

achievements. For instance our representation in the J. and O. Anderson coaching school was very high. Out of the five places allowed for Newcastle, P. Dickson, P. Myers, J. Layt and D. Willis filled four of the places. Another great achievement was the gaining of four places in a Combined High Schools team by our four first graders. The match against Sydney, however, was not played because of the rain, but our boys are eagerly awaiting the return match in Sydney. The team's standard this year is very high and this is due mainly to the fine efforts of our coach, Mr. Clarke. (D. Wickham, D. Willis).

The following boys were chosen from this school to represent Combined Northern High Schools against Sydney Metropolitan High Schools in November in Sydney: D. Wickham (capt.), J. Layt, D. Willis, P. Dickson (first grade); J. Richmond, J. Cameron (reserve) (second grade); G. Shearman, R. Flanagan (under 15 years team); P. Myers (capt.), J. Grey (second reserve). Paul Dickson, Don Willis and Jim Layt were chosen by ex-international player, J. O. Anderson, at the school vacation coaching school to represent northern districts in the junior section at country week in Sydney. Peter Myers was also chosen.

### Australian Rules

Owing to the bad weather only five competition games were played, against Central number one and two teams, Cook's Hill, Plattsburg and again Cook's Hill who were easily overcome on both occasions. Plattsburg also did not give us much trouble. Our hardest game was against Central No. 1 who are leading in the competition. Among the best players in the team were the captain, Rees, and N. Statham. Thanks are extended to our coach, Mr. Storer. (N. Statham, 4th yr.).

### ATHLETICS

The most pleasing feature of the 1950 season was the widening interest shown in this part-time sport. It was most encouraging to see so many parents and friends at our school carnival, the Lintott Cup, and even the Sydney C.H.S. meeting.

Very bad weather marred our school carnival this year, but we hope that next year it will be one of the big events of the school year, that the introduction of novelty events will create even greater interest, and that parents will make it a picnic-day for the family.

Our school champions for 1950 were: Senior, K. Gosper; under 16, D. Cox; under 15, K. Scott; under 14, A. Charlton; under 13, B. Coxhell.

The school won the Lintott Cup with firsts in all three divisions, senior, junior and juvenile (dead-heat with Cessnock). At this meeting records were broken by Gosper, Scott, and the under 15 relay team consisting of Rymer, Haynes, Drinkwater and Scott.

At the Sydney C.H.S. Carnival we won the Kerr Cup for the ninth year in succession and were second in the Champion School Aggregate, Senior Cup and Juvenile Shield, and third in the Junior Shield division. Athletes who had the pleasure of winning at the Sydney Carnival were Kempster, O'Brien, Gosper, Farrell, Scott, Bowden, and the under 14 relay team, with Mahoney, McKenzie, Pearce and Charlton running in that order. Many other boys won heats and were placed in finals.

The team spirit was excellent throughout the year, and a large



**UNDER 14 CRICKET TEAM (Local). Premiers 1949.**  
 BACK: R. Haynes, P. Reay, D. Renton,  
 CENTRE: P. Kirkby, B. Evans, E. Roach, A. Owens.  
 FRONT: B. Flanagan, K. Scott (Capt.), Mr. H. Abrahams (Coach), A. Rymer  
 (Vice-capt.), B. Daly.



**UNDER 13 CRICKET TEAM. Premiers 1949.**  
 FRONT: R. Penman, A. Owens (Capt.), Mr. F. Hyland (Coach), L. Ellis,  
 B. Daley.  
 CENTRE: J. Attwater, J. McCosker, P. Kirkby, R. Flanagan.  
 BACK: E. Roach, P. Reay, B. Kemple.  
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number of boys enjoyed the fun of training and the thrill of competition. There were some fine performances during the season, the most memorable being those of Ken King, David Cox, John Farrell and Alan Braye.

The school has two champion athletes, Ken Scott and Kevan Gosper. Scott is broad-jumper and hurdles champion in the under 15 division, and established a record of 12.8 in the 90 yards hurdles. He is also a very fine sprinter. Gosper, of course, went from success to success, and was undefeated throughout the season. At the Sydney C.H.S. meeting he performed the amazing feat of winning five championship events, the 100, 220, 440, hurdles and broad-jump. At the All-Schools Carnival in Sydney he won the 100, 220 and broad-jump, running the 220 in the grand time of 22.1 on the Showground track, and easily breaking Treloar's record. Gosper is the undisputed Australian champion in his age division. We congratulate him and wish him all the best for the future.

We are looking forward to another happy season next year and hope that all boys will interest themselves in at least one event, and then train for it. Boys who are really keen should join one of the Newcastle Athletics Clubs. We wish to thank the school for a welcome grant of £30 for the purchase of hurdles for next year. Above all we must thank Messrs. Taylor, Osborne and Egginton for their kind help during the whole season.



**Under 14 Cricket Team (Travelling). Premiers 1949.**

BACK: B. Munro, M. Allwood, B. Davis.  
 CENTRE: R. Magin, T. Smith, J. Layt, E. Roach.  
 FRONT: R. Flanagan, A. Davidson, Mr. C. Bowser (Coach), J. Roxby, S. Morgan.  
 (Block donated by Young and Green Pty. Ltd.)

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS IN VERSE AND PROSE

### The Waterfall

From out the subterranean depth it comes,  
 This spring of water, gliding slowly down  
 The rocky ridge, through tangled vines and trees.  
 Oblivious of speed, and time, and tide,  
 The carefree trickle keeps its narrow path  
 Through land unmarred by man's destructive hand,  
 Obedient to nature's will and whim.  
 And as it flows, its slow and steady pace  
 Increases, and its volume, too, grows large,  
 Being fed by trickling streams and drops of rain.  
 Still on it goes, and cutting through the brush  
 Finds freedom in the crisp and fragrant air  
 Of mountainside, and unrestricted, free,  
 With shining clouds of spray and rainbow mist,  
 Goes hurtling to the valley far below,  
 Where, in the cool and verdant, leaf-clad glen,  
 The waterfall becomes a stream again,  
 And gives its sparkling waters to the land  
 To make it thrive and wax more beautiful;  
 Or to the thirsty traveller, who seeks  
 A crystal beverage by Nature brewed.  
 Immortal is the waterfall, because  
 Its waters, though their gloried day be done,  
 May play their part in fash'ning beauteous glen,  
 Or leave a mem'ry in the heart of man.

B. BEAL, 5A.

### Rain

What a pleasant thing it is,  
 When lying still in bed,  
 To hear the gladly-welcomed rain  
 Beating above one's head!  
 Sometimes it's just a tiny sound;  
 Sometimes the mighty beat  
 Of heavy, soaking, God-sent rain  
 Sounds like an army's feet.  
 Oh! the thrill to lie there,  
 Warm and snug in bed,  
 Listening to the music of  
 The rain above one's head.

R. BEAL, 5A.

I am nearly there:  
 Nearly to the top of Awoon,  
 Where dwells Baobah,  
 Spirit of the hills, and of high places.  
 O Baobah! whom I heard calling

In old Koomah's didjeridoo,  
Help me, for my legs are weak, like a piccaninny's.  
Comfort my father. He will worry for his girl, Mawaddi.

Ooluk was wrong:  
When we were playing by the billabong, he said:  
"Old Koomah never sleeps."

But he was wrong.  
For when the dance was through,  
When they had stopped their  
Stamping, and shrieking, and the women ceased their  
beating,  
And when the dancers dropped, and lay like dead leaves,  
I saw him nod.  
Koomah of the restless eyes  
(Eyes which always follow me)  
He and his didjeridoo,  
They grew quiet.

I do not like Koomah.

But it was he told me of you, Baoobah.  
So I have come,  
To the cave at the top of Awoon,  
At last, after two days, and two nights.

I have followed your voice;  
In the winds I heard it.  
It is clear now, and strong.  
Soon I shall see you.  
At last I have found you.  
I am afraid.  
It is Koomah.

R. INGLIS, 5th year.

### The Man from Hunter River

(All characters in this poem are purely imaginary. Any resemblance to any living person is purely coincidental. No reference to anyone is intended — much.)

There was movement at Boys' High School for the word had passed around

That the Modern Language Master'd done a bunk.  
He'd cracked a joke and smiled, his name was Mr. B—,  
And his car was just a mobile heap of junk.  
All the teachers from both staff rooms had assembled at the gate.  
The Deputy yelled out, "Put up a fight!"  
Then Harry Hodge ran home to get his little Morris 8,  
But it had rusted in the garage overnight.

There was Don W—h—, who'd ride flat out to capture Mr. B—,  
The young man with his hair as black as ink,

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But few could ride beside him when his handlebars were down,  
He could go at 90 m.p.h.— I think.  
And good old Paddy M—q— came down to lend a hand.  
He showed that our cadets were not asleep,  
For marching there before him was the N.B.H.S. Band.  
He drove an old dilapidated jeep.

And one was there, a teacher in an old and battered car,  
His name was Mr. D—h— and I'm told  
That the engine that was in it was the best one there by far,  
And the driver was as brave as he was bold.  
There was A—d—s—, a Scotchman in a snazzy blue Vauxhall,  
And Mr. S—s— riding his old grid.  
The car of Mr. B—r—m— just wouldn't start at all,  
On the score that that old bitser seldom did.

So they started. — Mr. S—s— built up so much force: pounds weight  
That he crashed into the Gully Line's old drain.  
At Broadmeadow Mr. C—b— tried to vault the railway gate,  
But he failed, and landed— Plonk!— into a train.  
The jeep was forced to stop a while for Hamilton's red light.  
There then were only three left in the race.  
Then the Scotchman got a speed up that a cop said wasn't right.  
He was pinched and now the poor bloke's in disgrace.

Mr. W—h— hit a bottle outside the Oxford pub.  
As Mr. D—h— sped alone to town,  
He punctured a front wheel upon his old and battered tub,  
But ahead, he'd got a glimpse of Mr. B—.  
As the latter passed Bank Corner, the worn old bit of string  
That held the car together strained and broke,  
The engine spread in pieces, the poor old ancient thing,  
And the dashboard left the starter and the choke.

And out jumped Mr. D—h—, he clapped some handcuffs on,  
And piled the broken parts into a sack,  
And on the journey home, he yelled, "C'est bon! Tres bon! Fort bon!"  
And alone and unassisted brought him back.  
And up in the top staff room, where the teachers solo play,  
For the teachers in this tale are still alive,  
That Man from Hunter River is a household word to-day,  
And the schoolboys tell the story of his drive.

