the ice—

Jean: And SKI in the SNOW!

Mrs. Boyd: Well, well, things  
have changed. When I was a  
girl—

John: What!

Mrs. Boyd: Hold your tongue!  
When I was a young girl it was  
the other way round.

Jean: Well, Mrs. Boyd, we are  
still going to SKI in the SNOW,  
even if we should be SKATING.

(John and Jean leave, laughing  
to themselves).

Herr Schmidt (putting his  
paper down): Mrs Boyd, do you  
er—, what is it, er— realise, that  
is it, do you realise that you were  
wrong? I mean, vell—

Mrs. Boyd: Of course I know it  
should be ski-ing, but do you  
think I would let two children  
get the better of me?

Herr Schmidt: Nein, but de  
first time you say skate instead  
of ski.

Mrs. Boyd: That was a mistake.  
Ah, here is Mrs. Kingsley!

Pam: He is dressed, Mrs.  
Boyd, so he couldn't be sleep-  
walking.

Mrs. Boyd: Well, you have no  
need to worry—about frost-bite,  
anyway.

Pam: But you see, he has taken  
the skis. He can't ski! He has  
never tried before, and he is so

silly when he tries something he has never done before.

Mrs. Boyd: Now, now; don't worry until you know for sure that he is dead.

Pam: He is on those terrible skis. He falls, he gets up, he goes on, and a cliff is near; he can't stop, he is going over—

Mrs. Boyd (very dramatically): And he is gone. His soul will forever haunt that chasm.

Pam: Max! (She grabs hold of the table to steady herself).

Herr Schmidt: There, see vot you have done? You haff frightened her to death.

Mr. Cunningham enters and relaxes on the sofa.

Mr. Cunningham: What is this? By Jove, surely not a mouse? This young lady is as white as a sheet.

Pam: It's Max! He is out in that cold snow ski-ing.

Mrs. Boyd: Yes, maybe he is lying at the bottom of a chasm.

Mr. Cunningham: Most probably from heart failure. You fall dead, you know. Or what about a broken neck?

Mrs. Boyd: Those two youngsters have gone ski-ing. They might break theirs.

Mr. Cunningham: Of course, I have never been ski-ing in my life. Too dangerous.

Herr Schmidt: You are a—er—vot iss it?

Mrs. Boyd: A fool?

Herr Schmidt: Yes, yes, a fool.

Mr. Cunningham: But, look here, old chap; you can't say that. Why, I have never suffered from not ski-ing.

Pam: I never want to ski after what has happened to Max. I want to go home.

(Herr Schmidt gets up and leaves the room).

Mrs. Boyd: Never mind, Mrs. Kingsley. A pretty lass like you can get as many husbands as she wants. You won't be without one for long.

Pam: I beg your pardon, Mrs. Boyd. I shall never marry again.

Mr. Cunningham: Ah! That's the spirit. No doubt you shall join him soon.

Pam (sobbing): He is lying out there in the snow, his face twisted with pain. He is dead (hysterically). He is gone! I shall never see him again!

(She faints at Mr. Cunningham's feet. Mrs. Boyd rushes over to her).

Mr. Cunningham: Dear me these young women! What next? First she throws her arms about, then she screams, then falls at my feet.

Mrs. Boyd: She's hysterical.

Mr. Cunningham: When she is lying at my feet like this do I take off my shoes?

Mrs. Boyd: No, you—you—, can't you see she has fainted?

Mr. Cunningham: What, fainted! By Jove!

Mr. Cunningham: Here is a jug of water. (He takes it and tips it over Pam's face).

Mrs. Boyd: Hey! What are you doing? If she doesn't die from the faint she will die with her death of cold. Here, help me with her on to the sofa.

Mr. Cunningham: She does look as though she has joined her husband, but I had better make sure. (He smartly slaps her on the face).

Mrs. Boyd (in a fury): You fiend! You call yourself a man! I'd say you are a monster. How dare you slap a lady on the face? (She slaps him on the face).

Mr. Cunningham: I say; I haven't fainted!

Mrs. Boyd: No, but you would make anyone else, with all your clever notions.

(Jean and John enter).

John: What's the commotion? A corpse, is it?

Mrs. Boyd: No, just fainted. You didn't skate for long.



Jean: No, we felt hungry. We can SKI later.

Pam (coming round): Max! Look out! You are coming to a cliff. Oh-h!

A voice from the door: Who is that calling me?

