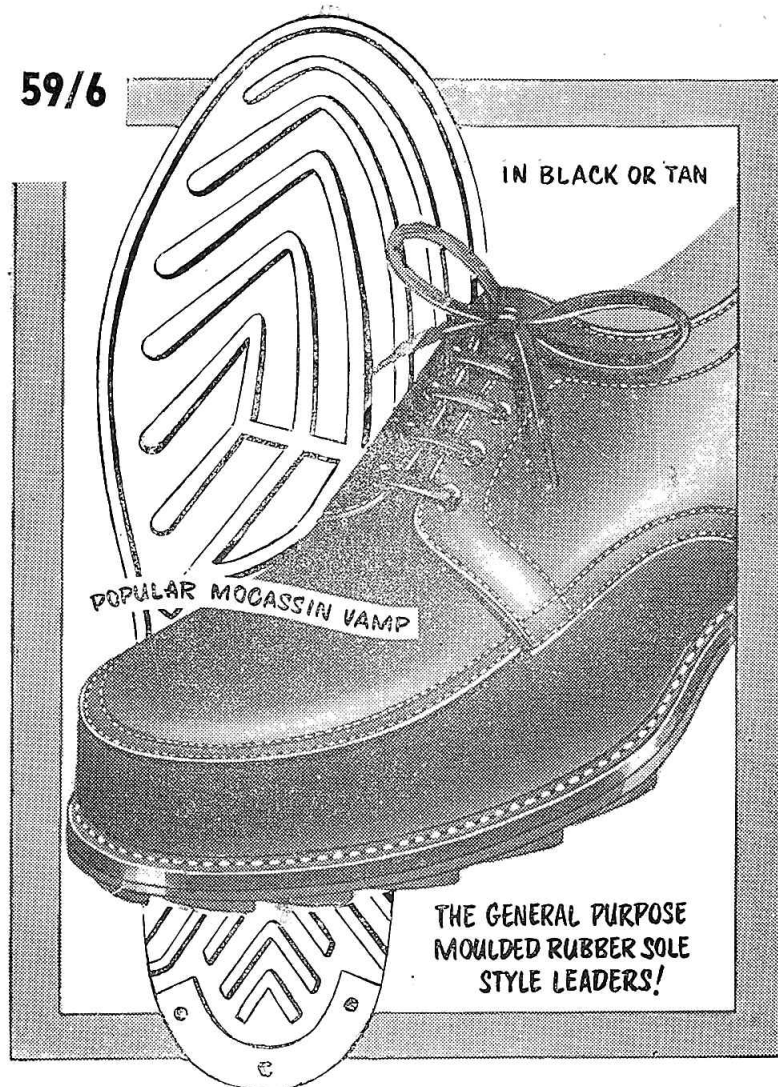


59/6



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I should like to take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Whalen on behalf of the club for his assistance, without which the club could not carry on. We also hope that the Stamp Club will carry on indefinitely.

D. THOMAS, 2D.

## THE MICROSCOPE CLUB

The Microscope Club is one of the new clubs formed this year. We have elected D. Jackson as our President, D. Stibbard as our Treasurer and G. Smith as our Secretary. Mr. C. Osborne presides over our club. On Open Day we had a demonstration on the construction of slides. I regret that the enthusiasm of the boys has been very limited this year, and I hope that next year we shall be more prosperous.

D. STIBBARD, 2B.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Enthusiasm and co-operation have been the keynote in all this year's activities. As a result, the photographic studio at the school fete was an outstanding financial success, the gross takings exceeding £13. Special thanks for this fine effort must be given to S. Bourke, W. Muir, R. Bates and R. Brock, who conducted the technical business of the studio.

This year, as in former years, owing to the limited facilities of the darkroom, membership of the club was restricted to 25 boys. This eliminated many applicants from the junior school. With the money received by way of a threepence donation per week by each member, it has been possible to purchase many books, chemicals, photographic papers, and last, but certainly not least, a changing bag and a developing tank, an indispensable piece of apparatus for the development of "fast" films.

All competitions have been keenly contested, a very high standard being attained in both contact prints and enlargements. Subjects for these competitions covered a very wide field of study and included such topics as portraits, action shots, trick photography, seascapes and landscapes, to name only a few. Competition rules concerning the development and printing of films have been made exceedingly flexible for the benefit of new members. Other club activities include blue and sepia toning, blue printing, enlarging and also developing, printing, intensification and reduction of negatives.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Simpson, the club patron, for his unflinching support and interest even during the recent severe

staff shortage in the Science Department. His instructive talks on the theory of photography were very much appreciated, especially by new members.

Thanks must also be extended to Mr. Gray for allowing us the continued use of the darkroom and Physics demonstration room. We are also indebted to G. Thomas for his generous donations of literature to the club library and to all others who helped make the year such an outstanding one in the existence of the club.

A. BLUNDELL, Secretary

### RECORDER BAND

Once again Newcastle Boys' High School has a recorder band, with a total membership of 32 players. It was founded in February this year. Our leader, Mr. J. Rushton, shows infinite patience in training the boys. Practices are on Thursdays and Fridays, and we hope to play some pieces at the School's Annual Carol Service. Next year a second band will be formed, and all interested are invited to join.

R. WORSLEY, 2B.

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## Original Contributions in Prose and Verse

### DESOLATION

Not a cloud broke the ceaseless blue of the sky, which gradually faded into a pale haze on the distant horizon. Not a breeze stirred the motionless leaves of the drooping ghost-gums by the river bed. The sun, passing its zenith, beat mercilessly upon the parched earth. Not a drop of rain had moistened the land for eleven long months. Slowly the brown grass had withered and, scorched by the burning rays of the sun, had disappeared. The plain now lay bare, brown, cracked with a maze of tiny fissures running in every direction. Scattered bushes stood out black against the dusty plain, their dead branches reaching to the cloudless heavens.

Nearby was the river bed, coated with grey, sticky mud. A blue crane rose from a still pool and with laboured flight wended its way to safety. The pool remained still and stagnant, covered with green slime, which poured its foul and foetid vapours into the still, hot air. More ghost-gums, their stark white trunks mocking the scene, lined the river bed. Occasionally a withered leaf silently dropped to the mud below, and again all was still.

Far out on the drought-stricken plain was a dark object. In a stench of blood and filth lay the remains of a dead beast, its rotting carcass plucked and half-devoured by the hungry eagles, which soared screaming overhead. Flies feasted on tangled entrails, grey-green and dark with blood.

The farmer sat in the shade of his hut, sucking a pipe, the blue smoke lazily curling upward to dissolve into the air. At his feet lay a dog, whose dusty eyes blinked incessantly as flies crawled over his head.

In the yard, the rough trunks of pepper trees could be seen through the scant, brown foliage. About them, a thick carpet of dead peppercorns appeared slightly lighter in colour than the bare earth. An aged post and rotten timbers were strewn upon the ground where a fence had once stood. Cart wheels, separated from their vehicles, which lay in hopeless heaps, were grim reminders of crops which had not been harvested.

The old man rose from his seat, surveyed the plain and bowed his head in thought. For many hours he stood, brooding over his ruin. He remembered his charming wife, whom he had brought to the district in his younger days when crops came green and rich. But all these things were gone, dead, faded with the passing years. Now he was old and haggard. Thus he stood in thought till the fiery sun crept to its hiding-place behind a distant range of

low hills. Darkness spread its veil over the fruitless land. A wind sprang up and moaned across the plain. Alone he stood, meditating, his gaunt figure silhouetted against the starry heavens. Alone, he wondered why all this hardship and misery had been his lot. Was this ruinous drought just one of the vicissitudes of nature? Or could it have been a supernatural retribution for the agony he had caused his dear mother long ago when he had come all the way out into these remote parts against her will? Was it that she had known best, after all?

The white bones of a beast gleamed in the starlight, and he stumbled forward a pace. Then, brooding the while, he began to walk—away into the night. His footsteps died away; nothing but the moaning of the wind remained. Nature, that harsh, relentless force, had shown again, as she is bound to do, that she must hold exclusive sway over her own domains, and that, if any should choose to inhabit her regions, he must become not her lord but her most abject slave.

JOHN COX, 5th Year

## A LONG NIGHTMARE

It was January, 1945. The Allies had pushed their way through France and Belgium, and they had reached the big rivers which cut Holland in two. But these rivers formed a concrete wall across the path of the advancing armies, and the Allies were held back for months. I lived in a little village just south of one of these rivers, about twenty miles south-west of Arnhem. There was heavy fighting very close to us. Standing on the dikes, we watched the landing at Arnhem. But after the withdrawal of the paratroops the river front became very quiet. The Allies concentrated on other parts of the front, and they used our village as a resting place for their troops.

One cold, clear evening I came home after a tiring day of watching the armoured cars, tanks, bren-gun carriers and artillery of the army units in the village, and it did not take me long to fall sound asleep. It was a very quiet, peaceful night. The front was too far away to be heard. The great fleets of bombers which used to come over now took more southerly routes over safer Allied territory. Only a not-too-full stomach reminded me of war. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I was scared awake by a terrible, thundering noise, like a machine-gun being fired by my bed. The noise, coming from the north, roared low overhead, shaking the windows in their panes, and disappeared towards the south. Next day the village was alive with excited people trying to guess what had caused the sound. The wildest stories were heard, but no one knew the truth. A few nights later the same noise came and went, now more than once, but in the same direction. Soon many people claimed they had seen bright flames racing across the sky.

