

1965



Canterbury  
Girls' High School

Vol. 7



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*“Knowledge is Power”*

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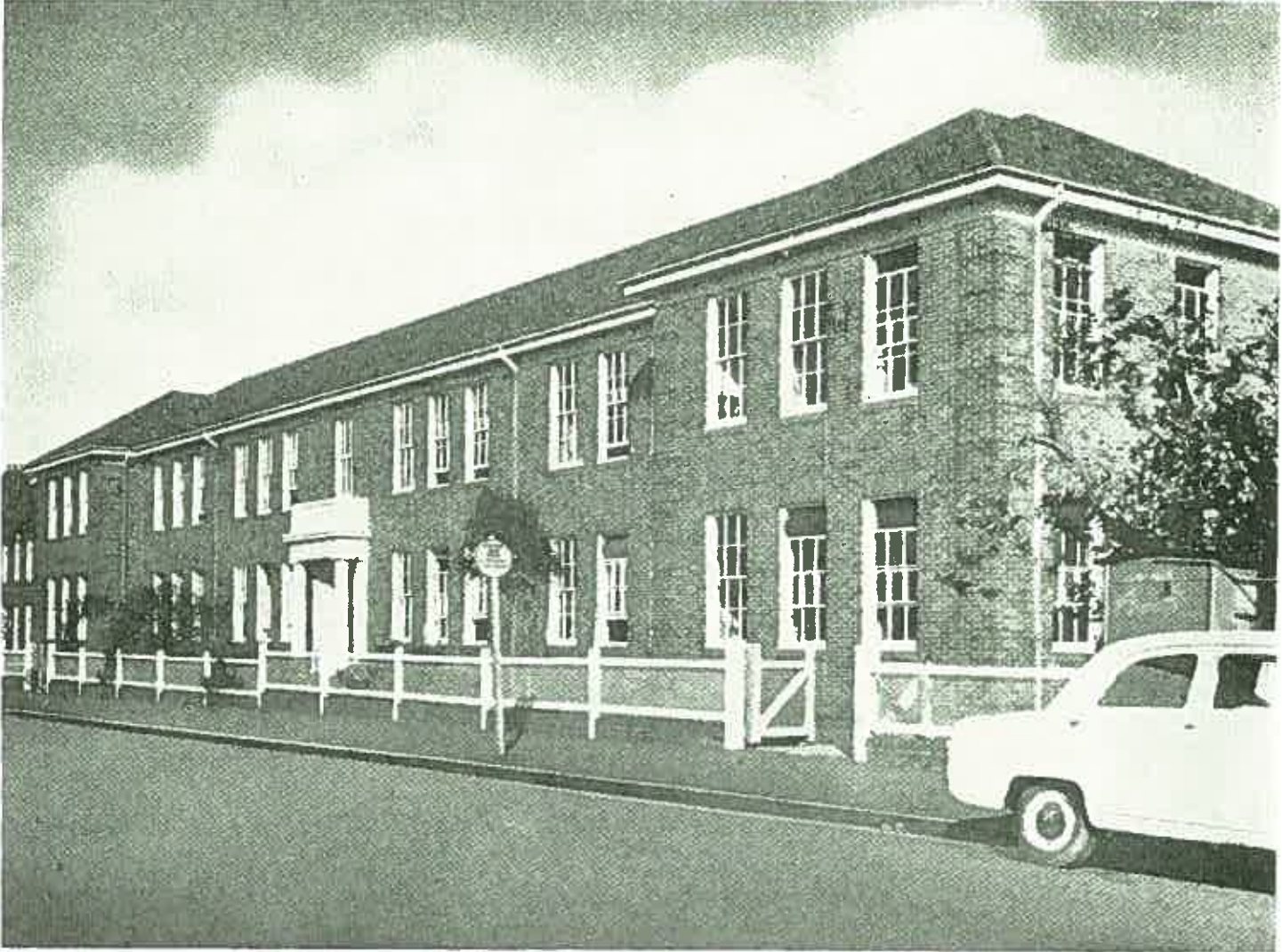
**THE MAGAZINE OF  
CANTERBURY  
GIRLS’ HIGH  
SCHOOL**

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*No. 7*

*NOVEMBER, 1965*

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FRONT VIEW OF SCHOOL

# Foreword . . .

## *Miss Gordon's Message*

This year, 1965, my first at the school, has been an exceedingly interesting and challenging one for me, but one which I have enjoyed and, from time to time, found rewarding.

Following a much-respected and well-loved Principal of the school could well have been a rather terrifying experience for me, but the kindness, help and consideration of the Staff and girls have rendered the task so much less frightening. For this, I am indeed grateful. At the same time, I am not unmindful of the fact that the change of Principal which caused me a certain amount of apprehension, could well have had a similar effect on Staff and girls. I can only hope that theirs has not proved to be a frightening experience and that they, too, have been shown kindness and consideration.

The School has, over the years, built up a tradition of good citizenship and high achievement. It will be our resolve to produce more and more thinking people and therefore more and more good citizens; to develop, in the girls, a breadth of mind and outlook; to show them there are greater fields of achievement and endeavour than they have perhaps realised; to encourage them to seek to know more and consequently to understand more about the peoples of the ever-changing World in which we live; and to grow up gracefully.

This, you may say, is a very ambitious programme. It is, but if we can achieve even a small part of it, I am sure we can, we will have done something towards helping the girls to lead a full and happy life.

# THE STAFF

**Principal:** Miss H. GORDON, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.  
**Deputy Principal (Acting):** Miss M. B. ROSE, B.A., Dip. Ed.

## Department of English — History:

Miss N. COOPER, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Mistress)	Mrs. L. HETHERINGTON, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss B. CHAPMAN, B.A., Dip. Ed.	Miss J. JARRETT
Miss P. CROSSINGHAM	Mrs. E. Le MARNE, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss E. DUFF	Miss A. SMITH, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mrs. R. HENRY, B.A.	Miss N. WALSH
	Miss N. WEHBY, B.A., Dip. Ed.

## Department of Mathematics:

Mrs. M. LYNCH, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Mistress)	Miss B. DAVIDSON
Mrs. H. BREAKWELL	Mrs. B. DYER
Mrs. K. BUGDEN	Mr. K. KHASHADORIAN, B.A. (Lond.), A.I.E. (Lond.)
Mrs. C. DOWDING	

## Department of Languages:

Miss J. MOORE, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Acting Mistress)	Mrs. M. B. MOORE, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Careers Adviser)
Miss J. MENDELSON, B.A., Dip. Ed.	Miss P. PAGE, B.A., Dip. Ed.

## Department of Geography and Commercial Subjects:

Miss B. SEE, B.Ec. (Mistress)	Mrs. B. PHILLIPS
Mrs. E. PEARSON, B.Sc. (Sheffield) Tch. Dip. (Nottingham)	Mrs. M. WOODORTH

## Department of Science:

Mr. G. BEAUMONT, A.S.T.C. (Master)	Miss G. MATHIE, B.Sc. (Gen.) Dip. Ed.
Miss M. GURR	Miss E. MITCHELL
	Mrs. E. PETTORINO

## General Activities:

Mrs. J. RALPH, D.P.E.	Mrs. S. WILLIS
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## Department of Home Science:

Mrs. M. TOPP (Acting Mistress)	Mrs. M. PINKERTON
Miss J. A. FRETWELL	Mrs. S. THOMPSON

## Department of Needlework:

Miss V. YOUNG (Mistress)	Mrs. L. C. WATERSON
Miss J. LANE, Tch. Cert. (Lond.)	

## Department of Music:

Mrs. O. JOHNSTONE, A.Mus.A., A.T.C.L. (Special Mistress)	Miss E. JONES, D.S.C.M. (Perf. and Tch.) L.Mus.A.
	Mrs. J. HAINES

## Department of Art:

Mrs. S. RANDI, Art Tch's. Diploma (Bristol)	Mrs. M. D. GODFREY, B.A.
	Miss T. WRIGHT

## Department of Physical Education:

Mrs. H. RONAY, Dip. P.E.	Miss B. HOLMES
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## Secretarial:

Mrs. E. EGGLETON	Mrs. I. WALSH
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**CAPTAIN (MARY CREASEY); VICE CAPTAIN (MARGARET TREHARNE)**

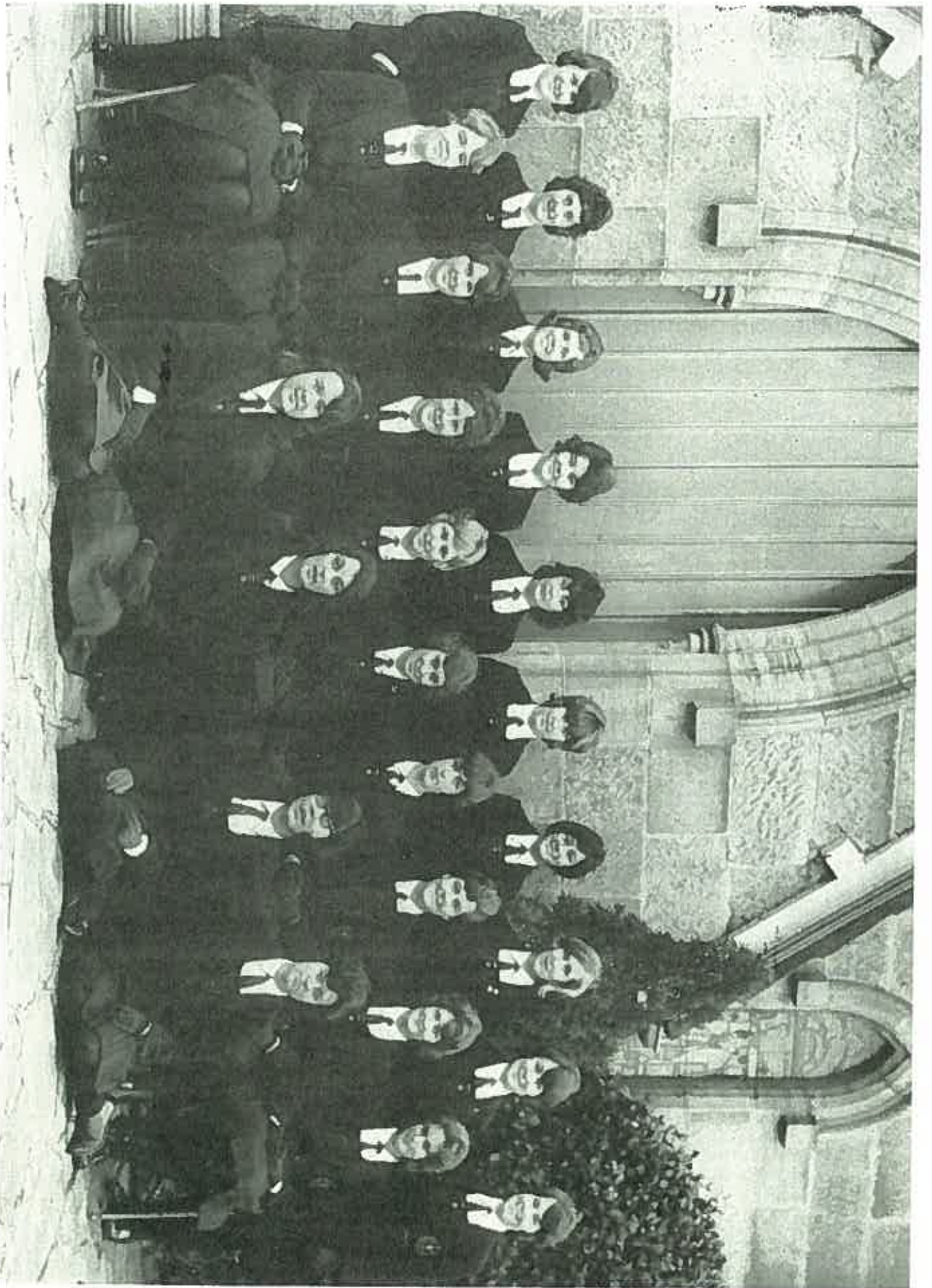
## CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE, 1965

This year, 1965, marks the closing of one era of education and the beginning of a new approach to learning with the introduction of the School Certificate; yet the principles of schooling and its traditions shall continue. Thus may Canterbury always maintain her standards of the past in every phase of school life.

My five years at Canterbury have been very happy, and I have felt very honoured in this final year to have been School Captain. I thank the Vice-Captain, Margaret Treharne and all the prefects for their help and co-operation. Together, we have endeavoured to carry out our duties in service to the school. For any failures I humbly apologise.

May I urge those of you who are to continue at school to grasp at all times the opportunities open to you, always aiming a little higher. To support and enjoy as we have in the past the various school activities, such as, sport, choir, I.S.C.F., debating, drama etc., remembering always our school motto, "Knowledge is Power". By doing this, you will be able to look back, as I will, with fond memories of your days at Canterbury.

MARY CREASEY.



CAPTAIN AND SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1965



# Miss Buckingham's Retirement

## *An Appreciation*

In 1960, Canterbury Girls' High School, in common with the N.S.W. Secondary Schools System in general, was about to undergo a radical reorganisation and re-orientation. It was the school's good fortune then to have appointed as its new Principal, Miss N. Buckingham, B.Sc., whose unstinted enthusiasm and balanced educational approach helped to establish new trends which ushered in the implementation of the Wyndham Report on Secondary Education.

In the ensuing five years, until her retirement at the end of 1964, Miss Buckingham kept clearly in view the standards and reputation which she sought to have the school achieve. It was at all times her aim to diversify the programme of the school in academic and extra-curricular activities in such a way as to enable the majority of the pupils to identify themselves with the school's goals and achievements.

Her own varied career gave her the breadth of outlook and the drive necessary to cope with the innumerable problems arising in this time of change. Her warm personal interest in the welfare of the pupils made it possible for her to give guidance and encouragement which helped them to realise their best abilities. She devoted much sincere consideration to the most effective ways of developing the school along lines which would offer its pupils the higher educational opportunities and standards of social responsibility.

To those, both staff and pupils, who shared with her these years of growth and change at Canterbury, it is perhaps her unfailing kindness and tolerance, her tact and, above all, her enlivening sense of humour, which will be remembered with the warmest appreciation.

## PARENTS AND CITIZENS MESSAGE

1965 has brought along some changes in our Association and in our School. The Association lost a hard-working and conscientious president when Mr. Bastian completed his third term of office. The School lost a wise and respected Principal when Miss Buckingham retired and all present were impressed at the many sincere tributes paid her at the Public function arranged in her honour at the end of last year. The P. & C. was very pleased to welcome our new Headmistress, Miss Gordon, whose friendly co-operation has been an enjoyable feature of its work this year.

The members of the P. & C. this year have worked to provide further school equipment as advised by the Principal resulting in the purchase of a sewing machine, two S.R.A. Reading Laboratories, a transistorised public address system, a Fordifax projector and half the cost of an encyclopaedia. Funds for this equipment were provided mainly by monthly envelope contributions and proceeds of guessing competition and annual dance. During the year a "Mother and Daughter's Night" was held and arrangements made for the "End of Term" Dance. Our publicity officer keeps parents informed of P. & C. activities in the monthly bulletin.

The Association has continued to make representations to expedite the construction of school extensions, provision of text books at a lower cost and other benefits to the School generally.

I do thank the officers and members for their most valued support during the year and sincerely hope that other parents will join us. More help means bigger efforts and more funds but above all more support to our daughters and to the school staff. On behalf of the P. & C. I extend my best wishes to all the girls in their coming examinations and in particular to those attempting their final exams.

E. F. NORMAN,  
President.



THE CHESS CLUB

# GIRLS WHO GAINED A PASS IN THE LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1964

## Key to Subjects:

- |                         |                                   |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. English.             | 17. Russian.                      |
| 2. Modern History.      | 18. Chinese.                      |
| 4. Economics.           | 23. Combined Physics & Chemistry. |
| 5. Geography.           | 26. Biology.                      |
| 6. French.              | 34. Art.                          |
| 7. General Mathematics. | 35. Home Economics.               |
| 8. Mathematics I.       | 41. Needlework.                   |
| 9. Mathematics II.      |                                   |
| 10. Mathematics III.    | x Oral.                           |
| 12. Latin.              | “H(1)”—First Class Honours.       |
| 14. German.             | “H(2)”—Second Class Honours.      |

- ALLEN, J. M.: 1 4 5 26A 35 41.  
 -ARMSTRONG, G. S.: 1 2 8 9 23 26A.  
 BABAJEWS, R. R.: 1 2 10 23 26 34.  
 BEAMAN, Y. R.: 1 2A 6 7 26A 35.  
 -BELONOGOFF, H.: 1 2 7 17Ax 26.  
 BONNER, K. A.: 1A 6Ax 8 9 12H2 26H1.  
 -BROWN, D. L.: 1A 5A 6Ax 8B 9 23A.  
 BULBERT, B. K.: 1 6Ax 8 9 14 23A.  
 CANELLAKIS, M. E.: 1 2 4 5.  
 -CARTER, S. I.: 1 2 6 7 26.  
 CASSON, S.: 1 2 7 26 34.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, C.: 1A 2A 6H1x 10 14A 26A.  
 COOK, M. J.: 1A 2A 4A 5A 7 26A.  
 DUBYK, H. O.: 1 5 26 34.  
 FORTIER, J. L.: 1 2A 4 5A 26 41.  
 FOWLER, P. M.: 1 5 6x 10 26 35.  
 HOBBS, R. A.: 1 2 26 41.  
 HOLLAND, G. G.: 1 2 5 7 26.  
 HOLLOWAY, R. G.: 1 2 7 26 35 41.  
 -HYSLOP, E. E.: 1 2 6x 8 9 23.  
 INGLIS, R. F.: 1 2 26 35 41.  
 -ISMAY, C. D.: 1 6Ax 10 14 26H1 41.  
 JOE, S.: 1 2A 6Ax 10 23 26.  
 JOHNSTON, C. C.: 1 2 4 5A 35.  
 LAU, J. Y. C.: 1 5 8 18 23A.  
 LAU, P. Y. P.: 1 5 10A 18A 23A 26A.  
 LAWLER, N.: 1H2 2A 4 5A 26 34.  
 LLOYD, Z. A.: 1 6H2x 8 9 14A 26H1.  
 LODER, J.: 1 2 5 26 41.  
 LUCAS, S. D.: 1 5 26 35.  
 MacCARTHY, D. I.: 1 2 5 6 10 23.  
 MALINS, M.: 1 2 6x 7 14 26.  
 -McCOY, P. G.: 1 2H2 5A 7 26A 41.  
 McKENNA, S.: 1A 2H1 10 23 26.  
 McWILLIAMS, B. M.: 1 2 5 7 26A 41.  
 -MITTELHEUSER, J. P.: 1A 2 5 7 26.

