SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Over the past year we, as students, have been fortunate in that we have been able, through reduced prices, to see many theatrical performances that many of us would have been unable to see otherwise.

Our Ninth Graders were fortunate to be given the opportunity to attend several symphony concerts throughout the year. Symphony concerts are of great cultural value because, while they are presented in an informal manner, they aim to give the student an appreciation of good music.

The play set down for the Junior Public Examination is "As You Like It" by Shakespeare, and the Tenth Graders were given the opportunity of seeing it performed. Seeing a play set down for study is very important for it helps to impress on the mind of the student the action of the play and gives him some insight into the interpretation of the characters.

The Seniors have been to see three plays they are studying for Senior—"Arms and the Man," a satirical play by George Bernard Shaw; "Richard of Bordeaux" by Gordon Daviot; and "Hamlet" by Shakespeare. These plays were presented by the Amateur Theatre Groups of Brisbane and I think they are to be complimented on the fine presentation of these plays.

Besides those for educational value, the School was also able to secure block bookings for performances which were attended purely for entertainment.

At the beginning of the year we were able to see a production of the "Merry Widow" when it came to Brisbane. Students who went to see this production thoroughly enjoyed it and this led the way for other bookings.

On the holiday we received from the fete a number of students went to see the Ice Follies. This performance featured both American and Australian artists and proved to be an enjoyable outing.

A party of Sub-Seniors and Seniors were able to attend a performance of "Boeing Boeing." This play tells the story of a man living in Paris who has three air hostess fiancees, one from Germany, one from America and one from France. His elaborately worked out scheme of entertaining different girls at different times backfires when the Boeing jet is introduced to the airlines. Many incidents and many laughs later the situation is straightened out.

The hit musical, "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," currently showing in Brisbane, is the latest production seen by the students. This is a story of a young man (played by Albert Finney) who gets to the top of the business world by politely stepping on everyone else.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Colston and Mr. Davies who arranged everything for us. They arranged also for us to go back stage in a few of the productions to meet the stars and to walk around and look at the sets used in the production.

Other social activities include two very successful end of term dances held at Riverside Ballroom. At the second term dance there was a prize given for the best decorated alcove. This was carried off by the Senior Home Science girls for their representation of a witch's den. An even higher attendance was recorded at the two informal dances held at Teen City to raise funds for the footballers. Many thanks to the Students' Dance Committee and to the teachers for their help in making these functions the success they were.

That just about winds up the social whirl of Kelvin Grove High, but I'm sure that everyone is looking forward to many more such outings.

Linda Sciarretta, 12AIC

WOOL SALES

Recently some members of our Junior geography class were fortunate in being able to attend a wool sale here in Brisbane, at the Wool Exchange, Eagle Street.

From the public gallery we had an excellent view of the proceedings which, at first, seemed rather strange to us. The eloquent chairman called out the classification numbers of the wool and then quoted prices very quickly. The buyers, seated above one another in tiers, then called out their prices and the highest bid was accepted.

Many countries were represented including Great Britain and Japan.

Silence was essential, or it's just possible one could find oneself the owner of a thousand or so bales of wool!

However, it was a most enjoyable experience, and one we should very much like to repeat, in other fields, in the future.

Our thanks go to our teachers, Mrs. Rose and Mr. Garrone, for their co-operation, and also to Sally Kennedy, who obtained the details for us.

Jennifer Lindeman

FOLK SINGING NOTES

The Folk Singing Group, though A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL, has enjoyed remarkable success, expanding rapidly. Our repertoire, as yet, is not very large, but why must a certain drawlin' WILD CANADIAN BOY constantly remind us that we don't seem to be singing many words.

Nevertheless, the strains of STEWBALL, frequently accompanied by sounds (if one could call them that) from guitars, records and tape-recorders, have been heard at our next meeting.

