



Chapman

The Magazine
OF THE
HOMEBUSH
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. 2, No. 2.

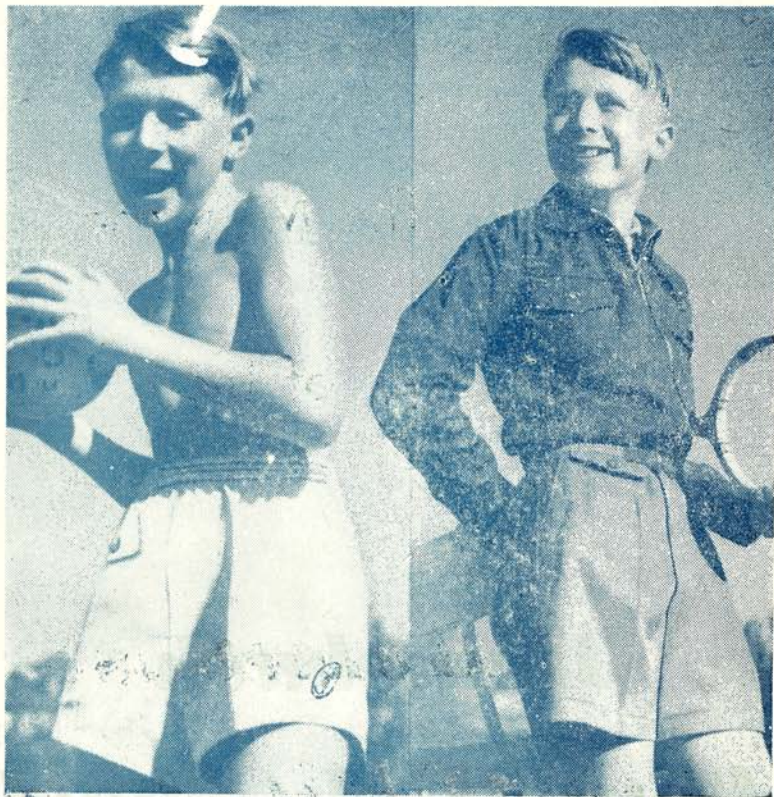
DECEMBER, 1951

The Magazine

of the

Homebush
Boys' High School

1951



For swimming, playing

Farmer's

Shorts for the summer holidays

These are built by Casben, just like Dad's

THE WALKSHORTS: Tough and handsome in husky twill.
24 to 32". Beige, brown, khaki, white, grey. **27/6**

THE SWIMSHORTS: Free movement and smooth lines are
emphasised. 24 to 32". Blue, grey, beige. **32/6**

Find all your summer shorts on the fourth, the young people's floor.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY, 1951.

THE STAFF.

Principal: R. A. GOLDING, B.A.

Deputy Principal: E. T. WALLACE, B.Sc.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

S. C. Jones, B. A. (Acting Master), J. M. Byrne, B. A.; K. A. Dyet, B. A.;
R. L. Emanuel, B. A.; J. L. Gordon, B. A.; H. D. Kevans, B. A.,
W. E. McCulloch, B. A.; A. O. McFarland, B. A., B. Ec.;
A. L. Peisker, B. A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

A. M. Meyers, B. A. (Master); R. B. Allars, B. A.; W. J. Barter, B. A.;
W. E. Breakwell, B. A.; G. C. Brown, B. Sc.; W. C. Hall, B. A.;
N. M. Leeder, B. A.; E. T. Welsh, B. A.; A. E. Kelly, B. A.

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

H. F. Evans, B. A. (Master); T. Carson, M. A.; Miss M. Nash, B. A.;
W. A. Parr, B. A.; Miss E. Perrin, B. A.; Miss M. Ryan, B. A.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

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W. L. Havard, F. R. A. H. S.; F. K. McDonald, B. Sc.; A. J. Tod, B. Sc.;

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.

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B. Ec.; R. F. Stacey, B. Ec.; A. O. McFarland, B. A., B. Ec., H. D. Kevans,
B. A.; C. S. Lipscomb.

TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT.

H. W. Brown, A. S. T. C. (Master); R. M. Allen, J. Bathgate, C. J. Brown-
john, J. Harrison, L. E. Rodgers, K. Goldthorpe, B. E.; T. F. Bible;
D. M. Thornton.

Music: C. S. Lipscomb.

Physical Training: J. W. Mathers, D. P. E.; J. E. Mason, D. P. E.
School Counsellor: J. K. McLaughlin, M. A.

Librarian: J. L. Gordon, B. A.

Careers Adviser: J. M. Byrne, B. A.

Sportsmaster: G. C. Brown, B. A.

Assistant Sportsmaster: J. E. Mason, D. P. E.

School Treasurer: R. F. Stacey, B. Ec.

Assistant Treasurer: R. J. Bealin, M. A., B. Ec.

Cadets: W. E. McCulloch, B. A.

Air Training: W. L. Havard, F. R. A. H. S.; W. J. Barter,
B. A.; J. W. Mathers, D. P. E.

Transport Officer: W. A. Parr, B. A.

Prefects Master: A. M. Meyers, B. A.

Master in Charge of Electrical Equipment: P. C. Moss, B. Sc.

Social Activities: K. A. Dyet, B. A.

PREFECTS, 1951.

J. Wright (Captain), D. Anderson (Vice-captain), K. Goodwin (Senior Prefect); W. Alcock, C. Allen, D. Allen, K. Baker; R. Bathgate; J. Beresford; R. Burns, B. Chadwick, R. Churches, P. Clout, E. Cornell; T. Curran; R. Doyle, R. Foster, G. Heimann, J. Howard, B. Lyons; R. McCarthy; J. McKenzie, J. Mater, G. Nicholls, W. Peters, B. Skellett; A. Smith; D. Storey, G. Stratford, J. Talty, A. Taylor, M. Thomas; B. Wright.

PREFECTS-ELECT FOR 1952.

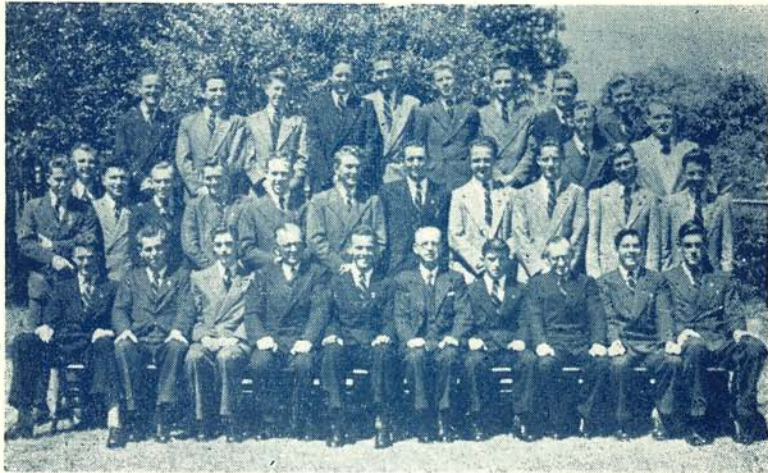
B. Rudd (Captain), A. Summons (Vice-captain), J. Hayes (Senior Prefect),
 C. Allen, J. Angel, T. Carter, J. Clarke, K. Clancy; F. Colley; V. Davanzo;
 B. Dredge, B. Fullagar, C. Graham, M. Gulley, H. Home; R. Ingram;
 C. Irving, B. Jackson, C. Jordan, C. Lambert, J. Meredith; P. Pulsford;
 R. Solomon, G. Stockman, N. Street, J. Tierney; B. Torr; C. Weir;
 M. Wheeler, M. Yee.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Master-in-Charge: Mr. S. C. Jones.

Business Manager: Mr. J. Hensley.

Student Editors: T. Carter, H. Home. *Assistants:* B. Jackson, F. Colley,
 C. Jordan, G. Nelson, C. Lambert, L. Bruel, R. O'Brien; J. Bunyan;
 R. Solomon, P. Pulsford, R. Ingram, L. Tolmie.



PREFECTS, 1951.

Back Row (left to right): R. Burns, G. Nicholls, K. Baker, A. Smith;
 D. Storey, W. Alcock, B. Skellett, R. McCarthy, A. Taylor; C. Allen;
 J. Mater.
Centre Row: D. Allen, B. Wright, G. Heimann, P. Clout, G. Stratford;
 T. Curran, R. Churches, R. Foster, J. Howard, J. Talty; E. Cornell;
 W. Peters.
Front Row: B. Lyons, J. Beresford, K. Goodwin (Senior Prefect), Mr. Wallace
 (Deputy Principal), J. Wright (Captain), Mr. R. Golding (Principal),
 D. Anderson (Vice-captain), Mr. Meyers (Prefect Master), R. Doyle,
 R. Bathgate

Editorial . . .

In "An open letter to a student," General Eisenhower made the following points which might be considered pertinent:

"To be a good citizen is the most important job that will ever confront you, but essentially it is something more than being a good member of your community, helping those who need your help, striving for a sympathetic understanding of those who oppose you, doing each day's job a little better than the previous day's, placing the common good before personal profit."

To be a good member of a school community surely implies putting into the school more than you take out; the willingness to accept responsibility; a spirit of co-operation; and the ability to accept defeat without "wingeing" and to receive victory with humility.

It is pleasing to note that this spirit has gradually been developing in the School, not only amongst the "old residents" but also to a marked degree amongst the Fourth Year "importations." Perhaps it would be a fitting to conclude with an extract from an editorial which a Fourth Year student "dared" to write:

"In every field of School activity the new boys, notably the Fourth Years, are working bravely for the general honour of the School. Newcomers are foremost in every team of Inter-School competition. It is not surprising that lively and natural enthusiasm has increased. In every sphere of School life our standard has risen, and in all Inter-School activities the name of Homebush has gained a higher ranking. We are still a comparatively young school with a long future and the grand tradition to build. It is our duty to see that the foundations of this tradition are unshakable."

Examination Results.

Teachers' College Scholarships.

Arndale, L. B.	Hickson, N. R.	Poole, C.
Farquhar, R. D.	Hook, W. C.	Price, G. A.
Froment, G.	Howard, G. K.	Scott, R. A.
Brew, T. J.	Jollow, R. G.	Shore, C. B.
Bridgement, F. G.	Little, L.	Talbot, D. M.
Britten, D. B.	McLintock, M. T.	Tweed, D. S.
Casey, D. L.	Middleton, B.	Wallyn, R. E.
Day, F. J.	Morgan, T. R.	Warrener, R. N.
Fail, J. D.	Penhall, B. W.	Wilson, K. J.

Exhibition Winners.

Poole, C.	Hickson, N. A.	Lehane, J. A.
Britten, D. B.	Hooke, J. A.	Penhall, B. W. G.

Commonwealth Scholarship Awards.

Adair, T. M.	Cheeseman, K. J.	Penhall, B. W.
Arndale, L. B.	Kirkland, R. A.	Pilarcik, J.
Britten, D. B.	Lehane, J. A.	Poole, C.
Casey, D. L.	Morgan, J. D.	Warrener, N. R.

Prize List.

1. Captain's Prize	For Service	Harry Browne
2. Dux of School		John Lehane
3. Principal's Prize, also 3rd in 5th Year	For Service and Scholarship	Brian Penhall
4. Old Boys' Prize	For Sport and Scholarship	Barry Britten
5. Jackett Prize	For Debating	Noel Hickson
6. Homebush West Strathfield Sub-Branch R.S.S. & A.I.L.A. Prize	For All Round Merit	Bruce Oliver

FIFTH YEAR	2nd	Nigel Collier
FOURTH YEAR	1st	Kenneth Goodwin
	2nd	Ronald McCarthy
	3rd	Ronald Wiltshire
THIRD YEAR	1st	James Angel
	2nd	James Hayes
	3rd	John Meredith
SECOND YEAR	1st	Graeme Sanders
	2nd	Warwick Dilley
	3rd	John Maloney
FIRST YEAR	1st	Malcolm McFarlane
	2nd	James Douglas
	3rd	Rodney Atfield.

Leaving Certificate.

Key to subjects: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5 Mathematics I; 6, Mathematics II; 7, General Mathematics; 8, Applied Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 13, Physics; 14, Chemistry; 18, Geography; 19, Economics; 24, Accountancy; 36, Technical Drawing; 37, Woodwork; 38, Metalwork.

- Adair, T. M.: 1B, 5B, 6A, 13A, 14H(2).
Affleck, D. A.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 36B: 38B.
Arndale, L. B.: 1A, 7B, 9A, 14A, 19A.
Black, N. V.: 1B, 5B, 13B, 36B.
Brew, D.: 1A 5B 13B 14B.
Bridgement, F. G.: 1B 5A 6B 13B.
Britten, D. B.: 1B, 5H(2), 6H(2), 8B, 13A, 14B.
Browne, H. J.: 1A, 9B, 14B, 24B.
Casey, D. L.: 1A, 3A(o), 7B, 9H(2), 19A.
Cheeseman, K. J.: 1B, 5H(2), 6H(2), 8B, 13A, 14B.
Clarke, D. P.: 1B, 13B, 36A, 38B.
Cobcroft, A. H.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 36B.
Collier, N.: 1A, 5H(1), 6H(1), 13A, 14B.
Corish, R. N.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14B.
Craymer, R.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14A.
Davis, G. L. R.: 1A, 3B(o), 5B, 14B.
Day, J. F. M.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14B.
Doutty, A. C.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14A, 36A.
Doyle, R. W.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 36B.
Eagle, E. R.: 1B, 5B, 14B, 36B.
Earle, O. F.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B, 36B.
Fail, I. D.: 5B 6B 13A 14B 36A.
Farquhar, R.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B, 36B.
Flowers, B. L.: 5B, 6B, 13A, 36B, 38B.
Foster, W. J.: 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14B.
Froment, G.: 1B, 9B, 14B, 19B, 24B.
Full, N. R.: 1A, 3A(o), 7B, 9B.
Goudge, G. W.: 5B, 6B, 13B, 36B.
Hamilton, N. C.: 5A, 6A, 13B, 14B, 36B.
Hardaker, D. C.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 36A.
Hickson, N. R.: 1A, 3B(o), 5H(2), 6H(2), 13A, 14B
Hoffman, B. M.: 1A, 7B, 9B, 14B, 19A.
Hook, W. C.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B.
Howard, G. K.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 36A, 38A.
Johnson, L. W.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 36B.
Jollow, R. J. L.: 1B, 3B, 7A, 9B, 13B, 14B.
Jones, N.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 13H(2), 14A.
Kirkland, R. A.: 1H(2), 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B.
Lehane, J. A.: 1A, 4B, 5H(1), 6H(1), 13A, 14A.
Lenehan, N. R.: 1A 3B(o) 5H(2) 6A 13A 14B
Little, L. G.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 8B, 13A, 14B.
Lohmann, W. H.: 1B 5B 8B 13A 14B.
Loudon, B. J.: 1B, 5B, 14B, 36B.
McClintock, M. T.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 36B.
McDonald, D. B.: 1A, 6B, 13A, 14A.
Mackie, D. A.: 1B, 5B, 13B, 14B.
Maino, R. J.: 5B, 6B, 13A, 14A, 36B.
Mathie, N. M.: 5B, 6B, 13B, 36B.
Middleton, B.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 14B.
Moin, R. W.: 1B, 7B, 9B, 14B.
Morgan, J. D.: 1A, 2B, 3B, 7B, 9A, 14B.
Morgan, T. R.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14B, 36A.
Murch, J. B.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A.
Murn, P. F.: 1B, 7B, 9A, 36B.
Murray, K. T.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13A, 14B, 36A.
Nicholson, B.: 1B 5B 6A 13A 36B.
Oliver, Z.: 1A, 7A, 9A, 14B, 19A, 24A.
Owen, H. W.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 13A.
Penhall, B. W. G.: 1B 5H(1) 6H(2) 8A 13A 14A.
Phillips, D. A.: 5B, 6B, 13B, 18B, 36B.



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Pilarcik, J.: 1B 5H(1) 6H(1) 13A 14A 36A.
 Poole, C.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 13H(1), 14H(2).
 Pooley, S.: 1B 3B 7A 9A 13B 14A.
 Price, G. A.: 1A, 4B, 7A, 9A, 13B, 14H(2).
 Reid, S. J.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B, 36B.
 Rixon, N.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B, 24A.
 Schofield, L. J.: 3B, 7B, 14B, 41B.
 Scott, R. A.: 1A, 3B(o), 5B, 6B, 13B.
 Snow, N. K.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 36B.
 Storey, D. J.: 1B, 5B, 14B, 36B.
 Stilling, K. O.: 1B, 5B, 13B, 14B.
 Thompson, B. E.: 1A, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B.
 Turner, C. D. 1A 3B(o) 5B 13A 14B.
 Tweed, D. S.: 1B 7B 38B 41A.
 Wallwyn, R. E.: 1B, 5B, 6A, 13B, 36A.
 Warrener, D. W.: 1A, 5H(2), 6B, 13A, 14A.
 Watson, G. A.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 13B, 14B, 36A.
 Wilson, K. J.: 1B, 5B, 6B, 36B, 38A.



HONOURS LIST — Leaving Certificate, 1950.

Adair, T. M.: Chemistry, Second.
 Britten, D. B.: Mathematics I, second; Mathematics II, second.
 Casey, D. L.: History, Second.
 Cheeseman, K. J.: Mathematics I, Second; Mathematics II, Second.
 Collier, N.: Mathematics I, First; Mathematics II, First.
 Hickson, N. R.: Mathematics I, Second; Mathematics II, Second.
 Jones, N.: Physics, Second.
 Kirkland, R. A.: English, Second.
 Lehane, J. A.: Maths I., First; Maths II, First.
 Lenehan, N. R.: Maths I., Second.
 Penhall, B.W., Maths I., First; Maths II; Second.
 Pilarcik, J.: Maths I., First; Maths II., First.
 Poole, C.: Physics, First; Chemistry, Second.
 Price, G. A.: Chemistry, Second.
 Warrener, T. W.: Maths I., Second.

Sonnet To Broken Bay.

*The mighty hills in solemn grandeur rise
 Above the azure waters calm, until
 They meet the loveliness of Austral skies,
 Reflected far below in waters still.
 About thy rippling blue, a verdant shore,
 And twisting paths that never seem to end;
 A fairer scene indeed one never saw,
 The Gods to us a second Eden send.*

*Has ever any heart beat not with bliss,
 Has ever any eye viewed scene so fair,
 When it has looked on beauty such as this,
 Have any seen but passing splendour here?
 Away from cities and from noisy strife,
 Here, have I come to lead a deeper life.*

— J. Bunyan, 4A.

