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victor, Woods of Maitland. The enthusiasm for that race and several other performances by other northern competitors equalled that for Konrads and Goodman of Sydney. Besides Richard's brilliant victory Bill Childs succeeded in gaining two fourths in his division, our Senior Relay team swam beautifully into fifth in a very fast race, and I, with Stan Evans of Newcastle Tech., dead-heated for victory in the Senior Breaststroke.

The team returned to Newcastle revelling in its successes and accompanied by its loyal supporters, Mr. Judge, Mr. McFarlane and Mr. McRae, who, by the expression upon their faces, were as happy as we. But we are not without loss, for "Ogy" Richards has been claimed by the world of commerce, and we can only mourn his passing and hope that our juveniles will follow his footsteps to the glory of themselves and the school.

PETER DALTON.

HOCKEY

A1 Hockey: Under the coaching of Mr. James this year's A1 Hockey team has been moulded into an invulnerable side. It went through the tough competition unbeaten and did remarkably well to score 86 goals without having any scored against it. It would be extremely difficult to choose any particularly outstanding player from the XI, as it was a perfectly balanced side. The half-line consisting of C. Charlton, D. Stuart and A. Page was very strong in both attack and defence. The inside-forwards, N. Watkins and L. Newham, scored most of the goals, mainly because the wingers, P. Simpson and J. Delman, gave them a good share of the ball. Centre-forward J. Quinlan had excellent control of the ball and combined well with his other forwards. Gould and L. Atkin formed a solid back-line pair. Their styles are altogether different. The goalkeeper, G. Cummings (a very promising player), did not let any attempts at goals succeed.

DAVID STUART.

A2 Hockey: Although the A2 Hockey team did not secure a major place in the competition, it did manage to uphold the school's name by the way it took its defeats. Out of 12 games and two byes the team managed to gain fourth place. The top goal-scorer and best player throughout the season was William Lyddiard. The most improved player was Robert Purdy, who showed consistently good form.

WARREN SHARKEY (Captain).

B1 Hockey: This season the team has been successful, completing the season undefeated premiers. The largest margin that we won by was 11-0 against Junior High 2. We only drew with Junior High 1 1-1. Our goalkeeper, G. Grabham, was always safe and was well supported by the backs, R. Davis and M. Brennan. The halves were the strongest line of players in the team. The forwards were led into attack by the outstanding goal-scorer and player in the team, M. Arratoon. He scored 25 goals for the season. The team wishes to thank Mr. Rushton for his coaching.

R. O'SULLIVAN (Captain).

C1 Hockey: Activities of the C1 Hockey team, although not very successful, were thoroughly enjoyed by all members of the team. We

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NEWCASTLE WEST

played 12 games, winning three, losing six, and drawing three. Outstanding players were C. Seiman, B. George, W. McDonald, and P. Rees. We hope that, with a little more experience, we shall improve in the following season.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, 1A.

ATHLETICS

This has been a very enjoyable and successful season, with a pleasing number of new performers. The Under 13 Team is the strongest since 1949.

At the Northern Districts C.H.S. Carnival, we won the Lintott Cup, the Senior Cup and the Juvenile Cup. W. Newman broke the Under 14 Shot record with a put of more than 55 feet.

All members of the team performed creditably at the Sydney C.H.S. Carnival. We won the Kerr Cup for the sixteenth year in succession and also the coveted Juvenile Shield. At this Carnival, wins were scored by D. Magin in the Senior Shot Put, A. Turner in the Under 14 High Jump, S. Anthony in the Under 13 Broad Jump, I. Trevallion, R. Lloyd, S. Anthony and T. Hefner in the Under 13 Relay, I. Trevallion in the Under 13 100 yards in time that equalled the old record, and I. Trevallion and T. Hefner, who won the two divisions of the Under 13 Hurdles, each in the record time of 9 seconds.

There were some good performances at our own School Carnival. The 1957 Championship Pennants were won by J. Perry (Senior), D. Curran (Under 16), D. Sharp (Under 15), A. Turner (Under 14), and I. Trevallion (Under 13).

New records were established by R. Orton in the Senior 440, J. Perry in the Senior Hop, Step and Jump, W. Newman in the Under 14 Shot, and I. Trevallion in the Under 13 Shot and Under 13 Broad Jump.

The Arthur Shield was won by Shortland House, and the Gosper Cup, awarded annually for the outstanding juvenile athlete, was won by I. Trevallion.

The sprinters did well this season, but we urgently need some middle-distance runners.

Our shot-putters, coached by Mr. Shield, were really outstanding. There are two new events for future years, the Senior Discus and the Senior Javelin, and Mr. Shield is also helping with these.

We should like to thank all those who helped to make this such a good season, particularly Mr. T. Osborne and his staff at Waratah Oval.

FIRST GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE, 1957

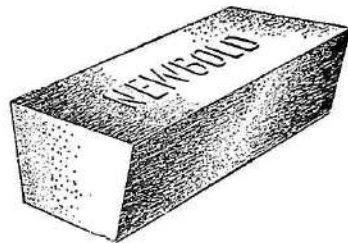
Names of Players under photograph on Page 42.

BACK ROW: R. Orton, G. Moore, G. Roach, J. Perry, K. North.
SECOND ROW: I. Watts, J. Wingett, B. Middleby, P. James, D. Cunningham.
FRONT ROW: Mr. J. Daly, R. Hynes, K. Duncan (Captain), A. Cameron, J. Graham, Mr. G. Kerr (Coach).
INSET: E. Scott.

As

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ARTISTRY

As sunset spreads in grandeur o'er the skies,
And seagulls cease their piercing, raucous cries,
The harbour of our city lies serene,
Its ruffled surface stained as if were seen
The remnants of the sunset lying there,
Its faded glory not to be compared
With that great flame now burning in the west,
And all around the city is at rest.
Though with such magic—Nature's greatest art—
Her swift, deft strokes of colour touch the heart
Of Man, yet if her beauty we impair
By wastes of Industry, who is to care?
For even now man nature's plea denies
With thick black smoke covering the darkening skies.

ROSS EVANS, 4A

THE SONG OF CIVILISATION

The hum of a car and the clatter of feet,
And the roar of a bus as it travels the street,
The long street of our civilisation.

The murmur of voices, the blare of a horn,
The solemnity dark of the windows that scorn
The deep folly of civilisation.

The clank of machines as they work through the day,
The quick screech of brakes as they wish to say nay
To the bustle of civilisation.

The bang of a packing case falling in place,
And the puff of an engine that's working full pace
To benefit civilisation.

The sound of a whistie across the grey sky,
And the churn of old cartwheels as rumbling by
They stare blankly on civilisation.

The rustle of feet and the buzz of a bell
To this scurrying song are the dark death knell—
Yes, one day less of civilisation.

D. JOHNSTON, 1A

MORNING

The veil of night that hides us from the sun
Slowly is being drawn. Ten thousand darts
Hurled by Old Sol at night have just begun
To pierce his deep, black proof in many parts.
Now in the east his furbished gold appears.
Eternal heavens, tinted pale at dawn,
Are still serene except where to the ears
Comes the lark's anthem carolling the morn;
And to his call a thousand songs reply,
And soon the busy world will be aflame.
Now every star, no matter how it try,
By splendid glory soon is put to shame.
So in this world of ours there shines a light—
A flame of love—that turns the darkness bright.

JOHN STEEL, 5C

EXTRACT FROM A FORLORN HOPE

Life!
Is life worth living without your love?
That there is beauty in knowledge,
Peace in study,
Enjoyment in striving,
I do not doubt;
But is there love in them?
I touch your birthday;
I caress it.
How soft it feels, how smooth,
As the ice creeps into my soul,
Frozen in the awful waste of loneliness.
An outcast, a dreamer,
Who dreams of the past,
And fears the future,
He thinks of a birthday
In remembrance of you.
He wishes you happiness,
Though he has none to give.
He wants you to be loved
By the one you love;
But he hopes you did not forget
You are not what he fears
That he may be part of you.