Mrs. Boyd: Herr Schmidt and Mr. Kingsley! Mr. Kingsley, how glad I am to see you. How did you get out of the chasm? Are any bones broken? Did you have a heart attack and fall on the snow? Who found you?

Max: Mrs. Boyd, what is all this, and what has happened to Pam? (He goes over to the sofa, and Pam slowly sits up).

Pam: Max—am I dead, too?

Max: Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Boyd; what have you done to my wife?

Mrs. Boyd: She thought you were dead; that you had gone out on the skis and had fallen into a chasm.

Mr. Cunningham: And she fainted at my feet

Max: Pam, I'm not dead. I am here, safe and sound.

Pam: But what—?

Max: I was taking a skiing lesson, and I am learning how to stop when there is a cliff ahead of me.

Mr. Cunningham: And what to do if you had a heart attack?

Mrs. Boyd: And frost-bite when you're in pyjamas?

Max: Pyjamas!

Pam: I thought you were in them. But, Max, why didn't you tell me?

Max: I thought you would have known.

John: And Herr Schmidt was the only one with brains enough to see where you were. He knew you could look after yourself.

Herr Schmidt (coughs uncomfortably): Mr. Kingsley was very sensible to haff skiing lessons. Why don't ve all, then one would not miss de other.

Mrs. Boyd: An excellent idea! Mr. Cunningham must learn, too. And as an extra thought we shall all learn how to stop ourselves from going over a cliff.

Elizabeth Cayzer, 3B.

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## PUCK AT FORT STREET

The scene is 3A classroom at Fort Street Girls' High School. We are acting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in such a lively fashion that it would make poor Shakespeare heave in his grave. The first fairy tramps on to the floor and proclaims in a loud voice:

"You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?"

The equally expressionless Puck opens wide the mouth, but no sound is emitted therefrom, and although it does remain thus for many minutes more, we ourselves are too amazed to notice the fact, for from the window a voice

hails us in no uncertain words, saying: "I am that merry wanderer of the night."

At the last word a small, nimble, green-clad, freckle-faced, pointed-eared atom of humanity bounces in out of the blue. He laughs impishly at our long-enduring task-mistress, thrusts thumbs into ears, waggles fingers, and pokes out his tongue to us all.

"Puck!" we all cry delightedly, for we have already perceived in our minds the channel of amusement which is opening out before us away from the usual dreary routine.

The siren wails just as Puck is completing his grimaces, and, of

course, he imitates it so that it sounds many times more blood-curdling than usual.

Our English teacher rises and goes towards the door. Puck flings it open and allows her to pass out quite unmolested. Nevertheless, with a look of scorn, he shouts after her: "I can put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." He twirls back into our room, where we are diligently collecting our science books before trooping down to the laboratory.

"Are you coming with us?" we ask eagerly.

"Ay, that I will," says Puck. "But I have 'some private schooling' for some of these teachers to attend to first."

"But, Puck," we query, "Why don't you go with 3B?"

"Those things do best please me that befall preposterously,"

quotes Puck. "That is why I am with 3A."

We all cheer him as he leaps off, crying over his shoulder as he goes—

"Up and down, up and down,  
Goblin, lead them up and down."

Gathering up our books and vaguely wondering who Puck is going to "lead up and down," we all rush down to the science room.

We crowd to the bench and collect the apparatus and begin to stir the soap solution and water. Immediately the bubbles rise, filling the whole room, and with the bubbles our spirits rise, too, and we feel as light as they.

Joining hands, with Puck in the middle, we leap and dance around through the myriads of rainbow-hued bubbles. None of us can say how long this will last till the siren rings, and we all come back to earth again.

"We'll have to clear up all this mess," we cry, looking at each other with crestfallen faces.

"Clear up all the mess!" echoes Puck, shrieking with laughter. "Whoever heard of doing such a thing?" Thereupon he darts to the ceiling and gives one mighty puff and the bubbles and mess are not, and the beakers and soap solution are tidily placed on the bench.

This done, he bounces to the floor and is out through the door and off down the corridor in a twinkling.

Needless to say, we all stream after him. However, the course of true fun "never did run smooth," as at the corner Puck meets us with the words, "I must away to Oberon."

"You're not going!" we gasp, realizing, however, that this fun was much too good to last.

"I go, I go, look how I go—  
Swifter than an arrow from the  
Tartar's bow,"

he cries, and is off like lightning.

