

The mystic temples and strange ceremonies of the different races never fail to draw attention. As one of the more important festivals draws near, the shops are lit up, processions held and the general atmosphere of excitement is shared by one and all.

Yes, this is Penang and these are her people—a small corner of a large world where the old and the new, and the West and the East combine harmoniously.

Jacqueline Sparling. Form V.

TIN MINING IN NORTHERN MALAYA.

During the Easter vacation I visited a tin mine at Klian Intan, a small town in the State of Perak, not far from the Thailand border. After crossing from Penang to Butterworth by ferry, we motored through country, sometimes flat and sometimes undulating, to the town of Baling. This area is producing coconuts, rubber and rice. Here we began the ascent to the mountain ridge in which the tin mine, Rahman Hydraulic, is located.

About 1000 acres of mountainous jungle country has been leased by this Company which was established mainly by British capital but which has, at the same time, a number of local shareholders. Managed by a European with the assistance of an English electrical engineer, this mine employs many Chinese and Malays who have been carefully trained to carry out specific tasks efficiently. The mine is almost completely mechanized so that the hard manual labour so frequently associated with Malayan industries has been reduced considerably. Electrical power is used throughout the mine, and it is supplied from the company's own hydro-electric station situated high in the mountains and capable of generating 14,000 volts.

Travelling by jeep along narrow tracks carved in the sides of the mountain slopes, we ascended to the summit of the mount where extensive open cast working was in progress. The presence of tin deposits in this area has been known for many years, and Chinese in the past had tunnelled the mount in search of ore. Now the whole of the mountain top is being moved by six electrically-operated excavators working on "benches", and digging into the rocky soil. The mine operates 24 hours a day with this area flood-lit at night time. The engineer explained that the tin ore in this locality is a primary deposit occurring as Cassiterite (SnO₂) in lode formations in rocks, in contrast to the more common secondary deposits which are alluvial and which are derived by the process of weathering and of running water. Material removed by the excavators

is dumped on to a series of rubber conveyor belts which transport it to a central point where it is deposited into a huge hopper.

From the hopper the material is run into "buckets" (each holding about 1 ton) which are suspended at equal intervals on an endless overhead cable to be taken about three miles across and down a mountain valley to the treatment plant. It is interesting to learn that no power is required to operate the endless chain of buckets as the heavily weighted buckets on the downward journey pull up the lighter empty buckets.

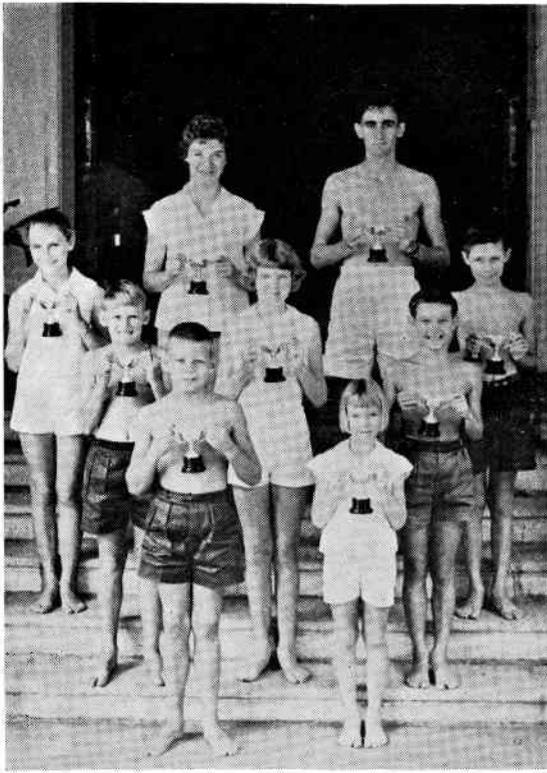
On arrival at the treatment plant each "bucket" is automatically emptied into a huge pit.

At this stage the material is a mixture of finely powdered rock and soil and of lumps of rock of various sizes. A workman operating a "monitor" plays a powerful jet of water into the heap, converting most of it into a thick yellow mud, which washes, together with the lumps of rock, on to a grating. The small particles pass through the grating but the larger pieces are retained to be conveyed by a belt to a series of crushers which reduce them to a fine powder. The powdered rock is then returned to the main stream of muddy looking water.

Then begins a series of operations to separate the tin ore from the waste materials. The liquid mixture runs through numerous descending spiral troughs. As it swirls downwards the lighter mixture containing no tin ore runs on the outer edge of the trough and the heavier mixture, in which the tin ore is found, is drained off through a number of holes in the inner edges of the troughs. This latter mixture is then carried to flat tables, while the waste makes its way into the lower valley to be trapped behind a holding wall. As the water containing the tin ore and some waste washes gently over the surfaces of the tables which are constantly agitated and slightly sloping, it carries away the light waste material, and the heavier tin ore, with some water, is caught in buckets.

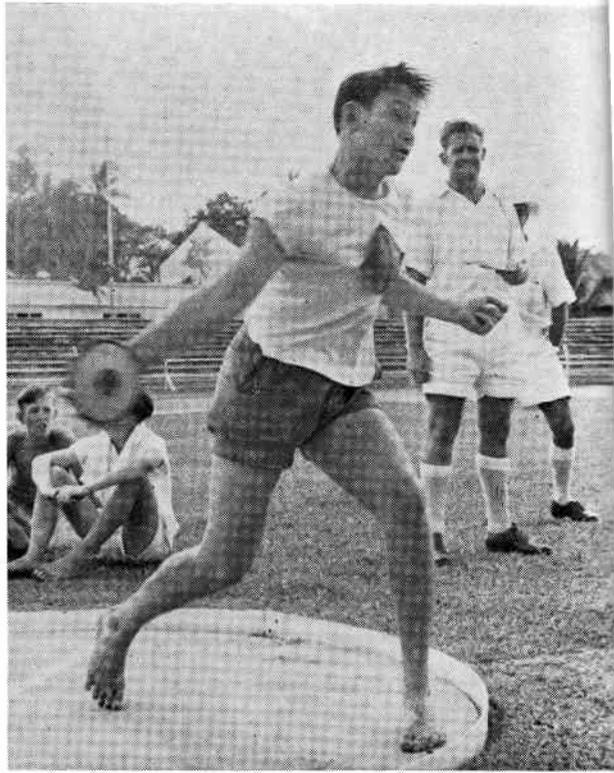
The buckets of tin ore, water and some waste are carried to a room where the final operation for separation is carried out. It is a highly skilled process of washing by hand in troughs until a purity of 85% is obtained. The water is then removed by evaporation, by placing the material around a heated furnace. When dried it is poured into small but strong canvas bags, each holding about 66 katis (88 lbs). At this stage the ore resembles dark grey sand in appearance. It is then transported by road to Butterworth, where it is smelted and made into ingots of tin, of almost complete purity, ready for export to the various countries requiring the metal.

The waste materials at the treatment plant drain down into a "tailings bed". Here Chinese workers are permitted to carry out "dulang washing" (hand panning) to extract ore that has escaped the previous operations.



ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS—1961.

C. White (Minor); M. Gamon (Minor); C. Harding (Sub-Junior. Equal); S. Ross (Sub-Junior); W. Wright (Sub-Junior-Equal); J. Coborn (Junior); D. Therkelson (Junior); B. Ward (Senior); I. Alcock (Senior).



