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nervous tension of the weeks of preparation has so tremulously approached. He is acutely aware of the tremble of expectancy as he waits for that order, "Get set," and then, after what seems an age, but in reality is only several seconds, he hears the report of the gun.

As one they fly from their positions at the starting line. Like startled hares they dart for the piece of tape which stretches thinly across the finishing line. Allan has started well and has already passed two of his opponents, for during his deliberations he has concluded that his early pace should be fast. His feet seem to be flying as his superlative condition speeds him on; his quick mind searches for any opportunity of advantage over his rivals. As their velocity carries them on, the pace slackens momentarily until that fateful moment when, with split-second timing, he makes his challenge. At this point he is a yard behind the leader and as a result of his rigorous training and planning he is able to take the lead. The athletes are now within yards of the line, and another challenger forces his way to the front as Allan thrusts his straining chest across the tape.

The climax has passed. The relaxation of tired muscles, the fight for expended breath, and the red baton clasped in his hand leave him temporarily stupefied. Then from this seething whirlpool of sensation he is slowly awakened to reality as he grasps the hand that holds the blue symbol of victory; and his heart plummets to the first ledge of disappointment.

TREVOR DUNN, 4C.

## JUST PLAIN IDLING

I like idling when I ought not to be idling, not when it's the only thing I have to do. I don't enjoy idling half as much when I'm on holidays or resting as when I should be doing piles of homework or mowing the lawn or getting ready to go out somewhere.

I have quite a habit of idling. I always seem to be able to waste time in the middle of something important. For instance, if I'm starting homework I have to sort out my books. I re-arrange them. I put back the ones I don't want. Then I sit down and, of course, my pen's dry and we haven't any ink. So after I've come back from the shop with some ink I get my desk all inky. I look for some blotting-paper. I have an argument with my sister as to whose blotting paper it is. Then some friend comes, and about half-an-hour later I start work. Fifteen minutes later I get up for a drink, sit down, feel hungry, feel uncomfortable, get a cushion for my chair, listen to a radio-play or something-or-other, and then I . . . And so it goes on.

The time when I like best to stand with my back to the fire, calculating how much work there is to be done, is the time when



THE CADET BAND  
 BACK: Cds. Williams, Sellers, Sgt. Helman, L/Cpl. Hancock, Cds. Wilkinson, Hannah, Cpl. Clarke,  
 FRONT: Cpl. Williams, Sellers, Sgt. Helman, L/Cpl. Hancock, Cds. Wilkinson, Hannah, Cpl. Clarke

my desk is heaped with books—Economics and Maths predominating!—that must be read by the next day. I like to dawdle longest over my dinner when I have a full night's work before me. And of course, if, for some reason, I must be up particularly early next morning, you will guess what happens. It's then, more than at any other time, that I stay in bed longer.

Perhaps many people will say, "Ah! this is a sure sign of a weak mind," but is there anyone, I wonder, besides the hero of a Sunday School "tale for boys," who ever gets up willingly? There are some people (including myself) to whom getting up at the proper time is a sheer impossibility. I tell someone to knock at the door and wake me, and, when someone does knock, and does wake me, I grunt, "Awri," and go to sleep again comfortably.

I know that I can stay out of bed quite well, if I once leave it. It's the wrenching away of the head from the pillow that I find so hard, despite my overnight determination to get up early and do some work.

I am looking forward to the time when we shall have nothing to do but lie in bed till about eleven, read several books a day, have meals when we want them, and tax our brains with nothing more trying than discussing the latest patterns in ties or whether Miss So-and-so looked as pretty as Miss Somebody-else!

It's a glorious prospect—for idle fellows.

P. HARWIN, 4A.

## A STORY ABOUT NOTHING

Once again our honoured "Novocastrian" is being prepared for publication and is bursting with pride at school achievements in the academic, sporting, civic and other spheres of life, and also at the literary efforts of the struggling students who are called upon to maintain the high standard of this illustrious magazine. Each year this difficult task is presented to the pupil as though it were simplicity itself, but have you ever paused to ponder over the number of well-worn themes that have already been printed in this journal?

Think of something new and start from there, you say? Of course; it is easy! Immediately the mind conjures up a baffling mystery, but there comes the thought that this avenue has already been exploited fully. Next, the mind seizes on an adventure yarn, always a thrilling topic, but visions of shipwrecks and tiger hunts, of being adrift in a balloon or lost in the Antarctic are all hackneyed. Travel? This has a wide scope, but it is a sure wager that the world is a small place when you pick a spot to write about and find at least ten other descriptions. Besides, the subject is worn as threadbare as Uncle Bert's wedding suit. Then there is nature's freakishness. Such topics as "Struck by a Thunderbolt" or "The Terrible Tornado" seem to offer free rein to the



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most vivid imagination, yet reflection convinces one that full justice has been done to all of them. Sporting thrills flash through the mind as something universally interesting, holding everyone spellbound in anticipation or realisation. A Cricket Test, the Davis Cup, the Melbourne Cup, and a host of other top-line sporting events open up a field so vast for scribes revelling in rhetoric that no room has been left for any further effort. It is a well known fact that many famous authors have found it necessary to obtain first-hand knowledge of chronicled events and places by research and actual experience before attempting to put impressions on paper. In this manner a more faithful description enables the writer to maintain a grip on a story and subsequently on the reader. Write from experience, the authorities say, but how can we, seeing the only experience afforded us, is that of a schoolboy? And who would want to read "A Schoolboy's Autobiography"? Yes, prepare an essay for the magazine, they say! Humour is appreciated by most people, but a straight-forward, unadulterated funny story would find less response than this annual witticism from school authority.

I have exercised my mental capacity to the utmost extent in search of something new and exciting that would do justice to the pages of our magazine, but, in spite of my failure, there is no doubt that, when the printing press has finished rolling, the essays in this year's "Novo" will compare with the previous best.

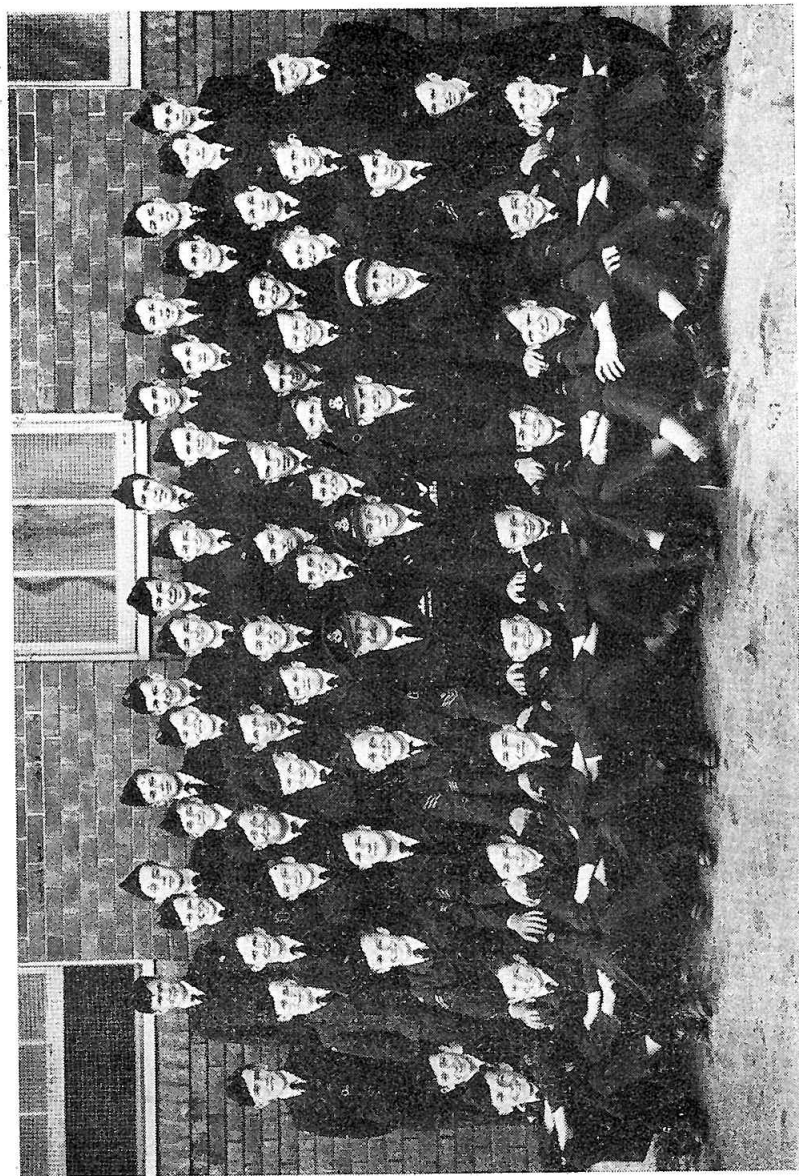
WILLIAM N. HALL, 4B.

