

with the bush, whether to make it into a fort or a tank. Someone suggested that it would be ideal to slide down, so we slid down, climbed up and slid down for the rest of the afternoon. The bush became shabbier and more battered. Someone else found that it was quite good for practising parachute jumps from, and others, that if you climbed up on the fence and then onto the garage roof and jumped into it, you didn't get more than five or six little scratches. The bush had spread out about two feet all round and flattened out about eighteen inches on top. Branches were broken and berries were either squashed into clothes or lying in a thick carpet on the ground. We surveyed one another for about two horrified minutes when Mum came in the gate loaded with string bags full of parcels and sneaked around to the side door. She probably didn't want me to see that there were Christmas presents in the parcels.

The boys, all berry stained, slunk off home. They would be back for carol practice, they said. I tip-toed into the bathroom to wash my face and hands, but Mum, furious about the battered state of the tree, called out from the back porch. It was just my luck, and with my heart throbbing at the injustice of parents and their supreme cruelty, I was sent to bed without tea. Later, Dad, who was never an exponent of the art of child psychology, gave me first a lecture on the care of the garden and, above all, the little green bush which, he said, would never regain shape, and then a little session with the strap.

The tears were still in my eyes when all the kids from round about came to practise singing carols in the shed next door. I begged and begged for permission to go, but nearly got myself another hiding, so I sat on the window-sill in my pyjamas and listened. Light, filtering through the thick clouds, made the atmosphere an unreal yellow. It was in the days of daylight saving so that everything outside was bright and just like day. The thin, reedy young voices of the "choir" piped up and sang, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing." Somehow it broke my sulkiness and made me feel, oh! so alone and desolate and forsaken. I saw the dark-green bush down the back and my heart went out to it, for it seemed to represent my feelings exactly. Somehow, too, I was no longer alone and miserable. In very much the same condition as myself was the tree, with the dead rat and the cricket ball resting in its heart.

— JOHN MCKENZIE, 5A.

"NEVER JUDGE A BOOK . . ."

From the direction of the garden came a continuous hum of conversation, reassuring Mrs. Trepplewaite that the party was still in full swing. She smiled; her absence would never be noticed, and she simply had to get a cutting from that darling white rose at the bottom of the garden. She turned a corner and her smile froze. For there

in the middle of the path was a little curly-headed boy, dressed in a sailor suit and counting pennies. He looked up.

"Hullo! The gate's locked."

"Er, what gate, dear?"

"The gate that's at the end of this path and the gate you'd have to go through 'cause the fence wouldn't hold you."

She remembered the gate; the white rose was growing over it.

"Oh! I wasn't going through the gate, dear boy. I am . . . er, merely looking at the garden.

"Then, if you'll give me two shillings for my pet fund, I'll show you around."

"Pet fund?"

"Yes, the competition the local branch is running to see who has the best pet. You have to see who can get the most money."

"Oh! I don't support Socialist causes."

"It's not Socialist; it's Conservative."

"Well, I'm Liberal," she said, hoping that would save her two shillings.

"Then you won't give me two shillings?"

"Not to-day, dear boy."

"Well, I'll still show you around."

"It doesn't matter, thank you. I'll just drift along."

Undaunted, the little boy dogged her footsteps and pointed out features of the gardens. In vain she protested. She even attempted to lose him among the hedges, but he refused to go, prattling incessantly about the garden's glories. Exasperated she walked around a corner, espied a convenient gate, and passed inside. It banged shut immediately, the bolt shut home and she realised, too late, that she was trapped.

"Don't try climbing the hedge. It's not safe," he called, but she had no intention of climbing the hedge. She knew what could bear her enormous bulk and what could not.

She called, pleaded, cajoled, even threatened, but she got no answer. Exasperated she peeped through the hedge, but he was still there.

"Little boy," she called.

"Yes?"

"What is it you want to let me out?"

"Five shillings for the pet fund."

"Five shillings? It was two before."

"I didn't have you trapped in the orchard before."

"I only have half-a-crown."

"Well, pass it out."

"Oh! let me out first," she said, promising to wring his little neck and not give him his half-crown. But he bluntly refused and eventually she pushed the two and six, in small coins, under the gate. He carefully counted it; then reassured called, "When you find the other half-crown, I'll let you out."

"You little bounder," she snorted. "This is blackmail."

"It's not. It's a donation," he retorted.

Minutes passed, and convinced now that all hope of help was gone, she took out another half-crown and called, "Here's your half-crown, you—you—. Do you promise to let me out?" she added cautiously.

"All right, I promise."

The coin slid under the gate. He picked it up, pocketed it, slipped the bolt and fled. A fuming Mrs. Trepplewaite flounced out and hurried, only too gladly, back to the garden party. Behind the orchard the little angel in the sailor's suit took out a pencil, licked the end and scrawled—"DONATION . . . 1/-."

—J. KILPATRICK, 5A.

A VISIT TO LUNGHUA PAGODA

Although I lived not very far from the pagoda, I had not troubled to pay a visit to this temple, but having reasons of business for doing so, one day I hired a pedicab and set out to the Zikawei, where the temple was, in a suburb within Chinatown.

I reached the outskirts of the city and soon crossed the Soo-Chow Canal, which was both the border line and the laundry for the neighbouring Chinese. I could see a multitude of women washing and rinsing clothes in the muddy waters. Here I paid off the pedicab-

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driver and entered the walled city. I saw myriads of banners in the streets, Chinese signs and flags hanging limp in the heat, and booths of all the artisans that you could think of. Soothsayers and copper-smiths and bootmakers were shouting out to attract customers, and everywhere a mob was surging to and fro. Elbowing my way through the bustling crowd for a good while, I soon sighted the object of my trip—the graceful outline of the pagoda rose up behind dilapidated houses and roofs. As I neared the temple the tumult of the crowd was subdued, the mob thinned down, and shops now offered for sale wares necessary for the rites of the nearby temple.

Once within the walled court of the temple I found everything quiet and peaceful. Priests, bald-headed, in their wide-sleeved yellow robes, shuffled about in meditation. And here it was! The 700 years-old temple was standing firm and in a complete state of preservation. Fourteen balconies, each one higher than the other, rose grey against the dense, hazy sky. It was of that distinctive Chinese character and design, of which it claimed to be the perfect example left in existence. Besides, Lao Tse had trodden the ground here and it was to him that the pagoda and the monastery nearby were dedicated.

On entering the shrine I saw a few Chinese kneeling in front of the ivory life-size Buddha. A dozen or so invalids, beggars and the sick were lying in the dark corners. Swarms of flies buzzed around their stumps and hideous wounds. I began to feel ill when I saw one of them with the empty eye-sockets propped open by two little bamboo splinters—he had leprosy. The few sticks of incense smouldering before the god, filled the room with a nauseating smell; I had to ascend the stairway for the fresh air.

Eventually reaching the highest balcony I saw the breath-taking panorama. Chinatown, for miles underneath, with its dirty, tortuous lanes, presented a vivid contrast to the straight, tree-lined boulevards and avenues of the concessions further on. The low Tien Shan plateau provided the back-drop to this vast scene. I remained at the top for a time, admiring the view as well as the beautiful woodwork of the balcony; then I descended to the base, without forgetting to add my name to the long list scribbled on the walls. Going out, I noticed the furtive but obviously contemptuous smiles of the Chinese; prior to the war the place was out of bounds to the heathen, and it was reluctantly opened only for some strategic reasons.

Once again in the bustle and noise of the Chinese mob I was gaping at streets of coffin-makers, silk dealers and snake charmers.

I thoroughly enjoyed the trip, especially that look which Chinese have and which I could never get used to—that drowsy, open-mouthed expression which somehow seemed insolent.

—GERMAIN KALMYKOFF, 5C.

A SPUR FOR AUSTRALIA

("Riverslake," by T. A. G. Hungerford; reviewed by D. Laycock, 5A)

The Australian temperament is not one which takes criticism easily; for this reason T. A. G. Hungerford's second novel will not be popular with many readers. Following up with its superb characterization the success of his earlier war novel, "The Ridge and The River," "Riverslake" deals with a problem confronting all thinking Australians — that of immigration.

The scene is Riverslake, a migrant hostel near Canberra. The actual place, however, is unimportant; it could have been Greta or Bathurst or any other large hostel. As Paul Spain, Civil Servant, said: "No matter where you go, there's no change. It'll always be Riverslake. It always has been. There's no difference." It is to this slum of disordred huts that Bob Randolph, a school teacher before the war, comes as a cook. There he sees migrants and Australians at their best and worst, and many degrees in between. These characters are swiftly drawn and alive, down to the most insignificant. Notable are Carmichael, the easy-going amoral Murdock, the cocky Charlesworth and all the other cooks, the tragic figures of Radinski and Novikowsky, and the simple-minded Marika who wished to marry Felix not because she loved him but because he was a "good" man. There is also Linda Spain, Hungerford's first attempt at a female character — a lovely, dark-haired creature.

Among these varied individuals moves Randolph, making friends of some, enemies of others, but always seeking an answer, trying to bring himself to realise that he is running away, to understand what he is running away from. At last he decides his love for Australia must be an active, not a passive one, and he leaves the hostel for good.