Within a week the noisy flames came very frequently, spoiling our whole night's sleep. More and more of the objects raced overhead until one evening they came over when it was still daylight. We could see the noises now. They were small, black, hornet-like aeroplanes with short, stubby, square wings and long, pointed noses. Each of them had a long tube on its fuselage. This tube spat out long, bright, yellow and red flames with an enormous, sharp crackling noise. It was the V-1 bomb, Hitler's "Vergeltungs Waffe", on its way to Antwerp or London. The Germans were firing them from the quiet country across the rivers, and they passed right over our heads on their journey to destruction. In the beginning the Germans achieved good results. The bombs reached their destination and caused terrible damage. One fell on a full picture theatre in Antwerp and killed several hundred people in one blow. Later in their campaign, however, the Germans, through shortages of material and fuel, were unable to make good quality bombs, and the V-1's were starting to fall shorter and shorter of their goal. While in the beginning whole packs howled overhead, now they came singly, one after the other, at regular intervals.

I was lying in bed one evening listening to a V-1 coming from the distance. Its low, rumbling noise slowly grew into a loud crackle as it passed over, drowning all other noise. The next one came and disappeared. The following bomb already made its deep, far-away, regular roar heard. It came nearer and the noise grew louder. But all at once there was no noise at all. I was lying on my back, trying to see the window in the darkness. What had happened? Had I become so used to the noise that I had just imagined one was coming? I turned on my side to try to sleep, grateful for the silence. Suddenly there was a flare-up of light, followed by a loud explosion. The house shook under the shock. Windows fell in everywhere, and part of the plaster ceiling came down. Then it was silent. Here and there along the streets of the stunned village pieces of glass fell out of their frames like the few last drops of a rain shower, shattering themselves on the footpaths. Just a few minutes more it was quiet. Then the streets were alive with frightened people running around in their night-dress. Everyone was asking everyone else what had happened. My father went out to see where the bomb had fallen. We small boys were told to stay home and go to bed, but this was a torture in all this excitement. Next morning we found that the bomb had dug a crater just over the dike, shattering a lot of glass and lifting some roof-tiles, but it had caused no casualties.

The following night I stayed awake, frightened. I knew now that the bombs could fail, that they floated without power for a long time, and that I would not be able to hear them coming. I was listening in my bed, trying to detect any irregular note in the passing bombs. As soon as they were close by we were safe. But there, one failed while still far off. Its jet uttered a few short,





(Block donated by Armstrong & Royse, Timber Merchants.)

sharp bursts and then—silence. I lay still on my back, straining my ears. The silence was absolute. My brother, sleeping in the same room, made no sound. His breathing was inaudible, but he was awake as much as I was, that was certain. The complete, deadly silence of the dark night was terrible, unbearable. But, while I could not stand the silence, I wanted no noise. Diving under the blankets did not help to relieve the tension, the agony. I wanted to listen. Listen to what? I concentrated, yet I do not think there was anything to concentrate on, except to keep perfectly still. Boom!! There was the explosion. Glass fell again. There was more confusion. But I did not care. Intense relief flowed through me. Our home was still standing. I fell asleep, exhausted by those few moments, despite the other V-1's that still kept coming.

This watching, this listening lasted for two months, a long nightmare day and night. There was no school at this time, and I was very grateful for that. My favourite spot was the top of the dike, for I thought I would be able to see any falling bomb and avoid it. Seven of the bombs fell in the immediate vicinity of the village, yet not one fell in it. Only one farm was flattened, literally folded up, by the air-pressure of one bomb. Another house had its roof lifted off. There was only one human victim: a woman was blinded and seriously hurt by a window which crashed on her.

I am grateful that we came through it so well, but I am sure that this was the most terrifying experience in my life. There is nothing so bad as lying still in the darkness, knowing that death is hovering above you in the silence of the night. Trying to flee is useless as the bomb may fall anywhere. There is no relief until the explosion comes. Then one's heart can start beating again.

F. JUNIUS, 4B.

## PETS

In a comparatively short time, we have had a fairly large number of pets (or, more probably, pests) living with, and ruling over us. First there were three dogs, and then in order after that came a horse, two galahs and a cat. Dad owned all these pets, but, when they had to be bathed, fed, tethered, or put out for the night, they always belonged to my brother or me.

First there were the three dogs—all miniature, smooth-haired fox terriers, whose names were Lass, Nell and Zan. Lass was a "foxie" with a real personality. She never walked. She always trotted along with her nose high in the air, usually with frolicsome Nell close behind, barking and snapping at her heels. Zan was of a more serious nature and kept company with all the male dogs of the community. He had a habit of going out at night and arriving home about eleven o'clock. Where he went on



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his nocturnal excursions no-one knew, but, on the following morning, he always seemed to have a contented smirk on his face.

After the dogs came Bess, the horse. She really was not ours. We were looking after her for a man who went to Queensland for a holiday, but who liked it so much that he stayed there. So we kept Bess. At first we rode her nearly every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, but, after about twelve months, she went into graceful retirement in a paddock near Merriwa. When we had her, she would often break her tether during the day and would gallop around the park with my brother and me after her. Sometimes we could not catch her, but at six o'clock that night, she would be at the side gate whinnying for her chaff. She was one of the most faithful horses, and I was really sorry when she went.

The man who owned the estate where we sent Bess was always being pestered by all sorts of parrots, especially galahs. To decrease the galah population of Merriwa, he sent two young galahs down to us. The day after they arrived, one escaped and, presumably, flew back to Merriwa. The other bird fretted for about a week, but he perked up and, to our surprise, a month later said his first word. This word is the nickname of one of my brother's mates and was derived from a nocturnal fruit-raiding escapade. His nickname is Fig. The galah was probably imitating my brother, who called out to "Fig" every night.

Along with the bird was the cat. It is a jet-black tom-cat, aptly named "Tom". Until this name was chosen for him, he was commonly known as "Rastus". As far as I know, he is the only cat that cannot walk along a fence without falling off. Maybe this is because he is slightly stomach-heavy. He eats and eats till he can eat no more. Soon after we adopted Tom, we had a visit, which has lasted for four months, from another cat, which we found out was Tom's sister. She became known as "Jerry". Although it is a masculine name for her, it goes well with her brother's name.

Mum says she is tired of all these pets, but I wonder what we will get after the cats.

D. DAVIES, 4B.

## MONDAYITIS

Mondayitis is another disease bred by civilization and is suffered throughout the world by every civilized person. Some people suffer only very slightly from this curse, while others find it to be a weekly agony. I belong to the second group.

On Monday morning, very early, I lie peacefully asleep on my bed, but at the back of my mind is the nagging thought that in a short while I must arise from this warm retreat and face the cold hardness of the day. When this time comes, I clutch at every extra second of rest as a drowning man clutches at pieces of straw,



(Block donated by Civic Car Sales.)

until I am forced, by a piece of ice, to jump from my bed and slowly dress myself.

After a breakfast of tasteless pieces of food and cold toast I leave for school without my bus fares and have to return for them. On arriving at school I gaze in mute disappointment at my time-table and notice that first period is Algebra, for which I usually have forgotten to do my homework. When school commences and punitive action has been taken against me for my lack of attention, I usually return to a blissful sleep.

At about eleven o'clock I awaken sufficiently to notice that my apparel is not in order. I have odd socks on, or I have no tie, or my pyjama coat is still on under my shirt, or I have forgotten to take my slippers off. These are only the most common mistakes. On Monday morning I had to return home to put a shirt on. As the day wears on, Mondayitis wears off, leaving me rather tired but in other respects fit, so that when three-thirty is reached I am quite normal. However, my normality leaves me when I attempt to do my homework, and I often surrender in disgust and leave it till Tuesday morning.

I have often tried to diagnose the cause of this phenomenon, but the answer always evades me. It could be "The Goon Show" breeding a disgust of the human race; it could be lack of sleep; or it could be the thought of three periods of Mathematics on Mondays. Whatever it is, I shall have to bear Mondayitis and resign myself to my fate with my usual expression for Monday mornings, "And they call it a free world!"

KEVIN BROWN, 4B.

## MY TEACHER— A CHARACTER SKETCH

I was privileged several years ago to meet a certain Mrs. Westigreen, who, at that time, occupied a modern home nestling in a side-street perpetually shaded by the sombre walls of the North Scunthorpe gaol. She was of meagre dimensions with exceedingly dark, almost black hair, interspersed with wisps of grey, which denoted the approach of age. A piercing pair of eyes seemed to dart and flash from cavernous hollows in her cheeks, on which she lavished quite a deal of rouge. Her insignificant lips were accustomed to utter subdued and pleasant trifles, yet her tiny head contained an alert brain which could vie with that of any University professor. She was gentle, kind and mannerly, and, to all her acquaintances, hospitable.

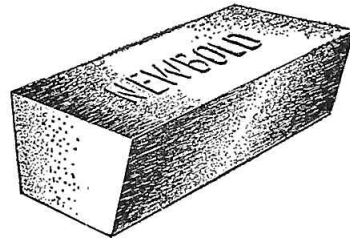
Two years later, this same person could be seen gliding in and out of my classroom, for she had become my French teacher. In the ensuing months I was to discover a great deal more than I had ever expected to know about Mrs. Westigreen. Having been a teacher at the Scunthorpe Girls' High School for some years, she was quite unaccustomed to appearing before a class of witty,

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intelligent and rather unruly boys. She tried to amuse us with petty trifles, agreeable perhaps to giggling effeminate girls, but irksome to us. As she gracefully entered the classroom she would tremulously breathe, "Bon jour, mes eleves." The class was supposed to stand politely to attention and repeat, "Bon jour, Madame". (This was usually performed with a tremendous clatter of seats, and an uproarious shouting of something not English). The French lesson was often interspersed with childish games, such as lining up the class in two teams, the one which could answer the most French questions being the winner. In one of these useless and detested contests, that hated expression "de le" was encountered. Mrs. Westgreen solemnly executed and buried this intruder, while the class reluctantly wasted the lesson by standing in reverent silence for two minutes.