E. HODGE, 3A.

### Drums

Oh, the olden men of ancient times  
Could neither read nor write,  
So they sent their thoughts by way of a drum  
Instead of a flashing light.  
And down through the ages the drums have come  
To sound both war and peace;

And many men of our great land,  
Whose names are known to all,  
Have won their fame by means of a drum  
Or the sound of its beckoning call.

When Nelson gave from his flagship deck  
The word for the battle to come,  
We never think of the boy who stood  
By his side to beat the drum.  
And by the call of that drum his men  
Could hear the voice of their homeland clear,  
So they fought with a will that they might kill  
To save their homeland dear.

And now today the drums still play  
For many a useful cause;  
Their sound they lend to help defend  
Our country's golden shores.  
Yet no one has a thought to spend  
On the thing that is called a drum.  
It does its tasks, and all it asks  
Is neither fame nor praise,  
But the right to serve for years to come  
And its age-old voice to raise.

D. CLARKE, 3B.

### Winter

Here comes the winter. Summer has flown,  
And now for a few months the earth will be blown  
With the westerly winds which come in from the plains  
And the southerly gales that bring in the rains.  
The coast will be lashed by the foam-streaked seas,  
And the land will be littered by leaves from the trees.  
Dark masses of cloud will cover the sky,  
As birds on their flight to the north hurry by.

G. PIGGFORD, 3A.

### Us

A first year student bends his back  
To pick up scraps and papers.  
"I dare not shirk my just deserts  
For games and schoolboy capers.  
I'd lead a life of untold joy,  
If I could be a third year boy."

A third year boy was hard at work  
Doing his evening study.  
'I sit and swot till my brain is hot  
With deadly fear and worry.  
A fifth year boy compared with this  
Must lead a life of untold bliss."

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A prefect sat with lowered head  
And thought of happier times.  
"Oh, this is a job to make one sob,  
Detecting schoolboy crimes.  
A year of this must bring disaster.  
Oh! How I'd love to be a master!"

A master burning the midnight oil  
Corrected his pupils' errors.  
"From day to day I earn my pay  
Amongst these youthful terrors.  
A change of scene would be no loss.  
What luck if I could be the boss!"

The poor headmaster tossed on his bed  
And uttered soulful moans.  
"My countless cares, they bring grey hairs  
And rack my weary bones.  
Had I my way, 'tis plain," sighed he,  
"A first year boy I'd like to be."

B. WITH, 3A.

### Wind in the Sails

There is wind in the sails  
And the deck's 'neath our feet;  
As we sail from Australia  
To England, with wheat—  
From Australia to England  
For a notable prize,  
With our sky-sails and moonrakers  
Cleaving the skies.

We greet all the trade winds,  
The tropical sea,  
As we streak from old China  
To England, with tea—  
From old China to England  
For a notable prize,  
With our sky-sails and moonrakers  
Cleaving the skies.

There is wind in the sails  
And the deck's 'neath our feet,  
With the seas running high  
And the air full of sleet.  
With mains'l and fores'l  
We beat round the Horn,  
Our rigging a'screaming,  
Sails flapping and torn.

Feel the sting of the salt spray;  
Smell the tang of the breeze.



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With a bulge in our canvas  
 We race o'er the seas.  
 Brace your feet to the fall,  
 Brace your feet to the rise,  
 With our sky-sails and moonrakers  
 Cleaving the skies.

J. MCKENZIE, 2A.

### The Motorbike

It's kick, kick, and a sudden roar—  
 I'm set for a flying start.  
 The clutch is in; I give her some more;  
 She takes the road like a singing dart.  
 The road winds in beneath the wheel;  
 The wind rushes by like a rising storm;  
 I keep her straight on an even keel,  
 And round the turn with a toot of the horn.

G. ROBBINS, 1C.

### Two Pictures

Such a dismal sight! Leafless, lifeless trees are bowed beneath their burdens of snow; the curtained windows of the little bungalow are shuttered against the chill, wintry weather; not one bird is singing; not one flower is smiling from the bare beds; and not one animal or one human being braves the weather. Rain is steadily falling from the leaden-gray sky, in which one cannot see a patch of blue sky or a ray of penetrating, invigorating sunshine. Winter has come to England.

Just a month later, the first green shoots are venturing forth from branches through which the young, rejuvenating sap is coursing, bringing new life to the seemingly dead tree. The sparrow and his mate have returned from the south and are building their humble abode once again in the same old tree. The sun, reigning undisputedly in a cloudless sky, smiles benignly and genially upon the newly-awakened countryside, and the windows of the thatched-roofed bungalow are flung open to acknowledge the warmth of the sun's rays. The birds in the trees leave their home-making to warble a paean of praise and joy in honour of the springtime. The buds of the newly-planted flowers burst open to enjoy the life-giving sunshine, and here and there over the verdant meadows, little clumps of daisies can be espied. The horse grazes contentedly in his field, and the cow lazily chews the fresh grass into cud, while lithe little lambs frisk and frolic in their lush pastures. Dog madly chases dog across the grassy common, while the cat dozes on the doorstep in the soporific sunshine. The lover and his lass stroll hand in hand down the shaded path to the melodious music of many birds. Spring has come to England.

"Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

R. BEAL, 5A.

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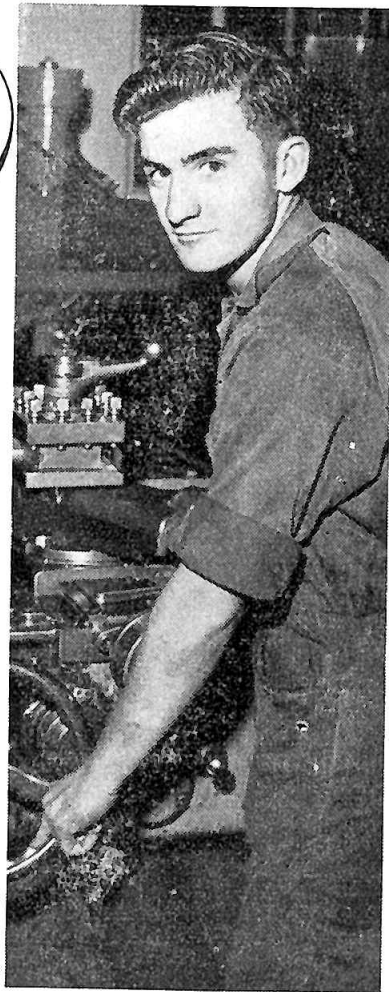
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## **Haunted**

I was at a gathering the other day and the conversation came round to ghosts and haunted houses. We had all made some contribution to the discussion when a man whom nobody seemed to know told this story, which I shall relate in his own words.

"About fifteen years ago Harold Thomas, a friend of mine, joined the navy. He was only young and was madly in love with a girl who promised she would wait for him. For five years he was away from home, sailing distant seas and seeing strange countries. On his return he found that his fiancée had married William Davis, a young man who had been his best friend.

"Naturally Harold was furious and, despite the breach of law involved, challenged his successful rival to a duel. Forty paces with pistols and so forth, you know. The challenge was accepted and preparations were made. Very early the following day, indeed it was even before the dawn had tinted the clouds with its gold, the contestants met at the appointed ground and made their final preparations.

"Then they stood back to back and at the word each began his twenty paces—the twenty paces that for one of them were inevitably the last he would walk. They reached their respective marks simultaneously. They turned quickly and fired. William fell to the ground, a bullet through his heart. He had been too slow.

"From that day till Harold's death William was doomed to haunt his opponent. He left the country to avoid retribution at the hands of the law, but the girl, for whom he had fought and murdered, refused to accompany him in his exile. Though he roamed from land to land, ever was the form of William Davis by him. When he slept his repose was disturbed by the sight of his former friend, and so it was when he lay all night on a sleepless pillow. For ten years Harold Thomas lived and for ten years William Davis followed him wherever he went. Yes, I said ten years, and this brings us up to a few days ago when Harold Thomas died in the lunatic asylum where, haggard, pale and mad, he had been an inmate for the last two years.

"The relentless haunting had not ended when Thomas, the mere shadow of his former self, had entered the asylum, for Davis had followed him there and, while his enemy lay on his death bed, had appeared gloatingly before him."

I saw at this point that the man's story was finished and, being interested in such tales, I asked him who he was and where I could find him again. He was just about to go and said over his shoulder, "I shall leave my card on the tray inside the door."

"Funny bird," said a member of the party. "Bring his card, please, waiter."

The waiter went and soon returned with the card, which he gave to me. On it were just two words: "William Davis."

A. MURPHY, 4A.

## **On Catching School Buses**

Since the replacement of trams by buses, an entire change has taken place in the routine of regular tram travellers. One awakes in

the morning to find that there are about ten minutes in which to pack books, have breakfast and a shower and catch the bus. Having at last succeeded in arriving at the bus stop, one gazes enquiringly into the line of buses on the right or the left, trying to find one with the well known number—227.

However, this is easy to discern, as it is always the most crowded. On approaching the stop the bus is besieged by a crowd of schoolboys with adults throwing them in all directions in the eternal search for seats. When the adults, who are lucky enough to precede or fight their way through the school children, are safely seated, the conductor appears and brushes off like flies those who are clinging to the bars.

Assuming that you actually have a place (standing or sitting) in the bus, the more interesting (?) part of the day begins. This is the journey to school. On arriving at the railway gates just in time to see them closing, many people like to express their feelings in different ways. Some blame the Transport Department, others the Railway Department; This is of no interest, however, as we have all heard it now countless times. Passing the gates marks the barrier between freedom and—school. Such is the usual morning procedure .

After having passed the required six and a half hours at school, the welcome sound of the bell is heard and the school is emptied in about three minutes. This is all on account of the buses. The following will explain why. The school has five special buses in the afternoon. One stops all the way from Waratah to Newcastle. Another has first setting down point at Broadmeadow, yet another goes only as far as Broadmeadow, and the fourth has its first stop at Hannell Street (sometimes). The fifth bus is doubtful. Anything may happen with it. Passing through the gateway you search for a particular bus. Then you board the bus upon which you have decided, after having eliminated all the others. This one (if the correct one) appears empty, and you step forward confidently. However, when you are about five feet from the platform, a crowd of schoolboys knocks you back to where you started, and then you realise that the bus is now filled to capacity. Nevertheless, you creep forward, hoping that the conductor is temporarily blind and cannot count the number aboard, and you are very politely requested not to get on.