We dash to the front gate and wave to him as he disappears rapidly over the top of the Shell Clock, and some faint words echo back to us that sound very much like "A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Anne Benson, 3A.

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## CLOUDS

A cloud is one of Nature's many masterpieces, and cloud-watching is a most absorbing and fascinating way of spending time. No matter what patterns they form, clouds are always beautiful.

White, fluffy clouds, like cotton wool scattered on a brilliant blue cloth, are apt to take on wonderful shapes if one is lying on one's back on a bright, sunny day, gazing upwards. Sometimes it seems



as though they are many white, woolly sheep, feeding on pastures of blue, and stopped from straying by the wind, which sends them hither and thither at will. Now they form a Spanish galleon, sailing majestically, with sails filled and flags flying. I imagine that she comes from South America, loaded with gold and emeralds.

Ragged and tattered clouds against a grey sky suggest wind-swept trees, tossing their branches which are ruthlessly torn off and scattered far and wide. Sometimes they look like the wild white horses, straining and foaming in an endless, sombre grey sea.

Long, grey-tinted clouds in a watery blue sky suggest all that is mysterious and somehow unreal. They sometimes seem to be tropical islands, hazy and

shrouded in mystery, like those islands of the South Seas which are there one day and gone the next. Sometimes they are like a mirage in the desert, dim and distant, like a beautiful city shining through a mist.

The loveliest of all the clouds are those at sunset. Tinted with crimson and gold, they look like a whole fleet of dreamships, sailing, ever sailing to the land beyond the sunset, where dreams come true. As they pass, they cast a golden net in which to catch the dreamers and thinkers of beautiful thoughts, and carry them to the place where their dreams are realised. I think that the real beauty of the sunset would be lost without clouds, which reflect all its loveliness and make it a miracle which fittingly ends every day.

Margaret Giles, 3B.

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## “THE TIME MACHINE.”

(By H. G. WELLS)

### (A BOOK REVIEW)

“The Time Machine,” typical of the scientific futuristic romances for which Wells is chiefly famous, is as fantastic as any boy could wish, but so much common sense and sound thought is exhibited in the explanation given that we ask ourselves if, after all, the idea is as preposterous as we at first imagined.

The story goes that a clever scientist, by exploring some peculiar subject known as Four Dimensional Geometry, has found a way of transporting oneself about in Time, the three dimensions known to us all as Length, Breadth and Height, being only secondary to the fourth dimension, in whose precincts one

ought to be able to move about as easily as he does in the other three. Of course, this is preposterous, and careful thought will clearly show the absurdity of it, but the idea serves as a vehicle for Wells to tell his story. The Time Traveller then journeys into a far future time, and upon returning to his own element, relates to his friends all that has happened in the future. It is quite ridiculous, of course, but very interesting.

The value of the book lies in this extraordinary tale. In the country of futurity in which the traveller finds himself, lives a race of happy little creatures resembling children in their men-

tal inferiority, physical frailty, and changeable natures. They live a life of perfect ease and contentment, in a land of gardens and castles, being waited upon by apparently unseen forces. The Traveller discovers, however, the truth of the matter, and relates it to his spellbound friends. The trade unions of the nineteenth century, suppressed as they were before 1900, led to terrific antagonism between upper and working classes, and the workers, trodden down and forced to live in ill-lit, ill-ventilated hovels, gradually came to shun light and air, preferring to work away feverishly in darkness and dirt, while the upper classes, relieved of all care and responsibility by the workers, declined mentally and physically. Science advanced and the comforts enjoyed by the rich folk increased enormously.

Gradually a plan was conceived in the minds of the workers. Everything unnecessary was obliterated from the earth, the upper classes were pampered by the degenerate workers of the darkness, and reduced to a state of utter helplessness until they became easy prey for the Morlocks, who had by this time become little more than beasts. Cannibalism was to be their revenge, and it was pursued religiously, captives being taken during the hours of darkness, and carried off into the filthy underground recesses, where they were devoured.

Such, then, is the ultimate state of humanity as seen and judged by Wells.

After exploring this ultimate state of Man, the Traveller journeys still further, and discovers that the earth, and eventually the whole solar system, will emerge as it was in the beginning, without shape, meaning or individuality; that the sun will again claim as her own the children that she bore, and that the end of all this human struggle is nothing. The insects we now perceive as microscopically small will, relieved of the domination of human life, regain the size of prehistoric monsters, eventually to be destroyed by the mighty impact of the planets.

