

PRIMARY PUPILS' ART.



NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE NIGHT INTRUDER.

One night, as I was sitting in bed reading a book, I heard a noise. It sounded like footsteps coming up the path. I remembered it could be Mum and Dad coming back from the pictures. But No! It couldn't be them, they had only been gone half an hour.

Suddenly the footsteps ceased and the door clicked. That meant only one thing. Somebody else was inside the house. Quickly and quietly I crept out of bed, picked up my softball bat and started slowly down the stairs.

As I neared the bottom I could see a dark figure. I crept closer and closer, I raised my bat. Thud! I hit him over the head. I didn't quite knock him out and he turned round. Then I decided it was time for more action and with great determination I set about beating the intruder soundly round the head. It must have hurt because he fell to the floor within seconds.

As soon as he fell I rushed to the switch and turned the light on and to my surprise when I saw his face, it was Dad. He had forgotten his wallet and, thinking I was asleep, didn't turn the light on because I might have wakened up. Oh the embarrassment for me! Luckily there would be no morning news sheet of "Daughter Beats Father Senseless," only the battered, scared face of father looking with pity at his poor, defenceless daughter.

Christine Lugg. Grade V. (C.)

A TREE.

A tree is rather gay and stout,
With all its branches waving about,
Standing straight, or falling over,
Climbing up or climbing over.
Oh what fun, we swing and flit,
Climbing up and over it.

Erle David Bourke. Grade V. (C.)

MY VOYAGE TO HONG KONG.

During May 1961 my parents, my brother and I set off on a trip to Hong Kong. We travelled to Singapore by Malayan Railways. We stopped at many stations on the way, but the biggest was Kuala Lumpur in which we stayed about three hours. In that time we looked around the city and took a few pictures. When we left for Singapore the view of the countryside from the carriage was very good. At last we reached the causeway from Malaya to Singapore. It did not take long to cross and we stayed in Singapore two days in the Chinese Y.M.C.A.

The ship we left for Hong Kong on was called the S.S. "Nevassa". It took four days to get there and on our arrival we had trouble changing money. We stayed at the Melbourne Hotel and ate at the Palace Restaurant near the hotel in Mody Road.

We went up Victoria Peak on the island, to the New Territories where we went into a walled village over one hundred and fifty years old and also looked over into Red China.

Our journey ended when we returned to Penang by ship.

Christopher Witty. Grade IV. (C.)

THE MAD INVENTOR'S ROBOT.

"Years and years on this.....this.....this robot, and I got.....!"

Briiiiiinggg!

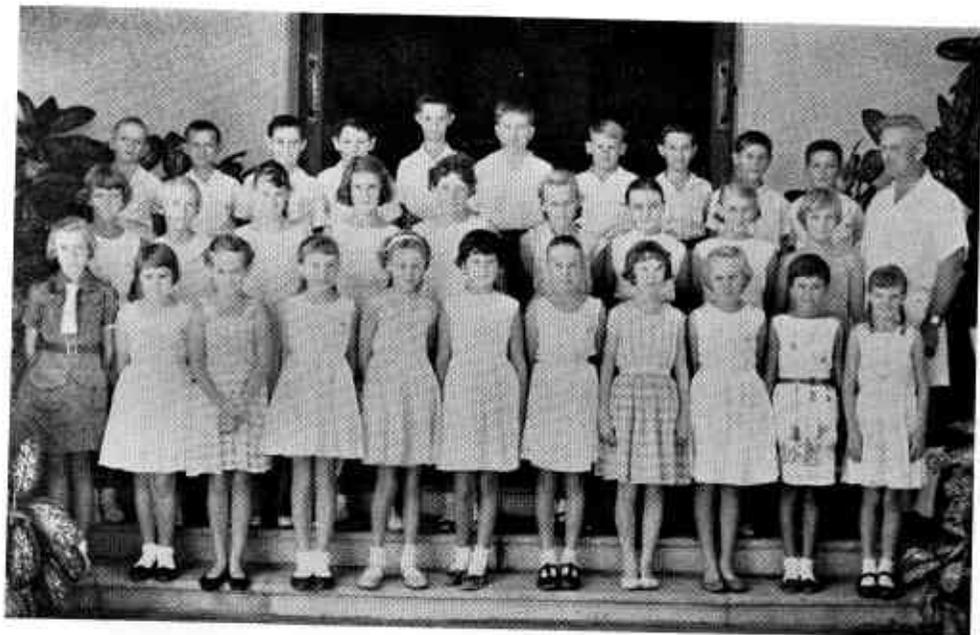
"Yes, yes, who is it," mumbled the old professor.

"A reporter from the Gaz....."

"What!" bellowed the professor, interrupting. The reporter had no time to speak again, as the professor had slammed down the receiver and was stalking away from the 'phone mumbling, "Reporters, Huh!"

He worked very swiftly for the next few weeks.

On the fifth day of the month, some ten thousand dollars worth of jewels were stolen from a well-known jeweller's shop. Although policemen were on guard all round the shop, it had been broken into. The jeweller was very distressed, for those very jewels that had been stolen were for one of his richest customers. The lady was very kind, and asked him to do



Grade V. Mr. Smith.



"KAMPONG BY NIGHT."

Pencil Sketch by John Erickson. Grade V (S.).

more for her and told him he could take all the time over it he possibly needed as she didn't want them in a hurry. He was greatly relieved by this but was still ruminating over the loss of his jewels.

