



C. GRADE HOCKEY
 BACK ROW (l. to r.): W. Davies, L. Pearle, D. Hudson, R. Beautement, J. Player, R. Broadbent,
 B. Dyjak, J. Neilson (Coach),
 FRONT ROW (l. to r.): P. Cox, S. Archer, B. Jones, G. Dearing, R. Alexander, R. Caddy.
 Block donated by H. H. Chadwick & Sons, Carriers.

RUGBY LEAGUE

First Grade

The 1st XIII won the University Shield for the third year in succession. They were runners-up to Maitland in the Evans Shield (local competition). This team maintained the high standard of the previous year, scoring 276 points to 43 against.

Wet weather severely interrupted the Evans Shield competition. Maitland defeated us in our first clash. This proved to be the decisive match, as many later games were to be abandoned. Congratulations must go to Maitland who were a good side.

The University Shield competition again proved a highlight on N.B.H.S. The team gained much deserved publicity and showed in outstanding fashion that they were the best team in the competition.

To retain the Shield we had to win five matches. Wyong offered little resistance and were defeated 40-2 at No. 1 Sportsground, Newcastle; Muswellbrook at Muswellbrook were defeated 33-2; Tamworth were defeated 13-2 at No. 1 Sportsground, Newcastle; Lismore lost to us at Lismore by 29-6 in sweltering conditions; we defeated Drummoyne 16-0 in the final. Undoubtedly the outstanding matches during the season were against Tamworth and Drummoyne.

Tamworth provided the best opposition of the season. All of our players performed extremely well on this occasion. Our forwards held the strong Tamworth pack while our backs showed too much class whenever they handled the ball. Our combination between the forwards and backs when we were attacking often had Tamworth confused.

The final against Drummoyne was a very rugged affair. It was a typical final neither side performing as well as they would have done in a less important match. We had the better of the play throughout, with teamwork again proving the decisive factor. Whenever our backs began to move the opposition found it difficult to stop them — final score was 16-0. Philip Hawthorne was our best and fairest player on this occasion and gained a trophy for his efforts from the Chief Justice of N.S.W., Dr. H. V. Evatt.

The team's willingness to train and play as a team were the main factors behind their success.

The team:

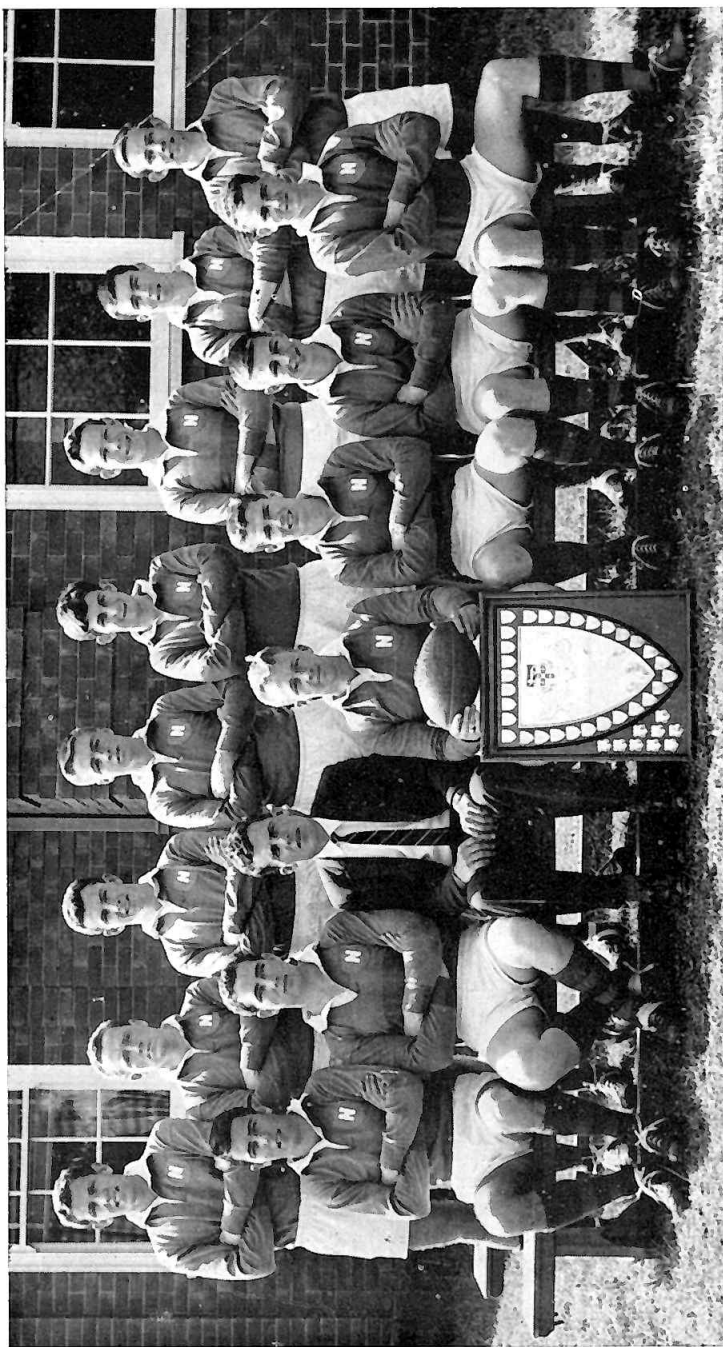
Mick Hawkins $\frac{1}{2}$ (capt.)—the "general" behind the team—his long, unerring, bullet-like passes, made the backline.

Phil Hawthorne, $\frac{5}{8}$, turned in two magnificent games against Tamworth and Drummoyne—his cover defence really outstanding—he played a true $\frac{5}{8}$ ths game. His combination with Hawkins always gave us the edge in this department.

Dennis Hardy, right wing, scored 33 tries in competition games —this speaks for great ability as a winger.

Paul Sutcliffe, prop, always gave a tireless exhibition—a real trier.

Richard Perkins, 2nd row, led the forwards well and instigated many forward rushes.



1st XIII, 1960

BACK ROW: P. Sutcliffe, A. Cavanagh, D. Lovett, R. Perkins, J. Mather, B. Calkin, M. McCarron, R. McCarter, R. Hawthorne (Vice-Capt.), I. Duncan, R. Elliott.
 FRONT ROW: D. Hardy, D. Calkin, Mr. K. Plumb (Coach), M. Hawkins (Captain), F. Hawthorne (Vice-Capt.), I. Duncan, R. Elliott.
 Photograph by McRae Studios.

Block donated by A. F. Toll

John Mather, 2nd row, defended well at all times and made many runs from the rucks.

Des Lovett, prop—his passing on the edge of the rucks were very effective—defended well.

Allan Cavanagh—hooker—no previous hooking experience, improved tremendously during the season.

Barry Calkin, lock—always gave the inside backs a worrying time—good positional play.

Mick McCarren, inside centre—played a vital position extremely well—defended strongly.

Ian Duncan, outside centre—his combination with McCarren enabled the wingers to be match winners—rugged defence.

Ron Elliot, left winger—used his speed to advantage—scored many fine tries—most improved player in the team.

Derek Calkin, full back—a sound full back in all departments. “Made” many tries when he moved into the backline.

The team is indebted to its reserves—they were always available to train and play when needed. Mention must be made especially, of Bob McCarter, who trained enthusiastically all the season and often filled strange positions with much distinction. Well done McCarter! Other boys who played must be thanked for aiding the success of the 1st XIII.

Congratulations to Mick Hawkins for being a member of three successive Uni. Shield winning teams.

Several of our team are expected to have a bright future in Rugby.

The team wishes to thank all those people who assisted and supported them in any way during the season.

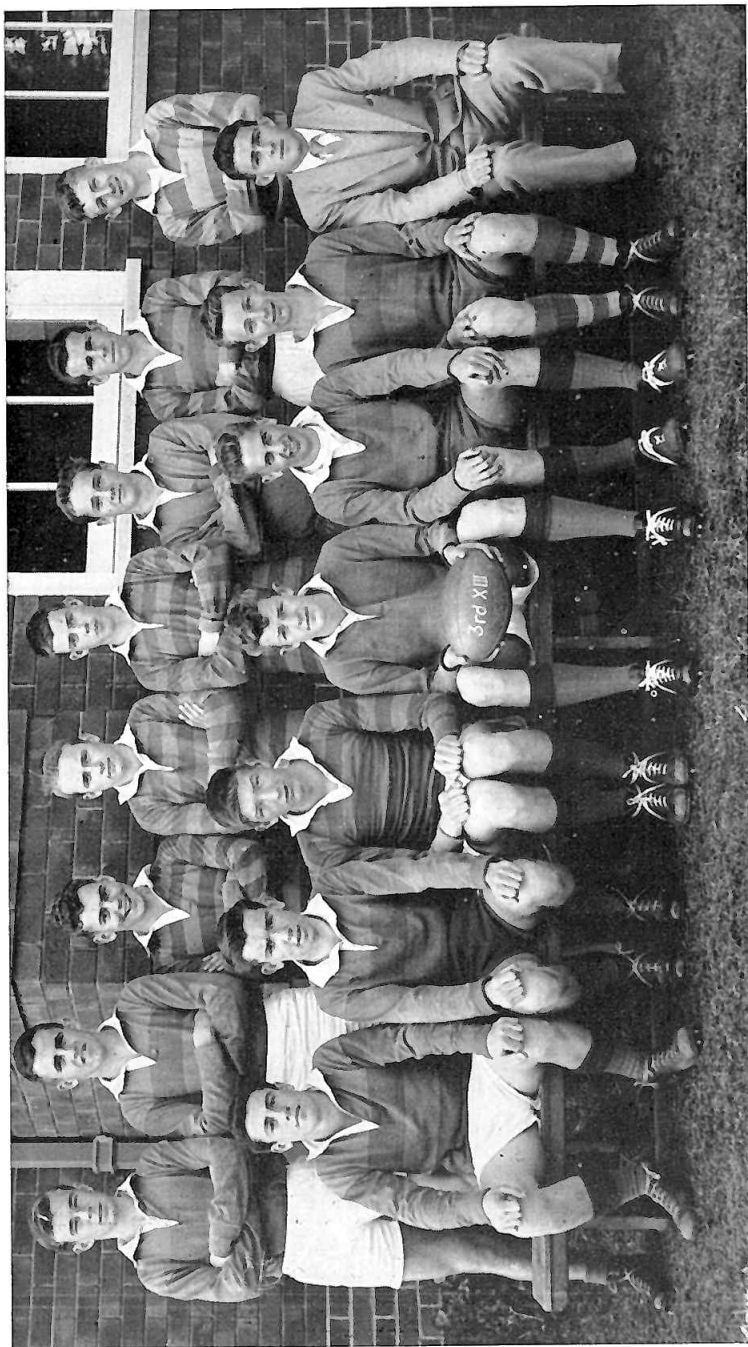
The team wishes to thank Mr. Plumb our coach and friend, for his guidance and the enthusiasm with which he successfully managed the team throughout the season.

