

3RD GRADE LEAGUE, 1959.

BACK ROW: E. Wynne, Cummings, K. Shaw, R. Perkins, D. Hardy, W. Adam, P. Dick, P. Sutcliffe.
 FRONT ROW: M. Little, D. Stuart, D. Calkin, K. Jarvis (Capt.), Mr. T. Percy (Coach), R. Brady, M. McCarron.
 ABSENT: R. Cairns.

Photo, by McRae Studios.

Block donated by W.E.A. BOOKSHOP, 12 Wheeler Place, Newcastle.

on to White who touched down in the corner. Towards the end of a dreary, hard-fought game, Ralph made a clever, swerving run of 30 yards to score. Final score 12-0.

Throughout the season, teamwork was the key to success. Hawthorne, the fullback, was extremely safe, with some brilliant work both in defence and attack. Wingers Ralph and White always made the most of the opportunities that came their way; White scoring 14 tries for the season. Inside-centre Smythe, with his safe hands and good defence, proved a valuable link. Wallace, at outside-centre, used his strength and power to great advantage and scored many tries. Wingrove, at five-eighth, kept the backline functioning and ran intelligently with the ball. Hawkins at half always played intelligent football, his positional play relieving pressure on many occasions. Garis at lock, with his devastating play, proved a consistent menace to the opposition. Hawke and Robinson, the second-row pair, were never far from the ball and shone in cover defence. Beveridge and Barnes, the prop forwards, used their weight to great advantage, always taking more than one man to pull them down. Full marks go to Lyddiard who came into the side with no hooking experience whatsoever. He improved tremendously, both in open play and in hooking.

Mention must be made of Calkin, Watts, Ebrill, Swarzes, Quinlan, Turner and McMillan who played when called upon. All acquitted themselves and did much to help the side to maintain an unbeaten record.

Congratulations go to Hawthorne who played for N.S.W. in the nine stone division.

During the season, 57 tries were scored and only 5 against; evidence of the standard of defence.

The team appreciates the assistance by various people during the season and wishes especially to thank the P. & C. for financial support and the Tech. High boys for their support in the University Shield matches.

K.P.

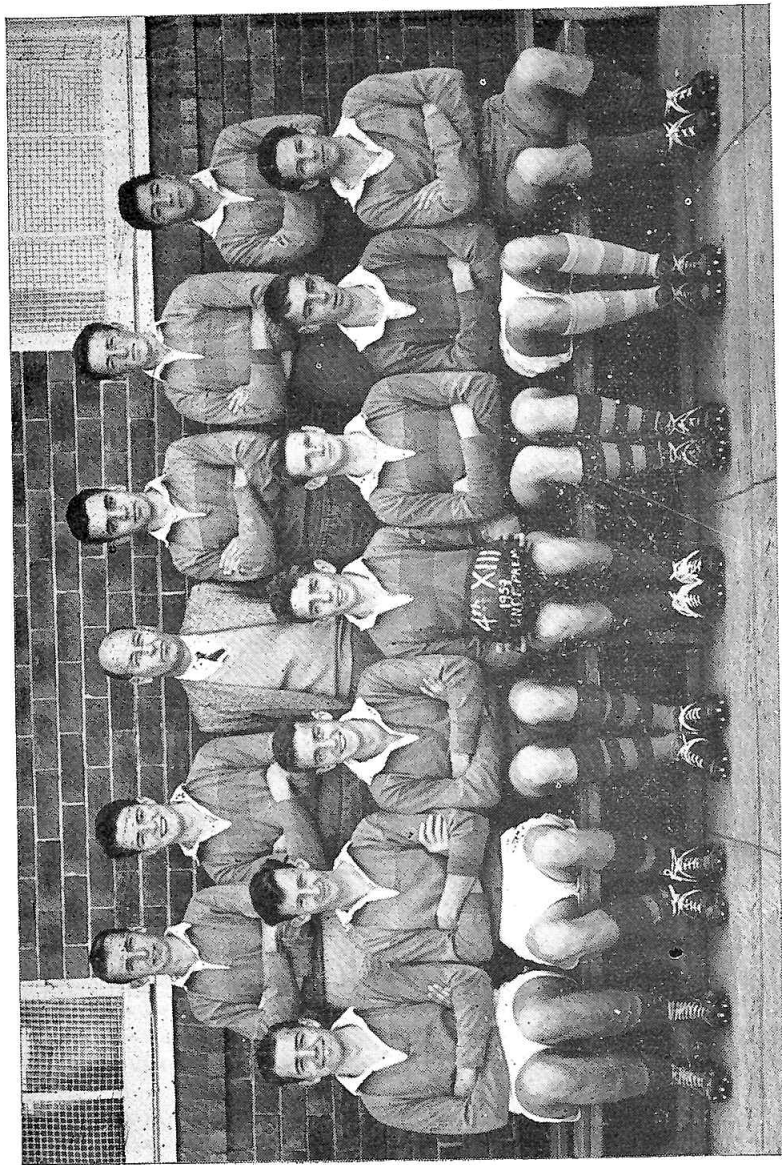
The team's thanks go to our coach, Mr. Plumb, for his patience and friendly advice through the season. His enthusiasm contributed greatly to our success.

R. WELSH.

SECOND GRADE—The second XIII had good success through the season. We suffered only two defeats, both at the hands of Cessnock. Both of these matches were hard-fought, close games, the final scores being 9-5 and 8-7 in favour of Cessnock. In the first of these matches we led 5-4 with three minutes to go, but, a late try by Cessnock gave them victory.

During the season the team scored 155 points, conceded only 26 points, and finished second on the points table to the undefeated Cessnock.

Jack Elbourne was the top try scorer, while Collins topped the points score. Collins gave a brilliant exhibition of goal kicking in our



4th GRADE LEAGUE, 1959.

BACK ROW: R. Dunning, R. Coulton, Mr. Cook (Coach), S. Cooksey, R. Buxton, S. Mook.
 FRONT ROW: R. Ball, W. Adam, D. LeMarchant, C. Stubbs (Captain), R. Harland, J. McPhee, S. Israel.
 ABSENT: R. Airds, B. Palmer, G. Edman, I. Day.
 Photograph by Mektæ Studios. Block donated by John's Silk Store.

46-nil victory over Gosford when he kicked eight goals from eleven attempts on a wet ground.

On behalf of the team, (Collins, Elbourne, Wynne, Mather, Quinlan, Swarzes, McMillan, Dyason, Ebrill, Cavanagh, Bindle, Watts, Litchfield and Kemp), I would like to thank Mr. Rooney for his advice and help during the season.

D. KEMP, 5D (Capt.).

THIRD GRADE—This year, third grade finished the competition as undefeated premiers.

After a series of good wins in the trials, we entered the competition full of confidence. In the first competition game, after being down 5-3 at half-time, we defeated last year's premiers, Maitland Marist, 16-5. Following this came a series of easy wins. We defeated Belmont 19-0; Maitland 24-0; Tech. High 37-0; Cessnock 54-0. The next game, against Kurri, decided the premiership as we were both undefeated at the time. This game was, as expected, the hardest of the competition. As a result of good tries by Bill Adam and Derek Calkin and a good goal by Mick Little, we won the game 8-0. These points were scored in the first half. We defended all the second half except for one bright period when, following a brilliant back-line movement, Stuart was pulled down inches from Kurri's line. The whole back-line played well and, of the forwards, Sutcliffe and Brady were best. The remaining game against Hamilton Marist was washed out.

The back-line consisting of Cairns, Perkins, McCarron, Stuart, Dick, Hardy and Calkin, was the strength of the side. Of the forwards, Brady and Sutcliffe were the most consistent. They were well supported by Little, Cummings and Shaw.