P. DALTON, 5th Year

NAPOLEON ROUTS THE RUSSIANS

A thund'rous roar from fifty thousand throats,
A staccato of drums,
And down the green-swarded slope charge the horde
Like messengers from Hell,
Red, blue, and white in a milling mass.
The glint of sun on sharpened steel;
Here and there a flash
As powder hurls a ball into the flanks;
A sickening scream, a drawn-out gasp—a man is dead.
And on they come, midst oaths and screams,
Amidst the whinnying of frightened, sweating mounts,
Amidst the roar of cannons, the clank of steel,
Amidst the smell of blood and sweat and smoke,
On they come—
Till death, the only conqueror of such a feud,
Feasts on the numbers until, lean and sick,
They are but the skeleton, without brain, flesh or muscle,
To fight yet on.

J. GARDINER, 4A

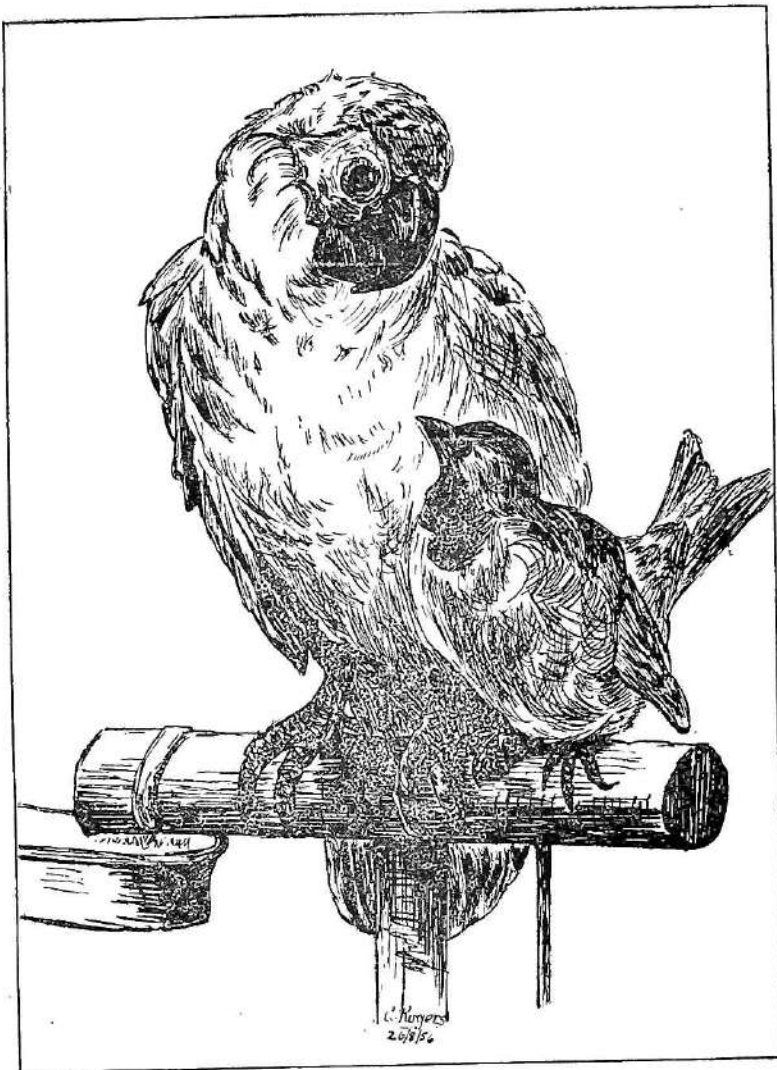
AFTERMATH

No scented breezes blow across the land.
The wind is hot and biting, full of sand.
The mighty rivers flowing to the sea
Are dirty brown and laden with debris.
Great cities too, once boasting might and power,
Are heaps of rubble at this fateful hour.

The seas to whose wild beauty men wrote odes
Are lying dark and still; and all forebodes
Death, for in the distance all around,
The face of Earth is scorched a deadly brown,
And pastures green, once wild and lush with grain,
Turn pock-marked faces to the falling rain.

For man his blind ignorance has played
With things out of control that should have stayed
A mystery till man had been prepared
To know these things, for then he should have cared
To use the power of forces such as these,
Not just for warfare, but instead for peace.

ROSS EVANS, 4A



(Block donated by James Tickle and Sons Pty. Ltd., Iron Foundry.)

THE BUSH SONG

The scurrying creatures of nature drift by,
 Each singing this chorus, "So happy am I."
 The bellbird is tinkling its sweet harmony,
 While the cuckoo is waltzing in time, one, two, three.
 The wombat surveys them still deep in his night,
 And koala drops nuts on his head in delight,
 While our jangling Jacky runs on in his tree,
 And the fly sings a chorus with help from the bee.
 The flowers sway slowly in time with the breeze
 As he breathes on them gently, with sometimes a sneeze.
 The streamlet runs onward, its murmurous song
 Accompanied so gruffly by Mr. Frog's glong.
 Now the gentle white clouds kiss the tips of the hills,
 The smallest of birds practise gaily their trills,
 The gum-tree sedate bows to old Mother Earth,
 And the magpies all chortle with heartiest mirth.
 The bush is awake with the songs of the morn
 To greet the gold clouds as they herald the dawn.

D. JOHNSTON, 1A

MALAYA'S ROAD TO NATIONHOOD

The Malay word "Merdeka", translated into the English language, simply means freedom, but this very word, consisting of seven letters, means a great deal to the Malaysians. On August 31st, 1957, this small, young and industrious country celebrated its independence. It is indeed very remarkable to know that this young country was ripe for independence. Yes, August 31st was a very auspicious and memorable day for the Malaysians, who celebrated it on a very large scale.

Before proceeding any further, let me give you an overall picture of the Federation of Malaya. This rather small peninsula, with an area of 50,680 square miles, protrudes into the Indian Ocean from the great Eurasian landmass. To the north of it lies Siam, and to the east and west are Borneo and Indonesia respectively. It has a population of just over seven million.

Malaya is the world's largest single producer of tin and second largest producer of natural rubber. Over 60 percent of the cultivable area is devoted to the growing of rubber. Both tin and rubber are important dollar-earners, and Malaya is the biggest net dollar-earner in the British Commonwealth.

World War II was the end of an era in Malaya. The tremendous shock and catastrophe of the Japanese invasion, the sudden collapse of the old regime, the enemy occupation lasting three and a half years—these were experiences that could not but cause profound internal reactions. But externally, too, World War II changed the whole en-

vironment of Malaya. Before the war all South-East Asia, except Siam, was under European colonialism. After the war there was ferment throughout the region, and indeed all over Asia. India, Burma and Ceylon gained their independence "in peaceful and amicable negotiations". Only Malaya began in 1945 where she left off in 1941.

The Japanese occupation of Malaya, from December 1941 to September 1945, was succeeded by a military administration, under South-East Asia Command, which functioned until civil government was restored recently. The Federation of Malaya was thus established in 1948 consisting of the four former "Federated Malay States" (Perak, Pahang, Selangor, Negri Sembilan) and the five "Unfederated Malay States" (Johore, Trengganu, Kelantan, Kedah and Perlis) together with the settlements of Penang and Malacca. Each sultanate has a measure of self government in local affairs. Federal affairs are under the control of the British High Commissioner, assisted by an appointed Legislative Council. The United Kingdom's Commissioner-General in South-East Asia is responsible for the co-ordination of administration in the Federation of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, North Borneo and Brunei.

Elections were held throughout the country for the Federal Legislature in July, 1955, and were a great success. "The eagerness with which the people went to the polls," says the Federation Annual Report, "was very much in evidence in the rural areas, where it was not an uncommon sight to see long queues of people waiting to vote shortly after the opening of the polling stations." The election resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Triple Alliance—the United Malays National Organisation, the Malayan Chinese Association and the Malayan Indian Congress. Alliance candidates won 51 of the 52 elected seats in the Federal Legislative Council.