48
recordings, is often heard, BLOWIN' IN THE WIND from Dens 8 or 14. Becoming more ambitious, the group decided, RUM, BY GUM, to stage an item for Speech Night; we are sure this will be successful, so DON'T THINK TWICE IT'S ALL RIGHT. By the SUMMERTIME our tunes will be able to be heard OVER THE MOUNTAINS and down to WASHINGTON SQUARE.

Unfortunately, next year our Senior members will have left school (WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?) to JUMP DOWN AND TURN AROUND in the bewildering EVERGLADE world of business. (AIN'T IT HARD). So to members of the lower school, we're relying on you to CAST YOUR FATE TO THE WIND and help keep the group going.

Finally, we must thank THE FOLK SINGER, Mr. Wilkie, for his help and leadership during ALL OUR TRIALS, and hope for even GREEN(ER) FIELDS in the very near future, as the popularity of folk singing increases throughout the school.

Petersburg, St. Paul, Maryland

ART STUDENTS' OUTING

Towards the end of term, after exams, there will be a day's Sketching and Picnic Outing for students taking art as a subject. Proposed date is Tuesday, 1st December.

Cost of fares, including ferry across to Coochie Island, will be about 6/-.

Lunch may be taken, but soft drinks and all usual grocery items are available at the island kiosk.

There is safe bathing and plenty of scenery for sketching. There will be a barbecue.

All art students from Grades 12, 11, 10 and 9 are eligible, and those selected from Grade 8 by Mrs. Knight.

Teachers with artistic inclinations might contact Mr. Berry with a view to accompanying the party.

MUSIC NOTES

Well, as most of you know, the Grade 8's have a music lesson once a week. Every child has a Music Project Book in which the day's programme is written up, and appropriate illustrations pasted in these books carry marks for the term examinations.

During the lesson we listen to records (such as the "Nutcracker Suite," "Clair de Lune," and "Holiday for Strings"), have a bit of theory and sing sea shanties, lullabies and negro songs.

Mrs. Rose (the music teacher) does a very good job in making the lesson interesting and enjoyable for all students concerned. A hearty thanks.

Susan Timperley, SA

HOME SCIENCE NOTES

It seems that knowing how to cook brings its own rewards, as Avril Ryan and her partner, Jeffrey Hackett found when they succeeded in winning the Brisbane Gas Company's Cooking Competition. This is the second win for the Kelvin Grove High School and the second time a domestic student and her partner have won. This surely says something for the course itself and also for the teachers who endeavour to impart their knowledge to their students.

The Home Science course, like any course at High School, is difficult, but it is different from other courses in that it gives the student a grounding and thus prepares them for their future years. This course does not only consist of cooking and sewing as many students think, but many hours of theory, for as we know, practical work is only based on the amount of theory we learn.

In the Sub-Senior and Senior years especially, we find this course a general one covering many aspects, such as banking, budgeting, furniture fashions old and new, interior decorating and house planning, to name only a few.

The Sub-Junior and Junior years are very much the same as Senior, but it is in these years we learn the basis for our following years. Nutrition, laundering and first aid, as well as applications of both the scientific principles of physics and chemistry to the home, are but a few of the aspects of the course in these years.

In conclusion, we wish the Seniors and Juniors all the best in their coming examinations and hope that, with what has been said above, some light may have been thrown on the Home Science Course.

INVASION

When you've finished off your tea,  
And recline to watch T.V.,
Doesn't it make you very mad  
To be invaded by an ad.
These catchy tunes  
go on and on,
And now it's five minutes since Part One.
When the play begins once more,  
There's just no excitement as before.
Then just before the end of the play,  
A little ad. burst in to say,
"You'll be lovelier each day,  
If you learn to apply our soap this way."

Now I have tried to make you see  
How irritating T.V. ads. can be,  
So when you next switch on to view,  
Take my advice and watch Channel 2.

By Carol Benfield and Robyn Hamson, Form 10C3
THE T.V. PSALM

Dedicated to all those affected by the dread disease—square eyes!

