

Chez Nous



Geelong College

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

DRURY
The GEELONG COLLEGE
1863-1940

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THURSDAY, 'SUM DECEMBER, 1940.

Price 1½d.



A Merry Xmas
To All
Our Readers.

SOCIAL.

One of the most pleasant spots to inhabit last Saturday night was the Geelong Golf Club, where Elspeth and Tom Hawkes held their very successful dance. Three less pleasant spots were found on the anatomy of a certain boy from Williamstown the following morning. He has chicken-pox, and all correspondence should be addressed to the Geelong College Isolation Hospital. The reports that the spots were found by "headlights" are not, he assured our special reporter, to be believed in their entirety; but that's beside the point.

It has been suggested that since puns about golf are so easy to manufacture, and so easy to see (from the censor's point of view): the eleven or so we thought out about last Saturday's dance should be left to the fertile imagination of the reader.

For those boys who got past the magazines in the lounge (not as many as you might think) a happy evening's dancing was spent, although some of the leading ladies were evidently down with the chicken's disease.

The floor was fast, and some of the dancers even more so. In spite of our article on Co-operation several weeks ago, keen competition was the keynote of the evening as far as the
(Continued next column)

battle, for partners went. An', gee! SJ you should have seen them chasing, one woman up hill and down dale. But fat (said our lisping reporter) is a different story (no puns intended).

Were we mistaken, or did we see; the eminent misogynist from Colac; basking in the adoring sunshine of the looks of several Hermits! Although he has not been entirely, won over to the theory that "love makes the world go round," he is said to be well on the way to conversion.

In spite of unremitting search" by our crime reporter, "Chez Nous" is unable to give you the full solution of the Pyjama Girl Mystery. If any one finds out you took them, they're sure to Belcher.

The example of our head prefect was at all times an inspiration to the 'isiig--firi--dancing'—was;—aSeVei superb, and his partner, evidently a fresh-air fiend, co-ordinated her every movement to his. A-ah!

"So 'very incompletely dressed at such a time of night," seemed to be the motto of a bevy of beautiful maidens who made a belated appearance on bicycles. But we found it a very pleasant motto.

We think it would be Wise if in future the buses were given distinguishing marks. Still, we wouldn't have thought there would have been so great a disturbance when half the "Herms" decided to take one bus and half the College did likewise.

Supper and drinks go without saying. Everyone knows just how good they were.

"A very happy evening was had by all" (as we once read in the P.G.F. notes of "St. George's Review") and Elspeth and Tom are to be thanked a lot.

TIT BITS.

They say:—

That one prefect is futuristic enough to see Monday on Sunday

That little Audrey laughed and laughed, she knew that Charles the first, wasn't succeeded by James.

SAVE YOUR WASTE.

A Definite Aid to Reducing.

To help us come out tops of the present struggle, posters everywhere are imploring us to save our waste materials. We pass the good word on to you—we can prove that much good comes from waste without mentioning Werribee Once.

In the good old days of Julius Caesar, the people even gave their clothes to the national war effort and went around done up in sheets. This form of dress was universal—cricket and football togs were one and the same thing. This, as you can see, must have aided the Roman war effort considerably.

They also endured without motor-cars, push-bikes and scooters, and h-p-pfid it everywhere they went. What a saving in petrol!

Let us tell you the famous story of the man who presented his trousers to the national effort, and didn't like the look of his suspenders under

his sheet. He sold them for two sesterces (4d.), and having no need for the socks, now gave them to the first tramp that came along. The tramp swapped them for a couple of pots of beer at the first pub, and, in his turn, the pub-owner pawned them to a pawnbroker, who had just handed in his own suit, and possessing no sheet, was pleased to get the socks to cover his expenses. After several "annos," the pawnbroker took off his socks and decided to sell them. They fetched a very "high" price, with which the p.b. bought two double "vinas" and an a "una sesterce" Empire Day button. Thus was the mighty Roman Empire helped—which only goes to prove that every little helps, and long live the "civitas."

The object of this article is to ask you, in the words of the poster, "To save your scrap for the big scrap." Save every little bit of waste material you come across—r-paper, rags, metals—are just what 'ate' wani 'ed. Nb wV' doii't forget.