Accordingly, Tunku Abdul Rahman, a Cambridge-educated barrister, leader of the Alliance, was appointed Chief Minister and formed a government. In the month after the national elections, the Secretary of State, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, came to Kuala Lumpur from London "to hold discussions with the rulers and the new Alliance Ministers on further progress towards self-government."

Tunku Abdul Rahman led his historic mission, representative of the rulers and the Federation Government, to London at the beginning of 1956. It was then agreed that full self-government and independence within the Commonwealth for the Federation of Malaya would be proclaimed, if possible, by August, 1957.

What does Merdeka signify? It signifies "a measure of autonomy for the States and settlements, the safeguarding of the position and prestige of Their Highnesses as constitutional rulers of their respective States, a constitutional Paramount Ruler (Tang di-Pertuan Agong) for the Federation, to be chosen from among the rulers, a common nationality for the whole of the Federation and the safeguarding of the special position of the Malays and the legitimate interests of other communities". The present constitutional ruler is Tenku Sir Abdul

Rahman. Under the new constitution there will be a fully elected House of Representatives, with a membership of 100, and a Senate consisting of 22 members elected by the State Legislature and 16 members nominated by the Tang di Pertuan Agong. Merdeka Day also saw the British High Commissioner disappear from Kuala Lumpur (Federal Capital), as a part of the constitutional "machine", and Tunku Abdul Rahman and his ministers took over full control of internal and external affairs in an independent Malaya. At the London defence talks Tunku Rahman gave a public pledge that Malaya would remain within the Commonwealth. "We shall float or sink with our British friends and the great Commonwealth which their leadership has inspired," he said in a broadcast to the British nation.

The greatest problem of all facing the Federation after Merdeka Day is not one of security or economics or even politics: it is in the realm of the mind and the spirit; it is the building of a Malayan nation. There are stresses and strains that tend to pull the Federation apart, as well as those that bind it. The hope of the future, however, lies in the rising generation. The problem is to foster, spread and deepen Malayan consciousness among the non-Malay Communities, and, on the Malay side, to develop the growing realisation that Malay nationalism must take account of true Malaysians in the other sections of the Federation's plural society; until, "in the effluxion of time, all these various elements are fused into a true Malayan nation."

A Malayan nation within one generation—that is the task which the Federation set itself on Merdeka Day.

K. BALASINGAM, 4 A

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The five beings from space watched with apprehension as the great, green orb that was Earth expanded in the window of their spacecraft. So this was the third planet from the Sun! It was a sight that filled them with wonderment and awe. It was growing like a living thing, spreading and consuming the surrounding star-studded velvet of the sky until it was a great, blue-green expanse of colour flecked with white, stretching away as far as the eye could see. Now they could make out the division between the green and the blue as the great continents appeared, set in the azure seas, so large and yet so unreal, like a page from a book. It was a sight breathtaking in its majesty.

The aliens watched as if hypnotised, and it was only with an effort that they dragged themselves away from the window to fire the deceleration rockets. Soon they would be entering the Earth's atmosphere. They were all anxious to complete their mission as soon as possible and return to their own distant world, which was now one of the thousands of pinpoints of light in the sky behind them. Hastily they revised the details of their orders. They were to capture an inhabitant of this planet and transport him back to their world in an effort to make contact with him, and later use him as an ambassador to his race. Then at

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last their lifelong dream of interplanetary commerce and friendship would be realised. It would not be long now.

As the old car drew up at the side of the lake a small boy and his dog jumped out, obviously in high spirits, followed soon after by a father laden down with numerous items of fishing tackle. The man dropped the gear at the edge of the lake and inhaled the crisp, morning air appreciatively. Yes, it was a beautiful day, and if the fish were biting

It was only after lunch that the boy tired of the day's sport. Calling his dog, he ran off into the woods to explore, while his father dozed under a tree. The dog, overjoyed at this unexpected freedom, darted happily away into the scrub, sniffing all the exciting smells that only a dog knows, while the boy walked on, watching the gaily-coloured birds and whistling happily.

The silver, saucer-like craft hovered a few feet above the ground, its outer rim still glowing from its passage through Earth's atmosphere, while the greenish light coming from the small round cabin undulated softly, regularly, like a slow heart-beat. A hollow, metallic throb was the only sound made by the saucer as it hovered, quivering slightly, waiting among the trees.

It did not have to wait long. One of the aliens spied something moving in the scrub near the saucer. The others had seen it too. A strained silence settled in the cabin of the saucer as they waited for the creature to come in range. The leader's hand tensed on a lever . . . a little further and . . . Now! Two shining, metal arms slid swiftly from their recesses on the underside of the saucer and silently grasped the squirming, frightened creature. Gently, but firmly, holding their prey, the great arms swung back up into the saucer; the trapdoor clicked shut behind them with a note of finality. It was done! They had captured an Earthian!

For some minutes the saucer remained hovering above the ground, while the metallic throb emanating from somewhere deep in the bowels of the craft became faster and more pronounced. The outer rim of the saucer began to rotate, the throb rose to a high-pitched whine, and, like a startled sparrow, the strange craft from space flitted off into the gathering dusk.

As the green planet dissolved slowly into the backdrop of the glittering sky, the aliens examined their strange prize. Then, sadly, they looked at one another. Their mission had been in vain. Surely this creature could not be capable of speech or communication of any kind. It would be many years before evolution would produce an intelligent dominant species from this creature. They turned slowly away and looked with despair at the bright jewel twinkling into insignificance in the distance. Earth would not be ready for their wisdom and knowledge for many, many years.

Dusk had almost melted into the blackness of night, and the singing of the birds had ceased in the woods. It was strangely hushed and still. A few scorched trees were the only indication that anything had

disturbed the peace of the countryside that day. Now a brooding silence fell, a silence broken only by the soft sighing of the breeze in the scrub and the distant, high-pitched whistle of a small boy searching for his dog.

ROSS EVANS, 4A

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY OPEN DAY

Saturday, 27th July, 1957, will always be in my mind, for it was on that day I attended the Open Day of the University of Sydney.

I first entered the Great Hall. This overwhelming replica of Westminster Hall, London, contains many historic and symbolic associations with the past. Around the hall are the portraits and busts of men who, like William Charles Wentworth, have given money, knowledge and service to the University. The beautifully adorned stained glass windows around the massive walls reflect the lives of great English scholars, writers, explorers, and monarchs. Shakespeare, Bacon, Keats, Cook and scores of others have fitting memorials in the church-like building. The Chancellor's chair, from which degrees are conferred, occupies a prominent position on the raised platform underneath the carved angels which guard the entrances and body of the hall.

The famous Fisher Library, which contains over 370,000 volumes, occupies a magnificent part of the buildings. Owing to a fire, only a small exhibition of ancient records, written on clay tablets, could be shown.

The Veterinary Science laboratories proved most interesting. Exhibits of bovine foetal development were laid out in formalin around the rooms, and there was a large display of veterinary obstetrical instruments.

A day full of interest was arranged by the Faculty of Science. Displays of glass blowing and chemical "tricks" proved most popular. The Physics department displayed equipment used in cosmic ray and other research programmes. "Silliac", the electronic computer, was fully demonstrated by a group of students and lecturers. In the Zoology Department anaesthetised frogs and rats were dissected so that the functions of their bodies could be shown to the interested public.

However, the most interesting exhibitions were given by the Faculty of Medicine. In the Department of Physiology many fascinating displays awaited the visitor. One of the most educational exhibits was that of a working ox-heart. Small windows had been inserted into the side of the heart so that the contraction and expansion of the valves could be clearly seen and understood. Many visitors had blood haemoglobin estimations made throughout the day. Other exhibits of interest included Ishihara tests for colour blindness, the circulation of blood included the Ishikara tests for colour blindness, the circulation of blood in the frog's foot, the recording of the contractions of a frog's heart and metabolism determinations made using the Sanborn Metabolimeter.

