

A GRADE HOCKEY, 1958
 FRONT ROW: J. Delman, J. Gould, A. Page (Captain), R. Welsh, J. Quinlan, J. Traise,
 BACK ROW: R. O'Sullivan, G. Symes, G. Chadban, C. Charlton, M. Arratoon, Mr. W. James (Coach).
 (Block donated by Rylands Bros (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.)
 Photo by McRae Studios

The leading goalkickers were J. Koutts (15), J. McPhee (14), T. Collins (14), R. Drummond (10), R. Brady (10) and G. Garis (10).

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Judd and Mr. J. Arnold for the interest they showed in us, and for their constructive criticism, which has helped us in our appreciation of the game.

T. COLLINS (Capt.)

RUGBY UNION

Our Union team which finished third in the competition, combined to play reasonably well during the season. Our two victors were Morpeth and Jesmond.

Notable players were outside centre, Sweetland, who was good in attack and defence; Shaw, our big breakaway; and Grahame Corling, our goalkicker and five-eighth.

Many thanks go to our coaches, Mr. Irwin and Mr. Col. Pirie, a Newcastle representative, who put in many hours in training the team.

R. PERKINS, Capt.

HOCKEY

B 2 HOCKEY—The B2 Hockey Team had an excellent season, leading throughout the year and taking out the premiership. We were defeated narrowly on two occasions but scored 26 goals and conceded only 8.

Our whole team played well and it is hard to single out one player for special recognition although Ian Gardener, at left back, played brilliantly in defence while Danny Roberts and Allan Kay excelled in attack.

Our coach, Mr. Rushton contributed greatly to the team's success and without his help and advice I am sure we would have been struggling to win the premiership.

M. CASHMAN, 2E.

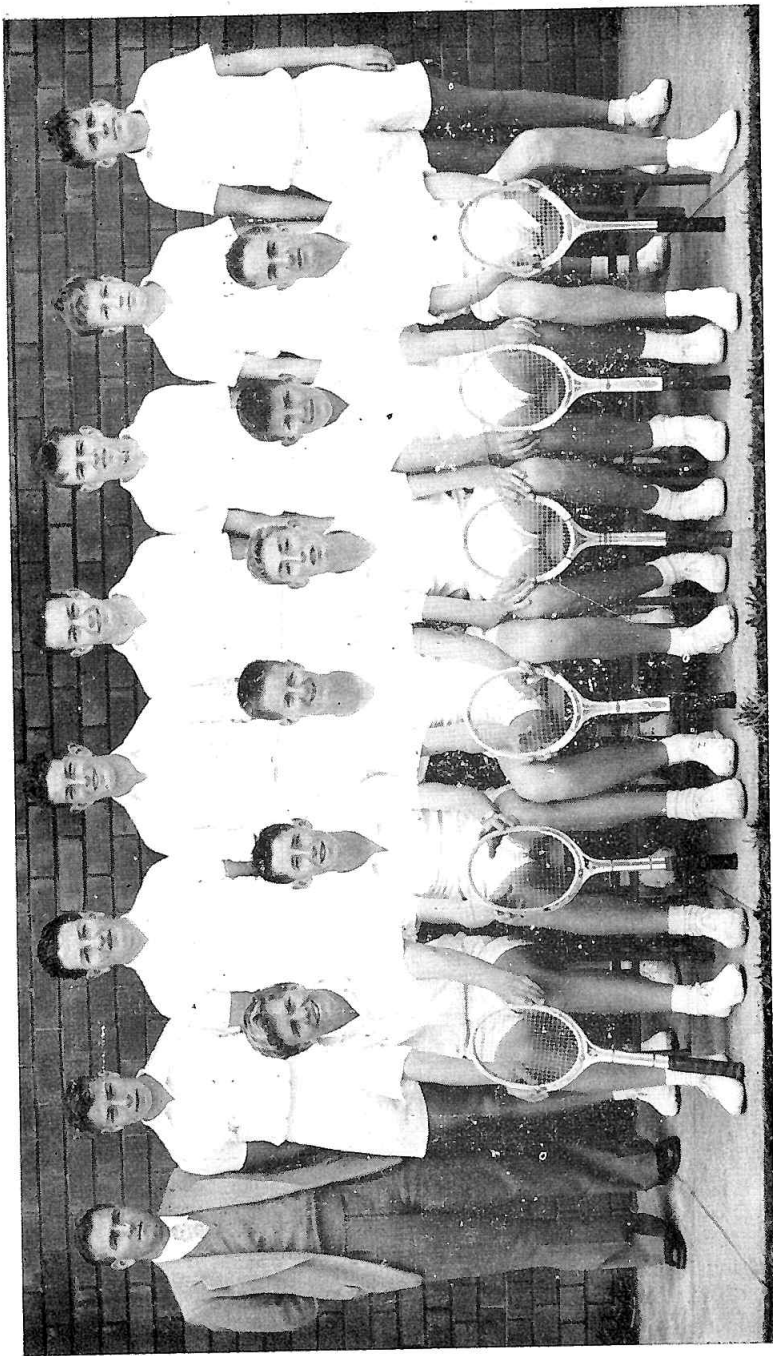
A 2 HOCKEY—Although the A2's had misfortune with the hockey draw at first by drawing the invincible A1, and our next strongest team Cook's Hill, we managed to perform well under the coaching of Mr. James.

We were well defended in the backs by R. Davis who managed to stop most opposition. The outstanding player was G. West who played centre half and on whom the forwards depended for support. The team did not manage to take a major place but everybody played hard and enjoyed a good game.

RODNEY JAMES (Capt.).

A 1 HOCKEY—The A1 Hockey team, under the experienced coaching of Mr. James, achieved a remarkable record, scoring approximately 200 goals, and finishing the season undefeated premiers.

Our much improved goalie, R. Welsh, together with the skilful defence of our back line pair, J. Gould and G. Nelmes, foiled all attempts of the opposing teams to score.



TENNIS TEAMS, 1958
 BACK ROW: J. Hodge (Coach), D. Curran, N. Gibson, B. Bevan, C. Gamble, W. McCrea, D. Marshall, P. Matthews.
 FRONT ROW: D. Evans, D. Kelso, F. Jackson, R. Devon, J. Sleep, M. Hough.
 Photo by McRae Studios
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The half-line, consisting of J. Quinlan, A. Page and J. Traise gave the forwards excellent service and were superb in defence.

The record breaking forwards, C. Charlton (76 goals), R. O'Sullivan (36 goals) and M. Arratoon (25 goals) were well fed by our capable right winger J. Delman. The performance of these players showed their calibre.

The team's best performance was in the defeat of Junior High, when the school team, with brilliant positional play, ran out eventual winners 23-0.

The school was well represented in the Newcastle Under 16 rep. team at the N.S.W. State Carnival, the following players gaining selection: J. Quinlan, C. Charlton, G. Nelmes, R. O'Sullivan and A. Page.

A. PAGE (Capt.).

TENNIS

As 1958 draws to a close Boys' High pupils may look back and feel proud of the grade tennis teams. For a number of years the Newcastle first grade team has appeared invincible to other schools and this year was no exception. The second, third and fourth grades all played splendidly and only after a hard tussle did the fourths concede their premiership to Cessnock.

The second and third grades who, incidentally, faced little opposition on their respective paths to premiership honours, have many fine players who are, in addition, leading local juniors. Performers of the calibre of Doug Kelso, Bruce Bevan, Stewart McLaughlin and Jeff Sleep will make worthy successors to this year's first grade.

The first grade team of this year contained Des. Curran, Gerry Gamble, Bill McCrea, Dave Marshall (whose youngest brother is impressing the critics) and Pete Matthews. The team was untroubled to remain undefeated premiers. There were a few anxious moments in a match with Maitland, and even Mr. Hodge was doubtful about our ability, until Bill McCrea and Pete Matthews dispelled his fears.

In the annual C.N.D.H.S. versus Combined Sydney tennis match Des. Curran, Gerry Gamble, Doug Kelso, Bill McCrea, Dave Marshall and Pete Matthews constituted three-quarters of the northern team. The match was played at Canterbury and Sydney entertained us admirably.

The day opened with matches of doubles. The number one and two seeded pairs from each team played each other, and, playing determined tennis, Bill McCrea and Pete Matthews drew first blood for the northern team by defeating Dennis Colette and Neville George, Sydney's first pair, in their first set. The second set went to Sydney after a hard fight. Unfortunately we did not have much success in the other doubles matches until Des Curran and Dave Marshall, playing copybook tennis, took a set from the number one Sydney pair.

In the singles matches we had more success and were unlucky not to gain more sets. Doug Kelso, who thrives on singles, captured one set from the sixth seeded Sydney player and, determined to "have a go", defeated his opposite number that afternoon. Dave Marshall was

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unlucky not to gain a set from his opposite seed and it was only bad luck that robbed Dave of victory. Bill McCrea won a set from his Sydney opponent but unfortunately no other member of our team won a set, although it was not due to lack of effort. The results were not encouraging from our point of view but everyone tried hard and we were not disgraced. Des Curran, and Bruce James, from Maitland High, were selected to play against eight metropolitan juniors and acquitted themselves favourably.

