

SCHOOL OF THE AIR MAGAZINE

BROKEN HILL

Attention!!

Always remember our advertisers, whose generosity has made the publication of this magazine possible.

ANSETT PIONEER BARRIER AIR TAXIS PTY. LTD. BARRIER STATIONERS BARRIER TIMBER SUPPLIERS A. J. BENJAMINS OF BROKEN HILL PTY. LTD. BENNETT AND FISHER LTD. DALGETY & NEW ZEALAND LOAN LIMITED ELDER SMITH & GOLDSBROUGH MORT LTD. FREEMASONS. PALACE AND ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTELS KOALA MOTELS IN BROKEN HILL AND THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA MAC'S MOTORS PTY, LTD. PELLEW & MOORE PTY. LTD. C. P. PEOPLES WALTER SULLY & CO. PTY, LTD. THORP MOTORS - V. & B. L. PORICH TORPY'S TRELOAR AND SON G. WOOD SON & CO. PTY. LTD.

"Over to You"

ANNUAL MAGAZINE

OF THE

SCHOOL OF THE AIR

BROKEN HILL

1965

SCHOOL OF THE AIR BROKEN HILL, MEMBERS OF STAFF 1965



Miss M. E. MORRIS, Principal.



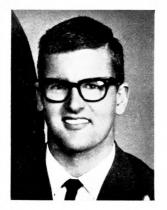
Mrs. B. J. ADKINS, Assistant.



Mr. R. A. MILLS, Assistant.



Miss C. M. VIDLER, Assistant.



At the beginning of the second term this year we said good-bye to Mr. Ingram, when he was promoted to the position of Deputy Master at North Broken Hill.

Mr. Ingram had been on the staff at School of the Air since February, 1964. We send him our best wishes and congratulations

A Message from The Hon. C. B. Cutier, E.D., M.L.A.

Deputy Premier and Minister for Education and Science



There is no school in our vast system of public education in New South Wales which quickens the imagination like the "School of the Air".

There is none which has attracted such world-wide interest, especially that of those far-away countries where people live as you do in isolated areas.

To read about you and to hear from you is always most pleasing but I am afraid that this has only made me look forward more eagerly to the day when I can pay a personal visit and meet you all, — pupils, teachers, and parents. Then I shall really understand what lies behind those

almost magical words — "School of the Air".

Even though at present I cannot fix an exact date for my visit I can assure you that it is going to be very soon.

In the meantime please accept my sincere greetings for Christmas and the New Year, my best wishes for the continued success of your

school, and my congratulations on the wonderful achievements of pupils, teachers and parents which have made all of us so proud of you at "School of the Air".

C. B. CUTLER.

Our Friends at the Base



Mr. J. J. Clarke Second Assistant Radio Control Officer; Miss B. J. Brenton, Typist; Mr. F. M. Basden, M.B.E., Chief Radio Control Officer; Miss M. Piper, Teleprinter Operator; Mr. D. B. Sandercock, First Assistant Radio Control Officer; Miss R. A. Hepworth, Stenographer.

The 'phone rings. "Good morning. Ready for testing?", asks a cheerful voice and once gain the School prepares for another day on the air.

Probably everyone on the network is familiar with the daily call "School of the Air testing. One-two-three-four-five. Five-four-three-two-one". This is sometimes repeated six times as the three microphones are tested in conjunction with each console. Until the staff at the Base check we cannot be sure that School will really be going on the air later in the morning.

The test is followed by an announcement of Base time so that all the clocks at the School can be synchronised. It would never do for the base to announce "VJC-VJC3. This is the Royal Flying Doctor Service Broken Hill. The time is now 10.0/clock. We cross now to School of the Air" only to find that because school clocks are slow there is no response!

And so each day the School is indebited to Mr. Basden and his staff who enable the teachers and pupils to speak to each other. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their continual help to School of the Air. It gives us great pleasure to be able to include in our magazine a photo of our friends at the Base.

A Message from Mr. E. D. Hyland, B.A. Inspector of Schools

This is the third time I have had the opportunity to send a message to you all through your magazine. In my travels round this Inspectorate, I have come to know much about the country-side where you have homes, although I have not been able to visit many of you. This has helped me to picture you much more clearly when I listen to you taking part in your school lessons and giving your answers to your teachers.



To the pupils, I would like to say how much I have admired the way in which they have played their part, giving of their best at all times, thus helping the school to carry out its functions so well. At all times, you girls and boys have brought great credit to yourselves and your school by your activities over the air and at those public functions you have attended. Keep up this good work so that you, and your school, can go from success to success.

This year has seen a considerable change in staff and the present teachers are capably maintaining the traditions set by earlier members of staff. By their interest and understanding, they are building up that trust that is so necessary in schools of this nature. To the teachers, I extend my congratulations on a job well done.

This year, too, we have said farewell to some of the parents, whose children have outgrown School of the Air. In their place have come other parents, whose children have joined the school. With all these changes, there is one most noticeable feature — the spirit, pride and interest of all parents in their school and its activities. I commend all parents and supervisors on the contribution they have made to the success of the school.

It is my hope that this team spirit of teachers, pupils and parents will continue to flourish and may School of the Air continue to bring us all closer together through education and understanding.

To you all, a very happy Christmas and may 1966 bring you all prosperity and good soaking rains.

A Message from Miss M. Morris, Dip. P.E., Principal

Another year has passed since I last wrote to you in 1964. At that time I was trying to learn the call-signs and sometimes, I must admit, I wondered whether I would ever know them all. Happily, I can now report that I do.

In the last twelve months School of the Air has had a great many changes of staff. At the end of 1964 Mrs. Swancott and Mrs. Woodhouse transferred to schools elsewhere in N.S.W. and in May, 1965 Mr. Ingram was promoted to be Deputy Master at North Broken Hill School. At the beginning of the year we welcomed Mrs. Adkins and Miss Vidler and in second term, in place of Mr. Ingram, Mr. Mills joined the staff. Teaching before the microphone is very different from teaching in a classroom and it is to their credit that these new teachers at School of the Air have handled the sessions so capably.

Recently an overseas visitor to the School asked me what part of our programme did I consider to be of the greatest value to our pupils. It was a difficult question to answer briefly at the time and one which I have thought about a great deal since. Now, after consideration I think that possibly the greatest value of School of the Air is that, in a variety of ways, it helps its pupils to gain a greater awareness of others.

Each year now scientists are probing further and further into space. They have achieved remarkable results and possibly before many of you have left School of the Air the Man in the Moon will not only refer to a nursery tale but to a definite scientific fact.

Now in spite of all these amazing accomplishments we have not yet learnt to live amicably with others. Not a day passes without us hearing news of suffering and bloodshed.

A few weeks ago I read of a famous actress who, when asked what she believed was the way to aim for world peace quoted the following translation of a Chinese poem—

"If there is righteousness in the heart, There will be beauty in the character, If there be beauty in the character, There will be harmony in the home; If there is harmony in the home, There will be order in the nation; When there is order in the nation, There will be PEACE in the world".

I think those words are inspiring and I feel sure that those of you who are old enough to understand their full meaning will agree with me.

It is not very long now before we will be celebrating Christmas. In Australia that is always a very happy time especially for girls and boys; but there are many children in other parts of the world for whom Christmas has no significance. The excitment of giving and receiving gifts and the enjoyment of good food are unknown to them.

Perhaps if we consider the words of the Chinese poem and try to act upon the thoughts expressed in it, we will be able to help, both now and in the future, to spread the real spirit of Christmas "Peace on earth — Goodwill to all men".

A Message from Mr. R. T. Cole, B.A.,

Principal, Blackfriars Correspondence School

Girls and Boys and Home Supervisors,

I am writing this message after having returned from a trip to the territories and Papua and New Guinea. During the month that I was away I was fortunate enough to be able to cover a very large area of these Australian territories and visit a wide variety of places.

Of course I was very interested in the many schools that I visited. Some were not unlike the schools that we have in New South Wales but others had walls of plaited palm leaves and thatched roofs of palm leaves or grass. These school rooms of native construction were built by the people of the villages and they were very proud of their schools. Do you think it would be exciting to have a school-room made of grass? I am sure you would. As you know, it is very hot in New Guinea but these native school rooms were delightfully cool. Of course the native children did not find them so exciting, for these school rooms were very similar to their own homes. But I did notice that the children were very keen about their school lessons. They were well-behaved and did their very best work at all times.

I was also able to visit many of our Correspondence School pupils on plantations, mission stations and patrol posts. Most of these pupils live in places which are even more isolated than the homes of our School of the Air pupils. But what a different kind of country it is from the central areas of Australia. New Guinea is such a green land — a land of high mountains, forests and dense jungle.

Did you know that in one part of New Guinea there is a School of the Air which operates very much like your School of the Air at Broken Hill? Miss Williams, the Principal of the school, visited Broken Hill before going to New Guinea and I am quite sure she learnt a great deal from your school and your teachers. Unfortunately I was not able to observe a small group of our pupils taking their lessons. on their transceivers. So you see girls and boys, your School of the Air at Broken Hill does more than help you with your education; in directly it has helped our Correspondence pupils in New Guinea.

I would like to thank Miss Morris for giving me this opportunity to write to you all again. On behalf of all the teachers at Blackfriars, I would like to extend to you our very best wishes for a happy Christmas and a pleasant vacation.

Yours sincerely,

R. T. Cole.



Back Row (L. to R.) Mr. R. Hopman, Miss M. Bowler, Mrs. M. Barton, Mr. M. Sheehan, Mrs. Pickard, Mr. C. Naughton, Miss J. Harris, Miss A. Taylor, Mr. A. McMillan.

Front Row (L. to R.) Mrs. C. Davies, Miss F. Blacklock, Miss L. Cantello, Mrs. V. Rowland, Miss G. Jarman, Mrs. H. Collier.

TEACHERS OF THE QUEENSLAND SCHOOL WHO TEACH PUPILS ENROLLED WITH THE SCHOOL OF THE AIR



Standing (L. to R.) Mr. A. W. M. Ellis, Mr. K. H. B. Johnston, Acting Supervisor,
Mr. P. F. K. Harvey, Mr. C. G. Spiers.
Sitting (L. to R.) Miss D. M. Morley, Miss K. Grealish.



From Left to Right—Back Row: Mr. Sims, Mr. Leahy, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Erdmann, Mr. Ulbrich: Middle Row: Miss Sonnemann, Mrs. Ind. Miss Zeever, Miss Hannalow, Mr. Harper; From Row: Mrs. Cassebolun, Mrs. Miss Sonnemann, Mrs. Miss Griddle, Miss Davis, Miss Rempson, Miss Haden, Mr. Phillips.

A Message from Mr. R. M. Phillips, B.A.,

Headmaster, Correspondence School, South Australia

Dear Girls and Boys,

Here it is magazine time again and I was very pleased to receive Miss Morris' invitation to write a letter to you again and to join others in wishing you a happy festive season.

