



THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
FORT STREET  
GIRLS'  
HIGH SCHOOL



# The Magazine

of the

## Fort Street Girls' High School

SEPTEMBER, 1953.

### THE STAFF.

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

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

#### *Department of English:*

Miss D. DEY, M.A. (Mistress)	Miss J. PETERSON, B.A.
Miss J. BAKER, B.A.	Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.
Miss E. COCHRANE, B.A.	Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A.
Mrs. C. DIGGELMAN, B.A.	Miss W. TAYLOR, B.A.
Miss M. NORST, B.A.	

#### *Department of Classics:*

Miss G. SIMONS, B.A.	Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A.
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#### *Department of Mathematics:*

Miss E. KERR, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss I. GREEN, B.A.
Miss K. CONNOLLY, B.Sc.	Miss S. LABISCH, B.A.
Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc.	Miss E. SMALL, B.A.

#### *Department of Science:*

Miss A. PUXLEY, B.Sc. (Mistress)	Miss J. CRAWFORD, B.A.
Miss M. CHEETHAM, B.A.	Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc.
Mrs. J. CLEARY, B.Sc.	Mrs. J. PORTER, B.Sc.

#### *Department of Modern Languages:*

Miss B. MITCHELL, B.A. (Mistress)	Miss M. KENT-HUGHES, M.A. (Vic.)
Miss L. ARTER, B.A.	Mrs. M. PATTERSON, B.A.
Mrs. C. DIGGELMAN, B.A.	Mrs. B. THIERING, B.A.

#### *Art:*

Mrs. R. AUSTIN, A.T.D.

#### *Needlework:*

Miss J. BURDON.

*Music:* Miss L. BALE, A. Mus., A.

*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:* RONA SANFORD.

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FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

By Courtesy of the Sydney Morning Herald

## CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

This year has seen many changes in our staff. With regret we said good-bye to Miss D. Croxon, now abroad, and to Miss V. McMullen, both of whom retired after being at Fort Street for many years. Miss V. Hunt was transferred to Parramatta Home Science High School as Science Mistress, Miss M. Bush to Newcastle Girls' High School as Mistress of Modern Languages, and Miss D. Llewellyn to Sydney Girls' High School as Acting Mistress of Mathematics. Mrs. J. Magee is now at the Correspondence School, Miss Adlem at Cre-

more, and Mrs. Lloyd-Jones at Canberra High School. We should like to congratulate Mrs. M. Craddock on the birth of her daughter, Wendy.

We welcome to our staff Mrs. R. Austen, Mrs. J. Cleary, Mrs. C. Diggelman, Miss M. Norst, Miss J. Peterson, Mrs. J. Porter, Miss H. Roberts, Miss E. Small, Miss W. Taylor and Mrs. B. Thiering.

We wish every happiness to those who have retired or been transferred to other schools, and to all the new members of the Staff.

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## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE.

In years to come, the Fifth Year girls of 1953 will be able to look back to a very memorable and outstanding five years at Fort Street.

In 1949, as First Years, we experienced the thrill of being, not only in our first year at the "best school of all"—Fort Street, but also being here in the year of her Centenary Celebrations.

In 1950, as Second Years, we had settled down and felt we really belonged to Fort Street. In this year we had the excitement of preparing for the Jubilee Celebrations.

The next year, 1951, the year of Australia's Jubilee, the progress of the nation was commemorated by a magnificent historical pageant "The Australian Story" in which we, as Third Years, took a major part.

Last year, 1952, was outstanding for it marked the opening of the Fanny Cohen Gymnasium—a long—desired event.

To crown these memorable four years, crammed full of historical interest comes our fifth

and final year, the most splendid and historical year of them all—the year of the Coronation of our most gracious sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth II. Indeed it is an inspiration to all that in this year of coronation the highest mountain in the world—Mount Everest was conquered by a party led by one of the Queen's subjects—Sir Edmund Hilary.

The determination and perseverance of these brave, courageous men should prove an all-powerful inspiration to us to start now while we are at school to develop our characters and talents by taking an active part in school activities, as well as an active interest in the actual school work. Although we cannot all be famous, we can become good citizens, willing to accept new ideas and ways and able to make friends readily. With the inspiration given us by the events of this year we will be able to achieve great heights, but only if we take advantage of the opportunities and privileges given us here at school.

## SPEECH DAY, 1952.

Every high school Speech Day is looked forward to as the gala day in the school year; to Fort Street, over the years, it has become more than just a ceremony—it is an institution—each one to be looked back on by Fortians, past and present, as a landmark.

Thus to many, Speech Day 1952 was a milestone; to some their first, others their last—at the “Best School of All”. But to all, staff and girls alike, it had a common significance—it marked the beginning of those well earned holidays.

The stage of the Conservatorium was early in the morning transformed by many willing hands with masses of flowers and as the hour approached the chattering white-clad girls gradually broke up to file into their places—choir girls and prize winners to brave the hard steps of the stage whilst the remainder settled back in the comfortable seats in the hall.

At 10 p.m. the official party filed onto the platform and the ceremony began traditionally with the singing of the School Anthem by six hundred lusty voices. Then Mr. P. G. Price, the Director of Secondary Education, gave a short address before calling upon the principal to give the Annual Report. Miss Whiteoak revealed that 1952 had been yet another year of achievement for Fort Street.

Mr. Clyne, who has become such a familiar figure at all our functions told us in his address of his long associations with Fort

Street and revealed that he has been present at every Speech Day since 1927.

The school choir, conducted by Miss Bale, delightfully combined songs by old and new masters in their rendition of Benjamin Britton’s “Nightingale Lane” and Bach’s “Calm and Tranquil Lie the Sheep Folds”.

In a witty and amusing address Mr. C. B. Newling voiced his hopes for the present day youth. He emphasised the importance of thought in this modern age in a manner which was both enjoyable and instructive to all.

Extracts from Brahm’s “Liebeslieder” were then presented by the choir, followed by the popular Christmas Carol “While Shepherds Watched”; and then a general stir amongst those on the platform announced the highlight of the ceremony—the presentation of prizes. Those lucky winners of prizes and certificates walked proudly onto the platform to receive them from Mrs. P. G. Price. When the last girl had returned to her place our captain, Margaret Lawson, and captain-elect, Rona Sandford, proposed votes of thanks to all those visitors who had helped to make our Speech Day such a success.

Generations of Fortians rose to their feet as the pianist struck up the School Song and joined us to sing “Come! Fortians, Fortians All”. The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close Speech Day 1952.

Audrey Reid, 5A.

## PRIZE LIST.

### PRIZES.

Dux of School (Fanny Cohen Prize):  
Lesley Hanks.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Patricia Conder.  
Dux of Year IV: Alma Sneddon.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Nina Sneddon.  
Dux of Year III (Mollie Thornhill Prize): Valma Steward.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Judith Anderson.  
Dux of Year II: Barbara Plant.  
Second Proficiency Prize: June Palmer.  
Dux of Year I: Fay Bowen.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Diana Dawes.

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C. Examination, 1951): Eva Sommer.  
Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History in L.C. Examination, 1951): Margaret Steven.  
Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1951): Eva Sommer.  
Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1951): Jean Wolrige.  
Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year III): Judith Anderson.  
Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV): Alma Sneddon.  
Bishop Kirby Memorial Prize (History, Year II): Margaret Pearson.  
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year IV): Janet Anderson.  
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History, Year I): Marilyn Buckman.  
Emily Cruise Prize (English, Year V): Elizabeth Marsden.  
Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year V): Patricia Conder.  
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry, Year V): Maureen Thompson.  
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize (Chemistry and Physics, Year II): Gillian Hanks.  
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year IV): Nina Sneddon.  
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year I): Jeanette Barr.  
Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Science, Year III): Margaret Menser.  
Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (Latin, Year II): Toni Dare and Barbara Plant.  
Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (German, Year II): June Palmer.  
Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French Year V): Lesley Hanks.

Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year I): Jeanette Brown.  
Special Prizes donated by Mrs. Hodgkins for Best Contributions to School Magazine:  
Senior School: Margaret Balderson.  
Junior School: Jilyan Chambers.  
L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:  
Concours general: First Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
Grade Three: Second Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
Grade Four: Second Prize: Janice Spowart.  
Grade Five: Third Prize: Laurel Harvey.  
Goethe Society Prize: Lesley Hanks.  
Prefects' Prizes, Empire Day Essays:  
Senior School: Kay Walton.  
Junior School: Judith Anderson.  
Presbyterian Scripture Prize donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson:  
Senior School: Margaret Cameron.  
Fay Roche.  
Junior School: Roslyn Macklin.  
Pamela Niemeir.  
Old Girls' Union Life Membership: Margaret Lawson.  
Elizabeth Cayzer Prize (Captain of the School, 1952): Margaret Lawson.  
H. M. Suttor Prize (awarded by the Royal Australian Historical Society): Valerie Duckworth.  
McTier Prize (awarded by the Royal Australian Historical Society): Robin Thistlethwayte.  
Eisteddfod Awards: State Juvenile Championship Cup; Girls' School Championship Cup.

### CERTIFICATES.

#### YEAR V.

Latin: Patricia Conder.  
German: Lesley Hanks.  
Mathematics I: Lesley Hanks.  
Mathematics II: Joan Wilcox.  
Biology: Mirjam Stiel.  
Geography: Elizabeth Marsden.  
Art: Dawn Ragen.  
Music: Meg Weir.  
Needlework: Rhonda Stewart.  
Physical Training: Coral Hewitt.

#### YEAR IV.

English: Alma Sneddon.  
History: Moyna Glenn.  
Latin: Delysia Devlin.  
Chemistry: Nina Sneddon.  
Biology: Alma Sneddon.  
Geography: Elaine Evans.  
Art: Isabel Eamens.  
Music: Terry Kane.  
Needlework: Robin George.  
Physical Training: Pauline Slarke.

## YEAR III.

English: Jan Jorgenson, Judith Anderson.  
 Latin: Judith Anderson.  
 German: Janice Sponberg.  
 French: Janice Spowart.  
 Mathematics I: Valma Steward.  
 Mathematics II: Valma Steward.  
 Geography: Janet Johnston.  
 Art: Judith Hart.  
 Music: Ruth Sainsbury.  
 Needlework: Beverley Cutting, Patricia Lee.  
 Physical Training: Beverley Cutting.

## YEAR II.

English: Barbara Plant.  
 French: Valerie Allen, Judith Barwick, Barbara Plant.  
 Mathematics I: Patricia Turner.  
 Mathematics II: Margaret Ryan.  
 Geography: Thelma Steele.  
 Art: Lois Parsons.  
 Music: Coral Cassidy.  
 Needlework: Thelma Steele, Jan Muir.  
 Physical Training: Jan Champion.

## YEAR I.

History: Rosslyn Full.

Combined Physics and Chemistry: Fay Bowen.  
 Geography: Rosslyn Full.  
 Physical Training: Jill McNair.

## LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1952

Award of Merit—Bar: Coral Hewitt, Barbara Cave.  
 Award of Merit: Meg Weir, Ann Waddington, Maureen Jones, Fay Illidge, Helen Ryan, Betty Downing, Alison Brown, Helen Cramp, Rona Sanford, Janet Oataway, Valery Glass, Adrienne Buckman, Pamela Haynes.  
 Australian Bronze Cross: Valma Steward, Alison Roper, Isla Prenter, Judith Haynes, Beverley Cutting, Robin Allen, Barbara Pemberton.  
 Instructors Certificate: Maureen Jones, Judith Haynes, Helen Cramp, Alison Brown, Betty Downing, Faye Illidge, Isla Prenter, Ann Waddington, Valma Steward.

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## NIGHT WARNING.

'Mid the murky marshlands, buil frogs are croaking,  
 There among the mossy dells, dark shadows fly,  
 Shading all from moonlight, grey clouds are floating  
 O'er the sea of tree-tops, as the stirred leaves sigh;  
 Causing them to shiver then,  
 Quake then and quiver then,  
 The night winds whisper warning—  
 Witches are nigh!

'Mid the murky marshlands, silver mists there creeping,  
 There among the mossy dell, where the brown owls cry,  
 Neath the shadowed tree-tops, silent night-moths gliding,  
 Dark bats hang from creaking limb, as the stirred leaves sigh;  
 Causing them to shiver then,  
 Quake then and quiver then,  
 The night winds whisper warning—  
 Witches are nigh!

—Marilyn Buckman, 2A.



**PREFECTS, 1953.**

**Back Row:** Ann Furniss, Peggy Firth, Lynne Ivens, Patricia Colliss, Janice Johnson.  
**Front Row:** Anne Swanson, Patricia Brown, Rona Sanford (Captain), Adrienne Handel, Gwen Saul.



## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1952

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; 6, 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, Needlework and Garment Construction; 22, Home Economics; 23, Accountancy; 24, Agriculture; 25, Agriculture Biology; 26, Wool-classing; 27, Physiology and Hygiene; 28, Zoology; 29, Greek; 30, Italian; 31, Chinese; 32, Hebrew; 33, Japanese; 34, Russian; 35, Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 36, Woodwork; 37, Metalwork; 38, Farm Mechanics; 39, Theory of Music.

