

REG WALLIN

STUDENTS' JOURNAL



1960



INDOOROOPILLY

HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF

Back Row: Mr. C. Wrench, Mr. J. H. Porter, Mr. R. Powell, Mr. G. H. Thomson, Mr. A. T. Walters, Mr. W. N. Wetzel, Mr. S. Cross.
2nd Row: Miss N. Clifton, Mr. F. J. Bull, Mr. I. Terauds, Mr. A. F. McAlpine, Mr. S. F. Brown, Mr. J. McMurray, Mrs. M. F. Gore.
3rd Row: Miss M. Shelton, Miss R. Warrell, Mr. B. C. Wolff, Mr. B. Shaw, Mr. A. J. Albury, Mr. C. E. Elmes, Miss E. A. Gardner, Miss E. Marnane, Miss M. Imarisio.
Front Row: Mrs. J. G. Bryan, Miss E. W. Muir, Mr. R. Williams (Deputy-Principal), Mr. G. Ward (Principal), Miss S. Cran, Mr. R. Grieve, Mrs. G. Van Rosmalen, Miss J. M. Knott (Absent).

School Directory, 1960

PRINCIPAL :

Mr. G. Ward, B.A. (Q.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL :

Mr. R. Williams, B.A., B.Sc.

STAFF

ACADEMIC : Mr. A. J. Albury, B.A., B.Ed., Mr. S. F. Brown, B.Sc., Mrs. J. G. Bryan, B.A., Mr. F. J. Bull, Miss N. Clifton, B.A., Dip. Ed., Miss S. Cran, B.A., Miss E. A. Gardner, A. Ed., Mrs. M. F. Gore, B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed., Mr. R. B. Grieve, M.A., Miss M. Imarisio, Mr. A. F. McAlpine, Miss E. Muir, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., Mr. J. H. Porter, B. Com., Mr. R. Powell, B.A., A. Ed., Mr. B. J. Shaw, A. Ed., Dip. Phys. Ed., Mr. I. Terauds, Mr. J. H. Thomson, Mrs. G. M. Van Rosmalen, B.A., A.A.S.A., Mr. A. T. Walters, Mr. W. N. Wetzel, A. Ed.

COMMERCIAL : Mrs. B. A. Brunner, Miss J. M. Knott, A.A.U.Q., Mr. B. Wolff.

MANUAL TRAINING : Mr. S. R. Cross, Mr. C. H. Elmes, Mr. J. McMurray, Mr. C. E. H. Wrench.

HOME SCIENCE : Miss E. Marnane, Miss M. McCosker, Miss R. M. Warrell.

ART : Miss M. A. Shelton.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION : Mr. K. M. Kehoe, Miss S. J. Standard.

MUSIC : Miss H. Baird, F.T.C.L.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OFFICERS : Mr. S. Buhot, B.Sc., Miss E. Murray, B.A.

CLERK-TYPISTE : Miss L. O'Farrell.

JANITOR : Mr. R. F. Allen.

CLEANERS : Mr. L. J. Bright, Mrs. H. A. Engels, Mrs. L. Griffiths.

GROUNDSMAN : Mr. W. Kenyon.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

OFFICIALS : Mr. W. P. Osborne (President); Mr. H. M. Plowman, Mrs. V. H. Bryan (Joint Secretaries), Mr. S. F. Brown (Vice-President).

PREFECTS : Barbara Hawkins, David Cahill, Jill Lynch, Jan Whitby, Colin Rooney, Wayne Hopkin, Noel Berndt, Olga Stenlake, Christine Heybroek, Rodney Hardaker.

HOUSE CAPTAINS :

David Dalziel, Jeff Collins, Peter Clarey, Ivan Carter, Sandra Jackson, Olga Stenlake, Jill Payne, Judi Maloney.

FORM CAPTAINS :

VI A	N. Clarey	IV C1	J. Jones
VI B	W. Eastgate	IV C2	J. Middleton
V A	D. Cahill	IV C3	C. Boyle
V B	B. Johns	III A1D	R. Sartor
V C	P. Strong	A2	L. Norris
IV A1	I. Doherty	A3	K. Rowe
A2	K. Rich	III B1	L. Hancock
A3	G. Martin	B2	M. Zawada
IV B1	C. Simmamon	III C1	R. Ritchie
B2	R. Meiklejohn	C2	D. Bird
B3	P. Addison	C3	L. Ewin

Editorial

It is the function of a School Magazine to record all the various activities of a School so that in the course of years there will be a fairly full record of the growth and progress of the School. But there is an additional purpose—to encourage students to contribute original articles, so that there can be an opportunity of publishing original writings. In this Journal we have tried to keep these two ideals in mind. It is good to know that there has been a very real contribution from the students and that much of the work of compiling this magazine has been done by them. Thus we feel that the title of this magazine "Students' Journal" is fully justified. We must not, however, forget the work and the guidance of the teachers. It is pleasing to note too that all the photographs have been taken by teachers and students.

This has been a great year in the material advance of the School. The new Domestic Science School, the new classrooms and the ground work now being done are all evidence of this. We hope, however that there is a corresponding advance in the real things of the School—the character of the students, their pride in their School, their desire to avail themselves of all this school can offer to them—and to do as much to their School as they possibly can. We also hope that all candidates for the Public Examinations will achieve the success they desire and by so doing build up a tradition of Scholarship. We trust you all enjoy this Journal.

New Deputy Principal

At the beginning of this year Mr. R. Williams, B.A., B.Sc., was appointed Deputy-Principal in the place of Mr. W. Bell who was appointed Deputy-Principal at Balmoral.

We welcome Mr. Williams to the School and hope that he, his wife and family, will enjoy their stay in Brisbane. Mr. Williams came from the State High School at Ayr.

We wish both Mr. Williams and Mr. Bell a very happy period of service in their respective schools.

Principal's Foreword

I am happy again to write a note for the 1960 issue of the Students' Journal. As I write, a great deal of hard work is being done in the preparation of the Journal. I am particularly pleased with the large number of original contributions that have come in this year.

We began the year with an enrolment of about 800, about the same as last year. It is pleasing to report that we now have a new Domestic Science Block, and four new class-rooms, one of which is used as an Art Room. Art and German were included in the syllabus for the first time this year. Extensive ground works are proceeding. Our Oval has been fenced and goal posts placed in position. The Parents' and Citizens' Association is putting down a Turf wicket and some practice wickets this year.

We had a very good Education Day last year and I am hoping to see again all the parents at the School this year in September. Speech Night will be held on 24th October in the City Hall.

I wish every success to all the students who will be sitting for Public Examinations at the end of the year.

GILBERT WARD,
Principal.

Notes from Parents, Etc.

One more year has gone, fine new class-rooms have been completed, wide roadways throughout the grounds are almost finished, the new oval has played its part in the life of the school, and our Ladies use an Oslo Lunch Room equal to any in Queensland.

This is good, but there is still much to be done. We want a swimming pool, we want tennis courts, we want . . . Students, with your help we can get them. Encourage your parents to come to our meetings, make sure you take those circulars home to them, and surely, with your brains and imaginations, you can dream up many schemes for making that all-important commodity, money.

We would like to hear from you, Students. Your suggestions will be welcomed. Let us make the coming year see such a working-together of parents and students that our dreams become a reality.

My best wishes for every success are extended to every candidate in the forthcoming Examinations.

W. P. OSBORNE,
President.

The Prefects' Notes

This year ranks of the prefects have been raised from 8 to 10, six seniors and four sub-seniors. The seniors are C. Heybrock, O. Stenlake, J. Whitby, N. Berndt, R. Hardaker, and M. Rooney. The sub-seniors are J. Lynch, B. Hawkins, D. Cahill, and W. Hopkins. The two extra prefects were appointed to cope with the increased number of students.

We would like to thank the teachers, especially Mr. Grieve and Miss Cran for their assistance and guidance as to our responsibility and duties as prefects.

We regret that we sometimes sounded officious in checking of school uniform but I am sure you will all agree that a school not wholly in uniform tends to become undisciplined. However, we thank those pupils who have co-operated with us in every way, thus making our difficult task somewhat easier.

On looking into the future we are sure that the privileges of future prefects will be extended in such ways as the provision of a special room (when the buildings are completed). This was suggested at the beginning of the year but it will probably be given next year. Also the appointment of head boy and girl will become necessary as school tradition is established as in other schools.

We wish all examination candidates the best in the coming exams and may you leave this school conscious of the benefit you have gained here and take a pride in it.

THE PREFECTS.

Editors :

Beverley Carr, Noel Berndt, David Ficklings
Warren Spicer. (Students).
Miss E. Gardner (Staff).

BUSINESS MANAGER :

Mr. J. Porter (Staff).

PHOTOGRAPHS :

A. Nurk (Student).
Mr. B. C. Wolff (Staff).

1959 Public Examination Results

In keeping with the school's high scholastic standard, last year's Public Examination results were meritorious. In the Junior, Sue Howes and Wayne Hopkins achieved eight "A" passes, Barbara Hawkins and Ron Brown gained seven "A"s and Jill Lynch, Ailsa McNair, Joan Hermann and Barbara Philipson six "A" passes.

The Senior results were the best so far obtained from the school. Robert Inglis (who was awarded a State Government scholarship in veterinary science) and Sally Gowland both gained "A" passes in five subjects, Harry Thompson, Jean Smollen and Diane Howes each gained four "A" passes, and seven students achieved three "A"s.

It speaks highly of last year's Senior form that 17 are attending the Teachers' Training College, 13 are doing full-time University courses, and most of the others are continuing their studies at night school. In all, 9 seniors won University scholarships, and those who are going to University are represented in the faculties of Arts, Pharmacy, Science, Engineering and Veterinary Science.



The Principal, Mr. Ward, greeting Commander R. H. Hain, Navy Officer, Melbourne.

Crusader Notes

Crusaders at Indooroopilly is one small part of a world-wide Christian movement operating in secondary schools. It seeks to lead young people to Christ and to help them to apply Christianity to every-day life.

Our school group meets at 1.10 p.m. every Thursday and is led by Colin Limpers and Judy Spears. We are very grateful to Mr. Ward for allowing us to use the Music Room where we have a good attendance each Thursday. Everyone interested is welcome to join us in singing and Bible studies.

Other activities include camps to the Blue Mountains, Carnarvon Ranges, and Atherton Tableland with the primary aim of spreading the name of Christ amongst young people.

PATRICIA BOWDEN.

Library Report

At last a reference section is beginning to take shape in the Library, and although the numbers of books available are still far too limited, the books themselves are very attractive on the whole and students are making good use of them.

Unfortunately the Library furniture which has been on order for so long has still not arrived so that conditions are still far from comfortable and students are to be seen reading in the oddest attitudes.

It is a pleasure to see how well most students are co-operating with the three young Librarians who are giving up so much of their spare time to see that the Library functions smoothly. Our sincere thanks are due to Teresa Garner, Diane Andrews, and Carolyn Jenks, all of 4A1.

It is hoped that students leaving school at the end of the year will take advantage of the opportunity to donate a suitably inscribed book to the Library to commemorate their years at the school.

Backward Glances

Looking at the school grounds nowadays it is hard to believe that what was once a veritable jungle now resembles a volcano turned inside out.

Reception room now a veritable oasis of leisure was once a slave-pit holding 23 sweating students.

The new oval is a far cry from the old days when the dashing young men in white flannels not only had to do battle with the opposition, but had to protect themselves from vicious attacks by wild winged monsters (plovers). They bred 'em toughly then !!

On seeing a savage dance (rock 'n roll) at a school social, angry citizens complained through the local press and caused a ban to be placed on the Indooroopilly cats.

Thought for the Sixties

"The only limit to our realization of to-morrow will be our doubts of to-day. Let us move forward with strong and active faith".

—F. D. Roosevelt.

EXEUNT PAST PUPILS.

HOUSE CAPTAINS



Back Row: D. Dalziel, J. Collins, P. Clarey, I. Carter.
Front Row: S. Jackson, O. Stenlake, J. Payne, J. Maloney.

PREFECTS - 1960



1st Row : N. Berndt, O. Stenlche, Mr. Ward (Principal), C. Heybroek, R. Hardaker.
2nd Row : J. Lynch, J. Whitby, Mr. Williams (Deputy Principal), M. Rooney, W. Hopkins.
Back Row: B. Hawkins, D. Cahill.

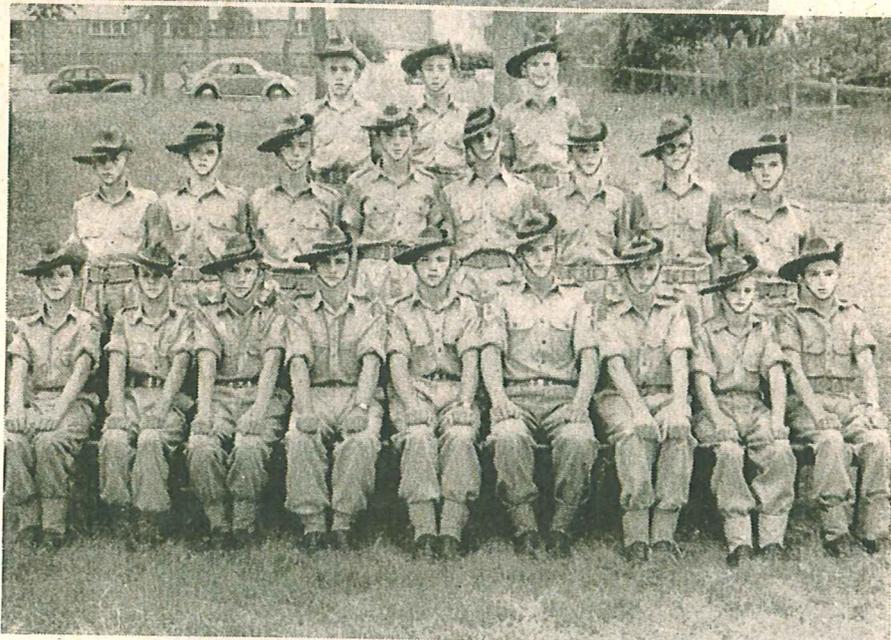
CADET CORPS - 1960



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"A" PLATOON

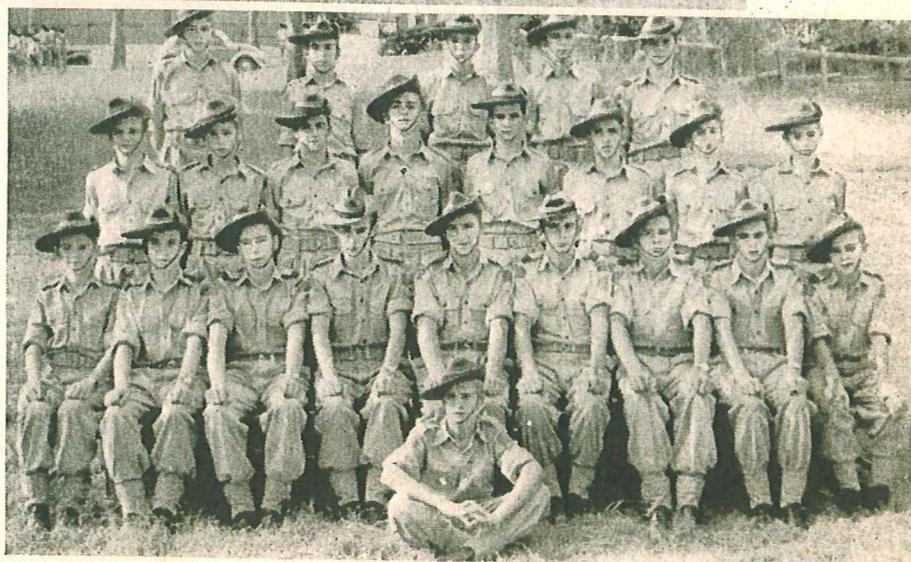
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★

"C" PLATOON

★



★

"B" PLATOON

★



CADET
BAND

GENERAL CADET NOTES

The Cadet Unit is an establishment of 3 Officers of Cadets, three Under-Officers, and 87 O.R.'s. This year at the invitation of the Indooroopilly R.S.L. 80 cadets attended an Anzac Day Parade at the Indooroopilly War Memorial. The Unit also took part in the Empire Youth Sunday march past the Governor and attended church services of various denominations.

