



The Magazine
OF THE
HOMEBUSH
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 1, No. 11

DECEMBER, 1948

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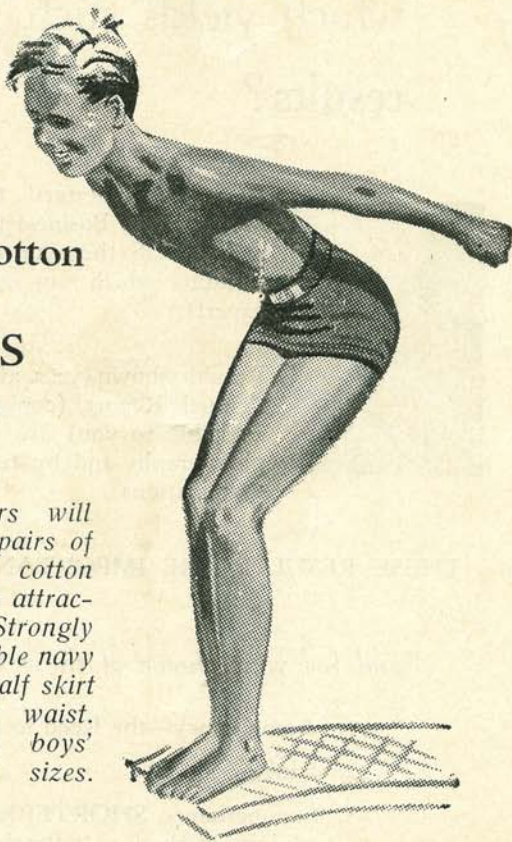
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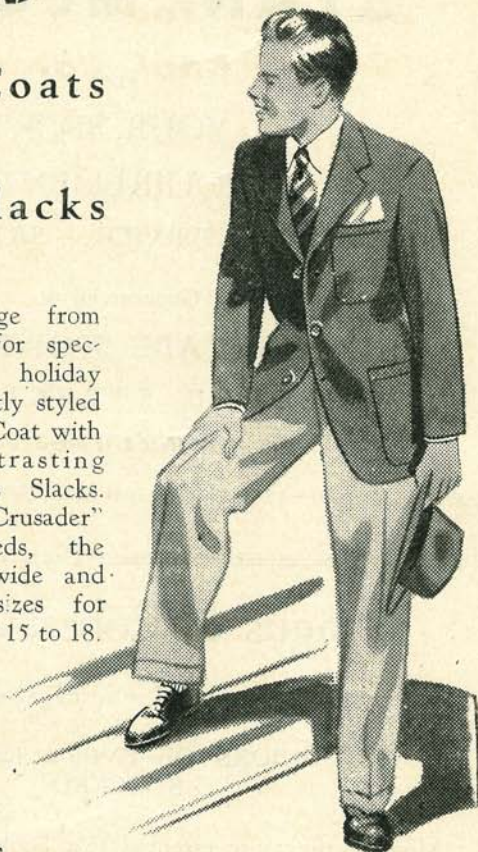
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2. **Miss N. Faulkner** won First place in N.S.W. Typists' Examination of 1946 while still a pupil of the Summerhayes SHORTERhand Secretarial School.
3. **Miss P. Ward** also won first place in State Typists' Examination of 1947 while still a pupil of Summerhayes Secretarial School.

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THE STAFF

Back Row : D. Guthrie, T. Kean, A. Watson, D. Learnmonth, J. Wyndham, P. Newling, J. O'Callaghan, P. Parsonage, A. Coutts, M. Harris, R. Allars.

Third Row : R. Barry, H. Keavas, S. Jones, C. Lipscomb, R. Bealin, G. Stewart, N. Madsen, E. Welsh, S. Pfizner, W. Havard, N. Leeder.

Second Row : J. Bathgate, M. Sykes, W. Warts, F. Hendry, L. Clifton, M. Cullen, R. Emanuel, W. Parr, M. Allen, J. Smiles, A. McFarland.

Front Row : Miss Horner, M. Kelly, H. Brown, J. Tierney, E. Wallace, A. D. Watson, E. Jeffrey, H. Evans, R. McQueen, W. Breakwell, G. Brown.

(Absent : Miss Perrin, Miss Ryan, Miss Hegarty, Mr. W. Kelleher.)



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
HOMEBUSH
BOYS'
HIGH SCHOOL

SCHOOL DIRECTORY, 1948**THE STAFF****Principal** : A. D. WATSON, B.Sc.**Deputy Principal** : E. T. WALLACE, B.Sc.**Department of English**

J. L. Tierney, M.A. (Master) ; A. J. Coutts, M.A. ; R. L. Emanuel, B.A. ;
 Miss E. M. Horner, B.A., Miss M. M. Hegarty, B.A. (on leave of absence) ;
 S. C. Jones, B.A. ; H. D. Kevans, B.A. ; A. O. McFarland, B.A., B.Ec. ;
 E. W. Watts, B.A. ; A. J. Wyndham, B.A. ; A. Watson.

Department of Mathematics

E. R. Jeffrey, B.A., B.Sc. (Master) ; R. B. Allars, B.A. ; W. E. Breakwell,
 B.A. ; G. C. Brown, B.Sc. ; L. P. H. Clifton, B.A. ; T. J. Kean, B.A. ;
 N. M. Leeder, B.A. ; J. P. O'Callaghan, B.Sc. ; P. H. Parsonage, B.A. ;
 E. T. Welsh, B.A.

Department of Modern Languages

H. F. Evans, B.A. (Master) ; W. A. Parr, B.A. ; Miss E. M. Perrin, B.A. ;
 Miss M. M. Ryan, B.A. ; G. R. Stewart, M.A. ; M. N. Kelly, M.A. (Classics) :

Department of Science

E. T. Wallace, B.Sc. (Master) ; R. Barry, A.S.T.C. ; M. W. Cullen,
 A.S.T.C. ; W. L. Havard, F.R.A.H.S. ; F. S. Hendry, B.Sc. ;
 N. J. Madsen, B.Sc. ; S. A. Pfitzner, B.Sc.

Department of Commerce

R. McQueen, B.Ec. (Master) ; R. J. Bealin, M.A., B.Ec. ;
 D. Guthrie, Dip.Comm., F.I.I.A. ; J. Smiles, B.A.

Technical Department

H. W. Brown, A.S.T.C. (Master) ; R. M. Allen ; J. Bathgate ;
 C. J. Brownjohn ; W. M. Harris ; D. Learmonth, A.S.T.C. ; L. E. Rogers ;
 M. E. Sykes, A.S.T.C.

Music : C. S. Lipscomb.**Physical Training** : A. Watson.**School Councillors** : W. Kelleher, B.A. ; P. Newling, M.A.**Librarian** : Miss E. M. Horner, B.A.**Careers Adviser** : G. R. Stewart, M.A.**Sportsmaster** : W. E. Breakwell, B.A.**Assistant Sportsmaster** : G. C. Brown, B.Sc.**School Treasurer** : D. Guthrie, Dip.Comm., F.I.I.A.**Assistant Treasurer** : R. J. Bealin, M.A., B.Ec.**Cadets** : J. Smiles, B.A.**Air Training** : W. L. Havard, F.R.A.H.S.**Social Activities** : A. J. Coutts, M.A.**Transport Officer** : W. A. Parr, B.A.

Prefects : R. Lyons (Captain), B. Langevad (Vice-Captain), R. Jesse
 (Head Prefect), B. Baldock, E. Barrs, W. Brady, T. Casement, K. Colley,
 K. Crawford, L. Dennis, J. Dillon, J. Dyer, B. Glover, C. Gobert, N.
 Goodsell, B. Harper, K. Hodgson, F. Keskula, B. Lloyd, J. Mantova, N.
 McGuiness, N. McKelvey, N. McKnight, W. Mills, P. Oxford, J. Roberts,
 S. Skillicorn, H. Wallace, L. Wearing, A. Wells.

Prefects-elect for 1949 : P. Allen, W. Bainbridge, A. Baker, L.
 Budge, F. Curnow, I. Daly, J. Emery, O. Giles, T. Grenenger, R. Harris,
 D. Hayward, H. Henderson, G. Howard, F. Jordan, A. Kentwell, L. Linsell,
 H. McCubben, J. Morey, R. Nay, J. Potter, B. Simpson, J. Stinson,
 B. Upfold, G. Vaughan.



THE MAGAZINE
of the
HOMEBUSH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Editor: A. KENTWELL. Assistant Editors: P. CURNOW, O. GILES

Committee:

D. HAYWARD, H. WEBB, R. BAKER, B. MILNE, B. COCKBURN,
T. GRENENGER, M. WITHERS, J. McCARTHY, L. HUGHES.

Vol. 1, No. 11.

DECEMBER, 1948

EDITORIAL

Australia—a free land, inhabited by a free people; these thoughts go hand in hand in the minds of all good Australians.

However, in this day, in the post-war "new world," we are beginning to wonder just how long any nations are going to remain free. Even now, less than three years after the end of a terrible war, people everywhere, not pessimists or reactionaries, but just the ordinary working people, are beginning to count the days to the commencement of an even more terrible third world war. Something is obviously wrong somewhere. At the meetings of the United Nations Organisation, set up, you may remember, for the administration of peace and the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the principal delegates spend much time in charging one another with war-mongering.

Ought not people to live peacefully together, working and planning in co-operation? After all, nobody really wants war.

In the Australia of twenty or thirty years' time men will be needed in all walks of life—commerce politics, religion—good responsible men who will be able to lead and help the people—men who will be able worthily to represent the country and settle disputes of all natures without resorting to warfare. These men of whom I speak will come from High Schools, such as our own at the present time.

Who knows but some student from Homebush may become a great statesman or an influential man in the world of commerce

in years to come. As the High School is for many the last stage of educational training, it behoves each and every student to do the best he can to bring some honour to his school and himself; to take advantage of every opportunity to improve his education and his moral as well as physical worth. Each boy should remember that in the future he will be helping to run a community, either peacefully or otherwise, and he should learn, while it is possible, the principles which make for good citizenship, co-operation and peace.

PRIZE-WINNERS FOR 1947

Dux of School: NEIL BUTLER.
 Second in Fifth Year: PHILLIP BARNARD.
 Third in Fifth Year: STANLEY HITCHINS.
 Captain's Prize: ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.
 Principal's Prize: STANLEY HITCHINS.
 Tinckham Prize: JOHN O'BRIEN.
 Jackett Prize (for Debating): ROY WEATHERBURN.
 First in Fourth Year: BRIAN HARPER.
 Second in Fourth Year: JOHN BRADWELL.
 Third in Fourth Year: DAVID PINKUS.
 First in Third Year: RALPH HARRIS.
 Second in Third Year: FRANK CURNOW.
 Third in Third Year: PETER ALLEN, ARTHUR BAKER, aeq.
 First in Second Year: JOHN LEHANE.
 Second in Second Year: BRIAN PENHALL.
 Third in Second Year: TREVOR BREW, JOHN DAY, aeq.
 First in First Year: KEN GOODWIN.
 Second in First Year: ANTHONY ASTLE.
 Third in First Year: BARRINGTON BUTLER.
 Blennerhassett's Institute of Accountancy Scholarships:
 C. R. WHITFIELD, N. A. YOUNGER.
 Hemingway and Robertson Institute Scholarship:
 R. F. HUTCHESON.

THE BUS

Hear all the people as they fuss
 Before the coming of the bus:
 Old men and women, girls and boys,
 And little toddlers with their toys.
 It comes! But long before it stops
 The youthful section on it hops;
 And after that a scramble wild . . .
 "Oh, do take care—you'll crush the child!"
 . . . "I'm not to blame, **you're** shoving me!"
 . . . "Please take young Johnny on your knee!"

* * *

The glares, the stares! but some can chat,
 Talk to each other of this and that . . .

With all aboard as best they may,
 The groaning bus goes on its way.

—C. RUSSELL (1A).



NEWS AND NOTES

Staff Changes : Departures.—Messrs. D. N. Jackson, B.A. ; A. McMullen, T. F. C. Neuhaus, B.A. ; A. H. Baldock, B.A. ; J. J. Killen, B.Sc. ; W. H. Roberts, B.Sc. ; R. A. L. Davidson ; E. J. Howman, A.S.T.C. ; L. R. Kelly ; P. C. Piper, A.S.T.C. ; H. Doughton, B.A. ; A. C. McCallin: Our best wishes go with these former members of the staff.

Arrivals : Miss E. M. Horner, B.A. ; Messrs. A. J. Wyndham, B.A. ; J. P. O'Callaghan, B.Sc. ; E. T. Welsh, B.A. ; M. N. Kelly, M.A. ; R. Barry, A.S.T.C. ; M. W. Cullen, A.S.T.C. ; W. L. Havard, F.R.A.H.S. ; H. W. Brown, A.S.T.C. ; W. M. Harris ; D. Learmonth, A.S.T.C. ; L. E. Rogers ; W. Kelleher, B.A. ; P. Newling, M.A. The school extends a hearty welcome to these new members of the staff.

SPEECH DAY, 1948, was held in the school's Memorial Hall, the public address system making it possible for all to hear what was said. The guest of honour was the Hon. R. J. Heffron, Minister for Education. Mr. Heffron made a telling speech on educational aims and ideals, and ended on an extremely popular note by granting the school an extra holiday to be added to the Christmas vacation. Mr. Watson presented the school Report for 1947, and Mr. Breakwell the Report on sporting activities.

FIFTH YEARS of 1947 were farewelled by the Fourth years and staff on the day immediately preceding the Fifth's "stew vac." The farewell took the form of a banquet in the hall. R. Lyons, Captain-elect, presided. Toasts were proposed and drunk, speeches were made—in all a most successful function. This farewell to Fifth year is now an annual feature of the life of the school.

THE PRESENTATION OF Academic and Sporting prizes was made on Speech Day. A full list of winners will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. KEAN is with us once more. After a painful operation at Lewi-

sham Private Hospital and a long convalescence, he is looking almost his old self again. Boys and staff congratulate him on his recovery.

THE SCHOOL has been painted. In a way that is an event that marks the end of an era, and shows as much as anything that the second world war is over. The thirsty wood greedily drank up the paint and asked for more. The building looks fine indeed now.

THE UPPER PART OF THE PLAYGROUND is undergoing a "new look" process. A small army of men have for some time been re-asphalting the worn and broken sections and adding new sections to the treated area. Our yard is geologically interesting—it consists of a raw, hungry clay that is found, as far as it is known, no where else in the world. Weather conditions act upon it in most peculiar alternations: that clay is either sticky liquid or yellow dust, so the extra bit of asphaltting is welcome.

Small boys in vast numbers gaze admiringly upon the asphalters at work. One was heard to say, "They'll never finish the job—the part they started on is worn out already."

MISS HEGARTY, our efficient and popular Librarian, went abroad on long leave at the end of August. There was a little function in the Library to mark the occasion—sandwiches and cakes, and many good wishes for a happy holiday and safe return. The Misses Shaw brought a wealth of flowers from their garden, and never had the Library looked so gay.

Miss Hegarty was after wearing a fine spray of shamrocks no less. And we'll tell you for why—she'll be spending some part of her journey in Oirland. Ah, well, and as the poet so truly says, Erin-go-bragh.

MISS HORNER comes to fill Miss Hegarty's place. We hope her stay with us will be happy.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN looks as bright and cheering as ever. Mr. Cox does a great job and we would like to congratulate him on it.

Talking of gardens and trees—the Curator of the Botanic Gardens has kindly offered to classify the many fine specimens we have, giving popular and botanic names to each. We hope soon to have our trees fitted with neat identification labels.

PLAY DAY, Play Nights, Music and Drama Festival.—Fuller reports elsewhere in this issue—all were bigger and better than ever and reflected great credit upon all who took part.

FIFTH YEARS, almost in full complement, went to the "Julius Caesar" session at the "Royal." Mayne Linton put on a very good show. Unfortunately the reception of it by the youthful audience was rather mixed. The "wiser youngster of to-day" is often not so keen on Shakespeare—more's the pity, let us piously add. But then, what would you? Dramatist and actor have always lived under the mercy of the audience. And none knew that better than Shakespeare himself.

OUR PIGEONS are coming home to roost. With beautiful and touching confidence they come into the classrooms now, and perch on blackboards and lockers, and announce over and over, "So good! So good!" Are pigeons really better than other birds? However, a cold war has been declared on pigeons.

THREE MEMBERS OF THE STAFF have been transporting themselves to work on quaint machines popularly known as "phut-phuts." These are light bicycles fitted with funny little engines. Speed! They are dangerous—one is always likely to be run over by a pedestrian. Mr. L— was heard enthusing: "If there is no head-wind, and if I work the pedals (these are technically known as auxiliaries) and if the road is level, I can get eleven miles an hour out of her. Eleven? That's right. And a bit more if its down-hill."

OUR CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton. A happy event associated with the visiting stork took place recently at their home. And the same to Mr. and Mrs. Kean earlier this year.

A CERTAIN MEMBER of Fourth year, not unknown on the school stage, gilded the lily, as it were, by the simple expedient of growing a moustache. It was a fine moustache—as moustaches go. In fact it was a thing of beauty and a joy—but **not** for ever—it disappeared one day, suddenly and mysteriously. And it hasn't been seen since.

REX INGAMELLS, well-known in recent Australian poetry, called at the school recently, as representative of Georgian House, Melbourne. When it was suggested that a talk by him to the senior boys would be very welcome, he became shy and disappeared.

THE LIBRARY DOOR has a new lock, and what is more, it works. The orthodox and conservative method of entering and leaving the Library has been revived. But many class-rooms have locks that have given up normal functioning. It is a debatable point which is the worse—a door that won't open or a door that won't close. Still, it must be admitted that even an open door does save the windows.

WHAT has become of Miss ——'s car? Miss —— (we will not mention names: we promised not to last time) is seen walking to and fro these days. Is it that Miss P —— (nearly, nearly!) finds time too limited and precious during these busy days? Miss Per —— (dear, oh dear, careful!) wishes, we understand, to deny the rumour that the Federal Government has acquired the . . . Royal visit and all that, you know.

G.S. wishes to deny that the script of "Babes in the Wood" has been purchased by M.G.M. for a fabulous sum. In fact, that it has been purchased by M.G.M. for any sum at all. So there!

THE PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION: The school wishes to express gratitude to the P. & C., and appreciation of the assistance it has rendered in the promotion of education. Two outstanding school aids of recent times have been the movie projector and the sound system. In other ways, too, the P. & C. has helped very materially.

EMPIRE DAY, 24th May, 1948, followed the excellent pattern established in Homebush Boys' High School. The school assembled in the hall and student speakers gave very fine addresses suited to the occasion. In this Empire Day oratory each year was represented: fifth year, R. Ross; fourth year, A. Kentwell; third year, Brian Oldfield; second year, Bruce Oldfield; first year, T. Carter.

BELEIVE it or not, but this is verbatim, and concerns a well-known member of the . . . the . . . yes, the staff: "I see you are chewing now." "Yes, have to—to stop smoking. Beastly habit, smoking." Week later: "You're smoking again!" "Yes, have to — to stop chewing. Beastly habit, chewing."

A FETE of major proportions was held on 30th April this year. It was a combined effort of the P. & C. and the school. Seldom, if ever, has the school seen such enthusiastic endeavour. Mr. H. Gordon Jackett, M.L.A., performed the opening ceremony. The ladies of the P. & C. conducted innumerable stalls, and staff and boys helped with these, and in the running of various games. All activities were "money-spinners," and the fete in every way, and financially, was a huge success. Funds went to the school's War Memorial Sound System.

A highly esteemed member of this staff revealed a hitherto-unsuspected vein of originality on Fete Day. He opened a "Post Office" wherein, or whereat, anyone inclined to that sort of thing could write teletters to persons in distant parts of the school. For this rare privilege one penny was charged. And this charge covered all the costs of transport (by

runners). At the end of the day he brought his takings to the Treasurer, and that's when the trouble started. "Ninepence!" says the Treasurer. "Tenpence!" says the esteemed member. I counted it myself—seven pennies and six ha'pennies."