In "Riverslake" there are humour, pathos, realism and romance, but the underlying theme is tragedy — the tragedy of the ninety per cent of migrants who will return to Europe as soon as their two-year contract is ended; the tragedy of the Australians who refuse to recognise a broader culture than that of gambling and beer. The novel ends, however, on a note of hope: if this generation cannot learn tolerance, perhaps the next can; a generation which will speak of Poles, Czechs, Slavs and Germans according to their nationality. It is to teach this generation that Randolph takes his leave.

T. A. G. Hungerford has chosen a difficult and controversial theme; but he has handled it with such insight and understanding, such brilliance and detachment (unusual when one realises that it is set only three years ago) that I would rank "Riverslake" with "Grapes of Wrath," of which it reminds me in some undefined way, and call it not an excellent novel, but a great novel.

THE WAY OF A KILLER

Now he was on the run. A week ago he would have laughed if anyone had said he would run, but a week ago he wasn't scared — not really scared. He remembered he had never known real fear. He had been dry in the mouth before a job, of course — but not scared as now.

He thought back. How could he have done it? He wasn't a killer; he didn't want to be a killer. But he couldn't escape it. It would keep coming back as long as he could think: the way the porter dived at him, and then fell over a suitcase, his face shattered; the smoking gun and the panic of escaping terror-stricken through the crowd, like a rabbit pursued by dogs.

They'd be looking at his joint and Bill's, and all the dives. They'd be after him — all of them. He thought of the whole city alerted, in pursuit of him. It was unfair. And when they caught him — somehow he knew that they would, that they were too big for him. And hanging — he'd never felt compassion for anyone who was hanged; it had always seemed remote. He'd never had cause to think of it; but now he did, and it was this thought that scared him, caused the perspiration to bathe his face, caused his steps to quicken and his mind to search for hope.

Shirley's place! That was it. They wouldn't think of looking at Shirley's place. He thought of Shirley, and the thought gave him comfort. That was the main reason he'd begun with Bill's mob, to impress Shirley. Shirley had been Bill's girl, and the mob had been Bill's mob, but he had changed that. Now the mob was gone, and he turned to Shirley and to hope.

Shirley's place was in a black, narrow alley, and was two rooms on the top floor. He entered the house, and glancing back furtively down the alley, he began to climb the narrow, unlighted staircase. Shirley's rooms were at the top of the stairs, and he knew she was at home by the tinny sound of a phonograph that she always played. Everything would be different with Shirley. She'd hide him for a while, till everything died down. Yes, maybe he would get away with it, with her help, with Shirley behind him. He loved her, he knew, and she'd always preferred him. With her he'd be all right.

He paused at the door, made certain she was alone, and opened the door. He said "Hello" to her lying on the couch. Somehow he felt better in her presence, almost calm.

"You!" she gasped.

He moved towards her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm in trouble," he said. "You've got to help me, kid."

Her voice was as hard as her eyes as she spoke. "You can't stay here. You're wanted. I heard over the radio what you did."

He saw something in her eyes that he had never seen before, something that was not kind and gentle. He was puzzled at her

attitude as he said, "You remember what you promised. You'd stick with me—through any trouble."

"Maybe, but this is different. I don't want to be involved with a murderer."

"You always said you'd help me."

"Listen," she said, beginning to get desperate, "I don't want you found here. I don't want trouble."

"You helped us when we were doing well."

"Sure, you were sharp boys. I know when I'm on a good thing. But now—I gave you credit for more sense. This means you're finished. They'll catch you. You know they will. So get out."

A look of sadness had replaced the hunted look on his face as he said, "I love you, Shirley, but you shouldn't have said that. It's hurt me more than the cops ever could. A man doesn't like to know he's been a fool, especially at a time like this."

He had moved towards her, and she had detected the menace in his voice, and read it in his eyes. He said quietly, "If I go down, you're coming too." She cowed before his voice. "I'm going to kill you, Shirley."

Her eyes widened, her lips parted, and she looked ridiculous in her terror, so that he laughed at her.

"You're mad," she cried, "mad! The police . . .!"

He wasn't smiling now. "I've got one murder to face. Two won't make any difference." He had the pistol in his hand, and seeing it

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she began to whimper, and then lunged towards the door. He fired once and it was enough.

He placed the gun upon the table, and picked up the 'phone. Nine-nine-nine, he dialled. "Hello?" he said in answer to the voice at the other end of the line. "This is Race—yes, the killer. Come down to Dorking Street, that alley near the pub. Number nine. I'm giving myself up."

He put down the phone, lit a cigarette, and settled down to wait.

—M. SCOTT, 5th Year.

MY FIRST DIVE IN A SUBMARINE

While we were visiting Brisbane last summer, a cruise in a submarine on a day exercise was arranged for us. I was disappointed at the fragile and shabby appearance of this submarine. It was so different from the sleek, stream-lined craft of my imagination. We were led forward and told to climb down through a round hatch. Inside I was astonished at the size of the boat. In most places I could stand up to my full height. I had to duck my head to avoid various overhead obstructions, or when I passed through the water-tight doors, but in general I could walk about quite easily.

The Sub-Lieutenant suggested we might like to go up on the bridge while we were leaving harbour. We followed him into the control-room, where we stared at the appalling concentration of levers, valves, wheels, depth-gauges and other mysterious gadgets and then found ourselves climbing a vertical brass ladder which led from the control-room up to the conning tower. We were already going astern on the motors. Below us, on the casing fore and aft, the seamen in white jerseys were stowing away the wires and ropes, which had secured us to the jetty. The Captain was issuing a bewildering succession of orders, while a throbbing and spluttering towards the stern told us that the diesels had started.

When we reached the open sea the order, "Diving stations!" was given. Some minutes later another order was given, "Take her down to thirty-two feet." I looked across at the two large depth-gauges on the port side and saw that the needles, which before had pointed steadily to zero, were now alive and moving. Already they had passed the figure ten and were moving to twenty. I realised that up to this moment I had not appreciated the fact that we were actually diving. For there had been an unexpected absence of sensation. The Captain stood watching the depth and when the needle reached thirty feet he ordered, "Up periscope."

A bronze column which led up through the hull overhead slid upwards from a deep well in the deck. In its fully raised position it allowed him to stand comfortably at his full height, with his arms crooked over the handles. First he turned the periscope rapidly through a complete circle, his body moving round with it and his feet just outside the well. He then inquired if I would like to have a look.

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At first I had difficulty in seeing anything, until I found exactly the right angle for my eyes. The sea looked rougher than it really was, because I was seeing it from so close to the surface.

It was surprising how wide the field of vision was. I took my eyes away with the greatest reluctance, for I was fascinated by this remarkable toy and could have gone on looking through it all day. I had never realised that from a submarine one could see so much of the outside world or see it in such brilliant clarity and detail.

—A. McDEVITT, 4C.

DANGEROUS MISSION!

I left my office and, glancing at my watch, walked briskly along the crowded street. I knew my assignment and what I must do. My hand crept into my pocket and a sense of assurance flashed through me as I felt the cold, smooth steel which I must make use of that day.

My destination loomed up and my eyes strained—looking for my objective. Surely he was there amongst that milling crowd of the late afternoon. He must be there. He had to be!

A shape quite close to me moved slowly, and through the opening I saw him standing there with his air of self importance, his friends scattered around him. A thin crumpled cigarette clung to his bottom lip, his hands were dug deeply into his pockets and his dark eyebrows, thick and bushy, seemed to cling to his face as though they were suspended there by sheer will power.

I stood contemplating him for a few moments and then glided across to him. A sickly ghost of a smile flitted across his face as my hand reached for my badge, found it and flashed the polished surface into his sun-tanned countenance. His face lit up and then clouded.

I grasped his arm, snapping the handcuffs on as I did so, and led him to the waiting car. He struggled at first but, after we were seated and he realised that his efforts were futile, his spirit quietened and he slumped backwards, sighing heavily.

His free hand slipped quietly into his inside pocket and fumbled there. As if by instinct I grasped the cold steel I had hidden, drew it from its hiding place and flicked it into position in my hand. The time had come. I levelled it and watched the dying sun flicker across the shiny surface. My captive didn't move as I pressed the trigger. There was a sudden spurt of flame. I thrust my cigarette into it and sucked pleasantly. Great things, cigarette lighters!

—F. DAVIS, 4B.

SCOUTING?

Food-ropes-old clothes-billycan-axe. I feverishly muttered these words as I made a last minute check on my gear. "Kitchen sink?" my younger sister asked sarcastically as I swung my straining pack on my back and was bidden farewell by my sleepy-eyed mother, almost



AI SOCCER, PREMIERS 1953, WINNERS OF BLOOMFIELD CUP.
 FRONT ROW: B. Adcock, W. Sheehan, Mr. R. Grierson (Coach), R. Taylor (Capt.), R. Connors,
 BACK ROW: W. Buile, W. Cater, M. Sheedon, R. Morrison, P. Manning, J. Lloyd, L. Gedhill.
 Photo by Mr. Mac Student.

in a nervous breakdown to hurry me off on time to our week-end Scout Camp at Glenrock Lagoon.

Having dug our fireplace, grease pits and storage shelters, and having filled in and re-dug these necessities as ordered by our Scout Master, we sat down to lunch on what was left of our squashed cut-lunch. The tent had been pitched while the kitchen area was being made, and all our scattered, erratically-packed gear was placed inside. If a scarecrow had seen our odd assortment of camp clothes it would no doubt have been alarmed. My camp hat had a moulting rabbit's tail sprouting from it, while my friend had a woollen converted tea-cosy with a dilapidated fox-tail drooping from the peak, once a hole for the spout of a teapot.