VACLEAN



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Intermediate Results.

Adams, A. G.	Halliburton, A.	Jordan, C. G.
Aitken, K. A.	Hansford, R. C.	Keighran, A. K.
Angel, J. R.	Harper, A. J.	Phizaclea, J. E.
Bailey, L. F.	Hayes, J.	Pilcher, N. J.
Rishop, R.	Home, H. C.	Reid, G. E.
Brabant, I. J.	Hood, A.	Rieser, L. J.
Brady, C. J.	Hosek, W.	Ross, K.
Bricknell, K.	Hudson, G. E.	Rudd, B. N.
Bruel, L. E.	Hunt, K. D.	Russell, C. E.
Bunyan, J. R.	Hutchinson, J. B.	Russell, D. J.
Burrows, B. D.	Hutchison, A. M.	Sanders, D. J.
Butt, B. L.	Hutchison, P. R.	Seckold, F. C.
Campbell, J. T.	Irving, A. J.	Sheppard, R. L.
Carter, T. S.	Irving, C. R.	Shields, J. R.
Craven, W. A.	Iverson, R. G.	Small, M. A.
Clarke, J. F.	Jackson, B. L.	Smallwood, R. W.
Cockburn, G. N.	Johnston, M. C.	Smith, K. D.
Colley, F.	Jones, A. S.	Smith, R. F.
Crooks, J. W.	King, T. J.	Southeron, R. J.
Culshaw, R. J.	Leverett, D. J.	Spence, K. G.
Dale, E. J.	Liddle, A. G.	Stafford, T.
Davidson, H. G.	Lindsay, R. W.	Stern, W.
Delaney, N.	Lough, P.	Strachan, R. F.
Diven, J. B.	McLeod, H. C.	Stranger, K. J.
Drew, J. A.	Markham, R. W.	Thompson, J. W.
Duffy, F. C.	Matthews, R. W.	Tierney, B. J.
Dunlop, C.	Matthews, R. A.	Torr, B. N.
Dupen, R. S.	Mears, F. A.	Townsend, B.
Edwards, N. B.	Meredith, R. J.	Walker, C. C.
Evans, R. W.	Michie, R. M.	Wallace, J. S.
Firth, B. G.	Milne, K. J.	Webber, K. L.
Fisher, R. S.	Moore, R. J.	Weir, C. R.
Fitzpatrick, K. C.	Morris, B. R.	Wheeler, M. J.
Flowers, A. F.	Morris, L. W.	Will, I. P.
Fullerton, B. C.	Mottram, I. H.	Woods, K. G.
Gazzard, B.	Neist, R. J.	Woods, W. I.
Gilleland, I. D.	Newman, K. D.	Yager, J. W.
Goldman, N.	O'Brien, K. P.	Yee, M. F.
Grunsell, A. C.	O'Brien, R. W.	Young, K. R.
	Parker, N.	

October, 1951.

*The tempest stirs the leaves
Pan mingles the ashes of memory with the passions of the
world.
Across the wastes of thought
Stretches the golden cord of hope.
Men stumble where swords are sharpened and powder
barrels stocked.
The High Priests elevate the bowls of fruit and grain,
harvested
In the spring of man's desire.*

— H. D. K.

TEXTS FOR 1952.

Intermediate.

ENGLISH: 1—Twelfth Night; 2—R. L. Stevenson's "St. Ives"; 3—Mrs. Gunn, "We of the Never Never"; 4—Tennyson, "Gareth and Lynette"; 5—A Book of Story Poems; Pages 13-104 except—"Sir Patrick Spens"; "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire"; "The Battle of Naseby"; "The Healing of Conall Carnach"

LATIN I: Cassivelaunus, Daedalus, and Meleager.

Leaving.

1—Richard II (Verity Edition); 2—Essays Old and New—the following essays to be studied:—

"Captain Jackson"; "Aunt Martha"; "The Domestic Young Gentleman"; "A Friend of the Town"; "Broken Memories"; "A Perfect House"; "Party Patches"; "On Dress"; "A 'Now' Description of a Hot Day"; "The Fires of Autumn"; "The Misery of a Modish Lady in Solitude"; "The Mowing of the Field"; "Winter"; "Wild Daffodils"; "The Convalescent"; "The Cape Horn Calm"; "The Cat by the Fire"; "Water Music"; "London Cries"; "A Sunday in London." 3—H. G. Wells: "Mr. Polly." 4—Selected One-Act Plays of To-day—Marriott—Australian Edition.

5—REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH POEMS.

COLERIDGE — "Kubla Khan."

WORDSWORTH: "Tintern Abbey," "Sonnet on Milton," "Character of the Happy Warrior."

BYRON—from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Departure," "Greece," "Waterloo," "Lake Geneva," "Venice," "The Coliseum," "The Ocean."

KEATS—"Sonnet to Homer"; "Ode to Autumn"; "Ode to a Nightingale," "The Eve of St. Agnes."

SHELLEY — "Ozymandias of Egypt."

TENNYSON: "The Lotos Eaters"; "Morte d' Arthur"; "The Splendour Falls"; "Come Down O Maid."

ARNOLD: "The Forsaken Mermaid," "Sonnet on Shakespeare."

LATIN I—Hannibal Triumphant Catullus—Selections from the poems.

Teachers.

Fatuous, fussy, severe;
 Warming the hand by friction;
 Apt to a box on the ear,
 Such is the teacher in fiction.
 Firmly precise in his diction
 When he lectures on vulgarly gases,
 Filled with a rooted conviction
 That boys are stupid young asses.

This is all very well as a hit
 Of the kind we call rhetorical,
 Yet we're bound as a fact to admit
 That the portrait is somewhat historical.
 For Squeers perhaps is their oracle,
 And the primitive weapon, the cane,
 Lives now only in realms allegorical.

H. Gee, 4F.

Vale, John.

The Department of Education, and Homebush High School in particular, suffered an irreparable loss in June when it was learnt that John Tierney, English Master, noted author and gentleman, was retiring through ill-health, and would probably not be returning. We are pleased to learn that John is well again, but we regret his decision to retire to his Sabine farm and lead the life contemplative. Perhaps we envy him that decision.

It is not generally known that the well-known short-story writer and novelist, Brian James, was in reality John Tierney. Indeed, many members of the Staff were unaware of the fact. John was never one to push himself into the limelight, and it came as a shock to many on the Staff to learn that they were harbouring the author of "Spencer Button" in their midst.

Born at Eurunderee in the heart of the Lawson country (perhaps that is why John had such regard for Lawson and gave him such a high place in Australian literature) young John Tierney attended Eurunderee Public School and later the Mudgee District School graduating to the University and Sydney Teachers' College in 1911. He graduated B.A. in 1914, and in 1922 gained his M.A. A year in England followed in 1923, when he secured his Dip.Ed. at Oxford. During this period he was attached to the staff of St. George College, Weybridge, Surrey.



Commencing his teaching career at North Annandale, he successively ornamented Broken Hill High, East Maitland, Sydney High, Technical High, Fort Street, Canterbury; Fort Street;

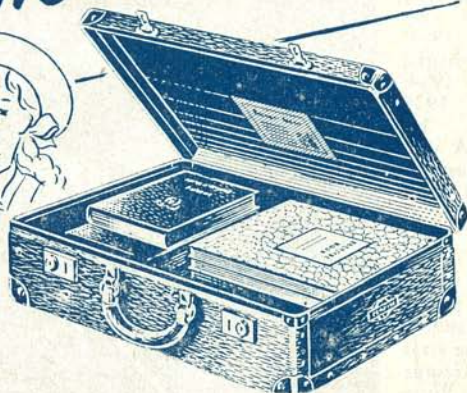
Annex, Grafton High, and Homebush. Wherever he went he left a tradition of scholarship and gentlemanliness. His keen sense of humour, his genial personality, his broad tolerance and breadth of understanding, his essential humanity, unfailing courtesy, kindly sympathy and scintillating wit endeared him to all.

Much are you missed, John Tierney, particularly by that Sunday School which you founded in the Southern Staffroom, where your Boswells eagerly imbibed "the quips and cranks and wanton wiles" which naturally flowed from your lips! The School would be an infinitely better place for your return.

Under the pen-name of Brian James, John Tierney has been engaged in literary work since 1942. His short stories, e.g., "First Furrow," attracted attention in 1944. He followed this up with "Cookabundy Bridge" in 1946, for which he received the Prior Memorial Prize. "Cookabundy Chronicles" were published serially in "The Bulletin," 1946. His first novel, "The Advancement of Spencer Button" (reviewed elsewhere in this Magazine) came out in 1950—and has attracted much attention. John's great love for the bush (he usually spent his holidays bush-walking) considerably influenced his writings and probably gave him that breadth of understanding which one cannot fail to notice in his works.

May you, John, unhampered by the arduous and exacting duties of a pedagogue go on to greater heights. Of one thing we can be certain—that your advancement in the literary sphere will not be of the "Button" variety.

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Music and Drama Festival.

The 1951 Music and Drama Festival was probably the most successful function of its kind that the School has yet seen. It took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, 21st and 22nd August, and on both occasions the Assembly Hall was filled to capacity.

The School Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Lipscomb, opened proceedings with selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. The members of the Orchestra were: B. Guthrie, K. Heinman, R. Kinchin, N. Shorter, R. Frost; P. Podger, K. Steel, M. Maddock, B. Johnson, K. Warleigh, K. Kathner and P. Woodbury, with accompanist R. Smith.

The 4C players, under the guidance of Mr. Peisker, presented "Campbell of Kilmhor." The play was preceded by an orchestral introduction, "Land o' the Leal." The cast of this well-acted drama of the Scottish highlands was: R. Solomon, W. Harvey, M. Gulley, B. Cozens, J. Nicholson, B. Shaw, D. Joscelyne and B. Dredge.

The second half of the programme was a number of scenes from "H.M.S. Pinafore," which were magnificently acted and sung by an excellent cast. The robust boatswain was L. Bruel, dear little Buttercup was J. Payne, that most horrible Dick Deadeye was T. Carter, and handsome Ralph Rackstraw was M. Gulley. C. Jordan played the distinguished Captain Corcoran; F. Phillipson the alluring Josephine; H. Horne was Sir Joseph Porter; and Cousin Hebe was played by J. Jones. The happy, hearty sailors were: F. Duffy, W. Harvey, B. Jackson, P. Pulsford, D. Russell; W. Shean, J. Shields; A. Somogyi, and J. Yager.

Lurking behind a bewildering disguise of silks, ribbons, bonnets and long curls, the sisters, cousins and aunts turned out to be: N. Brodin, J. Bruce, G. Clout, J. Comensoli, M. Currie, D. Debus; J. Filck; J. Judge; C. Lewis, P. Middleton, A. Morton, A. Randerson, D. Reid, L. Stalder, G. Steel; A. Street, G. Thompson, and E. Witt.

The musical director, Mr. Lipscomb, and the producer, Miss Perrin, are to be congratulated on the splendid results of their training.

W. Harvey, on behalf of the cast, made a very sincere, well-phrased speech of thanks after the last performance, and although Miss Perrin and Mr. Lipscomb both disapprove of this on principle, they appreciated his remarks, and we believe they really enjoyed working with the boys, even if they did sometimes become a little temperamental!

Among others who worked to make the Festival such a success were the electrical experts, Mr. Moss and his assistants; the painters and designers of a really fine back drop, D. Russell, J. Shields, R. Smith and M. Gulley; the business manager, Mr. Hensley; the School Prefects who helped in many ways; the Stage Manager, Mr. Brown and his assistants; the Fourth Years who helped Miss Perrin and Mr. Dyet with the make-up; and Miss Ryan and Mr. Stacey, who showed many a puzzled First Year the way into a dress and who tied bows, fixed curls and put pins into strategic places. Thanks are due to the Ladies' Auxiliary, who provided sweets at the evening performances, and to Mr. Cox, who is always most efficient, helpful and hard-working on these occasions. And most important was the task of Mr. Jones, general organiser and liaison officer.

Finally, we must mention the Staff, who cheerfully did any extra work demanded of them; Mr. Wallace, who handled without complaint all the complex administration troubles; and Mr. Golding, for his encouragement and confidence.

EDITORIAL COMMENT: We beg leave to elaborate the foregoing account. We congratulate the author on his modesty; as a member of the Pinafore crew, he could hardly blow his own trumpet too loudly; but to do

everybody justice, we must state here that the quality of the acting, singing and costuming was even better than he says.

"Campbell of Kilmhor" is a difficult play for young people, but the cast was able to cope with its difficulties, building up the tragic, tense atmosphere, and maintaining it successfully. We thought well of all the players, and were most impressed by the versatility of Warwick Harvey, old Mary Stewart, who later appeared as a bounding sailor; and by Michael Gulley, whose Campbell part was followed by the love-lorn Ralph. These two boys worked at their two different parts with a persistence and zeal which caused incredulous stares from, and some small amazement, in various members of the Staff.

The principals and choruses of "H.M.S. Pinafore" were really fine. It is rumoured that even Miss Perrin was sufficiently pleased to tell them they "weren't too bad at all." To those who know her, that is praise indeed. L. Bruel was a suitably bluff and forthright bosun, in strong control of his crew; T. Carter showed unusual acting ability, and has a very fine voice, as well as the rare gift of perfect enunciation, which makes every word audible. He made a very satisfactory job of the difficult Dick Deadeye role. C. Jordan's Captain was highly successful; he sang with confidence and intelligent expression, and handled his speaking part with good timing and dramatic sense. M. Gulley should go far—somewhere—such a mixture of conceit, passion, verbosity, tenderness, priggishness and plain downright stupidity as he had to portray, and all of which he portrayed so well, calls for ability of no mean order. His solos were most enjoyable.



Josephine (F. Phillipson) and Ralph (M. Gulley) in a scene from H.M.S. "Pinafore."

J. Judge as Hebe (surely Hebe was the original Little Sir Echo!) raised the inevitable laughs, looked most fetching, and must have provoked terror in the minds of those boys capable of looking into a future where some determined female decides to get her man, no matter what. Frank Phillipson was a bewitching Josephine, with his demure, shy little smile, his trim little figure, charming frock, and clear sweet voice. J. Payne's cheerful Buttercup was just right, with the final important song clearly audible and dramatically delivered.

We have left Hughie Home till last, not because he is least, but because he is almost too big a subject to fit into a short notice. He is unique in the School's dramatic and musical history. Over the years he has been a swaggering Frederick in the "Pirates of Penzance," a grey-haired, appealing Buttercup in a previous "Pinafore," a nasty little animal in a dramatisation of "Wind in the Willows," and a rowdy disturber of the peace in a play whose name escapes us, and this time a fine, roaring, bumptious, sword-rattling Sir Joseph Porter, with a voice which brings the dust down from

the ceiling. We do hear from a certain lady who ought to know, that despite his development from tenor to contralto to baritone, from youth to girl, to animal, to old man, one thing about him remained constant—he is still the School's champion talker! Rehearsals and dressing-room still resound with his non-stop monologue, strangely enough directed this year to attempts at keeping other people quiet. The place won't be the same without him.

The choruses were as good as we ever had, moving well and singing beautifully. They never just stood around on the stage, but took an intelligent interest in all that was happening, a thing many older companies do not achieve. The whole performance was remarkable for its brightness, its happy spontaneity and genuine enthusiasm.

These comments are culled from the opinions of members of the audience who have some experience of dramatic and musical shows in general, and of Gilbert and Sullivan in particular. We thought it fair to record them:



Finale to "H.M.S. Pinafore."

to state our appreciation of the hard work the boys did, and to add that of the many ways of doing one's bit in a community, this one is not to be despised, as it gives pleasure to others, and benefits the doer. He gains in confidence, poise, a sense of being valuable to his group, and he has a considerable amount of fun into the bargain. He has as fine a training in team-work as can be had anywhere, as well as a chance to show any imagination and originality he may possess. He also acquires a leisure interest which can last all his life if he wishes. Several of our previous performers, who have since joined amateur groups, have thanked us for setting their feet on this pleasant path.

We again congratulate all the boys concerned—they have given us great enjoyment, reflected credit on the School, and stored up a personal insurance against their own future.

FOOTNOTES — *With Malice Towards None.*

Some sights worth seeing at rehearsal: Rob. Smith leaping to his feet at the end of one chord on the piano; Mr. Lipscomb leaping to the piano to

play the next chord while Rob was ringing the bell; Rob leaping back about two chords later—sometimes without a note being missed . . .

Michael Gulley working out a way to get his arms round Frankie Phillipson without going down on his knees to reach him . . .

Hug'ie Home "keeping the girls quiet" . . .

The "girls" practising their dancing, specially when wearing army boots and uniforms . . .

The sailors trying out new techniques on the "girls," possibly with an eye to a future which would contain real girls . . .

Home patting Gulley on the head . . .

Trevor Carter relishing his "Foiled!" speech—real melodrama . . .

Frank Phillipson in lace and net, high-heeled shoes and a basket of flowers, talking in the dressing room to a visiting eight-year-old, each of them saying "Yes, he played football too . . ."

The Fourth Year make-up team . . . and occasionally Miss Perrin's reaction to their efforts.

The triumph of Anton Somogyi and Thomas Jilek over the incomprehensible Anglo-Saxon nonsense of a G. and S. opera. The organisers of the show were extremely glad to welcome these new friends of ours to the cast. The British Navy would be pleased with so sturdy a recruit as Anton, and the same B.N. would certainly react in its usual way to the so charming a young lady as Thomas.

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"SPENCER BUTTON" — Review.

Brian James has been associated with this School for some time as English Master, and it is fitting that mention should be made here of his book, "The Advancement of Spencer Button."

The story of an ordinary Australian outback boy (actually from Wombat Creek, halfway between Selkirk and Ninety-Eight) who works hard at primary school, goes through secondary school and thence to the Teachers' College, becoming a fully fledged teacher. "Spencer Button" is a very carefully painted picture of school-teacher life of thirty years ago.

Spencer is very true to life in that he is the incarnation of ambition and regulates his life by it. Worthy of note among the minor characters are Susie, Mr. Foll and Mr. Bing, and Spencer's Aunty May, with her frequent allusions to her "poor Fred."

Then, although the story ends on a somewhat unhappy, even sad, note, the reader is cheered when he recalls the account of the old schoolmaster at Wombat Creek!

