



**THE MAGAZINE**  
**OF THE**  
**FORT STREET**  
**GIRLS'**  
**HIGH SCHOOL**



# The Magazine

of the

## Fort Street Girls' High School

AUGUST, 1952.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

### THE STAFF.

*Principal:* Miss L. WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

*Deputy Principal:* Miss G. SIMONS, B.A.

#### *Department of English:*

Miss D. DEY, M.A. (Mistress)	Mrs. M. CRADDOCK, B.A.
Miss J. BAKER, B.A.	Miss D. CROXON, B.A.
Miss B. BELMONT, B.A.	Miss S. LABISCH, B.A.
Miss E. COCHRANE, B.A.	Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.

#### *Department of Classics:*

Miss G. SIMONS, B.A.	Miss M. BUSH, B.A.
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#### *Department of Mathematics:*

Miss E. KERR, B.A. (Mistress).	Miss S. LABISCH, B.A.
Miss K. CONNOLLY, B.Sc.	Miss D. LLEWELLYN, B.Sc., P.Ec.
Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc.	Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc.
Miss I. GREEN, B.A.	

#### *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)	Mrs. M. CRADDOCK, B.A.
Miss L. ARTER, B.A.	Miss M. KENT HUGHES, M.A. (Vic.)
Miss M. BUSH, B.A.	Mrs. M. PATTERSON, B.A.

#### *Art:*

Mrs. A. McGEE.

#### *Needlework:*

Miss J. BURTON (on leave).  
Miss R. HEDGES

*Music:* Miss L. BALE.

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

#### *Physical Training:*

Miss N. ANDERSON	Miss J. NICHOL, Dip. Phys. Ed
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*Magazine Editor:* Miss D. DEY, M.A.

*Sub-Editor:* Miss E. COCHRANE, B.A.

*School Captain:* MARGARET LAWSON.

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MISS L. G. WEITEOAK, B.Sc.,  
*The Principal of Fort Girls' High School*

## MISS L. G. WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

The staff and pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School extend a warm welcome to our new head-mistress, Miss L. Whiteoak. In some ways our new principal must feel that she has come home for she is no stranger to Fort Street Girls' High School. After thirteen years here as Mistress of Science, and later two years as Deputy-Principal she can lay claim to being a Fortian in every sense of the word. Miss Whiteoak will carry on, we feel sure, the traditions which have made this school outstanding. At the opening of the Fanny Cohen Gymna-

sium, our former principal Miss Cohen, in referring to our new principal spoke of leaving the school "in safe hands," and in this we heartily concur.

The staff takes this opportunity of congratulating Miss Whiteoak on being appointed to the Board of Secondary School Studies.

As the only woman member on this Committee which controls all secondary education, Miss Whiteoak holds an important position in the educational world.

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## CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

There have been many changes in the staff since the last publication of our magazine. In April this year we said good-bye to Miss F. Cohen and welcomed our new Principal, Miss L. Whiteoak. At the beginning of the year Miss B. Smith, the Deputy-Principal, was appointed as Principal to Willoughby Home Science High School, and her place here was taken by Miss G. Simons. Miss R. Trant-Fischer, Miss M. Glanville and Miss E. Stern were appointed to other schools, and Miss K. Crooks to the Teachers' Col-

lege. Mrs. J. Murray resigned during the year and her place was taken by Miss L. Bale.

Other newcomers to the staff are Miss J. Baker, Miss B. Belmont, Miss M. Bush, Miss S. Labisch and Miss J. Nichol. Miss R. Hedges is taking the place of Miss J. Burton who is abroad.

We wish every happiness to Miss Cohen, and to those who have been transferred to other schools, and offer a warm welcome to the new members of our staff.

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## RECENT AWARDS.

We must congratulate Lesley Hanks on winning the first prize of the 1952 Concours General of the Alliance Francaise. This examination consists of French prose at an advanced standard, composition, dictation and conversation. Only the best students are eligible to compete.

Valerie Duckworth, 4A, won the H. M. Suttor Prize for the best pass in the Intermediate Examination (external) 1951, in Australian History. This is awarded by the Royal Australian Historical Society.

Robin Thistlewaite, 3A, won the F. A. McTier Prize for an essay competition conducted by the Royal Australian Historical Society. The subject of the essay was "The Early Discoveries of Gold in Eastern Australia."

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

On 29th April, 1952, Miss Cohen's term of office, as Principal of our school, came to an end. There is no need to say that all the pupils of the school—even the first years who had been pupils for a few weeks only—realised that her retirement marked the end of a distinguished career in the educational world. It would be quite impossible to estimate the value of Miss Cohen's work over the years—her influence was so far-reaching on the lives of the hundreds of girls who came under her charge that it would be no exaggeration to say that as long as Fort Street Girls' High School exists, Miss Cohen's name will be linked with it. We print below a review of Miss Cohen's career, written by a former colleague, and a personal reminiscence written by a former pupil.

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July 12th, 1912, was a momentous day in the history of Fort Street Girls' High School, for on that day Miss Fanny Cohen, who had just returned from Cambridge University, joined the staff as Assistant Mistress of Mathematics. Miss Cohen soon showed her ability and skill as a teacher of that subject for the University Matriculation Scholarships for Proficiency in Mathematics were gained by her pupils in 1914, 1916, 1918 and 1921.

After having been Mistress of Mathematics at Fort Street for some years she was transferred to North Sydney Girls' High School in 1922. Eight years later she returned to Fort Street, having served in the meantime as Head Mistress of West Maitland and St. George High Schools.

It would be impossible in a few paragraphs adequately to appreciate all that Miss Cohen in her twenty-two years in charge of the school did for it.

The beautification of the Entrance Hall, the remodelling of the grounds, the new science laboratories, the enlarged library with its fine book-cases are a few of the improvements in the building itself.

Under her regime, the standard of education was high, each pupil being encouraged or inspired to do her best for she realised that the Head Mistress had a personal interest in her, knew her weakness or strength, and devoted as much time and attention to planning the career of the weakest as to that of the most brilliant. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in those years eight pupils won the coveted blue ribbon for female candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination—the Fairfax Prize for Proficiency and that the average pass was good with practically no candidates failing to pass the examination.

Fort Street girls, past and present, have to thank Miss Cohen for the success of the Centenary Celebrations in 1949, which was undoubtedly due to her great organising ability and enthusiasm.

It is fitting that her last official function was the Opening of the building, which the Hon. R. J. Heffron, Minister for Education, named the Fanny Cohen Gymnasium to commemorate the work of this brilliant and beloved Head Mistress.

—A.E.T.

### RETROSPECT.

#### Miss Cohen—A Tribute.

Our life is but a little holding,  
lent

To do a mighty labour."

—Meredith

How well I remember the day in 1912 when she arrived at Fort Street, tall, dignified, wending her way past the old fountain, through the ancient gates, past the caretaker's cottage and up the cobbled pathway to the old building itself, the approach in those bygone days very different to that in existence now.

I can recall sitting in her class, lost in admiration at the speed of her reasoning and the lightning nature of her calculations.

Her lessons always made me think of a broad, swiftly-moving stream. There was never any leisurely strolling as we followed her in search of mathematical wisdom; we were swept along in a most stimulating and exhilarating fashion; how very enjoyable it all was!

Years went by till 1930, when she returned as the third Headmistress of the School; since then she has guided its destinies with high purpose and inspiration.

Her influence has extended far beyond the school itself for she has filled an outstanding place

in the educational annals of the State, serving on the University Senate and the Board of Secondary School Studies to mention but two of her many activities.

On looking back over the years, one recalls her rare sense of humour which smoothed out many an awkward situation and ironed out all sorts of difficulties. Indeed, her infectious laughter could not be easily forgotten.

Linked with this, I remember too, the great core of kindness and thoughtfulness in her brilliant make-up—"That best portion of a good man's life, his little nameless, unremembered deeds of kindness and love" to quote Wordsworth's well-known words. How very often she has held out a helping hand to some pupil needing it or has given the encouraging word to some disheartened member of the staff.

It has been said that "no school is greater than its Head"; Fort Street is a great School; it has just said good-bye to a great Headmistress.

" . . . all served, all serving:  
nothing stands alone;  
The chain holds on, and where  
it ends unknown."

—Pope.

A.W.

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### WASHING YOUR HANDS.

"Good little girls wash their hands for tea,"  
My Nanny said, she said to me.  
But my hands are as clean as clean can be,  
So why must I wash my hands for tea?  
Out in the garden I've watched a bee,  
And the little bee looked back at me,  
But no matter what Nanny says to me  
Bees never wash their hands for tea.

—Jilyan Chambers, 3C.

## THE OPENING OF THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

On Thursday, 24th April, 1952, the new gymnasium was formally opened by the Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., the Hon. the Minister for Education.

It had been a long cherished dream on the part of Miss Cohen, our former principal, that our school should have a gymnasium. When the foundation stone of the building was laid three years ago during Fort Street's Centenary Celebrations it was felt that the day would not be far distant before our promised gymnasium would materialise. However, another three years were to pass before this came about. It was fitting that the ceremony of opening the building should take place on the eve of Miss Cohen's retirement. It was fitting, too, that the Minister for Education should name it the Fanny Cohen Gymnasium, for it was certainly due to her efforts that Fort Street finally gained this much needed addition.

The opening of the Gym. was attended by hundreds of friends of the school, including many distinguished visitors. On the dais arranged under one of the fig-trees were Miss Cohen, the Principal of the School, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., and Mrs.

Heffron, the Hon. D. Clyne, M.L.A. and Miss Clyne, the Director-General of Education, and Mrs. McKenzie, and Mr. Gordon Young. All the speakers referred in glowing terms to the work done by Miss Cohen during her twenty-two years as Principal of the school, and were glad that the Gymnasium was to be named after her. The building was then formally opened, after which Miss Cohen, in a short speech, responded. The visitors were then entertained at morning tea, some in the Assembly Hall and others in the playground.

### **The Fanny Cohen Gymnasium:**

The building will cost, on completion, £25,000 and when fully equipped, will be one of the best in Australia. It will consist of a spacious hall with lockers, change-rooms and shower-rooms. In addition there is plenty of storage space for equipment not in use. At the other end of the building is an attractive, airy room which is the sick bay. Leading off from the imposing entrance is the office attached to which is a small kitchenette and shower-room. A long sunny verandah runs along the length of one side of the building, overlooking Observatory Park.

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## THOUGHTS WHILE BOARDING THE TRAIN.

Here comes the train, and here comes the crowd.  
 My thoughts at this moment I'd not say aloud.  
 "I hope I can get it! I wish you'd not shove."  
 "So sorry!" "Excuse me!" Oh there goes my glove.  
 At last I am on it—now where can I stand?  
 Ah! Here is a bar, is there room for my hand?  
 At last I am settled. "Oh! Get off my toe!"  
 I wish you'd stop smoking—but now off we go.

—Gillian Hanks, 2A.



AT THE OPENING OF THE FANNY COHEN GYMNASIUM.

Left to Right: Mrs. R. J. Heffron, Miss Fanny Cohen, The Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A.



## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE.

This year, as in any other year, many changes have taken place, some only minor ones, but others having far-reaching consequences.

We were all very sad when Miss Cohen left us, and felt that Fort Street would not be the same without her, but we have found our new headmistress, Miss Whiteoak, a worthy successor, and know her task will be much easier if everyone continues to co-operate with her.

The opening of the new gymnasium reminded us of the centenary year, when the foundation stone was laid, and we remember the speeches in which we were told that it was our responsibility to see that we equalled, if not excelled, the outstanding record the school had maintained over the past hundred years. And now,

three years later, at the beginning of what may be termed a new era in the history of Fort Street, it seems a suitable time to take stock of ourselves and make sure we are fulfilling our duty.

There is a great need to-day for people who are well-educated, willing to accept new ideas and ways, and able to make friends readily. At school, we have the best opportunity for learning to become such people, so it is up to us to take full advantage of our privileges. Some of us will very shortly be leaving to follow many different vocations, but, like those still remaining at school, we will continue to do our best to uphold Fort Street's traditions so that in years to come, all who have passed through our ranks will still be proud and glad to be known as Fortians.



## THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1952 were elected at the beginning of first term.

They are:—

Margaret Lawson (Captain), Ngarita Blackler (Year V), Rona Sanford (Year IV), Jan Jorgansen (Year III), Gail Winters (Year II), Elizabeth Cunningham (Year I), and Patricia Brown (Year IV, Secretary).