Adler, E. M.: 1B 3H(1) (o) 9A 13B 17B.  
 Balderson, M.: 1B 3B 9A 16B 17B.  
 Bamber, J. J.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16B 20A.  
 Bing See, M. J.: 1B 2B 3A 7A 9B 16B.  
 Blackler, N.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 7A 9A 16B.  
 Bradley, W.: 1H(2) 2B 3A 7B 9A.  
 Bryce, D. E.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 19B.  
 Butt, A. E.: 1A 2A 3B 7A 9B 16H(2).  
 Butt, M. J.: 1B 2B 3B 7A 9B 16A.  
 Cameron, M. E.: 1A 2A 3H(2) (o) 7B 9B 16A.  
 Cave, B. A.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 19B.  
 Conder, P. M.: 1A 2H(1) 3A(o) 7A 9H(1) 16A.  
 Davis, P. E.: 1B 3A 4B(o) 7B 9B 16A.  
 Di Benedetto, J. E.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17A 20A.  
 Elbourne, D. S.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 16B.  
 Firth, C. M.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 21B.  
 Fuller, L. C.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
 Fulton, A. J.: 1B 7B 9B 16A 17B.  
 Gallocher, M. J.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
 Gertler, V. M.: 1A 3A(o) 4H(1) (o) 9A 16A 17B.  
 Gould, B. A.: 1A 2H(1) 3A 5B 6B 13A.  
 Greenfield, B.: 1B 3B 9B 16A 17B 20A.  
 Griffiths, J. M.: 1A 2B 3B 7A 9A 16B.  
 Hamilton, G.: 1B 7A 9A 16B 17B.  
 Hammond, B. B.: 1A 2B 3B(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
 Hamilton, E. M.: 1B 3B 7A 9A 13B.  
 Hanks, L. A.: 1A 3H(1) (o) 4H(1) (o) 5H(1) 6A.  
 Harrop, G.: 1B 3B 16B 20B.  
 Harvey, W.: 1B 3A(o) 4A(o) 7B 9A 16B.  
 Haydon, R. A.: 1B 3B 5B 6B 17B.  
 Haynes, J. A.: 1A 3A 9A 16A 17A 20B.  
 Henley, J. E.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 21B.  
 Hewitt, C. M.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 39A.  
 Hill, A. J.: 1B 3A(o) 4A(o) 5B 6B 16A.  
 Hutchinson, J. M.: 1B 3B 9B 16A 17B 21B.  
 Illidge, M. F.: 1B 7B 9A 13B 17B.  
 Jones, M. A.: 1B 3B(o) 7B 9B 16B 19B.  
 Knibb, J. R.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16B.  
 Lawson, M. E.: 1B 3A(o) 9B 16B 17B 21B.  
 Lawson, M. H.: 1B 3A(o) 4B 7B 9A 19H(2)  
 McIntosh, S. D.: 1B 9B 17B 39A.  
 McLachlan, J. D.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 5A 6B 13B.  
 MacQuire, J. A.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 16A 17B.  
 Malcolm, J. M.: 1B 3A 4B 9B 19B.  
 Marsden, E. A.: 1H(1) 3A 7B 9A 16A 17B.  
 Matthews, S. R.: 1B 3B 9B 16A 17B 20B.

Moran, W. J.: 1B 3B 7A 20B.  
Nichols, H. P.: 1B 2B 3A 9A 16B.  
Pedersen, K. A.: 1B 3B 4B 7B 9A.  
Pemberton, A. L.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 17B 39B.  
Prenter, I. L.: 3A 9B 16B 17B 20B.  
Prigg, B. A.: 1B 3B 4B(o) 7A 9B 16B.  
Pryor, L. N.: 3A 7B 9B 16B 20A.  
Ragen, D. F.: 1B 3B 7B 9A 16A 20A.  
Randall, B.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 5A 6B 13B.  
Revell, H. C.: 1B 3B(o) 9A 16A 17B 19A.  
Robinson, J. A.: 1A 3A(o) 9B 16B 17B 20A.  
Roche, F. R.: 1B 3B 4B 7B 9A.  
Russell, E. M.: 1B 3B 9B 16B 20B.  
Ryan, A. H.: 1B 3A(o) 4A(o) 5H(1) 6A 13A.  
Saunderson, H. M.: 1B 3B(o) 4B(o) 7B 9B.  
Selig, J. P.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7A 9B 13B.  
Shirt, M. J.: 1B 3A(o) 4A(o) 5B 6B 13A.  
Starr, J. A.: 1A 3B(o) 4B(o) 9A 16B 19H(2).  
Stewart, R. C.: 1B 3B 9A 16B 17B 21B.  
Stiel, M. C.: 1A 2B 3A(o) 7A 9H(1) 16H(2)  
Strout, J. A.: 1B 3A 4B 7B 9B 16B.  
Summerhill, R. V.: 3B 7B 9B 16B 21A.  
Sweet, M. A.: 1B 2A 3A(o) 5B 6B 16B.  
Thomson, M. A.: 1A 3A(o) 4H(2) (o) 5B 6B 13A.  
Topham, L. E.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 5B 6B 13B.  
Waddington, A. K.: 1B 3B 5B 6B.  
Wagner, F.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 5B 6B 13A.  
Watson, E. N.: 1B 16B 17B 20A.  
Wair, M. O.: 1A 3B 7B 9A 16B 19A.  
Wilcox, J. F.: 1A 3A(o) 4H(2) (o) 5H(2) 6A.  
Willis, D. E.: 1B 3B 4B(o) 5B 13B.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1952.

### SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

Abbott, K. V.; Allen, R. A.; Anderson, J. H.; Andrews, V. K.; Atkins, B. J.  
Baker, J. E.; Beauchamp, A.; Belgrove, J. M.; Bietaks, R.; Bourke, F.  
A.; Brazenall, V.; Brown, P. M.; Brown, V. J.; Bruce, J. H. M.; Byrne, J. M.  
Chambers, J. C.; Chandler, M. D.; Child, R. C.; Christie, R. J.; Clitheroe,  
D. M.; Colechin, G.; Collett, B. M.; Core, B. B.; Curnow, A. B.; Cutting, B. A.  
Davies, Y. B.; Doel, M. A.; Dowd, P.A.  
Farr, M.; Fitton, R. A.; Ford, R. E.; Frankel, M. L.  
Gallimore, I. F.; Goddard, E.; Gregory, B. D.; Groves, M. R.  
Hall, B. I.; Hart, J. E.; Hazelton, P. M.; Heraghty, J.; Hiatt, L.; Hickey,  
H. C.; Holmes, G. P.; Hood, J. A.; Hooper, J. F.; Howitt, W. G.; Hughes, G.  
D.; Hutchings, M. R.  
Innes, J. G.; Ivery, H.  
Johnson, G. K.; Johnston, J. C.; Jorgensen, J. M.  
Kelly, V. A.; Kestel, H. J.; Kinder, V. A.  
Lane, H. A.; Langdon, J. R.; Lee, J. Y.; Lee, P.; Leer, W. E.; Lewis, B. F.;  
Lewis, E. R.  
Macdonald, J. M.; McGuire, L. D.; Machliss, H.; McIver, B. J.  
Marshall, M. A.; Mason, P. J.; Menser, M. A.; Mockett, K.; Morton, M.;  
Munro, P. M.  
Oug, B. C.; Oataway, J. M.; Osborne, B. J.  
Pederson, B.; Petsah, O.; Pemberton, B. J.; Percival, E. J.; Pickles, M. E.;  
Readhead, G. S.; Revell, J. M.; Rogers, B. J.; Roper, A. B.; Roy, M. A.  
Sainsbury, R. E.; Samin, J.; Smith, J. K.; Spies, J.; Sponberg, J. M.;  
Spowart, J. R.; Starr, H. D.; Stevens, K. M.; Steward, V. G.; Street, J. A.  
Templeton, D. H.; Thistlethwaite, R. M.; Thresher, J. V.; Tinson, J.;  
Tout, R. P.; Trahair, C. S.; Turner, M. C.  
Walker, M.; Warren, J.; Watts, Y. A.; Webb, I. B.; Weiss, E. M.;  
Wherent, E. R.; Whiting, J. D.; Williams, N. J.; Wilson, E. E.; Wilson,  
J. J.; Wooden, B.; Woodhead, R. E.

**LEAVING CERTIFICATE AWARDS.**

The following Prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1952:—

**The Ada Partridge Prize** for the best Fort Street candidate: Lesley Hanks.

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

**The Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize:** Elizabeth Marsden.

**The Weston Memorial Prize** for the best pass in Mathematics: Lesley Hanks.

**Honours at the Leaving Certificate****Examination, 1952:**

**English, Class I:** Elizabeth Marsden.

**Class II:** Winifred Bradley.

**Latin, Class I:** Patricia Conder, Barbara Gould.

**History, Class I:** Patricia Conder, Mirjam Stiel.

**French, Class I:** Lesley Hanks, Edith Adler.

**Class II:** Margaret Cameron.

**German, Class I:** Lesley Hanks, Vera Gertler.

**Class II:** Maureen Thomson, Joan Wilcox.

**Mathematics, Class I:** Lesley Hanks, Helen Ryan.

**Class II:** Joan Wilcox.

**Biology, Class II:** Anne Butt, Mirjam Stiel.

**Music, Class II:** Margaret Lawson, Joan Starr.

**Congratulations to:—**

Lesley Hanks on the results of her Leaving Certificate Examination. Her pass was First Class Honours in French, German and Mathematics I and A's in English and Mathematics II. She topped the State amongst all candidates thereby winning the James Aitken Prize and the John West Medal for General Proficiency.

In addition, Lesley won the Fairfax Prize for general proficiency among girl candidates and the Garton Scholarship No. III for French.

Lesley came top of the State in French and third in the State in German.

Next Speech Day she will be awarded the Ada Partridge Prize for the best pass among the Fort Street candidates, and the Weston Memorial Prize for the best pass in Mathematics among Fort Street candidates.

We wish Lesley every success at the University where she is now taking an Arts course.

**LESLIE HANKS**

By Courtesy of the  
Sydney Sun.

## PRIZE WINNERS, 1952.

**University Bursaries** were gained by Lesley Hanks and Patricia Conder.

**Commonwealth Scholarships** were gained by Edith Adler, Ngarita Blackler, Winifred Bradley, Margaret Cameron, Patricia Conder, Diana Elbourne, Christine Fuller, Vera Gertler, Patricia Gould, Joan Griffiths, Lesley Hanks, Wendy Harvey, Margaret Lawson, Jennifer McLachlan, Elizabeth Marsden, Betty Randall, Helen Revell, Helen Ryan, Marie Shirt, Mirjam Stiel, Janice Strout, Margaret Sweet, Maureen Thomson, Letty Topham, Faye Wagner, Joan Wilcox.

**An Art Scholarship tenable at East Sydney Technical College** was won by Dawn Ragen.

**Training College Scholarships** were gained by: Joan Griffiths, Diana Elbourne, Elaine Watson, Janet di Benedetto, Dawn Ragen, Rita Summerhill, Rae Matthews, Anne Fulton, Maureen Jones, Beverley Hammond, Jean Selig, Faith Roche, Anne Hamilton, Beverley Greenfield, Jean Henley, Ann Pemberton, Wendy Harvey, Beverley Prigg,

Joan Starr, Judith Maguire, Doris Bryce, Elizabeth Hammond, Joan Bamber, Patricia Davis, Anne Peterson, Margaret Lawson, Ruth Haydon, Wendy Moran, Rhonda Stewart.

### **Intermediate Bursaries.**

Three bursaries awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate, 1952, were gained by: Robin Tout, Jean Bruce, Janice Macdonald.

### **First Year Students at the University.**

There are fourteen girls attending First Year Courses at the University:—

Faculty of Arts: Vera Gertler, Lesley Hanks, Patricia Conder, Jacqueline Knibbs, Christine Fuller, Joan Malcolm, Joan Wilcox.

Faculty of Science: Elizabeth Marsden, Helen Ryan, Ngarita Blackler.

Faculty of Medicine: Maureen Thomson, Edith Adler, Winifred Bradley, Mirjam Stiel.

There are three girls attending the First Year Courses at the University of Technology: Letty Topham, Margaret Gallocher.

Pharmacy: Marie Shirt, Faye Roche, Barbara Gould.

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## A THOUGHT.

Our life is bounded by design,  
By pattern, Plane and symmetry,  
From birth till we are old.  
Each day, the same from dawn to setting-sun,  
Each week, each year, an age,  
And when, at last, our life is done  
And we review the past,  
What do we see?  
A line of endless clocks.  
If we could live our life of ease  
And do our deeds when suits us,  
Would not this world more peaceful be.  
If we had no wheels to guide us.

—Marilyn Hutchings, Class 4A.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### DEBATES.

This year has been one of considerable activity among the debaters. For the first time fifth year received a challenge from fourth year, and although some felt that the scope of the subject, "A Domestic Science Course is of more benefit to a girl than an Academic Course", was too limited, members of both teams enjoyed an interesting argument in which fifth year government only just managed a victory on the strength of their greater experience.

The Interhouse Debates for fifth years are also in progress with only the final between Gloucester and York to be contested. Early in the year Kent, as the opposition, and York, as the government, debated whether or not "The Party System has ruined Politics", and recently a controversy between Gloucester and Bradfield over the topic "Mercy Killing should be legalised" resulted in a victory for the Gloucester government. At both of these debates Miss Taylor acted as a very instructive adjudicator.

However, as usual, the most important debate of the year so far has been the Inter-School debate between Fort Street Boys' and Fort Street Girls'. The subject of the debate was "Australians are too fond of Sport" with the boys taking the government and the girls the opposition. The debate proved to be quite humorous as well as instructive. A victory for the boys brought universal pleasure, though for several members of fifth year this pleasure was tinged with disappointment. Mr. Greenhalgh, Deputy President from Balmain Teachers' College, gave an interesting adjudication,

and the new systems and ideas he suggested were of special interest to all keen debaters. The debate was followed by a most satisfying afternoon tea, arranged by the fourth year debaters, and a tour of the school and new gymnasium about which the boys were gratifyingly enthusiastic.