"Don't forget" (said Mr. Wren, addressing his school on the occasion of the annual inspection)—"up go those hands at questions, straight up and fingers stretched out—right hand if you know, left hand if you don't." Such was Mr. Wren of Wombat Creek Primary.

The atmosphere of the schools of the past is caught, one cannot help feeling glad that one is not inside that school, in those very class rooms or staff-rooms. Ordinary every-day happenings that are part of the daily routine of any school are described in such a vivid manner that they make excellent and interesting reading. This is, in itself, an achievement.

Finally, for anyone really interested in teaching and staff-rooms and schools, the book to read is "The Advancement of Spencer Button," and although Spencer is more a composite character symbolising ambition in itself, the strength of the book lies in the deft vignettes of the people Spencer Button met.

— J.M., 4A.

Browsing Through The Library.

1951 has seen the addition to the library of quite a large number of books ranging from encyclopaedias to fiction, including the immortal "Biggles."

Probably the most important addition made this year was the placing of the fifteen volumes of Chamber's Encyclopaedias on the shelves. These books are the very latest, containing all information and knowledge gathered before and since the turn of the century, and may be compared with the "Encyclopaedia" of Diderot. Added also were the "New Book of Knowledge" in eight volumes and the "Australian Junior Encyclopaedia" in two volumes. This section of the library certainly received all the attention due to it.

Still in the reference section are found many new books, the results of purchases on behalf of the Library by the masters of the various departments, from "The Handbook of Chemical Engineering" to the "Albums du Pere Castor."

On the scientific side, such books as "Demonstrative Experiments in Physics" (Sutton), "Elements of Electricity" (Timbie), "A Textbook of Quantitative Inorganic Analysis" (Vogel) and "An Introduction to Physical Chemistry" (Findlay) are prominent. Mathematics textbooks and such books as "Mathematical Recreations" (Kraitchik) have also been added (as if anyone could find recreation in such a subject).

On the less mathematical side, a good choice of books dealing with English and History has been made. Such has been the increase in books

on the modern English drama that one fourth year class has this year been able to specialise in this particular branch of English literature. Such names as Shaw, Wilde and Flecker can be seen at long last. English honours students will also benefit from the addition of such excellent books as "European Theories of the Drama" and the "Cambridge History of Literature." Prospective history honours students will be pleased to see such names as Hayes, Hayes and Cole, and Grant and Temperley, on the shelves.

Not to be outdone, the commercial interests have been rewarded, books on both accountancy and economics being added. "The Substance of Economics" (Silverman), "Monopoly" (Robinson) and "The Australian Economy" (Copland) are just a few of the new titles dealing with this most important study.

On the less academic side, there is Rotha's "The Film Till Now," which will give hours of interesting reading to many boys. Books on sport and the outdoors have also found a place on the shelves. Worthy of special note are the "Machinery's Handbook" for the Technician and Gombrich's "Story of Art" for the artist.

The library has been very fortunate in that many books have been donated by kind people. Our thanks go to Mrs. Hughesdon for donation of six volumes of the Model Engineer, probably now one of the most popular sets of books in the library.

Not to be overlooked is the gift of a complete set of booklets on Britain and the British, donated by the British Council. These books have been bound. The American Information Bureau has also donated a set of booklets dealing with America and the Americans, and a complete set of posters dealing with all aspects of American life. These posters have been displayed in the library from time to time. A complete set of Labour and National Service books dealing with technical subjects, plastering, bricklaying, etc., has also been obtained.

The general literature and fiction sections have also received a great deal of attention. In the former we have such books as "Great Tales of Youth" and "Verity of Sydney," the winning novel of the 1951 Book Week. Also obtained this year was "Spencer Button" by our own Brian James. On the humorous side, such books as Alan Marshall's "These Are My People" have been purchased.

1951 has therefore been most successful as far as the library is concerned. As it has been seen such books on subjects ranging from physical chemistry to bush-walking and from Cambridge History of Literature to "Biggles Flies East" have found their way to the shelves, making just a little more from the great realms of literature available for all.

— J. Meredith, 4A.



A Great Discovery.

In the year 2273 A.D., an archaeologist was walking on the hills where once stood the suburbs of the ancient city of Sydney, when his attention was drawn to the remains of a brick wall. On the following day he returned with several of his colleagues and they decided, after much examination and discussion, to excavate.

Next week, they came back with a party of workmen, and all the equipment of an excavating party, and the great work was begun. Gradually the earth was levelled off, the archaeologists fussed around, directing operations and taking careful records. Slowly the plan of the building came into view and, after several months work, the lower walls and features of the ancient pile were finally revealed. The main building was shaped like an E, and there were several other buildings of smaller size in close proximity.

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The archaeologists began to speculate on the character of the structure. They examined carefully all the remains and tried to reconstruct the former appearance of them.

"I am of the opinion," said Phoozle, the discover of the ruins, "that this was the site of an ancient temple. Observe the stump near the middle wing of the temple. It is obviously all that is left of a sacred tree. See the central position; they must have built the temple around it."

"Yes," said Snorkins, his assistant, "To the west of the sacred stump is the altar." He pointed to a small structure with a tall square chimney. "Think how the clouds of incense must have risen from it, giving a fragrant scent to the area."

The others agreed, and they moved on to continue their examination. They spent quite a while examining an ancient wall on which this mysterious inscription was found: MSISMAD. They puzzled for quite a while over it, and finally departed without coming to any conclusion.

As they passed near the ancient stump one drew attention of the others to the ground in the vicinity. He pointed out several mysterious yellow symbols, a triangle, several large rectangles, and two long rows of marks, beside which were such signs as P.E. 1 2, C.D., and others.

They passed on discussing these, and they finally decided that the symbols must have been used in the magic ceremonies of the ancients. They descended into the remains of a crypt, beneath the southern wing, and examined with care a number of crystal cases, in which there were preserved round objects, unaffected by the ages. They were as hard as rocks, and the archaeologists were unable to ascertain what they had been.

So they returned to their homes, wondering if more research would reveal the meaning of these strange things.

— K.C.

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To Be or Not To Be.

Recently my enthusiasm for school activities rose to such an extent that I firmly resolved to submit a contribution to our School Magazine. Undoubtedly my determination was incited by that powerful, moving harangue by that venerable man of letters, Hugh Home.

As time passed, a certain timidity entered my soul. I envisaged the intellectuals who constitute the Magazine Committee laughing and jeering at my humble offering. Needless to say, my mind purged itself of any ambitions to literary fame. As a result of these thoughts, I sought to cogitate on the merits of the abovementioned committee.

Prior to the last vacation, the joyful bliss of the roll-marking period was interrupted by a worthy emissary of the Magazine Committee. His oration on that day was a spectacle I shall never forget, his drawn face, his darting, desperate eyes and, above all, the pleading (not forceful) manner in which he delivered his address, moved me to remorse. The entire class was deeply moved; this was evident—McCarthy left his calculus for a fleeting second to listen; O'Brien, that devil-may-care Don Juan from 5A, departed from his degrading literature to enjoy and digest the exotic phases of our learned friend.

Thereafter, for nearly a week, I could not sleep at nights, thinking on the matter. Ultimately I convinced myself that it was a most urgent necessity that I should aid my poor down-trodden school fellow before his honest heart broke with anguish.

But, so like my good friend Lord Hamlet, I procrastinated, besides, subject matter for my writings was lacking. Eventually, after many hours deep thought, I penned a worthy contribution (so I believed). I perused it many times, and reluctantly arrived at an unfortunate conclusion—it was so good, it would never be accepted as an original entry.

My manuscript was now worthless, but my spirit was still at a record high, and it was with confidence that I set on my second attempt. In a biting, relentless criticism, I attacked First Year, I rebuked them; I derided them and issued grave warnings against further repetition of their shocking practices. My work completed—I thought, and as I thought, I feared. I envisaged the First Years jubilantly lynching me under the fig-tree. I panicked, and in a moment, my work was gone.

At this juncture I was loath to continue with my literary ideals, but that drawn, worried visage of the committee haunted my soul and stimulated my interest. Once again I reached for my pen, once more I thought, and once more I wrote. My effort was a veritable masterpiece, and I jubilantly displayed my efforts to one John Wright (you may, perchance, have heard of him).

His opinion of the text, I must confess, surprised and even shocked me. My writings would lead to instant expulsion, he believed. Surely not—was it so bad? I was inclined to argue—you know—a desperate last stand. Surely, I said, Mr. McCulloch would appreciate my drawing his attention to the fact that the slave trade and sixty-hour week were abolished years ago. Moreover, my work contained no reference whatsoever to a very controversial topic, namely, that—er—vehicle (if you have a better word please tell me) which performs wonders for its owner.

However, the more I argued, the more obstinate my friend. My consternation increased, again I tried to evolve some work of art, but I was overcome by a defeatist attitude and I firmly believed that anything I wrote would not be of the required standard; consequently, I stopped writing, and lay down my pen.

— D.A., 5A.

MALTA.

The Island of Sunshine and History.

Situated in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea, just between Sicily and Africa, Malta is an island of great commercial and strategic importance.

As such, it has a great history, beginning at 4000 B.C. and lasting to this year.

There are evident proofs of habitation by Neanderthal man. The Phoenecians used it as a commercial base. The Greeks then became masters, succeeded by the Carthagenians and Romans. The Saracens, French and Spanish in turn took possession of it, and before its conquest by Napoleon the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem dominated it. Now it is under the protection of the English Crown. In World War II the fortress of Malta, with its splendid harbour, was used as a naval base. Consequently it was often severely attacked both by air and sea. For its fortitude in its defence, the Island was awarded the George Cross.

Entering the harbour of Valetta, the main town in Malta, the thing you notice first is the battlements of the old fortress rising from the water's edge to the skyline. To go ashore you have to hire one of those numerous little boats. On land, after having passed the Customs House, you are immediately assailed by numerous coachmen offering their services. If you now do not want to take the lift to the higher part of the city, you hire one of those carriages and off you go, but slowly. The old horse in front finds it very strenuous to climb the hill. Finally, you arrive on top and decide you'd rather go on by foot. You now have to pay. The price is half as much as the driver asks you—these people in Malta always have the tendency to cheat you, especially if you are a foreigner.

The city of Valetta is built on hills consisting of very bright sandstone. Every building is built of this material. The effect is that in the hot sun you are dazzled by all the light reflected. In addition, there is a fine, unpleasant dust everywhere.

Valetta has quite a number of illustrious, fine old buildings, especially churches, all made of that white sandstone. Unfortunately, much has been destroyed in the last war.

The people in Malta all speak two languages—English and their own native language which is Semetic and probably derived from the Phoenician and Carthaginian tongues.

Like Southern Italy, Malta is ardently Roman Catholic. On saints' days, when there is to be a procession, the streets and churches are all decorated with garlands, flowers, and pictures and statues of saints.

In the hot season it is very unpleasant to walk in the city, up hill and down hill, often over stairs where the way is very steep. The drink shops have not a very interesting or inviting appearance.

You might also have the pleasure of seeing a man roaring and wrestling with other men, who apparently want to bring him somewhere; that is a sinner to be brought to church.

All this makes you feel miserable, and you are glad to leave again. So we will leave Malta.

(I do not guarantee the truth of the late statements. It is only how I saw it).

— Kurt Cremer, 3A.

ON TAKING WALKS.

To be alone with yourself, to have a deep sense of your individuality, to know the power of your mind and the greatness of your heart, to feel intimately the relationship between you and the rest of creation, to depart from the low marsh of material existence and climb upwards to where you can look out over the world and feel you belong to it — it is here, on this sacred mount, that you experience the truth—the long-forgotten truth, that God made man in His own image.

Man is a slave to his own mind. He is possessed by his possessions. So it is, that in the civilised world of to-day, we have become obsessed with the idea of making life as easy as possible, but in doing so, we are making it very much harder. The modern child is brought up in a world which has forced itself to believe that the easier the struggle the greater the conquests. As long as we escape from ourselves!

I love to take a walk each night before retiring to my bed. I love to walk, regardless of time and consequence, over the silent meadowlands washed in the strange cold light of the moon. You meet no one. You are alone with yourself, face to face with the problem of reality. There is no wireless to listen to, no car in which to step, but the throbbing of an unknown heart infuses rest.

You are frightened perhaps? Frightened at the idea of discovering who you are. But you are no coward. You are confident in your ability. How you were cheered when you received that cup; how the boys gathered round when you began expounding your ideals; how the boys admired you when you came top of the class.

But no! You are a wretched slave. You are deceiving yourself. Modern society has clothed you in fine garments when you should be sweating in your rags. A usurper.

Friend, you cannot disguise the soul.

This, my nocturnal interlude, is very precious to me. To share it with a friend who holds it equally as precious; this is a foretaste of heaven. Toiling upwards, side by side, searching together in the darkness for the vision of light, emerging into another land in which we meet ourselves, pass on, and then forget what we were like. It seems we never have to retrace our path to arrive on the yielding swamp, but rather, we glide swiftly through the thickening wreaths of grey pulsating vapour, which veils our eyes and twists about our heads.

There is no path by which this heaven is reached. For we can never know ourselves. If it were possible to discover who we are, then there'd be no God. He alone knows us. So our lives are determined, although we have free wills.

O how long shall we labor through this ghastly marsh? How long shall this devilish music last?

I am resolved upon this point, that nothing shall prevent me from venturing out in search of the secret. I shall never find it. I know I shall never, while I breathe, know myself as I am known. But if, each night, I can go on my walk then these bright rays of heaven shall shine upon the way which leads into eternity.

— P. Pulsford, 4C.

Morning.

*The snow lies deep upon the ground,
A cock crows in a farmyard near;
The farmers stir — the birds above
Soon fill the air with merry sound.
The sparkling stream flows swift along
Beneath the old stone bridge, gurgling
In joy, and welcoming once more
The new-born day with song.*

— J. Bunyan, 4A.

Professor Homer Explains.

Dear Professor Homer, I appeal to you Professor, being a man of wide understanding and a man-of-the-world, to judge my exceptional academical capabilities. My marks in examinations have been such that my teachers have been moved to passionately exclaim: "I'm sure there never was anyone quite like you at school work." I remember last month receiving a nice little card from the Headmaster, inviting my parents to have a chat with him in his office. It appears that my reputation is spreading. For final proof of my amazing abilities, my Maths. teacher was so pleased with my outstanding progress in Mathematics that he absolutely refused me permission to attend play rehearsals, because my work was of such a standard that he could not afford to do without my superlative co-operation."—"Brainy Bert."

Dear "Brainy": I have quite a few floors (no, that's not it) flaws to pick in your case. First of all, I believe your teachers have achieved an all-time high in tact. To tell you the truth, the startling ambiguity of some of your arguments quite flawed (there I go again) floored me. Your whole letter radiated an intensity of self-underestimation and modesty which so reflects the character of many budding geniuses such as you. My advice to you is to stop studying so hard, for I am sure that your over-sensitive brain cannot stand up to the gruelling work which I am QUITE sure you indulge in.
— Professor Homer.

Dear Professor Homer: I have been quite peeved by my constant omission from Grade Tennis Teams, as I fully realise that my natural ability and high standard of play far surpass any tennis ever seen at this School (well, at least tennis of my brand has NEVER been seen before). Desiring to know how my sorry lot may be bettered, I remain, yours cheerfully, "Gorgeous Gertrude."

Dear "Gertie": It was with abject sympathy that I read your sad plea for justice. Your frankness and simplicity quite touched my heart (quite unusual, I can assure you. Here is my candid opinion: If all the other members of the School suddenly expired, your position in First Grade Tennis would, I feel sure, be safe, and then as you would be sole administrator of Tennis in the School, you could see that justice and fair play could be carried out to the highest degree. So my young hopeful, never give up hope, everybody else might drop dead. — Professor Homer.

The Eleventh Hour.

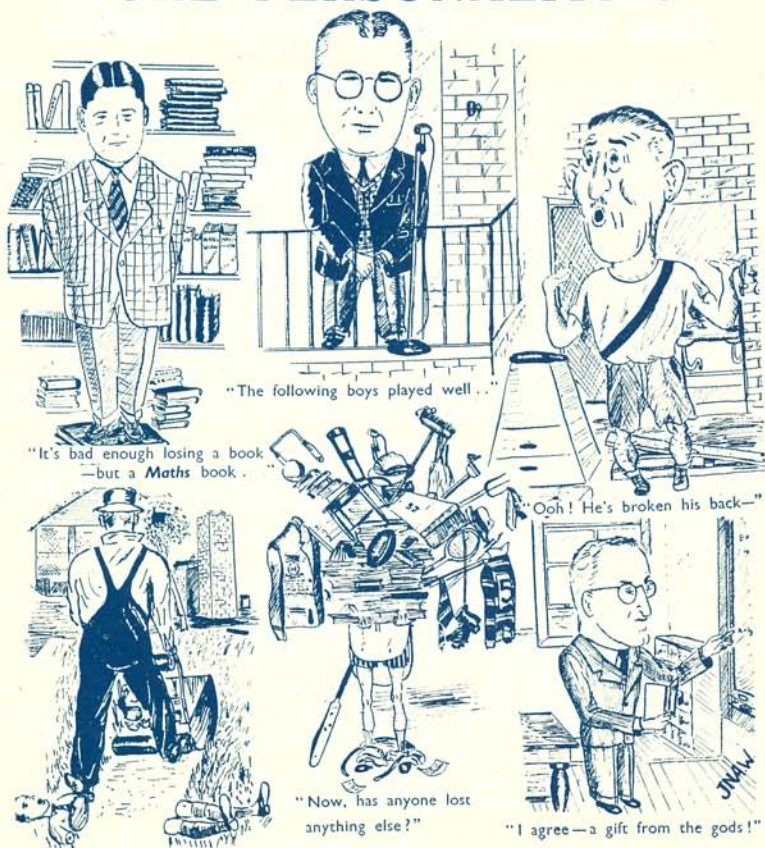
He beckoned fiercely, impatiently, and I followed, too terrified but to follow like a lamb to the slaughter-yard. Dumbly aware of my weakness and my inability to stand the ordeal, I approached white and shivering—not altogether the cause of the biting wind that went straight through my thin clothing—to where he stood statue-like, immovable and forbidding as the gallows. In the vague terror of the moment, his clothes became strangely important. I gazed almost fervently at his greasy, battered hat sloping low over his face, his nondescript scarf, his shapeless great-coat with collar turned up about his ears, the lining hanging down in places—even the dusty heringbone pattern became noticeable. As if caused by some magnetic attraction my eyes rivetted on him. He raised his head for a moment and I caught a glimpse of hard, steel-like eyes, glinting like sword points in moonlight, and of the firm chin and thin lips, the corners of his mouth mocking and gloating. Involuntarily I dropped my eyes to his baggy, sagging trousers, spotted with oil, and his dirt-coloured shoes, planted widely and firmly apart on the sward. There he stood, ragged but ruling—in his hand a small black pistol, devilish

and spiteful-looking. His horny fingers twitched slightly as if fondling its shape.

