



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine

of the

Fort Street Girls' High School

OCTOBER, 1955.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE.

THE STAFF.

Principal: Miss L. WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

Deputy Principal: Miss D. DEY, M.A.

Department of English:

Miss J. LEMM, M.A. (Mistress).

Mrs. G. AHRENS, B.A. (N.Z.)
(Librarian).

Miss B. CARRUTHERS, B.A.

Miss B. COLE, B.A.

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Miss R. DREW, B.A.

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Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss M. CARNELL, B.A.

Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

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(Mistress).

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Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc.

Miss E. SMALL, B.A.

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Miss P. SOUTHWELL, B.Sc.

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

Miss H. ROBERTS, B.A.

Miss M. O'BRIEN, B.A., (W. Aust.).

Miss E. CARR, B.A.

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

Needlework: Miss J. BURTON

Music: Miss K. R. KELLY, A.Mus.A., S.M.T.C.

Mrs. G. HICKS, Dip. Phys. Ed.

Miss E. HENDERSON, Dep. Phys. Ed.

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ROBIN YOUNG

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

**SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1955.**

Back Row: Jan Champion, Patricia Turner, Dorothy Roan.
Middle Row: Janice Leaney, Pamela Cureton, Barbara Plant; Janice Hopwood.
Front Row: Rosalind Lowe, Pamela Staggs (Vice-Captain), Jan Morrison (Captain), Noeline Bennett, Margaret Ryan.

STAFF CHANGES

The close of the school year 1954 was greeted with mixed feelings for although the Christmas vacation lay ahead we were bidding farewell to an unusually great number of staff members. Some were going on leave, some had been transferred, some were resigning and one was retiring.

Miss J. G. Simons had been appointed principal of Marrickville Girls' High School and was to be replaced by Miss D. Dey, formerly English Mistress. Congratulations and best wishes to both in their new positions. From England and the Continent come letters from Misses Bale and Baker both of whom are at work in London, and from Misses Crawford and Taylor on tour. All are happy and well. We offer our congratulations to Mrs. Thiering on the birth of a daughter.

Felicitations go to Mrs. Coxon, formerly Miss L. Arter.

Miss D. Toone is enjoying a period of leave, while Mrs. P. Barnett and Miss L. Porter are

now at Dover Heights High School and Gosford High School respectively.

After many years' service as Physical Education specialist, Miss N. Anderson retired.

Eleven new members of staff joined us this year.

Miss J. Lemm from Parramatta H.S. Secondary School, Miss B. Carruthers from Petersham Junior High School, Miss B. Cole from Hay High School, Miss M. Carnell from St. George G.H. School, Mrs. F. Morrison from Burwood H.S. High School, Miss M. O'Brien from Coff's Harbour High School, Miss H. Palmer from Canterbury Junior Boys' High School, Miss K. R. Kelly from Wagga Teachers' College, Mrs. G. Hicks from Dover Heights High School, Miss E. Henderson from S.T. College. Mrs. A. Mackinnon from Lithgow High School has recently been transferred to North Sydney Girls' High School. In her place we welcome Mrs. Charles.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE

As 1955 draws to its close, we Prefects can look back on an eventful and exciting year. We remember that first uniform parade, the "lines" we ordered repentant wrongdoers to write, the secret conferences in the office. We remember, too, how loyal and co-operative the girls have been, especially when we have appealed to their sense of honour, we remember with thankfulness Miss Whiteoak's advice and encouragement and the practical help given to us by Miss Dey and the staff. We have enjoyed our responsibilities and we do thank Miss

Whiteoak, Miss Dey, the staff and all the girls for their help.

Officially Fort Street is "one of the best High Schools in the State"—with an extremely high academic standard. But we realize now that the education that the school has given us is not an end in itself. Most of us will forget that the base angles of an isosceles triangle are equal—but we shall keep the habit of never assuming a fact without proof, and of always following up any fact which we know to be true. We shall forget that "er" verbs take certain distinctive endings, but

we shall always be ready to make friends with a European migrant and shall be better able to understand and sympathise with his outlook. Our education has given us something we shall carry with us all our lives, a background, an influence that will make us into useful citizens for our country.

We have, and you have, as Fortians, a wonderful heritage—

of achievement, of "battles fought and won", of firmly founded principles, of duty willingly done, of enduring tradition. The future and the honour of Fort Street lie in your hands—it is yours to destroy or to lift even higher. We leave secure in the knowledge that the succeeding Fortians will make the name of Fort Street far greater than it has ever been before.

SPEECH DAY

A calm, as the official party filed onto the stage: the storm, as on the announcement of Mr. Verco, the chairman, the seven hundred girls broke into the School Anthem. Thus in the traditional manner, began Speech Day, 1954, for some of the seven hundred, the last, for some the first, but a significant day for all even teachers, for does not Speech Day herald in the vacation?

As the ceremony proceeded, we were not conscious of the labour which had gone into the preparation. From 8.30 a.m. onward girls, instructed by teachers had been busy decorating the hall until the Conservatorium was filled with masses of flowers.

We were happy to see on the stage, many familiar faces among the guests; especially Mr. Clyne present at our Speech Day for the 27th time, and Miss Cohen, who received welcoming applause from the girls. Behind guests and teachers the choir and prize-winners sat, uncomplainingly on the hard stage steps.

The Address of Mr. Verco, Assistant to the Director-General of Education, was followed by a talk from Mr. Heffron, Minister for Education who emphasised the need for a good education and

whose speech was highlighted by the announcement of an extra day's holiday.

As Miss Whiteoak gave her annual report, we once more felt pride in the achievements of Fortians during 1954. Special mention was made of the School Choir's performance of "Princess Ida" which received high praise from all quarters.

The Addresses of Mr. Cantello and Mr. Clyne were warmly received as were the choir items Gibbons "Silver Swan", "Thou Art My Rest" by Schubert, Bartok's "Will They Ever Come to Me?" and "Silent Night".

Then we prepared to receive our well-earned prizes from the hands of Mrs. R. J. Heffron, or to applaud those favourites of fortune, the prize-winners. Then the proud possessors of books and certificates, having returned to their places, the Captain and Captain-Elect proposed votes of thanks to those who had taken part in the ceremony.

Speech Day closed with the singing of our School Song—as have innumerable of our Speech Days before and as will many more to come.

—Lois Watts, 5A

PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School (Fanny Cohen Prize)
—presented by the Old Girls
Union: Valma Steward.
Second Proficiency Prize: Judith
Anderson.
Dux of Year IV (Prize presented by
Miss Whiteoak): June Palmer.
Second Proficiency Prize: Pamela
Cureton.
Dux of Year III (Mollie Thornhill
Prize): Marion Smith.
Second Proficiency Prize: Wendy
Shaw.
Dux of Year II: Janet Senior.
Second Proficiency Prize: Maria Stima.
Dux of Year I: Margaret Harris.
Second Proficiency Prize: Barbara
Gotham.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C.
Examination, 1953): Alma Sned-
don.
Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in
Mathematics in L.C. Examination,
1953): Alma Sneddon.
Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in His-
tory in L.C. Examination, 1953):
Beryl Sims.
Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in
English and History in L.C. Ex-
amination, 1953): Beryl Sims.
Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best
Pass in English in L.C. Examin-
ation, 1953): Elaine Evans.
Renee Gombert Prize (French and
German, Year IV): Merle Hansen,
Leonie Watkins.
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Mem-
orial Prize (English and History,
Year IV): Margaret Pearson.
Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Mem-
orial Prize (English and History,
Year I): Margaret Harris.
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize
(Chemistry, Year V): Jean Bruce.
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize
(Combined Physics and Chemistry,
Year II): Julie Pownceby.
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathe-
matics, Year IV): Patricia Turner,
Margaret Ryan, equal.
Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathe-
matics, Year I): Jeunesse Chap-
pell.
Special Prize donated for History,
Year III: Faye McPherson, Robyn
Young.
Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize (His-
tory, Year II): Christine Dobbin.
Miss Mouldsdales' Prize (Combined
Physics and Chemistry, Year III):
Fay Bowen.
Special Prize donated by Coral Lee
(Latin, Year II): Berwin McLean.

Special Prize donated by Coral Lee
(German, Year II): Maria Stima.
Special Prize donated for Best Con-
tributions to School Magazine:
Senior School: Janice Spowart.
Junior School: Margaret Fraser.
Prefects' Prizes for Empire Day Essays:
Junior School: Ruth Favell.
Senior School: Judith Anderson.
L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:
Grade 2: Ramona O'Ryan 2nd
Prize, Nola Williams 3rd Prize.
Grade 3: Valma Steward 3rd Prize,
Grade 4: Fay Bowen 1st Prize,
Ilona Freimanis 3rd prize.
Goethe Prize (presented by the Goethe
Society): Janice Sponberg (tied
for 1st place).
T. E. Rofe Prize (presented by the
Royal Australian Historical Soci-
ety): Patricia Vaughn.
Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated
by Miss Baxter.
Senior School: Robin Tout.
Junior School: Jeanette Gordon.
Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated
by Miss Lesslie:
Margaret Fraser.
Old Girls' Union Life Membership:
Margaret Menser.
Elizabeth Cayzer Prize: Margaret
Menser.
Eisteddfod Awards: State Juvenile
Championship Cup; Girls' School
Championship.
Inter-House Debate Cup: York.

CERTIFICATES.

YEAR V.

English: Judith Anderson.
History: Judith Anderson.
Latin: Judith Anderson.
General Mathematics: Judith And-
erson.
Mathematics I: Valma Steward.
Mathematics I: Valma Steward.
French: Janice Spowart.
German: Janice Spowart (Non-Ger-
man—Speaking) Hilja Velsveit
Biology: Judith Todd.
Geography: Ivonna Timermanis, Jud-
ith Todd.
Music: Jan Innes.
Art: Helen Machliss.
Needlework: Beverley Cutting.
Physical Training: Alison Roper.

YEAR IV.

English: Margaret Pearson.
History: June Palmer.
Latin: Lois Watts.
French: Elaine Lamont.
German: June Palmer, Leonie Wat-
kins.
Chemistry: Pamela Cureton.
Biology: Patricia Turner, Patricia
Vaughn (prox. acc.)

General Mathematics: Valerie Allen.
 Geography Patricia Vaughn.
 Art: Lois Parsons, Patricia Vaughn.
 Music: Jean Miller.
 Needlework: Barbara Dean.
 Physical Training: Patricia Schuback.

YEAR III.

English: Jeanette Barr.
 Latin: Janice Simmons.
 German: Fay Bowen.
 French: Leonie Ramsay, Marion Smith.

Biology: Robyn Smith.
 Mathematics I: Marion Smith.
 Mathematics II: Marion Smith.
 Geography: Sylvia Brown, Beverley Crane.

Art: Sandra Moffat.
 Music: Robyn Smith.
 Needlework: Jacqueline Punton, Marie Neaves.
 Physical Training: Jacqueline King.

YEAR II.

English: Margaret Gillam.

French: Patricia Bright.
 Biology: Jennifer Parker.
 Mathematics I: Robyn Bayliss.
 Mathematics II: Diane Castlemar.
 Geography: Margaret Deacon, Eileen Gilmore.

Art: Pamela Baxter.
 Music: Sylvia Henry.
 Needlework: Beryl Mills.
 Physical Training: Pamela Shipway.

YEAR I.

English: Margaret Harris.
 History: Barbara Gotham.
 Latin: Jeunesse Chappell, Barbara Gotham.

French: Margaret Harris.
 Combined Physics and Chemistry: Helen Sinclair.

Mathematics I: Rowena Marsden.
 Geography: Catherine McNamara.
 Art: Majorie Chinn.
 Needlework: Beverley Tinson.
 Physical Training: Lorraine Liston.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS 1954

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

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Applied Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 10, Ancient History; 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.

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

Allen, R. A. 1B, 9B, 16B, 17B, 20A.
 Anderson, J. H. 1H(2), 2H(1), 3A(o), 7A, 9H(1).
 Andrews, V. K. 1A, 3B, 7A 9B, 16B, 19B.
 Ankers, B. H. 1B, 3B 7B, 9B, 16A, 17B.
 Beauchamp, A. 1B, 3B, 4B(o), 9B, 16B, 17B.
 Bietaks, R. 1B, 2B, 4H(2)(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
 Bloom, N. 1A, 5B, 6B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
 Bowen, C. 1B, 3B, 17B, 21B.
 Brown, V. J. 1B, 3B, 9B, 16A, 17B, 21B.
 Bruce, J. H. 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 5A, 6B, 13H(2).
 Chambers, J. 1A, 3B, 7A, 9B, 16A, 19B.
 Child, R. 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
 Clitheroe, D. M. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 19B.
 Colechin, G. 1B, 3B, 7A, 9B, 16B, 17B.
 Core, B. B. 1A, 2A, 3A, 7B, 9B, 13B.
 Coutts, P. L. 1A, 3B, 16B, 17B.
 Cutting, B. A. 1B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 21A.
 Darvill, P. 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.
 Dennis, P. J. 1B, 3B(o), 16B, 21B.