The T.V. is my Shepherd, my Schoolwork wants,
It maketh me to lie down and do nothing,
It leadeth me before all other duties,
It restoreth my crime knowledge,
It leadeth me in the paths of laziness, for my strength's sake.
Yea, though I talk through the shadow of the school day,
I will fear no teacher, for the T.V. killers and murders comfort me.
Thou prepar'est my tea before me in the presence of my T.V.,
Thou dost wash up for me, my homework runneth over,
Surely laziness and poverty shall follow me all the nights of my T.V.
And I will rust in my armchair forever.

Quoted from "The Link"

CHOIR NOTES

Choir Mistress: Mrs. Rose
Accompaniste: Miss Summers

Shortly after the May holidays—up until then most girls interested in choir were involved in concert practice—Mrs. Rose called together girls who wished to join the school choir. Immediately practice began for the eisteddfod, at which the choir sang very well, but unfortunately, because of strong competition from well-known established choirs, we failed to gain a place in either of the sections we entered.

After the eisteddfod, practice began for the School Speech Night. Mr. Gareme permitted the choir to practice on Wednesday afternoons during the last term. A boys' choir was also assembled for Speech Night, all the boys coming from Eighth Grade. At Speech Night, the girls' choir will sing three songs—"Bless This House," "Fairest Evening," and "Marianina." Lucy Isoardi, one of the prominent choir members, will sing two verses of "Marianina" in Italian. The boys will sing three sea shanties and a negro spiritual. Some of the girls will sing Mozart's "Minuet" to the accompaniment of a pianist, a violinist and a clarinet player.

We are greatlyful to the girls and boys of both choirs and we are looking forward to hearing their efforts.
A REVIEW OF "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"

Lately, long epic films, usually telling of past glory, have become very popular among theatregoers. Although they are usually set in Biblican times, or even earlier, one of the most striking that I have seen, "Lawrence of Arabia," is quite a modern story.

It tells of the achievements of a young lieutenant in the Near East during the First World War. He had been chosen to serve with the Arabs in the desert against the Turks, whose modern methods of warfare produced devastating losses in their ranks. He succeeded in uniting the bickering Arab tribes against their common enemy, and even formed an efficient fighting unit, although he started with only a few volunteers.

These had been fired with his enthusiasm, and agreed to join him on the gruelling camel ride across a desert they had previously thought impossible to cross, in order to attack from the landward side a Turkish stronghold whose guns pointed to the sea. In this he succeeded, as he did again when he crossed Mount Sinai with only two Arab boys, to reach the British authorities and report to them. Quite often he had to struggle with his superiors for the necessities of his campaign, but, with his trained force, he managed to destroy a great number of trains carrying Turkish soldiers and supplies.

Although his Arabs proved less reliable than he had thought, and he was retarded by his own obsession with killing Turks, he finally took Damascus. There he tried to set up a government totally consisting of Arabs, while the British Government had other ideas. For this reason he was given a high rank and sent back to England for a "holiday"—pensioned off, and no longer of any use. There, speeding along a quiet country lane on a motor cycle, he was killed.

Lawrence, very well portrayed by Peter O'Toole, was a very strange person. He may have struck others differently, but it seemed to me that he was something of an extrovert with a strong habit of inviting trouble and danger. This showed in a small way when he would twirl a lighted match in his fingers until it burnt him, and much more when, during a train raid, he stood and waited for a wounded Turk to shoot him. It was at such times that his sanity appeared doubtful and his facial expressions helped create this impression.

His self-confidence at times was boundless, such as when he crossed the great desert, but at others he seemed to despair and give in. His act of going back alone into the desert to find a man fallen from his camel showed both endurance and heroism. When he fought against the Turks, however, he was seized by a terrible blood-lust, and even when they surrendered he would kill them mercilessly. I think that he really meant to end his life when he smashed up his motor bike as, when he was being driven away from Damascus in a jeep, he gazed queerly after a motor bike that sped away.

