

SCHOOL INSTRUMENTAL GROUP AND ACCOMPANISTS.
 FRONT: K. Shaw, J. Hull, Mr. D. Watchorn, I. Campbell, K. Young.
 MIDDLE: J. Allen, A. Humbley, D. James, D. Stibbard.
 BACK: R. Smith, R. Atcheson, J. Roberts, P. Douglas.
 ABSENT: G. Cocking.
 Photo by McRae Studios.

(Block donated by Armstrong & Roysel, Timber Merchants)

awful and stately dignity, the receptacle of offertory, and when I realized I had not provided myself with money. My first thought was to feign an indisposition and hurry from the church before I was confronted with the demands of charity, but, despising this expedient, I was almost resolved to declare, "Silver and gold have I none," when I recollected that I had no alternative to offer and must therefore stand and receive with averted eye and shamed humility the ocular scorn of the churchwarden. As the steady footsteps advanced nearer, I resigned myself to the inevitable contempt of the congregation assembled, when, feeling in my pocket for no reason whatever, I found—a half-penny. With my courage renewed, I awaited the warden, and, as he thrust his rogatory patina before me, I threw into it with great force the half-penny, which made sufficient noise, I am sure, for quite half a dozen florins. Not having perceived the ruse, the dignitary passed by after bestowing on me a respectful bow.

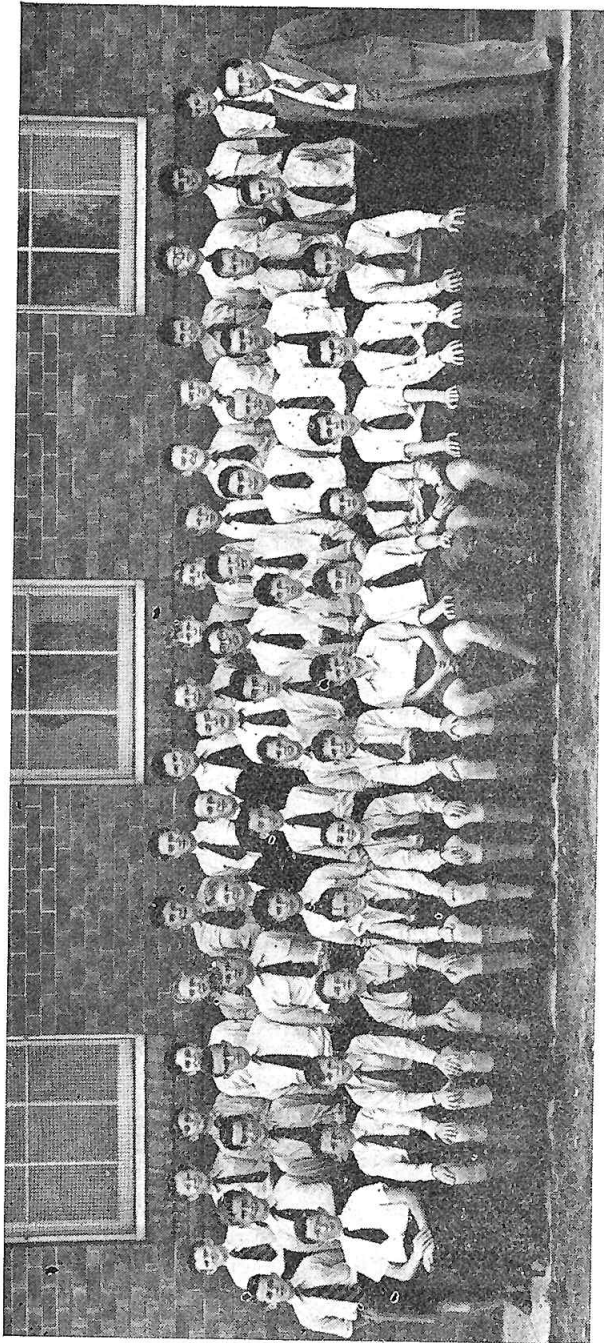
It has become a popular habit to despise the half-penny. I must confess myself to be distressed, and not from any motives of self-interest, to observe a custom which has become all too prevalent in the hostleries of this country. I refer to the practice of discarding half-pennies after buying a medium-sized cup that cheers and inebriates—I mean a middy. I have observed with pain the leaving of the half-pennies in the change—unwanted—on the counter and the abandoning of them there to the changes and chances of human fallibility. What becomes of these half-pennies? Are they to travel on that same *iter tenebrososum* as the late lamented farthing? Are they to become as the wings of the penguin—unused through lack of use? Sincerely I wish that the day will never dawn when the half-penny is no more, for on that day there will pass one of the little influences of life, the source of little distractions, foibles, trivia—call them what you will—that are here to divert and stimulate us.

PETER HARDIE, 4th Year.

Over and Under— A Childhood Reminiscence

Not everyone has been run over by a tram. Indeed it is not an experience very much desired by most people, who realise that, when tram meets man, the vehicle has a most decided advantage.

He was only a youngster in his fourth year, and he lived in a house facing a main highway. In the middle of this highway ran three or four pairs of tramlines built on one of those island affairs



THE SCHOOL CHOIR, 1955.

Photo by McRae Studios.

(Block donated by Co-operative Insurance Company)

Men patted him on the back, ladies kissed him (he didn't like that), and in all he felt quite a hero. Then came another beloved, though too infrequent, sound, as a siren whirred and an ambulance pulled up close by. Two men alighted, examined him and, proclaiming him quite unhurt except for a few bruises and a cut, drove off again. (He would be an ambulance man later on.) People climbed back into the tram, and it moved away as the hero was carried home in the arms of his mother.

My mother was quite unaware of what had happened to me until a stranger knocked on the door and, telling her that there had been an accident, asked if he might ring for the ambulance. Naturally she was curious about the nature of the accident, and, learning it as the stranger talked on the telephone, she conquered a strong inclination to faint and rushed outside and across the road.

To-day there is in her possession a pair of very soiled child's pants about nine inches from belt to hem with four long rust marks upon the seat, on the end of which is a very pronounced rip. There are three stones and a marble in the pocket.

D. MILES, 4D.

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Night

I saw a milky sky one summer's night
Its radiant sheen as soft and delicate
As silver webs aglow with dancing light
In rhythmic time with the dextrous hand of Fate.

The wind's a maiden wand'ring sweet and lithe
Across the stage of life, with songs as sweet
As sparkling wine sipped from the cup of life
In wondrous times of joy and love so fleet.

Quiescent night! Oh, soothe my heated soul,
Caress me with your wand of quiet dreams,
That I may lie as dead beneath your bowl,
Wherein we rest our humble cares unseen.

So long as I remain a slave of Earth,
I'll marvel at thy beauty and thy birth.

BRIAN JONES, 4th Year.

"The School For Scandal"

In the production of "The School For Scandal," which is essentially a comedy of manners, various factors contributed to build up a simulated eighteenth century stage. Two footmen, clad in white breeches and red velvet cloaks and holding tapers, stooped in time with the slow, steady music to light the tall artificial footlights, and then stood to roll back the curtains. By means of a wiggid orchestra, garbed in white, the people were prepared for the play they were about to witness. All the performers were aptly dressed, almost exact replicas of eighteenth century fashions being provided for the women of the cast. Moreover, each actor wore a costume which illustrated his part in the play. For example, the attire of Charles Surface and his friends gave evidence of his extravagance. The use of antique furniture, and the manners and mannerisms of the actors, especially in the pronunciation of certain words, such as "servant," were strongly reminiscent of the London of almost two hundred years ago, and gave character to the production. The concluding jig brightened the end of the play, and so assisted in the making of a true comedy conclusion.