Dowd, P. A. 1A, 2B, 3A, 7A, 9B, 16A.
Farr, M. 1B, 3B, 4B(o), 5B, 6B, 16A.
Frankel, M. L. 1A, 3B, 9B, 16A, 17B, 20A.
Georgouras, D. 1A, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 13B, 17B.
Gregory, B. D. 1B, 3A(o), 4B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
Hazelton, P. M. 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
Henkes, J. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 17B.
Howitt, W. G. 1B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Hutchings, M. R. 1H(2), 2A, 3H(2)(o), 7A, 9B, 16A.
Innes, J. G. 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 16B, 19B.
Ivery, H. 1B, 2A, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 13A.
Johnston, J. C. 1A, 3A, 7A, 9B, 13H(1), 17B.
Jorgenson, J. M. 1A, 2H(2), 3A(o), 7A, 9B, 13B.
Lane, H. A. 1A, 2B, 3A, 5A, 6H(2), 13B.
Langdon, J. R. 1A, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16A, 20A.
Leer, M. E. 1B, 3B, 7A, 19B.
Livingstone, D. E. 1B, 9B, 15B, 17B.
MacDonald, J. M. 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 7A, 9B, 16A.
machliss, H. 1A, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16A, 20A.
Marshall, M. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 19B.
Mason, P. J. 1A, 2A, 3A(o), 7A, 9B, 16A.
Menser, M. A. 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 5A, 6B, 13A.
Mockett, K. 1B, 3B, 9B, 16B, 17B, 21B.
Moody, M. L. 1B, 2A, 3H(2)(o), 5B, 6B, 13B.
Oataway, J. M. 1A, 3A(o), 5B, 6B, 16B.
O'Ryan, R. M. 1B, 3A(o), 9B, 17B.
Osborne, B. 1A, 2A, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
Parry, M. D. 1A, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
Pemberton, B. J. 1A, 3B, 4A(o), 7A, 9B, 16A.
Percival, E. J. 1A, 2B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16A.
Perrott, R. D. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Revell, J. M. 1B, 3A(o), 4B(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Rogers, B. J. 1B, 7B, 16B, 17B.
Roper, A. B. 1A, 3B(o), 7A, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Smith, J. 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Smith, R. I. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Smith, S. 1B, 7B, 9B, 20A.
Spies, J. 1A, 2B, 3H(2)(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Sponberg, J. M. 1A, 3H(2)(o), 4H(2)(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Spowart, J. R. 1H(1), 3H(1)(o), 4H(1)(o), 5B, 6B.
Stevens, K. M. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 20B.
Steward, V. G. 1A, 3A(o), 4A(o), 5H(1), 6H(1), 13A.
Street, J. A. 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.
Templeton, D. 1B, 3A, 4B(o), 7A, 9B, 16B.
Thresher, J. V. 1B, 2B, 3H(2)(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Timermanis, I. A. 1A, 3A(o), 5B, 6B, 13H(2), 17B.
Todd, J. A. 1A, 2A, 3B, 9B, 16A, 17A.
Tomson, M. 1B, 4B(o), 9B, 17B, 20B.
Tout, R. P. 1B, 7B, 9B, 16B.
Trahair, C. S. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Turnbull, A. F. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 17B.
Velsvebel, H. 1B, 3B, 4H(1)(o), 9B, 16B.
Warren B. J. 1H(2), 3A(o), 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 16A.
Watts, Y. A. 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 20A.
Weiss, E. M. 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 17B.
Williams, N. J. 1H(2), 3H(2)(o), 4A(o), 7A, 9B, 16A.
Wilson, E. E. 1B, 3B, 4B(o), 7B, 9B, 16B.
Wooden, B. 1B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 17B.
Wright, P. M. 1B, 7A, 9B, 16B, 20B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1954.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Affleck, J. L.; Aiken, S. P.; Aldridge, B. R.; Andrews, C. M.; Arnold, M. P.; Ashford, C. J.
 Baker, J. D.; Barr, J. E.; Barraclough, J. E.; Barrett, S. G.; Bartholomaeus, J. M.; Batt, J. P.; Batterbee, K. J.; Beams, B. D.; Beck, R.; Beecher, L. P.; Bicknell, M. E.; Billyard, J. A.; Black, J. M.; Bolin, C. B.; Bosler, J. A.; Bowen, F. M.; Brinkley, H. L.; Brooks, R. L.; Brown, H.; Brown, J. C.; Brown, J.; Brown, S. J.; Buckman, M. J.; Bull, S. C.
 Cameron, C. A.; Carmichael, G. E.; Casimir, A.; Cherry, D. Y.; Churchill, G. D.; Cleveland, M. N.; Cohen, J. A.; Coles, F. A.; Coombe, H. E.; Cornwell, J. A.; Coulter, S.; Coutts, D. B.; Cox, M.M.; Crane, B. F.; Crawford, S. C.; Croft, P. W.; Cunningham, E. J.
 Darlington, Y.; Davies, M. F.; Davies, D. J.; Dennis, S. M.; Denson, F. R.; Deveson, C. L.; Dobson, C. A.; Dodd, R.; Downing, J.; Dowse, J. E.; Dunne, M. Elley, B. A.; Elliott, R. F.; Elphick, V. L.; Elson, M. A.
 Faber, P. D.; Favell, R. S.; Ferguson, M. J.; Fooks, L. E.; Freimanis, D. I.; Frost, J. V.; Full, R. A.
 Gibbs, E. M.; Gordon, J. B.; Grinham, D. M.
 Hale, B. E.; Hall, P.; Hardwick, J. A.; Hastings, B. A.; Hayes, B. L.; Hazell, J. S.; Henley, H. M.; Herron, M. E.; Hill P. D.; Hillier, D. J.
 Ipsen, P.; Jagers, L.; Jones, M. A.; Kemp, B. E.; Kennett, B. L.; King, J. A.; Knight, J. P.; Knight, S. M.
 Laidman, H.; Lane, B. A.; Laurie, B. A.; Lindsay, B.; Longstaff, W.; Lyons, B. H.
 McCredie, M.; McInnes, E. J.; McKinney, P. A.; McNair, J. C.; Macpherson, F. B.; Mallitt, C. M.; Malone, J. M.; Miller, J. A.; Miller, P. E.; Mitchell, M. I.; Moffat, S. I.; Morey, E.; Morris, L. E.; Morrison, M. J.
 Neaves, M. P.; Newton, L. M.; Niemeier, J. C.; Noyes, P.
 Olbourne, B. R.; Olbourne, B. J.
 Payne, B.; Penfold, V. J.; Perry, H. J.; Peters, M. G.; Pike, G.; Pooley, H. M.; Punton, J. M.; Purcell, D. I.
 Ramsay, L. A.; Read, W. M.; Roach, F. G.; Robinson, V.; Rourke, J. A.; Roach, B. J.; Rumble, E.
 Salmon, J. E.; Searle, L. M.; Shaw, W. M.; Sheldon, D.; Simmons, J. M.; Skelly, R. S.; Skimin, J. A.; Slarke, D. C.; Smith, M. J.; Smith, T. E.; Stuart, M. E.
 Tertishnaja, J.; Trigg, D. M.; Uibo, K.
 Wearne, C. L.; Weatherstone, E. G.; Welch, J.; Wilde, M. R.; Wiles, S. M.; Wilmot, E. J.; Wilson, E. A.; Wilson, L. E.; Winton, A. R.; Young, R. A.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE AWARDS

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1954.

The Ada Partridge Prize for the best Fort Street candidate: Valma Steward.

The Emily Cruise Prize for the best pass in History: Judith Anderson.

The Annie E. Turner Prize for the best passes in English and

History: Judith Anderson.

The Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize: Janice Spowart.

The Weston Memorial Prize: Valma Steward.

University Bursaries: Judith Anderson, Marilyn Hutchings.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE HONOURS.

English, Class I: J. Spowart

Second Class: J. Anderson, M. Hutchings, J. Warren, N. Williams.

Latin, First Class: J. Anderson.
Second Class: J. Jorgensen.

French, First Class: J. Spowart.
Second Class: M. Hutchings, M. Moody, J. Sponberg, J. Thresher, N. Williams, J. Spies.

German, First Class: J. Spowart, H. Velsvebel.
Second Class: R. Bietaks, J. Sponberg.

Mathematics, First Class, Maths I and II: V. Steward.
Second Class, Maths. II: H Lane.

History, First Class: J. Anderson.
Chemistry, First Class: J. Johnstone.
Second Class: J. Bruce, I. Timermanis.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS.

J. Anderson, J. Bruce, J. Chambers, B. Core, P. Dowd, L. Frankel, M. Hutchings, J. Johnston, J. Jorgensen, H. Machliss, P. Mason, M. Menser, M. Moody, B. Osborne, B. Pemberton, J. Smith, J. Spies, J. Sponberg, J. Spowart, V. Steward, J. Thresher, I. Timermanis, J. Todd, H. Velsvebel, J. Warren.

Teachers' College Scholarships were gained by B. Ankers, V. Andrews, T. Beauchamp, J. Darvill, P. Hazelton, B. Pemberton, A. Turnbull, E. Wilson, M. Farr, A. Roper, J. Innes, S. Smith, K. Stevens, S. Wright, P. Dowd, M. Hutchings, P. Mason, R. Smith, J. Spies, N. Williams, B. Core, L. Frankel, J. McDonald, J. Chambers, C. Bowen, P. Dennis, K. Mockett, V. Brown, B. Wooden, D.

Templeton, B. Cutting, P. Coutts, J. Henkes, D. Livingstone, M. Leer, D. Clitheroe, R. Tout, D. Perrett, C. Trahair, R. Allen, J. Oataway.

University Courses have been commenced by M. Hutchings, P. Mason, R. Smith, J. Spies, N. Williams, B. Core, Louise Frankel, J. Todd, H. Machliss, M. Menser, J. Smith, V. Steward.

L'Alliance Francaise Oral Examination, 1954.

At the examination on Thursday, 22nd July, 1954, all Fort Street Girls' High School candidates were successful. Several prizes were also won.

Prizes:—
Grade 11: 2nd Prize, Ramona O'Ryan.
3rd Prize, Nola Williams.
Grade III: 3rd Prize, Valma Steward.
Grade IV: 1st Prize, Fay Bowen.
3rd Prize, Iona Freimanis.

Passes:—
J. Jorgensen, M. Moody, R. O'Ryan, J. Oataway, V. Steward, J. Sponberg, J. Spowart, J. Thresher, N. Williams, J. Barraclough, R. Brooks, J. Brown, M. Buckman, I. Freimanis, H. Henley, L. Morris, B. Roach, J. Barr, H. Brinkley, B. Bolin, F. Bowen, S. Bull, J. Cohen, S. Crawford, D. Dawes, S. Dennis, R. Elliott, P. Faber, J. Hardwicke, E. Morey, M. Morrison, B. Payn, M. Leggatt.

Bursaries Awarded on the Intermediate Certificate, 1954.

Ashford, C. J.; Bowen, F. M.; Buckman, M. J.; Coulter, S.; Crawford, S. C.; Dawes, D. J.; Mallitt, C. M.; Olbourne, B. J.; Young, R. A.

SCHOOL NEWS

FAREWELL DAY, 1954

At last the day which we, as Fourth Years, had been anticipating for weeks by hurried lunch-time meetings, dawned bright and clear! All Fourth Years left home early on Friday, 22nd October, 1954, for we had some very urgent work to do at school—interesting things like cutting sandwiches, arranging flowers, blowing balloons and hanging gay festoons. The Fifths however, arrived well after the usual 9 a.m., beautifully arrayed young ladies appearing in place of the schoolgirls of yesterday.

The Fourths, having forsaken their finery, worked hard all morning at those jobs which we enjoyed so much. At two o'clock all was ready and, having made themselves respectable once more, the Fourths filed into the hall behind the glamorous Fifths. There we were entertained by the choir and all joined in the school songs—the Fifth years for the last time. Many were the guests and members of the Old Girls' Union sitting with staff on the stage. We were especially glad to see Miss Cohen up there and to hear her speaking to us as of old. Miss Whiteoak presided over the ceremonies and gave the Fifths a very helpful talk on the life that they would be entering after the Leaving.

Margaret Menser and her Prefects then invested the new Captain, Jan Morrison and her Prefects in the traditional manner. Jan promised to uphold the fine standard shown by Margaret and her Prefects throughout the year. Then Margaret presented Miss Whiteoak with Fifth Year's gift to the school—a portable typewriter. The ceremony came to a

close with the singing of the School Anthem and the National Anthem and the Fifths and Thirds were clapped out to the strains of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows".

Once outside the Fifths gave a hearty rendering of the school war cry and almost immediately afterwards the old bell was rung again and again by hands that had longed to do so for five years. The Fifths then retired to the science room, now converted into a beautiful banquet room where they were served with delicious dainties by the Fourth Years. After the toasts had been proposed the Fifths and Fourths crossed over to the gym for games and dancing. The "show" provided by the Entertainment Committee was greatly appreciated by both staff and girls.

The great day was quickly drawing to a close. The Fifths really felt that their school life was practically at a close. Except for the days when they "visited" the school to sit for the Leaving Certificate, this was the last time that they were to walk its mellow halls. Tears and smiles were intermingled as "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and the Fifths departed, leaving us Fourth Years, amidst the gaiety, rather sad—both for them and for ourselves at the same time next year.

—Margaret Pearson, 5A.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

After sacrificing many recess times and lunch hours and existing on pineapple and orange juice, the Choir was once again ready for the 1954 City of Sydney Eisteddfod. The results were

even better than those of the year before, the Choir winning the State Juvenile Championship and the Girls' Schools Championship and coming second in the Senior Schools' Championship and the Junior Schools' Championship. We lost these two by only one and two marks respectively.

When the excitement of the Eisteddfod had died down, we settled down to practise for Farewell Day and Speech Day. On Farewell Day the Choir sang "Thou Art My Rest" and "Sapphic Ode". We were overjoyed to hear that we had won a place in the A.B.C.'s. "Young Australia" programme, and towards the end of last year we made a fifteen minutes recording for them. We were also recorded singing "Silent Night" and "Green-sleeves" with "Jay Wilbur and his Strings".

Speech Day came around once more and the girls, immaculate in their white frocks, took their places with the prize-winners on the beautifully decorated stage. There they rendered "Silent Night", "Will They Ever Come to Me?", "The Silver Swan" and "Thou Art My Rest". On the Thursday before Christmas, the Choir went carol singing in the Burwood-Fivedock area, where they sang all the popular Christmas Carols in three parts and it was much appreciated by all who listened. Supper was enjoyed at various houses en route.