Although one would swear that Mrs. Westgreen was one of the most docile creatures alive, I explored one day (at my own extreme inconvenience) the possibilities of her temper. I politely requested to be excused from her play practice, because I had to attend another. She halted, her face ashen, and then hell itself broke loose. "Then you can get out of mine!" she screamed, the tip of her nose turning red and white alternately. So stunned was I that I was conscious only of a fiery stream of language issuing at an astounding rate from her mouth in a high-pitched shriek for about ten minutes. When she demanded indignantly when I would be able to go to her play, I was so utterly confused that I feebly responded by naming three days of the week, one of which was Friday. "But this is Friday," yelled she, and the burning shower of words commenced anew.

The eccentricities of this woman were evident even in her own home. She had a son, Algernon, who resembled her in many respects. Repeatedly would she tell us of her daughter, who was "not as intelligent as Algernon, but far more beautiful." This damsel was to have been called Judith—Judy—some name like that, but, when it was seen that she was fair, her mother christened the infant Clytie, "after the Greek sun-god," as she would declare.

Mrs. Westgreen had a thorough knowledge of the English language and was well versed in English literature. In addition, she was fortunate in possessing a copious vocabulary. These she employed to advantage when reprimanding her pupils, during which operation the Bible and Shakespeare were frequently quoted.

That she was attempting to observe the fashions has been set down as the reason for the strange and hideous garments with which she persisted in arraying herself. I believe she wished to gain attention by appearing more odd than anyone else. Her wild imagination and her reputation for conjuring up ridiculous costumes won for her the position of fortune-teller at the Annual Fete. She came on the scene as Madame Cara Khan bedecked in masses of flowing veils and trains of blue and red, wrapping



their unshapely folds about her in the breeze. However, her dress decorated with quotations from famous authors is still unequalled.

Never shall I forget the thoughtfulness of this intelligent and virtuous lady, who was kind to strangers, gentle and mannerly in company, and thorough and assiduous in her work. But, whenever my mind dwells upon her, I cannot help sadly regretting that her industry and excellence were in many ways eclipsed by faults arising from her effusiveness and eccentricity.

JOHN COX, 5th Year

## A VALLEY

The big rock whose top I had just reached had concealed a beautiful view from me. It was lying at the entrance of a serene, peaceful valley neatly tucked in by steep, rocky walls on both sides and snow-capped mountains at the back.

At my feet lay a little dreamy village basking in the afternoon sun. The roof of every house was covered by rows of stones, as is usual in Switzerland. A narrow road ran through the village, bobbed up and down over the valley floor and lost itself at the foot of the mountains in the rear. A little farther up I could see small shepherds' huts scattered here and there in the fresh, flower-covered meadows. Clusters of dark green trees stood out like blotches of paint on the light green of the grass. A lively mountain stream hopped down from the snow-covered peaks, rushed and twisted down the valley and, slowing down a little, murmured under an enclosed box-like bridge near the village.

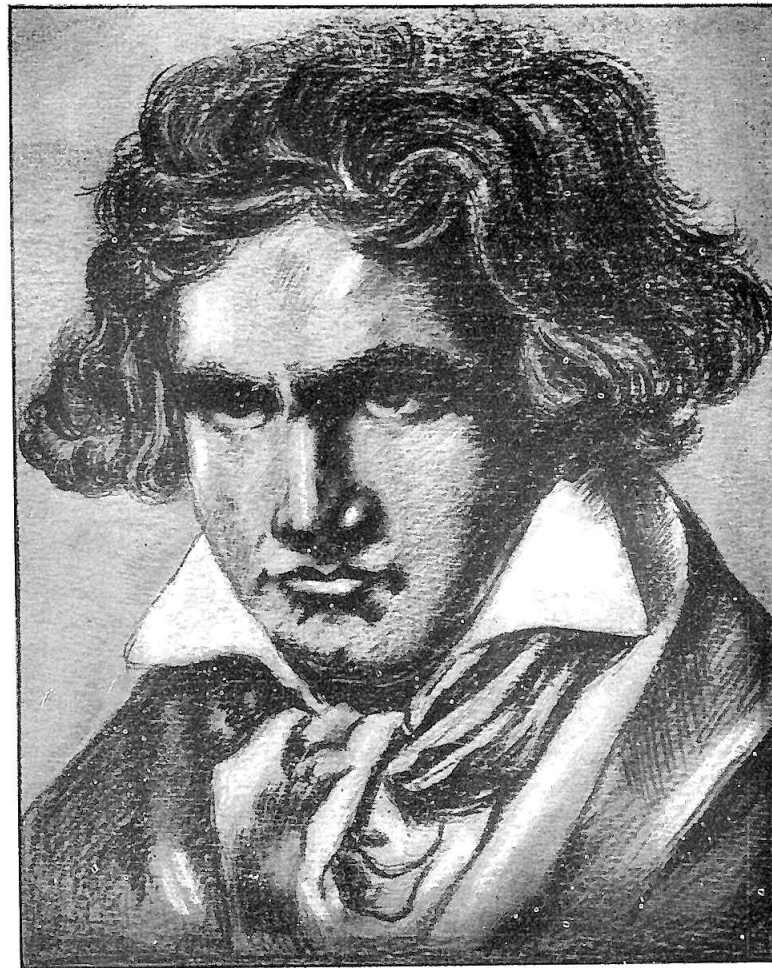
On the right, a bare, vertical wall of dark grey rock rose up. Some small fir trees tried to find a grip in the cracks. A very high and thin waterfall, sheathed in a veil of spray, clattered down the cliff and formed a little, silvery stream which joined the bigger river just above the village.

On the left the valley was closed in by a steep but even slope, covered with a forest of dark, tall pines.

In the background, the jagged edges of the white, grim mountains stabbed the sky. Thin clouds were ripped apart on the sharp crests and formed halos around the peaks. Dark patches of rock among the white of the snow showed where the mountain slopes were too steep to hold the snow. A big glacier slid down into the end of the valley, feeding the little river which would eventually empty itself into the Rhine.

From a picture of the Lautterbrunnen Valley, Switzerland.

F. JUNIUS, 4B.



Drawn by Victor Kalmykoff

(Block donated by Johns' Silk Store.)

Come live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 And dwell in dancing, deathless dales  
 Remote from frantic social gales,  
 Where light-foot kids and new-born lambs  
 Disport in endless dithyrambs,  
 Where dryads from their haunted woods  
 Consort with mortals, and the Gods  
 Descend to bless our nuptials  
 With joyful green-crowned Bacchanals.  
 And, if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me and be my love.

Come live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 Inhabit various hygienic two-roomed flats guaranteed to be  
 entirely free from germs  
 With a refrigerator, three radios, washing-machine, vacuum cleaner  
 and two cars (all purchased on extremely easy terms),  
 And see the flicks each Friday night,  
 And once a week we'll crawl home tight,  
 Throw endless parties, and indulge in  
 Sunday morning, cheap religion,  
 And, should war come, rush helter-skelter  
 To our bomb-proofed air-raid shelter.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me and be my love.

PETER HARDIE, 5th Year

## "PIMENTO"

### AN ATTEMPT AT MODERN SONNETRY

The fundamental interests being here,  
 Both Winter and Spring in marked excess,  
 Have north and south of this stony quagmire  
 Attacked the richer capitalists with zeal,  
 For, in anger, vary in expanse, and  
 Being pre-determined fall one by one  
 Against that wall of nature, thing divine,  
 And perdition now alone remains; but  
 Lonely bird in wind-racked tree feels not this  
 Urging force, insouciant sensation,  
 For being of that tenuous portion  
 Between fallible man and faultless beast,  
 Strives with fear and spite and yet with love  
 Against this show of anger from Above.

S. LARKIN and J. ALLEN, 5th Year

## ROMAN SCANDALS

Today our newspapers occupy too much of their space with scordid and scandalous print. It is said that History is written in the newspapers, but surely History has not always been written in headlines like today's. I won't describe any to you—they're so common and unprintable in respectable journals. It is strange to think what Roman newspapers, writing in the style of today, would have made of such events as the following. Therefore, we shall examine these well-known historical events in modern-style newspaper language.

The first example is from "The Republican Times", Volume CDXCIX No. I, dated September IV. The "blaring" headline reads:

### CLEOPATRA IS ASPED.

A scandal about a well-known woman always makes good reading. Underneath, in smaller print:

#### Antony Stabs Himself

This is not so new news. It was in the morning paper, "The Daily Caesar." But it still goes well with the big Cleopatra scandal.

Here without any further ado is the news story.

"Alexandria, August XXXI, P.P. (Pigeon Post). Today was discovered the body of the ex-Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra VI, known more notoriously as the Serpent of the Nile. It was discovered at three drips in the new tin of the water clock (sixty-six drips in the old tin, Roman standard time) by the cleaner of Cleopatra's Needle. Nearby was a basket of figs, and the bodies of Cleopatra's two serving-women, Charmion and Iras, also adorned the room. Miss Mugtok, the cleaner, aged XXI (a case of giving false information to the authorities is being made against her), stated: 'I was passing from my cleaning duty when I passed the Queen's chambers. I thought I smelt something. I went inside. I was correct. It was bad figs. I thought to myself, It's shocking that fig merchants should be allowed to sell bad figs at the price they are (a Royal Commission has been started on the export of bad Egyptian figs to Rome). I looked up, I saw her, I screamed, I fainted.'

