

ATHLETICS TEAM. Winners of Lintott Cup, Kerr Cup, Sub-Junior Shield.

BACK: M. Allwood, D. Ryan, A. Rymor, J. Smith, J. Kempster, J. Stevenson, D. Brown, K. Gosper, C. Harrison, J. O'Brien, R. Frowse, R. O'Brien, G. Jones.
 3rd ROW: H. Pfeiler, W. Brandrick, J. Tonkin, A. Braye, D. Ren-ton, D. Asquith, J. Holt, R. Inglis, A. McKenzie, N. Palmer, G. Richards, J. Murray, J. Drinkwater, G. Crawford.
 2nd ROW: K. Magin, K. Scott, B. Allcorn, K. King, C. R. Goffet (Coach), G. Gleghorn, L. McKae (Manager), D. Smith, D. Douglas, S. Murray, R. Haynes.
 FRONT: G. Hughes, D. Bowden, A. Charlton, J. McKenzie, D. Cox, K. Mathoney.

4 rubbers 10 sets to 4 rubbers 9 sets, while our 2nd grade won by 7 rubbers 14 sets to 1 rubber 2 sets. Three of our boys (D. Willis, N. Kay, F. Druery) were chosen to join a group to be coached by ex-champion player, J. O. Anderson, during the August vacation this year. (Mr. A. Clarke).

Blues Awarded, 1948

Cricket: B. Baird, N. Beath, J. Hook, J. O'Brien, D. Oldham, D. Sparke.

League: K. Braye, R. Clements, J. Hook, A. King, H. Long, J. Meletios, D. Sparke.

Soccer: L. Abell, J. Brooks, A. Pettigrew, W. Fullick.

Tennis: A. Eggington, D. Fitzgerald, M. Fuller, I. Mackie, A. McKenzie, A. Smith.

Athletics: R. Clements, K. Gosper, J. Taylor.

Swimming: D. Tennent.



A1 SOCCER. Undefeated Premiers. Winners of Bloomfield Cup.

BACK: B. Baldwin, K. Gosper, F. Druery

MIDDLE: G. Davies, B. Reay, W. Strang, J. Wilkinson, K. Talbot.

FRONT: W. Fullick, J. Brooks (Capt.), R. J. Grierson (Coach), R. Williams, J. Arthur.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Winter

"Grey winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the west
And the Spring^e in her raiment!"

I join with the writer, Henry Kendall, in rejoicing at the departure of winter. The only comfort which may be derived during winter is that of reclining by the fire on bleak nights and partaking of its homely atmosphere. However, this luxury is not enjoyed by me. Those glowing coals, although appearing to be peaceful, are my foes. No sooner do I sit before them than they exert their sinister powers upon me. At first they make me drowsy, endeavouring to entice me into the land of slumber. But I have no desire to obey. I wake. I brace myself and again temporarily enjoy the glowing embers. Alas! its power is again upon me. I again shun it; and so this monotonous cycle goes on, its speed slowly diminishing until I fall a victim and sit in discontented rest. Both at my ease, and at my work, the fire manages to overcome me, thus compelling me to despise it. No matter how hard I try to avoid it, the cruel winter's breath forces me back to the fire, my enemy. This is how my winter drags by. For me, the winter affords no pleasures and offers no alternatives to the activities of the more agreeable seasons.

I feel sure that there are many who would join with me and voice their distaste for winter. Among my many confederates nature has a prominent position. Nature, through all her works, outwardly displays her repugnance towards winter. Many trees at the onset of winter shed their leaves rather than let them be tortured by its cold frosts and breezes. The trees, standing dormant and lifeless during that miserable period are afraid to let any part of them peep through their thick, protective covering. Again, many animals discontinue their usual routine and retire to some sheltered and secluded spot where they avoid the winter's blast by sleeping through it. Many times I have pondered over these hibernating animals and thought what a blessing has been bestowed upon them. They sleep during the callous winter and then awake during the joyous spring unaware of the discomfort that others have endured. If only human beings, during the winter period, could cease all activities of their busy civilisation and retire to their beds until this period had passed—but I must not be fanciful. We have not been endowed with the necessary power, so we must learn to persevere.

It is apparent that the human being is not alone in his dislike for winter. But while we do dislike this "wearisome guest," we must remember that he is indispensable, and that without him summer could not bring forth the crops and other necessities which make our existence possible.

G. HUGHES, 5th Year.

On Tram Tickets

I don't suppose that many people believe what a true and faithful friend a tram ticket is. On a long journey in a tram, the ticket is often the only source of entertainment anybody may have. There is beauty connected with tram tickets. If it is not the printing on the ticket trying to tell the story of how it came to be on the piece of paper, it is the coloured bar which goes from one side to the other side in the middle of the ticket trying to fascinate the fortunate owner. There is a custom which I perform every time I buy a tram ticket. I can no more resist it than singing in the bath. I am a folder. I fold my ticket over and over until I have a neat rectangle with only the number showing. If an inspector appears I present him with a piece of paper somewhat resembling a concertina.

Nearly everyone has some odd habit which takes hold of him when a ticket is put in his hand. There are the careful and the collectors. These make up an important group. The collector is usually unnoticed until the arrival of the inspector. His act then is very brief, but is spectacular. He places a hand deep into a pocket and produces a handful of tickets from different towns, different states, and even different countries, some dating back several years. If he is fond of his collection, the collector hunts through it methodically to find the latest addition and convince the inspector of his integrity. If he does not know he has the collection (this sometimes happens with single men), he hands them all to the inspector and lets him sort the tickets out for himself. The careful one is seen with a carefully folded ticket in his hatband, under his signet ring, in his button-hole, or in some other odd place where it will NOT GET LOST. The inspector throws him into a panic and he usually buys a second ticket before he finds he is holding the first one, like a conjurer, between the third and fourth fingers of his left hand.

Rollers, crumblers, tearers and eaters include babies, their mothers, and some of our most prominent citizens. Some roll their ticket from corner to corner into a long cylinder. Then they turn it over and repeat the process. Crumblers have the same idea, but there is no method in their madness. Tearers are not always simply destructive. Occasionally they are able to present inspectors intricately worked little trees and d'oyleys.

Now a word for the inspectors. As a folder, and sometimes a collector, I must say that I have never had a nasty word from an inspector. An incredible variety of facial expressions, yes. Looks, fortunately, cannot make anyone buy a new ticket.

Therefore, I conclude by saying that people who do not buy tram tickets miss a very interesting and fascinating pastime. A tram ticket is a very good friend for the art lovers, for the imaginative ones, and for the traveller in a tram, and is far more interesting than a train ticket.

W. CHARLTON, 4th Year.

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On the Ball

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THE HEALTH FOOD OF A NATION

The Spotted Bull

The sails of the ship seemed to lash out at the howling blast of icy wind. The sea was a tumultuous frenzy of liquid treachery. Now but two ships remained, for the third, the "Surprise," softwood as she was and 300 tons, had been wrecked the previous night. The "Waterwitch," although damaged considerably, looked as if she would weather the storm. The main aim was to land a few whales and put into port as soon as possible.

"There she blows!" A whale had been sighted. The only two serviceable boats were lowered. The battle was on, brain against brawn. One boat drew close as the mate unleashed the harpoon. It hit him fairly and the great flukes rose to flog the waves. The whale sank. Then flat on his back, his big mouth wide, the whale turned. "Heave in yer slack!" the mate cried. "Back water all!" The open jaws came on—one breath—and boat and oars were gone.

Three boats put forth from the other ship to fight this frantic spotted bull. Dodging, he "bottled," leaped upwards, 70 feet mottled in the sky, to fall and miss a dinghy by a hair. One of the long-boats from the "Mermaid" edged in northward against the draught. The harpoon nestled, then struck home. The wet line whistled, then snapped, and the man behind the harpoon went like a rocket. He vanished like a quid. The whale's jaws resembled a grave and now they were.

"Where is the brute now?" the captain asked. "Can't see his spout." The captain turned to look at the ship on the port tack. All in a second she rolled and like a duck that is wounded she rose.

"Look, mister!" the skipper said. "That darn old cow has played Jack the Ripper."

All of the ships were softwood craft, and 400 tons of bull-whale, all jaws, are not butter and toast. So clean through the planks of the "Waterwitch" he broke. In his antics he made that boat a sieve, and then in reverse he was back in the sea. He headed for the second barque, "Mermaid," to finish the fleet. She gave one deep groan and a terrible lurch, and then sank.

