

*Res. Kemp*



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

VOLUME V., No. 12.

OCTOBER, 1954

SCIENCE.

D. W. Cleary.

L. Poole - PHYS. ED

L. Anter

- LIBRARY?

A. A. Doone

MISS TOONE - ENGLISH

B. Roberts

BERTHA ROBERTS - ENGLISH

J. Crawford

BERTHA

B. Murphy

W. Austin

- ENGLISH + MATHS ?

L. Bale

LAUREL BALE - MUSIC TEACHER

R. Austin

RAUSTEN - ART TEACHER

W. J. Taylor

WILMA TAYLOR - ENGLISH

M. K. Hughes

- MISS KENT HUGHES  
FRENCH TEACHER



Margaret Marshall



# The Magazine

of the

## Fort Street Girls' High School

OCTOBER, 1954.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

### THE STAFF.

*Principal:* Miss L. WHITEOAK, B.Sc.  
*Deputy Principal:* Miss J. G. SIMONS, B.A.

#### *Department of English:*

- |                               |                        |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| Miss D. DEY, M.A. (Mistress). | Miss E. CARR, B.A.     |
| Mrs. G. AHRENS, B.A. (N.Z.)   | Miss J. PETERSON, B.A. |
| Miss J. BAKER, B.A.           | Miss. B. ROBERTS, B.A. |
| Mrs. P. BARNETT, B.A.         | Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A.  |
| Miss R. DREW, B.A.            | Miss W. TAYLOR, B.A.   |

#### *Department of Classics:*

- |                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Miss G. SIMONS, B.A. | Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A. |
|----------------------|-----------------------|

#### *Department of Mathematics:*

- |  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| Miss. D. LLEWELLYN, B.Sc., B. Ec.,<br>(Mistress) | Miss E. GREEN, B.A.  |
| Miss E. BURTON, B.A.                             | Miss E. SMALL, B.A.  |
| Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc.                            | Miss D. TOONE, B.Sc. |

#### *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. O. CLEARY, B.Sc.             | Miss P. SOUTHWELL, B.Sc. |

#### *Department of Modern Languages:*

- |                                    |                                  |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Mrs. M. PATTERSON, B.A. (Mistress) | Miss. E. CARR, B.A.              |
| Miss L. ARTER, B.A.                | Miss M. KENT HUGHES, M.A. (Mel.) |
| Mrs. P. BARNETT, B.A.              | Mrs. B. THIERING, B.A.           |

*Art:* Mrs. R. AUSTEN, A.T.D.

*Needlework:* Miss J. BURTON

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

#### *Physical Training:*

- |                   |                                |
|-------------------|--------------------------------|
| Miss N. ANDERSON. | Miss L. PORTER, Dip. Phys. Ed. |
|-------------------|--------------------------------|

*School Counsellor:* Mrs. J. GODOLPHIN, B. A.

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

*Sub-Editor:* Miss J. PETERSON, B.A.

*Business Editor:* Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.

*School Captain:* MARGARET MENSER.



*Alison Roper*

*Valma Steward  
Jan Jorgensen*

*Robin Allen.  
Joan Warren*

*Margaret Mense Capt*

The Fox Street Girls' High School McGarrick

**SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1954.**

Back Row: Alison Roper, Beverley Core, Margaret Marshall, Janice MacDonald, Robin Allen.  
Front Row: Valma Steward, Jan Jorgensen, Margaret Mense (Captain), Joan Warren Wendy Howitt.



## STAFF CHANGES

The usual number of new faces appeared in the Staff ranks when school resumed this year, and many familiar faces were absent. We welcome the new members, wish luck to those who have moved to other schools and other spheres of interest, and offer our congratulations to those who have received promotion.

Miss E. Cochrane has been appointed Mistress in Charge of the Conservatorium High School. Miss M. Norst is in charge of the library at Kempsey High School and Mrs. Diggelman is now at Rose Hill Home Science School. The Department of Mathematics has lost the services of Miss E. Kerr, now Deputy Principal of Burwood Home Science High School, and Miss S. Labisch who is enjoying the beauties of the North Coast at Coffs Harbour. Miss K. Connolly is spending a pleasant holiday abroad. Miss B. Mitchell is now Deputy at Mar-

rickville Junior School, while Mrs. McMullen better known to us all as Miss J. Nichol, is at Auburn Home Science School.

Our congratulations go to Mrs. Porter on the birth of a daughter and our felicitations to Mrs. Godolphin, formerly Miss J. Robinson.

We welcome Mrs. Ahrens, our new librarian from Willoughby Home Science High School, Mrs. P. Barnett from Cremorne Junior High School, Misses R. Drew and P. Southwell from St. George High School, Miss E. Burton from Burwood Home Science High School and Miss D. Toone from Crown Street, Girls' High School. It was also pleasing to welcome back Miss D. Llewellyn in her new position of Mathematics Mistress and Miss L. Porter as a member of Staff. To Mrs. Patterson we offer our congratulations and best wishes in her new position as Language Mistress.

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## THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE

Our message to you is one to which perhaps we cannot give full justice and significance. This year we have witnessed an event which has never before occurred on this continent—the first visit of a reigning monarch to our shore—and what a significance that visit had to us! That monarch is one of your own sex, a wife and mother who has unselfishly devoted her life to us. Queen Elizabeth has proved that women are able to take leadership not only in the home but also in the British Commonwealth. This is important to us but it is more important that we follow her example of unselfishness and devotion to duty.

Our school has been built on

tradition but we cannot live on tradition of the past. "The greatest human happiness lies, not in the exploitation of the present but in the co-operation of the future."

It will depend on the future Prefects whether the standards we have maintained will be upheld. It is our earnest desire that you will go on and improve upon the efforts and example which we have endeavoured to set you, but it is impossible to improve these unless there is co-operation between Prefects and the rest of the school.

It is not this tradition nor the building which makes or breaks a school but the reputation given to it by those within its walls.



This reputation depends partly on the pupils' outside activities and partly on their attainments in the sporting and academic world. We ask that you consider

what we have said so that you will be able to carry on the high standards of "the best school of all."

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## SPEECH DAY

Each year we begin first term with the resolution to work hard in the long year that stretches before us. Suddenly however, in what seems an incredibly short space of time, Speech Day is with us once again. The school year is over and we settle back on that one day to receive well-earned prizes or to give envious applause to those lucky prize-winners.

For the first years, Speech Day 1953 was, as it has always been for them, a memorable event.

Your first Speech Day at Fort Street is always one that has special and lasting memories.

The girls had gathered together in front of the Conservatorium by 9.30 a.m. while inside the last touches were given to the beautiful array of flowers on the stage itself.

Gradually the stage filled with white-clad prize-winners and members of the choir while the body of the hall was filled with parents and girls.

On the arrival of the Official Party the programme began with the singing of the School Anthem by the Choir. After a short address, the Chairman, Mr. A. W. Stephens, the Deputy-Director of Secondary Education called on Miss Whiteoak to give her Annual Report. It was, as has been the case for many years a record of achievement for our school, highlighted perhaps by the announcement of the winning of the Fairfax Prize by Leslie Hanks.

The School Choir conducted by Miss Bale then entertained us

with two numbers "The Song of the Shadows" by Armstrong-Gibbs and "A-Roving" by Hutchens.

These were followed by an extremely interesting address by Professor A. G. Mitchell. Professor Mitchell spoke of the part that women can play in the community as educated people and how, to-day people, instead of relying on their own talents and abilities depend on such man-made inventions as films and radio for amusement. Professor Mitchell's words gave us all something to think about.

Two numbers from the School Choir followed—the beautiful "Omnipotence" by Schubert and "O Come All Ye Faithful."

Mr. Clyne, an old friend, then spoke to us and his address was followed by the presentation of prizes. Mrs. Stephens kindly performed this duty for us. After the long files of girls had received books and certificates, votes of thanks were given by the Captain Rona Sanford and Captain-Elect Margaret Menser. Margaret in her speech, referred to the excellent work Mr. Clyne has done for Fort Street during his long association with the school and presented him with a book as a token of our appreciation.

Then with the singing of "Come Fortians, Fortians All" and the National Anthem another school year ended and Speech Day for 1953 was over.

—Joan Warren, 5A.



## PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School (Fanny Cohen Prize)  
—presented by the Old Girls'  
Union: Alma Sneddon.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Nina Sned-  
don.  
Dux of Year IV (Prize presented by  
Miss Whiteoak): Valma Steward.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Judith An-  
derson.  
Dux of Year III (Mollie Thornhill  
Prize): Pamela Cureton.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Barbara  
Plant.  
Dux of Year II: Marion Smith.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Fay Bowen.  
Dux of Year I: Janet Senior.  
Second Proficiency Prize: Patricia  
Bright.

### SPECIAL PRIZES

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C.  
Examination, 1952): Lesley Hanks.  
Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in  
English and History in L.C. Exam-  
ination, 1952): Patricia Conder.  
Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best  
Pass in L.C. Examination, 1952):  
Elizabeth Marsden.  
Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in  
Mathematics in L.C. Examination,  
1952): Lesley Hanks.  
Special Prize donated for History, Year  
III: Margaret Pearson.  
Renee Gombert Prize (French and  
German, Year IV): Valma Steward.  
Special Prize donated for French and  
German: Janice Spowart (prox.  
acc.).  
Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize (History  
Year II): Rosslyn Full.  
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Mem-  
orial Prize (English and History,  
Year IV): Judith Anderson.  
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Mem-  
orial Prize (English and History,  
Year I): Patricia Bright.  
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize  
Chemistry, Year V): Nina Sned-  
don.  
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize  
(Chemistry and Physics, Year II):  
Fay Bowen.  
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathe-  
matics, Year IV): Valma Steward.  
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathe-  
matics, Year I): Janet Senior.  
Miss Mouldsdales Prize (Science, Year  
III): Pamela Cureton.  
Special Prize donated by Coral Lee  
(Latin, Year II): Marion Smith.  
Special Prize donated by Coral Lee  
(German, Year II): Diana Dawes.  
Special Prize donated for French and  
German, Year V: Alma Sneddon.

Special Prizes donated for Best Con-  
tributions to the School Magazine:  
Senior School: Jan Jorgensen.  
Junior School: Margaret Pearson.  
L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:  
Concours general: A. Sneddon,  
N. Sneddon, aeq.  
Grade 2: P. Colless 2nd prize, M.  
Petunin 3rd prize.  
Grade 3: N. Sneddon 1st prize, L.  
Ivens, M. Wilson 2nd prize.  
B. Watson, B. Sims, A. Sneddon  
3rd prize.  
Grade 4: M. Hutchings, 2nd prize.  
Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays:  
Senior School: Judith Anderson.  
Junior School: June Palmer.  
Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated  
by Mrs. H. W. Thompson:  
Senior School: Margaret Wilson.  
Junior School: Jennifer Buchanan,  
Dorothy Gorton, Pamela Niemeier,  
Wendy Shaw.  
Old Girls' Union Life Membership:  
Rona Sanford.  
Elizabeth Cayzer Prize: Rona Sanford.  
Eisteddfod Awards: State Juvenile  
Championship Cup; Junior School  
Choirs Championship.  
Inter-House Debate Cup: York.

### CERTIFICATES.

#### YEAR V.

English: Audrey Reid.  
History: Beryl Sims.  
Latin: Merle Rose.  
German: Alma Sneddon.  
Mathematics I: Merle Rose.  
Mathematics II: Alma Sneddon.  
Biology: Alma Sneddon.  
Geography: Verna Rice, Marina Pet-  
unin.  
Art: Isabel Eamens.  
Music: Carmel Kaine.  
Needlework: Robin George.  
Physical Training: Alison Brown.

#### YEAR IV.

English: Judith Anderson.  
History: Beverley Core.  
Latin: Judith Anderson.  
French: Janice Spowart.  
German: Hilja Velsvebel.  
Chemistry: Judith Anderson, Valma  
Steward (prox. acc.).  
Biology: Jilyan Chambers.  
Geography: Louise Frankel.  
Art: Helen Machliss.  
Music: Jan Innes.  
Needlework: Beverley Cutting.  
Physical Training: Alison Roper.

#### YEAR III.

English: Jennifer Buchanan.  
Latin: Barbara Plant.



French: Margaret Steward, Dorothy Gorton, (prox. acc.).	Mathematics II: Marion Smith, Wendy Shaw.
German: Leonie Watkins, June Palmer, Pamela Cureton.	Geography: Madeleine Elson.
Mathematics I: Fay Hickey.	Art: Carol Deneson.
Mathematics II: Pamela Cureton.	Music: Robin Smith.
Geography: Jan Deacon, Patricia Vaughn.	Needlework: Marie Neaves.
Art: Lois Parsons.	Physical Training: Judith Downing.
Music: Jann Sexton.	
Needlework: Thelma Steele.	YEAR I.
Physical Training: Yvonne Fitzgerald.	English: Patricia Bright.
	History: Christine Dobbin.
YEAR II.	French: Wilma Quinton, Roslyn Groat, Marjorie Leggatt.
English: Marilyn Buckman.	Latin: Wilma Quinton, Janet Senior.
French: Jeanette Brown, Diana Dawes (prox. acc.).	Combined Physics and Chemistry: Janet Senior, Robyn Bayliss.
Mathematics I: Marion Smith.	Geography: Patricia Allan.
	Physical Training: Berwyn McLean.

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## LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1953

Numbers after students' names indicate the subjects they have 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 students who have passed in the oral tests in French, German, Italian or 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, Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 22, Home Economics; 23, Accountancy; 24, Agriculture; 25, Agricultural Biology; 26, Woolclassing; 27, Physiology and Hygiene; 28, Zoology; 29, Greek; 30, Italian; 31, Chinese; 32, Hebrew; 33, Japanese; 34, Russian; 35, Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 36, Woodwork; 37, Metalwork; 38, Farm Mechanics; 39, Theory of Music; 40, Social Studies.

