



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME V., No. 21

OCTOBER, 1963



The Magazine

of the

Fort Street Girls' High School

OCTOBER, 1963

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

THE STAFF

Principal : Miss A. HAMILTON, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Deputy Principal : Miss E. McEWAN, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of English and History :

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Department of Modern Languages :

Miss M. O'BRIEN, B.A., (W.A.), (Mistress) Miss I. GUGGER, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs. H. CONLON, B.A., (London), Dip. Ed. Mrs. J. CHALMERS, B.A., Dip. Ed.
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Department of Classics :

Miss E. HORNER, B.A. Miss J. CHALMERS, B.A., Dip. Ed.

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Miss J. CONOLLY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., (Mistress) Miss E. McEWAN, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Miss E. BURTON, B.A. Mrs. M. McNAIR, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Miss E. GREEN, B.A., Dip. Ed., (on leave) Mr. W. R. EDGAR, B.A.
 Miss D. HEYM, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of Science and Geography :

Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., (Mistress) Mrs. P. AMIDY
 Miss L. GILMOUR, B.A. Miss G. HANKS, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Miss E. HAIG Mrs. V. SOO, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs. M. FAULL, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

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

Needlework : Mrs. J. JONES, Mrs. J. ANDERSON

Music : Mrs. J. HOOK, A. Mus. A., Miss T. BARKER

Physical Education :

Miss J. CUST, Dip. Phys. Ed., B.S., (Michigan) Miss C. HINKLEY, B. S. in Ed., (New York)

School Counsellor : Miss P. STEHBENS, B.A.

School Secretaries : Mrs. B. BRADLEY, Mrs. J. GILLET

Magazine Editor : Miss G. J. PETERSON

Business Editor : Mrs. J. GILLET

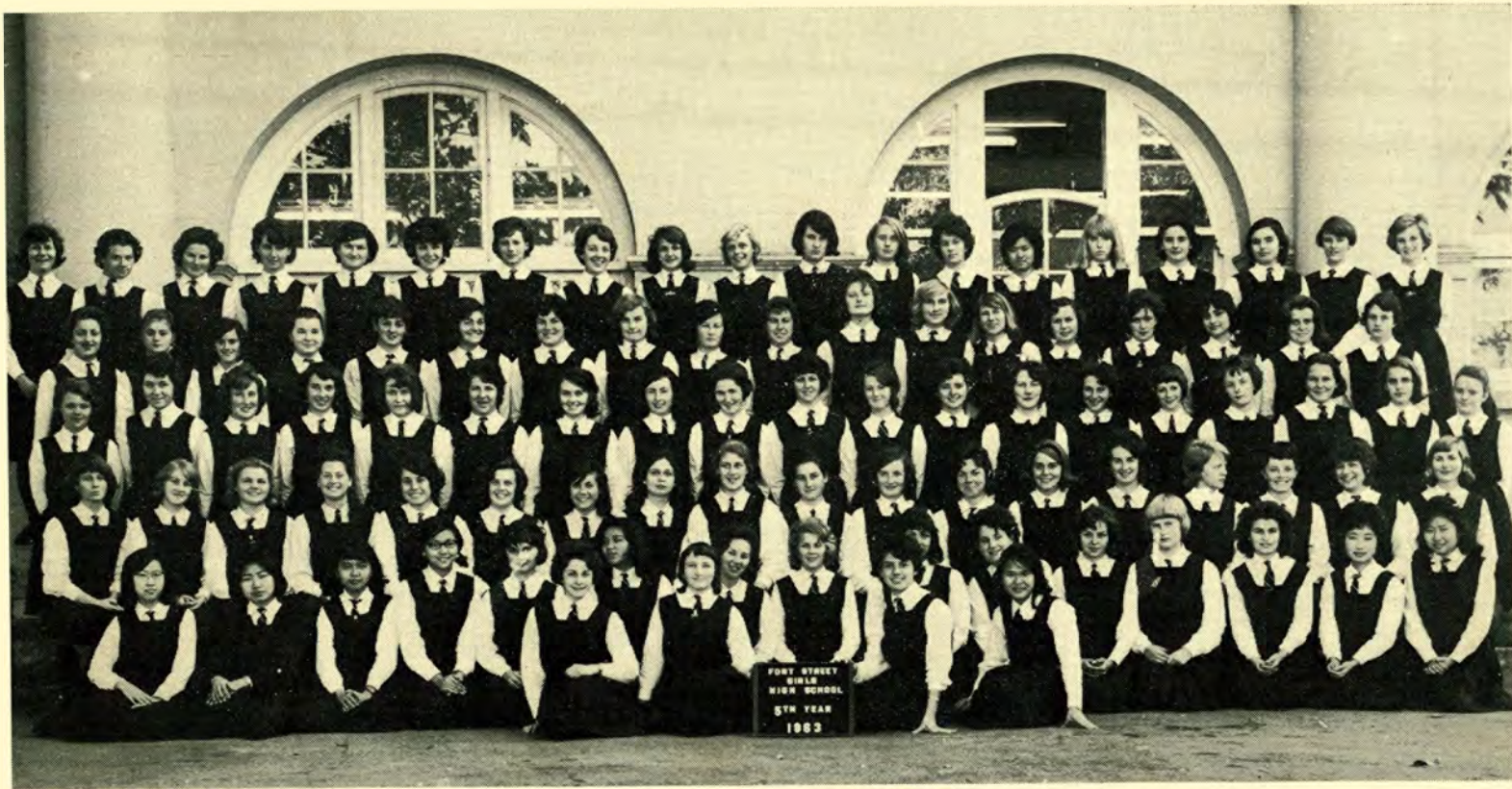
Student Editors : JANETTE CARROLL, DIANE PATTON, DIANE SEVENOAKS

Captain : FLORA ISRAEL

Vice-Captain : BRANA BOROZAN

Prefects : MARGARET AUSTEN, ELIZABETH BOYTER, ALISON DARBY, CHERYL DRAPER, ARNA EVERETT, LORRAINE LOWE, SANDRA RYAN, JENNIFER SCOTT, LADO SYBACZYNSKYJ, VICKI TATTERSALL.

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FIFTH YEAR, 1963

The Principal's Message

"Faber suae est quisque fortunae." What do these words mean to you, a Fortian?

To me, they have always been a reminder that each one of us is, in the main, responsible for her own actions, her own way of living. Very often there is a temptation to make excuses for poor standards of work and behaviour, for being thoughtless and selfish, for failing to fulfil promises, for refusing to take responsibility and so on. It is easy to say "If I had had a different group of friends — — —", "If I hadn't so much to do at home — — —", "If I had more understanding at home — — —", "If I'd had a better teacher — — —", "If I'd been in a better class — — —", or some such remark.

It is obvious that we cannot control all the circumstances and happenings that surround us, but we can do much in directing our own part in those happenings. We can make decisions for ourselves between the good and the bad, the valuable and the worthless, the true and the false. We can decide how much time we can spend on transient enjoyment and how much on developing interests which will give lasting joy.

Each one can play her part in making her group of friends, her class, her school, her family happier and worthwhile.

All this and more is contained in the meaning of the school motto.

A. HAMILTON

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

1. It's good to see the school we know,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we know,
Before we take the stream,
Tho' long we'll miss the sight of her,
Our hearts may not forget,
We'll lose the old delight of her,
We'll keep her honour yet.

We'll honour yet the school we know, the best school of all,
We'll honour yet the rule we know till the last bell call.
For working days and holidays, For glad or melancholy days,
They are great days and jolly, jolly days,
At the best school of all.

2. To speak of fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But may we face the centuries and dare the deep'ning tide,
For tho' the dust that's part of us,
To dust again be gone,
Yet here will beat the heart of us,
The school that we'll hand on.

We'll honour yet the school we know, the best school of all,
We'll honour yet the rule we know till the last bell call.
For working days and holidays, For glad or melancholy days,
They are great days and jolly, jolly days,
At the best school of all.



SCHOOL CAPTAIN:
FLORA ISRAEL

THE SCHOOL COUNSELLOR'S MESSAGE

WHAT ARE YOUR PROBLEMS ?

What to wear to a party ?

How to pass examinations ?

What career to prepare for ?

How to wear your hair ?

These are only some of the things that may bother you, problems that need a solution. Problems come in all sizes, and some are more important than others. Deciding on a suitable career is more important than what to wear to a party, or what to buy for Christmas presents.

Everybody has some problems, for all of us have questions that need to be answered.

Can we eliminate problems from our lives ? Not very well. Life itself is a series of problems that people have to face and solve with varying degrees of success. At different age levels there are different problems. Your problems now are not the same as the problems you had when you were seven years old.

People around us, people at school, at home or in the same group create problems for us. If we want to get along with other people, we have to fit in with what they think is acceptable. Our relationships with these people are important to our happiness and getting along with them successfully poses many problems for us.

Some people just worry about their problems and do nothing to find solutions. They sometimes tend to feel sorry for themselves. It is, of course, more difficult to do something about problems that we have, but in the long run, it is possible that if we try, we shall be able to find solutions.

There is no simple formula for solving problems, However, there are certain things we can do that can lead us to finding answers to the questions that concern us. Through experience, through watching others solve their problems and through reading, we can learn a lot. There are people close to us, like parents, relatives and friends who can advise and help. Ministers, teachers, and other people can advise and give information.

Other people have similar, if not the same, problems. Talking problems over often helps. Many problems are easily solved, but others will take a long time to solve. You are taking the first step in working out solutions for your problems, when you recognise the problems that belong to YOU.

STAFF NOTES

At the close of 1962, the personnel of the staff was again changed. Miss M. English was transferred to Forest High School, Miss A. Cox to Auburn Girls' High School, Mrs. I. Perrau to Beverley Girls' High School. The Physical Education Department has now an

entirely new staff, Miss M. Wright having been transferred to the National Fitness Camp, and Miss D. Fletcher to Sydney Girls' High School. Mrs. Haynes of the Needlework Department is now at Asquith Girls' High School, Mrs. J. H. Stephens at the Conservatorium



CAPTAIN and PREFECTS.

Standing (Left to Right): A. Everett, A. Darby, J. Scott, E. Boyter, M. Austin, C. Draper, V. Tattersall.
Seated: L. Sybaczynskij, B. Borozan (vice-captain), F. Israel (captain), S. Ryan, L. Lowe.

High School and Miss M. Mikes at Canterbury Girls' High School.

Miss E. Green is now abroad on leave. She is expected to return during third term. We were very

pleased to welcome Mr. W. Edgar in her place.

To the other new members of staff we extend a welcome and hope that their stay with us is a happy and profitable one.

PREFECTS' MESSAGE

It is hard, after five years at Fort Street, to express all our feelings and thoughts in one message, but above all we advise you all to make the most of your school days for they cannot last forever. At all times, we all tend to question whether these are the best years of our lives, but, on reaching Fifth Year, and finding that we shall soon be leaving school and making our own ways in this world, we realize that school-life is the best life.

As we look back now and remember all the teachers and friends, the fun and the "hardships" we have met with, an empty

feeling that this will soon be all over, and that we shall not play a part in it any more, seizes us. This school, with its history and tradition has helped to mould our characters and has aided us in finding the path, which we hope will lead us to become responsible citizens of the society in which we live.

As prefects of 1963, we have done our utmost to follow the examples set by our predecessors and we hope that we have carried out our responsibilities successfully. We wish to express our appreciation of the helpful advice, encouragement and criticism given to us by Miss Hamilton, Miss McEwan and members of the Staff.

SPEECH DAY

The Conservatorium stage was again surrounded by a border of hydrangea, on the occasion of the Speech Day Ceremonies of 1962, and in its usual place was the table bearing its load of prizes, both books and cups.

The chairman on this occasion was C. L. Ferrier, Esq., B.A., B.Sc., Supervisory Secondary Inspector.

As guest speaker we were fortunate in securing the Executive Director of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. His talk was indeed an inspiration to us all.

The musical section of the programme was provided by the School Choir and the Recorder

Group whose rendition of "Beguine" was much appreciated. The choir members arranged in two sections were Dance Duet from "Hansel and Gretel" and a bracket of numbers consisting of "A Virgin Most Pure", "Chanticleer" and Traditional English Christmas Carols.

The prizes in the academic section, and the prefects' badges were presented by the Honourable D. Clyne, Esq., a old friend of Fort Street Girls' High.

Mrs. C. Ferrier presented the sports cups and trophies.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, staff and pupils returned to school for the afternoon.

PRIZE LIST

All General Proficiency Prizes, other than the Fanny Cohen Prize (Dux of School), the Lilian G. Whiteoak Prize (Dux of Fourth Year), and the Molly Thornhill Prize (Dux of Third Year), have been presented by the Fort Street Girls' High School Parents and Citizens' Association.

- Dux of School (Fanny Cohen Prize)—presented by the Old Girls' Union : Patricia Tortonese and Rosamond Wood, Aeq.
- Second Proficiency : Gwenyth Warne and Lorraine Graham, Aeq.
- Dux of Year IV (Lilian G. Whiteoak Prize) : Carol Willock.
- Second Proficiency : Jennifer Tyler.
- Third Proficiency : Freda McInnes.
- Dux of Year III (Mollie Thornhill Prize) : Charmaine See.
- Second Proficiency : Anne Szego.
- Third Proficiency : Barbara Connell.
- Dux of Year II : Helen Esmond.
- Second Proficiency : Allison Warner and Kathryn Rosner, Aeq.
- Dux of Year I : Susan Christie.
- Second Proficiency : Pamela Kidd.
- Third Proficiency : Nerida Curry.
- Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV) : Denise See.
- Coral Lee Prize (Latin, Year II) : Helen Esmond.
- (German, Year II) : Renate Vitens.
- Best Contribution to School Magazine: Senior School : Denise See. Junior School : Suzanne Downton.
- Prefects' Prizes for Commonwealth Essays : Senior School : Freda McInnes. Junior School : Shirley Mitchell.
- French Consul's Prize for French, Year V : Patricia Tortonese.
- German Consul's Prize for German : Year V : Carmen Kuusik. Year IV : Denise See. Year III : Diane Doyle. Year II : Cheryl McKimm.
- Goethe Prize (Section B) : Carmen Kuusik.

Special Prizes

- Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in L.C. Examination, 1961) : Piret Sturm.
- Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics in L.C. 1961) : Piret Sturm.
- Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in History in L.C. 1961) : Pamela Williams.
- Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History in L.C. 1961) : Joan Glen.
- Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English L.C. 1961) : Joan Glen.
- Old Girls' Union Membership : Judith Johnson.
- Elizabeth Cayzer Prize : Judith Johnson.
- Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History) : Year IV : Carol Willock. Year I : Susan Christie.
- The Edith Glanville Prize (donated by the Soroptimist Club of Sydney)—English III : Barbara Connell.
- Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize : Chemistry : Year V : Lorraine Graham. Physics and Chemistry : Year II : Helen Esmond and Kathryn Rosner, Aeq.
- A. M. Puxley Prize (Biology, Year V) : Gwenyth Warne.
- Bishop Kirkby Prize (History, Year II) : Jennifer Hammond.
- Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Physics and Chemistry, Year III) : Diane Doyle and Anne Szego, Aeq.