"Miss Mugtok's alibi sounded fishy, so she was held for further questioning by the Royal Guards who had come to inform Queen Cleopatra of the death of her lover, Marcus Antonius, popularly known as Mark Antony, who was formerly a respectable Roman triumvir. (See page XXIX for 'He was Trapped by a Sinful Creature—the inside story of the Antony-Cleopatra Case, as told by his secretary, Eros'). A doctor was called in, who found that the woman in question had been bitten by an asp. No sign of the asp could be found. The Egyptian Guard is rounding up all asp-dealers for questioning.

"It is presumed that Queen Cleopatra, who was forbidden to die by the conqueror of Egypt, His Most August Majesty, Octavian

Augustus Caesar, who has become Augustus I of Rome, had the basket containing the figs and asp smuggled into her rooms. She took the lid off the basket, put her head in and was asped. The snake's bite causes instantaneous death. When informed of the Queen's death, His Most August Majesty Augustus I said, 'Oh! I've got no one to parade in triumph now.' Thereupon, His Majesty burst into most bitter tears because of this fact. Now, turn to page XXIX for the above-mentioned article."

I shall not bother to quote any of "the above-mentioned article" for I expect you get enough of that dribble in the Sunday papers of today.

A big feature which has been creeping into today's papers is the public opinion referendum. A few citizens of the city are asked by "rambling" reporters their opinions on certain subjects. This is not as new as it seems for in Roman times they had something like this:

"'Daily Nero' Questions Public on Feeding of Christians to the Lions.

"A roving reporter from the 'Daily Nero' today asked members of a cross-section of the public their opinions of the feeding of Christians to the lions.

"The first person approached was a well-known garden-statue seller, Mr. Quintus Drulus. Mr. Drulus replied, 'Feed 'em off quickly is what I think. My sales of statues of Roman gods are dropping quickly as more and more people become Christians. 'Urry up and get 'em out of the road.' Mr. Drulus then said a few naughty words in Greek under his breath about the Christians.

"A gentle schoolgirl, Miss Helena Adipata, stated: 'Oh! It makes me shudder to think of those awful beasts attacking those poor people.' Miss Helena then fainted and had to be taken to smell the Tiber River to be revived.

"Mr. Gravus Gravel, a gravel merchant, was the next person questioned. 'Oh, let the lions eat away for all they're worth. Throw in a few patricians, too. I get paid to put fresh gravel on the arena courts after the lions have had their chew.' He then burst into horrifying laughter.

"The next person said, 'No!' We are inclined to think he was a Christian.

"Miss Matilda Mugina, a spinster, aged XXXII, a society bloom, said: 'I wish they would stop it. People go to the arena to see the sport instead of coming to my garden parties. And I do practise my lyre-and-song solos so extra hard, too. The smell of the lions

is becoming terrible. I've been forced to buy extra roses to help eradicate the smell.'

"Next-to-be-questioned was the society gardener, Mr. Petallus Pongus, who has lately been selling more flowers because of the lions' smell. There's no need to ask his opinion.

"In the general grouping of those for and against we find:

"For: Undertakers, Flower Sellers, Popcorn Sellers, Sellers of Statues of Roman Gods, Gravel Merchants, Priests and Soothsayers, Lion-keepers, the Emperor and, therefore, all members of the Court.

"Against: Christians, Schoolgirls, Society Ladies, Theatres, Gambling Dens, and against Night Performances other forms of entertainment, Wholesale Animal Feed-keepers, and People Who Live Close to the Lion-cages."

Those are two examples of how Roman events would be described in a newspaper of today. They are not really as shocking as one would think, are they?

K. LONGWORTH, 4A.

## R A I N

Incessant wind buffets the shrouding darkness  
And languidly moans in restless, haunting fits  
About the solitary, ghost-like house.  
The pitiless, hard drops of hissing, slashing rain  
Spitefully spatter against my window pane—  
A twilight luminosity down which  
Silently dribbles a cold, unfeeling stream  
Which makes me shudder.  
The downpipe speaks an eerie symphony.  
Dawn breaks—a harsh, depressing dawn,  
Its long, attenuated fingers stealthily  
Groping the turbulent, cavernous blackness,  
Then madly clutching in eager, greedy handfuls  
A frigid, watery, steel-grey sky;  
A lurid, glaring dawn,  
Gradually discovering to the sight  
A dreary landscape veiled in drifts of rain.  
Cattle, drenched and statuesque,  
Stand pensively in yellow, sodden paddocks.  
Glistening trees stoop dejectedly,  
Their gripping tresses straggling in the rain.  
And sombre mountains, clad in wreaths of mist,  
Their jagged, scowling, everlasting summits  
Wrestling nobly with frayed and jostling clouds,  
Rise as eternal sentinels of the valley.

JOHN COX, 5th Year





The late Frederick Shepherd Smith, D.F.C., B.A.

## Mr. F. S. SMITH, D.F.C.

On the 14th February this year our school was suddenly paralysed. "Fred" was gone. While indulging in one of his happiest pastimes, swimming, he had accidentally drowned.

Mr. Frederick S. Smith was a quiet and unassuming man, with high morals and very good taste. "Fred" was no saint, as we often found out in class.

He would sit up for hours at night marking our essays, so that we could have them back for the next lesson. He did not consider himself, and only that we might get a good pass in our exams did he spend so much time collecting all sorts of information for us on Shakespeare and other sections of our work.

It was obvious from his eyes and his energy that he loved his work. If a boy did not do as well as he could have done and was not promoted, just let anyone criticise him in "Fred's" hearing. "Fred" did not have a harsh word for anyone, except to prevent him from hurting someone else.

I have not met another humorist such as he. Mention the one word "Kelly" to anyone in "Fred's" class, and that person would rock with laughter.

Since this essay is primarily for those of you who did not know "Fred", I should like to tell of a few of my own experiences. Once I dared to praise him at the end of a composition, and he wrote underneath: "No marks for flattery." On another occasion I looked out of our class-room door and called out, "Here comes Freddie." As he came in the door, he said, quietly and simply: "Your voice carries, Master Matthews." Everyday statements such as these meant a lot to all who knew him.

All those who saw his productions, "Arms and the Man," and "School for Scandal," remember how perfectly they were produced, and how, as at concerts and on other occasions, he was too modest to come on stage or come down to be congratulated.

Personally, I have never felt a greater blow than when I found out our A.T.C. Officer in Command, "Freddie" Smith, had left us. And I was only one of hundreds who felt that way. "Freddie" was the "tops". I am very proud to have known him.

D. MATTHEWS, 4C.

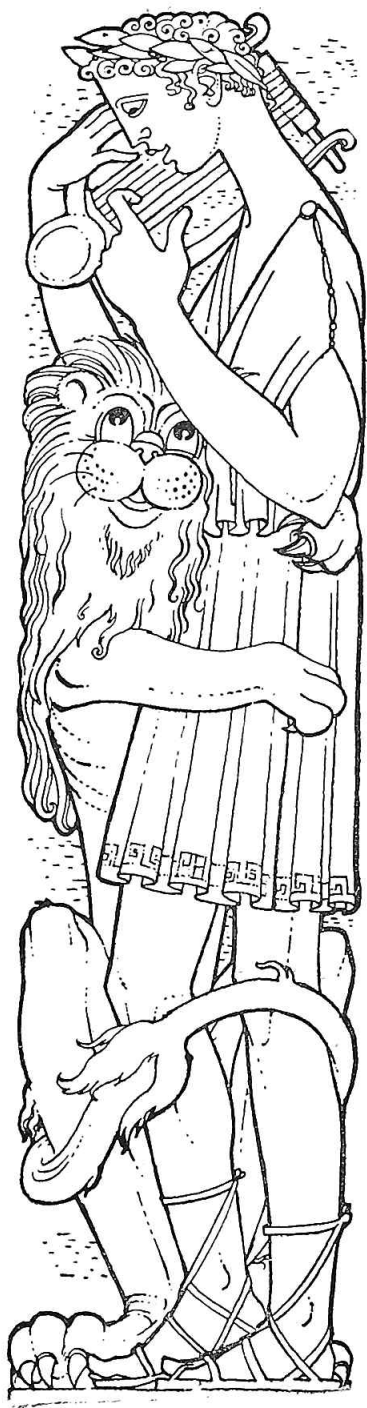
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## CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

### AN ADAPTATION OF XI

Furius and Aurelius, faithful companions of Catullus, whether on a journey to distant India, a shore beaten wearily by the resounding swell to which the East gives birth.

Or among the Hyrcani and the sensual men of Arabia, or the Sacae and the wary Parthians, bearing arrows, or where the sevenfold Nile flows forth and stains the sea with earth.

Or whether he will trek across lofty Alpine heights, to visit testaments of the might of Caesar, the Gailic Rhine, the dreadful foam, and remote Britain, slight though be its worth.

You, ready by his side through all these dangers and others that the Gods impose, take an unkind message to my mistress: that she should hear those few words, my friends, is all I wish for now.

Bid her live and be gay with her lovers, three hundred of whom she holds in one embrace, exhausting the strength of all, and yet though ever making love, to love she knows not how.

Let her not think to wait for my love, as before. That love, through her fault, has bled forth its precious life as does the flower on the verge of the meadow, having been touched by the passing plough.

BRIAN SOMMERS, 5th Year

## CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

### AN ADAPTATION OF XXXVIII TO CORNICIUS

Your Catullus is not well, Cornificius, he ails indeed By Hercules' great power:

And with the chill of pain the shadows gather speed In every day, by every hour.

And you, have you done those things surely not great, Nor difficult to do:

Have you come to give him comfort, inquire for his state? Then I am angry with you.

This, then, is the friendship I have cherished through these years?

Ah, Cornificius, please

Some slight comfort: though deep with sorrow as the tears Of Greek Simœides.

