The Magazine
of the
Fort Street Girls' High School
OCTOBER, 1964
FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE
THE STAFF
Principal : Miss A. HAMILTON, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Deputy Principal : Miss E. McEWAN, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of English and History :
Mrs. D. BURGESS, B.A.
Mrs. K. COSCOMBE, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mrs. P. MAZOUĐIER, B.A.
Mrs. P. NOEL, B.A.
Miss H. PALMER, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss K. O'SHANNASSY, B.A.
Miss G. J. PETERSON, B.A.
Miss F. ROBINSON, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mrs. J. STUART, Dip. R.B.T.C.

Department of Modern Languages :
Miss M. O'BRIEN, B.A., (Mistress)
Miss I. GUGGER, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss H. PALMER, B.A.
Miss A. GRAUDINS, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of Classics :
Miss J. CHALMERS, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of Modern Languages :
Miss J. CONOLLY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., (Mistress)
Miss E. BUTTON, B.A.
Miss G. DEMPSEY, B.A.
Mrs. B. MURPHY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., (Mistress)
Miss G. DEMPSEY, B.A.
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Miss L. Gilmour, B.A.

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Department of Science :
Miss G. HANKS, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Miss E. HAIG

Department of Geography :
Mrs. V. SOO, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of Needlework :
Miss J. ANDERSON

Department of Music :
Miss J. BARKER

Department of Art :
Mrs. N. UNGLEY

Department of Physical Education :
Miss D. GIBBONS, Dip. Phys. Ed.

Librarian : Mrs. P. NOEL, B.A.

School Counsellor : P. STEHBIENS, B.A.

Clerical Staff : Mrs. J. GILLET, Mrs. J. McGAULLEY

Magazine Editor : Miss G. J. PETERSON

Business Editor : Mrs. J. GILLET

Student Editors : ELIZABETH POPPER, KAYE WILSON, SANDRA LAYTON, LEONIE HARFORD

School Captain : PAT ROBINSON

Vice-Captain : DIANNE FRASER

Prefects : JENNIFER BROOMEHEAD, JANNETTE CARROLL, ROBYN CHRISTIAN, BARBARA FINLAYSON, BARBARA FONG, STRACEY HAIGH, CAROL LE ROY, KAY MCKENZIE, RUTH McGULLEA, LYN MARGIESON, CHARMAINE SEE, SUZANNE STONE

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.
SCHOOL CAPTAIN 1964

PAT ROBINSON
Next year, 1965, will be an exciting time for all Fortians. Almost certainly it will be the last year of life for Siberia and the Assembly Hall.

Recently the Minister for Education in reference to our school stated,

"It is proposed to re-plan this school by providing a new two or three storey building and using any existing accommodation which can be retained. Because of the limited site and the historic nature of certain existing buildings, planning of new accommodation and the utilisation of existing accommodation is receiving detailed attention."

Later in the statement we find "the proposals are listed on the Department's building programme for occupation during 1966."

No doubt some of you will wonder whether it will still be the same school, one regarded as a part of Australia's early history. Can the traditions and the pride in past achievements be carried over to a new building containing modern facilities and comforts? The answer is surely "yes." Fort Street Boys' High School left this site on Observatory Hill to occupy a new school at Petersham in 1916, but, as their badge proclaims, they share our history back to 1849.

A fine, modern building is a great asset. So, too, is an honourable tradition. Neither of these, however, necessarily makes a good school.

The most important factor in the make-up of a school is its people, the girls, the teachers and the non-teaching staff, the parents and the ex-students—all of whom regard it as "our school."

The spirit of the school is the relationship between these people and their regard for various aspects of school life. A good school spirit shows itself in many ways. It is apparent whenever a group of school members is working or playing with interest and real enjoyment, whenever the rooms and the grounds look cared for. The spirit is at its highest when every member is playing her full part—be it in a lesson, a game, a school club or even when singing a psalm or a school song. On occasions this spirit is felt by only a few individuals but it is equally important. This happens when a girl receives from other members of the school, much needed help in time of trouble.

This school spirit is a very real thing and is kindled every time a girl says, "I am proud of my school. I will see that my school is proud of me."
PREFECTS, 1964


Seated: C. See, L. Margieson, D. Fraser (Vice-Captain), P. Robinson (Captain), B. Finlayson, J. Broomhead.
PREFECTS' MESSAGE

The end of Fifth Year is not only a milestone marking the end of our school career, but also the beginning of a new way of life. As we go out into the world, we each take with us the school motto, "Faber suae est quisque fortunae," a motto by which we have learnt to live at school and must surely learn to apply to our future lives as citizens of Australia.

As we look back, our five years at Fort Street seem to have passed quickly, yet, if we think carefully, we realise there has been a change in us, a change in which we have learnt right from wrong and gained a new set of values. It has been a change in which we have learnt the importance of truth, loyalty, justice and comradeship, a change which we hope each student will undergo.

In acknowledging the debt we owe to past Fortians for the wonderful tradition, both scholastic and sporting, we realise that our achievements, actions and behaviour today constitute the tradition of tomorrow. This should inspire each of us to try to perfect ourselves in all ways, in work, uniforms and behaviour.

In conclusion we wish to express our appreciation of the support and advice of Miss Hamilton, Miss McEwan and the Staff. To the girls, thank you for your co-operation in the cause of the school.

STAFF CHANGES

At the close of the school year, 1963, and during this year, the staff has undergone many changes, resulting from promotions, transfers, resignations and retirements.

Miss J. Cust of the Physical Education section was transferred to the Staff of the Sydney Teachers' College and was replaced by Miss M. Killen. At the end of First Term Miss Killen accepted a position on the Staff of the Faculty of Physical Education at the University of Sydney. She was replaced by Miss D. Gibbons.

Mrs. M. Pitts was appointed Acting English and History Mistress at Riverside Girls' High School while Miss D. Heym became Mathematics Mistress at Deniliquin High School. Congratulations to them both.

Mrs. R. Austen, Mrs. G. Ahrens and Mrs. H. Conlon have severed their connection with the Department of Education. We wish Mrs. Austen many years of good health in her retirement and to Mrs. Conlon and Mrs. Ahrens much happiness and success in their new sphere of activity.

Mrs. J. Shand, Miss L. Anderson, Miss S. P. Smith, Mrs. N. Ungley, Mrs. P. Mazoudier, Mrs. Noel, Miss F. Robinson, Miss A. Graudins, Miss G. Dempsey, have all joined the teaching staff and Mrs. J. McGaulley has replaced Mrs. B. Bradley in the clerical section. We wish them all a happy time working with us.
YOUR PARENTS AND YOU

Have you ever thought of your parents as people, and not just as "Mum" and "Dad"? They are people with hopes and dreams, fears and disappointments. They frequently go without things they want because the family budget cannot meet the demands of the whole family. Mother may not be able to buy a washing machine. Father may not be able to afford the new suit he wants. They have their problems day by day, just as you do. They, too, get tired.

Home should be more than just a place where you eat and sleep. Parents should be more than people who provide the necessities of life. Family life is never just one beautiful experience as it is often depicted in films. Irritations are bound to occur, but co-operation from the various members of the family can lead to a lessening of friction. Your home should be a place where you enjoy spending some time.

As adolescents, young people often feel that they should be allowed more independence, and parents feel that their children should accept the responsibilities that go with increased independence, such as tidying up and other jobs around the house. Financially, adolescents are dependent on their parents, and parents would like their children to understand that it is not always possible to provide all that is requested, as family finances are limited. Parents enjoy having the company of their children sometimes, even if there are a great many calls on their time.

Sometimes parents appear to overemphasize good manners and other habits they consider desirable. This is possibly due to the fact that they know people make judgments about others by the way they act. It is reassuring also, to always know the correct thing to do. Your parents hope you will make favourable impressions on other people and gain confidence in yourself.

Parents are people and as such, deserve at least the consideration given to people outside the home. Some appreciation of their problems and some help with the monotonous jobs around the house will no doubt improve relationships in the family circle.

A WHISPER

A whisper,
A drowsy murmur floats from deep among
the shadowy branches as the dark departs
and droplets of warm gold fall on the leaves
to gild them lightly.

"Awaken!"
Each breath of wind that ruffles the brown grass
or tweaks the scarlet blossoms from a tree
calls out "Awaken!"

ANITA STAUBE, 5A, (York)
PRIZE LIST

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

Dux of School (Fanny Cohen Prize)—presented by the Old Girls' Union: Jennifer Tyler.
Second Proficiency: Carol Willock.
Third Proficiency: Joy Pullin.

Dux of Year IV (Lillian G. Whiteoak Prize): Anne Szego.
Second Proficiency: Jennifer Broomhead and Barbara Connell, Aeq.

Dux of Year III (Molly Thornhill Prize): Julianne Ivison.
Second Proficiency: Helen Esmond.
Third Proficiency: Allison Warner.

Dux of Year II: Susan Christie.
Second Proficiency: Pamela Kidd.
Third Proficiency: Madi Maclean.
Dux of Year I: Robin Lavender.
Second Proficiency: Wendy Goodwin.
Third Proficiency: Linda McEwan.

Special Prizes

Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in History in L.C., 1962): Patricia Tortonese.
Elizabeth Cayzer Prize: Flora Israel.
Old Girls' Union Membership: Flora Israel.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English and History): Year IV: Elizabeth Lackey.
Year I: Linda McEwan.

The Edith Glanville Prize (donated by the Soroptimist Club of Sydney)—English III: Helen Esmond.
Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Memorial Prize: Chemistry: Year V: Jennifer Tyler.
Science: Year II: Rosemary Lillicott.
A. M. Puxley Prize (Biology, Year V): Alisson Darby.

Bishop Kirkby Prize (History, Year II): Susan Christie.
Miss Moulsdale's Prize (Physics and Chemistry, Year III): Allison Warner.
Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV): Charmaine See.
Coral Lee Prize (Latin, Year II): Madi Maclean and Leonie Phillips, Aeq.
(German, Year II): Barbara Munce.

Best Contribution to School Magazine:
Senior School: Marilymine West.
Junior School: Janette Mackay.
Prefects' Prizes for Commonwealth Essays:
Senior School: Elizabeth Lackey.
Junior School: Janice Baskerville.

French Consul's Prize for French, Year V: Joy Pullin.
Year II: Ann Hodgson.
German Consul's for German:
Year V: Denise See.
Year IV: Christine Ross.
Year III: Denise Spencer.
Year II: Margaret Young.
L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:
Grade V: Joy Pullin.
Grade IV: Ruth McSullea.
Grade III: Melanie Petrovic and Robyn Stratton, Aeq.
Grade II: Leonie Phillips and Margaret Young, Aeq.

Inter-House Debate Cup: Bradfield.

Proficiency Prizes Donated by Parents' and Citizens' Association

YEAR V

English: Carol Willock.
Modern History: Kay Bowler
Alisson Darby.
Ancient History: Anna Handwerker.
Latin: Lynette Weir
Feda Mclinnes.
Mathematics I: Jennifer Tyler.
Mathematizer Tyler.
Mathematics III: Denise See.
General Mathematics: Lynette Brad.
ford.
Physics: Jennifer Tyler.
Physics and Chemistry: Stephanie Coomber.
Geography: Denise See.
Economics: Alison Darby.
Music: Marie MacKenzie.
Elizabeth Mackintosh.
Art: Robyn Cunningham.
Needlework: Flora Israel.
Physical Education. Thalea van Hasselt.

YEAR III

History: Dianne Woodham.
Latin: Allison Warner.
French: Helen Esmond.
Mathematics I: Julianne Ivison
Mathematics II: Julianne Iverson.
General Mathematics: Joan Antrum.
Biology: Lynette Smith.
Geography: Margaret Smith.
Music: Penelope Lee.
Art: Sandra Sunderland.
Needlework: Margaret Smith.
Physical Education: Colleen Park.

**Certificates**

**YEAR IV**

English: Elizabeth Lackey.
Modern History: Jennifer Broomhead.
Ancient History: Sue Schlingman and Marilynne West, Aeq.
French: Diane Doyle and Christine Spill, Aeq.
Latin: Susanne Downton.
Physics and Chemistry: Christie Spill.
Physics: Diane Doyle.
Chemistry: Barbara Connell and Elizabeth Lackey, Aeq.
Biology: Margaret Hinde and Christine Spill, Aeq.
Music: Maureen Thomas.

**YEAR II**

English (ordinary): Dianne Martin.
History (ordinary): Margaret Heggen.
Mathematics (ordinary): Vicki Austin.
Science: Rosemary Garvan.
Geography: Rosemary Garvan.
Music: Margaret Heggen.
Art: Teresa Buck.
Needlework: Carol Wilks.
Physical Education: Marilyn Lowe.

**YEAR I**

English: Linda McEwan.
Social Studies: Cheryl Gardner.
French: Wilma Porter.
Science: Kerry McKenna.
Mathematics: Kerrie Gotham.
Art: Margo Beasley and Marie Gardner, Aeq.
Needlework: Wendy Goodwin.
Music: Wendy Goodwin.
Physical Education: Janelle Claydon.

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**LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1963**

**SUBJECT CODE KEY**


The absence of a letter next to the subject numeral indicates that that candidate gained a B pass in the subject.

An A indicates a pass at A standard, whilst H2 or H1 denotes a pass with second or first-class honours respectively.

The letter x immediately following the subject symbol or grade of pass denotes that a pass has been secured in the oral tests in French, Italian, Russian or Dutch.

