



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL



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

AUGUST, 1951.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

**THE STAFF.**

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

*Deputy-Principal:* Miss B. SMITH, B.A.

*Department of English:*

Miss D. DEY, M.A. (Mistress).

Miss D. CROXON, B.A.

Miss E. COCHRANE, B.A.

Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.

Mrs. M. CRADDOCK, B.A.

Miss R. TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Miss K. CROOKS, B.A.

*Department of Classics:*

Miss M. GLANVILLE, B.A.

*Department of Mathematics:*

Miss E. KERR, B.A. (Mistress).

Miss I. GREEN, B.A.

Miss K. CONNOLLY, B.Sc.

Miss D. LLEWELLYN, B.Sc., B.Ec.

Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc.

Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc.

*Department of Science:*

Miss A. PUXLEY, B.Sc. (Mistress).

Miss V. HUNT, B.Sc.

Miss M. CHEETHAM, B.A.

Miss V. McMULLEN, B.Sc.

Miss J. CRAWFORD, B.A.

Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc.

*Department of Modern Languages:*

Miss B. MITCHELL, B.A. (Mistress).

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

Miss L. ARTER, B.A.

Mrs. M. PATTERSON, B.A.

Mrs. M. CRADDOCK, B.A.

Miss B. SMITH, B.A.

*Art:* Miss J. PALFREY.

*Needlework:* Miss J. BURTON.

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

*School Counsellor:* Miss J. ROBINSON, B.A.

*Physical Training:*

Miss N. ANDERSON.

Miss E. STERN, Dip. Phys. Ed.

*Magazine Editor:* Miss D. DEY, M.A.

*Sub-Editor:* Miss K. CROOKS, B.A.

*School Captain:* ROSEMARY RANDALL.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.





**PREFECTS, 1951.**

Back Row: Margaret Price, Merriel Begg, Deirdre Sloane, Helen McEwen, Margaret Simon, Beverley Tobin.  
 Front Row: Joan Kellar, Dawn Davies, Rosemary Randall (Captain), Molly Firth, Beryl Scaysbrook.



PORTRAIT OF MISS FANNY ALLEN, M.A., B.Sc.  
Principal of Fort Street Girls' High School.



## PORTRAIT OF MISS FANNY COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

We print in this issue, a reproduction of the portrait of Miss Fanny Cohen, the Principal of the school. This portrait, painted by W. A. Dargie, an Archibald Prize-winner, was presented to the school last year by the Fort Street Old Girls' Union. The portrait is a striking example of Dargie's art: it is unfortunate that the lovely colourings could not be reproduced in the photograph.

It was thought that many Old Girls, who are unable to visit the school and see the original, which hangs in the library, would appreciate seeing the reproduction published here.

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## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE.

In this year of celebration we must remember that the success of a nation depends largely on the education and character of the individual. In this regard, we must realise the importance of school and its activities.

Each one of us has experienced the excitement of entering a school, such as ours, but as the years progressed we found we had entered a community, the key-notes of which were helpfulness, consideration and understanding. As a result we have gained inspiration and it is this which has led us and will still lead us along the paths of ambition and achievement.

We shall always remember the pride with which Fort Street celebrated her own centenary. That first hundred years saw notable achievements and an impressive influence on national and social development. In this year, Australia's Jubilee, we realise that the school is training us to

take a leading part in the citizenship of the state. The progress of the nation was fittingly commemorated even in our own school, where much hard work was put into the production of the historical pageant, "The Australian Story." Here again Fortians proved their versatility.

In the world to-day men and women of high qualification and responsibility are being called upon, and as Fort Street has given in the past, she will continue to give in the future. It is while we are at school that we develop our character and what we are now, we will always be. So you can see that these are important years and we should develop our talents by taking part in the various activities of the school. In this way we can prepare ourselves for all situations and follow the advice of Princess Elizabeth who said a few years ago, "We must see our difficulties in the light I see them, as a great opportunity for you and me."

## CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

There have been comparatively few changes in the staff, since our Magazine was last published. Towards the end of last year, we were sorry to lose Mrs. J. Tierney from the English staff. Her place was taken by Miss E. Cochrane.

At the beginning of 1951 Mrs. N. Ramsay, Mrs. A. Chambers,

Miss J. Goldie and Miss H. Lanyon were appointed to other schools. Recently Miss M. Murray was transferred to Homebush Intermediate High School.

Newcomers to the staff are Miss M. Glanville, Mrs. Murphy, Miss V. Hunt, Miss H. Gordon and Miss E. Stern. We give them all a warm welcome.

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## MAJOR-GENERAL A. C. FEWTRELL.

We record, with keen regret, the death of Major-General A. C. Fewtrell on the 16th October, 1950. Hundreds attended the military funeral of this gallant soldier, but there were none who mourned his passing more sincerely than the pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School. Major-General Fewtrell always took a deep interest in the school's welfare and he was a familiar figure at our Speech Days and other functions.

We shall always remember that it was due to his kindly intervention, that the proposal to cut off a large section of the playground including the basket-ball field, to provide a vehicular

entrance to the school was abandoned. For the past ten years annual prizes were given by Major-General Fewtrell, to the girls with the best results in English and History in Years I. and IV. Last Speech Day a memorial was established in the form of two prizes to be known as the Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prizes.

Two other prizes were also established—the Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prizes—one to be given to the girl in Year V. for the best results in Chemistry, and the other to the girl who tops the list in Combined Physics and Chemistry in Year II.

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## SPEECH DAY, 1950.

Speech Day for all Fortians is a memorable occasion, marking the end of another school year. However, Speech Day of 1950 will always be remembered as it concluded a most successful year—

the first in the school's second century.

The girls, clad in white, arrived many half-hidden by huge bunches of flowers, and while some assisted in the decorating of



the stage, many wandered through the Botanical Gardens and chatted with their friends. Before long the positions of honour upon the stage, were filled by the Choir, and the winners of the hard-earned prizes and certificates.

Upon the arrival of the official party Speech Day was opened with the rendering of the School anthem. We were next privileged to hear the address of our Chairman, Dr. H. S. Wyndham, Secretary to the Department of Education. In her annual report Miss Cohen expressed her appreciation of the high standards reached in our school examinations in sport and in all school activities. Then Mr. H. D. Black gave an interesting address, saying that women's talents were needed more than ever in the present world-situation. He said that a large percentage of girls were not receiving a higher education and therefore a considerable amount of

ability was being lost to Australia.

Two delightful items from the Choir, "Down in the Gully," and "The Australian Sunrise," gave great pleasure to the audience. These were followed by an address by Mr. D. Clyne, M.L.A., who commented on the institution of the Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prizes and the Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prizes. He promised us that the Fanny Cohen Gymnasium would be completed in the near future.

After two more songs by the Choir Miss K. Clyne presented the prizes. Votes of thanks were passed by the Captain, Elizabeth Cayzer, and the Senior Prefect, Mollie Firth, in the absence of our Captain-elect, Rosemary Randall.

Thus a pleasant and memorable Speech Day came to an end.

Margaret Simon }  
Helen McEwan } 5A.

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### PRIZE-WINNERS, 1950.

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1950:—

**The Ada Partridge Prize** for the best Fort Street candidate: Elizabeth Cayzer.

**The Annie E. Turner Prize** for the best passes in English and History: Elizabeth Cayzer.

**The Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize:** June Wilson.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** for the best pass in Mathematics: Patricia Pomer.

**Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1950—**

**English, Class I.:** June Wilson, Pamela Edwards.

**Class II.:** Patricia Allison.

**History, Class I.:** Elizabeth Cayzer, Dorothy Jacobs, Joan Kelly.

**Class II.:** Gloria Linney.

**French, Class I.:** Christina Borland, Elizabeth Cayzer, Dorothy Kinny, Delys Warren.

**Class II.:** Gloria Ferrow, Margaret Packer.

**German, Class I.:** Christina Borland, Elizabeth Cayzer, Delys Warren.

**Class II.:** Gloria Ferrow.

**Latin, Class I.:** Olwyn Thomas.

**Chemistry, Class II.:** Margaret George, Olwyn Thomas.





SPEECH DAY AT THE CONSERVATORIUM, 1950.



**University Bursaries** were gained by Delys Warren and Christina Borland.

**University Exhibitions** were gained by—

**Faculty of Arts:** Elizabeth Cayzer, Olwyn Thomas.

**Faculty of Science:** Christine Borland, Delys Warren.

**A Music Scholarship**, tenable at the Conservatorium, was awarded to Jill Livingstone.

**Art Scholarships** tenable at the East Sydney Technical College were won by: Dagma Dawson, Barbara Bostock.

**Commonwealth Scholars hips** were gained by: Patricia Allison, Adrienne Bathgate, Christina Borland, Shirley Burton, Janette Campbell, Joy Carmichael, Elizabeth Cayzer, Pamela Edwards, Margaret Giles, Dorothy Jacobs, Maureen Kelly, Marlene Mitchell, Margaret Morton, Elaine Peterson, Olwyn Thomas, Delys Warren, Margaret Watts, June Wilson.

**Training College Scholarships** were gained by: Barbara Laidman, Barbara Bonney, Yvette Flynn, Margaret Packer, Patricia Neill, Dagma Dawson, Rhonda Turner, Marie Sindel, Elaine Evans, Dorothy Kinny, Margaret Lees, Patricia Wilkie, Heather Freeman, Pamela Mackie, Judith Raymond, Margaret Watts, Adrienne Bathgate, Lucy Dennett, Margaret Grandstedt, Morach Henderson, Adrienne Holt, Paula Lovett, Marlene Mitchell, Marie Purvis, Margaret Wilcox, Joan Kelly, Jean Caller, Marian Lillie, Jill Livingstone, Joan Puckeridge, Joan Rogers, Dawn Rowe, Mary See, Corinne Simpson, Beverley Wray.

**Intermediate Bursaries:—**

Seven bursaries awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate 1950, were gained by:— Dorothy Elbourne, Dawn Ragen, Betty Randall, Fay Roche, Margaret Sweet, Letty Topham and Marie Shirt.

**FIRST YEAR STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY.**

There are eighteen girls attending First Year Courses at the University.

**Faculty of Arts:** Jan Campbell, Elizabeth Cayzer, Elaine Peterson, Olwyn Thomas, Anne Benson, Pamela Edwards, June Wilson, Dorothy Jacobs, Roderica Mostyn, Elizabeth Makin, Joy Carmichael.

**Faculty of Science:** Christina Borland, Margaret Giles, Margaret Oram, Margaret George, Delys Warren.

**Faculty of Medicine:** Patricia Allison, Shirley Burton.

**Faculty of Economics:** Judith Doel.

**Pharmacy:** Maureen Kelly, Gloria Linney.

**FAREWELL TO MR. J. BACK.**

Late in April, Miss Cohen invited Mr. J. Back, Deputy Director-General of Education, and Mrs. Back to morning-tea with

the staff. Mr. Back has had a long association with the school, and in his official capacity was known and regarded by secondary



teachers as a guide, philosopher and friend. All members of the staff were therefore glad to have the opportunity of honouring the visitors.

After Miss Cohen had welcomed

the guests and had presented them with small mementos of their visit, Mr. Back thanked the staff and gave an interesting talk about his career in the Department of Education.

## PRIZE LIST.

### PRIZES.

Dux of the School: Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Christina Borland.  
 Dux of Year IV.: Lesley Hanks.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Jean Wolrige.  
 Dux of Year III. (Mollie Thornhill Prize): Joan Wilcox.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Patricia Conder.  
 Dux of Year II.: Kay Walton.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Merle Rose.  
 Dux of Year I.: Margaret Menser.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Jean Bruce.

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C. Examination, 1949): Laurel Thomas.  
 Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History in L.C. Examination, 1949): Heather McKay.  
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1949): Laurel Thomas.  
 Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1949): Beverley Bentley.  
 Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year III): Patricia Conder.  
 Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV.): Lesley Hanks.  
 Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize (History, Year II.): Alma Sneddon.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year IV.): Merriel Begg.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year I.): Joan Warren.  
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry, Year V.): Margaret Cullip.  
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry and Physics, Year II.): Nina Sneddon.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year IV.): Jean Wolrige.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year I.): Margaret Menser.

Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Science, Year III.): Joan Wilcox.  
 Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (German, Year II.): Pamela Levy.  
 Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (Latin, Year II.): Beverley Russell and Delysia Devlin.  
 Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year V.): Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year I.): Jill Thresher.  
 Special Prize donated by Mrs. Webb and Miss Sullivan (Chemistry and Physics, Year I.): Valma Steward.  
 Special Prizes donated by Mrs. Hodgkins for Best Contributions to School Magazine:  
 Senior School: Ethnee Nelson.  
 Junior School: Wendy Harvey.  
 L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:  
 Concours general: First Prize: Christina Borland.  
 Grade III, Third Prize: Delys Warren  
 Grade IV, First Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
 Practical French Class: First Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
 Prefects' Prize, Empire Day Essays:  
 Senior School: June Wilson.  
 Junior School: Joan Wilcox.  
 Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson: Robin Tout, Margaret Wilson, Beatrice Leeks, Jean Bruce.  
 McTier Prize presented by the Dickens Fellowship: Patricia Heatley.  
 Old Girls' Union Life Membership: Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Eisteddfod Cup, Senior School Championship Choir (16 and under): Fort Street Girls' High School—First Place.  
 Eisteddfod Cup, State Juvenile Choral Championship (age limit 16): Fort Street Girls' High School—First Place.  
 Eisteddfod Junior Championship (age limit 14 years): Fort Street Girls' High School—First Place.  
 Eisteddfod Cup Girls' School Choral Championship (age limit 18 years):



Fort Street Girls' High School—  
Second Place.

### CERTIFICATES.

#### YEAR V.

English: Pamela Edwards.  
History: Joan Kelly.  
Latin: Nanette Scott.  
German: Elizabeth Cayzer.  
Mathematics: Deirdre Sloane.  
Biology: Margaret Watts.  
Geography: Gloria Linney.  
Art: Margaret Steven.  
Music: Jill Livingstone.  
Needlework: Heather Freeman.  
Physical Training: Gloria Linney.

#### YEAR IV.

English: Eva Sommer.  
History: Norma Jollow.  
French: Lesley Hanks.  
German: Eva Sommer.  
Latin: Lillian Whitburn.  
Chemistry: Jean Wolrige.  
Biology: Lesley Hanks.  
Geography: Janet Jennens.  
Art: Pamela Smith.  
Music: Ellen Carr.  
Needlework: Lois Joseph.  
Physical Training: Dawn Davies.

#### YEAR III.

English: Patricia Conder.  
Latin: Patricia Conder.  
German: Vera Gertler.  
French: Joan Wilcox.  
Mathematics I.: Joan Wilcox.

Mathematics II.: Joan Wilcox.  
Geography: Dorothy Dawson.  
Art: Dawn Ragon.  
Music: Helen Sellar.  
Needlework: Jeanette O'Connor.  
Physical Training: Beverley Hammond

#### YEAR II.

English: Kay Walton.  
French: Alma Sneddon.  
Mathematics I.: Merle Rose.  
Mathematics II.: Beryl Sims.  
Geography: Edwina Grey, Robin George.  
Art: He'en Hendy.  
Music: Carol Bryant.  
Needlework: Robin George.  
Physical Training: Lois Medcalf.