Meanwhile, in Stum Road, Winifred Flats, No. 8, the professor was rubbing his hands gleefully as he picked up the jewels which he and his robot had stolen and let them run through his hands, in a guttering cascade. He committed lots of other crimes and ponce from all over the world were completely baffled.

Suddenly, a shrill scream broke the eerie stillness of the night. The professor had gone mad, or so the policeman thought. P. C. Brown turned around swiftly, as though he had been struck.

"Look out!" he shrieked, "Prof. Bandigor's gone cockeyed!"

People came rushing out into the dimly-lit street to see the professor hanging upside down, held by a steel hand.

He was screaming "I'll confess! I'll confess everything if you'd only get this thing out of my house!" The people stared. What had he to confess? They waited eagerly for tomorrow's newspapers.

In court that day, the professor confessed that he had burrowed a tunnel underground to the well-known jeweller's shop, which was opposite his laboratory. The other places which were not watched by police, had been simple burglaries. He had cut the glass and simply grabbed the loot and made off with it.

He was put in jail. His stay would be a long one, said the judge, and added "I hope this will teach you a lesson."

Denise McMillan. Grade V.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN OUR STREET.

In our street live a doctor, a butcher, a baker, a painter and a dress-maker.

The baker's house is only a small three-roomed cottage, but it is very richly furnished. In one room there is a huge oven, a drying-rack that takes up most of the room, and a great big cupboard, and many other things as well, for he makes and sells his own bread.

The painter's house isn't at all interesting. It is a plain house, and at the back is a small shed filled with ladders, paint-tins, brushes and lots of junk. They have one boy who is so dull and nasty that we always try to avoid him as much as possible.

The dress-maker's house is a lovely big building with a shop near the front. In the shop are three sewing machines, rolls and rolls of material and on the floor are scraps of material, cotton, pins, scissors and needles. They also have a girl, who has always a new dress.

The Doctor is a kind old man, and has two children, a boy and a girl. The children are always happy and merry.

The butcher is a nasty old man, always grumbling and yelling at us for he hates children.

Yvonne Gluyas. Grade V.

A PERSON I GREATLY ADMIRE.

I greatly admire my best friend, Judy Pallot. One day, when I was very sick, Judy came and visited me. She pulled from behind her back a beautiful big box of chocolates and a lovely bunch of roses. It was a lovely surprise and I was very pleased that she had thought about me. I thanked her very much. After half-past five in the afternoon she went home.

A week later I was well again. After school was over she sprang out of the bushes and gave me such a fright. She had another big surprise for me, much bigger than the last one. It was a beautiful doll with beautiful clothes for it. She said it was a going-away present for Mummy, Daddy, Darilyn and I were all leaving to go to England that afternoon and she said that she hoped we would all have a lovely trip.

I always say she is my great admirer and the best friend I shall ever have.

Wendy Evans. Grade V.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

In my bedroom at night,
When I put out the light,
The mosquitoes come swarming,
To give me a bite.

They're worse than the ants,
They're worse than the flies,
They pay no heed,
To my anguished cries.

I'm grateful for morning,
When they finally leave.
At least it gives me,
A short reprieve.

Allan Wilson. Grade VI.

THE TURTLE.

It was a very hot night, so hot that my brother, David, and myself couldn't stand it any longer in the house. We decided to go for a walk on the beach.

The cool breeze from the sea was beautiful as we strolled along. There was quite a bit of rubbish on the beach and suddenly one mound of rubbish moved! I gave a yell and almost jumped on David.

We moved cautiously to investigate.

"It's a tortoise!" I cried, shining my torch on it.

"It's not! It's a turtle, stupid."

"I'm not stupid," I began hotly.

"Shut up," said David. "I think she's going to lay her eggs."

"Do you?" I asked excitedly. "Let's stay and watch."

We watched with interest. The turtle was having quite a bit of trouble getting above the high-tide mark but she made it. She scraped away the soft, loose sand with her fore-flippers then she turned herself round and started to dig down with her hind flippers. The further down she dug the narrower the hole became. When it was quite narrow she put her hind flipper in the hole, scooped it round and brought it out with



Grade VI. Mr. McLaughlin.



"ATTAP HOUSE,"

Water colour by Robert Ford. Grade VI (M.)

a scoop of sand. When the hole was ready she sat on it and after a while started heaving. She was laying her eggs. She laid about 150 soft shelled eggs. She filled in the hole with sand by means of her hind flippers. Now is the most amazing part. She started to thump the sand with her shell by means of her flippers. When the sand was quite firm she ruffled up the surface of it with her flippers and crawled away.

Fifty nights later, David and I again went for a walk on the beach to the spot and waited.

After a while the sand in one place began to move. Soon a small head and two small flippers had appeared and soon a little body. This performance was repeated over and over again. Very soon many little creatures were crawling towards the sea.

Then, walking home, David and I agreed that it had been a most interesting sight.

Jane Churches. Grade VI.

PENANG BAZAAR.

In Penang Bazaar we buy,
Lots of junk that attracts our eye,
Back at home we repent,
All the dollars we have spent.

Stephanie Nichol. Grade VI.

A LETTER.

7A Tanjong Bungah,
Hillside,
Penang,
Malaya.
25th September, 1961.

Dear Barry,

You were inquiring about the places of interest here. There are many places of amusement here on the Island, but with a sense of humour a very enjoyable hour can be had at the Bazaar. Here Europeans, Malayans, Chinese and Indians try to outsmart each other. One thing is certain, the customer never comes off best.