The cast was competently selected, even to the very servants, each member properly and conscientiously fulfilling the position allotted him. The outstanding actor was Douglas Miles, as Sir Peter Teazle, whose part he lived throughout the entire perform-

ance. The audience was transported by his accuracy of gesture, especially his changes in voice and manner. His unremitting consciousness of age was made apparent by his tottering gait, and his laboured bows. John Atherton, as Mrs. Candour, fascinated the audience from the moment he appeared by the use of his hands, eyes, and fan in the scandal scenes. Outstanding in the comic roles were Sir Benjamin Backbite (Bruce Lovett), Crabtree (Philip Harden), and Moses (Trevor Wilson). The last, whose make-up and costume were excellent, performed a marvellous piece of work in the mastering of his accent. The absurd expressions of his face and the comical use of his hands added humour to all his actions. However, I think that his acting was perhaps a little overdone in the drinking scene, when his flea-hunting diverted the attention of the audience from proceedings which were of great importance to the plot. The displays of Sir Benjamin Backbite and Crabtree in the scandal scenes were highly amusing. Their pulling and dragging of each other as they were finishing their conversation with Mr. Surface before going to "comfort" Maria, Sir Benjamin's use of his snuff box, and his behaviour prior to his removal from Sir Peter Teazle's house, revealed a true comic flair. The manner of all these characters formed a strong undercurrent of humour, which gave vivacity to the entire performance.

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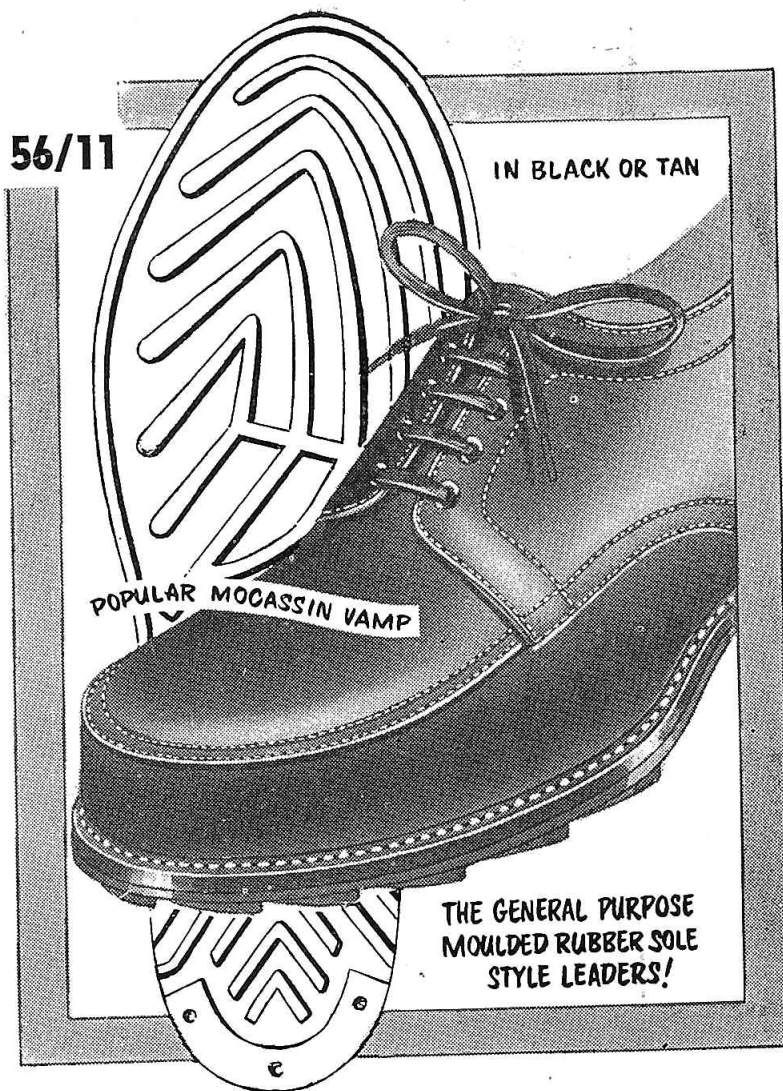
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Much to be commended was the efficient stage management. The curtain work, which required determination and persistent practice, was well executed. Thanks to the almost professional precision of the scenery shifters, the production was not tedious, but each scene followed the one before it smoothly.

The scenery, which was well constructed, consisted of built-up sets, with the addition of curtains and flats. By its simplicity, an atmosphere was clearly suggested, and a real effect was obtained.

The final impression of the play was that every actor was living his part and striving to do his share in making the play the success that it was. The pleasant memory of this most impressive performance will long remain in the minds of a satisfied audience. The producer, Mr. F. S. Smith, has been well rewarded for his unselfish work and untiring diligence in preparing the actors for this performance.

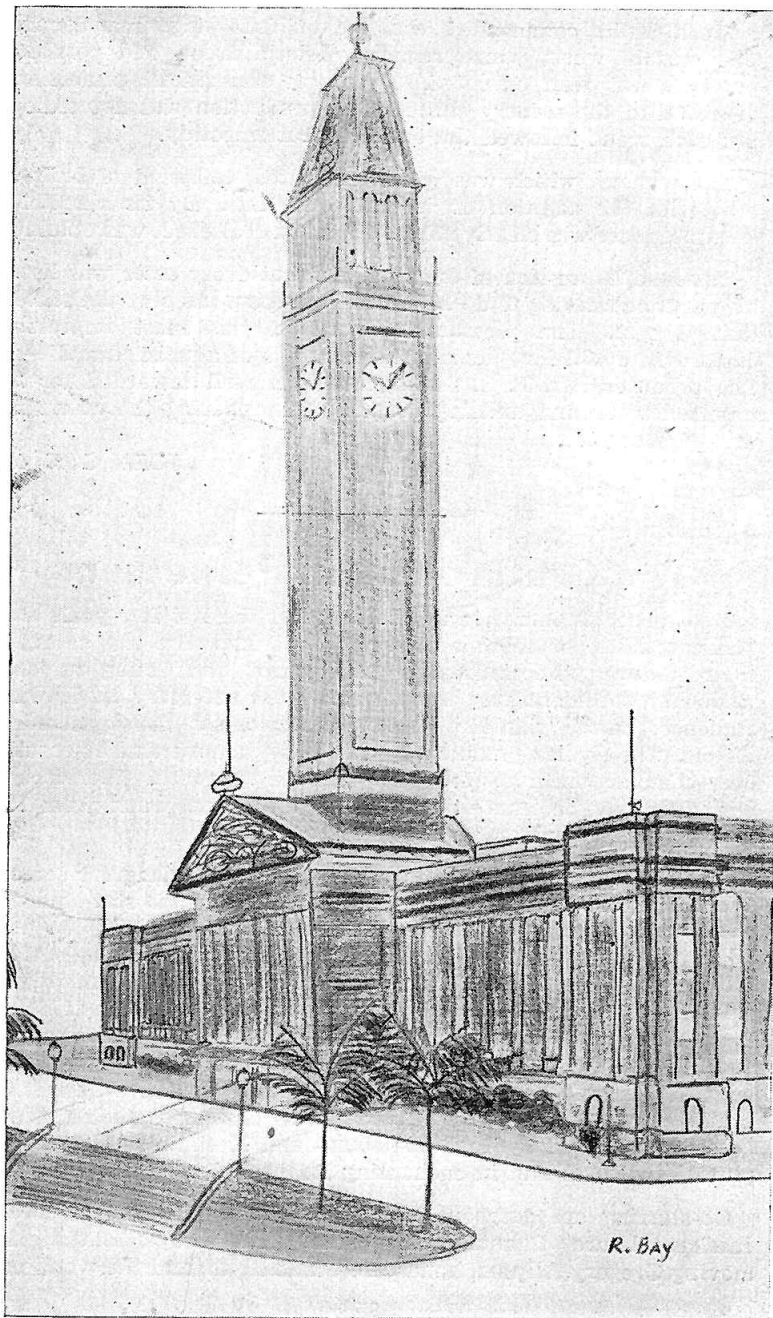
JOHN COX, 4D.