Has it been a successful year for you, girls and boys? I was very pleased to receive a reading tape from your School of the Air teachers recently and to know how splendidly you read. I trust you enjoyed the messages that your teachers at this Correspondence School sent back to you. I'm hoping that next year I'll be invited to visit your School again and if I can, I shall have the opportunity no doubt of speaking to you all over the network.

I am sure you will be interested to read that Mr. Penberthy from the Radio School, Ceduna, has been transferred to Alice Springs. He will take over the School of the Air after Mrs. Barrett retires at the end of this year. Mr Ashton has taken Mr. Penberthy's place at Ceduna and is looking forward to his work with great enthusiasm. So far as I know, as I write, the new Katherine School of the Air is planned to open next year. It promises to be a splendid building and no doubt will be excellently equipped. I believe it will be the only one where full time will be available to the teacher so that he will be able to work out his programme to help as many as possible.

How are you keeping up with the new money, girls and boys? Early next year it will be with us, and if you have worked your Arithmetic courses that were revised especially for you, there should be no problems. Once dollars and cents have been used for a little while I'm sure we will all realise the many advantages of the new system. So much time will be saved in teaching money sums that plans are well in hand for many interesting changes in number work.

Another new course for 1966 is a Physical Education course for Grades IV to VII. This will help you with games and exercises. Those of you who belong to the S.A. Correspondence School will probably have received some news about it before you read this letter. Miss George has written a little booklet on "Practical Puppetry" and if you would like a copy ask your Group teacher for one.

Now I think I must have filled my space. Before long you should receive our School Magazine. It is printed a little differently this year, and I hope you like the change.

Best wishes to all children who are on the Broken Hill roll call. To you, to your School of the Air teachers and to your hard working Supervisors, I send Christmas greetings and best wishes for a happy New Year from myself and all the staff of the S.A. Correspondence School.

Yours sincerely,

R. M. Phillips.

REPORT OF THE PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

The year 1965 has proved a very fruitful one, with meetings held over the network of five occasions and an annual meeting and election of office bearers in March. Our President, Mr W. Bolton-Smith has presided at four of these meetings and our two Vice-Presidents, Mrs. L. A. Crozier of Cuthero Station and Mr. J. Scobie, Avenel Station each chaired one meeting. That our office bearers travel many miles to be present on such occasions demonstrates their interest in our Association and its projects.

Our Christmas party was a happy occasion enjoyed by the many pupils able to make the journey into Broken Hill and this year we had very pleasant weather, with a big number attending the function.

Our Sports and picnic day was not such a good one weatherwise, with cold and rain, but this did not in any way dampen the enthusiasm of the hundred odd pupils participating and all voted it a most successful day. The Association conducted a trading stall, which greatly swelled finances. Mrs. Eglinton and her Committee worked very hard and as a result school amenities have benefited greatly.

The school library has received larger allowances this year. The Association feels this is one aspect of the school that it can assist and it is pleasing to see well filled shelves from which the enthusiastic school staff can select on behalf of all pupils.

Perhaps the most gratifying news this year is to report the launching of the Education Scholarship Fund, the aim of which is to assist a pupil of the School of the Air to gain a secondary school education at a recognised High School. This is a very high ambition and is receiving support for all members of the network as well as from families with children enrolled at the school. In tribute to the first school Principal, it is to be known as the Phyliss Gibb Education Fund and members of the Association are working to the goal of awarding the first scholarship next year. I trust that in our next magazine I can report that our goal has been reached.

Thanks are extended to the mining groups, the press and papers for their help throughout the year, with a very special thanks to Mr. Basden at the "Base", our wireless worker for the school and its interests.

The Association acknowledges the sterling work being done by the members of the teaching staff and congratulates them on a job well and willingly done.

May I extend to all the compliments of the coming festive season, and wishes of a fruitful and progressive year ahead.

SCHOOL OF THE AIR OFFICE-BEARERS, 1965



Left to Right: Elizabeth Crozier, Vice-Captain; Tess Ker, Captain; Murray Cramp, Vice-Captain; Malcolm Debney, Captain.

THE INDUCTION OF SCHOOL CAPTAINS - 1965

Thursday 15th April, was an exciting date this year for our School as on that day our captains were inducted. The school office-bearers for 1965 were:

Captains—Tess Ker from Olive Downs and Malcolm Debney from Arrabury, and Vice-Captains—Elizabeth Crozier from Cuthero and

Murray Cramp from Carmarla.

We were very pleased that all four children were able to make the journey in to Broken Hill for this special occasion. Many other children and visitors attended and it was a pleasure for the staff to meet several children for the first time.

Mr. E. D. Hyland, B.A., Inspector of Schools, and Mrs. E. D. Hyland, presented the office-bearers with their badges and each child solemnly repeated their pledge. "I promise to serve my school loyally". Then the captains and vice-captains responded to the honour bestowed upon them by making short speeches.

At the conclusion of the ceremony we gathered in the library and children, teachers, governesses and parents became acquainted while

chatting over afternoon tea.

As this magazine goes to press the school year will be drawing to a close and congratulations must go to Tess, Malcolm, Elizabeth and Murray on the fine way they have carried out their duties providing an excellent example for their fellow pupils and the captains to follow.

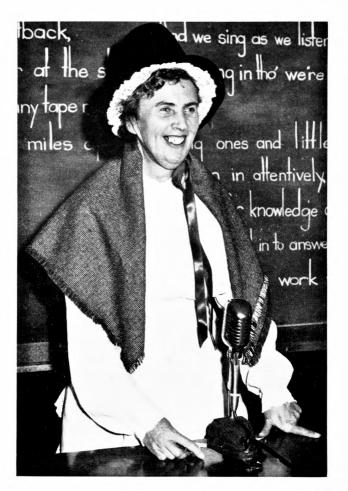


Photo by courtesy of "Barrier Miner"

Miss Elsie Weaver from Wales

A VISITOR FROM WALES

On 14th June this year we were very pleased to be able to welcome Miss Elsie Weaver, a teacher from Wales, to the School. Miss Weaver wore the traditional Welsh costume and in her interesting talk to the pupils she told them about her country. The eager questions over the air indicated how much her listeners enjoyed the talk. Miss Weaver's pronunciation of the longest Welsh word in the language —

"LIANFAIRPWLIGWYNGYLLOGERCHCHWYNDROPYLLLIANTISILIOGOG-OGOCH" — proved a complete tongue twister to the Australian audience. We were told that it means "the church in the hollow".

Miss Weaver is an ardent supporter of international friendship and understanding. She invited any one of her listeners, who may in the future travel overseas, to call on her relatives in Wales. Miss Weaver gave us the address and assured us of a welcome there.

While in Australia, Miss Weaver is on the staff of the Kindergarten College at Waverley in Sydney. We send her our very best wishes.



CHRISTMAS PARTY 1964

We were fortunate to have a bright and sunny day for the Christmas break-up party in 1964. Once again we had the use of the North Mine Hall next-door to the School.

Christmas scenes painted by the pupils during their school art sessions and two Christmas trees decorated the hall and added to the

festive atmosphere.

After welcoming the official guests to the Party on behalf of the Parents & Citizens' Association, the President Mr. Bolton-Smith, presented Christmas gifts to the School of the Air members of staff. Miss Morris in reply thanked the Association and expressed her gratitude to all parents, supervisors, pupils and staff for the support given her during her first term at the School.

Mrs. Swancott, who was going to live in Newcastle and Mrs. Woodhouse, who was planning to reside in Armidale the following year were farewelled on behalf of the School and the Parents &

Citizens' Association.

The most popular visitor of the Afternoon — Father Christmas, then presented presents to all the children. This was followed by games in the park, each teacher taking his or her own grade group.

While the games were in progress the party tea was set out by willing helpers. The Christmas cake, on a special table, was the centre piece when the group of children leaving School of the Air at the end of the year were photographed.



School Leavers, 1964



Pupils and Staff on the School steps ready to leave for the Picnic.

EDUCATION WEEK - 1965

"Will it stop?"

"Are we getting any at home?"

"What about the sports?"

These questions and many like them passed through the minds of the people gathered at the School of the Air at 9.00 a.m. on 12th August, 1965. Rain continued to fall as we made our way into the buses but a few showers couldn't dampen the spirits of one hundred children gathered for the 1965 Annual Picnic.

The previous day had seen six children proudly representing our school at the Combined Schools Choral Festival and what a wonderful job they did! Congratulations to the Recorder Band and Miss Vidler.

Excited children, parents and teachers crowded into our little School for the Assembly on Thursday. What a thrill for the teachers to see so many of their pupils from far and wide gathered together. Our Assembly for the morning was followed by the photographs of the pupils and staff.

Old friendships were renewed and new ones made during the bus trip to Penrose Park. Once at our destination the sports began with the high jumps while industrious fathers prepared a wonderful barbecue lunch.

The march past followed our lunch and then keenly contested athletic events began. Towards the end of the programme we had our novelty events, finishing with two exciting events for the adults.

The prizes were then presented to the fortunate few but those who weren't successful in gaining prizes are not to be forgotten. Congratulation must go both to our champions of the day and also all competitors. The high standard of sportsmanship displayed during the events was very pleasing and we can all be proud to belong to a school with such fine members.

Tired but happy we returned by bus to school. Some of us then set out on our long trips home while others remained the night in Broken Hill to start out on Friday.

The visitor who made the longest trip this year was Max Napier from Murnpeowie in South Australia who travelled about four hundred miles to attend.

Friday, 13th September was the Annual P.S.A.A. sports and the seven pupils who were able to stay for this occasion represented our school well in all events they entered.

Thus ended Education Week for 1965. Again we thank all those who worked so hard to make it the great success it was.



VISITING SCHOOL OF THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME

Front Row: (Left to Right) Tony Snell, Margaret McClure, Lawrie Renton, Mark Withers, Lynette Collins, Tony Davies, Heather Barlow. Back Row: (Left to Right) Danny Turner, Wynsome Scott, Karen Trusler, Wayne Collins, Christine Bach, Therese Turner, Haydn Trusler, Christine Bain, Trevor Bach, Jennifer Scott, Gail Bach.

PICNIC RACE RESULTS

TROPHY WINNERS

- Girls' Infant Champion-Christine Herring and Gail Bach Equal First.
- Boys' Infant Champion—Peter Herring.
- Girls' Junior Champion—Karen Trusler.
- Boys' Junior Champion—George Sinclair.
- Girls' Senior Champion—Virginia Lee "Brian Grosvenor Trophy for "Champion Girl Athlete".
- Boys' Senior Champion—Max Napier "T. W. Ingersoll Trophy for Champion Boy Athlete".