We were all very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Bale at the end of last year and we hope that she will have an enjoyable trip abroad. In her place we welcome Miss Kelly and hope that she will enjoy her stay at Fort Street.

We look to the new girls who have joined to carry on the tradition of the Fort Street Choir.

This year on Empire Day the

choir sang "England" and "Guard of the Southern Sea" at the ceremony which was held at school and on 6th June recorded for the A.B.C. again. After an audition at the beginning, the Choir was also specially selected to take part in an Education Week function sponsored by David Jones' Ltd. We are now practising hard for another recording in the near future and for this year's Eisteddfod where we will try to carry on the tradition of the "Best School of All".

—Jeanette Barr, 4A, Kent.

THE LIBRARY.

During the year from July, 1954 to July, 1955, £152/3/10 has been spent in obtaining 278 new books for the library. This money has been spent mainly on music, Geography and History reference books because of the increasing demand by Honours girls. A set of Encyclopaedia published by the "Sun" newspaper was added to the numerous other sets and is proving to be well worth its cost. As well, several recent publications on the History of Costume, which are really excellent and very popular, were acquired.

There have been 72 books donated to the library this year and we gratefully acknowledge these presentations from Margaret Harris, Norma Morgan, Joan Murphy, Margaret Gould, Annette Cummine, Mrs. McAlpine, Miss Crawford, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Randall, The Shell Co., The French Consul, Miss Kent Hughes, Miss E. Kerrison and last year's 2B.

The fiction library is ever increasing in popularity, while the shelves of the historical fiction press are never anywhere near full. Recent purchases of Paul Brickhill's war novels are among the most borrowed fiction books.



FIFTH YEAR DEBATING TEAM, 1955.

Janice Leaney (Reserve), Patricia Vaughn (Second Speaker), Jan Morrison (Leader)
Robin Hughes (Whip).

CELEBRATIONS

ANZAC DAY.

This year again Fort Street Girls joined in the Commemoration Service arranged by the R.S.S. & A.I.L.A. A party of girls represented the school at the Anzac War Memorial, Hyde Park, while the remainder of the school listened in to the Service in the Assembly Hall or classrooms.

EMPIRE DAY.

The first Friday morning of Second Term was officially set aside for School Empire Day celebrations. Following the announcement of the winners of the Empire Day Essay competition, Miss Whiteoak handed the assembly over to the Captain, Prefects and Choir.

The prizewinners for 1955 were:

Senior School: Carroll Read.

Junior School: Christine Dobbin.

Barbara Gillam and Margaret Harris received high commendation.

The Captain, Jan Morrison, spoke of Winston Churchill—the greatest living Englishman. Margaret Ryan chose as her topic 'How British Scientists have contributed to the world's welfare' and Janice Leaney spoke of the "Two Elizabethan Ages".

The reading of the Empire Day Message of Lord Gowrie by Pam Stagg was tinged with sadness as we realised that since the writing of the message, the death of Lord Gowrie had been announced.

The Choir items, "Guard of the Southern Seas" and "England" were much appreciated on account of the delightful rendition and their suitability. The National Anthem brought the ceremony to a close.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

After a very active debating year, 1954 ended with a team entering the Eisteddfod—Jan Morrison, Pat Vaughn, and Robia Hughes. In September, the same team participated in the third and final debate against Burwood Home Science High, the topic being "That there should be time-payments and lay-bys". Burwood again were the victors.

Debates have been held regularly this year under the guidance of Miss Carruthers.

The first meeting was held in February to elect officers for 1955. A large meeting unanimously supported Jan Morrison as President, and Judith Downing as Secretary.

On March 21st, the popular annual visit of the Fort Street Boys' Debating team took place. Our girls were very ably represented by Jan Morrison (leader), Patricia Vaughan (2nd speaker), and Robin Hughes (whip), with Jan Leaney as reserve. The topic debated was, "That there should be no banning of books in a Democracy". It proved a spirited interesting debate and Mr. Dunlop, the adjudicator awarded the victory to the girls. The boys arranged the return debate for Thursday, July 17th. The topic, "It is a Woman's World" was keenly contested, and the boys proved it is a man's world after all. We extend our hearty congratulations to the boys. Dr. Cole was the adjudicator on this occasion. As usual the girls had a very enjoyable afternoon.

The first of the inter-school debates took place on Monday, June 20th, at Fort Street, the opposing school on this occasion being Sydney Girls' High. Our visitors had

to convince us that "International Competitive Sport Does Not Foster International Goodwill". Miss Bannan, the Adjudicator, declared the Sydney High team the victors by a narrow margin and all debaters were congratulated on the high standard of their debating. Miss Bannan, an old Fortian, gave both teams some very helpful hints on debating technique. Our team consisted of Hazel Brinkley (leader), Sharon Coulter (2nd speaker), and Fay Bowen (whip), with Robin Young as reserve. The second debate in this series was on Tuesday, 5th July, at Burwood Home Science High. The same team, with Isobel Bolton as reserve, on this occasion, had to convince the Adjudicator, Mrs. Ellis, "That Social Studies Is Not Essential for the Development of a Good Citizen" and they were successful.

Inter-House debates have not yet been arranged, but, as usual, these no doubt will win very keen support and produce many convincing debaters.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to one of our Fifth Year Debaters, Robin Hughes, who gained fourth place, obtaining 82 marks for her speech in the Mosman Public Speaking Competition held recently.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, 1955.

The Staff members of the School Association are:—

Miss Whiteoak, Miss Dey, Miss Green (Treasurer), Miss Lemm, Mrs. Hicks, Miss Cheetham.

Office-bearers were elected as follows:—

Jan Morrison, School Captain, Robin Hughes, 5th Year; Hazel Brinkley, 4th Year; Diana Wildblood, 3rd Year; Margaret Harris, 2nd Year; Peggy Adamson, 1st Year; Fay Bowen, Secretary.

THE FIRST YEAR PARTY.

It was on Friday the 11th of February, that Fifth Year girls arrived at school with mysterious boxes tucked under their arms. To the rest of the school this signified that the welcome party to all newcomers was to be held that afternoon.

After a short sixth period all the Fifth Years formed a Guard of Honour and clapped the new girls as they made their way inside "For They are Jolly Good Fellows" was the accompanying tune.

Once inside, the M.C., Robin Hughes, introduced the Captain and Prefects who spoke to the girls and this was followed by an address from Miss Whiteoak who welcomed the newcomers to Fort Street. After "Musical Arms" the traditional games of "Pass the Parcel" and "Autograph Hunting" were played and these apparently whetted everyone's appetite, for all the refreshments disappeared in an amazingly short period of time.

To conclude the party the Fifth Year girls performed the war-cry in the playground. Thus another successful party was brought to a close with everyone feeling truly proud to be a Fortian.

—Pamela Staggs, 5B.

I.S.C.F

Inter-School Christian Fellowship is a world-wide organisation with groups throughout Canada, China, India, South Africa, New Zealand and the British Isles. It is twenty years now since I.S.C.F. was introduced into Australia, and since then groups have begun in different schools until now there are 140 groups in N.S.W.

I.S.C.F. aims to present Christianity as a personal matter—for many students, though quite familiar with the practices of a

Christian do not know the spirit of Christianity—Jesus Christ. Holiday camps and term house parties are all held in conjunction with I.S.C.F. At present, about sixty Fortians are eagerly looking forward to our house party to be held at Mt. Victoria in July, and hoping that it will snow while we are there.

Since the last report, the Fort Street I.S.C.F. has had many interesting speakers—Rev. Pearson, a missionary from Africa; students from Sydney University; Mrs. Young spoke on prayer, and Mr. Becroft, newly appointed Secretary to I.S.C.F., visited our school. At present we are considering the Bible, and Mr. Blake is to speak on "Archeology and the Bible". Fortians have just been "guinea pigs" to see whether group Bible study is practical in I.S.C.F. We found it a great success.

The I.S.C.F. would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Whiteoak for her co-operation throughout the year, and her permission to continue our meetings although at present we have no teacher to help us. But we know at prayer, careful preparation and faith on our part will make our I.S.C.F. a success.

I.S.C.F. will welcome any Fortians to come any Wednesday at lunchtime. Join with us in our meeting—We'd love to see you there.

—Barbara Plant, 5A.

EXCURSIONS.

Parties of students visited the Australian Museum, the Technological Museum and History House. A group of students also attended the National Opera, A.B.C. Orchestral Concerts, the Drama Festival at the Conservatorium, performances of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice" at the Tivoli

and the screening of "Julius Caesar". Third year girls attended a presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Independent Theatre. Latin students attended Sir John Shepherd's lecture "Shakespeare and the Classics".

During the May vacation, 5th year Geography students accompanied by Miss Whiteoak and Miss Cheetham made a 45 mile tour of Sydney by Pioneer Coach to study town planning. To quote from Margaret Davis' report—"We left the coach at the Town Hall, after a very instructive 3 hour Geography lesson, very different from the usual 80 minutes spent in the class room, three times a week. We now have some idea of Sydney of the future".

3A's Visit to Parliament House.

On Wednesday, March 29th, the history section of 3A, had much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mr. Clyne to visit Parliament House.

On arriving there we were shown the Legislative Council by an attendant. In this large room, we were honoured to meet the only woman representative in the Western Australian Parliament. We were then shown the largest library in the Southern Hemisphere. Mr. Clyne then met us and conducted us to the Legislative Assembly where we were privileged to sit in the front row of the governmental seats, while Mr. Clyne explained the rites and traditions of the House.

After sitting in the Public Gallery, witnessing the Legislative Assembly in session, we were shown numerous photographs of members of past Parliaments, after which we regretfully said good-bye to Mr. Clyne, thanking him for arranging the delightful visit.

—Dianne Roy, 3A.

THE DRAMA CLUB.

The girls interested in dramatic work were extremely sorry to see Miss Baker leave, but soon found however, that her position was being ably filled by Miss Cole. The first meeting of the Drama Club was attended by over one hundred Thirds, Fourths and Fifths. Elections for officers were held resulting in Robyn Hughes (Year V) being elected President, Jeanette Barr (Year IV) Treasurer, and Fay Bowen (Year IV) Secretary. It was decided that regular meetings would not be held, thus leaving Tuesday afternoons free for play practices. It was also decided that Fifth Years would present "Women at War", a drama set during the Civil War in England at First Term Play-Day. Third Years would present "Tap Three Times" and "Three Bags Full" at the end of Second Term; and Fourth Years, "Elizabeth Refuses", an adaption from "Pride and Prejudice" by Jane Austen.

"Women at War" proved extremely enjoyable and our congratulations go to the actresses for their splendid performance. The costumes have also to be especially commended.

Cast included:—

Mistress Neve	Caroll Read
Lady Shoales	.	Patricia Vaughan
Nan Shoales	Pamela Staggs
Mistress Barbegode	Margaret Ryan
Dame Ursula	Pat Turner
Philadelphia	Beverley Werner

It is to be hoped that the other productions attempted this year will be just as successful.

Fay Bowen, 4A.

TERM PLAY DAY.

At the end of First Term, Thirds, Fourths and Fifths were the audience at the Drama Club's performance of "Women at War".

This was the star item, but some 1A girls, with the help of Miss Carruthers, presented an amusing play "The Uninvited Guest" and the senior school greatly enjoyed the juniors' contribution to the programme. We are also grateful to the girls who sang brackets of French and German songs between the plays.

During the last morning-period Third Years saw some miming, charades and dramatised episodes from their Intermediate texts by 3A class.

Third Year Girls prepared and presented the Second Term Play-Day. Dorothy Albert produced several scenes from the intermediate Play "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with 3A girls and this was very successful, the "Pyramus and Thisby" play-within-the-play being particularly hilarious. All parts were well taken but Christine Dobbin as "Pyramus" and Judy Hynes as "Thisby", acted extremely well. The singing of the fairy-lullaby was delightful.

Next, Third Year members of the Dramatic Society presented two plays "Tap Three Times" and "Three Bags Full". "Tap Three Times", a short mystery play depended upon an atmosphere of tension which was effectively created by the producer, Hanna Kreutzer of 3B. "Three Bags Full" was an improbable farce whose absurdities were enjoyed to the full by the audience.

One of the highlights of Parents' Day during Education Week was the First Year miming of "The Tall, Tall Castle". The visitors were delighted with this colourful production and the producer, Miss Cole, was warmly congratulated.

We are now looking forward to being entertained by Fourth Year members of the Drama Club.

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 35th Annual Report for the year ending June, 1955.

The membership for this year is 665 members. This number consists of 255 Life Memberships and 410 Annual Subscribers.

Interest in the Union was well sustained throughout the year, and quite a number of functions were held, however the most popular outings were once again to the Theatre. This year's theatre parties to the following shows were held. "The Barber of Seville", "Rose Marie on Ice", "Dear Charles", "Paint Your Waggon" and the ballets, "The Three Devils", and "Scherezade".

The presentation to the school at the Annual Meeting in March, 1955, was in the form of a cheque for £50, which was to go towards some new Honour Boards.

The Annual Ball held at the Trocadero at the end of April, 1955 was again a social success as well as a financial success. There were approximately 462 dancers present, and a profit of 40 odd pounds was made by each Union. Debutantes were presented to Sir Garfield Barwick, Q.C., and Lady Barwick. A feature of the Ball was a Burlesque Tango which was done by members of both Unions.

On the 22nd June, a film evening was held at the school, and about 45 people attended.

A Cocktail party, at the Feminist Club was held on 22nd July. This was a great success and although it did not make a profit, everyone enjoyed themselves so much that another one is being held in 1955.