Monday, June 22nd, was a day which at least three members of the school anticipated with mixed feelings for it was on this day that Audrey Reid, Patricia Brown and Valerie Duckworth, the school debating team, had their chance of retrieving their prestige as debaters. We rejoice in saying that they were successful. The subject debated was that "A limited monarchy is the best form of government yet devised by man". The girls, as the government, supplied the matter and the boys, a worthy opposition, the manner. Once again we are indebted to Mrs. Ellis for her adjudication. The debate was followed by the usual "sumptuous repast" provided by the Fort Street Boys' Ladies' Committee and a very enjoyable afternoon concluded with a tour of the school.

Audrey Reid, 5A.

### DRAMATIC WORK

#### First Term, 1953.

On April 30th, 1953, an excellent programme was presented by three second year classes and the Drama Club.

Firstly, the opening scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed by 2B. It was noticeable that special attention had been paid to costume.

"The Oak Settle", which was well staged by 2D, seemed at first quite a serious play and ended hilariously.

The highlight of the afternoon was the Drama Club's excellent production of "The Doctor in Spite of Himself", by Moliere. This satirical play was presented in four scenes and was made more enjoyable by the period costumes which were worn by the characters.

The Epilogue from "A Midsummer Night's Dream", was the last item on the programme and was presented by 2A. The dramatic parts were handled so as to be quite amusing to the audience. The excellent method by which blood was applied to Thisbe's mantle was especially amusing.

Congratulations go to the producers and the performers and also to Pam Levy, Audrey Reid and Carol Jones who entertained the audience during the interludes between plays.

Janice Smith, 4B.

### THE LIBRARY

This year for the first time almost every class attends one library period each week, during which lessons are given on the care and use of books, wider reading on school and extra curricular subjects is encouraged and project work is undertaken. Amongst the subjects of the projects this year have been "The Life and Work of a Famous Man or Woman" (First Year), "An Interesting Career" (Second Year), "Life in the Middle Ages" (Fourth Year).

The library gratefully acknowledges the generous donations of books received in the past year. Mrs. Randall presented the library with fourteen standard classics most attractively bound, Miss Cohen donated "Trevelyan's Social History" in three volumes, Miss Croxon, last year's librarian,

donated History and English reference books. "Plots of the Operas" and "Ballet Biographies" both donated by Mr. McRorie are in great demand and the Consolidated Encyclopaedia and volumes of the Quarterly Review given by Mrs. Allitt will prove most useful. Beveley Cutting of 4A donated "The World of Cotton" and "Gay Melody" and other donations for which we are most grateful came from the fifth years and fourth years of 1952, in particular from Judith Macquire and Susan McIntosh. The library owes much to the U.S. Information Service, which has donated "An Outline of American History", numerous pamphlets and maps, and has made available to the school for the entire year, a collection of sixteen books including "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature" and "Treasury of American Song".

Over two hundred books have been added to the stock since last August and have covered the widest possible field from books on Folk Dancing to the Coronation Number of the Illustrated London News. In the fiction section novels such as Vipont's "The Lark on the Wing", "The Mystery of the Marshes" by L. Barnard and "Mumfrie's Magic Box" by K. Tozer have found many readers.

Both fiction and non fiction books are now available for borrowing and thirty two Fourth Years are responsible for the issuing and recall of books at lunch time and recess. They are to be commended on the efficiency and conscientiousness with which they carry out their work. Six Third Year girls have undertaken the work of advertising the books in the library by means of artistic displays on the notice board and by special book jackets, drawing attention to the "Books of the Week". The interest taken in the

notice board by everyone, shows how much their work is appreciated. Some First Years are on the "book mending" staff and have done very good work.

### **THE FANNY COHEN GYMNASIUM**

The Fanny Cohen Gymnasium is now in use twice a week by seven hundred pupils of the school. In the near future the Swords' Classes conducted by the National Fitness Association will be using the Gymnasium at night.

The Gymnasium is now in the process of being furnished. Fluorescent lighting and a colour scheme of pink and blue and grey, give the Gymnasium a most attractive appearance. Linoleum is already down on the floor of the sick bay and the staff quarters. The floor of the Gymnasium itself is sanded, while the change-room is covered with rubber-matting.

In the sick bay which is a sunny, attractive room, blue curtains

and blue quilts on the three beds present a pleasing appearance.

Of great use are the store-rooms for equipment. The change-room, hot and cold showers, and staff quarters in addition to the Gymnasium hall itself, make this building a fine addition to the school.

### **NEW PRIZES.**

Two new prizes were recently presented to the school. One is the Fanny Cohen Prize, presented by the Old Girls' Union, in order to honour the outstanding services of Miss Fanny Cohen to education, and particularly for her achievements during her twenty-two years as principal of Fort Street Girls' High School. This prize was awarded for the first time last Speech Day to the dux of the school, Lesley Hanks.

The other new prize is the Emily Cruise Prize for the best pass in History in the Leaving Certificate Examination by a Fort Street student. The late Miss



**FANNY COHEN GYMNASIUM**

By Courtesy of "Education"

Cruise made provision in her will for the presentation of this prize in perpetuity. Miss Cruise was, between the year 1920 and 1930, Principal of Fort Street Girls' High School. She took a keen interest in the study of History, and for many years years had presented a Prize to the third year student who came top of that subject.

### EXCURSIONS.

As usual, the pupils of this school have been taken on excursions to many places of interest as well as to dramatic entertainments. Among these we may mention "As You Like it", "Julius Caesar", the film depicting the Coronation, and the Operas. Trips to the Orchestral Concerts and to the Art Gallery form an integral part of the school curriculum.

In addition, excursions to the Mitchell Library, to the Mines Museum, the Vacuum Oil Co. film display, the Dixon Gallery of the Public Library and to St. Philip's Church, have been arranged.

### FIRST YEAR PARTY.

On the 13th February this year, the Fifth Year party to welcome newcomers to the school, was held. As the numbers of new girls to Fort Street this year were greater than those of any other year, including 198 in First Year, and 32 in Fourth Year, plans for the party were carefully made and executed.

At the required time in the afternoon, all girls in Fifth Year formed a Guard of Honour outside the old gymnasium and clapped the new girls as they made their way inside. "For they are jolly good fellows" was the accompanying tune.

Once inside, Fifth Year girls sang a welcome song to the tune of "The Teddy Bears' Picnic", specially composed by Miss Puxley. Brenda Cooper, the M.C., then

introduced the Captain and Prefects, who spoke to the girls. Following this, the traditional games of "Pass the Parcel," and "Autograph Hunting" were played. A most welcome break was then made for the refreshments prepared by Fifth Years.

As time was running short, the party ended with the war-cry performed by Fifth Years in the play-ground. A most successful party was thus concluded and everyone went their way feeling proud to belong to Fort Street.

—Elaine Evans, 5A.

### I.S.C.F.

A branch of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship or I.S.C.F. was formed at Fort Street last year, and meetings are held at the Assembly Hall every Tuesday at 1 p.m. The meeting is opened with prayer, and during this half-hour of Christian fellowship we sing choruses and listen to an interesting talk. This year we have had among the visiting speakers, Sister Stronach, an old Fortian, from India, and Miss Napper from Syria, who gave us news from the mission front.

The I.S.C.F. held a picnic at National Park on the 13th June, and a House Party at the "Grange", Mt. Victoria, from 26th to the 28th June.

Everyone enjoyed themselves very much at the "Grange." In the mornings we broke up into study groups for half-an-hour, and on Saturday there was a hike to Mt. York. At tea that night the fifth years held a "rag" to which everyone had contributed. We held our own service at the Grange on Sunday morning and returned home reluctantly that afternoon.

Everyone had a wonderful time and we are all looking forward to the next I.S.C.F. House Party.



**THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.**

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1953 were elected at the beginning of first term. They are: Rona Sanford (Captain), Patricia Colliss (Year V), Margaret Menser (Year IV), Pam Staggs (Year III), Jeanette Brown (Year II), Phyllis Smith (Year I), and Joan Warren (Year IV, Secretary).

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

—Joan Warren, Year IV

**The School wishes to thank:—**

The Fort Street Old Girls' Union for a silver hot water jug and sugar basin.

The Fifth Year pupils (1952)

for a bed to be used in the sick bay.

1D class for the gift of musical records.

Mr. Mordike, the parent of a first year pupil, for the gift of two musical records.

Mr. Clark, the parent of a first year pupil, for four wooden cases for the packing of goods for the Fairbridge Farms.

The Country Women's Association for a U.N.O. flag.

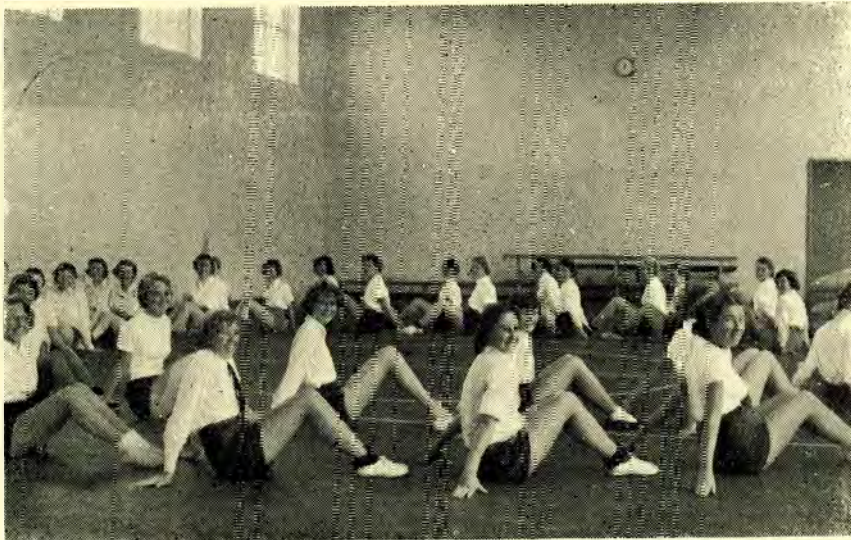
Charles Isles' Transport Service for the transport of cases for Fairbridge, to Darling Harbour.

Mr. J. C. Ryan, A.I.C.A., for auditing the school accounts.

The Collaroy Guide Company for their gift of a tree.

Miss E. Adlem for the gift of a book on English Literature.

Mr. C Macartney for the gift of French and Latin text books.



**A PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS**

By Courtesy of "Education"

**DONATIONS.**

At the end of the school year in 1952, the following donations were made:—

	£	s	d
The Red Cross Society	10	10	0
Stewart House Preventorium	9	4	0
Bush Church Aid Society	2	2	0
United Nations Appeal for Children	2	2	0

Royal Alexandria Hospital for Children	5	5	0
Sydney Hospital	5	5	0
The Rachael Forster Hospital	5	5	0

We are pleased to say that as a result of class collections over a period of weeks in June-July, 1953, the sum of £74 was collected of which £37 was donated to the Stewart House Preventorium and £74 to the United Nations Appeal for Children.

**FORT STREET SUCCESSES, 1953**

**Alliance Francaise Results:—**

Thirty-seven candidates were presented for the various grades, and they were all successful.

Alma Sneddon and Nina Sneddon tied for first place with a score of 80% in the Concours General, a competition open to the best candidates only, from each school.

**Eisteddford Results:—**

The Fort Street Choir came first in the State Juvenile Championship. They won the Challenge Cup and a wireless valued at £40. In addition the Choir came first in the Junior Choir Championship and second in the Girls' Schools Championship. We congratulate them in this fine performance.

**DAWN.**

Hasten thou, night clouds,  
 Flee!  
 The hour has come  
 For me  
 To greet the morning sun,  
 Emerging from the dreary  
 Bowl of night,  
 To gaze upon the empty sky.  
 With eagerness we greet  
 The early light,  
 For yet another day is born  
 To die,

—Madeleine Carroll, 1E.



**A GROUP OF FORT STREET CHOIR GIRLS OUTSIDE THE  
CONSERVATORIUM**

## THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

In September of last year the choir of our school entered the City of Sydney Eisteddfod and was once again victorious in every section in which they sang. Our school was glad to entertain forty pupils from Broken Hill High School. Pupils of Fort Street took them home and entertained them.

Practices were held during the year under the baton of Miss Bale, and after much hard work, and the sacrifice of many lunch and play times, the choir was ready to face the adjudicators.

On the Monday of the week, the little band of girls set out looking spick and span, and at the Conservatorium, pleased the adjudicator so much by their singing of "Ye Little Birds that Sit and Sing" and "The Snow" in the Girls' School Championship that he awarded them first place. On the Tuesday the choir won the Senior School Championship singing "Five Eyes" and "Beauty's Daughters" and, inspired by their successes in the two previous sections, were victorious on the Tuesday night in the main choral contest, the State Juvenile Choral Championship, in which the adjudicator commented on their lovely renditions of "Calm and Tranquil Lie the Sheepfolds," and "How Merrily We Live."

The school was jubilant over the successes of the choir, and even more so when, on the next day, the junior choir gained first place for their singing of "The

House in the Willows", and "Humpty Dumpty."

The school, especially the choir, deeply regretted that Miss Bale was unable to conduct because of illness, and sincerely thank Mrs. Murray for taking the final practices and conducting in the Eisteddfod.

However, the duties of the choir did not end with the Eisteddfod, for the choir entertained guests of the school at Speech Day, and many complimented the girls on their singing of three of Schubert's "Liebeslieder."

So well had the choir sung throughout the year, that it was invited to make a special broadcast for a session on "Road Safety" in Station 2UW. The girls were also heard on this session in a Special Christmas Broadcast.

This year the choir has been practising for the September Eisteddfod, but during the year it has already sung at a special Anzac Day Service in Hyde Park and at a school celebration of Empire Day. At the second annual presentation of "Poets, Prose and People" the girls were invited to represent poetry in song, and for the first time the entire choir sang in German "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt."