RESULTS

- Senior Girls' High Jump—1, Virginia Lee; 2, Jennifer Eglington; 3, Vicki Sinclair.
- Senior Boys' High Jump—1,Max Napier; 2, Haydn Trusler; 3, Richard Withers.
- Junior Girls' High Jump—1, Karen Trusler; 2, Elizabeth Andrews; 3, Tess Ker.
- Junior Boys' High Jump—1, Kym Harvey; 2, George Sinclair; 3, David Withers.
- Girls Born 1960—1, Lynette Collins; 2, Sally Barlow; 3, Heather Barlow.
- Boys' Born 1960—1, Danny Turner; 2, Mark Crozier; 3, Laurie Renton. Girls' Born 1959—1, Jennifer Scott; 2, Janine Hammat; 3, Sandra Sinclair.
- Boys' Born 1959—1, Wayne Collins; 2, Charles Scadding; 3, Tony Davies.
- Girls' Born 1961-2-3—1, Frances Hayward; 2, Denise Crisp; 3, Pauline Collins.
- Girls' Born 1958—1, Christine Herring; 2, Gail Bach; 3, Jane Crozier.
- Boys' Born 1958—1, Garry Barlow; 2, Brett Eglington; 3, Peter Herring.
- Girls' born 1957—1, Therese Turner; 2, Sharon Klemm; 3, Winsome Scott.
- Boys' Born 1957—1, Michael Hayward; 2, Malcolm Hammat; 3, John Cramp.
- Girls' Born 1956—1, Elizabeth Andrews; 2, Debbie Crisp; 3, Christine Bach.
- Boys' Born 1956—1, Andrew Hayward; 2, Ken Turner; 3, Rodney Herring.
- Girls' Born 1955—1, Karen Butler; 2, Diane Nevins; 3, Sally Wilson. Boys' born 1955—1, George Sinclair; 2, David Withers; 3, Kym Harvy.

- Girls' Born 1954, 53 and earlier—1, Virginia Lee; 2, Vicki Sinclair; 3, Elizabeth Crozier.
- Boys' Born 1954—1, Max Napier; 2, Murray Cramp; 3, Dennis Nash.
- Girls' Senior Championship—1, Virginia Lee; 2, Vicki Sinclair; 3, Jennifer Eglinton.
- Boys' Senior Championship—1, Max Napier; 2, Murray Cramp; 3, Dennis Nash.
- Girls' Junior Championship—1, Karen Trusler; 2, Christine Bach; 3, Diane Nevins.
- Boys' Junior Championship—1, George Sinclair; 2, Andrew Hayward; 3, Kym Harvey.
- Girls' Infant Championship—1, Gail Bach; 2, Christine Herring; 3, Susan Scadding.
- Boys' Infant Championship—1, Peter Herring; 2, Christopher Klemm; 3, Brian Barlow.
- Girls' Sack Race, 1958/60—1, Sheryl Page; 2, Jane Crozier; 3, Sandra Sinclair
- Boys' Sack Race, 1958/60—1, Wayne Collins; 2, Garry Barlow; 3, Tony Davies.
- Girls' Sack Race, 1957 or earlier—1, Elizabeth Crozier; 2, Virginia Lee; 3, Elizabeth Andrews.
- Boys' Sack Race, 1957 or earlier—1, George Sinclair; 2, Max Napier; 3, Greg Barlow.
- Girls' Three-Legged-Race—1, Virginia Lee and Elizabeth Crozier; 2, Gail Page and Debbie Crisp; 3, S. Wilson and V. Sinclair.
- Boys' Three-Legged-Race—1, Ken Turner and Andrew Hayward; 2, David Withers and Richard Withers; 3, Trevor Bach and Kym Harvy.
- Girls' Potato (Bean-Bag) Race—1, Virginia Lee; 2, Sally Wilson; 3,Diane Temby.
- Boys' Pass the-Orange Race—1, Ken Turner and Andrew Hayward; 2, David Withers and Jeff Withers; 3, Greg Barlow and Peter Herring.
- Boys' Wheelbarrow Race—1, Murray Cramp and George Sinclair; 2, Haydn Trusler and Rodney Herring; 3, Michael Hayward and Kym Harvy.
- Girls' Skipping Race—1, Virginia Lee; 2, Vicki Sinclair; 3, Elizabeth Andrews.
- Ladies' Musical Bean-Bag Race—1, Mrs. Sinclair; 2, Mrs. Barlow; 3, Mrs. Withers.
- Gentlemen's Musical Bean-Bag Race—1, Mr. Scobie; 2, Mr. Withers; 3, Mr. Crisp.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross is a valuable interest for children and one where their thoughts are directed to those less fortunate than themselves. We are very proud to have continued our association with the organisation again this year. Our children have responded generously and enthusiastically.

We were very pleased to welcome many new members this year and the suggestion that they make a knitted rug was keenly supported. Over one hundred squares were sent in to be sewn together. Numerous delightful picture scrap books, which will bring pleasure to any child in hospital, were made by members in their spare time and sent to us. Others designed pages to be included in a Friendship Album for overseas exchange. Some made toys or gave their own which they were willing to share.

Money was raised by individual effort and readers will no doubt be interested to know how this was done. Some children made sweets and sold them to members of their family and friends and also to tourists passing through the property. Others helped in various ways at home and donated their earnings. One group of children sold the meat from lambs they raised.

With stamps from letters and parcels that children have sent to the school we will be able to send some very worthwhile cartons of gifts to Junior Red Cross Headquarters at the end of the year. All the donors are to be commended for their unselfish initiative.

The activities described above and the meetings over the air once a month have made this a very successful year. We look forward to continuing this work in 1966.

Christine Vidler,

Patron.

FIRST GRADE

In Brisbane

When we went to Brisbane for the Exhibition we went by train from Charleville. At the Exhibition I liked the bands playing when the Governor came.

Sharon Debney, 8YG.

I am a dog and my name is Skipper. I get tied up. I eat meat and drink water.

Lynette Collins 8NJO.

Jenny

She is a black and white sheep dog. I feed her and let her have a run every day.

Peter Shorrock, 8NW.

Our Baby Sister

I have a baby sister. Her name is Gloria Dawn. Gloria has blue eyes and brown hair. She is six months old. We all love Gloria. Leo Dorrington, 8NFU.

I am a kangaroo and I hop about the paddock. One day a man got his gun and he nearly shot me but I hopped away from him. Wayne Collins, 8NJO.

I have a little cat and his name is Sandy. He is partly wild and is a light yellow colour. Sandy has two brothers and their names are Pouncer and Rusty.

Janine Hammat, 9MC.

My name is Ian Nash. I am six years old and have brown hair and eyes. I live on Curnamona Station.

lan Nash, 8TW.

Red

Red is our dog. He is brown and white. He kills the foxes at night when they come to the house. I like watching Red chase the foxes.

Sandra Sinclair, 8FNA.

My Doll

I have a big doll and her name is Dorothy Helen. I called her Dorothy Helen because that's my mummy's name. Every night I put her into her pyjamas and put her to bed. I brush her hair and put it into rollers. I love my doll.

Annmarie O'Connor.

I watched our sheep being loaded onto the trucks which were going to take them to the sale.

Sheryl Page, 8NAN.

I have a dolly and her name is Annette. She has a pram with some blankets.

Bronwyn Harvy, 8NIX.

My Pet Nellie

I have a goat called Nellie and she likes to eat grape leaves. Kathryn Neill, 8NDX.

My Dog

I have a dog and her name is Gwen. She has a black and white face. I like her because she has a curly tail.

Charles Scadding, 8 NHW.

My Cat

I have a cat. His name is Max. He is ginger and white. Lee-Ann Croft, 8NGP.

Anna

I have a red dog. Her name is Anna. She is a daschund. She is very good at catching mice.

Gregory Croft, 8NGP.

- 1. Kym Harvy, as Shepherd in Christmas Play, 1964.
- 2. Tony Snell, as Mouse in "Easier Said Than Done".
- Helen Scobie, as Aldwytha in "The Stranger".
 Jane Crozier, as Molly Goose in "The Polite Little Pig".
- 5. Chris Conrick, as Kitty Mouse in "Easier Said Than Done".
- 6. Ken Turner, as Kangaroo in "Noah's Ark".
- 7. Dianne Nicholls, as Osric in "The Stranger".
- 8. Michael Hayward, as Tiger in "Noah's Ark".

















SECOND GRADE

My Kite

My grandfather sent me a kite from Adelaide. It is green and it has a yellow space-ship on it. I have three hundred feet of string tied to it.

Garry Rodda, 8NDY.

Our House

Our house is ten miles south-east of Enngonia and sixty-four miles south of Bourke.

The house is made of timber and iron. It is painted mauve on

the outside and the rooms are painted grey and yellow.

At the front of our house we have a flower garden with a lawn all round. At the back of the house we have a big vegatable garden and near it there is a big bore and tank.

We all like our new home.

Nancy Dorrington, 8NFU.

Our Pet Dog

We have a pet dog named "Rickie". He is brown with a stumpy tail. I give Rickie a bone and a dish of water. He follows me every-where I go. Rickie is a good sheep dog.

Jane Crozier, 8NAL.

When I Grow Up

When I grow up I will be a teacher. I will teach little children to read and write words and sing songs. If they were good I would read them a story. If they were naughty I would give them ten sums.

Susan Hannigan, 9AE.

Something I Like Doing

I like playing and rolling in the sand. There is a lot of sand at the back of our place. Sometimes Daddy wrestles with us in the sand. I like doing lessons too.

Lorraine Daley, 8NBI.

My Cat

I have a white persian cat. Her name is Miss Puss. We play many games together with a ball. Sometimes she catches mice and lizards.

Christine Herring, 8NER.

I Am A Cat

I live in a gum tree. I catch mice in a house. I am a black cat with yellow eyes. A watch dog chases me. I eat mice. I drink milk. I sleep in a box when it is cold. When it is hot I sleep in the gum tree. I like living in the gum tree.

Garry Barlow, 8VT.

Myself

My name is Bobby Cook and I am seven years old. I am four feet four inches tall and weigh four stone.

My hair is dark brown and my eyes are blue. Sometimes I like to be Robin Hood and then I go for long rides on my bike with my bow and arrow set. Every day I feed and water the fowls for Pop, also the dogs at night. I like to go out in the Land Rover with Uncle Keith and Freddy.

Bobby Cook, 8NDI Portable.

Slip The Seal

Once upon a time there was a seal who lived in the sea. His name was Slip. He was a big black slippery seal, and had many friends like himself who enjoyed playing with him all the year. Slip ate fish and other sea creatures. He was a very clever seal.

Pam Conrick, 9PK.

The Picnic

On Thursday, 12th August we went to the School of the Air Picnic. We went to Penrose Park in the bus. We sang and had lots of fun going out. I liked the races at the Picnic and I came second in my age race. We all had a barbecue lunch and ice-cream. After the races finished we all went back to School of the Air in the bus.

John Cramp, 8NEM.



















