



The
Novocastrian



*The Magazine of
Newcastle
Boys' High School*



NOVEMBER, 1951

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Sportsmaster: Mr. L. F. McRAE, B.A.

Assistant Sportsmaster: Mr. R. G. JUDGE.

Careers Adviser: Mr. A. E. DENHAM, B.A.

School Welfare and Social Service Committee:

Chairman: School Captain.

Hon. Secretary: B. MILLER.

Parents and Citizens' Association:

Mr. W. A. HANNAFORD (President), Mr. J. FYFE (Secretary),
Mr. R. S. ATKINS (Treasurer).

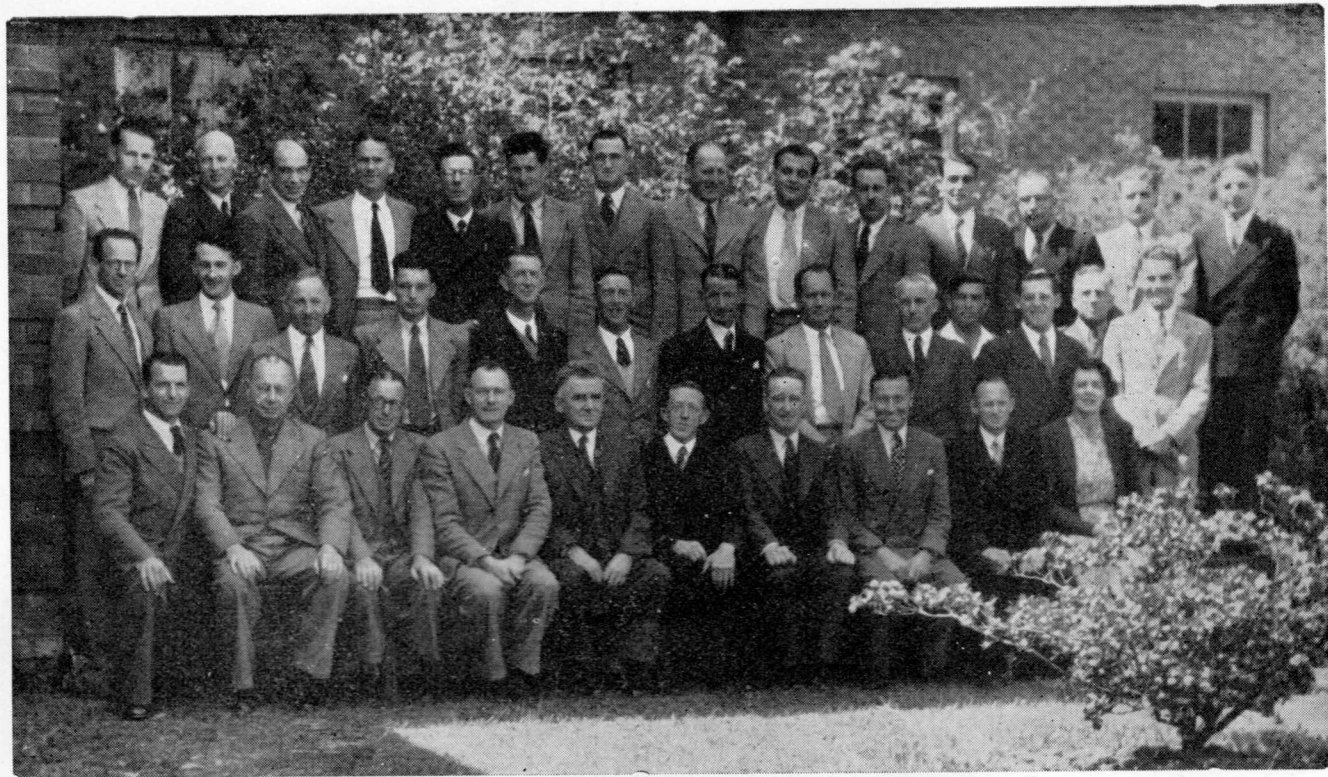
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Mrs. W. A. HANNAFORD (Treasurer). Bar Beach: Mrs. B. GOSPER (President),
Mrs. G. SMITH (Secretary), Mrs. R. R. CHARLTON (Treasurer).

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Telephones: Headmaster, MW 1939; Staff, MW 1330.



THE STAFF.

BACK ROW: Messrs. C. Bowser, G. Whalen, W. Anderson, C. Goffet, F. Hyland, T. Brown, E. Ingram, L. McRae, J. Shield, A. Holmes, M. Smith, W. Storer, H. Beveridge, O. Anderberg.

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FRONT ROW: Messrs. H. Berriman, H. Fountain, R. Cochrane, M. Brown, A. Milne (Deputy-Headmaster), F. Beard (Headmaster), A. Hodge, J. Burraston, A. Judd. Miss A. Morison.

(Block donated by United Insurance Coy. Ltd. and Goold's Ltd.)

THE HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

Dear Novocastrians,

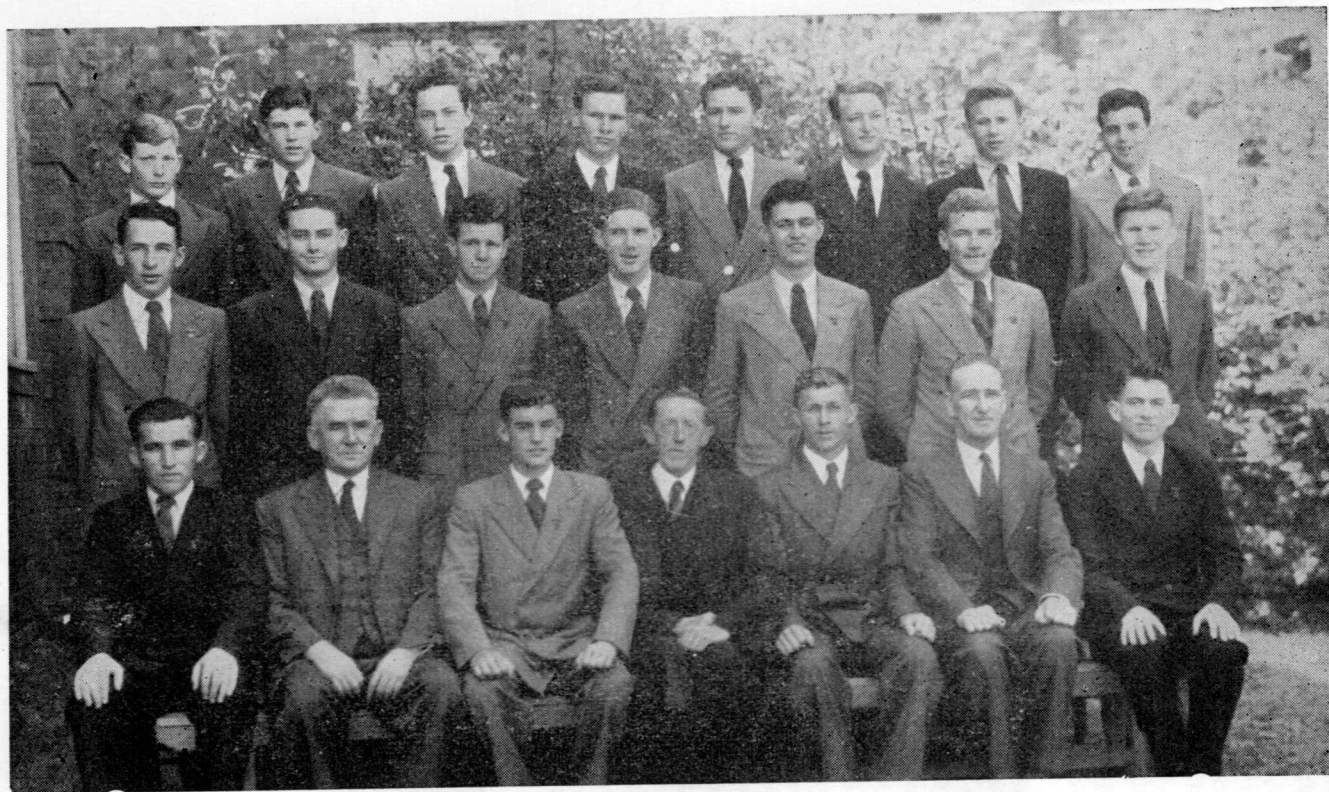
The Editor has asked me again for a message to you. I talk to you very often, and I think you know the kind of members of the school and the community that I want you to be. However, I welcome this chance to give you something to think about in a more permanent form than a talk over the sound system or at Assembly. I know that you will keep your copies of the school journal all your lives.

Some of you have probably read an essay by Charles Lamb called "The Two Races of Men." I want to borrow his title to suggest to you that, if you look about you now and keep on looking as you grow older, you will find that all mankind can be divided into two races. They are not separated by colour or nationality or religion. We are coming to realise more than ever that this is One World, and that these things need not separate us at all. The two races I have in mind are The People Who Care and The People Who Don't.

It is because there are people who care about others and who wish to make the world better for every individual in it, so that he can live a full and happy life, that we have social progress at all. This begins at home. There, some members of the family are unselfish and co-operative. Perhaps all in some homes belong to this race. But I am sure you have seen the other race in action there. The same applies at school. If your teachers did not belong to the race that cares, you would not have half the service from them that you do receive. Their interest in your work, their coaching in sport, their share in your hobby and spare-time activity—these things are prompted by a sincere desire for your welfare. So many of your parents, too, have shown that they care about your school. The activities of the P. & C. Association, supplemented by aid from the community at large, have worked wonders in the last few years, particularly since the Appeal was launched.

You see the same division at work in the city. The Lord Mayor has been most generous in his presence and help in everything for your good. Following his lead, the community is full of people who belong to the race that cares. Churches, youth clubs, adult education organisations, all the charities are active expressions of the spirit of this race. Then, of course, there are many others who never show any evidence of caring for others or wishing to help those worse off than themselves, whose lives are complete expressions of selfishness.

The United Nations Organisation is the greatest attempt ever made to spread the gospel of caring over the whole world. It came into being to save mankind from the scourge of war, but it has gone much further than this. It believes that every individual born has certain rights—and that the more prosperous nations must not rest while any of the world's people lack the food, clothing, shelter, education and amenities necessary for that full and happy life I spoke



PREFECTS, 1951

BACK ROW: P. Geninan, B. Thompson, C. Atherton, M. Allwood, D. Mann, K. Davies, J. Miles, J. Cornelius.

CENTRE: J. Sticpewich, B. Baldwin, J. Blackley, J. Cameron, R. Bradford, B. Lobb, B. Munro.

FRONT ROW: C. McCosker, Mr. A. W. Milne (Deputy-Headmaster), D. Willis (Captain), Mr. F. H. Beard (Headmaster), A. Davidson (Vice-Captain), Mr. A. H. Hodge (Master in Charge of Prefects), K. King.

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of. To help every nation to obtain these things is indeed a colossal task. The race of People Who Care will never be out of work for centuries to come.

I leave this thought with you: to which race do you want to belong—The People Who Care or the People Who Don't ?

THE CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE

The School motto, "Remis Velisque," conveys to us a deep sentiment which we should strive to uphold not only during our school days but also in after life.

The tradition held by our school is one of which we are all proud, and we realise that it was attained by the combined efforts of all the students. It is up to every one of us to see that this tradition is maintained. This can be done only if we co-operate with our headmaster and his staff.

On looking back over the years we find that the school has gone further ahead in its various activities owing mainly to the splendid work of our conscientious headmaster, Mr. Beard. Within the school we find that the organisations set up for the betterment of the school have made rapid progress. This year S.W.A.S.S.C. (School Welfare and Social Service Committee) was very successful and received the fullest co-operation of you boys. I hope that this success will be greater next year, and that you all continue to work wholeheartedly for the school.

On behalf of the prefects and myself I wish to convey our thanks to you for the co-operation you have rendered us throughout the year. My last request to you is that you carry on "with oars and sails" and uphold our great school's honourable reputation.

DON WILLIS.

SPEECH NIGHT

Speech Night attracted a large and appreciative audience at the City Hall on August 16th.

On the musical side there were very enjoyable items by the school orchestra, the flute band, the junior choir, the senior choir, and the full choir.

The speeches included the Chairman's address by the Lord Mayor, Alderman F. J. Purdue, the Headmaster's report, the adoption of the report, moved by Mr. W. A. Hannaford and seconded by Mr. J. Fyfe, Mr. McRae's sport report, the address by P. G. Price, Esq., B.Sc., Superintendent of Secondary Education, and the vote of thanks by Mr. J. H. Cartwright. A very fine Honour Board was presented to the school by Dr. D. Henry. It was unveiled by Mrs. A. Chichester, and appreciation was voiced by Mr. J. Howard and Mr. R. Cochrane.

The special prizes were presented by Mrs A. Chichester, Mrs. B. Helmore, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Cleary, Dr. Enid Way, B.Sc., Ph.D., and



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Mrs. Armstrong. School prizes and certificates were presented by the Lady Mayoress; sport prizes by Mrs. J. Arnold.

The Headmaster's report was preceded by a few moments' silence as a simple act of remembrance of all those who had passed on. After reviewing the examination results, Mr. Beard said that, although he was proud of the modern boy, he wished they were a little more ambitious. "A tremendous responsibility rests on parents and teachers," he continued, "to see that the present generation is better equipped for facing the world's problems than we were. Mr. Ivan Menzies told our boys that democracy needed an ideology. We must put unity into community. Co-operation is necessary. We are very largely responsible for the environment that surrounds our boys and helps to determine the attitude towards life they will take with them. We cannot give them ready-made philosophies, but we can try to make them realise that life is to be used, not wasted, that its best satisfactions can come from service for other people, and that it is good to stand on one's own feet and be a man. We try to do this in four main ways. We try to make our boys work. We foster pride in and loyalty to the school. We widen their experience and sympathies by taking them out into the world by means of sporting and debating visits, attendance at City Council meetings, visits to industries, symphony concerts, Gilbert and Sullivan and other plays, and by bringing the outside world into the school in the form of visiting speakers and artists and the study of Current Affairs. Finally, we give them interesting things to do by means of such organisations as the Cadet Corps, hobbies groups, the school choir and the orchestra." Closing his report the Headmaster thanked all who had played a part in building up the school's record of achievement during the past year.

THE ANNUAL FETE

The fete, held on October 5th, featured activities similar to those that proved so popular and successful last year. There were stalls, games and displays, a photographic studio, the changing of the guard ceremony, films in the hall, a mannequin parade, a play, "The Dear Departed" by 3A players, "Devonshire" afternoon tea, provision of an evening meal, and an entertaining concert at night. Mr. B. L. Gosper, at the microphone, directed the visitors. At the opening ceremony there were speeches by the Lady Mayoress, who officially opened the function, by the Lord Mayor, by Mr. Hannaford and by Mr. Beard. Our thanks go to all who contributed to the success of this enjoyable fete.

OUR BENEFACTORS

We welcome this opportunity to express in our magazine our deep gratitude to all organisations and individuals who have contributed to the welfare of the school.



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EMPIRE DAY

The School Empire Day assembly was this year conducted by Mr. Milne, in the absence of the Headmaster, Mr. Beard.

The celebration opened with the singing of the School Song and "Advance Australia Fair." Lord Gowrie's message to the Empire was read by Mr. Milne, and speeches on the Empire were delivered by debaters Douglas Kelly, David Clarke and John McKenzie.

The school's singing of the Recessional was followed by an address by Mr. Milne on the past and present position of the Empire and the "Larger Family of the United Nations."

E. HODGE, 4th Year.

ANZAC DAY

On the 24th April we assembled in the hall to commemorate the 36th anniversary of Anzac Day. Mr. Beard, Mr. Ray Perkins, Mr. Hodge and the School Captain were on the platform. Several poems expressing regret for all who had passed away on that great day, the 25th April, 1915, which marked Australia's entry into nationhood, were read by the headmaster. The well-known and so often repeated story of Gallipoli was told simply and briefly by Mr. Hodge. Perhaps the most impressive part of the ceremony was the placing of a commemorative wreath on the World War I. Honour Board by Mr. Davies, a veteran of the first war, aided by Mr. Beveridge, a returned soldier from World War II. Mr. Ray Perkins sounded the Last Post followed by the Reveille. Then slowly and reverently the school left the hall.

T. MORGAN, 4A.

PREFECTS—ELECT FOR 1952

K. Scott (captain), K. Davies (vice-captain), B. Alcorn, M. Beck, P. Body, D. Clarke, K. Clulow, J. Farrell, R. Flanagan, C. Green, E. Hodge, G. Hughes, J. Layt, B. Miller, J. Mingay, T. Morgan, M. Patey, D. Renton, A. Rymer, A. Smith, J. Stephenson.

OUR ADVERTISERS

We draw the attention of readers to the advertisements and to the names of donors of blocks and pages in this issue of the "Novocastrian."

"AND VERBATIM I WILL QUOTE IT"

Personification is the figure used when an author or poet addressed a person (absent probably dead) or an idea or thought such as Keats when he addresses say the Autoume in his "Ode to Automm"

Oh!, Grave where is thy sting!
(From an examination paper.)



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THE PARENTS & CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents and Citizens' Association of this school, in common with all similar bodies, has as its object the provision of school amenities and teaching aids not provided by the Education Department. In other words, it exists so that the school your boy attends will be better equipped than it would be were there not a P. & C. Association, and by providing that equipment, it increases the efficiency of the teaching staff to the benefit of the pupils whose years at the school are made more pleasant and interesting because of its modern equipment.

A function of the Association which is often overlooked is that of making representations to the Department of Education for the carrying out of improvements to the school. As a result of these representations, the following improvements have been effected during the past twelve months: levelling and draining of school grounds, tar paving of quadrangle, renovations of tennis courts, receipt of a cash subsidy of £140 towards cost of stage improvements; tenders have also been accepted for the building of a cycle shed costing £1100, and the installation of a ventilating system in the Assembly Hall. Work on the last two projects will begin in the near future. Our thanks to the Minister for Education, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, for his sympathetic consideration of our requests.

It therefore behoves all parents to support the Association. It is a very active body, and although there are many stalwart workers, those of us who attend most meetings and functions would like to meet many more of the parents of our boys, as we feel much is achieved by the parents meeting one another, and the parents meeting the Headmaster and his teaching staff, whose co-operation at all times speaks volumes for the esprit de corps that has grown within the school.

Much of the success of the Association is due to the untiring efforts of our ladies, who not only do most of the work at our numerous functions throughout the year, but, as members of the two Ladies' Auxiliaries, are responsible for the raising of considerable sums of money. Elsewhere in this issue is a record of the activities of both the Waratah and the Bar Beach Ladies' Auxiliaries.

The Appeal Fund, which was sponsored by this Association, is to be closed on the 30th November, with its objective of £2000 practically realised. Our thanks to all who make this possible by their contributions in time and money.

The Association takes this opportunity on behalf of all parents to convey to Mr. Beard and the teaching staff its appreciation for the interest they have taken in our boys, and we trust that their efforts will be rewarded when the results of the examinations are made known.

Our thanks also go to those teachers who give up so much of their time after school hours to coach the various sporting teams, the school orchestra, the choir, and the Cadet Detachment.

This report would not be complete without some reference to our Headmaster, Mr. Beard, as much of the success of this Association is due to his driving force and enthusiasm. At all times he is prepared to do anything within his power to co-operate actively in our efforts. We thank him for all he has done.

In conclusion, the P. & C. again appeals for support from all parents, and hopes that its achievements in the future may be even greater than in the past.

J. J. FYFE (Hon. Secretary).

S.W.A.S.S.C.

Since its inauguration in 1949, the School Welfare and Social Service Committee, referred to as S.W.A.S.S.C., has in many ways fulfilled one of its objectives, that is, to give a lead to the pupils in developing pride in and loyalty to the school. S.W.A.S.S.C. has become a well-known school organisation. It gives me much pleasure to be able to report that this year's activities have repeated the previous year's successes.

The school captain, Don Willis, in his office as president of S.W.A.S.S.C., has guided the committee so that it has functioned smoothly and efficiently.

This year S.W.A.S.S.C. has made many donations to such worthy causes as The Benevolent Society Mother's Day Appeal (£20) and Stewart House (estimated £50), just to mention two.

S.W.A.S.S.C. indeed is a growing institution of the school and the committee hopes that in the years to come it will grow as it has in the last two years.

Since the introduction of a card system the committee has seen which members of the school are really backing the activities of S.W.A.S.S.C. The committee would like to take this opportunity to thank all those boys in the school who have contributed each week. We also appeal to every member of the school to continue to support this fund which is doing so much to assist those in need.

I think it is only fitting that a word of thanks should be given to our Headmaster, Mr. Beard, and our Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Milne, for the interest they have shown in the activities of this committee, and also to the staff who have shown such patience on Tuesday mornings.

In conclusion, we wish to thank you once again for supporting us this year, and we hope that you will continue to do so in the future.

B. MILLER, Secretary (4th year).

WARATAH LADIES' AUXILIARY

The Newcastle Boys' High School Waratah Ladies' Auxiliary began the year's activities with a social afternoon to welcome mothers of first year pupils living in the Waratah-Mayfield area. This proved a strategic move, for now we have a band of active,

(This page donated by W. G. WINTER, Shirt and Clothing Manufacturer.)

enthusiastic members, both old and new, numbering thirty, whose efforts during the year have been crowned with success, socially and financially. Indeed, every meeting has its social side, and we shall be pleased at any time to receive further supporters on the second Tuesday of each month.

At the Annual Meeting held in March the following members were elected to office: President, Mrs. Willis; Vice-Presidents, Mesdames Sticpewich and Flanagan; Secretary, Mrs. Marquet; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Sneddon; and Treasurer, Mrs. Hannaford.

After many years of invaluable service, Mrs. Flanagan and Mrs. Pemberton did not seek re-election as Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Appreciation of their efforts for the School's benefit was placed on record.

Social functions held to raise funds have been many and varied and consistently successful. In March a cooking demonstration was given at Nesca House. Mrs. Hunter of Nesca Staff has proved a friend to the School and has again judged cooking competitions at this year's Annual Fete. Jumble Sales were conducted in April and June. Collection of goods at the School was of considerable help and the financial result was £33. Pupils from the studio of Miss Thelma Jones staged an operetta in the Teachers' College Hall in May. The children's talented performance was enjoyed and proceeds were £30, after expenses had been paid. A luncheon party was held at Mrs. Hannaford's home, New Lambton, in June. The ladies enjoyed a

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scrumptious lunch and there was much talk of plans for the future. A musicale in July was another outstanding evening. The night was cold, but after the performance the artists paid tribute in turn to an appreciative audience. Mrs. R. Smith arranged the programme; supper was served; funds benefited to the extent of £12.