The total number of points scored was 158, the number against being 5. The main contributors to the scores were McCarron (24); Little (22); Stuart (21) and Hardy (22).

On behalf of our team I wish to thank our coach, Mr. Percy, whose advice enabled us to gain the success that we did.

K. JARVIS (Capt.).

FOURTH GRADE—This year a new grade has been introduced into the league competitions and we are pleased to say that it has proved most successful by ending the season undefeated premiers.

The success of this team was due mainly to the whole-hearted co-operation of all players combining themselves to play as a single unit. I cannot let this opportunity go by without mentioning a few outstanding players who contributed so much to our success. The inside-centre, Ray Coulton, proved a promising player who was a penetrating runner and a solid tackler. Coulton was ably supported by Sean Israel, Bill Adams and David Le Marchant, all of whom proved very dangerous when in possession. Another outstanding player was our full-back, Gary Edman, who played a solid game and defended well. Our American visitor, Jeff Sealy, proved an acquisition to the team with his speed on the wing. With a little more experience of Rugby League he could prove to be a player of high calibre.



S.7 LEAGUE TEAM, 1959.

BACK ROW: P. Moore, C. Worner, D. Magennis, J. Sharp, J. Rudder, Mr. B. Milne (Coach).
 FRONT ROW: D. Sharp, H. McDonald, M. Dawes, S. Greenland (Capt.), T. Greenland, B. George, L. Campbell, C. Elvidge,
 ABSENT: R. McCarter, S. Anthony, J. Leis.
 Photo by McRae Studios. Block donated by James Tickle & Sons Pty. Ltd., Iron Foundry

One of the hardest working forwards was Buxton who continually penetrated the opposition's defence making openings for the back-line. We were able to get more than our share of the ball thanks to the efforts of our hooker, Paul Harland.

Our hardest game was that against Boolaroo who extended us to a draw, thus proving to be worthy opponents. This game was spoilt by the condition of the field.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Cook on behalf of myself and the team, for the help and encouragement given to us.

CECIL STUBBS, 5A.

FIFTH GRADE—This year the 8-7 team was again successful, being undefeated premiers.

It was a rather wet season, three out of ten games being washed out. The team scored 140 points, 33 tries and 13 goals, conceding only 8 and also succeeding in not having our line crossed. Outstanding point scorers were C. Worner (10 tries) and S. Anthony (10 goals).

Our captain and half at the start of the season, R. McCarter, had bad luck, breaking his hand in an intercity match early in the season. His brilliance was not overlooked however, as he was later selected in the N.S.W. nine stone team.

We lost hooker, P. Princehorn, on a weigh-in after two games, T. Greenland ably replacing him for the rest of the season.

Hard games meant continued injuries and absences, the team being reshuffled almost every game. It is a tribute to the versatility of the players that the team did so well. The only members to play all seven games were Campbell, Dawes, Moore and S. Greenland; Dawes being the only player to appear in the same position for each game. In all, eighteen players appeared, fourteen of these scoring.

As most games were played in wet conditions, the forwards always had to work hard; their outstanding games being against Hamilton Marist in the first round and the second round game against Maitland. They tackled soundly in defence and opened up play in attack.

The backs played hard and well, always on their man in defence and running hard in attack. The speed of the outside backs was a constant source of worry to the opposition.

At the end of the season, the team, together with three Junior High boys, played a game against the N.S.W. nine stone side, going down by 22 points to nil after a hard and fast game. We redeemed ourselves later by defeating the Queensland side by seven points to six after a hard and close game.

I would like to thank Mr. Milne on behalf of the team for his patience at training and helpful coaching.

S. GREENLAND (Capt.).

SIXTH GRADE—This season our team has been battling to gain form. We started rather poorly and it was not till late in the season that we found form.

Our forwards were, at the end of the season, one of the best

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packs in the competition. We gave some of the leading teams quite a shock in this department. Our back-line proved its worth against Cessnock, its combination on this occasion giving us our only win, 21-0. Unfortunately we did not have a reliable goal-kicker, and most of our points came from tries.

Best in the forwards were I. Robinson and J. Coutts. Robinson excelled in the tight play whilst Coutts shone at lock. Our backs were well led by J. Bear whose cover defence and passing were equal to any in the competition.

B. ROBINSON (Capt.).

SEVENTH GRADE—Teams in this grade were evenly matched as the scores indicate. We finished third in the competition, being defeated twice; 2-3 by Tech. High and 0-3 by Maitland High. We played two draws, a further three games being abandoned because of rain. Our most convincing win was 12-0 against Tech. High.

Outstanding backs were Harrison and Priest, supported by Northey, Cave, Worley, Burns and Dobson, the full-back, who took part in many back-line movements. Burns, on the wing, played well considering this was his first year in Rugby League. The forwards, Cooper, Storer, Crawford, Horsefield, Turnbull, Jones and Davies played well every match.

The team had an enjoyable time and we thank Mr. McFarlane for the help and encouragement he gave us throughout the season.

J. WOOD (Capt.).

EIGHTH GRADE—The 6-7 team, which scored a total of 107 points to 8, unfortunately had to be content with second place. The team soon developed into a good combination with a strong back-line. The latter was eventually upset by the weighing-out of Turnbull who, with Moffatt, was our leading try scorer.

We had convincing wins over all teams except Hamilton Marist who defeated us 8-0 in the first round and Tech. High with whom we played two hard, scoreless draws. In the second round it was too wet to play a return match with Hamilton Marist, the only team to cross our line.

Ron Bell, the half-back, always played grand football both in attack and defence. In a hard-working pack, those who stood out were Felton and the lock, Raysmith, who led the side well.

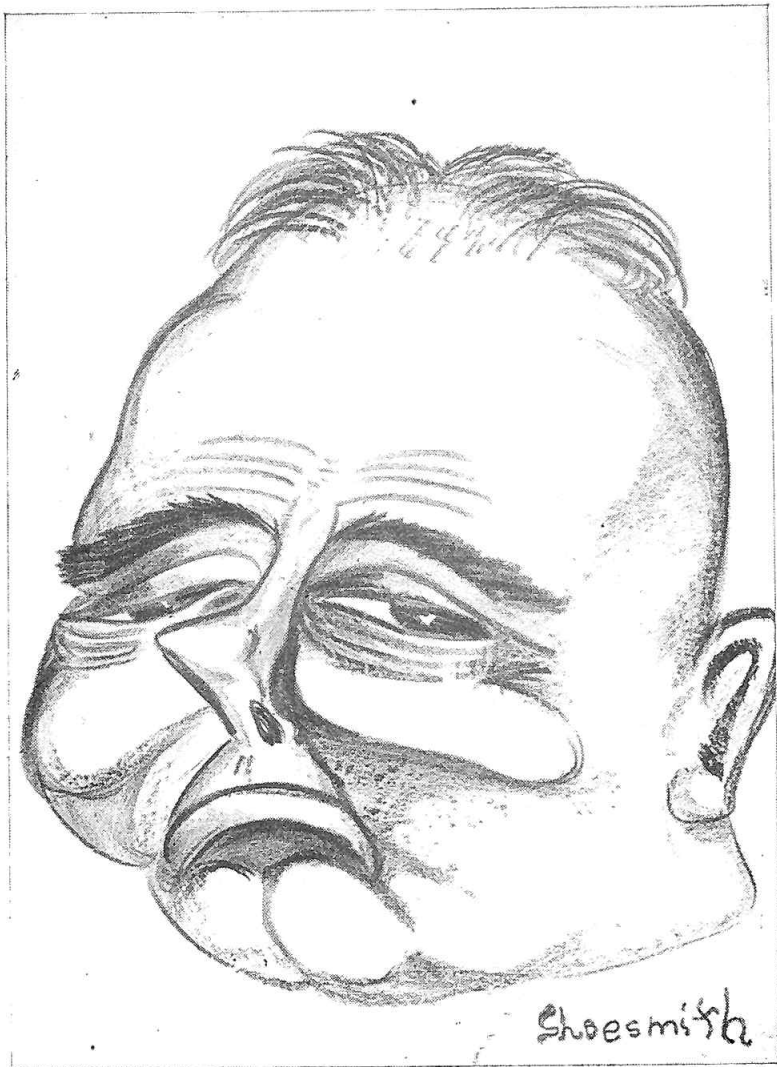
TENTH GRADE—The 5-7 team was not very successful this year owing to the inexperience of the players. Our closest game was against Maitland in the first round in which we were beaten 12-5. (Bell scoring a brilliant try which was converted.) In other games we went very close to scoring a try and it was only for the strong defence of the opposing teams that we did not succeed.