Lawrence's brother officers played very little part in the film, but one, his superior, was played by Jack Hawkins as a rather sly tool in the Home Government's plans for colonization. He treated Lawrence like an adult humouring a precocious child. Alec Guinness, as the Prince of the Arabs, was the epitome of wisdom, but apart from him, the others appeared so pre-occupied with their feuds that they could hardly govern themselves.

An Arab Shikh who was a true friend to Lawrence was Ali, played by a real Arab of the same name. His constant despairing apologies and pleas for patience to Heaven for Lawrence's mistakes, however, had no effect on Lawrence.

The desert scenes were magnificent, and there were harsh mountains and stony outcrops, not just sand dunes. The music played at the beginning and from time to time during the film had the feeling of the desert in it. Often the film became quite melodramatic and blood-thirsty, such as during battle scenes, and when Lawrence's mental agony was drawn out perhaps a little too long.

I think that this is one of the truly great films, of the kind that leaves a person misty-eyed and thoughtful going home after seeing it. Even though it is months since I saw it, most of it still remains in my memory.

HOMEWORK — UGH!

Though I would rather read or knit,
At my homework I must sit.
The hours so slowly dawdle by—
Oh, it makes me want to cry.

While others run out to their play
With my homework I must stay
And quell my longing for such things
As pretty frocks and fancy rings.

I feel so drab and so forlorn
Sitting in my uniform
I hope that as the years roll by
More elegant outfits I can buy.

At school the teachers everywhere
Give us so much that we despair
Of ever getting homework done,
How we long to have more fun!

Oh, but it is good to know
That soon I can put my books below
And shout aloud, "Hooray, Hooray,
Now I've got heaps of time to play."

Anonymous

Gail Craig, 9C3
A MATTER OF SIZE

The harsh glare of the yellow sun was reflected off the metal hull into the cold, lifeless vacuum of space. The sleek silver needle of the space ship hurtled through the void, trailing a long white-hot tail of flame, which rivalled the sun itself in brilliance. Silver, red, blue and yellow stars hung in the blakness like baleful eyes, staring, never blinking. The half light, half dark forms of the closer planets turned slowly on their orbits and moved imperceptibly in their axis. Silence reigned supreme in the black emptiness.

In the tiny plastic dome on the sleek hull of the ship, the commander sat. This was a scientific expedition to a small, newly discovered planet (at least it was small compared with their own) and he was commander of the ship. This dome was his favourite place of relaxation on the ship. Here he could relax or sleep or watch the planets, the stars, the other celestial bodies. He was now wearing a specially made shield on his eyes to protect them from the dangerous rays of the sun. The destination was in sight now, a tiny greenish blue globe suspended in the black sky, a tiny pin point of light, perhaps a moon (the scientists said so, anyway) hung near it. Suddenly, his meditation was interrupted by a buzz from the intercom. He lifted the microphone and flicked on the switch. A picture of his second-in-command appeared on the little luminescent screen in front of him. "Landing in four hours, sir," came the voice from the speaker below the microphone and flicked on the switch. A picture of his second-in-command appeared on the little luminescent screen in front of him. "Landing in four hours, sir," came the voice from the speaker below the screen. The commander held the microphone to his month. "Prepare the scientists, they should have started arranging their equipment by now. Call me again when we're about to land." "Yes, sir." Click.

The picture vanished. He replaced the microphone and sat back, now a little nervous.

Landing on a new planet was always trying on the nerves; you never know what you might find, or what might find you. He thought of his home planet. It seemed like only yesterday that he was saying good-bye to his family, and climbing aboard the ship. It was, in fact, only five days since the departure; after all, with this new ship, one could go anywhere, well, almost anywhere. It had enormous range and could make the trip four times over.

"Oh, well," he thought, "I might as well sleep for a while. The intercom will wake me in time." Within minutes he was snoring peacefully.

