

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine

OF THE

Fort Street Girls' High School

OCTOBER, 1971

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

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Deputy Principal: Miss M. PICKARD, B.A., B.Ec., Dip. Ed.

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SCHOOL COUNSELLOR: Mrs. J. SILVER, B.A.

CLERICAL STAFF: Mrs. N. BOND, Mrs. P. MINTER

LABORATORY ASSISTANT: Mrs. M. HARRIS

MAGAZINE EDITOR: Miss S. JACKSON, B.A. (Hons.) Dip. Ed.



This window was presented to Fort Street Girls' High
by the Old Girls' Union in May, 1934.
(Photographer—R. Cooke)

RETIREMENT OF MRS. D. J. TEAR

Mrs. D. J. Tear retired from teaching on 17th December, 1970, having been English/History Mistress at Fort Street Girls' High since 1960. As mistress of the largest department in the school during those twelve years, Mrs. Tear with her high standards and her scholarship, made a marked contribution to the organisation of the school, and the education of the girls. Fort Street gained much benefit from Mrs. Tear's experience of teaching English, History and Latin to Leaving Certificate standard in many schools prior to her appointment to the school in 1960.

Mrs. Tear gave freely of her time and experience to education. She was a member of the History Syllabus Committee of the Secondary Schools Board, and also a member of the History Examination Committee for the School Certificate Examination from 1965, the year of the first School Certificate Examination, until 1970 the year of her retirement. Mrs. Tear was an active member of both the English Teachers' Association and the History Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Tear's colleagues appreciated and will long remember her graciousness and unfailing courtesy, her loyalty and her sense of duty.

We wish Mrs. Tear good health and great happiness in her retirement.

STAFF NOTES

In 1971, we have welcomed to the staff many new faces, as well as farewelling those who have left for various reasons.

Mrs. Tear retired at the end of 1970, and was replaced as English-History Mistress by Mrs. Leadbetter, who had previously been English-History Mistress at Homebush West Girls' High.

The Commerce Department also received a new head this year, when Mr. Mitchell left at the end of last year to join the staff of Macquarie University. Mr. Gray became the new master, but was seconded at the end of 1st term to become the Department of Education's Social Studies curriculum officer. Mrs. Staude took his place. Miss Petersen joined the staff to take Mrs. Staude's place.

There were also changes in the Science, Mathematics and Music staffs at the beginning of 1971. Mrs. Lonigan replaced Miss Cayzer who left to travel overseas, Mrs. Sheehan went to the United States at the end of 1970, and was replaced by Mrs. Murphy from Sydney Girls' High. Miss Sanders joined us after teaching in Brisbane, to take the place of Miss Old, who

has gone to live in South Australia.

Mrs. Silver also joined the staff at the beginning of the year, replacing Miss Craigie, who has become a District Guidance Officer, Mrs. Silver visits the school one day a week, and the other days is a specialist hospital counsellor, mainly at the Far West Children's Home.

Miss Henshaw left to live in Perth.

Three more staff changes took place during the year. Mrs. Heron left during 1st term to take up home duties, and Mr. Brender took her place, after teaching in Montreal. Mrs. Freeman went to Canberra at the end of 1st term to be replaced by Miss Smith, who is welcomed back to Fort St., after teaching in Canada. Mrs. Malcolm also left at the end of 1st term, to live in New Zealand, and Mr. Licht took her place, returning to teaching after travelling overseas. Miss Ferrier left at the end of second term for travel overseas.

To all who have left the staff we offer thanks for their service and best wishes for their future occupations. We warmly welcome those who have joined the staff.



SUSAN PERKINS,
School Captain, 1971

PREFECTS' MESSAGE

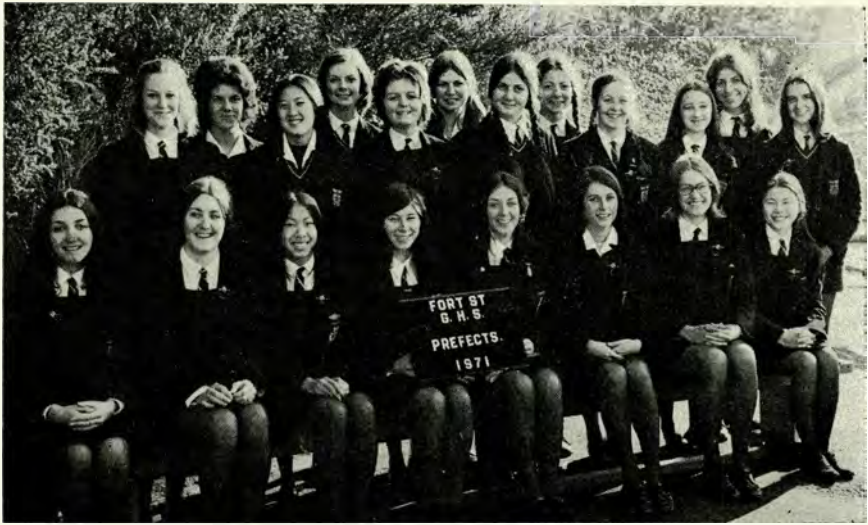
As our school days are coming to a close our thoughts are fixed on the future, our hopes and expectations, but they are also accompanied by a sadness at the thought of leaving the Fort Street which is not the exterior of the building but its people — pupils and staff that have grown up, worked together and upheld the tradition of a truly great school. From our first day at the school we became Fortians, but it has not been until the past two years that we have fully comprehended the meaning of it in undertaking the work and responsibilities of the senior years.

During our period of office we have continued the Prefects' Merit Award System for classes which was instituted last year. Under this system, room inspection, playground duty, tuckshop duty and class service to the school have all been taken into account. The Prefects have organised two major collections for charity. A sum of money was collected for the Freedom From Hunger Campaign late last year and a total of \$205 was collected by direct giving from the pupils and staff for help towards meeting the needs of the refugees from the Pakistan war. The Prefects are also organising a "Charity Week", for the end of 2nd term in which all classes shall participate to raise money for charity by conducting concerts contests and other activities. The Prefects organised the traditional party to welcome 1st formers to Fort Street and the 6th formers derived as much pleasure in participating as the 1st formers gained in attending.

During the year the Prefects and 6th formers have participated in several activities. We have conducted the 1970 end of year concert; we have witnessed the memorable closing of the foot-bridge and subway; we challenged the staff to a "Water Polo" match at the Swimming Carnival and provided lunchtime activity at the Athletics Carnival. Since a Fete was to be held this year, the Prefects volunteered to take charge of the Coffee Shop. We organised two sessions of "Folkalchord", a feature of folk music, which proved to be a great success. Our guest artists were, Cammie Lindon, Leah Levi and Stephanie Kingston from Fort Street, and Heather Field. We all derived much pleasure from this and it was an outstanding success. Prefects and 6th formers then concluded participation in the Fete by pitting our strength and team effort against the Fort Street Boys' team in a Basket Ball match refereed by Miss Whalan. The Prefects have also supported the School Debating Team in the annual debates against Fort Street Boys' High.

Finally on behalf of the Prefects, I would like to thank Mrs. Rowe and Miss Pickard for their advice and help given to us throughout the year. Our thanks must also go to the members of Staff and all those connected with the school and especially the girls themselves who have made our period of office such an enjoyable one.

—SUSAN PERKINS,
School Captain, 1971.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1971

Back Row: Janeen Taylor, Lesley Johnston, Sandra Googan, Barbara Wood, Stephanie Kingston, Anita Pope, Irene Schupack, Vera Bulovan, Linda Begley, Leonie Davis, Cheryl Ferrington, Bronwyn Russell.

Front Row: Cathy Nackou, Julie Payne, Caroline Lung, Gail Borwick (Vice-Captain), Sue Perkins (Captain), Frances Morgan, Jenny Whitehead, Ninny Ying.

QUOTATIONS FROM M.U.D., 1971

From 6th Form: "We have suffered various oppression, but mostly we are left to our own devices, and we are content if we are left alone." —T. S. Eliot

SIXTH FORM FAREWELL

On Friday, 16th October, 1970, Fort Street once more farewelled its senior year with many good wishes for the examinations and the future.

Sixth form arrived at lunchtime looking very different from their usual schoolgirl selves in their "civvies", to attend the traditional farewell assembly. Janet Calver on behalf of sixth form presented the school with a cheque to be invested, to provide an annual prize for creative work until the new school is built, when it will be used to beautify the school grounds in some way. Then Tara Walesby presented to the school, a painting of "Siberia", by her mother, the artist, Maureen Gale.

During the ceremony, telegrams and letters from ex-pupils and

members of the staff were read out and the retiring prefects inducted the incoming group for 1971. The school was addressed by Janet Calver and the Captain-elect, Sue Perkins.

The sixth formers and other school leavers were then clapped out of the assembly in the traditional manner. Sixth form proceeded to the gymnasium where the fifth form had prepared an afternoon tea for them. Under festoons of maroon and white, toasts were proposed and votes of thanks were passed. At the conclusion of the afternoon, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and tears flowed. Each sixth former, before she left, was presented with a crested key ring and a sorority pin.

—VERA BULOVAN, 6F.



SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, 1971

Seated: Lynette George, Annette Robinson, Jan McPherson, Leah Levi, Janelle Walker, Susan Perry.

Standing: Fiona Robertson, Tania May, Helen Still, Lynette Sharpe, Miss Jackson, Margaret Trotter, Joanne Hagan, Deidre Brailey.

FREEDOM FROM HUNGER CAMPAIGN

Pakistan Disaster

At the invitation of the school, Father Glynn, the National Secretary for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, came to speak in November, 1970, about the disaster and the problems which arose in Pakistan as a result.

Firstly, Father Glynn outlined the situation in Pakistan prior to the tragedy. For a few days before the cyclone hit, he was in Pakistan supervising the agricultural training centre and overseeing the work on the major canal (40 miles long) being constructed jointly by Australia, U.S.A. and Pakistan. When completed it will supply 40,000 farms with proper irrigation.

The cyclone struck on the 13th of November, but it was sometime before the full enormity of the damage and story of the disaster were known. The worst hit areas were the islands in the Bay of Bengal

where a twenty foot tidal wave created by the cyclone, caused frightful suffering. On the island of Menduga, 25,000 of a total population of 30,000 were drowned. On another island there was no survivors from the 20,000 inhabitants.

Relief, in the form of food, water, clothing and medical care, was dispatched immediately by many sympathetic nations. However, the worst tragedy was that, although the supplies were at Dacca airport and there was transport for them, more than two days passed before the supplies were sent to the isolated survivors. Because of the shortage of food and medical supplies, disease was widespread and epidemics of typhoid and cholera threatened. The lack of shelter from the blazing sun on the

northern rims of the Bay of Bengal took many more lives.

However, this disaster did achieve something worthwhile — a unity among the Hindus and the Moslems. They threw aside all other differences and came together to help one another.

Fort Street Girls' High started a fund to help towards relief work in Pakistan. The money raised was forwarded to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign Association at a later date.

—CAROL IBLE, 50, York.

CAREERS NIGHT

On Wednesday, 2nd December, 1970, a Careers Night was held at S.C.E.G.G.S., Darlinghurst. This is an annual function organised by the Eastern Suburbs group of the Australian Women Graduates Association, to which girls from forms 3-6 attending various Metropolitan High Schools are invited. This evening is of great value and girls who attend are strongly advised to urge their parents to accompany them.

The purpose of Careers Night is to provide information on a wide variety of professional and non-professional occupations open to school-leavers — the educational requirements for entry, subsequent training required and the opportunities available to those who qualify. The evening is very well organized — there are films and lectures run to a very strict time

schedule and it is essential to plan to attend as many of these as possible and to be punctual.

More detailed information can be obtained from experts in various fields who are seated at tables. The career they are prepared to discuss is clearly indicated — these experts can be interviewed and will answer your questions as fully as they can.

This is a most valuable function to attend — it is essential that before making a decision which will affect our whole lives we should know as much as possible about what is involved. There are so many new avenues of employment open to girls now and a Careers Night such as this one is an ideal place to learn about them.

—GAIL BORWICK, 6F, York.

Congratulations to Susan Holmes and Suzanne Swennson, winners of the Senior and Junior Sections of the Health Essay Competition, sponsored by the Sydney County Council.

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QUOTATIONS FROM M.U.D., 1971

On the new school: "In a minute there is time for decision and revisions which a minute will reverse." —T. S. Eliot

SPEECH DAY, 1970

PROGRAMME

SCHOOL: Processional: *Dona Nobis Pacem*

SCHOOL: "God Bless the Master", *Sussex Mummings' Carol*: arr. R. Vaughan Williams

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS: Mr. Inspector P.C. LYONS, B.A. M.Ed., M.A.C.E.

SCHOOL REPORTS: Mrs. E. ROWE, B.A., Dip. Ed., Principal
Janet Calver, School Captain

SCHOOL CHOIR: "Legend" arr. *Arthur Fagg*

"In Early Green Summer", *Frank Hutchens*

"The Lark in the Clear Air", arr. *Brian Trant*

"Ching-a-Ring Chaw", arr. *Aaron Copland*

GUEST SPEAKER: Professor JOHN M. WARD, M.A., LL.B.

REMARKS: Mr. N. R. WALKER, Vice-President, Parents' and Citizens' Association

SENIOR RECORDER ENSEMBLE:

"Beach Comber", *C. Richardson*

First set of pieces from the *Faerie Queen*, *Henry Purcell*

PRESENTATION OF PREFECTS' BADGES:

Mrs. A. CURRIE, President Old Girls' Union

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Academic:

Miss Inspector O. A. NICHOLS

Inter-House Competitions:

Mrs. W. FORBES, Vice-President, Old Girls' Union

Sports:

Mrs. R. COMANS, President Ladies Auxillary

SENIOR MADRIGAL ENSEMBLE:

"Leave off Sad Philomel to Sing", arr. *Arthur Goodchild*

"Wind on the Moor", arr. *G. Arch*

"The Cloud Capp'd Towers", *R. Vaughan Williams*

"Propheta Mendax", *Elizabeth Maconchy*

VOTE OF THANKS: Helen Englert (Vice-Captain)

Susan Perkins (Captain-Elect)

SCHOOL: "Glory To Thee My God This Night" (*Tallis' Canon*)

"Come! Fortians, Fortians All!"

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

SCHOOL: Recessional: "Alleluia"

Captain for 1971: Susan Perkins

Vice-Captain: Gail Borwick

Prefects:

Linda Begley, Vera Bulovan, Leonie Davis, Cheryl Ferrington, Sandra Googan, Lesley Johnston, Stephanie Kingston, Caroline Lung, Frances Morgan, Catherine Nackou, Julie Payne, Anita Pope, Bronwyn Russell, Irene Shchupak, Janeen Taylor, Jenny Whitehead, Barbara Wood, Ninny Ying.

The Ada Partridge Prize (First Pass in Higher School Certificate) and the Fanny Cohen Prize (Dux of School) are presented by the Old Girls' Union. The prize for Dux of Form V is presented by Lilian G. Whiteoak, and the Dux of Form IV receives the Molly Thornhill Prize. All other General Proficiency prizes have been presented by the Parents' and Citizens' Association.

Prizes for Form VI, 1969, awarded on the results of the Higher School Certificate and the School Certificate Examinations 1969, are being presented today.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of School (Fanny Cohen Prize)—
presented by the Old Girls' Union:
Cheryl Hall.

Second Proficiency Form VI: Janet Calver.

Third Proficiency Form VI: Julie Howell.

Fourth Proficiency Form VI: Helen Englert.

Fifth Proficiency Form VI: Christine Koettig.

Sixth Proficiency Form VI: Lynden Brroune.

Dux of Form V (Lilian G. Whiteoak Prize): Beverley Moore.

Second Proficiency Form V: Jenny Whitehead.

Third Proficiency Form V: Vera Bulovan.

Fourth Proficiency Form V: Loina Turton.

Fifth Proficiency Form V: Julie Payne.

Dux of Form IV 1969 (Molly Thornhill Prize): Beverley Moore.

Second Proficiency 1969: Jenny Whitehead.

Third Proficiency 1969: Vera Bulovan.
 Dux of Form III: Ann Munroe.
 Second Proficiency Form III: Lynne Openshaw.
 Third Proficiency Form III: Bella Constantinidis.
 Fourth Proficiency Form III: Michele Sowden.
 Fifth Proficiency Form III: Sandra Yip.
 Sixth Proficiency Form III: Jillian Niquet.
 Dux of Form II: Susan Laidlaw.
 Second Proficiency Form II: Lynette Griffiths.
 Third Proficiency Form II: Litza Zavras.
 Dux of Form I: Joy Herron.
 Second Proficiency Form I: Patricia Davies.
 Third Proficiency Form I: Suzanne Swensson.
 Fourth Proficiency Form I: Margot Harrod.
 Fifth Proficiency Form I: Yvonne Klee.
 Sixth Proficiency Form I: Diana Coutts.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in Higher School Certificate 1969, presented by the O.G.U.): Madeline Szabo.
 Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics H.S.C. 1969): Susan George.
 The Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in History, H.S.C. 1969, presented by the O.G.U.): Janis Wilton.
 Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History H.S.C. 1969): Janis Wilton.
 Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English H.S.C. 1969): Janis Wilton.
 Elizabeth Cayzer Prize (School Captain): Janet Calver.
 Old Girls' Union Membership (Donated by O.G.U.): Janet Calver.
 Elsie Ferguson Memorial Prize (Presented by a group of Teachers College Students 1912-1913 to the Vice-Captain): Helen Englert.
 A. M. Puxley Prize (Science Form VI, Level 1): Cheryl Hall.
 Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History):
 Form IV: Vera Bulovan.
 Form I: (English and Social Studies): Diana Coutts.
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Prize (Science Form VI, Level 2F): Brenda McKay.
 Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Prize (Science Form II): Susan Laidlaw.
 Edith Glanville Prize (Presented by the Soroptimist Club of Sydney, for English, Form IV: Vera Bulovan and Jane Lennon, Aeq.
 Miss Mouldsdales Prize (Science Form IV: Beverley Moore.
 Renee Gombert Prize (French and

German, Form IV): Beverley Moore.
 Bishop Kirkby Prize (History, Form II): Litza Zavras.
 French Ambassador's Prize for French:
 Form V: Vera Bulovan
 Form III: Ann Munroe.
 The Classical Association of New South Wales (Latin Reading Competition Finalists): Cheryl Ferrington and Elizabeth Hunt, Aeq.
 German Consul's Prize for German:
 Form V: Beverley Moore.
 Form III: Sandra Yip.
 Best Contribution to School Magazine:
 Senior: Antoinette Devaney.
 Junior: Susan Yorkston.
 Prefects' Prize for the United Nations Speech:
 Senior: Robyn Ford.
 Junior: Litza Zavras.
 Prefects' Merit Award (Donated by Senior School Prefects 1970): Class 1R.
 Rona Sanford Pepper Prize (Awarded for Service to the School): Jeanette Fischle.
 Angus and Cootte Prize: Barbara Adams.
 Inter-House Competition Trophies:
 Academic Work: York.
 Debating: Kent.
 The Stella and Walter Forbes Trophy: Kent.
 Athletics: Gloucester.
 Ball Games: Kent.
 Swimming: Kent.
 Life-Saving: Kent.
 Winter Sport: York.

PROFICIENCY PRIZES DONATED BY PARENTS' AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Form VI:

English: Level I: Lynden Broune and Janet Calver, Aeq.
 Level II: Narelle Cash and Christine Koettig, Aeq.
 Modern History:
 Level I: Lynden Broune.
 Level II: Sandra Cheney and Susan de Carle, Aeq.
 Mathematics:
 Level I: Cheryl Hall.
 Level 2F: Rhonda Tumminello.
 Level 2S: Julie Howell.
 Science:
 Level 2S: Christine Koettig.
 Level III: Elizabeth Faull.
 Latin:
 Level I Janet Calver and Julie Howell, Aeq.
 Level II: Elizabeth Faull.
 French:
 Level I: Julie Howell.
 Level II: Helen Fong.
 German:
 Level I: Christine Koettig.
 Level II: Anna Zaharias.

- Geography:
 Level I: Robyn Taylor.
 Level II: Narelle Cash.
- Economics:
 Level I: Thelma Skyllas.
 Level II: Christine Murray.
- Art:
 Level I: Jeanette Bradley.
 Level II: Elaine Doling.
- Physical Education:
 Rhonda Tumminello.
 Form V
- English:
 Level I: Vera Bulovan.
 Level II: Jenny Whitehead.
- Modern History:
 Level I: Gail Borwick.
 Level II: Elizabeth Hung.
- French:
 Level II: Adrienne Leal
- Latin:
 Level I: Jenny Whitehead.
 Level II: Helen Milner.
- German:
 Level II: Maria Lindon.
- Mathematics:
 Level I: Beverley Moore.
 Level 2F: Caroline Lung.
 Level 2S: Vera Bulovan and Elizabeth Hunt, Aeq.
- Science:
 Level I: Beverley Moore.
 Level 2F: Julie Payne.
 Level 2S: Gail Borwick and Loina Turton, Aeq.
 Level III: Virginia Brown and Eleanor Lalis, Aeq.
- Geography:
 Level I: Loina Turton.
 Level II: Michele Levitt.
- Economics:
 Level I: Sandra Googan.
 Level II: Hedy Kiss.
- Physical Education:
 Adrienne Leal.
 Form IV (1969)
- Modern History: Vera Bulovan.
 Mathematics: Beverley Moore.
 Latin: Vera Bulovan.
- French: Vera Bulovan
 German: Beverley Moore and Drith Tauber, Aeq.
 Geography: Julie Payne and Christine Knight, Aeq.
 Art: Nicole Mabardi.
 Commerce: Julie Payne.
 Needlework: Michele Levitt.
 Physical Education: Cheryl Wachholz.
 Form III
- English (A): Ann Munroe.
 (C): Jacklyn Clarke.
 History (A): Michele Sowden.
 (C): Deborah Parker.
 Latin (A): Ann Munroe.
 French (C): Carolyn Sharpe.
 Mathematics (A): Lola Ralec.
 (C): Karen Munn.
 Science (A): Cheryl Lollback.
 (C): Nicki Dinia.
 Geography (A): Merrilee McKay and Lynne Openshaw, Aeq.
 Commerce (A): Cheryl Lollback.
 Art: Michele Sowden.
 Needlework: Vicki Speros.
 Physical Education: Angela Theodosi.
 Form II
- English (A): Lynette Griffiths and Susan Laidlaw, Aeq.
 (C): Maria Retsinias.
 Latin (A): Susan Laidlaw.
 French (A): Jennifer Roux.
 German (A): Anne Murdoch.
 Mathematics (A): Lynette Griffiths.
 (C): Nada Borovnik.
 Geography (A): Lynette Griffiths.
 Commerce (A): Susan Carmudie.
 Art (A): Margo Field.
 Needlework (A): Carolyn Coffey.
 Physical Education: Nola Murray.
 Form I
- English: Diana Coutts.
 French: Patricia Davies and Joy Herron, Aeq.
 Mathematics: Joy Herron.
 Science: Joy Herron.
 Social Studies: Patricia Davies.
 Physical Education: Denise Watson and Maria Castellanos, Aeq.

The school takes pleasure in printing the address given by Professor J. M. Ward, our guest speaker, on the occasion of our Annual Speech Day, 15th December, 1970.

**ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR J. M. WARD, M.A., LL.B.,
 Challis Professor of History, University of Sydney,
 at Fort Street Girls' High School's Speech Day, December 15,
 1970, 10.15 a.m.**

Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Rowe, members of the school, ladies and gentlemen.

It is an honour to be invited to your speech day to address you.

What is more, it is an unexpected honour. I have not visited Fort Street Girls' High School since 1935. As a student at Fort Street Boys' High School I then led our debat-

ing team — and led them to defeat — against a team of three brilliant young ladies, whose scintillating oratory so impressed the adjudicator, a man, that he awarded them an easy victory. Appalled at this result, we boys immediately asked for a return match, to be on our own ground. We thought that we would do better at Taverner's Hill, Petersham, than at Observatory Hill, Sydney. We did do better, but still not well enough. A new adjudicator, again a man, this time of our own choice, gave the girls the victory, although by a much smaller margin than before.

Here I am again, 35 years later; for all I know, there is not a single person present here today who remembers those debates as I do. This is a pity, for there is more to my reminiscences than a desire to introduce myself as a glad, but unfamiliar visitor. No one now in 1970 could possibly muster the joy, the enthusiasm, the exultation with which the girls of Fort Street hailed their double victory in 1935. Had they not defeated the best boys' debating school in the state? — the winner of the coveted Hume-Barbour debating trophy? Yes, of course, they had and they were proud to have laid us low. Now no one would think such an event worth a line in an evening newspaper. To be newsworthy the girls would have to defeat the boys, not in debating, or in any intellectual activity, but, in say, weight-lifting, or surf-boarding or cricket. Everyone takes it for granted now that, in intellectual work, in any call on the powers of speech and of writing, the girls will be as good as the boys and the women will be as good as the men.

Whether everybody acts as if this were a self-evident truth, I am not so sure. There is an old and valued saying that we all know: NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN. Politicians know it well; so do salesmen; so

do nearly all women. Sometimes people mean by it nothing more than that women, even in the days of their alleged subjugation, always showed themselves highly skilled in coping with men, — in fact, extraordinary mistresses of the art of allowing some one man to have some one woman's way. Now we all know that this is true, or very often true, and I shall not embarrass my fellow men this morning by labouring the obvious.

What is not so obvious is that women themselves still often underestimate their powers. In the higher branches of education it is still not unusual to find that girls are discouraged, by social pressures or even by their own parents, from cultivating their minds and developing their full resources of character and outlook. No nation can afford to dissuade its own citizens from developing their highest powers, merely on the ground that they are women, with women's particular role to play. Society needs all the able, well-trained minds, and, even more, all the original, really thinking minds that it can get, — whether they are the minds of women, with their distinctive characteristics, or the minds of men, with their rather different outlooks and styles.

It is 35 years since my last visit to your school. Suppose that in another 35 years there are still school speech days, but do not suppose that I have been asked to address you, as I shall have retired by then. We can pretty safely predict that no one in 2005 A.D. will need to remind girls that women tend to under-estimate their own powers of mind and intellect. Indeed, some witty professor of history is more likely to be convulsing his audience by reminding them of how different things were in 1970! You know, he will say, that a hundred years after women were allowed into some universities, and at a time when there were

learned and successful women in nearly all the professions, some people were still wondering whether higher education was really a good thing to offer girls. How quaint, he will say. If my fictitious professor is really up to date, he may be exhorting boys and men not to be left behind in cultivating their minds and developing their full powers of intellect and command.

Speculations like this come easily to our minds in 1970, because we all are accustomed to such an enormous pace of change. In most ways, the world has more changed since 1945 than in the preceding five centuries. You might think that my own subject, History, would be slow, safe, staid and fixed in its point of view. Sometimes I really wish it was. In fact, the whole basis of historical study is now undergoing such rapid change that not even the Americans can keep on inventing new names, like Cliometrics or psephology, to keep up with new ideas and new methods.

Historians have become aware, although not necessarily well or clearly aware, of the changes in man's understanding of himself that have been suggested by modern psychology and modern medicine. They have been influenced, not only by the expanding knowledge of all the social and physical sciences, but also by the changing temper of our times. Consider, for example, the vast difference in economic outlook and policy between the 1930's and now. Then every government in the world followed narrow, constricted ideas of economics that made the Great Depression worse every time they tried to end it. Now, every problem is seen as one of expansion or of distribution. Then, even in our own society, men and women feared unemployment, destitution and hunger; now they fear high prices and doubt their ability to

obtain the necessary share of the goods and services that are available in abundance around them.

Great changes like these do affect the way in which historians look at history and the questions that they ask when they study the past. Similarly, historians, like everyone else, have been influenced by the mounting sense of dissatisfaction with the world as we find it, — the familiar feeling that the triumphs of science and technology are producing a world that we never made and never intended, — a sort of nightmare, in which poor nations starve and grow poorer, while rich nations grow richer and the citizens of the rich nations seem condemned to a never-ending struggle to buy material possessions. All this, we recognise, goes on in an increasingly ugly and increasingly polluted environment. To complete the prophecies of doom, there is the fear that mankind may destroy himself and the world in which he lives.

We are all influenced by these ideas, whether we are historians, or anything else. Historians have their own special lines of interest in finding out how the world got into its present problems and, more significantly, how societies have been able to get out of their difficulties and solve their problems in the past. Historians are not going to present the world with neat solutions to its problems, or offer you specific guides to your own future, but they are not lacking in what nowadays is called relevance.

The biggest thing we learn from history is that everyone is conditioned in his behaviour by what he thinks the history of his nation, or his church, or his school is. English people are justly proud of their ability, so well proved since 1649, but not before, to accomplish great constitutional and social reforms without violence. All

the great reforms in England, including the reforms of Parliament, have been accomplished when men realised that the existing system did not work any more. People who were otherwise conservative accepted the need of change, just as Lord Grey and his colleagues accepted it in 1832, so as to avoid disturbing the foundations of society or running the state into turmoil. English historians are all convinced of this; English children learn it from their parents, their teachers, their clergy, and every other influence on them. The English, they are told, unlike most other peoples, will change their constitution or their social system, when they want to — peacefully, not over efficiently, never violently. This belief, rooted in history, is still one of the most profound political factors in England.