Miss Cohen presided over the first meeting of the Association, but on Miss Cohen's retirement we have been glad to welcome Miss Whiteoak to the School Association.

The staff members of the Association are: Miss Whiteoak, Miss Simons, Miss Green (Treasurer), Miss Dey and Miss Anderson.

Patricia Brown (Year IV.)



*PREFECTS, 1952.*

*Back Row: Jennifer McLachlan, Beverley Hammond, Ruth Hayden, Jean Selig, Christine Fuller.  
Front Row: Betty Randall, Fay Wagner, Margaret Lawson (Captain), Ngnarita Blackler,  
Joan Wilcox.*

## SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day, is for all Fortians, an important occasion—for the "First Years," it is a new and exciting experience, for the "Fifth Years" the end of school-days, the beginning of a new life; and for the remaining grades another year gone by.

As usual, the girls clad in white, arrived staggering under the weight of last-minute Christmas gifts or loads of flowers, which were soon to transform the stage of the Conservatorium into a rainbow carpet of hydrangeas, agapanthus and gladioli.

After chatting gaily for some time, the choir and the proud winners of prizes and certificates, at last took up their positions on the hard benches of the stage to wait restlessly for the commencement of the function.

On the arrival of the official party, Speech Day opened with a hearty singing of the "School Anthem." The chairman, J. G. McKenzie, Esq., B.A., B.Ec., then expressed his pleasure at being present, once again, and after a short address, invited Miss Cohen to read her annual report, which proved that Fort Street had once more upheld its traditions in scholarship, sport and music.

Our next speaker was the Minister for Education, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., who made reference in his address to the increasingly large numbers of children enrolling at schools next

year and to the shortage of teachers for them. The Minister also announced with much regret that in 1952, Miss Cohen would retire from the position, which she had filled so ably. for many years, as Principal of the school.

Two delightful items by the choir, "Linden Lea" and "Ships of Aready", preceded the next address by Professor C. R. McRae, Ph.D., M.A., who asked us to take all the advantages of high school education and use them to the full when choosing a career.

Again the choir entertained the audience with a most enjoyable rendition of the "Hindu Song" and "The Snow." Following this, D. Clyne, Esq., M.L.A., who has become a familiar figure at our annual Speech Day, aroused appreciative murmurs from the girls, by announcing that the "Fanny Cohen Gymnasium" would be completed early next year.

Then came the highlight of the programme—the presentation of prizes and certificates by Miss Clyne.

Votes of thanks were moved by the Captain, Rosemary Randall, and the Captain-elect, Margaret Lawson.

Many parents—Old Fortians—joined in the singing of the school song, "Come Fortians All," followed by the National Anthem closing Speech Day, 1951.

—Meg Weir, 5B,



*SPEECH DAY AT THE CONSERVATORIUM, 1951.*

## PRIZE LIST.

## PRIZES.

Dux of the School: Jean Wolrige.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Anita Pincas.  
 Dux of Year IV: Patricia Conder.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Joan Wilcox.  
 Dux of Year III (Mollie Thornhill prize): Alma Sneddon.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Nina Sneddon.  
 Dux of Year II: Valma Steward.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Jan Jorgenson.  
 Dux of Year I: Valerie Allen.  
 Second Proficiency Prize: Gail Winters

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C. Examination, 1950): Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History in L.C. Examination, 1950): Elizabeth Cayzer.  
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1950): June Wilson.  
 Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1950): Patricia Poiner.  
 Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year II): Nina Sneddon.  
 Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV): Joan Wilcox.  
 Bishop Kirby Memorial Prize (History, Year II): Judith Anderson.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year IV): Patricia Conder.  
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year I): Margaret Pearson.  
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry, Year V): Agnes Somogyi: Jean Wolrige.  
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry and Physics, Year II): Margaret Menser.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year IV): Joan Wilcox.  
 Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year I): Valerie Allen.  
 Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Science, Year III): Valerie Duckworth, Alma Sneddon.  
 Maureen McDevitt Memorial Prize (Biology, Year V): Lesley Hanks.  
 Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (German, Year II): Valma Steward.  
 Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (Latin, Year II): Jan Jorgenson, Judith Anderson.  
 Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year V): Lesley Hanks.

Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year I): Valerie Allen.  
 Special Prizes donated by Mrs. Hodgkins for Best Contributions to School Magazine:  
 Senior School: June Robinson.  
 Junior School, Jill Thresher.  
 L'Aliance Francaise Prizes:  
 Concours general: Second Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
 Grade II: Third Prize: Eva Sommer.  
 Grade III: First Prize: Anita Pincas.  
 Second Prize: aeq { Joanne Smith.  
 Pamela Mills  
 Grade V: Second Prize: Valerie Allen.  
 Prefects' Prize, Empire Day Essays:  
 Senior School: Eva Sommer.  
 Junior School: Janice Leaney.  
 Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson:  
 Senior School: Joan Wilcox, Margaret Cameron.  
 Junior School: Jean Bruce, Roslyn Macklin.  
 Old Girls' Union Life Membership: Rosemary Randa'l.  
 Elizabeth Cayzer Price (Captain of the School, 1951): Rosemary Randall.  
 The Commonwealth Jubilee School Choir Festival Trophy.

## CERTIFICATES.

## YEAR V.

English: Eva Sommer.  
 History: Norma Jollow.  
 Latin: Betty Stafford.  
 German: Eva Sommer.  
 Mathematics: Jean Wolrige.  
 Geography: Mary Garner.  
 Art: Pamela Smith, Robin Brown.  
 Music: Ellen Carr.  
 Needlework: Lois Joseph.  
 Physical Training: Margaret Simon.

## YEAR IV.

French: Patricia Conder.  
 German: Vera Gertler.  
 Latin: Patricia Conder.  
 Chemistry: Barbara Gould.  
 Biology: Patricia Conder.  
 Geography: Gail Hamilton.  
 Art: Dawn Ragen.  
 Music: Meg Weir.  
 Needlework: Rhonda Stewart.  
 Physical Training: Barbara Cave.

## YEAR III.

English: Alma Sneddon.  
 Latin: Delysia Devlin.  
 German: Alma Sneddon.  
 French: Alma Sneddon.  
 Mathematics I: Alma Sneddon.

Mathematics II: Alma Sneddon.  
Combined Physics and Chemistry:  
Nina Sneddon, prox. acc.  
Geography: Edwina Gray.  
Art: Helen Hendy.  
Music: Carol Bryant.  
Needlework: Robin George.  
Physical Training: Helen Cramp.

YEAR II.

English: Jeanette Spies.  
French: Valma Steward.  
Mathematics I: Valma Steward.  
Mathematics II: Hazel Lane, Valma  
Steward.  
Geography: Louise Frankel.  
Art: Yvonne Watts.  
Music: Jan Innes.  
Needlework: Janice Hooper.  
Physical Training: Joy Belgrove.

YEAR I.

History: Helen Jarrett.  
Mathematics: Marilyn Brown, prox.  
acc.

Combined Physics and Chemistry:  
Marie Schofield.  
Geography: Jennifer Buchanan.  
Art: Lola Keller.  
Needlework: Jan Colliver.  
Physical Training: Wendy Woolley.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1951.

Award of Merit—Bar: Kay Milthorpe,  
Dawn Davies, Margaret Simon,  
Joanne Smith, Dorothy Oakes.  
Award of Merit: Deidre Sloane, Molly  
Firth, Judith Nelson, Diana Willis,  
Ann Butt, Coral Hewitt, Margaret  
Butt, Ann Pemberton, Christine  
Martin.  
Australian Bronze Cross: Shirley  
Fletcher, Gwen Smith, Coral Hewitt,  
Mary Kelly, Helen Cramp, Betty  
Downing.  
Instructor's Certificate: Margaret  
Simon, Loretta Yum, Jill Battye,  
Kay Milthorpe, Ann Butt, Coral  
Hewitt, Margaret Butt, Christine  
Martin, Margaret Lawson, Ann  
Pemberton.

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## CARGOES

(With apologies to John Masefeld.)

Frail little kayak floating on the north sea,  
Nosing past the icebergs by the great white land,  
With a cargo of fox furs,  
Whales' fat, seal-skins,  
Salmon pink and wriggling from the Arctic strand.

Clumsy Chinese sampan from the Yellow River,  
Crawling through the mangroves in the murky shade  
With a cargo of baskets,  
Dried fish, Camphor-wood  
Fireworks and antiques for the tourist trade.

Grubby Sydney freighter with funnels belching smoke-clouds,  
Pushing through the ocean to the shelter of the bay,  
With a cargo of wool bales,  
Black coal, timber,  
Limestone, iron ore and South Coast clay.

—Jan Skimin, Judith Miller, Barbara Lyons, 1B.



*HOUSE CAPTAINS AND HOUSE VICE-CAPTAINS, 1952.*

*Back Row: House Vice-Captains—Adrienne Handel, Lynne Ivens, Ann Swanson, Helen Cramp.  
Front Row: House Captains—Coral Hewitt, Margaret Lawson, Ngarita Blackler, Margaret Butt.*

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1951.

Numbers after candidates' names indicate the subjects in which they passed.

The letters "H(1)" signify first-class honors; "H(2)" second class honors; "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. Key to subjects:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Applied Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 10, Ancient History; 11, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 12, Physics; 13, Chemistry; 14, Botany; 15, Geology; 16, Biology; 17, Geography; 18, Economics; 19, Theory and Practice of Music; 20, Art; 21, Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 22, Home Economics; 23, Accountancy; 24, Agriculture; 25, Agricultural Biology; 26, Woolclassing; 27, Physiology and Hygiene; 28, Zoology; 29, Greek; 30, Italian; 31, Chinese; 32, Hebrew; 33, Japanese; 34, Russian; 35, Technical Drawing; 36, Woodwork; 37, Metalwork; 38, Farm Mechanics; 39, Theory of Music; 40, Social Studies.

Adcock, N. J.: 1A, 2B 3B 7B 9B 16B.  
Battye, J. D.: 1B 3B 9B 16B.  
Begg, M. E.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 7A 9H(2) 13B.  
Bobroff, O.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 19B.  
Brown, R. A.: 1A 3B 9B 20B.  
Carr, E. L.: 1B 3A 5B 6A 16B 19B.  
Cawley, M. A.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13H(2).  
Collins, B. A.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 16B.  
Davies, P. D.: 1A 3A(o) 4B 7B 9B 16B.  
Dunn, L. H.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 20B.  
Firth, M. C.: 1B 3A(o) 4A(o) 5A 6A 16A.  
Forster, M. E.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
Garner, M. E.: 1A 3A(o) 9B 16B 17B 19B.  
Gould, P. G.: 1B 2A 3A 5B 6B 13A.  
Greenberg, S. E.: 1B 3A(o) 4B(o) 7B 9B 16B.  
Heatley, P. E.: 1H(2) 3B 9B 16A 17B 19B.  
Hewitt, R.: 1B 3B 9B 17B 20B.  
Jennens, J. A.: 1B 3A(o) 7B 9B 16B 17B.  
Johnston, L. L.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16B.  
Jollow, N. F.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 7B 9H(2) 16B.  
Joseph, L. M.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16B 21A.  
Keller, J. M.: 1B 3A 7B 9A 16B 17B.  
Long, V. J.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 21A.  
Lucas, J. C.: 1B 3B 7B 9A 16B 17B.  
Lumsden, P. A.: 1B 3H(2) (o) 4A(o) 5A 6A 13B.  
Lyons, E. M.: 1B 3A(o) 4B(o) 5B 6B 13A.  
McEwan, H.: 1B 2B 3B(o) 9B 16B.  
Middleton, M. A.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13A.  
Mills, P. O.: 1A 3AH(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5A 6A 13B.  
Milthorpe, K.: 1A 3B 7B 16B 17A.  
Mitchell, P. M.: 1A 3B 7A 16B 17B.  
Moalem, L.: 1A 3A 9A 16B 17B.  
Nelson, J. A.: 1B 3B 7B 16A 21A.  
Newton, S. F.: 1B 3B 7B 16B 21A.  
Nye, M. J.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7B 9B 16B.  
Oakes, D. A.: 1B 3B 7B 16B 17B.  
Parkin, J. W.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5B 6B 13A.  
Patrick, A. D.: 1B 3B 7B 17B.  
Pincas, A. M.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 7A 9A 16B.  
Price, M. A.: 1B 9B 16B 17B.  
Randal, R.: 1B 3A 4B(o) 7B 9B 16B.  
Reed, D. M.: 1A 3B 16B 17B.  
Revell, H. C.: 1B 3B 9B 16B.  
Rice, M. E.: 1A 3B 5A 6A 13A 19A.  
Rutherford, E. I.: 1A 2B 3A 7B 9A 16B.  
Scaysbrook, B.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 17B.  
Simon, M. R.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7A 9A 13A.