Allen, G. F.: 1B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B, 21B.  
 Anderson, J. D.: 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9A, 13B.  
 Baker, R. E. E.: 1B, 3B(o), 9A, 16B, 17B, 21A.  
 Bailey, M. V.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 17B.  
 Bennett, L. J.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 13B, 17B.  
 Berriman, M. F.: 1B, 9B, 16B, 17A, 19H(1).  
 Blake, E. J.: 1A, 3B(o), 16B, 17B, 20A.  
 Bookluck, S.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 20A.  
 Brown, P. M.: 1A, 3A(o), 4B(o), 7A, 9A, 13B.  
 Bryant, C. F.: 3B, 9B, 16B, 19B.  
 Buckman, A. A.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 16A, 17B.  
 Bull, M. L.: 1B, 3B, 9A, 17B, 20B.  
 Butler, B. N.: 1B, 9A, 16B, 17B, 20A.  
 Colless, P. A.: 1B, 2B, 3H(2)(o), 9B, 16B.  
 Coombe, E. A.: 1B, 3B(o), 9B, 16B, 17B, 19B.  
 Costello, N. A.: 1B, 2B, 3B(o), 7B, 9B.  
 Cowled, V. M.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 16B.  
 Cramp, H. M.: 1A, 3B(o), 5B, 6B, 16B, 17B.  
 Davey, B. E.: 1B, 3B(o), 7B, 16B, 17B.  
 Devlin, D. L.: 1A, 2A, 3H(1)(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.  
 Downing, B. J.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B.  
 Duckworth, V. F.: 1A, 3A(o), 4H(2)(o), 5B, 6B, 13A.  
 Dunning, E. J.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 16B, 17B.



- Eamens, I. G.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 16B, 20A.  
Eikens, L. I.: 1B, 3A(o), 4H(2)(o), 5B, 6B, 13A.  
Elwin, B. J.: 1B, 3A(o), 4A(o), 5B, 6B, 13B.  
Evans, E. R. M.: 1H(1), 3B(o), 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.  
Everingham, R. V.: 1B, 2H(2), 3A(o), 5B, 6B, 13A.  
Firth, P. W.: 1B, 3A(o), 4A(o), 6B, 16B.  
Flack, H. C.: 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 5B, 6B, 16B.  
Frappell, E. A.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 16A, 19B.  
Furniss, A. S.: 1A, 2A, 3H(1)(o), 7A, 9B, 16B.  
George, R. E.: 1A, 3B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B, 21A.  
Glass, V.: 1B, 7B, 9A, 16A, 21A.  
Glenn, M. R.: 1B, 3A(o), 9A, 19B.  
Gray, E. M.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 13B, 17A.  
Haddock, R. E.: 1B, 9B, 17B, 21A.  
Handel, A. J.: 1A, 3B, 4B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.  
Harrold, M.: 1B 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.  
Haynes, P.: 1B, 9B, 16B, 20A.  
Heeley, C. F.: 1B, 3B(o), 4B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.  
Henderson, M. M.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B.  
Hendy, H.J.: 1B, 9B, 16B, 17B, 20B.  
Holdgate, J. K.: 1B, 9B, 16A, 17B.  
Holmes, J. B.: 1B, 3B(o), 7A, 9B, 13B, 20A.  
Hurt, E. J.: 1B, 3B(o), 7B, 9B, 13B, 17B.  
Ivens, L.: 1B, 3A(o), 9B, 16A.  
Jarrett, J. E.: 1A, 3H(2)(o), 4H(2)(o), 7B, 16B.  
Johnson, J. M.: 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.  
Jones, B. M. E.: 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 13B.  
Jones, J. E.: 1B, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.  
Kaine, C. P.: 1B, 3B, 7A, 9A, 16B, 19H(1).  
Karlof, M.: 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 13B.  
Kelly, M. A.: 1B, 9A, 16B, 20B.  
Levy, P. J.: 1B, 3A(o), 4H(1)(o), 5B, 6B, 19H(1).  
Lynas, N.: 1A, 3B(o), 9B, 16B, 17B.  
McClellan, E. L.: 1B, 3B, 7A, 9B, 13B.  
Meek, L.: 1B, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7B, 9A, 16B.  
Moore, V. C.: 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9A, 13B.  
O'Brien, L. K.: 1B, 3B(o), 9B, 16B, 17B, 19A.  
Parry, M. D.: 1B, 3B(o), 9B, 16B, 20B.  
Peek, L.: 1B, 9B, 16B, 17B, 20A.  
Petunin, M.: 1B, 3H(2)(o), 7A, 13A, 17B, 34A(o).  
Reeves, C. W.: 1B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 13B, 17B.  
Reid, A.: 1H(1), 3A(o), 4B(o), 6B, 13B.  
Rice, V. E.: 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.  
Riley, F. A.: 1A, 3B(o), 7B, 9B, 16A, 17B.  
Rose, M. A.: 1A, 2H(1), 3A(o), 5B, 6B, 13B.  
Ruder, W. J.: 1A, 3A(o), 7A, 9B, 13B, 17B.  
Russell, B. J. T.: 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 7A, 16B.  
Sanford, R. P.: 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7A, 9A, 13B.  
Saraeff, H.: 1B, 3B, 9A, 16A, 34A(o).  
Saul, G. M.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 16B, 17B, 20A.  
Simpson, M.: 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7A, 9B.  
Sims, B. L.: 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 7A, 9H(2), 16A.  
Skenridge, P. M.: 1B, 3B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B, 19B.  
Slarke, P. L. C.: 1B, 3A(o), 4A(o), 5B, 6B, 13A.  
Smart, L. N.: 1B, 9A, 16B, 17A.  
Smith, J. C.: 1B, 3B, 9B, 16B, 17A, 20A.  
Smith, M. F.: 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 7A, 9B, 16B.  
Sneddon, A. J.: 1A, 3H(1)(o), 4H(1)(o), 5A, 6A, 16A.  
Sneddon, N. M.: 1A, 3H(1)(o), 4A(o), 5B, 6A, 13A.  
Spindler, J. E.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 21B.  
Swanson, A.: 1B, 16B, 17B, 20A.  
Todd, H. C.: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 21B.  
Todd, J. A.: 1B, 2B, 3B, 9B, 16B, 17B.  
Walton, K. E.: 1B, 3A(o), 4H(2)(o), 5B, 6B, 13B.  
Watson, B. L.: 1H(1), 3A(o), 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 13B.  
Webster, D.: 1B, 3B(o), 7A, 16B, 17B.  
Wilson, M. I.: 1A, 3H(2)(o), 4H(1)(o), 7A, 9A, 13B.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1953.

### SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

Akhurst, A. P.; Allen, V. G.; Allinson, B. M.; Armstrong, M. R.  
 Bailey, W. M.; Baker, P. J.; Baldwin, F. C.; Barber, H. M.; Barnes, V. C.;  
 Barrett, V.; Barwick, J.; Bennett, N. M.; Blower, S. E.; Bolin, E. J.; Bourke,  
 B.; Brancourt, S. R. W.; Brown, M. A.; Buchanañ, J. G.; Buckingham, A. J.  
 Cameron, S. G.; Campbell, C. J.; Carnegie, M. F.; Casey, W. O.; Casidy,  
 C.; Chadwick, B. J.; Champion, J. M.; Clifton, L. A.; Coliver, J. B.; Cox, G.  
 M.; Crump, J. E.; Cureton, P. H.  
 Daley, D. A.; Daly, J. D.; Dare, T. M.; Davis, M. W.; Deacon, J. P.; Dean,  
 B.; Durrant, B. J.  
 Elwin, D. M.; Evans, L. G.; Fitzgerald, Y. C.  
 Gifford, R. M.; Gillam, B. J.; Gillow, L. J.; Gorton, D. L.; Gray, A. L.;  
 Grigg, D. M.  
 Hanks, G. D.; Hanna, J. R.; Hansen, M. A.; Harper, S. M.; Harvey, L. E.;  
 Hayward, J. W.; Hickey, F. R.; Hird, H. P.; Hughes, E. R.  
 James, R. F.; Jarrett, H. R.; Johnson, L.; Jones, C. M.  
 Keller, L. J.; Kirk, P. D.; Kitching, J. R.  
 Lake, J. A.; Laman, G. B.; Lamont, E. E.; Latta, A. S.; Leaney, J. P.;  
 Leslie, J. C.; Logan, R. J.; Lord, T.; Lowe, R.  
 McCarthy, J. M.; McDonald S.; McEwan, N. F.; Machin, E. A.; McKimm,  
 M. A.; Macklin, R. J.; McLachlan, J. M.; McMaha, P. M.; Martin, I. B.;  
 Matheson, D. C.; Matthews J. L.; Melville, K. P.; Miller, M. J.; Mogg, M. L.;  
 Morrison, J. M.; Morrison, J. E.; Muir, J. L.; Murphy, H. M.  
 Newland, F. G.; Neimeir, P. A.  
 Odgers, J. F.; Orwell, P. D.  
 Palmer, J. M.; Parker, M. E.; Parsons, D.; Parsons, L. E.; Paterson, I. R.;  
 Pearson, M.; Phillips, J. M.; Plant, B. H.; Playford, J. A.; Porter, E. M.  
 Quinton, L. E.  
 Reid, C. A.; Reimer, J. C. V.; Rex, R. E.; Robinson, E. A.; Roffey, H. M.;  
 Roffey, K. V.; Rose, M. E.; Ross-Smith, S. M.; Rowe, R. R. M.; Ryan, M. R.  
 Schofield, M. E.; Schuback, P. J.; Scott, G. G.; Scowen, E.; Sexton, M. J.;  
 Smith, D. H.; Snodgrass, J.; Spencer, S. M.; Staggs, P. F.; Steele, T. E.;  
 Stewart, M. A.; Stobbs, N. F.; Stokes, Y. E.; Sutton, J. E.  
 Thomson, H. A.; Thorpe, P. O.; Trengrove, S. G.; Turner, P. A.  
 Vaughn, P. L.  
 Wagner, J. L.; Wall, J. L.; Warton, F. L.; Watkins, L. A.; Watson, B. L.;  
 Watts, L. E.; Wells, B.; Werner, B. A.; Wetzler, J. B.; Williams, R. L.; Winter,  
 C. E.; Winters, G. F.; Woolcock, G. H.; Woolley, W. E. J.  
 Yarrow, E. J.

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### A PONY'S EARS

Fascinating things, a pony's ears—  
 Flat in anger, pricked in fears,  
 One twitched forward, one twitched back—  
 Never drooping but sometimes slack.

Impish ears thro' forelocks peeping  
 Often hidden, sloped while sleeping—  
 Always dainty, never coarse  
 Like those of a working horse!  
 Feather-rimmed and thin veins tracing,  
 Thro' the skin like silver chasing.  
 Flat in anger, pricked in fears—  
 What beauty lies in pony's ears.

—Louise Frankel, 5A.



### LEAVING CERTIFICATE AWARDS

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1953:—

**The Ada Partridge Prize** for the best Fort Street candidate: Alma Sneddon.

**The Emily Cruise Prize** for the best pass in History: Beryl Sims.

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

**The Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize:** Elaine Evans.

**The Weston Memorial Prize**  
Alma Sneddon.

**Leaving Certificate Examination Honours, 1953:**

**English, Class I:** Elaine Evans,

Audrey Reid, Barbara Watson.  
**Latin, Class I:** Merle Rose.

**Class II:** Robin Everingham.

**French Class I:** Delysia Devlin, Anne Furniss, Alma Sneddon, Nina Sneddon.

**Class II:** June Jarrett, Marina Petunin, Margaret Wilson, Patricia Colless.

**German, Class I:** Pamela Levy, Alma Sneddon, Margaret Wilson.

**Class II:** Valerie Duckworth, Liana Eikens, June Jarrett, Kay Walton.

**History, Class II:** Beryl Sims.

**Music, Class I:** Merle Berriman, Carmel Kaine, Pamela Levy.

### PRIZE-WINNERS 1953

**University Bursaries** were gained by Valerie Duckworth, Alma Sneddon and Nina Sneddon.

**Commonwealth Scholarships** were gained by Janet Anderson, Delysia Devlin, Valerie Duckworth, Liana Eikens, Elaine Evans, Robyn Everingham, Anne Furniss, Janice Jones, Carmel Kaine, Lillian Meek, Vera Moore, Marina Petunin, Audrey Reid, Florence Riley, Merle Rose, Rona Sanford, Margaret Simpson, Beryl Sims, Alma Sneddon, Nina Sneddon, Kay Walton, Margaret Wilson, Barbara Watson, Miriam Smith, Wilma Ruder.

**Music Scholarships tenable at the Conservatorium** were won by:—  
Pamela Levy and Merle Berriman.

**Training College Scholarships** were gained by:—

Helen Flack, Moya Glenn, Barbara Elwin, Sonya Bookluck, Elwin Blake, Glennice Allen, Patricia Brown, Beverley Davy, Margaret Bailey, Morag Henderson, Lynn Ivens, Helen Hendy, Isabel Eamens, Mar-

garet Simpson, Janice Johnson, Margaret Kelly, Edwina Grey, Marjorie Harrold, Letitia O'Brien, Carol Healy, Robin George, Delysia Devlin, Wilma Ruder, June Jarrett, Carol Reeves.

#### Intermediate Bursaries

Fourteen bursaries awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate 1953, were gained by: Valerie Allen, Noeline Bennett, Marilyn Brown, Rosalie Gifford, Diana Elwin, Dorothy Gorton, Eleanor Hughes, Ruth James, Helen Jarrett, Patricia McMahan, Deidre Smith, Pamela Staggs Patricia Turner.

#### First Year Students at the University

Faculty of Arts: Beryl Sims, Audrey Reid, Vera Moore, Margaret Wilson, Rona Sanford, Janice Jones, Anne Furniss, Pat Skenridge, Alma Sneddon, Nina Sneddon.

Faculty of Science: Valerie Duckworth.

Faculty of Medicine: Elaine Evans,



## FAREWELL DAY, 1953

To us, Farewell Day had always seemed a day when the Fifths appeared looking very grown up and glamorous, the Fourths rushed to and fro between the science rooms and hall, and we had the afternoon free from lessons. Yet practically before we realised it, after weeks spent at lunchtime committee meetings preparing for the great day, Fourth Year was drawing to a close and Farewell Day 1953 had arrived.

There were doubtless quite a number of Fortians who did not sleep that Thursday night. And, although tradition defied us and Friday was far from being the usual bright, sunny day, spirits were not dampened in the least by the steady rain. In fact many were the squeals of delight that issued from the Fifths as coats were removed to reveal another gay dress and from the Fourths when those mysterious looking cardboard boxes, bags, parcels and cases were opened.

