

BERT  
THE  
BERCH-NIK



THE LAND OF SOMEWHERE

In the land of Somewhere there is a mighty mountain; the crags are its sinews, the lodes of copper and gold are its veins, and on this mountain the wild goat lives out its life in a most wondrous sunshine.

Long ago man came to the land of Somewhere and settled at the foot of the mighty mountain. Settlements then sprang up in the lowlands, but vast and expansive as the base of that mountain was, each settlement grew out of sight of the other.

Each settlement developed its own statutes, its own language, and each paid homage to the "only" god. They each prayed and conversed in the "only" tongue, and they worked — they tilled the soil, they fished the rivers, and they became tradesmen. Slowly, as their civilisation advanced, they advanced up the mountain.

But as is always the case, in each settlement there were those who yearned to climb faster and further up that mountain — and they did climb, and they met on the slopes of that mountain.

Each was dressed differently, their hair was not cut the same way, they had different com-

plexions, and they spoke different languages. They contemplated each other in astonishment, and they greeted each other in their own tongues and stammered:

"Peace be with you, friend."

But as each said this in the "only" language, the words seemed harsh and alien to the ears of the other. They thus came to the conclusion that the other was threatening or abusing them, and they prepared to fight. Then one, as a final effort to avert a clash, called the name of the "only" God. The other did likewise, and two divine names were uttered in two different tongues. Each now believed the other to be an unbeliever, and they fought.

The victor continued on his way up the mountain; the vanquished rolled down the mountain, leaving a trail of blood on its path, and at length the corpse reached the settlement from whence it came.

Now many more climbed the mountain to avenge the death of their brother: to kill the barbarians who do not believe in the "only" god; and who babbled in a tongue which is not human. And each time a man rose higher he carried his wrath with him. Each time the battles came closer to the summit of the mountain, but no-one reached that point.

Time passed, and the settlements at the foot of the mountain increased and multiplied, as did the numbers who yearned to climb the mountain, and who did so. At every encounter, battles took place, and always in the name of God, the "only" god. The victors thanked their "only" god, and climbed higher. The vanquished either blessed or cursed their god, and fell down dead. Every day brought an increase in those who climbed the mountain and entered the battle — every day saw more corpses rolling down the bloody mountain.

It came to pass, however, that two men, whilst engaged in combat with one another, reached the summit of the mountain. There they were plunged into a sea of light — that brightest and clearest of light, the light of understanding. They suddenly understood each other's words, and they recognised each other as human beings; each heard from the other's lips the name of his same god, sanctified and blessed, and great joy prevailed.

Then together they looked down the mountain-side and saw the futile and senseless slaughter — clashes between hunter and hunter, farmer and farmer, miner and miner, trader and trader were occurring everywhere.

"The invaders have come! They are tilling our soil! They are fishing our rivers! They are siezing our vineyards! They are bringing false and evil gods into our midst!" Such were the cries that echoed about the lowlands, and wars raged.

Then those who had become brothers on the summit of that mountain in the land of Somewhere hastened to the lowlands and enlightened their fellow man.

"Away with arms! All men are equal! There is but one god, our god, the other man's god, everyone's god."

And so peace came to the land of Somewhere, an eternal peace which any passing traveller cannot help but notice as the people till the soil and fish the rivers, and so the sun sets behind that mountain in the land of Somewhere.

LEO HILLMAN, 4A.

RIDICULE AND PUNISHMENT

Bruce was sitting on an old and crumbling standstone fence in the shade of an equally old fig tree pensively surveying the miraculous works of nature. Two of his friends, Peter and Glen, approached him but so preoccupied was he in his wistful meditations that he failed to detect their presence. It was Glen who first pulled him back to earth with "Here, have a chocolate bar, Bruce."

"Oh, hello, chaps," said Bruce, thoroughly bewildered by their sudden descent upon him.

"No thanks," he continued, "I have an apple here."

"Don't go off on that rubbish about not eating processed foods, living off the fruit of the earth, and all that," spoke up Peter for the first time.

"Why don't you face up to reality, anyway?" asked Glen.

"You're persecuting me because of my ideas again," replied Bruce, upset to think that his own friends ridiculed him because he didn't conform to their ideas.

"We're not persecuting you. We're just laughing at you." This sarcastic remark, made by Peter, hurt Bruce deeply. He was completely ashamed of his fellow man and anger flared within him.

"The state of this superficially civilised world depresses me!" he cried. "Look about you: whole countries, brothers, rent apart by conflicts which have their roots in the barbaric diseases of hate, jealousy and greed."

Peter and Glen stepped back, a little over-awed, for their friend had never before made such a show of temper.

"Maybe so," agreed Glen. "But if conditions are as you say one must learn to live and bear with them."

"You're an idealist," said Peter accusingly. "And an idealist can never be happy in a far from idyllic world."

"But unless we raise our ideas of the future to that of having an idyllic existence we will be doomed to live forever in the deplorable conditions that prevail at present," concluded Bruce softly. This quietly spoken statement had completely beaten Peter and Glen. They had always had the last say and what Bruce said left them uneasy and frustrated, so they laughed at him in a nasty, hurtful way.

Bruce said nothing, but stood with all his attention focussed on a passing cloud. The cloud grew dark, blocking out the sun and its warmth. Then it descended upon the three, dragging them up into a whirling vortex of land, sea and air. Then everything grew dark and their memories faded. All opened their eyes to behold themselves on an island. Not an ordinary island, but an island of sheer beauty shrouded in a veil of reverence.

"This is it," said Bruce, "Shangri-La, Utopia, Paradise, where all things are beautiful and peaceful."

"Although I see it I refuse to believe it exists," said Peter.

"It does exist," said Bruce. "In the minds of all those who believe. It is here that I come to meditate, to receive inspiration or to gather hope and courage when the path of life is mountainous. But this place is closed to you!" he concluded sternly.

Bruce touched a budding orchid. Immediately its petals unfurled and it raised its head to the sunlight for all to see. Peter plucked it from the delicate stem but immediately it withered and died. Bruce then sat on the edge of a crystal pool and refreshed himself with its sweet water. When Glen, however, went to quench his thirst the water turned murky with mud and tasted salty and bitter.

"To punish you," said Bruce, "I am not going to show you the way back. When you believe, however, a shaft of light will appear. Follow it and you will reach this island in time to breathe your last breath."

With these words both Bruce and the island were enshrouded by a cloud. The cloud dissolved leaving Peter and Glen to wallow in sorrow in the unfathomable depths of darkness, their only comfort being each other.

DAVID McGEACHIE, 4D.

THE 1962 AMERICA'S CUP

Australia has set a challenge for the America's Cup And here's hope that for her winning assistance she has a twenty-two knot wind to back her up. Whether she wins or loses, "Gretel" will see it through.

Even though her quoted odds are four to one against, mind you—

And we can really rely upon Jock Sturrock and our Australia crew

If they are using a spinnaker or not, straining at the end of its boom.

The cup is a symbol of supremacy of sailing at sea,

And is given to the winner of the twelve metre class racing machines.

Both sloops have to sail until one has won four races,

And take in strides, wins, loses, honours and disgraces.

Seventeen times two countries have tried to defeat America for this valued prize.

But I am afraid to say not one has caused such a surprise.

Now it is our turn to try to bridge the gap, And this we might just do, provided "Gretel" has no mishap.

However the defender is an excellent craft, And we know her crew and skipper will let no wind slip past

So that we can turn the tide of challenge defeats, Or disprove America's superior sailing techniques.

"Weatherly," while in Bus Mosbacher's hands Seems to glide meekly over the Atlantic sands.

And she is said to be, while in full sail in sunlight, a picturesque sight,

And both "Gretel" and she are heavily guarded each night.

Well, Australia, let's hope she does not let us down,

And see if she can't make the Americans in their words drown.

But if in her attempts to capture the cup she fails, We can bring her back home to race our gales

To wait her chance until next time, when our challenger's financiers agree

To send her back in quest of the cup again, by racing the defender upon their sea.

W. REICHERT, 4D.

## A SERMON IN STONE

The village of Melinov lay black and stark and gaping under a sun that was already red-denning against the skyline. Soon the distant fringe of hills would be deep in evening shadow.

The charred skeletons of houses and shops reared skywards, their gaunt pillars like great fingers pointed towards Heaven in anguish and a frail hope. Here was a dead village, a place where nothing moved, no solitary thing, save the birds and the mayflies which still hovered expectantly among the ruins. The grass grew wild and undisciplined around the festers of bomb craters that splattered the terrain, like white sores against the brown skin of the earth. The church steeple, in the centre of the village leaned grotesquely to one side. It was as if the hand of death had dealt this village a smashing, backhand blow, denuding it of all living, moving things; stifling the gay shouts of its children and stilling the subdued undertones of its stricken people.

Night came quickly to Melinov, as though it were anxious to draw a merciful veil over the utter natureless desolation that reigned here.

Towards the early morning something moved in the dense cluster of hawthorn that overhung the creek. A shy nocturnal creature, perhaps hunt-

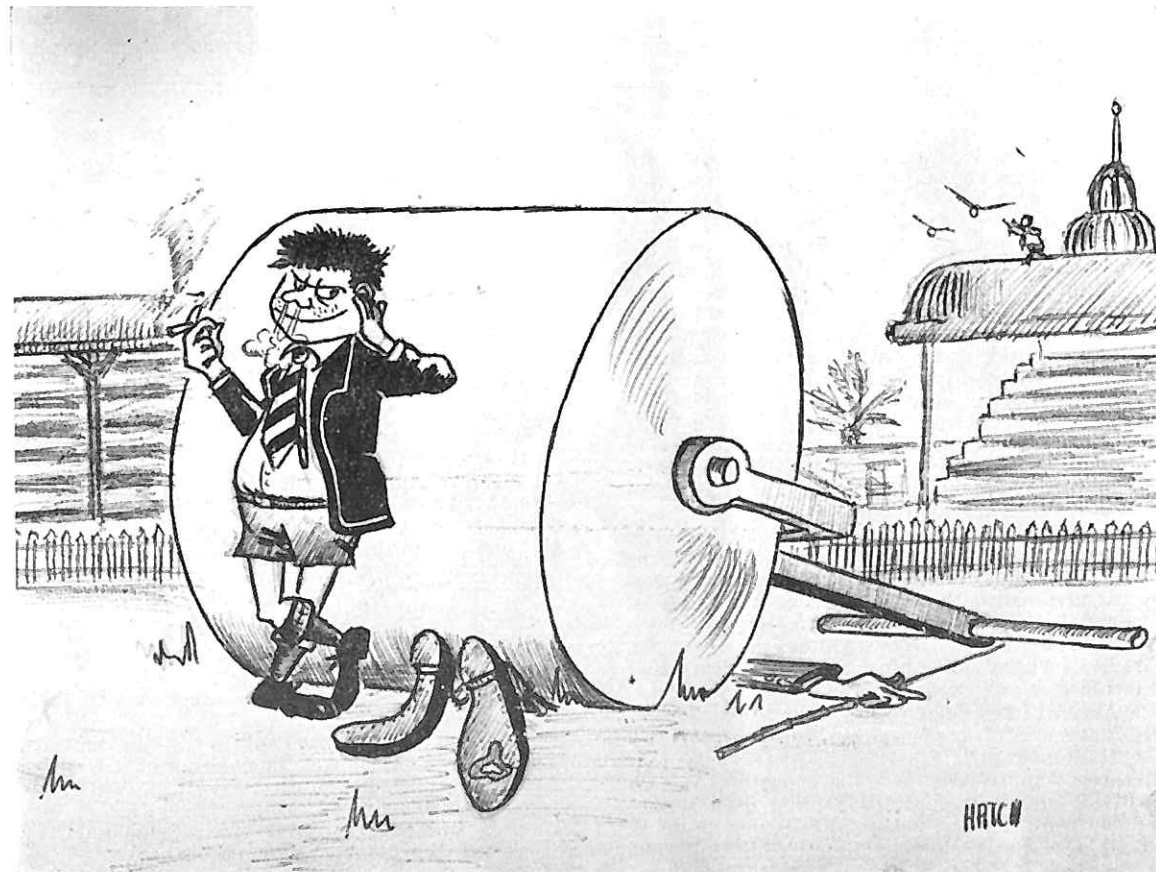
ing its food. As if any creature need be afraid in this dead place!