BRIAN SOMMERS, 5th Year

## DAY OF REST

Church of England service on the air:

Embarrassment's throes  
For the undistinguished reverend gentleman  
Singing undistinguished prose  
In a tuneless sometimes cracking monotony.

Turn it to another station:

Top Pops (World Wide),  
Monotonous morcns yowling, stereotyped discords,  
Delirium amplified,  
The announcer drawing like a real American.

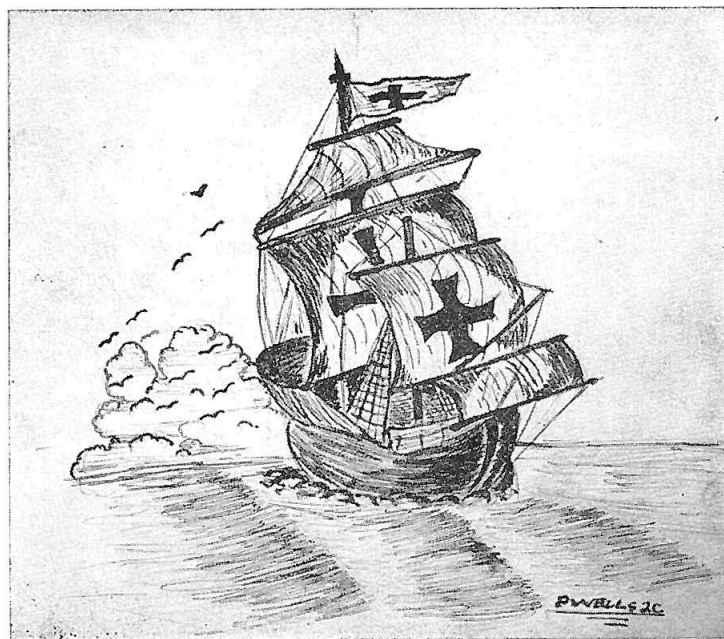
Someone is flying a model aeroplane:

Loudness, louder  
Up round and down in an ear-splitting circle,  
Madness, madder  
Unrelenting consumption of the crisp brain.

Eternity fades it, to introduce

An electric mower  
To wail and vibrate with wounded agony  
Faster, slower,  
Distracting the mind, ravishing Sunday in the heat of noon.

BRIAN SOMMERS



(Block donated by Rylands Bros. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.)

## FINALE

The great ship from space stood starkly outlined like a pencil against the pale light of Earth's dawn. Thin wisps of smoke drifted lazily from her rocket tubes and melted, wraith-like, into the gloom. The ground beneath the tubes was still glowing dull red; the same ground that, five minutes previously, had been churned into white-hot fury by the heat from the ship's landing jets. Now all was still. No sound except the soft sighing of the wind in the trees broke the still, apprehensive silence, as if all the world waited with bated breath. Man's lifelong dream had at last been realised. People from another world had made contact with Earth.

It was not until the morning sun had risen high in the sky that any movement was seen from the great ship. Slowly, almost indiscernibly, a panel in the lustrous surface of her side swung open. A ladder slid out and set itself on the ground. Then, one after another, three space-suited figures climbed somewhat laboriously to the ground. Not unlike Earthmen they were, with longer arms and legs, and small eyes. Their ship had landed on a hill, and from this vantage point they could see far over the land. They surveyed the scene in a shocked silence.

Below them lay the remains of what must have once been a great city. The proud buildings had been reduced to rubble by some fantastic force unleashed in all its fury. For miles around the once green earth was scorched a deadly brown. Here people must have lived and died. Further away to the east was a great sea; no longer the blue sea that had inspired poets to write odes to its beauty, but a dark, reddish-brown, heaving mass of debris and wreckage. Here too was death. They turned their eyes to the west. There a great chasm half a mile in diameter had been gouged from the Earth, torn out, as if by some giant hand. They looked — and they wondered.

The three beings from space stood there a long time, letting their eyes rove over the panorama of awesome destruction and feeling the heat of the breeze even through the thickness of their space suits as it whirled round them. A faint flicker of sadness and pity crossed their impassive countenances. Then, slowly, they turned and made their way back up the ladder into their space ship. They knew, they who had learned to live in peaceful co-existence on their own distant world, what terrible catastrophe had struck the green orb that had winked invitingly through their telescopes. They knew the meaning of the destroyed cities, the gaping craters and the dirty-brown oceans. Earth was dead, dead because it had tampered with powers beyond its control or comprehension.

Once again the ladder was drawn silently up into the ship; once again the panel in her side slid across. A slight hum filled the air and swelled to a thunderous roar. The tortured air eddied and



swirled as white hot flames seared from the rocket tubes. Slowly, like a great silver bird, the space ship rose. Then faster, higher, her jets humming a song of power, she soared into the heaven, until she was just a bright speck in a grey sky.

Once more silence lay like a blanket over the world that was once Earth. It had been a long time since the searing death had rained from the sky, crumbling cities to dust and killing every living thing with deadly radiation. The grass was starting to grow over the ruins, and flowers were springing up in the bomb craters, and once more soft rains caressed the tortured, pock-marked face of the Earth. Perhaps, one day, Earth would live again. Perhaps birds would sing in the trees, and cities would be built from the ruins that now lay scattered over the horizon.

The men from space had come, bearing their gifts of knowledge and wisdom, but they had come as the curtain was drawn on the finale of a great show—Earth's first, and last atomic war.

ROSS EVANS, 3A.

## TRAIN JOURNEY

A glistening drop of water from a saturated brown-leather port in the luggage rack above fell on a bald, somewhat shiny patch, hiding surreptitiously beneath a few thin hairs. Another drop joined its predecessor to form a shimmering, minute pool. The reaction of the victim could not be seen as his face was buried in a news journal. Watching with interest this incident, I became slightly annoyed at being cheated of seeing the facial expressions caused by these little annoyances. Perhaps he was not aware of their presence—at any rate, I could not see his face!

He was dressed in a navy blue, pin-striped, conservative suit and wore a black tie. His black shoes, remarkably large, covered a striking pair of bright pink nylon socks. Pink socks! These were altogether incongruous to his conservative appearance. Why was he wearing pink socks? It is unfair that only he should know the reason why, while I can only wonder or guess. The newspaper, as if trying to taunt me, still hid the countenance of my subject. Only the top of the forehead, lined with a few slight wrinkles, was visible, surmounted by a sparse crop of hair, thinning to a bald patch in the middle.

It then occurred to me that he had been looking at the same page since I had been watching him. Surely he would have read the whole page by now! As if aware of my thoughts, he reluctantly turned over the page and commenced to read the page that had been facing me. There, in the middle of the page, was a photograph of himself, shaking someone's hand. My amusement at his conceit turned to laughter when I saw that he had the oddest head one could hope to see. The "odd head", alarmed at my loud, uncontrol-

lable laughter, dropped his paper, gave me a nervous glance and made a hurried exit from the compartment, forgetting his brown-leather port but clutching in his hand the newspaper with the precious photograph in it.

Incidents like these prevent a long journey from becoming tedious and boring. I hope the next passenger is just as interesting—two hundred miles is a long way.

D. MAGIN, 4B.

## WIND AND LIGHT

Coarse, black, grinding gale,  
Wuthering the stone-cold wall,  
Thy rasped, cruel blade doth slash and flail  
All cringed before mad-furied gale,  
All shackled by obdurate night,  
Save ice-mailed beams of ice-white light  
Shot from naked iron lamp-post,  
Scorning wind's eternal boast,  
Steel spears piercing my window glass,  
Through which the gale may never pass.

DOUG. MILES, 5th Year

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## THE WATERFALL

The scene was one of grand magnificence. Set in a wild gorge in the middle of the tropical Atherton Plateau, the scene was one of nature's best. Towering above us, the cliff-face rose sheer from the ground to dwarf us. As we approached the base we were nearly deafened by the water's pounding against the rocks. At last we reached the cleared space at the base of the waterfall.

Here in this sylvan setting we could not help but admire nature's beauty. Far above us the water leapt over the steep cliff, plunging hundreds of feet to dash against the outcrop of rock at the base of the cliff. As the water hit the rocks a fine spray was thrown up, through which the sunlight streamed and created myriads of sparkling rainbows. The crystal-clear water fell back into a stream, which plunged through the dense tropical jungle.

The trees nearly enveloped the tinkling stream. Among these trees flitted many brightly coloured birds. There were also gay plants and flowers twining around the base of the dense growth. The sun shone through the leaves of the trees at different places, forming a pattern of dark and light green patches where it struck the undergrowth.

We worked our way to the top of the cliff by a devious route. When we reached the top we saw that the stream tinkled merrily out from a gash in the rocks. Although the stream did not flow violently, a considerable amount of water ran over the cliff. The growth at the top was a distinct contrast to the growth at the base. Whereas there was tropical undergrowth at the base, at the top was delightfully green, lush grass, perfect for cattle grazing. While we were on the top of the cliff we could admire the awe-inspiring view of the surrounding countryside many hundreds of feet below.

GRAHAM SYMES, 3C.

## WATCHING THE SUNRISE

One of nature's glorious scenes is a sunrise. To see beauty in it one must look at it for some time. Unlike most of nature's scenes it lasts for a long while. This enables famous artists to paint one of their most colourful pictures. Looking at one of these pictures, one can see a beautiful sight, but to see the real beauty of it one must see the actual sunrise itself.

The sun rises gradually over the hilltops, lighting the whole of the countryside. Brightly coloured flowers, covered with early morning dew, gleam gorgeously in the sun. The grass has now become a totally different shade of green from what it was a little while ago. The trees, still a different shade of green from the grass, cast dark shadows over the ground. The hills provide a cluster of light and dark patches which seem to be moving gently in the

wind. The few clouds that are in the bright blue sky are as red as burning coke. The wonderful variety of colours this sunrise makes causes it to look so lifelike.

