



The

MAGAZINE

of the

HOMEBUSH

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL



1961



The Magazine
of the
HOMEBUSH
BOYS'
HIGH SCHOOL



1961



STAFF

Front Row (left to right): Miss D. Ryan, F. McDonald, M. E. Dasey, J. Byrne, H. W. Brown (D.H.M.), R. T. W. Jane (H.M.), H. Evans, D. Conway, G. Pavel, C. Dicker, Miss M. Ryan. Second Row: F. Gillogley, E. Garan, J. Moore, Mrs. M. Corcoran, Mrs. F. Keating, Mrs. L. Griffiths, D. Austin, C. Jones, T. Offord. Third Row: J. Coffey, L. Brown, C. Brownjohn, G. Roe, A. Neil, J. Webster, E. Cook, D. Rowe, H. Quail, C. Barr, R. Muir, W. Richardson. Back Row: J. Butler, J. Mason, A. Howland, R. Clinch, K. McKinnon, P. Macleod, W. Edgar, C. Kelaher, R. Satchell, D. Moalem, W. Parr, J. Harrison.

THE HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

DOWN through the ages man has lived in a world of change, which has gradually but surely improved his way of life. However at some stages in human progress the tempo of change has appeared to be greater than at others. This can be said about the present age in which we are experiencing most striking effects of change in our international, economic, political and social relationships. The extent to which we feel the effect of change must convince us that change is indeed a very hard and difficult taskmaster.

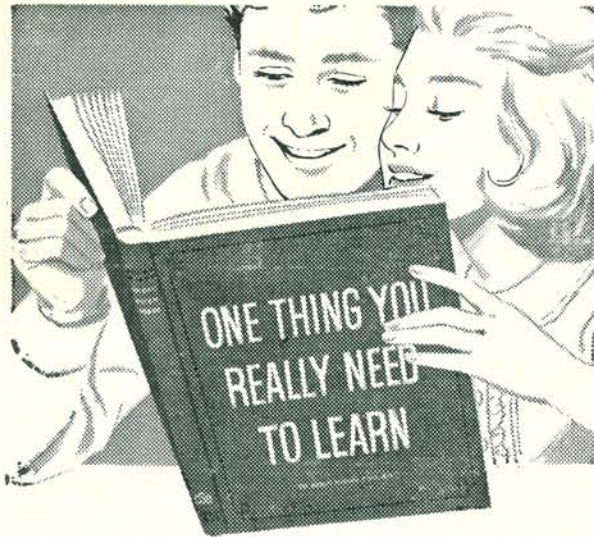
A general reassessment of values and standards is forced upon us in consequence of change, but in making this reassessment we must not be led off the track by nice sounding ideologies and the erroneous belief that change is making our work lighter. It must be remembered by young and old alike that "work is the greatest thing on earth" and that work has contributed more to human happiness and progress than any other activity of man.

If we are not to become numbered among the ever expanding group without prospects of promotion in our future vocations, or without the certainty of regular employment we must:—

- (1) Work more honestly and conscientiously towards a fuller and happier life during our school years;
- (2) Be content to work hard when we enter upon our future life's work feeling that the community in which we live will be the better for our endeavours; and
- (3) Be determined to work harder still towards the establishment of better ethical codes in our business and professional relationships so that our fellows in Australia and the peoples of other countries will look to us for example and inspiration.

This can only be achieved by making full use of the cultural background and tradition provided by your school and not enslaving yourself to the tawdry and superficial advantages which always come with change.

—R. T. W. JANE
Principal.



It is most important that you learn not only how to *earn* money, but also that you learn how to *save* it — because of all the money you earn *only what you save really belongs to you.*

At your school you have a “Student-Operated” School Savings Bank. It enables you to develop, whilst at school, the savings habit, which will help you to success and happiness now and in later life.

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EDITORIAL

IN our schoolboy years we are laying the foundations to our life and it is an essential part of our training to develop fully a sense of duty to our fellows. The development of intellectual ability is only of value when our aims and purposes are directed towards the welfare of other people.

Homebush High School has a fine record in preparing boys for full citizenship which is based on a sense of responsibility and it is interesting to see why this is so. Firstly, in all our competitions the individual strives for the success of his team and the team strives for the honour of its class. There are always rules that must be obeyed and we know that the team is dishonoured if one of its members deliberately breaks a rule. Notice too, that a team is only consistently successful when each member performs his task efficiently and in full co-operation with his team mates. Our future employers will also require that we work efficiently, co-operate fully and serve obediently.

Great emphasis is placed on neatness at Homebush High; neatness in dress and in schoolwork. In today's fast-moving world it requires self-discipline to be neat but the reward is worthwhile: neatness in our work is essential for systematic learning and neatness also proves a valuable time-saver.

I think we all appreciate the importance of these ideals but what is lacking is the will power to carry them out. Sacrifice is one answer to our problem and the other is hard work. If our achievements do not measure up to the required standards, and they often do not, then we may seriously ask ourselves, "Did I allow other less important interests to capture my attention?" or "Did I strive earnestly for my goal?"

Let us all make sure that at the end of each stage of our life we can happily say, "I've run a good race, I've earned my reward".

—J. SUTTON
School Captain



PREFECTS, 1961

Front Row (left to right): C. Neal, G. Dethlefs, D. Rees, Mr. J. Byrne, J. Sutton (Capt.), Mr. R. Jane, J. Gray (V.Capt.), Mr. H. Brown, M. Rowan, R. Quinn, S. Lazareff. **Second Row:** P. Furniss, T. Griffiths, L. Baker, M. Cull, C. Bull, R. West, I. Middleton, M. Mackintosh, C. Bilinsky. **Third Row:** M. Logan, P. Jones, C. Cannon, J. Eady, P. Carter, A. Gale, H. Crossan, K. McGrath, I. Cox. **Back Row:** J. Talbot, J. Liepins, H. Fisher, M. Dale, B. Hassall, M. Catt, W. Aunapu, I. MacDonald, G. Richmond, J. Hogg.

THE SCHOOL PREFECTS

As a leading citizen of the School a Prefect requires many qualities. Perhaps the two major qualities are discipline and loyalty. Discipline not only entails the correction of offending pupils, but also the injuring of oneself to the duty schedule and, above all, self-control in behaviour and dress. Loyalty includes co-operation with the staff and co-operation within the Prefect body—for a Prefect is dependent on the comradeship and support of his fellow-Prefects.

In the execution of their duties, this year's Prefects have displayed a high standard of citizenship. In addition to ordinary duties, they have given voluntarily of their services at a number of School functions, such as the Swimming Carnival and the Music and Drama Festival.

During the year two Prefects' Dinners were held. They were introduced in recognition of the work done by Prefects. Also the Prefects' Room has been brightened with several new additions. The sincere thanks of the Prefect body goes to Mr. Jane and the Ladies' Auxiliary for providing these extra privileges.

Thanks are also due to Mr. Byrne, the Prefect Master, for his help and advice throughout the year.

—DAVID REES, *Senior Prefect*

HOMWORK

The following extract is based on the text of an open letter by the Headmaster, Mr. R. T. W. Jane, to the P. and C. Association. At this time of year, before the start of a new session, it is perhaps timely to remind parents and pupils of the advice it contains.

“With the closing of the school academic year a number of matters connected with your son’s education will undoubtedly be giving you varying degrees of satisfaction or even cause for concern. In the main these are brought to your notice as a result of the issue of yearly reports of marks which have been gained in the recent examinations.

“Where failures have occurred, your doubts must be raised on the question of whether your son can successfully retrieve himself to an extent which will ensure his success in future examinations.

“Let me assure you that success in the academic sphere can only be achieved as a result of conscientious endeavour at home as well as in the classroom. The following table will give you some idea of the minimum home study which must be expected of High School students if they are to justify the money which the State and the parent alike are spending upon them.

1st Year — 1½ hours each night

2nd Year — 2½ hours each night

3rd Year — 3 hours each night

4th Year — 4 hours each night

5th Year — 4 hours each night

“Half of this time must be spent in regular revision in all subjects.

“We earnestly ask you to encourage your son to do honestly his home study in accordance with the above schedule, keeping in mind the fact that success in any field of human enterprise is the reward of conscientious and sustained endeavour and, in most cases, of self sacrifice.”

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

THE STAFF

Principal: R. T. W. Jane, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Deputy Principal: H. W. Brown, A.S.T.C. (Mech. Eng.).
English Master: J. M. Byrne, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mathematics Master: G. C. H. Pavel, B.A., B.Ec.
Science Master: F. B. McDonald, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Languages Master: H. F. Evans, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Commercial Master: D. F. Conway, B.Ec.
Manual Arts Master: E. C. Dicker, A.S.T.C. (Man. Arts).
Special Master: M. E. Dasey, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

C. S. Barr, B.A.; J. J. Coffey, B.A.; A. T. Howland, B.A.; C. H. Kelaheer, B.A.; P. W. Macleod, M.A.;
J. S. O'Sullivan, LL.B., Dip.Ed.; D. G. Roe, B.A., Dip.Ed., B.Ed.; Miss D. F. Ryan, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

D. J. Austin, B.A.; E. L. Cook, B.A.; W. R. B. Edgar, B.A.; D. Moalem, A.S.T.C. (Phys/Maths); J. E. Moore,
B.A.; W. R. J. Muir, B.A.; H. E. Quail, B.A.; R. de W. Satchell, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

L. Brown, B.Sc.; F. E. J. Gillogley, B.A.; C. R. Jones, B.Sc.; T. F. Offord, B.Sc., J. B. Webster, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES

E. Garan; D. G. McKinnon, B.A., Dip.Ed.; W. A. Parr, B.A.; Miss E. M. Perrin, B.A.; D. W. Rowe, B.A.,
Dip.Ed., L.Mus., A.Mus.A.; Miss M. M. Ryan, B.A., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

J. J. Butler; R. M. Clinch; K. D. McKinnon, B.Ec., Dip.Ed.; G. A. Neil, B.A., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS

C. J. Brownjohn; H. J. C. Harrison, A.S.T.C. (Man. Arts.); W. Richardson, A.S.T.C. (Elec. Eng.).

MUSIC

Mrs M. Corcoran, A.Mus.A., L.Mus.A.; C. S. Lipscomb.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

R. J. Lisle, D.P.E.; J. E. Mason, D.P.E.

SCHOOL COUNSELLOR

Miss M. P. Murray, B.A., Dip.Ed.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

Mrs. L. A. Griffiths.

SCHOOL TREASURER

Mrs. F. N. Keating.

Librarian: Miss D. F. Ryan, B.A.

Careers Adviser: J. J. Coffey, B.A.

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

Assistant Sportsmaster: R. J. Lisle, D.P.E.

Prefects' Master: J. M. Byrne, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Master in Charge of Textbooks: D. W. Rowe, B.A.,
Dip.Ed., L.Mus., A.Mus.A.

School Cadets: Capt. J. B. Webster; C.U.O's. C. Bull,
R. West, M. Cull.

Air Training Corps: F/Lt. D. R. McFadden, D.F.C.;
F/O R. Satchell, P/O A. Howland.

Magazine Editor: P. W. Macleod, M.A.

Sports Editor: J. E. Mason, D.P.E.

Business Manager: G. A. Neil, B.A., Dip.Ed.

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EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1960

COMMONWEALTH OPEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

The following were awarded scholarships for 1961:—

Ackerman, B. M.	Busch, J. K.	Farrell, R. J.	Kelleher, K. J.	Quinton, A. M.
Adams, N. R.	Chapman, R. E.	Firth, S. G.	King, G. G.	Rathgeber, R. F.
Allomes, G. C.	Cram, M. D.	Freeman, M. R.	Liepins, G.	Rose, D. W.
Baker, J. W.	Crook, D. C.	Gosbell, V. J.	MacMullen, J. S.	Senior, R. G.
Baker, R. E.	Cruikshank, B. I.	Grandin, J. P. deC.	Norgate, C. E.	Smith, A. H.
Bilinsky, A.	Daw, E. D.	Hamilton, P. G.	Oughton, J. C.	Stanton, J. E.
Blyth, H. O.	Debus, R. J.	Hewitt, R. G. L.	Parjel, J. A.	Thompson, G. J.
Boyd, J. L.	Denton, R.	Hollis, S.	Potter, C. H.	Trachtenberg, A.
Brown, G. C.	Dulimow, A.	Jones, R. G.	Poulton, G. T.	Vaughan, R. G.
Burnett, D.	Emmas, J. E.	Kapp, E. E.	Quinsey, N. R.	Yuan, C. K. W.

INTERMEDIATE BURSARIES

The following gained bursaries from the 1960 Intermediate Certificate Examination:—

Bernstein, H.; Smith, I.

ACADEMIC AWARDS, 1960

Christopher Short, First in First Year.
Bruce Bilbe, Second in First Year.
Robert Cawley, Third in First Year.
Douglas Rodgers, First in Second Year. First Prize:
Conservation week Essay Competition.
Geoffrey Hegarty, John McMullen, Equal Second in
Second Year.
Nikita Shiriaev, First in Third Year.
Anthony Barnett, Second in Third Year.
Harry Beck, Third in Third Year.
David Rees, First in Fourth Year.
Colin Bull, Second in Fourth Year.
Malcolm Catt, Third in Fourth Year.
Lewis Laing, Conti Prize. Best Fourth Year Student
in Descriptive Geometry.
Lindsay Bath, Conti Prize. Best Fifth Year Student
in Descriptive Geometry.
David Burnett, Hemingway Robertson Prize for best
Commercial Student.
James Sutton, Beare and Ley Prize for Citizenship.
Trevor Thompson, Second Prize: Conservation Week
Essay Competition.
Alan Smith, John Busch. For Meritorious Service to
School.

Victor Gosbell, Leeder Prize for Senior Mathematics.
Brian Ackerman, Harvard Prize for Physics: Doig Prize
for Debating: Second in Fifth Year.
John Macmullen, Chas. R. Johnson Prize for Best
Student of Economics in Fifth Year.
Norman Adams, Homebush R.S.S.A.I.L.A. Prize for
All-round Merit.
E. McNeal Grantham, H.B.H.S. Parents and Citizens'
Prize for Declamation (shared); Tierney Prize for
Literature (Senior).
Andrew Bilinsky, Old Boys' Prize for Sport and Schol-
arship.
Robert Charlton, H.B.H.S. Parents and Citizens' Prize
for Declamation (shared).
Peter McIntyre, Strathfield Council Prize for Leadership
and Civic Responsibility: Captain's Prize for Service.
Geoffrey Poulton, Third in Fifth Year.
Clem Yuan, Principal's Prize for Service and Scholarship.
Leslie Brown, For Proficiency in German, 4th Year.
John Boyd, For Proficiency in German, 5th Year.
Robert Hewitt, Greening Prize for Dux of School.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE EXAMINATIONS

The following boys passed the recent examinations
in French reading, conversation and dictation conducted
by the Alliance Francaise:—

GRADE V: R. McPherson.

GRADE IV.: A. Barnett, W. Davies, J. Lackey,
L. Showyin, I. Smith, B. Stack, I. Stutchbury, B. Wilson.
GRADE III: J. Adamson, M. Burns, R. Fenwick,
N. Goddard, B. Mayall, J. Talbot, I. Whatman, D.
Widdup.

GRADE II: B. Bilbe, R. Campbell, T. Charleston,
R. Charlton, J. Gilpin, P. Haines, G. Kerr, B. McGrath,

R. Singleton, I. Willey, D. Wilson.

GRADE I: G. Brown, J. Kennedy, D. Morgan, K.
Perrin, D. West.

The following boys received prizes in the above
examinations:

R. Barnett, 4A.

N. Goddard, 3B.

I. Whatman, 3G.

R. Charlton, 2A.

R. Campbell, 2B.

K. Perrin, 1A.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1960

Key to subjects: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Greek; 6, Italian; 7, Hebrew; 8, Chinese; 9, Japanese; 10, Dutch; 11, Russian; 12, Ancient History; 13, Modern History; 14, Geography; 15, Economics; 16, Mathematics I; 17, Mathematics II; 18, General Mathematics; 19, Applied Mathematics; 20, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 21, Physics; 22, Chemistry; 23, Biology; 24, Geology; 25, Botany; 26, Zoology; 27, Agriculture; 28, Physiology and Hygiene; 29, Music (New Syllabus); 30, Music (Theory and Practice); 31, Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 32, Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 33, Home Economics; 34, Art; 35, Accountancy; 36, Woodwork; 37, Metalwork; 38, Farm Mechanics; 39, Theory of Music; 40, Wool Classing; 41, Sheep Husbandry and Wool Science.

The letters "H(1)" signify first class honours; "H(2)" second class honours; "A" first class pass; "B" second class. The sign "(o)" denotes those who have passed in the oral tests in French, Italian, Russian or Dutch.

Ackerman, B. M.: 1A 3A(o) 16H(1) 17A 21A 22A.
 Adams, N. R.: 1A 3A(o) 16A 17A 21H(1) 22H(1).
 Allomes, G. C.: 1B 3B 16H(1) 17H(2) 21A 22B.
 Ang., L. P. S.: 13B 14B 18B 22B.
 Ashcroft, J. B.: 1A 3B 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Atkinson, I. D.: 1B 13B 16B 17B.
 Bailey, J. W.: 1A 13A 14A 15B 16B 17B.
 Baker, J. W.: 1B 6B 17B 21A 22A 31A.
 Baker, R. E.: 1A 3B(o) 13H(2) 15H(1) 16B 17B.
 Baldwin, P. H.: 1B 4B 16B 17B 21A 22A.
 Bath, L. B.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 31A.
 Battye, P. J.: 1A 16B 17B 21B 22B 31A.
 Bilinsky, A.: 1B 4H(2) 16H(2) 17A 21A 22B.
 Blyth, H. O.: 1A 14B 16A 17B 21A 31A.
 Boyd, J. L.: 1A 3H(2)(o) 4H(2) 18A 21B 22B.
 Brisby, N. R.: 1B 14B 15B 37B.
 Brown, G. C.: 1A 14A 15H(1) 16B 17B 21A.
 Burnett, D.: 1A 13B 14B 15H(2) 18B 35A.
 Burrell, D. L.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 21B.
 Busch, J. K.: 1A 3B 13A 14A 15H(1) 18A.
 Cassel, A. J.: 1A 3B 16B 17A 21B 22B.
 Chapman, K. J.: 1B 3B(o) 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Chapman, R. E.: 1A 14A 16A 17B 21H(2) 22H(1).
 Cleary, R. A.: 1B 16B 17B 21B 22B 31A.
 Clunas, K. J.: 1A 13B 16B 17B 21A 22B.
 Collis, I. W.: 1A 14A 18B 21B 22B 31B.
 Cooper, G. T.: 1B 13B 16B 17A 21A 22A.
 Costin, W. E.: 1B 4B 16H(2) 17A 21A 22B.
 Cox, I. R.: 1B 3B(o) 14B 18B.
 Craft, R. S.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 31B.
 Cram, M. D.: 1A 3H(2) 13A 14B 15A 18B.
 Crook, D. C.: 1B 16H(2) 17H(2) 21A 22B 31B.
 Cruikshank, B. I.: 1B 16A 17A 21H(1) 22H(1) 31A.
 Curley, I. R.: 1A 3B 16B 17B 21A 22B.
 Davey, J. S.: 1B 16B 17B 21A 22B 31A.
 Daw, E. D.: 1A 3B(o) 13H(2) 15H(1) 16B 17B.
 Dearing, H. M.: 1B 14B 17B 21B 31B.
 Debus, R. J.: 1A 4B 13H(2) 14H(2) 22B.
 De Groen, T. S.: 1A 3B(o) 13B 15B 16B 17B.
 Deitz, G. A.: 1B 16B 17A 21B 31B.
 Denton, R.: 1B 3B 16H(2) 17A 21A 22A.
 Dicks, I. T.: 1B 16H(2) 17A 21A 22B.
 Dixon, I. R.: 1A 13B 14A 15H(2) 18B.
 Drew, N. F.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 31B 36B.
 Dulimow, A.: 1A 14B 16A 17B 21A 22A.
 Durbin, J. B.: 1B 13B 14B 15B 18B.
 Edin, P. T.: 1B 13B 16B 21B 22B.
 Emmas, J. E.: 1B 14A 16A 17A 21A 22A.

Evans, D. E.: 1A 3B 16B 17B 21A 22B.
 Farrell, R. J.: 1A 4B 16H(1) 17H(1) 21A 22A.
 Filmer, J. H.: 1A 14B 16B 17B.
 Firth, S. G.: 1A 4A 13A 14A 15A 18B.
 Fletcher, W. A.: 1B 14A 16B 17B 21B 31B.
 Forth, R. L.: 1A 13B 14B 22B.
 Fowler, S. G.: 1A 3B(o) 13B 15A 16B 17B.
 Freeman, M. R.: 1B 3B 16H(1) 17A 21A 22A.
 Frost, R. H.: 1A 13B 14B 15B 31B.
 Garland, R. D.: 1B 13B 14B 15B.
 Gillmore, T. N.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 21B 22A.
 Goldman, T. G.: 1B 3B(o) 4B 18B.
 Gosbell, V. J.: 1A 14B 16H(1) 17H(1) 21A 22A.
 Grandin, J. P.: 1A 13A 15A 16B 17B 21A.
 Gurney, K. E.: 1B 14B 16A 17B 21A 22B.
 Gwalter, J.: 1A 13B 16B 21A 22A.
 Hackett, G. C.: 1A 4B 16B 17A 21B.
 Hales, W. C.: 1B 13B 16B 21A 22B.
 Hamilton, P. G.: 1A 14B 16A 17A 21A 31A.
 Hannaford, F. W.: 1B 16B 17B 21A 22B 31A.
 Hare, M. P.: 14B 15B 16A 17A 21A.
 Harrison, W. R.: 1A 13B 17B 21B 35B.
 Herbert, R. N.: 1A 13B 15H(2) 16B 17B.
 Herps, G. A.: 1A 13B 14B 15B 35B.
 Hewitt, R. G.: 1A 3A(o) 16H(1) 17A 21H(2) 22A.
 Higgs, W. J.: 1B 13B 15B 16B 17B 35A.
 Hollis, S.: 1A 16A 17B 21A 22A 31A.
 Huggett, R. J.: 1A 3B(o) 16A 17B 21A 22B.
 Johnson, P. A.: 1B 3B(o) 16A 17B 21A 22B.
 Johnson, W. K.: 1B 21B 22B 31A.
 Jones, R. G.: 1A 14B 16A 17A 21A 31B.
 Kapp, E. E.: 1A 14:ETAOINETAOIETAOIAOIAO
 Kelleher, K. J.: 1A 3A(o) 4B 13A 15H(2) 18B.
 Kemp, B. R.: 1B 14B 31B 37B.
 King, G. G.: 1A 4B 16H(2) 17A 21H(2) 22B.
 Kingston, D. J.: 1A 14A 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Kirkwood, D. C.: 1A 3A(o) 13B 14B 15A 18B.
 Land, D.: 1B 3B 16H(2) 17A 21A 22B.
 Liepins, G.: 1B 13B 16H(2) 17A 21A 22H(2).
 Lincoln, G.: 1B 16B 17B 21A 31B.
 Mackenzie, I. A.: 1B 16B 21B 22B 31B.
 Macmullen, J. S.: 1A 3A(o) 13H(2) 14A 15H(1) 18A.
 McCall, R. L.: 1A 3B 13B 15B 18A.
 McDonald, B. C.: 1B 13B 15B 16B 17B 35B.
 McIntyre, P. G.: 1B 3B(o) 16A 17A 21A 22B.
 Manning, R. J.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 21B 31B.
 Marlow, R. K.: 1B 14A 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Matthews, D. T.: 1B 4B 16B 17B 21A 22A.
 Maxwell, B. J.: 1A 3B(o) 16B 17B 22B.
 Maxwell, P. A.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Menzies, K. W.: 1B 4B 16A 17B 21A 22A.
 Meyenn, R. J.: 1A 13B 15B 16B 17B 22B.
 Moore, K. C.: 1A 16B 17B 21B 22B 31A.
 Ness, J. M.: 1B 13B 15B 30B.
 Norgate, C. E.: 1A 13B 16A 17A 21B 22H(2).
 Origlass, J. R.: 1A 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Oughton, J. C.: 1B 13B 16B 17A 21A 22H(2).
 Parjel, J. A.: 1A 13A 16A 17A 21H(2) 22A.
 Potter, C. H.: 1A 13B 16B 17B 21H(2) 22A.
 Poulton, G. T.: 1A 4B 16H(1) 17A 21H(1) 22A.
 Quinsey, N. R.: 1B 13B 16A 17A 21A 31A.
 Quinton, A. M.: 1B 3B(o) 16H(1) 17H(2) 21A 22A.
 Quinton, P. J.: 1B 3B(o) 16A 17A 22B.
 Rathgeber, R. F.: 1B 16A 17B 21B 22A 31A.
 Read, R. J.: 14B 16B 17B 31B.
 Richmond, G. J.: 1B 16B 17B 21A.
 Robb, K. G.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 21B 31B.

Rose, D. W.: 1B 16A 17A 21A 22H(1) 31B.
 Rudd, J. A.: 1A 13B 15A 16B 17B 31B.
 Rumble, D. C.: 1A 3B(o) 16B 17B 31B.
 Sadler, B. A.: 1A 13B 17B 21A 22B.
 Schwarzer, B. R.: 1A 13B 14B 15B 16B 17B.
 Senior, R. G.: 1A 3A(o) 16H(1) 17A 21A 22H(1).
 Sharp, R. K.: 1B 16B 17B 21B 22B 31B.
 Sheen, R. A.: 1B 16B 17B 21B 22B 31B.
 Shoebridge, R. R.: 1A 14B 16B 17B 21A 22B.
 Siemsen, G. D.: 1B 13B 14B 15B 18B 22B.
 Simpson, R. L.: 1B 3B(o) 16B 17B 21B 22B.
 Sissons, K.: 1A 13B 16B 17B 21B 31B.
 Smith, A. H.: 1A 16B 17B 21A 22A 31A.
 Smith, A. G.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 21H(2) 31B.
 Snelling, I. G.: 1A 16B 17B 21A 22B 31B.
 Stanton, J. E.: 1B 16B 17A 21H(2) 22A 31B.
 Stapley, R. K.: 1B 16A 17B 21B 22B 31A.
 Steele, A. H.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 21A 31A.

Stinson, J. T.: 1B 16B 17B 21B 22B 31B.
 Stuart, D. C.: 1A 3B(o) 13B 15B.
 Thomas, G. S.: 1B 3B(o) 16B 17B 21B 22A.
 Thompson, G. J.: 1A 13B 16H(1) 17H(2) 21A 31A.
 Trachtenberg, A.: 1A 3A(o) 16B 17A 21H(2) 22H(2).
 Travers, D. A.: 1B 13B 15B 16B 17B.
 Tulloch, J. N.: 1A 16A 17B 21A 22B, 31A.
 Vaughan, R. G.: 1A 13B 16A 17A 21H(2) 22A.
 Walcot, R. B.: 1B 14B 16B 17B 31B.
 Walker, R.: 1A 16B 17B 21B 22A 31B.
 Ward, H. W.: 1A 16A 17B 21A 22B 31B.
 Webber, B. N.: 1B 13B 16B 17B 31B.
 Westneat, J. C.: 1B 13A 18B 35B.
 Wilson, T. S.: 1A 4B 16B 17B 21A 22A.
 Wood, A. V.: 1A 13B 15B 17B 35A.
 Wybrow, K. W.: 1A 3A(o) 13B 18A 21A 22B.
 Yuan, C. K.: 1B 3A(o) 16H(1) 17A 21H(2) 22A.

FIRST HUNDRED PLACES IN THE LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Hewitt, R. G.—Second; Adams, N. R.—Thirtieth; Senior, R. G.—Thirty-seventh; Gosbell, V. J.—Thirty-ninth; Poulton, G. T.—Sixty-first; Macmullen, J. S.—Eighty-seventh.

LEAVING AND INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS, 1962

The following texts have been set for study for the course in English at Leaving and Intermediate Certificate Examinations, 1962, those marked with an asterisk being the probable selection for Homebush High School.

THIRD YEAR

A. Prescribed Book

* Shakespeare: Henry V. (Any edition may be used but the text quoted in the examination paper will be from "The Intermediate Shakespeare", edited Barnes (Shakespeare Head Press).)

OR

Shakespeare: The Taming of the Shrew. (Any edition may be used but the text quoted in the examination paper will be from "The Intermediate Shakespeare", edited Barnes (Shakespeare Head Press).)

OR

Eight one-act Plays (Nelson). The plays to be studied will be announced later.

B. List of Approved Books for General Reading

1. Prose:

At least one of the following books should be chosen:—

- * Kidnapped—R. L. Stevenson (any edition).
- * Under the Northern Lights—Sullivan (Dent).
- Modern Adventure—Finn (Murray).

2. Poetry

At least one of the following books should be chosen:—

- *(a) Poems of Spirit and Action, edited by W. M. Smyth (Arnold). Pupils should study Group A, or Group B, or six from Group A and nine from Group B.

GROUP A

The Pied Piper of Hamelin—Browning.
 Horatius at the Bridge—Macaulay.
 Robin Hood and Alan-a-Dale—Anon.
 The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire—Ingelow.
 The Highwayman—Noyes.
 Paul Revere's Ride—Longfellow.
 Jesse James—Benet.
 The Jervis Bay—Thwaites.
 The Sick Stockrider—Gordon.
 The Ballad of William Sycamore—Benet.
 In the Drovers Days—Paterson.
 Skipper Ireson's Ride—Whittier.

GROUP B

Spanish Waters—Masfield.
 The Last Buccaneer—Kingsley.
 A Smuggler's Song—Kipling.
 Dickens in Camp—Bret Harte.
 Nancy Hanks—Benet.
 The Ice-Cart—Gibson.
 The Tomcat—Don Marquis.
 The Snare—Stephens.
 Out of the Ark—Campbell.
 Night Mail—Auden.
 The Bridge—Anderson.
 Gathering Song of Donald the Black—Scott.
 The Maid—Roberts.
 Naming of Parts—Reed.
 Reported Missing—Bayliss.
 Night Bombers—Anon.
 High Flight—Magee.
 b) Living Verse, edited by A. K. Thomson (Jacaranda Press).

FIFTH YEAR

A. Prescribed Books

* 1. Shakespeare: Julius Caesar. (Any edition may be used, but the text quoted in the examination paper will be from the Arden edition, published by Methuen & Co.)

2. They Came to Australia, edited by Brissenden and Higham (Cheshire).

OR

* Essays Old and New, edited H. Barnes (Harrap.). The essays to be studied will be announced later.

B. List of Approved Books for General Reading

* 1. George Eliot: Silas Marner.

OR

Arnold Bennett: The Old Wives' Tale.

* 2. The Harrap Book of Modern Short Stories, edited by Bullocke & Edwards (Australian Publishing Co.).

OR

Samuel: Plays for Radio and Television (Longmans, Green).

The plays to be studied are:—

Voyage on a Dinner Table—Shan Benson.

The Face of Violence—J. Bronowski.

* 3. The Poet's World, edited by James Reeves (Heinemann).

Twenty of the following poems should be studied:—

One Day I Wrote Her Name upon the Strand—Spenser.

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun—Shakespeare.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?—Shakespeare.

Since Brass, nor Stone, nor Earth, nor Boundless Sea—Shakespeare.

St. Crispin's Day—Shakespeare.

I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes—Psalm 121.

He is My Refuge—Psalm 91.

Death, Be Not Proud—Donne.

The Glories of our Blood and State—Shirley.

They Err Who Count it Glorious to Subdue—Milton.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College—Gray.

The Little Black Boy—Blake.

And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time—Blake.

A Red, Red Rose—Burns.

Lines Written in Early Spring—Wordsworth.

The Solitary Reaper—Wordsworth.

Ozymandias—Shelley.

Pleasant Sounds—Clare

Ode to Autumn—Keats.

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls—Tennyson.

Ulysses—Tennyson.

After the Sea-Ship—Whitman.

Afterwards—Hardy.

Hurrahing in Harvest—G. M. Hopkins.

In the Country—Davies.

Piano—D. H. Lawrence.

The Journey of the Magi—Eliot.

Country Towns—Slessor.

Beach Burial—Slessor.