In the August-September Vacation School Age Championship, Boys' High pupils figured prominently and played in a number of finals, both singles and doubles. Suggestions for the School Championships this year came too late for the annual tournament to be held.

I am sure that the senior grades were indebted to Mr. Hodge for the consideration, time and encouragement he gave to these two teams. The third and fourth grades would wish me to extend thanks to Mr. Lawes who encouraged and advised these junior players. Our P.S.A.A.A. A. and B. grade teams, although unsuccessful in their respective divisions were continually supported by Mr. Simpson and Mr. Davies. The appreciation of all Boys' High grade tennis players is extended to their respective coaches.

BILL MCCREA (5th Year).

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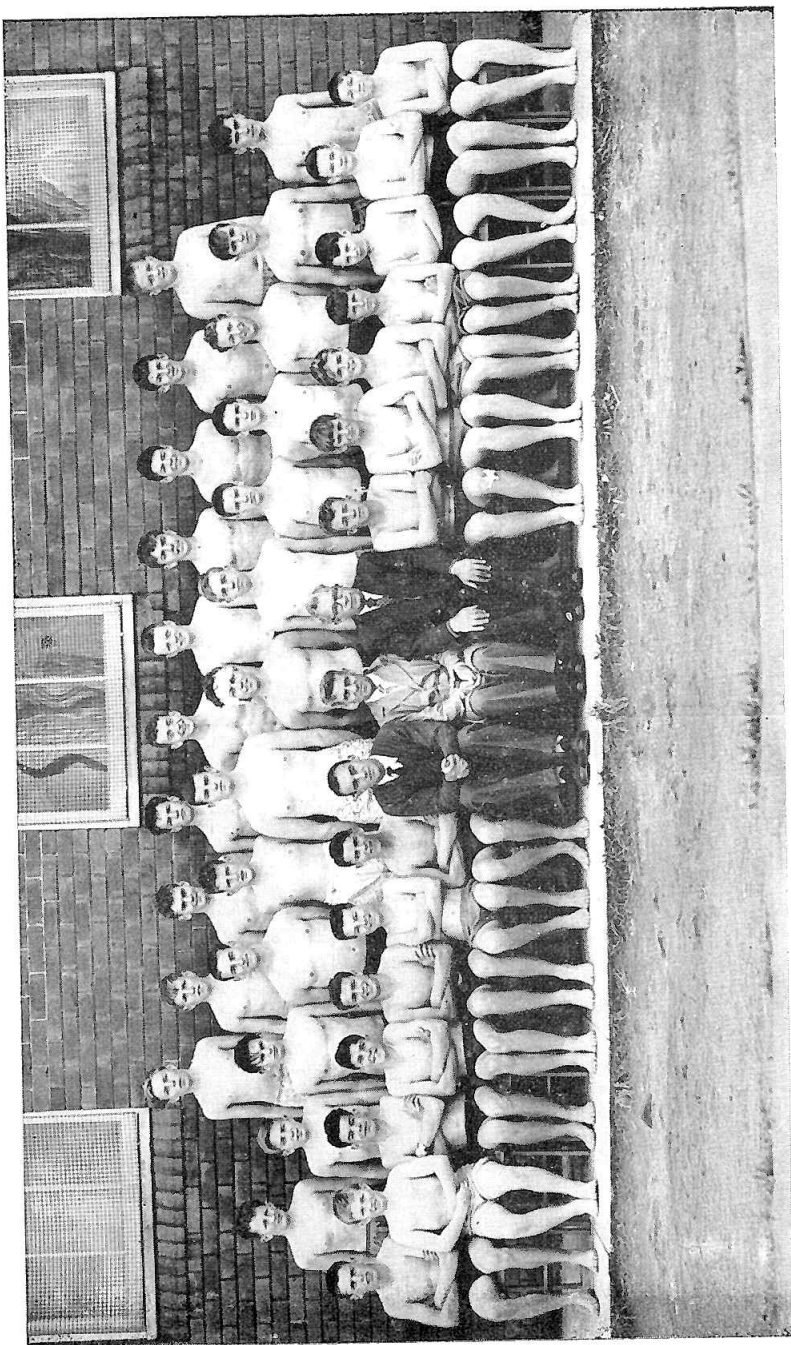
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THE SWIMMING TEAM, 1958

BACK ROW: S. Davies, R. Nicholas, P. Scott, J. Storer, D. Le Marchant, G. Davies, M. Hallinan, R. O'Sullivan, J. Mather, S. Ebrill, M. Frost, H. MacDonald, A. Cairns, D. Stuart, P. Flinnimore, R. Barnes, I. MacLeod, R. Cowan, A. Amos, W. Sweetland, J. Quinn, R. Barrett, P. Letchfield.
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Heath, J. Woods, B. Rowe, N. Nield, P. Hawthorne, J. Clapham, S. Greenland, Mr. Grahame, Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Storer (Jr.), J. Manning, J. Storer, S. Barrett, G. Wilton, R. Childs, W. Harland, W. Childs, R. Wilton, G. Barrett, S. Manning, J. Storer, Mr. Storer (Jr.)
 FRONT ROW: J. Heath, J. Woods, B. Rowe, N. Nield, P. Hawthorne, J. Clapham, S. Greenland, Mr. Grahame, Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Storer (Jr.), J. Manning, J. Storer, S. Barrett, G. Wilton, R. Childs, W. Harland, W. Childs, R. Wilton, G. Barrett, S. Manning, J. Storer, Mr. Storer (Jr.)
 Photo by Maitland Standard

SWIMMING

With junior swimmers forming the backbone of world swimming to-day, it can readily be seen that the standards of schoolboy swimming have improved out of sight. With such brilliant swimmers as John Konrads and Dale Woods and Goodman, who are Australian Junior Champions competing in the Combined High Schools carnivals it can be seen that the swimming is in world class. The achievements of a team depends on teamwork and training. The lack of teamwork was the downfall of our school swimming team, the main achievements being those of individuals.

The great importance of teamwork is exemplified by the way in which Maitland High scooped the pool in the Northern Districts Schools Carnival by winning all four cups—the Juvenile, the Junior, the Senior and of course, the Aggregate. This school trained very hard for the carnival, and deserved to win.

In the school carnival, Hannell House won the Clive Hocquard Shield for aggregate points score with Hunter House the runner-up. The 1958 Championship Pennants went to Paul Hariand (Senior), Ian MacLeod (Under 16), Jack Storer (Under 15), Geoff. Davies (Under 14) and Jim Storer (Under 13).

The outstanding swimmer this year was Geoff. Davies who succeeded in breaking three school records in the 50, 100 and 200 metres freestyle events in the Under 14 division. Geoff. was also a member of the Shortland House 4 x 50 metres relay team which also broke a school record. The only other record at the carnival was made by Nick Nield in the Under 12 30 metres freestyle.

In the Northern Districts Carnival Geoff. Davies was again the school's best, winning the breaststroke event and coming second in the 50 metres and 100 metres freestyle. He was a member of the Under 14 Relay which won the event at Cessnock.

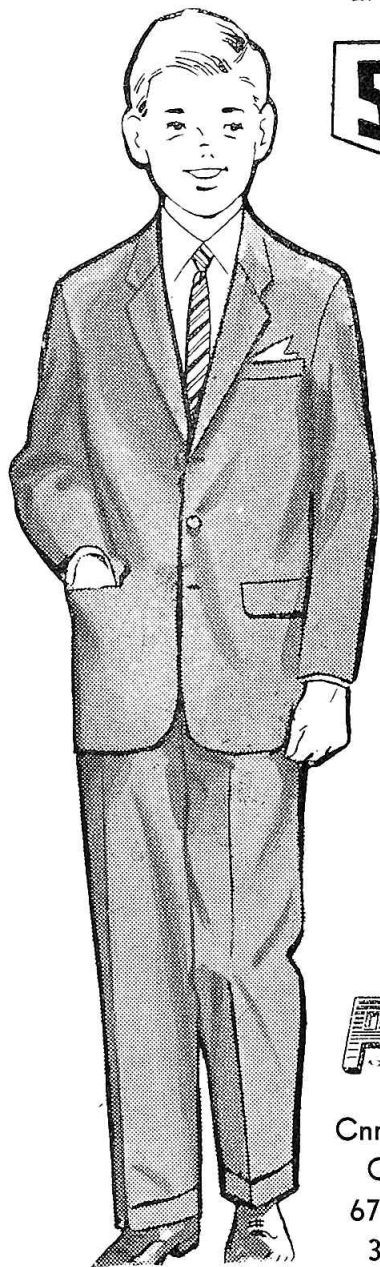
Nine of our swimmers succeeded in reaching the N.S.W. Schools finals. They were: Nick Nield (Under 12 Backstroke), Bill Childs (Under 14 Backstroke), Geoff. Davies (Under 14 Breaststroke and 50 metres Freestyle), Stuart Ebrill (Under 16 400 metres Freestyle) and R. Cowan (Senior 100 metres Breaststroke). The senior relay team (Barnes, Amos, Barrett, Tressider) also swam well to reach the State final in this event.