Sprawling out onto the path are small stands, one with pieces of fruit piled high and bees flying and crawling about it. Beside these stands are others, trying to entice you to buy a toothbrush or comb. Then another, whose owner is determined you need laces and trimmings. You are now on the door step of the Bazaar.

Once inside the doorway one realizes just how small a vocabulary he needs. Providing you can say, without it becoming too monotonous, "Good Morning, Hello, No Thank you and Too Much," one does not need a knowledge of current affairs to carry on the conversation. The favourite phrase after "Too much" is "What you pay?"

The most important thing to remember is, don't go into the bazaar if you are feeling irritable or have a headache, neither will be improved on leaving the building. I think this can be one of the most expensive, or the cheapest, places of amusement, depending on your determination and ability to bargain.

Yours sincerely,
Glenn.

Glen Bolger. Grade VI.

MONKEYS OF PENANG.

Among the trees so tall,
Nearby a waterfall,
The monkeys of Penang,
Among the tree-tops hang.

"Look out! Look out!" the keeper cries,
As my nuts a monkey spies,
Here they come, all in a band,
Each one grabs with greedy hand.

Infants cling to mother's fur,
Taking out an old, old burr,
Brothers and sisters fight all day,
In the human family way.

Jane Churches. Grade VI.

A SECRET PASSAGE.

The two Norton children were very excited because on this day they had moved into an old house their Great Aunt had left them before she died.

"Come on Hilary, let's explore," said her brother, Philip Norton.

"Oh, all right," she replied.

They walked into the huge drawing room.

"I say," said Philip, "isn't this a big room? Nearly as large as you."

"You beast," she cried, as she gave him a push, which sent him sprawling.

Next minute she was calling Philip, who had suddenly disappeared through the wall.

"Where are you, Philip?" she called.

"On the other side of the wall, I think," he said, "I'm in a sort of tunnel. Come on in."

Hilary climbed in through the wall.

"Let's explore it?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, come on, I've got a torch with me."

They walked along the tunnel for about sixty yards and then, as Philip flashed his torch around, they saw a small ledge with a shiny black object placed on top of it. Philip picked it up and saw that it was a box, and as there was a key in the keyhole he opened it. There in the light of the torch lay a mass of necklaces, pearls, bracelets and rings, worth a small fortune. The children were too flabbergasted to speak. Hilary was the first who spoke.

"I think we had better go and tell Mum and Dad," she said.

"Yes, I do too," replied her brother.

When they showed their parents the jewellery they told them the story.

"I really found the tunnel," said Philip.

"You didn't because if I hadn't pushed you, you wouldn't have fallen into it," said Hilary.

"But if I hadn't called you fat you wouldn't have pushed me," he said, and ducked, as Hilary threw a cushion at him.

Jacqueline Coborn. Grade VI.

THE RUNAWAY STALLION.

Just before dawn there was a slight rustle in the horse-pens. A stallion moved restlessly about. Suddenly the stallion made a leap. He landed over the other side of the fence and galloped into the night.

As the sun arose Peter stretched and yawned and got up feeling rather tired. He put his jeans on and went down to the horse-pens.

By this time Mr. Johnson, Peter's father, was having his breakfast. "Daddy! Daddy! the stallion's gone! Where is he?" burst in Peter, as he ran through the open doorway.

"What! The stallion gone?" said Peter's father. "Let me see!"

They both ran down to the horse-pens. Sure enough, the stallion was nowhere in sight. They asked all the cowhands if they had seen him, but they said they hadn't.

One of them, called Jack, said that the stallion was pretty restless during the night. Mr. Johnson guessed what had happened.

He called together a group of cowhands. They spilt up in twos and galloped away on their horses.

Peter didn't have any breakfast. He was feeling too anxious. His mother had forbidden him to go after the stallion too. Peter walked over to his horse. "I'm just going for a ride Mum," said Peter, who had just mounted his horse.

Peter turned his horse towards the hills and galloped away. He knew somewhere in that barren waste-land was the stallion.

Peter reached the lower slopes when he heard a faint galloping. He looked around and saw two horsemen riding in the same direction. Peter hid his horse in a cranny. The riders rode past, and Peter continued.

Suddenly his horse's foot went into a gopher's hole. The horse fell and with it went Peter. As he fell Peter hit his head on a rock and passed out.

The next he remembered was something licking his face. It was the stallion. Peter sat up dazedly and stared at the magnificent horse. The horse crouched down and Peter climbed on to the horse's back. The stallion walked slowly off. It was about six p.m. when the stallion arrived carrying its burden at the ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson ran out to meet them. Peter slumped into his father's arms.

After Peter had had his head bandaged and some warm tea he wearily said. "Hey Dad, he's a marvellous horse. Isn't he?"

"Yes son, he sure is," sighed Dad, looking out of the window at the proud stallion. "And he's all yours now."

"Oh, Dad really? How wonderful!"

Paul Bek. Grade VI.

ON COLD AND WINTRY - NIGHTS.

The winds are blowing
The lamps are glowing.
On cold and wintry-nights.

The fires are glowing.
Old men are dozing.
On cold and wintry-nights.

And the parents are peeping
To see the children sleeping
On cold and wintry-nights.

Paul Bek. Grade VI.



Australian Rules Football Team.

INFANTS' DEPARTMENT REPORT.

The Infants' Department began the year with a small increase in numbers on the previous year.