The Death of the Bird—Hope.

The Trains—Judith Wright.

Country Press—Rosemary Dobson.

OR

The Boomerang Book of Australian Poetry, edited by E. Moodie-Heddle (Longmans, Green).

INTERNAL INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE PASSES, 1960

Abbott, K. G.
Allan, T. A.
Allen, D. E.
Allen, R. S.
Anderson, R. A.
Arnold, J. G.
Ashby, J. W.
Ashworth, B. W.
Baker, D. E.
Baker, P. W.
Barnett, A. L.
Barnfield, K. W.
Bartik, R. J.
Bartlett, D. G.
Beck, H. H.
Beileiter, A. R.
Bernstein, H.
Besser, M.
Birmingham, K.
Bottle, A. L.
Bovard, J. G.
Breese, P. C.
Bryant, G. W.
Budge, R. J.
Burgess, B. J.
Burrows, W. F.
Burton, G. P.
Cameron, I. G.
Campbell, R. M.
Cantrell, P. M.
Carlyon, A. J.

Chalmers, P. J.
Christie, A.
Clancy, L. N.
Clarke, G. J.
Collins, R. R.
Connor, R. J.
Consandine, T. J.
Constable, J. R.
Cooke, B. T.
Cope, P. C.
Corney, J. R.
Creswick, R. J.
Cruickshank, I. B.
Danyluk, M. R.
Davey, J. S.
Davies, W. G.
Davies, W.
Davis, W. J.
Dawson, B. F. M.
Dennis, A. R.
Dent, G. S.
Denton, P.
Dicker, R. W.
Dobbs, G. G.
Downey, D. A. H.
Easton, W. W.
Edwards, B. J.
Edwards, G. V.
Fernley, B. J.
Fitzsimmons, J. E.
Flint, M. W.

Fuller, G. D.
Garside, B. N.
Gay, L. B. F.
Glover, G. R.
Goodall, R. J.
Gotham, K. S.
Graham, I. W.
Grainger, G. F.
Gray, D. J.
Griffin, D. W.
Grigg, K. E.
Grove, D. K.
Hackett, V. W.
Hardgrove, J. F.
Hardy, R. S.
Hare, B. G.
Hartley, G. H.
Haylock, B. J.
Head, S. J.
Heathcote, A. A.
Hesketh, S. K.
Hickin, E. J.
Higginson, R. J.
Hill, G. J.
Hobbs, J. I.
Hodge, T. C.
Hollis, P.
Holloway, R. F.
Howle, B. L.
Hudson, B. N.
Hunter, O. J.

Ibbett, K. G.
Ives, K. J.
Jenkins, C. R.
Jenkins, R. L.
Johnson, I. K.
Johnston, C. R.
Kane, D. L.
Kelly, G. E.
Keys, G.
Kingsley, W. V.
Knowles, H. T.
Krooglik, S. I.
Lang, D.
Learmonth, R. C.
Lesberg, B. E. L.
Lett, B. D.
Lewis, J. H.
Lock, G. A.
Logan, P. R. D.
Longshaw, G. R.
Lowe, L. H.
McGregor, R. A. L.
McIntyre, L. R.
McKenzie, R. J.
McLeod, A. L.
McMahon, B. R.
McQuillan, E. J.
MacCoubrey, R.
MacGregor, I. R.
MacMullen, D. C.
Mason, K. E.

Matthews, D. W.
Melville, M. W.
Micklewright, C. J.
Mitchell, J. T.
Mitchell, K. B.
Moore, P. R.
Morgan, G. R.
Mykytowych, B.
Mytton, I. D.
Nannelli, O. C.
Newman, D. L.
Ng, C.
Nicholson, B. W.
Norman, K. J.
O'Brien, G.
O'Hara, C. J.
Oughton, R. K.
Paine, K. D.
Paterson, K. I.
Patterson, R. J.
Payne, R. A.
Pearce, G. N.
Pearce, I. V.
Pearce, R. J.
Pemberton, R. G.

Penn, H. G.
Peters, R. E.
Pogson, R. F. C.
Ponchard, G. J.
Powell, R. W.
Prohm, J. P.
Rebane, E. A.
Rennie, P. W. M.
Rice, N. C.
Richmond, J. A.
Risdon, B. E.
Robertson, R. J.
Robinson, G. W.
Robinson, J. C.
Rogers, J. P.
Rowe, G. S.
Rowe, M. A.
Roy, I. C.
Roy, R. B.
Ruse, R. G.
Russell, R. A.
Sales, D. E.
Sanders, R. G.
Searle, B. M.
Shirae, N.

Shore, D. A.
Sim, R. W.
Sligar, N. J.
Small, D. M.
Smallbone, L. N.
Smith, I. D.
Smith, Matthew J.
Smith, Michael J.
Smith, R. N.
Smith, T. J.
Smith, W. A.
Somers, C. J.
Sorenson, G. C.
Spicer, R. J.
Stack, B. G.
Stanes, J. R.
Starr, R. V.
Stegwell, K. F.
Stevenson, N. McK.
Strathdee, K. C.
Strokon, A.
Stutchbury, I. M.
Telford, R. J.
Templeton, C.
Thompson, T. J.

Thomson, B. C.
Thorn, R. G.
Tracey, L. F.
Trimmer, E.
Vicary, M. J.
Vick, G. K.
Vincent, R. A.
Volker, E. L.
Ward, D. C.
Watkins, J. R.
Watson, G. A. S.
Weeks, S. R.
Whiting, P. M.
Widdup, M. A.
Wills, K. B.
Wilson, D. I.
Windsor, R. J.
Wood, J. L.
Woodward, N. W.
Woolley, R. M.
Wright, J. W.
Zweig, S.

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- (b) **JUNIOR CLERKS**— With opportunities for advancement to highest Administrative posts—Two standards, Leaving or Intermediate Certificates.
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341 Pitt Street,
Sydney

E. L. BEERS
Secretary.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY

OFFICE BEARERS, 1961

President: Mrs. L. Rodgers

Vice Presidents: Mesdames H. Stutchbury, G. Webb,
E. Wilson.

Secretary: Mrs. G. Bilbe.

Treasurer: Mrs. E. Ahlstrom.

The year 1961 has been one of great activity for our members.

In February we welcomed new mothers and 130 ladies partook of a most enjoyable luncheon, followed by a short address from the Principal, Mr. R. Jane.

Our annual meeting, attended by 60 members, decided to abolish district representatives. These were later replaced by year representatives. This change has proved valuable in maintaining closer contact with parents. The appointment of a hostess, and the purchase of name brooches added to the friendly atmosphere existing within the Auxiliary.

The School Fete was held on April 15, and for the first time, each year was allocated a particular stall. Due to the wonderful support given to this new venture, and the untiring work of our publicity officer, our members and parents raised approximately £300 prior to the fete. The money was accumulated in various ways including luncheons, demonstrations, market analysis days, guessing competitions, cootie afternoons and match box collections.

The sale of photo cards throughout the year realised a profit of £50.

On May 5 the P. and C. and Ladies Auxiliary held a Cabaret — this was a delightful evening enjoyed by all.

Our Prefects Dinner — the first in this school, took place in the library on May 8, when the Auxiliary served dinner for forty guests.

Our Annual Street Stall held in July, was an outstanding success due in no small measure to the support given by parents and members — £64 was the result.

In August the ladies undertook to cater for both our school Sports Day and the Zone Athletic Carnival. In spite of the unfavourable weather these two luncheons yielded the pleasing amount of £112. Another Prefects' Dinner, Open Day and the Music and Drama Festival rounded off a very busy month.

At present we are finalising arrangements for the Cadets Passing Out Parade and Fifth Year Farewell.

The kitchen, started last year, is now complete and well equipped and has proved a most valuable asset in catering for the various social functions. It is a great joy to all who work in it and we are extremely indebted to those who did the tedious pioneering work on this project.

On behalf of the Auxiliary we express our gratitude to Mr. Jane, Mr. Brown, Mr. Satchell and to all staff members for their much appreciated assistance on all occasions — also our sincere thanks to Mr. Cox.

To our members we wish to say a special thank you for your enthusiasm and loyal support which have made our year's effort so successful.

—LILIAN RODGERS, President.

—GWEN BILBE, Secretary.

—ETHEL AHLSTROM, Treasurer.

THE JUNIOR GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Junior Geographical Society meets every second Tuesday, during the lunch-hour.

A well-planned talk by Vice-Presidents Horne and Dingle on the "Theory of Evolution" was heard in the first term. Mr. Butler also gave a talk, about transport.

Several films were shown, namely, "The Channel Country," "Great Plains of North America" and the "Atlantic Community." Slides on the "Snowy Mountains Scheme" and a strip-film on "Evolution" were also shown.

Members of the Junior Society accompanied the Senior members on their trip to Warragamba Dam during the first term.

During Conservation Week, B. Peel and P. Sim arranged the posters in Room 16.

The society is indebted to P. Dingle, J. Horne and Mr. Butler for their valuable assistance in starting this year's society in the direction of interest and enjoyment.

—J. WALKER, Secretary.

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Department of Main Roads, N.S.W.

Careers for Boys in Professional & Clerical Positions

Vacancies exist in the Department of Main Roads for boys leaving school who desire employment in the following positions:—

- Junior Clerks** —Commencing salary: Intermediate Certificate, £460 per annum, Leaving Certificate, £586 per annum.
- Junior Draftsman (Engineering and Land Survey).** —Commencing salary: Leaving Certificate, £586 per annum.
- Juniors (Testing Laboratory Operators)** —Commencing salary: Intermediate Certificate, £460 per annum, Leaving Certificate, £586 per annum.
- Engineering Trainees** —Leaving Certificate (to study full-time Degree Course in Civil Engineering at The University of Sydney or The University of New South Wales) — fees paid by Department in addition to a living allowance plus an allowance towards cost of books and equipment.

Conditions of employment include Annual, Sick and Long Service Leave and Superannuation Benefits. Boys and parents who are interested in these careers are invited to call and discuss with the Staff Officer—telephone 2-0933, the opportunities that exist, salary range and the prospects of further advancement in the service of this Department. Employment at the abovementioned rates will be considered prior to examination results.

Application forms will be forwarded on request.

R. S. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

309 Castlereagh Street,
SYDNEY.

THE PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

OFFICE BEARERS

Patron: Mr. B. C. Doig, M.L.A.

President: Mr. A. H. Golding

Vice-presidents: Mr. L. Cannon and Mr. W. J. Ashcroft

Honorary Treasurer: Mr. W. Bickerstaff

Honorary Secretary: Mrs. P. Ashcroft

During the current year our Parents and Citizens' Association has provided the school with additional equipment valued at almost £700, including strip-film projectors and daylight screens, a record player, £50 worth of records, science equipment, whilst Mr. Jane was authorised to purchase a further £300 worth of books for the library.

The school kitchen is now a reality and thanks to our wonderful ladies, it is excellently equipped and is indeed an addition that is worthy of this grand school.

Although the P. and C. has been able to afford considerable assistance to the school by providing new and modern teaching equipment, we have not received the support to our fund raising efforts that is necessary if we are to continue in this essential task of assuring our boys that this school is equipped with the latest and most modern aids to present day teaching.

The School Fete, held on Saturday 15th April, realised a total of £700, but when one considers that over £300 of this was raised by the ladies before the fete day, we must admit the day was not an outstanding success.

The response to the annual P. and C. membership subscription was equally disappointing, since the total sum received represented an average donation of LESS THAN 6d. PER PARENT.

Our monthly meetings too have been lacking support, the average attendance being 25 members.

When one considers that a school catering for almost 1,100 students and thereby representing somewhere in the region of 2,000 parents, can boast only 25 members

at a P. and C. meeting, it gives justifiable grounds for concern regarding our future activities.

We are very grateful to the handful of stalwarts who are always present at the meetings and social functions and who are ever ready and willing when there is a job to be done.

I am convinced that this is not a true reflection of the general interest of the majority of our parents and do appeal to you personally to make next year a very good P. and C. year.

It is a recognised fact that a strong and united P. and C. Association can be of inestimable value to the school by its constant and lively representations, when requests are made to the Department of Education for such amenities as much needed interior lighting and painting or other improvements which may from time to time become desirable.

Since the school now serves a restricted area I feel confident that our P. and C. will grow and thrive in the coming year and look forward to a much larger attendance to our meetings.

Mr. Jane and Mr. Brown are always present at these meetings and both are willing and eager to answer any questions you may wish to ask them regarding your son's education.

I would like to extend my personal thanks to the Headmaster and his staff for the courtesy I have received during this year and for their unstinted help when the occasions arose.

Thank you too, Mr. Cox, for the sterling assistance you have rendered again this year.

A final word to our parents. Please give your support to our fund raising efforts and also attend our meetings.

May I now proffer my thanks, for the honour and privilege of having served as your representative during this 25th year of the Parents and Citizens' Association's activities.

—ALBERT GOLDING, President

Homebush Boys' High School Lifesaving Club

(Affiliated with the Royal Australian Lifesaving Society, N.S.W. Branch)

The sixth year of the club's existence has been very successful and fruitful. With the inspiring patronage and leadership of Mr. Robertson and the hard work of the committee members we managed to win the W. Marx Cup from Randwick High. The training of various kinds which a lifesaving club provides is the type of training which will be of valuable assistance in wider spheres in later years.

THE 1960-61 COMMITTEE

Patron: Mr. Robertson.

President: Claude Bilinsky

Secretary: Geoff Sorenson

Treasurer: Mick Logan

Chief Instructors: Mick Logan and Phil Carter

Committee Members: Peter Guard, Peter Chessher, Warren Helson, Dave Woods, Neil Morgan, Greg Ponchard, Roger Holloway, Brian Hume, A. Grudzinskas

1960 LIFESAVING SCHOOL

During the last week of the school year, over 500 pupils and many members of staff attended Cabarita and Lidcombe Baths for the Annual Lifesaving School. The weather treated us kindly and those who attended enjoyed themselves immensely.

The success of the venture is clearly shown by the

total number of awards won. They are as follows:

- 28 Instructors' Certificates
- 5 Award of Merits
- 2 Bars to Bronze Cross
- 32 Bronze Crosses
- 5 Bronze Medallion Bars
- 72 Bronze Medallions
- 120 Intermediate Stars
- 152 Proficiency Certificates
- 196 Elementary Certificates
- 203 Resuscitation Certificates
- 250 Water Safety.

With these outstanding results Homebush won the W. Marx Cup for 1960-61. This trophy is awarded annually by the R.L.S.S.A. to the Boys' High School in N.S.W. which gains the highest number of lifesaving awards. One Progress Pennant was also awarded. The school can justly be proud of this achievement as this is the third time we have won the W. Marx Cup.

A great deal of credit goes to the pupil instructors who were capably led by Phil Carter (Lidcombe) and Mick Logan (Cabarita), the two chief instructors.

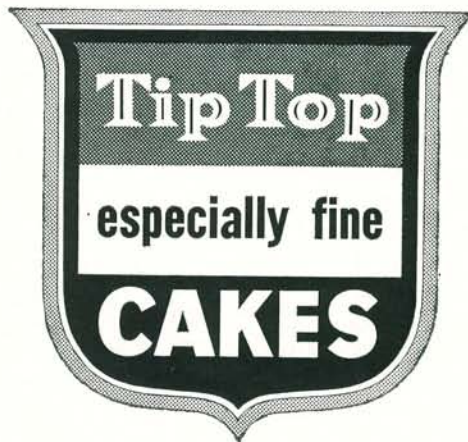
Group Instructors

J. Sutton, W. Helson, P. Chessher, M. Dale, R. Reid, D. Woods, R. Smith, J. Constable, K. McGrath, G. Sorenson.

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Trainee Instructors

I. Baker, G. O'Brien, G. Brown, W. Bell, B. Ashworth, B. Thomson, N. Rudgley, T. Brown, K. Farraway, D. Grove, D. Williamson, R. Morrison, R. Hynard, M. Burns, R. Sim, K. Gotham, B. Hume, R. West, D. Baker, R. Dicker, B. Peel, P. Hall, R. Bell, R. Holloway, P. Sanders, R. Loughnan.

SENIOR AWARDS

Award of Merit: R. Reid, C. Bell, J. Dale, P. Chesher, B. Jones.

Bronze Cross Bar: P. Hall, I. Smith.

Bronze Cross: T. Brown, D. Baker, B. Peel, D. Williamson, R. Fleeton, G. O'Brien, R. Sim, B. Thomson, A. Wall, M. Burns, L. Forsythe, D. Grove, K. Gotham, J. Kidner, R. Goodall, R. Morrison, N. Rudgley, W. Bell, G. Brown, B. Lees, R. Holloway, B. Moore, N.

Shiraeve, K. Barnaby, G. Flood, R. Harding, G. Lock, R. Loughlan, G. Ponchard, R. Spicer, H. Spring, B. Sutton.

Our thanks are due to the members of the staff who so ably assisted in the supervision of the school, especially to Mr. W. Parr.

The club would like to extend its thanks to the staffs of Cabarita Baths and Lidcombe Baths, whose valuable assistance was sincerely appreciated.

The Lifesaving Club would also like to express its thanks to Mr. Robertson for the work he has done for the club in the past two years. It was a great loss to us when Sydney Teachers' College gained his services and we wish him the best of luck in his new position. We welcome Mr. Muir, who replaces Mr. Robertson as patron of the club.

—C. BILINSKY

THE CHESS CLUB

This year there were two Beginners' Grades, three C Grades and one B Grade. At least one team, C1, was successful in winning the division and has entered the finals.

All boys in the club wish to thank the P. and C. Association for the chess sets. These have greatly eased the situation as the boys do not have to bring their own.

We are also grateful to Mr. Brown for the room allotted to us. However, it is unfortunate that the boys cannot remain inside the building after five o'clock,

because some of the visiting teams have to come a long way, and cannot possibly arrive before four o'clock or even later.

Our congratulations to Howard Fisher of C1 team who didn't lose a game while playing in the Division on board one. All boys would like to thank Mr. Garan for the work he has done in conducting the chess club.

During the third term some of the members of the staff will compete against a team of pupils and we hope that the latter will give them a sound thrashing.

—S. KOKOT.

SENIOR GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

President: H. Fisher.

Secretary: L. Baker.

Treasurer: R. Davies.

The Senior Geographical Society's activities have occupied Room 16 for most Friday lunch hours, and have covered many aspects of the study of geography. Talks by pupils and members of staff, quiz sessions to test one's geographical knowledge, and film showings have all added interest and value to our lunch periods.

In first term the Society organised an excursion to

Warragamba Dam and Prospect Reservoir. Some preparatory work was done beforehand, and after a most enjoyable day, summaries were prepared by the participants. The knowledge acquired in this way will always be with us, especially our memories of the interior of the dam itself.

The Society aims at encouraging interest in geography and particularly at encouraging pupils to take an active part in running an organisation of their own. The Society will welcome participation from senior pupils in 1962.

COMMONWEALTH DAY CEREMONY

On Wednesday, 24th May, this year, the British Commonwealth Day ceremony was held in the Assembly Hall, and relayed to the class-rooms by the public-address system. The theme of each address this year was how backward nations progressed under British rule, and why it is not surprising that they sought membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations when they gained independence.

After the chairman, Jim Sutton, the School captain, had opened the ceremony, the school choir, accompanied by the orchestra, sang the School Song.

Jeffrey Cayzer, of 1A, spoke on the growth of Nigeria under British rule. He told how Nigeria had progressed in many ways under British guidance. The school choir then sang "Land of Our Fathers" and "Advance, Australia Fair."

Following this, Peter Lalor, of 2A, spoke of how Ghana's industries were established and developed under the British. His speech showed how the British had

made Ghana an example to others, and Ghana's gratitude for this. Again the school choir gave a stirring rendition, this time of "O Canada" and "God Defend New Zealand."

The way in which Britain brought peace to India's unsettled States was outlined by Ross Scott, of 3A, in his address. He also pointed out that, because of Britain's development of India's resources, India is now among the leading nations of the free world.

Then followed an account of Cyprus' development under British rule. This was delivered by Ian Stutchbury, of 4A, who pointed out how living conditions, health services and communications were improved as a result of British influence in the island.

A vote of thanks was then moved to the speakers by the school vice-captain, John Gray.

Special mention must be made of Mrs. Corcoran, who so ably conducted the choir and orchestra.

—WALTER DAVIES, IAN STUTCHBURY.

CULTURE AND SCIENCE

(The basis of a talk given by N. B. Nairn, Senior Lecturer in History, University of N.S.W., at Homebush Boys' High School on 8th May, 1961.)

There is one predominant culture in a nation. Indeed it is the recognition of the general idea involved in a predominant culture. It is each nation's individual culture make a nation. In many cases it is impossible to delineate exactly just what this culture is, and in many cases there are sub-cultures of varying degrees of importance; but this does not affect the central fact — nations are founded and have their vitality from a predominant culture. It is each nation's individual culture that marks it off from all others. A nation's culture reveals its scale and sense of values; it reveals what the nation thinks collectively about spiritual as well as material things, about the arts as well as the sciences, about music as well as economics, painting as well as physics, architecture as well as housing.

What chiefly marks one nation off from another? Is it its history, its literature and theatre, its political system, its music, its fine arts? Or is it its science and technology? These are not easy questions to answer, for there is a unity in all these things. Science and technology are part of a nation's culture, part of its history; but they are a unique part, inasmuch as a nation will share its science and technology with other nations, at comparable levels of material development, in a way, and to an extent, that it will not share its history, its literature and theatre, its political system, its music or its fine arts. So, despite the complexity of the question concerned with the individuality of

nations, the grain of the answer is seen at once. China's science and technology are virtually the same, or potentially virtually the same, in essence as Australia's. Of course, one would have to make finer distinctions between science and technology than is desirable in a talk of this length to present all the subtleties of the problem; to show, for example, that there are important connections between science and technology, and there may be important connections, even overlaps, between science and literature and between the fine arts and technology. Moreover, science and technology are connected intimately to economic development, and that depends to a great degree on the extent and type of natural resources which vary from nation to nation.

On the other hand, China does not share Australia's history. China's political system, its general religion, its whole scale of values are different from Australia's. Despite the great similarity, potentially at least, between the science and technology of the two nations, they are different nations. They will attempt to solve their social, political and economic problems in very different ways. The United States of America, historically and culturally so much closer to Australia than China, will also attempt to solve her social, political and economic problems differently from Australia. So even will Britain, the source of the Australian nation. There are, of course, very great similarities of a cultural kind between Britain and Australia, but this merely serves to illustrate the main point: nations are closer to one another the more they share a common history and culture. Science

I.S.C.F.

The Inter Schools Christian Fellowship

invites all boys to their Meetings, which are held in

ROOM 8

MONDAY, 12.40 — — THURSDAY, 12.30

GOOD SPEAKERS

HELPFUL TALKS

and technology are not nearly so important in this regard.

At the level of current Australian foreign and immigration policies one can see that it is relatively easier for an Asian student to learn sympathetically about, say, civil engineering or medicine in Australia than to learn sympathetically about Australian history or Australian political institutions. This illustrates one of the basic realities behind Australia's immigration policy: it aims at cultural assimilation to assist in the development of the nation on values that have evolved with a nation founded directly on the British model. It is easy enough for a Briton to be assimilated under these conditions, though not quite so easy for a European; but it is very difficult for an Asian. The pity is that this essentially cultural problem tends rapidly to become a racial, colour problem. But that's another story.

Hence I am arguing that the general culture of a nation, which is more or less unique to it, is more important to it, as a viable nation, than its science and technology, which it shares indiscriminately, potentially, with all other nations. I am not saying at all that science and technology are not important; obviously they are very important, mainly in a material sense.

What then is the general culture of a nation? The word "culture" itself, is derived from the Latin *colo*, I till: agriculture is the tilling of fields generally, horticulture, of flowers and so on. Culture covers more than talk in cultivated accents about paintings, sculpture to extend from the tilling of a field to the writing, music, literature and drama: it is wide enough of a poem; from the making of a window frame to the splitting of an atom. It extends from the activities of precious people with refined manners to earthy people with earthy manners. A country race meeting and Anzac Day re-unions are as much part of Australia's culture as are, say, the meetings of the Royal Australian Historical Society and the Academy of Sciences. Culture may include practices, such as *Suttee* and *Thugee*, which many other nations would condemn as outright evils.

This may suggest that the application of culture is so wide as to refer to practically everything that happens in a nation, and is therefore not of much use. In a sense it is so wide and in this sense it includes science and technology. But it has a core of basic beliefs and practices which conditions the whole, a core of beliefs and practices that reflect the fundamental character and values of a nation. This core may be acknowledged openly or tacitly; it may not be acknowledged in any way, or only partially, by some groups within the nations — and in this way, in complex nations (such as the U.S.A.) sub-cultures may evolve. But for the nation to remain viable in the light of the main stream of its historical growth, the core of its culture must, to repeat, reflect its fundamental character and values. At this level we can give some body to this abstract idea, by recalling how China varies from Australia as a nation. As difficult as it may be to put forward in detail why there are variations, and after we have disposed of simple points of, say, geographical differences, we are left, and see that we are left, with a core of cultural divergence, which may adequately be referred to as divergence in national character and values.

This national character and these national values are based, and are seen most clearly, in the religion, the general intellectual life, the politics, and laws that govern and inform national life. Each one of these is basic to the whole understanding of differences between nations, and of national character and values. It will

be seen that there are some overlaps and reciprocal connections between the four headings. Each one of the headings is of primary importance to a nation, but I would especially like to refer briefly to the law. Law, as a profession, is unique in many nations, including Australia it plays a role in national life unapproached by any other profession; it goes right to the heart of the good order and government of the nation; it is part of the national constitutional structure; the leader of the profession is not merely a skilled and eminent man, such as a famous scientist may be, he is also the Chief Justice of the Australian High Court, having responsibilities to the nation and links with its citizens unknown to the leader of any other profession. These facts suggest the general significance of the whole four bases of national character and values. Science and technology are related to these bases in a secondary way; as are commerce and industry, the theatre and the race course. Of course each of these activities, and many more, may affect the national bases over time; but that important fact does not reduce their primacy; for they are embedded in the whole history of the nation and changes are slow.

It should also be noted just how difficult it is to transplant the bases of national character and values. The history of Christianity, for example, is marked by great conversions of peoples; but it also illustrates just how tenaciously peoples adhere to their indigenous religions. The colonial history of Britain, and other nations, reveal how subject peoples in the long run have rejected large parts of the concepts, values and practices of their conquerors. Indeed the very indigenous values and customs have survived to become in the long run a symbol of national consciousness. On the other hand science, technology, trade and commerce are transplantable with minimum difficulty. If the awakening of nationalism among colonial peoples since 1945 shows anything at all, it certainly suggests that non-material motives are at times even more potent than material motives: this phenomenon is intimately related to national character.

It is not possible in this talk to look in detail at the four bases of national character and values, but some brief development of them is desirable:

Religion: Provides standards of right and wrong — moral standards: Historically, the nations of Europe, and some nations influenced by Europe, have based their moral codes on Christianity: There have been conflicts and divisions about and within Christianity, but its pervading influence remains strong in the twentieth century.

Intellectual life: Refers to the way of generalising or thinking about data: Following the Greeks, Western nations have exhibited a lively curiosity about human life and nature generally: These habits of thought led in time to elaborate political and legal structures and to the development of science at a remarkably high level: And to the complicated phenomena of the industrial revolution.

Politics: The way of ordering political life: Fixing the source of national authority: Arranging the representation of groups or individuals in the processes of making and executing laws: Deciding the general nature of political life — autocracy, aristocracy, democracy: Republic or monarchy.

Law: Refers to the interpretation of laws: Law and order: Makes orderly social life possible: Correction and punishment.

The brief review sets out the basis of national existence. Inevitably a viable society will evolve appropriate

social and constitutional structures incorporating workable forms of all of these bases. It will be seen that the bases refer in the main to the moral and non-material aspects of life. And I remind you that it is in this sphere that significant national differences occur. Of course, as a society progresses it will erect super-structures on these bases. If its intellectual life is full enough and if its material resources are extensive enough it may evolve a vigorous science and technology which will become part of its culture, exerting influence, and being influenced, by all the other parts. But a nation simply cannot base its existence on science and technology.

Let us look at **politics** as I conclude this talk. The Australian political structure is based on a constitutional monarchy with democratic forms exemplified in adult suffrage. Australians are about as free as the requirements of social life allow. Other nations, even some Western nations, are considerably less free, and some are based on dictatorships which allow virtually no individual freedom. As with the air we breathe we take our political freedom for granted. But occasionally we should all reflect on just how important our freedom really is to us, and to recall that science and technology are irrelevant to this vital point. Recently, Sir Macfarlane Burnet, probably Australia's greatest scientist ever, has been reported as saying that he hoped that in the near future an engineer or a chemist would become the Prime Minister of Australia. If Sir Macfarlane meant by this that engineers and chemists were to become willing to join political parties, and work their way up in the normal fashion in the parties until they were pre-selected to stand for a Parliamentary seat; and then, if they won, to settle down to the arduous and sometimes long apprenticeship in Parliament and Cabinet; and then, having gained the confidence of their colleagues, to win the leadership of their parties, finally receiving the endorsement of the Australian people — if this is what he meant, well and good, and I for one would welcome it, if only because engineers and chemists, and scientists and technologists generally, have not been noticeable in the hard but necessary grind of politics. But if he meant that he hoped an engineer or a chemist would become Prime Minister, simply because he was an engineer or a chemist, or an eminent one, I would resist the idea as strongly as I could and I am sure a majority of Australians would do likewise. For that would involve a revolutionary change

in our society, and a change that would inexorably lead to a loss of basic freedoms. We would have a different kind of nation than we have now, with different kinds of basic values.

Probably Sir Macfarlane, and other scientists who would support his view, are impressed by the comparative efficiency and order of science in contrast with the apparent inefficiency and disorder of Australian politics. But it is of the nature of politics to appear to be inefficient. Politics in Australia is so arranged as to give the maximum possible freedom to every citizen. Such a system simply cannot operate as orderly and as efficiently as a science can. Politics deals with people who are not so amenable to control as scientific data. Science in Australia is subordinate to politics. What would happen if the reverse became true? As it is now governments in Australia can get, and do get, the best possible scientific advice; and it should be recalled that this advice includes that of **military** scientists. Members of governments cannot be masters of all sciences, or of all the many fields they, of necessity, are concerned with. The best that a democracy can do about this problem of communication between governments and science is to evolve a system based on capable and experienced politicians (which scientists may become if they want to) on the one hand, and articulate and patriotic scientists on the other hand. Between the two groups adequate communication should be possible. In fact this is what has happened in Australia, without harm to our basic political institutions, or to the integrity of science.

I will end with a reference to C.P. Snow's "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution" — a much over-rated tract indeed. Snow argues that "scarcely one in any group of humanists can give an intelligible answer to a question about the Second Law of Thermodynamics, though this is the intellectual equivalent of asking a scientist if he has read any play of Shakespeare". A correct approach to the complex problem would see that **any** person can get something out of a Shakespeare play if he can read, and a **lot** out of it if he has developed as a human; but a person needs more than literacy to understand Thermodynamics and he need not necessarily be developed much at all as a human to understand it well. Shakespeare is simply closer to general basic human values than Newton. This is not to deny Newton's greatness, merely to put it in its **human** context.

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HOMEBUSH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL UNION A/C

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30th NOVEMBER, 1960.