Applebee, C. A., 13 13 24
Austin, M. D., 1A 2 3 13 19 24
Bailey, B. D., 1A 2A 3Hlx 13 18A 24A
Barnes, M. A., 1A 2 3 13 19 24
Bennett, S. J., 1A 3A 13A 16 17 24
Benson, J. R., 1A 3 13A 14 24
Blacklock, R., 1 3Ax 13A 19 24
Bong, L. M., 1A 8A 16A 17A 22 23A
Bool, J. M., 1 3 13 24
Borozan, B., 1A 3Ax 13A 14A 15 24
Bowler, K. R., 1A 3Ax 13H1 18 24
Boyer, E. J., 1A 3 14 19 21 24A
Bradford, L. M., 1A 2A 3Ax 13 19 21
Breckenridge, A. L., 1A 3x 13A 14 15 24A
Burger, E. F., 1A 3A 13A 14 24A
Coomer, S. R., 1 3H2x 4 16A 17 21H2
Cooper, J. M., 1A 3Ax 16A 17A 22 23
Coutts, L. A., 1 3Ax 13 24 30
Crick, S. J., 1A 3Ax 16A 17A 23 24A
Cruyys, S. J., 1A 3Ax 13A 14 18A 22
Cunningham, R. L., 1 3x 14 19 24 35
Darby, A. J., 1A 3H1x 4A 13A 15A 24H1
Draper, C. A., 1A 2A 3Ax 13A 18 24
Dunn, L. M. F., 1A 2 13 24
Erdman, L. I., 1A 12 13 14 19 24
Everett, A. C., 1A 12 13 14 18 24
Finlay, J. E., 1A 3A 13 24
Fitzgerald, S. M., 1A 2A 3H2x 12 19
Flin, E. R., 1A 3 13 14 15 24A
Frater, M. L., 1 3Ax 16 17 23
Freedman, R. D., 1A 3x 13A 15 24 35
Fung, W. H., 1 8A 12A 14A 16 17
Georgin, R. L., 1A 13A 24 35A
Glucksman, K. C., 1A 3x 13H1 14 15 21
Handwerker, A. E., 1 12A 16 17 22 23A
Hassall, N. L., 1A 3 13A 15 24 35A
Henderson, S., 1A 12 13A 14 35A
Hillier, R. L., 1A 3Ax 15H2 16 17 24A
Hird, D., 1 3x 13 14
Ho, C. W., 8 16 17 24
Hu, C. F., 1 8A 16 17 21 24
Israel, F. C., 1A 3Ax 14 18 21 33A
Jackson, A., 1A 3Ax 13 14 15A 24
Kalina, D. S., 1 3 24 35
Kalins, D. A., 1H1 3H1x 4H1 13 18A
Kok, Y. F., 1 8 16 17A 23
Lewis, J. H., 1A 12A 13H2 18 21 24
Lowbeer, J., 1A 3AX 16H2 17A 22A 23H2
Lowe, L. P., 1A 2A 3Ax 13 15 24
Luckhurst, M. M., 1H1 2H2 3Ax 13A 19
McGregor, F., 1H2 3Ax 13 14 15A 24A
McInnes, F. M. M., 1A 2A 3Ax 16A 17A 17 23A
McIntyre, B. C., 1A 12 14 24 35A
MacKenzie, F., 1A 2 3x 13 18 21
MacKenzie, M. E., 1 3Ax 18A 24 30
Mackintosh, E. M., 1A 3A 19 21 24A 31
McLean, B., 1A 2 3x 15 13 24
Minhelson, A. E., 1A 3H2 16A 17A 22 23H1
Nelson, A. J., 1 3 13 24
Newman, C. J., 1 3Ax 13 18 21 24
O'Neill, J. L., 1A 3Ax 13A 14 18 24A
Ong, H. Y., 1 8A 13A 14 24
Page, V. K., 1A 3H2 16A 17A 22 23A
Parker, J. L., 1 3 13A 14 19 24
Passmore, J. E., 1 2 3Ax 24
Pullin, J., 1A 3H1x 16A 17A 22 23H1
Ramsay, P., 1A 3Ax 13 14A 15 24
Roberts, H. J., 1 12 14A 18 21 33
Russell, J. D., 1A 3H2x 4H1 16 17 23A
Rutherford, A. F., 1A 3 13H2 18 23 24H2
Ryan, H. M., 1A 2 3Ax 19 24
Ryan, S., 1A 2H2 3Ax 13 18
Schofield, M. E., 1 3 16 17 21 24
Scott, J. A., 1A 3H2 13 18 21 24A
Scott, K. M., 1A 3x 13 14 15A 24
See, D. J., 1A 3H1x 4H1 14 18A 21A
Shepherd, R. J., 1A 12 13 14 19 24
Sinclair, J. M., 1 3 13 16 17 24
Smith, E. H. J., 1A 12 16H2 17A 22 23
Smith, L. P., 1A 3Ax 19 24A 35
Steane, D. A., 1A 3Ax 13 19 24 31
Steiner, P., 1A 3Ax 16A 17A 22 23A
Stephenson, D. L., 1A 12 13 19 24
Sung, M., 1 8 12 13A 19 24A
Sybaczynskyj, L., 1H2 2A 3H1x 13 18 21
Tattersall, V., 1A 3x 13H2 16 17 23
Telfer, L. K., 1A 3x 14 13 30
Torrisi, S., 1A 3Ax 4 14 19 24
Tyler, J. A., 1A 3Ax 16H1 17A 22A 23H1
Van Hasselt, T. F., 1A 4H2 16A 17A 22A
Weir, M. L., 1A 2H1 3H1x 14 19A 21A
Whyte, R. A., 1A 3 14 19 24 33
Willock, C. M., 1H1 3Ax 13A 16A 17A 23H2
Yu, Y. W., 8 13 14 24
Zevnik, I., 1 3Ax 16 17 23 24H2

LEAVING CERTIFICATE
HONOURS

English, First Class: M. Luckhurst, C. Willock.
Second Class: F. McGregor, L. Sybaczynskyj.

History, First Class: K. Bowler, K. Glucksmann.
Second Class: J. Lewis, R. Hi-lieer, A. Rutherford, V. Tattersall.

Mathematics I, First Class: J. Tyler.
Second Class: J. Lowbeer, E. Smith.


German, First Class: D. Kalnins, D. See.
Second Class: T. Van Hasselt.

Latin, First Class: M. Weir.
Second Class: M. Luckhurst, S. Ryan.

Biology, First Class: A. Darby.
Second Class: A. Rutherford, I. Zevnik.

Physics and Chemistry, Second Class: S. Coomber.

Second Class: J. Lowbeer, C. Willock.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE
AWARDS

Ada Partridge Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate: Jennifer Tyler.

Old Girls’ Literary Circle Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate English: Dagnija Kalnins and Carol Willock.

Annie E. Turner Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate English and History: Katja Glucksmann.

Weston Memorial Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate Mathematics: Jennifer Tyler.

Emily Cruise Prize for best pass in Leaving Certificate History: Katja Glucksmann and Kay Bowler.

COMMONWEALTH
SCHOLARSHIPS

TEACHERS’ TRAINING COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS


INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1963

Aeckerle, Margarita; Andrew, Jennifer; Antrum, Joan; Backhouse, Christine; Bain, Marie-Therese; Baker, Margaret Mary; Barber, Penny Maria; Bearman, Sally; Beaasley, Catriona, Benson, Lynette Sue; Binnie, Lynette May; Boes, Dianne Margret; Bovard, Julia Alexandria; Bowden, Kristine Anne; Brady, Lauraine Anne; Brittain, Barbara Ada; Brown, Christine May; Burke, Lee Christine; Byrnes, Carol Anne; Carter, Lyndelle Robyn; Carveth, Beverley Joy; Chidgey, Lynette Margaret; Conabere, Margot Elaine; Coulthart, Joyce Ann; Couts, Virginia Marguerite; Crawford, Sylvia Robyn; Davies, Suzanne Lesley; Day, Carol Dianne; Decece, Lesley Jennifer; Didlock, Margaret Elizabeth; Drake, Diane Maree; Draper, Julie Maree; Drewett, Narelle Jean; Dwyer, Robyn Gail; Eagles, Kerrie-Anne Brenda; Eddy, Rowena Jane; Esmond, Helen Janet; Evans, Dianne Ellen; Ferrier, Dianne Edith Robyn; Fitzgerald, Kaye; Fitzsimmons, Julie; Forster, Diane Adell; Fraser, Jannette Lee; French, Kylie; Fulford, Lesley Dawn; Gentles, Robyn Wendy; Gill, Jane; Gilling, Lynette; Glassick, Alwynne Christine; Gleave, Pamela Jane; Godkin, Lynette Alice; Golden, Irene Joyce; Gordon, Sue Anne; Gowling, Gabrielle R.; Graham, Kathleen Helen; Graham, Patricia Mary; Gray, Lynne-Susan; Grencwo, Jennifer; Hammond, Jennifer Ann; Hamory, Pamela Gai; Hargraves, Narelle Sharlyn; Hird, Julie; Holcombe, Lorraine P.; Honeyman, Cheryl; Hoggarian, Rhonda; Howard, Suzanne Irene; Hum, Cheryl Dale; Ivson, Julianne K.; James, Roslyn; Jensen, Elizabeth Carole; Johnstone, Charistine M.; Kelly, Sue Johnen; King, Jennifer Dallas; Lahz, Galie Mary; Larsen, Sari Paulin; Laurence, Carol May; Layton, Sandra Lorraine; Lee, Penelope Anne; Lord, Pamela Margaret; Lyon, Robyn Mary; McGregor, Marilyn Kay; Mclnnes, Vivienne Joan; Mackay, Janette Elnor; McKimm, Cheryl Ann; Martin, Margaret F.; Mercer, Susan B.; Mills, Victoria Anne; Mitchell, Shirley Ethel; Moore, Susan Margaret; Mott, Diane; Munroe, Elizabeth P.; Newey, Lynette May; Nye, Bronwyn Cecily; Pardey, Lorna Lillian; Park, Colleen Linda; Passanisi, Diane; Peachey, Leonie; G.; Pearson, Cherilyn; Petrovic, Melanie; Popper, Elizabeth Lesley; Pyne, Beverley; Quinn, Jennifer Ellen; Reid, Patricia Ida; Rice, Susan Gaye; Richardson, Christine Ruth; Robinson, Jean Loretta; Rosner, Kathryn Marion; Rowe, Pamela Anne; Ryan, Faye; Sallee, Vikki Hazel; Sayer, Suzanne Joan; Schofield, Daphne Ruth; Smart, Vera Ann; Smith, Lynette Gai; Smith, Margaret Mildred; Spencer, Denise; Stratton, Robyn Catherine; Sunderland, Sandra; Theodoredis, Christine; Thomas, Linda Ian; Thomas, Sandra Lillian; Thompson, Judith Helen; Thomson, Lesley Eden; Thrussell, Heather; Treveran, Christine Winifred; Trevenar, Marilynne Anne; Van Beest, Pauline; Van Halderen, Rinske Yvonne; Vitens, Renate Ingrid; Waddell, Joan Lesley; Waite, Jennifer Carolyn; Warner, Allison Jean; Westerman, Margaret Jeanne; Weston, Adele Anderson; White, Frances Mary; Williams, Jill Christine; Wilson, Kaye Lillianne; Woodham, Diane Kaye; Wright, Lesley Sylvia; Wykes, Margaret Lynne.

BURSARIES GAINED ON INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION

Sari Larsen, Heather Thrussell, Julia Bovard, Pamela Rowe, Cheryl McKimm.
SCHOOL FUNCTIONS

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day ceremony for 1963 took place on the morning of 10th of December at the Conservatorium of Music. Once again the weather was pleasant and the attendance pleasing. At the conclusion of the ceremony the staff and pupils returned to school for the afternoon.

The programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME

SCHOOL CHOIR AND SCHOOL: Christmas Carols:
- O Come All Ye Faithful
- Ding Dong Merrily on High

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS: C. L. FERRIER, Esq., B.A., B.Sc.
(Inspector of Secondary School)

SCHOOL REPORTS: MISS A. HAMILTON, Principal
- FLORA ISRAEL, School Captain

REieder CONSOR: "Fiesta" by Bonsor

GUEST SPEAKER: MISS JEAN ARNOT
(President—National Council of Women)

REMARKS: The Hon. A. SLOSS, Esq., M.I.A.
- A. TREVENAR, Esq.
(President—Parents' and Citizens' Association)

GROUP OF SONGS AND POEMS: "Trees and Flowers"
- "King of China's Daughter," Edith Sitwell
- "Summer is Icumen In," English Trad.
- "Sky," G. M. Hopkins
- "Orpheus with His Lute," R. Vaughan Williams
- "Steel Works," Mona Swan

PRESENTATION OF PREFECTS' BADGES: Mr. JUSTICE TOOSE

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:
- Academic: Mr. JUSTICE TOOSE
- Sports: Miss DENISE RENNISON—an ex-Fortian
(Miss New South Wales)

VOTE OF THANKS: BRANA BOROZAN (Vice-Captain)
- PAT ROBINSON (Captain-Elect)

SCHOOL SONG: "Come! Fortians, Fortians All!"

NATIONAL ANTHEM.
COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS DAY

As has been the custom for many years the Prefects took charge of this ceremony which was held in two sessions, Senior and Junior.

Barbara Fong, 5B, explained to the assembly something of the history of the day and the change from Empire Day to Commonwealth of Nations Day.

"Commonwealth Day is celebrated on 24th May in all member countries. This date was the birthday of Queen Victoria and after her death it was thought fitting to celebrate the achievements of the Empire on that date.

The British Empire came into being first through the explorations of an indefatigable maritime people. But the nation that produced these superb sailors also produced large bodies of traders who were prepared to leave their homes, journey in tiny ships over enormous distances, and settle in far-off countries where the whole requirements of civilized existence had to be produced by their own labour, ingenuity, and inventiveness. The seaways of the World are still the physical link that binds together this group of nations. Across them day and night, ships travel, carrying raw materials to industrial lands and returning with manufactured goods.

The British Empire, unlike the ancient empires, existed not to enslave but to civilize and set free. Gradually, painfully over a period of many years, there has grown up a system whereby the various parts of the group move step by step from being dominated or dependent units to the achievement of true and independent nationality. For instance, the British North America Act of 1867 marked a most important step in the evolution of this new kind of empire. By it Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were federated to form the self-governing Dominion of Canada. Other provinces were added later, until Canada stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean. A similar development took place in the Australian States which in 1901 became the Commonwealth of Australia.

When the first World War broke out in 1914 the Dominions supported the mother country. It was during this war indeed, that General Jan Smuts (who had fought the British in the Boer War and had later become Prime Minister of the British Dominion of the Union of South Africa) coined the happy phrase, "British Commonwealth of Nations." Colonial political leaders had first met in London in 1887. Such meetings continued at intervals, and Imperial Conferences in 1926 and 1930 laid down the principles upon which was founded the Statute of Westminster in 1931. This statute defined the Dominions of the British Commonwealth as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth."

This was the accepted name till 1949 when the term Commonwealth of Nations was decided upon.

Purely physical factors have played a large part in the evolution and survival of the Commonwealth. Command of the sea, skill and courage in navigation have been vital. Railway devel-
opment, the establishment of tele­
graphic networks, air transport—
all these have made their contrib­
bution. But over and above these
material things there has been a
set of ideas which constitutes a
real and valuable contribution to
civilization; a deep sense of justice
and respect for law; love of per­
sonal freedom; belief in democracy.
These intangible things have won
the loyalty of millions.

The names of the winners of the Commonwealth of Nations Day
Essay Competition were announced and the essays read by their writers

“THE LITERARY HERITAGE OF THE COMMONWEALTH”

SUE CHRISTIE, 3A — SENIOR

The literary heritage of the
Commonwealth is a great one—
reaching back to the fourteenth
century and now encompassing the
best writing of countries from all
corners of the modern world. Com­
monwealth writers include great
poets, dramatists and novelists
coming from widely different back­
grounds and introducing a rich
variety of style.

The first modern English poet
was Chaucer who created immortal
characters in the figures of “Canter­
bury Tales.” Charles Dickens is one
of the great English novelists. One
popular aspect of his work was
that he was a free writer—he
wrote as he felt, with pity, humour,
and gusto. When Dickens made
war in his writings upon English
prisons, wage slavery, child labour
and slum conditions, it was a war
against the characters who created
those conditions and were respon­
sible for their continuance. Dickens’
sympathy for the poor won the
hearts of most of his readers.

William Shakespeare is the great­
est of English poets and dramatists.
His references to the art of acting
and to the theatre are numerous
and many of his metaphors and
similes are drawn from this art
and also from the art of music.

When Shakespeare began his
career, former prominent poets
were eclipsed. Some of his plays
are “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,”
“The Merchant of Venice,” and
“King Henry V.”

Most of Shakespeare’s early
patrons were young men and
Shakespeare included many of his
patrons and friends in his plays.
He flattered or amused them with
caricatures or romantic visions of
themselves, and since he knew
what would amuse them most, he
introduced subtleties and topical
allusions.

As Shakespeare grew older, his
gifts matured and a tragic sense
of life was born in him. Shakes­
ppeare who in his early period had
shown great verbal felicity, clever­
ness, poetic imagination and a
good sense of theatre, had written
amusing comedies but had created
no characters and shown them in
the process of growth. This was
because his own character had not
yet grown or developed.