This book, surveyed in 1948, contains obviously wrong prophecies, as events of the last fifty years show. Why, then, has it not become ridiculed by the general public? Perhaps it is because nobody takes it seriously, merely accepting it as an entertaining piece of fantasy. And it is certainly that. There is vivid language there, an exciting adventure and plenty of broad, definite colour, as well as ingenious explanation, coupled with profound thought. But it serves to remind us how impossible it is for any man to foretell the future, and it is illustrative of Wells' philosophy of an overwhelming Plan which, however hard human beings may try to alter it, is irrevocable.

L. Thomas, 4A.

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## MY PICTURE GALLERY.

On my bedroom wall are several wonderful paintings, of which my favourite is "The Road to the Sea," painted by R. Wintz. As I study it I imagine what Wintz

saw that inspired him to paint this marvellous picture.

The afternoon is gradually drawing to a close, making the people even more drowsy as they



rest in the front of their specklessly clean, small brick houses. A beam of sunlight stretches the width of the narrow, quiet, shadowy grey road which leads to the sea. The Northern French waterfront seems very quiet, like the rest of this fascinating scene, except when the small boats move slightly as the waves lap on to the shore. Overhead the grey clouds, tinged with silver, are slowly turning black as the night draws in.

Another favourite is "The End of the Village," by J. Ambrose. This painting impresses me by its simplicity.

In the foreground geese, flocksick for food, waddle lazily across the country lane. On either side are typical English cottages with thatched roofs, red brick chimneys and gay flowers and vines trailing up the walls. In mid picture can be seen a rolling hay waggon and a man walking beside it near the end of the lane. Beyond are undulating fields, and afar off low hills give the impression of distance. Overhead, grey silver-tinged clouds bring out the tone and richness of the pale blue sky.

Joan Griffiths, 1B.

### MY IDEAL HOME.

With its eyes staring out to sea, and its stone-flagged path-way stumbling erratically downwards, my haven is situated on the coast, at the Cornwall end of Southern England. The low stone cottage sits on a cliff near a little fishing village.

The village is picturesque and guide bookish, with its full quota of mellowed stone, straw thatch, old salts, stone jetties and old wives' tales.

My home is large and airy. It has a long, low living-room, with dark stained wood and bright

curtains blown in at the windows. The floors are stained wood, with cheerful rugs scattered at appropriate places.

I have a little cream two-seater car, so I am by no means tucked away in another world. There are modern fittings in the kitchen and bathroom, which do not look out of place. Imagination is so convenient.

I live in an atmosphere of salt, sea-spray and fishing nets, and in such an environment I believe I can be quite happy.

Elaine Peterson.

### VIVIEN MEETS HERSELF.

A vague feeling of unrest pervaded the air on that outwardly mellow afternoon in Spring. It reached the garden where a small girl, with a tiny wistful face, surrounded by a tangle of long, fiery red hair, sat motionless, an

abandoned book in her lap and a far-away expression in her eager green eyes.

Vivien was unhappy. She had the violent temper which is said to accompany hair of fire, so when playing with other child-

ren, if ever they crossed her, she flew into a passionate fury. For this reason playmates avoided her. So Vivien was a very lonely little girl.

As she sat in the garden, apparently idle, she was thinking busily. She had read somewhere that if one wished with the whole of one's being for something it would happen. Just now Vivien was ardently longing for a companion.

She wished with more and more vehemence. Then her lively imagination set to work.

Suddenly a tiny red-haired girl appeared on the grass beside her.

"Hullo!" Vivien greeted her joyfully. "What's your name?"

"Vivien," replied the little girl.

"Why, so is mine!" exclaimed the other possessor of that name excitedly. Then, after a moment's pause: "Who are you?"

"I'm you," replied the girl quietly.

"Oh, you poor thing!" cried Vivien, with heartfely sympathy. "Aren't tempers dreadful things to possess? Now, what shall we play?"

"Let's pretend we're fairies."

Vivien gave a little gasp of delight. "Fairies" was exactly what she had been wanting to play.

They had a delightful time and Vivien was exultant. As soon as she began to feel in the least tired of "fairies" and that it was a rather insipid game, her playmate suggested another, and a highly bloodthirsty game of 'mur-

derers' followed. Not once did the girl's wishes clash with Vivien's own. In fact, she seemed rather to anticipate them, so Vivien felt supremely happy.

Suddenly there was a call of "Vivien!" from indoors.

"Coming, Mother!" she called, and in that instant she found that her friend had vanished.