#### YEAR I.

Geography: Judith Anderson.  
Art: Yvonne Watts.  
Needlework: Jean Bruce.  
Physical Training: Pamela Brown.

### LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1950.

Award of Merit—Second Bar: Yvette Flynn.  
Award of Merit: Janice Carter, Dawn Davies, Robin Hewitt, Kay Milthorpe, Dorothy Oakes, Margaret Simon, Joanne Smith, Jean Wolrige.  
Australian Bronze Cross: Judith Anderson, Barbara Collins, Barbara Cave, Mollie Firth, Margaret Newlyn, Judith Nelson, Deirdre Sloane, Diana Willis, Loretta Yum.

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## THE RIVER.

Thus the river babbled onwards  
Flowing o'er the stones and pebbles  
Laughing, gurgling at the scenery  
Talking of its journey seawards,  
Happy as the children playing  
Underneath the trees so shady;  
Calling to the cattle grazing,  
On the grass so green and tender;  
Singing like the birds above it  
Winding through the towns so busy  
Full of joyful working people.

—Elaine Percival, 2A.

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## BALLERINA.

Ballerina lightly tripping,  
O'er the 'stage so bright and gay.  
All your cares from you are slipping  
As you dance your heart away.

Nola Williams.



**CONGRATULATIONS TO:—**

**ELIZABETH CAYZER**, who was School Captain during 1950, and, in the Leaving Certificate Examination 1950, was successful in gaining the following prizes:—

The Fairfax Prize, awarded to the girl with the best Leaving Certificate pass in the State. The Queen Victoria Prize.

The Ada Partridge Prize, for the best Leaving Certificate pass by a Fort Street pupil.

The Annie E. Turner Prize, for the best pass gained at Fort Street in Leaving Certificate English and History.

The Mrs. English Prize, for French V.

(Photo by courtesy "Daily Telegraph.")



**LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS. 1950.**

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

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Applied Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 10, Ancient History; 12, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 13, Physics; 14, Chemistry; 15, Botany, 16, Geology; 17, Biology; 18, Geography; 19, Economics; 20, Theory and Practice of Music; 21, Art; 22, Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 23, Home Economics; 24, Accountancy; 25, Agriculture; 26, Agricultural Biology; 27, Woolcassing; 28, Physiology and Hygiene; 29, Zoology; 30, Greek; 31, Italian; 32, Chinese; 33, Hebrew; 34, Japanese; 35, Russian; 36, Technical Drawing; 37, Woodwork; 38, Metalwork; 39, Farm Mechanics; 40, Theory of Music; 41, Social Studies.

The letters H(1) signify first-class honours; H(2) second-class honours; A, first-class pass; B, second-class. The sign (o) denotes those who have passed in the oral tests in French, German, Italian and Russian.

Allison, P. D.: 1H(2) 3B 4B(o) 7A 9A 14A.  
 Bathgate, A. K.: 1A 3B 7A 9A 14A 18B.  
 Benson, A. M.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 7B 9B 17A.  
 Bonney, B. J.: 1A 3B 4B 7A 9A 17B.  
 Borland, C. W.: 1A 3H (1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5A 6A 14A.  
 Burton, S. M.: 1B 3A(o) 5B 6B 14A 20B.  
 Caller, J.: 1B 9A 18B 20B.  
 Campbell, J. M.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 7B 9A 17B.  
 Carmichael, J. D.: 1B 3A(o) 4B(o) 5A 6B 14B.  
 Cayzer, E. J.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 7A 9H(1).  
 Cullip, M. R.: 1A 2B 3B 7A 14B.  
 Cunningham, L.: 1B 3B 7B 9A 17B 18B.  
 Dawson, D. N.: 1A 9B 17B 18B 21A.  
 Dennett, L. E.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 17B 18A.  
 Doel, J. E.: 1A 3A 9B 17B 18B 20B.  
 Edwards, P. J.: 1H(1) 3B 7B 9A 17B 18A.  
 Evans, E. E.: 1B 3A(o) 4B(o) 7A 9A 17B.  
 Ferrow, G. R.: 1A 3H(2) (o) 4H(2) (o) 5B 6B 14B.  
 Figtree, M.: 1B 3B 9B 17B.  
 Freeman, H. M.: 1A 3B 7A 9B 14B 22A.  
 George, M. R.: 1A 3A 4A(o) 5A 6B 14H(2).  
 Giles, M. J.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 5A 6B 14A.  
 Gould, P. G.: 2A 3B 5B 6B 14A.  
 Granstedt, M. H.: 1A 7B 9B 14B 18B.  
 Hansen, D. M.: 1B 3B 9B 21B.  
 Hart, K. L.: 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 14B.  
 Henderson, M. A.: 1A 2B 3B 7B 9A 14B.  
 Holt, A. R.: 1B 7B 9B 17B 22A.  
 Jacobs, D. M.: 1A 3B 7B 9H(1) 17B 18B.  
 Kelly, J. P.: 1A 7A 9H(1) 17B 18A.  
 Kelly, M. G.: 1A 3A(o) 4B 7A 9A 14B.  
 Kinny, D. R.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4B(o) 5B 6B 14A.  
 Laidman, B.: 1A 3B 7B 9A 17A 18B.  
 Lees, M. J.: 1B 3A 7B 17B.  
 Lillie, M.: 1B 7A 9B 17B 18A.  
 Linney, G. R.: 1A 3B 7B 9H(2) 17B 18A.  
 Livingstone, J. B.: 1A 3B 9B 17B 18B 20B.  
 Lovett, P. P.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 17B 18B.  
 Mackie, P. A.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 14B.  
 Makin, E.: 1A 3B 7B 9A 17B 18B.  
 Maston, R. N.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 7A 9A 14A.  
 Mitchell, M. J.: 1A 3B 7A 9A 14A 18B.  
 Morris, J. M.: 1A 2B 3B 7B 9B 14B.  
 Morton, M. J.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 17B.  
 Mostyn, R. M.: 1B 7A 9A 17B 18B.  
 Musikant, L.: 1B 3B 9A 17B 18B 22A.  
 Neill, P. M.: 1B 3B 17B 18B 22B.  
 O'Connor, P. M.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 17B 22B.

Oram, M.: 1A 3B 5B 6B 14B.  
 Packer, M. O.: 1B 3H(2) (o) 4B(o) 7A 9B 17B.  
 Parkes, J. E.: 1B 3B 7A 9A 14A 18B.  
 Peterson, E. A.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 7A 9A 17B.  
 Poiner, P. E.: 1B 5A 6A 17B 22A.  
 Price, H. W.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 7B 17B.  
 Puckeridge, J. P.: 1A 3B 9A 17B 18B 21B.  
 Purvis, M. J.: 1A 2B 3B 7A 9A 17B.  
 Raymond, J. A.: 1A 3B 9B 17B 18B.  
 Rogers, J.: 1A 9B 17B 18B.  
 Rowe, D. E.: 1B 3B 17B 18B.  
 Schelling, M. E.: 1A 3B 9B 17B 18B 21B.  
 Scott, N. F.: 1B 2B 3B 7B 9B.  
 See, M. S.: 1A 3B 7B 9A 17B 21B.  
 Simpson, C. M. H.: 1A 3B 9B 17B 18B.  
 Sindel, M. G.: 1B 3B 4B 7B 9B.  
 Stevens, M. J. E.: 1A 7B 9A 17B 21B.  
 Thomas, O. C.: 1A 2H(1) 3A 5B 6B 14H(2).  
 Tobin, H. J.: 1B 2B 3B 9B 17B 18B.  
 Turner, R. S.: 1A 9A 17B 18A 22B.  
 Warren, D. E.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5B 6B 14A.  
 Watts, M. M.: 1A 3B(o) 7A 9A 17B 18B.  
 Whitelaw, F. J.: 1B 3B(o) 7B 9A 17B 18B.  
 Whyte, B. M.: 1A 7A 9B 17B.  
 Wilcox, M. L.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 17B 18B.  
 Wilkie, P. L.: 1B 3A(o) 9B 18B.  
 Wilson, J. M.: 1H 1) 2A 3A(o) 7B 9B 17B.  
 Wray, B. J.: 1A 3B 7A 9B 17B 18B.

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## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1950.

### SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Allen, B. G.; Anderson, M. F.; Arnott, A.  
 Balderson, M.; Barker, P. M.; Bastion, J.; Bell, J. E.; Bennett, L. J.; Blackler, N.; Bostock, B.; Bradley, W.; Browne, I. R.  
 Campbell, J. A.; Carter, B. M.; Cave, B. A.; Conder, P. M.  
 Davis, P. E.; Dawson, D. A.  
 Elbourne, D. S.; Erskine, D. J.; Everingham, D. R.  
 Fawcett, M. U.; Fishburn, A. J.; Fick, G. E.; Fuller, C. L.  
 Gallocher, M. J.; Görtler, V.; Giese, M.; Glover, J. E.; Gould, B. A.; Griffiths, J. M.; Guille, M. A.  
 Hake, S. M.; Hamilton, G.; Hammond, B. B.; Hansen, A. M.; Harrop, G.; Harvey, W. R.; Hewitt, C.; Hill, A. J.; Hinchey, Y. N.; Hole, D. A.; Howlett, J. S.; Hume, S. I.  
 Jones, C.  
 Kennedy, J. D.; Knibb, J. R.; Knox, B. M.  
 Latham, H.; Lawson, M. E.; Lawson, M. H.; Lee, E. G.; Letcher, D. L.  
 McDonald, D.; McIntosh, S. D.; McLachlan, J. D.; McNeilly, A. Y.; Macquaire, J. A.; Marsden, E. A.; Mason, I. D.; May, D. J.; Mellor, N.; Metz, J. A.; Morgan, S.  
 O'Connor, J.; O'Toole, J. M.  
 Pedersen, K. A.; Prigg, B. A.  
 Ragon, F. D.; Randall, B.; Rice, G. M.; Robinson, J.; Roche, F. R.; Ryan, A. H.  
 Saunderson, H. M.; Searle, V. A.; Sellar, H. E.; Sharp, I. M.; Shirt, M.; Smith, D. E. Y.; Smith, J.; Starr, J. A.; Strout, J. A.; Sweet, M. A.  
 Thomson, M. A.; Timmins, L. M.; Topham, L. E.  
 Uhr, M. A.  
 Waddington, A. K.; Wagner, A. H.; Wagner, F.; Watson, E. N.; Weir, M. O.; Wheeler, E. M.; White, P. H.; White, T. D.; Wilcox, J. F.; Willis, D. E.; Wilson, J. M.



## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY, 1951

Early in February, 1951, the Fort Street Girls' Dramatic Society resumed its meetings under the guidance of Miss Crooks. Since many members contributed their efforts to the Jubilee Pageant, the numbers decreased considerably during the first term. The membership now stands at 26. The girls not thus engaged enjoyed play readings and rehearsals of "Becky Sharpe," a play based on "Vanity Fair" by William Makepeace Thackeray.

The Society is rehearsing scenes from Bernard Shaw's witty satire "Pygmalion," a modern comedy called "The Bathroom Door"; "Campbell of Kilmohr," an historical tragedy, and also John Drinkwater's "X=0 or A Night of the Trojan War."

The members of the Society appreciate the improved lighting which has been installed in our Assembly Hall, and we hope it will help to add a great deal of success to our future productions.

Norma Smith, 5B.

Marilyn Skelton, 5C.

### PLAY DAY:

#### Second Term, 1950.

On August 23rd, 1950, four plays were presented by girls from the Dramatic Society, with a fifth from 4D girls.

The first play was Act III from "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde.

"Escape by Moonlight," a fantasy, was very well staged in a sincere and moving manner.

Then followed "The Truth Will Out," by Muriel and Sydney Box, a hilarious story of a club formed

by women for the hero-worship of a deceased film actor.

4D girls presented "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

The afternoon came to an end with "The Boatswain's Mate," a comedy excellently presented by girls from the Dramatic Society.

Congratulations go to producers Joan Buckeridge, Anita Pincas, Margaret Foster, Maureen Jones and Norma Smith.

Merriel Begg, 5A

### ELIZABETH BERGNER.

Monday, 12th August, was a day of culture for the privileged fourths and fifths. They attended a matinee performance of play readings by Elizabeth Bergner, a celebrated European actress.

Miss Bergner, dressed in simple black and seated at a small table, presented a charming and forceful reading of Schnitzler's "Fraulein Else." Taking each of the various roles, Miss Bergner held her audience spellbound till the very last words of the story. One was irresistibly drawn into the mind of the young girl, Else, and it was obvious that though the tension of the piece had been considerable, everyone in the small theatre was disappointed that it was over.

Then Miss Bergner read several extracts from the Bible in a warm and sincere manner. However, her fiery skill as a dramatic actress was shown best in her reading of the last act of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." Through the medium of her voice Miss Bergner gave an impressive interpretation of Joan of Arc.

The whole performance was unforgettable because all but the



voice of the characters of the plays, was left entirely to the imagination of the audience. That afternoon was one of the most memorable school outings of the year.

Anita Pincas, 4A.

### COMPETITIONS.

Pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School were successful in several competitions in essay-writing.

Rosemary Randall won first prize in an essay competition sponsored by the Rotary Club, on the subject, "That the United Nations Organization is our only hope for establishing world peace: or is there any alternative?"

The McTier Prize, offered by the Dickens Society for the best Essay on the following subject: "Dickens' Impressions of America as seen through the eyes of Martin Chuzzlewit" was won by Patricia Heatley. The Competition was state-wide.

The annual prizes given by the prefects of this school for the best Empire Day essays were won this year by Eva Sommer in the senior school and Janice Leaney in the junior school. The subjects on which they wrote were "Australia's Contribution to the Empire in the past Fifty Years," and "Why do we celebrate Empire Day?"

Mrs. Joyce Hodgkins' prizes for the best contributions to the School Magazine (1950 issue), were won by Ethnee Nelson and Wendy Harvey.

The winners of these prizes this year are June Robinson in the senior school, and Jill Thresher in the junior school. We congratulate all these girls on their success.

### DEBATES.

Since the last issue of our Magazine we have had two debates with Fort Street Boys' High School, one in August last year, and the second early in June, 1951.

The first debate was on the topic, "That the Press has done more harm than good." Our team consisted of Elizabeth Cayzer, Patricia Allison and June Morris. We are glad to say that on this occasion we won, though the margin was narrow. We wish to thank Mr. G. A. Cantello, the Principal of Balmain Teachers' College, for adjudicating.

The return debate was recently held at Fort Street Boys' High School. The subject for discussion was "That the parents of to-day are not bringing up their children in the best interests of the nation." Our speakers were Anita Pincas, Rosemary Randall and Pamela Mills. The result was a draw.

This year Inter-house debates were arranged. The Fifth Years have completed their round, and we wish to congratulate Bradfield on being the winner. Competitions in other years have not yet been completed.