Ars Gratia Artis in Perpetuum

It has become increasingly obvious over the last few years that film magnates, or more accurately, American film magnates, in their mature wisdom, regard plot, script and acting as only secondary considerations, the fundamentals necessary in drawing audiences being "glamour" and "super-colossal," novel, technical effects. The rivalry produced by this policy among studios ensures ever-changing mediums and new lines of approach. Therefore it will definitely be interesting to hear the sound track from the trailer of a production filmed in 1978:

"U.G.H." studios proudly present, on the new triangular screen, the most ultra amplitudinous film ever made, that star-studded, massive, monstrous, all-engulfing musical—"Macbeth." In this huge, immense, enormous, mighty, stupendous, gigantic, elephantine production there is more stark drama than in "From Here to Ten Billion Light Years Beyond Eternity," more pathos than in "Lassie's Last Litter," more humour than in "Demetrius and the Gladiators," and more music than you can endure. "Macbeth" is filmed in the new Nucleoscope process (no special glass, protective helmet or brains are necessary) with all the glories of claustrophobia sound (a combination of hydrophobia sound and X static sound), using plutonium lenses and in enchanting Radiumcolor.

Co-starring are gorgeous Marilyn Brando, sizzling Jane Peck, luscious Laura Chandler, masculine Humphrey Lollobrigida, moving Gregory Allyson, handsome Clark Blyth, and the wondrous



singing voice of Marjory Lanza. Lyrics by Bill Shakespeare, music by Sigmund Porter Jr., script by Jane Austen adapted from the original Broadway play by Marlowe.

"Macbeth" is the story of a humble slave in the palace of the famous Roman Emperor Duncan, who rises, spurred on by his insatiable ambition, to be ruler of all the splendour that was Rome but in doing so damns his soul. It is the story of a man's fight with his conscience, his wife, and millions of savage barbarians. See Humphrey Lollobrigida, as Macbeth, slay two thousand extras single-handed. See the tense night-walking scene, when Lady Macbeth, played by Marilyn Brando, wanders around the ghostly, echoing hall of the darkened palace for twenty minutes, clad merely in a completely transparent negligee and illuminated only by the feeble light of a single taper held above her head and two hundred spotlights. Not a word is uttered during this magnificent scene. No words are needed.

"Macbeth" contains thirty-seven song marvels, including those seven brand new hits of the moment: "I Think I Love You," "I Hope I Love you," "I'm Afraid I Love You," "I Believe I Love You," "I Know I Love You," "I Confess I Love You," "I Love You." Hear the enormous three-thousand-voice U.G.H. choir, accompanied by the giant U.G.H. studio orchestra, sing "Softly, Softly." Hear Marjory Lanza croon that fresh, different song, "I Love You." Be stirred to the depths of your being as seven million extras, fleeing through the streets of burning Rome, suddenly halt amid crumbling walls and break out into "Come Back to Vienna."

Of this picture Mr. Dag Wood, Director of U.G.H. Pictures Unlimited, says: "I feel that I can confidently assure you that it is the most humorous, pathetic, tragic, tuneful, thrilling, stirring, spine-chilling, mammoth movie that I have ever produced. It is blood-curdling, violent, sordid, In fact one might sum up by saying it is the big, happy picture for all the family."

Only U.G.H. would dare to bring to the screen this passionate love story of uncontrollable savagery; only U.G.H. would dare reveal, for the first time ever, what is really written on those pyramids; only U.G.H. would dare obliterate imperial Rome with a hydrogen bomb two thousand years before it was invented. It cost twenty million dollars a minute to make; in one scene seven thousand extras, kindly loaned by New York prison authorities, were burnt to cinders. "Macbeth" is so daring that it makes "Blackboard Jungle" look like a vegetable patch, so vast that it makes "The Ten Commandments" look like the last feeble utterance of an inebriated flea.

This immense, extravagant, outrageous, preposterous, unconscionable, swinging, monstrous, stupendous, prodigious, astonishing,

incredible, marvellous, terrific, grand, unapproachable, unnatural, unutterable, indescribable, ineffable, unspeakable, inexpressible, fabulous epic will soon be showing at this theatre. They refused to read the book to you—so now come and see the film. Only U.G.H. would have dared to make it.

Note: Censorship ruling: "Strictly Unsuitable For Intelligent Dumb Animals."

However, the critics are unaltered. Their unanimous verdict: "Ghastly!"

BRIAN SOMMERS, 4th Year.

Just the Same

A footballer's God is just the same—
No different 'cause I'm playing a game;
And when He's good and grants me a try,
Or when I'm scoreless, and I just sigh,
I still keep faith and play the game.
A footballer's God is just the same.

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A footballer's God does love fair play,
And only the godless will start a fray.
He likes a sportsman, hard but true,
Who can be friends with the other guy too.
He's watching those who have made a name.
A star player's God is just the same.

A footballer's God is just the same,
For life, to us, is one big game,
And playing fair is keeping faith.
We must play fair in a match or life.
Though God the referee dictates our game,
A footballer's God is just the same.

GRAND FIELDING, 4th Year.

Fear

The heavy iron gates clanked shut behind him. At last he was free, free after ten years behind prison bars; free after being shut off from the world for what seemed an eternity. He was free to act as he pleased, and he began to think that he had never before reached such a peak of happiness as in his anticipation of what lay ahead.

Then suddenly, in place of this overwhelming happiness, a deep fear enveloped his heart, an indescribable dread. Fear of what? Was he not free? Was he not his own master once more? Certainly he should have no cause for fear; but no amount of self-persuasion could shake it off. And then he understood.

There he was, on the threshold of a new life, like a child lost in the hustle and bustle of the city, fearing what was about to happen, fearing that he might be spurned by his fellow-men and that his life might be darkened by loneliness, fearing that the malicious, prating tongues of gossips might ruin his reputation before he had time to re-make it. He was afraid that he would be branded and recognised as a criminal, afraid that he would be unable to obtain employment and start out in life again, afraid that the temptations of this world might again prove too much for him and subject him once more to the terrors of prison life. It was a fear of life's hardships.

DAVID HARLAND, 4th Year.

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To a Water Lily

I love the white lily that lies on the streams.
It shines like a crystal in the sun's early beams,
It floats on the water, forsaken, it seems,
And glides ever sweetly and tenderly dreams.
The servants of Nature, the birds and the bees,
Gather its sweetness to scent the cool breeze.
But Death soon claims it. It withers and dies,
To sink 'neath the water far from the blue skies,
And down in the darkness, the gloom of the deeps
It settles at last and eternally sleeps.