Waratah and Bar Beach Auxiliaries have combined to assist with School functions on a larger scale and have shared duties in other ways, as at the P. and C. Staff Welcome. The Father and Son Night for the Junior School was an innovation most successful. Bar Beach catered for Speech Night; Waratah for the boys on a dusty, windy Sports Day. They combined for the first Annual Supper Dance and for the Appeal Ball at Newbold's Hall, and did so again at the Fete.

The Supper Dance for senior students and ex-students arranged during the University vacation in August was an outstanding success. Dance programmes were provided and a carnival atmosphere was achieved with balloons, streamers and good fellowship.

The Auxiliary has the interests of the School at heart and is prepared to work always for the convenience, comfort and beauty of the building and its equipment. Thanks are given to all those who have assisted in any way towards those aims.

J. MARQUET, Secretary.

BAR BEACH LADIES' AUXILIARY

This Auxiliary, which three years ago was formed for the convenience of mothers living at Bar Beach and adjacent suburbs, now has a membership of 63, an increase of 9 members for the year.

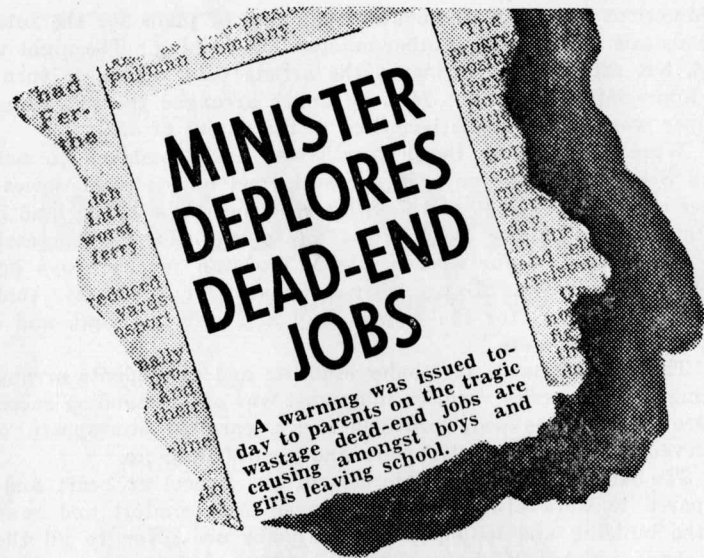
The year 1951 has proved to be a very successful and happy one. The members have made united and strenuous efforts and have worked well and consistently throughout the year. Without such work the good results could not have been achieved.

Our first function was the usual luncheon to introduce new members, and, as always, it was a very happy one. During the year we have held 3 jumble sales, card parties in the homes of Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. Mitchell, and our Annual Fete in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent's home, all of which was very successful financially. The Auxiliary has also played its part in the organising of the P. and C. Dance and School Fete, both of which were outstandingly successful. We express our appreciation of the friendly co-operation of the Waratah Auxiliary when our efforts have been combined for school functions.

We are justly proud of the happy relationship which exists among our members and offer a cordial invitation to any ladies who may like to join us. Our meetings continue to be held in the home of Mrs. Mitchell, 9 Fenton Avenue, Bar Beach, at 10.30 a.m., on the first Thursday of each month, and those interested should contact the Secretary at Ham. 1251.

V. SMITH, Secretary.

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Boys of Intermediate Certificate standard are also eligible for appointment on qualifying at special Entrance Examinations held by the Bank from time to time. Notice of these examinations will appear in the daily press.

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THE SCHOOL CONCERT

On 17th September the school held its annual concert at the City Hall. The night was, from all aspects, a great success, and it was splendid to see, as the Headmaster said, how the people "once again rallied to support our school."

The programme was one of very high quality and a great credit to our school. Very enjoyable items were given by both the senior and junior choirs and also by the combined four part choir. Our school is one of the few boys' schools possessing a four part choir and this is because of the hard work of our music teacher, Mr. D. Watchorn. Still on the musical side of the programme and one of the main attractions of the evening was the newly formed school orchestra. The orchestra opened the programme by playing an overture and also played a selection of sea shanties later in the evening. Physical culture displays under the supervision of Mr. M. Smith and Mr. R. Judge added a touch of excitement to the programme, and many times I noticed members of the audience holding their breath as the well-trained boys performed remarkable feats of tumbling, vaulting and pyramid building. A very pleasing item was presented by the School Flute Band under the direction of Mr. M. Brown whose co-operation with Mr. Watchorn also helped to make our orchestra such a success. Two of our senior boys, Ted Smith and Allan Atkins, in a manner which was almost professional, gave the audience much pleasure when they played a violin and piano duet. Another highlight of the programme was a quartette for strings and piano by four of our senior boys, Ted Kearns, Ted Smith, Robert Millington and Reg Mitchell. A flute and piano duet by John Lloyd and Reg Mitchell was received exceptionally well by the audience. The large number of talented musicians heard at our concert shows how interest in music is fostered at our school.

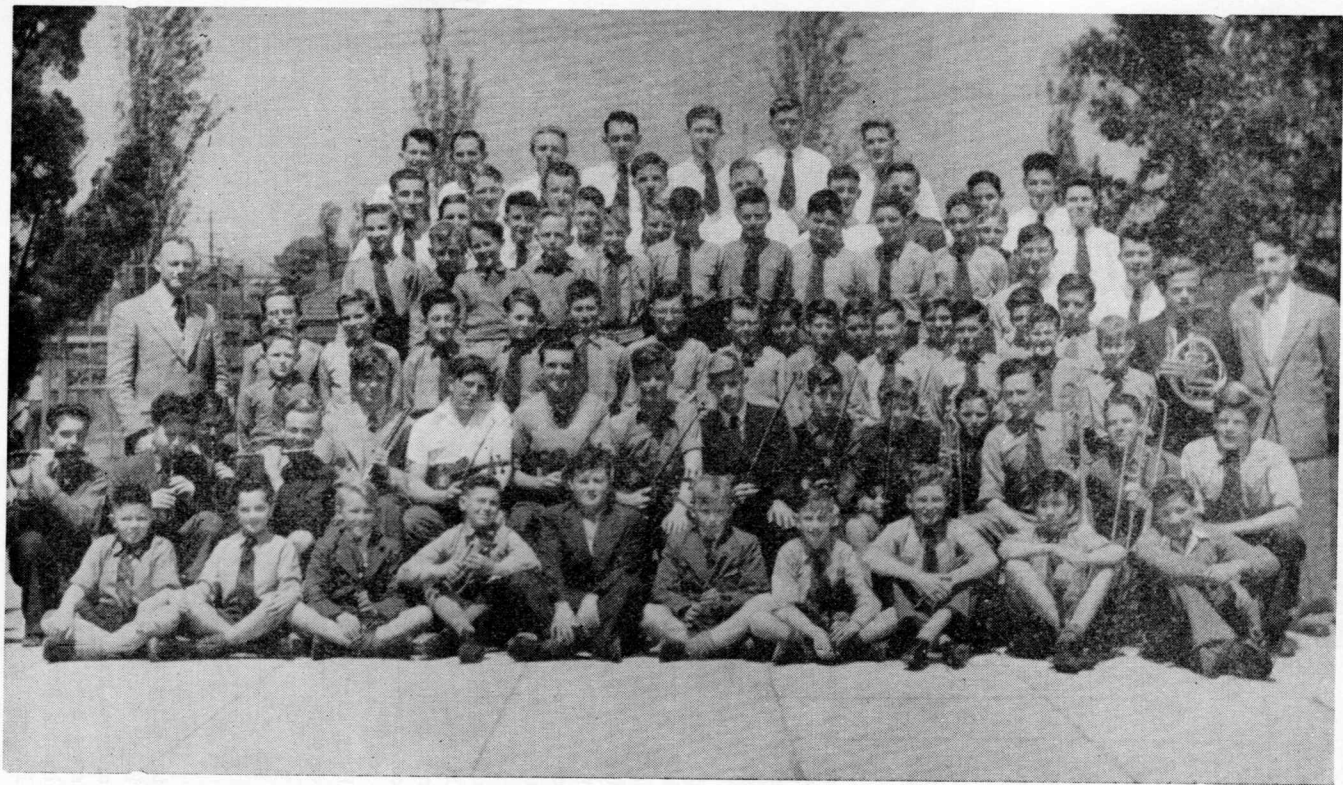
In the two plays, "The Conspiracy," by 4D under the supervision of Mr. F. Smith, and "A Night at An Inn," by 4B directed by Mr. P. Marquet, the acting, costuming and stage properties were excellent, and I think that the masters and boys responsible should be highly commended.

The programme was concluded with the "National Anthem," and I am sure that the audience must have carried away memories of a very enjoyable evening.

D. CLARKE, 4A.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This orchestra was formed only recently, being the result of the efforts made by a number of boys including Reg. Mitchell, Ted Kearns, John Lloyd and Kevin McDonald (who form the committee) and others to whom we are deeply indebted. The orchestra consists of about ten violins, the complete flute band, and six brass instruments with drum and cymbals. The brass section includes French horn, trombone, trumpet, tenor horn and cornets. We hope,



SCHOOL CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

however, to expand and become better balanced in the near future, particularly with the string section. At Speech Night, the orchestra gave a delightful rendering of the "Three Welsh Melodies," and with the "National Anthem," provided a splendid conclusion to a successful night. We hope to make our second appearance at the School Concert and be of assistance at all future school functions. We must particularly thank the services of Mr. Watchorn, Mr. Brown, and Patrick Healy, the music librarian, and sincerely hope their efforts will be rewarded.

KEVIN McDONALD, 4A.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

The junior choir was first to perform this year in the combined Jubilee Display in the Newcastle Sports Ground on April 18th. Here they combined with choirs from other secondary schools forming a choir of five hundred which sang Australian songs.

Both junior and senior choirs began preparing for Speech Night, which was much later this year. The songs sung were "Spanish Ladies" (English Folk Song), "The Rising of The Lark" (Welsh Air), by the junior choir, and two negro spirituals, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and "I've Got a Robe," arranged by Arthur Loam, were sung by the senior choir. The choirs combined to sing "O Peaceful England," by Edward German, from the comic opera, "Merrie England."

At the School Concert, which took place very soon after Speech Night, the choir found it necessary to repeat many of the items rendered at Speech Night. The only new item rendered was by the senior choir, and was another negro spiritual, "The Gospel Train."

Thanks are due to our accompanists, Reg. Mitchell and John Roberts, and also to the flautists, John Lloyd, David Weatherall, Peter Smith, Germain Kalmikoff, Kevin McDonald, and David Baker, who played a descant to "The Rising of The Lark."

D. T. WATCHORN.

THE LIBRARY

In the period of 1951 up to 31st July, the library, under the capable management of the librarian, Miss Morison, has benefited by an increase of some 120 new books, 20 of these being fiction, the remaining 100 information. The total expenditure for these amounted to £50. Included in the above are gifts from members of the staff and the Education Department, the Department donating in particular a beautifully produced volume of art reproductions entitled "Howard Hinton." Among other books newly purchased we find "Problems of Acting," "Listening to Music," "Scientific Encyclopaedia," "Modern Motor Cars," "About Britain," "East European Revolution," and "The Australian Junior Encyclopaedia" in two volumes.

In the 1950 Leaving Certificate Examination two boys gained Economics scholarships offered by the Co-operative Wholesale



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Society. As a result of these boys' achievement the library received £20 as the portion of the scholarship always awarded to the school in which the successful candidate received his education. This amount is to be spent in improving the library's Economics section and to date the purchases include "Money in Maelstrom," and "Economic Problems in Peace and War." Towards part of the cost of library purchases a grant of £50 has been received from the Parents and Citizens' Association.

The number of magazines and periodicals to which the library subscribes is so numerous that mention of but a few will have to suffice. "Walkabout," "The National Geographic Magazine," and other similar periodicals have proved a source of endless interest and benefit to many students. Those who wish to further their studies of Current Affairs are well catered for by the provision of such magazines as "The Current Affairs Bulletin," "Current Notes on International Affairs" and "The World To-day." Students of Economics are kept up to date on the latest Economic developments with the aid of the "Economic Journal," which the library receives regularly. Of these magazines, "The Current Affairs Bulletin," "The Student's Digest" and "The Children's Pictorial" have all become so popular that many boys have decided to make personal subscriptions.

We are also greatly indebted to the wife of the late Mr. O. Carrick, who was for many years a member of the staff, for donating a complete set of several years' editions of Britain's most popular periodical, "Punch."

In consequence of Miss Morison's permanent appointment to this school last year all classes from first to fourth year have a special library period while fifth year boys make use of the library in lunch hours on Mondays and Tuesdays.

All students using the library have co-operated excellently and have taken great care of the books. Thus damage has been kept to a minimum. The members of the Library Club have continued their fine work and it is due largely to their efforts that all damaged volumes have been promptly repaired. Likewise students who are unable to play sport are kept very busy in the library on Wednesday afternoons.

THE CADET DETACHMENT

The object of the Cadet Corps is not just to give each cadet a nice uniform to come to parades in but to develop leadership and so to equip the cadets that the prospects for their future careers, whether in the army or in civil life, are greatly enhanced. It is obvious that Captain Fountain, our O.C., with the aid of Captain Marquet and Lt. Watchorn, has endeavoured to see that these objects are realised. These gentlemen have always carried out a policy of giving boys more responsibilities as they see they are capable of fulfilling them, thus bringing out a boy's initiative and aiding in developing his



CADET DETACHMENT—OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s.

BACK ROW: Sgt. Burns, Cpls. Taylor, Andrews, Hyland, Sgt. Inglis, S/Sgt. Body, Cpls. Taylor, R., Fielding, Rothery.
 CENTRE: L/Cpl. Fyfe, R., Sgts. Taylor, Sheehan, Dm. Mir. Beck, Sgt. Fyfe, I., Cpl. Kemple, Sgt. Nelson, Cpls. Peterson, Kerr.
 FRONT ROW: Cpl. Cole, W.O.II. Patey, Cdt. Lt. Gregory, Cpts. Fountain, Marquet, Cdt. Lt. Miller, B., Cpl. Jones, Sgt. Keith.
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character. This policy is bringing a wonderful result which is best seen when the unit is on parade.

As usual, the annual camp of ten days was held during May. The high reputation the detachment has gained was upheld in every way. The unit was praised for its smartness, efficiency and steadiness while on parades.

The unit is winning a reputation for its specialist sections. We now have mortar groups, anti-tank, signalling and intelligence sections, a band, which has been called upon on many occasions this year to play at special functions, and an ambulance section. Many boys attend annual specialist courses and this is maintaining a steady flow of highly trained specialists in the company.

At the potential N.C.O.'s. and Officers' schools, which are held during the Christmas vacation, our boys have brought much credit to their unit with their soldierly bearing. Many of these boys have won distinction passes and these results are gaining the unit a wonderful reputation of being one with a fine body of cadets.

With every platoon in the unit striving to its utmost to win the Capt. Jacobs' Memorial Trophy, which is awarded annually to the platoon with the best aggregate for dress, smartness, attendance and general efficiency, it may be seen why the unit is so well-turned out and why we have such a high standard as a unit by November, when the passing out parade is held.

The unit has also increased in numbers. In 1948 the unit had a membership of only 110, but this year the figure has increased to 185. These 185 boys have become moulded into a fine body of young men who work together as a unit. This team work is shown by the

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cadets at camps, bivouacs, and on the rifle range, often in competition with other units.

Finally, I think a word of thanks should be given to all those who have helped the Corps in various ways this year. Our thanks go especially to Mr. Beard, who has always shown wonderful interest in our Company. But for his help and guidance, many of our functions would be failures.

B. MILLER, 4th year.

THE CADET BAND

This year the cadet band consisted of nine drummers, a bass drummer, seven buglers and a drum-major. The band played in several marches in the city including the Anzac Day March. The band also played for the Newcastle Girls' High School sports and was to have played for our own sports but the weather conditions prevented the march past from taking place. A large percentage of the band went to the annual camp at Gan Gan where we played for the march past on two occasions. We also played for the changing of the guard ceremony at camp a number of times. The band was somewhat hampered by members leaving throughout the year, but it managed to retain its strength as replacements were easily found from other sections of the Cadet Corps. Corporals Taylor and Craig led the drummers and buglers respectively and other than these two it would be unfair to mention any individual members as everybody did his best.

DRUM-MAJOR MICHAEL BECK.

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LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1950

(1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Maths 1, 6 Maths 2, 7 General Maths, 9 History, 12 Combined Physics and Chemistry, 13 Physics, 14 Chemistry, 18 Geography, 19 Economics, 36 Technical Drawing.)

Adam, T. L., 1B 7A 9B 14A 19B.	Leishman, D. H., 1B 5B 6A 13B 14A 18B.
Allan, R. J., 1B 3B 5B 6B 14A 19B.	McIntosh, J., 1A 7B 9A 18B 19A.
Allen, J. K. H., 3B(o) 5B 6B 13A 14A.	Mills, J. E., 1B 2B 3B 7A 9H(2) 14B.
Alvis, K. 1B 7B 9B 12B 19B.	Mulholland, J. K., 5B 6B 13A 14B.
Beal, R. W., 1H(2) 3B 5B 6B 13A 14A.	Palmer, N. R., 3B 5B 6B 14A 19B.
Bell, G. A., 7B 9A 18B 19B.	Pattison, A., 1B 5B 6H(2) 13A 14B 36B.
Bint, B. N., 1A 5A 6B 19B.	Read, J. S., 7B 9B 12B 19B.
Burwell, L. W., 1B 5B 6B 19B.	Reece, R. E., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6B 12B.
Charlton, W. J., 1B 5B 6B 12B.	Richmond, J., 1B 7B 9B 18B 19B.
Cleary, J. E., 1B 3B(o) 5B 6B 13H(1) 14H(1).	Roberts, J. G., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13A 14A.
Cupitt, T. B., 1A 7B 9B 18B 19B.	Scott, H. R. J., 1B 3B 7B 9B.
Dobinson, T., 1A 7B 9A 18B 19A.	Sheedy, T. J., 1A 3B 5B 6B 13H(2) 14A.
Douglas, D. J., 1A 3B 5H(1) 6A 13H(1) 14A.	Steel, W. R., 1A 3A(o) 5B 6A 13A 14A.
Dyer, D. A., 1B 5B 6B 13B 14B.	Sticpewich, J. C., 5B 6B 13H(2) 14B.
Ellis, N. F., 1B 5B 13B 14B 18B.	Taylor, C. P., 1B 3B 5A 6B 13A 14B.
Hanley, J. G., 1A 2B 3B(o) 7B 9A 14A.	Wallis, J. A., 1B 7B 9B 18H(1) 19B.
Henry, J. G., 1B 3B 5B 6B 13A 14A.	Wickham, D. W., 1B 5B 6B 18B 19B.
Hetherington, J. J., 1B 5B 6B 13A 14B.	Wilkinson, J. W., 1A 5H(2) 6B 13A 36B.
Hill, G. J., 1A 2A 3A 7B 9A 14B.	Wilkinson, K. G., 1A 9B 12B 19B.
Hincks, K. R., 1B 7B 9B 14A 18B 19A.	
Holt, J. R., 5B 6B 13B 14B.	
Inglis, R. K., 1H(2) 7B 9B 19A.	
Jones, G. R., 1B 9B 18B 19A.	
Larcombe, P. C. B., 1A 2A 3A (o) 4A 7A 9H(1).	

University Exhibitions: Arts—P. C. Larcombe, J. E. Mills; Medicine—R. W. Beal; Engineering—J. Cleary, D. J. Douglas; Science—T. Sheedy; Dentistry—W. Steel.

Honours: English—R. W. Beal, K. R. Bignill, R. K. Inglis; Mathematics I.—D. J. Douglas, J. W. Wilkinson; Mathematics II.—A. Pattison; History—P. C. Larcombe, J. E. Mills; Physics—J. E. Cleary, D. J. Douglas, T. J. Sheedy, J. C. Sticpewich; Chemistry—J. E. Cleary; Geography—J. A. Wallis.

Commonwealth Scholarships: R. Beal, J. Cleary, T. Dobinson, D. Douglas, J. Hanley, G. Henry, G. Hill, P. Larcombe, J. Mills, T. Sheedy, W. Steel, J. Sticpewich, C. Taylor.

Chamber of Commerce Scholarship: K. Hincks.

C.W.S. Scholarship: J. McIntosh.

Hemingway and Robertson Scholarship: L. Adam.

Blennerhasset Scholarships: B. Dennewald, J. Woods.

Teachers' College Scholarships: B. Bint, L. Burwell, B. Cobb, W. Charlton, T. Cupit, G. Dunn, D. Dyer, K. Gosper, J. Holt, N. Palmer, J. Read, R. Reece, J. McIntosh, H. Scott, T. Sheedy, D. Wickham, K. Wilkinson.

INTERMEDIATE PASSES, 1950

Adamson, C. J.; Allen, P. H. P.; Atkins, A. S.; Barnes, S. W.; Barnett, D. A.; Barrett, J. E.; Beck, M. M.; Blackwell, J. W.; Blaxland, G. L.; Booth, R. G.; Broadbent, D. J.; Brown, C. W.; Bryant, G. W.; Burns, G. S.; Burns, P. C.; Campbell, J. E.; Carruthers, A. J.; Chillingworth, R. E.; Clarke, D. D.; Clifford, L. T.; Clulow, K.; Corlis, B. E.; Cowan, D. J.; Cowen, W. J.; Crozier, H. C.; Cummings, A. H.; Cummings, P. R.; Cunningham, R. A.; Davies, D. M.; Deans, D. P.; Drinkwater, J. C.; Edwards, K. W.; Ellis, L. G.; Evans, D.; Farrell, J. E.; Flanagan, R. A.; Fowell, M. D.; Fyfe, I. J.; Gibb, G. D.; Gibbins, I. D.; Greedy, S. E.; Green, H. J. C.; Groth, F. B. J.; Hall, K. J.; Hall, W. A.; Harrower, C. M.; Healy, P. A.; Higgs, M. C.; Hilliard, D. V.; Hodge, R. E.; Hughes, G.; Hutchinson, A.; Imrie, K. S.; Jackson, B. A.; Jenkins, G. A.; Jones, R. G.; Jones, S. P.; Kafer, N. F.; Keane, C. P.; Keith, D.; Kelso, S. J.; Kemple, B. J.; Kirkby, P. S.; Layt, J. E.; Leaver, J. W.; Lyons, J. M.; McClenahan, N. W.; McCune, D. V.; McDonald, K.; McKenzie, R.; McMurtrie, W. K.; Mansfield, J.; Matthews, W. A.; Maughan, R. C.; Mercer, J.; Miller, B. R.; Miller, K. W.; Mingay, J. W.; Mitchell, J. T.; Mitchell, R. J.; Moore, H. G.; Moran, B. L.; Morgan, D. E.; Morgan, T. O.; Morris, A. P.; Needs, F. C.; Nelson, G. G.; Nelson, J. M.; Noyes, A.; O'Brien, P. P.; Ostinga, K. A. A.; Owen, A. E.; Park, R. M.; Parkinson, P. A.; Patey, M. H.; Penman, R. T.; Penn, J.; Peterson, E. R.; Piggford, G. S.; Pilcher, H. C.; Ray, C. J. A.; Ray, P. W.; Renton, D. T.; Reynolds, V. G.; Roach, E. J.; Roach, J.; Roxby, J. V.; Rymer, A. M.; Scarr, J. P.; Scott, J. H.; Scott, K.; Sharpe, R. B.; Shearman, G. N.; Sheehan, W. H.; Smith, A.; Smith, B. G.; Smith, E. H.; Spitzkowsky, C. W.; Stephenson, J. W.; Stevenson, R. G.; Streeter, K. J.; Tate, J. W.; Taylor, J. D.; Todd, J. D.; Tresidder, W. D.; Ward, D. G.; Warnaby, T.R.; Westbrook, G.; Whitton, J.; Williams, J. F.; Williams, R. H.; Wolfgram, F. E.; Woods, J. W.