- MOOR, S. M.: 1 2 4 5A 26A 41.  
 MUNDY, S. K.: 1 2 5A 7 26A 41.  
 NEWELL, A. E.: 1 2 4 26 35.  
 NG, M. L.: 5 7 18A 26A 41.  
 PAYNE, D. O.: 1H2 2 4A 5A 26 41.  
 READ, J. K.: 1 2 5 7 26 41.  
 RICHARDSON, E. A.: 1 2 7 26 34.  
 ROACH, A.: 1 2 4 5A 26 41.  
 ROSE, S. E.: 1A 6H2x 8A 9A 14A 23H1.  
 SAID, N.: 1 2A 7 26A.  
 SEELEY, I. J.: 1A 5A 6Ax 10 23 26A.  
 SHAW, E. C.: 1 4 5 6 34.  
 SHEPHERD, C. R.: 1 2A 6 10 23 26A.  
 SIMPSON, L. J.: 1A 2 6Ax 7 26 35.  
 SMITH, L. C.: 1 2 4 26 35A 41.  
 STUDD, P. J.: 1H2 2A 4 5 6x 26.  
 SULFARO, B. C.: 1A 2 5A 6 7 26.  
 SURPLICE, L. M.: 1A 6H1x 8A 9 12H2 23A.  
 SWEENEY, R. J.: 1 2A 5A 7 26A 34.  
 TIPPING, A. M.: 1 2A 8A 9 23A 26A.  
 TOUT, S. C.: 1 2 4 5 26A 41.  
 USHERWOOD, H. L.: 2 5 26 34.  
 VISINI, M. A.-M.: 1 2H1 5A 7 26H1 34A.  
 WANG, A.-L. A.: 1 2A 6x 7 23 26.  
 WHATLEY, P. A.: 1A 6H1x 10A 12H1 26H1.  
 WILCOCKSON, J.: 1 2 5A 6x 10 35.  
 WILD, Y.: 1 5H1 6A 8A 9A 23H1.  
 WILLIAMSON, S.: 1 2 5 7 26A 34A.  
 WINSER, P. A.: 1 2 5A 6x 10 26A.  
 WOOD, A. E.: 1 2A 6H1x 10 14H2 26A.

## SCHOLARSHIPS, 1964

### COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Bonner, K. A.	Payne, D. O.	Whatley, P. A.
Chamberlain, C.	Rose, S. E.	Wild, Y.
Cook, M. J.	Surplice, L. M.	Wood, A. E.
Lloyd, Z. A.	Visini, M. A-M.	

### TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Beaman, Y. R.	McCoy, P. G.	Surplice, L. M.
Bonner, K. A.	McKenna, S.	Sweeney, R. J.
Brown, D. L.	McWilliams, B. M.	Tipping, A. M.
Bulbert, B. K.	Mundy, S. K.	Visini, M. A-M.
Chamberlain, C.	Payne, D. O.	Whatley, P. A.
Cook, M. J.	Roach, A.	Wilcockson, J.
Ismay, C. D.	Rose, S. E.	Wild, Y.
Lawler, N.	Simpson, L. J.	Wood, A. E.
Lloyd, Z. A.	Studd, P. J.	

### OUTSTANDING RESULTS

Patricia Whatley gained a maximum pass in the Leaving Certificate Examination being 24th in the State and the third girl in the State. She was equal first in the state in Biology, equal 11th in French, and equal 26th in Latin. She was awarded the Rosemary Garten Scholarship for French.

Yvonne Wild was second in the State in Combined Physics/Chemistry.

## PRIZE LIST, 1964 — FORM I

1. Honour Certificate for Service to the School ..... Marilyn Bunt
2. Honour Certificate for Service to the School ..... Joy Steadman
3. Honour Certificate for Service to the School ..... Sharon Harris
- 3a. 1st place in Craft ..... Adele Vaclavovic
4. Equal first place in Art ..... Roslyn McDonald
5. Equal first place in Art ..... Margaret Sparrow
6. First place in English (Pass Level) }  
 Equal first place in Art } ..... Aspiro Kasiou
7. Equal first place in Pre-Language ..... Dianne Buckland
8. Equal first place in Music ..... Margaret Adlington
9. First place in English (Credit Level) }  
 Equal first place in Music } ..... Heather Tucker
10. First place in Social Studies (Pass Level) ..... Gaye Bradshaw
11. First place in Mathematics (Pass Level) ..... Rhonda Latta
12. First place in Form A7 ..... Colleen Wallace
13. First place in Form A6 ..... Nela Bozicevic
14. First place in Form A5 ..... Faye Smith
15. First place in Form A4 ..... Sharyn Mason
16. First place in Form A3 ..... Glenda Mansfield
17. First place in Form A2 ..... Kerrie Andrews
18. Prize for Proficiency ..... Diane Lazarus
19. Prize for Proficiency ..... Lesley Coates
20. Prize for Proficiency ..... Glenda Jones
21. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Equal first prize in Mathematics (Credit Level) } ..... Denise Ahearn
22. Prize for Proficiency ..... Diane Smith
23. Prize for Proficiency ..... Diane Levy
24. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Honour Certificate for School Service } ..... Roslyn James
26. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Equal first place in Pre-Language } ..... Tess Horwitz
27. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Equal first in Pre-Language } ..... Patricia Fairley
28. Honour Certificate for School Service }  
 Equal first place in Mathematics (Credit Level) }  
 First place in Science } ..... Margaret Newton  
 Dux of Form I }

## FORM II

29. First place in Geography (Credit Level) ..... Robyn Woodhouse
30. First place in Social Studies ..... Judith Schultz
31. First place in Commerce ..... Mary Poulos
- 31a. First place in Home Economics ..... Jill Ingram
32. First place in Art }  
 Equal first place in English (Credit) } ..... Barbara Moore
33. First place in English (Pass Level) ..... Cydne Brown
34. First place in History (Credit Level) ..... Patricia Sutherland
35. First place in History (Pass Level) ..... Gloria Purdie
36. First place in Mathematics (Pass Level) ..... Patricia Stephenson
37. Alliance Prize and Certificate Grade I ..... Jenny McLean
38. Honour Certificate for Service to the School ..... Leonie Franklin

38a. Honour Certificate for Service to the School	Roslyn O'Brien
39. First in Form 2G	Loula Baveas
40. First in Form 2F	Margaret Baier
41. First in Form 2E	Lorraine Peacey
42. First in Form 2B	Judith Patterson
First place in Music	
43. First in Form 2C	Julie Washington
First place in Geography (Pass Level)	
Equal first place in English (Credit Level)	
Honour Certificate for Service to the School	
44. Prize for Proficiency	Denise Taggart
First place in English (Advanced Level)	
Best Magazine Entry—Junior Poetry	
Honour Certificate for Service to the School	
45. Prize for Proficiency	Merylyn Burman
First place in English (Credit Level)	
First place in Mathematics (Credit Level)	
First place in Science (Credit Level)	
First place in Needlework	
46. Prize for Proficiency	Janice Bromwich
47. Prize for Proficiency	Wendy Kilner
48. Prize for Proficiency	Adele Wiseman
49. Prize for Proficiency	Vera Stoermer
Honour Certificate for Service to the School	
First place in German	
Special Prize for German awarded by the German Consul-General	
50. Prize for Proficiency	Patricia Gillard
51. Prize for Proficiency	Susan McCreadie
52. Prize for Proficiency	Catherine Morris
First place in Latin	
Equal first place in French	
Alliance Certificate Grade I	
53. Honour Certificate for Service to the School	Helen Creasey
Equal first place in French	
Alliance Certificate Grade I	
First place in History (Advanced Level)	
First place in Mathematics (Advanced Level)	
First place in Science (Advanced Level)	
Prize for Dux of Form II	

### FORM III

54. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Margaret Banks
55. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Diane Bastian
56. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Noreen Boniface
57. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Valentine Dudkin
58. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Judith Freshwater
59. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Cheryl Hanna
60. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Jeanette McEwan
61. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II	Christine Williams

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|-----|--|--------------------|
| 62. | Equal first place in Art   | Mary Kalantzis     |
| 63. | Equal first place in Art   | Diane Lynn         |
| 64. | First place in Home Economics  | Leonie Tait        |
| 65. | First place in Needlework  | Anne Wyman         |
| 66. | First place in Typing  | Diane Wark         |
| 67. | Equal first place in Commerce  | Anne Nilsson       |
| 68. | Equal first place in Commerce  | Cheryl Elsley      |
| 69. | First place in Mathematics (Pass Level)  | Cynthia Macbeth    |
| 70. | First place in Geography (Pass Level)  | Nerida McDonald    |
| 71. | Equal first place in Science (Pass Level)  | June Smith         |
| 72. | Equal first place in Science (Pass Level)  | Kay Twist          |
| 73. | First place in History (Pass Level)  | Cheryl Davidson    |
| 74. | First place in Mathematics (Credit Level)  | Robyn Nicoll       |
| 75. | First place in English (Credit Level)  | Charmian Davies    |
| 76. | Equal first place in French (Credit Level)   | Suzanne Blair      |
| 77. | First place in Mathematics (Advanced Level)  | Lorraine Young     |
| 78. | First place in Geography (Credit Level) }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }   | Denise Williamson  |
| 79. | First place in History (Advanced Level) }<br>First place in Science (Advanced Level) }   | Beth Foote         |
| 80. | Equal first place in German }<br>Special prize for German awarded by the German }<br>Consul-General }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }                       | Elaine Jackson     |
| 81. | First place in 3rd Form Non-Language Classes   | Helen Seeley       |
| 82. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Honour Certificate for Service to the School }  | Wendy Davis        |
| 83. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }<br>Honour Certificate for Service to the School }   | Ai-Wen Wang        |
| 84. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Alliance Prize and Certificate Grade II }<br>Equal first place in French (Advanced Level) }<br>Equal first place in German }                  | Lynette O'Halloran |
| 85. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Equal first place in German }   | Sheryl Sears       |
| 86. | Prize for Proficiency  | Narelle Callanan   |
| 87. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Equal first place in French (Credit Level) }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }<br>First place in Music }                           | Louella Berry      |
| 88. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Equal first place in Latin }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }   | Lucille Sadler     |
| 89. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Honour Certificate for Service to the School }<br>Alliance Prize and Certificate Grade II }<br>Equal first place in French (Advanced Level) } | Christine Smith    |
| 90. | Prize for Proficiency }<br>Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II }   | Janice Usherwood   |

91. Prize for Proficiency  
 Equal first place in Social Studies  
 Equal first place in Latin  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade II } Penelope Donnelly
92. Equal first place in Social Studies  
 First place in English (Advanced Level)  
 Edith Summerley Prize for English  
 Best magazine entry—Junior Prose  
 Special award made by P. & C. for Dux of 3rd Form } Sandra Martin

#### 4th YEAR

93. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV ..... Suzette Cordeaux  
 94. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV ..... Anne Kalantzi  
 95. Honour Certificate for School Service ..... Julie Warn  
 95a. Honour Certificate (for Vice-Captain of Adelaide) ..... Lynne Cartwright  
 96. Honour Certificate (for Vice-Captain of Canberra) ..... Stephanie Donnelly  
 97. Honour Certificate (for Vice-Captain of Darwin) ..... Lesma McDonald  
 98. First place in Needlework }  
 Equal first place in Mathematics III } ..... Lynette Deller  
 99. First place in Music ..... Susan Hurcomb  
 100. First place in Art ..... Christine Vogiatzini  
 101. First place in Biology ..... Nola Shalhoub  
 102. First place in General Mathematics ..... Tanya Belonogoff  
 103. Equal first place in Economics ..... Ashlyn Field  
 104. Equal first place in Economics }  
 Child Care Certificate } ..... Toula Cavalieros  
 105. Equal first place in Geography ..... Kerry MacGillicuddy  
 106. Equal first place in Geography ..... Heather Scott  
 107. Honour Certificate for School Service ..... Alexandra McCarthy  
 108. Honour Certificate for School Service ..... Heather Lawrence  
 109. Child Care Certificate ..... Lydia Matzos  
 110. Child Care Certificate ..... Jennifer Dive  
 111. Child Care Certificate ..... Janice Haynes  
 112. Prize for Proficiency }  
 First place in Home Economics } ..... Margaret Treharne  
 113. Prize for Proficiency ..... Robyn Allen  
 114. Prize for Proficiency  
 First place in German  
 Special Prize awarded by German Consul-General  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV  
 First place in English  
 Equal first place in Mathematics III } ..... Margaret Wilson  
 115. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV } ..... Peggy MacKillop  
 116. Prize for Proficiency  
 First place in French  
 Alliance Francaise Prize and Certificate, Grade IV  
 First place in History } ..... Lorraine Kirwan  
 117. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Equal first place in Latin }  
 First place in Mathematics II } ..... Gaye Chilby  
 First place in Chemistry }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV }



118. Honour Certificate for Vice-Captain of Brisbane }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade IV } ..... Mary Creasey  
 Equal first place in Latin }  
 First place in Mathematics I }  
 Dux of 4th year }

**FIFTH YEAR**

119. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Christine Broughton  
 120. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Ai-Ling Wang  
 121. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Pamela Studd  
 122. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Sue McKenna  
 123. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Isobel Seeley  
 124. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Judith Wilcockson  
 125. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Berenice Bulbert  
 126. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Elaine Hyslop  
 127. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Cheryl Ismay  
 128. Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V ..... Christine Johnstone  
 129. Prize for Attendance }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V } ..... Carol Chamberlain  
 130. First place in Needlework ..... Barbara McWilliams  
 131. First place in Home Economics ..... Janice Allen  
 132. First place in History }  
 First place in General Mathematics } ..... Ruth Sweeney  
 133. First place in Economics }  
 Best Magazine Entry—F. E. Maddocks } ..... Diane Payne  
 Prize for Senior Prose }  
 134. Honour Certificate for Service as Captain of Darwin }  
 House } ..... Marion Malins  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V }  
 135. Honour Certificate for Service as Captain of Canberra }  
 House } ..... Lois Simpson  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V }  
 136. Honour Certificate for Service as Captain of Brisbane House Lorraine Smith  
 137. Honour Certificates for Services as Captain of Adelaide }  
 House and I.S.C.F. Leader } ..... Susan Casson  
 138. Prize for Proficiency }  
 First place in Art } ..... Marina Visini  
 Best Magazine Entry—Senior Poetry }  
 139. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V } ..... Zelda Lloyd  
 140. Prize for Proficiency ..... Kerry Bonner  
 141. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Alliance Certificate and Prize Grade V } ..... Lorraine Surplice  
 142. Prize for Proficiency }  
 First place in German }  
 Special Prize for German awarded by the German } ..... Ann Wood  
 Consul-General }  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V }  
 143. Prize for Proficiency }  
 Prize for Vice-Captain of School } ..... Susan Rose  
 Alliance Francaise Certificate Grade V }

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|--|------------------|
| 144. Captain's Prize .....   | Susan Tout       |
| 145. Prize for Proficiency   | }                |
| First place in Geography   |                  |
| First place in Mathematics I   |                  |
| First place in Mathematics II  |                  |
| First place in Combined Physics/Chemistry  | Yvonne Wild      |
| 146. Alliance Francaise Prize and Certificate Grade V                              | }                |
| First place in English   |                  |
| Old Girls' Union Prize for English   |                  |
| First place in French  |                  |
| First place in Latin   |                  |
| First place in Mathematics III   |                  |
| First place in Biology   |                  |
| Dux of School and Gold Medallist   | Patricia Whatley |
| 147. Special Award made by the P. & C. for best pass in<br>1963 L. C. Examinations | Jennifer Young   |

**OTHER TROPHIES**

- |  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| 1. Parry Drama Cup—Junior Drama Cup .....  | Patricia Gillard |
| 2. City of Sydney Eisteddfod—Female Choral Championship,<br>Canterbury Old Girls' Choir (envelope £21) | } S. Petch       |

**SPORTS AWARDS AND TROPHIES, 1964**

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Swimming .....                                 | Glenys Bell                           |
| 2. Swimming-Sub-Junior Championship .....         | Sharon Watson                         |
| 3. Swimming-Junior Championship .....             | Margaret Watson                       |
| 4. Athletics .....                                | Helen O'Connor                        |
| 5. Athletics .....                                | Cheyne Mitchell                       |
| 6. Athletics—Sub-Junior Championship .....        | Robyn Steiner                         |
| 7. Athletics—Junior Championship .....            | Penny Donnelly                        |
| 8. Athletics—Senior Championship .....            | Rhonda Lachmund                       |
| 9. Tennis Doubles Championship ....               | Denise Williamson and Shirley Jackson |
| 10. Tennis Singles Championship .....             | Lesma McDonald                        |
| 11. Award of Merit and Lifesaving Certificate ... | Penny Winser and Robyn Kay            |
| 12. Swimming—Senior Championship                  | }                                     |
| Swimming—Inter House Point Score                  |                                       |
| Swimming—Senior Point Score                       |                                       |
| Swimming—Junior Point Score                       |                                       |
| Softball—Inter House Point Score                  |                                       |
| Lifesaving—Distinction Award                      |                                       |
| Sue Casson, Adelaide Captain                      |                                       |
| 13. Athletics—Junior Point Score                  | }                                     |
| Basketball—Inter House Point Score                |                                       |
| Ball Games—Inter House Cup                        |                                       |
| Lorraine Smith, Brisbane Captain                  |                                       |
| 14. Athletics—Inter House Point Score             | }                                     |
| Athletics—Senior Point Score                      |                                       |
| Athletics—Sub Junior Point Score                  |                                       |
| Lois Simpson, Canberra Captain                    |                                       |
| 15. Swimming—Sub Junior Championship              | }                                     |
| Tennis—Inter House Point Score                    |                                       |
| Inter House Point Score Shield                    |                                       |
| Non-Sporting Activities Cup                       |                                       |
| Marion Malins, Darwin Captain                     |                                       |

## HONOUR CERTIFICATES AWARDED FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

### FORM I

Joy Steadman  
Sharon Harris  
Norma Chamberlain  
Roslyn James  
Margaret Newton  
Roslyn Palmer  
Marilyn Bunt  
Roslyn O'Brien

### FORM II

Helen Creasey  
Leonie Franklin  
Vera Stoemer  
Sandra Steptoe  
Dianne Saunders  
Gaye Hinton  
Carolyn Allmon  
Christine Harris  
Susan Benjamin  
Jennifer Kay  
Bronwyn Graham  
Anne Baxter  
Denise Carlyon  
Diana Young

### FORM III

Wendy Davis  
Christine Smith

### FOURTH YEAR

Lynne Cartwright  
Stephanie Donnelly  
Lesma McDonald  
Mary Creasey  
Alexandra MacCarthy  
Heather Lawrence

### FIFTH YEAR

Marion Malins  
Lois Simpson  
Lorraine Smith  
Susan Casson



RED CROSS COMMITTEE

## THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

This year has seen the usual wide variety of events and activities that form such an important part of the work of this Department. We entered 1965 with an unchanged staff, but at the beginning of second term wished Miss Walsh a temporary good-bye and welcomed in her place Miss Duff.