Patronise those who
advertise in "Chez Nous"

- De quoi souffre le monde
What ails the world
aujourd'hui?
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?

For those who do French, the Public Exams, for December, 1940, and, for some, February, 1941, began with the merry little story of le chevrier et la chevre last Wednesday and Thursday.

Of course, everyone, even the babes and sucklings, will know that in last year's exams, candidates were entered to the number of 14,122; 11,278; 13,987; 12,235; or the round thousand

And just as a matter of interest, the subject that gained the highest percentage of failures was: Inter. Latin, Honours Chemistry, Inter. Botany, Pass Agricultural Science, Inter. Hebrew, Handwriting, or Leaving Domestic Arts?

And everybody passed in one of these subjects: Honours Botany, Pass Ancient History, Honours Japanese, Pass Maths, iv., Honours Commercial Principles?

Naturally, everybody has heard of the dire penalties consequent on misbehaviour at public examinations. Suppose—just suppose—that you pulled out a dictionary at the Latin exam. Would you: Forfeit an hour of the exam.; be forced to send the book to the Australian Inland Mission; be reported; lose examination and be liable to further punishment; be prohibited from sitting for any examination in the State for three years; or pay an additional 10/- (cheque to the University's Bank—the Bank of Australasia) to the Registrar?

Then, everyone knows in what street Ashby Hall is situated.

If you say in your entry form for Intermediate that you were born on February 29 and in that for Leaving Pass on April 1, the University would be very annoyed! But who noticed the innocent duplicity on the timetables with which we have all been issued. Of course, it occurred in the spelling of: Compasses, centimetre, decorative design, supervisor, agricultural, University, or John F. Foster?

(continued next column)

CAROL SERVICE.

The choir, which for several weeks, had been practising the art of carolling, which they assure us is very different from that of yodelling, rendered ten carols at St. George's last Sunday night, when Christmas bells were prematurely rung. The date was the twenty-fourth, but of November, not December.

The service was broadcast over 3 G.L., and many people who listened in, inform us that it sounded very good over the air.

We should like to point out to them however that the choir was not responsible for that catchy noise in the second carol: it was caused by a young member of the congregation with an annoying cough, who was sitting a little too near the "mike."

The ten carols that were sung were: "The Holly and the Ivy", "Carol, Sweetly Carol", "See, amidst the Winter Snow", "The Brightest and the Best", "In Dulci Jubilo", "When Christ was born of Mary Free", "We, Three Kings of Orient are", "Once in Royal David's City", "It came upon the Moonlight Clear," and "Silent night, Holy Night".

In short, the carols were very well sung and appreciated: true one boy did faint, and whilst the choir thought it was rendering "Silent Night, Holy Night", MT. Smith demonstrated some acute facial contortions, but then we must remember that he has a very sensitive ear.

We have talked the matter over with our Editor, and we finally agreed that it would not be a fair thing to ask you what Chapter 1., Reg. 1., Div. 1., Sec. 3., stated, but for those interested it's on the timetable.

The inevitable question that one asks one's neighbour when one leaves the fatal hall is: "How many pages did you write." She replies, naturally, with a modest, maidenly flush.

(This is alleged by many experts to be one of the best openings, and is said to provide scope for the discussion of higher things... but now we're getting on to Ancient History!)

But, joking apart, as the hermit said after cracking a pun, the highest number of pages to be written during a three-hour exam, is—?

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THE LOVE BUG.

(With apologies to everybody)

Recently, the school has been shown just how to love, by young Miss Censored!! and several passionate Warrinn boys.

O, ye fair Sunday walkers,
And amorous talkers.
How sweet it must be to be really in love!!!
As you walk arm-in-arm,
With her hand in your palm,
Uttering sounds like a sick turtle-dove,
May we thank you for showing us just how it's done!

We are well up in wooing,
And billing and cooing
And blinking and winking are right up our street.
We know just how to smile
With the maximum guile,
And we know what we'd say if a lass we should meet.

