

MUSIC CLUB REPORT

The Music Club began its activities early in the year when it sang at a Mothers' Union afternoon at the Parkes Street Methodist Church on the 7th March.

We did not sing at the Speech Night because of the large bracket of songs sung by the First Year Choir.

As last year we thought that we would like to give some pleasure to the elderly citizens of the district and so, accompanied by the orchestra, we entertained at William Lyne Hospital. Here we sang with the patients as well as giving items. We are planning more of these visits to other homes later on in the year.

We also gave a three-quarter hour programme of choral and solo items at an Apron Parade at the Beresfield Church of England.

Our thanks are extended to Mrs. Hindmarsh for her excellent work and to Paul Harding and Stan Warren for their fine accompaniments.

J. L. McINTOSH, 4th Year.

OUR ADVERTISERS AND DONORS OF BLOCKS

We draw the attention of our readers to the advertisements and to the names of the donors of blocks and pages in this issue of the Novocastrian.

A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

A large business firm was planning to open a new branch in a certain city and advertised positions for three clerks. Out of a number of applicants the personnel manager selected three promising young men and addressed them in the following way:

"Your salaries are to begin at the rate of £1,000 per year to be paid every half-year. Which would you prefer, a raise of £30 per year or a raise of £10 every half year?"

The first two of the three applicants eagerly accepted the first alternative, but the third man, after a moment's reflection, took the second alternative of £10 each half year. Why?

E. NORTHROP.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra, under the very capable leadership of Mrs. Hindmarsh, has once again almost completed a very helpful and enjoyable year.

Strictly speaking, we can no longer be called an "orchestra" as we now have a guitar, two piano accordions and a saxophone in our ranks. Another welcome addition to this instrumental combination is a clarinet, played by R. Heath. The result is a very pleasing and well-balanced effect.

Instead of our usual item during Speech Night, we presented a group of well-known Australian songs for fifteen minutes before the opening of the proceedings. This was well received.

The orchestra performed with the Music Club at the William Lyne and Western Suburbs Hospitals, Wesley Lodge, Maroba and an elderly citizens' afternoon at which 200 people were present. We once again gave valuable assistance at the Annual Fete.

We expect to have even greater success next year as we have applied for Departmental stinging instruments and we have some boys who already wish to play.

ROSS, Second Year.

THE SCHOOL PLEDGE

I promise to be loyal to my Queen, my Country, and the wider Commonwealth of Mankind; to do all in my power to uphold the Good Name of my School; and to strive to be just and honourable in all that I do.

ANZAC DAY CEREMONY

We express our gratitude to Mr. Ray Perkins for attending our Anzac Day ceremony and sounding The Last Post and The Reveille.

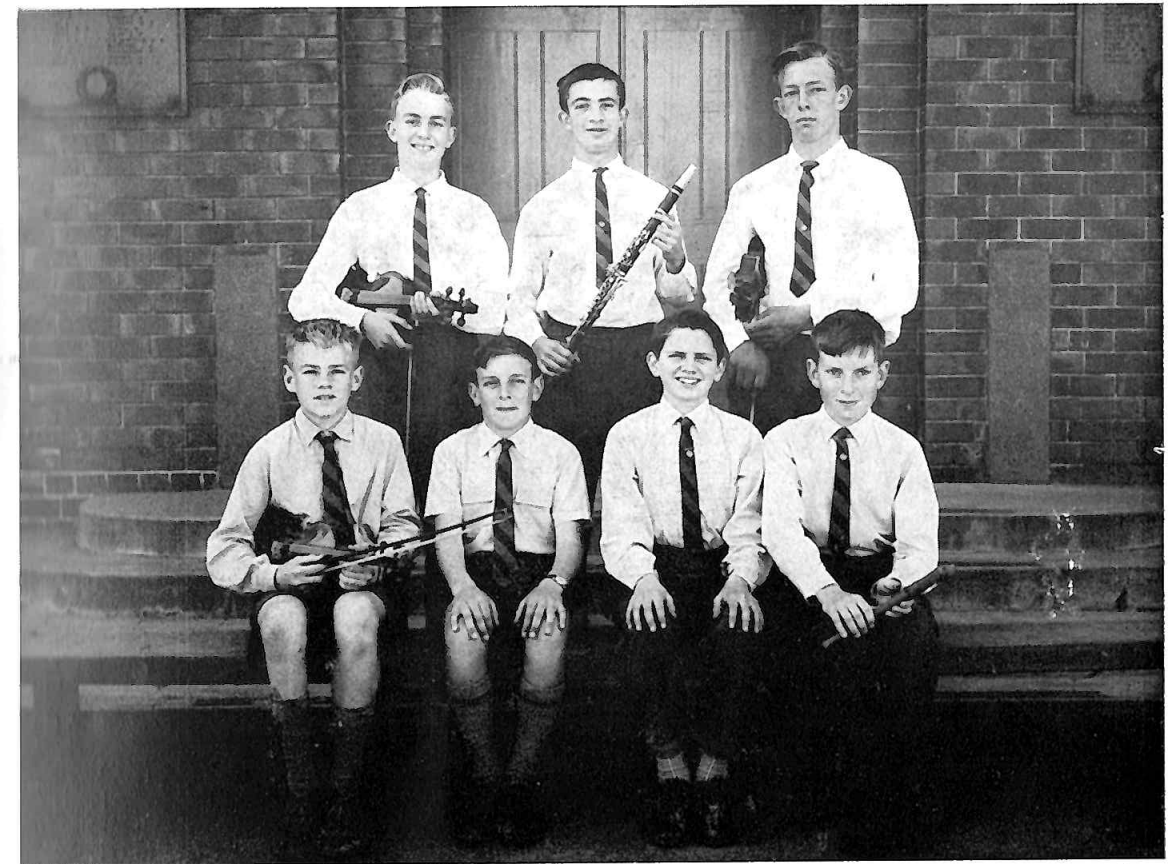
OUR BENEFACTORS

We welcome the opportunity of expressing in the Novocastrian our deep gratitude to all individuals and organisations who have contributed to the welfare of our school.



MUSIC CLUB

Back Row: R. Caddy, G. Fry, J. Coleman, L. McIntosh, G. Dyer, G. Screen, S. Archer, G. Boyd.
 Centre Row: G. Lewellyn, E. Wykeman, J. Ross, G. Brien, G. Bell, B. Caldwell, G. Bull, G. Wicks.
 Front Row: P. Harman, G. Worner, V. M. Hindmarsh, G. Melick, T. Morgan, T. Trudgeon.
 Photo by McRae Studios.

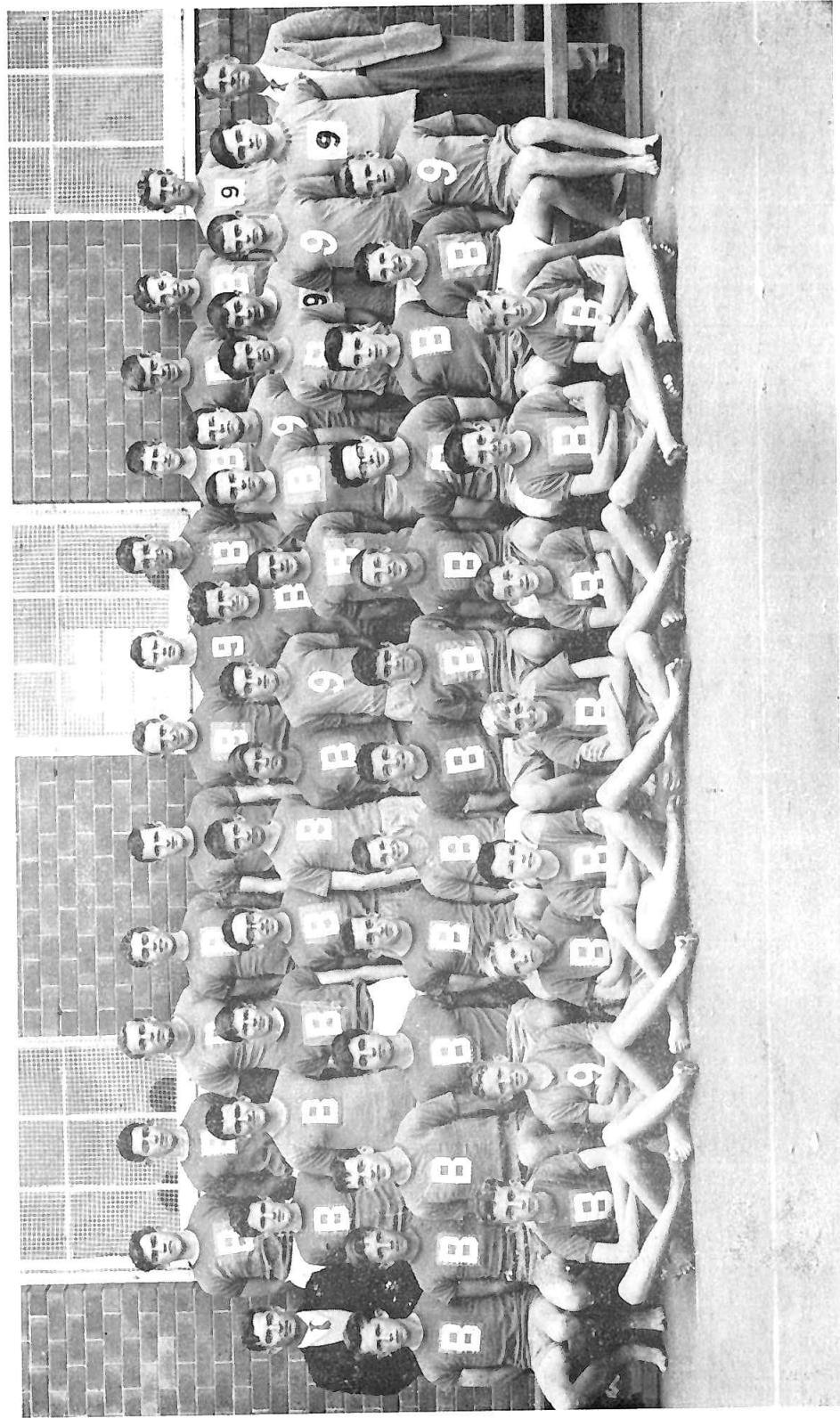


INSTRUMENTALISTS

Back Row: D. Pierce, R. Heath, R. Cowan.
 Front Row: S. Campbell-Jones, I. Martin, J. Ross, D. Ireland.

Photo by McRae Studios.

Block donated by Caldwell, Jeweller.



ATHLETICS, 1962
 Back Row (l. to r.): L. Hearne, M. Turnbull, S. Davis, N. Ryder, M. Williams, R. Ferguson, W. Reichert, D. Yarrow, P. Tandy, K. Reeves, G. Sneddon, J. Bevan.
 Third Row: Mr. R. Judge, P. Delves, G. Clarke, D. Whiteside, N. Tarsis, M. Taylor, D. Hankin, G. Gibbs, R. Ryan, R. Brown, P. Ainsworth, A. Jackson, R. Iles, S. Anthony, W. Merrilees, R. Newham, Mr. C. Goffet.
 Second Row: P. Neate, R. Sempie, G. De Jager, M. Ma essey, M. Smith, D. Flynn, G. Gray, G. Ling, A. A. Lee, P. Drinkwater, Brownbridge, G. Edgar, P. England.
 Front Row: D. Fryer, N. Bowes, R. New, G. Veio, V. Topic, G. Yarrow, R. Someville, D. Bewley.
 Block donated by Stewarts & Lloyds (Aust.) Pty. Ltd
 Photo by McRae Studios.

ATHLETICS

Although there was again a general lack of interest on behalf of the boys of the school this year, the keen athletes enjoyed a successful season and prospects for next year are favourable.

Unfortunately, this year's carnival was held under frightful conditions. Because of the day, chances of either breaking track or field records were very slim, but Norm Ryder, competing for Shortland House, managed to hurl the shot, discus and javelin fantastic distances to erase the existing records.

Hannel House won the school carnival quite convincingly from Hunter.

The winners of individual age championships were:

Senior, Mal Williams; 16 years, Alan Dick; 15 years, Peter Drinkwater; 14 years, Neil Willis; 13 years, Neville Norman; 12 years, Victor Topic and Gary Vero.

In the Zone B Carnival, outstanding performances were registered by our boys in the distance and field events and great improvement was shown by our sprinters and relay teams. However, our school was placed second in the aggregate and our heartiest congratulations go to Hamilton Marists on their fine win.