In the afternoon of September 1st, a "Get together of married

Fortians and their children was held in the Botanical Gardens.

The Annual Dinner was held at Cahills' Elizabeth Street Restaurant on Wednesday, 20th October. About 115 members were present.

Entertainment was provided by members of the Union and a very interesting and entertaining speech was made by the Guest of Honour Mrs. Thelma Kirkby.

Our thanks must be recorded here to the pupils of the school for the flowers which decorated the table.

The welcome to the "New Old Girls" was held at the school on Saturday, 20th November. Miss Whiteoak gave permission to use the new gymnasium for the games and afternoon tea was served in the staff room. An enjoyable time was had by everyone due to Mrs. Martin-Baker who organised the games. During the afternoon 34 annual subscriptions and 10 life memberships were received.

On Saturday, 11th December, a Barbecue was held on Chinamen's Beach, and although the weather was against us, about 25 people came and had a good time.

A theatre party to the "Caltex Show" at the Macquarie Auditorium was held on September 9th, and the sum of £3/10/- was made. This sum went into the newly formed President's Fund.

We must express our appreciation to Mrs. Martin-Baker for the hard and constant work that she has done over the last year, and to our new President, Miss Elsie Langton we wish every success.

Appreciation must also be expressed to Miss Whiteoak for her permission to use school buildings for functions, and also to Miss Turner and Miss Cohen for their

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.

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

—Marion Lillie,
Hon. Secretary.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE.

This group has increased its membership in the last two years and continues to meet in the Botanic Gardens on 3rd Sunday of the month.

The works of some Australian writers Henry Handel Richardson, Miles Franklin Brent of Bin Bin, Eleanor Dark and others are being discussed and keen interest is shown. Some of the new members have made valuable contributions to the discussions.

Membership is open to any old girl who likes reading and warm welcome is assured.

—Hilda Bourne,
Hon. Secretary.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Coralie Mallitt of Fourth Year won an Eddy Memorial Scholarship at the Intermediate Examination. It is a great honour to win one of these scholarships which are awarded to children of Railway employees.

Annette Cummine of 2A is now a "Quiz Kid", Barbara Aldridge of Fourth Year was one of the four pupils selected this year to be a soloist at the Secondary Schools' Choral Concert in June. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's Scherzo in E Minor was warmly applauded by the audience and praised by the critics.

Patricia Vaughn was successful in the Royal Australian Historical Society's Essay Competition 1954. Her essay "Squatting Life in New South Wales in the 1840's" was awarded first prize of six guineas. Congratulations.

Sydney songwriter, Miss Dorothy Dodd, (in private life she is Mrs. L. Knight and the mother



—BY COURTESY "SYDNEY MORNING HERALD"

of two small sons) has been writing songs since she was 15 and has had about 24 published and a musical comedy "Leading Lady" produced by local groups. She wrote the words of "Granada", one of the most popular songs in the repertoire of American crooner, Frankie Laine, whom she met during his visit to Sydney earlier this year. She is shown listening to his private rendering

for her of her song.

Nina Sneddon won the University Garton Scholarship at the end of French I.

There is much current interest in social problems in Sydney newspapers and some moving articles on the plight of unwanted children and old-age pensioners have appeared in "The Sun" from the pen of Eva Sommer.

Under the heading "Second but Brilliant", Eunice Gardiner writes that eighteen year old Carmel Kaine of North Stratfield "was artistically head and shoulders over every other competitor in the A.B.C. Concerto and Vocal Competitors State Finals" held in the Town Hall at the end of June. This "very gifted" girl has joined the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and has returned to Adelaide followed by the plaudits of the critics for the technique and feeling of her playing of the second and third movements of the Beethoven Violin Concerto.



—BY COURTESY "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

Miss Jean Baker has been enjoying her tours of Southern England and the Isle of Wight. She was particularly interested in the New Forest and landmarks connected with "The White Company". She and Miss Bale intended going to Scandinavia in August.

Mrs. Clarice Morris is also holidaying abroad, having spent some time in the Riviera, at Nice and intends to be in London during the winter months.

Miss W. Taylor also has been enjoying visits to Ireland and Scotland and is now to spend some time in England.

Beverly Bentley has crowned a distinguished career in Science by winning the Gellibrand Overseas Scholarship awarded by Sydney Legacy. Her late father served in

both World Wars and Beverley was a former junior legatee. She hopes to go to Cambridge and study for the Degree of Doctor of Physics.

Mary Hotston has been awarded the Eighth Division Scholarship for 1955. One such Scholarship is awarded annually in each State, to children doing a Senior Secondary Course and this award honours the memory of a brave man, Mary's father, who lost his life as a prisoner-of-war in Malaya.

The Fourth Year Debating Team, Hazel Brinkley, Sharon Coulter and Fay Bowen, has lost only one round in the Girls' High Schools' Debating Competition and so has qualified for the finals, in which their opponents will be

from the Newcastle area.

In the 1955 Rural Bank Essay Competition, in which more than 800 essays from all parts of the State were received, 2nd prize £20 was won by Patricia Vaughan and 3rd prize £10, by Wendy Woolley, both in Division I Metropolitan Leaving Certificate. Our congratulations go out to these two Fifth Years.

Leila Giles, who has been nearly five years abroad, the last two as Staff Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation in Geneva, has returned and will marry at the end of the year. She bought the lace for her wedding dress in Geneva and the only other customer in the shop, the Begum Aga Khan, gave her approval of the choice.

SCHOOL ITEMS - DEBATING

Although the School Debating Team (Hazel Brinkley, Sharon Coulter, Fay Bowen) reached the Finals in the New South Wales Girls' High Schools Debating Competition, it had then to concede the victory to the Newcastle Girls' High School, to whom we offer our congratulations.

Two debating teams—a Fourth Year (Sylvia Brown, Robin Young, Diana Slarke) and a Third Year (Janet Powell, Margaret Gillam, Christine Dobbin) also met defeat in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Junior Debating Contests. The former lost to Sydney Grammar Minors and the latter to Sydney Boys' High, but all our speakers received great credit for their efforts and encouragement from the adjudicators to continue with their public speaking.

In the Prepared Speech (jun-

ior) Section a number of our girls did creditably:— Robin Young (85 marks), Hanna Kreutzer (79), Sharon Coulter (78), Hazel Brinkley proving the "star" coming second (88) and only one point behind the winner. Hazel is to give her speech again before the Sydney Debating Society, and will also represent the school in the United Nations Speech Competition.

In the Inter-House Debating at school "Kent" Team (Isabelle Bolton, Coralie Mallitt, Diana Slarke) won the annual competition.

Great interest has been shown in these Public Speaking competitions and some promising juniors are coming along—First, Second and Third Year were represented in the Royal Empire Society's recent Speech contest. Annette Cummine will speak in the Finals.

SPORT

APPRECIATION

It was with regret that Fort Street Staff and girls said good-bye to the Sports Mistress, Miss Nora Anderson, when she retired from the teaching service at the end of 1954, after many years of faithful service spent at the "school on the Hill."

Miss Anderson endeared to herself both Staff and pupils by her kindly sympathy and ready co-operation. By her unfailing energy and her keen interest the

sport activities have always held a high place in the school life of the girls.

To her also is due the tasteful furnishing of the Fanny Cohen Gymnasium which was opened while Miss Anderson was here at Fort Street.

Fortians All, therefore wish to acknowledge and to thank Miss Anderson for all that she did for Fort Street. Her influence will long remain.

SWIMMING

Life Saving Awards.

Awards of Merit were won by A. Roper, B. Cutting, V. Steward, R. Allen, C. Cameron, J. King, J. Champion.

Elementary Certificates were won by eleven girls, Proficiency Certificates by ten girls, Intermediate Certificates by nine girls, Bronze Medallions by twenty-seven and Bronze Bars by four.

Swimming Carnivals.

The Annual Swimming Carnival took place at Coogee Baths on 7th March. The morning was dull and cloudy but fortunately no rain fell.

The House Competition was won by Gloucester with 80 points. Other scores were Bradfield 78, York 61, Kent 11. The Houses were in the same order as in 1954. Beware Gloucester, Bradfield is coming closer.

Congratulations to L. Hogan

who won School Championship, Junior Championship, 13 Years Championship, Junior Breast Stroke, Junior Back Stroke, Junior Butterfly Breast Stroke.

B. McLean was second to Lyn Hogan in all the above-mentioned events.

Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival.

A party of spectators and a team of competitors represented the school at the Combined Swimming Carnival at the Olympic Pool, North Sydney, on 29th and 30th March.

Fort Street, with twelve points, gained sixth place.

Lyn Hogan won the Junior Breast-stroke in record time of 42.2 secs. and gained 2nd place in the Junior Butterfly Breast-stroke and W. McDonald and J. Pounceby gained 3rd place in the Junior Rescue Race.

THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY

As luck would have it, Friday 24th June dawned bright and clear, and the spirits of the girls soared, as they made their way to

the Rushcutters' Bay Oval for their Annual Field Day.

Throughout the morning the programme proceeded as ar-



HOUSE CAPTAINS AND HOUSE VICE-CAPTAINS, 1955.

Back Row: Jacqueline King (Gloucester), Jeanette Barr (Kent), Robyn Brooks (York), Heather Coombe (Bradfield).

Front Row: Jayne Crump (Gloucester), Coralie Campbell (Kent), Wendy Woolley (York), Marion Carnegie (Bradfield).

ranged, and at lunch-time there was much speculating as to which would be the winning House. During the lunch-hour break the Fifth Years staged a Head of the River Regatta, complete with boats.

The ball games and the finals of other races held us enthralled in the afternoon, and at the end of the day, Bradfield was the winning house, with York second, and Kent and Gloucester bringing up the rear.

The school would like to extend its thanks to all those who made the Field Day possible, and to the Parents' and Citizens' Association for providing excellent lunches and refreshments.

We congratulate Bradfield on winning once again, the Ball Games Trophy, and to the Houses which did not do so well this year, we say, "Better luck next time!"

Final results were:—

School Championship: A. Casimir.

Junior Championship: Wendy Woolley.

17 Years and Over: B. Dean.

16 Years: Wendy Woolley.

15 Years: J. Andrews.

14 Years: N. Matthews.

13 Years: Y. Bowan.

12 Years: G. Booth.

11 Years and Under: J. Ferguson.

Skipping: Janeen Andrews.

Junior Skipping: B. Mills.

Orange Race: J. Champion.

Junior Orange Race: M. Ware.

Sack Race: D. Coutts.

Junior Sack Race: J. Harris.

House Relay (Senior): York House.

House Relay (Junior): Bradfield House.

Overhead Ball (Senior): Bradfield.

Overhead Ball (Junior): Bradfield.

Tunnel Ball (Senior): Bradfield.

Tunnel Ball (Junior): Bradfield.

High Jump: J. Champion.

—J. Grant, 3A.

TEAM GAMES.

This season Fort Street Girls' High School has entered teams in the Saturday morning competitions. A basketball team consisting of H. Kovaluns, Maija Taurens, Pat Schubaek, W. Read, P. Vaughn, A. Stupart, J. Wilson, E. Arnold and G. James is playing in the Grade C1 Basketball Association Competition. Of four games played two have been won. As this is an open competition not restricted to schools, their success is most praiseworthy.

The Hockey girls have also been active as the report which follows will show.

HOCKEY ACTIVITIES.

Early in the sports season there was great excitement amongst hockey players. A notice had appeared in the gym declaring that a hockey team was wanted from Fort Street Girls' High School to play in the Saturday morning school girls' competition. The team, consisting of D. Young, C. Horner, J. Barr, D. Sheldon, D. Slarke, J. Barraclough, E. Arnold, J. Surridge, J. Simmons, B. Kemp, J. Champion, F. Bowen, M. Carnegie, was chosen with Jan Champion as captain and Fay Bowen as vice-captain and eventually Saturday, June 4th arrived—the day of the first match.

We went onto the field hoping, naturally to win. We were determined to do our best and if we did not win at least we hoped to gain experience. This we certainly have gained throughout the matches, but cut fingers and bruises on various parts of the

body have been received as well.

The first match was played at Double Bay Oval against Burwood Home Science High School and was won five goals to nil by the better players of the day—Burwood. Ascham was our next opponent, and fired to action by our loss the previous week, we managed to draw, the score being one goal each. We won our next match against S.C.E.G.G.S. at Rushcutters Bay oval by one goal to nil. The following Saturday, June 25th, Sydney High beat us two goals to one, again at Rushcutters Bay. Back to Double Bay

for our fifth match, this time with North Sydney, who won two goals to nil.

As we have two byes we only play six matches out of eight. The last match is to be played at M.L.C., Burwood, on July 16th.

Mrs. Hicks who has trained us, deserves the credit for our one win and one draw and the members of the team are grateful to her and thank her for her help.

Two things are certain; we are better players now than when we started and our sportsmanship has been tried and tested and has proved equal to the test.

BREATH OF THE PAST

A paper stirred on the class-room floor,
And slowly through the open door
A shadowy shape came drifting through,
The spirit of a Fortian true,
It drifted slowly 'round the room,
And from the floor shapes seemed to loom,
Happy children, young and gay,
In dresses of an earlier day.

Suddenly silence filled the air
And entered a mistress with high-piled hair,
Her voice was stern, her head was high
At this, the spirit gave a sigh.
It was again in the days of yore,
And all its childhood friends it saw,
The spirits worked all through the night,
But when the sunshine's yellow light
With shining beams the school o'erspread,
They disappeared with noiseless tread.

—JUDITH LINFOOT (Bradfield), 1C.

THE STREAM

Bubbling over the shining pebbles,
Gurgling gaily its sparkling ture—
Under the sun in the daylight—
At night-time, under the moon,
Singing a song of green-grassed hills,
Over the rocks the little stream spills.