This is the usual procedure in boarding the buses, and compared with it boarding the trams was mere child's play.

B. WHITEHEAD, 4A.

### Joe

His face was gaunt, marked with many scars resulting from various sicknesses, diseases, accidents and brawls. One scar in particular, incurred in a wine-bar fight many years back, stretched from the corner of his left eye down to the corner of his mouth. Over a week's growth of bristly stubble stood out on his yellow chin and upper lip. His hair, completely fallen out in some parts, was long and tousled, grey and grimy, a nape on the back of his neck. On this hair sat a hat. Black, full of holes, with ragged brim, it was pulled down over his ears and eyes. Nevertheless, his long, grey eyes glared out from his dark, hideous

face incongruously. They darted here and there, never remaining in the same place. His long, aquiline nose set off a softness in his mouth and chin. His shirt, holes taking the place of collar and tie, was streaked with dashes of grease and dirt. The pockets of his coat, without buttons and with the sleeves having almost forsaken possession of the body, bulged with unknown oddities. His trousers, bearing a plainly discernible collection of patches, were held in place by a length of rope; while his stockingless feet were covered by toeless shoes.

As he slouched along in a manner as though he were about to fall at every step, he would glance back fearfully over his shoulder. Suddenly peering round lest someone be watching, he stooped down and picked up in his trembling fingers half an inch of cigarette butt. Quivering with delight he flicked off the ash which floated down and remained on a patch of grease on his trousers. He pulled out of one of his coat pockets a little newspaper parcel. As he unrolled it, it was seen to contain a little tobacco. When he tore off some of the newspaper, he put this tobacco and that which he had shaken out of the cigarette butt on to it. He rolled this up like a cigarette paper and sealed it with a lick of the tongue. Joyously he raised it to his mouth, and, holding it between his teeth, he felt in another pocket. A look of utter disappointment crossed his brow. He started to tremble once more and feverishly clutched at his trousers pockets in desperation. Tears formed in his eyes as he looked around him.

Retracing his steps, he searched the footpath in the eerie light of the purple street lamp. Suddenly he espied what had dropped from a hole in his pocket. He snatched up the match-box and tore it open. It contained two matches. A cold sweat broke out over his face and a toothless grin showed the rotting gums. He carefully struck one match and, as he raised it to his lips and the improvised cigarette, a spiteful wind, which raised the dust and papers around his feet, extinguished it. Waiting till the icy gust had passed, he crouched down and, steadying his hands against the pavement, he struck the remaining match. He raised it to his lips where the cigarette caught alight. Then the newspaper burst open and the tobacco fell into the green mud in the gutter.

J. MILES, 4A.

### Hunter Street

I was standing on a corner in Hunter Street, Newcastle, on a warm summer afternoon. From my position, a view of the road with all its "peak-hour" traffic was displayed to me.

First of all there were the people, hundreds of them, hurrying this way and that under the brightly-coloured neon signs which decorated the exterior of various shops. Some of these people were crossing the busy street at various spots, while many more were crowding around the omnibus stops to wait for conveyance to their homes. Then no less than six of the vehicles mentioned above passed along the street after one another like the floats in a procession, only much more quickly and noisily. The omnibuses are always travelling up and down the street to and from the city, but at this particular time of the day there are many more of them.





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## **Ice Cream**

Numerous cars and trucks were moving down the street behind a tram car which, I am sure, was being cursed by many drivers. The honking of horns, the screeching of uncoiled brakes and the conversation of pedestrians rendered the atmosphere almost unbearable. Several men on bicycles were making their way along the crowded street, and a horse and waggon loaded with large empty boxes was hindering traffic with its slow, snail-like movement.

“How I would dislike driving a car or riding a bicycle down this street at this time of day!” I thought to myself, as I witnessed the spectacle. What a task it must be, with pedestrians darting across the street and omnibuses everywhere! It certainly is a busy street now.

R. BOYD, 4A.

### **My Gorge**

About two years ago I was on a hike with four other boys. I became separated from my companions, and in my frantic wanderings I fell onto a ledge in a narrow gorge. Having shouted and screamed for a while, I gave up and decided to go down and inspect my prison. This took many hours, and yet no one came to my rescue. Thus I was forced to spend the night inside, and a stranger rescued me in the morning. So vivid are my memories of that place that I can now describe what I saw while I was there.

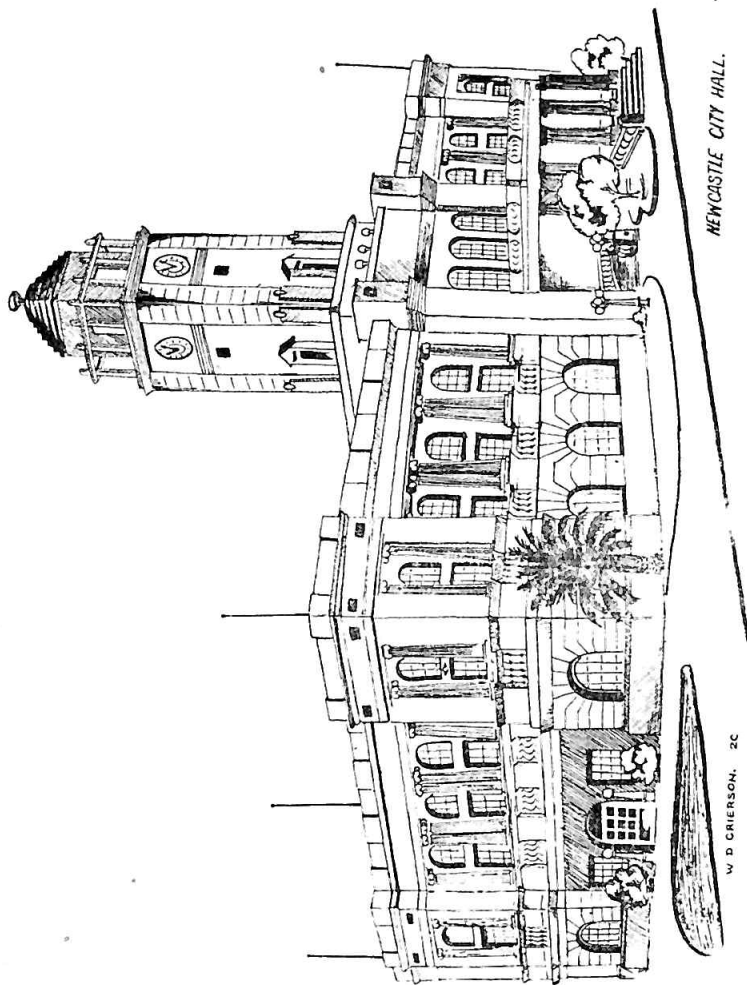
At the very bottom is a slow stream, wearily winding its way around a bend. In it are a few small fish of various colours, but occasionally one sees brilliant fish with all the colours of the rainbow. The bottom of the gorge is fairly flat, and on it grows a mixture of a kind of grass growing in tufts, and a cactus-like plant with yellow flowers possessing a powerful odour. These grow most thickly near the stream and thin out as one looks up to the sides of the gorge. As one gazes up one has to gasp on seeing the walls towering majestically in the sky like skyscrapers. Now the sky appears as a narrow ribbon from the bottom, so there is little illumination. In the gloomy darkness of late afternoon I experienced a strong sense of being watched by hidden eyes, and, if you had spent a night there as I did, you would understand how eager I was to see the first rays of light struggling down from that narrow slit.

Yet there is another aspect apart from the gloomy one. About midday, the sun just manages to hover above the gorge, and consequently the whole place is considerably brightened. It is then that one experiences a pleasant surprise, for one sees how magnificently the rocks are coloured. As one glances from the high parts of the upper wall down to the ground, a gradual change from iron-grey to bright yellow is observed. The real beauty lies about half-way, for there are rocks in all shades of browns, greys and reds together with fascinating tinges of blues and greens. It is indeed an amazing spectacle. The more I think about it, the more I want to revisit this strange gorge.

M. SMITH, 4A.

### **“S.V. Lawhill”**

Having a spare day, I decided one Thursday during the holidays that I would go onto the wharf and try my luck with the fish. As



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W. D. GRIERSON. 2C

I approached I noticed a scene of activity and on arrival saw to my amazement a four masted barque, the "S.V. Lawhill," preparing for sea. Further on a very large motor vessel was moored, and across in the basin I could see four or five colliers being loaded by the electric cranes, but all these held no interest for me, as my attention was focused on the sailing ship.

Presently, I perceived two tugs coming down the harbour. They pulled alongside, and it was not long before the "Lawhill" was out in midstream. Her black hull, recently painted, made her look like the famous pirate ships of one's imagination. As she moved slowly towards the bar the topsails fluttered out and filled in the wind. Then there came the drone of an aeroplane and before the "Lawhill" was really under way the plane was circling over, apparently taking photographs. As she moved past the Customs House more sails billowed out, and looking into the rigging I could see many antlike figures unfurling the remaining sails. The two tugs cast off as she glided over the bar and, the last I saw of her, she was slipping, fully rigged, towards the south on her final voyage to South Africa.

My attention was once more turned to the remaining ships in the harbour, the large oil tankers, freighters, tramps and small colliers, but none of these held the interest as much as the black-hulled sailing ship, so I settled down to fish, thinking that I would never again see such a rare sight as an aeroplane circling above a ship of yesterday.

B. THOMSON, 4A.

### A Sunset in the Kanimbla Valley

Sunset—what colours does this single word bring to one's mind? Red! Gold! Blue! Pink! All these and many others are to be seen, if only for a second, in the everchanging riot of colour.

As I think of sunsets, one I saw from Mount Boyce, the highest point on the Great Western Highway, continues to thrust itself forward. The day had been overwhelmingly hot, and towards evening dark clouds began to gather in the west. After tea we decided to go to Mount Boyce to watch a sunset which appeared as though it would be spectacular.

As we reached the look-out Apollo was nearing the end of yet another journey across the sky. The dark clouds, which had by now become black and threatening, were edged with gold as the sun prepared to take its plunge into them. The sun disappeared, and in the same second it was replaced by the clouds, now red, golden, black, brown and pink according to their thickness.