Our tracking "stunt" after lunch consisted of one party's laying an assorted trail of complicated and ill-defined signs about every twelve paces. We in the trailing party would walk twelve paces, examine minutely every bush nearby and neglect the common arrow or similar sign beneath our feet. We scrambled through thorny vines, fell over rocks and tripped into pools of water, vainly trying to pick up any signs. By way of revenge, we laid a trail pointing directly over a waterfall, devoutly hoping the followers would absently follow the sign directly and not come back. Hardly our luck!

Our tea was a problem but we finally solved our difficulties by "borrowing" our S.M.'s dehydrated food kept for long hikes, and emptying it into a billycan of water. After digesting an almost indigestible conglomeration of stew, mashed potatoes, greasy chips and burnt toast, we collected wood for our campfire.

We listened, as Scouts shouldn't, to our S.M.'s portable wireless and after hearing murder serials in the dark and "hit parade" sessions, we rolled ourselves into our blankets, went to bed and slept(?). All night we heard what we thought were elephants or bunyips but what were really only rabbits and 'possums. We shivered (as we tried to convince ourselves) with cold and were glad to hear the clear calls of the coachwhip and kookaburra announcing the morning.

After washing in the icy mountain water, we ate most of our food left by the raiding 'possums for breakfast. The morning was spent in a flour fight, the boys having small packets of flour in paper bags and "bombing" one another with them. Observers at our campsite will be excused if they think that Glenrock experienced a very heavy fall of snow that day.

At lunch I cooked my damper in the ashes of a smouldering fire. Burnt black on the outside, its doughy middle stopped even us eating it! We pulled down the tent although it probably came of its own accord, and spent much worrying time in putting our seemingly endless train of clothes into our already bulging packs.

Fittingly ending our happy camp with a brief Scouts' Own Service, we again shouldered packs and took our departure to the crunching of gravel under our boots and the steady chafing of our heavily laden shoulders.

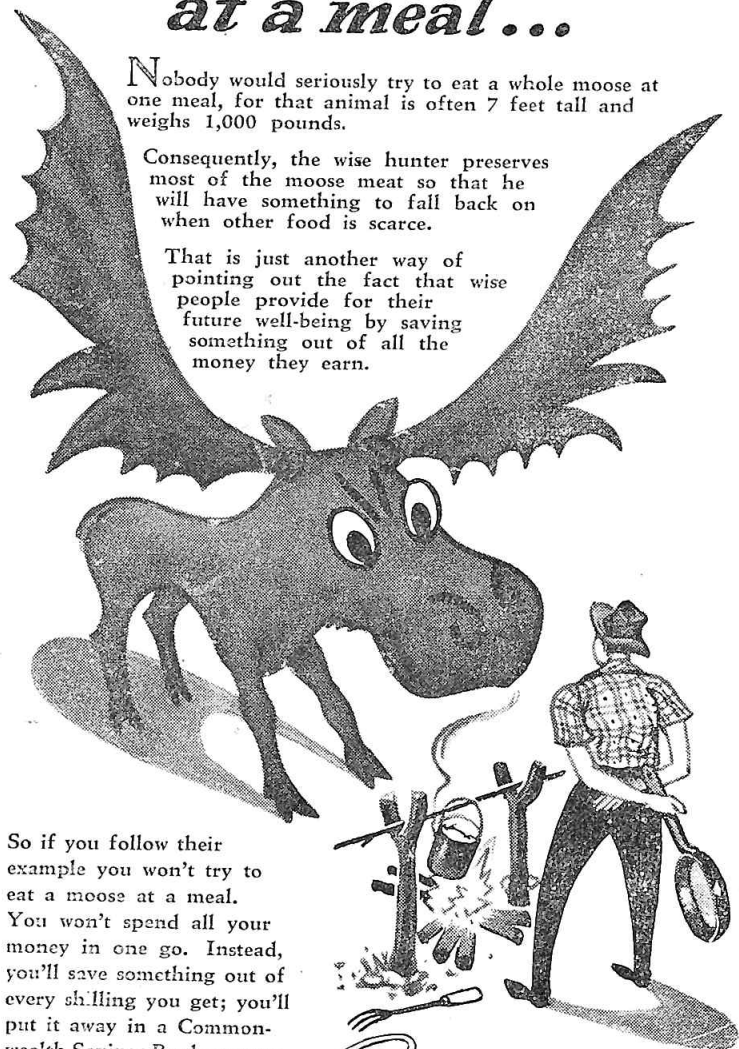
— P. HARWIN, 3A,

You can't eat a Moose at a meal...

Nobody would seriously try to eat a whole moose at one meal, for that animal is often 7 feet tall and weighs 1,000 pounds.

Consequently, the wise hunter preserves most of the moose meat so that he will have something to fall back on when other food is scarce.

That is just another way of pointing out the fact that wise people provide for their future well-being by saving something out of all the money they earn.



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62.

HOW I MADE A BUSH WALLABY TRAP

Whilst on a holiday at my uncle's market garden, I noticed that the wallabies were causing a great deal of damage to the vegetables. Being left to mind the property during a week-end when my uncle was away, I decided to try to prevent the damage done by these animals. My only equipment was a penknife, a tomahawk and a roll of harvesting twine.

The first procedure was to locate a well-defined track used by my quarry and then select a young sapling growing near enough to bend over the track. After stripping all the branches with the tomahawk and the knife, I made a test by bending the tree to obtain the exact spot to set my snare and trigger mechanism. This completed, I had to set about digging, or I should say chopping, a hole in the ground about two feet square by a few inches deep. In this two forked locking sticks were driven and a cross bar inserted on the forked sections. These items were cut from the branches and the bark removed and notches made to hold the trigger in position. Quite a delay occurred whilst I plaited the twine to make a rope section of about ten feet in length. The plaiting finished, one end was securely attached to the top of the sapling and a running loop was then left on the other end.

Fashioning a second trigger-piece was not easy, for by this time I had several large blisters. When it was attached by a piece of

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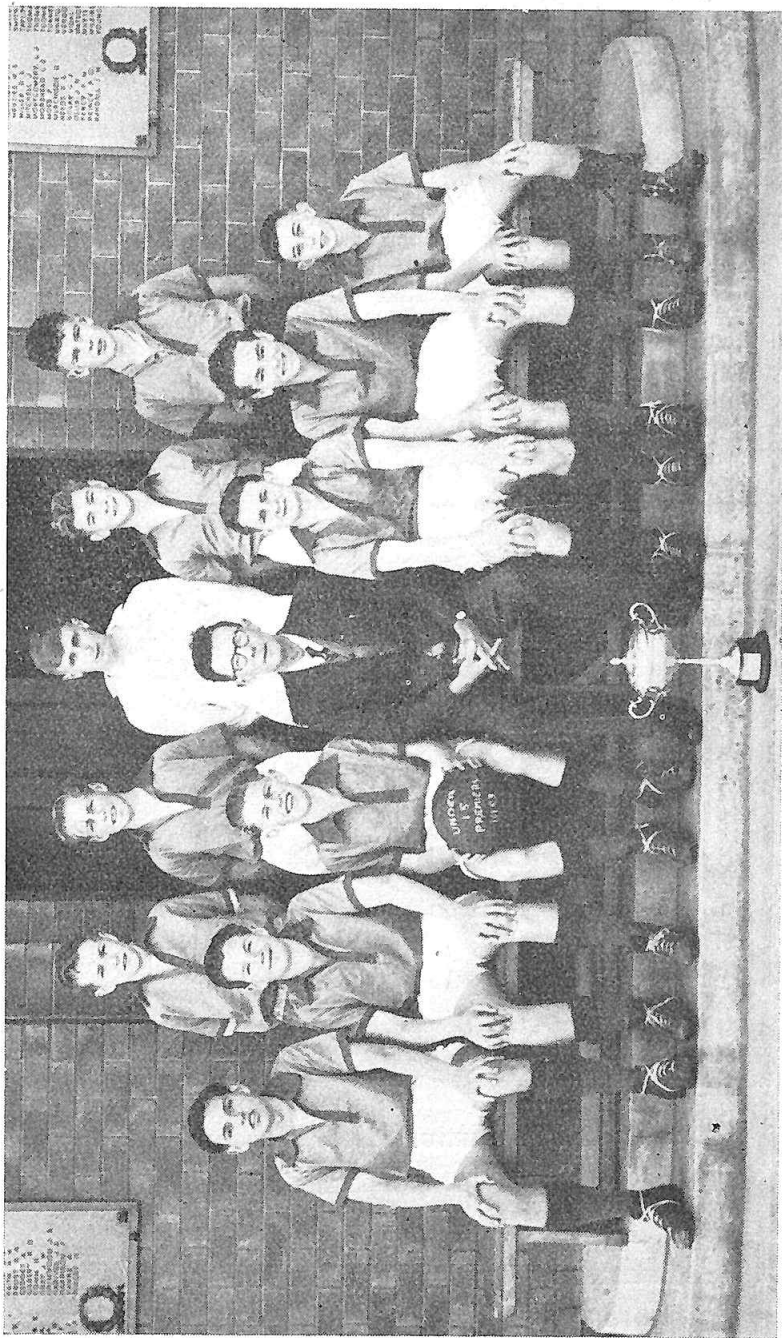
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63.