D. CORRIGAN, 1D

Room Ten

When winter winds are shrieking past,
Which room receives the wintry blast,
Whether or not the window's shut fast?
At which room do we groan aghast,
But, shuddering, enter at last?
Room Ten!

This dark, dank hole the winter sun
Seems inevitably to shun
From crack of dawn till day is done,
Which room is this that blankets fun
And casts a shadow on everyone?
Room Ten!

R. RUTTER, 4th Year.

The First Date

A boy on his first date is subjected to an elaborate and unique torture. Perhaps you don't believe me. Well, imagine you are taking your first date out to a dance to-night.

You are eager, of course, and do not want to keep your date waiting. Three hours before time you start to dress. Innumerable ties and shirts are tried on before the right combination, usually the first, is selected. You start to worry. Are your trousers too long? How many buttons should you do up on your sports coat?

Finally, aided by some miracle, you are dressed. Your teeth are loaded with amazing new Pepsodent Chlorophil, and your hair is really glossy with Spruso. Then you discover you are an hour too early. Your teeth seem to be growing green, so you try more Pepsodent to fill in time.

You come to her house and knock on the back door. (The front door looked too impressive.) Her parents come out and stare at you, and you contemplate making a run for it.

You stand together at the front of the house. She asks, "How are we going to the dance?" You are well prepared and recite the bus timetable from five a.m. to twelve p.m., including Sundays and public holidays. She looks at you, astounded. You blush and tell her you are just joking. So you look for a taxi. Fortunately only a bus comes or she will be paying the admission fee at the dance hall.

The dance is such a nightmare that I shall pass over it. The nightmare ends so that another may begin. You think you are supposed to walk home with her, but she lives eight miles away. Still, you start walking. She gives the necessary hint. "Haven't you the bus fare?" she asks. You explain that you like exercise.

That's about all. You no longer wonder why Henry VIII had eight wives. You wonder why he married at all.

A. FITZGIBBONS, 4th Year.

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Visitors from Space

Before I begin this strange story, I assure all incredulous people that it is true in every detail.

I am—it has been said—a brilliant physicist and chemist, and at the time when my story begins I was stationed at a secret testing ground in a remote part of Central Australia, where I was conducting a private experiment concerning the harnessing of hydrogen power for industrial use. As I felt hot in the laboratory, I walked to the door and out into the cool shadows, which were beginning to lengthen, for the sun was rapidly setting. As I gazed speculatively at the panorama of red and orange desert, I was suddenly aware of a strong influence tugging at my mind. I was so overcome by this dragging force that I was compelled to walk a short distance to an outcrop of rock.

Standing in the shadow was a young man who seemed to be quite normal except for a very prominent forehead. I began to wonder how this man had arrived. As I was about to ask him, I noticed the odd manner in which he was dressed. The material from which his loose garment was made had a peculiar metallic sheen. His boots were calf high and were made of some type of soft plastic. His hair was cut in the style which was once used in ancient Rome.

Before I could begin my questions, he turned and beckoned me to follow him behind the outcrop of rock. At once I was aware that I was free of that compelling force which had first held me in its grip. It was as if this stranger were now giving me my own choice of following him or not, for I was quite certain that my previous mental sensation was due to some faculty possessed by this man. As he led me behind the rocks, I noticed that his gait was graceful. However, my admiration was quickly changed to astonishment and more than a little awe at the spectacle which confronted me.

An enormous, silver, disc-shaped object with a radius of about fifty yards rested on the ground not fifteen paces from where we stood. At once I recognised this object as an alien ship, apparently from outer space. As a door slid open in its side, the stranger bade me enter. However, being fearful of these people, I quickly turned and began to hasten back, but I was grasped from behind by a pair of firm hands and carried into the ship. As the door slammed behind me, I was aware of a slight pinging every half a minute or so, and I had the sensation of flight and of gaining altitude at a very fast rate.

I was thrown into the room where I am now writing this strange



(Block donated by Temple Bookshop)

narrative. I have been told by these people that they intend to operate on my brain so as to find what makes a human being a genius. However, I hope to defeat them by smashing a glass bubble in the floor and thus allowing my oxygen to escape. I can see them approaching, so I shall now smash the bubble and throw out my story in the hope that it will reach earth.

BRIAN JONES, 4th year.

The Throes of Composition

I am considered quite proficient in the use of the spoken word. In fact at times it has been suggested I might stand for Parliament, but, alas, when I pick up a pen—words fail me!

I canvassed the family for suggestions, and they were not lacking in inspirations. A wide variety of subjects was suggested ranging from "A Trip to the Moon" to an essay on my aunt's cat, but like my ideas on the choice of a career, the only thing I knew was what I did not want to do. I sat down and started to chew my pencil as I thought over the suggested topics, but by bed time the paper was still blank, and I was in dire need of a new pencil. The next night I returned to the fray. When bed time came again, the paper was still blank, so I resolved to go to bed and sleep on it. As I undressed, I looked at my bookcase packed with books and wondered how authors managed to find topics to write about and from where they got their inspirations.

During the course of my slumber I had a dream. There I was busy writing an essay for Mr. Burrows. I had to do only a page, but the more I wrote the bigger the page became. Faster I wrote but to no avail, so I was indeed glad when at the crisis of the dream a voice penetrated my slumber, calling that breakfast was ready.

Dismissing all thought of the essay from my mind, I went to the school sports, and I enjoyed a thoroughly good day. But night follows day, and once again I found myself looking at a blank piece of paper and still chewing my pencil—and this was the deadline!

Finally at great pain his effort has been completed, but next time, Mr. Burrows, please give me a topic and do not leave it to my non-existent imagination.

PHILIP HARDEN, 4th Year.

"The Caine Mutiny"

I went to see "The Caine Mutiny" expecting to witness an exciting war film interspersed with thundering naval battles, air-raids, the sinking of enemy shipping and the various escapades which are connected with naval films. The picture is totally devoid of such events. The U.S.S. "Caine" is a rusty, worn-out minesweeper, but, notwithstanding, "The Caine Mutiny" is one of the most exciting films I have ever seen.

It is perhaps unique as a naval film in that neither the audience nor the "Caine" comes into contact with any enemy vessel throughout the story. The sea, the "Caine" and the war are there only as a setting and a reason for the "Caine" mutiny. Captain Queeg could just as easily be an army lieutenant or the leader of a Boy Scout Troop, but the sea and the war provide a better setting than either of these could do.

"The Caine Mutiny" is not the depicting of a series of exciting events, (such as "The Cruel Sea") but is a drama based on the characters of several men in such a way that one cannot go into the theatre and see the film half an hour after it has begun and appreciate it fully.

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We see the story by following the adventures of Willie Keith, a young naval officer just out of the Academy, and the plot on which the drama hinges concerns the gradual mental breakdown of Captain Queeg, tragic skipper of the "Caine."

The turning point of this drama occurs during a violent storm, when, convinced that Captain Queeg is mentally ill, the plodding, determined First Lieutenant Maryk takes over the command of the vessel, much against the wishes of the Captain.