It is the right of every pupil in a school system such as ours to be given the chance to engage in such cultural activities as appeal to the individual tastes of the pupils concerned. The English Department is in perhaps a favoured position to help the pupils develop their cultural interests, and while the present state of our educational system provides more obstacles to, than assistance in, pursuing our ambitions along these lines a great deal can and has been achieved. The Library flourishes under the capable direction of Mrs. Le Marne; the Junior Drama Club, led by Miss Jarrett, has made a most successful contribution to the school activities; the School Debating Team, under the guidance of Miss Chapman, took part in the Inter-School Debating Competition; and the Senior Drama Group, in a highly successful co-operative effort with Homebush Boys' High School, introduced what we hope will become an annual event in the School Calendar, a Drama Festival. The following reports will give some idea of what has been achieved, and our thanks go to the many pupils without whose assistance these activities would either have been impossible or not the success that they have been.

### "THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH"

It was during an English lesson earlier in the year that Miss Cooper entered the room and made the wonderful announcement that Canterbury Girls' High was to combine with Homebush Boys' High in producing a play for a Music and Drama Festival. The production was to be "The Skin of Our Teeth", a drama in three acts by Thornton Wilder.

Auditions were held and the various girls' parts were allotted to Beth Foote (Mrs. Antrobus), Noreen Boniface (Gladys), Marilyn Hodgson (Lily Sabina Fairweather) and Patricia Gillard (The Fortune Teller). Rehearsals commenced almost immediately and as time progressed so the tempo of the rehearsals increased with everyone enjoying themselves but working hard. As the night of the first performance drew nearer, so rehearsals extended into the nights and Saturday afternoons.

At last, the long awaited night arrived when we were to experience the results of our tension-filled, action-packed rehearsals. A powder puff here, a hair spray there, hair pins, greasepaint, red tights, blue tights, bobby-pins, nervous giggling . . . all these things could be heard or seen in the colour-littered dressing room. A sudden hush, then a voice . . . "Quiet! the opera's starting!" The night had begun with the opera, "A Gift of Song" also presented by Canterbury and Homebush. Following this was an interval, and then the play was due to commence.

The comments following the performance were very satisfying, and we felt that the time and effort put into it was going to be worthwhile. So ended the night of the first performance on the 13th August, with a second performance on the next night, and repeat performances at Homebush on the 24th and 25th of August.



### THE JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

The Junior Drama Club is managed by Miss Jarrett. This year it produced the beloved story of Lewis Carroll, "Alice in Wonderland".

The play was difficult to enact mainly because of the great number of characters, all with rather long parts to learn. When, however, we managed to have rehearsals, we actually felt transported into the fantasy of Carroll's wonderland and its strange creatures.

"Alice in Wonderland" was a great success when it was acted for parents, the scenery and costumes helping to add colour and special interest to the lively, enchanting play.



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" — JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB



**SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM**

### **MRS. ANTROBUS REFLECTS**

On the Friday of the first performance to be given at Canterbury, there was too much to be done to allow any nervousness. The night before had been spent in a long and exhausting dress rehearsal and now on the afternoon the girls of the cast stayed at school when the rest of the girls went to sport. Costumes were ironed and some alterations were made under the efficient supervision of Miss Cooper, all the while to the banging of hammers as sets were constructed. Our producer, Mr. Deamer of Homebush, proved to be a superman in building ingenious sets for both the opera and play, even if one of the doors yielded to the pull of gravity and came crashing down in the middle of the first act during the Saturday night performance.

The Friday night's performance found me rather sad as this was the culmination of a hard term's work. We had made many new friends at these often gay but always exhausting rehearsals and Mr. Deamer had gained our respect and admiration.

These rehearsals had begun as Tuesday and Thursday afternoon sessions which went until five o'clock. As the final date of the performance drew near, these rehearsals became more frequent and were lengthened into the early hours of the night.

It was not without regret, then, that we completed the final performance at Homebush. We had made many good friends and gained much valuable experience and enjoyment from the production of "The Skin of Our Teeth".

### **FOURTH FORM HISTORY EXCURSION**

The Fourth Form History class taught by Miss Page was given the opportunity in March of going to Hurlstone Park R.S.L. Club to interview some of the pensioners who meet there regularly. Part of the Fourth Form course concerns life in Australia between 1900 and 1914, and we felt that much valuable information could be gained by talking to people who remember this period.

The afternoon was arranged for us by Mrs. Cronin who met us at the hall. She took us in and introduced us to the pensioners. After being welcomed we were able to mix freely and ask our questions which ranged from politics to family life and covered many points of view, both personal and general.

While we girls were interviewing the pensioners, the usual activities of the old people's afternoon proceeded normally. In one corner cards were played, raffles for food were drawn and general gossip (especially between the ladies) was swapped.

The afternoon passed quickly, and all too soon it was time to leave. After many thanks we left the hall, bringing to a close a very memorable visit. Not only did we gain material from it in the abundance of material we received, but we benefitted from the experience of the interview itself.



**SCHOOL LIBRARIANS**

## LIBRARY REPORT, 1965

Our Library plays a very important part in the functioning of the school. From here may be borrowed not only books of reference but fiction, magazines and a wide variety of non-fictional works as well. Mrs. Le Marne, the school Librarian, supervises its activities from the buying of new books to the withdrawal of the very old. Some pupils, however, assist her. These girls help in the repairing of books, preparation of new books and magazines (covering, stamping, filing, etc), replacing returned books on the shelves and supervising the borrowing and returning of the books. This is all done in the lunch break.

An important annual event in the school year is Book Week, which was held this year from the 5th to the 12th of July. In connection with this the Library held some competitions to which there was a good response. During Book Week, we had two interesting talks, one given by Mrs. Roberts of Canterbury Municipal Library, on the Children's Book of the Year—"Pastures of the Blue Crane" by H. F. Brinsmead, and the other by Miss Nuri Maas, whose book "The Wonderland of Nature" was highly commended by the Australian Children's Book Council.

In May, the Library Staff enjoyed an interesting and informative tour of the University of Sydney Fisher Library, during which we envied the spaciousness and number of shelves—both sadly lacking in our own library. (New shelves are, however, soon to be installed).

On the whole, I think that the Library has this year fulfilled its purpose in providing books for the girls to work from, learn from, and to enjoy; in nurturing a love for reading and a respect for books, and in showing at least some girls how to care for books.

## BOOK WEEK, 1965

This event is held each year around the first week in July. A book is chosen for the best book of the year and a prize is awarded in Book week itself. Competitions are held in all libraries and the prizes for the best entries are awarded at the end of Book Week. In our Municipal libraries fancy dress parades or parties are held in which children dress as a character from their favourite book and the best is awarded a prize.

This year our school has celebrated Book Week in this way; Nuri Maas, an author, was invited to speak, in our assembly, about the importance of books in our lives, the ways in which she decided the title and contents of her last book (it had recently been published). I am sure that the girls present at this assembly enjoyed and benefitted from her talk on books and their importance.

Another guest at our assembly was Mrs. Roberts, a librarian from Canterbury library, who told us how we could join our local library and also told us about the book which won the "Book of the Year" award. The book is called "Pastures of the Blue Crane" and was written by H. F. Brinsmead.

The school library also began Book Week competitions which were of great interest to all the girls in the school.

All these are part of the activities which helped to make a successful Book Week for 1965.

Pamela Krause, 3B.

## BOOK WEEK POETRY COMPETITION

WINNING ENTRY

SHARRYN MASON, 2GM

### TREES

*Trees are tall, strong and shady  
I love to sit beneath a tree  
And listen to the robins sing . . .  
A tree whose mighty limbs stretch out  
To shade all creatures from the sun.  
In Winter how the trees are bare,  
But Summer comes with shade for all,  
White Springtime's blossoms shyly bloom.  
In Autumn all the leaves fall gently  
One by one, like floating feathers.  
Trees are God's own creation,  
Beautiful all year round.*



## DOGS

*I love dogs that like to run  
Joyful and happy all the day,  
Contentedly playing in the sun.  
I love dogs that like to run  
Always giving you so much fun  
Loving you in every way.  
I love dogs that like to run,  
Joyful and happy all the day.*

SECOND PRIZE

MARGARET WING, 4C

## TRAGEDY

*It lies strangled, hanging near a pole  
Who shall help it? Nobody knows.  
It may lie for days in endless pain,  
With people passing by time and again.  
Its pain-wracked body, torn and ripped,  
Hangs naked of clothes, with its dignity stripped.  
The wind chills its body with a tormenting sigh . . .  
This poor, lonely kite on a telegraph wire.*

## THE JUNIOR RED CROSS MOVEMENT

'I promise, to serve, to work loyally for the promotion of health and the relief of suffering and distress wherever I may find it; to hold in friendship boys and girls of all nations.'

Though our group is only small this year, the interest and enthusiasm is still behind us.

In the first term a talent quest was held, the outright winners being a group of second year girls with a skit on 'our school prefects', which brought much laughter from the audience. £8/10/- was raised.

In second term a toffee and cake day was held and the total amount now raised is £10/10/-. From this money £1 was donated to the 'Anzac Appeal', for which badges were also sold, £2 for the 'Winter Warmth Appeal' and £2 for the 'New Guinea Appeal'.

Knitting needles have been 'clicking' over the past few weeks. A number of girls and friends have been knitting squares, which are to be made into a blanket and then sent to the Red Cross for distribution overseas.

There are many ways in which the members work for people in need, both in their own country and overseas. The latest aim which was fulfilled was the raising of money for a microbus to be presented to a Rehabilitation Centre at Port Moresby where more than 200 handicapped children, Papuans and New Guineans, aged between two and fourteen are cared for.

The Junior Red Cross also supports holiday homes. One of these is the Eleanor Mackinnon Memorial Home, at Cronulla, another is Berida, at Bowral. These homes cater for boys and girls between four and fourteen who have been recommended for a holiday by principals of schools, doctors and the Red Cross Welfare Officers.

These activities plus many others are all the work carried out by its members, of which there are 318,813 in Australia. By reading this article I hope more people will realise the tremendous work being carried out by the Junior Red Cross and will offer their services also.

I would like to thank Mrs. Moore for sparing some of her important time for the leadership of our group.

Janice Edgar, 5C.

## MARKET DAY, 1965

Amidst definitely mixed feelings, the staff and pupils of Canterbury Girls' High presented on May 13th the school's first Market Day. Whether the experience is one that will be repeated remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt of the success of the venture, the sum of £367 being raised for school funds. We will leave it to the House Captains to tell the story.

### **ADELAIDE:**

On May 13th, the last day of first term, a Market Day was held in the grounds of our school. Adelaide House operated the Grocery Stall which was patronised by both visiting parents and the pupils. Our stall was decked with blue paper streamers, blue being the House colour. Although selling began at eleven o'clock, in under half an hour Adelaide's stall was completely sold out. Our thanks go to all the girls who provided provisions for our stall and also to those who patronised it.

### **BRISBANE:**

Brisbane's stall on Market Day catered for our hungry visitors, for whom we provided pies, sausage rolls and hot dogs. The Fourth Form girls, brightly arrayed in yellow, acted as salesgirls. Another attraction was the pony rides which were very popular with what we call the younger brigade.

### **CANBERRA:**

Undoubtedly we thought we would never sell our articles. Canberra had being assigned to the Odds and Ends Stall, and that indeed is what we had. There was everything, ranging from bookmarks to aprons, and Charles Dickens to



**HOUSE CAPTAINS AND VICE HOUSE CAPTAINS**

Mickey Mouse. Nevertheless, we began selling shortly after the fete was declared officially open. The best articles, such as aprons, dresses and pot holders sold rapidly, the others not so well. We also had a Lucky Dip which gathered girls trying their luck at darts and receiving, much to their happiness, good prizes, or occasionally (to their disappointment) booby prizes. The day drew on and our stall, as well as the stallholders, was near exhaustion. Mrs. Le Marne was busily conducting a bargain sale. Dresses and skirts were going cheaply, books and comics also, till finally all had dwindled to a broken fountain pen which was generously given to a standerby.

#### **DARWIN:**

Darwin was in charge of the Cakes and Sweet Stall, whose success was due to the many generous donations of cakes and sweets we received. Third Form girls organised a hair dressing salon which was well supported and we thank these girls for their excellent work. The car washing business was well patronised by staff and parents who kept the car washers busy all morning.

The House Captains would like to thank all the girls who by donations, work on the stalls, or other voluntary work, helped make the day so successful and enjoyable.

## MATHEMATICS

“If a man be wandering in his wits, let him study the Mathematics”—

Bacon

Someone remarked recently, “with the advancement of scientific knowledge and modern invention of computers, the need of the man in the street for Mathematics has been reduced to a minimum, in fact, nothing more than what man might have needed in the darkest ages of civilization, namely, the rudiments of Arithmetic in simplified form.” Now this may be true of the man in the street, yes, and of the woman in the home, but why not? After all what better way to occupy themselves than with good, honest numbers, and good solid quantities? We know where we are with such things. When treated properly, they never deceive us.

This message, however, is addressed to those among us, and there are many, who have seen, perhaps only in faint and transient glimpses, “the vision splendid” of Mathematics, the incomparable, the most exact of sciences, the most delightful of arts!

What can give more joy to the initiated than numbers, that infinite set containing, paradoxically, other infinite sets within it? Consider the mysterious primes, the fascinating triangular and square numbers, the two stalwarts of our system, nought and one. The music of the spheres holds no more magic than those harmonies of geometry; symmetry, concurrent lines, the properties of circles, the conic sections! Where Mathematics has led, Physics and Astronomy have followed: man has split the atom, men are journeying into space itself.

Let us take to ourselves this jewel among subjects; let us delight in the myriads of sparkles from its many facets and marvel at the deep truths gleaming within. Let us join our fellow Mathematician, Lewis Carroll, in a journey into the Wonderland of Mathematics.

# THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

## BUDGETING IDEAS FOR YOUTH

"Do You Moderns Make Money Behave" is the title of a pamphlet prepared for the guidance of young people studying the need for and the methods of budgeting.

### WHAT KIND OF A MANAGER ARE YOU?

Do you plan ahead regularly and decide what will be the best uses for your money before spending any of it?

Do you spend your money on impulse and wonder where it has gone?

Do you know how much money you use each week?

Do you put some of your money aside regularly for future use?

Do you plan before you buy and look for items that will suit your needs best and give the longest service?

Do you compare prices and values for most of the things you buy?

Do you take responsibility for your spending mistakes? For example, do you wear things which you decide after buying that you do not like?

Do you always pay club dues on time?

Are you frequently asking for extra money?

Do you manage to have money on hand for the unexpected "extras" that occur?

If your answer is "No" to the second and ninth questions, and "Yes" to the others, you are on your way to becoming a successful money manager.

### USES FOR YOUR MONEY

Money to save—i.e., for spending later.

Money to spend—fares, supplies, lunches, etc.

Money to share with others—gifts.

### MANAGING MONEY INCLUDES THREE SEPARATE JOBS

Making a plan for the use of available money.

Controlling spending according to the plan.

Evaluating both the plan and the carrying out of the plan.

### THINGS YOU CAN DO TO MAKE BUDGETING EASIER

Set a regular time to plan.

Set savings aside immediately.

Divide money into various groups, and carry with you each day only what you need.

By learning the skills of management early you will come closer to achieving your financial ambitions and will truly get a better living from your income throughout your life.



SCHOOL SQUASH TEAM

## CHORAL ACTIVITIES — 1965

Last year, was a very busy and very enjoyable year concerning Choral activities, with the choir keeping up its good work in the Annual Eisteddfod: Anzac Ceremony: both our own, and the Combined Schools' Choral Concerts: at a guest appearance at Belmore Boys' High School Choral Concert, and Speech Day.

At the latter, we were very pleased to present an item, "Light of My Life, Return", a beautiful song written by Patricia Whately, a very talented member of last year's fifth year choir girls, who are all sadly missed. The song was a great success both with the choir, and the audience.

Success was also gained by the choir in many sections of the 1964 Eisteddfod, and we were particularly proud to hear that the Ex-students' Choir took first prize in the Female Choral Championship of N.S.W. We wish them many congratulations and best of luck in this year's Championships. It is hoped that the Ex-students will cut a record soon, the profits of which will go to the School.

Both Choirs were ably directed by the Choir Mistress, Miss Elizabeth Jones, who is again this year matching the exhausting pace of previous years, in maintaining the choir's high standard.

Choral activities for this year began with additions for new choir members, and after this choir was once more in routine, with five new first years added to our numbers.

The first appearance of the choir was at the Anzac Day Celebrations in Hyde Park, which the girls, together with Canterbury Boys' Choir, have done now for eight years. We are very honoured to have been the only School asked to do this for so long. Not long after, the Senior Choral group was very privileged to have been auditioned, and chosen, to sing at this year's U.N.E.S.C.O. Seminar, which was attended by musicians of note from not only all over Australia, but from all over the world. The group sang two Negro Spirituals, and we were proud that our item should be so thoroughly enjoyed by such a distinguished audience.

## THE SCHOOL CHOIR



This then led to our being invited to sing the Spirituals on the Education Week Telecast, shown on the 15th August, making three telecasts in which a choral group from the School have performed.

Before being televised for Education Week, the whole Choir once again took part in the Combined High Schools' Choral Concert, at the Sydney Town Hall, which appeared to be quite successful. Now the girls look forward to presenting the School's own Choral Concert, to be held on October 8th, which we hope will be a huge success, as have been the previous seven, under the expert guidance of Miss Jones.

We would like to express our sincere gratitude to Miss Jones for all her time, energy and enthusiasm, which has resulted in the choir becoming the successful functioning body that it is.