Skelton, M. K.: 1A 3B 5A 6B 13B 17B.  
 Sloane, D.: 1A 2A 3A(o) 5H(1) 6H(1) 13A.  
 Smith, D. H.: 1A 2A 3A(o) 5A 6B 13B.  
 Smith, G. R.: 1B 3B 16B 17B 20B.  
 Smith, J. F.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 7A 9H(2).  
 Smith, N. A.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
 Smith, P. A.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16B 20B.  
 Sommer, E. M.: 1H(1) 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 7B 11B.  
 Somogyi, A. E.: 1A 4A(o) 5A 6A 13H(1).  
 Sommer, E. M.: 1H(1) 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 7B 13B.  
 Stafford, B. M.: 1H(1) 2H(1) 3H (1) (o) 7A 9B.  
 Steven, M. J.: 1A 3A 7B 9H(2) 16B.  
 Telford, H. B.: 1B 9B 16B 17B 21A.  
 Tobin, B. M.: 1B 2A 3A(o) 5A 6A 13A.  
 Tow, M. L.: 1B 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5B 13A.  
 Tucker, J. D.: 1A 3A 7A 9B 16B 17B.  
 Warrender, J. L.: 1A 3A 7B 9B 16B 20B.  
 Whitburn, L. A.: 1A 2A 3A 7B 9A 13A.  
 Wolrige, L. J.: 1A 3A(o) 5H(1) 6H(1) 13H(2).  
 Wood, R.: 1B 3B 9A 17B 21A.  
 Yum, L. K.: 1B 3B 7B 9B.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1951.

### SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Adair, M. J.; Adams, J. A.; Allen, G. F.; Anderson, J. D.  
 Bailey, M. V.; Bateman, J. M.; Bathgate, C. A.; Bender, J.; Blake, E. J.;  
 Blaydon, J. M.; Blows, H. D.; Brewin, E. A.; Brown, A. E.; Brown, P. M.;  
 Bryant, C. F.; Burchard, B. M.; Burns, R. I.  
 Cannon, M. P.; Cockburn, P.; Coombe, E. A.; Corrigan, C.; Costello, N. A.;  
 Cramp, H. M.; Cromer, W. E.; Crossingham, V. J.; Currie, J. M.  
 Davey, B. E.; Davey, D. E.; Devlin, D. L.; Dixon, R. M.; Dobbins, E. J.;  
 Donnelly, P. D.; Downing, B. J.; Duckworth, V. D.; Dunlop, H. M.; Dunning,  
 E. J.  
 Elwin, B. J. Everingham, R. V.  
 Firth, P. W.; Fisher-Johnson, L. M.; Flack, H. C.; Frappel, E. A.; Frizelle,  
 R. I.; Furniss, A. S.  
 George, R. E.; Glenn, M. R.; Gray, E. M.; Gregory, G. E.  
 Handel, A. J.; Harrold, M.; Heeley, C. F.; Henderson, M. M.; Hendy, R.  
 J.; Hewish, J. K.; Holder, B. E.; Holmes, J. B.; Hughes, S. A.  
 Ivens, L.  
 Jacobs, E. P.; Jarrett, J. E.; Johnston, J. I.; Jones, J. E.  
 Leeks, B. I.; Levy, P. J.; Lindsay, B. J.; Little, P. A.  
 McAlister, F. M.; Marrett, E. B.; Medcalf, L. A.; Meek, L.; Monty, D. J.;  
 Parkes, J. E.; Payne, E. M.  
 Reid, A.; Rice, V. E.; Riley, F. A.; Rose, M. A.; Ruder, W. J.; Russell, B. J.  
 Sanford, R. P.; Saul, G. M.; Seymour, T. J.; Shaw, M. M.; Sherwood, E.  
 A.; Simpson, M.; Sims, B. L.; Skelly, J. C.; Slarke, P. L.; Smith, M. F.; Sneddon,  
 A. J.; Sneddon, M. M.; Spinder, J. E.; Stubbs, J. E.; Swanson, A.  
 Tronier, P. F.  
 Van Santen D.  
 Walton, K. E.; Watson, B. L.; Watson, E. A.; Whereat, C. J.; Williams, Y.  
 M.; Wilson, M. I.

## MISS E. A. CRUISE.

It was with great regret that early in March the staff and pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School heard the announcement of the death of Miss Cruise, who between the years 1920 and 1929, was Principal of the School.

She had been in ill-health for some years, and for that reason Miss Cruise had been unable to come to Speech Day and other School functions. Nevertheless she maintained a keen interest in Fort Street Girls' High School. Evidence of this interest was the annual prize presented to the third year student who came top in history.

Miss Cruise's kindly and gentle disposition inspired great affection and loyalty on the part of her pupils and staff. The personal interest which she took in the activities of the Old Girls' Union was marked. As patron of the Union she was greatly beloved by all ex-Fortians who had come under her charge during the years that she was Principal. Many ex-students were saddened by the news of her death. She will long be remembered by the hundreds of pupils who attended the school during the years that she was Principal.

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## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

On the morning of February 15th, the school attended, at St. Philip's Church, a Memorial Service for His Majesty King George VI, whose funeral was to take place that day.

The service was a very simple one, in which we could express both our sorrow at our King's death and our gratitude for his life of service to his people.

Included in the service were the hymn, "Abide With Me," and the Twenty-third Psalm, both of which were favourites of the King.

In a short sermon Archdeacon Hammond told us that our King was one of those few men who are both "great and good," and spoke

of the love which the King's devotion had inspired in his subjects so that we felt that we had lost a friend whom we knew well. We thought, also, of the King's family with whom, in their sorrow, we deeply sympathized.

At noon, with other members of the Commonwealth, we observed two minutes of silent prayer. Then "God Save the Queen" was sung, and the service ended with Chopin's Funeral March.

The school is very grateful to the Rector of St. Philip's for arranging this service in which we could all join in honouring our late King.

—Pat Conder.

**PRIZE WINNERS, 1951.**

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1951:—

**The Ada Partridge Prize** for the best Fort Street candidate: Eva Sommer.

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

**The Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize:** Eva Sommer.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** for the best pass in Mathematics: Jean Wolrige.

**Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1951:—**

**English Class I:** Eva Sommer, Betty Stafford.

**Class II:** Patricia Heatley.

**History, Class II:** Margaret Steven, Merriel Begg, Joanne Smith, Norma Jollow.

**French, Class I:** A. Pincas (3rd place), E. Sommer, P. Mills, B. Stafford, J. Smith, J. Parkin, M. Tow.

**Class II:** P. Lumsden.

**German, Class I:** A. Pincas and E. Sommer (aeq. 3rd place), P. Mills, A. Somogyi, J. Smith, J. Parkin, M. Tow.

**Latin, Class I:** Betty Stafford.

**Mathematics I, Class I:** Jean Wolrige and Deirde Sloane.

**Mathematics II, Class I:** Jean Wolrige and Deirde Sloane.

**Chemistry, Class I:** Agnes Somogyi.

**Class II:** Jean Wolrige.

**University Bursaries** were gained by: Jean Wolrige, Pamela Mills, Anita Pincas.

**University Exhibitions** were gained by—

**Faculty of Arts:** Pamela Mills,

Jeannette Parkin, Anita Pincas, Joanne Smith, Betty Stafford, Mary Tow.

**Faculty of Medicine:** Jean Wolrige, Agnes Somogyi.

**Faculty of Dentistry:** Deirdre Sloane.

**Music Scholarships** tenable at the Conservatorium were gained by Olga Bobroff and Dorothy Reid.

**An Art Scholarship** tenable at the East Sydney Technical College was awarded to Pamela Little.

**Training College Scholarships** were awarded to: Nancey Adcock, Jill Battye, Barbara Collins, Dawn Davies, Laura Dunn, Mollie Firth, Mary Garner, Lorraine Johnston, Valmai Long, Patsy Lumsdaine, Elaine Lyons, Dawn Patrick, Helen Telford, Ellen Carr, Norma Smith, Judith Tucker, Gwen Smith, Beryl Scaysbrook, Helen Telford, Dawn Davies.

**Intermediate Bursaries** were won by: Beverley Davey, Barbara Elwin, Anne Furness, Robin George, June Jarrett, Audrey Reid, Miriam Smith.

**Commonwealth Scholarships** were gained by: Merriel Begg, Margaret Cawley, Mollie Firth, Margaret Foster, Mary Garner, Patricia Heatley, Norma Jollow, Patricia Lumsden, Margaret Middleton, Pamela Mills, Kay Milthorpe, Jeannette Parkin, Anita Pincas, Margaret Rice, Joanne Smith, Margaret Simon, Marilyn Skelton, Deirdre Sloane, Doreen Smith, Eva Sommer, Agnes Somogyi, Norma Sorrell, Betty Stafford, Margaret Steven, Beverley Tobin, Mary Tow, Jean Wolrige.

**First Year Students at the University are:** There are twenty-three girls attending First Year Courses at the University. They are:—Margaret Steven, Jeannette Parkin, Doreen Smith, Norma

Sorrell, Beverley Tobin, Joanne Smith, Deidre Sloane, Jean Wolrige, Agnes Somogyi, Margaret Rice, Mary Tow, Merriel Begg, Patricia Heatley, Betty Stafford, Lilian Whitburn, Kay Milthorpe.

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## AN AUTUMN DAY

It was not an exciting or thrilling day, it was not even an adventurous one. It was merely a very pleasant autumn day spent in Sydney's Botanical Gardens.

We arrived there early in the afternoon. A cool breeze was blowing off the waters of Farm Cove bringing with it a faint salty tang, as we walked by the water.

On one side was the ever-changing blue of the harbour and on the other the green lawns of the Gardens merging into the grounds of the Domain. The flower beds dotting the lawns were especially beautiful as they had been planned for the expected Royal Tour. Dahlias, pink and mauve predominating, with masses of multi-coloured zinnias could be seen everywhere. Over tall frames were begonias with all the reds and browns of autumn.

People were to be seen everywhere. Families with picnic baskets and numerous small children spread over the grass. Little girls happily fed the ducks and swans, while little boys tried their hardest to climb a statue nearby. Some circled solemnly round the wishing tree gravely believing that was all they must do for wishes to come true.

Old men sat happily together nodding over Sunday papers, while others simply sat in the warm autumn sun. Portable radios blared music all over the ground. Here and there a soldier or sailor lay stretched out fast asleep with his cap shading his face.

Babies were everywhere, babies in arms, babies in prams and strollers and babies crawling on rugs intent on getting that stone or flower.

We walked from one end of the Gardens to the other and returned to the car by the harbour walk. Every few seconds a speedboat zoomed round the bay leaving a spray of white behind it. While we were walking a yacht came in sight. It was a beautiful thing, about thirty-five feet long and a towering mast. Gleaming white it moved proudly over the calm waters of the bay, while the speed boat flung showers of spray on the white hull.

On the sea wall people were fishing, but most just leaned on their elbows and watched the harbour traffic sailing by.

An ordinary day you say, but nevertheless a very pleasant one.

—Joan Warren, 3B.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

The Alliance-Francais in France recently sent to its headquarters in Sydney many films, pamphlets, records and posters on France to be shown to pupils in Australian schools.

Fort Street was chosen to see them first and so, as a result, we had an interesting French Exhibition.

Lovely black and white posters showing French paintings, pictures of places of historical interest and old relics of the Roman occupation of Gaul as France was called at that time, were put up in the music room and gymnasium and the girls went to see them at recess and lunch-time.

In several French lessons teachers showed pictures, particularly of the Roman relics, roads, amphitheatres, arenas and the aqueduct, le Pont-du Gard. There were also pictures of the French countryside, particularly of Normandy.

One afternoon in place of a hobbies lesson we heard French records in the music room. There were several records of French songs and music and others of French poetry. The one that impressed me most was a pathetic little story called "The Dauphin's Death," which was splendidly told.