"Ninepence!"

"Tenpence—I counted it myself."

"Nine . . .!"

"Ten . . .!"

It has gone on like that ever since. And the penny is still missing.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY has notified Brian Wilson, Leslie Morris, David Sanders and Keith Aitken that they have passed the educational test for entry to the Royal Australian Naval College as Cadet Midshipmen. Now remains for these candidates the medical test and personal interview. We wish these promising lads every success.



PREFECTS—1948

Back Row : S. Skillicorn, K. Colley, B. Baldock, L. Wearing, N. McGuinness, T. Casement, J. Bradwell.

Second Back Row : P. Oxford, D. Palmer, W. Mills, K. Hodgson, C. Gobert, F. Keskula, J. Roberts, W. Brady.

Second Front Row : J. Mantova, L. Dennis, K. Crawford, V. Harper, H. Wallace, N. Goodsell, E. Barrs, B. Lloyd, T. McKelvey.

Front Row : B. Glover, N. McKnight, Mr. E. Wallace, R. Lyons (Captain), Mr. A. D. Waston, B. Langevad (Vice-Captain), Mr. E. R. Jeffrey, R. Jesse (Head Prefect), A. Wells.

JOHN JOHNSTONE

Near the end of the third term, 1947, Homebush High School suffered a heavy loss in the death of John Johnstone, for six years a most highly esteemed member of the staff.

The late Mr. Johnstone commenced his teaching career in a small one-teacher country school. He matriculated and attended Sydney University as an evening student, graduating B.A. The High School boy of to-day can hardly realise what that brief summary of educational endeavour and achievement means. For now it is so often the easy—and so often the unappreciated—way by which the goal is won. Not so for Mr. Johnstone—his way was the hard way.



CHOIR

Front Row (left to right) : R. Clarke-Bruce, N. Pilcher, J. Duffy, C. Jordan, H. Home, C. Dunlop, J. Margrite, R. Smith, A. Liddle, N. Browne, J. Yager.

Second Row (left to right) : J. Meagher, R. Harris, P. Currow, R. Warriner, J. Miller, N. Neideck, Mr. C. Lipscumb (Choirmaster), C. Siddins, L. Hughes, W. Whitnall, A. Foulcher, D. Hayward, B. Lake, (accompanist), B. Simpson, T. Carter, R. Baker, J. Ross, L. Moore, G. Lewry, B. Abrathams, J. Crimson.

Third Row (left to right) : G. Davis, K. Imison, R. Nay, L. Green, B. Burns, M. Chapman, K. Hayes.

Fourth Row (left to right) : D. Samer, J. Thompson, B. Butler, T. Lovett, M. Thomas, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Jones, A. Bewley, A. O'Brien, R. Cullshaw, L. Brusel, P. Clout, H. Ball, W. Cronshaw, K. Eldridge.

Back Row (left to right) : B. Townshend, E. Hale, B. Bottomley, N. Delaney, C. Russell, H. McLeod, J. Shields, K. Young, P. Hutchison, M. Johnson, L. Morris, J. Angel, J. Brabant, L. Rteser.

After graduation, Mr. Johnstone served, as subject teacher, in various State High Schools. As a teacher of English and History he did very distinguished work. The many boys who passed through his classes have good reason to remember with gratitude his conscientious efforts on their behalf. And he gave more than the merely academic in his teaching. By his quiet, unassuming but insistent example, he showed the values and verities that change not with the fashion or the hour—strength of character, the uncompromising attitude where honesty and the fitness of behaviour were concerned, and that abiding fairness to all men. No one, boy or man, was not the better for having been in his company.

To Mrs. Johnstone, her daughter and son we extend the school's deepest sympathy and at the same time avow the school's high appreciation of Mr. Johnstone.

L'ENVOI

In the golden haze of summer noon
 The peacock spreads his colour in the sun ;
 The lilies ruffle in the gentle breeze
 While youths and maids are gathering
 Golden twigs to deck the hall of pleasure ;
 Sad men and women, trooping idly by,
 Show tragedy of faiths jewelled in their eyes ;
 Lush nature decks the gun emplacements
 With summer flowers and scented herbs ;
 The water plashes softly on the eastern shore
 As the gulls sway back and forth
 In sweet forgetfulness. Pan has returned.

—H.D.K.

ROAD TRANSPORT

Road transport may be classified into two sections—tramway and omnibus services. Each plays an important part, and, as has been experienced of late, there is great disorganisation when either or both cease to function.

All trams in N.S.W. are operated by the Government. There are two main systems, the larger being in Sydney, and the smaller in Newcastle. The total length of lines is 163 miles, 20 of which are in Newcastle. There are 1469 trams, and for the year ending June, 1947, 380 million passengers were carried. The gauge is the standard four feet eight and a half inches. The average length of a section is a little over two miles.

Sydney's first tramway ran from the Quay, along Pitt Street, to the old Redfern station. This tram was horse-drawn and was commenced in 1861. It was closed five years later. In 1879 a further line operating from the Railway to Hunter Street was converted to steam traction. The service was so successful that Parliament, in 1880, authorised the laying of more tracks. The next stage was electric traction, which was introduced experimentally in 1890, but it wasn't till 1899-1902 that practically all lines were electrified.

Omnibuses in N.S.W. are operated by private owners as well as by the Government—the latter mainly confining operations to Sydney and Newcastle. Horse drawn buses were operated in Sydney before 1861. The first motor bus appeared in 1905. In 1932 the services, as we now know them, were organised.

In Sydney there are over 1,200 'buses, of which over 600 are Government-owned. These latter operate from as far as Palm Beach in the north to Doll's Point in the south, and to Punchbowl and Meadowbank in the west. The five principal depôts—Burwood, Kingsgrove, Manly, North Sydney and Randwick—house the 'buses running in these areas. All Government buses have British diesel chassis, whilst the bodies are built locally. A large fleet of double-deckers ordered by the Government, is at present being delivered.

Some of the finest buses in Australia are to be found at Wollongong, which, in its way, is a model bus-city. In many country centres private owners are putting the trailer type of bus into operation. These can carry between 60 and 90 passengers, according to the particular body design.

However, for long distances and interstate travel the railway is the principal means of transport, and, of course, increasingly, the aeroplane.

—A.R.K. (4A).

? ? ?

Who talks of light and electric wire
And coils it round our stage-struck choir
And bellows so softly, "Fifths' retire!"
—I wonder who?

Who speaks the French with diction clear,
When of Scotland Yard we'd rather hear?
Gladly we'd follow his first career
—I wonder who?

Who ambles round in all his glory
And says, "Now boys, **that** is the story!"
Retails old jokes, bewhiskered, hoary,
—I wonder who?

Who counts the cash, and banks it, too,
And always has too much to do,
And speaks of "finance in a stew,"
—I wonder who?

Who treads a path through stately days,
And looks us through in level gaze
And says, "not safe!"—an oft-used phrase
—I wonder who?

Who wears that awe-inspiring boot,
And yells at us "Git oot! Git oot!"
Y'ken him well, I hae no doot
—I wonder who?

Whose depth of knowledge is profound,
Who says, "kid-stuff," and casts us down
As we tread on his "holy ground,"
—I wonder who?

Who decorates the corridor
With fugitives from his sudden roar,
Declaimed in the tones of an orator,
—I wonder who?

Who is it eschews the common-place,
 And carries a couple of yards of case,
 Has a tropical hat and disdainful face,
 —I wonder who?

"Now the period-bell is about to go . . ."
 Who is speaking? Don't we know!
 (As though a mere bell would stop that flow)
 —You wonder who?

Who's the bright sweet mannequin
 With the mushroom hat and spider pin?
 And coat of "genuine persimmon skin,"
 —I wonder who?

Who yells in a voice

But enough of this—it is poor stuff anyway, and lacking in respect and that sort of thing. K.S., who comes from 4D (it **would** be 4D!) is the perpetrator, though we suspect others had a hand in it too. Funny thing happened when we were dealing with K.S.'s contribution—that is, trying to decode his hieroglyphs—office door open, window open, and in blew a sudden gust of westerly. Out flew the K.S. sheets. Couldn't find them anywhere. Next day, along comes Mr. Cox: "This yours?" says he. "It is," says we. "Got it from Mr. ———," says he. "Oh, you needn't have bothered," says we. But we took it all the same. And attached to the K.S. masterpiece was a hideous scrawl, quite evidently done in rage, by a member of the staff, and from deep dark motives of revenge. Here it is:

What creature runs this Magazine,
 On the basis that boys be heard, not seen?
 I'm ready to work a guillotine,
 —If I knew who.

Above is a scurrilous verse or two,
 Penned from the opposite point of view,
 But I'll just show the herd of you
 I can do it too

Who "keeps nit" at the history door,
 (Self constituted monitor)
 And wags more jaw than a mother-in-law?
 —I wonder who?

Who's named by 4D "Whispering Will,"
 Through taxing teachers' audio skill,
 To hear his breathless shrill-ill-trill,
 —I wonder who?

And who reduced to a mere morceau
 The Lothario show mustachio
 So now it ain't going to grow no mo'
 —I wonder who?

Who struts

(Fortunately there was another blast of westerly and the rest of it vanished. We have asked Mr. Cox to burn it if he finds it. We can stand no more of it. Fancy, though, a member of the staff demeaning himself! But let it go: we can't speak calmly on the subject. Ed.)

OUR ADVERTISERS

We wish to thank our advertisers for the support they continue to give us, and we wish to thank, too, those advertisers who are appearing for the first time. The assistance so given, in no small way, makes it possible for the school to publish the Magazine. We know our readers will show their appreciation of this support in a practical way. And they might, too, help both the advertisers and ourselves by mentioning the Magazine.

AT CAIRNS WITH THE Y.A.L.

There were about one hundred and seventy of us Y.A.L. boys, and we arrived at Cairns very tired indeed after the long journey. We were soon placed in our huts at the Naval Barracks, and then we were allowed to go shopping and to see the town.

Next day, half of us went to visit the Mulgrave Central Sugar Mill at Gordonvale. Here we saw every process in the manufacture of sugar, from the unloading of the little trains that bring in the cane from the farms to the emptying of the brownish sugar from the "fugals." The atmosphere in the mill cloyed us with an overpowering odour, something like that of burnt sugar.

On the following day we went to Ellis Beach, and here we searched for shells and other souvenirs. The beach is one of the beauty spots of Cairns.

Next we went by schooner to Green Island, which is a typical coral island. Low-lying and flat, nearly circular in shape, it is surrounded by beach, composed chiefly of powdered coral. We were divided into groups of twenty and went out over the reef in large row-boats. These boats have clear glass boxes fitted into their bottoms, and through these we obtained excellent views of the marvels of the reef—giant clams, brilliantly coloured coral in all its stages, and the even more brilliant fish of all sizes and colours.

Then we went, on the following day, to Kuranda, Queensland's most beautiful railway station. Kuranda's about twenty miles from Cairns, and over a thousand feet higher. We went by motor-train, passing over the Stoney Creek Falls on our way. After our arrival we crossed the Barron River to see the wonderful tropical jungle on the other side. And we saw, too, Australia's most magnificent falls—the far-famed Barron Falls, where the big river tumbles down over the jagged, black cliffs, and then, boiling, seething, white with foam, pursues its troubled way through the Barron Gorge.

Our last trip was to the Atherton Tablelands, by bus and via Mareeba. This town is the centre of a large tobacco-growing district. We visited those two lakes, Eacham and Barrine, round bright eyes they seemed, with dark green jungle closing them in. We were told that they were crater lakes. Between Eacham and Barrine we saw two giant trees. One was a red cedar, said to be 2000 years old. It was 160 feet high, had a girth of 37 feet, and the value of its timber was estimated at £1400. The other was a fig, or rather three huge figs that joined to form a single trunk about fifty feet above the ground.

On the return trip to Cairns we came down the Range Road—twelve miles with six-hundred and twelve curves!

Next day we commenced our journey home, very sunburnt, very happy after our wonderful tour of Cairns and its surroundings, and the famous Barrier Reef.

—B. JENKINS (4A).

SPEAKING OF RELATIONS

People are often proud of their relations, or pretend to be. I'm not, and I don't. My relations are very disappointing, and I am not one bit better off for any of them. When I was very, very young they came miles to see me. They said to mother, "He's the very image of you. Look at his nose!" And they said to father, "But he's like you, too. Look at his ears!" I don't remember this, but it's true all the same. They gave me nothing.

When I was to receive my Christian names a fat and rich uncle came from a remote part of the State to be my god-father. Now, there was an opportunity, both for me and the fat, rich uncle. To this very day father speaks of it with great difficulty and much bitterness. What did that rich fat uncle do beyond goosing at me and proudly carrying me about? Nothing. He gave me nothing. Unless you can call a cream suit of baby clothes something. No money—only those ridiculous cream clothes. Such a colour, too! They acquired dirt from nowhere, and were no sooner on than they were dirty. I feel nearly as sorry for father as for myself. Father really did think that the rich and the fat would do a fair thing by me.

And then there was another uncle—father's cousin or something, but we didn't know what else to call him, not when he was about, anyway. Well, this Uncle Ned was a man of leisure. He lived on the beach and the dole in summer. In winter he lived on the dole. When I was five or thereabouts, Uncle Ned heard of me and took an immediate and persistent interest in me. He came to see me every day—just on dinner time—to see how I was progressing. He didn't give me anything. He knew mother and father were proud—in a way—and he knew proud people don't like accepting. Uncle Ned was strong on the etiquette underlying such matters, so he gave me nothing. But he did one thing for me: he was always telling me of the grand car he had. Still, he was always walking when he came to our place. I coaxed and wheedled him to bring the car. "Bring the car, Uncle Ned, and give me a ride."

"And that I will," said he.

He was as bad as his word. Next time he came in a car. Such a beautiful car!

"You have a nice care there," said father grimly.

"Oh, not so bad, not so bad," replied Uncle Ned in his easy, casual way. "She'll do for me."

Uncle Ned was right—she did.

We hadn't gone as far as the corner when two policemen took more than a passing interest in Uncle Ned's car. I don't know exactly what happened, but we never saw that car again, nor Uncle Ned. It was said that he was living in retirement—somewhere in the country.

About the time I was old enough to wear a water pistol I stayed with Auntie Fay. Auntie Fay lived in a distant suburb where water pistols were much out of favour. Said Auntie Fay, "You are a bad, wicked boy! Red ink, too! Whatever will become of you, I don't know." I never recovered that pistol. And did Auntie Fay give me anything? She didn't—only lectures, whenever she could catch me. And, oh yes, she gave me a bath the first evening I was there. She actually gave me a bath. A bath, mind you! And, apart from hands, face, legs and feet, I was perfectly clean! I had thought I was to have a holiday at Auntie Fay's.

That same night it rained heavily. Next morning it was fine and clear again, but there remained a large puddle below the steps to the back verandah.

Auntie Fay said, "You must stay on the verandah—the ground is too wet to play. And keep those clothes clean." Auntie Fay reminded me a good deal of mother—they were sisters.

I played on the verandah and rode a dinky up and down. I was a cowboy, but I had no pistol. I had to make a finger and thumb substitute for a six-shooter. All went well till I pursued a rustler—down those steps. Well, there were only two steps, and I was sure I could negotiate these, and stay on my horse, and catch my rustler, too.

And then! That puddle wasn't so deep, but it was cold. And muddy. Aunty Fay appeared at the very wrong moment. She was a strong woman, a very strong woman, and I still have the marks to prove it.

Next day—after the pigeon episode—Auntie Fay took me home. She said to mother, "Jenny, I'm not as young as I used to be," whatever that might mean. And mother said to me, "Thank Auntie Fay and say you are sorry."

I was sorry all right. But that is all Auntie Fay ever did for me. I think Uncle Ned was better—in good intentions, at any rate.

No, all things considered, I have mighty little to thank my relations for. As an institution, relations are much over-rated. I am not denying that I may have faults myself, but my relations have not treated me fairly. What have they done for me? —K. COLLEY (5A).

P.S.—I fear I have been unjust to Uncle Ned. He was, I find, a very distant relation to father. Mother says that Uncle Ned and father had a common ancestor. And I seem to gather that he was very common. —K.C.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Office-Bearers

Patron: H. Gordon Jackett, M.L.A.

President: W. J. Court.

Vice-Presidents: N. Vaughan, G. Whitnall.

Hon. Treasurer: E. Crawford.

Hon. Secretary: R. A. Beasley.

Although the year has been one of great and successful activity, it is to be regretted that membership numbers are not more satisfactory. Only 294 parents have joined the Association during the twelve months.

The War Memorial Address System is in full operation and is proving a valuable asset to the school. I should like, on behalf of the P. & C., to thank all parents who contributed to the fund and who assisted on fete day; also the Headmaster, staff and boys for their co-operation.

The Association has blacked out the Assembly hall, enabling the school to make full use of the projector unit, purchased two years ago by the P. & C.

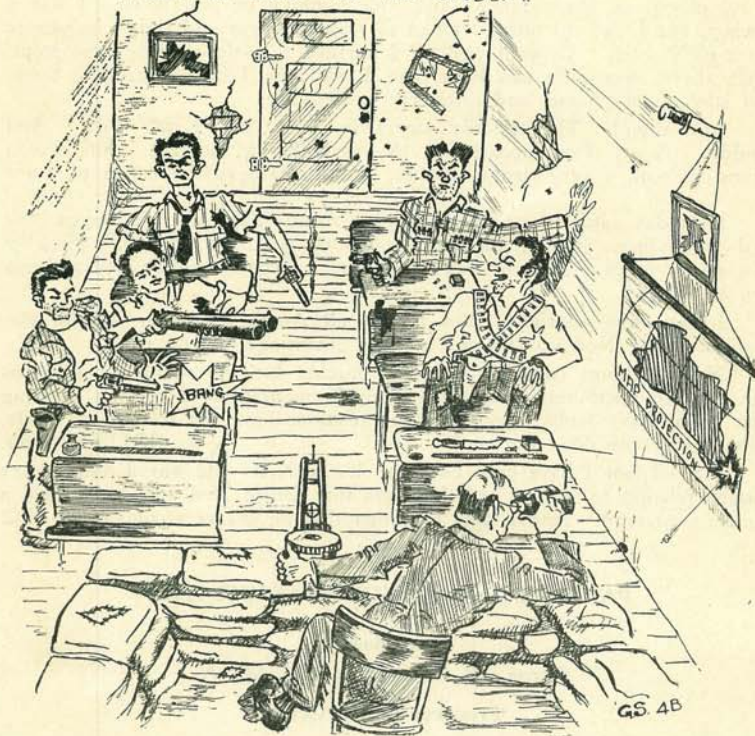
After representations by the Association, the Department of Education has painted the outside of the school and has asphalted an additional area of playground.

Prizes for the Speech Day function were again donated by the P. & C.

The needs of the school are many, and we ask you to become active members of the P. & C. Help to make Homebush a High School in all respects. You are cordially invited to attend our meetings, which are held in the school Library on the third Wednesday of each month. Annual subscription is one shilling.

—R. A. BEASLEY.

A BETTER DEAL FOR THE STUDENT.



A NEW DEAL IN EDUCATION

(Any resemblance to persons now living—or now dead—is entirely intentional. Any disputes arising from this—well, my duel-hour is 10.15 a.m. sharp, Saturday.)

Teachers in America don't seem to be getting a fair go at all. The President has forbidden the use of police batons as a means of restoring order in N.Y. schools. A Brooklyn magistrate, very properly criticising the ban on batons, says, "It should **not** be necessary for teachers to carry guns in their classes."

Now, while I recognise that I have missed a lot of fun by being born in the wrong place, I feel the N.Y. lads are not being given a fair break. It's all right for the teacher in his machine-gun nest, with the latest model Vickers in readiness, but, gad sir! it's definitely not sporting. It isn't cricket, what! And it may make the children grow up embittered—not given a fair chance, and all that bally rot.

So what . . . ? I say that every student should be allowed to carry a forty-five, but on the condition that it be used only in self-defence—or in a moment of extreme and justifiable exasperation. There should also be an open season declared on teachers—say at Christmas. That at least would lend an air of fairness to the relations of pupil and teacher . . .