### THE LIBRARY.

The Library, this year, has a "new look" for the floors are now covered with linoleum, and the general appearance has been greatly improved. The pictures of former head-mistresses, Miss A. Partridge and Miss E. Cruise, have been remounted and re-framed, and after new shelves have been put along the walls (the Education Department assures us this will be done) our Library will certainly have a new lease of life.



It is needless to say that new books have been added to our well-stocked shelves. This year we have concentrated on books on Music and Art. Such works as "Peasant Art in Europe" by K. Mann, "The Studio Year Book," "Decorative Art, 1950," and "Australian Art" by H. Badham are now available, in addition of course, to many others.

We record the following works as being representative of our new books on Music: "Music in the Middle Ages"; "Music in the Baroque Era"; "Music in the Romantic Era"; "Music in Our Time." We should like to thank Barbara Bostock, one of our ex-pupils for her gift of the "Oxford Companion to Music" to the Library.

The gift of "The Kontiki Expedition," presented by the

Librarians of 1950, is also gratefully accepted. Another presentation copy called "The Call of the Kimberleys" by Irene Shackeloth, an ex-Fortian, is greatly in demand.

Efforts have been made to add considerably to the fiction-library. Adventure stories, such as "Assignment in Brittany" and "The Unconquerable"—both by Helen MacInnes have proved popular. Of course old favourites such as D. K. Broster, Georgette Heyer and Baroness Orczy and others—have proved popular additions.

We are fortunate in having conscientious librarians, chosen from Fourth Year pupils, who take their duties seriously. In addition to being in attendance at recess and lunch-time each day, these girls repair books, and keep the library tidy. We conclude our report by thanking them.

The school mourned the death on May 5th, 1951, of Maureen McDevitt, aged 16 years. Maureen was a member of 5C class, and her

sincerity and quiet charm of manner won her many friends among both teachers and girls. Fort Street regrets her passing.

## VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL.

### PROFESSOR PERSIA CAMPBELL

On 14th August, 1950, Professor Persia Campbell, a former Fortian, now Professor of Economics at King's College, Flushing, U.S.A., gave an extremely interesting talk to the school. Professor Campbell, addressing us in the Assembly Hall, reminisced about her school days at Fort Street with Miss Partridge as Principal and Miss Cohen as Mistress of Mathematics.

She pointed out to us our importance in solving the

problems of human relationships. In a "little moral on the side" as she called it, Professor Campbell compared the knowledge of truth, which we were learning at Fort Street, to an "acorn which grows into a tree." It was at Fort Street that Professor Campbell believes she acquired her optimistic outlook—her faith in the bright future of mankind.

It is no doubt this outlook coupled with a passion for travelling, which makes Professor Campbell try to and succeed in

remaining young. If we could all do this as well as she, it might help to make the better world which Professor Campbell so earnestly desired.

The thunderous burst of applause which followed the address was repeated after Miss Cohen and the school captain had passed a vote of thanks to Professor Campbell. Three beautiful songs by the school choir brought the morning to a pleasant close.

Anita Pincas, 5A.

#### WILLIAM DARGIE.

During third term, 1950, we welcomed to the school Mr. Dargie, who had been commissioned by the Fort Street Old Girls' Union to paint the portrait of Miss Cohen.

Mr. Dargie made an interesting speech to the assembled school, and said that he enjoyed his first visit to Fort Street.

#### DR. JAMES CONANT.

On Friday, 20th July, 1951, Dr. J. B. Conant, President of Harvard University, and Mrs. Conant, together with Professor C. R. McRae, of Sydney University,

visited our school. We were greatly honoured to have such distinguished visitors, and appreciate the fact that one of America's leading scientists and educationists found time to come and see us.

Dr. Conant was in Australia to take part in a Science Conference at Canberra. He is a member of many American Academic Societies, of the Royal Society of London and the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Dr. Conant was honoured by the United States Government for his work in World War II, by being awarded the Medal for Merit. His services to the Allied cause were also recognised by the British Government who awarded him the C.B.E.

During his visit to our school Dr. Conant addressed the pupils in the Assembly Hall. He stressed the close association between all Anglo-Saxon peoples, and spoke of our common culture and our common problems.

After the School Choir had sung, the Captain of the School presented Dr. Conant with a small memento of his visit.

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## THE CHOIR AT THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1950.

Once again this year after many weeks of hard work, and much worry and anxiety, the Choir was once more ready to sing in the Eisteddfod. Having heeded Mrs. Murray's advice as to what to eat, and how neatly we were to be dressed, we arrived at the Conservatorium at 9 a.m. on the 18th September. We were to sing in the Girls' School Championship, a section we had not previously

entered. Mr. Mellish, the adjudicator, complimented us on our singing of "The Australian Sunrise" and "Song of Ermine," but we lost, by three points.

Having had our lunch and a pleasant wander round the Botanical Gardens, we assembled again outside the Conservatorium. This time the adjudicator, Mr. Olliver, awarded us first place in the Senior Schools' Championship.



We then had a rest until the following night, but we were all thrilled to learn that the Junior Choir had won their section with their beautiful singing of "Sea Cradle Song." At night we went to the Assembly Hall for the State Juvenile Choral Championship, which we had won previously for five years. Our spirits fell as Mr. Olliver complimented the Conservatorium Choir on their choice of song, but he went on to say that

we had again won with our singing of "Down in the Gully" and "Come Unto those Yellow Sands."

Recently we made a recording at the Radio Theatre, and had our photograph taken. We all thank Mrs. Marray for the wonderful way in which she conducts our choir, and we sincerely hope that next year's choir will again be victorious.

Lillian Whitburn.

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## THE EISTEDDFOD JUBILEE CONCERT.

The School Choir was honoured to receive an invitation from the Eisteddfod Council to sing on April 12th, at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Concert, in celebration of the Jubilee of the Commonwealth of Australia. The programme was presented by Championship and winning choirs, groups and soloists of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and a celebrity artist, the famous pianist, Isador Goodman.

In addition, to our choir, there were two others, both adult, as we were representing the junior sections of the Eisteddfod. While we were being ushered into our seats behind the stage, where we sat during the whole performance, the grand organ was being played behind us.

The programme was certainly varied with a verse-speaking

choir, a group of Highland dancers, modern songs, a violin solo, an operatic aria, and a ballet group before we appeared. We sang "Down in the Gully" by Evans, and "Australian Sunrise" by Hutchens. After we had hurried back to our seats, Mr. Isador Goodman came on stage and rendered "Nocturne" by Chopin and "Hungarian Rhapsody" by Litz. The whole performance was both entertaining and enjoyable.

Wendy Harvey, 4C.

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The School Choir has been entered in the Regional Metropolitan Section of the Australian School Choral Festival, and will sing "Australia, Happy Isle" by Lindley Evans.

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## EMPIRE DAY, 1951.

On Thursday, 24th May, the whole school gathered in the Assembly Hall once more, to celebrate Empire Day. Instead of the

usual procedure of inviting visitors to join with us in our celebrations, the Prefects conducted the ceremony.

The proceedings were opened with the Choir singing "Advance Australia Fair."

The captain, Rosemary Randall, acting in the capacity of chairman, then read the Earl of Gowrie's message to the youth of Empire. The message told us to be brave in these times of stress and to remember that the British nations had learned to work together in one happy brotherhood.

Two of the prefects gave speeches; Deirde Sloane speaking

on the part played by Australia as a member of the Empire during the past fifty years; and Merriel Begg, who took for her topic, "The Changing Empire."

After more songs from the choir Mollie Firth proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, the speakers and the choir for their contributions to the simple but impressive ceremony which came to an end with the choir singing the National Anthem.

Merriel Begg, 5A.

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### SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS.

We are delighted to record that work is proceeding on the new "Fanny Cohen Gymnasium." The plans provide for spacious gym-hall, and the most up-to-date gymnasium facilities—an office, a well equipped first-aid room, and large storage space for all equipment. The authorities have promised that the work will be completed and the building in use by the end of 1951.

Our thanks are due to the Department of Education, which was responsible for the improving of facilities in the Assembly Hall. During the first term the stage was extended, and the stage proscenium repainted. New stage lights, with an enlarged switch-

board complete with dimmers, will provide adequate lighting for future school productions.

To add the final touch to all these technical improvements, Miss Cohen decided to buy new stage curtains—beautiful dark red velvet curtains, which were installed in time for the Jubilee pageant. They look most attractive, in contrast with the cream proscenium.

The fifth year girls of 1951 made a gift to the school of a number of framed prints, which have been hung in the fifth year class-rooms. There are some beautiful studies by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Van Gogh and Gainsborough.

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### THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1951 were elected at the beginning of first term. They are:—

Rosemary Randall (Captain), Kay Milthorpe (Year V), Ngarita Blackler (Year IV), Patricia Brown (Year III), Kay Abbott

(Year II), Lucille Clifton (Year I). Margaret Lawson (Year IV) is the Secretary.

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



## FAREWELL DAY, 1950.

Anticipation, they say, is the best part of the pleasure. However, in regard to our Annual Farewell Day, this statement is only partially true, as nothing could have been better than the day itself.

This is the day to which the whole school looks forward. Even Old Sol condescended to smile down on the morning of November 3rd, as Fourths and Fifths strolled up the highway.

On this occasion the Fifth years adopted the roles of ladies, admiring frocks, taking photographs and obliging enthusiastic swarms of autograph hunters. On the other hand, the fourths displayed their adaptability as they took up all positions ranging from that of caterers to interior decorators. Who would have believed that the science room could give such a festive, happy impression? However, with the help of balloons, streamers and willing hands, this room and the gym were miraculously converted.

In the afternoon, Miss Cohen, the staff and several distinguished guests mounted the flower-banked stage of the gym from where they gazed upon that sea of innocent faces come to farewell their seniors. Even our departing Third years seemed sad for a moment when in her touching speech Miss Cohen expressed her regret at these juniors forsaking the pleasures and advantages of senior school life. With other interesting addresses, excellent speeches from both old and new captains and

prefects, and enjoyable items from the junior choir, the time flew, until finally everyone, including the fourths who had disposed of their crippling shoes, rose to sing lustily the school song and clap out our examination candidates.

By means of a guard of honour of beaming, appreciative faces, teachers, prefects, visitors and fifth years entered the dining room where astonishingly huge amounts of food were consumed as the last words of that animated war-cry died away. Toasts and further speeches were delivered and when the last crumb had been devoured, the gym was sought by fifths eager to dance out their last hour at school.

The old prefects having received their gifts from the "parcel," the fourth years present serenaded Elizabeth with "She's Got a Lovely Bunch of Prefects." Even with the floor rationed to two square inches per person and with feet aching, the dancing, rewarded with various prizes, continued until Old Father Time overtook us, and we had to tear ourselves away. Having sung "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne," the fifths dissolved into those traditional floods of tears, and as the old bell mournfully tolled out its last good-bye, the fourths finished their cleaning up, and trudged down "yon well-known hill" to the station.

Pamela Mills, 5A.

Marion Nye, 5A.

## HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY, 1950.

### Faculty of Arts.

- Betty Pritchard: Honours at Graduation in English, Class III.  
Merle Wilson: Credit, English III.  
Ann Gilchrist: Distinction, Latin III.  
Barbara Hay: High Distinction, Philosophy III.  
Amy C. Moran: High Distinction, Music III  
Sylvia Lawson: Credit, Philosophy I.; Credit, English I; Credit, Psychology I  
Heather McKay: Credit, English I; Credit, Latin I.  
Beth Andreoni: Credit, History I.

### Faculty of Science.

- Edith M. Guy: Distinction, Mathematics II.

Beverley Bentley: Credit, Physics I.

Famela Nicholson: Credit, Chemistry I.

### Faculty of Veterinary Science.

Margot McKinney: Credit in Veterinary Pathology; Credit in Biochemistry; Credit in Veterinary Pharmacology (Year III).

### Faculty of Medicine.

Alwyne Coster: High Distinction in Psychiatry; Credit in Medical Ethics (Year V).

Laurel Thomas: Credit in Chemistry I; Credit in Botany I

Marion Bowie: Credit in Physiology (Year III).

Alwynne Tomlin: Credit in Biochemistry (Year III).

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## THE 31st ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Committee of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union has much pleasure in presenting to its members the report for the year ending May, 1951.

The first outing held by the Union was a Theatre Party to see "The Girl Who Couldn't Quite" at the Palace Theatre on June 8th, 1950. A total of 72 members attended and the profit made on this evening was £4/10/-.

One hundred Fortians and their friends attended the National Arts Council Ballet at the Empire Theatre on July 4th and spent a very enjoyable evening. The total profit obtained at this successful Theatre Party was £6/10/-.

On 14th September, 40 people attended a Film Evening at the School. Members brought their own tea, and it is hoped that more of these evenings may be enjoyed in the coming year.

October brought with it the Annual Dinner, which proved an outstanding success. There were 159 Old Girls present, all of whom had an enjoyable evening renewing old friendships and talking of past schooldays. A bouquet of flowers was sent to Miss Cruise with a letter expressing the regret of the Union that she could not be present at this annual function. Miss Enid Strong and Mrs. G. Baker, two members of the



Union, entertained those present. School Magazines were sold during the evening and new subscriptions were received from members. An excellent dinner was provided by the State Ballroom, and all those who attended voted the evening a grand success.

To conclude the social activities for the year 1950, a Tennis and Sports Afternoon was held at the School as a welcome to the new Old Girls. Forty-five Fifth Year girls attended and a total of 70 girls were present.

The Old Girls' Union gift to the school for the year 1950 was a beautiful tea-cloth and serviettes as well as the reframing of the portraits of former headmistresses of the school. This presentation was made at the Annual General Meeting in March, 1951.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union was held on the 21st March and 106 members attended.

At this meeting, it was decided to raise the Life Membership Fee to £3/3/, and the Annual Subscription to 4/-. After the business session, Miss Bannan spoke to the members of her recent trip to Europe and America.

The highlight of the year was, of course, the Annual Ball held at the Trocadero on the 30th April in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union. Over six hundred Fortians and their friends voted it one of the most enjoyable School Balls ever held by the Union. Nineteen debutantes were presented to Mr. Justice and Mrs. Toose by the Matron-of-Honour, Mrs. Herwig. A net profit of £46/10/8 was made so that the Ball was a financial as well as a social success.

Robin J. Firth.

Helen Munro.

Joint Hon. Secretaries.

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## FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

The Literary Circle continues to meet on the third Sunday of the month in the Gardens and is discussing travel books this year. Last year some meetings were held on fourth or fifth Sundays owing to adverse weather conditions, but it takes more than adverse weather to dampen the enthusiasm of this group which is proud of the fact that the Circle completed twenty-five years of unbroken activity.

The twenty-fifth Anniversary was celebrated at a Party at School when Miss Cohen, Miss Morley and many former members were present. To mark the occasion a token of appreciation

in the form of a silver fob was presented to Miss Turner in recognition of her valuable service to the Circle almost from its inception.