Vivien began to walk joyfully across the garden. She knew that the other Vivien had not been a dream, but a figment of her imagination, which she could recall at will so vividly as to make her seem alive.

Whenever the real world proved too sordid and frustrating she could escape to that shadowy, exquisite world of her dreams, of which Vivien was so fascinating a part. However, underneath her exaltation she was conscious of a growing sensation of uneasiness or guilt. Suddenly excited cries from next door drew her attention to where the Jones boys were having an unimaginative but highly satisfying game of soccer. Somehow, in comparison with their vigorous enjoyment, the other Vivien took on a shameful, unhealthy aspect.

Then Vivien made her decision. She realised that she must not see her ideal playmate again because she belonged to the exotic world of fantasy, in which Vivien lived too often, not to the busy world of reality which she must learn to face.

With a little sigh she walked slowly indoors.

Eva Sommer, 2A.



## A DAY AT SCHOOL

Then the little Fort Street schoolgirl  
 Grabbed a strap upon a tramcar,  
 Got her ticket from the tramguard;  
 Tried to learn her Latin homework—  
     Ambulabo, Ambulari.  
 But it was a vain endeavour,  
 For the tram was far too crowded.  
 Reaching school upon the siren,  
 Rushed into a noisy classroom,  
 Said "Good morning!" to her classmates;  
 Then began her busy schoolday.  
 Words and phrases; Mathematics;  
 French and Latin; proofs and reasons—  
 These, and many more, they taught her.  
 All the time, a noise terrific  
 Breaks the silence of the classroom—  
 "What is that, O Mighty Teacher,  
 What is that which drowns our voices?"  
 "That is but the trucks and lorries  
 Rolling past our busy schoolhouse,  
 Followed by a horse-drawn waggon;  
 Chains and harness rattling, squeaking.  
 You must learn to work against them,  
 And ignore their mighty clatter."  
 Now, at last the long day ended—  
 Tired now, our Fort Street schoolgirl  
 Grabbed a strap upon the tramcar,  
 Tried to learn her Latin homework.  
     Ambulavi, Ambulabo.

B. Nation, 5A.

## THE DESERTED GARDEN

The foulest weeds grow everywhere;  
 Alas! There is no one to care  
 For that, which once was beautiful and fair.  
 The stinging nettles wildly grow  
 Where once so long, oh, long ago  
 The sweetest fragrant flowers their blooms did show.  
 A little brook goes sadly through,  
 Which used to babble brightly to  
 The tune of gentle zephyrs, which so softly blew.  
 It alone remembers now  
 What wondrous things did God endow  
 Upon this poor dear garden, so deserted now.

Elaine Evans, 3B.

## VIOLINS

How soft the music of the violin  
 Stealing at dusk upon the twilit air,  
 Lifts back the curtains on the soul within  
 And frees with gentle touch the heart from care.  
 Ther speeds my joy on sweet uplifted wing,  
 And ranges far and wide on melody;  
 While in the darkening garden, night-birds sing  
 To dying day, a tranquil threnody.  
 Oft in the heat and press of busy hours,  
 With hands and mind full weighed without release,  
 I dream of silent, unfrequented bowers—  
 And sigh to catch that sound of heavenly peace.  
 And yet I know that with the evening fair,  
 I shall hear Truth and Music moving there.

J. Hodgkins, 4B.

## TO SUMMER

A sigh of summer stole across the bay,  
 A gentle wind from warm and fragrant sand;  
 The shivering poplar raised a questing hand.  
 The West, flamed richly as the dying day,  
 Stood poised against the mountain's ruddy glow,  
 Then slipped between her shining portals bright,  
 As swiftly sped the dim grey form of Night  
 O'er fading pastels of the vale below.  
 And cold, ah, cold, the chill stars glow and gleam;  
 Their sharp reflections strew the metalled bay:  
 Chaste and pale, the moon sends one thin beam  
 To freeze in silver splendour far away.  
 Oh, summer, was it all a drowsy dream—  
 Thy warm, sweet breath upon the dying day?  
Rosemary Lloyd-Owen, 4A.