On the final day of the State Carnival, Geoff. Davies was again the school's best, with a creditable third place in the final of the breaststroke. Stuart Ebrill swam well to finish 5th in the 400 metres freestyle final and shows promise of being a capable distance swimmer.

In the country zone of the Sydney Carnival our senior team came second to Maitland in the senior point score.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. McRae, Mr. Grahame and Mr. Storer who put a lot of time and effort into the organisation and training of the Boys' High team.

The School had a very successful season in the Life-saving Section of the school swimming. 346 medals and certificates were awarded,



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including 5 Award of Merit medals, 8 Bronze Cross medals, 14 Life-saving Instructors Certificates, 12 Bronze Medallion Bars, 70 Bronze Medallions, 62 Intermediate Star medals, 55 Intermediate Certificates, 83 Elementary Certificates, 9 Resuscitation Certificates and 28 Water Safety Certificates. There were also 40 boys who were taught how to swim and gained certificates when able to swim 25 yards.

With some promising juniors coming into the school swimming in the 1957-58 season we can be sure that our swimming team shall improve greatly in the years to come.

P. HARLAND, 4B.

CRICKET

A. GRADE—So far this team has played three games, winning one and losing the other two. The first game was against Tech. High whom we defeated outright. Tech. batted first and were dismissed for 30 due to some good bowling by Alley and Astley, who took 4-15 and 3-7 respectively. We went in and scored 109 for the loss of only three wickets. Chief contributors to our total were Smythe 55, Stevenson 16 n.o. and Jarvis 15 n.o. Tech. in their second innings only managed to get 36, spinners Kilpatrick and Darcy this time being the wicket takers. Our next match was against Belmont and only bad weather saved us from an outright defeat. We managed to score only 45 and 2-10 in our innings, while Belmont scored 106. Frank Alley's fine performance with the ball kept the total down. He took 7-27. Our third and final game was against Jesmond and was the most evenly contested game of the season. We batted first and scored 68 of which Adam, batting all through the innings, scored 18 not out and Tim Smythe 17. Jesmond batted on the second day and although we did our best to dismiss them before they reached the required total, they scored 73 to defeat us by five runs.

Our bowling has been very good and the best in this department were Frank Alley and Ron Astley. They received good support from O. Kilpatrick and G. Darcy.

The batting was the main weakness in the team and the only players to score consistently were Bill Adam and Tim Smythe, although Kev. Jarvis and B. Stevenson gave valuable support.

In the field the team was quite good with Jack Delman and Tim Smythe showing out. A special mention must go to Kev. Jarvis for his fine performances behind the stumps.

The team is very grateful to Mr. Simpson for his active interest and guidance and we hope to gain better results during the remainder of the season.

W. ADAM.

B. GRADE (Local)—So far this season the Under 14 Local team is undefeated. In our first match against Jesmond we had a first innings win. Caddies and Griffiths scored 31 and 33 respectively. Against Belmont at District Park we had a very creditable win. Belmont



2nd XI 1958
 BACK ROW: D. Morris, D. Kemp, M. Hilton, C. Charlton, D. Kelso.
 FRONT ROW: D. Stuart, R. Morgan, G. Symes (Captain), M. R. Haines (Coach), P. Hawthorne, J. Hazel, R. Walker.
 Photo by Melitae Studios (Block donated by James Tickle & Sons Pty. Ltd. Iron Foundry)

scored 30 to our 106. Myers made a fine 40 in this match. Other batsmen who have done well are Cooper and Williams. Griffiths' wicketkeeping has been very reliable. The most improved batsman is Wotherspoon. Williams' bowling has been consistently good and he has taken quite a few wickets.

On behalf of the team I should like to thank Mr. Burrows for the interest he has shown.

D. HOOKER (Capt.), 3B.

C. GRADE (Local)—So far we have had a fairly successful season. Being defeated only once (by Central) we have defeated Jesmond (twice) and Plattsburg. The first mentioned, we have defeated outright on both occasions. We have a good all-round team with Briggs and Cadell as opening batsmen. Nowland is a sound bat and Stokoe earns his innings while Jones is a reliable wicketkeeper. As spinners, we have Cummings, Drummond and Briggs and Northey is the most outstanding in the field while Drummond ranks close behind. Summing up, we should do well in this third and final term.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Adamthwaite for his expert coaching.

R. AKEHURST (Capt.).

UNDER 13 (Travelling)—At the time of this report we are undefeated and have one more match to play before the end of the first round.

In our first game, against Maitland we were unlucky not to score an outright win but we won on the first innings easily.

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UNDER 13 CRICKET, 1958

BACK ROW: P. Steel, R. Perkins, R. Davis, R. O Sullivan, S. McLachlan, B. Geddes, H. Raysmith, T. Priest, J. Darcy.
 FRONT ROW: J. Carrick, J. Hetherington, J. Harrison, Mr. McRae, R. Devon, B. Clark, K. Williams.
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We defeated Technical High outright due to some fine bowling by J. Clapham.

Rain limited time to a couple of hours in our match against Cessnock but we won on the first innings.

In the last game before the football season we beat Maitland Marist outright.

In Darcy, Scobie, Carrick and Raysmith: we have some good batsmen while the team's leading bowlers are Clapham and Scobie, who are ably supported by McLeod.

The wicketkeeping of Bently has always been good and he has let very few byes through.

In the fielding Coulton and Nield have stood out.

The team thanks Mr. McRae for his expert coaching and his great interest in the team.

J. HETHERINGTON (Capt.).

UNDER 14 (Travelling)—At the time of this report we are undefeated, having won all of our matches fairly comfortably. The team is a very well balanced side and was considerably strengthened at the beginning of the season with the retaining of Darrel Morris, from last year's Under 14 team. D. Morris and J. Traise usually combine to weaken the opposing fast attacks and with Clark, Geddes and Perkins to follow up, the side has an extremely strong batting list. The tail usually wags at the right time and when runs are needed badly they are always there to get them. D. Morris and P. Steel, two aggressive bowlers open the attack and usually demoralise the opposition by taking early wickets in every match. Our spin bowlers, Geddes and Priest

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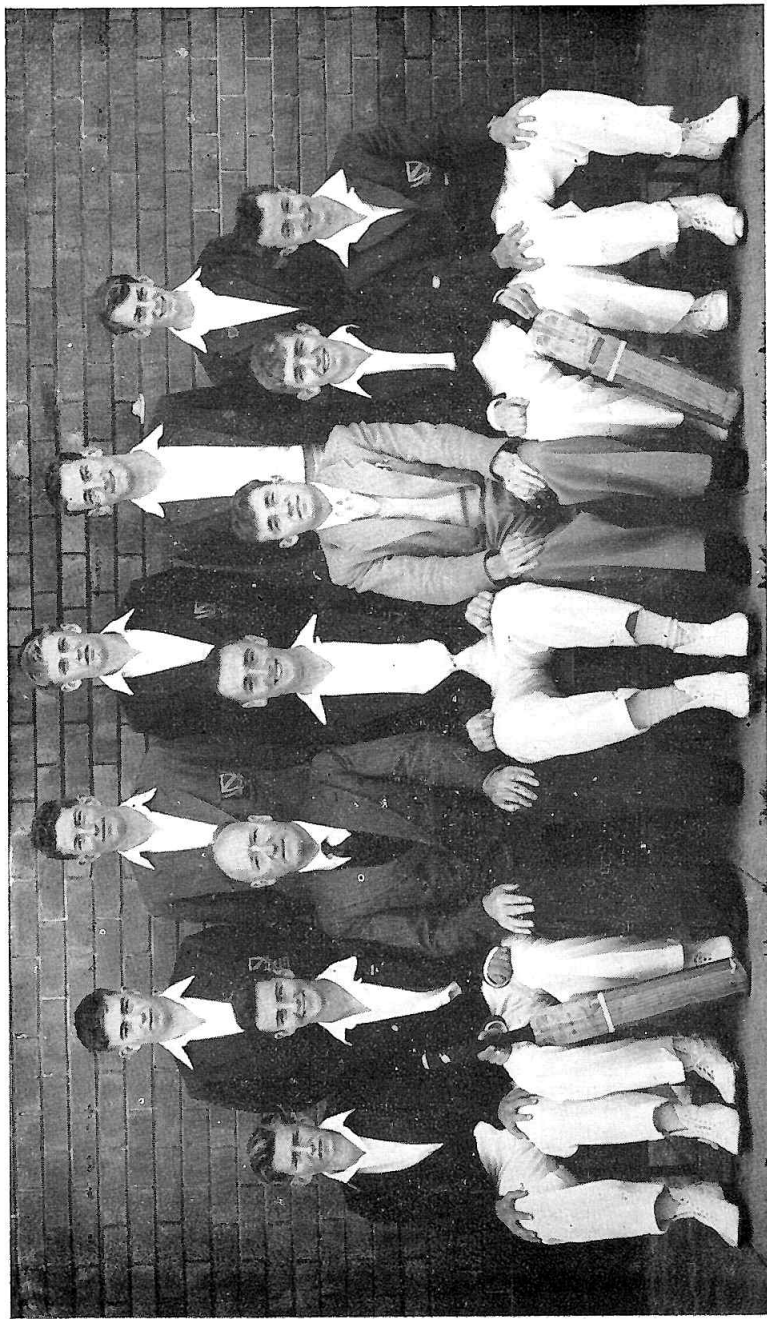
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1st XI, 1955

BACK ROW: A. Keggen, B. Bevan, T. Collins, D. Stuart, R. Morgan, Mr. R. Quill (Captain), Mr. R. Clifford (Sportsmaster), K. Clifford (Coach), R. Wines,
 FRONT ROW: A. Nelson, J. Wingrove, Mr. L. McRae (Sportsmaster), K. Clifford (Coach), R. Wines,
 C. Corling, G. Goffet, A. Skelly, B. Huntley, K. Ross.
 (Block donated by Institute of Marine and Power Engineers)
 Photo by McRae Studios

are always up to the mark. Fielding has been a strong department in the team's play, McLachlan, Lye and Perkins excelling in this sphere. The wicketkeeping of Barry Clark has always been first class.