At the Area Carnival the competition was of an extremely high standard. Our boys all performed creditably and we scored a close, but brilliant victory over Maitland.

Hydney:

Judged on their performances at the Area Carnival a great number of our boys were selected to represent Newcastle in the State C.H.S. championships in Sydney. The order of placings in the carnival were: St. George 285 points (1st), Newcastle 246 points (2nd), and North-West Metropolitan 215 points (3rd). Newcastle Zone succeeded in winning the Juvenile Division quite convincingly.

The State competition was a little too high for our boys and only three individual competitors and a relay team gained places in their finals. Norm Ryder won the under 16 shot put with a tremendous throw of 57ft. 8½ins., which was only 31 inches off the record. Perhaps if the weather had been more suitable a new mark would have been set by this future champion.

The two other individual successes were David Fryer, who was third in the 14 years high jump with a leap of 5 feet 2 inches, and Victor Topic, who was second in the 12 years with 4feet 7 inches.

The 16 years relay, which consisted of Peter Greaves and Tony Lee of Boys' High, Chris Harvey of Maitland and Wally Jacenko of Tech. High, ran third in their final.

If I dare take the risk of singling out for special mention a particular group from among so many, I shall choose our half-milers and millers. Michael Smith, Norman Tarsis, Keith Reeves, Max Turnbull, Martin Marosszeky, Mervyn England, Geoff Gibbs, Ross Iles, Paul Delves, Ray Ryan, Neil Willis, Robert New and Doug Flynn.

In conclusion, the members of the team wish to thank all teachers who helped during the season and at the carnivals, and, as usual, the Ground Staff at Waratah Oval, who are always so generous with their assistance.

TONY LEE, 4A.

OPPORTUNITIES for Trainees in the Steel Industry

AUSTRALIA'S continually expanding steel industry has need for young men with ambition, for commercial and technical careers.

Applications are invited from young men with leaving certificate or higher qualifications aged from 16 to 18 years.

At Newcastle and Port Kembla applications will be considered from youths with intermediate certificate qualifications for appointments as junior clerks.

Trainees follow a prescribed course of study, designed to qualify them for promotion to responsible positions within the Company.

Steel Industry Scholarships are available to selected applicants to permit them to undertake full-time degree courses at any Australian University. This is the chance to secure your future that you cannot afford to miss—enquire now for further details.

THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY CO. LTD.

P.O. BOX 196, NEWCASTLE

MA 0411

THE ANNUAL LIBRARY REPORTS

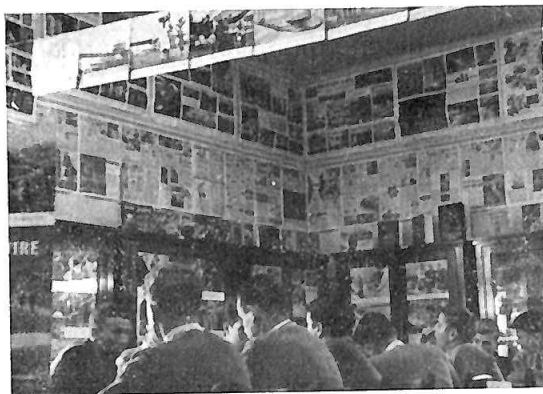
With the "Committee System" in full swing, the Library Club is more active this year than it usually is. Leaders of the four committees are:

Alan McKim (Book Binding and Preparation).
Ronald Wright (Magazines).

Les Pascoe (Borrowing and Returning of Books).

Jeff Marriott (Displays).

This year's Education Week Display was centred on Electronics, mainly in the form of television. A small aerial display was constructed, although most of the electronics information was featured in the book presses.



Display for Education Week

We would like to thank Mr. Terry Colhoun, Manager of the ABC in Newcastle, for his contribution to the display. This information included framed photographs of Channel 2 cameras in action, two sets of phototones (BBC and The Magic Eye of Television), photographs of Channel 2 equipment, a large display board and photographs of ABC installations in Newcastle.

Our thanks also go to the newly-formed NBN Channel 3 Newcastle Station for their part in the display. Channel 3 sent us photographs of their ultra-modern equipment and a booklet "NBN," which contains information on the Channel 3 facilities and the people concerned with Channel 3.

Our thanks go again to the Central Office of Information, London, which supplied many posters and sets of phototones for the display.

Greatly appreciated is the fine work done by club members Alan McKim, Ronald Wright, Jeff Marriott, Les Pascoe, Grahame Jones, Ross Caddy, Stewart Roach, Graham Cowan, and the four first year boys Phillip Harcher, Geoff Stolz, Ray Coulin and Neville Norman.

I feel we must thank John Kentish, our former Displays Leader, who recently retired from the Club, for his greatly appreciated work and displays in the Library Club.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Beard (Principal), Mr. O'Connor (Deputy Principal), Mr. Rigby (Librarian), the Caretaker and the Cleaning Staff for their co-operation during the year.

Additional reports follow the Club Leader's Report. These reports are made by Committee Leaders Les Pascoe, Alan McKim and Ronald Wright.

DAVID J. MARRIOTT, Club Leader.

This year the library was unable to extend borrowing times and other facilities because of delay in the building of the new library. As tenders have now closed, we hope to be able to provide the additional facilities as soon as the new building is ready for occupation. These additional facilities will include the opening of the library for the whole of lunch time.

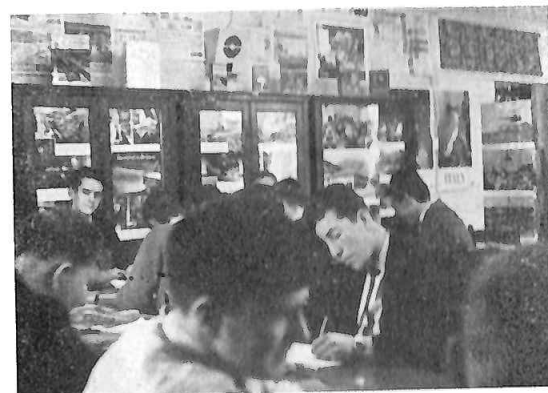
The amount of fines received so far this year (until August) is over £2/10/-, and there is at least another £2 owing on overdue books.

The poll, held annually, showed that:

1. The most popular book was "Biggles."
2. The most popular author was Captain W. E. Johns, and
3. The most popular book type was adventure-mystery.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Ross Caddy and Stewart Roach for their hard work during the year.

LES PASCOE, Librarian.



Study period in old Library

There are two new first year starters in the Bookbinding and Preparation Committee this year: Phillip Harcher and Geoz Stolz, who have been learning quickly and are doing a mighty job. Although only about twenty books have been completely repaired so far, fifty have been prepared for placing on the shelves.

ALAN MCKIM, Deputy Club Leader.

In my group I am glad of the assistance of a first year boy, Neville Norman, who has shown remarkable aptitude in his job. I hope his zeal continues after I have left.

RONALD WRIGHT.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Awards by Royal Commonwealth Society:

Senior—J. McINTOSH, 3rd.

Junior: P. SEALE, 1st.

N.B.H.S. CHESS

Coaches: Mr. J. Hill and Mr. G. Southern.

The High School's Chess teams have had a very successful year, retaining both the A. grade and B. grade trophies. The A. grade trophy has been won by this school for three years in succession and will be retained by the school. Last year we kept possession of the B. grade trophy.

The A. grade team comprised Gary De Jager and Norman Tarsis of 5th year, Leo Hillman, Aldis Svirskis, John Hadfield and Alan Gray of 4A. Three of these boys, De Jager, Svirskis and Hadfield, remained undefeated at the conclusion of the competition and will play off for the individual prize for A. grade champion. De Jager has not been defeated in schoolboy chess competition, having won about 30 matches.

Two B. grade teams entered the competition. The first team consisted of John Pegg 3D, Robert Wilson 3D, Ian Broadfoot 3A, Noel George 3B, Grahame Ritchie 3A, whilst the second team consisted entirely of first year boys, namely Colin

Broadfoot, Bruce Jenkins, Kim Colyvas, Stephen Frost, Gavin Andrews.

The first team won the competition, Noel George of 2B winning the individual trophy for being the only undefeated player.

The first year lads showed much improvement under the guidance of Mr. Southern, and form a strong core upon which future teams will be built.

The school championship is at present being held by the Chess Club. There is much competition for the title of "Champion of the School" — strong favourites being Leo Hillman of 4A and John Pegg of 3D who won earlier competitions.

It was an air-raid and all the men scrambled out of their beds. About eight of them dived into a trench built for three.

The bombs screamed down from the first wave of planes. In the lull between bombers, a voice from the bottom of the foxhole exclaimed, "Get off me, you guys. I'm getting squashed."

A whisper came from the top of the pile, "You want to swap?" D. KNIGHT, 1D.



N.B.H.S. CHESS TEAMS, 1962

Back Row: L. Hillman, N. Tarsis, G. DeJager, J. Hadfield, A. Gray, A. Svirskis.

Front Row: R. Wilson, G. Ritchie, J. Pegg, N. George, Mr. J. Hill.

Inset: J. Broadfoot.

Photo by McRae Studios.

Block donated by Goolds Furniture.

SWIMMING

School, Area and Sydney Carnivals:

Fine weather and keen competition combined to make the 1962 Swimming Carnival a success. Proceedings were enlivened by a flow of merry quips from Mr. Fardell on the microphone.

Quite a large number of parents played truant from work for most or the whole of the day.

Unfortunately the number of entries in some events, particularly the long distance races, was disappointingly small. There is little doubt that this is because of the deplorably inadequate facilities for training in Newcastle. Next year, however, a racing pool equal or perhaps superior to any other pool in the State, will be opened near the school (in Lambton Park).

Although the general standard of swimming is poor at the present, next year it is hoped that Newcastle Boys' High will produce youthful swimmers superior to those in surrounding districts. Needless to say, to excel in swimming constant training with a well balanced schedule is a necessity.

It is noteworthy that the majority of champions come from the ranks of local amateur swimming clubs whose members commence training early and follow a schedule.

The high standard of a selected group of this year's swimmers may be appreciated when it is noticed that six records were broken during the day of the carnival. Some of these had stood for many years and had been set by outstanding swimmers.

Records broken were:

- 13 years 30 metres butterfly by Jeff Johnson.
- 14 years 50, 100 and 200 metres freestyle by John Groves.
- 16 years 50 metres freestyle and 50 metres butterfly by Owen Morgan.

The age champions were: Senior, Steve Davis; 16, Owen Morgan; 15, Mark Bright; 14, John Groves; 13, Jeff Johnson; 12, Scott Derwin.

Steve Davis trained in Merewether pool with a group of swimmers from Merewether swimming club, of which he is a member.

Mark Bright, John Groves and Owen Morgan trained under the expert supervision of the late swimming coach Frank Sheriff who has trained many Boys' High champions in previous years.

Scott Derwin trained under professional coach Bob Marton, both in Swansea and Merewether pools. Jeff Johnson trained with him at Merewether.

The aggregate point score was won by Shortland House and second position was gained by Hunter House.

The relays—perhaps the most looked forward to part of the day—were rather exciting with several close finishes, Hannell winning the 15 and 16 years relay, Hunter winning the senior relay and Shortland winning the 13 years relay.

At the area carnival at which competed many selected individuals from divers schools the competition was extremely keen.

Happily the Boys' High swimmers who were selected to go managed to plough their way to several places.

As a result Scott Derwin, John Groves and Owen Morgan were selected to go to Sydney to

represent the area. John Groves and Scott Derwin went to Sydney to pit their skill and strength against the best swimmers in the State. They were unfortunate in that they did not gain a place but it is hoped that next year they will have more luck.

Congratulations to both our 13 years and 14 years area relay teams in gaining second place in the State.

Report on Zone B. Swimming Carnival, 1962:

The school performed well as a team and was successful in winning the aggregate point score. To do this we won the juvenile section and were second in the other two.

Outstanding individual placegeters in each age group were:

In the under 13 Scott Derwin won the 50 metres freestyle, 100 metres and backstroke, and was second in the butterfly.

T. Tyler won the division two 100 metres and Glen Huxley was second in division two backstroke.

In the under 14 age group Bill Gander won the butterfly, John Groves won the 50 and 100 metres and J. Gray was second in the breaststroke.

In the under 15 division C. Mitchell was third in the breaststroke, G. Huxley was second in the backstroke and Mark Bright was first in the division two backstroke.

Owen Morgan won the 50, 100, 200 and 400 metres freestyle in the under 16 division. Also in this division Peter Stepan was second in the butterfly, Alan Gray was second in the breaststroke and Paul Seale was third in the backstroke.