"Bzzzz/Bzzzz." "What?—what's that, on the intercom! All right, all right, I'm coming." He flicked the appropriate switch and a familiar face appeared. "Landing in ten minutes, sir!" The commander stood up and climbed down to the passage way below. He pulled a lever and the dome moved down after him and a heatproof shield slid over where it had been. He hurried down the passage of his cabin, and rushed into the control room. The scientists hurried down to the main air-lock and waited impatiently for it to open. The commander walked slowly to the inner door, armed with a disintegrator. "Since I am the leader of this expedition, I claim the right to be the first to set foot on this planet." He glanced at the crewman beside him. "Has the atmosphere been tested?" "Yes, sir, same as ours." "Then I shall open both inner and outer doors." He reached for two levers on the wall and pulled both. The doors slid open. There was a rush of air as the doors opened from the outside because of a slight pressure difference.

The commander stepped out and gasped in amazement. The ship was standing in a vast plain of what appeared to be concrete. Not far away, enormous blades of grass grew where the concrete ended. He climbed down to the ground, followed by the excited scientists. Out of the grass, a gigantic caterpillar, a green one with black spikes, slithered. It ignored them, but the commander took a shot at it. It squirmed for a while, thrashing at the concrete and then lay still.

For half an hour the scientists examined it. When they had finished, they all climbed back on board to examine the specimens they had taken. The commander followed them up the ladder. He paused at the top and turned. In the distance, a noise which was increasing rapidly in volume had attracted his attention. He called one of the scientists to the door. "What do you think it is?" "It sounds to me like . . . ." He got no further, a gigantic wheel crashed over it and the sound receded into the distance.

A few hours later, two boys were strolling along a rather isolated stretch of road. Suddenly one of them reached down and picked up a small piece of silver metal. It was quite heavy, about the size of a sparrow. "Look, its got fins and a tiny door in it. It looks like a toy space ship. A car must have run over it. Well, it's useless now. It's all crushed. I'll throw it away." The little ship fell to the ground. It fell on the dead body of a caterpillar. Was it really a space ship? Perhaps.

N. Royes, 11A1
Many millions of years ago, a tiny creature no longer than a fox ran across the plains of North America. It had four soft toes on its feet and is known as eohippus. The skeletal remains of eohippus have many things in common with the skeletal structure of the modern horse, especially in the type and placing of their teeth. This is how we know that eohippus is the direct ancestor of to-day's horse, even though the two don’t look alike.

Eohippus was small, and no doubt its flesh was tasty. The larger meat-eating animals must have considered it a very delicious morsel. But little eohippus had no weapons of defence against its enemies. Its feet were soft, as it did not have the hard hoofs of to-day's horses. The only thing it could do in face of danger was to run away. So run it did, century after century. Mutations, or changes, take place constantly in all species and any change that improved the development of the centre toes would give eohippus an advantage.

Millions of years later, eohippus had changed so completely that it got a new name—pliohippus. This is the first of the prehistoric horses resembling those of today. It was still very small, but the centre toe of each foot was now very long and was beginning to develop a thick, horny nail, while the side toes had all but disappeared.

The first horse that really resembled those of today was named Equus. It first lived in North America, but when shifting glaciers and ice changed the weather, Equus migrated to South America. It also went into Asia and thence to Europe and to Africa. Equus looked much like the ponies of today and had a flying mane and tail and a hard hoof. From Equus four main breeds of horses, which formed the basis of modern breeds, developed.

In Asia, where the climate was very cold, whence there was little forage and great barren wastes as well as rocky mountains, two wild horses developed. One of these is called the tarpan and it is the only horse today that looks exactly as it did a million years ago. It is mouse-coloured with a stripe down its back.

The other type of wild horse is the Przhevalskis or the “Horse of the Steppes.” It is more easily tamed than the tarpan. In its natural habitat it is very strong and swift, though small, being only about forty-eight inches at the shoulder. These little ponies, even when stabled, groomed and fed, usually degenerate and are not as strong nor as swift as their wild brothers.