This ultimately leads to a court enquiry into whether Maryk was justified in seizing command. In this tense court scene the justification of Maryk's action is accepted after everything has seemed to go against him. The very person who has convinced him (much against his will) of the mental disturbance of Queeg denies that he has noticed even anything unusual in the Captain's behaviour. For, in this instance, Queeg, under a barrage of well cast questions, becomes subject to the very infirmity which indirectly caused the mutiny and reveals that he is indeed mentally ill and incapable of commanding a vessel.

This court scene is most effective, mainly as a result of the supreme acting of Humphrey Bogart as Queeg. Not many actors are capable of expressing their emotions by facial expression with the competence of Bogart. Queeg suddenly changes from the suave, urbane naval captain to a babbling paranoid, when he realises his mistake and stops short, with the smile of a child caught in the act of stealing a cake fluttering across his face. Here there is a dead silence as the sympathy of the court and the audience goes out to Queeg and nothing can be heard but the click, click, click of steel balls. The unproportioned build of the actor, the lines of the face, the protruding teeth and the thick lips are most appropriate to this weak-minded, neurotic naval captain.

Another actor able to express his emotions well is Fred McMurray as the glib, vicious Lieutenant Keefer, a journalist in civil life. He plays subtly upon the uneducated and credulous Maryk, convincing him of the Captain's mental distraction and standing back to view the consequences.

"The Caine Mutiny" is a great film and, like all great films, is not entirely without its faults. Between events of importance the audience witnesses the not very interesting love affair of Willie Keith. The depicting of the storm is entirely exaggerated, but one must realise that a storm such as the one which would be needed for the film would be very difficult to produce, even with Columbia's huge resources.

D. MILES, 4D,

“Thieves of the Night”

A Variation on a Theme

The story is set in Egypt at Thebes, about 1350 B.C. A religious conflict was in progress between the rival sects of worshippers of Amen-Ra and the Sun-God, Aton. The Pharaoh, Akhnaton, one of Egypt's wisest men, believed in one true God. However, he symbolized it in the form of the sun. As people were not yet ready for belief in one God alone, upon Akhnaton's death his successor, Tutankhaton, his half-brother, changed his name to Tutankhamen, after the old God, and the worship of Aton was discontinued.

I, Kleptoian, an Egyptian of high birth, son of Holgodan, High Priest of Aton, the all-powerful Sun-God, write this story so that all who read it may believe in the presence of one true God, and the might of Aton. This I have been commanded to do by our noblest of Divine Beings, our Pharaoh, Akhnaton.

On the night following the darkening of the sun by the moon, I was returning from the Festival of the Nile at an early hour, as

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I had become fatigued. As I passed the darkened home of Horem-Sed, our neighbour and the keeper of the Sun-stone, I perceived that a light shone in the Shrine of the Sun-stone. This was strange as Horem-Sed and his family were present along with all other Divine Worshippers at the Nile Festival. On investigating, I discovered to my great horror that two priests of the rival sect of Amen-Ra were removing the sacred portion of the Sun.

The priests were dressed in the customary white, linen gowns of the lower type priests of Amen-Ra. In the middle of the upper portion of these gowns lay a mysterious eye signifying the hidden power of Amen-Ra. As is customary, their heads were completely shaven. I noticed that both men had the savage look of unlearned priests, more fitted to be soldiers. Neither possessed any unusual physical qualities.

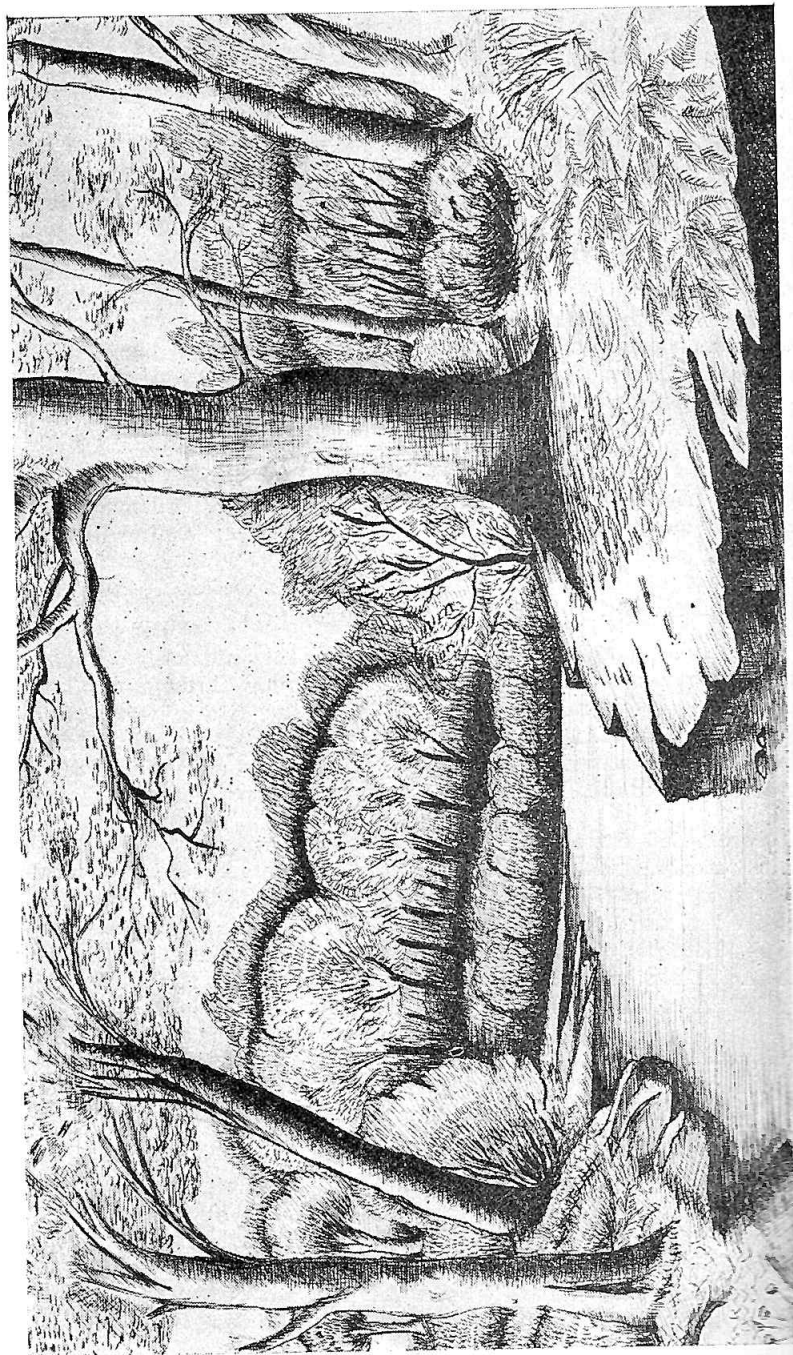
The faint light from the Sun-stone was almost obliterated by the bright flames of their torches. These they had placed in brackets on the walls of the sacred shrine, for they had no fear of interruption. I stood in the doorway aghast at what I saw. Suddenly one of the priests turned and saw me before I had time to hide behind a pillar.

Perceiving that they had been discovered, they hurriedly dropped their papyrus bag and ran from the temple through another entrance. I did not run after them as the streets were very dark and it would have been very easy for them to hide in the shadows and attack me. In fear that they would return with others of their sect I decided to stand guard over the shrine.

Horem-Sed came into the temple about two hours later and found me lying asleep in front of the shrine. As he knew who I was, he was not worried about my being in the temple. He awoke me, and, after I had narrated my story, he summoned two of his bodyguards. He left these to guard the Sun-stone while he and I, together with others of his guards, set out for the palace of Akhnaton the Mighty.