What ideas of Australian history, I wonder, are so rooted in our consciousness that they continuously affect our attitudes to ourselves and our future? No one is really sure of the answers, but I have discussed them recently with students, both at University and at schools, and I shall mention some of our ideas to you.

First, whether they are fully aware of it or not, Australians do stand heirs to that English tradition, or British tradition, that I just mentioned. The most important decision ever taken in our country was to federate the six colonies in the Commonwealth of Australia. We, or our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, took that decision, not under pressure of war, or from desire of independence, not because we were overshadowed by powerful neighbours nor because of Australian nationalism, which was then still inchoate and weak. The Australians in 1901 were acting on a reasoned conviction, based on years of argument and discussion, that they would do better in a federal union than as six

separate colonies. The fact that we are now a nation in every significant sense, and not merely transplanted Britons, as most Australians thought of themselves in 1900, should not blind us to the bold wisdom of federation when it came.

Another part of our tradition which is also not much stated is that Australians keep the peace with one another. They value unity, whether local, or state or federal unity, more than they value any cause that might divide them. There are, as you can easily see, some weak sides to this belief. At its worst, it produces unintelligent conformity and even downright apathy. Unity that rests merely on indifference may suffer rude shocks when someone's vital interests are upset.

Lastly, there are some broad ideals, to which not all Australians conform, and which are easy to ridicule; but they are also worth trouble to cultivate and to cherish. One is the belief, well attested in our history, that although we are a nation of city dwellers and have nearly always been so, we are extraordinarily good at improvisation. The Anzac tradition has reinforced this belief in the readiness of Australians, when it comes to the point, to get things done even without the proper tools and training. I hope so, but sometimes we take it too far. When do Australians get to the point of deciding that something must be done? And, how often do they deny themselves the chance of doing worthwhile things in the best possible way by not caring enough about getting the best equipment, the best knowledge and the best opportunities of exercising them?

Another common ideal is that we really do believe in the principle of a fair-go for everyone, that we reject the principle that some citizens are more equal than others. Many of our most notable reforms in state education have been

identified with this belief, quite recently we have awakened to the idea that aborigines may also be entitled to a fair-go and that many Australian citizens are not finding it easy to get the fair-go to which they are entitled.

One of the good things about being an Australian is that, as a people, we do not have what historians call a *damnosa hereditas* — we have no inherited misfortune to distort our views of ourselves and the world. We are mercifully preserved so far from civil commotion and from bitter sources of internal strife. We have strong traditions that encourage us to rely on rational action rather than on threats or violence in order to

achieve reforms.

As against these advantages, there are all the dangers of slipping into excessive conformity with one another, of succumbing to the charms of the easy life in which the highest values of intellect, faith and civilisation are lost.

A good school, like yours, has as its main business the preservation, extension and improvement of intellectual, social and normal standards. Fort Street Girls' High School has a long, proud record of doing so. I wish you well in the work of producing girls who think for themselves, who will use their intelligence to help develop Australian traditions to the best advantage of us all.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1970

SUBJECT CODE KEY

01 English, 02 Mathematics, 03 Science, 04 Modern History, 05 Ancient History, 06 French, 07 German, 08 Economics, 09 Geography, 10 Latin, 11 Art, 12 Music, 13 General Studies.

1. after the subject code indicates a 1st level pass.
2. after the subject code indicates a 2nd level pass.
- 2F after the subject code in Mathematics or Science indicates a pass at 2nd level Full Course.
- 2S after the subject code in Mathematics or Science indicates a pass at 2nd level Short Course.
3. after the subject code indicates a pass at 3rd level.
- P. signifies a pass on the General Studies paper.

Adams, B., 012 022S 032S 042 111 13P
 Bartolo, S. M., 012 022S 033 063 082
 Borrer, C., 013
 Bradley, J. M., 011 022S 032S 062 111 13P
 Broome, J. I., 012 022S 032S 042 092
 Broune, L. A., 011 022S 032S 041 101 13P
 Brown, J. K., 011 022S 032S 061 112 13P
 Burman, A. C., 012 022S 032S 062 101
 Calver, J., 011 022S 032S 041 101 13P
 Caramalis, A. V., 011 022S 032S 061 072 13P
 Carter, L. G., 012 022S 032S 082 091 13P
 Cash, N. E., 012 022S 032S 061 092
 Chapple, E. C., 011 022S 062 072 111 13P
 Chen Chow, M., 012 022S 032S 081 092
 Cheney, S. M., 011 022S 032S 042 061
 Davies, H. M., 012 022S 032S 061 071 13P
 Day, S. C., 011 022F 031 042 13P
 de Carle, S. G., 011 022F 031 041 062
 Devaney, A. A., 012 033 043 083 092 13P
 Doling, E. M., 012 023 092 112 13P
 Englert, H. J., 012 021 031 071 121 13P
 Fairhall, L. C., 011 022S 033 062 112 13P
 Faull, E. M., 011 022S 033 042 102 122 13P
 Fischle, J. F., 012 022S 032S 062 092 13P
 Fong, H. J., 011 022S 032S 062 111 13P
 Gale, R. A., 012 022S 042 062 083 13P

Gillieatt, M. L., 012 022S 032S 062 072 13P
 Graham, F., 012 033 092
 Griffiths, L. M., 012 022S 032S 062 101
 Gunn, R. H., 012 023 033 042 062 13P
 Hall, C. M., 012 021 031 071 122 13P
 Hewitt, K. E., 011 022S 041 061 072 13P
 Hough, J. A., 012 022S 042 092 111 13P
 Howell, J., 012 022S 032S 061 101
 Johns, K. K., 011 022S 042 061 081 13P
 Koettig, C. G., 012 022S 032S 071 091 13P
 Macarounas, K., 012 023 033 062 072
 McKay, B. E., 012 022F 032F 062 082 13P
 Murray, C. A., 012 022S 032S 042 082 092 13P
 Newell, C. A., 012 023 033 092
 O'Keefe, S. S., 011 022S 032S 042 062
 Palonis, R., 012 022S 032S 042 092
 Pisani, S. V., 012 023 082 092 13P
 Porter, G. E., 012 022S 032S 042 102 13P
 Rawlins, D. P., 012 022S 063
 Rider, D. Y., 012 022S 032S 083 091
 Skordoulis, A., 012 023
 Skyllas, T., 011 022S 032S 062 081
 Sozanski, C., 012 022S 062 102 112
 Stein, D. K., 012 022S 033 042
 Sutherland, B. P., 011 021 032F 102
 Taylor, R. L., 012 022S 032S 082 091 13P
 Trilivas, C., 012 022F 062 102 13P
 Tumminello, R. M., 012 022F 032F 082 13P
 Turnbull, D. M., 013 033
 Walesby, T. V., 011 022S 032S 061 111 13P
 Wasiewicz, A., 011 022S 042 062 102 13P
 Watts, K. A., 012 033 092 113
 Wing, L., 012 022S 032S 042 092
 Zafirou, S., 012 022S 033 072 082
 Zaharias, A., 011 022S 042 062 072 13P

PRIZES AWARDED ON RESULTS OF HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

- Ada Partridge Prize** — Best pass in Higher School Certificate, English, 1970: Cheryl Hall.
- Weston Memorial Prize** — Best pass in Mathematics, Higher School Certificate, 1970: Cheryl Hall.
- Emily Cruise Prize** — Best pass in History, Higher School Certificate, 1970: Lynden Broune.
- Annie E. Turner Prize** — Best pass in English-History, Higher School Certificate, 1970: Janet Calver and Lynden Broune.
- Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize** — Best pass in English, Higher School Certificate, 1970: Janet Calver.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1971

Congratulations to the following girls, 97% of candidates, who won certificates and book prizes in the 1971 examinations.

It is regrettable that more students of French at Fort Street do not sit for these examinations.

Ile Classe: M. Alvys, L. Blanda, B. Chaar, L. Corner, P. Davies, K. Geribo, W. Green, M. Harrod, J. Herron, D. Hronopoulos, H. Kossivas, D. McPherson, P. Panzerino, Y. Regueira, L. Smith, S. Swensson, D. Watson.

IIle Classe: M. Churches, C. Coffey, R. Daykin, H. Moody, M. Otto, M. Shipway.

IVe Classe: R. Chao, C. Cocks, J. Everingham, T. Laurence.

Ve Classe: V. Drapala, L. George, D. Kroiter, M. Trotter.

Vle Classe: H. Perry.

1970 SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS

SUBJECT CODE KEY

The numbers and letters after each name are codes for the subject passed and the grade of each pass.

The codes are:—

1 English, 2 Science, 3 Mathematics, 4 Social Studies, 5 Geography, 6 History, 7 Commerce, 8 Art, 9 Needlework, 10 Home Science, 11 Technical Drawing, 12 Metalwork, 13 Woodwork, 14 Farm Mechanics, 15 Agriculture, 16 Music (Secondary Schools Board, 17 Music (Australian Music Examination Board), 18 Asian Social Studies, 19 French, 20 German 21 Latin A, 22 Latin B, 23 Greek, 24 Russian, 25 Dutch, 26 Hebrew, 27 Italian, 28 Spanish, 29 Ceramics, 30 Weaving, 31 Art Metalwork, 32 Graphic Arts and Bookbinding, 33 Bookcrafts and Leathercraft, 34 Sheep Husbandry and Wool Science.

GRADES OF PASSES

- "a" indicates a pass at Advanced Level
- "c" indicates a credit pass at Ordinary Level.
- "p" indicates a pass at Ordinary Level.
- "m" indicates a pass at Modified Level.

Ahiladellis, P., 1c 2 3c 5a 19a 21a
 Balding, D. E., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Bishop, M. C., 1c 2a 3c 5c 7c 9a
 Blakeney, R. R., 1a 2a 3c 5a 19a 21c
 Booth, C. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Bourne, V. W., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20c
 Brailey, D. A., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Brown, K. P., 1a 2a 3 6 8 19m
 Browne, D., 1c 2 3 6 7 9c
 Burman, L. J., 1c 2c 3 6c 7c 19
 Calver, P., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Cameron, N. A., 1c 2c 3 6c 8a 19
 Carmudie, C. A., 1a 2a 3a 6a 7a 19a
 Carruthers, B. M., 1a 2a 3a 5a 7a 19a
 Cave, D. E., 1a 2a 3c 5a 8 19c
 Christie, V. J., 1 2 5 7 9
 Comans, B. M., 1a 2a 3a 6a 17a 19a 21a
 Commons, S. H., 1a 2a 3a 6a 8a 19a
 Corbett, C. C., 1a 2a 3a 6a 16 19a
 Cornell, K. A., 1 2 5 8
 Crosse, J. A., 1c 2a 3a 6 7 19a
 Dawson, D. K., 1a 2 3 6a 7a 19
 Dlugaj, H. H., 1a 2c 3c 5a 7a 19
 Drapala, V., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Fanara, M., 1c 2c 3 6a 7a 19a
 Farrance, L. A., 1c 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Fitzpatrick, J. R., 1c 2 3m 5c 7m 9c
 Flanagan, K. F., 1a, 2 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Fong, P. J., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Franke, C. L., 1c 2 3 6
 Franklin, M. E., 1c 3 6 7 16
 Freedman, L. D., 1c 2 3c 6 16m 19
 Fulton, J., 1c 2c 3c 6 7c 19
 Gascoigne, G., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 George, L. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Georgiadis, I., 1a 2c 3 6a 7a 19a
 Giannini, V., 1c 2a 3c 6a 7a 19a
 Giltinan, D. A., 1a 2 3c 6m 19 20m
 Graham, V. G., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Gray, A. M., 1c 2 3 6 19
 Greathead, J. M., 1c 2 3 6 7 9c
 Griffiths, V. J., 1c 2 3 5 7
 Groening, J. E., 1a 2a 3 6c 19 20
 Hagan, J., 1a 2a 3a 6c 19a 20a
 Hammond, G. A., 1c 2a 3c 6a 7a 19c
 Harrington, G. K., 1c 2 3 5c 16 19
 Hatzipetrou, M., 1a 2 3a 6a 19a 21a

Haurat, G. A., 1c 2 3 6 9c
 Hawley, S. I., 1a 2c 6c 7a 19a
 Hayward, S. V., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Hobbs, V. S., 1a 2c 3c 5a 19 20c
 Holmes, S., 1a 2a 3c 5 16a 19a
 Howell, M., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Ible, C. A., 1a 2a 3c 6 19a 21a
 Ikin, S. A., 1a 2c 3c 5a 19a 20a
 Inglis, K. P., 1a 2a 3a 5a 7a 9a
 Johnston, S. E., 1c 2a 3a 5a 16 19c
 King-Gee, L. G., 1c 2 3 6 7 9c
 Kostakidis, M., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Kouros, A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Kroiter, D. E., 1c 2c 3c 6 16a 19a
 Lanyon, D. E., 1a 2a 3a 6c 19a
 Laverack, R. D., 1a 2a 3a 6a 17c 19a 21a
 Leavers, J., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19 21c
 Le-Roy, K. J., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Levi, L., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Lewis, C. P., 1c 2 3 6 7 8
 L'esis, E. M., 1 2c 3c 5 7 19c
 Lovasz, G., 1a 2a 3a 6a 16m 19c
 MacDonald, L. A., 1a 2c 3a 5a 7a 19
 Mackdady, E. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Maker, R. A., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 May, J., 1a 2c 3 5c 7c 19
 May, T., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 McGregor, S. L., 1a 2c 3c 6c 7a 21
 McKenna, K. P., 1a 2a 3a 6c 19a 21a
 Millar, K. A., 1a 2a 3c 5a 19a 20a
 Miller, P. E., 1c 2 3 5 19
 Murphy, D. M., 1a 2a 3a 6a 7a 19a
 Nash, L. K., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19c 21c
 Noon, V. R., 1c 2c 3c 6c 19a 20c
 Northey, N. J., 1c 2a 3a 6a 7a 9a
 O'Keefe, K. E., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Palavou, J., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Papadatos, B., 1c 2a 3 6 19
 Pederson, C. A., 1c 2 3 6 7 19
 Perry, S. M., 1a 2a 3c 6a 8a 19a
 Polverino, J. M., 1a 2c 3 6a 7c
 Poulos, M., 1a 2c 3c 6a 19a 20a
 Preston, H., 1a 2a 3a 6a 17c 19a 20a
 Quay, P. D., 1a 2a 3a 5a 17a 19a 21a
 Reddy, S. M., 1c 2c 3c 5 7m 19a
 Reich, A. J., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Reid, O. J., 1a 2a 3c 6c 19a 21c
 Reid, V. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Rider, R. J., 1a 2a 3a 5a 17a 19a 21a
 Robertson, F. R., 1a 2a 3a 6a 17a 19a 20a
 Robinson, A. W., 1c 2c 3c 5a 7a 19a
 Robinson, D. J., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Rogers, R. P., 1c 2 5c 7 9
 Rymill, J. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Schofield, C. P., 2a 3a 5a 7a 19
 Schofield, M. G., 1a 2 3 6 7 19
 Sharpe, L. M., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Shaw, K. R., 1c 2 3 5 7m 8
 Smith, D. L., 1c 2 3 6a 7a 9c
 Smith, D. L., 1c 2 3 6a 7a 9c
 Still, H. E., 1a 2a 3a 6a 16a 19a
 Stone, M. L., 1c 2 3 6a 17a 19m 21
 Tack, T. J., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Taylor, W., 1c 2c 3c 5a 7a 19
 Theobald, L., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Thomson, L. J., 1c 2 3 5a 19a 20a
 Touriki, A., 1a 2a 3a 6a 16a 19a
 Trotter, M. A., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20c
 Tsung, P., 1c 2c 3a 5c 7a 19a
 Turnbull, M. F., 1c 2 3 7m 19

Van Beek, J., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Varjon, A. E., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Vasiliadis, C., 1c 2 3 6a 7a 19a
 Vatsaklis, M., 1a 2a 3a 5a 19a 20a
 Wachholz, C. L., 1c 2c 3 5a 7 8
 Walker, J. C., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Walker, L., 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 20a
 Wangellis, C., 1a 2a 3a 6 9a 19a
 Warr, R. G., 1a 2a 3a 5a 7a 19a
 Watkinson, J. S., 1c 2 3m 6 8c 19m
 White, A. C., 1a 2 3c 6a 7 17a 19m
 Wilkinson, S. L., 1c 2 3 5a 8 19
 Wyatt, J. A., 1c 2 3 6 7c 19
 Yee, K. K., 1c 2a 3a 5a 19a 21a
 Yip, S., 1a 2a 3a 6a 17a 19a 20a
 Zouvelekis, P., 1c 2 3 6c 7a 9a

THE SPECIAL PRIZES

Many read with interest the list of prize-winners in the Speech Day Programme, but not all of us are aware of the origin of the prizes.

The Fanny Cohen Prize: Dux of the school. This prize was endowed by the Old Girls' Union to honour Miss Cohen who was principal of the school from 1930-1952.

The Lilian G. Whiteoak Prize: endowed by Miss Whiteoak, principal of the school from 1952 to 1960.

The Molly Thornhill Prize: Molly Thornhill was captain of the school in 1923 and the girls of her fifth year raised a sum of money to provide this prize. Many values and costs having changed so much in the subsequent year, this prize has been subsidised by an addition from the P. and C. prize grant.

The Ada Partridge Prize: Miss Partridge was the first principal of the school and held office from 1895 to 1920. On her retirement the Old Girls' Union endowed this prize in her honour.

The Weston Memorial Prize: Miss Ann Weston, a former pupil of the school, was on the staff first as an assistant and then as Mathematics Mistress. Eventually she retired from the Education Department as Principal of Cremorne G.H.S. This prize was endowed by her in memory of her parents.

The Emily Cruise Prize: Miss Cruise was Principal of the school

from 1920-1929. This prize was endowed by her.

The Annie E. Turner Prize: Miss Turner was first an assistant on the staff and later English Mistress and Deputy Principal. She endowed this prize.

The Elizabeth Cayzer Prize was endowed by Mr. and Mrs. Cayzer in honour of their daughter who was captain of the school in 1950 and the Fairfax Prize winner at the 1950 L.C. examination.

The Elsie Ferguson Memorial Prize: Elsie Ferguson was the first captain of the school in 1911. Later she became an inspector of Physical Education. In 1966 a group of women who had trained with her at the Teachers' College in 1912-1913 presented a sum of money to the school to endow a prize in Elsie Ferguson's honour.

The Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Prize: About the time the land in front of the school was changing shape and size because of the work that had to be done to prepare the southern approach to the bridge, there was a proposal put forward that large slice of land from the present lawn should be cut off to provide a vehicular entrance to the school. This proposal was not well received by many who

were interested in Fort St. and Miss Cohen discussed the matter with Major-General Fewtrell who was then the Chief City Engineer. He used what influence he had to have this proposal set aside. Over a period of about 10 years he was a regular visitor at our Speech Day ceremony and during that time he presented two prizes annually — one for Dux of Fifth Year, one for Dux of First Year. After his death the school established a prize to bear his name.

The Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Prize: it was due very largely to the interest and practical help from Dr. Bradfield that the two tennis courts and lawn court at the front of the school were made. Plans for the tennis courts were drawn up by the Government Architect Office in the first place, but the Education Department had no money to allocate for the work. Just after this happened Miss Cohen made the acquaintance of an architect by name Bruce Dellih, who was very interested in the possibilities of enhancing the appearance of the school by adding rockeries to the plan for the courts. He drew up plans which he presented to the school, and armed with these Miss Cohen sought an interview with Dr. Bradfield. He agreed to help, and authorised the building of the retaining walls, laying of foundations and so on.

A fund had been started to which pupils, staff, ex-pupils and friends contributed and though a considerable sum was raised to pay for the surfacing of the courts, wire netting and fixtures and part of the rockery, the money would have been quite insufficient for the total cost. The Education Department contributed to the cost of draining the courts and part of the rockery.

When the Fewtrell Prize was being established the school had sufficient funds to establish a second prize and to this one Dr. Bradfield's name was given.

The A. M. Puxley Prize: Miss Puxley was an ex-pupil of the school and was on the staff first as an assistant and then as Science Mistress. In 1956, while still on the staff, Miss Puxley died and a prize in her honour was established with money subscribed by staff and pupils.

Miss Mouldsdale's Prize: Endowed by Miss Mouldsdale, a former member of the staff.

Renee Gombert Prize: Miss Gombert was first an assistant on the staff and later Language Mistress and Deputy Principal. She presented this prize.

The Bishop Kirkby Prize: When Bishop Kirkby was in charge of the Church of St. Philip, he occasionally gave scripture lessons at the school, and he arranged several special services at St. Philip's for the girls on occasions such as Anzac Day. After his death his wife and later his daughter sent the money to pay for an annual prize, in his honour. In 1968 his daughter, Mrs. H. Parkinson, saw Mrs. Rowe and arranged for an investment so that the annual interest will pay for the prize.

The Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize: This is awarded for the best pass in English in the Higher School Certificate.

The Rona Sanford Pepper Prize: This is awarded for service to the school and is endowed by Mrs. Pepper, the former Rona Sanford, captain in 1953.

The Stella and Walter Forbes Trophy was awarded in 1970 for House Competition for the first time. This trophy was presented by Stella Forbes, president of Fort Street Old Girls' Union in 1966-1969, and Walter Forbes, President of Fort Street Old Boys' Union, 1966-1968.

The Angus and Cooté Prize: Endowed by Angus and Cooté and awarded to the chief librarian.

Last year's Sixth Form are reported to be engaged in the following activities.

- ADAMS, Barbara, Land and Engineering Survey Drafting, Sydney Technical College.
- BARTOLO, Sonia, Radiography, Western Suburbs Hospital.
- BORRER, Camille, Medical Records Clerk.
- BRADLEY, Jeanette, Married, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- BROOME, Jeanette, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- BROUNE, Lynden, Law, Sydney University.
- BROWN, Janet, Teachers' College, Sydney University.
- BURMAN, Andrea, Married.
- CALVER, Janet, Arts, Sydney University.
- CARAMALIS, Angela, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- CARTER, Lynne, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- CASH, Narelle, Education Course, Sydney University.
- CHAPPLE, Everil, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- CHENCHOW, Mary, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- CHENEY, Sandra, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- DAVIES, Helen, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- DAY, Susan, Optometry.
- de CARLE, Susan, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- DEVANEY, Antoinette, Administration Course with Public Service.
- DOLING, Elaine, Diploma Preliminary Art Course, East Sydney Technical College.
- ENGLERT, Helen, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- FAIRHALL, Lee, Insurance Institute of N.S.W., Associateship Exams.
- FAULL, Elizabeth, Arts, Sydney University, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- FISCHLE, Jeanette, General Primary Course, Alexander Mackie College.
- FONG, Helen, Sydney University.
- GALE, Roslyn, Wollongong Teachers' College.
- GILLIEATT, Michele, Balmain Teachers' College.
- GRAHAM, Frances, Clerk for building contractor.
- GRIFFITHS, Leonie, Teachers' College.
- GUNN, Rita, Repeating 6th Form at Technical College.
- HALL, Cheryl, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- HEWITT, Kay, Sydney University.
- HOUGH, Judith, Teachers' College Scholarship.
- HOWELL, Julie, Teachers' College Scholarship, Sydney University.
- JAMES, Margaret, Sixth Form — Kingsgrove.
- JOHNS, Poppy, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- KOETTIG, Christine, Arts Course, Sydney University.
- MACAROUNAS, Katina, Secretarial Course.
- McKAY, Brenda, Teachers' College Scholarship, Sydney University.
- MURRAY, Christine, Teachers' College.
- NEWELL, Cathy, Radiography, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.
- O'KEEFE, Suzanne, Balmain Teachers' College.
- PALONIS, Roslyn, Arts Course, N.S.W. University.
- PISANI, Sue, Sydney Teachers' College.
- PORTER, Gayle, Balmain Teachers' College.
- PROUDMAN, Louise, Teachers' College.
- RAWLINS, Desnee, Touring with pop group overseas.
- RIDER, Dianne, Physical Education Course.
- SKORDOULOS, Alexandra, Dietetics, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.
- SKYLLAS, Thelma, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- SOZANSKI, Christine, Teachers' College Scholarship, N.S.W. University.
- STEIN, Denise, Clerk in Police Department.
- SUTHERLAND, Barbara, Commonwealth University Scholarship.
- TAYLOR, Robyn, Balmain Teachers' College.
- TRILIVAS, Cleo, Sixth Form at Monte San Angelo.
- TUMMINELLO, Rhonda, Computer operating with N.C.R.
- TURNBULL, Denise, Switchboard Operator.
- WALESBY, Tara, Farming on a commune, intends doing art next year.
- WASIEWICZ, Anna, Married — returning to Public Service later.
- WATTS, Karen, Married.
- WING, Lillian, Fashion Course, West Sydney Technical College.
- ZAFIRIOU, Sophia, Secretarial Course at Technical College.
- ZAHARIAS, Anna, Commonwealth Public Service — Social Services Department.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES, 1971

LADIES' AUXILIARY REPORT

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Fort Street Girls' High School are thankful that so much has been accomplished even though our ranks have been seriously depleted. We have lost many members over this twelve months and at present a faithful few are carrying on Functions such as Sports Day, 4th Form Afternoon Tea, Enrolment Day morning tea have been catered for and also this year special catering for the officials, teachers, etc., from other Girls' High Schools on Zone Swimming and Athletic Carnivals. Interesting demonstrations have been attended at Grace Bros. and P.D.S. (Allowrie). The clothing pool has been regularly opened for use by the girls. The ladies worked well for the Fete and were able to hand over \$498. Ladies compiled a Recipe Book this year from recipes donated by girls and their mothers. These were well received and you can still obtain a copy if you wish. Many thanks are extended to all those who helped make our ventures successful. For Mrs. Rowe's co-operation and assistance we would say thank you. To the clerks in the office we would say we have appreciated their helpfulness and kindness to us.

—Mrs. E. COMANS,
President.

—Mrs. R. HUNTER,
Secretary.

FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION REPORT

On behalf of the Committee of the Old Girls' Union, I would like to tell you a little about our activities.

Our year began with the Annual

General Meeting, on 17th March, to which new members were welcomed. At this meeting we elect new office bearers and discuss our programme for the year.

We always try to hold a variety of functions and with this in mind two very successful winetastings were held. These were well attended and judging by the high spirits a good time was had by all.

Our "Spring Ball" is to be held in September in the Crystal Room at West Ryde.

This year the venue for the Annual Dinner is the Wentworth Hotel. The Dinner is always a most enjoyable occasion for we renew old friendships and make new acquaintances. Jan Stephenson, whom many of you will remember, is to be our Guest Speaker.

Mrs Rowe has made a valuable contribution to Committee Meetings and has helped to strengthen the bond between School and Union. We also thank those who duplicate our circulars.

We look forward to meeting those of you who are leaving school when we entertain you at the Welcome to School Leavers afternoon tea later this year, and hope that many, if not all, will be eager to join the Union.

Best wishes to those sitting for the Higher School Certificate and for the School Certificate.

—DIANNE J. QUIGLEY,
Honorary Secretary.

CANTEEN COMMITTEE REPORT

This year has been another successful year in the running of the Canteen. Mrs. Wilton, who had been with us for a number of years, resigned as Supervisor at the end

of 1970 and her place has been capably filled by our new supervisor, Mrs. Pegg.

Over the Christmas holidays the inside of the building was painted, thus making it a more attractive place in which to work. New equipment has been purchased including a new electric fan and refrigerator. Unfortunately all food prices have risen this year and we have had to increase the prices of some of our goods. We were able to make a donation of \$1500 to the P. and C. in October, 1970, and a further donation of \$1500 in March this year.

Our thanks to Mrs. Pegg and the mothers who so willingly help in the canteen, and without whom we would not be able to operate so successfully. We also thank Mrs. Rowe for her continued interest and support in the working of the Canteen.

—E. BURCHETT,
Hon. Secretary, Canteen Committee.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

The Parents and Citizens' Association has been very active this year and the attendance at the monthly meetings has been good.

Our bi-annual Fete was held in the school grounds on May 1st, on a beautiful day, and was opened by Miss Lucinda Strauss, an ex Fortian and a very successful young lady in the fashion world. For some months before the actual date there was a great deal of activity preparing for the event. Mr. Bowden again acted as Fete Secretary and much of the success of the function was due to his organisation. The proceeds amounted to approximately \$2,000.00 which helped considerably to provide amenities for our girls.

Members of the P. & C., together with the Ladies' Auxiliary assisted

with catering for Athletic and Swimming Carnivals and at the school dance for 5th and 6th form.

A Wine Tasting Night which was a most popular social event was held on July 14th, and much enjoyed by all who attended.

Plans and specifications have been drawn up and models constructed for our sorely needed and long promised new school, but as yet no building has commenced. The P. & C. are pressing the Government for immediate action as new buildings for Fort St. are long overdue.

The President and Executive are grateful to all members, and to Mrs. Rowe and her staff, for active assistance and willing co-operation during the year, and we urge all parents to join the P. & C. and attend the monthly meetings held in the school library on the second Thursday of each month.

—BARBARA GORDON,
Hon. Secretary.

THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle has been one of the most important functioning activities of the Old Girls' Union. It was formed in 1925 under the leadership of a then Staff Member, Miss Muriel Morley.