But suddenly something hap­
pened to him. His production
slowed down, his plays began
to take on weight and he
turned to tragedy. His plays, in­
stead of being light and airy were
anguished and passionate, plumb­
ing the depths of man’s ingrati­
tude, knavish ambition, hatred,
guile, jealousy, lust or simple,
tragic helplessness against the evil
forces of nature. Shakespeare then turned to the study of madness in his plays "King Lear" and "Timon of Athens."

In the plays that belong to the final phase of Shakespeare's work he showed the serenity which followed the period of suffering reflected in the tragic plays. From the creation of tragic men and women, he turned to the creation of sweet and innocent, fresh and lovely young women like Miranda in "The Tempest." This was a strange turn taken for a man who had been savage and cynical, ruthlessly attacking sentiment and romance, uncovering evil, showing men mad or near to madness, full of disillusion and despair. A new mood of optimism, of tranquility in the fact of young and tender love appeared in Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale."

Shakespeare died at the age of fifty-two from a fever and this year the four hundredth anniversary of his birth is being celebrated throughout the English-speaking World. Shakespeare's plays are "mirrors" of life and so many—faceted is that mirror and so rich his genius that anyone looking into it sees precisely what he wants to see, what he has the gift to see—himself.

Australian verse is distinguished mainly for its narrative form and also for its special gift of satire and humour. Australian drama is best represented in radio plays. Australian radio plays are among the best English radio verse plays. Two of these plays by Douglas Stewart are "The Golden Lover" and "The Fire on the Snow." These plays have an emotional range, grasp of character and show an admirable appreciation of radio technique. Ray Lawler brought Australian drama to life.

The early Australian novel showed a narrative skill and contained the atmosphere and description of the Australian country. Two of these novels were "For the Term of his Natural Life," and "Robbery Under Arms." There has been a startling development in the Australian novel in the last few years with Patrick White's world-wide recognition.

Modern Australian poetry can stand with poetry written in English anywhere. Such poets as Judith Wright and Kenneth Slessor have been highly praised by literary critics. There are half a dozen novels which show the maturity which Australian literature has reached.

Two writers, Walter Murdoch, a great essayist with a wide range of interests, great knowledge, a gentle sympathy and pleasant sense of humour, and Vance Palmer, a good novelist, poet and literary critic, are an indication of other developments in Australian literature.

The writers of New Zealand are contributing valuable insights. They illustrate the point that the more deeply and truly indigenous a literary work is, the more popular it is likely to be.

Because of the small population, it is not economic to publish novels in New Zealand and so all serious writers have had to produce works which British and American publishers would find significant. They have grappled with the problem of conveying the distinctive quality of life, thought and feeling in New Zealand, while at the same time achieving universal truth and intelligibility.

The South African writers are torn between cultures, languages and themes. "God's Step-children" by Sarah Millin, concerns the race problem. "Cry the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton, is the story of the black man in the white man's world.

Very few of the South African writers escape from the conflicts of their country, but the English poets, especially Roy Campbell, are
whole-hearted in their consideration of life and nature, and particularly of the life that is theirs in South Africa. These poets are probably the most mature of African writers in all languages, and have progressed furthest towards a practical understanding of their art in the difficult circumstances that surround them. Although the Union of South Africa is no longer a member of the Commonwealth, the greater part of her literature was written when she was a member of the Commonwealth and so South African literature is part of the literary heritage of the Commonwealth.

"THE STORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH
— FROM EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS"

CHRISTINE HILZINGER, 10, JUNIOR

The British Empire has grown up in three or four distinct phases. With the planting of a colony in Virginia in James I reign the old empire came into existence. The core of this empire was the American colonies, overseas settlements of Englishmen, but to it was added trading concessions and forts in North America and India. It was ruled in the interests of Britain. Great wealth was obtained by Britain, particularly from India but when the American colonies revolted the empire received a serious blow. India and Canada remained and in the next hundred years a great amount of overseas territory was acquired by Britain. The development of Britain’s seaborne commerce and the preservation of open sea routes by the navy were the primary interests of most British Governments. Colonial expansion was to help in this, and the country’s main concern was to open markets in foreign countries. The empire had been regarded as a burden and a bore but soon after the middle of the nineteenth century it began to be a matter for pride. During the last twenty years of the century Queen Victoria’s jubilees proved opportunities for bringing together Empire statesmen and for advertising Britain’s achievement. Britain received the lion’s share of the newly explored continent, Africa, when it was divided up among European nations. It was the age of imperialism when Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain combined the idea of a federal state of free white dominions with that of imperial domination over coloured subjects. Conflict between the Boers and the British led to war. After the defeat of the Boers the British statesmen realised that they had not been creating colonies but had made new, independent British states all over the world. Soon South Africa was added to the list.

The contribution of the members of the British Empire in the first world war has led to a change in the relationship of the dominions and the mother country. This commonwealth of independent states recognised only a common sovereign and was finally established by the Statue of Westminster in 1931. In the twentieth century there has been a continuous growth of local nationalist movements and an increase in local political freedom. After the second world war independence was granted to Ceylon, India, Pakistan and Burma.

Gradually, other former colonies have followed on the same path to become fully independent members of the Commonwealth of Nations.
FAREWELL DAY, 1963

The last days at school for 5th Year, 1963, were recognized in the traditional manner.

Thursday lunch time was taken up by the presentation of scenes from "The Tempest." The notice boards revealed that the English texts had been well combed in the search for appropriate and inappropriate quotations and misquotations. As one indignant pupil said, when a few were censored, "At least it proves we've been reading our texts."

By Friday lunch time a metamorphosis had taken place. It was difficult to realize that the well-groomed, fashionable, dignified young ladies who arrived for the party were the harum-scarum girls of the previous day's escapades.

At the ceremony in the Assembly Hall, messages of farewell and wishes for success were delivered, good luck telegrams read and presentations made. This year a very beautiful chair, suitably inscribed, was the main gift. It has been placed outside the Principal's office for the use of visitors. A sum of money towards another chair of similar type was also donated. The investiture of the prefects for 1964 by the outgoing prefects was very impressive as was the traditional "clapping out." This was followed by the party which 4th Year had been so busily preparing all morning.

In the evening the departing 5th Years joined the Fort Street Boys at a farewell dance.


Pens are poised,
Hearts a' flutter,
Nerveless lips begin to mutter.
Shaking hands
Knocking knees
Fingers clasped in futile pleas.

Heavy feet
Tread the floor,
Never glancing out the door.
Papers rustle
Stark and white
Students glance, then start with fright.

Little movement
All seems dead,
What is happening in that head?
Wheels are turning,
Gear a' churning,
Outside sounds, youth is spurning.

Pulse a' throbbing,
Vehement nodding
Long discarded brains a' prodding
Stored-up knowledge
Now set free
One great burst of energy.

JENNY STEELE, 5B, (Gloucester)
ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Royal Institute of Architects is conducting for the first time a Vocational School during the August vacation. Applicants were invited from pupils interested in this work as a career. Lynda Thornton of 5th Year was chosen to attend the school at the University of Sydney.

Diana Doyle and Barbara Connell, also of 5th Year attended the Summer Science School conducted by Professor Messel.

Three Fifth Year girls, Bernice Katz, Barbara Connell and Charmaine See, and four Third Years, Barbara Munce, Ann Hodgson, Nerida Curry and Madi Maclean sat for the Mathematics Examination conducted by the University of New South Wales.

A group of Fifth Year girls is taking the opportunity, afforded by the Vocational Guidance Council to see the work done at the University in the Department of Psychology, Pharmacy, Medicine, Law, Speech Therapy, Physiotherapy and Vocational Guidance Training.

Jannette Carroll was a member of the N.S.W. Softball Team which took part in the 1964 Championships at Hobart. In the same team were two ex-Fortians, Kerryol Willis and Jeanette Buchanan.

During the year Dianne Ferrier competed in the Australian Athletics Titles in Melbourne. She won the Sub-Junior 100 yds. Invitation Championship. In the State Titles she was placed 3rd in the 100 yds., 4th in the 150 yards and was a member of the Junior Relay Team, which won the event in record time. We are looking forward to more success in the future for Dianne.

Marilyn Block, an ex-Fortian and former captain of Bradfield House has also been very successful in Athletics. She has been selected as a member of the Olympic Team to compete in the game at Tokyo. We are very proud of her success and hope to see her presenting our trophies on Speech Day.

Jan Stephenson of 7T, who won the N.S.W. Schoolgirl's Golf Championship during the May vacation was again very successful. At the Mattara Festival at Newcastle during the August vacation she won the Milo Golf Championship for Schoolgirls. She received a Gold Putter as prize in the open section and a cup in the under 14 section. Her score of 62—8 over par, was a record. Congratulations.

THANK YOU

To the Consulate General of the Federal Republic of Germany which presented Vol. II and Vol III of "German Men of Letters" to the school. Vol. I was presented last year.

To the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Parents and Citizens' Association for the new blankets and items of equipment for the Sick Room.

To the Curators and Staff of the Sydney Observatory, Planetarium, Mining Museum, Sydney Museum and the Technological Museum for their co-operation in making the girls' visits so pleasant and instructive.

To the Elizabethan Theatre Trust for the loan of rostrums for dramatic work.
**SCHOOL ACTIVITIES**

**INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship is an interdenominational group, having as its aim “to know Christ and to make Him known.” It is incorporated with the Scripture Union and the Children’s Special Service Mission.

The Fort Street I.S.C.F., which is one of the oldest in the state, meets on Tuesdays in Room 10. The singing of choruses and hymns begins each meeting, followed by prayer and a Bible reading. A talk is usually given, either by the girls or by a teacher. The talks given are based on the Scripture Union syllabus. During first term we welcomed as a guest speaker the new Travelling Secretary of the I.S.C.F., Miss White, who spoke on the history of the movement.

On Thursday mornings prayer meetings are held in St. Philip’s Church hall. A time of prayer follows a Bible reading. We are grateful to Rev. Taplin for allowing us to use the hall for this purpose.

From 22nd to 24th May the annual house-party was held at Camp Saunders at Macquarie Fields. It was attended by girls from three other schools, and a time of fun and fellowship was enjoyed by all. The studies and talks given were concerned with the life and death of Jesus Christ.

Other activities in which girls may take part are camps held in the holidays and rallies held during the year. These have included the I.S.C.F. Rally held at the Central Baptist Church and the Scripture Union Rally.

We are grateful to Miss Hamilton for her support, and to our counsellor, Miss Hanks, for her help.

All girls are invited to come to our meetings and join in the praise of God.

—**JENNIFER BROOMHEAD, 5B, (Kent)**

**TAPE RECORDER**

With over 80 ABC broadcasts to record, tape recording teams have been busy this year. Second year girls (Beverly Braun, Linda McEwan, Lucinda Strauss, Karen Gordon, Sandra Karas, Kerry Neville, Marilyn Spindler and Margaret Bristow) have recorded a weekly programme which all second forms are now following regularly.

Karen Hamill and Lyn Anderson are recording a new series, “Science in the Service of Man,” and Noeline Kelly and Sue Abernethy are recording both the Foreign Language Dictation for seniors, and a special French series from the B.B.C. Leonie Phillips and Barbara Lackey record examination English Literature programmes, and Carol Whale and Janice Barberville Junior Social Studies.

These girls give up their own time for tape recording work, and are performing a service for the School. Their work is much appreciated by both Staff and girls.

**FILM CLUB**

Every second Thursday at lunch time, the Film Club meets in Room 9. The attendance of about 60 members, ranging from 1st to 5th year, is very encouraging.

The object in forming the Club was to provide entertainment for the lunch hour and to broaden our
minds. The success of the club is due to the strong guidance of Mrs. Murphy and Miss Gilmour and several 4th and 3rd year girls who volunteered to take part in organizing the Club. Gail McDonough and Jan Reitano of 3B are in charge of the selection of films.

These have included "The Hogg Family" which comically stressed the necessity for road safety, "Barrier Reef Fisherman," "Piccola Saxa and Company," "Story in the Rocks" and "Light and Mankind."

Most of the films have been provided by Shell Oil Co. and Philips Electrical Pty Ltd. We wish to express our thanks to both of these firms for their generosity in allowing us to select from their catalogues. We hope to obtain many more interesting films dealing with a variety of topics.

—MARGARITA AECKERLE and JENNIFER WAITE, 4A.

—GAIL MCDONOUGH and JAN REITANO, 3B.

GYM CLUB

This year it was decided by the girls that the members of the club would affiliate with the Amateur Gymnastics Association of New South Wales. By doing this the club is able to receive all particulars concerning any Gymnastics Competitions it may wish to enter. Because of the decision to affiliate it was necessary to elect Club Officers, these being:

President, Margot Conabere, 4th year.
Vice-President, Colleen Park, 4th year.
Secretary, Denise Sergeant, 5th year.
Treasurer, Maureen Currey, 2nd year.

The girls in the club, especially the juniors, show exceptional ability. The majority of the girls in the club belong to the 12-14 age group, which has increased since last year.

Many thanks are due to Miss Killen, our former gym teacher, who left to take a position at the University, and to Miss Gibbons our present gym teacher, for foregoing their Friday afternoons, after school to train the girls. The girls hope to reward the teachers by doing well in any competitions they enter.

—DENISE SERGEANT, 5A.

LIBRARY

During the past year 352 books have been added to the library at an overall cost of £443. The most valuable of these are "The Larousse Encyclopaedia of Ancient and Medieval History" and "The Larousse Encyclopaedia of the Earth," as well as books about space craft, rockets and science generally.

Many new and exciting fiction books were among those purchased. Three copies of "The Green Laurel" by Eleanor Spence, which won the book award of the year have recently been added.

The girls who devote part of their lunch period to assisting Mrs. Noel have been very helpful. The assistant librarians are:

Barbara Munce, Marilyn Green, Janice Baskerville, Gloria Holland, Avril Ingram, Wilma Porter, Beverley Martin, Christine Burke, Jill Blythe, Gloria Grubisic and Fulvia Zerial.

Class library monitors are doing a wonderful job of bringing books up each morning. Girls are urged to return their books on time to make the work of the monitors lighter and to save fines.

We were indeed sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Ahrens. To her successor Mrs. Noel we promise our co-operation and wish her a happy time at the school.
SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

MEMBERS:
Principal, Miss A. Hamilton.
Deputy Principal, Miss E. McEwan.
Staff, Miss Green.
Physical Education, Miss Gibbons.
School Captain, Pat Robinson.

YEAR REPRESENTATIVES:
5th Year, Diane Young.
4th Year, Robyn Stratton.
3rd Year, Sandra Martin.
2nd Year, Lucinda Strauss.
1st Year, Sue Jeffree.
Secretary, Patricia Reid, 4th Year.

Among matters discussed at meetings were the new arrangements for the charity collections and heating for the classrooms. Changes in the uniform for gym lessons were also considered.

DEBATING CLUB

Throughout this year the Debating Club has functioned successfully with the help of Miss Palmer. At the first committee meeting held in March the following officers were elected:

Secretary: Colleen Park.
Year Representatives: 5th Year, Carol Leong.
4th Year, Marilynn Trevenar, Pat Reid.
3rd Year, Beverley Bell.

The activities include two First Year debates, three Fourth Year debates, two Fifth Year debates and the annual inter-school debates with Fort Street boys.

Both 1st Year debates were very amusing and promising. The topics were "That summer is better than winter" and "That comics are a bad influence upon teenagers."

The Senior debaters decided "that the Royal Easter Show is a waste of time and money," "That carrots should be grown on trees" and "That love makes the world go round."