RECEIPTS		PAYMENTS	
Balance b/d	1,031 11 9	Lockers	28 10 2
Lockers	50 10 0	Text Books	2,397 15 3
Text Books	2,441 8 8	Union	190 11 3
Union	1,774 19 1	Library	382 10 4
Library	439 0 10	School Shop	1,767 1 11
School Shop	1,457 19 3	Travel	7 10 0
Travel	0 8 3	Swimming	141 1 11
Swimming	1 18 9	Cricket	66 12 0
Football	0 12 6	Tennis	91 18 5
Magazine	145 12 8	Athletics	27 15 6
Duplicator	6 4 6	Football	206 5 7
Telephone	39 13 7	Grounds	261 5 0
Tuck Shop	213 8 0	Magazine	447 0 10
Stewart House	166 19 6	Duplicator	271 10 11
Life Saving	277 10 0	Telephone	134 7 1
Play Night	120 11 10	Stewart House	170 0 0
Socials	36 18 5	Life Saving	191 6 10
Contra	446 6 11	Play Night	34 12 8
Sundries	79 15 10	Socials	64 13 6
		Equipment and Furniture	236 8 3
		Printing and Stationery	60 5 2
		Contra	416 18 2
		Sundries—	
		Petty Cash Advances	30 0 0
		Donations: Hosp., Ambulance	33 12 0
		Prizes, '59 Speech Day	61 7 10
		Ladies' Auxiliary, 5th Year Farewell, 1959	59 10 1
		Ladies' Auxiliary, 5th Year Farewell, 1960	73 1 0
		Science Equipment	31 1 7
		Timber	9 18 6
		Other Sundries	216 17 8
		Balance c/d	620 0 11
	£8,731 10 4		£8,731 10 4
Balance b/d (1-12-60)	£620 0 11		

BANK RECONCILIATION STATEMENT

Credit balance as per Bank Statement		£857 2 11
Less Unpresented Cheques—898	0 4 11	
902	2 10 11	
919	18 0 0	
921	1 18 0	
922	1 12 0	
923	9 10 0	
924	16 5 0	
927	0 6 7	
928	1 19 6	
929	1 6 0	
930	12 0 0	
931	21 0 0	
932	0 9 0	
933	170 0 0	
	257 1 11	
Add Outstanding Deposit		£600 1 0
		19 19 11
Debit balance, as per Cash Book		£620 0 11

Audited and found correct.—T. DEAMER.

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MEMBERS IN SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row (left to right): David Salter ('cello), Barry Lees (trumpet), Paul Snitch (trumpet), Ian Baker (drums), Malcolm Catt (piano), Robert Peters (violin), Paul Furniss (clarinet). **Front Row** (left to right): John Howie (trombone), Robert Humphreys (flute), David Vos (cornet), Graham King (flute), Mrs. Corcoran, Colin Bull (piano), Barrie Mayall (clarinet).

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

During the year, school activities in music have been very successful with notable achievements by some of the pupils.

A choir of 100 pupils sang national songs for Empire Day, the ceremony being held in the school hall.

The Music and Drama Festival, one of the school's public performances of the year, provided two evenings' entertainment for both performers and audience. The keenness and interest of the boys was reflected in their very commendable performances.

Two Fifth Year boys, Malcolm Catt and Colin Bull, must be praised for their success in gaining the certificate for the Associate examination in piano.

Malcolm Catt was soloist, playing a movement from

a Mozart piano concerto, in the Combined Secondary Schools' Choral Concert, held in the Sydney Town Hall. Paul Furniss (clarinet) and David Salter ('cello) were members of the Combined Orchestra and twenty boys from our school sang in the Combined Choir.

Homebush Boys' High School was represented on television, for Education Week, by Paul Furniss, who played a clarinet solo, accompanied by Malcolm Catt; David Salter being a 'cellist in the orchestra on that occasion.

The boys and staff welcome the return of Mr. Lipscomb, our school music teacher, after a long absence.

—M. CORCORAN.

SCHOOL DEBATING

JUNIOR

Homebush was unlucky in the Cramp Memorial debating competition, winning one debate and losing narrowly in the other two. The team was capably led by Harry Bernstein, who was well supported by John Hardgrove and Neil Sligar. The standard of debating was fairly high, and these boys should form the nucleus of a good debating team next year.

SENIOR DEBATING

1961 was an excellent year for the Senior Debating Team. In the Hume-Barbour competition, Homebush was in an excellent position until the final debate of the first round, when Hurlstone Boys' High eliminated our team by a narrow points win.

The team, consisting of M. Cull, G. Dethlefs, J. Sutton and C. Armitage, worked very well as a unit, and I feel that the experience gained in this year's debates will be invaluable to all.

INTER-CLASS DEBATING

Inter-class debating was hotly contested. The standard of debate was remarkably high, and in future years the School should be able to draw on a splendid reserve of keen and able debaters for inter-school competitions.

Congratulations to all who contributed to the success of both inter-school and inter-class debates. The keenness and ability of those who took part augurs well for the future of debating at Homebush Boys' High.

—A. T. HOWLAND, Debates Master

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE 1961

So far this has been a busy and successful year. Homebush High was fortunate in having the vocational testing for Third Year completed early in first term. Three testers from the Department of Education were here for a week and parents and boys have had interviews about indications shown in these tests. In addition some boys have been tested at Youth Welfare Section, 4 Albert Street, Sydney or at suburban branches.

Several visits were arranged during Commonwealth Technical Training Week, 29th May - 4th June. Groups of Third Year students visited the railway workshops at Chullora and the Granville Technical College. Fifth Year students, visiting the University of New South Wales, were selected according to the faculties they were specially interested in. Students concerned with Mechanical and Civil Engineering were shown over these departments at the Technical College, Ultimo.

Another party of Fifth Years attended Sydney University where they were shown over the School of Engineering and Science.

Fifth and Third Year groups also visited industrial and commercial undertakings during the August-September holidays. Students selected careers in which they were interested and the visits were arranged by the Commonwealth Employment Service. I would like to thank all these organisations for their very valuable help and service.

Career pamphlets are being freely used and I would like to thank the librarian, Miss Ryan, for her co-operation.

It is pleasing to see so many of last year's Fifth Year back for a chat with the staff and to hear of the growing list of Homebush High at the various colleges and universities.

A word of thanks to A. Samin who took time off from his Textile Technology Course at the University of New South Wales to talk to present Fifth Years about this course.

—J. COFFEY

THE GOLDING LIBRARY REPORT, 1961

The library stock has begun to show its age, both physically and mentally; therefore it is essential that dilapidated or out-of-date books be systematically replaced by suitable, up-to-date publications. It is this process of constant rejuvenation which enables boys in all classes to use the library as an effective supplement to classroom teaching, and as a source of recreational reading. A plan to renew and extend the library stock was already in operation at the beginning of this year, and with some slight modifications, this scheme has been followed throughout the year. The result has been the expenditure of approximately £850 on new stock, subscriptions to periodicals, and book binding costs; the most expensive single item being the latest edition of "Chamber's Encyclopaedia", with its 1960 and 1961 world surveys.

Although £50 was spent on junior fiction and a similar amount on books requested by boys who saw the Book Week display, the majority of the 720 volumes acquired during the year were intended for the senior school. While it is very gratifying to record that the senior students have made excellent use of the new books, it should also be noted that the library is not catering very well for the boys interested in such subjects as natural history, aviation, hobbies of various kinds, sport, etc. When new books are being considered adequate recognition should now be given to the need for building up these sections of the library.

The removal of the partition separating the two sections of the library room, and the provision of a charging desk, dictionary stand, book display racks, and section guides have improved conditions for those using the library; the charging desk in particular is a great boon to the boys in charge of the borrowing.

The school had the opportunity to see a number of interesting and attractively produced books at the exhibition which Mr. Waterhouse, of Bellbird Books, ar-

ranged in the library during Book Week. We are extremely grateful to Mr. Waterhouse for this display, and for his donation of "Tangara" (the best Australian Children's Book of the Year), and "The Book of Sports Cars". Another donation, of National Geographic Magazines, came from David Brandt of 4th Year. The Festival of Asia, 1960, was responsible for a gift to the school of a fine collection of books containing information about the countries of Asia, particularly those in proximity to Australia.

Members of the Ladies' Auxiliary have shown a practical interest in the library by making money available for junior fiction, and by putting plastic covers on many of the new books. This type of assistance is greatly appreciated. In conclusion the librarian wishes to thank the boys who helped in the library during the year, especially those on duty before school and at the lunch recess.



—D. RYAN



ARMY CADETS

Front Row (left to right): P. Langley, D. Errington, K. Baker, J. Sutton, G. Hiscock, Sgt. J. Davey, Sgt. T. Thompson, C.U.O. M. Cull, C.U.O. C. Bull, Capt. J. Webster, C.U.O. R. West, W.O.2 D. Woods, D./Maj. C. Johnston, Sgt. R. McAvoy, S./Sgt. R. Reid, F. Jordan, B. Caudle. **Second Row:** L./Cpl. R. Ramsay, J. Wade, A. Wright, S. Groves, P. Holmes, D. Vos, Cpl. M. ThCpl. D. Robinson, G. Thompson, I. Windsor, K. Hendy, C. Scales, P. Morris, L./Cpl. B. Gazzard, J. Lemon, L./ompsn, L. Young, R. Huxley, B. Kennerson, L./Cpl. T. Flynn. **Third Row:** L. Cardwell, R. Fathers, G. Sims, R. Leathbarrow, B. Knox, G. Withers, O. McFarlane, A. Kewin, J. King, S. Hassel, B. Bilbe, I. Hamilton, G. Kidd, R. Singleton, R. Hart, Cpl. G. Dent, R. Windsor, L./Cpl. D. Glynn. **Back Row:** Cpl. I. Frape, B. Roy, T. Marr, P. Anderson, C. Micklewright, Cpl. I. Donaldson, G. Eadsforth, C. Thompson, Cpl. K. Spriggs, D. Vernon-Woods, M. Burns, J. Cowie, J. Butterfield, B. Andrews, G. Marsh, C. Short, Cpl. D. Grove, G. Farrell.

ARMY CADETS, 1961

This has been yet another successful year for the Homebush Cadet Unit. As a result of campaigning at the end of last year, interest was stimulated in the School Cadets and our establishment this year was 120.

The highlight of the year was the annual camp at Singleton. Here many of the cadets received their first taste of Army life — and food! Others broadened their experience in a tactical overnight field exercise. "Exercise Contact" as it was called, was a practice in patrolling in the jungle and semi-tropical areas. Cadets participating soon learned the importance of co-operation with their fellow men, and how to fend for themselves. A realistic range practice was also held.

This year, for the first time, Homebush provided a 24 hour sentry duty for camp headquarters.

During the second term we attended a range day at the Anzac Rifle Range and a bivouac held at Ingleburn. Both proved to be successful.

Many of us encountered difficulties on the bivouac, such as trying to waterproof a tent made from two ground sheets. The bushland provided a good training area and a pleasant change from the normal school routine.

Many cadets represented our unit at the Anzac Day ceremony and service held in Burwood, while a greater number took part in a march from Homebush Station to the school on the day of the fete. On this occasion we were led by a band of Highland Pipers, and our efforts at both parades brought praise from many.

More recently a Guard of Honour, consisting of 30 cadets was present at the official opening of the Strathfield-Homebush R.S.L. Club. The cadets participating felt proud to represent the Unit on such an occasion. In recognition of our services, each member of the guard was presented with a pen and pencil set by the R.S.L.

Lt. Willis' transference to Broken Hill came as a blow to the Unit. His able and keen service last year was greatly appreciated and his loss was deeply felt by all. We wish him every success at Broken Hill.

Congratulations go to the following cadets for their achievements in courses held at Singleton:—

Cadet Under Officers' Course: C.U.O. R. West, C.U.O. M. Cull and Sgt. J. Davey. Senior N.C.O.'s Course: Sgt.-Maj. D. Woods, Sgts. Reid, Thompson and McAvoy. And in May at the Specialist Courses: L/Cpl. Gazzard, Signals; Cpl. Spriggs, Intelligence; Cdt. Errington, Band; Cdt. Burns, Band; and L/Cpl. Ramsay, C.Q.M.S. Also at December Sgt. Morgan, Intelligence.

Finally, we must thank Capt. Webster, who has given up much of his valuable time to attend parades each Tuesday and to accompany us to camp.

The Cadet Unit does not strive to produce fighting troops. Its main aim is to teach boys to work together, to co-operate with each other and with those in seniority and, what is most important, to bring out and mature the qualities of leadership in boys.

—C.U.O.'s BULL, WEST, CULL.



A.T.C. CADETS, No. 11 FLIGHT

Front Row: Cpl. Hickin, Cpl. Gordon, Cpl. Wall, W/O King, F/O Howland, F/O Satchell, C.U.O. Cox, Sgt. Connor, Sgt. Allen, Cpl. McCarthy. **Second Row:** L.A.C. Price, L.A.C. Hyde, L.A.C. Johnston, L.A.C. McGregor, L.A.C. Cawley, L.A.C. Golding, L.A.C. Webb, L.A.C. Ryan. **Third Row:** Cdt. Knowles, Cdt. Hamburger, L.A.C. McLean, Cdt. Simpson, L.A.C. Mayall, L.A.C. Coomber, L.A.C. Lalor, L.A.C. Lloyd, L.A.C. Gilpin, Cdt. Humphries, Cdt. Turek. **Fourth Row:** L.A.C. Scoble, L.A.C. Alsopp, L.A.C. Peel, L.A.C. Norman, L.A.C. Priestley, L.A.C. Kerr, L.A.C. Morrison, L.A.C. Irwin, L.A.C. Lawson, L.A.C. Fawcner.
Absentee: Flt./Sgt. Sim.

AIR TRAINING CORPS

Although the original purpose of the A.T.C. was to give pre-entry training to prospective aircrew and groundstaff members of the R.A.A.F., its chief function now is the stimulation of interest in the Air Force. If a cadet takes his training seriously he must also learn something of self-discipline and leadership and understand more of service life.

Camps held at various R.A.A.F. stations do much to achieve this purpose. There are Junior N.C.O. Courses, Senior N.C.O. Courses and C.U.O. Courses varying in length from 10 days to three weeks. On these courses, cadets are trained to instruct others in service knowledge, armament, aircraft recognition and drill. If the cadets pass satisfactorily they are eligible for promotion. In the May vacation, Acting/Sgt. Allen and Cpl. Conner passed a Senior N.C.O. Course, with Cpl. Connor coming first; L.A.C.'s Hickin, MacCarthy and Wall passed Junior N.C.O. Courses. There are also General Service Camps at which cadets become familiar with the routine of R.A.A.F. stations and obtain flying experience. Many cadets from our Flight enjoyed themselves in May on a General Service Camp.

This year a one day visit to R.A.A.F. Richmond was arranged. Most of the cadets went on this visit and enjoyed themselves especially when they were taken to the mouth of the Hawkesbury River and back in a Dakota.

There have been frequent visits to the Long Bay Rifle Range this year and there are bound to be more.

Groups of about 15 cadets from the Flight went out to the Range on Saturday mornings. The Flight will be entering a team in the Inter-Flight Rifle Shoot in October.

There were parades at Ashfield and Bankstown in connection with Anzac Memorial Services. Practices for these were held at Bankstown on Saturday mornings.

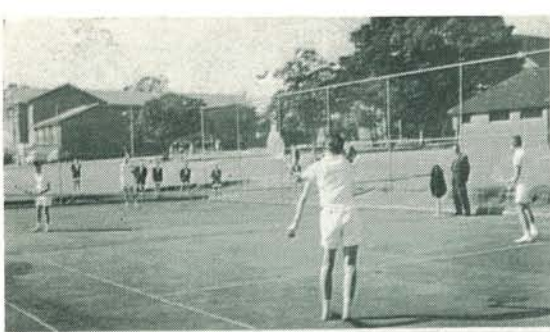
At the School Fete the Flight took part in the march up to the school from the station and the Aero Modelling Club gave a flying exhibition. Many cadets have been keenly interested in making model aircraft and have spent some of their lunch hours with the club.

Flt./Sgt. Sim and Sgt. Connor have been interviewed by a board of officers and have passed a medical examination for a Flying Scholarship. Only 10 of these are awarded in the State each year and these cadets have done well to get as far as they have. The decision now rests with the interviewing officers as they are both physically A1.

F/O Howland is to be congratulated on his promotion from Pilot Officer and we welcome two new officers to the Flight, Flt./Lt. Bitmead and Flt./Lt. Penman, also F/O Russel who has returned after being on leave in Japan.

Through the concentrated efforts of the officers assisted by the N.C.O.'s the course of training was completed quickly and an enjoyable year was had by all.

—W/O G. KING (5A)



AT WORK AND PLAY

These photographs feature recent additions to the School amenities.

1. The new tennis courts have been in operation for a year. Mr. Quail keeps a benevolent eye on future champions.

2 and 3. The new Manual Arts building, opened at the beginning of 1960, contains modern commodious classrooms and workshops. The photographs show classes at work in the metalwork and woodwork rooms.

4. The new Chemistry Laboratory was established in a space formerly occupied by two classrooms. An annex provides staffroom space for the Science staff, who periodically conduct strange experiments over bunsen burners with tea and frankfurters.

OUR GREAT BARRIER REEF

Along the north coast of Australia lies one of the greatest marine wonders of the world, the Great Barrier Reef. Recognised as the longest coral reef in the world, it spans its beauty and treachery over twelve hundred miles.

The reef takes many different forms. At its northern tip, the reef is one impenetrable wall, but as it finds its way southwards and moves farther out to sea it breaks up, forming numerous little groups of islands, and, finally, at its southernmost tip, it is one intricate maze of channels and treacherous sunken reefs.

One may ask how this reef, or series of reefs, came into being. Though the answer is not certain, it is believed that the coral flourished in the warm, shallow water. Certain agencies destroyed the coral, forming coral sand, from which the coral grew again. These layers of coral sand built up till at last the coral thrust its head above the surface of the sea. Here it continued to grow, die and disintegrate, until an island of coral sand was formed.

The reef is also one of the world's most superb natural zoos. It abounds in marine life. Crabs, turtles, starfish, oysters, shellfish, as well as teeming millions of small tropical fish, inhabit the reef's sprawling expanse.

It can truly be said that the Great Barrier Reef is a "Paradise in Nature."

—IAN WILLEY (2A)

R. J. MOORE

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THE MUSIC AND DRAMA FESTIVAL

The Music and Drama Festival was held in the School Hall on the nights of Tuesday, 22nd, and Wednesday, 23rd August, to a near-capacity audience on each night.

The School Orchestra opened the programme with a stirring rendition of the March from "Carmen," by Bizet, followed by the familiar Strauss waltz, "An Artist's Life."

The first play of the evening was "Shivering Shocks," presented by Class 1B and produced by Mr. J. O'Sullivan. This amusing melodrama was performed with vigour and originality by S. Blackshaw, H. Slee, P. Hanlin, R. Hankin, C. Dingle and W. Lill.

Following "Shivering Shocks" came two instrumental items. The first was a well-received trumpet duet by Paul Snitch and Barry Lees, who played "Because," by Hardelot. The second was Grahame King's very sensitive rendition on the flute of "Song of India" and "Dancing Doll."

The next play was the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" presented by Class 3A. This was a most colourful play, and the fine interpretation of Shakespeare's characters reflects great credit on the producer, Mr. A. Howland, and the cast, G. Evans, P. Halton, S. Heuston, G. Scott, J. Adamson, B. Goldsmith, R. Fenwick, P. Matthews, K. Kirkham, A. Semionov, C. Weiss, K. West, R. Smart, T. Brown.

The School Orchestra (R. Peters, C. Miles, D. Salter, R. Humphreys, G. King, P. Furniss, B. Mayall, P. Snitch, D. Vos, B. Lees, G. Howie, I. Baker and M. Catt) then returned to present "Pavane," by Ravel, an item much enjoyed by the audience. This was followed by a piano duet by Colin Bull and Malcolm Catt, who played "Sheep May Safely Graze," by Bach, and "Jamaican Rhumba," by Arthur Benjamin. This was an outstanding performance by two talented young musicians.

Before the interval the Headmaster spoke briefly of the importance of cultural activities in the school curriculum, and thanked the producers, the musical director

and the boys for the fine work they had done. He was supported by Mr. Golding, president of the P. and C. Association, and Mr. Cannon, the association treasurer.

The School Choir opened the second half of the programme with two songs, the first, excerpts from "Polovtsien Dances" and the second, the chorus from Act 1 of "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart. The excellent performance by the choir was a tribute to the continued hard work put into practises by the conductor and the boys themselves.

4F's play, "The Drovers," was an excellent performance of a difficult play that required much delicacy of characterisation. The cast was: K. Paterson, I. Harris, I. Cameron, C. Johnson, D. Brandt, M. Widdup and L. Gay.

The final musical item was presented by the School Orchestra, whose rendition of Mozart's "Rondo" brought much applause from an appreciative audience.

The programme was brought to a conclusion with 4B's play, "Thread o' Scarlet," an outstanding example of character acting. Congratulations to producer, Mr. G. Roe, and the cast, R. Holloway, M. Besser, G. Ponchard, D. Bartlett, D. Baker and B. Dawson.

Sincere thanks are given to all workers behind the scenes, to Mr. K. Mackinnon, as stage manager, and his team of helpers; to Mr. J. Butler, in charge of lighting and the microphone; to Bill Kingsley, who so capably took over the duties of announcer, and to the Prefects, who acted as ushers and programme sellers. We are grateful to those members of the Ladies' Auxiliary and to Mrs. Hawkins, who so kindly assisted in the make-up, and special thanks are due to Mr. Cox, for all the extra work so willingly undertaken.

Congratulations must go to the musical director, Mrs. M. Corcoran, on whose shoulders fell the responsibility of producing and rehearsing all musical items, and whose cheerful and untiring efforts assured the success of the festival and made my duties as producer so much the lighter.

—C. S. BARR

DAVID JONES

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ATMAN

(Awarded the John Tierney Literary Prize for 1961,
Senior Section)

ALPHA

Here we, the two, standing always apart
I the beginning, the inception—
The base on which the whole of man's great deeds
Must build. For I am inspiration; I
The seeds of poesy, am she that does make bloom
The deep recesses of men's minds, in flights
Of imaginative fancy, which touch
That divine ground, the final consummation
Of the soul's whole being. This great quality,
Unknown quantity, found in all of man's
Creations . . . For he himself is nothing;
He can be only when he has kindled
That spark of divinity, that doth lie
Deep hid within himself. For I, in short,
Am Hope.

OMEGA

I am the end, the destruction,
The real instrument of destiny.
Man has his moments — often do I choose
To leave unnoticed one who would boast that
He hath conquered me. He builds his Babels,
He steels his fire, and often hides behind
His mind — his paltry intellect, the shell,
The hollow fraud, which leads him to believe
That he has comprehended his whole state
Of man. He would distract himself with lust—
The works of man, the specious substitutes
For thinking. He so fills his mortal being
With excitement — the cheap thrills, the daily
Sensation in the screaming press, the primeval
Throb of music — all that do serve to hide
The inevitable doom, drawing ever
Closer with each shot: but he doth ignore me
And my omnipresent influence,
Which ruthless cuts and crushes, smashes, throws
To that forsaken ground all that cannot
Kindle its own spark. For I am Fate.

TOGETHER

Further apart than no two men are we
And yet we work together, not opposed.

ALPHA

I, the Alpha, point the way to glory;
This way or be damned.

OMEGA

And I will take
All they that cannot persevere.

TOGETHER

Can man
Not find peace? The way of grace is long and hard.
All too easily can the uncertain soul
Lose himself in the forests of the poor
Superficial, flint-hard to true beauty,
And yet as brittle. He knows not the close
Brotherhood of beauty and eternity;
He sees culture in learning, faith in
Pietism, In all things, emotion, or
Hollow reason — smother or deny.

ALPHA

For my true inspiration he mistakes
The frenetic excitement of the crowd,
The mainstream of life. Or he would transcend
His humdrum life by feeling — he believes
That his fellow cannot experience
That which now stirs him. Sometimes he pretends
He is ahead of the crowd — pace-setter,
Originator, early disciple;
As soon as he detects the seeds of a
Popular movement, he sows them in his
Own plot, there to nurture them, and reap
The grains of popularity, soon to
Moulder and die. The grain begins to rot:
Its sower tears it by the roots, and casts
It from the plot.

OMEGA

And soon shall they be damned:
They, who would smother their soul when it pricks,
Or who, sincerely, unintentionally
And damnably wreak their own destruction,
Denying their own soul, or mistaking for it
The stirrings of the flesh. They that would escape
Defilement by a warming of the heart:
An injection of grace by emotion,
To suffice unto the last?

TOGETHER

No, never
By these means can man have grace; but only
By feeding his soul and denying his lust,
His quest for gain — Lothario, magpie-mind;
All are equal, all are given that which
They need — only must they kindle the fire,
Find their souls. Not closing the mind in blind
Supplication, but opening it, with
The guidance of divine inspiration;
Self-sacrifice, not for the righting of
A wrong, but for its own sake. Detachment,
The complete subjugation of the self,
The mind, the body, to the divine, that which
Is held in common — the link which joins mankind
As one great whole — yes, thus shall man find grace.
Only thus shall he link himself with Him
In Whose being Alpha and Omega, the
Beginning and the end, Hope and Fate, reach
Complete agreement and perfection, and
Who gave us our legacy divine,
We who, like Barrabas, count for nought.

—C. ARMITAGE (5A)

BOOKS IN THE OUTBACK

Harold Theodore Darwin is librarian for the book-hungry people of South Australia's lonely outback. This man lends an average of eight hundred books on each one thousand six hundred miles round trip.

Inside his van he has a four-gallon tank of water, a four-gallon drum of petrol, a sleeping bag, tinned food for a fortnight, an extra tube, a spade, an assortment of tools, and one thousand books.

He charges one shilling per book, lending an average of eight hundred books on each of his trips into "Australia's Dead Heart."

—K. HARDWICK (1D)

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY"

A Conflict of Philosophies
(Highly commended)

In deep and dark recesses of the dell,
As ere the sun beyond the rocky cliff
Strove vainly, in the morning cool and fresh,
To penetrate that valley's verdant calm;
Here then the stream flowed quietly along,
With little rushing noises from the rocks
Above. Yet as the time roll'd on, there came,
Contrasting all the bush's varied greens,
Vibrating, golden shafts of sunlight, thinn'd
By towering trees and bushy, stunted scrub.

The while I thus sat musing in the glade,
The three wise monkeys, famed in law, to me
As in a dream then came set on their log:
The one, whose hands were covering his eyes,
Another's ears were cover'd, and the last
Had cover'd up his mouth — (No evil see,
No evil hear, no evil speak); as they
Most suddenly before me came to teach.

But now I sat in shying wonderment,
And when I had my courage screw'd to speak,
I thus began: "But why do ye remain
Thus Blind, thus Deaf, thus Dumb? wilt thou, O Blind,
Who canst both hear and speak, wilt act for all,
And answer all that I may ask of thee?"

Thus spake he in reply to me and said,
"Withdrawn to a secluded spot, our last
Recession from this world of things, from men
Who worship wealth and power; and who find worth
And value in those things which we abhor;
And so thus Blind, thus Deaf, thus Dumb we are.
As thou hast said, 'No evil see, none hear,
None speak', lest we by all the sins and taints
Of this world may be soil'd from state most pure."
This is the worthiest aim that could be found
But th' execution of their aim was poor,
So to myself I thought: how narrow yet,
And void these creatures seem, no word, not e'en
The smallest thought of comfort do they give;
They seem that they know not their Master saith:

Give comfort to My children, speak ye words
Of strength unto My City of the Law,
And tell her: FIGHT NO MORE! her sin's forgiven.

By now the sun had ris'n high'r and stream'd
Unstopped by foliage; now the creek, its gleam
Reflected by the bubbles gurgling on
In shining splendour, is the image true
Of Nature's charm and wondrous awe display'd.
We sat, in meditation, to the sound
Of flocks and herds and screams of peacocks blue,
Their hundred-eyes fann'd out in great array.
Anon there came a beauteous child, who might,
Indeed, have, of the Still Small Voice, Who spake
On Horeb to His messenger, when storm
Had rent the rocks, and earthquake roar'd, and fire
Belch'd forth, a portrait been; and lo, then she,
Along the ridge her way pursued, and here
And there she stoop'd to pick the bracken fern,

Boronia and the flannel flowers. The Blind
Her beauty could not see, while yet as she,
With motion delicate, grasp'd curling fronds,
The summer sun beneath unfurl'd that morn
To scatter drops of dew on grass around.
E'en as she stoop'd, there slid from 'neath her feet
A loosen'd rock: though small yet still she tripp'd,
And roll'd close in its wake the long and steep
Embankment down: (with canes of that cruel vine,

The blackberry pernicious, was it strewn).
She tumbled down and, as she went, the thorns
Were tearing her fair flesh with vicious claws—
Her hands, her feet, her side with briar
Were rent; but yet the grasses soft and thick
Did stay her fall: her bones broke not: her shock'd
Cry shrill'd; but I dar'd not to aid her, and,
Among the three, the Dumb the only one;
Because the Blind her plight could not perceive,
However much her cry rang in his ears;
The Deaf heard not her cry and though he saw
Her fall, he deem'd her needs no consequence.
Only the Dumb with realisation went,
And rais'd her up, but could no comfort give:
Through fear of speaking evil spoke no good
That might take of her anguish'd burthen's weight.

Then suddenly, as suddenly they came,
The monkeys and the child no more were seen.
The sun its zenith reach'd and I set out;
Upward o'er the mountain from this glen
Of discourse sad I toil'd my way and thus,
Far from the peacocks blue and flocks and herds
And glistening mountain creeks far, far away
From clouds that o'er the thin rock wall,
As towards the bustle of the world I made return.
I thought: "Refrain not from all deeds lest sin,
With its engulfing tentacles may seize,
Devour, consume the living soul, to so
Omit th' appointed good to do, when those
In need beseeching you appear your way
To throng,——"
Now having learnt that not by abstinence
From evil deeds are this world's hurts destroy'd.
Yea, rather with determination sure,
Decided I with eyes, with ears, with tongue,
The very talents which they did not use,
And all of my resources thus to aid
Not only just a few of those in need
But all whom I may meet in Life's hard way
To ev'n the least of these His little ones.

—E. McNEAL GRANTHAM (5A)

"2B TOP TEN"

1. "Share and Share Alike" by Mr. Brown.
 - *2. "I'm Gonna Click on my Pen" by Miss Perrin.
 3. "I'll Take this Opportunity" by Mr. Coffey.
 4. "The Bend over Boogie" by Mr. Lisle.
 5. "I'm Gonna Pull on Your Ears" by Mr. Clinch.
 6. "Take your Frown off your Forehead" by Mr. Moore.
 7. "I'm Gonna Land You One" by Mr. Dicker.
 8. "Du bist ein Dummkopf" by Mr. Rowe.
 9. "Up to my Bench!" by Mr. Brownjohn.
 10. "Thursday Afternoon" by Miss Ryan (library).
- * Star performer.

—CLASS 2B

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IS IT MUSIC?

Not long ago an entertainment personality brought certain celebrities from America to appear in a series of demonstrations throughout Australia. Several such demonstrations were held in Sydney. Here the cream of Australia, eager to hear their particular idol, assembled amid much fire display and screaming from the boys and girls of the audience. These people, especially the girls, appeared to enjoy themselves so much that they made sure they heard only an occasional note of the rock 'n' roll which stimulated their voices to such an extent.

What is this rock 'n' roll? It is a very primitive energetic kind of song whose basis is a frantic regular rhythm and three chords of the simplest degree. Each song is almost invariably of tertiary form and its theme is always that of romantic love — a perfectly sound form and a most pleasant theme, but monotonous when used every time. The same chord progressions universally acclaimed, appear in every song.

Culture is "important by mental or physical training, intellectual development". As Sir Malcolm Sargent said, "Rock 'n' roll is good exercise, but that is its only value". It affords the musically uneducated person, who is unwilling to learn, an excellent opportunity of understanding some form of music. Ever since we have been compelled to listen to transistor radios slung over the shoulders of "spectre-thin" youths with cigarettes hanging from their mouths, this new music has not progressed a centimetre. It has not been improved or developed, and thus is not cultural, and therefore can hardly be termed music.

The exponents of this new art are and look as uncultural as an uncut diamond. A talent scout hears their voices over the telephone, and provided they can wobble their feet and click their fingers, their fortunes are made. So scared are they of ruining their reputations that when performing over television their records are played while they mime the appropriate actions. To set the good example to their screaming fans they crash their expensive cars at excessive speeds.

The serious musician, on the other hand, studies hard for years, often from early childhood, plunging himself deeper and deeper into the wonders of true music. He must master his instrument technically and, far more difficult, must master his mind in order to interpret and make his instrument speak the music in the correct tone of voice.

Surely it is not reasonable, then, for serious, well-trained musicians to earn only the tiny fraction of what these comparatively untrained minstrels manage to make. It is similar to paying an office secretary five times as much as a doctor who has spent six long years of his life in concentrated study.