UNDER 15 SOCCER, PREMIERS, 1953.

FRONT ROW: R. Ferguson, R. Wendtman, A. Thomas (Captain), M. F. Hyland (Coach), D. Mills, A. Williams, N. Hamilton.

BACK ROW: J. Sheehan (Vice-Captain), K. Hamilton, B. Schradoff, R. Ward.

twine to the sapling, all was complete. Now I bent the top of the sapling to about four feet from the ground and clipped the trigger-piece under the crossbar. The loop was then set to as big a diameter as the rope would permit, and a quantity of bracken was placed over the trap. Then all was in readiness for the catch.

Imagine my delight upon inspection early next morning to find a large wallaby held by his leg and suspended high in the air by the now straightened sapling.

—J. PEACOCK, 3A.

BRINGING UP PARENTS

As we pass through adolescence, we are beginning to notice many of our contemporaries being hampered, seriously hampered, by that unnecessary evil — parents. Untrained parents can become a source of constant worry to the adolescent who has not brought them up properly.

Parents are absolutely without scruples. The infant who proudly trundles a lawn-mower across the grass one day, will find himself, if he doesn't take care, still pushing the mower fourteen years later. The primary schoolboy who is coaxed into doing an exercise for homework one night against his better judgment, is shocked to find that his parents expect him to repeat this performance every night, while he is at High School. These are only the inevitable results of laxity on the part of the child.

The father who insists on having priority in using the car, although the only claim he has to it is that he owns it, must be sternly reprimanded. The mother who objects when the son or daughter comes home at dawn and slams the door, should be shown that the modern adolescent cannot be told what to do. In short, the parents must be put gently and firmly in their place.

However, although parents are a great trial and burden to their children, I don't go so far as to say that we shouldn't have them. They often come in handy, and are sometimes even useful in matters that are beneath our notice, such as finance.

So, with all this in mind, to the prospective child I say, "By all means have parents, but never let them get out of hand or you may regret the consequences."

—P. HARDIE, 2A.

BEAUTY

The scene before me was one of almost indescribable beauty. The eau-de-nil green of hills and valleys blended with the darker hue of the slopes and the mountain-side. Then, strikingly contrasting, as if a knife had been slit through this scene, lay the jagged, purple outline made by the topmost peaks protruding from the fleecy lines

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of mist, cutting the mountains seemingly in two. Above this was the saxe-coloured sky, traversed by long, fleecy, wind-swept strato-cumulus clouds.

— IAN CARLING, 2A.

THE ROCKET SHIP

The sleek, streamlined craft was a shimmering, elusive shaft of light as it arced upward, starward, in a spiralling curve. The scarlet tongue of fire that was the rocket propulsion flamed in the deepening twilight, triumphantly, challengingly.

This great spaceship was the culmination of man's learning, of his knowledge throughout untold ages. It was the key that could open the doorway to stars, to planets, to unlimited boundaries and unimaginable results. It was the stepping stone to newer, greater things. For centuries man had looked at the stars and wondered. For centuries he had looked upon them as the ultimate aim, the one thing that seemed unconquerable and had to be conquered for that very reason. And now he had succeeded.

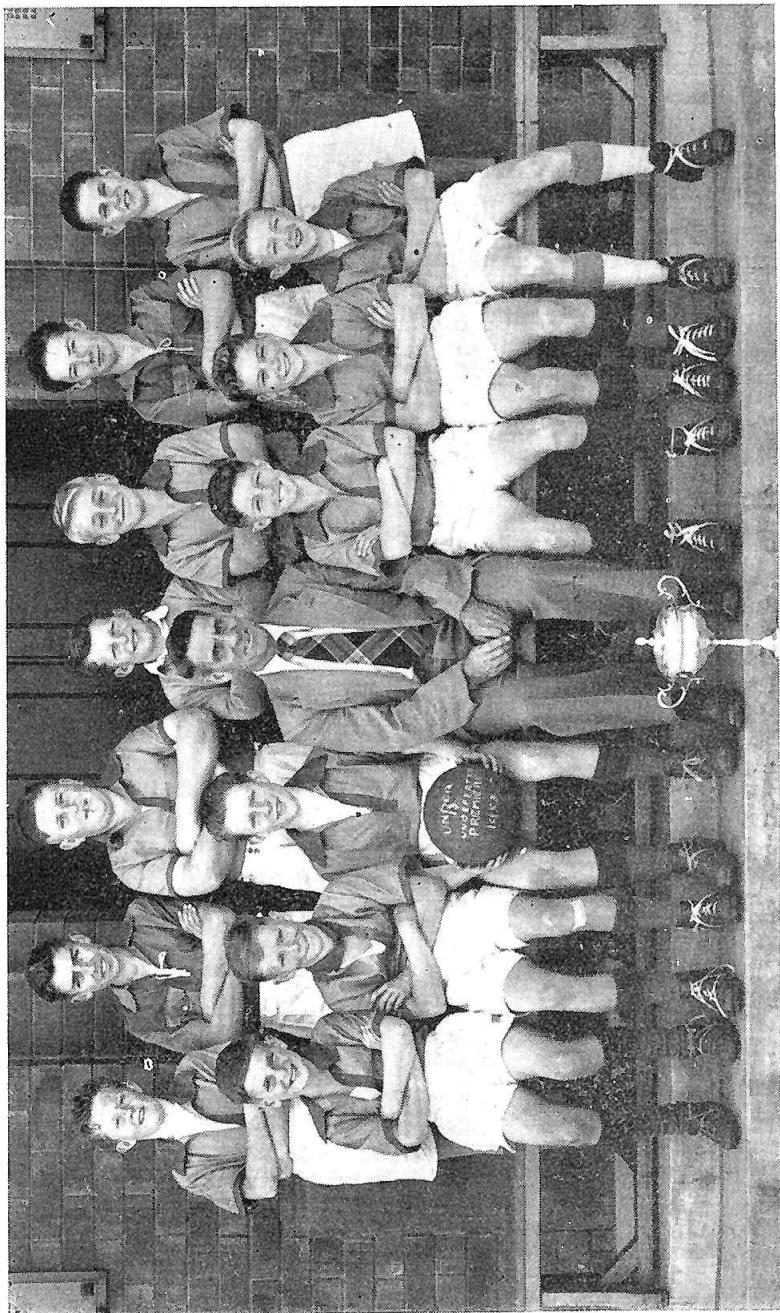
The spaceship was a rapidly dwindling speck in the heavens. It would be almost free from the mother planet's gravity by this time, and the crew would be resting from their ordeal. It would not go far, just into space, to circle the Earth, to take records of temperatures and such things as could not be recorded by the unmanned rockets which were its predecessors. Then it would pick up the fuel tanks that had been sent up into an orbit by other rockets, and descend to terra firma in the method planned before the take-off.

Yes, this was only an experiment. Man would gain knowledge by his successes and failures. Better methods would be introduced. More modern rocket ships would come and go. Other worlds would beckon to the Earthmen. The colonists would go out and settle. When the solar system was conquered, man would turn his eyes towards the dream of settling other systems. And some day, perhaps, the universe would yield its secrets to that insatiable explorer and conqueror — man.

—GREGORY MARTIN, 3B.

CATS!

A cat is a very lovable creature. He loves to be petted and if he's not, well, who can help a laddered stocking or a scratched leg? Your favourite chair is invariably his favourite bed. A loving master (or mistress) comes along, tired and ready for a soft armchair, when alas! the unfortunate who has sat on the cat hits the floor and proceeds to rub the sorer spots. As the sufferer rises with revengeful resolves to get rid of the cat, kitty miaows so plaintively that the heart warms and the cat receives a saucerful of milk.



UNDER 13 SOCCER, UNDEDECLARED PREMIERS, 1953.
 FRONT ROW: R. Watson, P. March, R. Berghofer, Mr. C McKenzie (Coach), R. Horne, I. Watts, P. Thomson.
 BACK ROW: J. Simpson, J. Perry, G. Goffett, R. Winsor, E. Mink, A. Hodgins, R. Kyle.
 Photo by McRae Studios. (Block donated by James Tickle and Sons Pty. Ltd.)

Cats are extremely helpful when you have visitors. As Mrs. Van Moneybags arrives (with her nose in the air) at your front door, kitty meanders into her path and becomes tangled in Mrs. Van Moneybags' legs, and thud! Poor Mrs. Moneybags. Such indignity. As usual you resolve to get rid of the cat. However, your heart melts when pussy rubs against your leg and purrs. So kitty stays.

After raising five daffodils during the spring in a brand new flower pot, you stand there proudly surveying your flowers. However, the moment your back turns the innocent cat comes along and rubs against the new pot. Then you depart, swearing volubly, to pick up the pieces on the garden path.

Never keep Persian cats. They have very long hairs, as you will undoubtedly perceive when you go to a board-meeting with hairs all over your pants.

Cats always like to have sharp claws. When they are inside, however, as they cannot find a genuine tree, they start on either a chair leg, your best lounge suite or your most distinguished visitor.

If you have a female cat (as I have) you may appreciate the fact that cats make a lot of noise. About six of them usually sit on the fence and just howl. What annoys me, however, is the fact that they know I'm a very bad shot with a shoe. After a nerve-racking night during which I lose about two hours' sleep and three shoes, I arise to get the milk, the morning paper and the shoes. What high hopes I have! The paper is in shreds all over the lawn. Those cats have had their revenge. The three shoes have disappeared and the milk is all over the steps around the broken bottle.

