

shown improvement in every game. Paul Lemman has shone out with his spinners whilst Dave Middleby has developed a pace at the other end. Mick Clark and others have been smart in the field. We are grateful to Mr. Abrahams who has taken a keen interest by giving us practice at least once a week.—(W. WILSON, Capt.)

Under 13 Travelling: This team has done well so far, having played three games resulting in one first innings win, one outright win, and a loss. In our first game Tech. High School dismissed us for 61, Thomson scoring 24. Our bowlers, Huntley and Clifford, then bowled well to dismiss Tech. for 33. The team played excellently in the second day's play against Maitland, after being in a doubtful position. Huntley and Clifford saved the team, routing the Maitland side twice, Clifford taking 7 wickets for 15 and Huntley 9 for 21, and Wingrove scoring a bright 33. The team is strong in batting and bowling but our fielding needs to be improved. We thank Mr. Quill for his supervision and coaching.—(P. THOMSON, Capt., 2A).

SENIOR DEBATING: Although the club has not participated in any external competitions this year, the Inter-House competition has been very successful and has produced some excellent debates. The competition was not started until the second term. This enabled the many new members to gain valuable experience. The House Competition has been divided into two sections, each House having two teams and the more experienced members being in the number one teams.

The highlight of the year was the debate held on Open Day in conjunction with Education Week. On this occasion the best speakers debated a very interesting topic, "Co-education."

As the club has a solid foundation of 4th Year members, we are looking forward to a most successful 1955.—(T. DUNN, 4th Year).

JUNIOR DEBATING: The Junior Debating Club of 21 members has had a very successful year.

Several good debates have been held, with many varying points of view being expressed. Among these, the most notable were "That Indo-China should receive its independence," "That memorials should be utilitarian," "That euthanasia should be legalised," and "That trial by jury should be abolished."

On the Thursday of Education Week, the topic was "That High Schools should be co-educational." The result was that we heard some good debating with the government winning 45½ to 40½. The government was of the opinion that co-education would relieve the congestion around the Bank Corner at about 3.45 p.m. However, the opposition considered that with co-education boys would tend to neglect work and show off in front of girls.

We feel it appropriate to take this opportunity to congratulate John Cox, one of our members, who recently did the club great honour in winning the Royal Empire Society's Public Speaking

Contest with a record score of ninety points. Congratulations also go to Doug. Miles who was runner-up.

We would also like to thank Mr. Ingram for the keen interest he has shown in our club, and the very helpful advice he gave when he adjudicated debates. Without his help the club would not function as it does.

It is pleasing to note that this year the younger members of the club have been taking prominent places in the debates. In fact, we feel quite confident when we say that almost all the members of our club are now reasonably good debaters; and, if this is true, then the club is carrying out its aim.—(J. ANDERSON, 3A, President; D. Harland, 3A, Secretary.)

FIRST YEAR DEBATING: Under the supervision of Mr. Anderson this club has had debates on many subjects such as "Our Queen should come to Australia for a long holiday," "Motor bikes should be banned," "Boys should learn to cook," "A new state of New England should be formed," "The atom bomb should be dropped on Indo-China," and "Capital punishment should be enforced." All our boys, who are first year boys only, have taken part in a debate and have shown themselves capable of making a good speech.

On one Thursday afternoon we were read part of one of Shakespeare's poems to teach us how to improve in our reading and reciting.

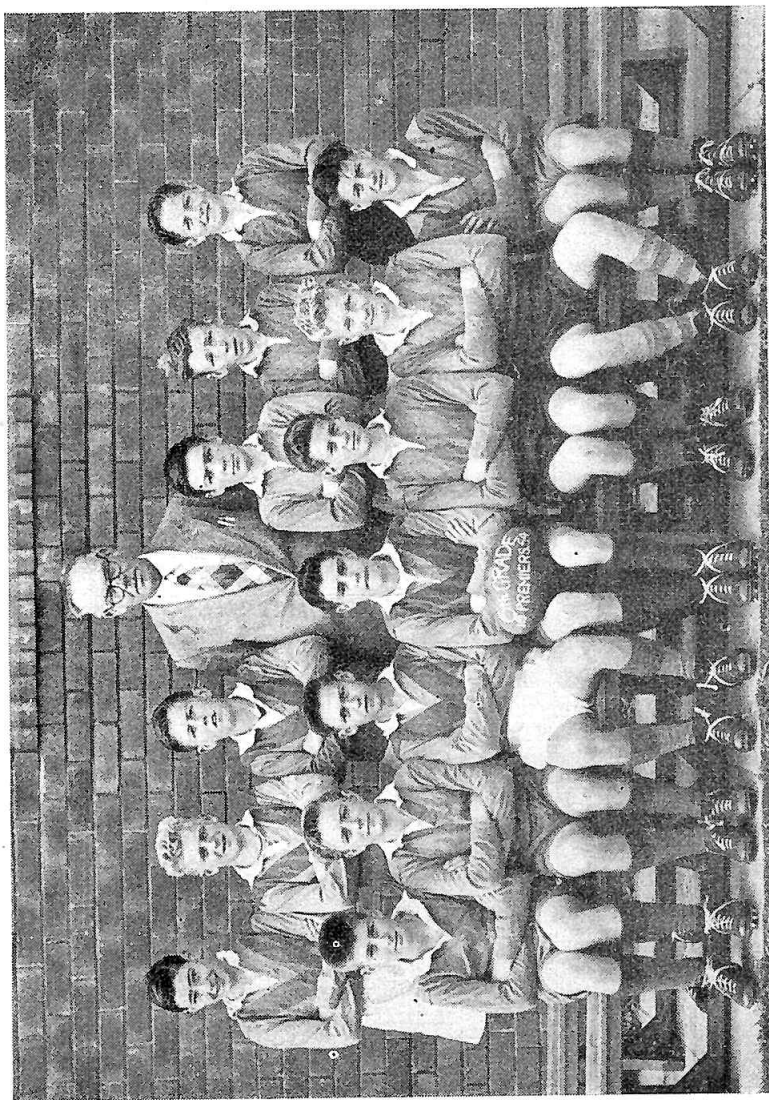
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**SIXTH GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE, PREMIERS 1954**  
**BACK:** D. Magin, I. Leggett, R. Cameron, Mr. C. McFarlane, B. Middleby, J. Grahame, J. Hill.  
**FRONT:** G. Seale, K. Duneau, A. Coates, N. Hineks (Capt.), L. Watkins, L. Davies, M. Wrightson. Absent: D. Horsfield.  
 Photo by McRae Studios. (Block donated by Young & Green Pty. Ltd.)

In a debate against a team from Mr. Ingram's Debating Club we had the affirmative. The topic was "The Current Affairs period should be abolished," and the result was a draw.

At the time of the writing of this report we are preparing addresses for Education Week. When the school is open for public inspection, our club will be engaged in two debates, and the majority of our members will be taking part.—(K. Hole, 1A.)

**LIBRARY CLUB:** A very successful year reached its climax with a Book Week Exhibition, the second of its kind, the first being held in 1952. Members made numerous displays, utilising paper covers. During Book Week a popular author competition was held, and the three most popular authors were: 1. Capt. W. E. Johns, 2. Ion L. Idriess, 3. Nicholas Monsarrat.

Donations received from members during the year resulted in the purchase of two books for the library.

Club activities during the year included a most interesting visit to Newcastle Central Library to find out what happened behind the scenes in a big library.

In last period each Thursday members are divided into various groups to repair damaged books, strengthen new ones and catalogue and stamp periodicals. One group arranges a poster each week, showing the various books available on different subjects in the library.

Our sincerest appreciation goes to Mr. Rigby for his help and supervision.—(I. Watson, Pres.; B. Yee, Sec.)

**STAMP CLUB:** We commenced the year with the division of the club into two groups and the election of officers for the senior group. R. Elliott was elected President, S. Bourke Secretary and D. Garrard Treasurer. The stamp exhibition at the school fete was a complete success and the standard of the stamps entered was extremely high. We are very grateful for the time Mr. Whæen and Mr. Grierson have spent preparing talks on Thematic collections, watermarks, first-day-covers and many others. Some of the senior members have given talks on the 1 c. British Guinea, cars on stamps and the first airmails. What the junior members do not know about stamps they more than make up for with enthusiasm.—(R. Elliott.)

**GARDENING CLUB:** The Gardening Club has about fifteen members. One of the hardest working boys is T. Huntley of I.E. Other hard workers are J. Middleton, G. Jenkins, R. Walzer, O. Kilpatrick, A. Keggen, E. Scott, G. Ralph, G. Dear, H. Morante, R. Dunning and R. W. Mason. On Thursdays they weed the gardens, mow the lawns and pick up leaves and dead grass cut by the mower. It is then taken by the wheelbarrow squad to the incinerator and burnt.—(R. MASON, I.C.)

**MUSICAL APPRECIATION:** During the past year the Musical Appreciation Club, under the capable guidance of Mr. Watchorn, has attempted to bring a modicum of musical culture into the

school. The club members, numbering about forty, have heard a wide variety of music ranging from the Bach "Brandenburg Concertos" to a few bars of Glen Miller. During the year the school very kindly allocated £20 to be spent by the musical department. Mr. Watchorn spent part of this on a new pick-up arm and the remainder on new records. As a result both the quality and quantity of records presented to us have improved. Mr. Watchorn invited members to bring their own records to the club. Some of the boys did so. B. Larkin came to light with a fine collection of tenors and Croft and Hockings with good selections of other classical records.