I can imagine something of this sort:

"Jones!" says the teacher, squinting over his machine-gun, "who discovered gold in Alaska?"

"Heck!" says Jones.

"Wrong! Have another go."

"Aw . . . !"

"Now then, my lad, I've got you covered!"

"And," says a voice from the back row, "I've had a bead on **you**, wise guy, for ten minutes. You just go ahead and tell **him** who found the gold in Alaska."

"Yair, you've got the drop on me—this time. I'll tell. It was Wild Bill."

"Hikok?"

"Hikok!"

"Fancy that, now. I thought it was old Dan'l Boone."

"Well, now you know, see? Now, Murn, indicate on the wall map the capital of Iceland."

Bang!

"Rotten shot, Murn. Taking the scale of that map to be fifty miles to the inch, you've missed the capital by three miles."

Murn's face reddens, and then pales beneath the powder burns. To hide his confusion he fans his gun.

"Murn!" says the teacher in a blending of sorrow and anger. "Murn," put that gun away and stay in at 3.30."

"Aw, sir, what for?"

"Target practice, Murn, that's what."

"Yep. But . . ."

"Don't you dare say 'yep' to me!"

"Yeah, then."

"That's better. Well, what?"

"My gun's out of alignment."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Yep!"

"One more break like that, and . . ."

"Yeah . . . Met the old Who's-this. Down in Burlington Road, that was My gun was unloaded, and so . . ."

"Murn! Murn! Unloaded. Let that be a lesson to you. And to the rest of you, too."

"And so I slapped him down hard with the butt."

"You beauty!" roars the class.

"Stop that! Now, tell me, Murn, did you? — do you think? Completely . . .?"

"Not so sure—he was still breathing. A little, that is."

"Poor show, Murn, not so hot at all. Looks like a repeat performance."

(Where have I heard that before?—repeat performance!)

At this precise moment I woke up, still tingling with excitement and other pleasurable sensations. And my dream merged into reflection and cogitations. What if Homebush were like this? Oh, if it were I'd never leave. Except, perhaps, in an ambulance or patrol wagon.

Still, it wouldn't do. No, it wouldn't. Think of the sad moments in the very toughness of the circumstances . . . The vacant desk! . . . The unused locker with its pitiful quota of degraded publications, spare ammo, marbles, dice, its detonators and the worn razor with four notches in the handle! , , , And teacher would point to that vacant desk: "Ah, boys, L—y has passed his Leaving all right! Good marks, too . . . Three to the heart, and one between the eyes!"

Sobs!

"This, boys, looks like an opportunity . . . And, oh, yes! You have heard it said, you may have even said it yourself (oh, please don't laugh) that the present-day school-boy gets a wider education than his father ever had. How true! How very true! But . . . Alas, poor L—y. I knew him well, a fellow of infinite . . ."

Enough of this! Perhaps you're right—I have been working too hard lately.

A CRYING NEED

One phase of our school life is suffering neglect, and that is the library. That is not to say that the library, such as it is, hasn't been well and enthusiastically conducted. It has been, and not a boy in the school but will pay hearty tribute to the earnest and valuable work of Miss Hegarty. And no one deplures more, and realises more, the starved condition of the library than Miss Hegarty.

Starved! There are scarce sufficient funds available to make up for replacement of inevitable wear, tear and losses—much less for acquisition. There is inadequacy of housing for books; there are no fit and proper chairs; there are no suitable tables and stands for the larger books of reference; there is no one section of the library that is reasonably complete. Fiction, for example, is miserably limited, the great works of English literature are too few; the great books of the world are scantily represented—and then in tabloid form, as often as not; French and German literature—and the Classics—are in meagre supply, and all this can be said over again for Science, History, Geography, Economics, Music, Art, the Manual Arts and Crafts. And pictures! Where are they? Where are they anywhere in the school, for that matter? . . .

There are, of course, many books in our library—thousands of volumes. But the range and quality of these might well be questioned, as well as the number. After all, a real library must cater for a great variety of tastes and needs. And then, above all, there is no full-time librarian! The librarian now can give to library work only what can be spared from other duties. So even now there is denial of full use of what we at present have.

This, for 800 boys and a staff of nearly 50. No educational institution worthy of the name can be satisfied with a library of this sort. A good library is at once the nerve centre and the life blood of a great school. There is no substitute. Student or teacher should be able to enter the library with every confidence of finding what he seeks. What matter if any particular book is needed and used by a very limited number. The fact that a few do need and use it justifies the purchase.

We want books, more books, more space, fit conditions and a full-time officer in charge.

Funds! Of course it means money, a great deal of money, well spent money. But a thousand pounds, say, would help. A useful beginning at least.

WHY IS A WHALE?

There are many kinds of whales—sperm, hump-backed, blue, white, Prince of, and New South. Whales have calves, but no feet. They are the only fish that blow their noses. Their young swim in schools, but don't learn anything—whales are too big.

From whales we get ambergris verdigris and candlegris.

Whales don't travel sideways. This may be due to lack of initiative or just pure nastiness.

Whales have no fins.

The catching of whales is most exciting and is done with harpoons. The harpoon is a little harp. The instrument is thrown at the whale and the whale wails and blubbers.

Whales do not make very suitable pets. They can't be trusted and are likely to kick the face of the hand that feeds them.

Whales sound frequently, but never shout.

Don't like whales.

—J.W. (3A).

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

I.S.C.F

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship has had a very successful year. The attendances at meetings has been most encouraging. The juniors met regularly on Mondays, and the seniors on Thursdays.

We have had a number of visiting speakers, including Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and Mr. Foord (the Secretary of I.S.C.F.).

Quite a number of discussions and question-times were held, the boys actively participating.

We would like to thank the Principal, Mr. Watson, Mr. Leeder, Mr. Sykes and Mr. Hall for their assistance during the year.

It is hoped that those leaving school will link up with the E.U. at the University, or the S.T.C.C.F. at the Technical College.

Let us remember that Christianity is not something we put on for Sundays only, but is for the twenty-four hours of the day.

—S. SKILLICORN.

* * *

CADETS

The year 1948 has been a year of considerable difficulty for our detachment, largely on account of a continually changing instructional staff and "Q" troubles.

I must hasten to add that this does not reflect on S.O.S.C. staff, who were unusually courteous and helpful, but was due to wider problems of general re-organisation and preparation for the training of the Citizen Forces.

During the past month the old system of control from Victoria Barracks has been de-centralised, and the detachment is now under command of the 8th Cadet Bn., based on Belmore. The effects are already becoming evident.

The 1947 annual camp was attended by 40 cadets of our detachment, and despite almost continuous rain, the camp was an unqualified success. At the camp the detachment was commended by the C.O. for its general smartness and impeccable behaviour.

The brunt of the work this year has been carried by the Cadet-Lieutenants and N.C.O's., particularly Cadet-Lieutenants Mantova and Harper, and S/Sgt. Adams, the Q.M.

—J. SMILES, O.C. Det.

* * *

THE LIBRARY

The school owes a great debt of gratitude to Miss Hegarty, who, for years so ably filled the position of librarian. Her efforts were untiring and the difficulties under which she had to work were great. But she succeeded in making the library a very real part of our school life.

Miss Hegarty has taken long leave and will travel abroad during the next twelve months. The heartiest good wishes of all go with her.

Miss Horner has taken up Miss Hegarty's duties. May her time with us be happy.

During the year the Library Committee and a party of Fourth years visited the Public Library. They were conducted through many places not open to general inspection—such as the Shakespeare room, the stock rooms, the magazine and school libraries centres.

Our reference section has been well used this year by the senior boys. Attendance at lunch hour has greatly increased.

The juniors as usual, have been the greatest users of the fiction section. The number of fiction readers among the seniors has fallen considerably. More than anything else this indicates the need of more books in the section.

The Library Committee for the year: D. Hayward, L. Hughes, B. Abrahams, K. Holmes, A. Kentwell and B. Cockburn. These librarians have brought to their work keen interest and unflagging zeal. The whole school is greatly indebted to them.



DEBATERS

Back Row : O. Latta, N. Hickson, O. Giles.
Front Row : M. Withers, R. Ross, Mr. H. D. Kevans, S. Skillicorn, D. Palmer.

DEBATING

The year has been one of great success in the way of activity, and moderate success in the way of wins. Our senior team in the Hume-Barbour Competition, R. Ross, S. Skillicorn and D. Palmer, was defeated in the first round. The junior team, M. Withers, O. Giles, N. Hickson and O. Latta, had reached the semi-finals when this issue went to print. We hope greatly for their ultimate success.

House debating was again a pleasing feature during the year. In the competition, run in two divisions, the seniors was won by Blaxland and the juniors by Lawson.

In competitions run by the Royal Empire Society, D. Palmer and J. Meagher secured two thirds in their divisions for Oratory; O. Latta and N. Hickson secured fourths, and R. Ross gained firsts in the Singles and Impromptu in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod competitions.

In the Radiola Cup competition (for adults) Homebush defeated the N.S.W. Police team.

Inter-school debates of a non-competitive nature were held during the year. In these we defeated North Sydney and Canterbury, while Hornsby Girls' had a well-deserved win over our team.

The future of debating in the school looks bright indeed.—R.R.



ORCHESTRA

Front Row (left to right) : P. Bryant, J. Angel, O. Latta, Mr. C. Lipscomb K. Webber,
N. Tooth, E. Hughes.
Back Row (left to right) : R. Gulliver, L. Budge, J. Bayley, R. Harris, R. Ross,
D. Griffiths, K. Condie.

MUSIC

Homebush High School Choir, at the request of the Education Department, took part in the Centenary of Education week. The choir was reorganised and increased in membership to 65. A fine three-part choir—entirely from first and second years—was formed. A section of these, with the addition of 25 from fourth year, played an important part later in the Music and Drama Festival. Their performance was of a very high standard.

The Orchestra did well, too, at the Festival. Small in numbers and still lacking the foundation bass instruments, the orchestra showed what pleasing harmony a small group of instruments can give.

In the 1947 I.C. examination we achieved one hundred per cent of passes. All five candidates gained 65% and over. Congratulations! And best wishes to students at this year's I.C. and L.C. —C. LIPSCOMB.

* * *

AIR TRAINING CORPS

The A.T.C. is now firmly established at Homebush with a roll strength of over forty.

The flight, No. 11, was formed in 1944 by S/Ldr. Shaw, and P/O. Piper was appointed O/C., with Mr. Hill as assistant instructor. The following year P/O. Piper was promoted to F/O. and Mr. Hill was commissioned into the A. and S.D. branch of the R.A.A.F.

This year F/O. Piper is teaching at Maitland, and F/Lt. Havard is now the Officer Commanding.

The past 15 months have been a very successful period for the Corps. There have been ten-day attachments to Richmond R.A.A.F. station every school vacation. Whilst in attendance at these camps, cadets have at least one flight and are trained in the use of portable transmitters, automatic weapons, and, of course, range procedure. Frequent visits have also been made to the Malabar rifle range.

Boys are eligible to join the A.T.C. the year they turn fourteen, providing they are physically fit.—P.A.K.

HOW WITHERS PASSED THE SCORE

When Withers faced the bowling
 The score was ninety-four;
 He had a task before him—
 They needed fifty more.

He faced the bowler grimly—
 He was right upon his toes;
 He missed the first one badly—
 It whistled past his nose.

He pulled himself together
 And waited very tense;
 The next one was a slow one—
 He hit it to the fence.

For nearly half an hour
 He drove with might and main;
 The bowler sent a loose one down—
 Another sixer came.

And still he battled gamely—
 They needed just two more;
 He slammed the next into the stand—
 And Withers passed the score.

—J. PHIZACLEA (1C).

SAYINGS—FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS

Listen, son, can't you act like a human being?
 Watch the board while I go through it!
 Look out! The Boss!
 What can I do for you, boy friend?
 These boys fall out!
 That's where the rot sets in!
 That's the story!
 You're not safe!
 Is anyone going to the tuck-shop?
 What are you doing out of your class?
 I don't want to see boys wandering round the school on Wednesday
 mornings.
 Southern assembly, right turn! Prefects take over!
 Hurry up, latecomers!
 Any boys here with book or sports money?
 These boys come to the transport office at the end of the assembly . . .
 Git oot o' my hedge!
 I can hear your noise in my office.
 Here he comes!
 You should have your books out and be working quietly when I
 come in.
 Lay off me!
 It's a poor show, 4B.
 Can't you listen . . . !
 Quiet . . . humble . . . unassuming.
 Son, your work is heavenly . . . like nothing on earth.
 Attention please! . . . This is the Headmaster speaking . . .
 You are sure to get this in the paper . . .
 We won everything yesterday—in fact, we had a field day.
 I'm not bragging, but I am a good coach.
 BOVRIL !!!

OLD BOYS' UNION

Office Bearers, 1948

Patrons : W. Roberts, Esq. ; A. D. Watson, Esq.

President : H. R. Moxham.

Vice-President : A. N. Bryant.

Hon. Secretary : N. G. Hincksmann.

Hon. Assistant Secretary : C. R. Alexander.

Hon. Treasurer : B. M. Bacon.

Committee : R. R. Brown, H. A. King, T. C. Siddins, R. Foley, P. A. Thors, N. J. Holland, G. O. Tweeddale.

REPORT

The Union, now in its ninth year, gladly presents a brief report of its activities for 1948, prefacing this with a short historical review.

In May, 1940, a large body of old boys and teachers met in the Assembly Hall to form the O.B.U. Mr. W. Roberts, then Headmaster, was elected President. The Union was an immediate success and a large membership was built up, as well as a considerable bank balance. By November, 1941, however, almost all old boys were on active service and the Union virtually went into recess till April, 1945, when Mr. Roberts and 164 old boys and teachers enthusiastically revived it.

Unfortunately the immediate post-war years were not very successful ones, but thanks to the ever willing support of our Patrons, the Union now gives promise of a bright future.

Social Functions : The object of these, apart from any financial considerations, is to renew old school friendships and to foster new ones. Two highly successful smokos were held this year, members greatly appreciating the informal atmosphere of these gatherings.

A series of monthly theatre parties is being held. We hope at the end of the year, to arrange for an Annual Ball, in partnership with our sister Union, Hornsby High School Old Girls' Union.

Sport : The Annual Rugby Union Football match, O.B.U. v. School, took place in May. A strong O.B.U. XV. carried off the honours. Score, 45 to 5. The annual tennis match resulted in a win for the O.B.U., 8 sets to 0, 50 games to 20. But the school team was unlucky in not winning at least two sets. The annual cricket match will take place in mid-November, and the old boys are hoping to win the treble this year.

We do hope that the school obtains as much enjoyment from these matches as we do, and that the present boys learn something of skill and sportsmanship from their predecessors.

General : During the year the O.B.U. co-operated with the P. & C. in raising money for the school's War Memorial Public Address System. We wish to thank the P. & C. Association, and many individuals too numerous to mention here, for their kind and valuable assistance at all times.

This year the Union has instituted an annual Old Boys' Prize, to be presented on Speech Day, to the fifth year boy "most distinguished in scholastics and sport."

In conclusion, we wish to invite all boys leaving school at the end of this year to become members of the Union. The membership fee is the very modest sum of five shillings per year. Further information may be obtained from the Principal, at the school, or from the Secretary, whose address is 1A Gregory Avenue, Croydon.

—N. G. HINCKSMAN, Hon. Secretary.

PARODIES

Like a rash—evidently it is catching, too—there has of late been an outbreak of parodies. We don't like parodies—they are so—so disrespectful, perverting and—er—subversive. But, just as a warning, we submit a few of the very worst of them:

Now just look at this sort of thing, perpetrated by a certain J.W. (3E):

The sunlight falls on high brick walls
And windowed summits, two in storey.
Ring out, wild bell your message tell—
The period's gone to glory.
Ring, bell, ring, set the first years flying,
And answer, defects, answer, sighing, sighing, sighing.

Oh, Pop, they rush in one wild crush,
Like startled sheep, or flooded river:
Grab pies and cakes!—the counter shakes
And the walls and ceilings quiver.
Blow, order, blow; send the wild defects flying,
Buy tucker, buy; buying, buying, buying.

(“The Splendour Falls.”)

Or this:

“See what a rent the envious Casca paid!” (“Julius Caesar.”)

And this:

“When they reached the mountain's summit even Clancy took a pill.”
 (“Man from the Snowy River.”)

And:

“One more unfortunate, weary of work,
Rashly importunate—started to shirk.” (“Bridge of Sighs.”)

Surely this is personal, too:

“You yet may see the school at play
And pictures on the screen;
But Meagher's mo that once was gay
Will never more be seen.” (“Lucy Gray.”)

This is merely trying to be funny:

“Sing a song o' Tuckshop,
And Monday morning pie;
Four and twenty ate some—
They are sure to die.” (Classical Rhymes.)

As bad as anything is this:

“Strike! Strike! Strike!
On thy cold black coal, woe's me!
For there's only air in the gas stove
And I'd love a cup of tea.

Oh, well for the coalie boy,
That he shouts for his weekly pay;
Oh, well for old Ben himself—
At least he'll have something to say.

And the costly mines stay idle,
And the papers are full of lies;
But, oh, for the taste of something hot,
And the sound of something that fries.

Strike! Strike! Strike!
And I shiver from neck to knee,
But the vanished gas in the cooker
Will never come back to me.”

(“Break! Break! Break!”)

This disgraceful effort apparently comes from 2C (is there a fellow named R. Gulliver in that class?) :

Our dear (?) Mr. Coutts has come in like a pest,
With the dreaded announcement, "You're having a test!"
Our legs—they did shake as that Mr. Coutts spoke :
"Now we will see if your heads are of oak!"

But before we could find all the sheets we required
The test had begun and the questions were fired ;
Our thoughts were aflame—we were seething with spite—
As we wrote down our answers and hoped they were right.

It goes on and on—just like that. Awful! And it just goes to show what they do in 2C.

HOW I CLIMBED THE HILL

I paused a moment at the foot of Tavener's and surveyed that mighty top—above and before me. Then with a rush I was off. I roared in my stern resolve. I shouted my stirring war song :

"I can do it! I can do it!"

Every bolt in me, every nut rattled as my power increased. My frame shook. Sudden bursts of steam came from the cap of my radiator. And still I chanted : "I can do it! I can do it!"

Men laughed, boys jeered ; old ladies with string-bags hurried back to the pavement and said, "Oh, my!" or, "Oh, dear!" Dogs barked. One nasty mong chased me, snarling and snapping at my poor, worn tyres. But I cried out, "I can do it! I — can do it!" And the mong went back to his companions.

Onward! Upward! Tyres clutching desperately at the slippery surface! Wheels spinning in mad frenzy every few yards! Then on again! Ever upwards! And I sang : "I — can do it! I — can — do it!"

And I still kept on. Opposite Fort Street at last. I saw the boys on the lawn—never did I hear such rude and insulting remarks. Oh, the cheap things boys will say! One even suggested ringing for the R.S.P.C.A. I noted him—an urchin if there ever was such a thing. His face was all pimples. And I was glad he had pimples. I snorted and shouted : "I — can — do it! I — can — do it!"

My pride was hurt. I redoubled my efforts. That wasn't possible but I did it somehow. My driver made several attempts to desert me, but I shook so violently that he didn't dare. I left Fort Street astern. And the top was before me. "I — can — do — it I — can — do — it!"

And then! With sides heaving, with geysers from my radiator, I made one last rush. "I — can! I — can! I — can!" With victory a few yards before me my heart burst.

"I — can't!"

A man came along, such a nice man. He said, "Those old nought-nine models were game enough for anything."