On the 5th August, Indooroopilly provided a detachment of an Under-Officer and 50 men at a Ceremonial Parade on the occasion of "Beating the Retreat" by the Guard provided by 1st Base Ordinance Depot and were inspected by Major-General T. J. Daly, C.B.E., D.S.O.

The Unit was in camp from the 10th to 20th August—a report of this is found elsewhere—and on the 19th September, the Unit took part in Education Week parade and marched past Major-General Daly. The Passing Out Parade will be on the 1st October, 1960, and the Minister for Justice, the Hon. A. Munro, M.L.A. has kindly consented to be the inspecting officer.

This year two new sections have been officially approved—a Band Section, which played at Anzac Day, Empire Youth Day, Visitors Day at camp, Education Day at School, and at the Passing-Out Parade; A Signals Unit was also approved, and this efficient and enthusiastic section was responsible in laying telephone lines linking units at camp. It also maintained a day and night contact between those on bivouac and those at camp.

Congratulations to all those who were successful in last year's courses, especially Under-Officers W. McGaw, M. Rooney, and J. Pilylo, who creditably completed Jungle Training at Canungra; to Band Major R. Hardaker who was second in the Band Course at Greenbank and to Sergeant W. Hopkins who came first in the Signals Course.

1960 Cadet Camp

The Cadet Camp this year was a most successful one. The Indooroopilly second-years were highly commended by the A.R.A. staff for their excellent performance on their five-day bivouac in fact one

W.O., said that the combined Indooroopilly-Mitchelton-Kedron platoon was the best he had come in contact with. Other features of second-years training were a range practice in applying in which cadets fired 28 rounds with the Bren L.M.G., and a map reading exercise the most difficult yet set, which was completed successfully. This year, first-years went on a two-day bivouac, so that all cadets participated in the "adventure type training". Both groups in the field kept in close contact with base through a first-class signals communication service. Sgt. Hopkins was placed in charge of signals for No. 1 Cadet Battalion.

Visitors' Day was again highlighted by an excellent display of contact drill by Indooroopilly second-years resulting in the total obliteration of the "Little Yellow Men". This was followed by a fine exhibition of figure marching by the combined bands of Indooroopilly, Kedron and Southport State High Schools. Both events, particularly the latter, attracted huge crowds and helped to make Visitors' Day a memorable one. Also on display were the 24 hour ration packs used by second-year cadets on the bivouac, and sigs. equipment operated by cadets.

R. HARDAKER.

Open Day

Open Day on the 22nd September was an outstanding success and attracted large numbers of parents and friends. There were displays of all phases of school life—Art, Cadets, Commercial, Home Science, Magazine, Manual training, Mothercraft, Parents' Information, Photographic records, Physical Education, Science, Sports materials, trophies and pennants, and Ball games. Plans of the school buildings, staff brochures and timetables were displayed upstairs, Educational films were showed all day for visitors while normal school work was in progress in classrooms all day. The Parents and Citizens' Association provided cups of tea for visitors.

Our thanks are due to Miss Knott who organized the day so well and made it one to be proud of.

PAST STUDENTS' PATTERN

This year's activities commenced with the election of the following officers:—

President : John Goodship.

Vice-President: Noel Myler.

Secretary : Ann Waller.

Treasurer : Gary Cummings.

Committee :

Gordon Hoffer	Roslyn Foster
Dave Ham	June Sherwood
Barry Vietch	Pat Lovell
Peter Manvell	Pam Hamson

We extend our gratitude to our Past President Walter Scott who last year put a great deal of effort into the Past Students' Association. Wally had to retire from active membership of the Association due to his career and we wish him every success.

What Have We Been Doing ?

Well I am very sorry to report that our Association is slowly going downhill. Membership is very poor and interest is worse. Our predicament is something that can't be understood as all other past Students' Associations are thriving.

The Past Students' Council held a barbecue at Colledges' Crossing at which a number of Indooroopillyites were seen enjoying themselves, a Beatnik Dance held at Indooroopilly R.S.L. Hall went "SPLOOSH" and wound up hardly before it started. The Past Students' Council staged a weekend outing at the National Fitness Camp, Christmas Creek. Evidently we Indooroopilly types are again the wide outdoors because nobody wanted to go.

Anyway we're not ones to cry over spilt milk, and we look to the future hopefully and we hope the present students will make something of this association.

JOHN GOODSHIP.

Speech Night

Speech Night at Indooroopilly High has graduated from an evening at the school with science displays in the laboratories to a formal evening in a packed City Hall which has been its venue for the past three years. Official guests attending last year included the Minister for Justice, Mr. A. Munro who deputised for the Minister for Education, Mr. Pizzey, Mr. Watkins, the Director-General of Education, and Mr. Osborne who deputised for the chairman of the Parents and Citizens' Association.

Mr. Ward's report was his first as Principal of the school and in it he gave an account of the school's activities for the past year, and her hopes for the future.

After the report has been read and the speeches made, the rest of the evening is turned over to the students. In previous years this took the form of choir singing, solos—both musical and vocal, short sketches and dancing—last year's students will remember "The Man from Ironbark" starring W. McGraw, R. Bateman, and P. Clarey just as they will remember "Poppies and Ducks" by a group of boys, and the magnificent singing of the choirs.

This year, an operetta is planned and as many students as possible are taking part.

The decorations on the stage take the form of flowers highlighting the school badge and colours. All flowers are supplied by the students themselves and so good were they last year that mention of them appeared in a Brisbane paper.

The evening concludes with the presentation of prizes. Last year's Dux was Harry Thompson but prizes were awarded to the top students of each form while House trophies were presented to House Captains and outstanding sportsmen.

Speech Night is the school's most formal occasion — it is the night on which the whole school "goes on show" and this calls for our very best.

Let's make this year's Speech Night the best yet in every possible way so that we may stand and sing with pride:—

When days of youth have sped too quickly by
And friends have scattered far and wide
Then we'll remember Indooroopilly High
The gold and blue we wore with pride
No victor's palms without the dust
And well loved friends who've earned our trust
And one for all and all for one
In days of gloom and days of sun
Is the glad triumphant cry
And one for all and all for one
In days of gloom and days of sun
Always at Indooroopilly High.

R. PEACHEY,
Form 6A.

Literary Competition

It is with pleasure that we announce Patricia Williams and Carolyn Jenks as the literary prize-winners—Pat for her poem, *High Desert*; Carolyn for her essay, *The Centre*.

We were very pleased at the number of contributions received from all sections of the school and our only regret is that we were unable to offer several first prizes for there were many worthy efforts and our final choice was a difficult one.

Thank you all for your interest and effort.

THE EDITORS.

Art Competition, 1960

The number of entries in the competition was very pleasing, there being five entries in the oils section and fifteen entries in the drawing section where entries were pencil, ink and crayon.

The undoubted winner in the oils section was once again Derek Ellis, with his Churchyard scene. His still life painting was also very commendable. Very pleasing work was done by thirteen years old, V. Mabin.

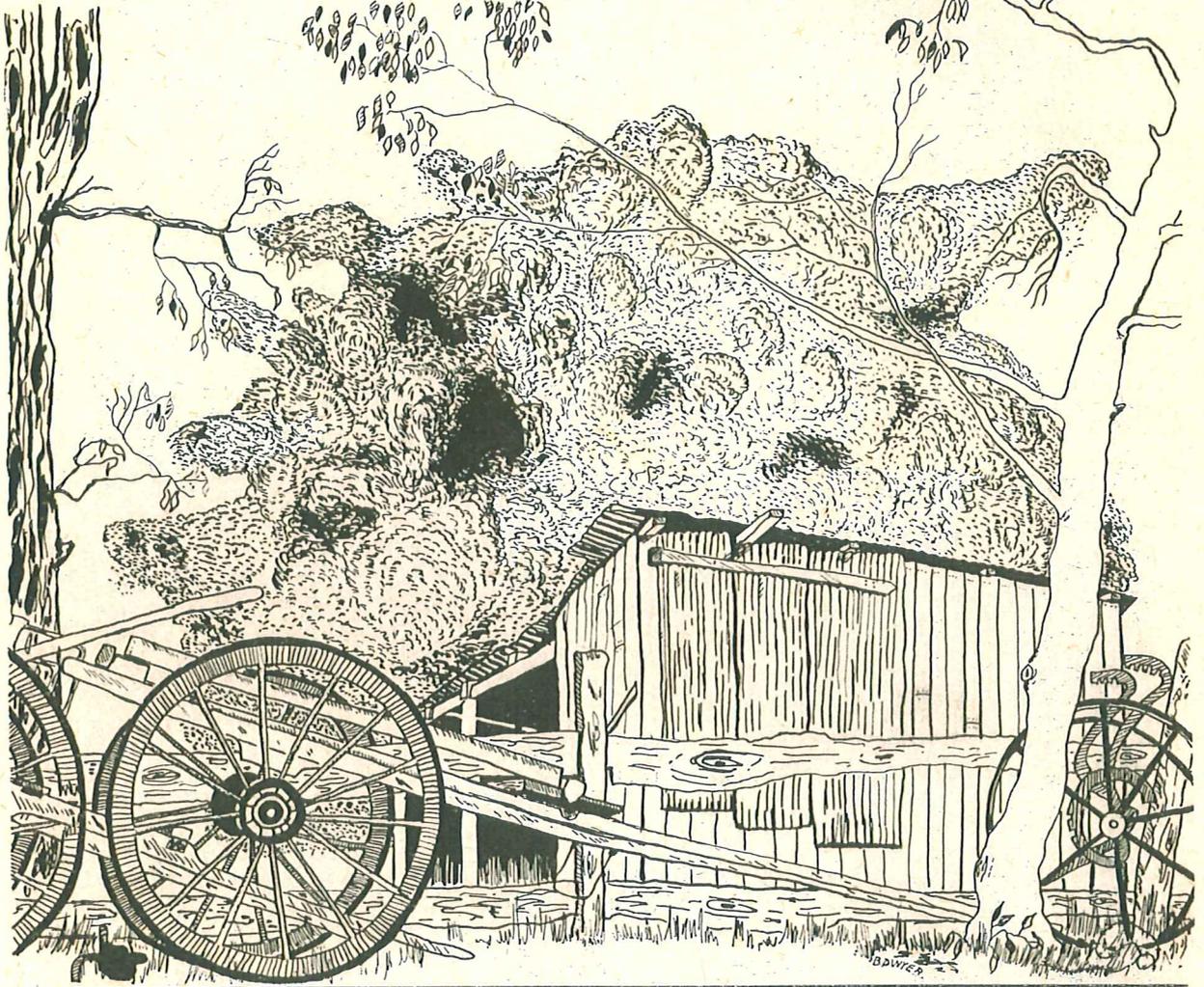
B. Dwyer with his pen and ink sketch of an old barn was the winner of the drawing section. Entries were received from Gail Cleary, J. Whitby, Shirley Collett, John Shelton, Suzanne Venus, B. Goodwin, Jennifer Liddle, Carla Neuendorf, Peter Arnos, N. Leigh, and Ian Doherty.

Keep up the good work students.



The prize winning entry in the art competition. — D. Ellis.

AWARDS IN LITERARY AND ART COMPETITION



Those Who Seek Shall Find

Although most of the teaching in our High School is aimed towards learning the facts necessary to pass public examinations, culture is readily available for those who wish to know things for their own sakes. We have a library where attractive books dealing with subjects which have very little to do with examinations are available. There are books on flower arranging, ballet, music, geology, and a host of other subjects. An attempt too has been made to gather together some of the best works of literature both classical and modern.

Well-illustrated books on art are available for those who have an interest in painting, but even better than this, there are a number of really good paintings hanging in the school. It is surprising how few people bother to look at them.

It is fitting that the collection showed contain a number of Australian paintings, including works by John Rowell, Hans Heysen, and Robert Johnston, but there are also paintings representative of several schools of painting. French painters are represented by Manet, Monet, Utrillo, and many other equally famous names.

To help those who are interested in art, Miss Shelton, the first art teacher we have had at the school, is always ready to give helpful advice. In

addition, one of our senior students, Derek Ellis, who has achieved not a little success as a painter, is always ready to explain his work and show examples of it to his fellow students.

Music in the school has not been forgotten either. Miss Baird's lessons are greatly appreciated every Friday, and many classes regret that their turn does not come round more often.

Students have a chance to sing together as a choir on Speech Night, and many of them are at present practising hard for the Operetta which is to be presented. In connection with this operetta we have been proud to discover several quite talented musicians among our fellow pupils—namely, Ena Holland, who has a lovely soprano voice. Andrew Langford who is a violinist, and William Wall who plays the flute and has had the distinction of playing for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in the Young Australia Session.

Many who even find an English essay difficult to write, would be surprised to know how many students write poetry just for the love of it. Maybe they will never achieve fame but at least they will have created something; and that in itself, like all cultural activities, will have given them real pleasure, and perhaps a greater ability to understand the world's great works of art.

THE CENTRE

The vast centre of Australia is a place of such colourful fascination, that each year it draws tourists from all parts of the Commonwealth. This arid but primitively beautiful region lies between the South Australian Border and Tennant Creek.

North from the border stretches the lonely road, threading its way between the sandhills or stretching endlessly ahead until it dwindles on the horizon. Like most Central Australian roads, it has ruts filled with fine, powder-like, bull-dust, which trap the unwary travellers, and steep, stony, creek crossings lined by stunted trees and filled with hard, cracked mud, or hot, yielding sand.

This road links Adelaide with Alice Springs, the chief town of "The Centre". When one first arrives in Alice Springs, the town is like an oasis after the dry road. It is a pretty little place set amid the beautiful Macdonald Ranges with the Todd River, fringed by tall ghost gums, winding its sandy way through one side of the town. It is only after the infrequent heavy rains that the river flows. One of the chief tourist attractions is the striking Flynn Memorial Church, while a few miles out of town, at the foot of lovely Mt. Gillen, Flynn of the Inland, himself is buried. His grave, among the stately ghost gums, is surmounted by a huge granite boulder, one of the Devil's Marbles. These, huge pieces of weathered granite, form a spectacular land mark on the roadside, some 200 miles north of Alice Springs.

The town, now called Alice Springs, was originally a settlement called Stuart. The original Alice Springs is now an aboriginal mission station, The Bungalow, four miles from the present town. At the settlement, the original, whitewashed houses of the Overland Telegraph Station, and the natural rock pool, filled by the spring that gave the town its name, are still to be seen.

In the Macdonald Ranges are many beautiful gaps not far from "The Alice". The towering red rock walls of Standly Chasm are reached by way of a walking-track through fern-filled gullies.

Outside the town are many mission stations for the aborigines. On the well known Hermannsburg live Namatjera's sons and other talented native artists who send their work in to be priced and sold by Central Australian artist, Rex Battersbee.

Three hundred miles South-West of Alice Springs lies the famous Ayres Rock and the beautiful Olgas are twenty miles further on. Bill Harney, the guardian of the world's largest monolith will show tourists around the rock, six miles in circumference and 11,000 feet high. Ayres Rock is noted for the glorious colours it turns at dawn and at sun-set.

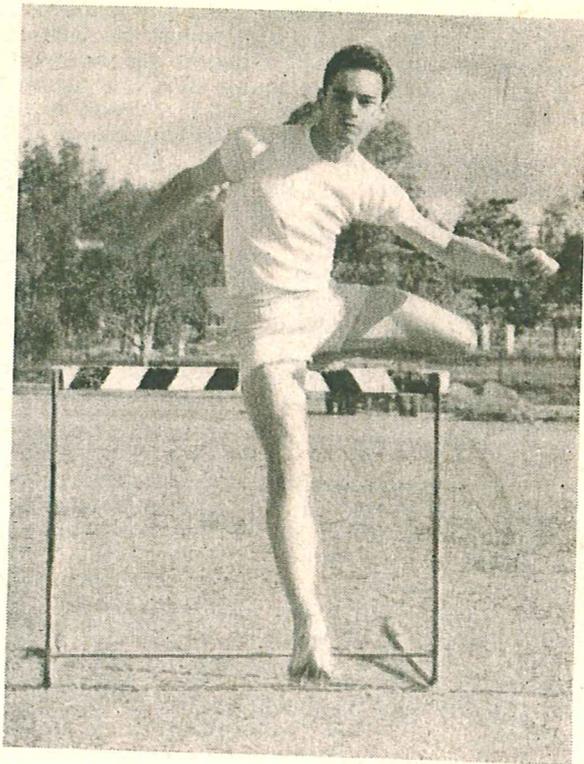
On either side of Alice Springs are many large cattle stations, some of which we found abandoned after long years of drought. These areas often miss the rains, the stock dies, and the owners are faced with ruin.