Two subjects under discussion in the club lunch hour meetings were "That the young people of today are ruled by modern advertising" and "That we are losing the art of conversation." These discussions enable members of the audience to state their views informally.

The debates with Fort Street Boys' High were again most entertaining. The topics were "That housewives should receive wages" and "That the emancipation of women has proved a retrograde step." In the former of the debates we were the government but were defeated. In the second we opposed the statement successfully—by a margin of one point. The team consists of Frances Gillen, Patricia Farrar, Mary Ann Stansbury and Carol Leong.

The club decided to stimulate interest by inviting occasional guest speakers to the fortnightly meetings. Our first speaker was Miss Betty Gale who discussed in a most interesting way her travels through South-East Asia. She told us of her contact with people of Bangkok, Saigon and the Philippines.

Our second visiting speaker was Mrs. Margaret Brink of Sydney Teachers' College and formerly of South Africa. She spoke of her experiences under "Apartheid."

JUNIOR RED CROSS

At the first meeting of 1964, with Miss Graudins in charge, the following office-bearers were elected:

President, Margaret Westerman.
Secretary, Janette Fraser.
Treasurer, Heather Thrussell.
Activity Organizers, Kathleen Graham, Cheryl Hume.
Year Representatives:
1st Year, Christine Hilzinger.
2nd Year, Sue Martin.
3rd Year, Sandra Thompson.
So far this year we have sold Anzac Day stickers, raised money by selling toffees, collected used stamps and are preparing a layette for an under-privileged child.
Throughout the year Red Cross has enabled many girls to obtain pen-friends in England and Japan. Many more addresses are available.
Earlier in the year five Fourth Year girls, Cheryl Hume, Kathleen Graham, Margaret Westerman, Heather Thrussell and Janette Fraser, undertook the Red Cross Child Care Course. They attended a series of lectures at the Blood Bank and can now do practical work in a number of Children's Homes and hospitals. The course is available every year. Those who undertake it have found it both interesting and enjoyable.

DRAMATIC WORK

Last September our Verse Speaking Choir won 1st and 2nd places in The City of Sydney Eisteddfod with "Machines" by Mona Syann and "Jellicle Cats" by T. S. Eliot. This year we will enter "Mountain Lion" by D. H. Lawrence in the general section where there is more competition.
2A have written a play based on Hans Andersen's story "The Little Mermaid" and will perform this on September 19th for The City of Sydney Eisteddfod. As the girls will mime rocks, seaweeds, corals and crabs there will be no need for any painted scenery.
In July, 3rd year mothers were invited to scenes from 'As You Like It' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' These and a group of choral poems were part of the school's celebrations for the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's death.

Mothers again attended on the 13th August when the First Year classes performed plays, mimes, radio programmes and poems which they had written themselves. This free work depending on the child's own creative ability stimulates the imagination and encourages fluency of speech. Every child in First and Second Year now has a class period allocated to drama.

FILMS AND PROJECTORS

Films have been used to advantage, mainly in the fields of Science and Geography.
Class 2B is sometimes disturbed, as their room is the one mainly used for films, but in return, they sometimes score an extra viewing, as in the case of one of the most popular films, a colour one of Reclamation of desert land in Egypt.
The new daylight projectors allow more extensive use of strip films, as these can be used successfully in ordinary class rooms, with only moderate subduing of light.

MUSIC

Throughout the past year Fort St. girls have enjoyed a variety of musical activities, both as performers and listeners.
A musical evening was held in first term, for parents, during which Senior and Junior choirs, and groups from the examination classes performed a variety of items. We were honoured to have Mr. T. Hunt, Inspector of Schools in charge of music, as our special guest for the evening. The atmos-
The Fort Street Girls' High School Magazine

The sphere of the old school hall was transformed for the occasion by some lovely floral arrangements created by Mrs. Ahrens. It is hoped that this enjoyable evening may become an annual event.

The choirs took part in the annual City of Sydney Eisteddfod and the Combined Secondary Schools Choral Concert. At the latter concert, the school recorder trio, Sue Christie, Judith Freedman and Patricia Smith were chosen to play a solo item which they also performed on ABN Channel 2 in Education Week.

During October the choirs will be singing a service at Scot's Church and at a luncheon for the P. & C. Ladies' Auxiliary.

Second and Fourth Year girls have attended the series of concerts given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra for schools and also the Schools' Instrumental and Choral Concerts. The Elizabethan Opera Co. visited the school on August 17th with a performance of "Carmen."

Scenes from this shortened opera were linked by spoken narration. Many of our girls were interested to see a live performance of this art form, for the first time.

**CHARITY COLLECTIONS**

The method of raising money for charities was modified this year. Instead of a week of money-raising efforts, only two of the major entertainments were retained during the old charities week. These were The Fifth Year Flop, entitled this year "Stop the Flop I want to get off" and the Miss Fort Street Competition. The proceeds from the flop were £12-4-2. The Miss Fort Street Competition netted £12-18-1. Kay Fitzgerald became Miss Fort Street Senior 1964 and Helen Canning, Miss Fort Street Junior.

Voluntary giving has continued throughout 2nd Term on a house basis. The amounts collected to date are:

- Kent—£15-17-7.
- Gloucester—£14-6-10.
- Bradfield—£13/16/8.

**ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATION**


**Grade III:** Bottrell, S.; Brisbane, P.; Christie, S.; Curry, N.; Facer, G.; Hodgson, A.; Kidd, P.; Lackey, B.; Lillicott, R.; Maclean, M.; Munce, B.; Rawlins, L.; Reed, V.; Smith, P. A.; Smith, P. M.; Weiss, G.; White, C.; Williams, I.; Young, M.

**Grade IV:** Ivison, J.; Larsen, S.; Petrovic, M.; Pogger, E.

**Grade V:** Downton, S.; Lackey, E.; McSullea, R.; Orsatti, A.; Szego, A.; Royle, D.

**REPORT ON THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION**

On the 7th December, 1963, the Union welcomed Fifth Years to join the Union at an afternoon tea at the Pickwick Club. At this function Madame Petrovic gave a demonstration on cosmetics and beauty care.

The 44th Annual Meeting was held on the 16th March in the school hall. At the meeting Flora Israel was invited to represent the past Fifth and Third Years and
accepted with pleasure. The new officers elected were: — Lorraine Lowe and Jackie Punton, treasurer and committee members from the past Fifth Year girls are Sandra Ryan, Vicki Tattersall and Brana Borozan.

In April a dinner was held at school, and Mrs. Clarice Morris gave a talk, "Meet an African," illustrated with slides from her trip to South Africa.

The 11th July was the date for the annual ball held in conjunction with the Boys' Union. It was held at the Roundhouse, the University of N.S.W., where five debutantes were presented to Mr. W. G. Mathieson, C.M.C., B.Ec., F.A.S.A., Auditor General for N.S.W., by the Matron of Honour, Mrs. Nancy Royal. Both are old Fortians. The ball was very successful and girls are reminded that they are invited to make their debut at the ball next year. The debutantes this year were all girls from 1963.

This year on the 26th September, a Harbour Cruise is being arranged for the younger members of the Union aboard M.V. "Sunrise Star." This is another joint effort between the Boys' and Girls' Union and is expected to be a welcome new function.

The Annual Dinner will be held at Manning House, University Grounds on 21st October. The Guest Speaker will be Miss Regina Ridge.

The Fort Street Old Girls' Union would like to thank Miss Hamilton and the staff for the use of the school premises and other help throughout the year.

— LORRAINE LOWE, Hon. Sec.

REPORT OF THE LITERARY CIRCLE

The Literary Circle is in its 39th year and meetings were held at Botanic Gardens during February and March this year.

As April was wet the meeting was held at the Croydon home of our leader, Miss E. Duhig, who so ably assists with the discussions. Meetings during the winter months were also held there. Weather permitting we are to assemble in Botanic Gardens near the Rose Garden, for September, October and November meetings.

In November, 1963, the Annual Party was held at the School Staff Room. A very nice tea was enjoyed and greetings exchanged between past and present members. Afterwards Mrs. Dyer entertained us with slides of New Guinea and commentary of her visit there earlier in the year.

At our June '64 meeting we were able to congratulate in person one of our members, Dr. Lottie Sharfstein, who was awarded the honour of M.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours. She was for 40 years associated with Newington Hospital in medical and administrative capacity, being the first women to be so appointed.

Our programme for 1964 covers all Australian authors and poets. Poems of Chris Brennan, Kenneth Slessor and Judith Wright have been studied and found to be each of different style.

The first book discussed this year was "Such is Life" by Joseph Furphy and we learned of a country life very different from today.

Autobiographies "Childhood at Brindabella"—Miles Franklin and "Child of the Hurricane"—Kateherine Prichard also provided great contrast.

Incidentally, our last book for the year is to be "The Well Dressed Explorer" by Thea Astley and was the winner of the Miles Franklin Award for 1963. Therefore we are looking forward with great interest to this book.

Novel—"Find a Woman"—Elizabeth O'Conner was set for June
and was rather humorous. We still have to discuss "That Men Should Fear"—John Naish, "Venus Half-Caste"—Leonard Mann and "The Watcher on the Cast Iron Balcony"—Hal. Porter.

During the year our Vice-President, Mrs. Mackay resigned and Mrs. Jean Kirkby was appointed in her place. Our thanks go to both ladies for their interest.

With a varied programme as above we feel there are other Fortians, who would like to join us. You will be most welcome. Come on the third Sunday of the month. Afternoon tea always provides a pleasant interlude to the discussions.

Looking forward to seeing you.
Miss E. DUHIG, President
42 Dalmar St., Croydon.

E. LANGTON, Hon. Sec.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION LADIES' AUXILIARY

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I am able to report that the Ladies' Auxiliary has had another successful year.

While this has been successful in providing school needs for our girls it has been unusually successful in a social and fellowship way with a lot of mothers who have come to regard the Auxiliary as a very interesting and pleasant form of entertainment.

I am certain that if more mothers would come along to the Auxiliary they would be pleased that we asked them, as our activities are varied and interesting, we inspect factories and have cooking, sewing and beautician demonstrations, bowling and parties for different social occasions.

Mothers! Your girls would be pleased if you would join us.
—DELMA HANDEL, (Hon. Sec.)

SCHOOL OUTINGS

1964 has been a particularly active year in regard to theatre parties, visits from theatre groups and excursions.

The Fifth Year girls enjoyed a film version of "Wuthering Heights," a stage production of "Macbeth" at the Independent Theatre and some scenes from "Macbeth" produced in our own hall by the Young Elizabethans. This group also acted scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" for the Juniors. Earlier in the year, a large party attended a performance of "Henry the Fifth" in the tent at Rushcutters Bay.

On Saturday, 30th May, a group of 4th and 5th Year girls enjoyed a performance of a delightful German musical comedy, "Rosen fur Marina," performed by Das Kleine Wiener Theatre. A group of 3rd Year German students attended a film of the stage production of "Faust." Another party saw a production of "Romulus Der Grosse" at the University. On Saturday, 4th July, two Senior Latin groups attended performances of "Asinaria" a typical Greek comedy, performed by University students.

4th and 5th Year Economics and Geography classes visited Nestles' Factory and Port Kembla Steel Works. These are annual events which the girls look forward to with interest and anticipation.

Art classes from the Senior school visited the Art Gallery during the Dobell exhibition.

The Science Department has had a busy time arranging excursions for all years from 1st to 5th.

Fifth Years have visited Long Reef Rock Platform, National Park, Taronga Park, the Blood Bank and the Museums. This enables them to gain first hand knowledge of
Biology, Geography and Science generally.

During August, groups of 4th and 5th Years attended lectures at the Sydney University. These were arranged by the Sydney Grammar School Science Association and dealt with Computers, Circulation of the Blood and Spectre.

Two parties took the opportunity to travel on a bus tour of the County of Cumberland. These organized tours—with guide—proved most informative.

Walking tours from the school via Argyll Cut to the Harbour Bridges have proved popular and much appreciated. Extracts from accounts written by the girls give evidence of this appreciation of outings.

"We were led to a doorway with a black curtain draped across it and as we entered there was an air of excitement all round. Rows of red velvet seats were placed around the circular room in the centre of which stood a machine. Our guide-lecturer sat down and the lecture and film began. The room had a dome roof. Around its sides were shapes of buildings and towers. Soft music played in the background and, as the light effect of sunset began, we recognized the Harbour Bridge, Hyde Park Memorial and other shapes.

Now the lights were completely dimmed and the stars appeared. At first this was so realistic that we felt as if we were outside gazing at the sky. Our lecturer explained where certain constellations and planets are situated in the sky. This was done by means of an arrow which shone upon the dome roof and moved from place to place showing where certain stars were. We came out of the hall a little dazed. When we realized that time was up, we were sorry to leave and all agreed that it was a day to be remembered and to talk about."

—SONDRA KALNINS, 10.

"Honeycomb weathering was a surprise to me, for I thought it was a design."

"On the bridge over the Cahill Expressway we noted in the rock that leaching of minerals had taken place and not all the bedding was horizontal. Some was diagonal.

"At the pylons of the Bridge we observed that they were made of granite, an igneous rock. From afar it is misleading, for it seems like sandstone."

"Passing through Observatory Park, we stopped in Argyll Cutting. This is a most interesting place, geologically, because of the different types of weathering and because of the growth of plants on the bare rock. There are also examples of current weathering."

"After lunch in the reserve, we started back for school. Some girls picked up rocks to add to their collections. I picked up what looked like slate, only to find later that it was a flake of steel from the bridge overhead—Our stores of knowledge were somewhat larger than when we set out."

—LISA LARK, 1R.

—CONNIE RANIERI, 10.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. Trevenar.
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Highet.
Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Freedman.

During the past year the Parents and Citizens' Association has met regularly in the School Library. A good year's work has been done—and a total of more than £1,000 raised.

The major effort was the School Fete—the first undertaken by the Association. This was a financial success—(£848 was raised) made possible by the collective efforts of
the Parents and Citizens' Association, the Ladies' Auxiliary, the parents and teachers all of whom worked untiringly.

The monthly envelopes yielded £75, the Field Day £47/10/0, while the sale of crested china helped to augment the funds.

The funds this year were expended on chairs for the Assembly Hall, Science Equipment, record player and records for the English Department and Library.

Delegates from the Association attended the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Association's Conference.

Representations were made to the Minister of Education, the Hon. E. Wetherell, re school accommodation and the need for urgent attention to the school buildings to ensure that the pupils are adequately housed. This resulted in a statement from the Minister concerning the future of the school buildings.

We are very appreciative of the assistance rendered by Miss Hamilton and staff and look forward to this continued co-operation in the future.

—M. HIGHET, Hon. Secretary.

THE WEB

I met a spider yesterday
who came, and took me by the hand
and said, "Step up, and come my castle see."
And so intrigued was I
that straight away I ran up to his portal
and, looking back, I saw the world behind me—
a world of goodness, love, humanity,
and worshipping a god of righteousness.
But through the patterned door
I saw another world,
corrupt and rotten with those sins
which drove forth Adam from his Paradise—
a world where man could satisfy desires
of hate, and pride, and lust;
and then my spider friend pushed back the door
and cried, "Come in, and drink
of wine that you've ne'er tasted yet."
and led me through those corridors
which, 'though spun finely, grip, and let not go.
He bade me drink, and in the cup I saw
these sins, all mixed together thus:
the pride, which in my body slept, till now,
aroused, and filled my mind with elevated thoughts
of wonder, greatness, arrogance: self-love;
the wish to covet—not only my neighbour's wife,
but anything which I could not possess;
and this to envy turned;
and lust, laxivious passion, blackening
innocence for innocent desires;
gluttony, to satisfy insatiability
whose friend, obesity, accompanies sloth;
and last, my fiery anger—burning, flaming,
welling up inside of me,
because I cannot break these evil bonds
and gaze on purity without
derisive sneers,
or scoffing words,
or scorn, contempt.