Soon preparations were well under way. The most trusted Fourths, (those with the smallest appetites) were set to work preparing the food, while we busied ourselves blowing up hundreds of balloons and hanging streamers from rafters and light fittings. By eleven o'clock it was impossible to find a way through the streamers drawing pins, white paper, balloons and Fourth Years, to the back science lab. However, in an amazingly short time everything was ready and, as we all went outside to have some lunch we realised the rain had ceased and the sky was clear and bright once more.

Two o'clock found the whole school assembled in the hall. As the official party mounted the flower-decked stage we were all thrilled to see Miss Cohen again,

returning as she had promised she would to Farewell Day. There were several ex-teachers and pupils among the party. Miss Whiteoak presided, and after reading many telegrams wishing the Fifths and Thirds good luck in their examinations, everyone was delighted to hear an encouraging message from Miss Puxley who had been away for some weeks.

Miss Whiteoak delivered her address which was followed by Miss Bourne of the Old Girls' Union who told the Fifth Years of some of the activities of that society and encouraged them to join. Then the inauguration of the Prefects-elect took place and short speeches were given by the Captain Rona Sanford and several of the new Prefects. This moving ceremony was closed by the singing of the School Songs and the Fifth and Third Years were clapped out to the strains of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

Outside, the official party led by Miss Whiteoak found themselves with a large guard of honour which led to the science rooms where all was ready for the party. Standing in splendour in the midst of the official table was the large tiered cake and soon all were devouring the tempting food. After the toasts had been proposed both Fifths and Fourths crossed to the new gym for dancing. This was the first year that the gym had been used for such an occasion since its completion and everyone felt quite thrilled.

After a happy hour of dancing and games farewells were reluctantly said and the Fifths departed, having realised their school-time ambition to ring the siren and the old bell, while the Fourths collected their belongings and talked over the happy day.

—Margaret Menser, 5A.

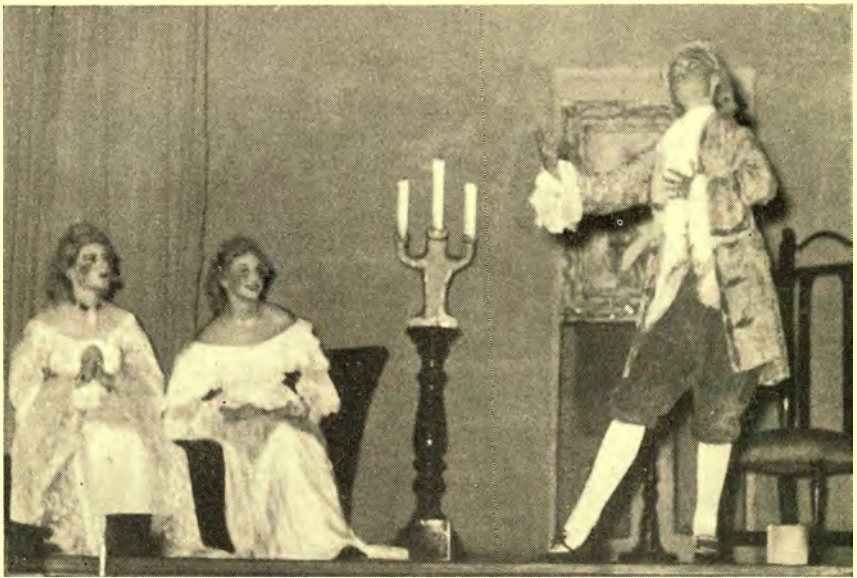


## THE SCHOOL CONCERT

On the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th May, 1954, the school presented the long awaited concert which was received by parents and girls alike with great enthusiasm. Even we, who had been hearing rehearsals for months beforehand and had been eagerly looking forward to the performance had not expected to see anything quite so delightful. The success of the concert can only be said to have been due to the hard work and untiring energy put into it by the girls and by the teachers responsible for the production of the various items.

The programme also contributed greatly towards the concert's success, due not only to the selection of items and the girls for parts but to the great variety it offered. There were three plays, "The Would-Be Highbrows", "A Mad Breakfast" and "Pierre et le Loup", a folk dance "The Dal Dance", a selection of German folk-songs, and then of course the main item, the opera "Princess Ida."

The first play, "The Would-Be Highbrows", adapted from Moliere's farce "Les Precieuses Ridicules" was a bright opening to



A Scene from "THE WOULD-BE Highbrows"

Left to right: Janice Black, Cathos; Julie Rourke, Madelon; Robin Skelly, the Marquis.

the programme and the audience laughed with Moliere at the affectations of 17th Century Paris. The story was that of two young Parisian ladies making their debut in society and adopting the affected speech, mannerisms and fashions, then popular.

Overjoyed when the Marquis de

Mascarille and his friend the Viscount de Jodelet, two effeminate dandies call on them, their delight soon turns to anger when they learn that their new friends are two disguised lackeys employed to deceive them by two suitors outraged by the ladies' affectations. Julia Rourke and Janice





**A SCENE FROM PRINCESS IDA.**

Front Row only—left to right: Janice Leaney, Florian; Pam Staggs, Prince Hilarion; June Daly, Princess Ida; Toni Dare, Cyril; Pam Cureton, Lady Poyche; Shirley Knight, Lady Blanche.



Black as the fashionable ladies and Robyn Skelly and Gwen Churchill as the lackeys played their parts admirably. Our congratulations also go to Miss Taylor for her production.

The Dal Dance, performed extremely well by eight fourth year girls dressed in colourful costumes, was a credit to the dancers as well as to Miss Anderson and Miss Porter, who prepared it.

The selection of German Folk-Songs prepared by Miss Kent Hughes, was sung very sweetly by girls from the fourth year German Class, the girls forming a pretty group in their white dresses.

"A Mad Breakfast" produced by Miss Peterson, a comedy set in modern times, proved to be most amusing. The cast found a great deal of scope in their



#### A SCENE FROM LE PIERRE ET LE LOUP

Left to right: Julie Pounceby, Kersti Vontso, Barbara Duncombe, Brenda Robertson, Mary McHarg, Joyce Grant, Dorothy Albert, Diana Wildblood, Elizabeth Richardson, Janet Senior, Marjorie Leggat, Lynn Hogan, Jennifer Nance, Robin Baylis, Maira Stima, Jan Mortimer, Lorraine Miller.

varied roles to make the audience laugh. For when a practical joker tells an investigator his boarding house is an insane asylum and to produce the illusion tells each of the boarders that Mr. Long is an important personage in disguise, the result can well be imagined.

When the housekeeper believes the stranger to be a boarding house inspector, the maid a prince, the artist a millionaire, the actress

a famous producer, and the spiritualist a reincarnation of Napoleon, Mr. Long really believes himself to be amidst a group of lunatics and the audience finds the situation extremely funny.

"Pierre et le Loup" produced by Mrs. Patterson was a delightful little French play, adapted from the ballet. It was extremely colourful and each of the characters was vividly portrayed. We enjoyed particularly the appearance



of the duck's ghost (complete with halo) at the end of the narration by Christine Dobbin whose French was so clear and so well spoken that we understood every word.

Then came the item that every one had been waiting for, the second act of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Princess Ida'. The performers held the audience enthralled for the three quarters of an hour and the curtain fell amidst tremendous applause. Our only regret was that it had to finish for the audience would have been content to see it again. Miss Baker gave a brief introduction, telling how in the first Act, the Princess Ida, married to Prince Hilarion at the age of twelve months had, twenty years afterwards slung herself up in Castle Adamant and there formed a women's college whose members had to swear that they would give up the sight of men.

The Act opened in the grounds of Castle Adamant where Princess Ida made her inaugural address to new students. Here we met the Princess, June Daly who sang beautifully, Lady Blanche, Shirley Knight who made an extremely good Professor of Abstract Science, her daughter, Melissa, Margaret Gillam whose singing holds great promise and Lady Psyche, very sweetly portrayed by Pam Cureton.

When the scene was clear again

Prince Hilarion with his friends Cyril and Florian jump over the wall, thus breaking secretly into the castle where man is forbidden to enter. The young men eager to see these strange women, especially Ida, disguised themselves in "Academic gowns" and are received as new students. Pamela Staggs, Tom Dare and Janice Leaney as the three rogues were wonderful and their singing and acting delighted the audience.

Everything was going smoothly for the Prince and his friends until dinner time when Cyril drinks too much and shocks the company by his tales of the Court and by the singing of "that old kissing song." The three are unmasked and taken prisoner when suddenly a student announces that an army surrounds the castle and King Hildebrand enters to force Ida to release his son Hilarion and fulfil the vows made to him in childhood. As the Act closes we see the Princess remaining defiant despite the pleas of the soldiers and the students.

Our Congratulations go to Miss Baker for her production concerning the acting of the opera and to Miss Pale who taught the choir and the individual singers so skilfully.

So the Concert ended, leaving everyone singing its praises and hoping the school might soon see another one, equally as good.

Janice Spowart, 5A.

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## CONCERT CLIPPINGS

(EXTRACTS FROM ESSAYS ON THE CONCERT).

"Dress rehearsals are lengthy, painstaking affairs of frayed nerves, patience and unending interest."

"Then came the first complete rehearsal. Nothing went right. No one knew her part—everyone stumbled over lines—everyone was ready to scrap the whole

play."

"I arrived at school carrying my blanket and pillow."

"Then came the make-up and dressing and feeling the sticky sensation of cold starch running down my neck—not very enjoyable?—Perhaps not, but it was all part of the game."





**THE DAL DANCE**

Fay Odgers and Margaret Davis



**ACTRESSES in the Play "THE MAD BREAKFAST."**

Left to right: Mr. Jones, Jan Morrison; Mrs. Simpkins, Robin Hughes; Miss Smith, June Palmer; Miss Brown, Margaret Pearson; Mrs. Hill, Kay Melville; Lizzie, Valerie Allen; Miss Green, Margaret Ryan; Mr. Roberts, Jill Wall; Mr. Long, Barbara Plant; Mr. Hill, Pat Turner.

"In the assigned class rooms, many strange transformations were taking place. A dozen or so quite ordinary school girls entered them but from them emerged a strange mixture of soldiers, animals, seventeenth century ladies and gentlemen, birds, Danish peasants and lady undergraduates."

"Elderly people with grey hair and youthful complexions . . . girls with grease paint on so thickly that they looked like Red Indians . . ." wandered along the corridors.

"Proud mothers pointed out their innocent little daughters who did look so beautiful while the fathers laughed heartily at all the jokes."

"All I can remember of the first performance was a sort of hazy heat mixed with the smell of grease paint and the effort of singing just as we had been drilled by our two teachers."

"Teachers, harassed, though they did their best to appear unconcerned endeavoured to keep our soaring spirits under control.

The actresses, stage hands, make-up people and teachers were at last able to uncrease their much furrowed brows and breathe a sigh of relief."

"As we left the hall we had an enraptured air about us, and we wondered if others could have enjoyed it as much as we had.

But, who will say that it was not worth every minute of it?"

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## A HOT SATURDAY

My homework is finished, my bedroom is neat,  
Now what can be done in this terrible heat?  
I could go a-swimming, I could visit Jane,  
I could dig the garden, but would that be sane?

I wonder, I wonder, now what could be done?  
Is that mother calling? "I'm just coming mum!"  
I hope that what Mummy wants doing is not  
Something that's awful to do when it's hot.

What, visit Aunt Flo in a smelly hot train?  
O dear, don't I wish it would come on to rain!  
"Now come on dear, hurry, and do as you're told!"  
"Yes Mum, but I wish it was frightfully cold!"

—Elizabeth Morey, 3B.

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## LAUGHTER

Laughter trickles like a stream,  
Or like the waters of a fountain.  
Laughter haunts you like a dream,  
Or like a scene upon a mountain.  
Often it would make you gay,  
It will help you on your way,  
Even if you're feeling bad.  
It may be soft, it may be loud,  
Often gentle, often harsh;  
It may be airy like a cloud,  
Even heavy as a marsh.

But whether it be good or no,  
What would we do without it, though?

—B. Robertson, 2A.



## SCHOOL NEWS

### THE SCHOOL CHOIR

After the successful results of last September's City of Sydney Eisteddfod of two firsts—namely the State Juvenile Championship and the Junior Choir Championship, also one second in the Girls' Schools Championship, the choir settled down to hard practice for Farewell Day and the all important Speech Day. After these functions Miss Bale, who is in charge of the choir at Fort Street decided to stage the second act of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Princess Ida". Under the able guidance of the producers, Miss Baker and Miss Bale, the opera progressed.

Many recess times, lunch hours, and afternoons were sacrificed before the opera was ready for performance at the School Concert at the end of first term. It was to provide all the second half of the night's entertainment and it met with great success. There were four performances in all, two in the afternoon and two at night. Although quite tired we were sad when the concert was over.

Our sadness remained only for a short time because other functions came on the horizon. On the 24th May, Empire Day, the choir rendered "Land of Hope and Glory" and "England, Dear England" at our celebrations.

At the beginning of this term we were all overjoyed to hear that Shirley Knight, a member of the choir, had been chosen to sing at two performances, given in the Town Hall by a combined Secondary Schools' Choir. We are very proud of her.

The Choir has made several recordings, one of carols for a Christmas broadcast for Station 2UW and several others for the

Police Department to be played on its Road Safety sessions.

Everyone was delighted when Miss Bale received a request that the choir should try an audition for a place on the A.B.C.'s "Young Australia" programme. We are practising hard for this and the forthcoming September Eisteddfod.

We, as members of the choir would like to thank Miss Bale for the interest she shows in us and the time that she gives up in order to take our practices.

—June Daly, 4B

### OUR LIBRARY

The Library continues to play an important part in the life of the school, not only for the information obtained there but also for the pleasure many find in lovely and worthwhile books.

This year we have been enriched by many biographies such as that of Winston Churchill, by stories of careers such as journalism, nursing, air hostess and ballet, by stories of travel as in "Seven Years in Tibet", and by lovely stories such as those by Katherine Mansfield, Eleanor Dark and John Galsworthy.