2nd Grade

2nd Grade finished runners up this year, one point behind the premiers, Kurri High School.

It was against Kurri that our forwards played above themselves and held the premiers to a five-all draw. David Le Marchant, playing on the left wing, received the ball from a scrum and dashed over for a fine try which Bruce Bevan converted splendidly. Kurri scored within ten minutes and later kicked a penalty goal to level the scores at 5-all. These points on the board proved to be the final score, following a scoreless second half. In this game the forwards gained high praise for their lively and rugged work in the rucks and splendid cover defence.

The only defeat recorded against us was received at the hands of Cessnock High School to the tune of 7-2. Early in the first half, the Cessnock 3 worked a scrum cleverly and sent to the 5/8 who cut through to score under the posts. Cessnock converted and the score at half time was 5-0. Goalkicker and vice-captain Mick Little kicked a splendid goal after the resumption but Cessnock added



3rd GRADE LEAGUE
 BACK ROW: D. Southern, I. Andrews, P. Scott, I. McCata, C. Merrilees, P. Pringlehorn, K. Tregloan, M. Cashman.
 FRONT ROW: P. Bentley, K. Traise, C. Hutchinson, D. McLeod (Capt.), R. Hayman, C. Elvidge, Mr. B. Ryan (Coach).
 Block donated by Temple Bookshop, 12 Wheeler Place, Newcastle.
 Photograph by McKee Studios.

another goal and ran out winners 7-2 after Newcastle had conceded numerous penalties. This defeat was avenged however in a hard game at Waratah when Newcastle won 8-2. Our backs had more room to move in this game and used this advantage to the fullest degree, however it was two forwards, Bevan and Jack Scorer who scored fine tries and again, Little kicked a goal. This game found both forwards and backs defending in a manner worthy of high praise.

The team consisted of fast backs who combined their speed with accurate tackling and big, hard hitting forwards who gained the respect of opposing forwards through strong running and hard tackling which became a feature of their play.

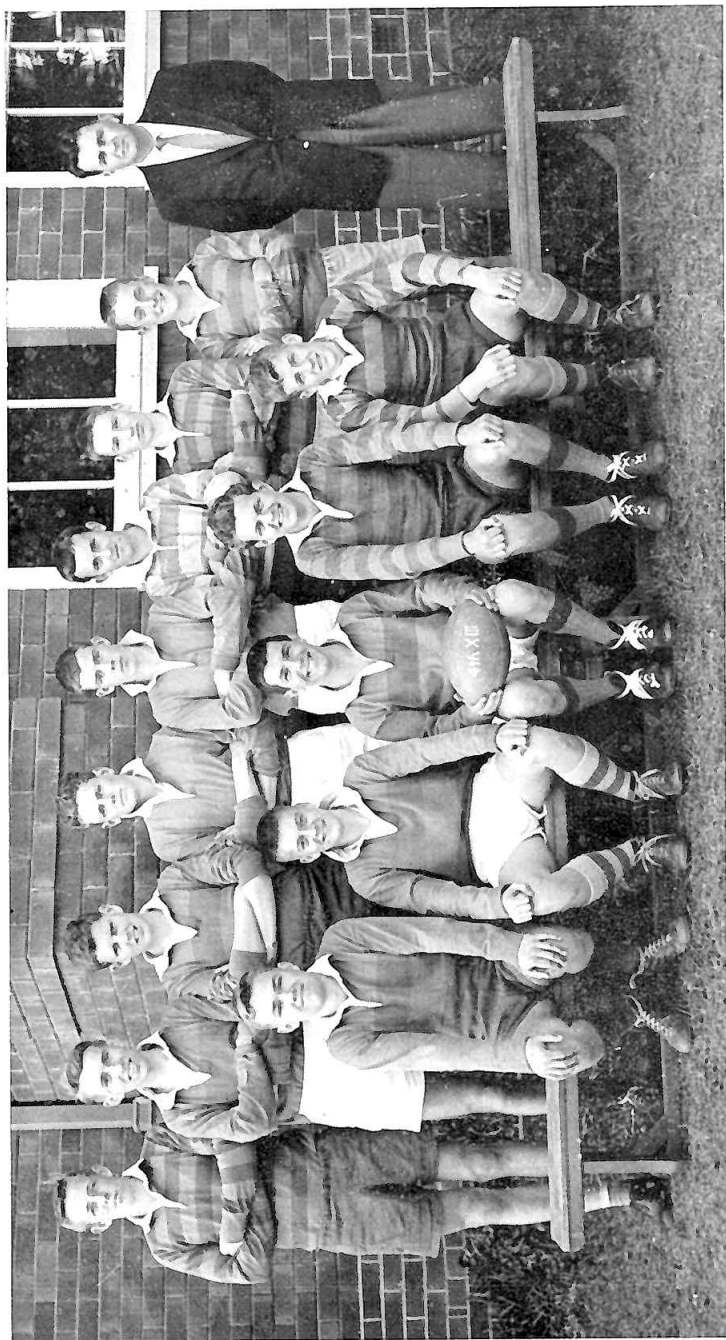
Synnes at fullback, proved to be one of the soundest defenders among the backs and, gained promotion to first grade on several occasions. Playing on the left wing David Le Marchant scored many well-deserved tries and was always solid in defence. We lost right winger Jamie Robertson after several good displays to first grade and his position was more than capably filled by Ted Gould who proved his inclusion by scoring many fine tries as a result of determined running. Centre, Chris Charlton had the safest pair of hands in the team and ran strongly. Partnering Charlton was Paul Dick who showed a fine turn of speed which gained him selection in one of the University Shield teams. Tony Greenland at five-eighth was one of the lightest members of the team. Despite this he proved a worthy link and tackled soundly. McCarter at half, played soundly.

Playing at lock, Cedric Grieve was the soundest defender of the team. He brought off seemingly impossible tackles which brought him the highest of praises. The second row berth was shared by Richard O'Sullivan, John Ellis and Bruce Bevan. The former two's outstanding play was rewarded on several occasions by inclusion in the first grade side where they fully justified their selection by solid defence and sure running from rucks. Bruce Bevan was one of the biggest players in 2nd grade and on several occasions proved fatal to opposing teams. His goalkicking equalled anyone's in the competition. The two props, Jack Storer and R. Fehlberg proved valuable supports for hooker Mick Little. Their hard tackling and rugged rucking were features of many solid performances. Storer also proved an effective long range goal kicker. Hooker, Mick Little, as well as gaining a fair share of the ball from the scrums was our goalkicker. His leadership of the forwards inspired them to many great wins.

Despite the fact that the team proved to be a solid combination, our successes would not have been possible but for the confidence and enthusiasm displayed by our coach and friend Mr. V. P. Rooney who inspired us to greater things. The team heartily thanks him.

I would like to congratulate those members of the team who gained selection, on various occasions in the 1st XIII.

R. McCARTER



4th XIII, 1960

BACK ROW: D. Cowan, D. Gee, D. McChersa, Peate, W. Merrilces, I. Trevallion, J. Sharp, B. Gorge, Mr. G. McMinn (Coach).
 FRONT ROW: D. Watson, N. Brough, G. Westcott, B. Thorpe, M. Cashman.
 Photograph by McRae Studios.
 Block donated by John's Silk Store.

Congratulations to the members of the team on a successful season. Their keen attitude towards training, their outlook on the game and their ability as footballers, made the task of coaching a very light one. At all times and in all respects a splendid example was set by the captain of the team, Robert McCarter.

V. P. ROONEY

3rd Grade

This season the 3rd grade finished undefeated premiers.

After easy wins in the trials, the team turned out confidently for the first match against Hamilton Marist and we won convincingly 20-0. Ron Elliott, later promoted to 1st grade played well and scored two tries. "Basher" Bentley kicked some good goals and gave good service from the scrum base. We travelled to Maitland for our next game and had another win 26-5, some loose passing by our team giving Maitland their try. Another win came at the expense of Tech. High by 23-0. The next game against Maitland Marist was washed out.

In the first game of the second round we again defeated Hamilton Marist, the score being 19-0. The following game against Maitland was a washout. Next game we defeated Tech. High 16-0. For our next match we played Maitland Marist and after our hardest game of the season we won 18-0. The only score in the second half started on our own line and ended with Bob Hayman going over for a try.

The most consistent forwards were Doug Brinkley at lock and Phil Princehorn, the hooker. Basher Bentley kicked well and Southern made the most of his chances at outside centre.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Ryan for his coaching and advice which helped us to gain the success that we did.

