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the drunken parties of the twenties, when youth (the adults of to-day) went wild. Compare this with bodgie and widgie activities. What unbecoming behaviour is exhibited under the damning influence of a double pineapple malted!

The matter of modern hair-cuts arouses much comment from the thirty and over section. The "Widgie" is a very attractive, neat and cool form of woman's hair-cut. How different from the masses of twisted tresses of the old style, which need "permanent" waving every three weeks to prevent the head from resembling a battered, moth-eaten mop! The "Bodgie" haircut is often very long (mutters of disgust from the basin-cropped adults) although "Shorter Crew," "Fritzer" and "G.I." cuts are very popular with modern teenagers. "Bodgie" haircuts seem more natural than the little round patches of parted hair that sit, plastered down with grease or curled by artificial means, on top of the average adult's head. I say average, because many of the above-average adults, the broad-minded adults (of whom there are pitifully few) are allowing their hair to grow and take its natural course (if it has not already given up growing in disgust at being cut so short so often for so long).

Adults, to some of whom Saville Row is daring in its creations of men's wear, find it hard to adjust themselves to the shock of youths, notably bodgies, defying the conventional way of dressing, and actually dressing for comfort and casualness. They find it hard to adjust themselves to the sight of youths wearing soft-collared shirts instead of those which tend to strangle the wearer slowly to death, as did the old starched ones; and that ties now actually have colour and individuality. It is a blow to their complacency to see youths wearing two-piece suits of unheard of shades instead of the almost traditional striped blacks, greys and browns. Where are the black shoes and socks of the old order? Certainly not on the feet of to-day. Socks of bright colours, crepe-soled shoes in new and comfortable patterns and new shades have come to break the monotony. "Widgie" clothes, too, are smart when tastefully worn and have the brightness and casualness which combine to give a pleasant effect typical of the attitude of the youth of to-day. The fact that they are incongruous in the dull world about them makes them conspicuous and gives the elders of the community non-existent problems of youth to "cope with."

When we, the adolescent generation of the country, take over our own destiny and haul ourselves out of the muddle into which our parents have placed us, we shall probably be as intolerant as they, America will still be criticizing Russia, the highbrow will still be criticizing some new form of modern music, and we shall criticize the whims and fads of our children.

M. SCOTT, 4D.

Dawn

The morning star fades in a pale blue sky;
A thrush is singing from a bough on high;
The east, rose-hued and gold, heralds the dawn
With shafts of dazzling light 'cross fields of corn;
The morning dew lies glistening on the grass;
Tall pines are silhouetted 'gainst the pass
Through mountains near, as onward rolls the earth
To give to us again the wondrous birth—
New day!

P. WATKINS, 3B.

Study

My book rests on a blotter,
Old, grey and covered with inkspots,
Big, small, round and shapeless—
They increase day by day.
I see
A book of English essays, selected,
A tin, a novel, three halfpence and
Some silver shining dully in lamplight.
There is a watch draped over an inkwell,
A wallet, paper, a rubber,
Some text books, brown, green, yellow and black,
A belt, some string, a bicycle lamp,
One jar of glue, some water colours.
I learn one French verb.
I yawn—and go to bed.

J. McKENZIE, 4A.

Harvest Time

I soon shall gaze across a field
Of rich, sun-ripened grain,
And it is nearing time to be
At harvesting again.
I'll watch the farmer walk behind
His straining team and know
That at this time a year from now
The wheat again will grow.

C. ROBINSON, 2D.

In Defence of Honey Bees

Although the bee is usually spoken of with a certain amount of fear, because of his supposed aggressiveness, he is not such a bad fellow as one might think. We usually associate the bee with the sting and not the honey, for the production of which he is wholly responsible. How often do we realise that the bee's work has an important bearing on no mean section of our vegetable and fruit diet and on the success of our prize blooms?