M. Gibb throws the Discus.



Meteor House Captains receive Sandilands Cup. Champion House Athletics 1961.



M. Gamon receives Minor Championship Cup from Air Commodore G. C. Hartnell. C.B.E.

On a later visit to a wharf in Penang harbour I saw ingots of tin stacked ready for export. Each ingot was stamped with the name of its city of destination. Those noted were Hamburg (Germany), Kobe (Japan), Buenos Aires (South America) and Yokohama (Japan).

Malaya is the largest single producer of tin in the world, being responsible for about one third of the total world output. Tin has been mined in Malaya for hundreds of years, but production on a large scale did not really begin, however, until about the middle of the last century. Chinese were responsible for developing the large scale production. Later, British capital and enterprise were added to the Chinese effort.

Michael Nott. Form V.

THE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL.

On 22nd September at 9.00 a.m. the R.A.A.F. School Penang held their third annual house athletics carnival. The carnival was held at the City Stadium Penang. The three Houses that competed for the Sandilands Cup were Meteor House, Canberra House and Sabre House of which Meteor House proved that it was the best House in athletics.

Meteor won with a score of 152 points with Canberra a close second with 150½ points. Sabre was third with 129½ points. The sporting programme consisted of running (short and long distances), high jumps as well as broad jumps, relays, sack races, ball games and skipping races. This year there were three new events for the senior school. The new events were hurdles, discus, and shot putt.

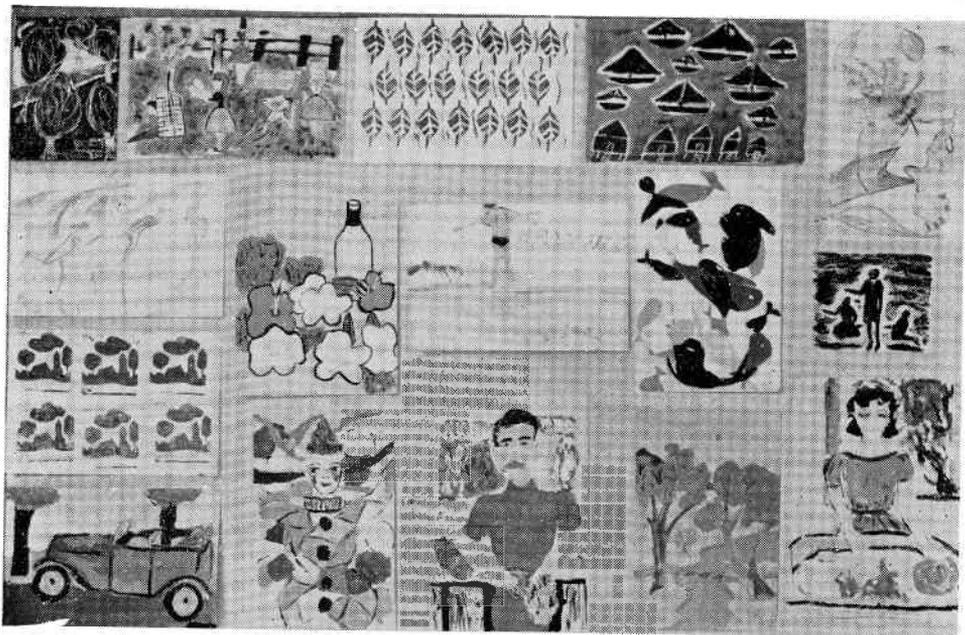
The sectional champions of the sports carnival were—L. Alcock (Senior Boy); B. Ward (Senior Girl); D. Therkelson (Junior Boy); J. Coborn (Junior Girl); W. Wright and C. Harding tied as Sub-Junior Boy Champion; S. Ross (Sub-Junior Girl); C. White (Minor Boy) and M. Gamon (Minor Girl).

Without the loud barracking from the Houses and parents, much of the exciting atmosphere which existed would have been lost. On behalf of the school we would like to thank the Officials for the work they have done in the Sports Carnival.

Michael Gibb and Peter Edgar.



Form III. Miss Bamberger.



Secondary Pupils' Art.

CLASS NOTES FROM FORM III.

Form III consists of 13 students from the States of N.S.W., Victoria and Queensland. Nine of these pupils are studying for the N.S.W. Intermediate whilst the other four are preparing to sit for the Victorian Proficiency.

Penie Betteridge and David Churches, the brains of our class, are certain to do very well and I think that all the others will pass with a lot of effort.

The Rudling twins!! We can't leave them out, for when they first arrived in February they had all the teachers baffled. Miss Bamberger, our class teacher, would look at one and say, "James, start reading," and up would pop the real James from over the other side of the room and vice versa with Vic. I think she has learned to tell them apart now.

Christine, a new arrival from Australia, distinguished herself by breaking her leg as soon as she arrived, whereas Gwen and Barbara are very quiet until Barb gets one of her sudden ideas and then.....!!

Judy Smith, Jenny Gamon, Frank Brown and David Churches are old hands. Judy and Jenny arrived here just before the opening of the school and Frank and David just a short while after.

The Class captains are Judy Smith and Kevin Moon. The whole of Form III and the rest of the school were very disappointed when Kevin was forced to leave for Australia months earlier than expected. "Shorty" or Kevin was the life of Form III and the rest of the Senior school. He was a wonderful mixer with both children and adults and was liked very much by all.

Geoff McGuinness and John Easton who arrived at Christmas on the J.V.O. are both very gay. Geoff proved himself a very good tennis player. Kevin Moon was also good at tennis.

Our class consists of many sports players for we have Penie and Jenny, Geoff and James as House Captains and Judy and Vic as Vice Captains. Judy is senior swimming champion.

Six of us are leaving the Form at the end of this year. Jenny, Judy, Frank, Dale and David are returning to Australia whilst Penie is leaving school to take up a job.

Judith Smith. Form III.

DEEPAVALI.

Deepavali is the Fire Walking Ceremony of Sri Mariamman. We joined the procession of the chariot bearing the goddess, drawn by two oxen and hauled by about fifty devotees, dragging two ropes. There were two dancers inside paper mache figures about eight feet tall, jogging to a band of Indian pipes and one sided skin drums. Then came the faithful, marching in their best dhotis and wearing garlands of flowers, and following them was a brass band playing regardless of each other or of rhythm, "Tiptoe through the Tulips".

After that the goddess came on her beautifully decorated chariot, covered with flowers and painted brightly. The shrine by it was decorated with silk and was guarded by two Indians. Even the oxen had their horns painted and were decorated fore and aft. Occasionally the drums went slack. A match was put to some rubbish by the roadside and the drums were passed through the flame to tauten the skin. We stopped at a Hindu temple for the first part of the ceremony.

About six men in the centre were given half coconuts containing flowers, salt and a white powder. A parang (a very sharp, curved knife) with a lime on the end was produced. The flowers, nuts and meat were crushed together and mixed, then they were offered to the parang. Then an expressive dance took place.

The drums increased their rhythms and the leader of the dancers stood on the upturned parang blade. I understand that if the blade cut his feet the ceremony could not be held. He then threw some small coconuts to the four points of the compass, and was crowned with a brass pot containing a pyramid of flowers, in all about 2 ft. high.