The brooding silence always associated with a sunset was broken only by a slight rustling of the leaves and a whirring noise which mystified us for a while. The mystery was solved, however, when we looked up and saw hundreds of birds all flying east. All the time the colours had been growing richer and deeper and I had been thinking how beautiful this was and what a shame that within an hour all these exquisite colours would be gone and in their stead would be the black, moonless night. And then it happened. The clouds were rent by a vivid flash of lightning, which was followed within a second by a

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reverberating crash of thunder. For the second during the flash of lightning the clouds appeared like a neon sign with all the colours of the spectrum and combinations of them vividly standing out. Again came a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder even more awe-inspiring than the last. For a moment after the clap was a silence as of death, which seemed to continue for an age, and then—the clouds disgorged the heavy load and we were forced to flee as the darkness enveloped us.

This is a sunset I shall never forget, for, no matter how many I see, I am sure that this one can never be surpassed.

A. MURPHY, 4A.

**High Tide — Six Inches Above Floor Level.**

Throughout the day the water relentlessly deepened. The depth in the bedroom was already above one's ankles and did not show any sign of receding. However, all precautions had been taken and the household was settling down for the night. Outside drizzling rain fell with dull, monotonous rhythm.

To young Johnny Baker the whole affair was a huge joke. Being barely eight, he didn't seem to like the fact that his mother objected to his sailing his model yacht over places which used to be occupied by the Axminster carpet. On the other hand, four-year-old Gladys declared, "Us'll all be washed away, and have to turn the table upside down and sit in it." To this young Johnny merely replied, "You can get in the table; I'm going to get in the cabinet, 'cause all the food's in there." Arguments as to who would get in the cabinet then ensued, but soon all were serious at the thought of spending a night with six inches of water under the bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker were prepared to have a wakeful night in case help arrived before long, but it was not expected just yet. Mrs. Baker was broken-hearted at the prospect of the damage the water would cause; for it would ruin nearly all of their possessions and they could not afford such a loss as they were already burdened with the payments on the house. Mr. Baker felt much the same way but did not show his feelings and was prepared to face the situation in an "every cloud has its silver lining" type of manner. Tonight, however, they were especially silent, each fearing that the strain would prove too much for the other.

Then, as they prepared to retire for the night in the best manner they could, the telephone rang in the hall. Paddling through the gurgling, swirling water, Alec Baker answered it. "Hullo," said a voice at the other end of the line. "About that tap that has come off. The plumber will be around at about 9 a.m. tomorrow." Thankfully, Mr. Baker replaced the receiver and returned to his wife with the news that they were saved.

W. DAVIDSON, 4B.

**Habits and Customs of the People of Tonga**

Tonga is a group of islands similar to Fiji or Samoa. There are about one hundred and fifty islands in all, situated about two thousand miles from Australia. However, only something like half this number are inhabited, some of them being merely volcanic islands rising with

sheer cliffs out of the sea and, in fact, there is one island of this nature, Falcon Island, which periodically appears and disappears. The first time this was noticed, a party was sent out to it from one of the other islands to claim it as Tongan soil. They arrived and, after a ceremony during which a flag was raised on a peak and a few coconuts were planted, they returned home. However, the next time they went out to see how things were getting on, the island had disappeared!

The Tongan people are very superstitious but are extremely kind and courteous. They have a queen, Salote Tubou (Charlotte Tubou) who lives in a palace on the main island, Tonga Tabu, which is about twenty miles long by ten miles wide. Near the palace is the royal chapel which is used mainly for royal weddings. The members of the royal family are remarkable in stature, the present queen being six feet four in height and weighing over twenty stone! There is a parliament, which is opened and closed by the queen each year and consists of half Tongan members and half European. The finances are managed by the whites as the Tongans have an uncontrollable sense of "what's yours is mine."

The people live in villages where there are stores, banks and post offices, and the houses are now mainly made of weather-boards, although they retain their old ideas of a thatched roof as galvanised iron rusts quickly near the sea. The original native house was made with a thatched roof of banana leaves and a wall of mats made of pandanus bushes. Every Tongan owns his own land, an area of eight and a half acres. This is leased to him for life when he is eighteen years of age, reverting to the crown on his death. This is an advantage as all plots are now under coconut cultivation and so each young man receives his land with a plantation of coconuts already flourishing on it. About one acre of this land is used for growing such fruit and vegetables as are needed for the family meals and for the raising of pigs which are in every backyard. Although fowls and fish are also used for food, they eat meat only about once a week, using yams and hopas (a very short fat type of banana) instead. Most food that is cooked is done in coconut milk to flavour it. They eat only two meals a day, breakfast (bele kifasi) in the early morning and kai (food) at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In this country, a special cloth is made, known as tapa. This is made from a long, thin tree known as the mulberry tree. It grows up to about eighty feet high and is about two inches in diameter. The bark, about one-eighth of an inch thick, is stripped from the tree and put in rock-pools of sea water for two or three days. Then it is taken to an open, flat piece of hard ground or rock and is beaten with a wooden mallet with specially spaced lines carved in it. Gradually it widens and eventually is two to three feet wide and something like a sheet, although not so white. After it has dried the women mix up various shades of brown and black dyes and paint designs on it. This is now the finished product and is used for special dresses which they wear at laka-lakas (dances). It is also used for bedclothes in long strips and is extremely warm. Long strips of tapa are made by over-

lapping two pieces. After they have been beaten together for some time and then dried, it is very difficult to see any join.

There are various schools and colleges on different islands, some government-controlled and some run by missions. School begins at eight o'clock in the morning and ends at one o'clock in the afternoon. The rest of the afternoon is spent attending to gardens, etc. There are agricultural and technical colleges for boys, and some go beyond the Leaving Certificate standard. The Crown Prince Tungi came to Australia to Newington College, and then the University where he earned his L.L.B. and B.A. He is now Minister for Education in Tonga.

### Writing an Essay

M. MOORE, 4D.

"Now I want all the boys in this class to write an essay for the school magazine . . ."—discontented mutters from the class—" . . . by next Monday."—groans from the class—"About two pages of neat writing."—uproar from the class! Thus he spoke one fine Monday morning. The commotion which expressed everyone's opinion on the matter did not, however, deter him from his original idea, and I was not elated at the magnitude of the task before me.

That night, settling down in the most comfortable chair in the house, I began to write—with the aid of "Fowler's English Usage," the Oxford Dictionary and Dad. Having thus arranged for my comfort and success, I began to think of what I could write. What about the time my bike had a blow-out on the way to school and my chain broke, causing me to be half an hour late? No, that would not do, for, when the Deputy Headmaster read the magazine, he would say that that was not a good enough excuse, and I would be on the weed squad the next day. Then a brilliant inspiration came to me. I would write about the day when I spilt a can of paint over dad (accidentally); but that would not fill two pages, so there went number two idea. Next I fancied myself as a poet and began to write involved verses about birds coming home to rest; but the metre of my poem was put to shame by Ovid's "dactylic hexameter" (These words are used with the kind permission of the Latin teacher).

Having torn out a fresh sheet, I started to think of another inspiration, when mother suggested that I should write what I had been previously thinking about, and so, fellow school mates, you are afflicted with this heart-rending story of how I wrote an essay for the school magazine.

J. WHITTON, 3A.

### A Visit to the Dentist's or Saved (?) by the Blackout

With dragging footsteps our reluctant victim mounts the stairs leading to the dreaded waiting room. Shaking like a leaf, he enters and takes a seat by a shelf of magazines. Picking up one, despairingly he tries to read, but in vain, for the words are blurred, the pictures are vague, and it is soon thrown aside. He stares around him and his eye catches a glimpse of a picture on the wall. Such a silly picture—but he soon knows every detail of it. The pattern of the lino is imprinted in his disturbed mind and a bowl of half-dead flowers looks strangely pathetic.

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The quiet atmosphere is interrupted by the opening of a door and a swollen-mouthed, red-faced victim stumbles out, followed by a dentist rubbing his palms briskly. With a curt, "Next, please," he holds the door open for that unfortunate person. Meanwhile, our shaky fellow, well knowing that he is next, is once more attempting to read. He can hear his wrist-watch ticking away his fate. A cry of pain rings out from the surgery, and he shudders. Then come more cries, the dry rasp of a drill, anxious groans from the waiting victim.

Soon the door opens, and the dentist beckons, with a pleasant (or cruel?) smile upon his face. Swallowing an extra large lump in his throat, the victim enters "the torture chamber," where he is confronted with all sorts of frightening objects, together with that smell which is peculiar to the dentist's. Ushered into that wonderful chair by a soft-voiced, sympathetic nurse, our character awaits the dentist, who is fussing around with drill bits and the like, whilst jabbering the usual small talk about the weather and so on. And then the moment arrives. The dentist grasps the drill. Suddenly the lights go out. The drill stops. A man comes in with the news of a black-out and the cheery dentist says, "Well, old chap, you'll have to come some other day."

K. McDONALD, 3A.

## Camels

Once upon a time there lived in the east a rich man. He was very old when he said to his wise friend, Abdullah, "On my death I want all the goods I own to go to my three sons. Hassan, the eldest, shall receive just one half. Achmet, my next born, shall take one-third, and one ninth shall go to the youngest, Mahmoud."

Some years after the man died, and Abdullah commenced to divide the wealth among the sons. At length only the most valuable part of all, seventeen camels, remained. Each one of the sons wanted his fair share, but Abdullah could not decide how to make the division.

He thought for a long time until at last he found a solution. He went into his stables and brought out one of his own camels. He put it with the other seventeen, and, then gave the sons the portion that their father had willed to them, so that Hassan took nine, Achmet six, and Mahmoud two. Abdullah then led away the camel he had taken from his own stables.

K. IMRIE, 3A.

## Rainy Weather

There is nothing as miserable as rainy weather. Everything of earth and sky has such a dreary look. Skies glower, plants once bright and green are dull and sodden with water, animals seem disconsolate, the trees droop sulkily and weep rain tears onto the ground.

The sky, like a grey blanket, has a dull, leaden appearance. Dark, ominous clouds surlily scowl at the earth below as they scud along. The sun is obscured as the storm god maliciously draws a heavy curtain across Sol's face.

As for me, the effect of the storm is an overpowering feeling of despondency. The only sounds to be heard are the growl of thunder and the drumming of rain drops on the window panes. Trying to cheer myself up with a good book, I could almost forget the storm

if it were not for these accompanying noises.

Streams and creeks gurgle and mutter as the swelling rains roar on. Small water-courses are converted to muddy, swirling washaways. Animals seem to sense the dreary atmosphere as they stand mournfully, tails and fur drooping, and backs to the wind. Pounding rain flattens grasses and flowers and strips the leaves from sadly drooping trees.