People have, through the decades, formed an incorrect conclusion about the bee. He is a non-aggressive insect and merely carries a sting as a weapon of defence. The bee is a docile little fellow and buzzes around the garden from flower to flower as though he has not a care in the world. Of course, naturally, when he is annoyed or frightened by human beings, he, together with his fellows, will make a concerted attack and sting very badly, as many of us no doubt have gathered from experience. This we find, however, is true not only of bees, but of mammals and even of man himself. If a bee happens to alight on one's face or hand, he will probably do no harm if one does not become excited and attempt to brush him off. After all, the bee has to land somewhere, and why not on one's face? Perhaps he has selected you as the "half-way house" on his journey back to the hive. It must be remembered that the bee is a "beast of burden" and as such carries as much nectar as is possible at once, and that his heavy load necessitates his resting from time to time.

The bee is so devoted to his labours that he very quickly dies from overwork. He knows nothing of eight hour days and forty hour weeks, for he always works overtime, starting early in the morning when the sun's rays first strike the landscape and ending with the fall of twilight at eventide. The comb is filled with honey, which is made from nectar. It has been proved that bees will fly eight miles or more in order to collect nectar, and yet some of us complain if we have to walk two or three hundred yards for our lunch and upon sitting down at the table often wish that there was someone there who would eat it for us. The bees that forage for nectar live only two or three weeks. They completely exhaust themselves with their onerous duties. When their time comes to die, they fly or crawl away to some retired spot, and their companions do not even have the trouble of burying them or removing them from the hive. I dare say that it would be a sorry day for the undertaker if we all followed the bees' example in this respect.

Bees are quite intelligent insects and have evolved their own system of ventilation. If you look at a beehive on a warm day you will see around the entrance a number of bees that more or less remain in the same position and continue flapping their wings. Inside

the hive there are also other bees moving their wings. We must admit that the bee is far advanced in the system of ventilation when we consider that many of our public buildings are still inadequately ventilated.

The bee is not perfect, but, for that matter, who is? He will ruin the poppy patch and the clump of Easter daisy with his persistent foraging if one does not arise in the early hours of the morning in order to pick the pretty blooms. However, in spite of this little inconvenience he causes us, we must admit that we could not do without the bee.

P. A. BOLTE, 4D.

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Antarctica

Antarctica, the great circum-polar region of eternal snow and ice, of area more than twice that of the Arctic, is a place of which, although numerous explorers have attempted to expand the world's knowledge of the land formation and animal life, comparatively little is known. Around this mass of snow and ice is found a great waste of waters, known as the Antarctic Ocean. This ocean includes the Ross, Weddell and Bellingshausen Seas, and, averaging a depth of about 2,000 fathoms, is rather shallow. Despite its temperature, which never rises above 40°F., the sea abounds in fish and mammal life. During the winter it is frozen, and even in mid-summer pack ice is to be found around the greater portion of the coast. Thus many animals and birds, such as the Adelie penguin, remain in the region for the summer months, but sail north with the pack ice before darkness and winter cover the tragic land.

The creature of which man has gained most knowledge in Antarctica is the penguin. There are some seventeen species of penguin, ranging in size from the quaint little Blue Penguin, no larger than a duck, to the great Emperor Penguin, which reaches to a height of nearly four feet. All penguins live south of the equator, and the most populated regions are on desolate rocks in Antarctic waters. The majority of penguins are limited in colouring to black or grey, but two, the Emperor and King Penguins, possess a more colourful appearance. Their wings, completely useless for flying, are adapted solely to swimming, at which they are experts. No other inhabitant of the sea can surpass them in speed or endurance, and the name "Swallows of the Sea" is often bestowed upon them. Many will regard this term as an exaggeration, but the penguin can dart and turn and wheel in the sea as does the swallow in the air. They forage at the bottom of the ocean in search of food, which consists mainly of fish and crustaceans, and occasionally come to the surface in sport with pieces of coral and stones.