Then we left for the second part of the ceremony. The only difference in the procession was that the goddess' chariot was preceded by the six men, the leader still wearing his "crown". In front of the second temple was set up an enclosure, about the size of a tennis court, made of bamboo decorated with flowers and leaves. Attendants in this enclosure were raking a pit about eighteen feet long by five feet wide of white hot coals. Quite a few hundred people of many different religions came to watch this extraordinary spectacle.

The fire walkers (the six men in the procession) prepared to cross the pit. A religious man talked to them and sent them across the pit of coals. The leader still with his flower pot crown on his head, majestically crossed the full length of the pit of coals, the others following him, more hastily.

Reaching the other side they jumped into a pit of water and sand. These people had crossed a bed of white hot coals without anything to

protect themselves from being burnt. Some people suspect they are drugged but that would not stop bad cuts and third degree burns.

The next day the ceremony was held when spears were put through the devotees' cheeks and fish hooks and needles were stuck into their backs.

To the visiting westerner, it must seem unbelievable that any person, even so devoted to his religion, could defy our accepted laws of nature.

David Churches. Form III.

THE GRAVEYARD.

Walking through the graveyard on a foggy winter's night,
My toes, five feet below my eyes, were almost out of sight.
When suddenly before me on the graveyard's stony wall,
I saw two skeletons sitting. They had no heads at all.
Both the bodies flickered with an eerie golden light,
That lit up the graves below them, on that cold and gloomy night.

My knees began to tremble, my hair stood up on end,
And I wished that I was elsewhere with some business to attend.
I turned, and started, putting one foot before the other,
Until at last I found myself at home, sweet home, with Mother.

I've had some other scares since then, at other times and places.
And caused some looks of grave concern, to cross my parents' faces.
But nothing like my big event,
I still recall the fright,
Of my journey through the graveyard on that wild and wintry
night.

John Easton. Form III.



Group Captain I. Rose, A.F.C. presents the Motiwalla Cup to Champion House Captains J. Gamon and G. Cooper of Sabre House.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS. 1961.

C. White (Minor); B. Liebke (Junior); S. Tongue (Minor); M. Harris (Sub-Junior); N. Fairleigh (Senior); J. Smith Senior; M. Tongue (Sub-Junior); C. Philpott (Junior).

SWIMMING CARNIVAL .

For our Swimming Carnival I would like first of all on behalf of the whole of the school to extend our sincere thanks to all our teachers who put such splendid effort and endless time into the organization and running of our programme.

I feel that their work was rewarded for the children themselves did a mighty job. The competition was excellent and even the champions were not very far ahead of the next competitor.

Sabre House became the Champion House with a score of 215 followed by Canberra with a score of 179½ and Meteor who gained 169½ points.

This year Sabre produced five divisional champions in Chester White (Minor), Mark Harris (Sub. Junior Boys), Bevan Liebke (Junior Boys), Christine Philpott (Junior Girls) and Neville Fairleigh (Senior Boys). Meteor produced two champions in Judy Smith (Senior Girls) and Melanie Tongue (Sub. Junior Girls). Canberra this year finished with only one champion in Suzanne Tongue (Minor Girls).

All the Houses put up a good fight and roaring war-cries could be heard for miles around as the Houses cheered their contestants. Parents and friends almost out-yelled the cheering Houses.

Meteor and Canberra showed their ability when they tied for first in the special "Teacher-Student House Relay", Mr. Carter of Meteor and Mr. Lyons of Canberra went like "HIGH POWERED ROCKETS."

The 200 metres Senior Freestyle Championship, the first race of the day, was a victory for Sabre for they emerged with first and second places won by Mike Nott and Neville Fairleigh and Canberra gained third with Kevin Moon.

The 20 metres beginners (boys) was won by Robert Cameron of Canberra and the 20 metres beginners (girls) by Alison Holt of Meteor.

The Under 11 Diving Championship (combined) was won by Sharon Kelly of Sabre, with David Eyres of Meteor second, and Mark Harris of Sabre third, and the Over 11 Diving Championship was a tie for first between Judy Smith of Meteor and Bevan Liebke of Sabre with Kevin Wilson of Sabre third.

Our thanks also go to the men who helped run our sports by acting as judges and officials and to the Parents' Association and Mothers' Club who made our Carnival possible.

Judith Smith. Form III.

EVENING.

As the darkening shadows lengthen,
And the sheep begin to rest,
The weary dogs lay huddled,
And the sun sinks in the west.

The campfire flickers endlessly,
It's tongue licks at the night.
The drover sits and drinks his tea,
His hair is long and white.

The moon sends silvery beams,
Flooding through the old gum trees.
An owl is silent on the limb,
Swaying in the evening breeze.

A lonely dingo howls,
Its call is long and low.
A rabbit scurries through the camp
Scared by its hungry foe.

As the embers slowly die
And the drover goes to sleep
The darkness creeps in closer
To watch the sleeping sheep.

Kevin Moon. Form III.

THE BEGGAR.

Leaning against the street lamp, his body sought the sanctuary of rest. Hunger and pain had left their impressions on his old weather beaten face. His eyes were no longer bright with the warm glow of his long forgotten youth. They were now subdued and the warm glow had been eliminated. His unkempt grey air, matted together from neglect fell down around his stooping shoulders.

Upon his head he wore a decrepit old hat, which served a dual purpose—his means of shade from the hot, blinding sun, and his purse. A dingy, grey shirt, ragged and torn with age, barely covered his shoulders. His trousers in similar condition, failed in their attempt to hide the traces of leprosy left on his thin legs.



Form II. Mr. Lyons.



Form I. Mr. White. Mr. Christian.

Beside him on the ground lay a roughly made wooden crutch, his legs being able to stand his weight no longer.

As he sat there his feeble head hung wearily in the sun. His only stir was to glance up with pleading eyes whenever anyone passed by.

Penelope Betteridge. Form III.

FORM II CLASS NOTES.

We have twenty-five pupils in our class of which the majority are boys. Mr. Lyons is our popular Form teacher.

Jenny Harrod and Christine Philpott are great swimming enthusiasts, who, for a period of four days, have been competing in swimming races at Kuala Lumpur to gain honour for the Penang Swimming Club.

Julie Bowes is best at Needlework and Art while Craig Wilson tops the form in Maths.

David Lugg is still the star Technical Drawing pupil of the Form II boys and it looks as though he will be for quite a while yet.

Anne Bridle and Caroline Rayner, who seem to know all the answers in Geography, are the quietest girls in the class and obtain good results because of this.

Form II pupils are proud of 23rd Georgetown scouts Jim Tomson and Geoff Moss who attended the "Champoree" that took place about one month ago at Kuala Lumpur.

Peter ("Jethead") East is a "professor" on the functioning and history of all aircraft from 1909-1961 and does not fail to show this at every possible moment.

Carl Witty closely follows the progress of the world by thoroughly reading the newspapers.

Alan Grinter, although still up to his old tricks, is mourning the loss of his faithful comrade Mike (Budge) Burgess who was always helping him perform his "humorous" pranks.

Dianne, Margaret, Frances and Anne are the last but not least, of the Form II old girls to be included in these notes.

Peter Bek is the neatest book-worker among the boys in the class.