In Africa and in certain parts of Central Europe a slender, swift moving animal known as Equus agilis roamed the plains. It is from this horse that we get the Arabian, Barb and Andalisian strains as well as the Greek horses. Equus agilis is the ancestor of all the horses of today known as the “LIGHT” breeds.

Man, through selective breeding, has developed the modern horse so that it can be used for specific purposes and, in so doing, has changed its appearance and temperament.

Lesley Cox, 9C2
A MOONLIT NIGHT

It began to rise, first spreading its golden rays across the horizon, quilting the dark infinity of night into a blazing majestic scope of gold. How magnificently it appeared from behind the horizon, as if this great celestial ball were emerging from a world of splendour and sharing its happiness with the world. The cotton-like clouds were touched also by its splendour; it was as if sky and earth became alight with its radiance.

As it rose higher and higher into the sky, its rays spread far afield, giving light to darkness over a shepherd’s field. The shepherd raises his head to stare in amazement at the spectacle, and though he had witnessed it many times before, still feels inexpressible admiration. Sometimes partly obscured by dark clouds, it would finally reappear to dominate the nightly scene. Its reflection on the calm ocean waters portrays a sight once seen, never forgotten. A moonlit night has become famous for its romantic connotations. Throughout the ages, men and women have found happiness during just such a night. Men on long journeys have felt contentment solely from its presence in the sky. In it they have found themselves wandering the never-ending road of life.

God’s genius is boundless. He has given us light in the daytime, and light in the night-time to comfort us. And it is only as I stand here witnessing it that I realise I need not journey to the ends of the earth to see the great wonders of the world, but merely to open my eyes and see the world during a moonlight night.

THE HOPE OF 9C2

We study all day and swot all night,
We’ve worked so hard, we’ve ceased to be bright.
A good night’s sleep is a thing of the past,
For we dream all night of what we read last.

We dream of our Geography, nightmares in Maths,
As figures career along crazy paths.
Our English is muddled, our French is all mixed,
As we dream of radii, circles unfixed.

Our Maths A’s a horror, our Maths B plays tricks
’Mongst the many equations of things that don’t mix.
Our Geography’s awful, our Geometry’s foul,
Dear old Pythagoras, thou dost make us scowl.

The masters so often flit on to the scene
And push us along as if we weren’t keen.
The mistresses, too, we think you’ll agree,
Are a little too emphatic for you and me.

With all these reflections, you already have guessed,
That with Junior next year, we’ll hope for the best.

Helen Smith, 8C2

THE EAGLE’S AERIE

High on a hill top stands our school,
And many students enter,
Many to learn the golden rule,
Alas, many to play the fool.

But all who enter here must leave
With more knowledge, great or small.
And will say, as they pass, in later years,
“That’s my old school!”

Heather McMaster, Form 9C2

THE FIGHT,” Kaye Lawrence, 9C3
THE EXHIBITION

Everybody is waiting patiently for the big day to come when the Exhibition opens. Many are eager to have another thrilling ride on the "Wild Mouse", which was so popular last year.

Many attractions are seen at this great Show of Brisbane and Queensland. In the Main Pavilion, sample bags are sold to people who enjoy sampling everything. The wealth of the State is also shown in this pavilion, e.g., fruit which has been selected from many districts, dairy products which is one of the main attractions, other district exhibits on display. On the last day of the Show the fruit is sold to many buyers.

Sideshow Alley is about the most popular place at the Show for parents, teenagers and children. Many rides are available for everybody.

We all hope that the weather keeps fine for the Show, as a lot of hard work and expense has gone into producing this Exhibition. We also hope that it is as good as always.

Desley Litherland, Form 9C2

HOBBIES

Sport is a most interesting thing. Sport makes you energetic, healthy and capable of, one day, being a champion. If you are interested, say in swimming, be sure to keep practising to keep the muscles loose. Or if you are more interested in running, practise every afternoon and try to break the record that you recently had. Or perhaps you have a favourite hobby, collecting stamps, maybe. Some of these stamps are very rare, and some are worth a fortune.