Thus the choir has had a successful and varied programme during the past year, and Fort Street wishes the choir every success in the coming Eisteddfod.

—June Jarrett, 5A.

## FAREWELL DAY, 1952.

In fourth year we found, as every fourth year girl has found for many years past, that Farewell Day is a pressing reality. We were transferred from the vague, rather unreal atmosphere which surrounded the festivity of that day and into which we were not allowed to enter, whilst in the lower school, to the feverish preparations which were, in our opinion, to make this Farewell Day the best the school had witnessed.

Every girl had some job, whether large or small, to complete and the various committees for decorations, food, games and so on, worked hard to have everything ready on the day.

For many years Farewell Day has been wet or dull but last Farewell Day was perfect, and the bright sun found reflection in the happy faces and lovely clothes of the Fifths who, looking very grown up but embarrassed, were welcomed by a guard of honour formed by the lower school. The Fourths, also dressed-up, were half hidden by parcels of food and flowers. For them this was a day of work and pretty dresses were soon hidden by huge enveloping aprons as the girls found many, varied and wonderful ways of arranging flowers, festoons and savouries! By assembly time all was as perfect as could be.

As usual, we had many visitors on the stage—former mistresses and old girls—who have kept in touch with the school of which they are so proud.

After Miss Whiteoak's opening address in which she gave the girls who were leaving some very helpful and wise advice and wished them luck in their Leaving Certificate examination, and after the traditional school songs, the Investiture of the Prefects took

place when the new prefects for 1953 were introduced to the school and formally given their badges.

The captain and captain-elect, Margaret Lawson and Rona Sanford, then addressed the school, followed by Patricia Brown and a representative of the prefects for each year.

Robin Firth as the representative of the Old Girls' Union then urged the girls leaving to join the Union and thus keep in touch with their school.

The assembly ended with the traditional clapping out of the Fifths and Thirds to the tune of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," and as in former years the school war-cry was enacted outside.

This marked the end of the day's activities for the lower school who could only catch a glimpse of the decorations and gaiety with which the science laboratory was disguised. But for the senior school this was where the celebrations began. Fifths prepared to consume with great enjoyment the feast spread out before them. There were more speeches, and toasts were proposed to the Queen, the staff and the school.

Fifth Years then adjourned to the hall where a gay programme of games and dancing ended the excitement of the day.

It had been perfect in every way this their last day at Fort Street. Now it was only the Leaving Certificate that separated them from the wide world into which they were about to venture. But they were confident that the influence of the years spent at this, the "Best School of All," would help carry them through the hardest times to come.

—Barbara Watson, 5A.

## ANZAC DAY, 1953.

This year, although we celebrated Anzac Day at school as usual, our service took a slightly different form from that of previous years.

Five thousand school children took part in an Anzac Eve commemoration service, arranged by the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. at the Anzac War Memorial, Hyde Park. Although our choir took part and Patricia Brown, our vice-captain, had the honour of laying a wreath, the whole school could not, of course, be present. Yet we still had the privilege of hearing the service as it was broadcast by the A.B.C.

The first speaker was Mr. W. Yeo, the State President of the R.S.L., and the Anzac Oration was delivered by the Governor of N.S.Wales, Sir John Northcott.

A choir of four hundred boys and girls from five Metropolitan High Schools (of which our school was one) gave a lovely rendering

of the old hymn, "Abide With Me" and "The Recessional."

Wreaths were laid on the balustrade of the memorial by Mr. Yeo, the Governor and the representatives of Fort Street Girls' and Boys' High Schools, Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon, and the Scots' College, Bellevue Hill.

Since our space in school was limited, we could not stand while the service was being held, but after the laying of the wreaths, when a two-minute silence was held in memory of those men who had fallen in two World Wars, we all stood and silently bowed our heads, together with those who were commemorating the service at Hyde Park. We remained standing while we listened to the memorable words of Laurence Binyan, "We will remember them" and the service was concluded with the National Anthem.

Marilyn Hutchings, 4A.

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## EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

This year, being the Coronation Year of Queen Elizabeth II, it was decided to combine the celebrations of this occasion and Empire Day at the Assembly on Friday, 22nd May.

The ceremony, which was conducted by the School Prefects, commenced with Miss Whiteoak reading two prayers in honour of the Queen. Patricia Colliss, who acted as chairman, read the annual Empire Message of the Earl of Gowrie—a message which stressed the significance of the approaching Coronation.

This was followed by three short address, the first of which

"The New Elizabethan Era" was delivered by Rona Sanford, the School Captain. The school choir then sang two delightful items, "For England" and "Lords of the Air." Patricia Brown spoke on the subject "England and the Empire," followed by Peggy Firth, who in her address on "The Coronation" gave us a very interesting account of the procedure of the ceremony.

The assembly closed with the singing of the Recessional Hymn and the National Anthem by the whole school.

—Joan Warren, 4A.

## THE NEW ELIZABETHAN AGE.

(Winning Essay in the Empire Day Essay Competition—Senior Section).

When, in a ceremony of solemn devotion, coloured by ancient pageantry and stately splendour, the royal crown is placed upon the head of our Queen, the official seal will be set upon the commencement of a new era in the history of England and the Empire—the Age of Elizabeth the Second. To this age men are already turning with hope in their hearts—a hope that, during this era, England will emerge triumphant from the perilous paths she is now pursuing and wear again the mantle of greatness which was hers of old.

Everywhere there is hope and confidence, for a Queen has once again ascended the English throne, and it was during the reigns of her Queens that England's greatness reached its zenith.

At the mention of the word "Elizabethan" our thoughts instinctively turn to the records, preserved for us by history, of the first Elizabethan Era. That was an Age wherein England's greatness was made manifest at home and abroad, in the arts of war and peace. With burning blows her seamen struck her enemies; they fought and triumphed gloriously. Her sea-dogs snatched rich foreign spoils to enrich her coffers and weaken her foes. Against incalculable odds men struggled to lay the first foundations of her colonial empire—foundations upon which we are yet building. Her Golden Age of Literature had dawned, and was represented by one of the greatest dramatists the world has ever known. England was truly "a precious stone set in a silver sea," and ever-increasing lustre was added to her already shining name.

That was the era of Elizabeth the First; what will this new

Elizabethan Age contain? Our young Queen is already more warmly enthroned in the hearts of her people than was the first Elizabeth; will her reign be more glorious, or will it be numbered among the inglorious chapters of history? Will it offer some substantial contribution to civilization at large, or will it be destitute of lasting achievement? Will the hopes of all be fulfilled—will England and her Empire enjoy an era of unparalleled prosperity and glory, or will they slowly sink into the abyss of decay? Around it revolves a mass of doubts and queries, and time alone will reveal their solution.

This new Elizabethan Age is still in its early infancy. Its form is yet unknown, its size and grandeur obscure. Yet its substance is concrete, alive and vital. For we, the common people of the realm, are the architects, the builders of this, our era. Our Queen may inspire men to perform new deeds of conquest, to achieve new and glorious ideals, to produce masterpieces of thought and word which will live forever, yet it is her subjects who will do such deeds and produce such work. By our own efforts we can make or mar this era; ours are the hands which will shape the clay—the substance of our deeds—and build a glorious monument to our Queen, or a dismal relic of an age which, in future years, will be discredited and forgotten. Which is it to be? No one knows; but, as it is to be moulded on our efforts, we can assure a glorious completion by striving our utmost for the good of all. If we do this, then the new Elizabethan Age will surely be a glorious one.

—Judith Anderson, 4A.

### MY IMPRESSION OF LONDON ON CORONATION DAY.

(Winning Essay in the Empire Day Essay Competition—Junior Section)

London! A thousand tongues have sung her praises and a thousand voices re-echoed her beauty for century upon century. And why?

Out of the Roman camp, the Saxon hamlet, the Norman village, the Elizabethan town, grew a great city, London, closely wrapped in tradition.

To-day these traditions are sacred and the greatest of these ceremonies is the crowning of the monarch.

Through the mist and fog, which have risen from the Thames, Big Ben can be heard chiming the hour of midnight. Another day has begun, but it is to be a day such as London, in her mellowness and tradition, loves.

A conglomeration of noises and lights can be heard and seen all over the city. The first rays of light pierce the darkness and already vast crowds have gathered outside Buckingham Palace and along the Coronation route and are being kept back by the famous London policemen.

Contagious feelings of loyalty, curiosity, excitement, expectation and impatience sweep the crowd.

The people, demonstrating their loyalty, have been waiting all night and will wait for many more hours to see the "Royal procession, sounding fife and gong." As the sun rises into the heavens the scene is transformed into a magnificent London which imbues the crowd with a stirring sense of loyalty for the Queen, London, Great Britain and the Empire. London is resplendent in her Coronation dress. Each street is a wonder in itself, decorated so as to reveal the characteristics of each well-renowned thoroughfare.

The ultra-modern annexe of the Abbey seems to clash with the harmonious lines of the Gothic church, but it, too, represents London and the deep significance of the Coronation service. London on Coronation Day with her traditional, ancient ceremony, her festive decorations and her teeming millions, is a symbol to us that the past, present and future ever go hand in hand. As Queen Elizabeth II makes her Coronation vows she thinks not only of the monarchs who have gone before her but of what the future brings.

And after the sacred ceremony, the long procession through the streets of London and the return to Buckingham Palace, many people divert their minds from the characters of this great play, to the setting. And as the hours pass, wandering through the city streets, they are seeing London in her full glory. And, as twilight approaches they recall this wonderful day which will live long in their memories.

At nightfall, London emerges exquisite in her evening gown. The numerous lights illuminate the city, transforming it into a world of fantasy. Whereas during the day the feelings of tradition and mellowness have prevailed, with night come festive joy and gaiety. When Big Ben again strikes the hour of midnight the city is still awake, although the great Coronation Day has passed.

"O, London Town's a fine town,  
And London sights are rare."

We thank God that such a wonderful combination of the past world and the present world can exist upon the face of the earth.

June Palmer, 3A



## CORONATION EVE.

On a June day the sun shone cheerfully down upon a city—well-known and well beloved—and upon a lovely old church—St. Phillip's of Sydney. A crowd of uniformed figures left the sunshine and entered the church. There in the calm peace and the cool dignity that belongs only to sacred places, we knelt to pray for a young woman who on the morrow was to be anointed Queen of our great Empire. Soon the sound of an organ and voices raised in praise filled the church and flowed through the door to supplement the beauty of the late

afternoon with the beauty of sound. The sunlight shone through the stained-glass windows and cast transient colours onto the white marble in front of the altar. Outside the wind tossed the flags decorating the buildings, people hurried on and the traffic pursued its noisy way. Thus in the midst of the gaiety of Coronation, in the midst of the stifled excitement that accompanied the great event, the sacredness of the ceremony was remembered and prayers were offered to Him who is King of all Kings.

Nola Williams, 4B.

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## THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION.

It is with much pleasure that the Committee presents its 33rd Annual Report.

The membership of the Union has not risen remarkably over the past twelve months. At the present time there are 210 Life Members and 404 Annual Subscribers, making a total of 614 members.

We are pleased to report that interest in the Union has been well sustained throughout the year, the most popular social outings being those to the Theatre.

Four Theatre Parties were held during the year. These were to the Kiwis, "To Dorothy a Son," "Ice Parade" and "The Quiet Man." A profit of just over £16 was made on these functions.

The Union's annual presentation to the school took the form of a Silver Hot Water Jug and Sugar Basin. The presentation was made to the Principal, Miss

L. G. Whiteoak, on the occasion of the Annual Meeting.

The State Ballroom was the venue of the Annual Dinner held on October 22nd. One hundred and six members were present and spent an enjoyable evening. Old Fortians entertained those who were present and it was an evening of renewed friendships and great goodwill. Miss Turner brought the good wishes of the Patron, Miss Cohen, who was still travelling in England at the time of the Dinner.

Early in 1953 Miss Cohen returned from overseas and was welcomed home at a Dinner given in her honour by the members of the Committee. We are very pleased to have Miss Cohen in our midst once more and hope that she will accept our best wishes and sincere appreciation of all that she has done for the Union.

The Annual Ball was held at the Trocadero on the 22nd April, 1953. While it was not perhaps as successful financially as it has been during previous years, it was an outstanding social success. There were 538 people present and a profit of approximately £25 was made by each Union. The Debutantes were presented to the Director-General for Education, Dr. Wyndham and Mrs. Wyndham. An additional attraction was the performance of the Can-can by six members of the Union.

In conclusion, the Union extends a warm welcome to all girls of the school who would like to join, and hopes that members will continue to support the Union as they have done in the past.

—Margaret Vincent, Secretary

### FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

The Literary Circle had a successful year in 1952. The works of the Modern Writers proved very interesting. Miss Whiteoak was present at the July meeting, and was a guest at the Annual Party.

The first meeting for 1953 was held at the home of Gwen Caines, and Dr. Lottie Sharfstein delighted the members with an account of her trip to Hong Kong and Japan.

This year Autobiographies by A. J. Cronin, John Buchan, Somerset Maugham, the Sitwells and John Masefield, together with books by these authors are being discussed.

Miss Turner is responsible for the continued interest in this work. —H. F. Bourne.

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## CHILDREN'S NATIONAL THEATRE.

On the afternoon of Monday, March 9th, the girls of the upper school were given the opportunity of witnessing the presentation of several extracts from Shakespeare's writings by a group of four professional actors in the school hall. The scenes, taken from various plays, were connected by song and verse, so as to form a continuous and entertaining representation of the many facets of Shakespearian drama, and were enthusiastically applauded by the audience.