Christine Myers, Sandra Stephenson and Michael Parker are the new arrivals who have taken the place of Marjory Foley, David Preston and Helen Carr in our class. We all hope they enjoy their stay in Form II.

Suzanne Erickson and Craig Wilson. Form II.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK AT BUTTERWORTH.

We were in a state of high excitement as we stepped from the bus at the RAAF Base, Butterworth. As we arrived early, we decided to browse around the hangers. In the Sabre hanger there was a Sabre with a ejection seat and dummy with parachute, wired up from the ceiling. There were also the main working parts and more Sabres on display. In the other hangars there was a Canberra bomber and several other aircraft on display.

In the roped-off perimeter stood the Gloster Javelin all-weather fighter. The Prime Minister of Malaya arrived in a Malayan Air Force Twin Pioneer which was followed by a Pembroke from Seletar.

It was at this time that three Valettas of number 52 Squadron took off in formation.

Half an hour later three squadrons of Sabres took off in pairs and returned to carry out a mock rocket and bombing attack in front of the control tower. We were more than entertained by the aerobatic and stunt Sabres. The Sabres put on the best display and I think most people will agree.

As our attention was following the Sabres the Valettas came in behind us and commenced with a parachute drop in which all the parachutes landed within 50 yards of the target.

The climax of the show was when the Gloster Javelin went through a series of dives and climbs and other antics.

Several Canberras were in the air and one seemed almost to stall when it went into a climb with undercarriage down and bomb doors open.

The C-130A Hercules put on a good performance when it landed in one thousand feet, changed pitch and taxied back to the landing point and then took off in the amount of space required for landing. The air show ended with a fly past of Canberra jet bombers and Battle of Britain Week was over for another year.

Peter East. Form II.

MALAYAN SUNSET.

Silently the bushes parted and a family of mouse deer scampered down to the waterhole. The bigger members of the family crowded around the water so that the little ones had to push and shove to get in. One thirsty little fellow pushed so hard he knocked one of his brothers into the still water. The slowly sinking sun reflected in the water was rosy red, and shattered into a thousand pieces as the mouse deer broke the surface.

Suddenly a crackling of twigs sounded to the left, near the bamboo thicket. The family of mouse deer scattered into the jungle as a herd of thirsty elephants appeared, led by an old white bull. After drinking, the old bull led his cows into the muddy interior of the hole to have a bath. As they splashed and bellowed the red sun turned to a golden colour lighting up the scene in the clearing.

The sun sank lower over the distant hills and a seladang and his mate plodded sure-footedly down the gentle slope, from the fringe of trees, to join the elephants.

There was only a pastel haze in the west now, and the night began to fall, when suddenly a commanding roar echoed out of the jungle, which was only just visible.

As if in answer to the roar, the elephants plunged clumsily out of the water-hole and stampeded back into the bamboo thicket. The seladang strode sedately from the scene and the owner of the roar, a big golden-brown tiger, King of the Malayan Jungle, walked contentedly down to drink, as the remains of the glorious sun, drifted behind the hills to end yet another day.

Jennifer Harrod. Form II.

I ENTERTAINED A CANNIBAL CHIEF.

"Sourpp!"—the cannibal poured some evil smelling liquid into the pot to make me taste appetising. I was sitting in a big black pot filled with tepid water, but which was becoming hot.

I do not know how I escaped being eaten, but I arrived home safe and sound after promising the cannibal chief that he could come and stay with me when ever he liked. Of course I knew he would never visit me so I did not worry.

Imagine my surprise when I came home from shopping one morning to find my door open. Quickly running inside, I found my friend, the cannibal chief, sitting on my lounge room carpet with a large spoon

and fork, a white towel around his neck, eating the remains of the food in the refrigerator, which included two pounds of margarine.

There were stains all over the floor, water spilt everywhere and some grass bags sitting on my sofa. As I walked in he greeted me and pointed to his mouth, insinuating that he was hungry. He spied the fish bowl and before I could stop him, he ate my twelve prize goldfish, then gurgled down the water.

Sitting most awkwardly in a chair, he made himself comfortable and went to sleep. Taking this opportunity I tidied up the mess, and went into the kitchen, and when I returned I found he had gone. I rang up the police, a last resort.

We thoroughly searched the town until the Zoo was the only place left. Here we found him chasing the lion keeper. Behind the cannibal chief came two lions.

The country authorities refused to look after him so he bade me a sad farewell, while I bade him a happy one. He nearly missed his aeroplane because he wanted me to accompany him. At last he was on his way back to his cannibal land—and his large cooking pots.

Anne Bridle. Form II.

A SNAIL'S WEEK.

On Monday I wake early and jump out of my hammock and heave my cottage on to my shoulders. Then I trudge along to the "Shell" Garage and fill myself up with dew. Of course I take Shell Super with which I can reach speeds of three feet per hour.

I live in a certain school garden and I have to be very careful when going to and from work, because great 'things' descend on me with startling speed and enemy Sparrow Squadrons and other Bird Bombers are still terrorizing the snails.

Most other week days are similar to this and I will not go into the details of them all.

On Saturday I usually stroll around the peaceful gardens or sit at home and read the paper. Sometimes, after lunch, I go out across the garden, through the hedge and over the road to the fresh, green grass on the other side. By the time I reach it, however, it is time to go home.

On Sunday, of course, I go to church. It is the church of Saint Samuel the Slug, a pleasant, roomy building with thatched grass roof and walls, and pieces of well-carved, highly-polished bark for pews.

The church is approximately three feet long and eight inches high.

There are other churches; Saint Mathew the Millipede's, Saint Bartholomew the Borer's and Saint William the Worm's for instance. Although it may sound as if I'm boasting, I think that our church is the most pleasant and well-built.

I will break off now to have a rest, for it is Sunday afternoon. I'll just sit down in my little armchair and Oh! No! Here comes the garden mower straight for me! Help! Help!"

Craig Wilson. Form II.

PENANG BAZAAR.

Like swarming ants,
The people arrive,
Shouting here and yelling there
As a very high price they try to derive.
You look for material, it is everywhere;
Bargaining here and bargaining there
Until you find a suitable kind.
The shopkeeper wants a high price for it
And I'll bargain him down only a little bit.
Like a swift skylark,
I scurry towards the street,
Glad to be safe in a trishaw
Away from the heat
And the busy feet.

Anne Bridle. Form II.

EASTERN FOODS.

Every country of the world has its own particular type of food. I am going to describe some Eastern foods.

The Chinese have a wide variety of recipes. In Hokkien dishes the basis is "mee" a preparation of flour-like spaghetti, and in Cantonese food the basis is rice. The Shanghai food is made up of chicken, pork, fish and rice. This also applies to the Peking dishes. These two are said to be the best of all Chinese food. The ingredients are prepared in many different ways.

Malay dishes are very tempting too. Satay is a favourite Malay speciality which consists of grilled meats speared on bamboo skewers, barbecued on glowing coals and eaten after being dipped in a thick red chilli and peanut sauce. Malays are well known for their curry and meat dishes.

Javanese food is similar to Malayan. A main Javanese dish is Rysttapel containing a multitude of varied curries, soups, rices, sauces, meats and many other delectables.

Last but not least is the Indian food. Their basic foods of fish, fowls, goat, vegetables and crab served with rice, roti or chappaties make an Indian curry something to remember. "Nasi Beryani" is a mutton dish coloured with tumeric. Kagab and Kerma are also popular Indian dishes.