North of Alice Springs on the Stuart Highway is Tennant Creek. It is a typical, sleepy bush town, but outside the town, the Peko Mine is a hive of industry. Here they mine peacock ore which yields copper and gold. The North Australian Exploration's gold mine is almost next-door to the Peko Mine.

To the traveller lucky enough to visit it, the centre will always provide a unique and fascinating experience. Nowhere else in the continent is there such a wealth of contrast and beauty, and the visitor cannot fail to carry away vivid memories of great rivers that seldom run, white ghost gums against a brilliant sky, rolling red sand-hills and purple mountains that seem to fling themselves across the empty land.

CAROLYN JENKS,

Form 4A1.



WINNER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION

A. Nurk

High Desert

The sun sinks in pain in the flat west
The dune-shadows move like ghosts from rest
Over the darkening plain's immensity.
A land of death, its only tune
The shivering trickle of inanimate sands
Grain upon grain, and every dune
Marching to nowhere 'til the end of time
While aeons pass. Only the chill wind
Whining like a whipped cur
Breaks by boisterous sound the creeping stillness . . .

PATRICIA WILLIAMS, 6A.

FORM NOTES

Third Form Notes

Dear Fans,

Yes, here we are, you lucky people — The Third Form. We are writing this little epic to let you, our avid fans, know just what's cooking this year at Indooroopilly. As you know, this form is the mostest when it comes to comparison with Senior and Junior Forms. Fellow sub-juniors are not to be downtrodden by the masses—even one quick peek into the records of the school will reveal the vast numbers of sub-juniors starring or supporting on the sporting fields. Pam Pacey of 3C1, a member of last year's Primary Basketball Team, now in the school "A" grade team, and Kiri Piatnicki of 3A1, who swam well in the Carnival, are just two of the many of whom we, and the rest of the school, are proud.

"What's cooking at Indooroopilly" is new because this year Home Science has been introduced to swell our ranks. And the savoury smells coming from the Domestic Science Wing could be made by 3D1-ites. (The one poor unfortunate male who joins them for art lessons was not available for comment).

As you can probably hear, the academic section of the Third Form can be found in D block. If you can bear it, follow your ears to 3A1 room, and you'll find here a very business-minded class. Once there was only one bottle of ink available in the room, from which thirty students could fill their pens daily. The owners soon hit upon charging a penny a dip, and the new venture proved most profitable, and peanutful for them. These model-type students are also great intellects. One glance at their current Affairs Notice Board would arouse a spark of interest in even the dullest mind. 3A2 did not always "get with the Queen's Jive", and are "real" nervous when it comes to "Kookie-type" language. 3A3 with only five representatives of the fair sex, has almost a "club" atmosphere about it and being true to tradition, we won't tell you how wonderfully industrious, reliable we are — we'll let you guess.

If this were a broadcasting station ISHS, with the channels 3C1, 3C2, and 3C3, these would be the channels where the commercials are not interrupted by the programmes, or the school timetables. Those three forementioned are the commercial classes of our form, and from 3C1 comes this thought,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all".

For near the door stands 3C1's pride and joy—a glass fronted cabinet, which reflects faces very well. The teachers must like it too, for they seem to enjoy our company very much—they often spend quite a lot of their lunch hour in our presence!

Now is the hour, not to say goodbye—you'll just have to keep a stiff upper lip and bear with us—but to tell you of 3C2. Not because they are clock watchers, but for the sake of amusement only, the students of 3C2 placed an alarm clock in the drawer

of the teachers' table. During the period the eagerly awaited moment arrived, and loud but muffled as from a distance, clangings were heard.

A teacher, thinking it was outside, asked one innocent-type student to ask some sub-seniors if they had an alarm clock. As if they would have! The clock stops, 3C2 reluctantly returns to work. More clangings! and an irate teacher acting on a timidly-tended suggestion that the clock might be next door, duly investigates. Believe it or not—and it is on the sub-junior's word of honour—but that teacher returned triumphantly bearing in his hands an alarm clock bigger than even the offender in the drawer. 3C2 would like to apologize to the poor fellow who temporarily lost his clock.

Much to the disgust of some, 3C3 is a small class of girls who are very honoured to be the first class to take Commercial subjects plus Home Science B. Unfortunately their headquarters are the music room, and so, especially on Fridays they find themselves forever wandering. They know that this must be, but please, elders of the school, leave the room as you find it. 3C3 would be a much happier class if their theme song could be "Now my days of philandering are over".

Our industrials have not been left till last because they are least. These boys make up the bulk of the male population of the Third Form, and are fine sportsmen even if they are not too industrious. At the beginning of the year, 3B1 was considered a class with a great future. But many days have passed, and many impositions have been given; and so that thought is no more. All industrials look forward, with mixed anticipation, to next year's top positions in the daily paper patrols. We can see there are many potential "Kookies" in Rooms 17 and 19, who would be in Room 14 if they could. One of the weakest jokes heard by them was, "What do baby elfs eat?" "Peter's icecream. It's the elf-food of a nation". Even the Goons could do better.

We sub-juniors have found that our school is an ideal place in which to learn geography. Just look outside your window and you will see the mud pools of New Zealand, Canadian timbergetting, and Australian smoko-making. To get to our rooms, we have to accomplish an exhausting climb up Mt. Everest. We just adore our peaceful surroundings, and try to keep level-headed even though the grounds are far from it. It seems that Thursday is the day when pains and old war-wounds reoccur. At regular intervals the students limp pathetically down the hill, with ankles, wrists, and big toes very effectively bandaged—only to race back up the hill about thirty-five minutes later seemingly disregarding their lumbago, etc.

We hope that you now see that we are really a typical Third Form, and hope you realise just how important a Third Form is for the morale of the school. We, as is true for all generations of 3rd forms, are a mixture of brains and sporting ability, a little ambition and a lot of hope; and we sincerely believe we will carry on very well as Juniors for next year.

With this letter we convey our best sub-junior wishes to fans and un-fans who are sitting for Public Examinations at the end of the year. We hope they will do as well as we hope to do next year.

Thanking you for your interested attention.

THE EXALTED THIRD FORM.

Fourth Form Notes

This is Indooroopilly High School's 4A, B and C news network coming to you from the school-wide sources of the fourth-formers. Here is the news wholesale, retail and detailed.

Hi there! You are tuned to the station of the stars, bringing you intrigue, infamy and humour: intrigue because the stars can't be understood, infamy because they revel in it, and humour—well they never did quite make the grade—because they try to be funny!

Let's take an example. One industrial form does not consider itself the most industrious form in the school. In fact, I would go so far as to say it is just plain modest. Why? Well for one thing it does not wish to boast about its behaviour (Coarse 'umour isn't it? You can take my word, you wouldn't get an Englishman standing on it in his bare feet).

The fourth forms are literally loaded with famous identities. There are so many I couldn't count them on one hand. You are so right. There are six. Firstly there is Dianne Marquis who has been photographed by the "Courier Mail" and the "Telegraph" and Mary Maccoll who is the school's open breaststroke champion. 4C2 also boasts that Diane Roubin appeared on T.V. to receive a wristlet watch she had won in an essay writing competition. From 4C3 we have "Shorty" who is in the "A" grade tennis team and Sylvia Daley, a member of the "A" grade basket-ball team. Maurie Guse from 4B3 was a member of Harry Hopman's Coaching Squad and is also in the "A" grade tennis team. (Boy's of course)

It must be realized, however, that the "fourths" are enthusiastic about their academic work. 4C1 has worked out mathematically that each girl has 2/17 of a boy (poor—lucky boys). Very clever don't you think? 4A1 on the other hand carries things too far. Its composite bodies see how many new explosions they can make in the chemistry laboratory. I can vouch for its being interesting. "Oh dash it all! That concentrated nitric acid is annoying in the eyes. Oxidizes them you know".

I thank you but not so loud.

4A1 has moved from room 25 to room 29 where they can admire the architecture of the domestic block. Just like 4C3, they are glad to be out of the "depths of D block". This will shock the other forms concerned. 4B3 claims to make up the "heart of the paper patrol". Other forms, never let in be said!!!

Poor 4C1 are complaining that the caterpillars are improving the surroundings but are ruining their studies. Oh well, I suppose that is typical of girls, being annoyed by little grubs. They are nearly as badly off as the neglected 4A3, down amongst the unruly 3rd and 5th formers.

Nevertheless the "fourths" are generally happy, attentive beings. Without mentioning well-known names—one of the mathematics teachers observed that one of this students was day-dreaming and not following the work on the blackboard. To recall his attention, he uttered sharply:

"Smith, Smith, board!"

The boy was plainly startled, looked up and said, "Yes sir, very".

However, all good things must come to an end. This applies to several of the Junior pupils who will go out next year to find jobs and perhaps, although I think it doubtful, they will forget parts of the two most awkward, uncertain, yet enjoyable years of their life. From each of them, their warmest thanks go out to the teachers who have made these years what they have been. With examinations so close at hand, each of them realizes how necessary teachers are, and I am sure they feel slightly sorry for the wrong things they have done to them in the past; and will try, when the big day comes, to make them feel proud of the people they have taught, for this, even though few admit it, is very often why students settle down in the final stages and do a good examination.

Finally the Junior forms send out their "Best of luck in the coming examinations," to all students from sub-junior to senior, with this piece of advice, "Examinations are not passed by luck, but by hard work".

Fifth Form Notes

Fifth form notes this year comprise the combined efforts of forms 5A, 5B, and 5C. There seems to be some dispute between 5A and 5B as to which form represents the intelligentsia, while 5C notes are the first of their kind. (There has never been a 5C before).

5A has been given one of the new rooms in E Block as a form-room. These new rooms are very attractive and modern, and we have here concrete evidence that the P.W.D. is certainly keeping up-to-date with its colour-styling. Perhaps that's why we lead such a colourful life up here. The only trouble with our new room is that, being so much higher than the rest of the school, it is reasonably cold due to the high altitudes. However, we are taking great pride in our new room and furniture, and I am pleased to report that, to this day, the desks are unmarked. (Well practically anyway). We now have 28 members, a few having left since the beginning of the year to take their places in the big bad commercial world.

With the aid of a small record player, we are conducting experiments on the benefits of music while you work, and although the pupils are convinced of the value of such a scheme; for some obscure reason the teachers do not agree. We excel in the scholastic field and we have already learnt, without being told, that the "A" in 5A stands for ability. In the sporting field we are also well represented; our most distinguished sportsman is Graham Jenkins who is a great all-rounder, representing the school in cricket, rugby, athletics, and swimming. We feel sure we must add at this stage that we have also had finalists in the International Two-up Championships.

We were honoured by the appointment of three of our members as prefects, which is surely an indication of the esteem in which our class is held. We also feel that if all the members of the cadet corps in our form resigned, the army would be drastically short of N.C.O.'s.

Form 5B partakes in many of the interests of school life. Such is shown by the formation of our unique "Cafe Club", which is held every Tuesday afternoon in order to enjoy some French recordings—an attempt at improving our oral French—and to appreciate the finer qualities of coffee.

Following the announcement of our forthcoming fete on October 1, the students, urged by James T. Janz, organized themselves to prepare stalls to be conducted by themselves. Some of the ideas for stalls were original and we feel sure that Ian East will have a smashing good time! The efforts being made by the students can result only in success. This willingness to co-operate reflects something of the pride we have in our school, and is an indication that the Old School Spirit is not dead.

Our form is well represented on the sporting field in all divisions. Ann Dalziel—Basketball; Barbara Hawkins—Tennis; Eleanor Bryan—Athletics. The very late departed Pete Sherwood played A Grade Rules and Cricket. Underhill, Nimmo, and East played in Under Nine Stone Rugby League while Taffs, Collins, and Johns played A Grade League. "Tib" Coulter—Tennis; Taffs and East—Athletics. Soccer players were represented by Leo Spronk (who was captain of the over fifteen first team), Edwards, and Langford. The form also furnishes quite a few cricketers in all grades. Congratulations to Ian East on his selection in the Queensland under nine stone Rugby League Team. He certainly left his mark on some of the opposing New South Welshmen.

Cadets are well represented from Room 20 in the way of Staff Sgt. Nimmo, Sgts. Coulter and Viksne, and Corporal Edwards. But then some of us do not know much about the Army—in fact we do not know khaki from violet (Nrr. Ye Bonnie Violet). We have—so far—appreciated the watchful eye of our form teacher, Mr. M. G. McAlpine. We hear that he and one of our fair young maidens happen to celebrate their birthdays on the same day! Wonder how they enjoyed their party???

Amongst our brighter students are Kenny Verrall, Roslyn Benstead, and Barbara Hawkins. Anyone wishing to know how to pronounce their French words correctly please contact Mr. Richard Taffs, C/- Room 20.

Although our scholastic results have not achieved terrific popularity, we hope to spring some surprises at the end of next year. We would like to wish the best of luck to our Juniors and Seniors in their forthcoming examinations.

Now for 5C who began the year quite well with 28 students but has gradually dwindled to a mere 18; the most distinguishing feature here being that there are only two girls.

They are extremely enthusiastic about the fact that their sporting representation is almost negligible, but Billy Kitson saved them from complete disaster by heroically (for the sake of his female fans) winning the cross country and the open mile. Their sense of humour would be extinct except for Bobby (The Wit) Carter whose remarks bring them close to an outbreak of mass hysteria. For the social side of their form "Romeo Ron" carries out the socializing extensively (sub-juniors). Another member, namely George, alias "Kookie" (who wears out three combs per week) for obvious reasons finds a certain physics experiment with plane mirrors very interesting, and the studious member, Strads, studies the informative literature in encyclopedic form of "Two Gun Tex" and "Mick Spillane". These are only three of the upright, outstanding characters of this form.

Nevertheless, when it comes to settling down to do some serious study, I am sure that we are the class that can be depended on. Best wishes from 5C to Junior and Senior candidates, may they do as well as we hope to do next year.

THE FIFTH FORM.

Sixth Form Notes

Form notes being a necessity in any School Journal of repute, we, that is to say the two sixth forms, have combined, and, relying on the time-honoured idea "the freedom of the press" have compiled form notes following this principle.

You see in 6B thirty-three representatives of Modern Youth. We have among us two brave fellows who think Australia is their responsibility, though who would be better off in time of stress, us or the enemy—we have our doubts. Having married men (almost) among us only makes those with a more fickle nature convinced of the wisdom of their ways, as the others seem "Berndt" out and already listening for the bells. Then there is our art critic group—the greatest exponent being "weed" who drags herself to that lonesome painting at the front of the room and remarks, "What a splurge!" Several of our art lovers (males) purchased a mirror "9 by 4" and now interest has greatly increased, because we are able to see real beauty of line and form—though some of rather an abstract nature. One smart lad deciding that Houdini had been nothing but a rank amateur, put half the

form into a trance—and there are still some among us to this day whom he forgot to restore to the land of the living. Congratulations also must go to Jeff “the fastest guy alive” in several fields, and to his captaincy of the Brisbane Rugby League Team.

Before letting 6A have their say, we would like to wish the best of luck to all fellow students unfortunate enough to have Public Examinations at the end of this year. Thanks must go to the teachers who have put up with each of us throughout the past two, and for most of us, the past four years. I am sure everyone appreciates the great help and friendship given.

Like most conscientious Senior Forms, 6A begins with a quotation from Shakespeare, “angels and ministers of grace defend us” for “something is rotten in the state of” learning, as far as the intellectual members of the school—the leaders of the nation’s youth (V S)—are concerned. This plea we make on behalf of our teachers, who declare they have never taught such a Sixth Form before (cheers), and hope never to encounter the like again (—)? (Any wonder with students who insist that an oxymoron is a person belonging to a particular religious sect whose staple diet is beef, for is it not known that it means an oxygen-breathing idiot?)

If our multitudinous endeavours have met with disapproval (name any that haven’t), they were not

intended to. All we want to do is add “a little something to remember us by” to the school tradition. Unfortunately, most of the people who make the rules do not regard our antics in this light.