In the one remaining dinghy adrift on the sea, big Jack McGrath said, "We oughter go after that beast." The sailors were gamer than lions, and the whale was half dead, so by dusk they had caught the spotted bull, a yellow beast with spots of brown, although he dodged till their eyesight grew dull.

Two days later a ship was sighted. "We've got the spotted bull," the mate cried, "but we can't pull any more, so we'll give you this prize if you'll stick to us now." So the devil whale responsible for the death of all but one boatful of men had to be surrendered for a safe passage home.

All this happened in forty-two. Later it was rumoured that it was not a whale but a brand of shark, that brand of devil of the sea, bitter and evil and stronger than a whale.

But some old sailors say this would never have happened if the three ships had been Hobart Town craft. For Hobart Town craft wouldn't care if a whale as big as a pub and as fast as a train gave them one on the knob.

B. COBB, 4th Year.

How Easy Is It?

I have watched them many a time, those huge, muscular, bronzed he-men, balancing on their surf skis on top of mighty breakers. Why shouldn't I be able to do it just as well as they? I may not lack the part, but I have the will-power.

Now, how do they go about it? They lift the ski above the head. They lift it up above—by erikay, it's heavy! I had no idea how heavy it would be. Then they run down to the water's edge. I know I am staggering all over the place, and I am sure that everyone is watching me, but I must go on, for I have boasted about my will-power. Next they lower the ski gently into the water. They lower—something went wrong. I must have slipped in the quicksand. At any rate now I am wet. It makes me all the more determined to carry this out. They head the ski into the breakers. Oh! How did my ski get up onto the sand? That wave took me by surprise. Oh well, I'll try again.

At last the water is up to my chest. Time to get aboard. Now, how do they do it? They roll on. Yes, that should be easy. Oh! Right on my skull! That beastly thing would tip over.

Ah! On at last. Now out to sea. Oh dear! What a terrible thing! I have forgotten the paddles, and here comes one of those huge breakers. Well, I'll just have to—good heavens! I must be travelling at least 40 miles per hour. My! that shore's getting close quickly. Anyhow, that was the quickest way of getting off. I'll do much better with paddles.

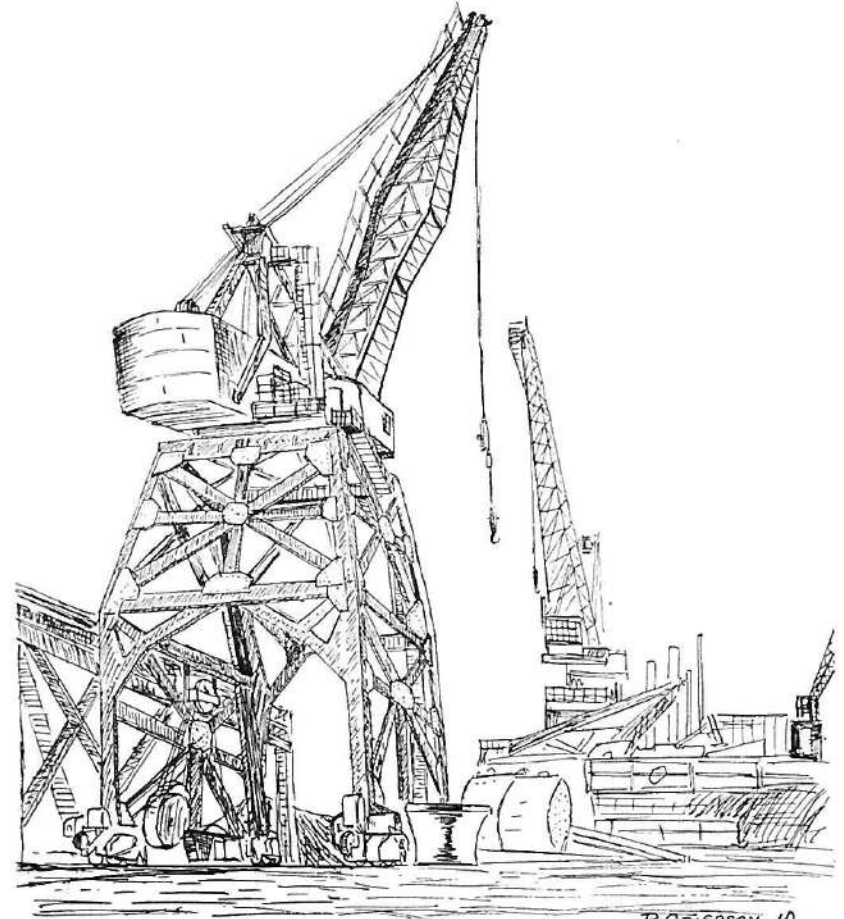
Well, here I am out in the deep again. Now, as soon as they see a wave coming, they paddle for all they are worth. One, two, three, four, one, two—nothing is happening. They all just seem to slip underneath me. Ah! Here comes a beauty. One, two, three, four, one—hurrah! I am on it, but I seem to be turning sideways. Well, I can't make it any worse for myself. I'll stand up and see what—I do about a dozen somersaults in the air, hit the water and bounce back into the air just in time for my ski to catch me full on the head.

Now that I have a comfortable bed in Ward 7, I have firmly resolved to take up chess or table-tennis or perhaps I may try my skill at darts, but one thing I know and that is that I will never again attempt ski riding.

JOHN HOLT, 4th Year.

Friends From My Bookshelves

"A good book," Milton once wrote, "is the precious life blood of a master spirit," and, as friends are a necessary part of the life of any person, many firm friendships may be formed with characters from books,



who, by their creators' art, can be made to seem almost human. I, for one, have many companions on my shelves with whom I share adventure, times of peace and quiet, times of joy and sorrow, as we all do with our real and visible friends.

Perhaps the reason for these friendships may be in the fact that each and every one of us would like to perform daring feats, make long journeys in other countries, meet people of other nationalities—and it is through our companions in books that we can achieve our ideals.

I would like to introduce you to some of my friends created by Charles Dickens in his immortal novel, "David Copperfield." Of course, the first is the hero, David. With him we share again the joys and sorrows of childhood, and we experience adventures happy and not so happy. We experience poverty and hunger, comfort and wealth. In so lifelike and real a manner does Dickens tell the story that we almost feel as tired as David at the end of his arduous flight. We can hear the birch swishing through the air. We are dominated by Steerforth. We feel the presence of the optimistic Mr. Micawber. In short, we live David's life with him.

Not only do we look on David as a friend, but we share his companionships with Peggotty, Steerforth, Micawber, Betsey Trotwood and all his other friends. With Dickens and David, we turn back the clock of time. We go back to the nineteenth century and we have first-hand experience of the English family and public life of those days, experience which it would be otherwise impossible to gain.

The friends we meet in novels are not necessarily our only imaginary companions. In the realm of poetry, we forge many firm links of friendship with people portrayed by poets' pens. We cannot help sharing Wordsworth's love for "Yon solitary Highland lass," and we can almost hear her "melancholy strain" as she fills the valley with melodious song. The mystic beauty of the young lady of the "peaceful mind" and "innocent love" is made real and lifelike to us by the art of Byron in "She Walks in Beauty," and she, too, is now counted among our friends. We meet John Milton and sympathise deeply with him as he pours out his soul in fervent, passionate prayers for sight in "Paradise Lost" and "On His Blindness."

Someone once said, "Books should be sold by weight. Some books you pick up and cannot put down; others you put down and cannot pick up." I believe that, if it so happened that books were sold by weight, the books and poems I have mentioned, because of the firm friends within them, would be among the lightest of all.

R. BEAL, 4th Year.

The Shoe

What is the best friend of man? It is doubtless the shoe. A baby learning to walk relies wholly and solely on his shoes. A drunkard depends upon his shoes for support and direction, for wherever his shoes go, he goes. The shoe is a necessity for war. Where would our troops

have been in the last war if it hadn't been for the protective covering of the shoe? How would we be able to combat that ferocious and frightening monster, the cat, if we did not have the shoe to use as a howl-checking weapon? In fact the shoe is to man as the atom bomb is to a nation: it is security, protection and friendship.