A woman, old and slightly stooped, stood up and moved warily into the centre of the clearing. She stood quite still then, her face towards the east, her head inclined a little, as though she was listening to the throaty sob of the wind. Her long grey hair streamed behind her, ragged clusters of hair that billowed out widely, fantail-fashion. She stood thus for a long time, her face drawn with the strain of watching, her hands busy with the remnants of clothing that momentarily threatened to go sailing away in the wind.

Then faintly, on the wings of the breeze, she heard the sharp metallic clatter of hooves, the dull rattle of musketry and horsedrawn artillery. As she listened, her face downcast as if resigned to her fate, the first white snowflake spiralled down and lightly touched her half-open lips. She thirstily sucked the moisture of it into her mouth.

Poof! A finger pressed against a trigger—a short report—an untidy heap in the centre of the road—a fatigue squad and then only a dark stain drying brown in the sun. The last inhabitant of Melinov was dead, and the Nazi scourge swept onward, sacking, pillaging, plundering and burning . . . but retribution was near.

J. SAMPSON.



## MONUMENT

Alone it stands,  
Bathed in the glowing crimson of the setting  
sun,  
Returning to our weary minds  
Sad memories of battles lost and won.  
Again the soft bugle call comes ringing to  
our ears,  
And whilst listening to laughter of friends  
long gone  
We force back the welling tears.  
But ours is the future.  
Still, in our memory's store  
Remains a place of honour for these friends  
And what they fought for.

DAVID McGEACHIE, 4D.

## THE PASSING PARADE

About people: Oh, what fascination!  
To sit and watch with concentration  
The tall, short, broad or thin,  
With every possible type of chin—  
To look at those who are not moral  
And those with whom church has no quarrel,  
Does much to change one's point of view  
About what the world is coming to  
To sit and dissect the human race  
Is pleasure-making any place.

P. LEWER, 4D.

## STRANGE VISITOR

My story begins in the not too distant past when I was lying on my bed browsing through a relatively uninteresting book. I glanced up and noticed for the first time a small water mark in the far corner of the room. As I sat fascinated by its unusual shape it seemed to become visibly larger but I dismissed this as a figment of my imagination and continued with my night's work. Little did I realise the significance of this little mark.

By the time I retired to bed I was certain it had grown at least three times its size. As I sat meditating over this illusion, my attention was drawn for the first time to the Turkish rug which formed the carpet in my room. Woven into a peculiar pattern I noticed a series of apparently deformed animals with two heads or two tails or such like. An unusual detail was that from all over the rug they seemed to face a large diamond shape which was worked in an uncommonly ornate style including interwoven spears and arrows, their heads all pointing to a collaboration of curved ivory tusks which in turn led the eye to a black cross enclosed in a dark circle. The only other colours seemed to be green and a dark suspicious orange. But to-night the green and no less the orange had seized a luminous pigment silhouetting the black cross and circle.

After tossing and turning for several hours I drifted to sleep. Then it happened. That dark, unobtrusive spot started to grow, first covering one wall. I tossed with anxiety. Still faster it grew, devouring the whole room. I say petrified by the hot pulsation of its sickening form. The colour changed to every shade of the rainbow but always covered by a dark veil, its cloak.

I glanced at the floor and I seemed to trigger yet a further spectacle. Out of the circle came

wisps of wiry, pitch black smoke coiling upwards. When it could get no thicker tiny flames leapt forth rising higher every second. Out of the deep black centre of the cross a strong light appeared glowing through the thin translucence of the carpet.

My mind battled to absorb all the horrifying aspects of this experience. The circle of fire and smoke raged, the smoke trying to suffocate me, the flames trying to grab and haul me into this hell. But as I shrank back I turned only to see the throbbing walls greeting, inviting me, then forcing me back towards the nodal point of destruction. When I was sure that this could get no worse I saw, coming out of this inferno, a grotesque figure garbed in black, transparent rags. It had long finger nails, jet black features and glowing eyes. It emerged from its bath of smoke and rose only to converge on me. Its eyes glowed repulsively and tiny flames on its long boneless hands reached out to trap me. I struggled desperately against it and in a final effort I tore myself away and awoke. Was this death?

G. HANSEN, 4D.



### THE GIPSY

A tall man was seated upon the steps of the caravan. The light from the fire flickered over his face—now bathing it in light so that every feature was distinguishable—now casting dark shadows across it to give a dark, brooding appearance.

His nose was high-bridged and his teeth flashed pearly-white against his dirty, swarthy face, and dark black hair as he sang some lilting gipsy air.

Every now and then he would thrust his grimy brown hand into the pot and stir up the stew. When it was hot enough, he placed a loaf of bread between his knees and sliced off a huge chunk. He then plunged his hands deep into the pot and drew out some of the contents which he slopped up with the aid of bread. Then, with a loud burp of satisfaction, he stretched out comfortably before the fire.

IAN HARMAN, 4B.

### THE RACE

Not a single soul was stirring  
As the starter took his stand;  
But the cars were fiercely revving,  
Waiting for his falling hand.

His hand soon fell and then they roared  
Off to a start at last;  
And the fumes of petrol from them poured  
As the pace grew hard and fast.

Around a bend the cars all skidded,  
But a Porsche rolled in a pit,  
And the crowd all stood and shivered  
As the flames devoured it.

The leaders at a speed they drew  
Away to make the field thinner;  
But the Maserati past them flew,  
And was declared the winner.

R. BROWN, 4D.

### THE PRODIGAL SON

The black pall of smoke hung heavy over the city; a shroud over the dead streets, blocking even the feeble light of the stars. Here and there, water-filled potholes gleamed silver in the pale yellow of the street lamps — like miniature lakes. The gaunt warehouses and tenements of the dock-side loomed, blacker yet than the Stygian blackness of the night, and between them wound narrow, unlit streets, and dark alleys yawned like the mouth of hell. Somewhere a ship's foghorn hooted; the disembodied ghostly voice floated with the wraiths of mist between the brick and concrete cliffs. A car hissed over the wet asphalt, scurrying away like some small, startled jungle animal, while the mutely menacing buildings issued a stifled threat from their blank brick faces—a threat to trap any insignificant humans forever in the labyrinth of the slums, to while away their days waiting for the Minotaur of death finally to claim them. A factory whistle shrilled with the voice of a thousand tormented souls, and the piercing sound penetrated the smog and reached into the small shop belonging to Arthur Lane.

He was not a rich man, nor was he a miser, as some of the more vehemently malicious gossips of the district deemed him. He was a simple man who had been born in these same slums and had

grown to manhood here. Working like a slave and living as cheaply as he could he had saved a little money. The small shop which now bore his name had been owned then by a drunkard and wastrel whose daughter Lane had married shortly after her father's death. The shop which Lane took over and into which he put his hard-earned money had been entirely neglected, and was literally falling apart, while an army of creditors besieged it rather half-heartedly, doubting whether the possible spoils would be worth the battle.

Optimists gave Lane six months at the most before losing not only the shop, but practically all his other earthly possessions as well. The work he had previously done in various jobs on the waterfront or in a factory had been a holiday compared to the gargantuan task now facing him. He continued working his night shift at the factory, but during the day he helped his wife, who worked equally hard, in the shop, while during week-ends he painted and repaired the building itself — a small mixed business with a tiny dwelling.

Still he fought the menace of debt, and it seemed to be a never-ending battle—to obtain merchandise to sell and so earn some money, he had to buy it on credit, and it appeared that as soon as one debt was cleared, another took its place.

Yet slowly, painfully Lane won his fight, and his shop became gradually more prosperous as the years rolled by and Arthur Lane became looked upon by the community as a well-to-do, frugal, hard-working, simple-living businessman, and he became satisfied with his material lot.

Yet a haunting fear of poverty and endless debt seemed to hover faintly in the back of his mind. Sometimes he dreamt of sitting at his desk in his tiny office and being buried by an ever-falling deluge of bills, unpaid bills; and voices — strange, disembodied, like the foghorn of a ship floating across the misty harbour — creditors' voices crying at his door — a pack or ravenous, howling wolves ready to pounce and tear down the barrier of security he had built around himself, and break in on him. Now he could see them; the gaping jaws, the gleaming fangs, and the cold sweat of fear bathed his body as he could almost feel the fangs tearing his flesh — and the thrill factory whistle awoke him. He lay for a moment, shivering and staring at the ceiling. Slowly the familiar surroundings reassured him. He could hear the quiet, even breathing of his wife lying beside him, and he thought about her. She had worked with him during those hard, lean years, and it had been harder for her as she was not very strong, and the work had taken its toll. Yet she was always so kind and cheerful — life had not made her bitter. Sometimes she seemed too gentle to the practical Lane. She feared and hated any sort of violence or unpleasantness. Why Arthur Lane thought, she even seemed afraid of the pistol he kept in case of a burglar visiting the house, saying nothing but evil could come from a fatal instrument, and that all human life was as sacred as his property. He hated nothing as bitterly as debt nor feared anything as he feared insecurity. On this score his teenage son, Harry, had caused him some anxiety, for the youth seemed to have none of his father's innate frugality, or simple virtues. However, for a long

time now there had been no quarrels between father and son and Arthur Lane loved the boy and felt secure in the knowledge that his son was sleeping in the next room.

Harry Lane crouched in the shadows of the shop's tiny office, when the factory whistle's shrill scream tore the silken veil of silence and sent it fluttering with the echoes; but it quickly melted back together again and settled over the great city and the little room. Startled, holding his breath, Harry paused in what he was doing, and his thoughts raced back over his brief life-span.

Leaving school early he worked in his father's shop, and soon became his parents' pride, as he was a bright, hard-working boy. But it quickly became evident he lacked his father's other virtues, for he found the work dull and his home life stifling, especially his father's obsession with money, which seemed to the youth nothing but sheer meanness. Money was made to be spent and enjoyed—and why should he not go out with the other young people of the neighbourhood and enjoy himself? And at first his father said nothing, but as the son came home gradually later, so the father's patience gradually ran out. When asked what kept him out so late the boy would shrug his shoulders and evade having to reply, but gossip in a closely-settled district spreads like wildfire, and the father soon learnt indirectly of his son's presence at all-night card games in the back rooms of hotels and in the homes of his new-found companions. He learnt also that his son had been playing for credit and had amassed a considerable gambling debt. Harry shuddered to remember the cold, bitter disillusionment in his father's face when he confronted the youth with the information. Without even wishing to know whether or not he was legally liable for his son's debt Arthur Lane had paid — no-one of his name would ever carry the stigma of not paying what he owed, he had said.

For a time, life in the Lane household became unbearable; the father's confidence in the son was shattered, and each time the youth wished to leave the house an argument would develop, for Arthur Lane did not want his son to disgrace himself and the family again, and sincerely believed that by questioning and guarding his son, whom he still loved, he was protecting him, when, in actual fact, he was only arousing a growing resentment which opened a deep chasm between father and son. Rather than continue the endless war or leave home, Harry had found an easier way out. One night he noticed the family cat jump out the open window of his room. He was careful, too, not to be "seen" out at nights, and warned his acquaintances to keep quiet. Quite a long time elapsed and this satisfactory arrangement continued; Harry did not even gamble.