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## DAY DREAMS

In the noisy, dusty city, I do wander all alone;  
 As I move along the streets each day, my thoughts are all my own.  
 I dream of open country, of tree and pasture green  
 And, resting in the tall gum's shade, the cattle can be seen.  
 I dream of deep, wide rivers, dried up by summer sun,  
 And on the far horizon I can see some sheepdogs run;  
 For sheep are scattered here and there, like white dots on the grass;  
 And riding on his stockhorse I can see the drover pass.  
 But soon my dream is ended, as I reach the school once more;  
 I lose the peace I've dreamt of as I hear the siren's roar:  
 It's place is quickly taken up by lesson, book and pen—  
 So I'll have to fill my day-dream in holidays again.  
Rosemary Weeden, 4A.

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## PERFECT BLISS

To be in bed when winter's here,  
 While loud winds howl at night;  
 To read a book by a blazing fire  
 With flames so red and bright.  
 To stand sometimes, in silent thought,  
 In sunlight, soft and warm;  
 To have fine times for holidays,  
 With ne'er a gale or storm;  
 To roam across an open field  
 While gentle breezes play,  
 To gather blossoms fresh with dew  
 From gardens trim and gay.  
 To lie upon the golden sands  
 And watch long waves roll in,  
 To have dear friends whom you can love  
 As you would your own kin.  
 To sit beneath a shady tree,  
 And day-dream for awhile;  
 To do your best and, for reward,  
 Receive a grateful smile.  
 To have a dog, a trusty friend,  
 Whose presence you would miss;  
 To hear sweet songs and music, too—  
 Yes, this is perfect bliss!

Valerie Traversi.



FOR THOUSANDS OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

# SUCCESS BEGINS HERE!



M.B.C. Headquarters  
eight spacious floors  
devoted solely to  
education

at Metropolitan Business  
College Headquarters

*where eight spacious floors are devoted to specialised training for careers in commerce and the professions.*

Year after year M.B.C. Students win outstanding Examination Results. Let next year be YOUR year at the M.B.C.

## SHORTHAND — TYPING

You can learn **SHORTER**hand (the revolutionary modern method of note-taking) or Pitman—whichever you prefer. The M.B.C. Pitman teaching staff has won the Pitman Shield every time it has been awarded—11 years of unbroken success.

★ Since October, 1942, 92 out of 101 I.P.S.A. Shorthand Typists Certificates (Sydney centre) have been won by M.B.C. students! Of these, 58 were **SHORTER**hand writers!

**GIRLS** METROPOLITAN Accountancy College — YOU may go to a Degree in Accountancy at M.B.C. Day Classes, with or without Shorthand and Typing.

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## Metropolitan Business College

ESTAB.  
54  
YEARS

Inquiries:

Summerhayes House, 6 Dalley St., Sydney.

BU5921

# David Jones'

FOR SERVICE SINCE 1838



## Radley

**THE TUNIC THAT GROWS WITH THE GIRL**

For growing schoolgirls, the "Radley" tunic is the perfect remedy. Cut from fine quality navy serge it has a 3in. hem for lengthening and generous side seams for enlargement. Made in three box-pleated styles, sizes 22in.-44in.; from 31/6 and 3 or 4 cps.

### Youth Centre

**FIFTH FLOOR, ELIZABETH STREET STORE**

HAS THESE TUNICS IN STOCK. AS WELL  
AS MANY OTHER SCHOOLGIRL REQUISITES





The  
**'NEW LOOK'**  
 is old fashioned!

**MENIVEN'S**  
**NEW ICE CREAM**  
 is the latest craze!!

**MENIVEN'S**  
**TUTTI-FRUTTI**  
**PURE FRUIT ICE CREAM**

ON SALE AT GENUINE  
 MENIVEN SHOPS EVERYWHERE

 An illustration of various fruits including a pineapple, a banana, and several oranges, scattered at the bottom right of the advertisement box.