On Saturday, 12th May, members spent an enjoyable afternoon at Newington Hospital as guests of Dr. Lottie Sharfstein who entertained them at afternoon tea and showed them round.

To those Fortians who love books and reading, an invitation is extended to join the group and a warm welcome will be given. The secretary will be pleased to give any information required.

Hilda Bourne, Secretary.

## A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

Manning House,  
Sydney University,  
May, 1951.

Dear Fortians,

You will all, when you reach fifth year, face the task of deciding "what you are going to do." A number of you will turn to the University, and though you will be inundated with talks and advice, a few remarks on the life there from one who has just left you, may be welcome.

Probably your first feelings will be of bewilderment. You are no longer in one compact—well, reasonably compact—building, but in a little community all by itself. You face the prospect of walking a quarter of a mile between lectures. Your classes are no longer of a size that makes it possible for you to know everybody. They will consist of hundreds, and you may quite well never speak personally to the lecturer during the whole year. Every day you mingle with the thousands of your fellow-students that you can never hope to know.

This may sound rather frightening but you soon become adjusted. Before term starts there is an Orientation Week with lectures about the University—both its academic and social activities. You will be wise to make full use of this time, because when term starts older students will be too busy to tell you where the Science Block or the Latin I room is.

At the beginning of term the various societies will be busy begging, demanding and pleading

with you to join them. There are over thirty of these, catering for every taste. You may air your political or religious views, or lack of same; you may tread the boards with one of the two dramatic societies; indulge your passion for music, classical or modern; rejoice in unpleasant odours at a Science Association; or improve your muscles and your figure at one of the many Sports Clubs.

Study methods are quite different here. You realise you must stand on your own feet, and work or not work, as you like, being prepared to take the consequences. With a class of two hundred it is quite possible to eat your lunch, or devour the latest issue of "Honi Soit" with perfect impunity. (Naturally, this statement is based on observation, not experience!).

Strangely enough you will probably miss your school uniform, especially the blazer. You've nowhere to put your fountain pen, notebook, handkerchief and cough drops. The strain of deciding what dress to wear every day may be too great for some of you. Bobby-sox or nylons? No matter. Both are worn.

On the whole it is a full, invigorating life, and if you participate enthusiastically, it is capable of providing interests on a wider scale than anything known at school. So on behalf of all your old Fifths, I say, "Come up and join us!"

Elaine Peterson, Arts I.



## SPORT

### OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Once again our Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Coogee Aquarium on Monday, 5th March. The races took place in bright sunshine, and undoubtedly the most exciting event was the House Relay, during which supporters of Bradfield, adorned with gay blue ribbons, hung over the rails, and cheered their team on to victory.

After this race particularly, the now hoarse spectators, demolished large boxes of coco-cola and chocolate coated ice-creams.

We greatly appreciated the work of organization 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.

The results are as follows:—

- School Championship: Margaret Simon.
- Junior Championship: Wendy Curtis.
- 16 Years Championship: Margaret Simon.
- 15 Years Championship: Kay Milthorpe.
- 14 Years Championship: Coral Hewitt.
- 13 Years Championship: Wendy Curtis.
- 12 Years Championship: Louise Hiatt.
- 11 Years Championship: Jayne Crump.

Breast Stroke Championship: Robin Hewitt.

Junior Breast Stroke Championship: Coral Hewitt and Robin Eyre.

Back Stroke Championship: Margaret Simon.

Junior Back Stroke Championship: Robin Eyre.

Rescue Race: Deirdre Sloane and Joanne Smith.

Junior Rescue Race: Janet Oatway and Helen Cramp, Louise Hiatt and R. Allen.

Diving: Robin Eyre.

House Relay (Senior): Bradfield.

House Relay (Junior): Gloucester

Six Oar Race: P. Cockburn, H. Cramp, M. Flynn.

Point Score: Gloucester 74; Bradfield 72; Kent 32; York 30.

Meg Weir 4B.

At the Combined Girls' High Schools' Swimming Carnival, Robin Eyre, a first year pupil, brought honour to Fort Street by winning the Diving Championship, in which all New South Wales High School girls were entitled to compete. She also performed the remarkable feat of gaining third place in the Junior Backstroke Championship, while Louise Hiatt achieved the distinction of winning the Twelve Years' Championship in record time.

Meg Weir, 4B.

### OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Our Annual Sports Day was held at Rusheutter's Bay Oval, on Friday, 1st June. The main event of the day was the School Cham-

pionship, which was watched with keen interest both by teachers and pupils. Our last year's champion, Marlene Mathews, having

left, everyone was anxious to see who would be this year's champion. Adrienne Handel ran brilliantly to win this race. She also won the Fifteen Years' Championship and helped Bradfield win the Senior Relay.

The main novelty event was "Night Trots" by the fifth years. They appeared dressed in night attire, each girl equipped with candle and matches. After much "hee-having" on the starting line Miss Llewellyn fired the gun for the start of the race. The idea was that each girl had to light her candle and keep it alight throughout the 100 yards race. Beryl Scaysbrook was first across the finishing line; the rest of the field arriving later in a blackout.

Morning tea and lunch were served to the staff and visitors in the lunch room at the rear of the pavilion where Mrs. Patterson and Miss Arter were in charge.

**Results.**

- School Championship: Adrienne Handel.
- Junior Championship: Adrienne Handel.

- 16 Years Championship: Judy Anderson.
- 15 Years Championship: Gwen Saul.
- 14 Years Championship: Adrienne Handel.
- 13 Years Championship: Valmai Kelly.
- 12 Years Championship: Janette Mathews.
- 11 Years Championship: June Palmer.
- Skipping: Rita Summerhill.
- Junior Skipping: Valmai Kelly.
- Orange Race: Dawn Davies.
- Junior Orange Race: Alison Brown.
- Back Race: Judith Macquire.
- House Relay (Upper): Bradfield 1 (A. Handel, P. Mead, J. Anderson, G. Saul).
- House Relay (Lower): Kent I (V. Kelly, J. Jorgenson, Joy Belgrove, Phyllis Munro).
- Tunnel Ball (Upper): Bradfield 1.
- Tunnel Ball (Lower): Kent.
- Captain Ball (Upper): Bradfield.
- Captain Ball (Lower): York.
- Siamese Race: Helen Cramp and Joyce Spindler.
- Egg and Spoon: Helen Cramp.
- "Night Trots": Beryl Scaysbrook.

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**"MACDONALDTOWN."**

Beside Macdonaldtown station there are thirty-three railway sheds . . . .

For four years, and twice a day, I have counted these railway sheds. Stark and ugly, their jagged roofs exercise an indefinable power over me. Although the number of roofs is indelibly imprinted on my memory, every morning, apprehensive without knowing why, I have counted each one, with the feeling of a child, who, awakening each morning,

glances anxiously round his room, then, realising that everything is as it was yesterday, sinks back on his pillow, reassured and confident.

How hopelessly dependent on his surroundings is man! How narrow and pitiful his mental outlook when it must be supported by the same familiar objects!

Sometimes, I have even dallied recklessly with Fate, letting several roofs slip quickly past before judging the number and



counting frantically, knowing all the while that I am only erecting that pretence of independence and superiority which is so necessary to the well-being of one's personality.

A similar feeling is sometimes experienced when one is walking a long stretch of pavement, and, to break the monotony, one begins to intone a rhythm to each footfall. As the end of the path draws nigh, one is suddenly disgusted by such infantile behaviour and resolves to stop such nonsense at once, only to realise with dismay that the rhythm will not loose its hold and intrudes continuously

on the thoughts, even to the point of distraction.

These ugly, corrugated-iron roofs are unchanging in the ebb and flow of passing humanity, erected, ironically enough, by the hand which now defers to them.

Even their number is symbolical. Threes, immortal trios, ringing through the distant ages. Birth, Marriage, and Death, the unchanging pattern of life; morning, noon and night, and the murmurings of the children, absorbed in their game—one for sorrow, two for joy, and three for disappointment.

June Robinson, 4C.

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### COMPLETED EVER?

There was a thought,  
But 'tis gone;  
The anguish it brought  
Could not linger on.

There was a song,  
Quivering on air;  
'Tis lost, but a few trembling notes  
Are suspended there.

There was a fire,  
Burning too bright;  
The years came and kindled  
Youth's sweet delight.

The thought was lost, it lack substance and form;  
But o'er the chasm of years another was drifting,  
It too was alone, shapeless, forlorn.  
A pause; the two mingle, and a pure truth is born.

A blue, silent distance  
Caught up the song  
It stirred thought that feeling  
Has neglected too long.

Too warmly, too brightly, the fire was burning,  
Whilst the essence of truth for some ardour was yearning.  
It sprinkled its chill on the fire's deep glow;  
From fire with water true wisdom did flow.

Eva Sommer, 5A.

## THE CANYON.

Skirting the northern side of the school and forming a U-shaped barrier around the infants' building, is the romantic object of many a first year's inquisitive fancy. Among the veteran Fortians—that is, from second year up—it is called The Canyon. The unspoken rule that it is out of bounds has no doubt added much to its mystery, and many and frenzied are the scrambles to retrieve a ball which has 'fallen' into The Cayon.

Nobody seems to know exactly what this awesome place is for, but there are numerous legends surrounding it. The one that appeals to budding archaeologists is that, when it was dug, various aboriginal implements were found and proved most interesting to local museums. Some even go so far as to declare, with the utmost sincerity, that mouldering bones, probably also aboriginal, were discovered by the excavators. However fantastic this may seem, no one makes any bones about it, so why should I?

To explore The Canyon is the unchallenged ambition of every newcomer to our school, but a dread either of the gorge itself or the consequences of visiting it, holds most girls back. I, however, together with another intrepid adventurer—who is related, at least nominally, to the notorious Adam—determined to dispel all existing doubts regarding the forbidden ground. We selected a day, and agreed to bring torches "in case it was dark." The fateful day came.

Though we approached with trepidation, our path lay clearly before us—that is metaphorically speaking because The Canyon contains no path, unless you call a line of bushes and belligerent brambles that. Feeling like Hume

and Hovell we pushed on recklessly. By the time we had rounded the bend and were out of sight of the school we felt more like Leichhardt—lost.

Then a large stone wall suddenly confronted us. Beyond an entrance crowned by the inscription 19 it was pitch dark. We were momentarily taken aback, for, being neither Hume and Hovell nor Leichhardt, we had forgotten our torches. But nothing daunted we clutched one another's hands and with arms outstretched into the gloom walked bravely on. We passed through two great, echoing chambers. When we came to the third, however, light dawned. We were out in the open and at the end of our trek.

In a few minutes a different sort of light dawned on us too. The Canyon was nothing more nor less exciting than a disused air-raid shelter! Stoically accepting this crushing blow, we looked around for something thrilling to tell our undoubtedly envious friends. Nothing presented itself except a damp little tunnel running northwards, evidently to the harbour.

We would like to have made an impression on our friends, but decided that it was preferable to return to the upper air than forty fathoms down, so we turned again toward the school. With considerably less curiosity, but with increased pounding of the heart, we tramped back through the eerie darkness, hoping we would encounter no other tramp, and reached the playground safely.

Well, now the Enigma of the Controversial Canyon has been solved. I hope I can hear the scorn of the many romantic dreamers among us, who will decry my proof and despise me as a dull realist.

Anita Pincas, 5A.



## WHEN THE VIKINGS INVADED LONDON.

In the summer of nineteen forty-nine a party of young Danes decided to emulate the deeds of their forefathers and stage an invasion of Britain.

Unlike the Viking invasion of many centuries before, this attack was to be carried out in a spirit of friendship and the people of Britain were informed of the intended exploit of these venturesome young men well in advance.

The vessel in which they sailed was as nearly as possible an exact copy of one of the Viking ships of old and much research and care went into its building.

When these young men, complete with beards grown specially for the occasion arrived at Broadstairs on the Kentish coast they were given a tremendous welcome by the townsmen and holiday-makers, and a speech of welcome was delivered by the town's mayor.

After a few days well-earned rest, the "Vikings" proceeded on their way to London and thence to Richmond on the upper reaches of the River Thames.

My parents and I, being anxious to see the "invasion," embarked upon one of the Thames water buses at Putney and proceeded

downstream to the city. As we neared the Tower of London we met the "Vikings" leaving London on the last stage of their journey. Their leader stood in the prow of the vessel blowing terrifying blasts on a large hunting horn and waving to the spectators who lined the river banks.

At this moment an amusing and unrehearsed incident occurred. A party of medical students from one of London's famous hospitals put out in a boat to repel the "invaders." These students were dressed to represent Ancient Britons and they had their skins plentifully daubed with grease paint to represent woad.

The expected clash was interrupted by the friendly intervention of the river police and the "invaders" were able to continue on their way unmolested.

The vessel in which these young men made their venture was placed on view in various parts of England and was afterwards presented to the British Nation as a memento of this great occasion, the first time in history that the British people welcomed an invader to their shores.

Jill Thresher, 2A.

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## CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas time in England,  
And the snow lay on the ground,  
And frost was all around.  
The pines were heavy laden,  
With snow they looked like maidens,  
In this little town in England  
On cliffs beside the sea.

It was Christmas time in England  
And under candle-light,  
To the tune of "Silent Night",  
The Church bells were a-ringing  
And the choir girls were singing  
And the softness of their music  
Floated o'er the sea.

Pamela Thorpe, 1B.

## THE SWAN OF TUONELA

There was a swan, so ran the ancient tale,  
Of rarest plumage, white as Arctic snows,  
Who o'er a broad black river made her way,  
To guard the island of forgotten souls.

A queenly bird; she glided with a grace  
That made the swirling waters on both sides  
Rush back in awe and slow their angry pace  
To make an aisle for death's devoted bride.

There was a spell of close eternity  
As though Time, weary, had his limit found.  
And even ruffling pinions, instantly  
Destroyed the breathless silence all around  
She sang a song; the plaintive far-off notes  
Found many ears, but only stirred the dead  
Her muffled sigh, soft as the breeze remote  
Did haunt the land where life had feared to tread.

And from the rocky caverns of the isle  
Her doleful dirge was echoed to the heights  
Where barren crags, devoid of Nature's smile  
Hid in the shadows of incessant night.

As time drew near, old warriors of the north  
Could hear the song which lured them from their quest  
And when they left a world of strife and war,  
The swan was there to guide their souls to rest.

There was a swan, an island and a peace,  
In these an ancient people once had faith.  
There love began and vicious promptings ceased,  
And barred the mem'ry of their former race.

And when the greedy nations of this world  
Pluck out the life that Nature has begun  
Would that the song of Tuonela's bird  
Guide them across to find oblivion.

—Margaret Balderson, 4B.

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## THE SEALING WAX.

It's very hard, it is indeed,  
That they should treat me so,  
For every day in every way,  
Much shorter do I grow!

They light a match and burn my head  
It's most undignified  
I pale to think of all the drops  
Of thick red wax I've cried.

But now I've found a home at last,  
For where there was a crack  
Where mice came up, they've stuck me in  
To keep the creatures back.

So here in peace and quiet I rest  
They worry me no more;  
For though I am a sealing wax  
They've stuck me to the floor.