The highest score of the season goes to Perkins with a total of 49 against Maitland Marists. The bowling honours go to Bruce Geddes who bowled brilliantly against Maitland High to achieve the outstanding figures of 6 for 7 from 4 overs.

Congratulations are due to Darrel Morris and Peter Steel who represented the State in Adelaide this season.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Page for his ever-ready advice and for his coaching of the team.

R. O'SULLIVAN (Capt.), 3A.

SECOND XI—The Second XI up to date has enjoyed a good season. With one match to play (against Marist Brothers) we are on top with Cessnock.

We commenced the season with a first innings win over Maitland (160-108). An opening partnership of 81 by Kemp and Morgan was the feature of the batting, while in the bowling, Stott secured 5 for 24 and Kelso 4-16.

We were beaten by Tech. in a close, exciting game (95-85). Walker, Charlton and Hawthorne topped the batting while spinners Hilton and Kelso secured 5 for 18 and 3 for 31 respectively.

Rain caused the game against Cessnock to be drawn.

We defeated Maitland Marist Brothers outright. Hilton top scored with 48 n.o. and claimed 4 for 25. Morris took 8 for 40.

A vote of thanks goes to Mr. Haines, from the team for his time and interest that he put in with us.

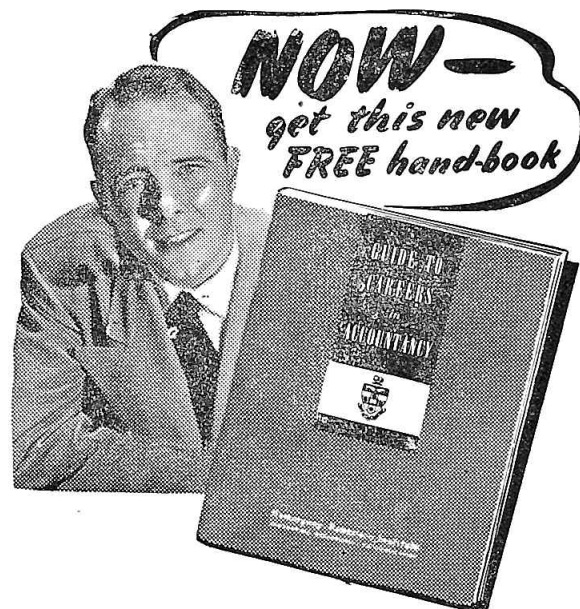
D.K.

FIRST XI—This year's 1st XI, at the time of writing, is the undefeated co-leader, with Hamilton Marist, in its competition. At the start of the season the team contained six of last year's undefeated side, and thus was favoured to win the premiership. However, Gordon Goffet (our captain) and Alf. Skelly, both experienced cricketers, left school during the winter and their absence will certainly be felt in our all important remaining match against Hamilton Marist.

For our first match we travelled to Maitland to play Maitland High, and, after some anxious moments, were able to record a narrow first innings win. Maitland batted first on a fair wicket and totalled 65. Alan Nelson bowled intelligently and secured 3-11. At the end of the first day's play our score was 3-9. On the second day Bruce Bevan (21) and Ken Clifford (32) batted well and our innings closed with the score 9-81.

We played Tech. High at Waratah Oval in our second match and had an easy first innings victory. On a bad wicket, Tech., after being sent in, were soon in trouble against our pace bowlers Grahame Corling and Terry Collins, and were dismissed for 85. Ken Clifford dismissed the last three batsmen with successive balls, securing the hat-trick. Our total was 165. All the recognised batsmen did well, with Bob Wines and Adrian Keggen, two players who were promoted from last year's 2nd XI, being prominent.

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Our last match before the winter was against Gosford High and again we had a first innings win. Winning the toss, we sent Gosford in on a "sticky" wicket and due to some fine bowling by Gordon Goffet (4-0) and Brian Huntley (3-17) dismissed them for 61. "Big-hitters" John Wingrove and Brian Huntley opened our innings in a bid to "force the pace". This was a successful move as they scored 32 n.o. and 48 respectively and we were able to declare with the score at 1-92. Our bid for an outright win was unsuccessful because of limited time.

Gordon Goffet (as captain), Terry Collins Alan Nelson, Alf. Skelley and Ken Clifford were selected in the Combined Northern High Schools XI to play matches against Cranbrook School and the Metropolitan High Schools XI. In the Cranbrook match Gordon Goffet scored a fine century and Alan Nelson secured four wickets. Against Metropolitan Ken Clifford scored 57 and Gordon Goffet (4 wickets) and Terry Collins (3 wickets) bowled very well. Alf. Skelly kept wickets capably in both matches and scored 38 against Cranbrook.

Grahame Corling must be congratulated for winning the Gill Cricket Trophy for the most improved player in the team. Bruce Bevan is another young player who did well in his first year in the 1st XI.

I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the team, to thank Mr. Quill for the wonderful work he is doing as our coach. I am sure that much of our success is due to his coaching and tactical advice.

KEN CLIFFORD (Capt.).

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ATHLETICS

We have just ended another successful and very enjoyable season of Athletics. The main features were the comparative weakness this year of the seniors, and the great strength of the juniors, especially the juveniles.

There were four important carnivals. At our own School Carnival, Hunter House won the Arthur Shield and the Division Champions were: Senior, R. Wines; Under 16, D. Sharp; Under 15, A. Turner; Under 14, I. Trevallion; Under 13, M. Williams.

The competition at the Lintott Cup Carnival was most exciting. Our team won the Cup by a very narrow margin from Technical High and Maitland High. The Juniors also won the Shield.

Many of our boys recorded good performances at the Northern Districts All-Schools Championships, especially the Relay Teams.

The Sydney visit for the C.H.S. Carnival was most enjoyable. Our team won the Juvenile Shield for the second year in succession, whilst the Juniors came third in their section, and the school came fifth in the aggregate.

Outstanding performances were recorded by Peter Langley and R. Walker, who won their divisions of the high jump, and by K. Tregloan, who equalled the record in winning the Under 14 hurdles. The other hurdlers also had a wonderful day, with M. Williams winning a division of the Under 13, and A. Dick, T. Hefner, A. Furner, A. Turner, R. Elliott and R. Astley all running places in the finals. Tony Hefner struck a great patch of form in the 100 and 220 yards. The Under 13 Relay Team: M. Williams, D. St. John, N. Neild and J. Leis, and the Under 14 Relay Team: T. Hefner, K. Tregloan, S. Anthony and I. Trevallion, also were placed in the finals.

Mr. K. Graham, who had great success with his hurdlers during the season, took a team of ten boys to the Sydney All-Schools Carnival, and eight of them were placed in finals. Peter Langley won the high-jump and A. Dick won the hurdles, K. Tregloan and M. Williams were second in the hurdles, T. Hefner came second in the 100 and 220 yards, and the Under 13 Relay Team: M. Williams, D. St. John, N. Neild and J. Leis, finished second.

C. Worner, R. Astley, A. Turner, T. Hefner, I. Trevallion, D. Sharp and R. Welsh were possibly the most consistent performers during the season.

We are most grateful to Mr. J. Shield for his untiring efforts with the training of our team for the Shot Put, Discus and Javelin events.

We also wish to thank the School for the new hurdles and other equipment. It was pleasing to see so many parents at the Carnivals, even in Sydney.

As usual, we are greatly indebted to Mr. T. Osborne and his staff at Waratah Oval for all the wonderful help they gave us throughout the whole season.

Original Contributions in Prose and Verse

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The waves rear up, wild wolves about to spring,
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The packs are fierce, they snarl and fight behind,
And wait to sate an avid appetite.

Yet when the wasteful carnage fierce is o'er,
They rush at lightning speed with muffled growls
Across the refuse from their sensual feast,
And dart into the ranks of brutes who rear,
To wantonly destroy the cringing sands.

W. McCREA, 5B.



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JAZZ

If, perhaps, you are reading this introduction and are reluctant to proceed, suppress your feelings and continue. I shall try to explain to you why my friends and I have found this subject so fascinating, enlightening and enjoyable.

This essay is neither an attempt to elevate Jazz to the ultimate in artistic appreciation, nor an effort to convert the reader to a fanatical disciple. That attitude is an antithesis of the nature of Jazz. If I arouse a slight interest I shall be satisfied as I feel that the music itself will complete the conversion.