Then, inevitably we must come to the small point of borrowing from the classics. One can imagine Grieg's bones squirming in his grave whenever his magnificent piano concerto, in its abridged version is played over the ether. Tchaikovsky, too, is often violated. Have the arrangers no consciences whatsoever? The rock 'n' roll musician, rather than acquiring profundity, almost radiates profanity.

However, this new music reflects the spirit of the age in which we are living. It is the age of mechanism. Cars and aeroplanes transport people from place to place in amazingly small intervals of time; washing machines wash and dry clothes for the housewife. The

regular furious pace of the rock 'n' roll song somewhat displays the pace of this age of automation.

This new form of exercise is extremely superficial containing enough beauty in it to last three weeks compared with three centuries and more of the compositions of serious man. Pray that it will soon dissolve.

—MALCOLM CATT (5A)

WHERE MAN HAS ERR'D

As a myriad of light streams through the trees,
A thought of wonder and glory grasps my soul:
To think that there might be but One who could
Create such a beauteous sight in man's eye,
And yet he is forgotten

Instead, man has experimented in creation himself,
And produced marvels at which the young look in awe.
But they do not realise the Mastery of God's Art—
For that, man has despised, and is prepared to wean
his line
To the fruits of evil things.

But the Almighty will revenge his forgotten state
In the Day of Judgment, where, at the meeting with
the Maker,
All who have realised His desire for our lives
Will ascend, to a being where the beauties of Nature
Do not lie unwanted.

Those who destroy nature and build corruption,
Shall reach damnation — hell — destruction!

—GEOFFREY DETHLEFS (5A)

OUR DUTY

One of the languages you must learn;
To one of the sciences you must turn;
To read all about "The Grecian Urn";
That capital meets with diminishing return;
All this we're told constantly;
But do not believe all that you're told,
For the very best subject, I aim to uphold,
Can never be studied by you, or by me.

Learn how to make out a Profit and Loss,
Balance the books and close them all off;
Glean wisdom from Sheakespeare,
Though he be a nut;
And pound with a chisel, and ham it all up;
But you have learnt nothing,
To this I avow,
Till you're taught it thrice daily,
And starting from now!

For every young boy (our teachers can't know)—
Even Messel agrees, and he ought to know,
Since it's taught where he teaches
(Or maybe he preaches)—
Must thrice every day to the call of the whistle
Out to the yard and build up his gristle.

For every young fellow, whoever he be,
Must into the yard and do his P.E.:
Thrice every day, through shine, rain or hail,
Must into the yard and perform his travail.
Yes, though your bones be far from elastic,
You must strive to become a scholastic gymnastic.

—R. BALL (5C)

A HIGH SCHOOL GEOMETRY

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS

- Pupils in the same High School and the same class are equal to one another.
- A single desk is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
- All other desks being taken, a single desk is said to be a double desk.
- A teacher is a parallelogram — that is an oblong angular figure which cannot be described but which is equal to anything.
- A headmaster is a square that sits on a parallelogram.
- A wrangle is the disinclination between a pupil and a teacher which meet together but are not in the same line.
- The head of a bright pupil comes to a point.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS

- A cane may be produced any number of times.
- A pupil may be reduced to his lowest terms by a series of propositions.
- A capable chemistry teacher can judge the success of an experiment by merely putting his nose to it.
- If from the opposite ends of a science laboratory the shortest possible line be drawn passing along all the benches in turn then the pipe which supplies the bunsen burners will lie along that line.
- An efficient woodwork teacher can tell a bright pupil from a dull one by tapping his head gently with a hammer.
- Up to a point the amount of knowledge absorbed by a class is directly proportional to the amount of sound emitted by the teacher.
- If the wrangle between one pupil and the teacher be equal to the wrangle between the teacher and another pupil, each to each, then so shall the weekly homework of the pupils be equal also, each to each.
- For if not, let the weekly homework of one be the greater: then the weekly homework of the other

will be less than it might have been — which is absurd.

Apologies to Stephen Leacock and Euclid.

—G. KING (5A)

LAUGHTER WITH LARGE PROPORTIONS

- When I was young, I had a nice friend. We lived near each other. He was very nice. One day we went for a walk. We went down the road. When we got to the shops we saw a fat lady. She was very fat.
- "Brian," I said, "Look at that fat lady."
- "I am," said Brian.
- "She's fat, isn't she?" I said.
- "Who?" said Brian.
- "The fat lady," I said.
- "Yes," said Brian, "she's pretty fat."
- We started to laugh. She was very nice; she started to laugh too. We looked at her. She was very nice; she was going very red; she was shaking all over with laughter. It was very funny.
- It wasn't our fault. She didn't watch the footpath. She was watching us. She was laughing too much to see it. It was very funny. When she trod on the banana, it wasn't our fault. She didn't watch the banana.
- "Brian," I said, "She's fallen over."
- "Yes," said Brian, "She's fat isn't she?"
- "Look!" I said, "She was carrying eggs."
- We both looked. The eggs were very messy. They looked funny on her face. We both laughed. We felt tears coming. They were coming very quickly, my sides were hurting: I felt very weak. Soon we stopped laughing: we looked at the fat lady. She was looking at us. She wasn't laughing.
- "Brian," I said, "She's not laughing."
- "No," said Brian. "I think she's choking!"
- We looked at her, she was going very purple. It was very funny: we didn't laugh.
- "Brian," I said, "Let's run!"
- "Yeah," said Brian, "Let's run."
- We ran.

—B. TRAYLEM (3F)

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PHONE: LA5461 (6 lines)

AN ANCIENT MESSAGE

The date was November 23, 1947. The United Nations was within days of deciding the fate of Palestine. Tense Jerusalem was divided into two hostile camps. Through the barbed wire fence which preserved the peace, an Armenian antiquities dealer showed Professor E. Sukenik, head of the Hebrew University's Department of Archaeology, a scrap of leather. With the eyes of a scholar who had dedicated his life to the discovery and interpretation of the buried remnants of his people's past, Dr. Sukenik saw at once that the Hebrew letters on it were familiar to him and might very probably be about two thousand years old. The dealer explained that the scrap was part of a find of ancient parchment scrolls brought to Bethlehem by Bedouins who had discovered seven scrolls enclosed in jars in a cave near the Dead Sea, while they were looking for a stray goat.

It took several days for Dr. Sukenik to study the scrap carefully — and to decide it was real beyond doubt. With war between Israel and the Arab countries a near possibility, Dr. Sukenik saw that this could be his last chance to examine the find, and to secure the scrolls. On the eve of the Partition Plan decision, he made a dangerous journey to Bethlehem and bought three scrolls. But when he tried to obtain additional scrolls, he discovered to his disappointment that the four remaining scrolls had been sent to the United States in the hope of finding a purchaser there. Dr. Sukenik could not have known that a year after his death in 1953, a General in the Defence Army of Israel would recover the apparently lost scrolls. An archaeologist as well as a soldier, General Yigael Yadin was shown an advertisement in the Wall Street Journal. Four Dead Sea scrolls were being offered for sale.

Thus General Yadin . . . the oldest son of Dr. Sukenik, found himself on the trail of the great prize that had almost been within his father's grasp seven years earlier. A quarter of a million dollars was the price being asked — what an astounding sum that seemed — but thanks to the generosity of a New York businessman interested in the scrolls, General Yadin was able to purchase the scrolls for Israel — their natural home. When the scrolls finally arrived in the Holy Land, the news of their purchase was announced to the world, the Government of Israel decided to establish a special "Shrine of the Book" at the Hebrew University to house the scrolls and to be a centre for Biblical research.

The seven scrolls treasured in the Hebrew University take us from the prophetic age of Isaiah, through the spiritual life of the Dead Sea community which wrote them, to the simple natured manners of the Genesis fragment. Their impact on Biblical, historical and theological scholarship has been revolutionary. They are the past made alive: the promise of further, vastly illuminated research into the history of the land and the people of Israel.

—S. ZWEIG (4B)

THE ABSURDITY OF ADVERTISING

One of the most prosperous of present day industries is that of advertising. In the last twenty years fortunes have been made by a select few who have had the foresight to predict the potential of advertising.

Advertising plays a great part in our daily lives. All of our newspapers, most of our radio stations and



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Box 2, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.**

most of our television stations are completely supported by advertising. This is amazing since the advertising art is simply the art of putting over — and I say putting over — utter balderdash.

And we all swallow it. Do we ever stop to contemplate the wording of advertisements? In most cases I think not.

Of course, there are the more obvious fallacies. The advertisers take the view that Australians have so much money that we consider it a restriction to life; and thus give us the opportunity to rid ourselves of it. This is made easier for us by placing the word "from", or perhaps "only", in front of all prices; especially, of course, if they are in the three figure bracket.

Also there are the classical examples of alliteration that plague many advertisements. These would, no doubt, delight the hearts of all Professors of English Literature who regularly prepare candidates for a well known public examination in New South Wales. I can sense the sighs as one of these distinguished gentlemen reads in his Sunday newspaper about "glorious gladioli" and "champion carnations"; and, to get away from flowers, "the festive first fabrics of spring".

But many advertisements have an amusing side to them. It seems that the paint manufacturers have now met their match in footwear manufacturers for producing the most absurd names for colours. Isn't "nautical navy", "caramel calf" and "airy white" taking things a bit too far?

Then there are the blatant slanders that are published almost daily in the newspapers. "Are you a sensible saver at 6%?" appeared recently. Things in general must be going downhill when the intelligence of every member of the community is questioned; and so tactlessly!

The implication of many advertisements are quite doubtful. This extract from an advertisement for a beauty salon is typical:

" . . . and care of specially trained staff (several male operators) . . . " Please, why call them "operators"?

I was most sympathetic when I read recently: "Sensational prices! Coats slashed!"

The overwhelming confidence of advertisers always makes me smile. "Don't be squeezed out of the queues" is a regular performer in the cinema advertisements. Also an electric blanket manufacturer claims he has "The best warmer in the world". I don't believe a word of it.

Then there is the verbose advertisement. I did not have to look far to find one. My newspaper informs me that a "Macgillicrankie Super Convair Force — Heat Two — Speed Fan" is now on the market.

One of the latest devices is to play on the masculine individuality of men. A firm now produces the "P.F.M." (Pen For Men) which has "the husky look in pens with the feel of a favourite golf club". A branded cigarette "with a touch of Turkish", challenges, "Will you dare to be this different?"

I trust that you will have more fun with advertisements in the future. If you take more notice of them you will. Many of them are quite ridiculous and are bound to provide you with some first class entertainment.

—J. TAYLOR (5A)

DOORKNOBS

Once again the time has come to investigate the doorknob. A doorknob may be defined as a protuberance, usually rounded, on the surface of a door. The doorknob's brother is the doorknocker, an appendage, usually of iron or brass so hinged to the door that it may be struck against a metal plate to call attention. However in the present age of labour saving devices, the physical exertion of lifting a heavy appendage is too great and may be avoided by the purchase of a doorbell. A few people, conscious of physical fitness, remain in the realms of the dark ages by retaining the doorknocker.

In the childhood of history, man discovered that if a door was to be constructed it had to be opened and closed. It was an unsatisfactory arrangement to kick the door open for, as well as producing blood blisters, the condition of the door rapidly deteriorated with every kick. So the doorknob was developed. The popular host of this time discovered that his polite guests, on announcing their arrival, produced irregularities in the surface of the door with their clubs. So the ingenious host placed an old club on the door with a note "Please knock", and so the first doorknocker was evolved.

As time flew on, the homes became larger, their walls thicker and their doors heavier. This trend continued, resulting in the castles of the Middle Ages. The doorknockers of this age are perhaps well known by the "knock, knock, knock", needed to awaken the porter and provide a break in the suspense of a play. In keeping with loudness of the knock required by the playwright, the doorknockers were of a considerable size while the doorknobs were of a similar stout proportion.

From the Victorian Age to the Atomic Age the doorknob and doorknocker have become decorative items as well as functional. The doorknob of a door or cupboard, as well as being a protuberance, in some cases has lengths of coloured metal twisted "with mazy motion" around the knob. The doorknob has belittled itself from an important position on the door to the position of being a mere figurehead. The doorknocker, too, has become a mere figurehead moulded into the shape of "blushing roses" or the head of a "tiger". They are fragile, delicate in looks, and must be polished and polished again or watched while this figurehead gathers dirt from the four corners of the world.

The doorknockers have replaced the sweet music of one's shout but now are being eradicated as previously stated. So too the doorknob will pass on its way. Photo electric cells developed in the dark rooms of science departments will bring about the opening and closing of doors upon one's approach.

Finally when the world comes to an end the unornamented door will be the same as the plain door first developed by man with no doorknobs or doorknockers. Perhaps if doorknobs and doorknockers were never invented, the world's development would have proceeded from the primitive beginnings straight to the electronic age without the cumbersome years of doorknobs between.

—LEONARD BAKER (5A)

COLOUR IN NATURE

Imagine a world without colour, a world seen as through the lens of a newsreel camera, a world of black and grey and white. Much of the breath-taking beauty of the Creation would disappear, the only beauty to be appreciated perhaps being found in the harmonies of music. Gone would be the beauty of the flowers, of the birds, of the forest glens, of the whole of Nature. It is the beauty of Nature, painted in glorious colour by the hand of God, that is a source of happiness to many. Without colour the world would become stale and monotonous.

What then, is colour? Colour is a quality attributed by the mind to visible objects as a result of differences of wavelength in the light from them reaching the eye. When ordinary white light is split by a spectro-scope into the different wavelengths of which it is composed, each particular wavelength is seen to be of a different colour.

The sensation of colour is produced when electromagnetic radiations fall upon the retina of the eye. The eye does not analyse a mixture of these radiations; and a mixture of these radiations in suitable proportions produces the sensation of white light. The apparent colour of an object is due to the removal by absorption of certain radiations, the reflected or transmitted radiations producing the effect of colour. The apparent colour depends as much upon the composition of the light by which it is viewed as it does upon its intrinsic properties. The eye is capable of recognising about ten million perceptibly different colours.

Colour blindness is the inability to distinguish between certain colours. Red, yellow and green may all be registered as green by the sufferer from this condition. Most often a congenital defect, it may also be a symptom in some diseases of the retina of the eye, in wasting of the optic nerve, and in tobacco poisoning.

Without insects the world would be a sombre place, for there would scarcely be a coloured flower to gladden our eyes. Floral colours have a pleasing effect on the aesthete, but it is for insects' eyes that these hues are designed. Insects form an integral part in the pollination of plants, which, like competitive tradesmen, advertise their nectar or pollen to insects by their displays of coloured petals. The perfume of flowers also attracts insects. Each particular group of flowers has its own group of pollinating insects. Hence different colours are displayed to attract different insects.

Many creatures are so coloured that they resemble their surroundings and are thus inconspicuous to their enemies or to their prey. The colours harmonise with those of their natural surroundings, and consequently, having merged into the environment, they are visible only at close inspection. Animals that live in the snowy regions around the Poles are usually white; for example, the Polar Bear, Arctic Fox and Northern Hare. Sometimes the white hue is assumed only in winter, as in the Ptarmigan (North American bird) and the Northern Hare. In the dry areas the prevailing colour is a tawny red or brown, as in the Arabian Camel. The striping of the tiger makes the animal imperceptible in dry, up-standing grass, while the rosettes of the leopard match the patches of light and shadow among the trees of the tropical forests. The stripes of the perch match the reeds among which it lurks.

On the other hand, some creatures, e.g. the skunk and salamander, which have strong means of defence, or are inedible, or of objectionable odour, are highly conspicuous. This is known as warning colouring. Some

creatures possessing no means of defence closely resemble those that have. For example, some flies and the clearing moths closely resemble wasps and hornets. The generally accepted explanation is that these cryptic colours and patterns, originally due to the tendency to variation in all living things, have been reached through natural selections, the individuals which harmonise least with their environments being the most likely to fall a prey to their enemies. Thus Nature makes a practical use of colour, while, at the same time, it provides indescribable beauty.

—H. FISHER (5A)

FREUD

Sigmund Freud was, by profession, a physician. He treated people by his own methods and today would be called a psychiatrist.

Freud was not a medical doctor by choice. To quote him: "After forty-one years of medical activity, my knowledge tells me that I have never really been a doctor in the proper sense. I became a doctor through being compelled to deviate from my original purpose." What was Freud's original purpose? It was to understand some of the puzzles of nature and to contribute something to their solution.

Freud was also a scientist. He studied physiological phenomena as a young medical student. His early experience in the laboratory provided him with excellent discipline in scientific method.

In the 1890's Freud discovered what kind of a scientist he desired to become. In a letter to a friend, he wrote: "It is psychology which has been the goal beckoning me from afar." For the remainder of his life, Freud was a psychologist.

Physician, psychiatrist, scientist, psychologist. Freud was all of these things. But he was something more. He was a philosopher.

Freud's philosophy was social and humanitarian. It took the form of building a philosophy of life. Freud's philosophy of life can be summed up in a phrase "Knowledge through science".

Freud's close knowledge of human nature made him both pessimistic and critical. His opinion of the greater part of mankind was not very high. He felt that the irrational forces of man's nature are so strong that the rational forces have little chance of success against them.

Freud was also a social critic. He believed that society, which has been fashioned by man, reflects, to a great extent, man's irrationality. He believed that the influence of man on society and of society on man is a vicious circle from which only a few hardy souls can free themselves.

Freud thought that the situation might be bettered by the application of psychological principles in raising and educating children. This would mean naturally, that parents and teachers would have to undergo a psychological re-education before they could be effective agents of reason and truth. Freud believed that this was the only way to create a better society and better people.

Physician, psychiatrist, psycho-analyst, psychologist, philosopher and critic; yet even these do not convey Freud's importance to the world. The only word which really conveys his importance is the word "genius". Indeed Sigmund Freud was a very wise man.

(Based on an extract from "A Primer of Freudian Psychology" by Calvin S. Hall.)

—H. KNOWLES (4B)

OUT INTO SPACE

A vast new frontier is being opened for man to explore. This frontier is called space and has aroused man's curiosity for as long as he has existed. This curiosity was excited by Galileo when he invented the telescope which resulted in the discovery that the moon is solid and that many stars are planets which appear small only because of the immense distance.

Plans to go to these planets were little more than dreams until the Germans launched the V2 from Penemunde, a secret research station on the Baltic coast, during the Second World War. The V2 was the first of the modern rockets or missiles and many of them were used to bombard Great Britain. At the end of the war, the allies captured many of the German scientists and caused them to design and build rockets and missiles for them. These early missiles were difficult to control. Their engine and fuel pumps and tanks were efficient but this controlling difficulty (in direction only, stabilisers could keep the rocket on a straight course for as long as the fuel lasted) held up the development of the big space rockets.

When all the difficulties had been overcome sufficiently for the rockets to be used as space vehicles or guided missiles, the development of the rockets went on until their range and speed had greatly increased.

In 1957, the Soviet Union launched the first satellite, Sputnik I, and soon afterwards, there were a few American satellites of which the first was Pioneer I. Russia had already succeeded in launching a dog into space, hitting and circling the moon, launching two confirmed manned satellites and recovering them successfully with the men in good condition after orbiting the earth. America has successfully launched monkeys, recovering them in good health, and two manned satellites, recovering them two hundred miles down range.

To escape from earth's gravity, a speed, which is called the escape velocity, of twenty-five thousand miles per hour is needed. Once this speed is reached, the engines may be shut off and the rocket ship left to "coast" onwards. For bodies of lower gravity than the earth, a speed less than this may be used. For example, the escape velocity from the moon is only five thousand miles per hour. In theory, a rocket could leave the earth at a lower speed if the engines are kept running all the time but enormous amounts of fuel would be used up. At present, the first method is the only practical method.

The satellites which have been launched by the Soviet Union and the United States were launched by rocket with the speed of about seventeen or eighteen thousand miles per hour. To orbit successfully, these satellites must be high enough to be clear of the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere and they must have a speed giving them the centrifugal force which balances the gravitational pull trying to tug them back to earth. This speed is known as the orbital velocity. Most of the satellites launched to this date have come down because they were not quite clear of the atmosphere. The minute but continual air drag slows them down which lessens the centrifugal force thus allowing the satellites to be pulled back to earth by gravity. Finally, the satellites overheat, as the air gets denser, and burn because of air friction.

These satellites carry automatic instruments run by solar heat, the readings of which are sent back to earth by radios. This vital information consists of the temperatures in space, the intensity of cosmic, gamma and other radiation in space. Commercially, satellites can be used for communications such as television. The television

waves travel in straight lines so that they can be received on receivers within a radius of about one hundred miles only. The waves could be transmitted to a satellite, then relayed to other satellites to be sent back to earth or to be bounced off the satellite straight back to earth. Militarily, satellites can be used to house cameras which transmit the military undertakings in another country back to the country which launched the satellite.

Many different countries are designing space stations and interplanetary space ships. The United States has built models of space stations and they are testing atomic rocket engines for space travel, as well as extremely powerful and unused conventional rocket engines such as the Saturn which will be used for launching and powering the extremely large rockets which will carry men and materials for space exploration. The Soviet Union is probably testing similar engines. These developments and others will quickly open up the space frontier in our solar system.

—J. NAPIER (4B)

A PRAYER IS ANSWERED

The sun poured down its burnin' heat
On the tiny outback town.
I swung meself from the driver's seat,
The heat was gettin' me down.

I strolled into the local pub
And ordered a glass of beer.
The barmaid said, "A deener, bub,"
I drained it without cheer.

"Damned hot weather we're havin' of late,"
Said I to Harry Jones.
"Went close to killin' Bill, me mate,
Out near Dawson Stones."

Jones stared into his glass awhile,
Then threw down his shirt in a heap,
"This sort of weather's flamin' vile,
It's killed near all me sheep."

"I've never seen anything like it, mate;
No rain for a flamin' year.
The 'wet' has never been so late."
His voice was edged with fear.

The dust lay thick on the bar-room floor.
We resolved to try this way,
All walked out through the swingin' door
And up to the church to pray.

We all knelt down at the altar,
And prayed so hard to the Lord,
To send us some cool, clear water,
To soften ground, hard as a board.

Then, wanderin' back to the street again,
Old Charley's voice burst forth,
He shouted as though he was goin' insane,
"There's clouds away to the north."

Within an hour it started to pour.
The inches came tumblin' down.
Water made mud on the bar-room floor.
The Lord had delivered our town.

—G. PONCHARD (4B)

— LITERARY SECTION— JUNIOR

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OUR HERITAGE FROM THE SEA

The sea holds a strange fascination for Man. For centuries he has written poems, told stories and sung songs about its restless beauty and answered the call of the sea by going down to it in ships. He always spends his holidays either by the sea or near a river or lake so that he can be near water. Every day he gulps down gallons of water without which he cannot live longer than about one week. The hand that is writing this is soft and watery and your body is so saturated that it is only one third solid.

Why is Man so closely attached to the sea? The answer can be found two thousand million years ago when life first began on this planet. It was fathered by the sun and nurtured by the sea and its composition was as watery as the sodden landscape in which it was created. Man who has left the oceans is still mostly water and still as sodden as his ancestors were. Recently it was discovered that the water of which Man is so largely composed is of the same composition as the waters of the sea when life first appeared. The proportion of dissolved minerals roughly corresponds to the estimated quantities in those ancient seas (when the salt content was much less than in our oceans).

Even our blood is a relic of the days when Man lived under the sea and sea water was the universal circulating medium. It is simply a few evolved, developed and elaborated pints of sea water that comprise our own private oceans.

Since Man's canals first closed from the sea and became entirely internal his circulatory system has been able to evolve into a highly specialised fluid vital to all members of the higher animal kingdom. However, his basic needs are still the same as a sponge, respiration, nutrition and removal of waste products, so his blood is still comparable to sea water. When a person has lost a large proportion of his blood, a saline solution can be injected as a temporary substitute. But although our blood is 60 per cent water, the other 40 per cent are living blood cells (water "creatures") and have enabled the existence of so highly developed a form of life as Man. His eight pints of blood do the work of gallons of sea water and without it his compactness would be lost. He would have to be a giant jelly fish-like creature capable of existing only in water if all his millions of cells were to be fed.

If the centuries since the beginning of life were compressed into one year, Man would occupy the last few seconds and land creatures, the last few days. From an evolutionist's point of view Man has only recently emerged from the sea and is still dripping from all those centuries under water. He is not a land creature in the true sense of the word since his body is not mainly earth and his diet is not solid. Rather he is a kind of sea-creature breathing air who craves for water, lives mainly on water and is mainly water. Perhaps our love for the sea as well as our dependence on it stems from an innate remembrance of bygone days and when we are enjoying ourselves swimming in the water we are regressing to our forgotten ways.

This is part of our heritage from those far-off days when Man was a sea creature. But what would be our heritage if, those two thousand million years ago, the ancient seas had been filled with mercury, for instance? What strange forms would our bodies have taken? And what form would this earth have taken as a result?

—W. DAVIES (4A)

AUSTRALIA'S RABBIT PROBLEM

The rabbit problem in Australia is far more important than most people imagine. This problem was created by one or two men who did not realise that Australia was to be the rabbits, a land of opportunity.

Sometime near the beginning of the last century an Englishman and his family emigrated to Tasmania. He found the country a paradise but missed one thing — rabbits.

In desperation, he wrote to England and, some time later, received twenty four rabbits. He kept them as pets for a few years. Some of their descendants were then taken over to the still rabbitless mainland of Australia and set free.

Also in 1859, another settler released a few dozen rabbits on his land near Geelong.

Five years later that man was bitterly regretting his action. With guns, dogs and many men he managed one year to destroy twenty thousand descendants of the original twenty-four rabbits. He estimated that he had left untouched another ten thousand.

In spite of this warning, many Australian farmers encouraged the growth of the rabbit population.

One man was fined ten pounds for shooting rabbits on another man's land. Only two years after winning his case against the poacher, the farmer was forced to spend five thousand pounds in a hopeless attempt to exterminate the brown furred invasion.

By the end of the last century these harmless backyard pets had spread in their millions to South Australia, New South Wales and Queensland. The Rabbit Nuisance Act was passed in New South Wales making it compulsory for every farmer to destroy all the pests possible. More than a million and a half pounds were spent on fences, dogs, cats, guns, ferrets, traps and many different types of poisons in this State alone. Still the main body of the creatures remained untouched!

The great army of rabbits moved westward. The Western Australian Government frantically tried different methods to combat the onslaught. So serious was the problem that it was decided to fence off the State from the rest of the country. Many people were amazed at this rash decision. It was an impressive scheme — a fence stretching one thousand, one hundred and thirty nine miles from Esperance to Port Hedland. It was to be of wire netting, forty two inches high and of one and a quarter inch mesh. It was officially called "Number One Rabbit Proof".

But before it was completed the rabbits had established themselves on both sides of it!

"Number two Rabbit Proof" was begun immediately a hundred miles to the west. Soon "Number Three Rabbit Proof" stretched out to the west of Number Two.

The Government employed many fence riders to carry out repairs to damage caused by stock and fire. Several thousand pounds a year is needed to keep the fences in order.

Even Number Three fence does not altogether block the march of the millions.

Many poisons have been used throughout Australia to combat the pest. They have been partly successful.

Until some new and more effective method of extermination comes along, rabbits will be regarded as a serious threat to the nation's food supply.

—BARRY LEES (5A)

THE RACE

It was the morning of the big race, which was due to commence at one-thirty. Ron Seaton was already in the pits, checking and rechecking his car for any minor faults.

Ron was twenty-five years old, tall, extremely strong, and with a heart full of determination and daring. His father had been a leading racing car driver, until he was killed unexpectedly in a crash four years ago, and Ron was determined to emulate his father's driving skill. Ron had worked very hard for this event and had great hopes of winning.

The morning passed quickly, and it was soon time for the cars to line up at the start. Slowly Ron pushed his yellow Jaguar on to the track. The cars were guided into their correct places. There was a moment of tense expectation, then the flag was up. A deafening roar filled the arena as the cars began to accelerate. Ron manoeuvred his car into a fairly good position, behind a green Maseratti which was in second position.

Ten laps! He had to win.

At the beginning of the third lap, as he was turning into "Devil's Bend", a blue Ferrari streaked alongside him. The driver was forcing Ron to the edge of the road, in order to pass. Suddenly Ron lost control and the car began to skid dangerously. Ahead, a face was looming up. Ron fought to regain control of the apparently devil-possessed machine. At the last moment, the car seemed to right itself swerving into the centre of the road again.

Ron heaved a fervent sigh of relief, but noticed that two cars had overtaken him, and realised he must fight back for his lost position.

By the end of the sixth lap, after displaying amazing driving skill and intense concentration, he had regained his position. With a tremendous surge of power, he roared past the car in front. Only one car remained to be passed.

One lap to go, one car to pass; he was gaining, closer, closer. Now he was level. The two cars raised an ear-splitting noise as they tore around the track, locked together, appearing as one car. Then, slowly at first, but gathering speed all the time, the Jaguar pulled away.

Only half a lap to go now. Ron was twenty yards ahead; victory was surely his. Then, without warning,

flames began to curl from the back of his car. He was horrified, but the finishing line was in sight. He must win! The flames were growing and gathering at a furious rate. They were round him now, but by a superhuman effort he managed to get the car across the line.

As the car was slowing down, he hurled himself desperately out of the cockpit. A few seconds later, there was a shattering explosion; the Jaguar had blown up.

Ron hauled himself painfully to his feet, his body burnt and bruised, but he had won, and that was all that mattered.

—R. PETERS (4D)

THE BUSH FIRE

On the creaking fence sat old John Gunn,
Though his hair was grey his expression was young
And as he scanned the desolate place
A look of terror came over his face.

"Mathew, Henry, William and Tom!
Rustle yourselves or the crop will be gone,
For not far off on the wind-hewn plain
The bush fire's come to strike again!"

Bill grabbed a blanket, Tom a branch
Whilst the fire came on like an avalanche.
Mathew hastily, helped by Joe,
Made hoses ready to tackle the foe;

Over the fence and across the path,
Past the crop field to meet the wrath
Of the fire, with weapons held high.
Then one of them heard the ranger's cry.

"Help is coming!" he was heard to call
And the brawny band stood up to the wall
Of roaring flames, and struck with zest
And struck again; each did his best.

At last the weakening fire died out
And old John gave a jubilant shout,
"Well done, my lads" and shook each hand
Thankful that they had saved his land.

—A. LYONS (1A)

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NIGHT VISITOR

Deserted and peaceful, it seemed that the whole world was in this state, everyone in slumber. There was no life at all, apart from the few moths fluttering about the streetlights, that helped to break the blackness of the night. It was the type of night that made one feel very much alone and that all other human life had ended. This peacefulness was to end however, for in the distance could be heard the well defined clatter of a motor vehicle.

Presently, an old black truck came along and pulled up with a sound of screeching brakes. There was then a prolonged silence, which seemed to give the impression that the driver was hoping that his movements were undetected. The truck was parked in the shadows, with the motor slowly ticking over. Apparently the driver was to do a quick errand before returning.

Finally, he sprang nimbly from the seat and ran around to the back doors of his van. It was very cold and the sky was dark but infinitely clear. He pulled his cap down over his forehead and jerked a rag out of one of his shabby coat pockets. On finding that it was the wrong one, he replaced it, and burrowed into a pocket of his trousers. He wiped his nose and the sweat from his forehead, and replaced the cloth.

The driver scratched about in the back of his truck, and lit a match, in order to find everything he wanted. The match burnt his fingers, and he dropped it. He struck another to find his bag and light a cigarette. Having found the articles he wanted, he packed them into the bag and ran down the street. Arriving at a large house he lifted the gate latch, and ran down the red curving front path to the verandah.

The sweat now began to pour out of him, though his hands were freezing from the cold. He put down his bag and began to search around.

Suddenly a noise of breaking glass shattered the air. It was too late. He had smashed what he was looking for — the empty milk bottles.

Dear Lord, please bless our noisy young milkman, before someone else does!

—R. WINDSOR (4D)

LIFE

Antonio stood, unmoved, at the cliff top. A fine drizzle driven by a cold, sharp, biting wind lashed his face, taking all warmth from it. He was frozen. What did it matter? He would no longer feel cold — his body might — but he wouldn't. He would be dead. No, he would not feel it — or would he? The books say he won't. But how do they know? Have they ever died? How does anybody know what it is like? Men have died, but they could not tell him. Physicians could tell him no more than the physiological changes of his material body — his heart would stop, his lungs, his tissue would die . . . but what would happen to his inward body — his spirit, soul, or whatever it was — the one that made him think such things as now he thought.