Thirteen Old Girls joined; of these, Miss Catherine Farrell became first Secretary/Treasurer. In 1926 Miss Morley was transferred to another school and Miss Annie Turner, Mistress of English at Fort Street, became leader and director of the studies pursued by the Circle.

The object of the Circle was to discuss and consider literary works of various countries from Renaissance times on.

Much enjoyment was had from the discussion of novels, essays, books of travel, poetry, plays, bi-

ography, by English and Foreign writers. Australia offered an interesting field, too, for literary exploration, and among our writers, two of the moderns considered were Old Fortians — Elizabeth Harrower and Gwen Kelly (nee Smith).

From its formation the Circle met ten times a year — February to November — until its final meeting in November, 1970.

Not even World War II with all its restrictions on travel and black-outs interfered with the regular meetings, but, whereas before the war the meetings were held on a week day evening, in the City, now war conditions led to a change of meeting time and place; so the third Sunday afternoon in the month became the established meeting time, and the place — a particular spot in the Royal Botanic Gardens.

For the last two years, however, through the kindness of the School Principal, Mrs. Rowe, meetings were held at the School.

From 1947 an Annual Prize has been given to the student gaining the best pass in English at the former Leaving Certificate, the now Higher School Certificate. This prize

has been secured in perpetuity.

Down through the years an annual end of year Tea Party has been held at the School. This was always a pleasant function where past and present members commingled. Mrs. Edna Kerrison, a member until her death in 1969, always gave us a delicious Christmas Cake for this function. On this occasion, too, there would be Literary Quizzes (prepared by Miss Turner) to tease us, or talks by members who had travelled to such places as New Guinea, Africa, Iceland, Japan and the Battlefields of World Wars I and II.

Now in these dynamic days when thought is reaching out to the stars, the Literary Circle seems to have become an anachronism, so after 46 years of continuous meeting the final meeting was held on 29th November, 1970, at the home of Mrs. Clarice Morris in Glebe.

To all those who through its forty-six years of existence supported the Circle by their interest and discussion of works under consideration, we express our thanks.

Good wishes all.

—E. DUHIG, President.

—E. LANGTON, Hon. Sec.

ANZAC DAY

As 25th April fell this year on a Sunday, Fort Street Girls' High School held the Anzac Day Ceremony, on Friday, 23rd April. The Assembly was conducted by Sue Perkins, the school captain.

After the singing of "Land of Mine" by the school, Diane Robinson of Fifth Form addressed the assembly. Diane gave a most interesting talk entitled "The Significance of Anzac Day". This was followed by a verse-speaking group from 2F who recited "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" and some 1R girls paid the traditional tribute to the Anzacs in their recitation of

some lines from Laurence Binyon's famous poem "For the Fallen."

The assembled school then sang "The Recessional" and observed one minute's silence. The very solemn assembly concluded after the singing of the National Anthem.

—MARGARET TROTTER, 5S, York.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ANZAC DAY

On the 25th April, 1915, the Allied Forces landed at Gallipoli. Their job was to make a passage through the Dardanelles — force

Turkey out of the war and open up the supply route to our ally — Russia. Their difficulty in establishing a beachhead, the cruel heat of summer, the bitterness of the winter cold, the hurricanes and limited food and water carefully rationed, were some of the hardships they had to endure. When they ran out of ammunition they established little factories in the trenches where they made primitive hand grenades to supplement their weapons. Stories such as those of Simpson and his donkey — human courage and endurance far beyond that required of any man, exemplify the sacrifices men made at Anzac Cove.

Then finally in December — eight months after landing — despite all these sacrifices they were evacuated with no real advantages gained. In fact a total of 33,000 men were killed and another 78,000 wounded.

Yet, although the Gallipoli campaign failed and was a complete military blunder, the name, Anzac Cove and the date April 25th still bring feelings of pride and sadness to Australian hearts for they remind us of an occasion when Australians showed courage and resourcefulness comparable to that of any soldiers in the history of warfare.

Anzac Day has come to be regarded as having created the spirit and identity of Australia as a nation. This was the first time Australians were united against a common foe and it gave us not only our fighting reputation but also many of our Australian traditions. The rest of the world then realised and acknowledged our growth to full nationhood.

Anzac Day should indeed be celebrated because it was the beginning of our true development to independence and also because our

way of life, our prosperity and security were maintained by the heroism and sacrifice of the Anzacs. The 25th April is a day for reflection on the price paid for our right to live under a system of Government of our own choice. It is not a glorification of war — as some of its critics assert but a day of appreciation of the sacrifices of all those men and women who took part in World War I and World War II and the conflicts since.

When we see films of such horrifying incidents as concentration camps, the Warsaw Ghettos, the Mei Lai massacre we cannot help being shocked, as indeed all thinking and feeling people must be; but we must not confuse the issue, as do those who would desecrate War Memorials claiming they glorify war, and fail to appreciate that their true purpose is not to stimulate our feelings for war but to provide a constant reminder of our debt to the past.

The commemoration of Anzac Day gives us an occasion to remember — and also to evaluate such statements as that made recently by the Duke of Edinburgh, when he opened the Australian War Memorial. "No matter how abhorrent war may be, history has shown it is infinitely preferable to loss of freedom and submission to tyranny." If we believe this to be true, then we must appreciate the sacrifices that have been made to enable us to live in peace. We can, in part, repay our debt to these men by devoting our energies to the peaceful solution of the social and political problems of the 20th Century. When this becomes our goal — when we put aside self interest — both personal and national, we will prove ourselves worthy of the sacrifices made for us by the men and women we are proud to call — Anzacs.

—DIANE ROBINSON, 5th Form.

WELCOME TO FIRST FORM

The First Formers were welcomed early in First Term with a party hosted by the Sixth Formers. We walked into the hall while the Sixth Form clapped. Games of musical chairs, autograph hunting, and passing the parcel were played. After the games a feast was laid out on tables, and after this luscious afternoon tea we sang the school song, shouted the war-cry, and went home. It was all a complete surprise to the First Formers.

—BEVERLEY JOHNSON, 10, Gloucester.

—KATHI CHURCHES, 10, Gloucester.

THE SCHOOL FETE, 1971

A Bird's eye view of "The Happening."

I've always had rather set ideas on what a fete should be like, and "The Happening", held in the very merry month of May in many ways conformed with my ideas. I put my requirements under three headings:

(a) Lots to see and do: under the category of "people" came Lucinda Strauss, who opened the fete, and of course, dashing Mr. Bowden who acted as Master of Ceremonies. Dance, art and science displays catered for all tastes and age groups . . . or, if you preferred, there was a boys v. girls basketball match behind the Gym. For the youthful, or just young at heart, there was good entertainment (even if I do say so myself) provided by "Stephanie and Heather," Cammie Lindon and Leah Levi in the "Coffee Shoppe Folkal Chord." Hoop-la and pick-a-box stalls weren't only enjoyed by the children either . . .

(b) Lots of sustenance to sate the appetites of the hungry masses. I'm sure there was enough food

and drink to get any army through a Russian winter: **hot**, hot dogs (a rarity nowadays), stacks of soft drink and popcorn, not to mention the multitudes of sweets and cakes in the stalls, the abundance of scones, pikelets and coffee in the Coffee Shoppe and afternoon teas in the hall. These were all attacked with great relish by the hungry hordes, who did an admirable job in eating their way around "The Happening."

(c) Lots to buy — really most important. Everything from a car wash for lazy people with dirty cars or just generous people with clean cars, to recipe books for the gastronomically-minded. There was a wide selection of both common and unusual cactii and plant cuttings on the plant stall, many groceries were going at reasonable prices on the grocery stall. A variety of goods stocked the fancy-goods stall — aprons, children's clothes, peg tidies, leather armbands; all sorts of goodies for Mum. There were records and magazines on the records and magazines stall (obviously!) and on the white elephant stall, unwanted white elephants found good homes with those more appreciative of them.

This year's "Happening" was my third, and undoubtedly the best I've been to.

—LEAH LEVI, 50, Bradfield.

THE ART DISPLAY AT THE FETE

Under the supervision of Mrs. Freeman and some fifth form girls, there was an interesting and colourful art display in Room 12. The main interest was in enamelled jewellery. Cuff Links and rings brought many customers. A variety of crafts were also exhibited, including pottery and silk-screen printing. A lot of girls' paintings were displayed on the walls, and the exhibition was quite a success.

—SUSAN PERRY, 5th Form.

THE BASKETBALL MATCH AT THE FETE

A major attraction of the 1971 Fete was the inter-school basketball match, held behind the school gymnasium. The contestants were teams from Fort Street Girls' High and Fort Street Boys' High.

The umpire was Miss Whalan, a staff member of the Girls' school, chosen not only for her impartial decisions but also as a tribute to her recent win in "The Umpire of the Year Fashion Award". On this occasion Miss Whalan chose a red pants suit — the legs smartly rolled to the knee. To this elegant outfit she added a war-time army helmet — a most becoming and practical outfit!

The players, not to be outdone by the glamour of the umpire, dressed in the latest fashion.

Traditional sports gear was discarded and trendy outfits of "mix but don't match" — rugby gear, school P.E. uniforms and pyjamas formed the basis of this interesting dressing.

The game was most enjoyable, Fort Street Boys' scored the only goal. Miss Whalan, impartial as always, gave a 5 - 0 decision in favour of Fort Street Girls'.

There were a few casualties in the game.

However, all's well that ends

well and . . . after about a week or so, everyone had just about recovered.

—MARGARET TROTTER, 5S, York.

AUSTCARE APPEAL

The outbreak of cholera among the East Pakistani refugees shocked people in all countries. Many Australians made donations to enable Austcare to assist in relief work among these people.

The Prefects of Fort Street Girls' High School, under the guidance of Miss Pickard, organized a "direct giving" appeal. The total amount collected was \$205.00.

Mr. Jamison, State Chairman of Austcare, came to the school to receive the cheque. After a short address by Mrs. Rowe to the assembled school, Susan Perkins, the School Captain welcomed Mr. Jamison who, in his reply, told us of the terrible suffering of the East Pakistanis and of the work which donations such as ours were making possible.

Suzanne Swenson, the captain of Class 2F, the class which had collected the largest sum of money presented the cheque to Mr. Jamison who thanked the girls for their efforts. Susan Perkins expressed our appreciation to Mr. Jamison for coming to the school and for his interesting address.

A RECORD OF INTERVIEW WITH KAY LE ROY OF 5F WHO WON A PACIFIC OCEAN CRUISE

Questioner: How were you able to go on this trip?

Kay: My sister, Cherie, and I won a crossword puzzle competition conducted by the A.C.T.U. during Trade Union Youth Week.

Questioner: What specifically was the prize?

Kay: A first class, eleven day voyage on board the "Iberia", cal-

ling at Savu Savu, Suva, Fiji, Noumea and then returning to Sydney. Cherie and I went on 5th October, 1970.

Questioner: What were conditions like on board the "Iberia"?

Kay: The service on board was excellent. The menus were varied catering for the exotic and plain tastes. Entertainment was non-stop. Night entertainment was very ex-

citing — there were night clubs and discotheques on board. Also there were many different "nights" organised for example a 'Casino Night', a 'Pub Night', a 'Tropical Island Night', a 'Sailaway Dance', a 'Gala Night Ball' and 'Landfall Dance'.

There were also, night water-sports, pool parties and the cinema. Day entertainment was more relaxed, there were "keep-fit" classes and Revlon Beauty lectures and consultations for women, deck competitions; swimming competitions or we could spend our time lazing around the two salt water pools sunbaking. Also, as we were guests of the P. & O. Company, we were invited to the Captain's and Officer's cocktail parties. We had our own luxurious two-berth cabin and bathroom and also an excellent steward.

Questioner: Did any things in particular interest you when you visited the different islands?

Kay: On Savu Savu, we found that there was only a small population, but the people were warm-hearted and friendly. The island is in no way commercialised and, in fact, we were only the second liner to visit there. We visited the hot springs and a native village, as well as, the small primary school. We enjoyed visiting the school and work there stopped so

that all the classes could come out and meet us.

Suva, was a definite contrast to Savu Savu, and we did not enjoy it nearly as much because it is more commercialised and impersonal. We went to the markets where we bought most of our souvenirs and saw a lot of Fijian arts and crafts. During the two days, we were in Suva, everything was very colourful and gay as it was their "Independence Celebration".

Of the three islands we visited, we liked Noumea the best chiefly because the scenery is so beautiful. The tropical beaches are beautifully clean. The sand is soft and white and every beach is bordered with palm trees. The countryside is very interesting — the main crops are taro and bananas.

We also visited Noumea's unique aquarium where live fluorescent corals can be seen. We found the people in Noumea very friendly and although French speaking, they spoke slowly and we were amazed to find that we could understand them. A real highlight was a delicious typical French meal at which we were guests.

Questioner: Obviously you enjoyed yourself very much.

Questioner: TANIA MAY, 50, Bradfield.

COMMONWEALTH DAY, 11th JUNE

Lola Ralec of 4th Form presented the following speech on 11th June, in commemoration of Commonwealth Day.

"For Australians, Commonwealth Day is an occasion on which we are reminded of our close ties, not only with Britain, but also with the other 29 nations who are equal members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Between the years of 1901-1941 some of Australia's ties with Britain were loosened — some indeed

were completely cut. We achieved our own constitution — our Federal Parliament could pass laws framed to benefit our own country but we were not sufficiently developed to survive without British help — money for industry and national development, migrants to help populate our vast areas, assured markets for our wheat and wool

were all provided by Britain, our mother country. We had neither the men, munitions nor money to defend ourselves and again we were able to depend on Britain.

Most of the freedoms we enjoy in Australia were not fought for by Australians — for they were rights fought for and won by Englishmen, before Australia drafted her constitution. Thus, to the great British ideas of human rights, we owe our freedom of speech, free press, freedom of worship, our right to vote and form trade unions, the right to demonstrate and belong to any political party of our choice.

In fact the freedoms we inherited as a result of sacrifices made by people 13,000 miles away would form a very long list. Sometimes when we ourselves are not involved in making a sacrifice to achieve an ideal, we tend not to value it and those who think we owe nothing to Britain are of this type.

We all know that strikes, lock-outs, demonstrations and such methods of calling attention to demands are costly and time consuming — they hinder economic progress. Australia by inheriting all these freedoms from Britain has achieved an amazing degree of economic development in just 70 years.

As we have developed, we have naturally sought other friends. During World War II when Britain was so involved in the war in Europe that she was unable to assist in our defence, we sought and gained American assistance and since then we have become involved in Pacific affairs. Through the Anzus agreement and the Colombo Plan we have followed an independent foreign policy — seeking military security, friends and markets in South-East Asia.

The nature of our population has also changed — once almost every Australian was of British origin.

“ . . . So also the colonies thrown off by expanding England do not break away, but keep circling around their National Sun, bound by love and gratitude — a bond which we hope will be as lasting as solar attraction.

We think of England as a mother and Australia as one of her grown-up children . . . who still looks to the mother land as “home” and still models her ideals on those of the parent who educated her. Progress will only be a few steps more on the same path on which her mother taught her to walk.

No empire like ours has ever arisen, and therefore we may expect some new and close ties, such as the world has never seen before.”

—THE FORTIAN, 1908.

However this is no longer true — Australia's population is now a very mixed one — we have migrants from many different nations each of which has its own traditions. However, most of those who have come here to settle were attracted by the freedoms enjoyed in this country — the very freedoms we have as result of our British heritage.

On the surface our ties with Britain seem to be loosening, and may loosen even further if Britain's present negotiations to enter the Common Market succeed for then we will enjoy no preference in trade. However our real and deeper ties are indissoluble for our whole way of life, our form of Government and traditions were inherited from Britain.

It is these things we recognise when we celebrate Commonwealth Day. We belong to an association of 31 nations — all equal in status but held together by common in-

terests and loyalty to the sovereign. This Commonwealth was once the British Empire — the largest and most powerful empire ever established. Britain the mother nation governed her then colonies in a variety of ways — they were like children — differently treated and controlled.

Britain is the only Empire to have recognised the growth to adulthood of these children — her colonies and to grant them rights, freedoms and equal status.

We are then, part of one of the

most challenging experiments of the 20th century — an experiment in internationalism — one which is older than the League of Nations and the United Nations.

As Australians we should feel proud of the part we are playing in this experiment — of our ties with the other member nations and of our right to call our monarch Queen of Australia. We as one of the original member nations, should be mindful of the responsibilities we owe the British Commonwealth — to work for its unity and strength."

FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Towards the end of 1970, the English-speaking Ukrainian newspaper, "News from Ukraine", conducted a quiz for their readers. Last May, the newspaper published the following:

"Since the announcement of the quiz, 'News from Ukraine' received many letters from the United States, Canada, Australia, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, England, India and Pakistan. The jury has awarded the following prize for the most comprehensive answers.

First Prize: Victoria Hopkins (Sydney, Australia), followed by four others from different countries. Victoria Hopkins was Lola Ralec, a present fourth-form student using her pen-name. The prize was a hand embroidered peasant blouse and some Ukrainian records. In the quiz, "What do you know about Ukraine?" Questions were asked about Ukrainian history, culture, literature, science and geography.

Little is known about Ukraine in Australia, yet it played a major part in European history. Many famous battles were fought on and for Ukrainian soil. Ukraine is virtually littered with monuments dedi-

cated to Ukrainians who displayed matchless bravery defending their homeland.

This history is a part of the Ukrainian's great heritage. Ukraine further has a rich folklore, including many enchanting legends. Ukraine has always been Europe's main food-producer and today it is also a great industrial state, producing powerful diesel and electric locomotives, electronic computers, instruments and equipment for the chemical industry, mining, as well as machinery for coal and iron-ore extractors, construction and road building machines and much more. The Ukraine exports industrial goods and raw materials to more than eighty countries and maintains cultural contacts with over 112 countries including Australia. The Ukraine is one of the founders of the United Nations and is active in sixty-eight international organisations.

The Ukraine also plays an important part in Soviet Union space research. Four of the soviet cosmonauts have been Ukrainian, including Georgi Dobrovolsky, who died with two other cosmonauts in the latest Soviet space spectacular — Soyuz II.



This photograph shows the girls who kept the rolls of each subject class in 1971. We thank these girls for their service to the school.

JUDO

Judo owes its origin to the ancient priests and holy men who developed methods of self-defence to protect themselves from the many bandits and terrorists who roamed the Far-East. These methods were improved and adopted by several dedicated men, notably JIGORO KANO, who devised the throws, armlocks and strangulations, which formed the KODOKAN JUDO. Also "breakfalls" were introduced by these men. Breakfalls are necessary in judo, as they enable players to fall heavily onto the mats, without sustaining injury.

Judo still retains traditions, such as bowing to an opponent before a contest. This act is equivalent to the handshake between rivals in other sports.

When a Judoka (judo player) reaches a certain standard, he is graded. The colours in the grading system are as follows:—

6th Kyu-white belt; 5th Kyu-yellow belt; 4th Kyu-orange belt; 3rd Kyu-green belt; 2nd Kyu-blue belt; 1st Kyu-brown belt. After

these belts come the "dan" grades, or black belts. There are 10 grades of black belts ranging from shodan (1st dan) to Ju-dan (10th dan).

To be awarded a grade, one must have a knowledge and understanding of the principles and traditions of the sport as well as the terminology "breakfalls", "throws", "strangulations" and "armbars". Kata is a most important part in judo. It is a set of formal exercises requiring concentration, constant practice and training.

Japan is known as the home of judo, but it is a major sport in Asian countries; Germany and in America, and it is rapidly gaining popularity in Australia.

—JULIE BRETHERTON, 40.

ENGLISH OUT OF SCHOOL

"Look Back in Anger"

During 1st term a group of 5th formers had the opportunity to attend the play, "Look Back in Anger". It was written in 1956 by

John Osborne, one of a group of contemporary authors who were given the title 'Angry Young Men' for their controversial criticisms of modern society. "Look Back in Anger" is no exception for the dramatic portrayal of the conflict and tensions existing between the five characters in the play is typical of much of today's society.

The play was performed in the Hindfield Theatre. Although the stage was small and compact it was appropriate for the setting,

a small one room flat. We were fortunate enough to have a "birds-eye-view" from the very front row. However there were only four rows altogether so that the whole audience found themselves completely involved in the action of the play. Thus the performance was of great benefit in our understanding of "Look Back in Anger" and evoked many new ideas to aid our study and discussion of the play in class.

—LYN SHARPE,

JANELLE WALKER, 5th Form.

AN EVENING OF THEATRE

A Form 5 excursion to the Ensemble Theatre, North Sydney

Earlier this year, the Drama Club girls from the senior English classes had a most interesting visit to the "Ensemble" Theatre. The theatre is not the conventional type that we are accustomed to, but a 'theatre in the round' — the seating is on all sides, centering on a space of floor where the plays are acted out.

An ominous figure strode out, and our hearts jumped as his resonant voice boomed out the ultimatum: "Acting is 5% inspiration and 95% perspiration!" Uneasy chuckles. Having very firmly imbedded that in our minds, the huge voice took on a friendlier tone: Hayes Gordon is actually human! We felt more relaxed as he demonstrated (with the help of both company members and his school-girl audience) that to become an actor was indeed hard work — the voice has to be developed, movements perfected and the portrayal of emotions mastered. There is no room for inhibitions in the theatre!

John MacLeod, not nearly as imposing physically or vocally, spoke about the techniques and technical problems of production and general behind-the-scenes work which must be done before

a play is presented to the public. Using five members of the company, he demonstrated the considerations a producer must make with respect to actors' positions, lighting, music and creation of atmosphere. A scene was improvised and acted out, using the technical equipment of the Ensemble Theatre. Afterwards came "comment and question time" from what proved to be a very critical audience: the lighting was focused wrongly, the music was too melodramatic, the actors tripped over their feet and the atmosphere was one of farce and hilarity (much to Mr. MacLeod's dismay). However, this small "comedy of errors" gave us a good idea of what problems the producers and actors must overcome before opening night. One interesting point was that, since there is no curtain, the actors in opening scenes must make their way onto the "stage" in the dark, being careful not to trip over or bump into props and seating.

After a very satisfying meal eaten on a large verandah overlooking the waterfront, we watched the evening performance of the Ensemble's then current production "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail".

Our appreciation of the play, was heightened because "Thoreau" provided a practical demonstration of what Messrs. Gordon and MacLeod had talked about. Scene-changing was as simple as focusing attention on a different part of the stage by means of lighting. There was a memorable exhibition of how an actor should be able to turn emotions on and off: in one scene, Thoreau's mood of desperate melancholy (shown in a very emotional speech) after the death of his brother changed (as quickly as the lighting) to one of light-heartedness and joke-telling. We all thoroughly enjoyed the play.

We found the Evening of Theatre a most broadening, enlightening and pleasurable experience. For some it created a desire to attend live theatre more often; and made those regular theatre-goers in our Club more aware of the work that goes into the final production. A very worthwhile excursion.

—LEAH LEVI, 5O, Bradfield.

CANTERBURY TALES

"Canterbury Tales" can be from the point of view of the modern day reader, two-faced literature: classroom Chaucer can be entertaining once the business of interpreting Middle English into modern English is completed, but the impact of the often bawdy humour is lost in the schoolroom translation. It is not until exposed to the spoken word, with correct intonation and action suggesting points of humour, that the modern day student can appreciate Chaucer and react in much the same way as a reader of Chaucer's day would have done.

Early in second term, Mr. Rob. Inglis, dressed in Medieval garb and looking very much a pilgrim, visited the school and entertained as well as instructed, 5th and 6th Formers with renditions of parts

of "Canterbury Tales". He took Chaucer from the classroom and transformed it from something to be learned (and sometimes entertained by) to something very enjoyable and funny. He acted out most of the General Prologues in a modern English version which made us appreciate even more the true meaning of the original and see how really funny "The Prologue" is. Mr. Inglis portrayed all of the characters in "The Prologue" with great gusto and even invented a few new lines here and there — a certain teacher entered the line, "there'll be no Moratorium badges around here!" For Fifth Form he then acted and recited in Middle English "The Monk's Tale" — and, surprisingly, we could understand and appreciate it.

After actually sharing the reactions of readers of Chaucer's time, perhaps we are not as "scared" of "Canterbury Tales" as we were previously — we can now see that they are meant to be — not just school work which we have to analyse to death for exams, and which cannot be enjoyed properly because of this — but essentially entertainment to be enjoyed, to be laughed at and often to be thought about.

The period spent with Mr. Inglis was most entertaining but even more valuably enabled us to see the "Canterbury Tales" in a new light.

—LEAH LEVI, 5O, Bradfield.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

On Monday, 21st June, fifth and sixth forms were fortunate enough to see a performance of Michael Boddy's play, "There is nothing more wonderful than a glorious sunset". In his script, Michael Boddy explores the various characters of "Antony and Cleopatra" and how they inter-relate. The "sunset" mentioned in the seem-

ingly unusual title refers to Antony's gradual deflation and downfall which may be described as the sunset of his life.

The play was presented by the Arts Council of Australia and the Australian Elizabethan Trust who arrange for groups of actors to tour schools, performing such plays. Members of the cast were John Waters, Kenneth Goodlet, Gaye Anderson, Bruce Griffiths, Raymond Duparc and Jeanie Drynan. All have had acting experience in Australian stage and television productions, including "Hair", "The Canterbury Tales", and Division 4"; some have also appeared in overseas productions.

The play has been designed to aid students in their interpretation of particular scenes of "Antony and Cleopatra". The playwright, to explain these scenes, has recreated Enobarbus, a character in the original play. He appears before a group of actors rehearsing "Antony and Cleopatra" for presentation to a modern audience. Enobarbus and the actors discuss various aspects of certain scenes and how these may best be presented. Then their motives for certain actions were explored.

At the end of the performance the cast answered questions posed by members of the audience. Their answers were helpful in many ways, explaining historical facts which are part of the background to "Antony and Cleopatra", clarifying statements made in "There is nothing more wonderful than a glorious sunset", and explaining their own interpretations of the characters of "Antony and Cleopatra". The entire afternoon was an amusing and informative experience for those present.

—GAIL BORWICK, 6F, York.

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

On the evening of June 22nd, 5th and 6th form attended a pro-

duction of T. S. Eliot's, "Murder in the Cathedral" by the Action Players in the Assembly Hall of Scots Church. Although the production itself lacked professionalism, the visit was not entirely futile owing to the fact that many could understand the difficulties involved in such a production, and thus still appreciate Eliot's play.

—CHRISTINE McPHERSON,
6th Form.

VERA BULOVAN, 6th Form.

"THE CRUCIBLE"

On the 29th of June, a party of 5th and 6th formers from Fort St. went to see a performance of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" at the Old Tote Theatre. It was a brilliant performance, wringing from the audience, emotions ranging from hilarity to despair and frustration.

Outstanding performances were given by John Gaden . . . as John Proctor, a very human person who although he wishes to live realizes in the end that in order to live he will have to blacken his own name, and this he cannot do; Tom Farley as Giles Corey added a touch of humour to the grim reality of the witch-hunt, but even he is unjustly executed by being pressed to death. The audience, which had grown fond of Giles Corey, was made to feel, even more, the harsh injustices of the law by the report of his cruel death and the way he faced it. As bricks we heaped upon him he only muttered, "more weight" and then died.

The setting of the play was simple but appropriate to an American puritan agricultural society of the 17th Century.

The play was greatly appreciated by all those who attended and certainly gave a lot to think about to those of us who are studying "The Crucible" this year.

—HILARY PERRY, 6th Form.



DRAMA CLUB REPORT, 1971

Seniors of the Drama Club intended presenting "Midsummer Night's Dream" to the school in third term, but unfortunately, plans went awry, and the production was not possible. We plan, however, to present selected scenes from the play at the end of the year.

Meanwhile, Miss Whalan (despot of drama extraordinaire) is tyrannising our junior members at each meeting by putting them through a myriad of dramatic exercises, designed to leave their jaws sore and their tongues tied in knots. The advantages of more lucid speech, gained from these tortuous rituals are seen when the girls improvise on the stage during club meetings.

We have not had many excursions this year, but the most informative one (on the practical side of drama) was a combined Drama Club — English Department excursion to the "Ensemble" Theatre at North Sydney in first term for "An Evening of Theatre", which included talks by actors on aspects of the theatre and viewing of the Ensembles, then current production, "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail".

Our thanks go to Miss Whalan for the time she has spent on broadening our general education by giving us a greater appreciation of drama and what it involves.

—LEAH LEVI, 50,
(alias Robin Goodfellow), Bradfield.

* * *

QUOTATIONS FROM M.U.D., 1971

On gym and dance: "These last strands in me . . . try I can do no more."

* * *

"Why wouldst thou . . . scan with darsome devouring eyes my bruised bones?" —T. S. Eliot

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The last day of Second Term will be spent, not at school, but at the N.S.W. University . . . provided you are one of the fifteen fortunate fifth formers. We will be attending the school of Industrial Arts which, besides infringing upon the last day of term, also encroaches upon the first day of our vacation which lasts only eighteen precious days. However, we believe that the assimilation, or partial assimilation, of knowledge presented to us by the school through the lectures who act in a specialist capacity, will prove an invaluable asset, and we wish to thank Mrs. Rowe and Miss Carter for making the opportunity available to us.