The great thing about Jazz is that it knows no class distinctions. This is one of the reasons for the growing popularity that this comparatively new musical innovation has enjoyed since its conception half a century ago. Jazz caters for anybody and everybody; is devoid of ostentation and snobbery (or should be) and brings pleasure to people of all ages. The environment in which Jazz was born and nurtured may have retarded its immediate appeal, but many attempts have been made to "educate" and improve this musical prodigy to the extent that many Jazz works are equal to, and sometimes better than, classical compositions in imagination, arrangement, emotion and performance. Do not think Jazz is inferior. It can be most expressive at many times.

Jazz flourishes because of its virility and adaptability. Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington, the most prolific and imaginative of all Jazz composers has even set Shakespeare to this type of music. It is music that thrives on the emotions of its performers and, unless a score has been written, no two Jazz performances are ever the same.

Jazz mocks the obnoxious, inferior and banal in the realms of music, but is continually searching for better and different ways of imparting its message. In recent years it has adopted instruments normally associated with symphony orchestras.

True Jazz cannot be completely captured or tamed, and one listens to its music not to absorb and forget but to absorb and retain for a fuller appreciation. It is infectious music and has the ability to evoke profound extremes of emotion.

The Jazz idiom has certain characteristic expressions which will undoubtedly confuse those of you who have met Jazz in some form. I must confess, many of these expressions confound me, and many others, so do not feel disappointed if a phrase eludes you. Perhaps the three most abused of these unique expressions are "square", a noun, "cat", also a noun and "dig", which is a verb. Do not be deterred by the supercilious type who contemptuously calls you a "square" simply because he is acquainted with the

names, or talents, of one or two more personalities than you are. Ignore him. It is not who, or what, one knows about Jazz but what one feels and understands. Your classification is irrelevant but your comprehension is important, as with all forms of art.

To conclude I would say that if you have been influenced by this essay, ask any Jazz "fan" for advice on music selection. Choose well and you will be rewarded. If you suffer disappointment in the first attempt to appreciate the music, sit down again and listen even more intently. Your time will not have been wasted.

What is Jazz? It is composed of melody, harmony and rhythm, but differs from other forms of music in its rhythmic interpretation and melodic improvisation. It is the qualities of interpretation and improvisation that signifies Jazz so vividly from other forms of music.

W. McCREA, 5B.

THE WASP

As Man blunders like an angry bear
Towards his end;
As countries squabble over pebbles,
And build them into heavy threatening stones;
As Mother Earth fears for her very life;
There is one hope.

Man, the egotist, the self claimed ultimate,
Is a clumsy fool.
He gropes into eternity
As would a baby into a bag of snakes,
And is bitten.
Spites his face:
Plunges into the whirlpool of annihilation.
But when he sees what he has done
He is stung inside, deep inside, by a spirit whom he fears,
A little wasp called Conscience.

He,
The only guardian of good,
Can lash the mighty wolves of Satan
Into submissive, harmless lambs.
And we must hope that he will never be subdued.
Our hope lies in his strength.

J. GARDINER, 5A.

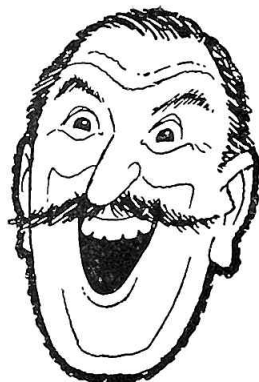


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ON GETTING TO SCHOOL

(Any resemblance to the majority of events in this story is clearly impossible; and resemblance to the minority is purely intentional).

My school-day begins with my alarm clock doing a fiendish jig up and down on my desk to the tune of its alarm bell. However, a well-directed pillow puts it out of its misery and I am free to snuggle back under warm bedclothes. But not for long. From the kitchen comes a voice informing me that I have about thirty minutes to catch the 'bus. At that, I climb out of bed, stumble to the bathroom, splash a few drops of icy-cold water onto my face, then stumble back to my room to get dressed.

At this stage, everything goes wrong at once: I discover that my socks can be put on from either end; shoelaces choose just that moment to break; my shirt has practically no buttons on it; and my tie is nowhere to be found.

Finally, with minutes to go, I gulp a hasty breakfast and hurtle out the front door to the 'bus stop just in time to catch the 'bus—sometimes.

When I arrive at Broadmeadow, it's usually just in time to see a 'bus disappearing into the distance along Broadmeadow Road. After about a ten minute wait another dearly-beloved (?) 227 pulls into the stop and I, with anything up to fifty other boys, dive for the back platform, while the conductor hastily dives under the steps for safety and too late discovers that he is blocked in by a solid wall of ports. Occasionally I managed to procure a seat on the top deck, and if I don't—oh, well. It's really not very windy on top of the 'bus. At last the 'bus creaks around Nine Ways and starts to head up Broadmeadow Road, always just in time to see the gates go down for some obscure coal train a mile down the line and chugging along at ten miles per hour. Now, with this wealth of information it is deduced by all Maths. teachers that theoretically the train will arrive in six minutes.

But the occupants of 227 Broadmeadow Road know better. Through some mystery of the Railways Department that train will not arrive for at least a quarter of an hour. From my vantage point on the top deck, I can see a man in the signal box rubbing his hands with fiendish glee and gloating as he ticks up on his private tallyboard yet another 227 'bus stopped at the gates.

Finally, however, he is forced to raise the gates, just to make sure they haven't rusted shut and also because he can see a raiding party from the 'bus about to lay siege to the signal box. As the gates reluctantly squeak open, the way is clear for us to school.

All good things come to an end as we reach that dearly-beloved pile of bricks, where teachers, cowering in the staff rooms, hastily make up revised wills and then issue forth to the classrooms, some never to be seen again, but that is another story.

And now comes the event that those plucky readers, who have managed to get this far, have been reading on for during the last couple of pages.

The end of this story and the beginning of the next one!

BRIAN GOODWIN, 4A.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

It is a Wednesday afternoon in Winter. Sports Day. School closes early and boys gradually disperse to their various sporting activities. You play football. You don't know just why you play it. It is a senseless game, with twenty-six men killing themselves over a piece of pumped-up pigskin. Still, you play it, and as you make your way over to Waratah Oval the butterflies that awaken each Wednesday afternoon in your stomach begin to stir. The sound of shouting and cheering drifts across the barren, deserted playground from the oval, borne on a light, frosty breeze.

You walk through the gate and pause for a moment to watch the early game.

"How're they goin'?"

"Down 5-7!"

Picking up your bag you walk into the dressing-room. Most of the team is already there, talking and joking.

"Where've you been? We're on in twenty minutes."

You find a position on the seat along the back wall and unpack your gear. Your team-mates are almost ready, some sitting quietly on the seat eating an orange or a glucose tablet, looking pensively at the floor, while others stand in groups, gesticulating and laughing somewhat forcedly trying not to betray the uneasiness that they all feel.

"Hey, mate! You got any vaseline?"

"Nah! Johnny's got some."

"Hey, Johnny! You . . ." The voice is lost in the general uproar.



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You don't feel like talking. The old butterflies begin a war-dance in your stomach as you lace up your boots. Won't be long now.

The talk and laughter in the dressing-room swells and increases as a joke is told here, an argument breaks out there and a general discussion on the prospects for the match brings forth loudly expressed opinions.

"The other mob here yet?"

The "other mob", referring to the opposing team, is always mentioned in a voice which is a strange combination of respect, awe and contempt, as one speaks of an unknown adversary before battle.

"Yair, they got here a half-hour ago. Hey, yer know that big front rower that . . ." The voice dissolves in the maelstrom of sound that eddies about you as you pull your jersey over your shoulders. Now you are ready.

There is an uproar at the door as the team from the early game staggers into the room, dirty and dishevelled, their grimy, ragged figures contrasting starkly with the gleaming brightness of your team.

"How did y' go?"

"Ah . . . got beat!" There is in that phrase a world of frustration, weariness, disappointment.

The acrid smell of perspiration mingles with the sterile, suffocating atmosphere of vaseline and liniment. Exclamations . . . complaints . . . excuses . . . to the hissing accompaniment of the showers.

"Why didn't yer pass the ball, Terry? I had the line open . . ."

"'Struth, their forwards were offside all day . . ."

"'Fiamin' ref. . . !"

However, you can spare no time for them as your coach bustles into the dressing-room, calling for attention above the din.

"Righto, you blokes, over here!"

You jump to your feet, anxious to be off, grateful for the break in the tension, the waiting . . .

The team crowds round the coach, all jumping and jostling, striving to warm up, straining to hear the last-minute instructions, the encouragements . . .

The shrill blast of the referee's whistle cuts abruptly through the curtain of noise.

"Here we go, boys!"

"We'll kill 'em!"

"Now, don't forget, when you're defending in your 25 . . ."

"Come on!"

The team trots out of the dressing-room in a bobbing line of red and blue . . . you hear cheers from somewhere . . . distant, distorted . . . down the steps . . . out onto the ground, the crunch of studded boots on the hard clay sounding extraordinarily loud . . .

This is it! The butterflies protest vigorously . . .