Special mention should be made of displays of material on items of current interest or importance. We think particularly of one on Germany for which we are grateful to Miss Kent Hughes.

A very enjoyable picnic hike during the holidays took the assistant-librarians through a fern-filled valley at Cheltenham. These girls, who have given many valuable hours of service to the library deserve our special thanks. Marilyn Brown, Jean Buckingham, Pat Hird, Kay Melville,



Dorothy Gordon, June Palmer, Margaret Pearson, Marie Schofield, Margaret Ryan, Barbara Plant, Jennifer Phillips and Janice Leaney, have assisted with the borrowing system in lunch hours, while Sylvia Walters, Diana Whittingham, Anne Gerson and Susan Land have rendered "First Aid" to library books. We would like to thank them for their work as well as all those others who have helped to make profitable this corner of school life.

### **EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS**

This year Empire Day had an especial meaning and significance to us all since it fell just after the Royal Tour of Her Majesty the Queen. We here at Fort Street, together with thousands of other school children who had actually seen their Queen, realised the unity of our Empire, which depends on a unity of aim, and an ideal, of which our Queen is the living symbol.

The ceremony, which was conducted by the School Prefects, commenced with Miss Whiteoak announcing the winners of the Empire Day Essay Competition. They were Judith Anderson and Ruth Favell.

Jas Jorgenson, who acted as chairman, read the annual Empire Message of Earl Gowrie—a message which stressed the importance of the Royal Tour.

The Choir then gave a delightful rendition of "Land of Hope and Glory".

The first of three extremely interesting addresses; "The Empire of the Past" was delivered by Margaret Menser, the School Captain. Beverley Core then spoke to us about "The British Commonwealth To-Day," after which the Choir sang "O Peaceful England". This was followed by Valma Steward's address on "The Royal Tour."

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

—Marjorie Moody, 5A

### **ANZAC DAY**

For the second year Anzac Day was celebrated at the Anzac War Memorial, Hyde Park. This commemoration service was arranged as last year by the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. Ten thousand school children representing nearly every school attended the gathering.

After the laying of the wreaths, a two-minute silence was held in memory of the men who had given their lives in World Wars I and II and the Korean War.

"Abide with Me" was one of the hymns beautifully sung by a choir of boys and girls. Sir William Slim, the Governor-General, addressed the gathering of children. He said, "For your to-morrow they gave their to-day. What you make of that to-morrow, whether you make or mar this wonderful country that will be yours, is up to you".

The playing of the National Anthem by the Scottish band brought to a close this impressive Anzac Service.

A group of Fort Street High School girls attended this Service while the remainder listened into the broadcast in the Assembly Hall.

### **RECENT DEBATES**

In recent weeks Fourth Year pupils have been engaged in taking part in inter-school debates, arranged by the Education Department and the English speaking Union. Jan Morrison was first speaker, Patricia Vaughn second speaker and Robin Hughes the Whip.

In the first debate against Burwood Home Science High School, we were beaten. In the second



debate against Parramatta High School we were the victors. In the third debate against Burwood Home Science High School we were once again, the losers.

On August 24th a return debate with Fort Street Boys' High School was arranged. Three fifth year pupils, Joan Warren, Nola Williams and Judith Anderson formed the team. The Fort Street boys beat this team by a narrow margin.

These debates with fellow Fortians which have been annual events since 1926 are always thoroughly enjoyed particularly as they are always followed by elaborate afternoon teas and general entertainment.

The girls wish to thank Mr. Shaw the Headmaster of Fort Street Boys' High School and the Ladies' Committee for going to so much trouble to make the afternoon a success.

### THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

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

The Office-Bearers of 1954 were elected at the beginning of first term. They are:—

Margaret Menser (Captain), Joan Warren (Year V), Jan Morrison (Year IV), Janice Brown (Year III), Diana Wildeblood (Year II), Carole Sinfield (Year I) and Margaret Ryan (Year IV) is the Secretary.

—Margaret Ryan, 4A.

### THE FIRST YEAR PARTY

On Thursday, 11th February, the traditional party given by Fifth years to welcome the new First and Fourth years, was held in the school hall. At the end of sixth period, the fifths formed a

guard of honour and clapped the newcomers into the hall.

The party began with the introduction of the Captain and Prefects by the M.C., Janet Oatway. After a word of welcome to the new girls by the Captain and the First and Fourth Year Prefects, a game of "Over the River" was played. This was followed by the traditional "Pass the Parcel" game and the Autograph Hunt.

Afternoon tea was then served, and an amazing number of cakes and sandwiches quickly vanished, along with much cordial.

Miss Simons on behalf of Miss Whiteoak extended a warm welcome to Fort Street to the new girls, and then, as it was not yet 3.30, a Scavenger Hunt was held. The Fifth Years finished the afternoon traditionally with the school war cry. We hope that the first years will enjoy their "five short years" at Fort Street as much as they appeared to enjoy that party.

—Valma Steward, 5A.

### INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Wherever men have high ideals and standards in the world, we find Christianity. In these unsettled times, we must consider the debt our civilised community owes to Christ and his teaching, since Christ's moral code is the basis of our civil code.

I.S.C.F., a branch of the world-wide organisation, the Children's Special Service Mission, aims at promoting Christian fellowship and helping us to practise Christianity in our daily lives. This is accomplished by friendly, interesting and helpful talks given by either one of our girls or a visiting speaker.

Meetings are held at lunchtime on Tuesdays, and as an inter-denominational group, we carefully avoid sectarian and contro-



versial subjects. In first term Mr. Norgate, a missionary from China spoke of righteousness, and Miss Mainstone, a C.S.S.M. staff worker, gave a Bible Study on the first chapter of the first General Epistle of John. In second term, Dr. Paul White, the celebrated Jungle Doctor, spoke on "The impassable Wall of Sin", and Mrs. Campbell told us of the work of I.S.C.F. in Canada. We are convinced that prayer will strengthen our I.S.C.F. to success in glorifying God.

Activities of I.S.C.F. include camps and picnics. Our own houseparty was held at Mount Victoria, and our picnic at National Park.

Success would not be possible without the help and co-operation of our Headmistress, so to her and all others who help us, we offer our sincerest thanks.

To all Fortians we extend a warm welcome to all the activities of I.S.C.F.

—Janet Oataway.

### DONATIONS

At the end of the School Year in 1953 the following donations were made:—

	£	s	d
Sydney Hospital .....	12	0	0
Rachael Forster Hospital .....	12	0	0
Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children .....	12	0	0
Bush Church Aid Society .....	2	2	0
Crippled Children's Society .....	12	0	0
The R.S.P.C.A. ....	2	0	0
The Spastic Centre .....	10	0	0
The Red Cross Society .....	21	0	0
The Legacy Club .....	5	5	0
Blind Babies' Appeal .....	1	1	0
The Poliomyelitis Society .....	6	0	0
Stewart House Pre-ventorium .....	19	10	0

Special collections were made in February in aid of the Coron-

ation Appeal to which a sum of £50 was donated, and the Westminster Abbey Appeal to which the sum of £19 was given.

**The School wishes to thank:—**  
Mrs. E. Kerrison for the gift of a bronze medallion presented to her aunt, Edith Findlater as a prize for needlework at the International Exhibition in 1879. As Mrs. Kerrison's aunt was a pupil at Fort Street in those far-off days, this gift is of deep interest to all Fortians.

The Fort Street Old Girls' Union for three pictures, one by Hans Heyson, one by Namatjira and one by Max Raglens.

The parent of a pupil in 1C for gramophone records.

Fifth year pupils (1953) for £16/17/6, which was spent on playground forms.

Mr. Knight, the parent of a third year pupil, for theatrical equipment for "Princess Ida".

Mrs. Randall for French and German books for the library.

Mrs. Kerrison for a book by A. A. Milne for the library.

Mr. Griffiths for a book "Didgerri Doo" for the library.

The Oxford University Press for six books by Constance Holme for the library.

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

### THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club under the guidance of Miss Taylor has had an active and successful year

Fourth Year Debate. "Girls Should do National Service Training" was won by the Government under the leadership of Jennifer Livett. That "External Examinations Should be Abolished" was debated very keenly by Fifth Years. Again the Government was successful.

The Inter-House Debates are still in progress, Kent having secured a victory in its support of the statement that "Television is



Not in the Best Interest of the Community."

On 27th March, Fort Street Boys' High School Debating Team visited us. It was the boys' task to convince us that there should be "Equal Pay for Equal Work". They failed in their task. Congratulations go to Joan Warren, Nola Williams, and Judith Anderson, and our thanks to Dr. Mackaness for his adjudication and helpful criticism.

### EXCURSIONS

Parties of girls have, as usual, been taken to places of interest, to concerts, to films, and museums

The Coral Concert on 24th June,

was particularly interesting to the Fort Street Girls as Shirley Knight, one of the third year girls had been selected as soloist. The Vacuum Oil Company again invited the Senior Geography students to see films on the life of the Eskimo, oil processing, soil erosion, wheat and steel.

Groups of students also attended the productions of "The Tempest," "Murder in a Cathedral" "Three One Act Plays" and "Sylvie et le Fantome". while others paid visits to Parliament House, History House, St. Phillip's Church, The Australian Museum, Mitchell Library, Technological Museum and the Mines' Museum.

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## ANNUAL REPORT OF FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION

It is with much pleasure that the committee of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union presents its 34th Annual Report for the year ending June, 1954. The membership of the Union has been increased by 63 members making a total of 979 in all. This number consists of 230 Life Members and 449 Annual subscribers.

Interest in the Union was well sustained throughout the year, the most popular outings once again being those to the theatre. This year theatre parties to the following shows were held. "The Gypsy Baron", "Call Me Madam", "Never Wave at a W.A.C.", "The Joy Nichols' Show" and "Zip Goes a Million". The total profit on these outings being £22/9/2.

This year the Union's annual presentation to the school took the form of three framed pictures, which were to be hung in the school.

The functions held throughout the year were very successful. The Annual Ball was held on 13th April, in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union, was a social and a financial success. Over five hundred people attended and about £80 profit was made by the two Unions. Grave fears were held that the Ball would be poorly attended, but most bookings were not made until the last moment. Debutantes were presented to Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Evatt. An outstanding event of the evening was the "Charleston" danced by members of the Union.

On the 24th June an evening was held at the school, at which Miss Whiteoak gave an interesting talk on her recent trip abroad. About forty members were present on this occasion, and an enjoyable evening was held by all.

The Annual Dinner held on the 21st October last year was very successful. 128 members were



present, this being an increase of 22 over the previous year. This was probably due to change of venue. It was found that, through an oversight, the State Ballroom had been double booked, but through the efforts of the President a booking was made at Cahill's in Elizabeth Street. The Committee was so pleased with the response of the change, that a tentative booking was made for 1954. Entertainment was provided by members of the Union. Our thanks must be recorded here to the pupils of the school for the flowers which decorated the tables.

The welcome to the "new" old girls was held at the school on Saturday, the 28th November. Miss Whiteoak gave her permission for the use of the new gymnasium for the games, and competitions. During the afternoon 49 annual subscriptions and six Life memberships were received.

It is hoped that members will continue their interest in the Union activities, particularly the Ball and the Dinner.

We must express our appreciation for the hard and constant work which Miss King has done as president of the Union over the past two years, and to the new President, Mrs. Martin-Baker, we wish the very best of success.

Appreciation must also be expressed to Miss Whiteoak for her permission to use school buildings

for functions, and also to Miss Turner for her continuous support throughout the year. To all members of the school staff who have assisted at functions held at the school and to the Committee as a whole, our thanks must be given. The strong link which the Union maintains must always be a matter of rejoicing.

In conclusion the Committee extends a warm welcome to "new" old girls and to the new office-bearers, and hopes that in the coming year the member of the Union will continue to support the Unions activities as they have in the past.

—Marion Lillie, Hon. Secretary.

### THE LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle still continues to flourish and indeed to increase its numbers. Four or five girls who were Fifth Years last year have joined us on Sunday afternoons once a month in the Botanical Gardens.

This year we are studying modern dramatists and up to date interesting talks have been given on T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, A. A. Milne and Christopher Fry. Our thanks are due to Miss A. E. Turner who has been our President for many years and to whom we owe so much for the success of the Circle.

—Hilda Bourne, Hon. Secretary.

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### EISTEDDFOD SUCCESSES, 1954.

Our school choir, as was expected, acquitted itself admirably at the recent City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

We won the Girls' School Choral Championship and the Juvenile Choral Championship.

In the Senior School Choirs' Championship we came second and just missed the championship by one mark. We

also came second in the Junior School Choirs' Championship.

The Adjudicator, Mr. D. Hardy of Melbourne University Conservatorium, said that Fort Street's choir was one of the finest he had ever heard. He said that the choir had beautiful tone and richness. Everything about its work was artistic and musical.



## HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY 1953

### Faculty of Arts

Sylvia Lawson: English IV, Honours at Graduation (Second-Class).

Margaret Watts: Credit in Geography III.

Betty Stafford: Distinction in Latin II.

Pamela Mills: Credit in German II.

Lesley Hanks: The Max le Petit Memorial Prize No. 1 for Elementary Greek (First Place). The Garton Scholarship No. 1 for French I. (First Place). Credit in Philosophy I. (First Place). Credit in German I.

Patricia Conder: Credit in Latin I. (First Place). Credit in History I. Credit in English I.

Joan Wilcox: Credit in Psychology I.

Elizabeth Cayzer: Credit in Psychology I.

Anita Pincas. Lithgow Scholarship and Evening Students' Association Prize for Philosophy I. (Credit First Place). Maud Stiles Prize for Women Students (English). The Margaret

Cramp Memorial Prize for Women Evening Students English I. The Evening Students Association Prize English I. Credit in History. Credit in English I (Third Place).

Eva Sommer: Distinction in English I.

### Faculty of Medicine

Miriam Stiel: Distinction in Chemistry I. Credit in Physics I. Botany I and Zoology I.

Winifred Bradley: Distinction in Botany I and Zoology I.

Edith Adler: Distinction in Zoology I.

### Faculty of Science

Beverley Bentley: First Class Honours in Mathematics at Graduation. The Barker Prize for Mathematics. The University Medal for Mathematics.

Margaret Cunningham: High Distinction in Mathematics II. Distinction in Chemistry II.