There is a shoe for every occasion, for wet weather and dry, for hot weather and cool, for the jockey, for the runner, for the dancer, for the sportsman, for the player, for the worker. Why, there must be hundreds of types of shoes for all occasions. New shoes complain about being hit down against the road or pavement by squeaking, but didn't you complain when roughly treated when you were new, by crying? The punishment a shoe goes through is terrific. Fancy belonging to a soldier who marches 12 miles every day, or to a tramp who is very inconsiderate and unsympathising, or even to a dancer, who is continually getting his feet trodden on. Many a husband has been caught red-handed through an untimely squeak from his shoe, and so the shoe becomes an unfailling friend to the housewife. A shoe's life is short and unpleasant and it's about time we humans realised how well the shoe serves us and tried our best to put some joy into the life of our dearest friend.

The idea that man can do without shoes is absurd. Can you imagine the Eskimo walking around the snow-covered streets of Newcastle or across the ice-covered Hunter without sandals? Can you imagine the natives of the North Pole plodding along the burning hot roads of Greenland without any thick boots? No! I am sure you can't. The shoe is an absolute necessity. Everyone knows that Captain Cook came to Australia with one single aim in view, and that was to bring the knowledge of the shoe to the aborigines, who had beforehand been forced to go painfully about without any foot covering.

A shoe is the only creature that has a man-made soul. It may be a bit of a "heel" at times, but its bad points are outnumbered by its good points (unless you happen to suffer from corns).

J. HOLT, 4th Year.

Pokolbin

A few weeks ago our family went by car to Pokolbin, the centre of the wine-growing industry in New South Wales. Pokolbin is about eight miles from Cessnock and can be reached by a narrow road leading round the slopes of Mount View, or else by a good surfaced road from Braxton. It lies at the foot of one end of the Broken Back Range, and there are several farms at the feet and on the slopes of the steeply rising hills.

These farms were started by Germans, who came from the country along the Rhine about 80 years ago and who, finding that the soil was very rich in the district, began to grow wine grapes. But as port wine and sherry, which are heavy wines, were popular at that time, grape growing did not flourish, and many of the Germans left their farms. The ruined and unweeded grape vines can be seen to this day, together with

the huts in which the farmers lived. Despite this, there are several other farms which have been started up again, and in several places there are grape vines covering the landscape.

When the mixed season arrives, the ground around the vines is weeded, big furrows are ploughed between the rows, and the grape vines are cut right down to the two main branches. The vines grow well when cut in this way and are well loaded with grapes when the picking time comes. When the grapes are ripe, they are picked and taken to the presser, where they are crushed. The juice is run into vats and is then allowed to stand for a few years. Hunter River vintage is now the best in Australia, and compares favourably with the best Rhenish wines.

J. ALLEN, 4th Year.

Making a Model Plane

One's first attempt at building model 'planes is generally a failure, and mine was no exception to this rule.

To start with I bought several sheets of balsa wood and many tubes of glue. I then selected one of the rooms in the back of our house, took my purchases into it, and securely locked the door.

The first step was to cut out from the sheet balsa the formers and ribs, which would give the 'plane its shape. It was then that the inevitable happened. I cut my finger, and from then onwards I was hampered by a large bandage which was continually slipping. After I had cut out the formers and ribs, the next job was to glue them into their respective positions but, try as I might, I could not find the glue. Then I slowly realised that I was sitting on something cold, wet, and worst of all, sticky. The result of sitting on a full tube of glue is disastrous, and my model making was abandoned until I had changed my clothes and found another tube of glue.

The ribs and formers having been placed in position (this is easier said than done), I now glued through them the main spars and longerons. Having accomplished this, I had now reached the stage where the model must be covered. This seemed easy, but to a beginner it is painstakingly hard. At first the tissue paper sagged very loosely, but eventually by continued spraying with water and drying over a fire, I managed to get the paper reasonably tight. The last step was to bolt the motor in and to paint the model with coloured dope. I then put the finishing touches on the 'plane by painting registration numbers on it and covering the cabin with celluloid. Then I stepped back to admire my handiwork. It looked quite good, and I felt really proud of my efforts.

Early next morning when there was no wind, I crept out the back door with my model under my arm and carrying a small kit bag and a can of fuel. At last the great moment had arrived. I was preparing my model for flight. I fastened the wing on with rubber and checked the flight timer and motor mounting. Then, filling the fuel tank, I closed the air intake to choke, and span the propeller. Nothing happened, so I repeated the procedure. It fired and I cautiously started the motor.

It ran. Very carefully I adjusted the throttle, losing a finger nail doing so, because cold does odd things to hands and skin and raps from a propeller do not help much. With the motor running perfectly I located the direction of air currents and carefully launched the 'plane. She zoomed, roared and—where did she get that spin?—crashed to the ground.

Oh, yes, I had not remembered to test glide it before flying. I knew I had forgotten something.

R. O'BRIEN, 4th Year

Bottles

There is a depression in our house, a bottle depression. The door to a certain cupboard conceals the unemployed populace of bottles who stand around waiting for their call to come.

It chanced that last night I needed a bottle. I went to the cupboard and announced that a bottle was required. The gloom that normally inhabits that shelf was lifted. They all shone out at me showing off their smooth curves, strong stoppers and clear glass. They clambered up on top of each other trying to attract my attention. Then I announced that it would have to be a big bottle, about 10 or 12 ounces. The small bottles all showed their disappointment, so much in fact that a while later one little chap in the front row leapt off the shelf to what seemed his certain doom, but fortunately I was able to catch him. Then I made the second condition known. I required a brown bottle. Loud murmurings came from the large white bottles, who are more inclined to argue with you than the smaller ones. I even fancy that I heard one mutter something about "white bottle policy," but I would not be sure of this.

The field was narrowed down greatly, and finally two big fellows with screw-tops convinced me after much persuasion that they were just what I required. They were taken out, washed and filled. Now they sit on the chemical shelf doing their duty with their new labels and broad smiles across their faces—that is, if bottles have faces.

J. STICPEWICH, 4th Year

Will-Power

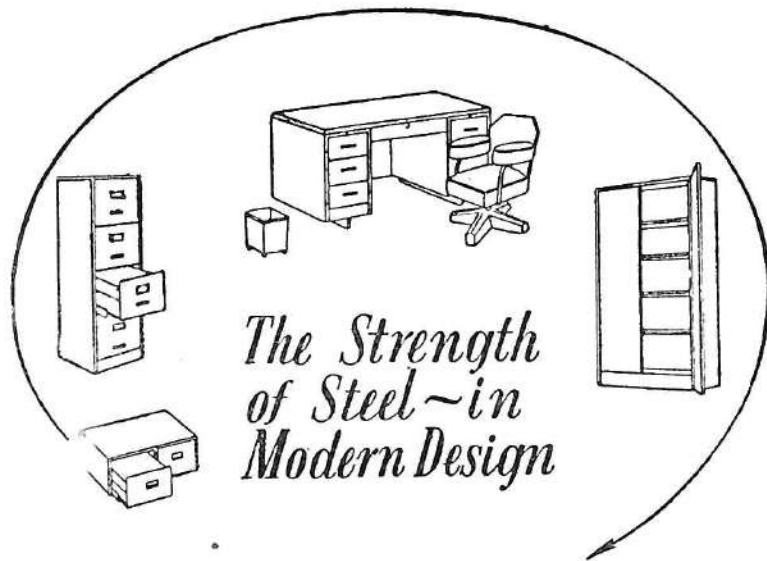
The pistol cracked and they were off. He was in good condition for the race, but he still wondered if he should have entered in the two miles event. He would have won the mile, he knew, but then so could others from his club. But club officials asked him to enter the two miles, for upon that race rested the premiership for the season. He knew also that the opposition in the two miles was poor, but he had been training for the mile and wondered if he had enough stamina to carry him home. He dismissed these thoughts and concentrated on the race.

The pace seemed slow and tedious to him, a miler, with the result that he was a good 20 yards ahead at the end of the first three laps. He could not help himself from shooting out his legs and lengthening his stride in the fourth lap. As he came round into the home straight he automatically put on a sprint. It felt strange to be passing the post for the fourth time and still running. Nevertheless, he felt no fatigue

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and allowed himself to look round. He saw that he was 50 yards from his nearest rival, a blond Hercules. He did not like the look of that fellow. His stride was long and effortless, his arm swing free and loose. He would have to watch him at the finish.