Jan Strout, 4B.



## TIME CHANGES.

In grandma's day she went to school,  
 With dresses past her knees,  
 And hair in curls all down her back,  
 With ribbons, if you please.

She always learned her lessons well  
 And worked with honest toil.  
 She never did a single thing,  
 Her good report to spoil.

How times have changed since those far days  
 We do not wear long frocks,  
 And in the place of stockinged legs,  
 We wear the shortest socks.

Our hair is nearly always bobbed;  
 We have tomboyish ways;  
 And we have no respect for age,—  
 At least, so grandma says.

Maureen Morton, 2B.

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## AFTER DARK.

It was a freezing night. The bitter wind howled eerily down the narrow street. Silently the door of the corner house slid open, and two muffled figures crept stealthily out, glancing round expectantly.

Their faces were hardly visible beneath thick woollen scarves and their figures were indistinguishable under a welter of topcoats and other articles. The former carried a small pocket torch, and the second a large bag. After a whispered consultation, they cautiously opened the front gate with gloved hands, and stepped outside.

Almost immediately, another similar figure emerged from the house opposite, and joined the waiting couple on the other side of the street.

"How much did you get?" queried one.

"About twelve-and-six," was the reply, and the newcomer added to the pile at the gate a suspiciously bulging bag, which was eagerly inspected by the others.

"We got fifteen shillings . . . better than last time."

"Not so much noise," growled the tallest, who seemed to be in command, "the old boy's asleep."

The contents of both bags were scattered on the pavement. Muttered exclamations greeted the haul, then the business of the night began.

"Come on . . . it's getting late!"

"Where's the matches?"

"Let's start with the Tom Thumbs!"

"Cracker Night" celebrations had begun.

J. F. Wilcox, 4A.



*BOARDING THE PLANE FOR MELBOURNE.*

On Tuesday, 18th Sept., forty-one pupils from Fort Street Girls' High School left by T.A.A. Skymaster for Melbourne where they will represent N.S.W. in the Commonwealth Jubilee School Choirs' Festival. Ten choirs will be competing and two will be selected to sing with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra in Canberra, on Monday, 24th September, 1951.



## THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

For a short time during the latter part of the war I attended a little country school called Bridgmeer in Cheshire. Two other evacuees who lived in the same cottage went with me.

It was a small building, consisting of two large classrooms and two small cloakrooms. There were two teachers and indeed the school seemed to have everything in pairs except pupils, for it also had two playgrounds.

The classrooms had to be large enough to hold about forty to fifty pupils. The lower class consisted of the five to eight years old and the others were in the upper class.

The cloakrooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, were small peg-lined rooms. They were used for distributing milk at recess. Hot lunches were served in the classrooms.

The front playground was used for games and morning lines, which we hardly ever attended as we were usually late.

I have two distinct recollections of the school. The first of these was the Harvest Festival, and the second was the time we gathered rose-hips.

On the first occasion we all brought our different flowers,

fruit or vegetables, and when the time came we grouped them on the front desk or the teacher's desk. I had the honour of reading a few verses of "Ruth" from the Bible, while two other girls recited psalms. The vicar, who came to our cottage on Sundays to give us special lessons, because the church was too far away, gave a short sermon and we sang a harvest hymn.

The gathering of rose-hips might sound strange to you, but it's good fun. The headmistress asked each of us to gather as many as we could in our spare time. The reason for picking them was that they were needed to make rose-hip syrup. We evacuees picked about eight pounds.

It was wonderful to walk through the grassy fields picking the pink rose-hips from the green hedgerows, and then weighing our combined efforts. It was even better to think of the people we were helping.

I was only at this school for about eight months but I enjoyed my stay there, although I would not like to have to go to a country school for much longer period than the one I spent at Bridgmeer.

Maureen Thomson, 2B.

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## CAROLINE

I have a little friend,  
Her name is Caroline,  
She's only six while I am nine,  
She's very young is Caroline.

She owns such pretty eyes,  
And curly brownish hair,  
All through the day she sits and stares  
At granny's lovely rocking chair.

Barbara Wilcox.



## THE AUSTRALIAN STORY.

On the 26th, 27th and 28th April, 1951, the pupils of Fort Street Girls' High presented in the School Assembly Hall an historical pageant in connection with the Commonwealth Jubilee Celebrations.

Miss K. Crooks was in charge of the general production, including costumes and settings, while the individual items were produced by members of the staff.

"The Australian Story" outlined in dramatic fashion, the early history of Australia up to the proclamation of the Commonwealth on 9th May, 1901.

The School was greatly honoured by the presence in the audience of a number of distinguished visitors. Included amongst these were J. G. McKenzie, Esq., Director-General of Education; Dr. H. S. Wyndham, Deputy-Director-General of Education; Brigadier Ivan Dougherty, and members of the Inspectorial Staff.

### THE AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Item 1—(a) Opening Fanfare.

(b) Choir—"Creation Hymn."  
—Beethoven.

#### Narration:

We are Australians and this year is our birthday—the birthday of our nation. Fifty years have passed since, on the first day of January, 1901, Her Majesty Queen Victoria issued the decree proclaiming that this British colony had earned for herself the dignity of nationhood, and her states were united to form the Commonwealth of Australia—an infant country, destined to enjoy a vigorous growth, and to emerge within fifty years as a world power, whose voice has sounded with authority in the defence of justice, and whose name is respected among the countries of the world.

Ours is a young country. She has not yet the experience and traditions that follow long centuries of a nation's progress. But she has the strength and determination of youth, and traditions of sacrifice and perseverance made glorious by those who made her—the hardy pioneers who accepted her challenge and won life from the soil; the soldiers who made her name honoured in war; the honest men who worked to achieve their vision of democracy and freedom for the common man.

This is our heritage. And we are proud of it.

The spirit of the adventurous men

who brought the flag of Britain to our shores; who won progress and prosperity for a tiny colony in a vast new land—that is the spirit that has been handed down to us through years of endeavour. Courage—initiative—self-reliance—fair play; these are the qualities of those who have been greatest in our history.

They were not faint-hearted, the builders of our country.

The challenge of the soil, of a land of parching heat and flooding rains; the challenge of vast distances and the unknown spaces; the challenge of men who would rule as the dictator—these did not go unanswered. They were taken up with eagerness and fearlessness, and strength. And the answering of the challenge, and the gaining of the prize, meant the building of our country on foundations that are firm.

It is well for us to think upon our nation's short history, for it is a story that is our story, and the people in it are our parents, and their achievements are our inspiration.

Long before 'Australia' was a name, our land, with its mountains and plains, untouched by the hand of the men from the old world, was the home of a primitive people. They roamed the country at will. Their home was a lean-to of bark; their food was the flesh that their warriors hunted—kangaroo, wallaby, and goanna, the flour of the nardoo root, and witchetty grubs! Theirs was a simple life, and they were a simple people. Their gods were the sun, the moon, the flowers, the trees. And simply, like children, they lived and fought, and played, and told stories about their land, the birds and rivers and the rain, and the stars and moon that lighted their corroboree.

One story there was, told by the old witch-doctor to the youths of the tribe, about:

#### Item 2.

[This legend was mimed by one aborigine in the group posed on the stage.]

#### HOW THE STARS WERE MADE.

How one day Rolla-Mano, the old man of the sea, went to fish in a lonely mangrove swamp close to the sea-shore. He caught many fish, and cooked them at a fire. As he was eating his meal, he noticed two women approaching him. Their beautiful bodies were as lithe and graceful as the wattle tree, and in their eyes was



the soft light of the dusk. When they spoke, their voices were as sweet and low as the sighing of the night-breeze through the reeds in the river.

Rolla-Mano determined to capture them. He hid in the branches of a mangrove tree, and, when they were close, he threw his net over them.

One, however, escaped by diving into the water. Enraged, Rolla-Mano jumped in after her with a burning fire-stick in his hand. As soon as the fire-stick touched the water, the sparks hissed and scattered to the sky, where they remain as the glittering stars, to this day.

Rolla-Mano did not capture the woman who dived into the dark waters of the swamp. But he took the other woman to live with him forever in the sky.

And she is the evening star, who gazes through the mists of eternity at the restless sea—the dark, mysterious kingdom of Rolla-Mano.

#### Item 3.

Choir.—Aboriginal Lullaby:  
"Maranoa."

Mime was continued by the aboriginal children of the group.



Scene from ABORIGINAL BALLET.

Aborigines: Jean Bruce, Vera Kinder, Margaret Gallocher, Rita Summerhill, Delysia Devlin, Marjorie Harrold, Janice Turnbull, Anne Furniss, Stephanie Hughes.

#### Item 4.

##### ABORIGINAL BALLET

##### Narration:

This was their life, unchanging through the generations—the hunt, the tribal wars, the wandering in search of food—the passing of the years marked by passing of the seasons, until into their lives came the first sign of change. There were strange ships, with massive hulls and great sails; and white men in strange clothes left their ships and walked upon the shores and talked together round the fire as the elders of the tribe. Then they went back to their ships. The dark, wary

eyes of silent shadows watched their going, and their ships fade on the horizon; and the elders of the tribe in their wisdom knew nothing of the white men's home across the seas, and the nations stirring to new growth; and the old world's dream of trade, settlement, empire—the New World.

Portuguese, Spaniard, Hollander called in his quest for trade with the Indies—and told tales in his own country of a new land, vast and forbidding, barren and unfriendly.

Then the tribesmen, camped on the cliffs of the East, saw the ship that meant the dawn of an era—the barque



"Endeavour"—her flag the proud banner of England, her captain James Cook, her name—the badge of the men who came after.

And who were the men who came after? Not a chosen band of the nation's best, but the outcasts—victims of a harsh law that doomed many, undeserving, to exile forever. And with these, the free men who looked for new hope in a land of plenty. And at their head, one who would be to them leader, governor, adviser and friend—whose vision and courage would be their guide—Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N.

His task was not easy. The commonplace cares and difficulties of all those he ruled were the burden he shouldered with courage; and he shared with the least of his fellows the hardships they met; and he saw the proud future of this new Southern Land, as he met each day with his officers, to take up again the task of Government, that was more than mere ruling—the task of advising and planning, and meting out justice and making the best of all the privations they faced in a land far removed from the comforts of England.

#### Item 5.

Play: OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.

Characters: Governor Phillip. Captain La Perouse. Capt. Philip Gidley King. Rev. Richard Johnston. Capt. Tench. Major Ross. Marines.

Scene: Tent, roughly hewn table, an impression of primitive surroundings, planks for seats, creek running down to Harbour.

Time: Late afternoon. May, 1790.

Place: Farm Cove.

Phillip, Ross, King and Tench seated round table studying official documents.

Phillip: Well, that's disposed of. Ross, I shall ask you to deputise for me in this matter, and see that the convict gangs start building a road to Parramatta immediately.

Tench: Shall I make you a list of the free settlers who have recently arrived in the Colony who want free grants of land, Your Excellency?

Phillip: Of course. I expected you to have the list prepared for me to-day. We must get as much land as possible under cultivation up at Rose Hill. See that James Ruse is on the list.

Tench: He is a ticket-of-leave man, Sir.

Phillip: He is also an excellent

farmer. He's got fifty acres under cultivation already. Give him some convicts to help him clear the land.

Ross: Here comes the Rev. Richard Johnston. What is his news, I wonder

Phillip: Deliver this despatch for me, Tench, and return as soon as possible.

Exit. Tench.

Enter Johnston.

Johnston: May I see you for a moment, Your Excellency, on a matter of importance?

Phillip: Of course, Johnston. Come and sit down.

Johnston: Sir, I am deeply troubled. I have just come from one of the mar-quees where there are a hundred convicts lying ill and dying. I never witnessed such a scene of misery before.

Phillip: Well, Johnston, I commend you for trying to console the sick and dying. Frankly, I feel that the British Government has no right to send more convicts out here before we are self-supporting.

Johnston: Yes, but once they are here we must do our best for them.

Phillip: I shall order six dozen blankets to be sent down to the hospital. That is the last we have in the stores. I shall give orders for more women convicts to be assigned as nurses.

Johnston: Thank you, Your Excellency. I shall go down now and tell them of your generosity and then I want to see the workmen about the new church building.

Exit Johnston.

Phillip: Now, Major Ross—have you made any arrangements for a Court of Justice to be held? What cases have I to hear?

Ross: Well, Sir—the most important one is the murder of a convict who was one of the gang assigned to cut rushes down at the Bay.

Phillip: What bay? Cockle Bay?

Ross: No—not there. The free settlers call it Rushcutters Bay.

Phillip: I remember—that low-lying area to the east. Has the murderer been arrested?

Ross: Yes, Your Excellency. He is now at the Gaol awaiting your pleasure.

Phillip: Right! I shall preside at the Court at 10 a.m. to-morrow. Now, King, this is an important matter I must discuss with you. I am very much afraid that unless drastic steps are taken this Colony is facing starvation.



If we can bridge the gap till the next harvest all is well, but that is some months off. Until then we must have severe rationing. What is your opinion on this matter?

King: Well, Sir, I have gone into the matter in some detail. It was obvious to me that something had to be done. This is what I suggest—that everyone in the colony be put on a reduced weekly allowance of food consisting of 2½ lbs. of flour, 2 lbs. of pork, 1 pint of peas and 1 lb. of rice.

Phillip: Good. That seems to me a suitable arrangement. I need not say that I expect all my officers to observe the ration strictly, as I myself shall do.

King: I should hope Your Excellency that you would trust your officers.

Ross: You can command our loyalty at all times, Your Excellency.

Phillip: Of course, of course. Look, King, how beautiful the Harbour is today! I believe this will be a great city one day. A great city around the shores of the most magnificent harbour in the world.

Ross: Well, Sir—I look on it as a convict settlement which is what it is.

Phillip: I mustn't dream any dreams with you around—that's clear. (Laughing).

Sound of dull boom of guns in the distance. Phillip and rest (startled) jump up and shout "What's that?"

Marine: (Rushing in). Sir, Sir, something frightful's happened. Oh, why did I come to this dreadful country? We'll all be murdered! We'll have our throats cut!

(The others are hastily pushing documents into despatch boxes).