But you know that later, when you plod wearily off the ground, dirty, sore, drenched with sweat, all the tension, the training, the waiting will seem worthwhile when someone says: "Good on yer, mate! Yer played a good game!"

ROSS EVANS, 5th Year,

FLAG OF DEATH

At last the fortune was in our grasp. In a few moments we should all be rich. That was the thought that was running through our minds as the anchor rattled out from the bow of the twenty foot ex-motor torpedo boat "Shelly". "Shelly" was gently rolling in the swell sixty feet above the sea-floor off the New Guinea coast.

Below the keel of our boat, somewhere in the dark depths below, lay a ship, a ship with a cargo of gold. Her name was "Escort" a small cargo boat of fifteen hundred tons but with a speed of thirty knots. It was because of her speed that she was chosen to transport a valuable cargo of gold worth a million pounds. It was because she was chosen to transport the gold that she now lay at the bottom of the sea together with her crew. A drunken seaman, who was a member of her crew, had told a "friend" of the gold. This "friend" passed on the information to the Japanese.

On the night of the tenth of June, 1944, two torpedoes struck the "Escort" while she was only a few hours out of Port Moresby. She sank almost immediately taking her crew with her to the bottom of the sea. How did I know about the gold and the sinking of the "Escort"? The answer to that question is very simple. I was the "friend" to whom the drunken sailor had spoken.

It was about eleven o'clock and the sea was quite calm, ideal for salvage work. With me on the bridge were six other men who knew of the gold and who were willing to help in its salvage. We were all anxious to start work and there was much activity on deck. It was twenty-one minutes past eleven when the smoke first appeared on the horizon. Seven pairs of eyes turned towards it. By forty minutes past eleven the outline of a ship could be distinguished, an outline which could only be that of a warship. As the minute hand of my watch swept round to twelve o'clock I saw with the aid of glasses a cruiser, a cruiser flying the flag of the Rising Sun, the flag of death.

Fate is strange. A few hours later "Shelly" joined the "Escort" at the bottom of the sea. We had been so close to a million pounds, and yet so far away.

R. GIBBS, 3F.

THE BREAKING OF A WAVE

Spray, spume and flying foam;

A great green wall—a white-flecked dome.

The angry pillar plunges down

And on the rocks with a dreadful sound

It breaks!

The swift but silent streams of foam

Flow over rock and sand and stone,

To where it's dark, secluded, cool

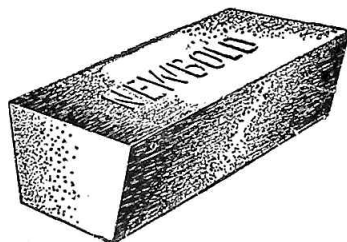
In a deep and limpid, clear rock-pool.

R. BARRETT, 3A.

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EXAMINATIONS

Oh, that fateful day. Yes, indeed, June 5 was certainly a day for remorse. Even the painful thought of such appalling labours that were left undone gave one the shivers.

Upon arriving at the dreaded school I trudged unwillingly into the grounds and took my place among the sorrowful faces of those who were catching up on work left undone. The ring of the bell caused a profound stir in the rank of morbid, chattering students. A despondent crowd of boys was then hustled into slaughter by an unflinching teacher, who, apparently, delighted in his occupation. I took my seat and upon glancing at my agitated neighbour I discovered that he was thumbing a well-worn pencil nervously.

Then the carnage began!

Immediately the perplexed students commenced writing vigorously. For my part, I was greatly troubled by the continue shuddering of my partner's brain as it raked among his reserve memory. This became so interminable that I was obliged to ask him, as politely as I could, would he mind if he did not concentrate so hard because he was disturbing my work. I then resumed my pondering over my efforts.

These tedious exertions continued for five days. Each one as eventful as the rest, until finally, that glorious afternoon, when, to my relief, the annoying examinations finished.

JOHN NELSON, 1A.

FIRST NIGHT

There is probably nothing so exciting as standing in the wings of a theatre on the opening night of a play, waiting for the curtain to rise. In a few short moments the joys and sorrows, triumphs and disappointments, the hard work and sweat of the last few months will be put to the test. This is the culmination of weeks of rehearsals, long hours spent learning scripts and countless arguments with the director and other members of the cast. This is the night for which you have been preparing for so long and suddenly you feel small, unprepared and more than a little afraid.

The dress rehearsal was horrible. Lines were forgotten, cues missed, the prompter, required far too often, kept losing his place, the electrician blew the fuses in the top bank of spot-lights and a piece of the scenery fell down. You didn't leave until well after mid-night, too tired to worry about what it all meant. To-night you know.

Now only one thought keeps hammering in your brain. "What if it's the same to-night? What if some-one forgets his lines? What if I forget my lines? What if . . . ? What if . . . ?" You can feel your heart pumping the blood through your veins; your temples start to throb in time with it and as the blood pounds through your head it takes up the song. "What if . . . ? What if . . . ?" Your ear-drums feels as if they're going to burst and your head seems as if it will split in two and still that nagging voice, deep within you, beats the refrain. "What if . . . ? What if . . . ?"

With a shudder you pull yourself together and glance nervously at the other actors, hoping no signs of your inward turmoil are visible and wondering vaguely if they feel as you do. You can't tell. Their faces, heavily covered with grease-paint show no traces of emotion and suddenly, for the first time, you are glad of your own make-up. Usually you hate it. It's hot, sticky and sometimes it won't come off. It took ages to put on and your neck starts to ache again as you think of how it ached as you sat in the make-up chair, your head at a most unusual angle and a strong light glaring you straight in the eyes, which, for some reason, the make-up artist insists on you keeping open.

You want to scratch your nose but you can't because the grease-paint will come off if you do.

Your companions, usually a talkative group, have relapsed into a strange silence, a direct contrast to those in the dressing rooms where conversation is noisy, and laughter a little too hearty to be genuine. For the last five minutes you haven't even heard the old maxim about a bad dress rehearsal always preceding a good first night. You feel like telling it yourself, then look at the others and decide against it.

In front of the curtain the orchestra strikes up and the monotone murmur of a packed house gradually subsides.

The ten second warning bell has just rung, the curtain begins to rise and the spot-lights, working, come on. Two minutes later you get your cue and your feet move onto the stage without any conscious prompting. As your mouth forms the familiar lines, seemingly of its own volition, your voice sounds foreign and different and appears to come from somewhere on the other side of the stage.

For better or worse the waiting is over. As yet it is too early to be certain, but some-how, unaccountably, you know it's going to be all right.

GRAHAM BATES, 3A.

THE SEA

My heart is in the rolling waves,
The sea is in my blood;
My soul is on the tossing ship
Crashing through the flood.
I love to watch the slender masts,
From side to side they sway;
The rising bows, the figure head,
Smashing through the spray.
I love to hold the jerking wheel
With combers to the lee;
Yes! Seas and ships and sailors,
Oh! It's the life for me.

J. MILLER, 1A.

LIGHTHOUSES

No matter where you live I expect you have all seen a lighthouse, or a picture of one, perched high on some cliff, from which vantage point its beams may be seen for long distances by sailors. These lighthouses warn of dangerous reefs and shoal, and tell the shipmaster that land is near, and thus afford protection to those travelling by sea.

You may ask, how long have lighthouses been in operation? Well, you may be surprised to know that one of the most famous, the Pharos of Alexandria, was built in the reign of Ptolemy II, about 283 B.C. This was an enormous tower of white marble built on an island at the mouth of the river Nile. It was regarded as one of "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World." To-day, unfortunately, nothing of it remains.

Here in Australia we have many lighthouses which are controlled by the Commonwealth Lighthouse Service, which operates three ships for maintenance and supervision. Many of these lighthouses provide, by flashes or groups of flashes, and in some instances distinguishing colours, a means by which navigators can identify the particular lighthouse, and thus know exactly where they are, even on the darkest night. In many cases a sun-valve is used to control the light, so that the light is automatically switched on at sundown and off at sunrise. Some of these lighthouses are entirely unattended, but at many of them there are two or three families to provide the necessary care.

Since lighthouses have to throw their warning beams for many miles so that navigators may see them long before their ships are in danger, you probably wonder what type of light is employed. In early days this presented great difficulties, but now most lighthouses use a kerosene incandescent lamp which, with various types of prismatic lenses, concentrates the light into a powerful beam which can be seen far out at sea. The framework carrying them floats on a trough of mercury, and is easily revolved by clockwork or other means.

Of course, in addition to lighthouses, there are light beacons and lightships to mark channels and hidden dangers. These are to be seen in most of our principal harbours.

Then there are other aids to navigators, such as the radio beacon, and high frequency direction-finding equipment. One of these stations has recently been established on Troughton Island, on the North-west Coast of Australia, to warn navigators of the dangerous Holothuria Banks, half-way between Yampi Sound and Darwin. Thanks to all these aids, navigation is made safe, and shipping tragedies reduced to a minimum.

KEVIN GOLDING, 3C.

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STRANDED IN TIME

Mr. Melvin Marble stood there and looked surprised. He had expected something strange, but not this. Who wouldn't be surprised? For the whole . . . but wait. I had better tell you what Melvin Marble was doing in the Twenty-first Century.