- L'Alliance Francaise Prizes :
Grade 5 : Lesley Campbell and Patricia Tortonese.
Grade 4 : Alison Darby and Joy Pullin.
Grade 3 : Elizabeth Lackey and Ruth McSullea.
Grade 2 : Kathryn Rosner and Robyn Stratton.
- The London Peace Society Essay Competition (1st Prize Senior Section) : Carol Willock.
- Inter-House Debate Cup : Gloucester.

Proficiency Prizes Donated by Parents and Citizens' Association.

YEAR V

- English : Alanna Maclean and Patricia Tortonese.
- History : Patricia Tortonese.
- Latin : Patricia Tortonese.
- French : Rosamond Wood.
- German : Rosamond Wood.
- Mathematics I : Elizabeth Sindel.
- Mathematics II : Gwenyth Warne and Rosamond Wood, Aeq.
- Mathematics III : Christine Baxter.
- General Mathematics : Carol Craney.
- Physics : Lesley Campbell.
- Physics and Chemistry : Rosamond Wood.
- Geography : Susan Crane.
- Music : Moira Bush.
- Art : Marilyn Neate.
- Needlework : Leone Coutts.
- Physical Education : Kerryal Willis.

YEAR III

- History : Anne Szego.
- Latin : Barbara Fong.

French : Jennifer Broomhead,
Elizabeth Lackey and
Valerie Redwin, Aeq.
Mathematics I : Anne Szego and
Charmaine See, Aeq.
Mathematics II : Barbara Connell and
Charmaine See, Aeq.
General Mathematics in 3D : Robyn
Christian.
Biology : Robyn Christian.
Geography : Patricia Taylor.
Music : Lindel Hansen.
Art : Lynda Thornton.
Needlework : Lynette Errington and
Patricia Taylor, Aeq.
Physical Education : Jannette Carroll.

Certificates

YEAR IV

English : Carol Willock.
Modern History : Carol Willock.
Ancient History : Margaret Sung.
French : Carol Willock.
Latin : Freda McInnes.
Physics and Chemistry : Denise See.
Physics : Jennifer Tyler.
Chemistry : Jennifer Tyler.
Biology : Alison Darby.
Geography : Pamela Ramsay.
Economics : Alison Darby.
Mathematics I : Freda McInnes.
Mathematics II : Carol Willock.
Mathematics III : Fiona Mackenzie and
Antonia Rutherford, Aeq.

General Mathematics : Lynette Brad-
ford.
Music : Dorothy Steane.
Art : Robyn Cunningham.
Needlework : Flora Israel and
Helen Roberts, Aeq.
Physical Education : Nanette Hassall.

YEAR II

English : Christine Johnstone.
French : Helen Esmond.
Mathematics I : Gail Lahz.
Mathematics II : Carol Laurence.
General Mathematics : Narelle Har-
graves.
Biology : Jane Gill.
Geography : Margaret Smith.
Music : Joyce Coulthart.
Art : Gabrielle Gowling.
Needlework : Margaret Smith.
Physical Education : Kerri Eagles.

YEAR I

English : Susan Christie.
Social Studies : Pamela Kidd and
Madi Maclean, Aeq.
French : Hellen Bousgas.
Physics and Chemistry : Madi Maclean
and Diane Ridler, Aeq.
Mathematics : Nerida Curry.
Art : Rosemary Lillicot.
Needlework : Nerida Curry.
Music : Barbara Lackey.
Physical Education : Marilyn Lowe.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1962

SUBJECT CODE KEY

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Greek; 6, Italian; 7, Hebrew; 8, Chinese; 9, Japanese; 10, Dutch; 11, Russian; 12, Ancient History; 13, Modern History; 14, Geography; 15, Economics; 16, Mathematics 1; 17, Mathematics 11; 18, Mathematics III; 19, General Mathematics; 20, Applied Mathematics; 21, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 22, Physics; 23, Chemistry; 24, Biology; 25, Geology; 26, Botany; 27, Zoology; 28, Agriculture; 29, Physiology and Hygiene; 30, Music (new syllabus); 31, Music (theory and practice); 32, Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 33, Needle Craft and Garment Construction; 34, Home Economics; 35, Art; 36, Accountancy; 37, Woodwork; 38, Metal work; 39, Farm Mechanics; 40, Theory of Music; 41, Sheep Husbandry and Wool Science.

Barber, S. R., 1A 3Ax 13A 18 23 24A
Baxter, C. H., 1A 3Ax 13 18A 21H2 24A
Bocska, M. B., 1A 2A 3Ax 13 19 24
Bolton, S. M., 1A 2A 3A 14 19A
Bush, M. E., 1A 3Ax 4 18 21A 30H2
Campbell, L. V., 1A 3H1x 16 17A 22 23A
Cane, S. A., 1A 3Ax 13 14A 18 21
Carpenter, S., 1A 2 3 13 18 24

Carrington, E. J. 1A 3 13 14 19 24
 Choo, P. M., 8 16 17 21A 24
 Christian, K. L., 1A 3Ax 13A 18A 23 24
 Clarke, M., 1A 3Ax 13A 14 19 24A
 Coomber, S. R., 1A 3Ax 4 16 17 21
 Craney, C. J., 1A 3Ax 13A 19 23 24A
 Crossley, R. L., 1A 3Ax 13A 18A 21A 24A
 Davern, S. J., 1 14 24 33 35
 Davies, L. S., 1 14 19 24 35
 Dein, B. I., 1 3 14 18A 21
 Dixon, J. A., 1A 2A 3Ax 13 18A 21A
 Duck-Chong, B. C., 1A 3Ax 13A 19 22 23
 Duggan, S. R., 1A 3Ax 4 16 17A 23
 Eade, W. J., 1A 2H2 3Ax 16A 17A 21A
 Edwards, K. A., 1 3Ax 13 16 17 23
 Evans, R. J., 1A 3Ax 4H2 16A 17A 23
 Faull, M. L., 1A 3x 13 16A 17 21A
 Firth, M. S., 1A 3Ax 13 18 23 24H2
 Ford, L. F., 1A 3Ax 13 14 19 24
 Francis, J. H., 1 13 14 19 35
 Gillen, J. P., 1 2A 3Ax 13H2 19A 24
 Gourlay, M. E., 1 3Ax 13A 18A 21A 24A
 Graham, D. J., 1 3Ax 13A 14 19 24
 Graham, L. A., 1 3H1x 16A 17A 22 23H2
 Harris, R. L., 1A 3Ax 13A 18 24A
 Harris, V., 1 3Ax 14H2 19 21 24
 Hatherall, A. C., 1 2A 3Ax 13A 18 24
 Jennings, R. I., 1 3Ax 13 16 17 21A
 Johnson, J. A., 1A 3Ax 13A 18 21H2 24
 Jordan, S. E., 1A 3Ax 4 16H2 17A 21H2
 Kemp, L. E., 1 3x 13 14 24
 Kenna, K. R., 1A 3x 13 18 21 24H2
 Kerr, C. F., 1 3 13 14 19 24
 Krahe, J. H., 1 13 14 19
 Kuusik, C., 1 3H2x 4H1 16 17 23
 Lim, C., 1 13A 14 19 21 24
 MacDonald, S. A., 1A 3Ax 13A 14H2 19 24A
 McIlvain, D. L., 1A 13A 14 19 24A 35A
 McKenzie, J. J., 1A 3Ax 13 18A 24A
 Maclean, A. E., 1H2 2 13 19 24A 35A
 Martyn, C. J., 1A 3 13 14 18A 24A
 Matchett, W. H., 1A 3x 13 14 18
 Mautner, J., 1A 3Ax 13A 14 24
 Murphy, C. J., 1A 3 19 24
 Nary, J. P., 1A 3Ax 13 19 24
 Neate, M. F., 1A 13 14 24 35
 Nelson, M. E., 1 3 14 18A 23 24
 Noonan, M. M., 1 2 3x 14 19 21
 O'Keeffe, C., 1 3 13 14 19 24
 Orpwood, S. P., 1A 3 13A 14 18A 24A
 O'Shea, D. P., 1A 2H2 3H2x 13A 14 19
 Partridge, S. M., 1A 3Ax 16 17 23 24
 Pedersen, P. I., 1A 2A 3A 13A 19A 24
 Perry, P. A., 1 14 19 21 35
 Pogmore, B. K., 1A 3x 13A 14 19 24
 Power, M. P., 1A 3Ax 13 14 24
 Rays, J. V., 1 3 16 17 21
 Ryder, P. J., 1A 2H2 3Ax 13A 18A 21
 Sebbens, G. J., 1 14 18A 21
 Shelley, E. K., 1 2H2 3Ax 16 17 24
 Sindel, E. J., 1A 3H1x 16H2 17A 22A 23A
 Smith, M. A., 1A 3Ax 16A 17A 22 23H2
 Sproule, D. J., 1A 3x 13A 14A 19 23
 Steel, D. J., 1A 3 16H2 17A 22 23
 Sundquist, P. A., 1 13 14 19 21 35A
 Tortonese, P. A., 1A 2H1 3H1x 13H2 21A
 Uibo, I., 1A 3A 4 14 18 24A
 Wall, D. S., 1A 2H2 3Ax 13A 18 24
 Walsh, R. H., 1 2 3A 13 19 24

Ward, D. J., 1 3 16 17
 Warne, G. M., 1A 3Ax 16H2 17A 23A 24H2
 Wheeler, A., 1A 3 13A 14A 19 24A
 Willis, K. D., 1 3 13A 14A 24
 Wilson, R., 1 3Ax 16H2 17A 22A 23A
 Wilson, S. E., 1A 3 13A 18 23A 24
 Wood, R. H., 1A 3Ax 4A 16H2 17A 21H2
 Wright, D. L., 1 3 14 19 30
 Yates, M. R., 1A 3Ax 13 14 18 21A
 Young, F. E., 1A 2A 3H1x 13 18A 21A
 Young, M. M., 1A 3Ax 16H2 17A 22 23A

LEAVING CERTIFICATE AWARDS

HONOURS

English, Second Class: A. E. Maclean.

Latin, First Class: P. Tortonese

Second Class: W. Eade, D. O'Shea, P. Ryder, E. Shelley, D. Wall.

French, First Class: L. Campbell, L. Graham, E. Sindell, P. Tortonese, F. Young.

Second Class: C. Kuusik, D. O'Shea.

German, First Class: C. Kuusik.

Second Class: R. Evans.

Mathematics I, Second Class: S. Jordan, D. J. Steel, G. M. Warne, R. H. Wood, M. Young, E. Sindel.

Combined Physics and Chemistry, Second Class: C. Baxter, J. Johnson, S. Jordan, R. H. Wood.

Chemistry, Second Class: L. Graham, M. A. Smith.

History, Second Class: J. Gillen, P. Tortonese.

Geography, Second Class: V. Harris, S. A. MacDonald.

Biology, Second Class: M. S. Firth, R. Kenna, G. M. Warne.

Music, Second Class: M. Bush.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Lithgow Scholarship: Carmen Kuusik.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CANDIDATES

Ada Partridge Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate: Patricia Tortonese.

Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate English: Alanna Maclean.

Annie E. Turner Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate English and History: Patricia Tortonese.

Weston Memorial Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate Mathematics: Rosamond Wood.

Emily Cruise Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate History: Patricia Tortonese.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Baxter, C. H.; Bush, M. E.; Campbell, L. V.; Christian, K. L.; Craney, C. J.; Crossley, R. L.; Eade, W. J.; Evans, R. J.; Gourlay, M. E.; Harris, R. L.; Johnson, J. A.; Jordan, S. E.; Kuusik, C.; MacDonald, S. A.; Maclean, A. E.; O'Shea, D. P.; Pedersen, P. I.; Pogmore, B. K.; Ryder, P. J.; Sindel, E. J.; Smith, M. A.; Sproule, D. J.; Tortonese, P. A.; Walls, D. S.; Warne, G. M.; Wilson, R. D.; Wood, R. H.; Young, F. E.; Young, M. M.

TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Barber, Sylvia R.; Baxter, C. H.; Bolton, S. M.; Bocska, M. B.; Bush, M. E.; Cane, S. A.; Christian, K. L.; Clarke, M.; Craney, C. J.; Crossley, R. L.; Dixon, J. A.; Duck-Chong, B. C.; Duggan, S. R.; Eade, W. J.; Edwards, K. A.; Evans, R. J.; Faull, M. L.; Firth, S. M.; Ford, L. F.; Gillen, J. P.; Gourlay, M. E.; Graham, L. A.; Harris, R. L.; Hatherall, A. C.; Jennings, R. I.; Johnson, J. A.; Jordan, S. E.; Kuusik, C.; MacDon-ald, S. A.; McKenzie, J. J.; Maclean, A. E.; Partridge, S. M.; Pedersen, P. I. P.; Pogmore, B. K.; Ryder, P. J.; Shelley, E. K.; Sindel, E. J.; Sproule, D. J.; Steel, D. J.; Uiobo, I.; Wall, D. S.; Warne, G. M.; Wheeler, A.; Wilson, R. D.; Wilson, S. E.; Wood, R. H.; Yates, M. R.; Young, F. E.; Young, M. M.

INTERMEDIATE PASSES, 1962

Albrecht, Cheryl Joy; Allan, Janice Emilie; Asmussen, Sandra Joy; Bacon, Genene Margaret; Blair, Margaret Anderson Donna; Blyton, Diane Francis; Broomhead, Jennifer; Brown, Judith Irene; Buck, Brenda Jean; Butler, Carol Marie; Campbell, Uwenne Louise; Canacott, Jennifer Margaret; Carroll, Jannette Elizabeth; Christian, Robyn Margaret; Clancy, Kathleen Claire; Clarke Barbara Jean; Coles, Robyn Lynette; Connell, Barbara Janice; Cooksey, Lyndel Anne; Croxford, Rhonda Marilyn; Cullen, Judith Anne; Curtin, Margaret Ann; Curtis, Leonie Joyce; Czyhryn, Roxolana Marta; Dickson, Dianne Margaret; Dixon, Judith Mary; Downton, Susanne Jane; Doyle, Diane Frances; Dube, Constance Marilyn; Dunston, Faye Lorraine Marie; Eastcott, Pauline; Edwards, Diana Marjorie; Errington, Lynette Robyn; Farrar, Patricia Doreen; Finlayson, Barbara Ann; Fong, Barbara Ann; Ford, Jill Maree; Foss, Lesley Dianne; Foxley, Shirley Janice; Frappell, Stephanie Dianne; Fraser, Dianne Valmai; Gaggin, Marian Agnes; Gilbert, Susan Anne; Gill, Robyn Lillian; Gillen, Francis Beatrice; Goodwin, Pamela May; Grant, Maureen May; Gray, Jean Marrion; Grewcoe, Lorraine; Haggart, Robyne Denise; Haigh, Stracey Ethel; Hall, Dianne Helen; Hall, Rhonda Florence Ann; Hampson, Diane Marjorie; Hansen, Lyndel Joy; Harford, Leonie Cecelia; Harris, Denise Pauline; Harris, Lynette; Harrison, Glennis Yvonne; Hazzard, Lorraine Mavis; Hinde, Margaret Ann; Howe, Christine Margaret; Hunter, Pauline Kaye; Hutchings, Diane; Hynds, Wendy Ann; James, Robyn Patricia; Johnson, Christine Robyn; Jones, Lynette Irene; Jurijczuk, Mynoslavia; Kay, Margaret Jean; Kelly, Annette Lorraine; Kent, Rosemary Marlene; Lackey, Elizabeth Frances Christie; Le Marchant, Gail Andree; Leong Yit, Carol Anne; Leroy, Carol; Lett, Judith Robyn; Linden, Pamela; Lock, Margaret Ann; McCaw, Helen Dawn; McDonald, Christine; McDougall, Rhonda Diane; McGuirk, Lynette Ann; McKenzie, Kay Elaine; McSullea, Ruth Linda; McSweeney, Heather Isabel; Margieson, Lyn Diane; Martin, Robyn Kay; Michell, Suzanne Maree; Miller, Christine Marjorie; Moran, Diane Josephine; Morgan, Dorothy Helen; Morgan, Jillian Kay; Mulhall, Dorothy May; Naylor, Susan Gay; Newlands, Janet Eileen; Norton, Lorraine; O'Brien, Maureen May; Ogilvie, Susan Mary; O'Reilly, Denise Joyce; Orsatti, Annarosa; Page, Marion Janice; Patton, Diane Christine; Petrie, Susan Lesley; Piefke, Robyne Lynette; Preston, Gillian; Quinnell, Anne Dilyse; Redwin, Valerie June; Roberts, Diane Shirley; Robins, Suzanne Margaret; Robinson, Patricia Joan; Ross, Christine Susan; Royle, Dorothy Letta; Schlingman, Sue; See, Christine Charmaine; Sergeant, Denise Ann; Sevenoaks, Margaret Dianne; Simpson, Jacqueline Joy; Smith, Phillipa Lesley; Spill, Christine Edith Mary; Stansbury, Mary Ann; Staude, Anita Rosemary; Steele, Jeannette Margaret; Stone, Suzanne Lorraine; Szego, Anne Helen; Taylor, Patricia Jean; Thomas, Maureen Louise; Thompson, Christine Madge; Thornton, Lynda Cherie; Tiplady, Susan Gay; Toomey, Gilda May; Tow Lily Phoebe; Wall, Marilyn June; Ward, Sue Sharyn; Ware, Marilyn Shirley; Watkinson, Cheryl Lola; Webster, Margaret Elizabeth; Willing, Lynette Estelle; West, Marilynne Dorothy; Worthey, Toni Anne; Wright, Sandra Gail; Yealland, Julie Anne; Young, Dianne Lesley.