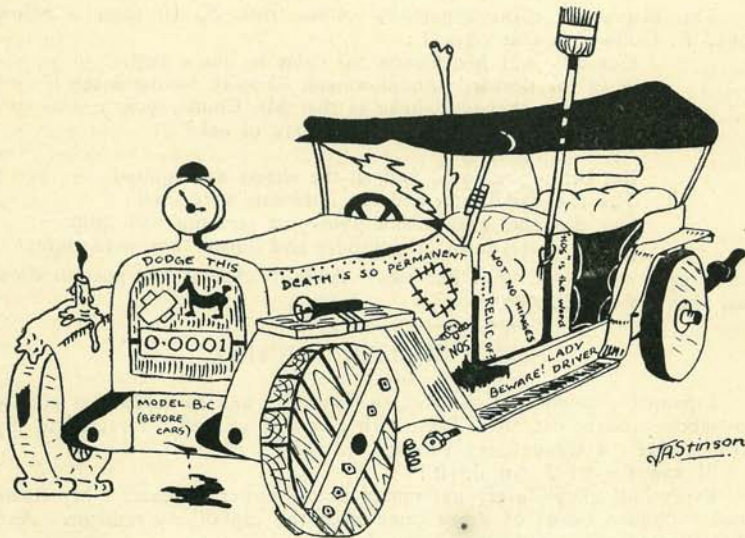
And then I died.

—R. STIMSON (1C)

ODE TO ME—BY ME.

I am the Poet Laureate—
Of that there is no question.
But I'm too tough to masticate—
I give Laurie indigestion.

—YSSE (3A).



AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY

On the sixth-day of our expedition we came upon a barren, wind-swept space of ground which ancient tradition associates with the Apostles, especially St. Luke. Here were many curious and interesting excavations, made, we were told, by a strange race of boys with, of all things, running shoes. And then we came upon an ancient chariot. We examined it closely, but the mystery of its age and making deepened as we went. One of the party, however, insisted that this tottering relic of the ages gone was of French origin, saying that in the repositories for such things in Southern France there were others somewhat resembling it. But even he had to admit the uniqueness of our find.

What meant those hieroglyphics? On the sides were several of these, marked, it would seem, with some form of calcium carbonate. The sides themselves were of tin—originally, though the metal had long since oxidised. There were four wheels—two in front and two behind. These were comparatively round, indicating some skill in the ancient craftsman. There were actually tyres on the wheels, and these were made of that primitive rubber that we know the ancients used on their higher class chariots. But this rubber was, of course, parched and perished.

He who had insisted on the French origin of our discovery was just as positive that this vehicle had once belonged to a queen. The crude drawing on the back of the chariot was, he declared, that of a queen. Further, he deduced, that she was vain and loved much to attract notice. As evidence of this, he pointed to an object attached to the rear, and not unlike a modern petrol tin. This must have rattled noisily when the chariot moved. Further, since there were large openings in the sides, the queen would be readily gazed upon by her admiring people and slaves . . .

There was a roof covering of sorts, but the material used was beyond our recognising or naming. Certainly a kind of paper had been used, but whether this was the original cover or subsequent patching we could by no means determine.

Inside was a carved piece of wood, and brittle to the touch it looked. Our imaginative friend declared that this was a steering wheel, though we

thought such a conclusion a trifle far-fetched. But, still, there was a protuberance in front not at all unlike the bonnet of one of our early model motor cars. And certainly, through the gaping cracks could be seen a strange piece of mechanism quite evidently designed as a means of propulsion or automobilism. Is it possible that the ancients had lighted upon the profundities of the internal combustion engine? The thought is a serious and disturbing one and might well cause a complete revision of all our so-called knowledge of ancient history. However, the specimen before us was so corroded that we dared not make fuller examination lest it fall to dust under our hands.

More amazing still, on this day of surprises, our reader of ancient signs joined us at this moment. He went over the hieroglyphs with that strange wild light in his eyes that had more than once brought him into trouble where the authorities were ignorant and unsympathetic. "Look, you," said he, pointing to some calcium carbonate markings, "these can mean no other than: 'This is fragile: use no hooks!'"

Then he pointed out a rude drawing on what appeared to be a door of the chariot. "Look at this—a tribal god!" He grew excited—"Some there are that claim this to be a goddess—that she is looking over a back fence, with a mouthful of clothes pegs. Indeed they avow that she is the patron-goddess of the early housewife. But out upon such notions—that you see there is without doubt the tribal god of speed."

The conclusions were somewhat beyond us. A more prosaic and unimaginative explanation of that drawing was given by the youngest of the party. Said he: "Look at those solid seats: surely that figure must be the spring-god retiring into horrified seclusion."

But the reader of ancient signs laughed him to scorn. Then he grew serious again. "I shall render," said he "this piece of ancient moralising." He traced his finger over the markings: "Death is so permanent," he read.

* * *

Over the bare and wind-swept space a terrible voice blared from that most fiendish of man's inventions, that awful gadget called the amplifier.

"Get away from that car of Miss Perrin's. That's the tenth time I've told you—and I won't tell you again!"

—ALAN R. LIGHT (2C).

MATHEMATICAL MUSE

Now sit I here with determination
 To try to solve this—this—equation:
 Is it surd or ratio?
 I **don't** know.
 First I'll square it and take the series . . .

And I get a binomial,
 But the answer is trinomial.
 It is maybe a co-ordinate—
 So let me take a subordinate—
 Drat it! that's a clause:
 I'd better pause . . .
 Could I take the reciprocal?
 No, that's too logarhythmical!
 It looks an inverse variation—
 But I forgot the application . . .
 The easy way! I'll take a spell
 And—ch—show it to Mr. Break—eh—well.

CORRESPONDENCE

[It is not our wont to print letters to the Editor. As you well know, correspondents to papers generally suffer from some form of mental aberration, the chief part of which is a fierce and useless indignation. No one ever reads their letters, but this doesn't deter them. As a class or type they run to such names as One Who Knows, Ratepayer, One of Them, Father of Ten, Mother of Six, and, of course, that weird individual, Pro Bono.

Here we depart from the policy of the magazine and print the letter sent in by Indignant Motorist. It is an unusual letter and you will read it. Unfortunately it is too long to print in full. We give a few brief excerpts from its 37 pages, but as the rest of it was exactly the same, the omissions won't matter.—Ed.]

"Dear Sir,

It becomes increasingly evident that certain elements in our Institution [the cap is ours—Ed.] see fit to use my vehicle as a butt for irreverent jesting and uninformed comment. I demand the right of reply to a series of amateur sketches, photographs, graffiti, quips, explosions of mirth, reference in concert items, even parody in song . . .

"You will, sir, I am sure, join with me in deploring three prominent features in the modern boy which augur ill for the future of this fair land of ours: One—the youth of to-day cares only for outward appearance. Two—he cannot distinguish between essential and non-essential. Three—he makes wild judgments, not based on observed facts, in support of pre-conceived ideas . . . [We omit the next ten pages—Ed.]

"Now, where was I? Oh, yes—those deplorable features. Let me deal with those in order. Firstly: this modern boy sees a hood which certainly does not conform to the conventional type. But does he pause to consider that wood for new hood bows was unobtainable during the late lamented unpleasantness—an event which, I freely admit, only scientific and practical men could have brought about. Does he, I say, realise that a mere woman, with canvas, sash cord and nails, has shown again that gift of original invention which is so admired as an Australian characteristic?

[The next six pages deal with the inventiveness and initiative of the modern woman. You can take it for granted.—Ed.] "No, sir, in his shallow fashion he jeers—jeers at split unholstery. But does he ask why it is split? He does not. Let him load into any car some hundredweight of wood, or the component parts of a wardrobe, or a six foot settee, plus some cane chairs, plus a telephone table and stool, or a ten foot canoe of galvanised iron! Naturally the men who want these things moved cannot be expected to put them into their nice shiny automobiles. You see, sir, my generosity has been the downfall of the Dodge: a man borrows it and knocks a door on a stump. I don't complain, I suffer in silence the mockery of the populace. Another man leaves my car in the sea air and hastens the rusting that age began—alas, how I have suffered! [Four pages here of suffering—Ed.]

To my second point: What is the essential thing in a car Surely the engine. Does modern youth investigate the regular attention given to this vital part? Not he—for him it is out of sight, out of mind.

"Thirdly: 'Scrap the rubber' he scrawls on my tyres—my beautiful expensive and very sound tyres. Is this perhaps sabotage? A deep laid plot to discredit the reliability of my car? 'Broomstick support for hood,' said a recent drawing. But that youth did not see the superb new hood, the special frame brackets which have made unnecessary such small improvisations as broom sticks!

"To conclude, sir, I am disappointed that there seems not the slightest spark of gratitude in our modern youth. Has not my car brightened the dull monotony of their school days as no other object has done in or about our Institution? [Cap again ours.—Ed.] Has it not provided a stage setting for the gambolling cats which have beguiled the tedium of lesson periods? How many boys have had practical training for treasure hunting—that time they delved in the back seat for some specified object among an unpredictable miscellany of tins, tools, rope, mugs, carpets and cases?

"Personally I am humbly grateful for the chance of enlivening their dull existences, and, incidentally, I can congratulate many of the commentators on their doubtful wit.

I am, etc.,

—INDIGNANT MOTORIST."

UNITED NATIONS

The man was in the witness box,
His Honour raised his hand:
"I wish you'd answer clearly—
What is your native land?"

"My mother came from Ireland,
My dad from Germany;
I was born on a Swedish ship
Upon the Coral Sea.

That ship sailed under Belgian flag;
The captain was a Jew;
I landed first on Spanish soil,
And wandered as I grew."

The foreman coughed uneasily,
The lawyer's face was red.
"League of Nations!" cried the judge—
"Case dismissed!" he said.

—J. CAMPBELL (1A)

FIFTH YEAR, 1947

(Affectionately dedicated to certain fifth year students who met their "untimely fates" after the publication of results in the early weeks of this present year.)

Concentration;
Meditation;
Desperation;
Examination.

Long vacation;
Communication;
Consternation;
Explanation.

Cremation!

—BRUCE C. GLOVER (5A).

P.S. Echo calling;
Demnition!!
Repetition.

—B.C.G.

PLAY NIGHT

The fifth annual Play Festival took place during the last week in April. First came the presentation, during the day, of the round of plays to the school. Then the two night performances on the Tuesday and Thursday. The usual high standard of acting was, if anything, surpassed in this year's festival. Let us say at once that the actors, one and all, did a splendid job.

Players from 1A presented a rather novel play entitled, "Too late—or Just in Time." It was highly amusing.

Fourth year produced a melodrama, "A Night at an Inn." Melodrama indeed! Blackouts, stabbing, dead natives on the floor, chilling ray of green light, eeriness and the awful in good supply! It was much appreciated.

Then the warriors of 2A relieved the tension with their "Fat King Melon and Princess Caraway." It was excellently performed.

2B went through that rollicking comedy, "Admiral Peters," in fine style, after which the audience was treated to a fascinating exhibition of dancing—while the performer manipulated collapsible clothes.

The concluding item was a pantomime by fifth year and fourth year veterans, "The Babes in the Wood." It is whispered that a member of the staff wrote the piece—and produced it. In every detail it was superbly done. It was by far the most popular performance of the Festival. Each part, it would seem, was written for the actor concerned. And certainly the wicked squire, the Fairy Queen, the Babes, the Demon King and the Two Henchmen were brilliant. And so were those in the minor parts.

Several groups of second years were very good in the two entre-acts.

Congratulations to all—boys and staff—who made this year's Festival such an outstanding success. If names are not specified it is because there are too many to mention, and there is too much of invidious distinction in marking out the few where so many combined to add lustre to the school's reputation in dramatic performance.

MUSIC AND DRAMA FESTIVAL

The second annual Festival of Music and Drama was undoubtedly the most successful and the most delightful function the school has seen. Audiences totalling over 2000 at day and night performances, unanimously endorse that judgment. The congratulations of the school go to all who assisted in such excellent production.

The programme consisted of scenes from Shakespeare, and "H.M.S. Pinafore." The scenes from Shakespeare were well presented and greatly appreciated by the adult audiences at night. They were not so popular, however, with the juvenile audience during the day. As someone remarked, "The young fellows now are not so Shakespeare-minded!" Be that as it may, but Charles Russell made a very attractive Oberon, and his splendid acting was ably supported by the rest of the cast, particularly by W. Stern as Puck, J. McCarthy as Helena and F. Milner as Lysander.

"H.M.S. Pinafore" was an unqualified success. A note or two on the performance will not be out of place: Josephine: lovely! When someone whistled she treated it with cold contempt. Young ladies to-day are not as susceptible to whistles as is commonly believed. Bos'un: rough and ready personality that would do credit to any real bo'sun living. Ralph Rackstraw: Oh, my! But he was splendid, too. And what was that remark—was it "half a mo'"? Dick Deadeye: well, Mr. Pfitzner said it all when he shudderingly remarked—"the most ghoulisn thing I've ever seen." Sir Joseph Porter: How genteel! And how refreshing your firm

stand against profanity! Buttercup: Truly "a plump and pleasing person." Ah me! Your "fear not, for I am a mother" brought down the house. Captain Corcoran: You were quite a "hit." In fact, almost too much so, to judge by certain sighs, not half suppressed, at the night performance. Chorus: Such pretty girls! Very, very pretty girls. And that lovely little girl in blue and that fat sailor—who were they again? Well, no matter now. Sailors: Splendid lot of fellows—all bright smiles and healthy faces. . . . Yes it was a great show.

And now for a few sidelights from rehearsal, wings and dressing room. These are part of the show you wot not of: "Dance on your toes! Toes! . . . Pick your great heels up! . . . Keep your heads up—smile! . . . Look at the audience—smile! . . . You're happy—you're beautiful—look like it! . . . Or: "Tap your foot—don't stamp!" . . . "M— do not sing falsetto" . . . "H. H—, if you don't know those words soon, we'll make you write them out twenty times!" ("Aw, gee, I've gotta learn me geometry test!") . . . And then: "Do put some feeling into it! Like this: 'I love him—I love him—I LOVE HIM!'" . . . And in the dressing room: "Go and take those trousers off! No boy goes on to the stage in a net skirt with those greys under it! Go and take them off!"—this in an unmistakable female voice. Then a bass bellow: "Where's me falsies?" . . .

From the southern stairs another very well-known voice: "Keep quiet! Didn't we tell you to shout more quietly? How can Miss P— and Mr. C— and I make ourselves heard!" How indeed? Why? thought some . . .

These and many more, like the performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," are but bright memories now.

A TRIBUTE

From some Members of the Staff.

A party wholly organised by the boys to celebrate their own successes, and with some of the staff as their guests, seems to us news worth recording. And that is what happened when all those who had helped with the Music Festival invited the teachers who had assisted them to an afternoon tea and entertainment.

The hall had been pleasantly decorated and furnished with extraordinary amounts of most tempting food. Some of us were honoured with original creations by courtesy of Charles Russell (Chapeaux et Fleurs), and we all felt really welcome, a feeling which was confirmed by Don Hayward's remarks later on. We did appreciate the skilful mingling of entertainment, eating, short speeches and informal conversation; and we enjoyed the items presented by the boys. They know how much—they saw and heard us enjoying them. We had thought we had some idea of their various skills, but we realise now they have possibilities as yet hardly explored.

It was good indeed to hear again John Meagher, Malcolm Thomas, Owen Latta, Barry Stark and Bob Ross. All agreed that Don Hayward's speeches and announcements were little masterpieces. Everyone laughed his (or her) self into a rib-aching exhaustion at "L'Auto-Immobile," composed by Ken Imison and brilliantly sung by himself, Len Moore and Ian Daly. A new and hilarious approach to a well-worn subject.

Then our ribs—and faces—ached again with mirth at Don Hayward's skit, "Staff-Room Revels." But how does he know? Are staff-rooms wired for sound to 4A room? He earns our gratitude and sincerest congratulations for an excellent dramatic composition, based on accurate observation, nicely loaded with surprise, innuendo, wit—yet never over-stepping

the bounds of good taste. These comments apply equally to the other original number, "L'Auto-Immobile." In the "Revels," Miss Ryan, Miss Perrin and Mr. Pfitzner were so devastated by the antics of Ian Daly, Ken Imison and Len Moore, that they were sorry Messrs. Allars, Jones, Kelly and Watts had no chance of seeing Les Green, Don Hayward, Les Hughes and Ralph Harris, as themselves.

We congratulate the organisers, particularly Ian Daly, Charles Russell, Len Moore and Ken Imison, who did so well under the quiet and utterly efficient Don Hayward. All gave ample proof that they possessed initiative, enterprise and imagination in their plans and thoroughness, commonsense and tact in executing them.

Again, your guests say most sincerely, "Thank you very much; we had a marvellous time."

TEXTS FOR 1949

English

Leaving Certificate: (A.) 1. "Macbeth" (Verity). 2. "Essays of To-day." ("Secret Drawer," "Landfall and Departure," "St. Francis," "Golden Fruit," "The Doodle-doo," "The Town Week," "On Christmas, Autumn," "The Last Gleeman," "Delft," "Niagara Falls," "On the Actual Spot," "War," "Masters of Nonsense.")

(B.) 1. "Golden Treasury of Longer Poems" (ed. Ernest Rhys: School edition, published Dent). These poems: "Eve of St. Agnes," "Lotos Eaters," "Scholar Gipsy," "Goblin Market," "Blessed Damozel," "The Hound of Heaven." 2. "Pickwick Papers." 3. "Selected One-Act Plays of To-day" (ed. Marriott: Australian edition—Harrap).

Intermediate: (A.) "Twelfth Night." (B.) 1. "Treasure Island." 2. "Under Northern Lights." 3. "The Wide Brown Land" (Brennan, Gilmore, Kendall, Henry Lawson, McCrae, Neilson, Paterson, Quinn). 4. "Ancient Mariner."

Latin

Leaving Certificate: "Cicero": De Senectute. 2. "Virgil": Aeneid (Book ix.)

Intermediate: "Cassivellaunus," "Daedalus," "Meleager."

THE WEREWOLF

The wind was howling and shrieking through the trees and round and round the house. At irregular intervals it lulled a little to a low moaning. Rain, thin sharp spears, tried to pierce roof and wall and window. A wild night of storm and blast. All that inhabit the blackness were abroad that night—fiend and ghost and sable horse . . .

But inside were light and cheer. The friendly fire leapt up the chimney and defied the worst the storm could do. We had visitors stopping with us and I was allowed to stay up longer than usual. Entranced, I listened to the stories told. And terrible tales they were, all true. The night and the storm made them so. At least to me they were true for I was very young.

There was one story, an old legend of the district really, that fascinated me. It was that of the Werewolf, that sinister figure that could at will be wolf or man.

Filled with these terrors, I was sent to bed at last, and long I lay cowering from the forms that peopled the dark. I tried to reason with my fears—these tales were not true—there were no witches, no ghosts, No werewolves . . .

I went to sleep.

How long I slept I couldn't tell, but I woke up with a horrid start. There was something in the room! A something, and it crept! Creeping, creeping, creeping! Towards me. I buried my head in sheet and blanket and listened, but only to the wild thumpings of my heart. There was nothing, nothing at all. I would have screamed had I been able. It wasn't true, and there was nothing!

With such quaking reassurance I looked—for nothing. And then I saw it! The something! Just eyes, regarding me! Green eyes! Green fire, still and baleful!

It was—it was the werewolf!

And then I heard it—a regular muttering, murmuring sound that swelled and grew—louder, louder than the thumpings of my heart . . .

For an age I stared, paralysed in every limb. And the werewolf stared at me, and rumbled and rumbled.

And then it sprang! Right at me! Some last desperate strength came to me. I clutched the Thing and fought, realising terribly that it could not be killed. With hiss and snarl it clawed my arms. But there was no pain. Only fear, which is worse than pain . . .

But this was the end, and I knew no more.

In the morning the sun was shining upon a world that had outlived the storm, a new, washed world. Mother and father were standing by my bed. My arms were bandaged and paining. But for all the pain I was glad. It was good to be alive. And the morning was bright, and last night was gone for ever.

Mother said, "How are you now, son?"

"Oh, I'm all right." But I shivered violently.

"There, there," said mother.

And father said, "Certainly indeed. I'll see that this doesn't happen again . . ."

After breakfast father shot the cat.

(Cats and werewolves
Just the same:
All that's different
Is the name.)