The performance commenced with Hamlet's advice to the strolling players who had come to the castle of Elsinore, and this was followed by his conversation with Ophelia, whose father he was attempting to deceive by speaking and acting with the passion of a

madman. The crafty plotting of Shylock when Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, requested the loan of three thousand ducats for his friend, Bassanio, was succeeded by the scene in which Othello, in a fit of anger and jealousy, killed his wife, Desdemona, and by that in which the dying John of Gaunt pleaded with the young king Richard II, to listen to his counsel. The humour of an episode from "Love's Labour's Lost" was continued in the epilogue to "As You Like It", while the dialogue, from the former play, sung by winter and spring in praise of the owl and the cuckoo concluded a pleasant afternoon spent in the company of England's greatest dramatist.

Judith H. Anderson 4A.

## WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?

The "it" refers to the University, and the question must be in the minds of all of you who intend to go there next year. Well, I will try to tell you a little bit about it.

The first thing that struck me was the distance from one end of the grounds to the other. On the first day in Orientation Week after the official welcome to "freshers," we were bundled off into groups of twenty or so and a swaggering second year student showed us around.

"This is Manning," he would say, "This the Law school; this the Physics department; this the Chemistry department; this the Botany department. This is the Wallace theatre, etc. . . ." However, you soon get used to it, even to it taking five minutes to walk from one lecture to another, and even if some stranger to the University asks you, "Where is Manning?" you confidently answer.

"Oh yes, turn to your left, through the archway, down the steps, etc. . . ."

It is hard at first to get used to studying with no supervision at all. Assignments to be done at home, one seldom, if ever, is given, at least not in Medicine I.

There is no indication of how much work a student is supposed to cover during the week; there is no set homework, and one has to rely entirely on one's judgment. New students often wish they would again be assigned the homework they had cursed so much at school.

Medical and Science students have twelve lectures and four practical classes, each lasting three hours, a week. Arts and Law students have no practical classes but more lectures. Students are expected to study at least four hours a day (in first year) and do a lot of extra reading besides.

For those interested in the social side, there are clubs for every taste—art, science, music, photography, sport, drama. Then there are innumerable addresses, films and sport tournaments. In short, there is scarcely time left to attend lectures.

Finally, I must warn you against the over-developed sense of humour of the lecturers. You must be prepared to listen to the following joke on numerous occasions—"A lecture is something that goes from the mouth of the professor to the ear of the student without affecting the mind of either."

—Mirjam Stiel, Medicine I.

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## SUNRISE.

Softly, steal the rays of morn across the darkened sky,  
As God creates another day from His throne on high.  
The dawn glides softly down the vales, the night clouds drift away  
To make the pathway for the sun, which heralds in the day.

The mists rise slowly from the hills, the mountain tops appear  
Outlined against the eastern sky, while 'neath the brook runs clear.  
The scent of flowers pervades the air of blooms of pearly hue.  
The birds now softly greet the day and bid the night adieu.

—M. McCredie, 2A.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

### "MAN WAS BORN FREE . . ."

#### Dramatis Personae

Anna Schmidt.  
 Marie Schmidt, her daughter.  
 Friedrich Schmidt, her son.  
 Gretchen Meier.  
 An Army Officer.

The scene is set in the living room of a small cottage in an East German township about five miles from the border which divides it from Western Germany. The apartment is simply furnished: in the right-hand corner there is a fireplace, in front of which stands a table surrounded by three chairs. A sofa and one or two hard-backed chairs occupy the left of the stage. A door at the left leads to the kitchen, while another, at the centre-back, leads to the street outside.

When the curtain rises Anna Schmidt, a small, elderly woman, is sitting on the sofa, darning stockings. Her daughter, Marie, a girl of about sixteen, is reading at the table.

Anna (glancing anxiously at the clock above the fireplace): Six o'clock and he's not home yet! I wonder how long he will stay at the meeting to-night.

Marie (looking up from her book): Surely he won't be very much longer. You know that the authorities have said that no meeting may last longer than an hour. And, being authorities, they see that they are obeyed.

Anna: Yes, and you know that the last time the authorities broke up their meeting those boys rioted, and we were waiting for Friedrich until the early hours of the morning, hoping and praying that he would be safe.

Marie: But surely they wouldn't be foolish enough to riot again. They should have learned their lesson by now.

Anna: My dear, when a bunch of young students meet to protest against some action of our alien government, anything might happen.

Marie: They have done nothing, and know that they aren't powerful enough to do anything to rid us of these foreigners. Why should they continue to oppose them when we might live comfortably under foreign rule?

Anna: Have we lived comfortably these last six years? To get the money for our dinner to-night I had to scrub floors nearly all day, and I had to stand for hours in a long queue to

buy a small piece of meat and a few vegetables. If everyone took the way you do we should never be able to improve our lot, and we would always be under the heel of these tyrants. (She sighs involuntarily). Someone must do something to show that we are tired of all this, even if that something seems useless at the time.

Marie: I should say it's useless! (sarcastical y). At these meetings they sit and shout and pass resolutions and hammer on the table. That's all. They never DO anything.

Anna (smiling): Action will come, in its time. Until then, they must plan for it.

Marie: And what are they protesting against now?

Anna: You know that the Army is being built up? (Marie nods). A thousand young men are wanted from this district. Your brother and his friends will never serve under these foreigners . . . (bitterly) they remember too well how their fathers were killed by them. That is why they protest.

Marie: But they don't have to enlist if they don't want to, do they?

Anna: There's no question of "enlisting." They are just taken from their homes and sent to training camps, and often their families never see them again. If . . . if that should happen . . .

Marie: Oh, why do they break up homes like this? I didn't think they would be so cruel.

Anna: This is a cruel world, Marie. You have not seen much . . .

(Her remark is abruptly terminated by the arrival of Friedrich, a tall, lean youth of about twenty. Opening the street door, he rushes into the room in a state of great excitement. Anna brushes aside her mending and quickly rises).

Anna: Friedrich! What's the matter? Not another . . .

Friedrich (breathing quickly): Mother, they've come to the town and . . .

Anna (alarmed): Who? The Army Officers?

Friedrich (putting his coat on a chair): Yes! And they said that we must report to them at the school hall by to-night, or else there would be trouble ahead.

Anna (anxiously): And what are you going to do?

Friedrich (as calmly as he is able to speak, under the circumstances): Mother, I must leave this place!

(A stunned silence ensues. Marie gasps and stares at Friedrich in open-mouth amazement. Anna, after the first shock, gazes steadfastly at her son).

Anna (breaking the silence, and choking back her true feelings): Friedrich, you . . . you can't do that!

Friedrich: Yes! I must. (Gradually becoming more excited). I will not serve these tyrants any longer. They have killed my father, they have destroyed our freedom, they have ruined our country. Should I continue to pay homage to such . . . such . . . such villains? (He delivers the last word with bitter emphasis).

Anna (in a faltering voice): But . . . but where are you going?

Friedrich: Across the border. (He pauses, then continues bitterly). I am sick of being couped up in a place where my every movement is watched with suspicion, and where I feel like a hunted being. I want liberty, and here there is none.

Anna (pleading): Friedrich, only think! What are your sister and I to do here without you? We . . .

Friedrich (in a quieter tone of voice): Whatever I do, you will be without me. If I don't escape I am forced to serve in the Army, and you know only too well what that means. Wouldn't you rather see me safe, in a free land, with a hope of helping you to find freedom also, than a slave to these aliens?

Anna: But suppose you were killed in the attempt—what good would it do you then?

Friedrich (thoughtfully, with a touch of bitterness): At least I should be free. (After a moment's silence he resumes, this time in a pleading voice): Mother, don't you realise that by doing this I at least have a chance of finding freedom?

Anna (with a resigned, yet regretful, air): Yes, I suppose so. (Casting an anxious look at her son, she begins to gather together her scattered mending). Quickly, go and pack whatever you may need. You must do it now if you do it at all.

(Friedrich goes out, left, followed by Marie. Anna, having deposited her work-basket, now full, on a chair near the sofa, commences to set the table. She seems to be moving as if in a dream, not knowing, and caring little about, what she is doing. Suddenly she drops the knives she is carrying and

gives free reign to her emotions).

Anna (in a voice filled with bitterness and sorrow): Oh, why must these foreigners cause so much unhappiness? What right have they to demand the lives of their conquered subjects? It seems so unfair, so cruel. (Burying her face in her hands, she weeps quietly to herself for a few moments. Then, with a sigh, she rouses herself). Yet I should not be sad. The poor boy will find happiness, and that is something he has never known here. If only Marie and I could follow him and . . .

(Friedrich enters hurriedly, carrying a small case).

Friedrich: Mother, I am ready. I . . . I . . . What was that? (Startled, they both listen. A faint thud is heard).

Marie (entering): Footsteps! It must be . . .

Anna: An Army Officer! Quickly, Friedrich, go while you can. (Friedrich seizes his coat). The back door is open. (Friedrich, closely followed by Anna, rushes out, left. Anna is heard off-stage bidding a hurried farewell. The thuds become distinct footsteps. Anna re-enters quickly. There is a knock on the street door).

Anna (in a trembling voice): Who is there?

A woman's voice (high and shrill): It's only me, Gretchen Meier!

(Anna and Marie gaze wildly at each other).

Anna (stupefied, her voice threatening to become engulfed by her feelings): And to think that he . . .

Gretchen (abruptly): May I come in?

Anna (controlling herself with a great effort, and attempting to speak lightly): Oh, of course.

(Anna eyes the visitor with a look of mingled disgust and hatred. Gretchen is a plump, middle-aged woman wearing gold spectacles, and carrying a knitting-bag. With a cheerful smile she holds out her hand to Anna, who does not take it).

Gretchen: I heard that your son was going to join the Army, so I thought I'd come over and say good-bye to him before he went (casting a swift glance around the room). Isn't he home yet?

Anna (trying to speak calmly): He's not at home at present. Will you sit down?

Gretchen: Thank you. (She seats herself on the sofa, undoes her knitting-bag, draws out her knitting, and commences to knit. Anna sits nervously on a chair near her, while Marie leans on the table). My word! Friedrich certainly does get home late. He's working hard, I suppose?

Anna (in a troubled voice): Oh, yes, very hard.

Gretchen (reassuringly): Oh, don't worry, he'll have to work harder than that in the Army. When my husband was in training he found the work almost too much for him, not being very strong. And I doubt if your son's much stronger than he was.

Anna (with a total absence of interest): Oh, he seems quite strong.

Gretchen: His training will soon prove whether that's true. There's nothing like the Army life for bringing out the best in a lad. It certainly did wonders for my husband. (There is an awkward pause, during which Gretchen is engaged in counting the number of stitches in the row of knitting just completed). I suppose Friedrich's looking forward to going away from our little town and seeing something of the big cities. My husband, says that he will never forget them—and that was in the days before they were bombed. They must be quite a sight to see now. Friedrich should enjoy it.

(Anna casts an appealing glance at Marie, who is staring glumly into space. Without changing her position, she mumbles the first idea which enters her mind).

Marie (faintly): He . . . he didn't seem too pleased about going away. He . . .

Gretchen (in an incredulous voice): He doesn't want to leave! Hm. (scornfully). A few weeks in the Army should cure him of being home-sick. (Anna gasps, but restrains herself). He should be proud to be fighting under such fine people who . . .

Anna (suddenly, unable to restrain her feelings any longer): You wouldn't think they were fine people if they had killed your husband and . . .

Gretchen (slightly offended): No, I suppose not. Still, after eight years you should . . .

Anna (seething with indignation): And you wouldn't say such things if they were going to take your son and . . . (Her voice breaks off, and she buries her face in her hands. Gretchen is shocked; Marie is thoroughly roused from her stupor).

Marie (hastily to Gretchen): Oh, please don't be offended. We . . . we've

had such a worrying day and . . .

Gretchen (thoroughly offended): Then, seeing that the day has been trying (rolling up her knitting) and that my good wishes seem to be unwelcome (rising), I think it is time for me to go. (She looks scornfully at Anna and walks towards the street door. Suddenly she stops. At that instant there is a short, sharp knock on the door. As Marie opens it hastily she involuntarily retreats further into the room, for standing at the door is an elderly Army Officer, in full dress uniform. Gretchen, bewildered, hastily sits down, while Marie stands and stares at the officer. Anna lifts her head).

Officer (coldly): Anna Schmidt?

Anna (trembling): Yes.

Officer (reading from a paper): You have a son by the name of Friedrich Schmidt?

Anna: Yes. (anxiously). Why, where is he? What . . .

Officer (still more coldly): I have come to inform you that your son was apprehended while attempting to cross the border and that he . . .

Anna (hurriedly): He wasn't killed, was he?

Officer (disregarding the question): . . . he is being held outside this house prior to being sent to the military prison in the capital. Have you any message you wish to give him? (raising his head in a pompous manner).

(The Officer steps aside, revealing two soldiers holding Friedrich by the arms. The three women stare wildly. Anna moves her lips, but cannot speak. Suddenly Friedrich breaks away from his captors and disappears into the street. The soldiers and the officer quickly follow. Anna rushes out, sobbing. The report of a gun is heard off-stage. Gretchen and Marie remain motionless and stupefied. In a few moments Anna returns weeping quietly).

Marie (rushing to comfort her mother): Mother! What has happened? Is he free?

Anna (in a broken voice): Yes, dear, he has found freedom.

**Curtain.**

—JUDITH ANDERSON, 4A.

**PEAK HOUR AROUND YORK STREET**

WINNING CONTRIBUTION IN THE SENIOR SCHOOL.