This instrument is used to record calorific output of human beings by finding the amount of oxygen inhaled per minute.

In the Department of Biochemistry, experiments demonstrated the different aspects of research into the biochemistry of the kidney's functions, growth of micro-organisms, plant diseases, proteins, embryonic tissue and cancer. Powerful microscopes illustrated the progress of a cancerous growth and other diseases.

The Departments of Aeronautical, Mechanical, Chemical, Mining, Civil and Electrical Engineering offered magnificent displays. The methods by which gold and uranium are won were demonstrated, and samples of these ores and others were distributed.

Eighteenth century France was the focal point of the French Department in the Faculty of Arts. French films were shown. Books, maps and paintings adorned the ante-room of the Great Hall.

The Sydney University Regiment held a display of dismantled and complete weapons including the Owen, the Bren, and the Vickers M.M.G. The Sydney University Squadron showed many films which depicted the training and social activities of the Royal Australian Air Force.

When I had satisfied my curiosity on the academic side of University life, I crossed to the area in which the residential colleges are situated. College life seems most interesting. Intercollege Rugby Union matches and dances are regularly held.

The Teachers' College is ideally situated in the centre of the University grounds. The main point of interest there was the Alexander Mackie Library, which showed an outstanding display of overseas magazines. Beside the new entrance was the controversial painting, "Agony in the Garden," which a few years ago won the Blake Prize for religious paintings.

With the advent of twilight a most educational and interesting day drew to a close for me and the thousands of other visitors to the Open Day, 1957.

R. WINES, 4A.

TYPHOON

He stumbled towards a chair and fell on it. The perspiration poured from his face for a moment, and then his veins seemed to carry for a while a thin stream of half-frozen blood. Complete terror had control of him now, a nameless terror which had turned his heart to ashes.

Holding firmly to the arms of the chair, he looked out of the porthole in the wardroom of the schooner "Tahiti" at the solid wall of green water which rushed at the small craft with the speed of an express train. The huge wave washed the full length of the vessel, which seemed to be submerged, taking the life-rafts over the side as it passed.

The schooner shook itself and clawed over the crest of the next hissing comber. He looked out of the doorway onto the sea-swept deck. The only lifeboat had been smashed to splinters, the sails had been all



but swept overboard, and the fore-mast had been snapped off about six feet from the deck and was now trailing in the water, held to the boat by a maze of twisted rigging. He reached out for a lifeline, thought again as the schooner yawed in the trough of a mountainous sea, and scrambled aft towards the tiny wheelhouse, where the mate fought the kicking wheel. Above the roar of the gale and the booming surf, the mate told him that a deep sea tug was coming to their aid, thanks to the help of the radio-operator.

The schooner's auxiliary engine had just enough power to keep the small vessel's head into the onrushing sea, and after three long hours had passed, a grey shadow moved towards them out of the now drizzling rain. The wind had eased and the sea had abated, so that now a fine manilla rope shot across from the tug, dragging the heavy hawser that would be secured to the bow of the schooner.

He still shuddered to think of his experience four hours earlier when he was in the grip of the typhoon. He and the crew of the schooner were in port now, drinking hot cocoa, and he was hoping that he would not have to go through such an ordeal again.

R. DUNNING, 3C

MY FIRST DAY AT NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH

I would like to let all my readers know that it was with the profoundest anxiety that I came to this school.

From Ballarat (Victoria) I mailed an application to the principal of Newcastle Boys' High School. I received a very favourable reply. The next minute after reading the letter I decided to be a student of this school. The reason for my change of school is that I prefer the New South Wales system of education and that I want to enter the Sydney University. Many of my friends and relatives have graduated from this University, and so I decided to follow their footsteps.

My father gladly approved my suggestion without any objections. So I left Ballarat in the midst of the Christmas vacation. On my arrival in Newcastle I was met by the headmaster, who has helped me in many ways. I thank him for his tremendous help. I came to know a few of the pupils before the school reopened for the new year.

When I first set eyes upon this school on the warm summer morning of 29th January 1957, I felt a glow within me, and a sort of happiness overcame me. I blessed the Lord for having chosen a good school. It was a fairly big and modern school. The building was clean and well kept. It was located in a secluded spot away from distractions. The classrooms were spacious and well furnished. The Science laboratories were also up-to-date and well stocked with chemicals. I would not be surprised to see the future leading scientists of Australia emerging

through these laboratories. The school also possessed a very good library, well stocked with books.

Everywhere I could see boys, some smiling and talking about their experiences to their mates, others (only a few) brooding over their holidays. At first I felt lonely in a new environment with new faces, but later on some of the senior boys made friends with me. Soon the siren sounded and the boys began to assemble in the main quadrangle. I followed the headmaster, Mr. F. H. Beard, up to the rostrum, where I was officially introduced to the school captain, Ian Johnson, and a brief description of me was given to the other boys. Suddenly a loud sound became audible. It was made by the clapping hands of roughly nine hundred and twenty boys. What a warm welcome I was given! I was overjoyed to see the smiling and friendly faces of these boys. It was indeed very nice of them to welcome me thus. As days rolled on I found greater warmth. They have recently made me a presentation of gifts to mark the gaining of independence by my country, Malaya.

On the first day I was entirely lost in the new school. I did not know where to go and what to do at the end of each period. I became confused but found the assistance of some boys. Some of the teachers introduced themselves to me, and I came to know many of them on the first day itself. When lunch-time approached I went into the tuck-shop and got my lunch. I could not eat well owing to the excitement. At last the final bell sounded at three-thirty. I was glad to reach home and get rid of the excitement.

That night as I lay on my bed, I recollected all the events that had occurred during the day, how I came to meet new friends and so on. All these new faces became visible as though I was seeing a flash-back. Soon I went to sleep. Thus ended my first day at Newcastle Boys' High School. I am proud of this school, for it is here I have found warm hospitality and better education. This auspicious and memorable day will never be eradicated from my memory.

K. BALASINGAM, 4A

SUNSET

As the golden orb sinks dying in the west, thus ends another day. For some it has been a day of happiness, for others a day of grief, misery and despair; but now is the time when all souls, merry or sad, rest in peace.

Peaceful, too, is the scene of sunset. On the distant purple hills tinged with gold, silhouettes of tall gum-trees form delicate traceries against a soft, pink sky. In the silence which tokens the end of day, one becomes aware of the croaking of frogs from the swamps nearby, where the mists of night are already beginning to wreath themselves into fantastic shapes above the golden rods of reeds that whisper dreamily to one another. Cool air of the coming night caresses and soothes the

earth, tired of the dreary heat of the day. A dim glow in the east promises the rising of a smoky moon. Overhead, in dark pencil-lines, black swans wing their way across an immensity of deepening blue, moving their pinions in effortless regularity.

And, as the Evening Star tenderly kisses the breast of the hills, the world finds peace and rest.

DAVID JAMES, 3A.

A SURVEY

TOPIC: "Getting Out of Bed on a Cold Morning."

The topic of the following narrative is by no means a novel or unusual one. In fact, I should surmise that a similar story has been scrawled out by even the earliest Egyptian stylus. Assuredly, right through the ages of human endeavour, this topic has been repeatedly discussed.

Outside, a bleak, icy atmosphere chills the blood of the pink, exposed faces of early-morning wayfarers as they venture out into the street. The dull grey pavements and shop windows are icy to the touch, and a bitterly cold wind sifts through overcoats and upturned collars. What a contrast the dull, morbid street can be to the cheery, comfortable warmth of six doubled blankets and a soft pillow! As far apart as these settings may be, they are sadly connected. For after eight hours of restful sleep most people reluctantly have to summon their energy to make a supreme effort to get out of bed and face the cruel world outside. This part of the act—that is, the getting out of bed (and the consequent terrifying drop in temperature)—no doubt causes various types of people to react in a variety of ways.