It is interesting to note that a small group of fifth year students, A. Winn, J. Gray, R. Hilliard, G. Lindus, B. Adcock, G. Morley and N. Elvidge, have joined the club. Although they are all "jazz" fiends, they attend closely and appear to gain quite a lot from the classical music.

The club wishes to thank the Cadet Band, which kindly consented to do its practising at the far end of the oval.—(R. MORRISON. 5th Year.)

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB: This has been a very successful year for the club. Although the weekly fee has remained at 3d. per member, we have been able to purchase two excellent books and a large number of chemicals, as well as prizes for the competitions.

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The books and magazines have been made available to the members in order that they may add more to their basic knowledge of photography. Excellent talks, accompanied by test-tube reactions, have been given by Mr. Simpson, our patron, so that the lads may understand what actually happens after they "press the trigger."

The Photography Club's effort at the School Fete this year was the most successful yet, and we are extremely thankful to our darkroom superintendent, R. Hitchin, for the loan of his valuable equipment. Indeed, it was due to his outstanding knowledge of photography that the photographs were of a truly professional standard.

We were also very lucky this year to be able to visit the studio of professional photographer, Mr. Hilder, who generously invited twelve members of the club to inspect his studios on the last day of the second term. It proved to be a very interesting and instructive visit, and is likely to give the lads, especially the juniors, a greater enthusiasm for this absorbing hobby.

The Photography Club also gave an excellent display as part of the Education Week activities at the school. The number and variety of cameras, accessories and photos and other sections such as enlarging, toning, reducing and intensifying, proved very interesting to the parents.

In concluding, I would like to express our thanks to Mr. Simpson for his conscientious work, to Mr. Gray and the Science staff for the use of the Physics storeroom, to Mr. Rigby for the loan of a number of photography magazines from the library, and to all those who have helped to make this year a very successful one for the Photography Club.—(P. SHEEDY, Sec., 5th Year.)

### Soccer

A1: This year the A1 team completed the season as undefeated premiers of the competition. In the 12 matches played our team scored over 60 goals and conceded only 7. The outstanding players were K. Hamilton, D. Baird, A. Williams and R. Wendtman. Our main goal scorer was K. Hamilton who scored 25 goals.

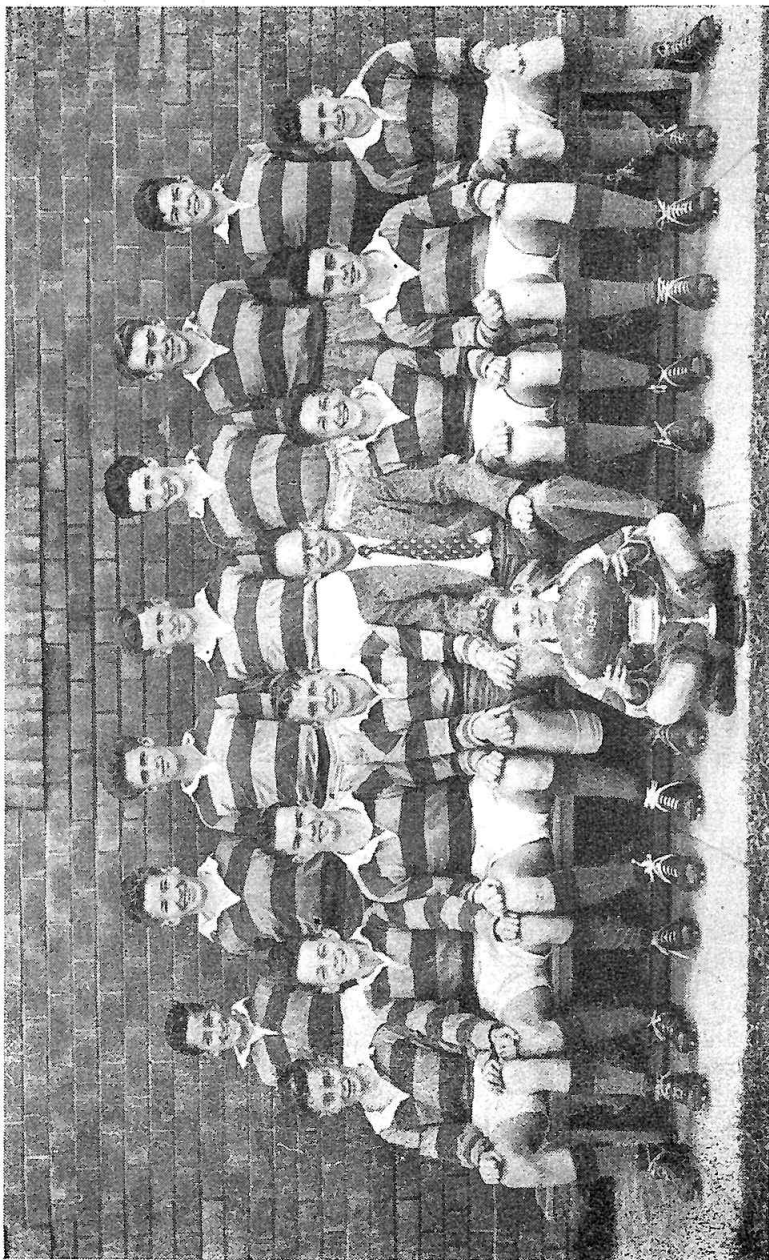
Four of our players gained representative honours in the Newcastle schoolboys' under 16 team which competed in the inter-city carnival held at Newcastle. They were A. Thomas, D. Baird, A. Williams and R. Ferguson.

At the completion of the season the team was challenged by the unbeaten Teachers' College team and defeated them 2-0 in an exciting game.

Throughout the season the team was coached by Mr. Grierson, for whose able assistance we are grateful,—(ALAN THOMAS).

A2: In the first game this team did not show much promise but, as the season progressed, the team settled down and began to





**AUSTRALIAN RULES, UNDEFEATED PREMIERS 1954**  
 BACK: R. Elkan, A. Griffin, R. Calvert, T. Hamraford, D. McKeever, L. Lawrence, M. Dixon,  
 CENTRE: J. Williams, G. Elkan, G. Sutcliffe, G. Fielding (Capt.), Mr. A. Judd, J. Llewellyn (Vice-Capt.), K. Ertis,  
 FRONT: I. Martin, ABSENT: I. McGregor, D. Chamberlain, J. Jones

play better football. The second round proved slightly more successful, and in many of the games the team was narrowly defeated after hard battles. The defence was reasonably strong, but unfortunately the team was not vigorous enough in attack. At times the team was unbalanced, as players were required to play for the A1 team, which had no reserves. We thank Mr. Beveridge for his interest in our activities.—(J. MCGREGOR, 3D.)

B1: This year the B1 soccer team won the B grade competition by three points. Our nearest rivals were Cessnock and, a point behind them, Tech. High. We had one defeat (Cessnock 1-0) and two draws, scoring 20 goals with 3 against us.

At the beginning of the season we played well below our best form, but some weight was added to the forward line and we were not defeated from then on in the competition. Our forwards all played well. McClure, a late addition to the team, proved a success at centre-forward. The other forwards, Thomson, Horne, Dugan and Mink, also played good football towards the end of the season. The backs and halves, Simpson, Berghofer, Perry and Kyle were always reliable, while Winsor in goals made many good saves when pressed. Winsor, Thomson and Kyle all gained a place in the Newcastle Under 13 team and Mink and Watts in the Under 14 team at the recent Soccer Carnival.

The team thanks Mr. McKenzie for his keen coaching.—(IAN WATTS, 2A.)

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C1: This team finished second in the competition, one point behind the winning team. It lost one match only, the first of the season. B. Huntley was a reliable goalkeeper; the "uncomplaining" Chadban was outstanding as a back; "Nipper" Watson and Mick Hilton were the main scorers, though Hilton did not live up to his early promise. Centre-half and captain, John Moore, played well on occasions, but was inconsistent. Ian Anderson played well as right half. The team was managed by Mr. Hyland; but what success it had was largely due to the advice and help of Mr. McKenzie.

C2: The following boys played in the C2 team this year: R. Barnes, J. Beveridge (captain), T. Bryden, G. Corling, N. Gibson, G. Goffet, J. Gould, T. Howland, J. Hugo, P. Leman, T. Lowe, G. Thomas.

Although we came last in the competition, we steadily improved as the year went on. Our best game was played against Central (the leaders) in the second round. In the first round they defeated us nine-nil, but in the second round we held them to be narrowly defeated by two-nil. Our only winning match was against Tech. High 2 whom we beat three-one. G. Goffet was our outstanding player.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Molesworth for his assistance and encouragement.—(J. Beveridge, 1C.)

**UNDER 15 TRAVELLING:** This team played well throughout the season and finished in second place behind Tech. High. It had some meritorious wins and two unlucky defeats. The forwards played well. Ron Hines was outstanding with many goals to his credit. Other good players were Phillips, Newton and Summers. The team thanks Mr. Watchorn for his supervision.—(G. PATERSON, Capt.)