One night, however, at a friend's party, the old urge to try his luck returned, and now only a few weeks later he had built up a total debt which would take all his father's ready cash, and probably a mortgage on his shop as well, to erase. To face his father with this was unthinkable — there had seemed no way out until an old friend of Harry had come back to town. The in the district, and there was a game — a big one — going that night. A group of sailors on leave, team had once been the best team of card sharps flushed with drink, were throwing their money

around carelessly, and Harry and his friend, the only two at the party who were still sober, sensed easy pickings. There was only one problem — they were both broke and could not enter the game.

It was then Harry had decided to borrow — only borrow — some money from his father's safe. Just as he was leaving with the money, Harry had started to think. In his carefree, pleasure-seeking young life he had done much that was counted wrong, yet suddenly the idea of stealing from his own father filled him with such revulsion that impulsively he turned back. As the door of the safe clicked shut once more, a dark shape — the cat — leapt through the window and landed on Arthur Lane's desk, knocking over a vase of flowers with a crash, which echoed through the small chamber like the knell of doom. Harry caught his breath as he heard his father's footsteps approaching quickly. He could not be discovered here. When his father rushed into the room Harry was already halfway out of the window. He ignored a shout of "Stop, or I'll shoot!" A shot was fired, and a body fell. With a click the fluorescent lamp was switched on, and it flooded the room with its harsh, artificial daylight, and Arthur Lane stared into the dead eyes of his son.

A. SVIRSKIS.

### LIFE AND DEATH

He knew it had to be done. He couldn't let himself fall into the clutches of this woman. No-one else had ever been nice to him. Why should she be . . . unless she wanted him to do something bad, such as kill someone for her? Yes, there must be something that she wants from me or she wouldn't be so friendly. Why would anyone want to be nice to a common gardener? Hadn't he been spurned by everyone, shop assistants, grocers, miners — everyone? They all looked on him as dirt, even the clergy had avoided him.

Yes. She is bad, evil. He had read somewhere how a wicked woman had influenced a good man into killing her husband for her. That's what she is trying to do. She's trying to ruin him. He couldn't let her do that. Only once before had anyone been nice to him. He'd been just a boy then, and was used to sitting alone, when one day a boy had come across and spoken to him. He spoke to him often after that and they were quite friendly.

Then one day he'd overheard the boy sniggering about their meetings. He had run home. He was hurt, angry. He had wanted to kill somebody but slowly this urge had died and instead he had learnt something. He had learnt that there was no such thing as friendship. He'd learnt that people were nice only if they wanted something—something bad, greedy and evil. It was quite clear in his mind now. He had to do it for his own good. Now he must prepare the gun. Where had he left it? That's right! Here it is. Yes, it's loaded. Safety catch off?

"Hey! Sarge! Telephone message. Some joker shot himself. A gardener. Out at 63 Gromder Drive."

"Thanks! I'll go straight out there. Watch out for things here for me will you?"

"Sure. By the way, this joker is some kind of spastic."

W. D. AINSWORTH.

TOP ARTISTS USE...

# Pelikan

ART MATERIALS



Water Colour Boxes,  
Concentrated Designers'  
Colours (Poster Colours) and  
other school- and artist  
materials are well known and  
appreciated all over the world.

Whether you just "dabble" or  
paint masterpieces always rely  
on Pelikan Products.

Obtainable from your local stationer.

World famous  
Pelikan Drawing Ink  
available in black and  
22 brilliant shades.

**DISTRIBUTORS:**

N. S. W.  
William Lewis Pty. Ltd.  
143-145 York Street  
SYDNEY

QUEENSLAND  
William Lewis Q'ld. Ltd.  
60 Charlotte Street  
BRISBANE

## SPACE TRIP

It was an eerie feeling, floating in a world of weightlessness. We had experienced it countless times before under artificial conditions on earth. Now all the preparation was behind us. Out of the pull of earth's gravity we were hurtling towards the moon at twenty-five thousand miles per hour.

The flight was now routine. There was not much to do in space other than to check instruments, doze, stand watch, look at the stars and make the regular every-hour-on-the-hour reports to earth. Everything was going smoothly and sixty hours after leaving earth we landed in a shallow crater in the vicinity of the moon's north pole.

It was a grandiose yet desolate sight that we beheld when we pushed back the outer door of the air lock. A brilliant sun stood close to the horizons amid a velvet-black sky, spangled with stars.

Almost opposite the sun, also close to the horizon, hung a strikingly beautiful object different from anything around the multicoloured disc of the earth, from which we had come.

We spoke constantly, within our space helmets, describing impressions of everything we saw and felt to the miniature tape recorders built into our gear. When we returned to earth, these tapes would be searched by eager scientists for the answers to riddles man had asked since he first trained his eyes to the heavens. Long before the rocket ship had taken off scientists on earth had prepared elaborate lists of the data which they hoped could be collected during the five days we would be on the moon.

After collecting all the data we were glad to re-enter our space ship to start the long journey back to the earth which awaited our landing.

G. HARDY, 4D.

## ONE TOO MANY

George had had a few that night,  
A few too many, that's for sure!  
At least old Mac said, "Time now, gents,"  
And threw George foremost out the door.

George lay on the road in a muddled heap,  
A car whizzed by; he did not stir.  
A stray cat went over and sat on his head,  
George was awakened by its purr.

He climbed to his feet very clumsily,  
His eyes grew accustomed to the dark.  
He stumbled wearily down the road  
And trod on a dog which started to bark.

He then continued on his way,  
But promptly walked into a telegraph pole.

He got up once more but tripped again,  
Stepping into a large pothole.

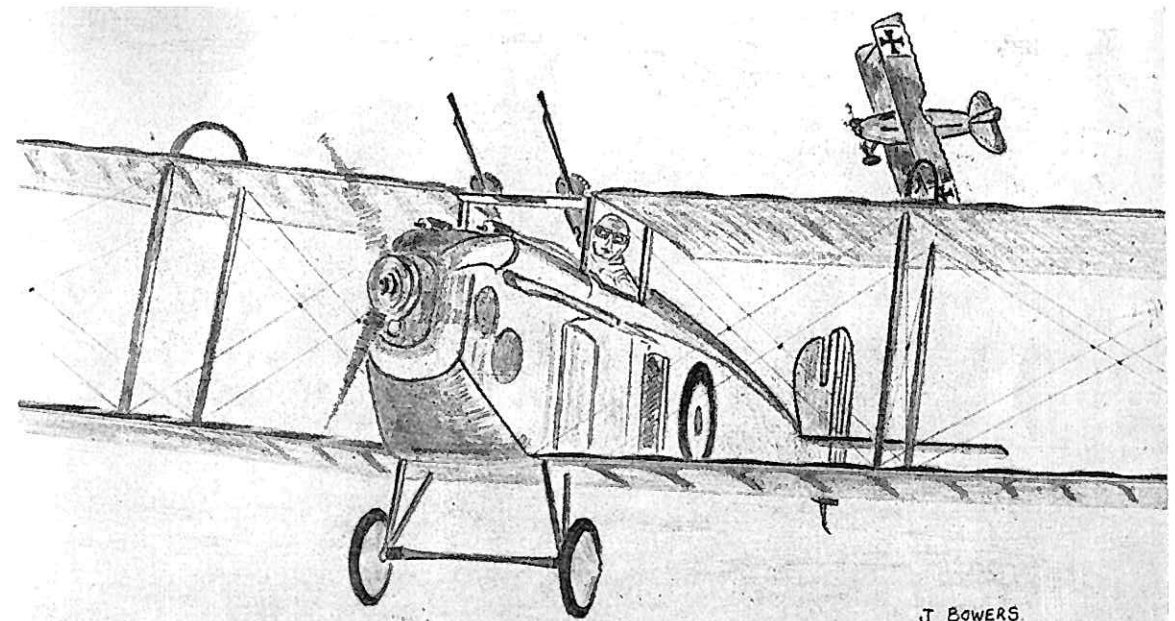
He lay still without a sound  
For he had bashed his head on the stony road.

Around the corner came a truck,  
A truck which had an enormous load.

George lay still in the middle of the road.  
The truck's brakes gave a sudden squeal.  
The driver climbed out cautiously  
And slowly scraped George off the wheel.

Of course there is a moral to this,  
As you can probably see.  
But now I cannot think of it  
So we'll let George R.I.P.

I. WOOD, 2A.



J. BOWERS

## TO BE YOUNG

Youth is not only a period of our life,  
It is also an aspect of our intelligence,  
A characteristic of our will,  
A quality of our imagination,  
A richness of feeling.

Youth is courage, overpowering timidity,  
Love for adventures, overpowering laziness.  
Nobody becomes old for years passing,  
But only if one gives up his ideals.

Years draw wrinkles on our features,  
But giving up enthusiasms bring  
The wrinkles of the soul.

We shall be young while we have faith,  
And old as soon as incertitude wins us.

We shall be young while we have hope.

We shall be old when we lose it.

B. BAGNALL.

## AN ODE TO MATHEMATICS

I can always learn a poem or date  
Of Turks or Asiatics;  
But there's a subject that I hate,  
And it is mathematics.

The figures look so dull and bored,  
They seem so stiff and stock;  
They always make me overawed—  
Sometimes I do my block.

It gives me joy to see a word,  
It seems so nice and free;  
I always shiver at a surd,  
And fail at geometry.

I don't know any formulae,  
I don't know two sine theta;  
Perhaps it might mean two Cos A,  
On the square of alpha beta.

I look at sums and well nigh sob,  
I can't draw squares or graphs;  
I think that I must be a blob,  
So how can I do maths?

## THE OLD RACE-TRACK

It was down Boonamble way  
In a day already past,  
The time was yesterday,  
When the cars weren't so fast.

It was only of red clay,  
Baked by the sun at day,  
Covered by layers of sand,  
Neither made nor helped by hand.

Now 'tis covered by sparse grasses  
Blown by the wind when it passes,  
Soaked when the rains do fall,  
Scorched when the droughts do call.

'Twas here that many found their fame,  
Made their feats of daring a household word.  
They were known throughout the land by  
name,

They drove their cars with skill unheard.  
Flanked by wooden posts and railings,  
Void of any wooden palings,  
A seat here, a seat there,  
The place looks so dull and bare.

But one day when they remember,  
They'll call upon some old member.  
Then they'll take a trip back  
To their old race-track.

B. DYJAK, 4D.

## ANNUAL FIFTH YEAR DINNER

On Thursday, 25th October, at Winn's Shortland Room, the Fifth Year of 1962 was given a farewell in the form of a Father and Son Dinner.

The function was very well attended, and included amongst the distinguished guests were Ald. D. McDougall, representing the Lord Mayor, Mr. J. McQualter, representing the Area Director of Education, and Mr. F. Cooksey, President of the P. and C. Association.

Chairman, School Captain Malcolm Williams, kept things moving along smoothly and the proposers of the several toasts and the speakers in reply did their part towards making the evening a most enjoyable one.

One of the highlights was Mr. Denham's amusing comments on the various speeches and his presentation of the "trowel" to John Nelson of fifth year.

Mr. C. Harding sang two rousing songs and Paul Harding provided the musical accompaniment.

Altogether, it was a most enjoyable evening and a worthy finale to fifth year's days at Boys' High.  
PAUL SEALE, 4A.

## N.B.H.S. OLD BOYS' UNION

The N.B.H.S. Old Boys' Union was reformed this year and a very successful reunion dinner was held at the Illoura Hall.

Old boys who are interested in becoming members of the Union should direct enquiries to the Secretary, Mr. Carl Bisson, 45-2125.

## CORRECTION

Mr. J. Hodge is now Master at Wauchope and not Wingham as stated in Register.

## I'M GONNA SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

(By T. BENNETTS and A. DARROCH)  
(Sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the flames,  
On a revving motor bike.  
All the buildings burn,  
Crackling all in spite.  
On the flames we throw  
Tins of kerosene,  
And the buildings soon catch alight  
And the cops are on the scene.

### CHORUS

Oh, Burning fires, Burning fires,  
Fires all the way.  
Oh what fun it is to be  
A fire-bug to-day.