Intermediate Bursaries: K. Imrie, R. Flanagan, G. Jenkins, M. Beck.

PRIZE LIST

James Meikle Memorial Prize for Dux: D. J. Douglas.

Elizabeth Meikle Memorial Prize for Dux (Girls' High): Marion Lanesbury.

Ross Mearns Prize: K. Gosper.

Basil Helmore Prize: K. Scott.

Captain John Cleary Memorial Prizes: R. K. Inglis (L.C. English); P. C. Larcombe (L.C. History).

W. V. Cochrane Memorial Prize: J. E. Cleary (L.C. Chemistry).

Allan J. Way Prizes: D. J. Douglas (L.C. Physics); D. Barnes (4th year Physics); D. Barnes (4th year Chemistry).

James William Armstrong Memorial Prize: J. Miles (4th year Economics).

School Prize for Captain: Grahame Henry.

Current Affairs Prizes: junior—N. Harrison; senior—G. Jenks.

Best Passes at Leaving Certificate: D. J. Douglas, P. C. Larcombe, J. E. Cleary, W. Steel, T. J. Sheedy, R. W. Beal.

Subject Prizes at Leaving Certificate: English—R. K. Inglis; Latin—P. C. Larcombe; French—P. C. Larcombe; German—P. C. Larcombe; Math. I.—D. J. Douglas; Maths. II.—A. Pattison; Gen. Maths.—P. C. Larcombe; Modern Hist.—P. C. Larcombe; Combined Physics and Chemistry—R. E. Reece; Physics—D. J. Douglas; Chemistry—J. E. Cleary; Geography—J. A. Wallis; Economics—J. McIntosh; Tech. Drawing—A. Pattison.

Fourth Year Prizes: D. Barnes (dux), M. Smith, G. Jenks, J. Miles, B. Whitehead, R. Boyd.

Fourth Year Certificates: English—J. Miles; History—M. Allwood, J. Miles (aeq.); Geography—X. Jobson; Latin—A. Murphy; French—J. Miles; German—J. Miles; Maths. I.—D. Barnes; Maths. II.—G. Jenks; Gen. Maths.—D. Bluford; Combined Physics and Chemistry—D. Bluford, A. Murphy (aeq.); Physics—D. Barnes; Chemistry—D. Barnes; Economics—J. Miles; Technical Drawing—B. Wearne.

Third Year Prizes: R. Flanagan (dux), P. Healy, A. Smith, G. Hughes, K. Imrie, T. Morgan, J. Whitton (aeq.).

Third Year Certificates: English—P. Allen; History—E. Hodge; Social Studies—M. Patey; Latin—R. Flanagan; French—P. Healy, A. Smith (aeq.); German—A. Smith; Maths. I.—R. Flanagan; Maths. II.—J. Whitton; Combined Physics and Chemistry—T. Morgan; Business Principles—B. Groth; Technical Drawing—A. Morris, J. Penn (aeq.); 1st in 3A—P. Allen; 1st in 3B—W. Brandrick; 1st in 3C—A. Cummings; 1st in 3D—D. Deans; 1st in 3E—J. Scarr.

Second Year Prizes: R. Cooper (dux), D. Laycock, P. Cole, M. Cotterill, G. Firkin, R. Douglas.

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First Year Prizes: J. Marquet (dux), V. Carroll, D. Beach, C. Whitehead, M. Bailey, A. Williams.

First Year Certificates: English—J. Marquet; History—R. Saunders; French—C. Whitehead; Latin—C. Whitehead; Maths. I.—A. Findlay, D. Beach (aeq.); Maths. II.—A. Williams, V. Carroll, D. Beach, J. Marquet (aeq.); Combined Physics and Chemistry—K. Osborne; Woodwork—A. Williams; Technical Drawing—R. Long; Social Studies—B. Suters; Geography—B. Jenkins; 1st in 1A—J. Marquet; 1st in 1B—J. Horne; 1st in 1C—A. Williams; 1st in 1D—J. Lloyd; 1st in 1E—B. Jenkins.

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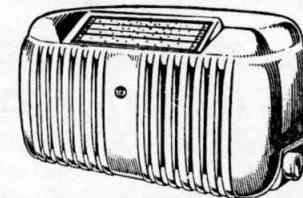


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CLUB REPORTS

Senior Debating: It is pleasing to notice that a great deal more interest was shown in this year's Senior Debating Club than in the Junior Club of 1950, membership having almost doubled.

Owing to many and various interruptions during first term, the number of debates was few and those that were held had to be cut short merely because of the shortage of time. It is regrettable that debaters who are required to speak for ten minutes in a Hume Barbour series cannot finish a debate, with six minutes per speaker, without taking up part of the lunch hour.

In the second term, however, we managed to carry out many keen and closely-contested debates amongst ourselves. Most of the topics were based on current controversies—the Korean problem, compulsory training, gambling, suicide and so on. Beside the conventional debates, we held a few impromptu and informal discussions. These proved very interesting, mainly because the views put forward were spontaneous and represented the speaker's true opinion, which may not be so in a debate.

To my mind, by far the best debate was that on which Geoff. Mould and Tom Collins waxed so eloquently "that modern youth is going to the dogs." These two speakers are perhaps the two most promising in the club, especially Tom Collins, who looks like becoming a prominent parliamentarian. The 1950 Hume Barbour Team, D. Kelly, G. Bradford, A. Murphy and J. Miles were also versatile speakers.

Our club debated against the juniors on two occasions (and was beaten once!), provided an adjudicator for an excellent 4th year v. 3rd year debate, and in A. Murphy and D. Kelly provided the winner and runner-up in the Royal Empire Society Public Speaking Competition.

Our only Hume-Barbour debate was against Sydney High in a quarter-final. Our opponents managed to convince the adjudicator that the day of the great city was far from over but J. Miles and A. Murphy, greatly strengthened by the fiery lashes of our whip, T. Collins, brought the scores as close as 233—229. Congratulations to Sydney High who should win the final.

Our thanks and sincere appreciation go to Mr. Ingram, who, at all times, strove to see that every member of the club could express himself fluently before an audience. Thanks also to Mr. Beard who ably adjudicated our debate against the juniors and who delivered an interesting and exceptionally useful criticism.

It must be urged that more and more boys should join debating clubs. A school debating club is not only for the Socrates of the future; it does not cater solely for those wishing to become public orators. Its aim should be to teach logical thinking, clarity, explicitness and economy of speech, and, above all, confidence. Without confidence, true eloquence cannot come and logic is wasted. That is where Newcastle High failed in the Hume-Barbour series, although



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the logic of our juniors was too much for the sugared tongue of Sydney Technical High. But it was plain to see, with both teams, that, while our logic and thinking were on a higher plane than those of the visitors, our confidence was shaky and thus our eloquence was undermined. Only by gaining the experience from participating wholeheartedly in a number of debates, can Newcastle High debaters achieve confidence and thus success. (J. Miles, 5th year.)

Fourth Year Debating: Under the guidance of Mr. Hyland the members of this club have learnt much of the art of public speaking this year, and have practised it on many occasions in debates and impromptu speeches. Within the group itself debates have been held on subjects suggested by the members, and impromptu speeches for or against some topic have been made by members during meetings for which no debates had been arranged. Debates have been held against the Junior and Senior Club. The first was a debate with the Junior Club about the value of the coloured magazines known as "Comics." In this the junior team, which was the Government, won narrowly. Recently a debate was held to give some more practice to the team selected for the Junior Hume-Barbour competition, and on July 23rd before the Senior Assembly our team, as the Opposition, won a debate against the Senior Club, the subject being, "That this house is in favour of state lotteries." The team selected for the Junior Hume-Barbour competition consisted of the following members: T. Morgan, 4A (Leader), D. Clarke, 4B (Second Speaker), K. Scott, 4A (Third Speaker), and E. Temby, 3D (Reserve). In the Newcastle District Competition our team, being the only team to enter, won by a forfeit. On Thursday, August 2nd, a debate between the Junior Hume-Barbour and the Senior Hume-Barbour teams on the subject "that the creation of a new state is in the best interests of Newcastle" was won by the senior team which was the Opposition. The next day debate between our Junior Hume-Barbour team and the one from Sydney Technical High School was held. This debate on the subject "that the present immigration policy is in the best interests of Australia" was in the quarter final of the Junior Hume-Barbour Competition and was won by the Government, our team. (P. Healy, C. Green.)

The Sketch Club: This year the Sketch Club, under the patronage of Mr. Holmes, has made good progress. In it there are now some 25 to 30 members, all of whom pay 3d. weekly, which goes towards prizes for a competition held at the end of each term. At the time of writing only one such competition has been decided, in which the prizes were divided into 4 groups, namely senior portrait and landscape, and junior portrait and landscape. The sections were won respectively by A. Hutchinson, the club secretary, W. Tresidder, K. Tresise and B. Naylor. In addition to these competitions, members bring in pieces of work for criticism by both Mr. Holmes and the club members. In

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conclusion we, the members of the Sketch Club, would like to thank Mr. Holmes for his patronage and interest during the year. (B. Sharpe, 4A.)

The Photographic Club: This has been a very successful year for the Photographic Club, our greatest achievement being the purchase of a new enlarger. The standard of enlargements now turned out is one of which a professional might well be proud. The Club has fired many of the beginners with an immense enthusiasm for photography as a hobby and has taught them the finer points of developing and printing. Some of the more advanced members have converted old cameras to make their own enlargers. Each member of the club pays the small fee of 3d. per week with which equipment and chemicals are bought, Geoff Jenkins being our capable secretary-treasurer. During the hobbies periods we are given invaluable talks and demonstrations by Mr. Berriman on many aspects of photography. Those wanting to enlarge photos. have a darkroom and the club's equipment at their disposal. Their zeal is so great that some members stay behind after school to continue enlarging. Competitions are run at intervals under various titles, such as "Waterside Scene" and "Men at Work." Entries are collected by competition secretary, John Tate, and prizes are awarded to the winners.

On one Thursday several boys brought their cameras to school and took pictures of other school hobbies activities.

All members are extremely grateful for the interest shown by Mr. Berriman, whose wide experience and knowledge have made the club so successful. (E. Hodge, Darkroom Supervisor.)

Stamp Club: Sponsored by Mr. R. Grierson and under the presidency of 5th year Brian Relf, who has been ably assisted by his competent secretary, 2nd year Robert Ferguson, the Stamp Club has functioned smoothly throughout the year. A great deal of interest has been shown by the thirty or more members and there has been great appreciation of the talks and displays given by outside ladies and gentlemen amongst whom we must mention and thank Mrs. Rock and Messrs. Mole, Gerrard, Young and Fraser.

The 4th year treasurer, Robert Stevenson, has received the small voluntary subscriptions of members and the funds have been devoted to useful prizes awarded in various competitions and quizzes which have given greatly added interest to the meetings.

Prior to the end of the year we hope to ho'd stamp displays arranged by members from their collections. Mention has been made from time to time of the club and its activities in the "Australian Stamp Monthly."

All members of the club will join in their appreciation of the president's work and he is sure to be missed when he relinquishes his presidential duties.

Stamp collectors are usually most enthusiastic about their hobby and this fact seemingly cannot be explained to those outside their



GYMNASTICS GROUP

BACK ROW: M. Phillips, D. Ward, H. Flanagan, G. Boyle, N. Sands, W. Matthews, P. Goninan, N. Doyle.
 CENTRE: J. Perkins, R. Moore, P. Snelson, G. Lawson, G. Urpeth, T. Wood, R. Wood, J. Sheehan, S. Ross, J. Croft, T. Davies, S. McLean, C. Ray, K. Scott.
 FRONT ROW: A. Carroll, W. Gulliver, V. Hiles, R. Chadban, A. Thomas, L. Roberts, L. Maughan, B. Ableson, A. Colgan, R. Morris, J. Craig.

ranks. To the outsider the hobby of Philately never seems capable of being worth serious interest; but throughout the world great statesmen, prominent citizens in all walks of life, and indeed Royalty, show a lifetime of devotion to this most intelligent and instructive of hobbies. (S. Cotton, 4D.).

Dramatic Society: The Dramatic Society has had a successful year, although frequently interrupted by school activities. Interesting and instructive lectures were given on the Elizabethan Theatre, the Interlude, and Morality Plays. Many plays by prominent playwrights, "The Imaginary Invalid" by Moliere, "Time and the Conways" by Priestley. "Caroline Chisholm" by Dann, have been read. Some of our members figured in "Vendetta" and "A Night at An Inn." Throughout the year the Dramatic Society has been capably managed by Mr. McFarlane. (K. Clulow, 4A.)

School Service: During the year this club has completed many odd jobs about the school. One of the main jobs was the hanging of Current Affairs posters. Early in the year the club repaired the photographs in the corridors and rooms. Don Barnett, Bill Twaddle and Kev. Steel are the only members of the club, and, under the supervision of Mr. A. Clarke, they have a big job ahead in preparing a gallery of photographs. The main heading is "50 Years of Progress," but the sub-headings are "Britain To-day," "India," and the "Manchester District." These photographs are for the northern end of the corridor. The work is interesting, and new members are needed and would be most welcome in our club. (K. Steel, 3D.)

Gymnastics: A successful year, marked by increased membership, the maintenance of the past high standard, and appearances in several public displays, has passed. The addition of chosen juniors to the club has swollen our numbers; yet, because of the guidance of Messrs. Judge and Smith, this has not lowered individual or collective ability.

Displays of tumbling, vaulting, and pyramids were made in the Schools' Jubilee Pageant, at the school concert, and during Health Week both in front of the Newcastle Post Office and in the City Hall. The 5th year members did not appear during Health Week—they were busy with Pre-Leaving.

The club wishes to thank our instructors for their hard work and Pat Goninan, who donated a springboard for our use. (J. Mulholland, 5D.)

Chess: This year the junior and senior chess clubs have been combined under the capable supervision of Mr. Davies. There are about 30 members but a shortage of chess sets does not permit everyone to play every time we meet. Mr. Davies watches the matches and corrects faults in play by members. At the beginning of the year he taught new members to play chess and his instruction has assisted us

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all to improve our play. One of our members, D. Laycock of 3A, won a prize in the "Sunday Herald" competition. This year, two competitions have been held. The championship competition was contested by six members of the club and the rest of the club competed in a knock-out competition. The club championship has not yet been decided. The knock-out competition was won by R. Evans of 3A. (D. Barnes, 5A.)

Library Club: This club has increased from twenty-one in 1950 to twenty-eight in 1951. The patron is Miss Morison, the president is Brian Whitehead, the vice-presidents are C. McCosker and B. Smith. The treasurer is B. Corlis and the secretary is R. Wilson. The library club is in reality a school welfare club, for many damaged books have been bound. To bind a book, a piece of cardboard the size of the spine of the book is cut out. Then a strong fibre material is cut out according to the size of the book. The new spine is glued to the fibre material which is in turn glued to the damaged book. The bound book is put away and allowed to stick together. The catalogue number is printed on the spine and then the book is placed on the shelves ready for circulation. Great care is taken to ensure the best results. The shelves are tidied, new books numbered and new book covers placed on show. The club is also interested in local history. Miss Morison has read articles from the Newcastle and Hunter District Historical Society's Monthly Journal. All articles proved very interesting. The work done is very enlightening and benefits both the school and the boys, who enjoy the club's activities. (R. J. Wilson, Sec.)

The Flute Band: Since its inception early in 1950, the flute band, meeting in hobbies period and on Friday at lunch time, has been making pleasing progress. The band, once entirely of recorders, is now made up of eight descant recorders, one treble recorder, five flutes, one concert flute, and one piccolo, under the supervision of Mr. M. W. Brown. The flutes used are the "B" flat school flutes, and are played transversely, or crosswise, like the concert flute. The recorder, an instrument popular in Bach's time, is blown at one end, like a clarinet. The band seldom plays in unison, but often plays in four parts, and we are extremely grateful to Mr. Brown, who has spent much time in arranging the four part harmony.

The flute band performed very successfully at Speech Night under the baton of Mr. Brown. The pieces played were "A Roving I Will Go," "My Love's an Arbutus," and "Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron." A quartet, consisting of a "B" flat flute, a concert flute, a treble recorder and a descant recorder, performed separately in the second item. (K. McDonald, 4A.)

Engineering Drawing: The Engineering Drawing Club was formed at the beginning of this year, and is proving to be a popular hobby for the members. The membership has increased and the club is open to all boys interested.

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Our activities are making drawings of engineering objects and having discussions with Mr. Hainsworth, the club patron, on engineering subjects. The talks are held on the first Thursday of each month, and some of the topics have included internal and external combustion engines, and some methods of manufacture used in the local industries. (H. Myers and R. Webb, 2C.)

Junior Debating: The club, led by a committee of three and Mr. Judd, made progress this year. We have a greater number of first and second year students than in previous years and have tried to give these boys a firm knowledge of some of the arts of debating.

We do this by witnessing all the Hume-Barbour debates held at this school and by listening to talks by Mr. Beard and to remarks by the adjudicators at the close of each debate.

A team consisting of M. Temby, D. Martin and I. Ford defeated the Junior Hume-Barbour team and M. Temby was selected as a reserve against North Sydney High in a debate in which our team was successful.

The club aims to teach the younger boys some of the arts of debating so that they may be able to take their place in senior teams in years to come. (I. Ford, 3B.)

Film Club: The club continues to present aspects of films and film making technique to a large group numbering over two hundred.

In the early part of the year the projector was being overhauled in Sydney and thus was not available to the club, but during that time Mr. Hodge gave interesting talks on various techniques employed in the production of film plays and the various "trick" shots employed.

Club discussions and film quizzes also helped to fill in the waiting time.

In order that the club should have an opportunity to study the methods employed thirty years ago, several Chaplin films were obtained and exhibited. They illustrated the "slapstick" type of comedy which depends on incident rather than dialogue, and the club members were interested to observe that the "close-up" shot had not been in common use at the time.

They also were unanimously of the opinion that the age of the film did not diminish Chaplin's power to entertain.

The outstanding documentary film of the year undoubtedly was "Tennessee Valley," which tells the story of a backward, eroded region and its rehabilitation by means of flood-control and soil conservation. The film taught a valuable lesson in showing that the regeneration of the region resulted in the economic and social salvation of its inhabitants.

It is hoped that the lessons learned in club discussions and talks will enable members to make a more selective and critical approach to films generally.



TENNIS TEAMS. Premiers All Grades.

FRONT ROW (Under 14): J. Sheehan, J. Hamonet, W. Kirkby (Captain), G. Ryan, W. Turner.
 SECOND ROW (First Grade): P. Myers, Mr. A. M. Clarke (Coach), D. Willis (Captain), J. Layt. Absent, P. Dickson.
 THIRD ROW (Second Grade): J. Cameron (Captain), J. Shearman A. Smith, G. Davies.
 FOURTH ROW: G. Taylor, I. Williams, P. Sutcliffe, D. Martyn (Captain), J. Berrill.
 BACK ROW (Under 16 P.S.A.A.A. Team): B. Dalton, G. Marshall, S. Kelso (Captain), R. Flanagan.

SPORT

Blues Awarded, 1950:

Cricket—D. Willis, G. Mould, P. Heyen.

Rugby—J. Dimmock, L. Adam, G. Henry, J. Hetherington.

Soccer—B. Strang, D. Renton, K. Davies, K. Scott, R. McKenzie, K. Grant.

Tennis—D. Wickham, D. Willis, J. Layt, P. Dickson.

Athletics—K. Gosper, G. Jones, K. King.

Tennis

From all aspects, this year has been the most successful the school has ever had. Every team won its competition and the school acquired new courts at Scholey Street, Mayfield.

In the past years, only the best 16 players were able to play grade tennis; but this year this was overcome by entering an under 16 years team in the P.S.A.A.A. competition and holding practice squads of team reserves on the school courts. If the boys in these reserve groups improved, they were included in the grade teams.

In first grade, the school team went through undefeated losing only four sets out of forty. Don Willis, who captained the team, and Paul Dickson did not lose a set in the whole competition. Don and Paul were devastating this year as a doubles pair. They were well supported by Jim Layt and Peter Myers. Paul and Peter played fine tennis this season and were selected in an under 15 state team to tour Queensland. These two boys have good possibilities and are well on their way to major honours.

In second grade, our team was also undefeated in the six matches played. The seconds were capably led by Jeff Cameron and included a good doubles pair in Jerry Davies and Geoff Shearman, who, when promoted to first grade in the absence of Peter and Paul, won their four sets. This shows the strength of our seconds.

The new under 16 team in the P.S.A.A.A. competition did not lose a match. Stuart Kelso, the captain, and Dick Flanagan are a particularly good combination. Marshall and Dalton of fourth year, were the second pair of this sound team.

The under 15 team was the only team to lose a match. It was defeated by Maitland High after very close sets. Actually, our team led on games, but the sets were 5 to 3 in favour of Maitland. The four members of this team rely mainly on consistency, particularly Martyn and Taylor, who are a strong combination in their division.

The under 14 team was one of the strongest age teams that the school has had for many years. The team consisted of Warren Kirkby (captain), Jim Hamonet, Bill Turner and Graham Ryan. This team won 47 sets in 7 matches, a splendid performance.

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Our first graders again dominated the Combined Northern District High Schools' team, which played Sydney in July. Don Willis, Jim Layt, Paul Dickson and Peter Myors were selected, but unfortunately Peter had to try out for the state team in Sydney and missed the opportunity of playing against the Sydney boys. Don Willis was captain of the C.N.D.H.S. team.