None are our betters
At writing love letters.
(We portray the suggestion of passionate yearning).
We've got the technique,
Now all that we seek,
Is a girl-friend upon whom to try out our learning.
The fact is at loving we're second to none.

Thanks to the lads who showed just how it's done!

"THE RAPE OF THE BLOCK"

(With apologies to Pope.)

We were eating ice blocks in the street, when he came up and took them from us—and ate 'eni himself.

The School, the poor, poor School!
I could weep tears for shame
That I could actually eat
In daylight, in the very street!
Remorse, how sweet thy solace.
He did aright, I own,
To take the ice blocks from us,
And send us packing home.
But oh! the cunning of him,
When we were out of sight,
(Or so he thought) to grab 'em
And down 'em in a bite.

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TOWNS AND FROWNS MELBOURNE.

You may think this week's choice of a town to frown at rather, queer, but you would be surprised at the number of people who are unaware of many of their Capital City's features.

Few, to their everlasting shame be it said, know that within almost a stone's throw of the State University lie some of the worst slums which have ever been known to disgrace a modern city; of course, these are not the concern of the average Melbourne citizen, who proudly shows off the spacious lawns of lovely Toorak or the beautiful Botanical Gardens to the overseas visitor without even a thought for Fitzroy, Port and South Melbourne.

At an earlier date we told you of one of Melbourne's lesser suburbs—Williamstown—which, besides producing one, Willie Crocket, has little claim to fame. Such is not the case with all of the many suburbs, however, some of them having even songs written about them. Who has not learned, while yet in the cradle, that inspiring anthem which is the theme song of every good Footscrayite, "The Flies All Marched Through Footscray . . . With Their Boots On" (or is it "off"?—we can never remember). This, along with the less famous "Heyington Hunting Song," "The Camberwellians Are Coming," and "Balwyn Follies," is alone sufficient to mark Melbourne as the most musical of cities. If you seek a reason, we can only suggest that it is because in Footscray they start each day with a healthy hum, whilst the Toorakards are always blowing their own trumpets.

And, of course, Melbourne can point to its incomparable beaches, the like of which has never been seen elsewhere; anywhere else they would be hushed up; but not so in Melbourne. On the contrary, "The Sun" publishes its annual photo of St. Kilda Beach, looking like a congested successful flypaper, quite without shame. It is strange to watch the reactions of a Sydney-dweller when his southern cousin proudly announces, "The best beach anywhere, Brighton." But it doesn't matter, Sydney people think we're mad, anyway!

Never forget, proud Melbourne, that you are the only large city who still revels in the most modern cable-trams, while other cities are ashamed of their out-of-date trolley-bus services. Your's is a fine tradition, "Keep behind the times, for then the archaeologists will excavate in you, and old people will call you "quaint," and come to you to die, far from the clamour of those horrid "petrol-buggies."

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF GERMANY.

I would like to stress before you begin this article that my recollections are of a Germany before Adolf Hitler went "nuts," and I must say that then I found it a very nice place indeed (heaven only knows what it is like now!)

My first visit was in 1932, when I spent a few days in Berlin.—Although then the country did not impress me, it gave me something to go by when comparing it with the place I found two years later. I found Berlin (perhaps it was because of my lack of good taste) an ordinary ultra-modern city. Only one point was exceptional—it was spotlessly clean. The only attractions that it had for me were the child beggars, who roamed the streets in droves, dancing, singing, reciting and picking pockets for coins. Along the country roads grew a great variety of fruit trees.

It was during my trip in 1935 that I was impressed. We spent two weeks motoring along the Rhine, starting in Dusseldorf and going as far as Strasbourg. The country seemed to me to have completely changed: the children were gone from the streets, having been placed in beautiful Hitlerian youth homes; the roads had been widened, everywhere were to be seen members of both sexes hiking the countryside, seeing their glorious Reich, which had but recently been thrust before their eyes. They slept in hostels provided by their beloved Fuhrer, whom Jltjey invariably hailed as you passed them. Everywhere, young men, stripped to the waists, were drilling with shovels. Even small children would hail us—the words, "Heil Hitler," were on all young lips. It was a young people's country.