Perhaps your favourite hobby is collecting rare coins. Some from New Zealand, Turkey, China, Japan, England, Indonesia. Some of these rare coins are also worth a fortune.

Other people just prefer to have a relaxing hobby; like having a "Beatle Scrapbook" and collect Beatles pictures.

Although there are many different hobbies, people always occupy their minds.

Kristel Anderson.

DISCOVERY OF PUERTO RICO
(An Island in the West Indies)

Christopher Columbus discovered this small island on his second voyage to the New World. This island was inhabited by the Arawak Indians, who called it Borinquen. These Indians were very friendly and did not fight other people. These people were gifted with the art of weaving and had workers in stone and gold.

To-day Puerto Rico is an undeveloped country of the world. An English sailor, John George, who was captured by a Spaniard, was taken to the island. He wrote that the island had fertile soil and had an abundance of fruit. The Arawak Indians grew tobacco. Corn and ginger were the main crops of these Indians.

Since the Americans won it from the Spanish, much has been done to help the island. Most of the people of the island are Americans and Latin. The Spanish or Latin people have moved to the United States. The main export of this island is sugar. Other exports are limestone, gypsum and various clays. America is doing a lot to help this undeveloped country of the West Indies.

Patricia O'Connor, Form 9C2.

"THE SWAGGIE"

He tramped slowly along over the pebble-strewn track without a care in the world.

He wore an old dirty felt hat which was too big for him but it kept the scorching sun off his forehead. His trousers were badly in need of a patch but they were rotten and the only ones he had. The sleeves on his coat were torn and he had a checked 'T' shirt on.

Patricia O'Connor, Form 9C2.
You could tell from the expression on his face that he was a gentle man. He had not had a shave in the last few days.

He only had one complaint and that was his shoes, which were so worn they left his toes cold. Except for these few things he considered himself a well-dressed gentleman.

Lyn Convery, 9C2

THE ACCIDENT

It was a fine sunny day when my uncle Bert decided to take a drive in the country. Aunt Jane and I packed our lunch and before we knew it we were stepping into the car ready to travel to a small country town called Chilburn.

Hills densely covered in trees, and golden meadows gave our drive a picturesque setting. Chilburn is approximately fifty miles from the city, and we expected to arrive there is one and a quarter hours' time.

We were going around a corner on a range when my uncle informed us that the steering wheel in the car was loose. He told us to hold on to the seat as the next few seconds could be rough. He tried to jam the brakes but his foot went straight to the floor.

The next few moments were full of tense drama as, before we knew it, the car plunged over the range into a gully below. I was sitting in the back seat and was only a bit shaken. My auntie went through the windscreen and my uncle hit his head on the dashboard and was knocked out.

The question was “what would I do”? It would probably be ages before someone came along the road. My auntie needed help as her head was badly cut and bruised and she probably had broken a bone.

I climbed up on to the road above and waited for ten minutes. Those ten minutes seemed like ten hours, as no one came along the road. I decided to walk and try to find a farm house. I walked for about five miles until I came to a farmhouse. I ran up full of hope and knocked on the door, but no one answered. I forced my way inside and found a telephone.

After ringing for an Ambulance I made my way back to the scene of the accident. My auntie was in a worse condition than before and my uncle was still unconscious. I was hoping that the Ambulance would arrive in time.

At last the Ambulance arrived and took my uncle and aunt to the district hospital. After waiting at the hospital for six hours I was told that my auntie would live and my uncle would have to stay in bed for only a couple of days.

Susan Lund, Form 9C3.

“ABORIGINAL HEAD” by Lorraine Benedick, Form 10D
HIS OLD SCHOOL

The old man leaned heavily on his cane as he hobbled up that never-forgotten path towards the entrance of the school which had been his home for so many years. His eyes were misted with tears as he gazed sadly at the young boys playing football on the field. Well he remembered the day he had been the star of the football team and idolised by all.