The race went slowly on. At the commencement of the seventh lap, he heard a rush behind him, and a young red-headed competitor shot past. This shook him rather badly, but he could see that the youngster was running himself into exhaustion and would not be able to finish. He glanced back to see that the blond giant was no more than 10 yards away. He stuck doggedly at the red-head's heels and wondered how he himself would fare when the final lap began, for he had run a gruelling race and was not fresh.

As the bell sounded for the final lap, the three were on their own. He could see that the red-head was all in, and that the blonde giant had stamina but lacked speed. He was really surprised to find himself on his feet and still running strongly. He had feared that his middle-distance training depended so greatly on speed that he would collapse. He felt no fatigue at all. The red-head was sprinting now, trying in vain to outdistance his two pursuing shadows. But the gap between them did not widen. The youngster had started the sprint too early and lacked the stamina to finish it. Round the back stretch each strove to gain on the other fellow, but he and the blond rival at his heels passed the boy whose face was now almost as scarlet as the locks which fell over his saturated brow. With less than 220 yards to go the training he had done began to tell on him. His blond companion swung past with that relentless, effortless stride. All he could see was the white blur of his rival's singlet a yard or so in front. He was breathing hard, his wind-pipe blocked, and the breath coming in short, sharp gasps. His head, overcharged with blood which hammered thunderously in his ears, spun dizzily. His legs were moving in violent defiance of his will, yet he lost not an inch. Black and red spots appeared, but they could not dim the runner a yard or so in front, swinging . . . striding . . .

Round the turn into the straight they came rocking towards the tape. Where were his legs? Why had he not saved that sprint at the mile until now? He felt he must give up, but with that bobbing machine in front he could not. His lungs were bursting. Each breath felt like a red-hot iron thrust in his chest. The sprint had been continuous for nearly a quarter of a mile and he badly felt the strain. With about five yards to go, he made a superhuman effort. Suddenly, he could not see the white blur in front. He could not comprehend. His companion could not have weakened so that he himself was actually winning. Before he could settle the matter in his numbed brain he faintly heard the sound of shouting club-mates on each side of the track. This put new fire in him and, summoning his last ounce of strength, he hurled himself forward. Vaguely he felt the pressure of the tape across his chest; dimly he heard the tremendous roar that greeted his amazing victory. Then all went black as he fell insensible to the ground.

J. MILES, 3rd Year.

Life on a Poultry Farm

When dad rises at six o'clock he first feeds the fowls. This takes about one hour. Our cow is then milked. After breakfast the eggs to be sent to the Egg Marketing Board are taken to the road where a carrier picks them up in either 15 or 30 dozen cases.

In the morning and at mid-day lucerne is needed, so it has to be cut. At mid-day only the pullets have lucerne and laying mash while the older ones have soaked wheat. Eggs are collected every hour and a half. After lunch 30 to 40 dozen have to be cleaned. As we have a chip heater to warm water for the fowls in the morning, piles of chips have to be collected. About half-past three they are all fed again, this time on dry wheat.

Packing and grading eggs is a very tedious job. We are sent a card each month to put down the number of eggs each day. Almost every poultry farmer is given a permit to supply one or two shops with eggs. Each month we are paid by the Egg Board an amount which varies with the season of the year.

There are two ways of keeping fowls. The old method is to allow the fowls to run in a yard surrounded by wire-netting. However, the new ideas is to keep the fowls locked up every day. Unfortunately every house must obtain sun all day long and only about 25 hens can be run in about 10 square yards. Mid-August is chicken season, and we buy several hundred chickens each year. They are fluffy yellow balls at first. They are kept in electric or kerosene brooders, but after two or three weeks are transferred to brooders made of old rags. After the age of approximately six weeks they are put into ordinary houses and are taught to perch. In spite of all the hard work I consider poultry farming a very interesting occupation.

R. STEVENSON, 2nd Year.

Footprints in the Sand

I gathered my tackle and some stale meat to catch worms for bait. I set off for the beach which was about half a mile away, and when I arrived there I put all my gear down behind some rocks and took the burley and walked further along the sand.

On the way I noticed on some rocks that jutted out into the water a pool of blood and a trail of footprints. Also on the rocks I noticed some torn pieces of striped shirt. I went back and put the burley and the gear behind a tree and set out to follow the footprints which led away toward some cliffs at the northern end of the beach. I did not have my watch with me, but by the position of the sun and the time I left home I judged it to be about one o'clock, so I hurried off, eager for adventure.

As I was plodding on in the wet sand, I seemed to stop automatically, for here the path turned sharply to the right up towards the bush. When

I left the sand I found that the bush seemed to go deeply down into a valley, but what alarmed me most was a wall of solid rock about 30 feet long and about 20 feet high and through the middle of it a passageway rather like a stone archway just in front of me. I went through the archway and on the other side the trail of footprints continued straight down the incline of the valley.

As I came closer to the bottom I could hear the rippling of water and the groans of someone who seemed to be in awful agony. This terrified me for a moment, but I took courage and ran down the grade as fast as my legs could carry me. At the bottom I found an old man sitting beside a stream and bathing a gash in the calf of his leg with torn pieces of shirt like the ones I had seen previously on the rocks.

When the man saw me he stopped his groaning for an instant and looked at me despairingly. He seemed to be too weak to speak and I guessed it was because of loss of blood, because there was a big pool beside him. He looked at me again and with much strain managed to tell me to get a bottle of rum out of his bag. I got it and gave him a couple of mouthfuls, and almost instantly he seemed to be greatly relieved. I took a clean handkerchief out of my pocket and managed to tie it around the top of his leg to stop the flow of blood. After doing this I tied another handkerchief round the wound. Then I gave him some more rum. Presently he told me that, while he had been fishing on the rocks, an octopus had attacked him and curled round his leg. In his panic he had picked up his knife and tried to cut the tentacles, but he severely gashed his leg. Finally he killed the octopus. He thought he would be able to reach his hut, but near the stream deadly weakness overcame him and he could go no farther.

I ran back to my aunt's house to telephone the ambulance station; and what with guiding the rescuers to the old man, answering all the questions and relating my experience over and over again, I was almost too excited—but not quite—to enjoy the big apple-pie my aunt specially prepared for my tea.

P. KAY, 2nd Year.

Hamlet

The most impressive part of the film, "Hamlet," is the first scene and the meeting of Hamlet and the spirit of his recently deceased father. The scene opens with swirling mist, obscuring all from view, till for a moment it clears, and far below the turrets and parapets of Elsinore are visible. A few seconds later the gap in the fog closes, and next we see Bernardo ascending a staircase in the castle to the guardsman, Francisco. Then Marcellus, a fellow officer, and Horatio enter, and together they await the appearance of the spectre. Finally this phantom appears, and it is particularly well portrayed, seeming beyond the tower's battlements, raised in a bank of fog. It has a gaunt appearance, and its features, indistinct beneath the raised visor of the

helmet, bear a slight resemblance to a skull. The disappearance of the apparition is also excellently done, the figure of the ghost slowly gliding back and being obscured by wisps of fog.

There is a gloomy, eerie atmosphere in most of the scenes, which fits in well with the old castle. The shadowy, winding stairways, the dizzy height of the towers, the long, dark passages and bare rooms all give the picture an air of mystery.

The dramatic scenes near the end, the duel between Hamlet and Laertes, the brother of Ophelia, provide most of the action. The exciting climax when Hamlet gains the poisoned weapon which Laertes has been using, is very well acted.

The final glimpse of Hamlet reveals four soldiers bearing his bier to the topmost tower of Elsinore. A dramatic touch is added to this finale by the silhouette of the soldiers and their burden against the last rays of the setting sun.

Laurence Olivier as Hamlet, and Jean Simmons as the pathetic Ophelia have excelled themselves in this film, and J. Arthur Rank's screen version of one of Shakespeare's greatest plays is in my opinion first-class entertainment.

G. FIRKIN, 1st Year.

A Dog's Day

"Every dog has his day."

So runs the old proverb, but now let me introduce one who tries hard but never has his perfect day. He is Puddles, a city dog who lives in the dirty and dusty city of Newcastle where no dog can possibly keep his coat nice and white. Even if his home was as white as proverbial snow I doubt if Puddles could keep clean anyhow, for he has a knack of foraging out soot heaps where none is normally visible. This is my first impression of Puddles, but now I leave him to tell you of his day.