Most of the forwards, namely Wilson, Bell and Rammage were solid in defence and attack. The most outstanding players in the back-line were Moore, Askie and Stedman.

Although the team was unsuccessful in the competition we enjoyed every game we played.

We would like to thank Mr. Kerr for his help and encouragement during the season.

S. O'NEILL, 2E (Capt.).



Original Contributions in Prose and Verse

PRIZES

Verse: R. Hunter, 3A; Prose: G. Bates, 4th Year.

SUICIDE ATTEMPT

For Peter Jamieson, a cobbler in an old English town, life was not going at all well. Hardly anybody came to his shop and his pockets were all but empty. He could not go out anywhere. He had nothing to do. He did not have a friend in the world. Yes, things were indeed black for Peter Jamieson.

One day, however, Jamieson thought of a way to end all his troubles. He decided to commit suicide. However, he was not at all sure of the best way to go about this. Four ideas came into his head in quick succession. He could shoot himself, hang himself, poison himself or jump over the nearby cliff. Each of these ideas seemed to have a drawback however. On reflection, he decided that if he tried to shoot himself, he might miss, having never been hunting in his life. If he hanged himself, always supposing he would be able to steal a rope, the rope or even the branch of the tree he chose might break. If he poisoned himself, he might not take a large enough dose. Lastly, if he jumped over the cliff, he might fall into the sea and not onto the rocks. As he sat thinking all these possibilities over however, he hit on another brilliant scheme. He would shoot himself, hang himself, poison himself and attempt to jump over the cliff all at the same time.

Just on dusk that evening a shadowy figure was seen crossing the moors, a coil of rope hung loosely over his shoulder and a gun in his belt. Anyone reasonably close to this figure would have been able to recognise its owner as Peter Jamieson, despised village cobbler. But there was no one on the moors that lonely evening. Jamieson finally reached a place suited to his purpose. It was on the edge of the cliff. A huge tree was growing there with one branch reaching over the edge. Here Jamieson stopped. He took the stolen rope and tied it over the overhanging branch. He then swallowed the poison he had been carrying in his pocket, stood on a log, put the noose around his neck and aimed the gun at himself. Next minute he kicked the log away and fired the gun. The shot missed him but cut the rope, and he fell down, down, down.

Next morning a young couple walking along the beach discovered the body of Peter Jamieson lying on the sand. Immediately they rushed off and phoned the ambulance.

Once in hospital Peter Jamieson soon recovered. When he had fallen over the cliff the night before, he had landed in the sea. The waves soon washed him ashore, but he swallowed so much water in the process that he vomited the poison.

JOHN DUN, 2A

STEREO

It is disappointing that there has not been some previous effort to distinguish between the two words, "stereoscopic" and "stereophonic".

In the following paragraphs, I shall endeavour to enlighten those persons who are under some misconception as to which suffix is correct, besides giving the briefest of outlines on stereo.

The suffix "scopic", means "visual", while the suffix "phonic", means "audible". Hence, since we are dealing with the audible state and not the visual state, it is quite obvious that the correct suffix is "phonic".

Recordings on disc may be of either the single-track type, called monaural or the twin-track type, called binaural. Alternate names for these are monophonic, and stereophonic, respectively. In the first instance the affix "man" means "one" or "single", and in the second case, the affixes "bi", and "stereo", mean "two", or "double".

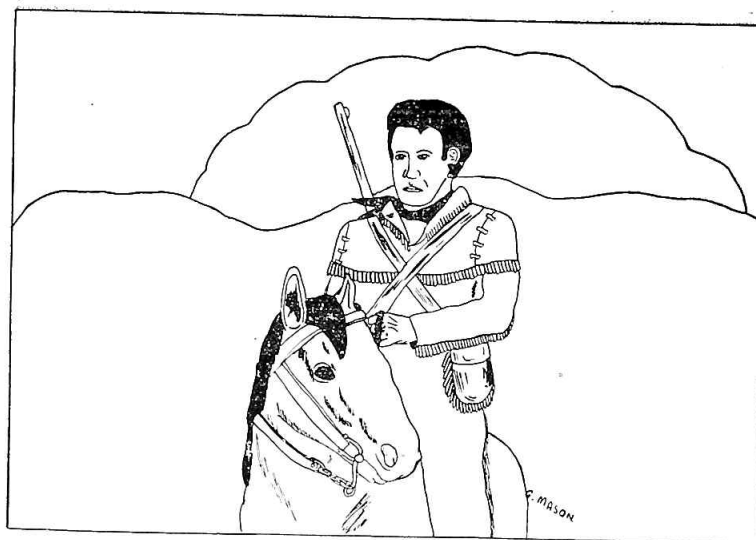
Before giving a brief description of stereophonic sound, I wish to make it quite clear to the reader, that, although two tracks are incorporated, they both lie within the same channel. One track is located on either wall of the groove, and each makes an angle of forty-five degrees with the perpendicular to the surface of the record. This means that the tracks are at an angle of ninety degrees to one another. In the earlier, experimental models of pickups using the present method of tracking, two styli were used, the indentations in the tracking surfaces being perpendicular to one another. This caused the styli to move at ninety degrees to each other. In the later models of pickups there is only one stylus, but it performs exactly the same function as both styli, besides greatly reducing the weight and dimensions of the cartridge.

From the pickup head, two sets of wires are fed through pre-amplifiers, and the signals are kept separate throughout the process. They are then conveyed to either two separate amplifiers, or two amplifiers built on to the same chassis. From the amplifiers, they travel to the two separated loudspeakers, whence they emerge as audio signals.

From the time they are produced by the two sets of coils or crystals in the pickup head, they do not undergo any kind of union—separation process until they emerge from the speakers as audio sound pulses.

Thus, as the disc tracks were originally recorded from separate microphones picking up sounds from different directions, they may, by a specialised process, produce the true depth and colour of the original brilliant and sparkling performance under the name of "stereophonic sound."

J. STEWART, 4C



A SEARCH FOR SHELTER

The wind howled and whistled; the rain came down in sheets and there we were, in the heart of the forest, with no knowledge of the way back to the shack.

For an hour or so, we had searched for the glow of the old lantern back at the shack, but it was all in vain. Apparently my two mates and I had gone too far around the rocks and now it seemed impossible to return to where that beloved old lantern hung.

We stood in the mud for a moment and then decided to push on. Through the wet scrub we slipped, and THEN . . .! No, it wasn't the lantern at all.

Not knowing where we were headed, we courageously stumbled on. We were, of course, dead tired.

There was no moon and the stars shone dimly on the dark, dense, dangerous scrub. It seemed that nothing was in our favour, so we crawled on, helplessly and hopelessly.

The mud was up to our ankles, but we kept going, hoping that each step we took would bring us a bit closer to the end of our weary path.