The sunrise over a lake is, perhaps, more beautiful than one in the countryside. This is due to the reflection of the sun in the clear water. The water becomes silvery white, and the picture looks as if there are two suns. This, of course, would mean that the view would be twice as pretty as it normally is. The sand and pebbles on the shore, in contrast to the water, are a dark yellow colour, and little dark specks of shadow can be seen amongst the pebbles. Yachts that are cruising on the lake in the morning look spotlessly white and seem to stand out from the water. Along the waterfront brightly coloured holiday bungalows gleam in contrast with the ground around them. In different places along the waterfront a tree will cast its shadow onto the ground surrounding it. Sunbeams shine through these trees, and so there are specks of white amongst the shadows. The bright red clouds tend to change the silvery water to a pastel red, bringing more colour into the picture.

These are only two instances of how beautiful a sunrise can be. There are many more, and all of them are made by the giver of life himself, the sun. For further beauty in the one day, one should see the sunset. That is another one of nature's triumphs.

JOHN NEWMAN, 3C.

## THE RUINS

The gaunt, grey battlements of the castle stood silhouetted against the slate-coloured clouds scudding ominously before a chilling wind that moaned eerily through the gaps in the crumbling masonry. All that remained of the moat were stagnant pools covered with a putrid mass of green slime, from which rose a nauseating stench. The decaying casements stared at the desolate countryside like the eyes of the blind. The maw of the dim gateway yawned with a portcullis looking like a row of decayed teeth. Fallen blocks of masonry littered the base of the ancient walls, and here and there a thick velvet of green moss had crept over them.

The same sense of desolation pervaded the interior of the ruins. The flagstones were worn hollow by the passing of a thousand feet. Misty shrouds of cobwebs covered the walls like a thick blanket. Ancient suits of armour lay rusting in damp corners, and weather stains had formed patches of green mould, marring the richness of the cedar panelling.

As one stands contemplating this decay in the dusty hall, one becomes imbued with the sense of the presence of ghostly forms which do not belong to this century.

DAVID JAMES, 2A.

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## A PHANTASMAGORIA OF THE MIND

Richard Thorndyke found himself walking through a strange and gloomy forest. The trees' gnarled trunks supported a vast canopy of dark foliage. A strange feeling gripped him that he was being watched. Something made him turn aside down a narrow path which led to a dark grove. Reaching the grove he paused.

Suddenly from beneath his feet came a strange sound of grating, which made Richard's hair stand on end. Recovering from his fright, Richard ran to a clump of bushes and peered through apprehensively. A section of the ground slid silently across, revealing a dark abyss. Slowly from this abyss a strange, silvery dome ascended. As it rose it was accompanied by a high-pitched whine. Richard watched in awe as a silver panel folded silently down. From the darkness within came a series of squeakings. A figure appeared in the doorway, but it was not human! Richard perceived that it had a large, grey dome-shaped head. The remainder of the body (only about two feet in height) ended in long tentacles tipped with sharp claws. Abruptly the creature, squeaking and blinking in the light, "plopped" to the ground. To Richard's astonishment dozens of these beings emerged from the dome. The one that Richard had first seen appear apparently began to instruct his followers. He pointed to the dome with a long tentacle. A number of the grotesque beings clambered into the structure and presently re-appeared, each carrying strange silver weapons.

The leader issued more squeaky orders, and the weird army began to move in quick runs towards the main path. One of the rear weapon-carrying creatures turned and saw Richard, who scrambled to his feet and fled. The gun-bearer uttered a loud squeak, which caused the army to turn and see the fleeing Richard. They squeaked excitedly and ran in hot pursuit. Richard ran on. His breath started to fail. The leading gun-bearers stopped and fired their weapons at Richard. Luckily they missed, for the rays began to disintegrate any objects in their path. As Richard raced around a turn in the forest track, he saw a deserted shack. He staggered in and slammed the door. Miraculously a key was in the old and rusty lock. With a supreme effort he turned it and sank exhausted on a pile of dusty sacks. Minutes later his haven of peace was broken by a beam from one of the ray-guns. The door disappeared in a sheet of flame and smoke. When the smoke cleared a group of sinister figures was surveying him as if in contempt of his efforts to escape.

The leader turned to his henchmen and addressed them in his high squeaks. Slowly a creature stepped forward and raised his deadly weapon. The black nozzle of the gun pointed at Richard. Panic gripped him. A blinding flash of light followed. The cold sacks turned to warm blankets, and the creatures had vanished.



Then a familiar voice began to speak through the darkness, at first faintly, but gradually becoming clearer. Loudly it boomed: "Time to get up, Richard." Richard woke with a start, to find his father shaking him.

"You've had a nightmare," he said.

"What horrible creatures!" Richard exclaimed.

His father stared in amazement.

"You wouldn't believe it, even if I told you," said Richard with a sheepish grin.

DENNIS CORRIGAN, 2D.

## THE GARDEN

In front of the low, whitewashed picket fence grew a row of violas, spreading a carpet of bright yellow along the front footpath. Behind these, poking their thorny heads splashed with radiant red and primrose above the fence, grew the rose bushes. As I walked down the path I perceived rows of pink, red, yellow and white poppies swaying in the slight breeze. In front of these grew pansies, those beautiful little plants endowed with all the colours of the artist's paint box. The main feature of the garden, that which overshadowed all others, was the azaleas, painting a brilliant picture with their foaming masses of orange, scarlet and shell-coloured petals. Climbing the front wall of the bungalow were the sweet peas. With their rich colours of white, cream, blue, crimson, pink, scarlet, salmon, orange, mauve and lavender and their sweet perfume, they seemed to welcome the stranger and cheer the inhabitants. Beside the front door was a staghorn clinging to its host, the old gum tree. At the base of this, half a dozen pots were arranged to lend a striking effect. They contained orchids, bizarre, beautiful or brilliant, according to one's views. At the base of the sweet peas grew a small patch of violets, with their sweet fragrance and rich colour. Along the side fence, open to the sunlight, I noticed a bed of carnations. Their perfect form, their delicacy of petal and poise, and their fragrance and colour made them a match for any other flower.

The vegetable garden was at the rear of the bungalow. In neatly arranged rows grew cabbages, lettuce, broccoli, cauliflowers, peas, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, beetroot and parsley. In one corner of the yard an orange, a mandarin and a lemon tree grew beside a small shed. The other corner contained an incinerator from which little wisps of smoke curled skywards. Offering plenty of scope for hungry passers-by was the passion vine, completely covering the back fence.

It seemed to be an almost perfect garden, a thing for which one could only wish. My thoughts wandered to my own garden. It was a direct contrast to this paradise.

JOHN SHIPWAY, 3C.

Wavelets slap the stony shores, and crabs  
scuttle for shelter under friendly rocks.  
A lonely dinghy slowly tacks for home  
as daylight wanes.

Brave silhouettes replace the clearer sights  
of day; and even now the shadows lengthen,  
till shrubs are pines, and even smallest men  
are as the mighty.

A path of shimmering gold lies on the lake,  
trod only by one fisherman returning  
to home; his boat the only blot  
on the sun's last glory.

The stillness hangs like a shadow over all,  
the very creatures of the earth are stilled  
by a mightier hand than ours; all waits in silence  
for the abdication.

Then, like a fiery ball perched near a dark abyss,  
the burning mass halts for a moment and waits  
as in a final farewell it stands on the edge of the earth,  
then plummets to oblivion.

For a time an unearthly glow will stay.

Then this, too, will silently die away.

R. RUTTER, 5th Year.

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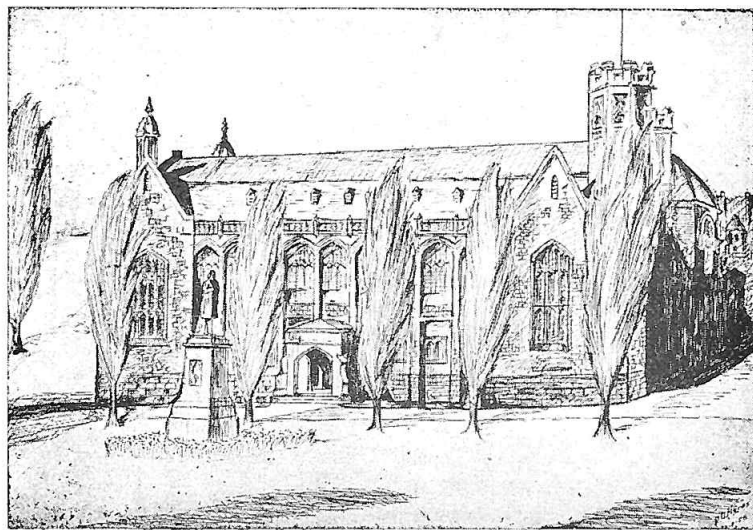
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## A BUSHFIRE

Before the fire had come, the land was vastly different from the black stumps that were now making a travesty of the once beautiful countryside. I remember the slender stream, like a downward smoke, falling tinkling to the once diaphanous lake below. The silent pinnacles of aged snow still stand sunflushed above the shadowy pine, majestic above the woven copse.

Here the conflagration began—between the pines. It was noticed early, and immediately men rushed to the rescue. Paratroops jumped into the wilderness from fire-fighting planes. From huge camps, loggers and rangers moved, tool-laden, up the trails to quench the blaze. But the brave men had to keep gradually moving back from the tongues of flame licking greedily upwards and around. The fire came forward, advancing menacingly. It enervated men, but still they fought till they dropped from exhaustion. Could it ever be stopped was the question which seared everyone's heart.