As he fell, would he feel pain? If he did hit those rocks below, and be smashed on them — how would he know if he was dead? Others would, but how would he — he, himself? The Bible says the soul would live on, but how could it? Surely if the action of the body ceased, would not its spirit cease? His spirit seemed dependent on his body — his brain — so how could it live on? Maybe it was separate from his body . . . But if it was, his mind would not experience the mental anguish which now tortured it.

It was all too deep for him. Anyway, he would soon know.

He looked down. The waves rolled in, grey and slovenly in the early light. They dashed themselves furiously on the rocks — perhaps trying to smash them beneath their pounding blows.

He looked up. The sky was heavily overcast and the rain, which had now become heavier, blurred his vision.

Why had God created all these marvels of nature? God, who loved mankind — had He loved him? No! — Why, ever since he had migrated, he had not been accepted! Everyone shunned him: nobody spoke to him — except that woman — people looked at him in odd ways.

True, his skin was dark, but why should that make them stare wide-eyed at him? Oh, — was there no freedom from persecution in the world.

Why had he endured life so long anyway? He had earned money to buy food, to keep him alive . . . Why? So he could earn more money! But what was the use of living — the ulterior motive? He had heard that man was made to be loved. But what use was that when he left the world. He gained nothing from it. He himself had never gained anything — never been loved. Nobody liked him — nobody — NOBODY! The word pounded his head like a battering ram.

How could he see that figure standing but a few feet behind him — clutching the fence? She had not the courage to venture further, nor the strength to cry out. She had tried, but all that came forth was a hoarse whisper. She only stood, petrified — and prayed. Prayed that he would sense her presence. Would he sense her prayers — her love? . . . Or would he jump? . . .

—M. CULL (5A)

(For the benefit of tender-hearted Juniors, Antonio didn't jump. He is now happily married.—Ed.)

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The good old days are gone now,
And no more can return.
No longer shall we laugh, boys,
Down at "The Broken Urn."

No longer shall we sing, boys,
Our song of hearty cheer,
When we stroll up to the bar
And down the local beer.

No more the hearty fist-fights,
No more the ruffled hair,
When someone says that Lightning
Can beat Jim Thompson's mare.

No more the cheerful side-bets
About somebody's fight.
No more the age-old jokes, told
To everyone's delight.

The good old days are gone now,
Gone with "The Broken Urn."
They vanished with that pub, boys,
The night we watched it burn.

W. THOMPSON (5A English)

SOLITUDE

Silent is the night
Save for the silky slap
Of water against shore
In the wide-rimmed bay.

Slowly she comes;
Lithe, brown and strong.
Her wiry, sinuous limbs
Have borne many a brutal load
Of rough-hewn firewood,
Her long and lined hands
Have scolded, torn and caressed.
Wild grandeur in this place:
The frowning, towering crags,
The foaming crests,
The milky-white lash
Of the wash across the point.
All is soft, calm, here;
Benign, cradling, sheltering rocks —
All is quiet for the meeting.

Slow around the protective lee
She bobs,
Craning across surging current
Soon to gain the sudden quiet.

Is he?
Beata Maria . . .
Of course he is.
The tiny cockle, straining timbers
Draws in.

Now it rides
In slow rhythm at the windswept jetty.
A dinghy seems to fly across.
In no time at all
The scrape of prow
On gravel shore,
The muffled crunch, crunch,
Bare and gnarled feet
Trip up the strand,
Thwack across rock.

Suddenly, the projectile
Warm, fluttering flesh
In long surrender,
The warm rush of long-pent breath.

Two long months
Full sixty days
With never the sight of a woman
For sixty days.
We fishermen
Sail the salt sea wide
Far from home
To thronging shoal
They are taken thick and fast.
But oft do we long
As we homeward go
For just the sight of a woman.

Slow, pensive
Yet greedy for time
Upward they wend
To the crude, stone cot.
Come, warm night
In oblivion sweet.
Soon next morning

Hurry and dress
Up to the mission.
Familiar faces,
"Storm off the bight . . .
We pulled them in . . .
The children . . . yes, the colic."
Yet soon ancestral calm
Pax Dei.
Splendid colour
Resplendent figures,
Recite the ancient liturgy
The proud tongue of our fathers
Pagan, proud,
Purple-rimmed, with lordly tilt of chin
And straight aquiline nose
Yes, the eagle
Fiery destroyer, crushing phalanx . . .

Soon, the colours go,
Earthy brown and ascetic black
Retreat in the white splendour
Tinted with olives
White rosemary, and old-world ivy;
Rich, sated colours,
O for the sea.

But no, and all too soon —
One more night.
Fond, dawn farewells
On gravelly strand,
Around the point
Soon, not even memories
Are left to loneliness.

—C. ARMITAGE (5A)

ON TEST CRICKET

Australia is a land of normally calm, cool, sensible people. This blessed state can however be quite easily upset by the mention of two words — "Test Cricket". Suddenly the nation's serenity is shattered and a state of utter chaos prevails.

Normally some citizens suddenly find themselves awakening at three in the morning, whereupon they rush to their radio sets in a frenzied manner to learn the latest score. They sit entranced while a radio announcer makes "caustic comments" about the side of his colleague and the latter, in retaliation, attributes the mistake to the fact that the batsman's toe, or some other equally vital organ, is still causing him dire distress.

Far worse than this, these addicts of the little red ball refuse to be separated, for one moment, from the somewhat shaky and uncertain signals originating on the other side of the earth, for fear that they will miss the announcers' intriguing comments on such subjects as the condition of the pitch (always remarkably good, considering the rain), or the grass (always pleasant to sit on, despite the rain). When all other subjects are exploited there is still, of course, the rain — one simply cannot have a Test Match without rain!

Then, as suddenly as it begins, the Test series comes to an end, and peace reigns again throughout the land — until next season, anyhow.

—IAN McINTYRE (5A)



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"OUR RACING FOOD"

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"G.A."

There was movement in the quadrangle as word was passed around

That Colonel Cox was going on parade.
'Twas his silver anniversary of service at the front,
For loyal service he would be repaid.

All the boys had different theories on what he would receive,
As they talked among themselves in noisy throng.
The teaching staff all knew, they had something up their sleeve,
And all the schoolboys' guesses turned out wrong.

Then everything was hushed, as the Colonel took his stand,
And beamed down on the boys he knew so well.
"The Boss" went up and said to him, "I'd like to shake your hand."
Then all the boys around began to yell.

And all the roofs were lifted,
As the boys began to cheer,
And I'm very glad to say I did my part.
Colonel Cox was overwhelmed, and didn't say a word,
Though we must admit—he didn't get a start.

—R. McAVOY (4D)

(Mr. Cox, the school janitor, recently completed twenty-five years' service in the school. At a special assembly the Headmaster, Mr. Jane, paid tribute to Mr. Cox and made a presentation on behalf of the school. Further tributes and presentations were made by the P. and C., the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Old Boys' Union.

This is one of the many articles written by the boys of the school who record their tributes in their own characteristic manner. Long may the "Colonel" reign, and long may he remain as a source of inspiration to budding cartoonists and poets; for what would the editor and the magazine do without him!—Ed.).

"EVERYTHING WILL BE FREE EXCEPT FREEDOM"

Mr. Khrushchev has recently announced a twenty-year plan for the commencement of the conversion of Russian society to ideological Communism, where people are to be paid by their needs, rather than for ability or skill. The announcement is interesting, because it gives an idea of what Russia looks like now, and also what it will look like when the plan has been realised.

The idea behind the various plans in Russia has been to endure poverty for the present, in order to make gains for the future. Russian planning has been very progressive, in that the plans have extended from five to seven and now to twenty years. New plans are announced even before the former have been completed, so that the people have no time to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

The new programme promises to introduce many free services. These include medical services, schooling, maintenance of the physically handicapped, housing, public transport, and communal meals, as well as public utilities, such as gas and heating. Despite all this, a complete abolition of taxation, the chief source of government income, has been proposed. Unless the number of "voluntary" loans to the government is

increased (they are never returned), the use of money in the community would become questionable, a situation certainly not original, but only found in primitive cultures. After all, is not money the root of all evil?

The existence of a forty-one-hour working week and the employment of women for "hard labour" are also revealed. If the plan is brought into effect, there are likely to be some disastrous results. The disappearance of money seems certain, because there will be no use for it. The distribution of services by needs will lead to a great fall in production, because of the scarcity of Communist idealists in a regime which has been in power for over forty years. However, the definition of "needs" may be adjusted to prevailing conditions and living standards are bound to be lowered as a result.

The so-called Communist government has so far only introduced socialism to Russia. Ideological Communism cannot be enforced successfully, and Mr. Khrushchev must be relieved to know that he may not have to live to see the mess in 1981. His announcement of the plan seems to be an attempt at unstabilising Western capitalism. The transformation will mean more liquidations and a further limit on the political freedom of individuals, who will become completely dependent on the State. A French political observer has said: "Everything will be free except freedom."

—J. LIEPINS (5A)

DAY OF RECKONING

Gerard Proctor was shiftless and not averse to making a dishonest pound, but he had always managed to be within the law in his shady dealings. Gerard had an old uncle named Chester who had invested his hard earned savings well, and his few gambles had given him a good profit.

Gerard had often offered get-rich schemes to his Uncle Chester, his main view being to get the old man for a tasty sum as he had been assured that he would not receive anything in his uncle's will.

Among others Gerard had many a shady friend. One of these was a character named Raymond Selke. One day whilst he was discussing his uncle with Raymond, Raymond came up with a great idea. If they planned it properly they could swindle Uncle Chester out of a couple of hundred. Also the plan was within the law.

Raymond had inherited a lease over a worthless mine on the fringe of the gold mining district. Raymond had tried in vain to sell his lease, but to date had been unable to find a buyer. Gerard was desperately in need of a hundred pounds to pay a gambling debt. Thus he flew at the idea.

The scheme to sell Uncle Chester the worthless mine lease was successful after Gerard had exhausted all his skill against the uncanny uncle. Uncle Chester was rather pleased to have legally acquired the lease for £500 after having beaten the wily Gerard down from £1,000.

Two years later Uncle Chester's relatives were present at the reading of the old man's will by the family solicitor. Gerard's presence at the meeting seemed to indicate to him, that after all old Uncle Chester must have left him a sum of money. But Gerard's share in the estate was a book entitled "How to Win Friends and Influence People".

The other beneficiaries under the will were most jubilant, as the main asset in the estate was valued between £40,000 and £50,000 and was represented by a certain gold mining lease.

—RICHARD PHILLIPS (3F)

GREATNESS

History shows that right down through the ages there have been great men: men great in war, men great in science, great leaders, great thinkers. Among their ranks stand men such as Caesar, Galileo, Alexander the Great, Archimedes and many, many more. They have come to us from all races: Tamerlane, the Cythian, Zoraster, the Persian, Tomornbejus, the Egyptian.

Today, where are these great men? History tells us one important (though often disregarded) part of their life—they died. Everyone of them is dead, not one has defeated the enemy Death. Even of Methuselah, the champion of the long-lived, we read, "and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years; and he died." All we have left of the great men is the story of their deeds, handed down to us in folk stories, in books, in poems, engraved on tablets of clay or by one of the other means man has devised for making his name live on the lips of men. But what of the men themselves? Where are they? Their bones have crumbled to dust, to be blown by the wind or to be turned by the plough. Their once-proud bodies have decayed and been absorbed by the earth—converted into soil and vanished from off the face of the earth.

The soldier and his general lie together, the bravest of men and the basest of cowards all crumble to dust and vanish together. There they lie in oblivion, indistinguishable from one another, even from the common earth—hic jacet is their end.

What have these men gained? Many have gained fame and glory, though many more have been forgotten. This fame did not save them from death, however. Many heaped great riches and wealth upon themselves, but all—all have died, their wealth of no avail. Were these men a success or did they miss the goal of life, seeking merely to be great in man's eyes? Their material gains of wealth or fame did not ensure their life, so surely, then, there is more to life than just existing or even attaining a measure of greatness.

"Life is a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away"—so it is with greatness. Man's greatness flares suddenly and with death the greatness of life is smothered and quenched. There is so little in greatness itself, and even the greatest of men were to confess they lacked something—something inexplicable and strangely difficult to obtain. These men were great in man's eyes, but they lacked peace of mind and the contentment, which is a real test of success.

To use life to its fullest advantage one must find something more than greatness—something deeper and fuller than just an existence. Life as we know it is merely a gateway, a door leading to another life. Does not death take away from man something more than his heartbeat and the circulation of his blood? It takes away those indescribable characteristics, his personality, his emotions, his character, his inner self.

If man is only great, then he has missed the purpose of life. For what is glory without virtue and what is honour without merit? If we believe in a future state of life, of reward for the righteous and of punishment for the evil and haters of virtue—how few will be those counted worthy to obtain that goal?

Let no man envy those great men upon whom honour was poured. Could we but see them now, how many of them would move us to pity for their present state, rather than command our respect and congratulations? Strive not towards glory in the eyes of men, but rather

to complete contentment and satisfaction in the assurance of attaining that true purpose in life.

—LLOYD DOWNEY (4B)

A STROLL THROUGH AN ENGLISH LANE

"Good afternoon. Won't you come in? We've been expecting you. Please follow me . . . you aren't in a hurry, are you? No? That's good. We can . . . mind the step . . . take our time, can't we?"

Through a door.

"When we think of England, our thoughts may often turn to a well-remembered lane, which winds inconspicuously through the countryside. The delicate scents of the copses and thickets, hills and banks seep through a cloudy, chaotic reality to a clogged and numbed mind. Our lane slopes gently upwards, by a long ridge, and drops in a steep end, against which the clouds are checked. Look around; explore; perceive the beauty of the deep-wooded lanes, liquid with fern.

"We are descending into the very bowels of the valley, where the forest floor gives nourishment to innumerable varieties of flowers. See the sweet honeysuckle and wild dog roses. June—yes, June—the month of the wild dog rose and sweet briar. Yellow primroses clothe the hedgebanks; bluebells and anemones carpet the woodland open spaces.

"Above and to our left, we see numerous caverns, hung with a curtain of ivy and guarded by old and mossy trees. The caverns; the caverns which open like the spathe of the black arum lily, a tiny stream trickling and falling into the elongated throat of this majestic bloom. Through the oaks, who are wearing muffs of moss and fern, we gaze with reverence at the humble, inornate headstone that lies so awkwardly on the solitary patch of mown grass. Here, in this delicious air, where hard winds soften to a calm breeze, dew forms sparkles on the busy spider's web. See there! A fleeting glimpse of the dormouse among the trees and bushes where it forages for food.

"In the filtered sunshine, small blue and copper butterflies zigzag like scraps of coloured paper being tossed about by a playful breeze. There, in the distance, we see the silver thread of a babbling brook. Look! High overhead! A kestrel hovers. Motionless!

"We come to an old wicket gate. Ring the bell. We are admitted to a low, willow garden of brackish channels and fens and nesting sites, with a scatter of snowy feathers. The superb dragonfly, a veritable 'flash of light,' swoops at winged prey above the pond. Swans sit proudly and gracefully among the reeds, eyeing us with a beady indifference; cygnets, still dusky in their first plumage, make silvery noises and flop behind their mothers. Beyond the fens and reeds and drooping willows are the ruffled waters of the lagoon, sparkling blue in the June sunshine, or white with some portion of the hundreds of mute swans, which are free to come and go."

Through another door.

"Winter brings its own austere beauty. The flowers . . . the birds . . . the babbling brook . . . gone . . . Touch a branch and a fairy shower of kaleidoscopic patterns floats down. The word is asleep. We hear not the busy sounds of the unfriendly weasel or the rabbit-hunting stoat. A white-earthed carpet is patterned with dainty footprints of food-seeking birds; but the early

worm is beyond reach. Bolder imprints are made by scurrying rabbits. The thin, yet penetrating little song of the robin offers encouragement that spring is near.

"Look at that wall of ice. Waterfalls, that roared so charmingly in summer's gaiety, freeze into grotesque shapes. A melting candle; a giant's thumb; yes, indeed, grotesque shapes.

"Weighed down under their white burden, the branches of the yews have a fairyland effect, especially when viewed in the still silent moonlight. The glistening reminds one of sugar-candy. The trees, their naked, withered fingers swaying slowly, embody the callous winter. Cold, dead winter. The trunk of a young fir protrudes harshly from the smooth carpet of white. If sunshine be but a fitful gleam through the leafless trees, it lights up the long reddish-brown catkins of the alder and the birch.

"The snowdrops, peeping from under the giant oak's toes, are welcome, engendering as they do the deceptive belief that spring is close at hand. In the distance the mists disembody the hedgerows and the elm tops rise above the white sea. The caverns' curtains are now a lace woven by fairies. Inside? Who knows what animals are there?

"Again we reach the top, the crest of the hill. Below, the village. How toy-like, how lilliputian it all looks. A wisp of smoke curls from one of the thatched cottages below. Still . . . quiet . . . But come, Gulliver, down to the bright lights of the village . . . and civilisation.

"Thank you. Which way do we get out? Down these steps? Thank you. . . . Outside again. . . . Yes, son? No, I don't think five shillings is too much for such a museum tour."

—W. AUNAPUU (5A English)

STRANGE AND UNUSUAL SPORTS

There are many sports and games played in other countries, about which people do not hear much. The well-known sports in this country, except the international ones, would probably be strange to other countries.

One sport played extensively in the Philippines is called "tennis," but it is tennis with a difference. This game is played on the usual sized court, and the usual rules apply, but, instead of playing with a racquet, the player uses his feet to hit the ball.

"Archery golf" is played in many countries, including Australia. Instead of using a golf club and ball, a bow and arrow are used. The same rules apply as in golf, but the arrow, instead of being shot into a hole, is shot into a target set up at a certain distance from the tee-off. Points are scored the same as in golf; that is, number of shots taken to reach each target. The course is a varied one, which includes obstacles.

Perhaps when you have been strolling by a lake or the sea you may have noticed boys and girls skimming flat stones across the water. These stones, when they hit the water, bounce, and the person who bounces the stone the greatest number of times is the winner. This pleasant pastime, known here as "Ducks and Drakes," is a recognised sport in Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries. There is a big competition each year and many people enter.

"Curling," or "ice bowling," as it is sometimes called, is a popular sport in countries which are snowbound in winter. The bowl is a circular piece of flat stone

or metal, with a handle on the top. It is bowled or pushed along the ice. The target is the usual jack at the end of a runway, and the rules and scoring which are used in bowling apply.

A sport which has been going on for many years in the Pacific Islands and which has become popular on the Barrier Reef of Australia is "turtle riding." A turtle which has been asleep on the beach is caught, and the rider climbs on its back. The turtle is then freed, and, naturally enough, it heads for its native element, water. The idea is to see how long the rider can stay on when the turtle gets to the water. If the turtle gets his head down at any time he quickly submerges, leaving the rider floating on the surface of the water.

Other unusual sports are "kite flying," popular in China; "car polo," a new sport in England, and "tossing the caber," an old sport in Scotland. There are many other strange and unusual sports played throughout the world, too numerous to mention.

—K. GOTHAM (4C)

CAMPANOLOGY

Campanology, or, as it is generally known, Bell Ringing, is an ancient English art which dates back to the sixteenth century. Its true form, that is, when the bells are rung by rope and wheel, started, as far as can be made out from inscriptions on bells and plaques in belfries, in the late fifteen hundreds when church architecture was at its highest and many beautiful towers were being built around England.

Bells weigh anything from two hundredweights to two tons, but the heaviest bell, the tenor of most peals, weighs about fifteen hundredweights. Many bells have inscriptions on them with the name of the bell, the date it was made, and a humorous rhyme.

Today, change ringing, with very few exceptions is found only in England where nearly every old church has a peal of bells. There are a few peals in Canada, two or three in New Zealand and sixteen in Australia although not all these peals are active. The age of bells in Australia ranges from a little over one and a half years to nearly one hundred and fifty.

Recently a new organisation was formed, grouping together all towers in Australia and New Zealand and joining about twenty different towers together. Each year the association holds a competition and ringers from all over Australia compete. Months before the competition takes place the captain of each tower picks a team of six ringers who train solidly until the last minute in the hope that they will be able to take back to their tower the coveted shield for the ensuing year.

From the time a beginner first takes the rope of a bell till the time that he becomes an experienced ringer, about three years elapses. Many people start but abandon it before they finish their elementary training and generally only the really keen ringers complete their training.

In newspapers one sometimes reads of peals being rung for important occasions. A peal consists of five thousand and forty changes and takes about three and a quarter hours to ring which is quite a long time to stand up doing just one thing.

Change ringing is a most interesting hobby and once a person learns to ring he is very welcome in any ringing tower in the world.

—GORDON KERR (2A)

THE ANT

Timothy was walking in the rain. He liked walking in the rain. It felt good to have the water run in little rivulets from his nose and his mouth, and what did it matter if his feet got wet?

As Timothy walked along, jumping in and out of puddles, he trailed a long, straight stick. He swished to and fro with the stick, trying to scatter the raindrops as they fell. This wasn't very successful so he began to push leaves to and fro in the puddles with his long, straight stick. The brown leaves were the Viking ships, sturdy, strong; the red leaves were the tugboats, funny little things, filled with their own importance, all congregating around the big, green leaves, the majestic ocean liners.

Seeing a tin can on a fence, Timothy suddenly transformed his stick into a long, straight spear. Woosh! Clatter! The spear struck home, the tin fell to the ground and the stick disappeared. Timothy walked on.

Suddenly, there—right before his very eyes—the biggest, wettest puddle Timothy had ever seen. And there, floating in the middle, right in the very centre, a tiny leaf—a lone and solitary ship in the middle of an ocean. But this ship was a special ship—it had a sailor. A little red ant was clinging desperately to the leaf—its only hope of safety. Timothy stirred the water with his foot. Little ripples assumed the proportions of giant breakers and rocked the leaf crazily. Timothy wondered if ants could swim. He slowly lifted his foot and smashed it down into the water, overturning the leaf. But where was the little red ant? Timothy stood and wondered for several minutes, listening to the soft hiss of the rain on the water. Idly he bent and turned the leaf over. The ant was gone.

Filled with remorse, Timothy turned away. He must hurry now, for it was growing late.

Timothy hurried on, casting an anxious look over his shoulder every few minutes, half expecting to see an avenging swarm of ants following him. Timothy was running now. Faster he ran. Jump this puddle, dodge that drain. He had not wanted to hurt the poor, defenceless ant. He had only wanted to see if it could swim. He hadn't wanted to hurt it. Just a little faster. One more corner and he would be home. The ants could not hurt him then. There it is—the house among the trees. The door opened, the warmth flowed out, and the ant was forgotten as Nanny's voice called, "Come and get your tea, Timothy."

—W. THOMPSON (5A English)

MIDGET SPY

This is a true story — only the plot has been changed to protect the author.

At the beginning of this upside-down year, a normal, bewildered first year boy was seeking companionship in a strange, new world.

Another, about his height, and presumably age, happened along. Immediately the first boy began to boast about the fact that he had violated nearly every school rule in his few days of attendance.

Half an hour later, the youth was still exercising his over-inflated ego. When he finally closed his narration, the second boy still seemed interested. Suddenly the latter flipped open his lapel, to expose a carefully concealed prefect's badge.

You know, an ego must be like a balloon, for "Windy's" deflated just as quickly.

—J. CAYZER (1A)

FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL!

The solar system in which we live is not the only one in the universe. The Milky Way alone has fifty thousands suns like ours, and forty per cent of these, according to the latest astrophysical information, are surrounded by planets, as our sun is. And there are five hundred million Milky Way systems!

These billions of planets are conjectured by some scientists to be capable of supporting some form of life like ours. If a foreign stellar race were advanced several thousand years in relation to the earth they could have discovered the power of electro-magnetic energy, which is said to power the flying saucers or, generalising, U.F.O.s (unidentified flying objects).

The flying saucer received its name after numerous sightings between 1945 and 1950 as observers associated its disc shape with that of a saucer. Before this name its shape was said to resemble that of a hot coal or round shield, which reflected an enormous amount of light.

The earliest mention of U.F.O.s is found in the Latin of Pliny, who called them "Shining Shields." Going back to biblical times, we may possibly find the greatest proof of written accounts in the Holy Bible. One such account is that in the first chapter of the book of Ezekiel, where he records a rather spectacular phenomenon—

"... and I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of ambers, out of the midst of the fire." And, again, "... and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass."

"And they went ... straight forward ... and they turned not as they went."

"... Their appearance was like burning coals of fire." "The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl ... and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

There are many more statements of a similar report throughout the Bible.

Although there have been hundreds of thousands of reports of U.F.O.s since the beginning of civilisation, many of these could be accounted for by light phenomena, temperature inversion and, more recently, hoaxes. Still, a large percentage of the reports cannot be accounted for. One such report occurred in July, 1952, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days.

Twice, in the period of one week, U.F.O.s "buzzed" the United States capital — Washington. The "objects" hovered over the White House and capital building, and jet interceptors were sent aloft. As soon as the fast interceptors would near the "objects" they would vanish. When the planes were gone, the "objects" reappeared.

Careful, reliable radar operators—whose reputations must be of a high standard to man the Air Control Centre at the capital—calculated, by radar, the U.F.O.s to have a velocity of two miles per second—seven thousand two hundred miles per hour!

Many renowned scientists, such as Hermann Oberth, are said to believe in U.F.O.s. He is recognised throughout the world as one of the great pioneers of rocketry, and is noted for his impressive contributions to the German V1 and V2 missiles. The late Dr. Albert Einstein, when asked to declare his views on the topic,

replied, "Those people have seen something. What they saw, I do not know, and I am not curious to know."

Thousands of photographs of U.F.O.s have been taken and intensive research failed to indicate that the photos may have been faked.

Someone must believe in the phenomenon, otherwise, why, in 1953, would Canada build an official flying saucer sighting station at Shirley's Bay, ten miles north-west of Ottawa? The Canadian Government in 1953 also established a project for the development of a disc-shaped aircraft, to be powered by electro-magnetic energy. This project is near completion and has been top secret. Surely, if it is possible to build a flying saucer on earth, then it is possible for an advanced stellar planet to achieve the same feat.

Researchers have found that flying saucer reports have come in flurries, about two years and two months apart. It may or may not be significant that reports are more frequent when the planet Mars reaches its closest point to the earth.

Australia has had its share of U.F.O. reports in the past twenty years or so. A more recent report came from Perth. On Saturday, the fifth day of August, 1961, twelve unidentified flying objects, moving in fast pairs, were reported by ten separate people near Meehatharra, four hundred miles north-east of Perth. The objects were said to leave behind a tangible white trail, which floated down to the ground, then crumbled and disappeared.

The silvery round objects passed over Mt. Hale station, west of Meehatharra, at regular intervals between 8.20 a.m. and 9.15 a.m. Each object could be seen for about two minutes, flying at about ten thousand feet. The report appeared in all newspapers.

Eventually the day will come when the U.F.O. picture will slowly, but surely, resolve into something definite, which is at present blurred. Few can deny that the fantastic of today is the commonplace of tomorrow. Until the day arrives we must evaluate and keep alert and wait, remembering the words of Dr. Albert Einstein—"Those people saw something."

—PAUL CHALMERS (4B English)

"STORM IN THE HIGHLANDS"

Black is the sky, birds cease to fly,
For a storm approaches, clouds do not lie.
Dull are the valleys, the braes and dells,
And wild are the churches' loud warning bells.

The people are waiting, rigid with fear,
For they know disaster comes quick, and is near.
Then the thunder roars and the lightning flashes,
And stately trees are turned to ashes.

The rain grows stronger, the clouds lie low,
The treetops shiver, whilst the cold winds blow.
The rivers are flooding, the roads are washed out,
And the debris of homes lies scattered about.

But the storm passes, and the clouds depart,
And the sun shines down upon thankful hearts,
The Highlanders shout and the bagpipes play,
As the heather springs back, midst the Highlands gay.

—J. L. BRACHT (2D)

"A MERCIFUL GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE"

(Awarded the John Tierney Literary Prize, 1961,
Junior Section)

The tale I am about to tell is indeed a strange one, for it contains the fantastic material of an impossible event. I, myself, am not one who is quickly converted to queer stories. Up to now I strongly believed that no human person could have anything really strange happen to him. For instance, I discredited the possibility of being haunted or returning to the past, or even seeing into the FUTURE!

Nevertheless, this is my story, and a strange story it is.

I was on my way by car to London from Edinburgh, to submit my latest novel to my publishers in London. I had just passed through Rugby, and I knew I would soon reach London.

I entered London from the north, and the first thing I noticed was the deadly quietness all around me. I looked searchingly around, and to my astonishment there wasn't a soul to be seen.

I shook my head nervously and muttered to myself. This can't be London. Surely, this isn't the world's largest city, the capital of the United Kingdom, the roaring, busy metropolis of England, and the gateway to the world! I bowed my head and thought for a while. I must be dreaming, I said. Maybe, if I look again. . . . No, it's still the same. I drove on slowly into Piccadilly Circus, stopped, got out, and stood gaping in the street. I realised that the most important thing to do was to keep my nerve, and try to figure out the amazing situation. But the same thought kept dominating my mind. It's no use, you're all alone. There's no one here, you're all alone. I began to sweat. My hands were shaking, and I felt really frightened. I ran frantically through the streets, not knowing where my feet were carrying me, until I suddenly came face to face with London Bridge. Immediately I scampered up to the top, as if the devil himself were on my tail, so that I could see the whole city.

All the time I feared I was slowly going mad with the unbearable silence. Finally, I reached the top and looked out over the city through a large telescope. I swung it around like a madman, trying to find some form of life. Then I admitted it. Through some incredible event, London had been abandoned; the entire city lay before me, completely naked, stripped of all life, and dead and still as a gravestone. I flopped on to the tower wall and mumbled vocally a prayer to the only friend I had left: Oh God Almighty, what has happened? Please tell me what has happened; I fear I shall go mad; I can't stand it any longer. I'm even beginning to doubt that You are with me, and that You can hear this prayer. Please, in the name of all righteousness, tell me what has happened.

I felt terribly discouraged, dismayed and sick in the stomach, as I made my way into the streets again. BONG! I reeled round with shock, just in time to see a bright light shining from that master of clocks, Big Ben. The sound echoed throughout the entire city, bringing joy to my heart, as it was the first thing besides the pounding of my heart I had heard in ages.

I looked at my watch. It read ten past eleven, and yet Big Ben said that it was one o'clock. I stared at the giant timekeeper for about four minutes, and to my amazement neither hand moved an inch. It

seemed as if Big Ben hadn't moved in hours, but how could the bell have rung its one note if the clock had stopped? And what of the bright light? The sun was covered with thick, dull clouds—no reflection could possibly occur. New strength ran through me. I was positive this was the answer to my prayer. God was with me, and, by Jericho, I was determined to find out what had really happened.

The B.B.C. was nearby. Why not go there and send out some radio messages? Luckily, I had learnt a lot from numerous visits to the place when my plays were being rehearsed, and so I had some idea of how to use the equipment. My first aim was to call Edinburgh. But, after radioing there and to every other leading city in Britain, I came to the conclusion that Britain was as deserted as the city that surrounded me.

Wait a minute, I said to myself, maybe it's only happened in Britain. So, after a lot of experimenting, I managed to send out calls to such places as the United States, France, Russia, Australia and Canada. But always the same silence returned . . . nothing, definitely nothing. The entire world was dead and no one existed anymore. I was the only living thing left.

I drove to the airport. Surely, if there were any signs of what had happened, London Airport would have them. Why, every plane from every nation in the world arrives and departs from there. Still, nothing turned up. I was convinced that the world was dead. Then I lifted my eyes in hope. Perhaps this is only a crazy dream, a nightmare. Yes, that's it. It's only a dream. But my hope faded suddenly, for I knew for sure it wasn't a dream.