### A CALM SUMMER NIGHT

A cool breeze is rustling the trees, which cast long shadows onto the grass. Sitting on a rock in the middle of a field, I can see the sun setting over the brow of a graceful hill. The clouds are losing their fleecy whiteness and are becoming tinted with orange and pink. A few birds fly swiftly homewards through the sky, but the air is growing colder, and only the crickets sing in the grass. Some cows are grazing contentedly in a nearby field, whilst in the one in which I am sitting a horse is vainly trying to rid itself of a swarm of gnats by shaking its head and twitching its tail.

Now darkness is falling, and lights appear everywhere. They glitter through the trees, and, turning, I can see the village behind me enveloped in the dusk. Although it is becoming colder, the wind has abated and has ceased whistling through the leaves. The stars are coming out, and myriads of twinkling lights surround me: some from the neighbouring cottages and the villages, others from the stars.

Moths and gnats begin to fly, and away in the distance an owl hoots twice. Through the gloom the hill still stands, its highest point bare of trees. Now the moon appears, a new moon, gliding



No. 21 FLIGHT, AIR TRAINING CORPS

Photo by McRae Studios.

Block donated by Civic Car Sales).

slowly through the clouds. It is above me, and, as I turn to retrace my footsteps homewards, a cow lows. Then all is silence.

A. G. HOCKINGS, 4A.

## "THE KON-TIKI"

This book concerns the adventures of a Norwegian scientific party which drifted in the Humboldt and South Equatorial Currents on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia in order to study the ethnological belief that the ancestors of the Polynesians came from South America.

The story tells of the hardships and the joys, the trials and tribulations of the expedition. It tells of the wild life of the sea, of the whales, sharks, flying-fish and the queer "Gemplus," a fish which no man had seen before. It tells of the gales, the high seas, and the difficulties met with before the men discovered the steering methods of the sailors of Tiki's time. It relates the story of the building of the giant monoliths on Easter Island, and the legends of "Sun Tiki" or "Fire Tiki" and of the legendary white-skinned men with long beards.

The experts studying the difficulties which the party would encounter stated that their task was impossible, yet the expedition conquered each new difficulty in turn, even though each succeeding difficulty surpassed the one before. They were told that to get the logs was an impossibility in itself, let alone transporting them to the coast, yet they overcame the rainy season, the bad roads and the natives with poisoned arrows and thus achieved the so-called impossible. The ropes, they were told, would break within a fortnight, and, as the end of the fortnight drew near, they began to worry, but once more they were lucky, for instead of the logs wearing the ropes, the position was reversed.

The fact that six men could live on a raft of about four hundred and fifty square feet for five months without an argument, let alone without cutting one another's throats, shows that they were chosen very carefully. Men who had entirely different tastes were selected so as to lessen the risk of their becoming thoroughly bored with one another before the voyage was finished.

The action grips the reader and places him in such a position that he believes that he is a member of the party. Indeed one thing that struck me forcibly about "The Kon-Tiki" was the fact that my father stayed up till midnight to finish it.

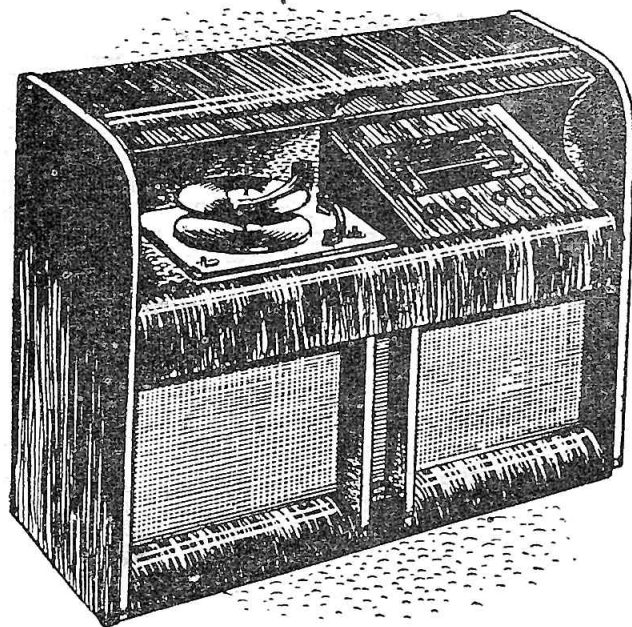
P. DAVIES, 3A.

## MONEY

Sir Albert P. Duncan was the millionaire owner of a nation-wide firm of bakers. He owned a series of chain-bakeries throughout the state and he resided in an eight-storey mansion on a twelve-acre block of land. He also owned six chromium-plated Rolls

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Royces, three two-storey week-end houses in different parts of the country, and employed a house-staff of over sixty.

A few days after Sir Albert had bought a few hundred bakeries in another state, two very optimistic burglars, Bill Jones and Joe Thompson, decided to try to rob his mansion, although he had installed only the seven best burglar-alarms on sale.

"I've got some inside information," said Bill. "They say that 'e keeps 'is 'dough' in a big strong-room on the fifth floor, and I've got a map of 'is 'ouse."

That night about eleven o'clock two shadowy figures moved stealthily up the garden path of Sir Albert P. Duncan's mansion. By some astounding and remarkable stroke of luck, they succeeded in entering the house without setting off one of the alarms. They made their way to the room shown on the map. The light from a nearby window illuminated the door and showed it to be a large steel one with a gigantic combination lock. One of the burglars set to work on the lock and after about two hours' strenuous effort he staggered back exhausted but victorious.

"It'll be worth it, though," said Joe philosophically.

When the door was finally opened the two moved in and prepared to fill their bags with money, but suddenly a gasp of horror came from the interior, for, lined along the walls on a series of shelves and kept in glass cases, was Sir Albert's prize collection of dough samples.

The headlines in the papers the following morning read:

"Well-known bread magnate's prize dough collection completely wrecked by two raving lunatics."