PATRICIA FARRAR, 5B, (York)
HOUSE CAPTAINS AND HOUSE VICE-CAPTAINS

Standing—Vice-Captains: L. Smith (Kent), E. Munroe (York), S. Davies (Gloucester), D. Ferrier (Bradfield).

Seated—Captains: L. Tow (Kent), B. Clarke (York), L. Cooksey (Gloucester), J. Ford (Bradfield).
ATHLETICS

The Annual Athletics Carnival was held on 23rd June at North Sydney Oval. It was a fine sunny day and all the events were keenly contested.

HOUSE SCORES:
- Gloucester—400 points.
- York—399 points.
- Bradfield—366 points.
- Kent—266 points.

The Open Point Score went to Diane Ferrier who won the School Championship, Open 200 yards, Senior Championship and 16 yrs.

The Junior Point Score fell to Margaret Parker with a record in the Junior Javelin, 1st place in the Junior Discus and 2nd places in the Junior Shot Put and Long Jump.

The star performer in the Sub-Junior was Susan Taylor. She won the 13 yrs. Championship, Sub-Junior Discus and Hurdles and gained 2nd place in the Sub-Junior Championship.

RESULTS:
- School Championship: D. Ferrier.
- Senior Championship: D. Ferrier.
- Junior Championship: B. O’Sullivan.
- Sub-Junior Championship: E. Mertens.
- Open 200 yards: D. Ferrier.
- 12 yrs. Championship: E. Mertens.
- 14 yrs. Championship: B. O’Sullivan.
- 16 yrs. Championship: D. Ferrier.
- 17 yrs. Championship: B. Finlayson.
- Senior Hurdles: C. Park.
- Junior Hurdles: G. Facer.
- Sub-Junior Hurdles: S. Taylor.
- Senior Shot Put: J. Carroll.
- Sub-Junior Shot Put: M. Maloney.
- Senior Discus: J. Carroll.
- Junior Discus: M. Parker.
- Sub-Junior Discus: S. Taylor.
- Senior Javelin: J. Carroll.
- Junior Javelin: M. Parker.
- Senior High Jump: B. Clarke.
- Sub-Junior High Jump: Y. Hughes.
- Open Walk: A. Quinnell.
- Senior Relay: Bradfield.
- Junior Relay: Gloucester.
- Sub-Junior Relay: Gloucester.
- Senior Captain Ball: Kent.
- Junior Captain Ball: Gloucester.

SWIMMING

The annual school carnival took place at Heffron Park Olympic Pool on 12th March. A full day was taken as it was impossible to hold the heats before the day. The weather was perfect and the day a most enjoyable one. Unfortunately Heffron Park Pool does not have a diving board and it was necessary to hold this event at another time.

HOUSE SCORES:
- Kent with 157 points were the winners, followed by Bradfield, York and Gloucester.

CUP WINNERS:
- Senior Point Score—Margot Conabere.
- Junior Point Score—Marilyn Bryant.
- Sub-Junior Point Score—Helen Sullivan.

RESULTS:
- Open Championship: R. Bryant.
- Open 220 Free Style: R. Bryant.
- Junior Championship: M. Bryant.
- Sub-Junior Championship: H. Sullivan.
SCHOOL ATHLETICS 1934

Standing: M. Parker, J. Carroll, B. Finlayson.
14 yrs. Freestyle: R. Bryant.
16 yrs. Freestyle: M. Trevenar.
17 yrs. Freestyle: J. Steele.
Sub-Junior Breaststroke: M. Ross.
Junior Breaststroke: M. Bryant.
Senior Breaststroke: D. Forster.
Junior Backstroke: M. Bryant.
Senior Backstroke: M. Conabere.
Sub-Junior Butterfly: V. Garrick.
Junior Butterfly: R. Bryant.
Senior Butterfly: M. Conabere.
Novelty "A" Rescue: Kent.
Novelty "B" Six Oar: York.
Open House Relay: Kent.
Open Medley Relay: Kent.
Open Diving: M. Curry.

First Years attended the Zone Carnival to support our swimmers but only competitors went to the Combined High Schools Carnival. R. Bryant was our only successful entrant. Congratulations, Robyn.

LIFE SAVING

Last season only 20 girls gained Life Saving Awards. We are hoping for larger numbers this season. The awards were: 8 Water Safety Certificates, 1 Proficiency Certificate, 10 Intermediate Stars, 1 Bronze Medallion, 6 Bronze Bars, 1 Instructor's Certificate and 2 Awards of Merit. Congratulations to Cheryl Watson (Instructor's Certificate) and Margot Conabere and Marilyn Trevenar (Awards of Merit).

ZONE ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

The North Shore Zone Carnival was held at North Sydney Oval on 14th July. Willoughby won the Open Point Score with a total of 154 and Fort Street tied for 2nd place with 153. Fort Street won the Senior Point Score, came 2nd in the Junior Point Score and 3rd in the Sub-Junior.

The most successful competitors were Margaret Parker who excelled herself in creating new records in the Junior Javelin, Shot Put and Discus, and Jannette Carroll with 2 first places, the Senior Javelin (a record) and the Senior Discus. Diane Ferrier won the Championship of Schools and 16 yrs. Championship and Yvonne Hughes the Sub-Junior High Jump.

We are hoping for some success in the Combined High School.

SOFTBALL

The school this season was represented by one Saturday morning team. The members were L. Hess (captain), V. Garrick, M. Power, J. Strauss, R. Brown, C. Barton, M. Webb, C. Gardiner, L. Stein, S. Hammond, H. Sullivan, J. Austin, and R. Belford. The team played in Junior B Grade. Out of 15 games we have had 9 victories. Our outstanding scorers have been M. Webb, C. Gardiner, L. Hess, H. Sullivan and V. Garrick. Each Tuesday and Friday afternoon after school the girls practice earnestly.

During the season some of the players sat for their Softball Umpire's examination and we are happy to report that all candidates received "A" passes. Well done, girls, "Keep the Fortian Fighters at the Top."

—C. BARTON.

BASKETBALL

Basketball continues to be popular. This season 4 teams were entered in the Saturday morning competitions. These were:


Junior A in B2 grade—L. Moroney, S. Kollias, B. Burke, L. Pol-
PLACE GETTERS AT C.E.S SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Sitting: H. Sullivan, V. Garrick, M. Bryant, M. Ross.
lard, M. Ross, J. Cuzon, R. Artlett (captain).

Senior B in A reserve grade—C. Laurence, B. Hughes, M. Keen, B. Brittain, G. Gough, D. Forster, S. Layton (captain).


The juniors who were playing

The Senior B reached the semi-finals and were in 3rd place at the end of the competition. The Senior A met Strathfield in the final and were successful by 17 to 8. It was the first time that a team from the school has won the A grade.

The success of the teams was due to the emphasis placed on teamwork and regular attendance at practice and most important of all

in their first High School Competition were at a disadvantage owing to the fact that the competition was not on an age basis but on the ability of the team. Hence our 1st and 2nd year girls were playing against senior girls from other schools. The Junior B has many promising players and should benefit from this year’s experience. The Junior A was placed 3rd in the results.

The fact that the girls were all playing keenly for pleasure and willing to accept defeat in the right spirit.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Killen and to Miss Gibbons for the interest and advice which they gave so willingly during the months that we were playing.

—JOAN ANTRUM
SENIOR B BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Sandra Layton (C.), Barbara Brittain, Gail Gough, Carol Laurence (V.C.)

Kneeling: Barbara Hughes, Diane Forster, Meryl Keen.
HOCKEY

This year the team, L. Cooksey (captain), L. Tow (vice-captain) C. Spill, Christine Spill, D. Young, L. McKenzie, M. Trevenar, C. Park, J. Steele, M. Spindler, G. Harrison, M. Conabere, V. Ford, M. Pikett, bravely faced A grade competition. We were happy to welcome some new members to the team this year. So far we have not been very successful but are still hoping to add some victories to our record. Perhaps our most successful match was the one against S.C.E.G.S. which we won 3-2. Colleen Park shot 2 goals and Margot Conabere 1 goal.

On behalf of the team I should like to thank Miss Gibbons and Mrs. Cooksey for their help and encouragement on the sidelines. On my own behalf I wish to thank the girls for their co-operation while I acted as captain and to wish them success next season. Thank you, girls.

—LYNDEL COOKSEY

BRADFIELD

Captain: Jill Ford.
Vice-Captain: Dianne Ferrier.

Bradfield got away to a good start this year by securing 2nd place in the Annual Swimming Carnival. Although we were not quite so successful in the Athletics Carnival, several girls managed to secure high individual scores.

We were well represented in the Swimming Carnival with M. Trevenar winning the 16 years championship and Margot securing the Senior Point Score Cup. The Open Diving was won by M. Curry.

Once again Dianne Ferrier was our outstanding performer in the Athletics Carnival. Other girls who contributed to the score were Susan Taylor, J. Strauss, R. Brown, C. LeRoy, D. Hampson, R. Tilly, P. Smith and C. Leong.

BRADFIELD was well represented in Saturday sport by J. Antrum, A. Glassick, G. Payne, S. Bearman, B. Brittain, J. Strauss and M. Trevenar.

Keep up the good work, girls, and don't lose the team spirit that has been shown during 1964.

GLOUCESTER

Captain: Lyndel Cooksey.
Vice-Captain: Sue Davies.

During the year Gloucester has been well represented in all the school activities.

At both the Swimming and Athletics Carnivals we were supported by many Sub-Juniors and Juniors but only a few Seniors entered the events. Our total score was the lowest but Robyn Bryant won the School Championship and several other events. Robyn Bryant, Jenny Steele and Diane Forster also gained places in the Zone Carnival.

At the Athletics Carnival however we were able to show what we could do. By a narrow margin we took the cup from York. Those responsible were: Margaret Parker, Gail Facer, E. Merkens, Yvonne Hughes, Viki Laing, Maureen Maloney, Iris Fleck and our teams, Sub-Junior and Junior Relays and the Junior Captain Ball.

In the Charities Collections we are holding second position but hope to reach the top before the fund closes.

Congratulations to the Gloucesterites who won places at the Zone Carnival and best of luck at the Combined.

KENT

Captain: Lillian Tow.
Vice-Captain: Lynette Smith.
SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Seated: C. Park, C. Spill, D. Young, L. Cooksey (Captain), L. Tow (Vice-Captain),
V. Ford, M. Pikett.
Once again Kent excelled in the Annual Swimming Carnival, winning with a very convincing point score. Kent teams won the Open House Relay, the Open Medley Relay and the Novelty A. This year we welcomed to our ranks 3 new Sub-Juniors, H. Sullivan, V. Garrick and M. Ross. These girls together with the old familiar stars, M. Bryant and M. Lowe, were the main contributors to the score. The members of the Relay teams were H. Sullivan, V. Garrick, M. Bryant, P. Tatnall and M. Lowe. At the Zone Carnival H. Sullivan, V. Garrick, M. Bryant, M. Ross and M. Lowe gained places. Congratulations on a wonderful performance girls.

From that victory we fell to 4th place at the Athletics Carnival. Here our representatives were M. Lowe, A. Hodgson, C. Park, A. Quin nell, all of whom won events and L. Hess, K. Law, L. Stein, L. Tow and G. Shortland who were place-getters. The members of the Captain Ball team which won the Open Championship were S. Layton, D. Doyle, S. Christie, D. Young, V. Mills, A. Quin nell, G. Shortland and M. Lowe.

The school team at the Zone Carnival contained fifteen members of Kent House.

Kent has displayed a lively interest in all school activities. We have members in the Choir, Debating Club, Gym. Club, I.S.C.F., Film Club and Red Cross.

Well done girls. Keep up the standard.

YORK

Captain: Barbara Clarke.
Vice-Captain: Elizabeth Munroe.

The year 1964 has once again been a rewarding one for our house. York has been close to or on top in all school activities.

In the Annual Swimming Carnival York gained 3rd place. Our only 1st place-getter was Robyn Perkins, but others gained places and must be commended for their house spirit and their efforts. York was well represented at the Zone Carnival.

The Athletics Carnival was a very successful occasion for our house. York was beaten in the overall point score by only one point. Our outstanding members were Elizabeth Munroe, Barbara Clarke, and Barbara Finlayson. Other contributors to the point score were Pat Robinson, Kay McKenzie, K. Eagles, Geraldine Barry, Lyn Heins, Elizabeth Ridge, H. Reid, V. Coutts, M. Adams, D. Sergeant, P. Reid and M. Kollias. The relay and captain ball teams all gained places.

Four Yorkists gained places in the Zone Carnival.

The winners of the Academic Shield and the Service Trophy have yet to be decided. Let us make an effort to secure these and, in so doing, show that the yellow is really on top, not only in sport, but in all activities.

AT THE BEACH

While I sit and linger by the sea,
Huge waves break upon the jewelled sand,
Ships go sailing past to a far country,
And the call of the seagulls echo around the land.

As I sit upon the strand,
And the sun shines brightly on the yellow shore,
My thoughts go back to a far off land,
But are drowned by the ocean’s roar.

ALLISON WARNER, 4C, (York)
SOFTBALL

JUNIOR A & B BASKETBALL TEAMS

Missing: S. Kollias, R. Artlett.
PRIZE WINNING ENTRY — SENIOR SECTION

SPELLBOUND

Smooth, cool, blue
This serene melody of sea
Curving to the horizon
Washing on sunny, sandy shores
Like a living creature, a being with a pulse—
A soul.
Origin of all life, adding awe to this gift
Awe of the beautiful calmness in which life was conceived
To which man now returns to elate his soul
And awe of the latent emotion which this creator
Can, so quickly, arouse to anger and destruction
Here in this ocean, heir to that formed in the infancy of earth,
Lies the secret and mystery, more fascinating
Than the infinity of the universe and the eternity of time...
Life.
Life, not intended to delight forever one being,
But passing and extending to multitudes
That each might relish one taste
Before the great emptiness
Is it pity I feel for those creatures—and people—
Oblivious of any understanding of their experience?
Or envy?
They, free souls, can enjoy without questioning
And accept without bewilderment
What purpose this flame between darknesses?
Alas, No answer...
No answer...
Forever ask, never receive.
Death.
Not to be feared, as pain may be,
But tormenting with uncertainty, doubtfulness.
To believe, or not to believe, what may come?
To wait, to watch and to hope.

ELIZABETH LACKEY, 5A, (Gloucester)

FROM A WINDOW

High square blocks
and barren walls.
The rippled surface
of a rusty iron roof.
A dark distance
of spirals
and a tall grey building.
A dot of green
minute,
Lost in the maze
of brick and stones
And the bright contrast of sky.

GLENNIS HARRISON, 5B, (York)
The offices of the British Mercantile Shipping Company were contained in a small, square, stolid building which stood imposingly facing the sea. The windows stood regimentally at attention, four abreast.

Inside, Brown, a clerk, surveyed the sky from one of the windows. Its blueness beamed back at him, promising fair weather. For a moment the little clerk was content.