Last, but not least, comes the most trying time of all. Kittens! Our cat has six of them, all females. Terrible! But what's this? Some diabolically clever fiend has dropped one, two, three, four, five kittens over the fence. Oh no! Does anybody want a cat and eleven kittens? We don't.

—R. RUTTER, 2A.

ON THE CULTURE OF ORCHIDS

Before I start these notes it is, of course, necessary that the reader should know what an orchid is. An orchid is a plant which, after four or five years of careful tending on the part of the owner, produces an almost mature flower-bud, from which stage it inevitably dies back to a bulb, and takes another four years to flower. Let there be no misapprehension over the long-debated subject as to whether orchid-growing is a hobby or a disease. It is undoubtedly the latter. I, unfortunately, am able to say this from bitter experience. A few years ago something possessed Mum to buy Dad an orchid. This turned out to be a dastardly mistake for there is no doubt that this action of Mum's definitely precipitated the disease. Whenever it's cold Dad's first thought is the orchid; whenever it's hot Dad's first

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thought is the orchid. In fact, even if it is a beautiful sunny day Dad wonders whether the orchid will get too much sun.

Orchids are usually grown in pots, in which it is essential that there is a large hole to allow for plenty of drainage, for if the water does not quickly drain off orchids they will rot. Last week Dad decided to re-pot one of his orchids in a larger pot. The pots he had had holes in them which were too small. Dad decided to remedy this fault. Out came the hammer and chisel. Dad was happily chipping away with the chisel, hoping to make the hole in the pot large enough, when the hammer missed the chisel. Well, about six pots later he finally managed to chip a hole the correct size. Then in came from next door a little urchin who picked up the pot and after looking at it with a critical eye for a few moments, dropped it. The rest is left to the imagination of the reader.

The mixture in which orchids are grown is known as compost. There can be no exact definition of compost as it varies according to the belief of each sufferer from the disease. It will, however, suffice to say that compost is composed of leaf-mould, bark from trees, sand, charcoal . . . in fact all the general rubbish of the garden thoroughly mixed. It is my firm belief that nothing, absolutely nothing but such an unnatural thing as an orchid could survive in this compost. As a matter of fact I once planted one of the hardiest plants found in nature—that is the common weed—in some orchid-compost. Within 24 hours the weed was completely dead.

However, let us return to the subject. On rare occasions one finds that an orchid, after many years of careful petting, does actually flower. Such a rarity occurred at our house a few weeks back. Dad was wildly excited as it was his first flower, and every day after work he rushed up to our orchid-house. The excitement grew and grew until one day, when the orchid needed but a few days to flower, Dad was fussing about the orchid-house when he tripped and fell, of course knocking over the orchid in the process. Once again I feel that there is no need to describe the effects of such a calamity.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I, along with thousands of others, shall bless the day when medical science will invent something which at present seems impossible, and that is a cure for the most terrible disease of our age—orchid-growing.

—D. HARLAND, 2A.

ON THE LAKE

The clouds of dawn were tinged with gold as the rising sun painted the sky with a brush of fire. The waters of the lake flowed in swiftly past the shore on their eternal pilgrimage, bringing with them the fish eager for the anglers' daily offering.

On a road leading to this lake, picturesque in the growing light and overshadowed by silent palms, strode three young fishermen,

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NEWCASTLE WEST

Gavin, Ian and Dale, their crunching footsteps breaking the silence of the early hour. As they passed, they made gruff comments upon the weather, the tide and other such things appropriate for fishermen to say. A boat was hired and clumsily rowed out past a sandbank, where it would persist in grounding. Eventually a suitable position was found and a few leatherjacket soon fell victims to the deadly skill of the trio.

The sun was overhead as sandwiches were unwrapped, but it was found that numerous prawns were resident in the aforesaid sandwiches and, as the prawns had evidently been dead for some months, a human agency was suspected. It followed that Gavin, having no prawn sandwiches, was duly marooned upon an islet while the other two ate and jeered.

About two o'clock a decision was made to move to a well-known spot about half a mile distant. Here some microscopic squire were caught. Then suddenly a rain squall blew up, drenching the boys and whipping up three foot waves which threatened to overturn the boat. Fortunately Gavin had read books on the subject of rowing and told the other two that the boat should be kept head on to the wind. So two rowed and the other shouted, while the wind howled and the spray hissed. Occasionally a rower would make a mighty heave at where the water should have been and then somersault backwards, while the unoccupied one would cease shouting to begin rowing.

The storm soon passed, and peace reigned once more, but the three boys, their ardour, like their clothes, somewhat dampened, set out thankfully for the shore, returned the boat and trudged home convinced that fishing was a much over-rated pastime.

—I. MCGREGOR, 3D.

A BURGLARY

The moon rode low over the tree-tops. A door creaked softly as a lithe figure slid through the narrow opening, paused and looked about him. It was obvious that no one was awake in this house. It would be safe to try for the prize.

There were many obstructions to hinder his plan, but at all costs he must gain his objective and escape. To be caught would mean severe punishment, and he did not dare risk that. The first obstruction was the fast closed door of the stronghold that contained the treasure.

With quiet speed he pulled out a long-bladed knife from his pocket and set to work to pick the lock, holding his breath every time a clink of metal upon metal seemed to echo through the house. Under his skilled fingers the lock gave way, but in his excitement he dropped the knife. A resounding clang echoed through the house as the knife hit the floor. To his straining ears came an answering noise from upstairs. A bed squeaked, a foot struck the floor and slithered about in search of a slipper.

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Quickly he dived behind a chair. The tense figure could see the narrow beam of torchlight stabbing through the curtain of darkness that concealed the pyjama-clad householder, who searched anxiously from side to side. "Hum," he murmured; "must have been that pesky cat again." The intruder, scarcely daring to breathe, clung to the floor as the dazzling ray of light swept above him. At last the torch swung back to the stairs and the room was once more enveloped in quiet darkness.

A smile of greedy exultation lit up the face of the crouching figure. Noiselessly he slid to the door on which he had been working and swung it open. Into the burgled stronghold he rushed, closed the door behind him and snapped on the light. There it was on the shelf ahead of him, the object of his raid! And eight-year-old Johnnie reached trembling hands up to grasp the luscious lemon meringue pie from the pantry shelf.

— BARRY WHITE, 2A.

MIGRANTS

Glutinous groups that congregate
Sullen and surly in the streets —
Foreign customs, foreign ways,
An alien tongue
Not understood,
Furtive foreigners —
Balts.

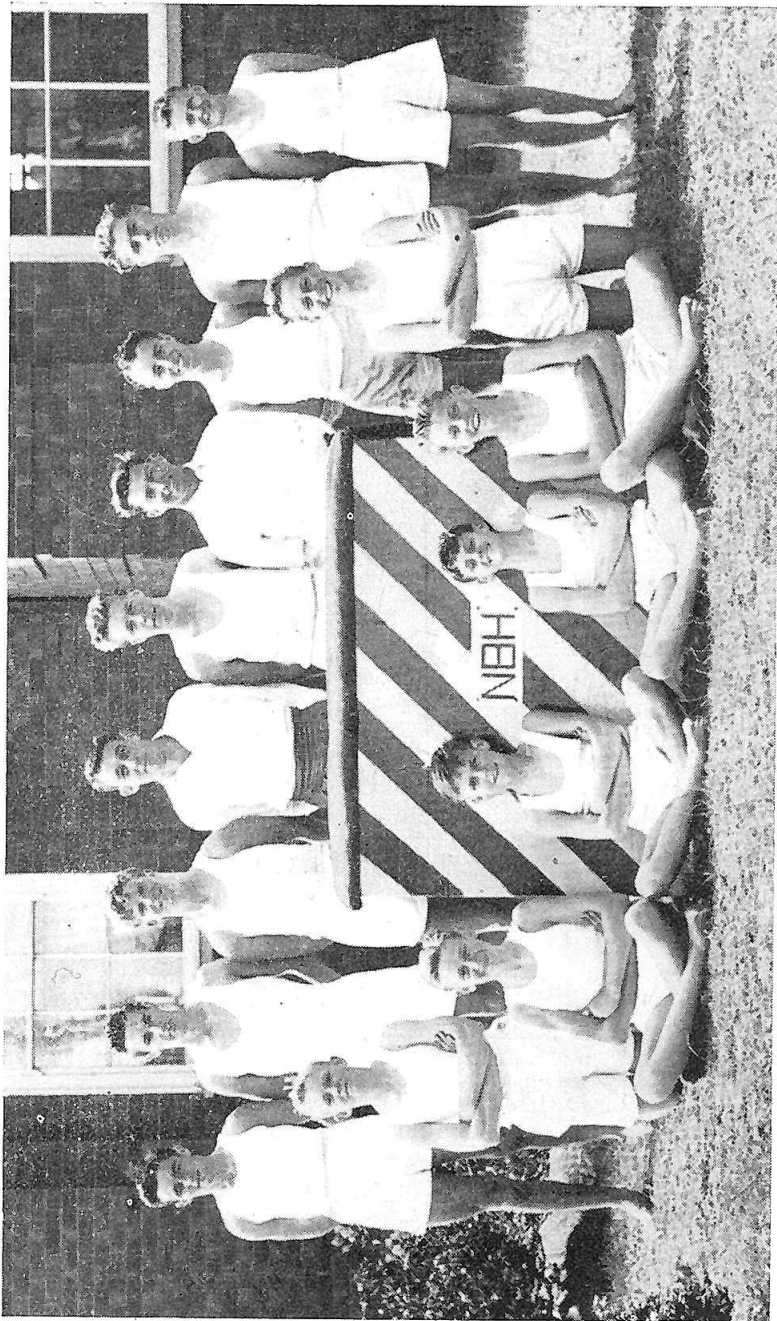
Segregated strangers who shrink shy
From unfriendly faces but who bring
A broader culture, knowledge unknown,
Former allies
Misunderstood,
Friendly foreigners —
Australians.