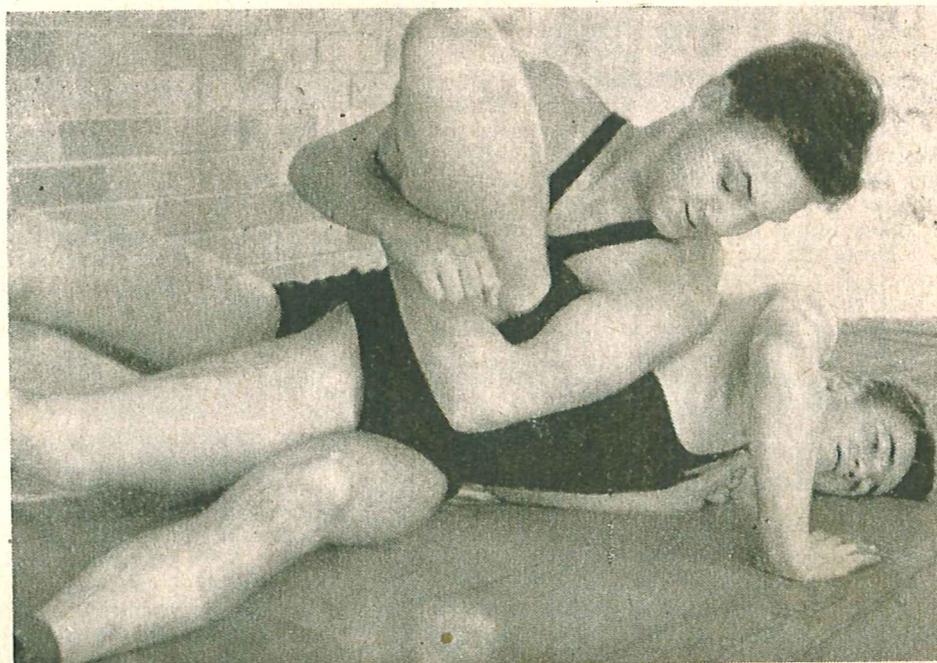
Certain lesser individuals were dismayed to learn that the methyl-alcohol supplied to schools had been rendered, by a certain mysterious chemical process, unfit for drinking. Many articles of furniture and literature in room 4 now present a SUPA appearance to the world. Our room too, has been beautified (?) by the presence of the works of old masters (painters, in case you are in doubt) with a change of programme every second Thursday.

But away with this idle chatter and back to an indulgence in the glories of higher education, albeit in the form of wading through a pile of books and reams of homework, which does not produce “Sensations Sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart”. Nevertheless, we must try to remind ourselves convincingly of the words of Clough, “Say not the struggle naught availith”, even when applied to struggling for a Senior pass, and we must realise that education is but the gateway to a full and satisfying life.

RODNEY HARDAKER, 6A.

BILL EASTGATE, 6B.

Wrestling Class in action
— A. Goodbun (left)
and M. Farmer.



SPORTING ACTIVITIES

Sport

History has recorded the rise and fall of many nations—a people who have risen to the heights, experienced their hour of glory, and then fallen. This is characteristic of all life, whether it be of the individual being or of the group. And this same pattern is being written in the annals of school sport, where year by year, we see new schools making an impression in this field of activity.

Indooroopilly High experienced its first hour of glory in 1959, when it rose to heights never before attained, winning Premierships in Cricket, Rugby League, Australian Rules and Basketball, as well as acquitting itself well in other sports.

Credit for these fine performances, however, must go largely to the students themselves, who, unfortunately, were mostly Sixth Formers. Thus the loss of such sportsmen as Jim Martin, Kev. Combey, Buddy Rogers, Lou Bickle—to mention a few—left our major teams in a sadly weakened position for 1960.

Tribute must also be paid to the services rendered to sport in this school by our former Sportsmaster, Mr. Reg. Tickle, who never failed to inspire the young people by his enthusiastic approach to his work on the sporting fields. It is pleasing to record that the Parents and Citizens Association has donated a Shield—a tribute to Mr. Tickle—to be contested by the Houses in the field of sport to which Mr. Tickle is most attached—cricket.

Although weakened by our losses we have managed to make our presence felt again in 1960, clinching Premierships in Australian Rules, Soccer and Boys' Tennis, as well as reaching finals in Basketball and Girls' Tennis.

Several of our individual players have distinguished themselves, being selected to play in either city or State teams. Our congratulations go to Jeff. Collins and Bill Eastgate for their selection to represent Brisbane in Rugby League at Rockhampton; to Ian East who played in the Queensland Nine Stone League Team against New South Wales; to John Micklejohn for his selection in the State Australian Rules Team which toured South Australia; and to Ian Larsen, Mick Rooney, Maurie Guse, Jennifer Parker and Fay Beutel who played in Brisbane tennis teams against Toowoomba.

Now that we have full use of our oval for practice purposes and hope to have use of the turf wicket next season, we are looking forward to an even greater improvement in the standard of sport in this school.

In conclusion I would like to thank those members of the staff who have given so freely of their time during the year; the Parents and Citizens Association for the improvements they have made to our playing areas; and any others who have contributed to our sporting programme throughout the year.

A. F. McALPINE,
Sportsmaster.

Girls' Inter-House Sport

Basketball, softball, vigoro, volley-ball, tennis, and ball games occupy us very effectively each Wednesday afternoon and although this year Lawson

carried off the honours on our Athletics Day in July, Paterson, Kendall, and Evans put up a very good show during the year.

Our congratulations go to champions, Margaret Weston, Sylvia Daley and Jan Nagel and although amongst the rest of us there are very few possible school champions after a thoroughly enjoyable Wednesday afternoon we are wont to say " and a good time was had by all".

Soccer Notes

This year for the first time Soccer was introduced into the School and met a much required need. Three teams were fielded, two in the over 15 Grade and one in the under 15. The "A" Team won the over 15 Grade losing only two games out of sixteen matches and exhibiting an enthusiasm and team spirit which was as strong at the end as at the beginning of the season. In a team where every player gave of his best at all times it would be wrong to name individual players of outstanding ability. Although the "B" never had any marked success and lost most of their matches the players in this team are to be congratulated on consistently turning up to play, on their obvious enjoyment of the game and on their excellent sportsmanship. The Under fifteen team started the season well and showed great promise but lagged towards the end of the season winning eight out of fifteen matches.

R. W. SMYTH.

Cricket Notes

The "A" grade team this year was comprised of nearly all new players after eight members of last year's premiership team left at the end of the year.

We started off rather negatively, closely drawing the first two matches. Lynch was an outstanding scorer and figured in two life-saving partnerships; one with Neil Sartor when they put on 48; the other with Ron Grant when the partnership brought 56. Lynch in these two matches also spearheaded the bowling attack with 3/21 in the first match and 5/28 in the second.

The third match was decided in our favour by a win on the first innings against Mitchelton. We scored 118 owing to a brilliant knock of 50 by John Lynch. Backed up by fine bowling by Captain Fred Hoppner, we dismissed them for just over 60. An attempt for an outright win was thwarted by time.

"B" grade owing to a lack of fast bowlers of good quality, lost the first match outright to Kedron, but Noel Berndt flashed his bat for 21 runs. The second match was won by Indooroopilly on first innings in a one day match. It was won after they passed Mitchelton's score of 106 by putting on the board 2/116 in the amazing time of 40 minutes. This was due mainly to a stirring effort by Sidney Guildford who made 72 not out. The third match was lost on the first innings to Banyo, but it is thought with more practice, future prospects will be better.

"C" grade plight was even worse than that of "B" grade, having lost all three matches. The

first was lost to Kedron on the first innings by 148 runs, even after Lewis bowled well to claim 5 victims for 68 runs and Danett, the Captain, sent 3 back to the "pavilion". The second match was lost to Corinda by 62 runs on the first innings. However, this was on account of playing with only 8 members. The third match was lost outright to Sandgate who piled up 200 runs for 6 wickets declared. Indooroopilly could muster only 64 runs in the first innings and 132 in the second. Lewis batted for a sound 49 and was well backed by Walker with a score of 24.

The under 15 team of which the members are mainly sub-juniors, fared quite well all round. Mitchelton, 131, defeated our team by 51 on the first innings. K. Rowe bowled well, to take 3 wickets for 20 runs. In the second match Indooroopilly defeated Corinda on the first innings when R. Sarton, Captain, made a solid 46 and G. McGrath shone with the ball to take 4 wickets for 14 runs. The last match was very close! Indooroopilly made 110, owing to a sound knock of 42 by K. Rowe and 34 by McGrath, to draw with Kedron, 110.

On behalf of all school teams we congratulate Kev. Combey and Jim Martin, stars of our premiership "A" team last year, also John Lynch this year's star, for their well earned selection in the Colts' squad. Each player has earned promotion within their club "West", and possibly one day their names will appear as Queensland Shield Representatives. Boys, we wish you luck!

FRED HOPPNER (Captain)
RON PEACHEY (Vice-Captain)

"Aussie Rules"

This year, three teams were fielded in the inter-school football fixtures between the State High Schools of Brisbane, the "C" grade being the premiers of their zone. The "A" and "B" grades while not being outstanding both came home as third place getters in the finals.

The "A" grade suffered from lack of players during the season, owing to injuries to some of the players. This probably accounts for the lack of "team work" which is necessary to field an unbeatable side. Numbers of players had to be taken from the "B" and "C" grades to build up a team and this resulted in a general "mix up" all round as no player felt really confident in his changing position. "Big man" David Irwin played well, often doing the tough job of "ruck" for ten minutes at a time. Johnny Lynch ("Pinch") proved indispensable at centre often foiling the other team with left-foot kicks. Young Neil Sartor, the Vice-Captain, showed himself to be a good "rover" and Ken Morris was a light but effective backman. These players were most consistent during the season and did their best to inspire their Captain who had too many "off days". George Pylilo did well for a comparative beginner and would have improved but for his devotion to his work (?) Siddy Gilford was also a reliable little player in the forwards. He demonstrated his ju-jitsu skill by literally 'dropping' an opponent almost twice his size.

In the "B" grade R. Howath, alias "Egghead" seemed to be the most popular while little Albert Doyle did his best. This team suffered in supplying the "A" grade with players but Captain, A. Milczeuski played well and kept his team together as best he could. The "C" grade did very well under

the leadership of their full forward, Meiklejohn. The full back in the maroon and white socks was in my opinion the star of the team and deserved his best and fairest award.

Best and Fairest awards went to:—Derek Ellis, "A" grade Captain; Allen Milczeuski, Captain of the "B" grade and to Alec Heslin, full-back of the "C" grade premiers.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. Shaw, our coach for the year. He did a fine job in trying to produce three fit and able teams out of a limited supply of players. Thanks also to the boys for their support in this, the second year of High School Australian Rules.

D. ELLIS.

B Grade Australian Rules, etc.

The players representing the "B" grade side were:—A. Milczewski, W. Huggins, R. Hawarth, A. Doyle, J. Jeffs, R. Roberts, A. Griffith, B. Spicer, K. Rich, J. Illidge, R. Smith, R. Grimes, D. Burgess, R. Woodrow, G. Blahley, and R. McKenzie. All these players looked forward to Wednesdays for their game of football.

Our first match was against Kedron, but we were beaten badly. We were beaten again on the following week by Banyo, but the following week we were able to defeat Mitchelton. The games in the other two rounds finished in a similar way, and the premiership was played off between Kedron and Banyo, Kedron coming out on top. The team expresses its congratulations to Kedron for their well earned premiership and on going through the competition undefeated.

Some of the outstanding players in the "B" side were:—W. Huggins, B. Spicer, R. Hawarth, and when J. Jeffs struck form, he was hard to beat. Following the three rounds, a combined "B" grade Northern Suburb side was chosen, in which Milczewski, Huggins, Hawarth, and Doyle were selected from Indooroopilly. The game with the South Zone finished with Souths winning.

Thanks are expressed to all players who represented the Indooroopilly "B" side, and helped make the competition possible, and also many thanks to coach Mr. Shaw for his work through the season.

"C" Grade Premiership

Team Members: J. Meiklejohn (Capt.), E. Backwell (vice-capt.), J. Blanchfield, A. Chimrow, R. Barrett, A. Heslin, W. Williams, R. Cambell, K. Weiland, R. Bruce, D. Bleakley, R. Sartor, A. Kenny, L. Grimmett, M. Zawada.

The "C" grade Australian Rules Team, led by John Meiklejohn, was the only team to gain honours by winning a premiership this season. This team started off the season by being unluckily beaten by Wavell Heights (1) by one point. These two teams proved themselves to be the two strongest teams in the competition and in the return match in the second round Indooroopilly, after being behind at the beginning of the last quarter came back to score two goals and win by a narrow margin of five points. But for the first match the "C" team was undefeated and in the last match, as an indication of the strength of the team, defeated Wavell Heights (2) by 90-0.

Although the whole team played well, special mention must be given Alick Heslin who was selected as the best and fairest player during the season.

RUGBY LEAGUE "A" GRADE



Back Row: K. Piatnicki, K. MacPherson, B. Eastgate, B. Johns, S. Efstathis, P. Bennett, B. Martin.
Middle Row: R. Taffs, I. Carter, A. Nurk, O. Harpower, A. Grimes, D. Fickling, G. Jenkins.
Front Row: P. Strong, Mr. R. Williams (Coach), J. Collins (Captain), Mr. C. Wrench (Coach), P. Hagen.

SOCCER FIRST XI



Front Row: P. Hodge, L. Spronk, Mr. R. Grieve (Coach), R. Grant, J. Daamon.
Centre Row: J. Doherty, G. Dangerfield, B. Vidzen, W. Hopkins, R. Tollanaere.
Back Row: T. O'Hara, R. Smythe.

"C" GRADE AUSTRALIAN RULES, ETC.



Back Row: W. Williams, R. Bruce, B. Reuter, R. Campbell.
Middle Row: M. Zawada, M. Laurens, R. Sartor, R. Barrett, J. Blanchfield, A. Hestin.
Front Row: L. Grimmert, E. Backwell (Vice-Captain), B. J. Shaw (Coach), K. Reid, K. Wieland.
Absent: J. Meiklejohn (Captain).

CRICKET "A" GRADE



Back Row: J. Johns, C. Rooney.
Middle Row: N. Sartor, B. Martin, P. Sherwood, R. Peachey, R. Grant.
Front Row: J. Lynch, F. Hoppner (Captain), Mr. A. McAlpine (Coach), G. Jenkins, P. Hodge.

"A" Grade Tennis Notes

This year's "A" Grade tennis team consisted of Maurie Guse and Colin Rooney (singles and first doubles) and Ian Larsen and David Dalziel (second doubles). The "A" Grade team carried off the Premiership for the first time. We won our zone without the loss of a set, and then met Camp Hill in the semi-final at Milton.

In the first singles Maurie Guse, a Hopman Squad Member this year, displayed exceptional form to defeat C. Ahern 6-0. Colin Rooney was also in good touch to take three games from Barry Wain, also a Hopman Squad member this year. Maurie and Colin played unbeatable tennis in the doubles to win both 6-1; 6-1. We defeated Camp Hill by seven games, 27-20, and thus advanced to meet Mitchelton in the Grand Final at Milton.

In the final Maurie annihilated George Pratt, a previous Hopman Squad Member and regular tournament player, 6-0 thus opening the door to an Indooroopilly victory. Then Colin Rooney defeated a much improved Lea Evans 6-4 in the second singles to consolidate our position. Then Dave and Ian defeated the Second pair from Mitchelton 6-3 to put us eleven games in front with three sets to play. This lead was too great to be overcome and the final score was 28-20 in our favour.

Indooroopilly has three players representing the Brisbane State Secondary Schools against Toowoomba with Maurie Guse and Colin in the Firsts and Ian Larsen in the Seconds.

In our zone there were only two schools with "A" Grade teams so we would have obtained little practice except for Mr. Thomson who arranged practice matches for us against Mitchelton, Banyo, and Kedron, all good teams. We would like to thank these schools, especially Mitchelton, for these fine games.

I should like to stress the importance of the school co-operation which made this victory possible. Mr. Thomson, by devious ways and means, arranged for excellent courts and the opportunities for us to practise on them at critical times.

Mr. Thomson also provided us with private transport in his car and with such moral support, all we had to concentrate on was tennis. He was present at all our matches and practised with us often pointing out our weaknesses and helping us to eliminate them. During this short season Mr. Thomson became one of us and we would like to thank him wholeheartedly for everything.

IAN LARSEN.