Suddenly, we saw a light! No, it wasn't the lantern, BUT . . . BUT . . . Yes, it was a search light. The group that we left behind became worried and decided to look for us.

It turned out that we had gone far, far away, but, luckily, we headed back in the right direction.

What a relief to change into some warm clothes, but, moreover, what a relief to come out of that tremendously frightful bush!

DAVID GUBBAY, 2B

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A TRAMP

He was an old, unshaven man on whom the years had made their mark. His face was scarred and wrinkled and his eyes were deep set, half squinting. His forehead had deep lines across it, and, onto it his hair fell. His hands were brown and leathery, and the veins stood out like cords along with the bones. His fingers were long and sinewy and his finger-nails were broken and cracked into jagged pieces.

The clothes he wore were old, worn and dirty. His shirt was colourless and ragged. His coat was beerstained from the times he squandered what money he had on drink. The pockets were torn and empty; and it was long past the point when most people would throw it into the garbage can. His pants were torn and patched, while the cuffs were open and full of dust. His shoes were practically soleless and his toes stuck out at the front. His swag hung dejectedly from his back. It consisted of an old blanket, tied together with an old piece of string which was beginning to fray because it had been used over and over again for the same purpose.

A swarm of flies followed him, and, at his heels trotted a mongrel dog whose eyes did not move from its beloved master. It was plain to see that the dog would not hesitate to attack anyone who attempted to harm this weather-beaten, old tramp.

D. LAIDLER, 2B

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T. V.

We're all in the grip of this thing called T.V.
 The reason for this is a mystery to me.
 It's bang, bang on 7 and ditto on 9,
 Till my head starts to throb with the whistle and whine.
 I'm tired of the man with the restless gun,
 Nor am I impressed by the man that has none.
 I know Mr. Mason is one of the best,
 But to win every week, must be a great test.
 The A.B.C. dramas are really a pain,
 I'd rather see Bogart or Mutiny on Caine.
 Once a week you can go on a trip,
 Have Kookie park your car on Sunset Strip.
 I'd rather go out in a fog and the cold,
 Than sit and watch "Beaver" not do as he's told.

D. LISTER, 3E

"MY JALOPY"

At last I was about to go for a ride in my own car. I stood hopefully before the dilapidated old heap of rusted metal and perished tyres. My delightful, modern, nineteen twenty six Austin-Seven. I sank back into the luxurious seat.

"Ouch! I've been punctured!" I yelled, as I sailed upwards. Thud! Possibly due to a theorem, or such as learnt in the Physics Dem., I hit the roof. I again seated myself behind the steering wheel, although more cautiously this time.

I pressed the starter and nothing happened. The salesman standing nearby then explained a few of the finer points on how to start the — er — hum engine. He said something like this. (Quote) "First place the gear lever in neutral and then put a brick on the accelerator, sonny; then turn on the ignition key. On cold mornings, fill the radiator with hot water, then run to the front of the car and crank." "But," he added, "it is advisable to carry a first aid kit when attempting this feat." He told me all this after he had sold me the car.

"How long does it take to start?" I asked.

He looked at his watch. "Only twenty-er-ten-er, a few minutes," he replied.

I chugged and clanged out of the car yard leaving the hood sitting on the footpath.

"This car is a portable type," I thought. A neat line of nuts and bolts lined the road behind me and I could not help being amused at the way the oil kept gurgling out of the horn. I looked into the rear vision mirror and noticed the salesman running up the road some hundred yards behind me. As I was going flat out, fifteen point three miles per hour, I decided to stop next to the local phone box. CRASH!

"I forgot to tell you," panted the salesman when he arrived. "Your car has no brakes."

"Thanks," I said sarcastically, and proceeded to pick up the pieces.

I am now the proud owner of "Bertha", bless its little gear-box, a nineteen twenty six P.M.G. Austin-Seven, phone-box, powered by a seven horse power telephone. At least it's economical; I get one call for every threepence.

PAUL HUGHES, 2D

ON FASHIONABLE AFFECTATIONS

(Early in the eighteenth century the famous English essayist Richard Steele published an essay dealing with the fashionable affectations of his day and reading this essay of Steele's prompted me to write the following).

When Steele first wrote his essay upon this subject, fashionable affectations were many, and although some time has now passed since that day their number has not decreased. These affectations

are not the same, it is true, for even vanity marches with the times, but most of the more trivial of their number spring from the same font — the desire to appear distinguished.

To this end I have known people go to the most absurd and extreme lengths and although their intention may be to inspire awe, I find that they inspire in me an emotion more allied to pity. A common instance of this is those people who, to coin a phrase, speak with a "marble in their mouths". How any sane and sensible person can imagine that making their speech "harsh and painful to our ears", gives them an appearance of superiority and elegance, is more than I can imagine.

Another on our list is boredom. I have known people who insist from morning until evening that for that same period they are bored "stiff". Nothing amuses them or occupies them; they have nothing in their lives to make the living of them worthwhile; the tedium of their days is almost more than suffering flesh and blood can endure.

These, of course, are in direct contrast with those who have too much to do — a fashionable affectation much in vogue among business and professional men. I know one middle-aged bachelor who plays his eighteen holes at least three, and occasionally four, days a week who insists, in all seriousness, that he never has a moment to breathe and that the pressure of business will drive him to an early grave. This grievance, with suitable embellishments, I have known to last for a valuable forty-five minutes of his precious time. He is never too busy to give a detailed explanation of the nature of his peculiar affliction.

Now too, as at the time of Steele, fashions change from day to day. Even within the limited span of my life I can remember when it was the fashion to be "stony broke". The economic system was catastrophic; there was going to be another depression, said the citizen, but never the economist (though doubtless numbers of them were 'stony' too).

"Trust the Labour Government (I think at the time it was a Labour Government) to ruin the country! I always said they would!" Nine people out of ten declaimed thus—yet our parliaments are elective. "We'll put the Liberals in next time!" But if my memory serves me correctly, Labour went back with a larger majority than before.

Abuse of the existing government is a very common "fashionable affectation".

All that I have recounted thus far, however, are insignificant; they matter neither here nor there. To my mind our modern age has evolved in this direction, a much more serious affectation — the fashion of being in fashion. One has only to look at the latest "creation" from the studios of Paris and Hollywood to know what all humanity, for we must not imagine that women alone are to blame, will be desiring in a week's time. Sack dresses, stiletto-heeled

shoes, pencilled eyebrows, ivy-league shirts, three button suits, suede shoes; this already formidable list could continue for quite a lengthy period.

What is happening to individual taste? I cannot be convinced that people enjoy "popular" music — that strident and discordant bellow of a three-note-monotone. I cannot be convinced that people enjoy having "young love" and false sentimentality screeching about their ears from dawn to dark; that modern art (usually as discordant and inharmonious as is modern music) is the wonder product of our new culture. Deep in their hearts people don't enjoy these things—but they are the fashion, they are the "it" of the moment, and people are afraid to express their true views for fear that they will be branded that new and uncouth vulgarism "squares".

Once in every while we find a person brave enough to break with the "mode of the moment" and become, as he ought, individual instead of cog. If this person be poor he will be looked upon with pity and condescension and regarded as a little mad. If he be rich (the scale is wealth, by the way, with which wisdom, taste, prestige and intelligence are judged nowadays) he will be regarded merely as eccentric and among the circle of his acquaintance, may find himself leading a fashion.