In the senior division A. Karpel was second in the breaststroke and third in the 400 metres, B. Nicolle was second in the division two medley and S. Davis won the 50, 100 and 200 metre events.

The outstanding performers at the carnival were Scott Derwin (under 13), John Groves (under 14) and Owen Morgan (under 16) who all set records. The school can look forward to good performances from these three.

S. DAVIS, 5E.

Gais
MAKES
HAPPY HOMES

BECAUSE IT'S
FASTER & COSTS LESS

THE CITY OF NEWCASTLE GAS & COKE CO. LTD.



SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: M. Bright, O. Morgan, A. Grey, N. Ryder, W. Nicolle, D. Marchoni, A. Parsons.
Middle Row: S. Davis, P. Seale, M. Marosszeby, P. Staines, R. Humby, J. Groves, Mr. R. Judge.
Front Row: J. Gray, C. Peebles, R. Alexander, N. George, W. Gander, T. Tyler, S. Derwin.

NEW ELECTRIC RANGES

The wonderful cleanliness of electric cooking gives you new freedom from kitchen drudgery! Saucepans stay clean — no sooty, greasy bottoms. The air stays fresh and wholesome — no clinging fumes. And you watch those new big radiant-coil hotplates! They're SUPER FAST! Perfect in their heat regulation! And so economical.

- At least £10 for any Old Stove
- Two years' Customer Service
- Special Low Rate
- Free Home Delivery
- Installation Included in Your Easy Terms
- From 10/- Weekly

NESCA

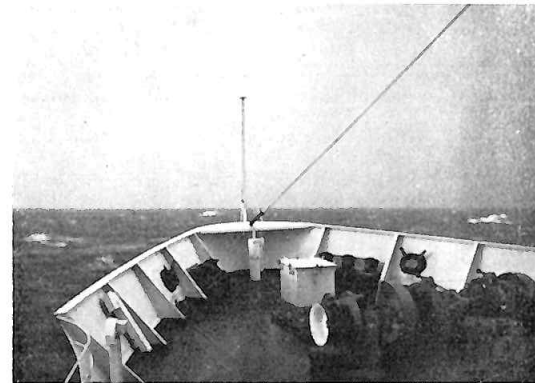
NEWCASTLE



TASMANIAN TRIP

During the August-September vacation a party of 21 pupils under the capable guidance of Mr. McRae toured historic Tasmania accompanied by pupils from our sister school, Girls' High. We departed from Newcastle on the first Sunday of the holidays and after travelling all night by coach, arrived in Melbourne. After seeing the sights of Melbourne we boarded the "Princess of Tasmania" bound for Devonport. On board we found to our surprise, and delight, that we were to spend the night in the same lounge as the Girls' High pupils despite the wishes of some teachers to have us segregated.

The following morning we sighted Devonport — our first view of Tasmania. After land-



From the prow of "The Princess"

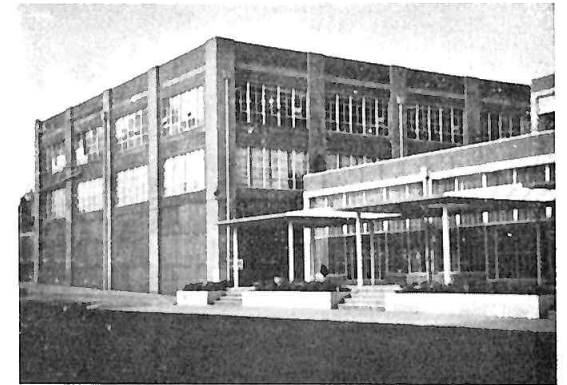
ing we departed for Hobart via the Lake Highway. Near the Great Bear Lakes many of us had our first glimpse of snow. We stopped the buses and had a combined snowfight. That evening we arrived at Hobart, our base for the following three days.

On Wednesday we spent the day touring Tasman's Peninsula. The main place of interest there was Port Arthur, a former penal settlement. We found to our amusement that the old lunatic asylum was now being used for the Council Chambers. We also saw Tasman's Arch and the "Blowhole", magnificent rock formations along the coast.

The following day we inspected the Cadbury's chocolate factory at Claremont — but, although the tour was very educational, many of us after seeing and smelling the chocolate being made, were not eager to try the sample. In the afternoon we departed for Russell Falls, but finding the road blocked by floodwaters we were forced to turn back. We inspected the Plenty Salmon Ponds, the first built in the Southern Hemisphere and had lunch at the Old Colony Inn, New Norfolk. In the lower grounds of the inn was a small house called "Honeymoon

Cottage", a special house built for two, which is let to honeymooners.

On Friday our trip to the top of Mt. Wellington was cancelled, due to heavy snowfalls of the previous few days blocking the road. Instead we had a quick sightseeing tour of parts of Hobart we had not seen. We then left for



The Cadbury factory at Claremont

Launceston, the main industrial town in Tasmania. Arriving in Launceston we inspected Cataract Gorge, a spot of immense beauty. Unfortunately however the river was flooded, the water covering the Olympic swimming pool several yards from the river.

After departing from Launceston on Saturday morning, we headed for Deloraine, stopping on the way to inspect Entally House, an old Colonial home built in 1829, and Westbury Zoo, the only zoo in Tasmania. Other than a talking parrot and a few Tasmanian Devils there was little left to interest us.

We arrived in Deloraine in time for lunch, and had it at the same place where we had previously stopped. We were greeted by a boy and girl, prefects from Deloraine High School, both having their lunch with us.

After lunch, we travelled, via Latrobe and Ulverston, to Devonport. As we arrived early our bus driver decided to take us to Burnie where paper and cardboard products are made. That evening we boarded the Princess to take us back to the mainland. On Sunday morning we arrived in Melbourne. We then departed for Newcastle arriving back on Monday morning.

Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the tour and our thanks go to Mr. McRae for his interest in the boys during the entire trip. Finally we hope that the tours will be continued in the future so that other boys will have the opportunity to visit "Historic Tasmania".

J. CONWAY
M. COOPER 4th Year
J. KENTISH

SNOWY TOUR

In July of this year a large party of students from our school travelled to the Snowy Mountain area via Canberra and Cooma to inspect the vast project which is nearing completion, that has been undertaken to provide hydro-electricity and irrigation facilities for the southern part of the State. Among notable events on the trip was a visit to the Snowy Mountains Authority Research Station in Cooma, a launch trip across Lake Eucumbene and a conducted tour of the T2 power station.

The trip, though short in duration is well worth making again. Unfortunately owing to the bad weather some parts of the itinerary had to be cancelled. Apart from this no incident marred the trip and a good time was had by all. Two members of the Staff, Mr. Rigby and Mr. O'Donoghue accompanied us.

J. SAMPSON, 4A

THE LOW COST OF ADVENTURE

Adventure is gained by exploring and discovering. Discovering Australia, and maybe other parts of the world is the dream and ambition of many young Australians. By travelling "the Hostel way", that is, by being a member of Youth Hostels Association and staying at the Hostels, it is possible for young people to see and appreciate the country through which they travel. Some wish only to see the place of destination and its places of interest and to be able to say they have been there. Others just wish to travel and see different places and to increase their knowledge of their country and maybe of other countries and their peoples.

A lot of young people have their dreams of adventure dissolve because of various reasons. The foremost of these reasons is expense. The charge demanded by persons with accommodation facilities and the cost of meals is a disheartening blow to the traveller, who, because of the expense is unable to travel or is limited in his travels.

Today we can see how self service and "do it yourself" methods have lowered the cost of many goods. Travelling on the same principles will lower its cost enabling further travel and extending the opportunity to many more.

Few such organisations exist but one that is well known and probably the best is the Youth Hostels Association, commonly referred to as Y.H.A. It provides accommodation very cheaply which is above the minimum required for comfort but many hostels offer comfort equal to that of hotels, motels etc., but remain simple in style. With simple accommodation and the accent on self service with regards to meals, travellers find they can journey further and see a lot more for a small outlay.

Thus we can see travelling by using hostels or "hostelling" is a special way of travelling; a type that recaptures some spirit of adventure. The hostels are located at interesting places and access is usually good. They are located so that travellers of all kinds are catered for. People who wish to walk from hostel to hostel to see more of the country and to have greater freedom in travelling may be able to reach another hostel in a day's walk. For those who wish to travel by cycle or public transport, they will also find that the hostels are conveniently situated. Hostels can be used as a base for those who wish to

explore country which is accessible only to the walker. Bushwalking is one of the adventures made possible by hostels.

The Y.H.A. hostels foster the spirit of adventure of which so many young people have lost sight. The adventure of travelling by foot through scenic bushland with its natural beauty, or by canoeing along fast or serene rivers, or perhaps skiing in snow covered mountains, or being able to visit adventurous places is made possible because hostels are located nearby. There is no adventure in staying at a place by the lake or sea for a week. Travelling is adventure. Hostelling is adventure, an adventure that can be had by everybody, even by those with limited means, provided they are young at heart.

PHILLIP WHEATLEY

PUBLIC SPEAKING

For many years now, the Royal Commonwealth Society has conducted annually a Schools' Public Speaking Competition in which students of the Newcastle District secondary schools are invited to participate.

John McIntosh and Mark Bright represented the school in the senior division and Paul Seale in the junior division. The addresses were heard by a panel of judges at Newcastle Teachers' College. We were successful in both sections, Paul Seale winning the junior and John McIntosh gaining third place in the senior.

On Commonwealth Day, the divisional winners were invited, with their parents, to the Society's Commonwealth Day Luncheon at the City Hall where they were presented with their prizes.

PAUL SEALE, 4A

RECIPE FOR LASTING PEACE

The great Communist advances in the last two decades are mainly due to the rest of the world's reluctance in intervening for fear of starting a third world war.

All the leaders of fascist and communist countries have taken advantage of this reluctance and have attacked other countries, reasonably secure in the thought that other more powerful countries will rather negotiate for peace than go to war. We have seen this again and again; when Hitler attacked Poland, when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia and, more recently, when Communist China attacked South Korea. At least in the last case the United Nations Organization partially succeeded in repelling the invaders.

On common characteristic can be found in all these cases: one man was primarily responsible. Therefore the first step in banning war is to eliminate one-man controlled governments. The logical answer is democracy but in order that democracy be used correctly it must be carefully handled by responsible, educated people.

Democracy can lead a nation to greatness but in the wrong hands it can be the means of downfall. In order that no country should be taken advantage of, a larger well developed nation must supply aids so that the country will become a peace-loving, prosperous democracy.

You cannot give a democratic government to ignorant, uneducated people. You must build the people up to Democracy. It is relatively easy to overcome a weak democracy which has

been placed on the shoulders of backward people. It has taken three major wars and innumerable smaller wars to prove this.

In conclusion, peace can only be achieved by following three basic rules. Firstly, aid must be given to under-developed countries; secondly, a higher-education level must be reached in all countries; and thirdly, there must be more co-operation between all democracies.

A strong, stable, democratic government, governing an educated, progressive people, could never fall prey to communism, which grows on small, under-developed, poorly governed countries which have never known the freedom and prosperity of a democratic country.

WARREN ELTIS, 4D

THIS IS MY OPINION

A leading Geographer B.Sc., of Newcastle Boys' High School, once stated, "I don't believe in newspapers! Half the trouble in this world is caused by misleading statements of newspapers."

I thoroughly agree with him.

Most people just accept newspapers as a daily part of their life. They read out of interest and out of habit (and outside and inside). Some people consider it their duty while others only read to fill in time. BUT ALL PEOPLE read newspapers. They are the strongest influence on our thoughts. Newspapers can make or break any politician, singer, sportsman and in fact anyone who depends upon the public for his livelihood. If they say a man is guilty of a crime, despite any evidence to the contrary he is guilty in public opinion.

Any statement made by the press is accepted by the public as the truth but, as far as I'm concerned, newspapers are good only for starting fires. I read the funnies, glance at the pictures, and burn them. The majority of newspapers (with possible exception of our own daily newspaper) are corrupt, biased, and thoroughly spoilt in that they have their own way all the time. They twist governments around their little typewriters, partly for the good of the country, partly from force of habit and partly because they have nothing else to do.

People have vague impressions that newspapers serve them, whereas in reality, they serve the newspapers. They support the various newspapers financially enabling them to carry on with their distorted news, gossip columns, advertisements, and still remain as the most influential and powerful organisations in the country.

In a recent competition to find the superior daily newspaper in Sydney, all four newspapers finished a close last. It was suggested that the "Tribune" should have entered this competition.