First there is the brave, manly type, who, resolved to the fact that it must be carried out, flings the covers aside, leaps out of bed, and slides into his clothes before the cold air has time to even touch his skin.

However, as not all of us are heroes at heart, we may consider those who will disdainfully peel the blankets off, one by one, until they finally lie shivering under a very thin sheet.

Then, of course, there are those who, when that merciless and terrifying invention of man rings, reach out a probing hand from under a cocoon of blankets to switch on a radiator, which will conveniently warm the room to body temperature in a short time.

Apart from the person who sets the alarm-clock an hour early so that he may sleep in or wake up gradually, we have the fortunate one who most definitely has the best method of getting out of bed on a cold morning without freezing to death in the process. He doesn't arise from bed at all in the morning. He happens to be a shiftworker, and he gets up at the end of the day.

P. FINKELSTEIN, 3B

THE BREAKING OF THE DROUGHT

Once more black clouds gather in the sky. The men stop their work, their hard work, and look up towards the darkened heavens. Will they go again, or will they open and let the famished earth sup upon the life-giving nectar which they are holding, stored away in the thick, dark folds of their clothes? The winter will soon be over and it will be spring, but no rain has fallen, that rain which betroths the seed to the earth, the precious young seed to the valuable old earth. Oh, this time it must rain to satisfy the earth's lust and greed for food, or else the earth will die and go to dust.

The women look from the windows or stop pegging the clothes on the line. They, too, have seen the clouds; what each man wants each woman wants, for the man is her king, so they pray to God to let those heavy shrouds be lifted to let the captive waters escape and pour across the hungry land. Even though they have clothes upon the lines, they pray that the thunder will roar, And the lightning flash, lightning which women loathe, for they love the men, and they know that the men will be happy once again when the soil is moist because of rain. They will stand together beneath a tree made green by the rain, and see the land, and be rejoiced.

As the children sit in school they see the bank of cloud, and a noise starts in the classroom which becomes a loud babble. But the teacher doesn't mind: she is proud that the children no longer sit twiddling their thumbs, worried and unhappy for their parents' and their own plight, for she herself is a farmer's daughter and has seen many droughts. She remembers the horrible sight of dying cattle and a desert land once gold and green. Little drops of rain sound on the tin roof. A hush comes over the room. Then there is a loud cheer of twenty young voices, happy again, and a rush of forty feet through the door. And she drops a tear.

The thunder and lightning come in answer to the women's prayers. While they are heard the drops of rain are small. Then, suddenly, this loud ado ceases: the overture is ended. Now upon the roof-tops loud drops are heard. The music is beautiful to the ears of those people who have waited so long

to hear this song—the song of the rain. A bull lies near death on the brown grass; a bull once strong, and, as he feels the first raindrops, he revives and decides to live. A field of corn, fresh sown, is dry and turning to dust; but as the rain arrives it becomes mud and is saved. The drought is overthrown.

K. LONGWORTH, 5A

NIGHT TRIUMPHANT

The heralds of dawn, clothed in mantles of pink and grey, announce the coming of the fiery sun. Sombre grey curtains of cloud are suddenly tinged with ruddy gold, reflected from a diadem of glory which adorns the glowing sun, as he and his court converge upon the sleeping earth from the mysterious beyond.

The sunbeams dart before him, lighting the way with golden torches, and their comrades stab the retreating gloom with shafts of blinding light. At this moment the power of the sovereign is exerted on the awakening earth. Fauna and flora arise in tribute as hour by hour the king ascends the heavenly pathway to his throne, surrounded by a shimmering veil of light. The archers of noon fire a salutatory hail of searing arrows, as in all the fierce glory of solar energy the throne of the zenith is reached.

No reign is peerless; so earth, weary of the hot regime, sends a regiment of cool breezes to combat the army of the sun king. The battle is fierce, and many of earth's breezes fall hot and searing to destruction. While the battle rages, sympathetic legions of shadows establish cool places of respite for the tormented subjects on the plain beneath.

Time, the invincible champion, creeps unseen into the fray. The ruler suddenly pales as time's deathly, invisible powers are unleashed on him. Resistance is futile. The throne is abdicated, and the sun and his court edge towards the horizon. Dusk, the ambassador of night, arrives suddenly as, with a last defiant flourish of blood-coloured light, the sun king dies in splendour and sinks beneath the murmuring waters of the grey, pallid sea.

Night now enters, clad in velvety black and veiled in the clammy mists of the evening. Reaching upwards, she lights the lamp of the moon—the symbol of her reign which shines with some of the former glory of her vanquished rival. A black mantle is spread across the peaceful face of the earth. All is covered by a soft darkness, save for the pale moonlight and the far-off twinkling of the eternal stars.

D. CORRIGAN, 3D

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"OUTSIDE ON THE 'NORA'"

Stockton ferry wharf slipped past, and Bruce eased the pounding engine to 1200 revs. The "Nora" surged forward eagerly, and the green light was soon astern. Rolling slightly at first, and gradually rolling further over, the "Nora" told us that we were in the swell. She would come to the top of one roller, slide down the opposite side, and bury her bow into the next roller. Slowly the rolling grew steadier, and I moved to the cabin door to watch the tip of the North Breakwater glide by.

When we were approximately half a mile north of the breakwater, we began the task of letting out the nets for the first "shot". The net was lowered over the stern, and the trawler took the strain. The otter-boards were then paid out, to take the nets to the bottom, and the engine revs. were reduced to 600. If the engine were raced at full revs., the net would be dragged off the bottom. Then came the job of preparing to receive the prawns. Two galvanised-iron tanks on the deck were three-quarters filled with water by means of a pump, and the block and tackle on the boom were checked. While all this work was proceeding, a billy of tea was boiled on the methylated-spirits stove. Morning tea is always enjoyed after this work.

A "shot" close to the shore (about two miles out) of Stockton Bight usually lasts from Nobby's Signal Station to Stockton Mental Hospital, and vice versa. At the end of each "shot", the nets are picked up, emptied, and checked for rips.

In the process of picking up the net, the otter-boards were hauled in first by means of a deck winch. The net was then pulled in over the stern, until the neck of the net, containing the prawns, was reached. The block and tackle were then connected (the winch is connected when the neck is extra full and heavy), and the neck was emptied into one of the tanks. The enormous task of picking then began. Have no illusions as to the contents of the neck. About three-quarters of it was seaweed, small sharks, stingrays, crabs, all kinds of small fish, wood, wire, and other rubbish. On one occasion we picked up an old miner's helmet and an unopened tin of sardines!

Most of the prawns under three inches were thrown back into the water so that they might live, and the rubbish was thrown in with them. Hundreds of sea-gulls, terns, mutton-birds, and a few sea-hawks fought and splashed over small prawns and other tit-bits. The remaining prawns were thrown into a basket, and the basket was floated in the other tank when the picking was completed. The nets were again let go, and the decks were washed. During the shot itself there was ample time to sunbake on the cabin roof, or at the bow.

After the day's work was finished, the "Nora" proceeded back into the harbour, and was moored at King's Wharf. Here the prawns were cooked, while the "Nora" awaited her turn at the Fish Markets Wharf. When the prawns were discharged, the "Nora" headed back to North Stockton, to be prepared for the next day's trip "outside".

CAUGHT IN THE TIDE

The pounding of waves on the beach and yells and screams of cavorting bathers in the surf are heard above the cheerful playing of music from a portable radio, whose owner lies basking in the warm sun. Happy youthful cries punctuate the air as children play with a ball. The beach is dotted with hundreds of sun and salt-water lovers.