Rain, be it drizzle or shower, deluge or downpour, will always have, for me, the effect of casting a disheartening spell on all that it passes over.

J. MANSFIELD, 3A.

### The Spring Scene

Everything is ablaze with colour. Spring is in the air. The birds chirp gleefully on the branches of the bushes and trees as the gurgling creek flows lazily beneath the little rustic bridge. Their melodious whistling adds to the serene laziness of this beautiful landscape.

The golden yellow wattle waves gracefully to and fro, while the bluish-grey leaves of the gum rustle gently against one another. Now there are no ugly brown patches on them where there should be leaves. Across the open paddocks comes the frolicking breeze, making the straight, green shoots of grass bow beneath his all-powerful, quick-moving hand. Like a child with a toy the little mountain creek grasps anything within its reach and plays with it, swirling it round and round, then letting it go, only to seize something else.

The beauty of this scene is enchanting. The loveliness of nature surrounds one on all sides. Spring is here!

C. GREEN, 3A.

### A Midnight Adventure

As the hall clock boomed out the hour of twelve o'clock I was startled by a sound downstairs. I sat up in bed and listened intently. There it was again, an eerie, moaning sound. Deciding to investigate I slipped on my dressing gown, opened the door and stepped onto the landing.

As I stood there, leaning on the banister, I saw a white figure moving around the dining room below. The figure seemed to glide across the room noiselessly and suddenly disappeared through a doorway leading into the kitchen. So, summoning up all my courage, I ran noiselessly down the carpeted stairs, across the dining room and through the door where I saw the figure go. The moaning led me to the kitchen where I stopped, petrified with fear at the sight I saw.

Seated on the floor was this white figure, who was trying to prise up the floorboards. I let out a gasp and the figure whirled. It was then that I saw that it was an ordinary human being who had scared me so much. The man sprang to his feet and, as he did, the white cape he had on fell to the floor revealing him as a burglar. As he dived at me I jumped aside and yelled as loudly as I could, but no sound came. I was desperate. The burglar was advancing towards me, and suddenly he sprang and grabbed me. I kicked out with my feet, and he uttered a cry of pain as I kicked his shins. His cry brought the household down and he was soon overpowered.

On looking at the floorboard he had ripped up we found a small

chest containing a map showing the whereabouts of my dead grandfather's hoard of money. I later found out that the moaning that had wakened me was from the wind blowing through a broken drainpipe.

B. PARKINSON, 3C.

### Something About Stamps

With the advent of stamp-collecting some very interesting stories have grown around the world's unique issues. Modern stamps are well-known, but of the early issues it is to the enthusiasm of the specialist collector that we owe so much information of their historical background.

Among the world's classics of rarity is the British Guiana one cent black magenta, issued in 1856. In 1855 the supply of stamps on hand in British Guiana was exhausted because of delays in delivery from England, so the authorities ordered a supply of stamps from Baum and Dallas of the Royal Gazette Printing Office. The only known one of its kind was first discovered by a young collector, L. Vaughn, in 1873. He found it when searching through family papers at his home. Having no place for it in his album, he sold it to a neighbouring collector, N. McKinnon, for seven and sixpence. From there it went to a Liverpool collector, T. Ridpath, who in turn sold it to one of the greatest stamp-collectors of all times, the Austrian Baron von Ferrari.

When Ferrari died in 1917 the stamp reposed in the Berlin Postal Museum until it came on the open market. The French Government then auctioned his wonderful collection in a series of fourteen historic sales. It was at one of these that the agent of an American millionaire, Arthur Hind, bought the rarity for £17,000. On his death, it moved to its present owner for £20,000. The stamp is now in America, but the world-famous collector now possessing it prefers to remain anonymous, although some people believe he is an Australian. He now values it at £22,000.

Stamps have served many uses and a great deal can be written about them, their collectors and collections, but the best stories are the "finds" only to be seen in the pages of a collector's album.

I. GIBBINS, 3E.

### When Mum's Away

"What'll we have for dinner, son?" said my Dad as he hung his hat up on the rack. Mum had gone to the country to her mother's place for a rest.

"Steak and eggs!" I shouted back at him from the depths of the wardrobe where I was rummaging for a pair of socks, all my things being everywhere but in the place they should be since mum's departure—"with lashings of onions."

"You slice the onions and I'll crack the eggs. You slice the onions and I'll crack the eggs," I chanted as Dad set the fat sizzling in the pan. Drawing up a chair, I placed a cup between my knees, carefully took hold of an egg and cracked it into the cup. Then things really happened. An odour, anything but sweet, drifted strongly to my nose. Dad entered the kitchen, onions in one hand and a paper bag in the other. "Dad, have you ever smelt hydrogen sulphide?" I said innocently. Dad placed his nose gingerly over the cup. With a shout, he threw it

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away, oblivious of the fact that it was one of Mum's best, and that it was likely to land on the floor. Luck was with him, for, after making a double somersault in mid-air, the cup dived into the indoor garbage bin amid the shattering of breaking china.

After that episode silence fell. I went on breaking eggs and making them fall in the general direction of the cup (an old one this time), but somehow or other, by the time I had cracked four, white and yolk was spilt all around me on the floor. I looked up at Dad, struggling through the onions. Tears streaked his face, and, because of the dazed state he was in, the onions were in the paper bag containing rubbish and the skins were on the plate. At last, the onions were ready, and all that remained to do was to cook the meal.

Dad produced some steak from the refrigerator. From then onwards, mistakes were made right and left. Steak, eggs and onions were dropped in the pan at the same time. Fat then joined the eggs on the floor. Picking up the egg slicer, I said, "Just watch this," and flicked an egg into the air. Higher and higher it went until it stuck to the ceiling. Craning our necks, we could see the yolk seeping down the wall. Suddenly I was aware of a burning sound behind me. The fat was on fire. Grabbing a saucepan lid I clamped it down tightly upon the pan and held it there till the flame was out. What a mess!

Soon the fat was boiling merrily, and we thought that it was ready when we turned around, and whom did we see but Mum, bags in hand, sniffing the air. "What's been going on here? I just simply couldn't stay at Mother's so I came straight home." She crossed the room and looked at the pan. The meat, which looked so good to us, was still red with blood, the onions were black with soot from the flame, and the eggs were one scrambled mass. Dad grabbed the broom while I splashed water on the greasy part of the floor, hoping to make amends.

"Thank goodness you've arrived," Dad said to Mum. "Now we can have a decent meal with you to cook it."

"Yes?" said Mum with a steely glint in her eyes. "That's what you think. You're taking me out to dinner." C. ADAMSON, 3E.

### Homecoming

The shimmering sun was at its zenith when Rastus managed to fasten his red teeth in the warrigal's throat. The big, brown dingo quivered momentarily as he felt the death grip and then with a shaking of his powerful body he tore at his tormentor and thrashed him to the ground. Rastus shut his eyes to keep the blood from his torn forehead from running into them and held on. Down and up, here and there, he was shaken and pounded until one of his ribs cracked in and the sharp edge grated against another. Still he held on. He was Rastus the snake killer, Rastus the sheep dog, Rastus the wanderer. Was he going to give in to a murderer of lambs? His dimmed, semi-conscious instincts vaguely informed him that the dingo was tiring. There were a few more jolts, and the big dog collapsed, his life blood ebbing from him. He knew now that he could not shake his killer from him; but he continued to writhe, then wriggle, then quiver until, with back legs kicking, he died.

Five minutes later, Rastus shambled to his feet. The great Red Fang lay there, slowly stiffening in the dry, listless heat and he, Rastus the snake killer, was now Rastus the dingo killer, but not without paying the price. His forehead was torn, there were many oozing slashes on his flanks and his broken rib was unmercifully tearing the inside of his skin. No longer did he proudly hold his head in the air or curl his tail up over his back. He was nearly mortally wounded. Suspiciously, he eyed the crows lined up along the branch of an iron bark and turned to the track.

There was a difference between the cool bush and the paddocks. The ferns and undergrowth were still moist from last night's rain and the bush birds trilled soothingly. Even the continuous drum of the cicadas fitted in with things, all things that were good and kind to the wounded warrior, the champion of sheep, who limped listlessly along. He was in no condition to fight now, for even the red fox did not flee from him and the proud wallaroo stood motionless on a rock scarce five feet from the track. Hearing and smelling the cool, clear water of a nearby creek, Rastus made for it. There he could drink and cool himself. He did more than that; he espied a cool hole in the ferns. Surely the flies would not follow him there. Into this he crept, as if to die, and, even though it was only mid-afternoon, was soon sleeping, with every now and then, a whimper of pain.

At mid-night, about the same time that Rastus crept from his haven, a tall bushman strode happily home. It had been a good night's shooting and he was very pleased with the thirty rabbits in the corn sack slung over his shoulder. He was walking down the banks of a creek when he made out something loping down the opposite bank. "Steady on!" he told himself, and switched on his powerful spotlight. What seemed to be a dingo came to a puzzled halt, and, dazzled, looked at the spotlight. There came a spiteful crack that made him jump; something whined past his nose and droned on through the bush. Rastus turned and headed down the creek.

He was still running the next morning, which found him on the boundaries of a great paddock. This paddock made his instincts vibrate. There was something in its wide brown stretches, its few trees, its dams and its sheep that tugged at his senses. With his body quivering with pain he staggered on, the skin on his flanks twitching. The next paddock was small and dotted with cattle. Its looks and smells, its windmill and water-troughs urged him on. Through the paddocks he staggered, every step of his faltering body making his instincts quiver with excitement. Home! He was nearing home. Home to him after his wanderings meant love, and whistles, and pigs to worry, cows to gather and a little boy of ten to play with.

Then he came upon the river! What a river it was! Yellow and muddy with drift piled high on its banks, its bridge swept away and the debris still drifting past at intervals. This was the river he used to jump over! Then, suddenly the bank gave way and he was swept out to the middle of the torrent, swimming for his life. Rastus was swept half a mile downstream before he reached the other side. Once

there, he collapsed and lay, all strength gone from his limbs.

Blue scrambled down the hill, with Nigger at his side, holding a fishing line and a catapult. Yesterday's catch was still in his head. Fifty-eight small fish he had caught and one big golden perch. Now he was out to break that record and to hit that dingo Rod had seen last night. He cast in his line, pegged it into the ground and told Nigger to stop barking.