In a nearby office, sitting at a desk that was floundering in deep plush carpet, was the manager, Mr. Martin. His impressive office was lined with shining brown panelling and conservative paintings which stared blankly from their places. Mr. Martin was also looking at the sky. He too should have been pleased. Mr. Martin was a family man. His wife was a social climber and this gave him many worries. His children must go to private schools, the family must go to fashionable winter skiing resorts in winter, they must have a summer villa, they must have at least three cars... they must... Oh!... He had meant to curse, but had checked himself, for he could almost hear his wife's reproving voice in his ears. Mr. Martin's head swam. These things cost money.

"What am I worrying for?" he asked himself aloud. He was not surprised that he had spoken to himself for he had discovered, much to his irritation, that he had recently developed this habit and in a moment of stress, his self-control faltered. "Why should I worry?" he repeated aloud. "The freighter will be in tomorrow, as we have had such lovely weather."

He sighed and regarded the white ceiling critically, idly trying to reason why all those cherubs were there, smiling, some upside down, some right side up. "Damn silly place to put them!" he muttered. "Designer must have been a bit silly." He was quickly brought back to earth by a cautious tap at the door. He sighed.

Brown entered, bearing a report from the main office. After giving it to Mr. Martin, he waited rather timorously in front of the desk. Like the desk, he swallowed in the thick carpet.

Brown also had worries. He had a steady girl friend who, like most girls, demanded the best of everything. He, in his own weak way, tried to satisfy her every whim. He had invested his savings in importing goods. It had been expensive at the time, but now, as the freighter would be back tomorrow, he would be financially secure, at least until he had taken his girl out a few times. "Oh, well," he thought, "how else can I get a girl?" For he knew he was not handsome and was awkward when near any member, young or old, of that other sex. He knew that he would have girl friends only when he had money and so he had risked his "fortune." "Tomorrow," he assured himself, "tomorrow," he would be happy.

"That will be all, Smith," Mr. Martin's decisive words sliced through Brown's world of dreams. He did not mind being called "Smith" for nobody appeared to remember his name. He was a very ordinary, non-descript person, just one of a crowd—crowds! He liked crowds. They were where he could slip away and lose himself in a multitude of faces. But tomorrow! Oh! that word contained a glory never before attainable. But to-
morrow—that day. His new found wealth would give him strength and he would be courageous enough to scoff at the safety he found in a crowd. He could scoff—that was until he was again short of money and then he would scuttle back to the crowd. "Tomorrow" he murmured again.

"The door is there, Smith!" boomed Mr. Martin, pointing with an imperative finger.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir, I'm just going, sir," Brown quickly replied, his voice filled with respect. He dared not look at that bloated face behind the brown-panelled altar. He dared not glance at that "god-like" creature enshrined in the sacred inner temple of the manager's office. He humbly backed out of the chamber. Brown arrived outside, quite breathless, as he always was after such visits. He sighed and uttered one word: "Tomorrow."

The next day the eagerly awaited freighter arrived. Brown found himself excitable, nervous, irritable. His dreams were nearing fulfilment. Mr. Martin too was excited. He actually rose from his chair to greet the ruddy-faced captain of the freighter. After formalities had been hurried over, Mr. Martin asked breathlessly, trying to exclude emotion from his voice, "And the cargo?"

"Oh, I meant to tell you," the captain said airily, "The deal fell through. Perhaps next time..." he stopped, for his words fell on deaf ears. Mr. Martin had collapsed.

The news spread quickly through the offices. When Brown heard he showed no outward emotions at all, mainly because no-one would expect him to have any feelings. Inwardly he was dazed, shaken, crushed. All his old griefs and worries surged back. He shuddered slightly and mentally scurried back to the protection of the faceless crowd.

MADI MACLEAN, 3A, (York)

THE SLAVES

Despised, a bastard race, whom None but own can love; Reviled by purity, itself a mass Of seething hatreds; Denied, by those who live in wanton luxury, The very Lease of life; Oppressed a thousand years, Their flesh, 'riched the black soil.

Their voice raised no lament—'twould have been In vain— And e'en their soft dark tears in anguish Fell on deaf-mute stone . . . But from that stone there sprang, Oh God! A love for life so fierce It consumed the hate-fire itself, And burned, a joy to see, A flame eternal.

SUSANNE DOWNTON, 5A, (Gloucester)
THE RACE

Five, four, three, two, whirr... and, with the sound still audible, complete chaos follows as the more athletic competitors gain an early lead in one of the most popular events of the day. Once "there" your skill in maintaining your position depends largely upon the unity of your team-mates; your height and, most important of all, your bulk or pushing power. Only constant practice will enable you to fight your way safely through the mob of keen competitors and so edge your way to the head of the field.

As you enter the last stage of your struggle, thoughts of pleasant rewards enable you to gather up that last flash of unnatural strength with which you fall—or are pushed over the finishing line, over the threshold, to the counter, with its boxes crammed with pies, ice-creams, buns and chocolates, of the School Tuckshop.

—DIANNE YOUNG, 5C, (Kent)

CROWDS

Crowds are generally interesting because they are composed of individuals, and individuals are always interesting. The man in the bowler hat is definitely "somebody," just as much as the fellow with a beard and jeans. "Sticky-beaks" are always present in a crowd. They are usually dowdily-dressed women—those who turn their heads when someone yells "Sam" or "Fred," when it is obvious that they are neither "Sam" nor "Fred."

A crowd, though made up of individuals, has a certain uniformity about it. It will always attract other people, and it seems to regard itself as some sort of superior being. It scorns those who do not join it. This is very true of life today. The "crowd" is becoming the basis of our society. We are always in a crowd. There is the crowd at school, at work, at church, at home, at the pool, at the tennis court. A young married couple is not considered established until they have joined a crowd. In many ways the crowd or group is essential to us, for it satisfies the human need for companionship; it gives one a sense of belonging and a sense of security. These have come to be regarded as necessary.

However, these crowds have tended to become cliques. Within them, people seem to lose their identities. Wherever you go there are cliques and you are definitely considered as being beyond the pale if you don't belong to a clique. This is illustrated very well by the teenage groups such as "Mods," "Rockers," "Surfies" and "Froths." Each of these has its own rules, its own mode of behaviour, its own regulations for fashions, where to go, what to do, what to like, whom to like. Intelligent young slavishly follow the rules so that they won't be considered "square." Though this is evident in the teenage population it is also noticed in the adult, although here it is not so radical.

It is good to have friends with similar interests and naturally people go around with their friends. But this becomes unwholesome when your whole life centres on and revolves around the group. A crowd, as it is in the streets, consists of individuals but in society it consists of people in cliques who lose their individualities.

—MARILYNNE WEST, 5C, (Kent)
ABOUT DAYDREAMS

Who knows a more perfect way to find refuge from the efficiency and hard cold realism of this hectic world? To slip for a few unnoticed moments into an unconscious haven, wherein we find an outlet for our feelings through the intimate privacy of our inner self; where none can mar the beauty of our thoughts and opinions, unaffected, as yet, by the many and confusing ideas pressed upon us when once we let them slip out: to be able, without contradiction or criticism, to assume any character, be in any situation, to be elated for a few moments, to reach a state wherein the world is at our fingertips, where anything is within our reach.

Daydreams are things which can build us up to such a state that they almost become a reality. In fact, to many people daydreams present a pleasant release from the monotonous turmoil of everyday life.

— JUDY DIXON, 5C, (Gloucester)

THE CAT

The cat lay in a jumbled sprawl of fur, like a disjointed marionette, seemingly lifeless, its face turned towards the sun. Then it started to come to life. First one baleful yellow eye was opened, slowly. It closed, just as slowly. The performance was repeated with the other eye. Both eyes then opened together, and remained open. It then produced a delicate yawn, pink tongue arching, mouth stretching so that the ears moved back, eyes closing as if from the effort. The yawn didn’t stop at the face. It spread down the front legs, curved along the spine and stiffened the hindquarters and tail, as if a puppeteer had pulled the strings. The claws spread apart, oh so elegantly. The tail curved back.

Cat then seemed to consider the question carefully. “To rise, or not to rise, that is the question.” The matter was, however, taken completely out of its hands. A bemused bee, drugged with the heavy warm air, blundered into an elegant black nose, then changed course. The contact was enough to provide the generating force necessary to lift the cat to its feet. It sprang up, shook its head, then lifted a paw to rub its nose. Finding no damage, it looked for the cause of its fright. However by this time, the bee had no doubt blundered into something else. In any case it was out of sight.

Cat then stretched. The stretch started at the front legs. The claws spread apart and opened, gripping the ground. The head flattened against the high curve of the back. The tail arched, as if stiffened by wire.

Then the washing. Pale pink tongue curving over the sleek blackness of the fur... the body twisting, contorting... the head moving with the tongue... the final shake. Cat was now ready to face the world.

— INGRID HAGSTROM, 5A, (Kent)
"Petie" sounds a very common name, but to me it recalls many wonderful things; the soft lilt of a Scottish brogue, a love of nature and simple things, a warm sense of humour and a vibrant personality.

I picture gentle hands picking up a fallen bird, hear soothing words, whispered to comfort the hurt and see a pair of blue eyes, glistening against the background of ruddy checks.

Many expressions are painted upon the old warrior's face, expressions of sympathy, warmth, love, happiness and hardships. While Petie's eyes reflect his memories of troubled times, they are not always sad and melancholy. Occasionally they are seen as two roguish twinkles peeping out from a pair of overhanging, bristly, white eyebrows, ready to dance when given the word.

Petie's face was once strong, firm and full of resolutions: it is not so now. Lines have appeared like rivers, forming a net-work of patterns over his face, and wrinkles of laughter like cat's whiskers stand guard at each side of his dimming eyes. The brown skin of youth was long ago replaced by a pale pasty complexion and his nose does not seem so prominent against his fattened face.

Although his features have changed with the years, his keen love of life still remains. Often he is seen with the racing-guide, a drink, or a look for pretty girls. Some might say he is slightly wicked; this only makes me love him all the more, for Petie is my grandfather.

—SUSAN DIXON, 3A, (Gloucester)

FIRE

Fire!
So quiet, almost secretive.
Slowly at first, with uncertainty the paint red fingers twine around the kindling,
Sensitive to the tiniest breath.
Fire! Fire!
Every minute gaining confidence.
Growing taking more substantial holds
Moving quickly, leaping, dancing,
Sending showers of sparks into the air like tiny red stars in the black sky.
Fire! Fire! Fire!
At its zenith.
Roaring, leaping, devouring, inviting,
Master of man—
The children laugh and clap their hands.
They do not mind the fiery blasts of invisible heat.
They draw closer.
Fire!
Gradually, yet seemingly suddenly reduced to an angry smouldering glow
Then the blacks and greys,
Charcoal and ash.
Short lived is its fiery glory and mastery;
A tiny scrap of paper,
Survivor of the inferno, flutters aimlessly among the ashes.
All that remains is blackness and disolation.

GILLIAN PRESTON, 5C, (Kent)
THE SHED

The smell of grain was penetrating, rich and satisfying, symbolic of good times. I peered through the dimness. A soft grey dust had gently descended, covering all. As I walked about there was a crunching underfoot as grain and dust and concrete were ground together.

I leaned against the framework — thick, sturdy bars of wood, rough to touch. Through the smoky glass of a window the trees and grass did not seem so verdant, in fact, the only thing that was the same inside as out was the deafening chirp of sparrows. The other window was covered with a rough hessian bag.

The shelves were packed to capacity with bottles, tins and jars: poisons and medicines. Tools of smooth, worn, brown wood and metal, caked with mud, leaned against one wall and string, wire and nails were scattered everywhere. On another wall were bicycle tyres and a deflated inner tube, two coat hangers, and suspended precariously, a picture of a cottage and hounds and men on horseback. The third wall supported a row of rusty horseshoes, a dozen iron bits, a thin, grey, musty blanket and a coil of rotting rope. Bridles, saddles and straps hung lifeless, and dull for want of care.

I walked between the tins and drums on the floor. There was paint, and the pungent aroma of kerosene, and thick, greasy, black oil. In one corner was piled a fishing net with large pieces of cork that squeaked when I rubbed them. From another corner came the foul, overpowering stench of rotting egg and from some other secluded hole, the muffled scuffling of mice.

Through a small hole in the iron roof the rays of the sun fell, in a pool of yellow light on a shiny, new, metal bucket. Slowly I returned through the dryness and dampness and the network of cobwebs. Outside the world was flooded with a mellow light, the trees and grass were fresh and green and the sparrows were chirping noisily.

— ROSEMARY LILLICOT, 3A, (York)

AWAY TO THE SEA

Some of them say—
—Where has he gone?
He's gone to the cruel, merciless sea,
Where wind
and tempest,
Rain
and turmoil
Band like witches
Bent on evil;
Where waves like mountains—
Ferocious and wild,
Heave—
and swell,
lunge—
and fall
(to be gathered up again.
But still they will ask—
—Where is he?
... He's gone forever, away to the sea.

BARBARA CLARKE, 5B, (York)
"THE BATTLE"

Slowly the captain and his men began to climb the slope of the hill. When they reached the summit they would begin the attack and take the enemy by surprise.

"It was a clever plan of mine," the captain thought. "Surely the enemy would not expect another attack today, and just before sunset? Oh yes, he could smell food cooking now. They must be preparing for the night as he had hoped."

The top of the hill came closer. "Quiet!" he hissed to one of his troop. "I've told you there was to be no talking. You'll be dealt with later!" Now the captain's thoughts turned from the disobedient soldier to what was approaching. "It was a pity night was coming on so quickly. He might not get a good shot at Black John, the leader of the enemy. Still, why worry? Was he not the best shot in the army, and in the whole country, probably?"

The next instant they gained the top of the hill, and letting out a series of piercing cries, began to run down the other slope. Shots rang out.

"The enemy seem rather well prepared for an attack," the captain thought. "No matter, my men were doing well and I have shot five ruffians already." By this time they had come to the enemy's camp. Suddenly, Black John appeared, and before the captain could defend himself, a bullet was flying in his direction. By a stroke of luck, however, it hit an unfortunate soldier, and now the captain had his chance. With a flying leap he landed on Black John, and the pair became entangled in a desperate struggle. Blow after blow the captain rained onto the villain's body. The air rang with cheers. The hour of victory had come.

Then suddenly the sound of another voice was heard, coming from the other side of the hill. All raised their heads to listen.

"Jimmy! For the third time come inside. Your tea is getting cold."

—PAT SMITH, 3A, (Bradfield)

NATURE OF WORK

The camping area was situated on the crest of a large hill. Standing on the summit, we could see far into the horizon which was a deep purple line as the sun sank slowly in a fiery red mass. Soon the twinkling stars appeared and then came the pale wan moon. Everything lay hushed and tranquil so we decided to make up our beds and retire for the night.

I lay with my face lifted to the heavens, with its galaxies of stars. A pale shaft of light streamed across the grass and over the foot of my bed. Hoarsely croaking in the distance was a frog who was surely singing praises to this sweetly scented night.

The grey dawn had turned to a rosy pearl when we awoke and we heard the crashing surf on the reefs below. Again we walked to the crest of the hill and peered down on the tumultuous surf which was whipping itself to a fury of white foam against and around the rocks.

Slowly we descended the hill to the cold crisp sand which crunched beneath our bare feet. We wove our way along the rock-strewn beach past many coves until we came to the cemetery.
It was situated on a jutting headland of rich green grass that sparkled with the early morn dew. The normally white and grey tableaux were now many shades of red. Rich red, orange, rosy pink and pastel pink they were, standing stonily erect while the wind chased its way between them. So beautiful was the scene before us that we dared not breathe for fear of breaking the magic spell. Then we turned and retraced our steps to the camp.