Now Old Father Time, clutching his hour glass and sickle, trudges with weary limbs on his infinite journey with serenity as long as he can, till the ebbing sands, denoting the eighth hour of the day, cause him to gather up his long, white, flowing robes and rush pell mell down York Street. Now Wynward, awakened from her nocturnal slumbers, yawns in the early morning sunshine and yields up her seething masses which are swallowed all as quickly as they emerge by other yawning edifices. Now the traffic lights are useless against the oncoming stream of traffic and cease their monotonous blinking. Now, like the never-ending flow of white rabbits from a magician's top hat, workers tumble out of buses. Now small cars, like babies just awakened, shriek for attention at the intersections, while others mass in the north to cross the Bridge together, as if for warmth against the chilly sea breezes. Now the hands of the Shell Clock rotate too rapidly in the exhilarating morning air. Now a tall fashionable woman, wrapped in furs, and bejewelled from head to toe, tends the correct money for her taxi-fare and proceeds through the staff door of a piscatorial establishment. Now a

pompous businessman dodges a car which bares its snarling chrome-plated teeth at him and he then expostulates to the world in general when booked by a policeman for jay-walking. Now women jostle along the footpaths, without doubt, all hoping to steal the limelight in the "passing-(fashion)-parade," and now teenagers, with a law of fashion unto themselves, step forth into the city street "with a dainty mincing foot."

Now the working day begins in York Street; typewriters click, messenger boys are to be seen running hither and thither on errands, now the shops draw their shades and display their wares, telephones ring and public servants measure up the quantity of red tape to be used during the day. Now the school day is also beginning, and now a "deep and dark blue ocean"—consisting of bobbing forms on their way to Fort Street Girls' High School—"rolls" up York Street. Now the bedlam is increased by the sound of a siren—ambulance, fire-engine, police-car? Now fancy that being the five to nine siren already and now I will have to finish this literary effort at recess.

—Jan Jorgensen, 4A.

**"THE SALES GIRL'S LAMENT"**

"Carpets, so thick, such good quality too!  
Oh, madam, I'm sure they'd be perfect for you.  
Such colours, so cheap, they're a bargain no doubt."  
"Well, maybe I'll buy one next time I am out."

—Susan Ross-Smith, 3A.

## AMONG HER SOUVENIRS.

WINNER OF THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTION IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL.

It was Joan's nineteenth birthday. All day at the University she had been waiting to get home—to perform her solemn trust. Ever since she was a tiny tot of five years of age, Joan had kept souvenirs—little remembrances of her life, and every year, on her birthday, she would open that precious old case in which they lay and peer again into the pages of time. Some of her memories were dear—very dear; some of them were ludicrously funny; some sad; others just natural happenings to a growing, rather fanciful girl.

She still remembered the time, fourteen years ago when she had come home from her first day at school—the day for which she had been longing for years—three years, in fact, since big brother John had gone to school. That first day had been exciting—new, and Joan loved new things. Yet she had come home longing for her mother and very, very tired. Mother had met her at the gate, and taking her in her arms, had asked:

“And how did my big girl like it?”

Happily she had replied: “Love-ly, mummy, but home's always best.”

Her mother—that very, very dear mother—had laughed and said: “And you'll always remember it, won't you, darling?”

That had stuck in little Joan's mind, and that very night she had dug out an old box, and had put in it what was to be the first of many “souvenirs.” In it she put her first pencil—the one her teacher had scolded her for using on the floor. Since then many, many things had been placed in

that old box, which itself was soon kept in the first school-case, and now, it too, became a “souvenir.”

Now Joan was nineteen—very old in young Jimmy's mind, but still very young in her own. She was not a particularly beautiful girl—a brunette, with brown eyes and a richly coloured brown skin. She was always popular, always laughing, always happy. Brilliant? No, but certainly rather clever as shown by her very successful Arts course at the University. She was always surrounded by friends, but no one, now knew her treasured secret. For her darling mother had died three years ago and she was the only one to whom Joan had told her precious secret.

Today she hurried home from the train. Her father had wanted to give her a night out, but never had she gone out on her birthday night—and certainly not to-night. For each year it took her longer to peruse through them all.

She ate her tea very quietly that night and became subject to her brother's teasing.

“Didn't you see darling Ron to-night, sis?” tormented John. “Isn't he well? You'd better go round and see him to-night. I couldn't expect you to last till to-morrow without seeing him.”

Joan only laughed at this elder-brother attitude, but she remained silent. Hurriedly she did the washing up and then she ran upstairs. Now the moment had come.

Quickly she took the little case from its secret position in her old cupboard. Tenderly she opened the rusty locks, and kissed the little dirty handle. She had never



polished it. Somehow then, part of its beauty would be gone.

On top lay the last of her additions to memory. It was the red rose—pressed now—that Ron had given her when she had gone out with him on Monday night. Monday night had been rather special, she reflected, and nobody knew her secret—nobody but she and Ron. The rose was still very fresh, very lovely, and very significant of Ron she thought. For Ron was—different. But she put it away. Next came the fragment of the frock she had worn when she had first met Ron, but she put that away too, for these were hardly memories, they were present, very present she thought, remembering Monday night happily.

Next came a programme for Orientation Week at the Uni. She remembered that first week among new surroundings, with very mixed feelings. Again she felt the loneliness, the bewildered look on her own and other "freshers" faces, the expectancy with which she had greeted each new wonder of this exciting thing—the University.

The next object was one that still gave her a thrill of pride—her Leaving Certificate. Tenderly she fingered its corners and remembered the hard, hard study that had finally resulted in this. A "First Class Honour in English" still set, her tingling all over, for never had she expected THAT.

Close on this Certificate she found a nylon stocking. "What is this?" she enquired of herself. And then she laughed. This was the stocking she had worn to that first dance—the time when she had fallen over in the Gypsy Tap—when she had almost worn her poor partner's toes to the bone. To-day she laughed, but oh, the bitter, bitter tears that had flowed after that evening. She remem-

bered with terrifying reality her cry of "I'll never be able to go out again, sob, I made a fool of myself, sob, I disgraced the family, sob, I'm a failure, sob, a FAILURE." But she had recovered she reflected with a grin.

Next came the dearest memory of all and over this one, tears slowly rolled down her cheeks and a tiny prayer escaped from her lips. This was her mother's nightdress, tied around a lock of that lovely black hair. The nightdress was the one mum had worn on that last night—the last time Joan saw her mother on this earth.

Mother had been sick for a few weeks, and Joan half knew that she would never recover, but when the actual time came, what a dreadful shock for her young mind. Her mother had called her softly: "Joan, darling, I'm going Home to-night," and when Joan had given her a startled look she had continued, "Yes, dear, Home to Eternal Rest. Be with your father, darling, he'll need your comfort and strength. Look after Jimmy—he's very young. And, Joan, never forget your dear mother, for I'll never forget you." The tears trickling down her face, Joan had lent down and kissed the tired, work-worn face.

"Goodbye, darling," whispered her mother.

"Goodbye," cried Joan softly through her tears.

Yes, Joan had never forgotten that memory—the dearest of them all. The grief that followed, her father's sorrow-tortured face, John's grief-stricken elder-brother attitude and little Jimmy's pitiful tears—all remained clear in her mind, and she knew that never, if she lived to be a hundred, would she forget that sweetest of all faces, and the whispered "Goodbye, darling."

Gently Joan fingered the soft pink garment in her hands, and gazed through her tears at that one lock of hair. Reverently she kissed them and placed them aside. She had been sixteen—sweet sixteen made sad by this event. The last three years have been hard she thought, but I think I have cared for daddy and Jimmy well. To-day dad sometimes lets loose a peal of laughter and young Jimmy, though he has never forgotten, has quickly grown used to the changed ways and the rather strict elder sister in place of his mother.

The next souvenir was large—in fact it was rather a queer object to be tucked away amongst these treasures. But this had marked a turning point in her life—"this" being her first high-heeled shoe. Painfully she remembered the first day she had worn them—and laughed aloud. Every one had remarked how nice they looked and her current boy-friend, Peter was it? had remarked that she was getting too tall for him. "I wonder whether anyone knew how much they were hurting?" she asked herself. "I wonder whether I wore a look of perpetual pain." Again she laughed, for never, never would she have admitted to a soul that her feet were aching. "I was almost a martyr," she thought amid her silent laughter.

Diving her hand into the diminishing pile of beloved things she next pulled out a tube of lipstick. "Now this is something which I can look back on with genuine happiness," she thought. She had worn this to the Sunday School Anniversary when she was fifteen, and it was the first day in her life that she had really known that she looked rather nice. To-day she might worry whether she

had made this obvious to everyone whom she met, but not then. Then, at least, she had been happy in her thought.

The next souvenir was the second dearest of them all. This was the ribbon off a bouquet which she, Joan Henderson, had presented to Queen Elizabeth the Second, in 1954. Her heart swelled with pride as she remembered the moment when she rather hesitatingly and very nervously, had walked to the Queen to present the bouquet. She remembered her knees wobbling and the dreadful feeling that "what would happen if she toppled over," as she cursed to her Queen. And never would she forget the beautiful, flashing smile that the Queen had given her and that seemed to say, "I know exactly how you feel."

Rather quickly she hurried through the remaining articles—a ring, a Bible, a few diaries, a heart given her by that "hateful Robert boy," a tiny doll, and numerous other things till she came to the first entry of all—the pencil. Still bright and new, with only its end chewed—she held it lovingly in her hands. Again she thought of that first, rather terrifying day at school and her mother's welcome home.

Joan turned and gazed at her many beloved souvenirs spread over her bed. There had been happy memories, sad memories, proud memories and rather embarrassing memories, indeed almost all kinds of memories one could experience. She turned again and reverently began packing them back in the dear old school-case.

Remembering Ron and Monday night, Joan sighed happily and wondered what her next souvenir would be. She thought she knew.

—Margaret Pearson. 3A.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Many things which occur in childhood are like milestones, marking certain distances. Spread between these are other small happenings, which, though insignificant, are also important in a child's mind.

On a rather cold, bleak day, when about four years of age, I decided that the new kitten badly needed a bath. First procuring a bucket, I took it into the front garden, filled it with icy water, and threw the kitten in head first. The next moment, much to my surprise, a hissing, angry cat, fled for his life, looking like a drowned rat. His opinion of me had dropped considerably.

Then there was the day when I went to town to buy my first pair of court shoes. This was a very important event, and there was much trying on, walking around and looking in mirrors. At last the choice was made, and we left the shop with the shoes boxed and tied. But much to my horror, when we arrived home, they were whisked away into a cupboard, and I was told that they were only to be worn on special occasions.

The very first time I was allowed to hold a pair of scissors was also an important event. After learning the art of cutting, I retired into a corner behind the

dressing table with a pair of scissors. Here I tried my hand at hair styling, but by the time I had finished, the hair had mostly been transferred from my head to the floor. No wonder my mother was curious when I refused to take off my old beret.

A much graver incident occurred when I fell from the laundry table and broke my arm. I was very surprised at the unusual shape of my wrist, so I showed it to my father. From then on I only remember being pounced on, frantically wrapped in a blanket, and then put on the operating table with a mask over my face. From the mask came a most sickening odour, and I can still remember seeing stars, circles, triangles and other shapes and sizes in all colours of the rainbow. Then a gun exploded on the count of seventeen, and when I awoke, my arm was once again straight. You may well imagine my horror when, one week after the arm emerged from its plaster cast, I fell out of bed and had to endure the whole procedure again.

It is small incidents like these that, when pieced together, make up life, and as it has many changes and contrasts. Each day has its outstanding moment in the life of a child.

—Helen Cramp, 5A.

## THE STORM.

A rustle in the trees,  
The start of a breeze.  
Like a bird on the wing,  
"Come join us and sing,"  
It invites the waves.  
It calls to the moon,  
"Come join us as soon,  
As soon as you might  
'Tis a lovely night."  
Unasked to join in the game,  
The clouds they bow in shame.  
But the thunder roars at the sight  
And puts the breeze in a terrible plight.  
He stirs the clouds to join in chase,  
Bidding each one to darken his face.  
The lightning too, flares at the breeze.  
The stars look on, so ill at ease.  
They close their eyes on the terrible scene.  
The moon, unhappy, loses its gleam.  
The lightning strikes the breeze!  
The breeze is fired with a mighty rage,  
And lets forth a howl like a lion encaged.  
He whistles to the waters and the waters obey,  
Lashing the rocks, defying the thunder to stay.  
Hail, amused, joins in the fight,  
Scattering his weapons, left and right.  
The heavens pour down, a torrent of rain,  
Bidding them all from fight to refrain.  
The breeze retreats  
From the silvery sleet.  
The enemy, too, hurries away.  
The water alone is asked to stay  
Already the rains subside,  
The stars no longer hide.  
The waves are calmed,  
And the night is embalmed  
In the smile of the moon.

Marjorie Moody, 4A.

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## FORT DENISON.

Fort Denison is a small island situated in the heart of Sydney Harbour.

In the early days of New South Wales, it was just a rocky island of pyramidal shape with no fort built on it. One of the first people to see it was Governor Phillip in 1788, when, in search of a suitable site for the settlement he sailed into the inlet which he named Sydney Cove. The island was called "Pinchgut" and was only used as a convict settlement during the first few months after the foundation of the colony.

Early one Saturday morning, 30th November, 1839, two American sloops, "Vincennes" (780 tons) and "Peacock" (650 tons) and five smaller warboats, arrived suddenly and without any warning, in the harbour. This caused much uneasiness in Sydney, and it was decided that there was not sufficient defence to protect the colony from enemy invasion. So it was decided to build a fort on the site of the island now called Fort Denison. The island itself consisted of rock measuring 75 feet above water level, which had

to be quarried away. When it was partly finished the authorities in England refused to supply any more money for the building of it, so it had to remain unfinished for quite a few years. The work was commenced again in 1855, the reason being the possibility of Russians capturing Sydney, while England and France were at war with Russia.