SENIOR RECORDER GROUP

### EDUCATION WEEK TELECAST

On the 15th August, the telecast was presented, and a few girls saw themselves singing on television. Unfortunately, as some thought anyway, it was not a real **big** boost for the ego.

But behind the finished product was a lot of fun and a new experience for the majority of the girls.

We arrived at Gore Hill, Channel Two Studios, at about one-thirty one Saturday, 31st July and made straight for the canteen. Apart from eating, we did many interesting things—apart from drinking, we saw a television show being produced.

Inside, the studio was quite large and must have been the dumping ground for every electric light in Australia. Below these countless numbers were the cameras—above, behind and before us. They glided incredibly silently around the place and the apparent disorder that appeared to be presented to us turned out to be the extreme opposite.

Rehearsals took up most of our time but things were never dull. The clockwork efficiency of the camera crew was amazing but even more so was the informal, relaxed atmosphere and attitude. Everyone seemed to know what to do. Most extraordinary!

About four-thirty the whole programme, which included the Senior Choral Group (also has third years too,) and was conducted and accompanied by Miss Jones who does both simultaneously. (also teaches, trains, murders and tries to control the choir members—among others), was taped for Sunday fortnight.

We left Gore Hill tired—but satisfied, until the near future anyway. A fortnight to be precise.



**JUNIOR RECORDER GROUP**

## SCIENCE REPORT

Since the last edition of our popular magazine the science Department has seen many changes.

The close of 1964 saw the transfer of Mrs. Curdie to Asquith Boys High School and of Miss Lawn (now Mrs. Glastonbury) to Wagga High School. In the second term of this year Miss Gurr departed on an overseas trip while Miss Mitchell (now Mrs. Porter) was transferred to Mittagong.

Although understaffed, the Science department has still been active with excursions to Balmoral, Port Kembla, and to the showground exhibition arranged by the Science Teachers Association.

The newly installed television set has provided many interesting and informative lessons on wide and varied subjects studied under the Wyndham Scheme. Under the Federal Grant much valuable equipment has been received which is being used with maximum benefit.

## EXCURSION TO THE SCIENCE EXHIBITION

On the 12th August, a group of fourth year girls with Miss Mathie and Miss Mitchell went by bus to the Science Exhibition, held at the Sydney Show-ground. On arrival we broke up into groups and were "let loose" for approximately one and three quarter hours.

We examined many interesting exhibits. One example was a supposedly magic candle, which when blown out flickered back to life after a few seconds. One of the main purposes of this exhibition was to display the research work submitted by school pupils.

Among the extremely interesting entries, were experiments on the fading of school uniforms and the differences in paintings of retarded, sub-normal and normal children. The winning entry was Brian O'Briens. His work entailed the examination of electrophoresis of nucleated and non-nucleated blood cells. This translated into ordinary terms is the behaviour of blood cells under electrical stimulus. Second prize was awarded to Christopher Bourke on his work concerning a low temperature, normal pressure fuel cell. The principle involves the converting of chemical energy directly into electricity.

Besides these entries, demonstrations on the manufacturing of glass were carried out, and Qantas, B.H.P., University of N.S.W. and other firms each had arranged special displays.

In all, an interesting as well as informative afternoon was spent and enjoyed.

## REPORT ON SCHOOL EXCURSION TO PORT KEMBLA

We left school at about 7.40 a.m. in two buses and we arrived at the Steelwork's Visitor's Centre at 10.20, after stopping at Sublime Lookout.

Mr. Proctor, one of the executives at the centre, gave a talk about the minerals, Iron Ore, Limestone and Coke, used in the making of Iron and Steel and showed us some of the finished products, railway and tram lines and tin plate.

After this we separated into two bus groups. Our group first went far across the works, almost to the No. 1 Steelworks, to see the gas towers (gas: waste materials in smelting Iron).

We then went to the Coke Ovens where we saw the white hot coke being 'pulled' out of the ovens and washed with fresh water. This is done every 4 minutes (to each oven individually e.g., 1, 11, 21 . . . 231 and then it would start again at 2, 22, 32 . . . 232). We then went to the Inner Harbour where we saw a ship docking at the Ore Deposits berth, whilst other ships were unloading and loading minerals and finished products. From there we went to the Outer Harbour where we saw a ship docked at the Inflammable Liquids Berth on the Northern Breakwater. The distance between the headlands of the two breakwaters equals that of the length of the northern breakwater 1,000 ft. long.

We saw the No. 4 Blast Furnace, where we divided into four groups each of about 14 girls. Our group, led by Mr. Proctor, learnt how the blast furnace worked. The furnace is shaped like a bottle with the top cut off, at the side there are two skip cars which travel to the top of the furnace and empty their load (of coke, limestone and iron ore) into it. In the 'bottle' there are two bells, a large one and a small one. The small bell is filled 5 times and then emptied onto the large one. The smaller bell travels to the top of the furnace and seals the entrance. A flame is continuously burning at the bottom. Compressed air is blown into the bottom of the furnace and then the mixture is heated.



Every 4 or 5 hours the furnace is tapped i.e., the 'plug' is pulled out and the molten iron runs freely out the bottom. At this stage there is a skim of slag on the top of the iron which is scraped off and allowed to run into a ladle. The slag is then cooled and used to fill in the reclaimed land i.e., land which used to be swamp.

We saw the open hearth furnaces, which remove all impurities and convert the pig iron mixed with limestone, iron ore and scrap steel into steel.

After this, we saw the (glowing) steel ingots taken from the soaking pits and carefully placed onto the rolling mill, where the steel is rolled out into required lengths and dimensions. During the rolling process, a rough portion is formed on the top of the steel which has to be removed, cooled and sent back to be reheated at the open hearth furnaces.

At the tin plate section, the finished steel, not quite 1/10 inch thick is cut and coated with tin. In the process of making tin plate there is always waste e.g., Black Waste i.e., plate which has not yet been coated, and White Waste i.e., plate which has been coated, this is sent to Japan and Hong Kong (mainly) for the making of toys.

We then caught the buses back to the visitor's centre, where we were given some ore samples and lunch.

After lunch, about 12.30, we saw two films showing the operations at Yampi Sound, Iron Monach, shipbuilding yards at Whyalla, limestone quarry at Marulan, as well as underground operations at the companies collieries and then following the full range of operations at Port Kembla.

The inspection tour ended at 3.30, when we gathered our things and set off back to school, where we arrived at approximately 7.00 p.m.

### **EXCURSION TO PORT KEMBLA**

The excursion commenced at approximately 7.30 a.m., Friday 6th August. Our place of departure: Canterbury Girls' High School, our destination: Port Kembla Steel Works.

En route, we passed along Canterbury Road and continued on to Tom Ugly's Bridge then onto Sutherland and then Wollongong. Before we arrived at Wollongong we stopped at Sublime Point for ten minutes and viewed the scene from the look-out. This was very interesting.

The area in which these works are situated was originally a swamp but is now being filled in so that further development can take place.

The harbour at Port Kembla is completely man-made. The breakwaters curve around like a pair of arms, forming an outer harbour. There is also an inner harbour from which the water from Tom Thumb Lagoon was drained.

On arriving at the Steel Works, we were directed to the hall, seated and introduced to our official guides and given information on the position of everything at the Steel Works, the complete works cover 2,000 acres.

We boarded a special bus and toured most of the works. We travelled over the Flat products division which was formerly a mud flat of Tom Thumb Lagoon.

We crossed the creek which runs through the works, Allen Creek which was formerly the main source of salt water for quenching and cooling of coal. This takes place at the coal ovens when the coal is cast from the oven as a burning clump of red, hot coke. This is then transported to a trolley car on rails, which takes the coke to the quenching station. The water pours out every ninety seconds, showering over the coke sending off great clouds of steam. The coke is then taken to the blast furnaces for the purpose of heating.

The coke ovens are numbered to a system, all 144 of them, with 96 in the new battery. There are no noughts in the system which is called a pushing sequence.

Seventeen tons of coal are fed into the coke oven giving off twelve tons of coke and five tons of gas. This gas is then taken all over the works and used for heating. Each coke oven measures 12 ft. 5 ins. high and 16½ ft. wide. By-products which are formed are:— TAR — NAPHTHALENE — BENZOL — AMMONIA and a product which depends upon the by-products is fertilizer. Other products similar, in this manner, are chemicals. These are used in the manufacturing of dyes, paints, plastics, drugs, inks, etc.

We were then taken to observe the harbour.

We returned to the hall and lunched.

After lunch we were shown two interesting films on the making of steel. After the film we continued our journey around the works, and viewed more of the manufacturing of steel, (which can best be described in the diagrams (1), (3) and (4).

We also saw tin plating of steel which first started in July 1957.

At the conclusion of the tour of the steel works, we returned in our own buses to the hall where we were given books, oranges and samples.

So we left after the teacher had warmly thanked the Management for their time and trouble in arranging our visit which was most enjoyable.

### BALMORAL EXCURSION

On Friday, the 26th February, the invasion of Balmoral Beach (by the 4th year students) took place. Armed with every necessity of a day at the beach, the girls arrived with bright, oddly shaped sun hats of every description, cameras swung over shoulders, enormous beach-bags, a variety of sun-tan lotions and of course raincoats.

This was a Biology Excursion of a type only a female school could produce. Our aim was to study the great variety of plants and animals living on a marine rock platform and their adaptations to their environment, but this took second place in the conversation on the way in the bus, as the girls discussed the fashionable sports wear of their classmates. However, clothes were forgotten as soon as the students produced their pencils and paper and eagerly prepared to commence their lesson given by nature.

The day began colourfully and continued that way as many new and wonderful discoveries took place, which were signified by an outburst of "Oh, isn't this cute" or "Erk what's THAT!" Consequently the science teachers were kept busy identifying various specimens which were brought to them in an oddment of ways.

Many masterpieces were produced as girls made their own interpretations of a cross section of a rock pool, taking into account the different organisms, their relationship to their environment, their numbers and any adaptations. Moreover, with the assistance of an efficient measuring device, (a piece of string) we were able to draw a diagram to show the three littoral zones of plants and animals on the rock platform. The celebrated little animals were turned over, poked at, discussed and finally drawn to the best of the artist's ability.

However, although the entire inhabitants and vegetation were disturbed, the girls returned with several souvenirs and films of a most enjoyable and certainly educational excursion on the life of a rock platform.



**SENIOR CHORAL GROUP**

### **A BIOLOGY EXCURSION TO BALMORAL**

One Friday, early this year, we, that is Fourth Form Science classes, went to Balmoral Beach. In the interest of science, we collected oddities from all over everywhere and some braver ones of our group took them home.

We had arrived in the morning and by mid-afternoon had gone, leaving Balmoral stunned and minus a few thousand rock pool inhabitants. In between, we were clambering all over rocks and specimens, and nearly getting drowned in the bargain. Although everybody was thoroughly exhausted by the time our buses arrived, we managed to struggle into them, accompanied by various sea-creatures (apart from the Fourth Years that is), shells, sea-weeds and teachers.

Through different suburbs, across the Bridge (to the gentle strains of "The Opera House is Falling Down") and into Sydney, a steady drone of Fourth Years attempting to sing met bewildered and often terrified motorists and pedestrians who happened to be passing by—unfortunate individuals. Equally unfortunate teachers sat in the bus, trying to appear as lost passengers on the wrong bus in the wrong country. But we did enjoy ourselves, if no-one else enjoyed us enjoying ourselves.

### **BALMORAL EXCURSION**

It was the morning of Friday, February 26th, a normal school day for most people. But here we were, dressed in casual clothes, riding along in a bus bound for Balmoral Beach. Why? Today was the day set apart for that by now traditional institution—the annual Fourth Year Biology Excursion.

Having left the school at about 9 a.m., we converged on Balmoral some time later, armed with hats, food, and other essential equipment. We were very soon established on the rock platform to one side of the beach, from where we planned to do our observing. Our purpose was to study life on a marine rock platform, with special emphasis on the adaptations of the animals to their environment.

We set about almost immediately sketching a profile of the platform showing the areas of distribution of the various organisms. Then we drew a cross-section of a particular rock pool, noting in the diagram the position of such things as crabs, starfish, sea anemones, sea weed, etc. When this was over, we had virtually completed our official work for the day. So we ate lunch, and afterwards set out in small groups, either to collect specimens or to sit around in the sun.

Our particular group decided on the former, so we became very daring and ventured out right on to the rocks where the waves came in. I must say we had (at first, at least) every good intention. Could we help it if we dropped a certain screw-driver into the water while trying to remove sea-weed from the rocks to which it was so firmly anchored? Could we help it that the same screw-driver, borrowed from a certain teacher, now probably rests on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean? Of course not. After all, we **did** collect some very good specimens for the school Science Department, and we aren't perfect. So what if several of us nearly fell into the ocean? As I say, we aren't perfect.

Well, despite several insignificant incidents like this, we all learnt something, we must confess. Even if it was only the fact that our teachers do not appreciate good singing.

Carol Hammond, 4A.



SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

## SPORTS REPORT

This year we have had quite a variety of competition. As well as Swimming and Athletics Carnivals teams have competed in Saturday morning competitions in Basketball and Hockey and competed in a Zone Sports Day playing Squash, Tennis, Softball, Basketball and Hockey, being third in the Open Basketball and the A grade Hockey, while Lesma McDonald was defeated in the final of the Tennis Singles and Denise Williamson and Lesma McDonald winning the Consolation Tennis Doubles.

In the Saturday morning competitions Basketball competed in B1 and C1 grades the B1 team winning the premiership. The hockey played in B grade and did very well with their captain Christine Moffit being selected in the section team.

Friday sport was run in House competitions and at the time of going to press, the winning houses were as follows:—

Softball, Darwin; Basketball, Adelaide; Squash, Adelaide; Tennis, Darwin; Golf, Canberra and Darwin.



**SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM**

### SWIMMING

At the beginning of the year Robyn Kay competed in the Water Skills Competition gaining 2nd place.

In the school swimming carnival results were:—

Total Points: Adelaide; Senior Point Score: Adelaide; Junior Point Score: Adelaide; Sub-Junior Point Score: Brisbane; Senior Champion: Margaret Watson; Junior Champions: Wendy Theodore and Heather Sherriff; Sub-Junior Champion: Julie Woodward.

At the Zone Carnival we came third, the following girls gaining places:— M. Watson, R. Kay, W. Theodore, J. Woodward, H. Sherriff, R. Norman, A. Clarke. These girls represented the Zone at the State Carnival.



**SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM**

### **ATHLETICS**

Our own carnival this year was held at Wiley Park Oval as Campbell Oval was being topdressed. Results:—

Total Point Score: Canberra; Senior Point Score: Canberra; Junior Point Score: Adelaide; Sub-Junior Point Score: Canberra; Senior Champions: S. Donnelly and P. Donnelly; Junior Champion: R. Steiner; Sub-Junior Champion: G. Bell.

At the Zone carnival we came 4th while the following girls gained places: R. Norman, R. Steiner, S. Donnelly, P. Donnelly, M. Richards, H. O'Connor, H. Creasey, H. Ross, R. Kay. These will represent the Zone at the Combined High Schools' Carnival.



**SCHOOL SOFTBALL TEAM**

## I.S.C.F. REPORT

Bar-b-q's, Films, Houseparties, Get-togethers, Devotions, Singing, Discussions, Question Boxes; these are some of the features of an eventful and successful year with the 'Inter School Christian Fellowship' at Canterbury Girls' High during 1965.

The year got away to a good start with a Welcome afternoon tea for new members, especially the "First Years". At the weekly lunchtime meetings the committee members led discussions and gave talks.

The highlight of second term was the Houseparty held at Camp Ambassador, Stanwell Tops, in July. Miss L. Cattlin of Merrylands Girls' High was the Guest Speaker. Thirty girls, together with former Fifth Year girls, Miss Walsh and Miss Mathie, spent a very profitable weekend packed full of variety.

During the year we have welcomed many visitors, among whom have been the travelling secretary of the I.S.C.F., Scripture Union Representatives and Missionaries. These have all added interest to the meetings.

Much of the interest and activity of the group has only been possible because of the hard work of our Councillor, Miss Walsh; and her assistant, Miss Mathie, Mrs. Johnstone, our Deputy Headmistress and the committee of twelve girls with representatives from each year. A very warm 'thank you' to Miss Walsh and we wish her every happiness in the future; and to her helpers we unnecessarily tender our sincere appreciation.

Third Term will see the movement of personnel—the departure of the 'Fifth Years' and some of the 'Fourth Years', and the election of a new leader and committee. We wish them well for 1966!

The regular meetings which include—Prayer Meeting on Monday afternoon, I.S.C.F. meeting at lunchtime, Tuesday; and Bible study on Thursday afternoon help the members in no small way to fulfil in truth and practice the motto of the I.S.C.F. "To know Christ and to make Him known".

Alexandra MacCarthy. (Committee Member).



I.S.C.F. COMMITTEE

## A FIFTH YEAR "SPECIAL ACTIVITY"

A certain group of our Fifth Year girls began a rigorous course of Physical Training which lasted a month, and concluded on Thursday, 17th June.

As well as losing much unwanted weight, we also broadened our knowledge of a game, which shall be nameless, very dear to the hearts of many Australians.

We were encouraged in our herculean efforts by members of Fifth Year at Canterbury Boys' High School, who, because of their interest, lost almost as much excess weight as we did.

At the culmination of the training period for this nameless game, the boys condescended to test our fitness, and were quite deflated when they were defeated 14-12, despite all their best efforts, including attempts to rig the match in their own favour. Naturally, we girls had no doubts whatever that we would win the match hands down, and we hope that the boys have quite accepted the fact that they have been proved inferior to us in yet another respect.



EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



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1965

*Literary & Poetry*  
*Section*



## TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

The most popular form of advertising seems to be through television. The four Sydney commercial channels have much to be thankful for, because their success is undoubtedly due to the popularity of commercials, which cater for all tastes.

Despite constant interruption by pieces of films, musicals and the sort, the average Australian can usually expect to enjoy a full night of entertaining commercials. For those who enjoy romance, there is always the candlelight and seductive music of . . . Coca-Cola? . . . commercial. Undoubtedly the most popular romance is the one where the shy man finally decides to get married. This is achieved by immediately displaying his genuine "Country Life" cigarettes and the first girl to accept a cigarette is his future wife.