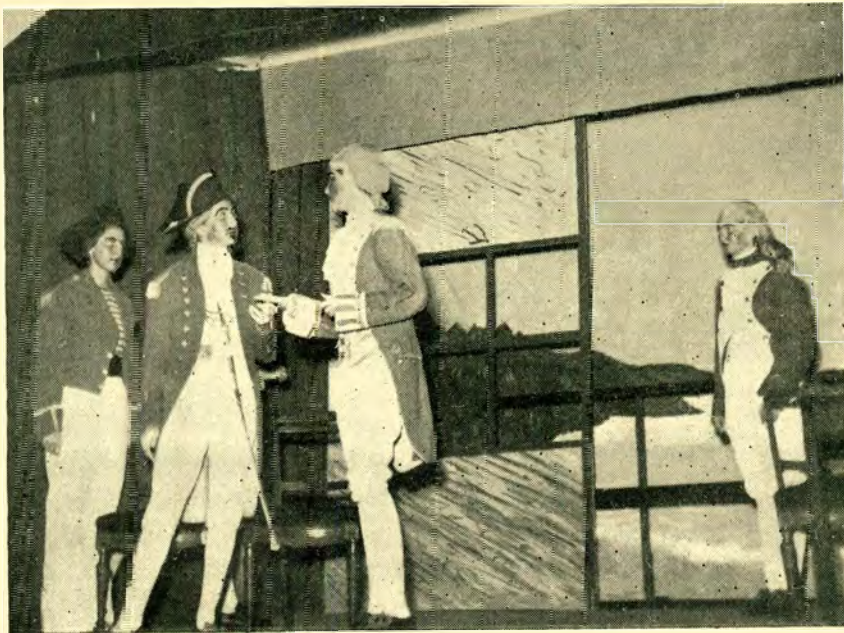
Phillip: Pull yourself together. What's the trouble?

Marine: It's the French. French warships in the harbour.

Phillip: (Snatching telescope from table). You're right! It's the French! Look, Ross!

Ross: Two Men-o'-War, Sir. They're signalling friendly messages.

Phillip: Well, what guns were those I heard?



(Block by courtesy of Government Printer.)

A Scene from "OUTPOST OF EMPIRE."

Characters: Two French seamen ..... Carol Bryant, Helen Ryan  
 Capitaine la Perouse ..... Wendy Moran  
 Captain King ..... Wendy Cromer  
 Governor Phillip ..... Rona Sanford  
 Captain Tench ..... Jill Bender



Ross: It must be our rusty old cannon down at the Observatory! Captain Dawes is on duty down there this week.

Enter Tench.

Phillip: Tench, I'm glad to see you back. What has happened?

Tench: Sir, I bring a message from the Captain of the French warships—he asks whether he may present his credentials. He will be here in a few minutes.

Phillip: (Pacing up and down). Well I'd sooner have credentials than bullets! Here, King—put these despatch boxes in my tent, Ross, go down to the convict gangs working on the road and see that all is quiet, I shall receive the Capitaine de La Perouse.

Enter the French Captain, hesitates on the outskirts of the camp. Phillip advances to meet him with outstretched hand.

Phillip: Welcome, welcome, my dear Sir. Welcome to my humble abode.

La Perouse: Vous me comblez d'honneurs, Monsieur; je ne m'étais jamais attendu à être reçu avec une telle bonté . . . voulez-vous bien examiner mes lettres de créance?

Phillip: I believe you to be a friend. King! You're a good French scholar. Ask Monsieur le Capitaine to accept our hospitality. Will he come to dinner to-morrow. Tell him we'll feast him on kangaroo meat, and a large green cabbage. Tell him to bring his own bread. (King gives invitation in French).

King: Monsieur le Capitaine, veuillez accepter notre hospitalité et notre invitation pour le dîner demain au soir. Nous vous régalerons de la viande de kangourou et d'un gros chou vert. Mais, hélas, vous devrez apporter votre pain, vous-même.

La Perouse: I speak English a little, Your Excellency. I should be delighted, and will you accept the gift of a large quantity of flour and sugar I know you must be suffering great hardship out here! Is it not so? You are—what we call—a brave son of Britain. Yes! Yes! I salute you. (He salutes).

Phillip: (Embarrassed). No! No! You over-estimate me. Would you like Captain King to show you over the township?

La Perouse: I should be enchanted. King, I know speaks French fluently.

(La Perouse smiles and the two walk off talking rapidly in French conversation.)

La Perouse: Mais, Monsieur, vous parlez français si bien! Vous avez demeuré en France peut-être?

King: Mais oui; mon service militaire, vous le savez, m' a obligé à passer des mois . . . .

Phillip: This is a strange land, Tench—a land at once welcoming and forbidding. A land at times ominously quiet. A land that has been undisturbed and unchallenged for so many countless centuries that it has attained a grandeur and a majesty that makes man feel very small indeed, very humble.

Tench: Yes, I feel that too. But I'm growing quite fond of the encircling heights covered with their gray-green gnarled trees and of this gum-scented air. All so very different from our English scenery. And the pattern of our lives here is as different as the pattern of the stars in these southern skies. Did you notice the Southern Cross last night, Sir? It was particularly bright.

Phillip: Yes, I did. Mirrabooka, the natives call it. And I remember the night I first heard the aboriginal legend about it. It was not long after Arabanoo had learnt our language and he was telling the story to an entranced audience of white children who had gathered round him on the beach.

Tench: What is that legend, Sir?

Phillip: Well, it appears that two great warrior chiefs, belonging to rival tribes, fell in love with the same beautiful maiden, named Namirra. They fought for her, but were both mortally wounded in the conflict, and died. Their brothers were so overcome by grief that they killed Namirra and then killed themselves. However, they were all reunited in the heavens for, according to the legend, the four bright stars of the cross are the four great warriors, and the fifth, pale star is Namirra.

Tench: So that is the story of Mirrabooka, the Southern Cross.

Phillip: Yes, and I believe that Mirrabooka will watch over this young colony in this old, old continent. And I believe that on the shores of Sydney Cove will grow a mighty city. Explorers will travel far inland and find good country for pasture and for farming. Free settlers will come, for this glorious land was never meant by nature for a gaol. We have seen the beginning, Tench, and although the struggle has been hard, it has been worth it, for here, in this land of the Southern Cross, I feel a nation has



been born, a nation of free and happy people, Tench.

It's getting late I know, but I would like to complete that report to the Colonial Office. You could read out a list to me. Here we are! Are you ready?

Tench: Yes, Sir.

As curtain falls Tench and Phillip are seated at table hard at work.

#### Item 6.

Choir: "IT COMES FROM THE  
MISTY AGES."

#### Narration:

Those who were part of that young colony, saw, in the years that followed, a pageant of life—its struggles and trials and triumphs—the challenge of selfish men whose ambition was power and wealth—and achievements of those whose work won them honour and a name in our story.

John Macarthur, founder of an industry that would mean Australia's prosperity.

Matthew Flinders, courageous and lonely sailor, who chartered the coast of a continent.

Captain Bligh, hot-tempered tyrant—his name already whispered in fear by those who told tales of mutiny and revenge on a ship called "Bounty."

So the pageant passed before them—glowing pictures drawn in colours rich, and sombre—and there were many who worked the country's soil, and some who dared the dangers of high mountains and the unknown plains, and those who left their new-found homes to make new homes again.

And, in those men, who gave their best that Britain's outpost colony should thrive and grow, was the strength and courage and self-reliance that are the tradition of our pioneers.

And the pageant of the years saw the dawn of a century, and the end of a new decade saw the arrival of a man whose name marks a new chapter in our story—a chapter that tells of progress, expansion, discovery. His name—Lachlan Macquarie—a man of tolerance, understanding, and a will of iron—a "benevolent despot", who ruled in fact as well as in name of the person of the Queen. Colonel of the 73rd Scottish Highland Regiment, he assumed control of the colony of New South Wales on January 1st, 1810. He brought to his task the vision of a statesman, the tolerance of a true humanitarian, the strength of the captain who is master of his ship. And,

the achievements of his time mark him as a great Colonial Administrator.

On a certain day in May, 1815, Governor Lachlan Macquarie sat working in his study in Government House, Sydney . . . . .

#### Item 7.

Play: MACQUARIE, THE BUILDER.

Cast: Governor Macquarie.

Mrs. Macquarie (Jane).

Jessie Arnott (Macquarie's niece).

Angus McDonald, A.D.C.

Thomas Greenway.

John Oxley.

Servant.

Scene: A study in Government House, Sydney, May, 1815.

Governor Macquarie: (Impatiently). Come in! Come in! Oh, it's you! McDonald, please give me that list of names out of that left drawer.

McDonald: Yes, Sir—is this it? I wondered, sir, if you would find time to sign these applications for grants of land along the Hunter Valley.

Gov. M.: Well, I suppose so! Read me the names of the applicants.

McDonald: They are mostly young Officers who have fought in the Peninsular War—Captain McIvor of Linlithgow; Captain Windeyer of Sussex; Captain Burton of Graythwaite.

Gov. M.: Well! Well! Young Burton! He must be a son of William Burton—I was in the same regiment as he was. We must encourage young men of this type. Here, give me my quill.

McDonald: And sir . . . .

Gov. M.: Well, out with it, McDonald.

McDonald: There is a deputation most anxious to see you. I said I'd try to arrange the interview.

Gov. M.: Who are they?

McDonald: They are representatives of the free settlers. They want you to agree to having a Council, if necessary a nominated one, to advise you in the Government of this Colony. Perhaps there could be an elected . . . .

Gov. M.: (In anger and banging table with fist. Rises and walks rapidly once across stage and back to table): I wouldn't have a Council to advise me if Napoleon and the French Fleet were outside Sydney Heads. I've told you before, McDonald, that I won't receive a deputation about this—I refuse point blank. McDonald, I've asked you not to even discuss the matter.

McDonald: But sir . . . .



Gov. M.: Look here, my lad! One of these days you'll be a colonial governor and you'll find that you can't have a divided authority. There must always be a captain of a ship.

McDonald: Yes, and a cabin-boy.

Gov. M.: True! Quite true!

McDonald: And the trouble is that the cabin boy wants to be the captain.

Gov. M.: Don't tell me you're a Radical! Be sensible! How can I govern a colony of 20,000—a big proportion convicts, ex-convicts, ticket of leave men—unless I rule with a rod of iron? Why should I have a lot of interfering busy-bodies telling me how to run a colony! No, by Gad! I was appointed Governor by His majesty the King, and I'll exercise my full authority—or resign to-day.

McDonald: Very well, I'll attend to that.

Gov. M.: Now tell me what are the arrangements for this afternoon.

McDonald: Well, sir, the Surveyor-General, Mr. Oxley, wants to discuss his proposed trek inland along the Macquarie and Lachlan Rivers.

Gov. M.: Umph! What will later generations think of my name being plastered all over the colony—Port Macquarie, Lake Macquarie, Macquarie River, and so on.

McDonald: They'll think . . .

Gov. M.: That I was and am conceited—eh?

McDonald: No—no—they'll think —!

Gov. M.: I know what they'll think and they won't be far wrong.

McDonald (Hearing a knock): There he is now—Mr. Oxley, I mean.

Servant (knocking). Mr. Oxley to see you, sir!

Gov. M.: Show him in. (Enter Oxley, bluff and hearty. Governor rises and greets him, offering a chair). Good afternoon. Will ye be seated?

Oxley: Your Excellency, I know, is very busy, but this is a matter of importance. I have drawn up here an outline of my proposed trip down the Macquarie . . .

Gov. M.: I approve of this. We must open up the country. What about taking some experienced bushmen with you. Young Wentworth has gone back to Cambridge, but Lawson and Blaxland may be available.

Oxley: No, Your Excellency, they're not. I was at Mr. Lawson's place last night—you know where he lives—

Gov. M.: Isn't the Lawson home at the corner of George and Market Streets?

Oxley: Precisely.

Gov. M.: Well, what about Hamilton Hume?

Oxley: No, sir—I should prefer to be leader. You can't have two leaders.

Gov. M.: (musingly). The Captain—and the cabin boy.

Oxley: I did not catch what you said, Your Excellency.

Gov. M.: (looking up). It does not matter. Now let's go on with the arrangements. You want to take five men with you—some native trackers—fairly expensive equipment—and where's the money coming from.

Oxley: I assumed, Your Excellency, that the British Government would grant it. Or perhaps we could raise the money in the colony by increasing the tolls?

Gov. M.: I'll find the money somewhere. We must exploit the good work done by Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth. Crossing the Blue Mountains is useless unless it is followed up by inland exploration. Mr. Oxley, I must have a more detailed report to send home than this one that you have given me. Meanwhile, I shall write to Colonial Secretary. You have my full support in the matter. With all these thousands of free settlers flocking in to the country, we must find land and more land.

McDonald! (Raising his voice to attract McDonald's attention). Show Mr. Oxley that map of the country round Bathurst. You may find it useful. Must you go? You won't stay and have a glass of wine?

Oxley: You must excuse me, sir.

Gov. M.: I know, I know—a busy life. Come again when you've made further plans. (McDonald escorts him to the door).

(To McDonald teasingly). How would you like to join Oxley's party?

McDonald: I think I'd prefer to stay in Sydney town. I'm not built of the stuff of which heroes are made. I don't want to be eaten alive by blacks.

Gov. M.: But the blacks may want to eat you. You'd be a tender morsel! Only 21! Have you ever been in love, McDonald? I suppose there's some Scotch lass at home in bonnie Scotland?

McDonald: No one in Scotland, sir!

Gov. M.: This is interesting. Not someone out here?

Servant: Mrs. Macquarie wants to know whether you'd like afternoon tea on the verandah.



Gov. M.: Ask Mrs. Macquarie to have afternoon tea here with me. (Exit servant). Look here, my lad, go and write a love-letter while I discuss a matter of some importance with my wife. (Door opens; both men rise as Mrs. Macquarie enters).

Gov. M.: Jane, my dear, wouldn't you like Angus to get you a fan? Will you, Angus?

Jane: Oh, Lachlan — why do you drive yourself like this? Couldn't you have had this afternoon free after that long and exhausting morning you've just had?

Gov. M.: My dear, don't worry. Oh, thank you, McDonald. After all, it would be as well for you to hear what I'm going to say to Mrs. Macquarie. (Servant enters with afternoon tea tray). At any moment now I'm expecting Mr. Thomas Greenway to visit me.

Jane: The emancipist! Lachlan, I

really can't understand your attitude to these ex-convicts. Will you have some sugar in your tea? And you, Angus? Really, I'm almost inclined to sympathise with the free settlers. Why should they associate with these ex-gaol-birds?

Gov. M.: Most of these poor wretches are out here for minor offences. Would you call a man a criminal for shooting a rabbit on someone's estate? Anyway, I believe in letting the dead past bury its dead. Once a man's sentence has expired, he must be received by the community.

Jane: Now I see you're on your favourite hobby-horse. I can see what's coming.

Gov. M.: Jane, I want you to be here when Greenway comes and to greet him as a social equal. Make him feel at home.



A Scene from "MACQUARIE—THE BUILDER."

Characters: Governor Macquarie ..... Claire Corrigan  
 Captain McDonald, A.D.C. .... Everley Hammond



Jane: All right—for your sake.

Gov. M.: I believe he is coming now. Yes.

Servant: Mr. Greenway, sir.

Gov. M.: My dear Greenway—I'm delighted to see you. My dear, may I present Mr. Greenway to you?

Jane: How do you do? We're just going to have afternoon tea. Do have a cup! You will? I can see you will be a good Australian!

Greenway: (Testily). A good Australian?

Gov. M.: My wife means you'll be a tea-drinker in the future.

Greenway: I hope I shall always remember that I am an Englishman—a loyal one to His Majesty the King. I am alien out here—

Gov. M.: You should look on this place as God's own country. It has a great future—a great future. Now let me see those plans you promised to bring a'long. Jane, my dear, you remember I told you Mr. Greenway has plans for a church at Windsor, and another at Campbelltown. Look! Do you like the square tower effect? Greenway, what about the law-courts you are designing?