Besides excelling in school competitions, some of our boys have gained other fine honours. Not only did we have two state representatives, but five of our boys were chosen for a coaching class to be held at Cessnock during the September vacation under Mr. J. Coady, a coach employed by the N.S.W.L.T.A. The boys selected were Stuart Kelso, Tony Smith, Geoff. Shearman, Dick Flanagan and Warren Kirkby.

Our boys also won four events at the Hunter Valley Junior Championships, which were held at Maitland during the September holidays. Paul Dickson won the under 14 singles and the under 14 doubles with Warren Kirkby. Paul was also runner-up in the under 16 singles, which was a good effort. Jim Layt with Eric Parsons, a prominent junior, won the under 16 and the under 18 doubles championships after hard matches. Two thirteen year olds, John Grey and Graham Ryan, did well to reach the final of the under 14 doubles.

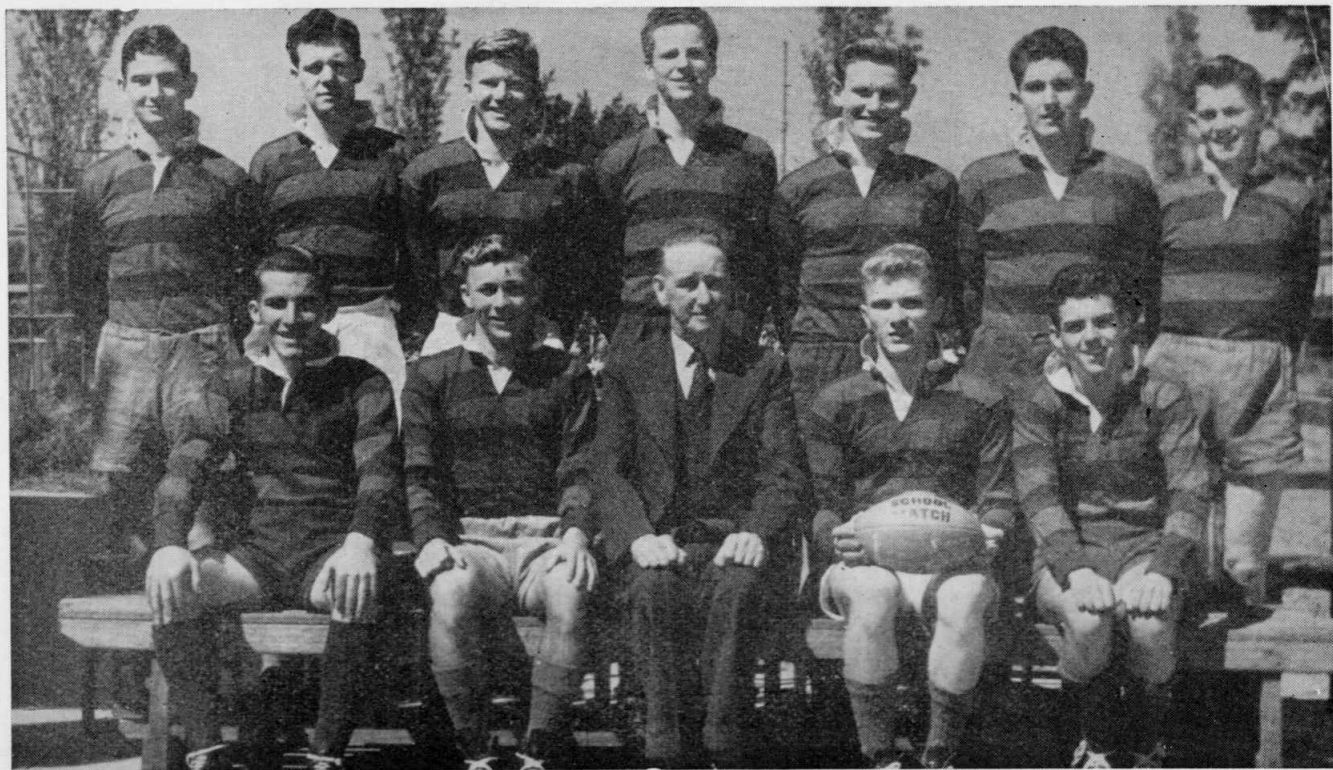
At the beginning of the tennis season, the school held a tournament, the proceeds of which were to go to the Rubber Flooring Fund. Although the standard of tennis was high, the number of entries was disappointing, as the tournament only raised £3. The winners, Tony Smith and Geoff Shearman, played good tennis throughout and deserved their win. The secretaries, Dick Flanagan, Jim Layt and Tony Smith, thank Mr. Clarke for the help he gave in running this tournament.

On Thursday, 13th September, the school firsts played Teachers' College at District Park. The match was very close, the sets being four all, but on the count-back our school won by four games. The College team consisted of Alan Eggington, a former first grade captain of the school, Don Tyson, Bruce O'Leary and Jim McLeod. Paul Dickson and Don Willis won a set against both college pairs and Jim Layt with Peter Myors took both sets against the college's second pair. This gave the school a well merited victory. The competition was very good and it is to be hoped that this match will be an annual affair.

The school wishes to thank Mr. K. Dickson, of Stockton, for his generous donation of £2 towards the purchase of balls for the school tennis competition.

A special tribute must be paid to Mr. Clarke, Mr. Ingram and Mr. Davies, who have put tremendous effort into the organising of the school teams, and the development of the younger players (J. Layt, 4A.)

(This page donated by LYSAGHT'S LTD.)



FIRST GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE

BACK ROW: T. Webb, J. Blackley, B. Munro, G. Mould, M. Allwood, J. Ferguson, K. King.

FRONT ROW: C. McCosker, A. Davidson, Mr. A. H. Hodge (Coach), A. Braye (Capt.), J. Cornelius.

(Block donated by G. Caldwell, Jeweller.)

Rugby League

First Grade: During the season the team played ten games, four of which were won and six lost. Ninety-five points were scored for the school and 84 were scored against it. Of the two University Shield games the first against Muswellbrook was won (24—0), and that against Gosford was lost (13—4) before a crowd of 1500 people. The results indicate that the team was very close to the top of the division but just lacked that extra polish which wins competitions.

The team was led by Alan Braye who scored 16 points of the total. His leadership was of great value to the team. The spear-head of attack was Alan Davidson who at half-back inspired the team and scored thirty-eight points during the season (4 tries, 12 goals). His sound defence, tactical knowledge and generalship as vice-captain enabled him to initiate many scoring moves and control the trend of play. Of the other backs, Geoff. Mould at five-eighth played very soundly and Trevor Webb at full-back developed into a safe and reliable last line of defence. Ken King and Colin Keane lent valuable assistance when called on to deputise for absent players. In the forwards, Colin McCosker, despite his lack of weight, played a sterling game in every match and as rake won more than his share of the ball. John Ferguson was a tireless and rugged worker and Max Allwood ably supported him. C. Ambrose and J. Kempster also were prominent in second-row and lock positions, and D. Ryan displayed a talent for attack.

The team as a whole appeared to have the necessary skill and vigour but it met with misfortunes at intervals and often failed to do itself justice. Those members who remain at school in 1952 will form a worthwhile nucleus for the First Thirteen. (Mr. A. H. Hodge.)

Second Grade: This year, although we had a well balanced team, we lost the Dodd Shield to Maitland Marist Brothers. The team combined well to go through the minor competition without having its line crossed, but in the major competition, our inside backs failed to tackle and consequently we were beaten in our last two games. Our best player by far was J. Barr, who was always in condition and always on the ball. The forwards played well throughout the season, having a fair share of the ball from scrums and rucks. Our best backs were our flank men, Clulow and Mahoney, who tackled and penetrated well throughout the season. We won four games, lost three, and drew one with Morpeth. The team finished third in the competition, and many should prove strong contenders for the firsts next year. (T. Smith, 3D.)

Third Grade: The 3rd grade this year had a very successful season, and finished up undefeated premiers. Only one drawn match was played, this being against Marist Brothers (Hamilton). The team's success was due mainly to Mr. Storer's excellent methods of coaching and the great amount of time he gave for the benefit of the team. The team was captained by M. Fowell, with J. McCosker

as vice-captain. McCosker in half position played wonderfully constructive football and started many fine movements. Other backs were P. Ray, B. Adams, K. Clulow and D. Mann, who backed up well and played good football. The most outstanding forward was R. Green, whose clean and quick mode of play made him a good pack leader. Other forwards were W. Cowen as rake, J. McKenzie, B. Thompson, P. Houlohan and B. Smith, who all played well. The team, unfortunately, was without a kicker and as a result only 6 points came from Kicks. Regular practices and good team spirit contributed greatly to the success of the team. (M. D. Fowell.)

Sixth Grade: This team had a very successful season and finished co-premiers with Hamilton Marist Brothers. In early matches our forwards were not strong, but as the season progressed, developed into a fine combination under the leadership of G. Lewis. Of the backs, R. Wilson, who scored 38 points, S. Morgan, B. Coxhell and R. Penman were most prominent. Nine competition matches were played, only one being lost. Our greatest achievement was a 5—3 win over Hamilton Marists who had defeated us 6—0 earlier in the season. The team scored 121 points to 15 against. Our thanks go to Mr. Cochrane whose help as coach played a major part in the team's success. (R. Penman, 4C.)

Seventh Grade: This year the 6 stone 7 team had a poor season as far as the competition was concerned. We won only one game. However, several games were very closely contested. The highlight of the season was a trip to Gosford. After a bad start we were down 11 to 2 but held our opponents to these scores. Our best players were Craig, who ably led the side, Wells and Lynch in the forwards, and Bannister, Reece and Haynes in the backs. The team wishes to thank Mr. Smith for his coaching and for accompanying us on our trips. (N. Wells.)

Eighth Grade: This team, under the able coaching of Mr. Bailey, did not produce football up to the standard anticipated after practice games. The season consisted of 9 games including 3 wins, 5 losses and 1 drawn match. Two games were unable to be played because of wet weather. In one or two games a few players became a trifle hasty and had to be cautioned. Not playing the ball correctly and lack of combination were the main faults. However, the team put up one very good performance against Maitland High, the result being a 3 all draw in a very hard fought game. The team included five first year pupils, namely, T. Wood, R. Wood, M. Urpeth, G. Jones and L. Roberts, all of whom showed plenty of promise. (R. Owens, 2D.)

Cricket

Combined High Schools' Cricket Team: We congratulate D. Willis, G. Mould and G. Marshall, who are our representatives in the C.N.H.S. cricket team to play the Metropolitan High Schools team in Sydney on November 27th. Don Willis is captain of the northern team.

First XI: This year our 1st eleven met with well deserved success. Our success was mainly due to the fine team spirit which prevailed throughout the competition. The opening match of the season was against Technical High. They batted first and were able to score only 102 runs against the good bowling of Allan Davidson. However, our innings began very badly and at the end of the day we found ourselves with 5 wickets down for only 27 runs, a really hopeless position. Luck was with us because next week it rained and the match was drawn. Our next match was an all day one against Gosford. We batted first and owing to fine batting by Druery, 44 runs, and Marshall, 32 runs, we scored 140 runs. Gosford in reply were all out for 52 runs. Doug. Ryan bowled excellently and finished with the remarkable figures of 7 wickets for 28 runs. Geoff Mould was the star in our next match against Hamilton Marist whom we defeated by 1 run. Geoff bowled remarkably well and finished with 5 wickets for 5 runs. The next match against Cessnock proved to be a great success for us because we had an outright win. Cessnock in their 1st innings made 62 runs, and in reply we lost 6 wickets for 108 declared. Cessnock in their 2nd innings made 10 runs, Mould and Druery sharing the bowling honours by taking 5 for 7 and 4 for 2 respectively.

Three of our players, Mould, Druery and Willis, were chosen in the Combined High Schools' team.

The team at present is in second position, but it hopes to better this position by the end of the season. (Don Willis, capt.)

Second XI: This season has been a very successful one for the second eleven. The first match was abandoned without play because of rain, but in the other two games we recorded creditable wins. At Robin's Oval in Maitland, Morpeth, our opponents, batted first and were dismissed for 50, owing to a fine bowling performance by L. Ellis who took 7 for 10 including the "hat-trick." We replied with 5 for 110 declared, the best scores being made by L. Ellis 24, N. Statham 38 not out, and T. Smith 35 not out. In their second innings, Morpeth scored 46 with C. Atherton taking 6 for 17, and thus we won the match by an innings and 14 runs. In our next game at Waratah Oval against Cessnock we batted first and scored 8 for 105 declared, the captain, G. Hughes, topscoring with 28 after an early collapse. J. Stephenson 20, and W. Strang 18, helped considerably in the compiling of our score. Cessnock in their first innings were dismissed for 34 and following on scored 22. Best bowling figures were obtained by A. Rymer, whose bowling analysis for the match was 11 for 16—a brilliant effort. We won this match comfortably by an innings and 49 runs. T. Smith heads the batting average with an average of 35 and L. Ellis and A. Rymer take the honours in bowling by sharing 21 wickets. The team is thankful for the coaching of Messrs. Ingram and Clarke, whose keenness is mainly responsible for our position at the head of the table, and we are confident of retaining this lead when the competition is resumed in the third term. (G. Hughes, 4A.)



FIRST ELEVEN

BACK ROW: L. Ellis, J. Gill, G. Marshall, R. O'Brien, G. Davies, K. Scott.

FRONT ROW: A. Davidson, J. Layt, G. Mould, Mr. J. Burrows, D. Willis (Captain), H. Moore, T. Smith.

(Block donated by Commonwealth Steel Co. Ltd.)

B Grade Local: This team did reasonably well for the first half-season. P. Sutcliffe, the captain, was the outstanding player and was rewarded by being selected for the New South Wales representative team. In the first match against Technical High School, the best bowler was P. Dickson, who took five wickets for nine runs. B. Williams and P. Sutcliffe took two wickets each in this match. Technical High scored forty-one hard-earned runs. At the end of the first day we were one wicket for eighteen runs, Doyle scoring nine not out. Prospects for an outright win were pleasing. However, on the second day it rained and washed out our chances, so we had to be content with a draw. Our match against Junior High resulted in a win by six runs for Junior High. Our highest scorer was Dickson who scored thirteen. Sutcliffe took six for eighteen. In the following match against Plattsburg, Whitehead top-scored with ten runs. The bowlers again saved the day, Williams taking six for eleven and Gledhill two for seven. This game we won by seven runs. Thus we procured fifteen points in the first round. I would like to thank Mr. Abrahams for his keen interest in coaching the team. (A. Barclay, 3B.)

B Grade Travelling: The third grade team has had a good deal of bad luck this season. On occasions when the team seemed certain of an outright, or at least a comfortable win, rain caused the matches to be drawn. In the first match against Technical, our bowlers displayed splendid form by getting 6 wickets for 3 runs, Lumby and Braggett each taking three wickets. Against Maitland Marist McCosker scored a fine 58, while Lumby and Wellham helped the team to victory with good bowling performances. Perhaps the best batting performance was the opening partnership of McCosker and Myers against Hamilton Marist. This produced 80 runs, and laid the foundation of a big score. An unfortunate incident was the loss of the team to Cessnock, when several of the players were absent with the N.S.W. team. However, the team is hopeful of better luck later in the season, and a possible competition win. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Bowser for his active and keen interest in the coaching of the team. (R. Roberts, 3B.).

C Grade Local: This team, captained by John Gray, has had a very good record and is looking forward to the cricket in the third term when it hopes to win the competition. To date it has not suffered a defeat. The first match against Plattsburg resulted in a first innings win for N.B.H. with 112 runs to Plattsburg's 14. A. Thomas scored 37 in this match for N.B.H. Rain prevented play in the second innings. In our second match, which was against Junior High, we succeeded in winning outright with 123 runs to 29. R. Morris and J. Hamonet each took 4 wickets for 1 in the second innings. Against Tech. High's team we registered a draw although we were leading on the first innings with 52 runs to 26. Rain prevented play in the second innings. We also won outright against Central with a score of 108 runs to 80. In this match W. Burrows took six wickets. The team was very solid. This was indicated by the closeness in the



ATHLETICS TEAM. Winners of Kerr Cup, Runners-up Lintott Cup.

BACK ROW: A. Braye, D. Baker, J. Farrell, A. Rymer, C. Green, J. Stephenson, J. McKenzie, B. Evans, A. Charlton, G. Hughes, W. Haynes.

CENTRE: Mr. C. GOFFET (Coach), D. Bowden, J. Thompson, K. Davies, D. Willis, K. Scott, D. Madew, A. Smith, A. Carroll, W. Sheehan, Mr. L. McRae (Sportsmaster).

FRONT ROW: J. Gill, A. Abrahams, D. Griffiths, R. Morris, J. Marshall, K. King, B. Coxhell, G. Sutcliff, G. Doyle, K. Mahoney.
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batting averages, Thomas 9.6, Gray 9.0, Burrows 8.0, Sutcliffe 7.5 and Hamonet 7.0 The bowling was particularly deadly, Hamonet and Sutcliffe gaining 14 wickets. Burrows 13, Thomas 6, Morris 4 were our other successful bowlers. Warren Haynes was very safe as wicket-keeper. The most outstanding fielders were A. Thomas and J. Robertson who were very safe and always on the alert. (J. Hamonet, 1B.).

Athletics

The season just ended was one of mixed fortunes. Several of our best athletes left during the year, and our under 16 champion, Ken Scott, broke his ankle just before the carnivals. Our School Carnival promised to be one of the most interesting for many years because of the evenness of the competitors, but it was completely ruined by a record gale. However, new records were made by J. Farrell in the 880, K. King in the Senior 100, J. Stephenson in the Senior Shot Put, and A. Charlton in the Under 15 Shot Put.

Our school champions for 1951 were K. King, Senior; D. Madew and J. Marshall equal, Under 16; K. Mahoney, Under 15; R. Conners, Under 14; R. Morris, Under 13.

The Lintott Cup Carnival provided excellent competition and after a keen struggle we lost the cup to Marist Brothers, whom we congratulate on their success.

The C.H.S. Sydney visit was most successful and all members of our team gave of their best. We won the Kerr Cup for the tenth year in succession and came third in the aggregate, being beaten only by Sydney High and Canterbury.

Our winners in Sydney were A. Rymer in the Under 16 Shot Put, A. Charlton in the Under 15 Shot Put, D. Bowden in the Under 15 High Jump, and J. Farrell in the Senior 880.

It was gratifying to see Ken King have such a successful season. "Bumper" Farrell was magnificent in his races, and newcomers in Don Willis and David Madew also ran extremely well. The shot putters deserved their successes and were a credit to Mr. Shield.

We expect to have a good team for 1952 and hope that every boy in the School will find a suitable event for which to train from the beginning of the season.

Once again, we must thank Messrs. Taylor, Osborne and Eggington for their untiring efforts and help during the season. (Mr. C. Goffet).

Life-Saving

The school's annual life-saving classes were held at the Ocean Baths at the end of November and the beginning of December, 1950.

All those being examined for medallions and certificates made a splendid effort, with the result that the 955 points gained in 1949 were raised to 1104 points. This improved our position in the competition for 1st class High Schools from 2nd in 1949 to 1st in 1950.



SWIMMING TEAM. Winners of Aggregate, Farlow Cup, Senior and Junior Cups.

BACK ROW: R. Moore, J. Sticpewich.

CENTRE: J. Perkins, R. Nicholls, J. Farrell, P. O'Brien, A. Charlton, J. Cornelius.

FRONT ROW: A. Bradbury, D. Gordon, J. Cowan, B. Coxhell, Mr. H. Fountain, D. Ward, J. Lloyd, G. Dobson.

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There was a total of 387 awards gained, being an increase of 127 awards on the total gained in 1949. The 387 awards gained included 3 Awards of Merit won by P. O'Brien, R. Moore and C. Ray, 9 Instructors' Certificates, 12 Scholar Instructors' Certificates, 4 Bars to the Bronze Cross, 14 Bronze Crosses, 2 Bars to the Bronze Medallion, 59 Bronze Medallions, 110 Intermediate Certificates, 108 Elementary Certificates, and 66 Junior Resuscitation Certificates.

For these excellent results much credit is due to Mr. Fountain, Mr. Saunders and other members of the staff who organised the courses of instruction. Congratulations to all award winners. All, particularly first year boys, are asked to make a special effort this year so that we can retain our position and the blue pennant that accompanies that position. (J. Mingay, 4C.)

Hockey

This year the school again was able to enter four teams in the P.S.A.A.A. competitions in the A, B1, B2 and C divisions. The A team finished the competition runners-up to Cook's Hill who caused the team's only defeats. The team won the remaining six, scoring 42 goals to 7 against. The results were as follows: v. Cook's Hill, 1-2, 0-3; v. Central I., 3-2, 4-0; v. Central II., 9-0, 9-0; v. Junior High, 7-0; and v. Cook's Hill II, 9-0. R. Woodward (16 goals) and B. Davies (12) were the chief scorers while J. Kilpatrick (7), N. Bailey (3), H. Marshall (3) and D. Young (1) scored the remaining goals.

The B1 team winning five matches and losing three with two drawn had only nine goals scored against them while twenty goals were scored by the team, Ebrill (9 goals), Allwood (5), Suturs (4), and Grady (2), being the scorers. The B2 team became premiers of their division, losing only one match and conceding only 8 goals. Of the 21 goals scored by the team, Sands (10) and Nicholas (6) were the principal scorers. The C team in winning three matches, losing three and drawing two, scored 7 goals and conceded 7. Cooper (3), Armstrong (3), and Helman (1), were the team's goal scorers.

We congratulate B. Davies, J. Kilpatrick, J. Ebrill and C. Allwood, who gained selection in the Newcastle representative teams which played against Sydney schoolboys. Teams for 1951 were as follows: A grade—Ferguson, Kerr, Moran, Young, Davies (capt.), Bailey, Chapman, Woodward, Marshall, Kilpatrick, Cowcher, Gibb; B1 grade—J. Cocking, Balcomb, Urquhart, Dempsey, Ebrill, Wallace, Birchall, Suturs (capt.), Grady, Allwood, Wall, Adams; B2 grade—Blanch, Hearn, Snushall, Hawkins, Nicholas (capt.), Horne, Traise, Catsicas, Fry, Sands, Stokoe, Twemlow, McFaydon; C grade—G. Cocking, Levey, Hart, Cohen, Armstrong (capt.), Darrow, Cooper, Helman, Pugh, Atcheson, Stefanoff, Kay, Allan. (J. Kilpatrick, 3A.)