He gave the signal. The effort to speak choked me and I looked pleadingly to him. He made an imperious gesture with his arm. It was no use. With eyes swimming, and brain whirling, and knees shaking, I knelt down before him. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him slowly raising his arm, his fingers tightening on the trigger. I looked straight ahead, and tried to think. Suddenly I was quite calm, but tensed in a grim sort of way—waiting for the shock—when BANG—and we were off on the Championship Mile.
—“Aussie.”



MORE PERSONALITIES



Death in the Cellar.

(A Potted Thriller).

Guided only by the light of a flickering candle, I made my way down the old crumbling stone steps which led to the cellar beneath the house. The candle cast eerie shadows on the wall, and occasionally some loathsome creature would scuttle away from the light. The ghostly creaking of the old door at the top of the steps as it swung to and fro in the wind echoed through the stillness. At last I reached the bottom step and my foot touched something! A shudder ran through me. I stepped off the step into the darkness that lay beyond. On turning round I beheld a ghastly sight. It was a corpse. A more horrible thing would be hard to imagine. The eyes were gone; they had rotted, as had most of the flesh. And I had nearly stepped on this thing!

Obviously it had to be removed, but I could not steel myself to touch it. Suddenly a thought crossed my mind. The old gardener was near.

"Johnson," I called, "Johnson, there is a dead rat down here; come and move it, please."

N. Douglas, 2A.



How Johnny Went To The Sports.

John did so wish to go to the School Sports. All day long he had been HARRISON his MATHER(s) to buy him a new suit.

"You wait until PARR comes home and see if you can BARTAR a few hours in the garden for some cash, and we might be able to satisfy you."

"If I could find some GOLD-THORPE, John, all would be right." But he was very despondent as he waited in the HALL for his father; in fact, mum noticed a TIERNEY his eye.

Dad was a bit Scotch; he traced his ancestors back to the days of WALLACE and had fought with the McLAUGHLINS, McFARLANDS and McCULLOCHS, and boasted that one of his forefathers even knew Flora McDONALD.

John expected his father to (g) NASH his teeth when he suggested a loan, but Dad had enjoyed his WELSH rabbit that mother had cooked, and was quite amiable, so John thought "This is a BREAK-WELL here goes."

"EVANS, MA-SON," said Dad, "A new suit, (t)RYAN cut down a bit; I'm not a high school teacher. MEYERS well add a pair of shoes and a new hat."

"Look, Dad, John is a good boy. He was reading the BIBLE when I came home and helped me BEALIN the spuds for tea; HAV-ARD, Dad."

Suddenly Dad had an idea. "Get out the CAR-SON, we will CULL-EN KELLY and see if he has a nice BROWN suit."

"Oh! BYRNE BROWN! I want a white suit."

"No, it must be BROWN, JOHN."

"If I had white, and it got dirty, I would DIYET BROWN."

"ALLARS do what Dad says," said Mother, "and he will buy what you wish from HENSLEY and JONE'S. ALL-EN good time."

"Shake a leg, JOHN, SON. First wash your neck."

"EVANS," said John.

"And don't let the MOSS grow under your feet," advised Mum.

"That's a good LEEDER," thought John. "I don't want any more (s)GOLDING," got out of the car, and was soon at the store where, to his delight, Dad bought a new white suit.

"E-MAN-U-EL look fine," he said in his Scotch way, "and as for the trousers, we will get an extra PERRIN you can play cricket in, on Saturdays."

And so John went to the sports, carrying the extra PERRIN, in a BARRY nice case in STAC-EY met with an accident. — D. Russell, 4D.

★ PALMERS ★

STAMINA SUITS

for

BOYS and YOUTHS

*Tailored from
Nationally Famous*

"CRUSADER" WORSTED

Full marks for quality and value go to "Stamina" Suits, Palmer tailored from famous "Crusader" all wool worsted in smart single breasted style . . . knickers have brace buttons and belt loops. Sizes to fit boys 7 to 15 years. Long trouser style fit boys 13 to 18 years.



Pitt and Park Sts. — 390 George Street

Sabotage, or Sunday Afternoon in the Garden.

The scene is Sunday afternoon, and it as all Sunday afternoons should be, not a cloud in the sky, and the whole family in a gardening mood. Mum and Dad are attired in the oldest of clothes and the three sons likewise. Well, everything in the garden is lovely, for a while, then one by one the three brothers decide they are not fitted for gardening duties and, taking their various bottles, pen-knives and other weapons, they set off to go tad-poling in a stream in the bush. Mum and Dad think that this is a good idea, because small son has been pulling up the strawberries instead of the weeds. Well, as I said before, everything in the garden is lovely, when the tragic event happens. Visitors arrive!

Possibly this event is not viewed as tragic by a large number of people who are reading this account but to this family at this time it is disastrous. "Visitors," in this family's language, is defined as a large truckload, on second thoughts, carload, of pestering relations and in-laws, who see fit to "drop in" on people as vultures fall on a dead body. There is a rush, heart-breaking to see as Mum hurriedly changes into respectable clothes as the visitors (to use their polite name) surge steadily and unopposed down the garden path. Well, finally, after a hectic rush, Mum is respectable-looking, and not a minute too soon for from the back-door comes an inevitable "Yoo-hoo, is there anybody at home?" Mum thinks these relations must be particularly dumb, as if any family in its right mind would go out and leave the house open to all-comers, including relations.

Now the scene has changed and we see Mum and the female members of the party in a state of near exhaustion after having talked for almost two hours on end. The male members, except Dad who still labours on in the garden, are either asleep or reading the sons' comics. It must be time for afternoon tea; yes it must be afternoon tea time, for here come the sons. As they walk in the door they stop and gape imbecilically at the intruders. Younger brother finally saves (or does he) the day with an indignant, "I bet they've eaten all the cakes and biscuits!" The two elder brothers give "here, here" looks, and Mum, horrified, gives them all a withering glance. The vultures (pardon, visitors) at the mention of food are all very much awake and no longer exhausted. The unlucky sons see the goodies disappear before their horrified eyes. Now that the visitors are full of Mum's best cakes, it is generally believed that they will leave. However a shrill screech of laughter and a sort of choking, spluttering quack comes from the duck yard! Mum hurries down in time to rescue a nearly purple-in-the-face duck from an over-loving, small red-headed cousin (feminine gender) who admits "I only wanted to see its eyes pop out."

This is the last straw for Mum, who virtually drags cousin up to the house by her hair, dumps her in her parents' arms and casts a withering glance in all directions as if to say, "Get out, and that's final." So the vultures (er, visitors) hastily commenting favourably upon the garden, beat a hurried retreat to the car and leave the family (all except Dad who is toiling on oblivious of all in the garden), choking but happy in the cloud of dust left by the car.

There is only one regret and that is voiced by the three sons, "What are we going to have for our play-lunch now, Mum?" — D. Beckhaus, 2A.

Interesting History.

I wonder how many boys in this School know the beginning of the suburb of Homebush? I would like to pass on this information about Homebush and, at the same time, thank the Town Clerk of Strathfield who, it seems, has gone to quite a lot of trouble to forward the necessary information.

The name Homebush is believed to have been derived from the days when teamsters travelling to Sydney made their last camp near a small creek, now known as Powell's Creek, before resuming the last leg of the journey to Sydney. The area was known as Home Bush, the bush near home; hence — Homebush.

The original grantees of land at Homebush were Darcy Wentworth, John Fleming, J. H. Potts, Simeon Lord, F. Powell, Thomas Rose and some others. Some of these grants were made before 1800.

As far as the former municipality of Homebush was concerned it was constituted as such in June, 1806, but in 1947 the Municipalities of Homebush and Strathfield were constituted as an united area known as the Municipality of Strathfield.

A large area at Homebush and at the adjoining municipality of what was then Lidcombe, was resumed in 1906 for the site of the City Abattoirs. They were erected about 1915, and are still operating.

In the early days there was a racecourse in what is now Hyde Park, but because of the increasing population demanding use of the park, the racecourse was removed to Home Bush. Reminiscent of those times is the "Horse and Jockey Hotel," still standing, on Parramatta Road. In due time the racecourse was transferred to Randwick.

To-day, the suburb of Homebush covers the whole of former Homebush Municipality, a portion of Strathfield, and a small part of the Municipality of Auburn. In Homebush the principle cattle-yards and the Abattoirs are the largest in Australia. Homebush is principally residential, but there are a number of industrial organisations; for example, William Arnott and Co., Columbia Gramophone Co., Stirling Henry Mills, Australian Steel Split Pulleys Engineering Works, and others.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about Homebush history refers to the site of our Boys' High School, which was the well-to-do home of an early Railway Commissioner named Kircaldie. The big old trees that were cut down for safety sake last year, as well as our well-beloved old Moreton Bay fig tree in the playground, were part of his well-planted estate.

This colourful old gentleman departed from his old Colonial-style home in Bridge Road each morning by hansom cab. Arriving at the Homebush Station he was met by the Stationmaster of the day, a Mr. Bessett, who later became S.M. at Central. The best carpet had been rolled out, the station staff—all brushed up and shiny for the occasion—stood to attention as the guard of honour, and Commissioner Kircaldie took his seat in a mountains steam train, especially halted at Homebush for this august personage. Similarly in the evening, the returning fast Mountains train halted briefly at Homebush. Stationmaster Bessett was ready with the carpet and the staff at attention to whisk open the big brass-handled carriage door and let the Commissioner alight. Salutes were exchanged, the S.M. conducted the Great One to his hansom cab, and with the sparks flying from the impatient horses' hooves, Mr. Kircaldie was off for his mansion. After his death, the estate was bought by our Education Department as a site for our Boys' High School.

Our connection with a Railway Commissioner of the old days reminds us of another connection with a much more recent Commissioner. Did you know we were to have had our own railway platforms very close to the School between Flemington and Homebush? The work was to have been a war-time

measure to divert school traffic from busy stations, but the whole matter came under review and was not proceeded with.

When we walk the long road from either Flemington or Homebush Station, one is tempted to think harshly of the official—whoever it was—who said the final "No" to our platform project. The post-box near our front gate and the old hardwood hitching-post near it, were put there mainly for the use of the old Commissioner Kircaldie. — R. Dunham, 3C.

DEBATING.

In the field of debating this year, Homebush has been very successful, and profited greatly by experience. The senior team, K. Goodwin, K. Baker, and B. Skellett, debated in the final of the Hume-Barbour competition, being narrowly defeated by Sydney High.

Members of the junior team, W. Harvey, T. Carter, C. Lambert, B. Jackson and J. Angel, were also quite successful, being defeated in the semi-finals by North Sydney High.

House competitions were carried on as in previous years, the winning House being Lawson. The Senior section was won by Blaxland, and the Junior by Lawson.

The members of the School and House teams are grateful to Mr. Kevans and Mr. Peisker for their help and training. — J.R.A.

AIR TRAINING CORPS.

The Air Training Corps has three main objectives:—

(1)—To interest cadets in matters aeronautical and the Air Force in particular. This includes instilling service customs and traditions, and in providing knowledge of the Service, which would help the cadet in adapting himself to Service life.

(2)—To ensure that cadets have the background needed to undertake Service courses and that they have received preliminary instruction in the subjects taught in Service schools.

(3)—To build up the physique and stamina of cadets and inculcate rules of healthy living.

No. 11 Flight Homebush, within the N.S.W. Squadron of the Corps, has extended its record of attendance and achievement. F/O W. J. Barter and P/O J. Mathers, both with R.A.A.F. experience, have been commissioned as Chief Instructor and Adjutant respectively. The maximum enrolment has been raised to 60, and this means competitive intake for 1952.

When some twelve Flying Training Scholarships, each worth over £100, were first made available to A.T.C. cadets in New South Wales, three were won by cadets whose training began in No. 11 Flight. Of the Scholarship winners in N.S.W., Brian Piggott (now W/O) was first to gain his flying license, and Brian Flowers (now F/Sgt) was second. The Flight extends felicitations to these young pilots on their splendid progress.

In December, 1950, one of our cadets, Brian Chadwick, representing N.S.W., was flown by the R.A.A.F. by Lincoln from Sale to New Zealand and back. Another cadet, Neil Rixon, entered the R.A.A.F. College at Point Cook.

We have had highly successful training camps at R.A.A.F. Stations, Canberra, Schofields, Richmond and Rathmines, and we have visited Malabar Range on several occasions for rifle practice. More recently we have been granted the use of the miniature range at Homebush Drill Hall, and this is a privilege we appreciate.

No. 11 Flight is indebted to its N.C.O.'s for their services during the year, F/Sgt. C. Pitches being in charge. — W.L.H.

MUSIC.

A choir of 50, including 14 senior students and an orchestra, consisting of four violins, four flutes, two clarinets, a trumpet, a trombone, drums and piano, took part in School functions this year.

During the Empire Day celebrations, held in the hall, suitable items by choir and orchestra were given. These included National songs by two leading Australian composers, Lindley Evans and W. G. James.

At the end of last term, a most enjoyable festival of song and drama in the form of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was given. A detailed account of this production is published elsewhere in this magazine.

Speech Day is yet to come as the crowning function of the year, with the usual bracket of choral and orchestral items on the programme.

— C. Lipscomb.

CAREERS.

One aspect of the work of the Careers Adviser that is frequently overlooked is that his advice is intended to have a cumulative effect. In the pre-Intermediate stages he indicates in the most general terms the careers that a boy could consider entering with reasonable prospects of contentment and profit. Fourth and Fifth year boys receive much more detailed advice about the two or three alternatives that they usually find themselves discussing.

This method of giving advice has been found to produce very helpful and satisfactory results.

Army Cadets.

1951 has been quite a successful year for the Homebush High School Cadet Detachment, although the Annual Camp has not yet been held. This most important feature of the Detachment's work has been postponed until December to avoid disruption of the cadets' class-work. With examination worries behind them, cadets are better able to concentrate on the intensive course of training which is possible under the excellent circumstances in camp.

As the main aim of Cadet training is to develop potential leaders and officers, we feel that this year's platoons have revealed excellent material from which future N.C.O.'s and commissioned officers may develop. Their bearing and general keenness are in keeping with the high standard set in previous years.

The Detachment wishes to convey its greetings and thanks to Lieutenant Smiles, who was transferred to Manly Boys' High School early this year.

My thanks are due to the excellent work of Cadet Lt. P. Cook, Warrant Officer R. Devine, S/Sgt. J. Ross, Sgt. C. Roache, Cpl. V. Dalton, and L/Cpl. J. Boukaseff.

S/Sgt. J. Shrieve, who is the Army Instructor attached to Homebush Boys' High School Senior Cadet Detachment, has proved to be particularly enthusiastic and efficient. At all times he has been willing to assist keen "veterans" and raw recruits, while his cheerful personality has won the admiration of all members of the Detachment, who hope that he will still be allocated to Homebush at the Annual Camp at Singleton in December.

— W. E. McCulloch, O.C. Detachment.

The Ladies' Auxiliary.

As President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, I welcome this opportunity of thanking, through the School Magazine, the happy band of ladies with whom I have been associated over the past four years, for their splendid co-operation and untiring help in the many functions which we, the Ladies' Auxiliary, have carried out: The Fete held this year, the School Sports, and the Fourth Year Farewell to Fifth Year, which in itself is a big undertaking.

I would also like to extend a very cordial welcome to more mothers to come along and join in this very worthy cause, and in doing so help their boys.

Although we have such splendid workers, unfortunately the number is very small when one considers the number of boys who attend the School, and extra help is always acceptable.

— D. Angel.



OLD BOYS' UNION.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1951.

Patrons: Mr. R. A. Golding, Mr. W. Roberts.

President: J.E. Greening. Vice-President: P. B. Allen.

Hon. Secretary: N. G. Hincksman.

Hon. Assistant Secretary: H. A. Yates.

Hon. Treasurer: T. A. Miller.

Committee: D. B. Britten, A. N. Bryant, D. Furness, A. K. Jennings, M. McClintock, B. Middleton, G. N. Vaughan.

REPORT, 1951.

The Union, now in its twelfth year, wishes to thank the Editors of the School Magazine for this opportunity of presenting a brief report of O.B.U. activities during 1951.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS: The Annual Smoko took place in Strathfield Town Hall in May and, while not up to the usual standard of O.B.U. functions, was well attended. Since the O.B.U. was re-formed in 1945, we have concentrated on the "Smoko" as the major social event of the year, in preference to a "Diner," the cost of the latter and the informality of the former being the deciding factors.

A dance was held at the School in August, but was poorly attended. We wish to thank the Headmaster, Mr. Golding, and Mr. Cox for the smooth running of this function.

SPORT: The annual Football and Tennis matches against the School took place in August. We thank the Sportsmaster, Mr. Brown, for making these matches possible, and we only hope that the School derives as much enjoyment from them as we do.

The O.B.U. is a foundation member of the Council of High Schools Ex-Students' Association, whose aim is to improve the State Education System. The Council hopes to establish City Club-rooms for the use of members of the Constituent Associations.

Recently, Mr. C.K. Johnson, a member of the Homebush Staff, has been appointed Liaison Officer. The Union is deeply grateful to him.

Once again the Union exhorts present Fifth Year boys to join its ranks on completion of their course. Information may be obtained from Mr. Johnson, or the Hon. Secretary, 1a Gregory Avenue, Croydon. — N.G.H.

THE SYDNEY WATER BOARD

*To Boys Seeking A Career
With A Future—*

THE SYDNEY WATER BOARD

offers excellent opportunities and requires boys for the following positions:—

- (b) **JUNIOR CLERKS** with opportunities for advancement to high administrative positions. Commencing salary £5.6.11 per week (Intermediate standard), or £6.8.4 per week (Leaving Certificate standard).
- (a) **JUNIOR PROFESSIONAL OFFICERS** (Engineers, Draftsmen, or Chemists in training) at Leaving Certificate standard. Commencing salary, £6.8.4 per week.
- (c) **DRAFTING ASSISTANTS** (with opportunities to qualify as Survey Draftsmen. Commencing salary £5.6.11 per week (Intermediate standard).