Carl G. Witty. Form II.

FORM I. NOTES.

In Form I. there are 25 children. The girls outnumber the boys by 14 to 11.

We have two class captains Sandra Wright and Kerry Smith.

In our Half Yearly examination we found that quite a few outstanding marks had been attained by the pupils of our Form. Susan Reilly came first, with Owen Jeans second and Peter Ward third.

Wayne Seaton and Peter Ward are about the best at Tech. Drawing, while Lee Hince and Susan Reilly top Needlework.

We have a few good swimmers and runners. Joe Tomson is a good swimmer. He recently came back from Kuala Lumpur after competing in a swimming carnival, where he did quite well.

Our form teacher is Mr. Christian.

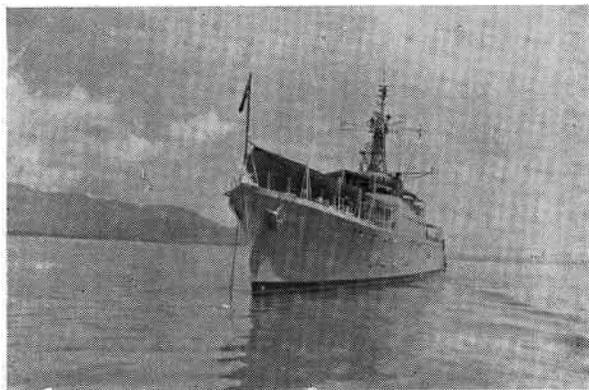
Since the beginning of the year we have gained six new pupils, but at the end of the year we are going to loose a few who have completed their stay in Penang.

Sandra Wright and Kerry Smith. Form I.



"The Kampong House".

John Easton. F. II.



"Peaceful Reflections".

Michael Gibb. F. IV.

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"Tranquil Waters".

Susan Reilly. F. I.



"Home from the Sea".

John Easton. F. III.

MY FAVOURITE WALK.

My favourite walk was down a mossy track in the Dandenongs leading to a sweet smelling glade carpeted with moist dead leaves. Bell birds tinkled above and a few rosellas darted by. Further on I saw something move in the bushes. I stopped quietly and watched. Soon a lyre-bird came out dancing. That has always been my favourite walk.

Julie Reid. Form I.

THE CHAMPOREE.

At the Malayan scouts first "Champoree",
I had many scouts to welcome me.
We each gathered there for this fine season,
All brother scouts for a very good reason.

There were Chinese, Malays and Indians too,
English and Australians to name but a few.
We slept in tents but didn't pay rent,
Whilst the food we cooked we thought excellent.

Although at times our tempers were frayed,
We shall never forget the friends that we made.

Raymond Eyres. Form I.

PENANG'S WATERFALL GARDENS

We awoke early on a pleasant morning, so father suggested we spend the day at the Botanical Gardens. We all agreed to help with the household chores whilst mother prepared a picnic lunch.

This was to be our first visit to the gardens and we were feeling happy at the thought of going as we had heard what a lovely and picturesque place it was. We sang as we went about our chores.

It was about ten o'clock when we finally set off in the car. On the way we saw several interesting sights. We stopped at an old Indian Temple and were invited to look inside by a kindly old gentleman. It is an immense building to which thousands of Hindus flock each year for their spectacular Thaipusam festival.

After leaving the temple, we did not have far to go. In a few minutes we were there. A beautiful sight met our eyes; seventy five acres of well-kept lawns, flowering shrubs, and evergreens all surrounded by jungle clad hills. An added attraction to any visitor is the colony of wild monkeys roaming the gardens. What delight they had feeding from the bananas and peanuts we took with us!

We were feeling quite tired and hungry so after finding a shady spot under the palms we ate our lunch. The ham and egg sandwiches which mother had prepared tasted delicious.

Refreshed again, we decided to take a walk. We found that a cascading stream meanders through the gardens dividing the place into two separate sections. From the bed of the stream the gardens rise in terraces where a series of tropical plants and fern rockeries are set out.

Now we strolled round the road to find ourselves in an Orchid Garden. Then, over a bridge, we turned down a leafy path to enter the Lily Pond Garden. Tall jungle trees tower above shutting out the sunlight to make the glade cool and shady.

We were all feeling tired then, so we walked slowly back to the car. Mum and Dad decided we had better set out for home as it was nearing tea time. We arrived home a little later after a lovely day at Waterfall Gardens.

Lynette Birk. Form I.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT REPORT.

During 1961 we welcomed many new pupils and four new teachers to the Primary Department. Miss J. van Leeuwen returned to Victoria at the end of the 1960 school year and Mr. R. Carter, of Victoria, was sent to replace her. Because of the increased numbers of pupils Mrs. P. Smith and Mrs. L. Watson joined the staff. During the year, because of staff re-organization, Mr. J. White transferred to the Secondary Department and Mrs. J. Cowman joined the staff.

The Primary Department now consists of 212 pupils in six classes—an increase of 58 pupils and one class over 1960. Mrs. L. Watson 3rd, Mrs. J. Cowman 3rd, Mrs. P. Smith 4th, Mr. R. Carter 4—5, Mr. L. Smith 5th and Mr. A. McLaughlin 6th. Classes are larger than last year and at times accommodation difficulties have been experienced. Instruction in the basic subjects is of a high standard and new arrivals frequently find it necessary to do extra work at home to reach the standard of the class.

Over 90% of the Primary pupils now wear school uniform. This has meant a great improvement in the general appearance of the school.

This year needlework was introduced into the Primary Department. Until her return to New South Wales in May, Miss F. Horne took 5th and 6th classes whilst 3rd and 4th classes are given instruction by their class teachers. Miss L. Ward now takes 5th and 6th classes.

Mr. L. Christian teaches Natural Science and Handwork to 5th Grade.

The Cubs, Scouts and Junior Red Cross have increased their membership this year under the guidance of Mr. L. Christian, who is returning to Victoria at the end of this year. Mr. Christian has proved himself a tireless and willing worker during his three years at the R.A.A.F. School and we all thank him sincerely for all he has done both in and out of school.

Weekly swimming lessons have continued this year and we have been very fortunate in having the services of Mrs. L. Watson who has done a marvellous job with the beginners' class. Thanks must also be expressed to the ladies who come to the pool every Tuesday to help with the swimming lessons; without their help classes would have to be very large and progress much slower.

Mr. R. Carter organises sport for those who do not go swimming and he, and Mr. White, arrange many sporting activities in the playground during recess and lunch periods. We thank Mr. White for his continued interest in the Primary children.

Mr. L. Smith, the Deputy Headmaster, is returning to New South Wales at the end of this year, so to him, and other departing staff members, we say farewell and thank you for the good work you have done during your appointment to the R.A.A.F. School.

A. McLaughlin.

MY VISIT TO THE CIRCUS.

Last Sunday, we went to The Great Eastern Circus. We all got ready and off we went.

When we got there we gave the man at the door our tickets and went inside the tent. We had lovely seats right in the front row.

The show began. First there was a girl walking over a tight rope with a lot of dishes and spoons on her head. Then there was a strong man who picked up a three ton ball of steel in his teeth.

Then he let an elephant walk over him.