Sheep

One day I went mustering on my pony. Miss McLaren went with me. We mustered 2,000 sheep for shearing. One lamb got through the fence into Bundamine. When we got the sheep in the yard we locked the gate.

Winsome Scott, 8NEK.

At The Zoo

Dianne and I went to the Zoo with Grandad. We went in Grandad's car. We saw a gorilla in a big cage. We saw lions and snakes. A baby gorilla was having a ride in the pusher.

Grahame Rees, 8NHE.

We live at Mulyungarie Station. On Mulyungarie there are 28 adults and 24 children. In 2 weeks it is our holidays and we are going to see our grandma and grandpa in Adelaide.

Gail Bach, 8NAD.

A Visit To The Fire Station

When we were in Broken Hill Mummy took us to see the Fire Station. The man who is the head showed us all the equipment and how the alarms work. There were two engines, a new one, called Mack and an old one, called Denis. A fireman took us for a ride on Denis. We saw an old type brass helmet and a new white plastic one which was very light.

Ann Scobie, 9FU.

- 9. Geoffrey Withers, 8NAI. Cooinda.
- 10. Jonathan Waites, 8NCU, Kendabooka.
- Luke, Ann-Marie, Mark and Jim O'Connor, 8NJD, Connulpie Downs.
- 12. Murray Cramp, 8NEM, Carmarla.
- 13. Elizabeth Andrews, 8NIS, Farmcote.
- 14. Ken Turner, as Wolf.
- 15. Nanette Debney, 8YG, Arrabury.
- 16. Sandra Sinclair, 8NFA, Tolarno.
- 17. Tony Snell, 8SDB, Angepena.

THIRD GRADE

I Am A Tree

I am an oak tree and I live near a river. I have another oak tree for a friend and we talk together by waving our branches in the wind. We let birds build nests in our branches. A willy wagtail has built a nest on my branches with four babies in the nest. The babies say good morning and good night to me. I am very happy with my different families of birds.

Malcolm Hammat, 9MC.

A Trip Through Victoria

In the May holidays we went for a trip through Victoria. We went from Mildura to Melbourne and we saw the old gold mines at Bendigo. In Gippsland we stayed with friends near Yarram. Water bubbles out of the mountains and small creeks run all the time. As we drove through the Bulga Park we saw a koala bear crawl across the road and climb a tree. On the way home we saw the Hume Weir at Albury.

Geoffrey Withers, 8NAI.

An Old Ram

I am an old wooly merino ram and I live on "Pindera Downs" Station.

There is a very big drought on up here now and there is nothing for us to eat but hay and sheep-nuts which our master gives my mates and me every day. We all like them, but not as much as green grass, of course.

We are lucky to have plenty of water which is pumped up by windmills from the bores.

Many of my mates have not been able to survive the drought but the few of us that are left are trying to live on, hoping that the rain will soon come.

Francis Nicholls, 8VM.

The Life Of A Piece Of Chalk

I am a piece of chalk, blue in colour. There is still a half a piece of blue chalk left in the box, and when that is all used I shall be the last piece left. This morning I was snatched from the box by the teacher of the class, and she began to write on the black-board with me. It was very painful, and so I began to screech. The teacher licked me, and I felt much better. I am growing smaller and smaller, and will probably end up in the bin.

Patricia Crozier, 8NAL.

The Muster

I helped the boys bring the cattle in when we had the muster. There were about fourteen transports here to truck the cattle to Adelaide, Quorn and Broken Hill.

Bill Hassan, 8JY.

A True Bird Story

One day last summer our cat caught a willy wagtail and broke its wing. Shane took the bird from her and brought it home. We kept it inside because it couldn't fly. It was very tame and had a lovely time catching flies. At night when the lights were on it caught a lot of insects. It died four days after. Dad said it fretted for its mates.

Ceary Daley, 8NBI.

Mount Serle Spring School

During the holidays I went to the Art Class at the Spring School held at Mount Serle.

One day I went with the Astronomy Class to the top of Mount McKinley where the American boys are site-testing for an observatory. Some of the lecturers for the Spring School slept in the shearer's quarters at Angepena.

Tony Snell, 8SDB.

Our Lamb

One morning during last shearing we found a little lamb without a mother.

Bobby brought him home and Pop let us keep him. Mummy showed us how to feed the lamb with a bottle and soon he was drinking well. I called him Ringo.

Now Ringo is big and strong. He eats cardboard and everything else he can find, but I think Ringo likes the Mulga we pull for him best of all.

Betty Cook, 8NDI, Portable.

Mr. Talbot is at Gum Park sinking a bore. The bore is six miles from our house. We often go to see him when Dad takes him down his rations. While we are there Mr. Talbot plays his piano accordian for us. The songs I like him to play are "Puff the Magic Dragon", "Click goes the Shears' and Waltzing Matilda".

Peter Herring, 8NER.

A Day At The Show

Recently I went to the Silver City Show. There I saw some monkeys, ponies and dogs doing tricks. Two of the monkeys rode the ponies in a race over hurdles. One little black pony could count the number of days in a week by tapping his hoof on the ground seven times.

Elizabeth Andrews and I had fun riding in a tiny car and also

in a cart pulled by two tiny ponies.

I bought a toffee apple and three sample bags and then, as it was quite late and we were very tired, Mother and Father brought us home.

Brett Eglinton, 8NIH.

Father's Work

Father is a grazier, and he spends much time drafting, dipping, mustering and shearing. I help him to fix the bores when they are broken down so the sheep have plenty of water to drink. Then they look fat to sell and they have better wool. After shearing the wool is baled up and sent to Adelaide by transport.

Haydn Trusler, 9YG.

Making A Cake

Mother put a cake tin, three eggs, a spoon, a jug of milk and a bowl on the kitchen table. Then she started to mix up the cake. When the mixture was ready she put it in the oven. After an hour Mother then took it out of the oven. I had a piece of it when it was cold.

Robert Nevins, 90G.

- 18. George and Vicki Sinclair, 8NFA, Tolarno.
- 19. Sheryl Page, 8NAN, Harriedale.
- 20. Bobby and Betty Cook, 8NDI Portable, Gumvale.
- 21. Sharon Debney, 8YG, Arrabury.
- 22. Karen Trussler, 9YG, Mulga Valley.
- 23. Diane and Robert Nevins and Mrs. Premabut, 90G, Acacia Downs.
- 24. Robert, Norie, Lindy and Sylvia de Jong, 8NIW, Windera.
- 25. Malcolm and Janine Hammat, 9MC, Mazar.

















Early Wilcannia

When Grandad was a boy in Wilcannia he had a pet lamb. In those days very big mobs of sheep used to travel and the drovers had trouble crossing the bridge so they used to ask Grandad to lead his lamb across and the sheep would follow.

The drovers gave Grandad any lambs that would not travel and that is how he started breeding sheep.

Andrew Spinks, 8YY.

My Home

I live at "Burwood" which is a 42,000 acre property. Our nearest town is Ivanhoe sixty miles away where our closest railway is. We have an aerodrome where light aircraft can land. The roads are fairly good.

Ther are six people in our family. I have a sister Jenny, who is away at school, and a brother Stuart and Grandad and Mum and Dad.

Our house is built of fibro, iron and wood. There are thirteen rooms in our house. We have a garden with trees, flowers and vegetables. Our water supply is good because Dad put down a lot of tanks.

Andrew Spinks, 8YY.

- 26. Tess Ker, 8VA, Olive Downs.
- 27. Narelle Debney, 8YG, Arrabury.
- 28. Sally Baynes, 9EA, Wertaloona.
- 29. Rodney and Peter Herring, 8NER, Gum Park.
- 30. Sharron and Anne Davis, 9CW, Salisbury Downs.
- 31. Patricia Crozier, 8NAL, Cuthero.
- 32. Andy and Jennifer Johnston, 8NAP, Langidoon.
- 33. Christina and Pam Conrick, 9PK, Twin Wells.



I Am A Rabbit

My name is Fluffy and I live in a burrow. I feed myself on the green grass at night and in the daytime I sleep. Last week I had a lucky escape, which I will tell you about, to serve as a warning to all my cousins and relatives in Australia. The other day I became tired of staying in my burrow and I decided to go and find some new grass. I was munching the grass and did not hear a sheep coming. The sheep stepped on my foot and it was very sore. I tried to run home but my foot hurt and I was lost. Then some kangaroos hopped across my path and I just scampered away in time. After a while I heard a car coming along the road. It stopped at the gate and the people saw me. One of them took a shot at me and the bullet just grazed my foot. I squealed with pain, and tried to run home. At last I found my hole and sadly crawled in. I hurt all over and I was thirsty. No-one felt sorry for me because I had not been allowed to go. I learnt my lesson the hard way, and I will never do it again. I hope none of my friends will either.

Karen Trusler, 9YG.

My Pony

My pony is called Sugar and she is a black Shetland pony. I named her Sugar because she eats a lot of sugar lumps.

One morning when my mother went to milk the cow she sud-

denly cried "Dianne! Dianne! come quickly!"

I raced over to the stables, and there was a tiny black foal. I was so pleased because I had been waiting for such a long time for Sugar to have her foal.

We named the foal Bambie because he looked like a baby deer. He has now grown so much that he is nearly as big as Sugar.

Diane Temby, 9IG.

My Pet

I have a little kitten for a pet and his name is Fluffy. He is black and white. I like to play with Fluffy after school and on the weekends in spare times. He is always happy and Charles also has a kitten, called Tricky.

Susan Scadding, 8NHW.

The Muster

We had a cattle muster here. The buyers from Broken Hill and Quorn were here to buy the cattle. $\hfill \hfill$

Susan Hassan, 8JY.

FOURTH GRADE

The Brisbane Exhibition

During the August holidays my mother, three sisters and I went to Brisbane for the Exhibition. It was the first time Narelle, Nanette, Sharon and I had been to Brisbane.

We drove to Charleville by car and from there we travelled by

I liked the Grand Parade with horses, cattle and goats parading around the ring. One girl rode five horses at once by standing on their backs.

My favourite part was the fireworks that we saw one evening. The colours were really beautiful.

I enjoyed my visit very much.

Rosslyn Debney, 8YG.

The Gymkhana

On the 21st August was the Gymkhana in Windorah.

Several weeks before that we spent the week-ends training the horses. Two days before the Gymkhana three of the men took in the five horses in the truck.

My four cousins and Frances, Malcolm and I all rode in the events. Although we did not win any ribbons in the finals; some of us came first in the heats.

At the end of the day all of the children tried to catch a pig which was let go. That night a dance was held in the hall.

We came home on Sunday after a very enjoyable time.

Colin Debney, 8YG.