We visited most of the "famous castles on the Rhine, and, much to my enjoyment, rode up to a couple of them on horseback. I might try and tell you of their beautiful furnishings, but being fairly young at the time, my eyes were only for novelties, and I feel my descriptions would fall short of requirements. Thus, I fear you will just have to take my word for it when I tell you that they were beautiful, and consult an encyclopaedia for further details. However, I do remember that we were given large felt slippers in which to visit the interior, and that all the stairs had been converted into slipways to save wear on the floor.

Home life for the youth of Germany had completely vanished, and at night young people gathered in the taverns to sing old songs. Everyone seemed at least outwardly happy.

Right throughout the country people were exceedingly polite and hospitable. One day, my father asked directions from a young Hitlerian trooper (a son of the land); he remained with us for the rest of the day, acting as guide, and he showed us the true Germany—that which the tourist seldom sees. We had dinner in a small back-alley tavern, in the company of a dozen or so storm troopers, and found them most congenial if very Hitlerian. Our self-appointed guide told us that the people of Germany were told to be as helpful as possible to aliens, as the country wanted, and needed, every penny it could obtain.

(Continued next column)

ME AND METHUSELA.

Mr. B. R. Keith.

We felt rather as though it was doing him an injustice to include Mr. Keith under this title, but when one realises the number of years he has been associated with the school, one feels the inclusion is justified.

The strange thing about Mr. Keith is that he did not especially study any of the subjects which he teaches. French, he learnt only to Intermediate standard; he took an alternative subject to Geography; and never studied a school course in German.

Mr. Keith became really interested in French during the Great War when French ships used to visit Geelong and he began to converse with members of the crews. Later, he was able to act as interpreter for some French people and his family.

This experience taught him a slogan to which he still adheres, that "the more you are taught by other people, the less you know." His life certainly seems to prove it.

Languages have taken up a great part of Mr. Keith's life, but he delights in the teaching of Geography as a "wonderful relief." He never sickens of annual trips to various Woollen Mills or "Fords," as there is always something new to see, and something old to revise.

An amateur singer, he takes first (tenor in the School Choir), High Notes are his speciality, and he remembers with pleasure a top "C" he took like a bird at a School concert, for which another member got the blame.

Once, on a vacation, Mr. Keith accepted a job as a milking-hand on a farm. He did not tell the farmer he was a school-master: the experience was excellent, he said, but the boss was rather astounded at his giving up a jolly good job, but, of course he had to return to school. Incidentally, he had lost all his milking prowess now, as was proved during the last vacation.

Mr. Keith has just been appointed as house-master to Warrinn House. On this subject, he says: "I have always enjoyed watching House Sport. This I think was mainly due to the fact that I was unbiased in my opinion of the Houses. Now, however, I will follow House Sport from a different angle—much the same as I follow School sport."

I was disappointed I was not asked to umpire for my House."

He has been in charge of Pegasus for several years, and this year he is looking after the Old Boys' Section. His opinion of that magazine is unprintable—owing of course to lack of space

It intrigued me to see young boys in full Hitlerite uniform, acting as much like their elders as they could. They were 200 per cent, for their "great leader." That is why parents could not speak in front of their children for fear of being reported. Hitler had set out to win over the youth of the country, and he did it in a very short time, with the aid of shiny brass buttons and smart uniforms.

"Zim."

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SHANDY.

Dear Sir,

Concealed in the pointless and laboured invective of Menzies and Williams is the implication that scores of big-souled Collegians dearly love their "Pegasus". This simply contradicts their earlier moans, e.g. the afore-mentioned article, "Why can't we?" (meaning "Apparently we can't"), or the statements in Chez Nous of August 15th about a "state of general apathy" and "the lack of effort on the part of the school as a whole". So why are they mad at me for agreeing with them? They say (in their polite way) that I am weak, but are themselves too weak to face the true significance of the position set out above in their own words.

Are these fellows sincere, or are school publications just a cheap way for them to advertise themselves?

They ask for my scheme to improve the College. Perhaps it was not obvious enough in my former letter: Cut out old-womanishness at any price! Call a spade a spade!

Thanking you;

EWEN MEE.