After a very enjoyable show, we went home.

Charles Gamon. Grade III. (W.)

THE LOLLIPOP MAN.

Ring a ding ding, Ring a ding ding,
What does the lollipop man bring?
Lots of lollipops, green and white.
Give him your money, then take a bite.

Jennifer Long. Grade III. (W.)

A JOURNEY BY SHIP.

It was a beautiful day at the wharf when we hopped on to the ship.

We went from Sydney through the Great Barrier Reef but we didn't see much coral because it was high tide then. When we passed the whole Barrier Reef we saw schools of flying fish.

Later on we passed a volcano.

Then we arrived at Singapore and spent a day there before travelling on to Penang where we disembarked.

Neil Power. Grade III. (W.)

I TRIED.

I heard a sparrow call,
I thought and thought when I got home,
But—what to write about,
The birds, the bees or even me,
It's all been said before no doubt.
I guess I just won't be a poet,
And after reading this you too will know it.

Julie Jensen. Grade III. (W.)

I AM A BUS CONDUCTOR.

The name of the driver is Bill.

Twenty-six people travel in the bus every day. I collect all the money then I give the people their tickets.

We go past farms and we see cows, horses, sheep and pigs.

We travel from Homebush to the bus stand.

One day we ran out of petrol and I had to ring up the petrol station.

My bus is green and yellow with a blue front.

I like being a bus conductor.

Christopher Maher. Grade III. (W.)

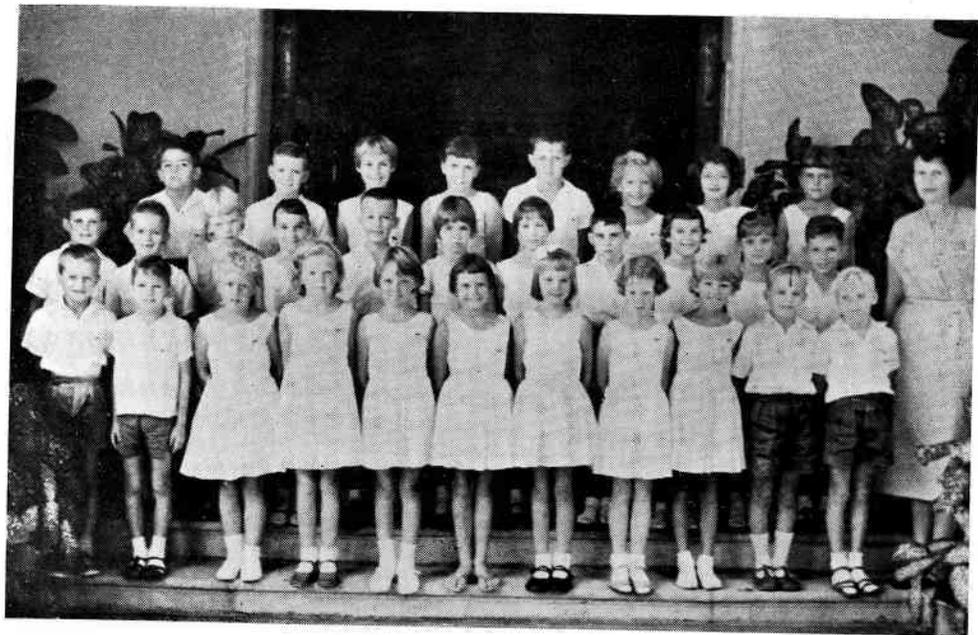
A RIDE ON A MAGIC CARPET.

Once upon a time there was a mad magician.

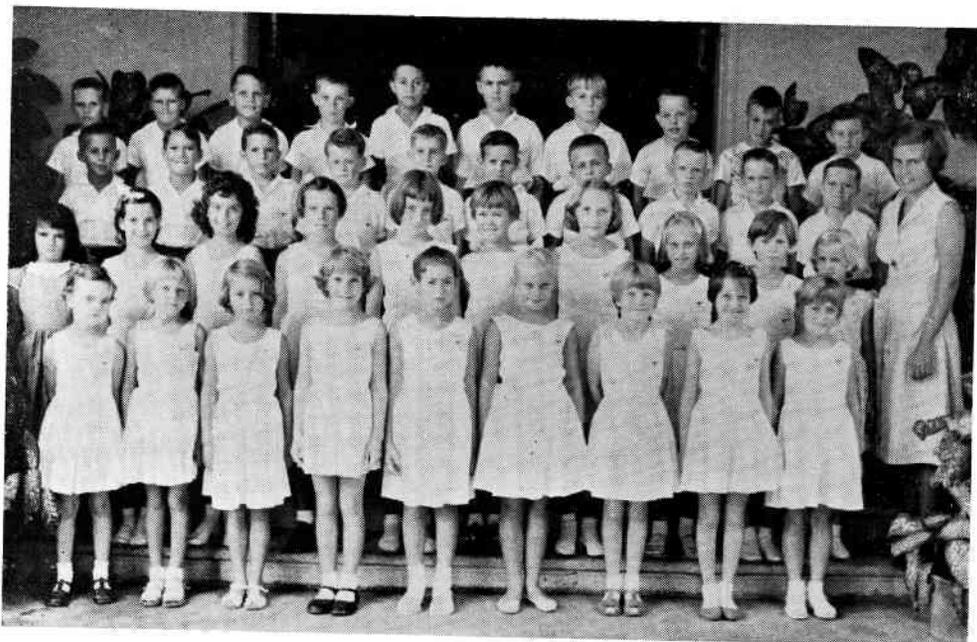
One day he made a magic carpet. The next day he found it was gone. I had taken it.

It was a big carpet, and its colour was blue and green with white stars.

Later on, I tried to find how to fly it. I patted it, and it flew away up in the air.



Grade III. Mrs. Cowman.



Grade III. Mrs. Watson.

Afterwards, I wanted it to go down, so I smacked it.

Ten days later, the magician found it out in the meadow where I had left it.

Later a good magician came and turned the bad one into a cow. Everyone laughed at what had happened.

It was great fun riding the carpet.

Trevor Grant. Grade III. (W.)

BIRDS.

Away up in the clear blue sky,
The little birds fly fast and high.
While on the soft green grass we lie,
And watch them gaily flying by.

Wendy Horsman. Grade III. (W.)

FUN IN THE AIR.

As I was lying on the lawn,
I heard a sparrow call,
And then a blackbird answered it,
He said to the sparrow,
 "Why just sit?"

Let's play chasing round and round,
And fly down nearer to the ground,
And as we fly way up, up, up,
We'll make a formation like a cup."

As they flew nearer to the sun,
They met a jet out having fun,
A bird like this they'd never seen,
They wondered just what this might mean.

Susanne Tongue. Grade III. (C.)

MY PET.

I have a little rabbit and its name is Peter.
I play with him each night
I play chasey and sometimes he jumps up in the air.
When he was a little baby rabbit
I took him for a walk every night.
He is a male and his fur is white.
Tomorrow is his birthday and he will be one year old.
On his birthday which is Saturday
I am going to give him a present.
I've told mummy what it is,
Do you now what I am going to give him?
Just grass!

Rhonda Thornley. Grade III. (C.)

THE FAIR.