What can I do? I must think . . . think. Then it came to me! The best way to find out what had happened was to get hold of a newspaper. I drove speedily to the Times Building, where I knew I could get all the information I needed. I found it all right, but I wish I hadn't! The first thing that startled me was the date, April 4th, 1966. But that's impossible! Today's August 9th, 1964. Then I read the gigantic headlines which were splattered across all the newspapers:

"ENORMOUS FLEET OF TWENTY THOUSAND ROCKETS ATTACKS EARTH WITH RADIATION BOMBS. SPACESHIPS REPORTED TO HAVE COME FROM THE PLANET VENUS."

I dropped the paper and drew back in horror. Here I was, two years in the future, and the sole survivor of an international massacre of the human race. I could hardly believe it. A day before, a Russian had landed on Mars, and America had just tested a super-neutron bomb in the Pacific. Now the entire earth had been wiped out by another race. I couldn't believe it. I thought Earth was powerful enough to stand up against anything, but now look what has happened.

Then it seemed that some unseen power was forcing me to record what had happened. And before long, after breaking into shops and getting the equipment, I found myself surrounded by dozens of movie films of the city and a bundle of newspapers.

I got into my car and began driving onwards to find out what more I could discover. Suddenly my car went into a spin, faster and faster, until the city was a vague blur and I blacked out completely. The next thing I knew I was driving into London again.

I was absolutely dumbfounded, for here I was back in the present again. Before me lay London, the real London, with its millions rushing about and the endless roar of traffic and machinery. I was so joyful at that

moment, for it was like being brought back to life again.

Then I realised why I had seen what I had seen previously. Believe it or not, I had a merciful glimpse into the future, to see the fate of the earth two years from now, and I had all the proof I needed to show my people and warn the world.

And so it was, on April 4th, 1966, the world stood united and fully prepared for the attack, and this is what the headlines really read on that day:

"THE UNITED WORLD REPELS OUTER SPACE ATTACK. THOUSANDS OF SPACE SHIPS BLOWN TO PIECES."

—J. L. BRACHT (2D)

RAINMAKING METHODS

Because Australia is so dry, the C.S.I.R.O. decided to make rain artificially. They were allowed to use R.A.A.F. Dakotas. At first they used dry ice. This was piled out of the door into the clouds. The dry ice was supposed to freeze the water vapour in clouds, and cause it to fall. The method was not very effective, as the small yield did not justify the great amount of ice used, so the method was abandoned.

The next material used was silver iodide. This was unloaded from Dakotas above a cloud. Flying above the cloud was safer than flying through the cloud, where it is very turbulent. As the crystals fell through the cloud, water vapour would collect around them and eventually they would fall. These drops acted as seeds and the whole cloud usually rained.

Another method was electrostatic. For this, Lincoln bombers were used. In the bomb-bay was a generator. When the aircraft passed through a cloud, an electrified wire was let down through the cloud. This method was fairly effective, but had one disadvantage. During a storm, the wire would become wrapped around the aircraft.

In the Snowy Mountains area, where the scientists worked, they increased the rainfall by twenty per cent. They worked in the Blue Mountains also, but residents complained that it was too wet, so they stopped experiments there.

—B. MAYALL (3A)

"THE MODERN WORLD"

The gleaming jet soars on high,
Spreading its wake across the sky;
And under the liner sailing the ocean,
A submarine passes with silent motion.

As scientists into the atom probe,
Man-made satellites circle the globe,
While down on earth, with all its might,
A loco struggles to top the height.

But what is the use of anyone knowing
That the earth's rotation is gradually slowing,
If man in his search for outer space
Has forgotten the needs of the human race?

—J. GILPIN (2A)

"TRAPPED"

Mr. Willis, the detective of Seaforth, had just finished and filed away as "solved" the famous case of the "Black Diamond" and was feeling most satisfied with himself. The last success had well pleased his superiors and a further promotion was imminent.

He leaned back in the arm-chair, lit a cigarette and watched the wisps of smoke rise to the ceiling.

Detective Willis was a middle-aged man, tall and slim with heavy eyebrows, raised towards the greying head of curls, the lean, determined face illuminated by deep-set penetrating steel-grey eyes. Many years of solving criminal cases lay behind him, very few had left him beaten, but right now he had had enough. He was looking forward to a good two weeks holiday at the sea. He rose from his comfortable chair and was about to go to the door when he heard a timid knock.

"Come in", he called out and waited. The door slowly opened and an old man, weather-beaten and deeply lined entered. He held his hat shyly in one hand and uttered a few formal words of greeting. The detective motioned him to sit down and looked at his visitor enquiringly.

The old man passed a hand over a brown, freckled scalp, easily visible through scanty hair, lank with perspiration and seemed uncertain where to begin.

"What can I do for you?" asked the detective. "I don't know, sir, I really don't know. I have been worrying a lot these past few days. It's about my new assistant. I am sure he is in some sort of trouble." The visitor cleared his throat, straightened his tie and went on. "A few weeks ago, a young man came to my shop looking for work. The lad, whose name is Jones, revealed to me that he had had very bad luck for a long time, needed work and money badly and promised to do anything to please me if I took him on for a while. He seemed quite a bright young man, capable of hard work, so I offered him a position, not really because I needed any help, but because I felt lonely and was sorry for him. He started work as an assistant in my pawnbroker's business.

Everything went fine for the first few days. The lad worked hard and willingly, only he seemed to worry and think a lot, was never cheerful, never talkative. I haven't been able to find out where he came from or who his folks are.

"Then, suddenly four days ago, after closing time when I was counting the day's income before taking it to the bank, he asked me about my earnings and how much money I had been able to make out of my shop. I thought such a question very strange.

"The next day, when I was upstairs, I heard filing and hammering at the back of the shop. I thought my assistant was repairing or examining some article. When the noise persisted I came down to the shop where Jones was arranging clothing on the shelves. When I asked him about the noise he said it must have come from the neighbours.

"The following day I heard the same noise again while I was in the kitchen but Jones had heard nothing, and everything remained quiet for the rest of the day.

Yesterday my assistant had a day off. Some business to attend to, he said. While he was away, I looked through some cases that had been stored at the back of the shop to see if everything was keeping well. When I pulled back a box from the wall in the corner, there it was! A hole in the wall! The plaster was broken, the bricks taken out and put back again loosely. When I removed them the hole which pene-

trated to the plaster of the opposite wall was big enough for a man to enter. You should know, sir, the local bank adjoins my shop! I didn't say anything to anybody, but put the box back and arranged everything as it was before.

"Jones came back today and he will be kept very busy in the shop. It's our sales day. I hurried here to see you. What does it all mean, and what am I to do?"

The detective, who had been listening attentively to the old man's story said nothing, rose, went to the open window, looked down into the wide street bathed in the bright sunshine, where groups of carefree people were strolling up and down — and sighed.

Then he turned towards his visitor, "Don't do anything. Go back to your business, don't speak to anyone about your discovery, don't worry and leave everything to me. When necessary, I will contact you."

Early next morning, a shabbily dressed, white haired, stooping man, leaning on a heavy walking stick, with a small parcel under his arm entered the pawnbroker's shop. Behind the counter stood a young, pale, freckled man with a mop of red hair and a sullen expression on his face.

The visitor's eyes opened widely in surprise but he quickly checked himself and addressed the young man with a quiet "Good morning". Then he opened his parcel, spread a well-worn coat on the counter and said: "Bad times aren't they? It is all right for an old man like me. I don't need much. I have had my pleasures. They are all behind me and when it comes to the worst I have my little savings, but I often wonder how you manage, the young ones. It's tough, isn't it? You haven't been here for a long time, have you? Didn't see you when I was here last."

"No" was a long drawn answer. I haven't been here long and don't intend to stay long either. A friend is offering me a good position in the city. I'm thinking of moving next week."

Next week! Time was running short! The more so because Detective Willis recognised the young "lad" as a man who had been previously involved in a bank robbery, but the police had not been able to prove the case against him and he had got away.

The coat was sold quickly. The stooping man put thirty shillings into his pocket, wished the young man the best of luck in the city and left the shop.

Some fifteen minutes later, a bank clerk was looking suspiciously at the grey haired shabbily-clothed man who was asking for the bank manager. Led into his office the old man straightened himself, took out a card from his coat pocket and showed it to the bank manager.

"Ah, good morning, Detective Willis. Please be seated. I can't say I recognised you! What brings you here? And in such an outfit!"

"I have some news for the police. Before I go there, though I wanted to talk to you."

In a few words Detective Willis related everything he had heard from the old pawnbroker, not forgetting the news that the young assistant was planning to leave next week.

The bank manager produced a plan of the bank which showed clearly that the outside wall of the vault adjoined the back of the pawnbroker's shop. There was no time to lose! An urgent phone call was put through to the local officer and soon a long black car left the bank with Detective Willis hidden in the back seat.

On Friday night, three anxious men kept vigil in the vault of the bank. This was their second night there. Was Detective Willis wrong? Would the man never come? At last!! A faint noise, then some more cracking

and the plaster in the wall caved in. A faint streak of light shone through the hole. Soon a head, then the whole body appeared. The man had hardly time to stand up straight when a police officer rushed upon him, pinning his hands behind his back. Handcuffs clicked and it was all over!

In his office next morning sat Detective Willis, a tired but very pleased man. "Mr. Jones" has admitted not only his intention of robbing the vault of the bank, but, on being interrogated further, he had broken down and confessed his part in other safe robberies. More arrests followed.

Will Mr. Willis ever have his two weeks holidays?

—M. STEINMANIS (2B)

THE SILVERWATER SHARK

Some years ago, at the Parramatta River, Silverwater, someone caught a shark. News of the great capture spread as far as the owner of a hotel in the nearby area. Deciding that it would be good publicity, he had the shark transported to the rear of his premises. It was laid out on trestles, and he charged a small admission fee, for those who wished to see the creature.

However, it was midsummer, and within a week the great fish began to decompose and give an unpleasant odour. A few days later, the hotel owner received a visit from the local police who told him that the shark smelt a little too strongly and that it would have to be removed. The only method of removing it was to transport it by semi-trailer to a predetermined dumping area.

There is a great deal of dissention as to the length of the shark. Many "old-timers" say that it was twenty-seven feet long, but the common opinion is that it was seventeen feet long. But whatever the length, the difficulty of the men, trying to raise the shark on to the vehicle, can be imagined. Standing with the fingers of one hand over his nose, and his other hand grasping a pitchfork, each man tried to lift the shark.

Finally the truck arrived at Silverwater, and the shark was tipped on to the black mud at the side of the river. It was low tide, and everyone expected the shark to be swept away at high tide.

But that shark remained high and dry for several months on the caked mud, because a drought was in progress and the tide did not rise very high. Of course the inhabitants living in the vicinity had to endure the smell of decomposing shark for many months.

—D. BARRETT (3A)

"REFUGEES"

Trudging on, destination unknown,
We look for a place to construct a home.
Ruins and wreckage are all we see,
Limping forwards in agony.

Always hoping day by day
To find a place where we can stay;
Fleeing from our broken land,
Trudging by-ways hand in hand.

At last we've found a wondrous land
That's not all covered with rocks and sand,
But rich, black soil is what we've found,
And our new home will be this ground.

—R. T. IRVINE (2D)

A TRIP ABROAD

Several years ago, my parents, three brothers and I left Sydney from Kingsford Smith Aerodrome in a Qantas "Super G" Constellation for Bangkok, the capital of Thailand. We flew via Darwin, Djakarta and Singapore.

The trip came about when Dad was selected to go to this Asian country as an expert to its government under the United Nations Technical Assistance Programme. Approval for the trip came from New York while we were holidaying in the Blue Mountains. When the local policeman, on a push bike, telegram in hand, rode up to our caravan, Mum was sure that one of her boys must have fallen over a cliff. However it was only the good news and in a very short space of time we were on our way. We boys and our mother were very excited for this was our first trip abroad, but Dad was a seasoned traveller. The aeroplane left the airport at half past five and we flew into the sunset with golden cloud surrounding us. The plane refuelled at Darwin very early the next day, and I do not believe that I stirred. After breakfast, which we ate flying along at three hundred miles per hour about eighteen thousand feet above sea level, we just sat back and gazed down upon the tiny, perfect pattern of beautiful, bright green islands scattered over the clear Timor Sea.

Soon we landed in Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia. There was a tense atmosphere at the airport. Dutch Nationals stood in anxious groups hoping for seats on departing planes. Indonesian soldiers, automatic weapons at the ready, patrolled everywhere. On the tarmac many fighter planes pointed their ugly snouts at our "Connie". The tension resulted from the Indonesian people's freeing themselves from Dutch rule, which began early in the seventeenth century. The Indonesians were making themselves independent, not giving the Dutch much say in the matter at all. We were permitted to leave the plane and wander within the terminal itself.

One incident which Mum, I am sure, will never forget, was when we were re-embarking. A customs officer asked Dad for our visa which Dad could not find among his other papers for what seemed an hour to Mum, but in reality was only a few moments. However everything was soon right and we were once more in the air headed for Singapore.

Shortly after noon the plane landed at Singapore's new airport, situated a few miles from the actual city. Torrential rain which falls almost continuously during Singapore's rainy season, greeted us as we alighted into the steamy atmosphere. Singapore is an island at the south eastern tip of the Malay Peninsula and lies almost on the equator. We stayed the three days Dad had planned to stay, in one of the world's most beautiful hotels, Raffles, with its fan-like traveller palms and stately atmosphere. Sir Stamford Raffles who founded Singapore has given his name to many of the buildings and streets. The remainder of that day we spent recuperating in a leisurely fashion, because, although it was still daytime, our journey westward had added three hours to the day. It had been one of the most exciting days of my life.

On the following days we wandered about the city with its three to five feet deep gutters, built thus to accommodate the tremendous tropical rain fall. We visited the beautiful St. Andrew's Cathedral and other places of interest. In my opinion the most interesting place was the merchant class part of the city. It is

here that the "people" of Singapore are born, live and die. In the narrow alley ways clothing is hung out to dry on long bamboo poles and every ground level storey is a thriving business, whether in the finest silks, embroidery clothing and precious stones or in such cures as ground deer antler for stomach aches. At the entrance to their shops stood the owners, ready to pounce on any likely customer and induce him into his shop.

Singapore is an open port which means that there is no tax levied upon imports, so things are far cheaper than most other countries. Therefore Dad here purchased many articles for the family's use including a camera, wrist watches, pen and pencil sets and beautiful and richly embroidered cloths. These kinds of goods come from all over the world to fill the shops of Singapore.

Our time was soon spent and we were driven by bus to the air terminal in drizzling rain which had been kind enough to stop for the duration of our visit. The last lap of our trip we did in a Garuda Airways Convair.

My first impression of Thailand as the Convair crossed the coast was of a great bright green patchwork blanket as far as the eye could see, of paddy fields, with thin dark green lines crossing them. These lines we later learned were canals or "klongs". Also, dotted over this blanket we could see gleaming bright spires. These were chedis built usually alongside buddhist temples or "watts".

We were soon settled down to a new life. During the coolest hours of the morning we boys studied correspondence lessons which we had brought from the Blackfriars School in Sydney, and for the rest of the day we swam at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club where Dad would meet us.

At the successful termination of Dad's assignment, which gave us a year's fascinating and varied experience in this wonderful country, we packed up for the return trip. We four boys, now hardened "GLOBE TROTTERS", returned home by ourselves, by KLM's "Flying Dutchman" via Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands and Biak, a tiny island in Dutch New Guinea.

At last we have all settled down to the old routine of life. It will be, however, quite a long time before we shall wish for another policeman to call with a telegram.

—PETER BRENNAN (2A)

WITHIN AN HOUR

In the western sky the coppers, the golds, the purples,
Paint the axis in magnificent abstract;
But soon will fade the fires of sunset,
And the short-lived twilight
Will give to nature a soft glow,
As if reflecting the now faded beauty.

Then, with an eye still holding that precious sight,
We see the light of day switched off;
And the starry love goddess
Sends showers of twinkling dust to the shrouded earth.

Against the lifeless black of space
Appears a belt of sparkling specks
That vie to dim each other in their own intensity.

—DAVID REES (5A)

THE FOREST FIRE

The ominous clouds of black smoke billowed out above the huge green treetops that spread carpet-like for hundreds of miles. This smoke spelled out one word to the forest itself and to the animals in it — disaster. Already it had a firm grip on the forest giants standing staunchly in its path. Like a fiery monster it ripped into them, first scorching them, then incinerating them. The fearful crackle of the fire was accentuated by the loud reports as the mighty trees creaked and fell to the ground.

Hundreds of birds of different sizes and hues rose above the forest canopy, striving to escape the menace that was about to deprive them of their homes. Animals raced frantically from one direction to the other straining to escape the common menace which threatened to destroy them all. It was pitiful. After running for miles, some just dropped in the fire's path, their will to survive broken. The fire, at its peak now, sent out huge billows of smoke, rising so high that it discoloured the fluffy white clouds that had made the scene look so peaceful before the fire started. It blocked out the sun to cause semi-darkness which made the vivid red glow of the fire look even more frightening.

Night fell. The glow was tremendous, strangely beautiful, but frightening. The panicky cries of the trapped animals could be heard over the roar of the fire which was now beginning to abate. By morning it was gone, leaving a blackened, ugly trail of burnt-out stumps and darkened earth.

Burned out carcasses of animals that had failed to escape its terror lay strewn around on the blackened earth, making an even grimmer sight of the aftermath. The never ending rows of blackened, burnt-out tree stumps, unrecognisable now as the beautiful trees they had once been, were silhouetted against the skyline and formed a pitiful picture. The fire was gone, but not forgotten. What Nature had taken countless years to build up, had been torn down in a day by the merciless forest fire.

—K. MOORE (3F)

"BIRD SANCTUARY"

During the last September holidays while my family and I were staying at Tugun, Queensland, we often paid visits to the "Currumbin Bird Sanctuary".

Many different varieties abounded including peacocks, lorikeets, parrakeets, emus, doves, ducks, powder-puff pigeons, turkeys and Guinea fowls. Other great attractions were the many kangaroos and wallabies which hopped around unmolested. We were able to pat these marsupials and admire their babies.

Every afternoon at about 4 o'clock a wooden enclosure was set up. People stood around this and assistants handed out about forty plates of bread soaked in honey to the audience. This enticed the birds from the trees and lorikeets and parrakeets flew down in their hundreds. It was a very strange feeling to have a dozen or so birds crawling over one.

After the feeding of the birds a kangaroo jumped around in the enclosure and the watching people threw him peanuts and scraps of food which he ate with great delight. The highlight of his entry was when a small visitor fed him with a baby's bottle of milk.

The sanctuary was started by Mr. Walker when he fed a few birds in his backyard. It has gradually grown until, now, about two thousand birds come at every feeding.

—DAVID WILSON (2A)

IN PRAISE OF SECOND YEAR

It's great to be in Second Year,
And know time is the cure
For that "brand-new-student" feeling
That a "First Year" must endure.

It's great to be in Second Year,
For long trousers are our due
With last year's socks of college grey,
Replaced by Mitchell Blue.

It's great to be in Second Year,
To feel quite ten feet tall,
When passing lowly "First Years"
In the Tuck Shop or the Hall.

It's great to be in Second Year,
On Sports Day now — perhaps!
We'll lose the Mile by just three yards
Instead of just three laps!

It's great to be in Second Year,
For now our hopes are higher
That we'll escape selection
As sopranos for the Choir.

It's great to be in Second Year,
To learn the Army's way
Of "quick-freezing" hapless rookies
At Cadet Camp in May.

It's great to be in Second Year,
Where no masters call us a "Kid"
On hearing their alternatives
We rather wish they did!

Yes, it's great to be in Second Year,
With well worn tie and blazer,
Quite SURE that this year's Birthday gift
Will be a safety razor!

—CHRISTOPHER SHORT (2A)

"SNO-TRAIN"

One problem which faced the United States of America was how to move heavy equipment and supplies across the Arctic snow. In these extremely cold areas the snow is soft and fluffy and men trying to walk on it sink up to their thighs. The building of a railway line or the use of convection lorries in these conditions had to be abandoned.

M. Le Tourneau designed a peculiar structure like a truck mounted on huge low pressure tyres, ten feet in diameter and four feet across. These tyres just rest on the snow.

The Sno-Train consists of four "wagons" each on four of these huge wheels, and coupled like a train's wagons. The first wagon carries the fuel needed to operate the train and also the men and the engine. The three rear wagons carry the load. All sixteen wheels are powered by electric motors. The front wagon has a diesel operated electric generator which supplies the power. If any wheel begins to slip, the others take up the extra load until the tyre has a grip again.

The wagons are built of aluminium for lightness and the three rear wagons will carry fifteen tons of freight. The whole train is over one hundred and seventy feet long. The train can travel over the Arctic snow without any preparation at all, in the worst conditions that could be encountered.

—C. POWELL (1D)

SURFBOARD RIDING

To the aquatic sports enthusiast surfboard riding is one of the most thrilling pastimes. It is the most exhilarating feeling when you race towards the shore across a huge breaker.

The sport was introduced into Australia by an Hawaiian, Duke Kahanamaku in 1915. Since then it has snowballed into one of the most popular water sports in Australia. By 1930 the sport had many followers and the most popular board was the hollow plywood type of up to sixteen feet in length. By 1932-33 Australia was beginning to see a new type of surfboard. It was the surf-ski, a hollow, plywood board with a turned up nose and usually fifteen to sixteen feet in length and two feet wide. It was propelled by a seven foot paddle. This was the idea of Dr. G. A. Crackin-thorpe of Manly Surf Lifesaving Club.

By 1957-58 Australia was beginning to see an entirely different style of surfboard. These boards are called Malibu boards, after the famous Hawaiian surf beach. They are eight feet long, two feet wide and have a small fin at the back for steering. They are made out of Balsawood or foam plastic covered with fibreglass. They are very strong and light, weighing only thirty-five pounds. These boards are very inexpensive compared with the old, long plywood types.

Malibu surfboard riding has many more followers than the old type of board riding because they are cheaper, much lighter and more manoeuvrable; and because of the growing use of cars by teenagers. This allows the teenage enthusiast to frequent the many Sydney beaches and this has created a problem on the much used Sydney beaches. The problem has been solved by councils by setting aside a certain section of the beach exclusively for board riders. All surfboards used in these areas must be registered with the local Surf Lifesaving Club for a fee of five shillings. These regulations are enforced and any board rider may have his board confiscated for the day, if the regulations are not obeyed.

Surfboard riding is an art of balance. Like all sports much skill is required before the rider becomes proficient. The first thing to learn is the art of manoeuvring the board, and one's self through the incoming surf. This is best accomplished by lying on the board and paddling until an incoming wave is about to break on one, and then rolling the board over on one's self thus avoiding being washed back to shore.

When the broken water is cleared the rider paddles out about twenty yards from the line of breakers. When the desired position is reached the rider straddles the board and turns it so that the nose of the board is pointing to the shore.

When a suitable wave is approaching the rider lies on the board and paddles at top speed towards the shore. As the wave overtakes the board the rider will feel himself being lifted and taken forward with the wave. At this point the rider paddles hard to secure his position on the wave. As the board moves down the face of the wave the rider comes to his knees and then raises himself to a standing position. As the board gathers speed the rider adjusts his weight so that the nose of the board is about two inches out of the water. This will stop the board from nose-diving, which can be very dangerous and uncomfortable.

All surfboard riders will agree that riding the waves in this fashion is the most carefree and exhilarating way of spending summer leisure time, although confirmed devotees continue the sport through the winter months.

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The board riders created a new fashion trend with their knee-pants, Okanoos, crazy hats, so that even non-riders are seen in such regalia.

This sport which made its appearance in 1915 has slowly but surely become one of the most popular water sports of the era.

—G. BOWCOCK (3C)

A DISASTER

Several years ago, I was living in the small town of Walgett in north-western New South Wales. In that year there occurred one of the biggest floods in the history of the district.

The news began to spread weeks before the flood struck us. We had had a lot of rain but there had been much more around the head waters of the various rivers that flowed into the Namoi and the Barwon which joined just outside the town.

We listened to the radio every day to hear how close the water was. One day our neighbour rushed in looking terribly shaken. It had just been announced that there was a wall of water forty miles wide and four feet deep only seven miles away advancing at terrific speed and there was no hope for Walgett.

Within minutes we were heaving our furniture up into blocks although we lived in perhaps the highest part of the town. Then the radio announcer told us that the pilot had made a mistake and the flood waters were still sixty miles away. What a relief! But we left the furniture up just in case.

All the time the men were working, building a levee bank right around the town. Day and night there was the drone of huge tractors and earth-moving machines piling up great banks of grey-black mud until they were in places fifteen feet high, and a motor lorry could be driven around the top. Strange to say the bank along the side of the river was the smallest of them all because we knew the water had overflowed up stream and would come into the town from the other side.

Gradually the water rose outside the banks until the town was just a small dry spot in the midst of a sea of dark, muddy water stretching as far as the eye could see with the green tops of the gum trees just sticking out. All day workmen watched and worked on the levee banks and at night the men of the town carrying torches walked round and round watching for any sign of the water breaking through.

Helicopters flew over the town dropping supplies of food and army "ducks" were sent from Sydney to carry out rescue operations.

One afternoon I went with my parents to the top of one of the banks and watched two men in a motor boat trying to bring a number of horses, which were swimming in the flood waters, to safety.

Next day there was more excitement. It started to rain again. The town was like a basin with no outlet and so men had to set up big pumps to pump the water from the townside of the levee banks.

The levee banks held, and after several weeks the water disappeared, just leaving the great, dry banks as a reminder of what had happened.

Of course for me and my friends it had been great fun. We did not think of the danger or know that men, women and many thousands of sheep, cattle and horses had lost their lives.

—B. McGRATH (2A)

THE BRITISH EMPIRE BOYS' BRIGADE

This world-wide church organisation, affectionately called the "B.B.", was formed in the year 1883 by Sir William Alexander Smith. The "B.B." was actually the forerunner of Baden Powell's "Boy Scouts". From that day in 1883 the ranks have swelled their numbers to over 232,000.

The B.B. movement was formed to give boys the opportunity to become true Christians.

Every boy who joins the organisation is issued with his own uniform, and if he has any pride and self-respect, he keeps his uniform and equipment spotlessly shining. Among his equipment he will find "The Boys' Brigade Handbook" in which one can find out all the facts concerning the B.B.

For a keen, young and intelligent lad, rank may be obtained from the lowly Lance-Corporal up the scale, if he is of age and can show the necessary ability and requirements.

Merit Badges and Certificates can be won in the fields of Wayfaring, Signalling, Education, Fire Knowledge, Bible Knowledge, Life Saving, First Aid, and in many other interesting topics for young men.

There are two badges not easily earned: these are the "Queen's Badge" and the "Cross for Heroism". The latter award may be gained by one who performs an heroic act of self sacrifice for others, for instance if he shows heroism in saving or attempting to save life, or displays marked courage in the face of danger.

Boys who are keen on sports will find many varied inter-Company sports, including soccer, cricket and swimming as well as many indoor games. Physical training activities include boxwork, parallel-bar work, matwork and judo. Hiking and camping are other highlights of the B.B. yearly activities.

All these wonderful opportunities for enjoyment and development of character can be yours if you join one of the B.B. Companies. You will immediately feel at home in friendly company and throw yourself wholeheartedly into the many activities of the Company.

—A. E. DUNLEY (2E)

LOST IN A SUPERMARKET

Just one little tin of sardines. It seemed so simple, J. Fortesque-Jones thought to himself, as he strode towards the large supermarket in his smart business suit, bow tie and light green waistcoat.

Being a busy man he had never been to the new supermarket. Confidently he refused to take a wire basket but he condescended to ask the cash register attendant to direct him to the smallgoods department.

"Through to the archway on yer left. Turn right at the pile of Corn Flakes packets, down the jams and there you are. Can't miss it!"

"Thank you."

I knew it was simple, he thought to himself, as he promptly turned left after passing through the archway. His nostrils twitched. What was that smell? Then he realised, those delicious home made biscuits mother used to make! Like a straw to a whirlpool he was drawn to the display where girls in spotless white aprons were handing out ridiculously small samples of biscuits. Naturally J. Fortesque-Jones walked up and graciously accepted a sample. Remembering he had plenty of time, he took another biscuit and happily munching went on his way. Only then did he realise that he was in

a different lane to the one containing the sardines. Amazed but still confident he reasoned that if he walked straight on he would eventually arrive at the jams.

On he walked, and on and on, past impressive mountains of peach tins, instant coffee containers and huge deep freezers containing butter, cophia and snap-frozen chicken.

J. Fortesque loosened his tie. He looked back. Back at all the stands he had passed. Then he looked forward; now the rows no longer were lifeless. Slowly they began to close in on him. They smiled cruelly as battalions of soup tins mechanically rolled towards him. Packets of flour flew menacingly overhead. It was stupid he knew but he had to get away from it . . . impulsively he began to run . . .

Running blindly he crashed into a pile of corn flakes packets. He stopped and hurriedly replaced the packets he had knocked over. Corn Flakes! That seemed vaguely familiar. Ah . . . of course, Corn Flakes! He rushed through the archway, ignored the surprised stares of the cash register attendant and burst into the street. He ran all the way home and before opening the door, composed himself and straightened his tie. Once through the door he slammed it.

He had forgotten the sardines!

—D. SALTER (3B)

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

Every January car enthusiasts throughout Europe and a few countries beyond take out their cars, give them an extra polish and tune up their engines in preparation for their entry in the Monte Carlo Rally. Since it began, in 1911, the Monte Carlo Rally has gained in prestige and importance, until today the organisers receive hundreds of requests for entry.

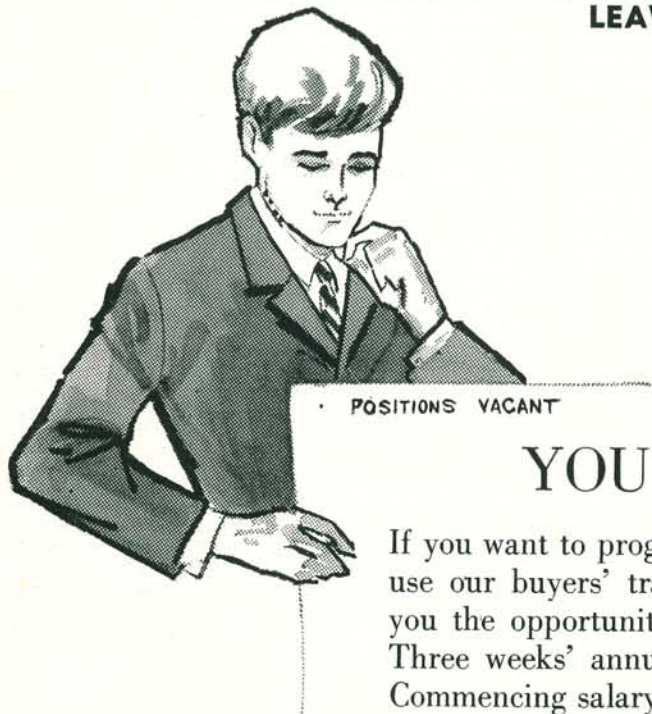
Approaching Monte Carlo from six different starting points, each car has to make a journey of over two thousand miles. January is not the best time of the year for such a trip, as snow, ice, fog and rain add to the discomforts of the contestants. Most cars have a crew of two, who take it in turns to drive and map-read, though in some of the larger cars this tiring routine is divided among four.

The rally lasts three days and nights. Those starting from Glasgow or from Scandinavian countries have a four-hour start on the other contestants, this allowance being made for the Channel crossing. One enterprising contestant actually flew his car across and waited patiently at the Boulogne check point for the others to arrive.

The rally holds a curious attraction. One must be prepared to forgo sleeping in bed for seventy-two hours, to give up any idea of food except sandwiches and coffee, to get out and lever one's car out of the ditches or snow, and, above all, to make believe that you are enjoying it all. In 1950, three hundred and eight entered the rally. One hundred and four set out for Monte Carlo, seventy from Glasgow, sixty from Stockholm, fifty-eight from Lisbon, ten from Oslo, six from Florence.

The various routes all converge at Paris, and from there the cars enter the last gruelling stage of the contest over the Digne-Grasse Alps. When they arrive in Monte Carlo there are braking, reversing and acceleration tests, before the cars are officially parked in the square in front of the Royal Palace at Monaco. On the following day those cars which have qualified take part in a regularity test over a difficult mountain route, while, to finalise proceedings, a prize is awarded to the most elegant of all the cars entered—the Prix d'Honneur du Concours de Comfort. This ends one of the most gruelling rallies held in the world.

