**Essays on Mount Crosby - White Windows at School**

Well, imagine this. I was a thin 60s kid that liked to look out of windows. I liked school too, but out of windows were interesting things and that's why, in a room that held Mount Crosby's grades one to three, it was nice to be in grade three and so near the windows.

And imagine this, there was a person somewhere whose job it was to say what a school room should look like, and he (I suppose it was he) had the idea that all the bottom windows of the new Mount Crosby State School infants' room should be painted out. Now I wouldn't say grade three students normally harbour subversive thoughts, but I was a bit resentful and recall the particular feeling that "someone" was responsible for blotting my view.

What I didn't know, was that 45 years later I would read some words from Hillaire Beloc (*The Path to Rome*) that brought instantly to my mind the white windows of one to three, and in them exactly what I was trying to think when I was eight.

"Never ridicule windows. It is out of windows that many fall to their death. By windows love often enters. Through a window went the bolt that killed King Richard. King William spied Arlette from a window (I have looked through it myself, but not a soul did I see washing below). When a mob would rule England, it breaks windows, and when a patriot would save her, he taxes them. Out of windows we walk onto lawns in summer and meet men and women, and in winter windows are drums for the splendid music of storms that makes us feel so masterly round fires. The windows of the great cathedrals are all their meaning. But for windows we should have to go out of doors to see daylight. After the sun, which they serve, I know of nothing so beneficent as windows. Fie upon the ungrateful man that has no window-god in his house, and thinks himself too great a philosopher to bow down to windows. May he live in a place without windows for a while to teach him the value of windows. As for me, I will keep up the high worship of windows till I come to the windowless grave. Talk to me of windows!"

Tomorrow, when I go to work, I am going to lift the blinds and "catch in separate pictures the sunlit things outside".

Col Hester