A figure is seen weaving an erratic trail through the sunbathers, staggering under a massive load of beach comforts, brought for half a day's enjoyment. A voice is heard from behind a pile of goods. "Come on, Johnny," it screams impatiently for the sixth time, "leave that, and get dressed; we're leaving now!"

"Finished now, Mum. My castle's finished," Johnny announces triumphantly.

He picks up his shovel and spade, and scampers happily after his mother, who is resignedly struggling across the strip of beach to the road.

The beach is now deserted and wind-swept. A merciless, bitter wind howls fitfully over the sands, stirring them into a thousand different maelstroms. The stone shelter-sheds are cold and impersonal. A lone seagull swoops over the rubbish-littered sands and its cry echoes over the beach. A cold gust lifts some newspapers into the air, and they dance eerily above the surf.

Among the stones and papers on the beach stands majestically a sand-castle. Here, fashioned out of sand that has existed through countless ages, is represented the imagination of every child, in each carefully moulded battlement and wall. Tiny wavelets lick greedily towards the castle as the tide rises. Within minutes the water has crept to within inches of the outer wall. The water gains; to Nature nothing is unconquerable.

Now the advanced scouts batter with force against the wall. The ripples are spreading and pushing ever onward, knocking at the very gates of the proud castle. The cry of a seagull sounds like a cry of the dead.

The tide gathers force for an assault, but the castle stands defiant. The wall is attacked once more, and the foundations are undermined. Water saps the castle's strength, grain by grain, cutting mercilessly into the walls. Challenging and exultant, the water now laps at three walls. At a final onslaught, they collapse, a prey to the destructive forces of Nature.

In a victorious sweep, an onrush of water pours over the castle. Within minutes the tide has risen and covered the remnants. Taking a final bow, it seems, the tide, reaching its peak, begins to recede. The castle becomes once more part of the beach-sand—vanquished!

P. FINKELSTEIN, 3B.

TRIBUTE TO AN ATHLETE

He slowly walks to the grassy track and sees
The cheering crowd,
The runners, eager, cool,
The track and its footprints—
Evidence of a myriad pounding feet.

He casually takes his place with the other runners
And longingly looks at the distant goal
And nervously watches the jubilant throng
And resignedly, determinedly waits,
Expectant, braced, quivering—his heart beats madly.

Like an automaton's response to a hidden spring
He hurls himself forward;
He claws the air, grasping, clutching;
He throws every atom of strength into motion;
His trained body moves automatically—swifter—on and on.

He surges over the trampled track; he races on;
He hears the throaty roar of the excited crowd;
He breasts the tape—runs a few yards—
And then falls, exhausted,
But hears the exultant shouts and knows the race is won!

M. MARKS, 4A

THE PIGEON

It was the most comical sight I had seen.

I was drowsing in the sun on the back step of our home when a pigeon glided down from the sky and, with a flutter of wings, alighted on a branch of our lemon-tree. He perched there for a few moments, eyeing a piece of crust on the back lawn, and idly I opened my eyes wider to see what he would do.

Then he flew from the tree to the lawn and, with the usual preliminary upward jerk of the tail characteristic of pigeons, landed on the grass. I have watched many pigeons do this, but there was something very comical about it this time, because the pigeon, instead of making a normal two-point landing, skidded on the slippery grass, tipped over, and hit the ground with his beak.

This in itself was not so funny, but the embarrassed and self-conscious look the pigeon threw in my direction as he scrambled to his feet made me laugh heartily.

W. NEWMAN, 2F

CURRUMBIN

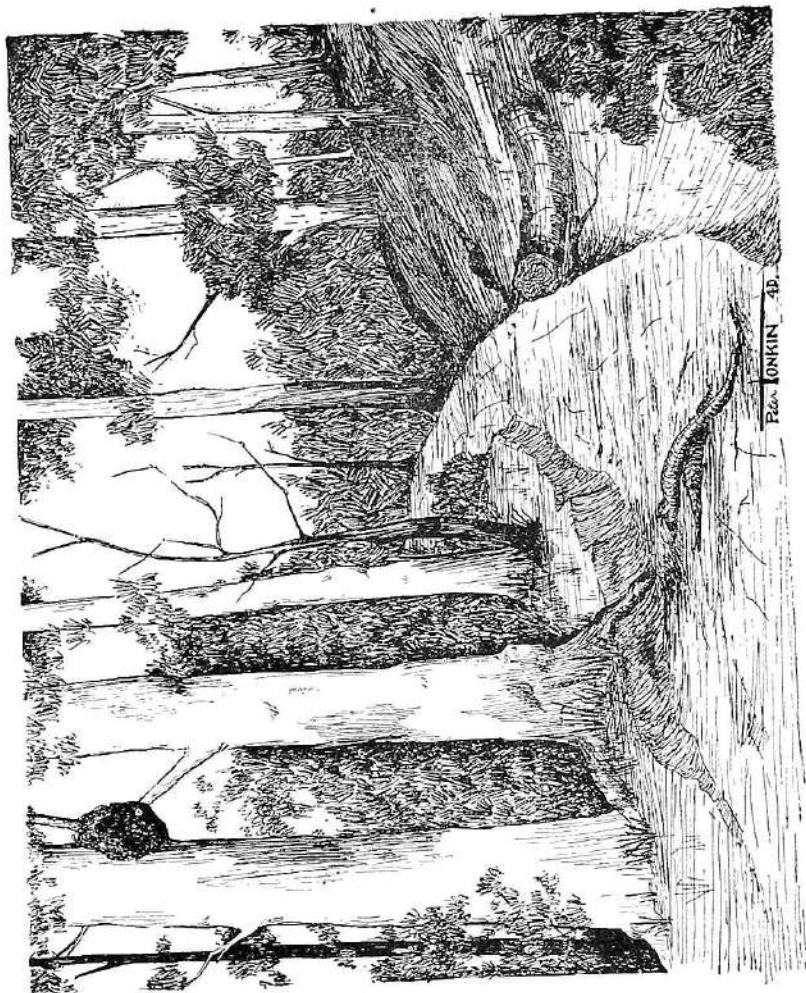
Near Southport, in Southern Queensland, is the town Currumbin. There is nothing remarkable about Currumbin in itself, but its bird sanctuary is one of the most unusual in the world. Set in beautiful bush country, it abounds in bird life. This, however, is not its main point of interest to the tourist, for each afternoon with the regularity of clockwork, at half past four, a host of feathered minstrels descends upon it.

The sanctuary can be approached by road, but all cars must be left outside the gates. On arrival, the visitor passes through these gates and takes up a position outside a low, wooden fence which marks out a small, grassy arena. Then he waits, together with several hundred other expectant tourists. Gradually increasing from about four o'clock, activity can be observed in the boughs of the neighbouring trees and a barrage of coarse cries, rising to a terrific crescendo, assaults the ears, until the whole world seems to consist of the screeching sound.

The crowd is tense, expectant. A man appears from a building near the gates. Under his arm is a stack of tin plates, and he carries two buckets. As he enters the enclosure a sudden hush falls on the gathering; a hush in which the continuous orchestration seems louder than ever. The man passes out the plates, to children first, and then, if there are any left, to the adults. He walks around the inside of the arena with his buckets, placing on plates and outstretched, anxious hands a mixture of breadcrumbs and honey. It is a strange, oozy, unpleasant mixture, from which an unusual, appetising aroma arises. One little girl takes a piece on a grubby finger and tentatively reaches for her mouth, only to have her hand slapped away by a harassed mother. There is a small, localised area of laughter. The man takes two plates and walks to the middle of the area, holding the plates and their contents high above his head. Silence. Except for the chorus in the trees, silence. A stiff, tangible, pregnant silence. The people, arms outstretched, look like heathen worshippers holding out offerings to some strange mediaeval god, with the motionless figure in the centre as the pagan temple priest. Silence.