On several sport afternoons French films were shown. One of these films showed famous places all over France, including le Pont-du Gard, the Palace of Versailles and scenes in Alsace, the Alps and the Pyrenees. Another film showed Strasbourg with all its beautiful spires; the Notre-Dame Cathedral in architecture, and there were close-ups of the famous Strasbourg Clock. We also saw a film on the famous Notre-Dame Cathedral in

Paris showing three of the beautiful doors and the lovely carvings of Christ, the Virgin, the Apostles and the Virtues and Vices. We also saw films of the Mont Saint-Michael, and the Palace of Versailles.

In spite of seeing all these we had not sampled half of the material sent when the day came to return the box and we regretfully saw it go.

—Merle Rose, 4A.

### DEBATES.

Debates have been held regularly this year during the Hobbies period by both Third Year and Fourth Year pupils. In addition, an Inter-House Competition has been arranged amongst Fifth Years, the second round of which has just been completed. Kent and Bradfield have still to debate, to decide which house will win the cup for 1952.

Since the last issue of our Magazine we have had two debates with Fort Street Boys' High School, both of them being held at the Girls' School. The speakers last August were Anita Pincas, Rosemary Randall and Pamela Mills. The subject was "That History is Useless."

We wish to thank Mr. F. Oliver, Lecturer in English at Sydney University, for so kindly agreeing to be adjudicator on this occasion.

The first inter-school debate for 1952 was held on 16th June, and on this occasion Mr. C. Hoffman, of the Sydney Teachers' College, adjudicated for us. Our speakers this time were Elizabeth Marsden, Anne Butt and Mirjam Stiel. Our topic was "That the present rate of immigration to Australia is a danger to the Australian way of life."

The girls were lucky enough to be the winners once again. We all hope that when we compete with the boys in August, we shall be fortunate enough to be the victors.

### THE LIBRARY.

The Library to-day presents a very different appearance from that of a year or two ago. With its linoleum-covered floor, its new shelves, its new magazine stock, and its general air of affluence the library seems to have entered on a new phase of its existence. We are most grateful to the Department of Education for all these improvements. We feel sure these pleasant surroundings account for a much larger attendance of readers during lunch-time and recess. Extra grants of money from school funds allowed us to buy a much greater number of works for the Reference Section on such widely different subjects as Interior Decorating, Ancient Rome, The Atom Age, Modern Literature, Mathematics and Musical Instruments to quote just a few.

Outstanding books presented during the year were:—

The Jubilee Year Book, presented by the Fourth Year Librarians; American Literature by H. G. Bennett, presented by the U.S. Information Service; a beautifully bound copy of "Humphrey Clinker," presented by Miss Cohen; the McDevitt Memorial Presentation; "Country Life," "Windsor Castle," "Picture Book of London," all donated by the Fifth Year pupils of 1951.

An effort has been made to build up the Fiction Library for both the junior and senior classes. Such books as the Complete Short Stories of Somerset Maugham, "My Cousin Rachael" by Du Maurier, "The Beautiful is Vanished" by Caldwell, and "A Town

Like Alice" by Shute for the senior girls, and "Mr. Rowl" by D. K. Broster, "Beauvallet" by Georgette Heyer, and "The Castle on the Hill" by Elizabeth Goudge, for the junior pupils have been bought and have given their readers great pleasure.

### COMPETITIONS.

The school congratulates Valerie Duckworth on winning one of the Gowrie Scholarships. As the competition for these prizes is Commonwealth-wide, we are naturally proud that our school has been thus honoured. The scholarship itself carries a monetary award covering the two final years in the secondary course of studies.

The annual prizes given by the prefects of this school for the best Empire Day essays were won this year by Kay Walton in the senior school, and Judith Anderson in the junior school. The subjects on which they wrote were: "The Influence of a Reigning Queen on the Empire" and "Our New Queen."

The annual prizes presented by Mrs. J. Hodgkins for the best contributions to the school magazine were won this year by Margaret Balderson in the senior school and Jilyan Chambers in the junior school. We congratulate all these pupils on their successes.

### THE FIRST YEAR PARTY.

We welcomed the new girls to Fort Street by holding a party for them on 22nd February. This year there were two hundred and twenty-two new-comers—166 in First Year, 48 in Fourth Year, 2 Second Year, 1 in Third Year and 5 repeats.

Miss Puxley was asked to compose a welcome song for the Fifth Years to sing to their guests.

Included in the programme were the traditional games of pass-the-parcel and autograph-hunting, as well as a stage presentation styled—"Ballet."

When the girls concerned came to the hall at the end of the sixth period, the Fifth Years made a Guard of Honour and clapped the girls as they filed into the hall. We sang the welcome song, "Just the Thing", to the tune of "The Thing" and the M.C., Susan McIntosh, introduced the Captain, who welcomed the girls, and the prefects. Later Miss Cohen spoke to the new girls for the last time in the capacity of Head-Mistress.

Just before 3.30 the Fifth Years and new girls joined in the warcry thus concluding a happy and successful party.

—Joan Malcolm, 5D

## EXCURSIONS.

During the year pupils of the school were taken on a number of excursions and visits to places of interest. These included trips to Newcastle, to Warragamba Dam, and to the Weather Bureau. Over two hundred girls were taken to see the Ballet, and recently the Fifth Year students saw the film, "Mr. Polly." In March the Third Years saw a performance of "Twelfth Night." On 7th July a large party of girls attended a "Drama Afternoon" at the Conservatorium. Visits to Parliament House and to St. Philip's Church were of great interest to pupils who were studying Australian history.

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## A VISIT TO ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

On 10th March a party of Fifth Year girls visited St. Philip's Church. The original building was completed in 1809, but was demolished later, because it was too small for Sydney's growing needs. The foundation stone and reredos of this church are in the porch of the present one, which was opened for service in 1856. The foundation stone was laid on 1st May, 1848.

The articles of most interest were the Bible and Prayer Book brought out for the Chaplain's use with the First Fleet. The Bible has since been signed by three members of the Royal Family, Edward, Albert and Henry, during their visits to Aus-

tralia. The Reverend C. Robinson, who conducted us over the building hopes that the Queen will sign it while in Sydney.

The beautiful communion vessels were sent to Australia in 1802 as a gift from King George III and are still in use. The final point of interest was the old marriage registers. The first one is in the Mitchell Library and only photographs of it are at the church; however, registers dating from the early nineteenth century are still there. It was with regret that we left these beautiful things, and we thank those concerned for the opportunity of visiting the old building.

—Beverley Hammond, 5A.

## EMPIRE DAY.

On Empire Day, 23rd May, the staff and pupils gathered in the Assembly Hall for the annual celebration of Empire Day conducted by the prefects.

Margaret Lawson, School Captain and Chairman of the occasion, opened the proceedings by reading Lord Gowrie's message. The strong ties which bind the Empire were recalled more than ever to our minds. We were told how we must do our utmost to welcome the migrants, now settling in Australia, to their place in the Empire.

The Senior Prefect, Ngarita Blackler, read a message from Mr.

Boyer, Chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and speeches were given by two of the prefects. Christine Fuller spoke on "Australia's Part in Empire Affairs" and Jennifer McLachlan had as her topic, "The Effect on the Empire of a Reigning Queen." The speeches were interspersed with songs by the choir, who gave delightful renditions of "Australia, Oh thou favour'd Isle," "Land of Hope and Glory" and "There'll Always be an England." The ceremony was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

—Jennifer McLachlan, 5A.

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## WHO BUILT FORT STREET?

According to James Jervis, the Research Officer of the Royal Australian Historical Society, Lieutenant Watts, of the 73rd Regiment, appears to have supplied the plan and also supervised the erection of a number of buildings of the Macquarie period. Among those might be mentioned the military hospital in Sydney, which was later to be Fort Street Girls' High School. He was also responsible for building St. John's

Church and the military barracks in Parramatta.

Watts, according to Mr. Jervis, seems to have had some engineering skill, as did other officers of the period. Francis Greenway was the great civil architect in Macquarie's time, but in many cases he was the subordinate of the military engineers of the period and they, not he, took the responsibility for the actual work done.

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## THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

Since the last issue of the School Magazine the Choir has been practising regularly during the lunch-hour and after school in preparation for the annual functions at which it sings.

At the most important function of the year, namely Speech Day,

we, members of the Choir, arrived clad in our white dresses, and once again took up our positions on the hard steps of the Conservatorium stage. This, together with the fact that we were utterly oblivious at times of what was being said, made us rather restless,



but evidently it did not affect the singing, for many people complimented us on our rendition of "Linden Lea," "Ships of Arcady," "The Snow," and "The Hindu Song."

On Empire Day this year we presented four patriotic songs, two English and two Australian, with June Jarrett singing the solo parts.

With no other school function immediately before us, we are concentrating now on the songs for the four sections of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod which we are entering this year. We are hoping particularly to win the State Juvenile Choral Championship so that once again we can place the beautiful Challenge Cup in the school library.

We had won this section for four consecutive years, but last year we were unable to enter the

Eisteddfod, for in September forty-one lucky members of the Choir spent a never-to-be-forgotten week in Melbourne as the choir representing the larger schools of New South Wales in the Commonwealth Jubilee School Choirs' Festival, to which each State sent two choirs. Although we were not lucky enough to be sent on to Canberra, we had a truly marvellous time in Melbourne, and we felt very proud indeed to be the Choir chosen from so many others to represent this State.

On returning to school we were very sad at losing Mrs. Murray, whose hard work with the Choir gained for it so much success, but at the same time we welcomed our new Music Teacher, Miss Bale, and we hope that she will be happy during her stay at Fort Street.

—Pam Levy, 4A.

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## SPORT

### THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS' FIELD DAY.

Last year we were most fortunate in having two glorious days of sunshine on the 17th and 18th August, 1951 for the Combined High Schools' Field Day.

Fort Street began well in the heats, but the finals were rather disappointing. The greatest excitement of the day for Fort Street took place when the Junior Relay team gained first place in the final.

We congratulate St. George Girls' High School on winning the Ball Games' Shield, the Caro Cup and the Junior Cup, and Dover Heights for gaining the London

Trophy, and Maitland for winning the Country High Schools' Trophy.

In the final point score, St. George gained 72 points, Dover Heights 28, and Fort Street was third with 23.

Both Dr. Wyndham, the Deputy-Director of Education, and Mrs. Wyndham gave short addresses, and Mrs. Wyndham presented the trophies.

August 23rd, thanks to Mr. Heffron, was made a holiday, so even the not-so-successful competitors received some consolation.

The results were as follows:—

13 Years Championship: 1st, J. Hooper.	Junior Championship: 2nd, A. Haandel.
14 Years Championship: 2nd, A. Haandel.	Junior Relay: 1st, A. Haandel, W. Woolley, V. Kelly, J. Hooper, J. Spindler, M. Turner.

—Margaret Lawson, 5B.

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## OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Once again our Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Coogee Aquarium Baths on Monday, 3rd March, 1952. Although the early morning had promised a fine day, the weather unfortunately changed and only the competitors, Fourths and Fifths, were able to attend. Despite the dampened spirits a good time was had by all, judging by the vigorous cheering of the spectators adorned in their respective house colours.

Undoubtedly the most exciting event was the Upper House Relay which was won in brilliant style by York.

We greatly appreciated the hard work done by Miss Anderson with the assistance of various

teachers who helped to make our carnival such a success.

The results are as follows:—

School Championship: Coral Hewitt.
Junior Championship: Louise Hiatt.
16 Years Championship: Ann Butt.
15 Years Championship: Coral Hewitt.
14 Years Championship: Catherine Trehair.
13 Years Championship: Louise Hiatt.
12 Years Championship: Isobelle Martin.
11 Years Championship: Susie Wiles.
Breast Stroke Championship: Margaret Butt.

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## THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

On Friday, 27th March, 1952, the thirty-second Annual Swimming Carnival was held at North Sydney Olympic Pool. Fifth Year girls, and those who had participated in our own carnival, were allowed to go.

Since St. George carried off the Shield and most of the championships, the day proved disappointing to Fort Street, as we were able to win only minor places. Our congratulations go to Louise

Hiatt, who was second in the Thirteen Years' Championship, and third in the Junior Championship, and to Robin Eyre, who came third in the Junior Backstroke Championship.