BURSARIES GRANTED ON 1962 INTERMEDIATE

Barbara Connell, Lillian Tow.

SCHOOL FUNCTIONS

COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS DAY

On the morning of Commonwealth of Nations Day, May 24th, a special assembly was held in the hall. As is the custom in this school, the Captain and Prefects were in charge.

Flora Israel, the School Captain, opened the assembly and read to the girls the Commonwealth of Nations Day message. This introduction was followed by a talk on

"The History and Significance of the Commonwealth".

Lado Sybacznyski was the speaker this year.

The winners of the Commonwealth of Nations Day essay competition were announced and their essays read to the school. The prizes in this competition are donated by the Captain and Prefects.

At the conclusion of the assembly the school was dismissed for the afternoon.

PRIZE WINNING ESSAYS

SENIOR SCHOOL

WHAT BINDS COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES ?

From the British Empire emerged the British Commonwealth which developed into the Commonwealth of Nations of today, so obviously there is a strong connection between Britain and all the other Commonwealth countries. The head of the Commonwealth in the person of Queen Elizabeth II of England, is the most important binding element but also important are trade among the countries and our common heritage of British government and law.

The Queen binds the Commonwealth countries, many of which are now republics, to England and, to some extent, to one another by her visits and tours through the various countries. Recently we, in Australia, had the privilege of entertaining the Queen during her visit here, as many other Commonwealth countries have had in the past. On these trips the Queen spreads goodwill among the people of the nation she is visiting.

The most important place which receives exports from Common-

wealth countries is England and our dependence upon trade with England was evident when England contemplated joining the European Common Market. Trade is also carried on among other countries in the Commonwealth and this is an important factor in linking countries.

As most countries in the Commonwealth have, at one time, been under direct British rule, they have adopted English government and law, and, on gaining their independence, most countries have retained the ideals of democracy and justice which were first introduced by the English. In most Commonwealth countries, too, the English language is spoken, at least by the educated.

Each country, looking into the future, desires security, an increasingly high standard of living and prosperity, and the countries in the Commonwealth see, in it, a way of achieving these aims by helping, and being helped by, other Commonwealth countries. Each country

is seeking development and progress, and seems to find these more easily when united with other nations in the Commonwealth.

A feeling of tradition permeates the Commonwealth because of the way in which each country on gaining independence chose to remain within the Commonwealth united because of the things we

have in common—government, law, language and trade with Britain and other nations in the Commonwealth. There is also a sense of belonging, especially if one looks at a map of the world and picks out the little pink parts denoting countries in the Commonwealth of Nations.

—ELIZABETH LACKEY, 4A.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

COMMONWEALTH DAY ESSAY—NIGERIA

Nigeria was a British protectorate, which became an independent nation within the Commonwealth in 1960. It is on the West Coast of Africa and the Gulf of Guinea borders the coast. Nigeria's capital is Lagos, which has a population of 272,000.

The people are cheerful and noisy. The people of such a large land vary greatly in the habits, appearance, religion and occupations, and some idea of this variety can be gained from the fact that there are over 400 languages spoken in Nigeria. There is a long tradition of art in some parts of the country, and modern Nigerian art and sculpture are attracting wide attention outside Nigeria.

The Nigerians range from full Negroes on the coastal regions, to people with mainly Arab blood in the interior.

There are four main groups of languages—Yoruba, Ibo, Hausa and Fulani. The people who speak Hausa and Fulani are chiefly Moslems, while the people of the South who are not Christians are mostly animists—that is they believe that most objects have good or bad spirits.

Their towns are enclosed by mud walls, and building with mud has been brought to a fine art, so that their houses have graceful arches

and there are geometrical patterns on the walls. Most of the Northerners are farmers, growing grain and other crops for their own food, and ground nuts and cotton to sell. The Fulanis, who are Northerners who resemble Europeans in facial appearance, include a number of nomadic tribes who breed cattle.

The Yoruba peoples of the South-West are also chiefly farmers, who rely mainly on selling their cocoa crops for a living. They also grow rubber and cotton. In the South-East district of the Ibo people is the chief home of the oil-palm, and there is some rice growing in the coastal swamps.

In 1861, a small strip of land including Lagos on the Nigerian coast, was taken by Great Britain as a centre for operations against the slave trade. The boundaries were later extended until they enclosed the present area of Nigeria. Under British control, slave-raiding was put down, and development and trade progressed rapidly with the building of roads and railways. In 1951 the regions were put under the control of Nigerian ministers, and in 1954 Nigeria became a federation. With all her natural resources, and the lead given over the years by Britain, Nigeria can look forward to becoming self-reliant and prosperous.

—JANICE BASKERVILLE, 2B.
(Gloucester).

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Berwyn McLean, an ex-Fortian, received her Master of Science Degree in Chemistry. Congratulations, Berwyn.

* * *

Jennifer Tyler, one of the candidates at the Leaving Certificate this year, entered the Schools Mathematics Competition, organised by the University of New South Wales. In the list of results her name appeared in 12th place and was the first girl's name on the list. She won a prize of £5, a Certificate of Merit in the Senior Division and a book on mathematics—an outstanding achievement.

* * *

Joy Pullin, now in 5th Year, was one of the one hundred and fifty two students attending the Nuclear Research Foundation, Summer Science School. During the course she was successful in solving a problem which the lecturer, Professor Gold, set for the students. She was presented with his personal cheque for fifty dollars—approximately £22.

* * *

Mrs. Dyason, who was a member of the Staff in the early part of 1963, is now the proud mother of a son. We wish her much happiness.

* * *

Among the new pictures in the school are two of particular interest. One was presented to us as a result of our interest in the Furniture Exhibition. It is a print of "Still Life" by Cezanne.

The other bears a plate on which has been inscribed—

"Sketched by Martha Stewart in 1869 while a pupil at this school.

"Presented in her memory by her son, J. S. Morris".

* * *

The method of teaching reading has been revolutionized by the introduction of Scientific Research Associates laboratory equipment, popularly known as S.R.A. The equipment consists of reading cards graded and filed for convenience. Each grade is identified by a particular colour. The student is tested in reading and comprehension ability and the results determine the starting point in the series. The card contains a passage to be read and timed, and comprehension questions also timed. Each pupil marks his or her own card and naturally it is to his or her own advantage to be honest. Depending on the final decision of the teacher, the pupil then is free to advance to the next colour—one step higher—when she has reached a satisfactory standard at the first level. The classes working under this system agree that it broadens one's field in reading and understanding.

* * *

Guiding is perhaps the most interesting and rewarding activity in which a girl is able to participate. The tests which a Guide must undergo to pass her Enrolment, Second and First Class badges become increasingly difficult. Cooking, needlework, first-aid, camping, hiking, woodcraft, swimming and athletics are only some subjects of which a Guide must have practical knowledge. A girl's Guiding career is climaxed when she attains her Queen's Guide Badge. This is the highest award a Guide can obtain. To earn this honour she must first prove herself a credit to her family, her company and the community in which she

lives, as well as being capable of leadership and at all times showing that she is able to "Be prepared". This year four girls from Fort St. were presented with their Queen's Guide Badge and a certificate signed by the Queen,

by the Governor of N.S.W., Sir Eric Woodward. They were Jennifer Bool, Annette Nelson, Vicki Tattersall and Naida Tattersall who at thirteen became one of the youngest girls in the State to hold this badge.



LATE AFTERNOON

My father's sleeping in a chair,
His hot lids closed and without care,
His peaceful form is lying there,
His legs outstretched, his feet are bare.

Mother, near him, reads a book
On her face a gentle look.
Her thoughts are safe in some small nook
Or lying by some babbling brook.

I am curled up in a heap
Half awake, half asleep.
Wondering if I should keep
My appointment with sound sleep.

The golden sun is o'er the rim
And all the sky is growing dim.
The flowers close — or to their whim.
The earth is resting — I thank Him.

VIVIENNE CAMPBELL, 4B, (York).



THE SEA-GULL

As I wandered by the sea
I heard a sea-gull calling me,
"Come follow me", it seemed to say,
"Across the waves and far away".

I watched him hover overhead,
Then lightly flit across the sky.
I'd gladly follow where he led,
If only I had wings to fly.

ROBIN LAVENDER, 1R.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHARITIES WEEK

This year, Charities Week was heralded in by the familiar sound of crack! crunch! munch!—bright and early on Monday morning.

With the usual vigour and excitement, entertainment programmes were begun and the gymnasium and hall, which had been booked many weeks before, were the centres of activities. There was a great variety of new activities introduced this year.

A Third Year class introduced the Miss Gymnastics Competition which was entered, especially amongst the juniors, with great enthusiasm. The standard was very high and all girls must be congratulated on their efforts.

The highlight of the week was the Miss Fort Street Competition conducted by Fourth Year. This was a great success with the hall filled to capacity. All entrants looked poised and confident, even if a little cold, and presented the judges with a difficult task. Margaret Austin of 5th year won the Senior section; and Susan Brook of 1F the Junior. Congratulations to these girls!

This brought to an end Charities Week and the cracking, crunching and munching died with the end of lunchtime siren.

Despite the fact that Charities Week consisted of only four days, owing to a Sports Carnival on Tuesday, £105/16/- was raised. The members of the School Association have decided that it will be distributed in the following way:—

Stewart House—£20.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children—£15.

Rachel Forster Hospital—£15.

Far West Children's Home—£10.

Children's Medical Research Foundation—£10.

The Spastic Centre—£10.

The Ashfield Infants' Home—£10.

The Junior Red Cross—£10.

The Bush Church Aid—£5.

Congratulations to everyone, on a job well done.

—DIANE PATTON, 4D

THE FILM CLUB

This year, with the help of Mrs. Murphy and Miss Gilmour, Fourth Year has formed a Film Club, open to all Senior Girls. Miss Gilmour has trained several girls to operate the projector, and Barbara Connell is in charge of the posters and any other work connected with the club.

We have been fortunate in the help given us by large companies, who run film libraries as part of their Public Relations. We have joined the New South Wales Film Council, which has an excellent catalogue of films.

From all these sources we have been able to provide a wide variety of programmes. There have been films of general interest to all and also of a more specific nature.

The aim of the club is not only to provide entertainment for its members, but also to widen our knowledge and to examine the techniques used in the production of the various films. This has not, as yet, been an important part of our activities, but we hope soon to gain more experience.

—MARILYNNE WEST, 4D, (Kent).

FAREWELL DAY, 1962

Once again it was Farewell Day—the day which brought to a climax the school days of the Fifth Years and which was the result of weeks of preparation by the Fourths. It was not a day soon to be forgotten. While the Fourths were frantically making the last preparations, discovering something had been left undone and quickly righting it, the Fifths began to arrive. Fashionably dressed, they calmly paraded up the front path into the school. This calm, however, was soon to give way to tears in some cases.

The ceremony in the hall commenced at two o'clock with the reading of telegrams and cards from well-wishers. A message from Beth Hansen, Captain in 1961, was much appreciated as she sent it all the way from Rome. Miss Hamilton then addressed the assembly, wishing Fifth Year every success. On behalf of the school, she accepted the gift of a model of a fort and a House Point-score shield. Both these gifts were much appreciated.

The investiture of Flora Israel, Captain-elect and her Prefects followed. After the singing of a school song the Fifths were clapped out, as they had been clapped in at the beginning of First Year.

Once out in the playground, the Fifths threw dignity to the wind as they performed the War Cry to the accompaniment of the wailing siren. Then, having regained their composure, they made their way to the gym, where their hostesses waited anxiously.

Here each Fifth Year received a small gift as a memento of her school days. After the toasts and the cutting of the cake, the party was over for Fifth Year.

Farewell Day, 1962, however brought with it a change in customary procedure. The entertainment usually provided by Fourth Year was replaced by a Farewell Dance. The dance was held at Fort Street Boys' School. This co-operative effort proved a successful conclusion to a memorable day for both schools.

—LORRAINE LOWE, 5C, (Kent).

WELCOME TO FORT STREET

We had only been at Fort Street a week and a few days when a message was sent to all 1st Year classes instructing our teachers to send us to the hall. They pretended to know nothing about what was going on.

It was quite surprising and rather bewildering to see that the 5th Years were lined up in two lines and that we were to walk up the centre. We felt at first like lambs being led to the slaughter but the strains of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" soon gave us confidence.

The Vice-Captain welcomed us and introduced the Prefects to us. Each Prefect had a few words to say before we joined in an Auto-graph Hunt. By this time we knew quite a few names and their owners.

This was followed by afternoon tea which was much appreciated. Before we left the hall the Captain chatted to us about the school rules and invited us to bring our problems to her or her prefects. Once outside we were surrounded by Fifth Years who shouted the War Cry. This we determined to learn without delay and so become real Fortians.

LIBRARY

The year 1963 has been a most successful one for the School Library, especially in the addition of books—one hundred and twenty nine in all, costing £336. Several magnificent volumes have been added to the library.

These include "Dawn of Civilization", "Contemporary Trends in Modern Painting", and "The Epic of Man", as well as some of foreign origin.

A wide range of fiction books has been bought, much to the delight of the ardent readers in the school. Many fiction books have been donated.