The thoughtful commercial stations also cater for children. Parent psychology is a common theme used. If mum will not buy fruit-gums for junior, he merely sits at a window repeating in a loud voice "Don't forget the fruit-gums Mum." If Mum is not driven to insanity, she usually relents. The most popular child commercial is the one where the good child is rewarded. The rewards come in various flavours and sizes and the best way to give the reward is in a surprise fashion. For example, loading the shower, umbrellas or bus cords with lollies. This brilliant presentation is concluded by dear little grotesque thing that continually pops up screaming something about buying some for Lulu—whoever she is!

All men favour the practical demonstrations on television. One such demonstration is the lighting of a television set after petrol has been poured over it. To everyone's great surprise the television does not burn—this is a must for every home.

Mother is always pleased when the washing machine commercial is shown. She does not feel so guilty about having paid the extra £65 or so for a machine because she is reminded that this model is not a push-button one and she should be thankful it is automatic because look at what she has saved in broken finger nails!

And so, after a very enjoyable evening, the family retires to a warm sleep on their plug-in, genuine wool, electric blankets.

Lorraine Kirwan, 5A.

## ANZAC

It is with great regret that each twenty-fifth of April I see the ex-servicemen proudly marching along city streets. Why should they be proud? Because they helped to kill thousands of fellow human beings? Because they helped to kill their country-men? It seems to me that ex-servicemen have a good reason to hang their heads in shame and guilt rather than proclaim proudly to the world "I am an ex-serviceman, I fought at . . ."

In this country the only thing about which people seem to get excited is Anzac Day. On Australia's national day a great proportion of our population has a holiday for which they do not know the reason and do not much care.

The only thing that keeps Commonwealth Day from sinking into oblivion is the fireworks and as these will soon be outlawed it, too, will have the same fate as Australia Day. But on Anzac Day few people in one way or another participate. They either watch the march on television or from both sides of the street or else they joyously celebrate at the local Returned Servicemen's League Club.

Television plays no small part in this horrid revelry. From the dim and distant past are drawn out the bloodiest films of Australians in action and proudly transmitted to viewers.

It is not my wish that men who fought in the Wars should not be given credit for their courage, it just seems to me that Anzac Day is overdone. In praising to such an extent those who killed other people are we not giving a rather bad example to the younger generation? In my opinion to glory those who kill is but to say to the younger generation that if one kills one's enemy that is good.

It has been said many times that the Anzacs "put Australia on the map." Do we live in such a country that the only way for her to become well-known is through blood and slaughter? I have a much higher opinion of my native land than that. If I thought that it was through war only that Australia proved herself a nation I certainly would not be very proud of my heritage. Surely courage is found among Australia in other places than on the battlefield.

I feel that Australians put too much stress on Anzac Day and not enough on Australia Day. Are you not prouder that you are an Australian than a descendant of a lot of men who killed their fellow human beings?

Noreen Boniface, 4A.

### NERVES

Nerves are the queerest things! Even now as I sit here I have had spasms of them; can feel them gripping every muscle and probably affecting my adrenals for my heart muscles are working overtime. At the signal to commence work, they become the dictators of my mind, the demon that shocked my senses and clouded my thoughts. But this is only one aspect of the subject.

In science we learn that they are part of our nervous system which controls our every movement. They inhabit every limb and muscle and without them we would most probably die . . . funny, isn't it, how this morning I wished there was no such thing!

But I must face the inevitable fact—I am a nerve sufferer. How I have dreamed of facing an exam, with nothing in mind but what I am going to do at the week-end or what to wear to the next social function. If anything about the future does come to mind, it is a thought of how I can rescue my report from the letter-box before my parents see it. All nerve sufferers, however, develop forces to fight, or at least quieten, those stimulants which unceasingly cry "You haven't studied? Oh, then we have the advantage", as if with a cynical laugh. Nerves must be fought continuously, and from the moment the bell rings if one is to have a hope of success, so weapons very rare and specific such as self-confidence and vanity are brought to combat this force.

To turn to a more serious view, however, nerves can become so tightly stretched as to produce tension. Often in such cases a nervous breakdown eventuates or else these people become lunatics to be shut away in asylums; in either case, the psychiatrist profits from their nervous disorders. Oh! What a fate to befall me! Yes, indeed, what a great, an unknown part they play in our lives—so precious and delicate. Such a horrid part of life that some must bear such great sorrows and lead such lives of fear and dread that when their burdens are finally lifted from them, their minds are either in great need of care or else beyond caring for. It always amazes me how some of the medical staff could volunteer for such work—they must find satisfaction from so doing or else respect and want to care for the broken nerves of others.

I will conclude by saying that nerves are unpredictable; they form a part of everyone, but some are lucky enough not to know their effects.

Robyn Nicoll, 4B.

## BUYING A HAT

The day of the wedding was slowly approaching. I had already acquired my frock and other accessories, except my hat which presented a great problem to me.

Now if I had my way, this would be no problem at all, but my mother, a traditionalist, insists that I wear a hat to this great affair, and consequently it is causing me no end of anguish.

After searching continuously through the many hat shops of our suburb, I had not seen one hat that suited me. There were bretons and bowlers, large brims and small, all in bright colours which I was told by the eager saleswoman are all strictly a la mode. But also not one did I buy.

So, one hectic Saturday morning, I decided to visit one of the famous department stores in the city to see if they could solve my dilemma. Being Saturday morning, the store was rather crowded and I was continually jostled about by the jostling shoppers. But at last I arrived at the millinery department and began my expedition for my long overdue hat. I had not long arrived before a tall, rather pompous saleswoman "came on the scene" and offered to assist me. She presented me with several styles of chapeaux, both of many materials and many hues.

The first hat I donned was very chic but it just did not seem to suit me, neither did the second, third, fourth or fifth. By this time the assistant had become rather irate and as a last resort, offered me this small exquisite hat. It was just perfect, it suited me to a tee! Immediately I decided to purchase it.

While the assistant was carefully wrapping it up I felt quite pleased with myself for choosing such a suitable hat.

"That will be twenty-three guineas, thank you," said the saleswoman.

I stood there my mouth opening and shutting but unable to utter a sound. After regaining my senses, I politely answered "No, thank you," and gingerly strolled out of the shop.

Kay Veale, 4B.

## A MOST UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

Anne's driving was compounded of inexperience, profound ignorance of the mechanism of motor cars and an unshakeable optimism.

Everyone had confidence in her, for she had bragged on for weeks about how much she knew about driving. We were anxious to see her results from the driving test. Yes she had passed, and to celebrate she insisted we go for a drive with her.

We did not know, when we climbed in, what we would experience during the ensuing hour.

She was as ignorant of the traffic laws as the devil of religion. She was heedless of traffic signs or maximum speeds. To show her great knowledge on the subject she drove us at forty miles per hour through the city.

I swore silently to myself that that would be the last time I would ever get in that old bomb of hers again. However, I was to see her and that car again, sooner than I had anticipated.

The following Sunday a friend and myself went picknicking. As we had no transport until we reached the crossroads intersection we decided to hitch a ride to the main road. The day was fairly humid and we felt the penetrating rays from the sun on our shoulders. We heard a distant rumble. Could it be a car? We stopped for a minute, waited, then we were preparing to move on when

an old model Holden chugged around the bend. Then to my horror and amazement, Anne's pug-nosed, pale face appeared at the window.

"Hop in," she cried, "and I'll drive you home."

"Thanks Anne," I murmured, cursing every word I uttered.

Once again I experienced her incapability of driving, witnessing screaming brakes at every corner, every halt sign and every set of lights. Her continuous chatter made her driving a horrifying nightmare.

Whilst she was acting so foolishly, a young cyclist skidded out in front of us. Wheels skid, brakes screamed, we lurched forward.

Minutes later, I came to, to find Anne sprawled all over the front seat. A crowd had gathered and I could hear the ambulance arriving.

I must have fainted or passed out as I awoke in an admission centre at Central Hospital. All I could do was inquire about Anne, but everyone I spoke to knew nothing.

When I was in full control of my actions I began issuing the correct questions and for once, received correct answers. From what I could gather Anne was well, but the cyclist was seriously injured.

Hours later I saw Anne again who was obviously perturbed by her foolish actions and their outcome.

She was all apologies but this did not undo what was done. As I was chatting, a doctor came to tell us that the boy was much improved and was beginning to regain consciousness.

It was sad indeed, what had happened, but Anne had learnt her lesson and she had brought about her own punishment, as her car would need repair and compensation would be required by the parents of the boy.

I had the fortune to ride in Anne's new car, two weeks later, and I could see we would have no further trouble with her driving. Janet Gilmore, 4B.

### WYNDHAM REPORT

A thought uppermost in the minds of Fourth Year students, particularly, and teachers is the Lower School Certificate in November this year. This is the first examination of its kind as it was inaugurated with the Wyndham Scheme in New South Wales in 1961. But what is the Wyndham Report? It is a plan introduced to raise the standard of education comparable to that of overseas countries. It is to be done by allowing an extra year to raise the standard of the Intermediate and more detailed work in fifth and sixth form to raise the leaving standard. Also it was supposed to help to co-ordinate secondary education with tertiary education such as technical college and Universities. However only 16% proceed to Universities. Also it is to enable students to enter the world with more fully developed ideas of the world, its history and its problems—a general education rather than a specialisation.

Theoretically the scheme is a very good one. With pupils graded in equal standards it makes teaching easier. But when put into practice, the scheme is handicapped. There are not enough teachers—there should be a vast increase in the number of them to make the scheme successful and the schools are not large enough. More money is needed to increase the size of buildings and for buying text books. This is of course IF there are any for they invariably come out the following year—too late for us! The syllabi are very vague and what should be taught is hard to interpret.

So let us surmount these difficulties and PASS! Christine Williams, 4A.

## ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN "MODS"

As you may know, the latest craze in England and Australia is "Mods".

"Mods" originated in England, where the Beatles started off a new look with their long hair, which caught on extremely well. The next signs were long skirts and dresses in England, and soon after that, bell bottoms, which were followed by three-inches-above-the-knee-skirts, round toed shoes, bermuda socks, and other crazy get-ups.

I have often wondered if people really know what a "Mod" is. Well, I do not know what an Australian "Mod" is, except a person who cannot set new trends but has to do and wear what other people do.

The English "Mod" is a person who sets a new trend, and as soon as that one catches on, starts off another one. If they wear something which does not catch on, they do not throw it away like a no-hoper, but continue to wear them until they catch on and then they cast them aside.

So you Australians be real "Mods", and set trends of your own, and then you will get credit for it.

Yvonne Ashley, 3E.

## THE STOWAWAY

Painfully, with every muscle straining, I hauled myself slowly but surely up a long thick rope which dangled from the cargo hold of the enormous Qantas Boeing 707. At last I reached the top of the rope which was attached to some unseen object around me in the darkness. Noiselessly, to avoid being heard, I felt my way cautiously around the air freight cabin, which was, I hoped, to be my home for the next few days. Now, accustomed to my dark surroundings I could detect in one wall a small porthole and large crates stacked on the floor. Behind the crates I placed my few belongings which I had brought with me and which included numerous warm clothes, food and blankets.

At last the jet taxied down the runway, its engines throbbing eagerly to take to the air. Suddenly with a giggle of apprehension, I realised that I did not even know where the plane was headed. Soon, we began flying over dense masses of ocean, and the thrill of being so high above the earth made me overwhelmingly happy.

I was aware that at such a high altitude, there was a chance that I could die. However, all I thought of was a bit of adventure and I was certainly doing it in true stowaway style.

For some hours now, the jet had winged its way across thousands of miles of world and I was beginning to feel sleepy and the air in the cabin seemed stale and suffocating. So I lay down and tried to sleep for a while. When I awoke sometime later, the air seemed to be closing in on me and I began to panic nervously. I contemplated banging on the wall of the cabin to attract attention, but lacked the energy to do so. The next thing I recall was being hauled bodily from the plane and bundled into an ambulance which was at the foreign airport where the jet landed.

A little later I was surrounded by curious hospital and airport officials, waiting to discover why and how I had stowed away. The only thing which interested me was the country in which I had landed. My curiosity soon dwindled to complete happiness when I was told that I was now in sun-scorched Acapulco.

Two days later after visiting the tourist spots of the fine city in Mexico I headed back home, this time as a passenger determined one day to return.

Margaret Watson, 4D.



**"C'EST MOI!"**

### **C'EST MOI**

Most handsome, noble and intelligent dogs have a long and proud pedigree. I am quite certain that both of my parents had such a thing but, highly bred as they were, unfortunately they were of different breeds.

This resulted in my being a bit of a mixture, though still all of the above. Who needs a tail to wag anyway? I rely on intellect and three good legs to gain everything I want and need. I don't wish to talk about my puppyhood as the present is the most celebrated stage of my life. I cannot remember my earliest days clearly—I think I was born with a tail and four sound legs, but I'm not sure.

My appearance, though remarkably fine, does not worry me so much as my studies. I can safely say that I have never failed a Latin exam. No one can disprove that.

I enjoy the company of humans rather than that of dogs, though I do realise my superiority—I can't help but notice it—and I have friends from all walks of life. I'm respected by all but a few inferior peasants who are simply too dull to realise true wisdom. Apart from being handsome, noble and intelligent as I have already stated, I must admit that I am rather a modest type of hound too. I cannot tolerate prejudiced and boastful people, or animals for that matter.

To round off my autobiography I should include my likes and dislikes as so many other celebrities do. I like food, Tchaikovsky, Keats, food, Lassie, the philosophies of Socrates, Confucius and Mrs. Hetherington, food and gas heaters.

I dislike Rin-tin-tin, cats and less educated dogs, people who dislike me, French politics, detentions and strenuous exercise.

I attend school regularly because I appreciate the company, education, gas heaters, recess and lunch, but I hate and dread one thing and I warn everybody—Don't call me SPOT!

George.

## THE CENTENARY YEAR

This year, throughout the world, is the celebration of the Centenary of the Salvation Army, which was founded by William Booth on July 2nd, 1865 in a back street of London. He was a Methodist minister who had a sudden urge to help the poor people in the slums of London, who were being fearfully neglected.

Booth, with his faithful wife, Catherine, and a band of willing followers, went into the slum areas to try to tell the people more about the gospel.

He was opposed at first, but Booth was very persistent, and the people were amazed at his courage. Each day he would go into the area to talk about God, and each gained a few more followers.

And so the Salvation Army grew in to what it is today. It is known throughout the world, by its brass bands, tambourines and the uniforms which its followers wear.

So the Salvation Army ends its centenary year, marching into another 100 years of service.

Janet Gott, 4D.

## CAUGHT IN A STORM

The storm broke out with a roar of thunder and heavy rain clashed to the ground, as a strong wind swept across the rough waters of the lake.

Our family, who was on holidays began to run to the car. My little brother who wore a straw hat, became so upset when his hat blew off into the lake that he let go of his fishing line and with a branch of a tree he was able to bring both ashore. First came his straw hat and then his fishing line. He hoisted the line up and to his great surprise he had on the end a fish, the first he had ever caught.

However, when we were all settled in our car, after a wipe down with a towel, we started off for our holiday house a few miles away in the quietness of the bush. We wrapped blankets around ourselves and had a cup of hot soup from the thermos flask.

As we were driving through a dense fog which had surrounded the area, the roads became very dangerous, as we went through thick, slippery mud and clay.

Finally, we recognised our little house in the distance and very soon we entered the fallen-down gates that led to our holiday cottage.

Frederika Stryland, 4D.

## "NIGHT VISIONS"

At 12 o'clock, midnight, exactly when the eerie night noises and visions come alive in the death-like darkness, I was walking along the half-lit pavement of Third Street, hearing only the gentle stirring and rustle of oak trees adding to the witch-like surrounding. A night owl, with opened eyes, glared through the branches of a tree at me and nearby a cricket croaked noisily underfoot.

I would be very glad to get home at this time so I quickened my pace. As I did so, I heard another lot of footsteps, behind me. There was no one in sight, it was probably my imagination. I walked on and again the footsteps could be heard. I stopped in dead silence and cautiously looked behind me. I could see no-one at first, but after investigating further I noticed a very hazy-looking shadow behind a tall gum tree. Not being a Sherlock Holmes, I let it be, until the figure approached me. I immediately realised it was my next-door neighbour, who calmly asked if I was waiting for HER. Dianne Slattery, 3C.



## RACIAL DISCRIMINATION IN AUSTRALIA

Those people who state that racial discrimination is non-existent in this 'free' country are unfortunately incorrect, as this situation does most certainly exist here.

The discrimination which is visibly prevalent in our communities is of two types—'international' and 'national'. The term 'international discrimination' could be used when referring to our White Australia Policy, by which the aim of the Government is the creation of a nation which will progress economically and prosperously with the aid of a high intake of foreign migrants to increase our population and expand industry.

Unfortunately, Australians appear to be a race who regard those with coloured skins suspiciously. This is well illustrated by the suspicion with which foreigners speaking in their native tongues in public places are regarded. These people with different skins from ours are usually very co-operative workers, for often they migrate from countries where employment is very difficult to secure and usually have one aim—namely, of securing a good future for themselves.

The second type of discrimination in Australia by which we are perhaps more directly affected, can be referred to as 'national discrimination'.

By this term I mean our (the White Australian's) attitude toward our own native race, the Aborigines. It is shameful that in a country progressing as rapidly as we are, there is not equal opportunity for all, regardless of the exterior colouring. The majority of our Aborigines are uneducated and uncivilised, yet the general attitude towards them is one of almost HATE—hate for the descendants of the original inhabitants of the country. We should be ashamed to admit it—**BUT ARE WE?** My answer is no, otherwise there would be no need for emphasis on the difference nor comparisons between opportunities offered to each section.

Take for instance, the incident in February of this year when Aboriginal children were not permitted to bathe at the local public baths at Moree and Kempsey, for so-called 'health reasons'. However, the white children were unrestrained. It appears that the Councils running these pools consider darker skinned persons less subject to heat effects than white and also implies that they are less hygienic than we are—**JUST HOW HYGIENIC ARE WE?**

I don't know about Aborigines being strong in relation to heat effects, but I do know they are superior in the way in which they take the degradation of their race.

Whenever, in future, we are quick to judge suspiciously our darker skinned counterparts, we must remember that it is not through their own personal choice that they were 'painted' a different colour and, that, were we in their position, we would appreciate whites who treated us as one of them. We must also realise that it is a person's **INTERIOR, NOT** the exterior which is really important.

Patricia Brodie, 5C.