### Tennis

As in previous years, the school has had a very successful year as far as tennis is concerned. Out of the six teams entered in the various competitions, two were successful in winning the premiership and two of the other four teams were co-premiers. The other two teams performed creditably and finished close to the leaders. The first grade team consisting of John Gray (Capt.), Bill Turner, Malcolm Thomson and Grahame Ryan went through the competition undefeated and won the J. O'Ryan cup for the fourteenth year. The second grade, A. Nelmes (capt.), F. Bishop, C. Whitehead, P. Jonas and W. Hall, were co-premiers with Maitland. Among the younger teams, the 4th grade won their premiership. Full credit is given to these boys for they are all under 14 years.

Five boys from the school were selected in the Combined Northern High Schools' team which met a Combined Metropolitan team at Sydney in July. These boys were John Gray (capt.), Bill

Turner, Malcolm Thomson and Grahame Ryan. Fred Bishop was reserve. Adrian Nelmes was unfortunate in not being able to take the trip owing to illness. His place was taken by Fred Bishop. From this match, a State High Schools' Team was selected. In it were John Gray and Grahame Ryan from this school. It met a N.S.W.L.T.A. team at White City. The school congratulates John Gray on being selected as captain of this team.

At the commencement of the season, a doubles championship was conducted at District Park. This tournament attracted a record number of entries and those who participated enjoyed the tennis thoroughly. The winning pairs in the respective age groups were: Open Championship—Malcolm Thomson and Grahame Ryan; Under 16—Bill Turner and Grahame Ryan; Under 15—John Allen and Ford Topham; Under 14—John Allen and Malcolm Gledhill. The trophies, consisting of silver engraved shields on wooden plaques, were presented to the winning pairs by Mr. O. R. Davies, President of the Newcastle Lawn Tennis Association, at a special school assembly. I take this opportunity of thanking the Newcastle L.T.A. for its generous donation of £5/5/- towards the cost of the trophies.

Before finishing I would like to thank Mr. Clarke, not only for his coaching but also for his enthusiasm throughout the season, and to express appreciation of the work of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Davies and Mr. Ingram.—(GRAHAME RYAN, 4C.)

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Newcastle Herald, Newcastle Sun Photo

## Australian Rules

This year our team, unbeaten in nine games, retained the premiership in the P.S.A.A.A. competition.

In these games the team has probably established a record by scoring 625 points to the opponents' 1, excluding the various scores in the trial matches. Sutcliffe, playing ruck, was the leading goal-scorer.

Early in July a team of Newcastle schoolboys travelled to Sydney to play Sydney schoolboys at Trumper Park. Included in this group were several Boys' High players, Sutcliffe, Eltis, Fielding, Llewellyn, Calvert, Schofield, McGregor, Dixon and Martin. Although the members of the Sydney team were much heavier, the Newcastle team came through with flying colours, being beaten by only eight points, all of which were scored in the last quarter.

A fortnight later Newcastle was easily beaten on its home ground. Although again opposed by heavier rivals, several of our younger players performed very well and, with efficient coaching, should develop into capable players. It is promising to have so many juniors taking up the game, and because of this, next year's competition may be extended to include teams from Maitland.

I am sure that everyone will congratulate Grahame Sutcliffe and our captain, Grant Fielding, on gaining selection in the State team. Ray Calvert, a tireless player, was very unlucky to miss selection.

On behalf of the team I shall take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Judd for his coaching and advice and also the N.A.N.F.L. for the gift of two footballs, several new jumpers and for other assistance which they readily gave us.—(P. Schofield, 4A).

## Hockey

For the first time in about five years the A1 team finished Co-Premiers. The team suffered only one defeat, a match played against Co-Premiers, Cook's Hill. The score was 1-0.

The A2 team, which for the first time played in the same competition as the A1 teams, did extremely well to come third behind Boys' High A1 and Cook's Hill A1.

The B team came second in its division after leading in the competition early in the season.

Unfortunately the C team did not do so well, mainly owing to the players' lack of experience. It was the first year in Hockey for most of them.

A combined A1 and A2 team defeated a representative Intermediate Schools' team at the No. 1 Sports Ground in a game played before the New Zealand v Newcastle match.

Congratulations are due to Geoffrey Richardson for gaining selection, for the second time, in the State team, which played in Perth this year during the August holidays.

All members of the teams would like to thank Mr. Osborne and Mr. Plummer for their fine work as supervisors of our activities. —(B. Suters, 5A).

### I.S.C.F. REPORT

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship meets weekly in the Physics Demonstration Room. Our special thanks go to the Headmaster and to the Science staff for the excellent co-operation and help which they have afforded us.

Throughout the year many varied types of meetings have been held. Some of the lads have given talks, while profitable debates and discussions amongst the members have seen the seniors and juniors alike taking part. Visiting clergymen, evangelists, missionaries and businessmen have all contributed to the meetings. Those with practical experience of the mission fields have spoken of Christian work in countries like Africa, New Guinea, India and Pakistan, and those present have benefited greatly from these inspiring messages. Sportsmen have shown us practical Christianity; businessmen have done the same; while evangelists have given us the benefits and results of Christianity. Thus this inter-denominational meeting has been the rendezvous for up to fifty and sixty boys each Thursday.

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The school has been represented at the various outings, picnics and I.S.C.F. camps and all who have attended agree that these experiences should never be missed.

The fellowship with other Christians has really been inspiring, and the I.S.C.F. looks forward to even better times in the future. —(I.S.C.F. COMMITTEE).

### N.B.H.S. SENIOR CADET UNIT

*"I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so."*

—H. Pearson (1934).

These last two years our Senior Cadet Unit has been relatively small, but the standard has remained high, owing to a core of experienced cadets who are in it because they like it.

This year, the year of the Royal Tour, has been a particularly eventful one, and we have represented this school on many occasions. I attended Camp Royal in Canberra, and saw the Queen eight times; and I'm sure you are all aware that other cadet officers assisted on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Newcastle. We marched at the Show, and on Empire Day and just recently in the Health Week march.

Our school has a good name throughout the city and throughout the State, a name won by our athletes, cadets and sportsmen. It seems a pity that so many do not in reality belong to the school, but remain nonentities—students by name but not by action. I'm not sorry, though, for the school units and teams are better for the omission of the unenthusiastic. The unit has acquired a good reputation in drill, rifle work, handling weapons and elementary tactics and fieldcraft. Brigadier Main was quite pleased with the Consecration Ceremony. At camp cadets got twenty-three or four for snap-shooting—something unheard of with unzeroed rifles. The unit manoeuvres are always executed well.

The main event of a cadet year is, of course, the annual camp. This time it was held at Holsworthy East. We left Newcastle at 6.45 a.m. on the Friday and most of the fellows did not wake up until after Gosford. We arrived at Liverpool about midday and loaded ourselves onto six tourers. There is something exciting about "marching-in" to a new camp. The senior cadets take great joy in deciding how uncomfortable, dusty, poorly provisioned it will be, and how tough, unreasonable and irritable the instructors will be. But they were wrong. Holsworthy is surrounded by parade grounds, interesting bush and scrub, and the Georges River. It is in a rather picturesque setting, miles from anywhere except 19th National Service Training Battalion Headquarters. Our tents were already set up, our "Q" store had been allotted, and the cooks were waiting to give us some dinner—a pleasant change.

So the boys had dinner and moved in. "Moving in" is not as simple as it sounds. Cadets have to be issued with working dress,



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pillows, pillowslips, palliasses, blankets, dishes, plus one lantern per tent. By army regulation, they must be notified of fire orders, canteen hours, R.A.P. hours and the situation of showers and latrines. First year cadets tend to get lost and worried, and the officers have to help them, so we were all busy until dusk, especially S/Sgt. Norris who was asked for a host of things like rubber tacks, sky hooks, lengthening for short circuits, blemishes, etc.

That night the boys were tired—they had been on the move for up to seventeen hours—but they talked themselves to sleep. Palliasses are always uncomfortable on the first night, and there were so many new and old experiences to discuss. Talk veered from school teachers to cadet officers, Holsworthy, motor cars and girls. But no matter what the officers threatened, the talk went on solidly till midnight. It is always so.

The next morning beds were being folded even before Reveille. We had breakfast and marched out to see a field-firing demonstration. It was spectacular, and they used tracer with the Vickers MMG, but unfortunately cadets did not get a shot. The new cadets were wide-eyed when we marched back, for the fire from all weapons had been accurate and deadly. They counted the seconds a mortar bomb stayed in the air, were amazed at the big orange muzzle-flash of the 6-pounder, and interested in the tracer arcing onto the target. That afternoon, training was at a standstill. Everybody was tired and sleepy, and after tea, went to bed early. Already two of our days had gone. For the officers, the Pre-Leaving was approaching; the cadets were only just settling down.

Training became routine now, and everything went smoothly. The lessons were given by our own N.C.O.'s on drill, rifle, Bren, grenade, map-reading and fieldcraft. Within the camp there were aids to this training—films after tea, for instance, and Sergeant Galloway, an ex-Royal Marine who was a fine soldier.