### REPEAT

Calling out the brigade,  
In a fire-box so red,  
Letting down their tyres,  
Till the fire-chief flips his head.  
Then off to the petrol stores,  
Turning to the right.  
Then we light a little match,  
And all the air is bright.

### CHORUS

## AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS

1. Amo, amas, I love a lass, as a cedar tall and slender,  
Sweet comsliip's grace is her nominative case,  
And she's of the feminine gender.

### CHORUS

Horum, corum, sunt divorum, Harum,  
scarum, divo,  
Tag rag, merryderry periwig and hat hand,  
Hic hoc horum genitivo!

2. Can I decline a nymph divine,  
Whose voice as a flute is dulcet;  
Her oculus bright, her manus white,  
And soft when I tacto her pulse is.

### CHORUS

3. Oh, how Bella, my puella, I'll kiss secula,  
secylorum.  
If I've luck, sir, she's my uxor,  
O dies benedictorum.

### CHORUS

## RIDDLE FOR EVERYONE

Here are two "paradoxes" which, at first glance, may seem to be false, but are actually true; and which appear true but are actually false; or which are simply self-contradictory.

The first has to do with that very puzzling story of foreign exchange. Here it is.

The governments of two neighbouring countries — let's call them Northia and Southia — had an agreement where by a Northian dollar was worth a dollar in Southia and vice-versa. But one day the government of Northia decreed that thereafter a Southian dollar was to be worth but ninety cents in Northia. The next day the Southian government, not to be outdone, decreed that thereafter a Northian dollar was to be worth but ninety cents in Southia. Now a bright young man lived in a town which straddled the border of the two countries. He went into a store on the Northian side, bought a ten cent razor and paid for it with a Northian dollar. He was given a Southian dollar worth ninety cents there in change. He then crossed the street, went into a Southian store, bought a ten cent package of blades, and paid for it with the Southian dollar. There he was given a Northian dollar in change. When the young man returned home, he had his original dollar AND his purchases. And each of the tradesmen had ten cents in his cash-draw. Who, then, paid for the razor and the blades?

MARK BRIGHT, 4D.

1. Multiply your age by 100.
2. Add 250.
3. Add the number of shillings in your pocket.
4. Subtract the number of days in the year (365).
5. Find the result.

Then you add 115 to the result and the person's age will appear as the first two digits and the number of shillings as the last two digits.  
e.g. If 1304 is the final answer then the person's age is 13 and he had four shillings.

Little fly,  
Vinegar jug  
Slippery side  
Pickled bug.

G. MORRIS, 4E.



YOUR *Holden* CENTRE 

YOUNG & GREEN

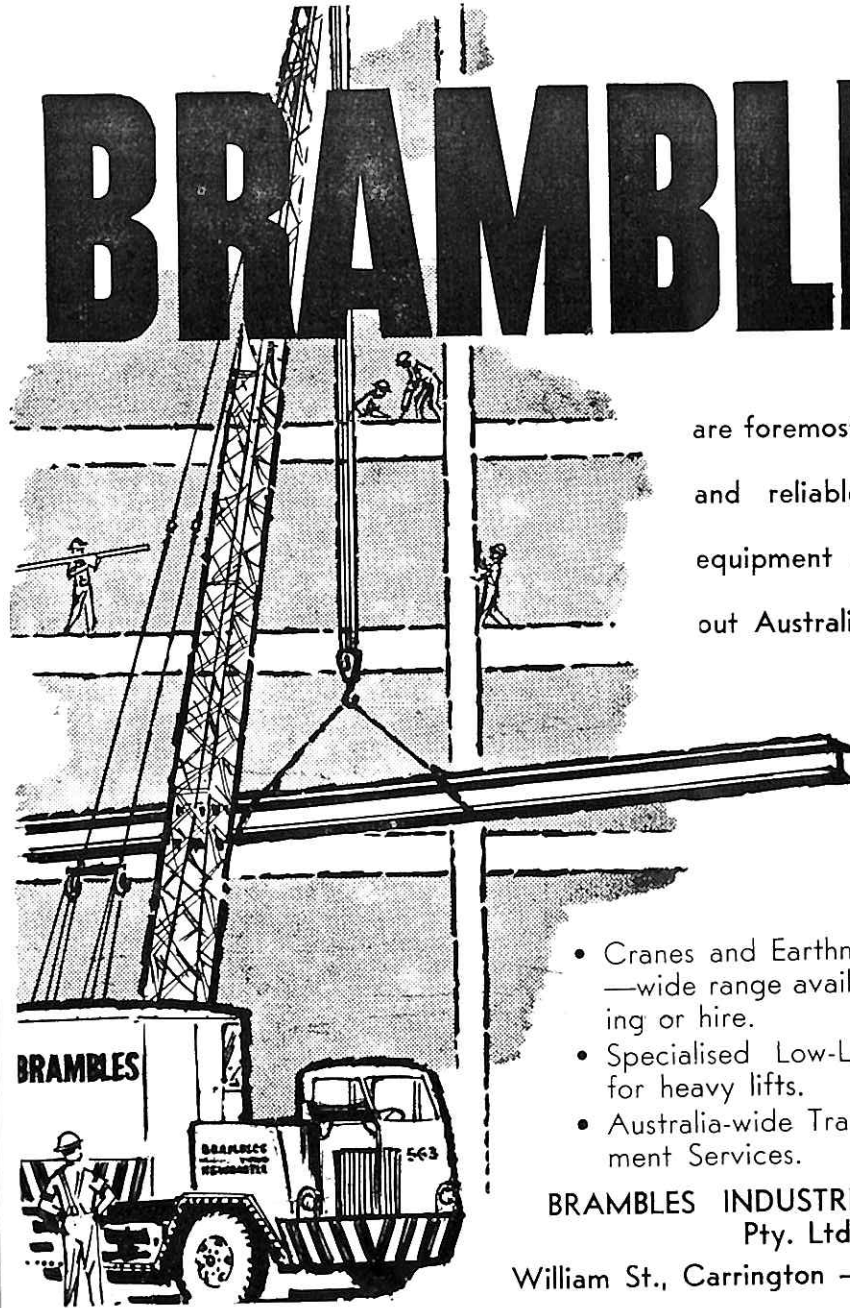
PTY. LTD.

NEWCASTLE, BELMONT, CHARLESTOWN, WALLSEND, TORONTO,  
MAITLAND, DUNGOG.

is the place  
to buy  
**HOLDEN**

## PROGRESSING WITH NEWCASTLE

# BRAMBLES



are foremost in fast, efficient and reliable transport and equipment services throughout Australia.

- Cranes and Earthmoving Equipment—wide range available for contracting or hire.
- Specialised Low-Loader Equipment for heavy lifts.
- Australia-wide Transport and Equipment Services.

**BRAMBLES INDUSTRIAL SERVICES**  
Pty. Ltd.

William St., Carrington — Phone: 61 3281



## Sport

### BLUES

**ATHLETICS:** M. Smith, N. Ryder, A. Dick, M. Williams, G. de Jager, K. Tregloan.

**SWIMMING:** O. Morgan.

**CRICKET:** R. Felton, M. Turnbull, G. Clapham, J. Hetherington.

**RUGBY:** S. Anthony, J. Bear, S. Davis, M. Turnbull.

**SOCCER:** D. Collins.

**W. LAMB TROPHY:** (Senior Mile) M. Smith.

### HOUSE COMPETITIONS 1962

**ATHLETICS:** Hannell House (Arthur Shield).

**SWIMMING:** Shortland House (Hocquard Shield).

**RUGBY:** Smith House (George Forden Shield).

**SOCCER:** Hunter House (McGarry Cup).

**BASKETBALL:** In progress (Rundle Trophy).

**TENNIS:** (Summer Comp.) in progress (The Cooksey Trophy).  
(Winter Comp.) Hunter House (G. Caldwell Shield).

**CRICKET:** In progress (F. S. Scorer Shield).

### ATHLETICS 1962

Senior Champion—M. Williams.

16 Years Champion—A. Dick.

15 Years Champion—P. Drinkwater.

14 Years Champion—N. Willis.

13 Years Champion—N. Norman.

12 Years Champion—V. Topic, G. Vero.

### SWIMMING 1962

Senior Champion—S. Davis.

16 Years Champion—O. Morgan.

15 Years Champion—M. Bright.

14 Years Champion—J. Groves.

13 Years Champion—J. Johnson.

12 Years Champion—S. Derwin.

### HIGH SCHOOL COMPETITIONS 1962

**SWIMMING:**

Juvenile Division 1st in Zone "B" Carnival.

Junior Division Runners-up in Zone "B" Carnival.

Senior Division Runners-up in Zone "B" Carnival.

Aggregate 1st Zone "B".

**ATHLETICS:**

Juvenile Division Runners-up Zone "B" Carnival.

Junior Division Runners-up Zone "B" Carnival.

Senior Division 1st in Zone "B" Carnival.

Aggregate—Runners-up Zone "B" Carnival.

Aggregate—1st Newcastle Area Carnival.

**TENNIS:**

1st Grade Runner-up Zone "B" Comp.

2nd Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

3rd Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

4th Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

**SOCCER:** "A" Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

### LEAGUE:

1st Grade Runners-up Zone "B" Comp.  
1st Grade Winners of University Challenge Shield.

### HOCKEY:

"A" Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

"B" Grade Premiers Zone "B" Comp.

**CRICKET** (in progress).

### LIFE SAVING:

"W. Marx Cup Competition" (State Competition) Newcastle Boys' High 1677 points, Second.

### 1st XIII REPORT

This year the University Shield returned to N.B.H.S. The 1st XIII were also runners-up in the Evans Shield.

In our first University Shield game we met Gosford at Newcastle to record an easy win. Belmont were then downed in a convincing manner 33-3 and the team looked forward confidently to the game against Maitland whom we had previously beaten twice in the Evans Shield.

Maitland however, on their home ground, proved a tough obstacle. Their forwards dominated play and with five minutes left in the match Maitland was ahead 10-6. The ball came from a scrum along our backline to inside centre, Spiro Anthony. With a devastating run Spiro eluded the defence to score under the goal posts. Darryl Lowe made no mistake with the kick and the score was 11-10.

The semi-final was played under ideal conditions at the Sydney Cricket Ground against Ibrox Park High. The game was close and spectacular. Ibrox Park played good football but stout defence nullified their attack. The final score was 11-6 with Phil Bentley, Spiro Anthony and D. Lowe outstanding.

The final between N.B.H.S. and Newcastle Tech. High proved one of the highlights of the school year. Tech. had defeated us twice previously, 7-4 and 6-3, both being hard matches. On this occasion the team played inspired football to defeat Tech. 19-9. Although the ground was wet, the ball was thrown about extremely well with both our forwards and backs overshadowing their opposition. Spiro Anthony with his two tries and field goal and John Bear with his long penetrating runs from the rucks, were outstanding although all players acquitted themselves extremely well.

Two days later we met Tech. in the final of the Evans Shield after having recorded a good win against Hamilton Marist Brothers in the semi-final. On this occasion Tech. proved the better side.

Our team combined well to form a solid attacking and defensive side.

Max Turnbull, the fullback, was a very safe "last line of defence". His deadly tackling saved many tries.

Phil Bentley was on the wing. An excellent opportunist his deceptive running and bursts of speed marked him as a danger to the opposition.

Outside centre was John MacKenzie. John's defence was outstanding and his punishing tackles were a pleasure to watch if not to receive.

Always dangerous in attack Spiro Anthony, the inside centre, was one of the outstanding players in the team — brilliant in attack and tireless in defence.

Ross Coulton at five-eighth was a sound, intelligent team player and his "cheese" movement baffled the opposition.

D. Lowe, the half, besides initiating many tries with his elusive running from the scrum base, was our goal kicker — the top point scorer in the team.