—FIONA ROBERTSON.

GEOGRAPHY

On June 16th, the 6th form Geography students were conducted round the Unilever factory at Balmain. This excursion provided a study of simple processing, covered in the manufacturing section of the Geography syllabus.

The excursion included a tour of the part of the factory producing soaps and detergents. It was interesting to note that Lux, Persil, Surf, Rinso and many other products all come from the one place. Unilever is comprised of smaller subsidiary companies, including Rosella, Lever and Kitchen, Streets and Continental.

The excursion was found to be most interesting, and the girls gratefully accepted the afternoon tea and free samples which awaited them at the conclusion of their tour of the factory.

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

On Wednesday, the 11th August, the combined Fifth Form Geography class was taken on an excursion to Bondi Beach, to observe physical and chemical weathering in coastal regions. The girls were under the supervision of Miss Gilmour and Miss Peterson.

It was once again proved that the members of the teaching staff were in better physical condition than the majority of the students. Few students survived the rock-climbing without complaining of physical exhaustion.

This type of excursion has proved to be an interesting and memorable method of learning (practical) Physical Geography.

LATIN DAY

On Saturday, 3rd July, Mrs. Stark's 6th form Latin class and some members of the 5th form class attended Latin Lectures at Sydney University. There were four lectures, "Verge — Aeneid IV" by Professor Durstan, "Cicero and the prosecution of Verris" by associate Professor Nicholls, "The Tragic Heroine" by Mr. Rogers, "Cicero the Advocate" by Mr. Duhigg. The lectures occupied the entire day (9.00-4.00) and although we were both mentally and physically exhausted at the end of the day, we found them to be extremely beneficial scholastically as well as interesting for general knowledge. I think anyone, given the opportunity, ought to attend these lectures.

—J. WHITEHEAD, 6th Form.

LATIN OUT OF SCHOOL

During the last week of January, Elizabeth Hunt, Sue Perkins and I attended the five day Classical Summer School at the Anglican Conference Centre, Morpeth, near Maitland. The students attending were studying Latin, Greek or Ancient History and so the majority of the lectures were concerned with background aspects of the classical world, rather than with specific topics. We were pleased to see Miss Felton, one of our former Latin teachers, now a lecturer at the University of New England, who showed slides of the Classical lands. The other lectures given were: 'The Techniques of Verse Appreciation'; 'Ajax: a study in Greek Heroism'; 'The Techniques of Unseen Translation'; 'Vergil's Tragic Queen'; 'Tacitus: Character Portrayal and Dramatic History in the Annales; a discussion of Aeneid IV lines 58-59. The last lecture was presented by Professor

A. J. Dunston, from the University of Sydney, the President of the Classical Association of New South Wales. That evening a formal dinner was held in his honour, followed by a dance.

It happened that our arrival at Morpeth coincided with the arrival of the floodwaters which caused extensive damage to the surrounding districts. However, we were still able to make our excursion to Newcastle, although our beach visit and country ramble had to be cancelled. There was some spare time allocated when we could do whatever we wished. Most of this time was spent getting to know the small township of Morpeth and our fellow-students as well as possible. We made very many friends during our short stay and gained a lot of useful, interesting information from the lectures.

—CHERYL FERRINGTON, 6th Form.



MUSIC REPORT

"After silence that which comes nearest expressing the inexpressible is music."

If Huxley speaks the truth, the music department has been work-

ing overtime to express the inexpressible most expressively. This year we welcomed Mrs. Murphy as our music teacher. She has provided us all with the opportunity for

cultural development through music and, for this interest, we would like to thank her.

In February, F.S.G.H.S. and F.S.B.H.S. choirs were invited to sing the children's chorus of "Reflections in a Glass House" by G. Dreyfus at a Prom Concert. Subsequently a recording of the singing was taped to be made available as a commercial disc.

The Oriana singers invited the choir to sing the chorales from the 'St. John Passion' by Bach with them at the Town Hall on Good Friday.

At the secondary schools choral concerts during August, girls from our choir will form part of the

Mossell choir singing some spirituals from Michael Jeppits' "Child of a Tine", selections from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and Brahms' "Gypsy Songs".

Mrs. Murphy has been asked by the ABC to train a choir for their programme, 'Young Australia'.

Mrs. Murphy has been occupied providing instrumental activities by arranging for class tuition in violin, Viola, Cello, Doublebass and Guitar. A number of enthusiastic juniors have accepted the challenge of mastering instruments and a nucleus for a junior orchestra is developing.

—FIONA ROBERTSON, 5th Form.

The interior of the school has now been fully fitted up with dual desks. It is to be hoped that when Mr. Board returns from America he will have a design for the new school we have needed so long.
—The Fortian, 1909.

* * *

We notice . . . that an old boy, Elwell, has invented a method of wireless telephony which has proved successful over a distance of five miles.

—The Fortian, 1908.

HISTORY CONFERENCE

Leaving Sydney at 5.50 p.m. on Sunday, 9th June, Janeen Taylor, Gail Borwick and I embarked on one of the most enjoyable weeks of our lives. Our destination was Chevalier College, Bowral, where we were to attend the H. W. Baker Memorial History Conference. Having been contacted previously by the Conference Convenor, Mr. H. Mayfield, I knew something of the plans for the Conference and felt a little more at ease than the others. The Conference was run mainly by the student committee, of which I was fortunate in being a member.

On arrival, we were immediately shown our centrally-heated dormitories then we went to the Food Hall for a brief welcome. The first night was one we would always

remember; for the central-heating broke down. Bowral, during May, is not the ideal place to be without some form of warmth. But the worst was yet to come; "Chevalier", although possessing some of the most modern facilities, including squash and tennis courts, trampolines, and billiard tables, contained the most temperamental showers ever known. For the first two days most girls suffered ice-cold showers; for these only spasmodically grew hot, and when this occurred the cry would go up and a mad stampede for the showers would ensue. But far from wishing to create an impression that facilities were backward, the rewards of such a residential school were bountiful. Many new and fascinating friendships were formed.

All in all, ten lectures were delivered and a symposium was held. There were panel discussions, films, a forum and many group discussions. Included in the programme was an Oxford Debate with, "That Ancient History is Irrelevant" as the topic. This turned out to be the most hilarious and enjoyable aspect of the conference. The speaker, Mr. Mayfield, was obviously bribed with minties by the members of the Government. The Opposition expressed their disapproval by cat-calling until Mr. Mayfield was ejected from the hall. The chair was then assumed by one of the more colourful personalities of the Conference. Eventually our Speaker was reinstated and the Government was declared victorious.

Amongst the topics for discussion were:— "Should history be abolished from first to fourth form?" "What is the use of History?" and "Cultural development — bridge or bar to the development of international understanding and cohesion?" These proved most engaging and one felt completely involved in these discussions. Moreover, the value of the Conference itself was discussed. "The Conference and its wider influences" was considered on our arrival and we were each asked to suggest ways in which the Conference could be more widely publicized.

The highlights of our week, was an excursion into Berrima to study the local history and, if possible, to compile and collate information in order to write our own "mini-history of Berrima", as Mr. Mayfield expressed it. We were divided into small groups and members of the Berrima Village Trust conducted us around the town. Berrima contains the famous Courthouse and Goal as well as the oldest inn in Australia, the "Surveyor-General Inn". The day we chose must have been the coldest and

windiest imaginable, but it was a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

The lectures were not specifically oriented towards the History Syllabus, as the ideal of the Conference was not to supplement our course, but rather broaden our outlook and attitudes. The lectures included both ancient and modern history subjects, for example "A Tour of the Roman Forum — with effects" (during which fertility beans were thrown into the audience), "The dawning of Modern Japan" and "Political and cultural development in New Guinea". All the lecturers were from the three Sydney Universities and each was a recognised authority in his own particular field.

Although the time-table was full, there was a considerable amount of free time which could be spent following the many pursuits available. Furthermore, although lights were theoretically out at 11.00 p.m., this seldom occurred. The final night of the Conference was spent in dancing to the sounds of the "As-it-were". The enjoyment everyone experienced was not due to anything other than the close affinity that had grown between fellow members of the Conference.

A Saturday morning, May 15th, we were awakened for the last time by the piped music in our dormitories. After breakfasting we left "Chevalier" for Bowral Station and within three hours we were back at Central Station. It was a sad parting for many Conference members, as many were interstate visitors, and having formed many friendships it was hard to resign oneself to Sydney life.

I would thoroughly recommend to any Fort Street girl thinking of attending such a Conference as this, to do so, for there is much to be gained in many fields.

—CHRISTINE McPHERSON,
6th Form, York.

FIFTH FORM FIASCO

In second term, fifth formers chose representatives from all forms to match their wits against five of the staff (who volunteered after a visit from a persuasive group of fifth formers armed with falsified inspectors' reports). This entertainment was to serve a twofold purpose: firstly to entertain the masses and our colleagues, and secondly, to carry out our chosen work in trying to break down the veil of secrecy which surrounds the staff once they withdraw into the privacy of the Sacred Staffrooms. Could we shatter the nerves of the five victims and hope that the emotional turmoil thus created would spread to the rest of the teachers, so that they would be at the mercy of Fifth Form?

We were partly successful and unearthed some rather startling facts. For instance Mr. Cornish could never pass a child-care course, judging by his proficiency at changing nappies, and Miss Gugger and Miss Whalan wear the same size mortar board.

But mysteries still remain: Is Miss Gugger really Wilhelm Tell's sister, turned intellectual? Can she yodel? Why was Mrs. Stark so reluctant to reveal what Romans wear under their Togas? Is Mr. Brender really Pierre Trudeau travelling incognito or is he just the strong silent type trying not to reveal an even more surprising identity? Is Miss Whalan an English-History teacher (sometime scorer) with no knowledge of how to add up scores correctly? Will this affect exam marks? Is it true that Mrs. Brass is really that rather large child always hogging the camera during the "bend and stretch" segment of "Romper Room"? Was Mr. Cornish really named "Mr. Parabola, 1962"? How many Jaguars does he really own?

As fifth formers, we solemnly promise that we will endeavour to find the answers to these and other baffling questions and that we will continue striving for truth, Justice and the abolition of fifth form exams.

—LEAH LEVI, 5O, Bradfield.

NOUVELLE — CALEDONIE

Flying over the outerlying islands approaching New Caledonia we could see the effect the coral reefs had on the calmness and change in colour of the ocean. Descending to the mainland the first thing we noticed was the mountainous landscape which meant that Tontouta Airport (the overseas airport of New Caledonia) was approximately 30 kilometres from the city of Noumea. Upon arriving we were rushed through Customs and taken by car into Noumea where we stayed in a boarding school — Internat des Garcon. The school led right down onto one of the bays and had its own athletics oval, swimming pool, handball court, two volleyball courts and a basketball court which had a plas-

tic patchwork base. All the sport in schools is done on asphalt with 85% of the native children playing in bare feet.

On our first morning we were surprised to feel how hot and humid the air was so early in the day, such a contrast to the winter we had just left in Sydney. Before lunch we spent our time in a training session which was not very successful because our energy was sapped so quickly.

That evening we had our first match against the New Caledonian Volleyball Team which resulted in a 3-1 victory for Australian women and a 3-0 victory for the New Caledonian men. We were playing in a gymnasium which had been built for the South Pacific Games

but the unusual thing was, it had a rough concrete floor.

On the Sunday we all went to the beach which we found quite unusual. There was no surf because the reefs stopped the waves but the sand was made up of coarse pieces of shell and coral which made it difficult to run on. The water was the clearest I had ever seen for no matter how far we swam out or went in a boat around the bay, we could always see the bottom. That afternoon we went looking through the city of Noumea. The price of everything except French perfume is much dearer than in Australia, this is because the wages are much higher.

Monday night was the second night of the matches. This time it was a close struggle between Australia and New Caledonia, but Australian women finally won 3-2. The Australian men fought hard and were only narrowly defeated 3-2.

Tuesday was spent in general sightseeing. The surrounding hills give a beautiful view of Noumea. The nickel works are close by. Nickel is the main industry of New Caledonia and it is approximately the third largest nickel producing country in the world.

The children in New Caledonia are some of the friendliest I've ever met. They are always happy and smiling and are eager to talk and say hello to you. Many of the children would just wait around until we talked to them and then they

would be quite happy and go on their way.

Wednesday night, the last night of official matches resulted in the Australian women winning easily and the New Caledonia men won 3-0.

On Thursday, most of the Australians went to the world famous aquarium. This has many different and unusual fish and is one of the leading aquariums in the world. Some of us went horse riding up in the hills surrounding Noumea at a French Riding School which specialises in Show Riding. That evening we played our last game of volleyball which was a friendly, informal match.

With only one full day left we tried to get as good a suntan as we could by being at the beach and surrounding areas all day. At night we were given a farewell party.

Saturday morning arrived and everyone was walking around with a long face as nobody wanted to leave, we had enjoyed it there so much. At the airport the New Caledonians presented us with leis just before we left.

Even though this is not a tremendously big island, its people are one of the friendliest and most generous in the world. They are perpetually happy and cheerful with no worries that show through.

New Caledonia is a very wonderful and exciting island.

—NOLA MURRAY, 3F.

CAMPS, AND HOW TO RUN THEM

by ERIC FRECKER

"Camping is briefly a sport for the gods The first essential of camping is, of course, the campers, the selection of whom calls for some thought. Choose high-spirited, unselfish lads to accompany you, and you will have a right good time. I myself like camping upon the banks of a freshwater stream, such as Wyong Creek, for instance. Wyong Creek is not exactly fresh — it's brackish — but it's free from sharks, and that is a big consideration. You may even run about all day in a bathing costume if you are far enough from civilisation."

—The Fortian, 1908.



TAPE RECORDER TEAMS, 1971

These girls make a concrete contribution to the audio-visual aids available to the school.

Back Row: Toni Belton, Ailsa Gordon, Pat Wright (Team Captain), Kathy Malamas, Lynette Johnson, Violet Fardoulis, Debbie Crowley, Ronlynn Daykin, Karen McLean, Vicki Makin, Dorothy Petrides, Kerrie Theaker, Annette Bailey, Maria Retsinas, Glenda Read, Yvonne Klee, Lyn Robinson (Team Captain).

Middle Row: Susan Miller, Carolyn Coffey, Dimitra Mronopoulou (Team Captain), Wendy Green, Helen Lock (Team Captain), Susan Macrow, Denise Watson, Anne Hunter, Maryse Alvis (Team Captain), Janice Cowling, Heather Manning, Rosslyn Morrison

Front Row: Carole Silvertsen, Rosemary Marshall, Lynette Lennard, Jenny Boland, Marina Constanti, Vicki Ross, Wendy Ross, Debbie McPherson, Judy McGregor, Margo Field, Betty Chaar, Alis Stipevic.

Absent: Anne Murdoch (Team Captain), Kerry Beatty, Susan Laidlaw, Sheree Kereopa, Piya Giannoulis, Jill Murray, Karen Geribo, Margot Harrod, Alda Moreira, Leanne Corner, Linda Smith.

DEBATING CLUB REPORT

1971 has proved a highly successful year with girls from all forms showing an enthusiasm for the art of talking.

All debates have been entertaining and attendance figures have been pleasingly high. Topics have covered a variety of subjects such as, "That fear dominates our lives", "That women make the best men", "That modern civilization is a facade", "That the author should be his own censor", "That the world has grown dishonest", "That man's idea of Femininity is changing", "That Ambition has been a

greater influence for good than for Evil, and that "Ancestors are Assets".

Second term provided the girls with the opportunity to challenge Fort Street Boys' — an event which has become part of the School tradition. The topic for the debate was "That the Fair Sex is Unfair" and, of course, the Girls were the opposition. Argument was humorous and the eventual result was a draw. Congratulations to the school team, Gail Borwick, Jenny Whitehead, Robyn Ford and Barbara Wood for their performance.



DEBATERS, 1971

Back Row: Tania May, Lynette George, Diane Robinson, Barbara Wood, Robyn Laverack, Helen Still.

Centre Row: Miss Ferrier (Debating Mistress), Paula Arrigo, Lola Ralec, Beatrix Eisenberg, Margot Phillips, Meggan Keers.

Front Row: Lynette Robinson, Diana Coutts, Robyn Ford, Gail Borwick, Sharon Austin, Michelle McMerrin, Joy Heron.

Absent: Jenny Whitehead.

The girls later received an invitation for a return debate with the boys to be held at Fort Street Boys' High School, on Monday, 23rd August.

Club Meetings are held in Room 9 every Thursday lunchtime and

all talkers and listeners are welcomed.

The members of the club would like to thank Miss Ferrier for her enthusiastic support and energetic help throughout the year.

—ROBYN FORD, 6F, York.

"March 12 — Impromptu speeches. Some of the subjects were, "That the Japanese are unreasonable and intractable, and as man, are decidedly inferior to their cousins the Chinese" and "That the German Emperor is a menace to the peace of Europe."

The Fortian 1909.

I.S.C.F. REPORT

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship is an interdenominational group, incorporated with the Scripture Union and Children's Special Service Mission. The Fort Street I.S.C.F., which is one of the oldest in the State, holds its meetings in Room 9 every Wednesday at lunchtime.

The meetings consist of singing, prayer and a Bible reading, followed by a discussion, a talk by a teacher, one of the girls or a visiting speaker. This year we were privileged in having as guest speakers, Mr. J. Neale with information and coloured slides on the Sudan Interior Mission, Miss D.

Dickens from the European Christian Mission, Miss Robinson who came during Scripture Union Week, Mr. B. Taylor, Mr. J. Cox and Mr. E. Bernard. Two films from Scripture Union also promoted much thought and led to valuable group discussions.

We have been anxious to engage in a service programme again this year, and our major project has been the assembling of Viet-kits — both hygiene and school kits — to be sent to Vietnam to help those there who are in much need.

Throughout the year an 'In-Reach' group was commenced for Bible Study in Room 12 every Tuesday at lunchtime. The time spent for study and discussion has proved instructive and beneficial.

This year, the I.S.C.F. committee under the helpful guidance of Mrs. New, our Counsellor, has worked to make I.S.C.F. an active group in the school by advertising meetings and by keeping a keen interest in all the group's activities which include a weekly prayer meeting in St. Philip's Church on Thursday mornings before school. The increasing number of those attending has been encouraging. The group has striven to achieve the aim of I.S.C.F. groups everywhere — "to know Christ and to make him known."

We would like to express our thanks to Mrs. Rowe for her support during the year and to Mrs. New for help and guidance.

—BEVERLEY MOORE.

THE HISTORY GROUP

For the 6th successive year the History Club has been functioning within the school under its new identity "The History Group". The Group is under the kind supervision of Miss Jackson and during the year various members of staff have visited on a Wednesday lunchtime.

The Group is working in close affiliation with the school representative committee of the National Trust and Trust matters are discussed at Group meetings. The Group tries, as much as possible to discuss current affairs as the consequence of history rather than history itself. Seniors have prepared various topics for parliamentary debate and discussions; The changing role of the Monarchy, Crime and Punishment through the Ages. Government in Tunisia and Morocco.

At the first meeting Miss Whalan honoured us with her presence by giving us a talk and then leading a discussion on "How to be a kingpin in ancient Rome." Later in the year Mr. Licht with the aid of Miss Jackson, led a parliamentary debate on whether "Good government is better than self-government." The group hopes to organise other staff members to come and give discussions on topics which interest them.

The main project which the group has undertaken this year is to compile and illustrate a detailed study of the history of the Rocks Area and the school. An impressive

THE NOSE

"A scout must be able to smell well in order to find his enemy by night. If he always breathes through the nose and not through the mouth, this helps him considerably . . . Fifty years ago, Mr. Catlin in America wrote a book called "Shut your Mouth and Save your Life". By keeping the mouth shut you keep yourself from getting thirsty . . . and also . . . it prevents snoring, and snoring is a dangerous thing if you are sleeping in an enemy's country."

—The Fortian, 1908.

leather bound book, with the school crest embossed in gold on the cover has been purchased in which information will be recorded. Girls have come together in groups to do research on various areas and landmarks around the rocks. The girls will be using primary sources for this information if possible.

Third term will no doubt be as successful as 1st and 2nd with discussions on topics ranging from Communist China to the Changing Political role of Trade Unions. Girls are preparing Book Reviews, preferably of historical interests.

All the girls in the group have a genuine appreciation and understanding of history and current affairs. They benefit greatly from this enjoyable discussion time.

—HELEN STILL.

DANCE CLUB REPORT

This year the Dance Club has been fortunate to receive many new first and second form members. Their talent for the Dance has been not only shown through their gradual development in technique but also in their improvisation and creative work. Since the beginning of the year, I have been taking these junior members for Dance classes on Friday mornings before school.

These are most enjoyable classes as all the girls work well and have thus come a long way in their appreciation of and ability for expression in the Dance.

General dance classes are held twice a week — Tuesday and Friday lunchtimes, Tuesday afternoons and Thursday recesses have been used for rehearsals — most necessary for the numerous performances which the Dance Club have given throughout the year. On Monday at lunchtime, Robyn Ingham of Fifth Form, takes a Jazz Ballet Class. She is extremely good and her lessons are most enjoyable

both to the Dance members and other members of the school.

May was rather a busy month for the Dance Club. Firstly there was the School Fete at which the Dance Club gave two performances in the school gymnasium. During these performances several of Mrs. Brass' gym girls gave a most enjoyable gymnastic sequence. The Dance Display included various steps across the floor as well as several dances, such as "Dance for Five", "Let No Light be Shed on Me", "L'Isle Joyeuse", "Rochejac". Some members of the Group improvised on several topics which were suggested by the audience. "Rochejac", a most exciting, mysterious dance about witches, was choreographed earlier this year by three of the Dance Group's 5th Form members — Robyn Ingham, Cheryl Wachholz and Jacky Fitzpatrick. A most enjoyable dance indeed!

Miss Hinkley entered her latest choreography, "Ritual for Dance, Play and Magic", in the Australian Ballet Choreographic Competition. Much work and time has been put into the dance by Miss Hinkley and her dancers. After the competition, which was held at the "Orpheum" at Cremorne — our entry received an extremely satisfying comment in "The Bulletin".

Most exciting event for the Dance Group was the making of a videotape film for the Department of Education at Sydney University. It will be used in the training course of students studying to become P.E. teachers.

The programme was:—

1. "Leaves" — an improvisation.

Dancers: Form 1 members of the Dance Group.

2. "L'Isle Joyeuse". — **Dancers:** Elizabeth Hunt, Adrienne Leal, Debby Mitchell, Vera Bulovan.

Choreography: Miss Hinkley.

3. "The Elements" (a succession of movements showing the elements of the dance).

4. "Rochejac" — theme. Choreography and dancers, mentioned previously in this report.

5. "Let No Light be Shed On Me" — a love poem by Maria Despinidic of Form 4. **Dancers:** Julie Lennon, Beatrix Eisenberg, Margaret Phillips. **Choreography:** Margaret Phillips, Robyn Ingham, Cheryl Wachholz and Jacky Fitzpatrick.

6. "The Forest" — **Dancers:** Elizabeth Hunt, Vera Bulovan, Adrienne Leal, Caroline Lung, Debby Mitchell, Margaret Trotter. **Choreography:** Miss Hinkley.

7. "Ritual for Dance, Play and Magic".

Filming took two whole days, one spent at Sydney University, and the second in the school gymnasium. Also filmed was a Dance class consisting of a number of 4th form pupils (who were not members of the Dance Club), who were being taught by a student teacher, Mrs. Lans. These films were shown in the Sydney University CARSLAW LECTURE THEATRE on the 19th August. Copies of the film will be

made and sent to various countries. It is hoped to have the film screened at the Jamaican Film Festival.

On 19th and 26th September, Miss Hinkley has received an invitation from Ballet Australia, for the Club to "The Forest" and "Ritual for Dance, Play and Magic" at the Cell Block, East Sydney Technical College. Other choreographers will also show their work. However, these dates coincide with the examinations of the senior students, but it is hoped that we may be able to perform.

The Dance Club has had a most eventful year. This has only been made possible through Miss Hinkley's endless help, her teaching and encouragement. Each of the Dance Club members, I'm sure, is deeply grateful to her for her effort and devotion. Through her continuous support and the growing interest of the girls, it is hoped that the Fort Street Girls' High Dance Club will be as successful in the future as it has been in the past.

—MARGARET TROTTER, 5S, York.

CAREER TALKS TO FOURTH FORM PUPILS, 1971

During 1971, school organization has made possible a useful innovation — a weekly period for fourth form pupils to hear visiting speakers explain details and answering questions concerning a variety of occupations.

The talks were practical in content. They explained the educational requirements for entry and the opportunity for in-service job training, the nature of the work and the opportunities offering in the particular occupation and the sort of satisfaction to be derived from pursuing it. The variety of the talks is indicated by the list below.

The school is indebted to each of the speakers for the generous response made by them to our

invitation. On behalf of the fourth formers, the girls listed below sent letters of thanks and a key-ring bearing the school crest to each speaker.

Guest Speakers:—

Miss V. Bellido-Ramirez — Life in Peru.

Miss E. Birchall — Careers in Television.

Mr. W. Burrige — Opportunities in the Computer Industry.

Mr. Duek-Conen — Architectural Design in Sydney.

Miss Garvin — Social Work as a Career.

Mr. B. Graham — Opportunities in Science.

Sister Anne Gray — Nursing.

Miss C. Hinkley — Dance as a career and as a leisure pastime.

Miss M. Lloyd-Smith — The Use of Make-up.

Mrs. J. Lee — Reasons for environmental protection.

A series of talks on Hospital work arranged by Mrs. K. Middleton.

Miss A. Collier — Social worker (Hospital Careers).

Mrs. M. Gaden — Occupational Therapy.

Mrs. Still — Dietetics.

Mrs. P. Waley — Radiography.

Mrs. H. Moody — Journalism.

Miss Lucinda Strauss — Modelling and the use of make-up.

Mr. D. Stuart — Opportunities in Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd.

Mrs. J. Stuart — Careers in general.

Mr. T. J. Willis — Work of the Leprosy Mission.

Panel of speakers from the Bank of N.S.W. — Bank Careers for girls arranged by Mr. Gray from N.S.W. Branch in Caltex House.

Panel of Doctors from N.S.W. Cancer Council.

—PAULA ARRIGO,
MARIA KAZAGLIS,
ELIZABETH MARION,
HEATHER MIDDLETON,
LOLA RALEC, 4th Form.

COLLECTIONS FOR CHARITIES, 1971

By direct giving between 8th and 15th June, 1971, the School collected, as a matter of urgency, \$205 for the refugees from East Pakistan.

The cheque was presented to Mr. A. Jamieson, Chairman for N.S.W., of Austcare, who spoke to the School in Assembly.

Included in the total was a contribution of \$25 which was a payment made by the A.B.C. at the end of 1970 to the choir.

East Pakistan has been a constant reminder to us of the terrible problems, posed for us all, by the plight of the world's refugees.

During the week ending second term, 1971, a "charity week drive" was organized by the school prefects. The activities arranged by each class is listed below.

1F — Fashion Parade; Dance; Toffees.

1O — Critic's Corner.

1R — Young Talent Time.

2F — Hush-in; Car Wash; Concert; Toffees; Baby Contest; Insult Board.

2O — Guessing Competition; Baby Contest; Toffees; Squeeze-in.

2R — Coffee Shop; Shoe Shine.

3F — Hush-in.

3O — Starve-a-thon.

3R — Starve-a-thon.

4F — Cakes; Toffees; Raffles; Guessing Competition.

4O — Cakes; Toffees.

4R — Toffees.

4T — Walk-a-thon; Cakes.

5W — Slave Trade, Toffees; Cakes.

5O — Slave Trade; Toffees; Cakes.

5S — Slave Trade; Toffees; Cakes.
6F — Volley Ball Match; Cakes; Toffees.

6M — Volley Ball Match; Cakes; Toffees.

Total — \$381.

Cheques for \$190.50 were each sent to:—

Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs and The Handicapped Children's Centre by the class Captains of 4T and 2F, the two classes that raised the most money.



SENIOR LIBRARIANS

Back Row: Susan McGregor, Mrs. Noel (Librarian), Jennifer Rymill.

Front Row: Patricia Quay, Susan McDonald (Chief), Carol Ible.

LIBRARY REPORT

The dramatic technological changes, which are taking place everywhere in the world around us, are mirrored to a certain extent in the library.

The use of electronic equipment, as a means to learning, is becoming more evident and the library has taken further steps towards becoming a multi-media centre. This means that in addition to the many new books that have been put in the collection, articles of software such as cassettes, tapes, discs, film strips, slides and transparencies have been added. In order to use this software for both group and individual learning, the appropriate machinery, or hardware, has been added. So more cassette players, tape recorders, record players, film projectors, overhead projectors and the like are

being added. Shortly, a video-tape-recorder will be functioning so that suitable T.V. programmes may be recorded and played back to students at convenient times.

All of this does not mean that the written word in the book will gradually disappear or lose its importance as an aid to learning, as well as a pleasurable experience, but rather that, along with the book, audio-visual material will take its place, in the education process. Well over one thousand books, both fiction and non-fiction in all subject areas have been added to the collection during the past year. A grant from the Commonwealth Government and very generous grants from the P. and C. have been very largely responsible for these additions. The P. and C. also have given generously of software and hardware

as well as two specially made audio-visual storage cupboards in which to store these items. The storage cupboards are a great help in the ease of the use of the equipment. Their gift too of an additional step-ladder makes for greater accessibility of books on the top shelves and for less movement of existing ladders.