However, they have paid a heavy price for their aquatic ability, for they have lost all their powers of flight, and their actions and movements on land, although they assume an erect attitude and dignity when walking, are exceedingly slow, as they progress over the land with short waddling steps.

The black volcanic rock of the Falkand Island coast is deeply scored where, for countless years, millions of penguins have climbed their laborious way inland.

It is amazing that penguins have discarded all desire for flight. They did this perhaps millions of year ago, as fossil specimens have been found in the vicinity of New Zealand showing that penguins were unable to fly in the prehistoric age.

Of still greater interest and importance on the commercial side of life is the largest living animal—the great whale. It is not a



(Block donated by James Tickle and Sons Pty. Ltd.)

fish, but a warm blooded mammal belonging to the order Cetacea, which is believed to have had its origin in a group of carnivorous marsupials that roamed the earth millions of years ago. On land, the animal could never have grown to such gigantic proportions as it does to-day, because the legs could not have supported so clumsy and heavy a body. In the sea, this problem does not exist, and thus the young of a whale reach a size of twenty feet.

The largest species of whale is the Blue Whale, reaching an almost unbelievable length of nearly 100 feet. Although this creature and its relations attain to this great size, they feed upon a variety of insignificant shrimp, barely 1 inch long. These tiny creatures, known to scientists as Euphasia Inermes and to whalers as "Krill," are but one stage from microscopic life. However, even if whales did take a fancy to larger food, it would be impossible for them to swallow it, as their tiny throats measure only eight inches across.

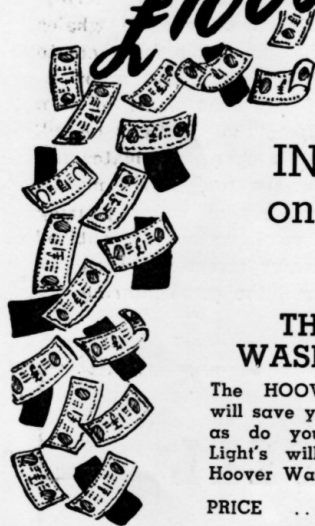
The mouth of the whale is composed of enormous plates of horn in the upper jaw, frayed at the edges. When the mouth is closed, these plates lie flat, but, when the mouth is open, the plates are raised so that they hang like curtains from the roof of the mouth, and the whale cruises along with vast volumes of water pouring into the cavern. After a certain quantity of water has entered the mouth, the whale closes it and the water streams out at the sides, so that every living thing that entered the mouth during the

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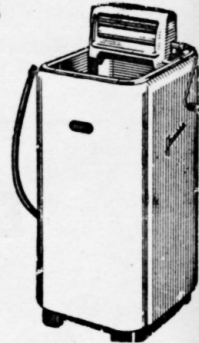
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The seas around Antarctica have been thoroughly fished for some length of time, but they still produce sufficient whales for the numerous whaling stations erected in remote places.

Whales are not deep water animals. They rarely descend to a greater depth than 50 fathoms, and when they do it is generally in search of food. With some exceptions they are timid creatures and are fond of one another's company, travelling from place to place in schools or small shoals. The females display a fond love for their young and are very affectionate mothers.

Foremost in the small group of whales which act ferociously and mercilessly is the Sperm Whale. Almost entirely black in colour, this whale, the largest of the toothed species, possesses a huge box-like head which is nearly one third of the total length. This head contains a spacious cavity filled with cells containing a black liquid known as spermaceti. Up to 15 barrels of this valuable oil can be obtained from one whale. Ambergris, invaluable in the making of perfumes, is found only in this species of whale, but in a healthy whale it is never found.

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Related to the dolphin, the killer-whale or grampus, as it is sometimes called, is characterized by an intensely savage disposition, and it is apparent that this merciless creature kills rather for the sake of killing than for sustenance. Its body is black with large white streaks spread in an irregular fashion over its body, and it has a large horizontal tail. Although it does not grow to such a size as the sperm or blue whales (its maximum length being in the vicinity of 25ft.), its appetite would do justice to an animal many times larger than itself. For instance, it was noted that one meal comprising 14 seals and 13 porpoises, which must have represented at least one ton and a half of food, was consumed.