With the return to Australia of three staff members, we welcomed to our staff this year three new teachers from Australia, and one temporary, already in Penang. As the year has progressed, numbers have increased by almost 50%, and all available space has been utilized for classrooms. In May, the Asian Pay Office was converted to a classroom, in August the Garage was enlarged, and in September, the Office was extended to take a small remedial class. At the present time the names of some 47 children are on the waiting list for 1962.

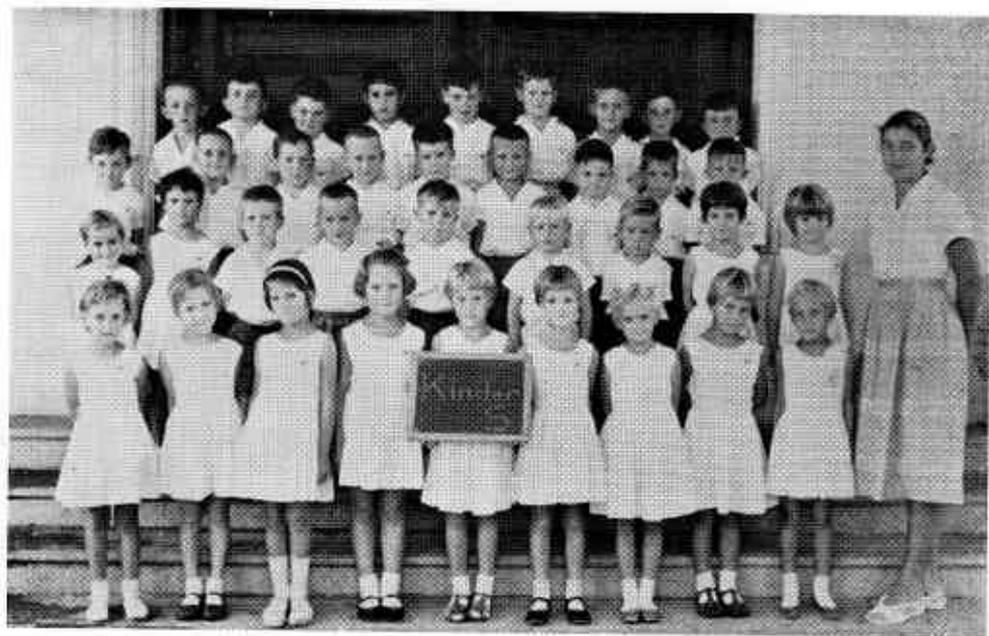
We are now a staff of nine, three Victorians, Miss Parry, Miss Kee, and Miss Sampson, three temporaries, Mrs. Prain, Mrs. Charlesworth, and Mrs. Read, and three from New South Wales; Miss Lake, Miss Coughlin and myself.

Overcrowded classrooms and lack of school furniture have been handicaps, which, during the year, the teachers have handled with admirable cheerfulness. The addition of Mrs. Read to the staff in September, and the extension of the office into a small classroom, has relieved some class loads. Other classes, notably Kindergarten and 2nd class, are still well over 40.

The Mothers' Club has given \$550 to the school this year, from which was purchased sporting equipment, library books, Cuisenaire rods, music appreciation records, Nursery Rhyme and Scripture pictures, and an annual subscription to Child Education, National Geographic, and Grade Teacher, has been paid. To our already substantial list of aids have been added a projector, a daylight screen, and a selection of film strips.

The high standard achieved last year in the formal subjects has been maintained, though lack of space and larger classes this year has prevented the inclusion of choir and assemblies for some classes. However, Percussion Band, Rhythm, Folk Dancing, and Music Appreciation have still found a place on the time table.

Looking back over my three years here I feel that we have covered a great deal of ground from our very modest start in 1959 to the school it is now. We have the beginnings of a very substantial library of some three hundred books, also of records, film strips, reference books, picture collection, and supplementary readers. Parents have been most co-operative in providing the children with our distinctive school uniform, and the Mothers' Club has endeavoured at all times to meet our requests for equipment. I would like to extend my thanks to the Mothers' Club for



Kindergarten—Miss Sampson.



Kindergarten—Miss Parry.

their efforts on our behalf during my time here as Mistress of the Department.

I would also like to thank my staff, both past and present, for their whole hearted support and unfailing co-operation in the work that has been done in this department. Their willing application to work, frequently under rather trying conditions, has been most commendable, and has made my association with them during my stay here, a very happy one.

Miss J. Woodhall. Infants' Mistress.

TRANSITION GRADE.

M E .

When I grow up I want to be a mother. I will have a baby girl and call her Mary.

Jennifer Smith — 6 years.

A FUNNY STORY.

Once there was a golliwog.
Who wanted to go and look for a job.
When he got it he did not like it.

Douglas Elshaw — 6 years.

Y A C H T S .

I went to see the yachts on Sunday. I saw a yacht with big white sails. I went in my yacht across the blue water.

Mary Ellen Hornibrook — 6 years

MY PETS.