Margaret George: Credit in Chemistry II.

Helen Ryan: Distinction in Chemistry I. Credit in Physics I.

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## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Ex-Fortian **Winifred Plunkett** was honoured by appointment as an accredited press representative for the Sydney functions of the Royal Visit. She is Editress of the Women's and Children's sections of "The Northern Daily Leader", (published at Tamworth and distributed daily throughout the North West of N.S.W.) and is also special Sydney representative of the paper. For the Royal functions she was attached to

Australian United Press, which serves a chain of papers throughout Australia, by teleprinter and telegram. These include all the country dailies in this State. Armed with credentials which include a Press Police Pass, entree cards, etc. duty actually commenced with the rehearsal of the landing at Farm Cove. On the historic February 3, Winifred found herself in the front row of the press gallery beside the official



dias at Farm Cove. Later assignments included opening of State Parliament, Women's Luncheon



**BEVERLEY BENTLEY**

Winner of the University Medal for Mathematics

at Trocadero, State Banquet, Children's Welcome at Cricket Ground, Lord Mayor's Ball, Royal Enclosure for Randwick Royal Race Meeting, in the foyer to see Her Majesty arrive at Tivoli Gala

Performance, and the Government House Garden Party. As the only woman in the A.U.P. team of ten for the Sydney functions, her reports were written from the woman's angle. Press representatives were driven to and from functions in special bus or official cars, and it was all most interesting, and each and every one was deeply sensible of the honour attached to securing accreditation.

**Beverley Bentley**, who graduated this year became the first woman to receive the Sydney University Medal for Mathematics. Beverley graduated with Class I Honours in Mathematics and was awarded the Barker Prize for Mathematics and the University Research Grant for 1954.

**Marlene Mathews**, a former pupil of this school will be competing in the Empire Games at Vancouver this year. She will be a competitor in the 100 yards Championship, the 220 yards Championship and the 440 yards Relay.

While a pupil at Fort Street, Marlene was Junior Champion in 1948, School Champion and Junior Champion in 1949 and School Champion in 1950.

At the Combined High Schools' Sports in 1948 Marlene won the Junior Championship. In 1950 she was second in the Championship of High Schools and first in the Fifteen Years' Championship.

## STAR HORSES

Night falls  
And the white horses of the heavens  
Creep softly out to graze  
Upon a darkened pasture.

Till dawn  
They feed in peace, then flee  
And disappear; to hide behind  
The cloud hills,  
As the tiger sun  
Streaks from his lair  
To pounce upon them.

—G. Carmichael, 2C.





**HOUSE CAPTAINS AND HOUSE VICE-CAPTAINS, 1954.**

Back Row: Dorothy Gorton, Coralie Campbell, Jayne Crump, Wendy Woolley.  
Front Row: Alison Roper Valma Steward, Barbara Pemberton, Catherine Trahair.



**S P O R T****THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL**

Our Annual Carnival was held on 1st March, 1954. A thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all, and the spectators were very glad of the microphone to announce the results.

Because of the huge number of entries, and the generally enlarged programme, the six-oar race had to be abandoned.

Gloucester won with 89 points, from Bradfield 76, York 42, and Kent 17.

**Results of the Carnival were:—**

School Championship: J. Clark.

Junior Championship: L. Hogan.

16 Years and Over: C. Trehair.

15 Years: P. Schuback.

14 Years: J. Crump.

13 Years: J. Clarke.

12 Years: L. Hogan.

11 Years: C. Mason.

Breast Stroke: C. Trehair.

Junior Breast Stroke: L. Hogan.

Back Stroke: J. Crump.

Junior Back Stroke: L. Hogan.

Rescue Race: V. Steward and A. Roper.

Junior Rescue Race: B. Jones and H. Cleland.

Diving: B. Cutting.

Relay (Senior): Gloucester—C. Trehair, J. King, K. Mockett and J. Crump.

Relay (Junior): Bradfield—J. Clarke, W. Cummings, S. McDonald, and L. Hogan.

Butterfly Breast Stroke: C. Trehair.

Junior Butterfly Breast Stroke: L. Hogan.

**The Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival, 1954.**

The first of April dawned fine and clear—not only April Fools' Day, but the first day of the 35th C.H.S. Swimming Carnival, held

at North Sydney Baths. On Thursday only competitors, fond mothers and girls who were billetting swimmers were present, while on Friday each school was represented by a large number of girls wildly cheering their fellow pupils on to victory. Only Fortians not participating in the Concert were able to go.

From the Harbour Bridge, (where several doting mothers stood all day to see their "little darlings" swim) the blue-green water, surrounded by the stands thronged with girls, wildly waving banners, presented a very pleasant sight.

During the lunch break, some officials, ex-members of a diving troupe which represented Australia in former years, gave us a breathtaking exhibition of diving in formation, and various fancy dives. There were tense moments as one diver did a hand stand on the top tower, then turned over to cut the water like a knife, amid thunderous applause from the crowds.

Although many of our swimmers gained places in the semi-finals, Lyn Hogan was the only one successful in the finals. Lyn came second in the 13 Years Championship and also third in the Junior Breast Stroke. Congratulations Lyn!

Our girls swam very well indeed; perhaps not actually gaining records, but pressing others on to faster times.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Dover Heights as winners of the carnival. We Fortians were most elated at at last defeating our old rivals, St. George, in the point score.

—Barbara Plant.



### THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY

On Friday, 25th June, once again the Fort Street school girls tunics streaming with their green, blue, red and yellow ribbons, marched into the Rushcutter's Bay Oval to hold their Annual Field Day.

The morning programme proceeded as arranged and by the lunch-time break the keenness of House competition was beginning to be felt.

However the enthusiastic spirits were damped by the rain which was so persistent that most of the afternoon programme had to be postponed.



**MARLENE MATHEWS**

Represented Australia at Empire Games in sprinting events.

Disappointment was obvious but no enthusiasm was lacking when on the following week the remaining races and ball games were held in the school grounds.

The afternoon concluded with a Roman Chariot Race organised

by the Fifth Years. This was a full dress affair with the Captain of the School in the role of Julius Caesar.

The school thanks all teachers who organised the various sports and also those who prepared lunch for the staff and visitors. Congratulations go to Bradfield House for winning the points score and also to the winners of all events.

Also we once again congratulate Bradfield House on winning the Ball Games Trophy.

**Final Results were:—**

School Championship: Alison Roper.

Junior Championship: Beryl Mills.

17 Years and Over: Beverley Rogers.

16 Years: Alison Roper.

15 Years: Wendy Woolley.

14 Years: Janeen Andrews.

13 Years: Beryl Mills.

12 Years: Dalma Randall.

11 Years and Under: Wendy Mussett.

Skipping: Wendy Woolley.

Junior Skipping: Janeen Andrews.

Orange Race: Beverley Cutting.

Junior Orange Race: Barbara Bolin.

Sack Race: Jill Henkes.

Junior Sack Race: Janeen Andrews.

House Relay (Senior): York House.

House Relay (Junior): York and Bradfield.

Captain Ball (Senior): Kent.

Captain Ball (Junior): Bradfield.

Under and Over Ball (Senior): Bradfield.

Tunnel Ball (Junior): Gloucester.



## THE QUEEN IN AUSTRALA

The first association of Fort Street Girls' High School with the Royal Tour of Australia was through the Coronation Gift Fund. This fund was proposed by the Government of New South Wales to be used for the welfare of mothers and children in the State to commemorate the Coronation of the Queen. A set of books containing the names of of contributors was to be presented to Her Majesty the Queen during her visit. It was towards the end of the third term last year when Miss Whiteoak held an assembly to give the girls the glad news that Fort Street was one of the State schools chosen to be listed in the first book of the set. It was agreed by all that the school should donate to the Gift Fund the sum of fifty pounds.

The School Captain, Prefects, and seven members of each class had the honour of signing their names on a page of the book.

Again, Fort Street was one of the schools that helped to create a record lift of school children. In one day one hundred and twenty thousand school children were conveyed by means of trains, trams and buses from their schools to three marshalling areas, the Sydney Cricket Ground, Centennial Park and the Showground, where they saw the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. On the morning of the never - to - be - forgotten day, smartly clad in winter uniform and armed with string bags containing lunches and water bottles, the girls of Fort Street waited patiently under the shade of the old fig trees for the arrival of the buses, in which they were to travel to the Showground. There was some anxiety when the buses failed to appear on time but eventually they arrived at the Show-

ground with fully a minute to spare. The Minister for Education, Mr. Heffron, welcomed the Royal Couple when they arrived at the Showground. In reply, the Queen addressed the children, thanking them for their "wonderful and moving welcome". "I am glad and happy at this opportunity of meeting so many children of New South Wales so early in my visit to Australia" she said. "For it is you who will guard the safety and guide the destiny of this country in the years to come, and I feel sure that you will be worthy of that great trust. I wish you all happiness now and in the future."

At the conclusion of the speech, the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh proceeded in an open car to ride around the ground in ever-widening concentric circles. The oval then became a sea of colour as children furiously waved their flags of red, white and blue streamers in the blazing sunshine. Cheering voices were raised to a roar that could be heard miles away when the Queen and Duke drove slowly among the happy children. The Queen and Duke smiled gaily and waved in response to this spontaneous and noisy welcome. Thus the girls of Fort Street, as a school, expressed their loyalty to their monarch in her gracious presence.

On the day of the Queen's departure from Sydney, the school had again an opportunity of showing their loyalty to the Queen as Her Majesty and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, drove past the school on their way to another assembly of schoolchildren at North Sydney.

But for a few lucky Fortians, that is to say the Captain, Prefects and House Captains and Vice-Captains, perhaps the most



memorable occasion of the Royal Tour, was when they represented their school at the departure of the Queen from Sydney on the "Gothic". A long wait was rewarded by the sight of the Queen and Duke on the gangplank waving to the school children assembled on the wharf. After the general cry "We want the Queen" Her Majesty remained on deck until the boat sailed.. Then amidst

songs, ferry hoots, sirens, tears and cheers, the "Gothic" slowly drew away from the wharf and moved down the harbour, its gleaming white hull reflecting the brilliant late afternoon sunshine. We Fortians, stood on the wharf, watching it carry away our beloved monarch and her husband, until it was hidden from our sight by a jutting headland.

—Jan Jorgensen, 5A.

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## LEAVES

Lovely green and brown leaves  
Swaying in the breeze,  
What is the song you sing leaves  
Won't you tell me please?  
Do you sing of golden lands  
Far across the seas?  
Or do you sing of your own land  
Won't you tell me please?

—Patricia Coleman, 1C.

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## MY DOG

My dog is a terrier, a little fox terrier.  
And no dog could be merrier  
Than my dog, the terrier.  
His name is Ruff, but he's not as tough,  
As his name describes him.  
I love him so, I'd like to know,  
Why there are no more like him.

—Robyn Ritchie, 1D.



# CONTRIBUTIONS

## THE VICTOR

### Winning Entry for the Best Contribution in the Senior School

#### Characters:

Lord Robert Seymour.  
 Lady Catherine Seymour, his wife.  
 David Fielding, Catherine's brother.  
 Mr. Darcy, an old friend of the Seymours.  
 The Man in Black, a stranger.  
 Nancy, maid to the Seymours.

**Time:** England in the late 19th Century. It is about seven o'clock in the evening.

**Scene:** The expensively furnished drawing room of the Seymours. It is in complete darkness but for a fire which burns brightly in fireplace at right. A young woman in evening dress stands silently at the window at centre staring into the street below. A maid enters and lights the gas lamps. She starts back in surprise at seeing the mistress.

Nancy: Why my lady, why ever were you standing there in the dark like that?

Catherine: (turns round quickly and there is an expression of strange terror in her eyes. She controls herself with an effort), It is all right Nancy. I was daydreaming I suppose. You know your instructions for to-night? Keep the fire burning and— (She is interrupted as the door at upper R. opens and a man enters. He is also in evening dress and holds a cloak over his arm).

Robert: Sorry to keep you waiting so long my dear, but that wretched man would come at this hour.

Nancy: Excuse me my lady, is that all?

Catherine: Yes, I think so. You may go now Nancy (maid goes out).

Robert: Here, you forgot your cloak (he puts it around her shoulders). It should be a good evening my dear, the Lonsdales' parties are always a success. Do you remember— Why Catherine what is wrong? You're as pale as death, and your hands! They're like ice.

Catherine: Robert would you mind very much if we miss going out to-night? Just this once!

Robert: But why? Are you ill?

Catherine: No. only—

Robert: Only what? I don't understand.

Catherine: I have the strangest feeling. Robert, something is going to happen! I know it is!

Robert: But darling, what could happen?

Catherine: I—I don't know but please, just this once don't go! I'm so afraid!

Robert: Nonsense! We are expected and it would be rude not to appear. Come, don't be foolish! your brother and Mr. Darcy will be here any minute.

Catherine: (showing signs of distress) No, Robert no! You mustn't go!

Robert: You are being childish Catherine. There is no reason . . .

Catherine: But there is! Come, I will show you. (She leads him, puzzled, to the window). There you see, near the street lamp.

Robert: The man in black?

Catherine: Yes. He stands there looking up at the house. There is something evil about him. I am afraid!

Robert: But why should he frighten you?

Catherine: He stares at me, his eyes are hard and cruel and sometimes he smiles . . . I have never seen anything as dreadful as that smile. He will do us some harm Robert. I know it! Please, don't go out to-night

(The door opens and Nancy enters to admit two men, one young, remarkably like Catherine, the other, middle aged and benevolent looking. Nancy goes out again. The younger man, David Fielding goes to Catherine and dutifully kisses her cheek.)

David: Good evening Cathy, All ready? (he stares from Catherine to Robert, surprised) Anything wrong? I say, we haven't interrupted anything have we?

Robert: No, it's quite all right Davy. Good evening Mr. Darcy. Cathy's got the strangest notion that a man down in the street is going to set fire to the house or murder me or something.

David: I know the one you mean! Sinister looking character, all dressed in black. He looks as if he is waiting for someone.

Catherine: He has been there for hours.

Mr. Darcy: I shouldn't worry my dear. What harm could he possibly do?

Robert: That's what I have been trying to tell her sir, but she insists that he is some kind of felon and refuses to go to the party.