"B" Grade Tennis Notes

The "B" Grade Boys Tennis Team was comprised of P. Coulter, W. McGaw, G. Brunkhorst, P. Smart and N. Berndt. With the able and instructive assistance of Mr. G. F. Thomson, the boys played their way to winning the zone final but they were unlucky to be defeated by only four games in the all-zones semi-final. The team combined well in the doubles, and the singles players often paved the way for wins which made them undefeated in their zone. The "B" Grade players offer their heartiest congratulations to the victorious "A" Grade Team who won the premiership and who often took time to advise and correct faults in

the "B" Grade Team. The "B" Graders are thankful for all the help and encouragement given to them and it was these factors that enabled them to do as well as they did.

Handed down through generations and surviving the annals of time, the names given to our school rooms go on. These rooms, complete with genuine hand-carved furniture, hold memories. Their names have stuck, those borne upon by our forebearers and by words of the present students.

The rooms are more than just four walls with a number—some of them haven't even got that now. It's under a new coat of paint. They have witnessed many things, unheard-of statements making triangles equal, how Mr. Pitman's fine cut took on hieroglyphics, and with the latest addition, the "religious cooks" put out their "burnt offering".

Such places as "The Dungeon", once an Industrial stronghold, is now a theatrette, and the library once more returns to quietness and dignity after housing screaming commercials.

The past student fraternity will be pleased to hear that the once named "Homeland of Nature" has been knocked down for more rooms. But ever since the brick walls of our beloved drawing room has been criticised and remarked on in the Press as resembling a certain "Pennitary", there has been a certain feeling of claustrophobia, and the term "room" is now dropped and "cell" used in its place. One "Block of Cells" is even complete with a "Wardens Office". But students hear me out—that wall forms a corner stone in the school's progress—an inspiration—a bricklayer's dream.

However, we are a happy breed of men. The art room, with the latest equipment and a courageous colour scheme should inspire many a Picasso, and the laboratory appeal to many a budding Physicist.

Here's to our Alma Mater.

BOB BATEMAN, 6B.

Girls' Tennis

Indooroopilly has again entered into the spirit of the tennis world this year by submitting an "A" and a "B" Grade team for inter-school tennis fixtures. This year the sporting zones have been re-divided on account of the new high schools recently erected and the teams have met for the first time such schools as "The Gap", "Corinda", and "Balmoral".

Competition has been keen and the games closely contested. So far this season both teams have won all matches with the exception of the match against Commercial High. We congratulate the Commercial girls on their superior play.

Once again this season we have used the Ironside State School's courts for practice but look forward to the time when we will be able to use our own courts for this purpose.

Members of both teams wish to thank Miss Clifton for the assistance and support she has given us throughout the season as our coach and adviser and to the teams of next year we wish a happy and a successful season.

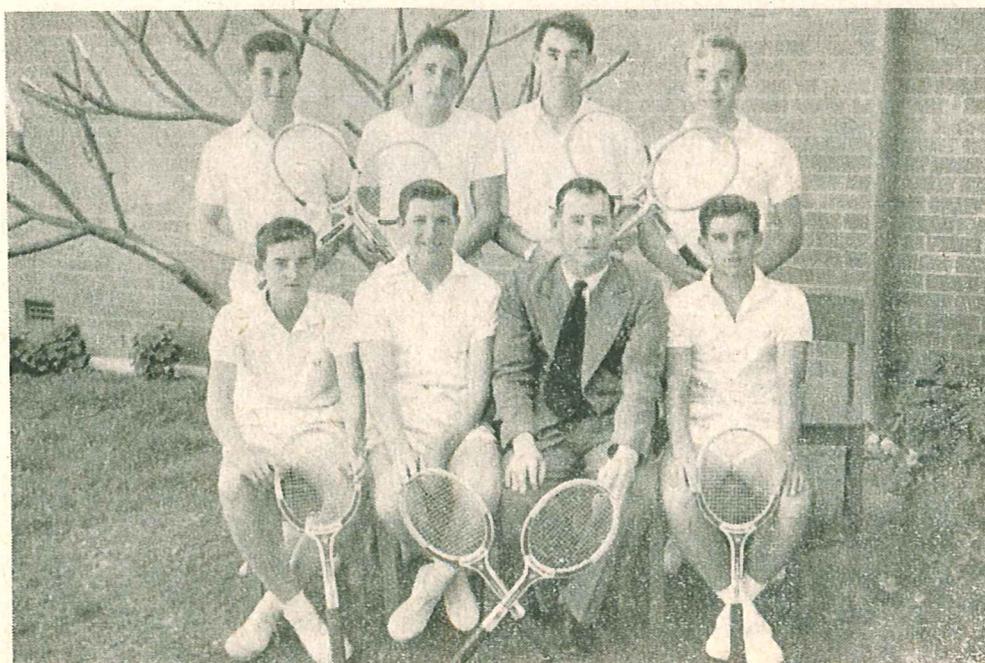
BARBARA HAWKINS.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM



Back Row (left to right): Jill Payne, Barbara Hawkins, Merrilyn Grice.
Centre Row: Jocelyn Herron, Robyn Ritchie, Annette Norris, Shirley Swadling.
Front Row: Vicki Amos, Fay Buettel, N. Clifton (Coach), Olga Stenlake, Jennifer Parker.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM



Back Row: G. Brunckhorst, P. Coulter, P. Smart, N. H. Berndt.
Front Row: M. Guse, C. A. Rooney, Mr. G. H. Thomson (Coach), D. H. A. Dalziel.
Absent: I. D. Larsen, W. McGaw.

ATHLETICS

Boys

As with previous years, our athletic carnival proved most successful, but this year the sporting spirit was higher and stronger than ever, and records were broken throughout the day.

Last year we saw the great battle for supremacy in the open events by Jim Martin and Kev. Combey. This year, our star open athlete Jeff. Collins was by himself, being of a standard and fitness that carried him over the line for four new records and one equal record. His wins were in the 100, 220, 440, 880, and broad-jump. However, Jeff. did not stop at this, but went on to run third in the mile. His biggest disappointment (and also to the school) was his disqualification in the 110 yards hurdles. Being the Under 19 Queensland record holder for this event, a good performance was expected, but his excellent performance earlier on in the day had made him leg-tired and he was forced to knock over a hurdle with his hand. Bad luck, Jeff., but the best of luck in the Secondary School Sports.

Ian McLeod again proved himself the best open high jumper in the school for the second year in succession, by clearing a height of 5 feet 4½ inches, once again breaking the record.

After a season out with a broken leg, Peter Clarey made a strong comeback into the sport by taking off the shot putt and giving Jeff. Collins a worry in the broad jump by clearing a distance of 19 feet 4½ inches to come second; being defeated by Jeff. Collins who later cleared 19 feet 9½ inches. R. Taffs was third with a leap of 19 feet 2½ inches. It must be noted that Collins, Clarey and Taffs all cleared over 19 feet in their first jumps, which goes to show that it was the highest standard of jumping this school has seen.

Bill Kitson, a Sub-Senior form student, showed his stamina by breaking the mile record with a run of five minutes flat, and literally shattering the Cross Country Race record by one minute and 3.5 seconds. A truly great effort by a potential State champion. It is the second time the same athlete has held both records for these events. The previous holder was "Buddy" Rogers, a Senior student last year.

In the under age events we saw a fight for points by 15 year olds P. Addison and A. Chmirow, who brought a high standard of running to the under age class, which caused a number of records to be toppled. Another outstanding performer was Meiklejohn.

All in all, the carnival proved a splendid success, and over twenty records were broken in the boys events alone.

P. CLAREY, 6A.

The Cross-Country

The Cross-country this year was run over the usual 2.4 mile course and was splendidly won by Bill Kitson in record time of 12 mins. 29.5 secs. This took 1 min. 3.5 secs. off the record set by Alan (Buddy) Rogers last year.

Bill, a sub-senior, is an accomplished cross-country runner and easily showed his superiority over the rest of the school.

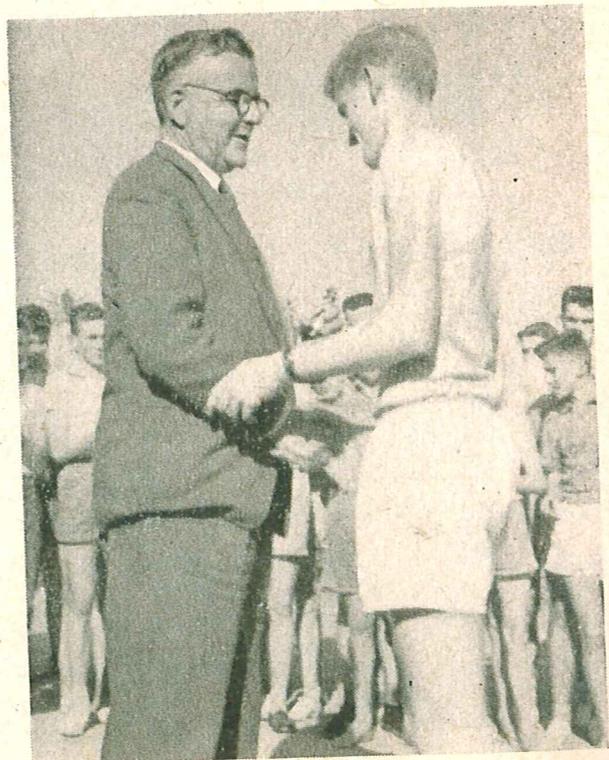
Jeff Collins ran a very good second and another sixth former, Ron Irwin, was third.

Our congratulations to these runners and thanks to all those who competed.

ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS



P. Addison (Under 16), I. Backwell (Under 15), J. Collins (Open), Margaret Weston (Open), Sylvia Daley (Under 16), Jan Nagel (Under 15).



Mr. Ward presenting the trophy for the Annual Cross-Country to W. Kitson, Form V.

BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row: I. McLeod, P. Bennet, R. Cooper, N. Berndt, G. Jenkins.

Middle Row: R. Barrett, A. Rose, J. Doyle, Howard.

Front Row: L. Spronk, G. Middleton, Mr. B. Wolff (Coach), W. McGaw, G. Brunckhorst.

Absent : G. Sakzewski.

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row (Left to Right): Helen Kidgen, Jennifer Taffs, Wendy King.

2nd Row: Cheryl McKellar, Babette Spronk, Helen West, Shirley Swaddling, Kiri Piatnicki.

Front Row : Marion Morrison, Sue Howes, Miss E. Muir (Coach), Mary McColl, Shanean Maroney.

Swimming Notes

This year's Annual Swimming Carnival saw Geoff. Middleton win his third Championship in as many years. In winning the open Championship he broke five records and gained 25 points for his house, Evans. While he was busy breaking open records, a sub-junior, Rodger Barrett, also of Evans, set about breaking all four of Geoff's under-15 records. Aided by the points gained by these two swimmers Evans was able to easily defeat the other houses in the boys' competition. Alan Rose of Patterson won the under-16 division narrowly from R. Woodrow of Kendall by one point.

Although the school was well represented in the inter-school Carnival, and all tried hard, our only points came when Geoff. Middleton obtained a minor placing in the open backstroke event. More points seemed possible when Peter Wickham and Ian McLeod gained us a clear lead at the half-way mark in the open relay. However, the team faded against the top swimmers of the other schools to finish sixth, just out of a place. While we obtained few points, many swimmers reached the finals and all swam well.

Girls' Athletics

This year the Sixth Annual Inter-House Athletics Competition was held for the second time on our own oval. The student body on the whole thoroughly enjoyed the day.

BALL GAMES. Competition was keen. In the under 13 and under 16 divisions the teams for Evans gave an excellent display by winning seven out of ten events. However, Lawson's senior team won all the open ball games events. In this they upheld the fine standard they set last year.

TRACK EVENTS. In the under 15 divisions J. Nagel gave a promising display and won the championship for that age group. S. Daley won the under 16 championship with her excellent performance. She broke the under 16 75 yards and open 100 yards. In the open division M. Weston with some talented sprints, one of which was a new open 75 yards record, carried off the championship. The 220 yards was introduced this year and S. Daley (U/16) and M. Weston (open) set the standing records. We extend our congratulations to these girls and are looking forward to a successful representation at the Inter-School Competition in September.

The Athletic team will also participate in a five way meet at Banyo in Early September.

In the competition for the House Shield, Patterson boys obtained 108½ points to top the boys. Evans came second with 89 points, next was Kendall with 88½, then Lawson with 76. Lawson Girls led with 121, a convincing majority of 20 over Evans with 101. Lawson House with 197, on the whole, won the Shield. Evans house came second with 190. The Kendall girls came third with 89½, then Patterson with 72½. Patterson House gained 181 to come third and Kendall House obtained 178 points.

We are grateful to the teachers for the time they have spent and the effort they put into making the day such a success and we extend to them, on behalf of the students, our thanks.

JAN WHITBY, 6A.

Basket-Ball Notes

At last after several years of participation in inter-school basketball fixtures, we girls have been able to enjoy a successful basketball season. This year, schools participating in inter-school basketball were divided into three zones instead of the usual two zones. This meant that two successful teams from the three zones had to play semi-finals, while the third team went straight to the finals and played the winner of the semi-finals. All of the four teams which were entered from our school were successful in their matches and thus qualified for the semi-finals.

The "A" team, after having considerably easy victories over the teams in our zone, met Banyo in the semi-finals. Although unsuccessful, the team showed itself capable of playing basketball of a high standard. In the first two rounds Banyo were the superior players. However, in the last two quarters of the match, the result of many hours spent in hard practice was that our team scored more goals than their opponents. The final score was 17-7 in Banyo's favour.

The "B" team met up with much stronger opposition than the "A" team did. In the first round of the fixtures, Domestic Science proved their strongest opponent. After a hardly played game our team defeated Domestic 24-23. In the second round our "B" team again defeated Domestic by only one goal: 11-10. The "B" team did not play any semi-finals, but met Kedron in the finals. They were defeated by the latter. The final score was 24-14.

Both the "C" team and the "D" team had easy victories over all the teams that they played. Like the "A" team, both teams reached the semi-finals, only to be defeated. The "C" team went down to Salisbury in a closely played match, the score being 9-6. The "D" team also played Salisbury and were defeated 15-14.

In the first week of Basketball fixtures all teams played a social match against teams from St. Peters. Each of our teams was successful. On 1st June, the "A" team, having a bye, a match was arranged against Salisbury High. The former was successful, defeating their opponents by 14-7.

Saturday, 6th August, a representative team played visiting teams from Toowoomba High, Harrisville High and Concordia Convent.

The team members must be given credit for the hours spent at practices, and for the enthusiasm with which all matches were played.

All who were involved in the Basketball fixtures wish to thank our coaches Mrs Brunner and Miss Shelton, for the time that they gave up in training our teams to the standards which we were able to attain.

Girls leaving the teams at the end of this season, would like to extend good wishes to those who will be competing next year: we hope that you will have as successful a season as we have had, if not a more successful one.

SANDRA JACKSON.

BASKET-BALL TEAM



Back Row: Rhonda Stanfield, Jill Lynch, Margaret Chapman (Captain B), Ann Dalziel, Averil Ehrenberg.

Middle Row: Ray Newton, Pam Pacey, Sue Howes, Sylvia Daley, Desley Ellingham.

Front Row: Gwen Stanfield, Sandra Jackson (Captain A), Mrs. B. Bunner (Coach), Carol Algate, Margaret Weston.

THE HIGH SCHOOL FETE

Soon after the commencement of Second Term we heard that our High School was to hold a fete. Naturally, we assumed that it was to be run entirely by the Parents' and Citizens' Organisation, but to our consternation we learned that each form was expected to arrange its own stall. With the help of teachers many forms were able to do this. At first it seemed a shambles, but eventually order came out of chaos as the end of September drew near. The final week before the fete was one of excitement and enthusiasm which was truly amazing. Signs and posters appeared everywhere, on the walls, strung out over the parade ground and even on the roof, advertising particular stalls and giving their location.

So, Saturday, October 1st arrived and in the morning we arranged our stalls, sideshows and displays. Everywhere was the atmosphere associated with a successful fete. Promptly at the scheduled starting time of 2 o'clock we witnessed, on the Oval, a stirring ceremony—the Passing-Out Parade of our Cadet Corps and we felt proud of our fellow students taking part.