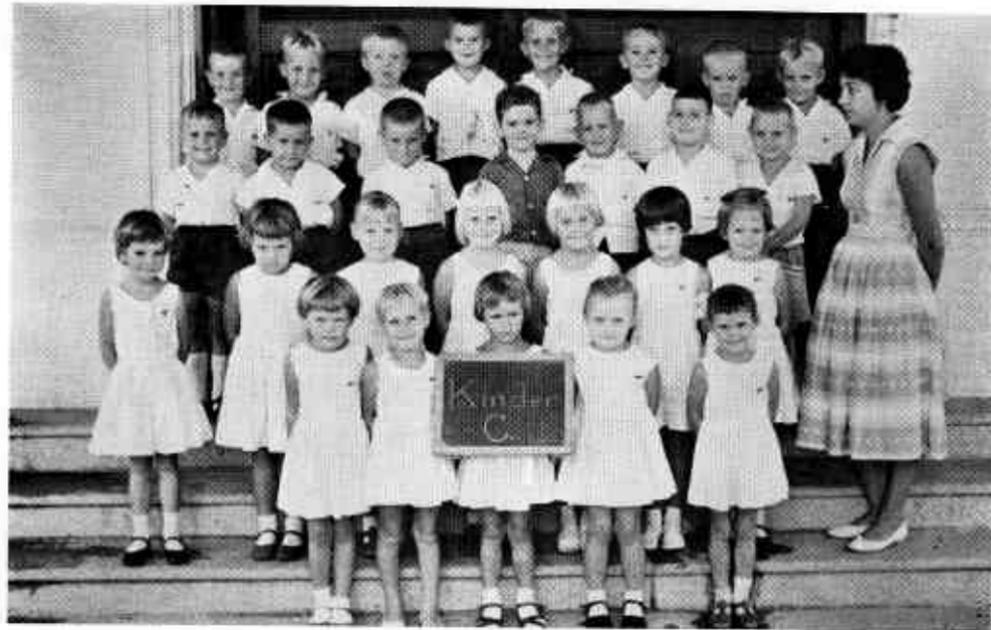
We have three cats. Their names are Tiddles, Claws and Bubba. The two small ones always fight.

Kristian Carr — 6 years.

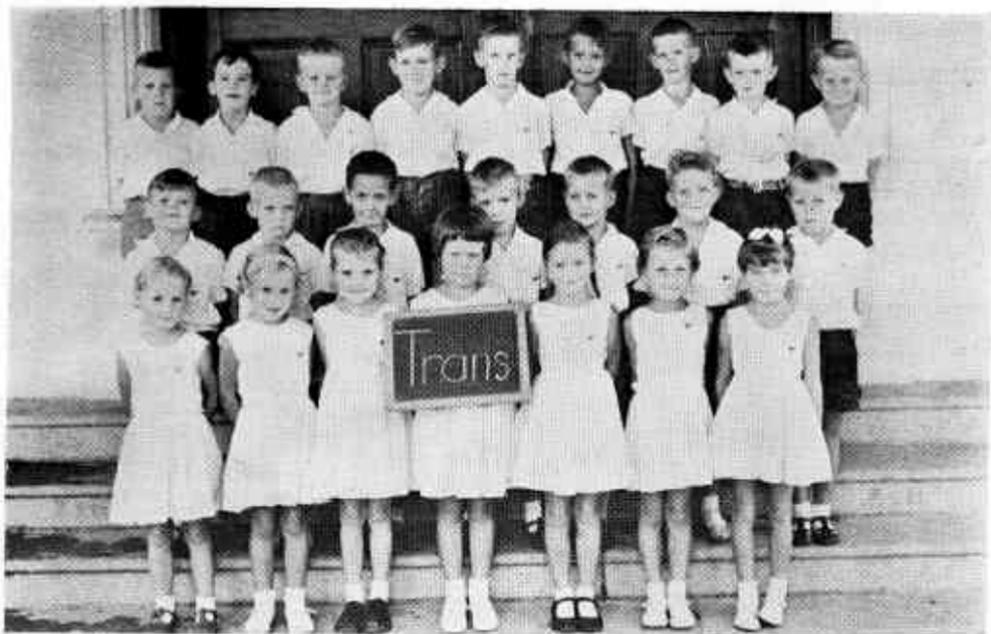
GRADE I.

When I grow up I would like to be a police lady.

Mary Bull — 6 years.



Kindergarten—Mrs. Charlesworth.



Transition—Mrs. Read.

MY MOTHER.

My mother has a dress and it is red.

Dianne Bullus — 6 years.

THE ZOO.

When I went to the zoo I saw a lion.

Jane Wittmann — 6 years.

MY FRIEND.

My friend plays with the balls.

Raymond Nichols — 6 years.

MY DOG.

My dog,
Sat on a log
Eating the bones of a hog.

Jane Wittmann and Cheryl Paul — 6 years.

CLASS 1-K.

NAUGHTY BOY.

The boy opened the refrigerator and said "Hey, boys! Let's get some food!"

Gayle Ford — 6 years.

FARMER BROWN.

One day Farmer Brown decided he would take his horse, Flash, to the paddock to fetch some hay. But it started to rain, and he could not go.

Stephen Gandy — 7 years.

FISHING.