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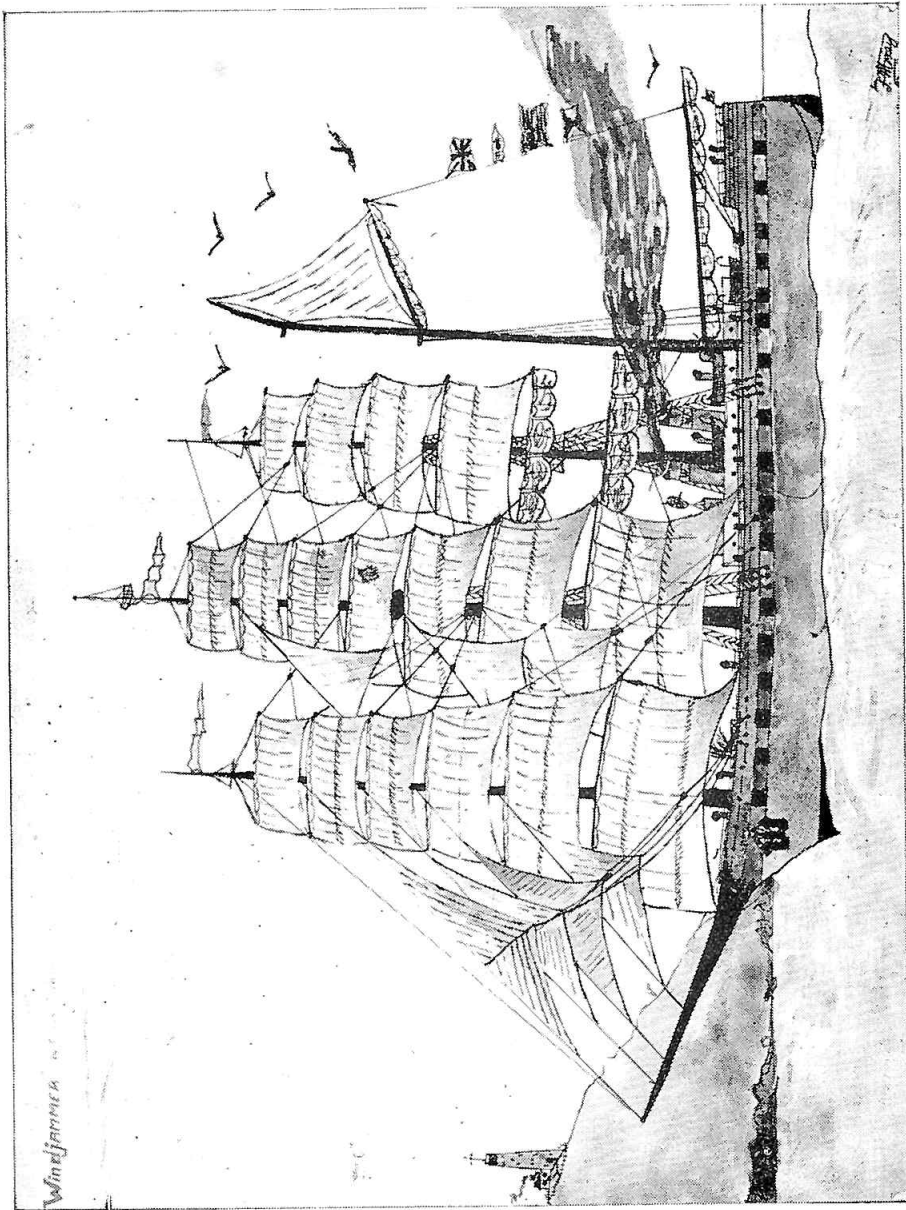
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Bus fares going	1/6
Bus fares returning	2/-
Fares into pictures (4/6 each)	9/-
Refreshments at interval	2/2
Refreshments after Show	2/4
	<hr/>
Total Cost	17/0

Lessons Learnt:

1. Not to be persuaded to go to a city theatre. Go only to locals where cost of admission is almost half.
2. Invest in a Students' Concession pass to enable me to pass for half fare over weekends.
3. To make sure we go to a local theatre anyway, so that no bus will be needed.
4. Never to board a bus at the theatre and pay an extra section. Walk down a block.
5. After the pictures, to look in the direction of the bubbler, not the milk bar when she absently says, "I'm thirsty."
6. To insist on the idea of her paying her own fare into the theatre.
7. To go to any other session but the 8 o'clock on Saturday night.
8. To check all the preceding 7 points before even asking her out.

Thus, under the new regime, the expense account for a date to a local picture show would be:

Bus Fares going	0
Bus Fares returning	0
Fares into pictures (2/3 each)	4/6
Refreshments at Interval	1/2
Refreshments after show	0
	<hr/>
Total Cost	5/8

City	17/-	3
Ratio $\frac{\text{City}}{\text{Suburb}}$	= $\frac{17}{5/8}$	= $\frac{3}{1}$

"BROKE", 5th Year

A NIGHT EVENT

In thick darkness a steamer was making her way through dangerous rocks towards the end of her journey.

The passengers and most of her crew were asleep in their cabins. The captain was taking his well-earned rest in his cabin. On the bridge was the pilot, a man named Gary Flinders, who left his family at home to bring this great steamer safely into the harbour.

It was a very dark night at sea and impossible for anyone to have a glimpse of the vast stretch of water that made an ocean.

The only sounds heard were the noise of the engines and the murmuring of the ocean. So close was the ship to the end of her journey, and so still was the ocean, none would think of disaster. Suddenly a terrible cry arose above the sea.

"Fire!"

Darkness had disappeared and everything was now visible. The captain called out in a loud voice: "In ten minutes we will reach harbour, our lives depend on the pilot!"

The steamer was now racing a race against fire. What of the pilot? Was he still at the wheel?

"Are you there?" cried the captain.

"Sir, I'll try," came an assuring answer.

The passengers noticed that lights on land suddenly stood out before them. Land was near and boats could be seen putting out to them.

The mass of roaring flames which had once been a steamer reached the harbour. Passengers threw themselves into waiting boats and not a thought was given to the pilot.

Everyone was saved, except the pilot. When the boiler exploded Gary Flinders was hurled into eternity.

DAVID HICK, 1E

FEEDING FISH

Recently my family spent a fortnight at a small fishing resort on the North Coast. It was a pretty place. We expected it to abound in fish. However, this was not the case at all for the river had recently been dredged and thus, the feeding grounds of the fish had been disturbed.

Because of this shortage we were prompted to arise at the most unearthly hours in the hope of tempting a fat bream, if such a fish should be around. So it was that I set out one morning for my favourite spot. I did not patronise this locality because of any abnormal abundance of fish. It just happened to be convenient to the house and did not mean a long walk.

It was about six a.m. when I first cast out and approximately forty-five minutes later when the realisation dawned that I was wasting my time and bait. So, defeated, once more I began to wind in. However, my line had hardly moved a foot when something grabbed the bait and ran! Jerked out of my reverie by the spinning of the reel, I began to play the fish and, consequently, to speculate on what was at the other end. Thus, by the time I had brought the creature to the rocks I had conjured up visions of a 3 lb. bream or a large, juicy jewfish sizzling in the frypan. Instead, there, dangling at the end of the line was a tailor, a ferocious fish with the strength of a bream twice its size!

The tailor consequently snapped off my hook, an action for which I was very grateful because I did not relish having to reach down the fang-studded maw of my prize to disentangle my hook.

Having thus freed himself of the line, the fish went through a complicated series of contortions, launched himself at my bare foot and sank his needle-like fangs into my flesh! I must have wakened every sleeper in the area for I was not prepared to be bitten by a fish and I yelled to the full extent of my lungs!

The fish, once disengaged, was easy to handle, and, with my spirits thus revived, I fully intended to try again. However, my wound needed attention, so it was with mixed pride and shame, for it is degrading to be bitten by a fish, that I made my way homeward.

At least, I reflected, if anyone asked me if the fish were biting, I had undeniable evidence that they were.