The name of Killer was first given because several of these animals, which travel in schools when hunting, were known to attack a huge Greenland whale.

In the face of these tactics, all the Grampuses attacking simultaneously, the monster becomes paralysed with fear, thus rendering itself an easy prey to its foes, who finally fasten themselves on to the bleeding jaws of the whale and drag it under. These beasts have also been known to attack man, as Scott, on several of his eventful journeys, has verified.

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Being mammals they require air, and, when swimming beneath the ice, hurtle upwards with great force, and using their heads as battering rams smash the frozen lid of their domain, often penetrating ice 3ins. thick and forming a circular opening 25ft. wide.

The Antarctic Ocean contains four species of earless seals, that is, seals which possess no visible outward ear and spend more time in the water than the other group of seals known as eared seals.

Although they spend a great deal of their life out of water, seals are ill-adapted for life on dry land. In the sea they, like penguins, are entirely at home, swimming and diving with extraordinary ability and judgment, and remaining submerged up to a period of fifteen minutes, but on land they are clumsy and awkward, their movements being restricted more or less to a wriggling motion of their bodies. Seals are highly intelligent animals, and many are easily tamed and soon grow very fond of their masters. Their food consists of crabs, lobsters, squids, fish, molluscs, and cuttle-fish.

The largest of the Antarctic earless seals is the Leopard Seal, which reaches a length of 12ft. It possesses extremely powerful teeth and has olive coloured fur with black or yellow markings. Although this seal lives principally in the Antarctic ice-pack, it is found as far north as Australia. A seal restricted to the ice-pack is Ross's seal. Its body is grey above and whitish beneath. It feeds upon

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cuttle-fish and seaweed. The White Seal is similarly restricted to the ice-pack, but also ranges as far south as the Great Ice Barrier, where it keeps company with Weddell's seal, and both of the above feed upon fish and crustaceans.

However, the most interesting of the earless seals is the gigantic Sea-Elephant, which, when fully grown, reaches to a length of 20ft. and thus is the largest of the seal family. Like many large creatures they are good tempered animals, but, when aroused or disturbed, they become formidable foes and display agility.

There remains still much to be learned of the marine and other life in the Antarctic but no doubt further knowledge will be gained by scientific parties which are at present based in these regions for this particular purpose.

C. WHITEHEAD, 3A.

Plastics

In history are recorded the Stone Age and the Iron Age, so-called because of the influence these materials had upon the lives of men. In our times another substance has appeared to affect very greatly our lives in peace and in war, on the earth, in the air and under the sea—plastics.

Plastics were not discovered by accident. Although there is the story of the laboratory cat which spilled a bottle of formaldehyde into its milk and discovered casein, it is without foundation. Per-