"This morning, my dreams of steak, bones, dog biscuits and interfering cats were shattered by a shrill whistle, and as there was no one else awake I decided to go and see what it was. Upon reaching the front lawn I found a white object lying there. Not knowing what it was I decided to have a closer look. Noticing its resemblance to a bone, I smelt it. It didn't smell like a bone, but as it was bent and about the same size as a nice juicy bone, I chewed one corner to see if it tasted like a bone. It didn't. I was just trying the other corner when out came my master yelling that I had ruined the paper. If that is what it was I wouldn't like to have to live on it for very long.

"I was lying in my kennel this afternoon when I noticed a black cat sitting on the back fence. I bounded out after it, but it ran off, so I returned to my kennel. Then I remembered the bone I had buried in the pansy plot, so I again left my kennel and made my way to the pansy plot, where after digging amongst the pansies for a while, I came across my bone. I then returned to my kennel, forgetting to fill in the hole from which I had taken the bone. When my mistress saw her

beautiful pansies, she came down and gave me a sharp kick in the ribs and then put me on my chain.

"This is my day. I try to do good. I end up in trouble. How I wish I were a human! But then I suppose I would have to go to school. Well, perhaps a dog's life is not so bad, after all."

R. ROSS, 1st Year.

The Australian Bush

I watch the soft green fern swing carelessly across the weather-beaten track which winds its carefree way between the massive white trunks of healthy gum-trees. I sit beside a babbling brook which, after a few picturesque miles becomes a tributary of a mighty river whirling its way seaward and to a busy harbour. I think of the Australian bush as a wonderful expanse of soft mellow earth with stout saplings of the golden wattle stretching their branches skyward. I picture sheep grazing on sloping green pastures, and stalwart bronzed stockmen riding light-heartedly behind mobs of lowing cattle, and I murmur:

The beauty of Australia,
So wonderful to see,
Is truly a reminder
Of immortality.

I. FORD, 1st Year.

The Ghost Who Wore Size 7 Shoes

A silvery moon hung high up in the heavens, shedding pearly beams down upon the sleeping earth. The rays shone down on the little village of Bayswater, and an uncanny air of stillness hovered over the seemingly deserted hamlet. The only sign of life came from the figures of two youths, their forms silhouetted against the moonlight as they trudged up a tall hill, at the crest of which was an old, dilapidated house. The boys entered the eerie building, its walls on the verge of collapse, every board in the floor creaking as a foot was planted on it, and the windows, long without glass, looking out over the listless swell of the ocean.

Suddenly there was a crash, and one of the youths stumbled and clutched at the other.

"Look out, Keith!" he yelled. "The floor's giving way!"

His companion was temporarily unresponsive, but then he started.

"Allen," he whispered hoarsely, "that wasn't the floor-board collapsing. It was a trapdoor you accidentally opened!"

The speaker then climbed down through the opening and dropped to the floor below. The other followed, and the pair stole cautiously along the narrow passage beneath the house, their footsteps soundless on the stone floor.

"W-what is that, Keith?" whispered the one formerly addressed as Allen. "Those lights?"

The lights referred to were flickering shafts of luminosity that

formed themselves into a continuous procession of ghostly shapes that every moment were changing into more terrible figures. Then both lads gasped, for a ghastly apparition shrouded in misty white glided towards them, occasionally emitting a horrible wail which made the boys' blood run cold in their veins. Icy fingers of fear clutched at them as they turned and ran. The ghost, evidently satisfied, glided back and disappeared.

"Allen, did you notice anything peculiar about that ghost?" asked Keith.

"No, I was too busy running," was the response. "Why, what was wrong?"

"Only the fact that it's the first spook I've ever noticed wearing size 7 shoes. Come on, I'm going back."

The pair edged down the tunnel, every whisper echoing back to them, their footsteps seeming to resound throughout the space. The passage ended abruptly, and Allen and Keith found themselves staring at the waves rolling and flinging up clouds of saturating spray to them.

A sudden noise behind them woke them from their reverie, and they saw an intruder rushing at them, a revolver in his hand, the butt raised to strike. Before them was the attacking stranger, behind them the sea. Then, acting with admirable promptitude, Keith adroitly avoided the blow and tackled the marauder, who stumbled and fell to the floor with a shout. Allen then leapt, and together they pinned him down. They bound the captive with a coil of rope which was found near a stack of packing-cases.

"I wonder what is in those boxes?"

"Let's find out."

Together they prised the lid off a case. Inside were several bags containing a white powder. Keith tasted it.

"By jove! Do you know what that stuff is?" he exclaimed.

"No," was the reply, the speaker also tasting it. "No, all I know is that it has a very sweet, sickly taste."

"It's saccharine," said Keith. "That man must be a member of a smuggling gang. Why, there is an extremely high import duty on it, and they would make an enormous profit!"

"Yes, but look, there is a ship. It must have called here, and now it is going back for a fresh load," replied Allen.

"But why was there a ghost? And those lights? When I saw them I thought that I was having hallucinations," said Allen.

"Well," was the reply, "the ghost was to frighten away inquisitive villagers, and the lights were a sort of prelude to the ghost. An accomplice probably made the lights by running his fingers over the front of a torch. Anyhow, next time they call we shall have the police waiting."

G. FIRKIN, 1st Year.

The Robbery

The night was dark and still, and only a trickle of light crept through the crack in the bedroom door. The door was that of Mrs. MacDoodlebug and was situated upon the landing of the MacDoodlebug mansion. This mansion was situated in a mysterious gully, which was usually enveloped in mist, whether it was day or night. The light, that of a flickering candle, soon died out, leaving the mansion in complete darkness.

Quietly, stealthily the door beside Mrs. MacDoodlebug's opened. A white-draped figure emerged, and suddenly a candle burst into flame. The figure, a deathly white, crept slowly down the stairs, holding in front of it a small piece of paper which it was obviously reading by the light of the candle. The small piece of paper seemed to be a map, for a little finger traced out lines upon it. Then the figure walked slowly across the room at the foot of the stairs. It opened a door on the far side of the room and disappeared into the next room. In the gloom of the night the candle that the figure held shone brilliantly and revealed a tall cupboard. The cupboard was dusty, and cobwebs wound themselves around the dirty door-knob. A small arm reached out and grasped the knob.

"Joseph Augustus Claude!" cried a voice from the landing. "Get back to bed at once."

Mrs. MacDoodlebug stood on the landing glaring down at the white figure of Joseph. Joseph crept slowly back up the stairs. As he quietly opened his bedroom door, he took out his spoils from his shirt. The raid on the pantry had been successful.

D. EVANS, 1st Year.

The Ring and the Pudding

When mother lost her wedding ring just before Christmas she was very upset, and everyone in our house tried hard to find it for her.

Peter and I searched all over the house, with William the dog following hard on our heels. We looked in the beds and under the beds, for you never could tell where a ring might roll. We moved all the cushions and rolled up the rugs and looked under the sofa, and William the dog was close behind all the time, thinking what a very good game it was. But no ring came to light.

"I know I had it at breakfast time," said mother.

When daddy came home and was told the sad news and heard everything mother had done that day, he had a guess and said it might be in the Christmas pudding. So we had to wait till Christmas Day, as the pudding was boiling. Peter and I still went on looking in any places that we had overlooked before, because mother said that she felt so strange without her ring. As we didn't find it we felt certain that it was in the pudding.

When Christmas Day came and mother carried in the pudding, Peter and I could hardly wait to be served, for we each wanted to find the

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ring first. Mother gave generous slices all round, but there was no ring. We were so excited that we almost choked as we ate, but though we searched most thoroughly we found no ring. And now there was only one tiny piece of pudding left on the plate. Peter ate it, but there was still no ring. Everyone felt very sad, but we couldn't be sad for long, for we still had the Christmas tree.

There were presents on the tree for everyone, including a dog mother had stuffed for William. The ring was quite forgotten in the excitement of opening parcels. Everyone was delighted with the presents and William loved his. William's way of loving a present was to bite it and shake it as hard as he could. No one took any notice of him at first, but presently mother drew our attention to him.

"Oh, William! Why, the naughty little dog is pulling his new toy to pieces!" she exclaimed.