Greenway: Those were the plans you thought too ambitious.

Gov. M.: I remember—far too big—though impressive. Cut them in half and let the end be a church. You could put a steeple on top and call it St. James. Don't look so horrified!

Greenway: But, sir!

Gov. M.: No, Greenway! I must cut down expenses. The Colonial Office is always complaining about my extravagance. What's wrong with a church near the Law Courts?

Greenway: It's also, if you remember, on the outskirts of Sydney Race Course.

Gov. M.: All the better! It will make the punters cast their minds heavenwards when they've lost all their money.

Greenway: Very well, sir! I have one more plan of Sydney Military Hospital on Flagstaff Hill.

Jane: Oh, the poor dear soldiers! I shall visit the hospital once a week and talk to the soldiers in the wards.

Gov. M.: Do, my dear! Poor lads, they're such a long way from home.

Greenway: Your Excellency—I have only one criticism to make about this hospital—

Gov. M.: Well, what!

Greenway: The position is too good.

Jane: How on earth can it be too good.

Greenway: Well, it's a picked position. It overlooks Cockle Bay. It overlooks the township. In twenty years when the soldiers are moved from Wynyard Barracks, they'll be sent out to the bush somewhere—say the other side of the Race Course—and the Hospital will be turned into Government Offices—or perhaps a school!

Gov. M.: A school out in the meadows—paddocks they call them out here, don't they? No sir—your imagination has run riot.

Greenway: Very well, sir, you will see. You give your approval to all these plans?

Gov. M.: All of them! How fortunate I am to have you to work out these plans. I'm only a plain blunt soldier with not a streak of the artistic in my nature!

Greenway: You have a kind heart and a tolerant understanding, Your Excellency—fine qualities, Your Excellency. Thank you for your assistance—I shall take my leave sir—Good-bye.

Gov. M.: Good-bye, Mr. Greenway.

Jane: Good-bye, Mr. Greenway. We shall look forward to seeing you again in the near future.

Greenway: Thank you m'am. I shall be happy to do so. [Exit.]

Gov. M.: Well, Jane, I hope you didn't find your ex-convict too terrifying.

Jane: Well, no! I felt sorry for him.

Gov. M.: Right sentiments my dear! What should I do without your help out here?

Jane: Lachlan—you old sentimentalist! Now listen! I want to go with you when you cross the Blue Mountains on your way to Bathurst—don't object—I want to take Jessie with me.

Gov. M.: But Jane—I can't take my wife and niece over a road that's through new bush country with the danger of attacks by bushrangers and blacks!

Enter Jessie.

Jane: You'll have a strong military guard. Jessie's just coming in now. Jessie! Come here.

Gov. M.: Well, well.

Jessie: Oh! Oh! Uncle Lachlan, DO take me with you! It'll be so exciting camping out!

Gov. M.: It's unheard of.

Jessie: Oh, Uncle Lachlan, you must agree. Angus, make him take me



Gov. M.: All right—you little minx. I'll take you providing you sing "Anne Laurie." There'll be a large party—Let me see. I'll take young Malcolm Strachan as my A.D.C.

McDonald: Sir—I am the senior A.D.C. sir. Shouldn't I be with you on that tour?

Gov. M.: I wouldn't think of it. You told me you didn't want to go inland.

Jessie: ) But this is different.

McDonald: )

McDonald: I ought to know more about inland New South Wales so that when I return to Scotland I can tell people all about it.

Gov. M.: All right—all right—let's all go. Now is everyone happy?

Jane: Lachlan I want to see Mrs. Johnson who lives at Annandale—you know, way out in the bush. Could I order the carriage and take Jessie with me? Angus had better accompany us.

Gov. M.: Right! I would go for a drive with you only I have too much work to attend to.

Jessie: I'll run and put on my bonnet.

McDonald: Shall I go and order the carriage, sir?

Gov. M.: Do. (Exit McDonald). Well! Well! Well! What do you think of the turn of events, Jane?

Jane: Only one thing, Lachlan! I'm predicting that perhaps in a year's time there'll be a wedding in Government House circles.

Gov. M.: Well, I'm very glad about it. I just can't help teasing that young fellow. Did you see how concerned he was about the possibility of missing the trip over the mountains?

Jane: Well, I know we'll all enjoy it, Lachlan. New South Wales is lucky to have you for Governor. Think of the rapid strides made under your rule.

Gov. M.: You're prejudiced, my dear.

Jane: No. In years to come your name will go down in history as a great Colonial Administrator.

Gov. M.: Well! As long as I have your approbation, my dear! Now Jessie! You promised to sing my favourite song. After that you and your Aunt may go for that drive in the bush.

She sings.

Gov. M.: Thank you. A song like that warms my Scottish heart. I feel sleepy. I think after all I'll rest quietly while you're away!

He sits and sleeps. Curtain.

#### Item 8.

Choir: Haydn's "SERENADE."

#### Narration:

They said of her that she was a saint, and a legend—that her name should stand high in the roll of honour, and her fame increase from generation to generation. They hailed her as philanthropist and patriot—a woman of rare talents, and great courage. And the wheel of fate, in a hundred years' passing, has brought to our days the same task that she saw—the caring for those who have crossed the seas to seek a new life in the new world.

Her name was Caroline Chisholm, and she was an English-woman. But it was here in our land that she found her life's mission, and gave of her time and her strength in the fullest measure, that the lot of the migrants might be improved.

The wife of Captain Archibald Chisholm, she came to Australia with her husband on leave from service in India. She found here the thousands of hapless migrants who were poor, and strangers in a strange land, ignored and uncared for. And in her charity she took on herself the huge responsibility of a task whose importance was not realised by Her Majesty's Officials.

In the year 1840, Mrs. Caroline Chisholm called on His Excellency, Sir George Gipps, Governor of the Colony of New South Wales . . .

#### Item 9.

Scene 1: Taken from "CAROLINE CHISHOLM"

by George Landon Dann.

#### Item 10.

Choir Humming.

#### Narration:

But the flame of her zeal burned too high to be quenched by the sneers and derision of hostile authority. For her spirit was strong, and her faith was great, and she persevered, without wealth, and lacking assistance. Tempted at times to give up a task so heavy and thankless, she did not give up, but completed her mission, and the fruits of her work were abundant and good . . . One simple woman, whose strength of character, and vigour of soul, and abiding charity, inspired her to do the work of governments.



**Item II.**

Choir Humming.

**Item 12.**

Scene II: From the same play.

**I N T E R V A L .**

**Item 13.**

Choir: "THE AUSTRALIAN  
SUNRISE."

**Narration:**

Vision, enterprise, sacrifice . . . new towns, new settlements, new states . . . the work of exploration, the conquering of distances . . . sowing

to guide a young country to its true destiny.

There were many who came to our land in the 1850's—lovers of liberty to whom the new world called with the promise of freedom denied in the old. And they came to a land on which fortune had smiled when she led the first men to find wealth in the heart of the earth. Bright yellow gold—a bright glittering dream made a reality—new wealth, new trade, new settlers.

And among these settlers, men who were noble—idealists—visionaries who valued more than the gold they sought, the freedom and rights of the common man. They were the men to whom fell



Scene from "CAROLINE CHISHOLM."

Characters: Governor Gipps	Robin Burns
Lady Gipps	Jocelyn Parkes
Caroline Chisholm	Helen Cramp

of crops, raising of herds . . . building, planning, discovering . . . the loneliness of isolation, the threat of failure . . . freemen, convicts, farmers, traders . . . hope, doubt, courage . . . a small group of settlers on the edge of a continent—a town—a city . . . birth, growth, the striving forward . . .

Freedom!—our heritage—the priceless possession to be jealously guarded against those who would snatch it away—to be fought for by those who would die in its cause—the core of our spirit, the light that shone as a beacon

the task of striking the first blow—to prove that the rights of the diggers were worth fighting for. In a rough stockade on the lonely Eureka diggings, in the year 1854, a group of miners (rough, work-hardened men who yet knew the need of justice and freedom) listened to the words of an Irishman, Peter Lalor, whose vigour and vision made him their leader—whose voice was to sound as the call to action—toward the growth of democracy, the claim of free men to govern themselves.



## Item 14.

Play: THE GOLD FIELDS.

## Characters in the Play:

Peter Lalor, an Irishman.  
 Pierre Noel, a Frenchman.  
 Bill Jones, an Englishman.  
 Toni Taranto, an Italian.  
 An old woman.  
 A Pole.  
 An American.  
 A Policeman.

Scene: The whole scene takes place outside the headquarters of the Police, a low whitewashed building which stands at the back of the stage, facing the audience. When the curtain opens a Policeman comes from within the building and commences to nail a long Proclamation to the notice board, on the outside wall. As he does so, a small crowd collects about him and they talk in hushed tones pointing and gesturing towards the notice. When the Policeman is finished he steps back and surveys the notice for a moment or so. When he realises he has an audience he looks a bit taken back, then regaining himself he says in a rather sneering tone . . .

Policeman: I did not realise ye were so interested in the Law. If I had I might have hurried a bit but no harm's done and I'm finished now, so step up, ladies and gents, and read it. If you find such a task rather difficult, bear in mind that you won't be disappointed with what you find.

Old Woman: The Impudence! To 'ear 'im, you'd think 'e was one of the nobility.

Jones: Well, mother, the sooner 'e learns to mind 'is tongue, the better it will be for 'im, because when I make my pile I'll remember all the insults that I've had to endure from that copper and . . .

Policeman: I'll take my chances.  
 (Exit).

Old Woman: I wonder what's on that board. It must be something important because 'e was positively gloating about it. Peter, Peter Lalor, read it out for me in your strong voice.

All: Yes, Lalor, let's hear what's on it this time.

Lalor: (Reading in monotone). Bendigo, Castlemaine and Ballarat diggings.

Old Woman: That's us!

Jones: All right, all right, we know that.

Lalor: (Resuming). Now where was I? Oh, yes, here we are! . . . the

aforsaid shall tender payment of thirty shillings a month for the purchase of a Mining Licence which will give the holder permission to mine for gold. . . . the aforsaid shall be required to carry that same licence on his person and produce it for inspection whenever required to by police or army officials. — Penalty for any breach of this act shall be £5 fine for the first offence and six months' gaol for the second. By order etcetera, etcetera.

(There is a stunned silence for a moment or two before the storm breaks).

Jones: Thirty bob a month! They're made it a privilege now to work.

Taranto: It is too much. I cannot pay.

Old Woman: The rascals! They always take it out on the poor and them what 'ave no say in the matter.

American: A mistake. Perhaps they mean thirty shillings a year.

Jones: It ain't no mistake. There ain't ever no mistake about a thing like that.

Pole: Vat are ve going to do.

Noel: I'll tell you vat I am going to do. Me — no pay!

Jones: Don't be a fool man, you can't get away with it.

Noel: And why not? I 'ave run before this day from the gendarmes and I am not afraid to do it again. After all, what can the police do? There is only a handful of them and they cannot be everywhere at once.

Jones: (Sarcastically). I know that. But didn't you listen to what was being read about police and (louder) army officials! My boy Tom just up from Me'bourne told me he passed a company of soldiers on the way. If you can add two and two together you'll see what I mean.

Noel: You are right, you can't fight the military.

Jones: To my way of thinking this law must be pretty important to the Government and they are going to enforce it even if it means using every soldier in Australia to do it. I'm a peaceful man by nature and I don't invite violence. I've been rather lucky lately, nothing outstanding mind, but I've paid off all my debts and I'm ahead of my original outlay so I'm going to pay the thirty bob and for a month I'll be free from that panicky fear you get when you see a policeman or a soldier. For a month I'll be an honest respectable man living within the law, and for a month my wife won't



wake up and find she's a widow, or at best 'er husband's in gaol, I had enough of that in the old country and I'm not going to 'ave it 'ere. I know the law's harsh and unjust but what can we do? If we bear it for a while perhaps we can send a petition but if we are stubborn and kick up a row it will only prejudice our chances.

(THERE ARE A FEW MURMURS OF "HE'S RIGHT.")

Taranto: But, tell me, Mr. Englishman, what about the people who have not been lucky, what about them? I am one of those people and I have been

But that is the hardest part of all, for I have my pride. My brothers scoffed at me and told me what a fool I was that my head could be turned by a fabulous rumour of gold. But I did not heed them and I went in search of a young country where the streets were paved with gold, and chunks of gold were lying on the ground ready to be picked up. But I found the streets paved with mud and on the ground were only stones and sand and scrub, but never no gold, no, never no gold. So I came here to the diggings and for a year I work hard and just



Scene from "THE GOLDFIELDS."

Characters: A Miner .....	Robin George
Noel, a Frenchman .....	Rhonda Stuart
Old Woman .....	Merle Rose
Peter Lalor .....	Gail Hamilton
Toni Taranto .....	Joan Wilcox
An American .....	Jacqueline Knibb

hardly able to keep my family from starving as it is. I cannot pay thirty shillings a month and because I cannot you say I must not. You are right, therefore, I must leave. But where can I go? I will not stay in this country where I have seen more lawlessness, more violence, more corruption in one year than I would have seen in ten years in Italy. I will not stay in this country. As my friend said (POINTING TO JONES) they have made it a privilege to work. No, I will send my family home to Italy, to my brothers who will care for them until I can.

when I would have been ready to give up I would find just enough dust to lead me on further in my search. But now comes this (POINTING TO NOTICE) which makes it impossible to mine for gold. So I will go home.

Lalor: I wonder what would have happened to the world if everyone was like you two—ready to give in or run away at the first barrier. Unfortunately there are too many people like you in the world, that's why it's in such a mess. We did not come out to this country solely for the thought of the gold that was offering, we were



also running away from the life we had had to endure in our own countries. There if a man had gold he had freedom, a say in his Government and a status in life. But if he did not possess it he was a prisoner living in a dark and miserable world, his life was directed by men whom he had never seen and for the most part, never heard of, and he was kicked and treated like the rabble that he was called. Perhaps you dreamed like I did, of a country where every man was equal, where every man had control over his government and where every man was free from the fear, the poverty and oppression that was rife in the old world. Then in the midst of our dreaming there came news of a country young and unspoiled by the unwisdom of man, of a country where there was gold for every man. So I and you and everyone here packed our belongings and sailed for the Antipodes. But we found that it was not quite as easy to become wealthy as the rumours had led us to believe, we had to be prepared to work hard before there was even a chance of gaining the gold. We were disturbed by the fact that there were many who were not prepared to dig for their own gold but would go to any lengths to obtain it unlawfully. But we were disturbed further by the fact that the Government, which consisted of the landed rich, were not concerned about us as they regarded us as a pack of ravenous dogs whose only function seems to be to fill the State coffers.

For protection we were given a handful of police who look on us in contempt. No provision was provided for any representation of us in Parliament. We have stood so much but now this Government decrees that we shall pay thirty shillings a month to mine for our gold. We shall gain none of the basic rights to which we are entitled except of the right to work. You, Bill, say that we must give in and pay so that to-morrow a law will be brought down for fifty shillings a month and you, Toni, say we must run away back to the old countries from which we fled.