A1 SOCCER TEAM. Undeclared Premiers 1951, Winners of Bloomfield Cup.
BACK ROW : J. Weatherburn.
CENTRE: G. Dobson, J. Thomas, H. Moore, D. Renton, G. Hughes.
FRONT ROW: J. Lloyd, K. Scott (Vice-Capt.), Mr. R. Grierson (Coach), K. Davies (Capt.), B. Evans, W. Sheehan.
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Soccer

A1 Grade: The A1 team, for the third consecutive season, completed the competition with an undefeated record. The team combined well to score approximately 60 goals, conceding only 1. This outstanding result was due mainly to the efforts of such forwards as D. Renton, G. Hughes and K. Scott, and to the goalkeeper, H. Moore, who unfortunately fractured his arm during the season and had to withdraw. The team gained further honours by the selection of seven of its players in the Combined Newcastle High Schools' representative team which, by defeating both Sydney and Illawarra teams, won the State Championship. The seven players who gained representative honours were D. Renton, K. Davies, K. Scott, B. Evans, G. Hughes, W. Sheehan and G. Dobson. One of the team's star forwards, K. Scott, was unfortunately injured in the semi-final of the State Championships and was unable to play in the final. Three of the players, K. Scott, D. Renton and K. Davies also gained soccer "Blues" for the year 1950, which was also a very successful year.

A special tribute must be paid to the manager and coach of this team, Mr. Grierson, whose untiring efforts in training the team were the main reason for its success. (K. Davies.)

A2: During the season the team did not have very much success. It did not enter the competition until the season had already started because it was thought there were not enough boys to form a team. However, a team was formed and was entered in the competition without having any practice. This lack of practice was mainly responsible for the 7—0 defeat against Central A team, which so far this season has not been beaten in a competition match. In the next game the team, which had developed a better combination, had a hard struggle and was narrowly beaten 2—0 by Plattsburg. Rain caused the next game, which should have been against Wallsend, to be abandoned. In the next match the team came out on top with a 13—0 win against Cook's Hill. For once we played on a ground that was not inches deep in mud. The scorers in this match were Mitchell 4, Turner and Wearne 3 each, and Maughan, Jones and Waters 1 each. When the team played against the High's A1 team, we were beaten but not disgraced. We went down 8—0 but went closer to scoring than any other team had done up to that time in the competition. In the return match against Central we were beaten 3—1 after holding them to a one all draw up to 10 minutes before full time. Our scorer was John Blackwell at centre-forward. This match and the first match against Central serve as a comparison to show how much the team has improved. The most consistent players are Wearne at centre-half, Blackwell, Maughan and Mitchell in the forwards and Brian Whithead in goal. (B. Jones, 5C.).

C2: This team played well throughout the competition but was always overpowered by strong opposition. We were very disappointed when the competition was abandoned because of rain. The result of every game was disheartening because we did not win one or even



AUSTRALIAN RULES, PREMIERS 1951

BACK ROW: T. Hyland, D. Hilliard, B. Howe, B. Relf, M. Cotterill, R. Sennett, C. Bisson.
CENTRE: J. Perkins, R. Taylor, J. Penn (Capt.), Mr. Judd (Coach), J. Mingay, S. Ross, D. Kerr.
FRONT: R. Bruce.
ABSENT: N. Statham, P. Kay, G. Fox, C. Spitskowsky.

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draw one. Alan Thomas played very well throughout the season. Jim Hamonet played only in the last game but was outstanding as a back. Doug. Mills and W. Barsley were selected in the Newcastle No. 2 team which was beaten by Illawarra 3—0, but drew with Newcastle No. 1 and Sydney. W. Barsley scored our team's two goals. Newton played well in the backs. (W. Barsley, 2E.)

B3: The B3 soccer team, under the fine coaching of Mr. Shield, had a very good season. Adcock played excellently as outside right, and Williams played solidly in defence as pivot. Out of eight matches we won two, drew three and lost three. At the start of the season our team was not a great force in the competition, and we lost the first two matches. However, at the end of the season we were one of the strongest teams, being undefeated in the last four matches. (A. Lewis, 2C.)

Under 15: This team combined well throughout the season, being defeated only once, and gaining the premiership. The most exciting and enjoyable game was the deciding one against Tech. High. This game was won by us, 3—1, owing mainly to the intelligent play of J. Lloyd and the able assistance of Mr. Watchorn, our coach, without whose keen interest, for which we are very grateful, we would not have attained such a high standard of play. (R. Taylor, capt.)

Australian Rules

During the season our team under the leadership of J. Penn went through the competition suffering only one defeat. We had two wins against Junior High, three wins against Central and two wins against Cook's Hill. One game was drawn with Cook's Hill and a game was lost to Junior High. The team that afforded most opposition was Junior High. The first match against Junior High found us victorious 3—6 (24) to 19. On the second occasion they reversed the score in their favour 20 to 2—7 (19). The next game against them decided the competition. We won 5—6 (36) to 20. Central were not as strong as in the previous year and never at any stage forced us to fight out a finish. We defeated them on three occasions, the scores being 7—11 (53) to 15, 11—11 (77) to nil, 12—8 (80) to 9. Our first game against Cook's Hill found us the easy winners 9—8 (62) to 19. Our second match did not turn out so easily. Owing to a mistake on the notice board we found that we had to play a full team from Cook's Hill with only thirteen men. The result was a draw 0—11 (11) to 11. We might have won this match had Cotterill, our centre full forward, been in better kicking form. Our last game against Cook's Hill saw us determined to win, and we did so quite comfortably 5—8 (38) to nil. The result of the competition was that we won, with Junior High second and Central third. Six of the team, Penn, Cotterill, Mingay, Howe, Bisson and Kay were chosen to represent Newcastle against Sydney. Congratulations to all those chosen. N. Statham played an important part in our

victories and was at the end of the season our leading goal scorer, followed by Cotterill, Bruce and Penn. He was also chosen as the best and fairest player for the season. I would like to take this chance on behalf of the whole team to thank Mr. Judd for his organisation, which made this season such a successful and enjoyable one, as well as for the part he played in selecting the Newcastle team and for the useful hints he gave us to improve our play. (J. Mingay, 4th year.)

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## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS IN VERSE AND PROSE

### Night and Day

Dancing rocking Saturday night  
Gleaming glittering neon light  
All the streets a murky mire  
Save yon milkbar set afire

Round the jukebox stomp and sing  
Before the altar form a ring  
Have a coke bananasplit  
Pulsing rhythm latest hit

Inside the warm blue mothsoft glow  
Outside the frozen fog like snow  
Boys and girls come in to play  
To-morrow is another day

But redhot jazzband session jam  
Cannot drown the bus and tram  
While towering tenements tall and lean  
Snarl on myriads red and green

Night

Morning.

Still Sunday's soliloquy  
Bathes in the hush and peace  
Of the watery warmth of a winter sun.  
Now banished are the trams and traffic,  
And Zephyr is the sole saunterer,  
Who strolls careless, pausing to contemplate  
The ancient houses, like ripe old books  
Newly dusted by his playful breeze.  
(Who knows what treasures they may contain?)  
But Zephyr, do not look  
On the other side of shining street,  
Where yon forsaken milk-bar,  
Lurking in the sharp shadows of early morn,  
Cringes behind his garbage cans,  
Knowing and fearing the day to come,  
Waiting and living for the night.

Serene Sunday morning!  
 Oh louder, how much louder  
 Than the raucous scream of yesternight,  
 Is your sweet silence!  
 Oh brighter, how much brighter  
 Than the grin of glaring Neon,  
 Is your smile from streaming Phoebus!  
 Soft! Now Sunday speaks.  
 The distant chime of chanting bells,  
 A regal fanfare to the morn,  
 And from her burnished throne  
 She rises, to rule the world.

J. MILES, 5th year.

### Thoughts Inspired by a Match Box

Glancing idly at a match box the other day I read the following epigram: "Life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality." Let us consider how the citizens of Newcastle stand with regard to these charges.

Are we "guilty" through the lack of "industry?" I doubt it, for rising costs, increased taxation and the rapidly worsening economic situation have made it well nigh impossible for all but a select few to remain idle. Our citizens, however, are definitely in danger of being charged with "brutality" because of the absence of opportunities for their cultural development. I hear a complaint to the effect that we have two first-class High Schools and a Teachers' College, that we are regularly visited by international celebrities in music, and that we recently enjoyed a Gilbert and Sullivan season. We have not, however, an art gallery, a museum, a university, a suitable theatre of adequate capacity in which to present plays, musical comedies, light opera and grand opera, nor have we a library commensurate with our needs, to mention just a few of our deficiencies. This is an appalling state of affairs which we must begin at once to alter so that we can make Newcastle a cultured as well as an industrious city.

To do this we must first decide just why Newcastle is in the cultural doldrums. The obvious solution which leaps to the mind is that in Newcastle there is no demand for these cultural developments. This is false, utterly false, and this is proved by the response which is obtained whenever an artist or a company visits Newcastle, by the attendance at our High Schools and at our Teachers' College. We must go deeper into the matter than that to find the answer. The real basic reason is that the authorities in Sydney who control such matters think that there is no demand for them in "such a backward industrial centre." The task which Newcastle has to face squarely is that of removing this impression which the authorities have obtained.

This last suggestion, you may say, is easier said than done, but its difficulties are more apparent than real. We must start out

upon some definite course of action; not attack the problem in any old fashion but form a plan and act upon it determinedly without allowing any excuses from the authorities. The basis of our plan must be self help, for we can expect no help from anyone until we help ourselves.

Our first objective must be the establishment of a free public library, not one just adequate for our present needs but one which will allow for expansion. This is essential as our first step, for a good library is the basis of all culture. There is at present a proposal to establish a public library in the Civic Wintergarden. This will not do! We want a real library, not a comparatively small room which is graded with the name "library" because there is no other term for it. A new, well equipped building is absolutely necessary for it.

Along with the establishment of a library must go the development of a university. It is true that agitation for this has been going on for years and that at last we have a promise that one will be established. We must not stop there; we must continue to agitate until it is established, and we must see to it that it is not a university with a strong bias towards the utilitarian aspects, but one that provides opportunities for cultural development.

We must also have a conservatorium, in which will be included a concert hall incorporating all the latest developments such as have been included in the Festival of Britain Concert Hall.

After this we must establish, in any order but very quickly, a theatre, a museum, an art gallery and all the other adjuncts to a cultural city. However, we must always keep in mind the one guiding precept—help ourselves.

I hear murmurs of "How much is all this going to cost?" and "Where are we going to get the money from?" Before answering those questions let us look once more at our match box: "Industry without art is brutality." Now, it will cost us at least half a million pounds, most of which we will subscribe ourselves. Don't complain that it is a lot of money; I know it is. Ask yourselves, "Shall we expend this sum or remain brutal?" Remember, we have the alternative—half a million pounds or brutality.

A. MURPHY, 5th year.

### A Journey into the Unknown

At 5 p.m. I was wheeled into the operating theatre to have my appendix removed. The anaesthetist placed a mask over my face, and I took a deep breath. My senses faded; myriads of red, green and yellow stars flashed in my mind while slowly an infinitely deep black velvet background seemed to come forward in front of everything, and I lapsed into unconsciousness. The next thing which I became aware of was that I was rising upwards with a great speed, and that the darkness was gradually becoming less intense. I could sense another queer feeling which was quite indescribable, and, although I suspected that I was dreaming, I felt that I was not. The darkness was now but an intense greying fog, but not the earthly type

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fog. There was merely some medium present which impeded the eyesight. Again I questioned the possibility of my dreaming, but my mind seemed too acute to allow me to believe that I was. I could feel that I was still rising and I began to wonder how I came to be in such a strange situation. I could only faintly remember that I had been in hospital. I tried to remember my parents, but all my thoughts seemed to be on the other side of a dark, impenetrable barrier. Even as I contemplated this fact I realised that I could no longer remember anything of my past life, not even about the hospital.

The mistiness had cleared and before long I could easily see where I was. I seemed to be on a large plateau of what appeared to be white lambs' wool, and which extended as far as I could see, in three directions, but, when I turned around, I found that I was quite close to the edge of the fourth side, where it ended abruptly. I moved to the brink and looked down. I stared incredulously, for, although I had had a feeling that I was high above the earth, I could not help feeling that my eyes were playing false when I saw just how high I really was. Below was my native land Australia, slowly being covered with the mantle of darkness, as, from my great height, the immense orange-red globe of fire sank below the waters of the Indian Ocean. I turned and fled in horror from this terrible brink. It was then that I noticed another strange phenomenon. Although I could move quite freely, it was a different sort of movement from what I had previously been used to, and I found that no physical effort on my part was needed to move my body, and that by mere thought concentration I could move from one place to another on this great expanse of fleecy whiteness.

I had been in this queer situation for some time when I was suddenly struck with a peculiar thought barrage and I was forced by some mysterious thought power to relive my life. My thoughts were fixed on all the foolish and wicked things that I had done in my life-time, and I was intensely self-pitiful. For the first time I could genuinely see how wrong and wicked some of my actions had been, and my head throbbed with the intensity of my repentance.

My head cleared, and I thought again of my strange position and looked about me. In the gathering gloom of the fading day I could see a pin point of light low on my white horizon. I thought that it was no doubt the evening star, but, even as I watched, I could see that it was coming closer, that it was growing brighter and more brilliant. I was aware of strange emotions, of fear, of love and humility. I felt tears coming to my eyes and I dropped to my knees. I knelt with tears streaming down my face as the cold, intensely white light approached and hovered above me. So intense was the light that, even if I had dared, I could not have looked up, and I could feel my soul being penetrated by the brilliance above me, my whole nature being exposed. Then gradually my mind began to

feel more restful. I was not surprised when I felt the white carpet start to sink away from beneath me, leaving me suspended in space with the intense brilliance still above me. But suddenly the intense light started away from me leaving me all alone. I felt an intense throbbing in my chest and could feel a great strain in my heart. The light faded into the distance, I had a sickly sensation that I was falling, and then the dark velvet curtain of unconsciousness descended upon me once more.

The next thing that I became aware of was that a bright light was seeping through my closed eyelids. I was not surprised and opened my eyes expecting to find the dazzling brilliance again shining above me, but I was surprised at my feeling of intense sadness and longing when I found that it was only the morning sun shining through the curtains of the hospital ward. I felt remarkably weak considering the nature of my operation and I feebly raised my head and looked at my blurred surroundings. I saw a nurse sitting at my bedside, and found, to my annoyance, that she was staring at me as though I was some freak of nature. I closed my eyes, and my thoughts turned to my experiences while I was under the anaesthetic. I could not help feeling that it had not been a dream, but then, it must have been.

When I opened my eyes again, the nurse had gone, but in her place was a copy of the morning newspaper, which she had been reading. I painfully reached over for it, and began reading on page two, where I saw, in large capitals, "MIRACULOUS RECOVERY FROM DEATH," with a long column dealing with the amazing case of a patient who died whilst under anaesthetic in an abdominal operation, and was revived after nineteen minutes by the surgeon's cutting open the patient's chest and massaging his heart, his breathing being restored with carbogen gas. "Well, it's wonderful what they can do in modern surgery," I thought. "Fancy cutting open one's chest and massaging the heart. It would just be my luck for something like that to happen to me."

I heard the nurse returning, so I reached over to replace her newspaper. But, as I stretched to reach her chair, a sharp pain seized me in the chest. I lay gasping on my bedside. "My chest, nurse, it's hurting," I moaned. And as the pain subsided the nurse replied, "Don't worry. As long as you don't exert yourself your chest will be all right as soon as the wound heals and the stitches are taken out." "Stitches?" I questioned. "But surely, stitches in my chest?" My brain began to work overtime. I could see the nurse staring at me again with that queer look. And then the terrible truth dawned upon me.

R. O'BRIEN, 5th year.

## Evening

The sun sinks slowly down into the west;  
A myriad colours do I there behold;  
The clouds are tinged with orange, pink and gold,  
As Phoebus once more goes unto his rest.

In all directions hurrying people go,  
As from their toil they wend their homeward way;  
The end of yet another arduous day  
Comes when the sun has almost ceased to glow.

The golden sun has gone and in its stead  
We find dim twilight, with its beautiful glow,  
And catch a glimpse of Luna from below  
The sea, rising, like a giant from his bed.

Save for the feeble light of crescent moon  
The brooding earth is cloaked in blackness deep,  
As if that giant, awaking from his sleep,  
Had covered our puny sphere with monstrous shoon.

The evening hours are drawing to their close;  
In towns and country all is deathly still.  
Few are there who at this late hour wake still,  
For most at last have sunk into repose.

A. MURPHY, 5th year.

## Wise Folly

"Where ignorance is bliss, . . ."

Living in a world in which it is constantly being rammed down our weary throats that we are so much more fortunate than the other three-quarters of the world's population in receiving a liberal education, we are apt to synonymize the word "fortune" as "education," without thinking just why. Hypnopaedia has conditioned us to accept this state of affairs not merely as true, but as axiomatic. Yet anybody who sleeps but lightly may begin to wonder.

Thus will the poet, who in his garret reads on the newspaper wrapped round his sixpenny supper of fish and chips, that the "Voice" has accepted an extra twenty thousand a year and gone over to television. Thus will the puzzled scientist, who, while pondering over his guinea-pigs and etherized rabbits, thinks of a canine, Ajax King, coming home at fifty to one in the last. The sociologist sweats on the problem of common man and society, while Bert Higgins decides to retire from street-sweeping, having just won fifty grand on the football pool. And so it goes on.

The intellectual replies, "That's just where you're wrong. Happiness is not a matter of riches. Bert Higgins, ex-street-sweeper, with fifty thousand, is not as fortunate as the educated man on five

thousand. The educated man has his literature, his art, his music. The illiterate exists on comic cuts, advertisements and mass-produced music."

Quite right. But merely because we are told by the aesthete that, say, Wagner is worth infinitely more than Louis Armstrong, does this necessarily mean that Wagner causes more joy in the world than his Negro musical inferior? The aesthete is educated and conditioned to love and appreciate Wagner. The uncultured commoner, having had no such good fortune, reverts to a simpler Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five. Then, is our music-lover, who sits for hours in the concert hall, minutely concentrating and straining as many of his five senses as possible (and who may not as yet possess those elusive qualities needed for a thorough appreciation of the symphony), any happier than the savage eating his tea and reading the sporting page and enjoying a three-minute synthetic syncopation of rhythm, sex and noise? Is the well-meaning office clerk, attempting to acquire a love for music by attending a lunch-hour music club, happier than the bodgey sprawled over the jukebox, stomping his crepe soles to the intoxicating pulse of a red-hot jazz band?

And music is not the only sphere in which we have this happy state of affairs. The student spending an evening with Carlyle and the French Revolution, we are told, is infinitely "better off" (and therefore happier) than the factory worker spending his evening with his girl and Humphrey Bogart. However, at least, when the

savage is tired with one, he can revert to the other. And when the death of Mirabeau begins to bore the student, he yawns, glances idly over the page and enjoys one of the masters of English prose. What must his feelings be when he has reached the storming of the Bastille, and he hears outside on the street the laughing crowds streaming out of the dance-hall?

Moreover, if education does ever do us the good turn of giving us a full understanding and appreciation of the fine arts, we will have left behind us, inviolate and irretrievable, all the chaste joys we obtained from les arts sauvages. Can all the beauties of Shakespeare equal the spontaneous thrill we got from those Saturday afternoons with Hopalong and his wonder horse? And now we are educated these things disgust us. Years ago, I would have regarded this essay as the criterion of my literary achievements. Now that I know just what a good essay is, I am revolted to think of the pitiful inadequacy of this effort.

Who is happier? Savagery who picks up his morning paper, turns to the comic, throws it away, and is ready to face the coming day with a smile, or fortunate Culture who picks up his journal confronted with a deadlock in Korean peace-talks, likelihood of a flare-up in Persian hostilities, further hardships for Australian defence, and uses his day to figure out what the world is coming to?

You see, Savagery lives life as it comes, rain, hail or shine. Culture tries to predict the weather, always striving for something further, the meaning of life, fleeting and elusive. An impossible task, and thus Culture misses out on his own life.

J. MILES, 5th year.

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## To Those Who Build Model Aeroplanes

When resting the other day in a local park I was suddenly disturbed by a roar which sounded somewhat like a small motor-cycle, and which seemed to emanate from a group of young men in the centre of the park. I turned and regarded them curiously and saw that they were interested in a large yellow object which, besides making a loud noise was also creating quite a large cloud of smoke. One of the fellows then ran about twenty-five yards away from the rest, stooped to pick up some object from the ground, and then turned and waved to the group. Then, to my utter amazement, the yellow object, with a considerable increase in sound, burst into view from behind some of the onlookers and roared up into the air. Yes, I was looking at my first model 'plane, and I watched it incredulously, for not only did it fly, but by some queer coincidence it kept diving towards the ground, and then at the last instant it would level itself. And then, after I had overcome my first shock and the intense buzzing in my ears, I realised that its manoeuvres were far too uniform to be accounted to chance, and that they must be caused by the fellow around whom the model was flying in large circles. Once or twice the sun glinted on what seemed like two wires by which the flier apparently controlled the model. While I was considering this



mystery I noticed that this amazing model was performing all types of stunting and was looping and flying in the pattern of a figure eight. But it was really going too fast for me to be certain. Then, as suddenly as it began, the motor stopped and I could picture the model crashing to earth, but instead it slowly glided down to land very smoothly with what an aviator would describe as a "three pointer."

My interest was now definitely aroused, and I rose from my seat with an insatiable curiosity to examine this miniature at a closer range. I climbed the low fence surrounding the park oval, and made my way cautiously towards the centre of the ground. I was perhaps half way to my destination when I heard another motor start roaring over to my right. I stopped, looked and listened, and as everything seemed all right I again started towards my goal, when a snarling red demon descended from the skies and came screaming round towards me, with its long steel lines glinting dangerously against the blue sky. I panicked and started to run, the red fury passing behind me in a blur of speed. I had hardly run twenty feet when too late I saw more steel lines on the ground in front of me. The end came quickly and in an incredibly short time I found myself stretched on the ground entangled in steel lines. Before I could recover I was surrounded by yelling young men who seemed to regard me as some escaped lunatic. I now often wonder if they were correct. However, to be very brief, I was, before I had properly realised it, a member of that illustrious club, the Mossdale Model Mashers. So you can see how I became associated with that vast body of individuals known as aeromodellers, and I have been under that classification for nearly ten years, and now have a fair insight into this particular hobby.

One of my first speculations as an aeromodeller was that all of this group are not necessarily mad. In fact, I found that there is quite a high percentage of sensible men and boys who are interested in this hobby. Of course there is always the poor fool who tries to stick the cylinder head of his motor on with paper paste, but one should not quote exceptions. I also found that models are quite hard for the beginner to make, and that they are comparatively easy for the experienced modeller, even if they still take a long time to build. A good knowledge of aerodynamics is essential and physics can often be usefully applied to the design and flying characteristics of models. I have heard model aerodynamics referred to as "a silly, childish pastime" by some ignorant bigots who can see no sense in anything which does not appeal to themselves. Yet they can be excused, for they have never felt the thrill of building and flying such a carefully made thing as a model plane.