A team of willing workers has spent lunch hours improving the stock. Thanks must be given to the members of this group. So many books have been added to the library that we find it impossible to accommodate them. It is also very difficult for the Librarians to work in the inadequate space provided but they have done a wonderful job. The most regular helpers have been Sandra Bottrell, Diane Martin, Barbara Munce, Judith Freedman, Gail Gough, Janet Walmsley, Jenny Hatherall, Christine Burke, Janice Baskerville.

We are all indebted to Mrs. Ahrens who has spent her lunch hours organizing the work in the library.

—DENISE WHEELER, 2A, (York).

—JUDITH LASZLO, 2A, (Bradfield).

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

OFFICE-BEARERS—

Leader, Helen Roberts ; Deputy-Leader, Kay Bowler ; Prayer Secretary, Jennifer Scott ; Scripture Union Secretary, Brenda McIlrath ; Publicity Officer, Margaret Schofield ; Treasurer, Lyn Frater.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship has this year continued to "know Christ and make Him known" throughout the school.

Our weekly meetings in the Assembly Hall, on Tuesday, have been attended by approximately sixty girls. An interesting talk, usually given by one of the girls or our counsellor is preceded by a short prayer and a Bible reading. The talks have been based on the "Scripture Union Studies for School Groups", and have proved interesting and helpful. The singing of well-known hymns and choruses enables each girl to participate in the meeting.

On Thursday mornings, we enjoy a short time of fellowship with God at our prayer meetings in the hall of St. Philip's Church. A short time of instruction in prayer is followed by a private prayer. We are very grateful to Rev. Taplin for allowing us to meet there.

Our house-party was held at Camp Saunders, a Baptist Camp, at Macquarie Fields, near Liverpool. All who attended appreciated the studies and activities arranged by the Leader, Miss Bowering, from Sydney High School, and by the officers who were all Old Fortians.

The I.S.C.F. Library has continued to operate in the playground on Thursdays during the lunch hour. It comprises some very good religious and semi-religious books.

Many social activities have taken place this year that have allowed us to meet out of school. These have included the David Shephard Rally where the English Test cricketer, was the guest speaker, the Annual I.S.C.F. Rally and the Scripture Union Rally at the Sydney Town Hall. On 6th July we combined forces with Fort Street Boys' High School in a Senior hike from Bundeena to Little Marley, where we lunched and listened to a short talk given by Mr. Astle, the boys' counsellor.

Everybody in the school is welcome to our meetings. The I.S.C.F. group is run by the girls, for the girls, and with your support we can "Praise God from whom all blessings flow".

THE SCHOOL BANK

A keen interest has been shown this year in the School Bank, which is conducted by a group of girls from 2A. Banking is carried on in Room 4 each Monday at lunch time. The girls, N. Curry, P. Smith, S. Bottrell, T. Ionaitis Maclean, L. Smith and L. McKenzie have worked enthusiastically and at the present time there are 165 accounts operating. During the year £1177 has been deposited.

DEBATING

The Debating Club is still functioning most satisfactorily and has had pleasing attendances throughout the year. At the first meeting in February the following officers were elected.

Secretary, Patricia Farrar.

Year Representatives—

Fifth Year—Dagnija Kalnins.

Fourth Committee—Frances Gillen and Carol Leong.

Third Year—Colleen Park.

Second Year—Barbara Lackey.

The year's activities include a Fourth Year debate, two Second Year debates and a number of Parliamentary discussions. Fourth Year decided "that ignorance is bliss" while Second convinced us "that teachers should wear a uniform" and "that women should have equal rights with men."

The discussions included such topics as:—"Woman's place is in the home", "to spare the rod is to spoil the child" and "Royalty is a waste of money". We are grateful to Miss Palmer for advice and adjudication.

The debates with Fort Street Boys' took place in 1st and 2nd terms. The first debate at home was a victory for the girls, the topic being "Films encourage one to wish for luxury and excitement". The return debate on the statement, "the Australian legend is a myth", resulted in a win for the boys. Our team this year is Carol Willock, Lado Sybaczynskyj and Alison Darby. We are looking forward to the deciding debate in third term.

DRAMA

The girls who are interested in dramatic work meet on Tuesday afternoons. The play in process of rehearsal, "The Prince Who was a Piper", has a cast of nine central characters and six dancers. We intend to present early in third term. We hope it will be of special interest to the girls because of its dramatic demands on the players.

We are fortunate to have in the Drama Club, girls who can contribute special skills. Denise O'Reilly has worked very hard in producing and adapting music for the recorder. Dianne Blyton has assumed the role of choreographer. We are grateful to these girls for their contributions. We hope by the end to have several budding musical arrangers and actresses in the school.

The members of the club are very appreciative of the work, advice and guidance of Mrs. Goscombe.

Classes throughout the school have been engaged in dramatic work. In June the Third Year classes presented sections of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Under the guidance of Mrs. Stuart, First and Second Year classes have adapted scenes from "The Water Babies", "The Mermaid", "Mother Holly", "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Snow Queen". Some of these have been presented and others are being prepared for the visit of the mothers of First Year.

TAPE RECORDER

We have had an exceptionally busy year. The "tape-recorder" girls are recording more A.B.C. Schools' broadcasts than ever before, including two long weekly series, in Second Form French and First Form Social Studies, in addition to the usual Modern Language dictations and broadcasts on the Leaving and Intermediate texts. This make as total of over ninety! All credit to the girls concerned, who despite a frustrating run of minor technical difficulties, have done their job loyally and well.

This year two girls from each First Form have also been trained to play recordings so that they may use the Social Studies series.

Second Form operators trained this year are: Leonie Phillips, Barbara Lackey, Carol Whale, Janice Baskerville, Lyn Anderson, Karen Hamill, Suzanne Abernethy and Noelene Kelly.

Our biggest news is that Miss Hamilton has arranged better facilities for handling and storing the equipment. Each tape recorder now has a specially designed lock-up cupboard, and a trolley on wheels for transport. (Being letter-box red, these are inevitably referred to as the "fire-engines"!)

MUSIC

Fort St. girls have had much pleasure and enjoyment from the many musical activities which have taken an important place in the school life during the past year.

Two theatre parties were arranged to the N.S.W. Repertory Opera Company's performance of "Carmen" by Bizet, and 2nd and 4th year girls have attended the series of symphony concerts given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra for schools. Parties of girls also

attended the Schools' Instrumental Music Concert and the Secondary Schools' Choral Concert.

These last two concerts have been the highlight of the year for the girls from the Recorder Group and from the Choir, who performed in them. It was a thrilling experience to be part of so large a group of performers and to have the opportunity of performing some wonderful music. The choir also performed in a telecast from ABN 2 during Education Week, of items from the Secondary Schools' Choral Concert.

The number of recorder players in the school is steadily increasing. Some more new instruments have been purchased and quite a number of girls will be taking part in ensemble playing in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this year.

Both Senior and Junior Choirs are also preparing to enter the Eisteddfod this year, with some success in 1962 Eisteddfod spurring us on to even greater efforts. Both Choirs have performed at various school assemblies throughout the year, and the Senior Group appreciated an invitation to sing at the Annual Musicale at Fort St. Boys' High. It was a most enjoyable evening.

GYMNASTIC CLUB

Every Friday afternoon the gymnasium is filled with young enthusiasts from every year who are attending classes conducted by Miss Cust. The club's procedure is to commence with some vital exercises which are essential before the free activities are approached. Miss Cust endeavours to improve the weakness of the girls before concentrating on the more difficult apparatus. By aiming to develop the girls' potential ability and help them achieve maximum stamina Miss Cust has given each girl confidence in her work.

Congratulations to Cheryl McKimm of 3B and Muriel Adams of 2C on gaining the titles of Miss Senior and Miss Junior Gymnastics respectively in the Charities Week competitions.

The girls of the Gym Club wish to thank Miss Cust for her time and assistance and the P. & C. Association for supplying the equipment.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

For the first time for many years Fort Street Girls' High School has a branch of the Junior Red Cross. The group is growing in membership and is not lacking in enthusiasm.

The officers for 1963 are as follows:—

Patroness, Mrs. Conlon.
Student-President, D. Royle.
Secretary, K. Clancy.
Treasurer, L. Tow.

Year Representatives:—

1st Yr., A. Pang, S. Cox, B. Brawn
2nd Yr., N. Tattersall, P. Kidd, T. Calvert.
3rd Yr., J. Hird, M. Wykes, K. Graham.

Our activities so far this year include a collection of over 600 eggs for the Rachel Forster Hospital, £35 for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, and an exhibit in the J.R.C. Exhibition in the Town Hall.

At the Town Hall we were responsible for the stage section. For this girls brought in sewing, knitting, dressed dolls, books from other countries, and play kits from the Child Care Course. The Art girls prepared a series of posters dealing with the various services rendered by the J.R.C.

At present we are making a collection of used postage stamps, preparing for the Sweet Stall at the School Fete, and preparing an

album for exchange with another group.

Earlier in the year four girls undertook the Child Care Course arranged by the Red Cross. Sixty girls are able to take part. Lyndel Cooksey, Lillian Tow, Dorothy Royle and Kathie Clancy were our representatives. These girls attended lectures on handicapped children, behaviour problems and preparation for and care of a young baby. All four passed the examination at the conclusion of the course. During the May vacation they were able to put their knowledge into practice at a children's home and a hospital.

—KATHIE CLANCY, Secretary.

COMPETITIONS

As is customary Fort Street girls entered as candidates in various external competitions and secured prizes in most of them.

Goethe Prize—Carmen Kuusik won the Goethe Prize for non-German speaking candidates.

London Peace Society—Carol Willock, now in 5th year, won first prize in her section at the end of 1962.

Conservation Essay—In the Post-Intermediate Section Denise See was awarded 3rd prize. In the Pre-Intermediate Section the essays of Julie Fryer and Denise Sergeant received special commendation.

Classical Association Latin Reading Competition—Of the three entrants two girls, Ruth McCullea and Suzanne Downton reached the finals. Ruth obtained third place in her section.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

Groups of girls from 2nd Year to 5th Year entered the Alliance Francaise examinations. The results of the pass section are —



FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' BALL DEBUTANTES.

Left to Right : Erica Czako, Janise Francis, Faye Dunstan, Pam Linden, Mrs. W. Cuffe (Matron of Honour), Maureen Grant, Joan Cooper, Delma Steel, Gwen Warne, Jan Newlands (in front).

Grade I : S. Bottrell, S. Christie, N. Curry, G. Fitzgerald, J. Hastie, A. Hodgson, T. Ionaitis, B. Lackey, R. Lillicoit, M. Maclean, B. Munce, L. Phillips, L. Smith, P. Smith, F. Stubbs, S. Vince, G. Weiss, C. White, M. Young.

Grade II : L. Reid.

Grade III : M. Bain, S. Bearman, J. Bovard, L. Deece, H. Esmond, K. Fitzgerald, S. Larson, C. Lawrence, P. Lord, M. Petrovic, E. Popper, K. Rosner, R. Stratton, C. Theodoredis.

Grade IV : P. Farrar, M. Juriiczuk, E. Lackey, R. McSullea, A. Orsatii, D. Royle.

Grade V : A. Darby, J. Pullin, J. Russell, D. See.

The prize-winners in each grade have not yet been announced.

REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION

The 43rd Annual Meeting of the Union was held in the Assembly Hall of the school, on 20th March. The committee was pleased to welcome many girls who left school at the end of 1962. On behalf of the school, Miss Hamilton accepted our annual gift, this year a Terylene supper cloth.

The Fort Street Ball was held on Saturday, 25th May, at the University of N.S.W. We were very pleased with the response to last year's appeal for debutantes, as eight girls were presented to the Vice-Principal of the University of Sydney, himself an ex-Fortian. All girls leaving school this year are invited to keep in mind the Fort Street Ball if they are contemplating making their debuts.

Once again we were given an opportunity to renew friendships at the Annual Dinner in October. Ye Olde Crusty Cellar was packed with 188 members. We were pleased to welcome Misses Cohen, Whiteoak and Hamilton who have given so

much of themselves in making Fort Street the fine school it is.

Those members who had not met Miss Hamilton were able to do so recently when she showed us her slides collected during her recent trip to Russia. It was a happy gathering right from the front gate where a smell of delicious curry in the process of preparation for tea greeted us. We are looking forward to meeting, later this year, those of you who are leaving school and hope that you will continue your association with Fort Street through the Old Girls' Union.

—BEVERLEY HAMMOND, Hon. Sec.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Circle in its 38th year continues to function under the leadership of Miss E. Duhig.

Our members have become depleted and new members would be very welcome.

It is not necessary to be a highly qualified literary person to become a member.

Our numbers include an author, doctor, some ex-teachers, clerks and housewives.

We regret to report that during the year our Secretary, Miss H. Bourne, found it necessary to resign owing to ill-health.

Her efficient services as secretary were much appreciated and a token of our esteem was presented to her. Our good wishes for better health in the future are extended to her.

The books for 1963 are of a provocative type but have been handled ably by the individual members concerned.

Our thanks are extended to Miss Duhig for her able assistance during our discussions.

Each year the Circle presents a prize to the student gaining the

best pass in English at the Leaving Certificate Exam. The recipient at Speech Day 1962 was Joan Glen.

At the Annual Tea Party, held at the school, our leader gave us some of her impressions of Italy and Greece obtained during her tour overseas.

New members will find us on third Sunday of each month (until November) near the Nellie Stewart Rose Garden in Botanic Gardens from 2 p.m. onwards.

We are looking forward to seeing you there.

—ELSIE LANGTON, Hon. Sec.,
7 Smith Avenue,
Hurlstone Park

REPORT OF THE PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

The Association, in conjunction with the Ladies' Auxiliary, has pleasure in thanking parents, friends and pupils who have so ably supported us during the year.

Over the years the Association has made many approaches to the Department of Education for heating in classrooms and we have now been informed that heating will be installed in two rooms. The Department has also carried out repairs to playground and toilets.

We realise it is the Department's responsibility to provide equipment and amenities in schools. However, with insufficient funds and the increasing needs of education, the Department is unable to meet the necessary requirements. Unless Associations' such as ours take the initiative, children are often denied the right to adequate facilities.

Per medium of the monthly donation envelopes and the proceeds of various social functions and appeals the Association this year has donated to the School a

Notice Board, Music Stand, Electric Sewing Machine, Biology Model Eye, 4 gall. Urn, Soap and Soap Dispensers and £100 to the Library.

Much of our work this year has been centred around the Fete, 21st September. Mr. Pigott, Fete Secretary, with his hardworking Committee, have given their time and energy to make this a successful venture.

We extend our appreciation to Miss Hamilton and her Staff, whose co-operation enables us to work effectively. We look forward to this continued co-operation in the interests of the school.

—M. HIGHET, Hon. Secretary.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY

In looking back over past records, I, as the new Secretary for 1963, find that the Ladies' Auxiliary has done an amazing amount of work for the school. Especially is it amazing when all this has been done by a remarkably few ladies; and then the thought comes to me that much more could be achieved if more mothers came along to take part in the activities of the group. They would find that not only would they be doing something to help the school which means their own girls but they would be enjoying the fellowship and social activities that take place in a group of women that have a common interest.

In effect the purpose of the Auxiliary is to raise funds to supply the school with those necessary things which are not normally supplied by the Education Department.