On the completion of this ceremony we went to see the fete proper. There were Produce Stalls, Pick-a-Box, Treasure Hunts, Art and Science Displays, Record Bar, Lucky Envelopes, Sweet Stall,

Cake Stall, Doll Stall, Male and Female Mannequin Displays, Manicure Bar, Fortune-Telling, Shooting Gallery, Darts, Hoop-La, Fishing and probably others which were not seen, either through lack of money or shortage of time. Two things deserve special mention, firstly the 4A3 Boxing, wrestling and Judo Troupe which really caught the carnival atmosphere and secondly the 6B Coffee Lounge which added an air of distinction. As evening approached we enjoyed a barbecue down on the playing fields and a concert which filled in admirably the time between the end of the fete and the start of the dance. We had a happy time dancing in two wings of the school until eleven o'clock, when unfortunately one day was over and we went home.

Sunday morning we trudged back to school and surprisingly a great number of students were already there, so we commenced the mammoth task of cleaning up. This was accomplished and our school was once more like its old self.

A school spirit, second to none, manifested itself during the preparation, the fete itself and the cleaning up afterwards. Let us try to maintain this spirit now and in the future.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The Little Known Islands, Etc.

Surprisingly, few of the general public really know the locality relatively close to their own city of Brisbane. The place to which I refer is a small group of islands, some five miles from Redland Bay, in Moreton Bay. These islands, Russell, Lamb, Macleay, and Karragarra, are approximately thirty miles from the heart of our capital, but apart from their inhabitants and people from passing boats, few people know they even exist. Mention the name "Russell Island" and the inevitable question is, "Where's that?"

Russell Island, with an area of twenty-four square miles, is the largest and Macleay is almost the same size. Lamb and Karragarra Islands are both considerably smaller. The vegetation consists mainly of eucalypts, wattles, ti-tree scrub, and of course the ever-present lantana undergrowth. Most wild life here is protected by law, especially the birds, of which many species abound. Well known Australian animals such as wallabies and bandicoots are present in the scrub, and the snake and lizard families are also widely represented, living perhaps not quite so peacefully.

All four islands produce many crops from the fertile red loam. Tropical fruits are grown, as well as small crops of tomatoes, beans, cucumbers, and strawberries. Fishermen, with their heavy nets staked out along the mud banks, send many cases of fish, particularly mullet, to Brisbane markets. These markets are also supplied with live mud crabs by professional "crabbers", who gain a living from the crab-pots marked by rows of bobbing black corks on the waters of the Bay.

These products of farm and sea, are taken to Brisbane by heavy transport trucks, brought from the Islands to Redland Bay by means of a sixty-foot landing barge. This barge makes a return trip from Redland Bay three or four times a week, and carries all types of heavy farm equipment. A smaller ferry boat operates from Lamb Island to the mainland six times per week, carrying passengers, groceries, mail, and daily papers to all islands.

On both Russell and Lamb Islands there are Post Offices and telephone exchanges linked to Cleveland by radio beam, and to the other islands by marine cable. There are no electricity or water supplies, lighting being obtained from private generators and lamps, and water from wells and tanks. Russell and Karragarra Islands have no Shire Council, and consequently no rates are paid.

The small State School is situated on Russell Island, about a quarter of a mile from the main jetty. The school has two rooms and two teachers, with an average attendance of fifty-six pupils. The children living on Lamb, Karragarra, and Macleay Islands travel to school in a novel way—by the ferry boat. Of course, no one minds if the boat is stranded on a mud bank for fifteen minutes or so.

Russell Island has a picture theatre, and occasionally the School Committee organises a boat trip to Dunwich, Stradbroke Island, or Jumpinpin. The meetings of the Country Women's Association are attended by most of the women of the four islands and social evenings are frequently held in a small church hall.

At Christmas and Easter many small boats on their way to the South Coast, call in at the Islands for fresh fruit and vegetables. Karragarra is the most popular as it has a small, white, sand beach. Every Thursday one of the boats from Hayle's Cruises, Brisbane, ties up at Karragarra jetty for half an hour with a party of tourists.

On the whole, life on one of these islands is far different from anything the city has to offer. Although somewhat isolated, it is more exciting in many ways, especially with bushfires, boats exploding, sharks, turtles—and once two whales—appearing in the channel. Oh, and by the way, how do I know all this? I lived on Karragarra Island for three and a half years.

CATHERINE ALLENDER,
Form 3A1.

Long Before the Dawn

Can you hear Him? Can you hear the rhythmic beating of the sleeping Giant's heart. He has slept through the veils of antiquity and will sleep on till the future is old. Yilgarnia they call Him—Yilgarnia, the timeless.

Perhaps there was an age when he was born. Perhaps two thousand million years ago He rose from the Primordian sea and saw—I wonder what He saw—vast, desolate expanses of rolling ocean and naught else save his own scarred cliffs; But lo, the Giant frowned. A speck was appearing on the horizon, and from the heaving oceans old Musgrave raised his head. The Giant smiled scornfully. Musgrave would never be a rival for Him. Musgrave was almost as old, yes, but Musgrave was an insignificant speck—a mere pin head on the remote horizon of tossing waters that intervened. The Giant's lip curled; He had nothing to fear, for He alone knew the secret—the secret of time itself. He had lived through the long, lonely Archeozoic. Occasionally his bosom heaved and his face changed, but then all was quiet again, and the Giant slumbered.

Still sleeping was the Giant when, centuries later his cousins, Nullagine and Stuartina, woke from the filmy bed of the Proterozoic sea. On he dreamt while Arunta came and roamed the trackless wilds. On and on slept the Mysterious One while the land at his feet rose, and became known as Western Australia.

Oh Yilgarnia I, a transient wanderer to old Mother Earth, long to know Thy secret. "Wake Dreamful One! Tell me Thy secret. No?" Then sleep on unperturbed while vainly the elements strive to round and undermine your contours. Dream, though the waters around you boil or freeze—it matters not to Thee, the Timeless One. Guard your dark secret well. Your shores would lose their lure if ever it were known.

Soon I shall not hear the beating of Your heart Yilgarnia. Soon I too, shall be slumbering far from your shores. We mortal things must die and leave this ancient World; But dream on Fair Giant through the mists of Eternity and beyond.

* Yilgarnia is one of the most ancient land surfaces in the world. It rose about 1,600 million years ago and now forms the South Western portion of Western Australia.

ANN SPIESS, 6A.

His One and Only Joy

In a side street of the heavily industrialized city of Newcastle, a little boy ran as fast as he could until, exhausted, he sank into the doorway of a closed shop. With a darting glance behind him, and being assured of no one following, the little boy pulled out two bananas and ravenously devoured them, not interested in their taste or appearance, but the very fact that he had food—a very valuable possession in the depression days of 1930, especially for the poor.

His mind reflected on his past life. Being a little Chinese boy had a few compensations. He hardly knew his true name of Jo Yun, as he was nicknamed Yellow Bones, quite literally true, for he was as skinny as he was yellow. Yellow Bones gazed into the reflection of the shop window and spat at it in loathing. "Why should I be Chinese? There's nothing else the matter with me. I can speak just as well and even better than the boys at school. My school-work is all right . . . It is not fair". How many times Jo has said these words he did not know. His little Chinese mind only knew one thing—he wanted to be white and share the interests and games of his white companions. He didn't hate his tormentors for he too abhorred his colour and wondered what it would be like to be born white.

Jo's bananas which had disappeared long ago, caused him to seek some other means of entertainment. His parents did not care where he went or what he did at all. There were too many other worries about money. Jo Yun walked on and on, for miles it seemed, his slight frame quivering with exertion and his footsteps echoing alternately. Ahead of him were the outskirts of the city, where he could see the faint silver of the Hunter River.

Jo Yun went on . . . on . . . quickly . . . losing strength . . . crawling . . . creeping . . . panting, with one object in mind, the Hunter River. He was insensible to pain, to movement; all he could see was the azure blue growing gradually bigger and bigger. What reason Jo Yun had for wanting to reach the banks of the Hunter so desperately he did not know, only that a hidden power was driving him on.

It was now late in the afternoon, and Jo Yun's shadow seemed like a twin brother. "The only friend I have", wept the miserable Jo Yun, his burning lips touching the salty water. How strange and disappointing . . . At least it was deliciously cool, which gave Jo Yun the desire of plunging in, sinking to the bottom, ending his miseries, to go to the glorious Land of Paradise, where honey grew on trees, money lay round like pebbles, where people of all colours were accepted as one. These day-dreams filled Jo Yun with longing. "Why not?" he thought to himself, but the murky brown repelled any ideas he had. "Oh why isn't there a pleasant way to go to Paradise", his pathetic little soul cried out. Jo picked up a stone and flung it into the water watching the ripples revolve round and round like a cart-wheel.

Suddenly he heard a soft movement and, turning round, saw a little girl, a year or two younger than he was, staring inquisitively at him. Her clothes had the air of a well-to-do family who must have

managed to stay comfortable in the Depression. Her jet black hair fell round the nape of her neck which gave the little Chinese boy a desire to touch her hair to see if it was real.

With a dimpled smile the little girl laughingly said, "My name is Ellice, what is your name?" Jo Yun gazed at her in amazement. "Why doesn't she run away, pull faces, call me yellow like the others", he wondered. Mistrusting her, Jo Yun remained silent. Ellice sat by his side and told him a funny story. Her eyes danced up and down like a watersprite and Jo wondered if he hadn't come to Paradise after all. Ellice asked Jo where he had come from, and before long the two children were happily chattering to each other as if they had known one another for years.

Jo Yun was a different boy—a soft flame had kindled his sallow cheeks to a ruddy glow. His dark eyes shone like two pinpoints of light. In their game of hop-scotch, Jo Yun's steps were as nimble as two sword fencers, while his frail build seemed to take on a sturdy appearance.

As it was practically night and time to go home, Ellice sadly waved good-bye, promising to return and offering him encouragement and hope as he had confided all his woes to her.

Jo Yun started his long walk home, head erect. He was proud of his colour, of his Chinese blood. Nothing in the whole world was going to change that, not all the hate, spite, and prejudice mixed together. Jo Yun knew that his glorious afternoon with Ellice would never be repeated. She would not be there—he knew inwardly she would not be there. Jo Yun thought of what he had to return to, and then of his one and only joy—the little black-haired Ellice whose parting words he would memorize forever:—

"I love you Jo Yun, just like my big brother".

DIANE ROUBIN, 4C2.

What is a Scotsman ?

A Scotsman is a man who is born in Scotland; or a man born of Scots parents; or a man with a Scots name.

Scotsmen are supposed to always wear a belt, because braces give. A Scotsman always carries a pigskin purse; you will hear it grunt when he opens it.

Scotsmen like Haggis, the Kilt, Bonny Lassies, Whisky and Porridge. They are also partial to Coronation Stones, Auld Reekie and the company of other Scotsmen. They dislike Sassenachs.

They are addicted to playing the bagpipes. These were passed on to the Scots as a joke by one of the Mediterranean races. The Scots have yet to see this joke. They are fond of having drinks for Auld Lang Syne, but nobody has ever met Old Lang. The Scots are a hardy race and toss the caber as nonchalantly as Aussies toss the pennies.

They are very fond of dancing, and you will often see them reeling home on a Saturday night, especially in Glasgow. These may have been "comin' thro' the rye".

A Scotsman is always young at heart, and is really not considered to be old till his beard grows down and reaches his sporrán.

ALFIE.

Anzac Day

The day of Friday, April the 23rd cleared. Bearing their freight of human courage, ship after ship moved slowly out of Mudros Harbour. So many and so numerous were they, that it seemed as if half the ships of the world had made the cove their anchorage. As they approached the men of war, the small ships rang with the cheering of the gallant aboard. Those cheers echoed and re-echoed in the harbour and those, on land, who heard it stood silent and still for a moment, a smile on their lips that their sons could face such horror and some their end with a cheer such as that. Soon men from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, Great Britain, New Zealand and remote islands in the sea, felt again the heave of the ocean.

No army in history was ever set such a task. Those chosen to make the landing were the 3rd brigades of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The nearer coast to Galee Tepe was selected for the landing. This, like the northern shore opposite, was strongly defended and many a Turk was entrenched there. The sun had not yet risen. In the darkness of that morning, 25th April, the tows stood further to the north than they should have done. The men boarded the tows and began ploughing those mined and wired waters under the firing of independant rifles and the crossfire of machine guns.

The dead men's oars were taken by others. They reached the shore, charged the Turks with the bayonet, and probed the Turkish attack to pieces. More and more Turks arrived. The cliffs soon became the scene of the most desperate fighting.

No man of our side knew that cracked and fissured jungle. Theirs was the first British survey of that wild country. They passed on. They dropped and fired and died. They drove the Turks back. All the while they sang their proud chorus of "Australia will be there".

As the 1st and 2nd brigades landed the Turks' big howitzers began shelling the beach and the tows with shrapnel and high explosives. Darkness came but there was neither rest nor lull. Wave after wave of Turks came out of the night. The men fired and dug alternately. Charge after counter charge of the enemy was unable to penetrate the allies' rough lines. Attack after attack was put into action by the Snipers. The wounded were heaped beneath the cliff while the doctors worked among them. With all the indescribable horrors of those hours, the night seemed in travail of a new age.

*"They shall not grow old
As we that are left grow old,
Age shall not wearing them
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them"*

the minister's voice pierces the peaceful air. The congregation before him, bows in solemn remembrance of the Anzacs.

"Abide with me" the strains of those gathered round the memorial shakes the air. The singing is full of feeling and memories and each in his heart is repeating, "Lest we forget, lest we forget".

SYLVIA PRYDE, 3A2.

Fly Past by Night

In the night, overhead, roars
A squadron of fears, bringing
Death winging.
The roar of a race's fear and desire
To be written in blood in the archives of the future
And engraved forever on the mind of the hearer
The jets roar over
For ever and ever
To echo down the vaults of the empty universe
Re-echoing from the spheres of the silent stars
An echo, a cry of our culture.

P. WILLIAMS, 6A.

The Social Effects of Television

Television, which became an idea just after the invention of the telephone, is a medium more powerful than any other means of mass communication. It has been said that television encourages the lazy-minded, that it dulls our ability to create our own interests, and that it will very rapidly mark the end of the arts of reading, conversing, observing, and forming opinions of our own. To a certain degree only, are these things true.

Whether or not television creates a good or a bad influence depends entirely on the individuals concerned. It can be either a help or a hindrance depending on what a person makes of it. It must not be forgotten that radio was a blessing in disguise to gramophone companies, and that it helped to raise cultural standards, and awaken interest in music, literature, and art, as well as drama. Television is capable of doing the same on a much wider scale if it is put to its very best use. More so than the radio, it has had some responsibility for increasing the sale of books and magazines through creating a wide-spread interest in the things with which they deal. If treated with care, it can play this role with a much greater degree of success.

Probably the greatest potentialities for television lie in the field of education. The possibilities of having stations devoted exclusively to transmitting educational programmes lie ahead for Australia, as television can be a far more powerful educational medium than either the radio or the cinema. It brings pupils face to face with reality while it is actually taking place. At the same time, its scope is far more extensive, practically every conceivable item in current affairs, political or otherwise, coming into its orbit.

Naturally, television plays its greatest role in the home. There, as an intimate member of the family circle, it does the most damage or the most good. To young children it can become either a disease causing late nights and unfinished homework, or it can provide wonderful entertainment as well as knowledge. To older children, its many crime serials can be a means of causing delinquency, or they can be a means of arousing the moral instincts of teenagers and making them take a firm stand against crime and all the evil for which it stands.

So intimate is the impact of television that it can affect us considerably in the way we live, in the way we think, and in the way we act. It is for this reason that television can become such a great force for good or evil.

FAY BUETTEL, 4A2.

A Strange Happening

Throughout the film industry, Cecil Sebastian was hailed as a master of his craft, a genius at manipulating the flickering images in the shadowy world of the screen. Then, one fantastic day, Sebastian too became a shadow, known to the world as "the man who vanished". Everyone knew Cecil Sebastian as a symbol of the great historical film epic. Everywhere, theatres were crowded with his devotees.

His films were perfect, for he got every detail to perfection, but though Sebastian was constantly in the public eye, his activities were surrounded by an air of mystery. He made all his movies in a small studio, and no one ever saw an actor go in or out of his studio door, and no one ever knew where he got the background shots for his pictures from.

Then, one day, the career of the great man came to an abrupt end. Sebastian disappeared without a trace. Reporters went to see his assistant, who began to tell them the whole strange story surrounding Cecil Sebastian. The assistant said that everything began a long time ago when Sebastian was a struggling young director, who could not find a job.

In desperation he scraped together some money and rented a broken down film studio. He soon ran out of money, and kept borrowing from his assistant.