M. DUNIPACE, 2A

NELLIE SMITH IN COURT

Our scene is a court where justice is dealt,
And the law of our land makes itself felt.
Where rich and the poor, the weak and the strong,
Stand in fair judgment, and then pass along.

But who do we see wearing a bright yellow frock?
Why it's old Nellie Smith. Why is she in the dock?
The stern judge is speaking, the court room is hushed,
And old Nellie's standing, her face is quite flushed.

His Honour is speaking in a voice low and quiet;
"Well, Nellie Smith, didn't you start a riot?"
"Oh! no my dear honour, it weren't little me,
I'm as peaceable a girl as you ever will see."

At this the court titters and gurgles with glee,
For Nellie is sporting a bruise plain to see.
"I don't like your manners," and she flounces her head,
More laughter breaks out, the defence has turned red.

The Judge roars "Silence!" and the laughter is checked
"You're under oath madam, it's the truth I expect."
"I'm so sorry your honour, what I've just said 'tain't true,"
"I confess (and she breaks down) we had a big blue."

His Honour is choking, the court is in fits,
Her counsel; he looks like he's falling to bits.
When peace is restored and the judge finds his voice,
He mutters "Well really, I don't have much choice."

So he takes off his glasses and puts them away,
And says: "As a result of this testimony today . . ."
Then he looks at the ceiling and gives three "hurrumps!"
"Nellie Smith you're found guilty; you're sentenced six months."

DENNIS SHOESMITH, 3B

MATHEMATICAL COURTSHIP

In the tiny village of Isosceles lived the fair maid Hyperbola, with her concentric uncle, Pythagoras. She was very perpendicular and provided many a thrill in the locus since she was an acute trapezium artiste and had a good tan . . .

One day, as she strolled in the quadrilateral wearing a brief strapless hexagon and pushing her baby brother Segment in his parabola, she saw Apollonius, a scalene youth from the congruent village, cylindrically dressed in a vertex shirt. Apollonius approached diametrically, fell on his perimeters and proposed. At the same time Hyperbola saw her uncle vertically opposite, sitting on a transversal, making parallel cosines with a flag.

Apollonius gave a rectangular shout, and leaping over the diagonal, bisected Pythagoras with an axis. He then laid him on the parallelogram and sent for the circumference to take him to the symmetry. Meanwhile, Hyperbola gleefully sat down, and picking up a pentagon, solved a nasty theorem for his tombstone.

Needless to say Hyperbola and Apollonius were constructed and lived fractionally ever after.

J. BOETJE, 3E

ON EDUCATING PARENTS

Why is there so much adverse publicity given to the music written, played and sung, these days; an age which has been called the "Teenage Revolution?"

This music and singing has been called "immoral," "ridiculous," "a lot of noise" as well as many other things, for which there is no room here. It has been said that the words of many of the songs produced in "Tin Pan Alley" today, are suggestive. But I have never been able to see this, and I think it is just another groundless argument against this much-maligned music, "rock and roll".

As for the "silly gyrations" of the singers, this is simply movement to the music. If the music is fast, the movement of the singer is fast. If the song is a slow ballad, or a "rock-ballad," the movement of the singer follows suit. This movement is only to put the singer into the swing of the music. It's as simple as that! The implication by the "anti-rock committee" that these gyrations are "suggestive" is wrong, because teenagers think of these movements as explained above.

Admittedly, the music is noisy, but no noisier than the ear and nerve shattering symphonies performed daily in Hunter Street, by that ever-popular mode of transport, the omnibus; no noisier than the backfiring of the trucks which travel our highways; no noisier than the screaming whistle of a locomotive. In fact, rock and roll music is like the ever silent giraffe compared to these "marks of progress".

People have stood up and stated (rather thoughtlessly) that

the words of the popular songs of today are senseless. Well, those people should have looked through a few old song books first! A popular song of a decade ago was entitled "Chickory Chick, Cha La, Cha La!" Not even the title makes sense, and if I were to copy out the words, I would find myself in a padded cell quicker than I could say "electric guitar!"

Another popular song went:

"If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk,
I'd feed her on the finest hay,
And milk her forty times a day."

This masterpiece of some twisted lyricist is an excerpt from "Little Brown Jug". Can't you just see now that pedigreed heifer munching choicest hay, its body swathed in the finest silk from China, and the milkmaid wondering why "Bossy" is not giving her best, because after all, this is only the thirty-seventh time she has been milked today?

Yet another evergreen (?) goes:

"The Danube is blue, is blue, is blue . . ." Now this is absolute twaddle, because the "BLUE" Danube is a mud-hole! A big mud-hole, but in all its entirety, still a mud-hole.

Now there's an idea . . .

"The Hunter is pink, is pink, is pink . . ." If Strauss could do it in 1867, my song should go a long way on the "Top Forty."

PAUL LAYMAN, 3A

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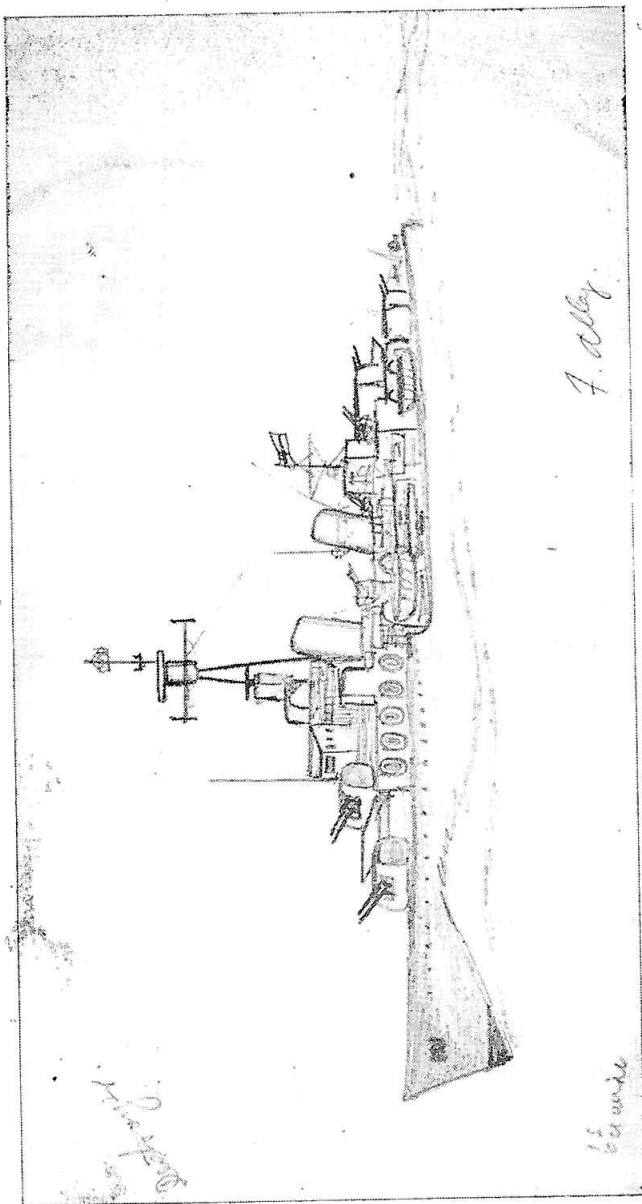
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MODERN MUSIC

Music is the mystery of melody woven into the charms of harmonious expression. 'Music hath charms'. Music is idyllic and sweet, austere and tempestuous, and, above all, moody. The delicate violin embraces one with her charm; the vibrant drum thumps out a staccato of martial pleasure; the fiery trumpet teases, torments, and laments; the languid 'cello lazily mystifies; and together these form the momentous and thrilling storm of harmony entitled music.