Mr. P. G. Price, the Superintendent of Secondary Education, addressed the schools, and trophies were presented by Mrs. Price.

—Ngarita Blackler, 5B.

## OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Our sports this year were held on Friday, 6th June. This field day was memorable, as it was the first Sports Day Meeting at which our new Headmistress, Miss Whiteoak, was present. Surprisingly enough, the sun shone brightly the whole day—this only increasing the jolly atmosphere. As usual, the day was much enlivened by the Fifth Year's "Caterpillar Race."

Perhaps in the excitement of the moment we are inclined to forget the organization and work which has gone before. Many thanks are due to the members of the staff and visitors who helped to make this day so enjoyable.

Towards three o'clock, tension grew as there was such a slight margin in the final results.

The point score was: Kent 93, Bradford 90, York 49, Gloucester 38.

The Ball Games Trophy went to Kent with 30 points.

Other results were:—

School Championship: Adrienne Handel.

Junior Championship: Valmai Kelly.

16 Years Championship: Gwen Saul.

15 Years Championship: Margaret Turner.

14 Years Championship: Janice Hopper.

13 Years Championship: Wendy Woolley.

12 Years Championship: A. Casimir.

11 Years Championship: J. McNair.

Skipping: Margaret Turner.

Junior Skipping: Valmai Kelly.

Orange Race: Ngarita Blackler.

Junior Orange Race: Janice Hopper.

Sack Race: Judith Macguire.

Junior Sack Race: M. Bicknell.

House Relay (Junior): York—Wendy Woolley, Jan Champion, Denise Coutts, Ann Aekhurst.

Egg and Spoon: Helen Cramp.

Siamese: Beverley Rogers, Louis Frankel.

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

It is with much pleasure that the Committee of the Union presents its 32nd Annual Report for the year ending June, 1952.

The membership of the Union has risen substantially over the last year. There are now 191 Life Members and 284 Annual Subscribers, making a total of 475 members, which is an increase of 131 over last year.

We are pleased to report that

the work of the Union has been well sustained and all social activities excellently supported.

The Union's annual presentation to the school took the form of a prize which is to be presented annually to the dux of the school. This prize is called "The Fanny Cohen Prize" in honour of Miss Fanny Cohen, who was headmistress of the School for over twenty years, and who retired at the end of April.

Many successful functions were held during the year. Theatre Parties are always a great favourite with the members, especially those to the Ballet. Three Theatre Parties were held to the Ballet during the year, and a total of 360 seats were booked for these evenings. There is no difficulty in selling tickets for the Ballet Season, and it is hoped that further parties to the Ballet may be arranged for the coming year. These Theatre Parties, as well as being a great social success, are also a financial success. The profit made on the three parties was over £20.

The Annual Dinner, held on October 17th last year, was quite successful with 126 members attending. Members were entertained by talented members of the Union and many old friendships were renewed. Unfortunately, Miss Cruise, our late Patron, was not present, but both Miss Turner and Miss Cohen brought her good wishes for the Union.

We must here announce with regret the death early in March this year of our Patron, Miss Cruise. Although many of the younger members of the Union did not know Miss Cruise, she was much beloved by those who knew her and had been taught by her at Fort Street. Flowers with the Union's condolences were sent to Miss Cruise's sister.

The Annual Ball held at the Trocadero at the end of April 1952, was again a social success as well as a financial success. There were approximately 640 dancers present, and a profit of £48 was made by each Union. Debutantes were presented to the Director-General for Education,

Mr. McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie. Although the social and financial success has to be considered, yet more valuable to those who attend a Fort Street Ball, is the wonderful atmosphere of friendship which pervades the Trocadero on the occasion of a Fort Street Ball.

It was with much regret that the members of the Union tendered farewell to Miss Cohen as Headmistress of the School at a Cocktail Party held at the School in April, 1952. Though no tally was taken of those who attended the party, it was estimated that there were between 350 and 400 members present. The Union presented to Miss Cohen a beautiful travelling handbag which she could use on her trip overseas. Miss Cohen left for England and the Continent on the 2nd May and will be absent about 9 months. The Union expressed flowers to her at Fremantle instead of sending the flowers to her at Sydney.

The Committee of the Union entertained the incoming Headmistress of the School, Miss Whiteoak, at a dinner party in June of this year, and then went on to the theatre. We pledge Miss Whiteoak our support in anything affecting the welfare of the School.

In conclusion the Committee extends a warm welcome to all girls of the school who would like to join the Union. The Committee hopes that in the coming year, the members of the Union will continue to support the Union's activities as they have done in the past.

Robin J. Firth,  
Secretary.

### Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle.

The Literary Circle is well into its twenty-seventh year and enjoying its monthly meetings in the Botanical Gardens. This year the works of Modern Writers are being discussed. Howard Spring's "The Houses in Between," E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" and works by Balchan, Graham Greene, Joyce Carey, Charles

Morgan, Scott Fitzgerald, John Cowper, Powys and Taylor Caldwell are being studied.

We are indeed fortunate to have Miss Turner to guide us in our work, and anyone who cares to join the group will be welcomed.

—H. F. Bourne

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

#### Faculty of Arts.

Merle Wilson: Honours at Graduation in English, Class III.  
Dorothy Conn: Honours at Graduation in Psychology, Class III.  
Sylvia Lawson: High Distinction, English II.  
Eileen Cook: Credit, English II.  
Elizabeth Cayzer: Credit, English I; Credit, History I; Credit, German I.

June Wilson: Credit, English I.  
Pamela Edwards: Credit, History I.  
Elizabeth Makin: Credit, Zoology I.  
Barbara Hoare: Credit, English I

#### Faculty of Science.

Margaret Giles: Credit, Chemistry I.

### DRAMA CLUB.

The first meeting of the year of the Dramatic Society was rather belated owing to the fact that Miss Crooks had left us, and it was some time before Miss Baker was appointed 'director of affairs.' We were very sorry to lose Miss Crooks but welcome Miss Baker as director. Hordes of fourth years came along to the first meeting but fifths were noticeable by their absence.

Rehearsing began straight away in two one-act plays, "In the Shadow of the Glen" and "Riders to the Sea." A very interesting lecturette was given on "Stage Lighting" by Morag Henderson one afternoon, and when the final

casts of each play were chosen, those not thus occupied, increased their knowledge of the technical points of play production.

The addition of new grey side curtains and a badly-needed floor-cloth was greatly welcomed by club-members, and now the stage is well equipped for a really first-class production.

This term work has begun on two new Plays, "The Patchwork Quilt" and "The Telephone Never Rings." Third Years have been invited to join and with the increased numbers, we are looking forward to a successful term's work from a really competent set of actresses.

## FAREWELL DAY, 1951.

Friday, 2nd November, 1951! Farewell Day was no longer a vague ceremony in which we played very minor parts, but a reality. After weeks of hurried lunch-time and roll call meetings, the catering committee, the decorating committee, and the entertainment committee, under the guidance of their respective leaders, Miss Llewellyn and Miss Gordon, Mrs. McGee and Miss Crawford, joined forces and the science-rooms and hall were scenes of great activity.

An air of festivity prevailed everywhere. The Fifths, in their role of ladies, were heralded in the gate by a critical guard of honour, formed by the envious lower school. Fourths, upon their arrival, immediately tackled their tasks—putting up balloons and streamers, setting tables, cutting sandwiches—and by lunch-time all was ready.

At two o'clock the school assembled in the hall and welcomed Miss Cohen and the visitors. Miss Cohen read telegrams sent by former members of the staff and pupils, wishing the present pupils in fifth and third years good luck in their coming examinations. Miss Robin Firth, the secretary of the Old Girls' Union, urged all those leaving school this year to join the Union and carry on their school-day friendships.

Rosemary Randall and her prefects welcomed Margaret Lawson and the prefects-elect in the traditional manner. Margaret, in turn, promised to continue the good work and live up to the high standards set by Rosemary.

Rosemary then presented Miss Cohen with the Fifth Year's parting gift. The Choir, under the leadership of our new music teacher, Miss Bale, sang two delightful songs, "Linden Lea" and "Ships of Arcady." Everyone joined in the singing of the school songs and the National Anthem.

To the accompaniment of "She's a Jolly Good Fellow" the Fifths, Thirds, Staff and visitors were clapped out of the hall, and as the curious lower school dispersed Fourths rushed to their jobs and Fifths lustily chanted the school war-cry.

In the science room Fourths served delicious food to the eagerly awaiting Fifths, amid shouts of laughter and gaiety. Votes of thanks were proposed by the prefects and replies were made by Miss Cohen and Miss Smith.

After afternoon tea Fifths adjourned to the hall where they laughed and danced out their last hours at school, under the guidance of Susan MacIntosh and the entertainment committee.

All good things must end and Rosemary, on behalf of the Fifths, thanked the Fourths and hoped that they would enjoy Farewell Day as much as they had. Everyone joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and to the sound of the old bell the Fifths wended their way homewards, weary and a little sad, while the Fourths set about clearing up, wondering if they would be so happy and yet so sad on Farewell Day, 1952.

—Ann Waddington, 5A.

## PLAY DAYS.

On Wednesday, 22nd August, 1951, the School Dramatic Society entertained the pupils with the presentation of four plays—"Campbell of Kilmohr," "The Bathroom Door," a scene from "Pygmalion" and a scene from "Abraham Lincoln." We congratulate the producers, Pamela Thompson, Marilyn Skelton, Elizabeth Marsden and Lesley Hanks. The successful presentation of these plays was also due to Morag Henderson, who was responsible for the lighting effects and to Margaret Balderson for designing the costumes and sets. We would also like to thank all stage hands who unselfishly helped behind scenes.

On Tuesday afternoon, 29th April, the two Dramatic Society plays, together with 4A's "House with the Twisty Windows" (produced by Pam Little and Lillian Meek) were presented. The 4A

tragedy was well-acted and well produced, but just as with "Riders to the Sea" the audience found the tragedy incredibly humorous. The successful "In the Shadow of the Glen"—ably produced by Pat Skendridge—won favour through its true merits however. The plays presented on Thursday afternoon, 1st May, were "The Legend"—an unusual and gripping play, presented by 4B, under Rhondda Baker's direction; "The Londonderry Air," another successful play with a 4C cast, and a fantastic comedy, "The Mechanical Man," well-handled by girls from the Third Year Dramatic Art Hobbies Group.

Thanks are due to Morag Henderson, who provided lighting throughout, to Fourth Year girls who looked after costumes and make-up, and to several energetic Third and Fourth Year girls—now veteran stage hands!

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## LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Life at the University has many facets. The University exists as a small community on its own and each student is expected to participate in this life apart from actual study. One finds that at the University itself this broader and more general education is greatly emphasised. The tastes and talents of the individual are well catered for by clubs and societies whose activities range from dramatics to the study of caves. For students who spend much time at the University there are excellent facilities for men or women at the Union or Manning House, respectively, which are centres of "intellectual and social life."

I would say the intellectual centre was located in one of the most prominent buildings—the Fisher Library. This is the third largest library in Australia and contains nearly 350,000 volumes. The library is always filled to overflowing when exercises are due or examinations loom on the horizon. Actually study demands constant attention, individual effort and a degree of self-discipline not always exerted at school. (Whether it gets these is a different matter). This demand is offset, of course, by the fact that most students are genuinely interested in their chosen subjects.

I think one of the most difficult things to accustom oneself to is this responsibility of the individual for his or her own work. You are reminded that lecturers are not teachers but merely guides and you can appreciate this when your class number between one and two hundred instead of twenty or thirty. These large classes are also responsible for the absence of personal contact between student and lecturer.

An outstanding feature of the University as compared with school is the larger scale on which everything is done. Classes are large and there are thousands of people in the University. But owing to the rambling nature of the buildings these people are fairly well distributed. So, unfortunately, are the lecture rooms and

this often necessitates a lengthy tramp between lectures.

Although University life differs in nearly every way from school life, and in most cases takes a little time to become adjusted to, it is one which builds on the foundations laid at school. It is actually a continuance of the same object—the exercise of intelligence and the acquisition of knowledge—and it is this aim which links students of one University to those all over the world. Therefore, the intelligent student may regulate his study and relaxation so that he will reflect the full light from the different facets of university life.

—Margaret Steven,  
Arts I.

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## THE SELF-CONTAINED UNIT.