Akhnaton listened gravely to my story. At first, I had been afraid even to look upon the face of our mighty Pharaoh, but at last I lost my fear and told him all that had passed. When I had finished he spoke:

“Fear not for the safety of the Sun-stone, my faithful followers, for upon it lies the protection of Aton. He who touches it and is forbidden to do so, will die. However, I shall proceed to reward you. To you, faithful priest, I give the honour of being priest to my sister and wife, Nefertiti. And to you, whose prompt action stopped the sacrilege of the Shrine of the Sun-stone, I



(Block donated by Australian Institute of Marine and Power Engineers)

give this bracelet of mine." Thus speaking, he put on my hand his bracelet.

As a result of receiving such a valuable gift I was overcome by enlightenment and barely heard the command of Pharaoh to set forth this story of might on paper. Thus, as I write, I have fulfilled my duty. However, for those who wish to know of the fate of the thieves who dared to bring the shadow of doom upon themselves, I enclose this footnote:

On the morning following the above events two mutilated bodies with clean-shaven heads (or what was left of them) were found floating in the Nile.

With these words I, Kleptoian, an Egyptian of high-birth, son of Holgodan, High Priest of Aton, the all-powerful Sun-God, do close this narrative of the might of Aton.

K. LONGWORTH, 3rd Year.

Cricket

Summer is coming,
So soon we must try
To bring in more trophies
For Newcastle High.
Football is over now,
Cricket's begun;
So off to the oval
To have lots of fun.
The batsmen are cracking
And whacking the ball,
Square cutting and driving—
But that is not all:
The bowlers are ready
To trick and to snare
Their foes at the wickets,
So, batsmen, beware!

G. CORLING, 2nd Year.



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Flying Saucers

"Ha! There you are, Professor Olaf. I've been searching all morning for you!" exclaimed a rather breezy reporter as he confronted me as I was leaving my car.

"I've been informed that you have been making a special study of 'flying saucers', and that you've actually seen one at close quarters. How about a short statement? It won't take more than five minutes."

"Well—all right," I consented, against my better judgment. "What do you actually wish to know?"

"Firstly, have you really seen a 'flying saucer'?" he inquired with a faint trace of sarcasm in his voice.

"Certainly!" I exclaimed. "It was when I was on a scientific survey in the Northern Territory. I had just left Cooper's Creek and was travelling at about 60 m.p.h. when out of the fast gathering dusk a blinding ball of light leapt up at me. I swung the steering wheel hard to the right, applying the brakes as I did so. The car went into a sickening broadside, skidding off the road and eventually coming to rest rather the worse for wear against an old stump. Miraculously unscathed, I leapt from the car and sprinted back to the road in an attempt to discover the source of the blinding light. You can imagine my surprise, or one might say interest, when upon reaching the road I beheld a large oval-shaped disc with a girth of about 36 feet and a depth of approximately 8 feet, surmounted by a bell-shaped super-structure. It was surrounded by vicious blue rings of crackling static electricity and was continually changing colour. The hull seemed to be composed of a plastic-like substance. What were obviously jet exhausts protruded from its otherwise smooth surface. The craft at first emitted a low frequency humming sound, but, as wave after wave of colour passed over the hull, it increased in volume to such an extent that I was compelled to cover my ears. The jet out-lets were by this time glowing with a fiery brilliance, which was slowly enveloping the whole ship, until at length it again looked not unlike a fireball. The silence was intense. The strange craft slowly glided forward with gathering momentum, until, with a final flash, it was gone altogether."

"Say, that's a terrific story!" exclaimed a now very enthusiastic reporter. "But tell me, how do you account for the complete absence of noise when the craft was in motion?"

"Perhaps that is something which we shall never really know for sure," I replied after some deliberation. "But possibly the

most reasonable theory is that of Professor Mulford, namely that 'flying saucers', unlike our aircraft, do not have to resort to sheer force as a means of propulsion, but rather harness the magnetic lines of force surrounding the earth by means of a high speed anti-magnetic generator. It was the exhaust from this generator's starting up that produced the ear-shattering noise which I heard."

"Just one more question, if you don't mind, Professor. Where in your opinion do these 'flying saucers' come from?" asked the reported breathlessly.

"Mars, Venus, outer space—who knows?" I replied rather vaguely. "Of one thing I am convinced, however, namely that we shall not discover the truth until the beings who control the 'flying saucers' are prepared to let us do so."

ALAN BLUNDELL, 3A.

Bid for Freedom

The plan was made. We were to wait until our Japanese captors sat down to eat their meal. While the two who were guarding us were trying to stop a sham fight between Jimmy and Brad, who were both sergeants, we were to overpower them and then make a run for the captured American P.T. boat, which was moored to the roughly but sturdily built jetty. We had it timed to the second!

The day seemed to last weeks, and, even though we were standing and sitting under broad-leafed, shady palm trees, we were perspiring freely, not because of the heat, but because of our intense excitement. At one time we were about to abandon our plan, for a convoy of enemy trucks brought in barb-wire and land mines, but, to our good fortune, our captors were far too lazy to enclose us with a barb-wire and land mine barrier that afternoon.

Then the time came. The Japanese sat down to their evening meal, leaving the two guards with us. This was the time to strike. The captain gave the signal, and Jimmy and Brad began their part of the plan. The second signal was given, and, even in our weak condition, we soon overpowered our fiendish guards. Their sub-machine guns were picked up by Brad and the captain, who gave us covering fire as we ran towards the jetty. Luckily, the boat still had the deck-guns loaded. Brad, only ten

yards away, was not able to reload his sub-machine gun quickly enough and was hit in the side by a sniper on the roof of a hut. Jimmy and I whipped the deck guns round and gave covering fire as the captain heroically ran to Brad, and lifted him onto his shoulders and crawled most of the way back to us with his heavy load.

Jimmy, the only one amongst us who understood these boats, put it under way to freedom—freedom to lost souls.

NOEL CLARKE, 3rd Year.

War

The sun rose slowly above the horizon and turned darkness into the grey, dim light of dawn. The wind swirled through the trees, blowing dust and sand from one end of the peninsula to the other.

On Bustuck Hill the radar aerial slowly and laboriously turned in a wide arc, while east, on the opposite side of the harbour, the land forces were preparing to defend the aerodrome, the township and the naval base in case the enemy succeeded in

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sailing through the heads. Two miles out to sea an enemy cruiser fought our two destroyers, while slowly creeping round the headland trying to keep out of sight of the enemy was the old barge, "Mary", taking overdue provisions out to the lighthouse on Cramley Island.

Five hundred yards from old Tom Higgins' log cabin, where the ground slowly slopes down to the little-used log-strewn Lone Pine beach, two small, silent figures crept along the bush track. Behind a big gum tree another one raised his rifle to his

shoulder and cried: "Put up your hands!"

Startled, they swung round and, seeing who it was, called out: "Come on, Bill, let's play Red Indians for a change."

JOHN SHIPWAY, 2nd Year.

I'd Like To Be

I'd like to be a drover
And drive cattle all day,
With not a thing to worry me
And not a bill to pay.
I'd have a faithful cattle dog,
And I would call him Bob.
Should the cattle ever stray,
He would know his job.