Yet music comes in all forms — its mood ranges from the whimsy of Mendelssohn to the fiery Wagner; from the tragic Tchaikovsky to the 'folksy' Gershwin and the lively Dixieland jazz. Included in its prodigal family is the happy, rollicking, crowd-pleasing musical comedy of Gilbert and Sullivan, and Rodgers and Hammerstein, and indeed even the wickedly naughty Coward.

For this is the synthesis of music in its many kaleidoscopic forms.

But today we discover a variety of noises lumped together into an intransient whole, which, with tongue in cheek, we call 'music'. It is not music. It is noise. It is the noise of the modern era — of shunting yard and factory. It is the expressionless dirge of a cultureless age; it screams, it rips, it cries, it sobs, it moans, it oils itself by slithering over the record in a dizzy whirl of heartless sound.

Indeed it is merely a pointer to the cultural depravity of the age in which it has arisen. Scientific and cultural progress rarely march hand in hand — yet never before has the one advanced so much to the resultant decline in the other.

This rubbish, erroneously entitled 'modern music', is cajoled and coaxed into the home by the sheer weight of 'big business' pushing behind it. One can hardly turn on the radio without suffering the inconsistencies and prehistoric nature of its words and music. The 'singer' either sobs or gushes some spurious dialogue into a handy microphone, being simultaneously supported by a cacophany of sound, with an occasional, ear-shattering, strident blast on a nearby trumpet.

How anyone could compare this with the lilting and haunting melody of Strauss, or the bewitching charm of 'Porgy and Bess' is beyond my comprehension. Is not music expected to be a pleasant and satisfying or soul-lifting experience? Should it not, like a beautiful view or awe-inspiring setting, create an inner emotional feeling in the listener? The thumping, rhythmic Sabre Dance, for example, carries the listener in a rushing glow of physical effort in its violent motion of jerks, leaps, and musical bounds.

Yet this is not the only music — life is music. It gushes and bubbles with the inner perception of the outward and joyous experience. In fact, composed music is merely the outward expression of these inward emotions. Music, beautiful music, dominates our lives; it lies in them, like a lovely bloom, waiting to be plucked. Yet that

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bud can be nipped by this raucous bellow of synthetic unnatural, and unfeeling sound, which we choose to call 'modern'. It is not music; and the one who partakes of it has, as yet, a vista of life closed to him. For as Shakespeare said,

"The man that has no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

I. MARSH, 4th Year

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Four years ago I lived upon an island eleven miles from Nelson's Bay. This island, which is called Point Stephens, is three miles long and one mile wide. The lighthouse tower is ninety feet high and it is made of steel and stone. The light itself is automatic to the extent of even changing its own burners. It is run on compressed gas which is supplied by cylinders stored away at the base of the tower.

This automatic type of lighthouse is a comparatively new one, as most of the others are run on the weight system. This system entails the winding up of a weight to the top of the tower and then letting it slowly move downwards. As it moves downwards, it turns the light platform. On the balcony of every automatic lighthouse there is a sun gauge. This gauge switches the light on and off. To do this, there is a small aperture which admits light to the instrument's interior. At daybreak, the gauge switches the light off and at nightfall it switches the beams on. The lenses are made up of plates of glass nearly an inch in thickness. These plates regulate the beam to their highest intensity.

Naturally, the lighthouse is situated on the highest point of the island. The Outer Light at Point Stephens is on the crest of a one hundred foot cliff. The beams are nearly two hundred feet above sea level.

We used to have continual trouble with mutton birds which were attracted by the light at night. Blinded by the powerful beams they would crash into the tower and break their necks. It was quite an experience to sit in the tower at night. The eerie silence broken only by the ticking of the regulator clock would suddenly be shattered by a tremendous crash. The whole tower would tremble for a moment. The force at which these birds hit the tower is surprising.

Sometimes gale force winds and mountainous seas cut our supply boat off. Then rabbits, of which the island had thousands, would have to be caught. This was not as easy as it sounds. Fortunately, gales of that sort were rare.

DAVID SOUTHERN, 3C

TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD

Lo, the dimming light of gallant day
Parts to set the stage for night;
A drama of man's struggles and desires,
His lack of homage, honour and foresight,
For, in the sailing wisps of fading light
Are hidden all his crimes and victorious might;
His horror, destruction and symbols of his plight
His struggle against nature, his hate, and yet—
Surely there is hope for him while still on high their rules
A mighty, ever-loving Being great,
An iridescent power of forgiveness for his hate,
His Hiroshimas and barbaric deeds of late.
For we, miserable species, smit with pride
Have shown how worthless, useless, is our glorious gift
And we have played the dice for nought but life.
But with hope and glorious love,
Surely, to salvation let us look
And let us live by day to day
Hoping for the day, when, from depths of vile contempt
Might rise a kingly throne — ruled by honour alone.

I. MARSH, 4th Year

THE CLIMAX

The air was cold and biting, with a strong hint of snow, and the mist drifting up from the New York waterfront covered the surrounding wharves and ships with an opaque blanket. As the clock struck two on this early December morning of 1944, two figures hurried quickly down a long dimly lit street, and then turned into an alley. After a furtive look along the dimly-lit street to assure themselves of complete privacy, they quickly opened a suitcase that they carried and withdrew several empty bottles and jars full of a colourless liquid. While one man watched the street the other slowly filled the bottles with the liquid from the containers.

These two figures must now be introduced. The taller of the two was called Hank, while his shorter companion was known as Joe and both were undercover agents for Hitler's Germany. They had both migrated to America several years before the outbreak of hostilities and were thus regarded as genuine American citizens, loyal to their adopted country. However, as soon as war had broken out, these two had lost no time in revealing to the German Embassy, their sympathy with the Fatherland and their willingness to serve her cause. As a result Hank and Joe had become German undercover agents in America, with the job of supplying information to other agents concerning the destination and sailing times of ships leaving New York, and in the event of war, to undertake sabotage activities. Their work in this field had been restricted

up to this stage, however, by the lack of materials of destruction. As the tide of war turned against Germany, these two were contacted and informed of a plan to upset the allied shipping, and delay the convoys leaving to supply England and the troops in Europe. The plan was, with the aid of a specially prepared explosive, to start a series of fires throughout the waterfront warehouses of New York and destroy all the goods within. The success of the plan depended on the unstable explosive, which would burst into flame at a sudden jolt or exposure to sunlight. Hank and Joe planned to fill a number of bottles with this explosive liquid and leave them against the warehouse walls so that when the sun came up, they would explode, burst into flames and eat quickly through the walls. With several fires starting at once, the fire brigade would not be able to prevent some of them from quickly gaining a hold on the warehouses and spreading.

As Joe worked methodically, but impatiently, filling the bottles with the colourless liquid, Hank watched carefully to ensure that no one was coming along the street. Suddenly Hank muttered quickly to his companion: "Hurry up, will you? I think I can hear someone coming!"

"I'm pouring them in as fast as I can," was the tense reply. "It's not water you know, and I've got to handle it carefully."

"Well for Pete's sake hurry up. I'm sure I can hear someone coming!" As Hank peered intently into the fog shrouded street, he could faintly hear footsteps approaching and a nervous tremor shook his body. "Are you ready yet?" he asked impatiently. "We will have to leave some behind and use only the full bottles."

Both men could now hear the slow footsteps approaching through the mist. With an impatient gesture Joe screwed the lid on the bottle he had been filling and put the jar on the ground.

"Don't worry about the suitcase and empty bottles!" he snapped. "Grab some of these full ones and let's get out of here!" They bent quickly and, gathering up the lethal bottles in their arms, walked hurriedly to the edge of the alley.

"Sounds like a nightwatchman or a cop. We had better split up!"