In the year 1959, Newcastle Boys' High School had a time machine installed in the Physics lab. Melvin Marble, the Science Master, decided to use it. Watched by an eager crowd of boys, and an equally eager crowd of teachers, he set the dial for 2059.

And, here he was! But he was utterly amazed. For there was nothing left of the school but a pile of masonry and rubble. This was the only sign of civilization, for where Newcastle should have been, there was a dense, dark forest.

Melvin kicked a broken brick carelessly. He quickly stooped down and picked up an old book which was under the brick. The name on the cover read "Paul Stevens, 4B."

"Stevens, eh?" he said. "I teach him."

Turning to the front page, he read.

"To-day," said the book, "we decided to revolt. During the French period, we tossed Mr. Cahier out the window.

"Then we stormed the headmaster's office, with the help of some 4E boys. We executed the headmaster, and the deputy committed suicide.

"Next we took the tuck shop, and let Ben go free. We made this our headquarters, and while our generals ate 'Spaceniks', we successfully held our fortress.

"However, the teachers and some traitorous 4A and 4C boys made a suicide attack and regained it. We retreated to Room 19. For a time we held it, but the P.E. teachers climbed up the drain pipe. I will have to stop writing now, for Caves is calling me to the defence . . ."

Melvin stuffed the book down his shirt, then started digging for relics of the battle. After a few minutes, he found a sub-machine gun, then a live hand grenade. Fearing it might explode, he flung it over his shoulder.

And made the mistake of his life!

There was a loud "Boom", and Melvin hurriedly jumped round. The time machine had been exploded by the grenade.

And Mr. Melvin Marble was stranded in the year 2059.

PAUL STEVENS, 1B.

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A TRIP I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Adelaide was our destination as the Melbourne Daily Express pulled out from Sydney Central Station. The time was 8.30 a.m. and every boy was keyed up with excitement. Our luggage had been booked through to Melbourne, so we had no worries, and contented ourselves by reading comics or playing cards.

The trip was rather boring except for the hostesses and the food which made up for the lack of scenery. Sweets on trains are generally expensive, but the hostesses overcame this difficulty for us.

We changed trains at Albury and started our next lap for Melbourne. This train was the Daylight Spirit of Progress which was not the real Spirit of Progress as the latter travels at night. However the Daylight was much better than the Melbourne Express and we enjoyed our trip immensely. After Albury the carriages became wider because the gauge in Victoria is wider than that of N.S.W.

Arriving in Melbourne at 9.30 p.m. we met our hosts who took us for the night. Most of our billets were in the Victorian Cricket Team and we both departed on the same train (because the carnival was in Adelaide). Our team was shown over Melbourne next day. We saw the Olympic Swimming Pool in which we were fortunate to see Jon Konrads win his 400 metres race by 50 yards. From there we went to the Athletic Oval, the Games Arena and were again fortunate to see Paterson, one of Australia's best cyclists in action on the Olympic Velladrome. The layout of Melbourne is three main streets and two main railway stations where steam, electric and diesel trains terminate.

Melbourne Station is very large and our team received a severe lecture from our manager when we started a game of cricket in the middle of it. (We were using a plastic ball). On Sunday night we boarded the Melbourne-Adelaide Express at 8 p.m. We thanked our hosts, and this time were on our way to Adelaide. This part of the journey took 13½ hours. The train went all night and we arrived at 9.30 a.m. next morning. All along the side of the track from Murray River Bridge Station (where we had breakfast) we saw nothing but dry barren fields and hundreds of rabbits.

The Melbourne-Adelaide Express is the best train I have ever travelled in. We slept in aeroplane seats which were adjustable. The one fault was that there was no buffet. Just before Adelaide, coming down a slope, we saw through the large sun-visors on the windows, our first glimpse of Adelaide. It is very beautiful. Drive-in theatres can be seen all round the city and in the background lies the calm sea. The seas are nearly always calm and there are no rolling breakers because the land on either sides protects them from the wind.

We stopped with our billets for three weeks, met Sir Donald Bradman at a luncheon to which we were guests of the Sheffield Shield match, visited professional night baseball and watched night soccer.

Our first match was against Queensland who had won the cup twice previously. They won the cup again, beating us on a slight average. However, we defeated them outright. We then played

Western Australia and were thoroughly thrashed. The rest of the games we won outright, the last game being watched by Sir Donald Bradman who presented the cup.

Adelaide is the most picturesque place I have even seen and I was very sad when our time came to leave.

The return journey was a little boring but something was always cropping up which would take our minds off travelling. We stopped at Melbourne for an afternoon and caught the famous "Spirit of Progress" at 6 o'clock that night. It is tremendous train, although it is getting a little old and the dining carriage is too expensive. (All we could afford was a cup of tea). We alighted at Albury and changed into a shocking 2nd class train. We were supposed to have breakfast at Moss Vale but we were all tired out and slept nearly till we arrived in Sydney at 10.30 a.m. and here the cricket coach drove the four Newcastle boys home. This was the end of the trip, a trip I shall never forget.

DARRELL MORRIS, 3B.

TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY

I had never believed that troubles always come together until that eventful day when my cousin, my two dogs and I spent a day fishing on Lake Macquarie. I call it eventful because there were more events packed into six hours than I had ever before believed possible.

The day started innocently enough when my cousin proposed that we go fishing in the rowing boat. I agreed and said that we might as well make a picnic of it and take our lunch to eat on the big island about half a mile from Mark's Point where we were staying. Although it was a good way to row we decided to row for a while then anchor and fish, then pull up the anchor and continue on until we reached the island. We could have lunch on the island and then return home. We also decided to take my two dogs, Suzy and Lassie. I don't know if they were the cause of our misfortune but if they were not, they contributed a lot towards them.

We started at nine in the morning and rowed down to Swan Bay to get some fresh prawns. While we were getting them, the dogs deserted ship and we spent fifteen minutes hunting for them before we found them and set off.

We stopped to fish about ten o'clock and spent a happy half-an-hour catching fish. We caught about a dozen good-size bream and then my cousin hooked a big one. In the ensuing struggle Suzy went overboard. We hauled her aboard and she immediately began to remove surplus water by shaking, only she did not wait until we were out of the way.

We rowed on but our luck deserted us and when we reached the island about twelve thirty we had not caught another fish.

We anchored the boat about ten yards from the shore as we knew that the tide would leave us high and dry if we pulled the boat close in to the shore. As we were carrying the lunch basket to shore my cousin slipped and dropped it. Luckily the water was only three inches deep and the food was on top of the plates, but the salt and sugar got wet. The dogs had disappeared but we were not worried as there was no chance of their getting lost.

While eating our lunch we discovered that although we had several tins of fruit we had no tin opener and they defied all efforts to open them.

After we had finished our lunch we decided to leave but we discovered that although we had anchored the boat in about ten inches of water the tide had left it hard in the mud. It took ten minutes of pushing and pulling to put the boat back into its native element. We then called the dogs. A few loud shouts brought them running but as soon as Suzy came into smelling distance I knew that something was wrong. I realised that she had been indulging in her favourite pastime of lying on her back and wriggling to remove itches. The only thing wrong was that she had chosen a patch of evil-smelling seaweed to lie in and an abnoxious odour surrounded her. However I reasoned she could sit in the back of the boat and if we rowed fast enough it would be all right. My cousin suggested that we tie a rope around her neck and tow her home but I doubted her ability to stay afloat.

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We walked out to the boat and then a new problem arose. How were the dogs to get into the boat? Although Lassie was easy, no one wanted to lift Suzy. But as she was my dog I had to do it.

During the return journey the wind changed and blew from the stern. We tried to persuade Suzy to sit in the front of the boat but she thought that we wanted her to sit next to us and she insisted on doing so. Eventually I carried her to the front of the boat where she sat for the rest of the journey.

As we neared the jetty I remarked that at least we still had the fish. But had we? A hurried search revealed that we hadn't. The bag that contained the fish had been tied to the back of the boat to keep the fish fresh but during our efforts to get the boat afloat at the island it must have worked loose and come adrift.

Troubles never come singly.

R. LETCHER, 2A.

WE ALL HAVE TO LEARN

Anne's driving was a compound of inexperience, profound ignorance of the mechanism of motor cars and unshakable optimism. Father's hair was quite grey after one drive with her, supposedly to teach her the rudiments of the art, because of her flagrant disobedience of the rules of the road and her cheerful answer to all requests for more care, that is, "Oh! I'll be all right." He came to tea, a bundle of nerves. Even the dropping of a knife would bring forth an automatic "Careful with the gears!"

Of course "sister" strolled in half an hour later, grease all over her, and greeted everyone with a cheery "Hello!" and sat down to eat a hearty meal. Between bites explaining how she had just pulled the entire gear box apart "to see what was in it." This started more moans from Dad and a cry of horror from mother when she saw Anne's oily slacks.

The next lesson did not come for a few weeks. It took the garage men a while to reassemble the gear box and make a few minor adjustments. I foolishly decided to go, mainly to see if my nerves were as good as I thought. Backing from the garage was an experience in itself. Anne sprang into the seat, started the motor, crashed the gears to reverse, obviously forgetting the existence of the clutch, and stamped her foot fiercely on the accelerator. The car shot backwards, ricocheted off the side fence and bounced through the gates onto the road. Apart from the duco the car was undamaged, and father just sat there, a stony stare on his face.