So we issue an invitation to all mothers to join our meetings which are held the first Thursday of each month at the school at 1.30 p.m.

—DELMA HANDEL, Hon. Sec.

SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Office-bearers of year 1963 are as follows :—

- Year I, Marilyn Bryant.
- Year II, Sue Christie.
- Year III, Pat Reid.
- Year IV, Barbara Finlayson.
- Year V, Carol Willock.
- Secretary, Pat Robinson, Year IV.

Other members are Miss Hamilton, Miss McEwan, Miss Green, Miss Cust and school captain, Flora Israel.

Meetings have been held regularly throughout the year. Matters discussed include the introduction of a strip for year representatives. Renovations have been made to toilet facilities of the school and installations of soap distributors and mirrors have been made.

It is hoped that the girls appreciate these improvements and will do their utmost to keep them up to standard.

Secretary,

—PAT ROBINSON, 4C, (York).

MEDUSA

Jagged cliffs for nostrils,
 Each human heart it fills,
 With some unknown fear,
 That awaits all mortals here.
 In the darkness of her eyes,
 Cursing power always lies.
 Once a maiden; fair was she,
 But now a monster doomed to be,
 Wandering every hill or plain,
 Standing o'er the watery main.

Athena with her armour bright,
 Awakened Perseus in the night,
 "Go tarry not,
 To distant lands,
 For there a vile Gorgan stands.
 To slay her now is my intent,
 And for that purpose you are sent.

Over land and over sea,
 There to meet the Gorgons three".
 Medusa is the one he knows,
 The godless monster of their foes,
 Approaches he as bold as bold,
 His sword a glittering mass of gold,
 To the ground she falls with a sigh of pain,
 He is off on his journey to Athens again.

A Greek immortal he will be,
 Watching o'er the land and sea,
 Praised and honoured is he indeed,
 For his frightening, but magnificent deed.

JENNY YOUNG, 1T, (Kent).

EXCURSIONS

CAPERS AMONG THE CORAL

Teachers are formidable? We, who experienced a trip to Heron Island under the guidance of Miss Haig, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Faull and Miss Cox, now disagree. They were "mothers" to thirty-six Fortians during our dream holiday in May.

This much anticipated trip began as the plane soared through the sky and we left our "everyday world" behind. At Brisbane, a tour planned by the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau made an interesting break in our journey. This was highlighted by a visit to Mt. Coot-tha where we had a panoramic view of Brisbane at night.

After a sleepless night on the train, sharing our bunks with the Queensland bugs, we arrived at Gladstone from where we began the last lap of our journey. This commenced as a pleasant trip out of Gladstone Harbour in "Capre II", a sixty foot launch. However, the rough seas turned it into a nightmare for many. The few seaworthy members of the party were kept busy supplying strawberry boxes to those who persisted in bringing their dinner up. After forty-seven miles, relief came as we entered the dream world of Heron Island.

This small Island situated on the Tropic of Capricorn is a coral cay of the Barrier Reef. A trip in a glass-bottomed boat offered us our first glimpse of Neptune's world, marking the beginning of our marine explorations. Robby, a Wollongong schoolboy and ardent admirer of Miss Cox, became a firm friend and provided the tuition we needed for snorkling, a pastime which was to make underwater life more vivid to us.

Margot, our hostess on the island, took us on a tour during which we studied the life on the

island and visited the Marine Station. Here, many University students and scientists study the marine life of the coral reef.

A picnic trip to Wilson Island, nine miles north of Heron, provided us with a wonderful opportunity to collect tropical shells—some girls even had visions of bringing back a whale vertebra.

Back at Heron, a low tide enabled us to spend many hours exploring the reef. On such occasions, the company's motley apparel was as comical as it was varied. The inclusion of ancient football hose, over-age garden gloves and the latest in outside headgear did little to mitigate the comedy of this solemn occasion. Thick coatings of sunburn creams, cameras, rusty old billycans and large "reefing sticks" were included in our armour. The coral sea-anemones, fish and crustaceans must have indeed been surprised by the swarm of screaming females whose fervent desire for intellectual intercourse on the subject of Marine Biology was unprecedented in the history of Fort Street. Hours of back-breaking toil strained our endurance and we returned tired after satisfying hours of multi-lateral exploration.

We usually spent our evenings dancing, watching films, or playing table tennis and in these activities we made many new friends. On one such night, Fort Street held a community sing-song by torchlight on the beach and many guests participated.

Bedtime was a time of apprehension! It was not uncommon to find chicken bones, bath plugs or a lobster head placed neatly between the sheets. A certain group of girls derived diabolical delight from short-sheeting beds or tying our sleeping apparatus into grotesque shapes—How did Mrs. Murphy get into those pyjamas?

The time of our departure came all too quickly and the realization that we were to leave our dream world filled us with a desire to fit all we could into our last day—swimming, snorkling, reefing and sunbathing. Our last night was a comparatively early one, although some girls were disturbed by a ghostly apparition, their frantic screams sending the other Fortians into uncontrollable laughter.

At five o'clock the next morning we boarded the "Capre" for our trip back to the mainland. The island was silhouetted against the star-studded sky and an aura of the romantic hung over our dream resort—words could not express the feelings that welled up within us.

On arrival at Gladstone we were taken on a tour of the town and then to the airport. On our journey back to Sydney, our thoughts were filled with the beauty of nature that had been revealed to us and a regret that man could never surpass natural beauty. Then the lights of Sydney came into view—first a mass of colour and then individual lights bidding us welcome home. Our holiday was over—but was it, no, it lives in the heart of each one of us, alive and realistic.

—ARNA EVERETT

—ELIZABETH BURGER.

I.S.C.F. HOUSE PARTY

Our house party this year was held at Macquarie Fields under the supervision of Miss Bowering from Sydney Girls' High School and Miss Hanks. Other officers included Miss Delma Steel, Miss Robin Webb and Miss Roslyn Saunders all of whom are ex-Fortians.

On Friday afternoon we caught the train to Liverpool station, changed into a steam train and then crowded into a local bus which was already crowded. All we could see at this stage was a beautiful sunset.

Next morning we strolled down to the river where Miss Hanks taught us a couple of camp songs. To add to the fun I fell in. Halfway up the hill we stopped for a barbecue lunch of sausages which we cooked by poking green sticks through them and holding them over the fire.

Saturday night was dress-up night. We went in pairs, Jack and Jill, Coughs and colds, Liz Taylor and Richard Burton were there. The officers appeared as Fortians and tried to sing a song. Miss Bowering concluded by giving us her version of the Sydney High School anthem.

Camp studies were held on Friday night, Saturday morning and Sunday morning. The theme for the camp was "The impossible made possible". Our spare time on Sunday was taken up by a Treasure Hunt, hiking and the inevitable cleaning up.

Thank you, Miss Bowering, Miss Hanks and officers. The weekend was a great success.

—MURIEL ADAMS, 2C, (York).

THE COMMONWEALTH INDUSTRIAL GASES PLANT

On the hottest of November days, Tuesday 27th, a group of 4th Year students paid a visit to the Commonwealth Industrial Gases Plant. After an exhausting half hour's walk from St. Peter's station we finally reached the impressive main building of C.I.G. For the next the rest room was monopolized by Fortians trying to refresh themselves.

Before the actual tour commenced we were shown a film of C.I.G. factories throughout the world. It explained the uses to which oxygen and acetylene are put. We were then given some amazing demonstrations on liquid oxygen. A flower and a tennis ball froze when

placed in liquid oxygen at a temperature of 183°C , whereas a feather remained unchanged thus showing the protection nature offers.

Finally came what we were all eagerly awaiting—a tour of the factory itself. On entering we were confronted by huge cylinders and other mysterious pieces of equipment. The guide explained how the air came in through pipes, was purified and distilled, thus leaving liquid oxygen.

Several girls, missing when we began to move on, were found engrossed in an explanation of the use of certain small bottles. Finally we were all together again and our procession-like exit brought to a close an interesting and informative day.

—JUDITH LOW BEE?, 5C,
(Gloucester).

SUMMER SCIENCE SCHOOL, 1963.

The sixth annual Nuclear Research Foundation Summer Science School was held at the University of Sydney from January 7th to 18th, 1963. While the first four summer schools were held for Australian high school science teachers and the 1962 school was the first such school held for fourth year high school students from New South Wales, the 1963 school was extended Australia-wide. Thus, 150 pre-leaving students from all Australian states (except the Northern Territory) were awarded Foundation Scholarships to attend the summer school.

The course of lectures was called "The Universe of Time and Space", because its subjects ranged from the structure and origin of the Universe and the solar system to elementary atomic and nuclear physics, electro-magnetism and the theory of relativity. Among the

lecturers were: Professor Herman Bondi, who is Professor of Applied Mathematics, King's College, University of London, Professor Thomas Gold, Professor of Astronomy, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., and Director of the Cornell University Centre for Radiophysics and Space Research, Dr. Raymond A. Lyttleton, Reader in Theoretical Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, Professor Julius Sumner Miller, of El Camino College, California and Professor Edward Purdy Ney, Professor of Physics at the University of Minnesota.

Students attending the summer school were conducted around the Physics Department to observe the various activities and experiments in which members of the School of Physics were engaged. These included a selection of lecture-demonstration experiments, a demonstration of the electronic computer, Silliac, and a tour of the cosmic ray air shower installations and nuclear emulsion laboratory. Each morning, films were shown on the research work carried out during the International Geophysical Year.

On the afternoon of Friday, January 11, students visited the Australian Atomic Energy Commission Research Establishment at Lucas Heights. A reception was held at the Town Hall on Friday, January 18th, during which the Lord Mayor of Sydney presented each student with an inscribed, silver medal on behalf of the Nuclear Research Foundation. Each student also received a £20 cheque and two books, entitled "The Universe of Time and Space" and "From Nucleus to Universe . . ."

The 1963 Nuclear Research Foundation Summer Science School was intended to develop and stimulate science-consciousness in Australia.

—JOY PULLIN, 5A, (York).

GREEK PLAY

On 29th June, a group of girls attended a performance at the Wallace Theatre of "The Clouds", a play written by Aristophanes. The play is a satirical comedy, Socrates and his teachings being the object of the satire.

Strepsiades sought help from Socrates to teach his son, Pheidippides, the new system of logic so that he might confound his creditors. After much discussion Strepsiades himself joined the school but proved to be an unpromising student. Socrates then told him to persuade his son to come instead. An argument between Just and Unjust Argument, each of whom is sup-

ported by different Clouds, took place. Unjust Argument won and persuaded Pheidippides to join the school. He reappeared some time afterwards, to show off his new logic to his father. In great joy Strepsiades confounded two creditors and in turn was beaten by his son who used his new logic to explain his deed. In revenge Strepsiades decided to burn down Socrates' school.

The costuming and acting were of high standard and although the play was entirely in Greek it was enjoyed by everyone.

—S. SCHLINGMAN, 4C, (York).

—B. CONNELL, 4A, (Gloucester).

AFTER RAIN

The ghost-shaped trees are bent
In mourning for the flowers,
The crystal drops of water
Fall for countless hours.
The skies are dark and cloudy,
With the silent fall of rain,
Making the ghost-shaped trees unbend
Mourning for the flowers again;
But soon the raindrops vanish
The flowers grow, the trees unbend
And the sun is shining once again.

LYNETTE BENSON, 3C, (Kent).

ROAN

Far from the shore, where the sea-mists rise,
Where the waves dash high in the foam,
Hidden away from all mortal eyes,
Lies the grave of the good ship, "Roan".

The "Roan" went down in glory,
Down to the bed of the sea.
But the ancient ship's mast is a playground now,
For the fishes of the sea.

ROSEMARY GARVAN, 2D, (York).

SPORT



Left to right :

MARGARET PARKER—broke the Junior Javelin Record at the Zone Carnival, won the Junior Point Score at the School Carnival, winning the Junior Shot Put, Junior Long Jump and Junior Javelin (record).

DIANNE FERRIER—winner of School Championship (zone record), winner of School Championship, 15 years Championship and Junior Championship.

JANNETTE CARROLL—Vice-Captain of York House, winner of Open Point Score for Athletics, holder of Senior Javelin Record of 103' 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (zone carnival).

ANNUAL SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The school carnival this year was a very modified one owing to the weather and the lack of satisfactory shelter at Heffron Park Pool where the carnival was held. Only the competitors were able to attend. However the enthusiasm of the various houses was not at all dampened. The cheering was constant and spirited.

The results announced the assembled school next morning were House Points :—

1st, Kent—160.

2nd, Gloucester—135.

3rd, Bradfield—99.

4th, York—81.

We discovered several outstanding sub-juniors in the new First Year. Of these Marilyn and Robyn Bryant were the most successful.

Marilynne Trevenar won the Junior Point Score and Nanette Hassall the Senior Point Score. The Bryants shared the Sub-Junior Point Score and Nanette and Marilyn the Open.

The diving contested later at Ashfield Pool was won by Colleen Park and Linda Thomas.

ZONE CARNIVAL

The schools in the North Shore Zone were Cremorne, Manly, Mackellar, Narrabeen, North Sydney, Willoughby and Fort Street. This carnival was held on March 15th, at the Olympic Pool, North Sydney.

Our juniors, Marilyn and Robyn Bryant were among the place getters. Robyn gained 2nd place in the Championship of Schools, 2nd in the 13 years Freestyle and 2nd in the Sub-Junior Butterfly. Marilyn won the Sub-Junior Backstroke and came 4th in the Breaststroke. Our only other place getter was Marilynne Trevenar who was 3rd in the Open 220 yards and 4th in the 15 years Freestyle.

Narrabeen High School once again secured the highest point score.

Congratulations.

LIFESAVING

During 1962, 26 Elementary Certificates, 30 Proficiency Certificates, 13 Intermediate Stars, 8 Bronze Medallions, 4 Bronze Bars, 3 Bronze Crosses, 8 Awards of Merit and 7 Instructors Certificates were gained. This was a very commendable effort but we hope to do even better by the end of this season.

Although we had only a few weeks of swimming at the beginning of this year, 20 girls settled down to some serious training and as a result gained Lifesaving Awards. Our successful instructors were Roslyn Freedman, Colleen Park and Dorothy Steane.

ZONE ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

The Zone Athletic Carnival was held at North Sydney Oval on 23rd July. For the second year in succession we were 2nd to Manly in the total point score and with a fine performance won the Open Point Score and the Senior Point Score. Point Scores—

Manly—209.
Fort Street—145.
North Sydney—130.
Willoughby—119.
Narrabeen—113.
Mackellar—38.
Cremorne—32.

Fort Street gained points for the following—

Open Relay—3rd.
Junior Relay—4th.
Sub-Junior Relay—4th.
Open Captain Ball—2nd.
Junior Captain Ball—equal 3rd.
Championship of Schools—
D. Ferrier 1st. This was a record.
Junior Championship—D. Ferrier 3rd.
Sub-Junior Championship—
B. O'Sullivan.
Open 220 Yards—B. Finlayson 3rd.

16 Yrs. Championship—B. Finlayson 2nd. C. Leroy 4th.

15 Yrs. Championship—
D. Ferrier 2nd.

13 Yrs. Championship—
B. O'Sullivan 3rd.

In the Javelin section we were extremely successful. J. Carroli broke the existing record with a throw of 103 ft. 3½ ins., while in the Junior M. Parker also broke the record.