The fourth day was our unit's duty day. We were called upon to provide mess orderlies, Brigade runners, and to train a guard for that evening. In the meantime, we fired our rifles and Bren at the 30 yards range, merely as a way of gaining confidence with the weapons. We used our own rifles, which are inclined to be untrue, but the results were quite good. Some of our cadets had not used .303 ammunition before. After the shoot, as always, the cadets stopped to pull through rifles and discuss scores. The volumes of hot air on such an occasion would drive a Vampire one hundred miles. The guard was quite snappy, but we made a couple of slips. The tension on such an occasion is overwhelming, because amongst the spectators were a Lt.-Colonel, Majors, and a Brigade Warrant Officer First Class, and we tried to give them a worthy impression of the school.

The unit had, as the Americans say, "shook down," and was more a team and more friendly than before. It is a most important

result of cadet life, this friendship, for the boys are working partners, they live together and eat together and enjoy camp together. Boys who do not even talk to one another at school go to the canteen or films or night exercises together, and comradeship, often looked down upon by those who do not know its reason, is born.

So we arranged ambushes and stalks both to test the cadets' knowledge and to strengthen the team. Cadets do not use firearms to become killers or merely to "play soldiers." Fieldcraft and marksmanship are exacting studies, worthy of any intelligent boy, and by their practice he gains confidence, self-control and self-discipline. Too many exercises have been spoiled by an impatient cadet's shooting a blank, or clicking a bolt or not using his knowledge of fieldcraft, for the whole unit not to realise this truth.

On the last day of camp we had a mock attack involving the whole unit. Mr. Hicks and Mr. Horne "dug in" half the outfit on an extremely difficult hillside in preparation for an attack launched by Mr. Lobb and myself. I took a section round to the top of the hill and Mr. Lobb held his sections in check for an assault. The ensuing battle was well carried out, if indecisive. We held discussions and conferences and arguments, and through we could not say who won, the lessons to be learnt were learnt well.

Our camp had flown by so quickly. The boys had put on three or four pounds from the food, which, once you get used to it, is very good. The palliasses, moulded into shape, were comfortable and hard to leave of a morning; brass, webbing and boots were starting to shine after a week of work on them.

Late that afternoon we started to "Q" our gear, keeping only our bed and plates. We saw a film in which Tyrone Power was the up-and-coming teenager of the year, held a short but well-supplied feast, and settled down to a final night under canvas.

To an officer the last night is the worst. The boys will not keep quiet; they are excited about going home, sorry to be leaving, and expecting a sudden raid from Canberra or Coff's Harbour High. Officers walk up and down the tent lines, and are engaged in conversation, asked questions about departure time or estimated time of arrival or questions of a personal nature about what they plan to do on the first night back. In the Q Store Stefanoff and Norris packed equipment into crates and labelled it, and everywhere cadets were cleaning their gear.

Next day we left for home, with school not so very far ahead. What had we gained? Our drill was better—hence the success of the Consecration Ceremony. We had learnt much and had a lot of fun. We had made friends. The N.C.O.'s were confident in themselves, and their squads were more highly trained. We had maintained the reputation of our unit, and retained our pride in it and in ourselves. There was the discipline which is typical of

a good unit and which is difficult to reach. We had, in short, fulfilled the aims of cadet training.

In conclusion, I must thank the Battalion staff, especially our instructor, Sergeant Ballantyne, and our officers of cadets, Captain Fountain, C.O., Captain Marquet and Lieutenant Watchorn, without whose interest the unit could not exist. This year the P. & C. has been kind to us, in allocation of funds for the buying of insignia and a unit flag. This Association, Mr. Beard and Waratah Ladies' Auxiliary deserve our thanks for helping to increase pride in the unit and to see a worthwhile job well done.

—C.U.O. JOHN MARQUET.

## OUR TREE-PLANTING CEREMONY

On Monday, 20th September, an impressive tree-planting ceremony was held on the fifth year lawn in conjunction with Civic Week.

After the Headmaster, Mr. Beard, the President of the Civic Week Association, Alderman Richley, and the President of the Parents and Citizens' Association, Mr. Owens, had addressed the assembly, the twenty-four shrubs were planted by Alderman Richley, Mr. Owens, Mrs. Griffiths (President of the Bar Beach Auxiliary), Mrs. Hannaford (President of the Waratah Auxiliary),

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David Beach (School Captain), Colyn Whitehead (Vice-Captain), and Class Captains from different years.

Short as the ceremony was, it was a very significant part of Civic Week for us, for now every member of the school has cause to be proud of the fifth year lawn.

—R. RUTTER, H. DAVIDSON, 3A.

## PREFECTS ELECT, 1955

T. Dunn (Captain), G. Doyle (Vice-Captain), P. Snelson (Senior Prefect), B. Bunton, R. Chadban, B. Chapman, K. Davies, D. Geddes, C. Gibbs, R. Griffiths, G. Jones, J. Llewellyn, K. Marjoribanks, D. Parke, R. Parsons, R. Schofield, G. Stefanoff, G. Sutcliffe, R. Wood, T. Wood.

## "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Newcastle Boys' High actors completely surrendered themselves to the spirit and tone of G. B. Shaw's comedy, "Arms And The Man," which was presented in the school hall on August 4th and 6th. Their spontaneity was both entertaining and artistically laudable.

Donald Park's portrayal of the amusingly pompous and conceited Major Sergius Saranoff was forthright and bold. Humour emerged clearly and the audience appreciated it.

The part of the Swiss professional soldier was skilfully interpreted by Trevor Dunn. He brought out well the unusual charm which the role demanded. He had gone to the Balkan Wars as "a professional soldier, keen on picking up his profession." In the turmoil that ensued he stumbled into the boudoir of a Bulgarian lady. In spite of herself and seeking adventure, she hid him while she still protested, "How can you be so indifferent? You want to be saved, don't you?" There is nothing to suggest a conventional hero; he must be the very antithesis of all that savours of staginess. The two characters are intended as foils. The soldier, thrust from the battlefield, yet not seeking adventure, contrasts sharply with Raina, seeking adventure and romance from the precincts of her boudoir.

A blustering, bumptious Major Petkoff was noisily and entertainingly presented by John Cohen. Similar sincerity and lack of artificiality were apparent in the forthright acting of John Atherton as a typical domineering wife, Catherine Petkoff, of Jim Anderson as a sycophantical cringing Nicola, of Ralph Hughes as a provocative maid Louka, and of Ian Watkins as Raina. John Atherton, particularly, added yeast to the production by his clear, vivid articulation.

The players knew their parts to perfection. It is a play which depends for its success, at least partly, on quickly moving, spritely repartee and on entertaining dialogue. The play could



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have fallen flat and lost much of its quality had it been marred in this respect.

Technicalities such as sound effects, make-up, costumes, the band and the programme were all flawless.

The final impression which one gained was that the players were not acting the parts of some characters, but were merely acting normally. This is the deceptive simplicity of a great art and, whether or not the effect is obtained, is the criterion of dramatic technique and ability.

—M. NICHOLS.

## FLAG CEREMONY AT WARATAH OVAL, SEPTEMBER 30

The Cadets and the A.T.C. were arranged on the oval so that the Cadets were in two groups, one on each flank of the flag-bearing party, and the A.T.C. in two flights facing inwards on the flanks of the Cadets.

After the official party had arrived and had been saluted by the Cadets, the A.T.C., and the Band, Brigadier J. W. Main (C.O., 14 Infantry Brigade), accompanied by Mr. F. H. Beard, Captain G. K. Dellow (C.O. 11 Cadet Battalion) and Major L. I. Hopton (14 Infantry Brigade), made his inspection.

Mr. Boyd (Secretary of the P. and C. Association) handed Brigadier Main the Australian Ensign, and Mr. Owens (President of the P & C.) handed him the Unit Flag. The members of the Band made a form of table with their drums. The flag-bearers came forward to have their flags unfurled. The unfurled flags were laid on the drums, and the Reverend R. Marsden (Chaplain of 11 Cadet Battalion) pronounced the dedication and the prayer. The kneeling officers received the flags and then bore them back to the ranks.

In his address Brigadier Main spoke very highly of the efficiency of the Cadet Detachment, and said that the flags were symbols of its purpose, its character building and training towards high ideals, and of self-sacrifice for God, for Queen and for country.