Lock forward and vice-captain, Steve Davis used his size and strength to advantage. His cover defence and speed from the rucks were a handy asset to the team.

Ken Long in the second row was a hard and punishing player who excelled in defence.

John Bear, playing prop, was a constant danger to the opposition. An unselfish player John's sound attack and defence were worth noting. His work as blind side prop was outstanding.

Paul Karpin ably supported John. Paul excelled in the tight play and was a capable forward.

John Marsden, the hooker, won more than his share of the ball from the scrum. A consistent forward John filled his role of "dummy half" with much distinction.

The left wing was shared throughout the season by Jeff Marshall and Malcolm Williams. Jeff excelled in defence while Malcolm's strong point was his attacking ability.

Chris Chambers and Russel Felton both played throughout the season and both proved themselves more than reliable when they were called upon.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Rooney, our coach and friend for his advice and guidance which contributed greatly to our success.

**BRUCE ROBINSON**

Throughout this season Bruce Robinson has set and maintained very high standards of captaincy and general play. He and his team were thoroughly deserving of the success they achieved. Association with them has been, for me, a rewarding and unforgettable experience.

V. ROONEY

**2nd GRADE LEAGUE**

Coach — Mr. Smith

Parke	D. McPherson
D. Williamson	L. Stokoe
K. Byrnes	J. Clapham
R. Newham	P. Wheatley
G. Bell	K. Virtue
P. Cave	W. Ainsworth
G. Leonard	A. Lee
P. Sheedy	J. Marshall



**FIRST XIII (Winners of University Shield; Runners-up Evans Shield)**

Back Row (l. to r.): Mr. R. Judge (Sportsmaster), P. Bentley, L. Stokoe, S. Anthony, J. Marshall, M. Turnbull, R. Coulton, M. Williams, J. Bear, Mr. V. Rooney (Coach).

Front Row: R. Felton, D. Lowe, S. Davis (V.C.), B. Robinson (Captain), P. Karpin, J. Marsden, K. Long.

Block donated by A. F. Toll.

**3rd GRADE LEAGUE**

Coach — Mr. Walsh

This year's 3rd grade side, after being runners-up to Marists on the points table, was eventually beaten by the same team in the final.

After two exceptionally easy wins against Central (26-0) and Junior High (14-0), our premiership hopes received a great blow when we were soundly beaten 33-3 by Marists. Although the score was only 8-3 at half-time, our defence fell to pieces in the second half and Marists scored almost at will. Consequently, our feelings were mixed when the second round game was abandoned because of rain.

The next game against Tech High was much more closely contested, the final score being 13-8 in our favour.

Two more easy wins were gained at the expense of Central (26-5) and Junior High (32-5) and in the final premiership game we defeated Tech High (6-4) in a very hard close game. We deserved our win, however, as our backs showed more penetration, with the result that we scored 2 tries to nil.

With the preliminary rounds finished we were drawn to play Central in the semi-final. After two previous easy victories against this side we were perhaps a little too confident of a win. Thus it was that Central led 4-3 with only minutes to go. However an easy penalty goal gave us the lead and we ran out winners 5-4. Congratulations must go to Central who played their best football of the season and who gave us one of our hardest games.

Our win in the semi-final meant that our final opponents were to be Marists who had defeated Tech in the other semi-final. After playing great first half football and leading 3-0 at half time, we saw victory taken from us in the final 10 minutes, as Marists scored two unconverted tries in a last desperate bid to win. The game was played under the worst conditions imaginable, with a dust storm, a hail storm, followed by heavy rain which, at times, brought play almost to a standstill. Congratulations to Marists on their wins in both premiership and final. Their fast, heavy pack of forwards contributed greatly to their success.



**1st GRADE CRICKET**

Back Row: Mr. R. Judge (S.M.), D. Lowe, G. Clapham, J. Carrick, M. Turnbull, J. Hetherington, D. Briggs, Mr. P. Maehl (Coach).

Front Row: D. Cummings, L. Stokoe, R. Felton, P. Korpin, R. Coulton, B. Gibson.

Block donated by Australian Institute of Marine and Power Engineers, Newcastle District.

In all, the team scored 136 points and had 65 scored against it, 33 of which were in one match. At the start of the season the most outstanding players were Ray Newham who scored 7 tries in 4 matches before taking a well earned place in second grade, Peter Greaves and Brian Hooker, both of whom went to other teams. Other players to show out during the season were, in the backs, Bill Nicolle at fullback, who saved many tries with solid tackles, Peter Drinkwater, who proved an invaluable centre and who was easily the most elusive player in the competition and Stephen Beveridge, who tackled well and ran with a lot of determination. In the forwards, Brian Rowe tackled tirelessly and made some good breaks, Doug Briggs ran well from the rucks and defended strongly, hookers Grahame Jones and John Cook gave us plenty of the ball, while Peter Charlton kept the forwards moving and played well at dummy half.

A special mention must be made of the meteoric rise in school football of Laurie Stokoe who came into our team halfway through the

season and finished the season as reserve forward for the First XIII.

Finally, I would like to express my appreciation to Mr. Walsh for his guidance and enthusiasm with which he successfully managed the team throughout the season.

J. Bevan	J. Hetherington
S. Beveridge	G. Jones
D. Briggs	W. Nicolle
K. Cadell	W. Reichert
P. Charlton	B. Rowe
J. Cook	J. Sampson
R. Crook	D. Saxon
P. Drinkwater	P. Smith

J. HETHERINGTON, Captain

#### 4th GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE

This year the 8st. 7lb. team proved to be a strong team, but had to be content with second place in the competition, only suffering three losses during the season.

Marist Brothers and Tech High were our only worries in the competition, and games with them were hard and close.

Marist Brothers, which proved to be the



#### 2nd GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: (l. to r.): R. Wilson, C. East, P. Delves, S. Goodenough, V. Taylor, P. Staines, I. Touks.  
Front Row: B. Alexander, S. Moore, J. Archibald (Vice Capt.), C. Traill (Capt.), I. Forrester, R. Buckton.  
Photo by McRae Studio.

strongest team in the competition, defeated us narrowly in the first round. In this hard game we were leading 3-2, but the strong Marist Brothers team scored and converted in the last six minutes of play to defeat us 7-3. We were unable to fight back in the second round as the game was washed out.

Tech High also defeated us in the first round, but we gained a victory over them in the second round. This won our way into the semi-finals where we had a convincing win of 19-0 over Junior High. Now we had our chance to prove ourselves in the finals against Marist Brothers, but we were beaten 11-3. Bear scored our only try. Thus we had to be content to be runners-up in the competition.

The team was full of outstanding players as half of the team won their way into the Zone B rep. team and a few made their way into the Newcastle Rep. team.

In the forwards, Brogden, Sim (vice-capt.), Marshall and Tonks attacked and defended strongly, while Widgery hooked well during the season. Bear, Steadman, Dunnicliff and Flynn

combined well in the backs while Hooker played outstandingly in the fullback position. Dunnicliff and Flynn made some brilliant moves and Dunnicliff kicked well.

Bad luck struck the team when four of our forwards were out with injuries, but the team kept up the good work with reserves, Peebles, Gibson, Humby, Maddern, Stefanoff, Wilson and Taylor filling in during the season.

The best players throughout the season were Bear, Dunnicliff, Steadman, Flynn, Hooker, Widgery, Brogden and Sim.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Quill for his fine coaching and interest in the team throughout the season.

R. L. BROWN, Captain

In this report Robert's modesty has prevented his mentioning his own outstanding efforts both as captain and half back. He has shown fine qualities of leadership, was the hardest working player in the side and as a spectator remarked "does not make mistakes."

J. QUILL



#### 3rd GRADE CRICKET (14 YEARS)

Back Row: G. Rushton, W. Williamson, R. Ryan, N. Willis, T. Armstrong, N. George.  
Front: D. Cairns, S. Coach, Mr. Idstein, B. Mathieson (C.), G. Robson, E. Gibbons, J. Russell, J. Cheetham.  
Photo by McRae Studio.



**7th GRADE LEAGUE  
(Under 6 Stone)**

Coach — Mr. Rigby  
 B. Alexander (v.-c.) S. Moore (c.)  
 B. Armstrong C. Morrow  
 D. Attwater S. Roach  
 I. Bell B. Robinson  
 T. Bussell J. Russell  
 R. Coleman N. Valentine  
 D. Jonas J. Williams  
 J. Kemp G. Yarrow  
 D. Knight

**RUGBY LEAGUE, 7st. 7lbs.**

Coach — J. Hearn  
 R. Robertson S. O'Neill  
 M. Broughton M. Green  
 B. Bastian K. Fraser  
 S. Fry P. Martin  
 P. McLeod R. Alderton  
 G. Armstrong G. Askey  
 J. Hoskins T. Tyler  
 G. Ling G. Jones  
 J. McLennan M. Alcock  
 I. Sullivan

**RUGBY LEAGUE, 6st. 7lbs.**

Coach — Mr. Sheedy  
 I. Carlin B. Hogan  
 T. Armstrong I. Johnson  
 M. Brown I. Scott  
 W. Edwards G. Smith  
 N. Bowes P. Sweeney  
 W. Gill A. Turnbull  
 J. Hawkins G. Skelly

**FIRST GRADE CRICKET**

We had a very fine team this year, almost every player having had experience in either 1st grade or second 1st grade. Two valuable gains were Darryl Lowe and Terry Davies, both from Marist Brothers first grade of last year. Other "veterans" were myself, John Hetherington, Doug Briggs, Paul Karpin, John Carrick and Jeff Clapham.

Due to the strength of these players and some excellent newcomers, some players did not receive full opportunity to display their talents. This was unfortunate but unavoidable and I would like to thank these players, who never complained and did their best when called upon.



**UNDER 13 CRICKET**

Back Row: J. Johnson, K. Jarvis, I. Henderson, D. Parker, G. Edgar, P. Briggs, J. Bell, J. Feenan.  
 Front Row: E. Rush, G. Halton, G. Gilmour, Mr. McRae (Coach), N. Lee (Capt.), M. Simpson, D. Jonas.  
 Photo by McRae Studio.

The first match was against the strong Maitland side at Waratah Oval. Max Turnbull produced a fine debut performance and took 5 for 22, and, supported by Clapham and Barry Gibson, dismissed Maitland for only 70. After a few early moments of anxiety and a minor collapse, we overhauled Maitland by 48 runs. John Hetherington's 28 was excellently made and sorely needed. John was ably supported by the "tail".

Again at Waratah Oval, we dealt Marist Bros. a severe trouncing. Jeff Clapham literally wrecked their batting and Barry Gibson cleaned up the "tail" with a minimum of effort. At the end of the first day we were 0-1, chasing 60. Next week we passed them without losing a wicket, and 0-90 was taken to 2-153 (Felton 89, Karpin 24, Davies 24). Marists avoided the outright.

No excuses are made for our ignominious defeat by Tech High, scores were 52 to 41. Only Davies and Lowe could put bat to ball in our innings. The match was played in a single afternoon with only 1 hour each to bat. This was unsatisfactory to say the least, as it reduces cricket to a "slogging" affair.

The strength of our team is indicated by the fact that we had seven representatives in the C.H.S. team which played and defeated both Cranbrook High and Combined Sydney.

I was privileged to have a fine team which played all games in a fine spirit.

Darryl Lowe, although he played only one game for us, is a fine cricketer, as he proved by his great performance for the C.H.S. team Darryl also bowls.

John Hetherington, the vice-captain, was not only a star of the team, but also a great help to me personally.