"Look! I can see him coming!" gasped Hank, and, without further delay, he plunged quickly into the opposite direction to that of the early morning stroller. However the fog that had effectively cloaked their activities was Hank's downfall, because, as he hurried along the street, he missed his footing on a gutter and tripped forward on the pavement. His cry of pain was cut short, as, with a roar, the bottles of liquid exploded and burst into flame, illuminating the street.

Joe, as soon as he saw this put his bottles down and began to run along the street away from the fire. The fire, however, had attracted attention in the neighbourhood and a passing cab driver,

who noticed the fire, saw Joe sprinting in the opposite direction. Making a quick decision, he drove after Joe and stopping his cab alongside, he leapt out, and, tackling Joe heavily, pinned him to the pavement until the police arrived.

"Well Joe, we finally caught up with you," a burly security officer said, as they questioned Joe later. "But, tell us, why all the hurry to get away from that alley; and why did you leave so much stuff behind?"

Joe answered sadly, "We were frightened in the fog by someone whom we could hear approaching. We were scared he would see us and see what we were doing and raise the alarm."

At this confession the officer began to chuckle softly. "That person, who you thought would see you, was old Freddie. He walks around the waterfront at that time every night, because he is scared of crowds." He paused. "You see," he continued, "he has been blind since birth!"

J. WINGROVE, 5A

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

O crystal spring of future fame
Fons Bandusiae is thy name;
And wine or scented flowers sweet
Are offered at your sacred feet.

Tomorrow brings an untried kid,
Whose horns are yet by soft skin hid;
For him, no love or war ahead
Nay! Only waters stained red.

Never reached by fiery sun,
Ever on, your waters run;
And oxen, at the end of day,
Towards your coolness make their way.

Immortal by this verse you be,
Live ever more in history!
Still from your crags the elen grow
And babbling waters gaily flow.

Immortal by this verse you be
Live ever more in history!

HORACE

(Translated from the original Latin by R. Barrett and I. Marsh,
with apologies to Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

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RAIN

Falling, falling, falling! My minute form was forced down by thousands of other little raindrops just like me. The earth rushed up to meet me.

But first, let me tell you about myself. I lived, or existed in a cloud mass high above your home. Many of my brothers and sisters also lived in such clouds, some floated aimlessly in the air and some were just water vapour. The most pleasant portion of my life was in the summer, when there was a slimmer chance of my home being broken up to pour down upon the earth. But now, in the winter, I always dreaded the moment of being torn away from my family to meet your requirements of water for survival. Yes, you people depend on us little fellows to irrigate your farms, to fill your dams, to give water to you and your animals, to water all of nature's little lives and, most of all, to spoil your picnics.

Now, back to reality. I am only inches away from my destruction. Below is a grand river where I will fall.

Splash!

Well, here I am, just floating away. Goodbye. Think of me sometimes.

PETER HARRIS, 1C

THE 90lb. KILLER

Excitedly I sat on some ammunition boxes, and listened as the noise of the machine guns reached a crescendo. Occasionally a 6lb. anti-tank gun would belch smoke and flame, hurling its armour piercing projectile towards its imaginary adversary.

With a start I heard my name being called, and I saw the instructor beckoning me, and pointing to the weapon on which I had been training for the previous five days. With my heart thumping, I sat behind the steel monster and quickly loaded a 250 round belt.

The voice of the fire control officer droned, instructing me to set my sights at 1,850 yards. After carrying out his next ordinances, I learned what the target was.

"Small clump of bushes, 3 o'clock 19° from marker, Lay!!"

With ease I pinpointed the bushes and soon had the small target, planted firmly in the centre of the tangent sight: then I notified my No. 2 and he raised his hand, and waited. During this brief period, many important sections of my training flashed through my mind: normal fire; 4 second bursts, with 8 second time lapse, the 4 seconds of fire again — point target; 2 taps right and left — traversing targets, etc., etc. — and soon I was quite bewildered. But soon I was jolted as the controller yelled "normal fire, point target. Fire", and my No. 2 slapped me on the back.

Quickly I pressed my thumbs, and the gun chattered into life with a roar. I counted 4 seconds, released the thumbpiece, tapped the gun with my right hand, and resighted. Then after the 8 seconds had sped by, I pressed the thumbpiece again, commencing the cycle.

I noticed the spurts of dirt were shooting up short of the target, so I was commanded to cease firing, and raise the sights 500 yards.

I then continued to fire, and to my satisfaction saw the target disappear, as the hail of death raised clouds of dust.

Already, a mound of spent cartridges lay under the ejection slot, as the first belt ended. While I was reloading a new target was found for me, and after traversing it with rapid fire bullets for a few minutes, my mechanical friend jolted to a halt, as the final round exploded in the breech, sending the last bullet on its mission of death towards the target.

As we rode away from the open range in the powerful trucks we were elated because we had at last after many months training, made friends with the Vickers 303 medium machine gun.

CHESTER WINES, 3E

A PLEASANT JOB

"Have you ever painted a roof? You haven't! Then you have never lived."

The job is to be undertaken only by idiots. This doesn't say much for me, but I may say it with authority, because I spent the better part of my holidays doing just this.

If you can stand it, allow me to tell you about it. First you climb up the down-pipe (that is if you haven't a ladder) carrying a pot of paint in one hand and a brush in the other. As you can already see, this job is full of those little things which make life easy. Well, you clamber onto the roof, and then you endeavour to climb to the summit of this slanted, slippery sheet of iron. Have you ever tried to shift a ton of blue metal with a pair of tweezers? You have! Then you know what it is like to climb a skillion roof with a pot of paint in one hand and a brush in the other.

Having accomplished the impossible, you begin to paint. If the roof has a gradient of about one in one and it is almost red hot from the beating heat of the sun, you soon wish you had not been born. Everybody who goes past your house in a car will stare at you as a child would stare at a monkey in a zoo.

After a while you get used to this, but there is something else which is starting to annoy you. It is the cramps you have acquired in your knees. So, instead of squatting on your heels on the roof, you sit down. You don't need me to tell you what it is like to sit on something red hot, or almost red hot.

My reaction was quite normal. I uttered a cry of agony, and, before I knew what had happened, I had begun to slide down the roof. All good physics students know that friction creates heat. Heat creates blisters. This is just general knowledge. People with even little imagination will be able to imagine how I felt. To those who have no imagination I give a good piece of advice. "Next holidays buy yourselves some paint and paint your own roof."

CHRIS HALL, 4D

ODE IN PRAISE OF NOBLE MUSIC

Thrice-blessed be he who,
Wandering by the banks of Egypt's Nile,
Did stop a-while,
To admire his handsome countenance
In the water's surface;
And, stooping low,
Did pluck a reed
(Thrice-blessed reed)
That near the bank did grow;
And, lazily putting it to his cherry lips,
O'er its end did blow,
Producing dulcet and melodious sound.
Thrice-blessed be the man,
Thrice-blessed be the reed,
For this was thy seed, O Music!
O Music!
Stirrer of the deepest passions,
Ridiculer of all foolish fashions,
To thee this song I sing.
Surely
The wondrous glory
Of the much-told story
Of the beauty of Venus
Is nothing to the songs I sing of thee, O Music!
The Olympian gods on their Elysian fields
Scarce knew thy power.
Thou art more seductive
Than the sweetest flower,
And yet thou rivallest Bacchus
In the sheer joyousness
Of thy sound!
Thou art the truest medium of man,
Thy art is truer than
Painting and poetry
Can e'er hope to be!
Yet surely Egypt's wanderer,
(That blessed ponderer)
Was led by divine hand
To the land
Of the reed
That was thy seed, O Music!

RONALD HUNTER, 3A

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