The Elf And The Doormouse

One cold rainy June day an Elf hurrying home saw a toadstool by the side of the path. He ran to it to shelter from the storm. When he saw a doormouse sleeping peacefully and warm he was frightened and did not know what to do. It was too cold to run away and too frightening to stay. As he stood under the toadstool with the doormouse he smiled and looked at the toadstool Elf had an idea. He tugged and tugged until the toadstool broke in two. He held his new umbrella and flew away home with it, keeping warm and dry. Doormouse woke up, cold and wet, he shivered and wondered where his toadstool had gone.

Rex Napier, 8EM.

My Pets

I have five pets, two dogs and three cats. The cats names are Tom, Pom-Pom and Geoffrey. Geoffrey is a dark tabby cat, Tom is a light tabby cat, and Pom-Pom is black and white and very fluffy. Pood is a black dog and Toby is black and white. They are both sheep dogs and we use them to help muster the sheep. I brush the cats every day but I brush Pom-Pom the most because he gets prickles in his fur. The cats sleep on the verandah and the dogs sleep in kennels. They all like meat and milk.

Marie Rodda, 8NDY.

My Home

My home is on Tolarno Station which is a sheep station. It is in the Western Plains Division of New South Wales. The nearest city from Tolarno is Broken Hill. Broken Hill is one hundred and twenty miles from home. My home is twenty miles from the homestead which is on the Darling River. The nearest railway is in Menindee which is thirty-two miles from Tolarno.

The nearest highway is the Barrier Highway from Broken Hill. In our district they produce wool and in Menindee they grow fruit. The sheep are sold at Yelta in Victoria and the fruit is sent by rail to Sydney.

George Sinclair, 8NFA.

Mitzi

Mitzi is the name of my pet dog. She is a Corgi, and is ginger in colour with just a little bit of white underneath her neck, and she has lovely ears which prick up. Mitzi and I have many games together, such as chasey and hide-and-seek. Sometimes, if I get a ball and throw it she runs and chases it and brings it back to me. In the morning when Dad gets up to light the fire he lets Mitzi inside, she comes racing straight up to my room and jumps on my bed and wakes me up, then gives a smile that seems to say "It's time to get up".

While I am in school, Mitzi just sits and waits until half past three when she can play with me again.

Mitzi is my very best playmate.

Elizabeth Andrews, 8NIS.

An Amusing Day In My Life

My name is Pogo Puppy. I am a black and white Collie sheep dog, and I live at Gum Park Station with my master Rodney Herring. One day during shearing he took me up to the shed to work the sheep. First of all I was knocked over by a sheep, then I was told to bring a mob of sheep into the shed. In my excitement I went through the middle of them and scattered the sheep everyhere. Rodney was very cross with me as he had to herd them all together again. I thought it was quite funny to see the sheep going in all directions. By lunch time Rodney was tired of my tricks and took me back to my kennel to wait until I was old enough to do as I was told. Rodney Herring, 8NER.

This is the first year we have attended Correspandence school and School of the Air. It is much different to the other school we went to in Adelaide. I was very nervous when I first talked on the wirelless set. It is very nice to hear the other children talking.

Christine Bach, 8NAD.

My Hobby

My hobby is collecting stamps. I chose this hobby because I already have about one thousand stamps and a stamp album.

I spend as much time as I can on my stamp album. Christine my sister, has an album too. I have asked many people to save stamps for me.

Stamp-collecting helps me with my school work because I learn about different countries. I like collecting stamps and have a lot from Australia, Holland, Africa, the Phillipine Islands, America and Germany.

Gail Page, 8NAN.

During the school holidays we went to the Adelaide Show. It was a most enjoyable time looking at hundreds of different things. The pigeons were most interesting. Scores of prize birds were kept in neat rows of cages. The bottom of each cage was filled with saw dust. We each bought some sample bags. It was such fun looking in each packet. We then had a look at the many different cars. The side shows were thrilling with many different amusements. Finally there was the display of attractive fire works shooting high into the sky. Arriving home at about eleven p.m. we went to bed very tired after our exciting day.

Andrew Edmunds.

Nellie The Goat

On one of Dad's trips to Milparinka he was given a young white goat and we named her Nellie. Dad brought her to keep the lawn trimmed, but now she is so spoiled she won't eat the grass. Her favourite foods are dry grape leaves and some of Mum's plants. One day she got loose and ate Mum's rose plant which had just shot. When we go into school she bleats till we come out again. This morning and yesterday she started to run races with us and she bunted Boots the cat and bit his tail. When she chases us, she dances and jumps in the air.

Margaret Neill, 8NDX.

Hiawatha

Long, long ago a Red Indian named Hiawatha lived in America with his grandmother, Nokomis. Nokomis taught Hiawatha to speak the language of the trees and birds.

Grandmother Nokomis told her grandson about the colours of the rainbow. She said the colours were made from the perished flowers.

Hiawatha made a canoe from the bark of a birch tree. He used birch bark because it's very light. It could be carried easily and would be simple to row.

This Red Indian spent many happy hours with his bush friends.

Diane Nevins, 90G.

A Strange Adventure

One fine day, a long, long time ago, I lived in a little cottage with a thatched roof. About half a mile away there was a very wild jungle in which there were lions, tigers, elephants, leopards, crocodiles, and lots of other wild animals.

On a cold Tuesday I thought I would go into the jungle and collect some wood to make a fire. When I was in a dense part of the jungle a lion rushed out at me. I was very frightened as he raced towards me but as I tried to escape I came face to face with a leopard. I dodged him and they both came chasing after me.

Soon I came out of the jungle with the lion and leopard still chasing after me. When I reached my home I quickly raced inside, locked the door and had a nice cup of tea. That night in bed I dreamt that the lion and leopard were still chasing me.

Sally Baynes, 9EA.

A Day With Daddy

Early one morning some time ago after a heavy rain, Daddy asked Jenny and I to go with him around the tanks to see if they had caught any water.

After breakfast we climbed into the jeep and set off. The roads were very boggy and several times we had to go through quite deep water. We had been to two tanks and on the road to the third, when the Jeep suddenly began to slide in the mud. Jenny and I had to hang on with all our might as Daddy struggled to keep it on the road. But it was in vain for next we knew we were off the road and hopelessly bogged. We tried for two hours to free the jeep, but in the end Daddy said we would have to walk the seven miles home. By the time we left the sun was very hot and the going was hard. Soon I became tired and Daddy had to carry me. When we finally arrived home late in the afternoon my back and shoulders were badly sunburnt and I was tired and sore for the next couple of days.

Chirstina Conrick,, 9PK.

FIFTH GRADE

The First Plane I Saw

One summer's day while grazing in the paddock with my mother, I saw my first plane.

I was feeding contentedly when I heard a roar and a shadow flashed past. I jerked my head upwards and saw a big shiny thing going over my head and I galloped to the far side of the paddock.

I stood still, snorting and trembling as I didn't know what a plane was. My mates just disregarded it but I couldn't get over it because it came every day at about the same time.

After about a week I became used to it even though at first I coudn't understand it. After a while I was not scared of the plane that went overhead and soon I cared as little about it as my mates did.

Dennis Nash, 8TW.

Mending A Puncture

When my bike has a puncture I unbuckle the tool kit, take it off the bike and empty all the tools out of it. I need spanners, patches a clamp, some matches and a stick of chalk.

Then I take off the wheel, pull the tyre off the rim and slip out the tube. I put the tube in a bowl of water and watch for bubbles. When I see one, I look for the hole in the tube and mark it with white chalk.

With great care, I place a patch over the hole and clamp it on. I set fire to it and leave it to burn the cardboard on top of the patch. After five minutes, I take off the clamp, the tin frame of the patch drops off, and there is the smooth black patch fused to the tube.

Swiftly I put the tube back in the tyre, fit the tyre on the bike, tighten the bolts and pump up the tyre. My puncture is mended!

David Withers, 8NDB.

Star

I have a pony called Star. I have had Star for nearly one year now and he has learned many tricks from me.

Star is a baby pony with a star on his forehead and has two white hind legs. He is about four feet high and very fat.

My pony has his own saddle, saddle cloth and bridle. He also has his own rug and stable. His stable is blue with a yellow door. On the top of the door written in silver paint is his name.

We took Star to the Enngonia sports where my brother Bill rode him in the jumps. After all the jumps were over Star had one two red ribbons and one blue one.

Marilyn Dorrington. 8NFU.

A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, a few years back, two girls, called Mary and Anna, lived in a village, in New South Wales.

It was a big village, called Tibooburra.

The girls, Mary and Anna were ten-year old twins. Their full names were Mary Anna and Anna Mary Brown. Mary was tall with jet black hair. Anna, was the same except she had a very dark, brown hair. They both wanted to be artists, and loved ballet.

One day, when they were going for a walk, they met a fairy. She asked them, "Have you any wishes?", in a charming voice. Anna was so shocked that Mary answered "Oh yes . . . " Then what are they?" asked the fairy. Anna had now found her voice, and said, "I wish Dad was rich and . . " Mary finished for her, "And we had a baby brother". "Why'd you butt in?", shouted Anna angrily and carelessly. "I won't grant your wish", warned the fairy. But she did and the girls lived happily ever after.

Dianne Nicholls, 8VM.

Poor Aunt Josephine

Andy Willis had gone to stay with his great Aunt Josephine. Aunt Josephine was a queer old lady, who had a short snubbed nose on which a pair of old fashioned glasses perched.

One afternoon, Aunt Josephine said to Andy, "If you are a very good little boy, I'll take you to the zoo tomorrow.

Next day when they were ready Andy and his Aunt went to the zoo and began wandering among the cages.

"Look at the giraffes", cried Andy.

"Mmm", said his aunt in an uninterested voice, as she was watching the guinea pigs. When she came over to the giraffes' fence, a hungry giraffe reached its head over the rails and snatched off Aunt Josephine's flowery hat.

"Oh, no, no, no, My new hat", she cried.

Andy picked up a long, thin pole with which he intended to prod the giraffe, but Aunt Josie was not staying at the zoo any longer.

"Come on, we're going, Andy", she said gruffly.

They both stalked off home in a very bad mood. Aunt Josie, because she had lost her brand new hat and Andy, because his aunt made him go home before he had seen many of the animals.

Nanette Debney, 8YG.

Our Home

We have had a few changes made to our place to improve it. Just recently, around our house, a round iron fence has been erected, in place of our old brush one. Dad has painted the house, roof and walls white, with lagoon blue guttering, ridge capping and chimney trimming. Mum has just planted three new rose bushes in the front. Out in the back yard there are a few water bushes and ten gum trees to shade the yard in summer. Different coloured geraniums are scattered about in pots. In the corner there is a fern house which contains ferns, cacti, creepers, shrubs and many other pot plants. Our yard is colourful and I like it very much.

Sharyn Caines, 8NDX.

My Pets

I have two pet lambs, one of them is grown-up but the other lamb still drinks milk from a bottle. Dad gave them to me because their mothers had died or left them. They are both very quiet. The little one is fed three times a day with milk and I feed both twice a day with grass.