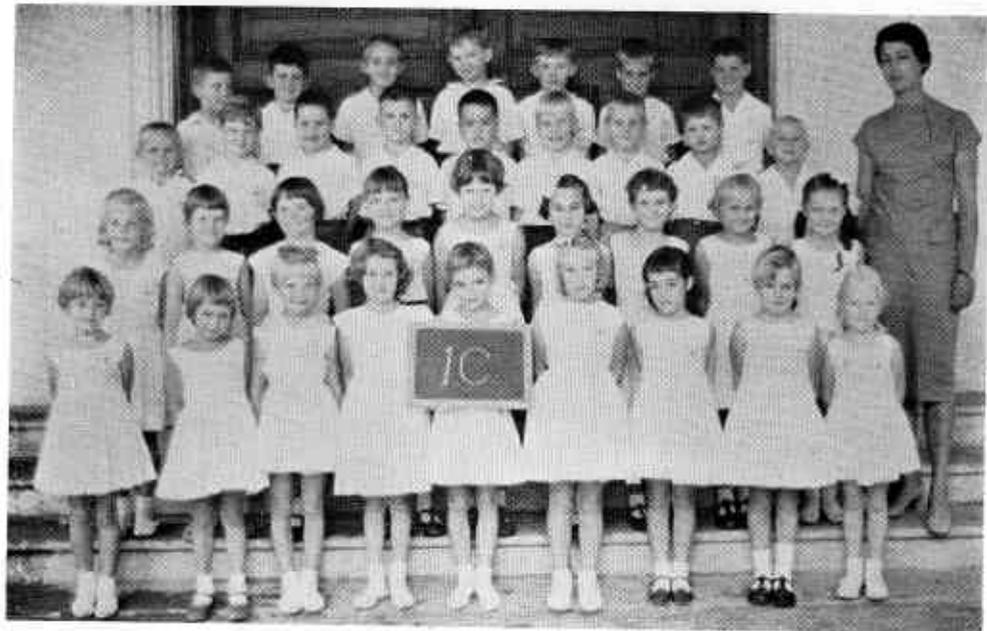
After the rain stopped, the children went out to catch fish in the pond.

David Smith — 6 years.

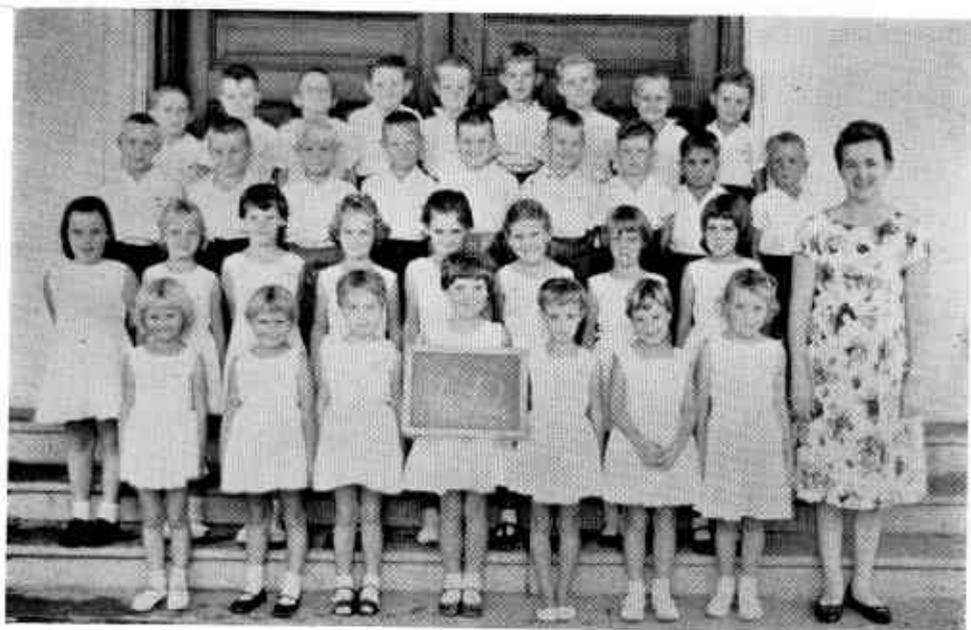
CLASS 1-C.

At Waterfall Gardens I gave some peanuts to the monkeys.

Leanne Neil — 7 years.



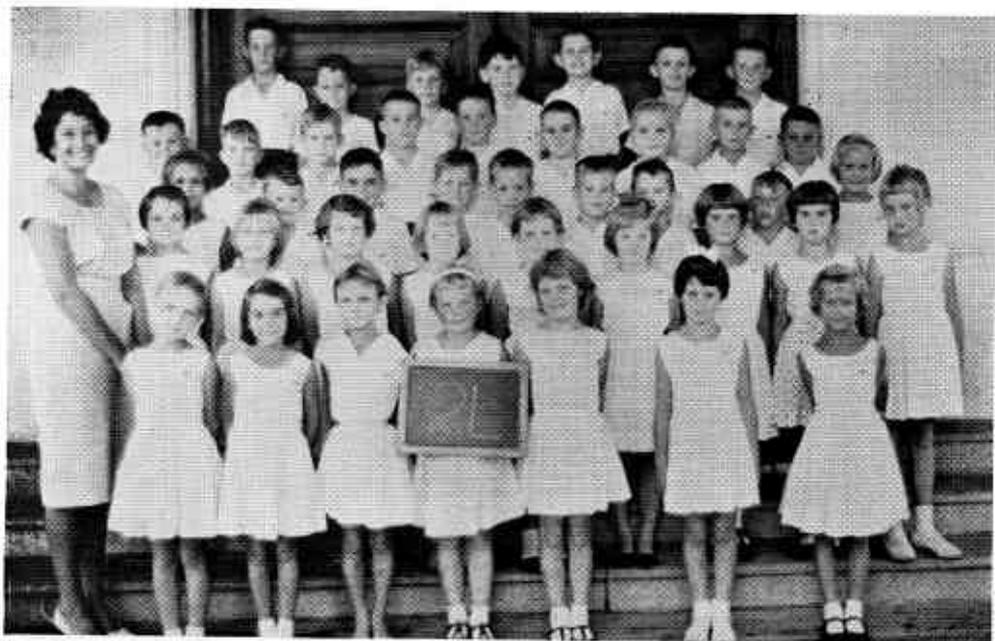
Grade 1. Miss Coughlin.