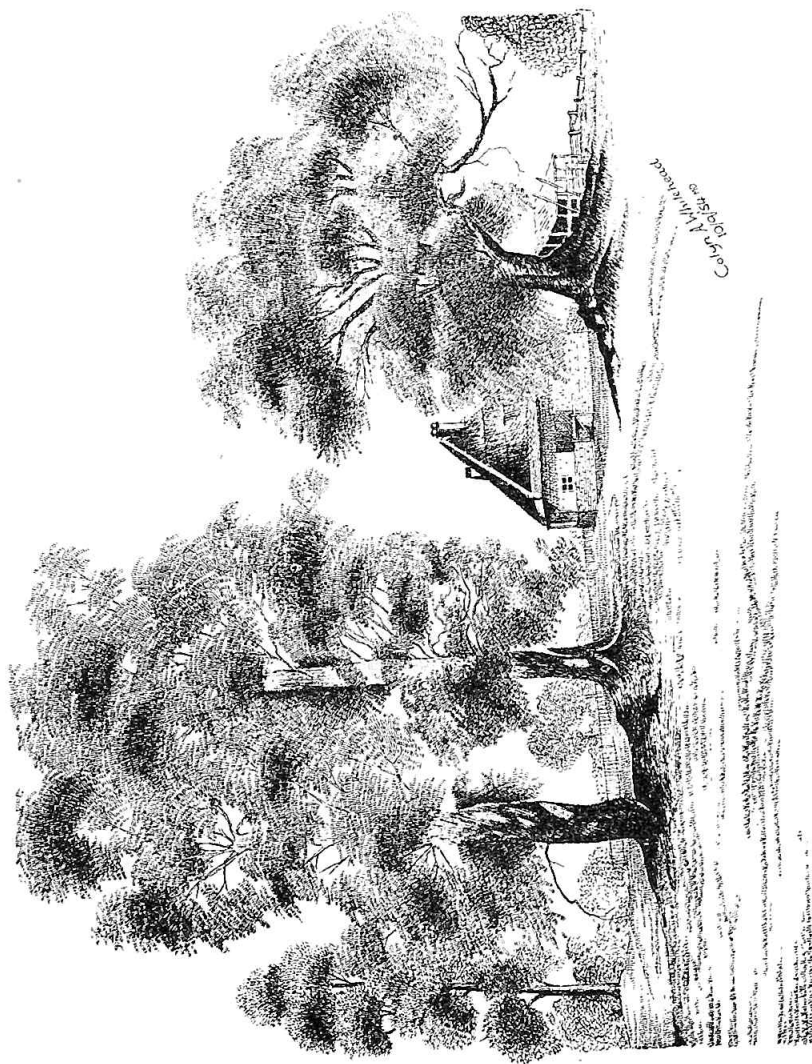
R CAMERON, 3A.

## THAT MAGPIE HABIT—STAMP COLLECTING

Philately is a word explaining the strange cult which has risen from the shambles of the nineteenth century. The word is simply explained as the habit of collecting postage stamps—but there is much more to it than that.

A philatelist is one who is stricken with the malady, that is, the unconquerable desire to save those little pieces of easily-tearable paper. They, philatelists, can be generally recognised by the starry gleam which comes into their eyes at the mention of the word stamp. Philatelists, according to the dictionary, are unrelated to philanderers. Discouraging to those who read for thrills, but the facts must be faced.

Philatelists may appear normal, sane persons, but inside they are relentless machines—when it comes to the postage stamp. Philatelists have their striking eccentricities. It is reasonable to think that interesting stamps would be issued in large quantities. But does the collector save these? To a degree, yes, but all his interest is in collecting soiled, crumpled, ancient items which



(Block donated by W. E. Bramble & Sons Pty. Ltd., Carriers).

appear, in most cases, to have been violently assaulted with scissors. Matters like watermarks, post marks, Reich marks and others raise the addict to a state of supreme interest, yet appear to create an insipid result on the general public. There are many strange tales of philatelists, such as the burning of rareties to make the other rareties more rare, and so on. I stress these factors to prove my conclusions of the effects of the philatelic disease. It seems to me that some men would cut others' throats for a stamp, but for what end? Stamps can't be taken into the after-world by anyone—mainly owing to the fact that stamps burn very easily.

It seems fitting that old men should spend their last days playing with these little pieces of paper, for lunatics spend their last days playing with paper too. At any rate, the market is saturated with issues which have constantly left the presses for over a hundred years. What, then, will the situation be like after another hundred years, if the nations are working overtime to make more varieties?

Let us review the life of a philatelist. First, there is the Primary Age, when the budding enthusiast is content to smother the stamp in glue and affix it in a scrap-book. Another delightful hobby which the youngsters indulge in is the mutilating of edges with instruments that appear to be designed like axes, yet are probably plain, blunt scissors. Then comes the Secondary Era. Most youngsters deglue their collections to barter for other stamps and merchandise. They usually do not concentrate their ardour on postage stamps, but branch off to various other subjects. Next is the Tertiary Stage, where the philatelic disease is most prevalent. Stamps, now regarded as sacred objects, must on no account be soiled, and thus are kept inside big black books by their worshippers. The experience of a tertiary philatelist is gauged by the size and number of his albums, and by his ability to filch valuable stamps from his associates, or from anyone else for that matter.

Summing up the case for philately, I must admit that there are many worse things. Apart from the fact that none but Gremlins can eat postage stamps, except in cases of dire necessity, they certainly are a wonderful thing for humanity—especially envelope makers and the Social Services.

F. FIRKIN, 3A.

## THE SWAGGIE

As I slowly pedalled along the dusty bush track (it was somewhere between Paterson and Dungog) I perceived in the distance the figure of a man ambling along the winding road. The small bundle swinging loosely on the end of a withered old stick and the dirty black billy in his other hand told me that he was a swaggie, a lover of the open air.



## WHY THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS

ONCE upon a time there was a little elephant called Edgar. Every week Edgar's mother gave him some money to bank and, because he was only a little elephant who loved to play, she would tie a knot in his trunk so he wouldn't forget.

One day Edgar met a cunning old monkey who asked him the reason for the knot. When Edgar told him, the cunning monkey said, "I'll undo the knot in your trunk, because it is hard for you to play like that, but to make sure you won't forget I'll tie a knot in your tail instead."

Edgar agreed, but, because he only had a tiny tail and could not see it anyway, he forgot about the bank and the monkey persuaded him to spend the money. Then, when all the money was gone, the monkey went on his way, and it wasn't until poor Edgar, who was now quite tired, sat down and his tail hurt, that he remembered the money and the bank.

Later, when he told his mother, she said: "There are always people eager to help you waste your money, Edgar. If you listen to them you'll never have anything."

Edgar never forgot again. Now every week he banks his money.

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When I came closer I could see his carefully packed swag swinging over his shoulder. He was whistling a gay tune, and I could see from the expression on his hardened face that he was perfectly happy and at peace with the world. He was a comparatively young man in his forties, but it was easy to see from the conspicuous lines that years of sorrow had told their tale on him. Now that was forgotten and his face shone with a beautifully simple smile. His clothing was very ragged—a pair of patched trousers that were a couple of sizes too big, a torn and ragged shirt and a hat which consisted almost entirely of rim. Yet, despite his wretched apparel and his lowly appearance, as he whistled that catchy old tune he was a picture of happiness.

As he passed with a friendly "Ow are yer, mate?" and slowly disappeared over the hill, I understood for the first time how meaningless and useless worldly luxuries and power can be if one is not happy. That is something which this world urgently needs to discover if it is to avoid disaster. Here was one of the poorest men in the monetary sense, but who could deny that he was the most carefree?

D. HARLAND, 3A.

## ROUTE 227

If you are an adventurer with nerves of steel, there is nothing better available for reducing you to a weak-kneed quivering heap than an excursion upon a bus travelling along Route 227.

After leaving the Broadmeadow Nineways the bus approaches the railway gates, which, naturally, are closed. As the bus draws level with the signal box, a man can be observed inside training a pair of glasses on the horizon. This service is a magnificent example of co-operation between government departments. As soon as this lookout observes the weary, mud-splattered form of a government bus in the distance, he alerts the signalman, who closes the gates as soon as possible, always managing to have them down before the bus is within striking distance and thus allowing the fatigue-stricken driver forty-five minutes of peaceful slumber and giving the passengers an educational view of seven or eight nice long coal-trains. The schoolboys do not object to these waits on the afternoon Newcastle journey away from school, when they usually play a few games of chess or discuss in low tones matters of world importance in current affairs. However, there have been a few ugly scenes in the morning as boys have actually had the audacity to open their mouths and shout in their eagerness to reach school.