David: Best thing to do is to ask the fellow to come up here and let her see for herself.



Robert: That's it! Run down Davy and bring him up.

Catherine: No! You must not bring him into the house.

David: We've got to settle this somehow (he goes out).

(Robert and Mr. Darcy stand watching at the window while Catherine nervously opens and shuts her fan. She turns to say something as the door opens and David comes in with the stranger. The latter wears a long black coat and no hat. His hair and eyes are black, his eyes bright and piercing. It is difficult to tell whether he is old or young. Catherine grasps her husband's hand and stares, terrified at the stranger).

Stranger: (His voice is low and soft) This gentleman tells me you wish to see me, my lord.

Robert: (A little embarrassed). Pray forgive the inconvenience sir but we were wondering if you could help us. It's rather awkward now we are face to face. I beg you will not take offence.

Stranger: Not at all my lord, you begin to intrigue me.

Robert: My wife tells us you have been standing in the street for hours and . . . well she thinks . . .

Stranger: That I am a suspicious character (turns to stare at Catherine. As their eyes meet Catherine retreats a step. A faint expression of annoyance crosses the stranger's face but it is gone in a second). Then I must put her mind at rest. My dear lady, allow me to explain. I have merely been waiting for a . . . a customer.

David: All this time?

Stranger: I am very patient I value my customers highly.

Mr. Darcy: You are in business sir?

Stranger: You might call it that. I'm a kind of collector.

Robert: Collector?

Stranger: It's a fascinating profession my lord.

David: But this person you were waiting for. You must have given up hope of him by now!

Stranger: I never give up hope sir! I often have to wait for a long time but my customers come sooner or later. You see, many people cling to that which they at length yield up to me. It is precious to them.

David: I know what you mean. Had a friend once. Went bankrupt poor fellow and had to sell up all the family possessions. Nearly killed him to give up that house, had been in the family for generations.

Stranger (smiling): Then there are the other kind who are only too eager to get rid of this possession. It has caused them nothing but misfortune

and suffering. Personally, I prefer the other kind. I receive more satisfaction from having won a battle—from being the victor. But now my dear lady, can't we be friends? (He extends his hand to Catherine but she, terrified, retreats behind her husband)

Robert (angrily): Catherine stop this nonsense! This gentleman has been most kind. There is no reason for your behaving in this way.

Catherine: He is evil! Look at his eyes, cruel eyes! Why do you come here like this? We were happy together. Go away and leave us! Look somewhere else for your customers!

Robert: Catherine! Forgive her sir. She does not know what she is saying. Apologise to the gentleman and forget this nonsense! Come we shall be late for the party.

Catherine (sobbing hysterically and throwing her arms around Robert): You shall not go! You shall not!

Robert (pushing her from him enraged): I have tried to reason with you but you are possessed. Are you coming? Very well come David, Mr. Darcy, we will leave her to her madness. My apologies (he opens the door and goes out. David follows but Mr. Darcy remains with Catherine. The stranger turns before he goes out and smiles triumphantly at Catherine, then shuts the door softly. Catherine starts up, beating on door).

Catherine: Robert! Robert!

(There is complete silence. She crosses to the sofa and sits down gazing vacantly into space. Mr. Darcy sits beside her and takes her hand).

Mr. Darcy: Don't worry child. Robert always had a quick temper. He will be back in a little while begging you to forgive him.

(Catherine remains motionless. Suddenly there is the sound of horses feet and cab wheels, screams, the running of feet and sounds of confusion. Mr. Darcy rushes to window and falls onto sofa with his head in his hands. Catherine remains as before as if in a coma. The door bursts open and David rushes in horrified).

David: Catherine! We were crossing the street—a cab—Robert didn't see it—the horse—it was horrible! horrible! (He kneels beside her sobbing. The door opens and the man in black stands in the doorway. All eyes are turned upon him).

Stranger: You see my dear Catherine, it was useless to fight against me. I am all powerful. Now come!

(Catherine stands and walks slowly towards him. She hesitates and he stretches his arms out to her) come!

(She takes a step forward and falls



to the floor. Mr. Darcy rushes and kneels beside her).

Mr. Darcy: Dead! (turns in fury to man in black) You sir! You have murdered them both! What are you, man or devil?

Stranger: She knew the answer. Through her I was almost defeated. But no man possesses the power that is mine. I am almighty.

Mr. Darcy: What are you saying?

Why did you take the life of these two young people? You are evil, evil as she said.

Stranger: To the victor belongs the spoils.

Mr. Darcy: What on earth are you talking about?

Stranger: The victor sir? Why the victor (performs a mock bow) is Death!

—JANICE SPOWART, 5A.

## THE GYPSIES

### WINNING ENTRY FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTION IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Their waggons were covered with every hue  
With red, with orange, with green and blue;  
There were black-eyed women grey and old  
With great round ear-rings of flashing gold.  
Their dogs were of the mongrel kind  
Those strays of faith and love you find.

About the warming fire they sat  
Chanting songs of a witch's cat,  
Telling tales of gnome and ghost  
As the meat in the fire began to roast.

Gay music woke the silent night  
The gypsies danced in the bright firelight  
Ear-rings, bangles, jingle-jangled  
As their arms and feet entangled  
Now a breath of air they'd catch  
Now a rest they'd quickly snatch.

Then the night again was dark  
When the fire had left its mark  
The caravans were trundling past  
Of these queer, gay people we'd seen the last.

Good-bye to the crones so old and grey  
Good-bye to the dancers sprightly and gay  
Adieu to the caravans so bright  
To the songs and tales by the warm firelight.  
Farewell to that never forgotten night  
A fantasy of sheer delight.

—Margaret Fraser, 2D.

## A TRIP TO NOUMEA

After flying above a cyclone in a nightmare trip from Brisbane our plane touched down in bright sunshine on the bumpy grass air-strip at Contouta at seven o'clock in the morning. After passing through customs we drove the twenty miles to Noumea in the



airline's bus, a relie of the days when the Americans were stationed in New Caledonia.

Noumea was very different from the modern city we had expected. Although in the suburbs there were some very modern homes, most of the buildings in the town itself were very old and ramshackle, a few, however, had been torn down and rebuilt as modern, streamlined department stores and offices.

The Kanakas, the original inhabitants of the island, were everywhere in the city. These natives, both men and women, were very tall and strong and looked remarkably young. They had fuzzy black hair and often peroxidized or dyed red on the top. The men, even more than the women, loved to wear tropical flowers behind their ears or in their hair; we often saw the men wearing wreaths of twisted leaves or even grass on top of their hair.

The Kanaka women were even more picturesque still. They wore voluminous, brightly patterned dresses, that were made of some sheer floral material worn over several gay cotton petticoats. The frocks had square yokes and long frills on the sleeves edged with lace. The Kanaka women were particularly fond of cricket and played each Saturday afternoon in the parks in the town. They kept their brightest dresses for the game, which very little resembled cricket as we know it for there were often four batters and dozens of fielders.

The life in New Caledonia was completely different from life here in Sydney. The outside world except France and Australia scarcely seemed to exist for the people who never discussed politics. Mme. Lefevre, our hostess was like all French women,

very interested in cooking, and M. Lefevre was a connoisseur of French cheese, so our meals were always very interesting. We began with every plate we were going to use piled up in front of us and worked our way through them until the meal finished. Twice we even ate snails, which were cooked and served in melted butter in long sea-snail shells. There were tiny forks with two curved prongs for taking the snails from the shells. The snails tasted a little like tender grilled steak, but the exact flavour of the meat is very hard to describe.

I was very interested in the system of schooling in Noumea. The children, like those in France, go to school on Saturdays instead of Thursdays. School in Noumea began at half-past seven and went through until eleven when the children came home for lunch and a siesta. (All business in the town stopped for a siesta at lunch time). The children went back to school at one o'clock until four o'clock.

The school course seemed in some respects to be harder than ours. Josette Lefevre who was nine, was learning advanced biology. Yet Alain who was almost thirteen, and who had been studying English for a year, knew only simplest words and could scarcely put a very simple sentence together. The whole family was astonished to find we knew a few French songs and even more astonished to know that we had learnt about French authors at school.

A great deal was expected of even the youngest school children. Both Alain and Josette had to begin their homework immediately they came home. They continued after dinner at night and had to repeat their lessons word by word to M. Lefevre, who made them



learn them again if they were not word perfect or could not answer his questions. Yet the children did not seem to mind such a great amount of work.

We were in New Caledonia at the beginning of the cyclone season and the trip planned for us to the north of the island had to be cancelled because of roads cut by flooded rivers. We had a trip half way up the west coast, across the mountains, down the east coast, back across the island and south to Noumea again. We were away for three days and two nights. The first night we spent in a country hotel; I shall never forget that night. The mosquitoes afforded no protection because it was full of holes, and as well as being attacked by mosquitoes, we were tormented by tree-fleas which flew into our room. There was also a wasp's nest on the head of the bed. It was at this hotel that we saw "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman"—in French!

The last day of our trip we visited a nickel mine on a plateau two thousand feet above this, a small village on the east coast. We had to drive eight miles over twisting roads inches deep in thick, red mud. At times the jeep seemed bound to fall over the edge, thousands of feet into the valley below.

Another day a whole party of us visited the Armeedee Lighthouse. We went out to the lighthouse, which stands on a small island near a gap in the coral reef twelve miles out to sea from Noumea in the pilotage boat "La Jeanne." Later in the day we went out to sea through the gap in the reef and fished. I caught several brightly striped banana fish. Alma twice almost caught a shark. Once he almost pulled her out of the boat into the water, which was so transparent that we could watch the enormous hammerhead as it swam around deep in the sea.

There were many other interesting days: we swam at "l'Anneau" a spot in the river at Dumbea, where the current swung round in a circle, and at Anse-Vata and the Bail des Citrons where there was no surf because of the coral reef; we drank Coca-Cola and ate French Sandwiches at the Biarritz; we sat on the bank of a river near a native-owned coffee plantation and drank the milk from cocoa-nuts given to us by the local native chief; we did these and so many other things, that when we returned to the noise and confusion of Sydney we looked back with even more pleasure on the lazy care-free life we led in New Caledonia.

—Nina Sneddon, Arts I.

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## THE BEST CHRISTMAS I HAVE EVER SPENT

Looking back over Christmases of the past few years it is hard to realise just why one Christmas is more memorable than another. They are all so very different, or at least, so they seem in memory. Each Christmas is something unique remembered, perhaps, be-

cause of a wonderful present, an amusing or sad happening or perhaps simply because of a happiness and joy that is always manifest at Christmas. Some Christmases are but dim memories, happy memories, but vague and shadowy. So perhaps it is partly



for that reason, although not altogether that I think my best Christmas was the Christmas celebrated only last year.

I was sixteen and conscious that Christmas was something more than a day to receive numerous and exciting presents. The days for hanging up pillow slips were gone. I was as everyone said "really much too old" but nevertheless secretly I regretted it for it seemed to break the last link with the Christmases of Santa Claus and fairies and toys.

In the morning we all went to church. Christmas morning is different from any other morning of the year. It is quite impossible to say that Christmas Day is Wednesday, Thursday or Saturday. It is none of these; it is something quite special and as we went to church we knew in the cool freshness of the summer morning it could only be Christmas Day. The Church was dim and quiet and when we came out the sun had risen and the freshness of the morning was gone. Already we had met friends, greeted them, exchanged presents with a special few and now we began again.

I always love this part of Christmas and this year I had my own special friends to visit. I forgot I was sixteen and "quite grown up" and ran—first into one house and then another. In each there was that feeling of Christmas. Some were still having breakfast and having said "Merry Christmas" they urged me to sit down and stay for a while. Coloured wrappings were spilt everywhere—presents lay scattered on beds and tables. Gradually I dispersed my own carefully wrapped presents and in their place gathered an-

other collection just as carefully wrapped.

I looked at my watch and saw it was time for me to be home. Then I had to go with my father and mother in the car to visit friends. Now I had to be sedate and ladylike. I remember the numerous glasses of lemonade I consumed the nuts and the crystallized fruit! How could I possibly eat dinner?

There were ten of us around the table. John and Vaughan, the two children, having patiently eaten soup and oysters refused to eat any more until the pudding and of course threepences, arrived. Nana hovered round them anxiously while I was much too busy with turkey and pork and apple-sauce to worry about them at all. We all had bon-bons and John cried because his would not go "bang". Of course the pudding was wonderful. Strangely enough I do not like puddings during the year but on Christmas Day I avow it tastes different and I really do like it.

Gradually, after dinner, people drifted casually in the direction of nice comfortable chairs, lounges and beds till at last I was left alone till it was time for yet another meal—tea.

Tea was a family affair. It was the first time so many of us had been together for a very long while, and after it we gathered round the piano and sang carols while outside it was quite dark and another Christmas Day had gone. We climbed into our cars feeling very tired. Good-byes were said a little sadly for we knew we would not all be together again like this for a long time. Horns honking loudly we drove off into the night—to home and bed.

—Joan Warren, 5A.



## MOONLIGHT FANTASY

As the night wore on Sally became more and more ill at ease among her aunt's society acquaintances. She was just a fresh country girl and hated the artificiality of these city highbrows. She hated trying to be witty and to show an avid interest in the latest fashions, but most of all she hated the patronage which these people tried to bestow on her.

At last she was able to escape into the garden which was her favourite haunt. Here she need not be restrained and dignified. As she gaily walked along the pebbled paths and over the dewy grasses she once more became her usual frolicsome, carefree self. Suddenly she stopped, listened and gazed carefully around her. Were not the rustling grasses whispering about her, yon nightingale serenading her and the little flowers peeping up at her from under their languid petals?

"Oh, sweet-smelling flowers," she whispered as she gently touched them one by one, "You are more beautiful than any of those vain ladies chattering and laughing about their admirers, and yet you are not proud, nor jealous, nor conceited. If the gentle breezes choose to pay you court, let them; if the birds sing you all their latest melodies, let them; if the rains and the winds and the hand of man ruin you, let them. But remember, little flowers, you are far more precious, far more exquisite and far more pure than aught that I have ever seen."

Then she tripped over to the pond, sat on a rock stone and leaning over, gazed at the dark reflections and dipped her fingers in the limpid waters.