D. McLEOD, 3E (Capt.)

4th Grade

The fourth grade league team this year had a very successful season with having only four points scored against it. It was undefeated and I feel sure it could have beaten Central who were co-premiers.

As unfair as I think it is to mention individuals, I think it would be just as unfair if I didn't draw attention to Ian Trevallion whose brilliant runs averaged him four tries a game. Russel Peate who kicked twenty-five goals during the season and as he played fullback he didn't let anyone cross our line, and also Barry George who was the outstanding player of every game. He led the forwards very well as vice-captain and, often as not, he turned defence into attack.

I would also like to congratulate the team as a whole for its fine performance throughout the season.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. McMinn, even though he could not train us because of his work at the University, for his encouragement and advice which was beneficial and appreciated by all.

G. WESTCOTT (Capt.)

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- ★ "THE GREAT 8"
SUNDAYS 6.03 p.m. with Dick Heming
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5th Grade

This year the 8-7 team was unlucky for a couple of reasons. At the beginning of the season we lost the services of our New South Wales rep., Robinson, who was our best tackler and our most constructive forward. Our other piece of bad luck was that bad weather robbed us of our easy matches.

The games played were hard even games as the results will indicate. Our team drew with Tech. High and Kurri High 3-3 and 0-0 respectively. We defeated Maitland Marist 8 points to 7 and were beaten 6-5 by Central. Other games played were against Maitland and Hamilton Marist, who beat us more convincingly but only after strong resistance was rendered.

Although the team was not brilliant it was a sound team which played hard football with determination. The forwards played well, stopping opposition moves and engineering moves which resulted in tries. The backline combined well and all were sound tacklers.

It is hard to single out any one player but special mention should be made to Northey, Sheedie and Harrison in the backs and Marsden and O'Hara in the forwards, all of whom represented Newcastle against Sydney. These players were well supported in the forwards by Davies, Long, Felton and Wilson and in the backs by Dobson, Potter, Wines and Turnbull. The most improved player of the season would undoubtedly be Marsden.

The team is indebted to Mr. Smith for his keen interest shown and his coaching given to the team.

PAUL MOORE

6th Grade

The sixth grade league team did not experience a very successful year although we came fourth in the competition. Many Wednesdays were spoilt by heavy rain, and in all the team played only seven games, winning three of these. Hamilton Marist Brothers was the only team to beat us by a large margin. It is felt that if many members of the team had had more experience, we would have completed the season in a better position.

Threlfo, the lock, set a good example to the team and stopped many certain tries. Five-eighth Cave with his weaving runs downfield was an inspiration to the team. Line, the hooker, always played well and his weighing out half-way through the season was a severe setback to the team. Allen, who had his first season in League, improved greatly throughout the season. He tackled fiercely and ran gamely whenever he received the ball.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. McFarlane for his interest and the encouragement he gave to us throughout the season.

J. WOOD (Captain)

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7th Grade

This team was not a particularly strong one although it performed better than was expected.

The first few games were very close, the scores being 3-all on two occasions. However combination was lacking, although we hoped to correct this in the next few games.

Bad luck then struck the team. Firstly we lost our best forward, D. Williamson (hooker) who had won the majority of the ball for us from the scrums, and also one of our best backs, M. Paterson (wing) and the speediest member of the team, in a check-weigh-in at Maitland. We then had three washed out games and a bye (the second of the season) in succession. In the remaining games the team still had very close scores but unfortunately did not obtain a victory.

J. McGarry (centre), R. Brown, H. Raysmith and W. Jackson all attacked strongly and defended soundly while J. Gardiner filled in well as hooker, although he had not played in this position before. On behalf of the team I would like to thank the coach Mr. B. Milne for his interest in the team throughout the season.

H. RAYSMITH (Capt.)

9th Grade

The six stone football team had a good season even though it did not gain a place in the competition. We beat the Cessnock team both times we played them. We also beat Technical High School the second time we played them. The team was noted for a strong backline but our forwards were not the best at defence. The backline was kept moving by J. Stepanoff, our half, and B. Gibson, the five-eight. G. Jones, who played outside centre most of the games, was the most penetrating player and scored most of the tries. T. Dunicliff, the inside centre was also an outstanding player in all games.

Congratulations to all members of the team and the reserves.

R. BEAR (Capt.)

10th Grade—5st. 7lb. Division

This year we had a total of 17 players to choose from. Each boy played in at least one competition game.

Our defeats numbered more than our victories—we defeated Central B and Central C—but many of us feel we have done reasonably well. For instance, some of us, new to the game, have learnt some of the fundamentals. If more victories are to be had then we must not only be coached, but trained just as our Firsts are.

Two close defeats were at the hands of Maitland Marists and Technical High the scores being 6-9 and 3-5. It was against Maitland

Marists that our best football was played (the ground was grassy and soft)—often the backs ran well and far with the ball.

The team is proud of Bruce Alexander who was selected in the N.S.W. 6 stone team which played against Queensland.

The outstanding players of the team were John Askey, Bruce Alexander, Neil Valentine, Stephen O'Neill, Terry Ramage and Stuart Moore.

Coaches Note.—Threefold congratulations (i) to the team for their enthusiasm in both playing and training; (ii) to Stephen O'Neill for being a most worthy captain and (iii) to Stewy Moore for winning more than his share of the ball and for being the team's most consistently good player.

P. MAEHL



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NEWCASTLE
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MAYFIELD

AUSTRALIAN RULES FOOTBALL

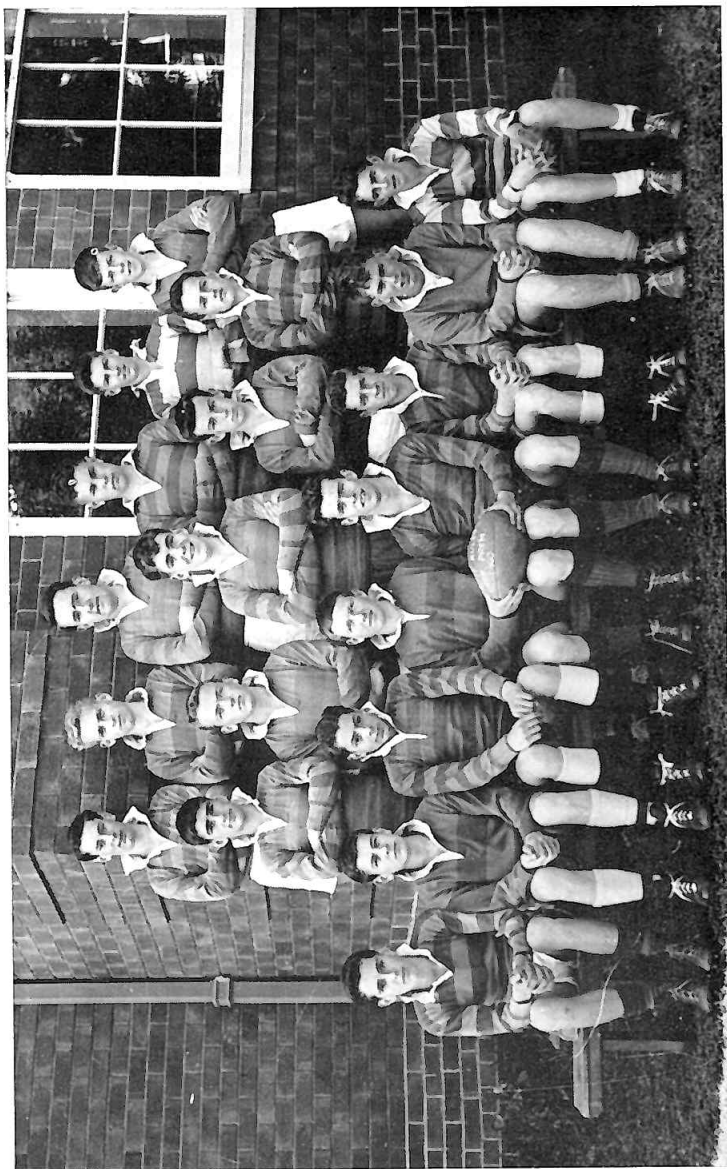
The Australian Rules team, as usual, completed the season as undefeated premiers. In spite of our apparent superiority we had close matches with Tech. High, winning by a few points only as we had to overcome a 30 point handicap, but the other schools were not in our class at all.

Although Rules isn't a game for the individualist, several players stand out for their exceptional individual play. These were mainly the forwards including Antony, Brown-Parker, Koutts, Swan, Drummond and Laman and Pepper in the backs.

However every member played good consistent football and new players such as Marshall, Gardner, Davies, Dean, and Jones all showed a much improved standard of play towards the end of the series and were ably backed by the experienced line-up of W. Eltis, Hart, Charlton, Brady, Madden and Dickeson.

I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the team to thank J. Brown-Parker and Mr. Judd for their unflagging support assistance and advice.

R. ELTIS, 5A (Capt.)



AUSTRALIAN RULES, 1960
BACK ROW: J. Swan, T. Gardner, J. Dean, P. Davies, J. Marshall, P. Charlton,
MIDDLE ROW: T. Koutis, P. Layman, W. Ellis, A. Dickinson, J. Arnold,
FRONT ROW: C. Hart, R. Drummond, S. Anthony, J. Brown-Parker (Vice-Capt.), R. Ellis (Capt.), J.
 Brady, D. Pepper, M. Jones.
 Block donated by James Tickle & Sons Pty. Ltd., Iron Foundry.
 Photograph by McKee Studios.