There is also another type of person whom the aeromodellers or any reasoning people naturally loathe. These are those who find it amusing when a model crashes. I remember once when a visiting modeller brought a very large model to our flying display. After having exceptional difficulty in starting, the motor burst into life

with a fearful scream and the model leapt into the air. We were astounded at the noise, the speed and the length of the flying lines of this immense model, and I gained the impression that the ground trembled every time that it roared past me. After it had been stunting about a hundred feet up, the control lines slipped from the flier's hand, and the monarch of the skies roared down in a vertical power dive. There was a terrific crash, followed by intense, awe-inspiring silence. Nobody moved, for the sudden silence had seemed to transfix everyone. And then, to our amazement and disgust, three young men who were watching, and who should have had more sense, started cheering and laughing, treating the incident as a great joke. No doubt they did not realise the hours of hard work and thought and the money which had been put into that model. Therefore I think that people should be more appreciative of aeromodellers and their hobby. It is not so much the cost of a model; it is the hours of painstaking trouble that the aeromodeller spends when building it that makes the model so dear to him.

Another interesting speculation of mine was that a modeller's character is clearly shown by the type of model that he builds. No model can be good unless considerable time and skill is spent on it, and therefore one must be patient to build successful models. At any flying meeting one can see text book models which are nearly always made by theorists, and the more practical type of model, which, although it might not look as good as the other, possibly flies even better. These models are generally built by the more practical minded modellers. These are only two simple instances, and in any model you will be sure to find some sign of the builder's character.

There is one thing that I must impress upon the reader and that is that nothing irritates a modeller so much as a thick crowd milling around him like a swarm of bees, asking such silly questions as, "Mister, is it true that those motors run on water?" unless it is the clumsy people who will persist in tripping over those unavoidable steel lines.

R. O'BRIEN, 5th year.

## Mother and Child

A translation from the German. Author unknown. Written 1914.

The room is still, the child asleep:  
The wind is whine, the sea is deep.  
The mother kneels at bed-side long,  
And softly sings her evensong.  
At once, a cry: "O mother dear,  
When does father come back here?"  
"Hush, hush, my child, and for him pray.  
Your father must to France away!"

The room is still, the child asleep:  
The wind is whine, the sea is deep.  
The mother kneels at bed-side long,  
And softly sings her evensong.  
At once, a cry: "O mother dear,  
Is not father yet back here?"  
"Hush, hush, my child, the night is flood.  
Your father fights in battle's blood."

The room is still, the child asleep:  
The wind is whine, the sea is deep.  
The mother kneels at bed-side long,  
And softly sings her evensong.  
O soft! a cry: "O mother dear,  
Will father never come back here?"  
"Be calm, my boy, and close your eyes.  
Father sleeps in Paradise."

J. MILES, 5th year.

## Horror

A death-like hush had fallen upon the dimly lit room. Not a sound disturbed the uncanny silence, and he waited—tensed and apprehensive. A cold sweat had broken out upon his forehead and his trembling hand gripped the cold chair to steady himself. He glanced through the dusty window pane, and, in spite of the fast-failing light, he could discern tangled cobwebs and a horrible movement of a great spider which lurked there. He shuddered and turned away to stare at the closed door which afforded some small protection from the danger he knew was approaching. As he sat down, he seemed to sink further into the creeping gloom. He buried his face in his hands and asked himself why he had to go through this.

He jerked up suddenly and clutched his chair—he could hear a faint noise outside the door. There was a dim rattle of chains and the heavy door slowly creaked open. As he stared in horror, a small white hand groped for the knob and a dim, obscure figure slid into the room, gently closing the door behind it. As the ghastly form felt its way slowly and deliberately towards him he moved back, but presently the wall prevented him from going any further and he was transfixed in horror.

Quite suddenly, a wave of determination swept over him and, clenching his shaky hands, he decided to go through with his grim fate. He reached out for the silvery object which the silent visitor was carrying and, as his hands closed over the icy metal, he could almost feel his hair standing on end. He drew the object to his quivering lips and, with a quick movement, swallowed the sinister contents. It was over. The ghastly deed was done and he dropped the spoon, vowing that he would never take castor oil again.

KEVIN McDONALD, 4th year.

## Camp and a Climb

Awakening one morning about five o'clock, I lay gazing through the net of the hammock in which I had slept.

The bush was already awake, and was resounding to the calls of the whip birds as they flew from tree to tree, and the occasional cry of a magpie wafted on the breeze. Numerous small birds made a colourful sight as they flitted through the shafts of light penetrating the undergrowth. Rising in this happy mood was a pleasure not acquired at home, where one did not relish the idea of leaving warm blankets. Slowly stretching, I strapped on my belt, put on boots and jacket and strolled up to the shelter in which my camping mates stored their food and equipment.

Ah! What a carefree existence is this life in the open—no troubles, no worries.

While lighting the fire, I heard one of my companions exclaim loudly, as he discovered that possums had been during the night and eaten half a loaf of bread. As possums were prevalent in this region, food was always kept well wrapped, but it is marvellous how quickly a change of diet attracts them.

Breakfast over, we walked down to the beach where white-capped waves were rolling in with the incoming tide. Quickly stripping off, we raced to the water's edge and dived into the cool, invigorating surf. However, after satisfying one urge, we felt a stronger, and donning our clothes, set off to climb around the precipitous, towering cliffs which formed a prominent part of the scenery on Yondais.

Climbing down a gentle slope to the base of the cliffs, we wandered around the shelf of jagged rocks, where the water, lapping the edge, dropped to a sheer depth of ten to twenty feet.

After making our way along the boulder encrusted shelf for about half a mile, we perceived a likely place to ascend the cliffs, for jutting out at irregular intervals up the 200 feet of rugged rocks were numerous footholds formed by shelves of sandstone.

The going at first was easy and merely involved crawling from one ledge to another, but as the height increased so also did the distance between the shelves, and to make matters worse the sandstone crumbled in places as we tested it with our boots. Looking down, we held our breath as we saw the deep green sea—far below us. Although we were not deterred by this sight, no second look was ventured.

Winding our way further and thinking the top was near, we were surprised to find, that on clambering over another ledge, there was still another forty feet of loose shale and rock. Should we have attempted this hazardous ascent? It seemed impossible to go further, as the rock sloped at about forty-five degrees. However, by lying on our stomachs, we managed to advance very slowly by scraping holes in the shale and hauling ourselves carefully upward. At last, grasping the shrubs growing at the summit, we were on our

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feet, but were surprised to find our legs give way, forcing us to sit down and rest from such tiring exercise.

On our way back to camp, we encountered a man fishing with a line from an outcrop of rock about a hundred feet above sea-level. In a rockpool nearby, lay three brown gropers, each of which would tip the scales at five pounds. As he hauled up yet another, we watched astonished that he could land them from such a height with an ordinary hand line.

After having lunch, we sunbaked on the warm beach, planning more adventures for the days yet to come.

I. GIBBONS, 4th year.

## Homework Pie

### INGREDIENTS:

- 1 composition.
- 2 sets of algebra.
- 1 piece of French translation.
- 1 geometric problem.
- A pinch of Latin and ink spots to taste.
- 1 school case.

### METHOD:

Take the composition and condense it by pounding it into a fine powder with a dictionary. Then take the cube root of the algebraic problems and adding one cube at a time stir into a thick batter and place on a brainbox to simmer. Cut the French translation into small pieces, dissecting each piece thoroughly, and fold into the batter. Break the geometric problems up into perfectly rhombic sections and dissolve slowly. Whip the mixture with a cane for five minutes. Turn out on a fresh page, liberally top with Latin and ink spots, and leave overnight. Place mixture in a school case labelled "Poison" and leave in reach of teachers. Low marks and headaches thrive on this food.

D. KEITH, 4th year.

## The Star

The crowd is tense.  
Oh what suspense!  
The forwards follow fast.  
The half-back slips,  
And round his hips  
He feels two strong arms cast.

He passes out.  
The watchers shout.  
The full-back takes the ball.  
He sees a gap,  
But 'tis a trap—  
He meets a centre tall.

The watchers sigh,  
But then they cry—  
The winger makes a drive.  
He sidesteps two  
And breaks right through,  
Then makes a lovely dive.

Oh, what a run!  
Hurrah! We've won!  
His team-mates gather round.  
They chair him high  
For his great try—  
A star has just been found.

D. HILLIARD, 4th year.

### That Pest the Rabbit

The rabbit is one of the most interesting species of the quadrupeds. A common subject to write about, one may think, but an interesting and delightful one.

Certainly he has his faults. But haven't we all? He is blamed for soil erosion because his burrows undermine the land. These, after all, are used to accommodate his family. Does not man cause soil erosion also? Of course he does. In his ignorance man clears trees, grass and scrubs away to make room for his farm. By doing this he opens the land to wind and rain and soil erosion.

The rabbit is used in many similes because of his enormous family. He is notorious for producing hundreds of little ones. One family can number up to two hundred. The alarming question then arises: "Will rabbits outnumber human beings?" When one looks at an innocent little rabbit one does not think so, but scientists inform us that unless we destroy the rabbits they may eat all our crops. Without the rabbit where would we be? No children's stories! No problems for scientists! No myxomatosis! Why the country would be in a state of economic crisis.

I have often wondered what a rabbit thinks when he sees a human being. If he could only talk we probably would be astounded at what he thinks. A great scientist has devoted his life to the study of bees and their habits and has come to the conclusion that they can convey messages to one another by some means and he is able to understand some of the bee language. I think rabbits are exactly the same. If some person were to study rabbits I believe he would find that by certain signs they converse with one another.

The rabbit's deadliest enemy, the ferret, a despicable character, is used in a very wicked way by man. This wretched creature is forced down a rabbit's burrow by a human monster and breaks into the normal happy life of the rabbit and his does. The ferret has one instinct, to kill rabbits, and he uses it to its full extent. He leaves the burrow with a very bloody face and paws. Another method of

destroying these little creatures is by laying traps. Our little helpless bunny is caught and the trap clamped tightly on his leg.

A happier side is to see the lovely young rabbit kitten, a little ball of fluff in the arms of some youngster who caresses him in his play. We can easily see why we should not victimise these delightful creatures. We can also see that we must control their birthrate, but not by cruel methods. Find a harmless way of killing them and our problem will be solved.

M. PATEY, 4th year.

### The Man and His Umbrella

Everything was still and lifeless. Nothing moved, not even the shabby clothes strung between the dilapidated balconies attempted to stir. The rain, like all autumn showers, had ceased after a short period, and now everything seemed deserted. A large impertinent rat poked its pink snout over the rusty brim of a solitary, battered garbage tin, in a quizzical manner as if to ask me why I had interrupted its meal. The dim street lights threw an eerie pattern of shadows across the ancient walls of the slums of Surry Hills. Everything seemed mystic, unreal and forbidding.

As I stepped around the next corner I was surprised to see a figure bent in the task of locking what I presumed to be his business premises. Why should he be just locking up a library in the early hours of the morning? One would think that there would be very little need for a library in such an area as this. There was a mystic air that seemed to hang about this character. While walking, he persisted in throwing forward at his arm's length his umbrella upon every third step that he took. His body seemed to be too tall for his personal liking, and thus he had to counteract this personal disadvantage by bending forward so that his nose protruded a good ten inches in front of his feet. His overcoat had been stylish some twenty years ago and it barely managed to reach the possessor's wrists or knees. Beneath this faded green antique protruded a pair of very baggy tweed trousers. His hat was of the bowler type from which the original surface felt had long since been worn. From his long, grave face protruded a large cigarette-holder containing a small stubb of a cigarette, threatening at any moment to fall to the ground. The smoke seemed to delight in passing his left ear slowly, then disgorging itself behind him into the crystal-clear atmosphere.

After a journey of perhaps half a mile this rare specimen of human nature disappeared into an open doorway, and by the time I had drawn level with it I could hear the high-pitched cries coming from within: "Eliza! Eliza! Come here!"

W. D. TRESIDDER, 4th year.

### Wet Weather

It has never occurred to me before how much I like wet weather. I think most people would agree with me when I say there is hardly a more pleasant occupation than sitting in an easy chair in

front of a blazing fire on a rainy day, reading a book and every now and then selecting a chocolate from a box at your side, that is, if you are rich enough to be able to afford it.

Changing from the inside to the outside, again we find much pleasure. When you are wrapped up with a coat, goloshes and other accessories, what fun it is to splash and to wade through the little rivulets and muddy pools which are scattered across your path! This inspiring sport is generally left to the very young, but, as you look around, you will see that there are others who still find it very amusing.

Rainy weather offers more opportunities for boys than for girls. For what boy, either young or old, does not like stripping to the bare essentials and having a game of football, especially if it has just been raining and the field is very muddy? Can you feel the grip of wet leather when the ball is flung to you and experience the joy that comes to you when you find yourself rolled in the mud? I also think this game is a natural outlet, for what boy does not like to get dirty?

Do you remember when you were young? Well then, do you remember what you did when the gutter was full to overflowing? Yes, I think everybody does. Immediately the clock seems to turn back and you can see yourself once again with little paper boats



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racing in the swiftly flowing current which either wrecked the frail craft or carried them down the gaping black crevice to pipes underground. And, when you tired of this sport, you turned into young engineers and caused minor calamities by damming up the gutter. How swiftly we can turn back the clock of time and remember childhood pleasures such as this!

I have left this phase to the last, but in reality it is the best and most inspiring. Nature has given us some very beautiful sights, which we do not have to pay anything to see. Have you ever stopped to look at and ponder about the lightning—the great flashes that seem to set the whole sky ablaze with colour or else the little flickerings on the horizon which warn us that a storm is in the offing? The sea also provides us with a wonderful sight when we watch the mighty waves pound against the rocks and leap all around them in a deluge of foam and spray. The sea, when it is rough and turbulent, reminds me of a horse that has never been broken. Looking at the sea I always think how little man really is. He has not conquered the sea and he never will. How puny man is beside the elements! How weak he is beside the wonders and beauties of this world!

When in future you think that rain has spoilt your fun, do not moan or groan; just look on the other side of the fence and you will be surprised what enjoyment you can find even though it is raining.

B. R. MILLER, 4th year.

## The Wooden Horse

Few stories have stirred the world like that of Eric Williams's escape with two brother officers from the dreaded prison camp, Stalag Luft III., in Germany. The courage and endurance of the three men who spent four weary months tunnelling their way to freedom was one of the most thrilling personal adventures of the war.

The Wessex production of "The Wooden Horse" tells this story—just as it happened. There are no embellishments to story or scene—none are necessary to make this a top-flight screen sensation.

Highlights of "The Wooden Horse" go far beyond the simple telling of the escape itself, with all its tension and excitement. There is the vivid picture of the life—or living death—spent behind the wire entanglements of a prison camp such as Stalag Luft III. Here a mixed throng of prisoners lived in close proximity to one another. Men of different creeds, opinions, feelings and ideals were confined together in a communal life none would choose, forced to make the best of unfavourable circumstances and one another. Ian Dalrymple builds up his film treatment with sharply etched cameos of these very different types, showing with kindly humour and compelling accuracy the friendships, petty jealousies and nervous anger of these men shut up together day after day, month after month, with no change of scene and little hope of freedom.

Authenticity was the ideal of the producer, and he achieved it by spending no little effort in sending special units to Germany and Copenhagen, Denmark. Many ex-German guards were cast, while members of the little publicised Danish Underground gladly offered their services to re-enact their war-time heroic activities.

The wooden horse of the title was a large trestle, big enough to hold a couple of men and sandbags, and the trestle is a kind of vaulting-horse for the prisoners' exercise. And do they exercise! Hour after hour, with the Germans never suspecting a thing, they leap over this trestle in the prison yard. It innocently covers the entrance to the tunnel that is being cut day by day under the barbed wire.

Starring Leo Genn as Peter, David Tomlinson as Phil, and Anthony Steel as John, the three who escape, the film also has splendid minor characters, whose acting is of a very high standard. In fact this is a memorable film, one which will leave an indelible impression on the minds of those who see it.

A. RYMER, 4th year.

### The Gun

It was evening. Slowly the softly toned greys merged into the darkening shadows of night. Stillness reigned. The mellow booming of a solitary church bell echoing through the hushed city broke the silence. It seemed to infuse a desire in the watcher to move, for she got up from the window, went into the kitchen and turned on the light.

She crossed to the row of canisters and, feeling behind the largest of them, drew it out. How she detested the short, thick body! It felt cold and impassive in her hand and she wriggled her fingers round the butt. Anyway, was not the simple mechanism so easy to understand? Pah! She flung it from her onto the bench. Tears came to her eyes as she stood in the centre of the room, staring unseeingly at the shiny barrel.

She started. The clock in the hall had struck six o'clock. He would be here any moment now. She sighed. Why had it to happen like this? What had she done to deserve it? It was no use! She had thought over the same thing many times before, but there was no way out. Her face paled. He was coming up the stairs!

Her fingers clamped round the butt again and she moved into position. His footsteps sounded on the landing. Coldly she brought the gun to the aim. The door handle moved. Flustered, she quickly pulled the trigger—and with a click the gas was lit for dinner.

D. KEITH, 4th year.

### In Defence of Dentists

It has been said, and I am quite sure it is true, that the dentist is man's best friend. To me, the dentist, with a sense of duty and goodwill to all mankind, represents all that is good in the world.

To some the dentist is a grotesque figure on whose face persists a horrible leer. They imagine him standing there, hands on hips, and with his feet astride, while beside him, packed in neat rows, lie his terrible tools of trade. To their numbed minds, paralysed by fear, they imagine he pushes them into the fateful chair and roughly jerks open their mouths till they think that their mouths must be at least six inches in diameter. He probes round, pokes their tongues, scrapes the roofs of their mouths and, oh! how they shudder when the drill is lifted from the hook and set in motion! With a cotton gauze mask over his nose and mouth, the dentist examines that marvellous cavity nature provided free of cost, in which are housed the implements for chewing food. Then they think of the steak, baked potatoes and peas they hope to have for tea but may not be able to eat. Muscles taut, they fight the tingling sensation of the drill when it meets enamel and, when the drill slips and cuts their lips, it is no one's fault except their own. After they have rinsed their mouths and find themselves walking through the door into the dank and dark waiting room, they begin to think of the next visit, a fortnight hence. Oh! what an abominable creature is the dentist!

For me the dentist holds no fear. As I see him, he is an old gentleman, with a moustache perhaps, but still a docile human with a considerable amount of patience. I relax in the chair as if it were an armchair in front of the fire at home. He gently opens my mouth and the nurse gives me a smile that makes it worthwhile coming to the dentist's. He works steadily on and when he is finished I feel no ill effects because I am completely relaxed. But the dentist is not a saint and he is not perfect. Not by any means. He becomes cantankerous, but wouldn't you if you had to contend with crying children all day and every day? He does not work without causing you some pain, but just consider the confined space in which he has to work; and it would indeed seem queer if our mouths were twelve inches in diameter just for the convenience of dentists. The main thing to remember when visiting a dentist is to relax and be completely at ease. When this has been achieved, your ideas will change and in the place of the grotesque figure you may see a kind old gentleman, perhaps with a moustache.

When I find myself walking through the waiting room, I think of my next visit and decide that it will be better spent playing football, but that blonde nurse—oh well, I suppose I shall be there in another fortnight.

JOHN MINGAY, 4th year.

### Not as Black as He is Painted

In the last six months, abuse has been hurled at the blackout from all directions. I think it is time something that is good should be said about him. Now, because I intend to say something good about him, do not overestimate him and think he is a little saint.

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A good point about the blackout is that he does not really want to surprise you when your stock of candles has run out, but he has unfortunately a contract with a person named Mr. Conde that says that, as soon as Mr. Conde decides to throw a switch, he, the blackout, has to shoot out like a flash into zone A or zone B or whatever zone he is sent to. However, though the blackout is merely a victim of circumstances, he is still ridiculed by everybody.

The other day a friend of mine had an argument with a blackout, and as the argument was drawing to a close my friend asked him if he had any more to say for himself. My friend was astonished when the blackout asked him to get a bible. When my friend produced a bible, the blackout told him to look up Genesis chapter one, verse two. The blackout told him to read it then, and my friend read. "And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The blackout then said to my friend, "You see, stupid, my second name is darkness and I am even mentioned in the bible. Therefore I must be older than you, so you should not argue with your elders." Before my friend could say anything the blackout was gone and the lights clicked on.

Lord Tennyson seems to have won fame over night, for everybody is repeating a section of one of his famous lyrical poems, by the name of "Break, Break, Break." Why, only the other night I heard a housewife say:

"And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me,"

when the power had gone off while she was cooking her tea.

Now, if you were to examine the morals of a blackout, you would find him a very decent chap and always very punctual if he is visiting you at your house, but he is generally never pressed for time and consequently stops longer than you expect, and this sometimes makes you very angry. I have found the blackout a very decent and reliable chap, who can always keep a dark, dark secret.

When the blackout comes to your house, you really should consider it a favour as to the question of your health, for electric lights ruin your eyes and statistics show that, since blackouts have been so prevalent, fewer people have been having trouble with eye complaints. He, of course, is helping the Education Department too, by stopping children from listening to the trashy serials that are heard on the radio.

In conclusion, the blackout is really a good chap. I definitely cannot understand why people are saying such bad things about him, for I can understand the blackout's feelings and never lose my temper when the lights go off—Oh! Confound it. There go the lights! I suppose the stupid blackout will be on for two hours and I'll miss my favourite serials. This is terrible, but a thing I hate is that the government says this country is a democracy.

H. CROZIER, 4th year.

## The Schoolboy's Dream of the Staff v. Pupils Soccer Match

There's a sad little group on the field to-day,  
Twenty to make and the honors are fled,  
And the four men left that are fit to play  
Are from the beginning left for dead.  
But two "familiar" appear on the scene  
Acknowledging the boos and hooray (?)—  
Like Gladstone and Caesar so handsome (?) and keen  
Are Messrs. Hyland and McRae.

"You've had your little joke, me boys;  
Get over it," they pleaded.  
But their appeals are drowned in the boos and noise  
Which meant, the advice was not heeded.  
They died as many more had died,  
Messrs. Beveridge, Saunders and others.  
"Take thirty lines" are the words one cried  
As he joined his staff-room brothers.

The staff's distress was not prolonged.  
Dozens died in their first attack,  
And loud were the cheers from the boys they'd wronged,  
Like blood-thirsty wolves in a pack.  
The field by now was covered with bones  
Of foes of the schoolboy "gents."  
The "dep" was killed 'mid teachers' groans  
And cheers from the "5 per cents."