(The rates quoted are based on the August, 1951, basic wage.)

Applications may be lodged for any of the above positions **NOW**. Those selected will be offered an early appointment, confirmation of which will be dependent upon obtaining the required examination pass.

Full details are set out in the brochure, "**WATER BOARD CAREERS**" — show this to your **PARENTS**.

If you have not already received a copy of the booklet, please inquire from your Headmaster or Careers Adviser. Information may also be obtained from the Board's Staff and Industrial Officer, Room III, or telephone **M 6508**, extensions **215** or **218**.

W. V. AIRD,
Secretary.

341 Pitt Street,
SYDNEY.

I. S. C. F.

Once more the Homebush Inter-School Christian Fellowship presents a most successful report.

During the year the meetings have taken many forms. We thank the Children's Special Service Mission for providing visiting speakers whose talks were enjoyed by all. Discussion groups have given a chance for personal expression, and many new ideas have been advanced for the extension of our meeting. A record attendance of seventy-four witnessed the "Trial of a Bible Basher," held in July. The Otdorf Houseparty was a great success.

There is now a tradition behind I.S.C.F., not the tradition of a solemn and static religion, but that of a real, living and dynamic Personality, Who is alive to all peoples in the rushing world of to-day.

Parents and Citizens' Association.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1951.

President: Mr. K. H. Cox.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. J. Murphy and Mr. E. Bathgate.

Secretary: Mr. A. W. De Jersey.

Treasurer: Mr. N. Armsworth.

The main effort this year was the Fete, held in April, when £380 was raised as a further amount towards the Reference Library. This amount, together with the £130 previously raised for the same purpose, should assure many valuable additions to the Library.

Early in the new year a special drive is to be made to increase the numbers attending the regular monthly meetings, for from nearly 800 boys, forty at our meetings is not nearly enough, when so much is being done for each boy in the School.

By attending these meetings, parents obtain much valuable information concerning the School, and more particularly, the boys at the School.

Horatius' Autobiography.

One day in something-or-other B.C., I awoke with a loud roar in my ears. Rushing to the window I thrust my head through the glass and saw large mobs of people, some still in their pyjamas, night-shirts, etc., running about the street. Snatching a cup of coffee and a piece of hot buttered toast, I donned my armour and dashed out.

I found the Consul in a tearing rage, so I offered to hold the bridge. Two others were going to help me, so I set forth bravely. The Tuscan army was gathering across the way, but when we approached three chiefs met us and then another three.

We made sort work of that six, but Astur was the problem. When Astur met us I offered my hand to shake, but wielding his sword he gave me a foul blow on the thigh. I got mad at that and forced my sword down his throat.

Just then the dinner-bell rang and my two friends deserted me. Then I heard the bridge fall, and the Tuscans were before me and the river behind. The former thought I had invented a machine gun, but it was only my knees knocking together. Everything after that is a bit hazy in my mind, but I think I said my prayers and swam across the stream.

Now I am an old, old man of 98, and since I married a pretty wench I've been fairly well off.

— Commander-in-Chief Horatius, alias David Groves, 1B.

Here and There.

STAFF CHANGES: Since our last issue, the following changes in staff have taken place: Mr. R. McQueen has gone to Corrimal as D.H.M.; Mr. C. Dandie to Lithgow as Maths. Master; Mr. J. Smiles to Manly; Mr. G. Dixon to Tempe I.H.S.; Mr. D. Guthrie, D.H.M. Annandale North Primary; Mr. S. Vennell, Griffith High; Mr. A.F. Potter, relieving.

Our good wishes go with these in their new spheres of activity.

Arrivals on the Staff: Mr. J. Hensley from Gosford replaces Mr. McQueen as Commercial Master; Mr. A. Meyers from Penrith takes Mr. Dandie's place as Maths. Master. Other new arrivals are: Mr. Kelly (Maths.), Mr. Tod (Science); Mr. Rodgers (Technical); Mr. Goldthorpe (Technical); Mr. Johnson (Commercial); Mr. R. Stacey (Commercial); Mr. J. Mason (Physical Education); Mr. A. Peisker (Eng.); Mr. Thornton (Technical). To all these new members a hearty welcome.

We are pleased to report other new arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin have a new daughter (Heather May). Our heartiest congratulations go to them. May we also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Carson on a son (Paul Thomas).

Have you noticed how the grounds have been "doo-dahed" up recently? You couldn't miss it. It's Mr. Cox and his new mower, of course. I don't suppose you heard him patiently explaining to the soft-drinks' lorry driver, who ill-advisedly drove over the new lawn, the danger of a repetition of such an off.

Would you believe it? That new Technical Block which we had given up as a lost cause, plus a totally unexpected gymnasium, looks like materialising at last. That is if one can judge anything from the mysterious strangers who have been digging and filling in holes, and taking levels recently. Mr. Allen's dreams of a swimming pool may be realised yet.

During the football season there was much speculation every Monday morning amongst the boys as to the identity of one of the teachers. As the week wore on and the scars wore off the well-known features of Mr. M—— were revealed. Well, you can't be a first grader in two sports and not show the wear and tear, you know. There's a whisper that we might be losing Mr. M. to the Golden West next year. Good luck, Jim!

In the Alliance Francaise oral examination the following boys were successful: Grade II, K. Goodwin. Grade III: J. Angel, K. Baker, K. Young. Grade IV: R. Andrews, A. Fisher, T. Jilek. Grade V: N. Shorter.

A propos Mr. Cox's clean-up of the grounds there's been another clean-up inside. You wouldn't know the old place since the Blitz began on the bodgeie haircuts and the cracker-jack shirts. Though we have not reached sartorial perfection yet, we've ceased to look like hoboes and second-class tramps.

Scholastically, we're on the up-and-up. Did you notice these L.C. results last year, with the crop of honours? Yes, there were no fewer than five exhibitions and one bursary, to say nothing of a number of Commonwealth Scholarships and loads of Teachers' College Scholarships. Congratulations to Exhibition winners, Barry Britten, Brian Penhall, Charles Poole, Jack Lehane and Noel Hickson. We have just learnt that Brian Penhall has gained second place in the First Year Exams. at the Technological University.

Talk about an Eastern bazaar—it had nothing on the School Fete. We've

never seen such a collection of stalls, shooting ranges, games of skill and—er chance, peep shows, etc.—anything to get your money. They certainly succeeded to the tune of £377/17/1.

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We didn't intend to mention the new cars this year, but whew! You couldn't miss Mr. McF.'s new super-duper model. It quite puts Miss P.'s and Mr. A.'s limousines in the shade.

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Once again our thanks to the Misses Shaw for leaving everything so spick and span on the top floor.

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You haven't had a peep into the most comfortable room in the building yet, have you? It's the Masters' room, of course. It's alleged too, that Mr. H. has brought about the transformation. The Tierney Sunday School is seriously considering moving its quarters.

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Mr. C.'s Pound must get the prize for the most efficient organisation in the School. It actually captured a whole set of exercise books early this year. Their loss was discovered some months later.

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The School Tennis court is going, to make way for the new Technical Block. We hope to get at least one, or perhaps two, new courts further down the yard—we hope.

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Perhaps the most successful money-spinner of the Fete was Mr. Wallace's quiz, which raised £14/18/10. It certainly showed up some knowledgeable students. Congratulations to William Collins, IC, on his success as champion Quiz Kid.

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Another highlight of the Fete was 4C's effort in producing unaided that side-splitting farce and melodrama, "The Crimson Cocomat." All new Fourth Years too! They've settled in with a vengeance.

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A few more facts about that fete. No less than £130 was raised by the boys. 4A is to be congratulated on raising the most, £21/12/3. The P. and C. Association, and the Ladies' Auxiliary (led by Mrs. Angel) did a grand job and deserve the thanks of the School for raising nearly £400 to augment the reference section of the Library.

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We are pleased to see Mr. Kevans back on the job after two months sick leave. His place was taken by Mr. G. Reid.

:: :: ::

Empire Day was held in the Assembly Hall and was once again a student function. Mr. Golding delivered Lord Gowrie's Message. School Captain, John Wright, ably chaired the celebration. Short addresses were delivered by the following students: John Tindale (First Year), Neil Douglas (Second Year), John Maloney (Third Year), Michael Gulley (Fourth Year), Tom Curran (Fifth Year).

:: :: ::

Calling on all Science and geological men—particularly Mr. Havard, to safeguard those petrified trees in the grounds when, and if, the builders arrive to erect those new blocks.

:: :: ::

Fourth Year certainly spread themselves in their farewell to Fifth Year. Some of the boys haven't recovered yet. The new "big shots," Rudd, Carver, Lambert and Gulley, acquitted themselves nobly. The big job Mr. Dyet and the Ladies' Auxiliary did needs no comment.

:: :: ::

On Mr. Tierney's retirement through illness this year, Mr. S. Jones was promoted to acting English Master.

In recent weeks, Mr. T. Bible went off on extended sick leave, and his place was taken by Mr. Thornton. We have much pleasure in welcoming Mr. Thornton, and trust that Mr. Bible will soon be with us again.

:: :: ::

At the All School's Carnival, Barry Fullagar was a dual winner, being successful in the Broad Jump and the 220 yards, and gaining third place in the 100 yards. Bruce Lyons was third in the High Jump, and the Under 14 Relay Team gained a similar result. On the above results, Barry Fullagar has been chosen as a N.S.W. representative in the Australian Jubilee Championships to be held at Hobart in December. Congratulations, Barry.

General Service Fee.

Despite efforts to maintain the usual standard of general service benefits to students, and even increase them, and a reluctance to increase the expense in which parents are involved in giving a secondary education to their boys, costs have again caught up with school revenue.

The Union or General Service fee and the text-book hire fee, both £1, have proved inadequate to cope with steeply rising costs of paper, sporting material, text books, etc., services rendered by the School and not undertaken by the Education Department.

The Union fee is not merely a sports fee. It covers the expenditure on sports materials, ground fees, carnival, assistance to touring teams, even the provision of certain sports clothing to save damage to students' ordinary wear. In addition it provides for all duplicating materials necessary for examinations, notes and circulars of instructions; additions of books and periodicals to the library; certain physical education materials; the publication of the School magazine; the provision of free ambulance and hospital casualty services in

YOU are just a Boy NOW —

but boys of **TO-DAY** are the men of **TO-MORROW**, and may be—some day—you will be head of a big business. . . IF YOU DEVELOP WHAT IS WITHIN YOU, but which will be sleeping until YOU do something to wake it up. There are many things you could do.

Get in touch with the M.B.C. when you need friends and good advice as to how to make the best of yourself.



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certain cases of accident or sickness at the school or playing areas in the Western Suburbs; the maintenance of one of the School telephones (but not staff calls), and many other necessary services required in the conduct of a large high school. Apart from the small expenditure on fares, the average pupil is not called on for additional small fees, from time to time, to cover examination costs, entrances to baths and carnivals or ground fees, as is the custom in certain schools.

The Headmaster has decided, in view of rising costs, to combine the Union Fee and Text-book Hire Fee, to be known as a General Service Fee of £2/10/0, and thus bring it into line with other large high schools. Should two or more boys from the same family be in attendance the rate for each boy will be £2.

Extracts from "The Deserted Village"

Illustrated By A Deserted Mind.

"How often have I loitered o'er thy earthly green"—A first year delinquent after being found on the fifth year lawn by a prefect.

"These, far departing, seek a kinder shore"—on the topic of those who leave when they're fifteen.

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close"—That 3.15 bell.

"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"—If that's true, 4B is a menagerie of empty heads!

"No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale"—When H.M. comes round with those little monthly cards.

"Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done"—One of those "silly little individuals" after a dose from the "Dep."

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;"—No comment. I'm not going to start a bitter and heated controversy.

"Good Heaven; What sorrows gloomed that parting day,

That called them from their native walks away"—That last day of school.

"At every draught more large and large they grow,"—That select band of morning tea drinkers in the physics store-room.

"Even now the devastation is begun,

And half the business of destruction done;"—Members of the staff, gloating as they mark the first papers of the Yearly.

"Unfit in these degenerate times of shame" — Aspiring chemist, after one of Mr. C.'s (scientifically speaking) rather carbonaceous jokes.

"Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired." — When discussing those sanctuaries of teacherdom—the staff-rooms.

"That one small head could carry all he knew." — Mr. E.'s caustic wonderings when "most hopeless of all" answered rightly.

"Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound." — That fifth year class after a gruelling P.T. period.

"When the poor exiles, every measure past,

Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last," — That last day of school for the fifth year boys.

— "Bozo," 4B.

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Mt. Keira Boy Scout Camp.

Situated on the side of Mt. Keira, Wollongong, is a Boy Scout Camp, reputed to be the world's second best. Styled after the Boy Scout Camp in the Canadian Rockies—which incidentally is the world's best—the Mt. Keira camp is a triumph of planning and Scout Ideal.

Opened in 1940, its eleven years of existence leave it as fresh as when it was constructed. This is mainly because of the natural bushland surroundings, and its remoteness.

To reach it, as a Scout, with a pack on your back, a bus is taken from Wollongong Central to Mt. Keira Post Office, at the very foot of the mountain. From there, the hiking becomes rugged. Although there is a road for a mile to the plateau, the road has an incline of almost 1 in 3! From the plateau, the road continues up and around Mt. Keira, but a foot trail branches off, and this is much shorter. After much exertion, the site of the camp is reached, but one who is unacquainted with the camp would say it is a car park, believing it to be the actual camp site. How right they would be, for it is a car park.

After traversing this wide park, and ascending a few more feet, a sight is seen which is positively amazing and, on a clear day, beautiful.

Stretching along the side of the mountain is a vast tract of cultivated lawn. At the top of this lawn, much higher, is a Scout Lodge. Complete in every detail, fireplace, piano, furniture, a beautiful tallow-wood floor and international flags, it is the ideal Scout meeting place. Campfires are held in this lodge when the weather is unfavourable. Immediately behind the Lodge is a tiled swimming pool. Filled with cool, sparkling mountain water, the pool is a pleasant surprise in hot months.

The caretaker's residence is equipped with all the modern amenities, telephone and electricity. Below the caretaker's house are the open-air showers and taps. Near there is a modern camp kitchen, better than most suburban kitchens. The electricity for the camp is supplied by Port Kembla Iron and Steel Pty. Ltd., cost free, so huge floodlights illuminate all the tricky steps, the swimming pool, and playing field at night.

Half a mile away, deep in the bush, is an open-air chapel, and near it the site for a camp-fire. The chapel has a pulpit constructed of sandstone, with the Scout emblem cleverly cemented in the front of it. Even a cage of snakes has a place of pride.

The camp has been visited by Royalty and bears out the visit by ornamental trees planted around the site.

— R. Solomon, 4C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The response to the call for contributions has been very considerable, and we take this opportunity of thanking all who have sent in their efforts. They have made the Magazine possible—whether their contributions were accepted or not. We regret that we cannot use all the articles, poems, stories, and so forth that were submitted. What with rising costs of printing, the inevitable restriction of pages, the necessity of using more space for advertising—solvency demands that—we can use only a small proportion of contributions. Much good material has had to be rejected. If your effort, then, has not appeared, don't think it worthless. It wasn't. There wasn't room for it.

We cannot acknowledge contributions individually: there are far too many for that, so please accept this general acknowledgment, and rest assured of our gratitude for your contribution.

Our Information Bureau Again.

In our last issue, an Information Bureau was opened under the proviso that it would be discontinued. However, the column proved immensely popular and because of many requests, we have re-opened it for this year. Whether or not this feature will be continued is not at all definite. If you saw the Committee, under the strain of working-out some of the answers to the questions, collapse one by one in a state of chronic mental fatigue, you'd understand. Some of the questions were so "corny"—as one of the Committee expressed it—others were so libellous in substance, and still more, so subversive in their object that they were consigned to the waste bin—that being all we could do with them. Evidently, some of the bright lads of Fifth Year and the Staff-Room had got together and phrased their questions in such obscure and cunning ways as to force us to admit we were Communists or some such thing. These we also ignored. Here we have tried to answer the more reasonable queries to the best of our combined knowledge and ability.

G.B.: No hope at all. What's the use fighting when it's bankrupt.

Con. D.: Quite true, a blackout did occur during the first School Dance of the year, but there was no cause for your concern. In fact, the parents of some of the maidens afterwards congratulated the H.M. on the conduct of the boys during the emergency.

R.A.F.: Quite wrong; the fact that many four legged animals run faster than two legged ones, does not entitle you to say that biplanes fly twice as fast as the single winged variety. Jove, wouldn't Mr. Havard and the A.T.C. boys like to get hold of you!

M.N.: No, we don't think it likely. In fact, it seems most improbable.

A.D.: All wrong. Those pits had nothing to do with oil prospecting, nor the mining industry, nor swimming pools. They were merely to test the sub-soil for the foundations of the new technical buildings to be erected some time in the dim and distant future.

M.G.: We admit that it is an inflationary trend and that it is very possibly raising the cost of living, but don't you think that double line of slick and "swanky" cars outside the front gates gives the place a prosperous and aristocratic air? By the way, take our advice and don't let your economics teacher know who wrote the question.

W.L.F.: Yes, yes, we see. The whole trouble is that you haven't enough dash, enough technique—you're too shy. Ah—um—it's rather out of our line, but if you'll see us later, we will give you a list of boys to consult about the matter. Believe us, they know all the tricks.

L.B.: It's exceedingly difficult. All that we can say is, that if you haven't a friend amongst the librarians, you'd better get one.

H.H.: We know of no sure-fire method of getting a lift to the station in one of their cars. However, in your case, you might be able to strike a bargain—or at any rate improve your chances. You know—if you do your homework, etc.

"Spence": There should be no trouble in getting the job you mention. But—er—surely there are other jobs more—er—congenial. You'd better have a talk with the Careers Adviser.

O.B.: No, not from thin air. Those stuttering and staccato messages came from the little yellow box on the wall near the black-board. They've got more use than a place to hang raincoats you know—but surely, being at the school five years, and in 5A too—you should have guessed it before this!

"First Year": No, don't worry; they didn't need a separate dressing room. Honestly, all those stunning maidens in "H.M.S. Pinafore" were our own boys. Er—no, you have it all wrong. We suggest that you have a confidential heart-to-heart talk with some kind, understanding Science teacher — we recommend Mr. Moss. Then for further information on the subject,

ask one of the more serious of those dashing, debonair men of the world—our prefects.