One day Sebastian made a great discovery—a time projector that was able to re-create all the events that had taken place in history. His projector showed events as they actually happened hundreds of years ago. When showing such pictures, Sebastian discovered that whoever got too close to the screen was snatched back into the past.

Sebastian soon made a fortune from his time projector; for everyone wondered how such films could be produced. Of course no one ever suspected the truth about the time projector. Success after success followed for Sebastian, and within the next few years Cecil Sebastian produced the greatest historical epics that the world has ever known—The Landing of Christopher Columbus, Julius Caesar, Noah's Ark, Helen of Troy—all shown as they happened long ago.

One day while testing the events of ancient Egypt, before showing the public, Cecil Sebastian made his great mistake—he stepped too close to the screen and was snatched back into the past with the ancient Egyptian people. In an effort to save Sebastian, his assistant accidentally knocked over the time projector, and both it and Sebastian were gone forever.

The reporters did not believe the fantastic story told by Cecil Sebastian's assistant, but while searching Egyptian tombs a few years later, an archaeologist found Sebastian's hat, coat, and glasses in one of the tombs.

Was the fantastic story really true? Don't laugh, for in this strange world of ours there are many wonders yet unexplained, and still many eerie truths waiting to be discovered.

NELL WARR, 4C2.

The Bushfire

Redder grew the sky, redder still until the face of the sun was a ball of fire. From the horizons to the heavens was now a red haze, rapidly growing denser, and more ruddy as clouds of fine red sand were lifted to the skies. There was not a sound in all the wide bush. Kangaroo and emu lay in the shade. Tiny creatures and "creepy-crawlies" burrowed into cool clef in rocks and trees. Everything panted to keep alive till sunset.

The sun was a brazen mass supreme in a brazen sky. Nothing stirred; upon the cracked, hard earth, all was parched, and dry as tinder. It was a land of heat, and of dust, and dryness, a land awaiting the inevitable spark that would transfor a this eery silence into chaotic uproar.

The spark came. How? No-one knows; but now the air was pulsating with added heat. Rolling columns of smoke spiralled heavenwards. Myriads of sparks shot up to return as crumbling cinders and vanishing ashes.

The sun blazed down. It penetrated the dense pall of black, suffocating smoke. A "willy-willy" howled across the plain, its shrieking, sucking vortex uprooting everything in its devastating path, and spreading the demoniacal fire.

Frantic kangaroos pursued frenzied emus in a race for life; as a gradually swelling roar heightened in the far distance. The sky was now composed of darkening clouds of yellows, browns, and blacks, through which dully shone a copper disk. Clouds of red sand whistled viciously through the dense haze.

A deafening clap of thunder and vivid sheets of lightning added to the raging turmoil. Sizzling lightning crackled to earth amongst brilliant sheets and dancing pillars of flame.

Many hours later, the raging fire-devil had burnt itself out. A parched, smouldering plain, stark stumps, and blackened bones of dead steers, were the only reminders of the erstwhile raging inferno.

ANONYMOUS, 4A1.

The Fox who Lost Her Tail

Late one afternoon a young fox was skipping thoughtlessly through the woods when snap went a steel trap, and she was caught fast by her bushy tail. She tried her best to get away, but the more she tugged the tighter the cruel trap held her.

It was getting dark, and once or twice she thought she heard dogs barking. Then, suddenly she was sure of it—she knew the hunter was coming to see what his trap had caught.

The unlucky fox thought fast. There was no doubt about it. She must lose either her life or her beautiful tail. She had only a few minutes to make her escape. Perhaps she could not free herself at all. She pulled and rolled over and twisted about, until, with a final wrench, she broke loose, leaving her precious tail behind in the trap. Just before the first savage dog dashed up, she staggered painfully away into the woods. She crossed a stream to throw the dogs off her trail and made her way to her den.

The fox was so glad to be alive that for a while she did not worry much about the loss of her tail. But the next day as she stooped over the brook to drink she gazed into the water and saw the dreadful truth. Her beautiful tail was gone. How queer and ugly she looked! She shook her head sadly, and when she thought how all the other animals, especially the foxes, would make fun of her, she ran deep into the lonesome wood and hid in a dense thicket.

But like all foxes she was sly, and after planning and scheming she got the brightest idea she had ever had. She was sure of it.

Early the following morning she walked boldly into a group of all her brothers and sisters and cousins, and before they could say a word about her missing tail she began to make a speech.

"You can't imagine how pleasant and—how grand it is to be without a tail", she said. Her manner was important and assured. "I don't know how I ever stood that clumsy, heavy thing as long as I did. I feel so free and light without it. It's a marvelous sensation".

"But what happened to it?" one fox asked in surprise.

"What happened to it?" repeated the young fox. "Why, I cut it off, of course. It was too long and too heavy, and it was always dragging over the ground, picking up burrs. I suppose right now I'm comfortable for the first time in my life, and I advise all of you to get rid of your silly tails at once".

"And you expect us to believe that you really cut it off?" a wise old fox asked quietly.

"Why not?" the young fox replied—a little too sharply. "The tiresome thing was forever getting caught in things, and"

At that speech an old grandmother fox crinkled up her foxy eyes and laughed. In a minute every fox there began to laugh—louder and louder and louder. It was more than the young fox could stand, and if she had had a tail to tuck between her legs, she certainly would have tucked it there as she ran frantically back into the forest.

"Misery", said the wise old fox—though the others were still laughing and probably did not hear her—"Misery loves company".

RICHARD ROBINSON,
Form 4A2.

Sky Pictures

While I lay and gazed towards the sky,
These beautiful pictures caught my eye
As fleecy clouds drifted here and there,
I perceived a crouching, angry bear.

Then, in a mass of feathery white,
I saw this glorious, wondrous sight—
Upon a swirling ocean of cloud,
There rose a galleon, tall and proud.

And, then, a horse galloped o'er my head
While the small clouds all turned tail and fled.
Suddenly, up sprang a fiendish breeze
Which so rudely ruined all of these.

But scurrying clouds, from far and wide,
Came rushing back in turbulent tide.
Coming in graceful or clumsy arrays,
But delightful to my mind—always.

NOELA LEIGH, 4C1.

On Wings of Sound

Softly now with hand outstretch'd,
The fingers quiver o'er the keys,
Down they fall and all at once
A thrilling prelude fills the air.
Swiftly, lightly, softly, surely,
Let the trembling notes ring out,
Vain words can ne'er express their theme;
In every bar a new surprise
Awakes the mind, delights the ear—
Inspires the sight to realms sublime,
Until the very soul is fill'd
With lingering raptures—sounds devine.

What geni lurks within thy touch—
Those hands paused, high above the chord?
What nymph controls each skilful blow?
What power lies hidden in your mind?
That you can so translate each line,
Unerringly express each phaze?
Teach me, elusive nymph, thine art,
Teach me that pow'r within each tone;
Then I could fly to worlds serene
Where peace and beauty reign supreme—
Where ne'er abideth care nor strife
And calm rules quiet over life.

A. SPIESS, 6A.

The Budgerigar

To many thousands of children in Australia's outback, green Budgies as they sweep in graceful line from fence to bush to telegraph pole, are a familiar sight.

A native of Australia, inhabiting the salt-bush flats and feeding on seeding grasses, the Budgie covers great distances in its search for food and water. Never using material like other birds, it nests during the summer in hollows scraped in the eucalypts or white gum trees.

Two clutches of three or four white eggs are laid on alternate days and the young remain in the nest about thirty-one days. In habits, the "Budgie" is gregarious, migratory, and possessed of all the parrot's talent for imitation.

This eight and one half inch wonder weighs only an ounce and a half. In contrast to the emerald green of the rest of its body, the forehead and crown of the head are a bright yellow, the back of the head, the cheeks and the wings, a greyish yellow barred with black, while a necklace of black spots highlights the yellow of chin and throat and, as if to repeat the motif, the eyes are circled with grey.

But civilization has caught up with the Budgie—no longer is he found only beyond the Great Divide. He has attained Exhibition Standard with his own appointed judges, and the published literature of a 30,000 strong world-wide Society is doing much to increase public interest in this beautiful Australian bird.

3B2.

What Ballet ?

Those interested—and what person of taste could fail to be—in the colourful wealth of the Australian Theatre must realize the growing popularity of the Ballet. In each Capital city, there has grown a keen awareness among enthused balletomanes as well as more numerous and more expert ballet groups. Many of you have, no doubt, heard, perhaps in disbelief or wonder of the enchantment or thrill felt by the audience as the curtain rises to reveal a fairy world of ballet. Some of you may have experienced the emotional tenseness as you gaze spellbound while these dancing apparitions float lightly across a floodlit stage.

However, behind these effortless movements are many hard years of grinding toil. There is ever a ceaseless struggle for supremacy of will-power over physical fatigue which begins with the ambitious student and never ends. You may well ask yourself why people give up so much for ballet and why we bother with such nonsense to-day. Perhaps I can partly explain.

Ballet is timeless; it is the expression of one of the greatest human emotions, rhythm, in a magnificent and purified form, and it belongs to the world of fantasy. The history of man is the story of his becoming aware of himself, through an awakening consciousness. Dance reflects his reaction to environment, for it is the embodiment of all the arts, and in its quality others can see the character of our nation. "One may judge a king by the state of dancing in his realm," says an ancient Chinese maxim.

We are all well acquainted with the five senses of sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell, but few of us realize that there is another sense, the kinaesthetic or sense of movement. Dependant on this sense is dancing, the only art in which the creator cannot regard his own work. From the first movement in life—the expansion and contraction of a tiny cell of jelly floating in water—to the last, ballet is the next highly developed.

Rhythm is inescapable and timeless: as the essence of our beings, it changes in intensity alone. And what of ballet? Rhythm is also the basis of dancing, and in its highest form, is translated into ballet.

In addition to these aesthetic qualities, its secondary aim is entirely different, its scope wider. In the sense of general education, ballet gives perfect carriage and graceful poise; it develops a profound knowledge of, and feeling for music, which is listened to both for its rhythm and emotional appeal; it develops the dramatic sense and gives added zest to the imagination; yet all this is accomplished within the bounds of discipline. Ballet demands instant thought and perfect co-ordination and consequently self-discipline.

In all, ballet is everything, for it compounds the aesthetic, the artistic, the creative, the technical, with discipline, and is full of action, innovation and challenge!

JUDITH STEWART, 6A.

To a Locomotive in Etc.

Hail to thee, oh Loco,
chugging through the fields,
Lovely little maiden
trussed before thy wheels.

Along comes handsome hero—
gets there just in time,
Dives at lovely maiden,
hauls her off the line.

Picks up lovely maiden
in his hefty arms,
Then destroys the mortgages
to her father's farms.

Soon as lovely maiden
is tucked up in bed,
Hero rides to villain—
bops same on the head.

Sooty locomotive
goes on unaware
That it missed the maiden
merely by a hair.

An original poem (?) by Ward Saylor, Form 4A1.

P.S.—Queries as to how hero could destroy mortgages while using both hands holding lovely maiden will not be answered. Just suppose hero is a four armed Martian.

Accidents Can Happen

Recently, a survey was made in relation to accident cases in one of our major hospitals to try to reduce the casualty rate. The survey officials realized how hopeless their task was, when a well bandaged brick-layer offered this explanation:—

"When I got to the building, I found that the storm had knocked some bricks off the top. So I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels full of bricks. When I had fixed the building, there were a lot of bricks left over. I hoisted the barrel back again and secured the line at the bottom, and then went up and filled the barrel with extra bricks. Then I went to the bottom and cast off the line.

"Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was, and before I knew what was happening, the barrel had started down, jerking me off the ground. I decided to hang on, and halfway up I met the barrel coming down. I then continued to the top, banging me head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley.

"When the barrel hit the ground, it burst its bottom, allowing all the bricks to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and started down again at high speed. Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up, and received severe injuries to my shins. When I hit the ground I landed on the bricks, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges.

"At this point I must have lost presence of mind, because I let go the line. The barrel then came down, giving me another blow on the head and putting me in hospital".

JOHN BATTERHAM, 6B.

The First Day at School

A cloudless day, a sunny sky,
As we return to work and play,
Towards the school our way is wended,
For our holidays have ended,
A term of play, a term of pleasure,
Thirteen weeks to spend at leisure.

On the grounds we stand and chatter —
Just with whom it does not matter —
Tales and jokes from every fellow,
To get mine in I'll have to bellow!
Of course our holidays went well —
But hark! There goes the old school-bell.

B. MACKLIN, 3A3.

The School Menace

Each day as we arrive at school,
All our homework done,
We hear a sput, a feeble putt,
The tractor has begun.

Not only does this smoking bull
Mar our daily toil
With sickening thrill we hear the drill
That helps to move the soil.

"Now, children", our brave teachers say
"We're going to —" crash, bang, pop.
"Alas and alack the men are back
I wish that they would stop".

The monster wheezes, puffs, and whines,
And makes our playground muddy,
While in vain, we try again
To concentrate on study.

Some will wonder why I write
This ode to drills and tractors,
It is clear that while they're here
We cannot learn our factors.

PAT MICHELL, 3A1.

Ties

The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane, and mild.
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,
But I like my neckties wild!

Give me a wild tie, brother, one with a cosmic urge!
A tie that will curse and swear
And rip and tear
When it sees my old blue serge.
Oh, some will say that a gent's cravat should only
be seen, not heard;
But I want a tie that'll make men cry
And render their visions blurred.

Oh, give me a wild tie brother,
One with a lot of sins!
A tie that will blaze
In a hectic gaze
Down where my belt begins.

S.E.P.

The Latecomer's Soliloquy

To rise, or not to rise,— that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in the morn to suffer
The chill and cold of the new day's breeze,
Or to remain below blankets longer,
And by our action do run late? To lie,—to sleep,—
No more; for if we rise we know we end
The peaceful rest, and thousand blissful pleasures
Tired limbs desire,— 'tis a consideration
Worthy of great thought. To lie,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep the thought of French doth come,
And we must shuffle out our sleepy coil,
And start our rush.

W. MCGAW, 6A.

He drives a snow plough;
The blade scrapes a swathe through the white,
He moves his hand,
The blade scrapes, a shade to the right.
But now he claps his hand to his head,
He drops the machine he was driving,
And in the swathe there's a streak of red;
He's cut his face while shaving.

J. SHELTON, Form 6B.

Sonnet from a Sixth Form Window

Oh what have they done to this once green earth,
Why did they make it a bare brown turf;
Where is the grass I used to love—
The trees in graceful slant above?
The thought of this desert racks my brain,
The bull dozers left us a one tree plain,
Where once we students used to huddle
I gaze, and see a murky puddle.
Uprooted rocks are there in heaps
I squelch around in bounds and leaps;
Oh give me back those days of yore
And let me lie as oft before
Among the grasses green and cool
That now is but a muddy pool.

ANNE SPIESS, 6A.

A Poem for Yough

(Words which are spelt the same should rhyme)

There was a young fellow named Willie McSnough,
Who owned a small farm in the mountains of
Splough.
He lived by himself, and he had to live rough
Simply because he hadn't much dough.
He never was able to scrape up enough
To enable himself to buy a new plough
Or a new straw hat for himself, even though
He worked very hard by the side of the Lough.
Whatever he did, he always was thorough,
Whether digging a ditch or chopping a bough.
But one day when Willie was making a trough
He began to hiccough, and hiccough, and hiccough.
His hiccoughs turned into a very bad cough,
And one day he realized that he was through.
And so he passed on, young Willie McSnough
Who owned a small farm in the mountains of
Splough.

C. ROONEY, 6A.

The Poets Explained.

1. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" (*Keats*)—reference to industrial boys' singing period.
2. "And grow for ever and for ever" (*Tennyson*)—impositions.
3. "Who knows but the world may end to-night" (*Browning*)—thoughts of an optimist on the eve of the term examinations.
4. "Still from one sorrow to another thrown" (*Tennyson*)—Changing over from physics to Maths 1.
5. "But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam" (*Byron*)—the school oval after an inter-form match.
6. "What is all this juice and all this joy?" (*Hopkins*)—answer: rum distilled in Prac. Chem.
7. "The frailty of all things here" (*Shelley*)—thoughts on looking at a group of sub-juniors.
8. "How bright are all things here" (*Traherne*)—Master's inward thoughts on entering 6B classroom.
9. "Are you sure that we are awake?" (*Shakespeare*)—any Form—any period.
10. "Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed" (*Shakespeare*)—on receiving exam results.
11. "Let him go home and with his cap in his hand" (*Shakespeare*)—going on parade.