— LEONIE PRESS (Kent), 1A.

FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

To the pupils,

On February 8th, a meeting of 120 parents decided to form a Parents' and Citizens' Association in order to help your school in every way possible. Miss Whiteoak, your Principal, and Miss Dey, Deputy-Principal were present.

The Association hopes to improve the present facilities and to provide additional amenities. Our objects are not only to obtain the finance necessary to carry out our plans but indirectly to create an interest in its work on the part of everyone connected with your school.

During the five months since its formation, and as a result of the financial support given the Association has arranged for the purchase of a strip-projector, a portable gramophone and records. A sum of money has been granted to enable additional prizes to be presented at Speech Day. Repairs to the tennis court are being carried out and assistance has been given in effecting repairs to the seats in the playground and to the school building.

A Picture Night and Social was held during May, partly to raise funds but also to provide an enjoyable night for yourselves and your parents and to enable them to meet one another. It is hoped that a similar function may be held later in the year.

The Tuck-shop at the Annual Sports Meeting was arranged by the Ladies' Committee and there does not seem to be any doubt that it was appreciated.

You will realise that assistance financial and otherwise is necessary to ensure the success of the Association. It is hoped that you will help in any way possible as in this way you will not only be helping yourself but all the pupils who will be attending your famous and historic school in the years to come.

—H. G. Topham,
Hon. Secretary.

DONATIONS.

Charitable collections have been made as usual during the past year and the following donations made:—

	£	s.	d.
Sydney Hospital	10	0	0
Rachael Forster Hospital	10	0	0
Children's Hospital	10	0	0
Bush Church Aid Society	2	2	0
Polio Society	6	0	0
N.S.W. Crippled Children's Society	12	0	0
R.S.P.C.A.	2	0	0
Spastic Centre	6	0	0
Red Cross Society	15	0	0
Legacy	5	5	0
Flood Relief Appeal	157	5	0

GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Grandma's house is old and eerie,
Walls and pictures drab and dreary,
Stairs that creak and groan and clatter
Where the mice run clitter clatter!

—JAN SAYERS (Gloucester), 1B.

PREFECTS' EMPIRE DAY ESSAY COMPETITION

In this annual competition, all Fourth and Fifth Year girls (with the exception of the Prefects, who provide the prizes) write on the Senior topic, while the remainder

of the school does the Junior Topic.

Much good work was done in both sections this year. The winning entries appear below.

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE

The British way of life is an intangible but nevertheless definite system for living. It is distinctly different to all other ways of life. The French laugh at it; the Americans cannot understand it; natives tolerate it; but the Britisher lives it.

It is based on a set of morals that are, to say the least, odd. These morals used to include dressing for dinner in the tropics and boiling water before drinking it in India. The system vaguely incorporates roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, cricket and playing the game.

Yet this "way of life" has taken men calmly to their deaths; it has inspired feats of courage which are told in short clipped words with a shrug of the shoulders; it has produced such men as made "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Battle of Britain" and it has enabled others to settle in a foreign country and yet remain British. The English are the rare race who, having taken over a highly populated Eastern Country, have not become absorbed in it, but re-

mained a distinct racial minority.

This system for living is rarely talked about, for to him that lives it, it is as natural as breathing. It has the background "of the playing fields", of public schools, of the tradition that his forefathers founded and his rights as an Englishman.

"To do or die" is his motto even to the point of foolhardiness, the desire to see a thing through to the end, and the comradeship of his fellows are all to him accepted privileges of his birth and race.

Unfortunately the British "way of life" has been maligned and laughed at and because it has sometimes been considered a subject for humour, there is a tendency to be blind to its principles. These principles include the belief that all men are brothers, and that to die for the honour and glory of his God, his country and his Queen is his natural right as a Britisher.

—Carroll Read (Gloucester) 5B

The work of Barbara Gillan (Kent) of 5A was highly commended in the Senior entries.

JUNIOR SECTION: WINNING ESSAY

THE TWO QUEENS ELIZABETH

When in 1588, the first Elizabeth ascended the throne, she was alone, surrounded by plot and in-

trigue. How different, three hundred and ninety-four years later, was the lot of her successor and

namesake, who, on a February day, was exultantly welcomed to rule over an Empire of far greater extent than Queen Bess had ever dreamed.

At first glance these two Queens seem to have little in common.

Elizabeth I sitting under the oak at Hatfield, knew only triumph and satisfaction when she learned she was at last to sit on the throne her half-sister had misused for so long. For the second Elizabeth, however, succession to a crown meant the loss of a father she had always known and loved.

Surrounded by busband, children and loyal subjects as she was, she must have found it difficult to follow the path along which her predecessor had walked in such glory.

The early years of the two women can scarcely be compared. Born into a household of love and warmth, Elizabeth II lived in a happy, contented atmosphere with her parents and small sister, firstly at 145 Piccadilly and later, at Buckingham Palace. Yet the other Princess Elizabeth, brought up with the horror of her mother's execution, and under the ban of her father's displeasure, was exiled from her true home and banished to the country, where she passed her childhood in gloom and seclusion. Even upon Henry VIII's death, Elizabeth's troubles were not over. During Mary's reign, her life was almost forfeit on the block, and, had she not escaped, the whole course of our history may have been changed. Finally as Queen, Elizabeth was still vulnerable to the arrows of her enemies, both at home and

abroad. To us, feelings other than those of love and loyalty to our sovereign seem strange, and without our support the monarchy would crumble.

Elizabeth I, however, lived in a despotic age. Whatever her private life may have been—and surely the Virgin Queen could have known little real happiness—her word was law.

At the commencement of her reign, England was merely another nation struggling for European supremacy. At the end, that supremacy had been gained. England had vanquished her foes, her sons had sailed the Seven Seas in search of adventure, the foundations of her great colonial Empire had been well-cemented, and her "golden age" in literature shone with glowing brightness.

Although Elizabeth II does not possess the first Elizabeth's unlimited power, she stands at the head of a vast Commonwealth, stretching to all corners of the earth. She can, as Queen Bess could, inspire men to even greater deeds, and it is to her, under God, that we will look in time of danger. For whatever happens, we know that she will never betray the trust we place in her, and that she will always do the utmost for her Empire.

History reserves for Elizabeth I a glorious position. We pray that in its golden pages, Elizabeth II will be equally recorded.

—Christine Dobbin, 3A,
(Bradfield).

Margaret Harris of 2A was highly commended for her essay in the Junior Section, in which there were many good entries.

CONTRIBUTIONS

EVENING ON BALD HILL

Winning Entry for Best Contribution in Senior School.

(An actual Scene).

The sun sinks low. We walk along the rough bush track beside the stream
 We pass all signs of life—a shop, a railway bridge, eight shacks—again
 A dusty path, but now a road, and on the trees besides the way
 The leaves grow gold and dainty shapes and lacy patterns show against
 The clear blue background of the sky We hurry on towards the sea.
 The highway south looms up: a car, a truck rush past, are left behind.
 We reach the cliff, and in the grass upon this hill above the sea,
 Our backs against a monument, we sit, to rest, to look, to think . . .
 There far below we see a town—so tiny, like a painted scene—
 With hills to guard it on three sides, and on the fourth the beach, lagoon,
 And sea, now shot with silver thread by the last bright rays of the setting sun
 Which catch the fleecy clouds to give them added beauty, gold and pink . . .
 But now all colour fades; the sea and sky merge swiftly into one,
 But as they do the coastline comes to life outlined in points of light,
 The tiny hamlets, mighty towns, that stretch out there towards the south . . .
 Above a headland to the north a patch of gilded cloud appears
 And draws aside and we behold the shining orb we call the moon
 And from the crests the rippling waves her beams in gleaming radiance stream
 To form a path of glittering light which stretches out like cloth of gold
 Across the water to this cliff which falls away below our feet.

GILLIAN HANKS, (Gloucester), 5A.

THE ROMANCE OF NAMES

Best Prose Contribution from Senior School.

Guatemala, Samarkand, Granada, Capri . . .

Magic names of magic places. What visions they conjure, what dreams of romance. Their very names set the pulses quickening, as if in union with mysterious tom-toms throbbing across a darkened veldt.

But names have fascination only because of the glimpses we get in them of their real splendour. Imagine Khushalgarh. Tall white minarets against a blood-red sunset, natives chanting in the dusk to an Indian princess. Think of Popocatepetl! A snow-capped mountain rising above a red and brown Mexican plain. What a glorious name is Finsteraarhorn, a peak in Switzerland. Another is Anuradhapura in Ceylon. But

what name could compete with Lake Cadibawanirracanna in South Australia?

To see these entrancing places is the dream of many. They wish to see the Alhambra by moonlight, wish to see the Taj Mahal aflame at dawn, wish to see a ribbon of moon rising above silent cypresses in an old-world garden in Rome. Australians seem so far from the rest of the world that they have missed the glamour and excitement that beckons from far-away places. There is a nation-wide urge to travel.

Perhaps Australians have missed the thrill of seeing their own country first—a pity in a continent of such unique wonder. The so-called Dead Heart of Australia is a world of brilliant and

unusual colour, with Ayers Rock, Palm Valley and strange and varied rock-formations. Think of the Great Barrier Reef, a monument to the ceaseless work of tiny creatures called polyps. There turquoise waters lap beaches fringed with coral, where are found beche-de-mers, plant-animals and beautiful fish of rainbow hues. And the romance of names? Thursday Island, Bouganville Reef, Bowling Green Bay and the haunting Magdelaine Cays . . .

Australia has many other outstanding beauties, such as glorious Sydney Harbour, fantastic Jenolan Caves and the twin lakes of Mount Gambier. You knew them, you who are Australian born, and who can deny romance to them?

But Europe calls many more, with its wealth and colour, history and pageantry.

London! The lights of Piccadilly Circus . . . bunches of purple and white violets . . . a slender boy aiming mischievous darts . . . the Changing of the Guard.

The whole misty isle of England, the lochs of Scotland, the emerald of Eire.

Paris! The home of culture, of fashion, of the chic woman . . . the Eiffel Tower etched against a saffron sky . . . the Champs-Elysees in Spring . . . the twinkling stars on Montmartre.

France with her old white chateaux and her Cote d'Azur.

Spain, where señoritas flash bold black eyes and muleteers sing under the vine of the dark verandah. Italy where all roads lead to Rome, and where shimmering Venetian canals reflect the glories of Renaissance palaces. Switzerland, the land of ice-white mountains and cool green lakes. Germany of giant dark forests and little villages with twisted,

cobbled streets. Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey; and behind the "Iron Curtain" the wonders of Russia the Face World may yet see.

From the western world of Europe to the mystery of the Orient. India of minarets and white marble palaces and gold-dark peoples; China of almonds, and silks and sloe-eyed beauties; Japan, land of delicate vignettes of the tracery of plum and cherry blossom.

We know the wonder of America from films, but no three-dimensional camera could reproduce the thrill of sailing past the enormous Statue of Liberty for the first time. In Latin climes the names are a string of glowing gems, filled with smouldering passion, romance and golden sunlight. Barranquilla, Orinoco, Guayaquil, Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro.

The imagery born of words can create a spell that not even words themselves can express. Combined with the lure of far-off places, they give rise to a desire to be free and untrammelled to see those places of allure and mystery.

In a harbour of dancing sun-lit waters, a white ship prepares to leave for foreign ports. The wharf is thronged with people, and blue, red, green and yellow streamers intermingle fantastically. Someone has unravelled a ball of string! Last messages are shouted or whispered tenderly. Slowly, imperceptibly, the inches between the ship and the wharf widen to one foot, to two . . .

Give my love to Guatemala, to Samarkand, to Granada, to Capri!

Au revoir! . . . and bon voyage!

—Patricia Vaughn, Class 5A.

TIME

Winning Entry for the Best Contribution in the Junior School.

Time is, at the least, an elusive thing. Most people spend their lives either trying to chase and catch, keep up with, beat or ignore it, but do they achieve their aims? The majority are fleeing before it, ever turning frantic glances towards Time's merciless servant, the clock. Precious seconds, minutes, gone, never to return!

Of the two ways in which to beat Time, we are concerned with the one which does not occupy a conductor, for if he is a good one, he does not beat it, but merely keeps up with it. Why should one try to beat it? Why not ignore it, or live with it, like the old, or the contented? Time is one's own, to do with as one likes; it can be used to advantage, or wasted, and in doing both of these things, one can enjoy oneself. This brings forth another question.

What should one do with time; with one's own meagre life-span? Is there some "golden mean"; some happy compromise between

"life in a rut," and "life, roving and adventurous?" Could there be some perfect life, using each precious second and wasting none? If there was, the liver of the life would be far from contented, for do we not all enjoy stolen moments in which we do nothing; moments without which we would miss the spice and flavour of life; moments which we could not possibly do without, if we were to continue working or playing?

Time! Had it a beginning and has it an end? Tomorrow may bring the end of the world, but it would be but a minor incident in Time. Our puny measures are incapable of bringing us any realisation of the greatness of it. However, it may end. When one talks of everlasting life, it may be but in quality and not quantity. Perhaps one day we shall find the answers to these questions? Perhaps, in Time?

—Carol Mason (Gloucester) 2A.

LOST

Best Contribution from First Year.

This was the second time he had seen the sun set beneath the mountain, and felt, rather than heard, the sudden hush. He didn't like the night-time. The trees were trying to grab him. He was hungry. He wasn't thirsty because he had found a stream that day. There were some pretty red berries by the stream. He had tasted one, but it was sour, so he threw it away. He wanted his Teddy Bear. And, most of all, he wanted his Mummy.

What was that? He turned quickly, picked up a stone, and threw it towards the noise. He heard a grunt of surprise, then a scuffling noise. Wasn't he brave? He'd frightened a lion, or a tiger, or an elephant!