In a survey of last Sunday's paper, I found in the seventy-two pages of which the paper boasted, four pages of news. The remaining sixty-eight consisted of twenty-eight full pages of advertisements, and forty pages of general rubbish such as "the debunking of Wyatt Earp, lawman", "a sad tale of a shirt and a goat", and "time for seed-box planting" followed by "Chinese chicken and crispy pork."

Is it any wonder that in any paper, the only item I appreciate and look forward to is the weather report?

C. LEE, 4D

IS BOXING A DESIRABLE SPORT?

Boxing in an amateur status is a fine sport, but professional boxing should neither be desired nor tolerated.

Firstly amateur boxing is principally a sport by which young men can learn how to defend themselves. Amateur boxers very rarely become punch drunk or injured for life by excessive battering about the head and body. This is because there are only three rounds in each fight and the referee has strict instructions to stop the contest if one boxer is receiving too severe a beating. In the case of the fighter who is past his prime, there is no money incentive in the amateur sport and there is every reason to avoid repeated beatings.

In professional championship fights there are fifteen rounds, each of three minutes' duration, with a minute rest between each round. This is long enough for a boxer to receive serious injuries and all too often the referee, influenced by a large crowd screaming for blood, waits too long before stopping a one-sided fight.

An example of this was the World Welter Weight Title Fight, fought some months ago between the champion, Benny Paret, and Emile Griffiths. Paret was hopelessly outclassed in the latter stages of the fight and the referee looked on as Paret, already unable to defend himself, absorbed dozens of vicious punches which finally battered him into a senseless coma. Death followed after several days in hospital.

An investigation carried out by Dr. Byram of England upon Ceylonese boxers showed a high percentage of brain damage. An electroencephalogram was used to chart wave impulses from the brain.

Punch drunk ex-pugilists can be seen, walking upon their heels, because of multiple haemorrhages of the brain cortex, due to repeated blows to the head.

This state comes about when boxers refuse to retire and continue fighting merely for the money even when they are long past their best. It also happens when a promising young fighter is overmatched against an older, tougher and vastly more experienced pugilist who in many cases gives the youngster a thrashing from which he never recovers.

Another bad aspect of professional boxing is some of the advice given by managers as in the case of young Les Darcy from Maitland, who, at the outbreak of World War I was a national hero and was rated the best middleweight in the world. Acting on ill advice he secretly left Newcastle Harbour on a ship bound for America in the hope of clinching the World Middleweight title. However, once in America he received no fights as it was unfortunately thought that he was trying to avoid active service. He contracted pneumonia and died at the age of twenty-one.

On the facts professional boxing is a brutal and senseless sport in which the individual is exposed to irreparable brain damage. Furthermore there seems to be some evidence that members of the underworld are closely associated with some championship fights especially in countries where the sport has a strong following.

MICHAEL BROUGHTON, 3B

GIRLS' HAIR DOS

"Voice of St. Jude" once said:—"The most underdeveloped territory in the world, lies under your hat." This is a most debatable point, for, when you consider women and their hair styles, you find that there are two completely opposite ideas involved. First, with close observation, I have discovered that the most developed part of women is their hair styling, and the second point, which I think is demonstrated by their hair fashions, is their weak-minded attitude towards their hair.

My sister, however BEAUTIFUL she MAY be, is forever tampering with hair, trying to find an unusual and authentic styling that will make her smarter and more attractive. (She'll be trying for a long time). She spends ten shillings to have a hairdresser style her hair in some weird shape for her, and then finds that after three days she once again needs to spend the same amount for a fresh fashion, for the old one has lost its attractiveness by this time.

There is no end to the number of amazing fashions I could describe that my sister has worn through our front door; which on occasion takes one more life from my poor cat. He now has minus three lives left for he died three hair-dos ago. One style I remember, was like a hill, round-shouldered with age, and another was like the effect of lightning unzipping the sky and letting out the water. To give the latter effect, a silver and blue tint was added to a great fountain of hair.

Oscar Wilde once said that, "women's styles may change, but their designs remain the same." Without looking for the second meaning, let us apply this to their hair-styles. Their hair-dos do change, and indeed, more frequently than is economical, and yet each fashion has a similar design. I do not know what this design is for I cannot pinpoint it (I'm no Einstein), and yet it must surely be there because each different style is designed for the same reason: not to kill pet cats, but rather to draw the public's attention to the sometimes latent beauty of the girl with the hair-do.

G. GREGORY, 4B

ON WRITING AN ESSAY FOR THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

"The time has come," the teacher said, "to think of producing a worthwhile piece of literature for the school's annual magazine. Be it verse or be it prose it doesn't really matter."

So I sat down to meditate upon the subject. It happened, however, that the more I meditated the more difficult the problem became. It was in my mind to produce something extremely witty and controversial, something that would, perhaps, make me a legend in the school, or even famous in my own class. But how was I, a mere school-boy, to produce such a piece, a piece after the true literary style? This was surely a feat accomplished only by the true masters of literature like Wells and Zola.

After receiving inspiration from a squeaking floor board I managed to write a composition which I entitled "Monsters from Mars", or some such thing. I read it through and quite to my surprise discovered that I had a real gift for writing, for my jolly tale very closely resembled a novel I had read just two weeks previously. Of course it had abounded in superfluous words,

the meanings of which I had since forgotten to look up. My attempt, as one would expect of a novice, didn't have the same ease of flow but I had the satisfaction next morning of presenting to the teacher a thoroughly original composition.
D. McGEACHIE, 4D

UNION IS THE BETTER GAME!?!

It is a well known fact that between two seemingly complementary sports there is a lot of dissension. This dissension stems from the fact that the Union player holds firmly to his belief that Union is the one and only game, and the League player is just as steadfast in the love of his particular code of Rugby.

Before you choose between these two, I would like to tell you a little of each sport.

Union was the initial Rugby football and League is derived from it. A League team consists of thirteen players, six forwards and seven backs; Union has fifteen players, eight forwards and seven backs, the two extra forwards consisting of two breakaways who pack on the front row props.

There are several rules which divide these two games. The first and most obvious one concerns the player being tackled. In League, when the player is tackled, he retains possession of the ball, which he plays back to the dummy-half and thence into play. This inclines to make the play stop and start. However in Union when a player is tackled in possession he must immediately release the ball and roll away from it. Then, usually, a ruck is formed over the ball, which is raked back into play. This does not have to occur as, if the ball is free from a ruck, it can be immediately picked up without any break in play. This rule tends to make Union a faster game than League because since it is easy to lose possession of the ball, the players must keep backing up and it is fatal to "hog" the ball as is sometimes done in League.

The next rule which differs is when the ball is kicked into touch. In League a scrum is held in the field from the point where the ball went out. Union, however, forms a lineout, the forwards from each team lining up opposite each other and at right angles to the sideline at the place where the ball went out. The ball is then thrown from the sideline down the alley of players by a representative from the team which was not the last to touch it.

There is also a slight variance in the rule about kicking for touch. If the ball is kicked out on the full by a League player the play is brought back to the spot from which it was kicked. In Union, if one is within his twenty-five yard line he may kick the ball out on the full and the play is taken to the spot where it crossed the line. The only other differences are in the scoring and that the line drop-out does not exist in Union.

I have attempted to give the main differences between Union and League without showing any prejudice. However I prefer Union to League. I have arrived at this conclusion having played both games, but I am sure that there are many people who prefer League. I have said that I prefer Union, but this does not mean that I dislike League, and although I say "Union is the better game" I leave it to you to decide for yourself.

W. AINSWORTH, 4A

MY FAVOURITE NEIGHBOURHOOD

It is not a very big neighbourhood. It boasts of neither stately mansions nor exotic buildings; but to me it signifies the fascination of the years gone by, and of all the neighbourhoods in our town it is my favourite.

Passing along the dusty roads surrounding it, one is mystified at the natural beauty it possesses. Shrubs containing all the wonders of spring, rank weeds straggling over the garden fences, flowers dancing in the light breeze and sweet smelling ferns add to the beauty which makes it an unsurpassable place of strange beauty.

In the Dantesque light one breathes the fresh spring air as if it were a tonic and contrasts it with the city's industrial smoke and soot. The returning of the birds gliding gently down to earth and the soft mooing of the cow tell of the oncoming night.

Once diggers and squatters lived in this neighbourhood, women chattered happily over their neighbours' fences and bullock drivers swore as their drays lurched slowly along. Now none of these former days remain; there are only memories of the years gone by.

H. FRYER, 4D

THE WAX TRACK

Howdy Doody.

Everyday more and more people are taking an interest in modern music and it is with this in mind that this year's Novocastrian committee have decided to include an article on modern music.

Last year will probably go down in history as the year when rock-n-roll changed from the wild blaring saxophone type with the singer screaming his head off to be heard, to the type where the singer was brought to the fore with the instruments fading into the background. The songs generally, too, changed from wild "one-note, one-word" tunes to quieter, more-easy-to-listen-to rock ballads. This, too, brought a complete alteration in the style of artists and in quite a few cases, singers like Fabian who only reached the top because people could only hear the band and not them, quickly dropped out of favour.

1962 began by introducing to us a new dance craze called "The Twist". This turned the whole world against teenagers. Church people claimed it to be:—outlandish, provocative, filthy and suggestive. Gradually, however, after trying it for themselves, they agreed it was O.K. if not overdone. However, the twist music itself was very similar to the raucous type earlier mentioned and is now almost forgotten.

This year's academy award for the best song from a film for the year 1961 proved most interesting. "Moon River" written by Hank Mancini (who, by the way, had the biggest selling version) won the coveted award by a whisker from "Town Without Pity" sung by Gene Pitney. However, Hollywood Foreign Press Association voted "Town Without Pity" as the top song of 1961. Gene Pitney's follow up record "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" made one of the most spectacular rises in the "Top 40" ever, when it jumped from prediction 54 to position 30 — a jump of 64 places in one week.

1962 will probably be termed as "the year when Traditional Jazz was revived". English trad jazz men, Kenny Ball, Chris Barber, Acker Bilk and The Temperance Seven, were the main instigators of this revival.

Australian artists are really making names for themselves both here and overseas. On the home front, Lucky Starr's novel record "I've Been Everywhere" made the top slot at the beginning of May and lost it one month later to another Australian record by Rob E.G. called "Si Señor." Melbourne's leading singer Frankie Davidson, inspired by "I've Been Everywhere" brought out another novelty tune called "Have You Ever Been to See Kings Cross". Our female vocalists, too, have been on the charts with songs like "I'll Step Down" and "Flashlights" sung by Judy Stone and Sharon O'Brien respectively. In England, Melbourne's Frank Ifields has gained the top position with his song "I Remember You" which has broken all previous sales records.

Old timers like Burl Ives and Walter Brennan, sensing that the songs with a story and soft, catchy beat are growing popular, both released comeback records. Burl Ives started with "Little Bitty Tear" back in March and followed it up in May with "Funny Way of Laughing" and is now back again with "Mr. In-Between". Walter Brennan together with Jimmy Dean brought Narrative songs into prominence.

To finish I will state the top selling records this year up until when this goes to press:

January: "Let There be Drums" by Sandy Nelson.

February: "Can't Help Falling in Love" by Elvis Presley from the film "Blue Hawaii".

March: "Multiplication" by Bobby Darin from the film "Come September".

April: "Good Luck Charm" by Elvis Presley.

May: "I've Been Everywhere" by Lucky Starr.

June: "Si Señor" by Rob E.G. and "Dear One" by Larry Finnegan.

July: "Liberty Valance" by Gene Pitney from the film of the same name and "Do You Wanna Dance" by Cliff Richards and the "Shadows" and "West of the Wall" by Toni Fisher.

August: "Wolverton Mountain" by Claude King.

This must now go to press, but before finishing I think it's only right that I should make a prediction for the future. I predict that Cliff Richards and the "Shadows", either together or separate, will be the hottest artists of the year.