On 17th October, 1857, the name of the island was changed from "Pinchgut" to Fort Denison in honour of the Governor.

In the Fort to-day one of the important rooms is where the measurement of the tide is taken. This is on a graph, with a small automatic pen recording, in ink, all the tides. In the tower, which is one of the finest examples of its kind in the world, there is only one room. This tower room houses the three guns that are kept inside the tower. There is also one other gun outside.

In the tower room there is the lamp of the original ship, "Sirius" a large brass gong which used to be used to warn ships in a fog, oil lamps, and about a half dozen brass vessels of varying sizes in which the rum was given. The

room also has a peculiarity which resembles St. Paul's Cathedral in London. If a person on one side of the room whispers something to another, who has his ear to the wall on the opposite side, the words can be heard by that person quite clearly.

On top of the tower is a lookout, the red light that is used at night, and the electric bell which is a warning to shipping during fogs. Below the tower, there are four cells which were used to house the convicts at night when the building of the Fort was in progress. There is only one tiny opening high up in each cell, and the men must have suffered extreme hardship.

There is also a freshwater well on the island, which has a capacity of 33,500 gallons of water.

One Saturday afternoon during the Christmas holidays we visited Fort Denison. If anyone wishes to inspect the Fort, permission can be obtained from Sydney Maritime Services Board, and, if they do, I'm sure they will have a very enjoyable time while they are there.

—Judith Hynes, 1A.

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## THINGS I LIKE.

I like books. Although text books scare me and school stories bore me, adventure stories thrill me, detective books excite me, science books enthral me and love stories amuse me. The dictionary holds a fascination for me, although I lose the knowledge it gives me almost as soon as I gain it.

Cream buns, with their soft sweetness and their smooth, squashy, sticky jam and cream are things I like.

I like winter rain. The dampness on my face and hair, the squeching sound when walking on sodden grass, the clean, sweet smell of the earth, the flowing gutters, the muffled drum on roof and road, the bright, cozy room with a fire by which I can sit to draw on warm, dry footwear and by which I can warm and dry myself—these things I like.

Fellowship, whether taking the form of rowdy fun or just a satisfying feeling that one is sur-

rounded by friends always willing and ready to help when needed, is a thing I like.

I like cats, with their warm, soft coats, their "huggable" quality, their comforting purr, their homely look and dainty faces; their affection, even if it is only cupboard love, helped them to capture my love.

Seeing the mist rise silently, eerily from the depths of the mountain valleys to hide the horizon and slowly creeping forward to hide everything, and to find

that one is looking out into a great grey nothingness from which dark forms loom up, take shape and then fade away again into the swirling fog, are things I like.

I like babies, all new and dimpled pink with heads too big for them, eyes which seem to look but not to see, gummy smiles, dotting parents, grasping fingers, miniature feet and winning ways.

Yes, all these things I like!

—Gillian Hanks, 3A

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### BRIDLE PATH.

Dappled with sunlight, flecked with its gold  
Patterned by dancing shades,  
The Bridle Path winds its leafy mould  
Through the green valleys and glades.  
With no surface of treacherous macadam tar  
No roar of the modern age,  
This quiet path is better by far  
Than a city road with a city rage.  
Here the muffl'd hoofbeats thrum  
With rhythm on the soft, dust track,  
Here the dancing horses come  
With riders, out for a peaceful hack.  
Dimpled by spurning crescent moon,  
Unmarred by the tyre's tread,  
The Bridle Path expects horses soon  
And thinks of the joys ahead.

—Louise Frankei, 4B.

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### THE BRUMBIES.

The plain was dark and the moon shone down,  
The cliffs rose steep and sheer.  
And eerily, shadows that vanish at dawn  
Where wavering there . . . and here  
Blended with darkness, like shadows that dapp'le  
The moonlight so softly upon the wide track,  
The herds of wild brumbies, the fiery-eyed brumbies,  
The herds of wild brumbies come galloping back.  
They blend with the shadows and only their hoofbeats  
Ring out on the stones as they gallop along.  
The herds of wild brumbies that gallop the mountains,  
And hoofbeats that echo a wild, joyful song.  
And eerily shadows are flitting and wavering  
On come the brumbies with exultant cry  
Their leader a stallion with quick, dainty footsteps  
And coals of bright firelight that glint in his eye.  
And on to the dawn do they frolic and gambol  
While moonlight is dappling upon the wide track  
The herds of wild brumbies, the fiery-eyed brumbies  
The herds of wild brumbies come galloping back.

—Jilyan Chambers, 4A.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

## Characters.

Marie Antoinette: Queen of France.

Louis XVI: King of France.

Paul Laurence: One of leaders of revolutionists.

Captain de Marnay: Messenger from King.

Prison Guard.

Ladies-in-Waiting.

**Time:** France, 18th century just before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

**Scene I:** In the garden of a country hotel where Marie Antoinette is sojourning. There is a gate at right, a lounge at back with a writing table beside it. The queen is standing, excited, with an open letter in her hand. She is anxiously watched by the Captain de Marnay and some ladies-in-waiting. It appears as if some unexpected news has been received.

**Please note.**—The story of this play is based on no historical fact whatsoever, and no such person as the Captain de Marnay or Paul Laurence existed. Only the background of the French Revolution is factual.

Marie (turning angrily to de Marnay): I should have been told at once! Louis says the Bastille was stormed two days ago and yet you have waited this long to tell me.

de Marnay: Majesty . . .

Marie: I will return to Paris at once. Two days have already been wasted.

de Marnay: His Majesty desired that you should stay here till all danger is past.

Marie: Danger! The children . . . ?

de Marnay: They are safe, do not be alarmed but His Majesty thinks it would be better for you to continue your holiday here. Then you shall return to Paris as planned.

Marie: M'sieu le Capitaine! I have said I will return to-day. You will please see to arranging the journey.

de Marnay: But His Majesty said . . .

Marie (angrily): I do not care what His Majesty said. You will please do as I ordered.

de Marnay: It is impossible for you to return to Paris now Your Majesty; you have no escort.

Marie: Do not try my patience too far m'sieu. You shall be my escort.

de Marnay: But Madame!

Marie: Go! Everything must be ready within an hour (exit Captain. Marie turns to ladies-in-waiting). Prepare to leave at once. I shall join

you in a minute (Exit all except Queen. She walks backwards and forwards across stage, reads letter again, then, tearing it to pieces, stamps on it).

Marie: Bah!

(She does not see figure approaching her from behind. It is a young man, shabbily clad. He puts his hand over Queen's mouth. She tries to drag it away and struggles to free herself).

Stranger: Promise to be quiet and I will not hurt you. (She continues to struggle. He pulls out a knife). Promise! (She nods. He removes his hand and she regards him haughtily).

Stranger: Good! There is no one else in the garden?

Marie (haughtily): May I ask, m'sieu, how you got in?

Stranger: Simply enough mam'selle. The wall is not hard to climb.

Marie: And do you realise where you are and to whom you are speaking?

Stranger: Unfortunately no, but I would be much obliged if you would answer both questions.

Marie: Who are you, m'sieu?

Stranger: Does it matter? But I am sorry if I have hurt you. Believe me I did not mean to, but I was afraid you would scream.

Marie: I am not subject to screaming fits.

Stranger (laughing): I can well believe that mam'selle.

Marie: But tell me m'sieu, why should I be afraid of you?

Stranger: Very well, if you must know I will tell you. On condition your secrecy may be trusted of course.

Marie (puzzled): Of course.

Stranger (sweeping her a mock bow): Paul Laurence at your service mam'selle.

Marie (gasps): Laurence!

Paul: You have heard of me? I am flattered.

Marie: It was you who led the attack on the Bastille the day before yesterday.

Paul: For which I was duly imprisoned and sentenced to death.

Marie: Then you have escaped. But why m'sieu?

Paul (laughing): Isn't the reason obvious? I had no desire to die.

Marie: No! no! I mean, why did you attack the Bastille, and why have you committed treason against your king?

Paul: Mam'selle. Have you never walked through Paris?

Marie: Why of course I have been in Paris m'sieu.

Paul (looking at her): No, not in the real Paris.

Marie: I do not understand you.

Paul: You are a gentlewoman, mam'selle. I can tell from your clothes, the way you speak. You will never have seen the real Paris. Poor poverty stricken Paris, where men and women are but animals, where the air is rent by the wails of hungry children. I saw a wine cask break there one day, mam'selle, and men and women alike, lay down like beasts to lick up the spilled wine. Why the people even watch, with hungry eyes the aristocrats throwing bones to their dogs.

Marie (astonished): Is Paris like this?

Paul: Look at yourself mam'selle, in satins and laces with powdered and scented hair. Then look at the woman of Paris, with a shrill, screeching voice and greasy, matted hair, with the cries of starving children in her ears. Once she used to care but now her senses are numbed and she is content to live like an animal. But does the king care? He has his glittering balls and his courtiers with their flattering, well oiled tongues, and his queen, the beautiful, pleasure loving Marie Antoinette.

Marie: Oh m'sieu I did not know—I did not dream. Do not judge the queen too harshly. She never had a chance to know either. I am sure she would want to help her people. She has children too.

Paul: Children who will one day rule France too and so the heartless tyranny will continue. (There is a pause) Mam'selle, forgive me for speaking to you like this—I— (Suddenly the captain enters the garden. He looks from one to the other. Then turning to the queen).

de Marney: There is a troop of soldiers here madame. The traitor Paul Laurence has escaped from prison. He was last seen around this part of the country. You have not seen him madame?

Marie: Of course not. Do you think the man would be fool enough to come here?

de Marney: Who is this madame?

Marie: This is one of the villagers. I am sending him to Dijon on an errand for me.

de Marnay (regards Laurence suspiciously): You are sure?

Marie (angrily): How dare you doubt my word. Do you think I lie?

de Marnay: Forgive me madame, I did not mean—

Marie: Ever since you have been here m'sieu, I have found you impert-

inent. If I were you I would not so tempt your mistress to dismiss you.

de Marnay: Pardon madame. I assure you—

Marie: Go and make ready for our departure at once. (exit captain).

Paul (warmly taking her hands): Never will I be able to thank you enough mam'selle.

Marie: (taking quill and paper from writing table in garden and hurriedly writing something on it. She folds the letter and puts it in an envelope).

Marie: Go to Dijon m'sieu Laurence and give this to Mounseigneur Fontainbleue. He will save you from danger. He would do anything for me.

Paul: I can well believe that. God bless you mam'selle. One day I will repay you for what you have done.

Marie: You had better go now Paul. They will be wondering about you.

Paul (taking her hand): Only tell me your name that I might remember you in my prayers.

Marie: It is Marie m'sieu. But you really must go. Ask my groom for a horse. (he goes to gate, turns back to her).

Paul: Au revoir, Marie!

Marie waves (he goes): and may God bless you too Paul Laurence.

**Scene II:** In the dimly lit room of a prison. The room is barely furnished with a table and a couple of chairs. There is a window at the side and a door centre back. Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. are sitting dejectedly on the chairs. Suddenly Marie rises and begins to pace up and down. Louis watches her, expressionless.

Marie: It's been a week now, my lord and we have heard nothing—nothing. My children, what have become of them? (he makes no reply) Can't you do something? You're the king!

Louis (awakening himself from his reveries with an effort) Forgive me my dear. I can't see that there is anything to do but wait.

Marie: Wait! Wait! We have waited. Surely they will listen to their king. Command them to free us, my lord!

Louis: They would not listen.

Marie: How can you sit there like that? (he makes no reply) for heavens sake, Louis, exert your authority for once.

Louis: It is no good. I am no longer their ruler. They have a new one—What is it—"Liberte, egalite, fraternite"! I have been a failure as a king. I see that now.



Marie (rushing and kneeling before him) You must not blame yourself my lord. How can a king know how his people live. (The sound of Tumbrils and the shouting of a crowd is heard. Marie shudders.) They are beasts, wild beasts. (Louis puts his arm around her comfortingly. They sit thus for a few seconds. The door at the back opens and a rough guard enters. Taking off his hat he sweeps the king a mock bow.

Guard (mockingly): The court awaits His Majesty's convenience.

Louis: What do they want with me?

Guard: Why you're to have a trial.

Louis (astounded): A trial! Of what am I accused.

Guard: Of treason to your country and your people. Come on I'm not waiting all day.

(Louis rises to go. Marie holds onto his hand terrified).

Marie: No my lord, don't go. They are mad! They will murder you.

Louis: Don't be afraid my dear. I will return.

Guard (turning to queen) Oh you can expect a visitor soon. You can plead your case with him. (exit guard and king). Marie turns and looks out window. She is shaking but pulls herself together. The door opens behind her but she does not turn around.

(Paul Laurence enters).

Marie (haughtily): If you think m'sieu that I will beg you to free me you are wrong. The queen of France kneels to no one.

(Paul grips back of chair astounded)

Paul: No! It cannot be. (Marie whips round to face him. She utters a startled cry).

Marie: Paul!

Paul: Marie! You the queen! I cannot believe it.

Marie: That we should meet again like this! (They stare at each other for a few seconds. Marie pulls herself together.) Monseigneur Fontainebleau, did he take care of you?

Paul: Mon Dieu, Yes! (he takes her hands in his) I thank you for my life madame.

Paul: I did not dream that you were the queen. All those things I said to you. You could have had me killed.

Marie: No Paul. You told me the truth. I had not heard it for a long time.

Paul: Your position here is extremely dangerous.

Marie: They would not harm their queen,

Paul: I do not understand them. They have become wild in their thirst for revenge. I must get you away from here. (He strides up and down). The guards will be changed soon. I have responsible position among the citizens. I will tell the guards I have orders to take you to another prison and they will not question my word. But come quickly we must leave at once. Where is your cloak?