## MIST

The mist rolled endlessly in from the sea, engulfing everything and anything that stood in its way. The ships in the harbour looked more like the blurred objects that appear in dreams than the busy port that it had been but a few short hours ago. Now and then, a fog-horn's voice pierced the darkness, like that of a blind man asking for help. Each boat in turn, slowly and cautiously wound its way to its moorings, glad to be safe and secure. Soon dawn would come, the sun would rise, and each and everyone would feel the sense of freedom which comes with new light.

Valma Braten, 3A.

## "JULIUS CAESAR" IN MODERN SCHOOL

"And friends, disperse yourselves"—Prefects plea to girls with boyfriends at back gate in the morning.

"Let not our looks put on our purposes"—School uniforms.

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!"—Staff's considered opinion of fifth years.

"Give me my robe, for I will go"—Headmistress preparing for assembly.

"But here am I to speak what I do know"—Senior Prefects' first meeting with their classes.

"Fellow come from the throng"—Mr. Beaumont's plea from the rostrum.

"Then, if we lose this battle.

You are contented to be led in triumph?" Fifth year's future?

"They could not find a heart"—Usual situation in biology laboratory as fifth years carry out a dissection.

"For they have grudg'd us contribution"—Response to P. & C. envelope appeal.

"I do beseech ye, you bear me hard"—Fifth year to staff.

"Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods"—Eyeing teacher thoughtfully in those five hungry minutes before the lunch bell.

"Pluck down benches,

Pluck down forms, windows, anything—Fifth year's gentle exit—22nd October, 1965.

"I found no man"—School Dance.

"Be patient till the last"—3.15 p.m.

Roslyn Blair, 5A.

## PASSING TIME

A pupil of eleven or twelve years of age enters a big frightening high school which she finds to be quite different from the school life previously experienced. The lessons have changed from few to eight or nine per day. Faced by many teachers and stern-looking girls of various age groups she is quite bewildered for the first few weeks. Once settled in she partakes in the various activities, choir, I.S.C.F., drama, junior red cross and chess and gradually finds out more about the school.

Before long she discovers she has moved to second grade and is no longer classed as a little First Year. Second Year always seems to be the inattentive year but nevertheless it is only one year of the five wasted. Sometimes the careless attitude passes on to Third Year but with the important intermediate examination approaching most seem to control themselves and decide to work for a change. Generally a girl looking back on her three years of high school can truthfully say that they have flown. Now she either decides to leave or to venture into the two diligent, hard-working years of senior school.

A great change in teaching, standard of work, and attitude is experienced in the senior school, making it, in a more mature way, seem like first year all over again. Much more is expected of a pupil in her senior years but the teachers do not always obtain what they expect. Soon the last few days of Fourth Year come to an end and after the holidays a girl enters her Leaving Certificate Year. This is a year of work for some, others just continue in their own merry, fun-loving way. As there is a race to finish all subjects in time, Fifth Year seems to go far too rapidly for most people.

Now as a pupil in Fifth Year I look back and remember how in First Year I used to think that the five years would be long and tedious. But for me anyway they have flown.

Gaye Chilby, 5A.

## THE DESERT

I took my water-bottle from the dead horse and set out. The shimmering desert, vast and frightening, stretched into the distance. The hot sun beat down continually upon my weary and exhausted body, slowly I trudged on, over sandhill after sandhill with the sun continually beating down more intense now as it was high noon.

My destination was at least forty eight hours away, that is, if I was going in the right direction. I, by now, seemed to have lost all sense of direction. Suddenly I came upon an oasis with cool sparkling water surrounded by tall palm trees waving gently in the breeze, but as I started to walk towards it, it disappeared and in its place was sand, sand and still more sand.

When night fell I took shelter under an overhanging rock face, and as I had no warm coverings I almost froze to death. I had found neither food nor water that day. I was ready to give up all hope of ever seeing civilisation again. When dawn broke, I started out once again on what seemed to be my last journey. As the sun rose in the sky I felt my throat rapidly drying up and my feet were beginning to fail me. I felt my thoughts spinning around and then everything went blank.

When I came to I was safely aboard a truck speeding towards a hospital in the town for which I had originally set out. The explanations for this were simple. When I had failed to arrive a search party was sent and luckily for me I was found just in time. Never since that lucky escape from death have I ever ventured into the desert.

Kristine Bailey, 3B.

## "HARROW MANOR"

Standing stark against the grey sky-line, stood Harrow Manor. Fifty years it stood upon the hill over-looking the town of Harrow. Weird tales were told about this forbidding place.

Tales of a young couple who had come to Harrow from England and had had the Manor built to try to recreate the English atmosphere from which they came. But somehow it was not erected in the way they had planned. The house was too imposing and frightening for the quiet Australian bush town and people avoided it, so the Harveys found it difficult to find domestic help. Being so big and cold and impractical, it needed a great number of servants to keep up the cleaning and repairs.

After a few years when the family had increased, Mrs. Harvey found the housework too much for her. Mr. Harvey had to do all the ploughing, planting and harvesting himself. It was no wonder that they were tired and often quarrelled. By now the children were growing up and one by one left the Manor to go out into the world to escape the almost daily quarrels.

One terrible day the strain and tension proved to be too much. No one seemed to know much about what really happened, but it was said there was a horrible row, lights blazed in every part of the house, horses galloped into the night, carriages thundered down the road and away.

In the morning the house was a shambles, clothes were strewn all over the house, doors hanging open, crockery broken, the house was empty, after that no one ever saw any of the Harvey family again.

So that house has stood empty and forlorn until this bleak day. Would the people of Harrow find the answer to this mysterious house? Who knows?

3C.

# POETRY SECTION

## 'AN ODD ODE TO JULIUS'

*Now what's so great about 'Big Julie'  
Do you understand it? Now answer truly!  
It's about this conspiracy cooked up one night  
Aimed at 'Big Julie' who's a bit of a skite.  
One day, after battle with Pompey, I believe,  
He was offered the crown, three times indeed,  
And when he refused it, the crowds they did cheer,  
Which led even Brutus, his best friend, to fear.  
This Brutus you'll find is a real noble bod  
And it's really too bad he's a member of the mob.  
And now there is Cassius, for Caesar's death he was keen  
But Caesar distrusted him because he was so 'lean'.  
The gang did plot through the night till the day,  
Hoping and praying all would be O.K.  
The plans were made, which did imply  
That it's at the Capitol where Caesar would die.  
Calpurnia did sense foul things in the air  
But Caesar confidently declared, "It was all the result of her nightmare"  
So blind and so brave next 'morn' did he appear  
With all the conspirators close at his rear.  
Five knives at once in his back they were thrust  
but it's Brutus who killed him with betrayal of trust.  
After he died the conspirators dispersed  
as in Brutus' garden they had rehearsed.  
Catching wind of the murder, 'Tony comes in  
and swears the mob must be killed for their unjust sin.'  
Now at Caesar's funeral, Brutus says a few lines  
and Caesar's popularity once more declines,  
Thence up jumps Antony and shows Caesar's cloak  
And persuades the crowds that he was a good bloke.  
From where they stood, Brutus and Cassius could hear,  
Antony's plans for vengeance, only too clear.  
Now they did worry and begin to fret  
As they reflected on their dead with only regret.  
From thence to the hills did the two leaders roam  
To organise their armies to fight those at home.  
Antony's army did take to the chase  
And the ally and enemy soon met face to face.  
The battle did rage, and Brutus, seeing defeat  
Killed with his pride and with a friend by his side  
He fell on his sword and it's here that he died.  
What happened to Cassius, you may enquire,  
Well the answer to that I also desire.  
It's not my ignorance showing, I say with regret  
It's just that I haven't bothered to read that far yet!*

This article is written with my apologies to William Shakespeare.

Diana Willis, 5C.

## FREEDOM

*Old and wrinkled here I stand;  
Waiting,  
Watching all upon the land,  
Below,  
I creak my branches, strain my roots;  
Aching to be gone.*

*Squirrels scamper, blue-birds chitter,  
Happy,  
Here I stay: deserted, bitter,  
Waiting,  
'Mongst the satisfied and joyful;  
Aching to be gone.*

*Breezes wafting from the distance,  
Smells,  
Rising, falling in consistence,  
Noises,  
Leave me wishing, longing, yearning,  
Aching to be gone.*

*Lumber-jacks are drawing nearer,  
Felling;  
Working till the forest's clearer,  
Hacking,  
Soon they'll reach me standing lonely,  
Aching to be gone.*

*No more left upon the hilltop,  
Waiting,  
No more standing on the hilltop,  
Lonely,  
Freed from life of endless vigil,  
Aching to be gone.*

Margaret Wilson, 5A.

## 'MOTHER'S DARLING'

*Into a cupboard,  
Under a bed,  
Around every corner,  
Goes a little blonde head.*

*Out in the garden  
Digging up seeds,  
Under a shady tree  
Planting some weeds.*

*This is 'Mother's darling',  
A little over one  
In a very short year  
Think what he has done!*

Anne Murray, 5C.

## SCHOOL

*Monday morning school again,  
Collect your books and ink and pen.  
Although the day flies past so soon,  
How I wish for afternoon.  
Hurry up or you'll be late,  
The bell will ring as you reach the gate.  
Teachers teach and pupils learn,  
Answer correctly when it's your turn.  
Lunch time's here so queue for lunch,  
Girls just pull and push and punch,  
Back to lessons, we must learn,  
For a wage we soon must earn.  
The time to end the lesson grows near.  
Everyone is glad, when the bell they hear,  
Pack up books and ink and pen,  
Off we go back home again,  
This day's procedure we repeat,  
Till the weekend we once more meet.*

Julia Collins, 3F.

## "AQUARIUM"

*Tiny fish  
Darting gaily  
Schools of bream  
Floating by.  
Rainbow fish with gaudy colour  
Bluish Stingray slithers by  
Clumsy tortoise lumbering gait  
Sinister Shark mouth agape  
Placid waters teeming life.*

Jennifer Kay, 3C.

## LIFE

*Birth, death,  
Peace, war,  
Build, destroy,  
Rise, fall—  
Life is like a wave.  
It rises to a climax  
Then falls under the tread of another.*

## DANCE OF DEATH

*Up and down,  
Round and round,  
Red and gold,  
Burning cinders.  
So the eternal dance goes on,  
Not once hesitating to eat its way  
Through the body and soul of humans.*

Louise Carr, 2GM.

### NOON CALL

*Mothers chatting by the fence,  
In the midday sun,  
Children running up and down  
Having lots of fun.  
From around the corner comes  
A now familiar sound,  
"Greensleeves" played by Mr. Whippy,  
On his daily round.  
One for Joe, and one for Liz,  
And one for baby Ben,  
Mothers shake their heads and sigh  
"SAUSAGES AGAIN!"  
Sticky hands and grubby faces,  
Happy smiles from all,  
Battles at the dinner table,  
After Whippy's call.*

Margaret Newton, 2LG.

### CITY TRAFFIC

*City traffic is a worry,  
When you try to cross the road,  
All the horns they make you hurry,  
Even with a heavy load,  
Wheels screech, people yell,  
To make you hurry by,  
So really there's no time to lose,  
Only time to sigh.*

Dawn Ponting, A2.

### A WONDROUS SEASON

*Winter's such a dangerous season—  
Cars go sliding, trucks go screeching  
Down the newly polished highway  
To their destination reaching  
Trading scratches on the way.  
It's raining, is that the reason?  
Winter's such a wondrous season—  
It's time the poppies coloured the garden  
And trees and shrubs to go hibernating  
Yes, trees and shrubs keep hibernating  
But nevertheless the buds are growing;  
It's Spring next season, is that the reason?  
Winter's such an incredible season—  
The rain goes on falling never ceasing,  
Yet rainbows display their famous array,  
But few people discover the glories of winter!  
They're too busy wrapt in troubles all day  
Of themselves. Is that the reason?*

Lorraine Young, 4A.

## SHEEP

*I see the sheep of snowy white  
Upon a sudden blue,  
Silhouetted birds of flight  
On shades of gentle hue.*

*Again, I see; but not the sheep  
Their fleeces snowy white  
Have altered from familiar forms  
To others now in sight.*

*I study them with thoughtful mind,  
At last! though shapes be few,  
I'll form the clouds that always change  
Upon the sky of blue.*

Peggy O'Brien, 3A.

## THE ESCAPE

*Like an avalanche cascading from the rugged, rocky peaks,  
To the lush, green, grassy valley far below,  
A herd of mountain brumbies galloped full speed, headlong down,  
To a place where only wild horses ever go.*

*They hurtled through the thick red dust and over rotting tree-trunks  
They wound their way between the rabbit-holes  
To the quiet, hidden gully, where the stallion kept his watch,  
On a tiny ledge above the mares and foals.*

*When some boundary riders saw the horses grazing in the valley,  
An age-old fear within the stallion stirred,  
For they halted on the mountain-top, and then with ropes in hand,  
Turned their horses round and rode towards the herd.*

*The stallion moved like lightning and stampeded all the mares,  
Then alone he turned to face the coming men,  
When he saw them close he turned around and raced along the valley,  
And in hot pursuit of him they followed then.*

*They followed him across the rich, green grasses of the valley,  
O'er rushing streams and many deadly spills,  
Until the stallion, knowing that he couldn't run much further,  
With the men behind him, fled into the hills.*

*The men were gaining on him, only one way still remained,  
Just thirty yards ahead with no way round,  
A giant gorge, full twenty feet across, it loomed before him,  
The stallion jumped—and landed safe and sound.*

*The riders dared not follow, for one slip was certain death,  
In a lonely grave a hundred feet below,  
The brumby reared in triumph, then he went to join his herd  
In some place where only wild horses ever go.*

Lyn Clinckett, 3A.



## SAGA OF THE CIRCLE

*I found a little circle,  
But I couldn't find the end;  
I kept right on the trail,  
And I chased it round a bend.  
I kept right on chasing it  
'Round its circumference;  
But still I couldn't catch it—  
It just did not make sense!  
I had some time to think  
As I still kept on running.  
"Aha!" I thought, "I'll trick it—  
I'll try a bit of cunning."  
So I looked for the beginning,  
(Which was somewhere behind me)  
And I thought that if I stayed there,  
The end might come and find me.  
But Alas! Alas! Alack!  
I had a problem new,  
When I looked for the beginning  
I found I'd lost it too!  
And now the thing has beat me,  
It's really very sad,  
I keep running round in circles,  
And I think I'm going MAD ! ! !*

*Di Ameter  
Louella Berry, 4A.*

## THIRST

*The gum tree stood . . . desolate  
The land . . . barren and baked  
The billabong was dried and cracked  
As the sun glared down on Earth's parched face.  
White bones lying in the dust  
The only sign of life . . . now gone  
Those burning furnace eyes did kill  
With heat more fierce than flames.  
Destruction . . .  
A ruined, thirsty, land.*

*Narelle Kenny, 4A.*

## SKATING

*Skating along the ice I go  
Full of vim and vigour,  
Oops! I think I'm going to fall  
I'll cut an awful figure.  
Look I'm on my feet again,  
Watch me do a glide,  
Oh dear! I won't stand up for long,  
I'm going to take a slide.  
Oh gosh! I'm just not made for ice,  
It's plain as plain can be  
I'll never, never do a glide,  
Oh don't just pity me.*

*Lindel Nelson, A3.*

## LOST DOG

*The man in blue  
Knew what to do,  
Said he "Hello"—  
Now, who are you?  
Your collar's new,  
And not marked, too—  
Now don't go getting in a stew,  
You're lost, it's true,  
But there's a place for dogs like you,  
So come on pal, don't look so blue!"  
The world was grey,  
For me—a stray—  
No place to stay,  
No mistress gay,  
And in the dog's home, down the way,  
Lost dogs who had no heart to play,  
But longed to hear a loved voice say,  
"Here boy!" and carry them away,  
So in a cage I sat to wait,  
To wait and watch a yellow gate,  
And yearn, and hope, that soon or late,  
There'd come an end to this sad state,  
And now I'm found!  
I leap and bound—  
And wag my tail and run around,  
And Sue says I'm a sappy hound—  
But I don't care—I'm found,  
I'm found ! !*

Judy Cramp, A1.

## AT LAST

*The day has come!  
The race is at its start,  
Line up!  
On your mark,  
Get set,  
GO!  
It's on,  
I'm first off,  
I look around,  
The whistles blow,  
False start!  
Go back.*

*Start again,  
Halfway there,  
More pep!  
I'll win yet!  
Stumble over,  
Regain quickly,  
Coming last!  
Quickly,  
Coming third,  
No. Second,  
Make a dive . . .  
I've won!*

Kaye Cameron, A1.

## "MY LOCKER"

*Coloured pencils and fountain pen,  
P.E. tunic and sandshoes too,  
Paper cups and geometry set,  
Oh where did I put that pot of ink?  
First year's diary and paper bags,  
Millions of pins and school book tags,  
So there's my ink  
Right at the back,  
Almost hidden by that paper hat.*

Margaret Lees, 3C.

## SALLY'S MIRACLE

Sally loved to play the piano. She could play it very well. She was only ten and could play sixth grade music. She practised a lot and as a result always gained honours in her music exams. Her lesson was on a Tuesday at 4 o'clock. She always looked forward to this time.

One day Sally was on her way to music when she looked at her watch and much to her horror it was 5 minutes to 4. She started to run, and coming to a busy street ran straight out without looking. There was a screech of brakes, a bang and a scream. Sally had been hit by a car. People rushed out to Sally and someone went to ring the ambulance. In a few minutes the ambulance arrived and rushed Sally off to hospital. Her mother was notified and she rushed to the hospital to see Sally.

When her mother arrived Sally was in a quite serious condition. Her head was hurt, her right side was grazed badly and she had a couple of broken ribs. Sally said that her right hand hurt most. Suddenly Sally burst into tears. "Mum, I won't be able to play the piano again if my hand doesn't get better." Just then the doctor came in to inspect Sally's hand, as she had complained about it to him before. He told Sally's mother that it would not heal unless some kind of miracle happened.

After a couple of weeks, Sally was better and allowed to go home. The only thing still wrong with her was her hand. It seemed as though it was paralyzed. Sally was thinking to herself one night that if she tried to exercise her hand each night it might get better. She tried this and after about six weeks of exercise, to her doctor's amazement, Sally was able to move her hand quite freely.

The best thing about this was that Sally could now play the piano to her heart's content.

Vicki Harper, A1.

## THE LITTLE LOST BOY

The wind howled dismally as the heavy rain washed the icy countryside. A small, bedraggled figure crouched under a bushy hedge. Cold and uncomfortable, he gazed at the lonely darkness which was so unfriendly to a lost ten-year old boy.