The smooth running of the library throughout the past year has been made possible by the fine work of the many helpers, who have given unstintingly of their time in the most willing and pleasant manner — Miss Jackson, Susan McDonald the Chief Student Librarian, the 5th formers Carol Ible, Susan McGregor, Tania May, Rosemary Maker, Janelle Walker and Lynette Sharpe. Many 4th formers, 3rd formers and 2nd formers help in dozens of ways to process the books and to keep them flowing back to the shelves. Their assistance is invaluable.

A most successful workshop seminar for senior school librarians was held at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, on Saturday, 5th June. Mrs. Noel took seven senior librarians — Susan McDonald, Susan McGregor, Carol Ible, Tania May, Debbie Corrigan, Caron Watson and Mary Amantiadis. The Fort Street panel gave a demonstration of processing new books as well as taking part in some of the following panel discussions:—

"There are now some hundreds of books overdue from the Library. Borrowers are reminded that books must be returned within fourteen days or else fines paid."
—The Fortian, 1909.

AN "AT HOME" AT SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL FOR SENIOR LIBRARIANS

Senior Librarians from Fort Street and many other Sydney schools were invited to an "At Home", at Sydney Boys' High School, on 5th October, from 7.30 p.m. to

(a) How does the student librarian system operate?

(b) Library or media Resource Centre?

(c) Senior Librarians — Sergeant Major or Syborite?

(d) Junior Assistants — slave labour or slave labour?

(e) What is the role of audio-visual aids?

Many generous donations of books were made to the Library during the past year by the Commonwealth Government, School Library Service, the German Consul, Melbourne University Press, McGraw Hill Publishers, Farmer and Co., Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Jackson, Miss Palmer, Mr. Bowden, Helen Still.

Some outstanding posters were executed by the girls for exhibitions in the library to celebrate International Children's Book Day, on 2nd April and Australian's Children's Book Week in July.

Some of the girls' posters were exhibited at the opening ceremony for Book Week at the City of Sydney Public Library and were greatly admired.

Despite the shortage of space, there is never lack of activity in the library. The dual-study booth is in constant use; the processing area is a hive of industry at lunch time; books and non-book materials flow out and in and mountains of books continue to be shelved daily.

9.30 p.m. The main purpose of this was to give librarians from the various schools the opportunity to openly discuss problems which arise in their libraries.

From 7.30 p.m. to 7.50 p.m. librarians were allowed to wander freely around the Anderson Memorial library, a spacious room which is capable of holding about 250 people. Other rooms project from the main library: a workroom for librarians, a small kitchen, a senior reading room, and the archives room. The latter contained old literary relics such as a "Picture Atlas of Australia", dating back to 1886, and very old Encyclopaedias and school magazines. The library itself contained many magazines, for example "National Geographic", "Punch", "Time" and so on, as well as its assortment of books, and also a glass case of pottery. At 7.50 p.m. the librarians were seated in the hall, and the adults were asked to leave.

Many schools presented their views on how a library should be organised, and the discussion soon developed into a real parliamentary debate. Girls' schools tended to run their library in a relaxed atmosphere, whereas Boys' schools used a more rigid approach. Sydney Boys' High School, for example, used a set of tests at the end of each year for all forms to determine who was capable of continuing his work as librarian. Because of these tests they had only one 3rd year librarian and not a great number in other years. As a comparison to this, S.C.E.G.G.S. had

70 librarians excluding 1st and 6th forms. Fort St. has a student librarian staff of 60. The Boys' schools advocated strict silence in their libraries, whereas most Girls' schools allowed a certain amount of noise. A number of schools, many of which lost anything from 100 to 200 books a term, asked for ways of recovering lost or stolen books and magazines. S.C.E.G.G.S. provided one of the best answers to this question. A large, wooden, black box known as a "coffin" is placed in a remote corner of the library. Pupils can deposit long overdue books, or books which have been "accidentally removed" from the library (usually under various pieces of clothing) in this "coffin" without being noticed. One senior librarian holds the key, and empties the "coffin" once a week. Another Girls' school made an amnesty on fines for one month, and during this period books are returned enthusiastically. When, however, books are actually lost, most schools either ask the culprit to pay the original price, or the price after it has been devalued according to how old the book is.

Supper was served at about 9.15 p.m., which brought to a conclusion a happy, instructive and most enjoyable evening. We hope there will be more of them!

—DEBBIE CORRIGAN, 4th Form.
CARON WATSON, 4th Form.

QUOTATION IN THE LIBRARY ON M.U.D., 1971

To— Science for Scintillation.

Economics for enjoyment.

Maths — or the greatest story ever told.

*You can have Father
Christmas.*

*We've got Mother
Noel.*

* * *

" . . . My library was dukedom large enough."
—W. Shakespeare

* * *

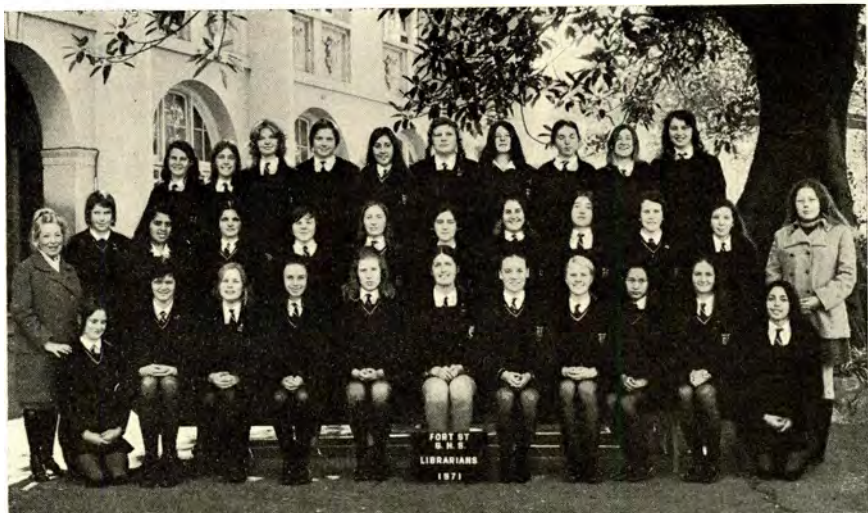
"The dust and silence of the upper sheif."
—Macaulay

* * *

Pleez be quiet! Uhu is asleep!

* * *

"It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning, by getting a great library."
—Thomas Fuller



SCHOOL LIBRARIANS, 1971

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S BOOK DAY

Once again the birthday of Hans Christian Andersen on 2nd April, was celebrated in the Library. This year Hans would have been 160 years old. Many beautiful editions of his fairy stories were displayed in the Library along with the books of the authors and illustrators who have won the Hans Christian Andersen Awards. These authors and illustrators, like the great master himself, have enriched the lives of children everywhere. Once again an Australian book has been recommended for the Honours List of the 1972 Hans Christian Andersen Awards. It is "Blue Fin" by Colin Thiele.

There was an element of sadness however amidst this year's celebrations, for Jella Lepinon, the

founder of the International Board on Books for Young People (The Ibbv) and the instigator of the Hans Christian Andersen Awards and International Children's Book Day, died in her home in Zurich, in October, 1970. But the mission she had of extolling the work of the finest international children's writers and illustrators and the idea that books unite children and people of all nations will live and grow.

As a tribute to her wonderful work, the year 1972 is to be declared as "International Children's Book Year." Countries will mint special stamps and will laud the work of Jella Lepinon in many ways.

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK, 1971

The Library was a burst of colour and gaiety from 12th to 17th July for Australian Children's Book Week. Dozens of beautiful posters, executed by the girls from all forms and depicting the slogan "Round About With Books" were hung.

Over a hundred new books, non-fiction and fiction both for juniors

and young adults, covered the library tables. The prize-winning books looked glorious, standing in pride of place, against appropriate painted backdrops.

There has been brisk borrowing of these books since the dismantling of the exhibition.



POSTER

The Emperor's New Clothes. Painted by Maurice Sendok for the New York Book Council for International Children's Book Day.

**CHILDREN'S BOOK COUNCIL
OF AUSTRALIA BOOK OF THE
YEAR AWARDS FOR 1971**

BOOK OF THE YEAR

BREAD AND HONEY by Ivan Southall.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

THE STORY OF CHINA by Lo Hui-min. Illustrations by Elaine Haxton.

COMMENDED

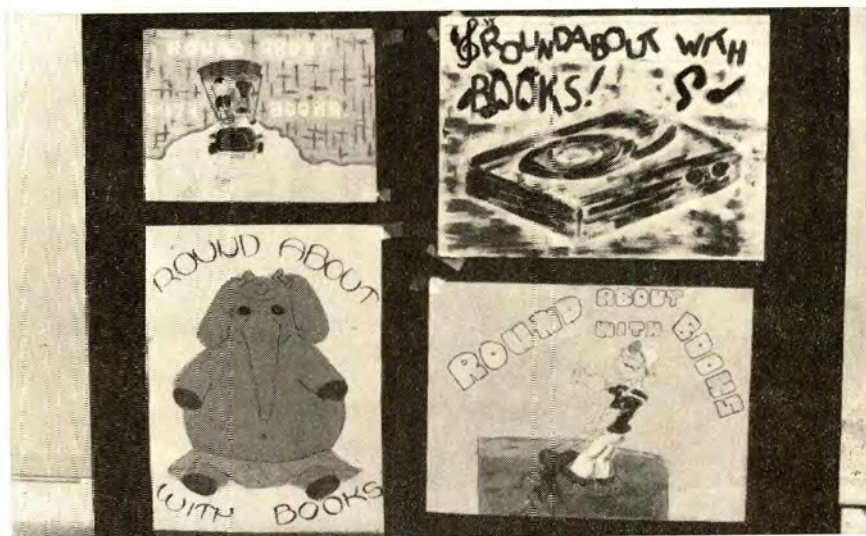
JAMES COOK, ROYAL NAVY by George Finkel.

CLIMB A LONELY HILL by Lilith Norman.

PICTURE BOOK OF THE YEAR

WALTZING MATILDA by A. B. Paterson. Illustrations by Desmond Digby.

BOOK WEEK POSTERS

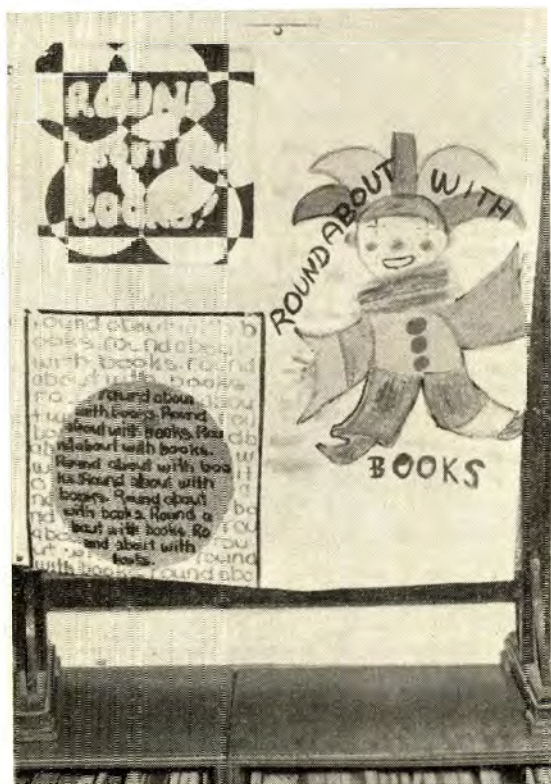


Top Left: Karen MacLean, 3R.

Bottom Left: Jar Ross, Christa Wanke, Vivien Petak, Jennifer MacFarlane, 3R.

Top Right: Karen Adler, 3R.

Bottom Right: Karen MacLean, 3R.



Top Left:

Kristine Pedler, 3R.

Bottom Left:

Maria Retsinias, 3R.

Right:

Jenny Dorizas, 1R.



BACKGROUND PAINTINGS FOR PRIZE-WINNING BOOKS

Left: Painting for "Breed and Honey" (Ivan Southall) by Margo Field, 3R.

Centre: Painting for "Story of China" (Lo Hui-Min) by Za-Za Morfitts, 3F.

Right: Painting for "Climb a Lonely Hill" (Lilith Norman) by Karen MacLean, 3R.



THE LIBRARY DURING BOOK WEEK

'CLIMB A LONELY HILL' by Lilith Norman

Perhaps it was the title: 'Climb a Lonely Hill' or the fact that this was Lilith Norman's first book — something made me expect a great deal from the novel and I was somewhat disappointed.

'Climb a Lonely Hill' is good and interesting but that is all. The novel can be read and enjoyed but my reaction was lukewarm.

The opening situation: a crash, death, two children stranded in the Australian desert, Lilith Norman creates suspense through the uncertainty and indecision of the main character, Jack Clarke, but the course of action he takes, that is, to leave the crashed car, can be foreseen.

Throughout the novel I antici-

pated situations occurring and they did. The novel's plot seemed too familiar — almost clichéd.

Lilith Norman's characterisation is adequate but I felt that the character of Jack could have been more intense, more complex.

The part of the novel which really made an impact on me was the ending of Chapter Six. Here, Lilith Norman is intensely sincere and the character of Jack is totally real.

'Climb a Lonely Hill' lacks spontaneity. I would recommend the novel because it is enjoyable but not because it is a 'powerful first novel'.

—BELLA CONSTANTINIDIS, 4F.

"BREAD AND HONEY", by Ivan Southall

Anzac Day. High above on the cliff-top people marching and cheering and remembering. Everything normal? Not quite. Far below on the sand thirteen-year-old Michael Cameron, confused and desperate, is alone with a nine-year-old witch and a gang of bullies. Unlikely? The situation is very real indeed in Ivan Southall's new fiction book, 'Bread and Honey', the story of a boy and his fight to conquer the fears within himself — just as the Anzacs of old waged a battle on a distant shore. Michael could have been any one of us, for he is symbolic of the spirit of youth thrusting back the barriers of child-

hood and reaching out for maturity.

'Bread and Honey' is a small book, a revelation to both young readers and to those who have passed Michael's situation in life. I, myself, enjoyed it because of the magnetic suspense and the depth of character that Ivan Southall creates, and because it gave me a clearer picture of what Anzac Day really means.

The story of a young boy's valiant struggle and its value for the reader illustrate that 'Bread and Honey' is not just another sandwich. It is something more special.

—ANNE MUNROE, 4F.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE WORKSHOP SEMINAR AT S.C.E.G.G.S. FROM THE FORT STREET GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

A stimulating and thoroughly enjoyable day took place at S.C.E.G.G.S. on Saturday, 5th June, when senior librarians from 5th and 5th forms, met at a Workshop Seminar to discuss their problems and methods of working. The fact that students came from as far afield as Mittagong, Newcastle and

Wollongong proved that students felt the need to meet and discuss problems.

The topics for the morning session were "What value has the library and the library committee within the School?", followed by "The organisation of the library committee". The informal atmo-

sphere of the meeting created a background for free-flowing discussion which, always interesting and fruitful, never lagged for a moment.

The discussion on organisation of the library committee which was one field to which the group from Fort Street Girls' High School contributed, brought forth many interesting points. It was learnt for example, that the organisation varies from school to school. Some have a hierarchial system where first formers start with simple but necessary jobs and gradually, through the years, climb the ladder of success until they reach the important position of Senior Librarian, and perhaps the pinnacle — Chief Librarian. Other library committees are more egalitarian and democratic, where jobs may be done by all.

The system at Fort Street Girls' High School as explained by Susan McDonald leans rather towards the hierarchical one e.g., from 6th Form are drawn the Chief Librarian or sometimes two and the Senior Librarians, who are in charge of A.V. materials and also keep a general eye on all the various duties of the school librarians as well as teaching and helping them in any way they can. The 5th Formers carry out the following duties:—

Care of Borrowing System, Book and Non-Book, Filing of Borrowers' Cards, Filing in Catalogue Drawers, Carding Books, In charge of periodicals: (a) checking on arrival, (b) marking off in Periodical Catalogue, (c) Stamping and Storage. Cataloguing and Filing: (a) Scientific Americans, (b) History Today, (c) Appropriate Current Events from Newspapers.

The 4th Formers — processing new books and repairs, shelving books.

The 3rd Formers — manning the desk.

The 2nd Formers — Door duty, collection of borrowers' cards.

The 1st Formers — Dusting.

Tania May, the fifth former in charge of the "Scientific Americans" and offprints explained the method of dealing with these and likewise other periodicals such as History Today. The Scientific Americans are divided into two categories — the offprints and the monthly magazines. The offprints are numerically stored in pamphlet boxes of one hundred and catalogued according to subject on blue cards. When the periodicals arrive, they are taken to the science mistress who then gives us a list of the titles of the subjects to be catalogued on pink cards. The pink and blue cards, filed together in the catalogue are arranged alphabetically according to the subject. When a science teacher brings a group of senior science students to the library, my assistant and I instruct them in this method.

After morning tea, the group was divided into three sections which interchanged after 20 minutes. There were three activities in progress:—

(a) watching a film.

(b) A tour of the S.C.E.G.G.S. library.

(c) Displays and demonstrations.

The Library at S.C.E.G.G.S. is superb in lay-out, particularly in the field of audio-visual. The point of the film was to show the value and stimulation the library and the librarian can provide, through various media as a source of reference on a certain topic. The displays and demonstrations were related to the processing of books such as repairs and covering.

Susan McGregor and Carol Ible assisted by Caron Watson and Debbie Corrigan demonstrated two processes of covering books, paperbacks with contact, jackets with plastic. The books themselves, which were there as mere models to be covered created quite an amount of interest and a number of arguments arose about whether "Love Story" by Erich Segal should

be included in a high school library. For those who were so interested, the following list shows some of the thirty books.

Love Story, (Erich Segal); My Darling My Hamburger, (Paul Zindel); Tuned Out, (Maia Wojciechowsha); The Thundering Good Today, (J. M. Couper); The Vivesector, (Patrick White); Mathematics in the Modern World, (Readings from the Scientific American); Psychology, (Readings from the Scientific American); Molecular Biology of the Gene, (James D. Watson); Social Behaviour in Animals, (N. Tinbergen); Introductory Chemistry, (Lillian Hoagland Meyer); Economic Issues: Readings and Cases, (Campbell McConnell);

Physics: Fundamentals and Frontiers, (Stollberg and Hill); Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes, (Lilly Campbell); Shakespeare's — The Tragedies, (Alfred Harbage); Today's Isms, (William Ebenstein); Gens de France dans L'Histoire et La Litterature, (Brodin and Ernst); Asterix et les Normands, (Gosciny); Abbreviations Dictionary, (Ralph de Sola); Present Day Art in Australia, (ed. Mervyn Horton); Textile Printing, (Nora Proud); Direct Metal Sculpture, (Meilach and Seiden); The Next Australia, (Donald Horne); The Lonely Monk and Other Puzzles, (Ivan Morriss).

We also had a diagrammatic poster of the librarian's badge as well as the award which is

BIENNALE OF ILLUSTRATIONS BRATISLAVA CZECHOSLAVAKIA THE B.I.B.



For the first time, an Australian illustrator of Children's books will exhibit her work at B.I.B. 1971, in September. She is Annette Macarthur Onslow, author and illustrator of "Uhu" and "Minnie".

The B.I.B. which is allied to the International Board on Books for young people is held in Bratislava every two years. The aim is again the furtherance of quality in children's books.

This year over 340 illustrators from 40 countries will exhibit their work. With Australia coming in for 1971, these exhibits will come from countries scattered over five continents. The illustrators of the winning entries will receive a golden apple. There are also golden plaques and

honourary diplomas to be won. We wish Miss Macarthur Onslow every possible success at B.I.B. 1971.

presented annually to the Chief Student librarian as a mark of appreciation for her contribution to the school.

After lunch further discussions took place on multi-media resource centres and the value of audio-visual aids. The main point arising from this discussion was that there needed to be much more communication and interaction between the librarian and the staff. It was revealed that lack of audio-visual equipment is not peculiar to State schools alone. The Commonwealth Government has been fairly generous to State Schools in supplying audio-visual equipment, but there will always be need for more.

Mrs. Trask from the School of Librarianship at the University of N.S.W. and a Professor from Macquarie University the only two

adults who spoke during the day, congratulated the students and expressed their admiration for the success of the Seminar.

The day closed with the suggestion that similar meetings take place at regular intervals which, it was decided by all, would be of enormous value to student librarians and library committees.

The principal of S.C.E.G.G.S. Miss Chisholm, and the organisers of the Seminar Workshop were thanked for an effective, informative and stimulating day.

—SUSAN McDONALD.
SUZANNE MCGREGOR
CAROL IBLE.
TANIA MAY
CARON WATSON
DEBBIE CORRIGAN
MARY AMANTIADIS

THE SCHOOL is always very pleased to receive news from its students of earlier days. Recently Miss Constance Mackness, M.B.E., B.A., has been in touch with the school, sending us some precious photographs from the turn of the century, and her memories of her days at Fort Street School. Below is an extract from one of her letters to us.

"I was delighted to learn that Fort St. G.H.S. was still on Observatory Hill. I was very happy during my two years at Fort St. M.P.S., and I am only too delighted to know some of 1897 and 1898 (my years at F.S.) may be of value to to-day's Staff and Pupils.

I came from a lonely bush home and was therefore very shy, so I asked no questions. I therefore do not know whether it was just a high-school top in my time or had Primary Classes. All I saw were: my own class (Matric.) and Junior and Subjunior, which were taught in the one big class-room that is on the Harbour side of the building. The boys' (Principal Mr. J. W. (?) Turner) premises faced Fort St. We had nothing to do with them and practically never saw them. We heard their punishment at times, for it was out on the front piazza that canings (they sounded ferocious) were administered. Ice-cream

had just started replacing "hokey-pokey" on the carts that plied for sale in Sydney streets, and our chief and almost only friend below our secluded class, Florence Everett, would seek us out on our special seats, under the huge fig-trees in the playground to cry: "Listen! ice-cream on the front steps!! generous helpings, all free!" Florence was thin, fair, pretty, and always smartly and neatly dressed. She had two little sisters, but the younger of them died suddenly of appendicitis. The new name had just come in, for what had hitherto been called inflammation of the bowel and went on unhelped to peritonitis and death. Florence and Isobel came back to school, beautiful little pictures in new black frocks and I can't remember them getting back into coloureds — a heathenish custom that prevailed then. "Beware of grapes", Florence would say: "a hundred and you

miss out even on a tummy-ache; but the 101st has 'death' written inside its skin".

That playground, where she greeted us every day, was on the North side of the school; and at its western end were the toilets — not enough for so many girls, and all with water at the bottom of the pit that evidently carried the odoriferous waste into the harbour. Tales were rife of a recent tragedy at a school in the Western Suburbs, where the long bench with its lidded seats collapsed into the pit, and some of the children were drowned. We used the convenience with rumour-induced fear.

The Head-Mistress was Miss Ada Partridge, and we regarded her with some awe and more pity. The new Matriculation Class was up a short flight of steps at the N.E. corner of the building — a long narrow room with windows onto the playground, and her special den — a small, badly-ventilated room that opened at its S.E. end, so that it adjoined that front piazza of the boys' half of the school. In 1897 we occupied the whole of the long room, and Miss Partridge could come through it to her den when she wanted privacy. In 1898, our number was much smaller, and we were crowded into her den. We thought that our first teacher, Miss Evelyn Green, had been sent to sort out the material seeking secondary education and retain only those with the intellectual ability — the I.Q. — needed for it, and turn out those who had

been through every Primary grade, but had not the reasoning power to do the Mathematics — Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry — required for Matriculation. I think, however, that 1897 had had one predecessor at least: the class was in 2 divisions. Some girls had done part of the course, and others had just arrived as I had. Since I had passed the Junior while at a tiny bush school, I was set to work by myself; and Miss Green kindly found a few moments now and then to start me on Latin, French, Geometry and Algebra, the four subjects new to me. Then, she took her two divisions. I marvelled at her patience and kindness — the voice that was never raised impatiently, the helpful smile, the generous words of commendation. I had worked alone for my Junior, with just a few minutes of explanation now and then. Hence, I was quite happy with the few minutes she could spare me. It was her patience in trying to find some hope for the very dull that made me admire her. I think she was there for some months, then the wheat was sifted from the chaff; and the unfortunate girls for whom there was no course that suited their different types of brain were quietly told not to return, or else left of their own accord. Into poor Miss Partridge's den the rest of us were moved, and I was able to work with the class. And alas! Miss Green was gone and we had no chance of showing her how much we appreciated her."

Further letters have been received from Miss Mackness, and the School hopes to publish these at a later stage.

* * *

MRS. BLAKE (nee Hastie), attended Fort Street Girls' High School in 1896, and her home was at Spectacle Island. She was in the Matriculation class then, and remembers the Headmaster, Mr. Turner, Miss Ada Partridge, the Headmistress, and Miss Green, one of the teachers. Mrs. Blake also told us that in her class were the daughters of Henry Kendall. Having left Fort Street, Mrs. Blake then went to the Northern Territory, at the turn of the century, where she was a governess.

SPORT



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: Sharron Hawley (B), Roslyn Rider (K), Clare Schofield (Y), Louise Farrance (G).

Front Row: Glennis Brittain (B) Captain, Cherie Butler (K) Captain, Robyn Ford (Y) Captain, Sue McDonald (G) Captain.

COMBINED HOUSE REPORT

In keeping with the school tradition both swimming and athletics carnivals have been held during the year. All houses (Gloucester, York, Kent and Bradfield) were well represented and the display of colour on both occasions showed congratulations and thanks to all the girls who participated in the events arranged.

These days were valuable in that both student and teacher had the opportunity of seeing each other in a less academic light. At the swimming carnival the teachers were invited to participate in a cork scramble and a water polo match with the sixth formers while at the athletics carnival no student versus teacher events were arranged.

Apart from organised carnival

activities the girls have had the opportunity of participating in week-end sports such as basketball, hockey, softball and volley ball and in all cases results have been pleasing.

House spirit has also been encouraged within the school, with points awarded for the academic house point score, the Stella and Walton Forbes house trophy and for Debating, and it is to be hoped that house tradition will continue to play its role within the school.

Our thanks must go to Mrs. Brass and Miss Hinkley for their continued support throughout the year.

—ROBYN FORD, York.

SUE McDONALD, Gloucester.

CHERIE BUTLER, Kent.

GLENNIS BRITAIN, Bradfield.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1971

The Fort Street Girls' High School Annual Swimming Carnival was held on Monday, 1st March, at the Domain Olympic Pool. The weather was perfect for swimming, competition for points was very keen and each house was encouraged by the enthusiasm of its supporters.

The true test of the success of an event such as this is really the number of participants; 1971 carnival had far more entrants than the one held in 1970 — there were, in fact, 623 more points scored this year than last — so we can really claim a completely successful day.

The final event of the Carnival was a "water polo" match between the sixth form and the staff

"water babies" in response to a challenge issued by 6th Form (see below). The teams paraded in their "well chosen" outfits before the spectacular game, during which there were several "duckings". At the end of the game the members of the staff were presented with a trophy as a token of our appreciation of their gallantry.

Days such as this involve many hours of organisation — by the school administration; the P.E. staff; the general staff members; and many of the girls who assist. We can best demonstrate our appreciation by taking an active part in school carnivals.

—GAIL BORWICK, 6F, York.

THE CHALLENGE

We, the 6th Form FORTSTREAM WATER POLO TEAM, extend a challenge to the WATER BABIES of the staff, to a "sink or swim" polo match to be held on the 1st Day of the 3rd Month of the 71st Year of the 20th Century. Members of the team are to be suitably attired for the occasion and are expected to observe the rules to be stated on the day of the match.

ZONE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

5th Form represented the school as spectators at the Eastern Suburbs' Zone Swimming Carnival held at Heffron Park Pool, Maroubra, on March 12th. Four other schools were present and in the total point score, Randwick G.H.S. came first followed by Sydney G.H.S., Maroubra G.H.S., Dover Heights G.H.S. and Fort Street G.H.S.

Girls who performed well were Linda Fanto (2nd, 15 yrs. individual medley, 2nd, 15 yrs 50 metres butterfly, 1st, 15 yrs. 100 metres freestyle), Cheryl Wachholz (2nd, 17 yrs. individual medley), Vicki Noon (2nd, open 100 metres free-

style) and Glenda Cox (3rd open 100 metres freestyle).

The relay teams gained places too: the 15 yrs. team (Cheryle Lollback, Julie Bretherton, Penny Gregory, Linda Fanto) came 1st and the 17 yrs. team (Vivien Graham, Cherie Butler, Adrienne Leal and Cheryl Wachholz) came 3rd.

Although we were placed last in the points score, school spirit remained high and we congratulated our swimmers for their fine effort.

—LEAH LEVI, 5O.