—BARRY THOMPSON (3D).

LIBERTY PLAINS OF THE FIRST FREE SETTLERS

Liberty Plains, now largely embraced by the Municipalities of Homebush and Strathfield, was originally held by the first free settlers in New South Wales. Faced with the urgent necessity of cultivating the soil to produce food for the first settlement he was establishing at Sydney Cove, Governor Phillip found few industrious convicts. He felt that fifty farmers would do more than a thousand convicts towards the maintenance of a food supply. However, it was five years before the first free settlers arrived, after facing a long and hazardous journey, to begin a new life in a strange new land. This was in January, 1793. These settlers were Thomas Rose, farmer; Edward Powell, farmer and fisherman; Thomas Webb, gardener; his nephew, Joseph Webb; Frederick Meredith, baker; Walter Brodie, blacksmith. All but Brodie chose to settle on Liberty Plains. Homebush Boys' High School stands to-day on what was approximately the western extremity of Powell's 80 acre grant. To the south and eastward of Powell's grant were T. Webb's

80 acres, Meredith's 60 acres, J. Webb's 60 acres, while Rose and his family received 120 acres on the right bank of Powell's Creek.

Following this selection of Homebush-Strathfield land for agriculture much of the land immediately to the north (Concord) and north-west (the abattoirs and its environs) was allotted to non-commissioned officers and privates of the New South Wales Corps and Marines, many of whom disposed of their 25 acre lots at once.

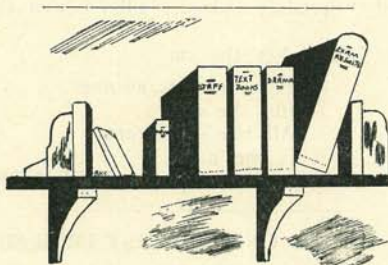
About 1810, Powell was granted an additional 19 acres and built on it his half-way house between Sydney and Parramatta, which he established as an hotel and store. It was about 1832 that this hostelry was named "The Horse and Jockey," by its licensee, James Kerwin (known as Jimmy the Jockey).

Powell's estate and part of Meredith's was acquired by James Underwood and the portion of this land south of the railway (opened in 1855) was sub-divided for sale in 1878.

Adjoining the Liberty Plains settlement on the south, 570 acres of bushland were granted in 1808 to James Wilshire, of the Commissary Department. This grant, named Redmire, from the colour and clayey nature of the soil, was acquired by Samuel Terry in 1814, and later became the property of his widow, Rosetta Terry. In October, 1866, when it was auctioned for £2850, there was much growing timber on it, and a small cottage and garden fronting the Liverpool Road. The land was surveyed and subdivided in blocks of from 3 to 13 acres and auctioned the following year. During the next eight years land of the Redmire estate and properties on the east and north, was acquired by Sydney merchants and professional men for residential purposes, and in 1876-77 a railway platform was erected on the site of the present Strathfield station.

In June, 1855, the Redmire locality was incorporated under the name of Strathfield, the residence of John Hardie. Homebush was the name of the homestead which D'Arcy Wentworth, father of Wm. Charles Wentworth, erected on his grant north and west of Liberty Plains.

—FINDEX.



EXAMINATION RESULTS

Leaving Certificate, 1947

A. Aggett, J. H. Allen, D. K. Badman, K. B. Bakewell, P. O. Barnard, D. H. Brodie, N. L. Butler, C. F. Chambers, V. C. Cooney, J. F. Daley, T. Davis, W. T. Dawson, J. S. Dennett, M. Deuchars, R. C. Eddie, P. W. Ellis, C. J. Farr, A. M. Fox, N. T. Gallard, B. R. Goddard, M. N. Goodsell, W. L. Gordon, G. Grace, R. E. Hardwick, R. G. Hayes, H. W. Heald, J. M. Heysmand, S. E. Hitchins, R. L. Home, D. J. Howlett, A. Jagger, O. H. T. Jenkins, J. A. Johnston, D. A. Jones, K. R. Jubelin, C. W. Lee, M. G. Lee, I. C. Lipscomb, R. Lord, G. E. McGlinchey, W. B. McVernon, J. Mar, F. C. Mercer, A. K. Morris, P. Morrow, W. J. Morrow, B. O'Brien, J. B. O'Brien, G. P. Pickup, L. E. Pilkington, J. H. Richardson.

R. A. Ross, R. W. Rourke, P. M. Russell, R. B. Salisbury, G. A. Sargent, B. Sendall, T. J. Shanahan, J. Shannon, K. R. Shepherd, K. D. Sinclair, G. A. Slarke, D. B. Smart, O. A. Smart, J. C. Southwell, N. B. Spong, P. R. Stafford, B. W. Stephen, A. K. Stimson, R. A. Strawbridge, G. W. Tasker, P. A. Thors, G. M. Tremain, B. J. Van De Water, A. H. Vartha, C. D. Vaughan, K. J. Vaughan, R. J. Weatherburn, J. C. Williamson, C. A. Woodley, E. Young.

Intermediate Certificate, 1947

B. G. Abrahams, P. O. Allan, P. S. Allan, P. B. Allen, G. R. Alston, A. E. Bainbridge, A. R. Baker, W. B. Barden, J. D. Bayley, E. R. Beers, A. E. Bentley, B. S. Boyle, H. Brackenbury, G. W. Bragg, A. V. Bree, A. E. Brooks, R. L. Brown, L. E. Browne, I. L. Budge, B. R. Burton, G. Carey, J. Carter, M. H. Chapman, R. J. Charles, B. S. R. Cockburn, M. E. Collins, C. G. Colyer, A. W. Cowan, B. C. Cripps, A. P. Crumblin, F. Curnow, I. C. Daly, W. W. Davidson, R. M. Dick, G. Dimmick, K. L. Dingeldei, L. A. Drake, R. E. Edwards, R. C. Elliott, E. J. Emery, D. M. Fisher, N. L. Foubister, A. L. Foulcher, P. Francis, D. W. Gay, A. Gee, O. W. Giles, G. G. Godfrey, R. C. Goff, N. B. Goodall, N. W. Graham, I. Grant, L. Green, R. T. Greneger, B. A. Guy, B. D. Hamilton, D. A. Hardwick, R. N. Harris, D. K. Hayward, H. R. Henderson, G. R. Herron, J. A. W. Holland, W. B. K. Holmes, D. B. Hooke, G. K. Howard, L. G. Hughes.

R. F. Hutcheson, K. E. Imison, P. F. Janson, B. E. Jenkins, R. J. L. Jollow, L. T. Jones, S. C. Jones, F. Jordan, A. R. Kentwell, N. J. Kew, N. E. Key, H. F. King, C. D. Krix, H. C. Langham, O. H. Latta, E. B. Lee, E. J. Leet, A. D. Leigh, J. N. Lewry, H. C. McCubben, J. W. McEachran, D. A. Mackie, R. J. McLeay, C. McPherson, S. R. Melville, G. A. Mercer, B. C. Milne, F. G. Milner, L. E. Moore, J. W. Morey, G. B. Morgan, D. E. Morris, R. J. Muddle, R. G. Nay, N. G. Neideck, S. Pooley, C. A. Potter, J. E. Potter, G. P. Rhodes, L. H. Rice, G. Rixon, A. R. Robins, D. E. Russell, J. W. Sargeant, B. J. Savage, R. G. Sharpe, C. R. Shelley, C. J. Shoebridge, W. Shute, C. T. Siddins, B. A. Simes, E. G. Sinclair, A. J. Skulander, V. C. Smith, D. Solari.

G. C. Somerville, P. L. Spedding, N. L. Squire, G. H. Steer, B. J. Stevens, J. A. Stinson, d'A. A. C. Taplin, G. N. Vaughan, L. G. Vitnell, R. M. Wadley, A. G. Wakeley, J. W. Wall, B. Wallis, R. N. Warrenner, L. W. Watson, K. W. Watts, H. A. Webb, P. C. Weeks, C. R. Whitfield, W. G. Whitnall, D. G. Williams, W. B. Wilson, J. Wood, G. H. Wright, N. A. Younger.

TUGAWAR LAKES

Tugawar Lakes And you've never heard of them! Well, well . . .
That's the place for a holiday. Tugawar Lakes! Ah, me! . . .
Yes, I've just come back myself. I went to Tugawar as an old man . . .
and I came back a lot older . . .

I'll tell you, in any case, and just in case . . .

One thousand miles from Sydney's careering trams ("I can hear the fiendish rattle of the tramways and the . . ." Clancy, of course . . . oh, you do know? All right, then). Well, where was I! Oh, I know—one thousand miles from Sydney . . . Yes! yes! I'll leave the trams out of it this time . . . Oh, I know they don't rattle as they did in Clancy's day—not on Sunday's, anyway . . .

Please don't interrupt . . . Tugawar lies . . . not that sort of lies at all . . . I mean "is," or "is situated"—and if you try to be funny I won't tell you anything—Tugawar is situated one thousand miles from Sydney . . . north or south? . . . I'm not sure, and I don't think that matters either . . .

Anyway there is an annual train service between Sydney and Wygo—Yes, of course, that is the rail-head for Tugawar. It is a tourist train, thoughtfully provided. Of late years, very late years really, this service has been considerably speeded up—to catch the tourist trade, of course. You can now leave Sydney . . . No, I didn't mention the trams that time . . . Well, the train leaves Sydney in the spring and arrives at Wygo the following winter . . . No, no, **not** the same year! How could it be?

From Wygo Central Station a fast fleet of motor coaches . . . Of course the coaches are fast . . . If the fleet is fast, the coaches must be fast . . . It means the same thing . . . Oh, all right, then—a fleet of fast coaches takes you to the recreational and residential areas of Tugawar Lakes. The town itself is situated in a setting at once unrivalled and unsurpassed in its beauty, where cottage and flat provide all modern cons. such as . . . No! This isn't an ad.—I'm just trying to tell you . . . Oh, well, if you are going to be silly . . . Primus stoves, candles, water (buckets laid on), hot and cold showers . . . Of course! The showers are seasonal—hot in summer, cold in winter. What else would you expect? . . . Store? Only a few miles away—Jerry's store, that is—dried milk, tinned meat, tinned potatoes, castor oil, and all that. You know what beach stores are like . . . No, Jerry doesn't deliver—people like the walk.

Dances? Of course there are dances. The shed over at Joe's factory—I don't know what Joe makes at his factory. But there is a big shed—and dances and pictures at regular intervals—dances bi-annually and pictures every month. That's quite often enough, too, where there are so many other things to do . . .

No, I won't tell you any more—with you trying to be silly all the time: that is, if you are trying . . .

You can find out the rest for yourself.

—N. SNOW (3C).

BASEBALL—SCHOOL v. STAFF

Wilkes and Wright thought of it. Enterprising fellows, these two, though this is not the place to be saying it. But they thought of it, and soon a match was arranged. Our Principal, Mr. Watson—a former Australian baseball representative, consented to umpire.

On Wednesday, 25th August, at 1.30 p.m. sharp, the two teams met at Airey Park. The coin was tossed. The boys won the toss. The teachers took up their positions in the field.

As a preliminary, Mangler M— began sweeping the dust with the seat of his pants. This produced a big impression, not only on the faces of the spectators, but on the ground as well. Then Mr. McQueen, after a valiant struggle, clambered into his catcher's equipment. A low remark from a spectator was heard at this point. I won't repeat it—but it had to do with Mac's being at home behind a wire mask.

The game was on! The weather was excellent—apart from a howling sou-west blizzard. The umpire tried to shelter beneath his mighty coat. He gave the signal and the staff's pitcher, Masher McF— heaved the first ball down to Wright. Wright skied it beautifully and gained first base. The green-grey ensemble (Mr. A—) drew first blood for the teachers, but even his expert fielding could not prevent Whacker Walker from smacking one to the boundary, allowing Wright and Wilkes to get home.

Score 2 for school's first innings. Masher M— opened for the staff. The crowd roared as he executed a brilliant foul. The next ball, and he was dismissed amid rejoicings. Mr. Watson—not the Principal, but the one who wears that attractive yellow straw hat—narrowly missed being caught by Condy. Faulty fielding by school allowed Mr. Allen to reach first base.

Mr. Parsonage (another low remark here about socks) cleverly snicked a foul into the drain. His next allowed Mr. Watson (of the yellow hat) to reach home. Staff scores one for first innings.

That mighty midget, Col. Woodcroft (14 stone and a few odd pounds) assumed his stance. Catcher McQueen frantically waved the staff out-fielders back to the fence. But the pitcher's dynamic (one dyne) deliveries gave the batter a walk to the first base. In the second innings Walker and Milo Baird scored for the school.

Slogger S— then began a succession of wild swings, making the ball whistle through Hodge's gloves. For a few dreadful moments it looked like a free brawl when Walker just managed to out Mr. McQueen.

And so the battle raged with the sides scoring evenly. Walker provided one of the highlights when, by matchless cunning and strategy, he out-witted Mr. Allen and Mr. Parsonage and sneaked a base. Another was the skittling of the mighty midget by Mr. McFarland. It was prettily done. Mr. Watson (of the yellow straw hat) tried to repeat the performance, but, like Haman of old, was his own victim. Then there was the confusion when "Slogger" and "Catcher" found themselves racing for the same base. And again when Mr. McQueen threw the ball to Mr. Parsonage. Mr. Parsonage was looking the other way, but he caught the ball all right—on the head. And not to be forgotten, Wright's indignation when the umpire kept telling him to "play ball."

Even scoring: school, 8, staff, 7. And then the staff forged ahead to school, 8, staff, 17. That the school was beaten—and bitter—was to be gleaned from their useless taunts: "Seen a better batter in a fish-shop," or, "Seen a better pitcher in the Art Gallery."

At the end the scores stood, school, 10, staff, 22. There were loud cheers for teams and umpire. The match was over.

It was a great match.

—A.R.B. (4A).

EXTRACTS FROM CLASS ANNALS

Many classes in the school have sent us voluminous records of their achievements. Space forbids full use of these: we can only present a note here, a clipping there. But it is heartening to find the spontaneous outbursts of energy and pride that prompt the sending of these reports. Also, it gives infinite pleasure to learn that the classes are so much better than even we thought them. However—

2A writes: "Under the patronage" (is that the right word?) "of Miss Ryan, the school's brightest and most intelligent class got away to a flying start at the beginning of the year . . . But Mr. Pfitzner's comments upon us need not, and should not, be published. . . Hear what Mr. Jeffrey has to say of us—our native modesty will not allow us to repeat . . . Our outstanding personalities—more outstanding really—K. Goodwin, the 'walking dictionary'; R. McCarthy, artist; B. Byrne, modern Latinist; P. Cook, wit and humorist; Corporal Atfield, soldier and strategist; M. Thomas and many others, the stage; and A. Morris, L. Guthrey, H. Beaverstock, J. Warren, D. Anderson, B. Butler, A. O'Brien, M. Thomas, B. Atfield, P. Clout—all are known far and wide for their sporting activities . . ."

So now you see!

1A informs us: "We are the best class in the school and we do not care who knows it . . . In sport we are justly famous. R. Lindsay, R. O'Brien, J. Ryan, L. Wilcox, have added lustre to the class. . . . In school work we stand—well, we are 1A. you know J. Meredith came top in the half-yearly.

4F casually mentions: We have a "Brains Trust," and, if you will compel us to reveal, it has Bishop, Withers and Harmer as its core—very

hard core . . . In sport our class blossoms forth in a brilliant array of talent. Withers, Scard and Crumblin—3rd XV; Grenenger (Capt.) 2nd XV.; Davis, 1st Water Polo team; Greneger, Life Saving team . . . Siddins, Withers, Simpson and Grenenger—our brilliant actors . . . Withers—our brilliant debater . . . Laurels of scholastic achievement have not sat so heavy upon us. There is a noticeable tendency to dumbfound the geography teacher, menace the maths. teacher, confound the science teacher, confuse the English teacher . . . still, 4F for ever . . .”

4B says: “Our class has settled down very well as seniors. . . . Our presentation of “A Night at the Inn” on Play Night was a creditable performance . . . Wee Colin McPherson topped the class at the half-yearly. . . . class well represented in the production of “H.M.S. Pinafore” . . . These worthy represent us at sport: Day, Thompson, Chapman, McLachlan, McDill, Browne, Nay, McPherson, Jollow, McMillan . . . The class wit (some say he’s only a half-wit) brings a slow smile to Mr. Henry’s face occasionally and causes Mr. Havard to remark—well, perhaps Mr. Havard doesn’t quite mean it, so we’ll not repeat . . . All in all, 4B ranks high in the school’s classes . . .”

1D claims: “Our record is unsurpassed . . . We have two noted grade footballers, Halliburton and White for a time . . . Dick Ivison is a particularly able class-captain . . . Music and Drama Night had Dunlop, Clark, Bruce and Shields as our representatives . . .”

2D exults: “Far beyond the narrower confines of school and suburb, the name and fame of 2D are being noted, for Lyn Betts won the 100 yards, the 200 yards and came 2nd in the broad jump in his division at the C.H.S. . . . We are being heard of throughout the land, and between periods Mr. Watson comes along to mention the fact . . . We have grade players in cricket, football and tennis . . . As a tennis player Millard is growing rapidly in fame . . . Work! Well, as Mr.—— says, “Not so hot—not so hot, boys!”

2C is just a trifle mysterious in its message—or are we slow in understanding? But 2C speaks of a field in Wiltshire, Mack’s Can factory, Peter’s Ice Cream, and Someone’s Morris car. And a terrible Butcher named George, and a pound of Anderson’s sausages. A tinsmith, a baker, and Foster Clarke’s Custard Powder. Gulliver’s Travels and Webster’s Dictionary—and—and . . . We give up!

3E does not wish to boast, but . . . :

“There are perhaps better classes in the school, but so far we have not heard of them. It is often asked what would 5th Grade football have done this year without 3E? Would it have won the Comp? We ask you, would it? Veitch, Goudge and the two Greens (E. and R.), most certainly helped considerably.

“Nor must Dewey, 3rd Grade, be forgotten, nor Cuthbert, our shot-putter at the C.H.S. Some say, though not many, that 3E is equally brilliant in scholastics”

3D positively gloats:

“Look at our grade reps: Storey, Randall, Patrickson, Eagle, Britten, Doyle, Pauley, Affleck, Wallace—and many more. Where would school grade sport be without us. Did you ever stop to think of that?

“School work—just as good, or better. Penhall came top for the half-year. How many other classes have boys who came top?”

Most of the other classes wrote to the effect that they (each and individually, of course) were the best in the school. It is not our business to affirm or deny such claims. Still we did think that the evidence of superlative bestness was, at times, a little sketchy. There isn’t space to give their notes and jottings and—eh—boastings. So take it all for granted and let it go at that.



SPORTSMASTER'S FOREWORD

In the field of competitive and inter-school sport Homebush High School has had its most successful year since the school's inception.

Details of this will be found in the following notes, but mention can be made here of the outstanding successes.

In swimming, the senior division was won by our boys for the first time in our history. The water polo team is in second position in the point-score table—a particularly pleasing result, since we were the wooden-spooners in 1947. The school life-saving squad gained the award of the Hendry Cup for the highest point score in N.S.W. in the Royal Life Saving Society's competition; their score being an all-time record.

Football brought further successes when 4th, 5th and 6th grades were 1948 premiers, 6th grade being co-premiers with Hurlstone Agricultural High School.

Homebush was for the third year in succession the champion tennis school—1st and 4th grades being premiership winners with outstanding performances.

The juvenile group was the winner of its section of the C.H.S. Athletics Competition, and the school was second in the aggregate point score. The cricket teams are performing creditably, and, in all, Homebush has made its name in every branch of sport. Much of the success achieved in sport has been due to the untiring and unselfish work done by members of the staff in coaching the various teams.

It is with pleasure that I review this imposing record of success, and I expect to see further outstanding successes in 1949. Sporting successes are gratifying to all boys in the school, and all should feel they have a part in them for the main importance of such successes is to make a school with greater school spirit—in other words, a better school. It should be the goal of every boy to fill a place in a school team. Where this is not possible boys should realise that by participating in house sport they are doing much to further their own well-being and that of the school. Participation in sporting activities is of greater importance than individual successes.