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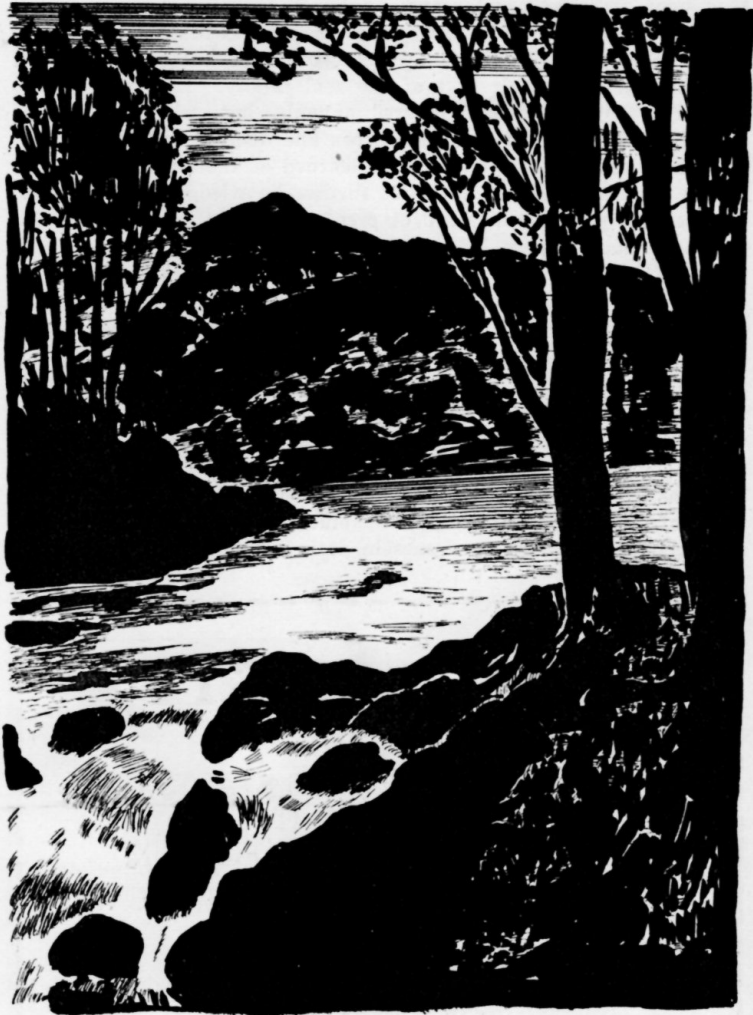
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haps the first indication of the advent of plastics occurred in 1838, when Regnault, a French scientist, compounded the group now known as vinyl plastics. Continental scientists became interested in these new synthetic materials and new compounds were steadily developed. Pelouse processed cellulose nitrate in 1845. Holger in 1884 formulated the important urea resins and Dr. Baehland, a naturalised American from Belgium, patented the first thermosetting resins in 1907. By this time the industry was firmly established and powerful firms were devoting greater and greater sums of money to plastics research.

Plastics are the product of modern chemistry. They are synthetic materials, produced as a result of intricate reactions by chemicals. Although built up from four or five simple elements—usually carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen or chlorine, the actual molecular construction is extremely complex. They fall into several groups depending on their structure. There are plastics made up of molecules in long chains, others of intricate networks. All plastics have one property in common—at one stage of their manufacture they

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are plastic or capable of being shaped or moulded. They can be speedily mass produced, they have a low cost price because of the basic elements from which they are formed, they have a complete and perfect colour range, strength, durability and light weight.

As I have just mentioned, plastics are complex compounds of simple elements. For example, milady's stockings are composed of coal, water and air, which produce carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen respectively. These are treated in such a way as to produce hexamethylene diamine—the chemical name for crude nylon. This material, a discovery of Dr. Carothers, an American, was not known in 1937, but nowadays it is practically a necessity. Brushes, racquet strings, fishing line, and all types of clothing and underwear are manufactured from it.

Perspex, or, chemically speaking, methyl methacrylate, is formed from hydrocyanic and sulphuric acids, methanol and acetone. Mixtures of these substances are in some cases highly explosive and constant supervision must be maintained over all stages of production. Clear perspex has better optical qualities than glass, is flexible and is used for cockpit bubbles, television lens and other things requiring perfect light transmission.

The range of uses of these versatile synthetics is astonishing. Pots and pans, cups and saucers and many other household articles are formed from urea resins. In industry cables are covered with Polyvinyl chloride. Your telephone is moulded of phenolic resin. The fact that each different plastic, and there are dozens, has hundreds of uses reveals the range plastics cover. Even false teeth are made of plastic.