J. Carroll gained 2nd places in the Senior Discus and Shot Put. Carol Leroy came 2nd in the Senior Long Jump.

Other point scorers were: A. Hodgson, S. Hammond, T. van Hasselt, M. Lowe, N. Hassall, G. Facer, P. Brisbane and L. Tow.

All first and second place getters and third place getters in track events will now compete in the Combined High Schools' Carnival, to be held during September.

ATHLETICS

The Annual Athletic Carnival was eventually held at Comperdown Park, on Monday, 8th July after having been postponed on account of the weather. On the day of the carnival the weather was perfect and all events were concluded.

York once again streaked away with the Point Score, winning with 303 points. Gloucester followed with 214, then Kent 313 and finally Bradfield with 187 points.

The Open Point Score went to Jannette Carroll with wins in the Senior Shot Put, Senior Javelin and Senior Discus.

The Junior Point Score was gained by Margaret Parker who won the Junior Javelin, Shot Put and Long Jump. Margaret's javelin throw of 114 ft. was a school record.

The Sub-Junior Point Score went to Gail Facer with wins in the Discus and Hurdles.

Results—

- School Championship : D. Ferrier.
- Junior Championship : D. Ferrier.
- Open 220 Yds. : B. Finlayson.
- 12 yrs Championship : M. Bristol.
- 13 yrs. Championship :
- E O'Sullivan.
- 14 yrs. Championship : M. Lowe.
- 15 yrs Championship : D. Ferrier.
- 16 yrs. Championship :
- E Finlayson.
- 17 yrs. Championship: J. Cooper.
- Senior Skipping : E. Tow
- Junior Skipping : C. Park
- Sub-Junior Skipping: P. Brisbane.
- Senior Hurdles : N. Hassall.
- Junior Hurdles : K. Eagles.
- Sub-Junior Hurdles : G. Facer.
- Senior Shot Put : J. Carroll.
- Junior Shot Put : M. Parker.
- Sub-Junior Shot Put: S. Hammond
- Senior Discus : J. Carroll.
- Junior Discus : M. Lowe.
- Sub-Junior Discus : G. Facer.
- Senior Javelin : J. Carroll.
- Junior Javelin : M. Parker.
- Sub-Junior Javelin: E. Frankland.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing : L. Spicer, C. Gurran, M. Young, H. Frost
Seated : J. Duncan, J. Claydon (captain), J. Blyth.

Senior High Jump : B. Clarke
 Junior High Jump : K. Eagles
 Sub-Junior High Jump :
 P. Constantine.
 Senior Long Jump : C. Leroy.
 Junior Long Jump : M. Parker.

Sub-Junior Long Jump :
 J. Backhouse.
 Senior Relay : York.
 Junior Relay : York.
 Sub-Junior Relay : Gloucester.
 Open House Captain Ball : Kent



"A" BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing : A. Glasscock, A. Hodgson, J. Antrum, D. Morgan.
Seated : P. Brisbane, C. Leong (captain), G. Facer.



"B" BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing : D. Sevenoaks, C. Denny, D. Hampson, P. Robinson, D. Fraser.
Seated : M. Keen, J. Ford (captain), M. Young.

HOCKEY

It is my pleasure as captain to say "well done" to the girls who played in the Saturday morning competition. Many of them were new to the game but we managed to win 5 games. With our wins and draws we reached the semi-finals to the amazement of all, but unfortunately at that stage we were unsuccessful.

We would like to express our appreciation of the help and encouragement given by Mrs. Cooksey. May next season be as rewarding as this one has been. Once again, well done, girls.

—L. COOKSEY, Captain.

BASKETBALL

Two school teams have entered competitions held on Saturday mornings at Moore Park.

The A Team, consisting of C. Leong (captain), A. Glassick, G. Facer, P. Brisbane, J. Antrum, A. Hodgson and D. Morgan are playing in A Grade. This team has

played 8 games and has been successful in 6.

The B team—J. Ford (captain), D. Severnocks, C. Denny, P. Robinson, D. Fraser, D. Hampson and M. Keen have won 9 of 11 games played.

Both teams as well as a Junior team practise earnestly each Wednesday and Friday afternoon after school. The goalies in addition devote their recesses and lunch hours to goal throwing.

At the beginning of 2nd term, a group of girls sat for the Basketball Umpires' Theory Examination. Most of the girls secured B grade certificates but a few gained A grade.

On July 31st, Maroubra Bay visited us to play the B team. We were narrowly defeated.

Much of our success is due to the coaching and enthusiasm of Miss Cust, our Physical Education teacher.

—CAROL LEONG, 4A.



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing (Left to Right) L. Tow, C. Spill, J. Steele, S. Michelle, L. McKenzie, V. Campbell, M. Spindler.
 Sitting: L. Margeson, D. Royle, G. Harrison, L. Cooksey (captain), M. Trevenar, D. Harrison, D. Young.



SOFTBALL TEAM

Standing : S. Christie, S. Hammond, S. Haigh, R. Dwyer.

Seated : M. Bristow, C. Barton, J. Carroll, M. Lowe, A. West.

SOFTBALL

This year only one team was entered in the N.S.W. Women's Softball Association Competition, held at Moore Park on Saturday mornings. The team was graded B and was the only school team in

the Senior competition. To date the team is undefeated and very hopeful of reaching the semi-final and perhaps repeating last year's performance by winning the Premiership.

—T. van Hasselt, Captain.

HOUSE NOTES

The Inter-House Trophies within the school are as follows—

Inter-House Service Trophy which is judged on points allotted for uniforms, playground duty and charitable collections. This was won in 1962 by Bradfield House.

The Academic House Point Score Shield. This was presented to the school by 5th Year, 1962, and was awarded at the end of the same year. York were the winners. The points are awarded according to the percentages gained by the members of each house, at the school examinations. This was a close contest, the results being York

201 pts., Bradfield 193, Kent 191, and Gloucester 188.

Inter-House Debating Cup. This was won by Gloucester.

Inter-House Sports Trophies.

Swimming Cup.

Athletics Cup.

Winter Sport Point Score Trophy.

Life-Saving Point Score Trophy.

BRADFIELD

Captain—Elizabeth Smith.

Vice-Captain—Carol Leroy.

At the end of 1962, Bradfield won the Inter-House Service Trophy and came second by a narrow



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row—Vice-Captains : J. Carroll (York), C. Leroy (Bradfield), R. Christian (Gloucester), L. Tow (Kent).

Front Row—Captains : J. Cooper (York), E. Smith (Bradfield), P. Cohen (Gloucester), T. van Hasselt (Kent).

margin in the Academic Point Score.

This year Bradfield did well in the Swimming Carnival, but not so well in the Athletics, although individual members did very well.

At the Swimming Carnival we secured third place. The keen spirit of the 1st and 2nd years must be mentioned. They entered many events with great enthusiasm. Keep it up. Our main point scorers were Marilynne Trevenar, Margo Conabere, Denise Spencer and Colleen Park. The Senior Relay team came 2nd and the Sub-Junior 4th.

At the Athletic Carnival, Bradfield gained 4th place but we had an outstanding competitor in Dianne Ferrier whose achievements are listed elsewhere in the magazine. Other places went to M. Bristoe, E. Smith, C. Leroy, J. Claydon, J. Quinn, M. Chapman, J. Hamilton, L. Phillips and G. McKenzie. All the relay teams gained places.

There are many promising juniors who, we are sure, will gain honours for themselves and their house and school in the coming years, so here's hoping that next year Bradfield will gain higher positions in both Swimming and Athletics. Just keep in mind to keep trying—never give up.

GLOUCESTER

Captain—Pamela Cohen.

Vice-Captain—Robyn Christian.

Gloucester has done well since the last issue of the magazine, having won the Debating Cup and having gained 2nd place in the Swimming Carnival. The latter victory was mainly the result of the efforts of the Juniors although the Seniors were well represented.

The girls who secured points were—R. Freedman, J. Steele, L. Pardy, S. Davies, S. Thomson, D. Forster, L. Spicer, S. Brook, P. Barker and R. Bryant. Robyn is perhaps the most promising performer in the

house. Keep up the good work. The House Relay teams won the Open and the Junior.

Places at the Athletic Carnival went to C. Kildea, L. Adams, B. Brawn, J. Backhouse, S. Hammond, D. Forster, C. Lee, L. Cooksey, K. Spill and G. Facer. These girls won for us the Sub-Junior Point Score. Another outstanding competitor was M. Parker. Thanks girls.

It is easy to see that there are many promising juniors ready to take the honours in the future but let us not rest on our laurels—keep up the good performance, Gloucester.

YORK

Captain—Jan Cooper.

Vice-Captain—Jannette Carroll.

This year York had again excelled in school activities. Although we did not repeat our successes of last year by winning the Annual Swimming Carnival and the Athletics Carnival we put up keen competition and succeeded in securing a runaway victory at the Athletics Carnival. This was the third year in succession and we were the first winners of the Academic Shield.

At the Swimming Carnival, places were gained by P. Ramsey, E. Munroe, D. Stephenson, G. Harrison, K. Eagles, L. Grewcoe and K. Gotham. Our relay teams gained a second and two thirds.

York captain, Jan Cooper won the 17 years, and was placed in the Open and the Skipping. Vice-captain, Jannette Carroll won the Senior Javelin, Discus and Shot Put. We are indeed proud of them both. Barbara Finlayson broke the record for the 220, won the 16 years and was placed in the Senior Long Jump. Others who contributed to our score were Barbara O'Sullivan, Pat Constantine, Kerry Eagles, Shirley Mitchell, Denise Frankland, E. Ridge, V. Coutts, B. Clarke,

Rhonda Hall, K. McKenzie, Jan Newlands, Diane Moran and P. Brisbane. In the Zone Carnival, York was well represented.

Let us keep trying, York and all the young York enthusiasts who went into the competitions but failed to gain a place this year, don't despair, you might win next time. Stay in the race and keep the yellow on top.

KENT

Captain—Thalea van Hasselt.

Vice-Captain—Lillian Tow.

Kent got off to a good start this year by swimming away with the winning baton in the Annual Swimming Carnival. This was due mainly to the outstanding performances of our promising juniors, M. Bryant, P. Tatnall, M. Lowe and C. Park and the wonderful efforts of the seniors, N. Hassall, K. Telfer, A. Everett and F. McGregor.

The School Championship was won by Nanette Hassall with Penny Tatnall close behind. K. Telfer won the 17 years, came 2nd in the Senior Breaststroke and was a member of the relay teams.

Marilyn Bryant is very welcome in Kent. She won for us the Sub-Junior Point Score and represented the school in the Zone and Combined Carnivals. We are proud of you, Marilyn.

Although we came only third in the Athletics we were not far behind second place. M. Ross, E. Grant, M. Lowe, M. Wykes, A. Hodgson, C. Park, S. Christie, E. Burger, T. van Hasselt and L. Tow all reached the finals. N. Hassall was again one of the stars. Our captain did well in the Senior Javelin and the Vice-Captain won the Senior Skipping.

The Open Captain Ball team consisting of D. Young, A. Everett, S. Christie, M. Lowe, F. McGregor, S. Layton, D. Doyle and E. Burger after much hard practice had an easy and well-deserved win—with the added triumph of breaking the record and setting the new one at 60 seconds.

Magnificent effort, Kent. Let us keep the red flag flying on top in all activities and let us make an effort to secure the Service Trophy and the Academic Shield.

EYES

Exquisitely tranquil
Glistening and rounding,
Dewy moist, petal soft
Set the heart pounding.

Subtle and fickle
Restlessly wandering.
Oval shape, almond shape
Set the heart wondering.

Beautiful, fathomless,
Still-ly enslaving,
Pricking like needle points
Set the heart heaving.

Careworn and heavy
Reddened with rubbing,
Lines at the corners to
Set the heart loving.

CHRISTINE ROSS, 4A.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Prize Winning Entry — Senior School.

A FAREWELL

"Up a bit further, uup — hold it, mate!" The large basket stopped swinging, poised crazily for a moment, then plunged towards the hold. Another load of suitcases stood ready to be loaded in.

The wharf was just one mass of colour, moving, living colour. Everyone shouted and waved happily. Cameras flashed. Smartly-uniformed stewards ran hither and thither. Officers issued orders. Incoming passengers welcomed envious and wishful visitors. Flowers filled the cabins, people filled the loungerooms, and suitcases filled the passageways. Above the din, the loudspeakers came to life "Hm hm uuh—All visitors ashore please. We shall be sailing in an hour. All visitors ashore please. Thank you".

They subsided into silence. The tempo quickened; last farewells were said, and last photos taken. Smiles began to become a little strained, losing some of their cheerfulness. Many people seemed to develop colds very suddenly. A few, less brave, began to weep openly, and passengers became nervy. A steady stream of visitors could be seen leaving, coloured streamers began to bridge the gap between wharf and ship, between husband and wife; between friends.

Frantic enquiries—"Did I leave my gloves in your cabin?"—were shouted across the small gap.

The siren gave a warning blast—only a quarter of an hour left. A woman fainted. Last visitors hur-

ried off at the entreaty of pleading, hoarse loudspeakers. A late passenger hurried on.

Another blast, and gangways moved slowly and quietly down the wharf, destroying the solid bank of coloured streamers. People laughed and chattered, and tried **once** more to throw the streamer onto the ship. The ropes were being cast off, one by one. The noise subsided somewhat with only one rope holding the ship, the last gangway being removed. Tugboats jockeyed into position, the captain appeared on the bridge, and the pilot's flag showed at the mast-head.

The last rope fell to the wharf. With one almighty blast, the great liner moved away slowly, with great dignity. The streamers snapped, one by one, as this queen of the seas moved inexorably outward, to the accompaniment of the numerous small craft in the harbour. The gap, which had lately been so small, seemed like a mile to those left behind. Handkerchiefs were now very much in evidence, faces being hard to define because of the tears and distance. One enterprising couple fetched a large white towel from their bathroom. Slowly, the huge yet graceful liner, with its white bath towel flapping wildly, slipped majestically around the point, out of sight. Left behind were masses of dirty, crumpled streamers and a saddened, quiet crowd.

—MARILYNNE WEST, 4D, (Kent).

Prize Winning Entry — Junior School

DROUGHT

The earth is cracked and parched,
The plants withered and dry,
Stirless the windmill stands, near the empty tanks.
While, thirsty, the cattle toss their heads,
To and fro in the heat,
Pawing the ground beside the waterhole
That holds nothing but rocks and sand.
The lonely homestead, covered with dust
Seems also to feel the heat from
That merciless beating sun.
The children have no energy now
To run and hide and play,
All they do is sit and dream of
Days that have gone by.
And the farmer,
Whose crops have withered and died,
Sinks slowly in his chair
And, as within a dream
He lifts his cupped hands to his lips
And thinks of running streams, babbling brooks,
Tall gum trees and wild brumbies,
Of falling rain that will wash away
The misery and the heat,
To bring again to this arid land
The grass so rich and green.

J. E. MACKAY, 3C, (Gloucester).

ON OLD FIRE-PLACES

I have a love of old fire-places, partly because of the sentimental value which I think they possess, and partly because of the atmosphere which they lend a room. The qualities which they embody are not confined to one or two rash observances for there must be something more; there **IS** something more.