Marie: But what of Louis, Paul, and my children?

Paul: That would be too difficult. I would have to have some warrant. Quickly we must hurry. (he takes her hand and leads her towards the door).

Marie: Paul, surely you can help them.

Paul: Oh Marie, how can I make you understand. I cannot serve the king. I made a vow to abolish tyranny and the tyrant who is destroying France. The tyrant is the king, I cannot break my vow. You I save because I owe it to you and because I—Never mind we will talk about that later. Only come quickly!

Marie (goes to follow Paul and then stops): No! Oh Paul I cannot leave him.

Paul: What is he to you? Do you love him?

Marie: He is my husband. You see I made a vow too. It seems a long time ago now but I promised I would stay by him, "for better or for worse", I cannot go.

Paul (beseechingly): Marie! My queen!

Marie: I cannot go.

Paul (holds her hands and looks into her eyes for a long time): You are sure?

Marie: Quite sure.

Paul: I must go. Marie—

Marie: Yes?

Paul: I—I'll never forget you.

Marie: Nor I either. (Guard enters).

Guard (to Paul) There's a carriage waiting for you sir.

Paul: I'm coming. (turns to Marie, kneels and lifts her hand to his lips—choking) Au revoir.

Marie: Au revoir. (Paul exits hurriedly).

(Marie walks around room. Then suddenly rushing to chair, her body shaking with sobs, she buries her head in her arms on the table).

The End

—J. Spowart, 4A,

## A JUNK SHOP.

How many people, I wonder, are fascinated by a junk-shop? I am. It is not really extraordinary because it is of all shops most calculated to fascinate. Where else can you find such a miraculous variety of articles pushed into dark, dusty corners for the interested to find?

Standing with face pressed eagerly against the window (which is generally dirty) you perceive behind rows of shoes, which Grandmama would have scorned as old-fashioned, a picture in a chipped, gilded frame. Possibly it is an old master. After all the heroes of books are always finding old masters in junk-shops. Perhaps it isn't an old master after all but still it is interesting to think of such a possibility.

What is that there—over behind the broken vase and hanging on the hat stand? Oh, yes, of course, a necklace. An extraordinary necklace of very ugly beads. Moving along the window you

reach the door and are drawn irresistibly inside.

When you enter you should be met by a stooped, wizened, little man who, with obsequious rubbing together of hands, who should be able to relate countless, improbable tales about the treasures in his shops—how this shoe was once possessed by a lady who when wearing the pair could charm whomsoever she pleased; but how unfortunately the other shoe has been lost and the charm will not work now. He should also be able to point out a little idol which is possessed of a demon. Without these descriptions half the charm of the shop is lost. If they are not provided you can make them up for yourself quite satisfactorily.

How wonderful to browse in the calm, dim shop with all its litter and mystery and then, to hurry outside where the brazen sun glares on the footpath and people hurry past.

—Nola Williams, 4B

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## THE OLD MUSIC ROOM

This ancient room has echoes still  
Of Fortians old and young,  
And as the good old school-song says,  
"Of battles fought and won."

It was the Music-Room you see,  
But 2A hold it dear,  
And though we grumble often,  
Still we hail its songs with cheer.

The songs of flapping windows,  
Desks that creaking, ancient, seem,  
And the high-chair in the corner,  
These make a noisy theme.

But strange—when we from lessons rest,  
The uncouth noise sounds well,  
That in the midst of History tests  
It sounds like our death-knell.

—Gwen Churchill, 2A.

## THE ELEMENTS.

There is nothing that refreshes me more than a tramp along in the wilderness on a stormy day, when the sky is dark above and the wind whips through the trees, rushing with its force at everything, while the rain comes in little spurts and gusts . . . now strong and forceful . . . now soft and scattered.

There is a strange and wild beauty that one can only feel in a storm. Its very fury gives strength and such an uplifting that the soul sings within and the body enters the fray with wild abandon.

What a satisfaction and wonderful exhilaration it gives to fight against the strongest winds, to feel the gusts of rain beat against the face, to be able to stand and strain in some lone spot in the fury of a storm and

gaze out to sea and see the wild white horses dashing madly across from shore to shore, to hear the high whistle of wind and the dull agitation of the trees and bushes merging together, producing one great crescendo after another.

It is almost as though the wildness of a storm expresses the feelings that one has and which can never be told in words. It seems to be dashing a burden away and filling the soul with a peace . . . an inexpressible happiness and exultation.

True it is that when the heavens thunder the greatest, when the winds blow the strongest, when the rain beats the sharpest, man feels closest to his Creator. Yes, I believe God, in His wisdom, created the storm for such as I.

DENISE PERROTT, 4C.

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## BALLERINA.

Beauteous forms and lovely face  
Dainty lady, full of grace,  
Smiling as you take your place,  
Ballerina.

Confident, you take your cue,  
In your spangled gown of blue,  
Every eye is watching you,  
Ballerina.

Whirling, twirling in the dance  
Captivating is your glance  
Here at last is your big chance,  
Ballerina

How you've waited for this day,  
Practising each dip and sway,  
Following your chosen way,  
Ballerina.

Your reward is our applause,  
Never falter, never pause,  
Now at last success is yours,  
Ballerina.

—T. Dare, 3A.

## SPORT

### SWIMMING.

Our Annual Carnival was held on Monday, March 2nd, 1953.

A thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all, and the spectators were very glad of the microphone, which was used for the first time to announce results.

To add to the attraction of the carnival, there is a considerable influx of junior talent, which, if cultivated, could form the foundation of a very good team to represent Fort Street in future C.H.S. carnivals.

Because of the huge number of entries, and the generally enlarged programme, the six-oar race had to be abandoned. Gloucester won the point score with 87 pts., from York (61), Bradfield (47), and Kent (18).

#### Results of the Carnival were:—

School Championship: L. Ivens 1, C. Trahair 2.

Junior Championship: P. Orwell 1, R. Eyre 2.

16 Years Championship: L. Ivens 1, A. Swanson 2.

15 Years Championship: C. Trahair 1, A. Roper 2.

14 Years Championship: P. Orwell 1, R. Eyre 2.

13 Years Championship: R. Brooks 1, — King 2.

12 Years Championship: P. Shipway 1, L. Hogan 2.

11 Years Championship: B. McLean 1, L. Cutler 2.

Senior Backstroke: L. Ivens 1, A. Swanson 2.

Junior Backstroke: R. Eyre 1, J. Fennell 2.

Senior Breaststroke: C. Trahair 1, A. Buckman 2.

Junior Breaststroke: B. McLean 1, J. Clark 2.

Senior Butterfly: C. Trahair 1.

Junior Butterfly: R. Eyre 1.

Senior Rescue Race: V. Glass and A. Buckman 1.

Junior Rescue Race: J. Champion and Y. Fitzgerald 1.

Diving: R. Eyre.

Senior Relay: Gloucester 1.

Junior Relay: Bradfield 1.

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At the C.H.S. Carnival, later in March, which was won by Dover Heights, our only placed finalist was Robin Eyre, who dived very well to be placed third in the Diving.

Although we did not do well in the finals, our congratulations must go to all the girls who represented us. They swam very well, and were unlucky to draw hard heats, but several girls made the semi-finals, namely Berwyn McLean, Lois Cutler, Catherine Trahair, Robin Eyre and Lynne Ivens, and the senior relay (Lynne and Robin), reached their finals.

In all, it was quite a successful day, considering the fact that we were opposed by a large number of State and Australian champions.

Better luck next time!

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### THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Our annual Field Day was held this year at Rushcutter's Bay Oval on Friday, June 12th. We were fortunate enough to have

fine weather, and this made a pleasant day even more enjoyable. A microphone was used for the first time to announce events and



**HOUSE CAPTAINS AND HOUSE VICE-CAPTAINS, 1953**

**Back Row:** House Captains—Ann Swanson, Lynne Ivens, Helen Cramp, Adrienne Handel.  
**Front Row:** House Vice-Captains—Barbara Pemberton, Catherine Trahair, Alison Roper, Valma Steward

results, making the marshall's job much easier than in previous years, when only a blackboard was used.

We wish to thank the teachers who organised the sports, and Mrs. Patterson, who was in charge of the preparation of lunch for the staff and visitors. We should also like to congratulate Bradfield which won the points score with 103½ points, and the girls who won their individual events.

The points score were: Bradfield 103½, York 71, Gloucester 33½, Kent 30.

The Ball Games Trophy went to Bradfield, with 18 points. Other Houses' results were: York 15 points, Gloucester 10 points, Kent 5 points.

Other results were:—  
School Championship: Wendy Woolley.  
Junior Championship: Wendy Woolley.  
17 Years: Gwen Saul.  
16 Years: Adrienne Handel.  
15 Years: Pat Coutts.  
14 Years: Wendy Woolley.  
13 Years: Marie Cleveland.  
12 Years: Judith Jones.  
11 Years: Rondalyn Glass.  
Sack Race: Pat Coutts  
Junior Sack Race: Jan Innes.  
Skipping: Joyce Spindler.  
Junior Skipping: Beryl Mills.  
Orange Race: Helen Cramp.  
Junior Orange Race: Pam Kirk.  
Relay: Bradford House.  
Junior Relay: Kent House.  
Egg and Spoon Race: Edna Deans.  
Siamese Race: Robin Eyre.

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### LIFESAVING AWARDS, November, 1952

The following awards were made after the life-saving tests were held at the end of last year.

**Award of Merit Bar:** Coral Hewitt, Barbara Cave.

**Award of Merit:** Margaret Weir, Ann Waddington, Maureen Jones, Faye Illidge, Helen Ryan, Betty Dowling, Alison Brown, Rona Sanford, Janet Oataway, Valerie Glass, Isla Prenter, Adrienne Buckman, Pamela Haines.

**Australian Bronze Cross:** Valma Stewart, Alison Roper, Isla Prehter, Judith Haines, Beverley Cutting, Robin Allen, Barbara Pemberton.

**Instructor's Certificate:** Ann Waddington, Judith Haines, Valma Stewart, Fay Illidge, Isla Prenter, Maureen Jones, Helen Cramp, Alison Brown, Betty Downing.

**Bronze Medallion Bar:** Betty Downing, Helen Cramp, Alison Brown, Valerie Glass, Christine Martin, Janet

Oataway, Valma Stewart, Alison Roper.

**Bronze Medallion, Intermediate, Elementary and Resuscitation Certificate:** Kerry Mockett, Janice Wilson, Judith Macquire, Jennifer Langdon, Lynne Ivens, Judith Todd, Yvonne Evans, Beverley Greenfield, Rae Matthews, Gwen Saul, Diana Clitherse, Margaret Menser, Maureen Morton, Beverley Hammond, Anne Fulton, Ngarita Blackler, Jean Selig, Helen Todd, Wendy Cromer, Florence Riley, Anne Pederson, Jan Colliver, Patricia Turner, Janice Leaney, Kaye Roffey, Robin Eyre, Yvonne Fitzgerald, Margaret Ryan, Judith Downing, Roslyn Williams, Patricia Schuback, Beverley Davey, Marion Carnegie, Carol Dobson, Susan Wiles.

**Bronze Medallion:** Audrey Reid, Elaine Dunning.

**Intermediate, Elementary and Resuscitation Certificate:** Jeanette Gordon, Lyn Morris, Sandra Dennis.

## THE FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOL.

The Fairbridge Farm School is situated at Molong, a few miles from Orange. At the time the children leave England their ages range from six to thirteen. Some are war orphans and others come from large or broken families.

At the farm there are a number of cottages where the children live and in charge of each is a camp mother. The younger children go to the primary school on the property while the older ones attend the school at Molong where they mix with Australian children.

There is on the property a lake which serves as a swimming pool, and horses are available for those who are fond of riding. There are

also opportunities for the children to belong to the Guides. A holiday is provided for every child at least once a year; some come to Sydney, and the others go to special camps.

Girls are given training in domestic subjects when they leave school, and the boys have practical experience working on the land.

Because the children enjoy the farm life and the facilities provided for various forms of recreation, they are as happy as children can be, who are separated by thousands of miles of sea, from their homes and families.

Judith Dowse, 2A.

### **COME TO THE M.B.C.—**

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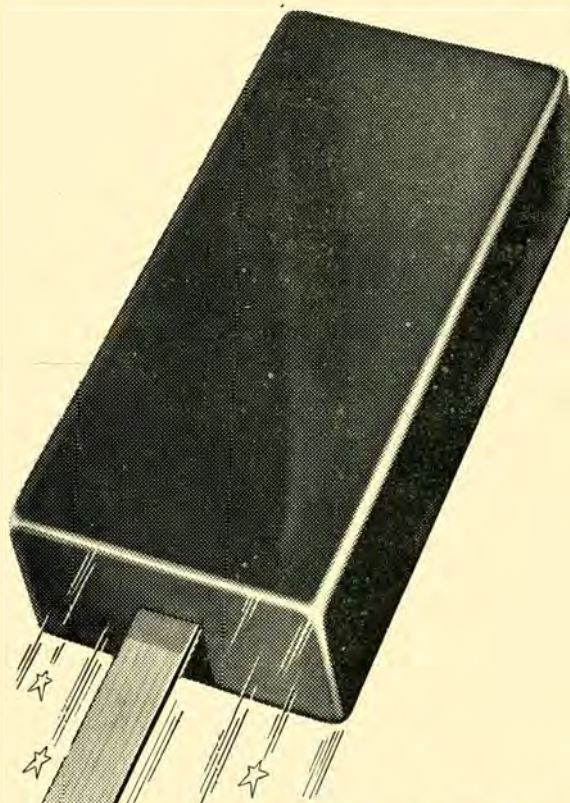
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Miss Williams is now in England, having spent some time with an American Law Firm in Paris.

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