Pity the self-contained unit!  
There is a soul within it:  
Those walls so smooth  
So strong  
So binding  
Contain a heart  
That longs,  
Is pining, plaintively.

(But those outside, regarding,  
See but the walls, forbidding.)

The unit's soul  
God-inspired can break the walls,  
And sometimes, something calls . . .  
But oh, it is so warm inside  
And the world outside is wide, so wide:  
And here, one's dreams can make one king . . .  
Perhaps the world is futile and a worthless thing.

—L. Hanks, 5A.



## CONTRIBUTIONS

### RIGHT DOWN THE CENTRE PLEASE.

Here follows a short lecture intended for new arrivals in Australia. It is dedicated to those who have been misguided enough to precipitate themselves into that maelstrom of mismanagement, Sydney's transport system.

First, let us consider the bus. The correct method of hailing, boarding, retaining a foothold in, and descending from, a Sydney bus, is comparatively easy to master. We will assume that you are standing on the kerb, triumphantly heading the queue. You are placed at the head because it is only in the advanced lectures that the pupil is required to work his way up from the foot.

Suddenly, a bus appears at the end of the street. Now is the time to divest yourself of all encumbrances such as umbrellas, potted gardenias, string bags and maiden Aunts. Rush madly into the middle of the road, and attempt to convey, by what wild gestures you may think suitable, that you wish to board the bus.

If you are lucky, it may stop. You must now collect your umbrellas, potted gardenias, string bags, etc., and charge into the bus. Once having gained a foothold or a post to cling to, the most important rule must be impressed upon you. Whatever you have, stick to it! Regardless of bruised shins and outraged glares, never, never concede an inch! Sooner or later the conductor will

materialise before you. It is a strange thing this. However, crowded a bus may be, packed with seething hordes, you will inevitably be confronted with a conductor and his eternal demand. As you know your destination, and the approximate fare thereof, all you have to do is place a coin in the outstretched hand, with an ingratiating smirk. In later lectures we will deal with the procedure when you do not know your destination, the direction in which you are travelling, or even the number of your Savings Bank Book.

You are now approaching the stop at which you wish to descend. Transfer your bag from your hand to your teeth. Now thrust the hand upwards and grab frantically. After restoring the incensed lady's hat, try again. Ah! you have it. Now pull the cord tentatively. Owing to inherited tendencies to (a) not ring at all, and (b) come away in your hand, these cords must be treated with due caution. Prepare to journey towards a door. Remember all the instructions given you in your first lecture and don't be too brutal. You have arrived? Good upon you! And you didn't have to —? I'm so glad!

The class may now dismiss. This afternoon we will deal with the suicidal habits of travellers in Sydney's trains.

—June Robinson, 5D.

## UNDINE.

There at the cottage on the hill,  
She clings upon the window sill,  
And in a timid voice implores,  
"Pray gentle-folk unlock the door  
The wind doth bite and freeze."

The spumy snowflakes spin and whirl  
And tangle in each raven curl;  
The oak-tree by the stable door,  
In anguish writhes as Mighty Thor  
Rains vengeance on the world.

They did not hear above the roar—  
"Pray gentlefolks, unlock the door";  
Nor saw the pale face, streaked with  
rain  
Pressed to the little window-pane,  
All patterned deep with hoar.

Old Uncle Hans, with yawn and sigh,  
Surveyed the fire with sleepy eye;  
While Aunt Maree sat down to sew,  
And watch the eerie caverns glow  
Within the hissing flames.

And Cousin Clara played with Anne,  
While Walter with a smile began  
To fidd'e now a sprightly dance;  
And all were patient while old Frauz  
Told stories of his youth.

But little Eva sat aside,  
Face cupped in hands and dreamy  
eyed;  
With thoughts of things beyond this  
world  
She watched the giddy dancers twirl  
To Walter's lively tune.

'Twas Aunt Maree who first did see,  
And heard the timid maiden's plea;  
She rose, her round face pale with  
fright,  
"Hans go and lock the door-key tight,  
The Undine folk are here."

Old Hans did start. He looked. He  
saw.  
He made one bound towards the door,  
While all drew back in deadly fear,  
And closed their eyes and blocked  
their ears,  
And all hearts filled with dread.

But little Eva heard the cries,  
And tears rose quickly to her eyes,  
"Oh listen, Uncle, to her calls,  
And she so young and frail and small;  
Please let her come inside."

The old man sadly shook his head,  
"She is not young and frail," he said,  
"Child, do not listen to her cries,  
She is an Undine in disguise  
And brings us nought but harm."

The voice outside did cry the more—  
"Pray gentle-folk, unlock the door,  
I shiver but your fire is warm,  
You cannot feel this bitter storm,  
The wind doth bite and freeze."

She saw her pleas were all in vain;  
Her bare fists smote the window  
pane;  
A strange look came upon her face,  
She cursed the glowing fire-place,  
And all who stood around.

A mocking laugh rang through the air,  
The old folk clasped their hands in  
prayer;  
A sudden flash of silver light,  
As streams of water, sparkling bright  
Rushed down the misty glass.

Thus did she vanish from their sight,  
And disappear into the night  
From whence she came; while it did  
seem  
To all like something in a dream,  
And so they said no more.

But afterwards young Eva came,  
And gazed upon the window-pane,  
Where still the drops of water clung,  
And in long silver streams did run  
Down on the stones below.

—Margaret Balderson, 5A.

## OLD DARKEY CREEK.

Down in a green fertile valley, like a thread of green ribbon, runs a small, sandy, overgrown creek. There are no fancy ferns to decorate its leafy ridges, but children have worn noticeable paths in their frequent passings up and down its banks. Children are its only visitors nowadays, but long ago, before a white man ventured inland, the brown people dwelt on its banks and fished on its crystal brink.

The sands of time have changed its face, for once it was deep and wide and mighty with small waterfalls, and graceful birds with arched necks, dipped downwards towards its depths. Desolate sandbanks have cluttered up its pathway and the birds have flown away to more plentiful feeding grounds.

However, behind its name is a legend—a story of such a nature that it is a lesson to all men whether they be brown or white.

When the white man came, he claimed the land of the aborigines—all except one piece where there lived an old white-bearded aborigine who refused to leave. For ages his family had lived in this spot, fishing and hunting, unable to leave the beauty that surrounded them. It is believed that loyalty to his family forced the lonely old man to stay there amongst the fresh, green foliage that he loved. So now, lowering above the creek, there engraved on a large boulder is engraved the name, "Old Darkey Creek"

—J. Hardwick, 1D.

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## "FAREWELL."

The bell had sounded and the last of the visitors had hurried off the decks. I looked up at him through the webbed streamers as they waved above me like iron bars imprisoning me on that ugly, crowded wharf. I tried to smile at him but my face froze and I could only stare at him in mute despair. That stately ship would at any moment carry my dear father far across those cruel and endless seas and perhaps I would never . . . .

The propeller started and the ropes and the anchor were drawn up. A lump in my throat seemed to choke me. Horrible reality struck me a stunning blow as the ship drew slowly away from the wharf. The streamers broke and I felt that those imprisoning bars had gone but it was too late, for already the tugs had swung that majestic liner around and thick black smoke from her funnels shrouded her as she steamed out of the harbour.

—Wilma Ruder, 4B.

## DAYBREAK IN THE COUNTRY.

The raucous call of a rooster broke the quiet peace of the night. The horses snuffled and blew softly through their noses in their warm stalls. The sky began to turn grey and a few lights twinkled from the farm houses.

The North Wind blew softly at the clouds of night and blew away the little wisps of mist, that clung lovingly to the trees. The Great One drew His brush across the sky, leaving it flushed with pink and palest blue, and He gently snuffed each star and covered its light until the next night.

A delicious smell of new-mown hay and green grass filled the air, intermingled with whiffs of frying bacon from the farm-houses. There was an almost celestial stillness, shrouding the earth, but this was shattered suddenly, by a small boy, who came running out of one of the farm-houses that nestled in all the sheltering hollows. He whistled loudly and tunelessly as he strode down the long lane leading to the field, where the cows grazed, gazing soulfully at the world from out of their big, brown eyes. By dint of much shouting and waving of his arms, the small boy managed to get them up to the milking shed

and they all disappeared inside.

An old broody hen shook her feathers crossly and clucked in an offended tone at the disturbance, while the younger hens ran distractedly up and down the wire, clucking madly for their breakfast.

Little field mice scurried about in the cool, damp earth of the corn-field, and the crows circled overhead, not brave enough to venture near the grain, because of the ragged scarecrow, that flapped its arms aimlessly in the wind.

The stream chuckled to itself as it bubbled its merry way over the stones, and paused to think in the big, deep pools, where the water was still clear, because the cows had not yet been down to drink.

The sun peeped its golden face over the hilltop, and smiled to himself, as he shone dazzlingly, from a sky now deeper blue. Celestial choirs sang in the heavens, to herald the new day, but the earth heard only the laughing song of the stream, and the sighing of the wind in the trees.

—Jilyan Chambers, 3C.

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## SONNET: ON MUSIC.

Maiden, what is the secret of thy spell?  
When didst thou steal the magic of the sea  
To make thy siren's song, and thus compel  
Unshaken men to blindly worship thee?  
Those whom this world deems masters were they slaves,  
Their lives engulfed in a stream of silver sound;  
Oft were their names obscured until the grave  
With many a summer's verdure had been crowned.  
Thy beauty withers not with fleeting years,  
Thy voice as when it sang from Orpheus' lyre  
Making the wildest beasts as timid deer,  
Still doth the world with joyfulness inspire.  
Such is thy power—unfortunate the man  
Too steeped in care to heed the pipes of Pan.

—Margaret Balderson. 5B.

## "WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

Time: During the English Civil War, 1642.

Scene I: A drawing-room in Coombe Manor. Sir Ralph and Lady Agatha Harrington are saying farewell to the last of their guests.

Sir Ralph: Good-bye, Sir John. Of course I'll be able to do it. These papers are as good as in Charles' hands already.

Lady Agatha: Oh, Ralph! (She begins to cry.)

Sir Ralph: Don't worry, dear. I must do it—for Charles' sake. I must go now; but first—I must farewell Basil. (They approach the bed where Basil is sleeping). Basil, my son.

Basil (sleepily): Wh-why, father!

Sir Ralph: Take care of your mother, and remember, "Long live our exiled King!" Down with the Commonwealth!

Basil: Yes-ys, I will—"Down with the Commonwealth! Long live our exiled King!" (Basil falls asleep again).

Exit Sir Ralph and Lady Agatha.

(Off stage) Lady Agatha: 'God-speed, my husband.'

Two hours later. A knock comes on the door, and Lady Agatha hurries to open it. Enter Sir Ralph.

Lady Agatha: Ralph! What has happened?

Sir Ralph: The Roundheads. I-I- (Lady Agatha helps him to a chair). They are less than five miles behind. I was warned—came back. All is lost!

Lady Agatha: No. There is the secret cupboard in this room. It is our last hope. You must hide there. (She helps him out of the room, comes back, hides his hat, and says) I must go and prepare myself and my children for the Roundheads' visit. They must not find him. They mustn't!

\*                      \*

Scene II: The same room. The Roundheads have arrived. A soldier reports to his officer, who is seated at a desk.

Soldier: We have searched the house from garret to basement. The servants have told us that he was here, and the groom confesses that he was ordered to saddle a horse for Sir Ralph.

Officer: Ha! So our bird has flown! Well, we had better go. Wait, call in Lady Agatha. (Enter Lady Agatha).

Lady Agatha (coldly): Well, sir? I have told you I will tell you nothing.

Officer: I know. But I believe you have a son!

Lady Agatha (starting): No! Not Basil! He is only a child!

Officer: Even so, we might learn something from him. Bring in the boy! (Basil is escorted in. He does not show signs of fear).

Officer: Your name?

Basil: Basil Harrington.

Officer (sharply): Sir!

Basil: Sir Basil Harrington.

Officer (impatiently): Age?

Basil: Five years and three months last Saturday.

Officer: And when did you last see your father?

Basil: After bed-time yesterday.

Officer: Were there others with him?

Basil: No, he and my mother were alone.

Officer: And what did he say to you?

Basil (straightening): He bade me take care of mother, and that I mean to do. You shall not harm her any more.

Officer: No, my lad. We shall soon leave you in peace. But did not your father say more?