"Quiet, Nigger, or you'll frighten all the fish!" he said; whereupon Nigger commenced to whine. "All right, old boy, what's up? Got a thorn in your foot?" Blue rose and went down the bank to him. He stared, wiped his eyes, stared again, and then tears of happiness and pity flooded his eyes.

"Why, it's old Rastus, Rastus the snake killer, Rastus the wanderer! Poor old Rastus!" he said softly.

J. MCKENZIE, 2A.

### Return

As I walked down the long winding driveway with the early morning mist swirling about me I remembered all that had happened in those three years I had been away. The old, rather gaunt house with its big French windows overlooking the placid bay, and the steely grey of the brickwork set against the now over-run gardens reminded me of the place from which I had come. I remembered how I had played tennis on the old courts at the bottom of the garden or gone sailing on the bay in a little yacht.

I had come into view of the old house now and I noticed some alterations. The left wing had been burnt to the ground but was once more rising majestically into the mist. The house had been brightened up a little with a touch of paint here and there, but on the whole it was the same. I swung the heavy ornamental door knocker but nothing happened, and then I saw that there was an electric doorbell. I glanced up, and there were some telephone wires, a notable improvement since I went away. I pressed the bell and after a short interval the door was opened by a maid on whom I had not set eyes before. I wondered what had happened to Bella, so named because of her fighting character.

I was ushered into the guests' room, and was asked to sit down. I waited for five minutes before she finally hurried in. After the first bursts of welcome we sat and talked until the breakfast bell rang. When everyone was seated at the table, Rebecca arose and said, "I have a surprise for you. Daddy is back from his business trip." Then I entered, but they will never know where I spent those three years.

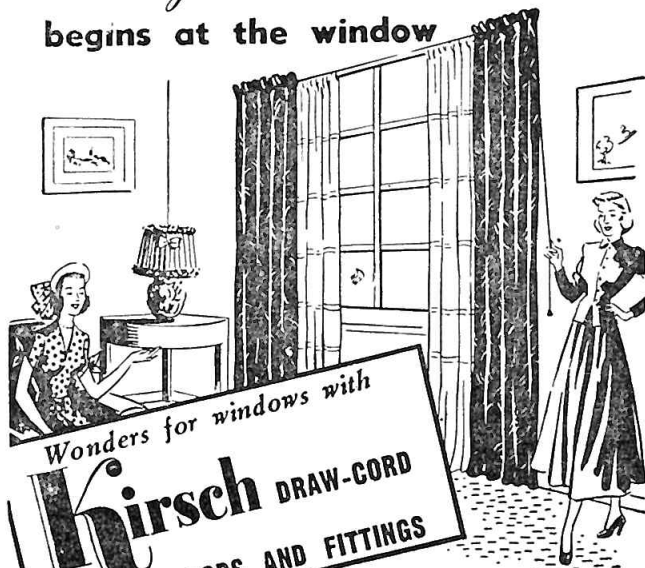
I. FORD, 2A.

### Forewarned

Mr. Dawson stopped at the front door and fumbled impatiently in his coat pocket for the key. At first sight he seemed short and rather stout for his age, and, if one could penetrate further, it would be found that he was good-natured, rather nervous, and a little superstitious. He was a bachelor, and rather proud of the fact, for to him it seemed quite a feat to have advanced as far as he had without becoming entangled in matrimony. Little purple sacs under his eyes revealed that he was very tired, for he had not slept the last few



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nights. The business trip from which he had just returned had demanded all his time, and now, as he unlocked the door, his mind was full of thoughts of bed and sleep.

As the door swung open he stooped down and picked up the morning newspaper from the doorstep. He went inside, quickly set about preparing a light meal, and, as he did so, he glanced through the paper. There were the usual headlines about the Korean situation, a decision reached by U.N.O., and what some politician had said in parliament that day, but as he scanned the lines of print something caught his eye. He noted with surprise that the date was that of the next day. He now began to idly turn the pages, thinking that the date was probably only a printer's error. Then suddenly he again started, for he saw that his name headed the obituary column: "James Dawson, aged 45, of 37 Stewart St., Brentwood, passed away in his sleep at midnight last night."

He stared at it as though stupefied, the weaker part of his nature now rising and controlling all his actions. He was dazed and terrified, fearful of the approaching doom now revealed to him. "So," he thought, "I am going to die in my sleep at midnight." He paced wildly up and down, this single thought ringing in his mind again and again until he felt sick and dizzy. The terrible sentence that spelt his doom seared through his head, feeling as though it was imprinted on his brain, and burning, burning. Once he reeled and fell, but he dragged himself to his bed, feeling as if he had gone to sleep and awakened in an awful nightmare. It was then that a thought struck him, and he clutched at it as his only hope of escape. If he was to die whilst asleep, it was possible that he might avoid this fate by remaining awake.

The elements of superstition and terror in his nature were raised to such a high pitch that he did not once think of the possibility of the notice being a practical joke or an error of some kind. He glanced nervously at the clock often, and saw the time between then and midnight growing shorter. He felt tired, very tired, but he must not let himself go to sleep. He tried to read, but it was impossible, as he would find himself reading the same paragraph over and over, or turning the pages over backwards. Finally he stood up and went over to the window. Outside the moon was serenely shedding her pearly beams down on a desolate and undulating plain of tiles and corrugated iron. He heard the rattle and screech as a bus pulled up, and the singing and laughing of a picture party returning home. He turned disconsolately away and flung himself down on the bed. "Here," he thought, "even if I must not sleep, I can at least rest my body."

As he lay resting the urge to sleep grew stronger. His tortured faculties rebelled, and he fought it off again and again, but always it returned, and time after time he found himself dozing off. He felt wearier than ever now, and even less able to resist the sweet oblivion for which he longed. Slowly he ceased to struggle against it, and, as the clock boomed out the strokes of midnight, he slept.

**Those Were The Days**

G. FIRKIN, 2A.

It is strange, perhaps, that a casual remark in a conversation

leads our mind back into the past, those humorous, fantastic days of childhood. How I remember those happy years gone by when never a worry beset my mind!

Ah! those wondrous days when we owned the small village shop in Tripney and my mother, a small, neatly dressed woman with dark impressive eyes which twinkled like stars, hurried to and fro behind the shop counter. How I recollect some of the many people who entered our shop. Mrs. McCauley, the stern, sharp Scotswoman who resided a few doors from our shop, would come storming fiercely into the shop every time she received her bill and demand justice, exclaiming indignantly of robbery. Many a time I laughed as I gazed at her eyes while she glared with hope through her worn glasses as my mother reckoned up the bill again. And the Rev. Tomalson, whom I regarded with much respect, would step stiffly to the counter. His clear ringing voice startled me when he gave his order. And many a time he patted my head and after a moment of thought would say, "He'll make a good addition to the choir soon," and I'd shrink back to the wall in terror at his voice.

And I can see our little parlour where my mother and I would joke together. This warm, comfortable room was the scene of much of my joy. It presented an atmosphere of happiness as the log fire crackled merrily in the grate and my mother sat knitting briskly in her age-worn chair, while the housemaid, Nellie, with her grey, curly hair and old, wrinkled face was busily engaged in her needlework.

I remember those days and I think fearfully of the future with worry of Latin, Maths and especially English. My mother has changed a little and her hair has turned grey, but time could not change her quick perception or dull her ever sharp humour. I hope, too, that time has not changed the joy and happiness of childhood.

J. KILPATRICK, 2A.

### Big Game Fishing

Slowly the anchor was lowered about three and a half miles from a rocky headland, commonly known to the population of the small adjacent settlement as "Rocky Point." The launch, "Dolphin" by name, was a sturdy craft of thirty-six feet and adequately provided the necessary requirements for big game fishing. It was a smooth-running ship of first rate manoeuvrability. The angler, Mr. P. J. Johnson, had all the skill and knowledge required for the sport of big game fishing, and previous excellent catches of fish over four hundred pounds proved that the man was worth his salt.

An inflated balloon was attached to the line at a certain position, so that the bait, a large blue species of bonito, drifted a few feet from the rocky bed of the ocean. The skipper was dubious about the fishing conditions—"too strong a current and not enough chop on the water," he said. However, despite this disheartening statement, Mr. Johnson gave strict orders to the crew to be sharply on the alert at any sign of a strike and to clear the deck of gear, ropes, and tackle, to give him every opportunity to be successful in playing a fish. The launch rolled to the steady swell of the ocean, and the angler found it very difficult

to keep the balloon in sight, and, to make matters worse, a slight haze enveloped the sea, making all land barely discernible. The skipper was always foremost in lending a hand, and I could see that he, besides myself, was extremely anxious to see a fish played and landed.

It was approaching mid-day—the blazing sun beat down relentlessly on our sweating brows, and we were growing restless at the undisturbed stillness of the air. Mr. Johnson sat patiently in his swivel chair, his eyes intent on the floating balloon, when suddenly he was all alertness as the balloon disappeared beneath the surface of the water, leaving a thin wisp of white froth to mark its position. He adjusted the reel to the required tension—not too strong, but sufficient to let the fish, obviously a shark by its heavy movements, take the lure in its mouth and swim slowly away to a desirable place where it could consume the tasty morsel peacefully. To allow the fish time to take the bait properly, it is usual for the big game angler to count to at least forty before striking, but Mr. Johnson was determined to give the shark no opportunity to throw the hook and allowed approximately thirty seconds to elapse before he struck and thoroughly drove the hook in the mouth of the fish. The shark retaliated savagely and tore through the water unreeling a good five hundred yards of thirty-six cord line. At the end of this sudden spurt, the shark made a magnificent leap clear of the water, and the skipper, with only this fleeting glimpse of the marauder, accurately defined it as a "Mako." The shark soon realised these movements did not enhance his chances of escape but weakened him considerably. He then began to fight desperately at a depth of about fourteen fathoms, making no more spectacular leaps, but we now saw, by the alarming arch of the rod, the grim fight waged between man and a denizen of the deep. In our hearts, we could not help feeling some pity for the shark which was fighting for its freedom. It is regarded by the world as a cruel, vicious specimen of nature, but it knows no law other than to kill for its sustenance, as do similar creatures of the deep. Indeed, the great fight which the fish put up for its freedom assured us it was a worthy foe.