"Or even a great, big grizzly bear! The sort that hugs you".

He remembered his Teddy Bear.

"Teddy is probably lonely," he confided to a star.

He sat down and started to cry. Then he remembered that he was

sleepy. He lay down on the hard mattress of dead leaves. Now he could only think of nasty things. He remembered the snake that crawled over his foot. He remembered how the trees seemed to grab him. He remembered the

nasty castor-oil that his mother used to give him.

That's funny! The ground seemed to be much softer. He closed his eyes and felt himself drifting . . . drifting.

—Peggy Adamson (Kent) 1A.

THE EAST WIND

Best Poem Contributed in the Junior School.

The Wind!

From the sea he comes, whining and shrieking,
Slashing the rocks in his fury,
Whirling the sand over the cliffs;
Wailing and moaning.

The Wind!

Driving the waves 'til they crash on the long white shore, foaming and frothing,
Scatt'ring the ominous clouds
Through the leaden-grey skies,
Massing and threatening.

The Wind

Terrible on the turbulent sea, pounding and destroying
Great works of man as
Though they were driftwood,
Drifting and sundering.

The Wind!

Catching at the spray, the seagulls with it, calling and hovering
Blowing them away
Into land,
Strident and protesting.

—ADRIENNE MUIR (Gloucester), 2A.

GORDON OF KHARTOUM

Characters:

General Charles Gordon.

Lieutenant Fitzroy.

Ahmed Abed—an Arab.

The scene is a dirty little room on the top story of the British Headquarters at Khartoum. There are two doors, left and right, and a shuttered window, centre. When the play commences, General Gordon, Commander of the British Garrison, is seated at a table with his back to door right, absorbed in writing a letter.

Enter Lieutenant Fitzroy.

Fitz.: A despatch from Britain, Sir, (laying it on the table).

Gen.: Thank you, Lieutenant. You may go. (He continues to write, and, after a short pause, puts down his

pen to open the dispatch).

"And we command you therefore, to immediately abandon the city of Khartoum, and retreat by the southern route with the remainder of the British troops garrisoned in the aforesaid area". (He gets up and slams the paper on the desk).

Retreat! Never! If we retreat now the Sudanese will consider themselves masters of Egypt. The Mahdi will sweep the whole country before him. We dare not leave now. Besides, if we captured the man himself, we should have the whole country about our ears. (There is a pause whilst the General paces up and down). How can they possibly believe that he is the saviour Mohammed promised them? Why,

the man's an impostor. He should be . . . (He is interrupted by a knock on the door) Come in.

Enter Lieutenant Fitzroy.

Fitz: Major Knightly has just sent a message from the Southern Quarter, sir. The Sudanese have completely blocked all exits from the city. Even if we wished to retreat now, we should be unable to do so.

Gen.: Retreat? Who spoke of retreat?

Fitz: But sir . . . we were given to understand, sir, that the Home Government had . . .

Gen.: Indeed! It is amazing how news I have learnt for myself only a few minutes since, has previously gone the complete rounds of the garrison.

(There is an awkward pause, during which Gordon taps with his pencil on the table, looking inquiringly at his subordinate. Then he speaks with positive deliberation). Fitzroy, we stay in Khartoum until the Mahdi is completely and irrevocably smashed. Do you understand?

Fitz: Yes, sir!

Gen.: Good. Then send a message to Major Knightly to inform him that on no account must the Southern Gate be taken. Once the Sudanese enter the city we will be undone. (Gordon begins to write) Wait outside, Lieutenant, and I shall write you the message.

(Unknown to Gordon, whilst he is writing someone has softly entered the room by the door left. The intruder is an Arab, and he creeps up behind the General, putting a knife to his throat).

Arab: One word, and you are dead. (He takes a gun from the table and, thus armed, sits covering Gordon).

Gen.: Who the devil are you? How did you get inside the garrison without being seen?

Arab: I am Ahmed Abed—no doubt you have heard of me. As for entering your fortifications (shrugs)—your men are fools. I merely climbed across the roof-tops.

Gen.: Ahmed Abed? Ahmed . . . ? Of course, one of the Mahdi!

Ahmed: I have that honour, (Gordon moves, as if to overpower him) and I warn you, General, if you do not sit still, I shall be forced to make an end of you. I am not here for a practical joke. The Mahdi is deadly serious. Ah that is better. It would be a pity to kill you before I have finished my business.

Gen.: Business? What business have you with me? If you are here to ask me to open the South Gates, you are wasting your time.

Ahmed: But that is precisely why I am here, General (Gordon gasps). You seem surprised? How else are we to enter the city, if not in the south?

Gen.: Good God, man, you must be raving. Do you expect me to calmly order my men off, so that you may enter? Khartoum remains British as long as I command this garrison.

Ahmed: I think not, General. Come, surely you realise that I can kill you now and escape without the knowledge of any of your men. You would do better to listen to my proposition (Gordon remains silent, and Ahmed continues) You will tell your men that there is no need to watch the Southern Gate closely. You have been privately informed that the attack is to be made in the west instead, and therefore all available detachments will be immediately sent there. We will meanwhile storm the Southern Gates and enter the city, but you and the complete British Army will be permitted to retire unmolested.

(Suddenly the door is burst open, and Fitzroy enters).

Fitz: The Mahdi have stormed the Southern Gate, sir. They are inside the city—thousands of them—and all fully armed.

Gen.: (Slowly) The Mahdi! Then the efforts of the past six months have been in vain—the Sudan is lost. We can never hold out against such odds.

Fitz: (Noticing the Arab, who is sitting quietly, watching) Who is this man? What is he doing here?

Gen.: (Looking at Ahmed slowly) This is the man who has lost Khartoum for Britain. (Fitzroy looks disbelieving). If it had not been for him, Major Knightly should have been informed of the impending attack. The message I was to have sent would have been there in time.

Fitz: Do you mean that this man forcibly prevented . . .

Gen.: (Holding up his hand) You would not understand, Lieutenant. I had better go.

Fitz: But sir, the Arab . . .

Gen.: He only played his part as he believed it. He can be blamed only as much as you or I. (Smiling) I shall meet you again, Fitzroy, in a better world than this.

(Exit Fitzroy).

You too, Ahmed, must go. Your master will be pleased. You did your work well.

(Exit Ahmed silently, by door left. In the distance faint murmurs, as a crowd approaches, can be heard. Gordon takes his diary from a shelf and

writes slowly). "I have done my best for my Queen and my country. Now I die. May my soul rest in peace".

(Battering and shouting can be heard off, and, closing his diary, he walks to the door left. He opens the door and the shouting increases in volume. Words such as "Down with the British dog" and "Kill the pig"

can be heard. Suddenly Gordon staggers back, and it can be seen that a dagger has been plunged into his chest. As he sinks to the floor in agony a shout is raised and a stream of Arabs rush into his room, and kick his dead body across the floor.

—CHRISTINE DOBBIN 3A,
(Bradfield).

EXPERIENCE OF A RED CROSS "GUINEA PIG"

I am glad I am a member of the Red Cross. I am proud to wear the badge, and I look forward to continuing my work in the organisation. I shall tell you of my personal experiences in the Red Cross.

When I was in my Fourth Year at Fort Street, it was announced that a new course was commencing with the Red Cross, and was to be a "Child Care" course. From the rough outline we were given, I decided that I would like to participate in this experiment and I applied to join.

I was lucky enough to be one of the thirty or so girls chosen from High Schools in the Sydney area to be a "guinea pig" for the new venture. Although most of us had had no previous experience in Red Cross work, we began the course with enthusiasm.

It is hard to describe the enjoyment we derived from our work with the Red Cross. Films, lectures, discussions and practical work provided us with knowledge and experience in the care of babies and children.

At the completion of the course we were presented with certificates—the first ever given, and how proud we were and still are, to wear the grey and white uniform of the Child Care Auxiliary.

Voluntary work followed and I went to the Red Cross Girls' and

Boys' Homes to work in my spare time, and gained more experience in that way. Several days spent at the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital also broadened my knowledge. Gradually I was using my elementary learning to build up a confident approach to children.

One of the very exciting events in my Red Cross career happened at the Annual Exhibition of Red Cross work in the Sydney Town Hall. Some of our Auxiliary were to give a demonstration of the work of our group, and so, dozens of times that day, we showed how to bath babies and put them to bed in the Child Care section of the display.

In the afternoon, I was surprised and rather startled to be asked to send a reply to a goodwill message received from the Geneva and U.S.A. Branches of Red Cross. My knees were shaking as I broadcast in front of the Town Hall packed with members of Junior and Senior Red Cross, but I was thrilled and honoured to do such a thing for Red Cross.

After I left school, I went to live on a sheep station, and, as a temporary position, teach a small boy correspondence lessons. Naturally, but regretfully, I had to resign from the Child Care Auxiliary of which I was then the President.

Some two months later, on a flying visit home, I received to my amazement and joy, a letter stating that I had been selected to represent New South Wales at a Study Centre in Melbourne in January, 1955. You can imagine my excitement at the news, and how proud I felt!

Well, January 9th saw me on my way to Melbourne where delegates from Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, Queensland and New Britain met to discuss and learn more about Red Cross. The main objective of the Study Centre was to find some means of linking the Junior and Senior Red Cross, that is, providing activities for people of high school age.

The delegates were especially interested in the new group in the N.S.W. Division—the Child Care Auxiliary. This was discussed in detail and approved as a link for girls between Junior and Senior Red Cross.

That Study Centre in Melbourne inspired me as it did, I am sure, the other delegates. We felt that we were growing in knowledge and becoming more fitted, in a practical and moral sense, to take our place in the community. We were, moreover, enthusiastic to work and strive for one goal, one aim—service, health and international friendship—the goal of Red Cross.

I must tell you, too, about some

of the other fields of Red Cross work. In Malaya, for instance, in the recent unrest, a team of Red Cross Nurses worked to help, not only the sick but those in any need and trouble. In all disaster areas—floods, cyclones, earthquakes, fires, etc., Red Cross is prominent in aid and relief.

In wartime, as well as after these disasters, the Red Cross Tracing Bureau sets to work to find information about and connect relatives and friends. It is in very few cases that this has been unsuccessful.

In small ways and large, Red Cross is always helping. Talking book libraries in Victoria for blinded ex-servicemen—meals for elderly pensioners in their own homes—insulin injection for those unable to attend a clinic—child welfare departments—these are but a few of the services rendered the needy by Red Cross, quite often at the members' personal sacrifice.

I could go on forever telling you about this wonderful organisation, but space and time prevent. However, I have told you a little about my personal experiences, and I know you realise the importance of Red Cross. Do help all you can, and when you do, you will understand what I feel—why I am glad to help, honoured to be allowed to help, and proud, very proud of the world-wide Red Cross Society.

—Janet Oataway (Bathurst Teachers' College).

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves sway in the breeze,
Some are golden, some are brown,
All are twirling round and round
Dancing, prancing,
Twirling, curling,
In a wild and eerie dance—
Until they fall upon the ground
And there they stay and rest.

—GLENDA GREY (Bradfield), 1B

SULENKAMA

In South Africa, nine hundred miles from Capetown and three hundred miles from Durban, lies the combined mission station and hospital known as the Nessie Knight Hospital.

Two days by train from Capetown, four hours by bus from Umtata, and the remaining twenty miles by the hospital lorry over the dirt road from Quinbu, and we were finally in Sulenkama, "The Fountain of Many Waters" and the hospital grounds where we would spend four long months as guests.

It was never long before visitors were taking an active part in the organisation of the hospital, and soon Mother was driving the elder of the two doctors to distant clinics in the combined utility truck and ambulance, stopping to pick up patients on the way. I would sit on the knees of Nora Jean, who was an African Princess; the truck could hold about fourteen to sixteen natives in the back, and the doctor would treat as many as thirty people before we turned homewards. Often by this time, we would have reached such a great height that we would drive home through thunderclouds.

Mother taught the African nurses physical training. The

younger doctor's wife and his daughter, Elspeth Jean, and I would all do P.T. on the lawn. One day, the younger doctor climbed onto the roof and photographed us in colour film.

After P.T. we would go for a walk, looking at the pigs and chickens. Once I spent the afternoon watching over a hen who was hatching her eggs. We put her into a newly painted rabbit hutch, and every day we would go down to her with corn, to see if the chickens had hatched.

Or we would spend a few hours in the swimming pool out on the lawn, and Mother would dive to the bottom of the pool, wait 'till the ripples had subsided, then swim breast-stroke to the other end, with a trail of silvery bubbles rising to the surface above her.

In the evening, we would sit outside, looking at the starry sky, and listen to the eerie calls of the vultures, the storks and the herons. If thunder were in the air, as it often was, the dogs, of whom our favourite was Magic, the red Irish Setter, would whine and scratch on the doors until we let them in for the night.

"The Fountain of Many Waters" is a place I shall never forget.

—Hanna Kreutzer (Kent) 3B.

THE JEDDA BIRD

Out of the mists of the closing day,
The Jedda bird wings on her lonely way;
Scarred and silent, the land below,
Is silvered over in the moon's glow.
Across the sunburnt ridges and desolate plain,
Ghost gums haunt the inland terrain,
Carvings in ochre and grey granite rocks,
Relate the legends of Jedda bird flocks.
The black men below follow her flight,
And sing strange songs by their campfire's light;
The didgeridoos re-echo its mourning,
As the Jedda birds wings her way to the dawning.

—GAIL CARMICHAEL (Kent) 4D.

MY FIRST YEAR AT FORT STREET

This year is a very exciting one for me, as I'm sure it is for many other "First Years" also. Why? Because it is my very first year at this wonderful school. Last year most of my friends went to Burwood Home Science High, and I think I would have too, only my sister persuaded me into coming to Fort Street. Now I'm sure I've chosen the right school with its old stone walls, and the many traditions which it holds. Bradfield Highway, in front of the school, is always very attractive both as an interest at lunch time, and for art lessons.