Some of my other pets are dogs. I have three and their names are Duke, Tip and Whisky. They are all sheep dogs and can work very well. Duke and Whisky are brown and Tip is black and white. I feed them and tie them up every night. In the morning I let them go again.

My favourite pets are my horses. I have seven horses of my own. I will only describe one of them. Little Plover is a small, chestnut horse. One day I went out and mustered some sheep on her. I feed her four times a day and groom her a lot. She is a very quiet horse and is very well behaved.

Sally Wilson, 9EA.

Our Nearest Town

We live thirty-four miles from Tibooburra which is our nearest town. In Tibooburra one of the main stores was burnt down early this year. It had practically anything you could think of. The owners are going to rebuild it.

There are two hotels, two garages, a hospital, a hostel, a school and a police station. Most church services are held in the new church. Sometimes they have a gymkhana or cricket match at the race course. They also have fancy dress nights, one for the children and another for adults, in the C.W.A. Hall.

The post office receives its mail from Broken Hill twice a week and keeps it until the mailmen take it out to the stations. There are two mailmen, Mr. Smith and Mr. Barraclough.

In Tibooburra there are quite a few houses, aboriginals live in some and whites in others. We go into Tibooburra on clinic days and there are meetings and the Flying Doctor comes up. I also like going to Tibooburra for the pictures once a month.

Old Bill

Once there was a walrus who lived in the zoo. Close by his cage several men were working. Feeling lonely in his cage, Old Bill, the walrus, visited the men. It was far too awkward to work with a walrus sniffing about while they were trying to dig and swing picks. The keeper was called and Old Bill was tempted back to his cage with fish and then locked up. Discontented back in the cage Old Bill did everything that he was able to do to get back to the workmen. Finally in a last attempt Old Bill hung heavily over the fence. Pushing hard, the workmen found that they were not strong enough. Once more the keeper was called and Old Bill was pushed into his enclosure.

Bill Edmunds, 8NHN.

Moving

Have any of you had to move from one house another? Do you like it? During the last eighteen months we have shifted twice and I enjoyed it both times. First there is packing to be done and that is the part that I like best. Everything is wrapped very carefully in paper and put into large boxes which have the lids nailed on firmly. All these things are then taken to the new place and unloaded The next part which I also enjoy very much is unpacking. It is exciting not knowing exactly what will next come out of the box. We hope we will not move again for many years but I will not mind if I can do the packing and unpacking.

David Oag, 8JT.

A Visit To The Fire Station

Last Wednesday we went to the Fire Station. The first thing we saw was a fireman standing in a pit cleaning the new fire engine, which he called Mack. Officer Chadwick, the fire chief, showed us over the engines, pumps, and equipment used to fight a fire. He then showed us the new fibre glass helmets and an old brass one, so that we could feel the difference in weight. We decided we would much rather wear the new light ones than the lovely, but heavy brass ones.

Next he showed us the fire alarms in the control room and how everything worked. Afterwards we had a ride around the block on the old fire engine, called Denis, which we found the most exciting part of all.

When we left Mr. Chadwick invited us to visit them again.

Helen Scobie, 9FU.

JOURNEY INTO SPACE

This story was composed by the members of Grades 6, 7 and 8 during lessons over the air. A tape, with sound effects, was made and the members of the above grades thoroughly enjoyed listening to their story. They hope that others, reading this magazine, will enjoy it as well.

10-9-8-7 . . The flat monotonous voice echoed through my head. Excitement welled in my body. My very veins seemed fit to burst with every throb of my pulse. 5-4-3-2-1-0!

We were off with a roar and a flash of light, off on our journey into space. The rocket roared into the air, further and further from those watching on the ground until we were out of sight. As we shot up I felt nervous, my head seemed to whirl around, dizziness overcame me and I passed out.

When I came to I could see we were high above the earth's surface which appeared as a giant map beneath me.

This was rather a frightening sight!

The rocket began to roll and I took a last look at the earth below — before it passed from sight — $\,$

"Could they be the lights of Melbourne?"

Instruments had to be checked and as I set about this task my thoughts reflected on my mission to reach the moon. Before long my instruments were ready and I could take pictures of the moon, its surface and any life I might find there.

My thoughts then returned to earth. I could just picture my name in big letters across the morning newspapers and underneath a photograph of the rocket I was journeying to the moon in.

"Calling Space Craft 1! Calling Space Craft 1! Come in Captain Ronson, over".

The radio message brought my thoughts back to the present.

"Space Craft 1 receiving you. Space Craft 1 receiving you, over".

"Ron, how is it up there? Have you taken any pictures yet? How much longer before you land? What are you doing? Keep in contact with us all the time from now on, over".

"I have taken some pictures of space. I should land in another two hours. Just now I'm looking down to earth. The air around me is filled with small glittering objects which seem to be flying past my window. These are of many different shapes and some have a yellow glow in them. Now I can see the moon again. I think I can see movement on its surface . . .

"I'm getting close. The surface seems almost as large as earth. Looking down I can see two large craters in the area in which I will be landing. . .

"I've just scanned them both and have chosen a suitable landing site. It's now time to press the button to fire the braking rockets. I've prepared everything for landing. Over for now".

The space craft began to spin then there was a sudden bumping sound, the engines stopped. I knew I was safely on the moon and I pressed the button to open the door.

"Calling earth! I've landed and am now stepping out onto the surface. The ground is soft. It's a mixture of dirt, sand and rock. There are craters all round.

Over in the distance I can see large hills. I'm walking towards them. The surface is crumbly and I have to be very careful".

From the ship I wandered across the crumbly surface towards great rocks a few hundred yards away. Here I stopped and stood on the rock platform.

All was eerie and quiet.

I stooped to rub the strange soil in my hand and as I did I slipped. I seemed to go down such a long way but really it was only ten feet.

"Calling Earth! I have fallen into a crater. The sides are only a few feet high. I should be able to get out. I'm clambering up the sides — no, the sides are too loose".

Remembering my life line by which I was attached to the space ship, I was able to scramble to safety then continue my exploration. After a few minutes I came to the edge of a great bubbling lake. From this I turned and went behind some hills, where I discovered a new type of mineral, and then set out to return to the ship.

On my way back I was very startled to observe plants moving about the surface.

Once inside the air lock I undid part of my space suit then went to the radio.

"Calling Earth! Calling Earth!"

"Earth replying. . . "

After receiving instructions from earth I prepared to blast off. I set all the instruments then pressed the firing button and once again I was cutting through space. My orders were "to circle the moon then set course for earth". As the ship headed for earth it swayed and spun because of the terrific speed at which we were travelling.

Again I called earth and gave them my speed and expected landing time. All that was left then was to relax and let the controls take over for a while. I breathed a sigh of relief to know that soon I would be home again but I felt too excited and happy to rest. It would be wonderful to be back and tell people of the wonderful adventures I'd had.

Soon I was passing over the Pacific which I could see clearly and then below, like a giant map, was America.

"Calling Earth! I am now passing over America which looks a dull green from this height. I'll begin checking my instruments for the landing. Are the pick-up ships ready, over?"

"Earth replying, ships ready. You will be coming down in deep water in the Atlantic Ocean $\ \ .\ \ .$."

Looking down I could see the water rushing up to me.

With a thud my space ship hit the water and I wondered whether it would break up. Quickly I slipped from my harness and through the door into the water. Moments later the rocket disappeared below the surface.

Very shortly I could see my rescue ship. It circled past then came in close to pluck me from the water.

"Thanks boys. Gosh I'm glad to be back but it was an exciting trip".

The journey back to the shore was very enjoyable but I was even happier to step back onto Old Mother Earth to be met by President Johnston.

SIXTH GRADE

On our trip through Victoria we stayed in Melbourne for two days. Down on the banks of the Yarra River we waited to see the helicopter come in from Essendon airport. The rotor blades of the helicopter made a chopping sound as it came in to land on a floating ramp in the river. Minutes later it rose up in the air, hung still for a moment then away into the sky like a swift bird.

Down in Gippsland we stayed with friends near Yarram. Hereford cattle graze on the green pastures at the foot of rugged scrub paddocks for the winter months. They clip large figures in the hair, on the off sides of their cows, for identification. Each owner has his own number and we saw numbers from one to ninety-nine.

On the way home, we travelled through Omeo, a small town in the Dividing Range. There were seventy miles of winding road and the highest point was 4,628 feet. Mountain peaks showed through low cloud and the icy air stung our faces. A three-hundred and seventy mile journey along the Murray River from Albury to Mildura completed our interesting trip.

Richard Withers, 8NAI.

OUR INDUCTION

This year I was very honoured to be chosen Vice-Captain of School of the Air. The Captains and Vice Captains were chosen by secret ballot. The election papers were sent out to all the upper school and we were getting very excited as the closing date was drawing near.

I was very sorry, but owing to illness I was unable to be at School on the day of the announcement. How thrilled I was when Miss Morris rang Mum and said I had been chosen as Vice Captain.

About two weeks later the Captains and Vice Captains journeyed to Broken Hill where our Induction Ceremony took place. Malcolm Debney, the boy Captain, travelled hundreds of miles as he lives at Arrabury Station in Queensland, Tess Ker, the girl Captain also had a long way to go. Elizabeth Crozier and I did not have so far to go.

Mr. Hyland, Inspector of Schools assisted by Mrs. Hyland, presented us with our badges of office. It was the first year that all office bearers were able to be in Broken Hill for the induction.

Murray Cramp, 8NEM.

I received a letter from my pen friend who lives in Staffordshire, England. He is in second year at Grammar School and he is learning French and German as languages.

He plays rugby football and follows the Stoke City team.

In their district, there are many industries, coal mines, pottery works and steel works.

His father is a driver for the British Railways and his mother works in the car industry.

Trevor Bach, 8NAD.

"The Little Black Princess"

The name of a book I recently read and enjoyed, is a book called, "The Little Black Princess" by Mrs. Gunn. The book is about an eight year old aborigine girl, called Bett-Bett. Bett-Bett and her faithful dog, Sue, and a tribe were camping on the Roper River, which is in the Northern Territory, when they were attacked by the Willeroo blacks, who were their fiercest enemies. She and Sue dived into the river for safety, and were later found by Mrs. Gunn and Big Mac, one of the station hands.

The main persons in the book are Mrs. Gunn, Bett-Bett and Goggle Eye. Goggle Eye was king of a tribe. His real name was Ebimel Wooloomool, but he liked the name the white people gave him.

The part of the book I enjoyed most was when Mrs. Gun was trying to teach Bett-Bett to read and spell. Bett-Bett called capital 'A' Mumma A" and small 'a', "Piccaninny a". One time she noticed that "Piccaninny a" wasn't next to "Mumma A", so she scolded the little letter dreadfully.