This is the match, year after year,  
When the boys give it back to the masters,  
When everyone comes and jeers and cheers  
(Those not needing doctors, need pastors.)  
And just before this fatal match  
Each teacher makes his will,  
For all of them are in that batch  
To test the pupils' football skill.

J. KILPATRICK, 3A.

### On Target!

There was a long, heavy swell, and oily waves sullenly rolled with latent fury. Clouds, heavy with rain, rumbled overhead. Silence, but for the screeching of the wheeling gulls, but for the sighing ocean and the distant thunder.

A frowzy, tired old lady, a tramp steamer waddled up from the south, belching dirty, black smoke and red sparks, her single screw thrusting and whirling, making the whole craft quiver and ache.

She was doing an extravagant five knots, rolling and pitching, rising to throw the seas from her, falling to let them thunder aboard.

The Malay cook was slaving in the tiny galley from which a dozen smells, now mixed together, now singly, pervaded the ship. The helmsman gazed anxiously at the sea ahead, at the low, grey sky, and then all around. A dangerous place, in wartime, is the sea.

Squinting lovingly along the short barrel of a small gun that had been there since the craft's youth in the Great War, was an old navy gunner. He looked hard for the target on which he had been practising, found it again, and fired. There was a mighty flash and a roar. The sea seemed to lift and open before his eyes. The tramp heeled, but not with the recoil of the gun. A long, shattered, cigar-shaped object leapt out of the sea and in a split second the gunner saw on its side the letter U—nothing else. Burning oil hissed into the foaming water and white spray soared high. Gaping, he watched the long, grey shape plunge out of sight.

Through the acrid, choking smoke the oil burned and out beyond it bobbed the target—untouched.

JOHN McKENZIE, 3A.

### Shanghai in 1949

Shanghai, on the delta of the Yangtze River, is the greatest port in China. It is the key point at which the rich produce of the whole of Central China is loaded on the ocean-going vessels for all parts of the world, while merchandise from abroad is distributed from there to all parts of Central China and to other parts by river, canal, rail and even on backs of animals and human beings.

In the "sixties" of the last century, as a result of trade treaties and negotiations with the Chinese, some of the great powers of the world received concessions in the city. These settlements grew very rapidly, so that by the turn of the present century they really formed the great port of Shanghai.

At present, the city is composed mainly of three huge "settlements," the French, International, and the Chinese native city. The foreign settlements are in no way dependent on the Chinese, having their own elected Municipal Council, their own army detachments, fleet and other defence bodies in case of an incident. The native City of Shanghai dating back to the 11th Century is now the nucleus of the vast urban agglomeration which bears its name.

The International settlement—"the modern Babylon"—forms the central districts comprising the principal commercial establishments, dockyards, wharves on the famous river front of Bund and consulates of various nations. Crossing the settlement in all its length is the famous Nanking Road, the longest street in the world and one of the busiest. The French part is mainly residential in character, laid out in long avenues and "boulevards." The fashionable river front is called the Quai de France, which could pass for any big quay of Marseille.



There is a large number of colleges, higher-grade institutions, some maintained by Catholic missionaries. Universite' Aurore one of the three Shanghai universities, is conducted and wholly financed by Jesuit Fathers. The foreigners prefer to give their children the education of their own country; so they send them to an appropriate school. For example there are, apart from Chinese schools, an American High School, King Alfred High School for the British, a Jewish Lyceum, College St. Jeanne d' Arc (at which I was a student for 6 years), only mentioning a few.

The Walled City on the outskirts of the city itself consists of a conglomeration of tiny shacks and houses with narrow streets between them and surrounded by a wall. This part of Shanghai yearly attracts a large number of tourists. The Lung Hwa Pagoda and the temple of Confucius built about 800 years ago are very impressive architectural structures and are the centre of Confucianist pilgrims.

Because of its general world position, which is extremely advantageous, and its active trading between nations, in Shanghai more than in any other oriental centre East meets the West.

GERMAIN KALMIKOFF, 3C.

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## A Memorable Voyage

I was on holidays in the north of Scotland. The weather was warm and fine, the local river was but a trickle of water a few inches deep, and naturally the fishing was bad. I stood on the river bank and plied my rod for hours, but in vain. In fact the fishing was so bad that even my friend George, keen angler as he was, gave it up as a bad job.

So it was that a friend of mine who had a motor-boat invited me to accompany him to a lonely lighthouse which he supplied with food, and which was a few miles up the coast.

We set off early the following morning and chugged out of the harbour past the returning drifters, gulls wheeling and screaming over them as they sought to get at the fish. There was a fresh wind blowing in from the east, and the boat rolled pleasantly as it chugged northward along the coast. We were only out of the harbour two or three minutes when we passed a bay where two or three wrecks lay pounding in the surf. When the boats were no longer serviceable they were towed into the bay and left at the mercy of the wind and the weather. The boards had been torn off, and soon the skeleton would break up altogether and be cast up on the beach where men and women from the neighbouring village would gather the remains for firewood.

Then on up the coast we went, past bay after bay, with its sandy shore and sand-dunes stretching inland, and onward towards the north. Soon the coastline began to change. The sandy beaches gave way to shingle, and the dunes to sheer rocky cliffs. We passed a small, stony island, crowned by some ancient pines, which stood up gaunt and still like sentinels, defying the elements, and keeping guard over the island.

Then the snow-white lighthouse hove into view, the only dwelling for miles around on this grand and rugged coastline. As we neared our destination, my attention turned to my companion, Davie Buchan, rough, but somehow gentle. Davie could be a typical old fisherman, as tough and hearty as any of them, but he could also be kind and understanding, could sympathise with you. He was indeed a friend of the best type, one who would not desert you.

We reached the lighthouse at about eleven o'clock, and after unloading the supplies, we set out on the return journey. The wind had dropped. The dancing white caps of the morning had given way to a sullen ground swell, and the sun cast a lurid glow over the scene.

"I'm afraid we're in for a blow," muttered Davie. "That red face foretells a row of some kind."

Soon the wind started to come, not in one big blow, but in little puffs, now from one quarter, now from another. The squalls became heavier and the sea rose steadily. The little motor-boat was bucking and twisting like a live thing, and as we slid down one wave, it seemed as if the fountain of water in front would surely

swamp us, but the engine kept chugging on, and we continued to make progress towards the harbour.

For four hours we battled with the gale but we won in the end, and at six o'clock we reached the harbour and came alongside the quay. Never was I more thankful to do anything than I was to step onto terra firma again. Davie was hardly out of his boat when he was called away to man the lifeboat, of which he was coxswain, and I was left to wend my thankful way to my lodgings and bed.

W. TWADDLE, 3E.

### Life on the Ocean Floor

The sea varies in depth quite as much as the land varies in height. There are slopes descending gradually from the shore and becoming deeper and deeper; there are plains and tablelands running for miles at the same depth, and there are precipices with sheer descents into mighty chasms over six miles deep.

In the year 1912, a German vessel called the "Planet" recorded the greatest ocean depth known to man. This vast chasm was 40 miles north-west of Mindanao, an island in the Philippines, and reached the amazing depth of 5,349 fathoms, where pressure would be well over six tons per square inch. This is now known as the "Mindanao Deep."

Knowledge of the floor of the ocean at these depths is obtained only by the sounding lead, which carries apparatus for procuring samples of the bottom. As might be expected, the sea bed is composed either of mud or ooze, known as "globigerina ooze," and it is doubtful whether any forms of life, even the single cell jelly fish, exist.

However, at depths around 200 feet, myriads of fantastic forms of life do exist, and divers, equipped with suits, are capable of descending to such a depth and thus see these wonderful things. For magnificence in colour, life and weird coral shapes, the Great Barrier Reef, fringing the coast of Queensland from Rockhampton to Murray Island, has no equal. It is here we find so many interesting fish, from the grotesque stone fish, whose body is just a mass of horrible warty excrescences, to the elegant butterfly fish, the most ornate of all coral fish, whose comeliness, beauty and grace are surpassed by none. Here, also, we find a huge tribe of shell fish, types of coral, and the extraordinary mammal known as the Dugong, whose nearest present day relatives are the elephants. It would be impossible to describe all life of interest that exists, but let us go on a journey over the sea floor with the highly paid pearl-diver, and see for ourselves the splendour of the ocean bed.

Sinking to a stream of bubbles, the diver descends—first through light green water that gradually darkens to a deeper green until he can see for only six feet around. Blocks of weed-draped coral loom up like stumps in a misty plain. Whilst here and there tiny fish dart with incredible swiftness, ever hunting, ever alert. Although the beauty of the mother-of-pearl shell is greatly admired, one cannot



distinguish this bi-valve as it lies firmly attached to a rock. Camouflaged by weed and sponges which it encourages to grow as a protection from its enemies, crabs and cuttle fish, who bore holes in it and suck its flesh away, the shell itself is of a very drab appearance. Often amongst the shells lurk savage reef eels, ranging from a mottled brown in colour to the brightest of golden hue, which do not hesitate to sink their needle-like teeth through a diver's dress, and any wounds thus caused prove dangerous.

Growing on any suitable foundation, the form of life that plays the main part in colouring the sea is coral. Coral attains the most weird and fantastic forms, whose colours of blue, lavender, purple, pink, green, brown and yellow, and an infinite variety of intermediate shades are unsurpassed in all the kingdom of the sea. Most of us have never had the opportunity of seeing live coral. Specimens in Museums are merely bleached skeletons, perhaps crudely coloured, and by no means convey to us the real beauty of coral. These skeletons are principally composed of carbonate of lime, and a close examination of their surface reveals a great number of small cup-shaped pits or depressions. Originally these depressions formed the home of tiny coral polyp. Therefore coral is not the skeleton of one animal, but the combined skeletons of hundreds of similar animals whose size is no larger than a pin head, and, each being an industrious little architect, their combined efforts have resulted in the making of 1,250 miles of coral reef.

Suddenly the diver lurches. His life line twists and becomes taut, and, glancing up, he perceives through the water, a giant devil-ray, the line tangled in its two horns and fins. Infuriated as the strain of the life line begins to take effect, the huge grey shape lashes violently, dragging the semi-conscious diver through the water. This vain struggling on the part of the ray by no means enhances its or the victim's chance of freedom, so the helpless diver can do nothing but hope or pray that the line will break free. Still the ray struggles on, making short spurts, alternately diving and surfacing, flapping its giant wings, until at last, exhausted, it sounds. The line then twists free and the diver, gasping for air, as he has let a great deal out in the form of air bubbles in an attempt to frighten off the ray, is slowly hauled up. There will be no more diving to-day.

However, the giant devil-ray, lurking in the deep waters off the Queensland coast, is never dangerous to man—except, of course when a diver's line is entangled in its fins—preferring to dine upon small fish and squid. These huge monsters attain a weight of over a ton, and, being of no commercial value, are not sought by fishermen.

Dangerous to many, however, is the huge Queensland groper, some weighing as much as 800 pounds. When this monster sees a diver searching around in the semi-darkness, he becomes inquisitive and charges, snapping furiously. Divers always avoid these gropers, as they attack on the least provocation. A feature of these denizens of the deep is their huge globular eyes and thick, fleshy lips. Only very small specimens are considered edible.

Even the ferocious groper cannot equal for savageness the shark, whose attacks on unwary divers cause much concern. However, one might think that the large specimens of shark are more dangerous to man than the smaller ones. This assumption is by no means correct, for the small species, inexperienced as they are, know no danger or fear, and hurl themselves headlong into a battle with a diver, snapping viciously and tearing sections from his suit. The larger specimens, being more mature than the youngsters, kill for their sustenance, and will never attack anything dead. Only rare cases of attacks by larger sharks have been reported, mostly by females with young or by whaler sharks maddened by the stream of bubbles which the diver sends forth from his air valve.

The diver is willing to face these dangers in order to procure a haul of mother-of-pearl shell which may contain a pearl and thus pay his employer handsomely and yield a percentage of profit for himself. Men of this profession are reputed to have a short life span, owing to the hazards and dangers of the great ocean, but become attached to all the different wonders of the deep and remain in their profession until age or death terminates their work.

C. WHITEHEAD, 2A.

## The Muster

The bushland rang with the stockwhip's crack;  
'Twas mustering time away out back.  
Into the yards we herded the cattle—  
The tumult was like the noise of battle.

The drovers were there, the hardened men—  
They'd come many miles from Rover's Glen.  
The cattle to Adelaide had to go;  
The way was long and the pace would be slow.

For six long months they'd be away,  
And 'twas wearying labour every day.  
The cook and his waggon would go ahead  
To prepare a place for camp and bed.

While the campfire gleams through the dark of night,  
And the flanks of cattle flash in its light,  
We salute the drover and the horse, his friend,  
Who will guide the herd to the journey's end.

R. FERGUSON, 2A.

## The Atom Bomb

The atom bomb is the most lethal article of warfare in the world to-day. It has the power to kill thousands of people in a single blast, usually by blanketing the atmosphere with radio-active particles or by the super-heated blasting explosion which is a direct outcome of the explosion itself. It is dropped by parachute, exploding in mid-air.

Radio-active materials are those which give off rays which are really particles of matter. Sometimes these rays can be dangerous as those of uranium and radium, two radio-active metals, are. In radium, rays are given off which blister the skin and affect photographic plate as sunlight does. This has since been proved to be the breaking up of the element into the metal lead and gas helium. Uranium 235 means that the uranium is 235 times heavier than hydrogen. This is its atomic weight. It gives off gamma rays, which have the power to kill, and so must be handled very delicately. Pitch-blende is the radio-active ore in which uranium and radium are found.

Rutherford, a man whose name is a by-word in Physics, exploded the atomic theory that an atom is inert and indivisible by proving that it is a highly complex structure, something like a miniature solar system, with a centre called a nucleus. The nucleus is composed of protons and neutrons. The proton is the positive part and the neutron is the negative, and in this nucleus most of the atomic energy is found. Around the nucleus revolve electrons or planets which vary in the element. For example, oxygen has more electrons than hydrogen, and iron more than oxygen has, and so on. From this you may gather that the atomic theory that the atom is inert and indivisible is very wrong.

Primarily the atom bomb is a bullet, coated with lead. I mean that in the bomb is a bore, along which, when the bomb is detonated, shoots a bullet composed of a mass of uranium 235. This is a "critical mass," very delicate, which, when exploded, liberates the neutrons in its atoms, which each liberate three other neutrons in another atom, and so it goes on but in a fraction of time. The bomb is 25 feet long, and weighs 9,000 pounds. It descends by parachute and explodes in mid-air. It is interesting to note that the uranium 235 is extracted from ordinary uranium, 1 pound derived from 140 pounds of ordinary uranium, and is very radio-active. The lead, which coats the bore, and the cobalt casing both become explosive when the uranium is fired. Thus the bomb is very dangerous and lethal. Indeed one kilogramme of uranium is equal to 20,000 tons of T.N.T. when exploded.

The construction of the atom bomb was first made really possible by the work of Rutherford who was responsible for the present atom theory. In 1939 uranium 235 was extracted from uranium and then plutonium was discovered and later used. The bomb was tested in New Mexico and Bikini and used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki with terrible results. The features of an atom bomb

explosion are the mushroom formed and also the super-heated blast and winds, and radio-active dust is prevalent.

The hydrogen bomb will be made with the new forms of hydrogen, deuterium and tritium, and detonated by an atom bomb explosion. It is estimated that a heat of 50,000,000 degrees Centigrade will be necessary to set the bomb off and the unfortunate who experience the blast will also experience the temperature found on the sun, which is very hot indeed.

Men and women who have helped in the work of making the atom bomb possible are Madame and Pierre Curie, Rutherford, of course, and Becquerel, besides those others to whom we are indebted. Madame and Pierre Curie and Becquerel did a lot of research on uranium and radium, Rutherford and Lorenz laid the true foundation by proving what an atom is and giving the theory, respectively, and the others are those who have done research work for the atom bomb.

It is to be hoped that the marvel of the atom bomb will be used only in peace to generate heat and electricity for mankind, and not as a weapon to kill men and women and create havoc in this world.

D. HORSEFIELD, 2A.

## Camp Doings

Doubt has been raised as to whether loss of school time in camp with cadets is compensated for by the training they receive there. This article is written with the express purpose of showing how educational a military cadet camp is.

Let us first take English. At Gan Gan one heard emphasis at its best. It is indeed remarkable with what variations officers can say such words as "Shun!" or "Show!" (to rhyme with cow) according to their individual tastes and "Turn!" or "Halt" with so much force.

Those Latin lessons on mythology were not forgotten. Echoes of free translations were heard in that famous phrase, "Got 'im like a centaur" and its variation, "Got 'im like the minotaur," though its significance is as shrouded in mystery as that fabulous beast.

The chemistry of the Gan Gan mess showed the amazing possibilities of a career as an analytical chemist or dietician. The cook-house boys know their job so well that they can make a salad, with a little camouflage, look like roast pork. What was just plain meat for breakfast, became stew for dinner, curry for tea, and next day the gravy was soup.

The cool night air brought on displays of Very lights and mortar flares, which subsided into what might have been taken for glow-worm lights around the quiet tent-lines.

Nor was our application of algebra neglected, although the common school phrase,  $x$  equals  $y$ , can now be disproved by the fact that map-reading lessons show that  $x$  marks the spot, and that  $y$  is a question asked by unfortunates on D.P. Furthermore,  $x$ , the unknown quantity, required to fill in blank files, actually became

that mysterious pet called Harvey, successor to Boris and other famous camp characters.

"Music hath charms," says the poet; none more so than the bugle which charmed unwilling feet onto the sand and to the showers.

S.W.A.S.S.C. was collected, and the initials were added to those other official designations like H.Q., I.Q., You Queue, O.K., P.K., W.H.O. Knows, U.N.O's., C.O's.—and so on.

Thus were we continually reminded in the middle of trees, sand, cold showers and cook house smoke, of those subjects which for a time we thought we might have left behind us.

J. MARQUET, 2A.

## Randy the Snake

It was a warm spring morning when Randy, a red-bellied black snake, emerged from his hole into the glaring sunshine, after spending the long winter hibernating. Selecting a suitable spot he shed his dull black skin, revealing in its place another similar one, only much brighter.

Hunger gripped Randy for the first time since his hibernation. His next consideration was to look for food. Visions of a fat, succulent frog came to his mind. Such a good meal that frog will make! he thought. Slowly he slithered through the long grass, which was waving in the morning breeze, towards the distant swamp where dwelt such things as frogs.

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Wending his way through the tall, whispering reeds, he came upon a marshy clearing on the edge of the swamp. Here he saw a tasty morsel, a large, green, croaking bull-frog, sitting on a moss-covered log and enjoying the morning warmth. Randy quietly wriggled towards his prey. The green frog, on hearing a slight rustle behind, leapt round and was horrified to see such an ugly monster swaying hypnotically in front of him. Surely the frog is as good as caught, thought Randy, preparing to strike.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, there came the thrashing of wings through the disturbed air, as a kookaburra, clawing perilously close at Randy, flashed between him and the frog. Knowing full well his danger, the snake slid for the nearest shelter—under the log, while the frog, recovering from his fear, hopped into a pool. Randy wisely remained under the log until the kookaburra, after making several attempts to catch him, became discouraged and flew away out of sight.

Cautiously Randy made his way towards the thick undergrowth, consoling himself with the thought that tasty morsels could be found there with far less danger to himself.

G. BOW, 2A.

## The Capture

**Characters:** Benjamin Beaton (a wealthy landowner), Harry (his servant), Dan Davey (a robber), Sergeant Williams, Ten Police-men.

**Scene:** Interior of the lounge room of Benjamin Beaton's large house. Beaton is at present seated in a large armchair, with his back turned to some French windows opening onto the moonlit lawn.

**Beaton:** (Feeling in pocket.) "Where's my pipe? Harry! Harry! Where does that man get to when—" (enter Harry.)

**Harry:** "You called, sir?"

**Beaton:** "Yes, Harry. Bring me my newspaper and pipe, please."

**Harry:** "Right you are, sir. I say, did you read that the thief who stole Mrs. Franklin's jewels has not been found? The police say his name is Dan Davey and that he probably has left Sydney."

**Davey:** (Stepping in through French windows and covering Beaton and Harry with a gun.) "They are right about the name but I haven't cleared out. Not on your life, I haven't. I'm here to make another haul."

**Harry:** (Moving forward.) "You won't get away with this, Davey. What's more, you won't get a farthing from here, if I can help it."

**Davey:** "Ha! Ha! Ha! Brave boy! What you say may be right in a way, but, you see, you can't help it. I've a gun in my hand and it's more effective than all the threats in the world. Now, Beaton, where do I cash in?"

**Beaton:** "At Long Bay. You'll never find out where the money is."

**Harry:** "I agree!" (Harry springs at Davey, but the villain is too quick. He sidesteps and the servant crashes to the floor. Davey turns to cover Harry.)

**Davey:** "Get up, you fool. You—Ugh!" (Beaton sees his chance and rushes in on Davey while his back is turned, and by a series of blows to the back of the neck, lays Davey flat on the floor.)

**Harry:** (Getting up.) "Nice work, sir." (To Davey.) "Can't do much now, can you?"

**Beaton:** "Get his gun and keep him covered. I'll ring the police." (Picks up 'phone and dials number.) "Police Station? Good! That you, Williams? I've an ugly piece of work for you, Serg.—Yes, Dan Davey. He's out to it, poor chap. Hurry over. He's spoiling the scenery. Thanks."

**Harry:** "Sir, he's coming round."

**Beaton:** "Give me his gun. You go and get a strong piece of rope and tie him up, before he comes right round." (Exit Harry.)

**Davey:** "Where am I? What am I doing here?"

**Beaton:** "Shut up and think."

**Davey:** "Oh! I know: You're Benjamin Beaton" (begins to rise.) "Pleased to—"

**Beaton:** "Sit down and shut up." (Enter Harry.)

**Harry:** "Will I tie him up?"

**Beaton:** "Yes. Make it a good job, too." (Harry kneels and starts to put the rope around Davey's waist, but the robber grabs him, and, using him as a shield, gets up.)

**Davey:** "I've got you now. Do as I say and you won't get hurt. If you don't—well—you wait and see. It's too late to get anything now, because I don't know what happened when I was asleep. Now, throw my gun by the French windows." (Beaton does so.) "Turn around." (Beaton does so.)

(Enter policemen, led by Sergeant Williams, who picks up the gun. Davey wheels, still using Harry.)

**Davey:** "Shoot and you get him. Not—Oh!" (Once again Beaton moves up behind and reduces Davey to helplessness by the same method as before.)