—E. PEEL (3A)



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YOUR PET BUDGERIGAR

The hobby of keeping birds, especially budgerigars, is becoming increasingly popular in all countries throughout the world. This bird, originally of a green colour, is a native of Australia and has been taken overseas to America, Germany, Japan and England, spreading thence to other lands.

For beginners who wish to engage in this hobby seriously, here are some of the points to note.

When you plan to buy a pair of birds make sure your cage or pen is ready beforehand. In preference, pick a pair of birds which are fairly young and lively and check to see that the body and vent are clean. Then consider the colour of your choice and make sure that the bird does not have French moult, a disease which has eaten away part of the feathers.

A problem for most beginners is the correct feeding of the bird. The common and most economical mixtures are yellow millet, canary seed and a few hulled oats, but not too many oats, as these make the birds fat and lazy. Shell grit is essential to enable the bird to digest its food and to harden the egg shells at breeding time. Cuttlefish bone is useful for giving your bird calcium, but neither of these can replace the other. Your birds need greens. In winter, seed grasses washed but not frozen are a good green but in the summer they become scarce so spinach or lettuce could be substituted. Now and then a small piece of apple or pear can be given as a treat. Note that too much greens and fruit could result in diarrhoea. Water, of course, is essential, even though your bird may not seem to drink much.

The most exciting part of bird keeping is breeding from your original stock. If you are in real earnest, keep a record of your birds' stages, such as date of mating, first egg, first young, colours, names, etc. Increased numbers may necessitate building an aviary for them. The breeding season in Australia is from November to February, but some collectors breed in the winter or later months because, although more losses occur, the ones which survive are hardier birds.

To breed your birds attach a nest box to the cage. These boxes may be obtained at local pet shops at reasonable prices. After a time the female will begin to lay her eggs every alternate day. She will then sit on the eggs and the male will feed her but some females emerge at night or early morning for fresh food and water. In approximately eighteen days the first egg will hatch and when all that are going to hatch do so the female and the male will feed the young. In about four or five weeks your young birds will be fully feathered and able to venture outside.

It is not wise to over-breed a bird: in one year, have three or four clutches at the most, and only breed when the cere, the portion above the beak, is a rough brown colour on the female and a smooth blue on the male.

Some people breed a very good bird and before it leaves the nest they accustom it to the human hand for training, but if you are beginning with a strange bird, a male is a better bird to train. First get him used to your hand in the cage, but he must be alone.

After he has become used to your hand, slowly and plainly speak to him. Start with easy words such as "Hi! Pretty Boy, Kiss Me!" When he has managed to "speak" these phrases, give him phrases like "Billy wants some grass", or "Kiss pretty boy, Billy", and develop his repertoire to possibly his full name and address or phone number.*

In conclusion I would like to mention some of the

sicknesses which your bird could catch. If you are a beginner seek advice from a pet shop or someone who knows something about birds.

For diarrhoea (a common complaint) isolate the bird and cut out all greens and place two drops per day of blackberry balsam Kaopedate in the water until the sloppy greenish dropping reforms to a semi-solid dropping.

Broken legs or wings could happen anytime. In such cases it is best to isolate the bird with seed and water on the ground and remove all perches. A wing will heal itself in less than a month and the leg, whether set or not, in less than a week but if possible ask advice about a cast for the leg.

Colds are frequent in the winter so the bird should be kept in warm surroundings, but not in a kitchen, because of the change in cooking temperatures. It should be carefully watched and if it does not improve seek further advice.

I hope that this article has helped you to understand your budgerigar and for further reading, I advise "Cage Birds", by R. M. Lockley and "Budgerigars and How to Breed Them", by Cyril H. Rogers. The first book will also give help to those with canaries, finches, parrots and foreign birds.

—W. WILSON (3D)

* (We recently confiscated from a Fifth Year boy a note book entitled "Birds' Phone Numbers". On reading this article we took a more charitable view of its purpose and returned it to the grateful owner —Ed.)

THE THREE ROBOTS

Once, in the ancient times before the great space war of 2000 A.D., there were created three robots. (Do not laugh, for they were of some use once.) There was an eight foot industrial robot, once commonly found working in the now exhausted uranium mines of Asteroid XVI, and a domestic robot, a mere six feet tall, who, like its mate had escaped from its employer. They had raised for themselves a duralium dome shelter in an out-of-the-way corner of Jupiter's fourth moon, and had even built a "baby" robot to keep them company.

One fine twilight, for there was neither direct night or day on that moon, the "family" was preparing to have its daily supply of Jovian light oil, which they obtained from hot springs. However the oil, though quite a delicacy when properly cooled, was corrosive to their metal lining when hot. So, while it cooled, the three robots bolted on their portable rocket packs and went off on a food seeking flight to replenish their larder. As they blasted off, the industrial robot pressed a button on the multi-purpose control box bolted to its chest, which activated the automatic door-closing device. However, unknown to the robots an electrical short, caused by a freak disturbance in the atmosphere at that moment, prevented the door from closing properly and it remained partly open.

Presently, along rocketed a small domestic robot, on its way to work. The tantalizing aroma of the cooling Jovian oil drifted through the door of the shelter and passed through the robot's olfactory cells, creating an attraction which it could not resist, so it alighted and entered, not even bothering to remove its rocket pack. The oil was laid out in diamond bowls (diamonds were of no monetary value to the robots, but were not attacked by the hot oil) and the tiny domestic robot drifted from one container to the other, testing the temperature of each. Much to the disgust of the

robot, the first two registered "danger" on the gauge of its bimetal thermometer, but the third, which belonged to the "baby" robot, was a smaller bowl and, having cooled faster than the others, now registered "almost safe". Unable to resist any longer and deciding that no harm could come to it, the robot placed its feeder tube into the semi-fluorescent liquid. A gentle throbbing noise was heard as the robot slowly consumed the oil. Soon the container was empty and the feeder tube contracted back into the robot. Suddenly, the robot realised that it should not have been so hasty, as the "overheat" light on its central panel began to blink, and it felt the tell-tale symptoms of the dreaded "corrosivitis" building up. Staggering into the emergency closet of the shelter it frantically searched the shelves for the container marked "oil solvent", before the disease went too far to be remedied. Its feeder tube seemed to extend painfully slowly this time and the robot feared that by the time the liquid antidote was consumed, it would be too late for it to take effect. Once the liquid was finally consumed, however, the only thing a robot could do was to find a resting rack and hang up, in order to let the solvent take its effect. Resting racks were generally retractable so the robot began to search the shelter for the compartments which housed them. First it located the industrial robot's rack, but this was far too high for it. The second rack it found belonged to the large domestic robot, and was too wide. The robot was about to give up hope when it discovered the small rack which belonged to the "baby" robot and this was just the right size. So it hung up on this one and switched on to its automatic survival control.

The moon had made three more revolutions before the three robots returned. When they entered the feeding room, after freeing the jammed door, the industrial robot noticed that its diamond bowl had been tampered with. The large domestic robot also noticed that its bowl had been tampered with, while the "baby" robot saw its empty bowl and rocketed into a corner of the room, humming mournfully. The industrial robot, enraged, sped off to search the other rooms for the intruder. Finding the empty oil solvent container on the floor, the three robots realised that the intruder was injured and would probably still be in the shelter somewhere. Entering the resting compartments, the robots noticed that resting racks had been extended. The rack of the industrial robot was empty, as was that of the large domestic robot, but the excited humming of the "baby" robot told the other two that its rack was not empty. Seeing the small robot in the rack, the industrial robot drew its disintegrator and slid silently towards the intruder. But it failed to detect an alarm beam which was automatically emitting from the small motionless figure. Too late, the industrial robot realised that it had broken the beam and warned the intruder, which sufficiently recovered, snapped into "life", saw the robots, and rocketed frantically towards the open door, before the industrial robot could fire. Following it quickly to the door the robots saw only the glare of a rocket pack, fast disappearing into the distance, so the three went back into the shelter to finish the interrupted meal, not fully knowing what had happened.

—J. SAMIN (5C)

"SAILS"

In our scientific world of today one would imagine that the individual would abandon the past and surround himself with the modern inventions and luxuries of today. But that is not so. The individual perhaps lives a scientific way of life, works in a scientific laboratory or factory, eats scientifically processed food, travels in scientific inventions, yet he always finds room in his heart to preserve the spirit, culture and adventure of the past. It is a startling truth to realise that in our modern world of space flight, atomic power, internal combustion engines, medical science and home luxuries that the popularity of the sailing ship, a device driven by the elements, a product of the past, is now as high as it was in the heyday of the sailing ship.

An important event in the sailing world is the America Cup, which takes place in American waters and is the centre of attraction for sailing enthusiasts from all nations. This cup, competed for by America, Australia, Great Britain and other great yachting nations, is the climax of much preparation. The race has brought about a new era in sailing. The ship or craft is no longer a pleasure craft, but a product of experienced designers, accurate mathematicians, clever draughtsmen and skilled workers; a hull of superb construction, designed to gain the utmost efficiency and speed; yet it is driven by the power of those hundreds of years earlier, air currents. Yachts costing over one half-million dollars each are constructed by magnates and combines in attempts to construct the perfect craft to win that famous race. But the prize, a comparatively worthless cup? No! The satisfaction of successful accomplishment and the thrill of superb design is the ultimate reward of all concerned with the craft.

Sailing, although a product of the past, is by no means simple. It is a skill gained by vigorous study and much experience. The point is evidenced in the

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fact that most navies of the world possess rejuvenated sailing ships (square riggers, clippers, barques), in which their future officers gain training, knowledge and practical experience before commanding powerful modern vessels. These nations realise the value of this training to the officer. It is in the old sailing ship he learns to "sail," not at the helm of a nuclear-powered minesweeper.

The popularity of sailing is shown by the number and size of clubs in Australia. At every possible location a thriving sailing club is situated. You say the older generation with a feeling of nostalgia for square riggers are the members? No. The members are the children and youth of today, the ambition of each being to buy a sailing craft and learn to handle it skilfully. At Canberra, an inland city, the demand for a sailing club is so great, enthusiasm so keen, that at present an artificial lake is being constructed.

Why has the sailing ship remained so popular when it has been forced from the commercial routes? It has a charm which remains deep in all hearts and is passed from generation to generation. The recent visits of the Chilean barquentine *Esmeralda* and the Indonesian training ship *Dewariti* are sufficient evidence of the everlasting popularity of old designs. The charms of the towering rigging, the shapely bow and stern, the majesty of the sails and the tails of the figurehead are deepset in our hearts. The spirit of adventure and excitement is cast into our personalities, the impression of swift, smooth, silent speed is rooted into our minds, so that we live proud of our departed guests.

They cannot leave our memories. They tell tales of adventure and exploration, they recall memories, some pleasant, some sad. They stir the emotion. From our modern age it is a path which most people follow to seek relief from their hectic way of life and to find the majesty, splendour and charm of the past in the form of the sailing ship.

—T. THOMPSON (4A)

THE DECISION

The two men who were seated at the table both looked exhausted and dishevelled, and were obviously concentrating on the task on the table before them. The two men were Professor Chalmers and his colleague, Professor Hill, who were both renowned for the valuable work they had done in the field of chemistry.

They were alone in a large room, and on the table before them was a square board, with strangely shaped pieces of solid matter arranged upon it. To one side of them a bunsen burned happily; on the other side there were small porcelain receptacles containing a dark brown liquid, from which steam floated.

Professor Chalmers looked at this scene with a look of confusion on his face, but Professor Hill appeared to have a faintly triumphant air. Professor Chalmers had a decision to make. On this decision rested success or failure. He loosened his tie a little and the sweat streamed down his cheeks and forehead.

Hill was becoming impatient and Chalmers knew that he would have to make his decision and hope for the best. Slowly he moved his bishop across the chess board. The look of triumph disappeared from Hill's countenance. Chalmers took a sip of the tea, which was slowly growing cold in the cup at his side.

He had made the right move and was now right back in the game.

—N. STEVENSON (4C)

BULL'S EYE!

Walking down the tree-lined street, he stared in utter bewilderment at the conglomeration of battered clothing shuffling along the footpath. The sinister being had a badly deformed hat pulled down over the eyes, a heavy rifle hanging from one shoulder and a small satchel from the other.

Such would be a stranger's introduction to the sport of .303in shooting, as it appears at Anzac Rifle Range. If he stayed to look further into the matter he would see numerous such beings, now recognised as men, of all shapes and sizes, finding their way from clubhouses to the firing mounds.

The rank of rifle shooting as a world sport is established by its inclusion in every Olympic Games programme.

In the Sydney District Rifle Clubs' Union alone there are about 40 rifle clubs, with a total membership of about 3,000. Some seven to eight hundred of these members gather each Saturday at Anzac Rifle Range, Liverpool, to pit their skill against the weather and their fellow-marksmen.

The majority of rifles are ex-Army issue, bought for about four pounds. These are stripped, cleaned, fitted with heavy barrels, and adjusted to great accuracy by an armourer or the rifleman himself. A few rifles are bought ready-to-shoot for about thirty-five pounds. The accuracy of sights and barrels can be appreciated when it is realised that from 900 yards range (over half a mile) the bull's-eye is only thirty inches in diameter, yet a score of 10 consecutive bull's-eyes is not uncommon.

The rear sight used is in the shape of an inverted "L" fixed to the action near the trigger. It has a vertical thumbscrew and scale for range, and a horizontal screw and scale adjustable for wind strength and direction. This "wind arm" carries the actual "peep" with the sighting hole. The size of this circular hole can be varied for different degrees of light, and green or yellow filters can be fitted to reduce glare on exceptionally bright days. All these refinements are designed to enable the conditions for each shot to be kept almost constant.

The target frame is of wood, covered with hessian and heavy paper. The heavy paper is printed a light grey on the upper half and orange on the lower half, with a black central bull's-eye for the ranges up to seven hundred yards. For eight hundred and nine hundred yards the background to the bull's-eye is plain white. The target is eight feet wide and six feet high, the value of a shot decreasing with its increasing distance from the centre of the bull's-eye. By means of pulleys on a vertical steel support, behind a protecting bank, the target can be raised and lowered, counter-balanced by a "marking" frame. After a shot has been fired and the bullet has passed through the target into a "stop-putt" of earth, the target frame is lowered and the bullet hole is marked with a red or white disc on a wooden peg, and then raised into position for the next shot. The rifleman can spot the disc through a telescope and see where his shot went. He can then tell whether he may fire again or must alter his sights because he has misjudged the strength or direction of the wind. The value of the shot is signalled by the position of a black square on the white marking frame.

Unlike other sports, rifle shooting is conducted all the year round. Each club runs a yearly championship, and there are Union grade competitions. The ranges used are from 300 to 900 yards. In any com-

petitive shoot, the rifleman fires in stages of seven to fifteen counting shots, depending on the rules for the particular match. At the beginning of each match, two "sighters" are fired and adjusted on the result, as conditions of wind and light vary between stages. The main factors affecting the accuracy of a shot, disregarding possible rifle faults, are the brightness of the light, which affects actual sighting, and wind strength and direction, which affects the flight of the bullet.

Country rifle clubs and unions hold prize meetings, at which metropolitan marksmen can compete with their country fellows for worthwhile prizes. Rifle ranges at places such as Newcastle, Orange, Mudgee, Goulburn, Canberra and Wagga Wagga are scenes of many happy gatherings of riflemen and their families for a weekend. The competition is very strong, and young budding riflemen eagerly comparing their fathers' scores with others on the scoreboard at each target, while wives gather in tents to discuss their husbands' hard-luck stories, which vie with fishing tales in their variety.

The sport in Australia enjoys royal patronage, and a Queen's Prize meeting is held annually in each State. The rules are slightly different in each State, but in New South Wales the 700 competitors shoot in stages over six days, and winning a "Queen's" is regarded by riflemen as ultimate proof of their ability. It is during the shoot at the last range that the true spirit of the sport can be seen, as riflemen and spectators stand in tense anticipation around the scoreboard containing the names and progressive scores of the leading thirty shooters. True ability is seen here, as the rifleman strives to overcome his natural nervousness and feeling of exaltation when he is at the top of the board, by intense concentration and self-control, so that he still

holds the rifle steady, while conscious of public gaze and criticism.

The ultimate winner is chaired by his clubmate, behind a full military band to meet the Queen's representative, the State Governor, who will present him with a coveted No. 1 Queen's Badge, embroidered in gold, a trophy, and one hundred pounds.

If a rifleman shows consistently good form, he has the chance of representing his State in Commonwealth teams' matches, or representing Australia in international matches. The Mecca of all riflemen is Bisley Rifle Range, England, where an Australian team of twelve shooters is sent every four years to compete with teams from all over the British Commonwealth and to shoot in the Bisley "Queen's."

As previously mentioned, a rifleman's attire is rather unusual. This could be explained by the fact that the sport is carried out in a prone position on the ground, hence the clothes must be able to take plenty of dirt and punishment. The coat, which usually has great sentimental or "good-luck" value, and is worn to the last stitch, is often an old sportscoat, with leather pads on arms and right shoulder. It usually has a fair quota of tears, patches and holes, but is never repaired and seldom washed. Trousers are usually old patched jeans, or wornout overalls. The hat is prized even more than the coat. Adorned probably with club-band, badges, lucky-charms, a pencil or spare bullet, it is generally unrecognisable as a hat. It is, nevertheless, essential, as it keeps unwanted shadows and movements out of the sighting eye.

This is a sport enjoyed by men of all ages, from sixteen to eighty or more, where one improves with age and experience till the eyesight weakens or reflexes become dull.

—LEWIS LANG (5A)



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CX506/61

OF HUMOUR

Humour is that quality of the spoken word, the written word, or the situation which appeals to one's sense of merriment.

A sense of merriment is more commonly called a sense of humour. Anyone who has the mental ability to delight in the ludicrous and the mirthful, or the faculty of saying or perceiving that which excites amusement, has indeed been blessed with one of Nature's richest gifts — a sense of humour.

Humour comes in many guises. The higher grade is found in books, films, and superior stage shows, but equally laughter-provoking is the more robust humour of the slapstick or the burlesque presentation.

Slapstick comedy is usually boisterous and often without any point or sense. It is absurd, improbable and vulgar in its buffoonery and — it delights children the world over.

Burlesque is ludicrous imitation. It is usually the taking of a serious event, or a piece of literature, and presenting it in such a farcical way that it mocks the original by its grotesque exaggeration. The burlesque types of humour is not always kindly as it often contains the cutting qualities of satire and sarcasm.

The higher standard of humour such as is found in the writings of James Thurber and Mark Twain, and in the zany verses of Ogden Nash or the cartoons from London's "Punch", has universal appeal because it pokes mild fun at the absurdities of human nature and behaviour. Like verbal humour it depends for its success on the delicate play of words, perfect timing of dialogue and expression, and a vast knowledge of the idiosyncrasies and frailties of man. Such humour seldom hurts, as its cloak of gentle irony blunts the barbs and sets the world laughing at itself.

However, we need not depend on pre-conceived humour for our laughter. It is everywhere in our daily lives. The incongruities, the absurdities and the ridiculous are all there, if we will only open our eyes to see them and take our daily dose of "laughter — the best medicine".

So it can be seen that humour is one of the freest things on earth. It can be enjoyed by the beggar as well as the king, the uneducated or the educated, the mighty or the meek. It can bring companionship to all, for there is some truth in the old saying: "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

—C. SHORT (2A)

THE HUMAN SKIN

Our skin, though insignificant looking at first glance, is really a small machine in itself.

Every part of the body is covered with skin which protects our bodies from friction, knocks, damp, cold, excessive heat and wind. It varies in thickness from .5 millimetres on the eyelids to 6 millimetres on the hands and feet.

All the time skin is being worn away and as constantly renewed. In our life we lose about forty pounds of dead skin, in the form of tiny scales. Dandruff is also the loss of dead skin.

As we bend our arms and legs, our skin stretches and takes the form of its new position by itself. Our skin also contains its own cream which is produced by certain glands just underneath the skin except in the palms of the hands and on the soles of our feet.

Skin also helps to get rid of unwanted substances in the body by the opening of the pores to release perspiration.

On the skin covering the fingers are many curved lines which contain the tactile papillae through which the skin feels whether an object is hot, cold, rough or smooth.

These are just a few of the functions which our skin performs.

—R. HUMPHREYS (2A)

TO A JANITOR

Down by the "Colonel's Castle", two friends did chance to pass;

They trudged through piles of dustbins, and even tufts of grass.

"Look out!" cried one, as by his side, a dustbin rattled down,

And a mangy dog, which there did stand, was flattened to the ground.

It yelped and fled as by its head abuse did freely flow, And down the playground like a jet the starving hound did go.

Said he: "Whatever was that din and whence did come That flying bin which nearly killed that poor old mong?" His friend did simply laugh, and said with knowing air: "That was a figure known by all who ever visit here For by his ever present form, we all may rest quite sound

The school will not go to the dogs, while 'Colonel' is around."

—ALAN GALE (5A)

SPORT IN THE SCHOOL

SPORTSMASTER: MR. J. E. MASON,, D.P.E.
ASSISTANT: MR. J. LISLE, D.P.E.

Sport is that part of education which is usually associated with physical activities in competition. Our School has aimed to provide sufficient opportunities in sport for effective achievement of the physical component of education.

Success on the sporting fields depends on co-operation and team spirit.

Self-sacrifice and hard training are essential factors, not only for the average performers, but also for the stars. In this way one is more likely to maintain good health and learn to play the game in the right spirit of good sportsmanship.

In the re-organisation in 1960 of C.H.S. sport into zones, our School was included in the North-West Metropolitan Area. Our teams have keenly contested the honours on the various fields of sport against schools within the zone, and on a C.H.S. basis as a unit of zone teams.

The following pages provide a comprehensive record of the School's sporting activities for the year.

Our team extends congratulations to the Premiers, Drummoyne, on their fine performances during the season.

The annual matches against the Old Boys were keenly contested. The School won the first grade match by 27 to 6, but in a stirring finish Old Boys came from behind to win the second grade match by 8 to 5.

1961 ATHLETICS

The dominant feature that arose from our Athletic

Carnival was the very high standard in the middle-distance events. Boys, such as Chris Cannon, John Hardgrove, Dennis Barrett and Peter Brennan, all proved to be top-class athletes and are representing the zone at the C.H.S. Both Chris Cannon and John Hardgrove established records in the half-mile. Our sprinters, however, are sadly lacking in numbers. Only Laurie Walkley and Ian Cox reached anywhere near good times. The two most improved athletes are Geoffrey Hegarty and Austin Backus, who both should prove big threats next year.

Congratulations go to the senior team on winning their section at the Zone Carnival, and especially to John Gray, who obtained three firsts, in the long jump, hop, step and jump and hurdles — a really fine effort by an excellent athlete.

GRADE SQUASH

This year, for the second time, we entered two teams, a winter and summer, in the inter-school squash competition. Players, from fourth and fifth years, were exceptionally keen, although still young in experience.

The summer team consisted of Ian Macdonald, Alan Gale, Jim Taylor and Colin Bull, while the winter team were Murray Melville (captain), John Stanes, Anthony Carlyon and Robert Pogson.

Matches took place at various courts in the zone and at home courts in Burwood. Both teams played well, but met with sturdy opposition in Normanhurst, who won both winter and summer competitions.

Nevertheless, after this year's experience, the present fourth years should prove strong contenders for next year's premiership, and we can expect great results from them in the future.

—COLIN BULL (5A)



ATHLETICS

Front Row (left to right): Mr. Clinch, N. Morgan, W. Barnes, C. Cannon, A. Gale, N. Davidson, W. Hempel, J. Gray, C. Bull, J. Hardgrove, C. Bilinsky, Mr. Mason. **Second Row:** I. Cox, D. Weiss, R. Lee, K. Dobbs, B. Henry, T. Roberts, B. Goldsmith, S. Skrinska, B. McGrath, B. Davis, J. Gatley, G. Russell, D. Barrett, J. Samin. **Third Row:** P. Gannon, J. White, P. McPherson, T. Samuels, G. Whiteside, T. Krupka, P. Brennan, B. Hudson, K. Hollaway, B. Mykytowych, D. Robin, B. Baker. **Back Row:** L. Walkley, B. Lakin, M. Logan, P. Snitch, R. Logan, G. O'Brien, P. Coundouris, A. Backus, G. Evans, G. Hegarty, M. Rowan, D. Wilson, G. Jones.



FIRST GRADE CRICKET

Front Row (left to right): R. Quinn, R. Armstrong, M. Rowan, J. Gray, W. Milne. **Second Row:** Mr. Neil (Coach), W. Tovey, R. MacPherson, W. Aunapuu, Mr. Mason. **Back Row:** M. Stephenson, H. Crossan, J. Sutton, R. Young.

FIRST GRADE CRICKET

The team has had a successful season, being undefeated in the three matches played.

The feature of the team has been its outstanding sportsmanship and keenness on and off the field. The fielding, batting and bowling have been of a constantly high standard, with every member playing his part for the benefit of the team.

Individual efforts worthy of record are the hat-trick of Harry Crossman against Enmore, and the spectacular century by Robert MacPherson against Normanhurst. In the three matches played, there have been two out-right wins and one first-innings win. The team also had an enjoyable trip to Orange, and our sincere thanks are extended to our hosts.

The team must thank Mr. Neil for its success, because he is constantly on hand to improve the team's game and encourage the correct attitude, so necessary for a first-grade side.

John Gray (captain) has developed into a thoughtful swing bowler, and in three competition matches has taken sixteen wickets for 106 from 35 overs. As opening bowler for the C.H.S. team at Newcastle, he showed his real ability, taking six for 37 in the first innings and five for 21 in the second innings, in which he secured two wickets with his first two deliveries and another with the sixth delivery of his opening over. His 51 runs against Enmore and returns from the outfield show what a fine all-round cricketer he is.

Ron Quinn (vice-captain) is a sound wicketkeeper,

carrying out his job most efficiently, especially gathering the deliveries of the speed bowlers, as well as the bullet-like returns from the field.

Warner Aunapuu is an attacking opening bat, with a delightful cover-drive. An attractive 73 against Enmore shows his real ability. His close-in fielding has been a feature.

Robert Armstrong is a solid opening bat and enthusiastic fieldsman, who has played his part in the all-round success of the team.

Robert MacPherson, an attacking left-hand batsman, has been the most consistent run-getter of the team. His powerful driving and hooking is a delight to watch, and in the close-field position he has snapped up seven catches.

Michael Stephenson is a stylish and sound batsman, who can hit the loose ball through the covers very hard. A fighting innings of 51 against Fort Street was his best performance to date. He has taken some brilliant catches in slips.

Michael Rowan is a sound all-round cricketer, setting a very high standard in fielding. With keen anticipation, he has cut off countless runs and has taken seven brilliant catches.

Robert Young, a very fast opening bowler, has provided the necessary shock attack for a first-grade side. His three valuable wickets for nine runs against Normanhurst was his best performance to date. Besides his batting ability, he has shown his keen interest in the game by assisting in the coaching of junior grade players.

Jim Sutton, the spinner of the team, has not had much opportunity to show his real ability, but his all-round ability has been of great benefit to the team.

Harry Crossan has the rare honour of taking the hat-trick and has cleverly used his slow medium deliveries to take 13 wickets for 55 runs. Accuracy and variation in flight are the keynotes of his success.

Bill Milne, a medium left-hand swing bowler, has shown the value of thoughtful and accurate bowling. His five for 17 against Enmore was a very fine effort, and he has the heart to bowl for long periods.

SECOND GRADE CRICKET

COACH: MR. SATCHELL.

The second grade team has been undefeated thus far in the season, and seems certain to make the final against Fort Street. Depth in batting and bowling has been the basis of the team's success, and several fine performances have been turned in with both bat and ball.

Colin Reynolds is our reliable opening batsman, who scored a fine 55 in the opening match against Epping, but whose scoring ability has been somewhat restricted by a tendency to put his pads where his bat should be. Bill Tovey is our other opening batsman, who has scored consistently throughout the season. Bruce Hassall, our "first-drop" batsman, has scored well for the top average of 24.5, while Chris Thomas has proved to be one of the team's best batsmen, as well as showing ability as an all-rounder. Jim Hale is our captain and number-five batsman and wicketkeeper. Des Bartlett has had limited success with the bat, but has proved to be the side's chief wicket-taker, with his slow leg-breaks, taking 21 wickets for 177 runs, including 6-42 against Fort Street and 6-21 against Normanhurst.

Chris Cannon has proved his worth as an all-rounder by scoring a fine 50 against Epping, as well as taking 16 wickets for 65 runs, which included 5-9 against Epping. He also has the distinction of scoring the only "six" throughout the season.

Bernie Peters opened the bowling attack and took 16 wickets for 119 runs, which included a fine 7-35 against Epping. Brian Ledgerwood, his partner, took 14 wickets for 92, which included some fine spells of fast, accurate bowling—5-10 against Normanhurst and 4-11 against Fort Street.

These four bowlers provided the mainstay of the Homebush bowling attack, but others who helped in the bowling department included Colin Reynolds, Max Dale and Michael Cull. Fielding was good all round, and most catches were taken by Hale (6) and Thomas (4).

John Talbot and Neil Davidson were batsmen who had limited opportunities, but both showed all-round ability.

Our thanks go to Mr. Satchell for his coaching throughout the season.

THIRD GRADE CRICKET

Team: M. Melville (captain), G. Rowe (vice-captain), L. Showyin, G. O'Brian, B. Hardy, B. Travers, N. Westacott, D. Carter, B. Baker, W. Helson, K. Strathdee. Standing on top of the point-score, with two matches yet to be played, the Thirds appear to have the premiership within their grasp.

In the first match against Enmore, Homebush batted first and totalled 3-239 (Melville 104, Campbell 54). In reply, Enmore was dismissed for 29 (Carter 4-0, Rowe 4-17). However, beaten by time, the Thirds were able to obtain only a first innings win.

The second match, against Ibrox Park, was washed out after Homebush had scored 5-166 (Campbell 59, Melville 58).

Homebush Thirds, in the following match, reached their prime in obtaining an outright win against Fort Street, Fort Street having been dismissed for 59 (Conduras 7-20). Homebush batted and scored a quick 6-101 (Rowe 44 not out). Fort Street, unable to stand up to the Homebush bowling, scored 59 in their second innings, leaving Homebush 17 runs to obtain for the outright win.

The following match, against Normanhurst, nearly ended in defeat. Homebush collapsed, and at the end of the first day's play had scored only 7-116 (Campbell 50 not out, Conduras 41). However, due to the inspiring bowling of Conduras (8-22), the strong batting side of Normanhurst was dismissed for 57.

The fielding and general spirit of the team, even in facing defeat, have been excellent.

To Mr. Roe, for devoting his time in coaching the team, go the thanks of each individual member.

FOURTH GRADE CRICKET

Fourth Grade has performed very well in the first round of matches, losing only one match. They are lying second in the zone competition, one point behind the leaders, and have an excellent chance of becoming premiers. The side is a well-balanced one, with two good openers in D. Rogers and D. Boldiston, followed by strong attacking batsmen, W. Toole, P. Dingle, J. McQuillan, T. Kallmier, R. Chillcott and A. Ford. The bowling has also been very consistent, with openers W. Toole and G. O'Reilly, followed by D. Boldiston and P. Whiting, and spinners P. Dingle and A. Backus and T. Kallmier. R. Sly has been an outstanding wicketkeeper, and the side has been led by Philip Dingle. The fielding has been very good, and only a few catches have been missed.

The team thanks Mr. Barr for the time he has spent coaching us during the year.

5th A GRADE CRICKET

COACH: MR. MOORE.

The fifth grade A team has won two, drawn one and lost one match to date, but the general all-round performances are improving each match. The strength of the team lies in its bowlers, and the batting has yet to reach the century. The potential is there, but the necessary confidence and match practice is lacking, and so has prevented high scoring. Some good bowling figures have been secured by spinner Keith Baker and fast bowlers Bob Constable and Barry Thompson, and we look to them to bowl the team to premiership honours. The fielding has been very sound, with some excellent returns to the wicket to secure the run outs.