No, we must take a stand and fight—fight if we spend our lives doing so. We must fight to make this country one that we would be prepared to hand on to our sons.

CURTAIN.

#### Item 15.

Choir: "NATION BUILDERS."

#### Narration:

There were many to take up the cause — their aim, that the States should rule themselves. Kinship with England was strong, but the love of freedom was strong and the next thirty years saw the emergence of six separate states, independent, self-governing, free.

And the planning went on, with the striving for growth and prosperity, and the land saw great harvests and fine herds—new industries and more people—new towns and great cities.

And those who dreamed of a united country, "bound by the crimson thread of kinship" saw instead a drifting apart—saw the states rejoice in their new-found freedom, and loath to admit that the common good meant a commonwealth—brotherhood—the sharing the business of living and working and ruling.

But those who dreamed were not idle. Their vision was real, and they saw in it the greatness to come, of a nation whose name in the years ahead would call to our minds their names, and their part in the gaining of unity.

Deas Thomson — Henry Parkes — William Charles Wentworth — Edmund Barton — Sir George Reid.

And now in our story, we pause at those names, and hark to their words as they talk of the future—the destiny of our country . . . .

#### Item 16.

"FATHERS OF FEDERATION,"  
1897.

Characters: Parkes.

Reid.

Barton.

Dr. John Quick.

Griffith.

Maid.

Mrs. Williams.

Scene: Sydney—The Home of Sir Henry Parkes.

Parkes: Come in, Griffith, and Barton too! Do you think we might sit out on this verandah and have a breath of fresh air while we are waiting for Sir George? Sit here, will you, Barton? And you here, Griffith!

Griffith: Well, this looks like a rehearsal for the first Federal Parliament. Oh, I see Dr. Quick arriving!

Parkes: (Looking through papers while Griffith looks over the balustrade). You know, if we could persuade Sir George to throw in his weight behind this fight for Federation, I believe it would not be a lost cause.



Sir George could persuade his listeners to agree with him on any subject.

Barton: Well, he's got a reputation for being a very lively and amusing speaker with a brilliant gift of repartee. Did you hear about the woman who shouted at him during an election meeting the other night? She called out to Sir George: "If you were my husband I'd poison you."

Parkes and Griffith: What did he say to that?

Barton: He bowed and said, "Madam, I'd be thankful!"

Mrs. Williams shows in Sir George and Dr. Quick.

Parkes: Ah, here are the late-comers. Come in Sir George! and Dr. Quick.

the cause than you have. Nevertheless, the final lead must come from the politicians, and I'm afraid not all the politicians are agreed—not even the politicians in this room.

Barton: I suggest that I write down all the arguments for Federation and we'll discuss them one by one, just to clear our thoughts.

Parkes: Good! Item No. 1—Defence. That's a weighty argument. Australia will be a great Pacific power with jealous nations looking for living room. There are 300,000,000 Chinese in our near north.

Reid: You are surely not suggesting that the heathen Chinese in his blindness will want Australia.



Scene from "FATHERS OF FEDERATION."

Characters: Dr. Quick .....	Pamela Cockburn
Sir George Reid .....	Anne Waddington
Sir Henry Parkes .....	Jennifer McLachlan
Edmund Barton .....	Audrey Hill

You all know each other don't you. We were only saying, Sir George, that with your gift of repartee, you'd win the cause of Federation if you spoke to the people.

Dr. Quick: That's just the point. The reason the cause of Federation has gained ground is that Mr. Barton in New South Wales and I, myself, in Victoria, have made it a People's question. You know we've established a Federal League in every city and village in Australia!

Parkes: Of course, of course, and there's no one who has done more for

Parkes: Indeed I do! I also am suggesting that Germany and France are appearing in the South Pacific.

Mrs. Williams (Knock at door). A telegram, Sir Henry, for Mr. Griffith. (Hands it to Griffith who reads it slowly and then says):

"I have grave news. Information has just come to hand that West New Guinea has been formally annexed as a German possession. That's very close to Queensland. Well, my mind is made up. Sir Henry, I must return to Brisbane immediately, but before I leave I wish to make it perfectly clear that



Queensland whole-heartedly supports all efforts towards Federation of the Colonies. (PARKES RINGS BELL) I think it is clear from the news I have just received that all colonies should speak with one voice on matters of defence! Good-bye! Gentlemen."

Enter Mrs. Williams.

Parkes: Good-bye Sir. Mrs. Williams, will you see Mr. Griffith to his carriage? (accompanying him to door then turns to his guests). I think we've all had an object lesson in the defence of Australia speaking in one voice about defending her shores!

Quick: We have indeed.

Enter (Mrs. Williams with Drinks).

Parkes: What's the next point, Barton?

Barton: Matters of trade. We must all agree to Australia adopting a policy of protection to her infant industries or free trade—whatever suits Australia.

Reid: I should say Victoria has some lusty infants developing rapidly not requiring any motherly protection. No! No! Parkes. This is my bone of contention. Why should New South Wales protect Victorian industries? Free trade suits us much better! We'd sooner import and export without restrictions.

Parkes: But, Sir George — its for the good of Australia. You can't think always in terms of New South Wales.

Reid: I am first a New South Welshman, than an Australian. However, I'll concede you this point. I shall have a referendum in my colony on the question. Then if the people agree to Federation, I'll withdraw my objections.

Parkes: Good! This is indeed a victory. My dear sir, do you realise that there will not be any restrictions on trade in Australia. No more smuggling goods over the borders, because the borders won't exist any more. By the way, did you hear about the jeweller who smuggled diamonds across the Victorian-New South Wales border by filling his hollow walking stick with the jewels?

Reid: Clever fellow. I almost wish he hadn't been caught!

Parkes: He was a Victorian, not a New South Welshman.

Reid: Oh, well, in that case, ten years in gaol would be a lenient sentence! Don't take me too seriously, Parkes!

Parkes: Barton, have you any more arguments?

Barton: Well, this. If we speak with one loud voice as a Commonwealth instead of speaking as six little colonies, we should have greater power and prestige.

Dr. Quick: Surely there is no argument against this?

Parkes: (with others). None! But if we are to unite we must all agree. If one stands out, the whole plan fails.

Dr. Quick: You refer to Western Australia's reluctance to enter the proposed union. It's understandable. Western Australia is thousands of miles away. She thinks her wishes will be ignored. Is there nothing we can do to heal the breach?

Reid: I thought we'd already cajoled Western Australia into joining the Federation, by promising to build a railway from the east to the west.

Parkes: Quite true! We've made this promise, but there's been an ominous silence in the west.

Reid: From the west no sound emerges. Where does that line come from, Barton? Is it that fellow Swinburne?

Barton: I'm not a literary fellow, Sir George, but the next line I think runs . . . "Something something dirges"

Reid: Well, that's appropriate.

Parkes: How can you two speak as light-heartedly about Western Australia's attitude? It's a tragedy, a tragedy! Knock. Mrs. Williams enters.

Mrs. Williams: Another telegram, Sir Henry.

Parkes: Thank you, Mrs. Williams. We I, dare I hope that this brings good news? I see it is from Perth. Listen! "Western Australian Cabinet decided to-day, as a result of referendum, to give Western Australia's full consent to be included in the Federation of Australian Colonies. Signed W. Simpson, Premier."

Barton: Well, this is a day of days! Victory on all sides! Sir Henry, do you wish me to continue with my arguments?

Parkes: No, because I have the most incontrovertible argument to put forward. It is this. Out here in this great continent we are all of British stock. We have a common background, the same customs and the same outlook, a Christian tradition and a common tongue. We must unite and stand shoulder to shoulder, for indeed the crimson thread of kinship runs through us all! Gentlemen, I shall ask you to rise . . . and drink . . . to the future prosperity . . . of the Great Commonwealth . . . of Australia.



**Narration:**

The first day of January, 1901! Historic date on which Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who had watched the growth of this far flung part of her empire, signed an Act passed by the Parliament of Great Britain establishing the union of our six States as the Commonwealth of Australia.

The signs of achievement—a Federal Parliament of Australia, its Prime Minister, Sir Edmund Barton—a new High Court of Australia, its Chief Justice Sir Samuel Griffith—new Governor General, Lord Hopetoun.

This was a new nation, young, eager to meet the future as a united people. A loyal member of the British family of nations, destined to grow in strength and spirit within that Empire; linked by ties of kinship and tradition to the Mother Country—its defender in time of war; its generous friend in time of peace.

On the 9th day of May, 1901, Australia, rejoicing in the dignity of nationhood, welcomed to her shores Her Majesty's special representative, His Highness Prince George, Duke of York and Cornwall, future King of England, who opened the first Federal Parliament of Australia at Melbourne, Victoria.

In the pomp and splendour of Royal patronage, the representatives of the people heard the voice of Lord Hopetoun pray to God for His blessing on this land, and its people; and then the words of the formal proclamation . . . of the establishment of AUSTRALIA . . . as a Commonwealth . . . of States . . .

**Item 17.****FANFARE.****Item 18.****THE KING'S PROCLAMATION**

Scene: Parliament House, Melbourne—the first meeting of the Commonwealth Parliament on May 9th, 1901, at which the King's proclamation on the occasion of the founding of the Commonwealth of Australia was read by H.R.H. Prince George, Duke of York and Cornwall.

Speakers in the Scene: His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Cornwall.

Governor General Lord Hopetoun.

Mr. Blackmore, Clerk of Parliament.

Mr. Blackmore, Clerk of Parliament:

Be it known to all present that His Royal Highness, Prince George, Duke

of York and Cornwall, authorised by virtue of His Majesty's commission, desires the immediate attention of this honourable house in this place, to hear this commission read.

**Narration:**

The people gathered together to witness that historic scene, heard first the voice of the Governor General of Australia, as he prayed in their name and asked for the blessing of God on this country, and her government and people.

Lord Hopetoun: Oh Lord, our Heavenly Father, High and Mighty King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Only Ruler of Princes, who dost from Thy Throne behold all dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech Thee to Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord King Edward and so replenish Him with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit that he may always incline to Thy will and walk in Thy way. Endow him plenteously with Heavenly gifts, grant him in health and wealth long to live, strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies and finally after this life he may attain everlasting joy and felicity through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, we humbly beseech Thee to regard with Thy merciful favour the people of this land now united in a Commonwealth. We pray for Thy servants the Governor General, the Governors of the States and all who are and shall be associated with them in the administration of their several offices. We pray Thee at this time to vouchsafe Thy special blessings upon the Federal Parliament now assembling for their first session and that Thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory and to the true welfare of the people of Australia through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

**FANFARE,****GOD SAVE THE KING.**

His Royal Highness, Duke of York and Cornwall: Gentlemen of the Senate and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: My beloved and deeply lamented Grandmother, Queen Victoria, had desired to mark the importance of the opening of this the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia, and to manifest her special interest in all that concerns the welfare of her loyal subjects in Australia, by granting me a special commission to open the first session.

That commission had been duly signed before the sad event which has



plunged the whole empire into mourning and the King, my dear father, fully sharing Her late Majesty's wishes, decided to give effect to them, although His Majesty stated, on the occasion of his opening his first Parliament, that a separation from his son at such a time could not be otherwise than deeply painful to him.

His Majesty has been pleased to consent to this separation, moved by his sense of the loyalty and devotion which prompted the generous aid afforded by all the colonies in the South African War, and of the splendid bravery of the colonial troops. It is

also His Majesty's wish to acknowledge the readiness with which the ships of the special Australasian squadron were placed at his disposal for service in China.

His Majesty further desired in this way to testify to his heartfelt gratitude for the warm sympathy extended by every part of his Dominions to himself and his family in the irreparable loss they have sustained by the death of his beloved Mother.

His Majesty has watched with the deepest interest the social and material progress made by his people in Australia, and has seen with thankfulness



Scene from "THE KING'S PROCLAMATION."

Characters: Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun ..... Madeleine Richardson  
 Mr. Blackmore ..... Janice Byrne  
 H.R.H. Duke of York ..... Pamela Tronier

and heartfelt satisfaction the completion of that political union of which the Federation is the embodiment.

The King is satisfied that the wisdom and patriotism which have characterised the exercise of the wide powers of self-government hitherto enjoyed by the colonies will continue to be displayed in the exercise of the still wider powers with which the united colonies has been endowed. His Highness feels assured that the enjoyment of these powers will, if possible, enhance that loyalty and devotion to his throne and empire of which the people of Australia have already given such signal proofs.

It is His Majesty's earnest prayer that this union so happily achieved may, under God's blessing, prove an instrument for still further promoting the welfare and advancement of his subjects in Australia, and for the strengthening and consolidation of his empire.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, it affords me much pleasure to convey to you this message from His Majesty. I now, in his name and on his behalf, declare this parliament open.

FANFARE IS SOUNDED.



The Duke: I wish to read to you a cable message received from His Majesty the King:

"My thoughts are with you in today's important ceremony. Most fervently do I wish Australia prosperity and happiness."

Item 19.

Choir: "GOD SAVE THE KING"  
—(Elgar).

Item 20 and 21

Choir: "ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR."

Item 21.

Accompaniment to a Tableau on the stage, showing six girls holding the States of the Map of Australia, and six girls holding the flags of the States, and others holding the flags of Britain and Australia and the Coat of Arms of the Commonwealth.

Narration:

Yours the traditions of freedom—

Let all your sons and your daughters rejoice in your name, and the destiny that is theirs

Let them take as their guide the proud banner signed with the cross of nobility and sacrifice and the stars to lift their gaze upward. Come, the men who have sown the crops! and those in the vast land that tend the machines Come all whose task is to guide and unfold to the seekers the path of Knowledge; and those who carry the torch of Sacrifice, who stretch out their hands to help and to heal, And Australia's brave sons who have proven their worth in the battle

for justice. Come all who are her adopted children—who ask of her bounty a haven of peace. And the youth whose vision is a future of greatness.

Let all see their part, be it great or hidden; let all know their worth. For WE are Australia; and ours is the work of building our future . . . And ours are the eyes to see and the minds to know that we are not alone. For our friends are the nations of the world, and the road we are destined to follow is the road we shall travel together—the glorious highway of justice and love and sacrifice; and our strength is our faith in God and our fellows, and our reward is the priceless gift of peace.

Item 22.

Choir: HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

Tableau:

Depicting (1) A central group showing Australia, Britain, U.S.A. and France grouped around the figure of Peace;

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Narration written by Miss K. Crooks.

The Plays:

"Outpost of Empire."

"Macquarie, the Builder."

"Fathers of Federation." Written by Miss D. Dey.

"The Goldfields." Written by Winifred Bradley.

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Tableau. "ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR."



## Do you remember these girls?

BRITTAIN: J. E.  
BROWNFIELD: B.  
DENNY: N. J.  
DOWNING: V. C.  
FISHBURN: A. J.  
METZ: J.  
RICE: G. M.  
RIXOM: B. R.

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