When the gates rise and the driver is aroused, the journey is continued over the railway lines and on to the first stage of the modern highway leading to Waratah. However, buses were not always the mode of transport assigned to this area. Their pre-



(Block donated by James Tickle & Sons Pty. Ltd., Iron Foundry).

decessors were those loathsome pieces of modern engineering—trams, the clanging monstrosities which inevitably caused the drawback rightly feared by every modern community . . . tram-tracks! When the tram services were discontinued, a gleeful council dashed unhesitatingly into the glorious task of ripping up the tracks and incidentally making a complete wreck of the tired, battered road. The first section of this disaster in bitumen would be considered good, as it consists of two strips of pot-holed tar on each side of the central torn-up section. The bus drivers inevitably elect to roar down this middle path which is formed of large pieces of broken-up tar surface and smaller, sharper stones underneath. Actually this part of the trip is very helpful to the poor or shy conversationalist, as his teeth just chatter away whether he likes it or not.

The world rises and falls for the next block or so, until the vicinity of the aerodrome is reached. These low roads are notorious in wet weather and before boarding the lower deck of a 227 on a very wet day, one must produce evidence of gaining the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Lifesaving Society or its equivalent. The conductors, who have repeatedly protested on the score of their wages, with the cost of living as it is, etc., have now been provided with adequate fishing gear by the Transport Department, and many a fine bag of flathead and mullet has been taken from the channel which crosses Broadmeadow Road. The favoured bait is prawn, and most of the fish have been hooked from the back platform on the change into third gear.

Upon turning the corner the wary bus driver crosses his fingers, grits his teeth and applies the brakes, for ahead looms the Rough Proper. Down the centre of the "road" a channel about three feet deep has been dug. It is completely closed, but the entrances to the other two paths are as changeable as a French Government. One day workmen may decide to dig for pipes or play marbles on one side of the road and only one track about the width of a bus is available. When you come around the bend and are suddenly confronted with this hive of industry, you may swerve and have a one-sided argument with a telepole, you may drive into the barricade on the closed side, you may plough through the little group of notices, lamps, barricades and workmen in a few feet of muddy water, you may take the right path and break a spring on a pipe rut, or you may collect eight tons of bus coming in the other direction. However, if you escape unscathed, beware—you will probably be arrested for drunken driving.

As the bus drives down toward the Sunnyside Hotel, observe the activities in the central dug-up portion. The first one hundred yards are set aside for retired Council employees. It is permanently filled with brown, soupy water and there the old fellows can squelch and slush about after nothing in particular and lean on shovels to their hearts' content.



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After passing the Sunnyside the passenger has the opportunity of viewing one of the strangest mechanisms not quite in operation in Australia to-day. It is owned by a large firm and it is a species of rusty steam crane which closely resembles something out of Punch magazine. Many a happy chappy, emerging from the nearby hotel, has staggered away, blubbering, to sign the pledge upon turning glassy eye upon this hissing, wheezing, swaying old tub. It is allegedly employed in the normal duties of a respectable crane, but it is suspected that it is really serving the function of a giant billy for morning tea and lunch.

Having passed these railway tracks, the bus begins to find the potholes rather bad, and it is a common occurrence nowadays for a gentleman with a long, snow-white beard to struggle out of a vehicle with one tireless wheel in the front and a lawn mower shoved beneath the back axle. He stops the bus to ask, "Is the Cloncurry control point round 'ere, mate?" Regulations now lay down that the bus drivers must change into low gear when entering a pot-hole and sound the horn continuously when emerging.

The journey up Georgetown Hill is interesting, as fine views are to be had of such Newcastle beauty spots as the gasworks, which can be seen clearly in magnificent detail. However, soon the turn into Turton Road is made, and in a few moments the bus halts in front of a dearly loved brick building and discharges its orderly cargo. For these quiet boys Changri-La has been reached. The conductor slumps into the nearest seat. But the driver sits tense at the wheel, nervously smoking a pencil and writing busily with a cigarette. He once more faces the impossible—Route 227!

BRIAN SOMMERS, 3A.

## JUST A WORD ON BABIES

On the eighteenth of September nineteen fifty two my mother very kindly presented me with what people call a baby brother. The first time I saw John (as he was later called) he was so peaceful, as he lay wrapped in a rug, that I really thought that was how he would remain at all times, so innocent and so quiet. Little did I know about the coming hardships and humiliations, not to mention his continuous wail which was to bellow night and day throughout the house.

It was: "Robert, do you know where the baby's powder is?"—"Robert, hold the baby while I get his bottle."—"Robert, bring me a dry napkin."—"Robert, be very quiet; the baby's asleep."

Now, as time has moved on, he has grown in wisdom and stature. The ideas that that lad has are amazing. For instance, he turns his dinner plate upside down on his head so that his vegetables spill everywhere.

Homework time is that lad's delight. He comes into my room,

grabs my pen and pencil or whatever he can, runs away and expects me to chase him to regain my possessions. Imagine my horror when this happens while I am translating Caesar. I close my door to keep John away and he makes a commotion outside the door because he wants me to chase him. I dare not open the door for fear of the consequences.

One morning after breakfast mum gave our two cats a drink of milk on a saucer. John, feeling thirsty, went down on his hands and knees between the two cats and started to lap up the milk. Horrified, I yelled to mum, "John is dining with the cats!"

Another morning I went to the bathroom for my toothpaste, but John had been there before me and, thinking that it was hair cream, had squeezed it all over his hair.

Now John has reached the stage where he imagines, of all things, that I am capable of mending any of his toys with a hammer and screwdriver. When I need these tools he will not give them to me.

Still and all, home would be very dull and lonesome without him.

ROBERT BATES, 3A.

### REVIEW OF VIGILANT'S BOOK, "LYNX, V.C."

"Lynx V.C." relates the story of a fictitious gaining of the Victoria Cross during the last World War. The main character, Lieutenant Barry Lynk, receives the nickname Lynx, because of his nature, which is the same as that of the African lynx, a member of the cat family. It is a very quiet and subdued animal until roused to anger. Then it became extremely dangerous.

Lynx first appears in the story at Brooklands Fighter Pilot Training Base in England. From there he proceeds to join his first squadron, "The Washouts," stationed at the Belgian front. On his way there, through no fault of his own, he flies off course, and, encountering one of Germany's best pilots, is just saved from an early ending to his war career by the timely arrival of the "Wash-out" squadron. He returns to the base with his rescuers and soon settles into the general routine of the squadron.

With the "Washouts" Lynx enjoys many weeks of dog-fights and reconnaissance flights and soon proves himself to be an ace fighter pilot. He uncovers a German spy ring and is of valuable service to the Allied Intelligence. His squadron is drawn into a trap by the leader of the spy ring and is almost annihilated. Lynx emerges from this encounter a prisoner of war in Germany and thinks that his fighting days are over. After many unsuccessful attempts he succeeds in escaping. Remaining in Germany Lynx collects valuable information concerning a German counter attack of which the British know nothing and which will give Germany victory. While doing this he assumes many peculiar identities, one

being an active member of a group of Berlin thieves and another a demonstration pilot at a German air display. Lynx discovers that his old instructor at Brooklands Training Base is a high official on the German Intelligence Staff and he has many close calls whilst trailing this man around Berlin. Then Lynx makes a successful attempt to destroy the counter-attack plans of the Germans and after many thrilling experiences manages to escape to England where he relates his adventures to the British Intelligence. For his gallantry Lynx receives the Victoria Cross.

I think that the book has been written in a very masterly way. It is extremely interesting. It is a fine war story and is not exaggerated as many books of its type are. There are humour, exciting adventure, suspense, and mystery that made me reluctant to lay the book aside until I had finished it.

J. GLASS, 3B.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The wind moaning through the trees and the moon shedding her eerie light made the dilapidated old house on the hill look more frightening than ever. The house, now in a bad state of decay, gave a groan every time the wind increased in fury, and the gnarled old apple trees at the back seemed to moan in sympathy. The shutters had long since been torn from their hinges by the numerous storms they had suffered. Decay had also damaged the interior, causing gaping holes in both the roof and floor. The verandah had partly collapsed, and now was covered by undergrowth. Yet the old house bravely stood defying sun, wind, and rain, as though proud of its lonely post.