I'd like to be a cowboy
With muscles big and strong,
And, when I went out hunting,
I'd take my gun along.
I'd roam the mountain ranges,
Know every inch of land,
A'ridin' and a-ropin'—
Oh, that would be just grand!

I'd like to be a fireman
Upon my lookout tall.
I'd be alert for forest fires,
Whether large or small.
I'd have some men to help me,
A gallant fire brigade,
And, when I blew my whistle,
They'd all come to my aid.

RAY COULTON, 1A.

On a Prawn Trawler

When we reached the open sea, the fog cleared, and the task of placing the nets in the water began. It was hard work. First of all the net had to be lowered from the derrick on the ship's mast to the deck, where it was checked for tears. The net was then paid out from the stern of the trawler, and the boat began to strain as it took the load. While the net was down for the "first shot" (a shot is what the men on the trawlers call the hauling of the nets) the deck had to be washed and the prawn sorting tank made ready to receive the catch.

The net was hauled in by means of a winch on the deck of the trawler. When the net reached about the last ten feet, it was hooked to the derrick until it was just above the tank which was half full of water. The bag of the net (the part in which all the prawns are caught) was untied, and all the prawns, sea weed, fish, crabs, octopuses, mud, wood and small gummy sharks fell into the tank.

The enormous task of sorting was soon in full swing. A whole colony of sea-gulls, some black-capped terns and a few sea hawks were around us screeching, pecking, diving and splashing one another in the deafening fight for the tit-bits thrown over the stern to them. All the prawns three inches and over were kept (and maybe a few less than three inches) and the others were quickly thrown back so that they might live.

When the net was placed out again, another task confronted us, the cleaning of the decks. The hose was attached to a pump driven by the engine, and one hosed the deck while another swept. The one sweeping had the worst job on the boat. He received many unwelcome bursts of sea water on the back of his head. While the deck was being washed, I tried (without much success) to cook the sausages for dinner. The stove on which the unsuccessful attempt was being made was a methylated spirits burner, and therefore the cabin reeked with fumes.

After the sausages were burnt and eaten, the net was again hauled in. We found that it had been snagged and that there was a long gash in the bag. Very downhearted we headed back to Newcastle to place in the markets the four boxes of prawns which we caught in the first shot. One box holds approximately fifty pounds of prawns.

After selling the prawns we headed up harbour to the Wickham trawler moorings. We moored the trawler, thanked the captain and trudged wearily towards home and rest. I arrived

home at six o'clock nearly asleep on my feet, but this did not discourage me, for I had spent a thoroughly enjoyable day.

F. POWELL, 2D.

The Storm

The wind had sprung up suddenly from the south, and I drew my coat closer around me. The grey clouds that had lined the horizon earlier in the afternoon scudded above me, buffeted by the fierce velocity of the rising wind.

A split second later a monstrous clap of thunder rolled across the heavens. With all its pent-up fury released in one blow, the storm broke like a whip-lash, accompanied by torrential rain. I was soon soaked to the skin, and, as I ran, water squelched in my boots. The track soon became a river of mud that adhered to my boots and formed crimson and yellow blotches upon them. Rivulets of water coursed down my face and into my eyes and mouth. The trees bent in the gale, and leaves swirled into the air. I



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slipped, fell and winded myself. Covered in mud I rose and discarded my coat, shirt, shoes and socks, as these would hinder a quick passage home.

Vivid flashes of lightning forked above me to the accompaniment of thunderclaps, some violent, some low and rumbling, but all terrifying in their intensity. A mountainous sea had risen and was pounding unceasingly against the rocks. Columns of spray shot into the air, and water swirled into crevices and alcoves in the rocks. Out to sea a dirty, salt-caked trawler was struggling valiantly against a great green wall of water, which was cascading over the superstructure and sloshing down the companionways.

I must have looked pitiful as I raced along the cliff-top, my hair in an unruly mop and my soaked trousers clinging to my legs. The shack finally came into view. As I hastily opened the door, a vicious clap of thunder rolled across the dark, bleak sky.

W. McCREA, 2B.

The Bush

Way out in the west,
Where the sun slowly sets,
Lies the bush,
The mysterious bush,
And in the bush
Lie hundreds of secrets,
Mother Nature's secrets,
And, when it grows dark,
Mother Nature whispers these secrets
To the stars.

TIM BALE, 1A.

Painting the House

SCENE 1: In a large living-room, which is badly in need of a coat of paint, sit a man, his wife and their boy and girl. The parents are studying colour charts of various brands of paint.

MOTHER: I think we should paint the hall light green, the dining room pink, the bedrooms - er - light blue, the—

FATHER (defiantly): Not on your life! Inside blue; outside green. If you think I'm going to fiddle around painting one wall

pink, another blue and so on, you're greatly mistaken. It would take weeks.

BOY: May I have my room painted?

FATHER: Keep quiet, boy. I'm talking to your mother. (To mother) It'll take only a couple of weeks - er - months, anyway.

MOTHER: But it is a large house. Do you think you can do it all by yourself? Sure you don't want to get a painter to do the job? We could get one without much trouble.

FATHER (sarcastically): Oh, yes! And how much does it cost to get a painter these days? I ask you. No! I can do the job quite well, thank you.

GIRL (to boy): Thinks a lot of himself, doesn't he?

BOY: My word! But Dad's a very handy man.

FATHER: We'll go to town tomorrow and buy some paint. Then we can start the job.

MOTHER: Very well. But I still want at least two colours inside.

CURTAIN

SCENE II: In the same room about six weeks later all the members of the family are painting vigorously.

FATHER: It won't be long before we're finished, I'm sure!

(The phone rings and father goes to answer it. He comes back after a while). Jim wants us all to go for a picnic. Shall I say we'll go?

MOTHER: Oh, how lovely! Let's all go.

BOY (to girl): This will last only a few months. Ha! Ha!

CURTAIN

SCENE III: About one year later during the morning tea.

MOTHER: I thought you said this painting would take only two or three months. A year has nearly gone and we're not even half way.

FATHER: Oh! But consider all the bad weather we've had lately and picnics and golf and so forth. How do you expect me to do everything?

BOY: One thing I'm glad about is that my room is the colour I want it.

GIRL: I'm glad, too.

FATHER (rising): Oh well, I'd better resume work on the three-year plan.

CURTAIN

JOHN JENKINS, 2C

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Killing a U-Boat

A huge white mountain of foam leapt skyward as four 500lb. depth charges exploded at a depth of two hundred feet.

As the destroyer "Valiant" made a sixty degree turn, the star-board lookout called out to the captain on the bridge, "Wreckage and oil on the surface, sir!" The captain acknowledged the message. Slowly, at a range of four thousand feet, the bows of a German U-boat broke surface. "Stand by the main guns!" the captain ordered. As the submarine righted itself, the conning tower hatch was thrown open, and the ship's gun crew went to action stations.

A loud explosion, a stab of flame and a cloud of brown cordite smoke sent an enemy 4.5 inch shell whistling over the bridge of the destroyer. "Range two thousand yards, bearing oh nine oh!" shouted the radar operator. There was the crash of guns as the three twin-gun turrets fired and then silence as the gunners were blinded by the flash.

"Fifteen shots fired, eight hits observed, sir!"

"Very good. Give her another salvo!" ordered the skipper.