One bird, bolder than his fellows, drops from the sky onto the man's plate. This is the signal for the rest to follow. They descend on the crowd, cloud after cloud of brilliantly plumaged birds, green leeks, soldier-birds, spangled drongos, even kookaburras and hundreds of gaudy parakeets. Everywhere you look there are parakeets. On plates, on hands, on heads and shoulders, everywhere there are parakeets—yellow, wicked beaks, dark, glittering, beady eyes, blue heads, yellow necks, red breasts, brilliant green backs, wings and tail-feathers—myriads of parakeets, their raucous cries echoing and re-echoing around the grounds.

Cameras click. Everyone seems to be taking photographs. The birds ignore the people. They are intent only on eating as much food as they can. Perhaps something happens to disturb them, perhaps they merely





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eat their fill and go away; but they disappear as quickly as they came. One minute the air is full of them; the next not a bird is to be seen. Like an apparition they disappear into the trees, where they can be heard screeching and bickering among themselves. The proprietor may succeed in coaxing them down again. If so, the whole glorious fun recommences. If he fails, the people gradually leave, enriched by a rare and memorable experience.

GRAHAM BATES, 2A

A TALL STORY . . . PYGMIES

The bush path which meandered upwards to the tiny mountain guest-house of "Tree Tops" was narrow and precipitous. It had been rudely hacked through the dense, steamy jungle which composed most of the heart of National Park, Katoomba.

"One of the most exquisite scenic walks in the Australian bush," boasted our hotel manager, Mr. Ghoulway.

However, a week after my arrival, this particular track seemed to be lacking in some of the beauty and splendour for which it was renowned, and, scratched by lantana and cut by the clinging tendrils of lawyer-vine, I made a sorry picture trudging up the steep, rough slope about a mile from the house. The sombre, grey eucalypts, bathed in a misty late-afternoon haze, no longer seemed to want to make me pause and admire.

Then a change came over my surroundings. As I walked, I noticed the track becoming more and more rugged, and unfamiliar lagoons and rock formations appeared in the surrounding bush. I glanced at my watch and saw with surprise that I had already taken fifteen minutes longer on this stage of my second trip than I had for the whole of the first. Five minutes later the sun set, but this time behind a new fringe of mountains. Weird crags formed stark silhouettes against a blood-red sky. The bush, too, became thicker, and strange tropical plant life grew on all sides. A huge yellow-brown flower, exuding a sticky, honey-like substance, drew its flabby, mottled petals shut with a sickening gurgle as I passed. Suddenly I stumbled and found myself knee-deep in a vile-smelling, stagnant morass of green slime. I leapt high at the touch of icy waters surrounding my ankles, and in blind panic, with the one thought of being lost implanted in my mind, I frantically attempted to retrace my steps in the quickly gathering gloom. However, after frenzied efforts, no trace of the track could be found, and I sank helplessly onto a moss-covered log. Then I noticed it was a fallen African ebony-tree.

After some time, when my laboured breathing had subsided and my heart had ceased its violent pounding, I heard a new noise faintly beating through the humid jungle. I listened intently and, prompted by the thought of humanity close at hand, I started out in the direction of the sound, yellow mud oozing from my boots. It was considerably louder now, and I could pick out the rhythmic throb of a low drum intermingled

with the babble of human voices. Suddenly I broke out of the ring of dense trees, and, at the foot of a pebbly slope, I saw a ghastly sight. There, dancing to the frenzied throb of tom-toms and screaming pagan chants to the sky, were twenty or thirty tiny, grotesquely decorated figures. African pygmies! Leaping tongues of flame from their huge fire illuminated vivid, incongruously shaped face-masks draped with shrunken heads and human bones.

But worse was to come, for securely lashed to stakes at the fringe of the camp were the gory, headless bodies of two of the hotel guests. These two brave men had remained friends to the very last. I turned away in unbelievable horror, nauseated by this revolting scene, and ran blindly through the night, expecting at any minute to feel the deadly sting of a poison dart in my neck. I did not stop running until exhaustion overtook me and I fell headlong into a hummock of tightly woven creepers. As my eyes slowly opened I saw a cleared path ahead of me, and, summoning my last ounce of strength, I staggered along until I vaguely realised it was the one leading to the guest-house. Ten minutes later I was in my room and removing some of the caked dirt and blood and pondering on pygmies existing in Australia. Did the strange camp actually exist? Had I unwittingly stumbled upon a fourth dimension on that quiet bush walk?

When I came downstairs that night, I could not help wondering as I passed the two vacant chairs at the dinner-table.

The next day the manager, two of my friends and I searched for the turn-off to the strange jungle and the camp, but I could not remember where it was.

Funny little chap, Mr. Ghoulway; he's only four feet tall, you know.

R. SMITH, 3B

A NIGHTINGALE

You are to me
Not what others saw,
Not a marionette upon string;
You are the messenger of love,
The beautiful fleetness of a moonbeam
Tinted by the brilliance of the stars.

For Mars is red,
Red as the blood in your veins;
Saturn is green,
Greener than the Irish hills;
Venus is blue,
A point of pureness upon the horizon;
While Mercury sparkles with light,
Light from your sparkling eyes.

The stars glow with your blood
In a glow of love,
A blood that is noble,
As the sun, leader of all mankind,
Is noble;
Nobler than the knight in armour,
Yet noble as the nightingale,
The nightingale upon an elm
That sings to man of love.

A nightingale,
Beautiful as the morning mist,
Peaceful as twilight;
A nightingale,
Soaring upon Hermes' silver wings,
Soaring with an eternal message of love,
Love glowing with passion,
Unquenchable passion
That lights darkness with truth,
For love is truth;
And you are truth,
A tender, beautiful truth,
Caressed by the morning mist,
Pure as the crystal of a raindrop.

You were that nightingale,
That soaring messenger of Hermes,
Reaching beyond my love
To one more delicate, more deserving,
Leaving me with the memories
Which are but shadows
In the pathway of death,
The friend that knows no love
Save that of grief.

Death ends all love;
Without life, love is but a shadow,
A passage from the past,
A fleeting spectre of the moment
Lost in a maze of memories,
Memories of love
More wonderful than the mystery of the stars,
Than the realms of the eternal,
Where nothing is lost
And all is gained;
But it was a shadow,
A passage from the past,
Glimpsed, and lost forever.

P. S. DALTON, 5th Year



(Block donated by Morison and Bearby, Engineers.)

THE ABORIGINAL

He was old: the last fleeting figure
of a transient tribe that was once great,
now solemnly stilled beneath the red sands
of the endless plain.

His tribal tale is complete, his future
finished by an alien people and
a hostile land; his history is written
on deathless pages.

He squatted, hunched, skin taut and scarred,
his matted hair tossed idly by the wind;
he watched the setting sun drench the desert
in a sea of gold.

The ceremonial sound of stamping feet
and panting bodies in rhythmic movement
is swallowed up by death; his environment
shadowed by contrary winds.

His race is lost—now it belongs
to the ages. He turned, rose,
and walked away.