This year the "First Years" have taken up their quarters in "Siberia", the isolated block situ-

ated to the left of the main building. If your room happens to be upstairs, as is ours, you can climb onto a desk and look out a window down onto the Fire Station below, where the firemen practise with their hoses. Another attraction for "Siberians" (i.e. the disobedient ones), is a thrilling slide down the banisters, but this is only ventured upon on special occasions.

When I first arrived at Fort Street, I was not very impressed, but now I'm certain that it's the best High School of all, and that all "First Years" during 1955 will prove themselves to be true Fortians.

—Barbara Hynes (Kent), 1D.

HALLOWEEN

A ghost came floating through the wall
 Carrying a coat and bouncing a ball.
 His eyes were red, his face was green,
 'Twas truly the spookiest ghost I've seen.
 He carried a pitchfork between his teeth—
 He was truly the perfect picture of grief.
 He glided softly through the night
 That certainly made you shrink at the sight.
 'Tis truly the spookiest ghost I've seen,
 Why—now I know—it's Halloween!

—MARJORIE CHINN (Kent), 2C.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF ROTORUA

The most enjoyable and unforgettable section of my tour of New Zealand last Christmas was the Rotorua district, situated almost in the centre of the North Island of New Zealand. It is famous for the thermal action found there. Our guide explained to us that Rotorua means "second lake", for the town is on the shores of one of the many lakes in the area. The best known thermal region is in Rotorua itself. This is the

famous "Whakarewarewa" (or "Whaka" for short), and it is the home of the most prominent Maori tribe, the Arawas.

The Maoris are a colourful people and the Arawas are no exception. The Maori who was our guide, wore a very picturesque native costume, as did the other guides who were showing people around the thermal region and through their tribal village. The low buildings, being solidly con-

structed of wood are ornately carved both inside and out. These carvings cover the walls and the supports and depict the entire history of the Arawa tribe.

Once past the village, the guide led us down a narrow track fringed by stunted bushes. Steam hisses forth from the cracks in the earth alongside the track and in these places the ground forms only a thin outer shell.

The most amusing thermal action is the boiling mud which, found in pools boiled by subterranean heat, bubbles up and bursts on the surface. On the edges of these pools is Fuller's Earth which is often used by women for mud packs.

"Whaka" has many geysers, but the two most famous are the Pohutu and the Prince of Wales' Feather. These play side by side to a height of at least sixty feet. At first sight geysers looked to me like deep-blue, limpid pools of water, yet at short intervals a deep rumbling is heard while the water boils furiously until a stream of water and steam gushes upwards with tremendous force. Geysers can be seen dotting the surrounding hillsides and sulphur vapours rise from the ground, giving the air a strange smell. In many places pools of cold water stand beside boiling ones and these pools are believed to extend to a great depth into the earth's core. It is quite common for Rotorua residents, including the Maoris, to have warm thermal baths in their own backyards and for them to cook their meals over steam vents. There was one such pool on the lawns of our hotel.

The road from Rotorua winds in and out among giant pine forests. These pine forests extend over hundreds of square miles of territory and they are planted and cared for by a trained group of men who regularly fly over the

whole area in 'planes, on the lookout for bushfires. About sixty miles from Rotorua is Wairakei Geyser Valley. Here amazing experiments are being carried out to discover if the energy from the geysers can be used. Huge pipes of various diameters, are sunk into the ground where geyser action is located. From these pipes, steam roars forth with incredible force and speed.

Further on in the valley, Maori guides, once more in native dress, showed us the mysteries of this thermal wonderland. The highest geyser in the world is found at Wairakei and although it only blows every thirty-five to forty years it plays to a height of two hundred feet. Wairakei is unique in having the "Dancing Rock" geyser. A lump of rock in the geyser is lifted to the surface of the water each time it blows but the rock has succeeded in staying there, probably for thousands of years.

Not far from Wairakei is "our next port-of-call" Lake Taupo, the largest fresh-water lake in the Southern Hemisphere. This lake is the source of New Zealand's longest river which flows at fifteen miles per hour at one point. Three majestic snow-capped peaks, Mt. Tongariro, Mt. Ruapehu and the active volcano, Mt. Ngaurahohe, can be seen across the lake from the town of Taupo. Another thermal region, Orakei-Karako, derives its name, which means "Place of Adorning" from a huge cave. This natural amphitheatre was formed by volcano fires eating away the hillside. The cave descends steeply to a depth of about sixty feet where a crystal-clear warm pool is found.

However, Orakei-Karako's main attractions are its two outstanding rainbow-coloured silica formations, the Rainbow Terraces

and the Golden Fleece. They have been formed over a period of thousands of years by trickles of water carrying mineral particles which have gradually built up to form a solid wall of delicately patterned silica. Above the terraces is the "Artists-Palette" where pools of unbelievable colour break the thin crust. Sulphur vapours rising from the pools have petrified the ferns nearby to form intricate lacy filigrees.

The only underground geyser in New Zealand is in a hillside at

Orakei-Karako where water and steam gurgle forth from the "Dragon's Throat" as it is appropriately named.

Lying side by side in a striking contrast of deep emerald green and sapphire blue, are the Blue and Green Lake which attract tourists from every corner of the earth. Here Nature may be seen in terrifying simplicity or the breath-taking beauty, for the Rotorua district is truly "Nature's Wonderland", and as you may guess, we were very loth to leave its mystifying fascination.

—Joyceelyn Hardwick (Kent) 4A.

WHO WON?

"And, Ladies and Gentlemen, now for the five pound prize, offered by the Peppy Petroleum Products Pty., for the best speech concerning this question, 'Should Australia be divided into smaller states, or remain as it is at present?' We have Mr. Tom Smith and Mr. Jack Brown who will now give their views.—Ladies and Gentlemen!— Mr. Smith who thinks Australian States should be sub-divided".

"Mr. Erepmoc, Ladies and Gentlemen; I think Australia should be re-divided. Over the past two centuries Australia has undergone many territorial changes—, from two comparatively large states and one small one, to four reasonably large ones and two small. As each new state was formed, it named one of its big cities as the capital, set up a government, and started to work for itself. Therefore I think that if the number of Australian states was enlarged, more of the outlying areas would make themselves prosperous and decentralization would be largely effected. Often the revenue received from a cer-

tain district is not spent proportionally on that district and instead the money goes towards building a nice concrete road in one of the already well-developed cities. More of the farmers and graziers would be able to explain their grievances to the authorities if they didn't have so far to go to the capital city. Thus responsible government would become widespread throughout Australia. Also attention would be drawn to the less well-known areas, and Australia would not be thought of in terms of Sydney and Melbourne. Not only this but . . ."

"I'm sorry Mr. Smith, but your time is up. And standing here at the microphone we have Mr. Brown to say why Australia should remain as it is now".

"Mr. Erepmoc, Ladies and Gentlemen, I think Australia is quite satisfactory as it is today. How expensive it would be to set up new capital cities! What conflict there would be as to which state would have that big industrial city over there! such controversy as to how many states should be formed! If, for instance,

in New South Wales, the "New England" and "Illawarra" districts were given independence, why couldn't the "Riverina" area be made independent of Sydney? Even if the Federal system was left standing, the individuality of each state would soon become so great, that maybe border warfare would break out.

Taking New South Wales as an example, once more, if the 'New England', 'Illawarra' and 'Riverina' districts were made into separate states, the remaining areas would not be linked together, and point two, since the richest districts had been withdrawn, revenue would decrease and the state might even reach the stage of bankruptcy and heavy debt. I

therefore . . ."

"I'm sorry Mr. Brown, but time has caught up with you. Listeners, in just a few moments we will receive the results from our expert panel of judges.

Meanwhile; are you going away this Easter? Then why not ask your motor-garage for Peppy Super-natural Petrol? You won't know that it's the same car you're driving, it will run as smoothly as a kangaroo with hiccoughs.

And now Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of the big five pound prize offered by the Peppy Petroleum Products Pty., is . . ."

Who do you think won? And do you think Australia should be re-divided?

—Joan Pitman (Bradfield) 3B.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE WAR

When the war broke out in France in 1940, many children in Lyons, including my brother and I, were taken into the country as it was thought to be safer for us there. Some of us went to a country home that we owned, where we were looked after by one of the parents of a child who was staying there.

Every week my mother and father, who owned a small provisions store in Lyons brought supplies for us. One particular week in 1940, it was thought to be impossible for my parents to reach us, but they, realising how imperative it was for us to obtain supplies, decided to chance the blocked roads and set out. Their difficult task in front of them, my parents started, my father doubling mother on a bicycle with the supplies secured on the back. Everything went well until they reached the village before their destination. Imagine their surprise

and consternation when they saw that the Germans had been there and razed most of the homes to the ground! It was impossible to evade capture and when the Germans bailed them up against a wall of a house, before shooting them, they thought that their last hour had come. Luckily, the German soldier in charge of them turned his back for a moment, so my parents, making the most of their opportunity, slipped behind some nearby bushes and then ran for their lives through the village. On both sides of the street, houses were burning, and the smoke which hung like a shroud over everything both aided and hindered them, for although its density threatened to suffocate them, it also acted as a screen for their escape.

After a walk of eleven miles through the country, my parents reached us with the supplies, hav-

ing been constantly in dread of recapture during the whole journey. After a stay of two days, my parents read in a newspaper, a notice saying that all shops should open because if they were not, there was danger of them being broken into by the half-starved populace. So they reluctantly left us in the middle of the night to get back to their shop in Lyons by seven o'clock the next morning.

They returned by the same route as they had come, even though the roads were still blocked and we waited anxiously

until news was received of their safe arrival back at their shop

Later they told us that it was terrible to see all the destruction which had been wrought. Smoking villages, completely in ruins and destroyed crops were sights all too common over the whole area.

This is only one of the many incidents which I remember from the war years we spent in France and from time to time I realise how lucky we were during those years and thank God for keeping us safe and together.

—Claire Harley (Bradfield), 4B.

COMING TO AUSTRALIA

I was born in Liverpool, England, and at the age of seven, I started on the long journey to Australia, because my father, who had been there during the War, thought it offered us good opportunities.

We travelled from midnight to about seven o'clock next morning, travelling from Liverpool to London. I don't remember much of this trip as most of the time I slept. By the time we reached Tilbury Docks, our ship, the Chitral, was waiting. We went aboard and stood on deck watching other passengers coming up the gangplank. About mid-day the ship started to move; banners, confetti, coloured paper and flags were flying everywhere as people cheered us out of port. At last we were on our way to Australia!

We sailed non-stop through the Atlantic Ocean, past Gibraltar, where we saw the famous island from a distance. Thus we passed into the Mediterranean Sea.

The Suez Canal was our next focus of interest. Each side of the Suez was cemented and was just

wide enough for one way traffic. People were walking on each side of the Canal and they were mainly dressed in long, white robes with turbans on their heads. These people were mostly Egyptians. From the Suez we sailed into the Red Sea.

One of my favourite pastimes was to watch the little silver flying-fish which kept flying above the calm water. Our next port of call was Aden, from where we sailed straight across the Indian Ocean to Colombo. Before we actually berthed at Colombo, some tiny boats came to meet us. These boats were full of goods which the people wanted to sell us. They included purses, watches, fruit and straw hats. The manner of sale was extremely unusual. The passenger would call out to whichever boat he wanted and the man in the boat would come as quickly as possible to his prospective buyer. The passenger then explained the article he wanted, received the price in reply, and then he would haggle with the seller about the price, until it fell

to a price which suited him. The man in the boat would tie a basket to the end of a long rope and put the bought article into it for the purchaser to pull up. The passenger after receiving it, put his money in the basket and gently let it down.

At last we berthed in Colombo where the passengers went ashore, as was not the case with Aden. Trying to walk was a difficult task, for I had become used to the roll of our ship. Time sped quickly as we wandered around the quaint town and it was rather regretfully that we finally left it.

As we neared the Equator,

which we crossed without the traditional ceremony, the heat became intolerable. Down through the heat of the Indian Ocean we steamed and it was not long before we reached Fremantle. We barely touched this port or Adelaide and soon we were nearing Sydney. Here we passed into the harbour and under the Bridge, while I thought, "We're really in Australia"!

We have lived in Australia for almost six years now and I like it very much, but one day when I am older, I hope to go back to my Motherland for a holiday.

—Stella Foulkes (Gloucester), 1B.

MEMORIES OF MY HOMELAND

Latvia is found in the North-eastern part of Europe and its bordering countries are Estonia, Lithuania and Poland. The climate is cold and people can only enjoy the warmth of the sun for three months of the year. The feeling of winter approaching is never pleasant, because it means that the people are forced to keep indoors by the piercing wind and snow. The bitter cold lasts for five months. The days gradually lengthen from seven hours to seventeen hours as the sun begins to move back to the Northern Hemisphere.

The people's hearts light up with joy at the approach of Spring for then at last they can work in their beloved fields. June is the middle month of summer and it is then that the country reaches its peak in flowering.

The longest day is on 23rd June and then everyone celebrates "The Festival of John". This festival is as old as the country's own existence. It is known that before Christ, our ancestors

believed in different kinds of idols. John was the symbol of the blossoming of summer, and the folk believed, that he would come down from Heaven on the night of 23rd June, ride around the fields, the forests, the stables, and stamp out all the weeds and as the sun rose over the horizon, he flew back to Heaven.

Big crowns of flowers with barley and rye spikes interwoven are made by the women. A man is not allowed to make the crowns, for if he does, he will always remain unmarried. Crowns have to be worn by everybody on "John's Night". All the buildings of the farmyard are decorated with flowers on the day before. Sharp needles are often stuck between the greenery so as to drive away the evil spirits. White bread is also baked for the festivities.