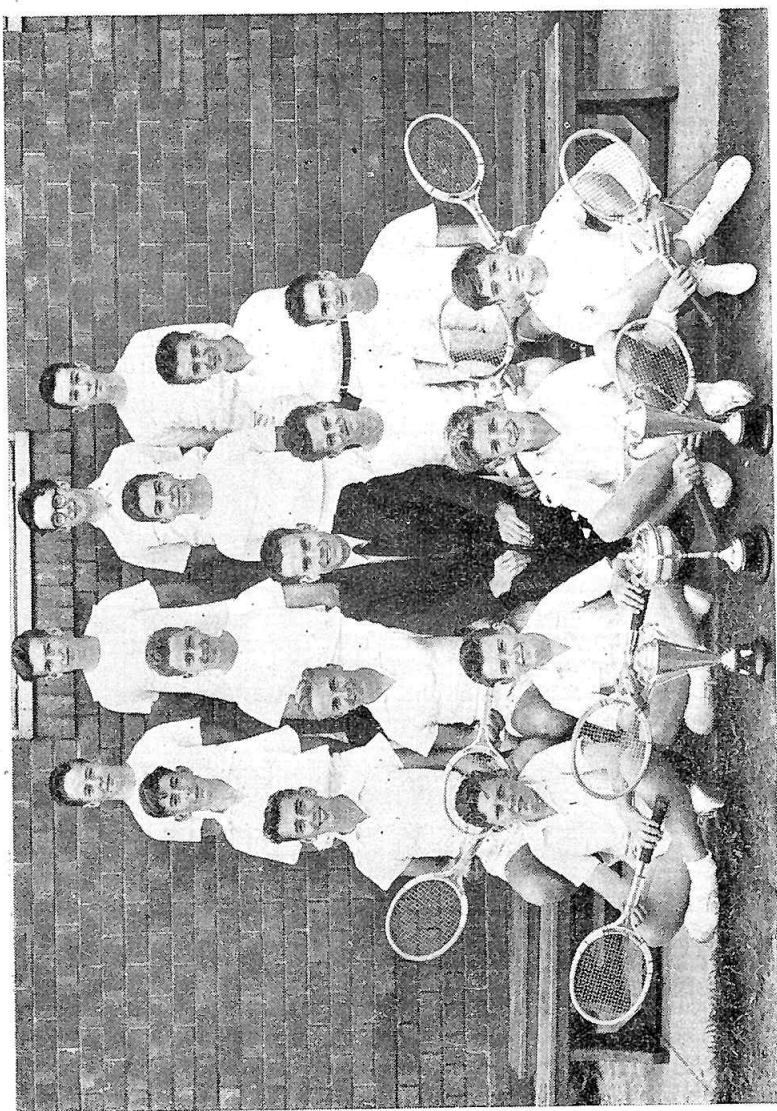
J. COX, C. FELL, 3A.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE . . . .0.

## TWO YEARS WITH THE ROYAL NEWCASTLE AERO CLUB

On the 26th of November, 1952, I joined the Newcastle Aero Club as a Junior Member, thus opening the way to the happiest period of my life.

During the ensuing two years I have been privileged to meet many interesting and important people, some of whom were Mr.



TENNIS TEAMS, 1954  
 BACK: A. Grade, Premiers—B. Corran, B. Chadban, (Capt.) M. Vineer, S. Jarkin, W. Foot

T. B. Curlewis, C.F.I. (now Examiner of Pilots Dept. Civil Aviation, Melbourne), Mr. L. J. Plumstead (Now C.F.I., and Acting Manager), Mr. W. R. Evans, one of the few A1 class instructors in Australia, and a Prefect of this school in 1941-42, Mr. E. A. Pen-gelly and Mr. H. S. Preston, President and Secretary of the Club respectively.

My first flight in a D.H.82 (Tiger Moth) was in December, 1952, and all that I can remember of it now is a collection of aerobatic manoeuvres comprising strange things called "loops," weird things called "spins," horrifying things called "barrel rolls," and dangerous things called "stalls," in the course of which one's stomach alternates between one's throat and the soles of one's feet.

Generally the instructions which govern the handling of civil aircraft and which are designed to preserve the safety of life and equipment, render flying an everyday, safe job, but occasionally unforeseen incidents occur that cause thrills. One such occasion I recall was the time when a National Service Trainee with Russ Evans in the front seat was taking off on the north-south strip. Immediately after the start of the take-off run the plane swerved approximately 40 or 50 degrees to the left, missing the Flight Hut by a matter of 6 feet and heading at full speed in the general direction of No. 2 hangar. Everyone in the Flight Hut, expecting to hear a horrible crash heralding the demise of friend Russ, frantically raced outside to see him kick the plane into a vertical right turn when only three or four feet above the ground. The plane was so close to the hangar that the slip-stream raised clouds of dust from the hangar doors. I have never seen a more shaken man than that N.S.T. when he finally landed.

Another incident concerns a man who commenced flying at the age of 72 (this was four years ago). He took off on the west-east strip and immediately after he took off the wind changed to the south and increased to forty knots. He flew round for about fifteen minutes, to the accompaniment of red Verey lights, fires on the ground (to indicate wind direction), and red Aldis lamp signals. Finally he made up his mind and did a perfect precautionary landing (a thing he had never done before in his life) and came to rest facing into the wind, remaining in that position for about thirty seconds. Then, seeing help approaching not twenty yards from his wing-tip, he turned cross-wind to meet it and the wind got under his tail and lifted him slowly—oh, so slowly—onto the propeller. The engine stopped with an awful bang and he remained in that position for at least ten seconds. The funny part about it was that he could not seem to realise what was happening. His head, when it appeared above the petrol-tank, was turning in all directions, as though he were saying: "What IS going on here? How is THIS happening to me?" When the rescuers saw what was going to happen, they separated in haste, in all direc-

tions, and the 'plane, in perfect slow-motion, turned completely onto its back and finished up resting on the petrol-tank (situated on the top main-plane) and the tailfin. The plane was righted after many attempts, with the aid of a dozen or so brawny boys and the Land-Rover, and was slowly towed back to the hangar. After cheerfully paying damages amounting to over £180 this very courageous old gentleman climbed into the Auster and with Ted Jones in the co-pilot's seat, flew down to Sydney.

During the Christmas holidays I had the pleasure of being associated with Mr. Stan Hone in the rebuilding and modification of Ryan S.T.M. VH-AHD, which, for the previous three years, had lain in the No. 2 hangar "graveyard" after it had crashed in 1950. This 'plane, capable of a cruising speed of over 120 m.p.h., is being rebuilt as a single seater to compete in the Redex Air Trial in August. Work has progressed quite well and with its Spitfire canopy situated far back along the fuselage, it is an impressive looking 'plane. Best wishes, Stan, and I hope it's ready in time.

The Royal Newcastle Aero Club serves an area of 125,000 square miles in the north, north-west, west and south-west districts of N.S.W., and is the largest Aero Club in the world. The Club, every year, conducts the Rankin Memorial Flying Scholarship (in honour of Mr. A. A. Rankin, C.B.E., President from 1928 until his death in 1948), which enables men from the ages of 16½ to 28 years to obtain their private pilot's licence at the Club's expense.

Some of the "Old Boys" who fly at the aerodrome at Broadmeadow are: W. R. Evans, A1 Instructor, Prefect, 1941-2; J. Philips, private pilot, Prefect, 1946; R. Winn, private pilot, Prefect, 1944; W. J. Dodds, commercial pilot, pupil, 1936-40; C. Spitzkowsky, private pilot, pupil, 1948-52.

IAN WILLIAMS, 5th Year.

### NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH—2000 A.D.

My latest assignment was to write an article on Boys' High School, on its teachers, its discipline and its school spirit. With no further ado I climbed into my gas-turbine car and in a few minutes I had reached my destination. As I gazed from the towering hill of Georgetown I barely recognized my old school. A thick cloud of smoke surrounded it and the tranquillity had disappeared.

I descended towards the side gate and on reaching it stopped in amazement. The fences were no longer fences but tank-traps surmounted by huge barbed wire structures; the gate was no longer a gate but a heavily-guarded machine-gun post. After much interrogation I entered and was escorted through the dense and gnarled undergrowth by six bearded teachers. We crept slowly, stealthily. Schoolboy terrorists had created havoc here only

last week when a party of four Maths teachers had been ambushed and left to the mercies of the fierce Waratah cannibals. The final stretch of moss-covered asphalt was the worst and our attention was continually diverted by shell craters and land mines.

We had scarcely reached the arches and clambered across the heaped sandbags when the mournful whine of machine-gun bullets and the splintering of bricks and glass sent us scurrying for cover. Resting, we relaxed our furtive glances but not for long. A battalion of light-horse charged our humble party from the opposite end of the corridor. The teachers ran. I ran. It took us but a few seconds to reach the safety of the staff room and to rush inside and to hear the heavy steel door boom shut behind us.

I gazed around. The rocn was dark and, except for our panting, deathly quiet. Then with no warning at all a dazzling white searchlight snapped on and two lean French teachers sprang from the shadows. I explained my mission and told my captors that I wished to see the pupils at work. An escort was soon found for me. My guardians were two experienced and hardened gunmen from the Science staff, one feeling lucky, the other tired of living.