Smoke was rising in curls and puffs from the many campfires now, and the droning of cicadas filled the air. We had reached the foot of the hill where a small crystal-clear lagoon lay tranquil. As we hit the water, it shimmered and trembled, sending off circles of tiny wavelets which rippled to the shore. Soon, however, the smell of eggs and bacon which had gradually wafted down to us became so strong that we paid heed to our quivering nostrils and returned to our tent to enjoy some breakfast.

—DENISE WHEELER, 3A, (York)

"INSECTS"

You know many people look down on us insects. I've really had a tough life—simply because I'm a grasshopper. There was a time, not so long ago, maybe three or four centuries ago, when we grasshoppers (all right, so I wasn't born!) had the run of the plains. Now humans have moved in and they have the impertinence to complain that we get in their car engines, that we eat plants and leave spots on windows. I wish they would install public conveniences "for use of grasshoppers only" before they complained.

Anyway my life has been really swell compared to that of some of my mates. I once knew an earthworm—he was a fine, upstanding citizen of the underworld—(no, he wasn't one of Al Capone's mob) and he finished up on a laboratory bench being dissected by fiendish, bloodthirsty, zoology students. (Let us have one minute's silence for our dear, departed friend. Sniff!) He wasn't the only one to suffer. His brother is in a health home for neurotic worms. He was foolish enough to build his home in rich, luscious soil—exactly the kind of place humans dig up for gardens.

No sooner did he get to bed in the morning after gathering food all night, than a garden fork came plunging into his bedroom. Last time it did not miss him. The sight of his bottom half, wriggling away, proved too much for him. I'm afraid, and he developed a bad case of split personality—which I think is quite understandable.

My good friend Clarence Beetle is up to his neck in legal proceedings and court laws. You see, it seems that some human chirping group are using his name in vain and allegedly infringing his copyright. The trouble is, he can't prove anything because he isn't sure now if he spells his name "beetle" or "beetle" (could it be "beatel"?) Poor Clarence! I sympathise greatly. Just wait and see what I would do if some long-haired, two-legged, croaky-voiced, so-called humans tried to call themselves the "Grasshoppers!" Pow!!

Ants? Well they have the best life of all. I hear in Africa a law has been passed compelling elephants to wear ripple-soled shoes to give the ants a fifty-fifty chance which is better than most of us get.

—JANELLE FAY TERENTY, 1T, (York)
"THE WAY OF THE BIRDS"

The evil claw loosed a boulder from the cliff edge and the sound of the crashing boulder echoed through the valley. The eagle raised its ugly beak into the still, humid air, its keen eyes piercing its surroundings from the regal perch. Hunger gnawed at its stomach, and rising loftily into the still air, it glided over the valley and waited, hovering, watching for any disturbance in the quiet scene below it. Suddenly, its eyes perceived a movement in the branches of a tall gum tree almost directly below it, and, circling, it prepared to dive for its prey.

The Wren family was in a terrible fluster! Father Wren, unfortunately, was absent collecting food for the young fledglings, and Mother Wren had her hands full with Jenny Wren who wanted to fly, and Jinny Wren who did not want to fly, and the twins who never ceased to squabble, and with Johnny who would insist on scuffing and scratching in the nest when she had just tidied it.

Mother Wren was in despair when suddenly, she heard a terrified squawk, and looking eastwards from her nest, saw her husband flying rapidly home, and, above him, the ugly, fearsome shape of an eagle. She quickly gathered her young ones under her wings and lay terrified in her nest, not daring to look at the terrible death of her husband. A last, choking cry filled the air and the poor wren lay trembling, imagining the painful death which would befall her and her little ones if the eagle had spotted their nest. Her trembling became greater and her children huddled closer as the faint vibration of wings came closer and closer, until the air seemed filled with a black, evil, writhing body and the whirring of beating wings. Suddenly, a shot rang out through the valley and the eagle dropped silently, like a stone, to the valley floor.

Mother Wren's tremblings slowly ceased and, one by one, five little beaks emerged from their mother's wings. The full realisation of what had happened came upon Mrs. Wren, and she grieved silently for her mate. However, on the following day, she resumed her daily tasks of cleaning, feeding and scolding, determined to forget the horror of the previous day.

Mother Wren paused suddenly in her work. Surely that was not a wren's song! She resumed her work, determined not to let her imagination get the better of her. But there it was again, louder, clearer, and it seemed to be coming from directly above her. She raised her eyes, and there, to her surprise and joy, saw her mate whistling cheekily to her, with five large, juicy worms hanging from his beak.

—SUE CHRISTIE, 3A, (Kent)

QUICK SILVER

Silver moon, far in the sky,  
I cannot draw you, how hard I try.  
You shift and change throughout the night,  
And often come out without any light.  
A couple of times I've drawn you down  
But the following night you seem to frown.  
I've been up for an hour, I'm becoming tired  
It's getting too late. Time I retired.

KIM GAMBLE, 10, (York)
A HISTORY OF FORT STREET SCHOOL

The history of Fort Street School dates from 1849 when Sydney Military Hospital, situated on Observatory Hill, was appropriated by the Government for the formation of a Model School.

The movement to establish a school began in 1848, and on 14th January of that year, an application was made to the Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, for "some building suitable for a Model School, and which at the same time might serve as Normal School for Training Teachers for the future supply of the interior." On 4th January, 1849, formal possession of the building was obtained.

Many alterations, repairs and additions had to be carried out at Fort Street to convert it into a National School House. On 5th January, 1849, a sum of £1,000 was voted for the purpose of remodelling the building. A new front was added to the building and the sick wards were converted into spacious and convenient classrooms. By August, the building was complete with additions.

Meanwhile, the Board was concerned with the problem of staffing the school. The Governor was requested to communicate with the National Board of Education in Ireland, in order to procure "a person trained in one of their establishments and competent to undertake the duties as Headmaster of the Sydney Model Boys' School." The person was to be a married man, his wife undertaking the duties of Mistress of the Model Girls' School. For this they were to be paid the total combined salary of £300 per annum.

When the school was officially opened in 1849, there were three hundred and fifty-six girls, boys and infants, and only four teachers. In 1899, there were 2,000 pupils—1,050 boys, 700 girls and 300 infants. In 1909, when the school celebrated its Diamond Jubilee, many changes were imminent. Up to 1911, the school had been the standard Primary and Secondary State School. In 1911, the Upper Division was officially proclaimed a High School. In 1916, the Boys' High School moved to Petersham where it still retains the name F.S. Boys' High School. The Girls' H.S. continued to be housed in the old buildings on Observatory Hill. The primary section of the school occupied adjacent buildings until 1942, when a new school was built nearly closer to the Observatory.

In 1932, the tennis courts were opened by Dr. Bradfield, architect of Sydney Harbour Bridge. On April 30th, 1949, at the Garden Party marking the centenary of F.S. School, the foundation stone for the Gymnasium was laid by the Hon. R. J. Heffron, then the Minister for Education.

The Fort Street magazine has had a long and interesting history, which began on 7th August, 1898. "The Fortian" was published on the first Tuesday of every month at a cost of one penny or an annual subscription of a shilling. As well as regular features such as "School Notes," "Girls' Page" and "New Books in the Library," contributions were made by pupils and old Fortians.

Even in the early days of "The Fortian," a great deal of emphasis was placed on sport. Swimming and lifesaving were popular with both boys and girls. Although the first Fort Street Athletics Carnival was held on Saturday, 12th September, 1908, Swimming Carnivals seem to have begun well before this. It is interesting to note that the school hockey team originated in 1908, 56 years ago. This report of the girls' first match appeared in the August edition of the magazine;
"Fortians I met Cooeyanna I at Rushcutter's Bay on 11th August. Although beaten by six goals to nil, it was not an easy game for Cooeyanna."

The boys were particularly keen on football and the Australian Rules team of 1908 seems to have been extremely successful;

"The School Team played Camden Grammar School on 15th September at Camden. The game resulted in a win for us by 41 to nil."

In the same year, ten boys from this team were selected to represent New South Wales in Melbourne.

Competition to enter Fort Street appears to have been high, judging by a report in a 1909 edition of "The Fortian;"

"The number of new boys this year easily exceeds that of many previous years. If there had been more room we believe a thousand more boys could easily have been obtained."

This was to be expected, as ex-pupils from Fort Street were eagerly sought after in the business world. Wages in those years, however, appear to us to have been extremely low. An advertisement in "The Fortian" from a business college guarantees that women graduates "have secured secretarial employment in business houses with commencing salaries as high as £2/10/- per week."

An advertisement for boys in another magazine of 1909 reads;

"Grace Brothers have a few vacancies for boys of good education at 15 years of age to start at 7/6 per week. If the boys have not had good home training and a good commercial education, they are not suitable."

Ex-pupils from Fort Street have made many outstanding achievements. Two interesting reports of old Fortians from a 1908 edition of the school magazine are;

"We noticed in one of the daily papers that an old boy, Elwell, has invented a method of wireless telephone which has proved successful over a distance of five miles. He is a professor at Leland Stanford University, America."

"We were very pleased that William Mawson, an old Fort Street boy who passed Senior in 1899... has returned in safety from his trip to Antarctica with Lieutenant Shackleton and Professor David."

Even at this time, Mawson had become a famous Arctic explorer. In one of his later expeditions in 1912, he was the only member of the party to survive.

The school library situation in January, 1909, was as follows;

"To new pupils. The library is open every day from 12.30 to 1.30, on Tuesday and Thursday for girls and Monday, Wednesday and Friday for boys. There are about 2,000 books available and the price is 1d. each."

By June of the same year, the typical crisis had arisen;

"There are now some hundreds of books overdue from the Library. Fines will be imposed after a period of fourteen days."

The following is a timetable used by the Female School in 1851 as published in the Centenary Issue of the Magazine of Fort Street Girls' High School in 1949.

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EXTRA TABLE

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Today, as Fort Street is two schools, it has two magazines. That of the boys still carries the name of "The Fortian." Although these magazines only come out once a year, it is to be hoped that they will always be a part of Fort Street.

—PAT SMITH, 3A, (Bradfield)
—SUE CHRISTIE, 3A, (Kent)
—JUDITH LASZLO, 3A, (Bradfield)
—NERIDA CURREY, 3A, (York)

A LIGHT

The soft black night had closed in around them. As they slowly and hesitantly felt their way around the next bend, fearful of what might lie ahead, they saw a light bouncing off the olive leaves, jumping back into the murky puddles and then playfully reflecting itself on the million and one droplets of rain, dewlike on the leaves. It was as if they were looking through the silver-misted veil as they peered through the rain to the black leaves, silhouetted against the soft light, peaceful, but eerie in their peacefulness. Some bird, disturbed by their unannounced entry, flew into the rain. Was the light that of a search party? A house? Robbers? Bushwalkers? For an instant a huge, towering, although comforting black mass of tree blocked it from their view. It reappeared again, shining and shimmering.

Caution thrown to the wind, a couple ran towards their hope, but the others were more suspicious and nervous, afraid it might suddenly disappear to leave them dispiritedly wandering. All eyes were glued to the light as feet tripped over and bumped against invisible roots and rocks.

As the outline of a window pane was seen, all broke into a run, heedless of the twigs and branches that smacked and tore at faces and clothing, heedless of where their flying feet landed, heedless of any caution. Entering the hut they found a merry party of hikers.

—ROWENA EDDY, 4B, (York)

FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is a wondrous gift,
A gift not shared by many,
Whose life is safe through every rift,
Most prized treasure of any.
The helping hand when you are low,
Comes from a friend indeed,
This is no fair weather friend,
But a helpmate when you need.
A true friend's always by your side,
No matter where you roam,
His thoughts will always follow you,
Until you come back home.
So seek this prize and guard it well,
Don't let it slip away,
Make it far too valuable to sell,
Don't lose it for a day.

HEATHER McSWEENEY, 5C, (Bradfield)
ALLONS EN FRANCE

Un jour on m’a dit que j’allais en France et en moins de rien je montais la passerelle du navire. A bord, j’ai passé la plupart du temps à lire, assise sur un transatlantique, à jouer ou à écrire des lettres à mes amis.

Tous les jours la mer était calme à porte nos bagages à la douane. Le navire était très confortable quoique je sois un peu fatiguée quand nous sommes arrivés à Marseille.

Quand nous avons débarqué, on a porté nos bagages à la douane où les douaniers les ont fouillés. De là, nous avons pris un train à Paris. Nous nous sommes installés dans un compartiment, le chef de train a donné un coup de sifflet et le train-express a commencé le voyage.

Nous sommes arrivées à Paris le lendemain matin quand l’horloge d’une église sonnait six heures. Le soleil se levait et l’air était frais.

Les rues étaient pleines de couleur, bordées de magasins dont les devantures étaient remplies de choses brillantes, de cinémas, de bâtiments, et d’immeubles. Sur la chaussée il y avait beaucoup d’autos, d’autobus et de camions et sur le trottoir il y avait le tumulte des hommes et des dames qui se hâtaient à leur travail.

Oh ! C’était Paris, mon Paris !

En ce moment je suis tombée par terre du lit et j’ai compris que ce n’était qu’un rêve.

—GEORGINA WEISS, 3A, (Kent)

MON PETIT CHIEN

Tout blanc et noir et gris,
C’est mon petit chien,
Et quand il fait ses tours
Je lui dit “Bien.”

Il aime tous les chiens,
Il les aime beaucoup,
Et il cache ses os
Dans plusieurs trous.

La nuit, dans ses rêves,
Il joue avec sa balle
Il dort dans sa couverture
Comme un bébé dans un chale.

BARBARA LACKY, 3A, (Gloucester)

À LA MER

Je me tiens au haut de la falaise. C’est l’heure du crépuscule. Je regarde le ciel. La lune est blanche, un revenant caché derrière les fumées grises. Un oiseau aquatique crie—un long cri d’abord mais qui se meurt dans le vent. Je regarde la plage. Il fait du vent et les brisants furieux et fiers luttent pour atteindre les collines de sable. Les collines semblent se moquer des vagues; aussi les vagues cessent de lutter et coulent à la mer qui les attend impatiemment. Le bruit devient plus fort. Il fait noir et j’ai peur. Je me retourne et je cours, terrifiée.

—ROSEMARY LILLICOT, 3A, (York)
UN PAYSAN DANS LA GRANDE VILLE

Le vieux paysan leva son sac lourd sur l'épaule et se mit à marcher le long de la rue. Il était un peu affolé par le regard curieux des passants, par les foules qui bousculaient et les visages blemes et graves. Les voitures passaient à toute vitesse et il n'osa pas traverser la rue, aussi s'arreta-t-il au coin, ne sachant que faire.

Il remarqua que les habits des passants devant lui différaient de ses bottines boueuses, de ses vêtements rapes et de sa casquette rude. Leurs robes étaient d'une façon qu'il n'avait jamais vue.

Un vent glacial soufflait et il frictionna ses râins pour les chauffer. Les feuilles brunes étaient tombées des arbres et seulement les silhouettes des branches étaient esquissées sur un ciel sombri. La peur le saisit et il commença à desesperer quand il entendit quelqu'un crier derrière lui. — Ah ! te voila, Chauvin, j'ai pensé que je ne te trouverais jamais.

MELANIE PETROVIC, 4B, (York)

A MA CORRESPONDANTE FRANÇAISE

Chère Sylviane,

Dans cette lettre je veux te parler de mes vacances. Ma soeur, Suzanne, mon frère, Richard, et moi, nous passions nos vacances avec nos cousins, Paul, Jean et Marie, au bord de la mer.