Home folk begin to celebrate by singing, and it is not long after, that they hear voices singing in the distance. These voices are soon heard at their own gate. They are neighbours who have

come to enjoy the night with their friends. With them they carry grasses which they have gathered on the way. These grasses are scattered throughout the rooms of the house and others showered onto the porch.

If the "Children of John"—this is the name given to everyone in Latvia that night—were not provided with beer and cheese, the rye from which the beer is made would not grow for the whole of the year and the cattle would be troubled by evil spirits. The name given to every property-owner and his wife is "the father and mother of John".

After having feasted, "the father of John" and "the children of John" set off for the nearest hill where already there is prepared, a barrel, filled with wood and tar, fixed at the end of a large

pole. When the barrel is lit folk-dancing follows around the pole. When dawn breaks, the dancing stops and the merry-makers go and sing to the fields songs for the blessing of the next crop. Every house, farm, mill and shed is blessed by the people.

"John's Night" is connected with magic and this magic has a special effect on the young folk. If a young woman kisses a man on "John's Night" she will then marry him. Sometimes if a girl wishes to attract a man, she must catch a grasshopper on "John's Night", and when it dries, she rubs it into a fine powder and adds a little of this powder to the man's meals, and it is taken for granted that before "John's Night" next year they will have been wed.

—Maija Taurins (Bradfield), 4D.

THE DAUGHTER

Slowly the old lady sank deeper into her pillows, the lines of pain fading from her face in sleep. The young woman by her side rose thankfully and moved noiselessly through the house to the kitchen, where she made herself a cup of tea. She wondered what she would give her mother for tea—she had eaten nothing all day . . . Poor old Mother; she had been such a wonderful woman—so long ago now, it seemed. Was it really only seven years since Mother's accident? She wondered—only seven years since her father said to her—

"Beth, would you mind very much forfeiting your music scholarship and staying at home with your mother? I know you had other plans, but it would only be for a little while, and you were always much closer to your

mother than the others".

Even now she could still remember the feeling that had come over her at that instant. It was as if she had seen momentarily her whole life stretched before her; and although the picture was lost the moment it formed, it left a feeling of panic, and she had wanted to shout, "No, no! I won't do it!" and to run and hide behind the old lounge chair, as she had when a tiny frightened child. But of course she didn't—she merely said, "I shall arrange everything tomorrow"—one never showed any emotion at all before Father.

As each year passed, the old lady became more and more dependent on her daughter—Beth was her life, and without her, she was completely helpless.

Then almost three years ago,

she had seemed to improve a little, and on her father's advice, Beth took a holiday. With what joyful anticipation had she packed her few belongings! She had travelled towards the west, into the light of the sun on the rim of the horizon, and for the first time in many years she felt completely happy. The blinding sun seemed to represent present joy, and she was steering into even greater happiness. Then a dreadful thought came to her—she was not steering toward future happiness—she was trying to recapture the joy of her childhood, by chasing after the light of an already past day . . . She shook herself roughly, and told herself not to be so foolish. She was always having queer thoughts like that lately—perhaps she was losing her mind?

For two perfect days, she was in an ecstasy of delight, doing the simple things she had loved as a child. She lay in the long grass, watching it shivering in the breeze

and listening to the birds twittering and singing in the treetops; she ran and ran against the strong wind, with the leaves whirling about her understandingly; and at night she climbed to the top of a low hill, and felt so uplifted that she thought her heart would burst for joy. At one such moment she resolved never to return to the old severe home of her parents, and never to let herself be crushed within its walls. In perfect contentment, she walked back to the guest-house and there, awaiting her, was a telegram. It read—

“Father taken stroke. Return at once”.

Before she arrived her father had died, and Beth once more took up the threads of her old life.

“Perhaps she would like some chicken broth”, she wondered aloud, as she washed her cup and saucer . . .

—Margaret Ryan (York), 5A.

A THOUGHT

Oh! Just to sit—
To have time
To sit
And think
And watch
And smell!

The greater things—
The finer things—
Of life
Are lost—
Ignored.

We do not stop—
We hasten on
And miss
The sounds—clear and charming
The colours—pure and lovely
The scents—sweet and fragrant.

What worth is life?
What good our toil
When life is passed?
Enjoy God's gifts
And watch
And think
And see.

—BARBARA PLANT (York), 5A.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

When I took my seat at the Tivoli Theatre to witness the first Shakespearian production I had ever seen by an established Company, I felt a pleasant thrill of anticipation. Although I was only slightly acquainted with the plot of "The Taming of the Shrew", I was prepared to enjoy a cleverly planned comedy, faultlessly performed by one of England's most famous actors, supported by an actress who had won world-acclaim for her film portrayals.

In one respect only, was I disappointed. This was in Katherine Hepburn's performance as Katherine the Shrew. On her entrance I prepared to enjoy acting which I, at least would find perfect, but my expectation was soon dispelled by her unpleasantly harsh voice and American accent, which she was unable to control as the tempo of the plot mounted. Unfortunately, the perfect voice-production and pronunciation of the rest of the company only accentuated Miss Hepburn's vocal defects.

However, I was impressed by the amazing talent displayed by the rest of the cast. Robert Helpmann, particularly, as the hero, capitalised on his experience in ballet to present Petruchio as a vigorous athletic suitor and he certainly succeeded in conveying this impression to the audience by

his rapid and boisterous speech. What delighted me most of all was his extremely natural expression, a fact which undoubtedly contributes to his success in this field of drama.

Full credit for the success of this performance, I feel, must go to producer, Michael Benthall, to whose ingenuity the play owes its extremely modern manner of presentation. I was amazed at the lavishness of the setting which added such vitality to Mr. Benthall's work, and at once realised why it had taken a month's pocket money to pay for my seat! I felt proud when I afterwards discovered that an Australian, London Sainthill, was responsible for these masterpieces of scenery and costume.

When I left the theatre, after having greatly enjoyed the performance, I came to the conclusion that the directors of the "Old Vic Company" had greatly underestimated our intelligence by substituting a famous name for an actress possessing the true qualities of a Shakespearian player. But the comedy had also inspired me with a new respect for the genius whose plays need so little adaption to thrill modern Elizabethans just as much as they did the folk in the days of Good Queen Bess.

—Coralie Mallitt, 4B.

I WONDER

I wonder if across the sea
 There is a place for girls like me,
 Where there is no geography?
 I wish sometimes that I could reach
 Some island, where upon the beach,
 They speak without the parts of speech!

—THALIA HUME (York), 1C.

“MY IDEAL GISELLE”

I have seen only one production of “Giselle”, namely, that of Borovansky. John Cranks, who supervised production of “Pineapple Poll”, brought from Sadlers Wells the decor, costumes and actual choreography used by that company, which easily surpassed anything that Borovansky had presented before. But even this did not satisfy my taste, for I doubt whether my “ideal Giselle” has ever been produced.

The colours used in my Act I would be warm autumn colours, mostly rich yellows, oranges, reds and russet-browns. The backdrop would show the vineyards in their autumn splendour, flanked by the neighbouring castle of Albrecht’s father. Giselle would be dressed in her traditional costume of blue and grey, while Albrecht’s would be a grey costume with a brilliant crimson cloak. Hilarion’s costume would be more colourful than before, of russet-brown with a green cloak and hat.

During Giselle’s mad scene, the lights would become shielded in blue and a cold, white spotlight would hold Giselle. Then, with her death, the whole stage would be blacked out.

But it is in my Act II that the

real change would take place. The whole stage would be bathed in blue light, not the soft blue light of “Sylphides”, but a hard, cold, green-blue. The Wilis would wear pale, cold, ghostly make-up, with glittering eyes, and have a cold, impersonal quality of movement. They would dance Hilarion to death with non-human relentlessness under the unflinching eye of Myrtha. The cold refusal of Giselle and Albrecht’s plea for mercy would send shivers down one’s spine. This sort of Myrtha would give a good opportunity to a ballerina to show her dramatic as well as her technical powers. The contrast between Giselle and the Wilis would be so great as to emphasize the fact that although the Wilis have lost all feelings, Giselle is still a novice and still has a vestige of human emotions.

And who could dance this Giselle? I don’t know. Certainly none of the Borovansky Company unless Joselyn Vollmar were to improve her dramatic qualities. The answer to this question I hope to find in 1957, when Sadlers Wells’ Senior Company performs for the first time in Australia.

—Sylvia Brown (Gloucester) 4C.

THE FIRST SCORE

(With Apologies to Lord Tennyson).

Hockey One! Hockey Two!
Hockey Three! Forward!
Crack went the centre halves;
How the school roared!

Out to the left wing,
Off did the ball fling,
Now did the inner cling,
With stick to the ball!

Forward the inner rac’d,
Downward the left half paced,
Crash went their sticks in haste,
Everyone wonder’d!
Out went that tiresome ball,
Hit by a lassie small,
Straight at the waiting goal!
And at the Umpire’s call,
The applause thunder’d!

—VIRGINIA WALTON (Gloucester), 3A.

MEMORY

Someone once said "Remembrance is the only paradise out of which one cannot be driven". No matter what unhappiness we have experienced all of us have treasured moments stored away in our memories, and these are entirely our own, nobody can take them away from us. When we are in trying, even tormenting situations we can forget the reality of the present and slip into the past, escaping the unpleasantness or horror which confronts us. During the War, the oppressed and persecuted lived on the memory of an overthrown order, and soldiers fought, sustained by thoughts of home and family. Old people begin to "live in the past" as the reality of their lives is overshadowed by the prospect of death and their capacity for enjoyment is impeded by infirmity.

On these winter evenings as we sit by a glowing fire, gazing deep into the embers, memories of childhood come crowding into our minds. At first they are fleeting glimpses, brief and fragmentary—the metre of a poem, the smell of a cracker, a feeling of excitement—but gradually we slip back and piece by piece we remember and re-live experiences we thought we had forgotten.

I remember, I remember . . .
I remember most clearly perhaps the overwhelming desire I once had, to fly. I must have been very small at the time and I was walking along our street returning from visiting a friend. The trees were etched in silhouette against a saffron sunset; all was peaceful and still. Suddenly a flock of swallows rose from nowhere and soared into the sky, finally disappearing into the sunset. I wanted to follow, and I remember the frustrating feeling of thwarted

desire which I felt when I found that I could not. I pleaded with my mother to tell me why I could not fly, but would not be satisfied until I had sprained my ankle jumping from the top of the hen-house.

Often, memory is not clear. One can remember the atmosphere of a perfect day but cannot remember how or where that day was spent. The haunting feeling of a melody will linger in the mind, but the time never re-called. One feels regret when one remembers the huge Christmas Tree in the lounge room and the feeling of Christmas when there are six children in the house to drop paper and nut shells. Such moments are never re-captured when the adult eye, no matter how hard it tries to see otherwise, knows that the tree is neither as big or as beautiful as childhood would have it, and when marriage and career have claimed three of the children. Memory enhances the past, and those who cherish memories of by-gone days invariably have feelings of regret.

But our thoughts of the past are not always joyful. Too often they leave us mentally writhing with humiliation, shame, anger or despair. Things said or done at the wrong moment, first contact with death, and other incidents which our impressionable childish minds magnified to tremendous proportions, still carry with them a certain amount of the emotion experienced at the time. There are few who do not have memories of the moment, when standing in front of a large audience they forgot the next line of a recitation or play or of their more serious misdemeanours and the chastisement which followed.

—Robin Hughes (Kent), 5A.

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The world-famous Choir was founded in 1498, and many of Austria's great composers—Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, and others—were linked with this institution. Towards the end of last year I was fortunate enough to hear these boys present their selection of sacred music, folk-songs, and a comic opera.

Dressed in sailor suits, the Choir sang the first part of the programme wonderfully. The most enter-taining item, however, was the opera, "Tales from the Vienna Woods". This related the story of how a cobbler's apprentice prevents a smart, rich gentleman from marrying Mitzi, the pretty daughter of the village baker, and persuades the baker to let Mitzi marry a young sol-

dier whom she loves dearly. The boys impersonated all the characters themselves, and although Mitzi's beautiful wig of flaxen curls slipped more than once, they appeared to enjoy themselves so much, that even the most serious of the audience had to join in laughing.

A number of folk songs followed which included "Waltzing Matilda", with a marked but charming accent, as the finale. Then a storm of applause greeted the boys and their conductor Herr Kuhbacher, until encore upon encore was given.

Finally, to end a perfect evening, the Choir sang "The Maori Farewell" as the crowd on the Town Hall steps sadly waved goodbye.

—Judy Hynes (Kent), 3A

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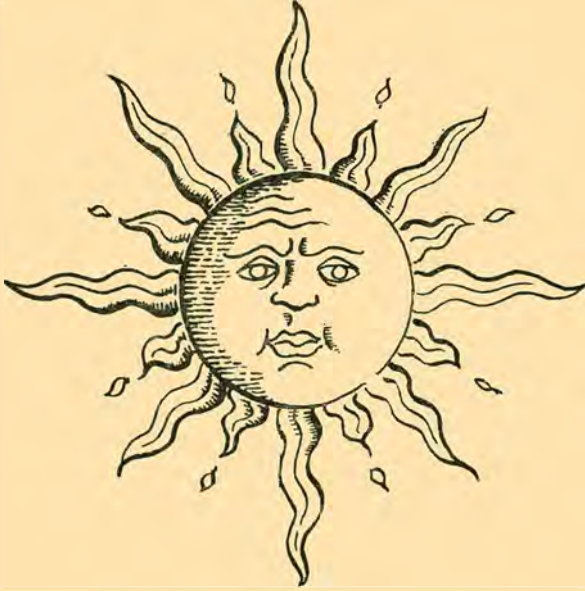


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