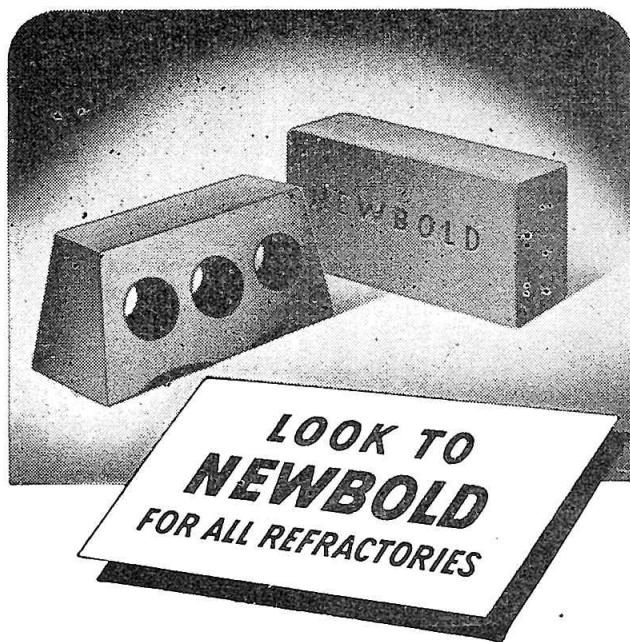
ALAN BLUNDELL, 2A.

### ON DISLIKABLE CHARACTERS

Every day one meets dislikable characters. From the time when one gets up in the morning to the time when one goes to bed these characters irritate and annoy.

Every morning, no matter what the weather, there is, from seven o'clock to eight o'clock, an irritating "gentleman" on nearly all radio stations who conducts various morning programmes which, although they differ in name, usually consist of the same material—music and "corny" stories. "Corny" is not the word for them—there is no word which could be applied. The stories are also usually stale. For example, I recently heard: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That was no lady; that was my wife!"

The second pest is usually the bus conductor who gives half-pennies in change. Give him sixpence for a penny tickets and he gives you ten half-pennies in change. Complain, and—well, you will wish you had said nothing.



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It should be unnecessary, of course, to mention school pests. These are numerous and known to most school-children and teachers. Principal school pests (to schoolboys) are Shakespeare, Latin and Detention.

On Saturday afternoon there are the Pictura Show pests. These are the women (and the men) who, by refusing to take off their hats, inconvenience the people behind them. There is also the woman who tells her friend all about the film before and during the screening. At times there is a desire to turn around and wring her neck.

Often the films are spoiled and become irritating by the introduction of unnecessary characters, principally women. Unfortunately, the script-writers are in Hollywood, and nothing can be done about this except to walk out of the theatre. Prices, however, being what they are and it being difficult enough to slip in at half price anyway, it is a pity to waste money.

Arriving home in the evening we switch on the radio (again) to listen to our favourite serials and the slogans of the sponsors. We hear the announcer say: "We now present 'Marriage and Divorce,' Chapter three thousand five hundred and twenty seven, presented by Smith and Jones, makers of fine Washing Soap." Everything about serials is irritating: the announcer, his voice, the sales-talk, the story, and the acting. I think with horror of the day when television comes and I can see as well as hear the announcer. Moreover Chapter three thousand five hundred and twenty-seven has seen no more progress in the story than Chapter two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine (exaggerated only slightly).

At last, forgetting all pests, and having (or not having) done one's homework (another pest) one goes to bed. Sleep gradually overtakes one and one disappears into a world of dreams, when—there come a screeching and horrifying yells into the night. The next-door neighbour's cats are having a fight on the fence. This is the last straw. That strong will that quelled the fury that was aroused by other pests bursts out. Flying sheets and more screeches again ruin the stillness of the night.

There is no escape from pests, bores and dislikable characters.  
K. LONGWORTH, 2A.

## I GROW INTO A GIANT IN A SINGLE NIGHT

"Hello, boy! Have a peanut?" These words I shall never forget, as they were the beginning of my greatest and strangest adventure.

It was a Friday afternoon when I met the man who started it all. He was old and wizened and held a packet of peanuts in his hand. He seemed kind enough, so I accepted his offer and continued merrily along the road leading to home.

That night, as I lay in bed, I felt a strange, tingling sensation, but I did not pay much attention to it and soon fell asleep.

The following morning I received the greatest shock in my life. I rolled over and my toe caught in the telegraph wires. I had grown into a giant overnight. My feet were protruding out the window, my head was jammed against the bedroom wall and my left hand had found its way half the distance along the hall. I was stunned for a moment and then I suddenly remembered—the peanut! “What will I do? What will happen to me?” These were the thoughts that tumbled through my confused mind while visions of the wizened old man burnt across my eyes. I decided to wake Mum and Dad. So I reached into their bedroom and pulled the bedclothes off.

Mum saw my hand, screamed and clung round Dad’s neck. I called out that it was me, Paul, but Mum would not believe me. However, after a little hesitation, Dad began to clamber along my arm. He eventually reached my shoulder, climbed onto my chest and stood regarding me. I told him about the peanut and he decided to begin removing the wall, as my foot was obstructing the traffic. At that moment an astounded policeman knocked on the door and requested an explanation. I explained and he said that the police would begin a search for the old man immediately.

People were terrified of me as I walked down the street later that day with my head towering up towards the clouds. Several persons even attacked me but they were easily kept off. I glanced at a street two blocks away and saw three men running down the steps of a bank. A man appeared at the top of the steps and shouted to them to stop. I presumed they were robbers: so I stepped across and picked up the car they had just entered.

Imagine my surprise when on looking in the window I recognised the old man. I reached in and pulled him out by the foot. Something dropped from his pocket and I bent down and picked it up. It was a red apple. I asked him sternly if it would reduce me to my normal size. He replied that it would; so I retained it and handed the bank robbers over to the police. I took out the apple, swallowed it and began to shrink back to my normal size. Weeping with joy, my mother embraced me. The people proclaimed me a hero.

PAUL HANNAN, 1A.

## THE ARTIST’S MISTAKE

Harold Johnson was rather clever at drawing. At the moment he had a particular grudge against his Maths teacher, Mr. Harford. Mr. James Harford was the coach of the First Eleven at Morlby College. He had excluded Johnson from the team. Johnson thought he should have been included, and he let it be known that he was out for Mr. Harford’s blood.

Mr. Harford came into the classroom prepared for something, but he did not know what. Johnson also came prepared. Having found the book he wanted, Mr. Harford closed his desk and proceeded to clean the board. He had a peculiar way of doing it, not being satisfied until every speck had disappeared. No sooner was Mr. Harford’s back turned for this purpose than Johnson held up a drawing. A very small Harford was scrubbing furiously at one corner of a vast expanse of blackness. It was labelled “O cursed spot!” The class looked spellbound for a moment and then spluttered with mirth. Mr. Harford spun round. “You seem very hilarious today,” he observed. He carefully refrained from any threat, because he wanted to catch the offender red-handed.

At last Johnson was caught. Mr. Harford went to his desk to get a book. As soon as his head disappeared behind the desk, Johnson held up a picture. Johnson had about a dozen sketches. Each one he showed was more humorous than the previous one. The class rocked with mirth. Mr. Harford suddenly looked around. Johnson was hastily replacing a piece of paper in his book.

“What have you there, Johnson?” he asked sharply.

“A drawing, sir,” Johnson replied.

“Bring it here.”

Mr. Harford gazed at the illustration. On it was a picture of himself. A very fat Harford was putting a somewhat fatter head into an even fatter desk. His legs were placed in a very ridiculous fashion. A very small hand was holding open the lid. It was labelled: “Tell me where, tell me where my little book’s gone.”

“Oh! Is that what you think I resemble, eh?” he said. “Well, you may write out two pages of ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ for me by tomorrow at recess.”