Slowly he hobbled up the stairs, and in despair turned around for help as he realised he couldn’t make it on his own. Two willing helpers soon came to his rescue and he glowed with pride that his old school could still produce the right kind.

Walking along the silent corridors fringed with portraits of stern-faced men, he thought of all the old times and friends he had known here in this place that held a sacred part of his memory.

He stopped at one particular place and seemed to be searching for something. Sure enough, there is was, his initials carved on the wall in a moment of mischief, for which he had been severely reprimanded. But he even looked back on this memory fondly.

Lingering along the halls, he watched the students go by and it seemed to him as if time was slipping away and he, too, was hurrying to the next class to do his homework before the teacher came.

Slowly he went towards the Roll of Honour. Many of the names he knew as his old eyes ran lovingly down the lists. Then he jerked upright and his head went up, for there in bold type was his own name, dimmed by the years but still there.

Teachers and students alike stopped to stare curiously at this old, broken man standing so proudly and yet crying like a child for the times that have gone forever.

Kaelene Everett, Form 9C1

FRENCH LEAVE

I was in my first year of High School, when she came to live with us. Looking backward now, I can see that we never owned her, she owned us. From the moment she entered our home, she took the reins in her beautifully manicured little paws, and ran us like a three-ring circus.

She was only a few days old when we first went to see her. We were a little disappointed at first sight. We could not believe that this creamy beige ball of fluff, with the high bump on her forehead and a little snub nose, would ever grow into the elegant white poodle she was destined to become. Her name was Sharonde Samorne. We called her Charlotte.

In the eight weeks we waited for her, Mum bought books on “How to Train and Raise a Poodle.” By the time she arrived we were authorities on Poodle Lore. How wrong she proved us to be!

Her diet, we were told, was Farax for breakfast, beaten egg in milk for lunch, and minced, lightly grilled steak for tea. But Miss Charlotte had other ideas! Not a drop of Farax would she eat. In desperation, my cousin and I tied a bib around her neck and fed her with a baby spoon. She loved the attention. This satisfied her, until one morning when she noticed me eating a boiled egg. So she decided that her breakfast would be two boiled eggs mashed with butter and bread-crumbs. The shells were served separately in another dish for “afters.” Tea was a cut off the roast, served with veggies and the appropriate sauce — or whatever else the family was having. My brother sat her up to the table on a high-chair, bib and all, for her meals. It was his ambition to teach her to use a knife and fork.

As she grew, she decided our other pets — a white kitten and a tortoise — were surplus baggage. She teased the soul-case off Clancy the kitten, until he left home. She never left “Torschus” rest a moment. Her sharp little teeth even chewed a piece off his shell. We got rid of him.

Our Pooch was six months old and growing beautifully, when we took her to Sydney for the Christmas holidays. Driving was what she liked best of all.

It was in Liverpool that her ladyship first met the army. She was enchanted—the boys a little dubious. My brother was in the habit of borrowing the car to drive back to camp. One night, by chance, Charlotte was asleep on the back floor. Louis first heard of this when the Lieutenant woke him at two in the morning, and thrusting the dog at him said, “You can’t leave this in the car all night. I could hear her shivering from my room.”

Charlotte had arrived!! Next day they issued her with full mess kit, an old sleeping bag and an old army blanket. She became a member in full standing of the Officers’ Mess, was tolerated in the Sergeants’ Mess and was “one of the mob” in the men’s canteen. Her services as a “blower off of froth on beer mugs” was much in demand.

Charlotte never doubted for one moment that she was “people.” She was gay, witty and charming, an outrageous flirt and a shocking little romp. She was fun-loving and mischievous. We adored her.

Yes, it is quite obvious now that we never owned that dog. We were hers.

Grace Stephens, 10C2

BLACK AND WHITE SKETCH by. July Norris, Form 8A