It is quite possible, even probable, that common materials of to-day such as iron, wood, brick, aluminium, clay, leather, will be superseded by newer and better plastics. For instance, wood laminated with some types of plastic provides an excellent building material. It is weather-proof, borer-proof and water-proof. However, without attempting to prophesy, we may be sure of one thing—the Plastic Age has come to stay.

J. MARQUET, 3A.

Destination Valletta

I was at the R.A.F. headquarters in Trafalgar Square, London, seeking a transfer from my present squadron in France to a new squadron at Valletta, south of Sicily. My transfer was granted, and I was to fly my machine, a Spitfire, to this island at ten o'clock the next day.

After the man in the control tower had given me the signal to take off, I opened the throttle and was soon in the air heading for Paris to refuel for the big flight across the Mediterranean Sea to Valletta. The engine had never run better, and an hour and a half

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saw me in Paris to refuel. In about half an hour I was in the air again heading for Valletta. After about three hours' flying I saw France on the horizon behind me, and I was now over the Mediterranean Sea.

A thick fog came down, blotting out everything and forcing me to lose altitude for better visibility, as I was flying by my compass. Suddenly there was a violent crack of thunder, and the rain came down in torrents. The wind picked up the machine like a feather. The engine had enough power to overcome this for a while. Then I looked at my oil gauge and saw the needle falling fast. Soon the engine coughed, picked up again and then cut out. Fortunately I could see a beach ahead. It seemed to be rocky, but, as I had no other choice, I turned and glided down to do my best to make a safe landing. I touched down safely only to find a heap of rocks in front of me, and, though I tried hard, I could not raise the nose in time. The undercarriage hit, the 'plane shuddered as it was torn off, and then everything went black.

When I awoke, I found myself in a native camp with a Medicine Man bending over me. After he had patched me up and I was well again, I asked the Chief if he could take me to Valletta. After a long conference with his warriors he agreed to help me, and we set out in a large canoe. Eventually we arrived at a harbour, which was part of Valletta, and after bidding my native friends farewell with my heartfelt thanks for their help, I was able to make my way to the airport without further incident.

B. SIMPSON, 2E.

Noise Between Periods

It is with melancholy, deep yet tinged with semi-stifled elation, that I recall that most mournful of all mornings. The day was—July; the time, 10.45 a.m.; the place, room 18 N.B.H.S.

As I sat in quivering anticipation of the pearls to be so lavishly cast during the approaching English lesson, I was almost deafened by the appalling din of a falling pin. Hardly had I recovered from this shock when my overwrought nerves were further rent by a hideous cacophony when a boy actually—I will say it—a boy actually breathed. To add to this tumult and turmoil came the rhythmic chug-chug of my neighbour's brain as it actively sought explanations for defalcations in homework for the last three weeks.

Into this near-riot strode the teacher. "Remain behind at 3.30!" he almost whispered, to the delight of his enthusiastic pupils. How short-lived was their joy! Prompted by an appreciation of the value of his own time, he cancelled the treat and said, "Write a composition on noise between periods."

Whatever could he mean?

G. HUTCHISON, 1A.

OPPORTUNITY!