As mother spoke William gave an extra hearty shake and something came rolling across the carpet. Peter saw it first and he dived after it.

"Mummie, it's your ring!" he cried.

And sure enough it was. It hadn't been mixed in the pudding at all, but stuffed in William's dog!

A. NEWTON, 1st Year.

The Counterfeiters

It was an old, grey, ivy-covered shack. The gate hung on one rusty, creaking hinge, and the drive leading to the house itself was now covered with weed and low, vine-entangled shrubs. I gazed up at it with awe as I passed it. Clouds were completely obscuring the moon, and an occasional flash of lightning made the shack appear more frightening than ever. A light flickered in a window. It was an eerie sight; but what scared me most was the shout that followed. It was not ghostly, just a plain shout; still it was enough to scare me. I did not stop running till I reached home.

The next day I met Bluey and we talked things over. Bluey thought I had been dreaming, but I knew for sure that I had not done so. Finally we went along to investigate.

"Well, my dear Watson," quoth Holmes, as we approached the house, "lead on!" I led on. Even in daylight the haunted house was frightening. We climbed through the broken fence and worked our way up through the bushes. Perhaps it was just as well, for, when I glanced through the leaves at an upstairs window, I saw the flash of sunlight on what might have been glasses! Blue and I had a conference about it, and then clambered through a hole in the wall nearest us. Producing a mirror Blue put it in position so that the upper part of the house was visible. What we saw made the colour drain from our faces. Someone was looking at the opening from a window just above us!

Seeing a trapdoor we were surprised to find that it responded quite easily when we tugged at the rusty ring on top of it. We clambered into it and pulled it down just in time. Footsteps sounded and then re-

ceded above us. I trod on something soft, and after picking it up I examined it with the torch. It was a bundle of £5 notes! I shone the torch around the room and saw a large table with notes stacked high on it. In the corner stood a little machine. "Counterfeiters!" I breathed. Blue said nothing. He just stood and stared. Automatically we moved towards a tunnel, each of us with a bundle of notes. The tunnel came out on to a weed-choked path.

When eventually we staggered into the police station we handed in the notes and stood still almost choking for breath. Questions—questions—questions! Would they never end? Then the sergeant in charge made a close examination of the counterfeit notes, and at last he gave an order to several constables. Many minutes passed by, and then we heard the "Black Maria" screaming down the streets.

An hour later two bedraggled men, battered and bleeding, were brought under escort into the police station.

"Now, who was dreaming?" I asked Bluey.

J. McKENZIE, 1st Year.

A Voyage Through Space

All was hustle and bustle at the landing field of the rocket-testing station and laboratories in Central Australia. To-day was the great day, for at dusk Australia's first space-ship was to be launched. Of course, previously there had been the cumbersome "stage" rockets, but this was their first self-contained type. The shining silver craft was powered by rocket motors fed by fuel emerging from a small atomic furnace, or "pile." The ship was about 150 feet in length, and the tail was ringed by stubby rocket jets which gave the appearance of a kind of tiara.

The hour for launching drew near. Two jeeps hauled the leviathan over to a pair of cradles, into which she was bodily lifted by a magnetic crane. The cradles began to move upward, elevating the vessel to a vertical position, her nose pointing to zenith. The crew approached, and the commander, a tall young man named Eric Harding, climbed through a hatch to make a final inspection. They returned, apparently satisfied, and the remainder of the crew filed through the air-lock to their various stations. Harding strapped himself into the bucket-seat before the controls. A red warning light flashed through the "Silver Comet," as the ship was so aptly named. "All ready?" he asked. Eric played his fingers nimbly across a row of nickel-plated keys, and in response a titanic roar filled the craft. Next moment she left the earth, shooting skywards with appalling velocity. A needle flickered round the dial of the altimeter, finally coming to rest, vainly pressing the side in a futile attempt to register the rapidly increasing altitude.

Suddenly the projectile shuddered, and they were plunged into darkness. Ghostly sparks of purple fire crackled round the metal fittings like St. Elmo's fire. This display soon ended, and the lights flashed on again. They had passed through the Heaviside-Kenelly or Appleton layer, which is a layer of air ionized by streams of electrons from the

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK. JULY 10-16.



"BOOKS ARE FRIENDS."

sun. Later they passed through another of these ionized layers, the Scotch engineer firmly believing that he was having hallucinations.

Soon the ship left the earth's atmosphere, and Eric gave the order to stop the motors, as in space they would be needed only for steering. They missed the shrill whine of the engines but finally grew accustomed to its absence. They passed by Mars, a fiery globe illuminated by countless volcanic fires. Eventually they began to near their destination, the as yet unexplored planet of Venus. Venus resembles the moon, in that as our satellite has one of its sides turned away from us, Venus has one of its faces turned perpetually away from the sun. They by-passed the darkened side of the planet, barely able to distinguish the outline of desolate mountains and craters in the dim light. Suddenly, quick as a flash, they were in the light again, but were momentarily blinded as they approached the face looking upon the dazzling sun. Eric brought the vessel down to within a thousand feet of the surface. He switched on some cameras which would automatically record all that was seen.

Below them stretched miles of primeval forest, growing in what appeared to be a steaming swamp. No solid ground was to be seen, only miles of fetid marsh. Here on this planet, vegetation seemed to have triumphed over animal life, for not one animal, bird, reptile, or insect was to be seen. Every plant and tree, the huge mosses and ferns, spoke of the Devonian and Carboniferous ages on the earth. They dared not land the "Silver Comet," for it would only sink into the mud and filth; and even if they could it would be impossible to breathe outside, for the spectroscope revealed that the atmosphere was composed almost entirely of carbon-dioxide.

Suddenly Harding heard a terrified yell from the mechanic. He was raving about tentacles encircling the craft, and of the terrible apparatus to which the clinging tentacles belonged.

"Good heavens!" shouted the radio man, "it's some kind of cannibal-tree, and it has fastened on to us! Start the motors and let's get away from this crazy planet."

"Yes, go on, Angus," ordered Eric to the engineer; "the ship can't stand this strain too long."

At last the motors started, and their hum changed rapidly to a shrill whine. Before long they were racing away from the planet, the devil-plant still wrapped around the space-craft. As they entered outer space, the lowered pressure of the vacuum round them caused the monster to explode into thousands of tiny, disintegrating fragments. The vessel was now racing back to earth, the navigator's calculations revealing that their planet should be reached in three days. During this time many adventures and mishaps—such as the near collision with a huge meteor—occurred, but the "Silver Comet" emerged from each unscathed.

At last they entered the earth's atmosphere, but it was then that the calamity occurred. An explosion from the engine-room rocked the vessel, and the engineer limped out, blood pouring from his mutilated

face. The motors had exploded but were still working. They could not, however, be controlled, and the forward jets, which were to retard their speed when approaching earth, had been blown right away. The initial velocity of 60,000 m.p.h. necessary to overcome the earth's gravity would be greatly increased for, not only were the motors working at full blast, but gravity was also building up their speed, and the final plunge to earth would be horrible to think of. The metal of which the ship was composed would become incandescent by the friction of the air, and the people below would point up at the falling meteor. Beads of sweat formed on Eric's brow as he thought of these things. Already the air was hot and stifling, as the molten metal flowed over the surface of the vessel. The seconds slowly ticked off on Eric's watch, and he thought that it would not be long now. The other members of the crew were silent. The motors cut out from lack of fuel, but this did not noticeably affect their velocity. There was a sudden impact as the ship struck the ocean, a terrific hissing as the sea-water fused the molten metal, and then—oblivion.

When Eric awoke, he found himself in bed, light streaming in through the windows a few feet away. Through them he could see rows upon rows of white buildings that he knew contained anything from saucepans to cyclotrons, canned meat to Van de Graaf generators; also the landing field, with the occasional whir of a landing helicopter, or the shrill scream of a passing rocket-plane. He was back at the rocket-testing station from which he and his crew had been launched upon their fateful journey through the void to Venus. He was just beginning to wonder how he had come there when, accompanied by the click of the opening door, a white-clad doctor entered.

"Well, Commander Harding, you're a very lucky man."

"What happened to my crew, doctor?" asked Eric.

"Oh, they're all okay," was the nonchalant reply.

"Tell me what happened."