Amid grinds and groans we started and had reached forty miles an hour before "Sis" eased up on the accelerator. Her face wore a look of utter contentment and she asked father if her take-off had been any better than the previous one, but the only answer was a

withering glance. Deciding on the spur of the moment to turn a corner, she spun the wheel. A racing driver would have envied her "four wheel drift" as we slid around the corner and bounced merrily out of the opposite gutter to continue up the wrong side of the street for about fifty yards.

Anne uttered a gay word of encouragement and we sped on, through intersections, red lights and sundry other road signs at which she merely glanced and shrugged her shoulders. As we approached a blind corner Dad gave a word of warning which was swept away by an airy wave of the driver's hand.

Slam! Crash! We were over. The only sound I could hear from the floor was Dad's voice heavy with sarcasm: "Oh, well, we can always get it fixed!"

S. GREENLAND, 4C.

SEVEN FIFTY-FIVE FROM THE LEMONGROVE

On mornings, Monday to Friday there is always much activity surrounding the Lemongrove, for it is from here that the green and cream monsters bearing the warning "School Children" start their journeys towards the houses of learning that are at various strategic positions about the city. The most widely known of all these buses is the "seven fifty-five" as the timetable calls it, or the "five to" as its passengers have named it.

At five minutes to eight, or whenever the operators think fit, the journey begins. The bus rounds the corner and proceeds along Nelson Street hotly pursued by a dozen dogs and sometimes a lone pupil who has neglected to rise from his slumbers at a respectful hour. The bus follows the two thirty bus route, and on a clear day one's knowledge of local geography is increased by an amazing percentage. The patrons of the bus consist mainly of Novocastrians, males downstairs and females on the upper deck. There is a sprinkling of other denominations distributed in a similar manner, but their numbers increase as the journey continues.

At this point I would like to offer a tribute to the brave few who, day after day, in the face of terrific odds, man the school buses. After a crew has done two or three days' duty on the "five to", however, it (the crew) is not seen again for several months. Let us pause at this point in our story and examine a typical "School Special" crew. The driver is usually a large man, an ex-wrestler if one is available, who wears sun-glasses to hide his blood-shot eyes and carries a large spanner in his right hand. On his head is perched a fully operational cap and on his jacket the blue ribbon of the George Cross can be sometimes seen. The conductor is a different breed of man. He is a small man, and thus it is easy for him to get out of the path of any missile, guided or otherwise, that may be hovering about. A conductor does a special course in unarmed combat. In their eyes one

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can usually see a fearless look and on their faces are expressions similar to those worn by people who jump from high buildings into crowded streets. To men such as these the community says, "Thank you!"

By the time the 'bus passes the coke oven the male students are either rehearsing Shakespeare on the rear platform or discussing the latest attempt by some power to place a stable or something in orbit around the earth. The activities on the upper deck are usually of a darker nature. It resembles the briefing room of a big game hunting post. The target is a male hiding in some distant suburb. However, on reaching Blue Gum Road all activities cease and interest is transferred to the "thirty three", a 'bus which serves the less civilised areas. If this vehicle is ahead of us the the one cry is "Catch it, driver!" If it is behind us, then various schemes are put forward as to how to keep it there. The 'bus which reaches the top of Jesmond Hill first is usually referred to as a "pretty good heap" and the driver "not such a bad bloke after all", but, if the "thirty three" should arrive at the top of the hill first, well, I don't think I had better put that on paper.

Sooner or later the 'bus turns into Howe Street. It is here, at the "Exchange", a place similar to the "Lemongrove", that the journey draws to a close. As the better seats are vacated by the gentlemen in the red and blue ties, there is a rush (for them, the seats) by those commoners who inhabit inferior Temples of Knowledge. Some of the aristocracy who are engrossed in study remain on board till the Bank Corner, but these are few.

All security is now transferred to the upper deck and remains there until the 'bus turns onto Lambton Road and the warning "School Children" is removed. From this point until the Bank Corner any passenger who is either a fool or a brave man is taken aboard. As the 'bus grinds to a halt at the Bank Corner and the sounds of dainty footsteps on the stairs are to be heard, there is an even louder metallic clang as the driver drops his spanner and relaxes for several hours and the conductor pours himself a large brandy from the bottle he has concealed in the fire extinguisher.

ALLAN CAVANAGH, 4th Year.

ON HAIRCUTS

It has been said, by persons much greater than I, that "clothes make the man"—but I would beg to disagree with these persons (usually managers of clothing retail stores). In my opinion, not clothes but "haircuts make the man."

When one looks around, one sees that it is not about the impending extermination of civilisation by nuclear explosions that one must worry, but that the nature given covering of the human head will in a few years be virtually non-existent.

As for to-day, the first haircut that I shall deal with is that type, which belongs to that so-called outcast of civilisation—the bodgie.

These young gentlemen wear their hair rather long in the fashion of a certain youth in the Army of the United States of America. Strangely, though, this youth has, of late, changed his haircut on the advice of this army. The reason for this change is very secret, but here, for the first time is the dialogue which took place in a certain basic army camp, between the beforementioned youth and a rather hardened sergeant of the infantry.

Sergeant (standing behind youth): "Am I hurting you, soldier?"

Youth: "No, sah!"

Sergeant: "Well, I should be, because I'm standing on your hair."

But the sect which belongs to this youth has not cut its hair, and many are the various types of these haircuts, which look as if they have not been cut for some years. These haircuts are always immaculately groomed and oozing a greasy mess at every hair. In fact, one wonders whether their owners go to a barber for a haircut or a grease and oil change.

These, of course, are not the only people who wear their hair long—far from it. There is also the exact opposite in society to the above-mentioned. These are the university students and so-called connoisseurs of classical music, commonly called "long-hairs". This species wears its long, not through any pride in appearance, but for a reason very much like that of the bodgie—to attract attention. Everyone knows of course of the famous violinist, who, at a recent performance, broke all the strings on his violin and continued playing on four selected strands of hair.

Not to be missed are the porcupine people, who take such a pointed way on life—the "flat-toppers". These haircuts would win the prize for the most peculiar style for they have such a contrast in haircutting—from the sleek sides to the brittle plateau on top.

There is, of course, that throw-back to Roman times—the so-called Brutus, Caesar, Mark Anthony (or any other Roman you can think of except Tiberius who was as bald as a billiard ball) haircut. This is mainly for the lazy people who have no desire to make an intricate haircut and just comb their hair to the front and leave it.

Down we come through all the different haircuts, including the age-old "short back and sides" to the one that is but one stage above baldness—the "crew-cut". This rather startling haircut first made its appearance some years ago. It was some months before people realised that somebody who, they thought, had suddenly gone bald was in fact wearing this new haircut. The method of doing this haircut is very obscure but it is believed that a sudden increase in the sale of garden clippers is closely connected with it.

Lastly there is that group of men who never have to worry about their haircuts, for in fact they have none. 'Tis a sad day in the life

of a man when he finds his hair is beginning to fall out and is lying on the shoulders of his coat. (It is a sadder day still, when his wife finds them, of course.)

This, then is of haircuts, yesterday and to-day, but for to-morrow—who knows? With the world situation the way it is, we shall probably all have our heads blown off, and thereby an end shall be put to man's everlasting problem—hair . . . possession and lack of.

KEVIN WILLIAMS, 4A.

A DAY ON A DREDGE

During the Christmas Vacation, I was invited by a friend to spend a day aboard the dredge on which he worked in Newcastle Harbour. Deciding this would be a good opportunity to see just how the dredge worked, I accepted his generous offer.

On a Tuesday morning we left home at six-thirty and caught a bus to Newcastle. From there we went to Carrington, where we boarded the dredge. It was quite a large vessel and very clean. It contained a wheelhouse, crew's quarters, mess, engine room, three hoppers (tubs) built into the deck to hold the silt and the suction apparatus at the stern.

The dredge left the wharf at about eight-thirty and proceeded to an inlet between the car ferry, Merewether Street wharf, and the State Dockyard. Here the vessel commenced to dredge after the captain had found the right depth. The silt was taken from the bottom by suction. A long pipe was lowered out of the machinery at the stern where it sucked up the silt which was then transferred to the hoppers. These hoppers were approximately sixteen feet deep, twenty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. Slowly they were filled with the brown oozing mud. Also collected in the hoppers were some small fish. After they were full, the dredge slowly made its way past Nobby's to the open sea. It was the first time I had been so far out. Here traps were opened in the ship's side to release the silt. This whole operation took from one and a quarter to one and three-quarter hours. Then the vessel returned to the inlet where it commenced to dredge once more. This time, however, I was very lucky in being taken to the wheelhouse where orders are given to the engine room and where the vessel is steered from. The captain kindly showed me the procedure of telegraphing which was very interesting. I was allowed to operate some of the levers next run. After we had dumped that load, it was time for lunch in the mess. When this was finished the dredging started anew. We made altogether five trips, and this I was told was about the average.

At five-thirty in the afternoon, the vessel moored at Merewether Street wharf. This ended the day's work.

IAN GRAHAM, 2A.

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