Original Contributions in Prose and Verse

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

J. K. Dean, R. Gillard, R. Hunter, D. Shoesmith, P. Whitford,
K. Wooller 4th Year.

PRIZES

Prose: 5th Year, J. Davies.
 4th Year, R. Letcher.
 3rd Year, M. Dunipace.
 2nd Year, J. Sampson.
 1st Year, J. Player.
Verse: G. Laycock, 5th Year.
Art: D. Shoesmith, 4th Year.

The editor wishes to thank the English staff for their assistance
in the selection and correction of contributions.

BUSHFIRE

Fire! A blessing and at the same time, a scourge to man, it sweeps across the plains like some great blanket, devouring all in its path. The ground trembles with the sound of crashing timber, rumbles at the approach of fleeing animals and blackens as the fiery wave rushes by. A flower blooms in all its beauty, then withers with the heat and finally, is trampled underfoot by the raging inferno. Flames shoot hundreds of feet into the air, defying the feeble attempts by man to quench its thirst for destruction.

In its path, chaos reigns. The larger animals, guided by instinct alone, seek water. The smaller, slower animals, as if resigned to their fate, burrow deep into the ground or climb high into the trees, and wait. Soon, just the faintest odour of smoke reaches their nostrils. It grows stronger, overpowering, choking. Through the undergrowth the flames can be seen creeping forward, relentlessly approaching, gathering speed as the wind shifts to another quarter. The heat is unbearable now. A rabbit darts to and fro seeking escape but there is none. The fire surrounds him. The circle grows smaller until the red tongues of flame lick at his body and his tiny blackened corpse lies sole evidence to his violent death.

On the hill overlooking the forest, the ranger makes hurried preparation for a hasty departure. His is a hazardous job. His radio transmitter being his sole contact with the outside world, he lives alone except perhaps for his dog. Relieved once every four months, he leads a lonely life. Now having reported the fire by radio to his headquarters, his work is finished and his main worry is saving himself. If the wind changed as it probably would, he would be caught in the raging holocaust. With this thought in mind he makes

for his jeep at the same time noticing the flames almost to the base of the hill. To his horror the jeep will not start. Overcome by panic he races down the rough bush-track. One hundred yards, two — he glances back. The flames have already reached his jeep. With a blinding flash the petrol explodes and he is thrown to the ground. Rising wearily to his feet, he continues, staggering. Slowly, but surely the flames are gaining. Exhausted, he falls to the ground, the flames race up and the fire claims another victim.

Days later the search-party's jeep climbs the winding hillside, stopping occasionally to clear blackened trees from the track. They come upon the body burnt beyond recognition. The still-smouldering jeep and the expression of horror on the dead man's face tell their own story.

J. SAMPSON, 2A

THE CANDLE

Only the ticking clock
can be a comfort to me now;
only the dim flame of the little candle,
struggling vainly to survive,
can illumine this night of mourning.

And if the timepiece cease to sound,
then surely I can renew its carefree tick
with a mere twist of the hand;
but not the candle—
no the candle is like you.
for when its time is spent, as yours is,
when it bravely issues forth
its final challenge to the darkness,
as when you sighed your final breath,
nought can give that candle life anew.

Now, in its small circumference of light
my hand I see through moistened eyes,
this trembling hand, which lately dared
to touch your silent corpse;
merely to gaze upon it
awakens streams of burning tears
which, like a waterfall, cascade
and cruelly extinguish
the candle's tiny flame.

A little mound of wax serves as a tombstone,
a curse of annoyance its epitaph;
but you, departed comrade,
who do not see these things—
my tears that lie shining on the candle's grave
are your memorial.

G. PETER LAYCOCK, 5th Year



HAYMAN ISLAND VISIT

With smoke pouring from her single funnel the M.V. Kanimbla, 7,000 tons, wove her way steadily between the islands rising from the glassy sea of the Whitsunday Passage off the sunny coast of Queensland. Her destination, Hayman Island, lay less than a half hour's sailing, south-east. Silent and serene quietness reigned over the ship but was interrupted by the ominous roar of a two-engined ex-wartime Catalina, flying overhead, bound for the same destination.

Excitedly I raced onto the lower deck as we dropped anchor. A few hundred yards away was the island, protruding from it a long jetty and, anchored in a bay was the Catalina we had seen earlier. Half an hour later a launch conveyed us to the jetty where a quaint little "Candy-striped" train took us to the island itself. The Royal Hayman Hotel is a main office, dining-room and serving room. The tourists' sleeping quarters are luxuriously decorated lodges. The island provides for water skiing, swimming, fishing,

bush-walking, sight-seeing tours to other islands, a cinema, and even a school.

After a tour of the island everyone felt very hungry and so we were shown into the serving room for lunch. Now to describe the food which was laid before us would take more than space offers but in brief — there were piles of roasted chicken, whole crabs, savouries, sausages, fish and meats, a whole roasted pig and a 3ft. marlin all lavishly served. For dessert there were trifles (each measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide), filled with tropical fruit set in jelly, and "oodles" of thick whipped cream. As we were served our meal we sat under coconut palms on the edge of the beach listening to the Polynesian band of the hotel singing in the distance.

All good things come to an end and as we embarked on the ship the band came out to sing "Aloha". It was on this note that we left beautiful Hayman Island.

S. CLAPHAM, 1C

FROID EST LE COEUR !

Froid, froid est le coeur de l'homme.

Ah! ou, ou est la chaleur

Dans la chaude piece ?

En l'air chauffe d'emotion est une main glacee,

Et tu peux marcher dans le coeur du feu,

Et trembler avec des frissons de sentiments,

Et la sur le seuil du fourneau

Le parasite des terrains glaces est couche,

Son coeur est un rocher flambant,

Et l'esprit dort

Dans une illusion de grandeur

Et de puissance.

Et les yeux sont insensibles,

Et les ames de miserables tachent de gagner

Contre la faiblesse de la pitie,

Contre l'obscurite de la lumiere!

M. WYNTER and J. DAVIS, 5th Year

TIDAL WAVE APPROACHING !

The radio receiver suddenly crackled into life! Three ear-piercing whistles filled the look-out station at Nobbys to signify to the short, stout, tanned watchman that this was an emergency!

John Clinton immediately dropped his half-finished crossword to the table and, despite his age, covered the room to the receiver in remarkably quick time. Lifting the microphone, he intoned his call number into it and learnt from the quick terse words which followed that Honolulu was calling and that a tidal wave was approaching the east coast of Australia. Without any questioning, Clinton learnt from the efficient operator in Honolulu that there had

been an earthquake at Tacna, South America, and this was the wave's birth-place. Although the speed of the wave was one hundred and fifty miles per hour, it was comparatively slow, but it meant that the coast line between Brisbane and Tasmania had only seven and one half hour's preparation time.

Clinton grimly thanked the operator for his information and, putting the mike down, sickly wondered which move he should make first. At the moment, he felt like vomiting, fainting and screaming for help all at once. Suddenly, the radio whistled again! The Honolulu operator said he was sorry to inform that the gigantic wave was now almost certain to hit Australia somewhere between Newcastle and Redhead, with an allowance of ten miles or so either way! He signed off, the metallic click echoing around the small silent room.

John Clinton, although very shaky, now felt better and lost no time in putting an emergency news flash through to the three main radio and television transmitting stations. Within a half-hour, the majority of people living in Newcastle and environs knew their possible, indeed most probable, fate.

Royal Newcastle Hospital! Patients could not be left there to die. Clinton called Williamstown air base and was assured that twenty-five helicopters, each holding twenty-one passengers, would air-lift the patients to safety. Ambulance stations were contacted and they immediately sent waggons to assist in "Operation Evacuation." Army trucks were commandeered to carry the citizens who had no means of transport, to safety. Buses were all used for the same purpose. Crying, flustered mothers raced to the schools to collect their ignorant children. No need to frighten them! Hunter, Scott and King Streets were scenes of constant movement—all in the same direction—westward.

John Clinton sat with furrowed brow, clearly passing messages from police to Williamstown, to taxi stations and bus depots, to boat-owners and business people; the evacuation plan was highly successful as it efficiently removed the fear-stricken citizens.

The tidal wave struck with a foaming, flooding fury! Millions of tons of water crashed on Newcastle, and towering buildings collapsed like children's sand castles being devoured by the hungry tide.

Yes, the evacuation was most successful. But now, where had the hospital been? Where were the other landmarks of the State's second city?

Two days later, a youth, David Allen Clinton, found the only casualty at Merewether. In its hand was clutched a smashed, but recognisable microphone . . .

PAUL LAYMAN, 4A

WE IS THE UNDERDOG!



THE RED ALFA

It is an exciting feeling to know that all the power and speed of an Alfa Romeo lie under your own control, your hands resting lightly on the grooved wheel and crouching down behind the low windscreen, with eyes on the spinning track and the wind beating furiously on the goggles and helmet then whistling past the racer's sleek red body. The full tonnage of the Alfa glides around the small stadium and takes such trials as merely a stone on her long road to success.

For weeks we had planned, worked and checked on the car, ready for the gruelling tussle over the fifty mile track. Frequent trials proved the racer's worth, and in the preliminaries she passed with ease, scorning the small sports cars as they strained to gain approval.

On the cold bleak morning of the race the Alfa was in top form and as she was pushed from the pit, purring like a small kitten, my friends and I were confident of a fine race. There were no handicaps and the Alfa, light compared with its opponents was at a disadvantage.