Heigh Ho, come to the fair
Watch the elephants and the bear,
Risco, Rosco, Rasco and Ree,
Why don't you come to the fair with me?
We'll eat candy floss one by one
And sing a song, tum tee tum,
Why don't you come to the fair with me,
Dum didee, dum didee, dum dee dee?

Barbara Lugg. Grade III. (C.)

A TRIP TO SINGAPORE.

The second Monday in the September holidays the family and I set off on our way to Singapore. We headed for Cameron Highlands.

That night we stopped there. In the afternoon we saw pigs four feet wide and six feet long, also a tea-plantation. We had trouble finding a rest-house and finally we stopped at the Town House Hotel.

In the morning I had a look round, then we started on our journey again. It didn't take us very long to find some Aborigines. I hopped out of the car and Mum gave me some biscuits to give to them. Dad came up to take a photo of us and one of them asked for one dollar. Then we were off again.

That afternoon we reached Malacca where we stayed at an hotel. In the morning, after looking at the town, we went to see the Portuguese Fort. From this fort to another fort there is a tunnel which the people of Malacca cannot find.

After that we were off again, this time to Johore. It was about eighty-six miles away. While we were travelling along I counted the mile-posts. We passed six accidents on the way, and later we had one ourselves.

In Singapore all the taxis bipped their horns. We went to the Museum, where we saw how the Aborigines make their darts. They get a stick and sharpen it and split a cork. They place the stick in one half of the cork and somehow they stick the corks together. After that we went the Aquarium and saw the man-eating fish and some turtles which were three feet long, and also quite a few sea-snakes.

It was a wonderful trip and we all enjoyed ourselves.

Glenn Ford. Grade III. (C.)

A LITTLE WITCH.

A little witch lived in a house,
And in the house there was a mouse.
She owned a cat which ate a rat,
That was hiding in her hat.

And one day when she went out,
She met a child running about.
The witch put a spell on the child,
Which made the child very wild.

While going home she met two boys,
And the little boy had lots of toys.
She ran home and got her comb,
But on the way back she met a gnome.

The little witch gave him a scare,
So the gnome turned her into a bear,
And made her live in a ditch,
So that was the end of the witch.

Graham Murrell. Grade III. (C.)

MY TRIP TO THE CIRCUS.

Yesterday I went to the circus and had a most enjoyable time. First of all we hopped into the car and went speeding down the road, then we turned left and we heard the sweet music of the merry-go-round.

When we paid for our tickets we went into the big top. Then the circus began. First there were ladies riding on ponies, next came the elephants doing dances and balancing on balls, then came the trapeze acts, which were very good. After that came the clowns who were very funny. There was a juggler, and a strong man, and many other acts which were very good.

At last it was time to go home.

Mummy asked if I had had a wonderful day and I said, "It was the happiest day of my life."

Christine Hill. Grade III (C.)

MY TRIP TO PENANG.

One day we had some very exciting news; we had been posted to Butterworth. After a while we were told what ship to go on, it was called "Sydney." As the time drew near I got very excited.

At last the great day came. My sister and I had great fun throwing streamers to people on land. At last we got going, everybody was waving frantically.

After about a day or two I had quite a lot of friends. Then at last we really had some fun. I was asked to dance for T. V. throughout the ship. I had to wear a Dutch costume because I was a Court Jester.

We had a lovely little swimming pool. In the tourist swimming pool we had "Crossing the Line", with old Father Neptune and a lot of prisoners.

At last we got to Penang. It was about six-thirty. We couldn't get into the wharf so that passengers got on to an old ferry. By the time we were at the hotel it was eight-thirty and I was as sleepy as ever, so I hopped into bed and was fast asleep in two seconds.

Susanne Tongue. Grade III. (C.)

MY STAMPS.

I like collecting stamps. I have about 460. I have only bought sixty stamps and the rest I have been given, swapped or found.

All my Papuan stamps are in a set and my friend looked up in a stamp catalogue and found that it was a rare set worth about ten pounds.

One day I want to go to the philatelic section of a big Post Office and see how much all my stamps are worth.

Paul Melchert. Grade IV.

TOMMY'S NEW TRUCK.

It was the day before Tommy's birthday. Tommy's father came home with a great, big, bulging parcel. The day before that Tommy had been looking at a "Do-It-Yourself" kit, to make a beautiful big truck that was worked by a clockwork engine.

Tommy went to bed early that night. Next day was a Saturday. He got up, washed himself and got dressed; lastly doing his hair. He went to ask his father if he could go for a walk. "Certainly", his father said. Tommy went to have a look in the Toy-Shop window in the shopping centre down the road.

He had five shillings in his pocket; just enough to buy the kit. When he got there he looked in the window to see if the kit was still there. But it wasn't. He went sadly back home.

Later in the day father brought out Tommy's present. "Happy Birthday Tommy", he said. When Tommy opened up the present, it was the kit he had been saving up for.

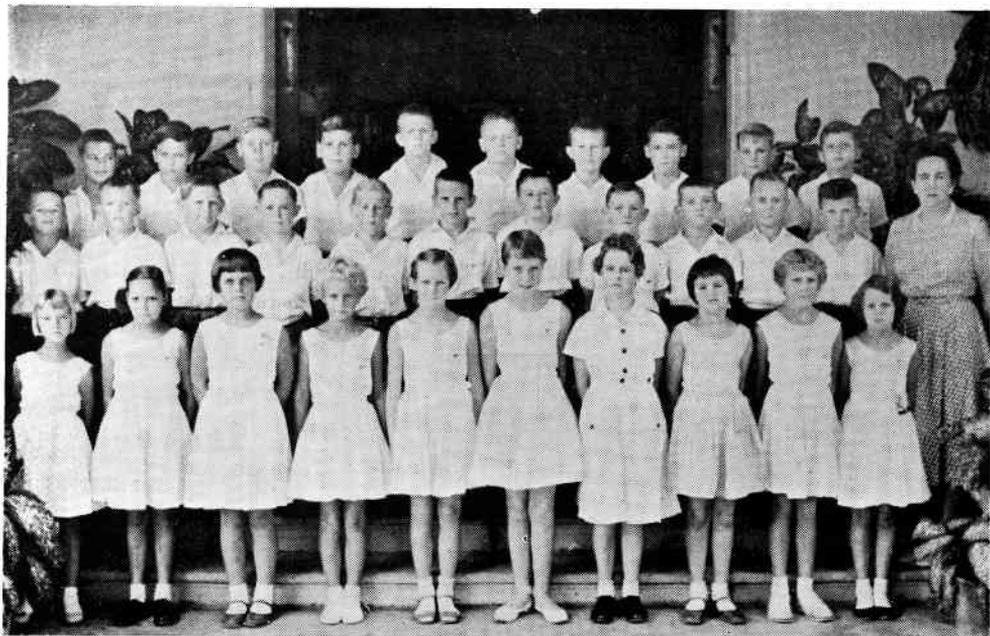
Oh! Thanks Father!" he said, "That's just what I wanted."

Rodney Smyth. Grade IV.

THE TRAIN.

A train is a dragon, that roars through the dark,
He wriggles his tail and he sends up a spark,
He pierces the night with one yellow eye,
And all the earth trembles as he flashes by.

Susan Harding, Grade IV.



Grade IV. Mrs. Smith.



BROWNIES. 1961.

1st. Penang and 3rd. Butterworth Packs.