SWIMMING REPRESENTATIVES TO G.S.S.S.A.
CARNIVAL

Glenda Cox, Linda Fanto, Cheryl Wachholz

CONDITIONS FOR AWARD OF MERIT

"Each candidate, dressed in costume and ordinary walking attire minus boots and coat, must perform the following tests—

- (a) Carry a person a distance of 20 yards.*
- (b) Swim 200 yards (I) on breast (II) on back, using arms and legs (III) any stroke — 600 yards in all.*
- (c) Undress on the surface of the water.*
- (d) Dive from the surface of the water to a depth of five feet, and raise and land a weighted object.*
- (e) Dive neatly from 2 heights (I) 5 feet (II) 8-10 feet.*
- (f) Perform three of the following movements (I) motionless floating (II) plunging 35 feet (III) sculling 30 feet (IV) propellor 20 feet (V) torpedo 25 feet (VI) two backward and forward somersaults (VII) any other movement selected by the candidate.*

The whole of the tests to be taken in the order taken — one minute rest between each test."

The Fortian 1908.



SCHOOL CHAMPIONS, 1971

Back Row: Marguerite Stone (Senior Athletics), Bronwynne Butchard (Jnr. Athletics), Linda Fanto (Jnr. Swimming), Cheryl Wachholz (Sr. Swimming).

Front Row: Carla Giuseppini and Denise Watson (Sub-Junior Athletics), Rosslyn Morrison (Jr. Athletics).



SPORTING REPRESENTATIVES

Bronwynne Butchard — Zone Netball Representative

Sue Commons — Area Hockey Representative

Lyn Archer — Area Netball Representative

SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

Age	Freestyle — 100 m. 50 m.	Backstroke Breaststroke	Butterfly
12	S. Harrod A. Broomhead	S. Harrod C. Palmer	K. Geribo Sub-junior
13	———— K. Geribo	A. Baldwin K. Geribo	————
14	M. O'Keefe M. O'Keefe	M. O'Keefe M. O'Keefe	L. Fanto Junior
15	L. Fanto L. Fanto	L. Fanto L. Fanto	
16	V. Noon E. Liesis	E. Liesis L. Farrance	C. Wachholz Senior
17	C. Wachholz C. Wachholz	C. Wachholz C. Wachholz	

Open 100 m. Freestyle — L. Fanto

200 m. Individual Medley — L. Fanto

100 m. Championship — Subjunior — L. Hamilton; Junior — L. Fanto
Senior — C. Wachholz.

Outstanding competitors in Zone Swimming Carnival were: Linda Fanto, Cheryl Wachholz, Vicki Noon and Glenda Cox.

SPORTS CARNIVAL RESULTS

Age	100 m. 200 m.	Hurdles Discus	Javelin Shot Put	High Jump Long Jump
12	C. Giuseppini C. Giuseppini	C. Clarke C. Clarke	V. Collins T. Calafatis	I. Vlahovich I. Vlahovich
(2nd)	A. Golfis C. Clarke	M. Said V. Collins	C. Clarke A. D. Georgio	C. Giuseppini C. Giuseppini

SPORTS CARNIVAL RESULTS

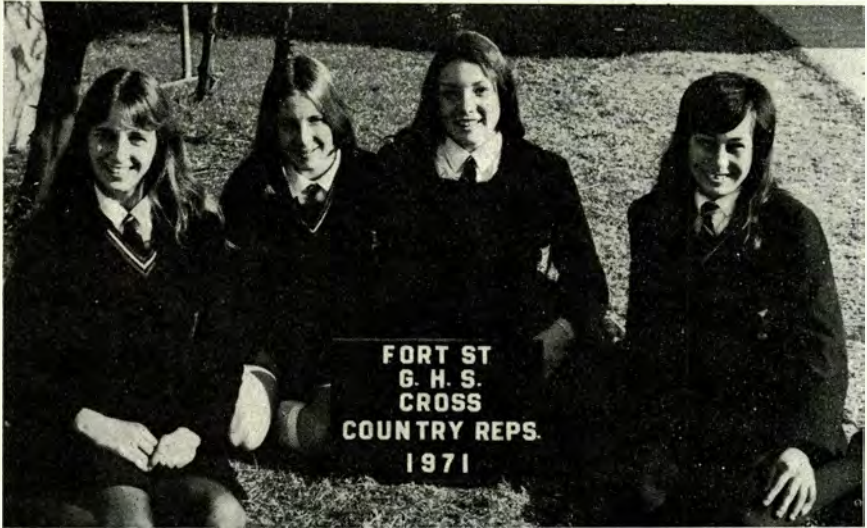
Age	100 m. 200 m.	Hurdles Discus	Javelin Shot Put	High Jump Long Jump
13	D. Watson D. Watson	J. Dorizas T. Seldon	S. Macrow C. England	D. Watson D. Scott
(2nd)	D. Scott K. Mirvald	A. Whitling S. Macrow	T. Van de Wetering A. Retsinias	S. Macrow D. Roberts
14	R. Morrison R. Morrison	N. Murray M. O'Keefe	S. Johnston M. O'Keefe	T. Wern } M. Moriatis } N. Murray
(2nd)	N. Murray S. Johnston	R. Morrison V. Hammond	G. Read G. Read } L. Cahill }	————— R. Morrison
15	B. Butchard B. Butchard	B. Butchard L. Jewell	L. Jewell L. Jewell	B. Butchard B. Butchard
(2nd)	C. Wanke C. Wanke	C. Wanke J. Bretherton	J. Bretherton J. Bretherton	C. Wanke C. Wanke
16	A. Theodosi A. Theodosi	M. Stone M. Stone	R. Goldberg C. Smith	M. Stone M. Stone
(2nd)	K. Filbee C. Cocks	K. Filbee R. Goldberg	M. Rich M. Stone	A. Theodosi J. McPherson
17	G. Borwick G. Borwick	J. Williams R. Rider	R. Laverack S. McDonald	N. Northey S. Hawley
(2nd)	S. Hawley S. Hawley	S. Hawley G. Brittain	C. Wachholz J. Walker } C. Wachholz }	J. Williams B. Wood

Open 100 Metres

- 1st — R. Morrison
- 2nd — A. Theodosi
- 3rd — K. Filbee

Open 400 Metres

- 1st — R. Morrison
- 2nd — S. Miller
- 3rd — J. Bretherton



Michelle Vatner, Denise Watson, Bronwynne Butchard, Debbie Thelming.

SPORTS CARNIVAL RESULTS

Open 400 metres walk

- 1st — C. Wachholz
 2nd — M. Trotter
 3rd — F. Koorey

Captain Ball

- Subjunior — Kent
 Junior — Gloucester
 Senior — Bradfield

Subjunior champion } C. Guiseppini
 } D. Watson

- Junior champion — B. Butchard
 Senior champion — M. Stone
 Open champion — R. Morrison

ATHLETICS — SWIMMING RESULTS

	Bradfield	Gloucester	Kent	York
Swimming	229 points	347 points	379 points	205 points
Athletics	594 points	683 points	589 points	484 points
Swimming Relay	—	Sub-junior and senior	—	Junior
Athletics Relay	Senior	Sub-junior and junior	—	—



SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM, 1971

Back Row: Janine Anderson, Sue Carmudie, Sheree Kereopa, Vicki Hammond, Karen Mirvald, Megan Churches, Jan McPherson, Glenda Read, Christine May, Helen Efstathiou, Carlene Primmer, Ruth Baker.

Front Row: Debbie Mason, Carol Carmudie, Wendy Porter, Sue Commons, Joanne Vardy.



TENNIS TEAM

Rosalind Rider, Lorraine Theobald, Lynne Roberts.

HOCKEY 1971

The senior Hockey team was quite a success this year. The team played at Rushcutters Bay, and finished second in the competition with seven wins out of twelve games played.

The girls in the team were Wendy Porter, Mica Kyparissis, Jan McPherson, Loina Turton, Christine May, Karen Mirvaia, Megan Churches, Jennifer Hornery, Carol Carmudie, Susan Carmudie and Vicki Hammond.

As some of the girls are leaving this year, I hope the response will continue to ensure that Fort St. is well represented next year.

—CAROL CARMUDIE, 5W.



Back Row: Loretta Hamilton, Wallyn Mar, Robyn Laverack, Anne Broomehead.
Front Row: Michelle O'Keefe, Debbie Eury, Sharon Kirby, Carol Palmer
(with board.)

SOFTBALL REPORT 1971

This season the school was represented by two teams in the N.S.W. Women's Softball Association competition held every Saturday mornng at Moore Park. The Fort Street I team played in "A" reserve grade and the Fort

Street II team in "B" reserve grade. Unfortunately the teams were not as successful as we hoped but nonetheless they made their presence felt by their good sportsmanship and their true Fortian spirit.



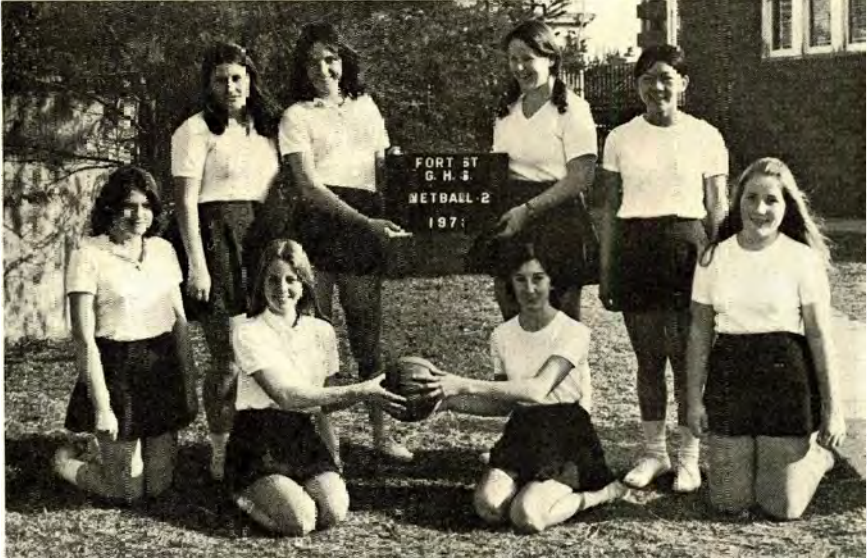
Back Row: Vicki Speros, Cheryl Lolback, Bronwynne Butchard, Joanne Kable.
Front Row: Akivz Bourns, Lyn Archer, Sjaan Heider.

Many of the girls are new to the game but have been playing remarkably well and have gained valuable experience from the season.

The team wishes to express its thanks to the school for the new

equipment. On my behalf I would like to thank the girls for the co-operation and pleasure that they have given me during my captaincy and I wish them well for next season.

—ROBYN LAVERACK, G.



Standing: Julie Ratcliff, Christa Wanke, Karen McLean, Pamela Seehoo.
Kneeling: Cheryl Setches, Rosslyn Morrison, Karen Marshall, Sharon Jones.



Deidre Scott, Lynette Tumminello, Cheryl Watson, Penny Selden, Michele Wade, Ailsa Gordon.

NETBALL REPORT, 1971

This year we were able to form 4 netball teams to play in the Saturday Morning competition at Moore Park. The teams 1 to 4 were graded into grades "A", "B", "C" and "D" respectively. Unfortunately our "A" grade team lost in

the finals, however the "C" grade team were runners-up in their grade. We wish to thank and give our appreciation to Mrs. Lonergan for giving up her spare time to come and coach the teams.

—VICKY SPEROS, 4R.



Debbie Kable, Toni Seldon, Christine Hayward, Cheryl Clarke, Sandra Harrod.

1971 VOLLEYBALL REPORT

The competition this year, due to the increase in school participation, was held in two divisions. Fort Street team along with six other schools, played in our own gymnasium, while five other schools from outer lying areas played at Homebush Boys' High School.

Our team played well throughout the competition with only one defeat going to Caringbah. Fort Street came second in our division which then enabled us to play in the final round with the top three teams from the Fort Street Division and the top two teams from the Homebush Division. Here again we all played well and received overall third place.

In the Eastern Suburbs Zone Volleyball Team, Fort Street had a very good representation. Five girls — Kerry Beatty, Carolyn Coffey, Jill Murray, Nola Murray and Debbie Williams — were all chosen in the team which was captained by Nola Murray. Eastern Suburbs came fifth in the Inter-Zone Championship held at the University of N.S.W.

FORT STREET VOLLEYBALL TEAM:

Kerry Beatty, Carolyn Coffey, Za-Za Morfitis, June Morris, Anne Murdoch, Jill Murray, Nola Murray (Capt.), Debbie Williams.

—NOLA MURRAY.



Back Row: Za Za Morfitis, Anne Murdoch, Kerry Beatty, Debbie Williams, Nola Murray.
Front Row: Carolyn Coffey, Jill Murray.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

SERVITUDINEM

If men must send their kind to kill their kind;
 If they must take up arms to fight the foe;
 If they their eyes with splendid victory blind:
 Then always will the plight of some be so—
 In masked servitude are these men held,
 Their lives and bodies others do command.
 Even some thoughts they have, are ordered quelled:
 Their souls they play, are in God's mighty hand.
 But if the masters of these bonded men
 Could settle themselves their quarrels small;
 Theirs are the fights to fight, with sword or pen;
 Then they alone would take the chance to fall.
 But some want power, want to be supreme
 This all they want, then small indeed they seem.

—VICKI BOURNE, 5th Form.

CITY BACK STREET

Dusk approached. The stifling heat of the summer afternoon retreated through the rusty and brittle wrought-iron.

A gentle, exhausted breeze stilled between the thread-bare washing which flapped quietly on squeaky clothes-lines. Soft wind continuously flaked off the discoloured, grimy paint from the walls of identical terrace houses. The narrow lane was littered with

refuse overflowing from battered garbage cans. Scrawling telephone wires criss-crossed above torn, crooked fences, which surrounded small, unkept garden plots.

As the cloudless sky darkened, and the countless masses of glittering stars twinkled sleepily above, a small tug-boat could be heard in the distance, returning home over the murky harbour.

—DIANNA COUTTS, 2nd Form.

DROUGHT

The land is bare and barren,
 The earth's crust is cracked and thirsty,
 Carcasses of dead animals lying everywhere.
 Nearly dead animals are
 Lying near empty waterholes
 Waiting for certain death
 Under the scorching sun;
 Trees are charred and bare,
 There's not a blade of grass to be seen:
 This is drought,
 Drought is a killer,
 Drought means certain death.
 Rain is the only answer,
 It will not give back life to the dead,
 But, it shall put grass on the earth
 Fill the waterholes and,
 Make the trees bloom again,
 Rain is a giver,
 Rain means life to everything.

—LYNETTE LENNARD, 2nd Form



—SUSAN RYMAN, 4th Form.

LORD

I am what the wind is,
 I live like a lord.
 I see the world as it passes,
 But I dominate it.
 I rule the trees and grass,
 Yet none admires my skill.
 They shun me in their coats,
 And shiver when I pass.

—VERONIQUE HELMREICH-MARSILIEN, 1st Form.

VIKING

The creaming foam of the longship's prow
 Bearing me on to the red gold sky
 Over the fish-groves, over the sea-land
 Under the seamen's moaning cry
 Stiff sheets scream as the sail soars skyward
 Timbers creak to the hull in the deep
 The long prow sails on towards the sunset
 Warrior features drowned in sleep
 The plain of the sea transformed to mountains
 The hardy foam-maker travels on
 Through the mountains and over the valleys
 Towards the land of the setting sun
 The low shore standing square on the bow
 Red sky glowing, fading, dying
 The silver ship slides along the silver creek
 Town is fired, women . . . ailing . . . crying.

—SUSAN COMMONS, 5th Form.

STATUS SYMBOLS

For a man to use material possessions as his status symbol is perhaps forgivable but the real sin is to present himself as his status symbol to present his body, soul and being — the very essence of himself as a thing superior.

The "status symbol school", is that set of people who call themselves "the ethically minded few"; they denounce the very idea of the status symbol as applied to a man. They humbly say that to use yourself as a status symbol is wrong. And yet, after all is said and done, the "anti-status symbol set" feels smug and superior through their very ingenuity of thinking of anti-status symbolism. They use their denunciation of the status symbol as a status-symbol within itself. And this is where they are wrong — terribly wrong.

"All men are created equal". This quotation can be viewed sarcastically and cynically because it is the mode with many to view idealism with this "modern" attitude. But is this right? Is it basically

correct to say that all men are NOT equal? Surely with today's social status symbols this negative attitude can be justified.

The word equal is bandied about and corrupted by the "social set" until they appear more equal and they use this equality as their status symbol.

The factor common to status symbols — material or not — is the total lack of any basis for a status symbol. The feeling of superiority and the need to advertise this superiority through a symbol are both rootless. They stem from nothing — absolutely nothing.

Through this jungle of status seeking one thing becomes crystal clear:

There should be no need for discriminating status. All men should be equal. If this was so, the symbol would serve no purpose: it would not represent anything at all.

—But all men are not equal . . .

—BELLA CONSTANTINIDIS,
 4th Form

WATER

A violent storm broke above the choppy waters. The waves leapt high trying to lift their great mass from the ocean floor to the weathered cliff face above them. Whirlpools gathered the broken, limp pieces of weed that had lain dormant for so long on the sandy bottom. New currents ran away up a stream, playing havoc with the pebbles and bones of dead fish that had never been disturbed since the calm water let them sink to an unknown future.

For death was riding this storm.

This storm was the worst since the waters grew calm after the great flood. The currents that had formerly held only seaweed now swirled a macabre jumble of the dead and dying.

The water was no longer a cool and inviting blue. It looked now

as if all the filth and death from hell had been sent up to the surface with all the elements collaborating with the Prince of Darkness.

No more did the sea-gulls skim across the water looking for fish. No longer did the foam of waves beckon the rocks to join their games. No longer did slender pieces of driftwood slide up to the beach. For this storm meant death. Death to whatever it could grasp with its cold, clammy feelers. The wood was smashed to pieces. The gulls cowered from the strength of the waves. The foam pounded the rocks in a barrage of white and blue.

And as the storm passed over, a trail of death and destruction was left behind.

—KARON FILBEE, 4th Form.

VIRGIN SNOW

December.

Winter.

A bleak and arid cold, the trees

All bare in leaves

Littering the dark gray streets;

Until Oh! the snow.

Then came the snow.

Reluctant at first, then

In volumes of soft white petals,

Polarizing light from sun-split clouds

And dissolving

The white mountains of calcium carbonate

Into a milky precipitate.

'Robyn, Fiona, snow, snowing!'

Dancing, dizzy, arms wide, floating.

Beckoning, urging,

Eager to touch and feel

Embraced in white confetti.

Even the hills in allegro

Arabesque with trees

In ghostly port de bras.

Mouths open, tongues tasting snowdrops,

Evanescent crystals of glittering ice,

Lost forever in thermal fusion.

—M. BRENDER.

Mr. Brender, a Canadian, was on the staff during second term.

SNOW

Soft, silent it falls.

City day, noise, grime, dirt, slush,

Softly it covers.

—SUSAN COMMONS, 5th Form.

NIGHT

The night is dark and silent
 But there's tension in the air
 The cheeky bats are squeaking
 And fluttering everywhere,
 I walk with caution up the hill
 To where the castle lies.
 I feel the danger in the air
 But my terror, I try to hide.
 I see him now in cape of black
 Standing before me there,
 I cannot escape his slimy touch
 Or his mocking cruel stare.
 I strike bravely onward,
 Towards the looming terror
 Where in a dungeon I shall lie,
 Forever and forever.

—LINDA BELL, 1st Form.

"DESCRIPTION OF MY NEIGHBOUR"

His hair which was parted in the middle with short back and sides was a deep shade of violet. His eyes were very deepset with a tint of a sickly yellow and they were very, very bloodshot. His cheeks were mere suggestions on his face. His lips were like two lengths of string. His teeth, if you wanted to call them that, were like a row of a broken jagged ends of bottles.

His voice sounded like two sheets

of coarse sandpaper being rubbed together.

His awkward body was like that of a young sapling: the ribs were impressions upon his tight, ill-fitting shirt. His pants were halfway up the calves of his legs.

When he walked he reminded me of a terrified rat scuttling along at a terrific pace, and looking at him you would expect to hear his bones rattling in a case. His feet were badly pigeon-toed.

DEBRA ASTILL, 3rd Form.

SEARCHING

I looked.

The penetrating eyes which pierced from the start,
 Were looking, digging through me.
 I tried to look inside him,
 Reveal his inmost self and thoughts.
 For, after all, what can you learn from words.
 Betraying words, revealing lies, a plastic face
 'Put-on' to hide the inner feelings.

I realised.

Those eyes would not reveal,
 For fear they be betrayed.
 They'd never dare let strangers in,
 For strangers couldn't keep the secrets
 Meant for only one — only one could understand
 The meaning captured in those eyes.

Perhaps.

Inside his mind, the same portrayal of an image
 Wrought from dreams and thoughts,
 For outside views of others are betraying views
 To satisfy till doors are opened.
 Again I looked and saw him in a different light,
 My handmade doll, turned real,
 But just as the door was opened,
 It had closed — for only I must see and know.

—PIYI GIANNOULIS, 3rd Form.

NEED

Look on, look on with thirst you civilized human forms; ghosts of humanity.
Death's pulsating limbs have hypnotised.
That primitive thirst for blood has gripped you,
Led you on, despised,
To gaze unceasingly as he dies,
Do not heed his plaintive calls; don't step forward to help.
No, rather leave unbroken your long record of callous nothings;
Your listenings without heeding,
Your gazing without helping,
His numbing feelings counterbalanced by your very own.
Dare we to call ourselves civilized?
Rather spurn civilization than be a part of it
For still has it to teach man compassion, love, humility;
To put man in his proper place in his universe,
Where civilization thinly covers his equality with the smallest creatures of
the earth.
Callousness melts away, tears flow too late,
The act that turned to stone that frail, gentle heart
That act of hate . . . goes unsolicited.
Afterall, man is civilized!
He is dead.
No more man's inhumanity.
The thin veneer cracked to expose man's baseness,
Civilization disguises it again.

—LYNETTE GEORGE, 5th Form.

THOUGHTS OF WAR

As I sit and look at my diary
Alone here in my room,
I think of the homeless orphans,
And the soldiers that have many wounds.
They trudge on endlessly,
Only one thought in their minds,
Will this go on day after day,
This horrible thing called war!

—JUDY MENCZEL, 1st Form.

RIKKI

The name echoes hollowly
In my thoughts
Where she seems to be.
Shining, sunlit hair
Cascades to her knees
In a silver fury.
Hypnotic hazel eyes;
Enchantment,—
Their fourth dimension.
How
Can so slight a nymph
Steal my capture heart?

—MEGAN CHURCHES, 3rd Form.

THE MIGRANTS

He clutches his mother's shaking hand.
He searches her tearful eyes.
They stand in the wind and rain on the street
The people, just pass them by.
They've nowhere to stay and nowhere to go.
Alone in a city so new.
Their worldly possessions held in two hands.
That's life for these "privileged" few.

—DIANNA COUTTS, 2nd Form.

LANGUAGE

A contribution from Miss M. Petersen, an American teacher at present on the staff.

Once in every century there emerges a truly great artist, as gifted with words as with paints. Anyone who has seen the brilliant drawings that have emerged from my Geography classes knows the quality of my work and will bother to read no further. It is to those who have heretofore missed these pleasures that I dedicate this work.

The suggested topic for this text was "Education in the U.S.A. After having studied this at great length and considered all aspects of the topic, I dismissed the whole thing as a subject that would be as boring for me to write as for you to read.

With the help of a closely knit group of friends I sought new topics. Some of the numerous suggestions included "My Impressions of Australia", "The Slaughtering of Giant Turtles in the West Indies", "How to Raise Birds, Dogs and Children", "The Political Implications of Voltaire's Writings" and "How to gain a Place of the Best-Dressed List on only \$50,000 a year". However, for reasons too numerous to mention I was forced to discard these ideas and settle on an intellectual subject in keeping with the calibre of this publication . . . "How to Say What you Mean and, With Luck, be Understood".

I have faced this problem in several circumstances and I am aware that most of you often face it. Being understood, is something we take for granted. Yet how many times have you tried to explain something to a parent and also to a friend and got two different reactions? This is the result of a misunderstanding of what has been said. It is a basic problem we all face with the language of today. When I first encountered it, I assumed it was a result of the generation gap. Now I am convinced that this misunderstanding is the

result of different languages.

English may be our mother tongue, but the problems that develop after birth often multiply as rapidly as measles. I personally have had to learn to understand many English-like languages. In fact, I even speak several myself.

As a result of my childhood environment, I speak Texan fluently. As some of you might know, this in itself, is quite an accomplishment. I have also been forced to learn smatterings of American and enough Australian to be understood — occasionally. At this point I question the calibre of the Australian that I have learned because I have doubts, at times, about being understood in classes.

Another of the different language groups I have mastered is the adult language and teenage language. Although, on first examination, they may appear similar, they are vastly different in nature. I make this observation after having mastered both during my life. A major distinction is that adult language is that which is to be quoted; teenage language is that which is to be ignored. In years past, when I was able to call myself a teenager, I was aware of nothing more than a general deafness and obstinance in the adults I knew, whenever I spoke.

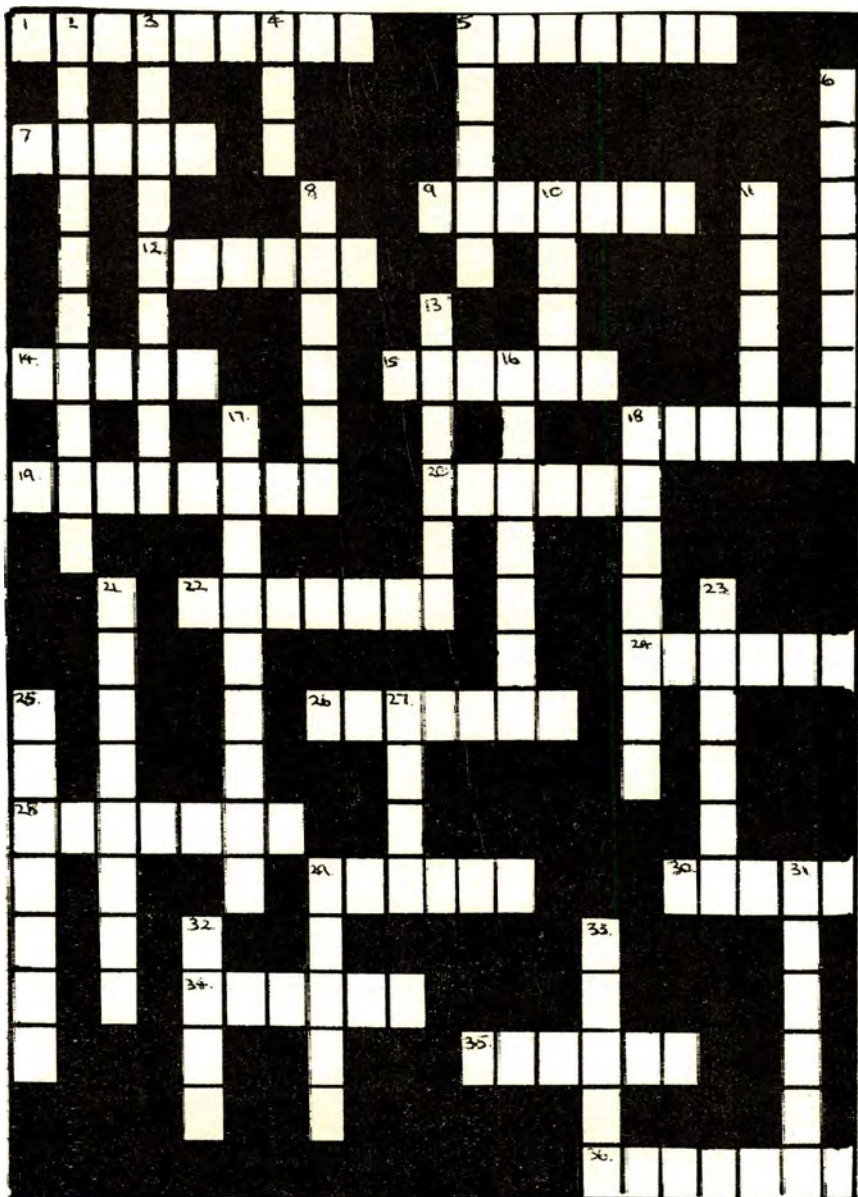
As a speaker of fluent adult today, I have noted vast changes in that language. It is now a language of sensibilities, wise words and instant sanity. Amazing the change that can take place in whole language structure in just a few short years!

There is a moral in this whole idea, but I'm not sure whether it would come out the same, in the languages at my discretion. So I will only add that if you want to be understood, one picture is worth a thousand words.

WHO IS IT?

Test your knowledge of the staff,
It's only for a little laugh.
So get out all the pens and ink
And see if you can really think.

(In case you need a helpful clue,
Anything in brackets is a hint for you.)
So go ahead and try it out.
And see how much you know about —
Our Staff.



ACROSS

1. Czechoslovakian.
5. "Riding along on a pushbike, honey."
7. Pride goeth before a _____ (Proverb).
9. I'm so gay, I couldn't be merrier Thursday's Debating Club with Miss _____.
12. Everyone wants to go to Paris, Does Lab Assistant Mrs. _____?
14. We're out for some fun, out for a lark, let's go to Latin with Mrs. _____.
15. School photographer and ambulance.
18. Driver of a cart. (Dictionary definition).
19. Comes from "Deep in the Heart of Texas".
20. Wrote "The First Hundred Years".
22. Art Club.
24. A secret Latin teacher.
26. Part of her name is abundant on the beach.
28. Speeding on his way to school, driving in his car, Who is it at our school, that prefers a Jaguar?
29. Mined at Broken Hill.
30. Percussion, strings, woodwind.
34. Visited France in January, 1970.
35. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Drama).
36. "Where would this school be without me?" (Quote).