Again the "Valiant" fired fifteen shells at the stricken U-boat. "Ten hits, sir!" the gunnery officer shouted. When the smoke cleared, the U-boat had two great holes in the hull, the forward gun was shot away and the conning tower was a shambles. Sailors were jumping into the water, seeking surrender rather than death. Smoke was pouring out of the ventilators and open hatches, showing that there was a fire in the interior of the submarine.

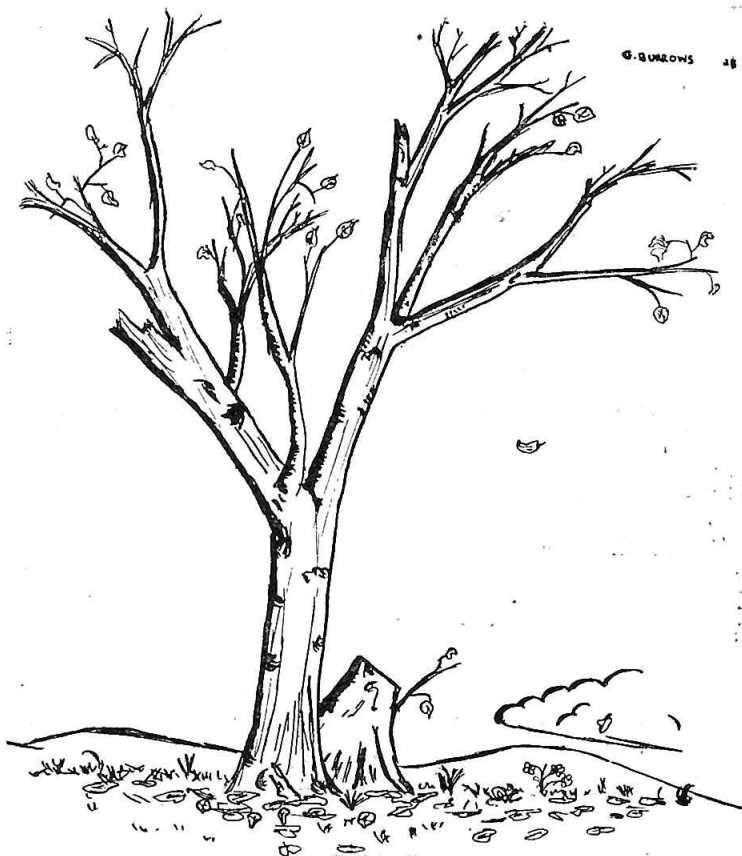
There were survivors, and, after these were picked up, the destroyer drew away. The U-boat settled by the stern. Then there was a terrific explosion, and the U-boat was nothing but a heap of wreckage and a large pool of burning oil.

RODERICK DUNNING, 2nd Year.

The Magic Carpet

To all appearances that Saturday morning, as I reflect, was no different from any other Saturday, except that to me it was the start of a fantastic adventure; for on that Saturday morning I received the "Magic Carpet."

As I was strolling down the main street, with my week's pocket



money resting snugly in my right hand, I heard a feeble voice calling me by my name. I thought this very strange. So I stopped, and turning around I saw a wizened old man jogging down the road in pursuit of me. The old man came to a halt beside me, puffing and panting, and staggering under the weight of a long, brown-paper parcel. This he handed to me. As he did so, he whispered, "Tito to rise, Dido to land."

I returned home, opened the parcel, and a magnificent carpet appeared before my eyes. I sat on it. Then I remembered the words the man had spoken. Breathless with excitement I whispered, "Tito." The carpet became stiff and slowly rose.

The next instant I found myself high above the meadows, which unfolded like a map beneath me. Below me, to my horror, two thieves were robbing and striking a defenceless citizen. I spied a heap of rocks. A plan formed in my head. I said "Dido." Rising again with four rocks on the carpet, I hovered above the thieves and let rock after rock fall upon their heads.

The citizen proved to be the Mayor of our town, from whom I received a big, shiny medal. Oh! Yes, I still have the "Magic Carpet."

R. LAMB, 1B

The Seagulls

The seagulls wheel above the seas,
 Their feathers ruffling in the breeze,
 And, as if in chorus to their call,
 Comes the howling of the squall.

About the cliffs they love to play,
 Gliding, flashing 'cross the bay.
 Everything upon the ground
 Doth harken to their mournful sound.

The seagull in his life has seen
 Many a very tragic scene;
 If he could speak, he would unfold
 The many lives the sea doth hold.

R. LAMB, 1B.

Lake Macquarie

Morning mists were rising and golden beams appeared in the east, as I stood on a rocky headland near Toronto and admired the glorious panorama across the vast expanse of glistening water.

This was my first glimpse of that beautiful lake, named in memory of the early Governor and resembling so vividly its counterpart in Canada. On my left noisy seagulls swooped overhead, searching for unwary prey, and a stray mullet broke the surface in a sportive mood. Before me Bolton Point stood out as a sentinel in bold relief. Above it could be seen the reddish glow of Newcastle's industries as they roared into life once more. On the right Belmont was discernible. Speeding along the adjacent Pacific Highway was an endless stream of traffic, rushing to join the busy city throng.

What a contrast! At the doorstep of nature's wonderland of peace and tranquillity, all the latest inventions of man were harnessed in quest of added power and industrial perfection.

KEN NORTHAM, 1B

A Walk Through the Bush

One summer afternoon I went into a forest near a cottage in which we were holidaying.

As I walked along the rough track, I admired the bush scenery. There was much greenery of trees and ferns. The branches overhead met like a leafy canopy giving ideal conditions for stag-horns, ferns and wild orchids growing on the limbs. The thick trees gave shelter for birds such as the whip bird, the butcher bird, and many small birds. Liana vines twined from tree to tree, and long tentacles hanging from some trees were strong enough to bear my weight. I used these rope-like vines to swing on.

Just before dusk the track became quite gloomy because of the dense overgrowth of trees. It was at that moment that I saw a weird sight. Flitting among the trees and bushes were small insects called fire flies. While they darted about they sent out a glowing substance that looked like sparks.

As evening was approaching, I returned to the cottage, pondering over the wonders of nature.

R. THOMSON, 1D

A Night at the Sydney Showground

The big night had come, for we had made arrangements to go to the Sydney Showground to witness the spectacular Stock Car Racing. It was about half past seven before we had seated ourselves in the grandstand. Not long afterwards, the loud speakers crackled to life, and an official announced the programme for the night.

For the first one and a half hours there were motor-cycle dirt track races. At half past nine, ten midget speedcars were rolled out of the pits and started up. It was not long before the purr of these ten speedcars developed into a high-pitched scream as they came into the straight for a flying start. After ten roaring laps the race finished with Bill Reynolds winning by twenty yards.

Ten minutes later thirty-two stock cars were driven onto the track, two abreast. Away they went with a deafening roar, which would have awakened the dead. The first thing that happened was that number seven was tipped on its side, blocking half the track, and three cars which were behind it crashed trying to avoid it. Then car number twenty six smashed into the judges' box, which is always deserted during a stock car race, and was sent hurtling down the track doing cart wheels. Many other crashes occurred during the race. I counted eighteen major ones. More than half of the thirty two cars had to be towed off the track; yet nobody was injured. The secret of this was that all the cars had a heavy, tubular frame around them, no glass in the windows, no back seat, and everything that was not essential was taken out. The main thing was that the driver was strapped into the aircraft-type seat.

Some nights I still dream of the time when I went to the Sydney Showground to see the spectacular Stock Car Racing.

RODNEY G. WILLIAMSON, 1D