I climbed into the narrow seat nervously adjusting the head gear, shook hands with mechanics and friends and, as the Romeo was pushed to the line, I felt very proud at this, my first race. Scanning the line of contestants, I observed my main opponents would be a black Ferrari and a sleek green Cooper. Suddenly I heard the warning cry from the starter, wiped my perspiring hands and sat tensed. Then in a blur of colour the cars leapt from the line. The Cooper's greater pick-up speed gave it a quick lead, followed by the Ferrari, another Cooper and myself in fifth, tailing a small cut down racer. With ease the graceful Romeo slipped past the racer and settled down in fourth place. This position did not change for about thirty miles, but the other entrants behind were gradually dropping away. The four of us were fairly close, all within sight, until the light blue Cooper trailing the Ferrari picked up speed and sped past its team mate and took the lead, drawing quickly away until it was out of sight, well in front. I accelerated in order to catch the Cooper, but suddenly there was a searing explosion and red and yellow flames mingled with jet black smoke billowed up along the track. A few minutes later, we passed the wrecked car, now swarming with officials and spectators. The Cooper was only twisted metal, and a torn tyre lay on the road to mark the spot. The Cooper was finished.

The miles raced past until we approached the 45 mile signal man. The Ferrari had taken the lead and the Cooper was but a few yards ahead of me. By now the race was on in earnest. The aim was on reaching the circuit to round it once, into the straight and then, the finish. On reaching the circuit I decided it was now or never, so, pressing my foot gently on the accelerator, I slowly swung the wheel and, with ease and grace, the Alfa neatly edged past the

Cooper, and now, for the black Ferrari. With the accelerator pressed almost right down, the gap between us diminished. Drawing level the Alfa was at her straining point, every inch of her body tensed as the two cars roared into the straight. Could she hold? The Ferrari and Alfa Romeo, locked together, raced for the line, accelerators hard down. In a blur of colour, both cars rushed over the line together. The checkered flag came down. The judges' decision. "The red Alfa Romeo wins by a narrow margin. Driven by . . . the words overlapped and I collapsed in the seat.

GRAEME HARRISON, 2A

TO A PENCIL

I know not where thou art.
I only know
That thou wert on my desk,
O comrade of my solitude!
A moment back.
Lo! As I turned my head
To view the fateful clock
Some scurvy knave
Went west with thee.

I know not who he was
Nor shall I ask.
Perchance
It may have been
The rogue I stole thee from!

D. McGEE, 2E

OUT-BACK

I looked up to see the most quizzical face in the mountains. It had only one good eye which set off a crinkly smile in a sheaf of gingery whiskers. The head was bald on top but thick side manes grew over the ears. A gaunt figure; his bones stood out from his patched clothes — his trousers were made from bags. He stood on surprisingly large feet with knuckle bones protruding like marbles; his toe-nails were lumps of horn. He spoke with a dreary drawl and a chuckle in his voice, introducing himself as George Stewart.

During the first month on Mount Fraser, we thought the old man was spying on us for some unfriendly motive. Not so. He was terrified lest we be "murderers" who would shoot his birds and kill his goannas and furry bush friends. In later time I came to learn with what apprehension he had watched our every move. He had actually crawled, night after night, to the back of our tent, listening to hear if we were planning to kill things. Only when he was sure did he take us to his warm, old heart.

Throughout the years his bare feet had worn a track — like an animal track — from his hut to the main path leading to the

town. A grey granite boulder, the size of a house, formed the back of his hut; the thick line of scrub trees was a living wall. The other wall and roof were a grotesque patchwork of saplings, bark sheets, flattened tins, bags and palm thatch.

It was a musty, earthy old place, smelling of bare rock, dank scrub and sweet grassy forest. The rudest of bag bunks was propped by forked sticks along the forest side of the hut. Steel drills had been hammered into the rock forming support for shelves which held a medley of tins and bottles. A few smoke-blackened boxes were his furniture. A fireplace of stone and clay, a blackened billy slowly steaming completed the picture.

JOHN PLAYER, 1B

OEDIPUS

The flow'r has fallen from the withered limb,
And the cold rain of winter falls,
And the blind man has fled from his Theban sin
To the shelter of Athens' walls.

He crouches, huddled in his tattered cloak,
Bedraggled, bleeding and torn,
And the tears of his loyal daughter soak
His battered face forlorn.

His pure white beard to his waist doth flow
And his hoary hair is long,
And his once strong back's been bended low
By the burden of his wrong.

He lies at the foot of the Lord of Fire,
In the midst of a sacred fen,
And awaits the coming of the Theban's ire
Or the mercy of the Grecian men.

He lies, the victim of a God's cruel jest,
A mortal cursed from birth,
A mortal denied a mortal's rest
And harried through the earth.

Till at last he has come here to die,
Where the rain of winter falls,
Seeking the comfort of a king's mercy.
In the shelter of Athen's walls.

MICHAEL WYNTER, 5th Year

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"GENTLEMEN ALL"

It is Friday afternoon once more. Teachers are diligently attempting to squeeze the last ounce of energy from the apparently fatigued pupils. Boys can be seen feverishly glancing at their watches — 3.28 . . . 3.29 . . . The lecturer has become exasperated. A familiar clicking over the P.A.S. signals zero hour. Boys wait anxiously to throw their books into their bags. The bell rings and the first echelon of "gentlemen" makes for the door. An experienced teacher runs for cover. Pandemonium breaks loose as excited boys run from all directions surging along the corridors and down the stairs in a solid mass. The very foundations seem to tremble under the formidable onslaught.

"Where does this energy come from?"

Everyone is striving for precedence in the bus-line, consequently the smaller members of the school haven't a "dog's" chance, and curt exclamations like, "Out of my way, small fry!" may be heard frequently.

A port skids along the floor (with help, of course) and comes to rest with its contents scattered, hanging precariously over the front steps. The frustrated owner stares disconsolately as hundreds of feet trample his belongings into the ground.

Along the line those who have been unlucky enough not to reach the front, shout to their mates in fore positions. A frequent "Hey, George! Let's in!" is heard. If George obliges the potential rule breaker is inevitably doomed. Prefect Gates challenges the poor unfortunate. "Hey, You! Down to the end of the line!" The boy in question submits and retreats sulkily amidst jeering and laughing from his mates. The prefect turns his back — the youth is again up and trying for the front.

One concludes that a bus has been sighted as everyone stoops to retrieve his upturned case. Prefects try desperately with outstretched arms to hold the oncoming foe. They are now surging towards the narrow gateway. "Blue" Caviare bellows forcefully, "Back into line, or you'll never get the buses". Unfortunately the multitude is completely deaf.

Word spreads that a certain gentleman, of large proportions, six feet plus, and bearing a slight resemblance to Sir Winston is approaching. His authority is deadly. Silence prevails until he is out of sight, then the commotion recurs.

The bus pulls to a stop — "Action Stations" — ports become mislaid; shoes are dragged off; pullovers stretched; ties are tugged until the owner's eyes nearly pop; arms and fists connect in unsuspecting places. The bus, by now, is creaking and groaning in agony; the conductor is "swimming" up the aisle. One gathers that the bus is 'full' by the unusual sight of arms and legs protruding from the platform. With a yank and a pull, two unsuspecting gentlemen are quietly removed.

"Right," says the prefect, "take her away."
"Look out! Here comes the next batch."

Footnote.—A motion should without hesitation be forwarded in parliament—"the introduction of 'danger money' for bus employees operating school buses."

LEE JENSEN, 4A

SUNRISE FROM THE HEADLAND

The first rays of the rising sun found me sitting on the undulating grass in front of the lighthouse watching the sun come slowly out of the ocean, flooding the scene with colour.

From the headland, the sea looked calm; a complete contrast to the previous day when gale-force winds from the south had whipped it into a frenzy. Great rollers had crashed on to the rocks, flinging skywards masses of foam. This same wind had brought a great, gun-metal grey cloud which had lashed the island with an almost solid sheet of water. Small creeks had turned into raging torrents washing the orange coloured top-soil into the sea and causing a great yellow stain to make a girdle of colour around the island.

The sea, now unmarred by even a ripple, reflected the whole character of the scene. The trees and grasses on the slopes of the headland were hardly moving. Far out on the horizon, a lonely freighter caused a smoke smudge which rose vertically into the clean morning air and the windspeed indicator on the lighthouse was completely silent and still.

The dew on the trees had now almost completely vanished and in a nearby valley a grey morning mist hung in wisps about the giant gums whose tawny limbs rose defiantly skywards.

The staccato "chug chug" of a little fishing boat from the mainland echoed across the bay through the still morning air. This was the first of many for dawn had broken and a new day had begun.

PHILLIP PAGE, 2A

CARMEN CUPIDINEUM

(Modis Glyconis Pherecratetisque)

Vere mellita mea tu
pulchra crine genisque
Te nunc deliciae peto.
Multos iam teneas me
mensens carmine dulci tam;
sed abire necesse est
a tuis amoribus mox.
Tunc noctes solus agam
caritatis memor tibi.

REG. BARRETT, 5th Year

AN ISLAND ADVENTURE

A thundering crash of wave and foam carried us, exhausted and battered, high upon the tropic sands. For two days we had been tossed by the South Pacific seas, clinging to a makeshift raft from the wreckage of our schooner, until this small island had suddenly appeared from nowhere. Tired as we were, we had to search the island for food to avoid dying from starvation. On surveying our surroundings, I noticed that the island rose up at a steep incline to a narrow top. Throughout the search for food we were constantly anxious at the thought of wild natives, but after exploring a tunnel found a far greater danger.

Boiling and spluttering right in the middle of the island was seething pool of lava; the heart of a volcano. A dangerous situation was made worse by the fact that the narrow crater was sealed by a solid mass of rock. Slowly a great pressure was building up for which the only outlet was the pinhole of a tunnel through which we had come. A sudden tremor in the cavern transfixed us with terror, but a further heaving of the floor sent us scurrying back to what we hoped was the comparative safety of the beach.