If he hadn't had that disagreement with his father two nights ago this wouldn't have happened. He would be in his cosy little bed at home. To him the argument had only one side. All boys on a farm should have a horse and all his friends had one. But even though his father wished him to have a horse, he could not afford to buy one. Unfortunately the little boy did not understand that his father was only a poor farmer and he thought that his father did not want him to be happy (he had often been deprived of things he wanted.) This feeling had caused the ten-year old boy to run away.

He had not intended to become lost but the bush was so thick and treacherous that he couldn't find his way through the forest. He left on Tuesday night and he had intended going to the city where he thought that he would find work. After one and a half hours of walking through the tangled bush it started to rain. He ran for shelter and forgot about keeping in the direction of the city. He ran for miles off his path and didn't really save himself from getting wet. He finally reached a thick hedge which sheltered him from the rain and he stayed there for two days. It had been raining all this time and

when it finally stopped the little boy crept out from under the hedge and proceeded on his way. He was quite content and happy, at first, for he thought he was going in the right direction but when two more days had lapsed he began to become suspicious of what had happened, for he knew that it was on a one day walk to the end of the forest. He had not brought enough food for four days and had run out of it on his second day in the forest and now he became very tired and hungry. He soon collapsed under a large tree and went to sleep.

Ever since the little boy had been lost, his farm had been in shambles. His father and two elder brothers spent all their time searching for the lost boy. Nobody slept, day or night, for the little boy had been known to everyone as the most kind and generous of all children in the neighbourhood.

On the fifth day of the search, looking for this missing being, a search party containing the little boy's family, met another search party and were discussing what was to be done next, when a soft voice was heard.

"Can I go home now?" and a weak, little figure came out from the bushes and was reunited with his father.

Soon an anxious mother was notified and a hot meal and a cosy bed were prepared, ready for the home-coming of **THE LITTLE BOY LOST**.

Susan Sanders, A

## THE DREAM

Marg thought she would never go to sleep. She had been in bed all day with the 'flu. She used to wish that she could sleep the whole day through, every other morning, but she never thought it would happen. Now she didn't feel the least bit tired. She sighed, sat up, and turned the light on. The clock had been ticking unceasingly, and Marg felt sure that it must have been at least 1 a.m.

Looking at the clock, Marg suddenly felt a sick feeling in her stomach for it was only 11 p.m. She lay back. The low dron of the wind, and the soft patter of rain, and the constant ticking of the clock sang a lullabye, and so she forgot that she wasn't sleepy, and her mind wandered.

She was an alarm clock sitting on a window sill of an old, gloomy uninhabited, and frightfully ugly house. Her position was a very convenient one because she could see whoever was coming into the house. There was one disadvantage, however, and that was that no-one ever dared to come near the place.

She was drowsing in the sun when she heard footsteps. They were long heavy steps. A long, slender figure with a black cape covering its head, appeared. It opened the squeaky door, entered and strode across the floor. It picked Marg up and started to wind her up. It wound and wound Marg up. Marg's springs were getting very tight. They were almost breaking . . . crack . . . In a sudden Marg awoke. She was very frightened and her head was hurting. The only thing that she could think of was that she must have hit her head on the bed. She looked at the clock. It gave her the shivers to even think of a clock. The time was only 11.30 p.m.

Marg tried very hard not to go back to sleep, but when she did her dreams were peaceful.

Jeanette Blundell, 2AC

## MY BUSY DAY

TOLD BY A FLEA

Hello, I'm Flora the Flea, and I'm going to tell you of the busiest day of all my life.

It started like this: It was getting near twelve o'clock and I hadn't had any lunch or seen any animal about when suddenly, around the corner came the most scrumptious dog I'd ever seen. Thinking this was my chance to have a feast, I jumped on and started to enjoy myself. But, alas! he started to annoy me by scratching continuously all over. Clinging tightly to his hair I finished my meal and rested.

After about half an hour I awoke to find myself not only with one fat juicy dog to eat but half a dozen round juicy furry dogs to feast upon. I realized then my work had begun.

Firstly I had to go get my family as they were starving and with all these animals to feast upon they'd want to get there before any other fleas found them. It's not that they're greedy, it's just that they hadn't had a good feed for weeks. If there were others there they'd have to share it with them and they might not get enough, to fill them.

Well, anyhow, I had gathered them within an hour and I was now busily putting five fleas on each dog. They were all enjoying themselves when suddenly I realised that the weekly check up was due. I had a hard time getting them off the dogs but eventually I had them rounded up and to the doctors, who said they looked better than they had looked for weeks.

After I had taken them and put them to bed it was my bed time, so I crawled in with my children to go to sleep.

Alexa Maddick, A3.

## A FISHING EXPEDITION

It was a still night as I started to walk down to the water where the trawler was plunging at her anchor in the harbour. Dad was already in the boat, fixing the gear, hoping that we would catch more fish tonight.

We started off, and the boat moved through the quiet waters of the inlet. The sky was flushed with pink and gold of the sunset and there was a cool breeze which brought the familiar smell of the sea.

Changing course, the boat rolled to the lift of the swell, again and again, as it headed for the open sea, leaving a swirl of phosphorescence in the dark water. You could see a dark smudge on the horizon and hear the cracks and rattling of boards.

Seeing a good spot, dad stopped the boat and asked me to help him with the net. With a drag, we threw the net into the dark sea. As we had to wait a while we went downstairs and had a drink of Milo.

After a while we went on deck to pull the net in. With surprise, a huge amount of writhing fish was hauled in with the net, looking like a silver-flood as we dropped them on the mucky deck with relief.

Again and again the heavy net was hauled in, filled up with more fish until I fell into the water. I was scared as I was looking down into the water seeing slimy and wriggling creatures, and then all of a sudden, a current was nearly reaching our boat. Attempting to let go of the net, dad and some other hands helped me on board. With relief we headed home leaving the dark sea to itself.

Kerrie Williams, A4.

## MY LIFE STORY AS A . . .

I originally came from beneath the ground. I have been found in the bed of rivers in Africa. Many primitive people use me as a form of currency when exchanging goods.

Once I recall being stolen and held for ransom and when the ransom was paid I was taken to an island which was not familiar to me. From there I was locked up in a safe, near a villa for two or three days. The next day I was examined for a few hours.

Before I knew where I was I was on board a ship called "THE DEVIL QUEEN".

Now I am at the bottom of the sea in the wreckage of "THE DEVIL QUEEN" along with my kidnappers. I intend to stay here, out of trouble for the rest of my life.

My name is Francis.

What am I?

I am a diamond worth a fortune!

Winifred Ginn, A3.

## AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

One Friday afternoon while walking home from school with my girl friends I came across an old dilapidated house. Quickly I attracted their attention to it but they were too frightened to enter this eerie dwelling.

"What are you frightened about?" I enquired. "It's only an old house with a few shrubs and plants about it."

"Why don't you go in then?" asked Jane.

"Well . . . I will if you do."

"Sorry, Mum's taking Jimmy and me out tonight and I have to hurry home".

Without the reassurance of my companions, the prospect of entry lost its appeal and so we proceeded on our way home.

During the evening, I could not help thinking and wondering about this strange house. Maybe some criminals were using it as a hideout; or perhaps it was haunted! Possibly it was full of snakes or other unpleasant inhabitants?

Following a very restless night, I gazed eastwards as the black canopy of night was lifted by the first rays of morning light spreading across the sky.

In a manner of routine, I devoured my breakfast, with the menacing thoughts of the strange house, uppermost in my mind.

I then sought my mother's permission to visit Debra.

"Who is Debra?" asked Mum, looking surprised.

"Oh, Debra is the new girl in our class," I replied. After a brief moment of hesitation, my mother gave her consent.

Glancing at the sky, I felt an eerie atmosphere, ominous black clouds were banking up overhead, restless birds fluttered in the leaden sky and frequent gusts of wind heralded the approach of a violent storm.

I ran across the open paddock and just as I arrived at the strange house then the clouds burst, sending the rain pouring down on the hard cracked earth. Suddenly, I halted, then ran back to the mysterious house for shelter from the deluge of rain.

After some while, I gathered my waning courage and began to explore the old house. It was a broken-down, old house, which contained a table with some broken chairs in the entrance room.

On the table was a note written in foreign language. I wandered around and found two beds and a broken rocking chair in another of the rooms. The chair proved just strong enough to support my weight.

Resting on a cupboard in the corner of the room was an iron bar and an old revolver. Cautiously, yet fascinated, I picked up the revolver and ran outside.

By this time, the rain had abated, so I hurried homeward, where I related my experiences to my mother. She was inclined to doubt my unusual experience until I produced the revolver to substantiate the facts I had mentioned to her.

I was rather crestfallen when she instructed me to take the revolver to the Police Station and make my story known there, but felt relieved when my father arrived on the scene and offered to escort me to the representative of the law.

Mentally, I had resolved to keep the revolver as a reminder of this exciting adventure, but my parents insisted that I was obliged to "turn it in."

The Police Sergeant complimented us on our prompt action in handing in the weapon, and issued a Departmental Receipt in my very own name, which enabled me to have evidence of my exploits when relating the story to my school associates on the following Monday.

Lesley P. Wurlod, A5.

## THE FLOOD

The rain came down in torrents and my cruel pets, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, had locked me in the yard because I had muddy feet.

Wind and rain came harder and, as we lived on the banks of a river, I started to worry because if the river flooded I would have to leave my beloved kennel.

I then decided to try to get inside, where the fire would make me warm and dry. I ran through the rain to the door and cried. Mrs. Forrester came to the door and said, "Come inside you poor thing and get warm".

"Don't you let that dog in here!" was the firm reply from the next room.

Finally, after much arguing, I was allowed inside. The box in the corner started to talk, saying that the river, which was near us, was flooding. My pets were startled and started to gather all the things they could carry. I realised what was happening and went to find my favourite slipper.

Before I knew it, we were in the car and travelling up the steep grade towards Mrs. Denning's place. Once we reached it, my pets got out and explained the situation to Mrs. Denning.

After a while Mr. Forrester returned and unpacked a few things, including me. We stayed at Mrs. Denning's place for about four days and all the time the weather report was the same. The fifth day brought a change and we started for home. As we drove home I had only one thing on my mind—my kennel. All I could imagine it as was a big blob of mud in the middle of the yard. I still had my favourite slipper though and that comforted me.

When we did reach home Mr. Forrester hosed my kennel first but it was still dripping wet.

Thank goodness we won't have to go through that again, at least, not for another year.

Sharon Howard, 2AC.

## THE MEN IN MY LIFE

Even though I have two brothers, and over half the population of Australia are males, I still cannot say that I, or anyone else, really knows them. I have my own special system of getting on well with my brothers, though. I tell one of them that his hair looks adorable when he washes it every night with what was once "my" shampoo, he should grow it to his shoulder blades, comb it a lot etc., (in other words simply agree with him). With the other brother, all I have to do is listen when he raves on about why Austin Healeys (his type of car) are best.

I can't say that either of them is a terrible brother, though, of course, I don't really know, because I've never had any other brothers for a trial test.

The first of my brothers, whose name I will not "mention", goes to the Bowl, Surf City, Beattle Village etc., at least a couple of times a week, likes girls, has long hair (clean, incidently, very clean), hates girls about thirteen or fourteen trying to act sixteen. Every now and then he gives me long lectures on why he hates baggy pants, ties, greasy hair, Elvis and his fans, etc. He has recently bought a new electric guitar and amplifier, so, for hours each night, we heard weird noises echoing through the house. Oh no! here he comes, looking over my shoulder at my essay. He says "Don't forget to mention my fabulous voice," and also adds that this essay won't get any further than our back door. "After a while," he said, "When this essay is printed in the class magazine, you'll be charging kids sixpense to come down to have a look at me."

"Don't worry" my mother added "you can share in the profits. Anyway, why can't Denise put it into the class magazine?" "Because its true!" he replied.

Anyway, I'll do my best to get this essay past the back door.

Brother number two is everything brother number one doesn't want to be, except where baggy pants are concerned. Brother number two explains when he gets up in the morning that his hair is combed in a natural direction (it said in the newspaper that hair combed in an unnatural direction can cause baldness), but really, his hair is indescribable when he gets up in the morning, it's a mess! However, getting back to his characteristics, he loves cars, and one day came to the conclusion that cars are better than girls because you can leave a car in a garage for a couple of days and it won't complain, where as a girl would.

Brother number two got his first car when he was about seventeen. After a little bit of wear and tear he found that it didn't run, so he pushed it into our front lawn, and there it stayed until someone decided to buy it. His room is covered in magazines about cars. He owns about three cars, all of which he must be blindly in love with (he thinks they're beautiful but no-one else does). But, I can't lie, he does have one beautiful car, a Healey, which is cream-coloured and low to the ground.

These are the men in my life; I hope you like them.

Denise McNamara, 2AC.

## A LAKE AT DAWN

The lake was deserted, and only the trickling sound of crystal clear water tumbling over a small rock waterfall, broke the pre-dawn silence. Then as the sun rose, the dawn was heralded by the sweet voices of awakening birds as they filled the air with music. As the sun rose further into the heavens, the other forms of wild life awoke and the busy day-to-day activities around and in the lake began.

Beverley Harrison, A2.



## THE STORY OF JULIE ANDERSON

Early one evening it began to rain very heavily. So many bucketsful of water poured into Snake Creek that it overflowed. Julie watched the foaming water from her doorway, the flashes of lightning, and listened to the crash of water pouring down the creek and then she heard the crash of thunder.

The railway bridge across Snake Creek was not far from Julie's home. Through the darkness and the noise of the storm, Julie heard the toot of the Eastbound freight train.

Suddenly there was a crash greater than that of the storm. The rail-bridge had given way just as the train reached it. The train fell down the bank into the creek. Julie ran out to where the bridge had fallen. Across the creek she saw the train half under water. The driver managed to crawl out safely and was hanging onto a tree. "I'll bring help", Julie shouted; but the driver shouted back; "I'm alright! Get to the nearest town and go to the Post Office. Tell them to stop the passenger express before it gets here."

Julie only stopped long enough to get a lantern. She didn't stop to think of all the rough country she would have to cross or the river she had to cross. Her only thought was to get into town before the passenger express came speeding through the darkness toward Snake Creek. She reached the river she had to cross, the only bridge still standing. She looked, fifty feet down and four hundred feet across. What if she fell? What if the express got there when she was in the middle? But Julie crawled across the bridge on her hands and knees. Yes, she got into town in time to save the express.

Many lives were saved that night because of Julie's courage. When they built a new bridge it was called the Julie Anderson Bridge.

Marion Maxwell, 2BC.

## A RAILWAY SCENE

One sultry Monday morning when I was standing on Canterbury Station the usual crowd of people came running for the only train which would get them to the office on time. There was one lady I happened to notice who was not a worker because she had a pile of parcels and bags.

She was just at the top of the stairs when the guard gave the signal to go. She called out to the guard but he obviously didn't hear her. The train pulled out of the station with a roaring sound.

The lady staggered along to the nearest seat and dropped all her parcels. She was not the only person who missed the train as there was a young lady with two children who was busy trying to keep each from falling over the edge of the station. Young women were worrying about their make-up and new stockings and frightened they might lose their purses.

In about ten minutes the next train came roaring into the station. The station started packing up with late comers.

Annette Hough, A5.

## MODERN ART?

Genuine modern art is, in many ways, an advance from traditional work. Artists today are not just copying what they see, but are delving beyond, above and below the surface. Instead of studying a person's outward features and portraying these photographically, they search deeper, for his character, or soul.

In this search, they also develop their own view-points, so that many a contemporary work of art is a statement by the artist himself—angry, tender, despairing, ironic, cruel.

The winner of this year's Sulman prize, for instance, was expressing his contempt for modern life. Picasso, with his distortions of women's faces, depicts his revolt against 20th century warfare, with its mangling of gentleness and motherhood. Henry Moore's sculptures are monumental figures mostly intended to stand or recline in the great outdoors. The fact that they often have holes gouged right through them is Moore's way of showing that the world may be seen, through human beings.

Just as people become bored by endless repetition, so the artists of today are expressing boredom with the materials traditionally used for art. This is why they often seem so preoccupied with things such as cornflakes, paperbags, scrap iron and bottle-tops.

Paintings which appear incoherent are often, in reality, graphic descriptions of the artist's stream of consciousness. For example—I think of Mrs. Smith's blue dress, which reminds me of the ice-cream she spilt on it, which reminds me of how hard it is to hold a cup of coffee in a train, which—etc. In this way the painting would have a blue dress in one corner, an ice-cream cone in the other, a set of railway lines, and so on.

Artists now tend to go right to the marrow of the bone, stripping off all the surface tissues. They might express grief, love or any other feeling with one stroke or swirl on the canvas. Lines, colour and shape can, and quite often do, stand alone in modern art, as whispered or shouted emotions.

The world today is vastly different from what it has ever been in the past, so it is only to be expected that the artists portraying it should seek new techniques and materials with which to convey not only this new world, but also their reactions to it.

Our world today is troubled and groping, and much of today's art has a troubled, groping look. But this in itself proves that artists are striving to understand—and in seeking truth they are showing keen awareness of values other than the merely physical. This is what makes true modern art so important, despite its often disturbing appearance.

Tess Horwitz, 21G.

## THE LOST DOG

One bright sunny day I was playing outside when suddenly a tiny little puppy came up to me and started licking me all over. I looked for a name tag to see where he lived.

His name was Tibby and he was half black and half white. I took him into my mother and asked her what to do with him. Mummy told me to take him to the police station, so I did. Sometime later a lady came in and wanted to know if anyone had reported that a puppy had been found.

Just as I was about to leave the lady asked me what my name was. I told her my name and address. A couple of weeks later a knock came at home at the door. It was none other than the little old lady. She told me that since she had seen me last Tibby had puppies and she had brought me one to keep.

C. Hickson, A7.

## DANSE MACABRE

Twelve chimes echoed eerily through the silent churchyard and clung to the silver treetops as the last lingering notes died away. Midnight!

The oppressive silence, charged with mystery, once again descended upon the graves of the long deceased. The pale moon shone from a watery sky and a slight breeze blew softly from the south. The wood nearby was doused in sleep, even the dismal hooting of an owl failing to penetrate the gloomy atmosphere which surrounded the dead.

Suddenly, from the sky, Death arrived in a chariot of bleached bones, his long black cowl accentuating his deathlike appearance. He glided by each of the old, battered headstones, tapping them intermittently with his slender claw-like fingers. From each grave there arose a skeleton, their glaring white bones seemingly formidable in the half light cast by the moon.