Boarding an armed car, we drove along the dim corridors and, as we did so, I noticed the remaining teachers crouching low in cement pill boxes and instructing the pupils, who were hidden from view in a maze of trenches. One thing appealed to me,

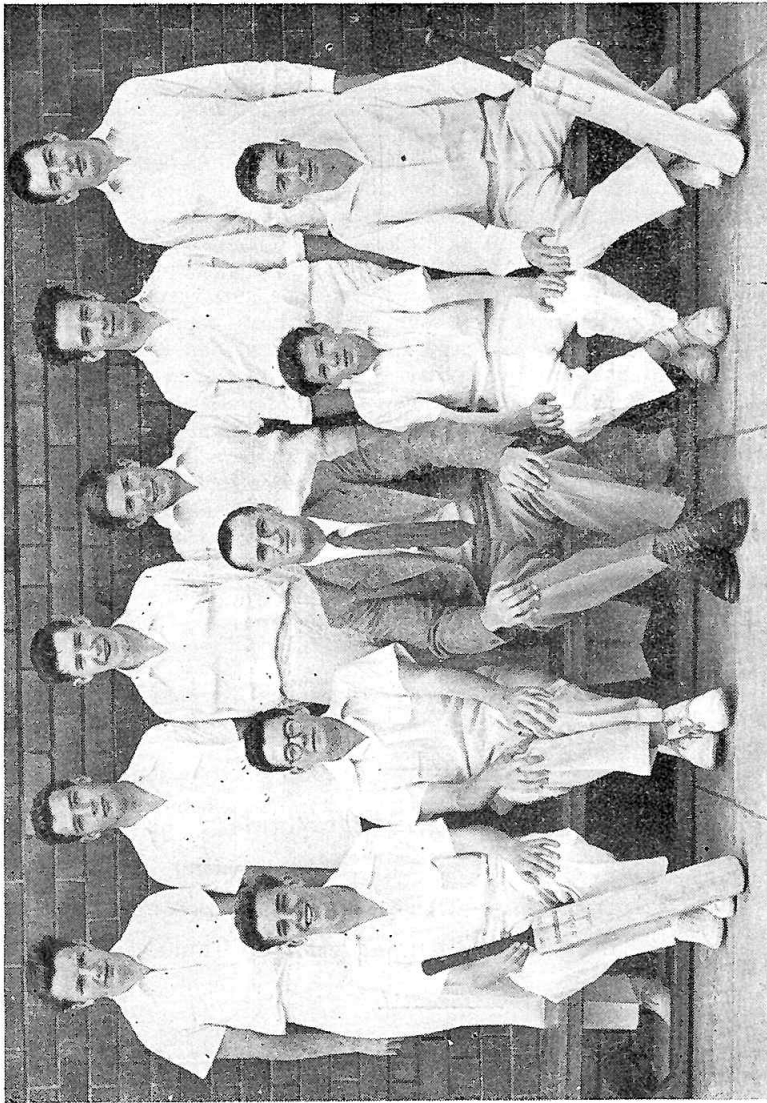
## 2HD YOUTH SESSIONS

- ★ Children's Library—5.15 p.m. Fridays
- ★ Rocky Starr—5.45 p.m., Mon. to Thurs.
- ★ Speed King—6.15 p.m., Mon. to Wed.
- ★ Biggles—6.30 p.m., Mon. to Thurs.

### Children's Session With Twinkle

6 p.m.





**SECOND ELEVEN, UNDECLARED PREMIERS, 1954**  
 BACK: I. Gorton, D. Baker, R. Connors, J. Harvey, M. Bailey, D. Parke,  
 FRONT: G. Jones, I. Symes (Capt.), Mr. E. Ingram, A. Andrews, J. Hinde.  
 (Block donated by G. Caldwell, Jeweller).  
 Photo by McKee Studios.

however, and that was the practice of depositing all weapons in a receptacle before entering the classroom. This was no doubt discipline unsurpassed. My friends informed me that most capital punishment was carried out either in the Chemistry Demonstration Room's fume chest or from the branches of the adjoining trees. Most deaths, I was assured, were caused by the victims' ceasing to breathe. In order to inflict punishment upon the minor wrongdoers it was necessary for the teachers to work in shifts. As one grew tired of using the cane another took his place. The school motto grew from this, and I quote: "Nothing less than one hundred lashes." There was no Headmaster. The last four had been ingeniously assassinated and it was the rule for the Deputy Headmaster to attend all general assemblies in a tank and to speak through an amplifying system.

All days must end, however, and, as the sun sank slowly and the familiar sounds drifted from the schoolyard, I took one last drink of my school spirit and departed with esprit de corps in my heart.

T. DAVIS, 5C.

## ALMSDEED

The cuckoo of the antique Bavarian clock on the wall of the panelled library of "The Roost," Sir John Orpington Fowell's country property, bobbed out eleven times on a particular Tuesday morning into a serious discussion between the Honourable Nigel Lyllessten and Mr. Geoffrey Hylle. The matter under such serious discussion was the fact that their hostess, Lady Orpington Fowell, had planned for her house-guests' afternoon entertainment on that Tuesday to invite Mr. Percival Drybone along to lecture—"informally out on the lawn, of course," her ladyship had added when announcing the calamitous tidings—on his journeys in Mesopotamia with an archaeological party.

"It's just like last year, only then it was some old botanist from Sarawak or somewhere. The old girl's batty about intellectuals, as she calls them, from the colonies and other far-flung places. 'Empire-builders must be encouraged,'" she says. And with Rosemary at last agreeing to go with me for a drive I just have to get out of staying this afternoon somehow," Nigel wailed.

"Well, you've used the headache excuse twice in the last week to go to town for aspirins, so that's out," said Geoffrey resignedly. "Besides, it's pretty weak. And Lady Orpington Fowell knows all your relatives, so no elderly aunts can pop off conveniently without her knowledge. You've no business in the city, or anywhere else, to be called to suddenly. So things look hopeless."

"Business in town seems the best so far," said Nigel, "but how couldn't she know about it?"

"You could be doing it in secret, so as not to take advantage of your title," hopefully suggested Mr. Hylle.

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"Um-perhaps."

Mr. Hylle warmed to the subject. "I've got it. You're a writer with a pen-name."

"That's it," said Nigel; "but how could that get one to town for this afternoon?"

"Oh . . . er . . . there could be a publisher's appointment or something like that."

"Yes, that'll do," said Nigel, bright and cheerful again. "Come on; we'll go and tell the old duck straightaway."

They were not the only ones who could be cunning, as the youngest member of Lady Orpington Fowell's brood, Algernon, known to the common boys in the district as "Buster," mentally observed on emerging from behind the large smoking-chair in the corner of the library a few seconds later. The problem, according to young Buster's way of thinking, was how to be cunning enough to make the cunning ones pay for their cunning. Literally pay, that is, because cinemas were his main place of entertainment and money was a very scarce commodity.

The problem was busily getting itself solved by the unique functioning of his brain as he was going out the library door, hot on the trail of the two hypocrites who had decided to await her ladyship at the foot of the grand staircase, meanwhile ostentatiously telling each other how beautiful were the pictures on the wall. Algernon ambled thoughtfully over to them and casually asked if they were looking forward to meeting Mr. Drybone. On receiving the expected reply about publisher's appointments and urgent business all uttered in a suitably businesslike, confidential manner, he excitedly demanded, "Oh, do you write detective stories?"

Rather pleased at being thought brilliant enough to write detective stories, Nigel offhandedly replied, "Oh, yes, it's my hobby."

"I've never heard of your name as an author, though," said the bright little chap, looking thoughtful.

"Oh, I write under another name." Nigel wasn't going to be fooled, or so he thought.

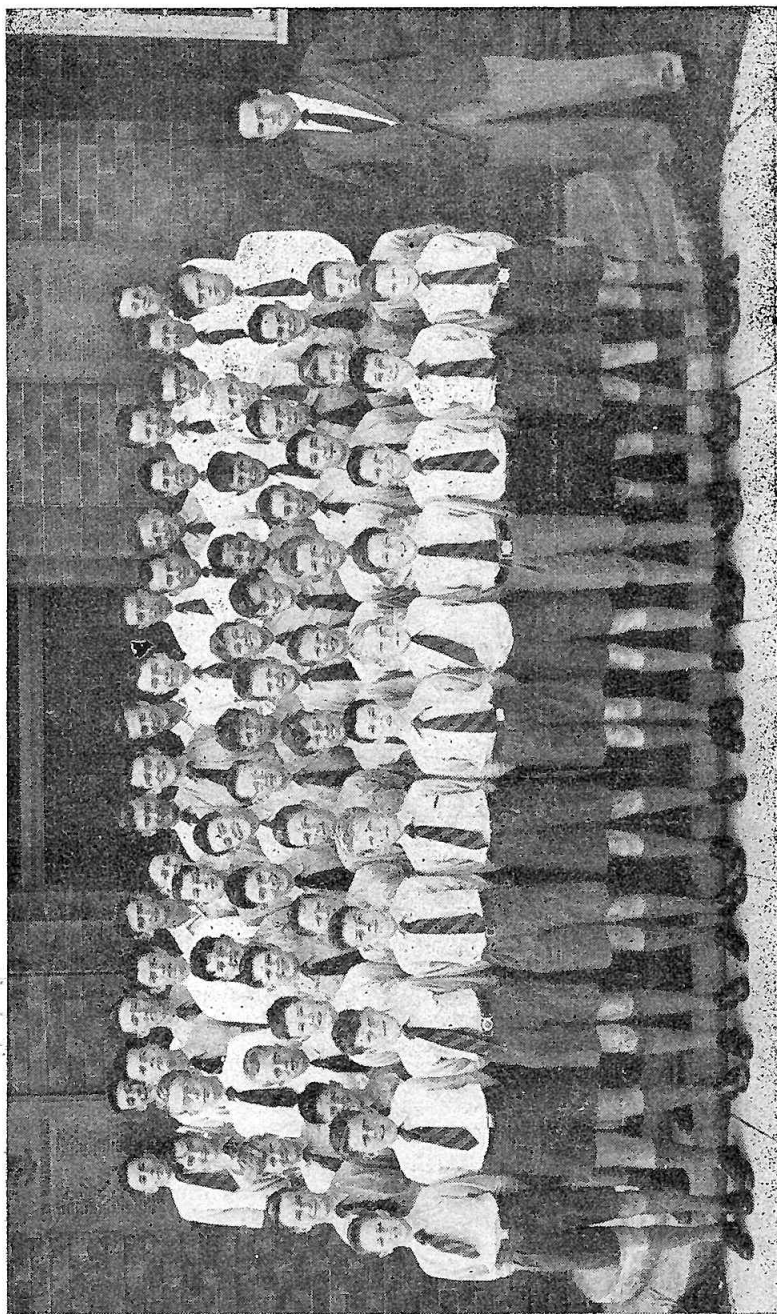
"Do you? What is it?" innocently inquired Algernon.