On the beach the tremor had ceased and all seemed calm, but we were not completely re-assured. Rushing into the undergrowth we hurriedly hacked vine after vine with which we re-lashed the timbers of our raft. Pushing and straining we frantically struggled against the buffeting surf with an occasional backward glance at the quiet but still threatening, volcano. After several long and wearisome hours and with the help of a following wind, the volcano was now a cone upon the horizon; but a dark haze about it made us re-double our efforts. Suddenly, an ear splitting roar reverberated across the sky and huge flames shot into the heavens as the small island seemed to disintegrate. Soon, wave after wave shot us forward, the raft rising and falling and we were fully occupied in a desperate effort to hold on. On and on, faster and faster, until at last a cross wave threw us high into the air, but to our surprise our feet could feel the sand of another beach. Again, battered and bewildered we struggled up to the shore of yet another tropic isle to safety.

MICHAEL BROUGHTON, 1B

A WALK IN THE GARDEN

What a pleasurable experience it is to walk through a well kept garden; but how depressing to see the same place in a state of disrepair!

A few days ago, I returned home after some weeks' absence, and, eager to walk through the garden, I was dismayed to find a vast concourse of newcomers—weeds!—enveloping every rightful

and wholesome inhabitant of the soil. There are few things more distressing than seeing the delicate and beautiful things of Nature being overrun, and their sturdy, coarse and undesirable conquerors rioting and triumphing in profusion.

Leave the garden for a week, and a month's work is undone; leave it for a month, and the place will be in ruins. That is just what I did, and the result? The strawberry patch was obliterated, the vegetable patch was pink with oxalis, and the flower garden was a forlorn picture of rank growth—suffocated by that formidable trio, nut grass, oxalis and couch, and strangled by convolvulus.

To make conditions worse, that dreaded alien, lantana, was advancing from the uncleared area, and the dandelions were romping gaily through the lawns. Well, I suppose I had better be ON WITH THE WEEDING, so that there will be room to walk through the garden again.

M. ROBINSON, 3A

PROSPECT

I lie upon the golden sand
While high above, in fiery band,
The royal sun, with soothing gleam,
Lulls me deep in pensive dream.

This shining shore, this timeless strand—
Now trod by man, whose restless hand
Doth match his anxious, hurried stride—
Live on, unmoved by time or tide.

Should they, by unnamed magic spell,
Their knowledge of the future tell,
What majesty of untold years
Would be revealed to our brief ears.

I hear, 'fore yet the spell has gone,
The Bluff, 'pon which the orb has shone
O'er many countless aeons of time,
Disturb the Headland's peace sublime.

"Thou sleepest, friend? From thee no word?
Hast slept ten centuries through unheard!
What thinkest thou of this new flock
Which sporteth on thine ancient rock?"

The answer comes, the Headland speaks;
Across the surf, along the beach,
The rumbling Voice's rolling form
Make all things guess approaching storm.

"I hear thee, friend. Thy sonorous sound
Makes these pale creatures' fears abound,
Yet they their great ambitions nurse
To rule entire the universe!

"But they heed not the fearful might
Of that great sun, which, in one night,
In smallest change of course will swing,
And wither thus each living thing.

"A million years: great loads of ice
Will hold the earth as in a vice.
The course will change — the cold retreat,
Replaced by fierce unmeasured heat.

"These puny creatures' pompous pride
Will thus be lost in Time's great tide,
And our small globe will wander on,
Cleansed now of Life — all traces gone."

I wake bemused, yet seek to learn,
The message of this vision stern—
And recognise, in Nature's Plan,
The insignificance of Man

ANON.

THE WAY OUT

"We must have climbed over two thousand feet," said Tim sitting down on a large boulder and wiping his forehead. "Where is this cavern you were so excited about?"

Andrew suddenly pointed to a narrow crevice in the rocks and cried, "There it is!"

Tim strolled over to a large tree and half expected to see an enormous hole in the mountain-side, but instead he saw a dismal, narrow cleft.

Soon they were standing at the edge of a small hole almost covered by a rocky outcrop.

"We'll have to go in one at a time," said Andrew. "I'll go first."

They lowered themselves cautiously into the darkness of the pot-hole. Several moments later Tim touched something with his feet. They were down.

"That's the way we're going," said Andrew pointing to a pool of darkness below them. "Better turn on your torch."

A moment later he had disappeared into the blackness. Tim watched his torch light grow fainter and fainter as he climbed down the slight slope.

Suddenly Tim heard a loud crash in Andrew's direction and he hurried to find the trouble. Andrew had broken his ankle on a pile of jagged stones. He couldn't walk. It was up to Tim to find the way out.

Tim started back with Andrew slung over his shoulders, but when he came to the spot where they had been separated he found that a fall of rock blocked the passage.

They set off back the way they had come. The cavern was now thick with dust and soon they were coughing.

Tim stopped. The roof of the cavern had lowered greatly and now they were in some sort of a tunnel. If the roof lowered any more he wouldn't be able to crawl through.

Worse still Tim's torch had burned out and Andrew's had been broken. They were alone in the darkness.

The next ten minutes were a nightmare. At last the roof rose a foot or two and Tim was able to stretch his aching back. Andrew was now unconscious. Tim had to find some way out. Then in the gloom he saw a speck of light, so he struggled towards it.

Finally Tim dragged Andrew through another opening in the mountain. He found that they were quite near to the village from which they had begun to ascend the mountain.

They were saved!

A. WINNIK, 2E

AUF DEM SEE

I drink life's fresh new feeling,
Such freedom stirs my blood;
Nature now unto me clinging
Seems all with good to flood.
Our boat is rocked by stormy waves.
Our oars now beat the sea,
And shrouded mountain crags and caves
Rise up to hinder me.

My eye! My eye! Why sink you there?
Are golden dreams now in the air?
Away you dreams in all your gold;
Love and life too dear I hold.

On the wave are blinking
A thousand dancing stars,
Mists around are drinking
The towering peaks afar;
And round the shaded inlet
Now wings the wind of morn;
Mirrored in this glassy wet
Fruits images are drawn.

J. W. von GOETHE

(Translated by REG. BARRETT, 5th Year)

SUNSET

The deep grey-purple shrouds are drawn,
The ground takes on a dull, sad shade of fawn.
The rocks darken on the grey garden wall,
And shadows thicken, grow heavy, and fall.
Green on the trees slips slow to grey,
Bright, yellow flowers to dark fall a prey
And change, folding inwards the lively petal,
Becoming like some hard, unfeeling metal.

The sea has turned from blue to brown,
The breeze has become a harsh, dry sound,
Scratching dead leaves on the old iron rail
That guards the chipped stones, thick with scale,
Standing like huge, black, evil crows,
In the graveyard, arranged in strict symmetric rows,
Blackened by the grime from a brickyard smoke,
The stones are forgotten; in time past they grope.
The west rolls with a hard, blood-red.

The day, the shimmering light, has bled
To death; it staggers on the sharp mountain peaks,
Turning black, falling screaming to the deeps
Behind the mountains. It falls beyond recall.
And leaves trap me behind a wall
Of nothing: no beauty, no blossoms, no light,
No birds, no blue, no grapes—only night.

TONY MILLS, 5th Year

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE

The night is calm and clear, the sky a dark semicircle pierced by soft starlight from millions of tiny pin pricks inflicted by other hands than ours. The moon showers a mellow gold over the placid waters, a shimmering pathway leading across an unbroken mirror.

Suddenly, on the right, fish are jumping and the mirror is shattered by a silvery spray as ripples cross in ever widening circles. Just for a fleeting moment, pale moonlight glances off the speckled scales. Then the lake swallows up its charges and the ripples subside.

Overhanging and shadowing the shores of the lake are stately pines and through the gaps in this barrier can be glimpsed the faraway Decease ranges and snow-capped Mount Olympus to the west. The panorama over the lake is beautiful, a sight few people see, and many cannot appreciate.

The moon itself is a creamy saucer, floating in the dark bowl of night and lending a lustre of yellow which is absent in the heat and glare of the day. As the oars plunge into the cool water, a shroud of

pearly phosphorescence lights up the dark surface. Clear droplets of water drip from the creaking oars, splashing almost inaudibly back into the disturbed ripples.

As the keel scrapes the pebbles of the beach, the moon disappears behind a bulky cloud. Immediately the lake assumes a different attitude, almost a sinister one. The wind sighs sorrowfully through the firs and the mountains can no longer be seen. By degrees the saucer reappears, revealing all its former beauty and showering moonlight over Lake St. Clair.

IAN DUNCAN, 4th Year

A BOOK REVIEW "ON THE BEACH"—By Nevil Shute

This book is fiction, the setting is Melbourne and surroundings, the Pacific and parts of the United States of America. The events take place in 1963.

"On the Beach" tells of the final months in the lives of five people living in a world doomed to die by radiation. A nuclear war has occurred possibly by accident, and four thousand, nine hundred nuclear bombs have been dropped. Radioactive dust has covered the surface of the northern hemisphere, and is being slowly carried by wind to Australia. In several months, life on earth will cease.

In the book, the feelings and heroism of ordinary people who have come face to face with extraordinary and tremendous events are unforgettably portrayed. Their lamp of hope grows dim as, one by one, theories of possible salvation have to be rejected.