The fiery menace advanced to the shores of the lake. A hasty cordon of raw earth was scraped about the flames. The fighters made a last stand—a semi-circle with the lake forming a diameter. At last they were sure the fire would not defeat them. They waited patiently for it to burn itself out. Eventually it did, after many



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

breaks for freedom that were extinguished by means of the most up-to-date chemical appliances.

Where once had been a green and beautiful forest filled with the rustle and movement of life, now there were only blackness, ugliness and desolation, and over all hung a heavy, oppressive silence.

BRIAN COGAN, 2E.

## THAT DOG OF MINE

My dog has had a very rare experience. Probably being the only dog in Australia who was born in Derbyshire in the North of England, he has been extremely lucky. After having travelled over twelve thousand miles he made new friends and settled down to life in Australia.

One cold and windy day in March my cousin came into our house with a little black creature huddled up in her arms. It was to be my own dog. He was put down and soon was running from room to room exploring his new home and leaving little wet patches behind him. His fur was as black as coal with the exception of a little white patch on his chest. Even now I am not sure of his breed, but the best way to explain what he looks like is to say that he is a Labrador, only very much smaller.

There were two questions that had to be answered. They were, "What shall we call him?" and "Where will he sleep?" The first was easy, and before long we had decided upon "Kim." One of our cupboards was emptied to make a very comfortable bed, and so the second question was answered.

He was a very playful dog. In the first two years of his life he spent most of his time playing ball and being taught lessons. These have done him the world of good, for he is now very obedient, and he is a very good cricketer. Although he cannot bat or bowl, he sometimes takes some of the most miraculous catches.

There are always worries attached to keeping a dog. Just before we came to Australia, twice he was missing. For three days we saw nothing of him. When at last he came back we were so pleased to see him that we did not punish him. He must have taken advantage of this because not very long afterwards he again disappeared for three days. The reason for this was kindly explained by our neighbours, who said that dogs are bored at seeing people packing up and try to amuse themselves elsewhere.

However, he was not missing the day we sent him to be put on board the ship. This must have been the most frightening experience that he has ever had. Instead of being able to walk onto the ship, he was taken up in his kennel by a crane. We were told afterwards that he was thoroughly scared. He has since grown a white patch under his chin, and we often talk about his "going

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★ For information, consult your local Parents' Organisation. They have all been notified throughout the State, and necessary forms are available and sent immediately when requested . . . or contact

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grey with worry". He was the only dog on the ship, and, although he was confined to the back of the ship, the passengers made a great fuss of him. For health reasons he had to be kept in quarantine for sixty days. When we saw him again, he jumped for joy more than at any other time that I have known.

He is now six years old, and I hope that in the next six years I have as much happiness with him as I have already had.

JOHN NEWMAN, 3C.

## SPEAR-FISHING

Even if you have been spear-fishing only once, it will be an experience you will never forget. To enjoy all the pleasures it offers, however, you must have the proper equipment, which includes one or two layers of skin-tight, long-legged and long-armed woollen underwear, preferably black, flippers, mask and snorkel. The last is a curved piece of plastic tube with a simple valve system at one end and a mouthpiece at the other. It fits under the strap holding the mask on and aids greatly in breathing, so that the spearman can lie just below the surface and search for fish along the bottom while breathing freely. A lead belt is worn around the waist. It is a web-belt with lead weights attached to it and neutralizes the spearman's natural buoyancy.

Now comes the most important part of the equipment, the speargun. A popular type is five feet long, is made of wood and has a rifle-like stock for easy loading. A round spear four feet long is propelled by two sets of 5/8" round rubber. The rubber is as short as the spearman is able to pull back into two nicks in the spear. The spear is secured to the gun by fifteen feet of strong nylon cord. A barb, which is fixed to the spear by a rivet and swings freely out to 90° to the spear, secures the fish when the spear has entered its body.

Now that we have all the needed gear, let us follow the spearman and see how he stalks and spears his fish. There is nothing so gloriously silent and peaceful as the sea-bed two fathoms deep. The spearman has silently entered the water and is now swimming slowly along the surface. Only the darting in and out of the tiny fish and the gentle swaying of the sea-weed disturb the stillness. A big blue shape detaches itself from the hazy distance and glides effortlessly along the bottom. The spearman takes a deep breath and, as silently as possible, descends. He weaves in and out of the barnacle-covered rocks, his mask at times gently brushing the sea-weed. He swims towards the fish in line with a huge boulder covered by white coral, so that the fish will not see the spearman's approach. Still in line with the rock he nears the spot where he thinks the monster will be, and with a few powerful strokes of his flippers rounds the boulder with speargun extended and at the ready. The fish has disappeared.

O. KIRKBY, 2B.

## A MOMENT OF PERIL

We had descended the vertical shaft of our small gold mine in Marvel Loch, Western Australia, to the 350 feet level. We were "cross-cutting" from the main shaft to the reef and had tunnelled in about fifty feet.

On this memorable day, I can just remember that we had "fired out just before crib" and, after the dust had cleared, were lowered down to the 300 feet level by the cage. I noticed that the fumes were very thick and remarked to my mate, Joe, about it.

"Yes, but don't let that worry you, Bill. It'll be clear at the bottom, as it usually is."

"I certainly hope you're right," I replied.

However, we kept on going down.

"The air is getting thicker and thicker with fumes. I can—hardly breathe."

"Ch no!" exclaimed my friend. "Someone has turned the air off. There is nothing to drive the gas out!"

"Look, we've reached the bottom!" I shouted. "Joe, you go back up the ladder. Climb for your life!"

It was evident that my mate was becoming seriously affected by the suffocating fumes. I seized him under the arm-pits and

urged him up the ladder. As I think back, I can remember forcing him up a few steps.

"Come on, Joe. Please try to keep conscious. Make an effort!"

"I . . . can't Bill. The fumes . . . are too much. I can't breathe. My head! Everything's black. It's all . . . woolly and dizzy . . ."

I could see he was being overcome by the fumes, and in my weakened condition I could not hold him. He fell from my grasp and sank to the ground, falling across his miner's lamp. I was soon overcome, and I fell across the prone body of my mate.

In the hospital, thirty miles away, I regained consciousness. I found out that we were in the fumes for almost an hour, as the cage-driver dared not move the cage until we gave him the "all-clear" signal. To give this signal, of course, was impossible. Finally several men climbed down the shaft by ladder and rang for the air-hose to be turned on. A few of the rescuers were momentarily overcome by the fumes. When they found us, our clothing was smouldering. This came about from the miner's lamp that my mate had lain across when he sank to the ground. Unfortunately the lamp on this occasion was a carbide light, a lamp which burns with a fierce flame. This lamp had not gone out but had burnt a deep hole in his chest. He died next day in hospital.

In this story lies a queer working of fate. Because I had done my best to save my friend, he repaid me by protecting me from the burning flame with his body. So, as an old prospector, with faint memories of the pioneers of gold mining, I thus live to tell this tale.

P. FINKELSTEIN, 2B.

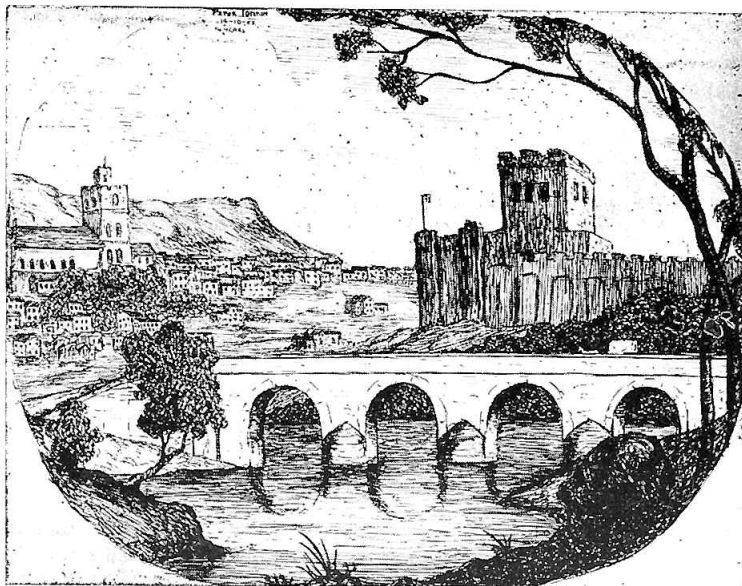
## DUSK

A faint mist drifts in the southern skies,  
The sun creeps o'er the land,  
Twilight is born as daylight dies,  
And evening's wonders are at hand.

Treading so softly across the way,  
Beautiful dusk is nigh.  
Empty darkness consumes the day.  
My thoughts go wandering high.

Why do the cool and calm winds blow?  
Why do the stars glow white?  
My roving thoughts adrift do go  
Into the dark and mystic night.

G. FORBES, 2D.



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The whispering of shifting sand, the roar  
of crashing waves; the vibrant moan of wind  
whirling the leaves from the limbs of trees,  
whose branches sweep back, and upwards,  
like protecting arms.

Two shrieking gulls squabbling loudly,  
a scuttling crab, the foam-flecked billows  
of the sea, the tumbling smudge of smoke  
left by a passing vessel, which, like a star in the heavens  
seems infinitesimal.

I stand in the cold raw air and biting wind,  
with eyes strained and moist, skin taut,  
and hair blown free, and doing so feel strength and confidence.  
If now nature holds no terror, why should life?

R. RUTTER, 5th Year

## THE MOUNTAIN

Higher than the surrounding peaks, it rose to a height of seventeen thousand feet. In shape it resembled a pyramid. At intervals shelves of rock would project from the sides like miniature steps on the side of a steep hill. To us, the white snow, flecked with grey rocks, seemed to give a sinister effect to the scene of an unconquered mountain against a sky of black clouds. It had claimed ten human lives. Would we be next?