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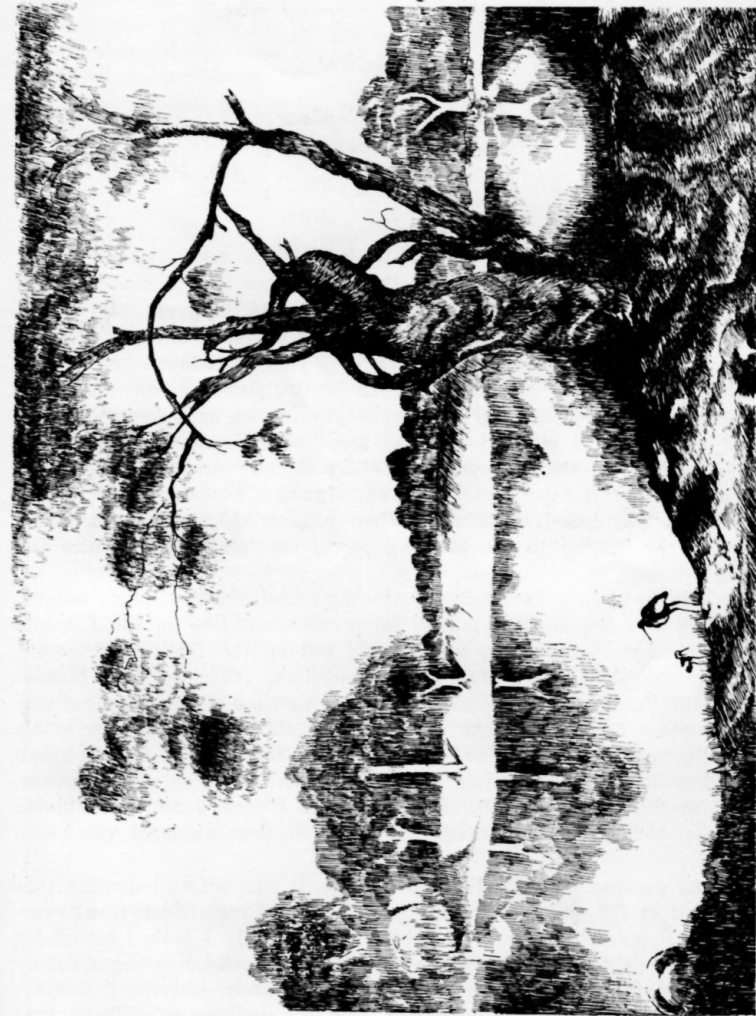


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From far horizons blue,
Piercing the heavy morning mist
And sparkling on the dew,
Then rising ever higher,
Spreading a golden ray,
The sun in all his splendour
Is heralding the day.

D. MILES, 1B.

My First Flight

The anticipated thrill of my first aeroplane flight filled me with unexpressed excitement, and I eagerly awaited the great day when I was to fulfil the desire I had long nurtured to experience a trip aloft.

On arrival at Mascot Aerodrome I was introduced to Captain King, the pilot of the small Tiger Moth 'plane, given protective headgear and goggles, and at last everything was in readiness for the air adventure. I climbed into the front cockpit, nerves tingling at the prospect of soaring up into the sky in what to me seemed such fragile support, and, at a given signal, "Contact," the motor spluttered, coughed uncertainly, then reassuringly roared into life, and, after taxiing to the starting point, the 'plane turned into the slight breeze.

Slowly at first but rapidly gathering speed, the tiny 'plane seemed to leap into the air like a frolicsome child reveling in the freedom of the wide open spaces, and I could tell by the feeling at the pit of my stomach that I was airborne at last. Circling over Mascot the pilot headed towards Sydney, and by this time my exhilaration was complete. Far below was a panoramic view of almost incredible beauty, with roadways clearly defined, the steel rails of the suburban railway networks glistening in the bright sunshine like silver ribbons, and most beautiful of all, the blue of the George's and Parramatta Rivers, each twisting and turning like a serpent amongst the green grass.

As we flew over the Harbour Bridge, it was with admiration that I gazed at the majesty of this masterpiece of metalwork from overhead. Proceeding over the Harbour up to Manly I looked astounded at the scenery below, ferries and small craft busily creating a foamy wake astern, and I feel that I cannot adequately describe the effect of Middle Harbour weaving a spider-like pattern of silvery blue heavily edged by the dark green of the trees, and relieved here and there by small golden patches of sandy beaches.

Turning the noisy little Tiger Moth around on reaching Manly Beach (which I may say is an artist's dream from above with its pine fir avenue lining the promenade), the pilot then cruised along the

coast, and I was amazed at the depth to which one can see into the ocean from about 2,000 feet. Passing the famous Sydney Heads and the world renowned beaches of Bondi, Bronte, Coogee, Maroubra, and thence across picturesque Botany Bay to Mascot, has left me with vivid memories, and the thrill of watching Mother Earth gyrating around as the 'plane came boldly down like a large bird to safe haven, completed for me the most enjoyable thirty minutes of my life.