Basil: He did. He told me to be a good Cavalier, and that I will always be. (Throwing his head back). Down with the Commonwealth! Long live our exiled King!

Soldier (coming forward): Silence, you little fool! (attempts to strike him.)

Officer: Hold! Cromwell welcomes such spirit (rising). That will be all! Good-bye, my good woman. (Bows). I am sorry to have caused you any trouble.

Lady Agatha: Not at all, sir. Farewell. (They go out). Thank God. Oh, Basil, you have saved your father's life! Come, let us tend to him. (Exit).

THE END.

—Janice Leaney, 2B.

## IN NEPTUNE'S KINGDOM.

"My name's Seaweed. Silly name, isn't it? But, you see, I'm a sea-horse—one of Neptune's sea-horses to be precise. I'm white, with the palest of green dapples, about the size of your palm, all over me. My mane and tail are green, and so long that they almost sweep the sea-floor. I haven't hoofs like land-horses, but four beautiful, green fins.

"It's my day off, that's why I'm out here, so let's go over under the shade of that seaweed clump and I'll tell you all about myself.

"I, and five other horses draw Neptune's chariot. We're harnessed fan-wise to the front of the huge, pink and white pearl shell which serves as the chariot. As soon as the mermen put the harness on us we begin to fret and fume and toss our manes, waiting for the old boy, sorry, I mean Neptune, to step up behind us. Stone the starfish, can he drive? Why, he's the best man with sea-horses this side of the Arctic Circle! When his hands are on the reins there's not a sea-horse in the ocean that wouldn't do anything for him. Up on top we race each other with the salt wind and the spray in our faces and our wild, white cousins thundering beside us. The dolphins dive in front and the flying fish glide past, while Neptune cracks his whip and tries to hold onto his crown with one hand and straighten his beard with the other.

"We're stabled in the Royal Coral Gardens, and I think that's one of the prettiest spots in the Pacific. The sand around there is white and all dimpled and rippled by the waves. The starfish and the sea-anemones cling to every rock space available, and the coral

glows with the most delicate pinks and blues and purples.

"To enter the stables we have to go up a long arched coral tunnel. The tunnel widens out into a vast, domed cavern of the most delicate shade of mauve. Here, around the walls, are our loose-boxes. Neptune's stables are the largest in the kingdom, and the merman who is stud manager keeps the place scrupulously clean.

"If we're lucky, we get a few days' hunting when the season is on. Neptune often rides me because he says I'm the best sea-horse to sea-hounds that he ever slapped a saddle across. The meet usually takes place on the sand in front of the palace.

"The pack of schnappers, up top I think you call them hounds, are put into the Seaweed Spinney at the end of the gardens. They almost always pick up a shark down there. Neptune blows the 'gone away' on his conch-shell and the hunt streams off after the schnappers.

"Oh, how I love to rush through the water, jumping the sunbeams that filter down from the surface, and watching everything run for cover. The mullet, the bream, the sturgeons, and the sand whiting swim for their lives, while the crabs cringe down under rocks. Why, I've even seen the sea-anemones pull up their roots and run when the hunt swishes by.

"We usually make a kill, so Neptune dismounts and drives the schnappers off the shark. He gives the tail and fins to the first water-baby on the scene of the kill and then rides me back home slowly with the shark skin draped across my withers. Back at the stables I'm given a hot, cabbage weed mash and left to myself to dream

of treading on dogfish and the little, blue-dappled filly down on my left. Oh, but I must tell you about her! She's the sweetest little filly who ever set fins on the sea-bed. Her name's Coral and I think she likes me as much as I like her. Why, every time I see her I want to stand on my head and slap my fins together.

"Oh, bother! Wouldn't that slay the sticklebacks? There's the conch-shell blowing. I must be wanted back at the stables. Well, good-bye. See you again sometime."

And with a swish of fins and a swirl of bubbles Seaweed was gone.

—L. Frankel, 3C.

## A DANISH SCHOOL-DAY.

Hark! The school-bell has sounded, and many, happy healthy children are running to their lines. Because it is winter, the playground is left whitish-grey with snow, but there are tell-tale slippery-slides made by the stamping and sliding of many feet. The teachers have occasionally tried to stop these slippery-slides from coming into existence, but what can they do? Whenever the victim of an accident stumbles into the doctor's waiting room, all they can do is sigh unhappily, and attend to the injured child.

Now the children have entered the modern, cement building, and are stamping their feet and clapping their hands. Danish children do not wear uniforms, for they are an ugly reminder of the "green grasshoppers" that came from Germany to "protect" us; so red, green and yellow clothes appear among the ranks of eager children.

Our education system is similar in many ways to the Australian one, except that we go to school on Saturday, but during summer we have half the day off. Once at our desks we stand, sing a morning hymn, say the Lord's Prayer, sit down, and then . . . to work. We have recess between each lesson, although it is only five minutes long and occasionally we leave our room to go to sew-

ing or art. We also learn about decimals and fractions, and English is one of our high school subjects. Instead of monthly magazines, we are provided with one thick book to last a year. We may keep it if we wish.

At lunch time we rush downstairs to the canteen or lunch-room, where we are provided with five black-bread sandwiches or as many as we wish; a white bread sandwich with cheese or jam, a glass or two of milk, and a piece of fruit. Until a few years ago these services were free, but now we pay four bread-coupons and four kroner annually. After lunch, on winter Saturdays, we troop upstairs, sit in a darkened room, and chatter. Then the headmaster enters, and informs us that we are going to see a film on such and such a subject. After much noise and hushing, we all settle down, and enjoy an interesting film.

As soon as the film is over, many rosy-cheeked children hurry from the school-doors, drink some water, have a last slippery-slide, and after a great deal of snowballing, racing and laughing, proceed to go home.

Ah, just writing this description has made me quite homesick for snow, mittens, ear-muffs, slippery-slides and most of all: Denmark.

—H. Kreutzer, 1A.

## THE LAND OF MANY SHADOWS.

The gaudy light display of the city night vanished into the lonely night, as titanic shadows loomed ahead, and the docks presented their silent, dramatic picture. An alert policeman casting fugitive glances about, paced some measured ground, then resumed his night vigil, his footsteps eerily shattering the predominant silence. What a picture of dominating, shadowy forms, of huge ships motionless against the black monotony and mystery of the night. Here were shadows lurking in corners, absurdly resembling human forms, then quickly reverting to some equally distracting outlines.

One may well survey this scene. It presented a challenging front. Here lay the docks, where ships methodically dispersed their foreign cargoes, where trade banked high and where shy-faced, silent masters of the sea, skulked amongst the shadows. Here was the grim reminder of the romance and labour of the Seven Seas, temporarily asleep with the night.

The padded footsteps of an approaching person prompted the flash of a torch. They abruptly stopped. "Only checking, sir," and a young officer passed by, a lonely companion of the shadows. The stagnant smell of cargoes of seawater, of the docks themselves, mingled with the night air and a damp mist smudged the scene.

Two hunched-back, yellow-faced figures shuffled by with keen perception of all around them. Into the lurking shadows their footsteps faded . . . opium perhaps?

Occasionally the lap of water belched against the wharf-boards or the doubtful howl of a siren made a melancholy sound in the night. The uniformed guard expertly flashed his torch whose glare blasted the darkness like a devil disturbing a pious meeting. A wisp of cloud flaunted in front of the crisp slice of moon, then thinly drifted apart.

How stark the scene was and how completely unearthly! The giant ships, like pacified monsters, stood merged in the murky waters. The suspense seemed to intensify the mood and atmosphere and like a child groping for guidance, the docks awaited the crinkle of dawn, the light of day, when the spell of night would snap.

Breaking away from this dramatic scene, one may resume the company of the gay lights again, the boisterous chatter of city night-goers and see life in busy activity. But if it is mystery one requires, or silent intrigue, it is to be found down sinuous, dark alleys that lead one way—to the dark, dingy home of the docks.

—Barbara Stebbings, 4D.



## CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

Altogether unlike Australia, England has her Christmas in mid-winter.

It was two years ago that, among the hubbub and cheering of a large crowd of Londoners, I looked up at the huge Christmas tree, fifty high, that had been brought from Norway to Trafalgar Square.

Bedecked with hundreds of coloured lights and silver tinsel, it brightened Nelson's Column and the two beautiful fountains which were lit with coloured floodlights.

A smaller tree stood in the

porch of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Around the larger tree, people were singing carols, while the gently falling snow added to the scene I shall never forget.

After a few hours we went home, as many other people did, and slept soundly.

I awoke on Christmas morning, to see the white snowflakes falling onto the window sill, and to hear the children outside wrapped in their gay winter scarves and caps, singing carols, and completely enjoying themselves in the snow.

—Janice Cohen, 1A.

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## A DREAM.

I dreamt a dream, a wonderful dream  
Of mountains cupped with snow,  
Of deep, blue, sparkling oceans  
Where big, white liners go.

I dreamt a dream, a wonderful dream  
Of summer skies of blue,  
Of sunshine, warm and comforting,  
Of rainbows every hue.

I dreamt a dream, a wonderful dream  
Of palaces, castles and kings,  
Of beautiful ladies in waiting,  
Of hundreds of beautiful things.

I dreamt a dream, a wonderful dream  
Of mystical, magical folk,  
Of things that never really are,  
And then, alas, I woke.

Jilyan Chambers, 3C.

## THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1952.

On the afternoon of the 15th September, the School Choir, immaculately neat, assembled at the Conservatorium to take part in the Girls' School Choral Championship. As each choir sang, we realised that competition was very keen, and we were not confident of being successful. Six choirs each sang the set-piece, "Ye Little Birds That Sit and Sing," and on our own choice item, was "The Snow" by Elgar. The adjudicator, Mr. J. Lyndon Jones, complimented us on our rendition of the set piece, and we won by a margin of seven points.

After a morning of hard practising on Tuesday, the Choir was ready in the afternoon to sing in the Senior School Championship, for which the set piece was "Beauty's Daughters." For our own choice we sang "Five Eyes," which must have appealed to the adjudicator, Mr. John M. Nicholls, as we were again awarded first place.

As we were to sing again that night, we returned to school for tea and further practising; by seven o'clock we were seated in the Assembly Hall waiting for the commencement of the most important section, the State Juvenile Choral Championship.

Each choir sang "Calm and Tranquil Lie the Sheepfolds" by Bach, and an unaccompanied three-part song. The standard was high, and there were more entrants than in previous years, but when at last Hugh Bancroft gave his adjudication, he praised highly our singing of the set-piece and also the madrigal, "How Merrily We Live." Then, to our great joy, he announced us as the winners.

Everyone was thrilled to learn that the Junior Choir won their section on Wednesday afternoon with a delightful rendition of "The House in the Willows," and "Humpty Dumpty."

As a result of our success we were invited to take part in the Matinee Performance of *Sevenile Champions and Winners* at the Theatre Royal on 25th September, where we received our trophies.

We were very sorry that, owing to illness, Miss Bale was unable to take final practises or conduct us at the Eisteddfod, but, to prevent our withdrawal, Mrs. Murray kindly offered to take her place, and we are deeply indebted to her for giving up so much of her time and conducting us so successfully.

—P. Levy, 4A.

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## A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

Our new gym is finished,  
Let's all give three cheers,  
No doubt you're astonished  
(It's been but three years.)  
From Mondays to Fridays  
We've watched it with pride,  
To "spring" from those ashes  
And "conjure" four sides!

The walls are completed,  
The roofs on at last,  
The windows are fastened,  
It's progressing fast!  
And soon we'll be having  
Our gym lessons there,  
Or perhaps we'll be leaving—  
In depths of despair.

—Jan Jorgensen, 3A.

**"THE TOWER."****A ONE-ACT PLAY****DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

Prisoner: A young man imprisoned in the Tower of London awaiting his execution.

Sir Thomas More.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

A Warder.

The Governor of the Tower.

**Scene:—**

A room in the Tower of London. A young man is sitting despondently on the side of a bed in the centre of the stage. There are exits right and left of the stage. The room is scantily furnished. It is late afternoon (about four o'clock).

Voice (from outside): (Gradually grows louder until it reaches a crescendo and shrieks out the last word several times.)

The court finds you guilty of high treason the penalty for which is death. On 24th June, at sunset, you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead. Dead! Dead!

Prisoner (springs up and paces about the room wildly).