"All right," the doctor replied with a smile. "I suppose you know what occurred up to when you crashed. Everybody thought that your ship was a shooting star until some observant person noticed that a red glow was following, like that from a rocket motor. We concluded that it must be the 'Silver Comet.' You crashed into the sea in the Great Australian Bight, and fortunately your vessel was sufficiently buoyant to float after its plunge. It was brought ashore, and conveyed here on a special railway flat-truck. As the metal had fused over the entrance to the air-lock, you had to be cut out with oxy-acetylene torches. I think that is all."

With that he left, returning only to tell Eric that the films taken had proved of great value. Eric lay in bed, reflecting on his lucky deliverance. He drifted slowly to sleep, to dream of his adventures, many of which proved to be nightmares.

G. FIRKIN, 1st Year.

Father Lays The Ghost

"This is the end!" exclaimed mother. "I'll not stay another night in this house. If that wasn't a ghost I saw on the top landing, I'm a Dutchman."

"Rot!" said father. "You are letting your imagination run away with you. I'll admit it did look ghostly, but my common sense would not let me believe in ghosts."

"Be that as it may," said mother, "I intend spending my nights with Lucy until you prove I'm wrong."

So father was left to spend his evenings alone.

One night, feeling drowsy after reading, father decided to go into the kitchen to have supper before retiring. Passing the stairs leading to the attic, he was startled to see, out of the corner of his eye, what appeared to be a strange apparition on the top landing. Recovering from the shock, he forgot his intention of getting supper and bracing himself commenced to ascend the stairs. When only a few steps from the turn in the stairs, he again saw this strange thing appear and disappear in a flash. For a moment he stood gripping the banister as if frozen and debated whether he would proceed or turn tail and join mother at Lucy's.

"What's up with you?" he thought to himself. "If this thing meant you any harm, it would have acted before you got as far as this. You laughed at Alice's fears. Do you want her to say, 'I told you so'?"

Without hesitating, father hurried up to the top landing, arriving there just in time to see the strange shadow right before his eyes. He stood petrified, but only momentarily. He was standing directly in front of a long narrow window set in the wall of the landing, through which he could see hanging on a line on the balcony of the house opposite a lady's petticoat and other items of female attire. A light in the room adjoining the balcony shone directly behind the clothes and, as the petticoat moved in the breeze, its shadow was intermittently thrown through the narrow window onto the wall of the landing. Father learned that the room opposite was occupied by a young lady who was in the habit of doing her washing at night. This explained the appearance of the ghost on odd nights.

Mother was somewhat scared as father led her up the stairs one night about a week later to "lay the ghost" but is now quite convinced that ghosts are purely a matter of coincidence and imagination.

R. GOLDBURG, 1st Year.

The Farm of Talking Animals

"Parcel for you, Jim," called out the jovial cook whilst sorting out the mail given to her by the postman.

Jim ran upstairs and into his bedroom. He admired the label for a short time before tearing open the packet. "I'll show it to the boys later!" was the exclamation as the contents rolled out.

When Jim came downstairs he noticed a doleful expression on his

parents' faces. With a questioning look at his wife his father thrust a letter into Jim's hands.

"Your Aunt Jane is coming," his father groaned. "She is always causing trouble and criticising everything anybody does or has. Also she has, or says she has, terrific palpitations of the heart, rheumatism and many other horrible diseases." This was exclaimed in a prim, high-pitched voice mimicking Aunt Jane.

Some days later Aunt Jane arrived. As she placed down her bag a mouse ran across the room and, since she disliked mice, it drove her out of the door.

"Oh! My poor heart!" she called back as she walked slowly towards the meadows.

"The birds are whistling in the trees,
The lambs are frisking in the breeze,
The fish are swimming in the brook—

What rhymes with brook?" she muttered as she walked.

"That poetry is very crook," a bee seemed to say as it buzzed past her.

"Good heavens! I must have been in the train too long—imagining things like this. Oh! My palpitations!"

Suddenly a deep, booming voice rose up from the other side of the hedge. The song was "The Cow-Cow Boogie."

"Why didn't they tell me Paul Robeson was staying here—oh!" Upon looking over the hedge Aunt Jane saw a cow opening and closing its mouth, while from its lips issued the song. As she was backing away she trod on a pig's tail.

"Can't a fellow take an afternoon nap without clumsy old women treading on a chap's tail? Get off my tail." This complaint was accompanied by an ear-splitting squeal.

If Aunt Jane had entered for the high jump contest she would surely have won and she would have landed on a much more pleasant spot than she did. After all, though, it was not Jim's fault that the pig's trough contained food that was a few weeks old, for it was not in use.

Jim's father acted the part of a very sorry host when Aunt Jane told them she was leaving and that the animals on that farm ought to be more polite. Jim looked ashamed when his father questioned his wife about the last part of Aunt Jane's conversation.

"Well, you see, dad, it's like this. You know the parcel I received some days ago? Well, it contained a book on ventriloquism. Er—" Jim stopped.

"Jim, you didn't! Tom dear, I expect you to give Jim a talking to," his mother said grimly, although there was just a hint of a smile in her eyes.

His father gave him a short lecture and as he left the room pressed a round, cold object into Jim's palm. A two shilling piece! Who says crime doesn't pay?

R. COOPER, 1st Year.

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Morning and Evening

I have known the sleepy morning, with its mist-tresses fading,
And have seen the golden sky and warming sun, refreshed;
I have heard the songs of half-awakened birds in silent trees, shadowless,
Whilst I sat on dew-bathed grass, new-born, earth-nourished,
Sensing with inward soul the slow, deliberate, sure awakening,
Noting all the while the stirrings numberless.

Of the tired Evening, Earth's colours thickening slow,
Of the filtering sunlight-shafts, caressing the green sward's breast—
Of these I have sung me a lullaby, soft and low.

Amid the last, drowsy flutterings of labour-wearied life,
When the turn to home has come, the turn to sweet, deep rest,
Then I have known content, and peace, and the blessed end of strife.
W. DERKENNE, 5th Year.

Stars, Life, Time and Man

O stars, O stars, you eyes of night's dark face,
With languorous, semi-closed lids that blink
With misted brilliance on the earth beneath,
Riding the velvet-maned steed of night,
So far removed from earthly taint and harm,
How you must often smile to think of man,
Proud and defiant, strutting far beneath you!
This speck, this dot within the universe,
This minute pawn upon a swirling board,
With scornful voice and clamorous accent
Doth dare to call the boundless sky his own!
Oh, arrogance that knows no confines even!
From such a tiny speck comes forth great noise.
But you, O stars, in withering contempt,
Do stride the heavens, smiling scornfully
On man in all his boastful pride beneath,
On him who mouths his small and futile speech
(Great noise amidst the silence of the skies!)
And then departs to everlasting quiet
Of a long, starless night—the night of death!
Whilst he must pass into the outer world
Making mere ripples in the sea of time,
Leaving to others greater in his line
The conquest of the ever-hungry waves,
You, O majestic candles on the altar
Of the temple of the night, move calmly on
In your unchanging path until the end,
Until the finish of mankind and time,
Until the light of Luna too has gone.—
Then, children of the night, you too must die!

J. NELSON, 5th Year.

The First Dance

This dancing really is a bore,
And here I'm sitting still;
Yet all the people on the floor
Are dancing fit to kill.

But wait, here's a progressive one,
A barn dance to be sure;
So now I'll really have some fun
And whirl about the floor.

My goodness, I have quite forgot—
In fact I never knew—
The quarter turn. Oh, what a knot
To dancers who are new!

I'd better watch that man in front
To see just how it's done.
One foot like this—Oh, no you don't!
And yet they call this fun.

My partner smiles. "Not danced before?
Oh, come! Such grace and skill!"—
Who says that dancing is a bore?
It's really quite a thrill.

G. BROWN, 5th Year.

Eventide

The other day at sunset when
The sky was turned to gold,
I thought the world around me then
Was wondrous to behold.

The hills were dark and sombre, yet
The heavens were filled with light
As though the sun, e'en while he set,
Would mock the coming night.

Too soon the brightness faded, for
The twilight drifted by,
And as the earth was shrouded o'er
I heard its tired sigh.