Thus Sally sat for quite some time in the still moonlight, and then in a moment of fantasy stood erect and surveyed the garden. "Hearken to my words children of nature and listen what I have to tell you. Do not sigh because you hear the enchanting music wafting out on the breeze and the happy laughter of those people inside. Do not weep because you see the woebegone lover wandering here in the moonlight. They are all mortals, affected and foolish and you, you are simple, pure and beautiful. They do not know the secret of life, but here in your garden you live a life which I envy you, so please, oh please be happy."

Here Sally broke off, feeling inwardly afraid lest anyone had heard her. She turned to go inside and as she moved along the path, she heard faint twitterings behind her. When she turned she saw the garden was once more alive, the birds were singing, the flowers were lifting their petals and a gentle breeze was causing the water to ripple and the grass to rustle.

"Oh how happy you have made me!" Sally whispered, and from the garden seemed to come a faint reply, "Oh how happy you have made us!"

—June Palmer, 4A.

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## YOU ARE FREE!

It is cold. So cold that my fingers are numb and I can feel the frosty air biting into my

cheeks. Cold but pure—for the air that touches my cheeks is pure as only the air of early morning



ever can be. But what do I care for cold and frost when I'm free? I have come out into the world this morning as free as Nature herself and my being is tense and thrilled with the thought of my freedom. Just to wander along this rough, little track and kick the toes of my shoes in the soft, powdery dust makes my soul rejoice.

The world is still a shadowy place where silence holds its magic sway. Above the sky is grey and the pale faint moon is stealing one last glance at the world it has guarded in the dead of night.

And now there is a tremor. Yes, this great world trembles as a rosy flush in the east whispers that the sun is coming. I pause spellbound and a sensation of reverence, of solemnity takes possession of my beating heart. The hill ahead of me becomes outlined in golden radiance, the whisper has grown to a tumult of adoration as the fiery rim of the sun appears. Every dewdrop flashes, the vague, lulling murmur of nature banishes silence and another day is born! Oh, that I should be free to see this! Released from silent adoration I want to run, to laugh, to take part in this wondrous birth.

In fact I do begin to run but a whirr of wings stops me. A

flock of parrakeets take flight nearby and I watch as they circle in the air and then alight in a quivering gum starkly outlined against the pale sky.

Reaching the top of the hill I look at the world about me. There is a creek—a quiet place where the willows trail their pale green in the cool, deep, green water. The sun throws a yellow beam through the trees onto the water. It is now a mass of blinding light warming and colouring our little world—lending us some of its own glory. But it is too glorious, too fierce to watch now that it has risen and I turn my head towards a field with a golden crop guarded by a row of sturdy, dark firs. A ringing cry cuts across my thoughts! Down there to the left Dave is driving the cows to the milking shed. Dave, in his dirty, worn, clothes, his shock of red hair gleaming, is a part of the scene from the hill and his cry makes me aware that they are awake down at the homestead.

A great peace fills my soul. Life is complete and wonderful! Oh, can it be true? Can I really be free to enjoy all this—the silence that is night, the glorious awakening of the dawn? My heart leaps in my breast and tells me, "Yes you and all men are free to enjoy this!"

—Nola Williams, 5A.

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## SITTING BY THE FIRE

Coming home from school on a bitterly cold day, I rushed into the house and went straight to the fire which was as warm and friendly as ever. The flames were like ballet dancers leaping across the stage and the hiss of the bubbling sap was like that of a furious snake.

As I gazed into the fire the flames seemed to form fairies, gnomes and dancers, all leaping and prancing hungry to eat the wood and coal.

Soon a feeling of peace and contentment came over me as I enjoyed this fire on a winter day.

Glynis Hardgraves, 1B.



## TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Camp time is drawing near once again, and with it comes trouble for me. Trying to handle my mother, is my problem, and to convince her of the bare essentials needed for me to take away. She firmly believes I am going to freeze to death, without her to mind me, so, out comes the largest suitcase in the house and into it go all the clothes I own. Woollies and cardigans are her specialty, even during mid-summer, and just in case the brilliant summer sunshine should give way over night to mid winter chills. Mummy firmly believes such things can happen. So I spend my time taking all these unnecessary garments out whilst she is out of the

room. Just when I think everything is going smoothly, she discovers the things and back they all go. Then the argument starts which results in her leaving me to "please myself", quite convinced that she has reared an ungrateful child. The bag is packed and closed and I retire to bed feeling that at last I have educated my parent to my standards.

The next day, I arrive at camp, unpack my case only to find most of the clothes I discarded are there and they are all the ones I will never need, but that doesn't mean that mummy and I will not have the same argument all over again next time.

—Shirley Sweet, 2C.

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## THE TARPEIAN WAY

At one end of the Capitoline Hill in Rome, was a cliff called the Tarpeian Rock or Hundred Steps.

From this rock any person found guilty of treason or a condemned criminal was hurled to a certain death. According to Roman legend a maiden, Tarpeia, when promised golden bracelets by the Sabines, betrayed to them the Citadel of Rome, for which act she met her death by being crushed under the weight of shields which the Roman soldiers threw upon her.

For sixty-one years New South Wales was a prison settlement and during this time many convicts trod the steps of the Tarpeian Way, presumably named after the cliff in Rome. From their ships anchored in Sydney Cove the prisoners marched along

this melancholy path to the barracks in Macquarie Street, from which they would soon be sent to the road gangs, or to be assigned labourers at some farm.

The Tarpeian Way, possibly one of the oldest paths and stairs cut from the solid rock around Sydney Harbour, is nine hundred and seventy feet long. It branches off sharply near the northern end of Macquarie Street, opposite the back entrance to Government House, and runs along the edge of a cliff which forms one boundary of lower Macquarie Street. On the the cliff side it is bordered by a high, spiked, iron fence, and at its highest point the pathway is thirty-three feet above street level.

This pathway leads to the chief feature of the Tarpeian Way, fifty three steps which descend to



the roadway at Fort Macquarie. The steps, each longer than twenty feet, were carved from rock by the convicts, and are, like the path bordered by a spiked, iron fence with huge stone pillars at regular intervals. The name "Tarpeian Way", is cut, in beautiful lettering, in the rock face above.

When one stands at the beginning of the pathway with the towers of Government House to the left across a stretch of green lawn, all is in complete contrast with the overgrown landscape the convicts saw so many years ago. The Tarpeian Way is indeed a fine relic of Old Sydney.

—Christine Dobson, 2A.

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### SONG OF THE SKI

Wooden wings! Skimming thro' a world of silver-blue  
Where the crystals whistle back to take their track  
And the powder slopes go sweeping on before.  
Swift as arrows dart, they glide  
Weaving patterns on the mountain side,  
Linking earth with sky—

Singing skis! Freed in foams of silver speed  
Where the mighty summits rise to meet the skies  
And the frozen forests glitter in the sun.  
Like some bird they wheel aside,  
Flashing downwards faster slide,  
Linking earth with sky—

—Louise Frankel, 5A.

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### THE ROCKS

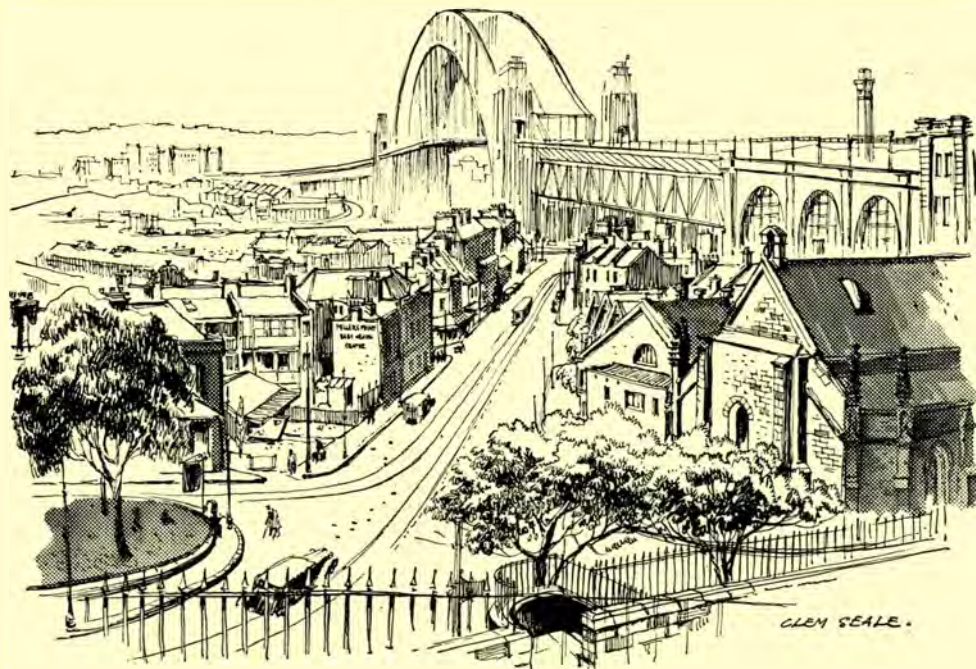
Fort Street School is built close to an area which embraces one of the oldest and most historic parts of Sydney—an area where first inhabitants were among the colony's earliest, and whose name is one of the most ancient European names in Australia.

In the early days of 1788, when the social barriers which divided rich and poor, freemen and bondmen, were strongly marked and keenly felt, Sydney's officials and administrators lived on the east side of Sydney Cove. To the west side were ordered the convicts. Here, on the western spur, they found hard, inhospitable layers of

sandstone blunting the edges of their rough tools; and thus they called it "The Rocks." Their descendants and others have continued to use this name for over one hundred and fifty years.

On the point of this side of the Cove a small observatory was built under the direction of Lieutenant William Dawes, whom the Board of Longitude had commissioned to observe "the expected comet". Dawes, a lieutenant on the "Sirius", and a man possessing some scientific knowledge, stayed in Australia about four years, and his observatory at Dawes Point, as it had come to be known, con-





The Rocks area of Sydney at Millers Point, with the Bridge dominating the background. Clem Seale's drawing looks north along Lower Fort Street, with Argyle Place in the foreground and the Garrison Church (built in 1840) at right.

—By Courtesy Sydney Morning Herald.



tinued to function until the present building, with its domed telescope was erected, a little higher up Observatory Hill in 1858.

At Dawes' Point, too, a battery of cannon was built during Phillip's governorship, and until Fort Denison was fortified over sixty years later it was one of Sydney's most important defences. In 1853 there were six twenty-four-pounder guns, a number of which, their muzzles pointing seaward, are still to be seen.

During the next fifty years the Rocks grew into a popular and unruly section of Sydney, inhabited by such men as convicts and patriots who were still intensely loyal to their native countries. Rough as was the locality, however, some element of higher development had entered into it, for in 1840 the foundation stone of the Garrison Church of the Holy Trinity was laid. Within the walls of the completed building the scarlet-coated members of the 50th Queen's Own Regiment worshipped for nearly forty years—under compulsion, and the Rector's stipend was adjusted according to the number of soldiers who attended. In the Church itself can be seen the insignia of all the regiments which have served in the City of Sydney since the early days. The exquisite windows in the Church commemorating names famous in History give this Garrison Church an outstanding beauty and interest.

Attached to the Church was a school, which was in existence between the years 1832 and 1901. Amongst its many famous pupils was Australia's first Prime Minister, Edmund Barton.

The growing commerce of the town and the increased shipping which passed through the port

gave rise to the need for a thoroughfare from George Street North to Darling Harbour. At first it was planned to drive a tunnel through the rocky ridge which stood between them, but finally an open cut passage was decided upon, and about 1854 the Argyle Cut was constructed. It provided a link between the main district of the Rocks and the Miller's Point area.

Miller's Point, too, was at that time a rather lawless locality, haunted by thieves who made it unsafe by day as well as by night. But this was only a passing phase. In the early part of the Century it had been quite a fashionable locality, in which many wealthy shipowners and merchants, preferring to live close to the scene of their business activities had their residences tucked away amidst more modern surroundings. Old store houses, now grey with age and soot, are still to be found—survivals of the days when the tempo of life in Sydney was more leisurely.

In this district was situated the first market place set up in the colony. Here, too, was one of its earliest windmills. This was the property of "Jack Leighton, the miller", from whom Miller's Point took its name.

To-day the Rocks and Miller's Point are quiet residential areas, while nearby Darling Harbour is the centre of Sydney's shipping and commerce. Their history has been colourful, if not distinctive, and although, during the construction of the steel and concrete approach to the Harbour Bridge which is now a prominent landmark in the district, many of the old buildings disappeared, traces of early Sydney are not hard to find in the structures around us.

—Judith H. Anderson, 5A.



## NOAH'S ARK

"Noah's Ark" is a group of little cottages situated in Lower Kent Street behind Fort Street G.H.S., and built by Thomas Glover, an Englishman. Glover, a stonemason by trade, came to N.S.W. when he was seventeen, and as a reward for faithful service rendered in the erection of some of Sydney's historic buildings, received from Governor Macquarie a grant of land on which "Noah's Ark" is built.

The grant had a frontage of 175 feet to Kent Street. On this land Mr. Glover erected four houses, three of the cottage type, and one more noteworthy one of two storeys. One of the cottages was demolished when the bound-

dary wall of the Fort Street school grounds fell. Mr. Glover's widow, his second wife, permitted the authorities to cut through the grant, so as to continue Kent Street towards Millers Point, beyond, hence the elevated position of the cottages. Mr. Clarendon Stuart called the cottages, the "Noah's Ark" on account of their resemblance to a house-boat.

In my opinion the prettiest one is built of large blocks of beautiful sandstone, a deep contrast to the chipped rock wall in front of the house. Although these unique houses are in an obscure part of the city, they are admired and praised by all antiquarians and tourists.

—Virginia Walton, 2A.

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## A TRIP TO DENMARK

M/s "Malaya" had accommodation for twelve passengers but there were seven on the ship when she majestically sailed through the Sydney heads last June—and we were three of them.

After four days we reached Adelaide, and there saw the trolley buses which took us from our berth in Port Adelaide to the lovely city itself. We visited the magnificent Art Museum, where I touched, against all regulations, a real Hans Heysen painting, and saw a beautiful sculpture called "Puma with Macaw in its Mouth" but an even more impressive piece of art was the huge War Memorial, surely one of the grandest War Memorials in all Australia. We left Adelaide with many memories, but what we remembered most was the beautiful architect-

ture in this well laid out city. How we admired each wide tree-lined street!