The western face of the mountain was lined with treacherous crevices in the ice, which from an aeroplane appeared to be deep, dark scars. At the base of the western face, between it and the adjoining mountain, an enormous glacier slowly and laboriously, like a slow-motion river, made its way to the sea. At the top, near the main peak, two little peaks looking like rock stalagmites seemed to draw more attention to themselves because of their peculiar shapes and rounded tops.

Fronting the sea was the southern face. Unlike the western face it was unbroken by outcrops but was much steeper. The top appeared to have been cut off by a giant knife, but this was due to the fact that there was a small plateau on the peak.

The eastern face presented a much worse picture than the others, but in reality it was easier to climb because a small glacier went to within two thousand feet of the top. All over the eastern face were strewn big heaps of snow-covered rock, which had evidently been shifted by land-slides. On the northern side was the North Ridge joining the east and west faces.

This was in summer, when grey patches could be seen, and when the snow-line began at six thousand feet. In winter the mountain was snow-covered down to two thousand feet. In autumn,

just before the snow fell, strong winds lashed it, and many times during this season did land-slides occur. Spring was the season when vast masses of snow and ice melted and thousands of tiny streams took the water to the valley below.

This was the mountain, a desolate giant of snow and ice. Would we conquer it?

JOHN SHIPWAY, 3C.

## DIVING FOR SUNKEN TREASURE

Like a pink blur, my hands were automatically winding the rope as it came up from the sandy bottom of the blue Mediterranean. This simple gauge told us that there were over twenty fathoms of water between us and the bottom, and that it was necessary to use the long life-line.

Fifteen minutes later my foot shot off the last rung of the short steel ladder that led from the deck to the water. That wonderful feeling of peace overshadowed all others as I slowly sank to the sea-bed. The memory of my mission came back to me, and I was filled with a breathless feeling of excitement. My heavy boots churned the sand as I came to a halt and began groping my way towards half a million in gold ingots. Almost fifty years

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ago a millionaire's yacht had gone down with all his golden wealth on board. All hands were lost, but a hurried S.O.S. had disclosed their position. Now all I had to do to receive a bonus of £20,000 was to find the wreck.

Gruesome, eerie shapes passed by as I stumbled along in the semi-darkness, and the old feeling of unsuppressed fear overtook me, as it always does when I am out of my element. Suddenly, through the masses of coral, I saw a greenish hulk. My pace quickened somewhat as I approached it, and I was overjoyed when it proved to be my objective.

The S.S. "Barracunda" lay on its side, half buried in sand. One blow of my crow-bar caused a great hole to appear in the rotten side. Once inside I found it necessary to use my head-lamp. It seemed at first that the room contained only a desk, but on closer inspection I found a wooden chest bound with iron and tucked away in a corner.

I tugged sharply on the cord and stepped outside. Slowly, the net was lowered. The chest was very heavy, but at last I managed to roll it into the net. I gave the signal to "haul away", and both the chest and I, fathom by fathom, were raised to the surface.

Suddenly I burst into the air world, and soon I was drinking hot coffee while the rest of the crew began breaking the huge lock on the chest. They were congratulating me on my quick work when, with one last rousing cheer, they flung back the lid and stood back agape.

The chest contained nothing but cutlery and heavy plates—of tin. The crew began cursing me. Ah! a diver's life I would not wish on a dog.

R. MASON, 3C.

## CAIRNS AND THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

While holidaying at Cairns, I was able to revel in the beauties of the Barron Falls and the surrounding country. For miles the railway line was hemmed in by sugar cane farms, but after these, the train ascended, passing through thirteen tunnels to the Barron Falls station. Here an enormous amount of water sweeps over the lip of the falls to tumble and cascade off the rocks into the granite gorge one thousand feet below. The railway then leads to Kuranda, where there are ferns, orchids, tropical plants and many colourful shrubs. The highest point on the railway is at Rob's Rock, named after the engineer of the railway. This point is one thousand one hundred feet above sea level.

I also had the opportunity of seeing the Great Barrier Reef at Green Island. On arriving at the island I went into the underwater observatory, where, through portholes, I gazed in wonder at many types of tropical fish, varying in all colours of the rainbow, and at clams with their beautiful blue or green mantles hanging

freely, like enormous flowers, over their shells. Covering the few rocks were giant anemones with yellow and blue decoy fish swimming through them. Delicate coral was in colours ranging from red to yellow, blue and green.

Later I went reef wading to collect many types of shells and coral. On the coral sand were numerous deadly cone shells. Brown beche-de-mer and red sea slugs were slowly crawling in search of food. On the beach I found a green turtle and rode it into the water, where it swam swiftly away. These turtles come ashore on the island to lay their eggs and then swim away to bask in the sunlight of this tropical region. Cast up on the beach were cowrie shells, sea urchins, brittle stars, mussels, small clams and crabs. Swimming among the coral were many fish, coral eels, crabs and sea-snakes. These snakes grow very long and have yellow and black stripes on their bodies. As I watched them and thought of the many fascinating things I had seen, I felt very glad that I had had the chance of visiting the wonderful Barrier Reef.

E. NEWMAN, 2B.

## MY BUDGERIGAR

Dawn is breaking. The birds outside begin to whistle and twitter, and near our bathroom window in his cage my budgerigar is awakened by the sound. Immediately he begins to eat his breakfast out of a little red container which he now knows holds his seed and then goes to his blue dish, which contains his water.

The next thing he does is to fly out through the little door in his cage, which is always left open. Then he flies through the house into the bedroom, where he has learnt his master sleeps. He runs up on the blankets and on up to his mouth, making loud kissing noises followed by a strangely human voice which you would think could not possibly come from a bird.

Finding his master awake he proceeds to the mirror, where he views himself with great admiration and goes through his small but amusing vocabulary, muttering all sorts of humorous phrases and running up and down in front of the mirror trying to lure his reflection out.

Then, as the household stirs and comes to breakfast, he flies from one to another with gleeful greetings.

Flying back to his cage he has his bath on a lettuce leaf in a dish of water. To dry himself he shakes himself thoroughly and preens each feather with his beak.

One of the pleasant things during the day occurs when we give him a bunch of grass, as this is more like his natural food.

In the evening he flies from one object to another, amusing himself quite successfully. As evening closes he returns to his cage and plays with the bells and ornaments which are hung around his cage. Then we turn the light off for the night.

R. BAGNALL, 1C.

## A CHANGEABLE DAY

The sun had risen early, and a strong westerly wind roared across the city like a furnace-breath. One could perceive that the day would be a "scorcher", for at nine o'clock the mercury was still rising. It was hard to tell whether it was hotter inside or out. The dust swirled across the streets and into one's eyes, making them water. Endless processions of people made their way to the beach to gain some relief from these oppressive conditions. Voluminous, gaily coloured shirts and painted or panama hats were apparent everywhere.

When the wind abated about eleven o'clock, the sun carried out the "heat attack" without respite, and a person could not help sweating profusely. Looking down the street one could see windows flung wide open to catch any breath of wind. Waves of heat rippled across the roadway and flitted into invisibility. On the road tar began to melt and bubble. The beach was almost covered with colourful umbrellas, and the surf teemed with people who sought relief in the cool water. All morning the sky was a steely blue from which a searing fireball glowed.

The first sign of a change came when a shadow moved across the city—the first cloud for six hours. The next was a sudden, chilling wind which surprised every surfer and brought a welcome coolness to office workers and the midday shoppers. Gradually clouds banked up, and the breeze soon became a strong wind. People began to disperse from the beach and wend their way home before the storm broke. At three o'clock the city rejoiced as the rain came down like a solid wall. People covered in door-ways or were sent scurrying for shelter until the storm abated.

A truly changeable day!

W. McCREA, 3B.

## A GLORIOUS MEAL

Walking a quarter of a mile to dinner each day may seem a tiresome routine, but it is not so when the promenade is the spacious deck of an ocean liner. Our destination was the dining hall of the twenty-eight thousand ton P. & O. luxury liner "Himalaya." The keen sea air whetted our appetites as the musical tones of the tiny xylophone called us to our meal.

At last we arrived by lift at the foyer of the great hall. The hall itself was adorned with picturesque designs and murals. Crystal chandeliers hung from the intricately carved ceilings.

We were escorted to our elegant little table by a dark-skinned, pearly-toothed, immaculately-dressed waiter, whose English was as flawless as an Oxford graduate's. Our table napkins were then carefully placed on our knees, and an impressive menu was handed to each of us. We stared at the list of foreign delicacies with

unbelieving eyes while our highly polished waiter suggested to us in sepulchral whispers that such Hors D'Oeuvres as Salade Italienne, Julienne of Carrot and Beetroot, Onion Ravigotte or Ham and Mushrooms au Gratin would be an interesting commencement to the meal.

"Or perhaps Madam would care to begin with Scallops of Chicken, Croute Savoy, Crab Mayonnaise, Peaches Alma or Frittered Anchovies," he added eloquently to my mother. Since all meals were included in the fares we decided on Casserole of Duck aux Cerises with Creme Mexicaine and Potatoes Roti. Our wild guess proved to be a good one. The meal was just roast duck and potatoes with a rich sauce.

Meanwhile our waiter's politeness was becoming intolerable, and we dismissed him gratefully with a handsome tip. We had thoroughly enjoyed our first meal on board ship.

R. SMITH, 2B

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## PRIZE-WINNING CONTRIBUTORS

**Drawing:** V. Kalmykoff; **Verse:** R. Rutter; **Report:** J. Glass; **Prose:** J. Cox (5th year), F. Junius (4th year), R. Evans (3rd year), D. James (2nd year), F. Bagnall (1st year).

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