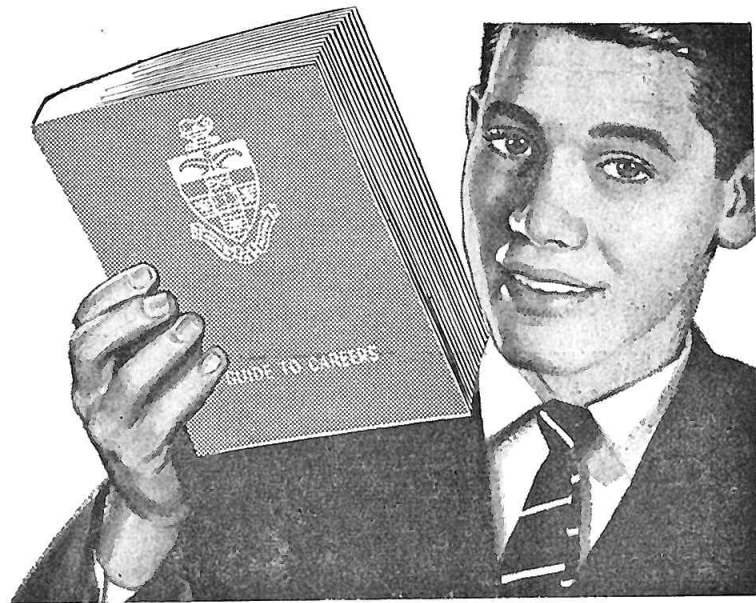
That's all from me but you be sure to enjoy all the great stacks of wax.

GEOFF GREGORY, 4B

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS?

In a race between a hare and a tortoise, the tortoise was given 100 yards start and consequently won the race in spite of the fact that the hare travels at 10 yards per second and the tortoise at only one yard per second.

The hare reached the 100 yards mark after 10 seconds but by then the tortoise was at the 110 yard mark. By the time the hare reached the 110 yard mark, the tortoise was still one yard ahead. In this way the tortoise could never overtake the hare.



FREE! — *Guide to Careers...*

Your future starts the day you plan for it . . .

Few decisions can have a more direct effect on a young person's "after-school" future than the selection of a business career. Parents, friends, prospective employers and skilled career advisers — such as H.R.I. — should be earnestly consulted. Common-sense suggests that the most logical step to getting an early start in your business career is training and qualification. Determine to start now so that you can participate early in the fine rewards that business offers.

H.R.I. CAREER TRAINING COURSES include:

- Accountancy • Bookkeeping • Banking • Distribution • Wholesale Selling
- Hardware • Advertising • Cost Accountancy • Ticket & Showcard Writing
- Retail Selling • Shorthand • Company Secretaryship • Key Business Subjects

Hemingway Robertson Institute

Education for Business since 1897.

170 T. & G. BUILDING - 45 HUNTER STREET - NEWCASTLE
170 BARRACK HOUSE - 16 BARRACK STREET - SYDNEY

Offices all Capital Cities, and Launceston.



C30G

AN ORGANIZATION TO HELP YOU GET AN EARLY START IN YOUR CAREER with Guidance, Training, Placement

The Hemingway Robertson Institute, the most experienced business training organization in the southern hemisphere, has, since 1897, been preparing men and women — young and adult — for better positions in business.

Every H.R.I. student enjoys a host of special privileges; these include — no text books to buy — one fixed tuition fee — a guarantee of tuition, without time limit, until you are successful — free employment advice and assistance.

In considering your future we will gladly discuss with you and your parents all aspects of career training for business. Write, phone, or call for this free service.

Prose and Poetry

A MISUNDERSTANDING

This incident took place in the Korean War. The commanding officer of a contingent of men in the front line of fighting suddenly called out to his best horseman, "Go to the General and tell him to 'send us reinforcements, we're going to advance,'" he said.

So the rider set out. He hadn't gone far when a large number of savage guerillas attacked him. He was shot six times but luckily escaped without injury to his horse, and finally staggered into a camp. He went to the commanding officer, just managed to gasp out the message, and then died.

A fresh rider set out, but he hadn't gone far when he was ambushed and savagely attacked by the enemy. He was shot numerous times, but was just able to catch his horse, mount up, and ride away.

Finally the rider reached the fort, fell from his horse, and staggered painfully to the head office. He asked a soldier to show him to the General, and when he saw him he just managed to gasp out, "Send us 3/4, we're going to a dance."

B. GANDER, 2A

A BIG MISTAKE

I had been reading a book called "Psycho" which filled me with horror. Later, when I was asleep I dreamed someone was creeping around my house. Suddenly I woke up! My dream was true! I could hear footsteps near my window.

So I fell out of bed, grabbed hold of a dilapidated cricket bat which had long since served its purpose and crept through the house. I would be a hero and clobber the intruder. From the verandah I moved stealthily through the darkness to the corner of our house and waited.

Then I struck! My cricket bat was made worse than ever but I had won. I was a hero! My name would be in the papers!

As I gloated over my victim I noticed something — do murderers or thieves carry milk? My victim was . . . OUR MILKMAN.

P. RENNIE, 1D

STOCKMEN

This tall brown man, burnt by the angry sun,
Lives where the clouds

Forget to make their frequent run,
His life is one long thirsty drive

While on occasion returns to his wife.
For days on end he rides,

Driving the dusty cattle to the sales.
And with his army hat he hides

The sun, from stinging face.
He rides with others, who like himself,

Owe their life to the health
Of their wiry, thirsty horse.

And while these men, their journey make,
Their wives' and children's hearts do ache.

The labours of these cattle men,
Reach meritous rewards in the end,

And on our plate is placed the meat,
For us to simply cut and eat.

G. KENTISH, 2A.

TARTREE SCHOOL

Once I visited Tartree school,
Where none were allowed to play the fool,
And if you did, then you were pained,
For you were most severely caned,
The school motto was "Loyalty",
Especially for royalty.

The school had very limited bounds,
And if you broke them, there were sounds,
Of wails and bowls, and great lament,
And heads being knocked against the cement,
And thunderous voices, and deafening roars,
And you would be set some special chores.

Suppose you were fighting, and you were caught,
Then dire disaster on you was wrought,

If you were caught cheating, oh, how you would cringe,

Since a caning for you would be only the fringe,

And if you should tread on the headmaster's shoe,

I shudder to think what would happen to you.

CHARLES KNOTT, 1D.

MISTAKES ON STAMPS

Hundreds of mistakes have been made on stamps. By mistakes I mean errors in design, colour, printing or names.

For example a stamp issued in 1903 by St. Kitts-Nevis shows Columbus looking through a telescope, but actually Columbus died years before the telescope was invented.

Mr. Aubrey Young an Australian collector claims that the man and woman on the South Australian Responsible Government issue of 1957 have only three fingers on each hand!

It is common knowledge that the person on the stamp honouring Lieutenant John Shortland the discoverer of the Hunter River is not he, but his father!

In 1932 the Philippines issued a stamp depicting, they thought, the Pagsanjan Falls, however experts say the falls pictured are really found in the United States.

Isn't it odd that the emu, which is a bird that cannot fly, was chosen to be on the Air Mail issue of 1944?

Many people had a laugh when they noticed that the 1961 Christmas stamp which bore the words "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace" was frequently cancelled with "Recruits under twenty-one get adult pay in the armed services."

Finally, although this is not a mistake it is interesting. Recently East Germany issued a stamp inscribed "Day of Human Rights, German Democratic Republic." As a counter West Germany faked a stamp reading "Day of People Without Rights, The Germans are slaves of the Soviets."

These are just a few examples which prove that stamp collecting is more entertaining than you think.

R. GITTINS, 3B

A VIEW

From the top of the cliff I had a wonderful view. On all sides the countryside was a sea of kaleidoscopic landscape, gay, dancing colours, picturesque mountain vistas and rushing streams. The cliff itself was a part of a range of huge mountains towering thousands of feet into the blue realm of the Gods. Over these mountains scores of waterfalls tumbled haloed by a peaceful rainbow that seemed to conjure up dreams of a splendid paradise. To the right of the cliff and descending towards the valley stood the foothills, covered with lush grass and hosts of wildflowers blinding their beholder with an array of wonderfully exotic colours. On the grass grazed a herd of fat red cattle greedily chewing the choice blades. To the left of the cliff and in the valley stood a village dotted by quaint, steep gabled cottages bedecked with layers of creeping vine. Window boxes displayed beautiful strains of tulips and roses. Directly beneath the cliff loomed a large and frightening forest criss crossed with densely vegetated paths along which wild animals were searching for a meal.

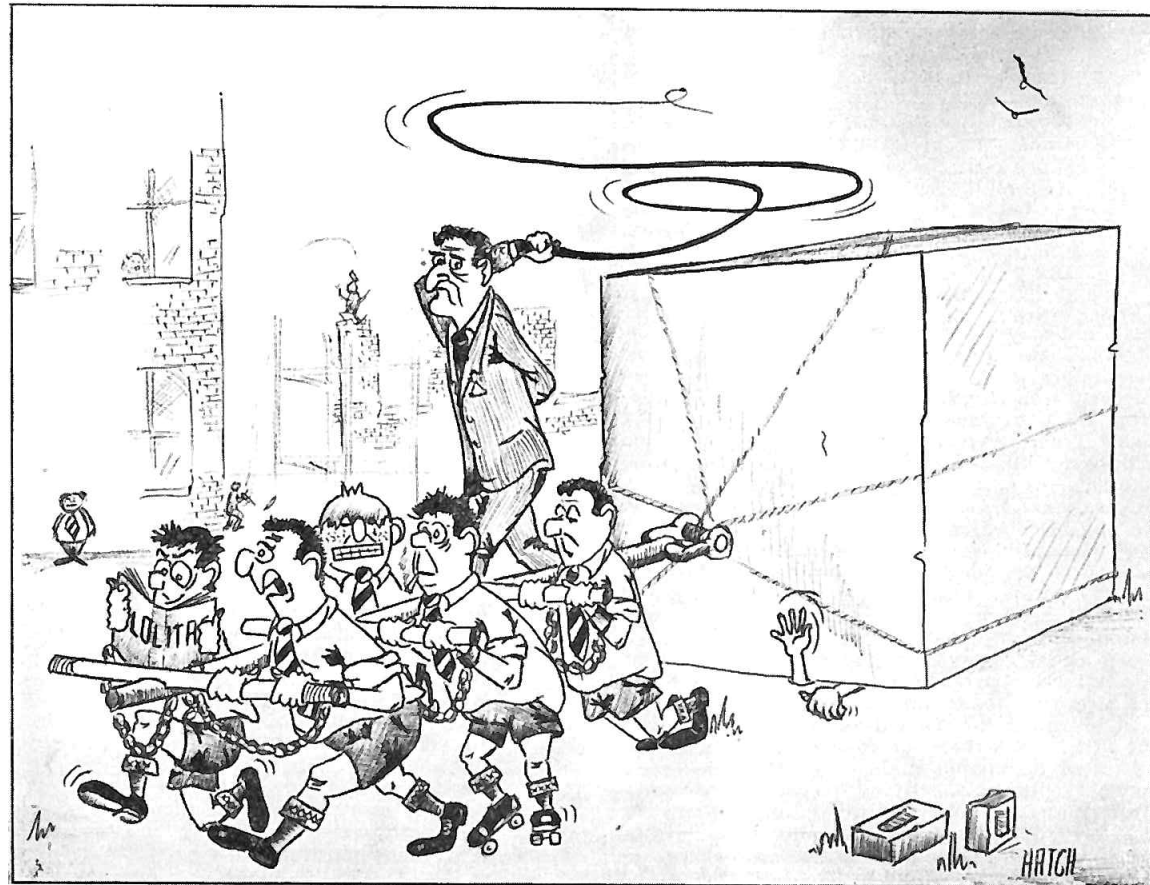
G. FRY, 2D

COME LIVE WITH ME

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

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
Inhabit hygienic two-room flats,
Guaranteed as free of germs
With television and two cars,
Purchased on such easy terms.
We'll see the flicks each Friday night,
And Saturday we'll crawl home tight,
Throw endless parties and indulge in
Sunday morning, cheap religion.
If these delights thy mind may move
Come live with me and be my love.

G. SHELDON, 2A.



"RUDDY NEW LIBRARY!"

OLYMPIAN JUSTICE

Radiant in the dying sun,
—Phoebus' glory, queen of day—
Its pinkened domes now turning grey,
The temple of Hyperion
Revels in light's last glorious ray.

Silent stands the sacred grove,
And in its blossomy perfumed trees
The birds are silent like the breeze,
As a youth chances to rove,
And his Grecian lover sees.

Then to the temple make they haste,
—But both forget that it is night,
And goddess of the moon so bright,
Artemis, huntress fair and chaste
Has forbade the lovers' rite.

Hermes, the messenger appears
—More radiant than the fire's light,
Sweeter than the balmy night—
His presence fills them with great fears,
"What seek you here, O heav'nly sprite?"

His message fills them with regret,
'Have revenge Artemis will,'
But for the present all is still
—Artemis is not ready yet
To her awesome threat fulfil.

The lovers Dionysus seek,
High on his Olympian fields.
They hope the god of all you shields
When they pray in voices meek,
With all the power he proudly wields.