Death drew from beneath his cowl a violin on which he proceeded to play. The skeletons began to dance. Very slowly at first, their movements jerky, then, as the music quickened the valiant skeletons battled to keep in time while Death urged them on. The strange spectacle continued until, above the notes of the violin a cock was heard crowing. Death quickly recalled his subjects to their respective graves and vanished into the coming dawn.

The churchyard was once again a haven of peace and solitude. The bright sunshine beamed upon the crumbling headstones and willy-wagtails flitted from tree to tree twittering excitedly. Grasshoppers in their thousands covered the sombre mounds while birds of paradise preened their glossy feathers. Who could have imagined that several hours earlier Death had paid a grim visit?

Cora Lember, 21.G.

## A SEA SCENE

Slowly the sun cast its golden rays over the sea as it rose in the eastern sky. Far across the ocean tiny sailing boats glided gracefully to shore. On the yellow sand a flock of seagulls awoke, ready to start their breakfast of fish. Across to the west, waves crashed furiously onto the rocks while children played happily nearby. As white fleecy clouds drifted across the sky, foam from the bouncing waves hissed as it tiptoed onto the shore. Gradually the sun moved over to its bed in the west and spread long slim shadows across the ocean.

At nightfall, both seagulls and children had fallen asleep, while ripples in the water slowly died away. All was quiet.

Kim Wilson, A2.

## MY LIFE AS A COUGH DROP

It all began when I was a tiny grain of aspirin, two grams to be precise. After being inspected twenty-four times I was put with some other chemicals and minerals which had also been inspected.

When we were finally joined together the cough lolly was called "Anticol". I felt very important because I had heard some men in the factory talking about a cough germ which an Anticol had conquered.

Sam said he had seen an advertisement on television where the cough germ set to work to cause a cold but then Anticol started to use its germ-fighting power to kill the pest.

Next we were packed into air-tight packets. A very miserable young man bought the packet which contained me and down the hatch I went.

That was the last my friends heard of me.

Robyn Giles, A2.

## JUST A FEW DOORS AWAY

Mechanically she walked upstairs. Locking the back door after her, entering her room she automatically turned on her transistor radio—(the quiet she could not stand.) She thought. About five minutes later she heard a banging on the back door.

“What do you think you’re doing, locking me out?” It was her mother.

“Sorry, mum,” was all she said.

She lay on the bed. What would her friends say? Would they tease? Would they feel jealous? Should she tell them at all? She was merely fourteen, not bad looking and she had plenty of friends. Day dreaming, she sat watching her mother with the vacuum cleaner. With her large blue eyes half closed she transferred them to the ceiling without once blinking.

At the table she ate the cabbage without protest, not noticing the queried looks between her parents. She had never really noticed him before, though he had asked her to dance often enough at parties. They had bumped into each other as he came out of the shop at the corner—and as he picked up her drawings she stood there, her face a shade of pink. Casually, they talked as they climbed the hill to her house—he only lived a few doors away. She was glad she had worn her new slacks that day.

“Are you listening? Sometimes I think you’re stone deaf! I was just saying to your father that I saw that boy—you know, the one who lives a few doors away—wearing a cadet’s—sailor cadet’s uniform—he looked very smart.”

The girl smiled sheepishly and said, “Yes I happened to see him coming home.”

“Ha-ha—Oh—remember when I was gardening and turned the hose on him?” asked her mother.

Oh—she had forgotten about that! Oh dear! Why had she laughed at him. But he was quite nice about it, even laughed himself. He was like that—always minding the neighbourhood children. “Yes he did look smart.” But he probably did not like her now. She wondered how she could improve herself.

Feeling depressed she dried a plate vigorously much to the astonishment of her mother. “He’s nice.” “Yes he is . . . but. Mum, how . . . ?”

“Well it’s pretty obvious, dear. Oh by the way, you had a call from the boy who lives just a few doors away; He says he wants to ask you if . . .”

E. Karosi, 2FC.

## HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR PET RABBIT

If you have rabbits of any kind you should feed them every day with carrots, lettuce and cabbage-leaves. Bran is very good for them, too. Their pens should be kept clean and fresh straw put down regularly. If you have a cage for them and it has wire at the bottom, you should move it around so they can eat the grass.

You might think that rabbits do not drink water, but that is untrue. Rabbits of all kinds do drink water and if you neglect to give it to them they may die.

When you want to take your rabbit out of its cage, you lift it by the ears with your spare hand underneath to support him. If you do not give these supports you could hurt your rabbit.

V. Joby. A7.

## THE PEOPLE I ADMIRE MOST

The people I admire most are my "Mother and Father." Why do I admire them most? Because Mum and Dad have looked after me, clothed me, kept me well, fed and protected me. Also Mum and Dad have taught me right from wrong, taught me to respect my elders as well as anyone else. They have worked hard to keep themselves as well as me and given me love and understanding. So I think my Mum and Dad deserve the most respect and gratitude for what they have done to make our family what it is. Also I think Mum and Dad are more important to me than anyone else in this world.

D. F. Ward, 2BN.

## "THE SMALLEST ONE"

There she sat, with her friends head and shoulders above her. They were tall and handsome and were admired by everyone who passed them by.

She would sit there day after day and try to look as happy as possible, but in her heart she had lost nearly all hope. If someone happened to stop and look at her, she would sit up and put her little paws on the window of her cage and pant happily, with every muscle tense in her body, hoping that may be this one might take her, but, no.

This happened day after day, and then, at night, when everyone was gone—the world seemed almost dead. She'd lie there sad and unable to eat. Sometimes she would whimper and cry herself to sleep. And whenever she saw a friend being led away she felt her tiny heart would break, and she would die.

One day while day dreaming about what she'd do if she did happen to get a home—how she'd romp, and tumble and play all day and at night come back to a wonderful big meal and a nice big kennel—she happened to notice a little girl with lovely black curls. She was pointing at the hopeful little pup. She'd never felt this way before—would they? or wouldn't they? was the question that clouded her mind. She was almost shaking with excitement, her little tail swaying repeatedly from side to side and she was panting excitedly. The girl was talking to her mother and occasionally pointing at the pup. Then she began to cry, the pup couldn't understand it but she figured the cage was to be her home for some time to come. The girl's mother laughed, then took her by the hand and walked on. Now the pup was sure! but no! they were entering the shop, the little girl ran over to the pup, while her mother spoke to the shop keeper.

Moments later, she was being lifted from her cage by the small bald-headed owner and handed to her new owner. This would be the last time she would ever see her only known home. She was at the peak of her emotions and could hold them no longer so she barked very loudly and licked the girl's face all over. Later as she was being carried down a long street, she quietened down considerably. There were rows and rows, of luscious big houses. Which was to be hers? Then came the answer—it was a small green one with a garden full of pretty red roses. She was being led round a path to the backyard of the house, and there it stood! Just as she had pictured—a beautiful big kennel. Then she caught sight of a lovely long yard full of thick green grass. She was given a rap on the tail which urged her on, so the little girl and the pup romped and played until late that night. Then she came back to her kennel where a lovely meal was waiting. Now she would no longer live in hope and sadness: she had a place to call home, and a lovely little owner. She belonged.

Joanne Pardey, 2FC.

## 48 HOURS TO LIVE

What would you do if you only had 48 hours to live? Would you try to fulfil your dreams, or just let the hours pass without worry?

This interesting topic was discussed at home. Someone said that if they only had 48 hours to live that they would stab themselves to stop worrying. Laughing, another said that they would run out and kiss all the pretty girls they met. My sister said that she would take a last look at Luna Park.

After discussing this subject I felt all chills running up my spine. Lying in bed that night I felt that if I only had 48 hours, I would want to get married or if I could not, I would want to fulfil my dearest wish, to be a fashion model. After thinking about it I closed my eyes to sleep, thinking that if the time came I would know what to do.

Margaret Bower, 2CN.

## SETTLING DOWN INTO HIGH SCHOOL

The Christmas Holidays were over and now the time had come for me to start First Year at Canterbury Girls' High School. I was very nervous as I was going into a strange school in an area I didn't know very well.

My sister had talked to me about the good times she had had in her nearly four years at Canterbury. She had also told me about all the various activities which the school organised but this did not cure my nervousness. It was Wednesday, 3rd February and I dressed in my new uniform and hat. I left home at 8 o'clock with my sister to catch the bus to school. There were other First year girls on the bus with their mothers and relatives who were to attend lectures that morning at the school. When we arrived at school we were told to go into various rooms where we were put into classes. I was still very nervous but when the teacher came into the room I settled down.

Christine Surridge, A6.

## A MOVE TO THE COUNTRY

When I was six years old my mother and father decided that we should move to the country. We were living in Woomera at the time but Dad wanted to be with his family.

When we left, my father did not come with us. He had to finish his job at the radar post, so he was joining us later. We travelled all night in a steam train and reached Goulburn at ten o'clock that day.

We moved straight to my Mama's place where we lived for two weeks. Then we moved to our own home at 62 Elenor Street, East Grove.

When my father joined us he got a job as a foreman for his father in the shearing sheds. As he was away 3 or 4 months at a time we only saw him 3 or 4 times a year. He used to take one or two of us at a time with him. It was great in the bush rounding up the sheep and helping to press the wool. Of course, we had to help clean the sheds and sweep away the wool so it could be sorted and pressed.

We thought the country was much better than the city even though we missed going out to football games and watching Dad play each week-end.

We came down to Sydney when I was ten but I still think the country is better, because you can run free in the paddocks and explore the wonderful bushlands.

Lesly McKellar, A6.

## A DARK STORMY NIGHT

The wind was howling through the trees and the rain was slashing down upon the rooftop and against the window panes.

My family and I were watching television and suddenly I jumped up and went to the window.

After a while I called my older sister Peggy, over. We stood in silence for a while watching the rain and wind slash about outside. As the trees swayed about in the darkness Peggy drew my attention to them, for they looked like blind humans reaching out for each other in the darkness.

It was really fascinating to watch the wind push things out of its way as it rushed along.

As people walked by on their way home, they were bent over, with heads bent, protected from the heavy, cruel gusts of wind and rain.

Someone came rushing up the front footpath and, as the front door was opened to admit the individual, a cold, icy gust of wind blew in the open door.

I shivered and so did Peggy. Slowly we walked back over to the comfort and warmth of the fire.

I was holding the T.V. times when I thought of, and felt sorry for, those outside.

Mary Towle, 2CN.

## DANCER

The delicate arches of the villa soar gracefully into the red sunset sky. The evening shadows steal softly across the courtyard as the age-old ballad of the herdsman begins. As the last mournful notes become lost in the distance, the guitar begins the Flamenco.

Out of the shadows steps the dancer. She stands for a moment, silhouetted against a blood-red sky: poised, her head held high, her castanets in the air. The hair softly drawn to a knot at the nape of her neck, gently curving round the red rose behind her ear. The dark skin drawn tightly over high cheekbones; the carriage proud and graceful.

Her heels click on the flagged paving, slowly at first, one, two, three, one, two, three. Hips swinging lithely, she starts to turn. The heels click faster, stronger, castanets clicking. The only sounds are the guitar, the feet, the castanets and the swish of her skirt but with only these simple instruments, she creates a magic of her own. Weaving round the arches, whirling now, faster and faster, the staccato drumming punctuated with shouts. Wildly, in a frenzy of rhythm and feeling, she whirls around, stamping, clapping, faster. The guitar stops. She turns slowly, and faces the setting sun.

Heather Tucker, 2LG.

## "THE COLOURED SHORES"

When the word "beach" is mentioned what do you think of? I immediately think of a border which varies in colour as the days vary. On a bright clear day it is bluish-green and when the day changes to dull and gloomy the border is greenish-grey. Next to this border you find a large mass of golden sand which is almost radiant. Upon this there are old people, young people, plump, slim, short and tall people all with different coloured skins, some dark and some light. They carry with them large and colourful flowers called "beach umbrellas." Towels large, small, plain or striped are also brought. Wherever I look all I can see are colourful garments, and nature's own garments, the surf and sand.

Vicki Lloyd, 3C.

## HOW I WRITE MY COMPOSITIONS

I sit at home by my bed racking my brains, trying to think of suitable words for my composition. Having found these words I try to put them in sensible sentences and more often than not they don't turn out quite the way I wanted them to. Then I read the composition over and over to myself, but, of course, it doesn't make any sense at all. So I move and try to find a place where I can concentrate.

Ah! By the fire is just the place for concentrating. The red fingers leapt into the air, with a golden glow behind them. But, I find, while looking at the fire, the time has flown from me and it is time to go to bed, and still the composition is unfinished. So whenever you don't want to do your homework, but want to look as if you are doing it, take up your books and sit near the fire.

Helen O'Connor, 2GM.

## SHOP WINDOWS

There she stood, pressing her nose flat against the shop window, just staring at a beautiful stove which stood there. I could tell that she was dreaming about it by the way she stood, silent and still.

Then she moved onto another shop and looked in the window again, trying to forget that beautiful stove but it was impossible. She moved along from window to window, looking at the way they were beautifully arranged, dresses, skirts, blouses, shoes, cardigans, jumpers and lots of other things which took her fancy. Cakes, buns, pies, tarts and different kinds of bread were displayed in another, hats in another and shoes were in another. Then we went to the butchers. There she stood again looking, for there was the same kind of stove.

It was to be first prize in a raffle.

I got tired of waiting so I went over the road and watched a circus tent being erected in the park. Finally she called me and we went on in and bought some meat and also some tickets for the stove.

On the way home we had to pass the electrical shop with the stove in it and so she stood again just staring. Finally, much to my relief, our bus came and so she parted from the precious stove. My mother is always like that when she goes shopping. Always looking at something which she would like in the "shop windows."

Janice Connelly, 2GM.



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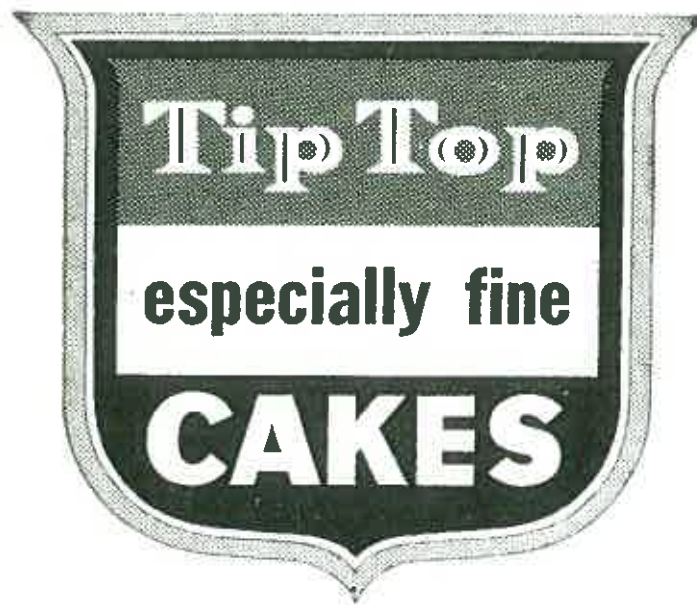
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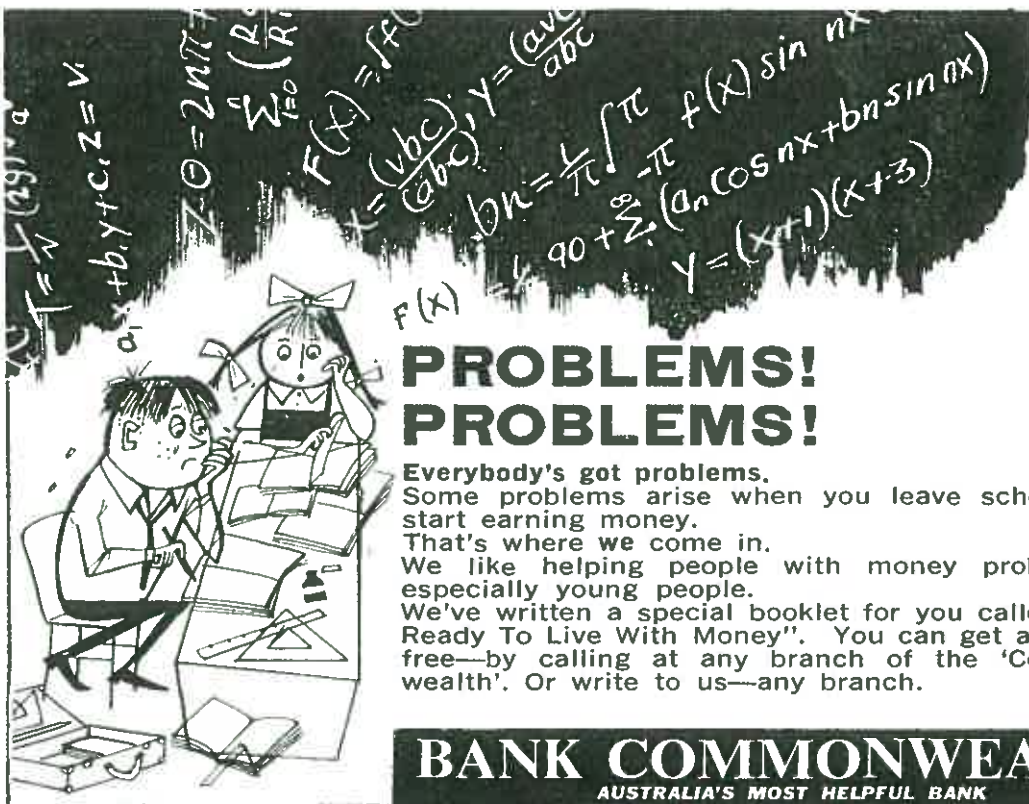
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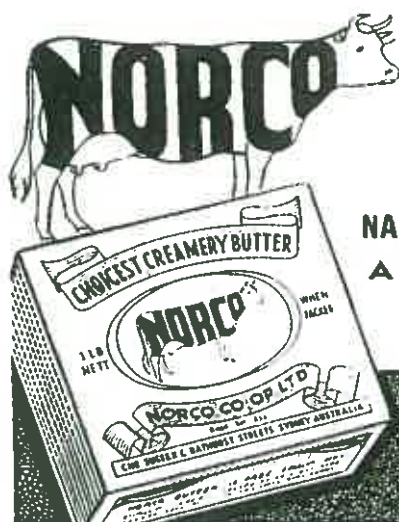
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