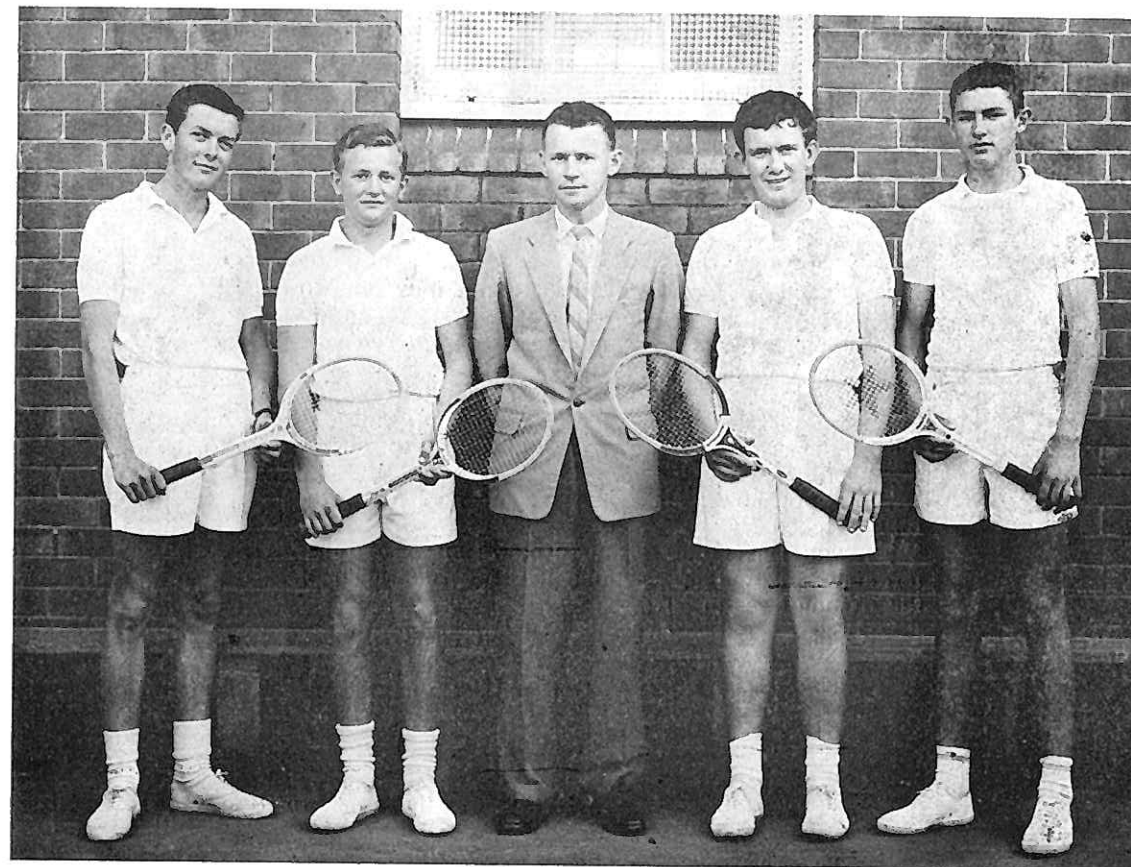
Paul Karpin showed class and solidity seldom seen from a schoolboy. Paul will develop into a fine batsman.

Terry Davies, with all those strokes, must surely go far, not to mention an unerring throw from cover point.

Doug Briggs, Ross Coulton, Laurie Stokoe, John Carrick and Paddy Cummings were among those whose chances were limited.

Jeff Clapham, might I say, is far too fast to bowl in school cricket. Injuries limited his chances, but his enthusiasm never flagged.

Barry Gibson proved an excellent foil to



**FIRST GRADE TENNIS**

Left to Right: G. Hallinan, P. Marshall, Mr. J. Neilson (Coach), J. Carrick, J. Hadfield.  
 Photo by McRae Studio. Block donated by Henry Lane Pty. Ltd., Hardware Manufacturers.



It is most important that you learn not only how to *earn* money, but also that you learn how to *save* it — because of all the money you earn *only what you save really belongs to you.*

At your school you have a "Student-Operated" School Savings Bank. It enables you to develop, whilst at school, the savings habit, which will help you to success and happiness now and in later life.

It shows you how your money is accounted for, carefully checked and recorded.

When you leave school your account may be transferred to an ordinary account at the local branch of the Commonwealth Savings Bank.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT **NOW** WITH YOUR  
"STUDENT-OPERATED"  
SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK

**COMMONWEALTH**  
*Savings* **BANK** SB141A.74

Jeff's pace. His slow leg breaks soothe the trembling batsman, who soon realizes the danger in a sharply-turning ball. Barry can produce an astounding googly which left even the best of Sydney staring.

Max Turnbull's part was invaluable. His bowling was steady and accurate and gained many wickets for few runs.

Thanks must go to our coach Mr. Maehl for his help and knowledgeable advice. He has a very sound knowledge of the game and with such a coach, the team enjoyed every game greatly.

RUSSELL FELTON, Captain

**PREMIERS — 2nd GRADE CRICKET**

Coach — Mr. Simpson

So far this year our team is undefeated, winning our three matches on the first innings.

In our first game against Hamilton Marist Brothers we won 118 to 96. East and Moore were best with the bat getting 29 and 28 respectively. Archibald took 3 for 22.

The game against Broadmeadow Junior High was drawn. Against St. Pius we won con-

vincingly. Archibald made 27 while Forrester took 6 for 16.

We also won against Junior High. Moore was again at his best making 26 while Tonks was not out for 22. Delves was the best of the bowlers taking 3 for 8.

The team thanks Mr. Simpson for his keenness and expert coaching.

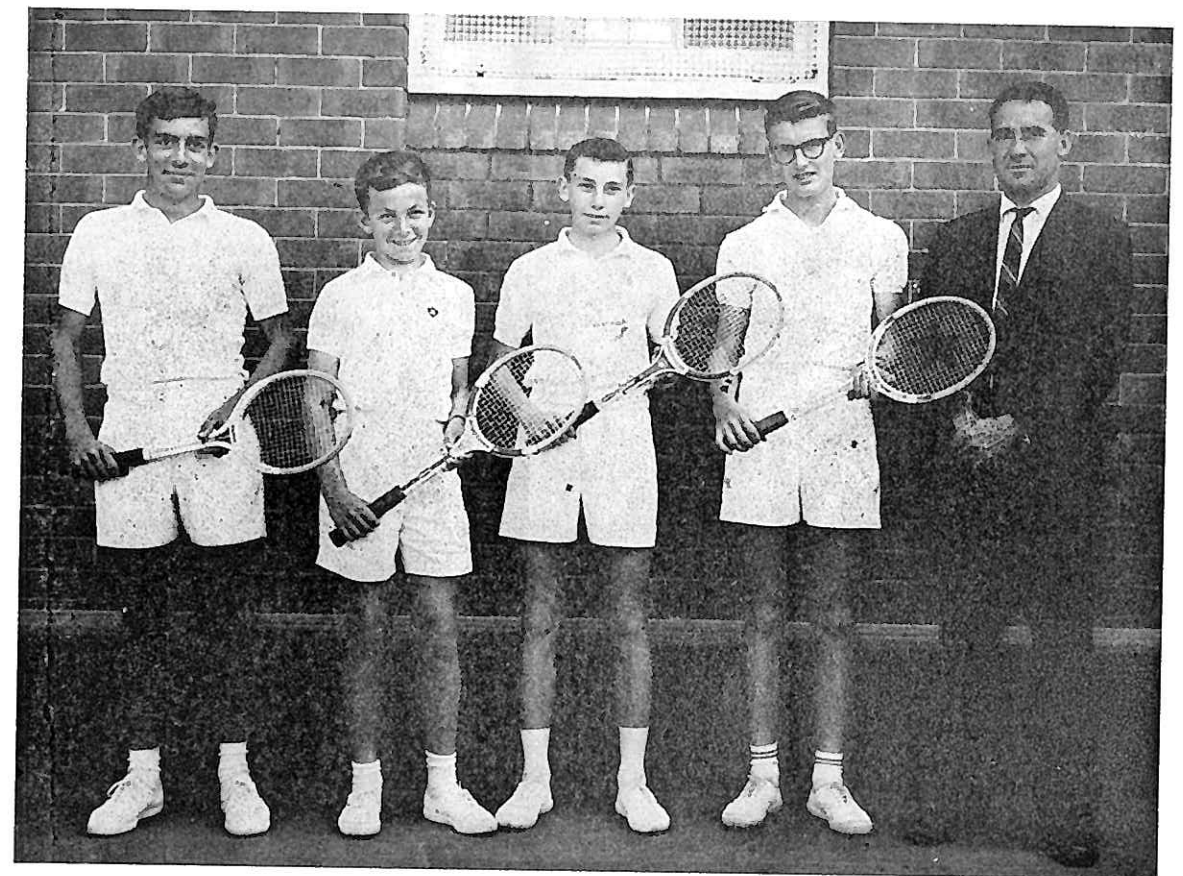
S. Moore	P. Staines
P. Delves	I. Forrester
R. Buckton	B. Alexander
C. East	S. Goodenough
I. Tonks	R. Wilson
J. Archibald (v.-c.)	C. Traill
M. Taylor	

CHARLES TRAILL, Captain

**3rd GRADE CRICKET**

Coach — Mr. Idstein

During the current season, the third grade cricket team has enjoyed some successes and, at the moment, stands a good chance of becoming the winner of the competition. The first round of matches has just been completed and three teams, Junior High, Broadmeadow Junior



SECOND GRADE TENNIS (Under 15 Years) 1962

C. East, B. Mathieson, G. Harrison, C. Thursby, Mr. J. Hill.

Photo by McRae Studios.

High and Boys' High are together in the lead. Unfortunately several games were marred by rain.

The first game was against Hamilton Marist Brothers and a good match resulted. Boys' High batted first and a nice start was made by Bruce Mathieson and Grant Harrison. Together they batted brightly and added fifty-two runs before Harrison was run out. Then Darrel Williamson joined Mathieson and they had an unfinished partnership of one hundred and forty-one, Mathieson making ninety-two and Williamson seventy six. At the end of the day Boys' High was one wicket down for one-hundred and ninety-three.

After a disastrous start Marist Brothers were struggling against accurate bowling by Williamson, Mathieson and Graeme Robson, who each secured two wickets. Despite some stout defence by several of the Marist batsmen, they were all out for sixty-two. In an attempt for an outright victory, Boys' High again sent Marist Brothers in to bat. Unfortunately time ran out while they were only four wickets for twenty-nine runs, Mathieson again gaining two wickets.

It was at this point that Bruce Mathieson

and Darrel Williamson were selected to play for New South Wales at an Interstate Carnival in Western Australia with Mathieson as vice-captain.

While they were away the team played two matches, the first being against St. Pius X. St Pius batted first, and when their time expired they were four wickets for eighty runs. After a nice start by Harrison, with a neatly-compiled twenty-seven, we easily made the required score. Geoff Rushton, the acting captain, set a fine example by top-scoring with an attractive fifty-six. We ended the game with five wickets down for one hundred and two.

Our next game was against Junior High and it was in this match that we sadly missed our two State players. Boys' High were sent in to bat and, because of some very good bowling, we were dismissed for seventy-one; only Harrison, Ryan and Rushton reached double figures. Junior High, with some solid batting, passed our score quite easily, and at the end of the day were nine wickets down for seventy-nine. Roach took the bowling honours in this game by capturing four wickets. Harrison also secured two wickets.

After the winter recess, we played a Tech-

nical High team. Boys' High were first to bat and, after a shaky start, our batsmen settled down to play some enterprising strokes. Ryan, with a dashing thirty-five, and Williamson and Roach with twenty-five each, were the best batsmen. After some fine innings, Boys' High, at the finish of the day, were six wickets for one hundred and twenty-two. After a bright start, Tech High faltered and were soon in trouble against good bowling by Williamson, who took three wickets, and Gibbons and Cheetham with two wickets each. Tech High were dismissed for sixty runs. In an attempt at an outright victory, we again sent them in. Due to unlucky circumstances, we were unable to dismiss them quickly enough and, when time ran out, Tech were nine wickets down for sixty runs. Robson, with excellent bowling, captured five wickets, and Mathieson also took three.