I didn't do it I tell you! Don't you understand? I'm innocent! I didn't do it! I didn't! Why don't you believe me? (Groans). Oh, what's the use?

(Flings himself onto the bed and sits with his head in his hands.)

(A figure dressed in Elizabethan costume enters from left. He is about sixty-seven years of age).

Man: What didn't you do?

Prisoner: I did not betray my country. I'm entirely innocent. (Startled). Who are you? What on earth are you doing here and how in the name of fortune did you get in? Surely the gaoler didn't let you in?

Man (looks around him): Yes, it's just about the same; it never changes much from year to year—except that you have more comfortable and better furniture. I remember when I was here—not so very long ago . . .

Prisoner: You were here? How did you get out? I suppose you got a last-minute reprieve. I daren't hope to get one.

Man: Yes. I was here.

(Walks about the stage as if examining the room).

Prisoner (just noticing his clothes): Good lord! Are you going to a Masquerade Ball or something? What have you got on?

Man: I assure you that this in the latest fashion from Paris (stops abruptly) but I forgot, these clothes must be rather out of fashion these days. They were all the rage—now let me see, when was it? Why it must be four hundred years ago. But I have not told you who I am yet. They tell me I am quite an historical character—I'm Sir Thomas More, late Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Chancellor.

Prisoner: But what are you doing here? You were beheaded in about 1534 (looks around wildly). Am I going mad or am I dreaming?

Sir Thomas: No, my dear boy, you are not mad and you are not dreaming. I suppose you think it strange that a man who died over four hundred years ago should appear in twentieth century London. Well, occasionally, some of us up there are allowed to come back to earth to see how things are getting on. If possible we try to help people in distress, so if I think you deserve it, I'm going to help you.

Prisoner: YOU help ME?

Sir Thomas: Yes, I can if I wish. Now tell me why you are here.

Prisoner: Oh, don't speak of it!

Sir Thomas: Now look here. If you do not tell me how can I help you? I know you are innocent but how were you convicted?

Prisoner: I was the victim of a ghastly mistake. Some chaps I fell in with in the army were selling confidential information to the Germans. My name was used, and although I had nothing to do with it—in fact I had no idea of what was going on—after the war my name was found on the Nazi records. I have to "pay the piper" for something I did NOT do. In fact I'd rather die than sell my country and my own honour. But what's the use of saying I'm innocent? No one believes me.

Sir Thomas: I believe you and I WILL help you.

Prisoner: But how?

Sir Thomas: I cannot tell you but I can promise you that you shan't go to the scaffold.

Prisoner: But I still don't understand.

Sir Thomas: Well, don't worry, everything is going to be quite all right.

Prisoner: Very well then. Now tell me about yourself. You were executed for high treason too weren't you?

Sir Thomas: Yes. I refused to recognise the King as the head of the Church. I had to choose between my beliefs and my life. As you know I chose my beliefs and was beheaded. However, I must not bore you with the story of my life, for you have so little time and there is another visitor waiting to come in.

Prisoner: Who is it?

Sir Thomas: You will soon find out. We both came down together—she is an old resident of the Tower like myself. It seems strange to me that, after all we suffered while here, we should ever come back, but we did. Farewell and good luck!

(He goes out. L.)

Prisoner: I wonder who my other visitor is? I can't think of anyone who would come to see ME, (bitterly) a man who betrayed his country. It's amazing how few friends one has when a thing like this happens. They say one begin to count one's blessings when the end is drawing near.

(A woman enters from the right. She is about 55 years old and is also wearing Elizabethan dress. She comes in hesitantly and stops on seeing him. The noise of her footsteps makes him turn round.)

Mary: May I come in, please? I didn't know whether I should come in or not but I know what it is like to be alone in your last hours on earth so I thought you might like company.

Prisoner: Yes, by all means come in. It is very lonely. Sir Thomas said there were some more visitors. I haven't much time left. It's getting on for 5 o'clock (looks at watch). Who are you?

Mary: I suppose you have heard of me. I am Mary, Queen of Scots.

(The Prisoner holds out his hand to her then recollects who she is, bows deeply and kisses her hand).

Prisoner: Well, Your Majesty, you too have returned to earth.

Mary: Yes. I heard that Sir Thomas was coming down and I asked if I might come too, for it is many years since I was here last.

(She walks about the room and looks around).

I am very sorry for you, of course, but when it's all over you will be able to look back and say that it happened for the best. I know you are feeling very despondent and perhaps bitter but that will all change. I also hated the world and particularly my cousin Elizabeth but in the after-life all one's feelings undergo a change. You may not believe it, but Elizabeth and I are great friends and we see a great deal of each other. How can I bear her any grudge when it was the fault of her ministers? (She breaks off suddenly).

Did Sir Thomas say what he was going to do?

Prisoner: No. I wish he had.

(There is a slight grating noise outside. A key is turning in the lock).

Mary: What was that?

Prisoner: (Suddenly looks at his watch). Lord! It's almost time! That must be the warder coming in. You'd better go.

Mary: Yes! I must. Well, good-bye and I hope I shall meet you again. (Starts to walk out.) I wonder what he is planning?

Prisoner: Well I shall soon find out. He'll have to hurry. It's only about ten minutes to sunset.

(Mary goes out. L.)

Prisoner: Gosh I'm tired. (Yawns and stretches). What a time to feel sleepy. I wonder what it'll be like when it's over. THEY didn't seem to mind it.

(Warder comes in. R.)

Warder: 'Well, sir, you have ten minutes left. Is there any request you would like to make?

Prisoner: No, thank you — wait a moment. Could I be alone for these last minutes? Just come for me a few minutes before the execution is to take place. I'd like to have these few moments to myself.

Warder: Very well, sir.

(Exit Warder. R.)

Prisoner: Well, Sir Thomas, I think you're going to be too late. I wonder what it'll be like. I wish I knew. 'S funny, a while ago I was just dreading

it but now I'm quite resigned. The worst thing is the humiliation of being accused. Anyway, there's no one to worry whether I'm guilty or innocent so what does it matter . . . I wish I could wake up . . . This tired feeling is worse than a hangover.

(While he is speaking his voice is getting softer as he drops off to sleep.)

Apparently Sir Thomas is going to fail in this undertaking. Well it'll soon be over even if he . . .

(He slumps down on the couch. There is a pause and then the Warder accompanied by the Governor of the Tower, enter. R.)

Warder: Well, sir, here's the man. (Breaks off on seeing the prisoner fast asleep on the couch). What a man! Fancy going to sleep a few minutes before he's to be hanged!

Governor: Well! Don't stand there! Wake him up. I haven't all day to waste.

(Warder walks over to the young man.)

Warder: Wake up! Wake up! Sir, he won't wake. (Looks at him closely). Heaven help us, sir, he's dead!

Governor: Dead? Here, let me see.

(Listens to the dead man's heart-beats).

Well there's no doubt about it. He's dead all right. Send a message to the executioner to say that there will be no execution and tell the Resident Doctor to come up here immediately. There will have to be a post-mortem.

Warder: Yes, sir!

(He goes out. R.)

Governor: Well, that's the first time I can remember a thing like this happening. Dead! Well can you believe it? Queer thing! Very queer!

(Curtain.)

—Elizabeth Marsden, 5A.

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## THE LAMENT OF AN OLD GARBAGE-TIN.

Battered and dented and bent I sit,  
 No paint on me left and my lid won't fit,  
 My handles have vanished, just holes where they've been  
 Now I am rusty where once I was green;  
 Very unsightly, and ugly as sin,  
 Yes, you have guessed, I'm an old garbage-tin.

Once I was new and shone in the sun,  
 Painted bright green, and I thought it fun  
 To wait in the lane for the dustman to call,  
 Once emptied returned to my place by the wall,  
 With all my brothers, sisters and kin,  
 Each a different-sized garbage-tin.

But the dustman is rough, and he throws me down,  
 Pushes and pulls me and kicks me around.  
 And for each kick and bump, I bear quite a scar,  
 It's all helped at last my beauty to mar.  
 Not much longer I'll sit, with the noise and the din,  
 For I am a very old garbage-tin.

—Gwen Churchill.

## THE INTER-SCHOOL DEBATE, 1952.

On Monday, 22nd September, the second inter-school debate of the year was held. It was attended by the captain, prefects, house-captains and vice-captains and several girls from debating hobbies who, accompanied by Miss Dey, arrived at the Fort Street Boys' High School early in the afternoon.

The subject of the debate was "Science is a Menace," and our team, consisting of Elizabeth Marsden leader, Anne Butt second speaker and Mirjam Stiel whip, successfully debated as the opposition. The teams were evenly matched and on the whole the debate proved to be both entertaining and informative. The duty of chairman was competently executed by the vice-captain in the absence of the captain.

At the conclusion of the debate votes of thanks were proposed and seconded by the leaders of both teams to Mrs. M. Ellis who expressed her pleasure at being invited once more to act as adjudicator, and we are sure that each speaker benefited by her constructive criticisms.

The prefects then entertained the girls at afternoon tea which was ably catered for by the Mothers' Union. They were congratulated for their excellent effort, to which was done full justice by both girls and boys.

A tour of the school brought the afternoon to a successful conclusion.

—B. Watson, V. Duckworth,  
4A.

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## THE COCKLESHELL.

I saw a wee cockleshell down by the sea-shore.  
Cockleshell, Cockleshell, where have you been?  
Have you been down to the sandy sea-bottom  
Under the sea so green?

Cockleshell, Cockleshell, have you seen mermaids  
Whilst on your travels away in the deep?  
Have you seen Neptune way down in his kingdom,  
Cockleshell, while we're asleep?

Cockleshell, Cockleshell, pink and white cockleshell,  
Have you seen whales blowing water around?  
Cockleshell, Cockleshell, did the waves leave you  
Lying up here on the ground?

Poor little Cockleshell out of the ocean  
I'll just throw you back again into the sea.  
Go on with your travels and then please come back here  
To whisper your secrets to me.

—Jilyan Chambers, 3C.

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Pictured above is Mildred Nicoll. Mildred selected Summerhayes SHORTERhand because "it was modern, and was sponsored by the M.B.C." She created a record that still stands in Sydney for a business college student taking a 12-months course, by registering 150 w.p.m. under outside examiners in 37 weeks. See story on opp. page.

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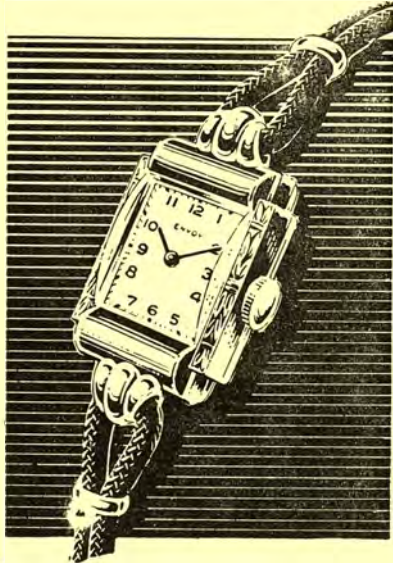
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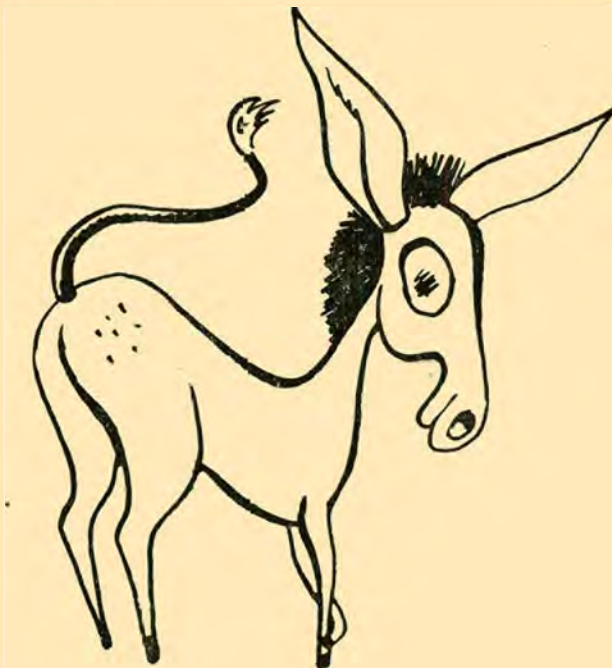
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