One tends, when one has done nothing but play (deck-golf and cards), eat and sleep, to momentarily lose interest in ships in general. After four long weeks, it was with genuine relief that we greeted the huge brown rock outside Aden, a huge brown dragon, silhouetted against a sallow yellow sky, sleeping on the green-grey sea, looming over the horizon.

Behind this barren monster lay the buzzing harbour — Aden, noisy, oily, dusty was she. Arabian traders in their grubby little boats hovered around the ship like flies bargaining, shouting, shaking silken scarves, shirts, shell necklaces, souvenirs, chew-



ing-gum, and when all failed, shaking their fists at us as we lay there, waiting for our ship to leave. All too soon, "Malaya" left Aden, city of King Solomon's seldom moist water tanks, city of tame goats and skinny camels, and we were suddenly in the Red Sea.

In almost suffocating heat, the misty shores of un-exciting Araby slid past. Then we reached Suez, and waved condescendingly to coppery old de Lesseps, who stands alone, gazing over his canal as he disappeared behind us. Then came hour after hour of the monotonous canal—an occasional hawk wheeling past the convoy, shrouded natives scurrying past us on one bank, green and fruitful, a lonely camel rider rocking past us on the opposite bank, which was so very sandy and barren. Even the contrast between the two sides ceased to be interesting—for except where we passed the Great Bitter Lakes and Ismailia, this contrast remained the same for the full one hundred and one miles of Suez Canal.

Eventually Port Said blinked her city lights before us—in my opinion Port Said is the northern version of Aden with its squalor and filth, the goats and fowls, the camels, the natives—all the same. Here three more passengers boarded the ship and we burst into the Mediterranean.

The sorrow of leaving the Southern Cross diminished as we greeted the European constellations and what joy it was to hear

the European wireless once more, especially after the unmelodious babble of the Arabian music.

As "Malaya" passed the Straits of Messina, her passengers stood on the bow, watching through binoculars, the people who bathed on the glimmering beaches.

Stromboli, inky black in the purple night, was unforgettable. We wondered how its inhabitants could bear being so isolated from the rest of the world.

No sea is bluer than the Mediterranean, no shores are greener than the fruitful shores of Italy. After weeks of the blue of the Mediterranean, finally we reached Genoa. We bade our new friends in both passengers and crew good-bye, and were on our way to Denmark—by train. Snowy Switzerland with her glittering mountain peaks we passed by night, but we had been that way before, and could recall from last time the silver sparkling waterfalls that bound down her mountain sides. Through Germany we sped, admiring the many changes that had been made since we, four years ago, had passed the same way. Still scarred from the last war were her railway stations, but the cities around them had healed fast, and huge buildings had, it seemed, sprung up overnight.

At 2 a.m. we at last crossed the German border, and a little later, tears rushed to our eyes as we left the train and stood on the firm red earth of Denmark.

—Hanne Kreutzer, 2B.

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## LEARNING TO DRIVE

Have you ever sat in the back seat of a car while your mother was learning to drive? As this is perhaps an unusual experience,

let me give you some idea of what it is like.

The first time we went out, shiny yellow learner plates at-



tached to front and rear of the car, I looked upon it as a somewhat amusing adventure but in a very short time I realised that it was no less than a hair-raising experience. That car spent its time either leaping violently or repeatedly stalling. It seemed to be possessed of a malicious intent to do everything contrary to the driver's wishes. After a while it felt better about things and crept along quietly at a vicious five miles per hour. It would persist, however, in wandering carelessly from one side of the road to the other.

When out for the customary driving lesson one day, my father decided that it was time for mother to turn a rather sharp corner. The car behaved quite nicely until we reached the corner, but you can imagine what happened next. The car swerved and very nearly went on to the footpath on the right hand side of the road. Unluckily, a huge truck was coming the other way and (my heart was already in my mouth) I thought a crash was inevitable. Father frantically signalled to stop to the oncoming driver, Mother being quite incapable of giving any kind of signal at this juncture. The truck stopped and we regained the correct side of the road.

Another time we were about to turn the same corner and we missed it altogether; the car even started to climb the bank at the side of the road. It was only my father who stopped this trip into the bush. He wrenched the wheel (which mother was clinging to as if her life depended upon it) to the right and so saved us.

Whenever a car appeared in the distance my mother would get panicky and break out in a cold sweat (even if it were two miles away). Usually she would stop our car until the other had passed.

The man of the house decided that this must cease, so he ordered my distressed mother to continue. As usual she broke out in a cold sweat but instead of stopping, she continued and found out that it wasn't so bad after all.

The car soon turned into a monster for her, and a mechanical brute for me. It became so bad that we had to coax her to enter the car, and it was a sheer impossibility to get her to drive it. Soon she got over that and noticeably improved, but not so much as to get her licence. As yet she hadn't tried to reverse but that would come later. We had to learn to do hill-starts at the moment.

Oh! those hills! How that poor engine roared—and then at the psychological moment, stalled! That involved, then, much pulling at the self-starter, much more roaring of the engine, and, after many attempts away we would go again. Mother visibly relieved, and I, thankful.

Finally came the reversing. Have you ever seen a crayfish shoot backwards in a pond? The car seemed to be built on the same principle—back it would go like a crayfish for the nearest fence or tree. How I stood it I shall never know. But all things come to an end and after much practice the car gradually acted more as a car should.

The last couple of days were utter boredom for me because we went over and over the necessary licence test.

Yes, Mother was successful and received the precious paper.

I sometimes think that I should have been given a medal for bravery. If there were such things as grey hairs for children, then I should be now white. When it comes my turn to learn, though, I have a feeling that Father will not be my teacher!

—Delwyn Kitley, 1A.



## DOWN STEPNEY LANE

Such noise, such uproars, such people can only be found down good old Petticoat Lane! A thousand voices and the noise of carts and crates and salesmen blend together to be heard all over Stepney.

As we walk down the Lane, or try to, we are pushed and pulled, tripped and shouted at, but find it great fun. As peals of laughter meet us, we stop to listen to the most amusing person in the world—a Cockney Salesman on top of his stall trying to sell a salad set.

There he is with an old tweed cap over one eye, a worn green lumber jacket half done up, baggy brown trousers, and a scarf round his neck, and his arms waving everywhere, just catching a falling vase in time, and regaining his balance expertly from long experience.

“... Now, what about this 'ere fine, magnificent, this unparalleled set of glassware and dirt cheap at that.”

“What have I 'ere, I have a fine, crystal, ambercoloured salad bowl. Do you want to eat salad from a salad bowl No! Therefore I have one, I have two, I have three delicate, exquisite, delightful salad bowls.

“There they are. Aint they

lovely? Hear 'em, (a finger nail flicks the bowl). Is that cracked? Does it ring? Like a peal o' bells! Five pieces to the set there is, but do I want five pounds? No! Do I want four? No! Will anybody give me three-ten? Three? Two-ten: don't say you bought it, say you pinched it. O.K thirty bob and I'll starve.”

Here three other members of the firm join their pal.

“Thirty-bob for five bee-aautiful salad bowls . . . thirty-bob to the lady in the green coat, Jim. No charge for the paper, lady.”

The salad set, (worth about ten shillings) comes hurtling down to Jim who presses it into the hands of the lady in the green coat while another partner takes her money and the fourth hands up the next offer.

We try to count his innumerable gadgets out on display. There are needles for sewing ladies' stockings, things for cutting vegetables, a roller that is supposed to put an imitation grain in unpainted wood. We could go on forever, but these Sunday mornings at Petticoat Lane seem to go so quickly that we will just have to come back again next Sunday.

Janice Cohen, 3B.

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## “THE MOVE”

Never in my whole life have I undergone such a ghastly sensation as that experienced a few weeks prior to, and a few weeks after, “The Move” My family moved exactly half a mile from our previous dwelling but judging by the furious, frightening time endured by one member of the family at least, it would have

been thought that we were travelling at least as far as the moon.

Of course, we suffered a number of false alarms. Inquisitive friends when continually asking the date of “the Move” got a continually different answer. Naturally by the time we did move, no-one knew where anything was Fully four weeks before the final



date, my sister and I spent one whole day (which could have been spent more profitably on a hike) in packing our books into cartons. But we, being a literature-loving pair, no sooner had packed them than we urgently needed a book which, of course, happened to be at the bottom of the last carton we emptied. Mum and Dad grinned at each other and wondered why we were making such a fuss. But it was a completely different story when Mum had to empty every carton she had packed in search of a needed knitting pattern and when Dad couldn't for the world find his spanner.

And windows! Naturally, I saw little of them, my usual excuse of exams looming in the future, satisfying my mother, who knew no doubt, that it would have been hopeless my doing any because they would only have to be done again by her. The little girl next door was employed to count the window panes, the total being one hundred and sixty-nine. But as my mother triumphantly remarked to my father, that meant three hundred and thirty-eight because they had to be cleaned on both sides. Anyway, mum set to work, standing on her little stool (which dad has since broken) and rubbing each spot for at least ten minutes before she had begun to be satisfied. In one room upstairs we had a huge plate-glass window which could not be reached, on the outside by sitting on the sill so father was employed in this task. He lightheartedly sprang onto the three-inch wide ledge, rubbed away, completely oblivious of the forty foot drop below him, while my mother and I comforted each other with smelling salts.

Finally the windows were finished for the first time (owing to rain between them and "the Move", they were cleaned twice again). Finally, too, everything

was packed in cartons except the bare necessities for tomorrow's breakfast.

The great day dawned—mum and dad arising at 3 a.m. to discover that they were experiencing the coldest morning for nine months—not of course, that they had to listen to the radio to know that. I arose four hours later and was told to "hurry up for once in your life," and to "wear everything you need for a few days for something is sure to be lost in 'the Move'."

The carrier arrived. A jovial fellow pranced down the front path, grinning at all and sundry and hoping that everything was ready. Everything was—even the breakfast plates and the tea and milk and sugar which my mother very reluctantly packed in an easily remembered pot.

All the morning the two men and my father packed things into the carrier, giving my mother heart failure as invariably they tossed the cartons containing "my best glass-ware" from one to another. Our very welcome repast at lunch was supplied by a kindly neighbour.

Then the carrier made its departure to the new residence. I following an hour later on bicycle, discovered, most things neatly in place and looking as if they had stood there for years.

Mother, the fastidious worker, spent hours cleaning the already spotless "old" residence and finally, at a very late hour, arrived at the new home. (She had sworn at 3 a.m. that morning that we would be out of the other house by noon). She walked into the kitchen and embraced the gas stove, far superior, in her opinion to the old electric one.

Well, we've been here a week and things are beginning to look up. I think we're even having visitors on Sunday. Mum and dad have already painted the kitchen



and the front steps, and are planning to rearrange all the colour schemes in all the rooms and to build a couple of extra rooms on the back, but who cares? I am not trusted enough to be employed as a painter or a builder and, at any

rate, if such a danger did occur, there is always the old excuse that "the exams are very close and you know how disgusted you would be if I failed and it would be all your fault, so you can't expect me to ....."

—Margaret Pearson, 4A.

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## THE STORY OF THE NORTH WIND'S DAUGHTER

The tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Princess Alexandra of Denmark leant forward out of the window of the small bedroom in the Ivory Tower that was her own and listened to the soft, gentle voice of the North Wind whispering among the stately trees which formed an avenue along the entrance drive. This led to the beautifully carved doors of her father's palace in Christiania.

The wind was calling her, calling softly, softly yet clearly and distinctly, whispering to her, "Come my daughter! Come, come to my home in the hills on the bank of the Inden River!"

Alexandra knew she must obey. The wind was calling her; though the way was rough, she must go.

Turning, she sped down the steps, out through the doorway at the base of the Ivory Tower, down through the avenue of trees and out through the massive gateway that stood open to await her father's return from his hunting trip in the Anea Woods.

Onward she ran, until she dropped, exhausted, on the grass. Then up again and on, over stones, through streams, up hills,

and all the while the North Wind was calling her, calling her onward.

For many a day and for many a night she ran on till at last she reached the summit of the cliff that overlooked the North Wind's Palace. Then came a sheer drop and the Inden River separated her from her objective.

But the North Wind was calling her more firmly, more distinctly, more kindly, "Come, come, my daughter! Come come!"

So with a last look back she jumped from the cliff and the Nymph of the Inden River, sister to the great North Wind, washed her body up onto the cool sand in front of the Crystal Palace.

Then Vanae the North Wind, carried her in his arms to the Gods who sit and feast all day, on a high mountain peak. And the Gods had compassion on her and changed her soul into a wandering breeze whose task it was to warn poor sailors of any dangers ahead. But when even came she could return to the home of Vanae, her father.

Brenda Robertson, 2A.



## AN ENGLISH AUTUMN AFTERNOON

It was a warm, sunny afternoon in late Autumn, where in the county of Kent stood a large wood mainly composed of deciduous trees. It was just before sunset, and the golden rays of the sun were filtering through the nearly bare branches, onto the thick carpet of soft, reddy-brown leaves, that had fallen in the wind.

Far away, there was a distant hum of the busy traffic, and somewhere above in the cloudy sky there came the sound of a droning aeroplane. There were one or two rustles and the sound of a twig snapping. There was a sudden gust of wind, making the blades of grass wave to and fro, and the last pretty leaves flutter gently to the ground, leaving the naked, skeleton branches high up above them.

The sun slowly sank beneath the horizon, and the darkening clouds scudded across the sky, while the shadows of the trees made ghostly shapes. Time passed. An owl and his mate called softly across to each other. The outline of a full moon could faintly be discerned peering out with a silvery smile, while the stars twinkled brightly. A sharp wind blew coldly across the country making leaves and shadows dance.

I wrapped my coat around me tightly and started from my mossy seat, where I had been watching all the movements of that beautiful afternoon, and made my way slowly back home, my heart filled with all the glory of the past few hours.

—Nancy Bates, 1C.

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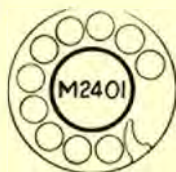
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