L.S.D.: Yes, we understand. You'd better become friends with the Pound Boys.

W.S.: Quite correct, you win the bet. It is an owl carved on the stone let in to the front of the School. Yes, that is where they got the idea for the badge of the Old Boys' Union. We can't say—the Government Architects had to do something for the money, but whether they were sincere or meant it ironically—no, it must be your imagination; we cannot detect any such sardonic leer.

P.A.S.: No, you can't switch it off, I'm afraid. Yes, everything has been tried—cushions, coats and all the rest. One boy even used a hack saw—poor fellow, and so promising.

X.A.M.: We're afraid there's no easy way out. The best schoolboy brains have battled with the problem for ages. Many plans have been put forward—all being too costly or too cumbersome. The only thing to do is the few hours homework each night.

P.I.J.: We're very sorry that you're a nervous wreck, but nothing much can be done about it. Shooting and trapping have obvious disadvantages. You might approach the Headmaster with a petition from the boys for their extermination, with a strong mention of the cost of dry cleaning—but then, a bird of peace you know!

P.U.G.: No, there is no actual foundation for it. An athlete, footballer, gymnast and teacher, but not a boxer.

R.L.: No in spite of what he says or how he says it, we feel sure that he does not mean it—or at least for very long.

B.O.M.: No, that machine could not have been in the mind of the song writer of "The Thing."

D.D.: We admit that the alliteration and quaintness somewhat add flavour to the name, but still he does not get faint (in more ways than one) when the class becomes more noisy than usual.

R.C.: It's a very difficult problem we know; however we suggest that the most tactful way would be to give him a book on heredity a few days or a week before they're given out. You then could refer to the book if the occasion arises—but look humble.

J.K.: There are a few relations of staff, past or present, at the School. The late H.M. has a nephew in Fourth Year. Mr. Tierney has two sons, one in Fourth, the other in Second year. Mr. G. Brown has a son in First year.

P.Y.: Don't do it. We think that a law suit for damages would be fatal. Show him your evidence and demand repayment by all means, but don't attempt blackmail. In future it would be wise not to buy any.

"Nigger": Have no fear, that small band, meeting every dinner time on Thursday is not a branch of the "Klu-Klux-Klan."

W.L.: We think that, to be quite candid, it would be a mean and tactless action to send him a copy of Scott's "Patriotism." After all, he is the only member of the Staff with enough spirit and courage to wear the School tie.

M.C.: We can see your point of view, but surely the teacher isn't going, as you suggest, "to ruin the high moral purity of the students" by telling one now and again.

C.C.: No, the structure has never stood a siege from a revengeful horde of junior school boys, nor has it witnessed a knightly passage of arms or such chivalrous deed to warrant the name, yet it is an imposing edifice.

A Sea Journey

With Apologies to Jerome K. Jerome.

I remember going on a sea trip once. I went down to my berth a happy man, looking forward to a restful journey, only to find afterwards that I couldn't safely say I was happy. Could you, after reading this?

I started to feel squalmish after a few hours, so I pulled myself together and asked the captain how far we had gone, only to find that as yet we hadn't drawn anchor.

I can't imagine what kind of a day the first was, for I was resting in my cabin; at any rate that is what I told the steward.

I had the same sensation on the second day. I thought I had really breathed my last breath of air when I boarded the ship. But alas, I couldn't have, for I awoke to a knocking on my door, with the steward bringing me tea and toast for my breakfast.

The third and fourth days out I was too sick to think of anything but myself, let alone food so, as you can imagine, by the fifth day I was quite drawn looking around the gills. I started to sit up and take notice that day and present myself to my fellow passengers.

That night a few of us gathered together to organise a programme for a concert for the other passengers.

Mrs. Switzgerald was signed to sing us a bracket of two numbers in her soprano voice, so she told us. Her husband, Eustace, was going to do us a special favour by reciting "The Wreck of the Hesperus" to the tune of "The Bathing Suit That Never Got Wet." Mr. Blowall said he would play the accompaniment to Mrs. Switzgerald's songs. Later he said if everyone liked his piano playing he would play one of his own compositions, "The Ship-wrecked Sailor," dedicated to our dear Captain Steerum.

Myself? Well, I blew my trumpet which I had brought along with me. That night went well. Only for myself, of course, that feat could not have been accomplished. There were only a few minor faults. Mrs.

Switzgerald sang off key, as her pianist did. While Mr. Eustace Switzgerald was reciting his piece he dropped his glasses and broke them, so he couldn't go on with the poem. Of course, Mr. Blowall didn't get around to playing his own composition, for if he had he would have been playing it to himself—everyone had left.

The sixth day out I ate everything that was on the menu, so you can imagine how pleased I was when the orders for disembarking came on the seventh morning.

Truthfully, do you think I had a gay time? I don't!

— J. Bryant, 4F.

Summer.

*The snows of winter fade away,
As the eye of heaven shines,
To bring joy and happiness
And free the earth from decay.*

*The meadows are aglow with green,
The birds are singing in the oaks,
While the glistening, majestic swans
Glide proudly down the stream.*

*Beside the flowery trees,
The farmer hard by kneels,
The cattle are calling in the fields
Beside the deep blue sea.*

— E. Yip, 4F.

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Death for Diamonds.

The Government had decided to salvage a ship which had sunk off Shark Island, in the Pacific. A salvage company had been employed, and after everything was ready, a trawler set out for Shark Island, a distance of about 350 miles. The captain was a thick-set foreigner, and his mate as evil-looking a man as anyone might wish to see.

After two days' travel, the trawler arrived at the island, a small place covered with breadfruit and coconut trees and other varieties of small trees and bushes. It was uninhabited except for mobs of wild pigs.

The ship was anchored, and the men were ordered to prepare for work. A diver descended, and when the hulk was located one of the crew unwisely dashed for a diving suit, but was struck down by the suspicious mate and thrown overboard. Hours later some of the diamonds and gold, of which the cargo consisted, were brought up. When the first load was hauled in, three of the crew made a sudden grab at the sparkling gems, only to get the same treatment as the other fellow. When the rest of the men saw this cruelty and heard the victims' yells for mercy, they stood away from the precious bars and stones.

Shortly after everyone had gone ashore, the captain and the two mates found that the other men were missing. They ran to the beach, and sure enough the mutineers were racing towards the dinghy. On seeing the trio advancing, the mutineers decided to turn back and fight. So they kept to the thick undergrowth and hid in a cave in the hillside. The wily captain, however, guessed their whereabouts, and he and the two mates crept towards the cave. The mutineers had a look-out posted at the entrance, and while the captain attracted his attention, the mate took him by surprise from behind. The men in the cave, on hearing the noise, made a dash for freedom, only to be killed by their pursuers.

The captain and mates glared suspiciously at each other, waiting for one to make a false move. At last they rushed at each other, and a fierce battle started. The second mate was struck down and the other two men battered each other until they both sank to the ground, to die from their wounds.

A few weeks later a ship arrived to find out why no wireless messages had come through from the trawler. The trawler was found with the treasure still in its hold, and on shore were seven lifeless bodies.

— D. Butler, 1E.

Our Sense of Humour.

How often have you been one of a small crowd gathered around a single individual, your eyes intent, your face prepared for a convulsing movement of laughter? Perhaps you have often perused the comic strips of the daily papers, from time to time, emitting chuckles of evident enjoyment?

This, by present-day standards, is normal behaviour in the average human being. The mind must have some relaxation, and a common method of obtaining it is by laughing.

Different personalities have different senses of humour. There is the subtle type, who enjoy best the quiet joke, the point of which lies in its ambiguity. This droll type can often see through a joke more quickly than others. He also appreciates the qualities of nonsense, which to other types is "nonsense." For example, take the following gem from Lewis Carroll:

" 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

The other main type of humour is the "slapstick." If one's favourite

film comedian had his head pushed into a vat of whale blubber while trying to read the compass, steer the ship, eat his lunch, and tell someone the time, the lover of "slapstick" would laugh uproariously. In the same way any good joke or pun appeals in a different way to different people.

Strangely enough, we are very fussy about our jokes. To retain their full flavour they must not be told twice to the same company, and they must conform to certain rules. Firstly, a short exposition, to gain interest and create suspense, followed quickly by the point of the joke. Secondly in the case of the ever-popular "shaggy dog" story a rather long "lead-up" to the inevitable "let-down." Many "shaggy dog" stories are really clever and witty, but require the artful touch of the raconteur to do justice to them.

In the Pacific Islands the natives have the gift of hearing a yarn over and over again and laughing as heartily at it the hundredth as at the first time they heard it.

In our civilisation, however, a joke is stale after the first time it has been heard. It is then classed as "corny."

Our vaudeville comedians must be credited with some of our best wit. Snappy dialogue takes the public fancy. Situation is another instance of humour, where the subject precipitates laughs by his actions and positions only.

However, taking our humour all in all, we are comparatively astute and have the undeniable good quality of being able to laugh at ourselves, a quality which is essentially typical of the English speaking races.

— W. Harvey, 4C.

"The Rind and the Kernel."

A high pitched whirring! A full-toned mechanical throbbing, rising and falling on the morning air in a somehow familiar manner! A hurried scanning of the blue sky, revealed no jets streaking through the heavens, nor any helicopter hovering about, nor any such aeronautical machine—good Heavens! A terrible thought struck me. Black terror seized me as I fled from the road. Why on earth didn't I think of that before? But no, the green horror was not in sight. Whew! Still that noise—beating, whirring, throbbing . . .

As I turned in the school gates, there it was. There was the blue-overalled figure in the battered straw hat following in the wake of a green painted motor mower. And what a terror of a mower! Evil and sour looking, it appeared a concentrated edition of all the worst schoolboy vices. It bucked and squirmed in a manner frightful to see. It twisted and tilted and stalled and started forward and tried to run off its true course at every opportunity. It rebelled as a wilful schoolboy only can rebel against the merest touch of authority and firm control from governing hands. At every clump it reared viciously. At every ditch it bucked treacherously. At every hill and hollow—which heaven knows were everywhere—it did its very best to escape. But no, it was held firmly, forced to submit under an iron will.

Then the turnings. Oh, the suspense of it to see his arms becoming taut, his determined step, his grim face, the tightened mouth; to see the machine leaping and bounding along suddenly get flung around and start convulsively back the way it came, to see the relief and flushed pride on his face—was just delightful.

The bell rang sharp and discordant. Away trooped the cheering mob of youth, laughing and chuckling to themselves at the cheap and wonderful morning's fun they'd had, in precisely the right frame of mind for further scholastic pursuits. But, my fellow-scoffers, as did the machine seem to resent the guiding and ruling hand, so do we all; and as the mower found the futility of struggling against its ruler, so must we realise the same. But as our blue overalled friend kept the mower under control by determination of purpose, so too can we succeed in this machine of life, using firm control, determination, and hard work.

The whirring throbs stopped, a few wheezy coughs—the engine had run out of petrol.

— C.L.



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A Pleasant Interlude.

Homebush v Hornsby Girls' Debate.

Homebush in the debate was represented by Barry Skellett, Ken Goodwin and Ken Baker, while Hornsby was represented by "three beautiful girls."

According to the adjudicator, Mr. Gordon, the girls won the debate quite decisively. The topic was a very good one, being "That teen-age comics do not truly represent Modern Youth." In his summing up, the adjudicator praised the girls for their intellectual ability; he even went so far as to call them "Three Portias."

The debate was uproariously funny, both sides pleasing their audience with many and varied jokes about the topic.

Our speakers were subject to criticism, Barry Skellett being accused of appearing too much like a lawyer in his presentation, while Ken Baker was said to have too much mirth.

After the debate, the visitors and our prefects moved to the library, where afternoon tea was served.

When we had finished, John Wright suggested that the girls, with suitable guides, should be shown the School. The girls were given ten minutes to do the rounds. Someone remarked that they had never seen the boys so interested in the school grounds; all the places of interest were viewed and discussed. When we returned, we did not know whether to escort the girls to the station or not. We did!

Our thanks go to the visitors for the enjoyable afternoon they gave us; our congratulations also on their win.

Thanks are also due to Mr. Kevans (coach), Mr. Jones for arranging the visit; Mr. Gordon for adjudication; Mrs. Heimann and Miss Perrin for the catering; and last but not least, to John Wright for the fine chairman he made. — "Jacko," 4A.

Examinations.

*A month before I always feel
A conscience prick, at least,
And know that soon I'll have to start
To have my memory greased.*

*A fortnight yet and still no start—
It stares me in the face;
It's getting late—if I don't pass—
What terrible disgrace.*

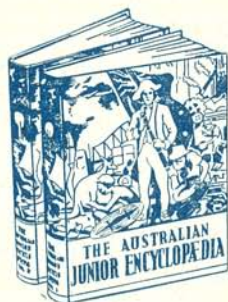
*A week to go—'tis not enough,
I know too near to nought,
I have not worked and studied hard,
Nor "swotted" as I ought.*

*The master just comes strolling in
(Our papers in his hand);
If I don't pass I'm sure to have
My tender portion tanned.*

*My mark is fortunately just
Above the "fifty" mark;
As yet my tender portion's safe,
My future not so dark.*

— R. Joscelyne, 4C.

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Old Boys' Corner.

Now that the School is coming of age, it is fitting that we record the activities of some of our Old Boys. Our thanks to Mr. C. Johnson, Liaison Officer, and Barry Hinckman for the following information. Unfortunately we cannot mention all the Old Boys, but here are some of fairly recent vintage:

PETER RHEUBEN, 1943-47—Star of Eastwood R.U. Football Club; plays in backs; was third in S.M.H. "best and fairest" this year.

BILL HORDER, 1941-45: N.S.W. Rugby League forward.

FRANK DONOVAN, 1945-46. B.Sc. (Honours) — Research Organic Chemist at Sydney University.

BOB STRAWBRIDGE, 1946-47: R.A.A.F. Officer and Jet Pilot at Point Cook, Victoria.

DOUG. CARSWELL, B.Sc. (Honours)—Research Physical Chemist at Sydney University.

KEITH BYWATER, late R.A.A.F. Teacher in Engineering trades with Technical Education Department.

BOB ROSS, 1944-48. Represented Sydney University Science Association at conference of Australia and New Zealand at Brisbane this year.

GEOFF. VAUGHAN, 1945-49. Forward in Western Suburbs R.U. Football Club.

HENRY HING, 1941-45. B.D.S.—Now in Dental Practice.

MAURICE MAISHFORD, in Fifth Year Medicine Sydney University. Can be recognised by his bushy black moustaches.

JIM PRICE: School Captain 1946—Also in Fifth Year Medicine at Sydney University.

JOHN SWINDEN—Medical practitioner; leading State hurdler.

HAROLD MASON, leading School athlete in late thirties—now police officer; helped to found O.B.U. in 1940.

MAURICE WILLMOTT, 1942-44: Newspaper photographer with "Sun."

HERBERT MOXHAM, 1940-42. O.B.U. President 1948—Church of England Missionary in New Guinea.

GEOFF. BIGGERS, B.A.—Now practising law.

PHIL THORS, 1943-47—Research Physicist with S.T.C.

STAN HITCHINS, B.Sc., with the Education Department.

NEIL BUTLER, 1943-47—Honours graduate in Science, specialising in Physical Chemistry.

MATT WHITE, journalist on "News Chronicle," London.

PAUL WILKINSON, ex-officer in R.A.A.F. Now practising dentistry in London.

RAY PRICE: Well known in musical world; leader of prominent jazz orchestra.

PETER ALLEN: Recent School Captain; doing well in Medicine at Sydney University. Still wields a good tennis racquet.

EDDIE YOUNG: Doing well at the Technological University.

BOBBIE HOWE: Teacher at Tamworth High. Wins many tennis titles in New England district. Country Doubles champion.

KEV. MEYERS: Photographer; doing well in the tennis world.

Nature.

*Roused with the drops of dew, how brightly glow,
Earthed rocks and elms and fluttering snow!*

Where often as in hollows warm and deep

The harmless earthworm basks in sleep.

With arching ferns like shepherd's crook

Or bishop's crozier, how they love the brook!

The brook that like a lambkin hard at play

Is full of joy and loving life.

The world seems ever gay and bright.

— B. Cunningham, 4F.

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The Sultan of Pankli-Pool

(With apologies to Edwin Lear).

There once was a Sultan of Pankli-Pool
 Who rode on a piebald horse.
 His waist was as broad as he was tall,
 And none of his subjects feared him at all,
 And he smoked a long pipe, of course.

Now once on a hot and scorching day
 He suggested a Picnic Royal.
 The nobles all wilted in sheer dismay
 But, being polite, they dared not stay
 And so his outing spoil.

So they all set forth at twelve, high noon,
 In front the piebald mare;
 And followed by many a curious one
 They made their way to the Sea of the Sun
 And had their picnic there.

When nothing was left of the wonderful spread
 And the nobles lay basked in the heat,
 The Sultan remounted his noble steed,
 But, being so heavy, he fell on his head,
 Right there at his nobles' feet.

The Sea of the Sun did glisten and glint,
 The wavelets danced in glee;
 And his head being hard as the flintiest flint,
 (And because he had had too much to drink)
 The Sultan bounced into the sea.

The piebald mare gave a pitiful cry,
 And stamped unhappily;
 The nobles gave a pitying sigh
 As she plunged to the place where her late master lay
 Deep in the laughing sea.

Now, if this sad and gloomy tale
 By chance depresses you,
 Take comfort in that Pankli Pool
 Is in no atlas, and that all
 Such Sultans are untrue.

— Barrie de Jersey.

The Wollongong Trip.

The day was Wednesday, August 15th, the day of the proposed excursion to Wollongong to play Wollongong High League and Tennis. The teams comprising 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th grade School Union teams, and a tennis team, assembled on the main platform at Central at 7.30 a.m.

The train departed at 8.5 a.m. and the boys settled down to the usual literature. The coaches (Mr. McD— and Mr. H), as well as busying themselves, re-arranging their teams, exchanged humorous motoring exper-

iences, while Mr. Ma— bombarded the aforesaid with sporting questions, but had to get the boys' aid for the answers.

Mr. Sherlock Ba— patrolled the corridors for noxious odours and exclusive casinos, only to find lending libraries for comics.

The two hours or so which remained before the start of the first match were spent in window shopping. There was the usual sign of interest shown towards milk bars, cake shops and such popular stores as Coles, Wolworths, etc., at which the mementoes of the occasion were procured.