Another time when she saw that the two letters were apart, she shouted in an angry voice, "You go home longa your mumma!" She even told the little letter that the 'debbil-debbil' would catch it.

I like this book because it is funny in parts and wonderfully illustrated. Another reason why I like it, is because I like aborigines.

Vickie Sinclair, 8NFA.

- 34. Roslyn Debney, 8YG, Arrabury.
- 35. Margaret Neill, Sharyn Caines, Steven Caines, 8NDX, Smithville.
- 36. Stephen and David Withers, 8NDB, Springwood.
- 37. Dianne, Francis and Jan Nicholls, 8VM, Pindera Downs.
- 38. Richard and Geoffrey Withers, 8NAI, Cooinda.
- 39. Cheryl and Shane Clayton, 8NCZ, Bono Tank.
- 40. Ian and Dennis Nash, 8TW, Curnamona.
- Rodney Herring, Christine Herring, Haydn Trusler, Louise Trusler.
 Peter Herring, Karen Trusler, 8NER, Gum Park, 9YG, Mulga Valley.















My Unlucky Day

One fine Saturday morning as I jumped out of my bed, I thought I would do a real good deed by cooking the breakfast. I dressed and then went out to the kitchen. When I went to get the dripping it slipped out of my hands, fell and oozed in between the chairs and all over the floor. After I had cleaned it up, Mother said I was not allowed to have any breakfast as punishment.

I decided that I would go for a ride on my bike to the airstrip, which was one mile away. Having got there, I found I had a puncture, and it meant that I would have to walk home, pushing the bike.

As I reached the front gate, mother came rushing out with a letter for me. It was from my penfriend in England, saying that she would be coming over to Australia, to stay at my place for the Christmas holidays, and so I did not think it was such an unlucky day after all.

Elizabeth Crozier, 8NAL.

An Old Yard

Last January when journeying by car to Adelaide for our holidays we saw an old stockyard on the by-pass road at Mt. Lyndhurst Station.

The walls of the yard were constructed of broad, flat stones on top of each other, with smaller stones filling in the gaps. Both sides of the walls were perfectly straight. They were approximately five feet high and eighteen inches in width.

On the top of each of the four walls, sharp pointed stones were placed in a vertical position to prevent the animals from escaping.

In the early days this yard was probably used for holding camels, horses or donkeys.

Malcolm Debney, 8YG.

My Favourite Book

My favourite book is Ben Hall the Bushranger. This book was written by Frank Clune early in the twentieth century and was first published in 1917 which is forty-five years ago.

The story begins when stockmen come galloping down the gullies in the Weddin Mountains. At this stage Ben Hall and a partner McGuire, who were both married owned a small ranch in the Weddin Mountains.

The book goes on to tell of how Ben is wrongly accused of helping the bushrangers and is taken to gaol.

When he returns home his wife has gone and taken their baby

boy, Harry Hall. Ben goes over to McGuire's shanty where he is told that she has gone with Jim Taylor. After that he sees some bushrangers robbing a coach. After they had left he went over to the driver and helps him on his way. But it would have been better if he had stayed away because the driver went into town and said that Ben was one of the gang. After this Ben was branded as a bushranger, as much gold had been stolen from the coach.

As he was claimed to be a bushranger, Ben did turn to bushranging. He had five or six men in his gang who would shoot to kill but Ben did not like to kill so if one of the gang shot to kill he would leave the gang.

Ben was finally caught not far from his property on 5th May, 1865. He was shot by one of his workmen, Billy Dargin an aborigine who had joined the police as a blacktracker.

I like this book because it tells of a real person.

Bill Dorrington, 8NFU.

A Close Shave

Sandra, Kevin and Audrey wandered aimlessly along Black Smugglers' Cliff, their eyes scanning the high cliff face for any signs of Outlaw Cave. Grandfather had told them stories about the smugglers who had plagued that part of the coast during his youth.

"You can see it from here!" Audrey shouted suddenly. "Up here,

see? Come on. What are we waiting for?"

using pot-holes as foot holds, the steep ascent proved reasonably easy. Before long they stood on the sandy floor just inside the mouth of the cave. It did not look like a smugglers' cave; just a nice sunny picnic spot.

"Grandfather said that this is the only cave for miles around,

so it must be it," Kevin remarked.

An hour later all thoughts of what the time might be were gone, as the children, having searched the cave, set about digging up the sandy floor. Not five minutes later a scream from where Audrey was digging, brought the others quickly to her aid.

"What's up, Aud? Seen a snake?" grinned Sandra.

"Look! The Water! The tide has come in and we shall have to stay here until it goes out," sobbed Audrey, who was only seven.

Before long the water was waste deep.

"The only thing to do is to swim out of here, round the cliff to the path going down to the beach", sighed Kevin. Although they were all good swimmers, they just reached the path before it, too was covered.

"Phew! That was a close shave", chuckled Sandra, when they

were safe once more.





















A Trip To Mootwingee

Early on Thursday morning we drove to town to catch the bus to Mootwingee. It was crowded with tourists when we arrived so we had to go in one of the two taxis which had been hired to take the rest of the passengers.

Our first stop was made at the place where the old Mt. Gipps woolshed had once been. The spot is now marked by a plaque set in stone, bearing an inscription and the date 1866.

Some miles further on at Yanco Glen we saw some aboriginal tools and carvings, an a few pieces of fossilized wood. Nearby was the remains of the railway line to Tarrawingie, where gypsum was once mined.

After a dusty trip past Acacia Downs and Rowena, we arrived at Mootwingee, and stopped in a creek bed for lunch. Half-way up a large hill a short distance from our camp, was an intricate chain of rockholes which overflowed, one into another. From the top of the same hill a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside could be had. After packing the lunch things away we continued on our way to see Snake Caves in which were many aboriginal paintings of hands, feet, animals and snakes, done with red and yellow ochre. Before leaving we were told that the name "Mootwingee" means green grass, although we saw very little of that throughout the trip.

The ruins of the Ravendale Hotel was the next historical place we saw. In olden days, Cobb and Co. coaches travelling between Silverton and White Cliffs used to stop here. It was delicensed in 1930. A short distance from these ruins forty people lived and four market gardens were worked using water from rock holes. Also during the trip we saw the name "Giles" carved in the rocks and the date September 1863. We were told that Giles surveyed the Mount Gipps station at this time.

Feeling weary, we returned to the taxis and bus and began the long journey home., after a most enjoyable day.

Jennifer Eglinton, 8NIH.

- 42. Kathryn and Margaret Neill, 8NDX, Smithville.
- 43. Francis Nicholls, as Agib the Cobbler, in "The Princes' Presents".
- Rex (front) and Max (2nd from right) Napier with Father and brothers, 8EM, Murnpeowie.
- 45. Christine Herring, 8NER, Gum Park.
- 46. Sally Wilson, 9EA, Wertaloona.47. Gail Page, 8NAN, Harriedale.
- 48. Garry Barlow, 8VT, The Veldt.
- 49. Elizabeth Crozier, 8NAL, Cuthero.
- 50. John Cramp, 8NEM, Carmarla.

My Holidays

During the holidays I went out on two camps with the men. The first was at Silverlead. While we were there we mustered five paddocks which took us five days. The biggest paddock we mustered was about one hundred square miles.

The second camp we went out on was at Killawarra which is eighteen miles from the homestead. It is a six-roomed building which was once the homestead on Killawarra Station. Between Silverlead and Killawarra there is a well called Berrimans which is eighteen feet deep.

Graham Nash, 8TW.

Our Golden Days

In this story I would like to tell you why I think "Education" is the most important thing in your life.

Every day of the week at our home we hear these silly cries: "Why do we have to do school?" This can be easily answered by an older person who was not well educated, as that person knows what it is like not to have a good education.

Years ago many girls and boys had to leave school when they were twelve, thirteen, or even younger. This had to be because their parents couldn't keep them at home for as long as they can today.

Another thing, today all the girls and boys, especially the secondary pupils, are learning more, have a lot more subjects and most of all are being educated much more than they were years ago.

We School of the Air pupils have to be very grateful to Mrs. Gibb, our founder and most understanding principal of School of the Air for keeping the school going.

The School of the Air is very good for pupils who do Correspondence School lessons because if we don't understand anything in our lessons we just have to ask School of the Air teachers and they give us a lesson on it, and then it is explained to us over the air.

We also have to be grateful for the Correspondence Schools for being able to send lessons all over the world for pupils who cannot attend a town or subsidised school.

So we always want to remember that our school days are the 'Golden Days' of our life. If we don't learn we won't know anything and we can't learn if we are not "Educated".

Janette Dorrington, 8NFU.

POETRY

Hilda

My goat Hilda does jump and play,
Whenever I go near she runs away.
She steps on my toes
And sometimes she goes,
Into our shed
To get some bread.

Barbara Hannigan, 9AE.

A Wish

I wish that I could fly
Up in the bright blue sky
I wish that I could drive
Or cook an apple pie.

Nancy Dorrington, 8NFU.

My Wish

I wish I had a pair of wings
I wish that I could fly
I wish that I could catch the birds
As they go flying by.

Luke O'Connor, 8NJD.

A Little Stream

One day I saw a little stream,
The hot sun seemed to make it gleam.
I had a drink from it today,
As it rushed along its way.
It rushed to meet another stream,
Then I heard a mighty scream,
It hurried down to meet the sea,
And quite forgot all about me.

Peter Oag, 8JT.

The Racing Pony

I rode my pony in the race The starting gun went bang The dust and wind was in my face "We must win Old Bint", I sang.

As we galloped along the inside rail The winning post not far Towards home we smoothly sailed Old Bint, he was the star.

Jim O'Connor, 8NJD.

Content

I'd love to be a little duck Waddling to my pool There to splash and splash all day And not to work in school.

But then, of course, there comes the time When Duck's no longer thinner, No! No! I wouldn't liked to be Cooked for Christmas dinner!

Michael Hayward, 9CU.

Castles In The Sand

Oh what fun we had today Playing in the sand. We made three big sandcastles And they were simply grand.

We used shells to make the windows
And sticks to make the doors
And because the castles were made of sand
There were not any floors.

Sharron Davis, 9CW.

Why?

Why won't the clouds come In grey clothes dressed? Why won't the rain come Across from the west?

Why are our tanks dry, Our waters so low? Why must our sheep die? I want to know!

Andrew Hayward, 9CU.

A Native Girl

I wish I was a native girl, To be all wild and free; I wouldn't have to go to school, With a governess narking me.

I wouldn't have to be a lady,
To sit all pretty and prim,
I don't know how I will get on,
In a life that is so dim.

I wouldn't have to worry about, So many buttons and bows; I wouldn't have to wear my shoes, All pinching at my toes.

I wouldn't have to live in a house, There wouldn't be doors to close; There wouldn't be a floor to sweep and mop An polish 'till it glows.

So I wish I was a native girl, All so happy and free; With all the animals as my friends, And the birds in every tree.