The Tamworth Trip

The first fifteen, the 4th grade football team, and the 1st grade tennis team were lavishly entertained by Tamworth High School during the year. We are deeply grateful for their hospitality. Scores were: Tamworth won 1st grade, 7-5; 4th grade Homebush won 3-2; and in the tennis Homebush won 7 sets to 1.

SPORTS AWARDS

1. HOUSE COMPETITIONS :

Mick Simmonds Shield : Undecided.
 Oldfield Shield (Cricket) : Undecided.
 Priestly Easson Shield (Football) : Blaxland.
 Murdoch Shield (Athletics) : Lawson.
 Jenner Shield (Swimming) : Sturt.
 Smith Cup (Drill) : Oxley.

2. P.S.A.A.A. AWARDS :

Athletics : R. Lyons, J. Morey, A. Bainbridge, L. Betts, M. Thomas, J. McKenzie, W. Armsworth, R. Anderson.
Swimming : W. Brady, F. Jordan, F. Keskula, B. Langevad, W. Mills.
Football : 4th grade Rugby Union team ; 5th grade Rugby Union team ; 6th grade Rugby Union team ; R. Weir, B. Lloyd (C.H.S. representatives).
Cricket : L. Dennis (C.H.S. representative).
Tennis : 1st grade Tennis ; 4th grade Tennis.

3. BLUES :

(a) Football : B. Lloyd, L. Wearing, R. Weir.
 (b) Cricket : L. Dennis, N. Goodsell, B. Lloyd.
 (c) Athletics : R. Lyons, N. McKnight.
 (d) Swimming : W. Brady, F. Keskula.
 (e) Tennis : J. Brown, P. Allen, K. Tognetti, J. Roberts.

4. CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANTS :

(a) **Athletics** : Senior, N. McKnight ; Under 16, J. Morey ; Under 15, A. Bainbridge ; Under 14, L. Betts ; Under 13, R. Anderson.
 (b) **Swimming** : Senior, W. Brady ; Under 16, F. Jordan ; Under 15, J. Wright ; Under 14, D. Anderson ; Under 13, R. Lane.
 (c) **Tennis** : Singles, J. Brown ; Doubles : J. Brown, K. Tognetti.
 (d) **Football** : D. Casey (best football referee).

5. INTER-SCHOOL PENNANTS :

Swimming : W. Brady, F. Jordan, W. Mills, J. Wright, D. Anderson, L. Bailey, R. Anderson, R. O'Brien, B. Langevad, F. Keskula.
Athletics : R. Lyons, F. Keskula, K. Crawford, W. Mills, N. McKnight, J. Morey, J. Evans, G. Howard, B. Oldfield, A. Bainbridge, J. Cuthbert, D. Smyth, S. Reid, G. Stratford, L. Betts, J. McKenzie, M. Thomas, W. Armsworth, R. Anderson, C. Irving, H. Ross, J. Ross, J. Phizacklea.
Football : L. Dennis, G. Ross, W. McGuinness, R. Jess, J. Wright, P. Crumblin, J. Potter, R. Kirby, B. Lake, B. Sutherland, K. Colley, T. Casement, J. Jones, F. Batts, A. Morris.
Cricket : B. Baldock, B. Lloyd, H. Henderson, R. Nay, A. Thompson, L. Irwin, W. Peters, J. Mater.
Tennis : B. Jurd, B. Taylor, E. Eagle.
Water Polo : F. Jordan, F. Keskula.

1st Grade Cricket

Team : L. Dennis (Captain), B. Lloyd (Vice-Captain), B. Goodsell, P. Allen, B. Baldock, R. Jesse, G. Howard, G. Watson, H. Browne, A. Wilkes, L. Wearing, F. Margan, J. Jones, P. Kearns.

The performance of this team has been commendable. Although not successful in every match it has been a hard team to beat. Teachers with opposing teams spoke of the great spirit with which Homebush played the game.

Three matches were lost, and two were won on the first innings.

Matches against North Sydney and Parramatta were lost by narrow margins after hard tussles. Homebush is at present in second place in the competition.

The batting has not been strong, although Dennis, our Captain, gave some splendid exhibitions which gained him a place in the C.H.S. Rep. team. In the last two matches Dennis scored 48 and 47 respectively. Baldock supported well, and mention must be made of a courageous knock of 25 by Lloyd against North Sydney High.



FIRST GRADE CRICKET

Back Row : L. Wearing, G. Howard, G. Watson, N. Goodsell, P. Allen.
Front Row : H. Brown, R. Jesse, L. Dennis (Capt.) Mr. M. E. Sykes, B. Lloyd (Vice-Capt.), B. Baldock, J. Jones, F. Margan (absent).

Bowling and fielding were of high standard under the inspiring captaincy of Dennis. Goodsell and Howard took eleven wickets each, and were well supported by Lloyd and Watson. Goodsell, our fast bowler, was particularly accurate and his 5 for 13 against Canterbury was a grand effort. Allen did well behind the stumps.

Second Grade Cricket.

Team : H. Henderson (Capt.), H. McCubben (Vice-Capt.), G. Sommerville, M. Chapman, E. Barrs, N. McDill, R. Doyle, R. Nay R. S'ulander, J. Morey, D. Taplin, F. Margan, J. Jones, G. Stinson, N. Goodall.

This team's performance in the five matches played so far has been very creditable. It was beaten on two occasions, but it seems certain that

the opposing teams concerned will fight out the premiership. Thus, our team was far from disgraced.

The other three matches were won convincingly, even if it was only on the first innings in each case. An outstanding feature of these wins was the fact that the team did not believe in exerting itself unduly. Against Sydney Technical the two runs needed for a win were scored in the last over of the day, and nine of our wickets were already down; a crushing defeat was inflicted on North Sydney by the princely margin of 23, and Parramatta was overwhelmed by 13. The coach requests that, in future, his blood pressure be given a little more consideration.

Individual performances have not been outstanding because team work seemed to be the keynote of all our efforts. One does recall, however, D. Taplin making 33 not out, of a total of 54, against Fort Street; J. Morey taking 7 for 14 against North Sydney and F. Margan's compiling a nice 26 in the same match.

Others who show great promise and who should make an excellent nucleus for next year's first grade are H. Henderson, a good captain and improving fastish bowler; R. Nay, a capable wicket-keeper; H. McCubben, a commendable all-rounder, and G. Sommerville, R. Doyle and J. Jones, all promising batsmen. In fact, as this goes to press, we have news that Margan and Jones have already been promoted.

Third Grade Cricket

Team: A. Thompson (Capt.), R. Harris, L. Irwin, N. Hodge, K. Bugg, F. Batts, D. Cragg, B. Jurd, K. Whale, W. Hartin, J. Roberts, N. Neideck, L. Drake.

Although its prospects of winning the competition seem remote at this stage, the 3rd grade team has proved to be a strong, well-balanced side. The loss of two early matches put it well behind, but the batting improved considerably and it has been able to defeat all subsequent opposition. In all matches it has shown a good team spirit, every member being keen and alert in the field.

The sound captaincy of Alan Thompson, who showed good judgment in placing his field and in using his bowlers, was a contributing factor in the improved form of the team.

L. Irwin was the spearhead of the attack, receiving able support from R. Harris, K. Whale and A. Thompson. The latter, as opening batsman, set the team off to a good start on several occasions.

The solid batting of N. Hodge and the enterprise shown by D. Cragg, together with some fair scores by K. Bugg and B. Jurd, added most to the team's total. Hartin, as keeper, proved reliable at all times.

The team looks forward to the second half of the competition with enthusiasm, and has set itself the task of downing the remaining opposition.

Fourth Grade Cricket

Fourth grade players for this year are: J. Mater (Capt.), W. Peters, A. Hood, A. Morris, R. Anderson, H. Mumford, J. Smith, N. Colmer, A. Ayling, M. Farr, R. Lindsay, J. Talty, D. DeMestre and L. Betts.

This promising group of young cricketers has performed so well that they are so far undefeated, and with three matches yet to play, are second on the competition table. With luck they may even be on top at the end of the season.

There is much talent in the team, so that batting and bowling honours have been widely shared during the season, but to Mater must go the title of the best bowler, and Peters is the batsman who most frequently enables opposition bowlers to "make a lot of pace off the pickets."

This last-named player has big possibilities as a batsman. His quality has been shown by a succession of creditable knocks high-lighted by a

delightful innings of 108 against North Sydney. This century was compiled on a standard, first-grade oval at Mosman in approximately a hour, with polish enough for a future Sheffield Shield player.

It would not be expected that the standard of captaincy would be high amongst such inexperienced players as make up this lowest grade, but here again the team is well served, for Mater has shown himself knowledgeable in many of the countless fine points that are the particular glory of cricket.

With Morris, Hood Ayling and the rest to support these fine players Homebush has in its fourth grade a team that promises well for this and the next few years.

FOOTBALL-RUGBY UNION

Grade	1	2	3	4	4	6
Canterbury	3-21	3-12	0-5	13-0	16-3	9-6
Sydney	0-22	3-33	0-8	9-5	9-0	6-0
North Sydney Tech	3-8	0-3	0-0	14-0	9-0	0-12
Fort Street	0-33	3-27	3-9	14-3	5-0	0-0
Hurlstone	3-19	6-5	35-0	0-0	3-3	3-0
Sydney Tech.	6-9	6-11	14-0	22-0	17-0	21-0
North Sydney	8-11	0-17	5-6	8-3	3-0	3-0
Parramatta	6-5		8-3	20-0	31-3	6-0
Points for—against	29-128	21-108	65-31	100-11	93-9	48-18

First Fifteen

Team : L. Wearing (Captain), B. Lloyd (Vice-Captain), R. Weir, W. McGuinness, G. Vaughan, G. Ross, L. Browne, S. Rowley, N. McKnight, N. Milligan, T. McKelvey, L. Dennis, E. Barrs, R. Jesse, R. Ross, G. Howard, H. B. owne.

The Homebush Boys' High School first fifteen, throughout the season, showed itself to be a good combination without any really good individual players. The team improved with every game and it was not until the last few games that the team was seen at its best. It played as a team, and every boy is to be congratulated on representing his school in the first fifteen, and the whole team must be complimented for its determined displays throughout the season.

Congratulations to Bruce Lloyd and Ron Weir on the performance of representing in the C.H.S. team, also to W. McGuinness, L. Dennis and L. Wearing for being reserves for these representative matches.

The most improved players were Eric Barrs, R. Jesse, T. McKelvey and W. McGuinness.

The team would like to thank Mr. Jeffrey for his conscientious coaching, and would also like to congratulate the fourth, fifth and sixth grade teams on their fine competition wins. It augurs well for the future of football in the school when the three lower grades win their respective competitions.

Blues have been awarded to L. Wearing, B. Lloyd, R. Weir, and inter-school pennants to R. Jesse, G. Ross, L. Dennis and W. McGuinness.

Second Grade

Team : T. Grenenger (Capt.), B. George (Vice-Capt.), R. Henson, R. Ross, K. Foyle, H. Wallace, R. Phillips, A. Leverett, J. Mantova, J. Webber, N. Moss, D. Hurd, J. McLeay, B. Simpson, W. Davis, P. Kearns, P. Stanford, S. McKittrick.

These boys, with a considerable handicap of inexperience, began the season as a rather unbalanced combination. However, improvement was

rapid and, despite limited match success, morale was high and quite a good, hard-playing team was developed.

Fourth year boys George, McLeay, Simpson, Grenenger, Davis, Hurd, with this year's grade experience, should be useful members of next year's teams.

Third Grade

Team : Wright (Capt.), Crumblin (Vice-Capt.), K. Dewey, C. Dewey, Oldfield Thompson, Legg, Bryant, Watson, Mater, Hilder, Buckley, Knight, Solari, Withers, Scard, Kew, Potter.



FIRST FIFTEEN

Back Row : E. Barrs, G. Howard, R. Jesse, G. Vaughan.

Second Row : L. Dennis, B. Milligan, R. Weir, S. Rowley, N. McKnight, G. Ross.

Front Row : L. Brown, T. McKevey, L. Wearing (Capt.), Mr. E. Jeffrey, B. Lloyd (Vice-Capt.), W. McGuiness H. Browne.

Once again third grade footballers failed to reach the standard required to win a competition. Good play was often marred by players failing to follow-up and co-operate when opportunities were in evidence. The first essential for third grade players is to practice and combine as a team and until they do, Homebush will be unable to win this competition.

However, all matches were keenly contested and the scores were very close. In particular, the match against North Sydney Boys' High was of a very high standard. The fifteen players excelled in every department of the game and pinned the opposition down near their own goal line throughout the whole match. Despite this, they were unluckily beaten 6-5. Against Sydney Technical High School third grade played very well and won the match against a much heavier team by 12-3.

The team owes its thanks to Mr. Madsen and Mr. Jeffrey who endeavoured, throughout the season, to allow the third grade to practice and play as a unit, and the improvement shown during the season was mainly due to this generous attitude.

Of the players, special mention must be made of John Wright, the

Captain, who played a true captain's part in organisation and control of the team; of Jim Potter, the full back, who shows great promise; of the Dewey brothers, Jack Mater and Alan Thompson, who played hard open football.

It will be interesting to see how many of these players make the first grade next year, and we wish them every success in next season's games. In conclusion, we must congratulate our third grade footballers for the fine sportsmanship displayed both in success and failure.

Fourth Grade Footballers—Premiers 1948

Team: R. Kirby (Capt.), B. Lake, T. Casement, R. Burns, R. Harrison, N. Stinson, D. Storey, B. Ryan, K. Colley, B. Bayley, N. Davies, B. Sutherland, R. Nay, D. Pinkus, P. Oxford, R. Hudson, D. Smyth.



FOURTH GRADE FIFTEEN

Back Row: D. Pinkus, B. Ryan, S. Harrison, J. Stinson, B. Sutherland.

Second Row: D. Smyth, R. Nay, J. Bayley, K. Colley, D. Hudson, P. Oxford, T. Casement

Front Row: L. Green, R. Davies, R. Kirby (Capt.), Mr. A. O. McFarland, B. Lake (Vice Capt.), R. Burns, D. Storey.

Congratulations, fourth grade, for the undefeated record in 1948. The team's success was mainly due to the sterling team spirit that was shown by all members. The standard of play was always high and many of the players showed an intimate knowledge of the finer points of playing required for their own position. The line was crossed only once in the season, showing the soundness of defence that had been built up as a result of hard, correct tackling. B. Lake's goal kicking was a good asset to the team as he put the ball over the cross-bar fifteen times during the season.

R. Kirby proved himself to be a good captain and kept his team together, both on and off the field, besides giving an almost faultless exhibition at full back. Sutherland and Hudson were conspicuous among the backs, while Colley, Lake and Casement were always prominent in the forwards.

Fifth Grade Football—Premiers, 1948

Team : J. Jones (Capt.), J. Jollow (Vice-Capt.), F. Batts, C. McPherson, J. Hardwick, G. Goudge, I. Veitch, B. Lyons, R. McKittrick, C. Bigwood, R. Green, E. Green, C. McKenzie K. Oehms, D. Randall.

To go through a season undefeated is a grand performance. The only team to gain this honour this season was fifth grade. A draw with Hurlstone under adverse weather conditions on a very heavy ground was the only blemish on their tally-sheet. The consistently solid defence of the team generally is borne out by the fact that their line was crossed only once. Credit for this must go to the forwards who, with Jollow more often than not in the vanguard, backed up tirelessly.



FIFTH GRADE FOOTBALL

Back Row : K. Bigwood, G. Goudge I. Veitch, R. McKittrick, C. Bridgement.
 Second Row : R. Hardwick, F. Batts, B. Lyons, K. Patrickson, J. McKenzie, C. McPherson.
 Front Row : D. Randall, E. Green, J. Jones (Capt.), Mr. H. Kevans, R. Jollow (Vice-Capt.), R. Oehms, R. Green.

The inside backs, led by Batts, McPherson and Jones, were quick to penetrate any openings left by their opponents, and frequently created openings by clever positional play. Given a fair share of the ball from the scrums by hooker Veitch, they made the most of every opportunity. In line-outs Hardwick was outstanding in gaining possession and setting his backs going. McKenzie, at full-back, was always safe and frequently gained ground with well-judged line kicks. Bigwood and McKittrick, on the wings, made the most of their limited opportunities, and like many other members of the team, showed a marked improvement as the season progressed. We look forward to a number of these boys appearing in the higher grades next year, and eventually going on to big things in the game.

The team's record is shown in the table of grade results. On the whole, taking into account the teamwork displayed, their over-all individual efforts, and the untiring work of coach, Mr. Kevans, the competition win was well deserved.

Sixth Grade Football—Co-Premiers, 1948

Team : A. Morris (Capt.), A. Hathaway (Vice-Capt), N. Knight, C. Becker, A. Frappell, D. Foster, B. Symes, C. Brady, T. Bourke, L. Frappell, T. Sellen, L. Bailey, E. Ryan, R. Lindsay, A. Halliburton, L. Wilcox, C. Jordan, L. Guthrie, K. Fitzpatrick, R. O'Brien, K. Beaverstock, C. Walker.



SIXTH GRADE FOOTBALL

Back Row : L. Bailey, L. Guthrie, E. Ryan, L. Frappell.

Second Row : A. Frappell, R. Lindsay, N. Knight, D. Foster, C. Becker, C. Jordan.

Front Row : R. O'Brien, T. Sellen, A. Morris (Capt.), Mr. A. Watson, A. Hathaway, K. Fitzpatrick, A. Halliburton.

This year's team had a very successful season and finished co-premiers with Hurlstone. As is usual with the sixth grade team, most of the players had not only to learn to play a new game, but also to learn to co-operate as a team. They were highly successful in both these aspects as the results show, having beaten the co-premiers, Hurlstone, and only suffering defeat once during the season, at the hands of North Sydney Technical High School. The captain of the team, Allan Morris, was a tower of strength to his side, being possessed of a magic boot and soundness in defence. The forwards, as a whole, were the sheet-anchor of the team and were ably assisted by the back division.

Congratulations, sixth grade!

TENNIS

Grade	Played	Won	Lost	Sets for	Sets Against	Points
1	6	6	0	37	11	16
2	6	5	1	35	13	14
3	6	4	2	33	15	12
4	6	6	0	46	2	16

School Teams—Grade Teams, 1948

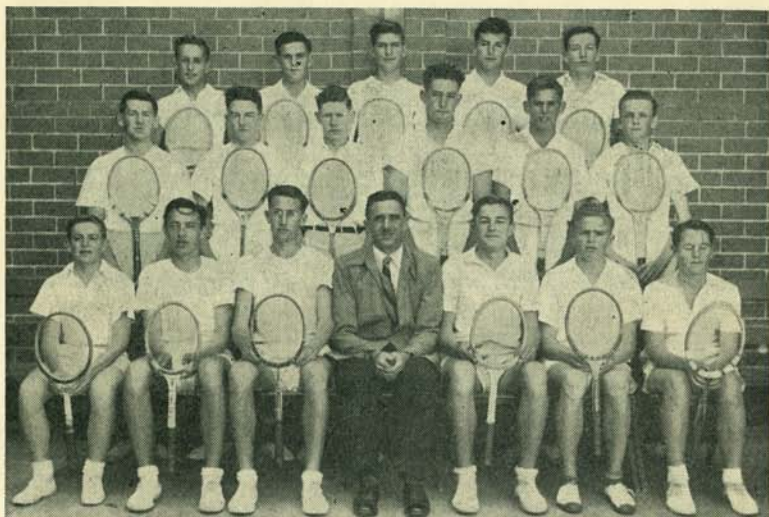
First Grade : J. Brown (Capt.), P. Allen, J. Roberts, K. Tognetti.

Second Grade : J. Emery (Capt.), E. Eagle, B. Barden, D. Cragg, M. Chapman.

Third Grade. G. Boyd (Capt.), K. Walker, B. Jenkins, B. Britten H. McCubben.