Somehow Johnson did not think he had scored.

ROBERT BARNES, 1A.

## FROM A CARRIAGE WINDOW

With a snort and a clash the giant green engine came hissing to a standstill. When it had stopped we climbed into the first carriage behind the engine. We were going to Brisbane.

With a shriek and a spume and a cascade of sparks we moved off, slowly at first but gradually faster, and the long bustling platform glided from sight. Myriads of neons and electric lights clustered like stars in the sky. Every now and then we would pull up at a dimly-lit station as we went through the suburbs.

Then all this was left behind as we came to the bush. The shadows which hemmed us in gestured like weird monsters doing a fantastic dance to the accompaniment of the wind which was whistling eerily through their branches. Now and then we would be enveloped in a hurricane of smothering smoke as we roared through one of the numerous tunnels along the line. Then in the

gloom again with only the light of the moon, the stars and the engine we raced across the State. Up into the mountains we climbed, the engine straining and jerking its way to the top, then thundering down, down at a terrific pace till we reached the bottom of a valley where we stopped to get some water. On one side of the track a drover sat waiting for his billy to boil. Surrounding him were thousands of sheep bleating and moving aimlessly about.

At last the night ended and in the east a radiant pink glow told that the sun was rising and another day had begun. Now on each side stretched the fabulous Darling Downs, which were dotted here and there with grazing sheep. For mile after mile this continued—mile after mile of rich, luscious, green grazing lands which are a paradise for sheep.

The scene changed as we came to some tree-covered mountains. All around was heard the singing of an axe, while above on the mountain a bullock team slowly wended its way to the mills.

Then on past the mills we roared into Wallangarra, where we changed trains for Brisbane.

E. HARVEY, 1C.

## THE COUNTRYSIDE

The dew dripped off the foliage as the sun rose above the trees. The day was clear and cloudless. A gentle zephyr whispered through the bush, carrying with it the sharp call of the magpie. As I walked along the track leading through the bush a small wallaby hopped quietly through a curtain of bracken fern.

Four or five hundred yards from my home the track rounded the face of a cliff from where it was possible to obtain a magnificent view of the countryside. At the foot of the cliff the joyous calls of the bush were heard. About a mile away a dingo howled before setting out to find its breakfast. The bush ended abruptly. Winding through a vast plain a wide, stately river was lost from view behind a cliff. Like a model, a sheep station was to be seen. A drover herded his mob of sheep over the river. Far away in the distance an industrious city woke to life. A smudge of smoke from many factories hung like a cloud over the town. Behind the city were hills, dotted here and there with small farms, their crops making the hills look like patchwork quilts. Rising like giant teeth behind the hills was a giant mountain range. This stretched as far as the eye could see. The higher mountain peaks were covered with snow, making them look like cupcakes with a blob of cream on the top.

I continued on my way, and as the sun climbed towards its zenith more creatures of the bush showed themselves. I thought that, if only they could have known my feelings at that moment, they would not have scampered away as I approached.

R. DUNNING, 1C.

## FROM THE CLIFF FACE

How wonderful is the sea, I thought, as I leaned on a railing at the top of the cliff.

Before me lay a panoramic view of the deep blue waters of the Pacific. Far out to sea, the foam-flecked waves rose out of the billows and raced shoreward as mighty stallions would to pound against the rocks as they have been doing for countless centuries, hollowing out exquisite and grotesque shapes on the hard cliff-face. Half-way down the cliff face a colony of gannets was nesting. The big, untidy nests stood out against the dark background. Near the horizon a dirty, rusting collier was butting its way through the rolling swell. Closer in some sea gulls, the scavengers of the sea, were floating on a large mass of debris. Now and then I could see the silver flashes as the mullet jumped. This shoal was being preyed upon by the sharks and the seagulls. The sharks' dorsal fins were cutting the water behind the shoal, waiting for some to tire, while, when one jumped, a seagull would scream and plunge down from the sky upon it.

Truly a marvellous scene, I thought. The beauty of the emerald sea, the sunlight flashing through the salty spray and creating myriads of rainbows that sparkled in the sun, the silver flash of the fish and the wild scream of the gulls combined to make this scene one that will linger in my memory and dreams unto my dying day.

G. SYMES, 1C.

## ANGELS TWO

As I strapped myself into the rear seat of the Chipmunk the engine came to life. Around me appeared numerous cracks in the perspex canopy which were not visible before. After the engine had been warmed up we taxied to the aerodrome boundary. The pilot brought the Chipmunk into the wind, scanned the sky for oncoming aircraft and then opened the throttle.

The aircraft bounded forward and we were soon racing tail-up across the field. Suddenly the bumping stopped and I saw the ground floating away from me. I watched the altimeter needle creep slowly round the dial until it stopped at two thousand feet. We were now over Waratah Reservoir which looked like a giant ice-cube tray full of blue ice-cubes.

The pilot now banked the machine and we headed out towards Lake Macquarie. Below was a forest with the trees the colour of dirty green broken only occasionally by a road on which cars moved like beetles on a brown ribbon. Out over the lake the pilot put the plane in a dive. An invisible force pushed me into my seat as I watched the surface seemingly rush up to meet me. All feeling of support had gone. The sensation was like the one felt in a fast lift but much more intensified. The plane shuddered as

we pulled out of the dive and commenced a steep climb. I glanced at the altimeter. It was registering one thousand five hundred feet. We had dived five hundred feet but it seemed much more to me.

We then turned and flew along the coast towards Nobby's. The breakers racing towards the shore looked like festoons of lace on a deep blue tablecloth. From the air the water looked crystal clear and the golden sand of the seabed could be seen nearly one hundred yards out.

As we glided in over Broadmeadow Goods Yard it seemed more like a model than the real thing.

We landed and taxied over to the hangar and switched off. I looked at my watch and saw that I had been in the air for thirty minutes.

J. FORDHAM, 1C.

## NOBBY'S LIGHTHOUSE

Nobby's Lighthouse is a most interesting place with its giant telescopes and sensitive instruments, not to mention the powerful light which can be seen out to sea for a distance of thirty miles. The "Light" is operated by electricity direct from the city supply, and in case of a failure in power it automatically switches over to a petrol engine capable of generating enough power to operate the light and the entire station with electricity. In the basement of the tower is situated a large switchboard with plugs and switches, levers, and here and there an occasional light.

Inside the lookout tower there is a built-in verandah surrounding the main room. This room is very small, but tidy; all books, charts and maps are neatly packed in different sections on a large desk facing towards the open sea. Opposite this there is a small table on which is the only phone in the station. For obvious reasons its number is silent and not known to the outside public, as I found out when trying to phone for information.

A very accurate instrument at Nobby's is the Fortin Barometer, which helps in preparing weather reports.

On the eastern side of the verandah is a fog horn which is used when the fog is particularly thick and shipping cannot see the rocks or the light. The horn blows at a penetrating note for half-minute intervals, until it is switched off.

Because the view of the coast is being obstructed by the two houses on the station, a new lookout is being constructed of brick. This new structure is to be three stories high.

It is interesting to note that the winds at Nobby's reach a height of ninety miles per hour.

You may wonder what the two steel towers are for in the heart of Newcastle. One is opposite Newcastle railway bridge, on the Wharf Road, and the other on the rise of the hill behind

the southern end of King Street. The helmsman of each ship entering the port sights them and they show him the location of the channels.

Nobby's was named after Joseph Nobby who used to live on the island (as it was at that time) by himself.

Before Nobby's was built, the breakwater was being constructed by convicts, but the captains of the sailing vessels did not like the breakwater or the island. The reason for this was that the wind could not propel their ships. Arrangements were made to demolish Nobby's but the government had already made plans to build a lighthouse on the peninsula, because too many ships had been wrecked on the treacherous rocks and the oyster racks. An inspection of the base of Nobby's will reveal a hole where explosives were to be placed to demolish the island. In 1875 the southern breakwater was built and measured two thousand one hundred feet. Into the actual sea wall, the old wreck "Adolph" was included.