—D. LAYCOCK, 5th Year.

EARLY MORN

Beneath the ethereal blue of an April sky
I stood and watched in breathless ecstasy
A sight as beautiful as 'twas gay and free.
The breeze, so faint 'twas but the merest sigh,
Had force to lift the leaves, which dormant lie,
And make them dance to blithe birds' sprightly trill —
Gay music, too, for blossoms on the hill,
The prelude to a scene of majesty,
Finale sweet to night's tranquillity.

—J. KILPATRICK, 5th Year.



SENIOR GYMNASTICS SQUAD.
 BACK ROW: T. Street, M. Walker, A. Carroll, Mr. M. Smith, W. Sheehan, Mr. R. Judge, W. McDougall, J. Perkins,
 E. Snelson.
 FRONT ROW: B. Ableson, P. Swotridge, R. Phillips, N. Hinks, A. Thomas, J. Sheehan.
 Photo by McRae Studios.
 (Block donated by Morison and Bearby, Engineers).

REMEMBRANCE OF RAIN

What funny little spatters
 The rain makes on the car's window-pane!
 The fairy world
 Of neon lights spreads like a flame across the night,
 Shining, multi-coloured, bright,
 Incandescent delights.
 The shapes of those who drink behind the doors
 Seem more real than the mantle-smothered figures
 Who dodge the rain.
 And now we've started off again.
 The rain has stopped but the roads
 Are glistening. The wind has dropped
 But the wires are listening,
 And at our side I hear the trees whispering.
 A second time begins
 The rain. Our lights cleave
 Its form in twain, piercing the humid sheet
 In vain.
 A futile fight with rain.

—D. LAYCOCK, 5th Year.

LIFE

Life is like a mountain,
 Which in this world we climb
 To reach at last the highest peak
 And dwell with Christ divine.
 The journey first is simple;
 To the child it is but fun
 To frolic up the sloping plain,
 And challenge cliffs to come.
 But soon all this is altered;
 The pathways come in sight.
 How many choose the one that's wrong!
 How few the one that's right!
 In middle age we weary,
 But here there is no rest,
 And onward must the journey go,
 Upward to the crest.
 The crags go past in darkness,
 The steps in mystic black,
 Forever, for the sinners
 Who choose the Devil's track.

"PETERS#EATERS"
~~NO~~
EVERYWHERE
THRIVE ON ME.



PETER'S NICE DREAM

Take a ~~Trick~~ Home Today.

The way is hard near death,
But even death is bright
To those who tread in the way of the Lord,
For His is the way of light.

Christ Himself has passed
Along this path of life;
He placed Himself with sinners
As a guide to those in strife.

—J. LLOYD, 4th Year.

THE LITTLE CREEK

The little creek goes winding
So placidly along
Through bushland and through meadow;
Its murmur sings a song;
So sweetly,
So laughingly,
Its murmur sings a song.

The gums bow down on either side;
The sun shines through them bright,
And glistens on the ripples
Like stars in a midsummer night,
So crystal,
So wondrous,
Like stars in a midsummer night.

The little creek has beauty,
Which can hardly be expressed.
It lifts away all sadness;
It leaves the heart caressed;
So easily,
So joyously,
It leaves the heart caressed.

The Lord out of His goodness,
His greatness and His love,
Did give to those who weary
A blessing from above.
'Tis that we find in nature;
'Tis that which love does seek;
'Tis found in all its glory
At the wondrous little creek,
So relieving,
So fulfilling,
At the wondrous little creek.

—J. LLOYD, 4th Year.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



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EXAM WEEK

"Sit beside me, faithful cobber,
Come and try to learn our French.
Try to learn our silly phrases —
Should have learnt to use a wrench.

"Try to teach me all about it.
What on earth's the word for drawer?
Soon be back to rubber-band fights —
Never had 'esprit de corps'."

—J. HINDE, 3rd Year.

WORRY

I stamp the floor; I scratch my head.
Oh! what am I going to do?
I thump the desk, for he has said,
"To-morrow your item is due."

I've thought of outings and things I've made,
Of plays and poems as well,
Of all the footer games I've played,
And some old yarn to tell.

I'd like to talk of scholastic successes,
Of theorems and problems worked,
Of facts and figures my mind possesses,
But these I've always shirked.

I give it up. Oh! what a life!
Why were such tasks invented?
Unless I stop this mental strife
I'll surely be demented.

—D. MILES, 2nd Year.

THOUGHTS

Some day I'll give up city life,
The wear and tear, the noise and strife,
And seek a haven of content,
Wherein I'll dwell till life is spent.
No more the sight of smoke-filled sky,
The blare and strain, monotony;
No more the harshness of mankind —
For me a blessed peace of mind.

—T. CHAPMAN, 2A.

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BEN

Serving behind the counter all day,
Turning the cutter when we are at play,
Buttering buns in August or May,
Is Ben, the tuck-shop man.

And though all of us may wail and weep,
The regulations he does keep,
And so in periods none may peep
At Ben, the tuck-shop man.

Warming the pies (oh! what a pest!),
Serving drinks (only the best),
He never has time to stop for a rest,
Has Ben, the tuck-shop man.

Most of the teachers go there for lunch.
As over the table their shoulders crunch,
All he hears is crunch, crunch, crunch,
Poor Ben, the tuck-shop man.

—I. WATSON, 2nd Year.

I HEAR IT RESOUNDING

Across the great lands,
Across the great oceans,
I hear it resounding;
To a country so rich,
To a country so beautiful,
To a country so loyal,
I hear it resounding.

Up the dim gorges,
Down the long valleys,
It echoes and echoes;
Over the mountains,
Across the vast plains
I hear it resounding.

Through the tall trees,
Across the blue lakes,
On wings of the wind
It echoes and echoes;
In the small towns,
In the big cities,
In the heart of the country
I hear it resounding:

"Elizabeth is Queen!
Queen of a nation!
Elizabeth is Queen!"

—P. DALTON, 1st Year.

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THE MOON

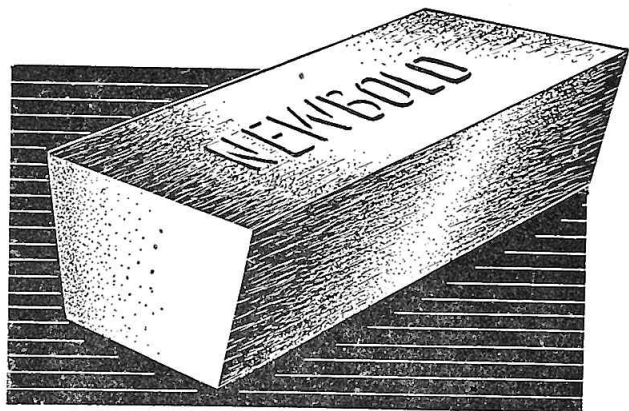
Next to the Sun, though not to be compared with it in indispensability, the Moon has had the greatest influence upon the life and history of Earth.

Earth, torn away from the Sun, was a sphere entirely composed of whirling gases of intense heat, rushing over the black expanses of the Universe—its direction and speed being controlled by immense outside forces. Gradually, through the centuries, the flaming gases began to cool, and Earth became a molten mass. The materials of this mass eventually arranged themselves in the same order as of the present day—a central formation of molten iron, nearly of the same intense heat of two billion years ago, an intermediate sphere of semi-plastic basalt, and a relatively hard outer shell, comparatively thin, and composed of solid basalt and granite. Although the following statement may be open to wide dispute, it is the general opinion of scientists today, that in the course of this remarkable change of the outer shell from a liquid to a solid state, a section of Earth, spinning at the rate of one revolution per two hours, was consequently hurled into space. This was the birth of Earth's only child—the Moon. There are reasons for believing that this event occurred at a time when the outer shell of Earth was in a slightly hardened state, not when liquid. Today, there is a huge depression or chasm on the Earth's surface. This depression holds the Pacific Ocean. According to the calculations of some geophysicists, the base of the Pacific is composed entirely of basalt, whereas all the other oceans are floored, strangely enough, with a thin shell of granite. Thus the obvious question that emerges from these facts is, "What became of the granite covering that once must have formed the base of the Pacific?" The theory of many is that it was torn away during the formation of the Moon. Further evidence gives support to this theory. The mean density of the Moon—3.3—is much less than that of the Earth, which is 5.5, thus suggesting that the material of which the Moon is composed is the granite of the Earth's outer crust.

What the path and fate of the Moon has been since its separation from Earth we can only vaguely guess, but, on the surface that ever faces Earth, the story of long ages of incessant turmoil and unknown forces is clearly depicted. As a result of endless observations of scientists throughout the ages, we know a great deal of the present condition and influence of the Moon.