ROD GRIMES, 6B.

School ?

With a scream, the alarm begins its attack,
Our hands we clap to our heads
And after a hearty thump on the back,
With a groan we roll out of bed.

Gulping our breakfast, searching for books,
We behave as blundering mules.
And with a bundle of papers and books,
With a groan we struggle to school.

Rushing for time and very near death,
We sneak to the classroom late.
And faced with sums that take our breath,
With a groan we survey our fate.

And imagine our joy when at last by the clock,
We see it is nearly three.
And after the bell rings forth its mock,
With a cheer we rush out—free.

BILL SIMPSON, 3A1.

Cowan (on Moreton Island)

Have you ever been across the sea to Cowan ?
To be there at the closing of the day ;
And to watch the Glasshouse Mts. slowly fading,
And the sun turn gold the blue of Moreton Bay.

Have you ever seen the ripple of the wavelets,
Gleaming on the yellow-golden sand ?
If you have then you will know that heaven,
Is right there on that tiny plot of land.

PAULINE VISSSEN, 3A1.

The Sea

The steeply-shelving beach rushes down to the sea,
And the salt sea spray reaches high above me.
The sea spumes and funnels in foaming cascades,
As, leaping up the rocks it reaches above my head
Like a great animal—as if to devour me.
Swirling over the sand-spreading shells and pebbles
Like a giant hand, it races on, thinning rapidly
To its lacy edge of crinkly foam.
Sweeping back it forms a huge green bowl seeming as
If it would suck me down into the luminous blue-green depths.

I stand mesmerised before the changing shapes of
Watery sculpture, and I seem to pass gradually,
Into waking dream.

MICHELE STORY, 3A1.

Nature's Symphony

Like the tinkling of droplets on the ice
In some yonder gorge where the echoes run twice,
The bellbirds sing out in melodious choir
To mingle with sounds from the distant church spire.

Gay parakeets fly in their flocks overhead
In brilliant splashes of blue, green and red.
With screeching and calling, the gaudy array,
Show their approval of the newly, born day.

Then, high in the treetops, or out on the boughs,
Small families of swallows spend bright, sunny
hours,
Rearing their young ones, or hunting for food,
Or chattering cheerily in carefree mood.

While the mopoke raises his sad, mournful cry
To the chirping wagtails that twitter on high,
The sparrows chatter in a mad, happy throng
As they hear the strains of the lark's soothing song.

For, in the sweet scented bush, the sounds of the
birds
Make music—too lovely to put into words.
The soft strains re-echo. 'Tis a choir complete—
The music of nature — so mystically sweet.

N. LEIGH, 4C1.

Australian Creatures

Australian creatures vary
From the cassawary
To the currawong
By the billabong.

The wallaby on the rock,
The laughing settlers' clock,
The brolga at his dance,
The frogmouth in a trance.

The owl keeps watch by night,
While stars are shining bright,
The far-off dingo's howl,
Alarms the Mallee fowl.

The platypus in his pool,
Beneath the she-oaks cool,
Each in his own small way,
Making Australia gay.

ROSEMARY NAYLOR,
Form 3A1.

THE STORY OF SOUND

When one turns a switch and watches the tone arm of the record player slowly settling onto the edge of the record, little does one realize what has transpired to bring about the quality of sound reproduction as we know it to-day. At this standard, sound is reproduced with such perfection and realism that one would almost think that one was in the same room as the orchestra, or whatever is playing. Yet it was only a few years ago that science was experimenting with the possibilities of reproducing sound.

The very first phonograph recordings, as invented by Thomas Edison, were cylinders, with the grooves running around outside. The "speaker" was a large horn-shaped affair attached to the tone arm. Naturally, these early sound reproduction units had many disadvantages. Firstly, the sound that was recorded was barely audible above the scratching and grating as the needle bit into the grooves on the metal cylinder. Secondly, the needle could only be used once. Thirdly, the cylinder recording had to be turned by hand, and thus the sound was greatly distorted owing to the fact that it was impossible to keep turning the cylinder at a constant speed.

Later, however, the disc recording was invented. The players for these, too, had large horn-shaped speakers attached to the tone arm. These, in time, were improved upon, giving a much better quality of reproduction. It was, however, still nothing outstanding. These old recordings became the "78's" as we know them to-day. The quality of gramophones themselves were improved, and some very elaborately carved and decorated "monstrosities" were made. These still featured the old horn type speaker. Spring driven motors were used to drive the turntables, but these had to be wound after each playing. Needles, also, had to be replaced after each playing. It was not until the invention of the electrically operated gramophone that things began to change. These machines gave a better tone of sound, used the smaller electric speaker like we have to-day, and were able to use the stylus needle. This type of needle could play for many hours without having to be changed.

The greatest breakthrough in recordings, however, took place about ten years ago with the invention of the microgroove record. It is this type of record that is so common to-day. As the grooves are so greatly diminished in size, surface noise, that was such a great problem with the "78's" has now been completely eliminated. Also, whereas the "78's" could only be played for a few minutes, the microgrooves of to-day can play for more than two hours. Naturally, a much smaller stylus is required to play the microgrooves than is needed to play the "78's". Diamond styli specially manufactured for this purpose can play for about 1,000 hours.

With the invention of high fidelity (or hi fi) records and record players, sound has taken on a new realism. The reproduced sound is given a balanced effect by two speakers instead of one. However, hi fi still fell short of perfect reproduction. It was not until a worker in the studios of His Master's Voice came up with stereophonic sound that absolute perfection was reached. Now, with stereo,

not only has reproduced sound length and breadth, as was made possible by hi fi, but it also has depth.

Just how different is stereo? Let us hear what the technical director of the World Record Club, Mr. Eric Cleburne, has to say on the matter:

"Unconsciously, we learn to judge spatial relationships and to interpret them so that we may say that a sound is in front, behind, to right, to left, and so on. When a microphone is used, the ratio of direct to reflected sound is constant for a particular position and does not depend upon the relative position of the microphone and artist.

"As a result of this constant ratio, we cannot tell from a single channel recording, whether a moving singer is approaching or receding or whether moving from left to right. Spacing our speakers will help to give a greater spread of sound and appears to give a more realistic feeling of depth and space; however, since the original spatial relationship is not altered we are still unable to separate sound perspective or judge position.

"Using an infinite number of microphones across the field of the sound source, and linking each mike to its own amplifier and speaker system, would enable us to reproduce the original sound at some remote point in a way that should enable us to follow movement within the sound pickup area.

"Whether you are experiencing the best results from your stereo records can never be known; however, if you are able to balance the amplifier and speakers so that the sound is clean, well separated, is not demanding concentration to the point of tiring you, then you are hearing good stereo no matter what anyone else may say".

Thus ends the story of sound. Can sound reproduction be improved further? This is a question that can only be answered by time. Until then, stereophonic sound will remain monarch.

NOEL HYSLOP, Form V.

THE STORY OF A TIN OF SARDINES

Everyone has seen a tin of sardines but have you ever stopped to consider where the sardines came from and what happened during the process of preparing that one small tin of sardines? This can clearly be seen in four scenes.

On a dark night off the Portuguese coast, a light is to be seen coming from the sea, where fifty or sixty fishing-boats are out on the black water. Each boat has a powerful arc-light placed over the stern to light up the sea. This light attracts the sardines to the large trawling nets where they are caught. To sail with a sardine fisher through the night is one of the most beautiful adventures in the world; you can look over the side of the boat and see the fish swimming into the net in the arc-light's glare. The fish look phosphorescent as they sparkle in the light. Often you can see the rocks and seaweeds and the sandy depths of the bottom of the sea.

All round the Mediterranean, off the coast of Portugal, France, Italy and Greece, the fleets of sardine fishers set out at sundown and work through the night with their glaring arc-lamps. They can go only when there is no moon; for in moonshine the fish are not so easily attracted to the lights.

The next scene is laid in South Wales, where the tin-plate is prepared from which the tins are manufactured. The tin-plate is especially treated and later comes out to the required shape to hold the sardine.

For the third scene we return to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where the dusty hills are covered with orchards of olive trees. In North Africa and Southern Europe, in Palestine and Turkey, men and women are at work gathering the olives. Olive oil has many uses, one of which is to keep the sardines soft and fresh when they are packed into tins.

Now for the last scene we come to an everyday printing office and there the people are working to make the labels for the tins to be exported.

So there you see, we have witnessed all the scenes which go to make just one small tin of sardines.

DAWN STENALEK, 4A2.

Cadet Passing Out Parade

The Annual Passing-Out Parade of the Cadet Unit was held on Saturday, 1st October. The Oval, nestling below the school, was the perfect setting for this important ceremonial parade. At 1.40 p.m. the Unit, under the command of U/O W. McGaw, marched on to the Oval to the accompaniment of the music of the combined Indo-roopilly-Kedron band—a very good combination under the command of Drum-Major Hardaker.

At 2 p.m. the Inspecting Officer, the Minister of Justice, the Hon. A. Munro, M.L.A., accompanied by the Headmaster, Mr. G. Ward, and the O.C. of the Unit, Captain R. B. Grieve, moved on to the Parade Ground where a General Salute was accorded the Visiting Officer. After the three Platoons, the Colour Party and the Band had been inspected, the Unit advanced in Review Order and was addressed by the Minister who told the Cadets that he had been very much impressed by the precision of their marching and drill. He told them of the important part they had to play in the School, in community and national life and stressed the importance of discipline, not only at School, but in after life. Mr. Munro also paid a tribute to the Band which in a comparatively short period of time had reached a high standard of efficiency.

The success of this parade was due to the hard work of the Cadets, and the efficiency and enthusiasm of the N.C.O.'s and Under-Officers and especially to U/O W. McGaw whose command of the parade was masterful and of an extremely high standard. It is to be hoped that those who fill the places of those who "passed out" will maintain the high standard set by their predecessors.

The Midnight Raider Short Story

The clock in the church tower was striking midnight. From out of the shadows came the figure of a man. He went a few yards, then stopped, and

with arms akimbo gave a long low whistle. He was joined by two other men. They stood for a moment, and seemed to be discussing a last minute plan, when suddenly from afar, came the sound of horses' hooves on the cobblestones. As the sound drew nearer, the three men disappeared back into the shadows. When the horse and rider had disappeared round the corner, the three men appeared again. The man who first appeared, and who seemed to be their leader, was tall and powerfully built, with what seemed in the dim light from the street lantern to be fair curly hair. Of the other two, one was short and fairly plump, and the other seemed to be of medium build. They were dressed in the rags of ordinary working folk of that time, and their bare feet made no sound as they each hurried to do the work appointed to him by his leader. When they had gone all seemed still again, but there was still that air of mystery lingering around the "Rue de St. Quebae" in Paris, on that mysterious night of the 2nd of February, 1792.

Suddenly a pistol shot rent the air, and the tall man came racing out of a house on the other side of the Rue de St. Quebae. He came racing down the road and was met by another man, who took the package the tall man was carrying, then disappeared into one of the houses. As the tall man continued on his way, the tramp of feet could be plainly heard, as a squad of gendarmes marched up the road from the gendarmery, which was just around the corner. By this time there was quite a crowd congregating around the scene of the robbery. When the gendarmes arrived, their captain went forward and questioned the man who had been robbed. The man, citizen Chambert, one of the most highly respected citizens of that time, had been robbed of some valuable papers, which, he said, had been wrapped up as a parcel and locked in a drawer of his desk. He also said that about ten minutes past midnight he had been awakened by a noise in his study. He said he thought he had better investigate, and, taking a gun which was lying on a table beside his bed, walked up to the study door, upon opening it, he found a man tall and powerfully built, scrambling out of the window. He fired a shot, which missed, but which also attracted the attention of the gendarmes, for the night was silent and the sound had carried easily. The gendarmes questioned many people, and when they received the information they wanted, set off down the road in the direction of the fugitive.

All through the early hours of the morning they marched on, seeking information here and there. Several times they acquired information, other times they were not so successful. From what they had received they deduced that he might be heading for Calais, and from there by boat to England.

About ten o'clock they sighted him. He obviously had been travelling non-stop, for he seemed exhausted. He also wished to resist capture, for when told to "Stand and Deliver", he took to his heels for all he was worth. A shot from a rifle soon put a stop to his running. It did not hit him, but it had come dangerously close. Close enough, in fact to tell him that the gendarmes meant business. He stood stock still while the captain of the gendarmes placed the irons around his wrists

and locked them. All the way back to the gendarmery, he thought over his crime. He was not sorry that he had done it, even though robbing a respected citizen of the Committee for Public Safety meant death by the guillotine. He was not sorry he had done it, because the man whom he had robbed, he hated with a consuming passion.

He spent that night in prison. The next morning he was brought before the tribune and sentenced to death. The date of his execution was set for the 5th of February, 1792. He was visited every morning by a representative of the Committee, and was allowed no food until he had told them where he had hidden the papers. All he told them was that he had given them to someone, but he would not say who.

On the date appointed for his execution, the representative of the Committee visited him—as usual. When he opened the door of the cell, he stopped dead on the threshold. The tall man had completely and utterly disappeared. How it had happened he knew not. The only trace of him was a piece of paper placed on the table with a stone on top of it, and the words—“With the Compliments of ‘The Midnight Raider’”.

RHODA THOMPSON, 3A 1D.

INTER SCHOOL ATHLETICS

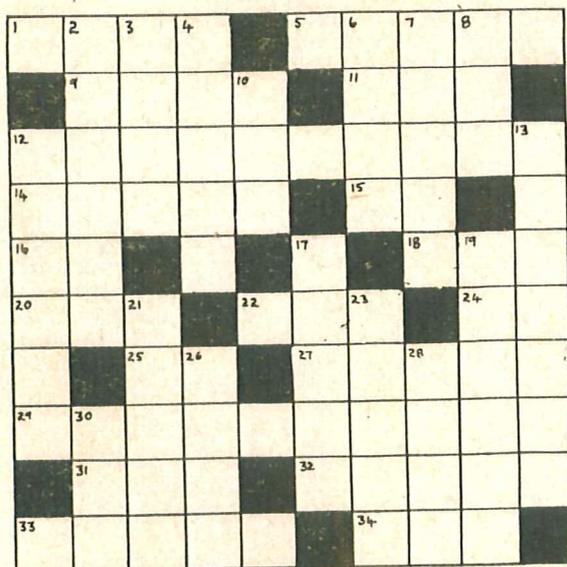
Following a very successful Inter-House Athletic Carnival in which many records were broken, the school was able to nominate a strong squad to contest the various Inter-School meetings which followed.

The school was host to St. Peter's College, and the Mitchelton High School, and visited Banyo High School and Brisbane Boys' College, where the athletes received keen competition and valuable experience.

In the State Secondary Schools' Athletics Carnival, the school finished fourth in the overall competition, being represented in 26 of the 37 finals, held on Saturday, 24th September. One of the outstanding competitors of the sports was Jeff. Collins, whose win in the 120 yards hurdles in record time, and second placing in the 880 yards, also in a time which was better than the existing record, were more meritorious, as they occurred within 25 minutes of each other. Of the other competitors, the high jumpers Eric Gordon, third in the Under 15 event, and Ian McLeod, equal second but placed fourth on a countback, in the open event deserve mention.

A feature of the meeting was the parade of athletes, which provided a colourful introduction to the Saturday afternoon session.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Principal street to the school.
5. Extremely attractive colour.
9. Learning.
11. Who am I to manufacture stoves and sinks.
12. Attractive to eat.
14. Orleans had one in 1429.
15. French and Latin.
16. With one more "n" it would be hotel.
18. 'Crafty.

20. Morning moisture.
22. The name on one of the bathroom towels.
24. To be two-thirds of 22 across.
25. This masculine is two-thirds of the feminine.
27. This knob in a car can kill a person.
29. Merchant.
31. This Biblical character doesn't tell the truth.
32. Fastens animals.
33. Destruction by the sea.
34. To urge.

DOWN

2. Mac Mountainous.
3. Thick cord.
4. Refuse.
6. The trick is made by changing one part of a flower.
7. Leaves it out, it's on the end.
8. To gain in a strong breeze.
10. French bean.
13. Fountains of hot water.
17. Sinful tools.
19. Probable.
21. One letter turns something empty into something all there.
23. An animal that's the same by itself or with others.
26. Type of poem.
28. This jewel has no friend.
30. Three-quarters of the name on the other bathroom towel.