Fourth Grade: B. Taylor (Capt.), B. Jurd, A. O'Brien, J. Millard, G. Barden.

For the third year in succession the school repeated its success by winning the Combined High Schools' tennis championship by a handsome margin. However, this year the result was in doubt till the final matches against Canterbury, three out of four of which Homebush won to gain the premiership. The first and fourth teams were unbeaten, the fourths losing only two sets in the whole competition. Firsts was a well-balanced team, both pairs performing creditably, though J. Brown and K. Tognetti were the more reliable. They did well to defeat Sydney High with Brown out of the team through illness, but M. Chapman, elevated from House tennis, saved the day by combining with K. Tognetti to defeat High's No. 1 pair.



COMBINED TENNIS TEAMS

Back Row : B. Jenkins, E. Eagle, M. Chapman, B. Jurd, G. Barden.

Second Row : B. Walker, G. Boyd, B. Barden, B. Britten, D. Cragg, J. Emery.

Third Row : R. Millard, J. Brown, K. Tognetti, Mr. J. Smiles P. Allen, J. Roberts, A. O'Brien. (B. Taylor absent).

Peter Allen and Johnny Roberts have been consistent performers throughout the school and were one of the best pairs in first grade. Seconds lost their only match to Canterbury, and though they played well were defeated on their merits. Best performers for seconds were J. Emery and E. Eagle. The latter is one of the most improved players in the school. Thirds finished second aequo with Canterbury in their division, which was won by Fort Street. Barry Britten was one of the most consistent performers in this grade. Fourth's had a magnificent record. Besides losing only two sets in the whole competition they lost very few games and reached their peak by defeating Parramatta without the loss of a game. The stalwarts of this team were B. Jurd and Barry Taylor, both of whom did very well in the school championships. These two boys should be knocking at the door for higher honours in 1949. They were well supported by G. Barden, J. Millard and A. O'Brien.

For the first time a house competition was conducted this year and proved a great success. Teams of six competed and resulted in a win for Lawson with 12 points. Oxley was second with 8 points and Blaxland third with 4 points.

Outstanding player for the school was J. Brown, captain of firsts. Besides capturing the school singles and doubles titles, he gained laurels outside the school, winning the schoolboys' State Singles title and the under 17 State Singles and Doubles championships.

The school championships were conducted in two grades, and owing to the large entry, elimination events had to be staged. The "A" Grade produced some surprises, notably the performance of the fourth grade boys, Jurd and Taylor in reaching the semi-finals of the doubles and the quarter finals of the singles. Peter Allan again proved himself the second best player in the school to defeat Tognetti comfortably in the semi-final. B. Barden nearly surprised by having J. Brown in trouble in an earlier round, but Brown came through to win the event. Allan and Roberts played their best tennis to date to extend Brown and Tognetti to three sets in the final of the doubles. The "B" Grade brought to light some talent among the juniors. A. O'Brien, of fourth grade, won the "B" grade singles. Two other juniors, M. Farr and H. Home, showed future possibilities. W. Peters, who had played well in the house competition, did not produce his best form in the championships. J. Jones showed excellent form to enter the "B" Grade final. J. Laycock, who won the "B" Grade Eliminations and extended O'Brien to three sets in the grand final, proved a find and should be in the running for grade next year.

D. Bland and R. Harris played soundly to win the "B" Grade doubles. The elimination doubles were won by J. Carter and J. Bayley.

Homebush entered a large contingent in the age championships conducted by the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association. J. Brown proved successful, winning three titles.

First grade played three outside matches against the Staff, Old Boys and Tamworth High. Though beaten by a strong Old-students team, they defeated the Staff, 5-3, and Tamworth, 7-1. P. Allen played his best tennis to defeat the Tamworth champion 6-1.

SWIMMING

Swimming is growing more important in the school. The school swimming teams have put up good performances at the C.H.S. Carnival, the water polo team is doing very well and life-saving has become a feature.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Bankstown Baths in excellent weather on Thursday, February 19. Events were keenly contested and the standard achieved was very high.

The following new records were made:

Senior: 55 yards Freestyle, W. Brady, 31.6 seconds; 110 yards Freestyle, W. Brady, 1 min., 11.1 seconds; 220 yards Freestyle, W. Brady, 2 mins., 38.4 seconds; 880 yards Freestyle, W. Brady, 12 mins., 26.2 seconds; 55 yards Backstroke, W. Mills, 42.7 seconds; Relay, Sturt, 2 mins, 27.5 seconds.

Junior: 55 yards Freestyle, F. Jordan, 31.8 seconds; 110 yards Freestyle, F. Jordan, 1 min., 11.2 seconds; 220 yards Freestyle, F. Jordan, 2 mins., 41.2 seconds; 440 yards Freestyle F. Jordan, 5 mins., 33.1 seconds; 55 yards Breast-stroke, F. Jordan, 46 seconds.

Junior Under 15: 440 yards Freestyle, J. Wright, 6 mins, 40.3 seconds; 55 yards Breast-stroke, J. Wright, 40.3 seconds.

Juvenile: 110 yards Freestyle, D. Anderson, 1 min., 18.4 seconds; 220 yards Freestyle, D. Anderson, 2 mins., 56.1 seconds; Relay, Sturt, 2 mins., 45.3 seconds.

ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Senior Championship : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; R. Ross, 3.

Junior Championship (Under 16) : F. Jordan, 1 ; G. Watson, 2 ; J. Bayley, W. Davis, equal, 3.

Juvenile Championship (Under 14) : D. Anderson, 1 ; A. Whyte, 2 ; R. Churches, 3 ; **Under 13** : R. Lane, 1 ; R. O'Brien, 2 ; B. Morris, 3.



C.H.S. SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row : R. O'Brien, D. Samer, B. Butler, W. Morris, R. Lane, L. Bailey.
 Second Row : R. Anderson, S. Turvey, R. Warrener, G. Stinson, A. Whyte, K. Storey,
 D. Firth.
 Third Row : J. Bayley, W. Mills, G. Vaughan, B. Langevad, B. Britten, W. Davis,
 F. Keskula, B. Lake.
 Front Row : R. Phillips, R. Ross, W. Brady, Mr. R. Allars, F. Jordan, J. Wright,
 D. Anderson.

Senior Division

55 yards Freestyle : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; B. Langevad, 3. Time, 31.6 seconds (record).
 110 yards Freestyle : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; R. Ross, 3. Time, 1 min., 11.1 seconds (record).
 220 yards Freestyle : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; R. Ross, 3. Time, 2 mins., 38.4 seconds (record).
 440 yards Freestyle : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; B. Lake, 3. Time, 5 mins., 26.4 seconds (equals record).
 880 yards Freestyle : W. Brady, 1 ; F. Jordan, 2 ; B. Britten, 3. Time, 12 mins., 26.2 seconds (record).
 110 yards Breast-stroke : R. Ross, 1 ; N. Moss, 2 ; D. Palmer, 3. Time, 1 min., 47.3 seconds.
 55 yards Back stroke : W. Mills, 1 ; W. Brady, 2 ; F. Keskula, 3. Time, 42.7 seconds (record).
 Relay : Sturt, 1 ; Oxley, 2 ; Lawson, 3. Time, 2 mins., 27.5 seconds (record).
 Dive : W. Mills, 1 ; F. Keskula, 2 ; L. Wearing, 3.

Junior Division Under 16

- 55 yards Freestyle : F. Jordan, 1 ; W. Davis, 2 ; K. Storey, 3. Time, 31.8 seconds (record).
- 110 yards Freestyle : F. Jordan, 1 ; G. Watson, 2 ; W. Davis, 3. Time, 1 min., 11.2 seconds (record).
- 220 yards Freestyle : F. Jordan, 1 ; G. Watson, 2 ; J. Bayley, 3. Time, 2 mins., 41.2 seconds (record).
- 440 yards Freestyle : F. Jordan, 1 ; J. Bayley, 2 ; T. Grenenger, 3. Time, 5 mins., 33.1 seconds (record).
- 55 yards Breast-stroke : F. Jordan, 1 ; W. Davis, 2 ; J. Stinson, 3. Time, 46 seconds (record).
- 55 yards Backstroke : F. Jordan, 1 ; G. Watson, 2 ; J. Miller, 3. Time, 44.8 seconds.
- Relay : Blaxland, 1 ; Lawson, 2 ; Sturt, 3. Time, 2 mins, 32.9 seconds.
- Dive : B. Ball, 1 ; J. Wright, 2 ; G. Vaughan, 3.

Junior Division Under 15.

- 55 yards Freestyle : J. Wright, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; R. Green, 3. Time 34 seconds.
- 110 yards Freestyle : J. Wright, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; B. Britten, 3. Time, 1 min., 19.5 seconds.
- 220 yards Freestyle : J. Wright, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; B. Britten, 3. Time, 3 mins., 7 seconds.
- 440 yards Freestyle : J. Wright, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; B. Britten, 3. Time, 6 mins., 40.3 seconds (record).
- 55 yards Breast-stroke : J. Wright, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; R. Warrener, 3. Time, 40.3 seconds (record).
- 55 yards Back strock : J. Wright 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; R. Warrener, 3. Time, 41 seconds.

Juvenile Division under 14

- 55 yards Freestyle : D. Anderson, 1 ; A. Whyte, 2 ; R. O'Connell, 3. Time, 37.3 seconds.
- 110 yards Freestyle : D. Anderson, 1 ; A. Whyte, 2 ; L. Betts, 3. Time, 1 min., 18.4 seconds (record).
- 220 yards Freestyle : D. Anderson, 1 ; A. Whyte, 2 ; R. Lane, 3. Time, 2 mins., 56.1 seconds (record).
- 55 yards Breast-stroke : D. Anderson, 1 ; B. Butler, 2 ; S. Turvey, 3. Time, 46 seconds.
- 55 yards Backstroke : D. Anderson, 1 ; G. Robinson, 2. Time, 1 min., 6.5 seconds.
- Relay : Sturt, 1 ; Lawson, 2 ; Blaxland, 3. Time, 2 mins., 45.3 seconds (record).
- Dive : D. Anderson, 1 ; D. Foster, 2 ; R. Firth, 3.

Juvenile Division Under 13

- 55 yards Freestyle : R. Lane, 1 ; R. Anderson, 2 ; G. Nesbitt, 3. Time, 39.4 seconds.
- 110 yards Freestyle : B. Morris, 1 ; R. Lane, 2 ; G. Nesbitt, 3. Time 1 min., 35.1 seconds.
- 55 yards Breast-stroke : R. Lane, 1 ; R. O'Brien, 2 ; D. Samer, 3. Time, 58.1 seconds.
- 55 yards Backstroke : R. O'Brien, 1 ; R. Lane, 2 ; B. Morris, 3. Time, 54.3 seconds.

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

The swimming team again performed creditably in the Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival. Mr. Allars worked very hard and organised a team which brought credit on the school. The seniors won the Senior division and we were placed 4th in the Juvenile division, and 4th in the aggregate for champion school.

We congratulate Sydney High School on winning the championship and the juvenile division and we offer special congratulations to Tamworth High in being placed second in the aggregate, second in the senior division and on winning the junior division.

The school wishes also to congratulate Bill Brady on his winning the Barney Kieran Memorial Cup for 1947.

Homebush boys were placed in the following events :

Senior :

- 110 yards Freestyle : Division 1 : F. Keskula, 4th.
- 220 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : W. Brady, 1st.
- 440 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : W. Brady, 1st.
- 880 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : W. Brady, 1st.
- 880 yards Freestyle, Division 2 : F. Jordan, 1st.
- 55 yards Backstroke, Division 1 : W. Mills, 3rd.
- Senior Dive : Division 2 : F. Keskula, 5th.
- Relay : Homebush (W. Brady, F. Keskula, B. Langevad, W. Mills), 1st.

Junior—Under 16 :

- 55 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : F. Jordan, 2nd.
- 220 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : F. Jordan, 1st.
- 440 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : F. Jordan, 1st.
- Dive, Division 2 : J. Wright, 5th.

Junior—Under 15 :

- 55 yards Breast-stroke, Division 1 : J. Wright, 2nd.
- 55 yards Backstroke, Division 1 : J. Wright, 3rd.

Juvenile—Under 14 :

- 55 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : D. Anderson, 2nd.
- 110 yards Freestyle, Division 1 : D. Anderson, 2nd.
- 220 yards Freestyle, Division 2 : A. Whyte, 4th.
- 55 yards Breast-stroke, Division 2 : S. Turvey, 4th.
- Dive, Division 2 : L. Bailey, 3rd.

Juvenile—Under 13 :

- 55 yards Freestyle, Division 2 : R. Anderson, 3rd.
- 110 yards Freestyle, Division 2 : R. Lane, 5th.
- 55 yards, Breast-stroke, Division 2 : R. O'Brien, 3rd.
- 55 yards Backstroke, Division 2 : R. Lane, 4th.

WATER POLO

Results : Homebush v. Fort Street, won 9-1 ; v. Sydney Tech., won 4-2 ; v. North Sydney High, won 5-4 ; v. Canterbury, won 7-0 ; v. Fort Street, won 3-1 ; v. North Sydney Tech., lost 3-5.

The water polo team, as may be seen from the results, is having a very successful 1948 season and with four matches to play, is in second position to the 1947 premiers, North Sydney Tech. High.

Our captain, Frank Jordan (4A) is also our most prolific goal scorer, and is usually supported by Brady (5D), Wright (3B), and Anderson, (2A), in the forwards. Keskula (5th) in the pivot for the backs, and has been



WATER POLO

Back Row : W. Davis, G. Vaughan B. Langevad, F. Keskula.
 Front Row : J. Wright, F. Jordan (Capt.), Mr. M. Allen, W. Brady, D. Anderson.

responsible for much of the improvement in the standard of play. Keskula is ably supported by G. Vaughan (4A) and Langevad (5th), who is keeping goals very well.

Each year shows an increasing number of players aiming to represent the school at polo, and positions in the team were keenly sought after.

It is hoped that there will be an "A" and "B" grade competition in the 1949 season. This would give our younger players a chance.

Congratulations to W. Brady and F. Keskula who have been awarded swimming blues.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY COMPETITIONS

During the 1947-48 swimming season the school attained to a fair measure of success in competitions conducted by the Royal Life Saving Society. This result was largely due to intensive instruction in life-saving methods at the end of 1947, under the control of Messrs. McQueen, McFarland, A. Watson, assisted by two Teachers' College Students, Max Weichmann and Eric Rushton; to the enthusiasm of a fairly large group of instructors from 5th, 4th and 3rd years, and headed by Brian Harper; and to the fact that considerable numbers of pupils became life-saving conscious for the first time.

It was held that each pupil of the school should be skilled in the application of the Schafer method for the restoration of the apparently drowned, and in pursuit of this aim, 630 pupils were successfully presented for the tests for Junior Resuscitation Certificate. A full list of the awards won by pupils of the school was as follows:—

Junior Resuscitation Certificate	630
Elementary Certificate	101
Intermediate Certificate and Labels to I.C.	110
Unigrip Certificate	21
Bronze Medallions and Bars to B.M.	82
1st Class Instructors' Certificate	14
Bronze Crosses	27
Awards of Merit	7

The total of 1881 points for these awards—a record for the competition—gained the award of the Hendry Cup for 1947-48 for the best boys' school in N.S.W. for the R.L.S.S. point-score.

Pupils who gained the higher awards of the Society were:—

1st Class Instructors: B. Harper, R. Phillips, P. Stanford, W. Anderson, A. L. Smith, H. Wallace, W. Mills, G. Ross, P. Smithers, W. Schofield.



LIFE SAVING—ARTHUR PARKER CUP TEAM

Back Row : R. Phillips, R. Ross, B. Lake.
Front Row : B. Harper, Mr. R. McQueen, T. Grenenger.

Bronze Cross: T. Grenenger, R. Goff, G Mercer, J. Stinson, B. Harper, R. Phillips, C. Towle, R. Burton, H. Wallace A. L. Smith, W. Mills, W. Anderson, L. Green, R. Ross, P. Stanford, G. Vaughan, C. Scard, N. Moss, B. Tulloch, G. Ross, W. Schofield, R. Schofield, J. Drane, H. Dupen, P. Wade, E. Godden.

Award of Merit: B. Lake, B. Harper, P. Stanford, H. Wallace, W. Mills, R. Ross.

For the first time Homebush entered a team in the Arthur Parker Cup competition. In this event we were beaten by Fort Street, which put up a very meritorious performance. However, in 1948-49 we hope to be able to reverse this result, and with this end in view, the 1947-48 Arthur Parker Cup team (H. Harper, R. Ross, R. Phillips, B. Lake and T. Grenenger) has presented to the school a cup for annual competition between the houses, based on the conditions for the Arthur Parker Cup. In this way it is hoped that we will be able to pick from the four house teams prepared

for this competition a school team capable of winning this season's Arthur Parker Cup.

Thanks are due to Mr. A. Watson, Physical Training teacher, for his fine work in preparing squads for the Junion Resuscitation Certificate.

Results of the inter-house Life-Saving competition, which has been conducted since February, 1948, are 1, Blaxland, 194 points; 2, Sturt, 175; 3, Oxley, 173; 4, Lawson, 157.

This year's competition will run right through the 1948-49 season.

ATHLETICS

The Murdoch Shield for athletics was won by Lawson. The point score results were Lawson, 392 points, Blaxland, 296 points; Oxley, 292 points and Sturt, 257 points.

The Annual Carnival was held at St. Luke's Oval on 28th and 29th July. This was earlier than usual since the C.H.S. was to be held before



C.H.S. ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row : C. Irving, R. Lane, K. Sargeant, O. Wilson, K. Storey, B. Atfield, P. Clout.
 Second Row : J. McKenzie, K. Allen, D. Smyth, J. Ross, K. Bugg, S. Reid, G. Stratford.
 Third Row : W. Armsworth, L. Betts, B. Oldfield, N. Moss, R. Warrenner, W. Mills,
 V. Pauley, J. Morey, F. Keskula, T. Casement, J. Johnson.
 Fourth Row : J. Talty, L. Dennis, J. Cuthbert, J. Evans, B. Upfold, N. Goodsell, A.
 Skulander, G. Howard, P. Allen, L. Budge.
 Fifth Row : A. Bainbridge, L. Linsell, N. McKnight, R. Lyons, Mr. P. Parsonage
 B. Langevad, G. Vaughan, B. Britten, K. Crawford.
 Front Row : F. Duffy, H. Ross, J. Phizacklea, R. Anderson, R. Bishop, L. Bailey
 M. Thomas.

the August vacation. The weather, however, was ideal, and eight records were either broken or equalled.

Senior : 100 yards, R. Lyons, 10.3 seconds; mile, N. Goodsell, 4 mins., 58.3 seconds; high jump, P. Allen, 5 feet 3½ inches.

Under 16 : 880 yards, L. Linsell, 2 minutes, 16.7 seconds; Shot Putt, G. Howard, 41 feet, 10½ inches.

Under 14 : 100 yards, L. Betts, 11.4 seconds (equals record).

Under 13 : 100 yards, C. Irving, 12.6 seconds (equals record); High Jump, R. Anderson, 4 feet 8½ inches.

Results

Senior Division

- 100 yards : R. Lyons, 1 ; N. McKnight, 2 ; K. Storey, 3. Time, 10.3 seconds.
 220 yards : R. Lyons, 1 ; N. McKnight, 2 ; T. Casement, 3. Time, 23.8 seconds.
 440 yards : N. Mcnight, 1 ; R. Lyons, 2 ; W. Mills, 3. Time 54.2 seconds.
 880 yards : W. Mills 1 ; N. Goodsell, 2 ; W. Moss, 3. Time, 2 mins., 14.6 seconds.
 Mile : N. Goodsell, 1 ; L. Linsell, 2 ; K. Crawford, 3. Time, 4 mins., 58.3 seconds.
 120 yards hurdles : F. Keskula, 1 ; K. Storey, 2 ; J. Johnson, 3. Time, 17.8 seconds.
 Broad Jump : N. McKnight, 1 ; L. Dennis, 2 ; E. Barrs, 3. 19 feet 2½ inches.
 High Jump : P. Allen, 1 ; J. Meagher, 2 ; N. Mcnight, 3. 5 feet 3½ inches.
 Shot Putt : N. McKnight, 1 ; B. Langevad, 2 ; F. Keskula, 3. 32 feet 10 inches.