The heat of the Sun beats down upon the Moon ceaselessly throughout a day of perhaps 300 hours. Nothing could possibly live in such extremes, for, on one side there is intense heat from the Sun, and on the other, intense cold and complete darkness. Any form of life, to exist, would have to endure such heat and cold alternately as life on earth has never experienced. There is no atmosphere

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enveloping the Moon to break the heat from the Sun, nor any ocean of air to diminish the intensity of its blinding light. Bearing the above facts in mind, we envisage a world such as the Moon, as devoid of life; yet, why, if the birth of the Earth and Moon occurred almost simultaneously, has life on the Moon been obliterated, whereas Earth is covered by countless fantastic, ever-thriving forms of life? The simple and complete truth is that the Moon is smaller. The Earth, because of its great powers of attraction bestowed upon it by the Law of Gravity, can hold an atmosphere and thus provide itself with life-supporting air; the Moon, owing to its size, cannot retain a hold upon these light gases, but is content to hold only heavier ones, such as Carbon Dioxide, which can support no form of life. Upon the surface of the Moon there are hundreds of huge craters, created by forces beyond human comprehension. Their walls rise sheer, miles high, and their width is anything up to 80 miles. Around these craters, for hundreds of miles, is evidence of the vast and terrifying forces that vomited burning lava from the bowels of the Moon, twenty miles into space, causing molten streams which scoured the exterior walls. There is no doubt these craters are the remnants of volcanoes, but what were the forces that tore the heart of the Moon to pieces and left yawning chasms on an extinct and barren world?

Without the tides, world transport by means of shipping would be paralysed, and nearly all forms of marine life would cease to exist. The tides are due to the gravitational attraction of the Moon and Sun, the Moon being more than twice as powerful as far as gravitational influence is concerned. In theory, there is some gravitational attraction between every drop of water in the ocean and every star in all the universe. In practice, however, the pull of the remote stars is trifling compared to the vast movements by which the sea yields to the pull of the Sun and Moon. Despite the size of the Moon in comparison to that of the Sun, the Moon, as mentioned previously, possesses far greater influence in the controlling of the movements of the sea, this being due to the proximity of the Moon. On certain dates, recurring every fortnight, the range of the tide becomes great; thus the high waters are higher than average, and the low waters correspondingly lower. This occurrence, taking place every full and new Moon, is due to the fact that at regular intervals, the Sun and Moon are on the same side of the Earth at the new Moon, and their respective pulls are added together—similarly, spring tides occur at the full Moon when they are on opposite sides. In any other position, the two forces act against each other, and when 90 degrees apart, they are diametrically opposed and very small tides, called neap tides, result—the high waters unusually low, and the low high. Neap tides are associated with the first and last quarter. When the Moon was torn from its parent, Earth, it remained very close to it, that is, compared with its present distance from Earth, and so its present position is the result of some two billion years of the constant

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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Instances like this might easily be multiplied demonstrating the necessity for making early and systematic provision, so that children may be given the most advantageous start in life.



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influence of the Sun's gravitational force. Thus, when it was only half its present distance from Earth, its influence on the waters of the Earth would have been anything up to 8 times as powerful, and the tidal range in those remote days might even have reached 4 or 5 hundred feet on certain coastlines.

Through the ages the Moon has receded, driven away by the friction of the very tidal forces it creates. The endless movement of the waters of the ocean over the seabed, and over the shallow edges of the continents, bears in itself the power that is slowly destroying the tides, for tidal friction is gradually slowing down the rotation of Earth. Since the time when Earth spun at the rate of one revolution per 2-3 hours, this force has so greatly reduced the speed of Earth's rotation, that one revolution now requires 24 hours. This retarding will go on, until days will coincide with months, months with years, and years with centuries. As it is doing this, tidal friction is pushing the Moon farther and farther into the infinite spaces of the universe. As the Moon recedes it will have correspondingly less influence upon the tides, and the tides will grow weaker, just as they have been doing throughout the ages. Thus lunar tides will eventually cease to exist. All this will, of course, require inconceivable time, and even before it does happen, life on earth will cease to exist.

COLYN WHITEHEAD, 4A.

PREFECTS-ELECT FOR 1954

D. Beach (Captain), C. Whitehead (Vice-Captain), P. Dickson (Senior Prefect), B. Adcock, A. Ambler, E. Braggett, W. Cater, A. Coates, A. Findlay, L. Gledhill, J. Gray, J. Lloyd, G. Morley, M. Nichols, R. Owens, J. Thompson, R. Webb, B. Wellham, R. Williams, A. Winn.

HONOUR POCKETS

In order that boys may become familiar with the decisions of the School Union relating to the award and form of Honour Pockets, details of the appropriate resolutions are given in this article.

The School Union, which has the sole right to award and supply H.P.'s and labels, has decided that H.P.'s shall be awarded to pupils who satisfy the conditions listed below.

1. Cricket. 1st Eleven (3 or more games).
2. Rugby League. 1st XIII (4 or more games).
3. Soccer. A1 team. (6 or more games).
4. Tennis. 1st team. (4 or more games).

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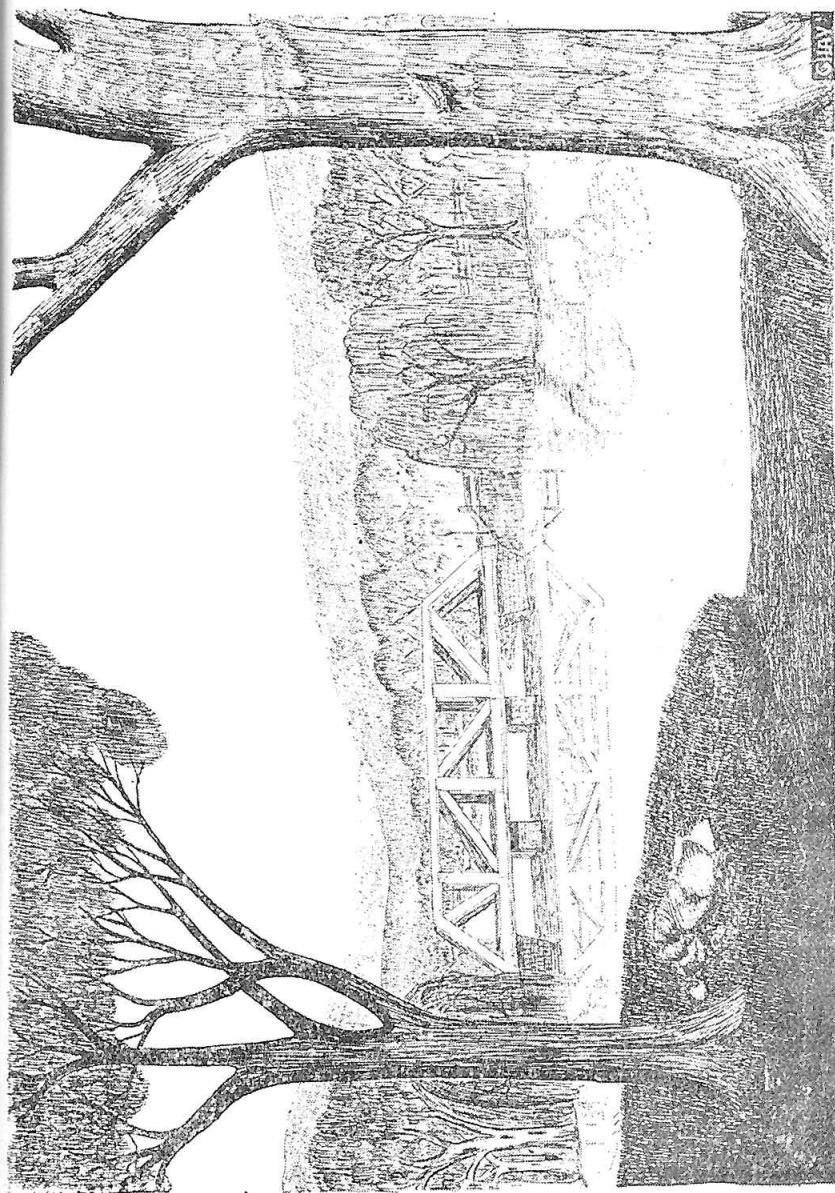
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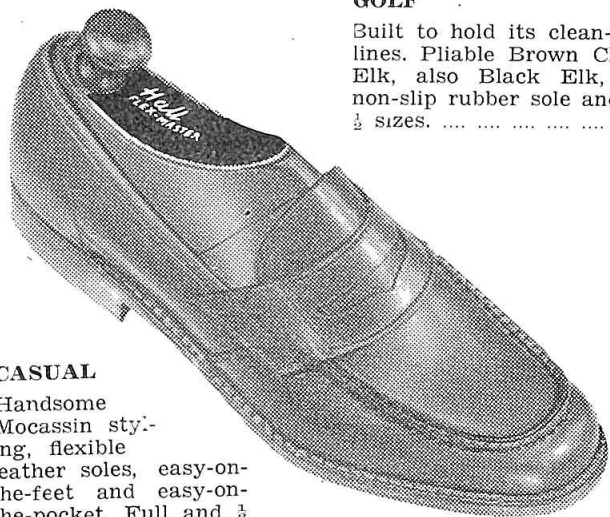
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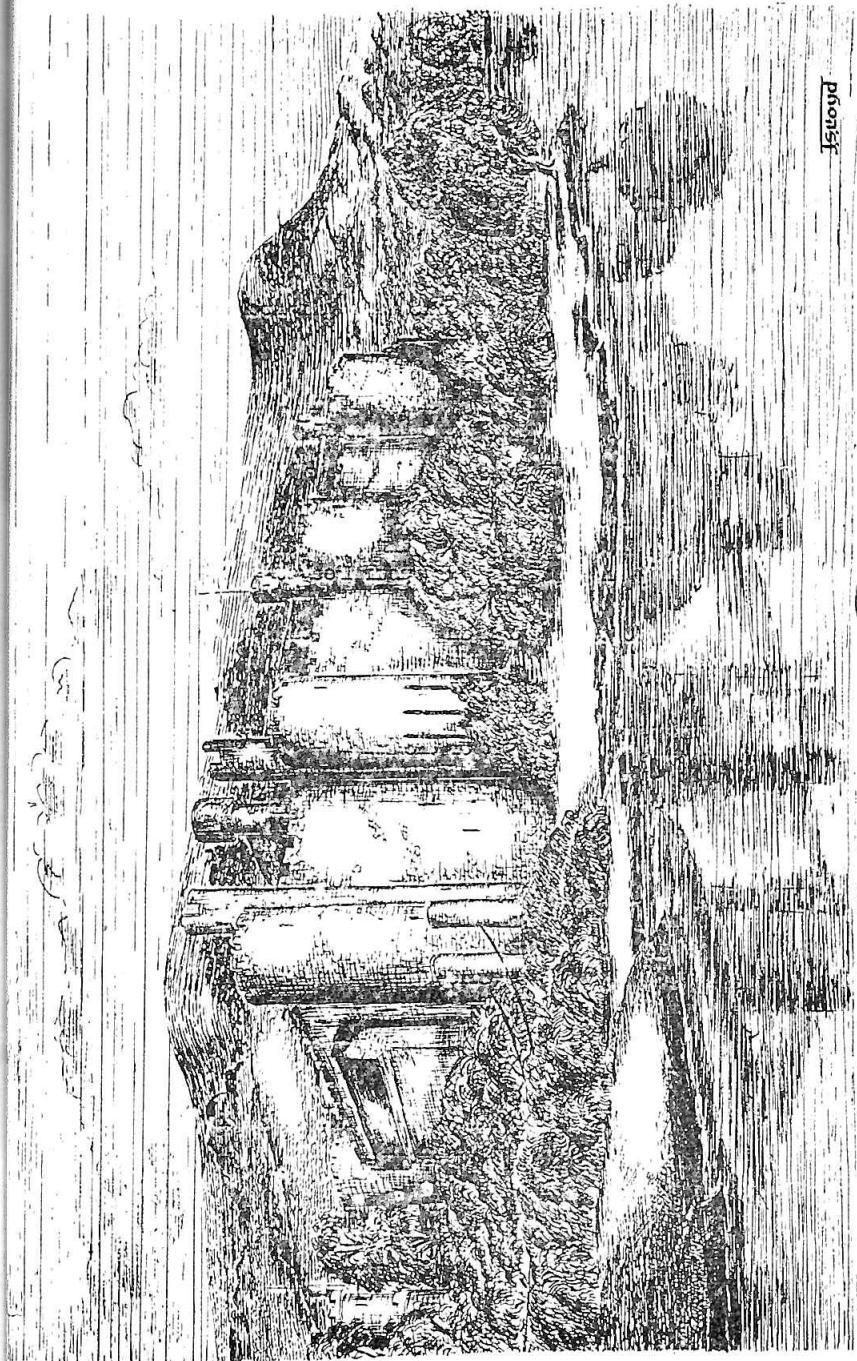
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5. Athletics and Swimming. Senior team representing at C.H.S. Carnival.
6. Prefects.
7. Senior Debating team.
8. Groups or individuals within the school may be awarded H.P.'s. by the Union on the recommendation of the Honour Pocket Sub-Committee.
9. The Headmaster may recommend the award of H.P.'s. to Senior boys who have given outstanding school service.