It was agreed that the two heavier teams' matches would be played in the Sports Ground, and lighter grades on the "dust bowl" adjacent to the oval. From the outset it was obvious that all our teams would have hard matches in more ways than one, because of the weight disadvantage, the hard ground and the lack of experience in the new code.

The unlucky Homebush 4th grade put up a gallant display against the "crack" South Coast under 9st. 7lb team, and right until the final bell it was either team's game. The match ended in a two-all draw.

The unlimited division provided many thrills for the spectators. The Homebush forwards found themselves with their "noses to the grindstone" throughout the entire game. Despite the services of two first grade players, Davanzo and Anderson, few scoring opportunities came our way, and the local combination found many flaws in our defence. The game resulted in a victory for Wollongong by 16-2, which ended a gala day for the local teams, who must be congratulated on their polished display. Homebush 5th grade 8st. 7lb team won, but our 6th grade was defeated by 25-5.

The Tennis team had its usual victory, not dropping a set.

The return journey was spent "licking our wounds," but we were proud of having had the opportunity of a trip away, if only as far as Wollongong.

— B.R., 4A.

Ode To A Bus Conductress.

*Goddess with the golden hair,
Tripping lightly up the stair,
You have stolen my heart, I ween,
Daily on the eight-fifteen.*

*Merry laugh and dainty smile,
Over many and many a mile;
I dare say a frown was seen—
Never on the eight-fifteen.*

*Wanton mouth and roving eye,
Bright as any summer sky,
As against the rail you lean,
Daily on the eight-fifteen.*

*Constant lover? That I wonder;
Thou the hardest heart could'st sunder.
Even the meanest of the mean,
Travelling on the eight-fifteen.*

*Add a scalp, then, to your belt;
I, though young, your powers have felt.
Since last month, my vow has been,
Ever to ride on the eight-fifteen.*

— N.M.

Description Of An Irish Country Town.

On that tour of Ireland, when visiting County Cork, you might spend a day at Kinsale, a little town with a vivid past.

Catching a bus at Cork, which is on the River Lee, we will pass through Cork on the cobble stone roads, along which you will see countless pedlars. These pedlars are called the Irish "Tinkers," and if anything is missing the poor "tinkers" are blamed for it.

Out of the city you jaunt through the meadows where clover and grass thrive. Then perhaps you might come to a peat bog where men are cutting peat or "turf," which is used for fuel and takes the place of coal.

The bus stops at Kinsale and out we get. To-day there is a fair, but that is not till this afternoon, so we stroll to the wharves where the fishing fleet has just returned. Gulls are wheeling over the boats waiting for scraps and catfish, which are thrown to them. The fish are now being auctioned to agents of firms at Dublin.

Then, after all the excitement dies down, for the first time we notice an island separated by the River Bandon from the mainland. We inquire how to get there, and we are taken by a good-natured fisherman in his dingy.

Clambering up the steep sides of the hill, we find that there is a look-out tower that was used by James II for spotting boats.

On the side of the harbour there is a fort built, partly by Charles II, to protect the harbour from enemy boats. In later years a barracks was added to hold 10,000 men, part of a regiment nick-named "Blackened Tans" by the Irish. The "Blackened Tans" ill-treated the Irish and punished them very severely for the smallest crime.

This caused a rebellion and the fort, with the 10,000 soldiers, was burnt to the ground. Now, only the stonework remains and it stands sentinel over the harbour, a black and bleak old warrior, which is whipped by the Atlantic on winter nights.

At three o'clock we return for lunch and walk through winding lanes which are lined with small houses which resemble Spanish ones. We notice all the women are wearing black shawls with hoods. We inquire, and find that these were worn long years ago when the Spaniards walked the streets and comprised almost half Kinsale's population. They used to steal the girls away. These hooded shawls hid the faces of women folk and the Spanish were led to believe that they were all old women.

We lunch on "murphies" (potatoes baked in their jackets) and herrings, a traditional lunch. Then we make our way to the main street where poultry, cattle, pigs and horses are being sold. The horses, first to be paraded into rings are some heavy draught horses, their manes decorated with ribbons. Some hunting horses catch our eye; they are fine, well-bred animals whose coats are shining in the sun. These hunters—for which Ireland is famous, are world renowned. Pigs squealing, chickens crowing, and horses neighing stop dead when a wailing is heard.

A cart drawn by two grey horses comes into sight. On the cart is a coffin, on which are perched three old women, wailing and telling the world what a good man the dead man was and how sorry they are he is dead, and making a terrible din. Everyone regards this with extreme reverence, and the old women seem to enjoy this, and wail louder than ever.

The fair breaks up and we go to the wharves to watch the fishing fleet depart. This day's experience will always be happily remembered in our thoughts.

— G. Thompson, 1A.

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SPORT.

SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT.

As the year 1951 draws to a close, we can look back with a good deal of satisfaction on a year of consistently good performances by the Teams which have represented us in competition against outside schools. We did not record many wins—the notes which follow will give the details—but, more important than that, our standard of performances has always been high, and, of paramount importance, our players have proved themselves more than worthy ambassadors for the School. Everywhere is the name of Homebush respected, not because its teams are always so strong, but because they have built up a tradition for playing the game hard and clean, and taking their wins and losses in the proper spirit.

Again I hasten to thank the staff and those boys who have assisted in the carrying out of the sports organisation. Whilst things are not perfect in this direction, we are not dissatisfied, and look forward to a gradual improvement.

SPORTS AWARDS.

1. House Competitions.

Mick Simmons Shield (all sports). Not decided.
 Oldfield Shield (Cricket). Not decided.
 Priestly-Easson Shield (Football): Lawson
 Murdock Shield (Athletics): Lawson.
 Jenner Shield (Swimming): Sturt.

2. A.A.A. of C.H.S. Blues.

Athletics: B. Fullagar, B. Lyons.
 Cricket: Not decided.
 Tennis: W. Peters, A. O'Brien.
 Football: J. Mater, R. Moin, B. Fullagar.

3. School Blues.

Athletics: B. Lyons.
 Cricket: R. Doyle, J. Mater.
 Tennis: A. O'Brien, D. Allen.
 Football: J. Wright, R. Moin, A. Summons, B. Fullagar.

4. Championship Pennants.

Swimming, Senior: D. Anderson.
 Junior Under 16: L. Morris.
 Junior Under 15: K. Storey.
 Juvenile Under 14: B. Smith.
 Juvenile Under 13: C. O'Brien, G. Thompson.

Athletics: Senior: B. Fullagar.

Junior Under 16: V. Davanzo.
 Junior Under 15: J. Barker.
 Juvenile Under 14: V. Cordingley.
 Juvenile Under 13: B. Cummings.

FOOTBALL.

The Points Table — For and Against.

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
v Randwick	12—3	11—11	9—0	3—6	17—3	0—6
v N. Syd.T.	3—5	0—0	0—3	3—3	12—0	5—5
v Manly	—	3—6	18—0	8—16	0—14	6—18
v Hurlstone	22—6	6—6	9—0	0—9	14—0	27—3
v Syd.Tech.	9—3	9—5	10—6	x	x	x
v Nth. Syd.	3—3	10—9	5—6	3—6	24—3	3—12
v Canterb'y	x	x	x	3—3	11—8	3—12
v Fort St.	0—11	0—13	3—8	0—15	22—5	15—9
v Syd. High	11—11	3—8	x	0—6	6—9	9—14
v P'ramatta	9—6	—	0—13	29—0	41—3	3—6
	69—48	42—58	54—36	49—64	147—45	71—85

x—Match not played.

FIRST GRADE.

By reaching the position of runners-up in the C.H.S. competition, our First XV achieved the best results in the history of the School. The excellent team-spirit and determined tackling, allied to improved combination, were mainly responsible for this improvement.

A victory over Fort Street would have clinched the premiership, but they proved too good on the day, and fully deserved their victory in the competition. Homebush defeated Parramatta, Randwick, Sydney Tech., Hurlstone Agricultural High, and Canterbury (forfeit), while they drew with Sydney High and North Sydney after hard-fought matches.

Coles and Chadwick were lost early in the season, but the greatest blow was the loss of Geoff. Nicholls in the middle of the season. His hooking and generally robust play were missed.

Three players, J. Mater, B. Fullagar and R. Moin gained C.H.S. Blues by winning selection in the C.H.S. First XV against Duntroon Military College and G.P.S., while J. Wright, A. Summons and B. King were very prominent in C.H.S. Second XV.

J. Wright: A worthy captain whose deadly tackling and determined dashes were invaluable.

J. Mater: Vice-captain, excellent goal-kicker, robust lock, now anticipates and co-operates intelligently with the backs.

A. Summons: Brilliant five-eighth. Defence excellent. A real team-man.

B. Fullagar: Fastest winger in competition. Leading try-scorer for team. Handles splendidly.

D. Anderson: Probably the gamest half-back in School's history. Fast, nippy and most unselfish.

R. Moin: Outstanding front-row forward. Uses weight, tackles well, and is still improving.

R. Doyle: "The eel," whose wing play was most dependable. Tackles well. Also an orator.

B. King: Utility player. Gave excellent displays from full-back to hooker. Real asset.

V. Davanzo: Clever outside-centre with change of pace and dash. Has developed into excellent defender.

B. Dredge: Most promising full-back, though youngest player in team. Handles and kicks splendidly.

S. Ashton, H. Street and D. Fernon are young, promising forwards who tackle well.



FOOTBALL - FIRST XV.

Standing (left to right): J. Craig, A. Summons, A. Smith, B. King, J. Talty; G. Nicholls, B. Moin, R. Burns, V. Davanzo, S. Ashton; R. Doyle.
Seated: D. Anderson, H. Street, B. Dredge (on ground), Mr. W. McCulloch (Coach), J. Wright (Captain), B. Fullagar. *Absent*: J. Mater.

R. Burns, A. Smith, J. Talty and R. Foster were solid, hard-rucking forwards.

We would like to extend our appreciation to Mr. Golding for his constant interest, encouragement and frequent attendance at our matches throughout the season. As usual the Sportsmaster, Mr. G. Brown, rendered the team every possible assistance and co-operation, especially in arranging billets, trips and transport.

Finally, our success in the competition was due largely to the excellent coaching of Mr. W. McCulloch, whose enthusiasm and hard work won the sincere thanks of the team.

The Tamworth trip was the most enjoyable part of the season, while we were glad to have the chance to try conclusions with them in Sydney. Next year we hope to turn the tables.

SECOND GRADE.

This team did not have a very successful season, winning only one match. They drew three and lost four games.

However, the side put up some excellent performances and with luck might have won several more games.

The players deserve commendation for the excellent spirit shown throughout the season, both on the field and off.

The Second Grade side was chosen from the following boys: J. Bryant, B. Cousins, P. Clout, R. Churches, C. Pitches; C. Jordan; A. Halliburton (capt.), R. Lindsay, N. Street, D. Fernon; C. Whitfield; J. Totten; R. Foster; L. Normand, W. Alcock, B. Rudd, G. Stockman, E. Ryan.

The School, however, should learn one important lesson from this result, namely that more boys should try out at the commencement of the football season, and even if not successful at first, must not lose their enthusiasm.

In a school of our size Fourth Grade should be one of the heaviest, rather than the lightest, in the whole competition.

Before concluding, I would like to pay a special tribute to the captain, Jimmy Armsworth, who was a captain in every sense of the word, both on and off the field. His absence at any time was a blow to the whole team. Other players deserving of mention are Ferguson and Beaverstock, as breakaways; Seymour as lock; and Bartlett, as fullback.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the whole team for their support, and hope they have more success in future competitions.

FIFTH GRADE.

B. Smith (capt.), H. Carter (vice-capt.), J. Sumner, A. Hough, K. Brady, D. Midson, W. Taylor, G. Smith, D. Farlow, V. Jones; J. Woodger, V. Cordingley, F. Powter, C. Barry, R. Atfield; K. Wilson; R. Frost; R. Kirkby.

The team finished in third place in the grade, which was won by Sydney High. Eight matches were contested as competition fixtures, for six wins and two losses, the team scoring 106 points as against 42. It was a fairly well-balanced team, but its main strength was a very solid rucking pack.

On performances, every member should graduate to higher grades next season, although a few will have to strengthen their tackling.

THIRD GRADE.

J. Middleton (capt.), B. Cozens, C. Irving, G. Graham, R. Bullman, J. Beresford, J. Meston, J. Bathgate, C. Weir, D. Margin, J. Holdstock, J. Solomon, N. Payne, P. Cooke, B. Skellett; E. Ryan; D. Stewart; A. Hodinett, T. Curran.

The Third Grade side performed quite creditably during the season, winning five of the nine matches played.

The members of the team are to be congratulated on the interest and keenness they maintained throughout the season. Some players attended nearly every practice, although they did not represent their School until the final matches.

Another interesting point was the fact that boys from House teams, who will form the nucleus of future unlimited teams, trained with the Thirds.

The team did not possess any players of outstanding ability, although Bullman at times showed flashes of brilliance, whilst Stewart was a consistent, fast-moving breakaway, whose tackling was excellent.

Of the forwards, Payne, Weir, Solomon, Cook, Holdstock and Bathgate were the most active and always played good football.

Generally all the backs lacked penetration, although wingers Irving and Graham, promoted from House football teams towards the end of the season, were speedy and showed great promise.

On the whole, the team always played in a very sportsmanlike manner, trained well, and the players attired themselves neatly.

FOURTH GRADE.

TEAM: J. Armsworth (capt.), A. Flowers (vice-capt.), P. Brown, B. Beaverstock, B. Seymour, D. Donaldson, N. Ferguson, C. Glozier, R. Breckenridge, K. Clancy, J. Barker, L. Frappell, G. Dytor, B. Pollock, H. Huthnance, B. Gazzard, I. Brabant, J. Bartlett, L. Hayes.

From the point of view of points, Fourth Grade did not have a very successful year, with only two wins and two drawn games. However, this is not the complete picture, which is much brighter than mere results would indicate.

Although one of the lightest sides in the back line, the team was never overwhelmed in any of its defeats, but played with spirit until the very end of each game, even when a loss was inevitable. Indeed, the fighting quality was the outstanding feature of their game and the result was a number of very close and always interesting matches.

FIFTH GRADE.—Continued (erratum).

Taken over the whole season, honours for the outstanding forward would go to Herb Carter, who was closely followed by J. Sumner, whilst in the backs, Captain Barry Smith and V. Cordingley did best.

D. Farlow and V. Jones keenly contested the half-back position, and each represented with distinction. Great improvement was shown by J. Woodger and C. Barry (backs) and K. Brady and D. Midson (forwards). R. Atfield's outstanding performance against the premiers left little to be desired.

The team extends congratulations to Sydney High on winning the grade without loss.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Mason for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

SIXTH GRADE.

TEAM: C. O'Brien (capt.), D. Johnston, R. Kell, R. Brown, A. McDonald, E. Roche, J. Evans, G. Forsyth, D. Scott, L. Apolony, D. Bunyan, J. Wilson, G. Clout, N. Jew, G. Thompson, R. Thorne, W. Wilson, J. Tindale, H. Austen.

Although not very successful from a match-winning point of view, the team showed grand football spirit and was able to hold the strongest teams in the competition to close final scores. Team co-operation, an increasing keenness throughout the season to attend practices, and a noticeable improvement in standard of play, were pleasing features.

David Johnston must be congratulated on his impressive tally of points gained from numerous tries and accurate goal kicking. Errol Roche and David Bunyan were the outstanding forwards, while Ross Brown on the wing was the most improved player in the team for the season. Colin O'Brien capably captained Sixths till he had his thumb broken against Fort Street.

The boys were grateful to Mr. G. Brown for arranging the Wollongong trip for them on 15th August when, despite losses on the football field, everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost.

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CRICKET. FIRST GRADE.

The team: J. Mater (captain), R. Doyle, A. Morris, W. Peters, V. Davanzo, B. Rudd, F. Shute, J. Clarke, A. Hicks, E. Cornell, R. Anderson; B. King.

With the competition divided into an Eastern and Western zone, only four matches are played in the season. Homebush has already played its four, with the bye to follow. Of these, the First Grade side has had one outright win, two drawn games, and one loss on the first innings. Consequently it has no chance this year of becoming Western Zone Premiers.

However, the team has performed very creditably throughout the competition and had good prospects of winning the two games which were not completed through wet weather.

All round, the team is a comparatively young first grade side. Six members are Fourth Year pupils and should provide a promising nucleus for next year's team.

The best performers for the season were:—

J. Mater, the captain, who had some fine bowling figures, including 4/10 and 7/27 against Hurlstone; 4/57 against Parramatta; and 6/56 against Fort Street.

R. Anderson secured 6 for 14 against Canterbury.

Best batting efforts were: A. Morris 20; R. Anderson 21 n.o. and 23; B. Rudd 27 n.o.; J. Mater 30.

It is pleasing to be able to report that the general bearing of the team, on and off the field, reflected to the credit of the School.



FIRST GRADE CRICKET.

Back Row: J. Clark, W. Peters, R. McCarthy, J. Hayes.

Second Row: R. Anderson, F. Shute, V. Davanzo, E. Cornell, B. Rudd.

Sitting: R. Doyle (Vice-captain), Mr E. Welsh (Coach), J. Mater (Captain).

SECOND GRADE.

T. Bourke (captain), M. Farr, J. Talty, D. Fernon, R. McCarthy, K. Coles, A. Summons, A. Halliburton, D. Sheath, P. Brown, G. Dytor.

The first match against Canterbury was drawn owing to bad weather. The next match against Hurlstone was completed in one day, Homebush winning outright, without losing a wicket. Hurlstone was only able to make 14 runs in the first innings, and 10 runs in the second. A first innings win was recorded against Parramatta. They scored 105 and 6-40, while Homebush replied with 7-159 (closed). The last match, against Fort Street, was virtually a zone final. The match was very close, Homebush winning by only one run.

Our two opening batsmen, Farr and Halliburton, were nearly always safe for a good score, and they had only two two completed innings each. Farr scored 49 against Parramatta and 31 against Fort Street, and heads the batting list with an average of 54.5. Halliburton is second with an average of 34.5. Other good scores were 51 by Halliburton against Parramatta, 34 by McCarthy; 32 by Brown; and 31 by Summons—all against Fort Street.

Talty headed the bowling list, taking ten wickets at 6.2 runs each. Bourke was second with seven wickets at 6.3 runs each. Best performances were: Bourke, 5/21 against Canterbury; Coles, 2/3 against Hurlstone Park, and 4/38 against Fort Street; Brown, 4/35 against Parramatta.