Nanette Debney, 8YG.

Lassie

A friend that is loyal, a friend that is true, Is all that our dog is and so loving too. When playing at games or pursuing a 'roo.

If chasing a fox or stalking an emu, She gives of her best with mouth open wide And gives them a nip taking all in her stride.

She carefully watches us wherever we play At ease in the shade on a hot summer day A snake she'll attack and shake like a rat Until it is dead with broked head and back.

Our Pony

At Anabama Lilydale
Where the hills are long and round
Where the plains roll wide with blue bush
Lives a colt of spotted brown.

By the dam you'll find him grazing, Where the grasses grow the most, But Bathurst Burrs are a trouble As they stick to his coat and hocks. He looks a cheeky fellow, With tangled fringe and socks.

Then intent we all surround him Brushing him till he shines And those sticky Bathurst Burrs are out So his fringe is groomed and fine.

Peter Edmunds, 8NHN.

Taffy

Our pony Taffy is a brown dappled colt, With trimmed tawny mane and four fawn socks.

When saddled he looks a show pony at best, I feel I must ride him with all of my zest.

I climb aboard and hold the reins short,

To be ready for sure he'll pigroot and snort.

This pony is cunning, though very quiet, He tries to dismiss you to give you a fright.

Of interest to all would be for you to see, This pony of ours dozing with me.

It's common to find him lying in leisure, In the shade of the sheep pen we join him in pleasure.

An appetite varied he has 'tis for sure, He enjoys all the tidbits a-longing for more.

A curious urchin, this colt loves to chew, Any article be it old or new.

Peter Edmunds, 8NHN.

The Cook's Dilemma

"It was her boss, she its slave From morn 'till night at its call she came. Through summer, winter, she could not stray, As much as she called it that unearthly name."

Dennis Nash, 8TW.

Rain

The sky is darkening, Out in the west. The birds are frolicking, As they make their nest.

We hope to-morrow will bring the rain, And make the land green again. To make the pick for sheep on the plain, Then we can be thankful it did rain.

Marilyn Dorrington, 8NFU.

Horses

I like horses,
Chestnuts and bays,
Dapples and greys,
Blacks and whites,
Of all different heights.
Creamies and roanies,
And all sorts of ponies.
Foals are the best,
But I love all the rest,
Frisky horses, tricky horses,
Wild ones and tame,
It doesn't matter to me,
I love them just the same.

Sally Wilson, 9EA.

The Farmyard

All around the farmyard
Are many things to see,
Horses and tractors and big brown barns,
Are all of interest to me.

Cows and dogs and stubby pigs, The homestead and the shed, And lots and lots of animals All waiting to be fed.

Kym Harvy, 8NIX.

Tomboy

Oh! If only I didn't have to wear Petticoats and frills, And be a lady, and do my hair, I'd have so many thrills.

Oh; If only I could spend the whole day long, Riding a fresh young horse; Sing a gay and happy song, There would be no remorse.

Oh! If I could only spend my time Just doing as I please, Many hills and gullies I'd climb, And also many trees.

Oh! If only I didn't go to school There would be much more joy. I'd then be just a silly fool, As well as a wild tomboy!

Narelle Debney, 8YG.

The River

The river grinds and rolls along,
As if it wants to sing a song,
At night it murmurs all the way,
But is so noisy in the day.
And when it reaches by the sea,
It has a last look up at me,
And then its waves begin to swirl,
Then come up like a great big curl.

Sylvia de Jong, 8NIW.

Spring

Blue violets dotted the grassy hills, Green leaves from the ivy vine hung, The busy bees collected their pollen, In the trees birds sweetly sung.

Red poppies in the garden bed swayed, Yellow wattle scented the air, White daisies bloomed beneath the trees, Twas spring! and the world was fair.

Sylvia de Jong, 8NIW.

Drought

While the afternoon heat struck down Dazed to the far off horizons,
While the stockmen's dark faces in frown,
Awaiting the drought to break,
And the cattle all waiting at the dried up tanks,
Awaiting the rain to come
While they die of thirst on the bare red banks,
Till their bones are bleached by the sun.

And the bare red earth and the dusty tracks, Where the wattle once swayed, But now the bare earth is full of cracks, And blackened stumps in the earth.

In a tall blue gum sat a lazy crow, Against the cloudless sky,

Where the grass had grown and the water did flow, In the dry old place Outback.

A drover said to a stockman once,
That rain was soon to come,
And ever since in that whole year,
They didn't even get some.
For the drought had come and the rain had gone,
And the tanks and drains are dry,
And the red and gold where the sun had shone,
And the dust in that place Outback.

Sylvia de Jong, 8NIW.

Westward

In sad and lonely desert days,
The west is growing old,
And when I grow up, in a way
The west will grow its gold,
And when the horses bolt away
The master's dead I'm told,
There's cattle in the gumflat,
The sheep are nearly sold,
At ranches where the old man lies.
The west will go on bold.

The Brumby

A brumby stallion in the valley appeared, So mighty, that no horse he feared.

He galloped up the mountain peak high,
Till at last he was glorious against the sky,
He stood like a statue his head held high,
With his silver mane and tail a-fly,
And the brumby trumpeted his battle call,
Which echoed and tumbled on the valley wall.

Sylvia de Jong, 8NIW.

At Night

Each night when I go bed,
I look out at the sky,
And there I see the Milky Way,
And the "Pot" way up high.

Vickie Sinclair, 8NFA.

Limericks

There once was a bushranger bold,
Who loved the colour of gold.
Ben Hall by name,
He was always the same,
And he never seemed to grow old.

There once was a School of the Air,
Who sent lessons out everywhere.
They sent the work,
From the Silver City to Bourke,
To this boy on School of the Air.

Bill Dorrington, 8NFU Portable.

Our Postmen

Our postmen do a splendid job,
We never should abuse them;
Our lessons without fail they bring,
Unless, of course, they lose them!

Janette Dorrington, 8NFU Portable.

School Of The Air

Miss Morris and Mrs. Adkins too,
Are lovely teachers that is true,
Mr. Mills who has helped us on,
Miss Vidler's taught us many a song.

Reading, Language and Mentals too,

Are some of the subjects we pupils do,

There's also History, Verse-speaking and Sports,

And then there's Art of different sorts.

School of the Air is a marvellous thing,

Where they teach us music and how to sing,
One of the things I really adore.

Is School of the Air and teachers four.

Janette Dorrington, 8NFU Portable.

OUR EX-PUPILS

Greg Cole is a pupil at Broken Hill Central.
Diane Harvy is now a next-door-neighbour at North Broken Hill Public School.
We hear Helen and Rosalyn Giddings are very happy at Burke Ward School.
Also at Burke Ward is Greg. Hall.
All the Toohey children, Ann, Lynette and Donald are now pupils at Morgan Street School.
Robyn and Susanne Thomson are attending school at Tibooburra.
Steven Caines is now a boarder at Allison House and is attending Marist Brothers' College.
Judy Thomas from "Bulloo Downs" Queensland is now a pupil at St. Hilda's School, Southport.
Marilyn Crozier left School of the Air recently and is a border at "Woodlands" Adelaide, and her brother Bill, is at Scotch College, Adelaide.
We were pleased to hear that Geoff Smith, a boarder at the Marist Brothers' College at Forbes, was Vice-Captain of his class this year.
Carolyn Turner is a pupil at "Marsden" Bathurst.
Christine Page, our 1964 Girl Captain, is a border at Loreto Convent, where she is in Grade 7.
Belinda Hansen left School of the Air this year to attend the Convent at Mildura.
Ann and Marie Walden formerly of "8XS Pimpara Lake" are in Second Year at Loreto Convent.
Bill Henery from "Yadlamalka" is a border at Scotch College, Adelaide.

Rhonda Shorrock is still a boarder at Queen's Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Ballarat.
Bronte Siemer is in her final year at "Woodlands" in Adelaide.
Anne Crozier has nearly completed two years at Loreto Convent, in Adelaide, and Peter Crozier is in his second year at Inverlochy Agriculture College, Goulburn, N.S.W., after transferring from Rostrevor College in Adelaide.
Jane Wilson has been attending Presbyterian Girls College, Adelaide, for the last four years.
Diane Wilson is at present at the Balaklava Primary School.
John, Warren and Darrel Fargher are at Scotch College, Adelaide.

It was pleasing to hear that Michael Crisp did very well in recent exams at St. John's Preparatory College, Campbelltown. Next year Michael will be attending St. Gregory's Agricultural College.

Jim Turner, while attending Broken Hill High School, is boarding at the Bush Church Aid Hostel.

Eileen Hathaway is a pupil at Leigh Creek High School. Her brother Ted is at school at Nepabunna.

One of the first School of the Air pupils, Susan Barlow, is now at S.C.E.G.G.S., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Heather and Lynette Bornholm are both attending Walford Girls' Grammar School in Adelaide.

Jenette Spinks, who has been attending school in Cobar, is enrolled at "Ravenswood" Sydney, next year.

Bob Snell is now home helping with the work at "Angepena".

Janet Snell passed the Intermediate Examination last year in five subjects gaining three credits. She is studying for the Leaving this year.

Kerry and Ian Plant left School of the Air in third term this year. Their parents are moving from the district. We send them best wishes for the future.
Anne Davis is in Fourth Year at P.L.C. Orange.
Tracey Lee sat for the Intermediate at "Woodlands" this year.
Frances Debney is in Second Year at Fairholme Ladies' College, Toowoomba, and Rick Debney is also in Second Year at Scotch College, Adelaide.
Frances Debney is in Second Year at Fairholme Ladies' College, Toowoomba, and Rick Debney is also in Second Year at Scotch

Jennifer Conrick, one of the School of the Air's first pupils, after completing her schooling at Woodlands College, Adelaide, recently had a World Tour as a member of the Young Australia League contingent which sailed from Fremantle on 8th March. The tour was via Singapore, Bombay, Aden, then through the Suez Canal to Italy, where a bus tour took them through most countries of Europe before crossing to England where eleven weeks were spent touring England, Scotland and Wales. The return trip was via The Canary Islands, Cape Town and Durban and the contingent arrived back in Australia in late August.

Robert, Narelle, Peter and Sharon Fisher are now at Bourke Inter-

mediate High School.

Geoff Smith's brothers Graham and Fred are also at the Marist Brothers College in Forbes.

Graham is in First Year and Fred, who was one of the first pupils at School of the Air, is in Third Year.

We extend congratulations to Robin Temby who, this year, was made School Prefect at Prince Alfred College, Adelaide.

Ivan Wakefield is another former School of the Air pupil at Prince Alfred College.

Virginia and Rosemary Bolton-Smith are boarders at the Presbyterian Girls' College, Adelaide. We were interested to know that this year Rosemary was Clan Chieftain of Clan Douglas.

Robert Seakamp is a border at Scotch College, Bathurst.