M. MARKS, 4A

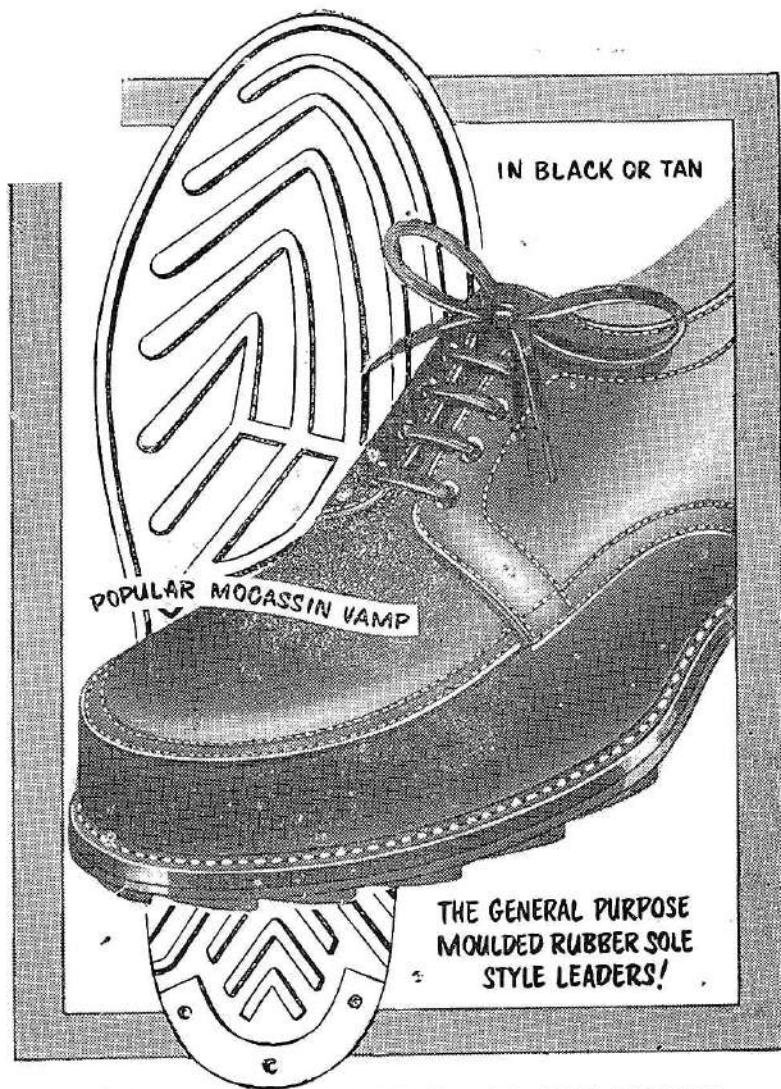
OPEN DAY

It is Open Day. Harassed mothers, whose sons have forgotten to tell them which room they will be in, rush frantically along the corridors. Some search for a teacher whom they know only by some nickname their sons have bestowed upon him. Others, however, peep through doors and windows at their sons, who, after turning red, look steadfastly towards the blackboard. The teacher is on his "best" (or, from a pupil's point of view, should I say "worst"?) behaviour, not allowing the slightest breach of discipline.

The period bell rings. Parents flatten against the wall as the living torrent of the younger generation sweeps past. Teachers, as ever, try to check the tide of boys, who for some reason cannot wait for the next lesson to begin.

After such an ordeal the parents vow that they will celebrate Open Day at home next year.

PETER WHITFORD, 1A



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ROOM TEN

To most boys of our school the bell at three-thirty is a joyous sound, heralding freedom from the toil of the day. However, to a group of "elite" it signifies the directing of footsteps to the dreaded precincts of Room Ten.

Shunned by sunlight and close to the two most frightening doors in the school, Room Ten could be said to be a "step in the wrong direction". It is secluded from the outside world by the corner of a building and a row of melancholy trees. Its interior shows signs of long occupation by many disgruntled schoolboys.

To the "three-thirtyite" occupants the teacher's dais seems to be raised just a little higher than ones in other classrooms—just high enough for the teacher to gain the extra vision necessary to maintain order among the extra-extra-delinquents who seek safety in the shadowy back parts of the room.

Even its atmosphere seems impregnated with a feeling of hopelessness and gives one the impression that it is really futile to try to resist the guardians of the law, or even to engage in a little harmless fun to show the exuberance of one's spirits.

Yes, Room Ten is indeed a place of hopes, of joys and of fears, a place to which the well-known adage of "Once bitten twice shy" could aptly apply.

IAN MARCH, 2A

A SONNET

The gurgle of the river passing by,
Tumbling from stone to stone, the sound of bees
Humming 'mid flowers, the murmur of seas,
The long green fields, the pure azure sky—
I dream of these as there I lie,
A crippled child. The sweet birds' melodies—
I hear them rising from hooded trees,
And from the bush the mopoke's lonely cry.

This life with all its sorrow is to me
A prison where I must for e'er be bound,
Where happiness and love can ne'er be found,
Where I but for my pleasant dreams must be
Till some kind fortune grant me liberty
And give me strength to tread once more the ground.

JOHN STEEL, 5C

SUNRISE IN THE BUSH

Before dawn I donned cap and coat and proceeded into the bush, my sole aim to observe one of the most wondrous sights this world has to offer.

In the gloom that settled over the bush could be heard the scurrying of some animal, the rustling of the tall grass in the early-morning breeze, the eerie call of the mopoke, and many other sounds. Taking my eyes off this sombre scene, I looked up into the heavens towards the east. A faint yellow tinge met my gaze. In a moment it had turned to orange and then to a dark red. As I watched enthralled, the sun burst forth in all its majestic glory, a proud conqueror of the night.

The light fingered its way between the leaves of the forest giants, while at their feet the dew sparkled like the most precious diamonds. From a lone tree in a small clearing which was bathed in sunlight came a melodious burst of song. Responsible for this was the bush's alarm-clock, the kookaburra. In a moment the whole bush was awake. Everything seemed warm and friendly once more. Everywhere there was the hustle and bustle of activity. Robins and wagtails were flitting from branch to branch in search of food. A hawk swooped and pounced on an unwary rabbit and then soared away into the heavens to enjoy his morning meal. Meanwhile the caws of a large number of crows could be heard as they scavenged around for dead animals and birds. In the background there was the constant "tap, tap" of a woodpecker as he sought insects from the gnarled bark of a massive gum-tree.

KEVIN WOOLLER, 1A

LAMINGTON PLATEAU—QUEENSLAND

High in the mountainous region of Lamington Plateau lies the scene of an air disaster which occurred when an airliner plunged into the side of a mountain, strewn debris in its wake and claiming the lives of all the passengers and the crew. Today a guest-house popularises this restful mountain resort, and many tourists visit the now famous landmark.

On this scarred soil, as far as the eye can see, mountains and valleys alternate and intertwine in a monotonous mosaic. Crooked crags like a series of jagged teeth pierce the low, clustering cloud formations, white, frothy wisps of silver encircling these dark, towering monarchs. Mountains and ridges raise their crippled fingers mutely to the sky. Silhouetted against the skyline, these silent monsters are indeed formidable. On all sides lies this awe-inspiring sight.

Then, closer to the sightseer, are the river valleys that characterize the whole region. A lithe, silver-thread rivulet winds its way down the mountain-side, through nooks and gullies, under logs and rocks, slowly and hesitatingly like a little child taking its first steps. In places the green, matted foliage obscures its course, but then suddenly it reappears, full of vigour and energy, to amble peacefully and undeterred.

The traveller cannot fail to appreciate the wealth and variety of colour that has flowed from the Creator's palette. Blue gums raise their twisted branches that contrast strangely with their lily-white bark and knotty trunks. The Queensland heat has distorted and scarred the limbs of most, but here and there young saplings are curiously straight and orderly and seem oblivious to the ugliness that will accompany age. Dark green, sea green, apple green and lettuce green are seen in the thick undergrowth—flecks of contrasting colour blending in exquisite beauty.

A little farther the trees merge to an indistinct blur and combine to form a blue-grey belt that fades with distance on the horizon until at the extreme range of vision we see nothing but a faint, pale-blue smudge closely interwoven with the sky.

Dorothea Mackellar wrote:

"The lovely things that I have watched unthinking,
Unknowing, day by day,
That their soft dyes had steeped my soul in colour
That will not pass away."

These words admirably express the fact that there is beauty in everything, beauty in Nature, beauty in the view at a mountain pleasure resort.

M. MARKS, 4A

WINNERS OF PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

Verse: P. Dalton, 5th year. Report: K. Longworth, 5th year.
Drawing: P. Tonkin, 4th year. Fourth Year Prose: M. Marks.
Third Year Prose: R. Smith. Second Year Prose: G. Bates. First Year Prose: K. Wooller.

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