General Comments:

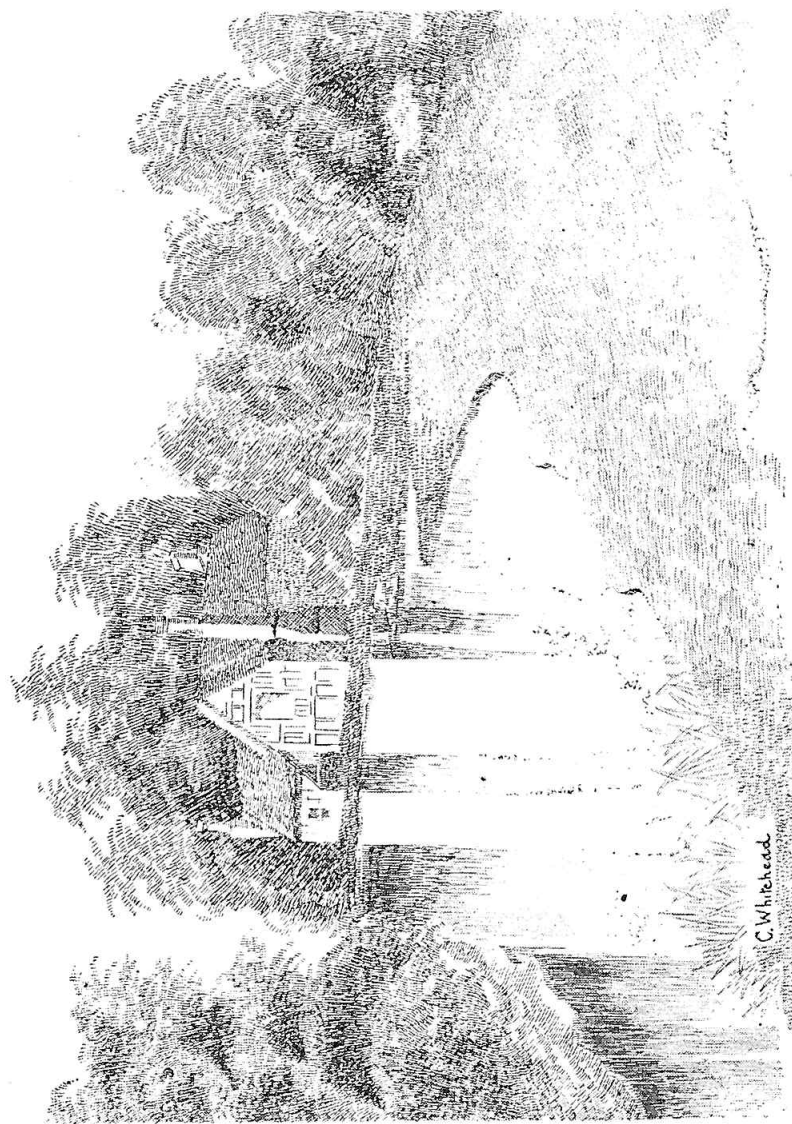
Special consideration will be given to regular members of a sport team who are injured and prevented from playing their full quota of games as stated in the conditions for sport awards.

The award of H.P.'s. is to be confined to members of 1st grade teams approved by the Union and to pupils of 4th and 5th year.

Conditions governing inscriptions for Honour Pockets:

1. All H.P.'s. are to be worn on the left breast pocket of the school blazer.
2. No inscription (except where the wearer is a prefect) is to be made in the upper part of the H.P.
3. Lettering is to be silver in colour and the maximum height is to be $\frac{1}{4}$ ".
4. The approved forms of wording for H.P. inscriptions are: 1st XI Cricket, 1st XIII, 1st XI Soccer, Senior Swimming, Senior Athletics, Debating, School Service, 1st Tennis, CNDHS Tennis, CNDHS Cricket.
5. In (4) above, the wording is to be followed by the year—e.g., Debating 1953.

Members of school teams that win premierships may place a label to that effect in red letters $\frac{1}{4}$ " high on the left breast pocket of the school blazer underneath the school badge. If the wearer of such a label is awarded an Honour Pocket, then the premiership label must be transferred to the lower left pocket. This is the only addition permitted to the school blazer.



C. Whitehead.

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR

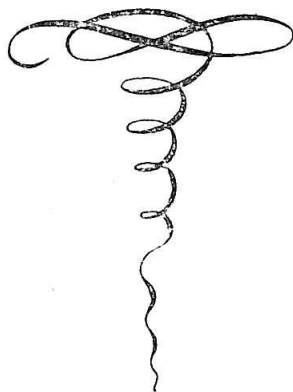
On Wednesday, October 28, the school bade farewell to the 5th year students. School Captain J. McKenzie presented as a parting gift a set of books for the library and blinds for the Deputy Headmaster's office.

On Thursday afternoon, October 29, the Cadet Unit and the A.T.C. Flight gave a very impressive display in their passing-out ceremony on Waratah Oval.

On Thursday night, October 29, the Father and Son Dinner was held.

WINNERS OF PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

Verse: D. Laycock (5th year). **Drawing:** C. Whitehead (4th year). **Report:** J. Gill (5th year). **Prose:** J. McKenzie (5th year) C. Whitehead (4th year), P. Harwin (3rd year), D. Harland (2nd year).



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