The five main characters are: Captain Dwight Towers, commander of the American nuclear submarine "Scorpion". At sea when hostilities occurred—the shortest war in history—he finally reached Melbourne. Towers is very faithful to his wife and family in Connecticut, and to the finish he observes correct procedure on his submarine, for as he states, "Uncle Sam would not like it". He does not try to fight death and realises he will be soon reunited with his family. Dwight finds himself attracted to Moira Davidson, a carefree country girl, often drunk. However, Moira changes many of her ways and outlooks under his influence, and she faces death in a realistic manner. The two newly-weds, Peter Holmes, an Australian Navy liaison officer, and Mary, present a tragic picture. They are in love with life, like Dwight and Moira, and have a baby Jennifer. Mary is rather immature and cannot bring herself to realise her ultimate fate. She is terrified with the idea of killing her baby when the radiation comes upon them. The other important character is Julian Costorn, a scientist. A relation to Moira, he travelled on the "Scorpion" on several voyages to check on radiation levels. His great love is his Ferrari, in which he wins the last car race, the Australian Grand Prix. Finally after locking the garage and polishing the car, he sits himself in the driver's seat and takes the pills. The most clearly drawn of the characters are

Julian Costorn, the weary scientist, out for a last fling in life in the car race, and Mary Holmes, the terrified young wife. Only Moira is at times very indistinct.

Several scenes stand out in the book for their forcefulness, clarity and literary value.

"The end is drawing near and the pills, donors of death are being handed out to a long queue of people as freely as the Roman coin."

The author brings out their grim thoughts—"O! what folly has man committed! What have we done to death that we must die!"

There has been a last meeting of the Salvation Army, and now everyone has retired to his home to die peacefully. The busy streets of Melbourne are deserted, and swirling eddies of dust and papers whirl through the silent streets.

Earlier, a scene similar to this, confronted the crew of the submarine in San Francisco harbour. "All the streets are deserted; the Golden Gate Bridge watches silently. There is no mangled wreckage as one might expect after the greatest war in history—just no people."

The author uses a simple style but a forceful one. Flashbacks occurring in the book are effective, and several excellent descriptions provided breaks in the narrative.

This book succeeds: it arouses your feelings. You are shown the horrors and consequences of a nuclear war. It is a depressing book, but of paramount importance. We must do all we can to avert a nuclear war!

IAN GRAHAM, 4A

LOST — AND FOUND

When I came to, I could remember nothing—who I was, where I had come from, why I was lying at the foot of the railway embankment. I stood up and brushed the dirt off my still new clothes. I looked in the pockets—only a few coins, a pound note, a handkerchief and a well-thumbed paper-back called "Crime Monthly". I looked at my watch, which seemed fairly expensive, but it had stopped. I walked along beside the embankment in the direction of a fettle's hut from which a column of smoke rose.

"Morning, Guv'nor. You the new inspector?" the fettle greeted me.

"No—at least, I don't think so. Where am I?" I replied.

"Why, lost your way? You're about fifty miles from London; that's down the way you came from. Oxford is about five miles along the way you're going."

"Thanks. Any idea of the time?"

He looked at his watch.

"Five past ten."

I put my watch on the right time and then went on my way to Oxford. It was a sunny day and the view was a pretty one, of undulating fields and meadows, but I scarcely noticed it as I tried to work out who I was.

An hour later I saw a shop about a hundred yards from the line. I walked over and bought some sandwiches and a bar of chocolate.

"Do I just keep going that way for Oxford?"

"Yes mate; can't miss it."

I left and continued walking, eating my sandwiches. The houses were becoming closer together, and I passed several blocks of flats. I saw a newsagent's.

"Guardian, please."

I wondered how I happened to remember just that paper, but dismissed the thought.

As I walked outside I opened the paper. A large familiar face looked at me.

"Have you seen this man? He is wanted for murder."

I looked at my reflection in a shop window. The same face stared at me from the glass.

GILES MARTIN, 3A



ON GETTING TO SCHOOL — A NEW VERSION OF THE OLD STORY

Many a tale has been written (and forgotten) about getting to school. These stories have all been written by and about the pupil who travels by public transport. I would like to tell the story of that small minority that face incalculable dangers in their daily journey to and from the seat of learning (?).

I refer, of course, to the cyclist. To be a cyclist, you must have a cycle, or, to give its technical term, a bike.

The day of the cyclist schoolboy starts about twenty minutes later than that of his bus-travelling counterpart because he can leave later and still get to school on time. After a leisurely breakfast he is ready to leave with just enough time to get to school when he discovers that his back tire is flat. His pump is where it should be, at the bottom of his schoolbag, underneath his books. He digs it out, pumps his tire furiously, pumps his front tire for luck and replaces his pump.

He mounts his bicycle, shoves it into gear, steps on the accelerator and zooms off down the front path accompanied by various miscellaneous squeaks, rattles and groans from his noble steed. When he reaches the street, he runs into a thirty mile per hour gale that forces him to proceed at a walking pace. He then remembers that the wind blows against him every morning when he is going to school, and every afternoon when he is returning home in the opposite direction.

Our rider is slowly moving towards his goal. After about fifteen minutes he notices a raised level crossing gate in the distance. He increases his speed, but in vain. He is about ten yards away when he hears a furious jangling of bells from the signal box and the gates drop quickly. An impression is created that a tragedy has narrowly been averted and a runaway train will come hurtling by a few seconds later. The cyclist knows better and settles down for a long wait.

About two minutes after the dropping of the gates, the operator in the signal box either sees a faint puff of smoke in the distance and brews himself a cup of tea, or realises that there has been a mistake as no train is coming, and raises the gates. The former happens more often, so the cyclist waits a further few minutes while an empty coal train steams up (at full throttle) at about five miles per hour, stops while the driver exchanges the time of day with signal box operator and then moves slowly on. Half a minute later the bells jangle again and the gate slowly opens, allowing the cyclist to proceed on his way, after pumping up his back and/or front tire, which has/have gone flat while he was waiting.

The gates are the last big obstacle in the way of the traveller and after such insignificant incidents as being caught in a shower of rain, or being nearly run down by a car, he sees, through a haze

of smoke left by passing cars—one of the minor hazards—the school in the distance. Like a man lost in the desert and seeing an oasis in the distance he struggles on towards his goal and at last he arrives there, ten minutes late, but there.

Going home, the pattern is the same, except that at the crossing the cyclist waits for two coal trains and a passenger train that cross at three minute intervals. If he has left his raincoat at school, it rains; if he wears it, the wind (blowing against him of course) blows it out like a sail and pushes him backwards.

What I have just narrated is the usual, uneventful day of the cyclist. Other things do happen to him, but they are so harrowing that they may shock the younger readers of this essay.

Have you ever seen the look on a cyclist's face as he enters the school gates after his ride to school. You see the same look on people who walk across high wires in a circus or people who test fly jet planes for the first time or—and here I am quoting from previous articles—school bus drivers.

And now I must close, leaving you with this thought:

The cyclist who rides
Through the lights while showing red
With no hands upon the brakes
Must surely wind up dead.

Who knows, this could easily be my epitaph.

R. LETCHER, 4B

FANTASTIC REALITY

Through this veil'd shimmering mist
my world has been by magic kissed.
I drift, from that other world quite free,
that old familiar—near, though drawing back from me.

Ordinary: The buildings, close enclosing me
within their stifling conformity.
But Now: Their faces, all zinc white and pure,
Are thrust up to a sullen sky, unsure;
Their casements black, but ivory black,
Not dusty, steely grey and black.

Then the o'erhanging roof splits twain;
Its azure blue is all too bright,
Upon this fantasy with puritan fury does it smite
And back my mind is flung to gnawing pain.

RUPERT G. JONES, 3rd Year

HOW TO STUDY

Every year at Boys' High there are exams, and every year approximately one month before they are scheduled to commence the appalling fact that I am a potential failure is revealed to me from above (the teacher is taller than I am). I visualize the interview with the All-Powerful, the letter to my parents, the . . . no more. At this I crawl feverishly from under the bed, tottler weakly across the floor and reach for the bottle! And what do you think happens next? No, I broke from that habit two months ago. However, thanks to a cool breeze from the window, I return to rational thought and it occurs that there is still time for an attempt at self-redemption however abortive it may be.

On the following Monday a figure lay prone on the floor of my room. It moved not a muscle and deviated not an inch from the script on which its glassy gaze was fixed. It was I, in the throes of a two thousand year old battle against the mad French. I had the Caesar bug.

That campaign must have really been something out of the box to be still active in the minds of Latin teachers today. Those teachers certainly possess wonderful memories.

Everything went well with the Caesar until I tried to translate it. I persevered however, and by half-past eight considered that I knew the opening chapter. So onward into chapter two I ventured. I decided I would be able to finish this within the hour. Other people, however, had different ideas. An amorous feline strolled gaily past the window yodelling to his harem. I tripped gaily out the front door and crooning in my dulcet voice advanced towards him wielding a cricket bat. He departed. I returned.

The floor having degenerated into a mere dozen or more boards nailed together with very knobby nails, I moved to the bed and reopened the investigation. This time, it took a full ten minutes before Nemesis struck again in the form of the neighbourhood wit (?) who, by virtue of being a cretin, did not burden himself with the intellectual side of life. He eyed me through the gauze with drooling innocence and then, with the finesse of a devout 'Gunsmoke' fan drew a concealed .45 calibre water pistol and with the appropriate sound effects ended the life of yet another bloodthirsty villain.

Also with appropriate sound effects Yours Truly, snatched the cricket bat and sprinting out the door, missed the step and fell flat on his face. Once again the unconquerable Dillon had won out against impossible odds.

To Caesar, once more.

I made remarkable progress. I finished chapter two, chapter three and I was half way through chapter four when the hotel in the next block closed. This was at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock I finished chapter four.

"ME AND THE MISSUS."...



Chapter four now lay to the rear and I could see chapter five lifting its ugly head.

A knock at the door. I lifted my head.

"You had better go to bed." It was Dad. "All that high pressure studying might go to your head."

I didn't intend to take notice, but a familiar sound reached my ears. The crowd from the local had just been turned loose. With a groan, I closed the book. I had learnt four chapters in five hours. A shining example of how to study.