Each brick holds a story; a story for each generation which has warmed its cold hands and feet before the polished bars of the hearth. Fathers have sat nursing children, while relating some dark episode; young women have cried for their husbands who have taken from them in cruel battle, and in their mourning, have attempted to seek solace from the fickle glow. Elderly women with hair greyer than a mist of tears, have sat re-

calling memories and dreams; just rocking and thinking and rocking.

Occasionally one is even fortunate enough to find an old copper kettle suspended on a hook, boiling its contents as it has for so many years, sending billowing clouds of steam to the top of the hearth, only to condense and fall in little orange droplets to the waiting flames where they hiss briefly and spatter into the depths of the blood-red coals.

A minute of one's life might be measured by a single flame leaping up the grimy chimney never to return, but that flame has left its ash on the walls of the fire-place, as life leaves its still warm impression upon people, to gradually crumble away with the years. The flames and smoke vary with the substance which is burnt. Paper

when burnt roars fiercely in a sudden brilliant burst of light then quite as suddenly dies as the memory which a superficial person leaves. A genuine person may be compared to a log fire burning brightly and steadily, shedding warmth over many.

A fire possesses in its flames the power to transport one to a strange world, for the red faces before the hearth display contentment as eyes stare in a seemingly hypnotic trance while dim visions pass before them as ribbons of thought, unattached and floating. Worlds differ. Children see fairies in orange gossamer gowns, leap like gibbons, drift and sink to be caught by the grey goblins in the

black shadows. The elders see nothing so imaginative; they endeavour to, but the elusive thoughts remain hidden by the wall of realism. They are no longer children.

I do not think I know of anything which looks so forlorn as an unused fireplace. It resembles a person who has suffered a great loss. No inner warmth, therefore none to radiate, completely empty and void of feeling—only the shell remains.

An old fire-place makes one wonder if it was ever really built or if it has just been standing since the beginning of time. It seems a great indestructible object which is endurance itself.

"Where have they gone
Those thoughts so fair
And why do they waft from the weaver?
They have gone with the smoke
Through the chimney of life
Ne'er to return to the dreamer.
Ne'er to return to the dreamer.
The dreams will never return my dear
Return from the fire whence they fly,
Because The Keeper has let it die.
The Keeper has let it die".

—DIANNE BLYTON, 4D, (Gloucester).

CLOUD FORMATIONS

When we talk of clouds the picture that comes to mind is of fluffy white, balloons like feather pillows billowing across the sky on a bright summer's day. The clouds seem to be chasing each other in and out of the blue portals of the heavens and, strange as it may seem, they assume many shapes which can quite often be identified as the familiar things around us. Perhaps this is God's way of warning us of things to come, or maybe He is just trying to teach us a lesson about our daily life.

However, not all clouds are feathery mists of delight; for, when

a storm is gathering on the horizon many sailors of olden times in their frail craft have quaked with fear at the dark clouds scudding across the sky like avenging sea gods. Then one can easily imagine fierce and awesome figures taking form in the clouds.

There is really nothing quite so delicate or beautiful as a cloud with the sun shining through, giving it "a silver lining". One can always feel a little cheered and more optimistic towards life after a glimpse of that silver lining.

—ROSEMARY KENT, 4C.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Dawn! The ghost-grey haze hung over the city. Only, from the side, a slanting finger of pale, cold light touched the giant structures. The light intensified, becoming warmer, fuller, richer, changing from grey to pink, to bright orange. Shadows vanished as the sky opened up to reveal a rich, deep blue, unveiling the turreted silhouettes of the cement masses.

Gaunt and angular, the buildings reared themselves above the horizon, dominating, obtruding almighty!

Impending storm: mole-grey cumulus rushed upon and obscured the blue, and hung whirling above. From the ruins of the sky a pallid streak, a broken remnant of brightness, slid over the buildings with a witching gleam; the daylight was

suppressed, almost. The feeling was claustrophobic.

Sunset: a basin of gold filled with golden blocks of cement and glass, dazzling, iridescent. Then slowly the glow faded; the gold turned to pale grey. The source of light was extinguished gradually. Darkness had come.

Already a few arrogant, bright points thrust through the inky obscurity, then more, — suddenly thousands, winking and blinking, glittering in the velvety blackness, diamond points interspersed with the fluorescence of sapphires, emeralds and rubies.

These are the faces and moods of this city, ever-changing, always beautiful.

—VANESSA REED, 2A, (Gloucester).

THE THRILLING MOTOR-BIKE RIDE

As the blanket of darkness, strewn with bright, twinkling stars, spread over Sydney, the tranquillity of the night, was broken by the unearthly screeching and scraping of hot tyres on gravel.

My brother had arrived home, bringing with him his new motor-bike. After carelessly greeting him, I finally convinced him that he had promised me a ride.

We zoomed, seconds later into the darkness that was Sydney, leaving behind us the sleepy, old suburb of Balmain. Farther and farther on we raced, at a reckless speed, leaving more and more suburbs behind us.

I seemed transparent to the rushing wind, as it kept pace with us. My cheeks flushed red, my hair

like a halo, lay behind me, floating in the onslaught of the breeze, while my eyes sparkled with the reckless thrill of the speed.

I clutched wildly, once or twice, at my brother's leather jacket, as his bike swerved nervously around sharp bends and corners. I closed my eyes, and a smile danced on my lips, as the wind slightly irritated them.

Finally, three-quarters of an hour later, we arrived back home, and although the ride was finished, I shall never be able to satisfy completely, my mad craving for the rush of wind and the thrill of speeding down narrow deserted lanes and avenues.

—JENNIFER KING, 3D, (York).

SYDNEY BY MOONLIGHT

The steady, slow, monotonous thud of the engines contrasted greatly with the uneven, erratic slosh of the waves against the boat's side. As we glided along, looking at the surrounding land, it reminded me of a fairy-land making ready for its queen.

Sydney Harbour was a wonderful place to be sailing on. It was so peaceful, yet, from where I was, much activity could be seen going on, around the harbour. It was so peaceful that I lay back on my deck chair prepared to watch from this quiet boat, the busy city of Sydney.

The most outstanding feature of the city seemed to be the huge, towering A.M.P. building with its lighted windows. The famous Circular Quay Docks surrounding it, sparkled brightly as small ferries started in and out taking people for pleasure trips. The large Overseas Terminal added strength to the set of docks. And yet, contrasting

with these busy docks were the quiet, dull docks of Garden Island where naval ships were anchored.

Yet, nothing was as outstanding as the Sydney Harbour Bridge with thousands of cars dashing over it. It was lit up as a semi circle with many radii stretching towards the sky. Adding to this fairy-land was the over-bright glittering Luna Park, calling people to come and enjoy themselves. To right and left were huge flats which in the pale moonlight resembled huge boxes ready to fall and crush the earth.

The moon shone down upon our little boat, casting on the nearby water a dull, ghostly shadow. Although everything was strange and eerie, there was something entrancing and enchanting about this big, busy city all the time working, preparing for the next day and the next day.

—MARGARET WESTERMAN, 3D,
(Kent).

 DETACHMENT

Detachment—
this is the state I am in.
I am glad—
What better way to live
instead of trying to adjust.

Better to alienate oneself—
away from all the
goddamn strife and turmoil.
Detachment is a void in which
the mind is free — unhindered.

Death comes as another form of life
when one is disengaged
Come death! I am waiting
to commence another form of life.
Existence, I wont lose you—
I am not lost.

ROXOLANA CZYHRYN.

THE CASTLE

I stood on a hill overlooking a pleasant green valley. The sun glistened on the still blue waters of a quiet, tranquil river which followed a lazy course through the valley where once had stood a majestic castle.

And what of this castle? It now lay in ruins, with only parts still standing, denoting its former aristocratic beauty. It was easy, standing in the still of the morning, to imagine the castle once again lived in, to make time fly back to the days gone by.

Once again the building stood with sunlight warming the cold, grey walls. Once again were heard the sounds of children's voices and the activities of a busy household.

But, I realised, time must go on and I sadly turned away thinking surely that castle had seen many generations and better days. Now it is only a pile of grey stone, lying close to the river in that serene valley.

—SANDRA THOMAS, 3C,
(Gloucester).

WHAT THE TIKI SAW

The little greenstone tiki looked out from the steeple stems of the tall plants. He saw the dimpled waves rippling on the pebbles and his own distorted face reflected in the moon-flecked waters. He saw a wistful willow, its branches interlacing the jagged fragments of the sky.

He remembered. He remembered the clouds that had been set on fire with redness. He remembered how the broad sky had burned as the canoes had slid into the sighing stream. There had been tattooed faces, painted into hideous expressions, and eyes, flashing, bright and troubled like a stormy sea. He thought of how the glassy water had crumpled as a thousand oars had chopped the surface with rhythmic beat. He heard again a thousand voices, chanting, chanting and the mournful cry of a lone owl.

The shades of night had them fallen and the canoes had slowly faded into the purple vapours. The night had lingered a while, and

soon the clear stars, sorrowful and wise, disappeared.

He remembered the glory of the morning sun and the pink-flushed sky. He again saw the spectral glacier, dusted with powdered rainbow.

He felt the dawn breeze that tried to smooth away the clouds that curdled with the blue of the sky. He saw a flower with a face paler than candle flame. He smiled gently with satisfaction at its wondrous beauty.

That was how I found him, sheltered from the perturbing wind between the stems of a cluster of flowers. He still had that smile captured on his shiny greenstone face and a misty dewdrop chilled on his lips.

I looked up and saw the old willow tree, and the waves rippling on the pebbles as they were destined to do forever and I knew that the little tiki saw them too.

—ROSEMARY LILLICOT, 4A, (York).

A SPRING MORNING

I drew a circle on the frost-covered window and exuberantly sighed. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and yawned. Everyone was up except me. The sun was shining radiantly, pouring out its warmth, as a person tips a glass of wine, and it glistened on the dew covered grass. The bush was filled with noises, beautiful noises, strange voices—spring noises: a kookaburra's sly laugh, the twittering of black and brown sparrows feeding their young, the mooring of calves, the bleating of lambs. Yes, it was spring all right.

In the garden bees were hover-

ing round brightly-coloured daisies, my cat, "Tommy" was stalking an irritable butterfly, which was of the most vivid reds and yellows that I have ever seen.

I could smell spring, its flower fragrances, its freshness. I could hear spring—the chirping of doves, pigeons and sparrows all singing their spring songs in unison. Spring always offers me new adventures, new discoveries.

How wonderful it is to wake up on a spring morning.

—JUDITH LASZLO, 2A, (Bradfield)

A VISION

I rode a blue horse
Down a silken rope
But was burnt by the swinging
Sun
Which was a lonely tear
In the passing, hessian
Sky of crowds
Of pushing, sweating
Broken bodies and
A little boy with
A ragged halo
Of black hair
Over a dirty
Skinny face.

RITA-LISA GEORGIN, 5C, (York).

THE SEA OF SALT

The children wandered lost,
Afraid,
Their salt tears fell upon
The feeble wind like gull,
Yet sweetened somewhat with sorrow.

Far to the febrile south he flew,
Clutching the teams to his heaving breast,
Then forsook them in a ditch,
To hill the life,
And swell,
A sea of acrid grief.

S. DOWNTON, 4A.

"GOOD NEWS"

Inside the cottage, the family were subdued and quiet, No one dared to speak at this crucial time. At length the elder sister moved towards the fireplace and threw another log into the fire. The sight of the vivid flame leaping into the chimney brought new hope into the hearts of the children, but they could not forget that their father was out there in the torrential rain, attempting to drive the cattle through the dangerously swollen river.

Outside, the rain beat down unceasingly upon the flooded earth. The river was now flooding its banks and the strong current was a death-trap to any who might venture across. The cattle huddled together as they were forced into the raging torrent, and the voices of the drovers and the cracking of the whip were barely audible against

the deafening roar of the gale. The drovers stuck to their task with grim, determined faces, but inwardly they were sickened at the sight of the helpless cattle which were trampled beneath the frenzied mob and carried away in the swirling waters.

The rain ceased, and pale beams of sunlight appeared through the dispersing clouds. One child moved to the window and stood still, enraptured by the beautiful transformations. Suddenly, he uttered a cry which brought the other children to the window. There, in the distance, was a speck, growing nearer and nearer. A lone figure on horseback waved a hat and cracked a whip in salute. The children stood by the window, speechless. Their father was safe!

—SUE CHRISTIE, 2A, (Kent).

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

The warm radiant rays of the sun fell onto my desk and onto my books. It was a lazy day, and in the hot stuffiness of the classroom, I felt sleepy. I looked out the window and saw a lone bird.

A dull little brown bird with a raucous little voice he was, an unassuming little creature. He perched on a wire and apparently he was having his share of the sun's bountiful laziness. His head was cocked and the feathers on his chest fluffed, his perky tail up.

And then it began. He leapt off his perch as a man on a trapeze leaps into action. He darted, dipped and dived, swooped, soared, turned, hovered, and then returned to his resting place, waiting, like a true performer, for his

due applause. He did it again and returned again and waited again. He seemed to be putting his exhibition just for me, but then I saw his reason.

A grey hen came also to sit on the telephone wires, and he waited patiently while the grey one scolded in her harsh voice. He flew off, but by the time they had reached the bubbler in the playground, all was forgiven. When I looked again they had joined a large group and were circling and playing follow-the-leader, soon setting off for destination unknown.

The wail of the siren brought me back to the room, and I was no longer "free as a bird".

—BARBARA LACKEY, 2A,
(Gloucester).

THE ONCOMING OF EVENING

Limp and lifeless were the willows on that hot afternoon. The air lay still, heavy, seeming to hold the land down. All around there was a feeling of drowsiness. Even the locust's monotonous drone sounded tired.

Suddenly the spinifex grass on the undulating hill stood up as if to catch the slight breeze arriving from the south. Everything livened, there was something, a sort of a whisper as the golden sun lowered, then dropped out of sight below the horizon. The shadows

grew longer, then everything darkened and the sweet perfume of lilac drifted over the cool earth.

Across the hills echoed the soft call of the country train, chugging across the now sleeping countryside. The lazy brook gurgled, as above the birds fussed as they became ready to retire. As the sky darkened the first beautiful light yellow rays of the evening star became more predominant as evening deepened into night.

—COLLEEN PARK, 3D, (Kent).

MIDNIGHT

It's midnight in the cemetery,
And all the ghosts are out.
They sing and dance so eerily,
When midnight is about.

They slide right down the tombstones,
And shout a ghostly shout,
There are hollow moans and rattling bones,
When midnight is about.

LILLY AH CHIN, 1F, (Bradfield).

THE CAVE

Around the cave we stealthily crept,
Into where the high tide swept,
Into where the breezes blow,
And the little glow-worms glow.

Inch by inch we made our way,
Where the darkness showed no day.
Then at last we saw the light
And stepped outside to sunlight bright.

CAROLYN WILLIAMS, 2D, (Bradfield).

THE FLOWING STREAM

The stream flows deep and calm and cool,
Over the pebbles and into a pool,
Out again it leaps along,
Then lingers with a humming song.

Slowly it stops and stands quite still
Reflects the shape of a daffodil.
High above the great trees sway,
Sharing their breeze as they sweep and play.

JUDITH LOWE, 1R.

A DREAM

Have you ever been in bed at night
And suddenly to dream
Of far-away places with mountains and hills
And gracefully flowing streams?
Of clear blue sky with a bright gold sun,
A gently murmuring breeze,
Swaying trees and bright coloured flowers,
Butterflies and buzzing bees?
How wonderful it would be to go,
Even if just for a day,
But how much better and brighter 'twould be
If we could go there to stay.