G. BROWN, 5th Year.

It's Grand

It's grand to be a batsman
And hit the bowling round,

To play the fast ones carefully
And the slows out of the ground.
It's grand to be a rabbit
And go in last of all
To show the classy batsmen up
And hit fours every ball.
It's grand to be a spinner,
To think up cunning tricks,
And then to see the guileful one
Get hit to leg for six.
It's grand to be a bowler
Who hurls them true and fast,
And watch the batsmen duck their heads
As bumpers whistle past.
It's grand to be a trundler
And bowl straight up and down;
To bowl their champion batsmen out—
You're then the talk of town.
It's grand to be a 'keeper,
To make a glorious stop,
And then to miss a stumping chance
Or a simple sitter drop.
It's grand to be a fieldsman
Out in the boiling sun,
To have a leather-hunt all day,
And then get out for none.
It's grand to be the twelfth man,
To sit in the stand all day
And watch your team get beaten—
If only you could play!
It's grand to be an umpire,
Booed, and hissed, and spanked,
Shouted, yelled and cried at,
And never to be thanked.
It's grand to be a spectator
And tell them what to do;
To show them how you got your runs
Way back in 'eighty-two.
But be they batsmen, bowler,
In field or keeping wicket,
They'll every man agree with me—
The grandest game is cricket.

R. BEAL, 4th Year.

Orisemy's Ford

Down the broad street old Orisemy drove
Round past the mansion and into a grove.

Over the bridge and round the next bend
 In a cloud of smoke he began to send
 The old Ford so recklessly down the street
 That the village policeman was knocked off his feet.
 Before I go further I'd better explain
 That Orisemy was often quite weak in the brain.
 He bought an old Ford from a man at Maniddle
 Who'd guaranteed it to be fit as a fiddle.
 The deal was a fraud but Orisemy, the dummy,
 Had hardly more wits than you'd find in a mummy.
 The wheels used to wobble all over the place,
 And when down the street he went at a pace
 The steam and the smoke would envelop the town,
 And every half-mile the old Ford broke down.
 With rattles and bangs it bumped o'er the stones,
 Sending men, women, children asscatter with groans.
 Now back to the tale of our half-witted friend
 Who was now going round on three wheels at a bend.
 The other wheel scuttling away down a lane
 Upset an old gent who was holding a cane.
 The gent struggled up with a bellowing roar
 And challenged all-comers behind and before.
 The bonnet flew off followed close by the hood;
 Pedestrians vanished as fast as they could.
 Then Orisemy demented and shouting with glee
 Made a valiant effort to drive up a tree.
 The end for Orisemy is tragic to tell:
 He still drives his Ford—in a padded cell.

J. HOLT, 4th Year.

In Praise of Cold Showers

Of lengthy thrills you may converse,
 Of things that last an hour;
 But there's one better—shorter, too:
 A daily, ice-cold shower!

If, on a wintry morning,
 With the temp. at forty-three,
 You can stand it for a minute,
 You're a better man than me.

But what a thrill it gives you
 To feel the shivering shock!
 The sense of pride it gives you!
 You've feelings like a rock!

Some say there is no benefit,
 But a cold shower's really warming,
 And after it you're wide awake.
 Just try it some cold morning.

R. BEAL, 4th Year.

Time

Time goes on like River Rhine,
 But his time does not match with mine.
 When I am old
 He will be bold,
 And in his face of age no sign.
 When it is cold,
 And I too old
 To play with the merry day,
 He will be gay and go on his way—
 For his time does not match with mine.

D. CLARKE, 2nd Year.

Latin

Latin—what a subject!
 It's dead as it can be.
 Although it killed the Romans,
 It won't do that to me.

I do not like it very much.
 For all that I do care,
 It can go back into the grave
 And sit in a Roman's chair.

It didn't kill them quickly;
 They lingered many years.
 When only one remained alive
 He must have been in tears.

If it were a living man
 And I a tommy-gun,
 I wouldn't let my trigger rest
 Until its job was done.

G. SHEARMAN, 2nd Year.

The Streamlet

It wanders through the meadows;
 It winds through grassy plain;
 Its strength comes from the mountains,
 From the melting snows and rain.

In the echoing mountain gorges
It crashes and roars like thunder
Through tree trunks clustered thickly,
Up, over and through and under.

To the plains it rolls so swiftly,
Laughing aloud in its glee,
Past towns and shacks and humpies
Onward to the sea.

A. HUTCHINSON, 2nd Year.

The Vital Match

All were hushed
In the stand nearby
As our last man went out
To do or die.
With minutes to go
And twenty to win,
He grimly faced up
As the bowler ran in.
He wanted this wicket,
The last to fall.
A twist of his hand
Sent the spinning ball,
Which the waiting batsman
Smashed over covers.
For a breathless time
In the air it hovers.
Quickly it dropped,
And the crowd was tense,
But the batsman was safe
As it rolled to the fence.
Two more vicious strokes
Drove the ball to the pickets
Off their best bowler
Who'd taken most wickets.
A cut through slips
Brought another two.
Six to win,
And the minutes few!
A terrific shot
And the game was won
By a glorious sixer
That soared to the sun.

J. KILPATRICK, 1st Year.

Little Joe

Some people find it a great delight
To sit up and tell long stories all night,
And none must even dare to complain
When they tell the same story again and again.
Now take the case of little Joe.
He didn't know when to stop, and so
One night, with laughter that made him choke,
He told a dull story he thought was a joke
And found at the end that his guest was deaf.
How he was teased by his brother Geoff!
Soon all the other folk came to know
Of the trick that fate played little Joe.
He was teased and teased until he vowed
He would reform and he said aloud,
"I'll never tell stories again, I swear.
Oh! that reminds me. One night a bear—"

E. TEMBY, 1st Year.



Additional Notes, Nov. 11th.

As we expected the magazine to be ready for distribution much earlier, our reports, most of which were to hand at the end of August, do not cover activities beyond the concert, September 20th. Brief notes are thus included to bridge this gap in our review.

PREFECTS-ELECT.

G. Henry (Captain), J. Dimmock (Vice-Captain), L. Adam, R. Allan, R. Beal, J. Cleary, B. Dennewald, D. Douglas, F. Druery, N. Ellis, K. Gosper, J. Holt, R. Inglis, G. Jones, P. Larcombe, J. Morris, N. Palmer, W. Steel, J. Sticpewich, W. Strang.

FETE, OCT. 7th.

The fete, organised by our P. and C. and Ladies' Auxiliaries and officially opened by the Lord Mayor, featured such attractions as displays, stalls, the violin ensemble, variety shows, a mannequin parade, "The Gondoliers," provision of afternoon tea and an evening meal, "Campbell of Kilmhor," and a concert. We record our appreciation of the fine efforts of all—the host of workers, the donors, assisting artists, visitors—who contributed to its success.

FAREWELL.

On Nov. 3rd, with addresses by the Headmaster, Deputy-Headmaster, Masters of Departments, speakers from each year, and the Captain-Elect, the school bade farewell to 5th Year. The departing Captain replied. We trust that all present now know how to pronounce "Remis Velisque." Barely recognisable students later startled Turton Road with a fancy dress parade, and presented a burlesque concert in the hall. In the evening a large gathering attended the annual Father and Son Dinner.

CADETS.

On Nov. 3rd our Cadet Unit held its first passing-out parade, ending with an impressive march past. Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. O'Sullivan, Chief Officer of State Cadets, praised the unit for its smart appearance and responsiveness. Captain Gosper presented the Captain C. E. Jacobs Memorial Trophy to Cadet-Lieutenant Barry Tinkler's platoon. Cadets leaving school received certificates showing their service with the unit. On behalf of the P. and C., Mr. H. Sticpewich presented a mace to the band.

CRICKET.

Congratulations to Technical High, 1st grade premiers this year. Our 1st XI. came second. Of other grades, our 2nd XI (undefeated) and B. team (one defeat) are premiers; our A. and C. (local) are running second; our other C. team is leading by 8 points. Our representatives in the combined northern team to visit Sydney on Dec. 5th are J. O'Brien, D. Robertson, K. McDonald and H. Marjoribanks. We wish them an enjoyable trip and success in the matches against Cranbrook and the Metropolitan team.

SOCCER.

Our A1 team distinguished itself this year by defeating Central 3-0 in a match played as a preliminary to the Yugoslavia-N.S.W. fixture.

ORAL WORK.

In the oral competition (verse, prose, lecturette, song), conducted on Nov. 10th, with a cup as trophy, four boys from each 1st and 2nd Year class did very fine work. The winning class was 2B.

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