M. DUNIPACE, 3A

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

(With Apologies to Thomas Gray)

The schoolbell tolls the knell of youthful hopes,
The schoolboys slowly climb the old school stair,
The teachers seek their classes in each room
And find not understanding anywhere.

Now ebbs the term-time—the exams are near,
And all the air a solemn stillness hold
Save where despairing students shed a tear,
And from their textbooks knowledge would unfold.

Beneath those Morton Bays—the length of shade—
Where lies the schoolbags in untidy heap,
Each boy his burden down has grateful laid,
And wishes he just dreamed it in his sleep.

The breathless silence of the great day's dawn,
The agitated rustling, last page read,
The siren shrills! A piteous groan is borne
Upon the air—and anxious is the Head.

For these no more the masters' hearts shall burn,
Or in detention seek to show their care,
Once through examination they will ne'er return,
Or strive again the relished tasks to share.

Let not ambition loose its earnest pull,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure.
Nor triumphs great their modest feelings dull,
The short and simple writings of the poor.

"The boast of heraldry—the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

P. GRUGEON, 21D

SUNSET

Dusk was slowly gathering over the river valley as we climbed the final ascent on the way to the lookout. To the west, the mountains were already shrouding their lower slopes with haze, as though to prevent observation. To the east lay the glittering surface of the sea.

For the past half hour the harsh glare of the sun had been softening as it sank towards obscurity. Above, the formerly pure white clouds had taken on a rosy hue, as though blushing as the last rays of the sun kissed them. This pinkish hue, viewed from below, gave the clouds an almost fairy-tale allure. The clouds formed a beautiful canopy over the scene, like the vault of heaven, while down below the spirits of the dark prepared themselves for the swiftly coming shades of night.

The sea had lost its glittering greenish-blue and was now a threatening and sombre greyish-blue. Swiftly the rays were retreating. They had now left the river valley completely and the glittering lights of a township could be seen.

However, in the hills surrounding this township, the sun's rays still played among the trees, making the tips of the leaves look aflame. Still they lingered on as though unwilling to relinquish their temporary hold over night. By this time, only the tip of that great red orb peeped over the crest of the hills far up the valley.

Then with almost startling rapidity the sun slipped beneath the horizon and only the pink clouds remained as mute evidence that the sun was still shining. Then these, too, were claimed by the legions of darkness and thus that glorious spectacle which is presented by Mother Nature every day of the year was complete.

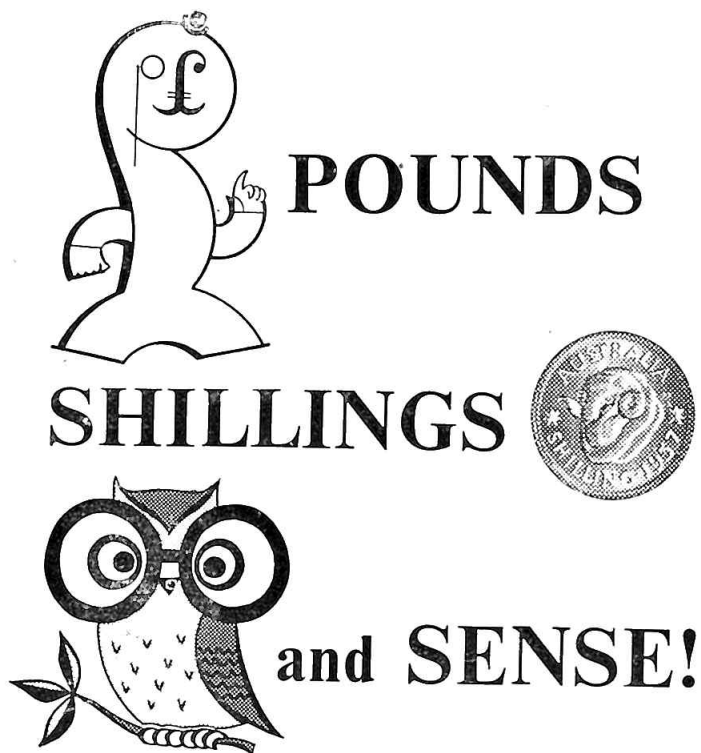
GRAEME RICHARDSON, 4B

AFFECTATION

Dedicated to S.M. who made all this possible

Exhibitionism is possibly the oldest social disease in the history of man and is, it seems to me, the most objectionable, yet, most common fault of modern life. Today, affected behaviour prevails throughout all facets of society, ranging from the pseudo-intellectual to the pretentious social climber.

Let us take a few examples of this widely variegated current malady — social affectation. We have all noticed, with mixed feelings, the growth of the newest branch of the movement, the "beatnik", who professes to detest conformism yet speaks, dresses and acts in an exactly like manner to the rest of his unwashed clan. We have all observed, too, these pitiable vacant-eyed creatures in a variety of recumbent positions against the walls of subterranean coffee lounges, listlessly beating time to that latest product of American big business, "cool" jazz. The first impression we gain from such a sight is that there is far more genuine bohemianism in any of the whiskery vagrants in Hyde Park than in all the "beatniks" in Kings Cross.



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At the other end of the social scale is the affectation of pseudo-culture. This variety, though perhaps not as objectionable as the former, is just as insincere for, though Mrs. Ormsby-Dean attends every opera in the entire season, she sleeps through all, content that she is fulfilling the intellectual commitments of the "aristocratic" class to which she belongs.

Between these extremes, however, there is a multiplicity of milder grades of affected behaviour, which seems to be a universal affliction; no one being free of the vice of pretending to be what he is not. The more common of these are the amateur economists and psychologists. They are ever ready to expound to anyone nearby their theory on how the present inflationary trend may be checked, or to quote verbatim Jung's "Undiscovered Self".

But, while these people could present some unutterably profound Freudian explanation of the prevalence of affectation, I am sure that it is something that could, with a little forethought, be avoided or, at least, mitigated.

JOHN DAVIS, 5th Year

THE BROKEN IDYLL

Serenity, so much a lost treasure to many people today, 's laid out before us. Below, the bay lies in its blue magnificence. Yonder, two pre-scarred mountains stand like ageless sentinels at the entrance. Between their rocky bases the water ebbs and flows tranquilly, regularly. This was the old man's home. This was his life and his destiny.

What did he know of the world? What did he care? Care was but a transient apparition. It passed with the tropic storm. His face bore the marks of wind, of rain, of sun, of nature. His eyes glowed warmly from his tanned forehead. His being bore the cares of years spent by the lash of salt, the swirl of the sea. The sea, that moody, indescribable creature, his companion, his friend and his enemy. Today the placid waters were his. Today emotion was strong in his mind. And indeed this scene, this vista of joy sublime, was to melt a symphony of peace and beauty. Beauty permeated everything in its myriad forms.

Slowly he climbed the wooden structure, proudly and carefully conceived in his own old hands, and gazed unseeing across the waters. Gently, ever so gently, he raised beside him the old dog who, over the passage of time, had grown accustomed to his master's side. Man and dog, indissolubly knit by a bond of love. Love welled in the heart of each and each in his own way was aware of the right of the other. The dog, for all his thirteen years, had known no other. His weary old body lay on the platform beside that of his life, fitting it like a cosy screw in the right hole. For the old man too, this was his life.

His old head stood motionless, erect, wrapped in the poetic beauty of the place. The dog stirred. This was unusual. But the reverie

was too strong to be disturbed. Again the dog wriggled and whimpered slightly. Disturbed, the old man turned and rebuked. Silence resettled. The dog slid over the platform and licked and nibbled at the lush, old bone not yet, as was the custom, removed from the basket.

The bone was nuzzle forward. The dog moved forward. Now the dog was on the edge. Now it moved, rapt in vain effort to satisfy a demanding hunger. The basket fell. The dog, bereft of its vision, snapped at the snaking rope. The rope whipped at its legs; dragging, seeking, begging, encouraging the weary body to leave its safety. The sinewy hand shot out. Too late. The dog fell. The old man screamed. An intense scream of pain, love, of despair. The body hit the ground. The old man plunged to his ladder and feverishly sought the body.

Pathetic was that sight. A dog, a man—a bond broken. A life lost. Tears dribbled across the matted hair and ran into the sand to be absorbed by it. Absorbed without trace. So had a life gone—absorbed without trace. But it left a pain.

IAN MARSH, 5th Year

FRAGMENT OF A SHATTERED VISION

. . . and I turned and saw a sign that read:
I AM THE LIGHT, AND THE WAY—
and the way was steep and hard and narrow,
and I followed the way through seven lives,
and yet there was no light. that
tortuous way of tortured souls
led to the summit bleached in skulls,
whereon towered a lofty tree of white;
I touched it and the paint, still wet, came off
and smeared my hand, and underneath
the wood revealed was black with sin
and red with my blood; behind
that stark and gaunt and naked form
the cragged abyss plunged grimly grey
and endless, in the void an altared edifice lurked
with greedy jaws agape to wolf down those who fell,
and near the teeth a figure all decayed,
yet clothed in priestly vesture, Coan
purple garb, gilt-edged; a warped and twisted shade;
on his wizened forehead glared the stamp:
I AM HYPOCRISY
. . . filled with revulsion by the ghastly scene
I turned from there, retraced my steps,
descent once rapidly begun endured not long,
though all the hideous harpies of conformity
pursued to snatch this rebel mind away,
but onward, ever downward, on I fled
in grimmest terror of that lofty sight,
until at last I rested safe
in misery's morass; clothed in the spirit
of the serpent vine, there I lay through several nights,
besotted in the realization of my final enlightenment,
and, floating unembodied, freed from corporal care,
experienced the last, but infinite, intoxicating
pleasure offered to the spirit's tomb:
I saw and knew the face of death.

R. ANTONY HUNTER