They find him with his glorious band
Bathing in a mountain spring.
While the nymphs his praises sing
He states that he will have no hand
In affairs the lovers bring.

E'en Poseidon 'midst the froth,
—As all the gods they do implore—
Has a good excuse for sure,
But he fears Artemis' wrath . . .
He who fears not even war.

They decided what they will need
So up Olympus high they trod,
In order with Zeus to plead,
That he may balance Dike's rod.

Standing 'fore the dazzling throne,
They dare not gaze on Zeus's face.
Then he speaks with infinite grace
"Reap that which ye have sown"
. . . For Hera rules the king of space.

For their escape one chance is left,
—Hades, mighty god of hell—
But t'would be better if they fell
By Artemis' arrow cleft
Than have Hades sound their knell.

The lovers with exhaustion weak
Seek rest on cool Olympus' side.
They gaze down on the landscape wide,
—At handsome sites of the Greek—
Wishing they were safe inside.

Then the heavens split asunder,
And amidst a blinding flash
Appears a figure; then a crash
Which to them sounds worse than thunder:
Artemis comes down through the gash.

A golden arrow shining bright
She places in her pretty bow.
Careful aim she takes — but no!
Another flash of brilliant light;
A glorious stave is heard below.

'Tis Eros with his train divine,
—They praise the mighty god of love—
Who descends from heaven above.
He does more than the others shine,
And glides down like a mighty dove.

"Eros' arrows," sings the train,
"Bring not death, but love instead.
Tears now ye shall cease to shed:
Love conquers all—it shall remain;
For when it ceases, life is dead!"

GLOSSARY

- Phoebus and Hyperion: Names of Apollo, the sun god, twin brother of Artemis.
- Artemis: Goddess of the moon and hunting. In ancient Greece, at night, in certain seasons, Artemis forbade courtship.
- Hermes: Messenger of the gods.
- Dionysus: The god of youth and wine.
- Poseidon: God of the sea.
- Dike: Blind goddess of justice, pictured holding the balances.
- Zeus: Lord of gods and men.
- Hera: The very jealous wife of Zeus.
- Hades: God of the underworld.
- Eros: God of love who fired the arrows of love. Later identified with Roman Cupid.

JOHN WAFER, 2A.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

The Channel Islands consist of four main islands; Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. The entire area of the islands is only 75.1 square miles, and the population 112,268.

Jersey: Jersey, the largest island, is about 11 miles long and 5 miles wide. Although the drive around the island is only 40 miles, the proportion of cars owned, to the size of the population is one of the highest in the world. The tides are very high round Jersey, the difference between high and low tide is over 45 feet.

Guernsey: Guernsey is roughly triangular in shape, 8 miles long and 5 miles wide. It slopes from north to south with low beaches on the north coast, and rocky cliffs on the south. Guernsey has more rainfall than Jersey (about 37" annually, compared with 30" in Jersey) and is a little cooler in summer and milder in the winter.

Alderney: Alderney is the most northerly of the Channel Islands but is also the nearest to France. It is only 8½ miles from Cap de la Hague, and between the two runs the dangerous tide-race called the Race of Alderney. Most of the people live in the little town of St. Anne, inland from the north coast.

Sark: The little island of Sark, about 3 miles long and 1½ miles wide, is perhaps the most unusual of the islands. Its government is still in many ways like a feudal system, and it has a hereditary ruler, the Seigneur. Motor cars are illegal on Sark, so horse-drawn carriages and carriages are used for transport. It is laid down that only the Dame may keep pigeons or female dogs.

Products: The products of Jersey are jersey cows, tomatoes and potatoes.

The products of Guernsey are cows and tomatoes under glass.

The product of Alderney is light industry. Sark has no main products.

E. CRANEY, 1D

THE BUSHFIRE

As a car sped round the bend,
Someone threw out a cigarette end,
And the dry grass by the road's edge
Burst suddenly into a fiery hedge;
The wind comes round and sweeps it on
Until the grass is nearly gone.
It changes then to a gum-tree grove,
This is eaten up, but the fire continues to rove,
Before the fighters can contest
The wicked flames of deadliness,
Have long since passed on their way
To kill again for many a day.

GEOFFREN MORLEY, 1D.

TIMOTHY WARE

This is the story of Timothy Ware,
Who took the road with never a care;
His driving was safe, he followed every rule,
Then a blowout occurred with the kick of a mule.

Early on road was the plan for next day,
A battery defunct made him give it away;
A broken fan-belt made him itch,
So he deliberately drove into a ditch.

STEPHEN KUEHN, 1D.

WRESTLER

He was tall, almost a giant
He overlooked his small opponent by far.
But being thrown by this small man
Was more an honour than not at all.
For this small man was king of all.
His arms stood out like an ape
For the side muscles were made to gape
And scare the overgrown opponent.
Many fights this man had won,
His joys were now dropping
One by one.

For each fight won would make his life
Shorter for that losing fight.

G. KENTISH, 2A.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE

When Captain Cook first entered Botany Bay in 1770, many tribes of Australian aborigines lived and flourished on the eastern coast of this continent. However, with the advance of civilization the aborigine was forced to retire further into the inland. The diseases of the white man and the ill-treatment of the natives by the early settlers forced a decline in the population of these, proud noble people. Today, the Australian Government, with the aid and assistance of worthy religious and charitable organisations, is making great strides in its efforts to educate and rehabilitate our native people.

The Australian aborigines are believed to have entered Australia more than 60,000 years ago and, although their true origin is shrouded in the mist of antiquity, evidence indicates that these first Australians were a small band of adventurers from South East Asia. Nomadic by nature, each tribe wanders within the boundary of its own territory, living in temporary camps. Perhaps because of the rather temperate climate of Australia, the life of the Australian aborigine was a fairly easy one and he was not required to develop skills in housing and agriculture which were necessary for primitive man in Europe.

Thus, although they are one of the oldest races in the world, they are considered to be amongst the least developed. Even so, at a glance at the aborigine's manners and customs, amusements and achievements reveals him as a deeply interesting human being.

P. HILLARD, 2A

DID YOU EVER

Did you ever, ever, ever,
See a seagull who was clever,
Or an ostrich at flight in the air,
Or a koala in the ocean,
Or a dinosaur in motion,
Or the cub of a black polar bear.

Or a flathead up a tree,
Or a white bat who could see,
Or a possum come a-knocking on your door,
If you'd drawn your attention
To even half the things I mention
You have seen what has ne'er been seen before.

ALLAN CHARLESWORTH, 1D.

SOON NOW

Soon now his long struggle will have ended.
At last he will be free from the cruel bond of life
that had tied him to his misery of existence for
so long . . . soon now. Above him the shrill
clanging of the klagon continued, the red collision
light still glared redly at him from its socket but
the activity about him had died, just as he was
dying and a silence as only lurked with death,
entombed him. The light above his head flickered,
died and he was alone. From a deep gash in his
throat his life's blood seeped and he was glad
for the lieutenant was not a happy man. As he
grew weaker his mind wandered, but above and
beyond the disorderly rush of events through his
troubled brain there came a voice and as he
listened it said to him: "You have failed! In the
very climax and final purpose of your life, you
have failed," and casting aside the meanderings
of his wandering mind he accepted this and
resigned himself to death . . .

For forty-five long and eventful years John
Madock had evaded death. It had been his one
constant companion in his adverse life. Whatever
his occupation, whatever the situation, it was
always lurking nearby in the shadows and he
became used to its presence and revered it and
treated it not as a friend but as a respected
enemy. Now it had turned its evil wrath full upon
him.

Lieutenant Madock was born in Glasgow, a
most foul city at its best and he had lived in it
at its worst. He was the classic illustration of
"from rags to riches." His above-average intelligence
and dynamic personality had won him, to his
eternal pride, a coveted scholarship at the
Portsmouth Naval Academy. Here he had distinguished
himself both as a scholar and as a man and had
gained favour in the eyes of his superiors. His
happy association with the Navy had continued for
almost seven years during which with much
conniving and hard work he was promoted through
several ranks until at the tender age of twenty-five
he became second officer on one of His Majesty's
ships. A whole vista of opportunity was laid at
his feet and he took advantage of every opportunity
to gain advancement and took pride in his
achievements. It was this same pride which
brought him to his reckoning. With the violence
of a thunderclap a quick series of events took
place within a short space of time which was to
lower John Madock from the heights of bliss to
the depths of despair. A man died aboard his ship
and with all due despatch a charge of negligence
was brought against him and while still dazed by
the suddenness of events, he was dishonourably
discharged into a world completely alien to him.
It was then that he started his association with
death.

He never did quite get over his dismissal from
the Navy. His soul burned with revenge for what
they had done to him but he knew of no way to
reap his vengeance and so he came to a compromise
with his hate. He allowed it to eat away at him
over the ensuing years never quite letting it get
the better of him but always it seethed in his
heart. The news of his dismissal had hit John
Madock harder than he would have liked to believe.
His parting from the Navy was to him as if he
had had a limb amputated. For weeks he roamed
the docks like a lost soul. As his meagre savings
dwindled, he was forced to change his

dwelling place several times, each one worse than
its predecessor. Then war broke out!

The Royal Navy was in dire need of experienced
officers and within forty-eight hours of the
official declaration a cablegram reached him. It
was short, terse, official but around its few words
there glowed an aura of hope: "Your presence is
requested at H.M. Navy Recruiting Centre on . . ."
In accordance with instructions he arrived at
the recruiting centre where he was ushered into
the presence of five high-ranking officers. After
the necessary preliminaries the senior officer arose
paper in hand, cleared his throat and spoke:
"Your case has been reviewed, Madock, and though
we are not completely satisfied with some facts
relating to it, I am to inform you that in the
light of present circumstances (this he emphasised)
you have been reinstated in your former rank."
No congratulations were forthcoming, however, and
as he looked at the stony, hard-set faces around
him he knew that it had not been a popular
decision, but one made out of necessity.

A great mist hung dismally over the North
Sea hanging so low that you were merged into it,
a slightly darker smudge edging along at a
leisurely three knots through a black impenetrable
void. Madock fiercely hated the graveyard watch,
the hours between midnight and dawn when all
forms of life were at their lowest. Even the
submarine Matchless seemed to have shed every
vestige of life for she rode wearily, like a tired
swan. He swung his binoculars round in the routine
arc, trying vainly to pierce the thick murk. It
was then that he saw the other black shape. It
was barely discernible, even through the lens of
the binoculars; something a shade blacker,
obtruding through the negative colours of the
night. He called softly through the voice-tube and
instantly Commander Herbert was beside him,
examining the dark thing that crept furtively
along with them, some four hundred yards off the
port beam. And then all hell broke loose.

The Lieutenant came up sharply against the
handrail of the conning tower as a roar and a
blinding flash together shook down on the Matchless,
making the craft shiver and stagger with the
terrific impact. He caught the top rail of the
ladder and hung there until the Matchless steadied
herself. Commander Herbert lay grotesquely
against the jagged remains of the conning tower,
his head sagged forward and the night glasses
hanging limply against his wrists.

"Go below, Mr. Madock."

"But you're badly hit, Sir."

"Go below, Mr. Madock. Orders. Submerge
ship."

The lieutenant shook his head stubbornly and
made towards Commander Herbert; but a giant
sea, mounting whitely to twenty feet, chose this
moment to curl across the Matchless, as if in
affectionate embrace. It whisked the commander
along in its macabre passion, and he surrendered
to the horrible strength of it. Lieutenant Madock
sprang down the ladder and fastened the overhead
hatches. "Crash dive!" he yelled into the
voice tube, and his words came hollowly. "Flood
all main tanks!" The submarine sank into the
depths. Then the grim voice of the hydroplane
operator, "Where's Commander Herbert, sir?" He
looked up only to find himself staring into ten
pairs of accusing eyes. So, even here in the middle
of the North Sea his one blemish on a perfect

record had caught up with him. He knew what they were thinking; that he had left Commander Herbert to die in the wind-lashed sea above.

"Commander Herbert is dead," he said emotionally. A knowing look passed among the crew.

It was then, as the lieutenant made to sit down at the Commander's desk, that the Matchless shuddered convulsively and went down steeply by the bows until she was almost perpendicular. A crashing, tearing crescendo roared down its thunder from above until it seemed that the Matchless was being torn between the giant teeth of a metallic monster. Each man of the crew of sixty was hurled downward, forcibly thrust against the interior steel fittings. The diesels ceased their insistent humming and a new, a terrible murmur of sound stole through the great hull. The two helmsmen, a moment since seated intently before their controls, now lay dead against the instrument panels, their faces crushed against the metals protuberances. Lieutenant Madock, his right arm dangling uselessly against his side, lay half across the desk, his head lolling restfully and inconspicuously over the edge. The lieutenant was hurt.