DOWN

2. Part of her name is found in the rhyme "good, _____, best".
3. Often keeps her EYE on the playground (236).
4. Something original, that's the clue, Someone at our school, it's Mrs.—
5. There are two of these.
6. Canadian.
8. Our one-day-a week teacher.
10. Who is it that we all know? It surely must be Mrs. _____
11. Dutch.
13. Music.
16. The end of her name is what Oliver Twist wanted.
17. Toured England, Scotland and Ireland last year.
18. Consistently gives First Formers a good grounding.
21. Science teacher with long blonde hair.
23. Who is our most famous printer? It's one of the clerks, it's Mrs.—
25. Advertises ETA (923).
27. "I'll just tell you about the ladies on the wall" (Quote).
29. Made a comeback in the Art Department after three years in Canada.
31. Who would know if the weather's cloudy? Geography Mistress, Mrs. _____
32. Secret Agent 007.
33. End of her name is what many teachers need to say.

—LOLA RALEC and PAULA ARRIGO,
4th Form.

INDIA, 1971

I am a Pakistani mother, and I live in India. My youngest child, a girl of two, died, yesterday, so, we moved on. My husband complained of severe pains in the stomach. Everywhere I look, I see death and disease. Next morning my husband is dead. So, we move on. We pitch our dilapidated tent and eat the last of our food. I am worried for my children, and I pray to God, that they may live. My children are all I've got. Their little eyes look at me and my heart breaks again and again. I send them to bed. What is bed? A skimpy bit of blanket over their bodies. In the night I hear my

eldest, quietly sobbing to herself. I wish the ground would open up and swallow me. I wish . . . Oh! how many times I wish. Morning comes and I wake them, all but one. I know by the peaceful look on his face that he is dead. Only two children left. Again, my heart weeps. So, we move on. I ask myself again, why must they endure this pain? Why must they watch their family slowly get smaller? Three days later my last children are dead. I find them clinging to each other in love. So I lay down to die.

—KIM BROOKS, 1st Form.

THE WATERFALL

Invigorating as it falls down the mountain side,
Cool and clear, fresh and alive.
Making your mind pure
Livening your body.
Giving you a happy feeling as it rolls and collides.

—SHARON HARMAN, 1st Form.

THE GENERATION GAP

All hail the Generation Gap! Plague of the cavemen and the Romans and the modern age, the most controversial item of human relationship. The impossible valley between the two hills of youth and age. The line between search and discovery, and (as some would have it), between folly and sapience. The cause of arguments and sorrow, the rift in the lute, the irreparable crack in the priceless vase of society.

Whatever one may like to call the Generation Gap, there is no denying its persistence even from the time of the Creation. Did not Adam and Eve, like rebellious teenagers, disobey their Father's orders and eat the fruit of a sacred tree in his garden? The long history of the Generation Gap had begun.

One can easily imagine the multifarious arguments between age and youth that occurred in pre-historic times — to take but one example, is it not true that the cave paintings we have today were, without doubt, created by strong-headed teenagers who, regardless of their parents' feelings, painted pictures on their bedroom walls just as we do today?

Evidence of the Generation Gap can be found in ancient Roman society. One can imagine the inevitable friction between the militaristic elders of the community and the rebellious spirit of youth. The famous orator, Cicero, could well have been speaking of his teenage son or daughter when he sighed,

"Intemperate youth brings to age a worn out body".

Indeed, it was the same gentleman who declared,

"Rashness is a quality of youth, prudence, of old age", as if to say that he could not understand why EVERYONE was not wise.

And so it continued through the centuries — the prejudice, the misunderstanding, the arguments — as the Generation Gap became wider and deeper until it reached its greatest expanse so far in the modern ages. Perhaps it is so great now because at last, we, the young are permitted to speak out against our elders, thus increasing what was once a one-sided argument. Yet the fault that causes the Generation Gap lies equally on both sides. The young can be disobedient and disrespectful of their elders and the latter can refuse to attempt to understand the problems of youth, merely saying, "You'll learn, you'll learn", or perhaps, "Times have changed. When I was young"

The most useful angle from which to view the Generation Gap, however, is to say that it has NOT existed since the creation, but that it is only a figment of modern invention, a product just like the miraculous washing powder or the super-spreadable butter that is put on the market and happens to survive. The name was created by young and old alike as an excuse for an inability to understand each other — if a person declares, "I just can't understand you", the immediate answer is, "Never mind, it's the Generation Gap". Just like saying, "Never mind it's super-suds washing powder". The Generation Gap has become a name,

a name that has little meaning at face value. It is better to look upon the problem as a difficulty in communications between people, not between generations.

Yet the point is, that if the "Generation Gap" (for want of a better name) has been created by man, it can be bridged by man. Why is it, we ask, that teenagers cannot see themselves as people, living in a sane world, not as radicals or revolutionaries or teenagers? Why is it that adults consider themselves wise old adults, not merely as people? This is where the bridge over the "Gap", the "bridge over troubled water", can be used. That bridge is tolerance, a tolerance

that goes hand in hand with love and understanding. By only a small effort on both sides of the gap, parents and teenagers can see each other as people, as friends with whom they can share the pleasures of the world, and not as traditional enemies. Such understanding is surely a trait of a well balanced society.

Only when there is tolerance in every individual family, in every individual, young or old, will there be a well-balanced society. Only when the gap is bridged will the human race cease to be split by the fallacious rift that is the Generation Gap.

—ANN MUNROE, 4th Form.

EUTHANASIA or "MERCY KILLING"

At the hospital, 1 a.m.:— a distraught mother weeps over the deformed, disfigured body of her child. Is she weeping for the life of distress, hardship and endurance she now must lead, or is she weeping for the life of her child which will always be far from normal?

She is faced with a problem. Will she take the life of the child or will she let it live a happy life in a world of its own? Killing the child would be straight out murder, but perhaps living would be worse than hell. The mother wonders whether her conscience can live with the guilt of taking life or whether her body can cope with the pain and strain of bringing up a spastic child.

This is a common case, provoking the question of euthanasia. Today many spastic children are enjoying a life of fantasy, not realising that they are in any way different from other children. The mother of a spastic, autistic or mentally retarded child should not reject her maternal duties but show the child more love, patience and understanding than she would a normal child. For after all, who are we to decide the fate of a

new creature? Many people overcome by self-pity and selfishness cannot think objectively on this subject because they fear too much burden and responsibility is placed on their shoulders.

Around the hospital corner in Ward B1 are the patients destined to die from cancer and other incurable diseases. They are defenceless against cancer which slowly eats their bodies away. Their life cannot be healed, only prolonged. Even so, I feel that every minute of their life is precious and so any treatment that can prolong their lives is valuable. In Ward B2 are the patients in pain or under sedation. One again pauses to think about the value of their lives of misery. People in pain, or in a state of delirium often wish they were dead — but under these conditions who would 'nt?

I don't think man can take it upon himself to decide who should live or die. If a person really wants to die, then he can do so — by taking his own life in suicide, but as it stands euthanasia is just a nice way of saying homicide.

—LORRAINE THEOBALD,
5th Form.

'THE SUMMER''

Slowly, the mellow sun slips across the horizon.
Its soothing rays reflecting on the rippling water.
A boat drifts lazily out to sea.
Inside, warmed by the sun, and drained of all strength
I lie exhausted; listening to the lapping of the waves.

—KRISTINE PEDLER, 3rd Form.

A LEAF

You lie there so dead,
Crumpled and withered,
Tortured by the continual hounding of feet.
Alone:
Your world has fallen
You have fallen
The inner you no longer exists.
Once, you lived,
You flew with the wind,
Rattled in the trees.
No-one but you, knew
You existed.
You were there.
You lived
The inner you — feeling — existed
But now you are dead,
To be cremated in a furnace,
Swept away as rubbish;
Burnt as rubbish,
And no-one will know you were there.
Just a leaf on a tree
A tiny fragment of a large world.

—LYN GRIFFITHS, 3rd Form.

A TRIBUTE TO WILLPOWER

His proud face wincing with pain, his muscles strained almost beyond endurance, his body exhausted from effort, and his mind in turmoil, the last few yards of the race stretched ahead of him like indestructable coils of elastic.

Did he hear the roaring crowd cheering him on, to that dazzling white tape shimmering before him? Did he see in their faces their concern for the pain he bore?

He stumbled, the earth rose to

meet him with a resounding crash. Others passed him on their way to victory. His mind and body staged their final conflict. Slowly he dragged himself to his feet, his will to finish the race, driving him on.

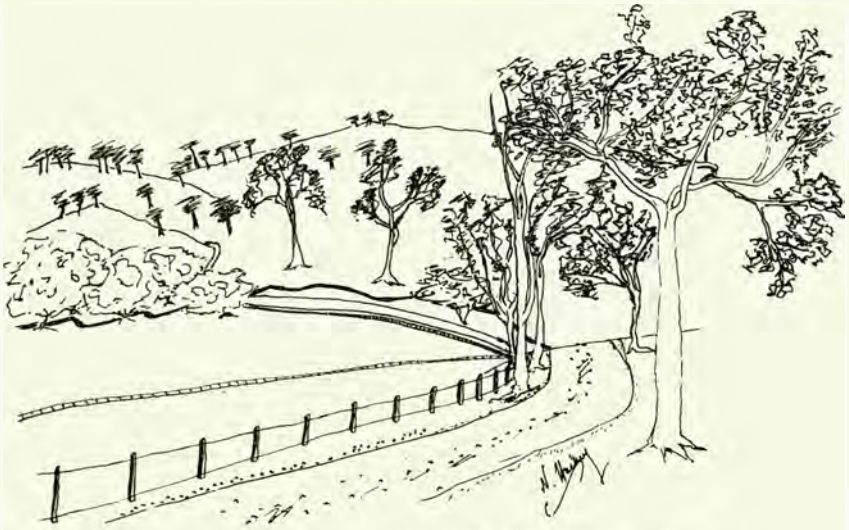
The hysterical crowd milled around him as he crossed that line. His face glowed in the knowledge that he had triumphed over failure.

—DIANNA COUTTS, 2nd Form.

SPIDER

Creepy, crawly, sticky and black,
Sliding along that beautiful trap.
Sneaky, cheeky, slimy and sleeky.
Notorious for his wicked thieving.
Unknowing, so trusting, innocent and carefree
Coming towards that alluring web
Helpless, for now he's trapped.

—LINDA BELL, 1st Form.



—NANCY HOCKEY, 4th Form.

WIDDEN VALLEY

Twenty miles from Denman, by roads of gravel dust
 Where pastures are of vivid green and the soil as metals' rust.
 Past infant vines and river flats, past fields of oats and maize.
 There lies a stud of world renown, where thoroughbreds, breed and graze.

Here stand three horses, side by side—
 Different, yet the same—
 Champions on the racecourse,
 Their names immersed in fame.

But now their life is far from fast,
 They live with racing in the past
 To-day they spend a life of ease,
 The only rush a summer breeze.

The foals, with coats of lustrous sheen,
 Frolic in verdant space,
 Proud progeny of tomorrow.
 That have been bred to race
 And prove their worth — yet still maintain
 Their dignity and grace.

Yes, lively Widden Valley,
 Environment unsurpassed,
 With thoroughbreds like these,
 Your heritage will last.

—MEREDITH SHIPWAY, 3rd Form.

A LEAF

A leaf sways to and fro in a slight breeze,
 A leaf whirls, twirls, twists, scatters and scurries around the earth.
 Some are small green and fragile,
 But others are large, spiky and jagged at the top of the tree.
 If I were a leaf I would watch the world roll by.

—ANNETTE SMITH, 1st Form.

"AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE SENIOR COURTYARD"

To me it seems so queer
 That Mathematics drear
 Should overwhelm and banish all the joys
 Of hapless, tortured boys,
 Who labour without ceasing day and night,
 To grasp within their sight
 Those awful, wretched things,
 That trig so sweetly sings;
 And yet this is of us, poor things, the fate:
 To labour most where students all most hate.
 But though we have our woes,
 We rest awhile from throes
 Of awful anguish, sorrow sad, and pain,
 And ease our weary brains
 By leaving wretched Maths and troubles all
 To play a game at ball.
 And every Senior's glee
 Is far from trig to be,
 To study even Latin, English, French,
 Which never from him can his pleasures wrench.
 And this is why the case
 Is easy yet to trace,
 For mathematics (weary at their best)
 Will give our brain no rest;
 While other subjects blend in pleasant strain
 So now you all must see,
 And so also do we,
 That pleasures to us will come that day
 When we afar shall stray
 From weary maths, to see them never more,
 When work and trouble's o'er
 Then hey! we'll sing and dance,
 As in a merry trance,
 For statistics, algebra and trig are past
 And we are left a happy troop at last.

Reprinted from "The Fortian" December 1911, without prejudice to the Mathematics Department.

FENCES AND NEIGHBOURS

Firstly, fences are an expression of primitive instincts — they are a proclamation of territory by the householder. Even neighbourly neighbours feel a little hostile if these territorial rights are infringed upon too often.

Depending on circumstances and the type of people who live next door, fences can serve a number of very different purposes. As there is an instinctive "body language" there is also an innate "fence language" which can reveal the feelings of neighbours to each other. For example: a thick, fifteen foot plank fence clearly indicates that not only does the owner want privacy, but complete isolation from his next-door neighbour, who is either a source of irritation or the master of a large garden digging

dog. The shoulder-high fence which provides a pleasant leaning place for conversing housewives, at the same time does not allow too much familiarity of neighbours and provides just enough privacy so that people are discouraged from intruding the domain. This is not an unfriendly fence but it is just ominous enough to let neighbours know that these occupants do not want unwelcome guests. The other extreme of our fifteen foot monster, is the dainty white picket fence which could be stepped over by a backward two-year-old. This fence is the friendliest one and serves as a decorative rather than a protective border. It allows all and sundry to enter without fear of reprisal: a sort of open house to everything from

unwanted relatives to the cat next door who has found greener pastures on the other side of the fence. These are usually owned by the trusting type who are friendly to everyone and would do anything for others.

Often fences scare prospective friends away. The fence which guards the house like a fortress is, more often than not, there for only practical reasons — the owner may not have any intention of appearing like a hermit or a misanthrope, but this is the impression gained by the outsider who is rather overawed by the precautions taken by the owner. On the other hand the real misanthrope may be lying behind his innocent white picket fence, waiting until the inevitable borrower of cups of flour enters, before unleashing his sourness. Through exterior impressions (i.e. the fence), neighbours may get off to a bad or a good start because they perhaps unconsciously judge their next-door by their fences.

However, not having a fence is far worse than having a "cheating" fence. People are lost without a fence of some sort to go by. The poor neighbours without fences are also without indications of character. People may curse them because they let the animals roam free and majestic in other peoples' gardens; they may pity them because they think that they are too poor to have a fence or they may just wonder, every time they look at the void boundary from their windows when they are going to put one up.

Fences are strange things; they can act as barriers, friendly boundaries or ornaments; they can provide an analysis of character or create a misunderstanding. They are also a very convenient commodity when neighbours want to rest from each other occasionally or if an argument starts. In short they are a useful declaration of property, saying this is mine!

—LEAH LEVI, 5th Form.

TRAIN COMING IN

The loose hum of the train coming in;
With its magnified sounds
Like people running up a hill
And puffing
Its music was hollow and round
The wheels made a shrill sound
Their rhythmical pound on the tracks
On the ground;
Broke the silence of a summer morn!

—MARGO FIELD, 3rd Form.

MYSTERY

Mystery is a long, winding snake. It writhes and hisses through the long grass of the mind. Its body twines around the mind, squeezing and pressing, giving

pain. The golden eyes shine and frighten. The body shivers and falls. Down, down it falls, into the deep dark emptiness.

GEORGINA CALLIAS, 4th Form.

Much has been heard and seen of Jan Stephenson in the sporting world recently. As most Fortians know, Jan was formerly a

pupil of this school. The following report of her career is Jan's kind contribution to our Magazine.

JAN STEPHENSON REPORTS

For as long as I can recall my life has been concerned with golf. Often in vain I try to remember a time, when golf had no impact on me.

You may wonder how I could regard a mere sport as so important and how success at golf could become my goal in life. Golf, just as a game in itself, is of great importance to me but its almost total capture of my mind is the reason of my taste of success in top golf.

The emotion resulting from the executing of some golf stroke that you have nominated, — the tension caused by hundreds of people watching the knowledge that a successful manoeuvre of that stroke could help me beat other players and win, is indescribable. But, the attitude golf has given me to life, on and off the golf course, is to me the most significant thing about golf. My job, my friends and the exciting opportunities I have been given result from my achievements in golf.

Of course, my life changed drastically after I left school, and I only really began to find myself in the last six months or so. Now I see myself as having lived in two completely different worlds. The first, my schooling and first twelve months out of school, as the basic training for life, the second: the application of what I had learned. In solving the problems which arise, seems to me to be what life really is.

This may seem very vague, but may appear clearer if I apply it to my own life. I was a very ordinary student, and it is only in the last six months that I have adjusted to being without the ready assistance, guidance, advice and even protection that is so readily available at school. The most valuable lesson I learnt at school was the importance of decision — making of life.

I was recently looking through an old Fortian magazine and I found a story that I had contributed, telling of my ambition to be a top golfer. It was then I realised the importance of my decision. I hope that one day I may look back at this magazine and observe the progress of my life through golf.

I have made many mistakes and had some bad experiences with people and yet had some really wonderful unforgettable times. My feelings after leaving school were mixed with misery and relief. Although I cannot say school days are the best years of one's life, they were the most important years of mine. I was very pleased with my first job. It certainly had its limitations, and a real problem was that there was little time to practice golf. I decided to take up typing, because I was literally craving for some sort of training, and this skill was essential for my next position.

I won some important golf tournaments the year after I left Fort Street, including the trials for the world tournament held in Spain. I decided to leave work, because it was really holding me back physically and, more so, mentally.

I represented N.S.W. in golf that year and was undefeated at number 1 position in the interstate matches. I also represented Australia in the Tasman Cup series against New Zealand, but I was only named reserve for the World Cup team. After some rather poor excuses by the selectors regarding my youth, I lost confidence and faith in everyone and began to wonder what the world was all about.

I played very badly in the following tournament after the team had been announced, but it helped to familiarise me with disappointment, I learnt to overcome my feelings, to concentrate on my golf.

Even now I cannot completely detach myself from upsets or emotions, but I have learnt to regard tournaments with more determination, and play for my friends and family, rather than for teams.

I can look back on that disappointment — and others — I have overcome and I can almost feel grateful for them they have sorted out my attitudes. I have realised that it is very difficult to achieve an ambition and that personal effort is the only way.

My opportunity came when I was interviewed for a story for a new golf magazine. The editor supported my plan to promote women's golf by giving it equal coverage with men's golf.

I was delighted when I was informed that I had received the job as editorial cadet with the promise that if my training was successful it would be possible for me to become editorial assistant.

My life as a journalist, after my initial training with the magazine, was new and exciting, and even now I cannot quite get used to the rate as which things happen.

My first important assignment was to cover the men's professional tournaments. I was given this job because I convinced the editor that I knew more about golf than any other journalist on our staff, and that I could get exclusive stories because I knew many of the top international professionals personally. I not only made good friends with Arnold Palmer, Tony Jacklin, Gary Player and Bruce Devlin, but came through with my promise and managed many exclusive interviews. As well as meeting top golfers, my work as a representative of Modern Magazines involves entertaining top international managers such as Ed Barner and Mark McCormack and Rod Laver, Lainie Kazon and many other famous people.

Perhaps the most exciting thing of all about my life is when I play golf with many of the world's top entertainers. In the United States, most of the entertainers love golf because it is very relaxing, rewarding if you are good and not too tiring for those that work late at night.

I have now been promoted to women's editor of our golf magazine and as well as having the perfect answer to a social life in my job, it also allows me the time to play lots of golf.

My golf, though fills most of my important thoughts, and because the public is most important, I try to answer one invitation a week for an exhibition in the country. This has enabled me to travel not only interstate and to New Zealand but also to visit our own beautiful country towns.

I have been fortunate enough to appear on many of our television shows, including Bob Rogers Show, This Day Tonight, Today Show and Ron Casey's Sports Review.

Although my life is very busy and great fun, I long for the day when I may play golf everyday. My plans to go overseas this year were cancelled at the last minute, I now plan to go next year.

People say how lucky I have been to land this job, and that my life is far more exciting than most people's of my age. I have never believed in chance; I believe that an individual can achieve or obtain whatever he wants — if the want is great enough. I have done a great deal of reading since leaving school and have come across an author, Herman Hesse who has expressed my philosophy: "When a person urgently needs something and finds what he requires, it is not chance that gives it to him, it is himself, his own craving and urgency that bring it to him."

—JAN STEPHENSON

THE ACTING OF SHAKESPEARE

(Or the Comedy of Errors)

Acting seems to disappear
In the reading of Shakespeare.
New techniques originated
From players largely overated;
As though speech is just a bauble
Actors soon begin to warble.
Instead of speaking lines, they say
Then-in this most unnatural way.
Enter Hamlet, voice a quaver,
(To listen to him, torturing labour):
"To be-e-e-e-e or n-o-ot to be-e-e-e-e, that is"
From dramatics such as this
May we be protected ere
Thespians will truly swear
Never before human eyes
Their bad acting to disguise
In this way. It is a shame,
But Willie S. is not to blame
For actors who an art pervert
And will not to some skill revert.

LEAH LEVI, 5th Form.

EPITAPH

Here lies the remains of Anita McVine.
Who died of the cold during French in Room Nine
Won't somebody learn from the fate of Anita
And donate some money to buy us a heater?

—JILL MURRAY, 3rd Form.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF COUNTRIES VISITED

Having been drenched in the sun-crazed, spacious euphoria of the Australian dream for twenty years, I decided to return to my birth-place and experience for myself the cultural tit-bits thrown to me by well-seasoned travellers. Suffused with well-being and the eagerness of a young pup, I felt stately Melbourne in May, 1969, amidst ambiguous tears and the persistent down-pour of autumnal showers. The cacophony of cheers, laughs and nervous shouting infected my reserve and I joined the bubbling crowd in hurling final promises to relatives and friends. With a succession of impatient hoots, the crowd dispersed. The ship was slowly pulled away from its berth and I returned to my cabin to reflect on the past and the uncertain future.

The salty smell of sea air mingled with the pungent odour of burning oil transported me into the vision of the old man in Coleridge's celebrated poem and I too felt lost in the wide, wide sea. After a few days we sailed into Auckland harbour and I sensed a fresh new country. One is apt to ascribe mystique to a new country and New Zealand struck me as a lonely outpost of the once powerful British Empire, neither wholly English nor distinctly Maori. I didn't like Auckland which appeared to combine the worst feature of Edwardian architecture with the monotonous duplicity of American functionalism. Moreover, it was raining and on the wharves were huddled groups of Maori boatmen humming some ancestral song. It felt good to leave the place.

Suva sucked me into her spell and I immediately fell in love with her. Humid and clammy, bedecked with bright shades of green, giving off a sweet, though acrid smell distinguished by the scruffy simplicity of her markets, this beautiful Fijian island doesn't require the cheap commercial evident everywhere to attract visitors. The Fijians are a congenial people and completely devoid of the civilised cynicism found in Western countries. The exuberance of the inhabitants contrasted sharply with the dignified astuteness of the Indian shopkeeper and the vague pleasantries of the Chinese restaurateur. I could indeed fall asleep on the island.

After a fortnight of lazy sailing we approached Acapulco a city not representative of Mexico but revealing a soul of its own. It seems both incredible and immoral to observe two distinct classes of people co-existing within a sad relationship. On the one hand, Acapulco has become the playground of American playboys and on the other hand, pitched against lavish hotels are the shacks and haunts of the poor. Rats and skinny dogs compete for scraps of food, young boys happily smoke marijuana and periodically get drunk on tequila, while desperate shopkeepers badger the foreigner into an exorbitant purchase. I became friendly with a quartet of street urchins who vied for attention. After trudging around the backstreets with them I said farewell, and so did they, having made a leather purse their booty for the afternoon.

We left Acapulca at sunrise, sailing southwards for Panama. Shrouded in tropical haze and displaying lush-plush greens and browns, one is ushered through the canal in a daze. The crashing humidity, strange ugly buzzards and large insects call to mind the thousands who died from yellow fever. For those who have never

been to the tropics, Panama offers an unearthly spectacle. In Christobel I spoke to Panamanian Negroes and discussed Vietnam with American soldiers doing preparatory training there. Instead of pursuing the hedonist's life, I decided to play a game of soccer with some Spanish and Negroe kids in some back-alley.

Miami hit me as a dead city with plastic people. Night-life and, surprisingly, pick-pockets are active enough but the concrete palaces with their crass cold occupants exuding about as much warmth as a polar breeze seemed to epitomize the air-conditioned nightmare of present American society. May Miami, like Nero's Rome collapse into utter ruin.

On nearing England one's imagination runs amok. The proliferation of ships large and small is the first sign of entering the familiar territory. The sea spray suddenly transforms into images, and one is splashed by the stern one-eyed visage of Nelson staring at Lady Hamilton; or is it Lady Jane Grey and sees visions of Glib Gladstone, attempting to sever Victoria's umbilical cord from her Benjamin. Or did I hear said Parnell wailing in the wind for Ireland's sons. A profound aura settles upon the soul, and like Ulysses, one demands to be tied to the mast. The dream is shattered, when cheery Southampton comes into view. Through picturesque, undulating Sussex we reached Dover and after an evening's conversation with an engineering student from Berlin who also seemed to know quite a bit about Karl Marx we docked in Oostende. Our Flemish bus-driver bustled with good humour, made fun of every nationality and made me understand why Tijl Vierspiegel couldn't be born anywhere but in Flanders. More casual and sacrilegious than the Dutch, the

Belgians are fond of fatty foods, alcohol and dirty jokes.

Our bus threaded its way through the myriads of small concentrated towns and villages and after Antwerp darted for the Dutch border. When we entered flat Hcl-land, the passengers began to sing old Dutch songs and I awoke to find myself inside my geographical womb.

I stayed in Holland for eight months and used my free time to write a short thesis on the Dutch Provos, a youthful anarchist group, who amongst other provocative deeds, attempted to boycott the wedding of Princess Beatrix, the oldest daughter of Queen Juliana, to Claus Von Amsbery, a German prince, once a member of Hitler's youth movement. The nature of my study brought me into contact with students from the Amsterdam Municipal University who explained a great deal to me about Dutch education and current political trends in Europe.

A recent education act, the mammoth act, introduced or rather extended an already very diversified education structure. As in politics and religion, the Dutch are highly individualistic and pragmatic, believing in the principle that opposition or disagreement is best served by forming a new political party, school, course or denomination. Hence the great number of secondary schools provide courses ranging from pure economics to mothercraft geared at various levels and complemented by core subjects such as Dutch, at least one foreign language and Mathematics. Moreover, the Dutch also believe in applying their educational philosophies. Montessori, Dalton and Anthroposophical schools are found in abundance. Denominational schools receive the same financial and professional assistance as State schools. At present, merits and demerits of "liberalization", "democratization" and "the

establishment". In fact the polemics of education have crept into all sectors of Dutch society and fairly recently, those teachers favouring "liberal" reforms have published a "little red book" seeking to link the purpose of education with a fresh moral perspective which denounces the authoritarianism, officialdom and "capitalist" safeguards of the government. In reply to the little red book, another group of teachers have defended present educational principles in the "little green book". Whatever the influence of Maoist aphorisms, the fact is, that the Dutch take their education seriously, both in technical and moral terms.

Another feature of Dutch society is that class or group distinction are not pronounced. No abrupt cleavage exists and Amsterdam, for example, which has two universities, does not allow elitism among students. When entering a cosy cafe, one will observe students, artists, bohemians, workers and business people mingling amicably. Despite what the Dutch provos say about public apathy, the average citizen seems to be more informed and talkative about current affairs than the average Australian.

During the late summer, I travelled extensively throughout Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany and Austria. Because of limited time I only flittered through northern Italy and France. Fortunately the holiday period had passed and it was possible to enjoy the countryside in peace. The Ruhr Basin offers a most frightening spectacle, thundering trucks, clouds of mucky brown soot and huge industrial sites. To escape from this inferno into the lower Rhine regions is indeed a rewarding relief. Worming our way alongside the river we spotted ancient castles, cracked monuments and quaint Saar villages. Each large city radiated history and mystique, and in Worms I felt a little overawed by the impressive statu-

ary of the leading figures of the Reformation.

We had left the main road after Mannheim and didn't hit the autobahn again until Ulm. Munich, though impressive, seemed ugly and barren. The Imperial palace of Justice evoked the strange feeling that Hitler was still present and busily planning a revival. We visited Berchtesgaden which perhaps through historical projection, symbolized the final setting of a Greek play though without Catharsis. A stonewall across the Austrian border, Salzburg greeted us with Mozartian charm. One of the most romantic of all cities visited, Salzburg is still a cultural centre, though as elsewhere it is slowly being corrupted by cheap commercialism and novelty-hunting tourists. There is nothing more irksome when asking a supposed Salzburger for directions in German, which just passes muster, than to be answered in a broad American accent, "I am sorry sir, but I don't speak the language!"