The team would like to express their thanks to Mr. Idstein, our coach, whose constant attendance at practice contributed much to the splendid standard of cricket which we played. Every member of the team performed excellently and we hope that we shall continue to do well in the competition.

D. CAIRNS, G. HARRISON, 2A

#### UNDER 13 CRICKET

Coach — Mr. McRae

Team members:

N. Lee 2B (capt.)	P. Briggs 1B
G. Skelley 2D (v.-c.)	D. Parker 2B
C. Halton 2C	B. Edgar 1A
C. Gilmore 1D	R. Simpson 1C
D. Vero 1A	J. Feenan 2
D. Jonas 1A	I. Henderson 2A
E. Rush 1B	K. Jarvis 1B

At the beginning of the year we played three games winning one outright and two on the 1st innings. The team work was good with the fielding excellent. Batsmen Halton 2C, Skelley 2D, Gilmore 1D, Jarvis 1B, were very consistent as were bowlers Jonas 1A, Briggs 1B, Lee 2B.

In this half of the season we have not yet reached the form that we were showing earlier. The bowling and fielding are effective but our batting has not been sound enough. We dismissed Technical High for 45 and in reply scored only 30. Constant practice is being held and we expect to improve. Excellent catches have been taken by Parker 2B, Lee 2B, Simpson 1C, Vero 1A, Edgar 1A. Gilmore promises to develop into an outstanding wicket keeper.



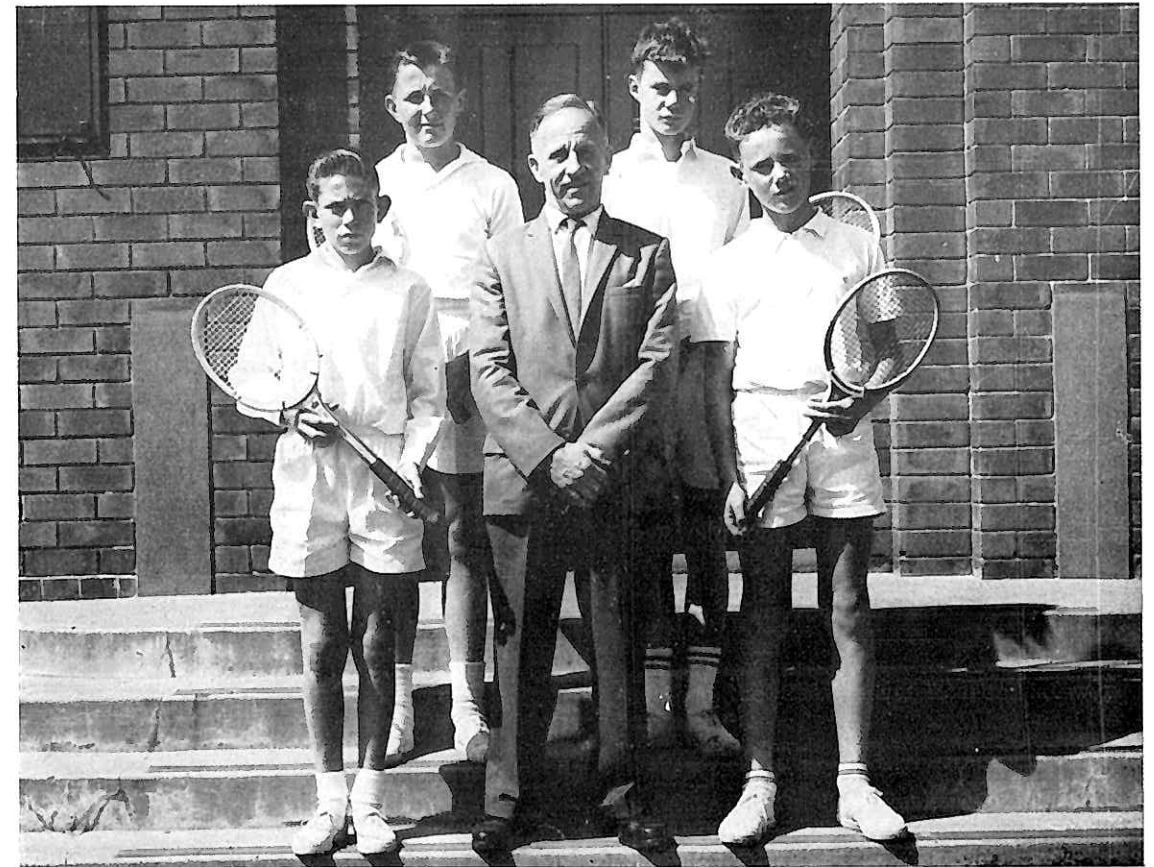
#### 3rd GRADE TENNIS

P. Knox, R. Hough, N. Willis, D. Hetherington.

J. Stace, P. Jenkins, Mr. J. Shield (Coach), G. Kentish, K. Corbett.

Block donated by Waratah Bowling Club.

Photo by McRae Studio.



#### 4th GRADE TENNIS (Premiers)

G. Gilmore (Captain), R. Johnstone, E. Rush, K. Jarvis.

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

Photo by McRae Studio.

## SQUASH REPORT, 1962

This year was one of the most successful for our squash players as the sport has now gained favour throughout the school. We now have three squash courts (at Mayfield, Waratah and Darby Street) with the four courts at Darby Street as the centre.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Carter, who founded our school squash, and to Mr. Fardell, who gave valuable assistance throughout the year despite a knee injury late in the year. We also appreciate the encouragement given by the P. and C. in providing much-needed equipment, and the co-operation shown by Mrs. Binns, who is in charge of the Darby Street courts.

J. HADFIELD

## 1962 TENNIS REPORT

This year was a successful one for our tennis teams, as most teams reached the semi-finals.

In first grade tennis, the A. grade team, consisting of Peter Marshall, John Hadfield, Geoff Hallinan and John Carrick, was undefeated in the competition rounds, and so gained the minor premiership. However, they lost the final to Maitland in a very close game at the Maitland courts. Both Don Gilson and Ken Moss are to be thanked for playing with the A. grade team when "regulars" were unavailable.

The B. grade team played all matches with enthusiasm and in a sporting manner. The team (Ken Moss, Don Gilson, Kevin Hills, Richard Jones, Robert Brown, Frank Moxey and Ian Parry) provided strong opposition to all opponents, but were beaten by Maitland in the semi-finals.

Bruce Mathieson, Colin East, Colin Thursby and Graeme Harrison, of the first grade under fifteen years, were undefeated minor and major premiers, defeating Junior High in the finals, and may be expected to provide strong opposition in higher grades in the future.

The seconds (Bruce Wilson and Robert Davies, both of 3D, and Max Morton and Ian Forrester, two fourth year boys) were semifinalists. Ian Mordue of 4A gave valuable support as the reserve for both of these teams.

In the under 14 years, the number one team, consisting of Peter Jenkins and Richard Hough of 3A, and Neil Willis and Greg Kentish, both from second year, were major premiers. They were fortunate to defeat our number two team (Phillip Knox, John Stace, Dennis Hetherington and Kevin Corbett) in the final, as the numbers two gained the minor premiership and were undefeated in the competition rounds.

The under thirteens also did well, for the No. 1 team (Jarvis, Gilmore, Johnstone and Rush) succeeded in winning the competition, while the seconds (Garvey, Henderson, Inglis and Austin) provided enthusiastic competition.

The highlight of this year's tennis, however, was the combined Newcastle High Schools versus Sydney Metropolitan High Schools match played at the White City tennis courts in Sydney. Four of our boys, Peter Marshall, John Hadfield, Colin East and Colin Thursby, were selected, and although confronted by superior players, they played enthusiastically and gained valuable experience. Peter Marshall played so well that he

was chosen in the N.S.W. Combined High Schools team to play interstate matches, but unfortunately the match had to be called off because of bad weather.

Bruce Mathieson of 3A represented the State in a series of Test Matches against Queensland.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Neilson, Mr. Hill, Mr. Shield and Mr. Simpson, for their support and encouragement in managing the teams, and to all those who have assisted us during the year.

JOHN HADFIELD, 4A.

### 1st GRADE SOCCER

The first grade soccer team was again successful in winning the premiership undefeated. The team combined well in a good season. Our closest games were against Tech. High, defeating them twice and drawing the third game.

We were fortunate in having G. Kane, J. Thurlow, D. Collins and H. Fryer selected in the combined Northern High Schools team which successfully competed in the State Championships in Sydney. Thurlow and Collins subsequently gained places in the N.S.W. team with Fryer and Kane narrowly missing out.

Other players who played regularly throughout the season were W. Burt, J. Compton, D. Attwood, J. Jackson, J. Leach, N. Tarsis, J. Richards and J. Wisniewski.

Our thanks go to Mr. Southern for his coaching and interest, without which the team would not have finished the season successfully.

D. COLLINS, 5th Year.

### B. GRADE SOCCER, 15 Years, Runners-up

Coach — Mr. C. McKenzie.

J. Archibald, Capt.	J. Ferguson.
P. Seale, Vice Capt.	J. Conn.
M. Taylor.	G. Jones.
J. Hillier.	D. Wicks.
R. Jarvie.	A. Briggs.
P. Duckworth.	G. Stewart.
W. Van der Werken.	



## Reliance

The ideal watch for every young man. 17 jewels, incablock shockproof system, waterproof, anti-magnetic, sweep second hand. Prices from a value packed

£7/19/6

see them at  
**Whitaker's** 133 HUNTER ST.  
NEWCASTLE

### C. GRADE SOCCER TEAM, 1962

Manager: Mr. Blunden.

Peter Crowhurst (goalkeeper), Grant Harrison (right full-back, Captain), Peter Chenery (left full-back), Peter Charo (right half), Paul Smith (centre half), John Gray (left half), David Fryer (right wing), Graham Ormerod (inside right), Ian Wood (centre forward), Geoffrey Rushton (inside left, Vice Captain), Jeffrey Threlfo (left wing), Robert Booth (reserve).

### D. GRADE SOCCER

Coach — Mr. L. Abell.

T. Wallace, Capt.	P. West.
G. Skelly.	I. Mewett.
A. Woods.	S. Fleming.
J. Feenan, Vice Capt.	P. Sheean.
A. Clark.	G. Halton.
M. Curran.	P. Briggs.
B. Baker.	M. Norman.
R. Sommerville.	

### UNDER 14 SOCCER, 1962

This team, by winning its way to the final, proved itself to be an exceptionally strong team, although we had our share of wins and losses.

In the first round of the competition our

team won most games due to the combination of the forward line and the strong defence displayed by the back line. The second round told a different story and we lost every game.

We managed to scrape into the semi-finals, and we played the best football that we had ever played in the semi-finals against the strong Tech. High eleven. Full marks must go to the defence who solidly withstood many an attack by the strong Tech High forwards and clearances were good. Peter Crowhurst in goals performed many clever saves while Ian Wood scored with a well placed shot.

Those who stood out this year were solid, hard-tackling P. Smith and P. Chenery, clever goalkeeper P. Crowhurst, talented and tricky Geoff Rushton and J. Threlfo, while J. Wood, G. Omerod and D. Fryer combined well on the right side. Wing halves J. Gray and P. Chard distributed the ball well and R. Booth, our reserve, filled in capably in any position.

Geoff Rushton and Jeff Threlfo represented in the Newcastle team while Geoff Rushton had the honour of being selected captain of the State team.