He was brought out of his shock-induced reverie by a brilliant white, pulsing light and aghast he stared at its source. Crucified across the main motor switchboard was the figure of an electrician, his right hand locked around a six-inch copper terminal, his bare back impaled on the great starting switches. Smoke from charred flesh wafted itself into Madock's face when his eyes riveted on the mans illuminated torso which waxed and waned like a huge incandescent lamp as the electric current surged through his body.

"They rammed us, Sir," he heard a voice gasp at his elbow. Lieutenant Madock came painfully to his feet and did his utmost to create the impression that he had been with them all the time.

"Very well, Mr. Summers. Serve the men coffee."

The Matchless, heavy with negative bouyancy with the terrific dead weight of the U-boat biting stubbornly into her outer casing, continued to ease down to the ocean bed. Presently a dull tremor reverberated through the craft as her bows bit deep into the North Sea mud. Above their heads, thumping down like the heart beats of some gigantic sea monster, they could hear the crew of the U-boat frantically blowing their tanks. The Matchless settled to an even keel and lay still.

"Flood all tanks. We're staying down."

It was a desperate yet an unhesitating decision. With the U-boat probably badly damaged and striving hard to rise to the surface, the Matchless filled her own tanks to neutralise the other's bouyancy. It was now simply a case of which craft could hold out the longest, there on the sea bed, two hundred feet down and with no possibility of outside succour.

For twelve torturous hours the crew of the Matchless sat tight, scarcely moving, breathing with extreme difficulty as the tart fumes of the poisoned air seeped through the men's clothing, through the moistened cloths that were hard pressed against their faces, and bit deep into their lungs. Muscles were strained to prevent their eyes from staring ceilingwards, to where twin streams of salt water oozed down in ever-increasing volume. A fierce hammering noise came

insistently through the hull of the Matchless and the sounds echoed down sepulchraly as though a giant fist beat out its panic.

Then with all the noise of a sudden silence the clamour stopped. A grin, business-like but with a hint of relief, creased the lieutenant's brow and it was the signal for the men to bestir themselves from their lethargy.

"To your stations. Surface!"

A sound like the murmur of wind in a forest spread through the Matchless and she began to rise. On surfacing the ventilators hissed shrilly, expelling the foul air. Lieutenant Madock mounted the ladder and shivered as an icy wind smote his face with the sting of a whip. He stepped aboard the U-boat.

There was no sign of movement on the other submarine that hung, leech-like, to the Matchless, only the brown forms that drifted away from her conning tower, with white faces and dilated eyes, to be caught up in the maw of the North Sea.

"And that," said Lieutenant Madock, half aloud, "sets the record straight."

The lieutenant set a course for England, pushing the stricken U-boat frontally, and for him the Northern Lights had never been so bright, nor the sea so much at rest.

J. SAMPSON, 4A.

THE BARNSELEY BUS

If you ever need a holiday
Or your nerves are all on end
Just hope upon a Barnsley Bus
And go to West Wallsend.

You wouldn't need a bone-knocker
If a disc is out of place
For you couldn't travel faster
Were you riding in a race.

One day we went to look around,
To see what we could see
So we grabbed our umbrellas
'Cause rain fell heavily.

So with walking out of the question,
We hopped onto a bus
With our brollies, hats and handbags
Yes, we made a lot of fuss.

I thought it was just lovely
And was gazing all around
When the ticket boy yelled "right"
And we went off with a bound.

We bumped and rolled, and skidded
Into potholes in the road
But the Barnsley Bus plunged onward
With its parcel laden load.

We went by schools and churches
Pretty homes and gardens too
By poultry farms and hatcheries
And I believe a shop or two.

I thought the bus had bolted
As we travelled down a hill
For the way we kept on jolting
I just couldn't keep real still.

Some day I hope to go again
That is what I do intend
But I hope they've filled the potholes in,
On the road to West Wallsend.

GEORGE SANDFORD, 2A.

TERROR

An eerie silence prevailed as I approached an isolated and abandoned mansion of insipid hues, which would cause anyone to recede from view. Yet, to me, this dwelling set a challenge—the challenge to discover or be discovered, to haunt or be haunted.

Stealthily, I mounted the stairway and passed through the entrance, the door of which hung indolently on one hinge. A frowzy odour hung about the dank atmosphere and what light there was enabled me to make out the nature of my whereabouts. The walls of the room were old and had deteriorated, so much so that I was under the impression that some ruthless person had deliberately befouled them. My gaze ran across a badly boarded floor which ended abruptly at the foot of a seemingly high staircase, whose condition was more appalling than that of the walls or floor.

Dilatorily, I proceeded to expand my group of discoveries by heading towards the top of the stairs, but my progress was abruptly brought to a standstill by a scuffling noise, obviously originating at the landing at the top of the stairs.

Adroitly, I continued to creep to the top of the staircase, but there I stopped, momentarily, paralysed with fear, and then I recoiled, aghast.

The sight which met my gaze turned me pallid. Two figures—and both were women—stood apart, glaring in abhorrence at each other, and

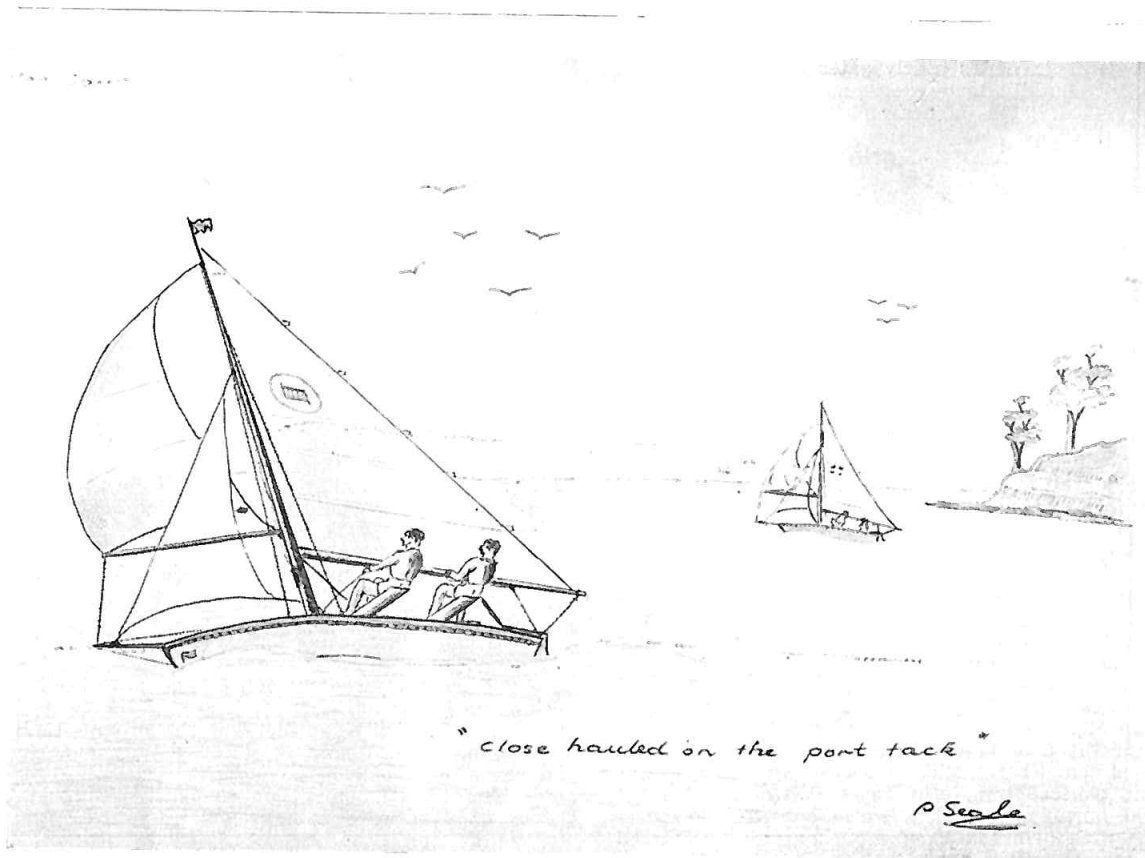
holding weapons so lethal that only the very imaginative could describe them. Their faces possessed and unbelievable ugliness, and shockingly deformed bodies added to the horror of this ghastly spectacle. Who had created these sickening creatures was a question, the answer to which was very far distant.

Then the two "creatures" rushed at each other and engaged in mortal conflict. The course of the battle took the figures back into the darkness and all I could make out was the glint of silvery weapons and the agonising cries of death. Then I heard something break, and stood horrified as I saw one of the figures crash through the feeble railing and topple to the floor beneath. And as I watched, horrified, my blood ran cold as I perceived the body disintegrate into dust on the floor. Then the second of the two figures ran down the staircase and reached the spot of her foe, knelt beside the heap of dust and began to weep, and tears of blood flowed from that now-benign face and with them her life.

Two heaps of dust were all that remained of these creatures as I, still trembling, hastened from the gloom of that den, out into the comfort of the night. And all the way home I tried, frivolously, to rid my mind of those horrid events.

At home I found my mother sweeping the floor, and as I looked down I drew back, startled, for there, on the floor near a broom, lay two neat heaps of dust.

DAVID CARR, 4D.



"Close hauled on the port tack"

P. Seale

THE TEACHER AND THE ANGEL

Last evening I was talking
To a teacher aged and grey,
Who told me of a dream he had
On the eve of break-up day.

He was seated in the staff room
When a vision came in view,
And he saw an angel enter
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel "I'm from Heaven
And I have been sent down,
To take you back to Gloryland
And fit you with a crown.

For you've been a friend if any,
And worked hard night and day,
And given hints to many
And from few received fair play."

So the angel and the teacher
Started towards Heaven's gates,
They were passing close to Hades,
When the angel murmured "Wait."

"This is the place I have to show you
'Tis the hottest place in hell,
Where boys who never heeded you
In greatest torment dwell."

And behold the teacher saw there
His old pupils by the score,
So he sat on an asbestos seat
And wished for nothing more.

Said the angel "Come on teacher,
There's pearly gates to see."
But the teacher just made answer—
"This is heaven enough for me."

THE MANAGER

Mr. Mitchell, the bank manager, surveyed his surroundings appreciatively. A wide gravelled avenue, boarded by poplars and pines, ran almost up to the portico, where it swung around in a great arc before the wide granite steps. Horses were resting beneath the spreading branches of great Camphor-Laurel trees and gardeners were tending the beds near the artificial lakes. The two-storied mansion at the end of the drive promised refuge from the biting cold New England afternoon. The red-brick building was built in the Georgian-colonial style. Green-painted shutters were open and the glass window panes reflected the glare from the afternoon sun, giving an illusion of warmth. Tall, polished granite columns supported the portico which sheltered the entrance from the rugged climate. The whole house had an air of simple good taste. Mr. Mitchell recalled that the property and homestead had been bought with the fortune that Charles Campbell's father had made in the gold strike of '52.

He flicked his whip, and the horse started off at a smart trot down the drive. When he reached the house, he stepped down from the carriage and went up the steps. Mr. Mitchell pulled the bell near the door and he heard a hollow gong sound from somewhere inside. A servant opened the door and ushered him into the study where a log fire was burning. It shed a warm cheerful glow over the well-furnished room. A second servant entered

with refreshments. Mr. Mitchell took a good dry sherry and watched the warm lights glinting in his glass. A third servant came in bearing two branches of candles which were reflected in the highly-polished mahogany desk. He drew the curtains and discreetly withdrew. The bank manager relaxed and poured himself another sherry.

Presently, the first servant returned with Charles Campbell who took a pink gin.

After they had finished their drinks and cigars, he said, "Well, let's get down to business." The bank manager sighed.

"You're still going to go through with it, even after my advice to the contrary?" he questioned. Campbell nodded. "Very well," said Mr. Mitchell, taking some papers out of his briefcase. "The documents are all drawn up. All you have to do is read through them and sign them if satisfactory."

Having signed the papers, he handed the copies back to Mr. Mitchell, who stowed them safely away in his briefcase and rose to leave.

"One for the road?"

It would soon be dark and the bank manager had to return to town. He regretfully declined.

As he descended the front steps, the bank manager thought: "What an unfortunate fool to insist on mortgaging his whole property to invest in some concern calling itself the Broken Hill Proprietary." Then he took up the reins and drove off into the setting sun.