## WHAT DO YOU MEAN "Dumb" ANIMALS?



THE DOG  
saves a bone

THE BEE  
collects honey



THE BEAR  
stores up fat

THE CAMEL  
carries water



THE SQUIRREL  
builds a reserve  
of nuts

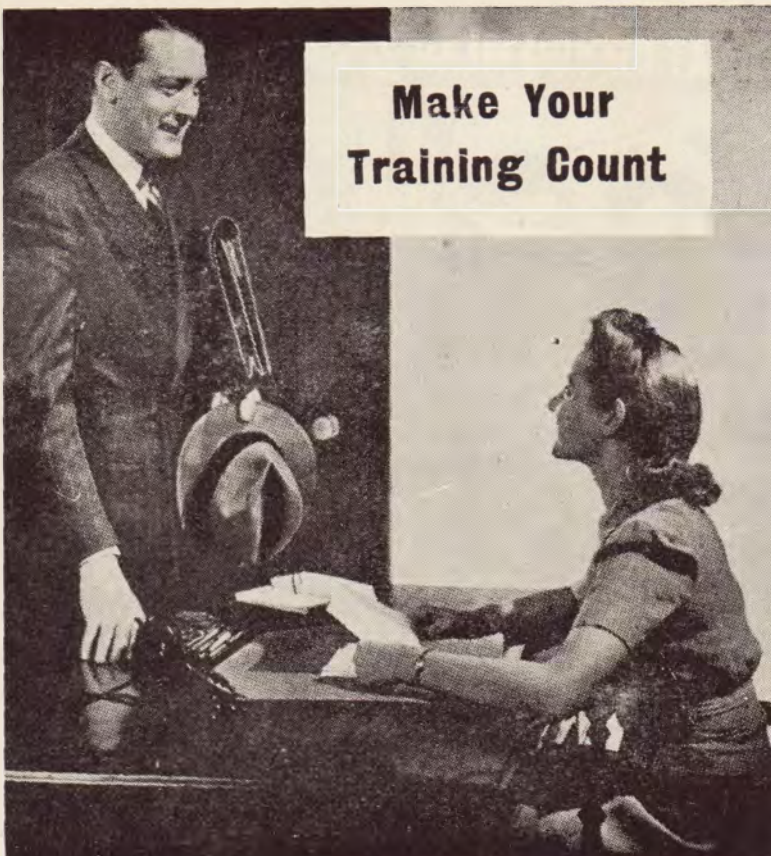
**Yes**

Nature has given men and the animals the urge to provide for future needs. Safeguard YOUR future by accumulating a "store" in an account with the

# COMMONWEALTH *Savings* BANK

CSB.23-72





## Make Your Training Count

The best office positions go to trained workers who have prepared themselves to succeed in business. There is no better way to get that training and preparation than by enrolling, on completion of your secondary education, at . . .

# STOTT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

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'Phone: M 2151.

Branches at Parramatta and Hurstville

# Farmer's

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*Such fine tailoring you never did see  
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Farmer's likes to keep you well dressed at school, likes to build your school clothes with plenty of growing room, to reinforce them at straining points for a rough and tumble existence. The people who make them know the way you like them tailored. On the "Young People's Floor" we have everything you need, in school and out.

*Serge tunics, built with three generous box pleats at front and back, in navy. Blouses in white tailored from an English cotton.*



# MACQUARIE Secretarial SCHOOL

Meet your friends next year at Macquarie Secretarial School.

Applications for enrolment are now being received by the Principal, who may be interviewed by appointment.

The course is of twelve months' duration, and the curriculum provides a thorough, practical training in all subjects necessary to qualify young women, who have completed their secondary education, for appointment to secretarial positions in the Commercial and Professional spheres.

Enrolments are limited to one hundred students and vacancies for 1949 will be filled in order of application.

**149 CASTLEREAGH STREET**  
(between Market and Park Streets)  
**SYDNEY**

Telephone: MA 5644

*The*  
**KAYSER**  
*"Look"*



The new look is a neat look, for feminine formality has returned to fashion. As a beautiful background to the season's splendour, wear smart Kayser Hosiery, sleek Kayser Lingerie and smooth Kayser Gloves for that . . . KAYSER "LOOK"

**KAYSER**

HOSIERY - WARMEES  
LINGERIE - GLOVES

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## An Important Question Now Answered!

Two Brilliant Australian Girls

● **BERYL WILLIAMS**

● **MILDRED NICOLL**

have proved under "International" conditions (time and accuracy) that the Australian

### SUMMERHAYES SHORTERhand

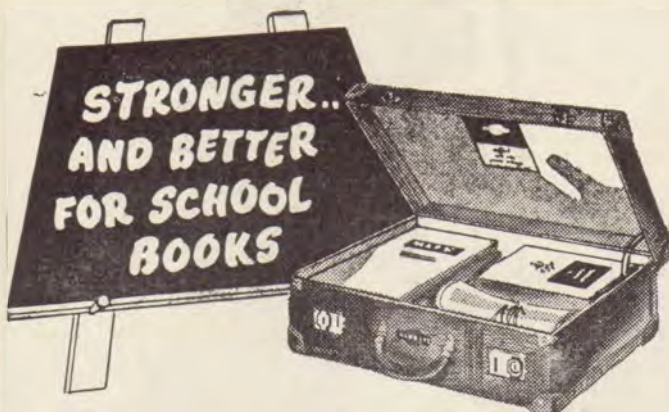
can do **210** words per minute  
and in record time.