What Nobby's will be like in the future, whether rebuilt or moved to another location, nobody knows.

NOEL BLUNDELL, 1D.

## NIGHT

As the setting sun vanishes beneath the western horizon it leaves behind it a path of crimson and gold clouds, tinged with a soft, pink glow. Slowly, ever so slowly, these lose their light and colour but not their beauty as they remain outlined against the still grey-blue sky.

Gradually it becomes darker as the sun seems to retreat further and further below the horizon like the water on the beach after a particularly high wave, but more slowly, much more slowly.

Now, one by one, the small silver lanterns of the sky, the stars, appear. At first only a few are visible, but gradually they become more and more numerous until the whole universe seems to be thickly studded with thousands of silver pinpoints of light, as if some giant has carelessly scattered handful upon handful in all directions. Some are twinkling brightly; others are shining with a steady, silver light.

Suddenly everything is covered with a soft, white mantle as the beautiful mistress of the heavens, the moon, in all her majestic radiance, appears above the horizon. Each star seems to dim its light momentarily, as if in an act of homage to a queen. Then their light returns in its full glory, brighter than ever, against a beautiful background of velvety, black sky.

J. GLASS, 3B,

## SONNET ON THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

Like clawing arms as if in agony  
 The knotted limbs of gum and eucalypt  
 Stretch out to touch the sun which has them gripped  
 In fiery blaze, cruel, white as ivory,  
 Whose harshness reigns in awful majesty.  
 The shrivelled leaves, with rain have rarely dripped;  
 The yellow clay is parched and cracked and ripped;  
 Blunt peaks stand out with fire intensity.

The hazy air lies low o'er earth's scarred face;  
 The still, dead hush of eerie night steals down;  
 The star-flecked sky is cold and clear and deep  
 And casts grey shadows on the rock-strewn space—  
 Our land, all clothed in tones of grey and brown,  
 Where spirits brave of countless centuries sleep.  
 P. HARWIN, 4A.

## ADDRESS OF ROBBIE BURNS TO A MARTIAN

Ha! y' eerie sight from outer space,  
 From hoverin' saucer showin' face,  
 Ye little ken wha' large distas'e.  
 In saunt an' sinner,  
 Ye cause 'mongst fearfu' earthly race  
 Wi' yon infernal spinner!

That which ye came to buy or borrow  
 Ye'll no be takin' awa' tomorrow!  
 No forrin creetur e'er weel swallow  
 Our haggis dthrippin!  
 Fie! I couldna bear the sorrow—  
 Thee our whuskey sippin'!

O! Thou midget spyin' wonder,  
 In comin' here thou mad'st a blunder!  
 Woefu' music, wailfu' thunder—  
 Yon pipes I'll play!  
 'Twill rend thy forrin ears asunder!  
 Sae ga away!

IAN MCGREGOR, 4B.

## THE SHIP

Her keel was laid upon the Clyde,  
 Upon the Clyde they laid her keel;  
 They fashioned her with strength and zeal;  
 They fashioned her with plates of steel  
 And rivets in her high, proud side.

She'd many a gun both aft and fore,  
 Both fore and aft she'd many a gun;  
 Mighty and true was every one  
 That pointed upward to the sun  
 And the lowering clouds of war.

In every fight she still was true,  
 And still was true in every fight;  
 Dauntless on the side of right,  
 Dauntless 'gainst the foeman's might,  
 She brought the convoys through.

Then, in the night, a sudden death,  
 A sudden death came in the night,  
 Bringing her crew the dreadful sight,  
 The sight of death, in the fierce red light  
 Snuffed out in her dying breath.

She sank to the slime for our betterment,  
 To better us, she sank to the slime,  
 This scion of a noble line.  
 A better age, a better time—  
 That was her will, her testament.

PETER HARDIE, 3A.

## AGAINST NATURE

The sun sinks in the west; not,  
 As some would have it, as a poached egg,  
 But rather as a peach, floating in the cream of evening.  
 The clouds, with golden wrinkles underlined,  
 Sail serenely past;  
 Birds descend at last to feed their young  
 And seek their kind.  
 Gnats and moths emerge; wispy wings whir;  
 The frog recites in weed-strewn pond;  
 The cattle low in clover field;  
 Bats fly; mice run, rustling little in the broken bracken  
 For fear the owl be out.

The dew descends; fog grips the atmosphere;  
 And misty meadows prepare to meet the night.  
 The owl hoots once—a note forlorn,  
 Barely audible above the wind, which tugs the trees  
 As flags atop a fortress are raised and lowered

At the soldier's ease.  
 Now 'tis dusk, and all the creatures under Nature's eye  
 Obey her wishes. Most in slumber lie,  
 While man, against all precedent,  
 Prolongs the day with artificial light.

A. G. HOCKINGS, 4A.

## SOLITUDE'S PHILOSOPHY

Knowledge! guiding sword of light,  
Pointing an instar through Stygian night,  
The unseen hand that wields thee flies  
Ere ignorance be put to flight!

In the dark, ere he expire,  
Man seeks and gropes, his one desire  
To find enchanted sword and swordsman,  
Who, once fled, doth where retire?

Echoing down through endless age,  
Oh! hark dispute of saint and sage.  
Could they but now their silence break!  
Oh! could they turn the darkened page!

And is life night? And is death day?  
None but the silent dead may say;  
And are the living e'er to know  
But nothing till life be spun away?

The silent wings of solitude  
Bring answer: "Too much ye brood  
On realms of eerie mystery;  
Her veiled face leave unpursued."

IAN MCGREGOR, 4B.

## A SONNET

A rivulet is murmuring through the vale;  
It twists and turns, yet ever presses on.  
Whence comes the weed and whither sail  
The leaves that flutter down and then are gone,  
Transferred through the water to their fate,  
To fortune or misfortune, to the sea,  
Or to the river bed? They cannot wait;  
Some power drives them on remorselessly.

We are those leaves; on us the Three Fates press  
Their rule, and shear our line of life; the fears,  
The hopes we hold are swept away by Death,  
Who, in his dull grey garb, makes show of tears,  
And yet rejoices in his heart, I wist,  
Because he knows none can his plea resist.  
A. G. HOCKINGS, 4A.

## OUR AUSTRALIA

Slowly moving rivers  
Wind their tortuous way;  
Drovers follow lowing herds;  
Piccaninnies play.

Snow-capped mountain ranges  
Topped by jagged peak,  
Split by raging torrents  
Down in gorges deep;

Long, surging, foam-capped breakers  
Crashing on the shore;  
Rainbow-tinted coral gardens  
On the ocean floor;

Land of burnished deserts,  
Of aching, dusty plains,  
Endlessly awaiting  
The drenching summer rains;

Stringy bark and jarra,  
Pine and ash so tall;  
Piercing cries of "timber"  
As the giants fall;

Undulating wheat fields  
Ripening in the sun:  
Australia's wealthy heritage  
When harvesting is done—

This is our Australia,  
The free and easy land  
Of mountain, plain and billabong,  
Of sunshine, sea and sand.

R. RUTTER, 3A.

## THE THEATRE

The glaring lights,  
The brilliant signs,  
The talking crowd  
In groups and lines;  
The entrance door,  
The tickets torn,  
The usher's torch  
On the carpet worn;  
And now the seat,  
The expectant quiet—  
At last the show  
For our delight.

P. HEGGART, 3A.

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## WHAT THE MOON SAW

The moon, in her journey across the sky,  
Looked down with benign and kindly eye  
Upon the city in the hills,  
A city that was free from ills,  
A city of warmth and jollity,  
Of wine, and songs, and gaiety,  
Of friendly hearths and open doors,  
Of honest men and honest laws.  
Its windows gleamed a welcome mild.  
The moon looked down from high—and smiled.