A HAIR RAISING EXPERIENCE

As though my last hour had come I sat down trembling and grasped the arm of the dentist's chair. I peered fearfully about the room and what I saw did nothing to calm my jangled nerves. A row of glass cabinets adorned one wall and neatly arrayed in each was an assortment of evil-looking chromed instruments. To complete this frightening picture, posters, showing teeth in various stages of decay, were displayed in prominent positions about the room.

After five agonizing minutes the dentist came into the room and washed his hands at the sink. He then went to one of the cabinets, selected a hypodermic that vaguely resembled a jack-hammer, and came towards me, whistling the popular tune, "It Only Hurts for a Little While."

"Open wide," he coaxed, with a voice born of experience.

I opened my lips to say, "No," and he immediately thrust his hand into my mouth and was promptly rewarded with a bone-crunching bite that left him looking ruefully at his bruised fingers.

"Playful little chap, aren't you?" he said with a sickly smile. "Would you like to go home?"

The dentist was very cunning for he knew I would cry out joyously "Yes." As I did so he moved fast and managed to prise my mouth open.

"Now, Tommy, time for your filling," he said with a victorious sneer.

"Tommy?" I echoed. "My names Billy, not Tommy."

"You're not Tommy Jones?" he asked slowly, shaking his head.

"No, I'm Billy Smith," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no," he groaned. "You're only here for a check-up."

From that moment on the dentist's surgery took on a rosier appearance.

J. MINEHAN, 3C.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ALBATROSS

Soon now, Vittorio will come face to face with the fire. Vittorio, who is even now sitting relaxed and warm in his all-enveloping plastic shell, will soon be cast roughly into the cold night air, there to claim his destiny; life and the preservation of his insignificant self, or death and the indignity of an unmarked grave. For Vittorio is a hunter. He seeks his prey twenty thousand feet up in the crisp starlit sky. Sweeping round in wide arcs, creeping through deep foliages of cloud, a cosmic jungle creature, he stalks through time-space striking swiftly with multiple fangs. His gaze on a murky night is searching, deliberate, cosmic; eyes in which are gathered all the ends of eternity, their gaze accustomed to the arc of immense horizons.

A fleck of grey lace is momentarily thrown across the face of the moon, hanging there like torn, dingy curtains, and in a little while all the air is alive with the billowing wisps of cottonwool that float swelling down the skyway. Here is an aerial army of apparitions, seeking to escape the mounting fury of the storm. Here, above and below, and all around are the fire and fury, the conflict and the tempest and there in the midst of it is the hunter, Vittorio.

He eases the nose of his machine higher in the sky for the cottonwool is no friend of his. But there is a kind of fascination for him in the crimson streamers that curl lazily away from the earth up towards the scintillating metal of his machine, up and gracefully over and away. Vittorio, who is old by the measure of night fighting, is yet young enough to feel the grandeur of a night sky torn apart by the detonation and the fierce colour, or to enjoy the evasion of the slender pencils of light which snake upward like the multiple feelers of a giant earthworm. The advance of the storm brings clouds, assorted clouds in a myriad of bizarre patterns, representing every geometrical shape in Euclid and out of it. All about him the clouds form high vaporous ramparts. Straight down, the black sea serves as a foundation for these walls and the only illumination comes faintly from the stars.

Nostalgically, Vittorio's mind wanders back to the momentous event of his first solo flight. Dazed, he remembered the instructor clambering out, a few words of encouragement, the roar of motors and then miraculously he was airborne. No sooner was he in the air than all fear had left him, to be replaced by a curious exultation as he thrust his feet more firmly into the rudder-bar straps and tightened his finger around the joystick. Down dipped one wing until the camber ribs showed darkly through the tautened fabric; easing back the stick to hold the turn, he watched the cowlings swing scythe-like round the skyline, and was thrilled as he experienced the delicately balanced forces that alone distinguished good flying from bad.

Six months had elapsed since then and now he was flying a great cumbersome four-engined patrol plane. It was no easy task for what had once been a skill in the smaller training planes was now an art complicated by the sluggish responses of great weight. Glancing at the perspex dome of his cockpit, he sees that it is opaque from the water that washes above and below like some grey aurora binding earth and sky. In the midst

of it all the machine fights and falters as a paper boat falters in a flooded gutter, its controls twitching beneath hands and feet as though possessed of devils, every instrument dancing a chattering dance behind its oval dial; the compass swinging on its pivot, the bubble, as though mad to escape, swiftly swooping from one side of its arc to the other.

Forked lightning traverses the heavens and there is a sense of moving through subterranean depths rather than the heights. No single thing is responsible for this reverse impression which comes to the men on the flight-deck almost simultaneously. The rain—yes, K. for King is moving fast enough to make almost a solid of its density and now the electrical potentials in the cloud layer combine to produce St. Elmo's Fire. Enormous balloons of green lights, forever changing in shape and size, envelop the entire ship. Haloes of green light spin, pinwheel-like around the propellers, and on the windshield the rivulets and single globules of water that are always in quick motion, become eerily phosphorescent. Bland, ghost-like explosions of green vapour occur frequently just ahead of the nose, and sometimes the intensity of the ghostly fire is enough to illuminate the faces of the men who secretly tell themselves three things. St. Elmo's Fire is beautiful, it is harmless, and they don't like it.

Then something strikes her dully on the port wing. It is nothing serious. Nothing more than a kind of phut such as a crazed moth might make as, flying blind, it flattens itself against the ceiling. A strained strut perhaps. Instinctively Vittorio checks the instruments. Nothing wrong there. It is young Leon, the port gunner, who puts them wise. Over the intercom he informs them that they have skewered an albatross on the slender pilot tube that protrudes from the port wing. From the unrestrained excitement in his voice, he thinks it rather funny, but to Vittorio, in front of his instruments it means a clogging of the metal tube and a subsequent loss of part of the mechanical brain.

Johnny, the second pilot, on receipt of the information, goes suddenly white and this is understandable for he is a university graduate and as such is intimately acquainted with S. T. Coleridge's famous epic. Seeing his discomfiture, the wireless operator indiscreetly chants out an appropriate jingle:

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why lookst thou so? 'With my pilot
I skewered the Albatross!'"

This brings a whole host of like misquotes from the plane's complement, but suddenly a lightning flash accentuates the stark fear that pinpoints from Johnny's brown eyes and they cease. Johnny is the kind of fellow who reveres his poets.

It is not yet midnight as the plane noses up into the pack of nimbus cloud that hangs like a cancerous growth upon the face of the sky. Two thousand horses, caught and given wings, two hundred instruments, inexpressibly precise, twenty tons of wood and steel rocketing up greily, a spectral barque hastening to some cosmic appointment. A dirty yellow moon is trying to rise above the cloudbanks, and by its sickly light he is able to distinguish the rounded outlines of the vapoury stuff, which outwardly innocent is



Coca-Cola,
pure as sunlight
for outdoor fun

When the waves dance and the heart sings merrily, that's a good time to enjoy sparkling, refreshing Coca-Cola. Of course, any kind of outdoor fun seems to call for Coca-Cola; pure as sunlight, wholesome as quality can make it, matchless in flavour.



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLERS (NEWCASTLE) PTY. LTD., NEWCASTLE

charged with deadly electrical currents if once they should fall foul of it. Intermittently the sky is illumined by lightning, stabbing through the clouds like a red-hot knife through butter; twin forks of querulous red tongues.

There is a thing now, moving away from the p'ane of the earth. There is nothing different about this shell, except that its curve seems slower; nothing except that its direction is sure and that it is a thin thread of fate streaking across eternity. The air around Vittorio is blasted open and there is a vomiting of shrapnel and a metallic sound; all this and a whitening of the face of Vittorio. Now Vittorio's lips are parted in a desperate white smile as he feels the rhythm of the machine falter, sees the power beneath his fingers melt away into dead metal; feels the aliveness of being mechanically airborne leave the twisted, dying carcass of steel and fabric. His machine gives a startled scream and streaks down from the storm clouds. Out there on the port wing the fire rides with him, its flames unfurling to the slipstream like a militant banner, while the clash of pistons roll down their message with evangelical fervour. Add the ever-present petrol fumes and stir into a rich mixture. Bake in a red flaming hellhole of an oven. Recipe for death at seven thousand feet.

The extinguisher stands impotently in its rack. It is useless for the inferno is outside and its spray could do no more than expectorate optimistically upon the detached flame-jets that are whisked rearward in the slipstream. He takes an appraising look and radios control that he will have to set her down in the drink but his voice rings hollowly as he contemplates downstairs where turbulent writhing masses of yellow-grey are convulsed in a melee of insane movement. As the sky lights up again and again, the churning vapour shows up yellowly like spectral monsters in a cosmic pageant, electrically-charged and hungry-looking. Down there is a shortcut to Hell. Red, flaming pieces of the port engine are tearing themselves off and hurtling backwards like midget meteors leaving thin trails of sparks in their wake. A swift calculation tells him there is still five hundred feet of friendly atmosphere between them and the maelstrom of cloud that churns threatening down below. Still there is no break ahead and it looks like eleven men for the night air.

Vittorio glances round to tell Johnny that as soon as they have cleared the storm's edge it will be all hands overboard but the side door is swinging on its hinges and Johnny is gone into the void. Superstition dies hard.

At three thousand feet there is more body to the air and the ship flies less eccentrically. He is relieved to escape the sensation of walking a loose tight-rope stretched between a point of flying and an incipient stall. His eyes never leave the air-speed indicator, the most minute fluctuations of the needle causing the knobs in his jaws to work nervously. Swiftly he calculates their chances. To bale out under such circumstances would be committing virtual suicide, yet to remain with the ship and endeavour to set her down on the wind-lashed sea would be equally futile. The wind is screaming in the upper night and below, the surface of the sea, which he will not be able to appraise until the very last moment, is a turmoil

of stone walls, because water takes on the consistency of concrete when struck at a plane's landing speed. He would be fortunate indeed if he could make the last manoeuvres of his ship quickly enough to end in a trough. Even then the physical damage before it finally slogged to a halt would be disastrous. With these thoughts in mind, Vittorio takes the only course and announces his decision. They are to bale out.

Somewhere down there in the Stygian blackness, Johnny is dangling on the end of a chute in the cruel vortex of an electric storm and silently they pray for his soul. It is bad enough where they are going; through the fringe of the cloudbank, not knowing whether, at the end of the perilous descent, their boots will sink sickeningly into the maw of the North Sea or firmly onto the terrain. But Johnny, I fear, will never know what tore him apart. It is time to leave his ship. She is creaking ominously from front to rear. Vittorio stands for a little while in the intense heat of the compartment, glancing idly at the rearing cloud-scape below. It rolls and lifts like a restless gaseous sea, the moon adding a yellow macabre lustre to the already terrifying scene.

And then the wind is about his ears as he pulls the ripcord, twisting his head sideways and upwards, he sees his ship bearing away to the west, blackly silhouetted in the light of her own enveloping fires. The sky and the stars and all the night are suddenly spirited away and a great black engulfing shroud comes down heavily over everything. There is no sound, not of any kind, only the swirling black wraiths of cloud, forever restless and incoherent. It is so dark that he cannot identify the spread of lifesaving silk above his head until the lightning suddenly splashes out throwing it into bold relief. Abruptly he is upended and twisted round in a single breathtaking motion. It is as though a giant hand has reached out suddenly and tossed him upon its palm. Then, as swiftly, he is hurled upwards, his head and shoulders dismally caught in the white shrouds of parachute. He is wafted upwards like a feather in the breeze and a horrible feeling of desolation and weariness takes control of his senses. The playful hand of the giant suddenly grabs him again and sends him spinning downwards until his head starts to pain and his chest starts to heave with the pain of the straps that encompass it. It is useless trying to fight against it and so he falls back restfully in his harness and closes his eyes and awaits the inevitable end. Vaguely he is still conscious of the tug, tug, tugging at his shoulders and chest, and the unnatural spinning and cavorting, but a kind of merciful brownout takes a hand and now he finds the sensation not altogether unpleasant.

At first light next day an Air-Sea Rescue Sunderland noses its way through the fog that hangs like a shroud over the North Sea. A dozen pairs of eyes peer from its portholes, scanning the ocean. Simultaneously, from the owners of three of these pairs of eyes come a triumphant shout. There below, is a single survivor, a lonely diminutive figure lying sprawl an improvised raft and above him, as if protectively, a lone albatross soars until, at the approach of the plane, it dips its wings as if in salute and then turn and wings its way westward.

J. SAMPSON.