"Er . . . um . . . er . . . Johnny McPhee." Geoffrey breathed a sigh of relief at Nigel's quick thinking.

"Oh, are YOU him?" Hero-worship shone out of Buster's face. "Gee, I got hold of your last book—you know, that last one that was banned. Boy, wasn't it terrific? But no one seems to be able to get hold of any of your other banned books. Will you get me some? The boys at school will want to read them too."

"Eh? Oh . . . er . . . certainly not. I don't want to hear any more about it," stammered Nigel. "Now run along and play somewhere." Geoffrey's collar seemed to be choking him.

"All right. Gee, just wait till everyone hears about this. I must tell Rosemary. She went mad as anything when she caught



THE CHOIR, 1954

Photo by McRae Studios.

(Block donated by Johns Silk Store).

me reading your last book. She said that authors like you oughtn't to be allowed in a decent civilised country. Just wait until everyone hears about it. You'll be famous," ardently avowed the astute little fellow.

Recovering from his stupefaction, Nigel managed to stammer out, "Er . . . er . . . d-don't go away. Er . . . c-come back here. I . . . I . . . don't want anyone to know that I'm . . . er . . . Johnny McPhee. I'm too modest, so . . . er . . . just don't spread it round."

"Oh, gee, that'll be hard to do. I might be tempted. What if someone offers to take me to the pictures if I tell him?" slyly the little ghoul protested.

"If I give you enough money to go to the pictures for a month, you won't tell anyone, will you? Here's ten shillings," said Nigel, quickly borrowing ten shillings from Geoffrey, who was trying hard to ignore his Scots ancestry.

"Ten shillings!" said Buster incredulously. "That won't keep me supplied with good murders for a week."

"Oh, all right, here's a pound. Will that do?" Geoffrey, amid loud and indignant protests from his ancestors, unobtrusively slipped Nigel another ten shilling note.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Buster condescendingly. "But," he warned, "I'm not promising."

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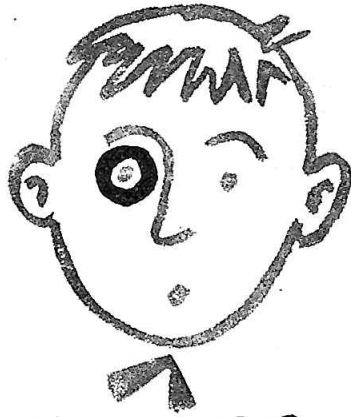
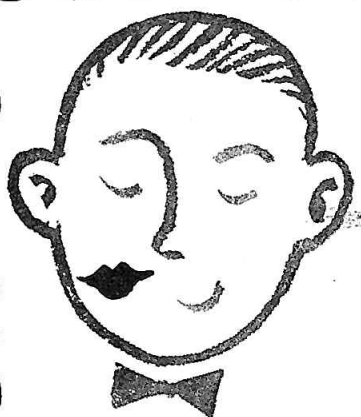
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"Well . . . er . . . when you run out, come to me and I'll see what I can do about it," Nigel added cautiously. Geoffery's worthy but prudent ancestors gave up the ghost and left him.

"Righto! Be seeing you!" gaily shouted the juvenile extortionist. Then under his breath he said, "Thugs! That's three pounds twelve and six I've made on this house-party, what with Major Fitzneville's brandy bottles and Mrs. Carton—Huff's taking that book, and Mr. Hatfield, and now these two. Boy, this is the thing!"

The cuckoo of the antique Bavarian clock on the wall of the library bobbed out twelve times on the same Tuesday morning into a particularly icy silence. Had it bobbed less energetically and paused to survey the room, it would have noticed the Honourable Nigel Lyllesston sitting in one corner with a surprised, even a hurt look on his usually suave countenance, and trying first of all to work out how he got into this mess and secondly how he was going to get out of it, and in the opposite corner Mr. Geoffery Hylle alternately glowering and smiling sardonically at a sheet of paper with such items as broken arms, sick aunts, headaches and forgotten keys written on it, and interspersed among them childish drawings of little boys strung up on gallows or being decapitated or burnt at the stake.

Anyway, Mr. Drybone did not arrive. There was a particularly violent thunderstorm instead.

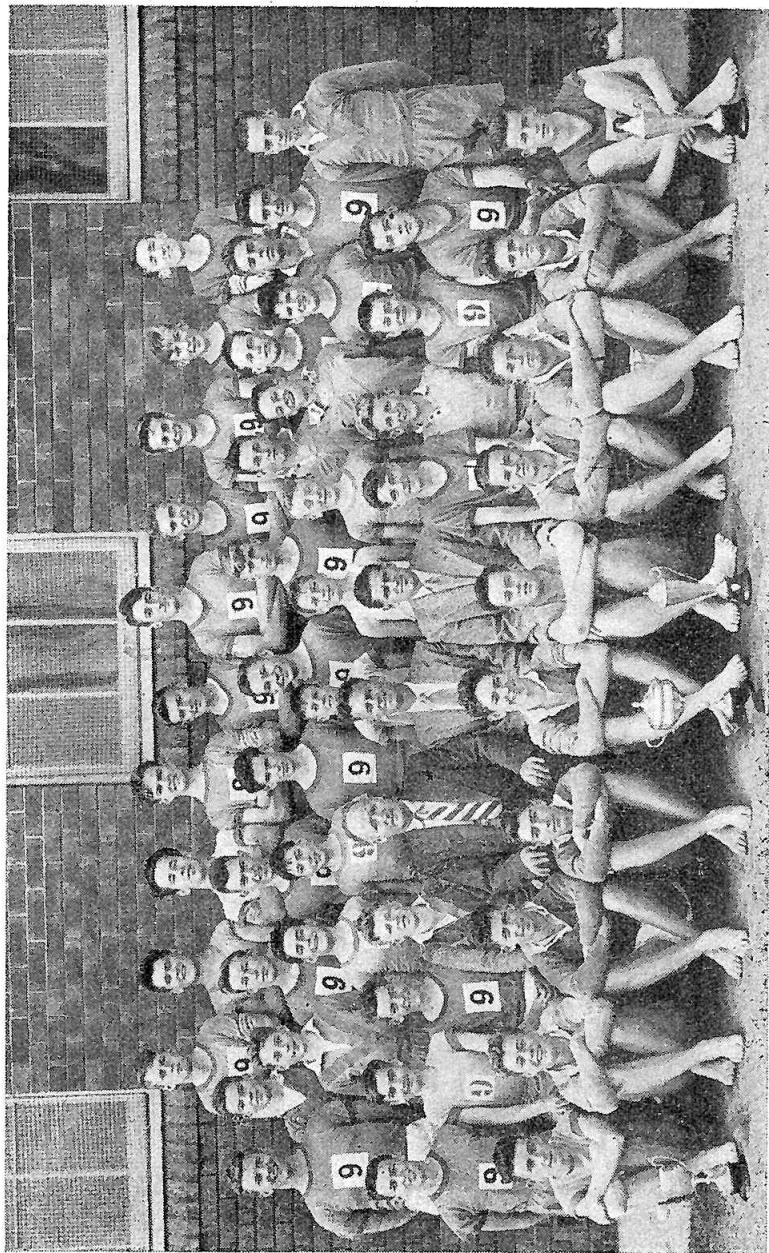
I. TWEMLOW, 5th Year.

### A MEMORY

Childhood recollections are like old wine; the longer they are left standing the sweeter they become.

When I cast my mind back to my very early childhood I am confronted with a colourful picture frescoed by time. There is my first sight of a mountain range, looking in the distance like a mass of royal velvet cast by the careless hand of nature. I recall the striking magic of the sea at night, wine-dark, with the cool breeze blowing along the scintillating yellow path that leads to the low, full moon.

But perhaps the most vivid part of this fresco is that occupied by a portrait of Pop. He was an old, old man, with a smile and with a friendly twinkle in his eye that drew everyone in the street out to greet him as he passed in his sulky. He was drawn along by a lazy little pony, which progressed down the street at a regular pace and with an occasional impatient toss of a long, silver mane. I think they passed only on summer evenings, and it was, perhaps, because of this that I came to associate Pop with the sunset. To me, the cock that crowed to the dawn had its counterpart in Pop's driving slowly past as the ruddy glow of the dying sun settled on the balmy summer air. When he failed to appear any more folks said that he was dead, and this I was



Winners of Lintott Cup, Senior and Junior Cups at Northern C.H.S., Kerr Cup and third in aggregate at Sydney C.H.S. ATHLETICS TEAM, 1954  
 Photo by Metro Studios (Photo donated by Charles Tompkins Pty. Ltd.)

forced to believe, as I could no more imagine him alive and not making his pilgrimage than I could imagine the sun's failing to set. That is all I can remember of old Pop. Where he went and why he went I do not know.

IAN MCGREGOR, 4B.