I thanked the pilot for his very skilful handling of the 'plane and left the aerodrome with a deep sense of satisfaction and elation at the knowledge gained during the trip, and with a firm resolution in my mind that someday I would be a pilot myself.

W. HALL, 2A.

The Intruder

A distant clock struck twelve on a solemn note and, in his warm bed high up above the shadowy city streets, Colonel Withers, an ex-army man, shuddered slightly. This was the hour the old gentleman detested. This was the fateful hour, the hour when spine-tingling crimes occurred and foul play was rife.

Suddenly through the thick, foggy London air there came the sharp sound of a glass vase smashing to smithereens on a hard surface somewhere on the floor below his room. The colonel went immediately into a cold sweat and lay motionless under the covers. However, being a veteran of many thrilling campaigns, he regained his usual self-control and felt with a trembling hand for a brand-new rifle lying on a card table by his bed.

Soon he was watching carefully the movements of a dark shape in the room below the stairs leading from his room, and he fingered the trigger nervously. Suddenly the shape darted to an open window. The colonel shut his eyes and fired, knocking the head off the landlord's Buddha statue, and bringing the landlord and his eight sweet little children to the scene, cuffing one another as they came. They raced out into the murky night air in time to see the burglar glance, with hunted eyes, from behind an old parked jalopy. Once again the gun was fired, and there came a thud followed by silence. Hurrying to the fallen victim, the excited group was paralysed with dismay, for there, in a heap, lay the landlord's beloved ginger tom-cat.

B. SOMMERS, 1A.

The Ordeal

The young man with the large white carnation in his lapel slowly walked down the aisle, while his parents watched anxiously, hoping there would be no mishap in this very important phase of his life. All around there seemed to be bright lights glaring down on him as if in scorn of his uneasiness. He paced up and down to try to relieve his strained nerves. She was always late.

At last she arrived. He placed his hands in one position and then in another, but at last he settled on one. Even though this event had taken place several times before, he was still as nervous as at first. When the young lady who was to look after him had taken her place, he straightened his tie, gave a last look of despair at his drooping carnation and forced a sickly smile.

A loud click announced that his photo had been taken, and the young lady behind the camera said that the proofs would be ready in a week's time.

E. EDMUNDS, 2C.

The Dark Stranger

The winter rain resounded unceasingly on the small shelter shed, and the little man huddled in the corner looked despondently at the stream of water as it flowed past the dark figure loitering under the street light. He eyed this stranger with distaste—a gangster, if ever he had seen one, he thought.

The screeching of brakes startled him and left him trembling. As he clambered awkwardly aboard the 'bus, he heard the dark stranger shout, "Hey! Hey, you, stop!" The little man shuddered. Perhaps the stranger was an escaped murderer. Perhaps he—. Clumsily he forced a way past passengers and reached a seat near the back. He glanced through the window as the 'bus roared away. The dark man was chasing the 'bus and shouting as he ran. The little man sighed with relief when the vehicle turned a corner.

Ten minutes later he alighted, crossed the street and climbed the station steps. He paused a moment to light his pipe. Then he gasped, for there, at the foot of the steps, was the stranger. Dropping his pipe he fled through the barrier. The train roared into the station. As it stopped he dashed through the doorway, ran down the corridor and finally made his exit through the far entrance just as the dark man boarded the train.

The little man felt sure that his pursuer had failed to see him leap back onto the platform. He felt weak, and his head was aching. He must sit down and rest. Suddenly he looked down. His case—where was his case? Through all the excitement he had forgotten about it. He remembered that he had seen the dark stranger waving something. Could it have been—? And then he understood.

B. ANDREWS, 3B.

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