THE GOBLIN.

There was a little Goblin,
Who had a tin of paint,
He painted little pictures,
Which we thought were very quaint.

He painted on the window sill,
He painted many hours,
And on the coloured watering can,
He painted little flowers.

Kevin Hill. Grade IV.

FUN ON THE BEACH.

One fine afternoon I asked mother if she had time, would she please take us for a walk on the beach.

Mother said, "Yes". So I tidied myself. Mother said "Are you ready Therese?" I said "Yes Mother", and away we went.

On the beach I collected many shells and I had a little paddle and made sand castles, filled in crab holes, caught a big crab and last of all I had a sun-bake. Then we went home. We had wonderful fun by the beach.

Cheryl Ross. Grade IV.

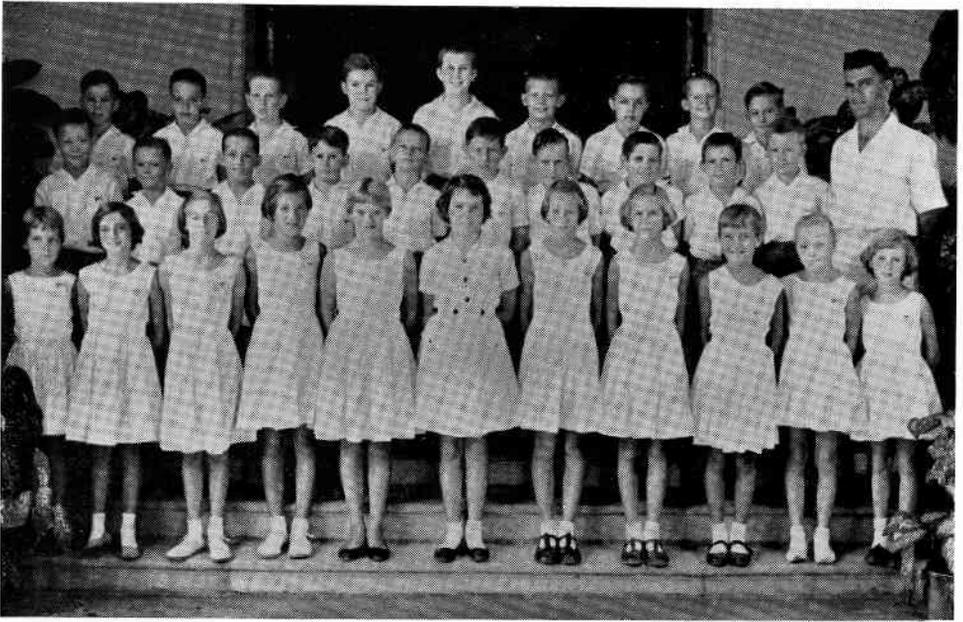
A SPOOKY NIGHT.

One night, when the clock had just struck twelve, there was a quaint scratching sound. I got up and got my torch and went down the stairs but there was not a sign of a living thing.

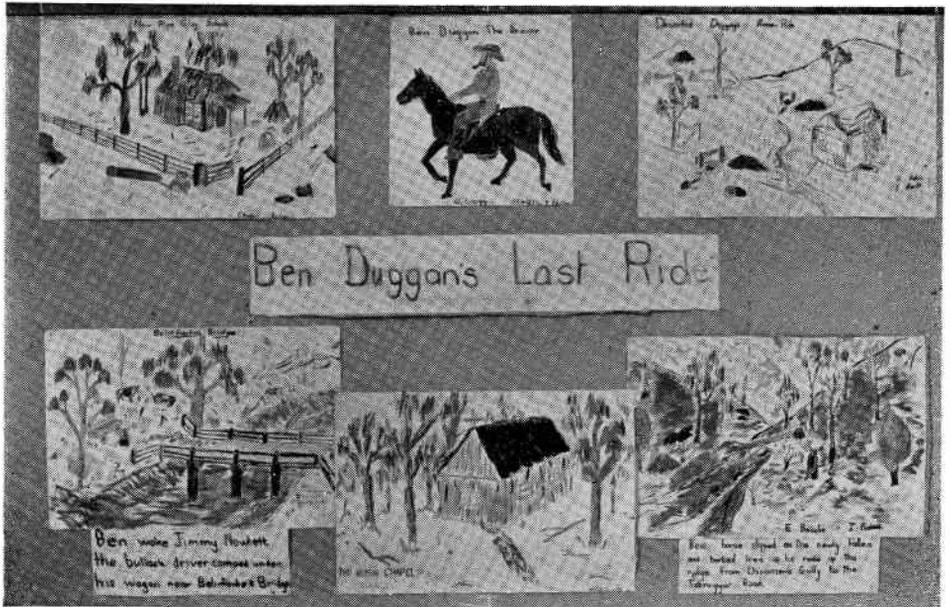
I walked back up the stairs and tried to go to sleep. I had been to sleep for a few minutes when I heard it again.

I picked up my torch and shone it around the room and in the corner I saw a little mouse trying to make a house for himself.

Ralph Davy. Grade IV.



Grade IV and V Composite.—Mr. Carter.



POEM ILLUSTRATED.

Grade IV—V (C).

WATCHING.

I love to watch the children sway,
Among the purple waves that play.
Up and down the shining sand,
And in among the rocky land.

Ralph Davy. Grade IV.

A THUNDERSTORM.

Faster than tigers,
Faster than boars,
The screeching lightning,
Thunders and roars.

Then in torrents,
The rain pours down,
To beat upon,
The darkened ground.

Windows clatter,
Front doors bang,
Glass panes patter,
Side gates clang.

Trees bend over,
Hail comes down,
Grass in clover,
Makes a crown.

Dennis Smith. Grade V. (C.)

THE BELL - BIRD.

Oh what's that pretty noise I hear?
It's a Bell-bird ringing clear,
Where do you go and hide all day?
On your little nest of hay?

Do you have it up so high,
That it is so near the sky?
Up in a tree that is so tall,
Over by the garden wall.

Oh Lovely Bell-bird ringing clear,
That's your pretty noise I hear.
Do you go and play all day,
With all the birds around the May?

Elizabeth A. Smith. Grade V. (C.)

FIND IN A SNOWSTORM.

Christine and Christopher were going for a holiday to Bright. They were very happy to go because it was Winter and they could go tobogganing. There were also some riding stables.

Christine asked her father could they go for a walk, because they were very stiff after the car journey. While they were strolling they were unaware of an approaching storm.

Christopher said "It's started to snow."

It snowed very heavily forcing them to take shelter in a cave. Christine sat down, it seemed uncomfortable and when she arose she saw the top of a box. They lifted it out of the cold sand. Inside were beautiful, glittering jewels.

When the storm had finished, they trudged to the local police to report their find. They said it was a treasure that had been cached by Mitchell, when he had been chased by aborigines, during his explorations in this area. Fame and fortune followed their historic discovery.

Elizabeth Smith. Grade V (C.)

ROSES IN MY GARDEN.

I have some little roses,
All my very own,
In my own little garden,
At my garden at home.

They are very pretty roses,
And I water them each day,
And Mummy waters them for me,
When sometimes I'm away.

The roses in my garden,
Bloom only once a year,
The leaves and stems will harden,
And fall both far and near.

Jennifer McGuinness. Grade V. (C.)