## THE SEA

Two billion years ago, earth was a whirling ball of intensely hot gases, hurtling through the black void of space at the mercy of immense outside forces. Gradually, as it cooled through the long centuries of time, great heavy masses of cloud vapour began to shroud the planet, but so great was the heat still radiated in all directions that any drop of moisture escaping from the clouds was immediately reconverted to its original form. As soon as earth cooled sufficiently, the encircling layer of clouds gladly released the burden it had borne patiently for so long; and into the waiting chasms and depressions that scarred the face of young earth, onto the great continental masses, the endless rains streamed for days, weeks, months, years, centuries.

So was the sea born; so began that inexorable process that has never ceased, the slow but continual dissolving of the rocks and the final wearing away of the continents; and so, too, evolved the great cycle of life. For in these waters of a twilight world were created the first living things—mere specks of microscopic organisms—but through the aeons of time the stream of life became more complex as Nature, through many trials and failures, slowly prepared her kingdom for the inevitable occupation of land. Finally several millions of years later, during a period known as Silurian time, the first brave pioneer of land life, an Anthropod, peeped cautiously from his Mother Sea and crept with hesitant steps into a barren, silent, hostile world of stone to begin an immense cycle of land life.

The part the sea has played and is still playing in the history of mankind and the formation of earth, is immense. Not only was it responsible for the evolution and creation of all forms of life, but also, by its currents and by the heat it stores within itself, it modifies and regulates the climate of the whole earth.

For centuries the sea has fascinated men of all nations, but until quite recently no seriously intensive research has been attempted. In fact, before the year 1870, little, or practically nothing, was known of the actual composition of sea water, the physical conditions of the sea's depths or the life stories of sea animals, but modern research has solved problems that puzzled mankind for many thousands of years.

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where tidal influence is experienced most. Here pounding waves, shifting sands, burning summer sun and bitter winter gales challenge the precarious survival of some of the most curious, interesting and delicate creatures in the animal kingdom.

Ocean waves are caused by wind, and their height and velocity vary with the speed of the wind and the distance traversed under the drive of a wind blowing in a constant direction. Such a stretch is known as the "fetch" of a wave, and thus the greater the "fetch," the higher the wave. Really large waves cannot be formed within such a confined space as a bay, a lake or even a small inland sea. As waves move out of the storm area where they are created, their height diminishes, the distance between successive wave-crests increases, and an ocean-swell, moving at an average rate of 15 m.p.h. is formed. Near the coastal line, the turbulence of sea movement is replaced by a pattern of long, regular swells, and the observant surfer may have noticed the tendency for wind-waves to run in parallel to the shore as they are refracted by the shallower coastal waters. As this swell enters really shallow water, a startling transformation takes place. For the first time in their long journey, the waves feel the dragging resistance of a shoaling bottom. Their speed slackens, the height increases abruptly, and they become, as it were, a little crowded as the length of each succeeding wave diminishes. The water in the trough seems insufficient to supply the needs of the rising wave crest, and so it rises higher, becoming hollow in front, until it finally collapses forward with a roar of tumbling water and dissolves into a seething mass of white foam. Fortunately for navigation purposes, the water that composes a wave does not move with it in its progress across the sea; each little surface water particle describes a vertical, circular, or elliptical orbit with the passage of the wave form, returning practically to its original position. It does move slightly forward because the motion of the water particles below the surface decreases rapidly with increasing depth.

Perhaps the most dominant feature of all our coastlines is the actual colour of the sea itself. The real colour will only be found by viewing the sea from a vertical position, as from a vessel, or, to some extent, from a cliff. If an observer chooses to view the sea obliquely from the shore, his eyes will receive mostly the reflection of light from the sky, and the colour will then be almost entirely dependent on the physical condition of the sky and the velocity of the wind. Then again such a position is open to further variations, as rough water has quite different powers of reflection from smooth water, and the colour will vary according to whether the observer was looking towards the sun, or away from it. Green water is common around coastal areas. In shallow water, this colour, in the majority of cases, is due to the



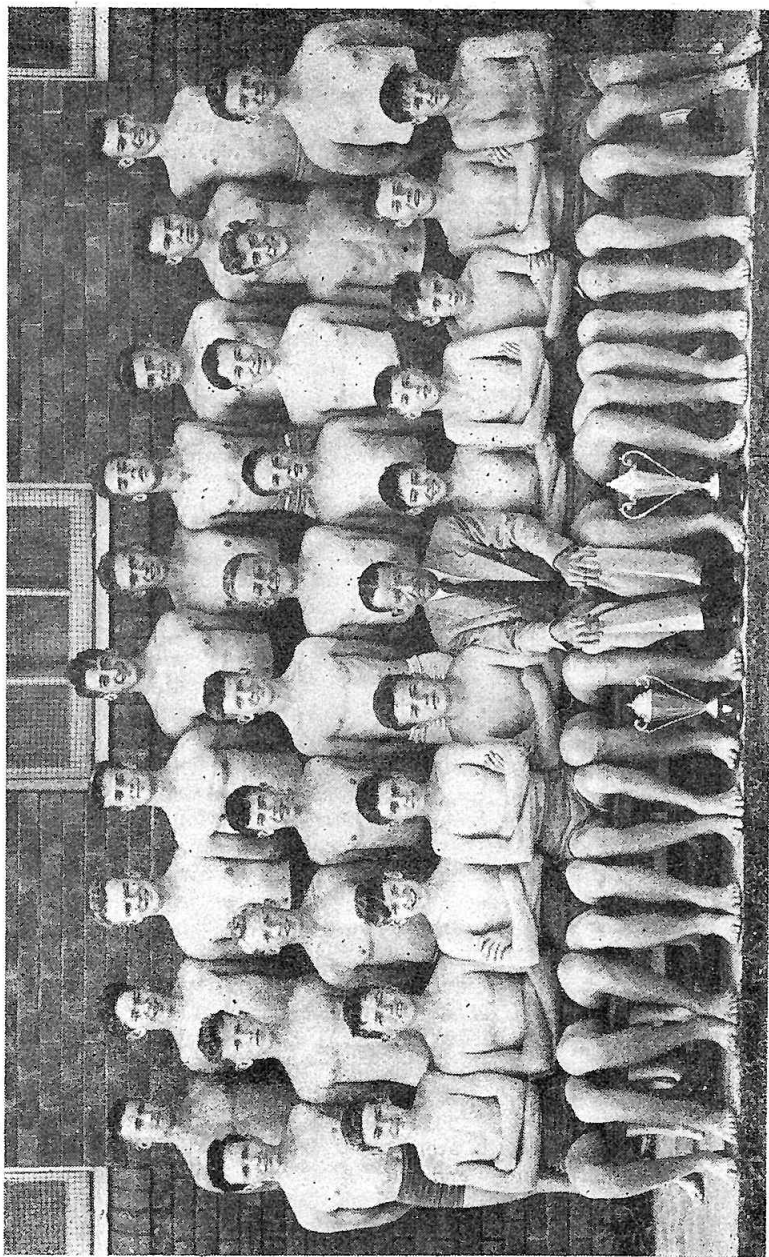


Photo by McRae Studios.

SWIMMING TEAM 1954. SECOND IN NORTHERN C.H.S.  
(Block donated by Rylands Bros. (Aust.), Pty. Ltd.)

mixture of the natural blue of clean sea water with innumerable yellow mineral particles disturbed by wave motion, or perhaps with dissolved yellow substances formed by microscopic life. Where coastal water is deep, the presence of minute green surface algae is responsible for the green colour. The ever-changing conditions of the sea's surface under countless atmospheric conditions, together with cloud formation and the positions of the sun produce an unlimited scope of colour variations that are a source of delight and wonder to those who will stop for but a moment and meditate upon the beauty of God's Earth.

"Beyond all things is ocean." It is over these waters that the commerce and trade of all lands must cross. The very winds and atmospheric conditions that cross the lands emanate from it and finally come to rest in its far reaching arms. The continents themselves are crumbling away into the sea in that endless process of the dissolution of the rocks. The rains that spring from it return again in the form of rivers. In these very waters were created the first precarious forms of life, and here too, we can be sure, will the husks of those same forms be willingly received, here, in the all-embracing sea, the beginning, and the end.

C. WHITEHEAD, 5A.

## THE CLIMAX

For many weeks before this day, Allan had spent hours every afternoon preparing for his trial, exercising and planning, perspiring and worrying about his physical condition, for he knows that he must be at the peak of his form to attempt to run against his formidable opponents in this race which means so much to him. Not only has he spent long periods physically conditioning himself, but he has spent all his spare time figuring out exactly the way in which he will run. Many times has he posed these questions: what position will he take in the field? how fast will he make his early pace? when will he make his final dash for the tape?

On this, the day, he is watching those competing in the early events. During this time a choking feeling rises and grasps his throat, and his heart begins to pound. All his preparation for the race before him has day by day brought him moods of fearful doubt, then hope, then expectancy. As he looks on he sees his fellows doing well. The conviction arises within him that he, too, must succeed, but doubt again overtakes and conquers his hopes.

Suddenly over the public address system there comes a call for those who intend to run in the long awaited event. He makes his way to the gate and onto the ground amid the shouts of encouragement from his friends. It seems no more than seconds later when he finds himself, with six other contestants, crouching and waiting for the final order from the starter. At this moment he finds that he is on the threshold of the climax that the mounting