Grade 1. Mrs. Prain.



Grade I and II Composite—Miss Kee.



Grade II. Miss Lake.

My friend the farmer killed an eagle flying away into a gum tree. It was so fast that he just had time to kill it.

Thomas Jensen — 7 years.

The dog went on the ship. He jumped overboard and saved a boy from drowning in the ocean. They lived happily ever after.

Barry Gracey — 7 years.

At the beach I caught some crabs. I put them in a tin and they tried to get out.

Daryl Ross — 7 years.

At the pool we saw Mrs. Watson. She was teaching Ann to swim. There was a beach ball floating on the water. We didn't know how it got there.

Dale Moller — 7 years.

R H Y M E .

The ants went to dance
In the middle of France.

Daryl Ross — 7 years.

THE PILOT.

I would like to be a pilot. I would go to the airport and get ready to fly. Then I would whizz over the boats on the river.

James Gaudrey — Class 2-L.

D R E A M S .

I would like to be a circus-queen, so that I could ride on a pony, and do tricks. I would stand on one leg and the pony would gallop across the circus ground. All the people would clap.

Christine McNally—Grade 2-L.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One frosty morning Bill was sailing down the river. Suddenly Bill saw a waterfall in front of him. Quickly he jumped out and was saved by grabbing the branch of a tree.

Graham McCloy — Grade 2-L.

COWBOYS.

I would like to be a cowboy so I can round up cattle. After breakfast we would take them up to the top paddock. We would brand the cattle, then they would run off.

Neville Ryan — Grade 2-L.

FUN IN THE BATH.

With a loud yell I threw my brother into the bath. As I played with my rubber doll my brother put soap in my eyes. When I got out my hair was all wet.

Judith King — Grade 2-L.

WHEN I GROW UP.

When I grow up I would like to be an air hostess. I would fly through the clouds under the moon. Oh how nice it would be, to fly in the dark blue sky.

Juanita Dayman — Grade 2-L.

CLASS 2-K.

THE RAID.

The boys opened the refrigerator and took all the jelly and cake. When mother came home she opened the refrigerator and said "Those boys are very, very, very naughty—I shall smack them and send them to father."

Lillian King — 7 years.

THE KING.

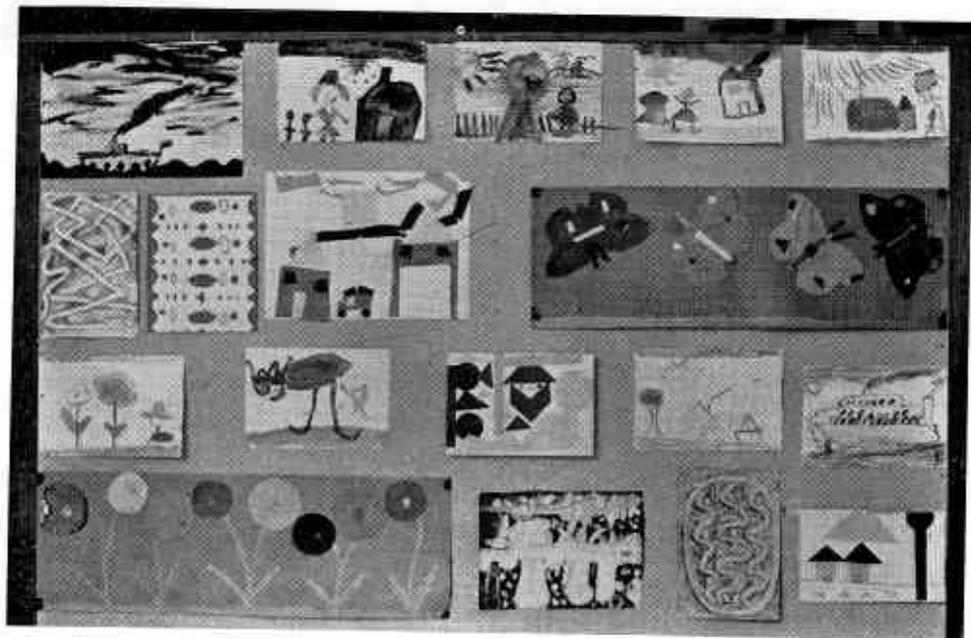
There was once a king who had a magic ring. One day he wished to be a mouse. The cat chased him into the kitchen. He ran up the wall, and oops!!—he fell into the pot. Wow, was it hot! Now that was a lot of rot in that pot.

Barry Walker — 7 years.