Miss Beryl Williams has accomplished her speed in 15 months from beginning at the M.B.C. Secretarial Course—Feb. 1947, to May 1948.

Miss Mildred Nicoll passed at 150 w.p.m. under I.P.S.A. examiners after 37 weeks' tuition in a Shorthand-Typing Course, then three passes at 160 w.p.m. under M.B.C. examiners and a 3-minute preliminary test at 170 w.p.m. Mildred then left to go on a holiday with her parents. She had no regular practice in speed from that time till Nov., 1947, yet rose from 150 w.p.m. to a pass at 200 w.p.m. on 20th April, 1948, and another pass at 200 w.p.m. on 27th April—then to pass at 210 w.p.m. on 11th May. There are other "high-speed" students doing from 180 down to 150 in Summerhayes SHORTERhand.

## METROPOLITAN Business College

Inquiries: *Summerhayes House*, 6 Dalley St. BU 5921



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size for convenience in carrying and packing . . . 16" long. It keeps school books in better condition. Ask to see a Globite school case and feel how light it is.

Globite school cases are being manufactured as fast as materials and manpower permit. So be on the safe side . . . ask first for Globite.

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OBTAINABLE AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Manufacturers: FORD SHERINGTON LTD. (Wholesale only)

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## *Chocolate & Confectionery*

A Product of Australian  
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**Mastercraft Chocolate Company**

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## METROPOLITAN SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

Secretarial Diploma  
12 Months' Course

●  
Endeavour House  
Cnr. Pitt and Bridge Sts.  
**SYDNEY**

Principal: Elsie Hadden

Young women of to-day desire careers which will give them the opportunity to rise high in the business world. To those fitted by education and environment to assume responsibility, intensely interesting types of positions are open, such as secretarial work, office executive positions, etc. Complete and efficient training and the Metropolitan Secretarial College will provide you with a Full Secretarial Diploma Course, under the most modern conditions—under friendly and sympathetic teachers.

**University Graduates** are advised to take the Full Secretarial Diploma Course. In special circumstances **Under-graduates** may take the shorter business course and arrange for part-time attendance while continuing their studies at the University.

### M. S. C. CURRICULUM

Shorthand (or SHORTERhand), Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Business Administration, Applied Psychology, Office Routine, Business Correspondence, Business Economics, Interviews and Reception, etc.

Telephone BU 5921 for interviews with the Principal.

● FOR 1949

*Apply early for vacancies.*

### **SPECIAL 9 months M.B.C. SECRETARIAL COURSE**

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| (1) Summerhayes' SHORTERhand or Pitman       | 210<br>w.p.m<br>See p.56 |
| (2) Senior Typing; (3) Ele. Bookkeeping;     |                          |
| (4) Business Letter Composition, Spelling;   |                          |
| (5) Vocabulary Training; (6) Office Routine. |                          |
|  |                          |

**BEGINS** last week in January—**FINISHES** 31st Oct.

A splendid opportunity to reach proficiency quickly and to be placed in positions early in November. BU 5921 for details.

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WHATEVER GAME YOU PLAY . . .

. . . PLAY IT THE OLDFIELD WAY!

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FOUNTAIN AND WRITING INKS

SIMPSON'S INKS ARE:

Stringently Tested.  
Outstanding for Permanency and Brilliancy.  
Fast to Light and Water.  
Non-corroding with Steel Pens.



SIMPSON'S  
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Best Quality Gum.  
Office Paste (Paston).  
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SIMPSON'S INKS MADE IN AUSTRALIA  
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SHOES  
for the  
Schoolgirl

For the schoolgirl who desires style, comfort and wear. Made in Fractional Fittings, "Griffin" footwear provides the answer to the foot not quite fully developed.

Neat Derby Tie, in Black or Tan, with strong sewn soles and a heel not quite flat. Fractional Fittings B to D. Tiny feet, 8 to  $11\frac{1}{2}$ , 17/3; Girls, 12 to 3, 21/3; Maids,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 6, 23/9.

A little different! **Brown Calf Derby Tie Shoe**, featuring a brown suede saddle-sewn sole and a sports heel. In fractional fittings for the "teen-ager." A aA to C. Price, 28/3.



*Girls' Shoes*

*Second Floor*

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