Drifting through the cloud-racked sky,  
The moon looked down with angry eye  
Upon the city of the plain,  
A city of smells, of dirt, of pain,  
A city of noise and garish lights,  
Of argument and drunken fights,  
Of twisted minds and crooked streets,  
Of pimps and thugs, of spivs and cheats.  
No good grew in that poisoned ground.  
The moon looked down from high—and frowned.

But the wise old moon had seen many things,  
The rise of empires, the fall of kings,  
A message of love in a sighing breath,  
Battle, and murder, and sudden death.  
'Twas this same moon's diffused light  
That shone on the stable Christmas night,  
That shone on the desolate battlefield,  
On the impotent sword and the dew-covered shield,  
On those who had fought, who had loved, who had died.  
The moon looked down from high—and sighed.

PETER HARDIE, 3A.

## THE WINDS

Whipping and a-whistling and a-scurrying down the streets,  
Whirling through the back-yards and spoiling drying sheets.  
Whining through the tree-tops, thrashing window panes,  
The screeching, dirty, dusty wind goes dashing through the lanes.

There's a singing in the rigging and the tackle-blocks are pinging,  
While the mizzen-mast is bowing to the Roaring Forties gale.  
The side-board planks are creaking,  
The bearded waves are leaping,  
While the snoring wind, the roaring wind  
Is billowing the sail.

A wisp of wind goes whispering by  
And mocks the moon as she sits in the sky:  
It wrinkles the water that mirrors her state  
As it glimmers and gleams like silver plate.  
And then with a soft, enchanting air  
It rocks the tree-tops dreaming there  
With a sighing, dying, gentle ease—  
The magic of the evening breeze.

D. MILES, 3A.

## THE AUSTRALIAN DROVER

The drover rides across the plain  
Behind his moving sheep,  
Looking for a sign of rain.  
The dust is lying deep.

The mid-day sun is blazing down  
Upon his weary back;  
He's many dreary miles from town  
On a lonely western track.

Pushing onward to a camp  
Beside a shady creek,  
Where the camp-fire is his only lamp,  
A well earned rest he'll seek.

At night when the Cross is his sure friend  
High in the starlit sky,  
The hard day's work comes to an end—  
Beside his fire he'll lie.

JOHN JENKINS, 1C.

## THE FRIEND

When the bugle was sounded  
O'er the grave of my friend,  
I knew that for him  
This was the end.

He would fight afar  
In the battles no more:  
He had given his life;  
He had saved his corps.

But, as he was lowered  
To his grave so deep,  
I knew that his memory  
I always would keep.

ROBERT RAY, 1C

## A GRADE CRICKET TEAM

We congratulate Mr. J. Simpson's A Grade Cricket Team on being undefeated premiers this year. The members of the victorious team were:

L. Davies (Capt.), J. Wilkinson (Vice-Capt.), P. Schofield, J. Lonie, C. Rogers, B. Evans, K. Eltis, B. Cooper, R. Brown, R. Hughes, G. Cocking, J. Robertson, R. Jenkins.

## THE OLD BOYS' PAGE

On the 2nd of June, 1954, a meeting of Old Boys of the N.H.S. was held for the purpose of establishing once more the hitherto erratic Old Boys' Union.

At this meeting Charlie Goffet made an inspired oration. It was a somewhat clear and not very concise account of the history of the N.H.S.O.B.U.

Fired by enthusiasm, the gathered Old Boys' (some 110 in number) set about the task of bringing the Old Boys' Union to life. A committee was formed, and subsequently meetings of this committee were held.

Almost simultaneously a dance and a constitution were provided for the amusement and enlightenment of members.

Then, on August 13, Black Friday at that, a Reunion Dinner eventuated. Such was the success of this Dinner that a date for next year's Dinner has already been fixed.

In leaps and bounds, from success to success.

A further dance, successful though not triumphant, was held.

Then came the Annual General Meeting, and the affairs of the Union were placed in the hands of a legally constituted and elected committee, ably led by Alwyn Hannaford.

Plans are now being made for at least three major social functions, to wit, a New Year Cabaret to be held on Friday, 14th January in the City Hall at 8 p.m., a Ball on 31st May, 1955 in the City Hall and another Reunion Dinner in August, 1955.

In other spheres our hopes are also high. The bank holds us in credit, and our membership is nearing 200. For the information of those leaving school this year I shall point out that membership to anyone joining immediately on leaving school is at half normal rates. This means that those eligible can become full members for five and threepence. We hope many will accept this privilege.

The little we can do will, I hope, be carried on by present

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pupils, and by those who are yet to start in first year, when they, in turn, become Old Boys. Success depends not on the Old Boys of 1905 and 1906, but on the Old Boys of 1955 and 1956.

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James Mulholland, Hon. Secretary,  
171 Russell Road,  
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Phone: LU 1534.

## THREE ANNUAL CEREMONIES

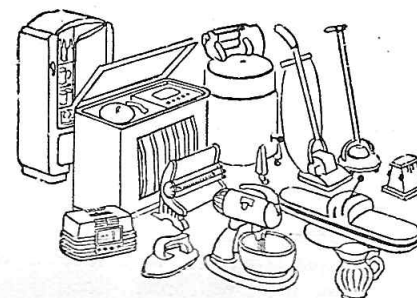
Thursday, October 21 was the occasion of three of our annual ceremonies. In the morning in the Assembly Hall the school said goodbye to 5th year students and wished them success in the L.C. examination and in their after-school lives. In the afternoon on Waratah Oval the passing-out parade was conducted for members of the Cadet Detachment and the Air Training Corps. In the evening the Father and Son Dinner was held.

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## WINNERS OF PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

Verse: A. G. Hockings (4A); Drawing: C. Whitehead (5A);  
Report: J. Marquet (5A); Prose: 1st Year, G. Symes (1C); 2nd  
year, K. Longworth (2A); 3rd year, B. Sommers (3A); 4th year,  
T. Dunn (4C); 5th year, C. Whitehead (5A).

### No. 21 FLIGHT A.T.C.

At present the strength of No. 21 Flight A.T.C. is sixty-five, but we hope to expand this next year and accommodate a band.

During the May vacation many cadets attended camps at Richmond, Forest Hills and Uranquinty, some sitting for the junior and course were senior N.C.O. Cpl. Perry and L.A.C's. Read and Oswald, course were senior N.C.O. Cpl. Perry and L.A.C's. Read and Oswald, the last named coming second in the course. The junior N.C.O. course found that four members possessed the necessary attributes for promotion. They were L.A.C's. Davies, Dixon, Hilder and Newton.

During the August vacation most of the new Cadets took the opportunity of having a taste of R.A.A.F. life and attended a camp at Uranquinty. Three cadets attended courses during this period at Forest Hills. W.O. R. Geddes and Sgt. I. Nance of 11 Flt. (Sydney) tied for the pennant of the Outstanding Cadet in the Cadet Pilot Officers' Course, having, however, to beat Flt./Sgt. D. Geddes in the process. L.A.C. Dixon acquitted himself admirably in the senior N.C.O. course.

The Flight has attended special parades on Anzac Day, Empire Day and in Health Week, but the most important from the Flight's point of view was that for Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth II on February 9th at the Showground. This year the Flight participated for the first time in the Changing of the Guard at the School Fete. On October 21st members of the Flight provided the Guard of Honour for Major-General I. Dougherty, C.B.E., D.S.O. and Bar, E.D. C.P.O. Cater acted as Parade Commander.

A recent trip to Williamstown was very instructive, and we were made most welcome.

Throughout the year the emphasis has been on the instruction of drill, service knowledge and armaments. Drill was handled by Flt./Sgt. D. Geddes and Sgt. I. Williams, service knowledge by C.P.O. Cater and W.O. Geddes, and armaments by L.A.C. R. Webb and the remainder of A. Flight.

The Flight is glad to have added to its officer complement this year a most capable adjutant, F/O. A. M. Clarke.

—R. GEDDES, 4C.

THE NAME—

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