After fighting for an hour and a quarter, the fish seemed to tire, his movements becoming less energetic, and we could see that the end was near. With a desperate display of strength, he hurled himself out of the water, hurtling through the air, with grinning rows of vicious teeth gnashing savagely, and his eye glaring at us with apparent hatred. He landed on the water again with a resounding smack, showering us with a fine spray of foam. The angler "pumped" enduringly, as he was practically exhausted, and brought the shark within a distance which would have enabled it to be securely "gaffed," but the first strike of the "gaff boy" missed and provided the fish with another opportunity to plunge down into the depths, and for a quarter of an hour the fight waged. However, it was not long before the angler gained the upper hand and brought the fish to the side of the boat, and this time there was no miss with the gaff. The tail rope was attached and the prize was hauled aboard. The triumphant angler beamed victoriously,

# E. V. CAMPBELL

## CHEMIST

### Tighe's Hill



Phone  
Ham. 67

and a bright glint in his eye showed us his delight when the mighty shark was weighed and tipped the scales at six hundred and fifty pounds—well over a quarter of a ton of streamlined savagery! Mr. Johnson expressed his satisfaction by remarking in a modest manner, "Not a bad catch, eh, fellers! but of course, I could not have landed him without your able assistance, and you must share the credit." I, with difficulty, held back a smile, as it was evident the angler's superb handling of the rod and reel played the main part in reducing the shark to submission.

C. WHITEHEAD, 1A.

### The Storm

The small island nestled down into the Pacific, with the palm trees tossing fitfully in spasmodic bursts of wind. Something was in the air. Large rings of black clouds hovered above the purple line that marked the horizon, horrible black clouds, full of foreboding, growing bigger as time marched monotonously onwards.

It was in the early part of the morning that the clouds met in the sky with a terrific clash. A thick, murky, grey mist appeared. The sea grew flat in a disconcerting lull. Then the storm broke in all its lashing fury. First came the wind. With a dismal screech it transformed the sea into a rolling, foaming depth of grey-green water. Huge waves tumbled across the island changing its entire shape. Tall and beautiful but a minute ago, majestic palms toppled down to float away amongst the drifting debris. Then came heavy, slopping rain, falling in an erratic course from the heavens. It splashed down on the sand causing wide-spread erosion.

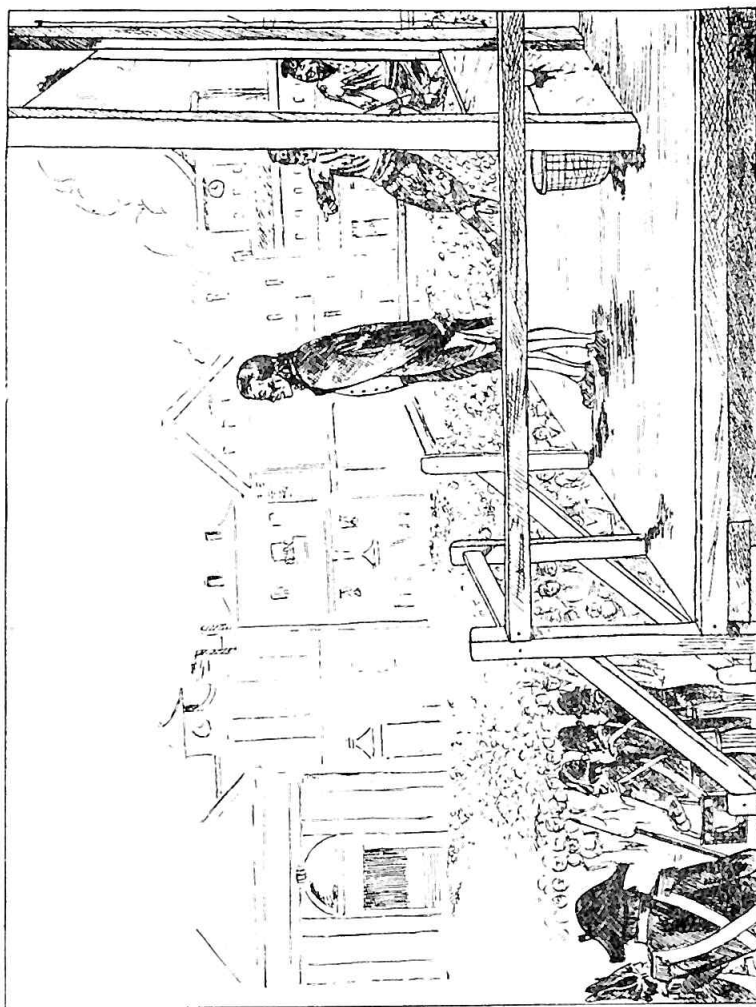
Suddenly the storm abated, as though switched off, departing as quickly as it had come. The sun shone down on a scene of grotesque destruction. The desolate island seemed to sigh. It will take years for such a wealth of vegetation to grow again. J. MARQUET, 1A.

### "Case No. 67"

It was one of those hot, humid days, when I was travelling by tram to a haven of coolness, Bar Beach. The tram was full of people with the same intention as I, but midst the motley crowd one particular occupant became the centre of my attention. He was a little man, well-dressed, and with a haunted look on his meek countenance. This person clutched a rather worn leather port with such a grip that the white of his knuckles showed. The manner in which he gripped the port puzzled me, for the port was seemingly worthless.

As the tram came to a halt at an intersection, I saw my mysterious little man give a sudden start. Then, without warning, he thrust his port in my hands, and muttered, "Kindly hold this for me, my boy." Jumping from the tram, he was soon lost in the dense city crowd.

Although dazed, I, too, jumped out of the tram. Running along the street, I suddenly saw a crowd of people who were around a red-faced policeman and—my mysterious tram occupant! "Well, fancy me, Officer Paddy O'Rien, catching the underworld's master-mind! So, Case No. 67, you have finally been caught." The policeman clapped a pair of handcuffs on his sullen captive and made to depart, but I, who had been a dumb spectator of this astonishing scene, went up



to the policeman and related my story. Together we opened the suitcase to find fifteen albums of very valuable stamps.

It seems that Case No. 67 was the alias of a notorious thief, Harold Rubin, who, on his latest escapade, had robbed the residence of stamp collector, Mr. Van Tock. Travelling in the tram, Rubin suddenly saw one of his criminal rivals and quickly disembarked from the tram. It so happened that, while fleeing from an enemy, he was confronted by one of greater threat—the police! Officer O’Rien immediately recognised the face as one that had dwelt upon the “wanted board” at the police station for quite a long period.

“But how did you know if you could get the port back from me, Rubin?” I asked the captive. “I mean, it would have been a great risk.”

Harold Rubin looked up at me with his sulky face and replied, “Your towel had your name and address on it. A criminal has to be observant all the time.”

Well, I was given the privilege of returning the stolen stamps to Mr. Van Tock, and, as I was a stamp fanatic myself, a warm friendship was begun.

K. TREZISE, 1A.

### Bip, the Pup

Bip was a good-natured but inquisitive pup who lived on a poultry farm ten miles from a large city. One of his favourite games was to run up and down the concrete paths, which were between the coops, and bark at the fowls. They did not like this. In fact, they would have torn him to pieces if they had not been behind a wire fence. During the winter it was his custom to sleep in the garage in which the different farm implements were kept overnight. Lately, however, he had been forced to sleep elsewhere as the daily egg production was being stored in his bed. The eggs would not have been left there if the storeroom had not been modernised.

Bip decided to examine the garage and see if he could sleep in it. He left the paddock where he had been chasing butterflies and trotted briskly up the path which led to the garage, barking at the fowls as he went. When he saw that a utility was being loaded with eggs he felt in high spirits. He ran up to one of the men, who was carrying a box containing eggs, and jumped up at it. The man was so frightened that he dropped the container with its contents onto the ground. Bip the pup was enraged when one of the eggs dropped and broke on his forehead. The men did not know what to do, but, when they saw Bip making a hasty retreat, they did not wait at the scene of the accident but chased him.

Meanwhile Bip was wondering where to go, but, when he saw that one of the farm hands was feeding the fowls, he ran between the farm hand’s outstretched legs and through the door into the hen coop. The hens now seized their chance of revenge and, after a fight between the occupants of the coop (one rooster and six hens) and Bip, a withdrawal was made by a much hen-pecked dog. After this Bip the pup had a high respect for the farm hens.

R. FERGUSON, 1B.

### A Precarious Position

We were exhausted and frozen stiff as we sat on the cold, slippery

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crag of rock jutting outwards towards the sea. The bitter wind shrieked through the tall sentry crags. Below us, the ocean raged and hurled its waves furiously on to the cruel rocks below. There was no way of escape from this evil cliff-face unless we were found. Now and then, a few indistinct forms would pass above us, but our despairing cries were drowned by the ceaseless roar of the waves.

Our chance of release came in the blood red dawn, as we had an obscure view of some minute lobster boats scurrying hurriedly out to sea to their different traps. One boat passed two hundred yards away and desperately we screamed and yelled until it swung round in a choppy sea and headed slowly towards us, too slowly for us. A massive Norwegian threw a coiled rope, amazingly accurately, on to a ledge in front of me. Later, one by one, we descended the treacherous coal face. Rubble and dirt fell away beneath us, the wind threatened to throw us on the jagged teeth below, but by sheer grit and determination, hanging on grimly, we all finally were reclining on the small bunks of the lobster boat "Heroic."

Glancing out of the window, I saw the ledge which we had left barely five minutes before crumble and drop quickly to the jagged rock formation below. All of us were sweating and being exhausted soon fell asleep, forgetting the fate from which we had just so narrowly been rescued.

D. WOOD, 1B.

## "Nobbys"

I am a famous islet at the mouth of the Hunter River. In the past I have had many names. The blacks, who often visited my shores while fishing in their crude bark canoes, called me "Whibay-Gamba." One day I saw a great ship tacking up the coast, and I wondered what it was doing there. Later on the sea-birds told me that it was Captain Cook in the "Endeavour" on his famous voyage up the east coast of Australia.

Many years passed and through the tempest of a storm a boat appeared and sailed into the Hunter River for shelter. Staying on my river the white men were industriously picking up pieces of black coal. Then, after mapping the shores and sounding the harbour, they sailed away giving me the name of "Hacking's Island."

It was not very long before white men were on my river again. This time they were "cedar-cutters" who came in small vessels, sent by traders from Sydney. Many a time I watched the "cedar-cutters" floating timber down the Hunter River from its upper regions to the saw-pits.

Next came the convicts led by Lieutenant Grant, Colonel Paterson and a miner called Platt. They were sent by Governor King to inspect my river. Before they left, they named me "Coal Island" because I have a seam of coal around my cliffs. Again the convicts came, this time with picks and baskets, and put coal in small boats to be transported to waiting sailing ships.