**Williams:** "It seems as if we got here just in time. I must compliment you on your 'rabbit-killers,' Mr. Beaton."

**Beaton:** "Thank you, Williams. You may take him away and lock him up now."

**Williams:** "Right! Much obliged, Mr. Beaton. Goodnight."

**Beaton:** "Goodnight." (Exit police with Davey.) "Now, Harry, may I have my newspaper and pipe? I think I deserve them after all that excitement."

N. HARRISON, 2A.

## My First Sea Trip

My first, or rather my only sea trip was made from Swansea to Sydney in a forty foot launch owned by a friend of mine named Mr. Jinks, a retired sea captain with rather primitive ideas of sea travel. I had, for long, been a fan of this old seaman, watching him admiringly as he tottered around the waterfront giving welcome advice to his multitude of followers.

One day I was pleasantly surprised when he offered to take me on a sea trip which he proposed to make to Sydney in his launch, the "Ontaria," a solid craft which was the pride of his life. This offer astounded me because I thought Mr. Jinks thoroughly incapable of making such a trip in a launch of a mere forty feet in length.

However, despite the difficulty of obtaining my mother's permission, the two days before we were due to start out were spent packing provisions and running the numerous errands which my skipper seemed to find necessary.

We finally departed on the 20th April, and were soon to be seen chugging smoothly along the coast at eight knots with a cool breeze behind us and plenty of time for fishing, if we so desired.

Our contentment, however, was doomed. On the first night out a storm sprang up. Never have I seen the wrath of Neptune so aroused! Lightning streaked across the heavens showing us huge waves which were quickly increasing in both size and number. Soon the rain swept down upon us in torrents and indeed it seemed as if the whole sky were falling upon us. I retired into my bunk at an early hour and left the skipper standing at the wheel, striving to keep control of his beloved launch.

I awoke at dawn to find an entirely changed scene. The dark clouds were replaced by a broad smiling sun which peeped out behind a cloud and beckoned to us to begin our day's task of cleaning the boat. Small shivering wavelets which danced to the tune of the fresh north-easterly breeze provided a much more pleasant substitute for the rolling breakers of the night before.

We were soon busy at the task of cleaning the ship and trying to start the obstinate engine, which had become soaked overnight. All that day we spent trying to make that engine move, but without success. I, for want of something better to say, advanced the suggestion that the engine had lost its petrol during the tempest. Upon investigating, Mr. Jinks found the solution to our problem. So, after refilling the petrol tank, we at last heard the welcome sound of the spinning propeller.

The rest of the journey was conducted with no greater disaster than a mild attack of sea-sickness on my part.

On the 23rd April, at about 2 p.m., any casual onlooker could have observed from Circular Quay a small, battered craft closely resembling a launch creeping into Port Jackson and containing two miserable human beings both of whom firmly resolved that the next time that thirst for adventure overcame them, they would satisfy it on terra firma and not in the watery domain of Neptune.

M. NICHOLS, 2A.

## Our Dining Room

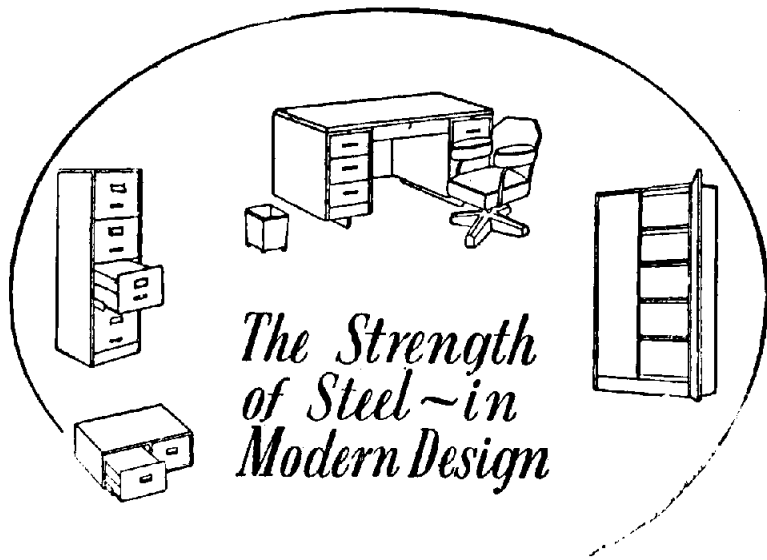
Our dining room is the central room in the house, opening onto the back verandah, the kitchen, and the hallway. It is about twelve feet square, having a carpet square which covers the main part of

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the floor. This carpet has a very symmetrical pattern, in gold, brown and beige. The most striking article of furniture is an old arm-chair with polished maple arms and a sloping, comfortable back covered with tapestry in a plain design. There are several cushions on it, covered with materials in light colours, to go with the brown back. There are several other chairs covered with a dark brown leatherette and polished nicely. A big table is in the centre of the room while a sideboard stands in one corner. In the opposite corner to this is a traymobile upon which is a blue and yellow vase adorned with brightly coloured poppies.

During the year, the dining room table is in constant use as a desk, where my sister and I do our homework. Here, also, we have our meals, Father sitting at the head of the table near the sideboard. All of the family darning and mending is done in this room by my conscientious Mother. Here, too, I write most of my letters to my pen friends overseas, to relations and to school mates. Much entertaining is done in this room, for it is an ideal place for indoor games.

There is nothing better than sitting down with an interesting book before a blazing fire, after a hard day's work. It is the dining room which affords the best place to do this, as one can draw the armchair round in front of the fire. Here, long discussions are held about nothing in particular, when everybody is tired, but not quite ready for bed. I am sure that Fluff, my cat, thinks in front of the fire to be the ideal spot, when she comes inside for attention. Considering all, I think that the dining room of this house is the cosiest place for working, study and relaxation.

R. SAUNDERS, 2A.

## Dreamland

Sometimes, when I am weary of noises in the street,  
Of shouting, strident voices upraised in anger's heat,  
I wander into Dreamland, with pirates' swords that kill,  
And houses made of ice cream for boys to eat their fill.  
'Tis there live many dragons which plunder all the land,  
And folk with many heads and legs and such a lot of hands,  
And sometimes men from Venus or yet from Mars above,  
And I must fight against them within a moonlit cove.  
And when at last I'm victor and it's time for me to go,  
I wander back from Dreamland and return to things I know.

L. WILLIAMS, 2A.

## The Diesel Engine

The wonder of the Modern Age is, as you all might guess, the Diesel engine, driving huge ocean liners across seas, submarines through the water, planes through the air and trains across great distances on land.

Although the first Diesel was not built until 1892, its growth has been rapid and beneficial. Rudolf Diesel, a German, patented an internal combustion engine, which first drew attention when it was

used in German submarines during World War I. It is the most economical of all internal combustion engines, for it can use a cheap grade of fuel oil and consumes fuel only when running. Taking up less space than a steam plant, the engine is ideal for submarines and freight ships where as much room as possible is needed for goods.

The Diesel differs greatly from gasoline engines in compressing the mixture further. A four-cycle engine works in the following manner. During the first cycle, pure air is drawn into the cylinder. Next, the piston, on its return stroke, compresses this air to a pressure of 400 or 500 pounds per square inch. This raises the temperature of the air to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Just before the beginning of the third cycle the fuel valve opens to admit the oil vapours, which are forced into the cylinder by a very small pump under a 1,000 pounds pressure. The vapours of the fuel oil are set on fire when they meet the terrifically hot compressed air in the cylinder, and this explosion furnishes the power stroke of the engine. The waste gases are removed during the fourth cycle. No ignition system is necessary. Special means of cooling such engines are provided. This is done by forcing a current of water through the water jacket which surrounds the cylinders.

The efficiency of a steam locomotive is only one-fifth as great as that of a petrol motor, and less than one-sixth that of a Diesel engine. So you can see, a Diesel engine is, bar electric motors, the most efficient engine of all. It takes a famous Diesel locomotive 37½ hours to do 2,200 miles, thus travelling at an average speed of 60 miles per hour—a great achievement. These Diesel trains usually have a horsepower of 5,400, while that of a larger Diesel liner is 28,000.

The Diesel engine seems to be bringing in a modern mechanical revolution.

K. TREZISE, 2A.

### The Wild Herd

No saddles on their backs do rest;  
No bits have quelled their speed;  
The grim, dark ranges are their home;  
No stable do they need.

See them race through ferny gullies,  
Up the stony mountainside,  
With feet unshod and tails uncombed—  
Who would dare such steeds to ride?

I. TWEMLOW, 2A.

### Different Kinds of Courage

As the cyclists pedalled swiftly downhill towards the intersection they saw the truck race forward in an attempt to gain the crossing before them.

"Come on! We can beat him!" exclaimed one of the foolhardy among the schoolboys.

"Count me out," said Terry Smith. "You know that racing trucks to an intersection is dangerous."

"We didn't expect you to be in it, Terry," said the first boy sarcastically. "You haven't the courage to do anything like that," and, leaving Terry still smarting from the last taunt, they sped off. A squeal of brakes was the only thing that Terry heard to give him any indication of the result of the race.

When Terry reached the crossing he saw the other cyclists staring ashen-faced at an overturned truck which was lying in a ditch at the side of the road blazing fiercely.

"Quickly" exclaimed one of the group, "there are two men in the cabin of the truck."

As soon as the boy had finished speaking, Terry darted forward but the intense heat drove him back. He was only temporarily beaten, however, as, picking up a sheet of asbestos, which was part of the cargo of the truck, he hurried forward again. Upon reaching the cabin he seized the door-handle and, ignoring the fierce pain which shot up his arm, he wrenched the door open, seized one of the men by the collar and dragged him to safety.

Following Terry's example, the rest of the boys dragged the other man clear but with not quite so much injury to themselves as Terry suffered. When the ambulance, which one of the boys had enough presence of mind to call, arrived, it had three patients to carry, as Terry had fainted from the pain of his burns.

In the daily press of the next day there was a brief paragraph to the effect that two men had been rescued from a burning truck by a party of school boys. To the readers it was just another little incident, but to those who witnessed the rescue it was a tribute to the courage of one, Terry Smith, who, not fifteen seconds before, had been told he had no courage at all.

I. SYMES, 2B.

### Eureka Stockade

A nation born with freedom won  
So dearly by life's blood,  
Australians all, remember still  
"Eureka's" rising flood.

The sun rose o'er the sweeping hills  
To greet that fatal day;  
The diggers rose and took their posts  
To meet what came their way.

Across the slope before their eyes  
There came a thin red line  
A'marching forward step by step—  
The leader gave the sign.

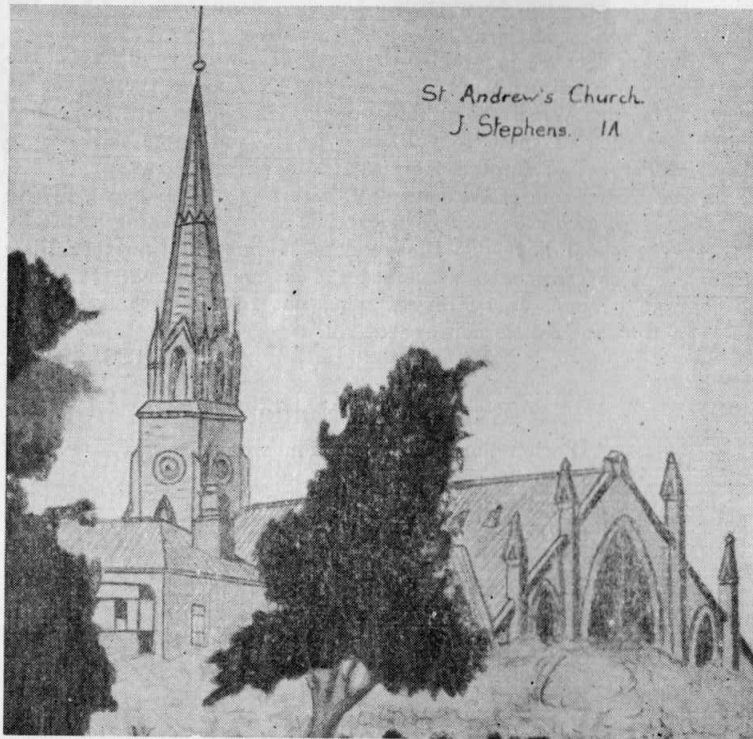


The battle raged; the muskets roared  
Defiance in the sky;  
But faltered not that line of red,  
Though round their dead did lie.

Through dust and flame the troopers came,  
And took the diggers' flank;  
The stockade fell, the day was lost,  
And with it all hope sank.

The conflict caused a great uproar,  
But justice bows to none;  
And in the heat of battle flame  
Australia freedom won.

PETER WATKINS, 2B.



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## Trapped

Throughout the Christmas holidays Stewart Fleming, was staying at his aunt's boarding house, "The Pig'n' Whistle." It was situated by the side of the coast road to Sydney and at eight o'clock on a warm Saturday morning Stewart was trotting, towel in hand, along the sun-bleached sand of a lonely but beautiful stretch of curving beach. At his heels was Togo, his aunt's dog, romping and barking joyfully. He had told his aunt not to prepare lunch for him as he intended to have the mid-day meal at the home of a neighbouring farmer with whose son he was very friendly.

The water was delightfully warm as the waves closed slowly over his broad, bronzed shoulders. Later, a refreshed and happy youth, Stewart was whistling softly as he walked briskly on the golden sand towards the cliff path, a short cut known to only a few people. However, he cursed lightly as his dog darted swiftly into a nearby cave. Stewart hurried after him for he knew well the danger of these caves which dotted the steep granite cliff face. Togo had gone far into the cave. It led into a tunnel and the cry of "Here! Here, Togo!" rang eerily as Stewart ran after the dog, which was soon held in his firm grip.

As he walked back along the tunnel there sounded clearly a dull rumble which rose to a tremendous roar as ton after ton of earth and stone slid down the cliff face sealing the mouth in such a manner as to take at least a week for every available man within fifty miles to make an opening. Perhaps, thought Stewart in realisation of his plight, I can find a way out by following the tunnel. For what seemed hours he stumbled along the passage in search of an opening that would lead to safety.

Cut about on hands, legs, face and shoulders and with torn clothes, Stewart suddenly remained still. He had forgotten his cigarette lighter. Nervously he flicked the wheel. The small flame cast weird shadows on the rough wall of the cave. It flickered momentarily. "It can't have gone out because of fuel or a wick. I filled it and put a new wick in it this morning," Stewart thought aloud. He stopped short. A cool breath of wind struck his face. "That means I must be near an opening," he cried excitedly as he rushed forward.

Exhausted and sore he lay, high above the booming sea, on a narrow ledge. Over him was stooping a uniformed man outlined against the star-studded, velvet sky.

Though thankful to be safe, Stewart moaned for days about his badly bruised body and cut hands, arms and legs. However, his aunt's wonderful care and cooking regained for him his strength and he was soon up and about again. "In future," said Stewart to his aunt's pet, which seemed to understand fully, "I'll see to it that you're chained in your kennel before I go for a swim."

R. JONES, 2B.

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## The Cave

In the deep heart of the Australian bush found densely in the northern part of the lofty Great Dividing Range in New South Wales, lies a narrow faced and cleverly hidden cave. Being far from human habitation and situated behind a high and foaming waterfall it is so cleverly hidden that only the most skilled bushman could possibly discover and penetrate its dark, eerie entrance. As well as a cascade of foaming waters, thick clusters of vines conceal the entrance, which is a long winding tunnel, opening into a huge limestone cavern.

On one side of this cavern, thick weed and slime cover the lower half, the reason being that several years ago a small river ran along this side, while the other side was covered with Aboriginal paintings and carvings. Apparently the early blacks had used this cave as a sacred store-hut for their idols and magic ornaments. Stalactites and stalagmites were at one end of the cave. Their beauty as they surrounded the walls made it seem like a fairyland of icicles and magic! The floor was smooth and sloping, ending abruptly at a sheer precipice confronted on the other side by a steep, bare rock wall, rising many feet above the floor and ending in a dome of vividly coloured streaks of rock and limestone. At one top corner, a shaft of light was struggling valiantly to enter the dim cave of wonder of mystery.

The blacks who roamed this wild, desolate area in search of good hunting grounds, had discovered this cave, when one of their warriors, quite by accident, began tracking an animal which led him to its home—the cave. They had then built most of their village inside as a protection against wild animals, which in those days frequently roamed the land in search of prey. Later they used it for their sacrifices and investiture as warriors until they fled in terror at the coming of the determined white man with his "fire-sticks." Their sacred ornaments, which were left behind, have never yet been discovered and, if they were, they would be among the most priceless objects on earth.

However, in the last century, the notorious Kelly Gang discovered the cave and buried a fabulous treasure of gold when the troopers were closing in on them. The gold had undoubtedly been stolen from unfortunate diggers, who had had luck in their quest. To this day the treasure remains buried, another mystery and romance associated with this cave of wonders.

P. HARWIN, 1A.

## The Haunted House

It stands near the cliff looking up to the sky;  
Owls and bats around it fly;  
In the dead of night when all is still,  
Their noises weird the old house fill.

Broken shutters clatter and clash,  
While below the cliff white breakers crash  
Against the boulders large and small,  
And their echoes are heard in the misty hall.

The wind at night, an eerie sound,  
Shrieks those ancient walls around.  
Old and ghostly it stands in that place,  
Shunned by all the human race.

A. DARROW, 1D.

### A Trip Down a Mine

There are many dangers, traps and pitfalls in the hazardous but essential occupation of coal-mining. Almost every day the newspapers report some disaster from different parts of the world.

Prior to my first trip down the pit my mind was full of the many dangers associated with the underground workings used in the extraction of coal from the bowels of the earth. However, curiosity overcame my trepidation and soon I entered the dark tunnel and took my place alongside the driver of the underground transport system. With the release of brakes we moved off and very quickly were descending from brilliant sunshine into the inky darkness ahead. Two strong headlights illuminated our way showing clearly the coal formation around us. We travelled for a mile and a quarter before reaching the transport terminal and then had to walk the rest of the way.

Excited at the prospect of seeing a mine in the actual process of coal production we eagerly strode behind our guide who was explaining the various operations regarding timbering and skip haulage as each different phase was encountered. We were taken into a section that had been flooded when an open cut filled with water from heavy rains broke through into the underground workings.

We were amazed at the damage caused by the inrush, heavy timber being smashed like box-wood, huge rocks carried from above and deposited miles underground, holes of incredible size on the travelling roads, steel rails torn and twisted into fantastic shapes, immense falls of coal due to the washing away of the timber support. We were shown the tomb of the horses trapped in the mine without any possible chance of escape. This emphasised the fortunate survival of all men in the mine at the time.

After leaving such scenes of desolation we came to the mechanised section which consists of coal-cutting machines, loaders, shuttle car units and conveyor belt systems. Firstly the solid coal face is cut by the coal cutter prior to the explosive charge being fired, the coal obtained being loaded into a shuttle car which in turn takes it to the conveyor belts and thence to the haulage road for transport to the surface. It was very dusty and noisy amongst all the machinery and, although the ventilation was good, we were all sweating freely with fine coal dust covering our faces.

In contrast to the noisy atmosphere of the machinery we were conducted into the eerie stillness of the return airway. This is the name given to a passageway which carries the foul air from the workings to the surface by means of a huge ventilating fan.

The experience and knowledge gained on a trip around a coal mine is of inestimable value in understanding one of the nation's most important industries and, although exceedingly interesting from a visitor's point of view, it has strengthened my resolve to obtain a more congenial occupation.

B. HALL, 1A.

### The Winning Try

What a game of thrills it had been. The scores were nine all and there were only ten minutes of play left.

Johnson had kicked the ball from half way. It was wonderfully taken by Williams, who passed it to Reid, but he was brought down after running about ten yards. He rose and played the ball. Cant received it but stepped outside the line. A scrum was formed and in went the ball. When it came out Tracy passed it to Craig who ran strongly for some twenty yards before he was stopped by a magnificent flying tackle. When the ball was played it was smartly picked up by Cant who ran hard for our line. Craig was with Cant. I was in hot pursuit and Burge, our half, was just behind. When Cant reached our full-back and passed the ball, instead of going to Craig, as it should have done, it came to me.

Clutching it like grim death I swerved and ran for dear life up the field. I knew Burge was in support, for I heard him shouting. I threw the ball to him at the right moment. He was tackled but managed to pass back to me before he was brought down. I ran for the line. I side-stepped Johnson but he quickly recovered and came after me. I knew he was a much faster runner than I was. A desperate effort was needed. At any moment I expected to feel the shock of his flying tackle. With all my strength I hurled myself forward in a dive for the line, not really knowing whether I was close enough to cross it. When I came to—for I had been winded by the fall—it was to learn that I had scored the winning try. Imagine my joy as my team mates carried me off in front of an applauding crowd.

K. HILDER, 1E.

### Prize-Winning Contributors

Verse— J. Miles, 5A; Report— J. Layt, 4A; Drawing— C. Whitehead, 2A; Prose— J. Miles, 5A; J. Mingay, 4C; J. McKenzie, 3A; C. Whitehead, 2A; B. Hall, 1A.

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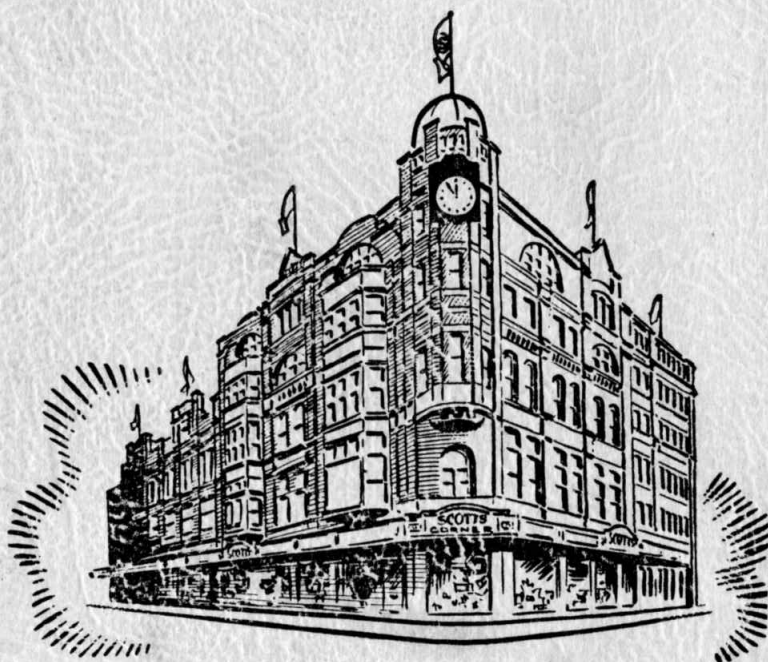
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