LYNETTE STEVENSON, 2C, (York).

FIRE

Rush to the fire! Quick! Quick! Quick!
To get there on time we must be slick.
Grab all the hoses, ladders and hats
Start up the motor, then grab your axe.

Swerve round the corner, whiz up the street,
Arrive at the building the fire to greet,
Turn on the hoses, rush in and out
When the fire's over, we'll rest no doubt.

KERRY TERRENS, 1T, (Gloucester).

SYDNEY HARBOUR

A rugged eastern coastline,
Edged by beaches laced with foam,
Where granite gates yield to waters blue,
Is the harbour I call home.

A kindly Mother Nature,
Beckons all who love the sea,
To share with her the waters clear
In peace and harmony.

DIANE SMITH, 1T, (Kent).

SEA MOVEMENT

Rolling, rolling, ever rolling,
The waves rush to the shore:
Pounding, pounding, ever pounding,
With a weird ferocious roar.

Then with swift and surging motion,
The waves return to the depths of the ocean:
But come again as they did before
Eternally flowing to the golden shore.

CHRISTINE GARNSEY, 2C, (Kent).

THE SUN

Why do you shine in the day?
 In fields of grain,
 Where wheat does sway
 O, tell me sun.

Why do you go in the night?
 When comes the moon,
 And stars shine bright,
 O, tell me sun.

GAIL McDONOUGH, 2B, (Bradfield).

 VISIONS

Looking up at the moon tonight,
 Is it a cloud that blurs my sight?
 Now the cloud is gone and I can see—
 A moon face, smiling down at me.

Looking into the water blue,
 Is it a ripple that distorts my view?
 Now the water's calm and I can see—
 My own reflection looking up at me.

GAIL SUTHERLAND, 1T, (York).

 TO PEACE

BASED ON "WANDERERS NACHTLIED I" by GOETHE

Oh, thou who art in heaven high,
 Oh, thou who calms and stills our grief,
 Come to those who need thee so,
 Come to both the high and low.

I too, long to feel thee near,
 For I too have shed my tear
 For those things I hold most dear.

Trouble is so ever near,
 Come to me, and I'll not fear.

DOROTHY ROYLE, 4A, (Bradfield).

A SUMMER'S DAY

The evergreen trees sway to and fro,
As gently and smoothly the soft winds blow.
The birds are nestled within their nests,
Chirping away with outward breasts.

The sun shines brightly with a burning glow
As everything sparkles on the earth below,
My heart is set on a summer's day,
When everything is alive and gay.

NATA SCOPPA, 2C, (Kent).

SPRING

I love to smell the fresh mown grass,
To hear the birds throng at last,
And after the bitter winter's gone,
To know that spring is coming on ;
To feel the sun's warm, golden rays
And know we'll soon have warmer days
And that flowers of every hue,
Will blossoms show beneath the dew.

AUTUMN

I love to walk across the park,
Among the leaves both bright and dark.
To shuffle my shoes to the bird's gay songs
To lay aside all my rights and wrongs,
To sit on the bench and muse and write,
This poem expressing my delight
That nature has created such a sight.

CHRISTINE TREVENAR, 3C, (York).

ALONE

I look to the east, and to the west
and see, nought, but sea.
I float in a nest of frothy foam
I float all alone.

I heard a sound and peered around
but it was only the waves
as they splashed on a lonely reef
in the middle of the sea.

GABRIELLE GOWLING, 3C, (Bradfield).

FACES

One was red, one was blue,
 One was sad and crying too,
 One was happy, one was glad,
 One was angelic, one was bad.

Don't get nervous and think you're mad,
 Everyone else is just as bad,
 They are only faces on a balloon,
 And each is just as round as the moon.

JANICE BROWN, 2D, (Gloucester).

NIGHT

When twilight darkens,
 The river, bright and silvery
 Rushes through beds of reeds,
 As the wind, howls down hill and dale
 To meet the river wide,
 The sweet little birds stop singing their songs
 And close their eyes tight—
 As evening passes on.

MICHELE GARVAN, 2D, (York).

THE DEAD

They rest beneath a blanket of earth,
 Just staring at the world above ;
 Staring ever upward
 Watching without hate or love.

Theirs is a lonely peace
 The solitude their life ;
 Their only friends the devouring worms
 Each painful thought, a knife.

For they will long for company
 And remember from their birth ;
 As slowly they decay and rot
 Until they return to the earth.

LYN HARRIS, 2D, (Gloucester).

THE WANDERING LAKE

Beyond the trees where the barn used to be,
 A great lake lies, so blue and so free,
 It flows through the meadows and out to the sea,
 Then meets angry oceans at places you see,
 It travels through bushlands, and like you and me,
 Just flows on its way quite able to flee.

CAROLYN GOMAN, 2D, (Bradfield).

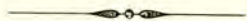
THE KING OF BEASTS

He creeps, he crawls.
He whines, he calls his mate to come
He is king of all this great expanse
To defy him dares no one.

He struts, he leaps.
He walks, he sleeps in the mid-day sun
He is king of all this great expanse
To defy him dares no one.

He eats, he kills
He drinks, he thrills to see them run
He is king of all this great expanse
To defy him dares no one.

SUE SAYER, 3C, (Bradfield).



THE RIVER

Softly, slowly, gurgling onwards,
Is the river, wide and deep,
At its finish is an ocean,
Rushing, roaring at its feet.

And the slimy, slithering fishes,
Swim in triumph in the reeds,
Clear green water, without danger,
That is just what each fish needs.

J. O. CRICK, 1R.



HAPPINESS

The world is full of sunshine,
If only you will try,
To spread a little happiness,
When others often cry.

You may be sad and others glad,
But you may never show it,
If you can smile for just awhile,
Others may never know it.

So happiness is what you make,
If only you will heed,
Just think of others worse than you,
And bring smiles to those in need.

WENDY BUTTERWORTH, 2D, (York).

"STRAGGLED AND BEDRAGGLED".

In these dark and huddled streets,
 Streets that bloat with filth, and yet they stare,
 And stare, and creep through windows,
 Where children stand encased behind glass panes,
 Noses pressed flat upon the frames,
 And eyes that wear a wild desire—
 First desperate, now deadened and defiled,
 But eager as eagles that take to air ;
 Fair forms marred by matchless, murky walls.

Who could not but see the plain and plaintive fate of these—
 The same house, the same street, the fighting spirit
 Given way
 To drunkenness,
 Or such, that
 Despair and hunger, with cancerous stabs,
 Leave marks of unwanted, abandoned life.

These streets that irk with 'roaches, bats and evil smells—
 A witche's caldron with rats and mice that
 Dart from bin to bin;
 Stray dogs that lurk behind the light pole and cats
 That slink away into gloomy fumes of night ;
 Ghostly clothes that flap at bedroom windows—
 White messengers of poverty and plight.
 Young lovers out at night bring no hope of change
 To these streets that stare, and stare, and stare.

A rattling, rumbling mass of iron goes by ;
 The night express ; and its uncanny, unholy screech
 Takes away the witch of night
 And leaves the sky lighter.
 It is Sunday and a church bell is heard ;
 Children pour out from houses like cereals from a pack
 To scamper 'bout these streets all day,
 These streets that by night do stare, and stare, and stare.

ANU MIHKELSON, 5C, (Bradfield).

 THE REINDEER

Little reindeer from the snows
 Sniffing strangely with his nose,
 There's something strange in the air today,
 There's something fearful coming his way
 He sniffs again ; to his despair
 It's the hunters' scent that's in the air.
 Run he must and find somewhere to hide
 Among the mountains green and wide,
 Some place whither he can run
 From the hunter's deadly gun.

Spring came and then the fall.
 Then no hunters came at all,
 The little deer was safe again
 To frolic in the sun and rain.

SANDRA GILES, 2D, (Gloucester).

A JOURNEY

We have clambered up high to the top of a hill,
To a breathtaking view of the world stretching wide,
Rock deserts, lush valleys, encircled with mist,
And a far distant range on the opposite side.

It's a steady path to the top of the hill,
There's a gentle slope, an occasional place
Where the track is twisted and strewn with stones,
And the cliff at the top has a treacherous face.

It's a sheltered path to the top of the hill,
Safe from the storms that bring lightening and thunder,
No burdens to carry, no fear of disaster,
There's a chance to look round, to dream and to wonder.

It's a pleasant path to the top of the hill,
There are friends and companions, laughing and talking—
Stop for a while, play a game in the sunshine,
Tomorrow there's time to continue our walking.

It's a well-trod path to the top of the hill,
There are old ones to guide us and sign posts that mark
The boulders, the wet slime, the gravel, the sands
Where the careless may stumble and slip in the dark.

There is a reward at the top of the hill,
When we've scrambled up over the rise ;
Take courage, strive on for the final assault,
Wave goodbye to the others with tears in your eyes.

We have clambered up high to the top of a hill,
Where we gaze on the world stretching wide,
And ours is the choice of the road we will take
To the far-away range on the opposite side.

ALISON DARBY, 5B, (Gloucester).



THE SKYSCRAPER

Powerful, looming, gigantic structure,
Man's achievement — it is his future ;
The first impression of the 'scraper,
This architect's dream was once on paper.

Towering, climbing to reach the sky,
The 'scraper now is soaring high ;
The builders hammering, clashing, clanging,
Brutally clammering, bashing, banging.

GLENESE MACKENZIE, 1R.



I WONDER

I wonder why the birds fly,
Fishes cry, daisies die
I wonder why the elephants roar,
The tigers snore.
I guess it's not for me to say,
It's just how nature has her way.

GAYE PARKER, 2B, (York).

A SATIRE ON LYRICAL VERSE

In Extravagant Praise of the Apple-Tree.

Apple-tree awake! Thou appealest to all!
 Bringing blossoms to bough and bees to the ball,
 Cradling the caterpillar in cocoon cosy,
 Delighting with dreams the drones so drowsy,
 Enrapturing the elderly, enchanting the eye;
 Flower, fruit, fragrance—to feast shall we fly,
 Glad for the glory that God thee hath given,
 Happiness and hope in a harvest from Heaven.
 Indeed it is infinite inspiration
 Joyfully to join thee in high jubilation:—
 Keats knew thy kindness—the key's in the "kick"
 Locked in thy liquor, so luscious to lick.
 Many a master hast thou moved to muse
 Naturally on thee, (thy nobility is news);
 Oft on thine orchards, more opulent than ore,
 Poets and painters thy praises will pour;
 Queens, who are quarrelsome, quest for thy quiet,
 Reposing, relaxing, retired from royal-riot;
 Slave-boy and senator sample thy splendour,
 Tree of temptation, tantilizingly tender.
 Unearthly, uncanny, no utterance undue—
 Viscounts and vagabonds vouch thy virtue.
 Wearied and worried we worship thy welcome,
 Xerxes in ecstasy exalts on a xylophone.
 Year after year I will yearn yet for thee—
 Zenith is reached 'neath the old apple-tree.

ALISON DARBY, 5B, (Gloucester).

"WHERE I BELONG"

Where the dingo howls through the lonely night,
 And the scent of the wattle is strong,
 And the gum trees sway in the pale moonlight,
 That's where I belong.

Where the jackass laughs in the tall gum tree,
 And the call of the bush is a song,
 And the kangaroos hop with the wallaby,
 That's where I belong.

Where silent waters hang in their fall,
 And birds mock the silent gorge,
 Where cool air blows from the highland scarps,
 And shadows creep 'long the mountain wall;
 That's where I belong.

A land,
 Of stones, silent dawns and lonely trees,
 Of long, golden, hazy moons,
 That blister the earth to rattling flakes;
 Of rain
 That pushes puddles in the earth
 And makes grass stand up tall;

A land,
 Where skeleton rivers swell and spread,
 And still the rain comes on,
 Till, before night, a rainbow stands,
 On the hill.
 And the sun is falling;
 That's where I belong.

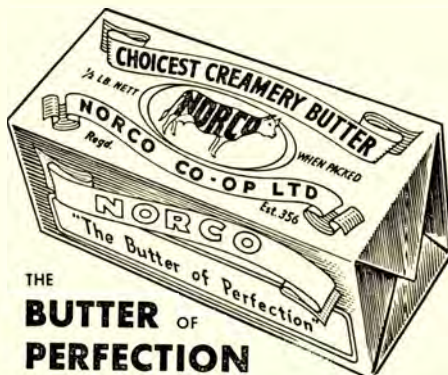
ANU MIHKELSON, 5C, (Bradfield).

COME ! FORTIANS, FORTIANS ALL !

Come ! Fortians, Fortians all !
A last time let us gather,
And back to memory call
The times we've had together,
For year replete
With friendship and memory sweet,
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
With friendship and memory sweet.

In numbers greater we
Than those who went before us,
And so more lustily
We'll raise the joyful chorus,
In praises still
The echoing welkin fill,
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
The echoing welkin fill.

Our School days now are done,
The time has come to sever,
Let each true Fortian
Bear this in mind for ever,
"Faber suae
Est quisque fortunae,"
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !
"Est quisque fortunae."



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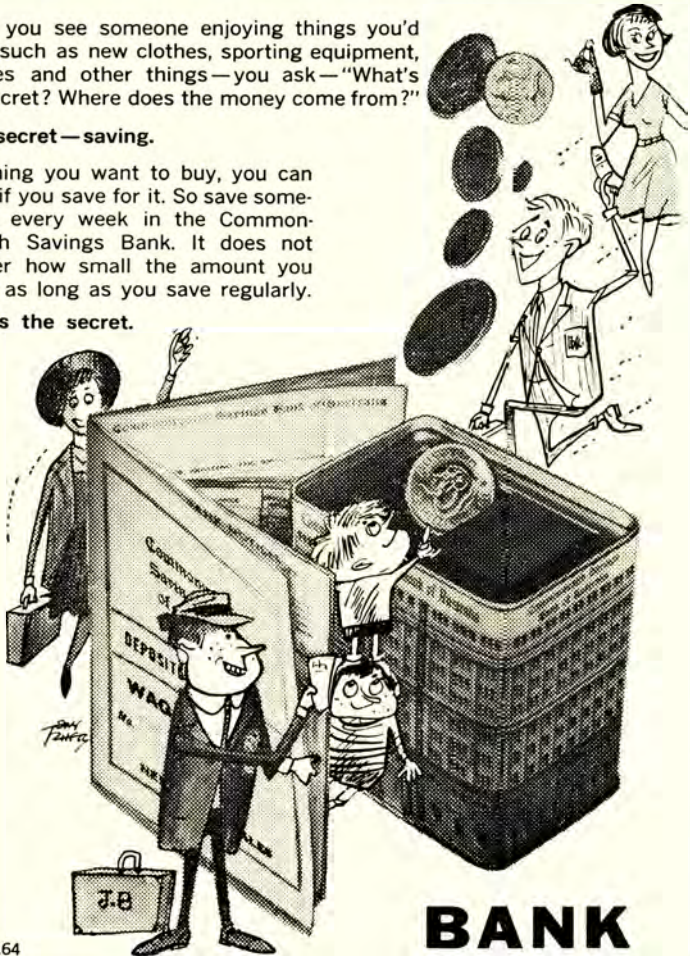
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