Winner of Senior Championship : N. McKnight.

Under 16 Division

- 100 yards : J. Evans, 1 ; J. Morey, 2 ; P. Oldfield, 3.
 220 yards : J. Morey, 1 ; B. Oldfield, 2 ; J. Evans, 3. Time, 25.4 seconds.
 440 yards : L. Linsell, 1 ; B. Upfold, 2 ; C. Dewey, 3. Time, 57.5 seconds.
 880 yards, L. Linsell, 1 ; K. Dewey, 2 ; J. Pincott, 3. Time, 2 mins., 16.7 seconds.
 90 yards Hurdles : J. Morey, 1 ; J. Evans, 2 ; R. Warrener, 3. Time, 13 seconds.
 High Jump : G. Howard, 1 ; B. Wilson, 2 ; J. Morey, 3. 5 feet 1½ inches.
 Broad Jump : G. Howard, 1 ; A. Skulander, 2 ; L. Linsell, 3. 19 feet 8½ inches.
 Shot Putt : G. Howard, 1 ; G. Vaughan, 2 ; L. Linsell, 3. 41 feet 10½ inches.

Winner of Under 16 Championship : J. Morey

Under 15 Division

- 100 yards : G Stratford, 1 ; S. Reid, 2 ; A. Bainbridge, 3. Time, 11.6 seconds.
 220 yards : A. Bainbridge, 1 ; G. Stratford, 2 ; S. Reid, 3. Time, 26.4 seconds.
 90 yards Hurdles : A. Bainbridge, 1 ; V. Pauley, 2 ; D. Smyth, 3. Time, 14 seconds.
 High Jump : A. Bainbridge, 1 ; K. Allen, 2 ; B. Britten, 3. 4 feet 10 inches.
 Broad Jump : S. Reid, 1 ; D. Smyth, 2 ; A. Bainbridge, 3. 17 feet 6 inches.
 Shot Putt : B. Britten, 1 ; J. Cuthbert, 2 ; D. Smyth, 3. 36 feet 6 inches.

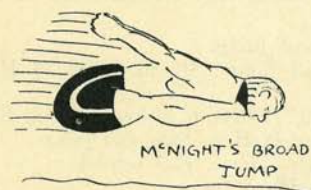
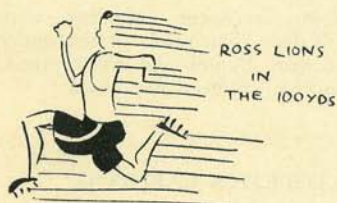
Winner of Under 15 Championship : A. Bainbridge.

Under 14 Division

- 100 yards : L. Betts, 1 ; J. McKenzie, 2 ; M. Thomas, 3. Time, 11.4 seconds.
 220 yards : L. Betts, 1 ; J. McKenzie, 2 ; P. Clout, 3. Time, 26.9 seconds.
 60 yards Hurdles : L. Betts, 1 ; J. McKenzie, 2 ; R. Lane, 3. Time, 10.3 seconds.
 Broad Jump : L. Betts, 1 ; M. Thomas, 2 ; L. Wilson, 3. 15 feet 11½ inches.
 High Jump : L. Betts, 1 ; K. Sargeant, 2 ; M. Thomas and J. Talty, 3. 4 feet 7½ inches.

Winner of Under 14 Championship : L. Betts.

PERSONALITIES AT OUR SPORTS.

THE MAN
WITH
THE
MIKEHOWARD
AND
HIS SHOT-
PUTT
RECORDM'NIGHT'S BROAD
JUMPSTRIP-
TEASE
MEAGHERROSS LIONS
IN
THE 100YDS

OUR N° 1 PERSONALITY

Under 13 Division

100 yards : C. Irving, 1 ; J. Phizacklea, 2 ; R. Anderson, 3. Time, 12.6 seconds.

High Jump : R. Anderson, 1 ; H. Ross, 2 ; L. Bailey, 3. 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Broad Jump : C. Irving, 1 ; R. Anderson, 2 ; F. Duffy, 3. 14 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Winner of Under 13 Championship : R. Anderson.

House Events

100 yards Senior : R. Ross, 1 ; A. Lovatt 2 ; J. Laycock, 3.

220 yards Senior : A. Lovatt, 1 ; R. Ross, 2 ; J. Laycock, 3.

440 yards Senior : R. Ross, 1 ; R. Jesse, 2.

100 yards under 16 : A. Bree, 1 ; G. Scutt, 2 ; C. Potter, 3.

220 yards under 16 : A. Bree, 1 ; A. Skulander, 2 ; K. Harris, 3.

440 yards under 16 : C. Potter, 1 ; L. Budge 2 ; J. Wright, 3.

100 yards under 15 : K. Bugg, 1 ; V. Pauley, 2 ; K. Wilson, 3.

- 220 yards under 15 : K. Bugg, 1 ; K. Allen, 2 ; R. Burns, 3.
 100 yards under 14 : W. Armsworth, 1 ; N. Hoddinett, 2 ; I. Glachan, 3.
 220 yards under 14 : W. Armsworth, 1 ; B. Atfield, 2 ; D. Griffith, 3.
 100 yards under 13 : L. Norman, 1 ; A. Harper, 2 ; D. Sanders, 3.
 440 yards Open Handicap : B. Bryant, 1 ; R. Burns, 2 ; R. Slade, 3.
 Tug of War : Lawson, 1 ; Oxley, 2 ; Blaxland, 3.
 Senior Relay : Lawson, 1 ; Oxley, 2 ; Sturt, 3. Time, 48.4 seconds.
 Junior Relay : Blaxland, 1 ; Lawson, 2 ; Sturt, 3. Time, 49.9 seconds.
 Juvenile Relay : Oxley, 1 ; Blaxland, 2 ; Lawson, 3. Time, 55.7 seconds.

N.S.W. SCHOOLBOY ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

Some notable performances were recorded by Homebush pupils in open competition with G.P.S., Associated Schools, Catholic Schools and other High Schools of N.S.W. Details are as follows:—

- R. Lyons : 1st in 100 yards under 17. Time, 10.4 seconds ; 3rd in 220 yards under 17.
 N. McKnight : 3rd in Open Hop, Step and Jump.
 P. Allen : 4th in under 17 Hop, Step and Jump ; 5th in under 17 High Jump.
 G. Howard : 1st in Broad Jump under 16, 19 feet 6 inches ; 2nd in Shot Putt under 16, 45 feet 10½ inches ; 3rd in Hop, Step and Jump.
 J. Moley : 1st in under 16, 90 yards Hurdles. Time, 12.3 seconds.
 J. Evans : 2nd in under 16 90 yards Hurdles.
 A. Bainbridge : 3rd in under 16 90 yards Hurdles.
 L. Linsell : 6th in 880 yards under 16. Won his heat in 2 mins., 10 seconds.
 L. Betts : 1st in under 14, 100 yards. Time, 11.6 seconds ; 1st in under 14 220 yards Time, 26.1 seconds ; 4th in under 14 Broad Jump.

The under 14 440 yard Relay team won its event. Members were L. Betts, J. McKenzie, M. Thomas and J. Talty. The result of the under 16 90 yards Hurdles, in which we filled first, second and third places, represents the first occasion upon which this feat has been performed

COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

This year's carnival was our most successful. Although we filled second place last year the margin of points between first and second was considerable, but this year a bare seventeen points separated us from first position. Our total was 233 points, compared with Sydney High School's 250. We congratulate Sydney on its win.

In the sectional point scores we filled fourth position in the senior group, third position in the junior group and first position in the juvenile group. This last represents the first occasion on which we have ever won a section at this meeting. The juvenile athletes are to be very highly commended for their performance, and the team as a whole showed how much Mr. Parsonage is improving the standard of athletics in the school.

Results

Senior Division

- Ross Lyons : 1st in 220 yards, Division 1 ; 3rd in 100 yards, Division 1.
 Norman McKnight : 4th in 100 yards, Division 2 ; 4th in Shot Putt, Division 1 ; 5th in Broad Jump, Division 1.

Felix Keskula : 2nd in 120 yards Hurdles, Division 1.
Kevin Crawford : 1st in Mile, Division 2.
Warren Mills : 3rd in 880 yards, Division 1.
Neil Goodsell : 5th in Mile, Division 1.
Peter Allen : 5th in High Jump, Division 1.
Lionel Dennis : 4th in Broad Jump, Division 2.
Relay Team : R. Lyons, N. McKnight, W. Mills, F. Keskula, 3rd in final.

Under 16 Division

John Morey : 1st in 90 yards Hurdles, Division 1 ; 2nd in 100 yards, Division 2.
Jim Evans : 1st in 90 yards Hurdles, Division 2.
Graham Howard : 3rd in Broad Jump, Division 1 ; 2nd in Shot Putt, Division 1.
Bruce Oldfield : 3rd in 220 yards, Division 2.
Geoff Vaughan : 4th in Shot Putt, Division 2.
Les Linsell : 4th in 440 yards, Division 1.
Barry Upfold : 4th in 440 yards, Division 2.
Relay Team (J. Morey, L. Budge, J. Evans, B. Oldfield) : 4th.

Under 15 Division

Alan Bainbridge : 1st in 90 yards Hurdles, Division 1.
John Cuthbert : 3rd in Shot Putt, Division 2.
Don Smyth : 3rd in Broad Jump, Division 2.
Stuart Reid : 3rd in Broad Jump, Division 1.
George Stratford : 5th in 100 yards, Division 1 ; 3rd in 220 yards, Division 2.
Relay Team (G. Stratford, S. Reid, K. Bugg, A. Bainbridge) : 4th.

Under 14 Division

Lynn Betts : 1st in 100 yards, Division 1 ; 1st in 220 yards, Division 1 ; 2nd in Broad Jump, Division 1 ; 3rd in 60 yards Hurdles, Division 1.
Jim McKenzie : 1st in 220 yards, Division 2 ; 2nd in 100 yards Division 2.
Relay Team (M. Thomas, L. Betts, J. McKenzie, W. Armsworth) : 1st in final.

Under 13 Division

Ron Anderson : 1st in High Jump, Division 1 ; 2nd in Broad Jump, Division 2.
Clive Irving : 3rd in 100 yards, Division 1.
Harry Ross : 3rd in High Jump, Division 2.
Relay Team (R. Anderson, C. Irving, J. Ross, J. Phizacklea) : Broke the existing record to win its heat, only to have it re-broken in the final and to be just beaten into second place by Newcastle.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CONTRIBUTORS

It is not possible here to mention contributors individually. We would like to say, however, that contributions were many and varied, some of high merit, but crowded out of our restricted pages ; some not so good, perhaps, but all worthy of sincere thanks for the effort. If the work you sent in hasn't appeared—well, we regret that as much as you do. But we can't use everything. And just the same, we do appreciate your trying—try again next time.

ESSAY COMPETITION

An essay competition recently promoted by the Burwood Rotary Club and open to all State and non-State schools in the Burwood Rotary Club district, has brought very pleasing credit to Homebush Boys' High School. The competition was conducted in four divisions—senior boys and senior girls; junior boys and junior girls. The seniors were in age group 15-18 years, and the juniors, under 15 years.

Homebush won first and second prizes in both senior and junior boys. In the senior division, Don Hayward, of 4A, was first, and Bob Ross, of 5A, second. In the junior division, Ronald Robertson, of 3B, was first, and Grant Cockburn, of 1B, was second. In addition, valuable prizes also go to these boys.

The topic for the essay was: "In what way can the youth of Australia Contribute to Better International Understanding, Good-will and Peace." It is more than pleasing to think that our boys should have so distinguished themselves in the discussing of a topic that must make appeal to the noblest aspirations.

At the next annual dinner of the Burwood Rotary Club, in December, the prizes will be presented, and, we understand that the first prize essays will be published and circulated among all the Rotary Clubs of Australia.

The school most heartily congratulates the winners.

NOVEMBER, 1948

Out of the eerie moonlight,
 Into a tropic dawn,
 Come the red flamingoes,
 Scarlet hued at morn.

Pile the paw-paws higher!
 Strike the crimson lute!
 Love here has no buyer—
 Scatter the golden fruit!

See the catamarans swaying,
 Beyond the palm-fringed shore;
 Children idly playing
 Far from gay Lahore.

Let the ebb-tide falter;
 Soon the prahu will come:
 Youth here has no halter—
 Broach the kegs of rum!

Join the mad carousal
 By the red lagoon!
 With the lazy lotus
 Dress the grey baboon!

—Denis Kevans.

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR STUDENTS

We have time to record, as this issue goes to press, the very pleasant function of the Fourth Year Farewell to the 1948 Fifth Year Students. The Farewell is now an established feature in our school life, and makes a fitting close to a school career that has, in most cases, extended over five years at Homebush.

The Assembly Hall was most tastefully decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the P. and C. Association. Never before had such a wealth and profusion of flowers been seen in the hall. It is safe to say, too, that the hall has not seen such a tempting array of good things to eat and drink.

There is always a solemnity in good-bye, but it did not obtrude to become oppressive. Rather the keynote was that of brightness, cheer and hope. And many a happy laugh greeted the sallies of the speakers.

Peter Allen, Captain for 1949, was an able chairman. He proposed the toast of "The King." The usual toasts followed: "The School," by retiring Captain R. Lyons, and the response was made by Mr. Watson, Principal. "The Staff," by retiring Vice-Captain, B. Langevad, response by Mr. Wallace, Deputy-Principal; "The Guests," by A. Kentwell, supported by G. Howard, Vice-Captain for 1949, response by R. Ross, supported by R. Jesse, retiring Head-Prefect. "The Old Boys," by D. Hayward, response by Mr. H. R. Moxham, President of the Old Boys' Union.

With "Auld Lang Syne" the function came to its close. Farewell Fifts, every success in your Leaving Certificate results, every good wish goes with you in your future careers.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Prefects for 1949 are listed in the School Directory, but the compilation was too early to give the names of the chief officers. We give them now as stop-press news. Elections resulted as follows: Captain, P. Allen; Vice-Captain, G. Howard; Head Prefect, R. Harris.

Congratulations on your election to the most honoured places the school can bestow on you.

THE SILVER CITY

Have you ever noticed that Central Station has an atmosphere about it? Don't ask me for a definition of atmosphere because I couldn't give you one—it's just a sort of feeling, real, yet intangible, that you experience when you go there. Well, just as Central Station has an atmosphere, so has Broken Hill.

Broken Hill is different from any other city I know, or am ever likely to know. Its streets are different; its houses are different—with their gum trees, and their stone verandahs, and their back porches of galvanised iron; and the outlook of its people is different.

Broken Hill has a population of between 28,000 and 30,000 inhabitants. It varies from time to time, according to the laws of human nature, the generosity of the Barrier Industrial Council, whose permission one must get before one earns the lead bonus, and lastly, the size of the lead bonus itself.

The centre of Broken Hill life is Argent Street—what a blessed name, and as inspiring almost as El Dorado! If you arrange to meet a friend (and one who is most likely late, for people do not worry so much about time at the "Hill") you meet him, or her, in Argent Street.

In Argent Street you find the Central Post Office, Court House, Police Station, Technical College—which is the "Hill's" University, most of the banks, the largest of the hotels, the A.B.C. radio station, the offices of the Mine Manager's Association, the many clubs, the big stores and all things else that go to make up a business centre.

There are, of course, two railway stations—one at the end of the standard gauge, the line to Sydney; the other, on the narrow gauge, the line to South Australia.

The main source of the income of Broken Hill is the products of the mines. The larger part of the male population have work in some way or other connected with the mines, and they are paid well for it, too. That's why the standard of living in recent years has been so high; and that is why almost every family owns a motor car, and that nearly every home has a refrigerator.

A long while ago, Broken Hill had a strike—a very big strike. Conditions became appallingly bad. There was little food, and the men had to pack their swags and tramp outback to look for work on the stations. Both parties to that strike learned a lot from it. They determined there should not be another strike, and they formed the most sensible industrial arrangement I know of. This takes the form of periodical round-table conferences—between union officials and mine managers—where all matters are discussed and mutual agreements reached. Hence, there are no strikes and conditions of work are so good.

Broken Hill streets are tree-lined, and in parts the paved footpaths are flanked with grass. There are six parks with well-watered lawns and shady trees—where families on summer nights can go and listen to the band. Red gums, wattles and some of the hardier eucalypts predominate.

Each park has free tennis courts and children's playgrounds, bowling greens and so forth. The big mining companies have done much for Broken Hill in helping to provide and maintain these and other amenities.

The mines are big concerns, and the profits are high, but the workers in the mines, through the lead bonus, share greatly in these profits. For example, at the present price of lead, the minimum wage is actually £17/12/6 per week! And the cost of living is no higher, taken all round, than it is in Sydney.

To appreciate how good are conditions of work—apart from high wages—one should go to the Zinc Corporation on an official tour of inspection. The guide takes you through the beautiful brick gates, salutes the man on duty at the guard house, and leads you up the tree-lined avenues, past the picnic grounds, to the centre of the mine. The Zinc is a beautiful mine, all in cream and green, except for the office block, the change rooms, the library, the dance hall, the indoor swimming pool, the gymnasium and the pay office: all these are in red brick. The mill, the workshops, the winder house, the store houses, the grinder station, the car park and the bike park are all named in chromium letters . . .

The change-rooms, showers and kiosks remind you of what you are to expect at your London club when you get your peagee.

In the new B.H. they are now building a swimming pool in the change-house—men can then have a swim before putting on their ordinary clothes on a hot day. Enough, then, to show that the worker on the mines has every comfort it is possible to provide.

Underground a mine is like a city, twice as big as the one on top, with air conditioning, electric light, water and sewerage services. The three chief metals are lead, zinc and silver. There is, too, a fair deal of gold (one sixth of Australia's total production). I cannot, in this brief space, go into the details of the actual mining, but I hope to make it the subject of an article in a subsequent issue.

Of course people don't drink much water in such a climate, but water is needed for washing, swimming in, and so forth. This water comes from the big dam at Umberumberka. Sometimes there is a serious water shortage, but when the pipe-line from the Darling River is completed the 'Hill' will have a permanent supply.

There is a daily air service to the Silver City from Sydney and Mildura and Melbourne, every second day from Adelaide, and, of course, rail services from Sydney and Adelaide. On the Sydney run, from Parkes to the "Hill" a diesel train—the Silver City Comet—shoots over the plain at 60 m.p.h. Occasionally it arrives at the "Hill" right on time, but not often enough to develop into a habit. I love that Comet—let Mr. Coutts say what he likes about it.

In conclusion, this sort of thing is quite common: "Going to Broken Hill? Oh, you poor fellow! Out in that desert!"

Stuff and nonsense, that is. Broken Hill is a wonderful city, and it is not set in a desert.

—D. Haywood (4A).

The Lad We Want . . .

Just what lad is it? There are so many kinds, in such variety of circumstances . . . the lad with much pocket money and the lad with none; the lad with no apparent future, and the lad with his father's business waiting for him; the lad without definite prospects, but with proven abilities, and all the qualities that are needed for success, both in business and in citizenship . . . the lad who rather doubts himself (without good reason for doing so), the lad who has been a good sport, but an indifferent scholar, yet with a fine brain; virgin, rich soil as yet almost untouched, because unready for the hand of the cultivator, an unreadiness due largely to conditions existing during adolescence in certain types. Then there is that unfortunate lad (so far) who is firmly convinced that he is a duffer, condemned to mediocrity or worse . . . our heart goes out in special sympathy to this one, his is the greatest need of all. Great as our work is, we yet plough only a portion of our legitimate field, because of the diffidence the modesty, the "inferiority complex" of so many splendid boys . . . boys who should have **Faith** in themselves, but have not; boys who **can** succeed if they will give themselves a chance.

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