The team:—

Captain Keith Baker is a sound all-rounder, but his main work for the team is in leg-spin bowling. His variation in flight and the use of his wrong 'un has given him outstanding success in some matches.

Vice-captain Barry Thompson is the left-hand opening bowler, with good accuracy. He is also an attacking right-hand batsman.

Robert Maloney is a solid left-hand opening bat, which gave us a good start in most matches.

Stephen Brown is another solid opening left-hand bat who will do even better with more match experience.

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Robert McCullough is an attacking right-hand bat, keen fieldsman and a medium bowler.

Robert Constable is a solid right-hand batsman and opening bowler who has been most keen to improve his game, and should do better as the season progresses.

Richard Wood keeps wickets efficiently and could always be relied on to score runs from solid hitting.

Trevor Blundell is a sound batsman and keen fieldsman.

David Sayers is a solid left-hand batsman and accurate medium bowler.

Brian Dunbar is a good left-hand leg-spin bowler who flights the ball well and keeps a good length. He is a very safe fieldsman and useful batsman.

D. Barrett is a solid batsman and medium-paced bowler.

C. Campbell is an accurate off-spin bowler and keen fieldsman who will do better with more match practice.

5th B GRADE CRICKET

COACH: MR. BUTLER.

The 5th B Team this year looks a very promising side and will go close to winning the competition.

The batting is improving and the team has managed to compile over one hundred runs on a couple of occasions.

The fast bowlers have been the main means of attack, headed by Parnell and Payne, although the spin bowlers have captured a few wickets.

The fielding has been fairly good, and some good catches have been taken.

The team:—

Captain, R. Eagleson: Sound all-rounder, with much experience from Saturday-morning cricket.

W. Knowles: Is a right-hand opening bat and medium-pace bowler.

L. Cardwell: Is the wicketkeeper and a very sound batsman, with a variety of good strokes.

K. Woodcroft: A capable right-hand batsman and a good fieldsman.

K. James: A much-improved batsman.

R. Parnell: Good opening bowler and a hard-hitting left-hand batsman.

C. Payne: A good left-hand bowler who has had a lot of success.

C. Ferguson: A fair batsman, who has greatly improved.

T. Wilkes: A promising batsman and a spin bowler.

D. Henderson: Right-hand spin bowler and a fair batsman.

C. Campbell: A good spin bowler and a fair batsman.

G. Gilpin: A much-improved batsman.

I. MacGregor: A promising batsman.

C. Jackson: A very good fast bowler and a fair batsman.

C. Dingle: Off-spin bowler and a fair batsman.

A. Webb: An opening batsman, but injuries stopped him playing in all the matches.

SIXTH GRADE CRICKET

At this stage of the season the Sixth Grade cricket team is undefeated, but is running equal third in the competition, because they have not had any outright wins. The team is made up mainly of first-year boys, and the talent in this group bodes well for the future of cricket in the school.

Outstanding players are Warwick Hincksman, the captain and opening bowler; David Wilson, opening bat; Greg Bell, punishing bat and opening bowler; Robert White, solid opening bat, and Ross Allerton, an attacking batsman, with strokes all round the wicket.

SEVENTH GRADE CRICKET

The innovation of a Seventh Grade competition this year has yielded a team which is moulding into a great match-winning combination. Individually the team is composed of some remarkable young cricketers, and of the games played so far they have given a strong indication of their abilities. Only two competition games have been played so far, resulting in an outright win against Normanhurst and a first-innings win against Ibrox Park. Special mention should be made of Colin Rowe and John Reimer, who are strong candidates for this year's State junior team.

Colin Rowe: An inspiration as captain. Fast opening bowler and also useful opening batsman.

John Reimer: Very agile behind the stumps and the team's star batsman.

Harry Slee: Hardy leg-break bowler, promising a good future with bat.

Garry Kelly: A gifted batsman and a fine swing bowler, as well as being an excellent field.

Allen Stephens: Useful as a fast bowler into the wind and shows good performance with the bat.

David James: A busy little batsman, who gives the bowlers no rest.

John Shephard: A fine defensive batsman, who has the ability of staying at the wicket for a long time.

Warwick Lill: A fine leg-break bowler with an accurate length.

Steve Leroy: An excellent point fieldsman who has shown use with the bat.

Victor Ammasoff: An aggressive batsman and an excellent close-in fieldsman.

Stuart Mullins: A batsman who comes in handy when runs are needed.

Allan Hankinson: Very sound bat, but has had limited opportunities to display his capabilities.

—J. LISLE.

CLASS SQUASH

The winter class squash team this year has enjoyed a most pleasant and beneficial season. The team, all Fifth Year students, is: Malcolm Catt, Paul Furniss, Bruce Hassall, Ronald Quinn, Bruce Sharpham, Gordon Thomas and Colin Neal. It has played regularly each week at Concord West Squash Courts.

The season has been a most instructive and rewarding one, and each member's game has improved tremendously.

In conclusion, we would like, as a team, to express the hope that this entertaining sport might become in future years a more regular feature of class sporting activities in schools.

—COLIN NEAL

BASKETBALL

The summer competition was a successful one for our boys, particularly the first grade players. We won more than our share of matches, and defeated some strong, confident teams.

Analysis

	Won	Lost
First Grade	6	1
Second Grade	5	2
Third Grade	5	2
Fourth Grade	2	5

FIRST GRADE

After losing a memorable match against Enmore 49-48 Homebush was undefeated for the rest of the season. Teamwork was first class and the defence particularly strong. Two factors made our team outstanding: the good defence and the sensational shooting of Algy Grudzinskas who scored 167 points in six matches. His ability and will to win serve as an inspiration to his team mates. He is to be congratulated on his selection as captain of the C.H.S. team. Other members to shine were McGrath (always worth 8 or 10 points), Richmond, Logan, Jones and Posamentier. Richmond and Logan improved their shooting ability during the season and showed fighting spirit. Jones and Posamentier played well in defence.

SECOND GRADE

These players were all very keen and they had some good wins. Hough and Jones were the main scorers, Hough getting 128 points in six matches. Again, defence was strong, and McLean was outstanding. Mettal (who improved vastly) and Samin battled well and are to be commended, Vaughn Smith also played well.

THIRD GRADE

Mainly through the inspired play of Geoff Henry this team had a good season. Henry made up for his lack of size with great speed, good anticipation and shooting ability. He was given able support by Pemberton, Watman and Hare. These three players showed much improvement during the season. Pemberton's kangaroo hop — head down lay up shot was a feature.

FOURTH GRADE

Not a good season as far as winning matches was concerned but a valuable one in that the players had plenty of good basketball and benefited from it. A weak defence was the main fault. Enthusiasm of all players enabled them to keep all teams busy and their two wins were well deserved. "Racehorse" Walkley and "Dribbler" Yue were the outstanding players.

GRADE TENNIS

During the year two competitions, summer and winter, were held in our zone.

Homebush entered four grade teams in each competition. The winter competition has been completed and the summer will be finalised during the third term.

In the winter competition we had a very successful season. Our fourth and third grade teams were outright premiers, second grade were co-premiers with Enmore, and first grade finished third, behind Meadowbank and Epping, who were co-premiers.

As a result of the fine performances of all grade players, Homebush, with the highest aggregate points, was the champion school of the zone at tennis.

Congratulations to all team members on a most successful season.

Below is a summary of winter competition results:—

Grade.	No. of Fixtures.	Won.	Lost	Drawn (wet weather)	Tied.
1st	12	6	3	3	—
2nd	14	10	1	3	—
3rd	14	9	—	4	1
4th	14	11	—	3	—



TENNIS

Mr. J. Mason, D. Matthews, R. Smith, T. Mason, W. Hinson, Mr. Quail (Coach).

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The following players represented Homebush in the winter competition:

1st Grade: W. Hinson (captain), T. Mason, R. Smith, D. Matthews, R. Hill (reserve).

2nd Grade: G. King (captain), I. Smith, T. Lemcke, S. Weeks, I. Hobbs (reserve).

3rd Grade: K. Mason (captain), D. Sutton, J. Walker, P. Stewart, G. Coghlan (reserve).

4th Grade: T. Fitcher (captain), R. Allerton, G. Beard, J. Fizelle. Reserves: S. Holder, C. Dwyer.

Below is the draw for the semi-finals of the summer competition:

1st Grade v. Enmore.

2nd Grade v. Fort Street.

3rd Grade v. Enmore.

4th Grade v. Fort Street.

The grade players and Sports Union extend their thanks to Mr. Quail for his capable coaching and management of the teams during the year.

Finally, I would like to compliment our grade players on their attire, conduct and good sportsmanship, which were in evidence at all times, and reflected credit on their School.

Good luck in the ensuing matches!

RUGBY UNION FIRST GRADE

Coaches: Mr. Mason, Mr. Lisle

THE TEAM

Bill Barnes: Captain — in his third year with first grade played both breakaway and centre, and again led the team through a good season. Bill was selected as a member of the Zone Team.

Algie Grudzinskas — as vice-captain was again an impressive member of first grade. As the leader of the forwards Algie excelled in both attack and defence, scoring a total of 10 tries for the season. His experience led to his inclusion in the Zone Team as vice-captain.

John Gray — played at the position of outside-centre, and must be congratulated for scoring over 100 points for this, his second season in first grade. Also selected in the Zone Team, John's good kicking and determined running earned him a game with C.H.S. 3rds against Canberra.

Jim Sutton — again in first grade, played both five-eight and half-back, and with his intelligent approach to the game was selected to play half-back for the Zone Team.

Ken McGrath — Ken was again a tower of strength in the forwards, at the position of second-row. His good kicking was an asset that often led the team out of trouble.



FIRST GRADE RUGBY

Front Row (left to right): J. Sutton, M. Rowan, W. Barnes (Capt.), Mr. Jane (Headmaster), A. Grudzinskas (Vice-captain), J. Baker, G. Rowe. **Middle Row:** Mr. J. Mason (Coach), I. MacDonald, D. Barnes, W. Aunapu, G. Hogg, J. Gray. **Back Row:** C. Bilinsky, P. Carter, N. Davidson, K. McGrath, I. Cox, N. Morgan, M. Logan.

David Barnes — as another member of last year's team, David played outstanding football in the forwards. At the position of breakaway he showed spirit and determination that should keep him in good stead for next year's team.

Warner Aunapu — although unable to play until half way through the season, Warner soon justified his position in first grade. Playing at half-back he was very quick and gave excellent service from scrums and lineouts.

Mick Rowan — at the position of five-eight, Mick was very safe in handling and defence. His ability to penetrate the opposition's defence gave him a game with C.H.S. 3rds against Canberra.

John Baker — playing at the position of right-wing, John was solid in defence and very fast. His many runs down the sideline gave him an impressive total of tries for the season.

Ian Cox — Ian played at the position of left-wing for about half the season. Powerful and very fast, he was rewarded with many tries for his efforts.

Geoffrey Hogg — also on the wing Geoff was surprisingly fast and when the opportunities arrived he showed determination.

Graham Rowe — Graham showed his versatility by playing both outside-centre and full-back. His safe handling and good kicking from the full-back position were a credit to him, and as he is a Fourth Year boy, Graham should be an asset to next year's team.

Ian MacDonald — played in the forwards as breakaway but because of his speed Ian was capable of playing in the backs.

Neil Davidson — although young, Neil played in the position of prop-forward. His versatility showed him to be a good hooker and lock-forward when required.

Claude Bilinsky — perhaps our biggest forward, Claude was aggressive in both rucks and scrums and earned himself the front-row position in the C.H.S. 3rds against Canberra.

Mick Logan — the excellent hooking by Michael was the main reason for the team's success in the scrums. Michael was also outstanding in the lineouts and open play.

Phil Carter — because of his height, Phil had much success as our lineout specialist. At the position of prop-forward Phil gave Michael the necessary assistance in hooking the ball.

Neil Morgan — was our other front-row forward who gave the scrum added vigour and weight.

The first grade team this year finished the season with 273 points for and 85 against. In the final, the team was defeated by Fort Street in a close and exciting match.

SECOND GRADE RUGBY

The second grade side had a moderately successful season, gaining a place in the final four but being beaten 3-0 in the semi-final. The side had no outstanding players, but based their play on a tight defence and a solid pack of forwards.

Robert West led the team capably at half, and was well supported in the backs by Warren Latham and Michael Tollis. Len Baker stood out in the forwards, with Harry Crossan and Jim Hale also doing well. The team trained hard and played in the best of spirits, getting the maximum of enjoyment from their team efforts.

RUGBY UNION—3rd GRADE

Coach: Mr. R. Muir

Team: W. Davies (captain), J. Eady, R. Campbell, R.

Holloway, K. Payne, K. Gotham, T. Consandine, D. Bartlett, G. Ponchard, B. Searle, A. Strokon, G. O'Brien, K. Patterson, R. Hardy, B. McMahon, R. Stansfield, B. Hamilton, W. Hemple, K. Strathdee, R. Murphy, R. Carter.

After a long and exacting season the Third Grade Rugby team emerged Zone Premiers and thus earn the congratulations of us all. The struggle to the Premiership was not an easy one. In the points score Homebush was placed third and met Enmore in the semi-final, Normanhurst in the final, and then after a great struggle defeated Fort Street 8-5 in the Grand Final. Throughout the season the team was depleted through sickness and injuries and many makeshift teams carried the Homebush colours during the preliminary rounds. Fortunately we were at full strength for the last three matches and only then was Third Grade seen at its best.

It is difficult to single out outstanding players for all members played well as a team. Warwick Davies as Captain always gave the team the right kind of leadership and encouragement to carry on. The back line of Bartlett, Searle, Consandine, Strathdee, Hemple, Hamilton and O'Brien was our strong feature. The handling at times was brilliant and clever kicking from Searle, O'Brien and sometimes Strathdee often saved the day and gained much ground for Homebush. Ross Campbell was the undoubted leader of the forwards and he should do well in higher grades in the future.

Certainly our most colourful player was "Tiny" Ponchard who at great sacrifice got his weight down to seventeen stone to fit into the scrum. It was a thrill worth waiting for to see Greg charging down the field with a path of fallen players in his wake.

Finally thanks and congratulations go to all members of the team who participated as players or reserves during the season.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY

Team: R. Smith (captain), J. Bray (vice captain), P. Cook, W. Davies, I. Donaldson, R. Harding, B. Hume, B. Lakin, E. McQuillan, B. Morris, E. Rebane, R. Stansfield, M. Watt, C. Bell, G. Bryant, R. Chilcott, R. Chapman, P. Contouris, G. Flood, A. Ford, G. Jones, J. Mexon, R. Sly, W. Sheather, R. Windsor.

The team achieved the rare honour of being undefeated premiers of the zone, having their line crossed once in a competition match and scoring 154 points to 6. The team had a solid forward pack who gained possession so that the ball could be quickly relayed to the speedy outer backs who were three of the fastest runners in the junior school.

The basic success of the team lay in the tight forward play. It was from the loose ball, that possession was gained for the backs. Cover defence by the breakaways and lock was outstanding. In this phase of the game, Smith, Cook, Watt and Harding excelled, with Hume being a tower of strength in attack and defence. Hume's try in the final, set up for him by full back Sly, was perhaps the best piece of work in the season.

Of the other forwards, Rebane had few equals in lineout play and Lakin, Morris and Donaldson formed the backbone of the tight nicks. It was a great display of team spirit which Morris and Donaldson showed in that they rarely missed a practice. Well done!

Of the backs, special mention is made of the speedy wingers Jones and Flood who gathered beautifully to score. Mexon excelled in defence and speedy attack. In centre, Contouris did a great share of the tackling and kicked some fine goals early in the season. John

Bray's service from the scrum and lineout was perhaps the outstanding feature of the general play — ten yard passes were common and five-eighth Bryant gathered well. The backing up by these two halves was superb. Robert Sly was the best full back in the competition — his gathering of the ball and joining in the backline play was first class and his side stepping to make the break through in the final earned him great praise from the spectators.

Finally a special word about the players who stepped into the breach caused by illness or injury near the end of the season — Chilcolt, Bell, Chapman and Sheather. The team did very well but could have done even better with more enthusiastic training on the part of some of the players. However if all players have learned the lessons of giving their best on all occasions and playing fairly at all times, then this season of rugby has achieved its basic objectives.

FIFTH GRADE RUGBY UNION TEAM

Team: Stephen Brown, Robert Anderson, John Kidner, Chris Short, John Cowie, Don Jamieson, Paul Collins, Kevin Woodcroft (vice captain), Geof Hiscock, Warwick Hinksman, Ron Chapman (captain), John Ward, Geoff Spooner, Les Cardwell, Rodney Huxley, Ian Hamilton, David Henderson.

Although the 5th Grade team finished well down the ladder in the competition, it is to their credit that they recorded a draw against both the teams that played off in the final.

Their enthusiasm on the field, their regular attendance at training and their efforts to improve and play as a team, earned the Fifth's the reputation of being one of the keenest teams in the school.

Captain Ron Chapman was an inspiration to the team and scored many good tries. The team was unlucky to be without Ron during the middle of the season. In Ron's absence, Kevin Woodcroft performed well as skipper.

Geoff Spooner improved tremendously as the season went on and with John Ward developed into a good combination in the back-line. Rodney Huxley was the most versatile, going from hooker to wing to full-back. Warwick Hinksman was most dependable as five-eight and helped a lot in the back-line.

Our coach, Mr. Moore, always made us train hard and pointed out our errors in the field. We owe him much for his valuable help.

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

During the 1961 season, Sixth Grade was quite successful with 11 wins and 3 defeats. It is not the number of games won, but the spirit with which the team played that is important, and in this respect the team deserves high praise.

The team was very keen throughout the season, and attendance at practices was generally good. We were unfortunate to lose the grand final, but the team had the honour of being minor premiers. Twice we were beaten narrowly by Epping Boys' High which finished near the bottom of the competition table. Once we played a man short, when Lawrence Hayes was forced to leave the field with a dislocated hip and had to be taken to hospital. The only other accident was a broken finger which caused Les Handsaker to

miss quite a few games in the middle of the season.

Generally the team played well and I think we will go on to better things in the near future.

Finally, I would like to thank both Mr. McDonald who coached us early in the season, and Mr. Roe, who coached us later on, for the time they devoted to the team, and for the help and encouragement they gave us.

The members of the team were:— G. Bell, K. Dobbs, A. Stevens, J. Styles, McGrath, W. Smith, A. Rigby, L. Hayes, R. Bray, R. Tagg, L. Handsaker, J. Gatley, Wilson, P. Dale, R. Hampton, W. Laing, K. Ritchie, B. McCarthy, V. Amosoff, D. Schwarz.

—GREG BELL (1B) (Captain)

JUDO REPORT, 1961

Another successful year for the "Kodokwai" Home-bush. Throughout the year new members have joined and many have now advanced to the standard of yellow belts.

Earlier in the year the club received a visit from a Korean Black Belt (fourth dan), Mr. Chang. He demonstrated some of the basic techniques of throwing and self defence and we are sure that his instruction helped us greatly.

The club trains at Burwood Police Boys' Club and has the use of most of the facilities there. We usually limber up on the trampoline before training and for those who like to finish the day with some weight lifting, Robert Rudd is always willing to help.

A few months ago the judo room was burnt out and we had to train in the large hall for several weeks until the room was rebuilt. Fortunately, we had the use of the Japanese tatami mats, and our routine was not upset at all.

Not many boys in the club have gone for gradings yet, but we still have two orange and one white belt graded players. The Judo Captain, Brian Kelly, came third in the 1960 N.S.W. under 16 championships and has recently been graded 4th kyu.

The club has suffered from lack of opposition as not many schools have the sport; but as Judo is becoming more widespread, we hope to hold inter-school competitions in a few years time.

We would all like to thank our patron, Mr. Jones, for his interest and attendance, which have made the sport possible.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

SENIOR

55 yds. Freestyle B. McMahan, 4C.
110 yds. Freestyle B. McMahan, 4C.
220 yds. Freestyle B. McMahan, 4C.
440 yds. Freestyle B. McMahan, 4C.
880 yds. Freestyle B. McMahan, 4C.
110 yds. Breaststroke W. Hempel, 5E.
110 yds. Butterfly B. McMahan, 4C.
55 yds. Backstroke D. Rumble, 5D.

UNDER 16

55 yds. Freestyle J. Constable, 4A.
110 yds. Freestyle D. Baker, 4B.
220 yds. Freestyle D. Baker, 4B.
440 yds. Freestyle D. Baker, 4B.
55 yds. Breaststroke B. Jones, 3B.
55 yds. Butterfly D. Baker, 4B.
55 yds. Backstroke G. Sorenson, 4C.

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SWIMMING

1: D. Baker, P. Carter, P. Jones, W. Hempel, C. Bilinsky, K. McGrath, P. Guard. 2: Mr. G., McKinnon, J. Ward, A. Strokon, J. Montague, J. Howie, P. Brennan, R. Holloway, B. Jones, Mr. J. Mason. 3: G. Sorenson, B. McMahon, J. Constable, B. McGrath, B. Loughnan, J. Mexon, M. Tollis, E. Roberts.

UNDER 15

55 yds. Freestyle J. Mexon, 3D.
 110 yds. Freestyle J. Mexon, 3D.
 220 yds. Freestyle J. Mexon, 3D.
 440 yds. Freestyle J. Mexon, 3D.
 55 yds. Breaststroke R. Loughnan, 2D.
 55 yds. Butterfly R. Harding, 3G.
 55 yds. Backstroke J. Mexon, 3D.

UNDER 14

55 yds. Freestyle J. Howie, 3A.
 110 yds. Freestyle J. Howie, 3A.
 220 yds. Freestyle P. Brennan, 2A.
 55 yds. Breaststroke J. Howie, 3A.
 55 yds. Butterfly J. Howie, 3A.
 55 yds. Backstroke J. Howie, 3A.

UNDER 13

55 yds. Freestyle P. Brennan, 2A.
 110 yds. Freestyle P. Brennan, 2A.
 55 yds. Breaststroke E. Roberts, 2B.
 55 yds. Butterfly E. Roberts, 2B.
 55 yds. Backstroke A. Thompson, 1C.

NOVICE

Senior 55 yds. Freestyle M. Dale, 5D.
 Under 16, 55 yds. Freestyle H. Beck, 4C.
 Under 15, 55 yds. Freestyle D. Williamson, 3B.
 Under 13, 55 yds. Freestyle C. Mayon, 1E.

DIVES

Senior Dive—Event cancelled.
 Junior Dive R. Holloway, 4B.
 Juvenile Dive P. Brennan, 2A.

CLASS RELAYS

First Year: 1E.
 Second Year: 2B.
 Third Year: 3D.
 Fourth Year: 4C.
 Fifth Year: 5D.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

Senior Champion B. McMahon, 4C.
 Under 16 Champion D. Baker, 4B.
 Under 15 Champion R. Harding, 3G.
 Under 14 Champion J. Howie, 3A.
 Under 13 Champion P. Brennan, 2A.

NEW RECORDS

Under 15, 55 yds. Freestyle J. Mexon, 3D, 30.0 secs.

INTER CLASS COMPETITION

3D First; 2A Second; 4B Third.

C.H.S. ZONE SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

The zone swimming carnival was held at North Sydney Olympic Pool on Monday 20th March. It was a highly successful carnival, and overall results were as follows:

1st — Drummoyne.
 2nd — Fort Street.
 3rd — Homebush.

In the 15 years age group, Homebush gained first place. The places gained by our representatives were:

OPEN EVENTS

Division 1—1 first placing
1 fourth placing
1 fifth placing

Division 2—1 first placing
1 third placing
1 fifth placing

16 YEARS AGE GROUP

Division 1—1 first placing
2 second placings
2 third placings
2 fourth placings

Division 2—2 second placings
1 third placing
1 fifth placing

15 YEARS AGE GROUP

Division 1—5 first placings
1 second placing

Division 2—4 first placings
2 second placings

14 YEARS AGE GROUP

Division 1—1 fourth placing
4 fifth placings

Division 2—1 second placing
1 fourth placing

13 YEARS AGE GROUP

Division 1—1 first placing
1 second placing
2 third placings
1 fifth placing

Division 2—3 first placings
1 second placing

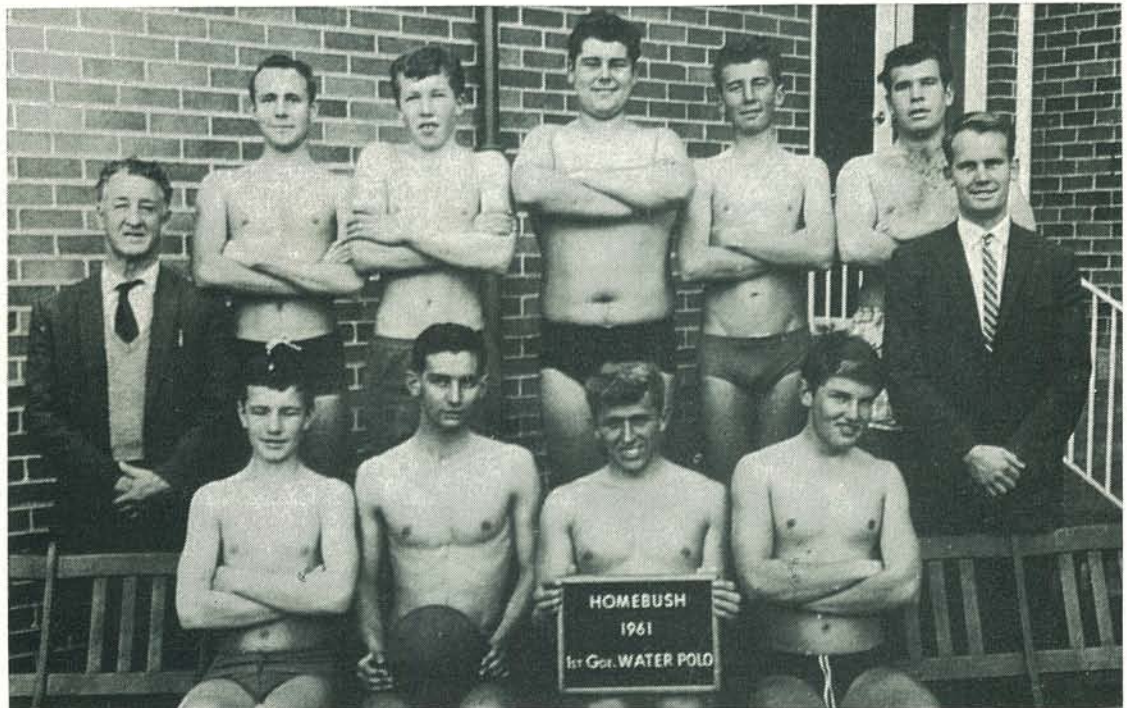
The following boys are to be congratulated on being selected to represent the zone at the C.H.S. State Final Carnival:

B. McMahan, R. Holloway, J. Mexon, R. Harding, J. Constable, E. Roberts, B. McGrath, P. Brennan, R. Loughnan, B. Jones.

1961 WATER POLO

Congratulations to first and second grades on entering the semi-finals. Both teams have shown improvement this year, but still need more training in ball handling before they can reach the top. Special mention must be made of Claude Bilinsky and Phil Carter on representing the zone at the C.H.S. trials.

This year saw an under-15 team for the first time. Unfortunately, we did not fare very well, but quite a few members (such as the captain, Ted Roberts) show great promise.



WATER POLO

Front Row: B. Jones, P. Carter, C. Bilinsky (Captain), P. Guard. **Back Row:** Mr. Mason (Sportsmaster), C. Hempel, S. Lazareff, G. Ponchard, G. Sorensen, N. Morgan, Mr. Clinch (Coach).



FIRST GRADE SOCCER

Back Row: Mr. J. Mason, D. Gray, C. Reynolds, G. Clark, R. Menteith, H. Schofield, Mr. C. Barr. **Front Row:** D. Tait, A. Jackson, J. Hough, Mr. R. Jane (H.M.), C. Thomas (capt.), W. Milne, B. Baker.

FIRST GRADE SOCCER

The team played fifth in the zone competition. After a disastrous first round of matches in which the team won only one match, we improved remarkably, to defeat the zone premiers, Enmore, in the last match of the season. On the form shown in the final matches the team should have finished much higher in the competition table. The team wishes to express its gratitude to Mr. Barr who coached us throughout the season, even when attendance at training was somewhat disappointing.

Members of the team were:— C. Thomas (captain), J. Hough, R. Menteith, G. Clark, A. Jackson, M. Dale, C. Baker, J. Patterson, H. Schofield, C. Reynolds, D. Lait, M. Milne, D. Gray.

SECOND GRADE SOCCER

The second grade soccer team was:— Goalkeeper, A. Eagleson, R. Pemberton; Right Back, B. Kelly; Left Back, P. Whiting; Right Half, W. Wright; Centre Half, R. Kerslake; Left Half, T. Kallmier (captain); Right Wing, C. Faul; Inside Right, R. Burnett, A. Wright; Centre Forward, H. Beck (vice captain); Inside Left, W. Toole; Left Wing, J. Horne.

After getting away to a shaky start, the team played well. A good combination was produced from consistent attendance at training. The team was unfortunate to be beaten by the odd goal in the final stages of a few games. There was a good spirit in the team and all players did their best throughout the season. The team

greatly appreciated the constant help and guidance rendered by Mr. Richardson whose coaching helped the team to many victories.

THIRD GRADE SOCCER

This team was not very successful in the last season. It finished fifth out of eight teams. The forward line seemed to lack finish and the lack of scoring chances lost many games for them.

The team consisted of:— W. Knowles, A. Wilkes, L. Jenkins, C. Campbell, R. Hillyard, C. Jackson, G. Brown, R. Harper, D. Sayers, R. Hughes, E. Glynn, B. Bilbe.

SPORTS AWARDS, 1961

A.A.A. OF C.H.S. BLUES

Cricket: J. Gray.
Soccer: D. Tait.
Basketball: A. Grudzinskas.

SCHOOL BLUES

Cricket: J. Gray, M. Rowan, R. McPherson.
Rugby: W. Barnes, A. Grudzinskas, M. Rowan, J. Gray, J. Sutton.
Soccer: M. Dale, C. Thomas, D. Tait.
Tennis: T. Mason.
Basketball: A. Grudzinskas.
Athletics: C. Cannon, J. Gray, J. Hardgrove.

Water Polo: C. Bilinsky, P. Carter.
Swimming: B. McMahon.

CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANTS

Athletics: Senior, C. Cannon; 16 years, J. Hardgrove; 15 years, G. Hegarty; 14 years, J. Walkley; 13 years, P. Brennan; 12 years, J. Gatley.
Swimming: Senior, B. McMahon; 16 years, D. Baker; 15 years, R. Harding; 14 years, J. Howie; 13 years, P. Brennan.
Tennis: Singles, senior, T. Mason; junior, — — — — — junior, — — — — —

SPECIAL AWARDS

George Brown Prize, for all-round sporting ability: J. Gray.
(Incomplete at time of printing).

CLASS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Rugby: Senior, 5B/4B, with 5C/4C runner-up; third year, 3G, with 3B runner-up; second year, 2B, with 2C runner-up; first year, 1B, with 1C runner-up.
Soccer: Senior, 5C/4C, with 5A/4A runner-up; third year, 3B, with 3C runner-up; second year, 2D, with 2C runner-up; first year, 1B, with 1D runner-up.
Cricket: Incomplete at time of printing.

Tennis: Incomplete at time of printing.
Swimming: 3B, followed by 5B.
Athletics: 2B, followed by 2A and 3E.

ZONE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Tennis: Homebush Champion School, in both winter and summer competitions. (i) Winter—third in grade 1, co-premiers in grade 2, winners in grade 3, winners in grade 4. (ii) Summer—second in grade 1, second in grade 2, winners in grade 3, winners in grade 4.
Athletics: runner-up to Enmore.
Cricket: Zone Champions. Leading in first, third and seventh. Contesting final in second grade (Fort Street). Fifth and 6th to contest finals. Second in fourth grade.
Rugby Union: Champion School. Contested first, second, third, fourth and sixth grade finals, winning fourth and sixth outright.
Swimming: Third in zone points to Drummoyne and Fort Street.
Basketball: Incomplete at time of printing.
Cross Country: Won 16 years (J. Hardgrove). Won 13 years (P. Brennan). Nine boys represented zone in C.H.S. cross-country.

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