Never will I forget the wrecks that occurred near me. Some time ago a small band of convicts made off in a ship called the "Norfolk." Being unskilled navigators, they crashed on the rocks at Pirates' Point.

Some of them managed to escape and settled down and grew a few crops from seeds that had been washed ashore from the wreck.

Soon I was joined to the mainland by a stone breakwater and was named "Nobby's." I had always been jealous of Signal Hill. It had a beacon which was kept alight by the convicts so that the ships could safely sail into the harbour. But at last it was decided to put a lighthouse on my summit. How proud I was!

Now I look over my city. I see its buildings, busy streets, industries, wharves, ships and the surrounding district where farms and coal mines are. How glad am I to be the sentinel of Newcastle!

G. BOW, 1B.

### The Escape

Hoppy, the circus kangaroo, was very thirsty, for, it being a hot night, he had long before drunk his small ration of water. The circus people were unkind to him and his trainer would unmercifully whip him. He could see the cool, fresh stream trickling down from the big black reservoir on the hill. How he longed to sip this cool, fragrant water and hop about the green meadows! But he could not escape from this ugly iron cage.

Suddenly an idea came to him. Soon the trainer, who was not a bit frightened of Hoppy, would come and open the door to fetch him for his act. "He's too scared to use his feet," the cruel trainer often boasted. When the man came and opened the door, Hoppy bounded at him, kicked him vigorously and clawed him with his hind legs. Then he made a break for the stream. He had barely had his drink when he heard the baying of hounds. He had killed his trainer and he was hunted as a killer. Without any hesitation he bounded across the green, moonlit meadow and into the dark, forbidding bush. All night he was hunted and in the early dawn he began to grow weary.

Presently he was confronted by a wire fence about fifteen feet high. He tried to jump it but failed. The terrifying bark of the vicious hounds came nearer. Again he tried to jump the fence but again he failed. Still the hounds came nearer till they were almost upon him. Hoppy put his back to the trunk of the tree and began to kick at the dogs. Soon he realised that he could not hold back the hounds any longer, so he decided to make one last, mighty effort to jump the fence. He must do it or perish miserably. He jumped! With the supreme beauty of a hunted kangaroo, he cleared his hurdle. Bruised and bleeding though he was, he was happier than he had ever been before. The hounds whimpered and wandered around in sullen bewilderment. But Hoppy did not care about the dogs now. He was free. He could roam the wide plains and wander the west as he had done years before.

D. PERRY, 1B.

### Sabotage

The deafening clatter of the automatic riveter came to an abrupt stop and a man's voice rang out from the spidery scaffolding about the freighter's sides.

"Hey, Dave! how about another?"

"Coming!" yelled a boy from a platform some twenty feet or so

below, and a white hot rivet hurled with unerring accuracy whipped aloft, to be caught deftly in a bucket and slammed into position. The riveter's muscular body arched over the glowing head and the powerful hammer took up its staccato song. Then a siren sounded and the thundering clatter of a thousand automatic riveters was cut short. The men swarmed from the network of steel to their dinner packs. They were working on a freighter, "Job 55" on their blueprints. Pop Deacon drove the boys furiously that afternoon, pouncing on the sizzling rivets with such ferocity that they were close on exhaustion point when they laid down their tools at the six o'clock siren.

Buddy was coaxing his fire into life next morning when Dave shuffled onto the platform. "You need more sleep, Dave," said Buddy. Then a short, squat steelworker stepped off the ladder.

"This Pop Deacon's shift?" he asked brusquely. Buddy nodded.

"Well, I'm Yardley. I'm taking over."

"We work for Pop Deacon, and nobody else," said Buddy and Dave firmly.

"Pop's sick. Are you going to work for me?" demanded Yardley hotly.

"Okay," said Buddy and Dave simultaneously.

The new shift boss did not seem to like work very much. "Not like old Pop Deacon, eh?" said Buddy grinning. As lunch hour drew near Dave saw that Yardley was trying to kill time. In fact, Dave had no trouble in keeping him supplied with rivets. He dropped his riveter as soon as the full-throated siren rang and then, hungrily wolfing down his food, he said he was going to have a look around. Suddenly Dave said, "Isn't that Yardley down there? See, behind that woodpile."

"Yes," Dave exclaimed, "I believe it is! But he looks as though he's starting a fire. There now, he's fanning it with his hat!"

Petrified by their discovery, the boys teetered on the edge of the working platform. Then, after watching the boss throw a lighted match into a heap of oil-soaked cotton waste, they leapt into action. Swinging down the steel ladder they rushed towards the saboteur with cries of warning. A rock fist struck Dave in the face and knocked him sprawling. Then Buddy tackled the man low and brought him to the ground with a vicious thump. Suddenly Yardley found himself surrounded by some tough looking men. Dave and Buddy ran towards Pop's house to find him covered from head to foot in a sack, and bound and gagged. As soon as he was freed, he wanted to rush to the shipyards and stop the saboteur, but after being told what had happened he slumped back into the chair with a sigh of relief.

D. WOOD, 1B.

### The Dairy Industry of Newcastle

There is a factory at Hexham nine miles from Newcastle, where butter, cheese and milk powder are produced on a very large scale. This factory, whilst being one of the most modern, is also one of the largest in the southern hemisphere and is called "The Hunter Valley Co-operative Dairy Co. Ltd."

The milk and cream are collected daily from farms as far afield as Wyong, Cessnock, Denman, Muswellbrook, Scone and Dungog, and

transported in modern lorries to the factory for treatment. On being received at the factory the milk and cream are weighed on large clock-like scales and then tipped into vats and pumped into the storage chambers for pasteurisation. Portion of the milk is diverted to the dried milk plant and the remainder is required for the fresh milk trade in Sydney and Newcastle. This milk is transported in modern hygienic motor waggons to the distributing centre in Newcastle and by special railway waggons to Sydney.

As the demand for milk powder and fresh milk is far greater than all round the year production at the factory, it is possible to manufacture cheese only during the spring months of the year, from September to December. However, as large quantities are made during this period sufficient stocks are available for most months of the year. The cream received is used solely in the manufacture of butter, the greater portion of which is marketed in Newcastle, but, as production during the spring and summer months is more than this city's requirements, the surplus is either exported to Great Britain or placed in cold storage against the lean periods of winter.

The people of Newcastle District are particularly fortunate to have this industry so close to the city, as it enables them to receive supplies of their main daily foods within twenty-four hours after the milking of the cows. They are protected against infection from disease, as all the milk and cream received are tested by a fully trained staff of chemists. The factory is very proud of its products, which are marketed as "Oak" brand.

A. WILLIAMS, IC.

### I Bake a Cake

"Goodbye! Hurry back!" I called to my mother and my sisters as they drove away. In reality I hoped they would take their time about getting back from grandmother's. I was left alone in the house, and I had a special reason for being so. My sister, Florence, had baked a luscious cake the day before, and if she could do it, I did not see why I could not surprise everyone with a cake just as good as hers.

Into the kitchen I went. I packed basins, flour, sugar, eggs and milk onto the table, which began to look like a grocery shop. I lit the oven and turned the gas very high. Out came the recipe book and I began to mix according to directions. In went butter and sugar, and I started to mix those together. Then eggs, milk and flour followed. Of course, there were a few little lumps bobbing about in the mixture, but, when I beat it vigorously and almost swamped everything when the mixture splashed, they disappeared. I poured the mixture into a tin and popped it in the oven with the gas high.

I groaned when I looked round the kitchen, for the cake mixture was splashed on the walls, and I had accidentally knocked the flour over, whilst the sugar had spilled into the sink. However, I cleaned it all up and was thinking of the lovely, light cake that my family were going to eat, when a smell—horror of horrors! what a smell!—reached my nose. I rushed to the oven and took out a very brown cake. "Oh well," said I, "I'll cover that with icing."

Accordingly I did, and a big, chocolate-iced cake greeted my family when they arrived home. They exclaimed loudly over it whilst I stood by, puffed up with fatal pride. At the tea-table, I poised the knife over the cake, intending to cut mouth-watering slices. Woe is me! that knife got no further than the icing. Finally, after many heroic attempts, whilst those sisters of mine howled with mirth, the bread-knife cut it. I had had the temperature of the oven too high, and the heat had baked the outside of the cake into a rock-like mixture, but the inside had not had a chance to bake.

I have never heard the last of that cake, for every time Florence begins to cut one she pretends it is hard and says, "Oh dear! one of George's specialties again."

G. NICHOLAS, ID.

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## AUTOGRAPHS

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AUTOGRAPHS

*Rundle*

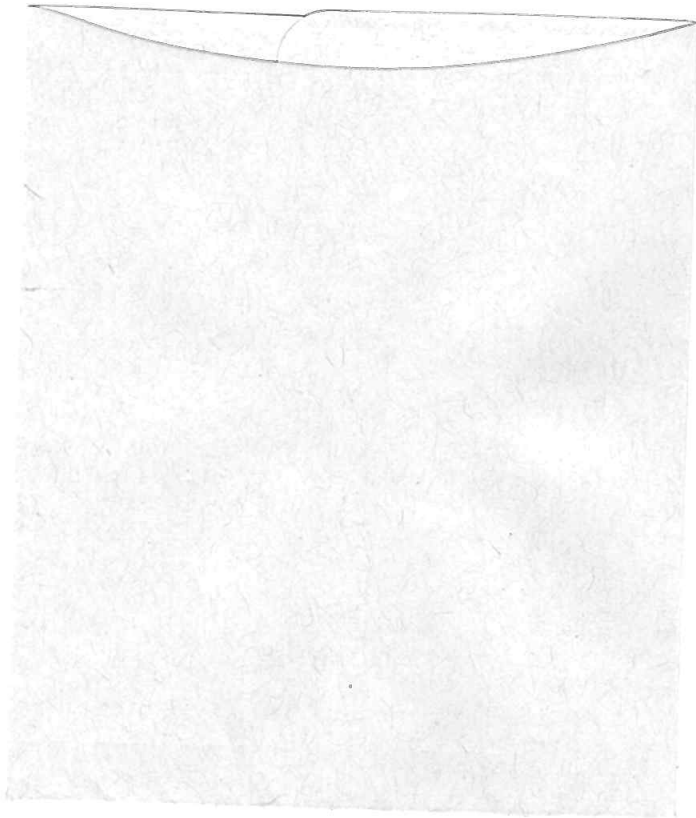


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