Dear Sir,

Although a member of the "Pegasus" committee, I was not consulted by Menzies and Williams before they wrote to you "for the committee". I admire their dictatorial directness; the only trouble is that I quite disagree with the views expressed "for me". Having "a sense of honour, which Duce Menzies and Fuhrer Williams clearly lack" I see that Ewen Mee is trying to goad the school to action; he argues that there is something wrong if coaxing and urging are needed to bring out the magazine. This is quite true, and the fact that his letter brought only one reply (if such it can be called) shows that everyone in the school (except this new committee) either understands Ewen Mee's point or really does not care if the magazine is abandoned.

BELLEROPHON.

ANSWERS TO ? ? ?

14,122

Pass Agricultural Science (2 candidates failed out of 3—66 2/3%)

Honours Japanese (2 candidates, 1 got a third class honour, the other a pass).

Be reported, lose examination and be liable to further punishment.

George St.

Centimetre was spelt centremetre two lines down in "Notes."

31 (this is definitely unofficial as, of course, no confirmation can ever be gained).

Of course, there's still chance to beat it, but we recommend intensive wrist training beforehand!

MASTERS' CRYING ROOM

What might be classed as the 10th wonder of the world, the sight of four Geelong College Masters unashamedly, and copiously weeping at a fire station, was seen by certain members of the Cadet Corps, last Tuesday.

They were not, as the impetuous might have guessed, trying to put out a fire; nor were they returning sorrowfully from seeing the charred remains of one of their near and dear—they were suffering the after-effects of enclose in a gas chamber, impregnated with tear gas.

This procedure was part of the A.R.P. work that numerous members of the Cadet Corps have been doing during this last term.

The fireman who operated the exit door, yielded to numerous fervent requests to keep the masters, who needless to say were the last to go in, in a little longer. Consequently when at last the doors were thrown open, a truly dismal scene met the eye. Led by Mr. Lester (everyone looks frightfully different in a gas mask, but we think it was Mr. Lester) the tearful procession filed out, tears rolled down their cheeks and they were whimpering like weaned puppies.

Their pupils, moved grievously by the milk of human sympathy, could not restrain a bitter tear, and had there been a fire anywhere in the vicinity it would assuredly have been quenched in the combined saline flood.

SOCIAL.

Another most enjoyable dance was given by Miss Helen Kininmonth, at the Newtown Hall, on Saturday 16th November. We could write a lot about this, but if we did, we would surely be accused of being "stale." Although it was not a pyjama party, we think (we say we THINK) we saw some pyjamed figures scurrying up the lane. They reminded us of a book we once read called "The Uninvited Guest."

The Mackie House dance was also held that night. From what we hear, it was a marvelous success. The prefects who were present couldn't tell us much about the dance, mainly because they had their own partners. John Yarnall tells us that "she is no relation of "Pixies," and "tiger" Milne got away to a good start in the "Derby."

Some Warrin boys seemed to have a pretty good time, but she got caught and was sent back inside again. There was plenty of other scandal, but we have been bribed not to print it.

CORIO THEATRE.

Just released in Melbourne and coming to the Corio Theatre for the week commencing Saturday next, "My Love Came Back" features a big cast of favorites, headed by Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Jane Wyman, Charles Winninger and Spring Byington. Full of laughter, music and gay adventure, the new picture is one of the most refreshing entertainments of the season. That adventurous and always entertaining Robin Hood of the underworld, "The Saint", makes another welcome appearance on the same programme, with suave George Sanders again in the title-role, in "The Saint Takes Over", with Wendy Barrie, Jonathan Hale and Paul Guilfoyle. There is a matinee every day at the Corio Theatre; plans are at the theatre (phone 1414).

GEELONG THEATRE.

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are starred, with Bergen's Mortimer Snerd in Universal's new mystery laugh-maker, "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," which comes Saturday, 7th December to the Geelong Theatre.

Others in the cast will be Robert Cummings, Constance Moore, John Sutton Louis Calhern, Edgar Kennedy, Samuel S. Hinds, Harold Huber Ray Turner, Alec. Craig and Warren Hymer.

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