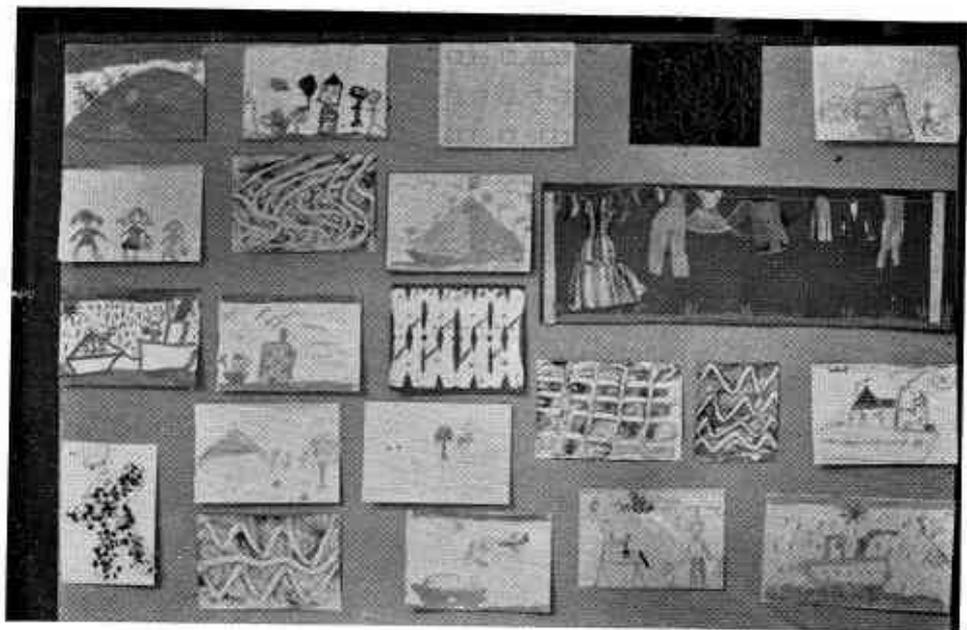
"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD".

When Little Red Riding Hood was going to her grandmother's, the big cunning wolf jumped in front of her, and frightened her. He said "I am the wolf. You go this way and I will go that way." Then he said "Har Har!! I will get there first."

Christine Barret — 6 years.



INFANTS' DEPARTMENT ART.



THE HEFFALUMP.

One day Pooh Bear gave some honey to Piglet, and they put it down a ditch to catch a Heffalump. But that night, Pooh went to the cupboard to get some honey, but couldn't find any.

He went over to Piglet's house and said "Where is my honey?"

"Remember—we put it in a ditch to catch a Heffalump."

"Ho! Now I remember" said Pooh.

He went down to the ditch that very night, climbed in, got the honey and ate it all up. Then he got stuck in the honey pot.

In the morning when Piglet came down to the ditch, he said "Help! There is a Heffalump in the ditch!"

Michele Dunphy — 7 years.

CLASS 2-K.

Mother said, "Those boys have been at the refrigerator. By Jove, they will get a belting."

Robert Hughes — 7 years.

THE RAID.

One day mother bought some goodies for a party for her friends. The boys were peeping behind the door. Mother went. The boys crept in to the refrigerator. They got all the goodies, and they grabbed the blackberries. When mother came back, she was very cross, and sent them to bed.

Lorraine Pope — 7 years.

THE LEOPARD.

Once a leopard saw his spots—

Lots and lots and lots and lots.

"My oh me, oh me oh my!

Who did this, and I wonder why?"

Vivien Bilske — 7 years.



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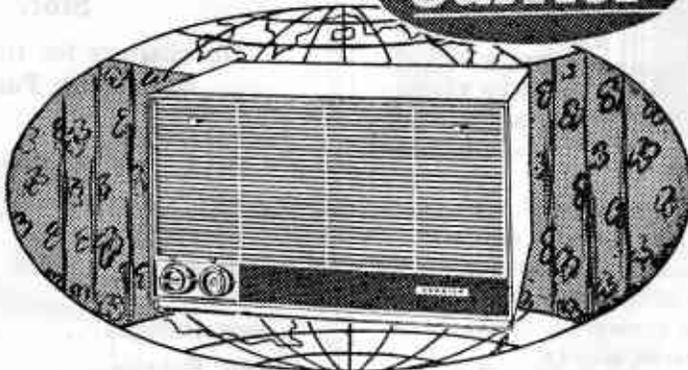
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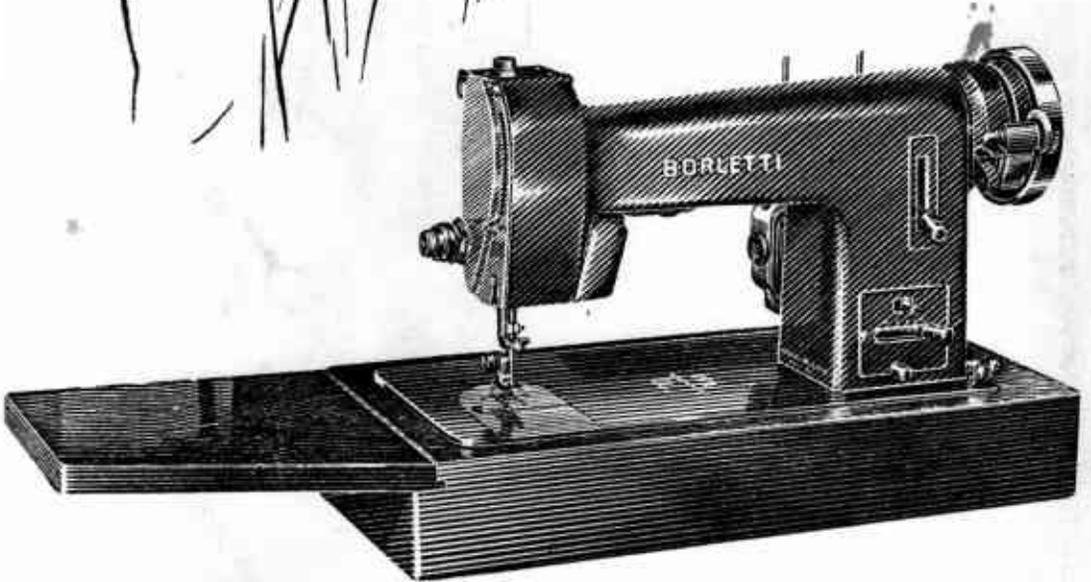
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