Perhaps the most outstanding performance of the season was Hicks' 15 wickets for 11 runs against Hurlstone.

The team expresses its thanks to Mr. Emanuel for the fine job he has done as coach.

THIRD GRADE.

Team: G. Nicholls, R. Burns, B. Webster, R. Moin, R. Kirkham; J. Stutchbury, C. Weir, B. Smith, K. Roberts, F. King, F. Colley, B. Chadwick, H. Street, J. Murphy, R. Muir, R. Bishop, R. Holdstock.

The season was an enjoyable one with our share of success, but it was unfortunate that several matches were not played out on account of wet weather and ground difficulties.

The team was well equipped with bowlers and batsmen, and the fielding was generally of a good standard, with R. Burns giving a fine lead.

J. Stutchbury, F. Colley and J. Moin have been very successful with the ball, the first-named succeeding in securing four to six wickets in each innings of the opposition.

Our batting has not yet been fully tested, and it is hoped that in the forthcoming match with Fort Street, it will live up to expectations.

The team contains considerable talent capable of rendering fine service to the higher grades of our School Cricket next season.

Players are to be commended on their loyalty to the team throughout the season.

Thanks Mr. Hensley for your fine job as coach.

FOURTH GRADE.

R. Atfield (captain), J. Woodger, J. Eagleson, W. Jocelyn, L. Mason, G. McDonald, R. Craig, B. Fitzpatrick, A. Neville, A. Sim, G. Forsyth, and B. Planner.

Fourth Grade did not have the success expected, although they played throughout the season with good spirit. They had one outright win, one draw, and two losses on the first innings. Best players were Woodger, reliable as wicketkeeper and batsman; Jocelyn and Forsyth, who performed most successfully with the ball. Sim showed considerable promise as a left-hand bowler, and should do better in future seasons.

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TENNIS.

	Pl.	Won	Drn.	Lost	Pts.
First Grade	8	7	0	1	18
Second Grade	7	6	1	0	20
Third Grade	7	7	0	0	20
Fourth Grade	8	8	0	0	20

TEAMS.

FIRST GRADE: W. Peters (captain), A. O'Brien, D. Allen, C. Allen.

SECOND GRADE: M. Wheeler (captain), H. Home, N. Gibson, B. Grace.

THIRD GRADE: R. Anderson (captain), M. Farr, J. Maloney, H. Terrett, F. Colley, H. Davidson.

FOURTH GRADE: S. Hicks (captain), P. Heath, J. Stone, B. Webster, J. Stutchbury, C. Shields, L. Mason.

For the sixth year in succession, the School repeated its success by winning the combined High Schools' Tennis competition. However, we lost the First Grade this year to Fort Street, and tied with Canterbury in Second Grade. Thirds and Fourths won comfortably.

First Grade, captained by Billy Peters, met their match in Fort Street, who defeated them after a grand struggle, by three games, sets being equal. Both pairs, the Allen twins and Peters-O'Brien, lost very few sets during the season.

Max Wheeler skippered the second team, but found Canterbury a hard nut to crack, the match being drawn. Neil Gibson and Barry Grace played sound, accurate tennis for this team.

The Thirds, led by Ron Anderson, were an even team and were unbeaten. Their best effort was against Canterbury, whom they defeated 8-love. Perhaps John Maloney in this team is one of the most improved players in the School.

Fourth Grade improved with every match and lost only four sets in the competition. Stan Hicks, partnering Stone, did a grand job with this team, and he had solid support from Stone, Heath and Webster, the latter pair not dropping a set.

HOUSE COMPETITION: Two rounds were played in this competition, which was one of the keenest ever. Sturt won with 12 points, with Oxley (10) second, Blaxland 4, and Lawson nil. A play-off between Stuart and Oxley was necessary, Sturt winning on sets, games being equal.

AGE CHAMPIONSHIPS: A smaller contingent than usual took part in the Age and School Championships conducted by the N.S.W.L.T.A. Bill Peters won the Schoolboys' Singles, proving a worthy successor to Eric Eagle. Homebush has now won the Schoolboys' Singles title five times in the last seven years. Peters and O'Brien were runners-up in the Under 17 Doubles. Others who did well were C. and D. Allen, N. Gibson and Peter Heath, semi-finalists in the Under 13 title.

Bill Peters and A. O'Brien gained representative honours in the A.A.A. of C.H.S. team against Northern Schools, Peters being captain of the team.

The School played two outside matches, against Old Boys and Wollongong. They were defeated by a strong team of Old Boys, but won easily against Wollongong High.

The following awards have been made:—

BLUES: A. O'Brien and D. Allen.

PENNANTS for Most Improved Players: P. Heath and B. Webster.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS:

A Grade Singles: W. Peters.

A Grade Doubles: W. Peters & A. O'Brien.

B Grade Singles: S. Hicks.



TENNIS, 1951.

Back Row: J. Stutchbury, R. Anderson, H. Home, N. Gibson, J. Maloney; L. Mason, F. Colley, M. Farr.
Second Row: J. Stone, S. Hicks, C. Shields, P. Heath, M. Wheeler; B. Grace.
Front Row: D. Allen, W. Peters, Mr. S. C. Jones (Coach), A. O'Brien, C. Allen. *Absent:* B. Webster, H. Davidson, H. Terret.

LIFE SAVING

We congratulate Newcastle B.H.S. on winning the 1st Class Boys' High Schools' aggregate point score for 1951. Homebush came second, 277 points behind them, after winning first place for three consecutive years

The following awards were gained during the 1950-51 season:

Award of Merit 4	Bronze Medallion 57
Bar to Award of Merit 1	Bar to Bronze Medal 16
Bronze Cross 13	Intermediate Star 7
Bar to Bronze Cross 2	Intermediate Certificate 45
R.L.S.S. Instructor's Cert. 10	Elementary Certificate 50
Scholar Instructor's Cert. 13	Resuscitation Certificate 1

These awards gained for Homebush a total of 977 points. The record score was 1881 points set by this school in 1947-48. Could we not make that the goal for the coming season?

At Christmas we lost Mr. R. McQueen, whose enthusiasm and hard work for the School and R.L.S.S. were infectious. We congratulate him on his appointment to Corrimal as Deputy Headmaster and feel sure that Corrimal will soon appear as a rising star in the Lifesaving firmament. "When one door closes, another always opens," and we now have Mr. A. J. Tod in the Homebush Science Department to lead us, so look out, Newcastle.

The Learn-to-Swim campaign has again closed with no non-swimmer in the School, although several have yet to practise for longer distances.

The early December Life Saving Classes at Cabarita gave many cricketers and boys of other sports interests their opportunity to take Life Saving examinations under the tuition of Messrs. R. McQueen, M. Cullen, A. McFarland, and J. Mathers. We are grateful to the R.L.S. Society and the Honorary Examiners, Messrs. Pogson and Lorenz Brothers for their interest in our work.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Eighth Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Bankstown Baths on Thursday, 8th March, 1951. The results were as follows:—

CHAMPIONSHIP.

Senior: D. Anderson 1, D. Storey 2, J. Wright 3.
 Junior (under 16): L. Morris 1, R. Anderson 2, E. Ryan 3.
 Junior (under 15): K. Storey 1, T. King 2, C. Smyth 3.
 Juvenile (under 14): B. Smith 1, L. Williams 2, D. Midson 3.
 Juvenile (under 13): C. O'Brien and G. Thomson 1, B. Baker 3.

SENIOR.

55 yards Freestyle: D. Anderson 1, D. Storey 2, J. Wright 3.
 110 yards Freestyle: D. Anderson 1, D. Storey 2, J. Wright 3.
 220 yds. Freestyle: D. Anderson 1, D. Storey 2, J. Wright 3.
 440 yards Freestyle: D. Anderson 1, D. Storey 2, I. Middleton 3.
 880 yards Freestyle: D. Anderson 1, K. Storey 2, D. Storey 3.
 110 yards Breaststroke: D. Anderson 1, B. Butler 2, D. Storey 3.
 55 yards Backstroke: J. Wright 1, D. Storey 2, D. Anderson 3.
 Dive: J. Wright 1, D. Anderson 2, B. Butler 3.

JUNIOR — Under 16.

55 yards Freestyle: R. Anderson 1, L. Morris 2, G. Stockman 3.
 110 yards Freestyle: L. Morris 1, E. Ryan 2, G. Stockman 3.
 220 yards Freestyle: L. Morris 1, R. Anderson 2, E. Ryan 3.
 440 yards Freestyle: L. Morris 1, W. Morris 2, R. Anderson 3.
 55 yards Breaststroke: R. O'Brien 1, L. Morris 2, G. Stockman 3.

JUNIOR — Under 15.

55 yards Freestyle: K. Storey 1, M. Tritton 2, T. King 3.
 100 yards Freestyle: K. Storey 1, T. King 2, C. Smyth 3.
 220 yards Freestyle: K. Storey 1, J. Thomas 2, K. Longley 3.
 440 yards Freestyle: K. Storey 1, E. Webber 2, C. Smyth 3.
 55 yards Breaststroke: K. Storey 1, T. King 2, P. Brown 3.

JUVENILE — Under 14.

55 yards Freestyle: D. Midson 1, B. Smith 2, N. Sweeney 3.
 110 yards Freestyle: M. Sweeney 1, D. Midson 2, W. Smith 3.
 220 yards Freestyle: G. Thomson 1, L. Williams 2, R. Cottis 3.
 55 yards Breaststroke: R. Britten 1, B. Smith 2, R. McNiven 3.
 55 yards Backstroke: L. Williams 1, R. Cottis 2, J. Baker 3.
 Dive: B. Smith 1, B. Baker 2, C. O'Brien 3.

JUVENILE — Under 13.

55 yards Freestyle: G. Thomson 1, C. O'Brien 2, B. Baker 3.
 110 yards Freestyle: G. Thomson 1, C. O'Brien 2, B. Baker 3.
 55 yards Breaststroke: E. Johnston 1, C. O'Brien 2.
 55 yards Backstroke: G. Thomson 1, R. Warleigh 2, C. O'Brien 3.

NOVICE EVENTS.

Senior 55 yards Freestyle: R. Bullman 1, B. Jackson 2, F. Seckold 3.
 Under 16, 55 yards Freestyle: K. Barry 1, G. Willings 2, A. Davidson 3.
 Under 15, 55 yards Freestyle: R. Matthews 1, H. Taylor 2, I. Finlay 3.
 Under 14, 55 yards Freestyle: K. Doughty 1, K. Park 2, R. Faulkner 3.
 Under 13, 55 yards Freestyle: M. Ellbourne 1, D. Farlow 2, N. Douglas

3.

25 yards Beginners' Race: A. Edwards 1, G. Pooley 2, N. Smith 3.

Eighth Annual Athletic Carnival.

8th and 9th August, 1951.

The Annual Athletics Carnival was successfully completed in weather that was fine but unpleasant. The conditions, however, did not prevent the breaking of three School records. In the Senior High Jump, Bruce Lyons set the new figures of 5ft. 5ins., jumping against a westerly gale. Bruce now shares a place with his brother, Ross, in the School's list of records. In the Senior Broad Jump, Barry Fullagar improved upon his record figure of last year, with a leap of 20ft., 9ins. B. Cummings set a new record of 15ft., 4ins. in the Under 13 Broad Jump. The full results were:—

UNDER 13.

100 Yards: K. Heimann 1, B. Cummings 2, D. Johnson 3; time, 12.5 secs.
High Jump: G. Thomson 1, F. Kleinig 2, K. Heimann 3; height, 4ft. 6ins.
Broad Jump: B. Cummings 1, G. McDonald 2, R. Short 3; distance, 15ft. 4in.
Point Score: B. Cummings.

UNDER 14.

100 Yards: V. Cordingley 1, R. Neville 2, P. Saint 3; time, 11.6 secs.
220 Yards: V. Cordingley 1, R. Neville 2, P. Saint 3; time, 27.4 secs.
90 Yds. Hurdles: M. Elbourne 1, V. Cordingley 2, K. Wilson 3; time, 10.4s.
High Jump: J. Woodger 1, J. Ross 2, M. Elbourne 3; height, 4ft. 7ins.
Broad Jump: V. Cordingley 1, R. Hine 2, J. Ross 3; distance, 14ft. 5ins.
Point Score: V. Cordingley.

UNDER 15.

100 Yards: W. Johnson 1, J. Whiffen 2, J. Barker 3; time, 11.8s.
220 Yards: J. Barker 1, J. Whiffen 2; N. Peters 3; time, 27.1 secs.
90 Yards Hurdles: R. Farnsworth 1, F. Powter 2; time, 16.5s secs.
High Jump: J. Maloney 1, C. Glozier 2; B. Parsons 3; height, 4ft. 3ins.
Broad Jump: J. Yager 1, N. Peters 2, D. Archer 3; distance, 16ft. 6½ins.
Shot Putt: C. Glozier 1, J. Barker 2, H. Carter 3; distance, 29ft. 9ins.
Point Score: J. J. Barker.

UNDER 16.

100 Yards: A. Summons 1, J. Harris 2, V. Davanzo 3; time, 11 secs.
220 Yards: A. Summons 1, J. Harris 2, V. Davanzo 3; time, 24.9 secs.
90 Yards Hurdles: V. Davanzo 1, K. Young 2, K. Cole 3; time, 14.1 secs.
440 Yards: K. Young 1, V. Davanzo 2, K. Cole 3; time, 64.7 secs.
880 Yards: K. Young 1, R. Bishop 2, A. Harper 3; time, 2m. 29.7s.
Broad Jump: P. Edwards 1, A. Summons 2, H. Ross 3; distance, 18ft.
High Jump: P. Edwards 1, K. Cole and H. Ross tied 2; height, 4ft. 11ins.
Shot Putt: J. Stutchbury 1, V. Davanzo 2, D. Leverett 3; dist., 37ft., 10½ins.
Point Score: V. Davanzo.

SENIOR.

100 Yards: B. Fullagar 1, G. Graham 2, R. Clyne 3; time, 10.7 secs.
220 Yards: B. Fullagar 1, R. Clyne 2, G. Graham 3; time, 23.7 secs.
440 Yards: B. Fullagar 1, R. Clyne 2, G. Graham 3; time, 59.1 secs.
880 Yards: J. Wright 1, R. Clyne 2, D. Storey 3; time, 2m., 21.7s.
Mile: B. Storey 1, J. Phizacklea 2, W. Peters 3; time, 5m., 27.4s.
120 Yards Hurdles: B. Fullagar 1, J. Talty 2, B. Lyons 3; time, 19.4 secs.
High Jump: B. Lyons 1, R. Anderson 2, B. Fullagar 3; height, 5ft., 5ins.
Broad Jump: B. Fullagar 1, R. Clyne 2, C. Irving 3; distance, 20ft. 9½ins.
Shot Putt: B. Fullagar 1, R. Foster 2, R. Anderson 3; distance, 36ft., 2ins.
Point Score: B. Fullagar.

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS ATHLETICS CARNIVAL.

The School achieved a considerable amount of success in this year's Combined High Schools' Carnival. On only two occasions has this School won one of the shields set aside for Inter-School competition. The first was in 1948 and the second this year. On both occasions it has been the Juvenile Shield. The School was third in the Senior division and fourth in the Aggregate.

The details of Homebush results are as follows:—

Senior:

B. Fullagar, 1st in 220 yards; 2nd in 100 yards; 1st in Broad Jump.

B. Lyons: 1st in High Jump.

Relay: Fifth place.

Junior:

P. Edwards: 2nd in Under 16 Broad Jump.

Under 16 Relay: Third place.

Juvenile:

V. Cordingley: 2nd in Under 14 Broad Jump; 3rd in Under 14 100 Yds.; 5th in Under 14 220 Yards.

M. Elbourne: 2nd in Under 14 60 Yards Hurdles.

B. Cummings: 2nd in Under 13 Broad Jump.

Under 14 Relay: 2nd place.

Under 13 Relay: 3rd place.

**ATHLETICS, 1951.**

Front Row (left to right): B. Paton, V. Cordingley, Mr. A. O. McFarland (Coach), R. Neville, P. Saint.

Second Row: G. Thomson, G. McDonald, B. Fullagar, J. Ross; K. Heimann; J. Ross.

Third Row: J. Woodger, D. Johnson, J. Yager, J. Barker, R. Farnsworth; M. Elbourne, B. Cummings, J. Maloney, K. Young.

Back Row: K. Storey, C. Glozier, W. Johnson, J. Wright, R. Clyne; B. Lyons, J. Whiffen, J. Talty, V. Davanzo, R. Foster; G. Stratford; G. Graham; J. Peters.



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WATER POLO, 1951

Results: First Grade—

Homebush v Canterbury, lost 1-4; v Fort Street, lost 0-6; v Manly, won 4-1; v North Sydney High, won 4-2; v Sydney Tech., won 5-1; v North Sydney Tech, drew 4-4. One match remained to be played when this Magazine went to press.

SECOND GRADE.

Homebush v Fort Street, lost 0-5; v Manly, lost 0-4; v North Sydney High, lost 0-3; v Sydney Tech., lost 0-4; v Parramatta, lost 0-3; v North Sydney Tech., drew 0-0. Three matches remain to be played in this grade.

Homebush has had a rather mixed year in Water Polo, the First Grade having been defeated twice in the season, and the Second Grade have, at the time of writing, to win a match.

Despite the two losses, the School should be runners-up to Fort Street, who were undefeated during the season, and deserve our congratulations.

A representative match between North and South sides of the harbour schools will be a highlight of this year. Competitors and spectators should see some excellent Water Polo played.

The standard of the game has improved greatly during the past three or four years, and players such as our Captain, John Wright, and players of the calibre of Don Anderson and D. Storey have done their share in the building up of the Homebush team.

It is interesting to note that the game of Water Polo is one that most of the better class players follow after leaving school, and several ex-High School players are included in the coaching team which is being groomed for representation at the next Olympic Games.

Junior players are those to whom the School looks for its future representatives, and boys who can swim strongly are asked to try out during the season. It is not necessary to be a champion swimmer, but the ability to remain in the water for a lengthy period is an asset.

Outstanding players of the season were:—

John Wright, our team and School captain, who has played the game for Homebush since 1949, and has done much to improve the team's play.

Don Anderson is small in stature but makes up for it in keenness and ability. Don must be one of the best forwards in the C.H.S. competition.

Doug. Storey is a back that any team would be proud to have. Although by no means a "speed hog," Doug. has the ability to be on the spot when needed, and, on occasions, has scored a solo goal from down the field.

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