### A. GRADE SOCCER

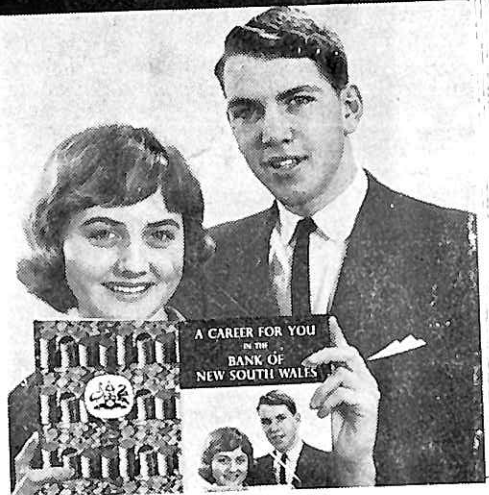
Back Row: N. Tarsis, D. Attwood, J. Wisniewski, D. Collins (Capt.), H. Fryer, J. Leach, Mr. G. Southern.

Front Row: W. Burt, J. Compton, G. Kane, J. Richards, J. Jackson.

Photo. by McRae Studio.

Block donated by A. F. Toll.

**A CAREER FOR YOU  
IN THE  
BANK OF  
NEW SOUTH WALES**



"A Career for You in the Bank of New South Wales", a 24-page book about banking, gives full details of the opportunities offered and lists the many advantages of working for Australia's largest trading bank. Ask for your copy at any branch of the "Wales".

*Applicants who have passed the Intermediate Certificate (or Leaving Certificate), or those who expect to pass the Intermediate Certificate this year, are invited to apply now to the Manager at the nearest branch or to the Staff Manager, Bank of New South Wales, 341 George Street, Sydney.*

*There is no entrance examination.*

**BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES**

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

**A GREAT AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTION**

SRA6102G-N

The team owes what has been achieved to the capable and skilful management of Mr. Blunden, and on behalf of the team I would like to extend my thanks to him for his interest and constructive advice given throughout the season.

G. HARRISON, 2A, Captain.

**A. GRADE HOCKEY**

Once again the A. grade hockey team finished the season undefeated premiers, scoring approximately 60 goals and conceding only three.

The forwards always outclassed the opposition both in speed and stick-work. The outstanding inside forwards, P. Stepan, J. Hayes and R. Alexander, were always well supported by W. Whiteside and R. Caddy, right and left wing respectively.

The half line, J. Barlow, W. Dyjak, P. Page and B. Beckenham, were excellent in both attack and defence and were always on hand when needed.

The back line, J. Nelmes and M. Heaston, stopped almost every attempt made by the opposi-

tion forwards to score, and the goalie, B. Dyjak, made many good saves.

The school was well represented in the Newcastle under 16 representative team at the N.S.W. State Carnival, the following players gaining selection: M. Heaston (Captain), P. Page, J. Hayes and R. Alexander. Coach — Mr. White.

Team:

P. Page, Captain.	B. Dyjak.
M. Heaston.	W. Dyjak.
J. Nelmes.	R. Caddy.
J. Hayes.	P. Stepan.
B. Beckenham.	W. Whiteside.
R. Alexander.	J. Barlow.

**B. GRADE HOCKEY**

Coach — Mr. Willmot.

The B. grade hockey team under the management of Mr. Willmot, performed well throughout the year to win the B. grade premiership. The team suffered only one defeat, in a hard fought match against Central. However, we clashed with Central in the final and here the team was victorious in winning 2-1.



**A. GRADE HOCKEY**

Front Row: W. Dyjak, B. Beckenham, N. Heaston, J. Hayes, R. Alexander, Mr. White (Coach).

Front Row: J. Andrews, W. Whiteside, B. Dyjak, P. Page (Captain), G. Barlow.

Photo by McRae Studio.

The half backline of N. Morrison, R. Naughton and R. Pullar, tried hard and were always there when needed. The backline of M. Hallet, J. Allison and S. Cotteril (goalkeeper) played consistently throughout the competition. The forwards, P. Richards, B. Hicks, D. Parker, G. Dearing and B. Jones, combined well and were always on the attack. The reserves, L. Colless and G. Bell, played well when there was a vacancy in the team.

Team:  
 S. Cotteril. B. Jones.  
 M. Hallet. G. Dearing.  
 J. Allison. D. Parker.  
 N. Morrison. B. Hicks.  
 R. Naughton. P. Richards.  
 R. Pullar.

Reserves: L. Colless, G. Bell.

### C. GRADE HOCKEY

Coach — Mr. Buckland.

P. Bensley (Capt.)	P. Burns.
G. Andrews.	N. Randel.
B. Harris.	W. Hoy.
B. Lenzer.	D. Hawks.
G. Schott.	J. Bennetts.
T. Dalby.	G. Sutton.
T. Bennetts.	J. Sampson.
A. Whiteside.	G. Mason.

### HOUSE SPORT

A healthy House Competition is conducted on Wednesday afternoons for pupils who do not gain a place in any of the grade teams.

During the first term a cricket competition was commenced in three grades in each of the four houses. This competition carries over into third term and at the time of going to press the point score is:

Hunter House and Shortland House 25 points each, Smith House 14 points, Hannell House 12 points.

Congratulations to the House Cricketers on their attire, all boys being dressed in white.

In second term, competitions were conducted in Basketball, Rugby League, Soccer and Tennis. Each boy playing in the soccer or basketball competition played in his "P.E." singlet. This had the effect of equipping teams in House colours without any extra expense falling on the school. The school supplied House jerseys to boys playing Rugby, whilst all boys playing tennis came dressed in white.

Smith House was the winners of the George Forden Shield for Rugby League; Hunter House took the double in Soccer and Tennis during the second term, winning the McGarry Cup and the G. Caldwell Shield.

The Basketball competition continues over to third term and at the moment Hunter House is in the lead.

Other activities carried out on sports afternoon include golf, softball, athletics, squash and swimming.

A. CRESWICK-JACKSON, 3B.  
 R. GITTINS, 3B.

### AUSTRALIAN RULES

The Australian Rules team finished the season in second place. In every game the team was faced with a handicap of 12 points to overcome, but nevertheless the team played well and most of the matches were very close.

Our team consisted of a mixture of old and new players and in most matches combined particularly well. The rucks and rovers were the team's strength as they repeatedly drove the side into attack. These players were Eltis, Stolman, Howland, Eden, Paterson and Linter. The forwards and backs, led by Eltis, Stolman and Carr, and Ussfeller and Winnik respectively, acquitted themselves well. Many new players, among whom were Hillman, Parsons, Stevenson, Priest, Britton, Strong, Scott, McAlpine Cotterill, Derwin, Zimmerman, Homard and Beasley, also did well.

Many thanks go to our goal umpires, Cooper

and Watt, and to Mr. A. McKinnon who trained the team on Tuesday afternoons, and to Mr. Judd for their assistance and support throughout the season.

Team:  
 Coach — Mr. Judd.

W. Eltis.	J. McAlpine.
N. Eden.	J. Beasley.
R. Howland.	G. Cotterill.
J. Stolman.	P. Derwin.
M. Paterson.	J. Zimmerman.
P. Linter.	G. Priest.
R. Homard.	J. Parsons.
L. Hillman.	C. Stevenson.
W. Ussfeller.	A. Winnik.
D. Carr.	M. Cooper.
C. Strong.	S. Watt.
B. Scott.	P. Britton.

WARREN ELTIS, 4D, Captain.

### GOLF REPORT, 1962

The number of golfers at N.B.H.S. has increased greatly this year. There were about 30 boys playing each Wednesday afternoon during the season at Broadmeadow course.

During the May holidays, three boys went to Sydney to compete in the State Schoolboys'



### B. GRADE HOCKEY (Premiers)

Back Row (left to right): D. Bell, R. Norton, M. Hallet, B. Jones, D. Richards, B. Fisher.  
 Front Row (left to right): R. Pullar, G. Dearing, B. Hicks, Cotterill, L. Colliss, D. Parker, N. Morrison.



### GOLF

Left to right: C. Campbell-Jones, Neil Valentine, Peter Perrett, Ian Lovell, Ken Tripet, G. Gregory  
 Photo. by McRae Studio.

Championships. They were Tony Mangan (who has since left the school), Chris Campbell-Jones and Ian Lovell. In the qualifying round at North Ryde, Chris and Tony had fine rounds in the 70's, and Ian an 81. N.B.H.S. thus qualified first on 234 for the final of the teams event.

The next day, the final 36 holes were played at Concord, a first class course. Tony played very well to finish 9th on 165, Chris finished 14th on 171, and Ian 15th on 172. The total number of entrants was 250. We finished with 508 in the teams final, coming third (out of 23 competing schools), only six strokes behind the winners.

During the September holidays, quite a few boys from the school competed in the N.D.G.A. schoolboys' championships. They included Chris Campbell-Jones, Peter Perret, Ken Tripet, Neil Valentine, Ian Lovell, Les Brien and several others. Chris Campbell-Jones and Neil Valentine won trophies in their age divisions. However, we lost the teams event to Belmont. The winner of the championship, Clive Jensen, was a member of their team.

It can be said, though, that golf at this school has attained an unprecedented standard and it is hoped that more success is met with in the future.

The thanks of all boys concerned with golf go to Mr. O'Donoghue, without whose interest golf at this school would not be possible.

IAN LOVELL, 5th Year.

#### SOLUTION TO SALARY QUIZ

(From page 24)

Years	£30 rise yearly	£10 rise each 6 mths.
1st	£500 - - £500 = £1000	£500 - - £510 = £1010
2nd	£515 - - £515 = £1030	£520 - - £530 = £1050
3rd	£530 - - £530 = £1060	£540 - - £550 = £1090
4th	£545 - - £545 = £1090	£560 - - £570 = £1130

The third clerk was alert and realised that his salary would exceed theirs by £10, £20, £30, £40 for each year.

#### TIPS FOR T.V. TINKERS

- Complaint: Picture flutters when plane flies overhead.  
Cause: Aircraft interference.  
Remedy: Buy anti-aircraft gun.
- Complaint: Complete blackout of picture — sound perfect.  
Cause: Visitor's head.  
Remedy: Heavy whack with hammer.
- Complaint: Double image.  
Cause: Warm beer.  
Remedy: Sign the pledge.
- Complaint: Set gets nothing but 1933 movies.  
Cause: Tubes are getting old.  
Remedy: Trade in your set for a 1962 model.
- Complaint: Screen blank, no picture or sound  
Cause: Insufficient electronic drive.  
Remedy: Pay electricity bill.
- Complaint: Loud, squealing noises.  
Cause: Stray electrifying field in close vicinity.  
Remedy: Feed kids and put them to bed.
- Complaint: Horizontal lines across picture.  
Cause: Venetian interference.  
Remedy: Raise blinds or stop watching T.V. through window.

- Complaint: Sets gets two channels at same time.  
Cause: Co-channel interference.  
Remedy: Don't worry. Some people can't even get one channel.
- Complaint: Can't even get one channel.  
Cause: No-channel interference.  
Remedy: Don't worry. Some people get two channels at same time.
- Complaint: Tiny spots in front of screen.  
Cause: A window's open somewhere.  
Remedy: Quick, the fly spray.
- Picture breaks up every time car passes home.  
Cause: Ignition interference.  
Remedy: Barracade road and detour traffic.
- Complaint: Nasty smell from set.  
Cause: You've been watching too many Westerns.  
Remedy: Take back off set and clean out dead Indians.
- Complaint: Whole set rotates, screen breaks up into purple flashes.  
Cause: Nervous breakdown.  
Remedy: You've had it, brother! Go back to radio.
- Complaint: Set turns on in middle of night when everybody is in bed.  
Cause: Ghosts.  
Remedy: Move to new house.

For Service, Quality and  
REAL Value Shop at . . .

## PAYNES HUSTLERS

- Clothing for Every Member of Your Family
- Linens and Furnishing Fabrics for Your Home

Shop the Convenient, Economical way  
with a

### PAYNES CREDIT ACCOUNT

Ask the Credit Manager for particulars  
about this wonderful Shopping Convenience

PAYNES-HUSTLERS  
NEWCASTLE AND WEST END