Vienna, though it didn't strike me as the city of my dreams, is larger than life with its splendid museums, restaurants and places of ages gone by. Through circumstances beyond our control, our car raced across the Danube at a great speed confusing the traffic policeman when the exhaust pipe emitted machine-gun noises. The car eventually broke down and we stayed in an old youth hostel on the fringe of the city. I spoke intensively to an Irishman who had lived for three years in Paris and intended to do the same in Vienna. We talked about the function of literature today and he concluded as did Oscar Wilde that "art never expresses anything but itself", whereas I felt that literature must have a moral purpose however restrained.

We decided to return to Holland through the Austrian Alps and make a long detour through North-

ern Italy, Switzerland, France and Luxembourg. After Innsbruck, the weather turned sour and naturally made Italy and Switzerland look dark and hostile, even though scenically both countries are most impressive. The country which disappointed me most was France. However, we travelled through the north-east corner which is reputedly the most bleak, blotchy and sullen area in France. Verdun looms in the imagination and when we travelled through it we saw raw, bald hills, windswept and chilly, an opposite reminder of the past and the conceivable future. Moreover, the French appear to be distrustful of foreigners and refuse or are unable to speak in either German or English, Dutch being out of the question.

The country which captured my heart most was Luxembourg. Not only does it bring to mind Grim's fairytales but it appears remarkably by modern industrialization. For example, Clerveaux, which provided the setting for much of Count Peter Kropotkin's anarchist work, is still a medieval cloister town concealed by hills and thick vegetation. It travelled to Clerveaux a number of times and would unreservedly consider it the most attractive town I have ever visited.

Back in Holland, I worked feverishly on my Thesis for a month and then decided to unravel the mysteries of merry, old England. So with wind-knot the enveloping stench of vomit and what-not, I entered Harwich befuddled and bedraggled.

The city of London confronted me with symphonic proportions. Having scaled the walls of popular tourism I decided to wander around the city in my own way. By accident I stumbled upon Burnhill Cemetery and to my amazement found it completely abandoned. I espied the names of William Blake, the poet, Jonathon Swift and Daniel Defoe, the novelist and

somewhat later, John Bunyan. As I pondered over the motives of body snatchers and the second fire of London, a gruesome Dickensian hunch-back emerged from behind a tombstone asking me in a gruff Cockney voice what I was doing here. Somewhat taken aback, I replied that I was not a body-snatcher or a hypochondriac but a person very much interested in the history of tombstones and their quiet occupants. He changed his tone and gave me a lavish description of the place pointing out that though the cemetery was small it contained the greatest number of buried people in London. He seemed proud of the fact and I hastily took leave of Lady Chatterley's undertaker and spent the rest of the day inspecting Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. I attended a lecture at the London School of Economics and discovered

that the ghosts of Tawney and Harold Larki were being supplanted by hordes of American students, seeking comfortable induction into the tenets of left-wing socialism.

After England, I spent the remainder of my European stay in Holland. I often visited the northern fishing villages, gobbling fresh fish and creamy cheeses. Amsterdam became a second home and I frequently lost myself in some obscure cafe, singing opera with the Jordaaners, an unusual neighbourhood with a distinct sub-culture. In March this year, I sailed again for the sun-burnt country, wafting through Las Palmas and righteously attacking South Africans for resuscitating Hitler's ghost, I arrived back in April and after the initial cultural, fell back to sleep again, dreaming of new means of escape.

—H. LICHT.

QUOTATIONS FROM M.U.D., 1971

On the Exams: *"The memory throws up high and dry a crowd of twisted things."*
—T. S. Eliot

* * *
"[O] that my chaff might fly; My grain lie, sheer and clear."
—G. M. Hopkins

* * *
"We are really in the dark" —T. S. Eliot

* * *
"O late, late, late is the time." —T. S. Eliot

THE GENERATION GAP

The generation gap has existed for as long as father and son, mother and daughter have lived together. In the days where men lived in caves and gathered what wretched sustenance they could from the land, a son must have felt a wanderlust, or discontent, or disagreed with the primitive religion of his clan. A young Gaul joining the conquering Roman legions or a British maiden returning to Rome with her legionnaire husband must have incurred the wrath of elders, humiliated by the superimposing of another culture on their own, while the young saw a mighty

empire, sophisticated, powerful, and learned, in which to build the world's future. During the Renaissance, how many potential Michelangelos, da Vincis, Galileos and Durers, or Luthers and Calvins were thwarted by parental or social restraint?

In our own age parents who have known want and whose attitudes have been shaped by the inhibitions and deprivations of financial crisis and war shive for material security, — want their children "to have it better" than they did. But how often is this done at the cost of the develop-

ment of the children's sensitivity, and sympathy with his fellow men. It is impressed on the child that it is bad to be "different"; in colour, race, religion, language, culture, tradition or the amount of hair on one's head or the way one dresses. It is good to be anonymous. It is dangerous to make oneself noticed: Don't interfere with anyone, they might be bigger or stronger or richer than you: Don't get involved: Don't notice the down-and-out, the old, the disabled — or don't show that you do: Look straight ahead: peep your face blank: Don't smile at your brother in the street. He won't know you, anyway. He will hurry on his way and frown.

There has always been a small

flame of love which has tried to kindle the sodden woodpile of anger and prejudice and hate and apathy. We talk of building a new world, but it is difficult to prevent it from being based on old values. We still watch our brother starve and shiver and die; still let him live old and lonely; let him be degraded by a body dependent on drugs or alcohol; put him down and lynch him by looking the other way. We ask, "What could I do anyway?" We count our good works, pile them up, and hide under them. How we need to clean our hearts!

Maybe our children

—SUSAN MAXWELL, 4th Form.

THOUGHTS

It was Saturday morning, and I had just returned from a profitable shopping spree when I happened to glance at a magazine. On the cover was a picture of a suffering child from an under-privileged country, and my heart ached at the sight of her pleading face. I could not but think of the amount of money spent in financing a tour for one famous film-star; of the amount of money "Big Business" had spent on advertising during the previous week; or the number of wealthy establishments which had been asked to give of their time, money or concern — but had refused the price of one F111 could save so many lives, but Governments were making wars and leaving millions of simple people homeless and starving.

The thought infuriated me; but suddenly I began to see things from a slightly different angle. I thought of all the people to whom in the space of a few short days I had spoken hasty words or about whom I had thought hatefully. I thought of the amount of money I had wasted in the tuckshop over the

same period of time; and as I began to think like this, my mind was swamped with similar thoughts. For instance, the hours I had spent thinking about how to approach Dad on the subject of a raise in pocket-money, the many new clothes I had recently acquired, and the number of people who since the previous Saturday I had turned away when all they wanted was someone to listen and sympathize.

My thoughts did not stop there. Instead, they went one step further to a man who had everything, literally everything; but who had given it up to come to this earth and live most of his life in abject poverty. A man, who in spite of countless temptations, had done nothing wrong or said a hurtful word to anyone. A man, who even when he was painfully wronged, had prayed, "Forgive them, Father" a man who even if in a state of physical exhaustion turned away no-one who had come to Him for help. A man who had given everything — even His life.

—KAREN MEWETT, 2nd Form.

"The goal of ambition will have been reached when a Golf Club has been formed at Fort St. Model School. I predict that the advocate of Golf — the most democratic form of sport existing — will finally triumph.

Perhaps discussion would give impetus to the movement. First of all there is in the game the most violent exercise . . . Golf is really the most bloodthirsty of games".

—The Fortian, 1909.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

Popular superstitions seem to be most unpopular today. It is inevitable in such a modern, changing world, that the mediaeval suspicions of our forefathers should be suppressed, if not forgotten entirely. Yet for the horror-movie fans and the thriller story readers, superstitions will always exist.

The origins of today's superstitions are obscure, yet it is my belief that they were created by people for logical reasons rather than to explain supernatural occurrences. For example, the superstition concerning the breaking of mirrors was, in all probability, devised by the owner of the "Hall of Mirrors" in an amusement park, and the idea that walking under ladders was unlucky was created by an irate painter who was tired of being disturbed in his work.

Although we may be unsure of the origins of popular superstitions we are quite sure of their potent. I believe that superstitions reveal a person's character. Those who carry a horseshoe, a rabbit's foot or an amulet about are insecure. If your neighbour has green knees and a permeating perfume of clover about him, he is dissatisfied with life, and, in searching for four leaf clovers is really searching for a goal. If one breaks a mirror (and who has never done so?) is it not because one lacks confidence, or is made unhappy by what it reflects.

To discuss clearly today's super-

stitions and those who accept them, I shall divide them into four groups. The first group is the bad-luck group. This encompasses the superstitions about black-cats, walking under ladders, unlucky numbers, breaking mirrors, stepping on pavement cracks and putting up umbrella's indoors. These superstitions belong to the pessimists.

The second group is that of the good luck superstitions. These include the beliefs that throwing salt over one's shoulder, wishing on shooting stars, birthday candles and chicken bones and possessing four leaf clovers, amulets, rabbits' feet and horseshoes will bring boundless good fortune. Of course, the people who believe these superstitions are the optimists.

Third comes the "cure-for ailment" category. Believers in this group are convinced, or half convinced, that onions in one's socks, red flannel underwear, copper bracelets, and strips of rubber trailing from motor cars will ward off evil germs and cure anything from colds to claustrophobia.

Finally, there are the people who are superstitious of superstitions. This category includes most moderately-educated people from countries like Australia. They will firmly declare that they are not superstitious, and then promptly skirt around a ladder or avoid a black cat. A friend of mine whom I recently encountered declared with a melancholy frown, that she

had broken nine mirrors (one car mirror, four face mirrors, three wall mirrors and one ultra-shiny frypan lid), had allowed three black cats to cross her path and had discovered a five leaf-clover (which did not help much). With such a record my friend was liable to over sixty years of bad fortune — a most mortifying thought!

The most extreme case of superstition of which I have been told is that of a young gentleman, Mr. Clutternut's. Mr. Clutternut's day began at 5 a.m. (unless it was Friday 13th, for then he stayed in bed) when he arose to gaze at the lucky shooting stars that are seen at dawn. If he saw one and made a wish, the day would be lucky.

If he did not, it would be dire and disastrous. Let us presume that this was a good day, so that Mr. Clutternut would return to bed until seven o'clock. At seven he would jump out of bed, pull the onions out of his socks, trot to the front door, and cautiously peer out. If no black cats were in sight, he would scurry out, grab the milk and paper, and venture into the kitchen. From the kitchen cupboard Mr. Clutternut would then remove a packet of salt, and sprinkle it liberally over his right shoulder

onto his egg. After breakfast it was time to prepare for work. In the bathroom he would take out his mirror, in a box padded with cotton wool, and shave. Once dressed, Mr. Clutternut would scout around again for cats, and then, copper bracelet jangling, would walk up the street to work with his fingers and shoelaces crossed, taking care not to step on cracks in the footpath. His principal lunch hour occupation was to search for pins on the office carpet. When he returned home, the same procedure was repeated, but in reverse. Mr. Clutternut (poor soul), met his doom when he contracted a fatal bout of pneumonia while searching for four leaf clovers on the lawn one frosty night.

Such a case as that of Mr. Clutternut may be extreme, but it serves to illustrate the belief in superstition still exists. Only yesterday I was walking up the street with a friend who was declining,

"You must always remember not to walk under a black cat, nor to let a ladder cross your path."

"Nonsense," I remarked, and promptly fell down a manhole. The curse of the ancients was upon me.

—ANN MUNROE, 4th Form.

STREET CORNERS

I gaze at the signpost,
Ten miles to somewhere;
Are there - - - - -
Yellow sands, golden brown?
Blue seas that sparkle in the sun?
Beautiful gardens, full of flowers?
Time to dance and play.
A horn blows,
JUMP!
I'm back from from somewhere.

—ANA GOLFIS, 1st Form.

SHAGGY DOG

My dog's so furry I've not seen
His face for years and years,
His eyes are buried out of sight,
I only guess his ears.
When people ask me for his breed,
I do not know or care.
He has the beauty of them all
Hidden beneath his hair.

—IRENE HALKITIS, 1st Form.

A GLIMPSE

Two mice cowered in a dark corner, scuttling back and forth to avoid the rodent-sized waves threatening the dryness and warmth of their little bodies. Their efforts to escape the water were stimulated by my presence and they disappeared into a small hole in the seawall, leaving momentarily two dark gaps in the fog indicating where they had been. The fog gave an impression of steam rising from the almost-still, grey water, and an eerie sensation, like that of impending doom, shrouded me in an indescribable sadness. Water seeped like an oozing ghost into the crevices of the huge blocks of ancient sandstone, endangering my two frightened friends.

I felt so alone — like the only person on earth, separated from others by an impenetrable barrier: not only this physical wall of deep mist, but a barrier which would exist even when I found my family and friends again. It's a strange and depressing feeling, alone-ness — but not loneliness — even when surrounded by your own people. The fog seemed rather appropriate now that I was thinking about different, abstract barrier alienating me from others.

I rowed up to the seawall and peered into the hole. I saw four frightened eyes shining back at me in bewilderment. I was a mouse then . . . living, communicating in an uncomplicated way, accepting without question an uncomplex existence, dying . . . My wishful thinking was manifested in a few small squeals addressed to my little friends — the pathetic cries

of a desperate man longing for communication.

A light breeze whipped up a few small waves which rocked the boat and made me aware again of my situation. I realized that it was growing colder, and regretted my lack of foresight in neglecting to bring something warm with me. I stared, unseeing, at the fog and at what lay beyond, knowing that somewhere there existed someone who shared my unhappiness. I turned around again only to see the limp, wet bodies of the two mice floating by the wall.

They had been the only sign of life on my journey. Our mutual enemy, the sea, had destroyed them. How I wish it had chosen its victims more carefully — they had more to live for at that time than I had during my whole life. My death would not have been a waste. I had "adopted" the mice as the friends I had never had, and loved in those few minutes of despair with an intensity I had never before experienced. Yes . . . it was a love of a kind. Their deaths struck me down as would the death of a human loved-one. I crumpled into myself and sat in the boat, a broken, sobbing relic of a man. Would I ever find the happiness I so desperately craved?

This thought seemed to inspire me and, as if looking for this happiness, I rowed forward, leaving the wall, the mice and my whole existence to disappear into the fog behind me.

I was rowing into a new life . . .
—LEAH LEVI, 5th Form.

* * *

QUOTATIONS FROM M.U.D., 1971

On the choir: "No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief, on an age old anvil wince and sing." —T. S. Eliot

* * *

On the H.S.C. and school: "With the voices singing in our ears saying that this was all folly." —T. S. Eliot

THE PLAYERS

The fog rises. The street lights dim. The day begins. The soft rays of sun dawn on the awakening city. From windows and doors rise the fragrances of a thousand breakfasts.

Trains rattle over bridges and along their tracks to stations crowded with people all pushing and shoving. All are living in a world that spins with the same idleness as the train, coming and going.

The destinies of two motorists inter-twine in disaster. This is just another sad story, "as long as I'm all right, Jack".

The clock ticks on into the afternoon. Everywhere people watch and wait. At last! Away! It begins again. Papers are snatched up,

sporting, scandalous and unbelievable headlines. Crowds pack stations. And somewhere in the middle of it all, a little four year old is lost. He looks up into the hard stone faces. Where is his mother? Out on the street a woman lies dead, still clutching a small brown paper parcel.

At last the people go back to their T.V.'s and hot dinners. They listen to the news, they read their papers and go to bed.

But in a small bedroom, on a small wet pillow, lies the tearful face of a little boy holding a bright new teddy bear. Only his silent prayer rises above the sleeping, uncaring city.

—CATHRYN HAWKINS, 3rd Form.

THE FISHERMAN

Over the rolling waves glides the fisherman's boat. The wind as swift as a bird, blows against the sail. The fisherman is waiting to

get to the heat of the fire at home, and to hot coffee.

—ARMINDA MOREIRA, 1st Form.

Connie Ranieri, a Sixth Form student at Fort Street in 1969, wrote to Mrs. Noel this year. Connie is in her second year at the University of Sydney. The following article is an extract from her letter.

"The time has come, it seems, to compose a letter to you, activated by the leisure of holidays and the prospect of a new year in which to develop my multifarious talents.

But I have not set out to write eulogies or to sing paeons; oh no, for I cannot truly feel affection for an object that requires me to trim my elegantly long nails; that has no care for the aesthetic qualities of well-groomed fingers . . .

Do not think, dear Mrs. Noel, that these outpourings portend a most dread announcement of the discovery of a new, latest model, fully guaranteed, special offer, writing instrument. Heaven forbid such morbid news. Attribute, rather, these lengthy eulogiums to the influence of Mr. Micawber, a gentleman whom I have recently and

frequently attended upon . . .

I imagine my anxiety, therefore, as I awaited the examination results early last month, and in doing so, imagine how one feels as a horrible certainty grows ever clearer to the mind; the feeling that could have been modified, averted, or completely annulled, by one's own efforts. So did I wait, gloomily, my failure — complete, crushing. However, from the mediocrity of my uncertainty, neither in the heights of assertion nor the depths of denial, I sometimes am nostalgic about the life I had so many years ago; the strange state of being a privileged senior student.

On such a note, inextricably bound up with the little library you put together, I close."

HOW CAN I CALL YOU CLOSER?

How can I call you closer?
When you are far away from my existence
And yet, just a way between us?
How can I show my joy of you my God,
When rats grow at my mind saying, "Untrue! untrue!"
And "We are, what we are — You, are a fantasy?"
How can people feel your love, when the base of respect is lost?
Everyone plays a game of statues and says "What a shame!"
When they sail their Sunday dress.
By teaching the people that wherever there is war
And the law says fight the man next to us —
There lies peace, one day.

—CAMMIE LINDON, 4th Form.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

There is a long track, narrow and not by any means easy, and off this lead many smaller pathways, which lead, if you follow them, to nowhere, others take you right back to the beginning of the first main track. If you are out for a walk and you do not care about other people, chances are that you will find yourself on one of the many side-tracks. The track is not an entirely pleasant walk, although many sections of it are. In places, it becomes so steep and rugged that you will doubt that there is a path, or ever was a path at all.

You are maybe thinking, "where does this pathway lead? What sort of place is it?" The pathway leads to the well known place called "Love". "Love" is a magical place where, for every person, the place is different.

One might say that it is like a very large, rambling house with many rooms around a central hall. In each of these rooms you can find all the different kinds of love; Love of God, God's love for you, Love for your parents, your husband or wife, your boyfriend or girlfriend, your friends, your pets. In all the rooms, though they are of different colours and shapes, the furniture is much the same. There is a gigantic, enveloping chair, into which your body sinks,

called "Trust". For placing your books and other items on is a solid, oaken-table, called "Faith", and a soft-snowy-sheeted bed, called "Security". There are large windows, as many as possible, and through these windows the sun forever shines. The carpet is lush and grass-like and seems to muffle unpleasant sounds entering from outside, making the atmosphere in the rooms serene, contented and happy. The rooms do not need elaborate furnishings or decorations, they are complete.

Every person, has at some time in his life reached this place, but unfortunately many have turned and run back into the surrounding bush and have been lost. Some people have lived all their lives in "Love". Others have reached one room, like Parent's Love for them, and have remained there, never moving from that room.

We should all strive to maintain "Love" for future generations. A world without love is something terrible to imagine. There would be no hope, faith, trust, security or reason to live for ordinary people; only evil, corrupt people would be secure. Therefore we should try to keep this place "Love" intact for future generations. It is not a hard task.

—ALISON THOMAS, 4th Form.

THE WAIL FORGOTTEN — LET THERE BE LIGHT, circa 2201 A.D.

Everyone knows this place, the place, a relic of the past, pointing an accusing finger at our crimes of apathy and ignorance.

The smoke hangs thickly in the sky; with grotesque contortions of masked figures revealed in the screen, a tapestry of ugliness. The buildings are narrowly separated from one another, as though they were fighting a contest in order to become victors of the surly slums. The water is pallid and slow-moving, a ghost of a river, now teeming with the ghosts of the fish which once populated it. Of course the residents of this region are detergents and oil-slick, froth and foam spewed from the complex nearby, in the banks are pipes communicating with the entire network which now has strangled most forms of life, even the ever-clogging algae: they too are dead.

Further inland, there are huge slag-heaps which perpetually seem to be grinning, deriding the juggernaut complex. They are huge, grey, lifeless with their elephantine forms. To add to the unending vistas of grey is a background of scar-cuts, deep in the body of the land and the relics of rusted, pitted and useless machines abandoned as if in mock decoration. A further detail of this place, grey-greenish artificial trees, which to the naive observer, appear to cling precariously to life. As night falls the hard electric light inspects once more the straggling shreds of darkness and form. A light so harsh and brilliant that it is visible for many miles. A closer view inside the buildings reveals nothing other than emptiness — void of human-

ity — for this is a complex inhabited by loyal computers and robots relentlessly grinding the routine which is unending, monotonous-uniformity beyond conformity. A hum can be heard quite distinctly. At first, seemingly low, almost on the threshold of sound, harsh and inhuman it gradually becomes a shrill wail that heightens the sense of isolation and eeriness.

This is the smooth paradise of the blind inhuman, impersonal fences which blot and sear anything remotely human. This was, and today is, the warning — the injunction of those foolish ones who say and believe "it cannot happen to me" and ignore the lessons of History.

It is the Twentieth Century's living Monument to its zeal and ingenuity — something happily recognized in the nineteen-sixties and in order to preserve the memory of what had been, society built this as a living museum. Those who could forget would have their minds repaired on the purgatory of ill-consideration and non-thought represented by the Peace.

Now the work of two decades is to be undone. The place is, according to some reports, destined to become a People's Park, the best efforts of scientists and artists are to be used in the planning.

It seems the public is becoming apathetic and bored — there is a suspicion "we have been here before". But if the place is preserved for posterity, its true purpose may be served — it may become a reminder that the apathy and mindlessness of the many is the real menace to be fought.

—HELEN MILLS, 4th Form.

THE MOON

Mysteriously moving
Yellow, green, and dark
Lifted into the heavens
Like a ball thrown up which kept on going.

—JEANNE KIRK, 1st Form.

AFTERMATH

She was a child, young and free,
 Parents and family. An old apple tree
 In the garden of a house, that stood by the sea.
 But the wild winds quail and the seabirds flee
 From the thunder of the metal birds bringing misery.
 Now the child in the ruins and the mystery
 Of the cold glazed stare of eyes that do not see,
 And the wind moaned round her legs so frostily,
 And the cold blackened stump of the old apple tree
 Pointing to the stars that twinkled merrily
 As if to scorn a world where man must fight to be free,
 Where a woman forgets her morals to feed her family
 Amidst the shielded eyes of the world to be.
 And the unseeing eyes of the refugee
 Looking through barbed wire in a hopeless plea
 For a land, a home they won't have to flee,
 A plot of ground where they can be free.
 And in this well of humanity
 The little girl from the house by the sea
 Is a christian name, a surname and the letters D.P.

(D.P. is the abbreviation for "displaced person").

—SUE COMMONS, 5th Form.

FENCES AND NEIGHBOURS

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith are two typical women — in other words they talk too much. I admit that men, broad and bawdy, often intolerant, talk — but to women has been attributed all real ability as gossips. It is not uncommon to see two women talking simultaneously. One can only think that each is more interested in displaying her feelings than in listening to others. When asked what the talk about for an hour, they reply "Oh, nothing in particular!"

However, to return to our neighbours, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith. Every day for nearly ten years, they have managed to come together to discuss the juicy, suggestive bits of gossip collected from their co-frequenters of the local supermarket. Now gossip, as every gossip knows, has, as its main purpose, boosting the ego, and brings a superiority to the gossip. A gossip, to make his/hers/its news more interesting, must slightly twist it, oh, but ever so slightly! That is why Lily Prudence who was only to have an extraction ended up with dentures and Priscilla Violet who burnt the toast

had within a few hours, a call from the fire brigade. All this merely for the sake of making news interesting and "sensational".

My views on gossips and the lengths to which they will go in their unrelenting quest for sustenance were really formed one very hot summer's day — the temperature, a sweltering ninety degrees. There was no wind, an unbearable, heavy stillness. But gallantly ever faithful, these two ladies struggled to reach their common fence. What drove them on? A sense of vocation? Indeed yes — gossip! Their adjoining fence was absolutely perfect for the function it served — just low enough to see each other and high enough to stop any violence that might occur as the result of disagreement. It was an old fence, black with age and weathering. A few wooden palings were missing, and since its erection, it had sunk a few feet. About the fence, there was an air of worldly wisdom, as though no gossip could interest it. But oh, in ten years can you imagine the tales it must have heard?

With a secretive smile, Mrs. Smith began first, armed with a new load, so to speak, of news. The first minutes of their tete-a-tete were given over to salutations and comments on each other's appearance. Then, Mrs. Smith dropped the first hint about the scandalous morsel she had gained from a visiting relative. Mrs. Brown lurched forward. In half an hour she had greedily devoured the whole story. Together, they savoured the potentials for another half hour. Then,

anxious to release the news to others, they parted. However, needless to say, not for long.

Such are the ways of gossips, lonely groups of women who come together for companionship or is it for some meaner purpose? Psychoanalysts, searching the subconscious of such women, will discover their motivations. But for how long will this scandalous evil cast a shadow over the face of suburbia?

—TANIA MAY, 5th Form.

THE MAN WITH THE PAPER

Chewing gum is a special feature of the man with the paper.
 He chews,
 Chews again.
 Looks
 Reads
 Stops chewing,
 He looks bored now—
 Will he be angry later?
 I wonder.
 He has a red face,
 Has he high blood pressure?
 I wonder.
 His hair is dabbed and streaked with grey,
 Is he old?
 His eyes are kind, searching for Knowledge.
 He reads the back section of the paper,
 Avidly.
 Is he enthusiastic about learning,
 Or, does he read the comics.

—DIANNE RIDGE, 3rd Form.

MY HOLIDAY IN FIJI

At 4.30 p.m. on the 17th August, the plane landed at Nadi, on the beautiful island of Viti Levu, Fiji. The weather was overcast and 80 degrees. We left the airport at 5.30 by taxi cab for the 60 mile drive to the Reef Hotel near Sigatoka. The scenery along the Coral Coast is very tropical, the hills seem to be all different colours of greens and yellows, with coconut palms everywhere; this is also the sugar-cane area. It started to pour rain and darkness set in early, the dirt track road was very hazardous and there were no lights anywhere. We were pleased to arrive at the hotel by 8 p.m.

The Reef Hotel is luxurious, very spacious bedrooms with lounge,

refrigerator, tea-making facilities and bathroom. Each suite has radio or background music and air-conditioning. From your balcony you look down on green palms, tropical flowers and the coral sand beach. The hotel has two pools and you can swim from early morning until 9.30 p.m., one pool is called Sip 'n Dip where you can eat, drink or read without leaving the water. I went for long walks on the beach and along the road where coconuts and tropical fruit and flowers seem to grow wild, the scenery is just like a picture card. There is no rush or bustle among the Fijian people, they are relaxed and very happy, greet everyone with broad smiles of

welcome. Most wear a flower behind their ear. The Indian women are colourful in their saris.

Fiji had one thing in common with Sydney, there was a bus strike for the week we were there, so everyone had to use taxis. I went shopping a few times in Sigatoka, five miles away. The Indians own most of the shops and the electrical goods and transistors and watches are very cheap, but there were very few souvenirs. The shops are fascinating. The Coral Festival was held during the week and we saw the Fijian Firewalkers, who dance on red hot coals and feel no pain from it. Then the crowning of the Beauty Queen and Charity Queen at the Cabaret night held at the

Hotel took place. There are numerous activities to keep you occupied, snorkeling on the reef, horse-riding which I enjoyed and water skiing.

On the ninth day, we left for Nadi airport after breakfast and more of the beautiful sights which we had missed when we arrived, Fijian villages with thatched huts, Primary and High Schools. I have wonderful memories of this beautiful Island and was very sad to leave, but we had to board the plane for Auckland, where I spent a week with my sister and her family before returning home to Sydney.

This was a memorable holiday, one which I will never forget.

—KAREN MACLEAN, 3rd Form.

ONCE

Once, on a hot day,
I caught a dandelion.
I wished upon it
And watched, as the breeze gently blew it away.
I forgot that dandelion,
Till once, I saw it again.
Quite wrapped in thought
I missed my chance . . .

—MARGO FIELD, 3rd Form.

The editor and magazine committee would like to thank all who made literary contributions. Those whose contributions were not accepted may be encouraged by the fact that we found selection difficult.

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TOFFEE-COFFEE COMPOTE

- 1 Carton Streets Toffee Log
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream mixture
- 1 oz. finely ground walnuts
- 1 level dessertspoon instant coffee powder
- 2 teaspoons brandy
- Slice fruits — strawberries, banana, gooseberries

METHOD

Whip cream until thick, stir through walnuts and coffee dissolved in brandy. Spoon into 4-6 serving dishes and chill well. Top with a layer of fresh sliced fruits in season and serve immediately with a wedge of Toffee Log.



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Big Ben

THEY'RE BEEFIER!



GW2/07

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