Pendant la première semaine de notre séjour le temps faisait très beau et tous les jours nous faisions des pique-niques sur la plage et nous nous baignions dans la mer. Mais il ne faisait pas toujours très beau. Un jour qu'il faisait un peu froid, nous ne savions pas que faire. Après quelque considération Paul a suggéré un pique-nique à côté de la rivière dans la forêt à une distance de quarante milles. Nous étions tous d'accord.

Suzanne, Marie et moi, nous avons préparé le déjeuner pendant que les garçons discutaient la route. Bientôt tout était prêt et nous sommes vite partis.

Nous sommes arrivés à la rive de la rivière à onze heures et Richard y a parkhe l'auto. Parce que nous n'avions pas voulu prendre

notre déjeuner de si bonne heure, nous avons décidé d'explorer la campagne environnante jusqu'à midi. Cependant, quelqu'un (j'espère que ce n'était pas moi !) a oublié de fermer une des portières de l'auto et quand nous y sommes retournés, une grande surprise nous attendait — des écureuils d'un arbre près de l'auto avaient trouvé notre déjeuner et l'avaient mangé !

A trois heures de l'après-midi nous sommes arrivées à la maison au bord de la mer. Nous étions tous très fatigués et très fatigués et très fatigués et nous avions très, très fain !

T'es-tu amusée pendant tes vacances, Sylviane ? Je me suis bien amusée pendant mes vacances. Même l'incident des écureuils était amusant pour nous quand nous avions fini un bon repas le soir !

Tout à toi,

Tout à toi,

Tout à toi,

Ton amie,

Pam.

PAMELA KIDD, 3A, (Bradfield)
L'HIVER

L'hiver était venu à tout le pays. Les branches nues étendant au ciel intercedant auprès des dieux du ciel pour qu'ils leur rendassent leurs feuilles protectrices afin de cacher leurs noirs squelettes découverts. Les fleurs se réfugièrent dans la terre, fuyant les doigts mortels de l'hiver. L'air froid était clair et silencieux. Jamais on n'entendait le cri suave d'un oiseau, mais de temps en temps la toux dure de quelque pauvre captive de l'hiver troublait le silence. C'était un monde mort. Il semblait attendre, attendre, patiemment l'arrivée de quelque chose, l'arrivée du printemps qui en revenant rapporteraient ses pouvoirs magiques et qui délivrerait ainsi le monde et lui permettrait de revivre.

—MADI MACLEAN, 3A, (York)

LAMENT

Love and joy, are things which I,
Being of different colour,
Will never, in my sorry life,
Receive from any other.

For men have chosen to rent the sky
With cries and screams of wrath,
Denouncing us!

But soft, black night gladly meets
And envelops snow-bright day,
Betwixt them, there exists no strife,
Separate, yet as one, they stay.

So why, oh why, does He above
Allow such hate to grow?
Why can't He spread this love and joy
And embrace us, one and all?

C. S. ROSS, 5A, (Gloucester)

LOVE'S DREAM — A SONNET

When I think over how my life is blessed
Since to my life sweet love hath come at last.
And how before my life was sore distressed
Since down that path my love had not then passed
And when in slumber heaven-sent I dream
Of her fair visage wondrous fresh and clear
As morning dew when then Apollo's beam
Doth shine and sparkle like a salted tear,
Then I do hope we two shall never part
The one that with her sweet and soft embrace
Doth warm the very deepest of my heart
And I who look with wonder on her face,
Then I do thank my guiding stars above
For granting me so bounteous a love.

ELIZABETH POPPER, 4B, (Gloucester)
BLIND WORLD

I lived in darkness—
saw I not, but heard;
and my world was one
of sound
and smell
and touch:
but saw I not.
I once had visions of this world
wherein I lived,
those visions, conjured up by tales
of lands unknown to me—
of sky, a vivid blue,
of flowering earth,
of grass on which I stood.
Oh how I hoped
that I one day might see
this beauty
so far, confined
to my imagination's eye alone.
But when I saw,
it was not through my eyes,
but through another man's
whose eyes had seen before.
and when I saw,
it was not my world of beauty,
but one of hate and cruelty,
and war.
For my blue sky became a turbid grey,
and my green earth, a grass of asphalt—black.
I would have given back these eyes
and with them would have gone
this unreal world,
all for my dreams and innocent retreat,
and blind, but happy world.

PATRICIA FARRAR, 5B, (York)

DOWN BLUEBELL LANE

Down Bluebell Lane, one summer's day,
Two little children chanced to stray,
Past the palace of the bee,
Beneath a weeping willow tree,
Along the bending, twisting lane,
Down the hill and back again,
A dewdrop trembling in the grass,
Becomes a pretty looking-glass,
A kindly daisy gives them shade,
Although of them it's quite afraid,
Petals that the rose flung down,
To make the grass a soft, new gown.
They watched for every bud to shed
The green cap from its little head,
And when the scarlet poppies throw
Their silken petals down below,
The children take them all away
And make them into patterns gay,
No wonder children love to go,
Where all the flowers and willows grow.

JENNY YOUNG, 2A.
SYDNEY

Smog and dust against the sunrise where the heart of Sydney beats,
And the pace is fast and faster for the crowds in crowded streets;
Here the zombie smiles are flashing and the unfelt greeting spread.
On the pavement stones our life is beaten out with heavy tread.

Here's the sprightly young executive who's dressed in charcoal grey;
Over there the eager preacher who has nothing left to say;
Standing there the teenage "rebel" who's conforming to the style
And the prosperous business man who fills his pockets all the while.

Time's become of great importance but the swifter it goes by
And the faces, sad and hollow, drift along and watch it fly.
All life's cares and all its sorrows are reflected in the stride
Of the crowds who wander lonely, caught up in the forceful tide.

FRANCES GILLEN, 5A, (Kent)

RETURN TO PARADISE

Secluded in this cup of golden light,
Where bellbirds bold sing of the joyous spring.
Where grass is green and billabongs glow bright,
And flowers, perfume rare, to this world bring;
The cottage stands, the greying walls and green
Of Time-old ivy. Splintered shutters, charred,
Neglected, and forlorn, the panes unseen;
The years have shown, the end is not so far.
How Nature can neglect this paradise
I do not know. For once the grass lay black,
The trees were glowing coals, as if a slice
Of Hell had risen there, and caused the lack
Of all that makes the world a heavenly place.
The birds, the trees, the flowers in every space.

JULIE IVISON, 4A, (York)

TWILIGHT

The orange glow of street lamps
Gently merges with the grey
And shadows blend so softly
As daylight slips away.
And in a lonely darkened hall
Hushed whispers fade away
And only dreams bring sweetness now
And dreams of yesterday.
And autumn leaves lie fallen
And branches now are bare;
And soft, the scent of lavender
Is wafted through the air.
And silence steals across the land
The flowers their petals close.
Tears have now begun to dry
For peace comes with repose.

ROSEMARY LILLCOT, 3A, (York)
THE BEACH

As I walked over miles of golden sand,
Alone, un'tended by servants all.
My eyes in reverence bowed to this great strand.
My ears were strained to hear its murmuring call.
Beyond the breakers stood a ship at rest,
All shrouded in Aurora's golden lights,
And puffs of smoke from out her funnels blessed
All fluffy floated freely to great heights.
And on the beach, waves crashed and hugged the shore
Or pounded violently upon high cliffs.
This beauty will my heart fore'er adore,
But, more the transient shapes of clouds that drift
Oh what a sight to see in early morn
When a new day by God's good grace is born.

KAYE WILSON, 4B, (York)

ALONG THE STRAND

The long, smooth roll of breakers stretching along the strand,
Broke, and crashed, and splintered upon the golden sand.
Up the beach it trickled, like ice begun to thaw,
Washed and cleansed the pebbles embedded in the shore.
The little beach grew darker, the golden sun had set,
The sandy shore now shivered, of light and life bereft.
Down the beach it rushed, so joyful and so free
Took with it the pebbles, washed them out into the sea.

JENNIFER BROOMHEAD, 5B, (Kent)

"EUROPEAN SPRING"

Today it's Spring,
It has that beautiful, clear ring;
The leaves are green,
More lovely than I've seen,
The children are gay,
Because they know it's May.
School is out—
Hurray! they shout;
It's a lovely day!
It's Spring!

"GREY"

The houses are grey,
The streets are grey,
The sky is grey,
Everything is grey
Where I live;
For I live in the city,
The big crowded city;
Where everything is grey,
And it's such a pity!

PHILIPPA NICHOLSON, 1R, (Gloucester)
MACHINES — A CALYPSO

Man today he make many machine,
The weirdest things that you ever have seen.
Spaceship go bleep as it fall to ground
After it circle the earth around.
Twentieth century wonderful age,
In our history another page.
Machine do everything we want them to
Human race almost nothing to do.
Man today he is very wise
But big computer open his eyes.
Computer made with many a screw
And it know more than me or you.
Questions fed into computer brain,
It showers answers back like rain.
Because machine perform this feat,
Man is becoming obsolete.
College professors have met their match
For information machine can despatch.
Machine think problems easy to do
When no-one else has any clue.
Fortunately the inventors say;
Machine need man to oil it day by day.
Or metal parts will rust away
Computer answers will be astray.
Man he is still needed it seems,
Inventors, technicians—they work as teams
From these facts one implication—
For future man only two vocation.

LINDA McEWAN, 2A, (Kent)

"DRAMA"

Drama's sometimes quite a thrill
To curl up tight and then lie still.
To grow up from a small, brown seed,
Into a fragile, tall seaweed;
To be a coloured anemone,
And then a weeping willow tree.
With arms, legs, body and head at ease
We now imagine we're tall pine trees,
High in the air, low on the ground
Yes, drama is such fun to do
I like it very much, don't you?

LOUISE PROUDMAN, IT, (Gloucester)

THE WITCH'S SPELL

An octopus that writhes and squirms,
Legs of frogs and a yard of worms,
Shake it well, give it three turns,
The spell will be broken if it burns.
Add tongues of lizards,
And fishes' gizzards,
Make a potion fit for wizards.

JANIS WILTON, IT, (Bradfield)
THE MURKY DEPTHS

Slimy grey polyps  
Long tentacles searching  
For prey  
All the day  
In the twilight of the sea  
Deadly poison spreads  
Dealing death to tiny creatures  
Which have lodged in the crevices of rock.  

Decked shells are stuck fast to the ship-wrecked mast  
And embedded in the sunless bottom  
Are delicately furled seaweeds  
Which, in time will be washed up  
Onto the sun-scorched shore.  

A school of fish, containing ten or more  
Swim through,  
Immediately an anemone, fat and blue,  
Descends on them  
The fish disperse  
The anemone grows bigger, floats away,  
And disappears.  

Sloping past a snake-infested cave,  
A lobster  
Still searching for unwary victims  
Heedless of a lurking danger  
Till suddenly the current sucks him in  
He claws the gritted sand  
Digging himself a grave  
Death has come to him at last  
Far from the ship-wrecked mast  
Of the murky underwater.

SEASONS

Whispers in the tree-tops,  
Rustles in the grass,  
The chit-chat of the animals,  
Spring has come at last.  
The swaying of the corn,  
The crying of the larks,  
The tying of the bundles,  
Summer's gone—is past.  

Golden earth, golden world  
Plants are growing cold,  
Songs no longer gaily chirped  
Among the trees unfurled.

WAVES

Sitting lonely upon the shore,  
I see giant waves as they rear and roar,  
Splashing and gurgling all about,  
Dripping and ripping far far out,  
Oh! How I envy those giant waves,  
Splashing and gurgling all about,  
Dripping and ripping so far far out.
"A THUNDERSTORM"

The air, hot and sultry
Hung over the land like a shroud,
The sky, where the sun was setting;
Was banked with black inky cloud
Which stole silently as death.
And then, like a dragon in torment,
Came a thunderous rumbling sound
And tongues of fiery red splendour
Pierced the clouds to surround
And brightly illumine the earth.
The rain, as a veil thrown from heaven
Enveloped the parched stricken ground;
Earth's agony passed—she was happy
As a child who was lost and is found;
And the dragon's eyes twinkling
Reflected their light upon earth.

CATHERINE GRAY, IO, (Kent)

DRAMA

Completely relaxed,
Nothing in mind,
Completely relaxed,
Muscles unwind.
I'm a seaweed,
Wedged between rock
I'm a seaweed,
Confined to my dock.
Weeping willow I,
Swaying to and fro,
Weeping willow I,
Stretching high and low.
I'm a schoolgirl again,
Not a legendary tale.
I'm a schoolgirl again,
Not a deep-sea whale.

JACQUILINE YOUNG, IT, (Kent)

"MIMING"

We lie on our backs
A deep breath, we relax.
Mind wanders, eyes close
Think, how a tree grows.
Roots firm in the ground
Trunk smooth and round.
Leaves green and tender
Growing tall and slender.
Rustling and bustling
The wind comes a-hustling
Our branches are shaking.
We're quivering and quaking.
The wind's growing stronger
We can stand it no longer,
Our straining trunk cracks—
We're back on our backs.

JANIS WILTON, IT, (Bradfield)
"SCIENCE"

Gases, acids, flasks and beakers,
What a joy to science seekers,
Bunsen, tripods, gauges, too,
Just the thing that's made for you,
Test tubes, taps and fizzing sodas,
All a part of chemical odours,
Copper, zinc, iron and lead,
When added with acids, form gases instead,
Oxygen, nitrogen, chlorine, too,
Make up the compounds just for you.
Two atoms of hydrogen, of oxygen one,
Put them together, it's H2O, when done.
Science, Science will never be still,
Until man, has drunk his fill.

YVONNE HUGHES, 10, (Gloucester)

A DAY

The sky lightens.
The trees rustle,
The sun brightens,
The world hustles.
It wakes afresh
When dawn breaks.
The air shimmers.
The sun's blazing.
The buildings glimmer.
Feet are pacing
They waste no time
When noon comes.
The sky reddens.
The day's dying.
Feet are leaden,
The world's tiring.
It rests in peace
When night falls.

JANET CALVER, 1F, (Kent)

THE NIGHT CITY

Bright lights illumine the street.
Click, Clack of shoes against concrete
Shop windows which once were busy
Left for the night—tidy or messy
Hardly any sound can be heard
In this city—not even a word
In this the city which once was so gay?
Which chuckled and chattered all through the day.
No!—This is the city of night.
Dark, dim, deserted, lonely, quiet
But it will revive with the coming day,
As dawn spreads her golden ray.

SANDRA KALNINS, 10, (Bradfield)
A PEACE THAN CAN NEVER BE THEIRS

Did you ever stop to lean
Over a fence and observe
A peaceful rural scene?
Watch a herd of cattle
Under some shady trees,
While sheepdogs quietly settle
In the path of a nice cool breeze?
A peaceful, calm lagoon—
A mirror shining bright—
Reflects the trees by day,
And twinkling stars by night.
And when you saw this pasture,
Covered with grass and trees,
Did you ever think of the people
Who, forever are refugees?
Seeking, seeking, seeking,
A peace that can never be theirs.

LISA LARK, IR.

WAVES

The dark green icy sea,
Splashed upon the rocks,
It tumbled down
Down into the deep white froth,
To rise again,
And splash my feet,
And trickle through my toes,
Until it rose so high,
That it almost touched my nose.

JENNIFER LOWE, IR, (Kent)
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